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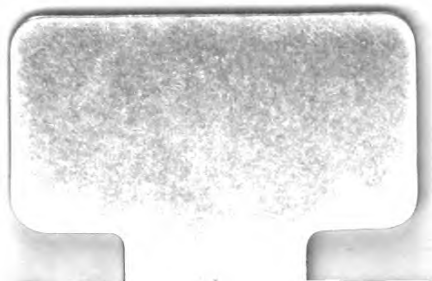
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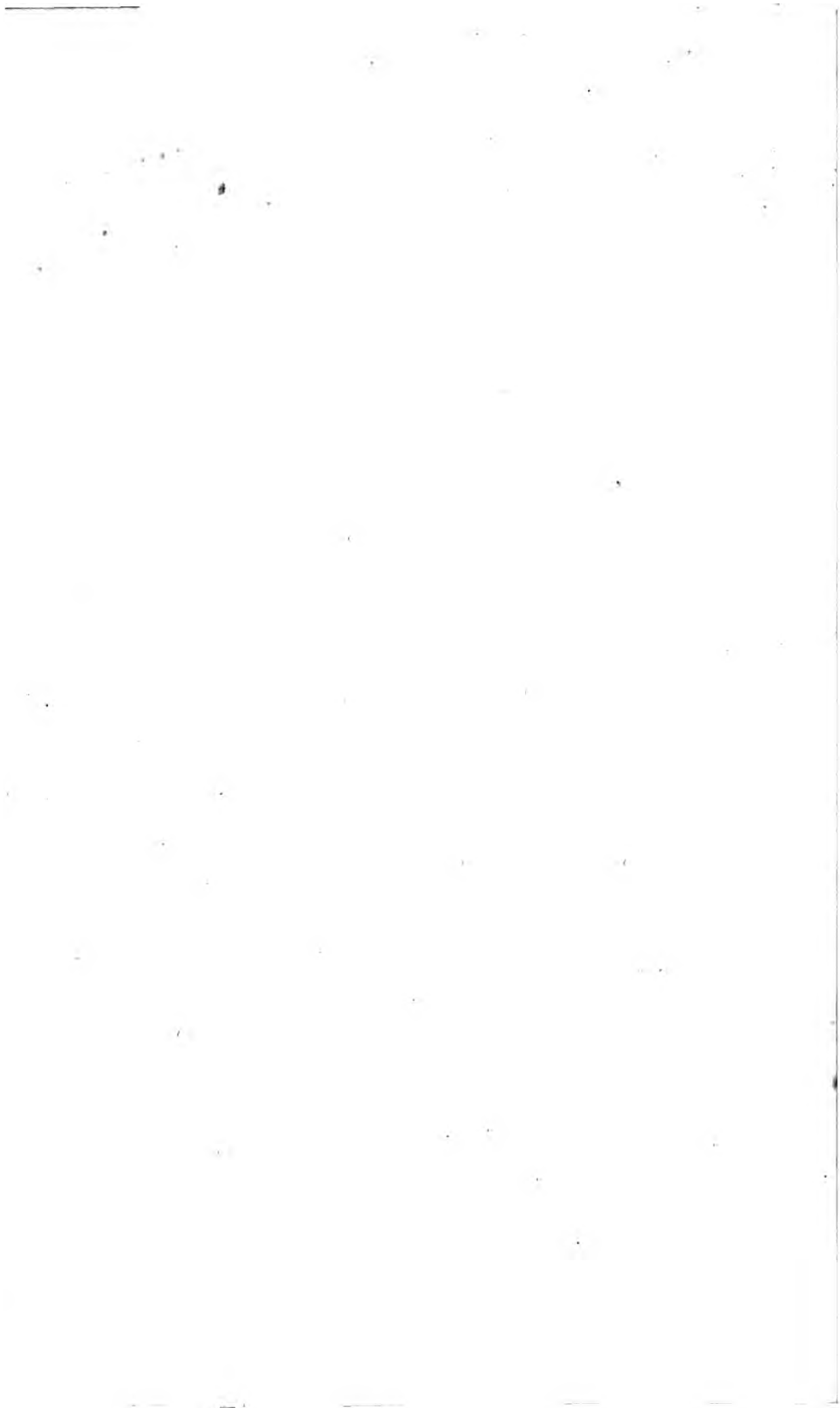
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# ORPHAN



*Can I bid her of my way, which she inform'd me,  
Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten  
To save a sister! —*

*Act 2. Sc. 1.*

*J. Thurston del.*

*R. Rhodes sc.*

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS OTWAY.

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

WITH NOTES,  
CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

AND

*A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,*

BY

THOMAS THORNTON, ESQ.

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VOL. II.

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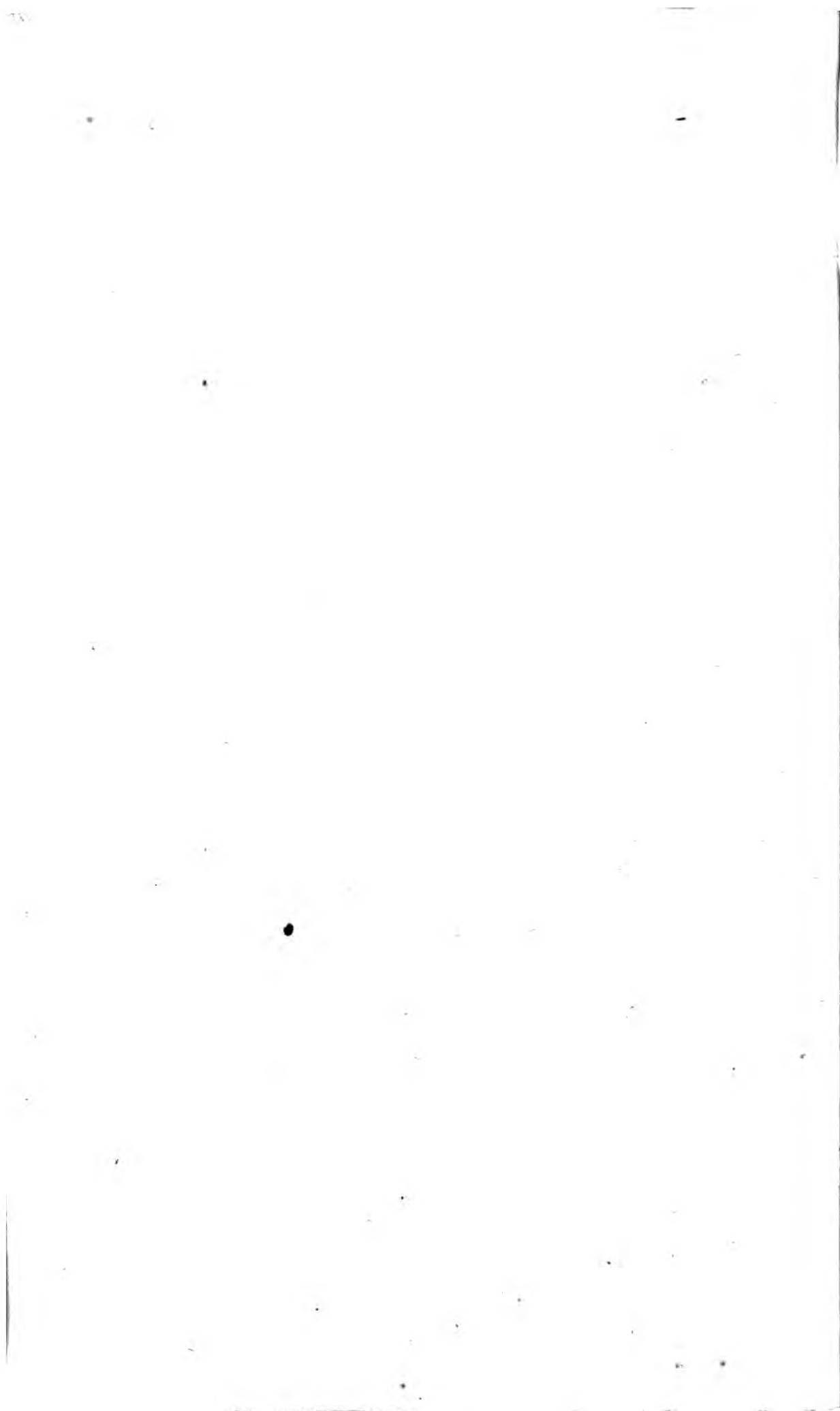
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. TURNER, 87, STRAND,  
(SUCCESSOR TO JOHN MACKINLAY);

By B. McMillan, Bow Street, Covent Garden.

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1813.



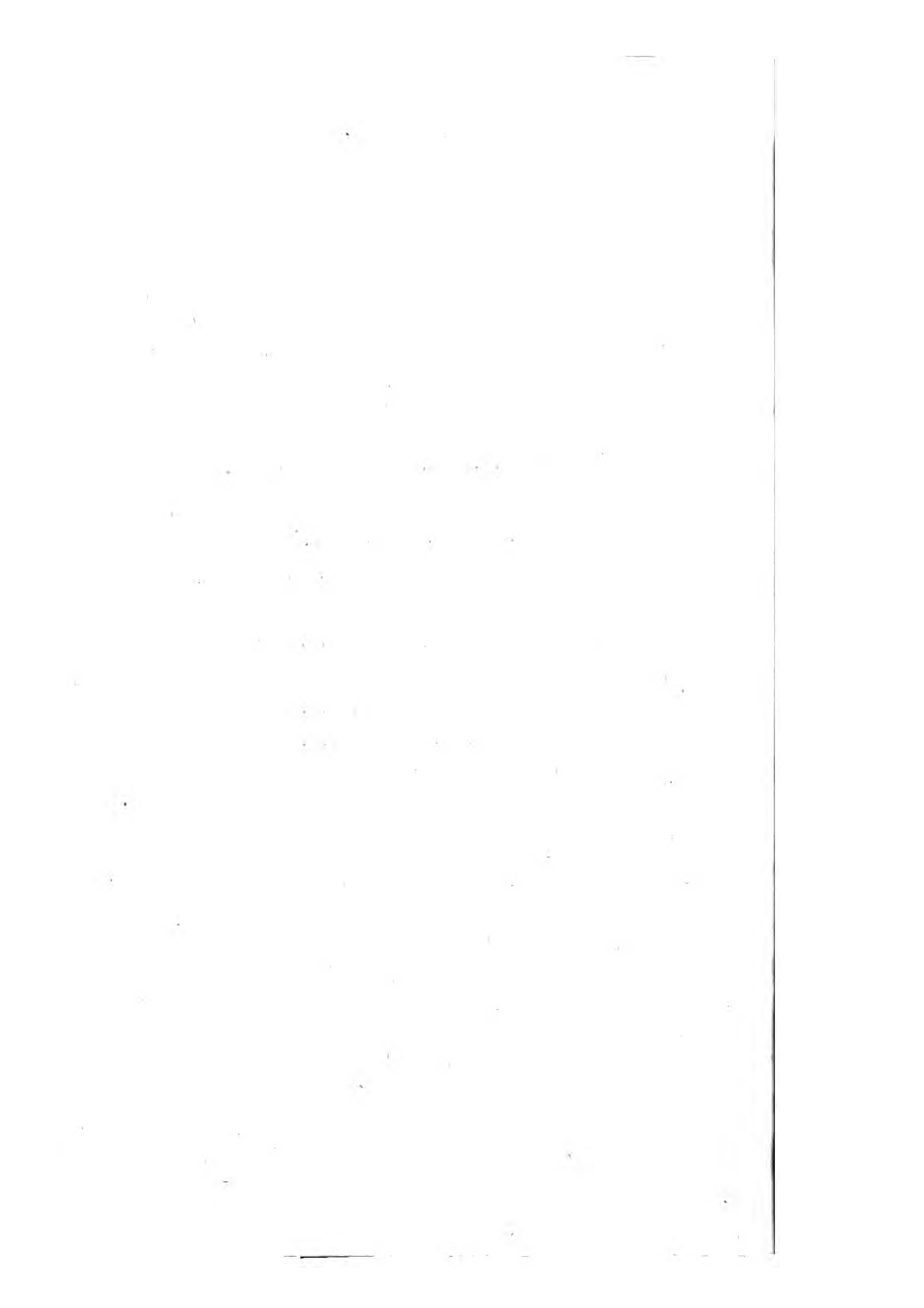
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**FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.**

**A COMEDY.**

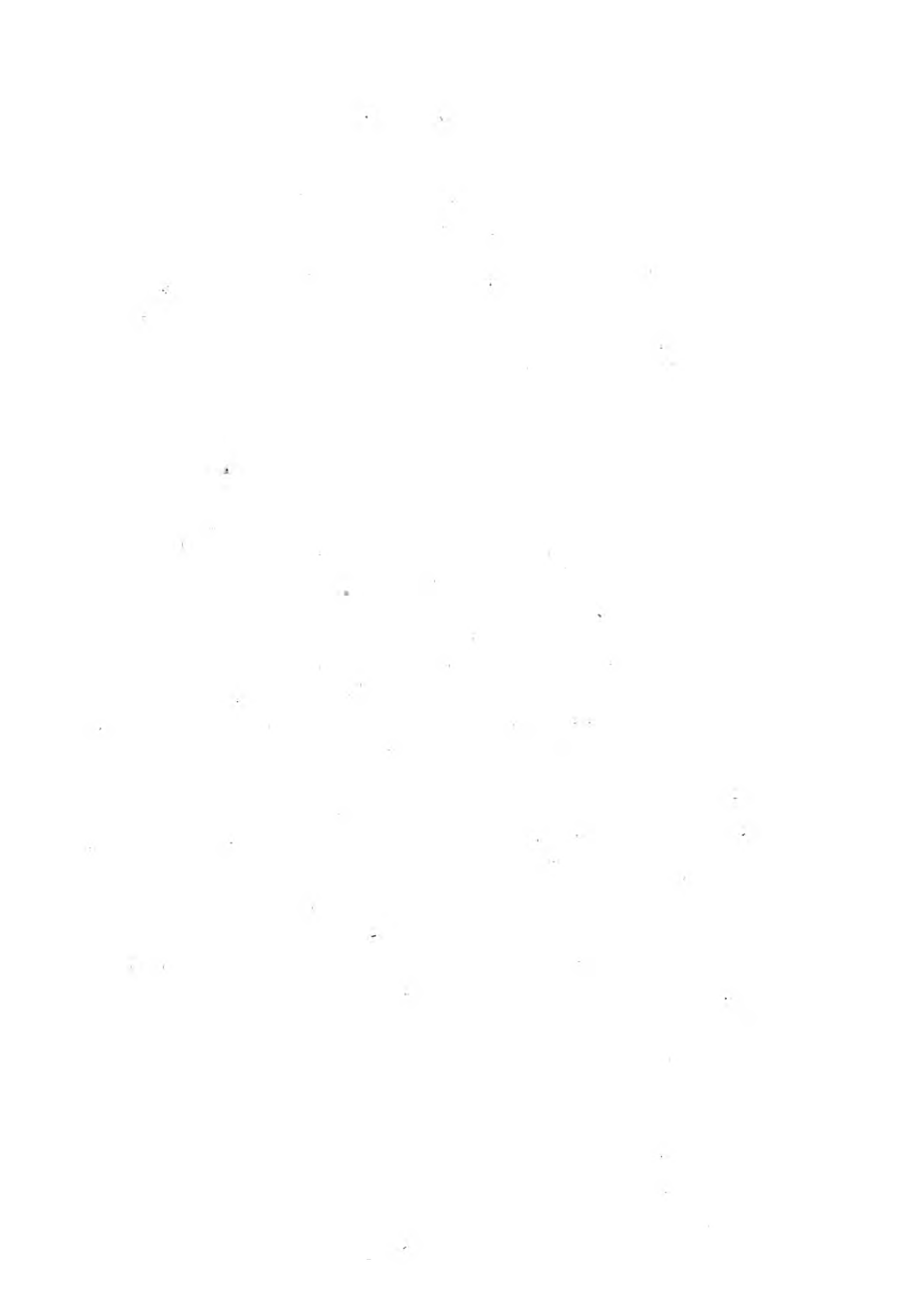
*Archilochum rabies arnavit Iambo.*

HOR. DE ART. POET.

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## FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

---

THIS play, the first specimen of Otway's powers as a writer of Comedy, whilst it exhibits, though, perhaps, in a less obtrusive manner, the licentiousness of morals which prevailed during the reign of Charles the Second; is no advantageous display of his talents in that species of composition. It appears, however, from Langbaine, who terms it "a very diverting play," that those who were the first judges of its merit, and whom it was more immediately his interest to please, entertained a much more favourable opinion of its deserts, and received it with "general applause." As morality of design and purity of dialogue were regarded as matters of little moment in those days, we may ascribe its success to the bustle and action with which it abounds; some novelty and variety of character; and a few scenes bordering upon buffoonery, which has saved a worse piece from destruction.

The persons of the drama, deficient as they are in those qualities which ought alone to excite interest or admiration, may be dismissed with little notice: for, with the single exception of Camilla, (who appears too seldom to be known) they are either vicious, or ridiculous, or both. Some of them were supposed to bear an intended analogy to certain living characters, and this opinion raised a prejudice against the author, to which

he alludes in the dedication of the play. His readiness, in the Prologue, to disavow any satire, may, perhaps, with some, strengthen the suspicion that it *was* intended; but to whom it was appropriated, it is impossible now to tell with certainty. This comedy was revived at Drury-lane, in 1749; but rejected on account of its indecency. No modern audience, indeed, would endure the scene in the fourth act, where the grossest and most immoral conduct is supposed to take place, almost under the eyes of the spectators.

It was performed, and printed in 4to. 1678.

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES,  
EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,  
GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BED-CHAMBER.

MY LORD,

YOUR lordship has so often and so highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn myself for giving you a trouble so impertinent as this is: considering how remiss I have been in my respects to your lordship, in that I have not waited on you so frequently as the duty I owe your lordship, and my own inclinations required; but the circumstances of my condition, whose daily business must be daily bread, have not, nor will allow me that happiness. Be pleased then, my lord, to accept this humble dedication as an instance of his gratitude, who in a high measure owes his well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your lordship will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for succour unsuccessfully: I am sure I have reason to acknowledge it. As for the unlucky censures some have past on me for this play, I hope your lordship will believe I hardly deserve them. For to my best remembrance, when I first was accused of the thing by some people of the world, who had perhaps as little reason to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themselves deserved it, I made it my business to clear myself to your lordship, whose good opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worst enemies can wrong me of else: I hope I convinced

your lordship of my innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavoured, had it not been just. For I thank my stars I know myself better than (for all the threats some have been pleased to bestow upon me) to tell a lie to save my throat. Forgive me, my lord, this trouble, continue me in your lordship's favour and good opinion, and accept of the prayers and well-wishes of

Your most humble, and  
Most obliged Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

## PROLOGUE.

---

How hard a task hath that poor drudge of stage,  
That strives to please in this fantastic age.  
It is a thing so difficult to hit,  
That he's a fool that thinks to do't by wit;  
Therefore our author bid me plainly say,  
You must not look for any in his play.  
I' th' next place, ladies, there's no bawdy in't,  
No, not so much as one well-meaning hint;  
Nay more, 'twas written every word, he says,  
On strictest vigils, and on fasting days,  
When he his flesh to penance did enjoin,  
Nay, took such care to work it chaste and fine,  
He disciplin'd himself at ev'ry line. }  
Then, gentlemen, no libel he intends,  
Tho' some have strove to wrong him with his friends;  
And poets have so very few of those,  
They'd need take care whose favour 'tis they lose.  
Who'd be a poet? Parents all beware,  
Cherish and educate your sons with care:  
Breed 'em to wholesome law, or give 'em trades;  
Let 'em not follow th' Muses, they are jades.  
How many very hopeful rising Cits  
Have we of late known spoil'd by turning wits!  
Poets by critics are worse treated here  
Than on the Bankside butchers do a bear.  
Faith, sirs, be kind, since now his time is come,  
When he must stand or fall as you shall doom:  
Give him bear-garden law, that's fair play for't,  
And he's content for once, to make you sport.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

GOODVILE.

TRUMAN.

VALENTINE, *in love with Camilla.*

Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY, *a Country Knight, aiming at politeness,*

MALAGENE.

CAPER, } *two affected Coxcombs.*

SAUNTER, }

PAGE.

BOY.

*Mrs.* GOODVILE.

VICTORIA.

CAMILLA.

*Lady* SQUEAMISH.

LETTICE, *Servant to Mrs. Goodvile.*

BRIDGET, *Servant to Lady Squeamish.*

# FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Mall.*

TRUMAN, *reading a Billet*, and Servant.

*Tru.* In a vizer, say you?

*Serv.* Yes, sir, and as soon as she had delivered it, without any thing more, gave the word to the coachman, drew up the tin lattice, and away she hurried.

*Tru.* The meaning of a billet of this nature, without a name, is a riddle to me. [*Reads.*

“ You know me, and see me often ; I wish I may never see you more, except you know better where to place your love, or I were abler to govern mine: as you are a gentleman, burn this so soon as it comes to your hands. Adieu.”

Well, this can be no other than some stanch virtue of thirty-five, that is just now fallen under the temptation; or, what is as bad, one of those cautious dealers that never venture but in masquerade, where they are sure to be wondrous kind, though they discover no more to the lover than he has just occasion to make use of.

*Enter* GOODVILE *and* VALENTINE.

*Val.* Truman, good-morrow ; just out of your lodging! but that I know thee better, I should swear thou hadst resolved to spend this day in humiliation and repentance for the sins of the last.

*Good.* I beg your pardon! some lady has taken up



your time. Thou canst no more rise in a morning without a wench, than thou canst go to bed at night without a bottle. Truman, wilt thou never leave whoring?

*Tru.* Peace, matrimony, peace—speak more reverently of your dearly-beloved whoring. Valentine, he is the mere spirit of hypocrisy—he had hardly been married ten days, but he left his wife to go home from the play alone in her coach, whilst he debauched me with two vizors in an hackney to supper.

*Val.* Truly, Goodvile, that was very civil, and may come to something—But, gentlemen, it begins to grow late. Where shall we dine?

*Tru.* Where you will, I am indifferent.

*Good.* And I.

*Val.* I had appointed to meet at Chatolin's, but—

*Tru.* With whom?

*Val.* Why, your cousin Malagene, Goodvile.

*Good.* Valentine, thou art too much with that fellow. 'Tis true, indeed, he is some relation to me, but 'tis such a lying varlet, there is no enduring of him.

*Val.* But rogues and fools are so very plenty, 'tis hard always to escape 'em.

*Tru.* Besides, he dares be no more a friend than a foe: he never spoke well of any man behind his back, nor ill before his face: he is a general disperser of nauseous scandal, though it be of his own mother or sister; pr'ythee let's avoid him, if we can, to-day.

*Good.* 'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesome: as there is no company so ill but he'll keep, so there's none so good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever seen you once, he'll be sure of you: and if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your room, than you can keep him out of your debt.

*Val.* He came where I was last night, roaring drunk; swore Damn him, he had been with my lord such-a-one, and had swallowed three quarts of champagne for his share. Said he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a bottle with me: I was

forced to promise him I would meet him to-day, to get rid of him.

*Good.* Faith, gentlemen, let us all go dine at my house: I have snubbed him of late, and he'll hardly venture that way so soon again: at night I'll promise you good company; my wife (for I allow her for my own sake what freedom she pleases), has sent for the fiddles to come.

*Tru.* Goodvile, if there be any such thing as ease in matrimony, thou hast it: but methinks, there's as it were a mark upon married men, that makes them as distinguishable from one of us, as your Jews are from the rest of mankind.

*Good.* Oh there are pleasures you dream not of; he is only confined by it that will be so; a man may make his condition as easy as he pleases.—Mine is such a fond, wanton ape, I never come home, but she entertains me with fresh kindness: and Jack, when I have been hunting for game with you, and missed of an opportunity, stops a gap well enough.

*Tru.* There's no condition so wretched but has it's reserve: your spaniel, turned out of doors, goes contentedly to his kennel; your beggar, when he can get no better lodging, knows his own warm bush; and your married whore-master that misses of his wench, goes honestly home, and there's madam wife.—But, Goodvile, who are to be the company at night?

*Good.* In the first place, my cousin Victoria, your idol, Jack Truman; then, Mr. Valentine, there will be the charming Camilla: and another that never fails upon such an occasion, the inimitable lady Squeamish.

*Tru.* That indeed is a worthy person, a great critic forsooth: one that censures plays, and takes it very ill she has none dedicated to her yet; a constant frequenter of all masquerades and public meetings, a perfect coquette, very affected, and something old.

*Val.* Discourses readily of all the love-intrigues of the court and town, a strange admirer of accomplishments and good-breeding, as she calls it; a restless

dancer: one that by her good-will would never be out of motion.

*Tru.* How, Valentine! you were once a great admirer there; have a care how you speak too harshly of your mistress, though the business be over. You stand well with the ladies yet, and are held a man of principles.

*Good.* That indeed is a fine creature. Your old harassed stager has always some such resty whore-master or another, whom she makes the best of her despair withal; and after being forsaken by half the town besides, comforts herself in her man of principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: gentlemen, you'll be sure to follow?

*Tru.* Sir, we'll not fail to wait on you.

[*Exit Goodvile.*

Boy! is the coach ready? Valentine! I have had the oddest adventure this morning—ha—Malagene!

*Enter MALAGENE.*

How came he hither?

*Mal.* Jack Truman, Monsieur Valentine, bon jour.—Was not that Goodvile I met coming in—ha?

*Val.* Yes, he parted hence but now.

*Mal.* Faith, I'll tell ye what, gentlemen, Goodvile's a very honest fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, though faith 'twas nothing of my seeking.

*Tru.* No, I'll be sworn for thee, thou lov'st thyself better.

*Val.* Pray what was the matter, Malagene?

*Mal.* Why I was advising him to look after things better at home: the fellow has married a young wife, and there he lets her make balls and give entertainments. I was very free with him, and told him of it to the purpose; for faith I should be sorry to see any ill come on't, very sorry.

*Tru.* But hark ye, Malagene, Goodvile's a sort of a surly companion, and apt to have so good an opinion of

himself, that he is able to manage affairs without your advice: he might have been very severe with you upon this occasion.

*Mal.* Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my heart; that had been the way to have made a fine piece of work on't, indeed; hark ye, (under the rose) he's sweetly fitted with my cousin though.

*Val.* Pray, sir, speak with more respect: we are his friends, and not prepared to relish any of your satire at present.

*Mal.* O lord, sir, I beg your pardon; you are a new acquaintance there, I remember, and may design an interest. Faith, Ned, if thou dost, I'll never be thy hindrance, for all she's my kinswoman.

*Tru.* The rascal, if he had an opportunity, would pimp for his sister, though but for the bare pleasure of telling it himself.

*Mal.* Now when he comes home, will she be hanging about his neck, with O Lord, dear! where have you been this morning? I can't abide you should go abroad so soon, that I can't: you are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd Truman, and his debauched companion, young Valentine: but that I know you are a good dear, I should be apt to be jealous of you, that I should,—ha, ha.

*Tru.* Sir, you are very bold with our characters, methinks.

*Mal.* I, shaw! your servant; sure, we that know one another may be free: you may say as much of me, if you please. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my business last night?—ha.

*Tru.* Not a word I assure you, sir. Pray how was it? pr'ythee let him alone a little, Valentine.

*Mal.* Why, coming out of Chatolin's last night, (where it had cost me a guinea club, with a right honourable or two of this kingdom, which shall be nameless) just as I was getting into a coach, who should come by but a blustering fellow with a woman in his hand, and swore, damn him, the coach was for him; we had some words,

and he drew; with that I put by his pass, closed with him, and threw up his heels, took away his toledo, gave him two or three good cuts over the face, seized upon Damozel, carried her away with me to my chamber, managed her all night, and just now sent her off;—faith, amongst friends, she was a person of quality, I'll tell you that.

*Tru.* What! a person of quality at that time o'the night, and on foot too?

*Mal.* Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

*Val.* Oh, sir, you may be sure we shall be very cautious of spreading any secrets of your's of this nature—lying Rakehell; the highest he ever arrived at was a bawd, and she too banished him at last, because he boasted of her favours. [*Aside.*

*Mal.* Nay, not that I care very much neither: you may tell it if you will: for I think it was no more than any one would have done upon the same occasion—ha——

*Tru.* Doubtless, sir, you were much in the right. But, Valentine, we stay too long: 'tis time we were going.

*Mal.* What, to dinuer? I'll make a third man—— where shall it be?

*Tru.* Sir, I am sorry, we must beg your excuse this time, for we are both engaged.

*Mal.* Whoo! pry'thee, that's all one, I am sure I know the company; I'll go along at a venture.

*Val.* No, but Malagene, to make short of the business, we are going into company that are not very good friends of your's, and will be very uneasy if you be there.

*Mal.* What's that to the purpose?—I care as little for them as they do for me; though on my word, sparks, of honest fellows, you keep the oddest company sometimes that ever I knew.

*Tru.* But, sir, we are resolved to reform it, and in order thereunto, desire you would leave us to ourselves to-day.

*Mal.* No—— but I'll tell you, go along with me;

I have discovered a treasure of pale wine—I assure you 'tis the same the king drinks of—— what say you Jack? I am but for one bottle or two; for faith I have resolved to live sober for a week.

*Tru.* Pr'ythee, tormentor, leave us; do not I know the wine thou drinkest is as base as the company thou keepest. To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor must you go with us.

*Mal.* Why, if one should ask the question now, whither are you going? ha!

*Val.* How comes it, Malagene, you are not with your two friends, Caper and Saunter?—you may be sure of them; they'll eat and drink, and go all over the world with you.

*Mal.* How canst thou think that I would keep such loathsome company? a brace of silly, talking, dancing, singing rascals: 'tis true, I contracted an acquaintance with 'em, I know not how; and now and then, when I am out of humour, love to laugh at and abuse 'em for an hour or two—but come what will on't, I am resolved to go along with you to-day.

*Tru.* Upon my word, sir, you cannot——Why should you make so many difficulties with your friends?

*Mal.* Whoo! pr'ythee leave fooling——You would shake me off now, would you? But I know better things. The sham won't pass upon me, sir; it won't, look you.

*Tru.* Death! we must use him ill, or there is no getting rid of him. Not pass, sir?

*Mal.* No, sir.

*Tru.* Pray, sir, leave us.

*Mal.* I shan't do't, sir.

*Tru.* But you must, sir.

*Mal.* May be not, sir.

*Tru.* I am going this way.

[*Walking off.*]

*Mal.* So am I.

*Tru.* But, sir, I must stay here a little longer.

*Mal.* With all my heart; 'tis the same thing, I am not in haste.

*Val.* Have a care, Malagene, how you provoke Truman,—you'll run the hazard of a scurvy beating, my friend, if you do.

*Mal.* Beating! I am sorry, sir, you know no better: pox, I am used to serve him so, man; let him alone, you shall see how I'll tease him. Hark you, Jack.

*Tru.* Sir, you are an impudent troublesome coxcomb.

*Mal.* No matter for that, I shan't leave you.

*Tru.* Sir, I shall pull you by the nose then.

*Mal.* 'Tis all one to me, do your worst.

*Tru.* Take that then, sir——Now d'ye hear——

[*Tweaks him by the nose.*]

Go about your business.

*Mal.* Nay, faith, Jack, now you drive the jest too far; what a pox, I know you are not in earnest; pr'ythee let's go.

*Tru.* Death, sir, you lie; not in earnest!—let [*Kicks him*] this convince you—How like you the jest now, sir?

*Mal.* Hark you, Truman, we shan't dine together then, shall we?

*Val.* Faith, to tell you the truth of the matter, Truman had a quarrel last night, and we are just now going to make an end on't: 'tis that makes him so surly. Nevertheless, now I think on't better, if you'll go, you shall; perhaps we may have occasion for a third man.

*Mal.* No, no, if that be the business, I'll say no more; puh—I hate to press into any man's company against his inclination. Truman, upon my reputation you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-porters last night, and lost my money. Pr'ythee lend me two guineas till next time I see thee, child.

*Tru.* With all my heart, sir. I was sure 'twould come to this at last; 'tis here, you may command what you please from your servant. Malagene, good-morrow.

*Enter CAPER and SAUNTER.*

*Mal.* Dear Jack Truman, your humble.—

[*Exit Truman.*

*Val.* Won't you go along with us then, Malagene?

*Mal.* No, here are two silly fellows coming, I'll go and divert myself a little with them at present.

*Val.* Why, those are the very people you railed at so but now; you will not leave us for them, at a time when you may be so serviceable?

*Mal.* Hang it, you will have no occasion for me, man? say no more on't, but take my advice; be sure you stand fast, don't give ground, d'ye hear, push briskly, and I'll warrant you do your business.

*Val.* Sir, I thank you for your counsel, and am sorry we can't have your company; but you are engaged?

*Mal.* Are you sure though it will come to fighting? I have no mind to leave your company, methinks.

*Val.* Nay, nothing so certain as that we shall fight; I wish you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the field.

*Mal.* A pox on't, now I remember, I promised to meet these people here, and can't avoid them now; I'd go else with you with all my heart, faith and troth, but if you'd have me send a guard, I'll do't.

*Val.* No, sir,—there's no danger—Nothing but the rogue's cowardice could have rid us of him.

[*Exit Valentine.*

*Mal.* How now, bullies, whither so fast this morning? I parted just now with Jack Truman and Ned Valentine: they would fain have had me to dinner with 'em, but I was not in a humour for drinking, and to speak the truth on't, you are better company ten to one. They engross still all the discourse to themselves; and a man can never be free with them neither.

*Cap.* Oh Lord, Malagene! we met the delicatest creature but now as we came round; I am a rascal if I don't think her one of the finest women in the world; I shan't get her out of my mind this month.



*Saunt.* 'Twas Victoria, my lady Fairfield's daughter, that came to town last summer when Goodvile was married. He in love with her poor soul!— I shall beg his pardon there, as I take it—— [Sings.

*Mal.* That's Truman's blowing: she's always lingering after him here, and at the playhouse: she heats herself here every morning against the general course at night, where she comes as constantly as my lady Squeamish herself.

*Saunt.* I vow that's a fine person; don't you think she has abundance of wit, Malagene? She and I did so rally Caper t'other day.

*Cap.* Ay, it may be so.

*Saunt.* But did you never hear her sing? She made me sit with her till two o'clock t'other morning, to teach her an Italian song I have, and I vow she sings it wonderfully.

*Mal.* Damn her, she's the most affected amorous jilt, and loves young fellows more than an old kite does young chickens: there is not a coxcomb of eighteen in town can escape her; we shall have her draw one of you into matrimony within this fortnight.

*Cap.* Malagene, thou art the most satirical thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didst but love dancing, that I might have thee on my side sometimes.

*Saunt.* Well, Malagene, I hope to see thee so in love one day, as to leave off drinking, as I have done, and set up for a shape and a face: or, what is all one, write amorous sonnets, and fight duels with all that do but look like rivals. I would not be in love for all the world, I vow and swear.

*[Walks up and down with an affected motion.*

*Cap.* Nor I.

—— Ah Phillis, if you would not love  
The shepherd, &c.

[Sings.

But d'ye hear, Malagene? they say Goodvile gives a ball to night, is't true?

*Mal.* Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to court.

*Cap.* I am glad of it with all my heart—Saunter—There's my lady, to be sure she'll not fail.

*Saunt.* But will you go, Malagene? Goodvile and you are at a distance.

*Mal.* Whoo! pox! that's nothing; I'll go for all that: but faith, I should meet my lord \_\_\_\_\_ at court to-night. Besides, I han't been in the drawing-room these three days; the company will wonder what's become of me.

*Enter Lady SQUEAMISH.*

She here! nay then——

*Cap.* Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant.

[*Congees affectedly.*]

*Lady Squ.* Mr. Caper, your most devoted.—  
Oh dear Mr. Saunter! a thousand thanks to you for my song.

*Saunt.* Your ladyship does your servant too much honour.

[*Sings, As Chloe full of, &c.*]

*Lady Squ.* Mr. Caper, you are a stranger indeed, I have not seen you these two days: Lord, where d'ye live?

*Cap.* I should have waited on your ladyship, but was so tired at the masquerade at my lord Flutter's t'other night.

[*Dances and capers.*]

*Saunt.* Madam, madam, Mr. Goodvile gives a ball to-night; will your ladyship be there?

*Lady Squ.* Yes; I heard of it this morning; Victoria sent me word.

*Cap.* Oh, madam, d'ye hear the news? Goodvile makes a ball to-night: I hope I shall have the honour of your ladyship's company.

*Lady Squ.* Oh, by all means, Mr. Caper, pray don't you fail us. Oh Lord, Mr. Malagene, I beg your pardon, upon my honour, I did not see you; I was so engaged in the civilities of these gentlemen.

*Mal.* Your wit and beauty, madam, must command the honour and admiration of all the world. But when did your ladyship see Mr. Valentine?

*Lady Squ.* Oh, name him not. Mr. Malagene, he's the unworthiest, basest fellow—besides, he has no principles, nor breeding: I wonder you gentlemen will keep him company; I swear he's enough to bring an odium on the whole sex.

*Mal.* The truth on't is, madam, I do drink with him now and then, because the fellow has some wit, but it is when better company is out of the way; and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

*Lady Squ.* Oh Lord, 'tis impossible. Wit! why he was abroad but two years, and all that time too in an academy; he knows nothing of the intrigues of the French court, and has the worst mien in the world: he has a sort of an ill-natured way of talking indeed, and they say makes bold with me sometimes, but I'll assure you I scorn him.

*Mal.* Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is foully belied: ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

*Lady Squ.* They say he's grown a great admirer of madam Camilla of late, who passes for a wit forsooth. 'Tis true, she's well enough, but I suppose is not the first that has been troubled with his impertinent addresses.

*Mal.* Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: he owes that happiness to me. But methinks your ladyship speaks with something of heat——by heaven she's jealous! [*Aside.*

*Lady Squ.* No, I'll assure you, sir, I am not concerned at it in the least. But did you ever hear 'em discourse any thing of me?

*Mal.* Never any ill, madam; only a little idle raillery now and then; but Truman and he are wont to be something lavish when they have been drunk in my company.—'Twill work.

*Lady Squ.* Nay, I know he has spoken dishonourably of me behind my back, because he failed in his filthy designs. Madam Camilla may deserve better of him, I doubt

not: but if I am not revenged on his falshood.—[*Aside.*  
Mr. Caper.

*Cap. and Saunt.* Madam.

*Lady Squ.* Where do you go to-day?

*Cap.* Will your ladyship be at the new play?

*Lady Squ.* No, I saw it the first day, and don't like it.

*Mal.* Madam, it has no ill character about the town.

*Lady Squ.* O Lord, sir, the town is no judge. 'Tis a tragedy, and I'll assure you there's nothing in it that's moving. I love a tragedy that moves, mightily.

*Saunt.* Does your ladyship know who writ it?

*Lady Squ.* Yes, the poet came and read it to me at my lodgings; he is but a young man, and I suppose he has not been a writer long; besides, he has had little or no conversation with the court, which has been the reason he has committed a great many indecorums in the conduct of it.

*Saunt.* I did not like it neither, for my part; there was never a song in it, ha!

*Cap.* No, nor so much as a dance.

*Mal.* Oh, 'tis impossible it should take, if there were neither song nor dance in it.

*Lady Squ.* And then their comedies now-a-days are the filthiest things, full of bawdy and nauseous doings, which they mistake for raillery and intrigue: besides, they have no wit in 'em neither; for all their gentlemen and men of wit, as they style 'em, are either silly, conceited, impudent coxcombs, or else rude, ill-mannerly, drunken fellows—fough—I am ashamed any one should pretend to write a comedy, that does not know the nicer rules of the court, and all the intrigues and gallantries that pass, I vow.

*Mal.* Who would improve in those things, must consult with your ladyship.

*Lady Squ.* I swear, Mr. Malagene, you are an obliging person; I wonder the world should be so malicious to give you so undeserving a character as they do: I always found you extremely generous, and a person of worth.

*Mal.* In troth, madam, your ladyship and myself are the subjects of abundance of envy; for I love to be malicious now and then; and faith, am the very scourge of the court: they all stand in awe of me, for I must speak what I know, though sometimes I am used a little scurvily for it; but faith I can't help it, 'tis my way.

*Lady Squ.* Ha, ha, ha, really I love scandal extremely too sometimes, so it be decently managed.—But as I was saying, there is not a person in the world understands the intrigues of the court better than myself; I am the general confident of the drawing-room, and know the loves of all the people of quality in town.

*Cap.* Dear madam, how stands the affair between my lord Supple and madam Lofty?

*Lady Squ.* Worse than ever; 'tis very provoking to see how she uses the poor creature: but the truth is, she can never be at rest for him; he's more troublesome than an old husband; continually whispering his softness and making his vows, till at last she is forced to fly to me for shelter, and then we do so laugh—which the good-natured creature takes so patiently—I swear, I pity him.

*Saunt.* But my lady Colt, they say, is kinder to the sparkish Mr. Pruneit.

*Lady Squ.* O Lord, Mr. Saunter, that you should understand no better; to my knowledge it is all false; I know all that intrigue from the beginning to the ending; it has been off this month—besides, he keeps a player again—Oh, Mr. Saunter! whatever you do, never concern yourself with those players.

*Saunt.* Madam, I have left the folly long since; when first I came to town, I must confess I had a gallantry there. But since I have been acquainted with your ladyship's wit and beauty, I have learned to lay out my heart to better advantage—I think that was finely said.

*Lady Squ.* I'll swear, Mr. Saunter, you have the most court-like way of expressing yourself——

*Saunt.* Oh Lord, madam! [*Bows and cringes.*]

*Lady Squ.* Mr. Malagene, these are both my intimate

acquaintance, and I'll swear I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. Saunter sings the French manner better than ever I heard any English gentleman in my life. Besides, he pronounces his English, in singing, with a French kind of a tone or accent, that gives it a strange beauty—Sweet sir, do me the favour of the last new song.

*Saunt.* Let me die! Your ladyship obliges me beyond expression——Malagene, thou shalt hear me.

[*Sings a Song in a French tone.*

*Mal.* What a devil was this! I understand not a word on't.

*Saunt.* Ha, Malagene, ha.

*Lady Squ.* Did you ever hear any thing so fine?

*Mal.* Never, madam, never: I swear your ladyship is a great judge.

*Lady Squ.* But how plain and distinctly too every word was pronounced!

*Mal.* Oh, to admiration, to admiration.

[*Makes mouths aside.*

*Lady Squ.* Well, Mr. Saunter, you are a charming creature——O sad, Mr. Caper, I long till night comes: I'll dance with nobody but you to-night, for, I swear, I believe I shall be out of humour.

*Mal.* That's more than she ever was in her life, so long as she had a fool or a fiddle in her company.

*Lady Squ.* Tho' really I love dancing immoderately—But now you talk of intrigues, I am mistaken if you don't see something where we are going to-night.

*Mal.* What, Goodvile is to commence cuckold, is it not so?

*Lady Squ.* Oh, fy, Mr. Malagene, fy! I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk so strangely,——but let me die, I can't but laugh—ha, ha, ha—Well, gentlemen, you shall dine with me to-day—what say you, Mr. Malagene, will you go?

*Mal.* Your ladyship may be sure of me; I hate to break good company.

*Lady Squ.* And pray now let us be very severe, and talk maliciously of all the town. Mr. Caper, your

hand : oh, dear Mr. Saunter, how shall I divide myself?—I'll swear, I am strangely at a loss—Mr. Malagene, you must be Mr. Saunter's mistress I think at present.

*Mal.* With all my heart, madam—Sweet Mr. Saunter, your hand : I swear you are a charming creature, and your courtship is as extraordinary as your voice.—Let me die, and I vow I must have t'other song after dinner, for I am very humoursome, and very whimsical, I think : ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Ordinary.*

*Enter Mrs. GOODVILE and LETTICE.*

*Mrs. Good.* Did you deliver the billet?

*Let.* Yes, madam, faithfully.

*Mrs. Good.* But are you sure you did?

*Let.* Can your ladyship think I would be guilty of the least neglect in a concern of such moment?

*Mrs. Good.* And are you sure he dines here to-day?

*Let.* Madam, they are now at dinner below : Mr. Valentine's there too. Oh, I'll swear he's a fine man ; the most courteous person.

*Mrs. Good.* What, because he hunts and kisses you when he's drunk? No, Lettice ; Truman, Truman, O that Truman!

*Let.* I wonder your ladyship should be so taken with him : were I to choose, I should think my master the more agreeable man.

*Mrs. Good.* And you may take him if you will ; he is as much a husband as one would wish : I have not seen him this fortnight ; he never comes home till four in the morning, and then he sneaks to his separate bed, where he lies till afternoon, then rises, and out again upon his parole ; flesh and blood can't endure it.

*Let.* But he always visits your ladyship first.

*Mrs. Good.* That's his policy, as great debtors are always very respectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what freedom I can desire, but God knows that's all.

*Let.* And where's the pleasure of going abroad and getting a stomach, to return and starve at home?

*Mrs. Good.* I laugh, though, to think what an easy fool he believes me: he thinks me the most contented, innocent, harmless turtle breathing; the very pattern of patience.

*Let.* A jewel of a wife.

*Mrs. Good.* And as blind with love as his own good opinion of himself has made him.

*Let.* And can you find in your heart to wrong so good a natured, complete, well-meaning, harmless husband, that has so good an opinion of you?

*Mrs. Good.* Ha, wrong him! what say you, Lettice? I wrong my husband! such another word forfeits my good opinion of thee for ever.

*Let.* What meant the billet to Mr. Truman then this morning?

*Mrs. Good.* To make him my friend perhaps, and discover if I can, who it is that wrongs me in my husband's affection; for I am sure I have a rival. And I am apt to believe Victoria deserves no better than ordinary of me, if the truth were known.

*Let.* Why, she is his near kinswoman, and lives here in the house with you; besides, he would never dishonour his own family, surely.

*Mrs. Good.* You are a fool, Lettice; the nearness of blood is the least thing considered. Besides, as I have heard, 'tis almost the only way relations care to be kind to one another, now-a-days.

*Let.* Yes, madam, you never meet, but you are as kind and fond of him as if you had all the joys of love about you. Lord! how can you dissemble with him so? besides, Mr. Truman, madam, you know is his friend.



*Mrs. Good.* Oh, if I would ever consent to wrong my husband (which heaven forbid, Lettice!) it should be, to choose, with his friend. For such a one has a double obligation to secrecy, as well for his own honour, as mine. But I'll swear, Lettice, you are an idle girl for talking so much of this, that you are: 'tis enough to put ill thoughts into one's head, which I am the most averse to of all things in the world.

*Let.* But, madam, thoughts are free; and 'tis as hard not to think a little idly sometimes, as it is to be always in good humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. Truman should be in love with madam Victoria, if all be real which your ladyship suspects.

*Mrs. Good.* Ay, and with a design of marriage too: but a ranging gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his experience to doubt his security in a wife, as success in a mistress.

*Let.* Besides, after a little time, he is so very industrious in cuckolding others, that he never dreams how swimmingly his own affairs are managed at home.

*Enter VICTORIA.*

*Mrs. Good.* But hush—she's here.

*Vict.* A happy day to you, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Dear cousin, your humble servant: have you heard who are below?

*Vict.* Yes, young Truman, and his inseparable companion, Valentine.

*Mrs. Good.* Well, what will you do, cousin? Truman comes resolved on conquest: for with the advantages he has in your heart already, 'tis impossible you should be able to hold out against him.

*Vict.* Yes, powerful champaign, as they call it, may do much; a spark can no more refrain running into love after a bottle, than a drunken country vicar can avoid disputing of religion when his patron's ale grows stronger than his reason.

*Mrs. Good.* Come, come, dissemble your inclinations

as artfully as you please, I am sure they are not so indifferent but they may be easily discerned.

*Vict.* Truly, madam, you may be mistaken in your guess.

*Mrs. Good.* How! I doubt it is some other man then has caused this alteration in you.—Lord, Lettice, is she not extremely altered?

*Vict.* Altered, madam! what do you mean?

*Mrs. Good.* Nay, Lettice, fetch a glass, and let her see herself: Lord, you are paler than you used to be.

*Let.* Ay, and then that blueness under the eyes.

*Mrs. Good.* Besides, you are not so lively as I have known you: pardon me, cousin.

*Let.* Well, if there be a fault, marriage will cure all.

*Vict.* I'll assure you, I have none that I know of stands in need of so desperate a remedy. Marriage! fault! what can all this tend to?

*Enter Page.*

*Mrs. Good.* Well, what now?

*Page.* Madam Camilla is coming to wait upon your ladyship.

*Mrs. Good.* Ha, Camilla! tell her I'll attend her: won't you go with me, Victoria? [*Exit Page.*]

*Vict.* I'll but step into my chamber, and follow you instantly. [*Exeunt Mrs. Good. and Lettice.*] Whither can all this drive? Surely she has discovered something of Goodvile's love and mine: if she has I am ruined.

*Enter GOODVILE.*

*Good.* Victoria! your cousin is not here, is she? What, in clouds? I stole this minute from my friends on purpose to see thee, and must not I have a look? Not a word?

*Vict.* Oh, I am ruined and lost for ever! I fear your wife has had some knowledge of our loves: and if it be so, what will then become of me?

*Good.* Pr'ythee no more: my wife! she has too good

an opinion of herself, to have an ill one of me; and would as soon believe her glass could flatter her, as I be false to her: my wife—ha, ha.

*Vict.* Yes, I am sure it must be so; it can be no otherwise: but you are satisfied, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miserable.

*Good.* Leave thee! by heaven I'd sooner renounce my family, and own myself the bastard of a rascal: come, quiet thy doubts; Truman is here; and take my love for thy security, he shall be thine to-night.

*Vict.* I have great reason to expect it, indeed. That you would hazard your interest in so good a friend for the reparation of my honour, that so little concerns you, and which you have already made your best of.

*Good.* No more of that: love's my province; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my friend, and I hope he will deserve it, by doing thee that justice which I am incapable of.

*Vict.* You can promise easily.

*Good.* Ay, and as resolutely perform: when I have heated him with wine, prepare to receive him.

*Enter Mrs. GOODVILE.*

Ha, she here!

*Mrs. Good.* So, so, Mr. Goodvile, are you there indeed? I thought I should catch you.

*Good.* Faith, my dear, I have been speaking a good word for Jack Truman; my cousin Victoria's too cruel.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh, fy, Victoria! can you be so hard-hearted to deny any thing, when Mr. Goodvile is an advocate?

*Vict.* I must confess it is with some difficulty; but should I too easily comply upon Mr. Goodvile's intercession, who knows but your ladyship might be jealous? for he that can prevail for another, may presume there's hopes for himself.

*Mrs. Good.* Ay, but cousin, I know you are my friend, and would not, though but in regard of that, do me such an injury: besides, Mr. Goodvile knows I dare trust him: don't you, love?

*Good.* Trust me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one—Credulous innocence! [*Aside.*] Alas, my dear, were I as false as thou art good, thy generous confidence would shame me into honesty.

*Enter CAMILLA running and squeaking; TRUMAN and VALENTINE after her.*

*Cam.* For heaven's sake, madam, save me!—Mr. Goodvile, 'tis safer travelling through the Deserts of Arabia, than entering your house: had I not run hard for it, I had been devoured, that's certain.

*Val.* Oh, madam, are you herded? It will be to little purpose; I am stanch, and never change my game.

*Cam.* But when you have lost it, if fresh start up, you can be as fully satisfied, who hunt more for the love of the sport, than for the sake of the prey.

*Val.* But, madam, should you chance to be taken, look to't; for I shall touze and worry you most unmercifully, till I have revenged myself severely for the pains you cost me catching.

*Cam.* Therefore I am resolved to keep out of your reach; Lord! what would become of such a poor little creature as I am, in the paws of so ravenous an animal?

*Tru.* But are you too, lady, so wild as Mrs. Camilla?

*Vict.* Oh, sir, to the full! but I hope you are not so unmerciful as Mr. Valentine.

*Tru.* No, madam, quite on the contrary, as soft and pliant as your pillow: you may mould me to your own ease and pleasure, which way you will.

*Vict.* 'Tis strange two of such different tempers should so well agree: methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory-rony sparks as one would wish to meet withal.

*Val.* Yes, madam, at the playhouse in a vizer\*, when

\* The practice of females appearing masked at the theatre, had been introduced after the Restoration, and was common at this period. It grew at last into a nuisance; and having been partly the occasion of a duel, was prohibited by government about the year 1705.

you come drest and prepared for the encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimously modish and impertinent as the pertest coxcombs of 'em all: till like them too, we lose our hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

*Cam.* But the comfort is, you are sure to find 'em again in the next bottle.

*Mrs. Good.* Then drink 'em down to the ladies' healths, and they are as well at ease as ever they were.

*Tru.* Why, you would not be so unconscionable as to have us two such whining crop-sick lovers, as sigh away their hours, and write lamentable ditties, to be sung about the town by fools and bullies in taverns.

*Good.* Till some Smithfield doggrel, taking the hint, swells the sonnet to a ballad, and Chloris dwindles into a kitchen-wench.

*Vict.* 'Tis presumed then you are of that familiar tribe that never make love but by contraries, and rally our faults, when you pretend to admire our perfections.

*Cam.* As if the only way to raise a good opinion of yourselves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

*Tru.* Faith, madam, 'tis a hard world; and when beauty is held at so dear a rate, 'tis the best way to beat down the market as much as we can.

*Val.* But you shall find, ladies, we'll bid like chapmen for all that.

*Vict.* You had best have a care though lest you overreach yourselves, and repent of your purchase when 'tis too late.

*Cam.* Besides, I hate a Dutch bargain that's made in heat of wine, for the love it raises is generally like the courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very short-lived.

*Good.* How, madam! have a care what you say: wine is the prince of love, and all ladies that speak against it, forfeit their charter. I must not have my favourite traduced. Boy, bring some wine: you shall

prove it's good effects, and then acknowledge it your friend. We'll drink—

*Cam.* Till your brains are afloat, and all the rest sink.

*Val.* I find then, ladies, you have the like opinion of our heads, as you have of our hearts.

*Cam.* Really, sir, you are much in the right.

*Tru.* But if your ladyship should be in the wrong— Though love, like wine, be a good refresher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too busy withal. And though now and then I may over-heat my head with drinking; yet, confound me, I think I shall have a care never to break my heart with loving.

*Mrs. Good.* But, sir, if all men were of your cruel temper, what would become of those tender-hearted creatures that cannot forbear saluting ye with a billet in a morning, though it comes without a name, and makes you as unsatisfied as they poor creatures are themselves?

*Tru.* Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden sot that I was, not to be sensible it must be she, and none but she could send mine this morning. Well, poor Jack Truman, look to thyself, snares are laid for thee; but the virtuous must suffer temptation; and heaven knows all flesh is frail. [*Aside.*

*Enter Boy, with Wine.*

*Good.* Now, boy, fill the glasses. But before we proceed, one thing is to be considered. My dear, you and I are to be no man and wife for this day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do seven years hence; but at night ———

*Val.* A very fair proposal.

*Mrs. Good.* Agreed, sir, if you will have it so.

*Good.* The wine—now each man to his post.

[*They separate, Good. to Cam. Val. to Vict.*

*Trum. to Mrs. Goodvile.*

The word.

[*All take glasses.*

*Tru.* Love and wine.

*Good.* Pass—

[*They drink.*]

*Enter* LETTICE.

Now that nothing may be wanting, Lettice, you must sing the song I brought home t'other morning; for music is as great an encouragement to drinking, as fighting.

LETTICE *sings.*

How blest he appears,  
That revels and loves out his happy years;  
That fiercely spurs on till he finish his race;  
And knowing life's short, chooses living apace!  
To cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it:  
Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

Each day we grow older;  
But as fate approaches, the brave still are bolder;  
The joys of love with our youth slide away,  
But yet there are pleasures that never decay:  
When beauty grows dull, and our passions grow cold,  
Wine still keeps it's charms, and we drink when we're old.

*Good.* So, now show me an enemy to divine harmonious drinking.

*Boy.* Sir, my lady Squeamish is below, just alighted out of her coach.

*Good.* Nay, then drinking will have the major vote against it. She is the most exact observer of decorums and decency alive. But she is not alone, I hope.

*Boy.* No, sir, there is Mr. Malagene with her, and three more gentlemen; one they call sir Noble Clumsey, a full portly gentleman.

*Tru.* That's a hopeful animal, an elder brother, of a fair estate, and her kinsman, newly come up to town, whom her ladyship has undertaken to polish and make a fine gentleman.

*Val.* 'Tis such a fulsome overgrown rogue! yet hopes to be a fine spark, and a very courtly youth; he has

been this half year endeavouring at a shape, which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other, I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. Caper, and his polite companion, Mr. Saunter.

*Good.* She's never without a kennel of fools at her heels; and we may know as well when she is near, by the noise her coxcombs make, as we know when a certain spark of this town is at hand, by the new-fangled gingle of his coach. She comes—and woe be to the wretch whom she first lights upon.

*Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY, MALAGENE, CAPER, and SAUNTER.*

*Lady Squ.* Dear madam Goodvile, ten thousand happinesses wait on you! Fair madam Victoria, sweet charming Camilla, which way shall I express my service to you?—Cousin, your honour, your honour to the ladies.

*Clum.* Ladies, as low as knee can bend, or head can bow, I salute you all. And, gallants, I am your most humble, most obliged, and most devoted servant. —That I learned at the end of an epistle dedicatory.

*Good.* Sir Noble Clumsey is too great a courtier.

*Clum.* Yes, sir, I can compliment upon an occasion; my lady knows I am a pretty apt scholar.

*Lady Squ.* Gallants, you must pardon my cousin here, he is but as it were a novice yet, and has had little conversation but what I have had the honour to instruct him in.

*Mal.* But let me tell you, he is a man of parts, and one that I respect and honour. Pray, gentlemen, know my friend.

*Val.* Hark you, Malagene, how durst you venture hither, knowing that Goodvile and Truman care so little for your company?

*Mal.* O sir, your servant, your servant, sir; I



guessed this was the duel you were going about. I should not have left you else; faith, Ned, I should not.

*Good.* But, madam, can the worthy knight, your kinsman, drink? What think you, sir Noble, of the ladies' healths?

*Clum.* In a glass of small beer, if you please.

*Lady Squ.* Oh sweet Mr. Goodvile, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'll swear, I am so afraid he should spoil himself with drinking. Lord, how I should loath a fellow with a red nose!

*Val.* See, Truman, the two coxcombs are already boarding our mistresses.

*Tru.* Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em. A woman loves to play and fondle with a coxcomb sometimes, as naturally as with a lap-dog; and I could no more be jealous of one, than of the other.

*Val.* I am not of your opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em sport. And the familiarity of fools proceeds oftentimes from a privilege we are not aware of. For my part, I shall make hold to divert—Mr. Saunter, a word; have you any pretences with that lady? hah!

*Saunt.* Some small encouragement I have had, sir; but I never make my boast of those favours, never.

*Val.* No, sir, 'twere your best course.

*Saunt.* Oh Lord, you are pleased to be merry. Sure he takes me for a fool; but no matter for that. [*Sings.*

Would Phillis be mine, and for, &c.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Madam, the fiddles are below; shall I call 'em up?

*Mrs. Good.* No, let 'em stay a little, we'll dance below.

*Cap.* Hah, the fiddles! Boy, where are you?

[*Cap. capers.*

*Boy.* Here, sir.

*Cap.* Have you brought my dancing-shoes?

*Boy.* No, sir, you gave me no order: but your fiddle is below under the seat of the coach.

*Cap.* Rascal, dog, fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my dancing-shoes? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off both your ears, and have 'em fastened to the heels of those I have on.

*Tru.* It is an unpardonable fault, sir, that your boy should forget your dancing-shoes.

*Cap.* Ay, hang him, blockhead, he has no sense: I must get rid of him as soon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of shoes that we commonly wear, than I would ride a race in a pair of Gambado's.

*Lady Squ.* Mr. Valentine I hope is a better bred gentleman, than to leave his mistress for wine. I hear, sir, there is a love between you and madam Camilla? Thou monster of perjury. [To Val.

*Val.* Faith, madam, you are much in the right; there is abundance of love on my side, but I can find very little on her's: if your ladyship would but stand my friend upon this occasion.—I think this is civil.

*Lady Squ.* I'll swear, sir, you are a most obliging person—ladies and gallants, poor Mr. Valentine here is fallen in love, and has desired me to be his advocate: who could withstand that eye, that lip, that shape and mien, besides a thousand graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely Camilla! guard, guard your heart; but I'll swear, if it were my own case, I doubt I should not—ha, ha, ha!

*Val.* Madam! What means all this?

*Good.* Poor Ned Valentine!

*Tru.* 'Tis but what I told him he must look for: but stay, there is more yet coming.

*Lady Squ.* Nay, this is not half what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worse than thy ill genius, take all opportunities to expose thy folly and falshood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole sex, as thou art odious to me.

*Val.* But has your ladyship no mercy? Will nothing

but my ruin appease you? Why should you choose by your malice to expose your decay of years, and lay open your poor lover's follies to all, because you could improve 'em to your own use no longer?

[Approaches.

*Lady Squ.* Come not near me, traitor—Lord, madam Camilla, how can you be so cruel? See, see, how wildly he looks: for heaven's sake have a care of him; I fear he is distempered in his mind: what pity 'tis, so hopeful a gentleman should run mad for love—ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Good.* Dear madam, how can you use Mr. Valentine so? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour, and spoil him for being good company all the day after it.

*Lady Squ.* Oh Lord, madam, 'tis the greatest pleasure to me in the world; let me die, but I love to rally a bashful young lover, and put him out of countenance, at my heart.

*Saunt.* Ha, ha, ha! and I'll swear the devil and all's in her wit, when she sets on't. Poor Ned Valentine! Lord, how sillily he looks!

*Cap.* Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how.

*Val.* Hark you, coxcomb; I can be angry, very angry, d'ye mark me?

*Clum.* No, but sir, don't be in a passion: my lady will have her humour; but she's a very good woman at the bottom.

*Val.* Very likely, sir.

*Mrs. Good.* Now, madam, if your ladyship thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the gentlemen to themselves a little; only Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter must do us the honour of their company.

*Saunt.* Say you so, madam? I'faith and you shall have it. Come, Caper, we are the men for the ladies, I see that—— Hey boys!

*Lady Squ.* Oh dear! and sweet Mr. Saunter shall oblige us with a song.

*Saunt.* O madam, ten thousand, ten thousand if you

please. I'll swear I believe I could sing all day and all night, and never be weary.

[Sings. When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep,  
Not one poor lamb, &c.

[*Ex. Saunter, Caper, and Ladies.*

*Good.* A happy riddance this! now, gentlemen, for one bottle to entertain our noble friend and new acquaintance, sir Noble Clumsey.

*Clum.* Really, gallants, I must beg your pardon; I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak brain, sir, and my head won't bear it.

*Tru.* Oh, surely that honourable bulk could never be maintained with thin regular diet and small beer.

*Clum.* I must confess, sir, I am something plump; but a little fat is comely; I would not be too lean.

*Mal.* No, by no means, my dear, thou hast an heroic face, which well becomes this noble port and fulness of thy body.

*Val.* Goodvile, we have a suit to you: here is Malagene has been some time in a cloud; for this once receive him into good grace and favour again.

*Mal.* Faith, Goodvile, do, for without any more words, I love thee with all my heart—faith and troth, give me thy hand.

*Good.* But, sir, should I allow you my countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly, I fear.

*Mal.* Drunk, sir, I scorn your words, I'd have you know I han't been drunk this week: no, I am the son of a whore if I won't be very sober. This noble knight shall be security for my good behaviour. Wilt thou not, knight?

*Clum.* Sir, you are a person altogether a stranger to me; and I have sworn never to be bound for any man.

*Tru.* But, sir Noble, you are obliged in honour to serve a gentleman and your friend.

*Clum.* Say you so, sir? obliged in honour? I am satisfied. Sir, this gentleman is my friend and acquaintance, and whatsoever he says, I'll stand to.

*Mal.* Hark thee, son of Mars, thou art a knight already; I'll marry thee to a lady of my acquaintance, and have thee made a lord.

*Good.* Boy, the wine, give sir Noble his glass.—Gentlemen, sir Noble's lady's health.

*Clum.* Odd's my life, I'll drink that, though I die for't. Gallants, I have a lady in this head of mine, and that you shall find anon. By my troth, I think this be a glass of good wine.

*Val.* Say you so? take the other glass then, Sir Noble.

*Clum.* 'Fore George, and so I will. Pox on't, let it be a brimmer: gentlemen, God save the king.

*Mal.* Well said, my lovely man of might. His worship grows good company.

*Tru.* Sir Noble, you are a great acquaintance with Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter; they are men of pretty parts.

*Clum.* Oh, sir, the finest persons—the most obliging, well-bred, complaisant, modish gentlemen: they are acquainted with all the ladies in town, and are men of fine estates.

*Tru.* This rogue is one of those earthly mongrels that knows the value of nothing but a good estate, and loves a fellow with a great deal of land and a title, though his grandfather were a blacksmith. [*Aside.*

*Clum.* How say you, sir, a good estate? odd's heart, give me the other glass; I have two thousand pounds a-year.

*Mal.* Say'st thou so? boy, bring more wine; wine in abundance, sirrah, d'ye hear? Frank Goodvile, thou seest I am free, for faith I hate ceremony, and would fain make the knight merry.

*Good.* Malagene, it shall be your task; drink him up lustily, and when that's done, we'll bring him to my lady his cousin, it may make some sport.

*Val.* A very good proposal.

*Mal.* Say no more; thy word's a law, and it shall be done. Come, bear up, my lusty limb of honour, and hang sobriety.

*Clum.* Ay, so say I, hang sobriety—drink, whore, rant, roar, swear, make a noise, and all that: but be honest, dost hear, be honest.

*Tru.* I would very fain be so if I could; but the damned billet this morning won't out of my head. Well, madam Goodvile, if any mischief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not strike first, and there's an end on't, [Music within.]

*Enter LETTICE.*

*Let.* Sir, the fiddles are ready, and the ladies desire your company. Mr. Truman, my lady wants you.

*Tru.* Say'st thou so? I thank thee for thy news with all my heart. The devil I see will get the better on't, and there is no resisting.

*Let.* Sir Noble, my lady Squeamish sent me to tell you she wants your company to dance.

*Clum.* Tell her I am busy about a grand affair of the nation, and cannot come.—Dance! I look like a dancer indeed! but these women will be always putting us on more than we can do——Boy, give me more wine.

*Good.* Malagene, remember, and use expedition.

[Ex. Good. Tru. Val. Lettice.]

*Clum.* Sirrah, do you know me? I am a knight; and here's a health to all the whores in christendom.

*Mal.* Not forgetting all the ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [Drinks.]

*Clum.* So, there's for you, do you see? [Breaks a glass] Sirrah, don't you look scurvily; I have money in my pocket, you must know that.—Bring us more wine.—Malagene, thou art a pretty fellow; dost thou love me? Give me thy hand: I will salute thy under lip.

[Staggers.]

*Mal.* Ha, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I shall almost be drunk as soon as the knight. Sir Noble canst thou whore?

*Clum.* How, whore! what a question's there! thou shalt be my pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

*Mal.* What a rascal this knight is! I have known as

worthy a person as himself a pimp, and one that thought it no blemish to his honour neither. [*Aside.*

*Enter Lady SQUEAMISH at the Door.*

*Clum.* Hal, my lady cousin!—Faith, madam, you see I am at it.

*Mal.* The devil's in it, I think; we could no sooner talk of whores, but she must come in, with a pox to her. Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant.

*Lady Squ.* Oh, odious! insufferable! who would have thought, cousin, you would have served me so?—fough, how he stinks of wine! I can smell him hither.—How have you the patience to hear the noise of fiddles, and spend your time in nasty drinking?

*Clum.* Hum! 'tis a good creature: lovely lady, thou shalt take thy glass.

*Lady Squ.* Uh gud; murder! I had rather you had offered me a toad.

*Clum.* Then Malagene, here's a health to my lady cousin's Pelion upon Ossa.

[*Drinks, and breaks the glass.*

*Lady Squ.* Lord, dear Mr. Malagene, what's that?

*Mal.* A certain place, madam, in Greece, much talked of by the ancients; the noble gentleman is well read.

*Lady Squ.* Nay, he is an ingenious person, I'll assure you.

*Clum.* Now, lady bright, I am wholly thy slave: give me thy hand, I'll go straight and begin my grandmother's kissing dance; but first deign me the private honour of thy lip.

*Lady Squ.* Nay, fy, sir Noble! how I hate you now! for shame! be not so rude: I swear you are quite spoiled. Get you gone, you good-natured toad you.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter GOODVILE, a little heated.*

*Good.* What a damned chicken-brained fellow am I grown! If I but dip my bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed with my bare two bottles, as a drunken 'prentice on a holiday. Truman marries Victoria, that's resolved on; and so one care is over. But then Camilla! how shall I get possession of her?—Well, my mind misgives me, I shall do something may call my discretion in question; and yet I can't avoid it. Camilla I do love, and must have her, come what will on't; and no time so fit to begin the enterprize as this; she may make a good wife for Valentine for all that.

*Enter TRUMAN and VALENTINE. Music.*

Fy, gentlemen, without the ladies! did you quit champaign for this? Faith I begin to despair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak lovers as drinkers.

*Tru.* Goodvile, thou hast no conscience; a decayed cavalier captain, that drinks journey-work under a deputy-lieutenant in the country, is not able to keep thee company. Two bottles, as I take it, is no such trifling matter.

*Good.* Oh but I hate to be baulked; and a friend that leaves me at two bottles, is as unkind as a mistress that jilts me when I thought I had made sure of the business. But, gallants, how stand the affairs of love? Truman, is Victoria kind? I question not your friendship in the matter, but trust the honour of my family in your hands.

*Val.* He little thinks Truman is informed of all, and no longer a stranger on what score he is so wondrous



civil. But I am mistaken if he be behind with him in kindness long. [*Aside.*

*Tru.* A pox on't, I am afraid this marriage will never agree with me ; methinks the very thought on't goes a little against my stomach. Like a young thief, though I have some itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may follow.

*Good.* Well, I'll go in and better prepare Victoria : in the mean time, believe it only my ambition to be as well allied in blood, as friendship, to so good and generous a person as Truman. [*Exit.*

*Tru.* What a damned creature man is ! Valentine, didst thou believe this fellow could be a villain ?

*Val.* I must confess it something surprizes me ; he might have found out a fitter person to put his mistress upon, than his friend. But how the devil got you the knowledge of it ?

*Tru.* Faith I'll tell thee ; for I think I am no way obliged to conceal it—his wife, even his very wife told me all.

*Val.* I begin to suspect that Mrs. Goodvile has no ill opinion of you ; I observed something but now, very obliging towards you : besides, when a woman begins to betray her husband's secrets, 'tis a certain sign she has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

*Tru.* Valentine, no more of that ; though it would be a rare revenge to make a cuckold of this smiling rogue.

*Val.* 'Tis fifty times better than cutting his throat ; that were to do him more honour than he deserves.

*Enter MALAGENE.*

*Mal.* Ha, ha, ha ! the rarest sport——Jack Truman, Ned Valentine.

*Tru.* Why, what's the matter ? Where ?

*Mal.* Yonder's my rogue of a knight, as drunk as a porter ; and faith, Jack, I am but little better.

*Val.* Dear sir, and what of all this ?

*Mal.* Why, with a bottle under his arm, and a beer-glass in his hand, I set him full drive at my lady Squeamish; for nothing else but to make mischief, Ned—nothing else in the world; for every body knows I am the worst-natured fellow breathing: 'tis my way of wit.

*Val.* Do you love nobody then?

*Mal.* No, not I; yes, a pox on't, I love you well enough, because you are a rogue I have known a good while. Though should I take the least prejudice against you, I could not afford you a good word behind your back for my heart.

*Tru.* Sir, we are much obliged to you: 'tis a sign the rogue is drunk that he speaks truth.

*Mal.* I tell you what I did t'other day: faith 'tis as good a jest as ever you heard.

*Val.* Pray, sir, do.

*Mal.* Why, walking alone, a lame fellow followed me, and asked my charity, (which, by the way, was a pretty proposition to me). Being in one of my witty merry fits, I asked him how long he had been in that condition? The poor fellow shook his head, and told me he was born so. But how d'ye think I served him?

*Val.* Nay, the devil knows.

*Mal.* I showed my parts, I think; for I tripped up both his wooden legs, and walked off gravely about my business.

*Tru.* And this you say is your way of wit?

*Mal.* Ay altogether, this and mimickry. I'm a very good mimick: I can act Punchinello, Scaramouchio, Harlequin, prince Prettyman, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a wheelbarrow.

*Val.* The rumbling of a wheelbarrow!

