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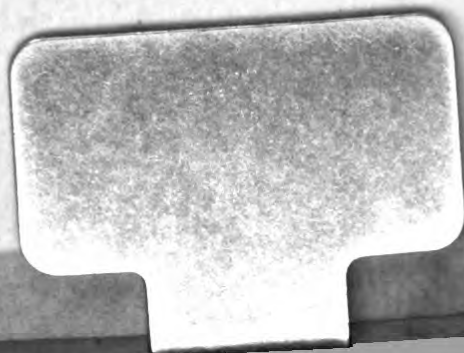


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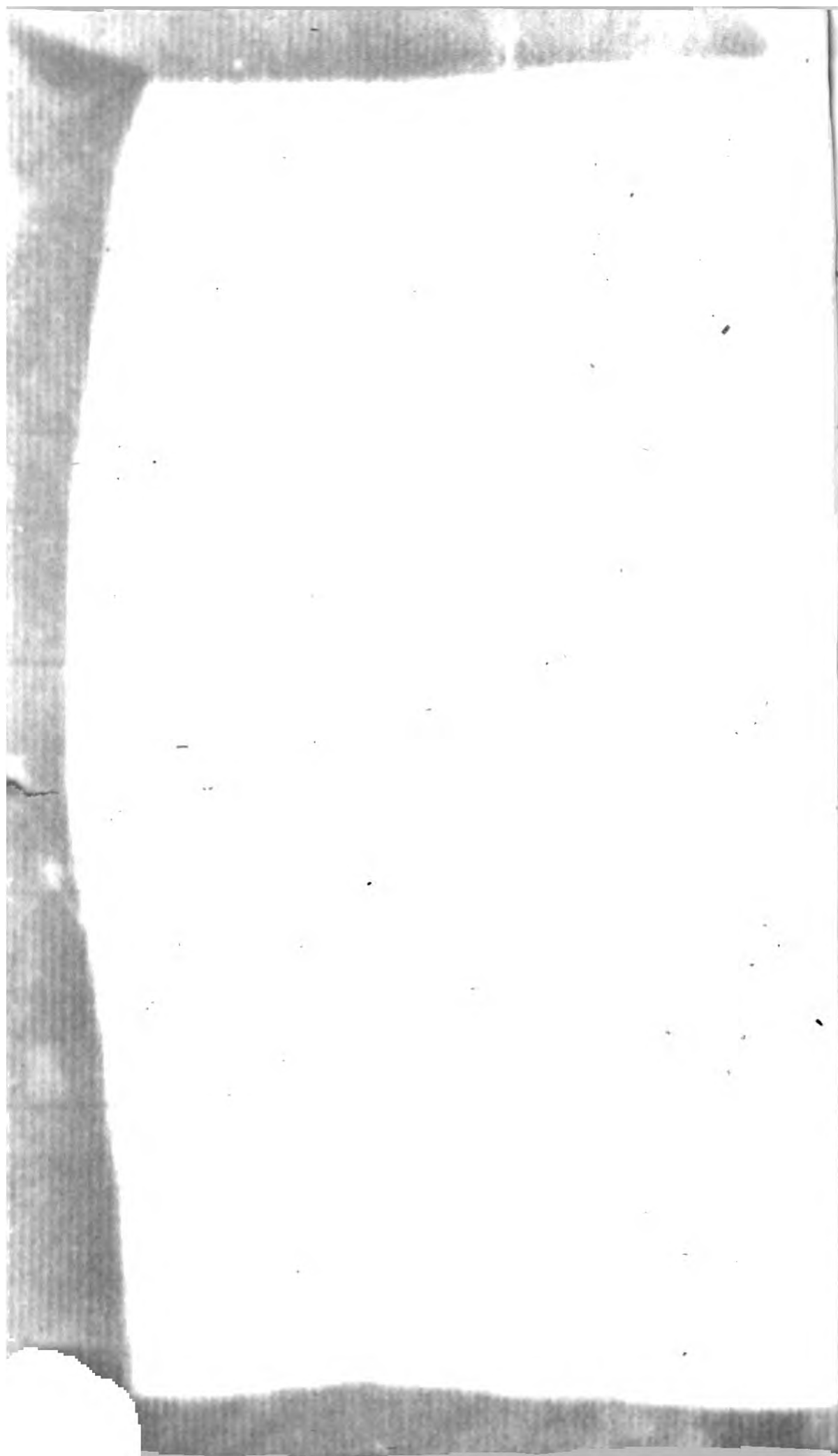
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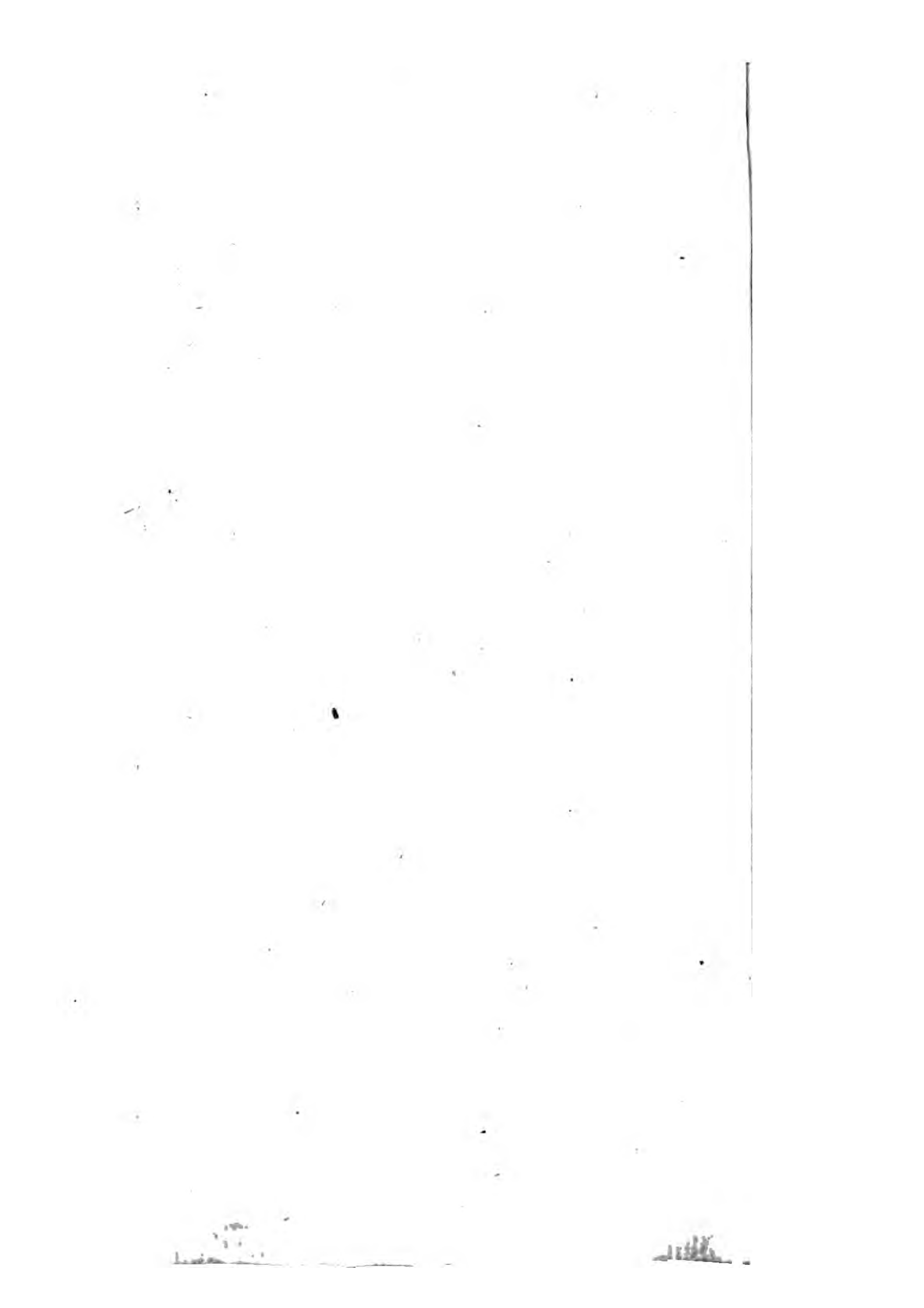
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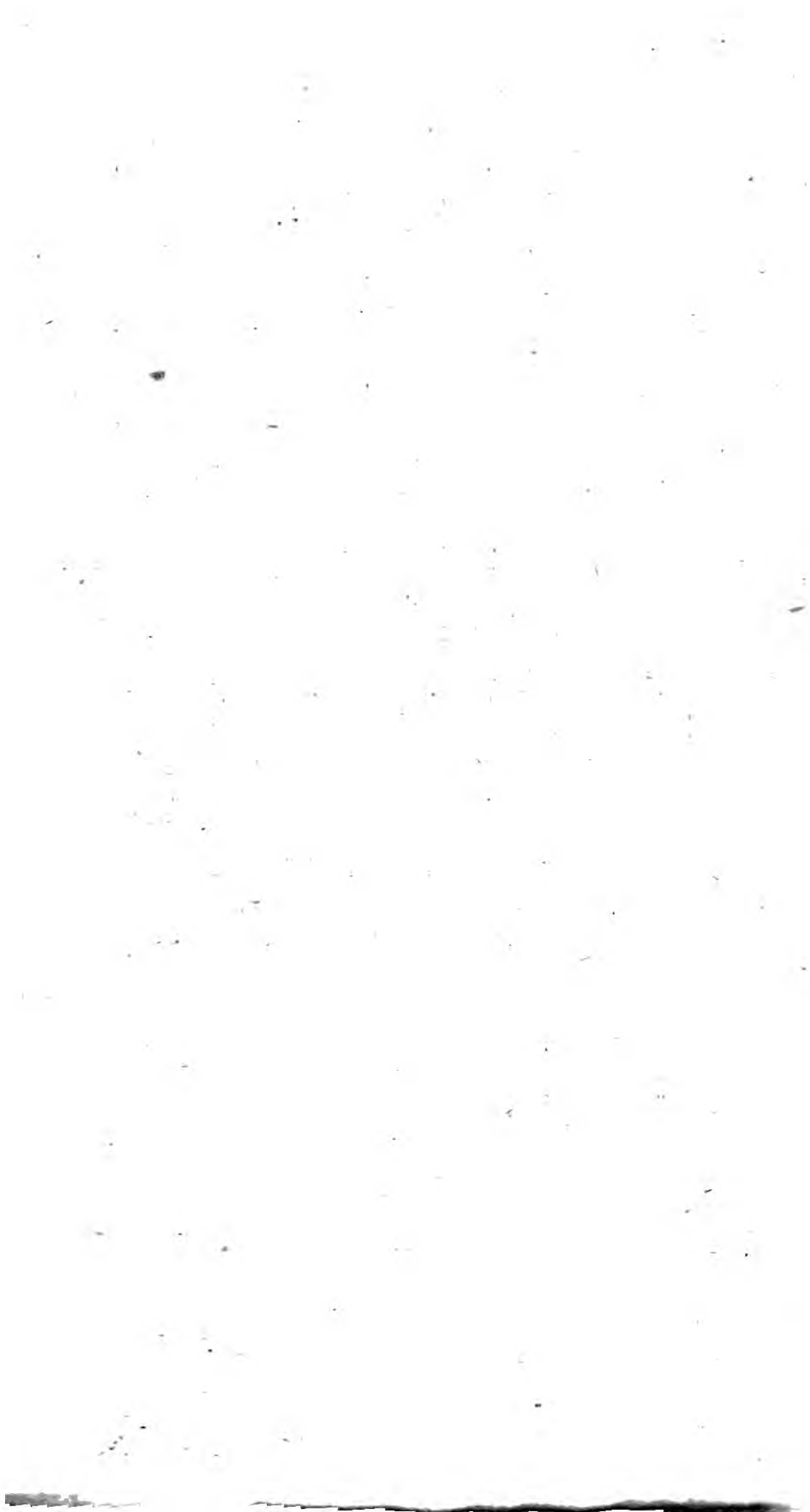


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*J. Wordsdale pinx.*

*A. Bannerman sculp.*

# P L A Y S

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS SOUTHERNE, Esq.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH

An Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the  
A U T H O R.

———Your tributary tears we claim,  
For scenes that Southerne drew ; a fav'rite name.  
He touch'd your fathers hearts with gen'rous woe,  
And taught your mothers youthful eyes to flow :  
For this he claims hereditary praise,  
From wits and beauties of our modern days.

HAWKESWORTH.

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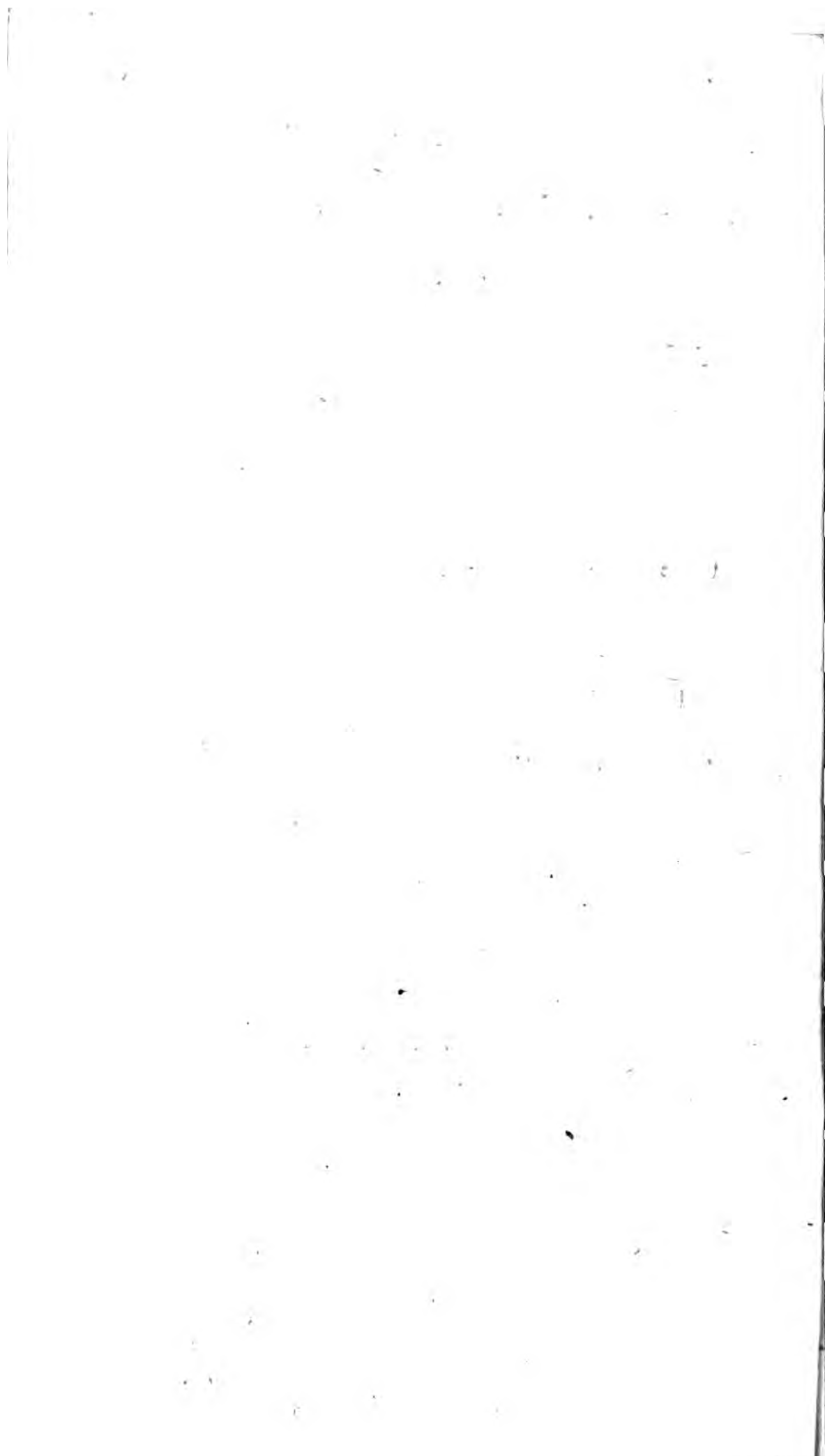
V O L. I.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for T. EVANS, near York - buildings ; and  
T. BECKET, corner of the Adelphi, Strand.

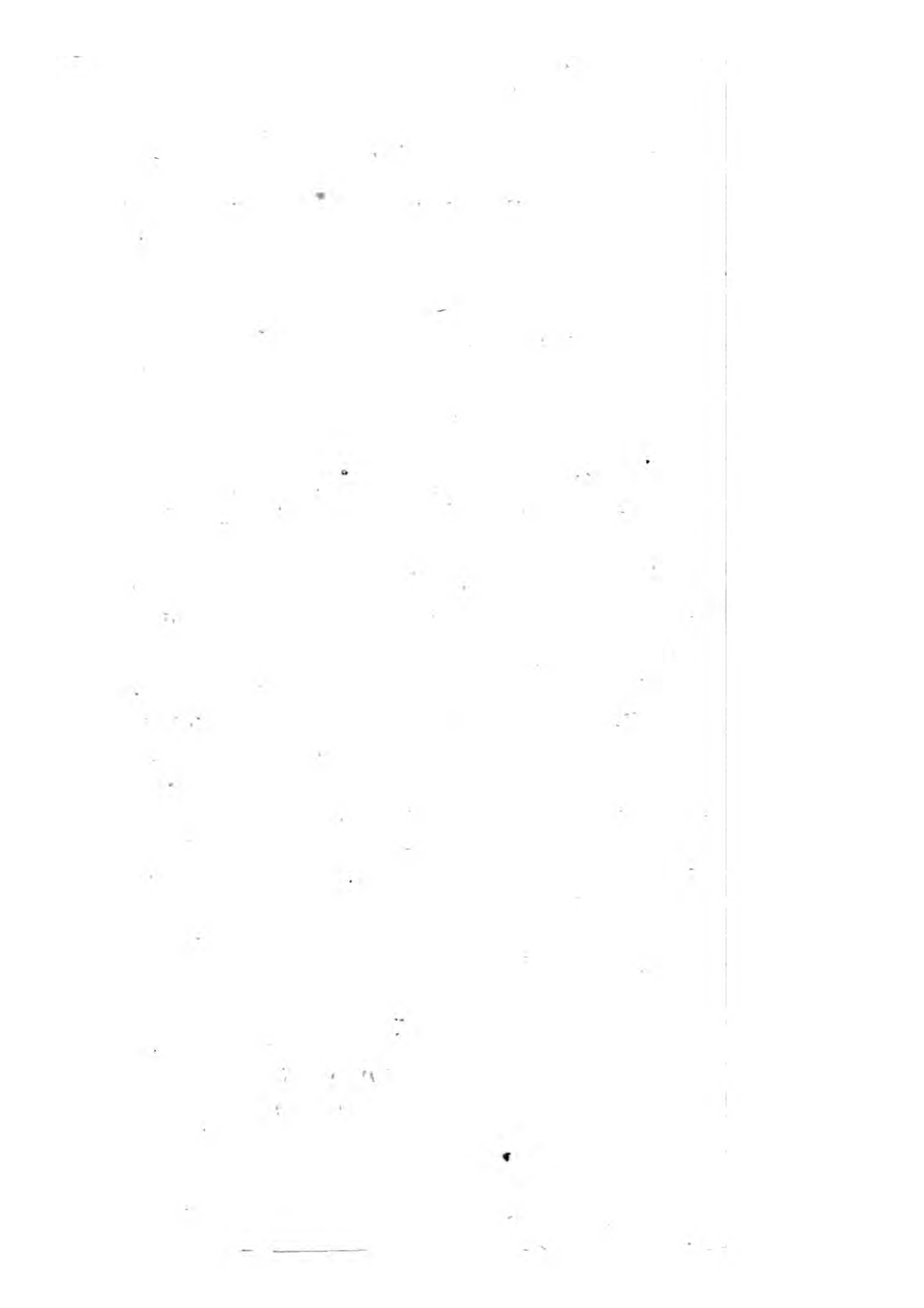
MDCCLXXIV.



TO  
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

THIS  
COMPLETE EDITION OF THE  
WORKS OF SOUTHERNE,  
A WRITER  
DISTINGUISHED AND ADMIRER  
FOR  
HIS GENIUS AND VIRTUES.  
IS WITH PROPRIETY INSCRIBED,  
BY HIS OBLIGED  
HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.



A N  
A C C O U N T  
O F T H E  
L I F E A N D W R I T I N G S  
O F  
T H O M A S S O U T H E R N E, E s q.

W H E N we have read with pleasure and improvement the life of *the Poet* in his writings, we wish in gratitude to be acquainted with *the Man*. The character of Southerne will stand the test of either inquiry. This celebrated dramatic writer was born at Dublin, the year of the Restoration, and was educated at the university there. In the year 1678 he went to England, and became a member of Pembroke college Oxford, took one degree in arts in 1683, and intending to study the law, he entered himself of the Middle Temple; but the Muses alone appear to have employed his attention. His first dramatic performance was the *Persian Prince*, or *Loyal Brother*, acted in 1682. The story is taken from *Thamas*, prince of Persia, a

novel, and the scene is laid in Ispahan. This play was performed when the Tory interest was triumphant, and the character of the Loyal Brother was no doubt intended to compliment the duke of York, who afterwards rewarded the poet. The prologue, written by Dryden, is a continued invective against the Whigs; and whether considered as a party poem, or an induction to a new play, is unworthy the great writer. His next play was called the Disappointment, or Mother in Fashion, performed in 1684. The scene lies in Florence, and part of the plot is taken from the Curious Impertinent in Don Quixote. At the accession of king James II. Mr. Southerne was rewarded with a commission of ensign in the regiment raised by lord Ferrers, afterwards commanded by the duke of Berwick, to whom he was most advantageously recommended by the famous colonel Sarsfield of Ireland, afterwards earl of Lucan. His grace gave him a company, and discovered a generous disposition of making his fortune, an easy matter for a king's favourite son to accomplish; but the change of times deprived Southerne of his noble patron. On the regiment being disbanded, he quitted the army; but ever retained that openness of behaviour and conversation, so peculiar to men of merit in that  
 pro-

profession. The year preceding the Revolution, he wrote a tragedy called the Spartan Dame, at the desire of the duke of Berwick, which was not acted till 1721. The subject is taken from the life of Agis in Plutarch; where the character of Chelonis, between the duties of wife and daughter, was thought to have had too near a resemblance to that of queen Mary, wife of William III. “ I began this play, says Mr. Southerne, a year before the Revolution, and near four acts written without any view; many things interfering with those times, I laid by what I had written for seventeen years. I shewed it then to the late duke of Devonshire, who was, in every regard, a judge; he told me he saw no reason why it might not have been acted the year of the Revolution. I then finished it; and, as I thought, cut out the exceptionable parts, but could not get it acted, not being able to persuade myself to the cutting off those limbs which I thought essential to the strength and life of it; but since I found it must pine in obscurity without it, I consented to the operation; and after the amputation of every line, very near to the number of four hundred, it stands on its own legs still; and by the favour of the town, and indulging af-



“ assistance of friends, has come successfully forward on the stage\*.” This play was imitably acted. Messrs. Booth, Wilkes, Gibber, Mills, sen. Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter performed in it, in the height of reputation, and the full vigour of their powers.

Mr. Southerne acknowledges, in his preface, that the last scene of the third act was almost all written by the honourable John Stafford, father to the earl of Stafford; he also acknowledges he sold the copy right of this play for a hundred and twenty pounds, which at that time was thought very extraordinary. Succeeding dramatic authors are much indebted to this writer; he was the first who raised the advantage of a second and a third night to authors, which Mr. Pope mentions.

— Southerne, born to raise

The price of prologues and of plays.

The reputation Dryden had acquired by the many prologues he wrote, induced the players to be solicitous to have one of his to speak, as they were received with great applause. Dryden's price for a prologue had usually been five guineas, with which sum Southerne presented him when he received from him a prologue for one of his new plays; Dryden

\* The lines omitted are restored in this edition.

returned the money, and said to him, " Young man, this is too little ; I must have ten guineas." Southerne observing his usual price had been five guineas, " Yes, answered Dryden, it has been so ; but the players have hitherto had my labours too cheap ; for the future I will have ten guineas." Dryden being very desirous of knowing how much Southerne had made by the profits of one of his plays ; the other, conscious of the little success Dryden had met with in theatrical compositions, declined the question, and answered, he was really ashamed to acquaint him. Dryden continuing solicitous to be informed, Southerne owned he cleared by his last play seven hundred pounds, which appeared astonishing to Dryden, who perhaps was ashamed to confess he had never been able to acquire, by any of his most successful pieces, more than one hundred pounds. Mr. Southerne was much respected by persons of distinction, who in return for his tickets usually made him great presents.

The comedy of Sir Antony Love, or The Rambling Lady, was acted in 1690 with great applause. The comedy of the Wives Excuse, or Cuckolds make Themselves, in 1692, not with equal success, though a play abounding with gay, lively conversation, ge-

nuine wit, and less licentiousness intermingled with that wit, than in the comedies of that age. Mr. Dryden has addressed to him verses on this comedy. He had so high an opinion of it, that he bequeathed to Southerne the care of writing half the last act of his tragedy of Cleomenes, “ Which, says our author, “ when it comes into the world, will appear “ so considerable a trust, that all the town “ will pardon me for defending the play that “ preferred me to it.”

In his comedy of the Maid's last Prayer, or Any rather than Fail, is a song written by Congreve; and in his other performances are pieces written by friends who do him honour. The tragedy of the Fatal Marriage, or Innocent Adultery, met with great and deserved applause, being one of the most affecting in our language; the plot, by the author's own confession, is taken from a novel of Mrs. Behn's, called The Nun, or Fair Vow-breaker; and the incident of Fernando's being persuaded to believe that he had been dead, buried, and in purgatory, seems borrowed from Fletcher's Night Walker. Mr. Garrick, who unites to his amazing powers of pleasing, the will to please, and who has ever shewn an unremitting attention to give  
ra-

rational entertainment to the town, has frequently revived a neglected bard. Not content with stage exertion, he has sacrificed the leisure of the closet, by judicious alterations to suit them to changes of times. In 1758 he revived this tragedy, with alterations, which was received with great applause. In an advertisement prefixed to the alteration, it is remarked, “ Though the mixed drama of the  
 “ last age, called tragi-comedy, has been ge-  
 “ nerally condemned by the critics, and per-  
 “ haps not without reason, yet it has been  
 “ found to succeed on the stage. Both the  
 “ comic and tragic scenes have been applaud-  
 “ ed by the audience, without any particular  
 “ exceptions. Nor has it been observed,  
 “ that the effect of either was less forcible  
 “ than it would have been if they had not  
 “ succeeded each other in the entertainment  
 “ of the same night. The tragic part of this  
 “ play has been always esteemed extremely  
 “ natural and interesting; and it would pro-  
 “ bably, like some others, have produced its  
 “ full effects, notwithstanding the intervention  
 “ of the comic scenes that are mixed with  
 “ it: the editor therefore would not have  
 “ thought of removing them, if they had  
 “ not been exceptionable in themselves, not  
 “ only

“ only as indelicate, but as immoral ; for this  
 “ reason he has suffered so much of the cha-  
 “ racters of the Porter and Nurse to remain, as  
 “ is not liable to this objection.

Mr. Southerne is obliged to Mrs. Behn for the plot of another tragedy, taken from her novel of Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave, acted in 1696 with great applause, and has ever continued to give pleasure in the tragic parts to every sensible and feeling auditor. The love of Oroonoko to Imoinda being perhaps the tenderest, and at the same time the most manly, noble, and unpolluted that we find in any of our dramatic pieces ; his firmness and resolution alike perfect in action, and in suffering truly heroic. The late Dr. Hawkesworth, in 1759, altered this play, disgusted, and justly, with the comic scenes ; he has entirely removed them ; his prologue contains his reasons, and also a just character of Southerne.

“ This night your tributary tears we claim,  
 For scenes that Southerne drew ; a fav’rite name.  
 He touch’d your fathers hearts with gen’rous woe,  
 And taught your mothers youthful eyes to flow :  
 For this he claims hereditary praise,  
 From wits and beauties of our modern days :  
*Yet slave to custom, in a laughing age,*  
 With ribbald mirth he stain’d his sacred page,  
 While virtue’s shrine he rear’d, taught vice to mock,  
 And join’d in sport the buskin and the sock.  
 O haste to part them—burst th’ opprobrious band,  
 This art and nature with one voice demand.

O haste

O haste to part them, blushing Virtue cries,  
 Thus urg'd, our bard this night to part them tries;  
 To mix with Southerne tho' his verse aspire,  
 He bows with reverence to the hoary fire."

It is undoubtedly true, that Southerne was a slave to custom; he saw and lamented the taste of the times, but knew, to ensure success, that taste must be followed. His private opinion is expressed in the following letter, written to Mr. Duncombe, author of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, a tragedy.

From Mr. KILLEGREW'S, at Shanville-Hall, near Chelmsford, Jan. 4, 1734 5.

Dear Sir,

You do me more honour than I deserve, in the several parts of your letter. I am not worthy to be the sire of so good a poetical son; but it has often been that the son has exceeded the father in his own profession. Your epilogue is very good, and lady Sarah Cowper\* did credit to her judgment in approving it, and an honour to her own character *in praising the decency* with which it is written.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

\* Daughter of lord chancellor Cowper, a lady distinguished for her sense and accomplishments. She died unmarried in 1758.

Two more plays, the Fate of Capua, a tragedy, acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 1700, and a comedy called Money the Mistress, performed in 1725, when the author was sixty-five, and may be considered as the dying embers of his poetical fire, complete his works.

Mr. Southerne enjoyed a life of peaceful serenity, having by his commission as a soldier, and the profits of his writings, acquired a handsome fortune ; and being an exact œconomist, he improved the fortune he gained to the best advantage : his œconomy did not however render him insensible to the distress of a friend. When Mr. Fenton, in 1720, lost his great patron Mr. Craggs, pressed with debts and difficulties, he was advised by his friends to finish a tragedy he had begun. Unacquainted with the stage, he applied to his friend Southerne, who not only assisted him with his advice, but took him into his house, treated him with great kindness, where he continued till his play was brought on the stage in 1723, and printed that year with the title of Mariamne ; and being warmly patronized by lord Gower, the profits to Mr. Fenton was not less than a thousand pounds.

The last ten years of Southerne's life, he lived in Westminster, and attended the Abbey church

church very constantly, being particularly fond of church music. His virtues and genius were such, that, as Mr. William Whitehead remarks,

He to our admiration join'd our love.

He was honoured with the friendship of the most illustrious and eminent of his contemporaries; and when his health permitted, he dined with his friends in rotation, particularly with the earl of Orrery, a muse himself, and a friend to the muses. Mr. Pope in 1742 presented Southerne with the following verses, on his birth-day dinner at lord Orrery's.

To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERNE, on his birth-day, 1742.

Resign'd to live, prepar'd to die,  
 With not one sin but poetry;  
 This day Tom's fair account has run,  
 (Without a blot) to eighty-one:  
 Kind Boyle before his poet lays  
 A table with a cloth of bays;  
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,  
 Presents her harp still to his fingers;  
 The feast his tow'ring genius marks,  
 In yonder wild goose and the larks:  
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden,  
 And for his judgment, lo, a pudden:

Ver. 6. A table ] The earl had provided an entertainment, of which the bill of fare is here set down.

Ver. 8. Presents her harp.] The harp is generally wove on the Irish linen.

Roast



Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,  
 And grace, altho' a bard, devout;  
 May Tom, whom heav'n sent down to raise  
 The price of prologues and of plays,  
 Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,  
 Digest his thirty thousandth dinner,  
 Walk to his grave without reproach,  
 And scorn a rascal and a coach.

The earl of Orrery, in his Life of Swift, has given us Southerne's opinion of Pope. *Honest Tom Southerne*, says his lordship, used to call him the little nightingale. It reflects the highest honour on Southerne, that the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Orrery, Mr. Pope, and others, bestow on him a praise superior to genius, by marking him as the noblest work of God. Whenever he is mentioned by his cotemporaries, they constantly give him the appellation of honest Tom Southerne, having through a long life deserved this honourable title. He died May 26, 1746, aged above eighty-five years.

While editions of writers of much inferior merit have been published, the works of this author, though frequently enquired after, have never before been collected; I hope therefore this complete edition will be acceptable to the public.

T. E.

THE  
LOYAL BROTHER;  
OR, THE  
PERSIAN PRINCE.  
A TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the  
THEATRE ROYAL,  
By Their MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,  
In the YEAR 1682.

I, fuge; sed poterat tutior esse Domi.

MART.

VOL. I.

B

RICHMOND, VA.

THE

W

TO HIS  
G R A C E  
The D U K E of  
R I C H M O N D, &c.

Master of the Horse to his Majesty, and Knight of  
the most Noble Order of the Garter.

S I R,

**W**HEN things of this nature are presented to persons of your high rank and quality, flattery is always supposed the trade-wind that carries the author quite through the dedication. But my design is wholly to offer to your grace the first fruits of My Muse, that (when pleasure tires, and serious thoughts come on) I may excuse my folly, by laying my maiden-head at your door. Nor durst I have attempted thus far into the world, had not the Laureat's own pen secured me, maintaining the out-works, while I lay safe entrenched within his lines; and malice, ill-nature, and censure were forced to grin at a distance. If I have not performed my part in this piece; the excuse of a young beginner will pass with the reasonable part of mankind: but when I

look upon your lordship, and join your princely birth, to the early promises of manly virtue which you daily give us (if you communicate an influencing beam on me, (as you must shine on all) I dare, without the gift of prophecy, venture to say, the inspiration may refine my thoughts, to some more worthy offering. Could my vanity carry me to the hopes of succeeding in things of this kind ; I am confident my surest way would be, to draw my characters from you, in whom the fairest images of nature are shewn in little : your royal father's greatness, majestic awfulness, wit and goodness, are promised all in you : your mother's conquering beauty triumphs again in you : Nature has blest you with a royal parentage, and Fortune been just to you in a princely education : and nothing is wanting now to crown our hopes, but time, to make you in *England* what *Titus* was in *Rome*, the delight of mankind ; which that you may prove, shall ever be the constant wish of,

S I R,

Your GRACE's

most humbly devoted Servant,

T. SOUTHERN.

# P R O L O G U E :

By Mr. DRYDEN.

**P**OETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,  
'Till critics, like damn'd whigs, debauch'd our age.  
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate  
Our theatres, and whigs reform our state:  
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em) hate.  
The critic humbly seems advice to bring,  
The sawning whig petitions to the king:  
But one's advice into a satire slides;  
T'other's petition a remonstrance hides.  
These will no taxes give, and those no pence:  
Critics wou'd starve the poet, whigs the prince.  
The critic all our troops of friends discards;  
Just so the whig wou'd fain pull down the guards.  
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,  
As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.  
Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,  
Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please:  
And that wou'd be 'till next queen Bess's night:  
Which thus, grave penny chroniclers indite.  
Sir Edmondbury first, in woful wise,  
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.  
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,  
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;  
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,  
And, with a civil congee, does retire.  
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall:  
There's Antichrist behind to pay for all.  
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,  
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years.  
Whose age in vain our mercy wou'd implore;  
For few take pity on an old-cast whore.  
The devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part;  
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart:  
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.  
The word is gi'v'n; and with a loud buzza  
The miter'd moppet from his chair they draw:

On the slain corpse contending nations fall:  
 Alas, what's one poor pope among 'em all!  
 He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:  
 And next (for fashion) cry, God save the king.  
 A needful cry in midst of such alarms;  
 When forty thousand men are up in arms.  
 But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,  
 In such succeeding health they damn his friends:  
 So God begins, but still the devil ends.  
 What if some one inspir'd with zeal, shou'd call,  
 Come let's go cry, God save him at Whitehall?  
 His best friends wou'd not like this over-care:  
 Or think him e'er the safer for that pray'r.  
 Five praying saints are by an act allow'd:  
 But not the whole church-militant, in crowd.  
 Yet, should heav'n all the true petitions drain  
 Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain;  
 Of forty thousand, five wou'd scarce remain.

---

 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

SELIMAN, the <i>Sophy of Persia</i> ,	Mr. Goodman.
TACHMAS, his Brother,	Mr. Clark.
ISMAEL, a Villainous Favourite,	Major Moon.
ARBANES, a disaffected General,	Mr. Griffin.
OSMAN, a Captain to TACHMAS,	Mr. Saunders.
Several Officers.	
Citizens and their Wives.	
Eunuchs, and Guards.	

## W O M E N.

BEGONA, Mother to SELIMAN and TACHMAS,	} Mrs. Cory.
SEMANTHE, beloved and in love with TACHMAS,	
SUNAMIRE, Sister to ARBANES, in love with TACHMAS secretly.	} Mrs. Cook.
	} Mrs. Guin.

THE  
LOYAL BROTHER;  
OR, THE  
PERSIAN PRINCE.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber of State.*

Seliman, Ismael, Arbanes, Guards, Attendants.

SELIMAN.

**M**Y Lords, our letters from our brother shew  
The enemy encamp'd on *Gebun* banks;  
Headed by that brave *Tartar*, that so long  
Has kept us warm for glory in the field:  
Their number's fifty thousand, ours but twenty,  
To poise their fate, or turn the scale of war.  
O glorious odds! and by our prophet's soul,  
Worthy imperial gamesters, worthy us,  
And the renown of this immortal throne.

*Isma.* Long have these tempests threaten'd from the North,  
To overturn the fate of *Persia*,  
And shroud her glories in eternal night:  
But say, my lords, what has their fury done?



*Arb.* Like clouds, it vanish'd at our rising sun,  
To the renown of royal *Seliman*;  
Let some report their conquests to the world;  
They provinces subdued, but under ground,  
And peopled graves: they triumph'd too, but how?  
In death they triumph'd, for they fell by you.

*Sel.* There spoke the voice of war!  
Yes, we have conquer'd 'em, and shall again,  
Since *Tachmas* leads our armies to the field,  
Thrice they the *Gebun* pass'd, as oft thou know'st,  
*Kbchemus* felt the wounds of *Tartars* swords.  
Where was I then, *Arbanes*? stood I idle?  
For thou wert my lieutenant in the war,  
Saw'st all my actions, therefore best canst speak 'em.

*Arb.* The *Grecian* eloquence can never paint  
Your victories, (to mention but the first)  
How then shall I? but my reflecting soul  
Shews the past scene of glory to my view,  
And I can speak a truth.

*Sel.* You Gods! a truth?  
I think my actions do disdain a lie  
To speak 'em brave.

*Arb.* Dread sir, you wrong my meaning.

*Sel.* I am calm, proceed.

*Arb.* A barbarous people, of a rougher clime,  
Invade our frontiers, burn our villages,  
Unyoke our labouring oxen from the plow,  
Our flocks destroy, and after them our hinds:  
The fatal news enters our city gates,  
And *Ispahan* appears one face of sorrow!  
The virgins shriek, the matrons fear prevents  
The stroke of war; old bed-rid age laments  
Its many winters, or does wish 'em more,  
To have more strength to fight, or less, to die.  
But then you rose, and fortune could no more:  
War is proclaim'd, and you the general.  
Then to have heard your drooping subjects shout  
To arm, to arms, all to the famous field,  
The *Sophy* leads us on, and all must follow;  
By the bright sun was wonderful indeed.

Our

THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

Our virgins, who before stood dumb as death,  
Now sing us on our way : the very boys  
Act victory at home : and coward priests  
In mosques with pray'r battle with the Gods.  
But when we joined the foe——

*Sel.* Ay, then, *Arbanes!*

Fierce as a winter storm upon the main,  
I rang'd the field ; whilst my affrighted foes,  
Like billows at the angry *Neptune's* frown,  
Successively did vanish from my fight.  
Did I not pour upon their foremost ranks,  
Sudden and fierce as lightning, rush among  
Their thickest squadrons, and in glorious heat  
(Like thunder breaking from a teeming cloud)  
Make desolation wait upon my arms ?

*Ism.* How vanity distorts him ! [To *Arbanes.*

*Sel.* With my drawn sword I pointed out the paths  
Of dazzling fame, which none but I could tread,  
Mounting that stately pyramid alone,  
Whilst all my army lagg'd, and you below  
Trembled, like girls, to behold my daring.

*Ism.* Now to fire him.

*Sel.* Nay more ; when my too eager courage bore me  
Amidst a band of bold *Tartarian* horse :  
No guard, but death, that hung upon my sword  
To make it fatal, say, who brought me off ?  
By *Mars*, the single virtue of this arm  
Dispers'd their troops, and sent 'em from the field.

*Ism.* So, he beat them all himself.

*Arb.* Great sir, your royal brother claims a share  
In that renowned day.

*Sel.* *Arbanes!* ha !

*Arb.* But all his glorious actions are your own ;  
Since you, like streams, from the same fountain run.

*Sel.* I cannot talk of fields, of war, or arms,  
Mention a siege, or battle, that I won ;  
But I am thought to boast : I know your idol ;  
You plant my laurel wreaths on *Tachmas'* brow ;  
And would my crown : by hea'vn I know your hearts.

*Arb.* *Alba* forbid that you should think us traitors.

*Ism.* He's strangely thoughtful.

*Arb.* O it stings his soul.

*Sel.* *Ismael* thou art honest: dost thou think the prince—

*Ism.* What of the prince, my lord?

*Sel.* Why nothing now:

'Twas but an idle thought, and I dismiss it.

*Ism.* Your royal mother, with the fair *Semantbe*,  
Intend this way.

*S. l.* Then comes the brightest star, the chafest glory,  
That ever waited on *Dana's* pride;

Light without heat, and youth without desire.

Oh *Ismael!* what courage can resist

The raging torments of a hopeless love?

'Tis that in spite of all my victories,

My past renown, or soldiers hardiness,

That drives me, like a coward, to the ground,

Breathless and pale before that scornful beauty.

*Ism.* It goes as I would have it. [*Aside.*]

*Sel.* Still as I woo'd, when at her feet I lay,

Begging the bounty of a look to bless me,

Hadst thou but seen with what a modest pride,

A virgin innocence, and chaste reserv'dness,

She took the humble offering of my love;

How still in all the windings of my passion,

Through the high-tide of vows, and strong temptations,

She kept an equal mind; by heav'n I think,

Hadst thou then seen the temperate virgin stand,

Cold to my flame as marble to the sun,

(Not flisht and haughty with her conquest made,

As others vainer of her sex would be)

Thou would'st have lov'd her rigid virtue, too.

*Ism.* Take warmer beauties to your breast, whose heat

May melt that frozen image of a love.

*Sel.* O thou mistak'st, nothing can drive her hence;

Her rigorous beauty binds me for her slave,

Freezes the wand'ring current of my love,

Which did she smile, would loosely glide along

Into the boundless ocean of her sex.

Were she like other women to be mov'd,

Coming, and forward to believe our vows,

*The* PERSIAN PRINCE.

11

To drink our tears, and melt within our arms;  
Then I should slight the easy conquer'd prey:  
But of such different tempers we are fram'd,  
There's such a contrariety between us,  
Like fighting qualities, each gathers force,  
And as she freezes, I consume, and burn  
With fiercer violence of raging love.

*Ism.* My lord, she enters.

*Enter Begona and Semanthe, attended.*

*Sel.* Hail beauteous maid! thou leading light of heav'n!  
So near the sun you shine, so bright your lustre;  
We justly may mistake you for the morn,  
And pay our earlier devotion here.

*Sem.* The pomp and entertainments of the day  
Speak some high festival: perhaps your birth  
Has claim'd this sun a sacrifice to jollity.  
While you, the royal lord,  
Conclude in lavishly bestowing praises.

*Sel.* Take 'em as the offering of excessive love;  
The meaning of my soul.

*Sem.* As they are meant,  
Th' effect of gallantry, I take 'em all.

*Sel.* O! how, *Semanthe!* how shall I convince thee?  
What shall I say, or how shall I protest,  
To conquer thy belief?  
Cou'dst thou discern the workings of my soul,  
Pass through this bosom to my throbbing heart;  
O! there thou wouldst behold thy heav'nly form  
Deep writ, and never to be raz'd away.  
Why dost thou take the beauties from my eyes?  
Like the sun's flower, my folded glories fade,  
Perish, and die, unless thou shine upon me.  
Ha! weeping too! what has my passion done?  
O mother! beg her, on your knees implore,  
Entreat her for your poor offending son;  
Tell her I kneel, but dare not ask for pardon,  
Lest ev'n then my words should give offence.

*Beg.* O rise, my royal lord! some secret grief

Bedews her cheeks, which I cou'd never learn,  
Altho' I often prest her to discover.

*Enter an Eunuch.*

*Eun.* An officer begs admittance from the prince.

*Sel.* Conduct him in.

*Sem.* Did he not name the prince; my heart confirms it:  
For I have lost the weight of my afflictions,  
And am within a little world of joy.

*Ism.* Methinks a sudden pleasure overcomes  
Your mistress's sorrows.

*Sel.* Ha!

*Ism.* Was there ought in what  
The *Eunuch* said, to work so quick a change?

*Sel.* Nothing to her—but why that question?

*Ism.* Only a foolish doubt,—but I am satisfy'd.

*Sel.* The manner of thy speech says not.

*Ism.* Alas! age in a minute raises scruples,  
That years can't solve; and this perhaps is one.  
But since you tell me she was not concern'd  
In what the *Eunuch* said, I'll give it o'er.

*Sel.* He said, an officer begs admittance from the prince.

*Ism.* He did, my lord; and as he nam'd the prince,  
A sudden joy, like lightning, dry'd her tears,  
And not a cloud was seen in that bright heav'n.

*Sel.* Ha! *Ismael!* thy words have stunn'd me more,  
Than the united force of heav'n cou'd do.  
I fear thy friendship has been fatal to me,  
With an officious eye discovering,  
What, for my peace, had better been conceal'd.

*Enter Osman.*

*Os.* Let *Persia* flourish, and its royal lord  
Be ever master of the *Asian* world:  
And when fame calls your armies to the field,  
May *Tachmas* lead 'em out, and still return,  
As now, triumphant home,  
In all the glories of a famous war.

*Sel.* Say, have we conquer'd then? relate the means  
How such prodigious odds were overthrown.

*Os.*

*Osm.* Our armies lay in view; *Gebun* between  
Gently, as peace, in silver currents stream'd,  
Off'ring her store to quench the flame of war;  
But all in vain: shouts, trumpets, drums,  
In dreadful echos, bid the battles join:  
We on our guard, and they expecting when  
To pour a purple deluge on our plain.

*Sem.* How my heart beats with fear!

*Osm.* This was our posture; when one solemn morn  
Riot began in the proud *Tartars* tents,  
Nor ended with the sun, for half the night  
Was given to sporting, luxury, and wine;  
Which, when the prince perceiv'd; silent, as sleep  
Stole on their reeling senses, forth he drew  
His army, and at their head he cry'd,  
If glory be your aim, now follow me:  
Then leap'd into the stream,  
And, like a sea-god mounted on a wave,  
Dash'd the strong tide, and lead a floating war:  
Which, when their out-guards sound, alarm'd the camp;  
But there confusion in a thousand shapes  
Befriended us; like *Cadmus* brood, they fell  
By each others swords, and made our conquest easy.

*Sel.* By *Haly's* soul 'twas conduct for a God!  
And worth th' experience of an age of arms.  
O! now my mother! peace is doubly welcome,  
Not only banishing my people's fears,  
But as the glory of my brother's arms.

*Beg.* *Tachmas* has copied what your sword first drew:  
You for your father conquer'd, he for you.

*Sel.* Said the prince nothing of returning home?

*Osm.* My speed had been prevented,  
Had not some orders to the army staid him.  
To-morrow's earliest sun will see him here.

*Sel.* A thousand tumans for thy welcome news.

*Sem.* Blessings for ever hang upon thy tongue.

*Sel.* Fly then, and thro' my kingdoms, loud as fame  
Can speak, proclaim an universal joy.  
Let plenty triumph in our streets, rich presents  
Be shar'd among our subjects, not a face

Be seen in sorrow : Grief herself must smile,  
 When *Seliman* appears to crown the day.  
 Let our soft virgins now no longer mourn,  
 But fly to every meadow, bow'r, and grove,  
 Supinely melting on the bed of love :  
 For the glad day comes on, that will restore  
 Their lovers to their arms, and to my pow'r  
 Confirm new blessings ne'er enjoy'd before.

[*Exeunt omnes, præc. Ism. & Arb.*]

*Ism.* Twice have I held the glories of a favourite ;  
 And sway'd the father once, as now the son ;  
 High as ambition join'd with power cou'd raise me,  
 Yet blasts have nipt my summer's blowing pride,  
 Wither'd the glorious blossoms of my hopes,  
 And left me leafless to the threatening storms.

*Arb.* When *Sophy Cabas* rul'd, most true my lord,  
 You shar'd some part of his divided favours :  
 But safe in *Seliman's* breast you sleep secure,  
 Far above envy, or a rival's reach.

*Ism.* No, no, *Arbanes*, no ; thou'rt short-ey'd here :  
 There's yet a cedar that out tops my pride ;  
 That grows too fast, and shades me from the sun :  
 'Tis *Tachmas* ; baneful name to all my hopes,  
 Who by the giant-weight of his deserts  
 Presses my fate, and keeps it struggling under.

*A. b. Ismael*, in that name thou stabb'st my soul  
 With the remembrance of my former glory :  
 Once I was great ; my hopes as flourishing,  
 As now declin'd ; my fate erected high  
 As victory could raise it ; 'till the prince,  
 That boy, my scholar in the trade of arms,  
 By treachery despoil'd me of those plumes  
 My valour purchas'd with an age of war.

*Ism.* Why did you bear it ?

*Arb.* Dost thou not know the fate of soldiers ?  
 We're but ambition's tools, to cut away  
 To her unlawful ends ; and when we're worn,  
 Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside  
 To rust in peace ; or rot in hospitals.  
 But tell me, *Ismael* ! nay feel these limbs,

These

These arms, are they past wielding of a sword?  
 By heav'n I think not; or has my good old friend  
 Forgot his killing virtue? or has rust  
 Bound up its fury? neither; see, it comes, [Draws.  
 And feels as keen, and looks as bright, and gay  
 As the young warrior's, when he first appears  
 In polish'd steel, and marching to the field.  
 Then why am I lain by? why am I not  
 A general still?

*Ism.* Ay, there's a question will admit debating.

*Arb.* And not to be decided, 'till this sword  
 Appears in blood again: O, *Ismael!*  
 Thou kind regarder of my fame, I swear,  
 Were not thy stricter virtue to inspire  
 A generous heat of action in my soul,  
 I think 'twou'd settle almost to dishonour.  
 Alas! I was a conscientious fool,  
 And durst not think of vengeance; all my wrongs  
 Quite blotted from my memory, and lost;  
 But now they live again, and by my sword  
 Shall be reveng'd at full.

*Ism.* Be calm, and hear me.

*Arb.* Calm! *Ismael!* sure thou mock'd my patience;  
 Why I'm a pigeon-hearted slave, a thing  
 So overgrown with that poor sneaking virtue,  
 I almost doubt my courage.

*Ism.* *Arbanes!* know, I look upon the prince  
 As a black cloud, that rises on my glory;  
 I know it, and I hate him more than thou;  
 Tho' with less noise; I have no army lost,  
 No titles of the war; 'twas not my province:  
 The court has been my sphere,  
 Where, with the musick of my tongue in council  
 I've charm'd opinion after me, been thought  
 The voice of fate, and ere my words cou'd mount,  
 The *Sopby's* ear has stoop'd to entertain 'em;  
 Where I have revel'd long, and whence I fear  
 No banishment, unless outed by the prince:  
 His merit flows fast as the *Sopby's* love,  
 Which if I aim not wide, like meeting tides,

old T.

May



May dash my fate, and sink my pride for ever.  
 Thus tho' from different lines our wrongs proceed,  
 They center in revenge.

*Arb.* I'll stab him in his triumph.

*Ism.* The policy of soldiers! here is one  
 Can't purchase a revenge, without being hang'd.  
 A statesmen wou'd have found a thousand ways,  
 But see, we are disturb'd.

*Enter Sunamire.*

*Arb.* My sister *Sunamire* alone, and thoughtful!

*Ism.* I know her haughty spirit  
 Resents an injury above her sex;  
 And has all the contrivance of a woman,  
 In working of revenge: wou'd she was our's.

*Arb.* A plot without a priest, or a woman in't,  
 Had been a prodigy.

*Ism.* Let us withdraw, I wou'd unseen observe her.

*Sun.* *Tachmas* to-morrow to return, and therefore  
 Through *Ispahan* a general joy: goes it not there!  
 O tortures! furies! hell! ay, that's the cause:  
 No, *Sunamire* must curse his crowding triumphs:  
 And when he comes, my wishes be his welcome:  
 But if I must behold him; may these eyes,  
 These eyes that wanted fire to warm his heart,  
 Flash fierce as basilisks, and dart him dead.

*Ism.* Yet nigher— [To *Arbanes*.

*Sun.* Not that my fondness doos exceed the bounds  
 Of a court lady; no; I can accept  
 Whate'er a score of fond protesting things,  
 In all their height of gallantry, can say,  
 And the next minute part with them for ever,  
 If that were all: but to be scorn'd! that, that's  
 The hell of hells, the plague of womankind!

*Ism.* *Arbanes!* said she not scorn'd?

*Arb.* She did.

*Sun.* Had I been born of vulgar parentage,  
 Then unobserv'd I might retire, and in  
 Some corner melt my sorrows into tears:  
 But here at court,

Where

Where each apartment is a theatre,  
 And all the world observers of our follies,  
 For me to whine a tedious scene of love,  
 Is beyond patience: let my fancy work—

*Ism.* O now she's on the rack!

*Sun.* Ay, now the presence fills, I see the prince  
 In the bright circle, like a charmer stand,  
 With all the beauties of the East around him:  
 I hear his melting language, hear his court,  
 His soft addresses, and his sighing love;  
 Whilst my false senses, flatt'ring my despair,  
 Whisper through every mansion of my soul,  
 To *Sunamire* they're meant, they're meant to me;  
 Then, then I can no longer bear the thought;  
 My eager joy works outward on my cheeks,  
 And every eye observes my wild concern:  
 At which the ladies laugh, and I too late  
 The cause perceiving, blushing fly the room,  
 To mourn my past disgrace — my brother here!

*Arb.* Sister, I've heard your story, and am glad  
 That your revenge points at the man I hate.

*Ism.* Long have I waited time, and now it comes,  
 The golden minute comes, that offers us  
 A safe revenge, but mounted on the wing:  
 Say *Sunamire*, *Arbanes*, shall it pass  
 Unheeded like the common births of time?

*Sun.* Why is it made a question? you are wrong'd,  
 Else why revenge? If so, why trifle you  
 The hours in talk? But coward man wou'd cool,  
 Did not the shame, or public tongue provoke him,  
 More than the sense of honour, to revenge.

*Ism.* O! you have rais'd a dire, provoking thought,  
 Wou'd make a tim'rous anchorite fearless,  
 Run to the fatal steel, and stab his prince:

*Arbanes!* now he dies, a thousand wrongs  
 Cry in the voice of murder, for revenge;

Thine, mine—

*Arb.* But what more sensibly does touch me,  
 Is his proud scorn of thee.

*Sun.* Brother, that word

Would

Would paint a shame for ever on my brow:  
But my fir'd spirit mounts; and if I blush again,  
Think it the scarlet trapping of my rage.

*Arb.* 'Twas like my sister spoke.

*Ism.* You know the *Sophy's* of a nature hot,  
Vain, and ambitious; yet withal most pliant,  
And easy for the flatterer to mould  
To any form; so jealous of his glory,  
That when you but oppos'd the prince's merit,  
Ambition broke through all the bonds of love,  
And shot his fiery soul out of his eyes.

*Arb.* I mark'd, and hop'd for wonders from his passion:  
But hell! too soon he cool'd.

*Ism.* And things that soonest cool, are soonest heated.  
'Tis not a sudden overflowing passion,  
But a just tide of rage, in ebbs and flows,  
Must perfect a revenge: and tho' his virtue  
Awhile suppress his fears, yet they will rise,  
Engend'ring doubts, distrusts, and jealousies,  
Which of themselves will ne'er be conjur'd down,  
But with the fall of him who first begot 'em.

We must foment his passion for *Semantbe*,  
Since that conduces most to our design.

*Sun.* How that, my lord?

*Ism.* With my continual praises of her beauty,  
I've blown his flame to such a raging height,  
That now he'd brook a partner in his throne,  
Rather than in her heart.

*Sun.* Alas! unrival'd he may keep that feat:  
And if the beauties of the *Persian* crown  
Did not attract beyond *Semantbe's* charms,  
Sure even in that he might unenvy'd be.

*Ism.* *Tachmas* thinks otherwise.

*Sun.* Ha! nam'd you *Tachmas*?

*Ism.* Madam, I did, the prince.

*Sun.* 'Tis false; or if you did, yet falser, if you say  
He casts one thought away upon *Semantbe*.

*Ism.* Madam, let this speak for me; 'tis his hand,  
And to *Semantbe* written. [Gives her a letter.

*Sun.*

*Sun.* The burning fever rages in my veins;  
 But hold, my heart, restrain the fury in,  
 Which heaves me, liker the fighting winds, for vent.  
 One question more, and like the stormy God,  
 I'll let you loose, to act it as you please,  
 To shake me into atoms, tear my brain,  
 With a distraction that becomes revenge.

*Arb.* She raves already.

*Sun.* My lord! how came this letter to your hands?

*Ism.* The prince's goodness wisely chose my age,  
 To be his confident in these amours;  
 And knowing me unfit for fiercer joys,  
 Thinks I still love the sport, and therefore makes me  
 The go-between, the pander to their loves.  
 And I think I have so much of my office right,  
 To hasten on their ruins: True, I make bold  
 To taste their letters to 'em, as they pass  
 Through my employment, (for to me they're all  
 Enclos'd) what serve my ends, I keep, the rest  
 I am most faithful in delivering.

*Sun.* Still he goes on, and every sound more soft,  
 Tender, and melting than the former: hell!  
 And to *Semantbe* all! O I could tear  
 Myself, them, you, and all the world, like this  
 Dumb piece of love; lose him to her! to her!  
 A poor, young, actless, indigested thing,  
 Whose utmost pride can only boast of youth,  
 And innocence; whose stature spakes her mind,  
 And what fate meant her, a plebeian wife;  
 Whilst my erected head was rais'd to give  
 A fuller majesty to crowns; my years  
 (Rich with the summer fruit of riper joys)  
 Design'd fit offerings to the god of love:  
 But now no more:

Since I am scorn'd, my nobler thoughts aspire  
 To glorious actions, worthy female ire:  
 Revenge, and death, and blood my working fancy fire.

[Exit.

*Ism.* *Arbanes*, after her; cool her if thou canst,  
 Or storm her into calmness. [Exit *Arbanes*.

Ismael *solus.*

*Ism.* Virtue avaunt! to villages be gone:  
 But haunt the luxury of courts no more;  
 Much less aspiring statesmen's nobler thoughts.  
 Ambition is our idol, on whose wings  
 Great minds are carried only to extremes;  
 To be sublimely great, or to be nothing;  
 And he who aims his actions at this mark,  
 Must rush with manly resolution on,  
 Stopping at nothing when he has begun;  
 Still pass the shortest way, altho' untrod,  
 Not loiter in the beaten, honest road:  
 But let our masters watch the heights we soar:  
 A statesman's loyalty is growing pow'r,  
 And we but watch occasion to devour. [Exit.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Tachmas's Triumph usher'd in by Drums and Trumpets; and answer'd by Flutes, Hautboys, and Voices from the other side of the stage: Seliman meets Tachmas with a full Court.*

*Sel.* **W**ELCOME, thou worthy partner of my fame!  
 From the rich harvest of thy glorious toil,  
 Welcome my general, my friend, and brother!  
 Why art thou backward in thy part of friendship?  
 Rise to my breast, for my impatient heart  
 Awaits thee there; my arms thus fold thee in,  
 Thus press thee to my soul, where thou wilt meet  
 A thousand welcomes more than words can give thee.

*Tach.* O my imperial lord! my Godlike master!  
 How has your servant merited this grace?  
 Permit me prostrate on the earth to fall,  
 And pay my adoration to this goodness.

*Sel.* I swear it must not be, brother, I read

A long-

A longing in our gracious mother's eye ;  
She claims your knee, and duty.

[ *Tachmas kneels to Begona.*

*Arb.* Why all your projects are aground already,  
The *Sophy* doats upon the prince.

*Ism.* Be patient:  
His kindness is as short liv'd, as his anger.

*Beg.* Thou second blessing, which the Gods enrich'd  
My fruitful youth with, comfort of my age,  
Our live's preserver, welcome from the war,  
Welcome to me, and *Isphaban*.

*Tach.* Is there a joy in victory beyond  
My mother's safety? protecting her, you Gods!  
Has overpaid the little I have done;  
My hours of blood, and I am still your debtor.

*Beg.* Now I could bless these powers, that lengthned out  
My date of life, to this most happy day;  
Once more to view the ancient *Persian* glory  
Shine out in these my sons; once to behold  
The face of things serene and fair again;  
The fruits of peace rip'ning through all the land,  
And plenty smiling upon every brow;  
This as the mother of my country; but  
The spirit of my joy's reserv'd for you,  
My sons; or let me call you by a nearer name,  
Myself; thus to behold you meet in friendship;  
To have my blood, altho' in different veins,  
Flow in one stream of love; and what's yet more,  
Tho' empire stands between, like a huge rock,  
To break the current, and divide you ever.

O! let it be my glory now, my sons!  
To seal the bands of friendship, you have tied,  
To bless you thus, thus, in each other's arms,  
And as a worthy sacrifice, to offer  
My stock of breath in prayers for both your welfares.

*Ambo.* Long live, thou best of mothers! [ *pets*

*Sel.* And mark me, all my people; nay sound our trum-  
To yon bright roof, and summon all the gods,  
As witnesses to this great *Stygian* vow.

By the eternal God-head of the sun,

I glory

I glory more that I can call thee mine,  
My friend, and brother, than in wearing crowns.

*Tach.* Gods! if there be a possibility  
To speak my thanks; but that's impossible:  
Or if there be a way to gratitude,  
Direct me to't, tho' certain death attend  
My every step, I'll on to serve the king.

*Sel.* I know thou wouldst. Yet, *Tachmas!* O, my brother!  
Great as I am in arms,  
Tho' I have conquer'd through the *Asian* world,  
And thou maintain'st my glory in the field;  
Still there is wanting to complete my bliss,  
*Semanthe's* love; ——— but that wise heav'n denies me,  
To shew I am but man: for had the Gods  
Granted me her, with this vast space of empire,  
I'd been their equal: not envy'd 'em the joys  
They boast above, nor had a thought of heav'n  
Beyond her beauty. ———

But private cares must not usurp this day.  
Lead to the banquet; all must be our guests,  
'Tis *Seliman* invites you.

[*Exeunt Omnes, præter Ismael, & Semanthe.*

*Ism.* Madam, I know the prince's soul abhors  
These forms, and ceremonies, that detain  
Him from your arms.  
I have not time to open all my thoughts;  
I must attend the king: only prepare,  
If any storm should fall, to 'scape its fury.

[*Exit.*  
*Sem.* Alas! what storm? and how should I beware?  
What lover ever yet foresaw a danger?  
The God himself is blind, and all that love,  
In midnight darkness to his temple move;  
Like a tost bark at sea, the pilot gone,  
I'm left expos'd to winds and waves alone,  
And rocks on every hand to split upon:  
Yet there is one port fair in view, where I  
The fortune of my life and love will try,  
My *Tachmas'* arms, where I will live or die.

SCENE

SCENE, *A Street.*

*Enter Citizens with their Wives.*

1 *Cit.* Hot work, neighbours, very hot work; bells ringing, bonfires flaming, crackers flying, conduits running, engines playing, and butts of wine tossing about, like church buckets in a fire.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay; 'twill be a day of service; therefore I think it convenient our leaky vessels be laid by.

*Omnes.* Agreed, agreed.

1 *Cit.* Yes, doxies, you must troop home, like obedient wives, and expect us as soon as we in our royal pleasure shall think fit to follow.

1 *Wom.* O but, husband! we have not seen the fire-works.

2 *Wom.* And we never saw fire-works since we were marry'd.

1 *Cit.* And now for the honour of matrimony, you would meet with some red-nos'd, engineering corporal, and be squib'd for company.

2 *Wom.* Besides, 'tis a holyday, and citizens wives should be abroad on holydays.

1 *Wom.* The king has proclaim'd it, and it may be treason to go home before night.

1 *Cit.* We, your representatives in the body politic, will stay till morning, and be loyally drunk for the king.

1 *Wom.* And we your cyphers (if we can find any civil gentlemen, as loyally affected as ourselves) will do something else for the king before morning.

*Omnes. Wom.* So farewell husbands. [*Exeunt Women.*]

1 *Cit.* So, now we have the day before us.

2 *Cit.* The fear of cuckoldom is removed, and we will be most obediently drunk at the king's charges.

*Omnes.* Away, away we lose time.

[*Exit shouting, God bless the King.*]

*Enter Soldiers drunk, with the former Women.*

1 *Sold.* The day is our own, the town surrenders, and I must ravish.

1 *Wom.*



1 *Wom.* O Lord! Sir! I am married.

1 *Sold.* And I am a cuckold-maker.

1 *Wom.* O! but the sin of adultery is a double sin.

1 *Sold.* And I love double finning with all my heart: 'tis a method we soldiers use to cheat the devil in counting. Fornication! pox! 'tis boys play, and gown-men preach against it; but justify the reasonableness of adultery by their own example.

*[He touches her, while the others speak.]*

2 *Sold.* S'buds! a month's pay is  
Nothing to thee; I could kiss thee to pieces.

2 *Wom.* Well; if my husband knew of the ill customs you bring into his family, he'd look as terrible——

2 *Sold.* As a pair of horns can make him: but hang him cuckold that must be, I never fear an enemy, when I have won his trenches. Come, come; faith you must, faith you must——ha!

*Enter former Citizens, drunk, and singing; the woman shriek, and run out, the Soldiers after 'em.*

1 *Cit.* Our counters rifled! our wives ravish'd, and we in the state of cuckoldom again! I am drunk, desperate, and can fight for the honour of my vocation, and confusion of cuckold-makers——scour, scour, scour.——

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Ismael with several Lords.*

*Ism.* My lords! I never can enough return  
This kingdom's thanks, for making him your care,  
Who is the life and being of us all:

*Tachmas!* the general wish of *Persia!*  
The people's longing, and the courtiers soul!  
With what an eagerness the *Sophy* flew

To meet your loves, and ere you could demand him,  
Resign'd the provinces of greatest trust  
Through his dominions, to his brother's care!

*Lord.* My lord! his strange behaviour at the banquet,  
His start of passion, and abrupt departure,  
Provokes our wonder.

*Ism.*

*Ism.* Trust my experience in the *Sophy's* humour :  
The eye of time has seen him through and through ;  
Trac'd him through ev'ry temper of his soul,  
And shewn him naked to my strictest view :  
And from my observation of his youth,  
Up to his riper years, I dare affirm  
His soul enrich'd with all those qualities,  
That can endear a monarch to the world.

—But see, he comes : within this hour, my lords,  
I'll wait you in the' apartment of *Semantbe*,  
Where I have something to propose, that may  
Advantage the design.

*Lord.* We will not fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Ism.* To lose your heads, if you be there.

*Enter Seliman.*

*Sel.* Why is my temper shaken with each breath  
Of fleeting air, that's formed into voice ?  
Why have I not an equal mastery  
Over my passions, with the rest of men ?  
The court is in an uproar with my follies  
Expos'd in public ; all my friends stand mute  
Before me, not a counsellor that dares  
Advise me, even flattery is dumb.

—I'll curb his folly. — Ha ! *Ismael* here !

*Ism.* I find the poison works ; I'll shew myself.

*Sel.* My fit returns, and all my promises  
Vanish at sight of him : a thousand doubts  
Start in my soul, and press to be resolv'd  
From his oraculous tongue. — Yet why should I  
Rashly endanger all my future peace,  
To be inquisitive in that, may prove  
A lasting torment, and at best can give  
But what I had before ? — I will retire,  
And so conceal my weakness — yet that were  
But to betray it more. —

*Ism.* Great sir ! to press upon your thoughtful hours  
May prove my crime, 'tis fit I wait at distance.

*Sel.* No, *Ismael* !

Nothing of moment entertains my thoughts :

Only some few reflections on my late  
Department at the banquet.

*Ism.* The cause was sure important, that could shock  
Your temper so, and in that general joy.

*Sel.* The cause, *Ismael!* as thou lov'it my peace,  
Stop there; tho' much I fear thou'lt gone too far:  
'Thou'lt ignorantly touch'd a jarring string,  
'That quite untunes the orders of my soul:  
And all the rules of temperance I propos'd,  
I shall leap o'er, if thus thou urge me on  
A second time.

*Ism.* How, Sir, have I offended?

*Sel.* Thy questions still drive on to that discourse,  
That most offends me.

*Ism.* Better I never spoke, than give you trouble.

*Sel.* It were indeed. — Nay thou must bear with  
I know thou wilt, *Ismael!* therefore speak,  
And let thy thoughts flow freely to thy tongue;  
As to my ear thy words. Is not *Semantbe*  
All can be wish'd in woman? — Ha! not answer!

*Ism.* I dare not, I shall give you new disturbance.

*Sel.* O now thou art too hard upon my follies:  
I know this theme provok'd me at the banquet,  
And truths in public are resent'd,  
Which meet a fair reception in our closets.

*Ism.* Then I dare speak my thoughts; if I respect  
*Semantbe* as the goddess of your vows,  
As one, rais'd by the merit of your love;  
Then I must think the virtues of her sex,  
(For sure she has the beauties) meet in her:  
But if as merely woman I esteem her,  
Ally'd to imperfections, subject to  
Temptations, which her beauties will invite,  
And years allow of, with that tide of youth  
Swelling through every vein, sparkling desires,  
And circulating wishes to her heart:  
Pardon the freedom of my own experience,  
I think this fruit, that ripens on the bough,  
And mellows in the sun-shine of the court,  
Must somewhere fall.

*Sel.*

*Sel.* A thousand thoughts prey on my tortur'd soul,  
And whirling fancy turns my senses round ;  
— Yet stay — 'twas reason all he uttered to me,  
And solid sense ; and may perhaps be true.

*Semanthe* is a woman ;

And who can fathom that deceitful sex ?  
But, by the flaming God that rides above,  
Had I a circumstance, a shew of truth,  
I would not only drive the forcerers hence,  
But sink her lover in the shades for ever.

*Ism.* My lord ! knowing your violent passion  
For *Semanthe*, and her unnatural coldness ;  
Hoping to find the cause of all, by bribes  
I wrought upon a slave in trust, who told me,  
How she in private entertains a lover.

*Sel.* In private, say'st thou ? sure it cannot be :  
She ! who like *April* months, still wept, and shone,  
Whose not one beauty was without a tear,  
Is she, hell ! furies ! fiends ! and plagues ! unchaste ?

*Ism.* My lord. —

*Sel.* She is, by hell she is !  
For all the tears she shed, were liquid fire,  
Hot scalding bubbles of descending lust,  
As *Jupiter* rain'd down on *Danaë*.

*Ism.* The Gods can witness for me, I believe  
*Semanthe* chaste, as the untainted thoughts  
Of infancy :

Yet she is a woman ; and the nicest sure,  
That makes her modesty her boasted pride,  
May, when when sollicit'd with earnest vows  
Of honourable love, without a crime  
Believe, where her own fancy prompts her.

*Sel.* What honourable love can story boast,  
Through the recorded pages of the dead,  
Equal to mine ? in all my flame of love,  
When wild desires beat thick upon my soul,  
And power (the countenance of greatest crimes)  
Urging me on, nay when my boiling blood  
Has blush'd to see me, for a woman's coyness,

Forego my pleasures ; not even then, I swear,  
Had I a look, a thought beyond her virtue.

*Ism.* I need not name your brother, when I speak  
Your rival master of the charms of youth,  
Beauty and courage ; nay more than these : one learn'd  
In the soft way of melting ladies' hearts ;  
So artful in the story of his passion,  
That sure no woman can resist his tongue,  
More than his enemy his sword in battle.

*Sel.* O ! 'tis impossible !

*Ism.* By heav'n 'tis true ; 'tis he alone  
Resolves the frosty weather in her soul,  
And warms her into wishes.

*Sel.* Then be forgotten ever  
The ties of blood, friendship, humanity,  
You're empty names, and perish all in him ;  
No more my brother, but the worst of villains,  
I could behold him seated in my throne,  
Disposing crowns and kingdoms through the East,  
And pardon his ambition : ——but my love. ——

*Ism.* He needs no pardon, who offends with power :  
And should the prince with a strong hand maintain  
His passion to the world, nay, ease your brow  
Of the imperial load, who can oppose him ?  
All offices are his, your sword is his,  
To be employ'd against your royal life ;  
If gratitude permit : and who is he,  
In the wild transports of ambitious thoughts,  
And tossing on the billows of desire,  
That for a nicety of good or ill,  
Would quit the joys of beauty, and a crown ?

*Sel.* No more, *Ismael* ! tell me when, and where  
I may behold 'em : let thy working brain  
But guide me to the place. ——

*Ism.* That this does ; [*Shewing a Key.*  
This key discloses to you the whole scene  
Of their forbidden loves : within this hour  
They meet again in her apartment, where  
You may surprise 'em.

*Sel.* Attend me at that time.

O I could curse my foolish, easy nature!

— But I am calm as yet,

The figure of my fury's lifeless drawn;

Rude, and unlike to what it shall be.

O! thou shalt see the mendings of my rage:

The manly dashes of my stronger passion

Shall paint the face of my revenge so ghastly,

Nature shall start affrighted at the piece,

And cry, the work's not mine.

[Exit.

*Ism.* Full charg'd, and, like a thunderbolt, destructive,

The *Sophy* flies to all that shall oppose him:

— *Tachmas* will stand between him, and *Semanthe*;

— But *Selima* must pass through *Tachmas* to her:

'Tis so resolv'd, and stands like heaven's fixt poles!

Come, furies all, whip up my sleeping envy,

Lash the lean, haggard fiend, and make her foam;

Lend me your scorpions, reach the pois'nous bowl,

That the green gall may stain my venom'd blood,

And my infection raise a mad combustion.

Then from the port I will behold the storm,

And laugh at ruins, that my plots perform.

[Exit.

SCENE, *Semanthe's Apartment.*

*Enter Tachmas, Semanthe, and Lords.*

*Tach.* O! why *Semanthe*, why these falling tears?

I swear, my love, not the last drops of life,

Just flowing from my heart, are dearer to me,

Than those rich pearls that trickle from thy eyes.

What, on this joyful day! it must not be:

Give me thy griefs, pour all thy sorrows here,

Here in my breast, and pant within my arms:

Tho' fortune frown, and every star conspire,

Yet we may love, *Semanthe*!

*Sem.* O my lord!

What fun shall see you mine? Is there no pow'r

Assisting to our love?

*Tach.* My dearer self!

Let no sad thought poison this happy hour,

The Gods have sent us to begin our joys.

No, my *Semantbe*! we will never part:  
For ever thus, thus in each other's arms,  
Ages shall see us flourish.

*Sem.* Yes, you shall  
For ever be believ'd; for my poor heart  
Would fain be fonded with the hopes of rest.  
Yet there is something here presages ill:  
Were our loves' scene a blissful, silvan grove,  
And we, the happy tenants of its shade,  
An humble rural pair, to all unknown,  
Plac'd beneath fortune's aim, we might be blest.  
But oh! the storms and tempests of a court,  
'The rocks, the quicksands, and the tossing seas,  
That love must venture through to gain its port,  
Foil the most resolute pow'rs of my soul.

*Enter Seliman unseen, with Ismael and Arbanes.*

*Sel.* There needs no more; *Ismael*, you retire,  
Whilst *Arbanes* attends me. [*Exit Ismael.*

*Sem.* You know the *Sophy* long has fought my love;  
And tho' I swear I never will be his,  
Nor change the passion I have vow'd you long,  
For more than earth can give, or heav'n bestow;  
Yet, O my lord! my fears are great for you:  
What horrid consequence, what rash effect  
Of wildest fury ought we not to dread  
From him, who when he knows his happy rival,  
Has power to execute his fatal will?

*Tac.* No, my *Semantbe*! we are now secure  
From all the darts of fortune: these my friends,  
Soon as I march to my new government,  
Shall be your guard, and privately convey you  
To *Georgia*, which province your brave father  
Had govern'd long, and but with death resign'd:  
'Tis now within my power, and I doubt not,  
At sight of you, but we shall have those friends  
To join our cause, that may enable us  
To justify our loves.

*Lords.* In the public name,  
We lay our lives and fortunes at your feet.

*Sel.*

*Sel.* O! man me, reason;  
 Restrain the sallies of my starting passion,  
 Which else will plunge me in the gulph of madness.

*Sem.* But if that gloomy minute should approach,  
 (Avert it heav'n) when I am forc'd to lose you;  
 (Forgive the virgin fondness of my love)  
 Where should your poor *Semantbe* run for succour?  
 Or should I live to mourn your loss for ever?

*Tach.* O stop not here! for ever bless my ears  
 With the delightful story of thy love;  
 My heart is ravish'd with excessive joy,  
 Leaps in my breast,  
 And dances to the musick of thy voice.  
 O my *Semantbe*! let me die with rapture,  
 Thus sigh my soul out on thy virgin bosom,  
 Thus press thee still, for ever hold thee to me,  
 Emptying the hoarded treasure of my love,  
 Till life be spent, and I fall pale before thee.  
 What shall I say to speak thy wond'rous virtue?  
 My tongue forsakes me, when I would go on,  
 Uncapable to form my dazzling thoughts,  
 And I can only gaze, and still admire thee.

*Seliman coming forward.*

*Sel.* Gaze on, devour her all; this look's thy last.

*Sem.* O heav'ns! we are betray'd.

*Sel.* O wond'rous modesty of guilt discover'd!  
 Ingrateful slave! I will not stoop to tell thee,  
 How thou hast basely wrong'd thy friend and brother.  
 I did design thy death; but thank the powers,  
 That have reviv'd expiring nature in me;  
 But fly, begone, to death, or banishment;  
 And all the public offices you held  
 By our permission, here we take again.  
 The general-staff, *Arbanes*, now is thine.

*Arb.* My service best will speak my gratitude.

*Sel.* As traitors to our crown, and life, your heads  
 [To the Lords.]  
 Are forfeit to our laws: but meet ignobler fates.  
 Madam, your sex's folly pleads your cause;



But think on him no more ; learn to forget  
A slave so much unworthy.

*Arbanes*, thou attend upon *Semantbe*,  
And guard her as thou wouldst thy life : away. [Exit.

*Tacb.* If in my better fortune I have ever  
Deserv'd thy love,  
Grant me a parting minute with *Semantbe* ;  
And in return, my life  
Shall be too short to shew my gratitude.

*Arb.* My lord ! the time requires a short farewell,  
And you must make it so : I know there are  
A thousand tender things for you to say,  
Unfit for me to hear ;  
Therefore, my lord, the guards shall wait without.

[Exit with Guards.

*Tacb.* Now my *Semantbe* !

*Sem.* O my most lov'd lord !  
Support me, for my spirits die within me,  
At the least mention of thy banishment.

*Tacb.* Look up, my star, my shining happiness ;  
Dart through the gloomy winter of our fortune,  
And smile upon me :

Let us deceive our miseries a while,  
Talk of the joys of love, and never think  
Of parting ; grief will come too fast upon us.

*Sem.* Methinks already in some barbarous wild,  
Like a benighted traveller, I walk ;  
Viewing with watry eyes the sinking sun,  
And night displaying her sad ensigns round ;  
No friendly village near me, all before,  
A horrid maze of death, without a guide  
'To cheer my heavy steps ; despair, and death !  
Darkness and everlasting horror round me :  
O wilt thou ne'er return to glad my soul,  
And must we never, never meet again !

*Tacb.* My soul's last treasure ! how I part from thee,  
How far above the world I prize thy love,  
Th' almighty searchers of the mind can tell :  
But since irrevocable fate has doom'd  
That I must ne'er be happy ; O hear my wish

For

For thy content, and future peace of mind!  
 —It matters not what shall become of me.  
 When I am gone for ever from thy sight,  
 Forget that wretched *Tachmas* ever was;  
 O! think not on the wretch, for that will grieve thee;  
 But give thy love to royal *Seliman*,  
 Give him that heart, that once was mine; those vows,  
 That spotless faith, thou gav'st to me: which (since  
 'Tis for your peace) you gods! I here resign;  
 Here on this altar sigh you all away. [*Kissing her Hand.*]

*Sem.* O most unkind! why do you use me thus?  
 Or would you have me think you never lov'd,  
 That thus you wish me from you?

*Tach.* My love!  
 My dearer self! thou miracle of woman!  
 For what recorded story ever told  
 One of thy sex so fond of misery?  
 Let us live wretched then, and ever love;  
 So truly love, that the relenting gods  
 At last in justice may redress our wrongs,  
 And bring us safe unto each other's arms.

*Sem.* O! if I over prove untrue to *Tachmas*,  
 May I resign my honour to a slave,  
 Be branded a vile, common prostitute,  
 And only known by the black marks of shame.

*Tach.* O I could hear thee ever: but thus resolv'd  
 Let's try to part.

*Sem.* O you must first begin;  
 For my heart's fond, and sure to say farewell  
 Would break it quite.

*Tach.* Farewel, *Semantbe!* witness all you gods,  
 To you I recommend this weighty charge:  
 O guard her innocence, and secure her faith,  
 (For sure she will be strongly tempted from me)  
 That if your kinder stars should guide me home  
 To these lov'd arms, our souls may meet in joy.

*Sem.* My heart's exceeding heavy: falling tears  
 Dazzle my sight, and will not let me see you:  
 O do not leave me yet!

*Tach.* I must be gone:

If I stay longer we are both undone ;  
 My eyes would ever on that object dwell ;  
 —But we must part—farewel.

*Sem.* Farewel—farewel.

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

*Enter Seliman following Semanthe.*

*Sel.* **T**HE stubborn rocks are worn by pouring floods!  
 But you, tho' cover'd with a constant dew,  
 Like weeping marble,  
 Give me no hopes, but are as hard as ever.

*Sem.* Learn hope from widow'd turtles,  
 Or from the melancholy *Phikemel*,  
 Who, perch'd all night alone in shady groves,  
 Tunes her soft voice to sad complaints of love,  
 Making her life one great harmonious woe.

*Sel.* Cannot *Pactolus'* strand, nor *Tagus'* stream,  
 Nor heaps of pearl join'd with a *Persian* crown,  
 Bias your thoughts, or poise a subject's love ?

*Sem.* Tho' your wide empire, with expanded wings,  
 Flew o'er the East farther than *Cyrus* led it ;  
 Tho' the sun tenanted his course from you,  
 And the rich *Indian* world confess'd your sway ;  
 I would prefer my *Tachmas*, my lov'd lord,  
 To all the pageantries of gaudy pow'r.

*Tachmas!* whose name but mention'd, warms my heart ;  
 Life of my hopes ! and charmer of my soul !

*Sel.* You were not form'd to run in nature's herd,  
 Sultry, and elbow'd in the crowd of slaves ;  
 These matchless beauties should adorn a throne,  
 Plac'd eminently in a shining orb,  
 Dart life or death in every awful look.

*Sem.* O *Tachmas!* didst thou know  
 How my assaulted faith maintains the field,  
 Sure thou wouldst fly to my assistance.

*Sel.* O madam! taste the pleasures of a throne :

The

The sweets of nature always blow around us :  
 Fate cannot reach us :  
 The ill she scatters through the lower world,  
 Like vapours, vanish ere they gain our height :  
 Joys flow untainted from the bounteous gods,  
 Which the poor subject takes at second hand :  
 No noise molests us but what music makes ;  
 Cool, gentle breezes fan our hotter hours,  
 While we look down, and view the sweating world.  
 See, at your feet I offer all my greatness,  
 My love, my life, yet all too little far  
 To purchase one dear look, one pitying smile.

*Sem.* O rise, my royal lord ! why should you kneel  
 To me ? why do you hold me thus ?

*Sel.* Why dost thou turn away ?

*Sem.* I must be gone.

*Sel.* What ! not a look ! not one dear smile, to cheer  
 My famish'd love, my sad despairing heart !  
 But my too happy rival will dispense  
 With this — thus, thus I print my soul.

*[Kissing her hand, she breaks from him.]*

Ha ! gone so soon ! nay then 'tis time to speak :  
 By all the pangs of love, if thus you leave me,  
 Thus tortur'd with the violence of my passion,  
 Your lover's blood alone shall quench my rage.

*Sem.* Ah ! where shall constancy meet a reward ?  
 Where shall that poor, abandon'd virtue fly ?  
 For here 'tis persecuted to undoing.

*Sel.* 'Tis not his banishment that shall suffice :  
 That I apply'd, as a safe remedy,  
 In hopes you would forget him by degrees :  
 But since I find th' infection spreads upon you,  
 I must be quick, and snatch the sharpest cure :  
 And since he only bars my happiness,  
 His death shall guide me on my way to bliss. *[Exit.]*

*Sem.* O leave me not with that destructive sound !  
 My lord ! oh stay ! O hear me, ere you go :  
 — He's gone, and may perhaps intend it too :  
 Ah ! no ; *Hyrcanian* tigers would not hurt my love :  
 — But a revengeful, furious rival may.

*Tachmas* and death! O keep 'em distant, heaven!  
 For, like destroying planets, if they meet,  
 My ruin's certain: some god inspire my mind,  
 In this wide maze of death, a path to find,  
 That leads me to the means, how I may save  
 My love; or that which leads me to my grave. [Exit.

S C E N E, *Changes to the Country.*

*Enter Osman with several Officers.*

*Osman.* Far hence he cannot be;  
 And by the villagers' description,  
 It must be the prince they saw.

*1 Off.* 'Tis strange that misery should be so silent:  
 The birds in mournful notes should share his griefs,  
 Each grove should echo the sad accents back,  
 And every bark contain the fatal story.

*2 Off.* Let's separate; he cannot 'scape our search. [Exit.

*Enter Tachmas.*

*Tach.* Greatness (the earnest of malicious fate  
 For future woe) was never meant a good.  
 Baited with gilded ruin, 'tis cast out  
 To catch poor easy man.  
 What is't to be a prince?  
 To have a keener sense of our misfortunes;  
 That's all our wretched gain.  
 The vulgar think us happy; and at distance,  
 Like some fam'd ruinous pile, we seem to flourish;  
 But we, who live at home, alone can tell  
 The sad disquiets, and decays of peace,  
 That always haunt the dwelling.  
 O ambition!  
 How strangely dost thou charm the minds of men!  
 That they will chuse to starve on mountain tops,  
 Rather than taste the plenty of the vale.  
 Had my kind stars design'd my fortune here;  
 Bred among swains, with my *Semant* by me,  
 The conqu'ring beauty of some neighb'ring village;  
 What ages of content might I have past,

Till

Till time had quench'd both life and love together ?

But O ! I never more must think of peace :

*Semantbe's* gone for ever ; O *Semantbe* !

[*Exit.*

*Re-enters with Officers.*

*Tach.* Come to my arms, my warriors ! these are they,

Who, in the piercing winter of our fortune,

Cling to our sapless sides, and keep us warm.

Once more let me endear you to my heart :

And now, my friends, part we like soldiers here ;

All to our several fates : fight for the king

As I have done ; and may your services

Be better paid.

*Ofm.* Oft have we seen fate hovering o'er our camp,

In all the bloody horrors of a war ;

Nor have we left our general at the view :

And shall we here desert him basely ? here ?

Where only hunger, or some trivial want,

(Which war has turn'd to nature in us) threatens ?

1 *Off.* Fate could not part our fortunes in the war,

Nor shall she now.

*Ofm.* Were those soft slaves of luxury and ease

To head an army ; those who thus have wrong'd you ;

How would they voice it o'er and o'er for *Tahmas*

To come, and blunt the edge of war again !

2 *Off.* Base natures always hate where they're oblig'd.

*Enter Arbanes with a Guard.*

*Arb.* My lord ! I come empower'd to take

You prisoner, as traitor to the state.

*Tach.* A traitor !

Pr'ythee forbear me that, and I resign

Myself to justice up, without the stain

Of thy black blood upon my innocence.

*Arb.* I come not here to talk.

*Ofm.* There's not a life here,

Which fondly you esteem within your power,

But must be sold at dearer rates of blood

Than you, and all your crowd of guards can pay.

*Tach.* Yet hold, my generous friends ! I must not thus,

By

By disobedience to my king's command,  
 Rashly forego my virtue: if he think fit  
 To take my life, or make it yet more wretched;  
 My loyalty ties up my forward sword,  
 And teaches silently to suffer all.  
 And now, a long farewell: live to enjoy  
 A better fortune in your prince's favour.