*Mal.* Ay, the rumbling of a wheelbarrow, so I say—Nay, more than that, I can act a sow and pigs, sausages a-broiling, a shoulder of mutton a-roasting: I can act a fly in a honey-pot.

*Tru.* That indeed must be the effect of very curious observation.

*Mal.* No, hang it, I never make it my business to observe any thing; that is mechanic. But all this I do, you shall see me if you will. But here comes her ladyship and sir Noble.

*Enter Lady SQUEAMISH and Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY.*

*Lady Squ.* Oh, dear Mr. Truman, rescue me. Nay, sir Noble, for heaven's sake.

*Clum.* I tell thee, lady, I must embrace thy lovely body: sir, do you know me? I am sir Noble Clumsey: I am a rogue of an estate, and I live—Do you want any money? I have fifty pounds.

*Val.* Nay, good sir Noble, none of your generosity we beseech you. The lady, the lady, sir Noble.

*Clum.* Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is.—Hang money, my father was an alderman.

*Mal.* 'Tis pity good guineas should be spoiled: sir Noble, by your leave. [*Picks up the Guineas.*]

*Clum.* But, sir, you will not keep my money?

*Mal.* Oh, hang money, sir, your father was an alderman.

*Clum.* Well, get thee gone for an arch-wag—I do but sham all this while—but by dad he's pure company.

*Tru.* Was there ever such a blockhead! Now has he nevertheless a mighty opinion of himself, and thinks all this wit and pretty discourse.

*Clum.* Lady, once more I say be civil, and come kiss me; I shall ravish else, I shall ravish mightily.

*Val.* Well done, sir Noble, to her, never spare.

*Lady Squ.* I may be even with you though for all this, Mr. Valentine: nay, dear sir Noble: Mr. Truman, I'll swear he'll put me into fits.

*Clum.* No, but let me salute the hem of thy garment. Wilt thou marry me? [*Kneels.*]

*Mal.* Faith, madam do, let me make the match.

*Lady Squ.* Let me die, Mr. Malagene, you are a strange man, and I'll swear have a great deal of wit. Lord, why don't you write?

*Mal.* Write? I thank your ladyship for that with all my heart. No, I have a finger in a lampoon or so, sometimes, that's all.

*Tru.* But he can act.

*Lady Squ.* I'll swear, and so he does better than any one upon our theatres; I have seen him. Oh, the English comedians are nothing, not comparable to the French or Italian: besides, we want poets.

*Clum.* Poets! why I am a poet. I have written three acts of a play, and have named it already. 'Tis to be a tragedy.

*Lady Squ.* Oh cousin, if you undertake to write a tragedy, take my counsel. Be sure to say soft, melting, tender things in it, that may be moving, and make your ladies' characters virtuous, whate'er you do.

*Clum.* Moving! why, I can never read it myself but it makes me laugh: well, 'tis the prettiest plot, and so full of waggery.

*Lady Squ.* Oh ridiculous!

*Mal.* But, knight, the title; knight, the title.

*Clum.* Why let me see; 'tis to be called, "The Merry Conceits of Love; or the Life and Death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with the Humours of his Dog Bobadillo."

*Mal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Val.* But, sir Noble, this sounds more like a comedy.

*Clum.* Oh, but I have resolved it shall be a tragedy, because Bobadillo's to be killed in the play. Comedy! no, I scorn to write comedy. I know several that can squirt comedy.—I'll tell you more of this when I am sober.

*Lady Squ.* But, dear Mr. Malagene, won't you let us see you act a little something of Harlequin? I'll swear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the Louvre or Whitehall all the time. [*Malagene acts.*] Oh Lord, don't, don't, neither: I'll swear you'll make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

*Tru.* Was ever any thing so affected and ridiculous? Her whole life sure is a continued scene of imperti-

nence. What a damned creature is a decayed woman, with all the exquisite silliness and vanity of her sex, yet none of the charms!

[*Malagene speaks in Punchinello's voice.*

*Lady Squ.* O Lord, that, that; that is a pleasure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray, Mr. Malagene, how long have you been in love with Mrs. Tawdry the actress?

*Mal.* Ever since your ladyship has been off from the hooks with Mr. Valentine. [*In his own voice aloud.*

*Lady Squ.* Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. Malagene had been better bred than to upbraid me with any such base thing to my face, whatever he might say of me behind my back: but there is no honour, no civility in the world, that I am satisfied of.

*Val.* Can your ladyship take any thing ill from Mr. Malagene? A woman should bear with the unlucky jerks of her buffoon or coxcomb, as well as with the ill-manners of her monkey sometimes: the fools and rascals your sex delights in, ought to have the privilege of saying, as well as they have of doing any thing.

*Lady Squ.* Which you men of wit (as you think yourselves!) are very angry you should be debarred of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good parts should be your misfortune.

*Val.* Ay, madam, I feel the curse of it: I who had just sense enough to fall in love with so much beauty and merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradise I was so happily possest of.

*Lady Squ.* This malice and ill-nature shall not serve your turn; I shall know all your proceedings and intrigues with Camilla, and be revenged on your love to her, for all the affronts and injuries you have done to mine.

*Enter CAPER and SAUNTER.*

*Cap.* Oh dear madam, we are utterly undone for want of your ladyship's company, I'll vow. Madam

Goodvile is coming with the fiddles to wait on you here.

[Cuts backwards.]

*Clum.* Sir, are you a dancing-master? You are very nimble, methinks.

*Cap.* Ay, sir, I hate to stand still. But, sir Noble, I thought you had known me. I doubt you may be a little overtaken; faith, dear heart, I am glad to see thee so merry.

*Clum.* Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a year or so, 'tis good for my bodily health. But do you never drink?

*Cap.* No, sir Noble, that is not my province, you know: I mind dancing altogether.

*Clum.* Nor you? can't you drink, ha?

*Saunt.* No, I make love and sing to ladies.

*Clum.* Whores to my knowledge, arrant rank, common whores. A pox on your woman of quality that you carried me to in the Mall.

*Tru.* Why, what was the matter, sir Noble?

*Clum.* By yea, and by nay, a foul over-grown strumpet, with a running-bawd instead of a waiting-woman; a great deal of paint, variety of old clothes, and nothing to eat.

*Lady Squ.* O dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleasant.

*Tru.* I believe sir Noble is much in the right; for I never came near these giddy, intriguing blockheads, but they were talking of love and ladies; nor ever met with a hackney stripping whore that did not know 'em.

*Cap.* Ned Valentine, I have a kindness to beg of you.

*Val.* Sir, you may command me any thing.

*Cap.* Why, you must know I am in love with Camilla.

*Val.* Very good.

*Cap.* Now I would have you speak to Frank Goodvile, not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for, to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I caught him at it but now: faith it made my heart ache, never stir if it did not.

*Val.* In troth, sir, 'tis very uncivil. Truman, this

Goodvile has a mind to oblige us both; he's providing a wife for me too as fast as he can. Camilla's his quarry now, I understand; and by that time he has played as fair a game with her, as he has done with your mistress Victoria, I may stand fair to put in for the rubbers.

*Tru.* Valentine, thou art upon too sure grounds for him there; Camilla has both too much wit and virtue, and each with as little affectation as the other.

*Val.* Jack, after this I cannot but be very free with you. I know there is some love hatching between you and his wife: both our revenge lies in thy hands; and if thou durst not thyself and me justice, I'll disown thee for ever.

*Tru.* See where he comes, with a heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but honesty in it.

*Enter GOODVILE, singing.*

When beauty can't move, and our passions grow cold,  
Wine still keeps it's charms, and we drink when we're old.

*Good.*—Jack Truman, yonder have I and Victoria been laughing at thee till we were weary. She swears thou art so very modest, she would not for all the world marry thee, for fear of spoiling that virtue.

*Tru.* Nay, then I doubt I have lost her for ever; for if she complains of my modesty, she has found a fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

*Good.* But that is a quality, which though they hate ever so much in a gallant, they are apt for many reasons to value in a husband: fear not, dissimulation is the natural adjunct of their sex; and I would no more despair of a woman, though she swore she hated me, than I would believe her, though she swore she loved me.

*Enter Lady SQUEAMISH and the rest of the Company, with the Fiddles.*

*Lady Squ.* Oh a country dance, a country dance!  
*Mr. Caper,* where are you? you shall dance with ma-

dām Camilla. Mr. Saunter, wait on Victoria. Mr. Goodvile, your humble servant. Dear Mr. Truman, won't you oblige me? Madam Goodvile—ha, ha, ha! I'll swear I had utterly forgotten Mr. Valentine.

*Val.* Your ladyship knows me to be a civil person; if you please, I'll keep good orders.

[*All take out the women.*]

*Mal.* Faith Ned do, and I'll keep the music in tune: away with it: [*Music plays.*] Hold, hold—what insufferable rascals are these? why ye scurvy, thrashing, scraping mongrels, ye make a worse noise than crampit hedge-hogs. An old gouty dancing-master, that teaches to dance with his spectacles on, makes better music on his cracked kit—'Sdeath, ye dogs, can't you play now as a gentleman sings? ha—

*Good.* Sir, will you never leave this nauseous humour of your's? I can never be with you but I must be forced to use you ill, or endure the perpetual torment of your impertinence.

*Mal.* Well, sir, I have done, sir, I have done: but 'tis very hard a man can't be permitted to shew his parts. 'Sdeath, Frank, dost thou think thou understandest music?

*Good.* Sir, I understand it so well, that I won't have it interrupted in my company by you.

*Mal.* I am glad on't with all my heart; I never thought you had understood any thing before—I think there I was pretty even with you.

*Good.* Sauciness and ill-manners are so much your province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

*Mal.* Sir, you may use your pleasure; but I care no more for being kicked, than you do for kicking. But pr'ythee, Frank, why should you be out of humour so? The devil take me, if I shall not give thee such a jerk presently will make thee angry indeed.

*Lady Squ.* Lord, Mr. Goodvile, how can you be so ill-natured? I'll swear, Mr. Malagene is in the right. These people have no manners in the least, play not at



all to dancing: but I vow he himself sings a tune extreme prettily.

*Good.* Death, hell and the devil, how am I teased! I shall have no opportunity to pursue my business with Camilla: I must remove this troublesome coxcomb, and that perhaps may put a stop at least to her impertinence. [*Aside.*

*Lady Squ.* Mr. Truman, Mr. Goodvile and ladies, I beseech you do me the favour to hear Mr. Malagene sing a Scotch song: I'll swear I am a strange admirer of Scotch songs, they are the prettiest, soft, melting, gentle, harmless things—

*Saunt.* By dad, and so they are.—*In January last—* [*Sings.*

*Val.* Deliver us! a Scotch song! I hate it worse than a Scotch bagpipe, which even the bears are grown weary of, and have better music. I wish I could see her ladyship dance a Scotch jig to one of 'em.

*Mal.* I must needs beg your ladyship's pardon. I have forgotten the last new Scotch song: but if you please I'll entertain you with one of another nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleasant.

*Lady Squ.* Let me die, Mr. Malagene, you are eternally obliging me. [*Malagene sings an Irish Cronon.*]

*Mal.* Well, madam, how like you it, madam, ha?

*Lady Squ.* Really it is very pretty now—the prettiest, odd, out-of-the-way notes. Don't you admire it strangely?

*Mal.* I'll assure your ladyship I learnt it of an Irish musician that's lately come over, and intend to present it to an author of my acquaintance, to put it in his next play.

*Lady Squ.* Ha, ha, Mr. Valentine! I would have you learn it for a serenade to your mistress—ha, ha, ha!

*Val.* My page, madam, is docible, and has a pretty voice, he shall learn it, if you please; and if your ladyship has any further service for him—

*Lady Squ.* Ah Lord, wit, wit, wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

*Tru.* Valentine, thou art something too rough; I am afraid her ladyship will be revenged: I see mischief in her eyes: 'tis safer provoking a Lancashire witch, than an old mistress; and she is as violent in her malice too.

*Good.* Malagene, a word with you—bark ye, come hither. [Goes to the door.]

*Mal.* Well, Frank, what's the business now? I am clearly for mischief: shall I break the fiddles, and turn the rascals out of doors?

*Good.* No, sir; but I'll be so civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, sir, no struggling; I have footmen within.

*Mal.* Whoo! pr'ythee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my lady well enough for a silly, affected, fantastical gipsy: I did all this but o'purpose to shew her—let me alone, I'll abuse her worse.

*Good.* No, sir, but I'll take more care of your reputation, and turn you out to learn better manners. No resistance, as you tender your ears; but begone. (*Exit Mal.*) So he's gone, and now I hope I may have some little time to myself.—Fiddles strike up. [Dance.]

*Tru.* Thus, madam, you freely enjoy all the pleasures of a single life, and ease yourself of that wretched formal austerity which commonly attends a married one.

*Mrs. Good.* Who would not hate to be one of those simpering saints, that enter into marriage as they would go into a nunnery, where they keep very strict to their devotion for a-while, but at last turn as arrant sinners as ever they were.

*Tru.* Marriages indeed should be repaired to, as commonly nunneries are, for handsome retreats and conveniences, not for prisons; where those that cannot live without 'em may be safe, yet sometimes venture too abroad a little.

*Mrs. Good.* But never, sir, without a lady abbess, or a confessor at least.

*Tru.* Might I, madam, have the honour to be your confessor, I should be very indulgent and lavish of absolution to so pretty a sinner.

*Mrs. Good.* See, Mr. Goodvile and madam Camilla I believe are at shrift already.

*Tru.* And poor Ned Valentine looks as pensively as if all the sins of the company were his own.

*Mrs. Good.* See, Mr. Caper, your mistress.

*Cap.* Ha, Camilla! Sir, your servant, may I have the honour to lead this lady a coranto?

*Good.* No, sir, death! surely I have fools that rest and harbour in my house, and they are a worse plague than bugs and moths: shall I never be quiet?

*Val.* Sir Noble, sir Noble, have a care of your mistress! do you see there?

*Clum.* Hum—ha—where? oh— [*Wakes and rises.*]

*Saunt.* Nay, faith madam, Harry Caper's as pretty a fellow! 'Tis the wittiest rogue: he and I laugh at all the town. Harry, I shall marry her.

*Clum.* Marry, sir! whom will you marry, sir? you lie. Sweet-heart, come along with me, I'll marry thee myself presently.

*Vict.* You, sir Noble!—what d'ye mean? [*She squeaks.*]

*Clum.* Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably. These are rogues, my dear, arrant rogues. Come along—

[*Ex. Sir Nob. and Vict.*]

*Cap.* Ha, Saunter.—

*Saunt.* Ay, Caper, ha! let us follow this drunken knight.

*Cap.* I'faith, and so I will—I don't value him this!

[*Cuts. Ex. Cap. and Saunt.*]

*Lady Squ.* Ha, ha, ha! well, I'll swear my cousin, sir Noble, is a strange pleasant creature. Dear madam, let us follow and see the sport. Mr. Truman, will you walk? O dear, 'tis violent hot.

[*Ex. Lady Squ. Tru. and Mrs. G.*]

*Val.* I'll withdraw too, and at some distance observe how matters are carried between Goodvile and Camilla.

[*Exit.*]

*Good.* Are you, then, madam, resolved to ruin me? why should all that stock of beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deserve the gleanings of it? I love you—

*Cam.* And all the sex besides. That ever any man should take such pains to forswear himself to no purpose!

*Good.* Nay, then there's hopes yet; if you pretend to doubt the truth of my love, 'tis a sign you have some inclinations at least that are my friends.

*Cam.* This Goodvile, I see, is one of those spruce polished fools who have so good an opinion of themselves, that they think no woman can resist 'em, nor man of better sense despise 'em. I'll seem at present to comply, and try how far 'twill pass upon him. [*Aside.*]

*Good.* Well, madam, have you considered on't? will the stone in your heart give way?

*Cam.* No, sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever it was.

*Good.* And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with myself? ha!

*Cam.* At your own discretion, sir, though I should be loth to see so proper a handsome gentleman come to an ill end.

*Good.* Good charitable creature! but, madam, know I can be revenged on you for this; and my revenge shall be to love you still; gloat on, and loll after you, where'er I see you; in all public meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable sonnets on you, and so plain, that every fop that sings 'em shall know 'tis you I mean.

*Cam.* So sir, this is something: could not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natured at first? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; besides, 'tis a thousand times better than vowing and bowing, and making a deal of love and noise, and all to as little purpose as any thing you say else.

*Good.* Right exquisite tyrant! I'll set a watch and guard so strict upon you, you shall not entertain a well-dressed fool in private, but I'll know it; then in a lewd lampoon publish it to the town; till you shall repent, and curse the hour you ever saw me.

*Cam.* Ah, would I could, ill-natured, cruel man!

*Good.* Ha, how's that? am I then mistaken? and have I wronged you all this while? I ask ten thousand pardons; curst damned sot that I was! I have ruined myself now for ever.

*Cam.* Well, sir, should I now forgive you all, could you consent to wrong your lady so far? you have not yet been married a full year: how must I then suspect your love to me, that can so soon forget your faith to her?

*Good.* Oh madam, what do you do? the name of a wife to a man in love is worse than cold water in a fever; 'tis enough to strike the distemper to my heart, and kill me quite: my lady, quoth-a!

*Cam.* Besides, Valentine you know is your friend.

*Good.* I grant it, he is so; a friend is a thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withal: nay, more, I would on a good occasion lose my life for my friend, but not my pleasure. Say when and where it shall be.

*Cam.* Never; I dare not.

*Good.* You must by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand walk, in the lowest garden.

*Cam.* I won't promise you; can't you trust my good-nature?

*Good.* Charming creature, I do: now if I can but make up the match between Truman and Victoria, my hopes are completed.

*Cam.* Haste! haste! away sir, I see Valentine coming.  
[Exit Good.]

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* Madam, you are extremely merry; I am glad Mr. Goodvile has left you in so good a humour.

*Cam.* Ay, sir, and what may please you more, he is parted hence in as good a humour as he has left me here.

*Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, BRIDGET at the Door.*

*Lady Squ.* Valentine and Camilla alone together!

now for an opportunity to be revenged! ah, how I love malice!

*Val.* Ungratefullest of women!

*Cam.* Foolishest of men! can you be so very silly to be jealous? for I find you are so: what have you ever observed since first your knowledge of me, that might persuade you I should ever grow fond of a man, as notoriously false to all women, as you are unworthy of me?

*Lady Squ.* Has Valentine been false to her too? nay, then there is some pleasure left yet, to think I am not the only woman that has suffered by his baseness.

[*Aside.*

*Val.* What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an hour only for a little harmless raillery or so? an honour I could never obtain without hard suit and humble supplication.

*Cam.* Alas! how very politic you are grown! you would pretend displeasure to try your power. No—I shall henceforth think you never had a good opinion of me; but that your love was at first as ill-grounded, as your fantastical jealousy is now.

*Val.* What specious pretence can you urge? (I know a woman can never be without one;) come, I am easy and good-natured, willing to believe and be deceived—what, not a word!

*Cam.* Though I can hardly descend to satisfy your distrust, for which I hardly value you, and almost hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did discourse with him, and of love too; nay more, granted him an appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promised it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am obliged to tell you, but that I wanted such an opportunity as this to check your pretences, which I found too unruly to be kept at a distance.

*Val.* Though I had some reason to be in doubt, yet this true resentment and just proceeding has convinced me: for Goodvile is a man I have little reason to trust, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my knowledge of his

baseness made me run into so mean a distrust of you; but forgive me this, and when I fail again, discard me for ever.

*Cam.* Yes: but the next time I shall happen to discourse with a gentleman in private, I shall have you listening at the door, or eves-dropping under the window. What, distrust your friend, the honourable worthy Mr. Goodvile! fy, how can you be so ungenerous?

*Val.* There is not such another hypocrite in the world; he never made love but to delude, nor friendship but for his ends:—even his own kinswoman and charge, Victoria, he has long since corrupted, and now would put her on his best friend Truman for a wife.

*Cam.* I cannot but laugh to think how easily he swallowed the cheat: he could not be more transported at possession, than he was with expectation; and he went away in a greater triumph than if he had conquered the Indies.

*Val.* Where did you promise him?

*Cam.* In the left-hand walk in the lower garden.

*Lady Squ.* So, in the left-hand walk in the lower garden; I heard that. But Mr. Valentine, you may chance to meet another there: let me die, this is pleasant. [*Aside,*

*Val.* And when?

*Cam.* Anon, when it begins to grow dark.

*Lady Squ.* Enough, I know the time and place; and madam Camilla, I shall make bold to cheat you of your lover to-night. Alas, poor inconsiderable creature, how this makes me loath her. [*Aside.*

*Cam.* Now would this news be more welcome to her ladyship madam Squeamish, than a new fashion, a new dance, or a new song. How many visits would she make on the occasion! not a family in town would be at rest for her till she had made it a jest, from the mother of the maids, to the attorney's wife in Holborn.

*Val.* But for some private reasons I would have it kept from her, and from madam Goodvile too. There are affairs to be carried on to-night, which the least

accident may interrupt.—Besides, I have thought upon't, and will so contrive the matter, that Goodvile shall keep his assignation, and her ladyship herself supply the place of the much-expected charming Camilla.

*Cam.* But would you, sir, do me such an injury as to make me break my word with Mr. Goodvile? that were inhuman.

*Val.* Good conscionable creature, have patience, and don't you think of paying debts too fast; there's an account yet between you and I which must be made even, and I think I had best secure it now I have you in my custody.

*Cam.* Ay, but sir, if I part with any thing, I shall expect to have something to shew for't.

*Val.* Nay, if I don't offer as lusty security and conditions as any man, let me lose all I lay claim to, that's fair.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Lady Squ.* So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this intrigue be not extremely surprizing. Bridget, go home, and fetch me the morning-gown I had last made in imitation of Camilla's, for perhaps I shall go a masquerading to-night, or it may be not; but fetch it nevertheless.

*Brid.* Madam, won't the other serve? you may remember you left it at my lady Foplove's t'other night; that's nearer.

*Lady Squ.* Impertinent creature! and wouldst thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I say; and d'ye hear, bring me a mask with an amber-bead, for I fear I may have fits to-night.

*Brid.* I never knew her without fantastical ones, I am sure, for they cost me many a weary errand. [*Exit.*]

*Enter VICTORIA.*

*Lady Squ.* Oh my dear Victoria! the most unlooked-for happiness! the pleasantest accident! the strangest discovery! the very thought of it were enough to cure



melancholy. Valentine and Camilla, Camilla and Valentine, ha, ha, ha!

*Vict.* Dear madam, what is't so transports you?

*Lady Squ.* Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: hold me, hold me, or I shall die with laughter—ha, ha, ha! Camilla and Valentine, Valentine and Camilla—ha, ha, ha!——O dear, my heart's broke.

*Vict.* Good madam, refrain your mirth a little, and let me know the story, that I may have a share in it.

*Lady Squ.* An assignation! an assignation to-night in the lower garden;—by strong good fortune I overheard it all just now—but to think on the pleasant consequence that will happen, drives me into an excess of joy beyond all sufferance.

*Vict.* Madam, in all probability the pleasantest consequence is like to be their's, if any body's; and I cannot guess how it should touch your ladyship in the least.

*Lady Squ.* O Lord, how can you be so dull? Why at the very hour and place appointed will I meet Valentine in Camilla's stead, before she can be there herself; then when she comes expose her infamy to all the world, till I have thoroughly revenged myself for all the base injuries her lover has done me.

*Vict.* But madam, can you endure to be so malicious?

*Lady Squ.* That, that's the dear pleasure of the thing; for I vow I'd sooner die ten thousand deaths, if I thought I should hazard the least temptation to the prejudice of my honour.

*Vict.* But why should your ladyship run into the mouth of danger? Who knows what scurvy lurking devil may stand in readiness, and seize your virtue before you are aware of him?

*Lady Squ.* Temptation! No, I'd have you know I scorn temptation: I durst trust myself in a convent amongst a kennel of crammed friars: besides, that ungrateful ill-bred fellow Valentine is my mortal aver-

sion, more odious to me than foul weather on a May-day, or ill smell in a morning.

*Vict.* Nay, now, madam, you are too violent.

*Lady Squ.* Too violent! I would not keep a waiting-woman that should commend any one thing about him: dear Victoria, urge nothing in his behalf; for if you do, you lose my friendship for ever: though I swear he was a fine person once, before he was spoiled.

*Vict.* I am sure your ladyship had the best share in his spoiling, then. [*Aside.*

*Lady Squ.* No, were I inclined to entertain addresses, I assure you I need not want for servants; for I swear I am so perplexed with billet-doux every day, I know not which way to turn myself: besides, there's no fidelity, no honour in mankind. Oh, dear Victoria! whatever you do, never let love come near your heart: though really I think true love is the greatest pleasure in the world.

*Vict.* Would I had never known love; my honour had not then lain at the mercy of so ungrateful a wretch as Goodvile, who now has certainly abandoned and forgotten me. [*Aside.*

*Lady Squ.* Well, certainly I am the most unsteady, restless, humoursome woman breathing: now I am so transported at the thoughts of what I have designed, that I long till the hour comes, with more impatience than—I'll swear I know not what to say—Dear Victoria, ten thousand adieus—Wish me good success—Yet now I think on't I'll stay a little longer—I'll swear I must not neither—Well! I'll go—No, I'll stay—Well, I'm resolved neither to stand still—sit still—nor lie still—nor have one thought at rest—till the business be over—I'll swear I'm a strange creature.

[*Exit L. Squeamish.*

*Vict.* Farewell, whirligig.

*Enter GOODVILE.*

*Good.* Victoria here! To meet with an old mistress

when a man is in pursuit of a fresh one, is a worse omen than a hare in a journey.—I'll step aside this way till she's past me; so farewell Fubb. [*Makes mouths.*] [*Ex. Vict.*] Now for the lovely, kind, yielding Camilla! How I long for the happy hour! Swelling burning breasts, dying eyes, balmy lips, trembling joints, millions of kisses, and unspeakable joys wait for me.

*Enter TRUMAN and VALENTINE.*

Well, gentlemen, now you have left the ladies, I hope there may be room near your hearts for a bottle or two.

*Tru.* Dear Goodvile, thou art too powerful to be denied any thing. 'Tis a fine cool evening, and a swift glass or two now were seasonable and refreshing, to wash away the toil and fatigue of the day.

*Val.* After a man has been disturbed with the public impertinences and follies he meets withal abroad, he ought to recompense himself with a friend and a bottle in private at night.

*Good.* Spoken like men that deserve the life you enjoy. I'll in before, and put all things in readiness.

[*Ex. Goodvile.*]

*Val.* This worthy person, for his honesty and sobriety, would have made a very good Dutch burgomaster; but he is as damnable an English friend and gentleman, as one would wish to meet withal.

*Tru.* Valentine, thou art too much concerned at him: methinks Camilla's justice, and the pleasant cheat she has put upon him, should rather make thee despise and laugh at him, as I do.

*Val.* Truman, thou indeed hast reason: and when I shall know the happy success of the revenge thou hast in store for him, I may do myself and him that justice as to scorn him, but am too angry yet.

*Tru.* Then to give thee ease (for I dare trust thee) know this very night I also have an assignation with his wife in the grotto at the upper end of the garden, the opposite walk to that where he expects to meet Camilla.

*Val.* Then I am at rest; let's in. I have nothing else to do but take care so to finish him, as that you shall fear no interruption: at least he will be so full of his expectation of Camilla, that he'll never dream in what posture his own affairs stand in another place.

*Tru.* Away then; and may good luck attend us: ere yet two hours are past his wife's my own. Methinks already in that secure, dark, private grotto,  
Close in my arms, and languishing she lies,  
With dying looks, short breath, and wishing eyes;  
And the supine dull cuckold nothing spies. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Night-Garden.*

*Enter GOODVILE at one Door; Mrs. GOODVILE, and LETTICE following her, at the other.*

*Good.* So, I think I came off in good time: hold, now for Camilla: by Jove, I think I am little better than drunk. Hah! who's there? Victoria as I live; nay, it must be she, as I said before. The poor gipsy's jealous; has had some intimation of my appointment with Camilla: I'll loof off, and observe which way she steers.

*Mrs. Good.* Lettice, I fear that's Mr. Goodvile's voice: whatever you do, if any cross accident happens, be sure you call me Victoria.

*Good.* Ay, ay, 'tis Victoria! vigilant devil! but I'll take this way, and wait at the lower end of the walk.

*Mrs. Good.* Lettice, look well round you that nobody see us, and then follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter TRUMAN.*

*Tru.* Thus far all is well. How I pity poor Valen-

tine! yonder is he plying bumpers, as they call 'em, more furiously than a foreign minister, that comes into England to drink for the honour of his country. I have waited something long though; who comes here?

*Enter LETTICE.*

*Let.* 'Tis I, sir, your servant Lettice.

*Tru.* My little good-natured agent, is't you? Where's thy lady? she's too cruel to let a poor lover languish here so long in expectation: it looks as if she rather meant to make a trial of my patience, than my love: is she coming?

*Let.* Well, I swear (as my lady Squeamish says), you are a strange creature. But I'll go and tell her; tho' I'll vow I utterly disown having any hand in the business; and if any ill comes of it, 'tis none of my fault.

*Tru.* No, no, not in the least. Pr'ythee despatch. How's this! more company! who comes there?

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* 'Tis I, Jack Truman; your friend Valentine.

*Tru.* My dear encourager of iniquity! what news? where's Goodvile?

*Val.* No matter for Goodvile; here comes your mistress.

*Enter Mrs. GOODVILE.* [Valentine retires.]

*Tru.* Now, now, now! what the devil ails me? how I shall quake and tremble!—Madam, dear madam, where are you?

*Mrs. Good.* Mr. Truman, is't your voice? Lettice, you may go again if you will—[*Exit Lettice.*] Well, sir; I vow, sir, had it not been that I hate to break my word, I would not have ventured abroad this cold, damp evening, for a world.

*Tru.* I'll warrant you, madam, while you are in my

possession, no cold shall hurt you: come, shall we withdraw to the grotto?

*Mrs. Good.* Withdraw to the grotto? bless me, sir! what do you mean? I'll swear you make my heart ache.

*Tru.* Oh madam! I have the best cure for the passion of the heart in the world. I have tried it, madam, 'tis *probatum*: come, come, let's retire—Do, make a disturbance, and ruin yourself and me, do!

*Mrs. Good.* Nay, I'll swear, sir, you are insufferably rude: you had best make a noise and alarm my husband, you had; for, hang me, I shall cry out.

*Tru.* No, no, I'm sure you won't complain before you are hurt: and I'll use you so gently—hark!—don't you hear, there's somebody coming.

*Mrs. Good.* Where, where, where? If we are seen we are undone for ever. Well, I'll never give you such an advantage again.

*Tru.* I'm sure you would not, if I should let slip this. Come, come, delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

*Mrs. Good.* Ah Lord, you kill me!—what will become of me?—ah—

[*Carries her in.*]

*Val.* Nay, 'faith, madam, your condition is something desperate, that's certain. 'Tis a pretty employment I am like to have here; but it is for the sake of my friend and my revenge; and two dearer arguments there cannot be to persuade me to any thing.

*Enter MALAGENE at some distance.*

*Mal.* So, Jack Truman and madam Goodvile have ordered matters pretty well, I'll say that for my kinswoman, she lays about her handsomely. But certainly I hear another voice this way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more sport yet.

*Val.* That should be Goodvile: I'll step behind this tree, and see how he and her ladyship behave themselves. This is like to be a night of as civil business as I have known a great while.

*Enter GOODVILE.*

*Good.* Death and the devil! how that puny rogue Valentine has soused me! if I should have overstaid the time now, and missed of my appointment with Camilla—Truman is reeled home, that's certain; and Valentine, I believe, has followed him by this time. Camilla, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting Camilla, where art thou?

*Enter Lady SQUEAMISH.*

*Lady Squ.* That must be Valentine; nay, I am sure it is he! how sneakingly will he look when he shall find his mistake! But I'll take care, if possible, that no such thing shall happen; so mine be the pleasure, and Camilla's the scandal; I'll rush by him through the walk into the wilderness. *[Runs across the Walk.*

*Good.* That must be she: how softly she flew along, as if she feared to be too late, loosely attired, and fit for joys! Now all the powers of love and good fortune direct me. *[Exit.*

*Val.* So, thanks to our stars, he's safe; though a pox on't methinks this dry pimping is but a scurvy employment. Had I but a sister or kinswoman of his to keep doing withal, there were some comfort in it—But here comes Truman and the lady; I must not be seen. *[Exit.*

*Enter TRUMAN and Mrs. GOODVILE.*

*Tru.* You shall not go: come but back a little, I have something more to tell you that nearly concerns us both: besides, Mr. Goodvile is in the garden; and if he should chance to meet us, what excuse could we make to him?

*Mrs. Good.* But will you promise me Victoria shall never rob me of your heart? she does not deserve it, I am sure, half so well as I.

*Tru.* Kind, tender-hearted creature, I know it; nor shall she ever come so near it, as to know that I have

one.—Alas! we talk too long. [*Noise.*] I hear company coming, we shall be surprised and disappointed, and then I am undone.

*Mrs. Good.* I'll swear you make me tremble every joint of me: what would you have me do?

*Tru.* See, see, who are yonder?

[*Exeunt Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.*]

*Enter GOODVILE and Lady SQUEAMISH.*

*Good.* What a feast of delight have I had! surely she was born only to make me happy! her natural and unexperienced tenderness exceeded practised charms:—Dear, blest, lovely Camilla, oh! my joys.

*Lady Squ.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Good.* How's this! my lady Squeamish!—Death and the devil.

*Lady Squ.* Truly, sweet Mr. Valentine, the same. Now, sir, I hope—Uh gad! Mr. Goodvile!

[*They stare at each other.*]

*Good.* Have I been mumbling an old kite all this while, instead of my young partridge? a pox of my depraved palate, that could distinguish no better.

*Lady Squ.* Lord, Mr. Goodvile, what ails you?—This was an unexpected adventure; but let me die, it is very pleasant, ha, ha, ha!

*Good.* A pox on the pleasures, and you too, I say.

*Lady Squ.* This malicious devil Camilla has overreached me:—Well, Mr. Goodvile, you are the worthiest person;—had I an only daughter, I durst trust her with you, you are so very civil.—Well, innocence is the greatest happiness in the world.

*Good.* Right, madam, it is so, and you know we have been very innocent; done no harm in the world, not we.

*Lady Squ.* The censorious world, if they knew of this accident, I know would be apt enough to speak reproachfully; but so long as I myself am satisfied in the integrity of my honour, the world is a thing I defy and scorn.



*Good.* Very philosophically spoken:—but, madam, so long as the world is to be a stranger to our happiness, why should we deny ourselves the second pleasure of congratulation?

*Lady Squ.* Alas, alas, Mr. Goodvile, you cannot say that you have had the least advantage over my frailty: well, what might have happened, if the strict severity of both our virtues had not secured us?

*Good.* This affected impudence of her's is beyond all the impertinence I ever knew her guilty of.—Virtue with a pox! I think I have reason to know her pretty well, and the devil of any virtue found I about her. [*Aside.*

*Lady Squ.* But, dear sir, let us talk no more of it: though I am extremely mistaken if I saw not Mr. Valentine enter the garden before me; and am as much mistaken if a lady was not with him too.

*Good.* Hell and confusion! that must be Victoria: I thought indeed I saw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending she came with a malicious design of discovering me, avoided her——False to me with Valentine?

*Lady Squ.* I'll swear, Mr. Goodvile, I have long suspected an intrigue between you and madam Victoria, and this jealousy has confirmed me; and I would not for all the world but have known it. Ha, ha, ha!

*Good.* Death, madam! this is beyond all sufferance—disappointed, and jilted by Camilla! abused by Victoria! and with Valentine too, Truman's friend, who I thought should have married her!—Shame and infamy light upon the whole sex; may the best of 'em be ever suspected, and the most cautious always betrayed.

*Lady Squ.* Dear Mr. Goodvile, be patient: let me die, you are enough to frighten our whole sex from ever loving or trusting men again—Lord, I would not be poor madam Victoria to gain an empire. I'll swear if you are not more moderate, you'll discompose me strangely:—How my heart beats!

*Good.* Patience! preach it to a galled lion:—no, I am sure she is not far off, and I will find her; surprize

her in the midst of her infamy and prostitution.—  
'Sdeath, madam, let me go.

*Lady Squ.* I will not part with you, you ill-natured creature; you shall not go—I vow, I'll cry a rape if you offer to stir—Oh my heart, here's Malagene.

*Enter MALAGENE singing, Frank, Frank, Frank, &c.*

*Mal.* Why how now, Frank; what a pox, out of humour? Why madam, what have you done to him? what have you done to him, madam? Lord how he looks!—Why Frank, I say, pr'ythee bear up.

*Good.* Hark you, dog, fool, coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent tongue of your's, or I'll cut it out: 'sdeath, you buffoon, I will.

*Mal.* No, but hark you, dear heart, good words, good words do you hear, or I shall publish; by my soul, joy, I shall.

*Good.* How am I continually plagued with rogues and owls! I'll set my house o'fire, rather than have it haunted and pestered by such vermin.

*Mal.* Faith, Frank, do: I have not seen a house o'fire this great while; it would be a pretty frolic, pr'ythee let us about it presently.

*Lady Squ.* Dear Mr. Goodvile, you shall be persuaded; don't run yourself into danger thus rashly.

*Good.* Do you hear then, monsieur Pimponio; as you expect to live a quiet hour, run in and call for some lights, and return with 'em instantly.

*Mal.* Say no more, dear heart, I'll do't; if mischief comes not of this, the devil's in't—but, dear Frank, stay till I come again, I'll be back in a trice; take t'other turn with her ladyship into the wilderness; or any thing. [*Ex. Malagene.*

*Lady Squ.* Let me not live, this Mr. Malagene is a very obliging person, and methinks, Mr. Goodvile, you use him too severely.

*Good.* I wish, madam, he may deserve that character of you: he is one of those worldlings you were

speaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully; and I believe knows all that has passed between us to-night, for he has a shrewd discerning judgment in these matters.

*Lady Squ.* Lord, Mr. Goodvile, what can he say of me? I defy even envy itself to do me or my honour any prejudice: though I wish I had let this frolic alone to-night.

*Good.* Frolic with a pox!—If these be her frolics, what the devil is she when she is in earnest? O he returns with the lights!—Look, who are these? by heaven the same.

*Enter TRUMAN and Mrs. GOODVILE.*

*Tru.* Gently, gently, madam, for fear of an ambuscade; I wonder I hear nothing from Ned Valentine since.

*Mrs. Good.* See, see, sir, here's Mr. Goodvile: haste, haste down the other walk, or we are ruined.

*Tru.* Fear not, trust all to my conduct. [*Exit.*

[*As Mrs. Goodvile is going away, Goodvile catches hold of her gown—she claps on her mask.*

*Good.* Stay, madam Victoria; nay you may stay, 'tis in vain to fly; I have discovered all your falshood, I have: was mine a passion to be thus abused? I who have given you all my heart! perfidious false woman!—is your lover too ashamed or afraid to shew himself? where is he? why comes he not forth?

*Enter TRUMAN.*

*Tru.* Here I am, sir.

*Good.* Ha, Truman!

[*Mrs. Goodvile gets loose and Exit.*

*Tru.* Yes, sir, the same; ready both to acknowledge and justify my being here with Victoria, which I thought, sir, might have been allowed without any

offence to Mr. Goodvile. That she is innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my sword to make good: but, sir, I wear it too to do my own honour justice, and to demand of you on what grounds you appear so highly concerned for a woman you were pleased to commend to your friend for a wife?

*Good.* Concerned, sir! have I not reason to be concerned for the honour of my family? for a kinswoman under my charge to be abroad and alone with a gentleman at this unseasonable hour, might alarm a man less tender of his reputation than I am.

*Tru.* Sir, this excuse won't serve my turn; nor am I so blind as not to be sensible (which I before suspected) that Victoria has been long your mistress.—A pox of the honour of your family! you had given her all your heart, you said; and your passion was not a thing to be thus abused: nor, sir, is my honour.

*Good.* No, but dear Jack Truman, thou art my friend.

*Tru.* You would have made me believe so indeed; but the daubing was too coarse, and the artificial face appeared too plain. One would have thought, sir, that you who keep a general decoy here for fools and coxcombs, might have found one to have recompensed a cast mistress withal, and not have endeavoured the betraying the honour of a gentleman and your friend. But, sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own mouth: I hope it will not be esteemed much ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. Malagene and I join forces to publish a little, as he calls it.

*Mal.* Faith, Jack Truman, with all my heart; now I have him on my side, I dare say any thing—Frank Goodvile—pugh!

*Good.* Sir, I shall require a better account of this hereafter.

*Lady Squ.* Lord, Mr. Truman, what ails Mr. Goodvile? how happened this difference?—I'll swear I'm strangely surprized.

*Tru.* Your ladyship, I suppose, can best give an

account how matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

*Lady Squ.* Dear sir, what do you mean? I'll swear you are a scandalous person.

*Good.* Sir, since you are so rough, be pleased not to concern yourself with the honour of this lady; you may have enough to do, if you dare justify your own to-morrow.

*Tru.* If I dare?—nay, sir, since you question it, I'll convince you presently;—draw. [*They fight.*]

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* Hold, hold, what's the matter here?—Jack Truman, Frank Goodvile, for shame, put up.

*Enter Mrs. GOODVILE.*

*Mrs. Good.* Where is this perfidious false man! where is Mr. Goodvile? So, sir, I have found now the original of all my misfortunes: I have a rival it seems; Victoria, the happy Victoria possesses all my joys: what, have you been fighting too for the honour of your mistress?—Here, come kill me: would I had been laid in my grave, ere I had known thy odious polluted bed.

*Good.* 'Sdeath, I thought she had been in her chamber this hour at least:—'tis true, my dear, I must own a kindness for Victoria, as my kinswoman; but—

*Mrs. Good.* How! dare you own it? and to my face too? matchless impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out those hot, lascivious, glowing eyes that wander after every beauty in their way:—O that I could blast him with a look!—Was my love so despicable, to be abandoned for Victoria? the thought of it makes me mad: I'll endure it no longer, I will have revenge, or I'll die! Oh!

*Tru.* Delicate dissimulation! how I love her! [*Aside.*]

*Good.* Dear madam, hear me speak—Madam, I say that—

*Mrs. Good.* I know you cannot want an excuse; dissimulation and falshood have been your practice; but that you should wrong me with Victoria, a woman that for the sake of your relation I had made my friend, (for every thing that was allied to you, was dear to me), is an injury so great, that it distracts my reason—I could pardon any thing but my wronged love.—Let me be gone; send me to a nunnery; confine me to a charnel-house; vile ungrateful wretch! any thing but thy presence I can endure.

*Good.* Is there every way so damned a creature as a wife?—Lord, madam, do you know what you do?

*Mrs. Good.* I'll warrant it, you would persuade me I am mad:—would I had been born a fool! I might then have been happy; patiently have passed over the many tedious nights I have endured in your absence; contented myself with prayers for your safety—

*Mal.* O Lord; prayers!

*Mrs. Good.* When you, in the very instant, were languishing in the arms of a prostitute.

*Good.* Lord, madam, I thought you had been in your chamber now.—Curse on her, what shall I do!

*Mrs. Good.* 'Tis a sign you believed me safe enough; you would not certainly else have the impudence to have brought a new mistress under my nose;—I see there how guilty she stands—have you a stomach so hot that it can digest carrion, that has been buzzed about and blown upon by all the flies in the town? or was it the fantasticalness of your appetite, to try how so coarse a dish would relish, after being cloyed with better feeding?—Nay, sir, I have been informed of all—

*Val.* Has then your virtuous ladyship been taking a little love and air with Mr. Goodvile this evening?

[To lady Squeamish

*Good.* Well, she has dealt with the devil, that's certain;—a pox on't, I see there's no living for me on this side of the world:—go, let the coach be made ready; I'll into the country.

*Mrs. Good.* Nay, sir, I know my presence has always

been uneasy to you: day and night you are from me; or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aching head and heavy heart, which Victoria only has charms enough to cure. This in the first year of our marriage! nay, and to own it! proclaim your own falshood, and my disgraceful injury, in the face of the world, when Malagene too, the trumpet of all the scandal in town, was by to be a witness; 'twas very discreetly done, and doubtless will be a secret long.

*Good.* Whirr,—nay, since it is so, what the devil should I strive to smother my good actions—well, if you will have it so, madam Victoria has been my mistress, is my mistress, and shall be my mistress, and what a pox would you have more? and so good-b'ye to you.

*Enter Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY, CAPER, and SAUNTER.*

*Clum.* How's this! who's that speaks dishonourably of my love, and lady that shall be, Victoria? before George she's a queen, and whoever says to the contrary, I'll first make him eat my sword, and then beat out his teeth with the hilt of it.

*Cap.* Oh! dear madam, yonder's all the town in masquerade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they see no company; Jack Truman, dear Jack, pr'ythee go and take one frisk:—as I hope to be saved, there are three or four of the finest ladies, the delicatest shaped women; I am sure I know 'em all.

*Tru.* Sir, I wish you good fortune, but I dare not venture; you know my temper; I shall be very boisterous, and mistake 'em for whores, though if they be of your acquaintance, I know they must be of quality.

*Cap.* I'gad, and so they are; but mum for that;—one of 'em is she that gave me this ring; and the other presented me with a gold enamelled watch could not cost less than thirty guineas;—trifles, Jack, which I have the fortune to meet withal sometimes.

*Saunt.* Nay, sir, you must not come off so—Victoria your mistress!

*Good.* Yes, sir, and how are you concerned at it?

*Saunt.* Nay, sir, I can be as civil as any body—Victoria your mistress!

*Good.* 'Sdeath, you coxcomb, mind your singing, do you hear? and play the fool by yourself, or—

*Saunt.* Sing, sir, so I can, fa, la, la, la, &c. Victoria your mistress!

*Good.* Yes, sir, I say my mistress.

*Clum.* 'Ounds then draw.

*Val.* Hold, sir Noble, you are too furious; what's the matter?

*Cap.* Why how now, Saunter? how dost do, dear heart?—Sir, this gentleman's my friend, and—

*Good.* Was ever man so overwhelmed with fools and blockheads? why you ill-ordered, addle-pated, waddling brace of puppies:—you fool, in the first place, sing and be safe—and you slight grasshopper, dance and divert me: dance, sirrah, do you hear?

*Cap.* Dance, sir, and so I think I can, sir, and fence, and play at tennis, and make love, and fold up a billet-doux, or any thing better than you, sir: dance quoth-a—there, sir. [*Capers.*

*Mrs. Good.* Nay, sir Noble, not only so, but owned and boasted of it to my face: Told me—

*Clum.* Soul of my honour, 'tis unpardonable; and I'll eat his heart for't.

*Good.* Dear raw-head and bloody-bones, be patient a little.—See, see, you beagles, game for you, fresh game; that great Towser has started it already! on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo.

[*Thrusts 'em at his Wife, and Exit.*

*Lady Squ.* But dear Mr. Caper, masqueraders did you say? I'll swear I'll among 'em; shall I not have your company? Oh! dear masqueraders! I'll vow I can stay no longer. [*Exit hastily.*

*Val.* Curse on her, she's gone, and has prevented me—Caper, Saunter, did you not hear my lady call you? she's gone to the masqueraders; for shame, follow her; she'll take it ill you did not wait on her.



*Saunt.* Faith, Caper, and so she will. Well, I am resolved to marry Victoria for fear of the worst:—Madam, your most devoted servant: I hope our difference with Mr. Goodvile to-night.—

*Mrs. Good.* Dear sir, it needs no excuse.

*Cap.* My resentment, madam—

*Tru.* You are too ceremonious, gentlemen, and my lady will fear she has lost you.

*Cap.* Dear Jack, as I told thee before, I must bring thee acquainted with those ladies.

*Saunt.* Pr'ythee put on a mask, and come among us, Jack, faith do.

*Tru.* Sirs, I'll wait on you in a moment.

*Both.* Dear soul, adieu. [*Embracing him.*  
*Exeunt singing and dancing.*]

*Tru.* These coxcombs, madam, came in a good time; they were never seasonable before.

*Mrs. Good.* Diseases and visitations are necessary sometimes to sweep away the noisome crowds that infest and incumber the world.

*Mal.* As I have often said, I must publish, I must spread; and so good-b'ye to you. [*Exit.*]

*Enter LETTICE.*

*Let.* Oh! madam, yonder's my master raving for his coach: says he'll into the country presently: has given order to disperse the company; what will you do?

*Mrs. Good.* Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him:—ha, ha, ha! into the country? I'd as soon believe he would turn capuchin.

*Tru.* But madam, it was inhumanly done to come yourself upon him: one would have thought that I had used him bad enough for the wise mistake he made of Victoria.

*Mrs. Good.* I would not have missed it for the world. Now would he come on his knees for composition; and if I do not bring him to it within these four hours—

*Tru.* Why, madam, what will you do?

*Mrs. Good.* Put on all the notorious affectations and ridiculous impertinences that ever the most eminent of our sex have studied, or the coxcombs of your sex admired; then, of a sudden, seem to grow fond of both those clinquant\* fools, which I am sure he of all things loaths: yet do it so forcedly, that he himself shall find it only intended to give him vexation.

*Tru.* Have you then maliciously designed, in spite of nature, to keep me constant?

*Mrs. Good.* Which you will be sure to be.

*Tru.* A dozen, new, fresh, young, unseen beauties, and the devil himself in the rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwise; I never really loved or lived till now. There is nothing I'd not wish to be, except the very husband himself, rather than lose you.

*Enter VALENTINE and CAMILLA.*

*Val.* Jack Truman!

*Tru.* Well, Ned, what's the matter?

*Val.* Treason, Truman: your being here with Mrs. Goodvile, I fear is discovered; I heard some such thing whispered among the masqueraders, and Goodvile himself seems suddenly altered; I would advise you to come and shew yourself, and make the best on't.

*Mrs. Good.* Let me alone; I'll secure all, I'll warrant you. I'm sure he can have no positive proofs: I'll instantly go and put all things in a confusion; contradict all the orders he has given for going in the country; shut up myself in my chamber, and not hear a word of him till he comes upon submission.—Lettice, follow me to my chamber presently. [Exit.

*Tru.* Right exquisite woman and wife, good luck attend thee. [Exit.

*Let.* Well, my lady certainly of a young lady knows her business, and understands the managing of a husband the best of any woman in the world: I'll swear she is an

\* *Clinquant*—dressed in finery; from *clinquant*, tinsel.

ingenious person : forty ladies now, at such an accident, would have been hurried and afraid; and the poor waiting-woman must have been sent forward and backward, and backward and forward, to hearken and enquire ; but she shows all her changes in a motion.

*Enter GOODVILE.*

*Good.* How now, Lettice ? where's your lady ?

*Let.* Within, sir, in her chamber.

*Good.* Are you sure of it ?

*Let.* She commanded me to follow her thither but now.

*Good.* Is she alone there ?

*Let.* Ay, sir, I'll assure you she seldom desires company—but I must hasten and follow her.

*Good.* Stay a little—are you sure she was in the house, before this disturbance happened in the garden ?

*Let.* Sure, sir ! why I myself was at the chamber-window with her, when first she heard you exclaim against madam Victoria ! Poor creature, I was afraid she would have fallen down dead on the floor : I caught her in my arms, begged her on my knees not to run out ; but she would hear nothing, but in spite of force broke from me, and came hither with all that impatience and rage, the too sensible resentment of your unkindness had raised in her.

*Good.* Get you in presently, do you hear ; and take no notice of what I have said to you, as you tender your well-being.

*Let.* Yes, sir ;—but if I conceal a word of it, may I never serve a London lady again, but be condemn'd to be a country chamber-maid, and kill fleas as long as I live. [Exit.

*Good.* If I should have been in the wrong all this while, and mistaken my own dear wife for Victoria !—Ah ! Curse on this hot head of mine ! Pox on't, it is impossible ! Yet that mischievous rogue Malagene was all the while in the garden, and he has been at his

doubts and ambiguities, and may-be's with me;—by this light I am a cuckold, an arrant, rank, stinking cuckold.

*Enter VICTORIA.*

*Vict.* What will become of me! whither shall I fly to hide my misfortune? Oh! that I might never see the light again, but be for ever concealed in these shades.

*Good.* Dear Victoria, is't you? be free with me, were you really in the garden before, to-night, or no?

*Vict.* I have not been out of the house since it was dark till this minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am destitute where to conceal myself from the malicious eyes and tongues of those, to whom your baseness has given an opportunity of triumphing over my misfortune and ruined honour.

*Good.* Be not so outrageous; I'll reconcile all yet.

*Vict.* Which way is't possible? By to-morrow morning your very footmen will have it in their mouths; and Malagene, that keeps an office of intelligence for all the scandal in town, will be spreading it among his coffee-house companions, and at the play whisper it to the orange-women, who shall make a fulsome jest of it to the next coxcomb that comes in half drunk, to loll and play, and be nauseously lewd with 'em in public.

*Good.* I tell thee it shall not be; Malagene's my creature, or at least henceforth I'll make him so; I have reasons for it, and to believe also that my wife, my own delicate damned wife, was the same I mistook for you in the garden to-night.

*Vict.* 'Tis true, I was at the same time to see for her in her chamber, and she was not there; but cannot believe her in the least guilty of what you seem to accuse her of.

*Good.* Confound her!—she's an exquisite jilt, thorough-paced and practised in all the cunning arts and slights of falshood: 'sdeath, how I could mince her! But

here comes Malagene ; he knows all, and I'll make him confess all, or I'll murder him.

*Enter MALAGENE.*

Well sir, what say you to this matter ?

*Mal.* Faith, bully, I think my dear kinswoman has mauled you to some purpose ; I'll say this for her, she has the true blood of the Malagenes in her : Tol lol dara la, &c.

*Good.* What is't you mean, fool ? Be plain, and unfold yourself.

*Mal.* Why you must know, Frank, having a particular esteem for my family, (the nearest relation of which I would go fifty miles to see hanged) I do think her as very a—but no more,—Mum, dear heart, mum, I say.

*Good.* What's that you say, sir ? what do you think my wife ?

*Mal.* Ay what, Frank ? what now ?

*Good.* Nay, sir, that you must resolve me.

*Mal.* Why then I'll tell thee, Frank ; dost thou really think I love thee ?

*Good.* I know you'll say so, sir, because you fear me.

*Mal.* Then pr'ythee do so much as lend me ten guineas for a day or two.

*Good.* Oh, sir, to the purpose, to the purpose ; be brief.

*Mal.* Nay then, mum, I say again.

*Good.* Will you never leave vexing me with your impertinence ? Must I be always forced to use you ill, to bring you to good manners ?

*Mal.* Faith, child, I am loth to make mischief ; I have been a very wicked, ill-natured, impudent fellow, that's the truth on't : but I find I lose myself by it ; the very poets themselves, that were wont to stand in awe of me, care not a louse for me now ; and there's not a common whore in town but calls me rogue and rascal to my face, as impudently as if I were her pimp.

*Good.* Therefore, sir, resolve to turn honest, and be just to your friend.

*Mal.* The devil take me, Frank, if thou art not a very impertinent fellow:—know! why who should know better than yourself? ha!

*Good.* Here are five guineas for you, upon condition you make a full and true relation of all you have discovered this night.

*Mal.* I'll do't; down with your dust.

*Good.* What will not this rakehell do to borrow money? I knew him make love to a chamber-maid till he had borrowed five pounds of her, at half a crown a time.

*Mal.* Well, Frank Goodvile, you may think as you please of me; but hang me like a dog, if I am not a very honest fellow in my heart—You would have me deal freely with you, you say, in this business?

*Good.* I would so, sir, or I shall deal very roughly with you.

*Mal.* And you lent me these five guineas to that purpose?

*Good.* You are much in the right, sir.

*Mal.* Then to make short of the matter, thou art as arrant a poor silly cuckold as one would wish to drink withal, and confound me if I shall not be ashamed of thy company.

*Good.* Confounded whore!—Oh for a legion of devils to hurry her to hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em!

*Mal.* Nay, nay, man, since 'tis so, never be angry for the matter. What a pox, you thought to put the mistress upon Truman! Truman has put the cuckold upon you; Valentine has been pimp in the business; and the devil take me if I don't think myself the honestest fellow amongst you.

*Vict.* Now, sir, consider what a wretched thing you have made me.

*Good.* No more; I'm thine, and here I seal my heart to thee for ever.

*Mal.* Well, Frank, can I serve thee any farther in this business ?

*Good.* That, sir, is as time shall try: and to convince you how fit I think you for my purpose, I know you are a rascal not to be trusted: therefore observe it, if you offer to stir beyond the limits I set you, at that very instant I'll murder you.

*Mal.* Pr'ythee talk not to me of limits and murdering; I hope you take me, sir, (under the rose) for no fool: and what a pox do you think to make of me ?

*Good.* A spaniel to hunt and set the game I mean to take: Oh! Malagene, there will be mischief, Malagene, and new ripe fresh scandal to treat of: I know it is an office thou lovest, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

*Mal.* I'faith, and so I do with all my heart: but, Frank, I don't know how this business will be brought about well: I have promised to meet two or three hearty old souls to-morrow at dinner, to swear and drink, and talk bawdy and treason together for an hour or two; they are all atheists, and very honest fellows.

*Good.* O, sir, you may be hanged in good time: but for this present occasion I must use you: Victoria, do you with all your utmost art dissemble but the least knowledge of what has happened to-night: and sir, do you keep still that lying, sneering, ugly, merry face which you always wear when you design mischief: I'll pretend this morning to pursue my design of going into the country; then when they are in the height of their pleasures and assurance of their safety, return and surprize 'em.

*Vict.* But do you believe, sir, that you can utterly abandon all sense of your past love and tenderness for a woman who has been so dear to you? you will be apt to relapse again.

*Good.* I will sooner return to my vomit: I am rather glad of the occasion to be rid of so troublesome, uneasy a burden: a wife after a year, like a garment that has been worn too long, hangs loose and awkwardly on a man, and grows a scandal to him that wears it.

*Vict.* But can you then resolve to quit and disown her for ever?

*Good.* Forever, my Victoria!—No more, but straight go to thy chamber, and wait for the happy issue:—you, sir, keep close to me.—Quit her! as cheerfully as I would a shoe that wrings me. Then how loosely shall I move,

Free and unbounded taste the sweets of life!  
Love where I please, and know no more the strife  
That's bred by that domestic plague call'd wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Victoria's Chamber.

*Enter VICTORIA.*

*Vict.* Now I am satisfied I must be wretched! oh love! unhappy women's curse, and men's slight game to pass their idle time at: I find too in myself the common companion of infamy, malice. Has Goodvile's wife ever wronged me? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her? no, let my revenge light wholly on that false, perjured man; as he has deceived and ruined me, I'll play false with him; make myself privy to his whole design of surprising Truman and his wife together; then like a true mistress, betray his counsels to her, that she, like a true wife, may, spite of his teeth, deceive him quite, and so I have the pleasure of seeing him a sealed, stigmatized, foud, believing cuckold; 'twill at least be some ease to me. Here he comes equipped and prepared for the pretended journey.

*Enter GOODVILE and Boy.*

*Good.* Go bid the coachman hasten, and get all



things ready ; I am uneasy till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phœbus, all about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.

Wife! adieu, dear wife. Ah, my Victoria, up already? so diligent to wish me a happy journey? certainly my good angel is like thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy shape, and with such softness smile and direct me.

*Vict.* As those whom Will with the Wisp bewitches  
Thro' bogs, thro' hedges, and thro' ditches\*.

*Good.* No, thou hast led me out of the crooked, forward road of matrimony, into the pleasant, easy path of love, where I can never lose my way, and must be always happy. But where's Malagene?

*Vict.* Below with sir Noble. Whilst the butler was asleep, they stole the key from him: and there they are with the fat, red-faced fiddler that plays upon the bass, sitting cross-legged upon the floor, stripped to their shirts, and drinking bawdy healths.

*Good.* That fulsome rogue will ruin all our business. See here what I have discovered; just now in the private corner of a window, (a place, I suppose, appointed for the purpose) I found this billet to my sweet wife.

*(Reads.)* "If Goodvile goes out of town this morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet. Truman."

Now if I am not a cuckold, let any honest Wittol judge, ha, ha, ha! How it pleases me! blood! fire! and daggers!

*Vict.* But, sir, what do you resolve on?

\* This seems a parody upon—

"An *ignis fatuus* that bewitches,  
"And leads men into pools and ditches."

*Hudibras*, part i.

*Good.* As I told thee, instantly to pretend a journey out of town, and return and surprize 'em: for I am sure they'll not be long asunder when I am out of the way: oh! this billet is a very honest billet, and I know won't lie. But why should I spend my time in talking of what but vexes me, when pleasures are so near me? come, my Victoria, take me to thy arms; a moment's joy with thee would sweeten years of cares. The devil—

*Enter Mrs. GOODVILE and LETTICE.*

*Mrs. Good.* Good-morning to you, sir.

*Good.* Good-night to you, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* How so, sir?

*Good.* Why, good-night or good-morrow 'tis all one; ceremony is the least thing I take care of: you see I am busy.

*Mrs. Good.* I must confess, considering the humble duty of a wife, 'tis something rude in me to interrupt you; but I hope, when you know my intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil leave of you: I find you are preparing for the country, sir.

*Good.* Ay! a little air will be very seasonable at present, madam; I shall grow rank else, and all the company I keep will smell me out.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh! what joy will fill each neighbouring village, to hear our landlord's honour's coming down. The bells shall gingle out of tune all day; and at night the curate of the hamlet comes, in the name of the whole parish, to bid his patron welcome into the country, and invite himself the next Lord's day to dinner.

*Good.* I am glad to see you so pleasant, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Then the next morning our tenant's dainty daughter is sent with a present of pippins of the largest size, culled by the good old drudge her mother, which she delivers with a curt'sy, and blushes in expectation of what his worship will bestow upon her.

*Good.* Oh, madam, let not any thoughts of that nature disturb you; I shall leave all my wanton inclinations

here, and only please myself when I am there, sometimes to contemplate your ladyship's picture in the gallery.

*Mrs. Good.* Then come the country squires, and their dogs, the cleanlier sort of creatures of the two: straight we're invited to the noble hunt, and not a deer in all the forest's safe.

*Good.* No, madam; no horned beast shall suffer for my pleasure; I am lately grown a philosopher, madam; and find we ought not to hurt our fellow-creatures.

*Mrs. Good.* What is the reason that you use me thus?

*Good.* What is't I would not do to purchase quietness? Your injurious suspicions of me were tolerable, but the wrongs your jealousy has done Victoria—

*Mrs. Good.* I jealous of Victoria! No, though my passion last night made me extravagant, when I discovered you with that naughty lady Squeamish, which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her: for I am confident it was your first transgression.

*Good.* Very quaint and pretty.

*Mrs. Good.* Yet I am too well satisfied of Victoria's virtue, for she's my friend; and though I should see her in your arms, I could not harbour such a thought. No, Victoria, you must love me, and I'll love you; you shall call me your love, and I'll call you my dear; and we'll always go to the play together, and to the park together, and every where together; and when Mr. Goodvile's out of town, we'll lie together.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, the coach is ready.

*Good.* You think, madam, you have a fine easy fool to play withal, but the gayness of your face is too thin to hide the rancour of your heart; and so my dear, jocund, witty, devil wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this minute to look on you.

*Mrs. Good.* Are you then inexorable! Relentless cruel man!

*Good.* Good, easy, melting, kind-hearted woman, farewell. [Exit.]

*Mrs. Good.* Ah wretched me!

*Let.* My lady swoons. Dear madam Victoria, hasten and bring my master back again; you can do any thing with him. [*Exit* Victoria.

*Mrs. Good.* No, no, Lettice! Let him alone, art thou sure he's gone.

*Let.* I hope so, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Then so soon as I am returned to my chamber, be sure you go yourself to Mr. Truman, and tell him if he has nothing else to do he may come hither to-day.

*Enter* VICTORIA.

*Vict.* There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his house is infected, and that no man that values his health will stay in it. My lady Squeamish too is arrived just as he left the door; I am sure she'll come in; will you see her, madam?

*Mrs. Good.* Oh I am sick at the very name of her: let all the doors be barred against her, and gunpowder put under each threshold place, ready to blow her up if she but offer an entrance. Lettice, lend me your hand a little; I'll to my chamber instantly; oh my head!

[*Exit with* Lettice.

*Vict.* This management of her's so charms me, that I can almost forget all the mischief she has done me: 'tis true she reproached me, but 'twas done so handsomely that I doubly deserved it to have taken notice of it.

*Enter* Lady SQUEAMISH.

*Lady Squ.* Oh dear, Victoria, what will become of me! I am lost and undone for ever: oh I shall die, I shall die! the lord of my heart, the jewel of my soul is false to me.

*Vict.* What ails your ladyship? surely she's distracted.

*Lady Squ.* Oh Goodvile, Goodvile! the false, cruel, remorseless Goodvile! I came just as his coach was

parting from the door, yet he would not speak to me, would hardly see me, but away he drove, and smiling mocked my sorrows.

*Vict.* Alas! her ladyship is passionate, as I live very passionate.

*Lady Squ.* So Theseus left the wretched Ariadne on the shore; so fled the false Æneas from his Dido.

*Vict.* What could you expect less of him, madam? Falshood is his province: your ladyship should have made choice of a civil, sober, discreet person; but Goodvile you know is a spark, a very spark.

*Lady Squ.* That has been my ruin; it was therefore I adored him: what woman would doat on a dull melancholy ass, because she might be sure of him? No, a spark is my life, my darling, the joy of my soul. Oh how I doat on a spark! I could live and die with a spark. Victoria, I make you a confident, and you must pardon me for robbing you of Mr. Goodvile: come, come, I know all.

*Vict.* Your ladyship knows more than all the world besides.

*Lady Squ.* And, as I was saying, a spark is the dearest thing to me in the world; I have had acquaintance I think with all the sparks. Well, one of 'em that you know was a sweet person: oh he danced, and sung, and drest to a miracle; and then he spoke French as if he had been bred all his life-time at Paris, and admired every thing that was French; besides, he would look so languishingly, and lisp so prettily when he talked; and then never wanted discourse: I'll swear he has entertained me two hours together with the description of an equipage.

*Vict.* That must needs be very charming.

*Lady Squ.* But Mr. Goodvile was a wit too: oh I never had a wit before, for to speak the truth, now I think on't better, all my lovers have been a little foolish I'll swear, ha, ha, ha!

[*Sir Noble and Mal. at the door, drunk.*]

*Mal.* Scour, scour, scour.

*Clum.* Down goes the main-mast, down, down, down. (*They enter.*) Malagene, roar, roar, and ravish, here are punks in beaten sattin, sirrah; termagant, triumphant, first-rate punks, you rogue.

*Vict.* How came these ruffians here?

*Clum.* Ruffians! do you know who you talk to, madam? I am a civil, sober, discreet person, and come particularly to embrace thy lovely body.

*Mal.* Look you, madam, make no noise about this matter; this is a person of quality, and a friend of mine, therefore pray be civil.

*Lady Squ.* Has Mr. Goodvile left no footmen at home to cudgel such fops? Fogh—how like drunken journeymen tailors they look?

*Mal.* Journeymen, madam! hold there! none of your ladyship's journeymen, that's one comfort! Woe to the poor devil that is, I say.

*Lady Squ.* Were Mr. Goodvile at home, you durst not talk thus, you scandalous fellow.

*Mal.* Goodvile, say you—hark you, my dear, were he here in person, I would first of all decently kick him out of doors, then turn up thy keel, and discover here to thy kinsman what a leaky vessel thou art.

*Clum.* Why, what is that Goodvile? will he wrestle? or will he box for fifty pound? Look you, this fellow is my pimp. 'Tis true, his countenance is none of the best: but he's a neat lad, and keeps good company.

*Mal.* Hark you, knight: you'll bear me out of this business, knight: for, under the rose, I have apprehension that this carcass of mine may suffer else.

*Clum.* No more of that, rogue! no more. Take notice, good people, this civil person shall marry my sister; she is a pretty hopeful lady—truly she is not full thirteen—but she has had two children already, odd's heart.

*Lady Squ.* Ridiculous oaf.

*Clum.* Come, let us talk bawdy.

*Vict.* I'll call those shall talk with you presently.

[*Exit Victoria.*]

*Clum.* Wheugh—she's gone.

*Lady Squ.* Beast! Brute! Barbarian! Sot!

*Clum.* Oh law! my aunt! what have I done now Madam, as I hope to be——

[*Runs against her, and almost beats her backward.*]

*Lady Squ.* Oh help! I am murdered! Oh my head!

*Clum.* Nay, lady, that was no fault of mine: you shall see I'll keep my distance; and (as I was saying) if I have offended——

[*Reels against a table, and throws down a China jar, and several little China dishes.*]

*Lady Squ.* Oh insufferable! quickly, quickly, a porter and basket, to carry out this swine to a dunghill.

*Clum.* Look you, madam, no harm! no harm! you shall see me behave myself notably yet—as for example—suppose now—suppose this the door. (*Goes to the door*) Very well; thus then I move—(*Steps forward, and leaves his peruke on one of the hinges*), Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

*Enter Servants.*

*1 Ser.* Such as we are, sir, you shall find us at your service.

*Clum.* Murder, murder, murder!——

*Mal.* Where there is such odds, a man may with honour retire and steal off. [*Exit Mal.*]

*Enter CAPER and SAUNTER.*

*Cap.* Where is this rascal? this coxcomb? this fop? how dare you come hither, sir, to affront ladies and persons of quality?

*Clum.* Sir, your humble servant: did you see my perriwig?

*Cap.* Sir, you are an ass; and never wore a perriwig in your life: Jernié, what a bush of briars and thorns is here! The mane of my lady Squeamish's shock is a chedreux to it.

*Clum.* Why, sir, I know who made it. He was an honest fellow, and a barber, and one that loved music and poetry.

*Saunt.* How, sir!

*Cap.* But, sir, come close to the business: how durst you treat ladies so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer to that, and tell not us of music and poetry.

*Clum.* Why, he had all Westminster drollery, and Oxford jests at his fingers' ends. And for the cittern\*, if ever Troy town were a tune, he mastered it upon that instrument, when he was our butler in the country! an old maid of my grandmother's took great delight in him for it.

*Saunt.* But, sir, this is nothing to our business.

*Clum.* Business! hang business! I hate a man of business: if you'll drink or whore, break windows or commit murder, I am for you.

*Cap.* Sir, will you fight?

*Clum.* Fight! with whom? for what?

*Cap.* With me.

*Saunt.* With me.

*Clum.* Ay, sir, with all my heart; I love fighting, sir.

*Cap.* But will you, sir? dare you?

*Saunt.* Ay, sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

*Clum.* Why, you sweet-perfumed jessamine knaves! you rogues in buckram! were there a dozen of you, I'd beat you out of your artificial sweetness into your own natural rankness. You stinkards! shall I draw my cerberus and cut you off, you gaudy popinjays?

*Cap.* This fellow's mad, Saunter! stark mad, by Jerico: dear knight, how long hast thou been in this pickle? this condition, knight, ha?

*Clum.* What pickle? what condition? you worms!

*Saunt.* Ay, ay, 'tis so, the poor devil must to Bedlam: Bedlam, knight, the madman's hospital.

*Clum.* What will become of you then, you vermin; there's never an hospital for fools yet; mercy on me if there were! how many handsome fellows in this town might be provided for?

[*Fiddles play within.*]

*Cap.* Hey-day, fiddles!

\* *Cittern*, an old instrument of the harp kind.



*Saunt.* Madam Goodvile, hearing we were here, hath sent for 'em on purpose to regale us.

*Enter Mrs. GOODVILE, Lady SQUEAMISH with the Fiddles playing, SAUNTER falls to sing the Tune with them, and CAPER dances to it; LETTICE.*

*Mrs. Good.* Let my servants take care that all the doors stand open; I'll have entrance denied to no one fool in town. Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter here? then we can never want company. Come, madam, let us begin the revels of the day; I long to enjoy the freedom I am mistress of. Lettice, try your voice.

*Lady Squ.* Oh madam! this gallant spirit ravishes me. Dear Mr. Caper, you and Mr. Saunter were born to be happy! madam Goodvile has resolved to sacrifice this day to pleasure—what shall we do with ourselves?

*Cap.* Do, madam! we'll dance for ever.

*Lady Squ.* Oh, ay, dance.

*Saunt.* And sing.

*Lady Squ.* And sing.

*Both.* And love.

*Lady Squ.* Oh ay, love! but madam Goodvile, have you resolved to wear the willow, and be very melancholy—ha, ha, ha!—Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my sight.

*Mrs. Good.* Willow! hang it, give it to country-girls that sigh for clowns; and melancholy is a disease for bankrupt beauty: I have yet a stock of youth and charms, unsullied by the hands of age or care;

And whilst that lasts, what woman would despair?