[Exit with Arbaness

*I Off.* Let's to the army,  
 Where noble souls will not be wanting to  
 Assist our cause, and turn the prince's fate.

*Ofm.* I'll to court,  
 Where if kind fortune favour my designs,  
 I may prove serviceable. [Exeunt severally.

S C E N E, *The Palace.*

*Enter Seliman and Ismael:*

*Sel.* Since fate has put the traitor in my power,  
 My justice shall have wings.

*Ism.* The harmless beast bows to the sacred knife,  
 But 'tis to keep off thunder from our crimes,  
 And to make friends in heaven: but what? Oh! what  
 Can you propose by taking *Tachmas'* life?  
 Thus you not only throw your shield away  
 From your unguarded head, but do incite  
 The long forbearance of the gods against you.

*Sel.* Has he not dar'd my crown, as well as love?  
 Has he not stolen into my army's hearts?  
 Nay more, when I had banish'd him my court,  
 Has he not countenanc'd rebellion in  
 My disaffected captains?  
 All this thou know'st, and yet would'st have me spare him.

*Ism.* Only, great *Sophy*, as he is your brother:  
 For, by the gods, were he a private man,  
 My sword should reach the villain in his heart:  
 But as he is the prince, your people's idol,  
 And one that shares your blood, you may forgive.

*Sel.* Since he is great, and makes my crown his aim,  
 A politic justice does persuade his death:

A bramble

A bramble ne'er can spring up to a cedar ;  
 But a tall pine, upon a mountain's top,  
 May grow my rival, and perhaps o'erlook me:  
 He dies to-night, by the bright god he does !  
 A scaffold shall the traitor's head receive,  
 And public justice send him to his grave. [Exit.

*Ism.* Because I seem for *Tachmas*, therefore I love him ;  
 Thus he concludes ; but the illation's false.  
 I would as loath obtain the suit I move for,  
 As lawyers, brib'd against they cause the plead :  
 — But thus I'm unsuspected of his death.  
 — O ! there's the pleasure, so to work the crowd,  
 That their best thoughts may crown our villanies,  
 And frame us honest ev'n in the act of mischief.

*Enter Sunamire to him.*

*Sun.* Thus far success has led our plots along,  
 And expectation been paid with interest :  
 And should these fail (which would be vain to fear,)  
 My teeming brain holds a *Minerva* still,  
 That with unerring mischief would supply me.

*Ism.* Madam, there needs no more ; with wond'rous skill  
 You've rais'd the antic machine up ; and now,  
 Mov'd by an inward power, 'twill act alone :  
 Whilst we, like sailors tacking for the wind,  
 Mount on the deck at last, with full-blown sails  
 Drive onward to our port, and proudly ride  
 On dancing billows down the foaming tide.

*Sun.* How are my spirits haunted by revenge ?  
 — But I can more sustain :

Nay, stab this breast, to plague my happy rival,  
 And that rash scorner of my proffer'd love.

*Ism.* *Semiramis* no more shall be ador'd  
 In story ; female spirit never mention'd more :  
 But *Sunamire* shall fill the cheeks of fame,  
 And in the roll of women be the leading name.

*Sun.* The hour grows big with fate. — But let's away ;  
 And place a guard on every courtier's eye,  
 As seamen watch in storms th'inconstant sky. [Exeunt.

*The*



*The SCENE drawn, shews Tachmas on a Scaffold.  
Guards, Spectators, &c.*

*Tach.* Death we should prize, as the best gift of nature ;  
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,  
When they have journied through a world of cares,  
May put off life, and be at rest for ever,  
If 'twere in private, void of pomp and show :  
But groans, and weeping friends, and ghastly blacks  
Distract us with their sad solemnity ;  
The preparation is th'executioner ;  
For death unmask'd shews us a friendly face,  
And only is a terror at a distance :  
For as the line of life conducts us on  
To this great court, the prospect shews more fair.  
'Tis nature's hospital, that's always open  
To take us in, when we have drain'd the sweets  
Of life, or worn our days to age, or wretchedness.  
Then why should I delay ? or fondly fear  
To embrace this soft repose, this last retreat ?  
I ? who like blossoms withering on the bough,  
Dy'd in my birth, and almost was born old.

*Enter Seliman, Ismael, Arbanes, and Attendants.*

*Ism.* Yet sir ! turn back ; altho' a criminal,  
He is your brother ; and to see him bleed,  
(So gentle is the temper of your soul)  
Will raise your very thoughts in arms against you :  
Nature and justice, like contending tides,  
Will drive you from the calmness of your mind ;  
And what the consequence may be, how fatal  
To your peace, none knows, but all should dread :  
Therefore, my lord, I beg you —

*Sel.* Urge no more ;  
I tell thee, *Ismael*, I'll stand unmov'd,  
Behold him fall a purple sacrifice  
To my ambition, and my injur'd love ;  
As unconcern'd as 'twere a common fate.

*Tach.* Although sufficient reasons urge my death ;

Yet,

Yet, O great fir! I never could imagine  
It would rejoice you to behold me bleed;  
Here I confess you have outgone my thoughts.

*Arb.* By hell, I read concern i'th' *Szpy*'s looks. [*Aside.*

*Isn.* He'll never stand it out. [*Aside.*

*Tach.* Yet ere this fleeting being disappears,  
Before I leave the world, let me avow  
The loyalty and firmness of my soul,  
Before this presence, to imperial power.  
And by th'expectance of eternal rest  
To all my past calamities, in death;  
By all the thousand longings of my soul,  
Now at my parting minute; O! I swear,  
That through my life, in all the fields I fought,  
And conquer'd in your cause, I never bled  
With more content and satisfaction  
(When crimson conquest clasp'd me in her arms,  
And laurel'd triumphs welcom'd my return)  
Than now I empty all the springs of life,  
Open each vein, and (as the last great due)  
Offer the scarlet treasure of my heart,  
In dread obedience to your high command.

*Sel.* This rebel nature factions in my breast:  
But 'tis resolv'd, I am not to be mov'd.

*Tach.* Since fate ordain'd *Semantbe*'s charms to be  
The fatal prize of our contending loves;  
Since I must lose her; with my latest breath,  
That sacred relique of my soul, that all  
The riches, empire, that my heart rejoic'd in,  
I here resign to your eternal care.  
O take her, fir! and be for ever blest,  
Be blest far, far above all human thought;  
For endless joys are in that heav'n of love.  
A thousand *Cupids* dance upon her smiles,  
Young, bathing angels wanton in her eyes,  
Melt in her looks, and pant upon her breasts;  
Each word is gentle as a western breeze,  
That fans the infant bosom of the spring,  
And every sigh more rosy than the morn:  
—The thought inspires my soul! but I have done:  
O! keep her close to th' bus'ness of your loves;

Impose a mighty task of pleasing toil  
 Upon her; give her not time to think on *Tachmas*;  
 For if she does, sure she will give a tear;  
 And oh! I would not have *Semantbe* weep;  
 Tho' the dear dew would make my ashes flourish in my  
 tomb.

*Begona enters attended, in great distraction.*

*Beg.* O horror! horror! torment to my eyes!  
 Why was I doom'd to this unhappy day?  
 Why give I not myself to be devour'd  
 With your great father, in his silent tomb,  
 Rather than thus, in my declining life,  
 Have my distracted bowels rent and gash'd  
 By two lov'd sons, in an unnatural strife?  
 See where stript innocence, with brow august,  
 Serenely bids defiance to the ax;  
 As if his soul were school'd to suffer wrong!  
 Ah! have you eyes! or are you marble turn'd?  
 No, no; the marble weeps, yet has no eyes,  
 — Ah! go not from me; 'tis a mother begs,  
 And, as a mother, must not be refus'd;  
 'Tis but an easy boon, my *Tachmas*' life;  
 A brother's life, a life less his than your's,  
 But mine in chief: then whither would your rage?  
 Like *Tullia* triumph o'er a parent's wounds?

*Sel.* My guards confine the queen to her apartment  
 Till execution's past.

*Arb.* Curse on these land-syrens; what brave designs  
 Have been undone, by listning to women? [*Aside.*]

*Beg.* Ah! must your empire's hopes, your people's joys,  
 The wishes of good men, be sacrific'd  
 To a fantastic idol, that usurps  
 The heat of passion, to appear a god in,  
 But in cool blood seems monstrous as a fury?  
 Such is revenge: if so, then stop not here,  
 Let your licentious fury sweep along,  
 And make a mother's death complete the scene  
 Of most triumphant murder: rip this womb,  
 That form'd him yet an embrion, and gave

Him

Him being, to displease you: gash these veins,  
That robb'd themselves of vigour, to supply  
His infancy with strength to act against you;  
Strike, stab, and drown this contest in my blood!

*Sel.* Are my commands disputed? [*The Guards advance.*]

*Beg.* Off, you slaves!

Is there no filial duty to a parent?  
No virtue in a mother's tears to stir  
Obedience in a son? then I will kneel,  
Thus, like a vassal, follow on my knees,  
And never leave pursuing,

*Semanthe enters in great disorder, and throws herself at his feet.*

*Sel.* This face of fatal sorrow does confound me;  
Nor can I stand this test.

*Beg. Sem.* Ah! go not from us. [*Both hold him.*]

*Beg.* Fast as a drowning wretch I'll grasp your knees,  
To the last plunge of life.

*Sem.* Thus pale, and dying,  
With my dishevel'd hair, I'll bind you to me:  
Drag me you may, or dash me to the ground,  
Trample upon me; yet I will not leave you,  
Till your wild rage shall spurn me to my grave.  
O! can you view the violence of my grief,  
That throws me grov'ling on the pavement thus,  
Torn with distraction, raving; yet not give  
A look, a sigh, one tender pitying word  
To raise me from despair?—

See, see, he turns away from my complainings,  
My sobs, my groans, and swoonings: O recall,  
Revoke the rigour of your dooming voice:  
Tho' you have said it, yet you have not sworn  
My utter ruin.

*Beg.* If you persist to take your brother's life.  
(O hear what my presaging soul divines!)  
No history shall offer an excuse:  
Mothers shall curse your memory, nurses fright  
Their crying infants with your horrid tale.  
But if it shall be said in after-times,

How

How in the height of madness,  
 When nothing could arrest your lifted hand,  
 Your piety disarm'd you ;  
 What fair opinions then shall crown your dust !  
 How bright will your example shine in story !  
 Your name will be invoc'd as a sure charm  
 T' excite obedience ; mothers early teach  
 Their children reverence, by reciting you :  
 And is not this more worthy, than the fame  
 Of that imperial parricide of *Rome* ?

*Sem.* Mercy is still a virtue, and most priz'd  
 When hope of pardon leaves us : O ! then speak,  
 Speak in the voice of some relenting god ;  
 Dispel the general consternation,  
 That hangs, like night, upon the face of *Persia*,  
 And be ador'd above the rising sun.

*Beg.* By all the hopes, that ripen'd in my womb,  
 That sweetned the hard labour of my pains,  
 And promis'd at thy birth, with infant smiles,  
 A world of comfort to the mother's age !  
 O ! I conjure you, pity my complainings,  
 And give my *Tachmas* to these falling tears.

*Sem.* By fame !

*Beg.* By nature, by your father's dust !

*Sem.* By the bright throne of *Cyrus* !

*Beg.* By the sun,

And all those stars, that ever blest this land  
 With their auspicious influence !

*Sem.* He yields, he melts, I read it in his looks :  
 A blush confus'dly wanders in his cheeks ;  
 And now he turns away. O blessed change !

*Beg.* O matchless virtue ! happy, happy day !

*Ism.* Be pleas'd, great sir ! retire :  
 Nature may turn the beam of justice.

*Sel.* What ! shall we turn savages in nature's field ?  
 — O rise, my royal mother ! rise, *Semantbe* !  
 Yes, you have conquer'd, and I blush to think  
 I could so long resist such wond'rous virtue.

*Beg.* What tongue can speak the rapture of my soul !  
 I'm lost in joy.

*Sem.*

*Sem.* You gods! that hoard up blessings to reward  
 Transcendent virtue, here exhaust your store;  
 And if a virgin's prayers, or wishes, can  
 Add the least grain to the vast heap, O take 'em:  
 Yet all will be too little for this goodness.

*Arb.* Hell! plagues! and death! here's your policy:  
 Had I been heard, the business had been done  
 Without this ceremony. [To Ismael.]

*Sel.* Live, *Tachmas!* live; come to thy brother's arms;  
 Think him no more a monster, parricide,  
 A wolf, that lives upon the steam of blood.  
 I've lost my brutal nature, and am man  
 Again, merciful, gentle as the first.

*Tach.* What means my royal lord?

*Sel.* Ah! wound me not  
 With the remembrance of my hated actions,  
 Which shun the light, and fain would be forgotten.  
 — I would complete the general joy,  
 And give the crown of all, *Semantbe*, to thy love,  
 But dare not, while a breath of passion stirs me:  
 But, *Tachmas!* raise thy expectation high:  
 Let fancy revel in a thousand forms  
 Of joys, yet uninvented by mankind:  
 For virtue wins apace upon my soul.  
 My tossing thoughts will soon be rock'd in calms,  
 And then *Semantbe* shall be wholly thine.  
 Thus at the last the beaten voyager,  
 Having outliv'd the storm, does homeward steer,  
 Recounts his dangers, in a jocund vein,  
 Presents to th' life, the fury of the main,  
 Paints every wave; but ne'er will out again:  
 So since my virtue has the conquest won;  
 The memory of what's already done,  
 Shall awe, and dash my rebel passions down. [Exit.]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Ismael, Sunamire, and Arbanes.*

*Sun.* **T**HUS long, with pains and toil, we've heav'd a  
stone

To the hill's top, and now it tumbles on us.  
Curse on those plots, that give us endless labour.

*Ism.* Had our revenge set out slow-pac'd and easy,  
It had with equal might maintain'd the course,  
And reach'd untir'd the goal of our designs:  
But a too violent speed has ruin'd all.

As an unpractis'd seaman, in a storm,  
Plies all his sail to the unruly winds,  
To wing him to a port, and never thinks  
That the uneven vessel is o'erpower'd;  
Till he too late laments his ignorance,  
And every billow offers him a tomb.

*Arb.* The base on which all our designs were founded,  
Is overturn'd; the *Sophy's* love abates;  
And now 'tis rumour'd through the court, that soon  
He'll give *Semanthe* up to *Fachmas'* arms.

*Sun.* First let the frame of nature be dissolv'd;  
Let *Sunamire* be dust, and laid on earth  
Deep as the center; else they are not safe  
From the contrivance of a rival's rage.  
Tho' I both hate his person, and his love;  
Yet but to see him in another's arms,  
Would give me speedy death.

What! shall *Semanthe* triumph in my spoils?  
Shall she enjoy him all? whilst I stand wishing,  
And like a spirit damn'd, am robb'd of hope?  
O hell! it mads my reason but to think on't.  
I shall become their may-game;  
At their loose intervals of calmer love,  
She'll hang upon his lips, and beg him tell  
The story of my passion o'er again;  
Which he relates, and with a scornful smile,  
Adds to my shame, to make the girl more vain.  
And must this be whilst I have being? No;

The

The thunder rages in my breast for vent ;  
 Here, here it rolls to make its violent way ;  
 And now it bursts : the flaming bolts are hurl'd :  
 See, see ! the lovers are dispers'd and scatter'd,  
 Whisk'd up into the air, like summer's dust  
 By whirlwinds.

[Exit.

*Ism.* She grows big with new designs,  
 And these dire pangs foretell their birth at hand.

*Arb.* 'Tis woman only helps us at a stand. [Exit.

*Tachmas crossing the stage.*

*Tach.* Where shall I fly to shun this solitude ?  
 My melancholy haunts me every where :  
 And not one kindly beam pierces the gloom  
 Of my dark thoughts, to give a glimpse of comfort.  
 Here, as in *Eden* once, tho' all things smile,  
 Tho' nature plays the prodigal, and gives  
 Large handed, what our boundless wishes crave ;  
 Yet discontentedly I roam about,  
 And cannot taste the pleasures of the place.  
 The court seems all a crowded wilderness,  
 Where I appear, like the first man, forlorn ;  
 Whilst each created being else enjoys,  
 In happy pairs, the fellowship of life :  
 And if his lonely state he did bemoan,  
 And wish'd an *Eve*, when woman was unknown,  
 What would he have done, had he been forc'd from her,  
 Soon as he found her fortunately fair ?

[Exit.

*Re-enter Sunamire with a Letter, Arbanes, and Ismael.*

*Sun.* Brother, this letter is your care ;  
 And tho' to me directed from the prince,  
 Yet it must fall into *Semantbe's* hands.

*Arb.* A slave attendant on her person  
 Shall do the business.

*Sun.* I'll make a visit to *Semantbe*, and  
 Prepare her by degrees to meet the news ;  
 Which, when she finds confirm'd in this forg'd letter,  
 Must work effects proportion'd to our hopes.

*Ism.* O you're the very spirit and soul of plotting !  
 Nothing



Nothing within the the circuit of invention,  
Can 'scape your searching thoughts.

*Sun.* Since nothing could be hop'd for from the *Sophy*;  
This, as the fittest way, I did propose  
To work each other's ruin from themselves.

*Ism.* About it, madam, lose not this present now;  
This minute's worth a year of common hours.

*Arb.* If this plot fail, then, heaven! the fault is yours. [E.]

*Semanthe, melancholy in her Apartment.*

*Sem.* Did time but circumscribe my miseries,  
I'd live upon the hopes of being blest,  
And travel chearful through my youth, to come  
In th' ev'ning of my life, and die within his arms.

— Has not the *Sophy* pass'd his royal word  
To make us happy? why then should I fear?

— Alas! my foolish heart! how soon thou'rt wrought on!  
No, no; fond hopes, you flattering torments, hence!  
You smile upon me, to betray me on

To new despairs, and here I cast you from me:  
For, chemist like, I waste my tedious life  
In vain expectation, and at last die poor.

*Enter Sunamire to her.*

*Sun.* *Semanthe* weeping! what can fortune mean?  
Now, when the majesty of *Persia* comes,  
In all his royalties, and pomp of pow'r,  
Like a descending god, to court you to him,  
Thus to be seen in tears provokes my wonder.

*Sem.* Alas! is it so strange to view me in  
That garb of sorrow, which I daily wear,  
And never will put off, till my lov'd lord,  
My *Tachmas*' presence shall dispel these clouds?

*Sun.* O madam! he must be forgotten now:  
Let not his memory debar your thoughts  
From all that *Indian* world, those golden joys  
Which an imperial lover offers to you.

*Sem.* Where would thy language point me? O my fears!

*Sun.* *Tachmas* no longer struggles with his fate,  
To force impossibilities; and since

Heav'n

Heav'n has design'd you for the *Sophy's* bed,  
 He bows to th'immortal will; and has resolv'd  
 (Rather than rob your merits of of a crown)  
 To wean his heart for ever from your charms,  
 And fix his wishes to some humbler maid,  
 Whose beauties, as they are not to be envy'd,  
 Have store of happiness to feed content.

*Sem.* Had I a faith beyond the ignorant,  
 I could not credit this. O *Sunamire!* recall  
 The fleeting air, that bears the sound away,  
 Or from this hour (tho' the divinest truth  
 Spoke in thy words) ne'er hope to be believ'd.  
 Tho' we are wretched, it shall ne'er be said,  
 That fortune took th' advantage of our crimes  
 To make us so. *Tachmas* has all the truth  
 Of heav'n, so pure, so white, so innocent:  
 No woman that has ever known the arts  
 Of cozz'ning man, will think him of the kind.

*Sun.* Madam, I'm sorry I should be the first  
 To bring unwelcome news.

*Sem.* And yet, my *Sunamire!* thou wert my friend,  
 My bosom friend; and why should'd thou betray me?  
 Ah! no; I find it now; 'tis all a truth,  
 All that thou say'st: my *Tachmas* is o'ercome  
 By this last generous usage of the *Sophy*,  
 And I am sold to ruin:  
 And it was kind in thee, most like a friend,  
 To come, and give me all my fate at once,  
 And not behold me languish in my pains.  
 No, *Sunamire!* this poor forsaken maid  
 Shall not outlive her shame: yet ere I die,  
 May I not know my happy rival's name?

*Sun.* Now all the subtilty of woman aid me. [Aside.  
 Alas! how am I wrought into an error,  
 A maze of folly by my indiscretion!  
 I could not think you yet retain'd a thought  
 Of *Tachmas*, therefore ignorantly press'd too far.  
 In me to answer, would appear insulting:  
 Therefore I beg you'd spare my modesty  
 The blush, my tongue the vanity to tell,

What soon from every mouth shall strike your ears.

*Sem.* Insinuating fiend! I see thee through  
That painted visor of thy flatt'ring friendship,  
With all thy dev'lish stratagems a going.  
Now I perceive, what I so long suspected,  
Thy love to *Tachmas*: and now thou com'st to raise  
My jealousy, on some sinister end.  
But to this point I'm fix'd; that should the earth  
Depose his falshood in a general voice,  
Nay, call the tongues of angels to avouch it,  
I would not think it of him.

*Sun.* Know then, as to the conquest of the prince,  
Whose inclinations you so firmly fix'd,  
'Twas got so easily, I do not think  
It worth a triumph, scarce of being vain;  
For, like a slave, I found him on the ground,  
Groaning beneath the bondage of your love,  
And begging liberty from any hand.

*Sen.* O heav'ns.—

*Sun.* Let it be never said to shame our sex,  
That any lady in her youthful bloom,  
When beauty wanders in a thousand charms,  
And not a look can pass without a wound,  
That then she fulsomely detain'd a lover  
Against his will, and cloy'd him with her fondness;  
O! how I loath the sound! against his will!

*Sem.* Sure thou hast drunk with adders, that thy tongue  
Thus poisons every word it forms, and casts  
Its venom on my *Tachmas*' constancy.

*Sun.* There's no such thing as constancy in nature:  
'Tis but a borrow'd name, for feeble beauties,  
Or stale decaying virgins, to make use of.  
True love should be as wavering as the wind:  
For that remains but while the rapture lasts,  
And palls, when sunk to an indifference.

*Sem.* You speak of that poor passion in your breast,  
Rais'd by an earthly fume of base desire;  
The sudden fit of a distemper'd love:  
Where the gross joy mounts not above the sense;  
Not the seraphic flame, that warms the soul:

Such

Such was the sacred fire, that light our loves,  
That fir'd my *Tachmas*' heart, and made him mine.

*Sun.* Then be it so; rave on in fond conceits  
Of airy promises of constancy;  
Swell your thin hopes with insubstantial food,  
Wilst I taste real feasts of flesh and blood,  
And in your *Tachmas*' arms reap thousand joys,  
Which dreams but ape, and fancy but destroys.  
Methinks already in some smiling grove  
I sit, embracing the dear man I love:  
We sigh, and kiss, and now our transports grow  
Tumultuous, but the thoughts of you,  
(Tho' love be lost in love)  
Still lend us vigour, and our joys renew. [Exit.

*Sem.* How the insulting creature lords it o'er me!  
And well she may, for such a conquest sure  
Might make the temperatest victor proud;  
This may be malice, or a plot to try me;  
That's the last hope between me and despair.

*Enter an Eunuch with a Letter.*

*Eun.* Madam, the trust I have been honour'd with  
In your service, gain'd me the prince's faith;  
From whose hand this letter I receiv'd  
For *Sunamire*, with strict injunctions  
Of care, and secrecy: at which mistrusting  
Some practices in hand against your loves;  
I've brought it to you.

*Sem.* I will reward your care. [Reads the Letter.

Sunamire,

*RESIST* no longer the propositions I made you, to place  
the crown of Persia in your head; if you will but  
make use of a project to rid us of Seliman: and do not  
think that I retain any longer the least thoughts of *Seman-*  
*the*; whom my stars and inclinations have never designed  
for me.

*Tachmas.*

*Sem.* Ah me! where has my fortune left me now?  
 What unfrequented coast am I thrown on,  
 Naked, and helpless, to be made a prey  
 'To the next coming savage of the field?  
 What corner of the earth will now afford  
 A grave to take me in? what mountain hide  
 Me, and my woes, for ever from the world?  
 Undone! thou most undone of woman kind!

[*Falling down, drops the Letter.*

Here groan thy sorrows out, and let the winds  
 Whisper thy story through the universe;  
 That never list'ning virgin be betray'd  
 By the known perjuries of faithless men.  
 — My spirits faint — sure 'tis the hand of death  
 Knocks at my heart; — I go, I hope, to rest.

[*Swoons away.*

*Enter Seliman, Ismael, and Arbanes.*

*Sel.* What do I see? *Semantbe* on the ground,  
 Breathless, and pale!

*Arb.* Some signs of struggling life  
 Appear, call in her women to assist her.

*Enter Women.*

*Ism.* The train has taken fire; now the blow  
 Must follow soon.

[*Aside.*

*Sel.* Gently, gently raise her:  
 She breathes, she comes again.

*Sem.* Bless me! where am I? in *Elysium* sure;  
 I know it by this train of weeping maids,  
 Who died for love, as I have done: stand off,  
 We'll walk, and tell sad stories round,  
 Of injur'd women, and betraying men:  
 But I must weep a while; the tears will flow  
 If I but think on *Strepbon's* cruelty:  
 — O! I would sleep for ever. —

[*Sinks into her Women's Arms and is borne off.*

*Sel.* Bear her to her bed:  
 Rest may relieve her spirits. — Ha! this may  
 Unriddle all.

[*Finds the Letter.*

*Ism.*

*Ism.* Now, fortune play thy part. [Aside.

*Arb.* 'Tis a design so full of mastery,  
'Twere womanish to doubt of the success. [Aside.

*Sel.* Ha! against my life?

*Ism.* Your majesty seems troubled; have you ought  
Discover'd in that letter?

*Sel.* Only this,

That I have foster'd here within my breast  
A bosom wolf, to lap my vital blood:  
Here, *Ismael!* read the foulest treasons,  
That ever stain'd the innocence of paper.  
Is then my mercy poison'd into sin?  
And black ingratitude my punishment?  
'Tis just, you Gods! the scourge upon my folly  
Shows infinite wisdom, and was timely sent  
To warn me of my fate.

*Ism.* Yet, sacred sir——

*Sel.* Appear not in his cause, nor dare to reason  
With my unalterable resolution:  
Should mercy's self, with all her virgin train,  
Melt at my feet; by *Haly's* soul, 'twere vain.

*Ism.* What could provoke the prince?

*Sel.* The fiends can tell; but now 'tis busy time:  
Sweat at the anvil of thy brain, and forge  
(Quick as the *Cyclops* arm an angry god)  
A thousand deaths to wait upon my will.

*Arbanes,* thou secure him, till justice calls  
Him out, a sacrifice to my revenge.

[Exit.

*Arb.* After him:

Fix but his wavering temper to this point,  
And then the day's our own. [Exit *Ismael.*

My fiery soul  
Disdains the timorous safety in revenge,  
Which *Ismael* pursues. My forward sword,  
With resolution steel'd, shall guide me safe  
Through the most desperate attempts.  
Danger has been my mistress: death I've met  
On martial plains, in every garb of fate,  
And shall he awe me now? since I am in,  
And fate works up the melancholy scene,

Fall *Tachmas*, nature perish, all things lie  
 Confounded in deep chaos, so that I  
 Reveng'd may in the common ruin lie.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Ismael and Arbanes, at several Entrances.*

*Ism.* THOU meet'st my wishes; is the business done?  
*Arb.* This sun shall see it finish'd.

*Ism.* Give it o'er; would we had never meddled.

*Arb.* Curse on thy fear, that undermines thy wit.

*Ism.* The *Sophy* does suspect us:

*Arb.* Danger then

Urges the prince's death; for to defer,  
 Betrays a conscious guilt, that may undo us:  
 He dies this minute, that the next may better  
 Advantage our escapes.

*Ism.* I've not thus long  
 March'd hand in hand with mischief, spent my days  
 In courts, forsworn my conscience, study'd all  
 The knotty arts and rules of policy,  
 Which wise men use to their own interests,  
 Not to provide me with a ready plank,  
 To bear me from the ruin, safe to shore.

*Arb.* Thou canst not here be safe; my commission  
 Allows a sure protection in the army.

*Ism.* I'll steer a different course; grow popular,  
 And into the city;  
 Where coblers square the government to their lasts,  
 And tinkers patch the state; some friends I've made  
 Already there, brave, factious, gifted rogues,  
 That cant their doctrine to their present wants,  
 And zealously upon a fit of conscience,  
 Sin or unfin rebellion to the croud:  
 These are the fittest instruments to gull  
 The easy people: hark, the monster roars! [*Shouts within.*]  
 The

The rabble is assembled to my wish ;  
This is the time to work 'em.

[Exit.

*Enter Semanthe.*

*A. b.* *Semanthe* here ! then there is something still  
For me to finish.

*Sem.* Why do I wander this wide barren waste,  
Forsaken and forlorn ; when a fair prospect  
Of everlasting rest stands right in view ?  
This load of woe, that bends me to the ground,  
I can with life put off : yes, I will rush  
Into the arms of death, and shelter there ;  
There sleep securely all my cares away ;  
Nor shall the noise of empire, or of love,  
Awaken me to wretchedness again.

*A. b.* Talk not of dying, madam ; heav'n looks down  
With a kind eye upon your sufferings,  
And has inspir'd me with a tenderness,  
May prove of service to you.

*Sem.* Is there then  
A seat for pity left in human breasts ?  
Or is this but a visionary beam  
Of comfort, that thus lightens in my soul ?  
If it be so, oh ! let me still dream on.

*A. b.* Madam, the prince —

*Sem.* Ha ! speak that yet again :  
Sweet as the *Syren's* song those accents fall,  
And charm me to my ruin : tho' he has  
Undone me ever, but to hear his name  
Awakes my dying spirits from the grave,  
Dispels my grief, and charms me into joy.  
Oh ! then speak on,  
Delude me from my miseries awhile ;  
Tell me some story of my perjur'd dear ;  
Tell me he lives, is happy, whilst I sigh  
My spirits out in thanks, and die in peace.

*A. b.* Wou'd you not see him, madam ?

*Sem.* Oh in vain.  
I wept, intreated, follow'd on my knees :  
For when I offer'd at a last farewell,



Once more to see my still-lov'd, faithless *Tachmas*,  
 The *Sophy*, quite remorseless, fled the room;  
 And tho' I grasp'd him with the pangs of death,  
 Burst from my arms, and left me on the floor.

*Arb.* Yet, madam, you shall see him. *Tachmas* is  
 Within my charge; and only I, without  
 The king's command, can give you entrance to him:  
 Which you shall have;  
 Altho' my life must answer it to the *Sophy*.

*Sim.* All, all the gods reward this wond'rous pity!  
 Oh lead me to that dear, protesting creature;  
 That perfect image of betraying man;  
 For he will swear, and talk such melting things,  
 Sigh such a trembling story of his love,  
 Look such a soul of passion from his eyes,  
 And all with such unpractis'd innocence;  
 That shou'd the sex of womankind stand by,  
 As witnesses of my injurious usage,  
 And but to hear him talk, as I have done,  
 The coldest fure would venture her undoing. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *Changes to a Street.*

*Enter a Rabble of Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Come, neighbours, hang these cheating shop-  
 countenances, they are marks the world knows cuck-  
 olds by; and tho' they be of credit in the city, yet, let  
 me tell you, at this end o'th'town, they strike no more  
 awe into the beholders than a watchman's lanthorn  
 after day-break.

2 *Cit.* Ay, my wife told me I had a sneaking look,  
 and could not huff my debtors: but now I'm charg'd  
 with bottle-ale, to rectify the errors of my face: and  
 let me see, what upstart rascal, newly come to office,  
 shall overlook me; I'll strut, and cock, and talk as big,  
 as wind and froth can make me — But I'll home,  
 while my courage lasts, ransack my shop-books, take  
 account of my debts, and arrest in a direct line from the  
 lord to the footman.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Of that in season—but now we are assembled, let us put on the gravity of authority, and seem, as we really are, the true judges of the nation.

*Omn.* I a judge! I a judge!

3 *Cit.* A taylor a judge! that's fine, i'faith!

1 *Cit.* Why, I tell you, neighbours, a cross-legg'd taylor is the very type of justice; he measures offences by the yard, and with his sheers snaps off the kingdom's vermin, I mean those shreds, those remnants, those patches of a commonwealth, call'd gamesters, cuckold-makers, and disbanded officers, that are good for nothing but to make our wives run a madding for foreign languages, brags swords, superannuated wigs, and greasy scarlet.

2 *Cit.* Him! a judge, say you; very like: why, neighbours, he has serv'd upon juries, off and on, these twenty years, and the devil's in't if he mayn't be free of judge's-hall by this time:—but then as to us—ay, there's the question; how we are—that is to say, how we may be?—why thus, there's none here but has exercis'd the arbitrary function of a beadle in his respective parish; and, as I take it, that must be a foot to the chair of government.

3 *Cit.* Ay, ay; we are all judges, and judges children; indeed I ever thought I was to be a great man, I was such a dull rogue.

2 *Cit.* Well; I was once a justice itinerant in my precincts, which in the vulgar translation, is no more than a constable: but 'twas a thriving time, neighbours, a very thriving time; for the parish bawds (besides all underdealers, as procurers and retailers of pleasure) amount to—let me see—let me see, a parcel of—no, no, I'm out—'tis no matter for fractions; but bribes in abundance, to wink at copulation; I pimp'd by commission, and drank brandy at the cost of the sinners.

3 *Cit.* Lord! I'm thinking how awkward and slovenly I shall be in my new trappings for a day or two; ha! and if there be occasion for speeches, my tongue will

certainly founder: my wife spoil'd my oratory, when she broke my pate, for being saucy.

2 *Cit.* Better and better still: few words promise a great deal of thinking, and that abundance of judicial understanding: besides you see our city justices, how they manage themselves upon the bench: indeed a nut-crack, or some such conceited hieroglyphical engine does well in the hand of a magistrate, which having us'd a while, you strait grow lethargic, nod o'er the cause, then start in amazement, and condemn at a venture.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ay, ay; ever while you live, ever while you live observe that: for look you, there's no one but some time or other deserves hanging; and tho' the prisoner be not yet a rogue, soft and fair, all in good time, he may be one: therefore I say once again condemn for prevention.

3 *Cit.* Condemnation! I'll have nothing but condemnation in my court, 'twill clear the kingdom of idlers, and then we may father our own children.

2 *Cit.* Well, neighbour *Ralph*, I know you are a good commonwealth's man, and understand property, and privilege, as a man may say; but scholars, you know, are infidels; still at their *quare's* and their *quomodo's*, to show their learning; therefore, I being somewhat letter'd, or so, would fain know how we are these great conceal'd persons, you talk of?

1 *Cit.* Why thus; when our betters are at variance, beyond the arbitration of the bench, the suit is removed to the court of commonalty, and decided by the infallible knocks of black bill and paring shovel; then to whatever side we lean, that is sure to be weighty.

3 *Cit.* As if you had the cause in your false scales at home.

*Ismael enters to them.*

1 *Cit.* But observe, here comes an ambassador already; give him audience, I say: state affairs I'll warrant you, neighbours.

*Ism.* My worthy countrymen! my fellow-sufferers!  
To you I come to weep this kingdom's tears,

To

To sigh its groaning sorrows out, and pour  
 Into your ears its sad calamities :  
 You ! who, like kind physicians, always are  
 Assisting with your utmost art and care,  
 To search its wounds, and with a healing hand,  
 Unite its broken and disjointed limbs.

*1 Cit.* Sure he takes me for a bone-setter.

*Ism.* I am, like you, a Persian ; all your good  
 Proportionably mine, as are your ills ;  
 Our hopes and lives tied in one common interest ;  
 Then wonder not that I stand forth, to head you,  
 Against this barbarous, inhuman king,  
 That grows in tyranny.

And like a torrent from a mountain's fall,  
 If not with speed diverted, will o'erwhelm us.

*2 Cit.* Now for rebellion, I ne'er rebell'd in all my life.

*Omn.* All for rebellion, all for rebellion !

*Ism.* If to defend your lives, your liberties,  
 Your laws, your customs, and your ancient dues,  
 Be to rebel, then this is rank rebellion :  
 But self-defence may hope a fairer name.

*2 Cit.* Name me no name, sir ; it shall be nam'd rebel-  
 lion, or nothing.

*Omn.* Rebellion or nothing rebellion or nothing !

*Ism.* Then be it so ; methinks I see oppression  
 Beside your streets already, burning lust  
 Pursue your daughters to your inmost rooms,  
 While you stand weeping by, and cannot help 'em.  
 Your shops forc'd open, and your goods expos'd  
 To the wild rapine of licentious soldiers,  
 That live on spoil ; and all without redress,  
 For justice is no more : speak, wou'd you this ?

*Omn.* No, no ; we're all for rebellion.

*Ism.* 'Tis what you must expect, if not prevented.  
 Last night, O night never to be forgotten !  
*Tachmas*, that model of our ancient glory,  
*Tachmas*, that fought your fields, and never thought  
 His blood too rich, to buy his country's peace,  
 Was by the tyrant's order barb'rously murder'd ;  
 Murder'd, my countrymen ! and when you hear

The cause, I doubt not,  
But as the story must provoke your tears,  
So they will stir you up to a revenge.

*1 Cit.* Alack-a-day! I vow he makes me weep, good gentleman!

*Ism.* 'Twas only this; he was too good, too virtuous,  
A lover of his country; therefore fell.  
He was your guard, your shield; but now is gone:  
He fell because he lov'd you, and will you  
Not solemnize his funeral in blood?  
Will you stand here, like statues, motionless,  
Weep o'er his gaping wounds, and not revenge 'em?  
No, no; I see you only want a leader;  
And here I offer both my life, and fortune,  
To farther the design.

*1 Cit.* Lead us on, lead us on; we'll fire the palace,  
depose the tyrant, and make you king.

*2 Cit.* Ay, ay; a king of our own making!

*Ism.* Oh! you mistake me; that is not my end.

*2 Cit.* No, 'tis the beginning of your reign, and that's better.

*1 Cit.* We lose time, we lose time; now for a coronation!

*Omnes.* A coronation! a coronation! [*Exeunt shouting.*]

*Tachmas discover'd in Prison.*

*Tacb.* I think, therefore am: hard state of man!  
That proves his being with an argument  
That speaks him wretched. Birds in cages lose  
The freedom of their natures unconfin'd;  
Yet they will sing, and bill, and murmur there  
As merrily, as they were on the wing.  
But man, that reasoning favourite of heav'n,  
How can he bear it? tho' the body finds  
Respite from torment, yet the mind has none:  
For thousand restless thoughts, of different kinds,  
Beat thick upon the soul, some are comparing  
The present with the past, how happy once  
I was, and now how wretched: some presenting  
My miseries by others happiness;

Whilst

Whilst others, falsely flattering me to life,  
Tell me my fortune ripens in the womb  
Of time, and I shall yet be happy.

*Enter Arbanes with Semanthe.*

*Arb.* Madam, behold the prince alone, and thoughtful.

*Sem.* Alas! my lord! once I was thought a balm  
For every wound of fortune; but I fear  
My presence now will but torment him more.

*Tach.* Ha! sure my fancy, revelling in a dream,  
Presents that form before me: see, she comes,  
Bright, as the virgin blushes of the morn,  
Rising upon the darkness of my fate,  
And darts a day of comfort through my soul.  
O my best life! thou dearest! O *Semanthe!*  
I swear, while I have thee within my arms,  
I will not lose a thought on my misfortunes.  
Let me unbosom all my longings here.

—She turns away! what can this mean? you gods!  
Art thou then alter'd too? O speak, *Semanthe!*  
For tho' I thus behold thee cold, and chang'd,  
Yet there is something whispers to my soul,  
Thou never canst resolve on *Tachmas'* ruin.

*Sem.* O heav'n! so tenderly he melts my heart,  
I shall want power to tell him of his falsehoods.

*Tach.* Nay then, by all the gods, I know thee well:  
No, thou art still the same; these languishings,  
Those eager looks, those sighs, and tears inform me,  
More than a thousand tongues, thou lov'st me still.

*Sem.* Why is our sex so easy to believe?  
And cozz'ning man so artful to deceive?

*Tach.* Why, my best life! why dost thou thus torment  
Thyself, and me? — [She goes from him]

By all my hopes you must not leave me thus;  
I will pursue you ever with my prayers,  
Summon you with the gentle call of love,  
'Till you awake, and answer to my longings.

My life! my soul! — [Following her.]

*Sem.* O! I can hold no longer:  
Thy tongue has soften'd me into desire,

And

And I am all o'er love ; my dearest lord !  
 Let me for ever hide me in this bosom ;  
 Here sigh the tenderest passion of my heart.  
 The extasy comes on so fast upon me,  
 That words are wanting to express my joy.

*Tach.* Good gods ! is't possible ? hast thou at last,  
 My fair, offended dear ! resolv'd to bless me ?  
 Is it then true that thus I hold thee fast,  
 Panting, and balmy to my bleeding heart ?  
 My reason ebbs, and mighty transport sways,  
 In full dominion, every corner here,  
 And I cou'd rave for ever on my love.

*Sem.* And I cou'd hear you ever.

*Arb.* O ! that I cou'd run back into my youth,  
 To ravish her before him ; but 'tis past ;  
 And my revenge must lie another way.

[*Aside*]

*Tach.* A thought returns upon my memory,  
 That bids me chide ; *Semantbe* ! O my life !  
 How cou'dst thou see me rack'd with my impatience ?  
 How cou'dst thou so dissemble with thy love ?  
 Was it to try how I cou'd bear it ?

*Sem.* Ha !

Stand off, I know thee now, thou art that false  
 Betraying perjur'd man, that has undone me.

*Tach.* From thee, good gods ! do I hear this from thee ?

*Sem.* Alas ! my thoughts were all employ'd upon thee ;  
 My ears devour'd the music of thy love ;  
 My wrongs were silenc'd, and my eyes were charm'd :  
 And had you but continu'd the soft scene,  
 Had you still practis'd on my easiness,  
 Tho' with feign'd love, flattering my womanish faith ;  
 Joy wou'd have done the business of my grief,  
 And I had died contented in your arms.

*Tach.* What means my fate ? Where wou'dst thou drive  
 my thoughts ?

*Sem.* 'Tis true, I came to take my last farewell  
 Of life, and love ; of thee, and all my cares :  
 To tell thee of thy falshoods, not upbraid thee ;  
 To sigh my story out without complaining ;  
 To suffer on, nor murmur at my fate,

Since

Since you decreed it; this was my fond resolve,  
Th'intention of this passionate, doating fool:  
But now, O turn of temper! thy hard usage  
Has run me from my reason, I am wild,  
Quite mad, distracted, and must rave awhile:  
Rave 'till I burst, and sink down dead with passion.

*Tach.* Alas! I find it now; thou art abus'd,  
And I betray'd: some villain has traduc'd  
My constancy; but by the pangs of love,  
By all the torments of a bleeding heart,  
I ever was most true, and still am thine.

*Sem.* O prince! forbear; if *Sunamire* shou'd hear——

*Tach.* Ha! goes it there? Then there is mischief yet;  
That woman bears us most inveterate hate,  
And shou'd not be believ'd against ourselves.

*Sem.* But O! the letter, prince.——

*Tach.* Riddles! and doubts!

*Arb.* I have a friend, my lord! can best unfold 'em.

[Goes to the Door.

Come forth, my sister; time has recompenc'd  
Our expectation with a full revenge.

*Enter Sunamire and Osman, disguis'd.*

*Sem.* Revenge! alas! that fatal word, too late  
Explains my folly, and creates my fear.

*Tach.* What shou'dst thou fear, my love? thy innocence  
Will shield thee; and for me, the fear of death  
Flew from me when my happiness took wing.

*Sun.* Infuse the mortal drugs in the gilt bowls;  
Be ready at my call. [Exit Osman.

*Arb.* See where they stand,  
Lull'd in the arms of love, and far remov'd  
From the apprehension of that fatal minute,  
Comes posting to their ruin.

*Sun.* The thought was lucky,  
With a pretended pity, to decoy  
*Semantbe* to the snare.

*Arb.* To offer her  
In the first draught, the nectar of her love,

Will



Will make the gall of our revenge more bitter.  
But see, they turn upon us.

*Sun.* Sure 'tis the error of my sense, that shews  
*Semantbe* here, that poor, forsaken thing :  
Alas ! I pity thee : but blush to see  
My sex's fondness painted in those tears,  
Lost on a man that scorns thee.