*Clum.* In the mean time I'll scout out for a doxy of my acquaintance hard by, return in triumph, and let Victoria go hang and despair.

*Sings.*

To love is a pleasure divine,  
 Yet I'll never sigh or be sad;  
 They are coxcombs that languish and pine,  
 So long as whores are to be had.—To daroll, darolda.

*Lady Squ.* Oh secure that deformed monster, that rebel of mine : fellows, take care of him, and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him sensible of his enormities.

*Clum.* Slaves avaunt ! if my lady will have it so, I'll walk soberly into the garden, and consider of what is past.

To love is a pleasure, &c.

[*Ex.* Clum.]

*Mrs. Good.* Lettice !

*Let.* Madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Is Mr. Truman come ?

*Let.* He'll be here presently, madam.

*Enter Page, with a Letter.*

*Page.* A letter for your ladyship.

*Mrs. Good.* Who brought it ?

*Page.* A porter brought it to the door, madam : but said he had no orders to stay for an answer. [*Ex.* Page.]

*Mrs. Good.* A woman's hand !

(*Reads.*) " Mr. Goodvile's journey out of town is but a pretence : he is jealous of you and Mr. Truman ; you will find him anon returned, in hopes to surprize you together. Though he has trusted me with the secret, and obliged me to assist him in it ; yet I would endeavour by this discovery to persuade you that I am your real servant, Victoria."

" POSTSCRIPT. Beware of Malagene, for he's appointed a spy to betray you."

This is generously done, Victoria, and I'll study to deserve it of thee : now, if I plague not this wise jealous husband of mine, let all wives curse me, and cuckolds laugh at me ! Fiddles lead in ! Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter, pray wait on my lady, and entertain her a little : I'll follow you presently.

*Lady Squ.* Come, Mr. Caper, will you walk ?

*Cap.* A coranto, madam ?

*Lady Squ.* Ay, ten thousand, ten thousand : Mr. Saunter, I would be always near you too ! Oh for a

grove now, and a purling brook with that delightful charming voice of your's! come let us walk, and study which way to divert ourselves.

*Cap.* Allons! for love and pleasure: by these hands—

*Saunt.* By those eyes—

*Lady Squ.* Oh no more! no more: I shall be lost in happiness. [*Exeunt.*

*Mrs. Good.* So, this concert of fools shall be the chorus to my farce; now all the malice, ill-nature, falshood and hypocrisy of my sex inspire me. Lettice! see Camilla be sent for instantly, she shall join with me in my revenge; she has reason; Mr. Valentine, I suppose, will be here with Mr. Truman.

*Enter TRUMAN.*

*Tru.* And, think you, madam, he durst not answer a fair lady's challenge without a second?

*Mrs. Good.* You would pretend, I'll warrant you, to be very stout. You hectors in love, are as arrant cheats as hectors in fighting, that bluster, rant, and make a noise for the present; but when they come to the business, prove arrant dastards, and good for nothing.

*Tru.* But, madam, you should find I dare do something, would you but be civil and stand your ground.

*Mrs. Good.* What think you though of a cut-throat husband now behind the hangings? what would become of you then?

*Tru.* Whilst I have such beauty on my side, nothing can hurt me.

*Mrs. Good.* Then, sir, prepare yourself; Mr. Goodvile is really jealous, and mistrusts all or more than has past between us. His journey out of town was but a pretence, but we shall see him instantly in expectation to catch us together.

*Tru.* Fear him not, madam; these moles that work under ground are as blind as they are busy: let him run on in his dull jealousy, whilst we still find new windings out, and lose him in the maze.

*Mrs. Good.* Then if you wish to preserve me your's, join with me to-day in my design, which is, if possible, to make him mad, work him up to the height of furious suspicion, and at that moment, when he thinks his jealousy most just, baffle him out of it: and let the world know how dull a tool a husband is, compared with that triumphant thing a wife, and her guardian angel lover.

*Tru.* But Mr. Goodvile, madam, has wit, and so good an opinion of it too—

*Mrs. Good.* 'Tis that shall be his ruin: were he a fool, he were not worth the trouble of deceiving.

*Tru.* Dear jewel of my soul! proceed then and prosper. But what must be my part?

*Mrs. Good.* To secure Malagene. That ill-natured villain has betrayed us, and is appointed by Goodvile chief instrument in the discovery. He has cowardice enough to sell his soul to buy off a beating: he never told truth enough to be believed once so long as he lives. Get him but in your power, and he shall own more villainies than ever were in his thoughts to commit, or the necessity of our affair can invent to put upon him.

*Tru.* And I'll be sure of him, or may I never taste those lips again, but be condemned to cast mistresses in the side-box at the play-house; or, what is worse, take up with a sempstress, and drudge for cuffs and cravats.

*Enter MALAGENE.*

*Mrs. Good.* Here he comes.

*Tru.* Oh monsieur Malagene, welcome!

*Mal.* Jack Truman, your humble servant.

*Tru.* Whither so fast, I beseech you, sir? a word with you, a word with you.

*Mal.* Why, can I do any thing for thee? Hast thou any business for me? Pr'ythee what is it?

*Tru.* Sir, you must lie for me.

*Mal.* Ha, ha, ha! Is that all?

*Tru.* Nay, sir, you must.

*Mal.* Any thing in a civil way, or so, Jack; but

nothing upon compulsion, lad: pr'ythee, let me do nothing upon compulsion, pr'ythee now.

*Tru.* Then, sir, to be brief, this is the business: Goodvile I hear has been informed by you of what past in the garden last night: how durst you be so impudent as to pry into any secrets, where I was concerned?

*Mal.* Why look you, Jack, curiosity you know, and a natural inclination which I have—

*Tru.* To pimping.

*Mal.* Confound me, Jack, thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a witch. I knew as well, man—

*Tru.* What did you know?

*Mal.* Why, I knew thee to be an arch-wag, and an honest fellow: ah rogue, pr'ythee kiss me: the rogue's out of humour.

*Tru.* No, sir; I dare not use you so like a friend; you must deserve it better first.

*Mal.* Look you, Jack, the truth of the business is, I am bespoke: but the love I have to see the business go forward may persuade me to much.

*Tru.* Then presently resolve entirely to disown and abjure all the intelligence you gave Goodvile, or promise to yourself that wherever next I meet you, I'll cut your throat on the spot.

*Mal.* But hark you, Jack, how shall I come off with the business? I shall be kicked and used very scurvily: for the truth is, I did tell—

*Tru.* What did you tell?

*Mal.* Why, I told him, you knave—I won't tell, you little cunning cur—I told him all, man.

*Tru.* All, sir?

*Mal.* Ay, hang me like a dog, all. But, madam, you must pardon me, there was not a word of it true.

*Tru.* And what do you think to do with yourself?

*Mal.* Do? why I'll deny it all again man, every word of it, as impudently as ever I at first affirmed it: may be he'll kick me, and beat me, and use me like a

dog, man—that's nothing, nothing at all, man, I do not value it this. [*Pulls out a Jew's trump, and plays.*]

*Tru.* And this, sir, you'll stand to?

*Mal.* If I do not, hang me up for a sign at a bawdy-house door: in the mean time I'll retire and peruse a young lampoon, which I am lately the happy father of.

*Tru.* Nay, sir, you are not to stir from me.

*Enter LETTICE.*

*Let.* Oh madam, shift for yourself. Madam Victoria sent me to tell you that my master is returned, and that he pretends to come a masquerader.

*Mal.* Well, since it must be so, I'll deny all indeed; what an excellent fellow might I have been! some men now with my stock of honesty, and a little more gravity, would have made a fortune. Well, I have been a lazy rogue; and never knew till now that I was fit for business.

*Mrs. Good.* Mr. Goodvile in masquerade, say you?

*Let.* Yes, madam, and two women with him; madam, they are just now alighted.

*Mrs. Good.* Women with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. Truman, do you retire with Malagene. I'll stay here, and receive this Machiavel in disguise. Now, once more let me invoke all the arts of affectation, all the revenge, the counterfeit passions, pretended love, pretended jealousy, pretended rage, and, in sum, the very genius of my sex to my assistance.

*Enter GOODVILE and others, masked.*

So! here they come; now this throw for all my future peace. Who waits there!

*Enter Servants.*

*Good.* Madam, you'll excuse this freedom.

*Mrs. Good.* You oblige me by using it: let all the

company know that these noble persons of quality have honoured me with their presence: let the fiddles be ready, and see the banquet prepared; and let Mr. Truman come to me instantly; I cannot live a minute, a moment without him.

*Good.* Delicate devil!

*Mrs. Good.* Sir! let me beg your patience for a moment, whilst I go and put things in order fit for your reception. [*Exit.*

*Good.* Footmen! take care that the engines which I have ordered be ready when I call for 'em. Truman, I see, is a man of punctual assignation; and my wife is a person very adroit at these matters: some hot-brained, horn-mad cuckold now would be for cutting of throats; but I am resolved to turn a civil, sober, discreet person, and hate bloodshed: no, I'll manage the matter so temperately, that I'll catch her in his very arms, then civilly discard her bag and baggage, whilst you, my dainty doxies, take possession of her privileges, and enter the territories with colours flying.

1 *Wom.* And shall I keep my coach, Mr. Goodvile?

*Good.* Ay, and six, my lovely rampant. Nay, thou shalt every morning swoop the exchange in triumph, to see what gaudy bauble thou canst first grow fond of: and after noon at the theatre, exalted in a box, give audience to every trim, amorous, twiring\* fop of the corner, that comes thither to make a noise, hear no play, and show himself; thou shalt, my Bona Roba.

2 *Wom.* But, Mr. Goodvile, what shall I do then?

*Good.* Oh thou! thou shalt be my more peculiar punk, my house-keeper, my necessary sin; manage all the affairs of my estate and family, ride up and down in my own coach, attended by my own footmen, nose my wife where'er you meet, and, if I had any, breed up my children. Oh, what a delicious life will this be!

1 *Wom.* Hear you, sir, the fiddles?

[*Fiddles without.*

\* *Twiring*—singing; from the old verb *to twyer*, (Sax.) to sing.

*Good.* Oh, the procession's coming, put on your vizors, and observe the ceremony.

*Enter* TRUMAN, *Mrs.* GOODVILE, CAPER, SAUNTER, *Lady* SQUEAMISH, CAMILLA, *with* Fiddles.

*Mrs. Good.* Mr. Caper, Mr. Saunter, you are the life and soul of all good company; command me any thing, command my house, that and all freedom are your's.

*Cap.* Masques, my life, my joy, my top of happiness! Sir, your humble servant: by your leave, madam, shall you and I toss and tumble together in the drawing-room hard by for half an hour or so? *ha?* [*Cuts.*

*Saunt.* Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah, madam, what do you wear a mask for? Have you never a nose, or but one eye? Let me see how you are furnished.

*2 Wom.* Sir, if I want any thing, 'tis to be doubted you cannot supply me.

*Good.* So; sure this must come to something anon.

*Mrs. Good.* Ah, were but Mr. Goodvile here now, what a happy day might this be! but he is melancholy and forlorn in the country, summoning in his tenants and their rents; that shining pelf that must support me in my pleasures.

*Good.* Is he then, madam, so kind a husband?

*Mrs. Good.* Oh the most indulgent creature in the world! what husband but he, Mr. Truman, would have so seasonably withdrawn, and left me mistress of such freedom? To spend my days in triumph as I do, to sacrifice myself, my soul, and all my sense to you, the lord of all my joys, my conqueror and protector?

*Cam.* Heavens, madam, you'll provoke him beyond all patience.

*Mrs. Good.* Who? Mr. Goodvile! which way shall it reach his knowledge? no, we'll be as secret—

*Tru.* As we are happy. So subtly lay the scene of all our joys, that envy or malice, nay the very husband



himself, and Malagene to boot, well hired to the business, shall ne'er discover us.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh discover us! a husband discover us! Were he indeed as jealous as he has reason, I could no more apprehend discovery than a kindness from him.

*Good.* This impudence is so rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you so, madam? [*He unmasks.*]

*Mrs. Good.* Oh a ghost! a ghost! save me, save me! Mr. Truman, see, see Mr. Goodvile's spirit: sure some base villain has murdered him, and his angry ghost has come to revenge it on me.

*Good.* No, madam, fear nothing. I am a very harmless goblin, though you are a little shocked at the sight of me.

*Cap.* Ha, ha, ha! Goodvile returned? Dear Frank!

*Saunt.* Honest Goodvile, thou seest, dear soul, we are free here in thy absence.

*Good.* I see you are, gentlemen, and shall take an opportunity to return the favour. Footmen, be ready.

*Mrs. Good.* But is it really Mr. Goodvile then? let me receive him to my arms; welcome ten thousand, thousand, thousand times. Dear sir, how does my picture in the gallery do?

*Good.* Oh, madam, it looked so very charmingly, that I had no power to stay longer from the dear, loving original.

*Mrs. Good.* So, now begins the battle.

*Good.* Well, madam, and for your set of fools here; to what end and purpose have you decreed them in this new model of your family? I hope you have not designed 'em for your own use.

*Mrs. Good.* Why, sir, methinks you should not grudge me a coxcomb or two to pass away the time withal, since you had taken your dearer conversation from me.

*Good.* No, madam, I understand your diet better: a fool is too squab and tender a bit for your fierce appetite: you are for a substantial dish, a man of heat and

honour, such as Mr. Truman I know is, and I doubt not will do me reason.

*Tru.* Ay, sir, whenever you'll demand it.

*Mrs. Good.* Nay, sirs, no quarrelling, I beseech you; what would you be at, sir?

*Good.* At rest, madam; like an honest snail, shrink up my horns into my shell, and, if possible, hold a quiet possession of it.

*Mrs. Good.* I hope I have done nothing that may disturb your quiet, sir.

*Good.* Nothing, madam, nothing in the least; how is it possible that any thing should disturb me? a sot, a beetle, a drone of a husband, a mere utensil, a block for you to fashion all your falshood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my office, and never be disturbed, I—

*Mrs. Good.* So, now your heart is opening, and for your ease I'll give it a little vent myself: you are jealous, alas! jealous of Truman, are you?

*Good.* And have I no reason, madam, though I come and catch you in his arms, rolling and throwing your wanton eyes like fireballs at his heart? 'Oh what an indulgent creature's Mr. Goodvile! so seasonably to withdraw, and leave you mistress of such freedom: to spend your days in triumph as you do, to sacrifice yourself, your soul and sense to him, the lord of all your joys, your conqueror and protector.'

*Mrs. Good.* I am glad to find my plot so well succeed: I knew of your jealousy last night, knew too your journey out of town was but a pretence, in hope to return and surprize me with Truman. I was informed too of your return but now, and your disguise; I knew you through it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that fondness to Truman before your face. It was all the revenge I had within my power.

*Good.* Can you deny your being with Truman in the garden last night? were you not there so openly, that even the broad eyes of fools might see?

*Mrs. Good.* What fool? what villain have you dares accuse me?

*Good.* One, who though he rarely told truth before, will be sure to do it now; Malagene, your kinsman Malagene, a hopeful branch of your own stock.

*Tru.* The rascal dares not own it.

*Good.* But he shall, sir, though you protect him.

*Tru.* 'Twas basely done to set a spy upon your friend, after the trick you had played me with Victoria.

*Good.* Basely done?

*Tru.* Yes, basely, sir.

*Good.* Death, you lie, sir! Why do I trifle thus when I have a sword by my side?

*Cap.* Nay, look you, Frank; you had better be patient. Here shall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* What, again quarrelling? Goodvile, this must not be. Truman is my friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage he shall make you satisfaction.

*Saunt.* Ay, ay, pr'ythee man, take some other time, and don't quarrel now, and spoil good company.

*Good.* Death! you dancing, talking, mettled, frisking rogues, stand off! Oh I had forgot—Footmen, where are ye?

*Enter Footmen.*

Here, take away these butterflies, and do speedy execution upon 'em as I ordered; do it instantly.

*[They seize them.]*

*Cap.* Nay, Frank, what's all this for?

*Saunt.* Nay, Goodvile, pr'ythee now, as I hope to live.

*Enter MALAGENE.*

*Good.* Away with 'em—

*[Exeunt with Cap. and Saunt.]*

Now for Malagene—Oh, here he comes, madam, who

will refresh your memory: speak, sir, as you tender life and limb, whom did you see together in the garden last night?

*Mal.* Ha!—nobody.

*Good.* Were not Truman and my wife there to your knowledge, privately?

*Mal.* Ha, ha, ha!—Child! no.

*Good.* Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whispering in the grotto together?

*Mal.* No.

*Good.* Hell and devils! this fellow has been tampered withal, and instructed to abuse me. This is all contrivance, a studied scene to fool me of my reason.

*Enter Footmen.*

Here, take him hence, and harness him with the other two, till he confess the truth.

*Mrs. Good.* He shall not go; touch him who dares. Must people then be forced and tortured to accuse me falsely? Ah, Mr. Goodvile, how have I deserved this at your hands? Let not my good name be ravished from me: if you have resolved to break my heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out of pain—

[*Mal. runs away.*]

*Good.* Nay, madam, here is that shall yet convince—see here a letter from your lover, left for you in a private corner; hear me read it; and if you have modesty enough left, blush.

(*Reads.*) “If Goodvile goes out of town this morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my heart: for you do not know how much I love you yet. Truman.”

*Mrs. Good.* Death and destruction! It was all my own contrivance: maddened with your jealousy, I sought all ways to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own hand, and left it in a place where you might be sure to find it. To convince you farther, see here a caution sent me just before by one whom you have trusted and

loved too much for my quiet: peruse it, and when you have done, consider how you have used me, and how I have deserved it. Oh! [Gives Victoria's letter.

*Good.* (*Reads.*) "Journey out of town—is a pretence—return and surprize—believe by this discovery—your servant, Victoria."

Victoria, has she betrayed me? nay, then I pronounce there is no trust nor faith in the sex. By heaven, in every condition they are jilts; all false, from the bawd to the babe.

*Mrs. Good.* Now, sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this minute never expect I'll see your face again: no, I'll leave you to be happy at your own choice. Love where you please, and be as free as if I ne'er had had relation to you. I shall take care to trouble you no more, but wish you may be happier than ever yet I made you.

*Good.* Stay, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* No, sir, I'll be gone! I will not stay a moment longer; inhuman, cruel, false traitor! Wert thou now languishing on thy knees, prostrate at my feet, ready to grow mad with thy own guilt, I would not stop, nor turn my face to save thee from despair.

*Good.* You shall.

*Mrs. Good.* For what?

*Good.* To let the world see how much a fool I can be. Art thou innocent?

*Mrs. Good.* By my love I am; I never wronged you; but you have undone me, ruined my fame and quiet. What mouth will not be full of my dishonour? Henceforth let all my sex remember me, when they'd upbraid mankind for baseness. Oh that I could dissemble longer with you, that I might to your torment persuade you still all your jealousies were just, and I as infamous as you are cruel. [Exit in a rage.

*Good.* Get thee in then, and talk to me no more; there's something in thy face will make a fool of me; and there's a devil in this business which yet I cannot discover. Truman, if thou hast enjoyed her, I beg thee

keep it close, and, if it be possible, let us yet be friends.

*Tru.* 'Tis not my fault if we be foes.

*Good.* But now to my fools; bring 'em forth, and let us see how their new equipage becomes 'em. Oh dear, Valentine, how does the fair Camilla?

*Val.* Faith, sir, she and I have been despatching a trifling affair this morning, commonly called matrimony.

*Good.* Married! nay then there is some comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the snare.—Valentine! look to her; keep her as secret as thou wouldst a murder, hadst thou committed one: trust her not with thy dearest friend; she has beauty enough to corrupt him.

*Enter CAPER and SAUNTER, their hands tied behind them, Fools' Caps on their heads; CAPER with one leg tied up, and SAUNTER gagged.*

See here these rogues, how like themselves they look. Now, you paltry vermin, you rats, that run squeaking from house to house up and down the town, that no man can eat his bread in quiet for you; take warning of what you feel, and come not near these doors again, on peril of hanging. Here, discharge them of their punishment, and see 'em forth the gates.

*Enter Lady SQUEAMISH, Sir NOBLE CLUMSEY, and VICTORIA.*

*Lady Squ.* Oh, gallants, your humble servant. Dear Mr. Goodvile, be pleased to give my kinsman, sir Noble, joy: he has done himself the honour to marry your cousin Victoria, whom now I must be proud to call my relation, since she has accepted of the title of my lady Clumsey.

*Clum.* Ay, sir, I am married; and will be drunk again too before night, as simply as I stand here.

**Good.** Sir Noble married to Victoria too! nay then  
in spite of misfortunes—

This day shall be a day of jubilee.

**But first,**

Good people all that my sad fortune see,  
I beg you to take warning here by me;  
Marriage and hanging go by destiny.  
Especially you gay young married blades,  
Beware, and keep your wives from balls and masquerades.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

## EPILOGUE.

---

WELL, sirs, if now my spouse and I should part,  
To which kind critic shall I give my heart?  
Stay, let me look, not one in all the place  
But has a scurvy, froward, damning face.  
Have you resolv'd then on the poet's fall?  
Go, ye ill-natur'd, ugly devils all.  
The married sparks I know this play will curse  
For the wife's sake; but some of 'em have worse.  
Poets themselves their own ill-luck have wrought,  
You ne'er had learnt, had not their quarrels taught.  
But, as in the disturbance of a state,  
Each factious maggot thinks of growing great:  
So when the poets first had jarring fits,  
You all set up for critics and for wits:  
Then straight there came, which cost you mothers' pains,  
Songs and lampoons in litters from your brains:  
Libels, like spurious brats, ran up and down,  
Which their dull parents were asham'd to own;  
But vented 'em in others' names, like whores  
That lay their bastards down at honest doors.  
For shame, leave off this higgling way of wit,  
Railing abroad, and roaring in the pit;  
Let poets live in peace, in quiet write,  
Else may they all to punish you unite;  
Join in one force to study to abuse ye,  
And teach your wives and misses how to use ye!





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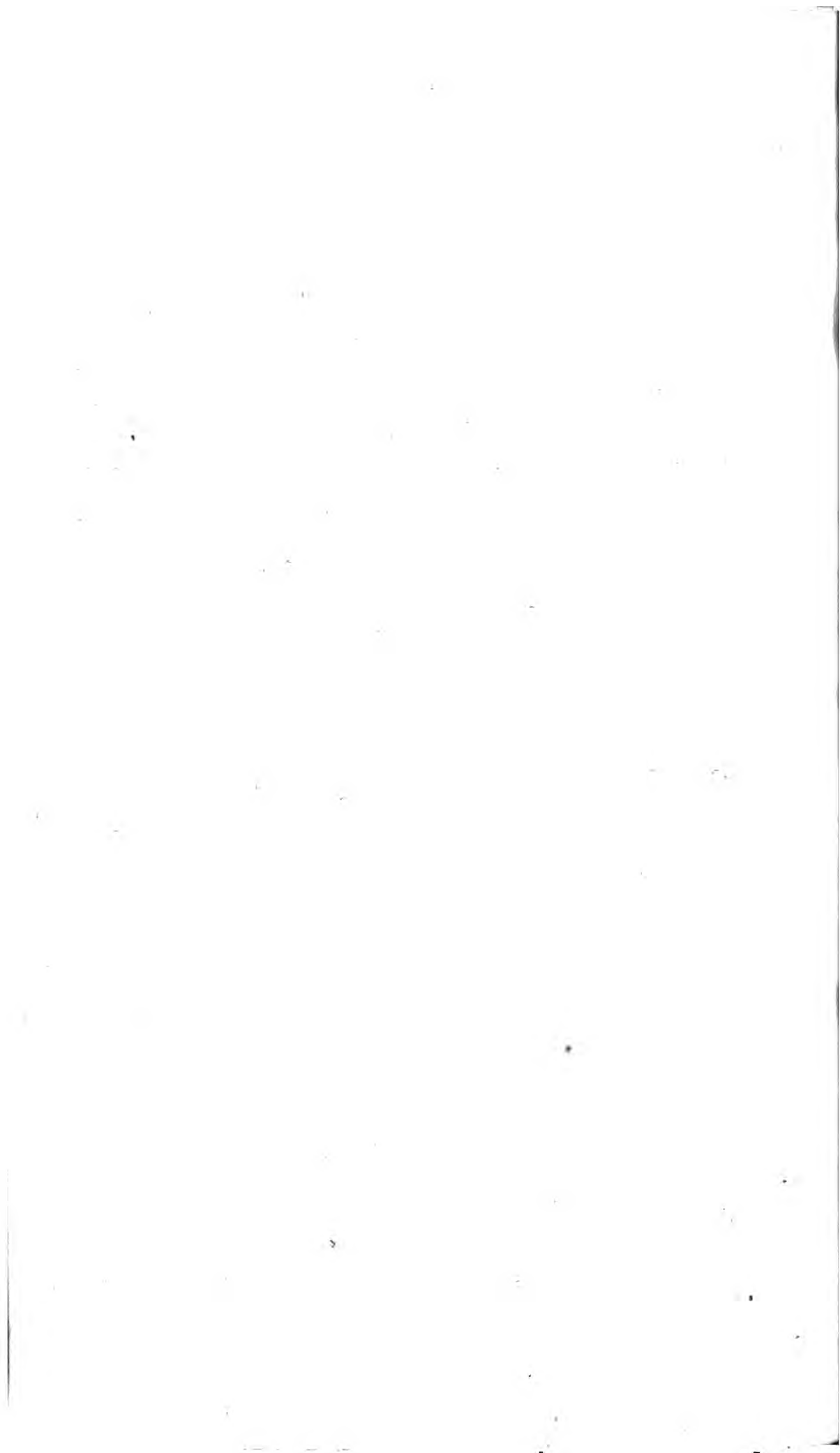
THE  
HISTORY AND FALL  
OF  
CAIUS MARIUS.  
A TRAGEDY.

---

*Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.*

OVID. METAM. LIB. 2.

---



## CAIUS MARIUS.

---

AT the time when this tragedy appeared, the nation was divided into factions by opposite opinions, both religious and political. This disposition was continually inflamed and aggravated, for insidious and interested purposes, by several of the leaders on both sides, who were equally notorious for profligacy and ambition; till the popular enthusiasm spread into every corner of the kingdom, and invaded even the peaceful retreat of the muses. Most of the literary productions of that period are replete with the intolerant spirit of party, and some of the most excellent have no other than a political object. Otway, who was as much distinguished for his loyalty, and his steady adherence to the Duke of York in the midst of his persecutions, as for his misfortunes, was not likely to abstain from a conduct so successfully practised by his contemporaries. Accordingly, most of his tragedies, and this in particular, abound with allusions to political occurrences, and exhibit, without disguise, his individual sentiments. The convulsions which Rome experienced during the alternate predominancy of the parties of Marius and Sylla, and the miseries entailed upon the empire by their contentions, were adapted, without difficulty, to the circumstances of the times; and

pointed out the dangers which threatened the nation from the frenzy of popular triumph, and the intrigues of deceitful patriots.

The greater part of this tragedy has been transferred from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet;" namely, the characters of Marius junior, Lavinia, Sulpitius, and the Nurse: so that there will be little left from which Otway can derive any considerable merit as the author. He has displayed some judgment in the selection of the borrowed passages, and the due adjustment of them to his own design, as may be seen by comparing the two plays; to facilitate which, references to the principal passages are inserted among the notes. The diction of Shakespeare has been polished and improved without losing the spirit of his meaning: and some of Otway's emendations of the text have been even adopted by the editors of our great dramatic poet. The character of Sulpitius is prolonged by Otway till the last scene; although Shakespeare confessed, according to Dryden, "That he was forced to *kill* Mercutio in the third act, to prevent being *killed by him*." The character of Caius Marius is drawn with force and accuracy, and in the genuine style of Shakespeare.

The play appears to have been rather a hasty composition; and if we are to understand literally the expressions in the Epilogue, was intended to supply him with the means of returning home from the Continent. It was represented in 1680; and was the first in which he relinquished rhyme: Dryden, it's great patron and advocate, having already set him the example.

TO THE  
LORD VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

MY LORD,

WHEN first it entered into my thoughts to make this present to your lordship, I received not only encouragement, but pleasure; since, upon due examination of myself, I found it was not a bare presumption, but my duty to the remembrance of many extraordinary favours which I have received at your hands.

For heretofore having had the honour to be near you, and bred under the same discipline with you, I cannot but own, that, in a great measure, I owe the small share of letters I have, to your lordship. For your lordship's example taught me to be ashamed of idleness; and I first grew in love with books, and learned to value them, by the wonderful progress which, even in your tender years, you made in them: so that learning and improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my eyes, as they shone in you.

Your lordship has an extraordinary reason to be a patron of poetry, for your great father loved it. May your lordship's fame and employments grow as great, or greater than his were! and may your virtues find a poet to record them, equal, if possible, to that great genius\* which sung of him!

My slender humble talent must not hope for it; for you have a judgment which I must always submit to, a general goodness which I never, to it's worth, can value: and who can praise that well, which he knows not how to comprehend?

\* Mr. Waller. O.

Already the eyes and expectations of men of the best judgment are fixed upon you: for wheresoever you come, you have their attention when present, and their praise when you are gone: and I am sure (if I obtain but your lordship's pardon) I shall have the congratulation of all my friends, for having taken this opportunity to express myself,

Your Lordship's

Most humble Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

## PROLOGUE.

In ages past, (when will those times renew?)  
When empires flourish'd, so did poets too.  
When great Augustus the world's empire held,  
Horace and Ovid's happy verse excell'd.  
Ovid's soft genius, and his tender arts  
Of moving nature, melted hardest hearts.  
It did th'imperial beauty, Julia, move  
To listen to the language of his love.  
Her father honour'd him; and on her breast,  
With ravish'd sense in her embraces prest,  
He lay transported, fancy-full, and blest.  
Horace's lofty genius boldlier rear'd  
His manly head, and thro' all nature steer'd;  
Her richest pleasures in his verse refin'd,  
And wrought 'em to the relish of the mind.  
He lash'd, with a true poet's fearless rage,  
The villanies and follies of the age.  
Therefore Mecænas, that great fav'rite, rais'd  
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.  
Our Shakespeare wrote too in an age as blest,  
The happiest poet of his time, and best;  
A gracious prince's favour cheer'd his muse,  
A constant favour he ne'er fear'd to lose.  
Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,  
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.  
And from the crop of his luxuriant pen  
E'er since succeeding poets humbly glean.  
Tho' much the most unworthy of the throng,  
Our this day's poet fears he's done him wrong.  
Like greedy beggars that steal sheaves away,  
You'll find he's rifled him of half a play.  
Amidst his baser dross you'll see it shine  
Most beautiful, amazing, and divine.  
To such low shifts, of late, are poets worn,  
Whilst we both wit's and Cæsar's absence mourn.  
Oh! when will he and poetry return!



When shall we there again behold him sit,  
 Midst shining boxes, and a courtly pit,  
 The lord of hearts, and president of wit?  
 When that blest day (quick may it come!) appears,  
 His cares once banish'd, and his nation's fears\*,  
 The joyful muses on their hills shall sing  
 Triumphant songs of Britain's happy king.  
 Plenty and peace shall flourish in our isle,  
 And all things like the English beauty smile.  
 You, critics, shall forget your nat'ral spite,  
 And poets with unbounded fancy write;  
 Ev'n this day's poet shall be alter'd quite:  
 His thoughts more loftily and freely flow;  
 And he himself, whilst you his verse allow,  
 As much transported as he's humble now.

\* The king had been attacked by an alarming illness.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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CAIUS MARIUS.  
SYLLA.  
MARIUS JUNIOR.  
GRANIUS.  
METELLUS.  
QUINTUS POMPEIUS.  
CINNA.  
SULPITIUS.  
ANCHARIUS, *a Senator.*  
PRIEST.  
APOTHECARY.  
Q. POMPEIUS'S SON.  
*Guards, Lictors, Ruffians, &c.*

LAVINIA.  
NURSE.  
MARTHA, *a Prophetess.*

THE  
HISTORY AND FALL  
OF  
CAIUS MARIUS.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.

[*Within.* Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! Marius and Sulpitius! Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! &c.]

*Enter* METELLUS, ANTONIUS, CINNA, *and* Senators.

*Met.* When will the tut'lar gods of Rome awake,  
To fix the order of our wayward state,  
That we may once more know each other; know  
Th' extent of laws, prerogatives, and dues;  
The bounds of rules and magistracy; who  
Ought first to govern, and who must obey?  
It was not thus when god-like Scipio held  
The scale of pow'r; he, who with temp'rate poise  
Knew how to guide the people's liberty  
In it's full bounds, nor did the nobles wrong,  
For he himself was one—

*Cin.* He was indeed  
A noble born; and still in Rome there are  
Most worthy patrons of her ancient honour;  
Such as are fit to fill the seat of pow'r,  
And awe this riotous unruly rabble,

That bear down all authority before them,  
Were we not sold to ruin.

*Met.* Cinna, there

Thou'st hit my mark: we are to ruin sold;  
In all things sold; voices are sold in Rome:  
And yet we boast of liberty. Just gods!  
That guardians of an empire should be chosen  
By the lewd noise of a licentious rout!  
The sturdiest drinker makes the ablest statesman.

*Ant.* Would it not anger any true-born Roman,  
To see the giddy multitude together,  
Never consulting who 'tis best deserves,  
But who feasts highest, to obtain their suffrage?  
As 'tis not many years since two great men  
In Rome stood equal candidates together,  
For high command: in ev'ry house was riot.  
To-day the drunken rabble reel'd to one;  
To-morrow they were mad again for t'other;  
Changing their voices with their entertainment:  
And none could guess on whom the choice would settle;  
Till at the last a stratagem was thought of:  
A mighty vessel of Falernian wine  
Was brought into the forum, crown'd with wreaths  
Of ivy, sacred to the jolly god.  
The monster-people roar'd aloud for joy:  
When straight the candidate himself appears  
In pomp, to grace the present he had made them.  
The fools all gap'd. Then when a-while he had  
With a smooth tale tickled their asses' ears,  
He at both ends tapp'd his butt, and got the consulship.

*Cin.* This curse we owe to Marius's pride,  
That made him first most basely bribe the people  
For consul in the war against Jugurtha:  
Where he went out, Metellus, your lieutenant;  
And how the kindness was return'd, all know.  
I never lov'd his rough untoward nature,  
And wonder such a weed got growth in Rome.

*Met.* What says my Cinna?

*Cin.* That I like not Marius,  
Nor love him—

*Met.* There Rome's better genius spoke.  
Let us consult and weigh this subject well.  
O Romans, he's the thorn that galls us all.  
Our harass'd state is crippled with the weight  
Of his ambition : we're not safe in Marius.  
Do I not know his rise, his low beginning,  
From what a wretched despicable root  
His greatness grew? Gods! that a peasant's brat,  
Born in the outmost cottages of Arpos,  
And foster'd in a corner, should by bribes,  
By cov'tousness, and all the hateful means  
Of working pride, advance his little fate  
So high, to vaunt it o'er the lords of Rome!

*Ant.* Ambition raging like a dæmon in him,  
Distorts him to all forms she'as need to use :  
In his first start of fortune, oh how vile  
Were his endeavours and submissions then!  
When suing to be chosen first Edilis,  
He was by gen'ral vote repuls'd, yet bore it ;  
And in the same day shamefully return'd,  
T'obtain the second office of that name.  
Equal was his success, denied in both :  
Yet could he condescend at last to ask  
The prætorship, and but with bribes got that.  
Yet this is he that has disturb'd the world,  
Rome's idol, and the darling of her wishes.

*Met.* I must confess it burthens much my age,  
To see the man I hate thus ride my country :  
For, Romans, I have mighty cause to hate him.  
I was the first (and I am well rewarded)  
That lent my hand to raise his feeble state.  
When first I made him tribune by my voice,  
I thought there might be something in his nature  
That promis'd well. His parents were most honest,  
And serv'd my father justly in their trust.  
Then, as his fortunes grew, when I was consul,

And went against Jugurtha into Afric,  
 I took him with me, one of my lieutenants.  
 'Twas there his pride first shew'd itself in actions,  
 Oppress'd my friends, and robb'd me of my honour.

*Cin.* The story's famous. Base ingratitude,  
 Dissimulation, cruelty, and pride,  
 Ill-manners, ignorance, and all the ills  
 Of one base-born, in Marius are join'd.

*Met.* Ev'n age can't heal the rage of his ambition.  
 Six times the consul's office has he borne:  
 How well, our present discords best declare.  
 Yet now again, when time has worn him low,  
 Consum'd with age, and by diseases prest,  
 He courts the people to be once more chosen  
 To lead the war against king Mithridates.

*Ant.* For this each day he rises with the sun,  
 And in the field of Mars appears in arms,  
 Excelling all our youth in warlike exercise:  
 He rides and tilts, and when the prize he's won,  
 He brings it back with triumph into Rome,  
 And there presents it to the sordid rabble;  
 Who shout to heav'n, and cry, let Marius live!

*Met.* He shall not have it, by the gods he shall not.  
 There is a Roman, noble, just, and valiant,  
 Sylla's his name, sprung from the ancient stock  
 Of the Cornelii, bred from's youth in war,  
 Flush'd with success, and of a spirit bold,  
 And, more than all, hates Marius; still has crost  
 His pride, and clouded ev'n his brightest triumphs:  
 He's consul now. Then let us all resolve,  
 And fix on him, to check this havocker,  
 That with his kennel of the rabble hunts  
 Our senate into holes, and frights our laws.

*Cin.* Agreed for Sylla.

*All.* All for Sylla.

*Met.* Nay,

This monster Marius, who has us'd me thus,  
 Ev'n now would wed his family with mine,  
 And asks my daughter for his hated offspring.

But, for my wrongs, Lavinia shall be Sylla's ;  
 My eldest born, and best of all my fortune,  
 I will confer on him, to crush the pride  
 Of this base-born, hot-brain'd, plebeian tyrant.

*Ant.* Now Rome's last stake of liberty is set,  
 And must be push'd for to the teeth of fortune.

*Cin.* Then Caius Marius shall not have the consul-  
 ship.

*Met.* No, I would rather be Sulpitius' slave,  
 That furious, headlong libertine, Sulpitius ;  
 That mad wild bull, whom Marius lets loose  
 On each occasion when he'd make Rome feel him,  
 To toss our laws and liberties i'th' air.

*Ant.* That lawless tribune then must be reduc'd,  
 Unhing'd from off the pow'r that holds him up ;  
 His band of full six hundred Roman knights,  
 All in their youth, and pamper'd high with riot,  
 Which he his guard against the senate calls ;  
 Tall, wild young men, and fit for glorious mischiefs.

*Met.* Fear nothing ; let but Sylla once have pow'r,  
 And then see how like day he'll break upon them,  
 And scatter all those goblins of the night,  
 Confusion's night ; where in the dark disorders  
 Of a divided state, men know not where  
 Or how to walk, for fear they lose their way,  
 And stumble upon ruin. Mark the race  
 Of Sylla's life ; observe but what has past,  
 How still he's borne a face against this Marius,  
 And kept an equal stretch with him for glory.

*Cin.* He's in the capitol an image set  
 Of gold, in honour of his own atchievement ;  
 Wherein's describ'd how the Numidian king  
 Gave up Jugurtha prisoner to Sylla,  
 And all in spite of Marius. Oh now,  
 If you are truly Roman nobles, wake,  
 Resume your rights, and keep your Sylla consul.  
 Courage, nobility, and innate honour,  
 Justice unbiass'd, the true Roman spirit,  
 Presence of mind, and resolute performance,  
 Meet all in Sylla.



*Met.* Let's all agree for Sylla.

*All.* All for Sylla.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MARIUS Senior, MARIUS Junior, and GRAN-  
NIUS.

*Mar. sen.* There Rome's dæmons go,  
Like witches in ill weather; in this storm  
And tempest of the state, they meet in corners,  
And urge destruction higher: for this end  
They've rais'd their imp, their dear familiar, Sylla,  
To cross my way, and stop my tide of glory.  
If I am Caius Marius, if I'm he  
That brought Jugurtha chain'd in triumph hither;  
If I am he that led Rome's armies out,  
Spent all my years in toil and cruel war;  
Chill'd my warm youth in cold and winter camps,  
Till I brought settled peace and plenty home;  
Made her the court and envy of the world;  
Why does she use me thus?

*Mar. jun.* Because she's rul'd  
By lazy drones that feed on others' labours,  
And fatten with the fruits they never toil'd for;  
Old gouty senators of crude minds and brains,  
That always are fermenting mischief up,  
And style their private malice public safety—

*Gran.* One discontented villain leads a state  
To madness. There's that bell-wether of mutiny  
And damn'd sedition, Cinna, of a life  
And manners sordid; one whose gain's his God;  
And to that cursed end he'd sacrifice  
His country's honour, liberty, or peace:  
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very gods.

*Mar. sen.* He's taken Rome ev'n in the nicest minute,  
And easily debauch'd her to his ends,  
When she was over-cloy'd with happiness,  
Wantonly full, and longing after change.  
For Sylla too, a boy, a woman's play-thing,  
She has relinquish'd me, and flouts my age.  
Constant ill-fortune wait upon her for't,

And wreck her fate as low as first I found it,  
 When it lay trembling like a hunted prey,  
 And hungry ruin had it in the wind;  
 When barb'rous nations, of a race unknown,  
 From undiscover'd northern regions came,  
 To lay her waste, and sweep her from the earth;  
 Till I, I Marius rose, the soul of all  
 The hope she'd left, and, with unwearied toil,  
 Dangers each hour, and never-sleeping care,  
 (A burthen for a god) oppos'd myself  
 'Twixt her and desolation; gorg'd the maw  
 Of death with slaughter'd numbers of her foes,  
 Restor'd her peace, and made her name renown'd.

*Mar. jun.* The glory of that war must be remember'd,  
 When Rome, like her old mother Troy, shall lie  
 In ashes—full three hundred thousand men,  
 All sons of fortune, born and bred in fields,  
 Whose trade was war, and camps their habitation,  
 Hung like a swarm of mischiefs on the hills  
 Of Italy, and threaten'd fate to Europe.

*Gran.* They came in tribes, as if to take possession,  
 And seem'd a people whom the hand of fate  
 Had scourg'd by famine from a barren land;  
 Of visage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd  
 By bitter frosts and winter winds; yet fierce  
 As hungry lions of the desart.  
 Their wives with loads of children at their backs,  
 Bold manly hags, whom shame had long forsook,  
 And vagrant living had inur'd to ill,  
 Follow'd in troops like furies.

*Mar. jun.* And all was done too when that dolt Metellus  
 Shrank like a worm, and Sylla scarce was heard of.

*Mar. sen.* That curst Metellus still has been my plague,  
 And ever done me most delib'rate wrong;  
 Because, like a tame hawk, I scorn'd to fly  
 Just at his quarries, and attend his lure.  
 Because I grew too great for him in wars,  
 And serv'd his country well, he hates me. Twice  
 Have I already offer'd him alliance,  
 And ask'd Lavinia, Marius, for thy bed.

Beggary catch me when again I court him!  
 Why sigh'st thou, boy? still at th' unlucky name  
 Of that Lavinia, I've observ'd thee thus  
 With thy looks fix'd, as if thy fate had seiz'd thee.

*Mar. jun.* Why did you name Lavinia? would she'd  
 ne'er

Been born, or that Metellus had not got her.

*Mar. sen.* Forget her, Marius; she's a dainty bit,  
 A delicate, for none but Sylla's taste;  
 The fav'rite Sylla, th' idol that's set up  
 To blast thy hopes, and cloud thy father's glories:  
 Consider that, my Marius, and forget her.

*Mar. jun.* Forget her! Oh! she's beauty might en-  
 snare

A conqu'ror's soul, and make him leave his crowns  
 At random to be scuffled for by slaves.  
 Forget her! oh! teach me (great parent) teach me;  
 Read me each day a lecture of the wrongs  
 Done you by that inglorious patrician,  
 Till my heart know no longings but revenge,  
 And quite forget Lavinia e'er dwelt there.  
 Methinks 'twould not be hard, ev'n midst the senate,  
 To strike this thro' him in his consul's chair,  
 Tumble him thence, and mount it in his stead.

*Mar. sen.* Oh! name not him and consulship together.  
 Sylla and Consul! set them far apart  
 As east from west, for as they now are met,  
 It bodes confusion, Rome, to thee and thine.

*Gran.* I'd rather see Rome but one fun'ral pile,  
 And all her people quitting her like bees,  
 Driven by sulphur from their hives;  
 Much rather see her senators in chains  
 Dragg'd thro' the streets to death, and slaves made lords,  
 Than see that vain presumptuous upstart's pride  
 Succeed, to lead the armies you have bred.

*Mar. sen.* 'Tis such a wrong as even tortures thought,  
 That we who've been her champion forty years,  
 Fought all her battles with renown'd success,  
 And never lost her yet a man in vain,

Should, now her noblest fortune is at stake,  
 And Mithridates' sword is drawn, be thrown  
 Aside, like some old broken batter'd shield;  
 To see my laurels wither as I rust:  
 And all this manag'd by the cursed craft,  
 Petulant envy, and malignant spite,  
 Of that old, barking senate's dog, Metellus.  
 Strike me, just gods, with thunder to the earth,  
 Lay my gray hairs low in the cave of death,  
 Rather than live in mem'ry of such shame!

*Gran.* Perish Metellus first, and all his race!

*Mar. sen.* There spoke the soul of Marius. By the head  
 Of Jove,  
 I hate him worse than famine or diseases.  
 Perish his family, let invet'rate hate  
 Commence between our houses from this moiment;  
 And meeting, never let them bloodless part.  
 Go, Granius, bid Sulpitius straight be ready  
 To meet me with his guards upon the forum.  
 By all the gods, I'll chase the dæmon out,  
 That rages thus in Rome; or let her blood  
 To that degree, till she grow tame enough  
 To tremble at the rod of my revenge.  
 Why didst not thou applaud me for the thought;  
 Take me in thy arms, and cherish my old heart?  
 'T had been a lucky omen. Art thou dumb?

*Mar. jun.* As dumb as solemn sorrow ought to be.  
 Could my griefs speak, the tale would have no end.  
 Must I resolve to hate Metellus' race,  
 Yet know Lavinia took her being thence?  
 Lavinia! Oh! there's music in the name,  
 That, soft'ning me to infant tenderness,  
 Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life.

*Mar. sen.* Then thou art lost: if thou art man or  
 Roman,  
 If thou hast virtue in thee, or canst prize  
 Thy father's honour, scorn her like a slave.  
 Hell! love her? Damn her: there's Metellus in her.  
 In ev'ry line of her bewitching face

There's a resemblance tells whose brood she came of.  
 I'd rather see thee in a brothel trapt,  
 And basely wedded to a ruffian's whore,  
 Than thou should'st think to taint my gen'rous blood  
 With the base puddle of that o'er-fed gownman.  
 Lavinia!

*Mar. jun.* Yes, Lavinia: is she not  
 As harmless as the turtle of the woods?  
 Fair as the summer-beauty of the fields?  
 As op'ning flow'rs untainted yet with winds,  
 The pride of nature, and the joy of sense?  
 Why first did you bewitch me else to weakness?  
 When from the sacrifice we came together,  
 And as by her's our chariot drove along,  
 These were your words: that, Marius, that is she  
 That must give happiness to thee and Rome,  
 Confirming in thy arms my wish'd-for peace  
 With old Metellus, and break Sylla's heart.

*Mar. sen.* Then she was charming.

*Mar. jun.* Oh! I found her so.  
 I look'd and gaz'd, and never miss'd my heart,  
 It fled so pleasingly away. But now  
 My soul is all Lavinia's; now she's fix'd  
 Firm in my heart, by secret vows made there,  
 Th'indelible records of faithful love.  
 You'd have me hate her. Can my nature change?  
 Create me o'er again—and I may be  
 That haughty master of myself you'd have me;  
 But as I am, the slave of strong desires,  
 That keep me struggling under; tho' I see  
 The hopeless state of my unhappy love  
 With torment: like a stubborn slave that lies  
 Chain'd to the floor, stretch'd helpless on his back,  
 I look to liberty, and break my heart.

*Mar. sen.* Has she yet heard your love, or granted  
 her's?

*Mar. jun.* If eyes may speak the language of the  
 heart,  
 If tend'rest glances, sighs, and sudden blushes,

May be interpreted for love in one  
So young, so fair, and innocent as she,  
Our souls can ne'er be strangers—

*Mar. sen.* No more; I'll have Lavinia nam'd no more.  
When next thou nam'st her, let it be with infamy.  
Tell me, she'as whor'd, or fled her father's house  
With some coarse slave to a secret cell of lust,  
And then I'll bless thee.

*Mar. jun.* I shall obey. Gods, from your skies look  
down,  
And find like me one wretched, if you can.  
No, sir, I'll speak that hateful name no more,  
But be as curst as you can wish your son.

*Enter Sulpitius.*

*Mar. sen.* Oh, Sulpitius!  
Thou darling of my ambition, art thou come?  
What news?

*Sulp.* I've left a present at your house;  
The head of a Metellus, a gay, tall,  
Young thing, that was in time t' have been a lord,  
But he's but worms' meat now.

*Mar. sen.* My best Sulpitius,  
Thou always comfort'st me. See here a man,  
A stranger to my blood as well as fortune;  
But merely of his choice my honour's friend:  
What mighty things would he not do for me!  
Could'st thou, when honour call'd thee, whine for  
love?—

*Sulp.* How! my young son of war in love? with  
whom?

*Mar. jun.* A woman, sir.—I must not speak her  
name.

*Sulp.* If it be hopeless love, use gen'rous means,  
And lay a kinder beauty to the wound.  
Take in a new infection to the heart,  
And the rank poison of the old will die—

*Mar. jun.* A plantane-leaf is excellent for that\*.

*Sulp.* For what?

*Mar. jun.* For broken shins.

*Sulp.* Why, art thou mad?

*Mar. jun.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-  
man is;

Confin'd to limits, kept without my food,  
Whipt and tormented.—Pr'ythee do not wake me;  
Let me dream on—

*Sulp.* †Oh! the small queen of fairies  
Is busy in his brains; the Mab that comes  
Drawn by a little team of smallest atoms  
Over men's noses as they lie asleep,  
In chariot of an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by a joiner-squirrel: in which state  
She gallops night by night thro' lovers' brains;  
And then how wickedly they dream, all know.  
Sometimes she courses o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then he dreams of begging an estate;  
Sometimes she hurries o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats;  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, temper'd blades,  
Of good rich winter-quarters, and false musters:  
Sometimes she tweaks a poet by the ear,  
And then dreams he  
Of panegyrics, flatt'ring dedications,  
And mighty presents from the Lord knows who;  
But wakes as empty as he laid him down.  
She has been with Sylla too, and he dreams now  
Of nothing but a consulship!

*Mar. sen.* A rattle!

Give the fantastic giddy boy a rattle;  
The puling fondling should not want a play-thing.  
A consulship!

*Sulp.* By all the gods, he'll shake it.

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 1. sc. 2. See the remarks on this passage in Reed's edition of Shakespeare.

† "Rom. and Jul." act 1. sc. 4.

He has drawn a force from Capua here to Rome,  
As if he meant destruction or success :  
The rabble too are drunk with him already—

*Mar. sen.* Alarum all our citizens to arms  
That are my friends: draw you your guards together,  
And take possession of the Forum. Thou,  
Inglorious boy, behold my face no more,  
Till thou'st done something worthy of my name.

*Mar. jun.* First perish Rome, and all I hold most  
dear,  
Rather than let me feel my father's hate.—

*Mar. sen.* Why, that's well said—

*Sulp.* My troops are all together,  
All ready on the Forum: but the heav'ns  
Play tricks with us. Our ensigns, as they stood  
Display'd before our troops, took fire untouch'd,  
And burnt to tinder.

Three ravens brought their young ones in the streets,  
Devouring them before the people's eyes ;  
Then bore the garbage back into their nests.  
A noise of trumpets rattling in the air  
Was heard, and dreadful cries of dying men.

*Mar. sen.* It was the Roman genius, that thus warns  
Me, her old friend, not to let slip my fate.  
Ambition! Oh, ambition! if I've done  
For thee things great and well—shall fortune now  
Forsake me?

Hark thee, Sulpitius, if it come to blows,  
Let not a hair of that Metellus 'scape thee,  
Who'd strip my age of it's most dear-bought honours.  
Else why have I thus bustled in the world,  
Thro' various and uncertain fortune hurl'd,  
But to be great, unequall'd, and alone?  
Which only he can be who still spurs on,  
As swift at last as when he first begun. }  
[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT II.

## SCENE I\*.

*Enter METELLUS and Nurse.*

*Met.* I cannot rest to-night : ill-boding thoughts  
Have chas'd soft sleep from my unsettled brains.  
This seems Lavinia's chamber, and she up.  
Rest too to-night has been a stranger here.  
Lavinia ! my daughter, ho ! Where art thou ?

*Nurse.* Now by my maidenhead (at twelve years old  
I had one)  
Come ; what, lamb ! what, lady-bird ! gods forbid !  
Where's this girl Lavinia ?

*Enter LAVINIA.*

*Lav.* How now, who calls ?

*Nurse.* Your father, child.

*Lav.* I'm here. Your lordship's pleasure ?

*Met.* Why up at this unlucky time of night,  
When nought but loathsome vermin are abroad,  
Or witches gath'ring pois'nous herbs for spells,  
By the pale light of the cold waning moon ?

*Lav.* Alas ! I could not sleep : in a sad dream  
Methought I saw one standing by my bed,  
To warn me I should have a care of sleep ;  
For 'twould be baneful —

*Met.* Dreams give children fears.

*Lav.* At which I rose from my uneasy pillows,  
And to my closet went, to pray the gods  
T'avert th' unlucky omen.

*Met.* 'Twas well done.

Nurse, give us leave a-while : I must impart  
Something to my Lavinia. Yet stay,  
And hear it too. Thou know'st Lavinia's age.

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 1. sc. 3.

*Nurse.* Faith I know her age to an hour.

*Met.* She's bare sixteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay sixteen of my teeth of it; and yet, no disparagement, I have but six; she's not sixteen. How long is't now since Marius triumphed last?

*Met.* No matter, woman; what is that to thee?

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year, since Marius entered Rome in triumph, 'tis now even thirteen years. Young Marius then too was but a boy. My Lais and she were both of an age. Well, Lais is in happiness; she was too good for me. But, as I was saying, a month hence she'll be sixteen. 'Tis since Marius triumphed now full thirteen years, and then she was weaned. Sure I shall never forget it of all days—upon that day (for I had then laid wormwood to my breast, sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall) my lady and you were at the show. Nay, I do bear a brain! But, as I said before, when it did taste the wormwood on my nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty fool! to see it reachy and fall out with the nipple. Shout! quo' the people in the streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And since that time it is thirteen years; and then she could stand alone; nay, she could run and waddle all about: for just the day before, she broke her forehead, and then my husband (peace be with him! he was a merry man) took up the baggage. Ay, quo' he, dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; wilt thou not, Vinny? And, by my fackins, the pretty chit left crying, and said, Ay—I warrant an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it. Wilt thou not, Vinny? quo' he; and, pretty fool, it stopt, and said, Ay.

*Met.* Enough of this; stop thy impertinent chat.

*Nurse.* Yes, my lord: yet I cannot choose but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay—and yet in sadness it had a bump on it's brow as big as a cockril's stone; a parlous knock! and it cried bitterly. Ay, quo' my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall back-

ward when thou com'st to age, wilt thou not, Viunny?  
Look you now, it stinted, and said, Ay—

*Met.* Intolerable trifling gossip, peace!

*Nurse.* Well; thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed. Might I but live to see thee married once, I should be happy.—It stinted, and said Ay—

*Met.* What think you then of marriage, my Lavinia? It was the subject that I came to treat of.

*Lav.* It is a thing I have not dreamt of yet.

*Nurse.* Thing! the thing of marriage? were I not thy nurse, I would swear thou hadst sucked thy wisdom from thy teat. The thing?

*Met.* Think of it now then; for I come to make Proposals may be worthy of your wishes. They are for Sylla, the young, the gay, the handsome, Noble in birth and mind, the valiant Sylla.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady, lady, such a man As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

*Met.* Consider, child, my hopes are all in thee;  
And now old age gains ground so fast upon me,  
'Mongst all it's sad infirmities, my fears  
For thee are not the smallest.  
Therefore I've made alliance with this Sylla,  
A high-born lord, and of the noblest hopes  
That Rome can boast, to give thee to his arms;  
So in the winter of my age to find  
Rest from all worldly cares, and kind rejoicing  
In the warm sunshine of thy happiness.

*Lav.* If happiness be seated in content,  
Or that my being blest can make you so,  
Let me implore it on my knees. I am  
Your only child; and still, thro' all the course  
Of my past life, have been obedient too:  
And as you've ever been a loving parent,  
And bred me up with watchful, tend'rest care,  
Which never cost me hitherto a tear,  
Name not that Sylla any more; indeed  
I cannot love him.

*Met.* Why?

*Lav.* Indeed I cannot.

*Met.* Oh early disobedience! By the gods,  
Debauch'd already to her sex's folly,  
Perverseness, and untoward headstrong will!

*Lav.* Think me not so; I gladly shall submit  
To any thing; nay, must submit to all:  
Yet think a little, or you sell my peace.  
The rites of marriage are of mighty moment:  
And should you violate a thing so sacred  
Into a lawful rape, and load my soul  
With hateful bonds, which never can grow easy,  
How miserable am I like to be!

*Met.* Has then some other taken up your heart,  
And banish'd duty as an exile thence?  
What sensual lewd companion of the night  
Have you been holding conversation with,  
From open windows at a midnight hour,  
When your loose wishes would not let you sleep?

*Lav.* If I should love, is that a fault in one  
So young as I? I cannot guess the cause,  
But when you first nam'd Sylla for my love,  
My heart shrunk back, as if you'd done it wrong;  
If I did love, I'll tell you—if I durst.  
Oh Marius!

*Met.* Hah!

*Lav.* 'Twas Marius, sir, I nam'd;  
That enemy to you, and all your house.  
'Twas an unlucky omen that the first  
Demanded me in marriage for his son.  
Yet, sir, believe me, I as soon could wed  
That Marius, whom I've cause to hate, as Sylla.

*Met.* \*No more; by all the gods, 'twill make me mad.  
That daily, nightly, hourly, ev'ry way,  
My care has been to make thy fortune high;  
And having now provided thee a lord,

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 3. sc. 5.

Of noblest parentage, of fair demesnes,  
 Early in fame, youthful, and well allied,  
 In ev'ry thing as thought could wish a man,  
 To have at last a wretched, puling fool,  
 A whining suckling, ign'rant of her good,  
 To answer, *I'll not wed, I cannot love!*  
 If thou art mine, resolve upon compliance,  
 Or think no more to rest beneath my roofs.  
 Go, try thy risk in fortune's barren field,  
 Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of me,  
 Till thy obedience welcome thy return.

*Lav.* Will you then quite cast off your poor Lavinia,  
 And turn me like a vagrant out of doors,  
 To wander up and down the streets of Rome,  
 And beg my bread with sorrow? Can I bear  
 The proud and hard revilings of a slave,  
 Fat with his master's plenty, when I ask  
 A little pity for my pinching wants?  
 Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy night,  
 To seek a shelter under dropping eaves,  
 A porch my bed, a threshold for my pillow,  
 Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of warmth and food,  
 Swell'd with my sighs, and almost choak'd with tears?  
 Must I, at the uncharitable gates  
 Of proud great men, implore relief in vain?  
 Must I, your poor Lavinia, bear all this,  
 Because I am not mistress of my heart,  
 Or cannot love-according to your liking?

*Met.* Art thou not mistress of thy heart then?

*Lav.* No;

'Tis giv'n away.

*Met.* To whom?

*Lav.* I dare not tell,

But I'll endeavour strongly to forget him,  
 If you'll forget but Sylla.

*Met.* Thou dost well.

Conceal his name, if thou'dst preserve his life;  
 For if there be a death in Rome that might

Be bought, it should not miss him. From this hour  
 Curst be thy purposes, most-curst thy love.  
 And if thou marriest, in thy wedding-night  
 May all the curses of an injur'd parent  
 Fall thick, and blast the blessings of thy bed.

*Lav.* What have you done? Alas! sir, as you spoke,  
 Methought the fury of your words took place,  
 And struck my heart like lightning, dead within me.  
 Gone too?— [Exit Metellus.

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
 Alas! that ever heav'n should practise stratagems  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, Nurse, in this extremity.

*Nurse.* Marry, and there's but need on't: Od's my  
 life, this dad of our's was an arrant wag in his young  
 days for all this. Well, and what then? Marius is  
 a man, and so's Sylla. Oh! but Marius's lip! and  
 then Sylla's nose and forehead! But then Marius's eye  
 again, how 'twill sparkle, and twinkle, and rowl, and  
 sleer! But to see Sylla a horseback! But to see Marius  
 walk or dance\*! such a leg, such a foot, such a shape,  
 such a motion! Ah, a—well, Marius is the man, must  
 be the man, and shall be the man.

*Lav.* He's by his father's nature rough and fierce,  
 And knows not yet the follies of my love:  
 And when he does, perhaps may scorn and hate me.

*Nurse.* Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred  
 fellow: he's not the flower of courtesy; but I'll war-  
 rant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, child,  
 serve God. What! a father's an old man; and old  
 men, they say, will take care. But a young man!  
 girl, ah! a young man! there's a great deal in a young  
 man; and thou shalt have a young man. What! I

\* Dancing was not admitted among the fashionable accom-  
 plishments of the Romans.

have been thy nurse these sixteen years, and I should know what's good for thee, surely. Oh! Ay—a young man!

*Lav.* Now pr'ythee leave me to myself a-while.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

'Tis hardly yet within two hours of day.

Sad nights seem long—I'll down into the garden.

The queen of night

Shines fair with all her virgin stars about her.

Not one amongst them all a friend to me:

Yet by their light a-while I'll guide my steps,

And think what course my wretched state must take.

Oh, Marius!

[*Exit Lavinia.*]

SCENE II\*.—*A walled Garden belonging to Metellus's House.*

*Enter MARIUS Junior.*

*Mar. jun.* How vainly have I spent this idle night!

Ev'n wine can't heal the ragings of my love.

This sure should be the mansion of Lavinia;

For in such groves the deities first dwelt.

Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*Enters the garden.*]

*Enter GRANIUS and SULPITIUS.*

*Gra.* This way he went—Why, Marius! brother Marius!

*Sulp.* Perhaps he's wise, and gravely gone to bed.

There's not so weak a drunkard as a lover;

One bottle to his lady's health quite addles him.

*Gra.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall,<sup>h</sup>  
Call, good Sulpitius.

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 1. sc. 1.

*Sulp.* Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Marius! Humours! Passion! Madman! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh;  
Speak but one word, and I am satisfied.

He hears not, neither stirs he yet. Nay then,  
I conjure thee by bright Lavinia's eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiv'ring thigh,  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Gra.* Hold, good Sulpitius, this will anger him—

*Sulp.* This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his lady's arms,  
Till she had laid and charm'd it down again.

*Gra.* Let's go; he has hid himself among these trees,  
To dye his melancholic mind in night:  
Blind in his love, and best befits the dark.

*Sulp.* Pox o' this love, this litle scarecrow love,  
That frights fools, with his painted bow of lath,  
Out of their feeble sense.

*Gra.* Stop there—let's leave the subject and it's slave;  
Or burn Metellus' house about his ears.

*Sulp.* This morning Sylla means to enter Rome:  
Your father too demands the consulship.

Yet now, when he should think of cutting throats,  
Your brother's lost; lost in a maze of love,  
The idle truantry of callow boys.

I'd rather trust my fortunes with a daw,  
That hops at ev'ry butterfly he sees,

Than have to do in honour with a man,  
That sells his virtue for a woman's smiles. [Exeunt.

*Enter MARIUS Junior, in the Garden\*.*

*Mar. jun.* He laughs at wounds, that never felt their  
smart.

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 1. sc. 2.





I know not how to tell thee who I am.  
My name, dear creature, 's hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee.

*Lav.* Marius? how cam'st thou hither? tell; and  
why?

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,  
And the place death, consid'ring who thou art,  
If any of our family here find thee.  
By whose directions didst thou find this place?

*Mar. jun.* By love, that first did prompt me to en-  
quire,

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far  
As the vast shore wash'd by the farther sea,  
I'd hazard ruin for a prize so dear—

*Lav.* Oh Marius! vain are all such hopes and wishes,  
The hand of heav'n has thrown a bar between us;  
Our houses' hatred, and the fate of Rome,  
Where none but Sylla must be happy now.  
All bring him sacrifices of some sort,  
And I must be a victim to his bed.  
To-night my father broke the dreadful news;  
And when I urg'd him for the right of love,  
He threaten'd me to banish me his house,  
Naked and shiftless to the world. Would'st thou,  
Marius, receive a beggar to thy bosom?

*Mar. jun.* Oh! were my joys but fixt upon that  
point,

I'd then shake hands with fortune, and be friends;  
Thus grasp my happiness, embrace it thus,  
And bless th'ill turn that gave thee to my arms.

*Lav.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else should I blush for what thou'st heard me speak.  
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny  
The things I've said: but farewell all such follies!  
Dost thou then love? I know thou'lt say thou dost!  
And I must take thy word, tho' thou prove false.

*Mar. jun.* By yon bright Cynthia's beams that shine  
above!

*Lav.* Oh! swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon,  
That changes monthly, and shines but by seasons,  
Lest that thy love prove variable too.

*Mar. jun.* What shall I swear by?

*Lav.* Do not swear at all.

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Who art the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Mar. jun.* Witness, all ye pow'rs!

*Lav.* Nay, do not swear: altho' my joy be great,  
I'm hardly satisfied with this night's contract:  
It seems too rash, too unadvis'd and sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say it is. Therefore this time  
Good-night, my Marius. May a happier hour  
Bring us to crown our wishes.

*Mar. jun.* Why, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Lav.* What would'st thou have?

*Mar. jun.* Th' exchange of love for mine.

*Lav.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;  
And yet I wish I could retrieve it back.

*Mar. jun.* Why?

*Lav.* But to be frank, and give it thee again;  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep: the more I give to thee,  
The more I have; for both are infinite.  
I hear a noise within. Farewell, my Marius;  
Or stay a little, and I'll come again\*.

*Mar. jun.* Stay! sure for ever.

*Lav.* Three words, and, Marius, then good-night in-  
deed.

If that thy love be honourably meant,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
And all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay.

*Nurse. (within)* Madam!

*Lav.* I come anon. But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee—

\* Here Juliet exit, and returns.

*Nurse. (within)* Madam! Madam!

*Lav.*—By-and-by, I come.—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefs.

To-morrow I will send —

[*Exit.*

*Mar. jun.* So thrive my soul. Is not all this a dream,  
Too lovely, sweet, and flatt'ring to be true?

*Re-enter LAVINIA.*

*Lav.* Hist, Marius, hist. Oh for a falc'ner's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again\*.

Restraint has fears, and may not speak aloud:

Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,

With repetition of my Marius—

*Mar. jun.* It is my love that calls me back again.

How sweetly lovers' voices sound by night!

Like softest music to attending ears.

*Lav.* Marius!

*Mar.* My dear!

*Lav.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Mar. jun.* At the hour of nine.

*Lav.* I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Mar. jun.* Let me here stay till thou remember'st why.

*Lav.* The morning's breaking; I would have thee gone;  
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,  
That lets it hop a little from her hand,  
To pull it by it's fetters back again.

*Mar. jun.* Would I were thine!

*Lav.* Indeed and so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee sure with too much cherishing.  
No more—good-night.

*Mar. jun.* There's such sweet pain in parting,  
That I could hang for ever on thy arms,  
And look away my life into thy eyes.

*Lav.* To-morrow will come.

\* See the notes on this passage in Reed's Shakespeare.

*Mar. jun.* So it will. Good-night.  
 Heav'n be thy guard, and all it's blessings wait thee—  
 [Exit Lavinia.]

To-morrow! 'tis no longer: but desires  
 Are swift, and longing love would lavish time.  
 To-morrow! oh to-morrow! till that come,  
 The tedious hours move heavily away,  
 And each long minute seems a lazy day.  
 Already light is mounted in the air,  
 Striking itself thro' ev'ry element.  
 Our party will by this time be abroad,  
 To try the fate of Marius and Rome.  
 Love and renown sure court me thus together;  
 Smile, smile, ye gods, and give success to both. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Forum.*

*Enter Four Citizens.*

*3 Cit.* Well, neighbours, now we are here, what must we do?

*1 Cit.* Why, you must give your vote for Caius Marius to be consul: and if any body speaks against you, knock 'em down.

*2 Cit.* The truth on't is, there's nothing like a civil government, where good subjects may have leave to knock brains out to maintain privileges.

*3 Cit.* Look you—but what's this Sylla? this Sylla? I've heard great talk of him—he's a damnable fighting fellow, they say; but hang him—he's a lord.

*1 Cit.* Ay, so he is, neighbours: and I know not why any one should be a lord more than another. I care not for a lord: what good do they do? nothing but run in our debts, and lie with our wives—

*4 Cit.* Why, there's a grievance now. I have three boys at home, no more mine than Rome's mine: they are all fair curled-hair cupids; and I'm an honest, black, tawny, kettle-faced fellow.—I'll ha' no lords.—

[Drums and trumpets.]

1 *Cit.* Hark! hark! drums and trumpets! drums and trumpets! they are coming. Be you sure you roar out for a Marius; and do as much mischief as you can.—

*Enter MARIUS Senior and his Sons; MARIUS borne upon the shoulders of two Roman Slaves; SULPITIUS at the head of the Guards.* [Trumpets.

*Sulp.* Hearken, ye men of Rome; I, I Sulpitius, Your tribune, and protector of your freedom, By virtue of that office, here have call'd you To choose a consul. Mithridates, king Of Pontus, has begun a war upon us, Invaded our allies, our edicts violated, And threatens Rome itself. Whom will you choose To lead you forth in this most glorious war? Marius or Sylla?

*All Cit.* A Marius! a Marius! a Marius!

*Mar. sen.* Countrymen, And fellow-citizens, my brethren all, Or, if it may be thought a dearer name, My sons, my children, glory of my age; I come not hither arm'd, to force your suffrage, As Sylla does to enter Rome with pow'r, As if he meant a triumph o'er his country; I have not made a party in the senate, To bring you into slavery, or load Your necks with the hard yoke of lordly pow'r. I am no noble, but a free-born man, A citizen of Rome, as all you are, A lover of your liberties and laws, Your rights and privileges. Witness here These wounds, which in your service I have got, And best plead for me—

*All Cit.* Marius! Marius! Marius! no Sylla! no Sylla! no Sylla!

*Sulp.* No more remains— Most noble consul, but that straight you mount The seat tribunal—lictors, bring your rods,

Axes, and fasces, and present them here.  
Hail, Caius Marius, consul of the war!

*Trumpet. Enter METELLUS, CINNA, ANTONIUS,  
QUINTUS POMPEIUS, his Son, &c. Guards.*

*Met.* See, Romans, there the ruin of your freedom,  
The blazing meteor that bodes ill to Rome;  
Oppression, tyranny, avarice, and pride,  
All centre in that melancholic brow.  
If you are mad for slav'ry, long to try  
The weight of abs'lute chains, once more proclaim him;  
And shout so loud till Mithridates hear,  
And laugh to think your throats fit for his sword.  
Take me, take all your senators, and drag  
Us headlong to the Tyber—plunge us in,  
And bid adieu to liberty for ever—  
Then turn, and fall before your new-made god;  
Bring your estates, your children, and your wives,  
And lay 'em at the feet of his ambition.  
This you must do; and well it will become  
Such slaves, who sell their charters for a holy-day.

*Cit.* No Marius! no Marius!

*Met.* Quintus Pompeius, in the senate's name,  
As consul, we command thee to demand  
Justice of Marius, and proclaim him traitor.

*Q. Pomp.* Descend then, Marius, traitor to the state  
And liberty of Rome, and hear thy sentence.

*Mar. sen.* Now, by the gods, this cause is worthy of me,  
Worthy my fate.  
Is this the right and liberty of Rome,  
To pull it's lawful consul from his seat,  
Unjudg'd, and brand him with the mark of traitor?  
Draw all your swords, all you that are my friends;  
Sulpitius, damn the rabble, let them fall  
Like common dross, with that well-spoken fool,  
That popular clack; or let us sell our fates  
So dear, that Rome may sicken with our fall.

*All Cit.* No Marius! no Marius! Down with him,  
down with him—

*Sulp.* Ha! what art thou?

*Y. Pomp.* The Consul's son.

*Sulp.* A worm;

A thin skin full of dirt; and thus I tread thee  
Into thy mother earth— [Kills him.]