*Sem.* Why dost thou waken me into despair ?  
Death is my wish, but I wou'd meet it here. [*To Tachm.*]

*Sun.* Nay now, my lord !  
I must become a pleader in this cause :  
The fatal purple rises in her cheeks,  
The lilies wither, and the roses fade ;  
Poor wretch ! see, see she lingers for a look ;  
Do not torment the quiet of her death ;  
Speak kindly to her ; bless her with a smile ;  
Nay I can see her take a farewell kiss,  
Without a rival's fear.

*Tach.* Base, cruel woman !  
But oh ! for my *Semantbe*'s sake I will  
Forbear to curse thee by that gentle name.  
I know thou com'st on mischief ; but I charge thee,  
If thou hast any part of thy soft sex  
Working to virtue in thy harden'd soul,  
(Howe'er the *Sophy*, and the gods doom me)  
Beware how thou design'st against my love.

*Sun.* How, sir ! so hard'ned in this coz'ning trade !  
First you betray *Semantbe* to your scorn,  
Then dare not justify your love to me :  
But, sir, the letter speaks your falshood plain.

*Tach.* What letter ? speak ; if it be sent from hell,  
Thou art its chief commissioner ; inform me :  
Say, hast thou mortgag'd thy last hope of heav'n,  
And in some fatal scrowl, to take my life,  
Or what's yet worse, to ruin me with her,  
Subscrib'd thyself a servant to the furies ?

*Sun.* Were I not satisfied that my revenge  
Requires the secret from me, thou shou'dst still  
Remain in ignorance : yes, I forg'd the letter,  
To raise her jealousy of you, in hopes

(A wo-

(A woman's spirit working to revenge)  
 She might divulge your treasons to the *Sophy*.

*Tach.* My treasons!

*Arb.* Yes, against the *Sophy's* life:  
 For nothing else cou'd put you in our power.

*Tach.* I thought the line of my afflictions carried  
 But to the end of life. But thou hast found  
 A way to vex my quiet in the grave;  
 To sacrifice my fame to after-times,  
 And blot my story with a traitor's stain.

*Arb.* I ow'd thee this, proud prince, for thy contempt  
 And insolence; when, to the shame of arms,  
 My wounds, and blood forgot, *Tachmas* was nam'd  
 To lead those armies, I had bred in war.

*Tach.* I know my latest hour comes on apace;  
 And now to curse thee, were to rob my soul  
 Of this soft satisfaction in my death.  
 Oh! let me hold thee fast, my only life!  
 Here languish out a farewell to our loves;  
 Gaze on those heav'nly eyes,  
 That, thro' the grove of death, must light me on  
 To the bright mansions of the kindred stars.

*Sun.* So unconcern'd! the face of death will turn  
 This scene of love; appear thou minister  
 Of fate, come forth, and act thy tragic part.

*Enter Osman with four Bowls.*

*Tach.* What means this fatal pomp? All this for me?  
 Or to be yet more cruel, wou'd you load  
 My mounting spirit with your guilty souls;  
 And damn me with your company in death?

*Sun.* This is your bridal night; and we your guests  
 Must wait upon the ceremony:  
 But know, my lord! the gilt bowls are prepar'd  
 Only for you, and your fair bride, for they  
 Are poison'd.

*Tach.* Ha! thou canst not mean her death:  
 Or wou'dst thou in one devilish act, outdo  
 The eldest damn'd in hell? O! spare her life,  
 And I will bless thee with my latest breath,

Nay,

Nay, as I mount, report thee to the gods,  
And tell 'em thou art good.

*Sem.* My lord! forbear  
Soliciting, what granted, I refuse;  
Life without you: by our immortal loves  
I am resolv'd on this: alas! I swear  
I think this hour our first of happiness,  
And to die thus together, is an earnest,  
Sent from the Gods, of worlds of joy to come.

*Sun.* Yes, rival, thou shou'dst live, be forc'd to live,  
But that the sight of thee for ever wou'd  
Revive my shame, and lay his scorn before me!

*Tach.* Give me the fatal bowls: and now, *Semantbe!*  
Since thou resolv'it, and fate will have it so;  
I here present thee with a cordial draught,  
That will preserve our loves i'th'other world.

*Sem.* Then cheerfully, as birds salute the morn  
After a cold, long, stormy winter night,  
We leave these solitary, dark abodes,  
And mount to mingle with the shining gods.

*Tach.* O! how I grudge the grave this heav'nly form!  
These beauties will inspire the arms of death,  
And warm the pale, cold tyrant into life.

O I cou'd rave for ever—but farewell. [*All drink.*]

*Arb.* 'Tis to their meeting in the other world.

[*To Sunamire.*]

*Osman.* So; to my knowledge, you will first meet there.

[*Aside.*]

*Tach.* 'Tis done, the business of our fate is done:  
How fares my love? speak, for, in spite of death,  
Thy eyes still carry their resistless fires,  
And beauty sits in triumph on thy cheeks.

[*Osman gives Tachmas a sword.*]

*Arb.* Now, *Sunamire!* thus prosperous in revenge;  
Let's hug ourselves, and laugh to see 'em fall.

*Osman.* Stand on your guard, my lord! soon as he finds  
The poison work; despair and madness will  
Enforce his hand to some damn'd bloody deed.

*Arb.* Thou dost not feel the pleasures, that I have,  
To see these whining, constant lovers die.

. ——— What

—What means this dulness?—ha! thy eyes are fix'd;  
Thy lips too tremble to relate the cause.

*Sun.* O! we are poorly caught in our own snare.  
The poison, we prepar'd for them, the slave  
Has given to us. [Sinks down.

*Arb.* Ha! poison'd!—yes, 'tis here:  
I feel the traitor working to my heart.  
But I have yet a sword, that shall prevent  
The turns of fate, and we will fall reveng'd.  
—What mean these shouts? But I defer too long.

—Ha! *Tachmas* arm'd?

*Tach.* Yes, traitor, to thy ruin.

*Arb.* Then thus I brave my fate.

—O! I am slain. [They fight, Arbanes falls.

*Sun.* Speak, brother, is he down? Then to my part,  
I'll come, and triumph once over his heart:  
But see, my happy rival does appear,  
Trembling, and fainting in the arms of fear:  
Now strike, whilst nobly thus I conquere here. [Dies.

*Enter Seliman, Begona, Attendants, Ismael bound and guarded.*

*Sel.* He lives, he lives, you gods!  
Once more, with all the dearness of a brother,  
I fall upon thy breast, the haven, where  
My beaten mind rides safe secure from restless  
Passions, which, like tempests on the main,  
Drive reason from the guidance of our lives,  
And leave us shipwreck'd on a barbarous coast.

*Beg.* I see, my son, the hands of heav'n, and fate,  
Have been employ'd in thy deliverance.  
But say, my *Tachmas*, speak the wond'rous course,  
That heav'n pursu'd to rescue thee from death.

*Tach.* That best my life's preserver here can tell.

[To Osman.

*Sel.* Thy habit speaks a slave: yet in thy face  
Something appears familiar to my eyes,  
That I have often seen; but when, and where,  
My memory has lost.

*O. m.* Great sir, I have been honour'd in your service;  
Your

Your soldier from my youth; *Osman* my name,  
Which you, fir, must remember, since your favours  
Distinguish'd it first from the crowd. [To *Tachmas*.

*Tach.* My friend!

My *Osman* here! then heav'n has sent the sword  
And shield of all the war. O royal fir!  
Let me present a captain to your knowledge,  
Worthy that noble title. [*Osman kneels to Seliman*.

*Sel.* Rise to our favour: the particulars  
How thou cam'st here disguis'd, and by what means  
Thy faith and gratitude have work'd their ends,  
A happier hour will claim. Remove these bodies;  
And for that slave, such matchless villanies  
He has confess'd, as mercy cannot pardon:  
Bear him to death, away with him.

*Isn.* I go; but first I make this hearty wish:  
May lame ambition (for the public good,  
Halting upon the crutches of the crowd)  
Still fall:

May treason ever need the people's swords,  
And may they valiantly compound for words;  
And last, may all disturbers of the state  
Grow blindly popular, and meet my fate. [*Is led off*.

*Sel.* Virtue shines out again in its full blaze,  
And now not to reward thy sufferings,  
Wou'd speak me accessory to those crimes  
My ignorance committed: therefore here  
I give *Semantbe* to thy longing love:  
Take her, and wear her ever in thy heart:  
Whilst I collected in my temper stand.  
And may succeeding monarchs learn from me,  
How far to trust a statesman's policy.

[*Exeunt Omnes*.

## E P I L O G U E:

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

**A** *Virgin poet was serv'd up to-day ;*  
*Who, 'till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play :*  
*He's neither yet a whig nor tory-boy ;*  
*But, like a girl, whom sev'ral wou'd enjoy,*  
*Begs leave to make the best of his own natural toy.*  
*Were I to play my callow author's game,*  
*The King's house wou'd instruct me, by the name :*  
*There's loyalty to one : I wish no more :*  
*A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.*  
*Let husband or gallant be what they will,*  
*One part of woman is true tory still.*  
*If any factious spirit should rebel,*  
*Our sex, with ease, can every rising quell.*  
*Then, as you hope we shou'd your failings bide,*  
*An honest jury for our play provide :*  
*Whigs at their poets never take offence ;*  
*They save dull culprits, who have murder'd sense :*  
*Tho' nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,*  
*The vehicle call'd faction makes it pass.*  
*Faction in play's the commonwealths-man's bribe :*  
*The leaden farthing of the canting tribe :*  
*Tho' void in payment laws and statutes make it,*  
*The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.*  
*'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit,*  
*Their's is the pension-parliament of wit.*  
*In city-clubs their venom let them vent ;*  
*For there 'tis safe, in its own element :*  
*Here, where their madness can have no pretence,*  
*Let 'em forget themselves an hour in sense.*  
*In one poor isle, why shou'd two factions be ?*  
*Small diff'rence in you vices I can see ;*  
*In drink and drabs both sides too well agree.*

}  
 }  
 Wou'd

*Wou'd there were more preferments in the land ;  
If places fell, the party could not stand.  
Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry whig complains ;  
Th'ey grunt like hogs, 'till they have got their grains.  
Meantime you see what trade our plots advance,  
We send each year good money into France :  
And they, that know what merchandize we need,  
Send o'er true Protestants, to mend our breed.*

THE  
DISAPPOINTMENT;

OR, THE  
MOTHER in FASHION.

A P L A Y.

As it was Acted at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L,

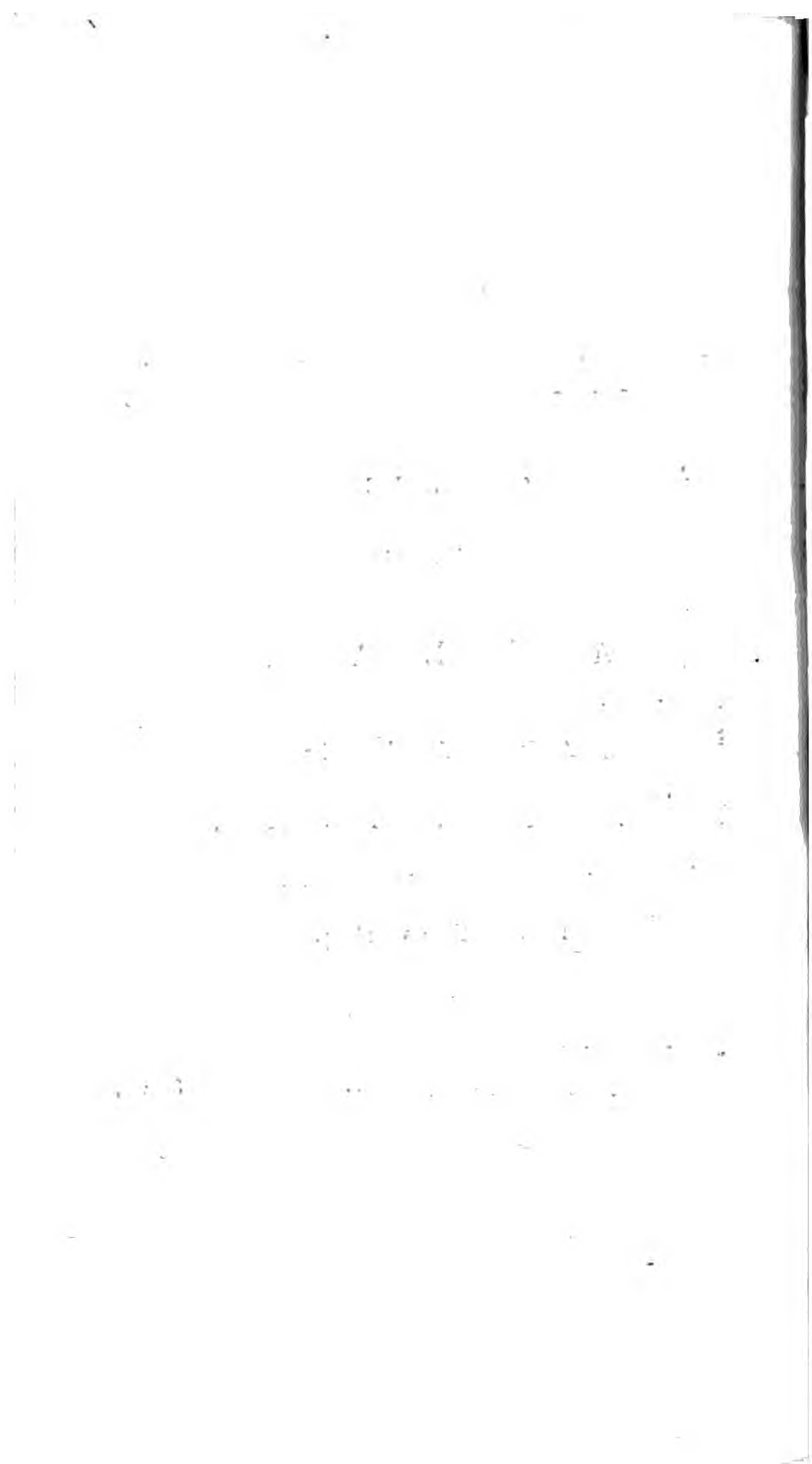
By Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

In the YEAR 1684.

—Neque tu divinum Æneada tenta,  
Sed longè sequere, & vestigia semper adora.

STAT.





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J A M E S,

EARL of OSSORY.

MY LORD,

**T**HE imputation that lies on dedications is general: and whether the ill-nature of the age has traduced the honest intentions of the writers; or they, by their fulsome corruptions, to their own wrong, have justly fixed the scandal upon themselves, your lordship may determine: this I believe, a poet may praise his patron out of countenance, and a lover look his mistress into the confusion of a blush, and with as little wit on one hand, as passion on the other. The fear of falling under the justice of this censure, has awed me: and nothing, but the zeal of confessing myself every way your servant, (having hardly escaped the venture of the stage) could persuade me to throw myself, for a forgiveness, upon a second trial

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of

of the town. The reason of my cause has hardened me against the malice of detraction, and over-ruled my fears to a dedication. The name of *Ossory*, I know, will draw every reader into an expectation of a panegyric; and not to rage under the inspiration of that theme, is grossness, and brutal stupidity, to be shunned of all the world; and here unpardonable, as would be my impudence, should I undertake it. The virtues of your famous ancestors, my lord, live fresh among us; and while the *English* chronicle survives, the *Ormond* worth can never be forgotten; your grandfather, in every glorious action, through the whole story, must begin the page, shine out, and shew the leading hero there. Fortune has once been just, and joining with the wishes of all good men, contrived to make the happiness of your lordship's life answer the quality of your house; and to the nobility of your birth (made yet more noble by the accession of your father's glories, which you of right inherit and which your forward virtue, this summer promises to maintain) provided you a lady, whom nature, in the profusion of her bounty, seems to have made and only meant for you; to share that greatness, which only descent, virtue, wit, and beauty like hers, could deserve. My lord, you are now launched out into the ocean of this life; and may prosperous gales, and smiling summer seas attend

attend you: may your course be steady; still pointing to that genuine loyalty (the natural virtue of your family) which your forefathers nobly tried, and found the only goal of glory. These, with my prayers for your long life, and happy, safe return, are the constant, and shall be the daily wishes of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's entirely faithful

humble Servant,

T. SOUTHERN.

# P R O L O G U E :

Written by Mr. DRYDEN, and spoken by Mr.  
BETTERTON.

*HOW* comes it, gentlemen, that now-a-days,  
When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,  
Our poets tax you still with want of sense,  
All prologues treat you at your own expence?  
Sharp citizens a wiser way can go,  
They make you fools, but never call you so.  
They, in good manners, seldom make a slip,  
But treat a common whore with ladyship:  
But here each saucy wit at random writes,  
And uses ladies as he uses knights.  
Our author, young and grateful in his nature,  
Vows, that from him no nymph deserves a satyr.  
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme,  
Against the sweet partaker of his crime.  
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker  
To call MEN fools; 'tis railing at their MAKER.  
Besides, he fears to split upon that shilf;  
He's young enough to be a FOP himself.  
And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed,  
He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.  
Your nurses, we presume, in such a case  
Your father chose, because he lik'd the face;  
And often they supply'd your mother's place.  
The dry-nurse was your mother's ancient maid,  
Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.  
Betwixt 'em both, for milk and sugar-candy,  
Your sucking bottles were well stor'd with brandy.  
Your father, to initiate your discourse,  
Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse;  
But was prevented by each careful nurse.  
For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,  
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.  
I pass your schools, for there when first you came,  
You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin name.

*In colleges you scorn'd their art of thinking,  
 But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking :  
 Thence come to town, you practise play, to know  
 The virtues of the high dice and the low.  
 Each thinks himself a SHARPER most profound :  
 He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound :  
 With these perfections, and what else he gleans,  
 The SPARK sets up for love behind our scenes ;  
 Hct in pursuit of princesses and queens.  
 There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,  
 Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.  
 He hires some homely room, lowe's fruits to gather,  
 And, garret-high, rebels against his father.  
 But he once dead—  
 Brings her in triumph with her portion down,  
 A toilet, dressing-box, and half a crown.  
 Some marry first, and then they fall to scow'ring,  
 Which is, refining marriage into whoring.  
 Our women batten well on their good nature,  
 All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.  
 But while abroad so liberal the DOLT is,  
 Poor SPOUSE at home as ragged as a colt is.  
 Last, some there are, who take their first degrees  
 Of lewdness in our middle galleries :  
 The doughty BULLIES enter bloody drunk,  
 Invade and grabble one another's PUNK :  
 They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,  
 Call SONS of WHORES, and strike, but ne'er lug out :  
 Thus while for poultry punk they roar and stickle,  
 They make it bawdier than a conventicle.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

ALPHONSO, Husband to ERMINIA,	Mr. <i>Betterton.</i>
LORENZO, Friend to ALPHONSO,	Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
ALBERTO, a general Undertaker,	Mr. <i>Wiltshire.</i>
LESBINO, his Friend,	Mr. <i>Carlisle.</i>
ROGERO, Father to ANGELINE,	Mr. <i>Leigh.</i>

### W O M E N.

ERMINIA, Wife to ALPHONSO,	Mrs. <i>Cook.</i>
JULIANA, a slighted Mistress of ALBERTO's,	} Mrs. <i>Percival.</i>
ANGELINE, ROGERO's Daughter,	
Her supposed Mother,	Mrs. <i>Knight.</i>
CLARA, ERMINIA's Woman,	Mrs. <i>Cory.</i>
	Mrs. <i>Leigh.</i>

SCENE, *Florence.*

T H E  
DISAPPOINTMENT;  
O R, T H E  
MOTHER in FASHION.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Alberto Dressing.*

A SONG written by the Honourable Colonel  
SACKVILLE.

*I Never saw a face till now,  
That could my passion move:  
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a vow,  
But durst not think of love.*

*Till beauty, charming every sense,  
An easy conquest made;  
And shew'd the vainness of defence,  
Where Phyllis does invade.*

*But oh! her colder heart denies  
The thoughts her looks inspire;  
And while in ice that frozen lies,  
Her eyes dart only fire.*



*The DISAPPOINTMENT; or,*

*Between extremes I am undone,  
Like plants too northward set;  
Burnt by too violent a sun,  
Or chill'd for want of heat.*

*Alb.* The world may laugh at these laborious follies,  
That wear away the day; and so may I,  
When my full veins are ebbing into time;  
When age shall level me to impotence;  
And fleeting pleasure leaves me on the foil.  
Then I may turn a true *Dicogenes*.  
Snarl at the pleasures that I cannot taste,  
Despise the gallantries of youth and love,  
And in my tub grow nasty for my ease.

*Enter Lesbino.*

*Lesb.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Alb.* O my friend!

The sight of thee awakens the remembrance  
Of all those pleasures we have pass'd together.

*Lesb.* I think the *Roman Antony*, in the rage  
Of his luxurious appetite, nay, when  
He made the highest sacrifice to sense,  
Ne'er rated flesh and blood as we have done:  
Such scenes of wit! such hours of love and wine!—

*Alb.* O my *Lesbino*! thou remember'st all!  
Once at a feast, when fair *Panthea*, crown'd,  
The queen of love, sat smiling on her throne,  
We humbly offer'd up our vows; and strait  
Beauty descended in a thousand charms:  
*Selina's* passion languish'd in her eyes,  
And thou wert caught:  
*Corinna's* music triumph'd o'er the sphere,  
And over me: so all were happy made:  
But then the jealous goddess, from her seat  
Flew to our arms, and there was better pleas'd.

*Lesb.* Yet this was censur'd!

*Alb.* Only by *Clarinda*,  
Whose virtue ne'er appear'd, but in her pride:

Whom

Whom I have since enjoy'd, with the dear thought  
Of leaving her to my contempt and scorn.

*Lesb.* Ah yes! there have been days!

*Alb.* Have been! there are:

This day, to-morrow, every day shall bawd  
To our desires.

*Lesb.* The regiments are marching,  
And I must post to my command to-morrow.

*Alb.* So suddenly! what danger presses us?

*Lesb.* Only a city-plot: curse on their politic noddles.  
They've brains enough to keep their foreheads safe;  
They cry, the soldier's surfeited with ease,  
The tokens of foul leachery appear——

*Alb.* On their own wives and daughters.

*Lesb.* And out of christian charity to themselves,  
And to prevent the growth of cuckoldom,  
At their expence they physic the whole camp,  
And make a war, only to let us blood.

*Alb.* And thou hast not a vein, that thou wouldst spare  
From old *Rogero's* daughter: have I touch'd you?

*Lesb.* Faith with wonder, to hear her mention'd here:  
I thought her birth conceal'd her from all eyes.

*Alb.* If among common pebbles, we should find  
A diamond pave our way, 'twere quickly seen.

*Lesb.* You know her then?

*Alb.* And know her to be mine:

O I am the *Columbus* of that world,  
And will grow rich in beauty: pow'rful gold  
Has broke the quarry up: and now, *Lesbino*,  
I have a mother working in the mine.

*Lesb.* What! make a mother bawd to her own child?

*Alb.* O none so fit in nature, she best knows  
The constitution of her daughter's blood:  
How high her pulses beat; remembers too  
Which way the devil danc'd, when she was young,  
And there can play him now.

*Lesb.* My lord! I am pleas'd the lot is falln on you;  
You'll keep the sex in action: when we come  
Hack'd from the field, to find our women right,

Under good discipline, and easiness,  
Is all the christian comfort of a soldier.

*A. b.* O! this is but the opening of the scene,  
That shews my triumph. Thou shalt know it all.  
No answer of my letter?

*Serv.* None, my lord.

*A. b.* Attend without.

[*Exit Servant.*]

'Twas to *Alphonso's* house.

*Lesb.* Not to his wife?

*Alb.* Suppose it were!

*Lesb.* Do you expect an answer?

*Alb.* I grant a virgin's modesty may blush,  
And start at her own wishes; but a wife,  
A high-fed, wanton, understanding wife,  
That knows how beauty in a husband's arms,  
Like treasure rusting in a miser's chests,  
Lies unenjoy'd, yet coveted by all:  
For such a wife, secure on every hand,  
From jealousy at home, and tongues abroad,  
Youth in her veins, and wishes in her heart,  
That knows the price of opportunity;  
For her to trifle out the hours of love  
In coy denials, is beyond my creed.

*Lesb.* But, sir, report speaks loudly of her virtue.

*Alb.* Why virtuous let her be to all the world,  
To easy husbands, and believing fools:  
For me, I'm settled in my faith: I've made  
A study of the sex, and found it frail:  
The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,  
Are earthly minded all: there's not a she,  
The coldest constitution of the sex,  
Nay, at the altar, telling o'er her beads,  
But some one rises on her heav'nly thoughts,  
That drives her down the wind of strong desire,  
And makes her taste mortality again.

*Enter Servant, whispers Alberto, and goes out.*

Admit her.

This is the hinge of my designs:  
Her confident; the bawdy confessor,

That

That probes her lady's conscience to the quick,  
To give it ease— She comes! you must withdraw.

*Enter Clara.*

What comfort? Speak, thou messenger of love!

*Clar.* Undone! undone! for ever! O my lord!  
I was born to be ruin'd in your service!

*Alb.* Ha! what's the matter?

*Clar.* Your letter, by what accident I know not,  
Is fall'n into my lord's hands.

*Alb.* Death and hell! then all's discover'd.

*Clar.* O nothing but my falshood.

*Alb.* The duke's name was subscrib'd.

*Clar.* Ay, you are not suspected; but the credit  
Of my function's lost forever. I have wept  
And sworn my innocence over and over;  
And all to no purpose.

*Alb.* That's hard indeed.

*Clar.* He's raging mad, and has laid such a strict  
Confinement on my poor lady, so hardly us'd her,  
That sure she'll never think of mankind more—

[*Alb. shows a Purse.*]

Unless the thoughts of serving your lordship, prevail  
Upon my good-nature, to bring her about again.

*Alb.* Here, thou hast won it fairly.

*Clar.* Our doors are all barr'd up, and none can find  
Admittance but *Lorenzo*. 'Twas with difficulty  
I stole to find you out, and let you know  
I am not idle: leave the rest to me: I must away. [*Ex.*]

*Lisb.* I've heard it all. And now, my lord, your  
thoughts upon the matter.

*Alb.* Faith, were it not for a charitable principle of my  
virtuous friend there, in setting all things right again,  
the power of my gold, and her own natural inclinations  
to the office, I should think my affairs were but in a me-  
lancholy condition.

*Lisb.* What do you resolve on?

*Alb.* E'en to go, as the devil in the woman drives me,  
For since the conquest that he made on *Eve*,  
'T has been that sex's business to deceive—

*Enter Juliana meeting him.*

*Juliana* here! then I am impotent: *Lesbino*, stay.

*Jul.* Why do you start, *Alberto*?

*Alb.* This indeed

Was unexpected:—I was us'd to see  
You oftner: I should chide you: but retire,  
I would not have you seen; *Lesbino* there——

*Jul.* Has seen me here before.

*Alb.* Ay, madam, but

We live in a censorious talking age,  
And he is naturally fond of scandal.

*Jul.* He is your friend.

*Alb.* But it is hard to know

How far to trust a friend in these affairs;  
Your reputation——

*Jul.* This is poor, my lord.

*Alb.* Nay then you'd not be answer'd [*Ex. with Lesb.*]

*Jul.* To play the woman right, now I should swoon,  
Call curses down from heav'n on his head,  
Protest my wrongs, and vow to be reveng'd;  
This were the surest way to please my sex:  
But why reveng'd? Or how have I been wrong'd?  
I knew him false before; the sad experience  
Of other women, warn'd me on my fate;  
And yet I cou'd not hold from venturing:  
Had he refus'd me, then my wrongs were plain:  
But I have met the softest dear returns  
That love could make, or longing maids desire.  
If he has left me, 'tis his nature's fault,  
That cannot be confin'd.

*Enter Clara.*

O *Clara*! welcome.

*Clar.* Madam, I find my lord has soon dispatch'd your  
business.

*Jul.* I have met the entertainment I expected here;  
But, *Clara*, must I lose him thus?

*Clar.* I have told you,  
He loves my lady: and he bribes me high,

To

To prove his advocate in this affair ;  
But yet methinks I would do much for you.

*Jul.* And thou shalt find I will not starve my cause :  
I'll prove a grateful client.

*Clar.* As we walk,  
We'll think upon the means.

*Jul.* Then let the wanderer rove,  
So I enjoy him in his rounds of love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Changes to Alphonso's House.

Enter Alphonso and Lorenzo.

*Alph.* She might have number'd out the stars in sin ;  
Fed her hot, lustful appetite with change  
Of every high fed, wanton fool in *Florence* ;  
Yet I been happy : ignorantly blest,  
Like a true marriage tool, I might have fate  
Contented, at the lower end o'th' feast,  
To welcome all, without a farther thought :  
And when the business of the day was o'er,  
When all the company had danc'd her round ;  
At night I might have ta'en her to my heart,  
With praises on her truth and constancy,  
And thanks to heav'n for such a virtuous wife !

*Lor.* *Alphonso*, hear me !

*Alph.* But to know myself a monster ! death and hell !  
Children and fools will have me in the wind,  
And I shall stink of cuckold to the world.

*Lor.* Come, come : you search too deep, and make  
your wound.

*Alph.* O ! I have nothing left me but thy friendship  
To satisfy mankind, I once was thought  
Above the reach of such a common fate.

*Lor.* You are above it still.

*Alph.* By heav'n I should be :  
For I'll appeal to reason ; is it fit  
The man thou hast honour'd with the name of friend,  
Should fall so low, to be the common scorn  
Of pimps and bawds ?

*Lor.* Your thoughts are on the rack :

But

But recollect your reason to your aid,  
 And cast about, to find this treacherous slave  
 That has abus'd you ; if I then forsake you,  
 May the severest vengeance of your fury  
 Fall here, and mark me with the villain's shame.

*Alph.* O! think'st thou I am thus, without just cause?  
 Had any broad-mouth'd, fland'rous villain said it,  
 I would have turn'd him outward to the sun,  
 Display'd th'infected fountain of his thoughts,  
 And stabb'd the venom'd lie down to his heart :  
 But when the duke's own character confirms it !

*Lor.* Friend, have a care how you pursue that thought ;  
 There's danger in the way, therefore no more.

*Alph.* And yet by heav'n ! I cannot blame the duke ;  
 For she has beauty that may justify  
 All actions, that are meant to compass her.  
 Oh ! I am well acquainted with her pow'r :  
 I have devour'd the spirit of her love,  
 'Till drunk with joy, I reel'd to my undoing.  
 Her eyes have shot me with a thousand fires ;  
 A thousand times, the little weeping loves,  
 That wanton'd in the liquid crystal there,  
 Like *April* showers melting on my cheeks,  
 Refresh'd my veins into a wanton spring.  
 O she is more than I can speak or think,  
 The softest bosom-dear ! the tenderest wife !

*Lor.* Yet you would part with her.

*Alph.* Not for the wealth of *Pluto*, were she true :  
 But she is false, and all my comfort now  
 Must be to drive her from my thoughts for ever.

*Lor.* For ever !

*Alph.* Yes, among the follies of my life, I wou'd  
 Forget the sex : I wou'd not call to mind  
 How I have sold the charter of my manhood,  
 To please the fondness of a woman's longing :  
 I would not count those tedious hours again,  
 (Tho' in my thoughts!) which I have sacrific'd  
 To the fantastic pride of that vain sex.  
 But what I wou'd have bury'd to the world,  
 Is the remembrance of that fatal hour,

In

In which I fondly ventur'd out my hopes ;  
My peace of mind, my honour, and my love,  
In the weak, sinking bottom of a wife :

O sleep that thought, and I shall be at ease !

*Lor.* You speak as if there were no woman true.

*Alph.* I know not what I speak : but if my wife,  
If my *Erminia's* false, the sex is damn'd ;  
I know it ; and she was the last that fell.

*Lor.* Call old *Rogero's* daughter to your mind,  
To prove there may be virtue in that sex,  
Tho' tempted by necessity, and want,  
That gold could not corrupt, nor pow'r betray.

*Alph.* What, poor ! and honest ! and a woman too !  
Does she still keep that point ? Then who can tell  
But I may be abus'd ?

*Lor.* By heav'n you are !  
Some villain practises against your peace,  
Whom time shall best discover : for *Erminia*,  
So well I know the conduct of her life,  
I'd stake my soul upon her innocence.

*Alph.* Is this thy thought ?

*Lor.* By heav'n, my friend, it is.

*Alph.* Wou'd I cou'd make it mine.

*Lor.* Go see her then.

*Alph.* I dare not trust my temper.

*Lor.* Come, you shall,  
I've given my word.

*Alph.* To whom ?

*Lor.* Your mourning wife.

*Alph.* You mock my misery.

*Lor.* I am your friend.

*Alph.* But did *Erminia* make it her request ?  
Speak, cou'd she ? O the suff'ring innocence !  
Thy words have darted hope into my soul,  
And comfort dawns upon me ! O speak on !

*Lor.* Her soul in sadness, and her eyes in tears,  
Sighing, she said, she fear'd her heart might break ;  
But she wou'd learn the virtue of a wife,  
And labour patiently to suffer all ;  
Then at my feet, in all the storm of grief,

She



She begg'd me, as for life, to see her lord ;  
 And ever as she did repeat your name,  
 Such floods of sorrow burst from her bright eyes,  
 I cou'd not keep my manhood, but wept too.

*Alpb.* If thou wert mov'd, my friend ! oh what must I  
 Have been — had I been present at the view ?  
 Such tenderness must have disarm'd my soul,  
 And thrown me for forgiveness at her feet :  
 But 'tis not yet too late.

*Lor.* Then you will see her ?

*Alpb.* Thy mournful story has subdu'd my heart,  
 And I have not a thought that does oppose me :  
 Witness it heav'n ! and earth ! and thou my friend,  
 I combated this passion of my love,  
 Stood this high test of honour to my pow'r,  
 But am o'ercome : I am, I am a man,  
 And can no longer bear it. O *Lorenzo* !  
 My panting heart beats to *Erminia's* breast,  
 Struggles and heaves, and fain would be at rest ;  
 Weary'd with fears, and jealousies, wou'd come,  
 Thoughtless and free, to taste content at home ;  
 Firmly resolving never to remove  
 From such a friend, nor my *Erminia's* love.      [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alpb.* I Parted with *Lorenzo*, on my promise  
 To see my wife, and yet I loiter here  
 In a perplexing maze of crowding doubts :  
 I'll think no more on't : ha — *Alberto* here ! —

*Enter Alberto.*

*Alb.* *Alphonso* ! I have met you luckily.  
 I came to find you out.

*Alpb.* I am glad, my lord,  
 Your trouble's at an end, and I am found.

*Alb.*

*Alb.* Our master, the great duke——

*Alph.* Sir, what of him?

*Alb.* Has sent me to you.

*Alph.* O he honours me

Too much of late, beyond a subject's thanks :

What will this come to?

[*Aside.*]

*Alb.* Hearing that you have left the court.——

*Alph.* For that,

There's a necessity calls every man  
Into his own concerns ; and business, fir,  
In spite of fortune, will usurp sometimes.

*Alb.* 'Twas something sure of moment, unexpected,  
Cou'd cause that haste, at which the court admires.

*Alph.* Why, fir, admire? is it a miracle  
To find a courtier honest, at his house  
With his own wife! 'tis hardly treason this,  
Nor would I have it an offence to any.

*Alb.* O ! none at all ; but yet the duke, that knows  
Persons of your esteem and quality  
Make the full blaze of honour in his court,  
Would have you always near him : therefore, fir,  
To-night he makes a public entertainment,  
Where you and your fair lady are his guests.

*Alph.* Sits the wind there?

[*Aside.*]

He over honours me, and I shall think  
Myself too poor and thankless a return  
For this high grace : pray let his highness know,  
My sword and fortune wait upon his will ;  
But I am ill at measures, and must beg  
To be excus'd.

*Alb.* Your lady dances well.

*Alph.* Y'are in the right, my lord : she does indeed ;  
She sings well too : if I may be a judge,  
Who am her husband, exquisitely well ;  
Yet who would think it?

*Alb.* What?

*Alph.* Nay you, my lord,  
Are out at miracles ; and this indeed  
Requires a husband's faith : yet you shall hear it ;  
My wife (how prompted she can only tell)

Tho'

Tho' bred up to the pleasures of the court,  
 With all those entertaining qualities,  
 That men admire, and women envy,  
 Young as she is, now, when her blood might well  
 Employ her beauty in its proper use ;  
 Faints in the fury of her appetite :  
 And (what I must confess I blush to own)  
 She foolishly affects a housewife's praise  
 Amongst her maids, and spins her youth away.  
 Is not this strange ?

*Alb.* O most impossible !

*Alph.* That I expected, and indeed I grant you.  
 This vulgar, wife-like virtue, housewifry,  
 In a young lady, is scandalously old,  
 Quite out of fashion, and must be forgotten.

*Alb.* You cannot be in earnest ?

*Alph.* O my lord !  
 Marriage would mainly help your unbelief.      [*Exit.*]

*Alb.* As hanging cures the tooth-ach ; go thy way,  
 Old jealousy ; tho' I have fail'd in this ;  
*Clara* fights wary, and can never miss.      [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Changes to Erminia's Chamber.*

A SONG by an unknown hand.

**P**OO*R, ill-instructed, wretched woman-kind !*

*Deceiv'd by fate,*

*Preposterously to love and hate ;*

*Our feeble mind*

*Yields up the keys of our ill-guarded treasure,*

*To tyrant man, whose arbitrary reign*

*Scarce gives us will, or power to complain :*

*Us and our passions they enchain ;*

*The fleeting pleasure*

*Holds no proportion with the lasting pain.*

*And thou, the most ungrateful of thy race,*

*Who hast my honour, wouldst my name deface,*

*Cease thy pursuing,*

*To my undoing.*

*Since*

*Since all the cruel perjuries I prove,  
Do but exalt the merit of my love,  
And whilst thy falshood mortal proves to me,  
My love aspires to immortality.*

*Enter Erminia and Clara.*

*Erm.* My melancholy thoughts are all employ'd  
On those hard-fated maids, that are bought in,  
By some poor circumstance of interest,  
To the eternal slavery of life.

*Clar.* Ah! who that sees in you the marriage joys,  
Will ever trust their freedom with a man?

*Erm.* In me! I am most happy in content:  
I love the hand that lays this load upon me;  
And shall, altho' it sink me to my grave;  
O *Clara!* this were wretchedness indeed;  
This usage were beyond the reach of patience,  
From any but *Alphonso*; him I love,  
Him, whom my heart hangs after for its peace.

*Clar.* In him, 'tis tyranny to use you thus.

*Erm.* O! I am run behind-hand with my love:  
I have not yet discounted for those sums,  
Those endless sums of joys, that made me happy:  
And these are but the poor compounding tears;  
This scene of sorrow the bare interest,  
Which I will pay, till he remits the debt,  
And takes me to the comfort of his bosom.

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alph.* He sends for me, invites me to the court;  
To bring my wife to court; now the great duke  
Appears himself, and claims me for his cuckold.  
What! bring my wife to court! damnation! none  
But I to bawd to my disgrace! sure something  
Appears upon me, spiritless and poor,  
That marks me for that office, in his eye:  
He durst not else have done it:—  
I believe her honest yet:  
Her body not acquainted with the sin,  
But if her thoughts run foul, her mind's a whore;

And

And the next opportunity completes  
My black dishonour.

*Clar.* Madam, my lord.

*Alph.* Mistress, you,

I guess your reverend function by your face.

Nay, here's money for you :

An ounce of gold for but a grain of truth :

Canst thou inform me of thy lady's thoughts !

How they're employ'd ! on whom ? O tell me that,

And I will yet believe thou may'st live on

Some years in sin, before thou'rt to be damn'd.

*Clar.* Good heav'n defend my lord !

*Alph.* Nay, then thou art a praying chamber bawd,  
And truth abhors thee. Foh ! how she stinks o'th'office.

[*Thrusts her out.*]

*Erm.* My lord ! my much lov'd lord !

How has my ignorance betray'd my peace,

And robb'd me of your love ? Alas ! I own,

Freely confess the frailties of my sex,

With all its forms of follies, here before you :

Oh then if I have blindly stumbled on

A fault, in pity to my weakness, you

My lord, will pardon it.

*Alph.* Does the remembrance of any sin  
Upbraid your thoughts ?

*Erm.* My sins are infinite,

As is the mercy of relenting heav'n.

But I defy my memory, combin'd

With the severest malice of my fate,

Since the first happy minute of our loves,

To point me to a crime against my lord.

*Alph.* What ! not in thought, *Erminia* ?

*Erm.* No, indeed !

Not even in thought, as I do hope for heav'n !

*Alph.* Then where's the need of pardon ? you are  
justify'd.

*Erm.* Alas ! I do beseech you on my knees,  
With streaming eyes, and a poor bleeding heart,

Inform me ; let that tempest on your brow,

Fall on the wretched head of lost *Erminia* ;

But

But speak ! O let my accusation come,  
And tell me what I've done to move you thus.

*Alpb.* Damnation ! done ! speak, answer me ! what done ?

*Erm.* Alas ! what means my lord ?

*Alpb.* Have you done any thing, that thus your guilt  
Betrays you to the question ?

*Erm.* Indeed I know of nothing to offend you.

*Alpb.* O, were it come to that ; did I but once  
Conceive a slight suspicion of the deed ;  
It were not time for words——

*Erminia,* I believe you've done no fault.

*Erm.* Then I am happy in my innocence.

*Alpb.* There's not a line in all that beauteous face,  
That promises the picture of a whore ;  
By heav'n she should be honest to the soul ;  
O ! I could curse that first seducing priest,  
Who with false reasons triumph'd o'er the world,  
And reconcil'd mankind to slavery :  
Whilst he, and all that reverend, fatted tribe,  
Skill'd in the arts of luxury, and ease,  
Wisely refus'd the doctrines that they taught,  
And only damn'd the laity to a wife.

*Erm.* Did you not name your wife ?

*Alpb.* I did, *Erminia* ;

And with a curse upon the cunning priest,  
That conjur'd us together in a yoke,  
That galls me now.

*Erm.* Wou'd I had never been,  
Or never liv'd to hear you curse me from you.

*Alpb.* No, I will ever bless you to my grave.

*Erm.* Will you ! then sure, oh sure, you cannot hate me !

*Alpb.* By heav'n and earth ! I never can, *Erminia* !

No : by th' eternal Majesty that awes me,  
I languish with the fondness of my love,  
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my heart :  
Oh ! thou'rt the very fountain of my joys,  
The spirit of my peace, my spring of life,  
All that my wishes would, or heav'n can give :  
Yet, oh eternal torment to my love !  
We must, we must, *Erminia*——

*Erm.*

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*Erm.* What, my lord?

O sure my heart informs me of my fate:  
What must we?

*Alph.* 'Tis heav'n alone can tell,  
How fatally the secret struggles here!  
With what impetuous force it beats my breast;  
And tears away my quiet in its way;  
Therefore, it comes. O! we must part for ever.  
I can no more. Farewel.

*Erm.* This, and all's well. [*She follows him.*  
Remember poor *Erminia* in her grave. [*She swoons.*

*Alph.* She sinks! she's gone! *Erminia!* stay, my life!  
O I conjure you by those thousand hours  
Of softest joys, that melted in thy arms;  
And by those thousand years of love to come,  
I charge you stay.

*Erm.* Sure 'tis the voice of love,  
That summons me to life, and my *Alphonso*.

*Alph.* Look up, *Erminia!* see, I'm rooted here,  
Fix'd to thy fate, and cannot live without thee.  
There are ten thousand blessings yet behind,  
Untasted by the palate of our loves,  
That wait to crown our days and nights together.  
And oh! my heart can never think of joy,  
Nor move me one step onward to my peace,  
Without the partner of my happiness.

*Erm.* Am I? Then sure we must not part?

*Alph.* O never.  
Forget the guilty thought, as I have done.  
Thou something dearer to me than my life!  
Grow to my heart, for ever fix thee here;  
Till time, long ages hence, shall call us down,  
Old, and embracing, to one grave together.

*Erm.* Then I am truly happy. Yet, my lord,  
(Forgive the folly of a woman's fears)  
If your late coldness ever shou'd return,  
No wretchedness on earth could equal mine.

*Alph.* Drive me not back upon my memory,  
But take me to thy arms, and I will lose  
All thoughts, but of almighty love and thee.

Thus

Thus tempest-beaten voyagers at last  
(Toft by the fury of the angry main)  
Secure and safe are in the harbour caft,  
And never, never venture out again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an open Garden.

*Enter Angeline with her Mother.*

*Moth.* I've dropt my husband in the crowd, and this is the walk my lord *Alberto* promis'd to meet me in: come hither *Angeline!* hold up thy head, child! ah! thy mother's own twinkle! well, fifteen must be provided for, I see that.