*Mar. sen.* Drag hence that traitor,  
And bring me straight his head upon thy dart;  
The fate of Rome's begun.

*Q. Pomp.* Our children murder'd,  
Thus massacred before our eyes! come all  
That love Pompeius, and revenge his loss.

*Sulp.* Fall on.

*All Cit.* No Marius! no Marius! liberty! liberty! &c.

[They fight; Marius conquers.]

*Mar. sen.* Thanks for this good beginning, gods!  
these slaves,

These wide-mouth'd brutes, that bellow thus for freedom,  
Oh! how they ran before the hand of pow'r,  
Flying for shelter into ev'ry brake!  
Like cow'rdly fearful sheep they break their herd,  
When the wolf's out, and ranging for his prey.  
Sulpitius, thy guards did noble service.

*Sulp.* Oh! they are fellows fit for you and I,  
Fit for the work of power: say the word,  
Not one amongst 'em all but what shall run,  
Take an old grumbling senator by th' beard,  
And shake his head off from his shrinking shoulders.

*Mar. sen.* Sylla, I hear, is at the gates of Rome,  
Proclaim straight liberty to ev'ry slave  
That will but own the cause of Caius Marius.  
Horror, confusion, and inverted order,  
Vast desolation, slaughter, death and ruin,  
Must have their courses, ere this ferment settle.

' Thus the great Jove above, who rules alone,  
' When men forget his God-like pow'r to own,  
' Uses no common means, no common ways,  
' But sends forth thunder, and the world obeys.'

[Exeunt.]



## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Sulpitius, Granus, and all the Guards.*

*Sulp.* Rome never saw a morning sure like this:  
Now she begins to know the rod of pow'r,  
Her wanton blood can smart.

Were I the consul, not a head in Rome,  
That had but thoughts of Sylla, should stand safe.

*Gran.* Slaughter should have continued with the day,  
Mercy but gives sedition time to rally.  
Ev'ry soft, pliant, talking, busy rogue,  
Gath'ring a flock of hot-brain'd fools together,  
Can preach up new rebellion. Till the heads  
Of all those heav'nly-inspir'd knaves be crush'd,  
No power can be safe —

*Sulp.* Much will this day  
Determine; Sylla's now before the walls,  
And all his forces ready for command.  
Four thousand slaves have taken hold on freedom,  
And come on proclamation to our side.

*Gran.* Where should my brother be? He came not home  
To-night.

*Sulp.* Think of him as a wretch that's dead,  
Stabb'd with an eye, run thro' the brains with love.

*Gran.* He talk'd of sending Sylla a defiance.

*Sulp.* Writ with a pen made of a Cupid's quill.

*Gran.* Why, what is Sylla?

*Sulp.* A most courageous captain at a congee;  
He fights by measure, as your artists sing;  
Keeps distance, time, proportion; rests his rests,  
One, two, and the third in your guts.  
Oh! he's the very butcher of a button.

*Gran.* Would I could see my brother. That damn'd  
love  
Of women ruins noblest purposes.

*Sulp.* That sex was first in mock'ry of us made.  
 They are the false deceitful glasses, where  
 We gaze, and dress ourselves to all the shapes  
 Of folly. What is't woman cannot do!  
 She'll make a statesman quite forget his cunning,  
 And trust his dearest secrets to her breast,  
 Where fops have daily entrance: make a priest,  
 Forgetting the hypocrisy of's office,  
 Dance and shew tricks, to prove his strength and brawn:  
 Make a projector quibble; an old judge  
 Put on false hair, and paint: and after all,  
 Tho' she be known the lewdest of her sex,  
 She'll make some fool or other think she's honest.  
 Your father promis'd me to meet me here.  
 I wonder he delays so long.

*Gran.* He comes;  
 And with him too my brother.

*Sulp.* See your general.  
 Salute him all my fellow-soldiers.

[*Shout.*

*Enter MARIUS Senior, and MARIUS Junior.*

*Mar. sen.* This,  
 Sulpitius, looks like power. Granius, here  
 Receive thy brother to thy arms, and bless him:  
 He has done a thing most worthy of our name,  
 Sent a defiance into Sylla's camp,  
 Challenging forth the stoutest champion there,  
 In vindication of his father's cause;  
 And not an outlaw there dare send his answer.  
 Once more, Sulpitius, are the people our's,  
 Enrag'd with Sylla's coming arm'd, to force  
 The city: at the Celimontane gate  
 He's posted now; let's send him, straight, commands,  
 I' th' name o' th' senate and the Roman people,  
 T' advance no farther, till the state of Rome  
 Be heard in public, and my choice confirm'd,  
 Or he continued consul—

*Sulp.* That would be

But to prolong necessity; for Rome  
 Must bleed: and since the rabble now is our's,  
 Keep the fools hot, preach dangers in their ears,  
 Spread false reports o'th' senate, working up  
 Their madness to a fury quick and desp'rate,  
 Till they run headlong into civil discords,  
 And do our business with their own destruction.  
 Granius, go thou,  
 Send word to Sylla that he lay down arms,  
 And render up himself to Rome.

*Mar. jun.* There's still  
 A dang'rous wheel at work; a thoughtful villain,  
 Cinna, who has rais'd his fortune by the jars  
 And discords of his country: like a fly  
 O'er flesh, he buzzes about itching ears,  
 Till he has vented his infection there,  
 To fester into rancour and sedition.  
 Would he were safe!

*Mar. sen.* And safe he shall be: let him be proscib'd;  
 The fine upon his head, it's weight in gold.  
 Would I could buy Metellus's as cheap!  
 I have a tender foolishness within me,  
 May sometimes get the better of my rage.  
 Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm; still ply  
 My ebbing fury with the thought of Sylla,  
 Th' ungrateful senate, and Metellus' pride;  
 And let not any thing may make me dreadful  
 Be left undone. Now to our troops let's hasten,  
 And wait for Sylla's answer at our arms.

[*Ex. Mar. sen. and Granius.*

*Sulp.* Is not this better now than whining love?  
 Now thou again art Marius, son of arms,  
 Thy father's honour, and thy friends' delight.

*Enter Nurse and CLODIUS\*.*

*Mar. jun.* Sulpitius, what comes here? a sail, Sulpitius?

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 2. sc. 4.

*Sulp.* A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.  
 Many a boist'rous storm has she been toss'd in,  
 And many a pilot kept her to the wind.

*Nurse.* Clodius.

*Clod.* Madam.

*Sulp.* Madam!

*Nurse.* My fan, Clodius.

*Sulp.* Ay, good Clodius, to hide her face.

*Nurse.* Good-morrow, gentlemen.

*Sulp.* Good-ev'n, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Fair gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.

*Sulp.* It should be so by your ladyship's parch'd face.

*Nurse.* Marry come up, my gossip: whose man are you?

*Sulp.* A woman's man, my Sybil: would'st thou try  
 My strength in feats of amorous engagement,  
 Lead me among the beauteous, where they run  
 Wild in their youth, and wanton to their wildness,  
 Where I may choose the foremost of the herd,  
 And bear her trembling to some bank, bedeck'd  
 With sweetest flowers, such as joy would choose  
 To dwell in; throw my inspir'd arms about her,  
 And press her, till she thought herself more blest  
 Than Io panting with the joys of Jove.

*Nurse.* Panting! joys! and Jove! Now by my troth  
 'tis very pretty. But, gentlemen, can any of you tell  
 where I may find young Marius?

*Mar. jun.* Yes, I can tell you, madam; I am he.

*Sulp.* Hah! by this light, a bawd. So ho!  
 Come, let's away. I hate a morning bawd,  
 That stinks of last night's office— [Exit Sulp.]

*Nurse.* Pray, sir, what saucy fellow's he that's gone?

*Mar. jun.* A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear  
 himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he'll  
 stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An he speak any thing against me, I'll take  
 him down an he were lustier than he is, and twenty such  
 Jacks, or I'll find those that shall. But now, sir, I wish  
 you much joy—I hear you are—

*Mar. jun.* Married ; this day the blessed deed was done,

When the unhappy discords first took flame  
Betwixt my father and the senate ; then  
A holy priest of Hymen, whom with gold  
I brib'd to yield us privately his office,  
Join'd our kind hands, and now she's ever mine.

*Nurse.* Well ; 'fore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. But pray, sir, a word : and, as I told you, my young lady bade me find you out. What she bade me say, I'll keep to myself. But first let me tell you, if you have led her into a fool's paradise, as they say ; for the gentlewoman is young ; and therefore if you should deal doubly with her, tho' you don't look like a gentleman that would use double-dealing with a lady—

*Mar. jun.* Commend me to thy lady. I protest—

*Nurse.* Good heart, and i' faith, I will tell as much.—  
Lord ! Lord ! she will be a joyful woman.

*Mar. jun.* Bid her devise this ev'ning to receive  
Me at her window : here is for thy pains—

[*Gives Money.*]

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir ; not a drachma.

*Mar. jun.* Away ; I say, you shall.

*Nurse.* This evening, say you ? well, she shall be there.

*Mar. jun.* And stay, kind Nurse, behind the garden-wall.

Within this hour my man shall meet thee there ;  
And bring thee cords made like a tackling-ladder,  
Which to the blessed mansion of my joy  
Must be my conduct in the secret night.  
Farewell—be true, and I'll reward thy pains.

*Nurse.* Now heavens bless thee—hark you, sir.

*Mar. jun.* What say'st thou, Nurse ?

*Nurse.* Nothing, but that my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord ! Lord ! when it was a little prating thing—  
Oh !—there's a spark, one Sylla, that would fain have a finger in the pie—but she, good soul, had as lieve hear

of a toad, a very toad, as hear of him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her Sylla is the properer man—but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the 'versal world. Well, you'll be sure to come.—

*Mar. jun.* As sure as truth.

*Nurse.* Well, when it was a little thing, and used to lie with me, it would so kick, so sprawl, and so play—and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play again. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to sleep as gentle as a lamb. I shall never forget it.—Then you'll be sure to come.—

*Mar. jun.* Can I forget to live?

*Nurse.* Nay, but swear though.

*Mar. jun.* By this kiss, which thou shalt carry  
Lavinia.

*Nurse.* Oh! dear sir, by no means. Indeed you shall not. I have been drinking *aqua vitæ*. Oh! those eyes of your's!

*Mar. jun.* Till night farewell.—

*Nurse.* Till night; I'll say no more, but da, da. Come, Clodius. Ah! those eyes.

[*Ex. Nurse and Clodius.*]

*Mar. jun.* What pains she takes with her officious  
folly!

How happy is the ev'ning-tide of life,  
When phlegm has quench'd our passions, trifling out  
The feeble remnant of our silly days  
In follies, such as dotage best is pleas'd with,  
Free from the wounding and tormenting cares  
That toss the thoughtful, active, busy mind!  
Tho' this day be the dearest of my life,  
There's something hangs most heavy on my heart,  
And my brain's sick with dulness.

*Enter MARIUS Senior.*

*Mar. sen.* Where's this loit'rer,

This most inglorious son of Caius Marius?  
 With folded arms and down-cast eyes he stands,  
 The marks and emblem of a woman's fool.

*Mar. jun.* My father!

*Mar. sen.* Call me by some other name;  
 Disgrace me not: I'm Marius;  
 And surely Marius has small right in thee.  
 Would Sylla's soul were thine, and thine were his!  
 That he, as thou hast done, now glory calls,  
 Might run for shelter to a woman's arms,  
 And hide him in her bosom, like a babe.

*Mar. jun.* Then I'm a coward?

*Mar. sen.* Art thou not?

*Mar. jun.* I am,

That thus can bear reproaches, and yet live.  
 Durst any man but you have call'd me so?  
 Oh let me fall, embrace and kiss your feet.  
 You've rais'd a spirit in me prompts my heart  
 To such a work as fame ne'er talk'd of yet.  
 How 'll you dispose Lavinia?

*Mar. sen.* Let her fall,

As I would all her family and name,  
 Forgotten that they either ever gave  
 Thy father's head dishonour, or thee pain.

*Mar. jun.* 'Twas an unlucky sentence. She's scarce  
 more

Metellus' daughter now than your's; our hands  
 Were by a priest this morning join'd. May heav'n  
 Avert th' ill omen, and preserve my father!

*Mar. sen.* Married! say ruin'd, lost, and curst.

*Mar. jun.* You've torn

The secret from me, and I wait your doom.—

*Mar. sen.* Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd,  
 Go farthest from me, get thee to Metellus,  
 Fall on thy knees, and henceforth call him parent.  
 I've yet one son, that surely won't forsake me:  
 Else in this breast I shall have glorious thoughts,  
 That will at least give lustre to my ruin.  
 Farewell—my once best hopes, now greatest shame.

*Mar. jun.* Condemn me rather to the worst of deaths,  
Or send me chain'd to Sylla like a slave,  
Than banish me the blessing of your presence.  
I've thought, and bounded all my wishes so,  
To die for you is happiness enough ;  
'Twould be too much t' enjoy Lavinia too.

*Mar. sen.* Again Lavinia ?

*Mar. jun.* Yes ; this coward slave,  
This most inglorious son of Caius Marius,  
Tho' wedded to the brightest beauty, rais'd  
To th' highest expectation of delight,  
Ev'n in this minute, when love prompts his heart,  
And tells what mighty pleasures are preparing,  
Is master of a mind unfetter'd yet.

*Mar. sen.* What canst thou do ?

*Mar. jun.* This night I should have gone,  
And ta'en possession of Lavinia's bed ;  
But, by the gods, these eyes no more shall see her,  
Till I've done something that's above reward,  
And you yourself present her to my arms.

*Mar. sen.* Why dost thou talk thus to me ?

*Mar. jun.* Hark !

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound, and bus'ness is at hand.  
It seems as if our guards upon the walls  
Were just engag'd, and Sylla come upon 'em.  
The gods have done me justice.

*Mar. sen.* Get thee gone,  
And leave me to my fate,  
Tho' maim'd and wounded, and unfit for war.

*Mar. jun.* I'll follow you—

*Mar. sen.* Thou shalt not.—

*Mar. jun.* By the gods, I will.

*Mar. sen.* How ! disobey'd then ?

*Mar. jun.* Bid a courser spurr'd  
Stop in his full career ; bid tides run back,  
Or sailing ships stand still before the wind,  
Or winds themselves not blow when Jove provokes 'em.

*Mar. sen.* Away, and do not tempt my fury farther.

*Mar. jun.* Why, would you kill me ?



*Mar. sen.* No, no: I hope thou art reserv'd yet for  
A better fate.

*Mar. jun.* Thanks, heav'n!

These few kind words shew I'm not quite unhappy.

*Mar. sen.* Then do not contradict my will in this;  
But part, and when our hands next meet again,  
Be't in the heart of Sylla or Metellus— [Exit.

[Trumpets again.

*Mar. jun.* Sound higher, ye shrill instruments of war,  
And urge it's horrors up, till they become,  
If possible, as terrible as mine.

Oh my Lavinia! tho' this night I fall,  
At my return I shall be doubly happy.  
Such trials the great ancient heroes past,  
Who little present happiness could taste,  
Yet did great actions, and were gods at last. [Exit.] }

## SCENE II.—Metellus's House.

*Enter LAVINIA\*.*

*Lav.* Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,  
Tow'rds Phœbus' lodging. Such a charioteer  
As Phaëton would lash you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtains, love-performing night.  
Thou sober-suited matron all in black;  
That jealous eyes may wink, and Marius  
Leap to these arms untalk'd-of, and unseen.  
Oh! give me Marius; and when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,  
That all the world shall grow in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the gaudy sun.  
Oh! I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess it—Tedious is this day,  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that has new robes,

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 3. sc. 2.

*Enter Nurse and CLODIUS\*.*

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurse : what news ?  
How fares the lord of all my joys, my Marius ?

*Nurse.* Oh ! a chair ! a chair ! No questions, but a chair ! So.

*Lav.* Nay, pr'ythee, Nurse, why dost thou look so sad ?  
Oh ! do not spoil the music of good tidings  
With such a melancholic wretched face.

*Nurse.* Oh ! I am weary, very weary. Clodius, my  
cordial-bottle. Fy ! how my bones ache ! what a jaunt  
have I had !

*Lav.* Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,  
Will Marius come to night ? Speak, will he come ?

*Nurse.* Alas ! alas ! what haste ? Oh ! cannot you  
stay a little ? Oh ! do not you see that I'm out of  
breath ? Oh this phtisick ! Clodius, the cordial.

*Lav.* Th' excuse thou mak'st for this unkind delay  
Is longer than the tale thou hast to tell.  
Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice : you  
know not how to choose a man. Yet his leg excels all  
men's. And for a hand, and a foot, and a shape, tho'  
they are not to be talked of—yet they are past com-  
pare. What, have you dined within ?

*Lav.* No, no : what foolish questions dost thou ask !  
What says he of his coming ? what of that ?

*Nurse.* Oh ! how my head aches ! what a head have I !  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back, o't' other side : ah ! my back ! my back !  
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about  
To catch my death. This back of mine will break.

*[Drinks.*

*Lav.* Indeed I'm sorry if thou art not well ;  
But pr'ythee tell me, Nurse, what says my love ?

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 2. sc. 5.

*Nurse.* Why, your love says like an honest gentleman and a kind gentleman, and a handsome—and I'll warrant a virtuous gentleman. (*Drinks.*) Well;—what: where's your father?

*Lav.* Where's my father? why, he's at the senate. How oddly thou repliest!

*Your love says like an honest gentleman ;  
Where's your father ?*

*Nurse.* Oh good lady dear !  
Are you so hot? Marry come up, I trow.  
Is this a poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Lav.* Nay, pr'ythee be not angry, Nurse, I meant No ill. Speak kindly, will my Marius come?

*Nurse.* Will he! will a duck swim?

*Lav.* Then he will come?

*Nurse.* Come! why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come. Go, get you in, and say your prayers: go.

*Lav.* For blessings on my Marius and thee.

*Nurse.* Well, it would be a sad thing, tho'—

*Lav.* What?

*Nurse.* If Marius should not come now—for there's old doings at the gates; they are at it ding dong. Tantarara go the trumpets; shout cry the soldiers; clatter go the swords. I'll warrant—I made no small haste—

*Lav.* And is my Marius there? Alas, my fears!

[*Trumpets.*

The noise comes this way. Guard my love, ye gods,  
Or strike me with your thunder when he falls. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*The Forum.*

*Enter* MARIUS Senior, MARIUS Junior, GRANIUS, Sulpitius, Catulus, &c. Guards, Lictors, *on one side*; METELLUS, SYLLA, QUINTUS Pompeius, Guards, *on the other.*

[*Trumpets sound a March.*

*Met.* Oh thou God,  
Deliverer of Rome, most blest of men!

See here the fathers of thy bleeding country  
 Prostrate for refuge at thy feet : see there  
 The terror of our freedom, and thy foe ;  
 The persecutor of thy friends, the scourge  
 Of truth and justice, and the plague of Rome.

*Mar. sen.* What art thou, that canst lend thy slavish ears  
 To flatt'ring hypocrisy ?

*Sylla.* My name thou'st heard,  
 And fled from. I am the friend of Rome,  
 The terror and the bane of thee, her foe.

*Mar. sen.* If thou'rt her friend, why com'st thou here  
 thus arm'd,  
 Slaught'ring her citizens, and laying waste her walls ?

*Sylla.* 'To free her from a tyrant's pow'r

*Mar. sen.* Who is that tyrant ?

*Sylla.* Thou, who hast opprest  
 Her senate, made thyself by force a consul,  
 Set free her slaves, and arm'd them 'gainst her laws.

*Mar. sen.* Hear this, ye Romans, and then judge  
 my wrongs.

Have I opprest you ? have I forc'd your laws ?  
 Am I a tyrant ? I, whom ye have rais'd,  
 For my true services, to what I am ?  
 Remember th' Ambrons, Cimbri, and the Teutons ;  
 Remember the confed'rate war.

*Sylla.* Where thou,  
 Cold and delaying, wert by Silo brav'd,  
 Scorn'd by thy soldiers, and at last compell'd  
 Ingloriously to quit th' unwieldy charge.  
 Remember too who banish'd good Metellus,  
 'The friend and parent of thy obscure family,  
 That rais'd thee from a peasant to a lord.

*Mar. sen.* Basely thou wrong'st the truth. My ac-  
 tions rais'd me.  
 Hadst thou been born a peasant, still thou'dst been so ;  
 But I, by service to my country, 've made  
 My name, renown'd in peace, and fear'd in war.

*Sylla.* In the Jugurthine war, whose king was taken  
 Pris'ner by me, and Marius triumph'd for't.

*Mar. sen.* Thou stol'st him basely; stol'st him at  
the price  
Of his wife's lust: thou barter'dst his betraying,  
And in the capitol hast pageants set  
In mem'ry of thy vanity and shame.

*Sylla.* Thy shame.

*Mar. sen.* My honour, proud presumptuous boy,  
Who would'st be gaudy in an unfit dress,  
And wear my cast-off glories after me.

*Sylla.* I'd rather wear some beggar's rotten rags,  
By him left dangling on a highway-hedge,  
Than soil my laurels with a leaf of thine,  
Thou scorn'd plebeian.

*Mar. sen.* Worst perdition catch thee.

*Sylla.* Disband that rout of rebels at thy heels,  
And yield thyself to justice and the senate.

*Mar. sen.* Justice from thee demanded on my head?  
First clear thyself, quit thy usurp'd command:  
Approach and kneel to me, whom thou hast wrong'd.

*Sylla.* Upon thy neck I would.

*Mar. sen.* As soon thou'dst take  
A lion by the beard: thou dar'st not think on't.

*Sylla.* I dare, and more.

*Mar. sen.* Then, gods, I take your word;  
If there be truth in you, I shall not fall  
This day. My friends and fellow-soldiers, now  
Fight as I've seen you: for the life of Sylla,  
Leave it to me; for much revenge must go  
Along with death, when such a victim bleeds.

*Sylla.* My lords, withdraw.

*Met.* No, trust the gods; I'll see  
My country's fate, and with her live or die.

*Mar. sen.* Now, Sylla,

*Sylla.* Now, my veterans, consider,  
You fight for laws, for liberty, and life.

*Mar. sen.* Rebellion never wanted that pretence.  
Thou shadow of what I have been, thou puppet  
Of that great state and honours I have borne;  
If thou'lt do something worthy of thy place,

Let's join our battle with a force may glut  
 The throat of death, and choke him with himself;  
 As fiercely as destroying whirlwinds rise,  
 Or as clouds dash when thunder shakes the skies.

*[Trumpets sound a Charge; they fight.]*

*Re-enter MARIUS Senior, taken by SYLLA's Party.*

*Mar. sen.* Forsaken, and a pris'ner! is this all  
 That's left of Marius? the old naked trunk  
 Of that tall pine that was? away, ye shrubs,  
 Ye clinging brambles; do not clog me thus,  
 But let me run into the jaws of death,  
 And finish my ill fate. Or must I be  
 Preserv'd a public spectacle, expos'd  
 To scorn, and made a holiday for slaves?  
 Oh! that thought's hell. Sure I should know thy face:  
 Thou hast borne office under me. If e'er  
 In my best fortune I deserv'd thy friendship,  
 Give me a Roman's death, and set me free,  
 That no dishonour in my age o'ertake me.

*Off.* I've serv'd and lov'd you well: nor would I see  
 Your fall—my orders were to save your life.

*Mar. sen.* Thou'rt a time-server, that canst flay  
 misery.

*Enter MARIUS Junior, GRANIUS, and SULPITIUS,  
 Prisoners.*

My sons in bonds too, and Sulpitius?

*Sulp.* Yes, the rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now  
 must I

Be food for crows, and stink upon a tree,  
 Whilst coxcombs stroll abroad on holidays  
 To take the air, and see me rot. A pox  
 On fortune, and a pox on that first fool  
 That taught the world ambition.

*Enter* QUINTUS POMPEIUS, *Four Lictors before him.*

*Q. Pomp.* Draw near,  
Ye men of Rome, and hear the law pronounc'd.  
Thou, Marius, whose ambition and whose pride  
Have cost so many lives, the first that e'er  
Wag'd civil wars in Rome, thee and thy sons,  
Thy family and kin, with that vile slave,  
And minister of all thy outrages,  
The curs'd Sulpitius, banishment's your lot:  
After to-morrow's dawn, if found i' th' city,  
Death be your doom: so hath the senate said,  
So flourish peace and liberty in Rome.

[*Ex. Q. Pompeius, Lictors, crying Liberty!*

*Mar. sen.* I thank ye, gods, upon my knees I thank ye,  
For plaguing me above all other men.  
Come, ye young heroes, kneel, and praise the heav'ns,  
For crowning thus your youthful hopes. Ha, ha, ha!  
What pleasant game hath fortune play'd to-day?  
Oh! I could burst with laughter. Why, now Rome's  
At peace. But may it be as short and vain  
As joys but dreamt of, or as sick men's slumbers.  
Now let's take hands, and, bending to the earth,  
To all th' infernal powers let us swear.

*All.* We swear.

*Mar. sen.* That's well: by all the destinies,  
By all the furies, and the fiends that wait  
About the throne of hell, and by hell's king,  
We'll bring destruction to this cursed city;  
Let not one stone of all her tow'rs stand safe.

*Mar. jun.* Let not her temples nor her gods escape.

*Gra.* Let husbands in their wives' embraces perish.

*Mar. sen.* Her young men massacred.

*Sulp.* Her virgins ravish'd.

*Mar. jun.* And let her lovers all my torments feel;  
Doating like me, and like me banished.  
Thus let them curse, thus raving tear their hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now.

*Mar. sen.* Rise then, and to Lavinia go. This night's  
Thy own.

*Mar. jun.* And ever after pain and sorrow.  
But go thou, find Lavinia's woman out—[*To his Servant.*  
Tell her I'll come, and bid her cheer my love.  
For I'll not fail, but in this night enjoy  
Whole life, and f6rgive nature what's to come.

*Mar. sen.* Thus then let's part; each take his sev'ral  
way,  
As to a task of darkness: when we meet  
In hated exile, we'll compute accompts,  
And see what mischief each has gather'd then.  
For, Rome, I shall be yet once more thy lord,  
If oracles have truth, and augurs lie not.  
For yet a child, and in my father's fields  
Playing, I sev'n young eagles chanc'd to find;  
Which gath'ring up, I to my parents bore.  
The gods were sought, who promis'd me from thence  
As many times the consulate in Rome.  
Six times already I've that office bore;  
And so far has the prophecy prov'd true.  
But if I've manag'd ill the time that's past,  
And too remiss six elder fortunes lost,  
The youngest darling-fate is yet to come,  
And thou shalt feel me then, ungrateful Rome. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I\*.—*The Garden.*

*Enter LAVINIA and MARIUS Junior.*

*Lav.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 3. sc. 5.



That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thy ear.  
 Nightly on yon pomegranate-tree she sings.  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Mar. jun.* Oh! 'twas the lark, the herald of the  
 morn,

No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks  
 Of light embroider all the cloudy east.  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Upon the mountain-tops sits gaily drest,  
 Whilst all the birds bring music to his levee.  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die—

*Lav.* Oh! oh! what wretched fortune is my lot!  
 Sure, giving thee, heav'n grew too far in debt  
 To pay, till, bankrupt-like, it broke; whilst I,  
 A poor compounding creditor, am forc'd  
 To take a mite for endless sums of joy.

*Mar. jun.* Let me be taken, let me suffer death,  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so—  
 By heav'n, yon gray is not the morning's eye,  
 But the reflection of pale Cynthia's brightness;  
 Nor is't the lark we hear, whose notes do beat  
 So high, and echo in the vault of heav'n.  
 I'm all desire to stay, no will to go.  
 How is't, my son! let's talk: it is not day.

*Lav.* It is, it is—fly hence away, my Marius,  
 It is the lark, and out of tune she sings,  
 With grating discords, and unpleasing strainings.  
 Some say the lark and loathsome toad change eyes:  
 Now I could wish they had chang'd voices too;  
 Or that a lethargy had seiz'd the morning,  
 And she had slept, and never wak'd again,  
 To part me from th' embraces of my love.  
 What shall become of me when thou art gone?

*Mar. jun.* The gods that heard our vows, and know  
 our loves,  
 Seeing my faith, and thy unspotted truth,  
 Will sure take care, and let no wrongs annoy thee.  
 Upon my knees I'll ask them ev'ry day,  
 How my Lavinia does: and ev'ry night,

In the severe distresses of my fate,  
 As I perhaps shall wander thro' the desert,  
 And want a place to rest my weary head on,  
 I'll count the stars, and bless them as they shine,  
 And court them all for my Lavinia's safety.

*Lav.* Oh banishment, eternal banishment!  
 Ne'er to return! must we ne'er meet again?  
 My heart will break, I cannot think that thought,  
 And live. Could I but see to th' end of woe,  
 There were some comfort—but eternal torment  
 Is ever insupportable to thought.  
 It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

*Mar. jun.* No, for my banishment may be recall'd;  
 My father once more hold a pow'r in Rome:  
 Then shall I boldly claim Lavinia mine,  
 Whilst happiest men shall envy at the blessings,  
 And poets write the wonders of our loves.

*Lav.* If by my father's cruelty I'm forc'd,  
 When left alone, to yield to Sylla's claim,  
 Defenceless as I am, and thou far from me;  
 If, as I must, I rather die than suffer 't,  
 What a sad tale will that be when 'tis told thee!  
 I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,  
 Or say, or do. I cannot let thee go.

*Mar. jun.* A thousand things would, to this purpose  
 said,  
 But sharpen and add weight to parting sorrow.  
 Oh, my Lavinia! if my heart e'er stray, [Kneels.  
 Or any other beauty ever charm me,  
 If I live not entirely, only thine,  
 In that curst moment when my soul forsakes thee,  
 May I be hither brought a captive bound,  
 T' adorn the triumph of my basest foe.

*Lav.* And if I live not faithful to the lord  
 Of my first vows, my dearest, only Marius,  
 May I be brought to poverty and scorn,  
 Hooted by slaves forth from thy gates, O Rome,  
 Till flying to the woods t' avoid my shame,

Sharp hunger, cold, or some worse fate, destroy me,  
And not one tree vouchsafe a leaf to hide me.

*Mar. jun.* What needs all this?—

*Lav.* Oh! I could find out things  
To talk to thee for ever.

*Mar. jun.* Weep not; the time  
We had to stay together has been employ'd  
In richest love—

*Lav.* We ought to summon all  
The spirit of soft passion up, to cheer  
Our hearts, thus lab'ring with the pangs of parting.  
Oh, my poor Marius!

*Mar. jun.* Ah, my kind Lavinia!

*Lav.* But dost thou think we e'er shall meet again?

*Mar. jun.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Lav.* Alas! I have an ill-divining soul;  
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt from my arms,  
Like a stark ghost, with horror in thy visage.  
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Mar. jun.* And, trust me, love, in my eye so dost  
thou.

Dry sorrow drinks our blood—farewell.

*Lav.* Farewell then.

[*Exit Mar. jun.*]

*Nurse.* (*within*) Madam!

*Lav.* My Nurse.

*Nurse.* (*within*) Your father's up, and day-light broke  
abroad.

Be wary, look about you—

*Lav.* Hah! is he gone? my lord, my husband, friend,  
I must hear from thee ev'ry hour i' th'day;  
For absent minutes seem as many days.  
Oh! by this reck'ning I shall be most old,  
Ere I again behold my Marius. Nay,  
Gone too already! 'twas unkindly done.  
I had not yet imparted half my soul,  
Not a third part of it's fond jealous fears:  
But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd;

Hang such atender tale about his heart,  
 Shall make it tingle as his life were stung :  
 Nay too—I'll love him ; never, never leave him ;  
 Fond as a child, and res'lute as man. [*Exit Lavinia.*]

*Enter METELLUS, musing.*

*Met.* Sylla this morning parts from hence to Capua,  
 To head that army. Cinna must be consul—  
 Ay, Cinna must be. He's a busy fellow,  
 Knows how to tell a story to the rabble ;  
 Hates Marius too : that, that's the dearest point.  
 I hope the snares for Marius laid may take him.  
 A hundred horse are in pursuit to find him :  
 And if they catch him, his head's safe, that's certain.  
 Octavius will be th' other—be it so.  
 An honest, simple, downright-dealing lord :  
 A little too religious ; that's his fault.

*Enter a Servant.*

What now ?

*Serv.* A letter left you by a lictor,  
 Who told us that it came from the lord Sylla.

*Metellus reads the Letter :*

“ Blame not, sir, my parting  
 “ So suddenly : just now I've had advice  
 “ Of some disturbance in the camp at Capua.  
 “ Commend my tend'rest faith to fair Lavinia :  
 “ You're Sylla's advocate with her and Rome.”

*Enter Nurse.*

Well, Nurse.

*Nurse.* My lord.

*Met.* How does my daughter ?

*Nurse.* Truly very ill : she has not slept a wink :  
 Nothing but toss'd and tumbled all this night ;

I left her just now slumb'ring. This lord Sylla  
Does so run in her head.

*Met.* Oh! were he in her heart, Nurse!

*Nurse.* Were he?

Why, she thinks of nothing else, talks of nothing else,  
dreams of nothing else. She would needs have me lie  
with her t'other night. But about midnight (I'll swear  
it waked me out of a sweet nap) she takes me fast in her  
arms, and cries, *Oh my lord Sylla! But are you, will  
you be true?* Then sighed, and stretched—I swear I was  
half afraid.

*Met.* She's strangely alter'd then.

This morning two new consuls must be chosen.

If they are true, those tidings thou hast brought me,

Wait while she wakes, and tell her 'tis my pleasure,

At my return from th' Forum that I see her—

[*Exit Metellus.*

*Nurse.* So, so!—here will be sweet doings in time.  
How many hundred lies a day must I tell, to keep this  
family at peace!

*Enter LAVINIA.*

*Lav.* Oh Nurse! where art thou? Is my father gone?

*Nurse.* Gone? yes; and I would I were gone too.

*Lav.* Why dost thou sigh? What cause hast thou to  
wish so?

Wert thou distrest, unfortunate as I am,

Thou hadst then cause.

What shall I do? Oh, how alone am I!

I walk methinks as half of me were lost:

Yet, like a main'd bird, flutter, flutter on,

And fain would find a hole to hide my head in.

*Nurse.* 'Odds my boddikins! but why thus drest,  
madam?

Why in this pickle, say you now?

*Lav.* Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppose me;

For I am desp'rate, and resolv'd to death.

In this unhappy, wayward, humble dress,

After my love a pilgrimage I'll take,  
Forsake deserted Rome, and find my Marius.

*Nurse.* And I must stay behind to be hanged up, like an old pole-cat in a warren, for a warning to all vermin that shall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for a week, till this were over!

*Lav.* This morning's opportunity is fair,  
When all are busy in electing consuls;  
I shall escape unseen without the gates,  
And this night in a litter reach Salonium.

*Nurse.* I dare not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You shan't stir. Nay, I'll raise the house first. Why Clodius! Catulus! Sempronia! Thesbia! Men and maids, where are you? Oh! Oh! Oh!—

[*Lav. gets from her. Nurse falls down. Exit Lav.*]

*Enter CLODIUS.*

*Clod.* What's the matter, mistress?

*Nurse.* Oh, Clody, Clody, dear Clody! is't thee, my dear Clody? Help me, help me up. Run to my lord to the Forum presently; tell him his treasury is robbed, his house a-fire, his daughter dead, and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! Oh! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

*Enter several Herdsmen belonging to MARIUS.*

*1 Herds.* Good-morrow, brother; you have heard the news.

*2 Herds.* News, quoth-a? trim news, truly.

*1 Herds.* Why they say our lord and master's stept a one side. Is there any thing in't, trow?

*2 Herds.* Any thing in't? alas-a-day! alas-a-day! sad times! sad times, brother! not a penny of money stirring.

*1 Herds.* Nay, I thought there was no good weather towards, when my bald-faced heifer stuck up her tail

eastward, and ran back into a new quickset, which I had just made to keep the swine from the beans.

2 *Herds*. And the t'other night, as I was at supper in the chimney-corner, a whole family of swallows, that had occupied a tenement these seven years, fell down, nest and all, into the porridge-pot, and spoiled the broth. Sad times! sad times, brother!

3 *Herds*. Did you meet no troopers this way?

2 *Herds*. Troopers? I saw a parcel of raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon wood-side upon ragged hidebound jades. I warrant they came for no goodness—

1 *Herds*. 'Twas to seek for lord Marius, as sure as eggs be eggs. These 'bitious folk make more stir in the world than a thousand men. Would my kine were all in their stalls!

*Enter several Soldiers in quest of MARIUS.*

1 *Sold*. This is the way. How now, you pack of boobies? whose fools are you?

2 *Herds*. Why, we are such fools as you are; any body's fools that will pay us our wages.

2 *Sold*. Do you belong to the traitor Marius?

1 *Herds*. We belong to Caius Marius, an't like your worship.

1 *Sold*. Why, this is a civil fellow. But you, rogue, you are witty, and be hanged, are you?

2 *Herds*. I's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but money enough, I'd no more be a wit than you'd be a soldier.

2 *Sold*. Let the hungry churl alone.

1 *Sold*. Hark you, you dog, where's your lord, the traitor Marius?

2 *Herds*. In a whole skin, if he be wise.—

2 *Sold*. Where is he, you poltroon?

2 *Herds*. Look you, I keep his cows and his oxen here at Salonium, but I keep none of him. If you must

needs know where he is, then I must needs tell you I don't know.

1 *Sold.* Let's to his house hard by, and ransack that. Sirrah, if we miss of him, you may repent this.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

1 *Herds.* 'Tis all one to me, I must pay my rent to somebody.

2 *Herds.* Why, this 'tis now to be a great man. Heaven keep me a cow-keeper still --I say—

*Enter MARIUS Senior and GRANIVS.*

*Mar. sen.* Where are we? are we yet not near Salonium?

Lead me to yonder shady poplar, where  
The poor old Marius a-while may sit,  
And joy in rest. Oh my distemper'd head!  
The sun has beat his beams so hard upon me,  
That my brain's hot as molten gold. My skull!  
Oh my tormented skull! Oh Rome! Rome! Rome!  
Ha! what are those?

*Gran.* They seem, sir, rural swains,  
Who tend the herds that graze beneath these woods.

*Mar. sen.* Who are you? to what lord do ye belong?

2 *Herds.* We did belong to Caius Marius once: but they say he's gone a journey: and now we belong to one another.

*Mar. sen.* Have ye forgot me then, ungrateful slaves? Are you so willing to disown your master? Who would have thought t'have found such baseness here,

Where innocence seems seated by the gods,  
As in her virgin-nakedness untainted?  
Confusion on ye, ye sordid earthlings. [*Ex. all but one.*]

1 *Herds.* Oh fly, my lord, your foes are thick abroad. Just now a troop of murd'ers past this way, And ask'd with horror for the traitor Marius. By this time at Salonium, at your house, They are in search of you. Fly, fly, my lord— [*Exit.*]



*Mar. sen.* I shall be hounded up and down the world:  
 Now ev'ry villain, that is wretch enough  
 To take the price of blood, dreams of my throat.  
 Help and support me till I reach the wood,  
 Then go and find thy wretched brother out.  
 Asunder we may dodge our fate, and lose her.  
 In some old hollow tree, or o'ergrown brake,  
 I'd rest my weary limbs till danger pass me.  
 [*Goes into the Wood.*]

*Enter Soldiers again.*

1 *Sol.* A thousand crowns! 'tis a reward might buy  
 As many lives, for they are cheap in Rome,  
 And 'tis too much for one.

2 *Sol.* Let's set this wood  
 A flaming, if you think he's here; and then  
 Quickly you'll see th'old drone crawl humming out.

1 *Sol.* Thou always lov'st to ride full speed to mischief. There's no consideration in thee. Look you, when I cut a throat, I love to do it with as much deliberation and decency as a barber cuts a beard. I hate a slovenly murder done hand-over-head; a man gets no credit by it.

3 *Sol.* The man that spoke last, spoke well. Therefore let us to yon adjacent village, and souse ourselves in good Falernium—  
 [*Ex. Soldiers.*]

*Mar. sen.* Oh villains! not a slave of those  
 But has serv'd under me, has ate my bread,  
 And felt my bounty—Drought! parching drought!  
 Was ever lion thus by dogs emboss'd?  
 Oh! I could swallow rivers. Earth, yield me water!  
 Or swallow Marius down where springs first flow.

*Enter MARIUS Junior and GRANIUS.*

*Mar. jun.* My father!

*Mar. sen.* Oh my sons!

*Mar. jun.* Why thus forlorn! stretch'd on the earth?

*Mar. sen.* Oh! get me some refreshment, cooling herbs,  
And water to allay my rav'nous thirst.  
I would not trouble you, if I had strength:  
But I'm so faint, that all my limbs are useless.  
Now have I not one drachma to buy food.  
Must we then starve? No sure, the birds will feed us.

*Mar. jun.* There stands a house on yonder side o'th'  
wood,

It seems the mansion of some man of note:  
I'll go and turn a beggar for my father.

*Mar. sen.* O my soul's comfort! do. Indeed I want it,  
I, who had once the plenty of the earth,  
Now want a root and water. Go, my boy,  
And see who'll give a morsel to poor Marius.  
Nay, I'll not starve; no, I will plunge in riot,  
Wallow in plenty. Drink! I'll drink, I'll drink.  
Give me that goblet hither—Here's a health  
To all the knaves and senators in Rome.

*Mar. jun.* Repose yourself a-while, till we return.

*Mar. sen.* I will; but pr'ythee let me rave a little.  
Go, pr'ythee go, and don't delay. I'll rest,  
As thou shalt, Rome, if e'er my fortune raise me.—

[*Ex. Mar. Jun.*

*Enter LAVINIA.*

Another murd'rer? this brings smiling fate:  
A deadly snake cloth'd in a dainty skin.

*Lav.* I've wander'd up and down these woods and  
meadows,  
Till I have lost my way—  
Against a tall, young, slender, well-grown oak  
Leaning, I found Lavinia in the bark;  
My Marius should not be far hence.

*Mar. sen.* What art thou,  
That dar'st to name that wretched creature Marius?

*Lav.* Do not be angry, sir; whate'er thou art,  
I am a poor unhappy woman, driv'n  
By fortune to pursue my banish'd lord.

*Mar. sen.* By thy dissembling tone thou should'st be  
woman,  
And Roman too.

*Lav.* Indeed I am.

*Mar. sen.* A Roman?

If thou art so, begone, lest rage with strength  
Assist my vengeance, and I rise and kill thee.

*Lav.* My father! is it you?

*Mar. sen.* Now thou art woman:

For lies are in thee. I? am I thy father?  
I ne'er was yet so curst: none of thy sex  
E'er sprung from me. My off-spring all are males;  
The nobler sort of beasts, entitled men.

*Lav.* I am your daughter, if your son's my lord.  
Have you ne'er heard Lavinia's name in Rome,  
That wedded with the son of Marius?

*Mar. sen.* Hah!

Art thou that fond, that kind and doating thing,  
That left her father for a banish'd husband?  
Come near—

And let me bless thee, tho' thy name's my foe.

*Lav.* Alas! my father, you seem much opprest:  
Your lips are parch'd, blood-shot your eyes and sunk,  
Will you partake such fruits as I have gather'd?  
Taste, sir, this peach, and this pomegranate; both are  
Ripe and refreshing.

*Mar. sen.* What! all this from thee,  
Thou angel, whom the gods have sent to aid me?  
I don't deserve thy bounty.

*Lav.* Here, sir, 's more.

I found a crystal spring too in the wood,  
And took some water: 'tis most soft and cool.

*Mar. sen.* An emp'ror's feast! but I shall rob thee.

*Lav.* No;

I've ate, and slak'd my thirst. But where's my lord,  
My dearest Marius?

*Mar. sen.* To the neighb'ring village  
He's gone, to beg his father's dinner, daughter.

*Lav.* Will you then call me daughter? will you own it?

I'm much o'er-paid for all the wrongs of fortune.  
But surely Marius can't be brought to want:  
I've gold and jewels too, and they'll buy food.

*Enter MARIUS Junior.*

*Mar. sen.* See here, my Marius, what the gods have sent us.

See thy Lavinia.

*Mar. jun.* Hah! [*They run and embrace.*]

*Mar. sen.* What? dumb at meeting?

*Mar. jun.* Why weeps my love?

*Lav.* I cannot speak, tears so obstruct my words  
And choke me with unutterable joy.

*Mar. jun.* Oh my heart's joy!

*Lav.* My soul!

*Mar. jun.* But hast thou left  
Thy father's house, the pomp and state of Rome,  
To follow desert-misery?

*Lav.* I come

To bear a part in ev'ry thing that's thine,  
Be't happiness or sorrow. In these woods,  
Whilst from pursuing enemies you're safe,  
I'll range about, and find the fruits and springs,  
Gather cool sedges, daffodils, and lilies,  
And softest camomile to make us beds,  
Whereon my love and I at night will sleep,  
And dream of better fortune.

*Enter GRANIUS and Servant, with Wine and Meat.*

*Mar. sen.* Yet more plenty?  
Sure Comus, the god of feasting, haunts these woods,  
And means to entertain us as his guests.

*Serv.* I am sent hither, Marius, from my lord,  
Sextilius the prætor, to relieve thee,  
And warn thee that thou straight depart this place;  
Else he the senate's edict must obey,  
And treat thee as the foe of Rome.

*Mar. sen.* But did he,  
 Did he, Sextilius, bid thee say all this?  
 Was he too proud to come and see his master,  
 That rais'd him out of nothing? was he not  
 My menial servant once, and wip'd these shoes?  
 Ran by my chariot-wheels, my pleasures watch'd,  
 And fed upon the voidings of my table?  
 Durst he affront me with a sordid alms,  
 And send a saucy message by a slave?  
 Hence with thy scraps: back to thy teeth I dash them.  
 Begone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little.

*Serv.* What answer would thou have me carry back?

*Mar. sen.* Go to Sextilius, tell him thou hast seen  
 Poor Caius Marius banish'd from his country\*,  
 Sitting in sorrow on the naked earth,  
 Amidst an ample fortune once his own,  
 Where now he cannot claim a turf to sleep on. [*Ex. Ser.*  
 How am I fallen! music?—sure the gods [*Soft Music.*  
 Are mad, or have design'd to make me so.

*Enter MARTHA.*

Well, what art thou?

*Marth.* Am I a stranger to thee?  
 Martha's my name, the Syrian prophetess,  
 That us'd to wait upon thee with good fortune;  
 Till banish'd out of Rome for serving thee.  
 I've ever since inhabited these woods,  
 And search'd the deepest arts of wise foreknowledge.

*Mar. sen.* I know thee now most well. When thou  
 wert gone,  
 All my good fortune left me. My lov'd vultures,  
 That us'd to hover o'er my happy head,  
 And promise honour in the day of battle,  
 Have since been seen no more. Ev'n birds of prey

\* When Marius landed at Carthage, Sextilius, the Roman Governor, sent to desire him to leave the province; when the former returned this sublime reply: "Go, tell thy master, that thou hast seen the banished Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

Forsake unhappy Marius: men of prey  
Pursue him still. Hast thou no hopes in store?

*Marth.* A hundred spirits wait upon my will,  
To bring me tidings from th' earth's farthest corners,  
Of all that happens out in states and councils:  
I tell thee therefore, Rome is once more thine.  
The consuls have had blows, and Cinna's beaten;  
Who with his army comes to find thee out,  
To lead him back with terror to that city.

*Mar. sen.* Speak on.

*Marth.* Nay, ere thou think'st it, he'll be with thee.  
But let thy sons and these fair nymphs retire,  
Whilst I relieve thy wearied eyes with sleep,  
And cheer thee in a dream with promis'd fate.

*Mar. jun.* Come, my Lavinia; Granius, we'll withdraw  
To some cool shade, and wonder at our fortune. [*Ex.*  
[*Martha waves her Wand—A Dance.*

*Mar. sen.* O rest, thou stranger to my senses, welcome!

*Enter Servant and a Ruffian.*

*Serv.* Ten attic talents shall be thy reward,  
Sextilius gives 'em thee. Despatch him safely.

*Ruff.* Fear not, he never wakes again.

*Mar. sen.* No more.

I'll hear no more. Metellus live? No, no:  
He dies, he dies. So, bear him to the Tyber,  
And plunge him to the bottom. Hah, Antonius!  
Where are my guards? despatch that talking knave,  
That, when he should be doing public service,  
Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,  
And sows sedition in a city. Down,  
Down with Pompeius too, that call'd me traitor.  
Hah! art thou there? welcome once more, old Marius,  
To Rome's tribunal.

*Ruff.* Now's the time.

*Mar. sen.* Stand off,  
Secure that Gaul—dar'st thou kill Caius Marius\*? [*Wakes.*  
Hah! speak; what art thou?

\* This alludes to the circumstance of the magistrates of Min-

*Ruff.* By Sextilius hir'd,  
I hither came to take your life. Spare mine,  
And I'll for ever serve you at your feet.

*Mar. sen.* What barb'rous slaves are these that envy  
me  
The open air; set prices on my head,  
As they would do on wolves that slay their flock!

*Enter Sulpitius.* [Trumpets

Trumpets! Sulpitius, where hast thou been wand'ring  
Since the late storm that drove us from each other?

*Sulp.* Why, doing mischief up and down the city,  
Picking up discontented fools, belying  
The senators and government, destroying  
Faith amongst honest men, and praising knaves.

*Mar. sen.* Oh, but where's Cinna?

*Sulp.* Ready to salute you.—

*Enter Cinna, attended with Lictors and Guards.*

*Cin.* Romans, once more behold your consul; see,  
Is that a fortune fit for Caius Marius?  
Advance your axes and your rods before him,  
And give him all the customs of his honour.

*Mar. sen.* Away: such pomp becomes not wretched  
Marius!

Here let me pay obedience to my consul.  
Lead me, great Cinna, where thy foes have wrong'd thee,  
And see how thy old soldier will obey.

*Cin.* O Marius, be our hearts united ever,

turnæ, sending a Cimbrian to assassinate Marius, which was prevented by some supernatural appearance.

— — — primo qui cædis in ictu  
Diriguit, ferumque manu torpente remisit;  
Viderat immensam tenebroso in carcere lumen,  
Terribilesque Deos scelerum, Mariumque futurum:  
Audieratque pavens: Fas hæc contingere non est  
Colla tibi.— *Lucan. Pharsal. lib. 2.*

To carry desolation into Rome,  
And waste that den of monsters to the earth.

*Mar. sen.* Shall we?

*Cin.* We'll do't. That godly soothsaying fool,  
That sacrificing dolt, that sot, Octavius,  
When we were chosen consuls in the Forum,  
Disown'd me for his colleague; said, the gods  
Had told him I design'd tyrannic pow'r;  
Provok'd the citizens, who took up arms,  
And drove me forth the gates.

*Mar. sen.* Excellent mischief!  
What's to be done?

*Cin.* No sooner was I gone,  
But a large part of that great city follow'd me.  
There's not an honest spirit left in Rome,  
That does not own my cause, and wish for Marius.

*Mar. sen.* Bring me my horse, my armour, and the  
laurel  
With which, when I had o'ercome three barb'rous nations,  
I enter'd crown'd with triumph into Rome.  
I go to free her now from greater mischiefs.

*Enter MARIUS Junior and GRANIUS.*

O my young warrior!

*Mar. jun.* Curst be the light,  
And ever curst be all these regions round us.  
Lavinia's lost, borne back with force to Rome,  
By ruffians, headed by her father's kinsmen;  
And like a coward too, I live, yet saw it. [Exit.

*Mar. sen.* Oh Marius! Marius! let not complaints come  
from thee,  
Nor cloud the joy that's breaking on thy father.  
If she be back in Rome, Lavinia's thine;  
To-morrow's dawn restores her to thy arms.  
For that fair mistress, fortune, which has cost  
So dear, for which such hardships I have past,  
Is coy no more, but crowns my hopes at last.



I long t' embrace her ; nay, 'tis death to stay.  
 I'm mad as promis'd bridegrooms, borne away  
 With thoughts of nothing but the joyful day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Metellus's House.

*Enter* METELLUS, LAVINIA, and *Priest of Hymen.*

*Lav.* Nay, you have catch'd me ; you may kill me too :

But with my cries I'll rend the echoing heav'ns,  
 Till all the gods are witness how you use me.

*Met.* What ! like a vagrant fly thy father's house,  
 And follow fulsomely an exil'd slave,  
 Disdain'd by all the world, but abject thou ?  
 Resolve to go, or bound be sent to Sylla,  
 With as much scorn as thou hast done me shame.

*Lav.* Do bind me, kill me, rack these limbs : I'll bear't.

But, sir, consider, still I am your daughter ;  
 And one hour's converse with this holy man  
 May teach me to repent, and shew obedience.

*Met.* Think not t' evade me by protracting time :  
 For if thou dost not, may the gods forsake me,  
 As I will thee, if thou escape my fury— [*Exit.*]

*Lav.* \*Oh ! bid me leap (rather than go to Sylla)  
 From off the battlements of any tow'r,  
 Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are : chain me with roaring bears,  
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls :  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;  
 Things that to hear but told, have made me tremble ;  
 And I'll go thro' it without fear or doubting,  
 To keep my vows unspotted to my love.—

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 4. sc. 1.

*Priest.* Take here this phial then, and in this moment  
 Drink it; when straight thro' all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour, more than sleep:  
 And in death's borrow'd likeness shalt thou lie  
 Two summer-days, then wake as from a slumber,  
 Till Marius by my letters know what's past,  
 And come by stealth to Rome—

*Lav.* Give me; oh! give me: tell me not of fears.

*Priest.* Farewell: be bold and prosp'rous. [*Exit.*]

*Lav.* \*Oh! Farewell—

Heav'n knows if ever we shall meet again.  
 I have a faint cold fear thrills thro' my veins,  
 That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
 I'll call him back again to comfort me.  
 Stay, holy man. But what should he do here?  
 My dismal scene 'tis fit I act alone.  
 What if this mixture do not work at all?  
 Shall I to-morrow then be sent to Sylla?  
 No, no—this shall forbid it; lie thou there—

[*Lays down a dagger.*]

Or how, if, when I'm laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Marius come  
 To my relief? There, there's a fearful point.  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd?  
 Where, as they say, ghosts at some hours resort,  
 With mandrakes' shrieks torn from the earth's dark womb,  
 That living mortals hearing them, run mad?  
 Or if I wake, shall I not be distracted,  
 Environ'd round with all these hideous fears,  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
 Then in this rage, with some great kinsman's bones,  
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains!  
 What? Sylla! Get thee gone, thou meagre lover;  
 My sense abhors thee. Don't disturb my draught;  
 'Tis to my lord. [*Drinks.*] Oh, Marius! Marius!  
 Marius! [*Exit.*]

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 4. sc. 2.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cinna's Camp before the Walls of Rome.*[*Trumpets sound a General.*]*Enter CINNA, MARIUS Senior, and SULPITIUS, GRANIUS, two Ambassadors, Guards.*

*Cin.* Ambassadors from Rome? How many slaves,  
Traitors, and tyrants, villains, was I call'd  
But yesterday? yet now their consul Cinna!  
Oh! what an excellent master is an army,  
To teach rebellious cities manners! Say,  
My friend and colleague Marius, shall we hear them?

*Mar. sen.* Whom?

*Cin.* Th' ambassadors.

*Mar. sen.* From whence?

*Cin.* From Rome.

*Mar. sen.* My loving countrymen? they must be heard,  
Or Sylla will be angry—

*Cin.* In what state

And pageantry the solid lumps move on!  
And, tho' they come to beg, will be attended  
With their ill-order'd pomp, and aukward pride.  
Who are ye? and from whence?

*1 Amb.* From wretched Rome,  
To thee, most mighty Cinna, and to thee,  
Most dread lord Marius, in her name, we bow.

*Cin.* What's your demand?

*1 Amb.* Hear but our humble prayers,  
And all demands be made by godlike Cinna.  
Whither, Oh! whither will your rage pursue us?  
Must all the fortunes and the lives of Rome  
Suffer for one miscarriage of her masters?  
Your sorrowful afflicted mother Rome,  
In whose kind bosom you were nurs'd and bred,  
Stretches her trembling arms t' implore your pity.

Fold up your dreadful ensigns; and lay by  
Your warlike terrors, that affright her matrons;  
And come to her, ere sorrows quite o'erwhelm her;  
But come like sons that bring their parents joy:  
Enter her gates with dove-like peace before ye,  
And let no bloody slaughter stain her streets.

*Cin.* Thus 'tis you think to heal up smarting honour,  
By pouring flatt'ring balm into the wound.  
Which for a time may make it whole and fair;  
Till the false med'cine be at last discover'd;  
And then it rankles to a sore again.  
Take this my answer: I will enter Rome;  
But for my force, I'll keep it still my own,  
Nor part with pow'r to give it to my foes.

*Mar. sen.* Sulpitius, see what abject slaves are these!  
Such base deformities a long robe hides.

*Sulp.* I can't but laugh to think on't.

*Mar. sen.* What?

*Sulp.* How these politic noddles, that look so grave  
upon the matter in the senate-house, will laugh and  
grin at one another, when they are set a-sunning upon  
the capitol.

*2 Amb.* May we return with joy into our city,  
Proclaiming peace, agreed with heav'n and you?

*Cin.* Go tell them, we expect due homage paid,  
Of ev'ry senator; expect acknowledgment,  
Mighty rewards and offices of honour.

*1 Amb.* But on that brow there still appears a cloud,  
That never rose without a foll'wing storm.

*Mar. sen.* Alas! for me, a simple banish'd man,  
Driv'n from my country by the right of law,  
And justly punish'd, as my ills deserv'd,  
Think not of me: whate'er are his resolves,  
I shall obey.

*Both Amb.* May all the gods reward you!—

[*Ex. Ambass. and Attendants.*]

*Cin.* Now, Marius.

*Mar. sen.* Now, my Cinna.

*Cin.* Are not we

True-born of Rome, true sons of such a mother?  
How I adore thy temper!

*Mar. sen.* Those two knaves,  
Those whining, fawning, humble, pliant villains,  
Would cut thy throat or mine for half a drachma.

*Cin.* Let's not delay a moment.

*Mar. sen.* Oh! let's fly,  
Enter this cursed city; nay, with smiles too,  
But false as the adult'rate promises  
Of favourites in pow'r, when poor men court them.

*Cin.* They always hated me, because a soldier.

*Mar. sen.* Base natures ever grudge at things above  
them,

And hate a pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.  
When fears are on them, then their kindest wishes  
And best rewards attend the gallant warrior:  
But dangers vanish'd, infamous neglect,  
Ill usage, and reproach, are all his portion;  
Or at the best, he's wedded to hard wants,  
Robb'd of that little hire he toil'd and bled for.

*Sulp.* I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted rogue,  
Live upon prey, and hang for't with my fellows,  
Than, when my honour and my country's cause  
Call me to dangers, be so basely branded.

*Mar. sen.* Ere we this city enter then, let's swear  
Not to destroy one honest Roman living.

*Sulp.* Nor one chaste matron.

*Cin.* Nor a faithful friend,

Nor true-born heir, nor senator that's wise.

*Mar. sen.* But knaves and villains, whores, and base-  
born brats,

And th' endless swarms of fools grown up in years,  
Be slaughter's game, till we dispeople Rome.

*Cin.* Draw out our guards, and let the trumpets  
sound.

*Mar. sen.* Till all things tell them Marius is at hand,  
O Sylla, if at Capua thou shalt hear  
How fortune deals with me, fall on thy knees,  
And make the gods thy friends to keep thee from me.

Sulpitius, as along the streets we move,  
 With solemn pace, and meditating mischiefs,  
 Whome'er I smile on, let thy sword go through.  
 Oh! can the matrons' and the virgins' cries,  
 The screams of dying infants, and the groans  
 Of murder'd men, be music to appease me?  
 Sure death's not far from such a desp'rate cure.  
 Be't with me rather (gods!) as storms let loose,  
 That rive the trunks of tallest cedars down,  
 And tear from tops the loaded pregnant vine,  
 And kill the tender flow'rs but yet half-blown.  
 For having no more fury left in store,  
 Heav'n's face grows clear, the storm is heard no more,  
 And nature smiles as gaily as before— [Exeunt.] }

## SCENE II.—Metellus's House.

*Enter* METELLUS.

*Met.* A peace with Marius! O most base submission!  
 That over-ruling fears should weigh up reason!  
 Was not the city our's, and Sylla too  
 At Capua, almost in a trumpet's call?  
 And to submit! Could I but once have fought for't,  
 I might have met this Marius in arms,  
 And been reveng'd for all the mischiefs done me.  
 Nurse!

*Enter* Nurse.

*Nurse.* Here, an't shall please you.

*Met.* Go wake Lavinia. Tell her, she must hence  
 For Capua this morning: for the truce  
 Favours her journey, and secures her passage. [Exit.  
 [Scene draws, and discovers Lavinia on a Couch.

*Nurse.* \*Wake her? poor titmouse! it will be as  
 peevish,  
 I'll warrant you, and rub it's nyes, and so frown now,

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 4, sc. 5.

Well; mistress! why Lavinia! Fast I warrant her.  
 Why, lamb! why, lady! Fy, you slug-a-bed.  
 What, not a word? You take your penny-worth now,  
 Sleep for a week; for the next night (my word for't)  
 Sylla takes care that you shall rest but little.  
 Gods forgive me—  
 Marry and amen. How sound is she asleep!  
 I must needs waken her. Madam! Madam! Madam!  
 Now should your lover find you in this posture,  
 He'd fright you up i'faith. What! won't it do?  
 Drest too? and in your cloaths? and down again?  
 Nay, I must wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!  
 Alas! alas! Help, help, my lady's dead.  
 Ah! well-a-day that ever I was born!  
 Some *aqua vitæ*. Hoa! my lord—my lady—

*Enter METELLUS.*

*Met.* Lavinia dead?

*Nurse.* Your only daughter's dead:

Dead as a herring, stock-fish, or door-nail.

*Met.* Stiff, cold, and pale! Where are thy beauties  
 now?

Thy blushes, that have warm'd so many hearts?  
 All hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring beauty,  
 Sigh till ye break; and all ye eyes that languish'd  
 In my Lavinia's brightness, weep with me,  
 Till grief grow gen'ral, and the world's in tears.

*Nurse.* Oh day! Oh day! Oh day! Oh hateful day!  
 Never was seen so black a day as this.

Oh day! Oh woful day! Oh day, like night!

*Met.* No more! Thus in her bridal ornaments,  
 Drest as she is, she shall be borne to burial,  
 I'th' sepulchre where our forefathers rest.  
 Be't done, whilst all things we ordain'd for joy  
 Turn from their office, and assist in sadness. [*Exit.*

*Nurse.* I shall be done and done, and overdone, as  
 we are undone. And I will sigh and cry, till I am  
 swelled as big as a pumpkin. Nay, my poor baby,

I'll take care thou shalt not die for nothing; for I will wash thee with my tears, perfume thee with my sighs, and stick a flower in every part about thee.

SCENE changes to the Forum, where is placed the Consul's Tribunal.

*Enter Two Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Whither, oh whither shall we fly for safety?  
Already reeking murder's in our streets.

Matrons with infants in their arms are butcher'd,  
And Rome appears one noisome house of slaughter.

2 *Cit.* Hear us, ye gods, and pity our calamities.  
Stop, stop the fury of this cruel tyrant;  
Or send your thunder forth to strike us dead,  
Ere our own slaves are masters of our throats.

1 *Cit.* Ruin draws near us. Oh my friend! let's fly  
To th' altars of our gods, and by the hands  
Of one another die, as Romans ought. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANCHARIUS the Senator, and his Grandson.*

*Child.* Hide me, my grandsire; the ugly men are  
coming  
That kill'd my mother and my sister Thesbia.  
Will they kill you and me too?

*Anch.* O my child!  
I cannot hide thee, nor know what to do.  
Decrepit age benumbs my weary limbs:  
I can't resist, nor fly—

*Child.* Then here we'll sit;  
Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do,  
I'll fall upon my knees, and beg your life.  
I am a very little harmless boy;  
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,  
They'll pity sure my tears, and grant me all.



*Enter several Old Men in black with Cypress-wreaths, leading Virgins in white, with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal.*

*Then enter MARIUS Senior as Consul, Lictors, SULPITIUS, and Guards.*

*Mar. sen.* I thank ye gods, ye have restor'd me now.  
[*Mounts the Tribunal.*]

What pageantry is this, Sulpitius, here?

Remove these slaves, and bear them to their fates.

*1 Old Man.* We come not for ourselves, but in the name

Of Rome, to offer up our lives for all.  
Pity a wretched state, thou raging god,  
And let loose all thy dreadful fury here.

*Mar. sen.* I know ye all, great senators, ye are  
The heads and patrons of rebellious Rome.  
Ye can be humble when affliction galls ye:  
And with that cheat at any time ye think  
To charm a gen'rous mind, tho' ye have wrong'd it.  
False are your safeties when indulg'd by pow'r:  
For soon ye fatten and grow able traitors.  
False are your fears, and your afflictions fals'er:  
For they cheat you, and make you hope for mercy,  
Which you shall never gain at Marius' hands.  
Who trusts your penitence is more than fool;  
Rebellion will renew: ye can't be honest.  
You're never pleas'd but with the knaves that cheat you.  
And work your follies to their private ends.  
For your religion, like your cloaths you wear it,  
To change and turn just as the fashion alters.  
And think you by this solemn piece of fooling  
To hush my rage, and melt me into pity?  
Advance, Sulpitius; old Ancharius there,  
Who was so violent for my destruction,  
That his beard bristled, and his face distorted;  
Away with him. Despatch these triflers too:

But spare the virgins, 'cause mine eyes have seen them :  
Or keep them for my warriors to rejoice in.

*Anch.* Thou who wert born to be the plague of Rome,  
What would'st thou do with me?

*Mar. sen.* Dispose thee hence  
Amongst the other offal, for the jaws  
Of hungry death, till Rome be purg'd of villains.  
Thou diest for wronging Marius.

*Child.* Oh my lord !  
(For you must be a lord, you are so angry)  
For my sake spare his life. I have no friend  
But him to guard my tender years from wrongs.  
When he is dead, what will become of me,  
A poor and helpless orphan, naked left  
To all the ills of the wide faithless world?

*Mar. sen.* Take hence this brat too; mount it on a  
spear,  
And make it sprawl to make the grandsire sport.

*Child.* O cruel man! I'll hang upon your knees,  
And with my little dying hands implore you :  
I may be fit to do you some small pleasures.  
I'll find a thousand tender ways to please you:  
Smile when you rage, and stroke you into mildness;  
Play with your manly neck, and call you father;  
For mine (alas!) the gods have taken from me.

*Mar. sen.* Young crocodile! Thus from their mothers' breasts  
Are they instructed, bred, and taught in Rome.  
For that old paralytic slave, despatch him:  
Let me not know he breathes another moment.  
But spare this, cause't has learn'd it's lesson well,  
And I've a softness in my heart pleads for him.

*Enter Messenger.*

Well now.

*Mes.* Metellus—

*Mar. sen.* Hah! Metellus! What?

*Mes.* Is found.

*Mar. sen.* Speak, where?

*Mes.* In an old suburb-cottage,  
Upbraiding heav'n, and cursing at your fortune.

*Mar. sen.* Haste, let him be preserv'd for my own fury;  
Clap, clap your hands for joy, ye friends of Marius;  
Ten thousand talents for the news I'll give thee.  
The core and bottom of my torment's found;  
And in a moment I shall be at ease.  
Rome's walls no more shall be besmear'd with blood,  
But peace and gladness flourish in her streets.  
Let's go: Metellus! we have found Metellus!  
Let ev'ry tongue proclaim aloud Metellus;  
Till I have dash'd him on the rock of fate,  
Then be his name forgot, and heard no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV\*.—*A Church-Yard.*

*Enter Marius Junior.*

*Mar. jun.* As I have wander'd musing to and fro,  
Still am I brought to this unlucky place,  
As I had business with the horrid dead:  
Tho' could I trust to flattery of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.  
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt Lavinia came and found me dead,  
And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

*Enter CATULUS.*

*Cat.* My lord already here!

*Mar. jun.* My trusty Catulus,  
What news from my Lavinia? speak and bless me.

*Cat.* She's very well.—

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 5. sc. 1.

*Mar. jun.* Then nothing can be ill.  
Something thou seem'st to know that's terrible.  
Out with it boldly, man; what can'st thou say  
Of my Lavinia?

*Cat.* But one sad word, she's dead :  
Here in her kindred's vault I've seen her laid,  
And have been searching you to tell the news.

*Mar. jun.* Dead! is it so? then I deny\* you, stars.  
Go, hasten quickly, get me ink and paper.  
'Tis done: I'll hence to-night.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the priest?

*Cat.* No, my good lord.

*Mar. jun.* No matter, get thee gone— [*Exit Catulus.*  
Lavinia! yet I'll lie with thee to-night;  
But for the means. Oh mischief! thou art swift  
To catch the stragging thoughts of desp'rate men.  
I do remember an apothecary,  
That dwelt about this rendezvous of death :  
Meagre and very rueful were his looks ;  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones ;  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes: and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen-pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.  
Oh for a poison now! his need will sell it,  
Tho' it be present death by Roman law.  
As I remember, this should be the house.  
His shop is shut: with beggars all are holidays.  
Holla! Apothecary; hoa!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Apoth.* Who's there?

*Mar. jun.* Come hither, man, I see thou'rt very poor ;

\* Some of the editors of Shakespeare read—*I DENY you, stars.*

Thou may'st do any thing: here's fifty drachmas;  
Get me a draught of that will soonest free  
A wretch from all his cares: thou understand'st me.

*Apoth.* Such mortal drugs I have, but Roman law  
Speaks death to any he that utters them.

*Mar. jun.* Art thou so base, and full of wretchedness,  
Yet fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back;  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich:  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Apoth.* My poverty, but not my will consents—

[*Goes in, and fetches a Phial of Poison.*]

Take this and drink it off, the work is done.

*Mar. jun.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's  
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
Than these poor compounds thou'rt forbid to sell.  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell—buy food—and get thyself in flesh.  
Now for the monument of the Metelli—

[*Exit.*]

*Scene draws, and shews the Temple and Monument.*

*Re-enter MARIUS.*

It should be here: the door is open too.  
Th' insatiate mouth of fate gapes wide for more.

*Enter Priest and Boy, with a Mattock and Iron Crow\*.*

*Priest.* Give me the mattock and the wrenching iron!  
Now take this letter, with what haste thou canst  
Find out young Marius, and deliver it. [Exit Boy.  
Now must I to the monument alone.

What wretch is he that's ent'ring into th' tomb?  
Some villain come to rob and spoil the dead.—  
Whoe'er thou art, stop thy unhallow'd purpose.

\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 5. sc. 2.

*Mar. jun.* Whoe'er thou art, I warn thee to be gone,  
And do not interrupt my horrid purpose.  
For else, by heav'n, I'll tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.  
My mind, and it's intents are savage, wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*Priest.* Then as a sacrilegious slave, I charge thee,  
Obey, and go with me, or thou must die.

*Mar. jun.* I know I must, and therefore I came hither.  
Good rev'ence, do not tempt a desp'rate man.  
By heav'n, I love thee better than myself;  
For I against myself come hither arm'd.  
Stay not, begone—live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy gave thee honest counsel.

*Priest.* I do defy thy mercy and thy counsel,  
And here will seize thee as a thief and robber.

*Mar. jun.* Wilt thou provoke me? then here, take  
thy wages. *[Kills him.]*

*Priest.* I'm kill'd. Oh Marius! now too late I know  
thee.

Thou'st slain the only man could do thee good.

Lavinia—oh!—

*[Dies.]*

*Mar. jun.* Let me peruse this face.  
It is the honest priest that join'd our hands,  
In a disguise conceal'd. Give me thy hand;  
Since in ill fate's black roll with me thou'rt writ,  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.  
Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus will I force thy rotten jaws to open,  
And spite of thee, yet cram thee with more food.

*[Pulls down the side of the Tomb.]*

Oh gorgeous palace! oh my love! my wife!  
Death has had yet no pow'r upon thy beauty;  
That is not conquer'd. Beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks;  
And the pale flag is not advanc'd yet there.  
Why art thou still so fair? shall I believe  
That the lean monster death is amorous,

And keeps thee here in darkness for his paramour?  
 For fear of that, I'll stay with thee for ever.  
 Come, bitter conduct, thou unsav'ry guide:  
 Here's to my love— *[Drinks the Poison.]*

And now, eyes, look your last,  
 Arms, take your last embrace, whilst on these lips  
 I fix the seal of an eternal contract—  
 She breathes and stirs!— *[Lavinia wakes.]*

*Lav. in the Tomb.* Where am I? bless me, heav'n!  
 'Tis very cold: and yet here's something warm—

*Mar. jun.* She lives, and we shall both be made im-  
 mortal.

Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heav'nly news,  
 And tell me how the gods design to treat us.

*Lav.* O! I have slept a long ten thousand years.  
 What have they done with me! I'll not be us'd thus:  
 I'll not wed Sylla. Marius is my husband;  
 Is he not, sir? methinks you're very like him.  
 Be good as he is, and protect me.

*Mar. jun.* Hah!

Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?  
 Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was;  
 And ne'er shall be myself, if thou art lost.

*Lav.* The gods have heard my vows; it is my Marius.  
 Once more they have restor'd him to my eyes.  
 Hadst thou not come, sure I had slept for ever.  
 But there's a sovereign charm in thy embraces,  
 That might do wonders, and revive the dead.

*Mar. jun.* Ill-fate no more, Lavinia, now shall part us,  
 Nor cruel parents, nor oppressing laws.  
 Did not heav'n's pow'rs all wonder at our loves?  
 And when thou told'st the tale of thy disasters  
 Was there not sadness and a gloom amongst them?  
 I know there was; and they in pity sent thee,  
 Thus to redeem me from this vale of torments,  
 And bear me with thee to those hills of joys.  
 This world's gross air grows burthensome already.  
 I'm all a god; such heav'nly joys transport me,  
 That mortal sense grows sick, and faints with tasting.

*[Dies.]*

*Lav.* Oh! to recount my happiness to thee,  
 To open all the treasure of my soul,  
 And shew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waste more time  
 Than so impatient love as mine can spare.—  
 He's gone! he's dead! breathless: alas! my Marius.  
 A phial too; here, here has been his bane.  
 O churl! drink all? not leave one friendly drop  
 For poor Lavinia? yet I'll drain thy lips,  
 Perhaps some welcome poison may hang there,  
 To help me to o'ertake thee on thy journey.  
 Clammy and damp as earth. Hah! stains of blood?  
 And a man murder'd? 'Tis th' unhappy Flamen.  
 Who fix their joys on any thing that's mortal,  
 Let them behold my portion, and despair.  
 What shall I do? how will the gods dispose me?  
 Oh! I could rend these walls with lamentation,  
 Tear up the dead from their corrupted graves,  
 And daub the face of earth with her own bowels.

*Enter MARIUS Senior, and Guards, driving in METELLUS.*

*Mar. sen.* Pursue the slave: let not his gods protect him.

*Lav.* More mischiefs? ha! My father.

*Met.* Oh! I am slain. [*Falls down and dies.*]

*Lav.* And murder'd too! When will my woes have end?  
 Come, cruel tyrant.

*Mar. sen.* Sure I have known that face.

*Lav.* And canst thou think of any one good turn  
 That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?

*Mar. sen.* Art thou not call'd Lavinia?

*Lav.* Once I was:

But by my woes may now be better known.

*Mar. sen.* I cannot see thy face—

*Lav.* You must, and hear me.

By this, you must: nay, I will hold you fast.

[*Seizes his Sword.*]

*Mar. sen.* What wouldst thou say? where's all my  
 rage gone now?



*Lav.* I am Lavinia, born of noble race.  
 My blooming beauty conquer'd many hearts,  
 But prov'd the greatest torment of my own:  
 Tho' my vows prosper'd, and my love was answer'd  
 By Marius, the noblest, goodliest youth  
 That man e'er envied at, or virgin sigh'd for;  
 He was the son of an unhappy parent,  
 And banish'd with him when our joys were young;  
 Scarce a night old.

*Mar. sen.* I do remember't well.  
 And thou art she, that wonder of thy kind,  
 That could'st be true to exil'd misery,  
 And to and fro thro' barren deserts range,  
 To find th' unhappy wretch thy soul was fond of.

*Lav.* Do you remember't well?

*Mar. sen.* In ev'ry point.

*Lav.* You then were gentle, took me in your arms,  
 Embrac'd me, blest me, us'd me like a father:  
 And sure I was not thankless for the bounty.

*Mar. sen.* No, thou wert, next the gods, my only comfort,  
 When I lay fainting on the dry parch'd earth,  
 Beneath the scorching heat of burning noon,  
 Hungry and dry, no food nor friend to cheer me:  
 Then thou, as by the gods some angel sent,  
 Cam'st by, and in compassion didst relieve me.

*Lav.* Did I all this?

*Mar. sen.* Thou didst; thou sav'dst my life,  
 Else I had sunk beneath the weight of want,  
 And been a prey to my remorseless foes.

*Lav.* And see how well I am at last rewarded!  
 All could not balance for the short-term'd life  
 Of one old man: you have my father butcher'd,  
 The only comfort I had left on earth.  
 The gods have taken too my husband from me;  
 See where he lies, your and my only joy.  
 This sword, yet reeking with my father's gore,  
 Plunge it into my breast: plunge, plunge it thus.  
 And now let rage, distraction and despair  
 Seize all mankind, till they grow mad as I am.

[*Stabs herself with his Sword.*]

*Mar. sen.* Nay, now thou hast outdone me much in cruelty.

Be nature's light extinguish'd; let the sun  
Withdraw his beams, and put the world in darkness,  
Whilst here I howl away my life in sorrows.  
Oh! let me bury me and all my sins  
Here with this good old man. Thus let me kiss  
Thy pale sunk cheeks, embalm thee with my tears.  
My son, how cam'st thou by this wretched end?  
We might have all been friends, and in one house  
Enjoy'd the blessings of eternal peace.  
But oh! my cruel nature has undone me.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord, I bring you most disast'rous news.  
Sylla's return'd; his army's on their march  
From Capua, and to-morrow will reach Rome,  
At which the rabble are in new rebellion,  
And your Sulpitius mortally is wounded.

*Enter Sulpitius (led by two of the Guards) and  
Granius.*

*Mar. sen.* O! then I'm ruin'd! From this very moment  
Has my good genius left me; hope forsakes me.  
The name of Sylla's baneful to my fortune.  
Be warn'd by me, ye great ones, how y'embroil  
Your country's peace, and dip your hands in slaughter.  
Ambition is a lust that's never quench'd,  
Grows more inflam'd and madder by enjoyment.  
Bear me away, and lay me on my bed,  
A hopeless vessel bound for the dark land  
Of loathsome death, and loaded deep with sorrows.

*[He is led off.]*

*Sulp.* A curse on all repentance! how I hate it!  
I'd rather hear a dog howl, than a man whine.

*Gran.* You're wounded, sir: I hope it is not much.

*Sulp.* \* No; 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis deep enough; 'twill serve; I am pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this world. A pox on all madmen hereafter. If I get a monument, let this be my epitaph:

Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome slave,  
That sent many honest men to the grave;  
And died like a fool, when h'had liv'd like a knave. }

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

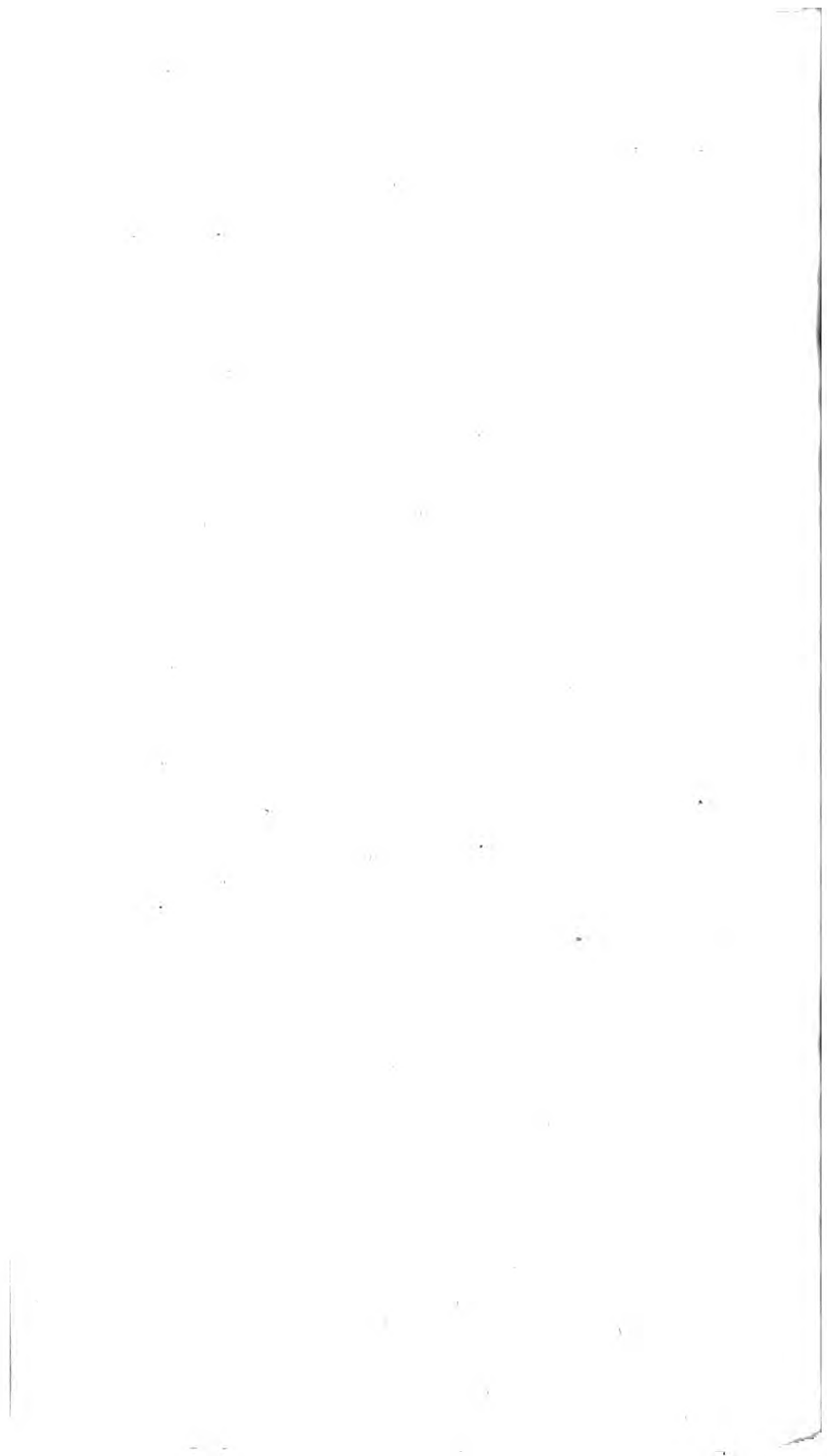
\* "Romeo and Juliet," act 3. sc. 1.

## EPILOGUE.

---

A MISCHIEF on't! tho' I'm again alive,  
May I believe this play of our's shall thrive?  
This drumming, trumpeting, and fighting play:  
Why, what a devil will the people say?  
The nation that's without, and hears the din,  
Will swear we're raising volunteers again.  
For know, our poet, when this play was made,  
Had nought but drums and trumpets in his head;  
Had banish'd poetry and all her charms,  
And needs the fool would be a man at arms.  
No 'prentice e'er, grown weary of indentures,  
Had such a longing mind to seek adventures;  
Nay, sure at last th' infection gen'ral grew;  
For t'other day I was a captain too:  
Neither for Flanders nor for France to roam,  
But, just as you were all, to stay at home.  
And now for you who here come wrapt in cloaks,  
Only for love of Underhill and Nurse Noakes\*,  
Our poet says, one day to a play ye come,  
Which serves ye half a year for wit at home.  
But which amongst you is there to be found,  
Will take his third day's pawn for fifty pound?  
Or, now he is cashier'd, will fairly venture  
To give him ready money for's debenture?  
Therefore when he receiv'd that fatal doom,  
This play came forth, in hopes his friends would come  
To help a poor disbanded soldier home. }

\* The actors who supported the characters of Sulpitius and the Nurse. The latter obtained so much celebrity from his part, that, afterwards, he was commonly termed *Nurse Noakes*.



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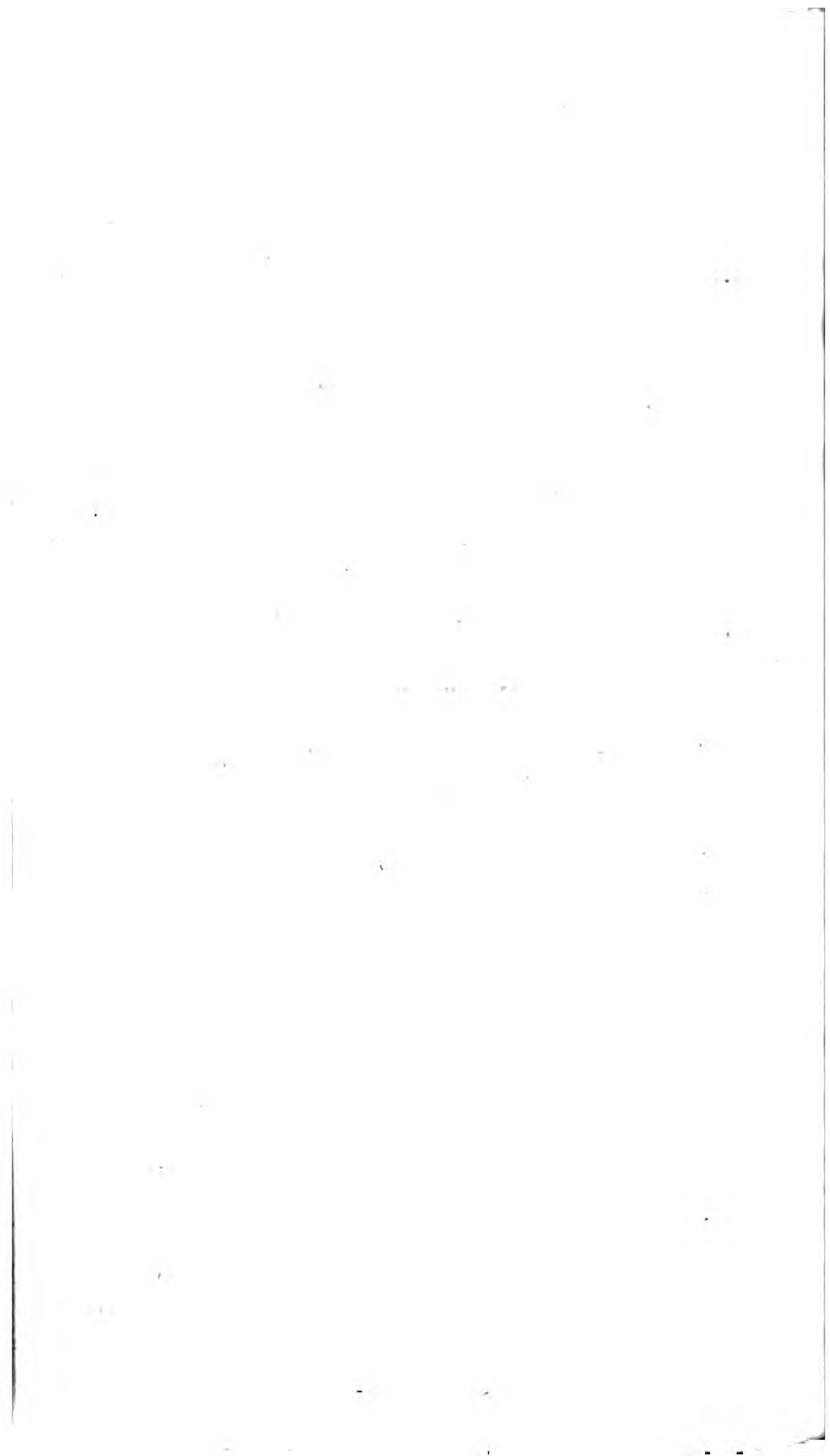
**THE ORPHAN:**  
OR,  
**THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.**  
A TRAGEDY.

---

*Qui pelago credit, magno se fœnore tollit ;  
Qui pugnæ & castra petit, præcingitur auro ;  
Vilis adulator picto jacet ebrius ostro  
Et qui sollicitat nuptas, ad præmia peccat :  
Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,  
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat artes.*

PETRON. ARB. SATYRIC. CAP. 83.

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## THE ORPHAN.

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THE peculiarity as well as excellence of Otway's genius, appears with striking effect in this tragedy, which may justly rank among the most admirable productions of the English drama. Withdrawn at length from the sublime regions of fancy and romance, the allurements of rhyme, and the near contagion of fashionable insipidity, and restored to truth and nature, Otway seems to have imbibed the spirit of Shakespeare, our great dramatic exemplar; and expresses here more pure and impassioned eloquence, than we find in the inflexible stateliness of Racine, or the heroic flights of Dryden. This play, from its merit and reputation, which have diffused the fame of its author in other countries, and awakened the satiric malignity of Voltaire, deserves a more detailed examination than it has hitherto obtained.

We may pronounce the "Orphan" tolerably exact in the observance of the unities. With regard to *time*, indeed, it slightly encroaches upon those rigid laws imposed by critics upon the drama, but which are neglected by many of our most eminent poets, often with impunity, and sometimes with applause. Provided the *action* be continuous, the unities of *time* and *place* are now seldom enforced with severity. If the senses of the audience are not shocked by any obvious violation of probability, it seems unnecessary to invent restraints



which give less pleasure to the spectator, than perplexity to the writer. The fable is borrowed from a novel, called "English Adventures," and is briefly as follows:

A young lady deprived of her parents, is received into the hospitable mansion of a family in which are two sons, to whom she becomes equally the object of ardent attachment. Castalio, the eldest, upon whom her affections are fixed, is involved by conflicting motives of love and friendship in much dissimulation and duplicity of conduct. He conceals his love, and attempts to vanquish the hopeless passion of his brother, by little artifices, and by affecting on his own part a careless indifference for his success. He at length privately marries Monimia: their conversation is overheard by Polydore, who, loosely imagining their assignation to be a criminal one, resolves to impose himself upon Monimia for his brother. This he is enabled to accomplish by his own dexterity, the artifices of a page, and the silence and secrecy which the delicate situation of the lovers required. The consequences of this act produce great horror and distress; and the catastrophe ensues: the injured husband is constrained to inflict the penalty of the offence upon his own brother, by the contrivance of the criminal himself.

It has been objected, that the principal event is improbable. But besides the alledged *truth* of this part of the story\*, the imposture is supported by every cir-

\* This is not of much weight alone:—

“ Le vrai peut quelquefois n’être pas vrai-semblable.

*Boileau.*

cumstance which could assist and favour the delusion ; and where, as in this instance, deceit is thought impracticable, suspicion is easily laid asleep, or absorbed in expectation.

The characters are drawn with skill and judgment. Acasto, a nobleman dignified and hospitable ; preserving his loyalty amidst neglect, scorn, and ingratitude. His sons, twins by birth, and congenial in habits, pursuits, and amusements ; both "plagued by one unhappy love," which happily develops, and forcibly discriminates their characters. Monimia, the victim of a passion which her charms had innocently excited, claims a plentiful tribute of pity. Her virtue, beauty, and misfortunes, conspire to render her one of the most interesting personages in tragedy. Chamont, her brother, whose character is somewhat too boisterous, and often breaks with too much violence the melancholy tenor of the dialogue, is distinguished by an excessive jealousy of honour, and impatience of affront, which, if not required, are, at least, excused by his profession of a soldier\*.

The sentiments are generally appropriate. The plot being of a domestic kind, and the persons not of a very exalted rank, great comprehension of thought, or philosophical dignity of sentiment, cannot reasonably be expected. The passions, and their modes of exhi-

\* Voltaire indulges himself in ridiculing the character of Chamont. He thus describes his quarrel with Acasto: "*Cham.* Je veux que vous lui appreniez à vivre, ou je mettrai le feu à la maison.—*Acast.* Hé, bien, hé bien, je vous rendrai justice."

bition, are as various as the subject would admit, without violating the simplicity of nature, which uniformly prevails. This may be extended to the whole of the plot and *denouement*, which latter is conducted with considerable felicity. The diction, without aspiring to splendour or elegance, is just and poetical. The figures, though not numerous, are striking and well chosen. As the climax of distress approaches, the language assumes a tender and pathetic character, expressive of the subject; and, by degrees, becomes so irresistibly moving, that few of those who follow the distresses of the "Orphan" to their close, can refuse to participate in emotions similar to those of Mrs. Barry, the celebrated actress, who declared, that when playing the part of Monimia, she never uttered the words, "Ah! poor Castalio!" without tears.

Lest it should be imagined that partiality has assumed the disguise of candour, some notice will now be taken of the imperfections of this play: and, first, the defect of it's moral. Otway concludes it with these lines:

————— I go

To search the means by which the fates have plagu'd us.  
'Tis thus that heav'n it's empire does maintain;  
It may afflict, but man must not complain.

This is a gloomy reflection. Although the distress of the scene, in which the innocent are complicated with the guilty, may be supposed to extort such a sentiment from a thoughtless mind; the poet is bound to vindicate the distributions of Providence from heedless cen-

sures arising out of the dull perceptions of mortality. The mischievous tendency of falshood and disingenuousness, seems to be the moral inference which, without any art of the poet, we may deduce from the piece; and in this view of the subject, Castalio deserves less compassion, and Polydore less indignation, than they respectively receive. The plot, in common with that of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," labours under the charge of indecency. There are likewise some sentiments which border upon libertinism. In Acasto's advice to his sons, the limits between truth and satire are so indistinct, that he appears at one time to discourse inconsistently with his character.

It is generally supposed, that in Acasto may be found the portrait of the first Duke of Ormond; and the resemblance is sufficiently strong to warrant the conjecture, notwithstanding it implies a severe reproach upon the king for his neglect of him.

—————When for what he had borne  
 Long, hard, and faithful toil, he might have claim'd  
 Places in honour, and employment high;  
 A huffing, shining, flatt'ring, cringing coward,  
 A canker-worm of peace, was rais'd above him.

These disgraceful epithets will apply, with truth, to the Duke of Buckingham, among other characters of equal profligacy, who interposed themselves between the king and Ormond\*.

\* In Carte's life of this excellent nobleman, may be seen many points of the resemblance before alluded to.

The "Orphan" was represented in 1680, and printed, 4to. the same year. The flattering dedication to the Duchess of York, when read in connection with a sentence in the beginning of the third act of the play, reflects neither honour upon the object, nor credit upon the panegyrist. Voltaire is unaccountably mistaken in saying it is dedicated to the Duchess of Cleveland.

TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUCHESS\*.

MADAM,

AFTER having a great while wished to write something that might be worthy to lay at Your Highness's feet, and finding it impossible: since the world has been so kind to me to judge of this poem to my advantage, as the most pardonable fault which I have made in it's kind; I had sinned against myself, if I had not chosen this opportunity to implore (what my ambition is most fond of) your favour and protection.

For though fortune would not so far bless my endeavours, as to encourage them with Your Royal Highness's presence, when this came into the world: yet, I cannot but declare it was my design and hopes, it might have been your divertisement in that happy season, when you returned again to cheer all those eyes that had before wept for your departure, and enliven all hearts that had wept for your absence: when wit ought to have paid it's choicest tributes in, and joy have known no limits, then I hoped my little mite would not have been rejected; though my ill fortune was too hard for me, and I lost a greater honour, by Your Royal Highness's absence, than all the applauses of the world besides can make me reparation for.

Nevertheless, I thought myself not quite unhappy, so

\* Mary-Beatrix Eleonora of Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena. She was the Duke of York's second wife.

long as I had hopes this way yet to recompense my disappointment past: when I considered also, that poetry might claim right to a little share in your favour: for Tasso and Ariosto, some of the best, have made their names eternal, by transmitting to after-ages the glory of your ancestors; and under the spreading of that shade, where two of the best have planted their laurels, how honoured should I be, who am the worst, if but a branch might grow for me!

I dare not think of offering any thing in this address, that might look like a panegyric, for fear lest, when I have done my best, the world should condemn me, for saying too little, and you yourself check me, for meddling with a task unfit for my talent.

For the description of virtues and perfections so rare as your's are, ought to be done by as deliberate, as skilful a hand; the features must be drawn very fine, to be like; hasty daubing would but spoil the picture, and make it so unnatural, as must want false lights to set it off: and your virtue can receive no more lustre from praises, than your beauty can be improved by art; which, as it charms the bravest prince that ever amazed the world with his virtue; so let but all other hearts enquire into themselves, and then judge how it ought to be praised.

Your love too, as none but that great hero, who has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particular lot from heaven, was destined to so extraordinary a blessing, so matchless for itself, and so wondrous for it's constancy, shall be remembered to your immortal honour, when all other transactions of the age you live in, shall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask pardon for the fault I have been all this while committing. Wherefore, I beg Your Highness to forgive me this presumption, and that you will be pleased to think well of one, who cannot help resolving, with all the actions of life, to endeavour to deserve it: nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may, through your's, never want an

advocate in his favour, whose heart and mind you have so entire a share in: it is my only portion and my fortune; I cannot but be happy, so long as I have but hopes I may enjoy it; and I must be miserable, should it ever be my ill fate to lose it.

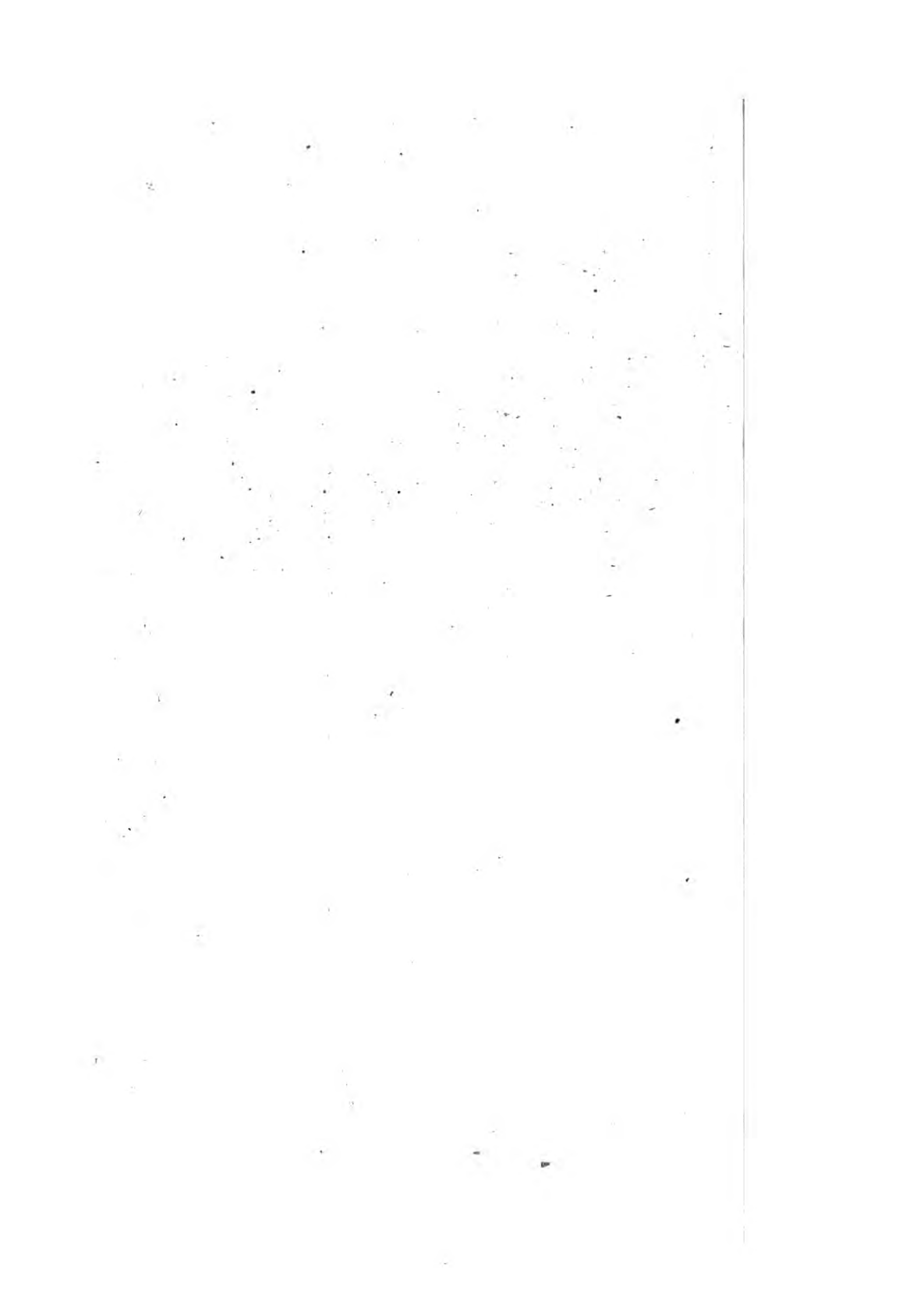
This, with eternal wishes for Your Royal Highness's content, happiness, and prosperity, in all humility is presented by

Your most obedient,

And devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.





## PROLOGUE.

---

To you, great judges in this writing age,  
The sons of wit, and patrons of the stage,  
With all those humble thoughts, which still have sway'd  
His pride, much doubting, trembling, and afraid  
Of what is to his want of merit due,  
And aw'd by ev'ry excellence in you,  
The author sends to beg you would be kind,  
And spare those many faults you needs must find.  
You to whom wit a common foe is grown,  
The thing ye scorn and publicly disown;  
Tho' now perhaps you're here for other ends,  
He swears to me, ye ought to be his friends:  
For he ne'er call'd ye yet insipid tools;  
Nor wrote one line to tell you ye were fools:  
But says of wit ye have so large a store,  
So very much, you never will have more.  
He ne'er with libel treated yet the town,  
The names of honest men bedaub'd and shown;  
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life  
Of suburb-virgin, or of city-wife.  
Satire's th' effect of poetry's disease;  
Which, sick of a lewd age, she vents for ease,  
But now her only strife should be to please;  
Since of ill fate the baneful cloud's withdrawn,  
And happiness again begins to dawn;  
Since back with joy and triumph he is come\*,  
That always drew fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home.  
Oft has he plow'd the boist'rous ocean o'er  
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing shore,  
Not when he brought home victories before.  
For then fresh laurels flourish'd on his brow;  
And he comes crown'd with olive-branches now;  
Receive him! oh receive him as his friends;  
Embrace the blessings which he recommends:  
Such quiet as your foes shall ne'er destroy;  
Then shake off fears, and clap your hands for joy.

\* The Duke of York; who had returned from Brussels, whither he retired to escape the clamours of the Anti-papists.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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**ACASTO**, *a Nobleman retired from Court, and living privately in the Country.*

**CASTALIO**, } *his Sons.*  
**POLYDORE**, }

**CHAMONT**, *a young Soldier of Fortune.*

**ERNESTO**, } *Servants in the Family.*  
**PAULINO**, }

**CORDELIO**, *Polydore's Page.*

**Chaplain.**

**MONIMIA**, *the Orphan, left under the Guardianship of old Acasto.*

**SERINA**, *Acasto's Daughter.*

**FLORELLA**, *Monimia's Woman.*

**SCENE**, *Bohemia.*

# THE ORPHAN.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter PAULINO and ERNESTO.*

*Paul.* 'Tis strange, Ernesto, this severity  
Should still reign pow'rful in Acasto's mind,  
To hate the court, where he was bred, and liv'd,  
All honours heap'd on him that pow'r could give.

*Ern.* 'Tis true, he hither came a private gentleman,  
But young and brave, and of a family  
Ancient and noble as the empire holds.  
The honours he has gain'd are justly his :  
He purchas'd them in war; thrice has he led  
An army 'gainst the rebels, and as often  
Return'd with victory : the world has not  
A truer soldier, or a better subject.

*Paul.* It was his virtue at first made me serve him ;  
He is the best of masters, as of friends :  
I know he has lately been invited thither ;  
Yet still he keeps his stubborn purpose ; cries,  
He's old, and willingly would be at rest :  
I doubt there's deep resentment in his mind,  
For the late slight his honour suffer'd there.

*Ern.* Has he not reason ? When for what he had  
borne,  
Long, hard, and faithful toil, he might have claim'd  
Places in honour, and employment high ;  
A huffing, shining, flatt'ring, cringing coward,  
A canker-worm of peace, was rais'd above him.

*Paul.* Yet still he holds just value for the king,  
Nor ever names him but with highest reverence.  
'Tis noble that—

*Ern.* Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praise,  
Speak things of him might charm the ears of envy.

*Paul.* Oh may he live till Nature's self grow old,  
And from her womb no more can bless the earth!  
For when he dies, farewell all honour, bounty,  
All generous encouragement of arts;  
For Charity herself becomes a widow.

*Ern.* No, he has two sons, that were ordain'd to be  
As well his virtues', as his fortune's heirs.

*Paul.* They're both of nature mild, and full of sweetness;  
ness;

They came twins from the womb, and still they live  
As if they would go twins too to the grave:  
Neither has any thing he calls his own,  
But of each other's joys, as griefs, partaking;  
So very honestly, so well they love,  
As they were only for each other born.

*Ern.* Never was parent in an offspring happier!  
He has a daughter too, whose blooming age  
Promises goodness equal to her beauty.

*Paul.* And as there is a friendship 'twixt the brethren,  
So has her infant nature chosen too  
A faithful partner of her thoughts and wishes,  
And kind companion of her harmless pleasures.

*Ern.* You mean the beautiful Orphan, fair Monimia,

*Paul.* The same, the daughter of the brave Chamont.  
He was our lord's companion in the wars;  
Where such a wondrous friendship grew between them,  
As only death could end. Chamont's estate  
Was ruin'd in our late and civil discords:  
Therefore, unable to advance her fortune,  
He left his daughter to our master's care;  
To such a care, as she scarce lost a father.

*Ern.* Her brother to the emp'ror's wars went early,  
To seek a fortune, or a noble fate;

Whence he with honour is expected back,  
And mighty marks of that great prince's favour.

*Paul.* Our master never would permit his sons  
To launch for fortune in th' uncertain world:  
But warns them to avoid both courts and camps,  
Where dilatory fortune plays the jilt  
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant man,  
To throw herself away on fools and knaves.

*Ern.* They both have forward, gen'rous, active spirits:  
'Tis daily their petition to their father,  
To send them forth where glory's to be gotten;  
They cry they're weary of their lazy home,  
Restless to do some thing that fame may talk of.  
To-day they chas'd the boar, and near this time  
Should be return'd.

*Paul.* Oh that's a royal sport!  
We yet may see the old man in a morning,  
Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,  
And there pursue the chase, as if he meant  
To o'ertake time, and bring back youth again.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *and* Page.

*Cast.* Polydore! our sport  
Has been to-day much better for the danger:  
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,  
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,  
The desp'rate savage rush'd within my force,  
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.

*Pol.* But then—

*Cast.* Ay then, my brother, my friend Polydore,  
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,  
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leapt  
To save Castalio. 'Twas a god like act!

*Pol.* But when I came, I found you conqueror.  
Oh my heart danc'd to see your danger past!  
The heat and fury of the chase was cool'd,  
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.

*Cast.* So, Polydore, methinks we might in war  
Rush on together; thou should'st be my guard,  
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?  
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,  
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,  
And die of rank diseases here at home!

*Pol.* No, let me purchase in my youth renown,  
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old:  
I would be busy in the world, and learn,  
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill-weed,  
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grew.

*Cast.* Our father  
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,  
And cries it is not safe that we should taste it:  
I own I've duty very pow'rful in me;  
And tho' I'd hazard all to raise my name,  
Yet he's so tender and so good a father,  
I could not do a thing to cross his will.

*Pol.* Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,  
Which you, and only you, can satisfy:  
Will you be free and candid to your friend?

*Cast.* Have I a thought my Polydore should not  
know?

What can this mean?

*Pol.* Nay I'll conjure you too  
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,  
To show your heart as naked in this point,  
As you would purge you of your sins to heav'n.

*Cast.* I will.

*Pol.* And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it  
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.

*Cast.* As calmly as the wounded patient bears  
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.

*Pol.* That's kindly said. You know our father's  
ward,

The fair Monimia;—is your heart at peace?  
Is it so guarded that you could not love her?

*Cast.* Suppose I should?

*Pol.* Suppose you should not, brother?

*Cast.* You'd say, I must not.

*Pol.* That would sound too roughly  
Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.

*Cast.* Is love a fault?

*Pol.* In one of us it may be :  
What if I love her ?

*Cast.* Then I must inform you  
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim,  
But will preserve the birthright of my passion.

*Pol.* You will ?

*Cast.* I will.

*Pol.* No more, I've done.

*Cast.* Why not ?

*Pol.* I told you I had done ;  
But you, Castalio, would dispute it.

*Cast.* No ;

Not with my Polydore ; tho' I must own  
My nature obstinate and void of suff'rance.  
Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,  
Attended on his throne by all his guards  
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.  
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,  
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.

*Pol.* Yet you would break this friendship !

*Cast.* Not for crowns.

*Pol.* But for a toy you would, a woman's toy ;  
Unjust Castalio !

*Cast.* Pr'ythee, where's my fault ?

*Pol.* You love Monimia.

*Cast.* Yes.

*Pol.* And you would kill me,  
If I'm your rival.

*Cast.* No, sure we're such friends,  
So much one man, that our affections too  
Must be united, and the same as we are.

*Pol.* I doat upon Monimia.

*Cast.* Love her still ;

Win, and enjoy her.

*Pol.* Both of us cannot.



*Cast.* No matter

Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.

*Pol.* You would not wed Monimia, would you?

*Cast.* Wed her!

No! were she all desire could wish, as fair  
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,  
With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,  
She should not cheat me of my freedom. Marry!  
When I am old and weary of the world,  
I may grow desperate,  
And take a wife to mortify withal.

*Pol.* It is an elder brother's duty so  
To propagate his family and name:  
You would not have your's die and buried with you?

*Cast.* Mere vanity, and silly dotage all:  
No, let me live at large, and when I die—

*Pol.* Who shall possess th' estate you leave?

*Cast.* My friend,  
If he survives me; if not, my king,  
Who may bestow't again on some brave man,  
Whose honesty and services deserve one.

*Pol.* 'Tis kindly offer'd.

*Cast.* By yon heav'n, I love  
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys,  
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest  
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.

*Pol.* And by that heav'n eternally I swear,  
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.  
Whose shall Monimia be?

*Cast.* No matter whose.

*Pol.* Were you not with her privately last night?

*Cast.* I was, and should have met her here again;  
But th' opportunity shall now be thine;  
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love:  
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,  
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.  
Urge all thy pow'rs to make thy passion prosper,  
But wrong not mine.

*Pol.* Heav'n blast me if I do.

*Cast.* If't prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer,  
 (For thou hast all the arts of fine persuasion!)  
 Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,  
 That I may ever after stifle mine.

*Pol.* Tho' she be dearer to my soul than rest  
 To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,  
 To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride,  
 Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.  
 For if ye, pow'rs, have happiness in store,  
 When ye would show'r down joys on Polydore,  
 In one great blessing all your bounty send,  
 That I may never lose so dear a friend.

[*Ex. Cast. Pol. Manet Page.*]

*Enter MONIMIA.*

*Mon.* So soon return'd from hunting? this fair day  
 Seems as if sent t'invite the world abroad.  
 Pass'd not Castalio and Polydore this way?

*Page.* Madam, just now.

*Mon.* Sure some ill fate's upon me.  
 Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,  
 And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.  
 Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave  
 With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?  
 Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.  
 Castalio! O Castalio! thou hast caught  
 My foolish heart; and like a tender child,  
 That trusts his play-thing to another hand,  
 I fear it's harm, and fain would have it back.  
 Come near, Cordelio. I must chide you, sir.

*Page.* Why, madam, have I done you any wrong?

*Mon.* I never see you now; you have been kinder;  
 Sat by my bed, and sung me pretty songs:  
 Perhaps I've been ungrateful: here's money for you:  
 Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oft'ner?

*Page.* Madam, I'd serve you with my soul;  
 But in a morning when you call me to you,  
 As by your bed I stand and tell you stories,

I am asham'd to see your swelling breasts,  
It makes me blush, they are so very white.

*Mon.* Oh men for flatt'ry and deceit renown'd!  
Thus when you're young ye learn it all like him,  
Till as your years encrease, that strengthens too,  
T' undo poor maids, and make our ruin easy.  
Tell me, Cordelio, for thou oft hast heard  
Their friendly converse, and their bosom-secrets;  
Sometimes, at least, have they not talk'd of me?

*Page.* Oh madam! very wickedly they've talk'd:  
But I'm afraid to name it; for they say,  
Boys must be whipt that tell their masters' secrets.

*Mon.* Fear not, Cordelio! it shall ne'er be known;  
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.  
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.

I'll furnish thee for all thy harmless sports  
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.

*Page.* And truly, madam, I had rather be so.  
Methinks you love me better than my lord,  
For he was never half so kind as you are.  
What must I do?

*Mon.* Inform me how thou'st heard  
Castalio, and his brother, use my name.

*Page.* With all the tenderness of love,  
You were the subject of their last discourse.  
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;  
But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,  
And yielded to the frailty of his friend;  
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd—

*Mon.* What, good Cordelio?

*Page.* Not to quarrel for you.

*Mon.* I would not have them; by my dearest  
hopes,  
I would not be the argument of strife.  
But surely my Castalio won't forsake me,  
And make a mock'ry of my easy love.  
Went they together?

*Page.* Yes, to seek you, madam.  
Castalio promis'd Polydore to bring him

Where he alone might meet you,  
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.

*Mon.* Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made  
A common stake, a prize for love in jest?  
Was not Castalio very loth to yield it;  
Or was it Polydore's unruly passion  
That heighten'd the debate?

*Page.* The fault was Polydore's.  
Castalio play'd with love, and smiling shew'd  
The pleasure, not the paugs of his desire.  
He said no woman's smiles should buy his freedom;  
And marriage is a mortifying thing.

*Mon.* Then I am ruin'd! if Castalio's false,  
Where is there faith and honour to be found?  
Ye gods, that guard the innocent, and guide  
The weak; protect, and take me to your care.  
Oh but I love him! there's the rock will wreck me!  
Why was I made with all my sex's softness,  
Yet want the cunning to conceal it's follies?  
I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falshoods,  
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs;  
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

*Enter CASTALIO and POLYDORE.*

He comes, the conqu'ror comes! lie still, my heart,  
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.

*Cast.* Madam, my brother begs he may have leave  
To tell you something that concerns you nearly;  
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

*Mon.* My lord Castalio!

*Cast.* Madam!

*Mon.* Have you purpos'd  
T' abuse me palpably? what means this usage?  
Why am I left with Polydore alone?

*Cast.* He best can tell you. Bus'ness of importance  
Calls me away; I must attend my father.

*Mon.* Will you then leave me thus?

*Cast.* But for a moment.

*Mon.* It has been otherwise ; the time has been,  
When bus'ness might have staid, and I been heard.

*Cast.* I could for ever hear thee ; but this time  
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,  
That I must go—

[*Exit.*

*Mon.* Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.  
Well, my lord Polydore, I guess your bus'ness,  
And read th' ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.

*Pol.* If to desire you more than misers wealth,  
Or dying men an hour of added life ;  
If softest wishes, and a heart more true  
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,  
Speak an ill-nature, you accuse me justly.

*Mon.* Talk not of love, my lord, I must not hear it.

*Pol.* Who can behold such beauty and be silent ?  
Desire first taught us words : man, when created,  
At first alone, long wander'd up and down,  
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal-beasts ;  
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,  
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,  
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

*Mon.* The first created pair, indeed, were blest ;  
They were the only objects of each other,  
Therefore he courted her ; and her alone :  
But in this peopled world of beauty, where  
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin  
A thousand more, why need you talk to me ?

*Pol.* Oh ! I could talk to thee for ever : thus  
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze  
On those dear eyes, for ev'ry glance they send  
Darts thro' my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.

*Mon.* How can you labour thus for my undoing ?  
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more  
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.  
There always was a friendship 'twixt our families ;  
And therefore when my tender parents died,  
Whose ruin'd fortunes too expir'd with them,  
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,  
A poor and helpless Orphan, to his care.

*Pol.* 'Twas heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.  
 Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat;  
 And those who taught it first, were hypocrites.  
 Come, these soft tender limbs were made for yielding.

*Mon.* Here on my knees, by heav'n's blest pow'r I  
 swear, [Kneels.

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,  
 But rather wander thro' the world a beggar,  
 And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors:  
 For tho' to fortune lost, I still inherit  
 My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.

*Pol.* Intolerable vanity! your sex  
 Was never in the right; you're always false,  
 Or silly, ev'n your dresses are not more  
 Fantastic than your appetites: you think  
 Of nothing twice: opinion you have none:  
 To-day you're nice, to-morrow not so free;  
 Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;  
 Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!  
 Virtue you affect, inconstancy's your practice;  
 And when your loose desires once get dominion,  
 No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast;  
 Ev'ry rank fool goes down —

*Mon.* Indeed, my lord,  
 I own my sex's follies; I've them all,  
 And to avoid it's faults, must fly from you.  
 Therefore believe me, could you raise me high  
 As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,  
 And lay all nature's riches at my feet;  
 I'd rather run a savage in the woods  
 Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,  
 As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,  
 So I might still enjoy my honour safe  
 From the destroying wiles of faithless men.— [Exit.

*Pol.* Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd man,  
 To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,  
 Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?  
 The lusty bull ranges thro' all the field,  
 And from the herd singling his female out,

Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.  
 It shall be so, I'll yet possess my love,  
 Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours :  
 Then, when her roving thoughts have been abroad,  
 And brought in wanton wishes to her heart ;  
 I'th' very minute when her virtue nods,  
 I'll rush upon her in a storm of love,  
 Beat down her guard of honour all before me,  
 Surfeit on joys, till ev'n desire grow sick ;  
 Then by long absence liberty regain,  
 And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.  
 [*Exeunt Pol. and Page.*]

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* ACASTO, CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *Attendants.*

*Acast.* To-day has been a day of glorious sport.  
 When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,  
 Forth from the thickets rush'd another boar,  
 So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,  
 With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high,  
 They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back ;  
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,  
 Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase,  
 Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,  
 As if he already had me for his prey ;  
 Till brandishing my well-pois'd jav'lin high,  
 With this bold executing arm, I struck  
 The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

*Cast.* The actions of your life were always wondrous.

*Acast.* No flatt'ry, boy ! an honest man can't live by't :  
 It is a little sneaking art, which knaves  
 Use to cajole and soften fools withal.  
 If thou hast flatt'ry in thy nature, out with't,  
 Or send it to a court ; for there 'twill thrive.

*Pol.* Why there ?

*Acast.* 'Tis, next to money, current there ;  
To be seen daily in as many forms  
As there are sorts of vanities, and men :  
The superstitious\* statesman has his sneer  
To smooth a poor man off with, that can't bribe him ;  
The grave dull fellow of small bus'ness sooths  
The humourist, and will needs admire his wit :  
Who without spleen could see a hot-brain'd atheist  
Thanking a surly doctor for his sermon !  
Or a grave counsellor meet a smooth young lord,  
Squeeze him by th' hand, and praise his good complexion ?

*Pol.* Courts are the places where best manners flourish ;  
Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools  
Make show. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,  
To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I  
Have seen enough to sooth him in his follies,  
And ride him to advantage as I please?—

*Acast.* Who merit, ought indeed to rise i'th' world ;  
But no wise man that's honest, should expect.  
What man of sense would rack his gen'rous mind,  
To practise all the base formalities  
And forms of bus'ness, force a grave starch'd face,  
When he's a very libertine in's heart ?  
Seem not to know this or that man in public,  
When privately perhaps they meet together,  
And lay the scene of some brave fellow's ruin ?  
Such things are done——

*Cast.* Your lordship's wrongs have been  
So great, that you with justice may complain ;  
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt  
Fortune's deceits, to court her as she's fair.

\* *The SUPERSTITIOUS statesman*—I imagine the author's meaning to be, *exalted, high-placed* (as if from *super-sto*); the common meaning of the word seems inapplicable.



Were she a common mistress, kind to all,  
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.

*Acast.* Go to, you're fools, and know me not; I've  
learnt

Long since to bear revenge, or scorn my wrongs,  
According to the value of the doer.

You both would fain be great, and to that end  
Desire to do things worthy your ambition:

Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,  
Where honour ought to have the fairest play,  
You'll find

Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,  
Almost in ev'ry band: how many men  
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,  
Yet now pine under want, while selfish slaves,  
That ev'n would cut their throats, whom now they  
fawn on,

Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,  
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for!

*Cast.* These precepts suit not with my active mind:  
Methinks I would be busy.

*Pol.* So would I.

Not loiter out my life at home, and know  
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.

*Acast.* Busy your minds then, study arts and men:  
Learn how to value merit tho' in rags,  
And scorn a proud ill-manner'd knave in office.

*Enter* SERINA, MONIMIA, *and* Maid.

*Ser.* My lord, my father!

*Acast.* Blessings on my child,  
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

*Ser.* I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news:  
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wish'd for,  
Is just arriv'd and ent'ring.

*Acast.* By my soul,  
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome;  
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

*Enter* CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou relict of the best-lov'd man,  
Welcome from all the turmoils, and the hazards  
Of certain danger, and uncertain fortune;  
Welcome, as happy tidings after fears.

*Cham.* Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe  
you.

Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,  
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

*Mon.* My brother!

*Cham.* Oh my sister! let me hold thee  
Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face  
These many days; by night I've often seen thee  
In gentle dreams, and satisfied my soul  
With fancied joy, till morning cares awak'd me.  
Another sister! sure it must be so;  
Tho', I remember well, I had but one:  
But I feel something in my heart, that prompts  
And tells me she has claim and int'rest there.

*Acast.* Young soldier, you've not only studied war;  
Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,  
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.

*Cham.* Is she your daughter? then my heart told  
true!

And I'm at least her brother by adoption:  
For you have made yourself to me a father,  
And by that patent I have leave to love her.

*Ser.* Monimia, thou hast told me men are false,  
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love:  
Is Chamont so? No, sure he's more than man,  
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in him.

*Acast.* Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,  
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?  
Let there be joy thro' all the house this day!  
In ev'ry room let plenty flow at large,  
It is the birth-day of my royal master.  
You have not visited the court, Chamont,  
Since your return?

*Cham.* I have no bus'ness there ;  
I have not slavish temperance enough  
T'attend a fav'rite's heels, and watch his smiles ;  
Bear an ill office done me to my face,  
And thank the lord that wrong'd me, for his favour.

*Acast.* This you could do. *[To his Sons.*

*Cast.* I'd serve my prince.

*Acast.* Who'd serve him ?

*Cast.* I would, my lord.

*Pol.* And I; both would.

*Acast.* Away.

He needs not any servants such as you.  
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!  
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth :  
So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath ;  
So just, that were he but a private man,  
He could not do a wrong. How would you serve him?

*Cast.* I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,  
And serve him with my person in his wars ;  
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

*Pol.* Die for him,  
As ev'ry true-born loyal subject ought.

*Acast.* Let me embrace you both. Now by the souls  
Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy ;  
For this be ever blest my marriage-day,  
Blest be your mother's memory that bore you,  
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour  
That gave ye birth. Yes, my aspiring boys,  
Ye shall have bus'ness; when your master wants you,  
You cannot serve a nobler : I have serv'd him ;  
In this old body yet the marks remain  
Of many wounds. I've with this tongue proclaim'd  
His right, ev'n in the face of rank rebellion ;  
And when a foul-mouth'd traitor once profan'd  
His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,  
Ev'n at the head of all his giddy rout,  
I rush'd, and clove the rebel to the chine.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, th' expected guests are just arriv'd

*Acast.* Go you, and give them welcome and reception. [Ex. Cast. and Pol.]

*Cham.* My lord, I stand in need of your assistance  
In something that concerns my peace and honour.

*Acast.* Spoke like the son of that brave man I lov'd :  
So freely, friendly we convers'd together.  
Whate'er it be, with confidence impart it,  
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.

*Cham.* I dare not doubt your friendship or your justice.

Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,  
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten!

*Acast.* Pr'ythee, no more of that: it grates my nature.

*Cham.* When our dear parents died, they died together,

One fate surpriz'd them, and one grave receiv'd them :  
My father with his dying breath bequeath'd  
Her to my love: my mother, as she lay  
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,  
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me ;  
Then press'd me close, and as she observ'd my tears,  
Kiss'd them away: said she, Chamont, my son,  
By this, and all the love I ever shew'd thee,  
Be careful of Monimia; watch her youth;  
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour:  
Perhaps kind heav'n may raise some friend: then sigh'd,  
Kiss'd me again; so blest us, and expir'd.  
Pardon my grief.—

*Acast.* It speaks an honest nature.

*Cham.* The friend heav'n rais'd was you; you took her up,

An infant, to the desart world expos'd,  
And prov'd another parent.

*Acast.* I've not wrong'd her!

*Cham.* Far be it from my fears.

*Acast.* Then why this argument?

*Cham.* My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

*Acast.* Go on.

*Cham.* Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly ;  
 Good offices claim gratitude ; and pride,  
 Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,  
 And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)  
 Pay over-price.

*Acast.* I cannot guess your drift ;  
 Distrust you me ?

*Cham.* No, but I fear her weakness  
 May make her pay a debt at any rate ;  
 And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,  
 I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

*Acast.* Then first charge her ; and if th' offence be  
 found

Within my reach, tho' it should touch my nature,  
 In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance  
 Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,  
 I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [Exit,

*Cham.* I thank you from my soul.

*Mon.* Alas ! my brother !  
 What have I done ? and why do you abuse me ?  
 My heart quakes in me ; in your settled face  
 And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate :  
 You will not kill me !

*Cham.* Pr'ythee, why dost talk so ?

*Mon.* Look kindly on me then. I cannot bear  
 Severity ; it daunts, and does amaze me :  
 My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,  
 I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing.  
 But use me gently, like a loving brother,  
 And search thro' all the secrets of my soul.

*Cham.* Fear nothing, I will shew myself a brother,  
 A tender, honest, and a loving brother.  
 You've not forgot our father ?

*Mon.* I shall never.

*Cham.* Then you'll remember too, he was a man  
 That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,  
 And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth :  
 He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,  
 Tho' kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,

He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.  
 This was the only portion that he left us;  
 And I more glory in't, than if possess  
 Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.  
 'Twas a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely.  
 Now if, by any chance, Monimia,  
 You've soil'd this gem, and taken from it's value,  
 How will ye account with me?

*Mon.* I challenge envy,  
 Malice, and all the practices of hell,  
 To censure all the actions of my past  
 Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!

*Cham.* I'll tell thee then: three nights ago, as I  
 Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,  
 A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat  
 Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my limbs:  
 My bed shook under me, the curtains started,  
 And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd  
 The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;  
 Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand  
 A wanton lover, which by turns caress'd thee  
 With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure:  
 I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment  
 Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me:  
 Then rose and call'd for lights; when, O dire omen!  
 I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,  
 Just where that famous tale was interwoven,  
 How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

*Mon.* And for this cause my virtue is suspected!  
 Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,  
 I must be tortur'd waking!

*Cham.* Have a care;  
 Labour not to be justified too fast:  
 Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.  
 What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me:  
 Thro' a close lane as I pursu'd my journey,  
 And meditated on the last night's vision,  
 I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,  
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;

Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;  
 Cold palsy shook her head, her hauds seem'd wither'd,  
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt  
 The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,  
 Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold;  
 So there was nothing of a piece about her:  
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
 With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.  
 I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me;  
 Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten  
 To save a sister: at that word I started!

*Mon.* The common cheat of beggars ev'ry day!  
 They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts  
 Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.

*Cham.* Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,  
 As in it bore great circumstance of truth:  
 Castalio and Polydore, my sister.

*Mon.* Hah!

*Cham.* What, alter'd! does your courage fail you?  
 Now, by my father's soul, the witch was honest;  
 Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them  
 Thy honour at a sordid game?

*Mon.* I will,  
 I must; so hardly my misfortune loads me.  
 That both have offer'd me their loves most true.

*Cham.* And 'tis as true too, they have both undone  
 thee.

*Mon.* Tho' they both with earnest vows  
 Have prest my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded  
 To any but Castalio—

*Cham.* But Castalio?

*Mon.* Still will you cross the line of my discourse?  
 Yes, I confess that he has won my soul  
 By gen'rous love, and honourable vows:  
 Which he this day appointed to complete,  
 And make himself by holy marriage mine.

*Cham.* Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd  
 Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?

*Mon.* When I'm unchaste, may heav'n reject my pray'rs!

Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

*Cham.* Oh then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me  
Than all the comforts ever yet blest man.  
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.  
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:  
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee\*.  
I charge thee let no more Castalio sooth thee:  
Avoid it as thou would'st preserve the peace  
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

*Mon.* I will.

*Cham.* Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great ones

When merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon  
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy. [*Exit.*

*Mon.* Yes, I will try him, torture him severely;  
For, Oh Castalio! thou too much hast wrong'd me,  
In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.  
He comes; and now, for once, oh love, stand neuter,  
Whilst a hard part's perform'd! for I must tempt,  
Wound his soft nature, tho' my heart aches for't. [*Exit.*

*Enter CASTALIO.*

*Cast.* Monimia, Monimia!—She's gone;  
And seem'd to part with anger in her eyes:  
I am a fool; and she has found my weakness;  
She uses me already like a slave  
Fast bound in chains, to be chastis'd at will.  
'Twas not well done to trifle with my brother:  
I might have trusted him with all the secret,  
Open'd my silly heart, and shewn it bare.

\* *When a man talks of love, &c.*

Jam, jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat,  
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles:  
Qui, cum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci,  
Nil metuunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt.

*Catull. 61.*



But then he loves her too; but not like me.  
 I am a doating, honest slave, design'd  
 For bondage, marriage-bonds, which I have sworn  
 To wear: It is the only thing I e'er  
 Hid from his knowledge: and he'll sure forgive  
 'The first transgression of a wretched friend,  
 Betray'd to love, and all it's little follies.

*Enter POLYDORE, and Page at the Door.*

*Pol.* Here place yourself, and watch my brother  
 th'roughly:  
 If he should chance to meet Monimia, make  
 Just observation of each word and action;  
 Pass not one circumstance without remark:  
 Sir, 'tis your office; do't, and bring me word. [*Ex. Pol.*]

*Enter MONIMIA.*

*Cast.* Monimia, my angel! 'twas not kind  
 To leave me like a turtle here alone,  
 To droop and mourn the absence of my mate,  
 When thou art from me, ev'ry place is desart,  
 And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn:  
 Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,  
 Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

*Mon.* Oh the bewitching tongues of faithless men!  
 'Tis thus the false hyæna makes her moan,  
 To draw the pitying trav'ler to her den:  
 Your sex are so; such false dissemblers all;  
 With sighs and plaints y'entice poor women's hearts,  
 And all that pity you, are made your prey.

*Cast.* What means my love? Oh, how have I deserv'd  
 This language from the sov'reign of my joys!  
 Stop, stop those tears, Monimia, for they fall  
 Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky;  
 I feel them chill me to the very heart.

*Mon.* Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn.  
 Attempt no farther to delude my faith;  
 My heart is fixt, and you shall shake't no more.

*Cast.* Who told you so? what hell-bred villain durst  
Profane the sacred bus'ness of my love?

*Mon.* Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm  
here,  
Th' unhappy object of your father's charity,  
Licentiously discours'd to me of love,  
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.

*Cast.* 'Tis I have have been to blame, and only I;  
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.  
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it;  
Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

*Mon.* And was your love so very tame, to shrink,  
Or rather than lose him, abandon me?

*Cast.* I, knowing him precipitate and rash,  
To calm his heat, and to conceal my happiness,  
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;  
Talk'd as he talk'd, and granted all he ask'd;  
Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,  
And I for ever had Monimia lost.

*Mon.* Could you then? did you? can you own it too?  
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself,  
And I can never think you meant me fair.

*Cast.* Is this Monimia? surely no; till now  
I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.  
Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost:  
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,  
Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring bait,  
And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.

*Mon.* When love ill-placed would find a means to  
break—

*Cast.* It never wants pretences or excuse.

*Mon.* Man therefore was a lord-like creature made,  
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:  
A lofty aspect giv'n him for command,  
Easily soften'd, when he would betray.  
Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade,  
Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while;  
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave  
The ravag'd province ruinate and waste.  
If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,

I find that desolation's settled there,  
And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

*Cast.* Who can hear this, and bear an equal mind!  
Since you will drive me from you, I must go;  
But, oh Monimia, when thou'st banish'd me,  
No creeping slave, tho' tractable and dull,  
As artful woman for her ends would choose,  
Shall ever doat as I have done: for oh!  
No tongue my pleasure nor my pain can tell;  
'Tis heav'n to have thee, and without thee hell.

*Mon.* Castalio! stay! we must not part. I find  
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.  
These little quarrels love must needs forgive;  
They rouse up drowsy thoughts, and wake the soul.  
Oh! charm me with the music of thy tongue;  
I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy vows,  
And listen to the language of thy heart.

*Cast.* Where am I? surely paradise is round me!  
Sweets planted by the hand of heav'n grow here,  
And ev'ry sense is full of thy perfection.  
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy,  
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;  
But to behold thy eyes, thy amazing beauties  
Might make him rage again with love, as I do.  
To touch thee's heav'n; but to enjoy thee, oh!  
Thou nature's whole perfection in one piece!  
Sure framing thee heav'n took unusual care,  
As it's own beauty it design'd thee fair;  
And form'd thee by the best-lov'd angel there.

}  
[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter POLYDORE and Page.*

*Pol.* Were they so kind? express it to me all  
In words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

*Page.* At first I thought they had been mortal foes;  
 Monimia rag'd, Castalio grew disturb'd;  
 Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both so haughty,  
 They scorn'd submission, tho' love all the while  
 The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

*Pol.* But what succeeded?

*Page.* Oh, 'twas wondrous pretty!  
 For of a sudden all the storm was past,  
 A gentle calm of love succeeded it;  
 Monimia sigh'd and blush'd, Castalio swore;  
 As you, my lord, I well remember, did  
 To my young sister in the orange grove,  
 When I was first preferr'd to be your page.

*Pol.* Happy Castalio! now by my great soul,  
 My ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,  
 I'll have her yet; by my best hopes I will.  
 She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.  
 But for Castalio why was I refus'd?  
 Has he supplanted me by some foul play?  
 Traduc'd my honour? death! he durst not do't.  
 It must be so: we parted, and he met her,  
 Half to compliance brought by me; surpriz'd  
 Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.  
 So poachers basely pick up tired game,  
 Whilst the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.  
 Boy!

*Page.* My lord!

*Pol.* Go to your chamber, and prepare your lute;  
 Find out some song to please me, that describes  
 Women's hypocrisies, their subtle wiles,  
 Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies;  
 Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds;  
 The sum of all their follies, and their falshoods.

[*Exit Page.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Oh the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told!

*Pol.* The matter?

*Serv.* Oh! your father, my good master,

As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,  
 And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,  
 A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;  
 His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale!  
 His speech forsook him; life itself seem'd fled;  
 And all his friends are waiting now about him.

*Enter ACASTO, leaning on two.*

*Acast.* Support me, give me air; I'll yet recover:  
 'Twas but a slip decaying nature made,  
 For she grows weary near her journey's end.  
 Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore;  
 Your brother! where's Castalio?

*Serv.* My lord,  
 I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house:  
 He and Monimia are not to be found.

*Acast.* Not to be found! then where are all my  
 friends?

'Tis well;—

I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault  
 My unmannerly infirmity has made.  
 Death could not come in a more welcome hour,  
 For I'm prepar'd to meet him; and, methinks,  
 Would live and die with all my friends about me.

*Enter CASTALIO.*

*Cast.* Angels preserve my dearest father's life;  
 Bless it with long, uninterrupted days!  
 Oh! may he live till time itself decay;  
 Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!  
*Acast.* Thank you, Castalio; give me both your hands,  
 And bear me up; I'd walk: so, now, methinks,  
 I appear as great as Hercules himself,  
 Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.

*Cast.* My lord, your chaplain.

*Enter Chaplain.*

*Acast.* Let the good man enter.

*Chap.* Heav'n guard your lordship, and restore your health!

*Acast.* I have provided for thee if I die.

No fawning! 'tis a scandal to thy office.

My sons, as thus, united, ever live;

And for th' estate, you'll find, when I am dead,

I have divided it betwixt you both,

Equally parted, as you shar'd my love;

Only to sweet Monimia I've bequeath'd

Ten thousand crowns; a little portion for her,

To wed her honourably as she's born.

Be not less friends because you're brothers; shun

The man that's singular, his mind's unsound,

His spleen o'erweighs his brains; but, above all,

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,

The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave,

The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his reason;

Calls saucy loud suspicion, public zeal,

And mutiny, the dictates of his spirit:

Be very careful how ye make new friends.

Men read not morals now; it was a custom:

But all are to their fathers' vices born;

And in their mothers' ignorance are bred.

Let marriage be the last mad thing ye do,

For all the sins and follies of the past.

If you have children, never give them knowledge;

'Twill spoil their fortune; fools are all the fashion.

If you've religion, keep it to yourselves;

Atheists will else make use of toleration,

And laugh you out on't: never shew religion,

Except ye mean to pass for knaves of conscience,

And cheat believing fools that think ye honest.

*Enter SERINA.*

*Ser.* My father!

*Acast.* My heart's darling?

*Ser.* Let my knees

Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,

But wake and weep, till heav'n restore my father!

*Acast.* Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs are  
answer'd,  
For thou'rt a wondrous extract of all goodness,  
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.  
Chamont!

*Enter CHAMONT.*

*Cham.* My lord, may't prove not an unlucky omen!  
Many I see are waiting round about you,  
And I am come to ask a blessing too.

*Acast.* May'st thou be happy!

*Cham.* Where?

*Acast.* In all thy wishes.

*Cham.* Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine.  
I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship,  
And know not how to deal love out with art:  
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,  
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;  
So I would open my whole heart at once,  
And pour out the abundance of my soul.

*Acast.* What says Serina? canst thou love a soldier?  
One born to honour, and to honour bred?  
One that has learnt to treat ev'n foes with kindness;  
To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself?

*Ser.* Oh, name not love, for that's allied to joy;  
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,  
When you're in danger. May Chamont's good fortune  
Render him lovely to some happier maid!  
Whilst I at friendly distance see him blest,  
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.

*Acast.* Chamont, pursue her, conquer and possess her;  
And, as my son, a third of all my fortune  
Shall be thy lot.

But keep thy eyes from wand'ring, man of frailty.  
Beware the dang'rous beauty of the wanton;  
Shun their enticements; ruin, like a vulture,  
Waits on their conquests: falshood too's their bus'ness,  
They put false beauty off to all the world;  
Use false endearments to the fools that love 'em;

And when they marry, to their silly husbands  
They bring false virtue, broken fame and fortune.

*Mon.* Hear ye that, my lord?

*Pol.* Yes, my fair monitor, old men always talk thus.

*Acast.* Chamont, you told me of some doubts that  
prest you.

Are you yet satisfied that I'm your friend?

*Cham.* My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction  
For any blessing I could wish for.

As to my fears, already I have lost them;

They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.

*Acast.* I thank you. Daughter, you must do so too.  
My friends, 'tis late;

For my disorder seems all past and over,

And I methinks begin to feel new health.

*Cast.* Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.

*Acast.* Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weak-  
ness.

Let me have music then, to lull and chase

This melancholy thought of death away.

Good-night! my friends; heav'n guard ye all! Good-  
night!

To-morrow early we'll salute the day,

Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.

[*Ex. all but Chamont and Chaplain.*]

*Cham.* Hist, hist, sir Gravity, a word with you.

*Chap.* With me, sir?

*Cham.* If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour;  
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity

To lend your conversation to a stranger.

*Chap.* Sir, you're a soldier?

*Cham.* Yes.

*Chap.* I love a soldier;

And had been one myself, but my parents would make  
me what you see me: yet I'm honest, for all I wear  
black.

*Cham.* And that's a wonder.

Have you had long dependance on this family?

*Chap.* I have not thought it so, because my time's



Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious  
Nor gravely whimsical; he has good nature,  
And I have manners:

His sons too are civil to me, because I do not pretend  
to be wiser than they are; I meddle with no man's  
business but my own: I rise in a morning early, study  
moderately, eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly, take  
my innocent pleasures freely; so meet with respect, and  
am not the jest of the family.

*Cham.* I'm glad you are so happy.--

A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [*Aside.*

Knew you my father, the old Chamont?

*Chap.* I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

*Cham.* Why? didst thou love him?

*Chap.* Every body loved him; besides, he was my  
master's friend.

*Cham.* I could embrace thee for that very notion.

If thou didst love my father, I could think

Thou would'st not be an enemy to me.

*Chap.* I can be no man's foe.

*Cham.* Then pr'ythee tell me,

Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?

Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy office

Opens thee all the secrets of the family.

Then if thou'rt honest, use this freedom kindly.

*Chap.* Love your sister!

*Cham.* Ay, love her.

*Chap.* Sir, I never ask'd him;

And wonder you should ask it me.

*Cham.* Nay, but thou'rt an hypocrite; is there not  
one

Of all thy tribe that's honest in your schools?

The pride of your superiors makes ye slaves:

Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile lives;

Not free enough to practise gen'rous truth,

Tho' ye pretend to teach it to the world.

*Chap.* I would deserve a better thought from you.

*Cham.* If thou would'st have me not contemn thy  
office

And character, think all thy brethren knaves;  
Thy trade a cheat, and thou it's worst professor.  
Inform me; for I tell thee, priest, I'll know.

*Chap.* Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd  
her.

*Cham.* How, wrong'd her? have a care; for this  
may lay

A scene of mischief to undo us all.  
But tell me, wrong'd her, said'st thou?

*Chap.* Ay, sir, wrong'd her.

*Cham.* This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:  
What shall I give thee for't! thou dear physician  
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,  
And comfort mine——

*Chap.* I would hide nothing from you willingly.

*Cham.* Nay, then again thou'rt honest. Would'st  
thou tell me?

*Chap.* Yes, if I durst.

*Cham.* Why, what affrights thee?

*Chap.* You do,

Who are not to be trusted with the secret.

*Cham.* Why, I am no fool.

*Chap.* So, indeed, you say.

*Cham.* Pr'ythee, be serious then.

*Chap.* You see I am so:

And hardly shall be mad enough to-night,  
To trust you with my ruin.

*Cham.* Art thou then

So far concern'd in't? What has been thy office?

Curse on that formal steady villain's face!

Just so do all bawds look; nay, bawds, they say,

Can pray upon occasion, talk of heav'n,

Turn up their gogling eye-balls, rail at vice,

Dissemble, lie, and preach like any priest.

Art thou a bawd?

*Chap.* Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

*Cham.* Be just then.

*Chap.* So I shall be to the trust  
That's laid upon me.

*Cham.* By the rev'renc'd soul  
Of that great honest man that gave me being,  
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour,  
And if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,  
May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle!  
May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,  
That dwells in good and pious men, like thee!

*Chap.* I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

*Cham.* Wilt thou?

*Chap.* I will; but if it ever 'scape you——

*Cham.* It never shall.

*Chap.* Swear then.

*Cham.* I do, by all  
That's dear to me, by th' honour of my name,  
And by that pow'r I serve, it never shall.

*Chap.* Then this good day, when all the house was  
busy,

When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,  
As I was walking in the grove I met them.

*Cham.* What, met them in the grove together? tell  
me,

How? walking, standing, sitting, lying? hah!

*Chap.* I, by their own appointment, met them there;  
Receiv'd their marriage-vows, and join'd their hands.

*Cham.* How! married?

*Chap.* Yes, sir.

*Cham.* Then my soul's at peace:  
But why would you delay so long to give it?

*Chap.* Not knowing what reception it may find  
With old Acasto; may be I was too cautious  
To trust the secret from me.

*Cham.* What's the cause  
I cannot guess, tho' 'tis my sister's honour,  
I do not like this marriage,  
Huddled i'th' dark, and done at too much venture:  
The bus'ness looks with an unlucky face.  
Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,  
Not ev'n to them, the new-match'd pair. Farewell.  
Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CASTALIO and MONIMIA.*

*Cast.* Young Chamont, and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!

No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,  
Since my Monimia's mine; tho' this sad look  
Seems no good-boding omen to her bliss;  
Else pr'ythee, tell me why that look cast down?  
Why that sad sigh, as if thy heart were breaking?

*Mon.* Castalio, I am thinking what we've done.  
The heav'nly pow'rs were sure displeas'd to-day;  
For at the ceremony as we stood,  
And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine,  
As the good priest pronounc'd the sacred words,  
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear;  
Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul.  
What should that mean?

*Cast.* Oh, thou art tender all;  
Gentle and kind as sympathizing nature!  
When a sad story has been told, I've seen  
Thy little breasts with soft compassion swell'd,  
Shove up and down, and heave like dying birds:  
But now let fear be banish'd, think no more  
Of danger, for there's safety in my arms;  
Let them receive thee: heav'n, grow jealous now!  
Sure she's too good for any mortal creature;  
I could grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to madness.  
But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?  
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;  
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.