*Ang.* I do not understand you.

*Moth.* No matter for that, I understand enough in this point for us both, child; if you have but the grace to be rul'd.

*Ang.* I hope I have ever been obedient.

*Moth.* Ay, 'twill be the better for you: say your prayers duly, and take your mother's advice along with you, and you may come to keep your coach one day.

*Ang.* Alas! I am contented with my poor 'condition, And would not, if I might, be what you say; And see my good old father go on foot.

*Moth.* No, *Angeline*, he and I and all of us shall ride, if you will be instructed to raise us. You know the lord *Alberto*?

*Ang.* Him that you shew'd me walking with the duke?

*Moth.* Ay, there's a man for you; to my certain knowledge he's directly in love with thee.

*Ang.* So indeed the lord *Lorenzo* tells me, he loves me; And tho' I am more inclin'd to credit him, Yet I am far from thinking of it true.

*Moth.* Come, you shall love both.

*Ang.* That's impossible! both cannot marry me.

*Moth.* Marry you! no matter for that: but both may serve your turn a great deal better, another way: come *Angeline*; thy father's poor, thy beauty's thy portion, and manage it to the best advantage.

*Ang.* Poor as I am, I scorn to be a whore.

*Moth.*



*Matb.* Bless me! how can you expect to thrive with such abominable, ungodly words in your mouth, child? A whore! fy, fy, don't think of the indecent thing; but as I was saying, there will be beauty enough at five and twenty, to throw away upon a husband; then if you should chance to tarnish, or grow rusty in the wearing, (as beauty, alas! is but a flower, and flowers will fade,) 'tis but the matrimony dip at last, and you appear again as fresh, with as glossy a complexion, as you had never been blown on, and no harm done—I think I see him coming—Oh! 'tis my unreasonable husband again, that out of a starving principle of honesty, will neither stir himself, nor suffer me to labour in the lawful occupation of a mother for the advantage of a poor child.

[Weeps.

*Enter Rogero.*

*Rog.* Oh! have I found you? 'Tis very well—A pox o'these hot countries: there's no taking a mouthful of air, without the venture of being choak'd with the flies: how they swarm in every walk! coxcombs of every size, and nation! from the impertinence of the *French* down to the leaden figure of a *Dutchman*.

*Enter 'Squire, Poet, and Bully.*

*Ang.* Who have we here?

*Rog.* The very picture of folly in leading-strings! now by his countenance I should guess there has not been an ounce of brains in the family, since his father's great grandfather mortgag'd his, to the purchasing a title.

*Ang.* Of what, sir? a fool! does that bear such a value in the world?

*Rog.* O child! none but our swinging estates can come up to the price on't: our lords buy by the whole piece, so that a poor man can hardly come in for a remnant of that commodity.

*Ang.* Methinks I should not covet to forestall their markets.

*Rog.* Ah! thy father's own daughter to a hair! nay, thou hast a tang of thy mother in thee too, I'll say that  
for

for thee, *Angelline!* thou follow'st good example: she might have been a lady, as she says: but no matter for that; she was wiser as I take it: for I'gad I was a swinger in those days: let me see——I cou'd have done——I don't know what I could have done.——But 'tis past time a-day with me now; come, let's home, or these vermin will be biting.

'Squire. Well, well, let me alone; I warrant you I break her heart, boys: but hark you, poet! you'll stand by me and prompt upon occasion: while you with your whiskers terrify my mistress into silence and attention.

[Squire advances between his Poet and Bully.

*Ang.* The thing comes towards us.

'Squire. Now——will I be *Alexander* the Great; and with thy right hand, my poet's brains, and my own estate, beat down the fortifications of these *Amazons*, and ravish to the end of the chapter.

*Bul.* Bear up, fir.

'Squire. Soft, and fair: a general should not be hot-headed you know.

Poet, where are you?

*Poet.* Now fir,——*Bright as, &c.* [Prompting.

'Squire. Ay, ay:

*Bright as the virgin tresses of the day,  
When Neptune scours the sunbeams from the sea.*

*Ang.* What does he mean, fir?

*Poet.*——*My eyes, &c.* [Prompting again.

'Squire.——*My eyes are scorb'd by your illustrious face,  
Like dry'd tobacco by a burning-glass.*

*Poet.* There's poetry for you.

'Squire. Ay, there's poetry for you.

*Rog.* Sir, I am poor enough to pretend acquaintance to the *Muses*; but I confess I don't understand you. Therefore, without your tresses, sunbeams, and your *Nep-tunes*, I ask you what you would have?

*Bully.* } Have, fir?

'Squire. }  
*Rog.* Ay, have fir!

'Squire. Prithee *Bully Whiskers* tell him you——  
I am not much for fighting.

[Walks off.  
*Bully.*

*Bully.* Why! may be nothing, fir.  
What then, fir?

*Rog.* Why then I am satisfy'd.

*'Squire.* Why look you there. I knew he was a civil, honest fellow.

*Bully.* Pox, he knows his men.

*'Squire.* Hark thee, old lad, I have a great mind to be better acquainted with thee. Pr'ythee now, if a man may be so bold, what a pox art thou?

*Rog.* What am I! why I am nothing, have nothing, care for nothing, nor depend on nothing.

*Poet.* He comes of a very ancient family.

*'Squire.* Nothing, say'st thou? why then I'gad I'll have the honour of thy creation; but first here's money for thee: now thou art pimp-master in ord'nary to my family, from this day forward; and begin thy office upon that same little gipsy there.

*Rog.* Oh! I am proud that I have a daughter for you; but I intend to give you the first fruits of my service gratis. And return your gold to these rascals, that deserve it for keeping you company; and this to your worship. [Kicks him.]

*'Squire.* Nay, if you are thereabouts, your servant!

*Rog.* As you like me, reward me!

*Bully.* Come away, fir! 'tis a poor old mad fellow, and is not worth your anger; and faith it goes against my conscience to murder him, when he has bid so high for my friendship; else, by the threshold of *Mahomet's* temple——

*Poet.* Let him alone, I am big with *Madrigal*, and will prostitute his daughter to a tinker in my next lampoon.

*Rog.* This will elevate your imagination.

[Draws and scours 'em off.]

*Enter Alberto.*

*Alb. Rogero!* What, my old bully of sixty-five, levying war with thy regiment of years about thee! what's the matter?

*Rog.* The matter, my lord! why every thing's the matter. The coxcomb was in the matter in provoking me; and

and I was in the matter for beating the coxcomb about the matter, that in the whole matter is not a farthing matter, whether there had been any matter or no.

*Alb.* Very well; but pr'ythee what pretty creature is that there?

*Rog.* Where, fir? who, fir? my wife, fir?  
What have to you say to my wife, fir?

*Moth.* More than you imagine.

[*Aside.*

*A. b.* Nothing, nothing, I man!

*Rog.* Nothing, my lord! why let me tell you, my lord, She has been——

*Alb.* Ay, and is still, *Rogero*, a good old *Genova* print for you that use spectacles: but I wear my own eyes, and would fain know who this lovely young thing is?

*Rog.* Lovely, did you say! I'gad and you are i'th'right on't: there's a wench for you. A mistress for an emperor, by *Jupiter*! my own picture to a hair! ah! rogue, there's a shape, there's a face, then her eyes and lips; see how they blub and pout, and twitter and swell at you!

*Alb.* *Rogero*! I'll make bold, and taste your fruit.

[*Kisses Ang.*

*Rogero goes between Alberto and Angeline.*

*Rog.* So much for civility: and now my lord, I am sorry for't, but this same idle girl of mine, this same, what you will, this chit, this any thing, has suck'd such a foolish principle from her mother, I am ashamed on't.

*Alb.* Pr'ythee, *Rogero*, what is't?

*Rog.* Why I am sorry for't, but I vow to gad she is not for your turn.

*Alb.* What dost thou mean?

*Rog.* Only out of stark love and kindness, that a person of your quality should not lose his labour; for to my certain knowledge, she is most damnably honest; come away, *Angeline*, come away, child.

*Alb.* I do not understand thee.

*Rog.* Nor do I intend to explain at present: but my lord, you'll pardon me. I know nothing of the matter; my wife must answer it, it lies at her door. [*Ex. Rog. and Ang.*

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*Alb.* He knows nothing of my design?

*Moth.* 'Tis only his humour.

*Alb.* Pox on him! how came he here to disturb us?

*Moth.* He met us at chapel.

*Alb.* Nay, if our saints prove no better friends to the intrigues of this world, we shall soon fall off the zeal of our devotion to them.

But tell me, when shall be the happy hour?

The fragrant infancy of opening flow'rs

Flow'd to my senses in that melting kiss:

O! I am wild, impatient as desire,

To force the blushing beauty to my bosom,

And there dissolve it to the balm of love,

Speak, tell me, when! oh when?

*Moth.* Alas, my lord! you think I have done nothing for you!

Have not I? When nature, conscience,——

*Alb.* I know thou hast: nay, nay, here's the best recipe for a troublesome conscience in Christendom

[*Gives a purse.*]

*Probatum est.* I warrant it good, mother.

*Moth.* Well, I am ashamed of your bounty; but you are so winning a person, you might have commanded me without a reward. But to-morrow, my lord, you shall see her; if she should prove frail—— But no matter for that, you are a virtuous person, and will scorn to take the advantage of her weakness.

*Alb.* Not in the least, do not doubt me. [*Ex. Mother.*]

So, this conquest's sure; now for *Alphonso's* wife,

That suffering martyr to a wedded life;

If her false virtue be not to be sold,

Farewel our surest panders, pow'r and gold. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Angelline and Juliana.*

*Jul.* Come, come, I know you love him: *Alberto* is

A very master in the arts of love:

Practis'd in all the soft bewitching ways

That find the weakness of a woman's heart;

Therefore, without a blush, you may confess it.

*Ang.* I would hide nothing from you willingly.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Tell me, is there not something in your heart  
Pleads strongly for him ?

*Ang.* If something from without  
Did not plead more, his cause were desperate.

*Jul.* Indeed ! I hear your mother favours him.

*Ang.* Would I could say 'twere false.

*Jul.* You came to meet him here.

*Ang.* My mother I believe had so design'd :  
For as we came from chapel with my father,  
She watch'd her time, and lost him in the crowd.

*Jul.* Does he allow it ?

*Ang.* No ; he forewarns me of him.

*Jul.* And be advis'd : fly from his charms betimes,  
There is no other safety : if you think  
To stand, and guard the passes to your heart,  
You are undone : Oh ! I have heard him talk,  
Like the first child of love, when ev'ry word  
Spoke in his eyes, and wept to be believ'd,  
And all to ruin me. Had I more time  
To tell my story out, 'twould move your pity :  
But yonder comes your father !  
I'll see you suddenly again : farewell. [Exit Juliana.

*Enter Lorenzo and Rogero to Angelline.*

*Lor. Rogero,* I'm well acquainted with thy worth :  
Have study'd thee ; observ'd thee in our wars,  
Where the hard chance of fortune threw thy lot  
Among the meanest of our soldiery ;  
Unheeded, friendless, destitute of all ;  
'Till that blunt spirit of thy honesty,  
And forwardness to all attempts of honour,  
Forc'd back thy fate, and made thy virtue known.

*Rog.* Yes. I have been a soldier ; and have been re-  
warded too : had promises for pay, and starv'd for the ho-  
nour of my profession.

*Lor.* Well ; all shall be amended ; come to court,  
And but apply thyself to our great duke,  
And thou shalt find a prince, whose virtue will  
Redeem thee from the smart of poverty ;

Reward thy merits with an open hand,  
And nurse thy wanting age with ease and plenty.

*Rog.* My lord! you know me, and I know myself: you bid God bless the duke, I cry *Amen*, with all my heart; so far we're right: but here I leave you; not one step farther, not an inch, my lord; I am not for the court, not I my lord; there's a ruggedness in my nature will not let me sell the freedom of my mind, to feed my body: no, when I see a fool, I must laugh at him; not sooth him in his vanity, nor tickle him 'till he wheeze, and give me an advantage of creeping to his pocket.

*Lor.* But thy family, *Rogero*.

*Rog.* Ay, my daughter here; why y'are in the right on't again: well, I confess I should be glad my *Angellino* were provided for; but I can neither pimp, flatter, or lye for a portion for her.

*Lor.* Nor shalt thou need it: here, *Rogero*, cherish Thy daughter's virtuous thoughts, nor let her wants Betray her to dishonour.

*Rog.* My lord, you should be honest: but the honesty of this purse is no better than it should be! why, how many reverend matrons has this corrupted into bawds; 'tis as sure a damnation to a maidenhead, as fifteen, wit, and a good face: but, tempter, I defy thee; and tho' it is reasonable I should be a rogue for this; I'd have you to know I scorn the office.

*Lor.* Away, away, do not suspect my friendship:  
On all occasions use me as thy purse;  
That shall be open to thee, depend upon me,  
And leave thy daughter's fortune to my care.

*Rog.* *Angelin!* dost hear that child! th'art made for ever.

*Lor.* *Rogero!* that *Alberto*, whom you spoke of,  
Runs in my thoughts: dost hear me; watch him close,  
Observe him well: his favour with the duke,  
Passes those actions current to the world,  
Which in another man were foul and monstrous:  
Therefore beware of him! no more; farewell.

*Rog.* My lord! your servant; but as I was saying, he has the Christian liberty of the common to ramble in as much

much as he pleases, and welcome: but if he be for leaping into inclosures, if he come to pasture in my ground, at his peril, at his peril, by *Jupiter*! that's all, that's all. Your servant, my lord, your servant.

[*Exit cum Angelline.*]

*Lor.* She's gone, and all my thoughts are up in arms,  
Like wanton citizens in luxury,  
Thronging in factious parties to their cause,  
Resolv'd and headlong for their liberties,  
Before they know a danger. I am not  
Of that soft temper, that the eye of beauty  
Can melt me from the image of a man,  
Into the fondness of a woman's fool:  
Yet if I'm fated to a marriage life,  
My happiness were pure in *Angelline*;  
In whom the infancy of innocence,  
In blushing virtue triumphs o'er again.  
But then the world! why let the babbling world  
Report it as they please. Let interest wed  
The drudgery of a vexatious bed;  
Days without peace, and nights without desire,  
Still toil, and sweat away their youth for hire.  
Whilst, safe in innocence and truth, I taste  
The sweets of love, fresh running to the last. [Exit.]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alph.* 'TIS late, and I alone: th'hard travell'd sun  
Now wantons in the bosom of the sea,  
Whilst amorous clouds steal nearer to the earth,  
And melt themselves away upon the flow'rs:  
The beasts in companies to coverts run;  
And all the feather'd kind, upon the wing,  
Pair to the groves, and dream the night away.

F 4

*Enter*



*Enter Erminia.*

*Erm.* Then, why art thou the loiterer of love?  
Why, when *Erminia's* arms are open'd wide,  
Expecting to embrace thee to thy rest;  
Why then does my *Alphonso* chuse to wander  
The melancholy maze of darkness here?

*Alph.* O thou too justly dost present my crime!  
I own I am to blame, to call thee forth  
Into the rawness of a midnight air,  
At this dark hour; but, O! forbear to think  
'Twas from my choice, that I have staid thus long;  
'Twas a rude thought, that wou'd not be deny'd;  
Indeed no more: pr'ythee to bed, my dear.

*Erm.* Alas! there is no rest for me without thee!

*Alph.* O my heart's comfort! yet a minute longer,  
And I'll discharge my soul of all its load;  
Come trembling with my strong desires upon me,  
To thy expecting arms, 'till thou confess  
I've made amends for all the faults of love.

*Erm.* I will not doubt your truth! farewell my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Alph.* Good night, my love; O may the softest arm  
Of downy slumbers rock thee to repose,  
Lull all thy senses fast; and may no thought  
(To interrupt the quiet of thy bed,  
In the loose revel of a dream) present  
Those images, that keep me waking here.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* Who's there, *Alphonso*?

*Alph.* Ha! who calls?

*Lor.* Thy friend.

*Alph.* *Lorenzo*! always welcome to my heart:  
But now thou com'st, as if my fate design'd  
My happiness should all depend on thee.

*Lor.* 'Tis late, my friend! how fares thy virtuous wife?

*Alph.* Well, very well: just parted hence, and now  
Preparing for her bed.

*Lor.* To-morrow we shall meet.

I have

I have an idle thought to satisfy,  
And then to rest: good night *Alphonso*.

*Alph.* Friend, am I to be a stranger to that thought?

*Lor.* Thou hast my soul: but now *Erminia* stays;  
The soft desiring wife expects thy coming:  
Busy in thought, and hasty for the hour,  
She turns, and sighs, and wishes; counts the clock,  
And every minute drags a heavy pace,  
Till thou appear, the champion of thy bed,  
Arm'd at all points, and eager for the charge,  
That calls her to the combat of thy love.

*Alph.* No: not to night, *Lorenzo*.

*Lor.* Not to night!

*Alph.* No, friend: my thoughts are strangers to repose;  
I'll not to bed.

*Lor.* *Alphonso*, have a care,  
And physic not thy health to a disease:  
If once the foul infection of a doubt  
But mingle with the current of thy thoughts,  
The subtle poison seizes on the heart,  
Corrupts the very fountain of thy peace,  
And then the minutes of the damn'd are thine.

*Alph.* *Lorenzo!* no; I hope my fate intends me  
To nobler purposes. Yet——

*Lor.* What?

*Alph.* The letter——

*Lor.* Well.

*Alph.* I must be satisfy'd of that!

*Lor.* You may.

*Alph.* By heav'n I will.

*Lor.* Time must discover it.

*Alph.* O! may I be that hateful thing I scorn!  
The common, ridden cuckold of the town;  
Stag'd to the crowd on public theatres,  
Nay, balladed about the streets in rhyme,  
When for a wanton itching in my blood,  
I gratify a craving appetite;  
And let the just resentment of a wrong  
Expect to-morrow, for a cool revenge.

*Lor.* I have a sword, that will not be behind!

In any task of honour, for my friend ;  
Command me freely.

*Alph.* 'Tis not come to that.

But thus, *Lorenzo*, I accept thy love !  
Go to my wife, tell her some discontents  
Have forc'd me out to travel.

*Lor.* How ! *Alphonso* ?

*Alph.* Observe me out, not that I doubt *Erminia* ;  
But when my absence is by all believ'd ;  
Conceal'd in private here, I soon shall find  
My vigorous lover bolting at my wife ;  
And I may know to thank him for the office.

*Lor.* It has a face indeed : *Erminia* too,  
May bear a part in this.

*Alph.* *Lorenzo*, no.

Much may be gather'd from her management  
In my supposed absence, that may serve,  
Thro' the succeeding changes of my life,  
To fix my temper to the point of virtue.

*Lor.* Where shall we meet ?

*Alph.* I cannot wander far.

*Lor.* This is the door. Farewel.

[*Goes in.*

*Alph.* So, now my heart

Be still, beat even measures in my breast,  
That when the hour of fate shall summon me,  
The fury of my firm collected force  
May strike for honour in a brave revenge.  
Hark, 'tis the tread of servants coming this way :  
I would not be discover'd.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Clara and Juliana.*

*Clar.* Madam, this office that I venture on, in your  
service, is but an ungenerous return for *Alberto's* bounty !

*Jul.* 'Tis the only way you have left you, *Clara*.  
Your lady has disappointed you : and, as I take it, your  
credit's engag'd for the payment of a sum to-night,  
which I must either lay down, or you suffer in your trad-  
ing hereafter.

*Clar.* Nay, I am easily persuaded ; and, upon second  
thoughts,

thoughts, imagine there may be less danger, and more conscience, in this design, than my first undertaking.

*Jul.* O! a great deal more, *Clara*; for so you injure no body; your lord will be no cuckold, your lady miss nothing that ever she had, and I shall have but my own.

*Clar.* True, madam; but how shall I be just to him?

*Jul.* That I'll tell you too.

*Clar.* He has paid for my lady.

*Jul.* And he shall have her, or any lady at the same rate.

*Clar.* How, madam! how? That art were an estate.

*Jul.* 'Tis but providing me a dark room, with a little of my direction; and the strength of his own imagination will carry on the cheat.

*Clar.* But if he shou'd discover?

*Jul.* Why let him make the best of the discovery; he'll find me a woman, *Clara*.

*Clar.* Truly madam, I begin to submit to your arguments; I believe this project may take.

*Jul.* It has been successful in *England* already: where intrigues are carried on with less management than the *Italian* air will allow of.

*Clar.* Well, I never knew the good of a strong imagination before.

*Jul.* 'Tis the best comfort, I fear, of a matrimonial amour, *Clara*: but when do you expect *Alberto*?

*Clar.* 'Tis near the time; let's in and prepare to receive him. [Exit.]

A SONG, made by Colonel SACKVILLE,

O Why did e'er my thoughts aspire  
To wish for that, no crown can buy!

'Tis sacrilege but to desire  
What she in honour will deny.

As Indians do the Eastern skies,  
I at a distance must adore  
The brighter glories of her eyes;  
And never dare pretend to more.

*Enter Alberto.*

*Alb.* Well! were there nothing more in an intrigue, than barely the enjoyment, the unconscionable expence of the pleasure would take off our appetite to the sin; and the devil would soon fail of his correspondence with the world, unless the prices of his commodities fell, that honest fellows might be damn'd at easier rates.

Where am I? Hold! O 'tis *Alphonso's* house.

And this the very hour that *Clara* promis'd

To meet me at, with all her woman's arts,

And join in the dear scene of cuckoldom.

The door opens, I will observe at distance.

*Enter Clara.*

*Clar.* My lord gone in discontent to travel! and my poor lady left in distress here behind him! let me see, there are comfortable applications to be made out of these doctrines. And if she has not the discretion to turn 'em to their right uses; I, that am wiser, am oblig'd in conscience to provide for the family.

*Alb.* And 'tis a charitable, christian-like principle in thee, *Clara*.

*Clar.* My lord *Alberto*!

*Alb.* The same: I am punctual you see.

*Clar.* And that's an extraordinary virtue in a young lover, and ought to be encourag'd in an age when poor women are us'd just like your trees; husbanded only out of a vanity of having the first ripe fruit, without the desire of tasting of 'em yourselves.

*Alb.* No faith; I am for enjoying the fruits of my labour, *Clara*: besides, I have a vigorous, young, craving appetite; (with a digestion above the fear of crudities these forty years) that must be satisfy'd at home, before I think of being bountiful to my neighbours. But tell me! *Alphonso* gone to travel! ha!

*Clar.* Most seasonably, my lord.

*Alb.* Then love and fortune for me! lead on, *Clara*.

*Clar.* What do you mean!

*Alb.* O honestly, I warrant you.

*Clar.*

*Clar.* But consider, my lord.

*Alb.* I do, *Clara*.

*Clar.* My lady's virtue!

*Alb.* And my secrecy: there's virtue for her virtue: nay, if you go to that, mine is a cardinal virtue among the ladies, and ought to be respected in any court in Christendom, where the love as well as religion is Catholic.

*Clar.* But, my lord, you know decency requires——

*Alb.* And I'll do't as decently as she, or any lady can, in reason, require.

*Clar.* To-morrow may prove more favourable to you; my lady has but just heard the news, and her thoughts to-night will run on my lord's unkindness.

*Alb.* Therefore it shall be to-night: O! 'tis the natural constitution of womankind, upon the first suspicion of their lover's inconstancy, to club with the next chance-comer for a revenge.

*Clar.* So that whoever fasts, the smectmeats are prudently order'd to our own table.

*Alb.* The policy is true Machiavel, i'faith, on your sides; and now for a stronger testimony of this within.

*Clar.* O hold, you ruin all else. I'll in before, dispose all things to their proper places, and return in an instant, for scandal must be avoided. [Exit.

*Alb.* And 'tis but reasonable; for reputation is the fairest face of virtue, and will soonest cheat the world; this brings the physician his patients, and the lawyer his clients; and though one destroy your body, and t'other your estate, opinion justifies their knavery, and secures their functions from poverty and contempt. *Clara* stays long.—Pox! I'm impatient——I'll e'en enter, and do my errand myself. [Exit.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* 'Twas here I left *Alphonso*: I know not why,  
Some unseen pow'r directs my steps this way;  
Would I could find the truth of what I fear;  
He is abused; and he's so near my heart,  
That when I think upon his injuries,

A just

A just resentment arms within my breast,  
As if my better self were wrong'd in him.  
I'll take another turn to find him yet. —

[Goes out and returns.

Perhaps I staid too long, and he is gone  
To wait me at my house. — It must be so. —

*Enter Clara and Alberto at the door.*

*Alb.* 'Tis hard to leave my happiness so soon.

*Clar.* There may be danger in a longer stay.

*Alb.* I must be satisfy'd, you say.

*Lor.* Ha! a man's voice from *Alphonso's* house!  
The door too open! there may be more in this;  
A midnight thief, or murderer. — I'll venture  
To secure him. [*They jostle and draw; as they are clos'd,*  
*Clara enters with a light, and Exit.*

So brisk! have at you sir.

*Alberto!*

*Alb.* Ha! *Lorenzo*: 'twas lucky that this business grew  
not up to cutting throats.

*Lor.* My lord! you are the master of your thoughts,  
They can inform you best.

*Alb.* Of what, *Lorenzo*?

*Lor.* Whether you deserve that fate, or no?

*Alb.* You dare not think I do.

*Lor.* You know I dare

All honest things; but you, my lord, are touch'd.

*Alb.* You are indispos'd, I'll leave you, sir. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* Farewel. —

It must be so, else why alone? Why here  
Alone? and at this midnight hour? when none  
But desp'rate wretches wand'ring to their fates  
Venture abroad, uncall'd. But then *Erminia*!  
Damn her, she sins beyond a curse! and hell,  
All hell must do her justice. Not allow  
A minute for the changing of the scene!  
She wept! by heav'n, I saw her faithless tears,  
And thought I saw *Alphonso* in her eyes;  
Then, in that minute, when the devil and lust  
Were bawding for *Alberto* in her heart!

Oh

Oh woman! woman!  
Dear, damn'd, deceitful sex! 'tis my own fault,  
If after this I fall into thy snare.

*Enter Alphonso.*

*Alph. Lorenzo!* welcome as hopes of peace,  
Thy presence brings to my divided soul!  
O take me to thy arms, and let me hide  
These guilty blushes, that at sight of thee  
Start, and confess the weakness of thy friend.

*Lor.* What weakness! speak, *Alphonso.*

*Alph.* Wou'dst thou think it?  
Since last we parted, I have wand'ring on  
Through the dark journies of the desert night;  
My ridd'n thoughts hagg'd with oppressing fears,  
That sunk my spirits to the depths of hell:  
And ever as I went, *Erminia* stood  
Like a tormenting conscience in my way,  
To keep me waking to the sense of pain.

*Lor.* 'Tis scarce an hour since we parted.

*Alph.* Oh! the wretched count by years: by heav'n, my  
friend,  
Were I to live those minutes o'er again,  
The horrors that attend on waking guilt  
Would seize upon my thoughts, and hurry 'em  
Into the wildness of a mad despair.

*Lor.* Despair, and guilt, and horror! these are fit  
Companions for the damn'd; the murderer,  
In his last death-bed agonies, hears such sounds,  
To summon him to everlasting woe:  
My friend knows no such crimes.

*Alph. Lorenzo!* Oh *Erminia!*

*Lor.* Well.

*Alph.* Instruct my weakness here,  
How to begin, what I shall say to move her,  
How to confess myself enough her slave.

*Lor.* You rave, *Alphonso.*

*Alph.* Oh to thee I do!  
But didst thou know what 'tis to bear about thee  
A heart subdu'd, devoted to desires,

Which,



Which, fierce as the first appetite of youth,  
Drive violently to the goal of love;  
That would inform thee better.

*Lor.* I cannot guess what you resolve on!

*Alph.* On my happiness.

*Lorenzo*, like a wasteful prodigal,  
I have long spent in folly, from my store;  
But there is yet behind a large estate;  
The promise of eternal joys to come,  
In my *Erminia's* arms, where I will run,  
And love in quiet all my life away.

*Lor.* 'Tis well resolv'd.

*Alph.* My heart must bear me witness  
With what unwillingness I entertain'd  
Those fears that shap'd these monsters in my soul;  
Then judge me all the world, and thou my friend,  
With what a start, and eagerness of joy,  
I met that peace, that ministers a cure.

*Lor.* You mean *Erminia*?

*Alph.* I do: my wife.

*Lor.* Is there such healing virtue in a wife?

*Alph.* Oh she's the kind physician of my thoughts.

*Lor.* Nay then, I ask your pardon: faith *Alphonso*,  
I thought a wife, like other remedies,  
By often application might grow stale,  
And lye a worthless drug upon our hands.

*Alph.* *Lorenzo*, thou art alter'd in thy thoughts.

*Lor.* Men are not still the same: our appetites  
Are various, and inconstant as the moon,  
That never shines with the same face again;  
'Tis nature's curse never to be resolv'd;  
Busy to-day, in the pursuit of what  
To-morrow's elder judgment may despise.

*Alph.* These are the mouldy morals of the dead.

*Lor.* That speak the living plain: art thou the same?  
Art thou not alter'd from what last I saw thee?  
The hero strutting in thy pageant pride;  
Swell'd with thy wrongs, and bursting with resentment?

*Alph.* Ha!

*Lor.* Go, you would yet be more her slave.

*Alph.*

*Alph.* What mean these words?

*Lor.* Your tongue can best explain  
The dictates of your heart: but now you said  
You wish'd you knew to be enough her slave:  
I think 'twas so.

*Alph.* It was, by heav'n!

*Lor.* And faith

I thought a husband needed not that prayer.

*Alph.* Y'are merry, friend!

*Lor.* Would thou would'st be so too!  
And learn to think no farther of the sex  
Than for thy ease and pleasure.

*Alph.* Still in riddles!

*Lor.* To-morrow will unfold 'em: I must leave you;  
But friend, the night's far spent, *Erminia* too  
Can live 'till morn without you.

*Alph.* Say'st thou friend?

*Lor.* To-night you must not see her.

*Alph.* Not see her?

*Lor.* No.

*Alph.* *Lorenzo*, there is something in thy thoughts  
Thou dar'st not trust me with—I hope she's honest.

*Lor.* O doubtless, honest.

*Alph.* How did she bear thy message?

*Lor.* Faith, *Alphonso*,

If I may count her sorrow by her tears,  
She very hardly bore it: for she wept,—  
Had not all hell been kindled in her heart,  
Enough to have cool'd the burning devil there! [*Aside*]

*Alph.* Then I am satisfy'd.

*Lor.* Indeed!

*Alph.* Again!

Where would'st thou drive my doubts? If thou would'st  
have

Me think thee still the same, my friend, and honest,  
Inform me of thy thoughts.

*Lor.* Then thou art wrong'd.

*Alph.* That's the disease! and know  
The poisonous scorpion that has made the wound,

Has

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Has virtue in its blood to work a cure :  
The man, my friend, the villain that hath done it !

*Lor.* There I must be excus'd !

*Alph.* Not tell me ?

The honour of thy friend engag'd ! and thou  
Conceal the villain from a just revenge ?

*Lor.* Not now ! another time.

*Alph.* This prostituted outside-art may pass  
Upon the world, where interest is a friendship,  
But is despis'd and scorn'd by nobler souls.

*Lor.* You know me better ; and I thought, *Alphonso,*  
My virtue had been try'd, and found sufficient  
To justify our honours to the world ;  
You might have trusted me with yours 'till morn ;  
To-morrow we shall meet on better terms ;  
Farewel. —

[*Exit.*]

*Alph.* I was to blame : I know him honest :  
And know his thoughts are labouring for my peace !  
Yet why he should conceal the villain's name  
Confounds me. Hold ! if it should prove the duke !  
Confusion ! all my spirits take the alarm !  
Forward to do me noble justice there.

'Tis so — I know it now — *Lorenzo* too,  
Divided in his thoughts, betwixt his friend  
And master, comes half-hearted to my cause,  
'Till fame report my vengeance to the world.  
Who's there ?

*Enter Rogero.*

*Rog.* Who's there, sir ? why may be I am here, sir !  
may be I am not here ! what's that to any man, sir ?

*Alph.* Nothing at all, friend.

*Rog.* Here's a rogue for you now, a fine embroider'd  
rogue ! that would scrape acquaintance for fear of a  
beating.

*Alph.* This fellow may be of use.

*Rog.* Friend, you say, you're very welcome, sir ; but as  
I take it, I never saw you in my life before.

*Alph.* Then down with it for a secret.

*Rog.* What ?

*Alph.*

*Alph.* That an old man may be wiser than his beard :  
Mum, not a word of this, as you hope for instruction.

*Rog.* I'll keep your counsel.

*Alph.* Wilt thou, my old lad? thou shalt never wear  
spectacles more then : hast thou heard no news of late ?

*Rog.* No tidings of thy wits! God help thee.

*Alph.* Why then I'll tell thee : the duke —

*Rog.* What of him ?

*Alph.* Why who would think it now ?

*Rog.* Think! what ?

*Alph.* That when the devil's in the head, the breeches  
thou'd be honest.

*Rog.* What's this to the duke ?

*Alph.* Excuse me there: there's a method in state  
affairs, which we politicians amble in to the end of our  
discourse; now, fir, if you will mortify the vehemence of  
your desire, with the pblegm of your discretion, and at-  
tend with patience, much may be done, and so I may  
come in order to what relates to the duke.

*Rog.* Very well, very well.

*Alph.* But, fir, 'twill not be very well, when you've  
heard it all.

*Rog.* Pray, fir, go on.

*Alph.* You know the duke.

*Rog.* I think I have some reason.

*Alph.* You know him well.

*Rog.* Not well enough to lie with him.

*Alph.* 'Tis enough you know him.

*Rog.* Know him! ah, God help thee, and the quantity  
of thy brains, by thy impertinent catechism.

*Alph.* Why then, old Truepenny, the duke is now most  
violently in labour.

*Rog.* In labour! alas, I am in pain for thee.

*Alph.* And by an act of state, this very day  
We are oblig'd, as all good subjects ought,  
To bring by turns our wives and daughters in  
As the best means of bringing him to bed.  
How the poor fools, I warrant you, will strive who first  
shall lay him.

*Rog.* How! my daughter to be a midwife at fifteen!  
God

God sa'me, she is not come to the criss-cross-row of her profession yet.

*Alph.* Hast thou a daughter? home, quickly home then; lock up thy doors; let her not see the day; let her not draw the open air; for if there be a pore unbarr'd about her, the bawdy devil will get in, and then, good-morrow grandfather.

*Rog.* 'Gad, and it may be so, who can tell, ha! come fir, 'tis late; if you'll along with me, you'll find a hearty welcome, and poor fare.

*Alph.* I thank you, fir, I'll follow you; this disguise Of folly may conceal me for a night;  
And my revenge to-morrow sets me right. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to Alphonso's house.*

*Erminia sitting.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Clara.*

*Lor.* Your lady not a-bed?

*Clar.* Alas, in tears

She has spent the night, remov'd from comfort here,  
And from all eyes, she mourns the hours away.

*Lor.* My visit may disturb her more.

*Clar.* She says you are always welcome.

*Lor.* She rises; I will venture on, and spare  
Your farther service. [Exit Clara.

How is it with you, madam? [To Erminia.

*Erm.* As with one.

Who, wand'ring over a wide, barren waste,  
Views the last circles of the sinking sun,  
Then gazing round, quite destitute of hope,  
Forsaken and forlorn, sits sighing down,  
To mix with night, and entertain despair:  
You are that friendly traveller, whom chance  
Has this way brought, to guide me safely home;  
O lend some charitable succour to me,  
And let me stray no farther from my joys!

*Lor.* There's such an angel innocence appears,  
And pleads her cause i'th' front of all her crimes,

That

That if I look upon her, I must think  
That 'tis impossible she should be damn'd.

*Erm.* The hand of heav'n has reach'd my crimes ; and  
why !

Oh why should I complain ? Yet I must own,  
When I reflect upon *Alphonso's* los's !  
Oh when I think on that, my poor heart swells,  
Beats in my breast, and rises at its wrongs,  
Disputes the justice of the courts above,  
And thinks my punishment outweighs my crimes.

*Lor.* She'll talk me from the credit of my sense,  
If she goes on !

*Erm.* Oh, had wise heav'n design'd  
To prove my virtue this way ; I had stood  
Firm as the foot of resolution,  
And weary'd out the trial of a faint !  
Afflictions of all kinds, the los's of friends,  
The shame of poverty, the hand of want,  
Diseases, infamy ; all, all together  
Drive me far off the comforts of this world ;  
But my *Alphonso* ! Oh I cannot think  
Of life without him. — Heav'n has made us one,  
Nor shall the malice of our fate divide us.

*Lor.* It was *Alberto*, for I was awake :  
Death ! I'll believe my eyes in spite of hell.

*Erm.* *Lorenzo* ; you, nay, you and heav'n must do  
A justice here, and witness to my truth.

*Lor.* What does she drive at now ?

*Erm.* How I have ever liv'd, and always will,  
(Tho' banish'd from his sight, and bed for ever)  
His truly loving and obedient wife.

*Lor.* Indeed a most obedient, loving wife !

*Erm.* Alas ! *Lorenzo* ! I have lost in him  
All that this world calls happy ; and may peace  
Be still a stranger to thy thoughts, if I  
Can guess a cause.

*Lor.* Indeed ! is't possible ?

*Erm.* Thus in this awful posture, I invoke  
Heav'n, earth, and men to evidence my truth :  
May comfort never find me, if my heart

E'er sent a wish to any other man :  
 If when my eyes have wander'd, they have fix'd  
 On any other object of desire.

Then why, O why am I thus hardly us'd ?

*Lor.* In tears! away! send sorrow to the grave:  
 Let the stale, dry-bon'd matron wish and weep  
 Her wrinkles full, at the sad memory  
 Of those dear joys, that never must return:  
 Oh think on that; there is the wretchedness  
 That sadly sighs; youth is not always ours:  
 That beauty that invites all eyes, and now  
 Charms every heart, in favour of your cause,  
 (When time shall sink his furrows on your cheeks)  
 Will pass neglected; therefore be advis'd,  
 And do not lavish out those charms in tears,  
 That are a debt to love.

*Erm.* Alas! my charms  
 Are useless now; the power that first made  
 And conjur'd these faint beauties into charms,  
 Withdraws his influence; my lov'd *Alphonso*——

*Lor.* No more of him.

*Erm.* No more of my *Alphonso*!  
 Is he not mine? my husband!

*Lor.* Therefore no more of him: what woman, when  
 Her youth boils up, and wantons in her veins,  
 When her hot panting pulse beats to the joy,  
 And the thin blood springs forward to be gone,  
 What woman then would quench a gen'rous flame  
 In an unactive, heavy husband's arms,  
 That tires and jades your expectation  
 In the first stretch of love, then dully falls  
 To his old trot, and drudges out the course?

*Erm.* I do not understand you.

*Lor.* Well, no more  
 Of the dull subject; is't not so?

*Erm.* *Lorenzo*——

*Lor.* True, madam: and to leave you without cause,  
 As you say, madam, without cause, (and sure  
 You are the best judge of such a cause)  
 Was barbarous, and did deserve that fate.

*Erm.*

*Erm.* Alas! what fate?

*Lor.* Come, come: I know the sex;  
And know there is a spirit in the blood  
Of all you marry'd women, that ne'er fails  
Soliciting your thoughts to a consent,  
Of forking out your vengeance on the brows.  
Of the forgiving, thoughtless fools at home.

*Erm.* Our sex may merit censure: but I hope,  
My lord, you think some honest.

*Lor.* I believe  
Pride may do much to keep the body safe,  
Or fear of vent'ring upon joys unknown;  
But she who once has tasted of the sweets,  
(If honest to the love of truth) must own  
A relish still remaining of the joy,  
That p'ays upon the palate, and invites  
A youthful appetite to taste again:  
But when it comes to that, your cravings grow  
Intemperate, not to be satisfy'd.  
Oh for the brawn! the back of *Hercules!*  
With all the three nights sweat his father *Jove*  
Spent in *Alcmene's* service, but to try  
If that could satisfy a lady's longing.

*Erm.* Alas! there is some meaning in your words  
I do not apprehend; but yet I fear.

*Lor.* I know thou dost: the devil, that taught thee sin,  
And train'd thee to perfection in thy trade,  
Now leaves thee to the conscience of thy crimes.

*Erm.* Alas! what crimes! am I suspected then?

*Lor.* No. Prov'd, confirm'd, recorded in my brain.  
And I will think thee over twice a day,  
To warn me of the dangers of thy sex.  
Suspected! Oh hypocrisy of hell!  
Tho' thy feign'd tears have seal'd *Alphonso's* eyes  
With a fond faith of thee, thy truth and love;  
Thou couldst not grossly think that all the world  
Look'd with dull eyes, thro' an eclipse, upon thee.  
But 'tis the spight and policy of hell,  
First to seduce and tempt into the sin,  
And then betray us to the scourge and shame.

*Erm.*



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*Erm.* O! I had dy'd contented with the loss  
Of my lov'd lord——

*Lor.* Think, think on him!

*Erm.* O he is never absent from my thoughts.

*Lor.* Think what a creature he would make of thee,  
Did he but barely guess at what I know.

*Erm.* What is't you know?

*Lor.* Away, away, vile woman! [*She follows him weeping.*]  
How her eyes stream! Tho' they have long prophan'd  
The sanctity and pious use of tears;  
Yet now in pity to thy soul, if they  
Weep penitence, for mercy on thy sins,  
May they still flow, and wash thy stains away.  
But thou hast forc'd me from my faith, and left  
Me hoodwink'd, blindly stumbling upon doubts  
Of thee, and all thy sex; therefore away,  
Leave me! begone, thou woman.

*Erm.* Yes, I will  
To death, or banishment: but I have vow'd  
Never to quit this hold, till you consent  
To hear me!

*Lor.* Hear you! say I should consent;  
What can you say? nay, if you should speak truth  
(Which certainly you will not) and confess  
The circumstances, how you learn'd the trade,  
The time and place, the clients you have had;  
Nay, and how often they have fee'd you too:  
What comfort can this bring? can this atone  
For that foul mark of shame, that custom brands,  
For womens sins, on their wrong'd husbands brows?

*Erm.* Heav'n knows how I am injur'd!

*Lor.* And heav'n knows  
How glad my heart would be to find you so.  
But last night: think of that!

*Erm.* Alas! I do;  
My grief will keep it ever in my mind.  
But what? what of last night?

*Lor.* Was it well spent?

*Erm.* In tears and sorrow for——

*Lor.*

*Lor.* The disappointment  
Your lewd adulterer, *Alberto*, met with.

*Erm.* O guard of innocence!

*Lor.* Nay, to deny it,  
With curses minted in the mouth of hell,  
May add to thy damnation—but not clear  
Thee from the living proofs, these eyes have given me.  
Last night I saw him.

*Erm.* How? where?

*Lor.* Like a thief,  
I saw him steal away from out your house,  
And had rewarded then his treachery,  
But conscientious *Clara*, scouting round,  
And dreading the event, ran in, and—

*Erm.* What?

Has she been practising my ruin too?  
What has she said? I see the snares are set,  
And innocence is doom'd to fall a prey  
To the mad censure of licentious tongues;  
But I defy the worst; what has she said?

*Lor.* Who, madam? trusty *Clara*? nothing she.

*Erm.* Then send for her, and wrack her for the truth;  
She has a woman's weakness in her soul,  
That cannot look upon the face of death,  
Without a fear that will discover all.

*Lor.* Ha! if guilty, why should she invite  
This trial, that would make her falshood plain?

*Erm.* If then you find me foul; if she but hint  
A doubt of folly, in my course of life,  
Last night, or any time, the way you mean,  
By the fair hope of my eternal soul,  
I'll bow me to the justice of your sword;  
Think you the holy priest that offers up  
My blood, to satisfy my injur'd lord.

*Lor.* I know not what to think.

*Erm.* Alas, my lord!

I know you have condemn'd me in your thoughts,  
And I must own,  
The circumstance shews guilty on my side.

*Lor.* His entering of your house—

*Erm.* At midnight too——

*Lor.* Must come, no doubt, from some encouragement.

*Erm.* Alas, I only know my innocence!

*Lor.* Well, I am satisfy'd foul play's design'd,  
And *Clara* deals the cards to cheat us all.

*Erm.* If that were prov'd——

*Lor.* I speak not yet of proof;  
But when she saw *Alberto* join'd with me,  
She started, with confusion in her looks,  
As fearing a discovery.

*Erm.* Indeed!

*Lor.* Let her not know what I have utter'd to you,  
For much depends on that.

*Erm.* Oh heav'n protect the innocent, and bring  
These midnight treacheries to open day!

*Lor.* All shall be well again; as yet your lord  
Is ignorant of what is past; nor durst  
I trust his temper, lest his violence  
Might urge him on some desperate attempt,  
To ruin all: but, madam, when he hears  
From me the story of your injur'd truth,  
Swift as a lover's wish, expect him here:  
'Tis he must prove my advocate, and plead  
A pardon for the faults my tongue has made. [Exit.

*Erm.* A pardon! Oh may heav'n in thunder send  
A general pardon to the sinning world,  
That every heart may feel what mine does now;  
*Alphonso* comes; like nature's God, he shows  
In a *May* morning thro' the golden boughs,  
Crown'd with the blushing beauties of the spring,  
Whilst creatures of all kinds their tributes bring;  
And birds untaught, his joyful welcome sing.  
And all my past misfortunes did but prove  
The purgatory to this heav'n of love. [Exit.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso *disguis'd*, with Rogero.

Rog. SIR, I must leave you awhile.

Alph. With all my heart.

Rog. How, sir, with all your heart? Why then perhaps you don't care for my company.

Alph. O most infinitely, sir, as naturally as a woman loves a fiddle and a fool: I shan't dance 'till you return again.

Rog. Why, sir, you don't take me for a fool or a fiddler?

Alph. Still you are in the wrong: but that's the common infirmity of long beards; heav'n and a barber may mend all.

Rog. A delicate witty fellow this: I love him dearly, dearly well, by *Jupiter*: but 'tis an ill-natur'd toad: a pox of his ill-nature: but your great wits must have a relish that way: but as I was saying, I must leave you.

Alph. Your pleasure, sir.

Rog. My pleasure, sir; no, sir, 'tis not my pleasure; why what a plaguy, testy, troublesome, quarrelsome puppy 'tis——[*Aside.*] Perhaps 'twould please me better to stay here!

Alph. O business must be obey'd.

Rog. Say'st thou so?

Alph. By all means.

Rog. I'gad, and thou'rt i'th' right on't again. But I shall suddenly return.

Alph. The sooner the better.

Rog. By *Jupiter*, it goes against my conscience to part with thee; I am sorry for't; but I must leave thee.

Alph. Art thou, my old lad?

Rog. Heartily sorry.

Alph. An onion will express it at your eyes. For me, tho' I shall be a loser by your absence, The thought on't moves not much.

*Rog.* Not move you! why, fir, are you not sorry for my absence?

*Alph.* Not at all.

*Rog.* You are not sorry then?

*Alph.* Not I. There's a philosophical cataplasm in my grandmother's dispensatory, exceeds a plantane-leaf for a broken shin.

*Rog.* Ay, may be so. But what of that?

*Alph.* Why that serves me well enough upon these occasions.—Patience! fir, patience!—Every man has his liking.—But I prefer patience to a post-horse.

*Rog.* Patience is a virtue indeed.

*Alph.* O ever in a mad dog!

*Rog.* Why in a mad dog pray?

*Alph.* Hypocrisy, that over-rules the world,  
Will have it so; things are not what they seem!  
Go to the pulpits, there you'll hear of patience:  
But if you think to find it in the church,  
You'll lose your labour: mark the clergy's look,  
And you would swear that every priest ingross'd  
That virtue to himself; when, to speak truth,  
'Tis not their fasting, watching, or their prayers,  
But envy at the next fat benefice,  
That pines 'em into ghosts: nay, fools themselves  
Are not contented with their lot; for I  
Myself would be a knave, if I knew how  
To set the mill a going.—

*Rog.* An admirable fellow this! gad I love and honour him, for preaching against the priests: I warrant him a man of parts, and of my own religion: but you'll pardon me, I must away—But, fir, as I was saying, you may be very private here; nothing will disturb your meditations, 'till I see you again.

*Alph.* I thank your care!

*Rog.* Your servant.

*Alph.* Your servant, fir.—

[Exit *Rog.*

This must be that *Rogero*, whom my friend  
So oft has spoke of: well, he knows me not,  
Nor my design: but thinks my few poor brains  
Lie under the dominion of the moon,

And

And this disguise appears the livery  
 My folly wears, as she grows to the full,  
 I must not stir abroad before my hour,  
 'Tis yet too early for the duke; at nine,  
 Thin follow'd in the *Belvidere*, he takes  
 His morning walk: the pleasure of the shade  
 May tempt him from his followers to the grove,  
 And there I'll meet him, and make vengeance sure.  
 I hear some coming this way: It may be this old man's  
 daughter, I've heard much of her, and would know  
 her. [Retires.]

*Enter Juliana and Angeline.*

*Ang.* You come most luckily: but I must blush,  
 That, what the obedience of a child should hide,  
 I must reveal, a parent's sin and shame.

*Jul.* Is she still obstinate!

*Ang.* Inflexible,  
 Not to be mov'd by virtue or by love.

*Jul.* When comes *Alberto* here?

*Ang.* Too well I know my mother's diligence  
 Will take th'advantage of my father's absence,  
 And give him this occasion.

*Jul.* And I know  
 There's an intemperate devil in his blood,  
 That never slips an opportunity  
 Where virtue may be bought, or woman ruin'd.

*Ang.* Is there no way to 'scape him?

*Jul.* Yes, a fair one,  
 What I have satisfy'd you in before;  
 Becoming well our sex's charity,  
 To a weak woman's wrongs; 'tis what you may,  
 Without a stain of honour, undertake,  
 To free yourself, and gave me an occasion  
 To oblige the man I love, perhaps reclaim him.

*Mother within.] Angeline! why child?*

*Ang.* My mother calls,  
 I have not time to hear your story out,  
 But I am half instructed; pray withdraw  
 And prompt upon occasion. [Juliana withdraws.]

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth.* O! have I found thee? Thou see'st child, a mother's love attends upon thee always.

*Ang.* I thank you for your care.

*Moth.* Ay, *Angelline!* I am a careful mother, up early, and down late, contriving for thy good, how to make thee a woman, child.

*Ang.* A few years, forsooth, will bring that about, without breaking your rest for't.

*Moth.* 'Tis a forward age indeed: I myself was not very backward in my youth; no novice at thy years: fifteen was an age of information with me, that when my heart panted, and my eye was pleas'd, could tell me what I wanted without an interpreter: but *Angelline!*

*Ang.* Forsooth.

*Moth.* I would make a happy woman of thee, child! and to that purpose I have sent to my lord *Alberto!*

*Ang.* How, mother? he has no business here.

*Jul.* But I shall find him an employment if he comes.

[*Aside.*

*Moth.* No business here! away! I see your ignorance; and 'twill become you to be instructed by me, for I have run thro' the experience of many years: I have made shrewd observations in my time, mankind has been my study, and I warrant you 'twould do your heart good to hear me read a lecture on every part about 'em; I'm critical in every point, a nice distinguisher of the several ages, statures, and dispositions of men, nay the colour of their eyes and hair cannot escape me.—And for the true performing complexion—I will live and die in the persuasion of dark-brown.

*Jul.* Nothing in commendation of a long nose? [*Aside.*

*Ang.* You are very knowing, mother.

*Moth.* And thou shalt learn: I have provided thee a master that will instruct thee, and in that easy method, thou wilt wish still to be talk'd with lessons of his love.

*Ang.* Indeed I fain would learn, but yet I fear.

*Moth.* Fear nothing, *Angelline!* fear nothing: what!  
let

Let the worst come to the worst, a man's but a man, and a fiddle for favour. I think I hear him within.

*Ang.* But, mother, I shall so blush! I cannot think of shewing him my face—I must be veil'd.

*Moth.* Well, well; the business of your face is over: there's something else can entertain a lover. [Exit.

*Ang.* You may appear, *Julia*. I have urg'd this business to a quarrel, and you must bear the brunt on't.

*Jul.* I am preparing for the encounter—This veil transforms me to *Angelline*: but yet—

*Ang.* Why do you sigh?

*Jul.* 'Tis pity to deceive him.

*Ang.* What if I took this business on myself?

*Jul.* Not for the world, *Angelline*.—

But if I were a maid again—

*Ang.* You would not venture.

*Jul.* Indeed I ought not, but I feel I should—

*Ang.* You wou'd be wiser.

*Jul.* Only while he pleas'd.

*Ang.* I hear 'em coming. To your posture.

*Jul.* Farewel.

*Ang.* Adieu. [Angelline retires, and Juliana stands veil'd in Angelline's place.

Enter Alberto and Mother.

*Alb.* At last the tedious date of hopes and fears  
Is at an end, and she is all my own.  
O let my arms thus press thee to my heart,  
That labours with the longings of my love,  
Struggles and heaves, and fain would out to meet thee.  
But why this veil? Why dost thou hide thy face?  
Not answer me?

*Moth.* Alas! poor child! I warrant you her thoughts  
run all another way. Speak to him, *Angelline*.

*Alb.* She turns away.

*Moth.* No, no, my lord! she's only confounded with  
her passion. Child, one word to save thy mother's life.  
[To Angel.]—She says, [To Alber.] she's so mightily  
confounded, she knows not what to say. Alas! you  
know maids must have their fits of modesty; besides, at



present you may better spare her tongue, you will have talking time enough hereafter.

*Alb.* O you instruct me, mother.

*Moth.* This way, this way, my lord! Now, child, but shew thyself thy mother's daughter. You will be gentle to her at the first: 'bate but a little of your lordship's vigour: she's young and tender, and cannot bear, alas! what we can bear!

*Alb.* She points me to the door.

*Moth.* And chides your stay. Away, my lord, away.

[*Exit Alberto with Juliana, the Mother following.*]

*Angelline comes forth.*

*Ang.* Thus far I'm safe: but how to secure myself for the future, from his importunities, and my mother's unnatural office——I am yet to learn. If I should tell my father, he is rash, and may do some violence to my mother. And tho' she has put off a parent's love, I cannot the obedience of a child. I must not be seen; here's a door open. I'll in, and hide myself 'till the business be over.

[*Goes in to Alphonso.*]

*Enter Rogero.*

*Rog.* God forgive me——I've staid too long from the gentleman. But his understanding is none of the wisest——and he'll excuse me without a compliment.——I think I hear him.——Well, he's a companion for an emperor.

*Alberto returns with Juliana.*

*Alb.* O *Angelline!* It is impossible to say how much I love thee.

*Rog.* Mercy upon me! my *Angelline* with *Alberto!*

[*Aside.*]

*Alb.* The extasy still triumphs in my heart,  
My very thought's so full of love, and thee,  
That words want meaning to express my joy.

*Rog.* That extasy! what does he mean now?  
But I'll be with him, and his extasy.

*Alb.*

*Alb.* Give me thy blushes : throw away that veil,  
That darkens sight, and feast my longing eyes :  
Come ! shew me,—ha ! [Sees Rog.]

*Rog.* Yes ! she can shew, my lord.

*Alb.* Rogero here !

*Rog.* And it seems you have seen the show : but before  
you and I part, you shall pay for your peeping.

*Alb.* Now impudence, assist me !

*Rogero,* thou see'st I make bold in thy absence.

*Rog.* For which in your presence, and in the presence  
of all the world, I will make bold to cut your throat.

*Alb.* What dost thou mean, man ?

*Rog.* Nay, if you are thereabouts : what do you mean  
by your extasies ? is my daughter an interpreter for your  
hard words ? but, if you be for your extasies, I'll extasy  
you, with a pox at the end on't.

*Alb.* Your daughter ! your daughter may in time—

*Rog.* Here's a dog. Here's a rogue for you.—But  
draw fir, draw.

*Jub.* If I stay, I shall be discovered ; I'll e'en sneak off  
with what I have got, and be thankful.

*Rog.* You, gentlewoman ! whither away so fast ? if you  
dance you must pay the fidler.

*Alb.* Would I were fairly rid of this old fellow. I have  
no stomach to murder the father, when the daughter has  
made me so handsome an entertainment already !——

*Rogero,* I won't fight with thee, pr'ythee put up thy  
sword.

*Rog.* Then will I cage thee, and raise an estate at six-  
pence a piece by shewing thee thro' all *Italy* for a *Maba-*  
*metan* whoremaster as thou art.

*Alb.* Come, come, you trifle time.—I must go by.

*Rog.* This is your way.

*Alb.* Nay, then !

[Draws.

*Rog.* With all my heart. But first, thou most intem-  
perate placket-monger ! I here declare, for the service  
you have done me in my daughter there—I will lye  
with your whole family, from your great grandam, do  
you see, down to her fourth generation in leading-

strings——I'll do't, fir, I'll do't. But come, fir; have at you, fir.

*Alb.* Think but a little.

*Rog.* 'Tis to no more purpose. I won't, fir, I won't.

*Alb.* I will not kill thee.

[*Rogero presses Alberto, Lorenzo enters between 'em.*]

*Alb.* So! now I can fairly make my retreat. Farewel, fir.

*Rog.* *Lorenzo!* my lord, why don't you see there, my daughter there? why she has been——

*Lor.* What, art thou mad?

*Rog.* And shall he carry it off thus?

*Alb.* Ay, ay, ay. 'Tis so. He's perfectly distracted. He foams already at the mouth. [Exit.

*Lor.* What of thy daughter, man?

*Rog.* O nothing, nothing at all, my lord.——But I shall never have such an opportunity again.——But come hither mistress o' mine: thou most abominable *Angeline!* come and confess——nay, nay, off with your veil, and appear in the true likeness of a strumpet, and——  
[Pulls off her veil.

*Lor.* Why this is not *Angeline!*

*Rog.* Not my daughter!

*Lor.* No.

*Rog.* By *Jupiter,* I am glad on't with all my heart.

*Jul.* Alas! I am a poor unhappy creature!

*Rog.* Ay, ay. Any thing with all my soul, madam.

*Jul.* Betray'd by the injustice of my fate,  
And a believing woman's easiness,  
To the sure ruin of *Alberto's* love.

*Rog.* Love, madam. What should a young lady do but love?

*Jul.* How I came here, and by what accident  
He call'd me *Angeline,* your daughter can inform you.

*Rog.* Nobody doubts it, madam.

*Jul.* Pray be not angry.

*Rog.* I was never better pleas'd in my life, never since I was born, madam.

*Jul.* I hope, fir, you'll the easier pardon me.

*Rog.* Pardon! why, I'll come upon my knees to you.  
But

But I'll never forgive myself, never, madam, for coming in like an old fumbling coxcomb, so unseasonably to spoil sport: if you had said but the least word to me, I would have held the door in a civil way, and been thankful for the office.

Lor. What, turn pimp, Rogero?

Rog. In the humour I am in, I could pimp, lie, hold the door, or do any thing for any body.—But, my lord, I am glad you're come. The finest gentleman—

Lor. Where?

Rog. Here in the next room. He's somewhat philosophically given, and hates company, especially women's company; for which reason I am the easier inclin'd to entertain him in my family.

*Enter Alphonso and Angeline.*

Oh here he comes; he's a great scholar, and a very wise man.

Lor. Is not that *Angeline* with him?

Rog. Ay, 'tis so indeed—'tis *Angeline*.

Lor. If his wisdom hath found the philosopher's stone in your house, you are certainly a made man.

Rog. If my daughter has, I am sure she's made a woman.

Alph. What I have heard, and you confirm me in, shall turn to your advantage, do not doubt me.

Rog. Sir.

[Goes to Alph.]

Alph. I am glad you are return'd.

Lor. Sure I should know that voice.

Alph. I have discovered here—

Rog. Ay, so have I, a rascal.

Alph. Ha! *Lorenzo* there! then to my best disguise!

[Aside.]

Rog. You're for the philosopher's stone as I take it; is my daughter turn'd chymist? does she club with you in the experiment?

Lor. Or are you a tutor to instruct her in the liberal arts?

Rog. Of whoring I believe, and I will as liberally reward him for his pains.

*Jul.* Oh hold! for heav'n's sake hold, and hear me; I may redeem you from this error.

*Rog.* 'Tis to no more purpose.

*Lor.* 'Tis some mistake, and you must hear her.

*Rog.* Nay, if I must, and it be but a mistake, I care not if I do.

*Alph.* If he discover me in this disguise  
How shall I stand it! or how answer him  
To all those questions, that his doubts will raise?  
If he suspect my purpose: why, what then?  
Tho' his suspicions fed upon the truth,  
And his clear eye in spreading characters  
Read here upon my forehead my designs,  
He knows I would go on. [*Aside.*

*Lor.* This has indeed the face of likelihood.

*Rog.* Of truth itself: 'tis impossible it should be otherwise.

*Lor.* *Rogero!* I would be private.

*Rog.* Not with my daughter?

*Lor.* No, no: with this gentleman.

*Rog.* With all my heart. I'll examine this business within. Tho' I believe the philosopher is no better than he should be.

*Lor.* I'll pass my word for him. [*Ex. Rog. Ang. and Jul.*]

*Alph.* I thank you, sir, and take my leave.

[*Going to the door, starts and turns.*]

*Lor.* *Alphonso!*

*Alph.* Ha! I am discovered! well, *Alphonso* then.

*Lor.* You start, and seem disorder'd.

*Alph.* Not at all.

*Lor.* I am glad on't.

*Alph.* Glad of what, *Lorenzo?*

*Lor.* Glad to find thee firm and constant to thyself,  
To find thee still the man I ever lov'd;  
Just, valiant, honest, loyal, and my friend!

*Alph.* O I am nothing, when not thine, thy friend.

*Lor.* I know thou art my friend: and therefore I  
Am glad to find thee and thy mind at peace;  
Thy thoughts all clear, as crystal currents stream,

*In.*

In wanton play coursing each other down,  
From the fair fountain of an honest soul.

*Alpb.* I never thought him troublesome till now. [*Aside.*

*Lor.* 'Tis so: but I will cast beyond him yet.

*Alpb.* Would I were rid of him.

*Lor.* *Alphonso!*

*Alpb.* Ha!

*Lor.* All is not well within, friend!

*Alpb.* Never better.

*Lor.* Come, come, in vain you flife a concern  
That most appears, when you would hide it most.

*Alpb.* Concern! pr'ythee no more. I know of none.

*Lor.* This seeming may acquit you to the world,  
But not to me: be satisfy'd, I know you.

*Alpb.* Why, then you know me, and be satisfy'd.

*Lor.* Tho' I have grounds sufficient for my doubts,  
I would not rashly entertain a thought

That thou wouldst use false dealing with thy friend!

*Alpb.* This is unkindly urg'd!

*Lor.* Then answer me,

Why this disguise, and I not know the cause?

*Alpb.* O friend! no more of that: there is a cause,  
And I would have thee think, when I conceal  
Myself from thee, that then (if possible)  
I would for ever hide me from myself,  
And all the world.

*Lor.* May I not know that cause?

*Alpb.* I'm ill at ease

At present, most unhappy in my thoughts;  
Unfit for many words: when next we meet——

*Lor.* When next we meet! *Alphonso* have a care.

*Alpb.* Of what, *Lorenzo*?

*Lor.* Come! 'tis poorly done  
To trifle with your friend. And let me tell you——

*Alpb.* Nay, if you grow warm, farewell.

*Lor.* You go not hence.

*Alpb.* How!

*Lor.* 'Till I am better known to your designs.

*Alpb.* Away; no more of this.

*Lor.* Then be advis'd.

*Alpb.*

*Alph.* Last night, you may remember, I was left  
Under the hard oppression of my doubts;  
And left by you in my extremest need,  
When only you could satisfy my thoughts,  
And yet I question'd not.

*Lor.* My business then  
Was your's, your peace of mind.

*Alph.* So mine is now!

*Lor.* I'll give you reasons why I then conceal'd it.

*Alph.* My reasons you shall have hereafter,  
Why mine is now conceal'd.

[*Going.*

*Lor.* Nay, then 'tis plain;  
And mark me what I say, you shall not go.

*Alph.* How! shall not go?

*Lor.* By heav'n you shall not go.

*Alph.* Who shall oppose my way?

*Lor.* Sir, you may buy  
The knowledge dear, to bring it to the proof.

*Alph.* Pr'ythee forbear: this may be dangerous.

*Lor.* False friendship's always so.

*Alph.* Yet that friendship,  
False as it is, instructs me how to bear!

*Lor.* Yes, you can bear, now you can calmly bear;  
But 'tis with the same cunning, that the wolf  
Puts tameness on, t' abuse the shepherd's care:  
But I shall watch you for the duke——

*Alph.* The duke?

What of the duke?

*Lor.* No more of him: *Alphonso,*  
Take but a minute's patience, and I will  
Discover to your ear——

*Alph.* Am I not wrong'd?

*Lor.* You are.

*Alph.* No matter then for more discoveries.

*Lor.* And you would be reveng'd?

*Alph.* Reveng'd! I will,  
By heav'n, I will be to the full.

*Lor.* And may,  
You may, with safety, would you hear me out.

*Alph.* Words are the crutches, which tame cowards use

To

To halt upon, in any brave design :  
I am resolv'd ; and may the husband's curse  
Light here upon my forehead, for the boys  
To find me out by, as I pass along,  
The common scorn, and jest of laughing fools,  
When I desist from my resolv'd revenge.

*Lor.* Desist ! No friend, I come not now to preach  
A sufferance to thee ; but to be employ'd,  
To share thy fortune, and assist thy cause !

*Alph.* Dost thou join with me ? then I draw my sword,  
Secure, and confident of my revenge :  
Tho' he were great as the first *Cæsar* was,  
High seated in the empire of the world,  
With nations waiting round him for his guard,  
He went to nothing. All his glories here  
Should meet their fate, and fall before my fury.

*Lor.* Be temperate.

*Alph.* Now let the tyrant boast ;  
Pride his vain thoughts, and triumph in his ills ;  
Grow riotous, and wanton in the spoils  
Of the fair fame of noble families ;  
And let his bawds, that are abroad for prey,  
Fatten his lust with fresh variety,  
And wrack him on the fury of desire,  
That I may take him in the hour of hell,  
And seal damnation to him in his blood.

*Lor.* *Alphonso*, this is all a madman's rage.  
Will you yet hear me ?

*Alph.* There's such an inspiration of revenge,  
Rages within my breast,  
That I could stand an idle looker-on,  
Tamely behold his bawdy ministers  
Dish up my wife again to his hot youth,  
And then my sister, for his second course ;  
Rather than miss my time. But this is talk :  
Now for the duke.

*Lor.* Nay, then I can no more.

*Alph.* Why dost thou draw thy sword ?

*Lor.* To kill thee.

*Alph.* How ! is this thy friendship ?

*Lor.*



*Lor.* Yes. The highest proof!  
If thou art fond of death, fall nobly here;  
Not like a villain, by the hangman's hands.  
Stir not a step this way, for by the life  
Of my eternal soul, I mean my words.

*Alpb.* You dare not mean 'em.

*Lor.* Do not prove my daring,  
For if you do—

*Alpb.* Nay then—

Yet I am calm. Is this a friend, *Lorenzo?*

*Lor.* Yes! a just one,

A friend to thee, thy honour, and thy name.  
A friend that does deserve a nobler usage.

*Alpb.* I know thou dost deserve what man can merit:  
Bear with my weakness; I have been to blame;  
But pardon me, and use me like a friend.

*Lor.* As I have always done, and ever will.

*Alpb.* Then tell me which way I must steer my course.  
Thou would'st not have me spend a sordid life  
In a tame fellowship with my disgrace?

*Lor.* Nor would I have our generous duke  
Fall violently under thy revenge,  
When justice calls it on *Alberto's* life.

*Alpb.* *Alberto!*

*Lor.* Yes. I speak on certainty,  
On my own sense; and therefore came to find you;  
Had you been temperate, you had sooner known it.

*Alpb.* Thou hast redeem'd my soul from such a sin,  
As only an abandon'd conscience, leagu'd  
With hell, could have found out to damn me. Oh!  
My soul's preserver, how shall I repay thee?  
What shall I say? Oh there is yet behind  
The quiet, or the torment of my life;  
I dare not ask thee; but if she be false—

*Lor.* Thy wife, thy much-wrong'd wife, is innocent!  
I've prov'd and found her innocence.

*Alpb.* No more.

*Lor.* Yes. I have promis'd you shall see her.

*Alpb.* See her, my friend! why, is she innocent?  
O let the tongues of angels tune that word,

When

When they speak comfort to despairing souls ;  
 For there are charms in ev'ry letter there :  
 The very winds in silent reverence,  
 Must listen to the music of that sound,  
 And bear about the accents of my joy.

*Lor.* Come ! you delay.

*Alph.* I had forgot myself.

I thought I only dream'd of happiness :  
 And fear'd to wake to wretchedness again.  
 But lead me to her : O I do confess  
 I am to blame : now, when my sparing fate  
 Hardly allows me a few happy hours,  
 To trifle out my minutes idle here ;  
 When love invites me with his softest charms,  
 T' improve my joys in my *Erminia's* arms.

*Enter Erminia.*

*Erm.* Who calls upon *Erminia* !

*Lor.* See, your wife,

Impatient of her lodgings, comes herself  
 To meet your steps, and bless you on your way.

*Alph.* My wife, *Lorenzo* !

*Erm.* O 'tis heav'n to hear,

On any terms, that dear lov'd voice again :  
 Though my misfortunes ever must despair  
 Of any comfort from those lips : yet speak,  
 Or if you will be gentler to my prayers, [Kneels]  
 Speak kindly to me, speak as you were wont ;  
 With those undoing charms upon your tongue ;  
 That have so often trembled to my soul,  
 In the soft rapture of protesting joys !

*Lor.* Can you hear this, yet see her on her knees ?

*Alph.* Alas ! I am unworthy, do thou raise her ;  
 And tell her, friend, the guilty memory,  
 How I have wrong'd her innocence, turns my brain,  
 And fixes me a senseless statue here.

*Erm.* Then I will rush upon you with my charms,  
 Break thro' the bars of modesty and form,  
 To your assistance : thus to fold you in,

And

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And with my passion warm you into life!

My love! my soul!

*Alph.* My being! all that heav'n,  
From the deep counsels of eternity,  
Could have sent down in blessings on mankind  
To sweeten life, and beautify the world.

*Lor.* Why this is as it should be!

*Alph.* O my friend!

How is my peace indebted to thy care?  
And how, *Erminia*, how shall I reward  
Thy virtue? How intreat thee to forget  
Thy wrongs?

*Erm.* I know of none.

*Alph.* Their memory!

*Erm.* I have no thought, but of my instant joy,  
Of love, and thee.

*Alph.* Thou art too good for man——  
But thy example shall instruct my love,  
And make me worthy of thee.

*Erm.* O for this!

May the recorded perjuries of men,  
Ne'er meet a faith in our believing sex!  
To injure the swift progress of their joys:  
Men are all truth, all constancy, all love!  
And they who do traduce their virtues, wrong  
Their consciences: but yet it does belong  
To th' envious old, so to instruct the young.

*Alph.* And for thy sake, may list'ning virgins find  
Their lovers just, as thy *Alphonso's* kind.

*Erm.* And you, who hear the story of our lives,  
May you have all such husbands——

*Alph.* And such wives.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rogero, Angelline, and Juliana.

Rog. WELL! well, I am satisfy'd. I love reason, and am easily persuaded in the way of reason, or so: a little of it goes a great way with me; and when once I find it, why the dispute's at an end — I give it over, I am silent, not a word, not a syllable; mum for me!

Ang. Indeed you have heard the truth of what I know.

Jul. Nothing has been omitted.

Rog. Why very well—You see I am satisfy'd.

But how the world may be mistaken in a philosopher!

Angelline! Come hither. Come, I must take you to task a little upon the point, or so. Nay, look thy natural father in the face, child. Why this same *Alphonso* looks like a vigorous rogue upon occasion: he had thee alone, that he had: pr'ythee how did he behave himself? Ha! what I warrant you, he kifs'd you.

Ang. No, indeed!

Rog. What did he not kifs you? put you to the squeak, or so; tickle you, tumble you—or—

Ang. No, Sir, nothing of all these.

Rog. Why, what a pox, neither kifs, tickle, or tumble, fumble or mumble you? what, did he not offer you a Testimony of his manhood, child?

Ang. I do not understand you!

Rog. Nay, no blushes for the matter! a man may do that in a civil way to shew his breeding, child: that he may, and no harm done.—but for *Alberto*—

Jul. Sir, may he do so?

Rog. Ay, and be whipt thro' the guts too for his pains, madam.

Jul. I hope not so.

Rog. Nay, I should be sorry for't: that's the truth on't: but I heard *Alphonso* talk something suspiciously that way.

Jul.

*Jul.* O Sir, if you have pity for misfortune,  
Fly, and prevent this mischief: I have told you  
The cause of these mistakes, *Clara*, and I  
Have been to blame: but he is innocent.

*Rog.* Nay, I am easily mollify'd: I love an honest  
whoremaster with all my heart, that I do; and as far as  
old *Roger* will go, by *Jupiter*, it shall be at his service.  
But we must make haste, that we must—— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Alphonso's House.*

*Enter Alphonso and Erminia.*

*Alph.* You know my purpose: therefore be advis'd,  
And manage this design with your best art;  
I know your letter soon will bring him here;  
'Twill conjure him, from his cool honest thoughts,  
Into the warmer circle of your arms.

*Erm.* Alas! what means this preparation?

*Alph.* Ha!

What means that question now? is this a time?

*Erm.* If am doubted!

*Alph.* If I were a man,  
Or any thing, but a fond woman's fool,  
A husband, death! you durst not trifle thus!  
Why will you drive my nature to extremes?  
Would you not have me satisfy'd?

*Erm.* I would.

*Alph.* This is the only way.

*Erm.* I fear th' event.

*Alph.* 'Th' event, of what? what is that you fear?  
Have you a cause of fear?

*Erm.* I have a near one,  
Dear as my peace, and far above my life;  
Your safety is the cause of all my fears.

*Alph.* No more—I hear him coming, you receive him  
As I advis'd: you know the rest.—— [*Retires.*]

A SONG

A SONG written by Sir George Ethieridge.

**S**EE how fair Corinna lies,  
Kindly calling with her eyes :  
In the tender minute prove her ;  
Shepherd ! Why so dull a lover ?  
Prithee, why so dull a lover ?

In her blushes see your shame ;  
Anger they with love proclaim ;  
You too coldly entertain her :  
Lay your pipe a little by ;  
If no other charms you try,  
You will never, never gain her.

While the happy minute is,  
Court her, you may get a kiss,  
May be, favours that are greater :  
Leave your piping, to her fly ;  
When the nymph you love is nigh,  
Is it with a tune you treat her ?

Dull Amintor ! fie, Ob ! fie :  
Now your shepherdes is nigh ;  
Can you pass your time no better ?

Enter Alberto.

*Alb.* So the kind nymph, dissolving as she lay,  
Expecting sigh'd, and chid the shepherd's stay !  
When panting to the joy, he flew, to prove  
The immortality of life and love.

*Erm.* I must, but know not how to act his part.

*Alb.* Turn not away : I see the god of love  
Is busy in thy heart ; he shoots his fires  
Through every pore, and kindles every vein,  
And now he mounts in blushes on thy cheeks,  
That tell me all, and summon on my joy.  
Say, madam, is't not so ?

*Erm.* Nay, now my lord.

*Alb.* Your looks confess it : every glance declares

For

For love and me; whilst your hot glowing eyes,  
Like golden planets flaming from their spheres,  
Shine out, and guide me safe into your arms.

*Erm.* Why do you talk thus to me?

*Alb.* I confess I am to blame,  
When this kind opportunity informs me,  
There are a thousand better arguments,  
Of more convincing virtue to prevail,  
Than all the unperforming senseless noise,  
That talking love can offer to the fair.

*Erm.* You wrong my meaning still.

*Alb.* I would not wrong it:  
Nor injure you so far, to think you can  
Mean otherwise: away, this modesty  
Is the dull virtue of a marriage-bed;  
The idol only of a husband's zeal!

*Erm.* A husband! then my fit returns again.  
Why did you name him?

*Alb.* Nay, the devil knows.

*Erm.* At the least mention of that word, I start,  
And the remembrance of my sufferings  
Freezes my blood, and leaves me pale with fear.

*Alb.* There is no danger in a lover's arms.

*Erm.* But did you know what I have suffer'd!

*Alb.* All, I've heard it all, and know th' unlucky cause,  
The letter that I sent——

*Erm.* What letter?

*Alb.* That, that fell into *Alphonso's* hands.

*Erm.* I've seen one from the duke.

*Alb.* It was from me.

*Erm.* Is't possible from you?

*Alb.* The story shall employ an idler hour,  
And satisfy you in each circumstance;  
Why I subscrib'd the duke to my design.

*Erm.* I dread the consequence.

[*Aside.*

*Alb.* You see the straits  
The hazardous attempts, that vent'rous love  
Engages on his way to happiness:  
Yet these are nothing now, tho' I have tir'd

The

The expectation of a chymist's hope,  
This golden birth at last rewards my toil.

*Erm.* Forbear, my lord.

*Alb.* Forbear!

*Erm.* I must not hear you.

*Alb.* Why?

*Erm.* Think who I am.

*Alb.* I do.

*Erm.* Whose wife I am.

*Alb.* For that it matters not: since you are

*Erm.* O unexampled villany——

*Alb.* But why?

O! why these scruples now? I thought last night  
Had satisfy'd all doubts.

*Erm.* Last night, my lord?

*Alb.* Nay, then I must refresh your memory

*Erm.* This insolence is brutal.

*Alb.* Tho' I find

Your purpose plainly meant to my abuse,  
I think the management of your design,  
Exceeds the peevish follies of your sex:  
Alas! we might have parted upon easier terms  
For faith you wrong me, madam, if you think  
I came to find out constancy, or preach  
It to a woman. I've been your guest indeed,  
Have met a hearty welcome; and last night,  
That bawdy night, and honest *Clara*, knows  
I have not been ungrateful: so, I leave you  
To the fresh youth of your next customer.

*Enter Alphonso, with a pistol.*

*Alph.* Thy own words be thy sentence!

*Alb.* How? betray'd!

*Erm.* My fears are come upon me; O some power  
Divert this mischief! help, heav'n's sake! help. [*Runs out.*]

*Alph.* No human help can come between thy lusts  
And my revenge: despair, and curse thyself.

*Alb.* You will not murder me?

*Alph.* 'Tis justice now

That



That arms against thy crimes, and strikes in me:  
Therefore, prepare—

*Alb.* Yet throw away your odds;  
And do not basely thus attempt my life.

*Alb.* That baseness is your own: for face to face,  
When brave men shew their actions to the sun,  
You could not wrong my honour, or my name,  
But by base practices, and midnight arts,  
You found the weakness of a woman's guard,  
And there surpriz'd me; take the just reward—

[*The pistol not going off—draws his sword.*  
Fortune I thank thee: Thou instruct'ft my rage.

*Alb.* I wish no more advantage. Now come on.

*Alb.* This brings thy certain fate.

*Alb.* That yet to try.— [Fight.

*Alb.* Thy blood shews thou art mortal: Yet unsay  
What thou hast said.

*Alb.* Were fate within thy power,  
I'd scorn my life at such a sordid price.

*Alb.* Then have thy wish: O were the strumpet here,  
That my just sword might join your bodies close  
As your glued lusts.—This, villain to thy heart,

[*Fight Alb. falls.*  
Thou hast it there; and she shall quickly follow.

[*Going out, justles Rogero at the Door.*

*Enter Rogero.*

*Rog.* Why, what a pox, here's fine doings, indeed! if  
whoremasters fall off at this rate, our women are likely  
to have a comfortable time on't, that's certain; maiden-  
heads may hang as long as our medlars do, and mellow  
into marmalet that they may.

*Alb.* Some help I hope!

*Rog.* What, you are not kill'd then you say! Only  
dril'd through the guts or so, to cool your liver, my  
lord?

*Alb.* The loss of blood has made me faint.

*Rog.* Ah! what say now to the conjuration of a black-  
brow'd wench? Would not that raise you, ha?

*Alb.* Your arm will do better. Sir, I thank you!

**But**

But if you would be truly charitable,  
Follow *Alphonso*; you may yet prevent him,  
Tho' he has vow'd the murder of his wife.

*Rog.* Mercy upon us! why, what a bloody-minded  
monster is a cuckold in imagination.

*Enter Juliana and Angelline.*

Oh: you come in time! here lead him in; nay, no cry-  
ing for the matter, madam: he has sprung a leak or  
so; that's the truth on't: but lend you but a helping  
hand, and I warrant him he serves again, that he  
does—— [Exit.

*Alb.* *Juliana* here! I know humanity  
Instructs the world to pity the distress'd;  
But oh! in thee, in thee whom I have wrong'd,  
This tenderness, these kind forgiving tears,  
Shew most amazing goodness, far above  
The natural frailty of a woman's love.

*Jul.* Abandon'd and forsaken, at my birth,  
Of every star, I live an outcast here!  
Doom'd by my guilty fate to this curs'd day  
For thy undoing——I have been the cause  
Of thy misfortunes.

*Alb.* Thou the cause! tho' thou  
Art truth itself; in this I would prefer  
The obstinacy of an infidel,  
And 'twere less sin than that injurious faith.

*Jul.* I cannot look upon those bleeding wounds  
Without a fear that sinks me.

*Alb.* I have none,  
I hope, that dangerously threaten me.

*Jul.* Within, my story shall confirm, what I  
Have said, and satisfy your doubts.

*Alb.* I go;  
Guessing in vain at what I long to know. [Exit.

*Enter Alphonso with a Dagger against Erminia.*

*Alb.* Nay——'tis in vain: you should have thought  
before,  
Now 'tis too late.

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*Erm.* Oh! why that dreadful dagger?

*Alph.* No stirring hence: there is no safety for thee!  
Think, think what thou hast done.

*Erm.* Alas! your words  
Speak terror to me, and I fear you now!

*Alph.* I know thou dost.

*Erm.* O! do not kill me, sir.

*Alph.* Not kill thee! why, this impudence exceeds  
The measure of thy sins; and nothing but  
A dead stupidity, that waits on guilt,  
Could urge that now; not kill thee! have a care,  
That thought that flatters thee into a hope  
Of life, betrays thee to damnation:  
For hadst thou lives in number to thy lusts,  
Not one should 'scape me: no, I would not lend thee  
One last repenting hour to save thy soul.

*Erm.* Yet hold, my lord——

*Alph.* None of your woman's arts,  
To soften my resolve.——

*Erm.* Hear me but speak!

*Alph.* Have I not heard enough? Methinks my ears  
Are full of cuckold still: yet I will hear thee; say  
On what foundation canst thou raise a hope  
Of mercy; is't from my nature's sufferance?  
A *Florentine's* forgiveness, thou canst hope;  
Or from the venial quality, you whore,  
Of your offending. O you strumpet down!  
Down to your lewd adulterer—— [Going to stab her.]

*Enter Lorenzo, who interposes and takes the Dagger.*

*Lor.* O hold, *Alphonso*——hold! are you a man?

*Alph.* Protect her not; for I have vow'd her death.

*Lor.* Murder your wife!

*Alph.* A whore, a whore, *Lorenzo!* practis'd long  
In the hot exercise and trade of shame,  
Ripen'd in sin, and ready to be damn'd.

*Lor.* This is a mad-man's rage, to be restrain'd  
By force, if you go on. [Draws.]

*Alph.* Nay, then 'tis plain,  
You would maintain her in her trade?

*Lor.*

Lor. I will defend her innocence.

Alph. Her innocence!

Or I am mad, or this will make me so;

Alberto has confess'd it, in these ears

Proclaim'd me cuckold. Needs there other proof?

Lor. Not of his vanity; but I can bring  
One more convincing of her innocence.

Alph. Words, idle words. Lorenzo! give me way.

Lor. It must be through my breast, if you come on.

Alph. Nay, since it must be so—

[Just engaging, Erminia throws herself between 'em.

Erm. O let me here

Atone this difference: let your fury fall

Upon my life, and cut me from my woes;

You think me false, my lord; and in that thought

Are bury'd all my hopes: high heav'n, that knows

My bosom'd soul, must witness to this truth;

Since love and you no more, no more are mine,

The comforts of this life are mine no more,

And death alone can be my refuge now.

Enter Rogero.

Rog. How's this! swords drawn upon a woman:  
since wars must ensue, I declare for the subject: old Ro-  
gero stands up for the property of the petticoat, that's cer-  
tain: speak, what say you?—is't a battle royal, or no?

Alph. Pr'ythee be gone! this is no fooling time.

Rog. Why very well, now you say something; you've  
fool'd it long enough in conscience already; murder your  
wife for not making you a cuckold! by Jupiter, I  
thought the devil in the family!

Alph. How, that again Rogero?

Rog. Nay, fir, I stand to my word, and over and over  
again say, that Alberto's an ass; as a certain gentlewo-  
man within, one Juliana, can testify at large.

Alph. What dost thou mean?

Rog. Mean, fir? don't you know what I mean? why  
then, fir, I'll tell you what I mean! in the first place I  
mean to be heard. And secondly, tho' it be a little un-  
reasonable, because I trouble you but seldom, I expect to

be understood, sir, that I do: for as I was saying, this *Juliana*, out of a regard to her former acquaintance with *Alberto*, finding his designs on the body of your wife there, and my daughter, has out of a conscionable discretion supplied their places, and fobb'd him off with her own proper person. — And there's my meaning out now.

*Alph.* Why this is wonderful, but tell me how?

*Rog.* How, sir! may be I won't! may be I can't tell you how!

I did not hold the door, or pimp to the project, I;  
But there comes a gentleman can tell you more.

*Enter Alberto, led by Juliana and Angeline, and her Mother.*

*Alb.* Thy story, *Juliana*, has subdu'd  
My wilder thoughts, and fix'd me only thine;  
But oh! instruct me how I shall appear  
Before that injur'd fair, whose innocence,  
To late I find, I have unjustly wrong'd,  
Beyond a hope of pardon.

*Alph.* Wrong'd, said'st thou?  
Wrong'd? *Lorenzo!* dost thou hear him?  
Even he, *Alberto!* he, who best can tell  
If she be so, says that my wife is wrong'd;  
You talk'd of innocence; whose innocence? O speak!  
Inform me strait, and save me from my fears.

*Alb.* I must confess my wild intemperance  
Urging me on, my busy thoughts were all  
Lawlessly loose, and ready for the spoil  
Of chaste *Erminia's* virtue.

*Alph.* Ha — What grounds?  
On what encouragement did you proceed?  
Any from her?

*Alb.* O never! all I had  
Was from my fond persuading vanity:  
'Till *Clara* came, and gave me fuller hopes.

*Alph.* *Clara!*

*Lor.* She has confess'd her treachery!

*Alph.* Impudent damning whore!

*Lor.*

Lor. Last night, my lord!  
You may remember we met here.

Alb. We did.

Lor. Came you abroad so late to take the air?

Alb. 'Twas Clara summon'd me, and I obey'd.

Lor. Erminia was the feast she bid you to!

Alb. That was the invitation: but I find  
I stand indebted for my welcome here. [To Juliana.

Lor. That Clara too confirms.

Alb. Why does there need

A farther proof? — The circumstances join  
In full consent, to clear her to the world. [Goes to Ermi-

O let me thus make sure of happiness!

Thus panting, fold thee in the arms of love,

'Till my repenting thoughts, and subdu'd fears,

Confessing thy dominion in my heart,

Make room to entertain thy triumph their.

Rog. Your servant, my lord: here's a slight commo-  
dity, a maidenhead here; if your appetite be up again:  
we have stole custom, and can afford you a pen'worth.

Alb. I have paid for that already.

Lor. Pray explain yourself.

Alb. I bought her of that reverend matron there, her  
mother.

Rog. Hem! hem! hem!

Moth. What will become of me?

Lor. Rogero! I confess I had design'd  
Thy daughter for my wife!

Rog. With all my heart. —

Lor. But since she proves of such a virtuous strain,  
And on the surer side, I dare not trust  
My honour with her mother's infamy.

Rog. Ay, as you say, 'tis that forbids the banes. —  
Her mother there!

Lor. There is no other cause.

Rog. Here take her then: by *Jupiter*, she's yours.

Lor. What dost thou mean?

Rog. Only to let you know, that the prisoner at the  
bar there, is no mother of *Angelline's*; no matrimonial  
consort of mine, but the natural iniquity of my youth.

*Lor.* Your whore!

*Reg.* My concubine, an't shall please you, of starving memory: whom, when *Angelline's* mother dy'd, I entertain'd for the reputation of being in fashion, and the breeding of my daughter.

*Lor.* A hopeful education truly, sir!  
But now she is my care!

*Reg.* *Amen* to that, with more devotion than ever the parish-priest said it in his prayers: why, I am young again, I could caper, sing, come over a stick, or any thing, in the humour I am in.

*Moth.* I hope you'll pardon me.