*Pol.* So hot, my brother? [*Polydore at the door.*]

*Mon.* 'Twill be impossible:  
You know your father's chamber's next to mine,  
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

*Cast.* Impossible? impossible? alas!  
Is't possible to live one hour without thee?  
Let me behold those eyes, they'll tell me truth.  
Hast thou no longing? Art thou still the same

Cold, icy virgin? No; thou'rt alter'd quite.  
Haste, haste to bed, and let loose all thy wishes.

*Mon.* 'Tis but one night, my lord; I pray be rul'd,

*Cast.* Try if thou'st pow'r to stop a flowing tide,  
Or in a tempest make the seas be calm;  
And when that's done, I'll conquer my desires:  
No more, my blessing. What shall be the sign?  
When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,  
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.

*Mon.* Just three soft strokes upon the chamber-door;  
And at that signal you shall gain admittance:  
But speak not the least word; for if you should,  
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

*Cast.* Oh! doubt it not, Monimia; our joys  
Shall be as silent as th' ecstatic bliss  
Of souls that by intelligence converse:  
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown;  
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry pow'r dissolv'd:  
Away, my love; first take this kiss. Now haste.  
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.

[*Ex. Mon.*

My brother wand'ring too so late this way!

*Pol.* Castalio!

*Cast.* My Polydore, how dost thou?  
How does our father; is he well recover'd?

*Pol.* I left him happily repos'd to rest;  
He's still as gay as if his life were young.  
But how does fair Monimia?

*Cast.* Doubtless well.

A cruel beauty with her conquest pleas'd,  
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.

*Pol.* Is she the same Monimia still she was?  
May we not hope she's made of mortal mould?

*Cast.* She's not woman else:  
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;  
We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.

*Pol.* Yet may relief be unexpected found,  
And love's sweet manna cover all the field,  
Met ye to-day?

*Cast.* No; she has still avoided me.  
Her brother too is jealous of her gown,  
And has been hinting something to my father.  
I wish I'd never meddled with the matter;  
And would enjoin thee, Polydore—

*Pol.* To what?

*Cast.* To leave this peevish beauty to herself.

*Pol.* What, quit my love? as soon I'd quit my post  
In fight, and like a coward run away.  
No, by my stars, I'll chase her till she yields  
To me, or meets her rescue in another.

*Cast.* Nay, she has beauty that might shake the  
leagues  
Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds:  
But I have wondrous reasons on my side,  
That would persuade thee, were they known.

*Pol.* Then speak 'em.

What are they? came ye to her window here  
To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;  
Use honest dealing with your friend and brother.  
Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,  
But can discern your purpose to abuse me.  
Quit your pretences to her.

*Cast.* Grant I do;

You love capitulation, Polydore,  
And but upon conditions would oblige me.

*Pol.* You say, you've reasons; why are they conceal'd?

*Cast.* To-morrow I may tell you:  
It is a matter of such circumstance,  
As I must well consult ere I reveal.  
But, pr'ythee, cease to think I would abuse thee,  
Till more be known.

*Pol.* When you, Castalio, cease  
To meet Monimia unknown to me,  
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease  
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.  
Did I not see you part this very moment?

*Cast.* It seems you've watch'd me then?

*Pol.* I scorn the office.

*Cast.* Pr'ythee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

*Pol.* That is, henceforward making leagues with you.

*Cast.* Nay, if you're angry, Polydore, good night. [*Ex.*]

*Pol.* Good-night, Castalio, if you're in such haste.

He little thinks I've overheard th' appointment :

But to his chamber's gone to wait a-while,

Then come and take possession of my love.

This is the utmost point of all my hopes ;

Or now she must, or never can be mine.

Oh! for a means now how to counterplot,

And disappoint this happy elder brother.

In ev'ry thing we do or undertake,

He soars above me, mount what height I can,

And keeps the start he got of me in birth.

Cordelio!

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My lord!

*Pol.* Come hither, boy.

Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,

And may'st in time expect preferment ; canst thou

Pretend to secresy, cajole and flatter

Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures ?

*Page.* My lord, I could do any thing for you,

And ever be a very faithful boy.

Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe.

Be it to run, or watch, or to convey

A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom :

At least I am not dull, and soon should learn.

*Pol.* 'Tis pity then thou should'st not be employ'd.

Go to my brother, he's in's chamber now

Undressing, and preparing for his rest ;

Find out some means to keep him up a-while :

Tell him a pretty story that may please

His ear: invent a tale, no matter what ;

If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone

To bed; and sent you there to know his pleasure,

Whether he'll hunt to-morrow. Well said, Polydore ;

Dissemble with thy brother : that's one point.

But do not leave him till he's in his bed ;  
Or if he chance to walk again this way,  
Follow and do not quit him, but seem fond  
To do him little offices of service.

Perhaps at last it may offend him ; then  
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away :  
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

*Page.* Doubt not, my lord : he has been always kind  
To me ; would often set me on his knees,  
Then give me sweet-meats, call me pretty boy,  
And ask me what the maids talk'd of at nights.

*Pol.* Run quickly then, and prosp'rous be thy wishes.

[*Exit Page.*]

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief ; now  
To cheat this brother, will't be honest that ?  
I heard the sign she order'd him to give.  
Oh for the art of Proteus, but to change  
The happy Polydore to blest Castalio !  
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,  
But I may fit her arms as well as he.  
Then when I'm happily possess'd of more  
Than sense can think, all loosen'd into joy,  
To hear my disappointed brother come,  
And give the unregarded signal ; Oh !  
What a malicious pleasure will that be !

*Just three soft strokes against the chamber-door :  
But speak not the least word ; for if you should,  
'Tis surely heard, and we are both betray'd.*

How I adore a mistress that contrives  
With care to lay the bus'ness of her joys !  
One that has wit to charm the very soul,  
And give a double relish to delight !  
Blest heav'n, assist me but in this dear hour,  
And my kind stars be but propitious now :  
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia ! Monimia !

[*Gives the sign.*]

[*Maid at the window.*] Who's there ?

*Pol.* 'Tis I.

*Maid.* My lord Castalio ?



*Pol.* The same.

How does my love, my dear Monimia?

*Maid.* Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay;  
You've staid so long, that at each little noise  
The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

*Pol.* Tell her I'm here, and let the door be open'd.

[*Maid descends.*

Now boast, Castalio; triumph now, and tell  
Thyself strange stories of a promis'd bliss.

[*The door unbolts,*

It opens: hah! what means my trembling flesh?

Limbs, do your office and support me well;

Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

[*Exit.*

*Enter CASTALIO and Page.*

*Page.* Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely morning;  
Pray let us hunt.

*Cast.* Go, you're an idle prattler,  
I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord  
Thinks fit, he may command my hounds: go, leave me,  
I must to bed.

*Page.* I'll wait upon your lordship,  
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

*Cast.* No, my kind boy, the night is too far wasted;  
My senses too are quite disrob'd of thought,  
And ready all with me to go to rest.  
Good-night: commend me to my brother.

*Page.* Oh!

You never heard the last new song I learnt;  
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,  
Of my lord and my lady you know who, that were  
caught together, you know where. My lord, indeed,  
it is.

*Cast.* You must be whipt, youngster, if you get  
Such songs as those are.

What means this boy's impertinence to-night?

*Page.* Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?

*Cast.* Psalms, child, psalms.

*Page.* Oh dear me! boys that go to school learn psalms; but pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

*Cast.* Well, leave me; I'm weary.

*Page.* Oh! but you promised me, last time I told you what colour my lady Monimia's stockings were of, and that she gartered them above knee, that you would give me a little horse to go a-hunting upon: so you did. I'll tell you no more stories, except you keep your word with me.

*Cast.* Well go, you trifler, and to-morrow ask me.

*Page.* Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.

*Cast.* Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

*Page.* No, no, indeed, indeed, my lord, I was not; But I know what I know.

*Cast.* What dost thou know? Death! what can all this mean?

*Page.* Oh! I know who loves some-body.

*Cast.* What's that to me, boy?

*Page.* Nay, I know who loves you too.

*Cast.* That is a wonder; pr'ythee tell it me.

*Page.* That—'tis—I know who—but will you give me the horse then?

*Cast.* I will, my child.

*Page.* It is my lady Monimia, look you; but don't you tell her I told you: she'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her say so as she lay a-bed, man.

*Cast.* Talk'd she of me when in her bed, Cordelio?

*Page.* Yes, and I sung her the song you made too; and she did so sigh, and so look with her eyes; and her breasts did so lift up and down; I could have found in my heart to have beat 'em, for they made me ashamed.

*Cast.* Hark, what's that noise?

Take this, begone, and leave me.

You knave, you little flatt'rer, get you gone.

[*Exit Page.*

Surely it was a noise. Hist—only fancy.  
For all is hush'd, as nature were retir'd,  
And the perpetual motion standing still.

So much she from her work appears to cease,  
 And ev'ry warring element's at peace ;  
 All the wild herds are in their coverts couch'd ;  
 The fishes to their banks or ooze repair'd,  
 And to the murmurs of the waters sleep ;  
 The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise\*,  
 Except of some soft breaths among the trees,  
 Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon them.  
 'Tis now that, guided by my love, I go  
 To take possession of Monimia's arms.  
 Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.  
 At midnight thus the us'rer steals untrack'd,  
 To make a visit to his hoarded gold,  
 And feast his eyes upon the shining mammon. [*Knocks.*  
 She hears me not, sure she already sleeps.  
 Her wishes could not brook my long delay,  
 And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.

[*Knocks again.*

Monimia ! my angel—hah—not yet—  
 How long's the softest moment of delay  
 To a heart impatient of it's pangs, like mine,  
 In sight of ease, and panting to the goal !

[*Knocks again.*

Once more—

*Maid.* Who's there,

That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest ?

*Cast.* 'Tis I.

*Maid.* Who are you ? what's your name ?

*Cast.* Suppose

The lord Castalio.

*Maid.* I know you not.

The lord Castalio has no bus'ness here.

*Cast.* Hah ! have a care ; what can this mean ? whoe'er  
 Thou art, I charge thee to Monimia fly ;  
 Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.

*Maid.* Whoe'er ye are, ye may repent this outrage ;  
 My lady must not be disturb'd. Good-night !

\* The sense of this line (unless, as I suspect, it is incorrect), is very remote and obscure.

*Cast.* She must, tell her she shall ; go, I'm in haste,  
And bring her tidings from the state of love ;  
They're all in consultation met together,  
How to reward my truth, and crown her vows.

*Maid.* Sure the man's mad !

*Cast.* Or this will make me so :  
Obey me, or by all the wrongs I suffer,  
I'll scale the window, and come in by force,  
Let the sad consequence be what it will.—  
This creature's trifling folly makes me mad.

*Maid.* My lady's answer is, you may depart ;  
She says she knows you : you are Polydore,  
Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,  
T' affront and do her violence again.

*Cast.* I'll not believe't.

*Maid.* You may, sir.

*Cast.* Curses blast thee !

*Maid.* Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning ; and I hope  
May cure the raging fever in your blood.  
Good-night.

*Cast.* And farewell all that's just in woman !  
This is contriv'd, a studied trick t' abuse  
My easy nature, and torment my mind ;  
Sure now she has bound me fast, and means to lord it,  
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will ;  
Till by degrees she shape me into fool  
For all her future uses. Death and torment !  
'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it.  
Oh, I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair !  
'Tis well, Monimia, that thy empire's short !  
Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,  
And try if all thy arts appease my wrong ;  
Till when, be this detested place my bed ; [*Lies down.*  
Where I will ruminatè on woman's ills,  
Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex.  
Faithless Monimia ! Oh Monimia !

*Enter ERNESTO.*

*Ern.* Either  
My sense has been deluded, or this way

I heard the sound of sorrow ; 'tis late night,  
And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander now.

*Cast.* Who's there ?

*Ern.* A friend.

*Cast.* If thou art so, retire,  
And leave this place ; for I would be alone.

*Ern.* Castalio ! My lord, why in this posture,  
Stretch'd on the ground ? Your honest, true, old servant,  
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus ;  
Rise, I beseech you.

*Cast.* If thou art Ernesto,  
As by thy honesty thou seem'st to be,  
Once leave me to my folly.

*Ern.* I can't leave you,  
And not the reason know of your disorders.  
Remember how, when young, I in my arms  
Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your pleasures,  
And sought an early share in your affection.  
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

*Cast.* Thou canst not serve me.

*Ern.* Why ?

*Cast.* Because my thoughts  
Are full of woman ; thou, poor wretch, art past them.

*Ern.* I hate the sex.

*Cast.* Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto. [Rises.  
I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman.  
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty !  
What mighty ills have not been done by woman !  
Who was't betray'd the capitol ? A woman.  
Who lost Mark Antony the world ? A woman.  
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,  
And laid at last old Troy in ashes ? Woman.  
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman !  
Woman to man first as a blessing giv'n,  
When innocence and love were in their prime,  
Happy a-while in Paradise they lay,  
But quickly woman long'd to go astray ;  
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,  
And the first dev'l she saw, she chang'd her love ;  
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd  
Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

ACASTO *solus*.

*Acast.* Blest be the morning that has brought me health ;  
 A happy rest has soften'd pain away,  
 And I'll forget it, tho' my mind's not well :  
 A heavy melancholy clogs my heart ;  
 I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark dreams,  
 Sick fancy's children, have been over-busy,  
 And all the night play'd farces in my brains :  
 Methought I heard the midnight raven cry ;  
 Wak'd with th' imagin'd noise, my curtains seem'd  
 To start, and at my feet my sons appear'd,  
 Like ghosts, all pale and stiff : I strove to speak  
 But could not : suddenly the forms were lost,  
 And seem'd to vanish in a bloody cloud.  
 'Twas odd, and for the present shook my thoughts ;  
 But was th' effect of my distemper'd blood ;  
 And when the health's disturb'd, the mind's unruly.

*Enter POLYDORE.*

Good-morning, Polydore.

*Pol.* Heav'n keep your lordship.*Acast.* Have you yet seen Castalio to-day ?*Pol.* My lord, 'tis early day ; he's hardly risen.*Acast.* Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel.[*Ex. Pol.*]

I cannot think all has gone well to-night ;  
 For as I waking lay, (and sure my sense  
 Was then my own) methought I heard my son  
 Castalio's voice ; but it seem'd low and mournful ;  
 Under my window too I thought I heard it :  
 My untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd  
 In ev'ry thing ; and I will search the truth out.

*Enter MONIMIA, and her Maid.*

Already up, Monimia! you rose  
Thus early surely to out-shine the day!  
Or was there any thing that crost your rest?  
They were naughty thoughts that would not let you sleep.

*Mon.* Whatever are my thoughts, my lord, I've learnt  
By your example to correct their ills,  
And morn and ev'ning give up the account.

*Acast.* Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;  
Or if I would, you are so good, I could not.  
Tho' I'm deceiv'd, or you're more fair to-day;  
For beauty's heighten'd in your cheeks, and all  
Your charms seem up, and ready in your eyes.

*Mon.* The little share I have's so very mean,  
That it may easily admit addition;  
Tho' you, my lord, should most of all beware  
To give it too much praise, and make me proud.

*Acast.* Proud of an old man's praises! No, Monimia!  
But if my pray'rs can do you any good,  
Thou shalt not want the largest share of them.  
Heard you no noise to-night?

*Mon.* Noise! my good lord!

*Acast.* Ay! about midnight?

*Mon.* Indeed, my lord, I don't remember any.

*Acast.* You must sure! went you early to your rest?

*Mon.* About the wonted hour. Why this enquiry?

[*Aside.*

*Acast.* And went your maid to bed too?

*Mon.* My lord, I guess so:

I've seldom known her disobey my orders.

*Acast.* Sure goblins then, or fairies, haunt the dwelling!

I'll have enquiry made thro' all the house,  
But I'll find out the cause of these disorders.

Good-day to thee, Monimia— I'll to chapel. [*Ex. Acast.*

*Mon.* I'll but despatch some orders to my woman,  
And wait upon your lordship there.  
I fear the priest has play'd us false; if so,

My poor Castalio loses all for me:  
 I wonder, tho', he made such haste to leave me;  
 Was't not unkind, Florella? surely 'twas!  
 He scarce afforded one kind parting word,  
 But went away so cold; the kiss he gave me,  
 Seem'd the forc'd compliment of sated love.  
 Would I had never married!

*Maid.* Why?

*Mon.* Methinks

The scene's quite alter'd; I am not the same;  
 I've bound up for myself a weight of cares,  
 And how the burden will be borne, none knows.  
 A husband may be jealous, rigid, false:  
 And should Castalio e'er prove so to me,  
 So tender is my heart, so nice my love,  
 'Twould ruin and distract my rest for ever.

*Maid.* Madam, he's coming.

*Mon.* Where, Florella? where?

Is he returning? To my chamber lead;  
 I'll meet him there: the mysteries of our love  
 Should be kept private as religious rites,  
 From the unhallow'd view of common eyes.

[*Ex. Mon. and Maid.*]

*Enter CASTALIO.*

*Cast.* Wish'd morning's come! And now upon the  
 plains  
 And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,  
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,  
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.  
 The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip  
 Of healthful viands; which, when hunger calls,  
 With much content and appetite, he eats,  
 To follow in the fields his daily toil,  
 And dress the grateful glebe, that yields him fruits.  
 The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,  
 And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up,  
 And looking tow'rs the neighb'ring pastures, raise



The voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow  
 The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,  
 Assemble all in quires, and with their notes,  
 Salute and welcome up the rising sun.  
 There's no condition sure so curs'd as mine ;  
 I'm married! 'Sdeath! I'm sped. How like a dog  
 Look'd Hercules, thus to a distaff chain'd!  
 Monimia! Oh Monimia!

*Enter MONIMIA and Maid.*

*Mon.* I come,  
 I fly to my ador'd Castalio's arms,  
 My wishes' lord. May ev'ry morn begin  
 Like this; and with our days our loves renew.  
 Now I may hope you're satisfied——

*[Looking languishingly on him.]*

*Cast.* I am  
 Well satisfied, that thou art——Oh——

*Mon.* What? speak:  
 Art thou not well, Castalio? Come lean  
 Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.

*Cast.* 'Tis here; 'tis in my head; 'tis in my heart;  
 'Tis ev'ry where; it rages like a madness;  
 And I most wonder how my reason holds!  
 Nay, wonder not, Monimia: the slave  
 You thought you had secur'd within my breast,  
 Is grown a rebel, and has broke his chain,  
 And now he walks there like a lord at large.

*Mon.* Am I not then your wife, your lov'd Monimia?  
 I once was so, or I've most strangely dreamt.  
 What ails my love?

*Cast.* Whate'er thy dreams have been,  
 Thy waking thoughts ne'er meant Castalio well.  
 No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts,  
 They're useless all: I'm not that pliant tool,  
 That necessary utensil you'd make me:  
 I know my charter better—I am man,  
 Obstinate man; and will not be enslav'd.

*Mon.* You shall not fear't: indeed my nature's easy;

I'll ever live your most obedient wife,  
 Nor ever any privilege pretend  
 Beyond your will; for that shall be my law:  
 Indeed I will not.

*Cast.* Nay, you shall not, madam;  
 By yon bright heav'n, you shall not; all the day  
 I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;  
 Till by afflictions, and continued cares,  
 I've worn thee to a homely household drudge:  
 Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made  
 Subservient to all my looser pleasures;  
 For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

*Mon.* No more:  
 Oh kill me here, or tell me my offence,  
 I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,  
 Thus follow you all day, till they're worn bare,  
 And hang upon you like a drowning creature.  
 Castalio——

*Cast.* Away; last Night, last night!

*Mon.* It was our wedding-night.

*Cast.* No more! forget it.

*Mon.* Why? do you then repent?

*Cast.* I do.

*Mon.* Oh heav'n!

And will you leave me thus? Help, help, Florella.

*[He drags her to the door, and breaks from her.]*

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel man.

Oh my heart breaks——I'm dying: Oh——stand off;

I'll not indulge this woman's weakness; still

Chaf'd and fomented, let my heart swell on,

Till with it's injuries it burst, and shake,

With the dire blow, this prison to the earth.

*Maid.* What sad mistake has been the cause of this?

*Mon.* Castalio! Oh, how often has he swore,  
 Nature should change, the sun and stars grow dark,  
 Ere he would falsify his vows to me!

Make haste, confusion, then: sun, lose thy light,

And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth;

For my Castalio's false.

*Maid.* Unhappy day!

*Mon.* False as the wind, the water, or the weather;  
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey:  
I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,  
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood:  
Must I be long in pain?

*Enter CHAMONT.*

*Cham.* In tears, Monimia?

*Mon.* Whoe'er thou art,  
Leave me alone to my belov'd despair.

*Cham.* Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer  
thee.

Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then  
See if my soul has rest till thou hast justice.

*Mon.* My brother!

*Cham.* Yes, Monimia, if thou thinkest  
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.

*Mon.* Oh Castalio!

*Cham.* Hah!

Name me that name again! My soul's on fire  
Till I know all: there's meaning in that name.  
I know he is thy husband; therefore trust me  
With all the following truth——

*Mon.* Indeed, Chamont,  
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature:  
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief,  
I know not why.

*Cham.* You use me ill, Monimia;  
And I might think, with justice, most severely  
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

*Mon.* Truly I'm not to blame: suppose I'm fond,  
And grieve for what as much may please another?  
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth  
For the first fault? you would not do so: Would you?

*Cham.* Not if I'd cause to think it was a friend.

*Mon.* Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?  
I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before:

Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther;  
For ev'ry probing pains me to the heart.

*Cham.* 'Tis sign there's danger in't must be prevented.  
Where's your new husband? still that thought disturbs you.  
What! only answer me with tears? Castalio!

Nay, now they stream;—  
Cruel, unkind Castalio! is't not so?

*Mon.* I cannot speak, grief flows so fast upon me;  
It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.

Oh!

*Cham.* My Monimia, to my soul thou'rt dear,  
As honour to my name: dear as the light  
To eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of blindness.  
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast  
The anguish that torments thee?

*Mon.* Oh! I dare not.

*Cham.* I have no friend but thee: we must confide  
In one another: two unhappy orphans,  
Alas, we are; and when I see thee grieve,  
Methinks it is a part of me that suffers.

*Mon.* Oh, should'st thou know the cause of my la-  
menting,  
I'm satisfied, Chamont, that thou would'st scorn me;  
Thou would'st despise the abject, lost Monimia;  
No more would'st praise this hated beauty; but  
When in some cell, distracted, as I shall be,  
Thou seest me lie, these unregarded locks,  
Matted like furies' tresses; my poor limbs  
Chain'd to the ground; and, 'stead of the delights  
Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,  
A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish  
Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou seest me,  
Pr'ythee have charity and pity for me:  
Let me enjoy this thought.

*Cham.* Why wilt thou rack  
My soul so long, Monimia? Ease me quickly;  
Or thou wilt run me into madness first.

*Mon.* Could you be secret?

*Cham.* Secret as the grave.

*Mon.* But when I've told you, will you keep your fury  
Within it's bounds? will you not do some rash  
And horrid mischief? for, indeed, Chamont,  
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd  
From a near friend; from one that has my soul  
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.

*Cham.* I will be calm; but has Castalio wrong'd thee?  
Has he already wasted all his love?  
What has he done? quickly; for I'm all trembling  
With expectation of a horrid tale.

*Mon.* Oh! could you think it?

*Cham.* What?

*Mon.* I fear he'll kill me.

*Cham.* Hah!

*Mon.* Indeed I do; he's strangely cruel to me;  
Which, if it lasts, I'm sure must break my heart.

*Cham.* What has he done?

*Mon.* Most barbarously us'd me:  
Nothing so kind as he, when in my arms,  
In thousand kisses, tender sighs and joys,  
Not to be thought again, the night was wasted;  
At dawn of day, he rose, and left his conquest.  
But when we met, and I with open arms  
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,  
Oh then!—

*Cham.* Go on!

*Mon.* He threw me from his breast,  
Like a detested sin.

*Cham.* How!

*Mon.* As I hung too  
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,  
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the earth,  
And had no pity on my cries.

*Cham.* How! did he  
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn?

*Mon.* He did; and more, I fear will ne'er be friends,  
Tho' I still love him with unabated passion.

*Cham.* What, throw thee from him ?

*Mon.* Yes, indeed, he did.

*Cham.* So may this arm

Throw him to th' earth, like a dead dog despis'd ;  
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,  
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,  
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee.

*Mon.* Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is :  
Didst thou not promise me thou would'st be calm ?  
Keep my disgrace conceal'd ; why should'st thou kill him ?  
By all my love, this arm should do him vengeance.  
Alas ! I love him still ; and tho' I ne'er  
Clasp him again within these longing arms,  
Yet bless him, bless him (gods) where'er he goes !

*Enter ACASTO.*

*Acast.* Sure some ill fate is tow'rds me ; in my house  
I only meet with oddness and disorder :  
Each vassal has a wild distracted face ;  
And looks as full of bus'ness as a blockhead  
In times of danger : just this very moment  
I met Castalio—

*Cham.* Then you met a villain.

*Acast.* Hah !

*Cham.* Yes, a villain.

*Acast.* Have a care, young soldier,  
How thou'rt too busy with Acasto's fame ;  
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance.  
Villain to thee—

*Cham.* Curse on thy scandalous age,  
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,  
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble !

*Acast.* Ungrateful ruffian ! sure my good old friend  
Was ne'er thy father ; nothing of him's in thee :  
What have I done in my unhappy age,  
To be thus us'd ? I scorn t'upbraid thee, boy ;  
But I could put thee in remembrance—

*Cham.* Do.

*Acast.* I scorn it—

*Cham.* No, I'll calmly hear the story;  
For I would fain know all, to see which scale  
Weighs most—Hah! is not that good old Acasto?  
What have I done?—can you forgive this folly?

*Acast.* Why dost thou ask it?

*Cham.* 'Twas the rude o'er-flowing  
Of too much passion; pray, my lord, forgive me.

[*Kneels.*

*Acast.* Mock me not, youth; I can revenge a wrong.

*Cham.* I know it well; but for this thought of mine,  
Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.

*Acast.* I will; but henceforth, pr'ythee be more kind.  
[*Raises him.*

Whence came the cause?

*Cham.* Indeed I've been to blame:  
But I'll learn better; for you've been my father:  
You've been her father too— [*Takes Mon. by the hand.*

*Acast.* Forbear the prologue—  
And let me know the substance of thy tale.

*Cham.* You took her up a little tender flower\*,  
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost  
Had nipt; and, with a careful loving hand,  
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,  
Where the sun always shines: there long she flourish'd,  
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;  
Till at the last, a cruel spoiler came,  
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all it's sweetness,  
Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away.

*Acast.* You talk to me in parables, Chamont;  
You may have known that I'm no wordy man:

\* You took her up a little tender flower, &c.—

Catullus employs the same figure in a beautiful passage.

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,  
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro;  
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,  
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:  
Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,  
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ: &c.

*Carm. Nupt. 60.*

Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,  
Or fools, that use 'em when they want good sense ;  
But honesty  
Needs no disguise nor ornament. Be plain.

*Cham.* Your son—

*Acast.* I've two ; and both, I hope, have honour.

*Cham.* I hope so too—but—

*Acast.* Speak.

*Cham.* I must inform you,

Once more, Castalio—

*Acast.* Still Castalio !

*Cham.* Yes.

Your son Castalio has wrong'd Monimia,

*Acast.* Hah ! wrong'd her ?

*Cham.* Married her.

*Acast.* I'm sorry for't.

*Cham.* Why sorry ? By yon blest heav'n, there's not a lord  
But might be proud to take her to his heart,

*Acast.* I'll not deny't.

*Cham.* You dare not ; by the gods,  
You dare not ; all your family combin'd  
In one damn'd falshood to out-do Castalio,  
Dare not deny't.

*Acast.* How has Castalio wrong'd her ?

*Cham.* Ask that of him : I say, my sister's wrong'd :  
Monimia, my sister, born as high  
And noble as Castalio—Do her justice,  
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood  
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.  
I'll do't ; hark you, my lord, your son Castalio,  
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.

*Acast.* You shall have justice.

*Cham.* Nay—I will have justice.

Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong ?  
My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat  
The cause of this : I beg you (to preserve  
Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio.

*Acast.* I will.

*Cham.* Till then farewell—

[*Exit.*



*Acast.* Farewell, proud boy.

Monimia!

*Mon.* My lord.

*Acast.* You are my daughter.

*Mon.* I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

*Acast.* When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a father.  
[*Exit.*]

*Mon.* Now I'm undone for ever : who on earth  
Is there so wretched as Monimia ?  
First by Castalio cruelly forsaken ;  
I've lost Acasto now : his parting frowns  
May well instruct me rage is in his heart :  
I shall be next abandon'd to my fortune,  
Thrust out a naked wand'rer to the world,  
And branded for the mischievous Monimia !  
What will become of me ? My cruel brother  
Is framing mischiefs too, for aught I know,  
That may produce bloodshed, and horrid murder ;  
I would not be the cause of one man's death,  
To reign the empress of the earth ; nay, more,  
I'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,  
My dear unkind Castalio !

*Enter POLYDOR.*

*Pol.* Monimia weeping !

So morning dews on new-blown roses lodge,  
By the sun's am'rous heat to be exhal'd.  
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee.  
What mean these sighs ? and why thus beats thy heart ?

*Mon.* Let me alone to sorrow : 'tis a cause  
None e'er shall know ; but it shall with me die.

*Pol.* Happy, Monimia, he, to whom these sighs,  
These tears, and all these languishings are paid !  
I am no stranger to your dearest secret ;  
I know your heart was never meant for me :  
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.

*Mon.* My lord !

*Pol.* Nay, wonder not ; last night I heard

His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw  
Your wild embraces; heard th' appointment made:  
I did, Monimia, and I curst the sound.  
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er  
Unkind again?

*Mon.* Banish such fruitless hopes:  
Have you sworn constancy to my undoing?  
Will you be ne'er my friend again?

*Pol.* What means my love?

*Mon.* Away; what meant my lord  
Last night?

*Pol.* Is that a question now to be demanded?  
I hope Monimia was not much displeas'd.

*Mon.* Was it well done to treat me like a prostitute?  
T' assault my lodging at the dead of night,  
And threaten me if I denied admittance?—  
You said you were Castalio—

*Pol.* By those eyes

It was the same; I spent my time much better;  
I tell thee, ill-natur'd fair one, I was posted  
To more advantage; on a pleasant hill  
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.

*Mon.* Ha!—have a care—

*Pol.* Where is the danger near me?

*Mon.* I fear you're on a rock will wreck your quiet,  
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever;  
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.  
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?

*Pol.* I'd trust thee with my life; on those soft breasts  
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,  
Till I had nothing in it left but love.

*Mon.* Nay, I'll conjure you, by the gods, and angels,  
By th' honour of your name, that's most concern'd,  
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,  
Where did you rest last night?

*Pol.* Within thy arms  
I triumph'd: rest had been my foe.

*Mon.* 'Tis done.—

[*She faints.*]

*Pol.* She faints! No help! Who waits? A curse

Upon my vanity, that could not keep  
The secret of my happiness in silence.  
Confusion! we shall be surpriz'd anon;  
And consequently all must be betray'd.  
Monimia! she breathes.—Monimia—

*Mon.* Well—

Let mischiefs multiply! Let ev'ry hour  
Of my loath'd life yield me encrease of horror!  
Oh let the sun to these unhappy eyes  
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!  
May ev'ry thing I look on seem a prodigy,  
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite  
Forget I ever had humanity,  
And grow a curser of the works of nature!

*Pol.* What means all this?

*Mon.* Oh, Polydore, if all  
The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio  
Be not a falshood; if you ever lov'd  
Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.

*Pol.* Which way can ruin reach the man that's rich,  
As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?

*Mon.* Oh! I'm his wife.

*Pol.* What says Monimia? hah!  
Speak that again.

*Mon.* I am Castalio's wife.

*Pol.* His married, wedded wife?

*Mon.* Yesterday's sun  
Saw it perform'd.

*Pol.* And then have I enjoy'd  
My brother's wife?

*Mon.* As surely as we both  
Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.

*Pol.* Must we be miserable then?

*Mon.* Oh!

*Pol.* Oh! thou may'st yet be happy.

*Mon.* Could'st thou be  
Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?

*Pol.* It may be yet a secret: I'll go try  
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee;

Whilst from the world I take myself away,  
And waste my life in penance for my sin.

*Mon.* Then thou would'st more undo me ; heap a load  
Of added sins upon my wretched head :  
Would'st thou again have me betray thy brother,  
And bring pollution to his arms ? curst thought !  
Oh, when shall I be mad indeed !

*Pol.* Nay, then  
Let us embrace, and from this very moment  
Vow an eternal misery together.

*Mon.* And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch ?  
Never grow fond of cheerful peace again ?  
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,  
And find out ways how to encrease affliction ?

*Pol.* We'll institute new arts unknown before,  
To vary plagues, and make them look like new ones.  
First, if the fruit of our detested joy,  
A child be born, it shall be murder'd——

*Mon.* No ;  
Sure that may live.

*Pol.* Why ?

*Mon.* To become a thing  
More wretched than it's parents ; to be branded  
With all our infamy, and curse it's birth.

*Pol.* That's well contriv'd ; then thus let's go together,  
Full of our guilt, distracted where to roam,  
Like the first wretched pair expell'd their paradise.  
Let's find some place where adders nest in winter,  
Loathsome and venomous : where poisons hang  
Like gums against the walls ; where witches meet  
By night, and feed upon some pamper'd imp,  
Fat with the blood of babes ; there we'll inhabit,  
And live up to the height of desperation.  
Desire shall languish like a with'ring flow'r,  
And no distinction of the sex be thought of.  
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,  
And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms,  
But when I'm dying, take me in thy arms. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*CASTALIO lying on the Ground.*

## SONG.

## I.

Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled  
 By cruel beauty's pride;  
 Bring each a garland on his head,  
 Let none his sorrows hide :  
 But hand in hand around me move,  
 Singing the saddest tales of love ;  
 And see, when your complaints ye join,  
 If all your wrongs can equal mine.

## II.

The happiest mortal once was I;  
 My heart no sorrows knew :  
 Pity the pain with which I die ;  
 But ask not whence it grew.  
 Yet if a tempting fair you find,  
 That's very lovely, very kind,  
 Tho' bright as heav'n, whose stamp she bears,  
 Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

*Cast.* See where the deer trot after one another,  
 Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,  
 Brother and sister, mingled all together ;  
 No discontent they know, but in delightful  
 Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,  
 Calm arbours, lusty health and innocence,  
 Enjoy their portion ; if they see a man,  
 How will they turn together all, and gaze  
 Upon the monster——  
 Once in a season too they taste of love :  
 Only the beast of reason is it's slave,  
 And in that folly drudges all the year.

*Enter ACASTO.*

*Acast.* Castalio! Castalio!

*Cast.* Who's there

So wretched but to name Castalio?

*Acast.* I hope my message may succeed.

*Cast.* My father!

'Tis joy to see you, tho' where sorrow's nourish'd.

*Acast.* I'm come in beauty's cause; you'll guess the rest.

*Cast.* A woman! if you love my peace of mind,  
Name not a woman to me; but to think  
Of woman, were enough to taint my brains,  
Till they ferment to madness! Oh! my father.

*Acast.* What ails my boy?

*Cast.* A woman is the thing  
I would forget, and blot from my remembrance.

*Acast.* Forget Monimia!

*Cast.* She to choose: Monimia!  
The very sound's ungrateful to my sense.

*Acast.* This might seem strange; but you, I've found,  
will hide

Your heart from me; you dare not trust your father.

*Cast.* No more Monimia!

*Acast.* Is she not your wife?

*Cast.* So much the worse: who loves to hear of wife?  
When you would give all worldly plagues a name  
Worse than they have already, call them wife:  
But a new married wife's a teeming mischief,  
Full of herself: why, what a deal of horror  
Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yesterday!

*Acast.* Castalio, you must go along with me,  
And see Monimia.

*Cast.* Sure, my lord but mocks me:  
Go see Monimia! Pray, my lord, excuse me;  
And leave the conduct of this part of life  
To my own choice.

*Acast.* I say, no more dispute.  
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

*Cast.* Who has complain'd ?

*Acast.* Her brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd;  
And in such terms, they've warm'd me.

*Cast.* What terms? Her brother! Heav'n! Where  
learnt he that ?

What, does she send her hero with defiance?  
He durst not sure affront you ?

*Acast.* No, not much.

But ———

*Cast.* Speak, what said he ?

*Acast.* That thou wert a villain:  
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.

*Cast.* Shame on th' ill-manner'd brute! Your age se-  
cur'd him ;

He durst not else have said so.

*Acast.* By my sword,

I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely :  
Tho' I have past my word she shall have justice.

*Cast.* Justice! to give her justice would undo her:  
Think you this solitude I now have chosen,  
Left joys just op'ning to my sense, sought here  
A place to curse my fate in, measur'd out  
My grave at length, wish'd to have grown one piece  
With this cold clay, and all without a cause ?

*Enter CHAMONT.*

*Cham.* Where is the hero, famous and renown'd  
For wronging innocence, and breaking vows ;  
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,  
No woman can appease, nor man provoke ?

*Acast.* I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio.

*Cham.* I come to seek the husband of Monimia.

*Cast.* The slave is here.

*Cham.* I thought ere now t'have found you  
Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont ;  
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.  
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart ;  
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn  
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.

*Cast.* Then you're Chamont?

*Cham.* Yes, and I hope no stranger  
To great Castalio.

*Cast.* I've heard of such a man,  
That has been very busy with my honour:  
I own I'm much indebted to you, sir;  
And here return the villain back again  
You sent me by my father.

*Cham.* Thus I'll thank you. [Draws.

*Acast.* By this good sword, who first presumes to  
violence

Makes me his foe—— [Draws, and interposes.

Young man, it once was thought [To Castalio.

I was fit guardian of my house's honour;

And you might trust your share with me—For you,  
[To Cham.

Young soldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me:

I promis'd you to do Monimia right;

And thought my word a pledge I would not forfeit:

But you, I find, would fright us to performance.

*Cast.* Sir, in my younger years with care you taught  
me,

That brave revenge was due to injur'd honour;

Oppose not then the justice of my sword,

Lest you should make me jealous of your love.

*Cham.* Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for safety,

Because thou know'st the place is sanctified

With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.

*Cast.* I am a villain if I will not seek thee,

Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs

Done me by that ungrateful fair thou plead'st for.

*Cham.* She wrong'd thee! by the fury in my heart,

Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's!

Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.

*Acast.* Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead

With thy capricious follies: the remembrance

Of the lov'd creature that once fill'd these arms—

*Cham.* Has not been wrong'd.

*Cast.* It shall not.



*Cham.* No, nor shall  
 Monimia, tho' a helpless orphan, destitute  
 Of friends and fortune, tho' the unhappy sister  
 Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,  
 Be opprest by thee, thou proud, imperious traitor.

*Cast.* Hah! set me free.

*Cham.* Come both.

*Enter SERINA.*

*Ser.* Alas! alas!

The cause of these disorders, my Chamont?  
 Who is't has wrong'd thee?

*Cast.* Now where art thou fled  
 For shelter?

*Cham.* Come from thine, and see what safeguard  
 Shall then betray my fears.

*Ser.* Cruel Castalio,  
 Sheath up thy angry sword, and don't affright me:  
 Chamont, let once Serina calm thy breast;  
 If any of my friends have done thee injuries,  
 I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

*Cast.* Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take  
 This opportunity to shew your vanity,  
 Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves  
 We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.

*Cham.* Till then, I am Castalio's friend.

*Cast.* Serina,  
 Farewell, I wish much happiness attend you.

*Ser.* Chamont's the dearest thing I have on earth;  
 Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.

*Cham.* Witness the gods, how happy I'm in thee!  
 No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,  
 Tho' the fair child of nature newly born,  
 Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind Castalio,  
 Suppose I should a-while lay by my passions,  
 And be a beggar in Monimia's cause,  
 Might it be heard?

*Cast.* Sir, 'twas my last request

You would; tho' you I find will not be satisfied:  
 So, in a word, Monimia is my scorn;  
 She basely sent you here to try my fears;  
 That was your business.

No artful prostitute, in falshoods practis'd,  
 To make advantage of her coxcomb's follies,  
 Could have done more—Disquiet vex her for't!

*Cham.* Farewell. [*Ex. Cham. and Ser.*]

*Cast.* Farewell.—My father, you seem troubled.

*Acast.* Would I'd been absent when this boist'rous  
 brave

Came to disturb thee thus; I'm griev'd I hinder'd  
 Thy just resentment—But Monimia—

*Cast.* Damn her.

*Acast.* Don't curse her.

*Cast.* Did I?

*Acast.* Yes.

*Cast.* I'm sorry for't.

*Acast.* Methinks, as, if I guess, the fault's but small,  
 It might be pardon'd.

*Cast.* No.

*Acast.* What has she done?

*Cast.* That she's my wife, may heav'n and you for-  
 give me.

*Acast.* Be reconcil'd then.

*Cast.* No.

*Acast.* Go see her.

*Cast.* No.

*Acast.* I'll send and bring her hither.

*Cast.* No.

*Acast.* For my sake,  
 Castalio, and the quiet of my age.

*Cast.* Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at?

*Acast.* Pr'ythee forgive her.

*Cast.* Lightnings first shall blast me.

I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,  
 Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,  
 And all that wondrous beauty of her own,  
 My heart might break, but it should never soften.

*Enter FLORELLA.*

*Flor.* My lord, where are you? Oh Castalio!

*Acast.* Hark.

*Cast.* What's that?

*Flor.* Oh shew me quickly, where's Castalio.

*Acast.* Why, what's the business?

*Flor.* Oh the poor Monimia!

*Cast.* Hah!

*Acast.* What's the matter?

*Flor.* Hurried by despair,  
She flies with fury over all the house,  
Thro' ev'ry room of each apartment, crying,  
*Where's my Castalio? give me my Castalio!*  
Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted.

*Cast.* Hah! will she? does she name Castalio?  
And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly  
To the poor lovely mourner. Oh my father!

*Acast.* Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy  
purpose.

*Cast.* I cannot hear Monimia's soul in sadness,  
And be a man; my heart will not forget her.  
But do not tell the world you saw this of me.

*Acast.* Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy love.

*Cast.* Oh! I will throw my impatient arms about her,  
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace:  
Till thro' the panting breast she finds the way  
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.  
Monimia! Oh! [*Ex. Acast. and Cast.*

*Enter MONIMIA.*

*Mon.* Stand off, and give me room,  
I will not rest till I have found Castalio,  
My wishes' lord, comely as rising day,  
Amidst ten thousand eminently known.  
Flowers spring up where'er he treads, his eyes,  
Fountains of brightness, cheering all about him!

When will they shine on me?—O stay, my soul!  
I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

CASTALIO *re-enters.*

*Cast.* Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet,  
That life's in love with't?

*Mon.* Hark! 'tis he that answers;  
So in a camp, tho' at the dead of night,  
If but the trumpet's cheerful noise is heard,  
All at the signal leap from downy rest,  
And ev'ry heart awakes, as mine does now.  
Where art thou?

*Cast.* Here, my love.

*Mon.* No nearer, lest I vanish.

*Cast.* Have I been in a dream then all this while?  
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?  
Why dost thou fly me thus?

*Mon.* Oh! were it possible that we could drown  
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,  
We might be happy.

*Cast.* Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive  
A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?  
For I must love thee, tho' it prove my ruin.  
Which way shall I court thee?

What shall I do to be enough thy slave,  
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?  
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee:  
Yet pr'ythee, tyrant, break not quite my heart;  
But when my task of penitence is done,  
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.

*Mon.* If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words,  
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness;  
It is because I look on thee with horror,  
And cannot see the man I so have wrong'd.

*Cast.* Thou hast not wrong'd me.

*Mon.* Ah! alas, thou talk'st  
Just as thy poor heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee?

*Cast.* No.

*Mon.* Still thou wand'rest in the dark, Castalio ;  
But wilt ere long stumble on horrid danger.

*Cast.* What means my love ?

*Mon.* Could'st thou but forgive me!—

*Cast.* What ?

*Mon.* For my fault last night : alas, thou canst not.

*Cast.* I can, and do.

*Mon.* Thus crawling on the earth  
Would I that pardon meet ; the only thing  
Can make me view the face of heav'n with hope.

*Cast.* Then let's draw near.

*Mon.* Ah me !

*Cast.* So in the fields,  
When the destroyer has been out for prey,  
The scatter'd lovers of the feather'd kind,  
Seeking, when danger's past, to meet again,  
Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach,  
Till joining thus they bill, and spread their wings,  
Murmuring love, and joy their fears are over.

*Mon.* Yet have a care, be not too fond of peace,  
Lest in pursuance of the goodly quarry,  
Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee.

*Cast.* My better angel, then, do thou inform me,  
What danger threatens me, and where it lies :  
Why didst thou (pr'ythee smile, and tell me why)  
When I stood waiting underneath the window,  
Quaking with fierce and violent desires ;  
(The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,  
Darkness enclos'd, and the winds whistled round me ;  
Which with my mournful sighs made such sad music  
As might have mov'd the hardest heart) ; why wert  
thou

Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains ?

*Mon.* Did I not beg thee to forbear enquiry?  
Read'st thou not something in my face, that speaks  
Wonderful change, and horror from within me ?

*Cast.* Then there is something yet which I've not  
known :

What dost thou mean by horror, and forbearance

Of more enquiry ? Tell me, I beg thee tell me ;  
And don't betray me to a second madness.

*Mon.* Must I ?

*Cast.* If lab'ring in the pangs of death,  
Thou would'st do any thing to give me ease ;  
Unfold this riddle ere my thoughts grow wild,  
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.

*Mon.* My heart won't let me speak it ; but remember,  
Monimia, poor Monimia tells you this,  
We ne'er must meet again—

*Cast.* What means my destiny ?  
For all my good or evil fate dwells in thee :  
Ne'er meet again !

*Mon.* No, never.

*Cast.* Where's the pow'r  
On earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so ?  
Thou art my heart's inheritance ; I serv'd  
A long and painful, faithful slav'ry for thee :  
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought blessing ?

*Mon.* Time will clear all, but now let this content  
you ;  
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd,  
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio,)  
Ever to be a stranger to thy love ;  
In some far distant country waste my life,  
And from this day to see thy face no more.

*Cast.* Where am I ? Sure I wander midst enchantment,  
And never more shall find the way to rest ;  
But, oh, Monimia ! art thou indeed resolv'd  
To punish me with everlasting absence ?  
Why turn'st thou from me ? I'm alone already,  
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,  
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,  
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,  
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd.  
Wilt thou not turn ?—Oh ! could those eyes but speak,  
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them ;  
They swell, they press their beams upon me still :  
Wilt thou not speak ? If we must part for ever,

Give me but one kind word to think upon,  
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.

*Mon.* Ah, poor Castalio! [Ex. *Mon.*

*Cast.* Pity! By the gods,  
She pities me; then thou wilt go eternally?  
What means all this? why all this stir, to plague  
A single wretch? If but your word can shake  
This world to atoms, why so much ado  
With me? think me but dead, and lay me so.

*Enter POLYDORE.*

*Pol.* To live, and live a torment to myself,  
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?  
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,  
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.

*Cast.* Who's there?

*Pol.* Why, what art thou?

*Cast.* My brother Polydore?

*Pol.* My name is Polydore.

*Cast.* Canst thou inform me—

*Pol.* Of what?

*Cast.* Of my Moninia?

*Pol.* No. Good-day.

*Cast.* In haste?

Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.

*Pol.* Indeed, and so to me does my Castalio.

*Cast.* Do I?

*Pol.* Thou dost.

*Cast.* Alas! I've wondrous reason;  
I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.

*Pol.* Why?

*Cast.* Oh! to tell thee, would but put thy heart  
To pain; let me embrace thee but a little,  
And weep upon thy neck; I would repose  
Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;  
For thou wilt pardon them, because they're mine.

*Pol.* Be not too credulous; consider first;  
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?

*Cast.* Why dost thou ask me that? does this appear  
Like a false friendship, when with open arms  
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?  
Oh, 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!

*Pol.* I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.

*Cast.* Dost thou not love me then?

*Pol.* Oh, more than life:

I never had a thought of my Castalio  
Might wrong the friendship we had vow'd together.  
Hast thou dealt so by me?

*Cast.* I hope I have.

*Pol.* Then tell me why this mourning; this disorder?

*Cast.* Oh, Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;  
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts  
The story of my tongue.

*Pol.* I grieve my friend

Knows any thing which he's asham'd to tell me;  
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from Polydore?

*Cast.* Oh! much too oft; but let me here conjure  
thee,

By all the kind affection of a brother,  
(For I'm asham'd to call myself thy friend)  
Forgive me.

*Pol.* Well, go on.

*Cast.* Our destiny contriv'd  
To plague us both with one unhappy love:  
Thou, like a friend, a constant, gen'rous friend,  
In it's first pangs didst trust me with thy passion;  
Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,  
And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.

*Pol.* How!

*Cast.* Still new ways I studied to abuse thee,  
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,  
Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.

*Pol.* Ah, Castalio,  
Was that well done?

*Cast.* No; to conceal't from thee,  
Was much a fault.



*Pol.* A fault! when thou hast heard  
The tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

*Cast.* How my heart throbs!

*Pol.* First, for thy friendship, traitor,  
I cancel't thus; after this day I'll ne'er  
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio:  
This witness heav'n.

*Cast.* What will my fate do with me?  
I've lost all happiness, and know not why:  
What means this, brother?

*Pol.* Perjur'd, treach'rous wretch,  
Farewell.

*Cast.* I'll be thy slave; and thou shalt use me  
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

*Pol.* Never.

*Cast.* Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing;  
How from our infancy we hand in hand  
Have trod the path of life in love together;  
One bed has held us, and the same desires,  
The same aversions, still employ'd our thoughts:  
Whene'er had I a friend, that was not Polydore's?  
Or Polydore a foe, that was not mine?  
Ev'n in the womb we embrac'd; and wilt thou now,  
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me,  
Leave me amidst afflictions to myself,  
Plung'd in the gulph of grief, and none to help me?

*Pol.* Go to Monimia, in her arms thou'lt find  
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.

*Cast.* What arts?

*Pol.* Blind wretch, thou husband! there's a question;  
Go to her fulsome bed, and wallow there,  
Till some hot ruffian, full of lust and wine,  
Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy bargain.

*Cast.* Hold there, I charge thee.

*Pol.* Is she not a—

*Cast.* Whore?

*Pol.* Ay, whore; I think that word needs no explaining.

*Cast.* Alas! I can forgive ev'n this to thee:

But, let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm griev'd  
To find thee guilty of such low revenge,  
To wrong that virtue which thou could'st not ruin!

*Pol.* It seems I lie then?

*Cast.* Should the bravest man  
That e'er wore conqu'ring sword, but dare to whisper  
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:  
My friend may be mistaken.

*Pol.* Damn th' evasion;

Thou mean'st the worst; and he's a base-born villain  
That said I lied.

*Cast.* Do, draw thy sword, and thrust it thro' my  
heart;

There is no joy in life, if thou art lost.  
A base-born villain!

*Pol.* Yes, thou never cam'st  
From old Acasto's loins; the midwife put  
A cheat upon my mother, and instead  
Of a true brother, in the cradle by me  
Plac'd some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he.

*Cast.* Thou art my brother still.

*Pol.* Thou liest.

*Cast.* Nay, then: *[He draws.*  
Yet I am calm.

*Pol.* A coward's always so.

*Cast.* Ah—ah—that stings home: coward!

*Pol.* Ay, base-born coward, villain.

*Cast.* This to thy heart then, tho' my mother bore  
thee. *[Fight; Polydore drops his Sword, and  
runs on Castalio's.*

*Pol.* Now my Castalio is again my friend.

*Cast.* What have I done? my sword is in thy  
breast!

*Pol.* So I would have it be, thou best of men,  
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend.

*Cast.* Ye gods, we're taught, that all your works are  
justice;

You're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:  
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?

*Pol.* Blame not the heav'ns, here lies thy fate,  
 Castalio ;  
 They're not the gods, 'tis Polydore has wrong'd thee ;  
 I've stain'd thy bed ; thy spotless marriage-joys  
 Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.

*Cast.* By thee !

*Pol.* By me ; last night the horrid deed  
 Was done, when all things slept, but rage and incest.

*Cast.* Now where's Monimia ? Oh !

*Enter MONIMIA.*

*Mon.* I'm here ; who calls me ?  
 Methought I heard a voice  
 Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,  
 When all his little flock's at feed before him.  
 But what means this ? here's blood !

*Cast.* Ay, brother's blood ;  
 Art thou prepar'd for everlasting pains ?

*Pol.* Oh, let me charge thee by th' eternal justice,  
 Hurt not her tender life !

*Cast.* Not kill her ? Rack me,  
 Ye pow'rs above, with all your choicest torments,  
 Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,  
 If I not practise cruelty upon her,  
 And wreak revenge some way yet never known.

*Mon.* That task myself have finish'd, I shall die  
 Before we part ; I've drunk a healing draught  
 For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

*Pol.* Oh, she is innocent.

*Cast.* Tell me that story,  
 And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.

*Pol.* Hadst thou, Castalio, us'd me like a friend,  
 This ne'er had happen'd ; hadst thou let me know  
 Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy :  
 But ignorant of that,  
 Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think  
 Thou hadst out-done me in successful love,  
 I, in the dark, went, and supplied thy place ;

Whilst all the night, midst our triumphant joys,  
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd Monimia,  
Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her Castalio.

*Cast.* And all this is the work of my own fortune!  
None but myself could e'er have been so curst.  
My fatal love, alas! has ruin'd thee,  
Thou fairest, goodliest frame the gods e'er made,  
Or ever human eyes and heart ador'd.  
I've murder'd too my brother.

Why would'st thou study ways to damn me further,  
And force the sin of parricide upon me?

*Pol.* 'Twas my own fault, and thou art innocent;  
Forgive the barb'rous trespass of my tongue;  
'Twas a hard violence; I could have died  
With love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst;  
Nay, at each word that my distraction utter'd,  
My heart recoil'd, and 'twas half death to speak them.

*Mon.* Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,  
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,  
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

*Cast.* Oh, I'm th' unhappy wretch, whose cursed fate  
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him;  
Why then thus kind to me?

*Mon.* When I'm laid low i'th' grave, and quite forgotten,  
May'st thou be happy in a fairer bride;  
But none can ever love thee like Monimia.  
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,  
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already)  
Speak well of me; and if thou find ill tongues  
Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd;  
'Twill be a noble justice to the memory  
Of a poor wretch once honour'd with thy love.  
How my head swims! 'tis very dark. Good-night. [*Dies.*

*Cast.* If I survive thee! what a thought was that!  
Thank heav'n, I go prepar'd against that curse.

*Enter CHAMONT, disarmed, and seized by ACASIO and Servants.*

*Cham.* Gape, hell, and swallow me to quick damnation,  
If I forgive your house, if I not live  
An everlasting plague to thee, Acasto,  
And all thy race. You've overpow'r'd me now ;  
But hear me, heav'n!—Ah! here's the scene of death,  
My sister, my Monimia! Breathless!—Now,  
Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike,  
Strike bolts thro' me, and thro' the curst Castalio.

*Acast.* My Polydore.

*Pol.* Who calls?

*Acast.* How cam'st thou wounded?

*Cast.* Stand off, thou hot-brain'd, boist'rous, noisy  
ruffian,

And leave me to my sorrows.

*Cham.* By the love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her!

But here remain till my heart burst with sobbing.

*Cast.* Vanish, I charge thee, or— [*Draws a dagger.*]

*Cham.* Thou canst not kill me;

That would be kindness, and against thy nature.

*Acast.* What means Castalio? Sure thou wilt not pull  
More sorrows on thy aged father's head.

Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause  
Of all this ruin.

*Pol.* That must be my task:

But 'tis too long for one in pains to tell;

You'll in my closet find the story written

Of all our woes. Castalio's innocent,

And so's Monimia; only I'm to blame:

Enquire no farther.

*Cast.* Thou, unkind Chamont,

Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate,

And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee:

Now if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,

Come join with me and curse.

*Cham.* What?

*Cast.* First thyself,  
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth :  
Confusion and disorder seize the world,  
To spoil all trust and converse amongst men ;  
'Twixt families engender endless feuds,  
In countries needless fears, in cities factions,  
In states rebellion, and in churches schism :  
Till all things move against the course of nature ;  
Till form's dissolv'd, the chain of causes broken,  
And the originals of Being lost.

*Acast.* Have patience.

*Cast.* Patience! preach it to the winds,  
To roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves  
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe them.  
Strip me of all the common needs of life,  
Scald me with leprosy, let friends forsake me,  
I'll bear it all; but curst to the degree  
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience :  
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.

[*Stabs himself.*

*Pol.* Castalio! Oh!—

[*Dies.*

*Cast.* I come.

Chamont, to thee my birthright I bequeath:  
Comfort my mourning father, heal his griefs;  
[*Acasto faints into the arms of a Servant.*  
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.  
And for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find  
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina.  
Now all I beg is, lay me in one grave  
Thus with my love. Farewell. I now am—nothing.

[*Dies.*

*Cham.* Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go  
To search the means by which the fates have plagu'd us.  
'Tis thus that heav'n it's empire does maintain;  
It may afflict, but man must not complain.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## EPILOGUE.

You've seen one Orphan ruin'd here; and I  
May be the next, if old Acasto die.  
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find  
Who 'tis would to the fatherless be kind.  
To whose protection might I safely go?  
Is there amongst you no good-nature? No.  
What shall I do? Should I the godly seek,  
And go a conventicling twice a week?  
Quit the lewd stage, and it's profane pollution,  
Affect each form and saint-like institution;  
So draw the brethren all to contribution?  
Or shall I (as I guess the poet may  
Within these three days) fairly run away?  
No; to some city-lodgings I'll retire;  
Seem very grave, and privacy desire;  
Till I am thought some heiress rich in lands,  
Fled to escape a cruel guardian's hands:  
Which may produce a story worth the telling,  
Of the next sparks that go a fortune-stealing.

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THE  
SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

A COMEDY.

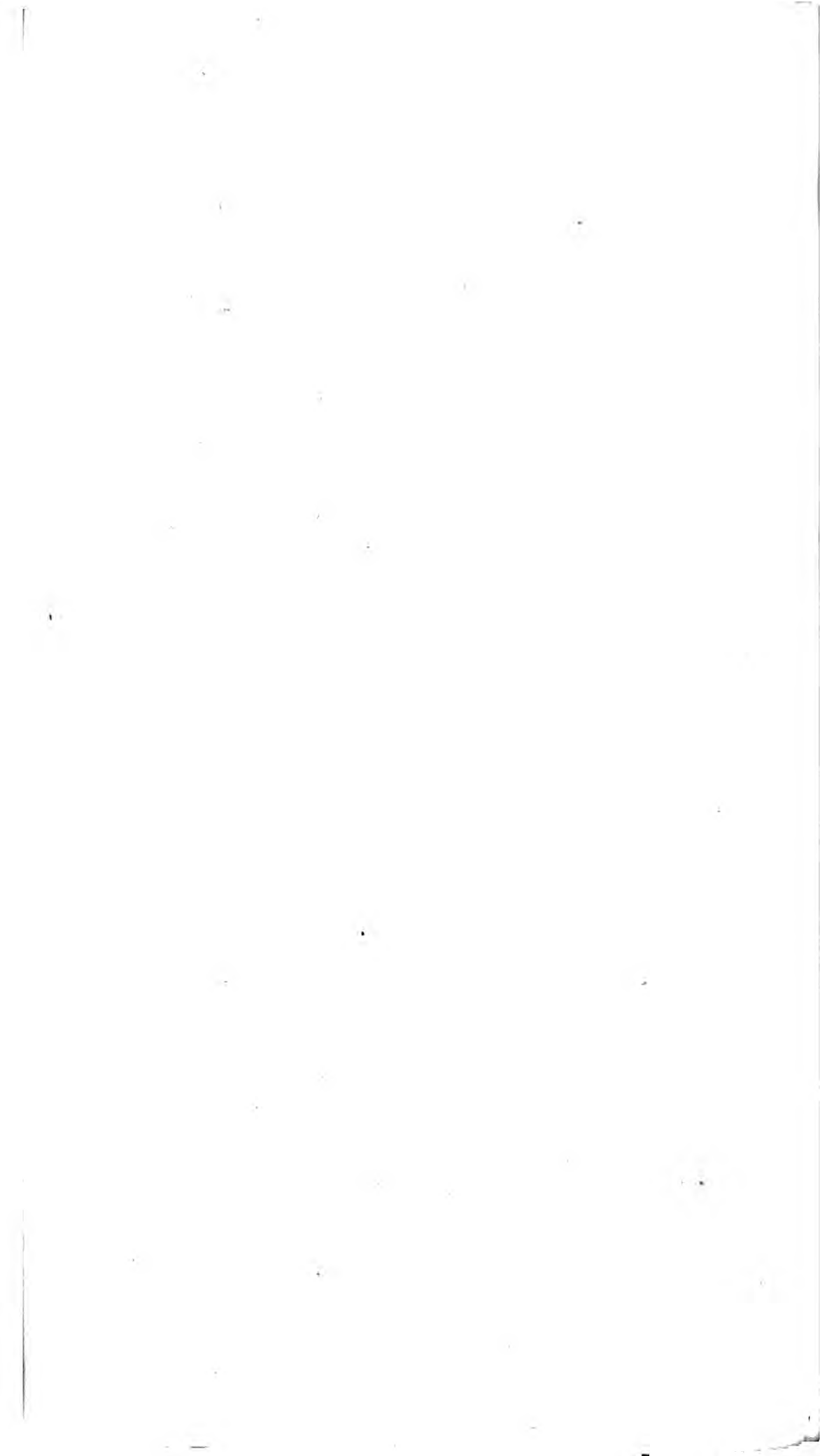


*Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine, libellus ;  
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*

MARTIAL. LIB. 1. EP. 39.

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## THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

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THIS play, though very successful when first exhibited, is marked with the same immoral character which pervades all Otway's comedies, and has justly condemned them to obscurity. Another, and, as far as the author's literary reputation is concerned, a more fatal objection, is it's defect of originality: the plot, and many of the incidents, having been borrowed from different sources, without acknowledgment. These instances of plagiarism have been minutely exposed by Langbaine, the vigilant detector of dramatic fraud. Lady Dunce's scheme of employing her husband to convey the ring and letter to Beaugard, her gallant (perhaps the most agreeable feature in the play), had already been adopted in the "Parasitaster," a comedy by John Marston, 1606; and "Flora's Vagaries," anon. 1670. The original story is in Boccacio, Dec. 3. Nov. 3. The source from whence Otway probably derived the hint (and which escaped the notice of Langbaine), is Moliere's "l'Ecole des Maris;" where the behaviour of Sganarelle, Isabelle, and Valere, differs but little from that of Sir Davy, Lady Dunce, and Beaugard. Sir Davy's sudden appearance from the closet, and surprising his wife and Beaugard embracing, and the lady's conduct thereupon, are borrowed from a story in Scarron's "Roman Comique;" or

rather from "Les Amours des Dames illustres de nôtre siecle." Bloody-bones' character resembles the Bravo in the "Antiquary," a comedy by Shakerly Marmion, 1641. The analogy between Courtine's deportment at Sylvia's balcony, and that of Thomas to his mistress Mary, in Fletcher's comedy called "Monsieur Thomas," is too weak to convict Otway of fraud in this instance, unless the ballad which he has borrowed from the same play, be regarded as additional evidence. The rest of the piece requires little comment. It's chief recommendations were, probably, the variety and quick succession of the incidents, and that looseness of dialogue which passed for wit at the time it was composed. The character of Sir Jolly Jumble is a ridiculous, not to say disgusting, compound of folly and depravity: whether it be natural or not, it is useless to enquire; as, in either case, it is unfit to be pourtrayed in public.

This play was acted and printed 4to. 1681. It is dedicated to his publisher; not, I suppose, "as an acquittance for the money received for the copy," but as "a preface to the work," in which he might canvass, with more freedom, the objections it seems to have excited. The edition of 1757, and all the subsequent copies of the play, have excluded the whole of the paragraph which refers to the share some lady took in opposing it's success. This is now restored from the quarto copy. In 1748, a farce taken from this comedy was represented at Covent-garden, under the same title. It was not printed.

## THE DEDICATION.



MR. BENTLEY,

I HAVE often (during this play's being in the press) been importuned for a preface; which you, I suppose, would have speak something in vindication of the comedy: now, to please you, Mr. Bentley, I will, as briefly as I can, speak my mind upon that occasion, which you may be pleased to accept of, both as a dedication to yourself, and next as a preface to the book.

And I am not a little proud, that it has happened into my thoughts, to be the first who in these latter years has made an epistle dedicatory to his stationer: it is a compliment as reasonable as it is just. For, Mr. Bentley, you pay honestly for the copy; and an epistle to you is a sort of an acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a person of higher rank and order, it looks like an obligation for praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready money for.

As to the vindication of this comedy, between friends and acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much may be said in it's behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the apish qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own issue; nay, I must confess myself a very unnatural parent, for when it is once brought into the world, e'en let the brat shift for itself, I say.

The objections made against the merit of this poor play, I must confess, are very grievous—

First, says a lady, that shall be nameless, because the world may think civilly of her: "Fogh! Oh sherreu, 'tis so filthy, so bawdy, no modest woman ought to be seen

at it: let me die, it has made me sick!" When the world lies, Mr. Bentley, if that very lady has not easily digested a much ranker morsel in a little ale-house towards Paddington, and never made a face at it. But your true jilt is a creature that can extract bawdy out of the chastest sense, as easily as a spider can poison out of a rose: they know true bawdy, let it be never so much concealed, as perfectly as Falstaff did the true prince by instinct: they will separate the true metal from the alloy, let us temper it as well as we can. Some women are the touch-stones of filthiness: though I have heard a lady (that has more modesty than any of those she-critics, and I am sure more wit) say, she wondered at the impudence of any of her sex, that would pretend to understand the thing called *bawdy*. So, Mr. Bentley, for aught I perceive, my play may be innocent yet, and the lady mistaken in pretending to the knowledge of a mystery above her; though, to speak honestly, she has had, besides her wit, a liberal education; and if we may credit the world, has not buried her talent neither.

This is, Mr. Bentley, all I can say in behalf of my play: wherefore I throw it into your arms; make the best of it you can; praise it to your customers; sell ten thousand of them, if possible, and then you will complete the wishes of

Your Friend and Servant,

THO. OTWAY,

## PROLOGUE,

BY THE LORD FALKLAND.

FORSAKEN dames, with less concern, reflect  
On their inconstant hero's cold neglect,  
Than we (provok'd by this ungrateful age)  
Bear the hard fate of our abandon'd stage.  
With grief we see you ravish'd from our arms,  
And curse the feeble virtue of our charms:  
Curse your false hearts, for none so false as they,  
And curse the eyes that stole those hearts away.  
Remember, faithless friends, there was a time,  
(But oh the sad remembrance of our prime!)  
When to our arms with eager joys ye flew,  
And we believ'd your treach'rous hearts as true  
As e'er was nymph of our's to one of you.  
But a more pow'rful Saint \* enjoys ye now;  
Fraught with sweet sins, and absolutions too:  
To her are all your pious vows adrest,  
She's both your love's, and your religion's test,  
The fairest prelate of her time, and best.  
We own her more deserving far than we,  
A just excuse for your inconstancy.  
Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us so;  
First to betray with love, and then undo,  
A horrid crime you're all addicted to.  
Too soon, alas! your appetites are cloy'd,  
And Phillis rules no more, when once enjoy'd:  
But all rash oaths of love and constancy,  
With the too-short, forgotten pleasures die:  
Whilst she, poor soul, robb'd of her dearest ease,  
Still drudges on with vain desire to please;  
And restless follows you from place to place,  
For tributes due to her autumnal face.

\* Pope Joan. O.—This was the "Female Prelate," a tragedy by Settle, founded upon the well-known story of a *Female Pope*.

Deserted thus by such ungrateful men,  
How can we hope you'll e'er return agen?  
Here's no new charm to tempt ye as before,  
Wit now's our only treasure left in store,  
And that's a coin will pass with you no more:  
You who such dreadful bullies would appear,  
(True bullies! quiet when there's danger near)  
Shew your great souls in damning poets here.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



*Captain* BEAUGARD.  
COURTINE.  
*Sir* DAVY DUNCE.  
*Sir* JOLLY JUMBLE.  
FOURBIN, *a Servant to* Beaugard.  
BLOODY-BONES.  
VERMIN, *a Servant to* Sir Davy.  
  
*Lady* DUNCE.  
SYLVIA.  
Maid.  
  
A Constable and Watch.

SCENE, *London.*

# THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* BEAUGARD, COURTINE, *and* FOURBIN.

*Beau.* A pox o' fortune! Thou art always teasing me about fortune: thou risest in a morning with ill-luck in thy mouth; nay, never eatest a dinner, but thou sighest two hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damned, since the world's so wide.

*Cour.* As wide as it is, 'tis so thronged and crammed with knaves and fools, that an honest man can hardly get a living in it.

*Beau.* Do, rail, Courtine, do: it may get thee employment.

*Cour.* At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our employments abroad, to come home and be loyal, and now we as loyally starve for it.

*Beau.* Did not thy ancestors do it before thee, man? I tell thee, loyalty and starving are all one. The old cavaliers got such a trick of it in the king's exile, that their posterity could never thrive since.

*Cour.* 'Tis a fine equipage I am like to be reduced to; I shall be ere long as greasy as an Alsatian bully; this flopping hat, pinned up on one side, with a sandy, weather-beaten peruke, dirty linen, and, to complete the figure, a long scandalous iron sword jarring at my heels; like a—

*Beau.* Snarling, thou meanest, like it's master.

*Cour.* My companions the worthy knights of the

most noble order of the post ; your peripatetic philosophers of the Temple-walks, rogues in rags, and yet not honest ; villains that undervalue damnation, will forswear themselves for a dinner, and hang their fathers for half a crown.

*Beau.* I am ashamed to hear a soldier talk of starving.

*Cour.* Why, what shall I do ? I can't steal—

*Beau.* Though thou canst not steal, thou hast other vices enough for any industrious fellow to live comfortably upon.

*Cour.* What ! would'st thou have me turn rascal, and run cheating up and down the town for a livelihood ? I would no more keep a blockhead company, and endure his nauseous nonsense, in hopes to get him, than I would be a drudge to an old woman with rheumatic eyes, hollow teeth, and stinking breath, for a pension : of all rogues, I would not be a foolmonger.

*Beau.* How well this niceness becomes thee ! I'd fain see thee e'en turn parson in a pet, o' purpose to rail at all those vices which I know thou naturally art fond of. Why surely an old lady's pension need not be so despicable in the eyes of a disbanded officer, as times go, friend.

*Cour.* I am glad, Beaugard, you think so.

*Beau.* Why thou shalt think so too, man ; be ruled by me, and I'll bring thee into good company ; families, Courtine, families ; and such families, where formality's a scandal, and pleasure is the business ; where the women are all wanton, and the men are all witty, you rogue.

*Cour.* What, some of your worship's Wapping acquaintance, that you made last time you came over for recruits, and spirited away your landlady's daughter a volunteering with you into France.

*Beau.* I'll bring thee, Courtine, where cuckoldom's in credit, and lewdness laudable ; where thou shalt wallow in pleasures and preferments, revel all day, and

every night lie in the arms of melting beauty, sweet as roses, and as springs refreshing.

*Cour.* Pr'ythee don't talk thus; I had rather thou would'st tell me where new levies are to be raised: a pox of whores, when a man has not money to make 'em comfortable.

*Beau.* That shall shower upon us in abundance; and for instance, know, to thy everlasting amazement, all this dropt out of the clouds to-day.

*Cour.* Ha! Gold by this light!—

*Four.* Out of the clouds?—

*Beau.* Ay, gold! does it not smell of the sweet hand that sent it! Smell—smell you dog— [To Fourbin.

[*Fourbin smells to the handful of Gold, and gathers up some pieces in his mouth.*

*Four.* Truly, sir, of heavenly sweetness, and very refreshing.

*Cour.* Dear Beaugard, if thou hast any good-nature in thee; if thou would'st not have me hang myself before my time, tell me where the devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a bargain with him presently: speak, speak, or I am a lost man.

*Beau.* Why thou must know this devil, which I have given my soul to already, and must I suppose have my body very speedily, lives I know not where, and may, for aught I know, be a real devil; but if it be, 'tis the best-natured devil under Beelzebub's dominions, that I'll swear to.

*Cour.* But how came the gold, then?

*Beau.* To deal freely with my friend, I am lately happened into the acquaintance of a very reverend pimp, as fine a discreet, sober, gray-bearded old gentleman as one would wish; as good a natured public-spirited person as the nation holds; one that is never so happy as when he is bringing good people together, and promoting civil understanding betwixt the sexes: nay, rather than want employment, he will go from one end of the town to t'other, to procure my lord's little dog to be civil to my lady's little languishing bitch.

*Cour.* A very worthy member of the commonwealth!

*Beau.* This noble person one day—but Fourbin can give you a more particular account of the matter. Sweet sir, if you please, tell us the story of the first encounter betwixt you and sir Jolly Jumble; you must know that's his title.

*Four.* Sir, it shall be done—walking one day upon the Piazza, about three of the clock i'th'afternoon, to get me a stomach to my dinner, I chanced to encounter a person of goodly presence and worthy appearance; his beard and hair white, grave and comely, his countenance ruddy, plump, smooth and cheerful; who perceiving me also equipt, as I am, with a mien and air which might well inform him I was a person of no inconsiderable quality, came very respectfully up to me, and after the usual ceremonies between persons of parts and breeding had past, very humbly enquired of me what it was o'clock—I presently understood by the question, that he was a man of parts and business, told him, I did presume it was at most but nicely turned of three.

*Beau.* Very court-like, civil, quaint, and new, I think.

*Four.* The freedom of commerce encreasing, after some little inconsiderable questions *pour passer le temps*, and so, he was pleased to offer me the courtesy of a glass of wine: I told him I very seldom drank, but if he so pleased, I would do myself the honour to present him with a dish of meat at an eating-house hard by, where I had an interest.

*Cour.* Very well: I think this squire of thine, Beau-gard, is as accomplished a person as any of the employment I ever saw.

*Beau.* Let the rogue go on.

*Four.* In short, we agreed and went together: as soon as we entered the room, I am your most humble servant, sir, says he—I am the meanest of your vassals, sir, said I—I am very happy in lighting into the acquaintance of so worthy a gentleman as you appear to

be, sir, said he again—worthy, sir Jolly, then came I upon him again on t'other side, (for you must know by that time I had groped out his title) I kiss your hands from the bottom of my heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your feet.

*Cour.* Well, Fourbin, and what replied the knight then?

*Four.* Nothing, he had nothing to say; his sense was transported with admiration of my parts: so we sat down, and after some pause, he desired to know by what title he was to distinguish the person that had so highly honoured him.—

*Beau.* That is as much as to say, sir, whose rascal you were.

*Four.* Sir, you may make as bold with your poor slave as you please.—I told him those that knew me well were pleased to call me the chevalier Fourbin, that I was a cadet of the ancient family of the Fourbinois; and that I had had the honour of serving the great monarch of France in his wars in Flanders, where I contracted great familiarity and intimacy with a gallant officer of the English troops in that service, one captain Beaugard.

*Beau.* Oh, sir, you did me too much honour. What a true-bred rogue's this!—

*Cour.* Well, but the money, Fourbin, the money.

*Four.* Beaugard, hum! Beaugard, says he!—ay, it must be so,—a black man, is he not?—ay, says I, blackish—a dark brown—full-faced—yes—a sly, subtle, observing eye?—the same—a strong-built, well-made man?—right—a devilish fellow for a wench, a devilish fellow for a wench, I warrant him; a thundering rogue upon occasion, Beaugard! a thundering fellow for a wench: I must be acquainted with him.

*Cour.* But to the money, the money, man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withal.

*Beau.* This civil gentleman of the chevalier's acquaintance comes yesterday morning to my lodging, and seeing my picture in miniature upon the toilet, told me with the greatest ecstasy in the world, that was the thing

he came to me about: he told me there was a lady of his acquaintance had some favourable thoughts of me, and I'gad, says he, she's a hummer; such a *bona roba*, ah.—So without more ado begs me to lend it him till dinner (for we concluded to eat together) so away he scuttled with as great joy as if he had found the philosopher's stone.

*Cour.* Very well.

*Beau.* At Locket's we met again; where after a thousand grimaces, to shew how much he was pleased, instead of my picture, presents me with the contents aforesaid; and told me the lady desired me to accept of 'em for the picture, which she was much transported withal, as well as with the original.

*Cour.* Ha!

*Beau.* Now, whereabouts this taking quality lies in me, the devil take me, Ned, if I know; but the fates, Ned, the fates!

*Cour.* A curse on the fates! Of all strumpets, fortune's the basest; 'twas fortune made me a soldier, a rogue in red, the grievance of the nation; fortune made the peace just when we were upon the brink of a war; then fortune disbanded us, and lost us two months' pay: fortune gave us debentures instead of ready money, and by very good fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natured dog that bought it will never get a shilling for't.--

*Beau.* Leave off thy railing; for shame, it looks like a cur that barks for want of bones. Come, times may mend, and an honest soldier be in fashion again.—

*Cour.* These greasy, fat, unwieldy wheezing rogues that live at home, and brood over their bags, when a fit of fear's upon 'em, then if one of us pass but by, all the family is ready at the door to cry, Heavens bless you, sir, the laird go along with you!

*Beau.* Ah good men, what pity 'tis such proper gentlemen should ever be out of employment.

*Cour.* But when the business is over, then every parish bawd that goes but to a conventicle twice a week,

and pays but scot and lot to the parish, shall roar out, fogh, ye lousy red-coat rake-hells! hout, ye caterpillars, ye locusts of the nation! you are the dogs that would enslave us all, plunder our shops, and ravish our daughters, ye scoundrels!

*Beau.* I must confess ravishing ought to be regulated; it would destroy commerce, and many a good sober matron about this town might lose the selling of her daughter's maidenhead, which were a great grievance to the people, and a particular branch of property lost. Fourbin.

*Four.* Your worship's pleasure?

*Beau.* Run, like a rogue as you are, and try to find sir Jolly, and desire him to meet me at the Blue-Posts in the Haymarket about twelve; we'll dine together: I must enquire farther into yesterday's adventure; in the mean time, Ned, here's half the prize, to be doing withal: old friends must preserve correspondence; we have shared good fortune together, and bad shall never part us.

*Cour.* Well, thou wilt certainly die in a ditch for this: hast thou no more grace than to be a true friend? nay, to part with thy money to thy friend? I grant you, a gentleman may swear and lie for his friend, pimp for his friend, hang for his friend, and so forth; but to part with ready money is the devil.

*Beau.* Stand aside, either I am mistaken, or yonder's sir Jolly coming: now, Courtine, will I shew thee the flower of knighthood. Ah, sir Jolly!

*Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.*

*Sir Jol.* My hero! my darling! my Ganymede! how dost thou? Strong! wanton! lusty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine, boy, odd she's thine; plump, soft, smooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah rogue! ah rogue! here's shoulders! here's shape! there's a foot and leg, here's a leg, here's a leg—Qua-a-a-a.

*[Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles Beaugard's legs.]*



*Cour.* What an old goat's this!

*Sir Jol.* Child, child, child, who's that? a friend of thine? a friend o' thine? A pretty fellow, odd a very pretty fellow, and a strong dog I'll warrant him. How dost do, dear heart? pr'ythee let me kiss thee. I'll swear and vow I will kiss thee; ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a toad, a toad, ah toa-a-a-d—

*Cour.* Sir, I am your humble servant.

*Beau.* But the lady, sir Jolly, the lady; how does the lady? what says the lady, sir Jolly?

*Sir Jol.* What says the lady! why she says—she says—odd she has a delicate lip, such a lip, so red, so hard, so plump, so blub; I fancy I am eating cherries every time I think on't—and for her neck and breasts, and her—odd's life; I'll say no more, not a word more; but I know, I know—

*Beau.* I am sorry for that with all my heart; do you know, say you, sir? and would you put off your mumbled orts, your offal upon me?—

*Sir Jol.* Hush, hush, hush! have a care; as I live and breathe, not I; alack and well-a-day, I am a poor old fellow, decayed and done: all's gone with me, gentlemen, but my good nature; odd I love to know how matters go though now and then, to see a pretty wench and a young fellow touze and rouze and frouze and mouze; odd I love a young fellow dearly, faith dearly—

*Cour.* This is the most extraordinary rogue I ever met withal.

*Beau.* But, sir Jolly, in the first place, you must know I have sworn never to marry.

*Sir Jol.* I would not have thee, man, I am a bachelor myself, and have been a whore-master all my life; besides, she's married already, man; her husband's an old, greasy, untoward, ill-natured, slovenly, tobacco-taking cuckold; but plaguy jealous.

*Beau.* Already a cuckold, sir Jolly?

*Sir Jol.* No, that shall be, my boy; thou shalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee, dear heart; and

shan't I hold the door? shan't I peep, hah? shan't I, you devil, you little dog, shan't I?

*Beau.* What is it I'd not grant to oblige my patron?

*Sir Jol.* And then dost thou hear, I have a lodging for thee in my own house: dost hear, old soul? in my own house; she lives the very next door, man; there's but a wall to part her chamber and thine; and then for a peep-hole, odd's fish I have a peep-hole for thee; 'sbud I'll shew thee, I'll shew thee—

*Beau.* But when, sir Jolly? I am in haste, impatient.

*Sir Jol.* Why this very night, man; poor rogue's in haste, poor rogue; but hear you—

*Cour.* The matter?

*Sir Jol.* Shan't we dine together?

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir Jol.* The maw begins to empty, get you before, and bespeak dinner at the Blue-Posts; while I stay behind and gather up a dish of whores for a dessert.

*Cour.* Be sure that they be lewd, drunken, stripping whores, sir Jolly, that won't be affectedly squeamish and troublesome.

*Sir Jol.* I warrant you.

*Cour.* I love a well-disciplined whore, that shews all the tricks of her profession with a wink, like an old soldier that understands all his exercise by beat of drum.

*Sir Jol.* Ah, thief, sayest thou so? I must be better acquainted with that fellow; he has a notable nose, a hard brawny carle—true and trusty, and mettle I'll warrant him.

*Beau.* Well, sir Jolly, you'll not fail us?

*Sir Jol.* Fail ye! am I a knight? hark ye, boys: I'll muster this evening such a regiment of rampant, roaring, roisterous whores, that shall make more noise than if all the cats in the Haymarket were in conjunction: whores, ye rogues, that shall swear with you, drink with you, talk bawdy with you, fight with you, scratch with you, lie with you, and go to the devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, hah!—

*Cour.* As merry as wine, women, and wickedness can make us.

*Sir Jol.* Odd, that's well said again, very well said; as merry as wine, women, and wickedness can make us: I love a fellow that's very wicked dearly: methinks there's a spirit in him, there's a sort of tantara rara; tantara rara, ah, ah—; well, and won't ye, when the women come, won't ye, and shall I not see a little sport amongst you? well, get ye gone; ah rogues, ah rogues, da, da, I'll be with you, da, da—

[*Ex. Beau. and Cour.*

*Enter several Whores, and Three Bullies.*

1 *Bully.* In the name of satan, what whores are those in their copper trim, yonder?

1 *Whore.* Well, I'll swear, madam, 'tis the finest evening; I love the Mall mightily.

2 *Bully.* Let's huzza the bulkers.

2 *Whore.* Really, and so do I; because there's always good company, and one meets with such civilities from every body.

3 *Bully.* Damned whores! hout ye filthies!

3 *Whore.* Ay, and then I love extremely to shew myself here, when I am very fine, to vex those poor devils that call themselves virtuous, and are very scandalous and crapish, I'll swear; O crimine! who's yonder? sir Jolly Jumble, I vow.

1 *Bully.* Fogh! let's leave the nasty sows to fools and diseases.

1 *Whore.* Oh papa, papa! where have you been these two days, papa?

2 *Whore.* You are a precious father indeed, to take no more care of your children: we might be dead for all you, you naughty daddy, you.

*Sir Jol.* Dead, my poor fubses! odd, I had rather all the relations I have were dead; a-dad I had: get you gone, you little devils.

1 *Whore.* Nay, fy, papa, I'll swear you'll make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to-night; you have promised me a treat this week; won't you, papa?

2 *Whore.* Ay, won't you, dad?

*Sir Jol.* Odds so, odds so, well remembered! get you gone, don't stay talking: get you gone, yonder's a great lord, the lord Beaugard, and his cousin the baron, the count, the marquis, the lord knows what, monsieur Courtine, newly come to town, odds so.

3 *Whore.* Oh law, where, daddy, where? Oh dear, a lord!

1 *Whore.* Well, you are the purest papa; but where be dey mun, papa?—

*Sir Jol.* I won't tell you, you gipsies, so I won't—except you tickle me—'sbud they are brave fellows, all tall, and not a bit small; odd one of 'em has a devilish deal of money.

1 *Whore.* Oh dear, but which is he, papa?

2 *Whore.* Shan't I be in love with him, daddy?

*Sir Jol.* What no body tickle me! no body tickle me!—not yet? Tickle me a little, Mally—tickle me a little, Jenny—do! he, he, he, he, he, he,—[*They tickle him*] No more, oh dear! oh dear! poor rogues, so, so, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll, I'll, I'll—

3 *Whore.* What will you do, trow?

*Sir Jol.* Come along with me, come along with me, sneak after me at a distance, that no body take notice: swinging fellows, Mally—swinging fellows, Jenny; a devilish deal of money: get you afore then, you little didappers, ye wasps, ye wagtails, get you gone, I say; swinging fellows— [Ex. *Sir Jolly with the Whores.*

*Enter Lady DUNCE and SYLVIA.*

*L. Dunce.* Die a maid, Sylvia, fy, for shame! what a scandalous resolution's that! five thousand pounds to your portion, and leave it all to hospitals, for the innocent recreation hereafter of leading apes in hell? fy for shame!

*Sylv.* Indeed such another charming animal as your

consort, sir Davy, might do much with me; 'tis an unspeakable blessing to lie all night by a horse-load of diseases; a beastly, unsavory, old, groaning, grunting, wheezing wretch, that smells of the grave he's going to, already. From such a curse, and hair-cloth next my skin, good heaven deliver me!

*L. Dunce.* Thou mistakest the use of a husband, Sylvia: they are not meant for bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulsome fashion, to lie o' nights with a husband; but the world's improved, and customs, altered.

*Sylv.* Pray instruct me then what the use of a husband is.

*L. Dunce.* Instead of a gentleman-usher for ceremony's sake, to be in waiting on set days, and particular occasions; but the friend, cousin, is the jewel unvaluable.

*Sylv.* But sir Davy, madam, will be difficult to be so governed; I am mistaken if his nature is not too jealous to be blinded.

*L. Dunce.* So much the better; of all, the jealous fool is easiest to be deceived: for observe, where there's jealousy there's always fondness; which if a woman, as she ought to do, will make the right use of, a husband's fears shall not so awake him on one side, as his dotage shall blind him on the other.

*Sylv.* Is your piece of mortality such a doating doodle? is he so very fond of you?

*L. Dunce.* No, but he has the vanity to think that I am very fond of him; and if he be jealous, 'tis not so much for fear I do abuse, as that in time I may, and therefore imposes this confinement on me; though he has other divertisements that take him off from my enjoyment, which make him so loathsome no woman but must hate him.

*Sylv.* His private divertisements I am a stranger to.

*L. Dunce.* Then for his person, 'tis incomparably odious; he has such a breath, one kiss of him were enough to cure the fits of the mother; 'tis worse than *assa-fœtida*.

*Sylv.* Oh hideous!

*L. Dunce.* Every thing that's nasty he affects: clean linen he says is unwholesome; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of garlic and chewing tobacco.

*Sylv.* Fogh! this is love! this is the blessing of matrimony!

*L. Dunce.* Rail not so unreasonably against love, Sylvia. As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the passion I have for Beaugard, so methinks, Sylvia need not conceal her good thoughts of her friend. Do not I know Courtine sticks in your stomach?

*Sylv.* If he does, I'll assure you he shall never get to my heart. But can you have the conscience to love another man now you are married? What do you think will become of you?

*L. Dunce.* I tell thee, Sylvia, I was never married to that engine we have been talking of; my parents indeed made me say something to him after a priest once, but my heart went not along with my tongue; I minded not what it was: for my thoughts, Sylvia, for these seven years, have been much better employed—Beaugard! Ah, curse on the day that first sent him into France!

*Sylv.* Why so, I beseech you?

*L. Dunce.* Had he stayed here, I had not been sacrificed to the arms of this monument of man, for the bed of death could not be more cold than his has been: he would have delivered me from the monster, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my kindness not neglected.

*Sylv.* I find indeed your ladyship had good thoughts of him.

*L. Dunce.* Surely 'tis impossible to think too well of him, for he has wit enough to call his good-nature in question, and yet good-nature enough to make his wit suspected.

*Sylv.* But how do you hope ever to get sight of him? Sir Davy's watchfulness is invincible. I dare swear he would smell out a rival if he were in the house, only by

natural instinct ; as some that always sweat when a cat's in the room. Then again, Beaugard's a soldier, and that's a thing the old gentleman, you know, loves dearly.

*L. Dunce.* There lies the greatest comfort of my uneasy life ; he is one of those fools, forsooth, that are led by the nose by knaves who rail against the king and the government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a party. I have had hopes this twelve-month to have heard of his being in the Gate-house for treason.

*Sylv.* But I find only yourself the prisoner all this while.

*L. Dunce.* At present indeed I am so ; but fortune I hope will smile, would'st thou but be my friend, Sylvia.

*Sylv.* In any mischievous design with all my heart.

*L. Dunce.* The conclusion, madam, may turn to your satisfaction ; but have you no thoughts of Courtine ?

*Sylv.* Not I, I'll assure you, cousin.

*L. Dunce.* You don't think him well shaped, straight, and proportionable ?

*Sylv.* Considering he eats but once a week, the man is well enough.

*L. Dunce.* And then he wears his cloaths, you know, filthily, and like a horrid sloven.

*Sylv.* Filthily enough of all conscience, with a thread-bare red coat, which his tailor duns him for to this day, over which a great, broad, greasy, buff-belt, enough to turn any one's stomach but a disbanded soldier ; a peruke tied up in a knot, to excuse it's want of combing ; and then because he has been a man at arms, he must wear two tufts of a beard forsooth, to lodge a dunghill of snuff upon, to keep his nose in good humour.

*L. Dunce.* Nay, now I am sure that thou lovest him.

*Sylv.* So far from it, that I protest eternally against the whole sex.

*L. Dunce.* That time will best demonstrate ; in the mean while to our business.

*Sylv.* As how, madam ?

*L. Dunce.* To-night must I see Beaugard ; they are this minute at dinner in the Haymarket ; now to make

my evil genius, that haunts me every where, my thing called a husband, himself to assist his poor wife at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleasant.

*Sylv.* But 'twill be impossible.

*L. Dunce.* I am apt to be persuaded rather very easy; you know our good and friendly neighbour, sir Jolly.

*Sylv.* Out on him, beast! he's always talking filthily to a body; if he sits but at the table with one, he'll be making nasty figures in the napkins.

*L. Dunce.* He and my sweet yoke-fellow are the most intimate friends in the world; so that partly out of neighbourly kindness, as well as the great delight he takes to be meddling in matters of this nature, with a great deal of pains and industry he has procured me Beaugard's picture, and given him to understand how well a friend of his in petticoats, called myself, wishes him.

*Sylv.* But what's all this to the making the husband instrumental? for I must confess, of all creatures, a husband's the thing that's odious to me.

*L. Dunce.* That must be done this night: I'll instantly to my chamber, take my bed in a pet, and send for sir Davy.

*Sylv.* But which way then must the lover come?

*L. Dunce.* Nay, I'll betray Beaugard to him; shew him the picture he sent me, and beg of him, as he tenders his own honour and my quiet, to take some course to secure me from the scandalous solicitations of that impudent fellow.

*Sylv.* And so make him the property, the go-between, to bring the affair to an issue the more decently.

*L. Dunce.* Right, Sylvia, 'tis the best office a husband can do a wife; I mean an old husband; bless us, to be yoked in wedlock with a paralytic, coughing, decrepid dotterel; to be a dry-nurse all one's life-time to an old child of sixty-five; to lie by the image of death a whole night, a dull immoveable, that has no sense of life but through it's pains! the pigeon's as happy that's laid to



a sick man's feet, when the world has given him over ;  
for my part, this shall henceforth be my prayer :

Curst be the memory, nay doubly curst,  
Of her that wedded age for int'rest first ;  
Tho' worn with years, with fruitless wishes full,  
'Tis all day troublesome, and all night dull.  
Who wed with fools, indeed, lead happy lives,  
Fools are the fittest, finest things for wives :  
Yet old men profit bring, as fools bring ease,  
And both make youth and wit much better please.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, BEAUGARD, COURTIME,  
and FOURBIN.*

*Cour.* Sir Jolly is the glory of the age.

*Sir Jol.* Nay, now, sir, you honour me too far.

*Beau.* He's the delight of the young, and wonder of  
the old.

*Sir Jol.* I swear, gentlemen, you make me blush.

*Cour.* He deserves a statue of gold, at the charge  
of the kingdom.

*Sir Jol.* Out upon't, fy for shame : I protest I'll leave  
your company if you talk so ; but faith they were  
whores, daintily dutiful strumpets, ha ! udds-bud, they'd  
—have stripped for t'other bottle.

*Beau.* Truly, sir Jolly, you are a man of very ex-  
traordinary discipline : I never saw whores under better  
command in my life.

*Sir Jol.* Pish, that's nothing, man, nothing ; I can  
send for forty better when I please ; doxies that will skip,  
strip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the world, any  
thing, old soul.

*Cour.* Dear, dear sir Jolly, where and when?

*Sir Jol.* Odd! as simple as I stand here, her father was a knight.

*Beau.* Indeed, sir Jolly, a knight, say you?

*Sir Jol.* Ay, but a little decayed: I'll assure you she's a very good gentlewoman born.

*Cour.* Ay, and a very good gentlewoman bred too.

*Sir Jol.* Ay, and so she is.

*Beau.* But, sir Jolly, how goes my business forward? when shall I have a view of the quarry I am to fly at?

*Sir Jol.* Alas-a-day, not so hasty; soft and fair, I beseech you. Ah, my little son of thunder, if thou hadst her in thy arms now between a pair of sheets, and I under the bed to see fair play, boy; gemini! what wou'd become of me? what wou'd become of me? there wou'd be doings! oh lawd, I under the bed!

*Beau.* Or behind the hangings, sir Jolly, would not that do as well?

*Sir Jol.* Ah no, under the bed against the world, and then it would be very dark, hah!

*Beau.* Dark to choose?

*Sir Jol.* No, but a little light would do well; a small glimmering lamp, just enough for me to steal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable! I won't speak a word more! there would be a trick! O rare! you friend, O rare! odds-so, not a word more, odds-so, yonder comes the monster that must be the cuckold-elect; step, step aside and observe him: if I should be seen in your company, 'twould spoil all.

[*Ex. Sir Jolly and Cour.*

*Beau.* For my part, I'll stand the meeting of him; one way to promote a good understanding with a wife, is first to get acquainted with her husband.

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Sir Dav.* Well, of all blessings, a discreet wife is the greatest that can light upon a man of years: had I been

married to any thing but an angel now, what a beast had I been by this time! well, I am the happiest old fool! 'tis a horrid age that we live in, so that an honest man can keep nothing to himself. If you have a good estate, every covetous rogue is longing for't; (truly I love a good estate dearly myself!) if you have a handsome wife, every smooth-faced coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her: flesh-flies are not so troublesome to the shambles as that sort of insects are to the boxes in the play-house. But virtue is a great blessing, an unvaluable treasure: to tell me herself that a villain had tempted her, and give me the very picture, the enchantment that he sent to bewitch her! it strikes me dumb with admiration: here's the villain in effigy. [*Pulls out the picture.*] Odd a very handsome fellow, a dangerous rogue, I'll warrant him: such fellows as these now should be fettered like unruly colts, that they might not leap into other men's pastures. Here's a nose now, I could find in my heart to cut it off; damned dog, to dare to presume to make a cuckold of a knight! bless us! what will this world come to? Well, poor sir Davy, down, down upon thy knees, and thank thy stars for this deliverance.

*Beau.* 'Sdeath! what's that I see? sure 'tis the very picture which I sent by sir Jolly; if so, by this light I am damnably jilted.

*Sir Dav.* But now if—

*Beau.* Surely he does not see us yet.

*Four.* See you, sir! why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll dumb-found him.

[*Strikes him on the shoulder.*]

*Sir Dav.* Who the devil's this? Sir, sir, sir, who are you, sir?

*Beau.* Ay, ay, 'tis the same: now a pox of all amorous adventures: 'sdeath, I'll go beat the impertinent pimp that drew me into this fooling.

*Sir Dav.* Sir, methinks you are very curious.

*Beau.* Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reason to be so.

*Sir Dav.* And perhaps, sir, I care not for you, nor your reasons neither.

*Beau.* Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the honour to speak with you.

*Sir Dav.* With me, sir? what's your business with me?

*Beau.* I would not willingly be troublesome, though it may be I am so at this time.

*Sir Dav.* It may be so too, sir.

*Beau.* But to be known to so worthy a person as you are, would be so great an honour, so extraordinary a happiness, that I could not avoid taking this opportunity of tendering you my service.

*Sir Dav.* Smooth rogue, who the devil is this fellow? (*Aside.*) But, sir, you were pleased to nominate business, sir; I desire with what speed you can to know your business, sir, that I may go about my business.

*Beau.* Sir, if I might with good manners, I should be glad to inform myself whose picture that is which you have in your hand; methinks it is a very fine painting.

*Sir Dav.* Picture, friend, picture! sir, 'tis a resemblance of a very impudent fellow, they call him captain Beaugard, forsooth, but he is in short a rake-hell, a poor lousy, beggarly, disbanded devil; do you know him, friend?—

*Beau.* I think I have heard of such a vagabond: the truth on't is, he is a very impudent fellow.

*Sir Dav.* Ay, a damn'd rogue.

*Beau.* Oh, a notorious scoundrel.

*Sir Dav.* I expect to hear he's hanged by next sessions.

*Beau.* The truth on't is, he has deserved it long ago; but did you ever see him, sir Davy?

*Sir Dav.* Sir—does he know me? [*Aside.*]

*Beau.* Because I fancy that miniature is very like him. Pray, sir, whence had it you?—

*Sir Dav.* Had it, friend? had it? whence had it I?—  
Bless us, [*Compares the Picture with Beaugard's face.*]

what have I done now ! this is the very traitor himself ; if he should be desperate now, and put his sword in my guts !—slitting my nose will be as bad as that, I have but one eye left neither, and may be—Oh but this is the king's court, odd that's well remembered ; he dares not but be civil here : I'll try to out-huff him. (*Aside.*) Whence had it you ?

*Beau.* Ay, sir, whence had it you ? that's English in my country, sir.

*Sir Dav.* Go, sir, you are a rascal.

*Beau.* How !

*Sir Dav.* Sir, I say you are a rascal, a very impudent rascal ; nay, I'll prove you to be a rascal, if you go to that—

*Beau.* Sir, I am a gentleman and a soldier.

*Sir Dav.* So much the worse, soldiers have been cuckold-makers from the beginning ; sir, I care not what you are ; for aught I know you may be a—come, sir, did I never see you ? Answer me to that ; did I never see you ? for aught I know you may be a jesuit ; there were more in the last army besides you.

*Beau.* Of your acquaintance, and be hanged ?

*Sir Dav.* Yes, to my knowledge, there were several at Hounslow-heath, disguised in dirty petticoats, and cried brandy : I knew a serjeant of foot that was familiar with one of them all night in a ditch, and fancied him a woman, but the devil is powerful.

*Beau.* In short, you worthy villain of worship, that picture is mine, and I must have it, or I shall take an opportunity to kick your worship most inhumanly.

*Sir Dav.* Kick, sir ?

*Beau.* Ay, sir, kick, 'tis a recreation I can shew you.

*Sir Dav.* Sir, I am a free-born subject of England, and there are laws, look you, there are laws ; so I say you are a rascal again, and now how will you help yourself ? poor fool !

*Beau.* Hark you, friend, have not you a wife ?

*Sir Dav.* I have a lady, sir—oh and she's mightily taken with this picture of your's ; she was so mightily

proud of it, she could not forbear shewing it me, and telling too who it was sent it her.

*Beau.* And has she been long a jilt? has she practised the trade for any time?

*Sir Dav.* Trade! humph, what trade? what trade, friend?

*Beau.* Why the trade of whore and no whore, caterwauling in jest, putting out Christian colours, when she's a Turk under deck: a curse upon all honest women in the flesh, that are whores in the spirit.

*Sir Dav.* Poor devil, how he rails! ha, ha, ha: look you, sweet soul, as I told you before, there are laws, there are laws, but those are things not worthy your consideration: beauty's your business. But, dear vagabond, trouble thyself no further about my spouse; let my doxy rest in peace, she's meat for thy master, old boy; I have my belly-full of her every night.

*Beau.* Sir, I wish all your noble family hanged from the bottom of my heart.

*Sir Dav.* Moreover, captain Swash, I must tell you my wife is an honest woman, of a virtuous disposition, one that I have loved from her infancy, and she deserves it by her faithful dealing in this affair, for that she has discovered loyally to me the treacherous designs laid against her chastity, and my honour.

*Beau.* By this light the beast weeps! [*Aside.*

*Sir Dav.* Truly I cannot but weep for joy, to think how happy I am in a sincere, faithful, and loving yoke-fellow. She charged me too to tell you into the bargain, that she is sufficiently satisfied of the most secret wishes of your heart.

*Beau.* I'm glad on't.

*Sir Dav.* And that 'tis her desire, that you would trouble yourself no more about the matter.

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir Dav.* But henceforward behave yourself with such discretion as becomes a gentleman.

*Beau.* Oh to be sure, most exactly!

*Sir Dav.* And let her alone to make the best use of

those innocent freedoms I allow her, without putting her reputation in hazard.

*Beau.* As how, I beseech you—

*Sir Dav.* By your impertinent and unseasonable address.

*Beau.* And this news you bring me by a particular commission from your sweet lady?

*Sir Dav.* Yea, friend, I do; and she hopes you'll be sensible, dear heart, of her good meaning by it: these were her very words, I neither add nor diminish, for plain-dealing is my mistress's friend.

*Beau.* Then all the curses I shall think on this twelvemonth light on her, and as many more on the next fool that gives credit to the sex.

*Sir Dav.* Well, certainly I am the happier toad; how melancholy the monkey stands now! Poor pug, hast thou lost her?

*Beau.* To be so sordid a jilt, to betray me to such a beast as that! Can she have any good thoughts of such a swine? Damn her, had she abused me handsomely it had never vexed me.

*Sir Dav.* Now, sir, with your permission I'll take my leave.

*Beau.* Sir, if you were gone to the devil I should think you very well disposed of.

*Sir Dav.* If you have any letter, or other commendation to the lady that was so charmed with your resemblance there, it shall be very faithfully conveyed by—

*Beau.* Fool!

*Sir Dav.* Your humble servant, sir, I'm gone; I shall disturb you no further; your most humble servant, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Beau.* Now poverty, plague, pox, and prison fall thick upon the head of thee! Fourbin.

*Four.* Sir!—

*Beau.* Thou hast been an extraordinary rogue in thy time.

*Four.* I hope I have lost nothing in your honour's service, sir.

*Beau.* Find out some way to revenge me on this old rascal, and if I do not make thee a gentleman—

*Four.* That you have been pleased to do long ago, I thank you; for I am sure you have not left me one shilling in my pocket these two months.

*Beau.* Here, here's for thee to revel withal.

*Four.* Will your honour please to have his throat cut?

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Four.* Or would you have him decently hanged at his own door, and then give out to the world he did it himself?

*Beau.* That would do very well.

*Four.* Or I think (to proceed with more safety) a good stale jakes were a very pretty expedient.

*Beau.* Excellent, excellent, Fourbin.

*Four.* Leave matters to my discretion, and if I do not—

[*Exit.*

*Beau.* I know thou wilt; go, go about it, prosper, and be famous. Now ere I dare venture to meet Courtine again, will I go by myself, rail for an hour or two, and then be good company.

[*Exit.*

*Enter COURTINE and SYLVIA.*

*Sylv.* Take my word, sir, you had better give this business over. I tell you, there's nothing in the world turns my stomach so much as the man, that man that makes love to me. I never saw one of your sex in my life make love, but he looked so like an ass all the while, that I blushed for him.

*Cour.* I am afraid your ladyship then is one of those dangerous creatures they call she-wits, who are always so mightily taken with admiring themselves, that nothing else is worth their notice.

*Sylv.* Oh! who can be so dull, not to be ravished with that roisterous mien of your's, that ruffling air in your gait, that seems to cry where'er you go, *make room, here comes the captain!* that face, which bids



defiance to the weather? Bless us! if I were a poor farmer's wife in the country now, and you wanted quarters, how would it fright me! But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never saw before, how lovingly it looks upon me!

*Cour.* Who can forbear to sigh, look pale, and languish, where beauty and wit unite both their forces to enslave a heart so tractable as mine is? First, for that modish swim of your body, the victorious motion of your arms and head, the toss of your fan, the glancing of the eyes; bless us! if I were a dainty fine-drest coxcomb, with a great estate, and a little or no wit, vanity in abundance and good for nothing, how would they melt and soften me! but as I am a scandalous honest rascal, not fool enough to be your sport, nor rich enough to be your prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

*Sylv.* Alas, alas! what pity 'tis your honesty should ever do you hurt, or your wit spoil your preferment!

*Cour.* Just as much, fair lady, as that your beauty should make you be envied at, or your virtue provoke scandal.

*Sylv.* Well, the more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

*Cour.* The more I look, the more I am out of love with you.

*Sylv.* How my heart swells when I see you!

*Cour.* How my stomach rises when I am near you!

*Sylv.* Nay, then let's bargain.

*Cour.* With all my heart; what?

*Sylv.* Not to fall in love with each other, I assure you, monsieur Captain.

*Cour.* But to hate one another constantly and cordially.

*Sylv.* Always when you are drunk, I desire you to talk scandalously of me.

*Cour.* Ay, and when I am sober too; in return whereof, whene'er you see a coquette of your acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be sure you spit

at the filthy remembrance, and rail at me as if you loved me.

*Sylv.* In the next place, whene'er we meet in the Mall, I desire you to *humph*, put out your tongue, make ugly mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

*Cour.* Which, if I chance to do, be sure at next turning to pick up some tawdry fluttering fop or another—

*Sylv.* That I made acquaintance withal at the music-meeting.

*Cour.* Right, just such another spark to saunter by your side, with his hat under his arm.

*Sylv.* Harkening to all the bitter things I can say to be revenged.

*Cour.* Whilst the dull rogue dare not so much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it, when he is out of his waiting.

*Sylv.* Counterfeit your letters from me.

*Cour.* And you, to be even with me for the scandal, publish to all the world I offered to marry you.

*Sylv.* Oh hideous marriage!

*Cour.* Horrid, horrid marriage!

*Sylv.* Name, name no more of it.

*Cour.* At that sad word let's part.

*Sylv.* Let's wish all men decrepid, dull, and silly.

*Cour.* And every woman old and ugly.

*Sylv.* Adieu!—

*Cour.* Farewell!—

*Enter a young Fellow affectedly drest, several others with him.*

*Sylv.* Ah me, Mr. Frisk!

*Frisk.* Mademoiselle Sylvia! sincerely as I hope to be saved, the devil take me, dam'me, madam, who's that?

*Sylv.* Ha, ha, ha, hea.

[*Ex. with Frisk.*]

*Cour.* True to thy failings always, woman! how naturally is the sex fond of a rogue! What a monster

was that for a woman to delight in! Now must I love her still, though I know I'm a blockhead for't, and she'll use me like a blockhead too, if I don't prevent her. What's to be done? I'll have three whores a day, to keep love out of my head.

*Enter BEAUGARD.*

Beaugard, well met again; how go matters? handsomely?

*Beau.* Oh, very handsomely! had you but seen how handsomely I was used just now, you would swear so. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou would'st exercise thy talent a little at present!

*Cour.* At what?

*Beau.* Why, canst thou ever want a subject? rail at thyself, rail at me, I deserve to be railed at: see there, what thinkest thou of that engine, that moving lump of filthiness, miscalled a man?

*A clumsy Fellow marches over the Stage, drest like an Officer.*

*Cour.* Curse on him for a rogue, I know him.

*Beau.* So.

*Cour.* The rascal was a retailer of ale but yesterday, and now he is an officer and be hanged; 'tis a dainty sight in a morning to see him with his toes turned in, drawing his legs after him at the head of a hundred lusty fellows. Some honest gentleman or other stays now, because that dog had money to bribe some corrupt colonel withal.

*Enter another, gravely drest.*

*Beau.* There, there's another of my acquaintance; he was my father's footman not long since, and has pimped for me oftener than he prayed for himself; that good quality recommended him to a nobleman's service,

which, together with flattering, fawning, lying, spying and informing, has raised him to an employment of trust and reputation, though the rogue can't write his name, nor read his neck-verse\*, if he had occasion.

*Cour.* 'Tis as unreasonable to expect a man of sense should be preferred, as 'tis to think a hector can be stout, a priest religious, a fair woman chaste, or a pardoned rebel loyal.

*Enter Two more, seeming earnestly in Discourse.*

*Beau.* That's seasonably thought on: look there, observe but that fellow on the right hand, the rogue with the busiest face of the two, I'll tell thee his history.

*Cour.* I hope hanging will be the end of his history, so well I like him at the first sight.

*Beau.* He was born a vagabond, and no parish owned him: his father was as obscure as his mother public; every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

*Cour.* He comes of a very good family, heaven be praised!

*Beau.* The first thing he chose to rise by, was rebellion; so a rebel he grew, and flourished a rebel; fought against his king, and helped to bring him to the block.

*Cour.* And was he not religious too?

*Beau.* Most devoutly! he could pray till he cried, and preach till he foamed; which excellent talent made him popular, and at last preferred him to be a worthy member of that never-to-be-forgotten Rump Parliament.

*Cour.* Pray, sir, be uncovered at that, and remember it with reverence.

*Beau.* In short, he was a committee-man, sequester and persecutor-general of a whole county, by which he got enough at the king's return to secure himself in the general pardon.

*Cour.* Nauseous vermin! that such a swine, with the

\* *Neck-verse*—read by malefactors, to obtain benefit of clergy.

mark of rebellion in his forehead, should wallow in his luxury, whilst honest men are forgotten!

*Beau.* Thus forgiven, thus raised, and made thus happy, the ungrateful slave disowns the hand that healed him, cherishes factions to affront his master, and once more would rebel against the head, which so lately saved his from a pole.

*Cour.* What a dreadful beard and swinging sword he wears!

*Beau.* 'Tis to keep his cowardice in countenance; the rascal will endure kicking most temperately for all that; I know five or six more of the same stamp, that never come abroad without terrible long spits by their sides, with which they will let you bore their own noses if you please. But let the villain be forgotten.

*Cour.* His co-rogue I have some knowledge of; he's a tattered worm-eaten case-putter; some call him lawyer; one that takes it very ill he is not made a judge.

*Beau.* Yes, and is always repining that men of parts are not regarded.

*Cour.* He has been a great noise-maker in factious clubs these seven years, and now I suppose is courting that worshipful rascal, to make him recorder of some factious town.

*Beau.* To teach tallow-chandlers and cheese-mongers how far they may rebel against their king by virtue of Magna Charta.

*Cour.* But friend Beaugard, methinks thou art very splenetic of a sudden: how goes the affair of love forward? prosperously, hah?

*Beau.* Oh, I assure you most triumphantly; just now, you must know I am parted with the sweet, civil, enchanted lady's husband.

*Cour.* Well, and what says the cuckold? is he very kind and good-natured, as cuckolds use to be?

*Beau.* Why he says, Courtine, in short, that I am a very silly fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been jilted in this affair most unconscionably. A plague on all pimps, I say; a man's

business never thrives so well as when he is his own solicitor.

*Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, and a Boy.*

*Sir Jol.* Hist, hist! Captain! Captain! Captain! —Boy.

*Boy.* Sir.

*Sir Jol.* Run and get two chairs presently; be sure you get two chairs, sirrah, do you hear? Here's luck, here's luck; now or never, Captain; never if not now, Captain! here's luck.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly, no more adventures, sweet sir Jolly; I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

*Sir Jol.* The best in the world, dear dog, the very best in the world: 'sbud she's here hard by, man; stays on purpose for thee, finely disguised. The cuckold has lost her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I; and I, you must know, I am I, hah! and I, you little toad, hah!

*Beau.* You are a very fine gentleman.

*Sir Jol.* The best-natured fellow in the world I believe of my years! Now does my heart so thump for fear this business should miscarry: why, I'll warrant thee the lady is here, man; she's all thy own; 'tis thy own fault if thou art not in terra incognita within this half hour: come along, pr'ythee come along; fy for shame; what, make a lady lose her longing! come along, I say, you—out upon't.

*Beau.* Sir, your humble, I shan't stir.

*Sir Jol.* What, not go?

*Beau.* No, sir, no lady for me.

*Sir Jol.* Not go! I should laugh at that, faith.

*Beau.* No, I will assure you, not go, sir.

*Sir Jol.* Away, you wag, you jest; you jest, you wag; not go, quoth-a?

*Beau.* No, sir, not go, I tell you; what the devil would you have more?

*Sir Jol.* Nothing, nothing, sir, but I am a gentleman.

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir Jol.* And do you think then that I'll be used thus?

*Beau.* Sir!

*Sir Jol.* Take away my reputation, and take away my life: I shall be disgraced for ever.

*Beau.* I have not wronged you, sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* Not wronged me! but you shall find you have wronged me, and wronged a sweet lady, and a fine lady—I shall never be trusted again! never have employment more! I shall die of the spleen.—Pr'ythee now be good-natured, pr'ythee be persuaded; odd I'll give thee this ring, I'll give thee this watch, 'tis gold; I'll give thee any thing in the world; go.

*Beau.* Not one foot, sir.

*Sir Jol.* Now that I durst but murder him—Well, shall I fetch her to thee? what shall I do for thee?

*Enter Lady DUNCE.*

Odds fish, here she comes herself: Now, you ill-natured churl, now you devil, look upon her; do but look upon her: what shall I say to her?

*Beau.* E'en what you please, sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* 'Tis a very strange monster this—madam, this is the gentleman, that's he, though as one may say, he's something bashful, but I'll tell him who you are. [*Goes to Beaugard.*] If thou art not more cruel than leopards, lions, tigers, wolves, or tartars, don't break my heart, don't kill me; this unkindness of thine goes to the soul of me. [*Goes to the Lady.*] Madam, he says he's so amazed at your triumphant beauty, that he dares not approach the excellence that shines from you.

*L. Dunce.* What can be the meaning of all this?

*Sir Jol.* Art thou then resolved to be remorseless? canst thou be insensible? hast thou eyes, hast thou a heart? hast thou any thing thou should'st have? Odd I'll tickle thee; get you to her, you fool; get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

*L. Dunce.* Have you forgot me, Beaugard?

*Sir Jol.* So now, to her again, I say! to her, to her, and be hanged, ah rogue! ah rogue! now, now, have at her; now have at her; there it goes; there it goes, hey—boy!

*L. Dunce.* Methinks this face should not so much be altered, as to be nothing like what I once thought it, the object of your pleasure, and subject of your praises.

*Sir Jol.* Cunning toad! wheedling jade! you shall see now how by degrees she'll draw him into the whirlpool of love: now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her. O law! there's eyes! there's eyes! I must pinch him by the calf of the leg.

*Beau.* Madam, I must confess I do remember that I had once acquaintance with a face, whose air and beauty much resembled your's; and, if I may trust my heart, you are called Clarinda.

*L. Dunce.* Clarinda I was called, till my ill-fortune wedded me; now you may have heard of me by another title; your friend there, I suppose, has made nothing a secret to you.

*Beau.* And are you then that kind enchanted fair-one, who was so passionately in love with my picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the beast your husband, and wrong the passion of a gentleman that languished for you, only to make your monster merry? Hark you, madam, had your fool been worth it, I had beaten him, and have a month's mind to be exercising my parts that way upon your go-between, your male-bawd there.

*Sir Jol.* Ah lord! ah lord! all's spoiled again, all's ruined; I shall be undone for ever! Why, what a devil is the matter now? what have I done? what sins have I committed?

[*Aside.*

*L. Dunce.* And are you that passionate adorer of our sex, who cannot live a week in London without loving? Are you the spark that sends your picture up and down to longing ladies, longing for a pattern of your person?

*Beau.* Yes, madam, when I receive so good hostages



as these are, [*Shews the gold*], that it shall be well-used. Could you find no body but me to play the fool withal?

*Sir Jol.* Alack-a-day!

*L. Dunce.* Could you pitch upon no body, but that wretched woman, that has loved you too well, to abuse thus?

*Sir Jol.* That ever I was born!

*Beau.* Here, here, madam, I'll return you your dirt; I scorn your wages, as I do your service.

*L. Dunce.* Fy for shame; what, refund? that is not like a soldier, to refund: keep, keep it to pay your sempstress withal.

*Sir Jol.* His sempstress! who the devil is his sempstress? Odd what would I give to know that now!

[*Aside.*

*L. Dunce.* There was a ring too, which I sent you this afternoon; if that fit not your finger, you may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of scandal, and you'll do well.

*Beau.* A ring, madam?

*L. Dunce.* A small trifle; I suppose sir Davy delivered it to you, when he returned you your miniature.

*Beau.* I beseech you, madam!—

*L. Dunce.* Farewell, you traitor.

*Beau.* As I hope to be saved, and upon the word of a gentleman—

*L. Dunce.* Go, you are a false, ungrateful brute; and trouble me no more. [Exit.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly, sir Jolly, sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* Ah, thou rebel!

*Beau.* Some advice, some advice, dear friend, ere I'm ruined.

*Sir Jol.* Even two pennyworth of hemp for your honour's supper, that's all the remedy that I know.

*Beau.* But pr'ythee hear a little reason.

*Sir Jol.* No, sir, I ha' done; no more to be said, I ha' done; I am ashamed of you, I'll have no more to say to you; I'll never see your face again, good b'w' ye.

[Exit Sir Jolly.]

*Beau.* Death and the devil! what have my stars been doing to-day? a ring! delivered by sir Davy—what can that mean?—Pox on her for a jilt, she lies, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer. Hist, here comes her beast once more; I'll use him civilly, and try what discovery I can make.

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Sir Dav.* Ha, ha, ha! here's the captain's jewel; very well: in troth I had like to have forgotten it. Ha, ha, ha!—how damnable mad he'll be now, when I shall deliver him his ring again, ha, ha!—Poor dog, he'll hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha!—Faith 'tis a very pretty stone, and finely set: humph! if I should keep it now?—I'll say I have lost it: no, I'll give it him again o'purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Sir Davy, I am heartily sorry—

*Sir Dav.* O sir, 'tis you I was seeking for, ha, ha, ha. What shall I say to him now to terrify him? [*Aside.*

*Beau.* Me, sir!—

*Sir Dav.* Ay, you sir, if your name be captain Beau-gard. How like a fool he looks already!— [*Aside.*

*Beau.* What you please, sir.

*Sir Dav.* Sir, I would speak a word with you, if you think fit. What shall I do now to keep my countenance? [*Aside.*

*Beau.* Can I be so happy, sir, as to be able to serve you in any thing?

*Sir Dav.* No, sir; ha, ha, ha: I have commands of service to you, sir. O lord! ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Me, sir!

*Sir Dav.* Ay, sir; you sir: but put on your hat, friend, put on your hat; be covered.

*Beau.* Sir, will you please to sit down on this bank?

*Sir Dav.* No, no, there's no need, no need; for all I have a young wife, I can stand upon my legs, sweetheart.

*Beau.* Sir, I beseech you.

*Sir Dav.* By no means; I think, friend, we had some hard words just now; 'twas about a paltry bag-

gage, but she's a pretty baggage, and a witty baggage, and a baggage that—

*Beau.* Sir, I am heartily ashamed of all misdemeanor on my side.

*Sir Dav.* You do well; though are not you a damned whore-master, a devilish cuckold-making fellow? here, here, do you see this? here's the ring you sent a roguing; sir, do you think my wife wants any thing that you can help her to?—Why, I'll warrant this ring cost fifty pounds; what a prodigal fellow are you to throw away so much money! or didst thou steal it, old boy? I believe thou may'st be poor, I'll lend thee money upon't, if thou think'st fit, at thirty in the hundred, because I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Sir, your humble servant. I am sorry 'twas not worth your lady's acceptance. Now what a dog am I! [Aside.

*Sir Dav.* I should have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, though it was not my wife's fault in the least; for she says, as thou likest this usage, she hopes to have thy custom again child. Ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Then, sir, I beseech you tell her, that you have made a convert of me, and that I am so sensible of my insolent behaviour towards her—

*Sir Dav.* Very well, I shall do it.

*Beau.* That 'tis impossible I shall ever be at peace with myself, till I find some way how I may make her reparation.

*Sir Dav.* Very good, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* And that if ever she find me guilty of the like offence again—

*Sir Dav.* No, sir, you had not best; but proceed; ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Let her banish all good opinion of me for ever.

*Sir Dav.* No more to be said: your servant; good b'w' ye.

*Beau.* One word more, I beseech you, sir Davy.

*Sir Dav.* What's that?

*Beau.* I beg you tell her, that the generous reproof she has given me has so wrought upon me—

*Sir Dav.* Well, I will.

*Beau.* That I esteem this jewel, not only as a wreck redeemed from my folly, but that for her sake I will preserve it to the utmost moment of my life.

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart, I vow and swear.

*Beau.* And that I long to convince her I am not the brute she might mistake me for.

*Sir Dav.* Right; well, this will make the purest sport. [*Aside.*] Let me see; first you acknowledge yourself to be a very inpuident fellow?

*Beau.* I do so, sir.

*Sir Dav.* And that you shall never be at rest till you have satisfied my lady?

*Beau.* Right, sir.

*Sir Dav.* Satisfied her! very good; ha, ha, ha; and that you will never play the fool any more? Be sure you keep your word, friend.

*Beau.* Never, sir.

*Sir Dav.* And that you will keep that ring for her sake, as long as you live, ha?

*Beau.* To the day of my death, I'll assure you.

*Sir Dav.* I protest that will be very kindly done—and that you long, mightily long to let her understand that you are another guise fellow than she may take you for?

*Beau.* Exactly, sir, this is the sum and end of my desires.

*Sir Dav.* Well, I'll take care of your business, I'll do your business, I'll warrant you; this will make the purest sport when I come home! [*Aside.*] Well, your servant, remember, be sure you remember: your servant. [*Exit.*]

*Beau.* So, now I find a husband is a delicate instrument rightly made use of;—to make her old jealous coxcomb pimp for me himself, I think is as worthy an employment as such a noble consort can be put to.

Ah were ye all such husbands and such wives,

We younger brothers should lead better lives. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.— *Covent-Garden.*

*Enter SYLVIA and COURTINE.*

*Sylv.* To fall in love, and to fall in love with a soldier! nay a disbanded soldier too; a fellow with the mark of Cain upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw stones at him for.

*Cour.* Damn her, I shall never enjoy her without ravishing; if she were but very rich and very ugly, I would marry her. Ay, 'tis she, I know her mischievous look too well to be mistaken in it—Madam.—

*Sylv.* Sir.

*Cour.* 'Tis a very hard case, that you have resolved not to let me be quiet.

*Sylv.* 'Tis very unreasonably done of you, sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this scandalous rate; the world will think we are acquainted, shortly.

*Cour.* But, madam, I shall fairly take more care of my reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

*Sylv.* Have you not haunted this place these two hours?

*Cour.* 'Twas because I knew it to be your ladyship's home then, and therefore might reasonably be the place you least of all frequented; one would imagine you were gone a coxcomb-hunting by this time, to some place of public appearance or other; 'tis pretty near the hour, 'twill be twilight presently, and then the owls come all abroad.

*Sylv.* What need I take the trouble to go so far a fowling, when there's game enough at our own doors?

*Cour.* What, game for your net, fair lady?

*Sylv.* Yes, or any woman's net else, that will spread it.

*Cour.* To shew you how despicably I think of the

business, I will here leave you presently, though I lose the pleasure of railing at you.

*Sylv.* Do so, I would advise you; your raillery betrays your wit, as bad as your clumsy civility does your breeding.

*Cour.* Adieu!

*Sylv.* Farewell!

*Cour.* Why do not you go about your business?

*Sylv.* Because I would be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

*Cour.* Were it but possible that you could answer me one question truly, and then I should be satisfied.

*Sylv.* Any thing for composition to be rid of you handsomely.

*Cour.* Are you really very honest? look in my face, and tell me that.

*Sylv.* Look in your face and tell you! for what? to spoil my stomach to my supper?

*Cour.* No, but to get thee a stomach to thy bed, sweet-heart; I would if possible be better acquainted with thee, because thou art very ill-natured.

*Sylv.* Your only way to bring that business about effectually, is to be more troublesome; and if you think it worth your while to be abused substantially, you may make your personal appearance this night.

*Cour.* How? where? and when? and what hour, I beseech thee?

*Sylv.* Under the window, between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly.

*Cour.* Where shall those lovely eyes and ears  
Hear my complaints, and see my tears?

*Sylv.* At that kind hour thy griefs shall end,  
If thou canst know thy foe from—friend. [*Exit.*

*Cour.* Here's another trick of the devil now; under that window between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly! I am a damned fool, and must go: let me see; suppose I meet with a lusty beating: pish, that's nothing for a man that's in love; or suppose she contrive some way to make a public coxcomb of me, and expose me

to the scorn of the world, for an example to all amorous blockheads hereafter? why if she do, I'll swear I have lain with her; beat her relations, if they pretend to vindicate her; and so there's one love-intrigue pretty well over. [Exit.

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE and VERMIN.*

*Sir Dav.* Go, get you in to your lady now, and tell her I am coming.

*Ver.* Her ladyship, right-worshipful, is pleased not to be at home.

*Sir Dav.* How's that? my lady not at home! run, run in and ask when she went forth, whither she is gone, and who is with her; run and ask, Vermin.

*Ver.* She went out in a chair presently after you this afternoon.

*Sir Dav.* Then I may be a cuckold still for aught I know: what will become of me? I have surely lost, and ne'er shall find her more; she promised me strictly to stay at home till I came back again; for aught I know she may be up three pair of stairs in the Temple now.

*Ver.* Is her ladyship in law then, sir?

*Sir Dav.* Or it might be taking the air as far as Knights-bridge, with some smooth-faced rogue or another: 'tis a damned house, that Swan; that Swan at Knights-bridge is a confounded house, Vermin.

*Ver.* Do you think she is there then?

*Sir Dav.* No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may be, you know: would that Barn-Elms was under water too! there's a thousand cuckolds a year made at Barn-Elms by Rosamond's Ponds: the devil, if she should be there this evening, my heart's broke.

*Enter Sir JOLLY.*

*Sir Jol.* That must be sir Davy; ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha; was ever the like heard of? was ever any thing so pleasant?

*Sir Dav.* I'll lock her up three days and three nights without meat, drink, or light; I'll humble her in the devil's name.

*Sir Jol.* Well, could I but meet my friend Sir Davy, it would be the joyfulest news for him—

*Sir Dav.* Who's there that has any thing to say to me?

*Sir Jol.* Ah my friend of friends, such news, such tidings!

*Sir Dav.* I have lost my wife, man.

*Sir Jol.* Lost her! she's not dead, I hope?

*Sir Dav.* Yes. Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost!

*Sir Jol.* Why, I parted with her within this half hour.

*Sir Dav.* Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it? I'll have my lord chief-justice's warrant and a constable presently.

*Sir Jol.* And she made the purest sport now with a young fellow, man, that she met withal accidentally.—

*Sir Dav.* Oh lord; that's worse and worse! a young fellow!—my wife making sport with a young fellow! oh lord! here are doings, here are vagaries! I'll run mad. I'll climb Bow-steeple presently, bestride the dragon, and preach cuckoldom to the whole city.

*Sir Jol.* The best of all was, too, that it happened to be an idle coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, neighbour.

*Sir Dav.* Indeed! in love with her! who was it? what's his name? I warrant you won't tell a body—I'll indict him in the Crown-Office; no, I'll issue warrants to apprehend him for treason upon the statute of Edw. 19. Won't you tell me what young fellow it was? was it a very handsome young fellow, hah?—

*Sir Jol.* Handsome? yes, hang him; the fellow's handsome enough: he is not very handsome neither, but he has a devilish leering black eye.

*Sir Dav.* Oh lord!

*Sir Jol.* His face too is a good riding face; 'tis no soft effeminate complexion indeed, but his countenance



is ruddy, sanguine, and cheerful; a devilish fellow in a corner, I'll warrant him.

*Sir Dav.* Bless us! what will become of me? Why the devil did I marry a young wife? Is he very well shaped too, tall, straight, and proportionable, hah?—

*Sir Jol.* Tall? no, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too: he's none of your overgrown, lubberly, Flanders jades, but more of the true English breed, well-knit, able, and fit for service, old boy; the fellow is well shaped truly, very well proportioned, strong and active. I have seen the rogue leap like a buck.

*Sir Dav.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm sensible she's a young woman; and I am an old fellow, troth a very old fellow, I signify little or nothing now. But do you think he has prevailed? am I a cuckold, neighbour?

*Sir Jol.* Cuckold! what! a cuckold in Covent-garden? no, I'll assure you, I believe her to be the most virtuous woman in the world; but if you had but seen—

*Sir Dav.* Ay, would I had! what was it?

*Sir Jol.* How like a rogue she used him: first of all comes me up the spark to her: madam, says he—and then he bows down, thus—how now, says she, what would the impertinent fellow have?

*Sir Dav.* Humph! ha! well, and what then?

*Sir Jol.* Madam, says he again, (bowing as he did before) my heart is so entirely your's, that except you take pity of my sufferings I must here die at your feet.

*Sir Dav.* So, and what said she again, neighbour? hah!

*Sir Jol.* Go, you are a fop.

*Sir Dav.* Ha, ha, ha, did she indeed? Did she say so indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't: well, and what next? And how, and well, and what? hah!—

*Sir Jol.* Madam, says he, this won't do; I am your humble servant for all this; you may pretend to be as ill-natured as you please, but I shall make bold.

*Sir Dav.* Was there ever such an impudent fellow ?

*Sir Jol.* With that, sirrah, says she, you are a saucy jackanapes, and I'll have you kicked.

*Sir Dav.* Ha, ha, ha ! Well, I would not be unmarried again to be an angel.

*Sir Jol.* But the best jest of all was, who this should be at last.

*Sir Dav.* Ay, who indeed ! I'll warrant you some silly fellow or other, poor fool !

*Sir Jol.* E'en a scandalous rakehell, that lingers up and down the town by the name of captain Beaugard ; but he has been a bloody cuckold-making scoundrel in his time.

*Sir Dav.* Hang him, sot, is it he ? I don't value him this, not a wet finger, man ; to my knowledge she hates him, she scorns him, neighbour ; I know it, I am very well satisfied in the point ; besides, I have seen him since that, and have out-hectored him : I am to tell her from his own mouth, that he promises never to affront her more.

*Sir Jol.* Indeed !

*Sir Dav.* Ay, ay—

*Enter Lady DUNCE, paying her Chairman.*

*Chairman.* God bless you, madam, thank your honour.

*Sir Jol.* Hush, hush, there's my lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be seen, your humble servant, God b'w'ye.

*Sir Dav.* No faith, sir Jolly, e'en go into my house now, and stay supper with me, we han't supped together a great while.

*Sir Jol.* Ha ! say you so ? I don't care if I do, faith, with all my heart ; this may give me an opportunity to set all things right again. [*Aside.*

*Sir Dav.* My dear !

*L. Dunce.* Sir !

*Sir Dav.* You have been abroad, my dear, I see.

*L. Dunce.* Only for a little air ; truly I was almost

stified within doors ; I hope you will not be angry, sir Davy, will you ?

*Sir Dav.* Angry, child ! no child, not I ; what should I be angry for ?

*L. Dunce.* I wonder, sir Davy, you will serve me at this rate. Did you not promise to go in my behalf to Beaugard, and correct him according to my instructions for his insolence ?

*Sir Dav.* So I did, child ; I have been with him, sweet-heart ; I have told him all to a tittle ; I gave him back again the picture too ; but as the devil would have it, I forgot the ring, faith I did.

*L. Dunce.* Did you purpose, sir Sodom, to render me ridiculous to the man I abominate ? what scandalous interpretation, think you, must he make of my retaining any trifle of his, sent me on so dishonourable terms ?

*Sir Dav.* Really, my lamb, thou art in the right ; yet I went back afterwards, dear heart, and did the business to some purpose.

*L. Dunce.* I am glad that you did with all my heart.

*Sir Dav.* I gave him his lesson, I'll warrant him.

*L. Dunce.* Lesson ! what lesson had you to give him ?

*Sir Dav.* Why, I told him as he liked that usage he might come again ; ha, ha, ha.

*L. Dunce.* Ay, and so let him.

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me ; though thou would'st not imagine how the poor devil's altered. La you there now, but as certainly as I stand here, that man is troubled that he swears he shall not rest day nor night, till he has satisfied thee ; pr'ythee be satisfied with him if 'tis possible, my dear, pr'ythee do. I promised him, before I left him, to tell thee as much : for the poor wretch looks so simply, I cou'd not choose but pity him, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Jol.* Now, now, you little witch, now you chits-face.

*L. Dunce.* Sir Davy, I must tell you, that I cannot but resent your so soon reconciliation with a man that I hate worse than death, and that if you loved me with

half that tenderness which you profess, you would not forget an affront so palpably and so basely offered me.

*Sir Dav.* Why, chicken, where's the remedy? What's to be done? How would'st thou have me deal with him?

*L. Dunce.* Cut his throat.

*Sir Dav.* Bless us for ever! cut his throat! what, do murder?

*L. Dunce.* Murder, yes, any thing to such an incorrigible enemy of your honour; one that has resolved to persist in abusing of you: see here this letter, this I received since I last parted with you; just now it was thrown into my chair by an impudent lackey of his, kept o'purpose for such employments.

*Sir Dav.* Let me see: a letter indeed!—For the Lady Dunce: damned rogue, treacherous dog, what can he say in the inside now? here's a villain.

*L. Dunce.* Yes, you had best break it open, you had so; 'tis like the rest of your discretion.

*Sir Dav.* Lady, if I have an enemy, it is best for me to know what mischief he intends me; therefore, with your leave, I will break it open.

*L. Dunce.* Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleased enough with it to do it myself: if you have the spirit of a gentleman in you, carry it back, and dash it, as it is, in the face of that audacious fellow.

*Sir Jol.* What can be the meaning of this now?

*Sir Dav.* A gentleman, yes, madam, I am a gentleman, and the world shall find that I am a gentleman—I have certainly the best woman in the world. [*Aside.*

*L. Dunce.* What do you think must be the end of all this? I have no refuge in the world, but your kindness: had I a jealous husband now, how miserable must my life be!

*Sir Jol.* Ah rogue's nose! ah devil! ah toad! cunning thief, wheedling slut, I'll bite her by and by.

*Sir Dav.* Poor fool! no, dear, I am not jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee: do what thou wilt, thou

shalt not make me jealous: I love thee too well to suspect thee.

*L. Dunce.* Ah, but how long will you do so?

*Sir Dav.* How long? as long as I live, I warrant thee, I—don't talk to a body so: I cannot hold if thou dost, my eyes will run over, poor fool! poor birdsnies! poor lambkin!

*L. Dunce.* But will you be so kind to me to answer my desires? will you once more endeavour to make that traitor sensible that I have too just an esteem of you, not to value his addresses as they deserve?

*Sir Dav.* Ay, ay, I will.

*L. Dunce.* But don't stay away too long, dear; make what haste you can; I shall be in pain till I see you again.

*Sir Dav.* My dear, my love, my babby, I'll be with thee in a moment: how happy am I above the rest of men! Neighbour, dear neighbour, walk in with my wife, and keep her company till I return again. Child, don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled.—Was there ever such a wife? well, da, da, da: don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, da, da. [Exit.]

*L. Dunce.* Sir Jolly, sir Jolly, sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* Don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, da, da.

*L. Dunce.* But, sir Jolly, can you guess whereabout my wandering officer may be probably found now?

*Sir Jol.* Found, lady? he is to be found, madam, he is to be at my house presently, lady; he's certainly one of the finest fellows in the world.

*L. Dunce.* You speak like a friend, sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* His friend, lady? no, madam, his foe, his utter enemy, I shall be his ruin, I shall undo him.

*L. Dunce.* You may, if you please, then, come both and play at cards this evening with me for an hour or two; for I have contrived it so, that sir Davy is to be abroad at supper to-night; he cannot possibly

avoid it; I long to win some of the captain's money strangely.

*Sir Jol.* Do you so, my gamester? Well, I'll be sure to bring him, and for what he carries about him, I'll warrant you—odd he's a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow, he has only one fault.

*L. Dunce.* And what is that I beseech you, sir?

*Sir Jol.* Only too loving, too good-natured, that's all; 'tis certainly the best-natured fool breathing, that's all his fault.

*L. Dunce.* Hist, hist, I think I see company coming; if you please, sir Jolly, we'll go in.

*Enter BEUGARD, followed by Sir DAVY and VERMIN.*

*Sir Jol.* Mum, mum, mum, 'tis he himself, the very same; odds so, sir Davy after him too, hush, hush, hush, let us be gone, let us retire; do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a shape, there's an air, there's a motion! Ah rogue, ah devil, get you in, get you in, I say; there's a shape for you! [*Ex. L. Dunce.*]

*Beau.* What the devil shall I do to recover this day's loss again? my honourable pimp too, my pander knight has forsaken me; methinks I am *quandariet*, like one going with a party to discover the enemy's camp, but had lost his guide upon the mountains: curse on him, old Argos is here again; there can be no good fortune towards me when he's at my heels.

*Sir Dav.* Sir, sir, sir, one word with you, sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one word, I beseech you.

*Beau.* With me, friend?

*Sir Dav.* Yes, with you, my no friend.

*Beau.* Sir Davy, my intimate, my bosom-physician—

*Sir Dav.* Ah rogue! damned rogue!

*Beau.* My confessor, my dearest friend I ever had—

*Sir Dav.* Dainty wheedle, here's a fellow for ye!

*Beau.* One that has taught me to be in love with virtue, and shewn me the ugly inside of my follies.

*Sir Dav.* Your humble servant.

*Beau.* Is that all? if you are as cold in your love as you are in your friendship, sir Davy, your lady has the worst time on't of any one in Christendom.

*Sir Dav.* So she has, sir, when she cannot be free from the insolent solicitations of such fellows as you are, sir,

*Beau.* As me, sir? why, who am I, good sir Domine Duddlepate?

*Sir Dav.* So, take notice he threatens me. I'll have him bound to the peace instantly; will you never have remorse of conscience, friend? have you banished all shame from your soul? Do you consider my name is sir Davy Dunce? that I have the most virtuous wife living? Do you consider that? Now how like a rogue he looks again! what a hang-dog leer was that!

*Beau.* Your virtuous wife, sir! you are always harping upon that string, sir Davy.

*Sir Dav.* No, 'tis you would be harping upon that string, sir: see you this? cast your eyes upon this, this letter, sir; did not you promise, this very day, to abandon all manner of proceedings of this nature, tending to the dishonour of me and my family?

*Beau.* Letter, sir! what the devil does he mean now? Let me see, for the Lady Dunce; this is no scrawl of mine, I'll be sworn; by Jove, her own hand! what a dog was I! forty to one but I had played the fool, and spoiled all again. Was there ever so charming a creature breathing!—Did your lady deliver this to your hands, sir?

*Sir Dav.* Ev'n her own self in person, sir, and bade me tell you, sir, that she has too just an esteem of me, sir, not to value such a fellow as you are, as you deserve.

*Beau.* Very good: [*Reads the letter*] "I doubt not but this letter will surprize you"—(in troth, and so it does extremely) "but reflect upon the manner of conveying it to your hand as kindly as you can."

*Sir Dav.* Ay, a damned thief, to have it thrown into the chair by a footman,

*Beau.* [*Reads*] "Would sir Davy were but half so kind to you as I am." [*Sir Davy reads.*]

*Sir Dav.* Say you so, you insinuating knave?

*Beau.* "But he, I am satisfied, is so severely jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see you this evening, I fear all will be hopeless."

*Sir Dav.* Impudent traitor, I might have been a monster yet, before I had got my supper in my belly.

*Beau.* "In order to which, either appear yourself, or somebody for you, half an hour hence in the Piazza, when more may be considered of. Adieu."

*Sir Dav.* Thanks to you, noble sir, with all my heart; you are come, I see, accordingly; but, as a friend, I am bound in conscience to tell you the business won't do; the trick won't pass, friend; you may put up your pipes, and march off: Oh lord! he lie with my wife! Pugh—he make sir Davy Dunce a cuckold! poor wretch, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Jol.* Hist, hist, hist.

*Enter Lady DUNCE, and FOURBIN disguised.*

*L. Dunce.* That's he, there he is: succeed, and be rewarded.

*Four.* Other people may think what they please; but in my own opinion, I am a very pretty fellow now; if my design but succeed upon this old baboon, I'll be canonized. Sir, sir, sir.

*Sir Dav.* Friend! with me? wou'd you speak with me, friend?

*Four.* Sir, my commands were to attend your worship.

*Sir Jol.* Beaugard, Beaugard, hist, hist, here, here, quickly, hist. [*Ex. Sir Jolly and Beaugard.*]

*Sir Dav.* Where do you live, sweet-heart, and who do you belong to?

*Four.* Sir, I am a small instrument of the city, I serve the lord-mayor in his office there.

*Sir Dav.* How! the lord-mayor?



*Four.* Yes, sir, who desires you, by all means to do him the honour of your company at supper this evening.

*Sir Dav.* It will be the greatest honour I ever received in my life: what, my lord-mayor invite me to supper? I am his lordship's most humble servant.

*Four.* Yes, sir, if your name be sir Davy Dunce, as I have the honour to be informed it is: he desires you moreover to make what haste you can, for that he has some matters of importance to communicate to your honour, which may take some time.

*L. Dunce.* I hope it will succeed. [Aside.

*Sir Dav.* Communicate with me! he does me too noble a favour; I'll fly upon the wings of ambition to lay myself at his footstool: my lord-mayor sends himself to invite me to supper; to confer with me too! I shall certainly be a great man.

*Four.* What answer will your worship charge me back withal?

*Sir Dav.* Let his lordship know, that I am amazed and confounded at his generosity; and that I am so transported with the honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roasting of an egg.

*Four.* I am your worship's lowly slave.

*Sir Dav.* Vermin, go get the coach ready; get me the gold medal too and chain, which I took from the Roman-catholic officer for a popish relic: I'll be fine, I'll shine, and drink wine that's divine. My lord-mayor invite me to supper!

*L. Dunce.* My dearest, I'm glad to see thee returned in safety, from the bottom of my heart: hast thou seen the traitor?

*Sir Dav.* Seen him! hang him, I have seen him: pox on him, seen him!

*L. Dunce.* Well, and what is become of him? Where is he?

*Sir Dav.* Why dost thou ask me where he is? What a pox care I what becomes of him? Pr'ythee don't trouble me with thy impertinence, I am busy.

*L. Dunce.* You are not angry, my dear, are you?

*Sir Dav.* No, but I am pleased, and that's all one; very much pleased, let me tell you but that; I am only to sup with my lord-mayor, that's all; nothing else in the world, only the business of the nation calls upon me, that's all; therefore, once more I say, don't be troublesome, but stand off.

*L. Dunce.* You always think my company troublesome; you never stay at home to comfort me; what think you I shall do alone by myself all this evening, moping in my chamber? Pray, my joy, stay with me for once.—I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aside.*

*Sir Dav.* I say again and again, tempter, stand off, I will not lose my preferment for my pleasure; honour is towards me, and flesh and blood are my aversion.

*L. Dunce.* But how long will you stay then?

*Sir Dav.* I don't know; may be not an hour, may be all night, as his lordship and I think fit; what's that to any body?

*L. Dunce.* You are very cruel to me.

*Sir Dav.* I can't help it; go, get you in, and pass away the time with your neighbour; I'll be back again before I die; in the mean time, be humble and conformable, go. Is the coach ready?

*Ver.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Dav.* Well, your servant; what, nothing to my lady mayoress? You have a great deal of breeding indeed, a great deal! nothing to my lady mayoress?

*L. Dunce.* My service to her, if you please.

*Sir Dav.* Well, da, da, the poor fool cries o' my conscience! adieu, do you hear, farewell. [*Exit.*

*L. Dunce.* As well as what I love can make me.

*Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.*

*Sir Jol.* Madam, is he gone?

*L. Dunce.* In post-haste, I assure you.

*Sir Jol.* In troth, and joy go with him.