*Reg.* Why, what did I set you up for, but to follow your trade? I know a whore runs as naturally into a bawd, as a young man into lechery and the pox.

*Alb.* Or as an old man into impotence, and law-suits: come, *Rogero!* you must forgive her: you see in all civil governments, bawds, as well as lawyers past the exercise of the bar, are consider'd for their experience; and both have their chamber-practice allow'd them, for the benefit of the public.

*Reg.* Nay, then you servant, sir! I am satisfy'd, if the government allows it: and am satisfy'd 'tis a civil government for allowing it. And so your servant again.

*Lor.* Our joys are now complete.

*Alpb.* By heav'n they are  
So purely perfect, nothing can remain  
Worthy a wish: you two are all the world.

*Erm.* Oh happiness of life, and innocence!

*Alpb.* And innocence is prov'd: Oh there's the thing;  
For 'tis a woman's falsest, vainest pride,  
To boast a virtue that has ne'er been try'd:  
—In equal folly too those husbands live,  
Who peevishly against themselves contrive,  
By early fears, to hasten on the day;  
For jealousy but shews our wives the way:  
And if the forked fortune be our doom,  
In vain we strive; the blessing will come home.

*[Exeunt Omnes.]*

# EPILOGUE:

By the Honourable JOHN STAFFORD, Esq.

**Y**OU saw our wife was chaste, yet thoroughly try'd,  
And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;  
For, like our hero, whom we shew'd to-day,  
You think no woman true, but in a play;  
Love once did make a pretty kind of show,  
Esteem and kindness in one breast wou'd grow,  
But 'twas heav'n knows how many years ago.  
Now, 'tis small chat, and guinea expectation,  
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:  
In comedy your little selves you meet,  
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-street.  
Smile on our author then, if he has shewn  
A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.  
Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,  
Who a't those follies, poets toil to write!  
The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase,  
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.  
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly  
To some new frisk of contrariety.  
You roll like snow-balls, gathering as you run,  
And get seven dev'ls, when dispossest of one.  
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen,  
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;  
But every inch of her you now uncase,  
And clap a wizard mask upon the face.  
For sins like these, the zealous of the land,  
With little hair, and little or no band,  
Declare how circulating pestilences  
Watch every twenty years, to snap offences.  
Saturn, even now, takes doctoral degrees,  
He'll do your work this summer, without fees.  
Let a'l the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,  
And, ah, preserve thy eighteen penny place!



*But for the pit-confounders, let 'em go,  
And find as little mercy as they shew:  
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;  
For every critic sav'd, thou damn'st a play.*

Sir ANTONY LOVE:

OR, THE

RAMBLING LADY.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

In the YEAR 1691.

*Artis severæ si quis amat affectus,  
Mentemque magnis applicat——  
—— det primos verbis annos,  
Mœniumque bibit fœlici pectore fontem.*

PETRO. ARB. Satyr. p. 34.

H. S.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 311

LECTURE 1

MECHANICS

1.1 Kinematics

1.2 Dynamics

1.3 Energy

1.4 Momentum

1.5 Angular Momentum

1.6 Relativity

## T H O . S K I P W I T H , E s q .

**T**H E R E is that certain argument of poverty in poetry, that its offspring must always be laid at some body's door ; and indeed, the greatest master of this art will scarce be able to support the issue of his brain, upon the narrow income of a single reputation.

From the very start of my design upon this play, I had a design upon you, like a rich god-father, to ease the parish of a charge, and the parent of a care, in maintaining it.

You know the original *sir Antony*, and therefore can best judge how the copy is drawn ; though it will not be to my advantage to have them too narrowly compared ; her wit is indeed inimitable, not to be painted : yet I must say, there is something in my draught of her, that carries a resemblance, and makes up a very tolerable figure : and since I have this occasion of mentioning *Mrs. Montford*, I am pleased, by way of thanks, to do her that public justice in print, which some of the best judges of these performances, have, in her praise, already done her, in public places ; that they never saw any part more masterly played : and as I made every line for her, she has mended every word for me ; and by a gaiety and air, particular to her action, turned every thing into the genius of the character.

You have here seven hundred lines more in the print, than was upon the stage, which I cut out in the apprehension and dread of a long play.

The Abbé's character languishes in the fifth act for want of the scene between him and sir *Antony*, which I plainly saw before, but was contented to leave a gap in the action, and to lose the advantage of Mr. *Lee's* playing (which, through his part, that place only gave him occasion to shew) than run the venture of offending the women; not that there is one indecent expression in it; but the over-fine folk might run it into a design I never had in my head: my meaning was, to expose the vice; and I thought it could not be more contemptibly exposed, than in the person of a wanton old man, that must make even the most reasonable pleasure ridiculous.

I am gratefully sensible of the general good-nature of the town to me, which you must give me leave to value myself upon, since the pride proceeds from an opinion, that I have deserved no otherwise from any man. But I must make my boast (though with the most acknowledging respect) of the favours from the fair sex (I may call them favours, and I may boast of ladies favours, when there are so many concerned) in so visibly promoting my interest, on those days chiefly (the third, and the sixth) when I had the tenderest relation to the welfare of my play. I will not from their encouragement imagine I am the better poet, but I will for the future, endeavour not to give them cause of repenting so seasonable a piece of good-nature; and if I cannot give them a good comedy, I will not give them a very bad one; this has had its fate, and a very favourable one. And I cannot but have the better esteem of it, for bringing so many of my well wishers together.

*So far for Prefacing.*

Now, fir, as to my dedication: I fear my credit in this place, is as little worth as in *Lombard-street*; you may take up money upon it, as soon as reputation: but the blessing of your fortune lies in having as little need of your friend's purse in the city, as your friend's praise in *Covent-Garden*: they who know you, will take you upon your own word; and they who do not, will hardly upon mine. However, this I must say, if there be a quickness in the dialogue and conversation of this comedy, I owe it in a great measure to my familiarity with you; which, in the freedom of several years, has given me a thousand occasions of envy and admiration; and at last persuaded me to an imitation of what I have heard with so much pleasure and pain. I would not flatter a friend: but I have often thought, and sometimes told you, that were it as much in your inclination, as it is in your power, to write comedy, no man could better succeed in it, because no man can be more naturally designed for the undertaking. I do not pretend to add any thing to the character of a man so very well known: if I have a design, behind the pleasing myself in dedicating this play to you, it is to secure the esteem of being thought your friend: as I have the title, I desire to continue the thing; being very much.

Your humble servant,

T. SOUTHERNE.

# P R O L O G U E :

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

**T**HE ladies have a lonely summer pass'd,  
In hopes kind winter would return at last.  
The seasons change; but heroes are the same,  
A twelvemonth running in pursuit of fame.  
Theirs may be good, but they have spoil'd our game.  
Some weak amends this thin town might afford,  
If honest gentlemen would keep their word.  
But your lewd Tunbridge-scandal that was moving,  
Foretold how sad a time would come for loving.  
Sad time indeed, when you begin to write:  
'Tis a shrewd sign of wanting appetite,  
When you forget yourselves, to think of wit.  
Whilst thus your itch is only to bespatter,  
Your Cupid is transform'd into a satyr:  
Nothing of man about you, all o'er beast;  
Submitting your chief pleasure to your jest.  
The time will come (for Ireland falls of course,  
And must send back her conquerors, and ours)  
When each of us, our losses to recover,  
Will mend her fortune in a soldier lover:  
They'll use us better much, than you have done,  
Take us in, passing, like an open town,  
And plunder, do their business, and begone.  
Or if, at leisure, they lye down to woe,  
They'll rather make us whores, than call us so:  
Not send a whispering libel thro' the town,  
To blab the favour out, before 'tis done;  
And maul the ladies only in lampoon.  
But if they write in a sententious strain,  
Two lines conclude the travels of their pen;  
One, only to know where, and t'other, when.  
And we can give a lover leave to write,  
When all his bills are to be paid at sight.

O! would

*O! would our peaceful days were come again;  
Then I might act it, on and off, a queen.  
When once the child was turn'd into her teens,  
You could not find a maid behind the scenes.  
But now your keeping humour's out a-door,  
We must die maids, or marry to be poor.*



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Sir ANTONY LOVE,	Mrs. <i>Montford.</i>
VALENTINE,	Mr. <i>Montford.</i>
ILFORD,	Mr. <i>Williams.</i>
Sir GENTLE GOLDING,	Mr. <i>Bowen.</i>
An ABBE,	Mr. <i>Ant. Leigh.</i>
COUNT CANAILE, his Brother,	Mr. <i>Hodgson.</i>
COUNT VEROLE,	Mr. <i>Sandford.</i>
PALMER, a Pilgrim,	Mr. <i>Powel, junr.</i>
WAITWELL, Sir ANTONY's Govern- } nor and Confidant,	Mr. <i>Bright.</i>
TRAFFIQUE, a Merchant,	Mr. <i>Kirkham.</i>
COURTAUT, a Taylor's Man,	<i>Mich. Lee.</i>
Bravoës belonging to Count VEROLE.	
Servants.	
Servant to Sir GENTLE,	Mr. <i>Cibber.</i>
Servant to ILFORD,	<i>Tho. Kent.</i>

## W O M E N.

FLORIANTE, } Daughters to Count	{ Mrs. <i>Butler.</i>
CHARLOTTE, } CANAILE,	
VOLANTE, the ABBE's Niece and } Charge;	{ Mrs. <i>Bracegirdles.</i>
	{ Mrs. <i>Knight.</i>

SCENE, *Montpeliers*

# Sir ANTONY LOVE:

OR, THE

## RAMBLING LADY.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir Antony Love, and Waitwell following him.*

Sir ANTONY LOVE.

**W**ELL, governor, I think I have atchiev'd, under thy conduct, as considerable a character, in as short a time——

*Wait.* Nay, you come on amain.

*Sir Ant.* And though I say it, have done as much——

*Wait.* And suffer'd as much.

*Sir Ant.* For the credit of my countrymen, and the reputation of a whoremaster, as the arrantest rake-hell of 'em all.

*Wait.* You're a pretty proficient, indeed, and so perfectly act the cavalier, that cou'd you put on our sex with your breeches, o' my conscience, you wou'd carry all the women before you.

*Sir*

*Sir Ant.* And drive all the men before me; I am for univ'fal empire, and wou'd not be flinted to one province; I wou'd be fear'd, as well as lov'd: as famous for my action with the men, as for my passion for the women.

*Wait.* You're in the way to't; you change your men as often as you do your women; and have every day a new mistress, and a new quarrel.

*Sir Ant.* Why, 'tis only the fashion of the world, that gives your sex a better title than we have, to the wearing a sword; my constant exercise with my fencing-master, and conversation among men, who make little of the matter, have at last not only made me *adroit*, but despise the danger of a quarrel too.

*Wait.* A lady-like reputation, truly. But how preposterously fortune places her favours, when no body is the better for 'em.

*Sir Ant.* Why how now, governor?

*Wait.* She seldom gives a man an estate, who has either the conscience or youth to enjoy it——

*Sir Ant.* But he may leave it to one who has.

*Wait.* An honest man might be thankful for half your fortune with the women. But what pleasure can you find in following 'em?

*Sir Ant.* The same that some of the men find.

*Wait.* You can't enjoy 'em.

*Sir Ant.* But may I make 'em ready for those who can.

*Wait.* Are there such sportsmen?

*Sir Ant.* Very many, who beat about more for company, than the pleasure of the sport; and if they do start any thing, are better pleas'd with the accidents of the chase, the hedges and ditches, than the close pursuit of the game; and these are sure never to come in to the quarry.

*Wait.* This is so like you now: why love shou'd be your business; and you make a business of your love: you are young and handsome in petticoats; yet are contented to part with the pleasures of your own sex, to ramble into the troubles of ours. In my opinion, you might be better employ'd.

*Sir*

*Sir Ant.* I do it to be better employ'd ; to recommend me to *Valentine*, for whose dear sake I first engag'd in the adventure ; robb'd my keeper, that nauseous fool *Golding*, of five hundred pounds, and under thy discretion, came a colonelling after him here into *France*.

*Wait.* Why do you lose time then ? Why don't you tell him so ?

*Sir Ant.* Thou wou'dst have had me, with the true conduct of an *English* mistress, upon the first inclination, cloy'd him with my person, without any assurance of his relishing me enough to raise his appetite to a second taste ; no, now I am sure he likes me ; and likes me so well in a man, he'll love me in a woman ; and let him make the discovery if he dares.

*Wait.* Let me direct him.

*Sir Ant.* To the lodgings you shall ; those I saw, and lik'd ; they are private and convenient, make 'em ready ; I'll tell thee all anon——And do you hear——my female wardrobe too must be produc'd, my woman's equipage——[*Waitwell going.*] For as the conduct of affairs now goes, I'm best disguis'd in my own sex, and cloaths. Hey, I had forgot ; bring me the fifty pieces I spoke of, the five hundred are in good health yet, governor.

*Wait.* But sicken at that sound.

*Sir Ant.* *Valentine* and *Ilford* are disappointed of their bills, and, in spite of their good estates, want money ; now, tho' I lend upon the old consideration of borrowing a greater sum, fifty pieces are convenient.

*Wait.* And will be welcome to 'em at this time——

*Sir Ant.* Most certainly ; and take this along with you, governor ; you must make your conversation necessary sometimes, as well as agreeable, to preserve a friendship with an *Englishman*.

*Enter Valentine and Ilford.*

*Val.* How's this, *Sir Antony* ? Under the discipline of your governor, and his wisdom, this morning ?

*Sir Ant.* Like a good christian, *Valentine*, clearing old accounts,

accounts, that I may begin a new score, with a better conscience.

*Ilf.* Confessing, and repenting past enormities——

*Sir Ant.* About the pitch of thy piety, *Ilford*; repenting only, because they are past.

*Val.* So far you may repent with honour.

*Sir Ant.* Nay, I confess myself a child of this world; for at this moment I have a hint from my constitution, that tells me the pleasure of thy example——

*Val.* Thou art above example, or imitation——

*Sir Ant.* Will go near to overthrow the wisdom of his precepts; the morality of thy beard, governor——

*Wait.* But, sir, it wou'd be well.

*Sir Ant.* It wou'd be better, sir, thou pitiful preacher, wou'dst thou but follow thy pimping; 'tis a better trade, and becomes thy discretion as well: you'll find me hereabouts——

[*Trusts out Waitwell.*]

*Val.* You have compounded—for whoring then, *Sir Antony*?

*Sir Ant.* Any thing but fighting; he has swing'd me away for my quarrel yesterday i'th' tennis-court.

*Ilf.* You deserv'd to be swing'd for't——

*Val.* I shou'd chide you too, though 'twas upon my account.

*Ilf.* To run a gentleman thro' the arm, for not witnessing all you said in commendation of *Valentine*——

*Val.* When he was not so much as acquainted with my person——

*Ilf.* Was——

*Sir Ant.* Something more bold than welcome, I grant you; but I had not fought a great while, my hand was in, and I was pushing at reputation. For, i'gad, I look upon courage to proceed more from habit and practice, than any virtue of the mind.

*Val.* How, how, *Sir Antony*? there's something in family sure——

*Sir Ant.* Wooden legs, in a great many, *Valentine*.

*Ilf.* Courage oster runs in a blood——

*Sir Ant.* They say so of the pox, indeed. The sins of the fathers may run in the blood sometimes, and visit to the

the third and fourth generation; but their virtues die with the men. And if the example and custom of the world (supported by good eating and drinking) had not infus'd a nobler spirit into the blood, than any deriv'd from the father, most men had continu'd like those, who stay with their fathers; elder brothers all; and had never offer'd at an intrigue, above a red petticoat; or a quarrel, above a rubber at cuffs.

*If.* 'Tis sensibly extravagant, and wild!

*Val.* Inimitably new! But how do you to avoid drinking?

*Sir Ant.* Why that avoids me, thanks to the custom of the country, and the better diversions of this place; not but I can arrive at a bottle too.

*If.* If thou were in *London*——

*Sir Ant.* There I grant you——Where the young fellows begin the reputation of their humour and wit in a pint glass, carrying 'em, without intermission of sense or jest, to the end of the third bottle; and then thro' the public places, and folly of the town.

*Val.* There you wou'd be at a loss.

*Sir Ant.* I shou'd indeed; where they go to taverns, to swallow a drunkenness; and then to a play, to talk over their liquor.

*If.* I thought that folly fell off with their fathers——

*Val.* The entertainment of it did indeed.

*If.* Who, as they began it in their frolick, supported it in their wit.

*Sir Ant.* And since the sons are so plainly disinherited of the sense, they have no title to the sins of their fathers.

*Val.* Unless they kept 'em more in countenance.

*If.* Yet they would do something like their fathers.

*Val.* As an ignorant player in *England*, whom I saw undertaking to copy a master actor of his time, began at his infirmity in his feet; and growing famous for the imitation of his gout, he cou'd walk like him, when he cou'd do nothing else like him.

*Sir Ant.* The gout and the pox take him for't——

*If.* And all those, I say, who, only from their opinion  
of

of themselves, are encourag'd to meddle in other mens matters, without ever bringing any thing about of their own.

*Sir Ant.* Ay, those meddling fools, *I'ford!* who are in all places, yet ever out of their way——

*Ilf.* And not only out of their own way, but always in other men's——

*Sir Ant.* And still as ridiculous as a fellow of thy severity and reserve wou'd be in the fantastical figure of a lover.

*Ilf.* Whoever has the woman; you have your wit, *Sir Antony*——

*Sir Ant.* They go together fir—— You'll find it so.

*Enter a Pilgrim.*

*Val.* Whom have we here?

*Sir Ant.* A broken brother of *Bethlehem*, with all his frippery about him!

*Val.* One of that travelling tribe, without their circumcision.

*Sir Ant.* Of Christian appellation, a pilgrim.

*Val.* 'Tis a senseless constitution of men!

*Sir Ant.* Who make themselves mad, to make the rest of the world fools, by finding a faith for all their fopperies.

*Val.* How can they pass upon the world?

*Sir Ant.* As other constitutions and orders of men, as senseless, pass; that are founded too in as much cozenage and roguery as this can be.

*Ilf.* You are an enemy of forms, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* Oh, fir, the virtue of the habit often covers the vices of the man: there's field enough in *England* to find this in, without the abbey-lands, gentlemen.

*Ilf.* Weeds are the general growth of every soil.

*Val.* How many fools in the state, and atheists in the church, carry themselves current thro' their congregations and clients, to great employments; and, being arm'd only with the authority and countenance of their cloathing, secure themselves from the discovery and censure of the court and town?

*Sir*

*Sir Ant.* These are disguises, I grant you, worth a sensible man's putting on; but a pilgrim's habit is as ridiculous as his pretence; and I wou'd no more wear a fool's coat, to be thought devout; than be devout for the sake of the livery.

*Ilf.* Fools are the guts of all bodies, and make the bulk of every opinion. [Exit Pilgrim.]

*Val.* Hang him, let him pass; spare him for the sake of the church, and spare the church for the sake of our Abbé.

*Sir Ant.* Who is, indeed, a most considerable pillar of it, to his own profit, and our pleasurable living in this town.

*Ilf.* He is a very pope in *Montpelier*, the head here—

*Sir Ant.* And a fit head he is for such sinful members as we are.

*Ilf.* We members! you are a protestant, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* You may be furly enough to tell 'em you are one; but I am always of the religion of the government I am in—

*Val.* And of the women you converse with, knight.

*Sir Ant.* And when I can't convince 'em, I conform.

*Ilf.* A very civil character of a fashionable conscience.

*Val.* Of a sensible man, I think: why must your capacity be the measure of another man's understanding? And all men be in the wrong, who don't dance i'th' circle of your thoughts?

*Sir Ant.* Every man a villain, or a fool, who does not fall into your notion of things?

*Val.* No opinion ever sprung out of an universal consent; truth can no more be comprehended than beauty: we have our several reasons for the one, and fancies for the other. And as beauty has not the same influence upon all complexions; so reason has not the same force upon all understandings: we embrace what pleases us in both, secure ourselves in a probability, and guess out the rest.

*Sir Ant.* *Ilford* is one of those fellows, whom if you divide from in one thing, will never close with you in any. Tho' the Abbé and you do differ about the way



168 Sir ANTONY LOVE; or,  
to heav'n, you may go to the devil together, I warrant  
you.

*Val.* However wide we may be from his opinion of  
t'other world, I'm sure he joins with us in our opinion  
of this.

*Sir Ant.* For my part, I regard the man, not his reli-  
gion; and if he does my business in this world, let him  
do his own in the next.

*If.* Nay, gentlemen, I have as honourable an opinion  
of the Abbé as you can have: I know there's nothing to  
be done without him——

*Sir Ant.* That the conversation of the best families in  
*Montpelier* runs thro' his reformation——

*If.* That some of our fortunes——

*Sir Ant.* All our fortunes——

*If.* Yours particularly with *Floreante*, at present de-  
pending upon his favour, against the authority of her  
father——

*Val.* And the quality of my rival, count *Verole*.

*Sir Ant.* No dancings, no balls, no masquerades, in a  
sweet circle of society, as it has been, from one good  
house to another, without his introduction and gravity to  
qualify the scandal.

*Val.* Substantial reasons for our respect.

*If.* Weighty motives all for our attendance.

*Sir Ant.* Are they so, sir? No more of your protestant  
then, if you wou'd not be damn'd for a heretic by the  
women in a catholic country.

*Val.* We shou'd ha' been at our patron's levee, gentle-  
men.

*Sir Ant.* He'll bate us the ceremony. Are you going  
to visit him?

*Val.* You must along with us.

*Sir Ant.* I'll follow you.

*Val.* You are his favourite; we are nobody without  
you——

*If.* The support of our interest with him.

*Sir Ant.* Business, business, gentlemen.

*Val.* Pox o'your business.

*If.*

*Ilf.* 'Twill end in that——pr'ythee let him go; a whore I warrant you——

*Sir Ant.* Money, money, fir, more filthy and more common than a whore; more prostituted too, to knaves and fools: yet, my grave friend, you'll have a share in both, or I mistake your nature.

*Val.* You are answer'd.

*Ilf.* Indeed my little friend is so far right, money and a whore, make one another's use; either is dull alone.

*Enter Pilgrim.*

*Val.* This Pilgrim here again!

*Sir Ant.* He follows us; what would he have?

*Pilg.* Your charity, good gentlemen.

*Sir Ant.* Pr'ythee leave us; there's chaity in my advice to thee, not to lose thy labour; besides, we are *Englishmen*, and never think of the poor out of our own parish.

*Val.* Nor there neither, but according to law, and when we cannot help it,

*Ilf.* Charity is a free-will-offering; and we part with nothing we can keep, I assure you——

*Val.* Not so much as our sins.

*Ilf.* Especially at this time——

*Sir Ant.* Unless it be to live upon 'em.

*Pilg.* Alas! what pity 'tis, that gentlemen so much in debt——

*Sir Ant.* That we shall never pay——

*Pilg.* To heav'n——

*Sir Ant.* And other creditors.

*Pilg.* Of youth so sweet, of form so excellent——

*Sir Ant.* You or me, *Ilford*? Who does he mean?

*Pilg.* So finish'd, by the great Creator's hand, I worship him in thee. [To Sir Antony.]

*Ilf.* As thou dost the king's picture in his coin——

*Val.* In hopes of getting by it.

*Pilg.* You are so fashion'd——

*Sir Ant.* For a finner.

*Pilg.* And by nature's hand design'd——

*Sir Ant.* A whoremaster.

VOL. I.

I

*Pilg.*

*Pilg.* You can't want——

*Sir Ant.* Women? No, *Pilgrim*, I shan't want 'em, in thy acquaintance, I'm sure.

*Pilg.* You can't want grace, the beauty of the soul, the accomplishment of virtue to the work: you can't want charity; for charity is call'd our gratitude to heav'n——

*Ilf.* You call it so.

*Pilg.* You would not be ungrateful?

*Sir Ant.* I would not be a fool, nor imagine such an ass as thou art could ever be commission'd, a' God's name, to collect the revenues of this world——

*Val.* Nor to convert (those deodands of devotion) the public charitable endowments of bigotted or dying fools, to the private luxury of your own lazy tribe.

*Ilf.* We build no churches, *Pilgrim*, nor found hospitals, but in our own country; nor there neither, but to father our own bastards.

*Sir Ant.* Your mendicant women-saints, we allow of indeed: all our charity runs thro' their devotion.

*Val.* Soft little hands become an offering, and those we often fill.

*Pilg.* Are you so lost——

*Ilf.* To all thou can't say.

*Sir Ant.* Thy godliness may convert others, tho' it does nothing upon us.

*Pilg.* What can I do for you?

*Sir Ant.* Pimp for us.

*Pilg.* I will pray for you.

*Sir Ant.* Do't in a corner alone then; [*Thrusts him out.*] be as godly as thou wou't by thyself; and leave us to our devotions.

*Pilg.* I may join with you in yours, before I have done; the Abbé won't fail me. [*Exit Pilgrim.*]

*Sir Ant.* I have my hands full, gentlemen; but my trade is settled, my correspondence easy, my factors employ'd, and my returns will be quick.

*Val.* Pray make 'em so; and come as soon as you can to us.

*Sir Ant.* I sail with every wind, in the teeth of fortune sometimes.

*Val.* Have a care of being bit, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* I kiss as close as an older sinner, *Valentine*, I warrant you—— [Exit *Sir Antony*.]

*Ilf.* You may venture him: he has nothing to lose, that I know of, but his youth; and that will not long support the expence of the life he leads.

*Val.* He loses no time, indeed.

*Ilf.* But misemploys a great deal, in my opinion.

*Val.* Youth will have its fallies.

*Ilf.* The fallies of his youth will sooner lead him to repentance and the pox, than to his manor of *Lovedale*, as he calls it.

*Val.* His mansion-house in *Glo'stershire*.

*Ilf.* His castle in the air, which no man ever heard of, till he was pleas'd to fancy, and christen it, for the seat of his family.

*Val.* Then you don't believe him a baronet, of twelve hundred pounds a year, under age, and upon an allowance for his travel from his guardians?

*Ilf.* I believe he may have been some court page, spoil'd first by the confidence of his lady, in knowing her secrets; then coming early into the iniquity of the town, by the merit of his person; and impudence has since made a fashionable livelihood out of women and fools.

*Val.* I don't know who he is, or what he has: if he be no knight, he's a pretty fellow, and that's better: and if he has not twelve hundred pounds a year, he deserves it, and does not want it; which is more than you can say of most of your knights, that have that estate, I'm sure.

*Ilf.* Nay, that I grant you too.

*Val.* He lives as like a gentleman, has all things as well about him, is as much respected by the men, and better receiv'd by the women, than any of us.

*Ilf.* He's a pretty woman's man, indeed.

*Val.* And a merry man's man too, sir; for you must own he has a great deal of wit.

*Ilf.* Pretty good natural parts, I confess; but a fool has the keeping 'em; no judgment in the world, and what he says, comes as much by chance——

*Val.* As *Epicurus's* world did; perfect and uniform, without a design.

*Ilf.* He flies too much at random to please any man of discretion.

*Val.* There is indeed the quarrel of twelve years difference between thy discretion and his wit. He may live up to thy discretion, *George*, but we shall neither of us arrive at his wit.

*Ilf.* How long will his wit support him?

*Val.* That must be his care, and not our business: I never examine any man's pockets, that is not troublesome to mine.

*Ilf.* If he be not troublesome, his necessities may throw him upon some scandalous action——

*Val.* That may require thy bailing him?

*Ilf.* That may reflect upon us.

*Val.* O! thou wer't always tender of thy reputation, when thou wer't to pay for the scandal, I'll say that for thee, *Ilford*: but if want of money be a crime, heav'n help the guilty! we are disappointed of our bills at present too.

*Ilf.* But we have letters of credit, and may use 'em upon occasion.

*Val.* And he has credit without letters, which he may use too, upon occasion; for I am so far from apprehending he may, that I am resolv'd he shall want nothing I can oblige him in, pocket or person.

*Ilf.* O sir! you need not doubt his giving you an opportunity of shewing your gallantry in that part of your friendship; he'll borrow money of you, I warrant you.

*Val.* And he shall have it, tho' I borrow it for him. But, sir, you had not always this slight opinion of *Sir Antony*.

*Ilf.* I did not always know him. [Walking off.]

*Val.* Nor he the Abbé's niece.

*Ilf.* I found him out but lately.

*Val.* For your rival.

*Ilf.*

*Ilf.* His vanity, extravagance, and general pretension to women, are intolerable——

*Val.* Especially when the gaiety of that humour is likely to get the better of your formality, in *Volante's* esteem : he is your rival.

*Ilf.* My rival!

*Val.* And I don't wonder you don't like him.

*Ilf.* He's a general undertaker, indeed ; and in that part of his conversation, is as impertinent to the women as in other things he is troublesome to the men : so I think it would be our common good fortune to get rid of him.

*Val.* I am not of your mind : and here he comes to convince you.

*Enter Sir Antony.*

*Sir Ant.* Just as I left you! you scorn to stir an inch out of your quality, to put yourselves in the way of fortune, tho' you know her to be blind.

*Val.* You meet her at every turn, *Sir Antony.*

*Sir Ant.* She must come home to you to be welcome.

*Ilf.* When do you bring her home?

*Sir Ant.* But you may be sullen, and sour, domineer, threaten your stewards, and talk loud at a disappointment ; you are in possession, gentlemen :

*Enter Waitwell with a purse.*

My guardians won't be so serv'd : my governor teaches me to provide against accidents : what I want of my age, I must supply with my diligence.

[*Waitwell gives him the purse.*

*Ilf.* And have your labour for your pains.

*Sir Ant.* I can take pains, fir, and the profit of my pains, fir ; fifty pieces in a morning, fir, the price of my pains, and give the lady a penny-worth into the bargain.

*Ilf.* How ! fifty pieces?

*Val.* From a woman, *Sir Antony?*

*Sir Ant.* Nothing, fir, a trifle.

*Val.* Your mistress pays like a widow——

*Sir Ant.* That had lost her youth upon a husband, and the hopes of a jointure——

*Ilf.* And just delivered, would redeem the folly of the past, by the enjoyment of what's to come——

*Val.* In a sober resolution, of making the price of her penance, the purchase of her pleasure——

*Sir Ant.* By refunding upon a young fellow, what she had wheedled from an old one.

*Ilf.* I warrant her old and ugly, by her pension.

*Sir Ant.* She's young enough to be a maid, handsome enough to be a mistress, cunning enough to be a wife, and rich enough to be a widow.

*Val.* Faith, she comes down——

*Sir Ant.* Deeper than I can, I assure you.

*Ilf.* She pays well, I'll say that for her.

*Sir Ant.* And is well——I'll say that for her.

*Val.* And does every thing well.

*Sir Ant.* You would say that for her, *Valentine*; and she does every thing well; that way she is a widow, I promise you.

*Ilf.* Take us into your assistance.

*Val.* We are friends, and will stand by you.

*Ilf.* We are out of employment that way——

*Val.* And would journey-work under you.

*Sir Ant.* Any thing to be wicked, gentlemen; but *Ilford*, thou art honourably in love, and hast it too much in the head to have it any where else. Besides, she's so much of my humour she'll never relish thine.

*Val.* She must not go out of our family.

*Sir Ant.* She's handsome and convenient; as able to answer all our wants, as all we are to satisfy the impertinency of hers.

*Val.* Well, I am satisfy'd; I am her man.

*Sir Ant.* Or any woman's man, who wants to be satisfy'd.

*Val.* She must like me for being of her opinion, in liking thee.

*Sir Ant.* That indeed may do something, and time may bring it about: in short, this is the *English* lady you have heard me speak of: I allow her the favour of my person; and

and she allows me the freedom of her purse: and am glad I command it so luckily, to answer the occasions of my friends.

*Ilf.* You can command nothing we can have occasion for.

*Val.* By your pardon, sir, you may be too proud to be oblig'd; but I have occasion for the money and woman too; so as you were saying, Sir *Antony*—

*Enter a Servant, Ilford goes to him.*

*Sir Ant.* Why, I still say, a true-bred *Englishman* is ever out of humour when he's out of pocket: he knows no more how to want money than how to borrow it—

*Val.* And when he does, is as surly in borrowing, as others are in lending money.

*Sir Ant.* 'Tis almost as dangerous too to offer him money, as to lend money to another man: for he is as likely out of want of sense, to suspect your courtesy, as a stranger out of want of honesty, never to return it.

*Val.* That way, indeed, our countrymen take care never to think themselves oblig'd: we can be ungrateful—

*Sir Ant.* And cheat our benefactors of their good offices, by an ingratitude almost natural to us; and that makes a tolerable amends for our want of the more sublim'd villanies of warmer countries.

*Val.* But the lady, Sir *Antony*—

*Sir Ant.* More of the lady at leisure; in the meantime, here are fifty pieces of hers, to keep up your fancy: if your occasions require a greater sum—she shall supply you—

*Val.* And I'll supply her.

*Sir Ant.* Upon your bond, for the payment of the whole to her in *England*.—

*Val.* By all means.

*Sir Ant.* A blank bond, because she would not be known here.

*Val.* With all my heart, but won't she take a gentleman's word?

*Sir Ant.* O yes, when she has his bond for the performance.



formance. When our surly friend is civil enough to be oblig'd, I have a twin-purse at his service too.

*Val.* You are very much out of his favour of late.

*Sir Ant.* So I find: what's the matter with the fool?

*Val.* How have you disoblig'd him?

*Sir Ant.* But he's in love, and consequently an afs.

*Val.* And I believe jealous of you.

*Sir Ant.* Faith. I'll give him cause. *Volante* is as fit for my purpose of tormenting him that way as I could wish. Shall we to the Abbé, gentlemen?

*Ilf.* *Golding*? an *Englishman*?

*Serv.* So his servants tell me, sir.

*Ilf.* Just come to town, say'st thou?

*Serv.* He has not peep'd abroad since his coming, sir.

*Ilf.* Do you know any such gentleman, *Valentine*?

*Val.* I did? a considerable coxcomb of that name in *England*; a knight, *Sir Gentle Golding*. *Sir Antony*, you may have known him too.

*Sir Ant.* I have heard of him.—If this shou'd prove my coxcomb governor! [*Afide.*

*Val.* But damn him, he has not courage enough to cross the Channel.

*Sir Ant.* I know he is in *France*, I heard of him at *Paris*.

*Serv.* Faith, sir, it must be the man——

*Sir Ant.* Whom we must manage then. [*To Waitwell.*

*Val.* Why do'st think so?

*Serv.* Your description is so like him, sir.

*Val.* Why, hast thou found him out——

*Ilf.* For his father's son, and his mother's fool.

*Sir Ant.* And our fool, gentlemen; if he be a fool, I'll have my snack of him.

*Serv.* There's enough for you all, without wronging the family, as he will quickly convince you. He knows you, sir—— [*To Valentine.*

*Val.* Then 'tis the very fool.

*Serv.* And designs to wait upon you.

*Val.* At his peril be't: I owe him a revenge for *Lucia's* fake.

*Ilf.* Is this the spark?

*Val.*

*Val.* That bought her of her aunt——

*Sir Ant.* Now for my character. [To Waitwell.

*Val.* When she was yet too young, to judge between the fortune and the fool.

*Sir Ant.* That's some excuse however.

*Ilf.* A little time shew'd her her senseless bargain.

*Val.* So I hear.

*Sir Ant.* Which she repenting, gave you the cheaper pennyworth of her person: then was the time——

*Val.* That I was in *France*; out of the reach of any other pleasure, had she design'd me any, than the bare news that she had found him out, loath'd, and abhorr'd him.

*Ilf.* Loathing and abhorring are tokens of mortification indeed: but penance is not enough for such a fault; 'tis generally as short-liv'd as the sin that begot it. What marks of amendment has she since given?

*Sir Ant.* What marks of amendment wou'd you have?

*Val.* I know nothing of her amendment.

*Sir Ant.* Wou'd you have her snivel like a girl; more afraid of her mother than the sin; and cry, Forgive me this one slip, I'll do so no more——

*Val.* Repent upon the first intrigue——

*Sir Ant.* Turn honest, and disparage the pleasure by leaving the trade.

*Val.* That must not be.

*Sir Ant.* By no means, *Valentine*:

*Val.* Wou'd you have her already fall off——

*Sir Ant.* Become a civil person——

*Val.* And take up——

*Ilf.* With somebody that better deserves her; that way I wou'd have her a civil person, and fall off from her fool.

*Sir Ant.* Indeed a woman never repents of a fool so heartily as in the arms of a man of sense.

*Val.* How fortune has dispos'd of her I know not; but I lik'd her once so well, I wou'd have her still preserve my good opinion of her conduct; if she has manag'd her monster as he deserv'd, she has made money

and mirth of him; and me some amends for the loss of her, by mending her condition.

*Sir Ant.* If that will preserve your good opinion of her, she will continue it; for I hear she has us'd him as ill as you cou'd desire from your revenge, or the town expect from their hopes of a libel.

*Val.* Then I honour her.

*Sir Ant.* She has robb'd him of five hundred pounds, run away from him; and so expos'd him, that he has been the common rhyming theme, the hackney *Pegasus* for the puny poets to set out upon, in their vast ambition of arriving at a lampoon.

*Ilf.* And that perhaps has sent him into *France*.

*Val.* Well, I will have her knighted.

*Sir Ant.* Of what order? A knight errant, or an errant knight?

*Val.* A knight errant, of thy order, she must be.

*Wait.* That she is already.

[*Aside.*

*Val.* And thee a right honourable, for thy news.

*Sir Ant.* You may depend upon it.

*Val.* If ever I light on her, I'll thank her for this justice to us all.

*Ilf.* *Golding* may tell us more of her.

*Val.* So he may; you, sir, wait at her lodgings for him, and direct him to the Abbé's, if he comes. [*To a Servant.*] We'll laugh at him, if we do nothing more.

*Sir Ant.* But he and I must clear another score. [*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### SCENE a Garden.

*Count Canaille, and the Abbé.*

*Can.* **B**Rother, you may forget yourself, and your rank, as much as you please, in our niece *Valente*. I have nothing to do with her, but to wish her well.

*Abb.*

Abb. 'Tis very well.

Can. You are her guardian: her person, her fortune, and her conduct are in your care.

Abb. I'll take care of 'em.

Can. You must answer for 'em.

Abb. I will answer for 'em.

Can. But my daughters are under my government; and whilst they are, they must, nay shall do nothing to dishonour me.

Abb. They will do nothing to dishonour you.

Can. I'll put it out of their power, had they a mind to't.

Abb. They ha' no such mind.

Can. That's more than I can tell, from the liberties you give these *Englisbmen* in our family——

Abb. They are gentlemen.

Can. I apprehend a danger, tho' you won't.

Abb. Pugh! pugh! there is no danger.

Can. I'll prevent it, if there were.

Abb. All men of fortune, in their country.

Can. They are not men of quality. Wou'd count *Verole* were come. [Walking about.]

Abb. Don't do so rash a thing.

Can. I'll rid myself of all my fears at once; dispose my youngest daughter in a nunnery, and instantly marry *Floriante*——

Abb. To make her more miserable.

Can. Suitable to her birth.

Abb. To a fool, the worst of fools; a singular, opinionated, obstinate, crooked-temper'd jealous-pated fool.

Can. If he were so, that fool's a count; and the count makes amends for the fool.

Abb. Then he is welcome——[*Count Verole enters to 'em.*] Virtue created first nobility; but in our honourable ignorance nobility makes virtue.

Ver. What says the Abbé?

Can. Sir, you are most welcome.

Ver. I shall be glad to find it from the man I so much honour—— [Exeunt Ver. and Canaile.]

*Abb.* For his title, that's all this fellow thinks worth honouring. Hang 'em, they make me grave— But that a brother of my blood shou'd chuse a coxcomb out — But if my brother prove a coxcomb too, that wonder's over, then 'tis their mutual interest to join; each likes the other to excuse himself.

*Enter Sir Antony, Valentine, and Ilford.*

*Sir Ant.* Ah, monsieur l'Abbé.

*Ilf.* You have prevented us.

*Val.* We were going to visit you.

*Abb.* *In nomine domine*, amen.

*Ilf.* The Abbé making his will!

*Sir Ant.* Amen to our Abbé's devotions.

*Abb.* You fall as naturally as a parish-clerk into the clove of a prayer.

*Sir Ant.* I love to bring things to a good end.

*Abb.* Nay, I have done; my devotion won't tire your attention.

*Sir Ant.* You are like the prelate, that being dignify'd for long prayers, hated them ever after.

*Abb.* Long prayers are for poor priests that want preferment, men of quality rise without 'em.

*Val.* In men of your rank they are pharisaical, and always to carry on a design.

*Abb.* I neither have a faith in them nor their followers; and therefore I seldom or never pray at all?

*Ilf.* How! never pray at all?

*Abb.* The church and I are agreed upon the bargain; and few words are best, when the parties are of a mind.

*Val.* But the church may better your bargain.

*Abb.* I am mortify'd to the dignities and designs of the church; have laid aside the pomp and pride of my profession; I am contented to sit down in a sinecure; and, with the poor pittance of 2000 pistoles a year, make the most of a good conscience and good company.

*Ilf.* A good conscience is good company indeed.

*Abb.* I mean, sir, I'll make a conscience of good company——

*Sir*

*Sir Ant.* Make the best of the blessing, and enjoy it as long as you can.

*Abb.* Ah! my little knight understands me, tho' you won't, sir.

*Val.* You'll anger him—— [To Ilford.

*Abb.* He jumps into the point with me.

*Sir Ant.* And into the company too, dear Abbé; I must make one.

*Abb.* Make one! thou mak'st all; thou'rt all in all; the whole company thyself; thou art every thing with every body; a man among the women, and a woman among the men. [Abbé waltzes with Sir Ant.

*Val.* How, Abbé! Sir Anthony a woman?

*Abb.* One might indeed mistake him, by his face.

*Ilf.* He wou'd mistake him, I believe.

*Val.* Somewhere else.

*Abb.* But there's no faith in faces; the women have found him out, and won't trust him.

*Sir Ant.* Ay, ay, the women Abbé, the ladies——

*Abb.* As mad as ever they were, my neices you mean!

*Sir Ant.* I long to be among 'em.

*Abb.* Nay, they long too, if that wou'd do 'em any good. And think it long.

*Sir Ant.* I have not spoke to a woman this half hour.

*Val.* We are all idle without you.

*Ilf.* Sin has been as silent among us——

*Sir Ant.* As in the first session of a parliament, in fear of a reformation.

*Abb.* Ah! very well, i'faith, my little man. But no, no reformation, I warrant you; matters shall not be much mended by my management; sin must sometimes get the better of the saint.

*Sir Ant.* Or the devil may still wear black, sir.

*Abb.* Let him wear what he will: we have had him in our family this morning.

*Val.* What's the matter?

*Abb.* My brother has discover'd something between you, and his eldest daughter.

*Val.* That's unlucky.

*Abb.*

*Abb.* Which to prevent, he designs to marry her instantly to count *Verole*.

*Ilf.* That's bad indeed.

*Val.* What is there to be done?

*Abb.* Nothing that I know of.

*Sir Ant.* What's to be done? any thing's to be done?

*Val.* What if I run away with her?

*Abb.* With all my heart.

*Val.* Or if I cut his throat?

*Sir Ant.* With all my heart.

*Val.* Or bed-rid him with a beating.

*Ilf.* With all my heart.

*Sir Ant.* If none of these will do, let him marry her.

*Val.* And I must say with all my heart.

*Sir Ant.* If you can't make her your wife, make him your cuckold.

*Abb.* With all my heart.

*Val.* Ah! if I durst but hope that way.

*Abb.* Hope, you must hope, man; and you must dare, man, if you wou'd do any thing with the women.

*Val.* Can you encourage me?

*Abb.* Why, faith, whatever her father design, she does not design to marry him: and disobedience may make way for other sins.

*Val.* I know she hates him.

*Abb.* And I know she likes you. And if I have any authority from the church——

*Ilf.* Which is not to be disputed.

*Abb.* Or any interest from my estate——

*Val.* Which must be considerable——

*Sir Ant.* Not to be oppos'd——

*Abb.* And which must furnish the better part of her fortune, he sha'nt have her.

*Val.* That's gaining time at least

*Ilf.* He's naturally jealous.

*Sir Ant.* And has settled that nature by a *Spanisk* education, they say.

*Abb.* He was bred in *Spain* indeed.

*Ilf.* A miserable woman she must be then.

*Abb.*

*Abb.* I wou'd not have a niece of mine marry'd into a family or nation, where, if she dislike her own man, she can have no body else.

*Val.* Our women are the happy women, fir.