*L. Dunce.* Do you then, sir Jolly, conduct the captain hither, whilst I go and dispose of the family, that we may be private. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Sir Dav.* Troth, I had forgot my medal and chain, quite and clean forgot my relic; I was forced to come up these back stairs, for fear of meeting my wife again; it is the troublesomest loving fool; I must into my closet, and write a short letter too; 'tis post-night, I had forgot that: well, I would not have my wife catch me for a guinea. [*Exit.*

*Enter BEAUGARD and Lady DUNCE.*

*Beau.* Are you certain, madam, no body is this way? I fancy as we entered, I saw the glimpse of something more than ordinary.

*L. Dunce.* Is it your care of me, or your personal fears, that make you so suspicious? Whereabouts was the apparition?

*Beau.* There, there, just at the very door.

*L. Dunce.* Fy for shame, that's sir Davy's closet; and he, I am satisfied, is far enough off by this time. I'm sure I heard the coach drive him away. But to convince you, you shall see now: sir Davy, sir Davy, sir Davy, [*knocking at the closet-door.*] Look you there, you a captain, and afraid of a shadow! Come, sir, shall we call for the cards?

*Beau.* And what shall we play for, pretty one?

*L. Dunce.* E'en what you think best, sir.

*Beau.* Silver kisses, or golden joys? Come, let us make stakes a little.

*Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.*

*Sir Jol.* Ah rogue, ah rogue! are you there? Have I caught you in faith, now, now, now?

*L. Dunce.* And who shall keep them?

*Beau.* You, till sir Davy returns from supper.

*L. Dunce.* That may be long enough; for our engine Fourbin has orders not to give him over suddenly, I assure you.

*Beau.* And is't to yourself, then, I'm obliged for this blest opportunity? Let us improve it to love's best advantage.

*Sir Jol.* Ah—ah!—

*Beau.* Let's vow eternal, and raise our thoughts to expectation of immortal pleasures: in one another's eyes let's read our joys, till we've no longer power o'er our desires drunk with this dissolving. Oh!

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE from his Closet.*

*L. Dunce.* Ah! [Squeaks.

*Beau.* By this light, the cuckold: Presto, nay then halloo. [Gets up, and runs away.

*Sir Dav.* O lord, a man! a man in my wife's chamber! Murder! murder! Thieves! thieves! shut up my doors! Madam! madam! madam!

*Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.*

*Sir Jol.* Ay, ay, Thieves! thieves! Murder! murder; where neighbour, where, where?

*L. Dunce.* [Catches up Beaugard's Sword, which he had left behind him in the hurry, and presents it to Sir Davy]. Pierce, pierce this wretched heart hard to the hilts; dye this in the deepest crimson of my blood; spare not a miserable woman's life, whom heaven designed to be the unhappy object of the most horrid usage man e'er acted.

*Sir Dav.* What, in the name of satan, does she mean now?

*L. Dunce.* Curse on my fatal beauty! blasted ever be these two baneful eyes, that could inspire a barbarous villain to attempt such crimes as all my blood's too little to atone for: nay, you shall hear me—

*Sir Dav.* Hear you, madam! No, I have seen too much, I thank you heartily; hear you, quoth-a!

*L. Dunce.* Yes, and before I die too, I'll be justified.

*Sir Dav.* Justified, oh lord, justified!—

*L. Dunce.* Notice being given me of your return, I came with speed to this unhappy place, where I have oft been blest with your embraces, when from behind the arras out starts Beaugard; how he came there heaven knows.

*Sir Dav.* I'll have him hanged for burglary; he has broken my house, and broke the peace upon my wife: very good.

*L. Dunce.* Straight in his arms he grasped me fast; with much ado I plunged and got my freedom, ran to your closet-door, knocked and implored your aid, called on your name; but all in vain—

*Sir Dav.* Hah!

*L. Dunce.* Soon again he seized me, stopped my mouth, and, with a conqueror's fury—

*Sir Dav.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beseech thee, I shall grow mad, and very mad! I'll plough up rocks and adamant iron bars; I'll crack the frame of nature, sally out like Tamerlane upon the Trojan horse, and drive the pigmies all like geese before me. Oh Lord, stop her mouth! Well, and how? and what then? stopped thy mouth! well! hah!

*L. Dunce.* No, though unfortunate, I still am innocent; his cursed purpose could not be accomplished; but who will live so injured? No, I'll die to be revenged on myself: I ne'er can hope that I may see his streaming gore; and thus I let out my own—

[*Offers to run upon the Sword.*]

*Sir Dav.* Ha, what would'st thou do, my love? Pr'ythee don't break my heart: if thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art innocent, I see thou art; though I had rather be a cuckold a thousand times, than lose thee, poor love, poor deeree, poor baby.

*Sir Jol.* Alack-a-day!—

[*Weeps.*]

*L. Dunce.* Ah me!

*Sir Dav.* Ah, pr'ythee be comforted now, pr'ythee do; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, mun; why should'st be troubled for another's ill-doings? I know it was no fault of thine.

*Sir Jol.* No, no more it was not, I dare swear.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Dav.* See, see, my neighbour weeps too; he is troubled to see thee thus.

*L. Dunce.* Oh, but revenge!

*Sir Dav.* Why, thou shalt have revenge; I'll have him murdered; I'll have his throat cut before to-morrow morning, child: rise, now pr'ythee rise.

*Sir Jol.* Ay, do, madam, and smile upon sir Davy.

*L. Dunce.* But will you love me then as well as e'er you did?

*Sir Dav.* Ay, and the longest day I live too.

*L. Dunce.* And shall I have justice done me on that prodigious monster?

*Sir Dav.* Why he shall be crows'-meat by to-morrow night; I tell thee he shall be crows'-meat by midnight, chicken.

*L. Dunce.* Then I will live; since so, 'tis something pleasant:

When I in peace may lead a happy life

With such a husband—

*Sir Dav.* I with such a wife. [Exit.]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Tavern.*

*Enter Captain BEAUGARD, COURTINE, and Drawer.*

*Draw.* Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome, sir; will you please to walk up one pair of stairs?

*Beau.* Get the great room ready presently; carry up too a good stock of bottles before-hand, with ice to cool our wine, and water to refresh our glasses.

*Draw.* It shall be done, sir. Coming, coming there, coming: speak up in the Dolphin, somebody.

*Beau.* Ah, Courtine, must we be always idle? must

we never see our glorious days again? when shall we be rolling in the lands of milk and honey; encamped in large luxuriant vineyards, where the loaded vines cluster about our tents; drink the rich juice, just prest from the plump grape; feeding on all the fragrant golden fruit that grow in fertile climes, and ripened by the earliest vigour of the sun?

*Cour.* Ah, Beaugard, those days have been, but now we must resolve to content ourselves at an humble rate: methinks it is not unpleasant to consider how I have seen thee in a large pavilion, drowning the heat of the day in Champaigne wines, sparkling sweet as those charming beauties, whose dear remembrance every glass recorded, with half a dozen honest fellows more; friends, Beaugard; faithful hearty friends; things as hard to meet with as preferment here: fellows that would speak truth boldly, and were proud on't; that scorned flattery, loved honesty, for 'twas their portion; and never yet learned the trade of ease and lying: but now—

*Beau.* Ay, now we are at home in our natural hives, and sleep like drones; but there's a gentleman on the other side the water, that may make work for us all one day.

*Cour.* But in the mean-while—

*Beau.* In the mean-while patience, Courtine; that is the Englishman's virtue: go to the man that owes you money, and tell him you are necessitated—his answer shall be, a little patience, I beseech you, sir: Ask a cowardly rascal satisfaction for a sordid injury done you; he shall cry, alas-a-day, sir, you are the strangest man living, you won't have patience to hear one speak: Complain to a great man that you want preferment, that you have forsaken considerable advantages abroad, in obedience to public edicts; all you shall get of him is this, you must have patience, sir.

*Cour.* But will patience feed me, or clothe me, or keep me clean?

*Beau.* Pr'ythee no more hints of poverty: 'tis scandalous; 'sdeath, I would as soon choose to hear a soldier brag, as complain: dost thou want any money?

*Cour.* True, indeed, I want no necessaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy myself with that freedom I would do; there is no more pleasure in living at stint, than there is in living alone. I would have it in my power, (when he needed me) to serve and assist my friend; I would to my ability deal handsomely too by the woman that pleased me.

*Beau.* Oh, fy for shame! you would be a whore-master, friend; go, go, I'll have no more to do with you.

*Cour.* I would not be forced neither at any time to avoid a gentleman that had obliged me, for want of money to pay him a debt contracted in our old acquaintance: it turns my stomach to wheedle with the rogue I scorn, when he uses me scurvily, because he has my name in his shop-book.

*Beau.* As for example, to endure the familiarities of a rogue that shall cock his greasy hat in my face, when he duns me, and at the same time veil it to an overgrown deputy of the ward, though a frowzy fellmonger.

*Cour.* To be forced to concur with his nonsense too, and laugh at his parish-jests.

*Beau.* To use respects and ceremonies to the milch-cow his wife, and praise her pretty children, though they stink of their mother, and are uglier than the issue of a baboon; yet all this must be endured.

*Cour.* Must it, Beaugard?

*Beau.* And since 'tis so, let's think of a bottle.

*Cour.* With all my heart, for railing and drinking do much better together than by themselves; a private room, a trusty friend or two, good wine and bold truths, are my happiness. But where's our dear friend and intimate, sir Jolly, this evening?

*Beau.* To deal like a friend, Courtine, I parted with him but just now; he's gone to contrive me a meeting, if possible, this night, with the woman my soul is most fond of: I was this evening just entering upon the palace of all joy, when I met with so damnable a disappointment—in short, that plague to all well-meaning



women, the husband, came unseasonably, and forced a poor lover to his heels, that was fairly making his progress another way, Courtine: the story thou shalt hear more at large hereafter.

*Cour.* A plague on him, why didst thou not murder the presumptuous cuckold? saucy intruding clown! to dare to disturb a gentleman's privacies. I would have beaten him into sense of his transgression, enjoyed his wife before his face, and taught the dog his duty.

*Beau.* Look you, Courtine, you think you are dealing with the landlord of your winter-quarters in Alsatia now. Friend, friend, there is a difference between a free-born English cuckold, and a sneaking wittol of a conquered province.

*Cour.* Oh, by all means, there ought to be a difference observed between your arbitrary whoring, and your limited fornication.

*Beau.* And but reason: for though we may make bold with another man's wife in a friendly way, yet nothing upon compulsion, dear heart.

*Cour.* And now, sir Jolly, I hope, is to be the instrument of some immortal plot; some contrivance for the good of the body, and the old fellow's soul, Beau-gard: for all cuckolds go to heaven, that's most certain.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly! Why, on my conscience, he thinks it as much his undoubted right to be pimp-master-general to London and Middlesex, as the estate he possesses is: by my consent his worship should e'en have a patent for it.

*Cour.* He is certainly the fittest for the employment in Christendom; he knows more families by their names and titles, than all the bell-men within and without the walls.

*Beau.* Nay, he keeps a catalogue of the choicest beauties about town, illustrated with a particular account of their age, shape, proportion, colour of hair and eyes, degrees of complexion, gunpowder spots and moles.

*Cour.* I wish the old pander were bound to satisfy my

experience, what marks of good-nature my Sylvia has about her.

*Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.*

*Sir Jol.* My captains! my sons of Mars, and imps of Venus! well encountered; what, shall we have a sparkling bottle or two, and use fortune like a jade? Beau-gard, you are a rogue, you are a dog, I hate you; get you gone, go.

*Beau.* But, sir Jolly, what news from Paradise, sir Jolly? Is there any hopes I shall come there to-night?

*Sir Jol.* May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a bottle, and I will say nothing else without a bottle: after a glass or two my heart may open.

*Cour.* Why then we will have a bottle, sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* Will? we'll have dozens, and drink till we are wise, and speak well of nobody; till we are lewder than midnight whores, and out-rail disbanded officers.

*Beau.* Only one thing more, my noble knight, and then we are entirely at thy disposal.

*Sir Jol.* Well, and what's that? What's the business?

*Beau.* This friend of mine here stands in need of thy assistance; he's damnably in love, sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* In love! is he so? In love! odds my life! Is she? what's her name? where does she live? I warrant you I know her: she's in my table-book, I'll warrant you: virgin, wife, or widow? [*Pulls out a table-book.*]

*Cour.* In troth, sir Jolly, that's something of a difficult question; but as virgins go now, she may pass for one of them.

*Sir Jol.* Virgin, very good: let me see; virgin, virgin, virgin; oh, here are the virgins; truly, I meet with the fewest of this sort of any: well, and the first letter of her name now? for a wager I guess her.

*Cour.* Then you must know, sir Jolly, that I love my love with an S.

*Sir Jol.* S, S, S, O here are the Esses; let me consider now—Sappho.

*Cour.* No, sir.

*Sir Jol.* Selinda.

*Cour.* Neither.

*Sir Jol.* Sophronia.

*Cour.* You must guess again, I assure you.

*Sir Jol.* Sylvia.

*Cour.* Ay, ay, sir Jolly, that's the fatal name; Sylvia the fair, the witty, the ill-natured; do you know her, my friend?

*Sir Jol.* Know her! why she is my daughter, and I have adopted her these seven years: Sylvia! let me look; light brown hair, her face oval, and nose Roman, quick sparkling eyes, plump, pregnant, ruby lips, with a mole on her breast, and the perfect likeness of a heart-cherry on her left knee. Ah villain! ah sly-cap! have I caught you? are you there, I'faith? well, and what says she? Is she coming? do her eyes betray her? does her heart beat, and her bubbies rise, when you talk to her, hah?

*Beau.* Look you, sir Jolly, all things considered, it may make a shift to come to a marriage in time.—

*Sir Jol.* I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be seen in the business of matrimony. Make me a match-maker? a filthy marriage-broker! sir I scorn it, I know better things: look you, friend, to carry her a letter from you or so, upon good terms, though it be in a church, I'll deliver it; or when the business is come to an issue, if I may bring you handsomely together, and so forth, I'll serve thee with all my soul, and thank thee into the bargain; thank thee heartily, dear rogue; I will, you little cock-sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no matrimony, friend, I'll have nothing to do with matrimony; 'tis a damned invention, worse than a monopoly, and a destroyer of civil correspondence.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Gentlemen, your room is ready, your wine and ice upon the table; will your honours please to walk in?

*Sir Jol.* Ay, wine, wine, give us wine, a pox on matrimony; matrimony in the devil's name!

*Cour.* But if an honest harlot or two chance to enquire for us, friend—

*Sir Jol.* Right, sirrah, if whores come never so many, give 'em reverence and reception, but nothing else; let nothing but whores and bottles come near us, as you tender your ears.

[*They go within the Scene, where is discovered a Table, with Bottles.*]

*Beau.* Why, there's, there's the land of Canaan now in little; hark you, Drawer, dog, shut, shut the door, sirrah, do you hear? Shut it so close that neither cares nor necessities may peep in upon us.

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE, FOURBIN, BLOODY BONES, and Drawer.*

*Four.* Bloody-Bones, be sure to behave yourself handsomely, and like your profession; shew yourself a cut-throat of parts, and we'll fleece him.

*Bloody-B.* My lady says, we must be expeditious; sir Jolly has given notice to the captain by this time, so that nothing is wanting but the management of this over-grown gull to make us hectors at large, and keep the whore fortune under.

*Draw.* Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome, sir; will't please you to walk into a room? Or shall I wait upon your honours' pleasure here?

*Sir Dav.* Sweet-heart, let us be quiet, and bring us wine hither: so—

[*Sits down.*]

From this moment, war, war, and mortal dudgeon against that enemy of my honour, and thief of my good name, called Beangard. You can cut a throat upon occasion, you said, friend?

*Four.* Sir, cutting of throats is my hereditary vocation; my father was hanged for cutting of throats before me, and my mother for cutting of purses.

*Sir Dav.* No more to be said; my courage is mounted

like a little Frenchman upon a great horse, and I'll have him murdered.

*Four.* Murdered you say, sir?

*Sir Dav.* Ay, murdered I say, sir; his face flayed off, and nailed to a post in my great hall in the country, amongst all the other trophies of wild beasts slain by our family since the Conquest; there's never a whore-master's head there yet.

*Four.* Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy friend of mine to your service; he's an industrious gentleman, and one that will deserve your favour.

*Sir Dav.* He looks but something ruggedly, though, methinks.

*Four.* But, sir, his parts will atone for his person; forms and fashions are the least of his study: he affects a sort of philosophical negligence indeed; but, sir, make trial of him, and you'll find him a person fit for the work of this world.

*Sir Dav.* What trade are you, friend?

*Bloody-B.* No trade at all, friend; I profess murder: rascally butchers make a trade on't; 'tis a gentleman's divertisement.

*Sir Dav.* Do you profess murder?

*Bloody-B.* Yes, sir, 'tis my livelihood: I keep a wife and six children by it.

*Sir Dav.* 'Then, sir, here's to you with all my heart. Wou'd I had done with these fellows! [*Aside.*

*Four.* Well, sir, if you have any service for us, I desire we may receive your gold and your instructions so soon as is possible.

*Sir Dav.* Soft and fair, sweet-heart; I love to see a little how I lay out my money: have you very good trading now-a-days in your way, friend?

*Bloody-B.* In peaceable times a man may eat and drink comfortably upon't: a private murder done handsomely, is worth money; but now that the nation's unsettled, there are so many general undertakers, that 'tis grown almost a monopoly; you may have a mau

murdered almost for little or nothing, and nobody e'er know who did it neither\*.

*Sir Dav.* Pray what countryman are you? where were you born, most noble sir?

*Bloody-B.* Indeed my country is foreign, I was born in Algiers; my mother was an apostate Greek, my father a renegade Englishman, who by oppressing of Christian slaves grew rich; for which, when he lay sick, I murdered him one day in his bed; made my escape to Malta, where, embracing the faith, I had the honour given me to command a thousand horse aboard the gallies of that state.

*Sir Dav.* Oh Lord, sir! my humble service to you again.

*Four.* He tells you, sir, but the naked truth.

*Sir Dav.* I doubt it not in the least, most worthy sir. These are devilish fellows, I'll warrant 'em. [*Aside.*]

*Four.* War, friend, and shining honour has been our province, till rusty peace reduced us to this base obscurity. Ah Bloody-Bones! ah, when thou and I commanded that party at the siege of Philipsburgh! where, in the face of the army, we took the impenetrable half-moon.

*Bloody-B.* Half-moon, sir! by your favour 'twas a whole moon.

*Four.* Brother, thou art in the right; 'twas a full moon, and such a moon, sir!—

*Sir Dav.* I doubt it not in the least, gentlemen; but, in the meanwhile, to our business.

*Four.* With all my heart, so soon as you please.

*Sir Dav.* Do you know this Beaugard? He's a devilish fellow, I can tell you that; he's a captain.

*Four.* Has he a heart, think you, sir?

*Sir Dav.* O, like a lion! he fears neither god, man, nor devil.

*Bloody-B.* I'll bring it you for your breakfast to-morrow: did you never eat a man's heart, sir?

\* This probably refers to that mysterious event the murder of sir Edmundsbury Godfrey, in 1678.

*Sir Dav.* Eat a man's heart, friend?

*Four.* Ay, ay, a man's heart, sir, it makes absolutely the best ragout in the world: I have eaten forty of 'em in my time without bread.

*Sir Dav.* O Lord, a man's heart! my humble service to you both, gentlemen.

*Bloody-B.* Why, your Algerine pirates eat nothing else at sea; they have them always potted up like venison: your well-grown Dutchman's heart makes an excellent dish with oil and pepper.

*Sir Dav.* O Lord, O Lord! friend, friend, a word with you: how much must you and your companion have to do this business?

*Four.* What, and bring you the heart home to your house?

*Sir Dav.* No, no, keeping the heart for your own eating. I'll be rid of 'em as soon as possible I can.

[*Aside.*

*Four.* You say, sir, he's a gentleman?—

*Sir Dav.* Ay, such a sort of gentlemen as are about this town: the fellow has a pretty handsome outside; but I believe little or no money in his pockets.

*Four.* Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your worship's bounty.

*Bloody-B.* For my part, I care for no man's bounty: I expect to have my bargain performed, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

*Sir Dav.* Look you, friend, don't you be angry, friend, don't be angry, friend, before you have occasion: you say you'll have—let's see how much will you have now—I warrant the devil and all, by your good will.

*Four.* Truly, sir Davy, if, as you say, the man must be well murdered, without any remorse or mercy; betwixt Turk and Jew, 'tis honestly worth two hundred pounds.

*Sir Dav.* Two hundred pounds! why I'll have a physician shall kill a whole family for half the money.

*Bloody-B.* Damme, sir, how do ye mean?

*Sir Dav.* Damme, sir, how do I mean? Damme, sir, not to part with my money.

*Bloody-B.* Not part, brother?

*Four.* Brother, the wight is improvable, and this must be borne withal.

*Bloody-B.* Have I for this dissolv'd Circean charms?  
Broke iron durance; whilst from these firm legs  
The well-fil'd, useless fetters dropp'd away,  
And left me master of my native freedom?

*Sir Dav.* What does he mean now?

*Four.* Truly, sir, I am sorry to see it with all my heart; 'tis a distraction that frequently seizes him, though I am sorry it should happen so unluckily at this time.

*Sir Dav.* Distracted, say you! is he so apt to be distracted?

*Four.* Oh, sir, raging mad; we that live by murder are all so; guilt will never let us sleep. I beseech you, sir, stand clear of him, he's apt to be very mischievous at these unfortunate hours.

*Bloody-B.* Have I been drunk with tender infants' blood,  
And ripp'd up teeming wombs? Have these bold hands  
Ransack'd the temples of the gods, and stabb'd

The priests before their altars? Have I done this? hah?

*Sir Dav.* No, sir, not that I know, sir, I would not say any such thing for all the world, sir: worthy gentleman, I beseech you, sir, you seem to be a civil person, I beseech you, sir, to mitigate his passion, I'll do any thing in the world; you shall command my whole estate.

*Four.* Nay, after all, sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murdered, if a swinging drubbing to bed-rid him, or so, will serve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper rate a great deal.

*Sir Dav.* Truly, sir, with all my heart; for methinks, now I consider matters better, I would not by any means be guilty of another man's blood.

*Four.* Why, then let me consider—to have him beaten substantially, a beating that will stick by him, will cost you—half the money.



*Sir Dav.* What, one hundred pounds! sure the devil's in you, or you would not be so unconscionable.

*Bloody-B.* The devil! where? where is the devil? shew me;

I'll tell thee, Belzebub, thou'st broke thy covenant ;  
Didst thou not promise me eternal plenty,  
When I resign'd my soul to thy allurements?

*Sir Dav.* Ah, Lord!

*Bloody-B.* Touch me not yet; I've yet ten thousand murders

To act before I'm thine: with all those sins  
I'll come with full damnation to thy caverns  
Of endless pain, and howl with thee for ever.

*Sir Dav.* Bless us! what will become of this mortal body of mine? Where am I? is this a house? do I live? am I flesh and blood?

*Bloody-B.* There, there's the fiend again! don't chatter so,

And grin at me; if thou must needs have prey,  
Take here, take him, this tempter that would bribe me  
With shining gold,  
To stain my hands with new iniquity.

*Sir Dav.* Stand off, I charge thee, satan: where-so'er thou art, thou hast no right nor claim to me; I'll have thee bound in necromantic charms. Hark you, friend, has the gentleman given his soul to the devil?

*Four.* Only pawned it a little; that's all.

*Sir Dav.* Let me beseech you, sir, to despatch, and get rid of him as soon as you can. I would gladly drink a bottle with you, sir; but I hate the devil's company mortally: as for the hundred pounds, here, it is ready; no more words, I'll submit to your good-nature and discretion.

*Four.* Then, wretch, take this, and make thy peace with the infernal king; he loves riches, sacrifice and be at rest.

*Bloody-B.* 'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on; nay, if thou smile, I'll more defy thee; fee, fa, fum. [*Exit.*]

*Four.* 'Tis very odd, this.

*Sir Dav.* Very odd, indeed; I'm glad he's gone, though.

*Four.* Now, sir, if you please, we'll refresh ourselves with a cheerful glass, and so *chacun chez lui*—I would fain make the gull drunk a little, to put a little mettle into him. [Aside.

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart, sir; but no more words of the devil, if you love me.

*Four.* The devil's an ass, sir, and here's a health to all those that defy the devil.

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart, and all his works too.

*Four.* Nay, sir, you must do me right, I assure you.

*Sir Dav.* Not so full, not so full, that's too much of all conscience: in troth, friend, these are sad times, very sad times; but here's to you.

*Four.* Pox o'the times, the times are well enough, so long as a man has money in his pocket.

*Sir Dav.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a murder, but never consider that idolatry is coming in full speed upon the nation. Pray what religion are you of, friend?

*Four.* What religion am I of, sir? Sir, your humble servant.

*Sir Dav.* Truly a good conscience is a great happiness; and so I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph. But shan't the dog be murdered this night?

*Four.* My brother rogue is gone by this time to set him, and the business shall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's rest his soul.

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart, faith; I hate to be uncharitable.

*Enter COURTINE and Drawer.*

*Cour.* Look you, 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time: shall rogues stay in taverns to sip pints, and be sober, when honest gentlemen are drunk by gallons? I'll have none on't.

*Sir Dav.* Oh Lord, who's there?

[Sits up in his Chair.

*Draw.* I beseech your honour, our house will be utterly ruined by this means.

*Cour.* Damn your house, your wife and children, and all your family, you dog.—Sir, who are you?

[*To Sir Davy.*]

*Sir Dav.* Who am I, sir? what's that to you, sir? Will you tickle my foot, you rogue?

*Cour.* I'll tickle your guts, you poltroon, presently.

*Sir Dav.* Tickle my guts, you mad-cap? I'll tickle your toby, if you do.

*Cour.* What, with that circumcised band? that grave hypocritical beard, of the reformation-cut? Old fellow, I believe you are a rogue.

*Sir Dav.* Sirrah, you are a whore, an arrant bitch-whore; I'll use you like a whore; I'll kiss you, you jade; I'll ravish you, you buttock; I am a justice of the peace, sirrah, and that's worse.

*Cour.* Damn you, sir, I care not if you were a constable and all his watch: what, such a rogue as you send honest fellows to prison, and countenance whores in your jurisdiction for bribery, you mongrel! I'll beat you, sirrah, I'll brain you; I'll murder you, you moon-calf.

[*Throws the Chair after him.*]

*Sir Dav.* Sir, sir, sir, constable, watch, stocks, stocks, stocks, murder—

[*Exit.*]

*Cour.* Huzza, Beaugard!

*Enter BEAUGARD and Sir JOLLY JUMBLE.*

*Four.* Well, sir, the business is done, we have bargained to murder you.

*Beau.* Murdered! who's to be murdered, ha, Fourbin?

*Sir Jol.* You are to be murdered, friend; you shall be murdered, friend.

*Beau.* But how am I to be murdered? who's to murder me, I beseech you?

*Four.* Your humble servant, Fourbin; I am the man, with your worship's leave: sir Davy has given me this gold to do it handsomely.

*Beau.* Sir Davy! uncharitable cur; what! murder an honest fellow for being civil to his family! What can this mean, gentlemen?

*Sir Jol.* No, 'tis for not being civil to his family, that it means, gentleman; therefore are you to be murdered to-night, and buried a-bed with my lady, you Jack Straw you.

*Beau.* I understand you, friends; the old gentleman has designed to have me butchered, and you have kindly contrived to turn it to my advantage in the affair of love. I am to be murdered but as it were, gentlemen, hah?

*Four.* Your honour has a piercing judgment. Sir, captain Courtine's gone.

*Beau.* No matter, let him go: he has a design to put in practice this night too, and would perhaps but spoil our's. But when, sir Jolly, is this business to be brought about?

*Sir Jol.* Presently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already; go, get you gone, I say; hold, hold, let's see your left ear first, hum—ha—you are a rogue, you're a rogue; get you gone, get you gone, go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Changes to Covent-garden Piazza.*

*Enter SYLVIA and her Maid in the Balcony.*

*Maid.* But why, madam, will you use him so inhumanly? I'm confident he loves you.

*Sylv.* Oh! a true lover is to be found out like a true saint, by the trial of his patience. Have you the cords ready?

*Maid.* Here they are, madam.

*Sylv.* Let 'em down, and be sure when it comes to trial, to pull lustily. Is Will the footman ready?

*Will.* At your ladyship's command, madam.

*Sylv.* I wonder he should stay so long, the clock has struck twelve.

*Enter COURTINE.**Courtine sings.*

And was she not frank and free,  
 And was she not kind to me?  
 To lock up her cat in her cupboard,  
 And give her key to me, to me:  
 To lock up her cat in her cupboard,  
 And give her key to me.

*Sylv.* This must be he: ay, 'tis he, and as I am a virgin, roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him sober—

*Cour.* Here, here's the window: ay, that's hell-door, and my damnation's in the inside. Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia; dear imp of satan, appear to thy servant.

*Sylv.* Who calls on Sylvia in this dead of night,  
 When rest is wanting to her longing eyes?

*Cour.* 'Tis a poor wretch can hardly stand upright,  
 Drunk with thy love, and if he falls he lies.

*Sylv.* Courtine, is't you?

*Cour.* Yes, sweet-heart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

*Sylv.* Fasten yourself to that cord there; there, there it is.

*Cour.* Cord! where? Oh, oh, here, here; so now to heaven in a string.

*Sylv.* Have you done?

*Cour.* Yes, I have done, child, and would fain be doing too, hussy.

*Sylv.* Then pull away, ho! up, ho! up, ho! up: so, avast there, sir.

*Cour.* Madam?

*Sylv.* Are you very much in love, sir?

*Cour.* Oh, damnably, child, damnably.

*Sylv.* I am sorry for't with all my heart: good-night, captain.

*Cour.* Ha, gone! what, left in Erasmus's paradise, between heaven and hell? if the constable should take me now for a straggling monkey hung by the loins, and

hunt me with his cry of watchmen! ah woman, woman, woman! well, a merry life and a short, that's all.

[Sings:]

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and saeties all.

I am mighty loyal to-night.

*Enter* FOURBIN *and* BLOODY-BONES, *as from Sir DAVY DUNCE's House.*

*Four.* Murder, murder, murder! help, help, murder!

*Cour.* Nay, if there be murder stirring, 'tis high time to shift for myself. [Climbs up to the Balcony.

*Sylv.* [Squeaking] Ah!

*Bloody-B.* Yonder, yonder he comes; murder, murder, murder. [Exeunt Blood. and Fourbin.

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Sir Dav.* 'Tis very late; but murder is a melancholy business, and night is fit for't. I'll go home. [Knocks.

*Ver.* [Within] Who's there?

*Sir Dav.* Who's there? open the door, you whelp of Babylon.

*Ver.* Oh, sir! you're welcome home; but here is the saddest news! here has been murder committed, sir.

*Sir Dav.* Hold your tongue, you fool, and go to sleep; get you in, do your hear; you talk of murder, you rogue? you meddle with state affairs? get you in.

*The Scene opens in the middle of the House, and discovers Sir JOLLY JUMBLE and the Lady putting BEAUGARD in order, as if he were dead.*

*Sir Jol.* Lie still, lie still, you knave, close, close when I bid you: you had best quest\*, and spoil the sport, you had!

\* *Quest*—make a noise; (*queror*, Lat.) an unusual word in our language.

*Beau.* But pray how long must I lie thus?

*L. Dunc.* I'll warrant you you'll think the time mighty tedious.

*Beau.* Sweet creature, who can counterfeit death when you are near him?

*Sir Jol.* You shall, sirrah, if a body desires you a little, so you shall; we shall spoil all else, all will be spoiled else, man, if you do not: stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can. So, so, hold your breath, hold your breath; very well.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* Madam, here comes sir Davy.

*Sir Jol.* Odds so, now close again as I told you, close, you devil, now stir if you dare; stir but any part about you if you dare now; odd I'll hit you such a rap if you do; lie still, lie you still.

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Sir Dav.* My dear, how dost thou do, my dear? I am come.

*L. Dunc.* Ah, sir, what is't you've done? you've ruined me; your family, your fortune, all is ruined; where shall we go, or whither shall we fly?

*Sir Dav.* Where shall we go! why, we'll go to bed, you little jackadandy: why, you are not a wench, you rogue, you are a boy, a very boy, and I love you the better for't: sirrah, hey!—

*L. Dunc.* Ah, sir, see there.

*Sir Dav.* Bless us! a man! and bloody! what, upon my hall-table!

*L. Dunc.* Two ruffians brought him in just now, pronouncing this inhuman deed was done by your command: sir Jolly came in the same minute, or sure I had died with my distracting fears. How could you think on a revenge so horrid?

*Sir Dav.* As I hope to be saved, neighbour, I only

bargained with 'em to bastinado him in a way, or so, as one friend might do to another! but do you say that he is dead?

*Sir Jol.* Dead, dead as 'clay; stark stiff and useless all, nothing about him stirring, but all's cold and still; I knew him a lusty fellow once, a very mettled fellow; 'tis a thousand pities!

*Sir Dav.* What shall I do? I'll throw myself upon him, kiss his wide wounds, and weep till blind as buzzard.

*L. Dunce.* Oh, come not near him, there's such horrid antipathy follows all murders, his wounds would stream afresh should you but touch him.

*Sir Dav.* Dear neighbour, dearest neighbour, friend, sir Jolly, as you love charity, pity my wretched case, and give me counsel; I'll give my wife and all my estate to have him live again; or shall I bury him in the arbour, at the upper end of the garden?

*Sir Jol.* Alas-a-day, neighbour, never think on't, never think on't; the dogs will find him there, as they scrape holes to bury bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

*Sir Dav.* What is it, dear neighbour, what is it? You see I am upon my knees to you, take all I have, and ease me of my fears.

*Sir Jol.* Truly the best thing that I can think of, is putting of him to bed, putting him into a warm bed, and try to fetch him to life again; a warm bed is the best thing in the world; my lady may do much too, she's a good woman, and as I've been told, understands a green wound well.

*Sir Dav.* My dear, my dear, my dear!

*L. Dunce.* Bear me away, oh send me hence far off, where my unhappy name may be a stranger; and this sad accident no more remembered to my dishonour.

*Sir Dav.* Ah, but my love! my joy! are there no howels in thee?

*L. Dunce.* What would you have me do?

*Sir Dav.* Pr'ythee do so much as try thy skill; there



may be one dram of life left in him yet; take him up to thy chamber, put him into thy own bed, and try what thou canst do with him; pr'ythee do: if thou canst but find motion in him, all may be well yet; I'll go up to my closet in the garret, and say my prayers in the mean while.

*L. Dunce.* Will ye then leave this ruin on my hands?

*Sir Dav.* Pray, pray my dear; I beseech you neighbour, help to persuade her if it be possible.

*Sir Jol.* Faith, madam, do, try what you can do. I have a great fancy you may do him good; who can tell but you may have the gift of stroking? pray, madam, be persuaded.

*L. Dunce.* I'll do whate'er's your pleasure.

*Sir Dav.* That's my best dear: I'll go to my closet and pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this should happen— [*Exit.*

*Beau.* So, is he gone, madam, my angel!

*Sir Jol.* What, no thanks, no reward for old Jolly now? Come hither, hussy, you little canary-bird, you little hop o' my thumb, come hither: make me a curt'sy, and give me a kiss now, hah! give me a kiss I say; odd I will have a kiss, so I will, I will have a kiss if I set on't; shoogh, shoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, shoogh, shoogh, shoogh, what there already? [*She goes to Beaugard.*] Well I ha' done, I ha' done; this 'tis to be an old fellow now.

*Beau.* And will you save the life of him you've wounded?

*L. Dunce.* Dare you trust yourself to my skill for a cure?  
[*Sir Davy appears at a window above.*]

*Sir Jol.* Hist! hist! Close, close, I say again, yonder's sir Davy, odds so!

*Sir Dav.* My dear! my dear! my dear!—

*L. Dunce.* Who's that calls? my love, is't you?

*Sir Dav.* Ay, some comfort, or my heart's broke! are there any hopes yet? I've tried to say my prayers, and cannot: if he be quite dead, I shall never pray again! Neighbour, no hopes?

*Sir Jol.* Truly little or none; some small pulse I think there is left, very little: there's nothing to be done if you don't pray: get you to prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't stay now, shut the window I tell you.

*Sir Dav.* Well, this is a great trouble to me; but good-night.

*Sir Jol.* Good-night to you, dear neighbour:—Get ye up, get ye up, and begone into the next room presently, make haste: [*To Beaugard and Lady Duncce*] but don't steal away till I come to you; be sure ye remember, don't ye stir till I come; pish, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loses time; I'll only bolt the door that belongs to sir Davy's lodgings, that he may be safe, and be with you in a twinkle: Ah—so, now for the door, very well, friend, you are fast.

[*Bolts the Door.*]

[*Sings:*]

Bonny lass gan thoo wert mine,  
And twenty thousand poonds about thee, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

COURTINE *bound on a Couch in SYLVIA's Chamber.*

*Cour.* Heigho! heigho! ha! Where am I? Was I drunk or no, last night? Something leaning that way. But where the devil am I? sincerely in a bawdy-house: fogh! what a smell of sin is here! Let me look about; if there be ever a Geneva Bible or a Practice of Piety in the room, I am sure I have guessed right. What's the matter now? tied fast! bound too! What tricks have I

played to come into this condition? I have lighted into the territories of some merrily-disposed chamber-maid or other; and she in a witty fit, forsooth, hath trussed me up thus: has she pinned no rags to my tail, or chalked me upon the back trow? Would I had her mistress here at a venture!

*Enter SYLVIA and Maid.*

*Sylv.* What would you do with her, my enchanted knight, if you had her? you are too sober for her by this time: next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to scale her balcony like a valiant captain as you are.

*Cour.* Hast thou done this, my dear destruction? and am I in thy limbo? I must confess, when I am in my beer, my courage does run away with me now and then: but let me loose, and thou shalt see what a gentle humble animal thou hast made me. Fy upon't! what tie me up like an ungovernable cur to the frame of a table: let, let thy poor dog loose, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

*Sylv.* What, with those paws which you have been ferreting Moor-fields withal, and are very dirty still? after you have been daggling yourself abroad for prey, and can meet with none, you come sneaking hither for a crust, do you?

*Maid.* Shall I fetch the whip and the bell, madam, and slash him for his roguery soundly?

*Cour.* Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ferking of man's flesh, madam flea-trap? Does the chaplain of the family use you to the exercise, that you are so ready for it?

*Sylv.* If you should be let loose, and taken into favour now, you would be for rambling again so soon as you had got your liberty.

*Cour.* Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and used like a dog in good earnest.

*Sylv.* Promise to grant me but one request, and it shall be done.

*Cour.* Hear me but swear.

*Sylv.* That any body may do ten thousand times a-day.

*Cour.* Upon the word of a gentleman; nay, as I hope to get money in my pocket.

*Sylv.* There I believe him, Lelye; you'll keep your word you say?

*Cour.* If I don't, hang me up in that wench's old garters.

*Sylv.* See, sir, you have your freedom.

*Cour.* Well, now name the price; what I must pay for't?

*Sylv.* You, know, sir, considering our small acquaintance, you have been pleased to talk to me very freely of love-matters.

*Cour.* I must confess, I have been something to blame that way; but if ever thou hearest more of it from my mouth after this night's adventure—would I were well out of this house!

*Sylv.* Have a care of swearing, I beseech you; for you must understand that, spite of my teeth, I am at last fallen in love most unmercifully.

*Cour.* And dost thou imagine I am so hard-hearted a villain as to have no compassion of thee?

*Sylv.* No, for I hope he's a man you can have no exceptions against.

*Cour.* Yes, yes, the man is a man, I'll assure you, that's one comfort.

*Sylv.* Who do you think it may be now? try if you can guess him.

*Cour.* Whoever he is, he's an honest fellow, I'll warrant him, and I believe will not think himself very unhappy neither.

*Sylv.* If a fortune of five thousand pounds, pleasant nights, and quiet days, can make him happy, I assure you he may be so; but try once to guess at him.

*Cour.* But if I should be mistaken?

*Sylv.* Why, who is it you would wish me to?

*Cour.* You have five thousand pounds you say?

*Sylv.* Yes.

*Cour.* Faith, child, to deal honestly, I know well enough who 'tis I wish for; but, sweet-heart, before I tell you my inclinations, it were but reasonable that I knew your's.

*Sylv.* Well, sir, because I am confident you will stand my friend in the business, I'll make a discovery; and to hold you in suspense no longer, you must know I have a month's mind to an arm-full of your dearly-beloved friend and brother captain; what say you to't?

*Cour.* Madam, your humble servant; good b'w'ye, that's all.

*Sylv.* What thus cruelly leave a lady that so kindly took you in, in your last night's pickle, into her lodging? whither would you rove now, my wanderer?

*Cour.* Faith, madam, you have dealt so gallantly in trusting me with your passion, that I cannot stay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an acquaintance of your's, as you can be with any friend of mine.

*Sylv.* Not with my waiting-woman, I hope, sir.

*Cour.* No, but it is with a certain kinswoman of thine, child; they call her my lady Dunce, and I think this is her house too; they say she will be civil upon a good occasion, therefore, pr'ythee be charitable, and shew the way to her chamber a little.

*Sylv.* What, commit adultery, captain? fy upon't! what, hazard your soul?

*Cour.* No, no, only venture my body a little, that's all; look you, you know the secret, and may imagine my desires, therefore as you would have me assist your inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine: look you, no demurring upon the matter, no qualms, but shew me the way, or you, hussy, you shall do't; any bawd will serve at present, for I will go.

*Sylv.* But you shan't go, sir.

*Cour.* Shan't go, lady?

*Sylv.* No, shan't go, sir; did I not tell you when once you had got your liberty, that you would be rambling again?

*Cour.* Why, child, would'st thou be so uncharitable to tie up a poor jade to an empty rack in thy stable, when he knows where to go elsewhere, and get provender enough?

*Sylv.* Any musty provender, I find, will serve your turn, so you have it but cheap, or at another man's charges.

*Cour.* No, child, I had rather my ox should graze in a field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the common, or run the hazard of being pounded every day for trespasses.

*Sylv.* Truly, all things considered, 'tis a great pity so good a husbandman as you should want a farm to cultivate.

*Cour.* Would'st thou be but kind, and let me have a bargain in a tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

*Sylv.* And would you be contented to take a lease for your life?

*Cour.* So pretty a lady of the manor, and a moderate rent!

*Sylv.* Which you'll be sure to pay very punctually?

*Cour.* If thou doubtest my honesty, faith e'en take a little earnest before-hand.

*Sylv.* Not so hasty neither, good tenant; Imprimis, you shall oblige yourself to a constant residence, and not, by leaving the house uninhabited, let it run to repairs.

*Cour.* Agreed.

*Sylv.* Item, for your own sake you shall promise to keep the estate well fenced and inclosed, lest some time or other your neighbour's cattle break in and spoil the crop on the ground, friend.

*Cour.* Very just and reasonable, provided I don't find it lie too much to common already.

*Sylv.* Item, you shall enter into strict covenant not to

take any other farm upon your hands, without my consent and approbation; or if you do, that then it shall be lawful for me to get me another tenant, how and where I think fit.

*Cour.* Faith, that's something hard though, let me tell you but that, landlady.

*Sylv.* Upon these terms, we'll draw articles.

*Cour.* And when shall we sign 'em?

*Sylv.* Why, this morning, as soon as the ten o'clock-office in Covent-garden is open.

*Cour.* A bargain; but how will you answer your entertainment of a drunken red-coat in your lodgings at these unseasonable hours?

*Sylv.* That's a secret you will be hereafter obliged to keep for your own sake; and for the family, your friend Beaugard shall answer for us there.

*Cour.* Indeed I fancied the rogue had mischief in his head, he behaved himself so soberly last night; has he taken a farm lately too?

*Sylv.* A trespasser, I believe, if the truth were known, upon the provender you would fain have been biting at just now.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* Madam, madam, have a care of yourself: I see lights in the great hall; whatever is the matter, sir Davy and all the family are up.

*Cour.* I hope they'll come, and catch me here: well, now you have brought me into this condition, what will you do with me, hah?

*Sylv.* You won't be contented for a-while to be tied up like a jade to an empty rack without hay, will you?

*Cour.* Faith e'en take me, and put thy mark upon me quickly, that if I light in strange hands they may know me for a sheep of thine.

*Sylv.* What, by your wanting a fleece do you mean? If it must be so, come follow your shepherd, B a a a.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE and VERMIN.*

*Sir Dav.* I cannot sleep, I shall never sleep again: I have prayed too so long, that were I to be hanged presently, I have never a prayer left to help myself: I was no sooner lain down upon the bed just now, and fallen into a slumber, but methought the devil was carrying me down Ludgate-hill a-gallop, six puny fiends with flaming fire-forks running before him like link-boys, to throw me headlong into Fleet-ditch, which seemed to be turned into a lake of fire and brimstone: would it were morning.

*Ver.* Truly, sir, it has been a very dismal night.

*Sir Dav.* But didst thou meet never a white thing upon the stairs?

*Ver.* No, sir, not I; but methoughts I saw our great dog Towzer, with his great collar on, stand at the cellar-door as I came along the old entry.

*Sir Dav.* It could never be, Towzer has a chain; had this thing a chain on?

*Ver.* No, sir, no chain, but it had Towzer's eyes for all the world.

*Sir Dav.* What, ugly, great, frightful eyes?

*Ver.* Ay, ay, huge saucer eyes, but mightily like Towzer's.

*Sir Dav.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! hark! hark!

*Ver.* What! what I beseech you, sir?

*Sir Dav.* What's that upon the stairs? Didst thou hear nothing? Hist, hark, pat, pat, pat, hark, hey!

*Ver.* Hear nothing! where, sir?

*Sir Dav.* Look! look! what's that? what's that in the corner there?

*Ver.* Where?

*Sir Dav.* There.

*Ver.* What, upon the iron chest?

*Sir Dav.* No, the long black thing up by the old clock-case. See! see! now it stirs, and is coming thisway.

*Ver.* Alas, sir, speak to it, you are a justice o'peace,



I beseech you ; I dare not stay in the house : I'll call the watch, and tell 'em hell's broke loose ; what shall I do ? oh !

[*Exit.*

*Sir Dav.* Oh Vermin, if thou art a true servant, have pity on thy master, and do not forsake me in this distressed condition. Satan begone, I defy thee, I'll repent and be saved, I'll say my prayers, I'll go to church ; help ! help ! help ! Was there any thing, or no ? in what hole shall I hide myself ?

[*Exit.*

*Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, FOURBIN, and BLOODY-BONES.*

*Sir Jol.* That should be sir Davy's voice ; the waiting-woman, indeed, told me he was afraid and could not sleep ; pretty fellows, pretty fellows both ; you've done your business handsomely ; what, I'll warrant you have been a whoring together now ; ha ! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't : what's o'clock ?

*Four.* Near four, sir ; 'twill not be day yet these two hours.

*Sir Jol.* Very well, but how got ye into the house ?

*Four.* A ragged retainer of the family, Vermin I think they call him, let us in as physicians sent for by your order.

*Sir Jol.* Excellent rogues ! and then I hope all things are ready, as I gave directions ?

*Four.* To a tittle, sir ; there shall not be a more critical observer of your worship's pleasure than your humble servant the chevalier Fourbin.

*Sir Jol.* Get you gone, you rogue, you have a sharp nose, and are a nimble fellow ; I have no more to say to you, stand aside, and be ready when I call : here he comes ; hist, hem, hem, hem.

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Sir Dav.* Hah ! what art thou ?  
Approach thou like the rugged Bankside bear,

The East-Cheap bull, or monster shown in fair,  
Take any shape but that, and I'll confront thee\*.

*Sir Jol.* Alas, unhappy man! I am thy friend.

*Sir Dav.* Thou canst not be my friend, for I defy thee. Sir Jolly! Neighbour! hah! is it you? are you sure it is you? are you yourself? if you be, give me your hand. Alas-a-day, I ha' seen the devil.

*Sir Jol.* The devil, neighbour?

*Sir Dav.* Ay, ay, there's no help for't; at first I fancied it was a young white bear's cub dancing in the shadow of my candle; then it was turned to a pair of blue breeches with wooden legs on, stampt about the room, as if all the cripples in town had kept their rendezvous there; when, all of a sudden, it appeared like a leathern serpent, and with a dreadful clap of thunder flew out of the window.

*Sir Jol.* Thunder! Why I heard no thunder.

*Sir Dav.* That may be too; what, were you asleep?

*Sir Jol.* Asleep, quoth-a, no, no; no sleeping this night for me, I assure you.

*Sir Dav.* Well, what's the best news then? How does the man?

*Sir Jol.* Ev'n as he did before he was born, nothing at all; he's dead.

*Sir Dav.* Dead! What, quite dead?

*Sir Jol.* As good as dead, if not quite dead; 'twas a horrid murder! and then the terror of conscience, neighbour.

*Sir Dav.* And truly I have a very terrified 'one, friend, though I never found I had any conscience at all till now. Pray where-about was his death's wound?

*Sir Jol.* Just here, just under his left pap, a dreadful gash.

*Sir Dav.* So very wide?

*Sir Jol.* Oh, as wide as my hat, you might have seen his lungs, liver and heart, as perfectly as if you had been in his belly.

\* "Macbeth," act 3, sc. 4.

*Sir Dav.* Is there no way to have him privately buried, and conceal this murder? Must I needs be hanged by the neck like a dog, neighbour? Do I look as if I would be hanged?

*Sir Jol.* Truly, sir Davy, I must deal faithfully with you, you do look a little suspiciously at present; but have you seen the devil, say you?

*Sir Dav.* Ay, surely it was the devil, nothing else could have frightened me so.

*Sir Jol.* Bless us, and guard us all the angels! what's that?

*Sir Dav.* *Potestati sempiternæ cujus benevolentia servantur gentes, & cujus misericordia—*

[Kneels, holding up his hands, and muttering as if he prayed.

*Sir Jol.* Neighbour, where are you, friend, sir Davy?

*Sir Dav.* Ah, whatever you do, be sure to stand close to me: where, where is it?

*Sir Jol.* Just, just there, in the shape of a coach and six horses against the wall.

*Sir Dav.* Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that coach and six, will he?

*Sir Jol.* Do you see it? [Exit *Sir Jol.*

*Sir Dav.* See it! plain, plain: dear friend, advise me what I shall do: sir Jolly, sir Jolly, do you hear nothing? Sir Jolly, ha! has he left me alone, Vermin?

*Ver.* Sir!

*Sir Dav.* Am I alive? Dost thou know me again? Am I thy *quondam* master, sir Davy Dunce?

*Ver.* I hope I shall never forget you, sir.

*Sir Dav.* Didst thou see nothing?

*Ver.* Yes, sir, methought the house was all o'fire, as it were.

*Sir Dav.* Didst thou not see how the devils grinned and gnashed their teeth at me? Vermin!

*Ver.* Alas, sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my nose, as he vanished out of the door.

*Sir Dav.* Lead me away, I'll go to my wife, I'll die by my own dear wife; run away to the Temple, and

call Counsellor, my lawyer, I'll make over my estate presently, I shan't live till noon; I'll give all I have to my wife. Hah, Vermin!

*Ver.* Truly, sir, she's a very good lady.

*Sir Dav.* Ah much, much too good for me, Vermin; thou canst not imagine what she has done for me, man; she would break her heart if I should give any thing away from her, she loves me so dearly. Yet if I do die, thou shalt have all my old shoes.

*Ver.* I hope to see you live many a fair day yet though.

*Sir Dav.* Ah, my wife, my poor wife, lead me to my poor wife. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE draws, and discovers BEAUGARD, and Lady DUNCE, in her Chamber.*

*L. Dunce.* What think you now of a cold wet march over the mountains, your men tired, your baggage not come up, but at night a dirty watry plain to encamp upon, and nothing to shelter you, but an old leaguer cloak as tattered as your colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet, and getting the sciatica?

*Beau.* The hopes of this made all fatigue easy to me; the thoughts of Clarinda have a thousand times refreshed me in my solitude! whene'er I marched, I fancied still it was to my Clarinda; when I fought, I imagined it was for my Clarinda; but when I came home, and found Clarinda lost!—How could you think of wasting but a night in the rank, surfeiting arms of this foul-feeding monster, this rotten trunk of a man, that lays claim to you?

*L. Dunce.* The persuasion of friends, and the authority of parents!

*Beau.* And had you no more grace, than to be ruled by a father and mother?

*L. Dunce.* When you were gone, that should have given me better counsel, how could I help myself?

*Beau.* Methinks, then, you might have found out

some cleanlier shift to have thrown away yourself upon, than nauseous old age, and unwholesome deformity.

*L. Dunce.* What, upon some over-grown, full-fed country fool, with a horse-face, a great ugly head, and a great fine estate? one that should have been drained and squeezed, and jolted up and down the town in hackneys with cheats and hectors, and so sent home at three o'clock every morning, like a lolling booby, stinking, with a belly-full of stummed wine, and nothing in's pockets.

*Beau.* You might have made a tractable beast of such a one; he would have been young enough for training.

*L. Dunce.* Is youth then so gentle, if age be stubborn? Young men, like springs wrought by a subtle workman, easily ply to what their wishes press 'em; but the desire once gone that kept 'em down, they soon start straight again, and no sign's left which way they bent before.

[*Sir Jolly at the door peeping.*]

*Sir Jol.* So, so, who says I see any thing now? I see nothing, not I; I don't see, I don't see, I don't look, not so much as look, not I.

[*Enters.*]

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Sir Dav.* I will have my wife, carry me to my wife, let me go to my wife, I'll live and die with my wife, let the devil do his worst; ah, my wife, my wife, my wife!

*L. Dunce.* Alas! alas! we are ruined! shift for yourself; counterfeit the dead corpse once more, or any thing.

*Sir Dav.* Hah! whosoe'er thou art thou canst not eat me! speak to me, who has done this? Thou canst not say I did it.

*Sir Jol.* Did it? did what? Here's nobody says you did any thing that I know, neighbour; what's the matter with you? what ails you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell you here's nobody says a word to you.

*Sir Dav.* Did you not see the ghost just now ?

*Sir Jol.* Ghost! pr'ythee now, here's no ghost; whether would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one foot farther man, the devil take me if you do. Ghost! pr'ythee here's no ghost at all, a little flesh and blood, indeed, there is, some old, some young, some alive, some dead, and so forth; but ghost! pish, here's no ghost.

*Sir Dav.* But sir, if I say I did see a ghost, I did see a ghost, an you go to that; why sure I know a ghost when I see one: ah my dear, if thou hadst but seen the devil half so often as I have seen him!

*L. Dunce.* Alas, sir Davy! if you ever loved me, come not, oh come not near me; I have resolved to waste the short remainder of my life in penitence, and taste of joys no more.

*Sir Dav.* Alas, my poor child; but do you think there was no ghost indeed?

*Sir Jol.* Ghost! Alas-a-day, what should a ghost do here?

*Sir Dav.* And is the man dead?

*Sir Jol.* Dead, ay, ay, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

*L. Dunce.* Here you may see the horrid ghastly spectacle, the sad effects of my too rigid virtue, and your too fierce resentment—

*Sir Jol.* Do you see there?

*Sir Dav.* Ay, ay, I do see, would I had never seen him; would he had lain with my wife in every house between Charing-cross and Aldgate, so this had never happened.

*Sir Jol.* In truth, and would he had; but we are all mortal, neighbour, all mortal; to-day we are here, to-morrow gone; like the shadow that vanisheth, like the grass that withereth, or like the flower that fadeth; or indeed like any thing, or rather like nothing: but we are all mortal.

*Sir Dav.* Heigh!

*L. Dunce.* Down, down that trap-door, it goes into a bathing-room; for the rest, leave it to my conduct.

[*Beaugard descends.*

*Sir Jol.* 'Tis very unfortunate, that you should run yourself into this premunire, sir Davy.

*Sir Dav.* Indeed, and so it is.

*Sir Jol.* For a gentleman, a man in authority, a person in years, one that used to go to church with his neighbours.

*Sir Dav.* Every Sunday truly, sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* Pay scot and lot to the parish.

*Sir Dav.* Six pounds a year to the very poor, without abatement or deduction: 'tis very hard if so good a commonwealth's-man should be brought to ride in a cart, at last, and be hanged in a sun-shiny morning to make butchers and suburb-apprentices a holiday; I'll e'en run away.

*Sir Jol.* Run away! why then your estate will be forfeited; you'll lose your estate, man.

*Sir Dav.* Truly you say right, friend; and a man had better be half hanged than lose his estate, you know.

*Sir Jol.* Hanged! no, no, I think there's no great fear of hanging neither: what, the fellow was but a sort of an unaccountable fellow, as I heard you say.

*Sir Dav.* Ay, ay, pox on him, he was a soldierly sort of a vagabond; he had little or nothing but his sins to live upon: if I could have had but patience, he would have been hanged within these two months, and all this mischief saved.

[*Beaugard rises up like a Ghost at a trap-door, just before Sir Davy.*

Oh Lord! the devil, the devil, the devil!

[*Falls upon his face.*

*Sir Jol.* Why, sir Davy, sir Davy, what ails you? what's the matter with you?

*Sir Dav.* Let me alone, let me lie still; I will not look up to see an angel; oh-h-h!

*L. Dunce.* My dear, why do you do these cruel things to affright me? Pray rise and speak to me.

*Sir Dav.* I dare not stir, I saw the ghost again just now.

*L. Dunce.* Ghost again! what ghost? where?

*Sir Dav.* Why, there! there!

*Sir Jol.* Here has been no ghost.

*Sir Dav.* Why, did you see nothing then?

*L. Dunce.* See nothing! no, nothing but one another.

*Sir Dav.* Then I am enchanted, or my end is near at hand, neighbour; for heaven's sake, neighbour, advise me what I shall do to be at rest.

*Sir Jol.* Do! why, what think you if the body were removed?

*Sir Dav.* Removed! I'd give a hundred pound the body were out of my house; may be then the devil wou'd not be so impudent.

*Sir Jol.* I have discovered a door-place in the wall betwixt my lady's chamber and one that belongs to me; if you think fit we'll beat it down, and remove this troublesome lump of earth to my house.

*Sir Dav.* But will you be so kind?

*Sir Jol.* If you think it may by any means be serviceable to you.

*Sir Dav.* Truly, if the body were removed, and disposed of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter—I hope he'll be as good as his word. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jol.* Fear nothing, I'll warrant you; but in troth I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

*Sir Dav.* What's that?

*Sir Jol.* Why, it will be absolutely necessary that your lady staid with me at my house for one day, till things were better settled.

*Sir Dav.* Ah, sir Jolly! whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you shall be very welcome. Hear you, my dearest, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward business, and sir Jolly has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be ruled



by him; and whatever sir Jolly would have thee do, e'en do it: so heaven prosper ye, good-b'w'ye, good-b'w'ye, till I see you again. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Jol.* This is certainly the civilest cuckold in city, town, or country.

*Beau.* Is he gone? [*Steps out.*]

*L. Dunce.* Yes, and has left poor me here.

*Beau.* In troth, madam, 'tis barbarously done of him, to commit a horrid murder on the body of an innocent poor fellow, and then leave you to stem the danger of it.

*Sir Jol.* Odd, an I were as thee, sweet-heart, I'd be revenged on him for it, so I would. Go, get ye together, steal out of the house as softly as you can, I'll meet ye in the Piazza presently; go, be sure ye steal out of the house, and don't let sir Davy see you.

[*The Scene shuts, and Sir Jolly comes forward.*]

*Enter BLOODY-BONES.*

Bloody-Bones!

*Bloody-B.* I am here, sir.

*Sir Jol.* Go you and Fourbin to my house presently; bid monsieur Fourbin remember that all things be ordered according to my directions. Tell my maids, too, I am coming home in a trice; bid 'em get the great chamber, and the banquet I spoke for, ready presently. And, d'ye hear, carry the minstrels with ye too, for I'm resolved to rejoice this morning. Let me see—Sir Davy?

*Enter Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Sir Dav.* Ay, neighbour, 'tis I; is the business done? I cannot be satisfied till I am sure: have you removed the body? is it gone?

*Sir Jol.* Yes, yes, my servants conveyed it out of the house just now. Well, sir Davy, a good morning to you: I wish you your health, with all my heart, sir

Davy; the first thing you do though, I'd have you say your prayers by all means, if you can.

*Sir Dav.* If I can possibly, I will.

*Sir Jol.* Well, good-b'w'ye. [*Exit Sir Jolly.*]

*Sir Dav.* Well, good-b'w'ye heartily, good neighbour.—Vermin, Vermin.

*Enter VERMIN.*

*Ver.* Did your honour call?

*Sir Dav.* Go run, run presently over the square, and call the constable presently; tell him here's murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly—I'll e'en carry him to my neighbour's, that he may find the dead body there, and so let my neighbour be very fairly hanged in my stead; hah! a very good jest, as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha! hey, what's that?

*Watchmen at the Door.*

Almost four o'clock, and a dark cloudy morning; good-morrow, my masters all, good-morrow!

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

*Const.* How's this, a door open! Come in, gentlemen—Ah, sir Davy, your honour's humble servant; I and my watch, going my morning-rounds, and finding your door open, made bold to enter, to see there were no danger. Your worship will excuse our care; a good morning to you, sir.

*Sir Dav.* Oh, Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here; I sent my man just now to call you. I have sad news to tell you, Mr. Constable.

*Const.* I am sorry for that, sir; sad news!

*Sir Dav.* Oh, ay, sad news, very sad news truly: here has been murder committed.

*Const.* Murder! if that's all, we are your humble servants, sir, we'll bid you good-morrow: murder's nothing at this time o'night in Covent-garden.

*Sir Dav.* Oh, but this is a horrid, bloody murder, done under my nose; I cannot but take notice of it; though I am sorry to tell you the authors of it, very sorry truly.

*Const.* Was it committed here near hand?

*Sir Dav.* Oh, at the very next door; a sad murder indeed. After they had done, they carried the body privately into my neighbour sir Jolly's house here; I am sorry to tell it you, Mr. Constable, for I am afraid it will look but scurvily on his side; though I am a justice o'peace, gentlemen, and am bound by my oath to take notice of it; I can't help it.

*1 Watch.* I never liked that sir Jolly.

*Const.* He threatened me t'other day for carrying a little, dirty, draggel-tailed whore to Bridewell, and said she was his cousin, sir. If your worship thinks fit, we'll go search his house.

*Sir Dav.* Oh, by all means, gentlemen, it must be so; justice must have it's course; the king's liege subjects must not be destroyed. Vermin, carry Mr. Constable and his dragons into the cellar, and make 'em drink; I'll but step into my study, put on my face of authority, and call upon ye instantly.

*All Watch.* We thank your honour. [Exeunt.]

SCENE—Changes to Sir JOLLY JUMBLE's. A Banquet.

Enter Sir JOLLY JUMBLE, BEAUGARD, and Lady DUNCE.

*Sir Jol.* So, are ye come? I am glad on't; odd you're welcome, very welcome, odd ye are; here's a small banquet, but I hope 'twill please you; sit ye down, sit ye down both together; nay, both together; a pox o'him that parts ye, I say.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly, this might be an entertainment for Antony and Cleopatra, were they living.

*Sir Jol.* Pish! a pox of Antony and Cleopatra, they are dead and rotten long ago; come, come, time's but

short, time's but short, and must be made the best use of; for

Youth's a flow'r that soon does fade,  
And life is but a span;  
Man was for the woman made,  
And woman made for man.

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and frisk and be brisk, rejoice, and make a noise, and—odd, I am pleased, mightily pleased, odd I am.

*L. Dunce.* Really, sir Jolly, you are more a philosopher than I thought you were.

*Sir Jol.* Philosopher, madam! yes, madam, I have read books in my time; odd Aristotle, in some things, had very pretty notions, he was an understanding fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd, an ye don't eat—here child, here's some ringoes, help, help your neighbour a little; odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly, your health.

*Sir Jol.* With all my heart, old boy.

*L. Dunce.* Dear sir Jolly, what are these? I never tasted of these before.

*Sir Jol.* That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd, 'tis the root Satyrion, a very precious plant, I gather 'em every May myself; odd, they'll make an old fellow of sixty-five cut a caper like a dancing-master; give me some wine: madam, here's a health, here's a health, madam, here's a health to honest sir Davy, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha!

[*Dance.*

*Enter BLOODY-BONES.*

*Bloody-B.* Sir, sir, sir! what will you do? yonder's the constable and all his watch at the door, and threatens demolishment, if not admitted presently.

*Sir Jol.* Odds so! odds so! the constable and his watch! what's to be done now? get you both into the

alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly; no noise, no noise; d'ye hear: the constable and his watch! a pox on the constable and his watch; what the devil have the constable and his watch to do here?

*Enter Constable, Watch, and Sir DAVY DUNCE.*

*Scene shuts. Sir JOLLY JUMBLE comes forward.*

*Const.* This way, this way, gentlemen; stay one of ye at the door, and let nobody pass, do you hear? Sir Jolly, your servant.

*Sir Jol.* What! this outrage, this disturbance committed upon my house and family; sir, sir, sir! what do you mean by these doings, sweet sir? hoh!—

*Const.* Sir, having received information, that the body of a murdered man is concealed in your house, I am come, according to my duty, to make search and discover the truth.—Stand to my assistance, gentlemen.

*Sir Jol.* A murdered man, sir?

*Sir Dav.* Yes, a murdered man, sir: sir Jolly, sir Jolly, I am sorry to see a person of your character and figure in the parish, concerned in a murder, I say.

*Sir Jol.* Here's a dog! here's a rogue for you! here's a villain! here's a cuckoldy son of his mother! I never knew a cuckold in my life, that was not a false rogue in his heart; there are no honest fellows living but whore-masters. Hark you, sir, what a pox do you mean? you had best play the fool, and spoil all, you had; what's all this for?

*Sir Dav.* When your worship comes to be hanged, you'll find the meaning on't, sir. I say once more, search the house.

*Const.* It shall be done, sir; come along, friends.

*[Exeunt Constable and Watch.]*

*Sir Jol.* Search my house! O Lord! Search my house! what will become of me? I shall lose my reputation with man and woman, and nobody will ever trust me again: O Lord! search my house! all will be

discovered, do what I can! I'll sing a song like a dying swan, and try to give them warning.

Go from the window, my love, my love, my love,  
Go from the window, my dear;  
The wind and the rain  
Have brought 'em back again,  
And thou canst have no lodging here\*.

O Lord! search my house!

*Sir Dav.* Break down that door, I'll have that door broke open; break down that door, I say.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Sir Jol.* Very well done, break down my doors! break down my walls, gentlemen! plunder my house! ravish my maids! Ah, curst be cuckolds, cuckolds, constables, and cuckolds.

*SCENE draws, and discovers BEAUGARD and Lady DUNCE.*

*Beau.* Stand off, by heaven the first that comes here comes upon his death.

*Sir Dav.* Sir, your humble servant, I'm glad to see you are alive again with all my heart: gentlemen, here's no harm done, gentlemen, here's nobody murdered, gentlemen, the man's alive again, gentlemen; but here's my wife, gentlemen, and a fine gentleman with her, gentlemen; and Mr. Constable, I hope you'll bear me witness, Mr. Constable.

*Sir Jol.* That he's a cuckold, Mr. Constable. [*Aside.*]

*Beau.* Hark ye, ye curs, keep off from snapping at my heels, or I shall so feague ye.

*Sir Jol.* Get ye gone, ye dogs, ye rogues, ye night-toads of the parish dungeon; disturb my house at these unseasonable hours! get ye out of my doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, dogs, rogues, villains!

[*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*]

\* This ballad occurs often in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; particularly in "Monsieur Thomas."

*Beau.* And next for you, sir Coxcomb, you see I am not murdered, though you paid well for the performance; what think you of bribing my own man to butcher me?

*Enter FOURBIN and BLOODY-BONES.*

Look ye, sir, he can cut a throat upon occasion, and here's another dresses a man's heart with oil and pepper, better than any cook in Christendom.

*Four.* Will your worship please to have one for your breakfast this morning?

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart, sweet-heart, any thing in the world, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha! this is the purest sport, ha, ha, ha!

*Enter VERMIN.*

*Ver.* Oh, sir, the most unhappy and most unfortunate news! There has been a gentleman in madam Sylvia's chamber all this night, who, just as you went out of doors, carried her away, and whither they are gone nobody knows.

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart, I am glad on't, child, I would not care if he had carried away my house and all, man. Unhappy news, quoth-a! poor fool, he does not know I am a cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha! I am so pleased, ha, ha, ha! I think I was never so pleased in all my life before, ha, ha, ha!

*Beau.* Nay, sir, I have a hank upon you; there are laws for cut-throats, sir; and as you tender your future credit, take this wronged lady home, and use her handsomely, use her like my mistress, sir, do you mark me? that when we think fit to meet again, I hear no complaint of you; this must be done, friend.

*Sir Jol.* In troth, and it is but reasonable, very reasonable in troth.

*L. Dunc.* Can you, my dear, forgive me one misfortune?

*Sir Dav.* Madam, in one word, I am thy ladyship's most humble servant and cuckold, sir Davy Duncce, knight, living in Covent-garden; ha, ha, ha! well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha!

*Enter SYLVIA, followed by COURTINE.*

*Sylv.* Sir Jolly, ah sir Jolly, protect me or I'm ruined.

*Sir Jol.* My little minikin, is it thy squeak?

*Beau.* My dear Courtine, welcome.

*Sir Jol.* Well, child, and what would that wicked fellow do to thee, child? Hah child, child, what would he do to thee?

*Sylv.* Oh, sir, he has most inhumanly seduced me out of my uncle's house, and threatens to marry me.

*Cour.* Nay, sir, and she having no more grace before her eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

*Sir Jol.* In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like these marriages, I'll have no marriages in my house, and there's an end on't.

*Sir Dav.* And do you intend to marry my niece, friend?

*Cour.* Yes, sir, and never ask your consent neither.

*Sir Dav.* In troth, and that's very well said: I am glad on't with all my heart, man, because she has five thousand pounds to her portion, and my estate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happiest day, ha, ha, ha!

Here take thy bride, like man and wife agree,  
And may she prove as true—as mine to me.

Ha, ha, ha!

*Beau.* Courtine, I wish thee joy: thou art come opportunely to be a witness of a perfect reconciliation between me and that worthy knight, sir Davy Duncce; which to preserve inviolate, you must, sir, before we part, enter into such covenants for performance as I shall think fit.

*Sir Dav.* No more to be said, it shall be done, sweet-heart: but don't be too hard upon me; use me gently, as thou didst my wife; gently, ha, ha, ha! a



very good jest, I'faith, ha, ha, ha! or if he should be cruel to me, gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a prison, or throw me in a dungeon, at least—

I hope amongst all you, sirs, I shan't fail  
To find one brother-cuckold out for bail.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

## EPILOGUE.

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WITH the discharge of passions much opprest,  
Disturb'd in brain, and pensive in his breast,  
Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,  
And by imagination half grown mad,  
The poet led abroad his mourning muse,  
And let her range, to see what sport she'd choose.  
Straight like a bird got loose, and on the wing,  
Pleas'd with her freedom she began to sing;  
Each note was echo'd all the vale along,  
And this was what she utter'd in her song:  
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain fame,  
Nor call thy muse, when thou art dull, to blame:  
Consider with thyself how thou'rt unfit  
To make that monster of mankind, a wit:  
A wit's a toad, who, swell'd with silly pride,  
Full of himself, scorns all the world beside;  
Civil wou'd seem, tho' he good manners lacks,  
Smiles on all faces, rails behind all backs.  
If e'er good-natur'd, nought to ridicule,  
Good-nature melts a wit into a fool:  
Plac'd high like some jack-pudding in a hall,  
At Christmas revels he makes sport for all.  
So much in little praises he delights,  
But when he's angry, draws his pen, and writes:  
A wit to no man will his dues allow;  
Wits will not part with a good word that's due:  
So whoe'er ventures on the ragged coast  
Of starving poets, certainly is lost,  
They rail like porters at the penny-post.  
At a new author's play see one but sit,  
Making his snarling froward face of wit,  
The merit he allows, and praise he grants,  
Comes like a tax from a poor wretch that wants.  
O poets, have a care of one another,  
There's hardly one amongst ye true to t'other:

Like Trincalo's and Stephano's, ye play  
 The lewdest tricks each other to betray\*.  
 Like foes detract, yet flatt'ring, friend-like smile,  
 And all is one another to beguile  
 Of praise, the monster of your barren isle.  
 Enjoy the prostitute ye so admire,  
 Enjoy her to the full of your desire,  
 Whilst this poor scribbler wishes to retire,  
 Where he may ne'er repeat his follies more,  
 But curse the fate that wreck'd him on your shore.

Now you, who this day as his judges sit,  
 After you've heard what he has said of wit;  
 Ought for your own sakes not to be severe,  
 But shew so much to think he meant none here.

\* In the alteration of Shakespeare's "Tempest," by Dryden and Davenant.

END OF VOL. II.