*Abb.* Why, indeed your *Englishmen* are the fittest men for husbands in the world! wou'd all my female relations were marry'd into your country!

*Ilf.* Wou'd they thought as well of us, as you do.

*Abb.* There, if a lady quarrels at her condition, or likes another man better than her husband, which sometimes may happen, you know——

*Val.* Such things have happen'd indeed.

*Abb.* There they say cuckoldom is in fashion.

*Sir Ant.* Nay, more than in fashion, fir, 'tis according to law; cuckoldom is the liberty, and a separate maintenance, the property of the free-born women of *England*.

*Ilf.* We give our women fair play for't.

*Val.* And scorn any tie upon 'em, more than their inclinations.

*Abb.* Why, what wou'd a lady ask more in marriage? I'll maintain it, such a privilege is better than her dower; and in a prudent woman's thoughts, must take place of any other consideration.

*Ilf.* 'Tis as much before a dower in profit too, as in time; for a husband may cheat a wife of her dower.

*Sir Ant.* Or wear out her title by out-living her; and then she is bobb'd of her reversion.

*Val.* Or leave her so old, she may be past having any good from it.

*Sir Ant.* Unless she lays it out in redeeming some younger brother——

*Ilf.* That had spent his annuity in a lord's company——

*Sir Ant.* Or in following a common whore——

*Val.* Or in following as common a mistress, the court.

*Sir Ant.* And being reduc'd to the last fifty, had ventur'd it prudently on a birth-day coat, and the hopes of an employment.

*Ilf.*



*Ilf.* One, who in spite of having been once undone, will have no more profit from his experience, than to fall in the same folly again, with the same occasion.

*Abb.* Then hang him for a fool, enough of him—— I am convinc'd with what you say, gentlemen: and you shall have my niece, you have her consent, and my consent, and Sir *Antony's* good word; which I promise you goes a great way with the women.

*Val.* Your niece *Volante* is her confident.

*Abb.* I'll make her your friend.

[*A servant whispers the Abbé.*

*Sir Ant.* I'll secure her for you.

*Ilf.* Why you secure her?

*Sir Ant.* For such a favour, sir, I think I may.

*Ilf.* Your interest is mighty:

*Sir Ant.* So far I can engage her.

*Ilf.* You engage her!

*Sir Ant.* Nay, oblige her.

*Ilf.* Her friendship may oblige her, but not you.

*Abb.* Pray don't quarrel about obliging her; *Volante* is my favourite, she shall please herself, and I believe wou'd please sir *Antony*—— Gentlemen, you are three, and my nieces are three; I won't meddle in your choice; agree among ourselves; win 'em, and wear 'em; I had rather you shou'd have 'em than my brother dispose of 'em.

*Val.* Sir, you oblige us all.

*Abb.* Our dinner stays for us, we'll settle those things within; I had almost forgot the extraordinary part of my entertainment, I have a pilgrim for you.

*Ilf.* We had him already.

*Sir Ant.* And our share of laughing at him too, sir.

*Abb.* He pretends to be a man of extraordinary sanctity; I meddled with that as little as I cou'd, for fear of raising a spirit I cou'd not lay; besides, I had matters of more moment to mind then.

*Val.* How did you get rid of him?

*Abb.* With much ado I put him and his history off, telling him some *English* heretics were to dine with me——

*Sir Ant.* We are oblig'd to you, sir.

*Abb.* And if he pleas'd to spare that miraculous account,

count, (which he will be sure to give of himself) for the conversion of the wicked, he might then have a proper occasion for so great a design.

*Sir Ant.* I should think the worse of my constitution as long as I liv'd, if I shou'd grow qualmish of any thing he could say to me.

*Abb.* I knew I must hear him, and therefore provided your conversation to qualify his.

*Val.* The novelty may divert us.

*Ilf.* He professes more charity, than to serve his nonsense upon you.

*Abb.* That punishment I must go through, before he will go away, and pay for my penance too.

*Ilf.* At the expence of his vow of poverty.

*Abb.* Pray, gentlemen, along with me. I don't desire you to believe all he says. Take what you like, and laugh at all the rest.

*Val.* Why, there our christian liberty's confess'd.

*Sir Ant.* Wou'd we had ne'er a more imposing priest.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Ilf.* One word before you go.

[*Pulling Sir Ant. by the sleeve.*]

*Sir Ant.* Pr'ythee come along——no cautioning in such a slight affair——

*Ilf.* I am glad you think it such a slight affair.

*Sir Ant.* Mere merriment.

*Ilf.* I never thought it more.

*Sir Ant.* Matter of mirth, and jest.

*Ilf.* Nay, that's too much.

*Sir Ant.* Upon a foolish pilgrim.

*Ilf.* Upon *Volante*.

*Sir Ant.* *Volante!* thou talk'st of *Volante*, and I answer thee the pilgrim: why thou art distracted, man; and I shall suspect myself to be no wiser than I shou'd be, for keeping thee company.

*Ilf.* Sir, however you think to carry it, I must tell you——

*Sir Ant.* With a very grave face——

*Ilf.* This is no jesting time——

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* Because 'tis a ridiculous subject.

*Ilf.* That I am in love.

*Sir Ant.* In serious sadness.

*Ilf.* With that Lady.

*Sir Ant.* That never was sad, nor serious in her life: pr'ythee, no more of this, *Ilford*: in love! thou art a very honest fellow, and hast a great many good qualities, but thy talent lies quite another way.

*Ilf.* Sir, I am serious enough to be angry, if you laugh at me.

*Sir Ant.* But you are in love with her, you say: why every body that sees her is in love with her, if that wou'd do any good: but is she in love with you?

*Ilf.* I think my estate may recommend my person to a welcome, where-ever I pretend.

*Sir Ant.* Do's she think so?

*Ilf.* Why do you ask the question?

*Sir Ant.* *Volante* is too witty to be very wise; and requires no settlement but her man.

*Ilf.* And why may not I be her man, pray?

*Sir Ant.* Fie, fie, fir, more modesty might become a man of your gravity! you her man! no, no, she's otherwise dispos'd of, I assure you.

*Ilf.* What, you follow her!

*Sir Ant.* Nay, you follow her: she does not put me to the trouble.

*Ilf.* No, fir—I shall put you to more trouble, if you don't quit your pretensions to her——

*Sir Ant.* Quit my pretensions to her!

*Ilf.* And promise me——

*Sir Ant.* I will promise you——

*Ilf.* O, will you so, fir?

*Sir Ant.* That (whatever I wou'd have done by fair means) I will now follow her in spite of your teeth——

*Ilf.* In spite of my teeth——

*Sir Ant.* Pursue her, 'till she yield to my desires——

*Ilf.* The devil you will!

*Sir Ant.* And lie with her under your nose.

*Ilf.* You shall be damn'd first.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* Nay, then have at the lady.

[*Volante entering, sees 'em fighting, shrieks, and runs out, Sir Antony after her, and returns with her in his hand.*

*Ilf.* This was a trick to save his cowardice.

*Sir Ant.* I had rather part with my pretension to a quarrel, than to my mistress at any time.

*Vol.* I hope you are not hurt.

*Ilf.* Sir, you assert a privilege the lady never gave you, of treating her at that familiar rate.

*Vol.* At what familiar rate?

*Sir Ant.* Sir, you may be respectful, look simply, and bow at a distance, in a modest despair of ever coming nearer to please; but I am for a closer conversation, when I like my company.

*Vol.* I am sorry, sir, my carriage gives offence; but I must think you treat me more familiarly, that saucily shou'd dare to censure me, limit my actions, and prescribe me rules.

*Sir Ant.* A foolish fellow, madam, not worth your anger; leave him to his repentance, and your scorn.

*Ilf.* I must bear it all.

*Vol.* But pray, how came this difference?

*Ilf.* 'Twas your quarrel, madam.

*Vol.* I am sorry for it.

*Sir Ant.* You may judge what a husband he'll make, who (being but a servant) dares assume an authority over you—

*Vol.* Which I never gave him, that I remember.

*Sir Ant.* I told you, you were out of the road of her favour. [To *Ilford*.

*Vol.* The report of this quarrel, and the occasion of it, will be but a scandalous addition to my fame, when it comes to be the tattle of the town.

*Ilf.* It shall go no further for me.

*Vol.* I suppose the folly on't will keep you silent; you may be ashamed on't indeed.

*Ilf.* I beg your pardon for it.

*Vol.* Beg *Sir Antony's*; for till he pardons you, I am sure I won't.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* There is no remedy, you must submit.

*Ilf.* I am a woman's fool, and must obey.

[*They embrace.*]

*Sir Ant.* 'Tis many a wise man's fortune.

*Ilf.* We are friends.

*Vol.* If you have favours to expect from me, deserve 'em by fair means.

*Sir Ant.* Or come to me, and I'll speak a good word for thee to the lady.

*Ilf.* You triumph, sir.

*Sir Ant.* 'Till when, we take our leaves.

[*Leads Volante out.*]

*Ilf.* Pox! I deserve it all, for putting it into her power to use me so; he's ten years younger than I am, and consequently so much handsomer in her eye: he prates a great deal more, and better than I do for her purpose, and therefore lies better in her ear; he has the advantage of me in every vanity that can betray a girl; *Volante's* a girl, and what could I expect from my honourable love for her, when, in the weakness of a woman's choice, she will prefer the present laughing hour to all that can come after. If this would cure me now, 'twere a lesson well learn'd: I'll hear what the pilgrim can say upon this subject; I'll listen to his lie; they are less mischievous, and may drive this woman out of my head. [Exit.]

*Enter Floriante and Charlott.*

*Flo.* Is not that *Sir Antony*?

*Char.* With my cousin *Volante*. We shall have 'em at the turning of the walk.

*Flo.* They are proper counsellors for our purpose of disobedience —

*Char.* As we could ha' met withal.

*Flo.* You'll be no nun, sister?

*Char.* Nor you no countess?

*Flo.* I would be as willingly enclos'd in the walls of a monastery, as in the arms of that count *Varole*: and in the arms of death rather than in either.

*Char.*

*Char.* Well, I'm not so difficult; I had rather be alive upon any terms, than dead upon the best; I had rather be a nun, than be nothing at all; tho' there's nothing I had not rather be, than be a nun.

*Flo.* Any man's company rather than the company of all women.

*Char.* 'Tis more to my honour, I confess to you, among the rest of my venial offences; but *Valentine!* he is your man, sister; would I had the fellow of him——

*Flo.* For your confessor, sister?

*Char.* I could confess something to him that would make him enjoin me another kind of penance than my prayers.

*Flo.* What! absolve you from your devotion?

*Char.* And persuade him to make a finner of me, rather than suffer my father to make me a saint so much before my time.

*Flo.* You are a mad girl: but what of *Valentine?*

*Char.* He should not be out of our design.

*Flo.* I'll answer for him, he won't.

*Char.* His interest's so concern'd, he should not be wanting in any occasion of abusing our father.

*Flo.* Or of using the count as he deserves.

*Char.* They're both behind us, mum——

*Enter count Canaile and count Verole.*

*Can.* I have prepar'd my daughter to receive the honour you intend our house and her, by this alliance with us; she too well knows what's owing to a father and herself, to my authority and her own birth, now to dispute what I design for her; she has my will, the rest I leave to you—— [Exit.

*Ver.* Madam, you hear your father; and I come thro' his authority, to speak my love; Tho' bating his authority, I must think There need not many arguments to move, More than your knowing me, and what I am.

*Flo.* My lord, that goes a great way with me, I assure you.

*Char.*

*Char.* She knows you and your qualities, my lord, and esteems 'em accordingly: I have heard her say, she was very much oblig'd to you, and should be more—

*Flo.* If he would hang himself— [*Aside.*

*Ver.* For what, young lady?

*Char.* For your kind care of me.

*Ver.* I'm glad you're sensible I mean you well.

*Char.* O yes, sir, sensible! so sensible, I must be oblig'd in conscience to thank you: for advising my father to send me to a nunnery.—The devil take you for you advice. [*Aside.*

*Ver.* A nunnery is virtue's best retreat from a bad world.

*Char.* But if my sister's fortune, in your opinion, Had not wanted mending more than my manners—

*Flo.* Fie, *Charlott*, you'll tell all.

*Ver.* How could she guess at that?

*Char.* I might have continued in this bad world, for any advice the count would have given, in his great care of me to my father; but I'll be reveng'd on him—Do as much mischief as I can while I am in the world, and repent when I am out on't, and can do no more.

*Flo.* Bring *Sir Antony* to my rescue, I beseech thee.

[*Exit Charlott.*

*Ver.* Your sister's disoblig'd,  
But I've my ends in serving you—

*Flo.* In serving of yourself:

For what I get by her, my father says,  
You must command.

*Ver.* To make it but more your's.

*Flo.* So you promise all before you have enclos'd us;  
But possess'd,

Our fortunes, and our persons are your slaves,  
Us'd like your slaves, and often both abus'd.

*Ver.* This is a common subject for your sex,

*Enter Sir Antony, Volante, and Charlott.*

To boast the glory of your wit upon;  
But I'm above the taste of common things,  
Being born above the rank of common men.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* Out of the rank, he means, of common men; and indeed, he scarcely looks of human kind.

*Ver.* What do I look like then?

*Sir Ant.* There's nothing like you; you are yourself.

*Ver.* I would be nothing else.

*Sir Ant.* What, not of God's creation?

*Ver.* I am of his creation.

*Sir Ant.* Of the king's you may be; but he who makes a count, ne'er made a man; remember that, and fall that mighty crest.

*Ver.* It seems you know me then.

*Sir Ant.* By that coy, cock'd-up nose, that hinders you  
From seeing any man, that does not stand  
Upon the shoulders of his ancestors,  
For long descents of far-fam'd heraldry.  
I take you for a thing, they call a count;  
For had you not been a count, you had been nothing,  
At least I'm sure you had been nothing here.

*Ver.* I would be nothing, if I were no count.

*Char.* Pray more respect.

*Flo.* This is the count *Verole*.

*Sir Ant.* O, is it so?

*Flo.* That's to marry my cousin.

*Sir Ant.* I have been too bold, pray ladies join with me——

*Char.* To laugh at him.

*Sir Ant.* To ask his pardon.

*Ver.* For the future, know me, and know yourself;  
I ask no more.

*Sir Ant.* Then I am pardon'd, for I know myself,  
And think I know your worship. Can you fight?

*Ver.* Ha? what do you mean?

*Sir Ant.* Why faith I come but upon a surly embassy;  
and a finical phrase, that would fit the fineness of your  
quality, would not become my business.

*Ver.* What does the gentleman mean?

*Sir Ant.* Walk but aside with me, I'll tell you what I  
mean.

*Ver.* You have no secret for me?

*Sir Ant.* Why then it shall be none.

*Ver.*



*Ver.* He won't draw before the women, sure. [*Afide.*

*Sir Ant.* Since the ladies must be by, as they must be the judges at last, you must know then, I come to you from a gentleman——

*Ver.* Is he no more?

*Sir Ant.* He's every thing in that, that makes a man.

*Ver.* You may go as you came, for me, fir, if he be but a gentleman.

*Sir Ant.* His name is *Valentine*, your rival in that lady.

*Ver.* My rival is my equal; I am born  
Above his rank, he cannot rival me.

*Sir Ant.* He does rival you, and will rival you.

*Ver.* Envy he may my fortune with that lady.

*Sir Ant.* Well! envy then, if that must be the word;  
He envies you;

And only wants an opportunity  
Of telling you, how much he envies you.

*Flo.* A modest request truly.

*Char.* He can't deny it him——

*Vol.* Before his mistress too.

*Sir Ant.* Now, fir, if you will be so courteous, as by me, who am to be his second, to favour him with knowing where and when he may wait upon you, you will oblige me by this civility to serve your friend, as he designs to serve you.

*Ver.* How may that be, pray?

*Sir Ant.* To cut your throat, fir.

*Ver.* O, fir, I'll spare his compliment.

*Sir Ant.* My friend's an *Englishman*, and never loses a mistress for want of fighting for her, I assure you: nay, I have known some of my countrymen, rather than not make a quarrel in the families they made love in, have beat their very women into good nature, and consent.

*Char.* It shou'd be good nature for another then.

*Flo.* Such arguments wou'd not prevail on us.

*Vol.* Unless to cuckold 'em.

*Sir Ant.* For one reason or another, [*Goes to Verole.*  
There are cuckolds every where.

*Char.*

*Char.* How will our count get rid of this business?

*Sir Ant.* I wait your answer, sir.

*Ver.* My answer is, when I am as angry as your friend is, which, at present, I have no reason to be, nor to a day, can certainly say when I shall be——

*Sir Ant.* You must be made angry then.

*Ver.* When I am under a defeat of my hopes about that lady, as he may be, and in an absolute despair of better success, and have nothing else to do with myself, I may be angry, and then I may fight with him.

*Sir Ant.* Must you be angry when you fight?

*Ver.* Or mad, or drunk; 'tis no employment for a sober man.

*Sir Ant.* Have you no notion of courage?

*Ver.* Notion indeed, young man; for courage is no more than just such a degree of heat, To some complexions natural; but they Who want that heat, may raise their spirits to't.

*Sir Ant.* Ay marry! there's a receipt indeed.

*Ver.* Passion will fire the coldest elements:  
The lees of wine ferment the dullest phlegm  
To froth and vapour; I've seen a drunkard in  
His fit, attempt dangers to rival *Cæsar*:  
If such extravagancies make the brave,  
Madmen are heroes.

*Sir Ant.* This won't do my business. Will you fight?

*Ver.* 'Tis common soldiers work.

*Sir Ant.* You must fight with him.

*Ver.* Not while I can hire ruffians to take the trouble off my hands.

*Sir Ant.* You must expect to be us'd very scurvily, wherever he meets you.

*Enter Valentine, Ilford, with Sir Gent. Golding.*

*Ver.* I shall be provided for him.

*Sir Ant.* O, here he comes himself.

*Ver.* If you're for must'ring your friends, I have your father of my party [*Exit in disorder, women laugh at him.*]

*Val.* The ladies never want an entertainment, when

they have Sir *Antony* to encourage the mirth. Pray what particular diversion has he given you?

*Char.* Very particular indeed.

[*The ladies aside with Valentine,*

*Val.* You were a party concern'd.

*Flo.* And only wanting to make up the farce.

*Sir Ant.* Yes, this is he, my very, very fool!

*Sir Gent.* Very handsome gentlewomen indeed, all three of 'em: and that's Sir *Antony* that the Abbé commended so much.

*Ilf.* The very same, fir.

*Sir Gent.* I will be acquainted with him——

[*Goes to salute Sir Ant.*

*Ilf.* Sir *Antony*——

*Sir Gent.* Sir, your most humble servant.

*Sir Ant.* Do you know me, fir?

*Sir Gent.* Not I; but I'm an *Englishman*, and the *English* always keep together abroad, they say, for fear of being cheated.

*Ilf.* Of their money, or manners?

*Sir Ant.* Of their mother-tongue.

*Sir Gent.* Of their mother-church, their religion.

Now I, designing to continue as I am——

*Ilf.* A fool.

*Sir Gent.* Have a mind to spend my money among my countrymen.

*Sir Ant.* You're very welcome——

*Ilf.* To be cheated only by your friends.

*Sir Gent.* There's *Valentine*, a very pretty fellow; but I have known him a great while; I am for variety, and fresh faces; here's honest *Ilford*, my very good friend, of half an hour's acquaintance, will recommend me.

*Sir Ant.* You recommend yourself, fir.

*Sir Gent.* Truly I hear you are an extraordinary person, and a knight, fir; I am a knight myself, fir!

*Sir Ant.* And an extraordinary person truly: pray of what family, fir?

*Sir Gent.* Of what family? Of my father's family before me; the family of the *Goldings*, of which, I am your servant, and Sir *Gentle Golding*.

*Val.*

*Val.* Alas poor count! I vow I pity him.  
Where's this mad knight? Oh!

[*Sees the two knights in salutation.*  
You are before me it seems; but since I come too late  
to recommend Sir *Gentle* to you, pray do you recom-  
mend him to the ladies.

*Sir Ant.* This is Sir *Gentle* *Golding*—

[*Sir Gent. salutes the women.*  
*Sir Gent.* Sir, as I may say, I may thank you for this  
favour.

*Sir Ant.* If you are for this sport, I'll find you game,  
sir.

*Sir Gent.* O, of all things I love the women.

*Vol.* Sir *Gentle* declares that by his dressing.

*Sir Ant.* You shan't dress in vain, I'll find you employ-  
ment among 'em.

*Sir Gent.* I'll depend upon you then, and from this  
time forward we must be intimate as men of the same  
brotherhood, and worship—ought to be.

*Char.* See, see, our count has rally'd again!

[*Looking on.*  
*Val.* With your father in his tail, to sustain him.

*Flo.* We must not stay till they come. At night I  
may expect you?

*Val.* If any thing extraordinary happens—

*Vol.* I'll come express with the tidings.

*Flo.* You shall hear from us.

*Sir Ant.* Your servant, your servant. [*Exeunt women.*

*Val.* You see, Sir *Gentle*, we make a shift.

*Sir Ant.* Make shift! we make a carnival; all the  
year a carnival: every man his woman, and a new one  
at every town we come at.

*Sir Gent.* Ah, would I could say so too?

*Val.* You say so, Sir *Gentle*? Fie fie, you don't desire  
to say so, to my knowledge.

*Sir Gent.* That's very fine i'faith.

*Val.* You only rally your countrymen.

*Sir Gent.* Not I, as I hope to be fav'd, *Val*; tho' I love  
a joke, I never rally a friend.

*Val.* You a mistress! why, you have forsworn the sex!

*Sir Gent.* O lord, O lord! that's a likely business indeed! I forswear the sex! I would as soon forswear my own sex, as the women's; why, I have made it my endeavour, ever since I was a man of estate, to be accounted a knight of intrigue; so you never were more mistaken since you were born, sir.

*Val.* Why, what a lying world we live in! I was told you were so scurvily us'd in *England*——

*Sir Gent.* Softly, softly, man.

*Val.* By *Lucia*——

*Sir Gent.* A jilting jade! you knew her, not worth remembering.

*Val.* That you were resolv'd never to venture on the sex again.

*Sir Gent.* Pr'ythee, dear *Val*, no more on't: there's some ill-nature in my part of the story; I would not have it go further for my own sake.

*If.* It goes no further for our hearing it.

*Sir Ant.* We know it already.

*Sir Gent.* Ay, it may be so; I confess, poor creature, I gave her a jealousy of another woman.

*Sir Ant.* And that perhaps, in her despair of pleasing you much longer, might be a reason of doing what she did.

*Sir Gent.* Why truly very likely.

*Val.* And therefore she robb'd you.

*If.* Of five hundred pounds.

*Sir Ant.* She might ha' shew'd a conscience in her cheating though! five hundred pounds was too much in reason——

*Sir Gent.* *Sir Antony*, you are my friend upon all occasions; but the truth is, I gave her an opportunity; left my cabinet open on purpose; and was glad to get rid of her for the money.

*Sir Ant.* You shall pay as round a sum for this lie, before I part with your vanity. [Aside.

*Val.* And this is all?

*Sir Gent.* The short and long of the story.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* Leave the filly creature to her garret, where she will be in a little time: she'll hang herself in her garters when the money is spent.

*Sir Gent.* I warrant her, will she, and be glad to come off to too.

*Val.* So, forgetting disasters at home, you travel——

*Ilf.* To drive an old mistress out of his head.

*Sir Ant.* And recover here, what he had lost in *England*, by the gallantry of a *French* intrigue——

*Sir Gent.* Which I come qualified for, gentlemen; being able to bid up to the price of any of 'em.

*Val.* If you shew your money, we may borrow.

*Sir Gent.* You may borrow, but I never lend; you are acquainted, and have your good breeding and behaviour to recommend you to the ladies.

*Sir Ant.* You shew your wisdom in your good husbandry, *Sir Gentle*; you are a stranger, and must be oblig'd to your pocket for what you must expect from them.

*Sir Gent.* And therefore, *Sir Antony*, I will part with my new acquaintances, my luid'ores, to none but the ladies.

*Sir Ant.* Money does every thing with the women in *France*, sir.

*Sir Gent.* I won't spare it upon them, *Sir Antony*: I rely upon you for a mistress then.

*Sir Ant.* You shall see her this evening.

*Sir Gent.* Bills and business, gentlemen; but now we live together, no ceremony: adieu for a moment; and dear *Sir Antony*, yours. [Exit.

*Val.* You are in his favour.

*Sir Ant.* And will be in his pocket: leave him to me.

Enter Abbé, Pilgrim, and Waitwell.

*Ilf.* Our Abbé and the *Pilgrim* again! this visit is to you.

*Sir Ant.* He has a mind to make a convert of me, that's certain: but whether in the flesh or the spirit, is the question.

*Val.* He's for the outward man, I warrant him.

*Ilf.* And his arguments of this world, whatever the *Pilgrim's* may be.

*Abb.* Ah my little man! you have lost a mighty satisfaction; the *Pilgrim* has wrought wonders upon us all within.

*Val.* Much above my expectation, indeed.

*Ilf.* His story staggers me, I confess; and has cur'd me of an old diffidence I had of all religious pretenders.

*Sir Ant.* Well, he's a rogue; and you han't found him.

*Abb.* You are the only infidel in the company.

*Sir Ant.* You dissemble a belief; 'tis necessary to the church, and you get by the trade; but none of you remove mountains, that I hear of.

*Abb.* Do but hear what he can say.

*Sir Ant.* I'll give him both my ears—

[*Pilgrim advances.*

But not a word here; I must have him to myself, to discover the bottom of him.

[*To Waitwell.*

*Pilg.* 'Tis a work of the spirit indeed; and the spirit works unseen of human eyes; therefore in private would do very well.

*Sir Ant.* Do as I order you. [Exit Waitwell.

*Pilg.* There is an obstinacy in sin, that won't be confuted before company; reproof may return into our own teeth, a rebuke and a reproach unto ourselves. For which reason I am assur'd, that a privacy in communication, and a retirement from the eyes of the world (when the cause is conscientious) are always necessary to a conviction and conversion of the wicked.

*Sir Ant.* Those necessities thou shalt have at my lodging; I follow thee, *Pilgrim*: farewell gentlemen: if I am convinced in this point, and live to set foot in *England* again, I shall satisfy those heretical unbelievers, that I have seen one miracle in a catholic country.

[Exit after the *Pilgrim*.

*Ilf.* Thus every man to his own interest tends:  
The *Pilgrim* makes his converts, we make friends,  
With the same conscience all, for our own ends.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Waitwell *placing bottles on the table.*

*Enter Sir Antony and the Pilgrim.*

*Sir Ant.* THIS is a dry subject, *Pilgrim*; there's no engaging in't without a bottle.

*Pilg.* You'll have your own way here. [*Walks about.*]

*Sir Ant.* Have you infus'd the opiate in his wine?

*Wait.* I warrant him he sleeps for't; your's is half water.

*Sir Ant.* If I don't find him a knave, I'll make him a fool, for troubling me with his impertinence: but chiefly, for the dear jest of exposing his reverence to the laughter of the prophane——Have you done there?——Lock the door, and let no body come near us.

[*Waitwell goes out.*]

Now *Pilgrim*, we are alone; and sit you down——

[*Pilgrim stands and crosses himself and Sir Antony.*]

Nay, I will have no blessing upon our endeavours, but a bumper——this will banish crosses: Here's to the falling of the flesh, and the rising of the spirit. [*Drinks.*]

*Pilg.* 'Tis a mysterious health, of sacred sense! ev'n to the pulling down of fatan's throne. [*Drinks.*]

*Sir Ant.* A little wine does well to qualify the water you drink in your pilgrimage.——

*Pilg.* Sometimes, without offence, wine may be us'd; tho' our whole life is but a pilgrimage——

[*Sir Antony fills again the glasses.*]

*Sir Ant.* That's as you please to make it. Come, sir, this is the searcher of hearts; here's to the opening of ours—— [*Drinks.*]

*Pilg.* Hearts and eyes, that we may see our errors. This wine will warm him sure. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Ant.* Confession is a step to repentance, you say.

*Pilg.* The ready road——

*Sir Ant.* Then drink off your glass, *Pilgrim*: how do you like your wine?



*Pilg.* 'Tis warm, I promise you——

*Sir Ant.* Able to distinguish a saint from a sinner; and will keep you out of the mire, better than your wooden shoes.

*Pilg.* 'Twill rather leave us there. But to our purpose now——

*Sir Ant.* Another glass to strengthen my attention; I shall edify the better by it. [Fills the glass.]

*Pilg.* Sure he can't make me drunk. [Aside.]

*Sir Ant.* I expected you wou'd ha' drunk to my conversion.

*Pilg.* I shou'd ha' began it in charity, indeed; but I'll make you what reparation I may, and drink a full glass for my forgetfulness. [Fills himself a bumper.]

*Sir Ant.* I warrant him my own. [Aside.]

*Pilg.* To your conversion be it—— [Drinks.]

*Sir Ant.* This is the way to't, and the pleasantness road you can travel in: for let me tell you, the world is bad enough at the best; we need not take pains to make it worse.

*Pilg.* Too many do indeed. [Sir Antony drinks.]

*Sir Ant.* Such foolish apostles as thou art then: why, I begin to despair of thee: I took thee for a sanguine, sensual sinner, a man of sense, and an hypocrite. But I find thee a peaking penitent, and an ass.

*Pilg.* You sit in the seat of the scorner.

*Sir Ant.* Tho' you pass upon the Abbé, and other fools, I expected you wou'd have open'd yourself to me; I profess myself what I thought you were under your habit, a rogue; we might have been of use to one another. But since you are for cheating no body but yourself, [Fills again.] I'll make an end of my bottle and business, and leave you to say grace to the next courtesy I offer you. [Drinks.]

*Pilg.* I must not lose this opportunity.

*Sir Ant.* Now I begin to believe all the silly things you have said of yourself; your being weary of, and leaving the world, when you have a good share of it your own; your parting with the pleasures (which you call the vanities) of it, at a time, when you were in a condi-

condition of enjoying 'em, by a senseless resigning up your birth-right—

*Pilg.* My service to you. [Drinks.]

*Sir Ant.* Of a considerable quality and fortune to a younger brother; who indeed needed no other expectation for his wants, than the abundance of your folly to live upon.

*Pilg.* You censure me too rashly. [Rises.]

*Sir Ant.* I speak my thoughts, and am so far from imitating you any way, that when an elder brother stood between me and a good estate, I made bold to remove him.

*Pilg.* By no violent means?

*Sir Ant.* Something before his time. I had a jointure too incumber'd me; but a physician after my own heart eas'd me and my good lady grandmother.

*Pilg.* And dare you own it?

*Sir Ant.* Not at a bar of justice.

*Pilg.* So horrid a villainy!

*Sir Ant.* Never troubles me: I dont proclaim it but in my cups, and where I think I'm safe to men of my own kidney—

*Pilg.* You confess yourself a villain?

*Sir Ant.* Any kind of rogue that serves my turn; for I am of a principle that levels every thing in the way of my pleasure or profit.

*Pilg.* A worthy principle!

*Sir Ant.* I cheat the men, and lye with the women, as many as I can get in my power.

*Pilg.* Sir, I honour you; pray sit down again. [They sit.]

*Sir Ant.* To hear you preach again?

*Pilg.* And are you really this rogue you pretend to be?

*Sir Ant.* Are you the fool you pretend to be?

*Pilg.* I must come nearer to you. [Shows a casket.]

*Sir Ant.* How, jewels!

*Pilg.* I bring my welcome with me.

*Sir Ant.* Enough to set up a saint: the Lady of Letto may keep her chamber; thou hast spoil'd her holy-days, by robbing her shrine; for thou hast robb'd hers, or some other, that's certain.

*Pilg.* 'Tis certain I have the jewels: how I came by 'em, and why I put on this habit——

*Sir Ant.* Then you are no *Pilgrim*?

*Pilg.* No more than you are a priest. I am as arrant a rogue as you can be: a shifter of shapes and names; have travell'd through ever profession, and cheated in all; so having by my industry gather'd a handsome fortune, I converted that into jewels, and myself into a *Pilgrim*, for the safer conveyance of both into *Spain*, whither I was going 'till I light upon you.

*Sir Ant.* I saw you thro' your weeds, and had a mind to discover you.

*Pilg.* Well, now you have discover'd me——

*Sir Ant.* Why, now I like you.

*Pilg.* But are you sure you like me?

*Sir Ant.* Like you extremely.

*Pilg.* If you can like me, you may love me too; for a woman I know you are.

*Sir Ant.* Am I discover'd too——

[*Aside.*]

*Pilg.* Nay, I'm resolv'd to like you in any sex.

[*Squeezing and kissing her hand.*]

But it is impossible such beauty should be a man's:

And I will think you a woman, [*Approaching still nearer.*]

'Till you convince me to the contrary.

*Sir Ant.* Have you a mistress to be convinc'd to the contrary?

*Pilg.* We were made for one another's conversation; here's that shall keep it in humour.

[*Lays his hand on the casket.*]

*Sir Ant.* I have heard of *Mark Antony's* pearl cordial.

*Pilg.* You shall drink nothing else but pearl dissolv'd:

Ha! What's the matter with me?

[*Yawns often.*]

*Sir Ant.* Now, now my dose begins——you grow indifferent——

*Pilg.* My senses vanish all.

[*Rises, and struggles all he can against it; but falls into his chair asleep.*]

*Sir Ant.* What, fall a-sleep before me?

*Pilg.* By and by I'll come again to you.

*Sir*

*Sir Ant.* So, he's as safe as his casket in my custody :  
governor, you may appear.

*Enter Waitwell.*

Here's an oriental present from the *Mogul*, by the hands  
of his embassador there.

*Wait.* He looks as he were drunk-dead, or dead-drunk.

*Sir Ant.* Examine his pockets, let's see what creden-  
tials he has for his character, tho' you see I have treated  
him like an embassador without 'em.

*Wait.* Here are tablets full of *memorandums*, to avoid  
such and such places where he has done his rogueries.

*Sir Ant.* Very well ; these, when he awakes, will make  
good, if he should have the impudence to dispute my  
title to the theft.

*Wait.* You won't keep all the jewels ?

*Sir Ant.* A round ransom may redeem 'em ; but him  
I must expose, governor ; when I send for him, bring  
him in a chair to the Abbé's.

*Wait.* Most carefully.

*Sir Ant.* And if *Sir Gentle* enquire for me, as I expect  
he will, direct him thither.

*Wait.* I won't fail.

*Sir Ant.* I have a mistress for him. [Exit.  
[The Pilgrim carry'd off.]

SCENE changes to the street.

*Ilford alone.*

*Ilf. Volante* is so busy for another, she has nothing to  
do for herself ; so closely employ'd for *Valentine*, she has  
no employment for any body ; or when she has, 'tis par-  
tially design'd for that boy-knight, in prejudice of every  
man that may with more reason pretend——

*Sir Antony crosses the stage.*

*Sir Antony*——*Sir Antony*——a word with you——

*Sir Ant.* Pr'ythee let me go ; I am big with a jest, and  
shall certainly miscarry with the first grave word you say  
to me.

*Ilf.* Be deliver'd of our burden then, lay it at my door; I'll father it for a friend.

[Bringing him back by the hand.

*Sir Ant.* As some men wou'd a bastard, for the reputation of getting it.

*Ilf.* I have thought better of this rivalling business between us; I see plainly *Volante* declares for you——

*Sir Ant.* I think the poor creature loves me indeed.

*Ilf.* And 'tis to no purpose to proceed——

*Sir Ant.* None in the world, fir.

*Ilf.* In the measures I had taken in making my way to her: therefore now I come, like a friend, to desire a favour of you.

*Sir Ant.* Now you say something, *Ilford*.

*Ilf.* And like a friend to advise you; you're a very pretty fellow, and have a great many dancing years to trip over, before you come to be serious.

*Sir Ant.* I hope so, fir.

*Ilf.* You shou'd ramble before you fettle——

*Sir Ant.* For fear of rambling after——

*Ilf.* You are too great a good, among the women, to think of being particular; a dozen years too gay for the condition——

*Sir Ant.* Too gay for a lover?

*Ilf.* Too gay for a husband.

*Sir Ant.* Ay, marry, fir, a husband!

*Ilf.* How, fir?

*Sir Ant.* I make love sometimes, but do not often marry.

*Ilf.* What do you follow *Volante* for then?

*Sir Ant.* Can't you tell for what? for as good a thing you may swear, *Ilford*: you guess at her inclinations, poor rogue; and a lady shall never lose her longing upon me; I design to lie with her.

*Ilf.* Without marrying her?

*Sir Ant.* Without asking any consent but her own; I am not for many words, when I have a mind to be doing.

*Ilf.* So impudent a thing I never heard!

*Enter*

*Enter Volante.*

*Vol.* Quarrelling again, gentlemen!

*Sir Ant.* Upon the old subject.

*Ilf.* I hate the employment and character of an informer; but you come so upon the scandalous minute, I must tell you what that young gentleman——

*Vol.* *Sir Antony* has no friend of you, fir.

*Ilf.* Nor you of him, madam; as you will find, when you hear what he says of you.

*Vol.* Pray, what's the matter?

*Ilf.* He has the impudence not only to design it, but ev'n to me his rival, who love and honour you——

*Vol.* Your story, fir, your story!

*Ilf.* He dares notoriously tell me to my face, that he never design'd to marry you; but because you were in love with him, poor creature, he wou'd do you the favour to lye with you.

*Sir Ant.* Madam, you know he hates me upon your account; and this is one of the poor endeavours of his malice to ruin me: you can't think I wou'd be such a villain——

*Vol.* I won't think it, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* Such an idiot, if I cou'd have it in my head, to declare it to my rival.

*Vol.* Oh no——it is not probable.

*Ilf.* By heav'n and earth he said it.

*Vol.* I wou'd not believe it for earth and heav'n, if he did.

*Ilf.* Nay then 'tis labour lost.

*Vol.* If you'll deliver this letter to *Valentine*, you'll do him more service [*Gives Ilford a letter*] than you have me with your news——I won't leave you behind me, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* I am going to the Abbé's, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

*Ilf.* Well! I cou'd almost wish he wou'd lie with her, to convince her; tho' she won't believe me, she will him; and that, in time, will be a sufficient revenge upon her folly.

*Enter Abbé and Valentine to Ilford: Count Verole, with six Bravoes on the other side; they stare upon each other, and pass on. Abbé, Valentine, and Ilford remain.*

*Abb.* The count has his *guard de corps*, Valentine.

*Val.* Sir Antony has alarm'd him.

*Ilf.* He is in a state of war, fit to give battle already.

*Val.* What he wants in his person, he has in his equipage: but they threaten too much, to do any harm.

*Abb.* Do you secure your person; *Volante* shall secure your mistress against him, I warrant her.

*Ilf.* Here's a letter she gave me for you. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *The Abbé's House.*

*Pilgrim brought in a chair: Sir Antony Love after it.*

*Sir Ant.* Down with your burthen; and place him in that chair. So, this is as proper a scene to recommend our farce to the family as we can have——

*Enter Waitwell.*

*Wait.* Sir Gentle Golding is below, and wou'd speak with you.

*Sir Ant.* One of you bring him up——

[*To the chairmen, who go out.*

*Governor,* he must not know you belong to me.

*Wait.* I know your design upon him; and I'll begone to put things in order to receive him——

*Sir Ant.* To receive *Valentine*: he shall be welcome to me; but to deceive *Sir Gentle*.

*Wait.* You are as busy as a projector; some of your plots must miscarry.

*Sir Ant.* Ha! he begins to stir: how long will the opiate hold him?

*Wait.* If he wakes before the company comes, you lose your pleasure of laughing at him.

*Sir Ant.* But I have a sudden thought may give us a better diversion.

[Exit Waitwell.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Gentle Golding.*

*Sir Gent.* Sir *Antony*, your most incomparable humble servant.

*Sir Ant.* Sir *Gentle*, I have done your business.

*Sir Gent.* With the lady you promis'd me?

*Sir Ant.* With that very lady; I've secur'd an appointment for you; but being a woman of quality——

*Sir Gent.* There you oblige me for ever.

*Sir Ant.* Tho' something decay'd, and fall'n in her fortune——She must be humour'd in little things; she will have her forms.

*Sir Gent.* I warrant her; and very fit she shou'd. A person of quality is known by her forms.

*Sir Ant.* They last but 'till the evening, then I'll carry you to wait on her. [*Shews the Pilgrim.*] Here's a drunken *Pilgrim* will afford you merriment enough to entertain some part of the time.

*Sir Gent.* Dead drunk, as I intend to live sober.

*Sir Ant.* Do me the favour to stay, and secure him, if he shou'd awake. I'll but bring the Abbé and his family to share in abusing him, and be with you again. [*Exit.*

*Sir Gent.* Why, what an unlucky, hypocritical rogue is this, to be discover'd, and to lye at the mercy of Sir *Antony*! If he were but half as holy as he pretended, he might 'scape by miracle; but he sleeps so sound, no revelation can wake him.

*Pilg.* Boy, draw the curtain, firrah——

[*Turns in his chair, and makes signs of waking.*

*Sir Gent.* Is the light in your eyes, sir? What pains he takes to come to himself! Gad, I'll play the rogue with him——I'll be the midwife to his labour——Stay, let me see, a stiff straw wou'd do rarely, to probe his sobriety. If his brain be touch'd, he'll take up the more time in his cure, and 'tis well if ever he be his own man again. Now for the experiment.

[*Tickling his nose, the Pilgrim jumps up, and throws Sir Gentle along, and in his thoughtfulness stumbles over him: both amazed, raise themselves upon their bottoms, and stare at each other.*

*Pilg.*



*Pilg.* Ha! am I alive? Where have I been? Where am I now? How came I here? Who are you? What would you have?

*Sir Gent.* Have! myself in a wish to *England*. Wou'd I were in my mother's belly again.

*Pilg.* Speak, I conjure you, speak to me.

*Sir Gent.* He's as heartily frightened as I can be; I'll pluck up a spirit and speak to him.

*Pilg.* Some ill thing has possess'd me.

*Sir Gent.* Yes, possess'd thou art; by the lewd spirit of powerful wine possess'd. A drunken devil.

*Pilg.* A bottle, and Sir *Antony* I remember, and the discoveries I made him. [Both rise.]

*Sir Gent.* You are discover'd, and in the Abbé's house——

*Pilg.* In the Abbé's house!

*Sir Gent.* Where now your business is to be laugh'd at, and expos'd; and the whole family are coming to make your holiness a ridiculous visit to that purpose.

*Pilg.* That young rogue Sir *Antony*! has he done nothing else to me? [Examining his pockets.] Undone! undone! I'm robb'd, and ruin'd! My jewels gone! my table-book gone too! that may do me more harm than the jewels can do any body good.

*Sir Gent.* Have you lost your learning? How cou'd you miss it so soon? A table-book?

*Pilg.* Sir, I am robb'd; and I took you very suspiciously about my pockets; you shall answer the robbery.

*Sir Gent.* Why, do I look like a pickpocket? I'd have you to know, I scorn your words: but that trick shall serve your turn——

*Pilg.* Serve my turn, sir—— [Offering to go by him.]

*Sir Gent.* You must not 'scape me so.

*Pilg.* Why, sir, am I your prisoner? I must not be found here. [Aside.] I have an inkhorn may frighten him.

*Sir Gent.* Look you, sir, here's the inside of my pockets; I have nothing about me but bills of exchange,

and

and this purse of *Elizabeth's* broad gold: you shall search me, if you please.

*Pilg.* I have search'd you, and found you, and must go by you too—— [*Presents an inkhorn to his breast.*]

*Sir Gent.* O Lord, sir! I don't hinder you——

*Pilg.* No, no, you had not best.

*Sir Gent.* Pray take it away: I have a natural aversion to the smell of gun-powder——Tho' 'twill be difficult to get away, for the servants are order'd to stop you.

*Pilg.* How! to stop me!

*Sir Gent.* Now he won't offer to go.

*Pilg.* The servants order'd to stop me, do you say?

*Sir Gent.* If you be the *Pilgrim*.

*Pilg.* Then I'll be the *Pilgrim* no longer——

[*Undresses himself.*]

*Sir Gent.* What will you be then pray?

*Pilg.* Ev'n *Sir Gentle Golding*; I will get off in your person, since I can't in my own; I must change out-sides with you—— [*Begins to undress Sir Gent. Gold.*]

*Sir Gent.* O Lord, sir! there's no occasion for it; I know nothing of a design upon you.

*Pilg.* That's more than I know.

*Sir Gent.* Faith and troth now, what I said, was only to play the rogue with you.

*Pilg.* And what I do, is to play the fool with you. You must strip, sir.

*Sir Gent.* O, but this is carrying the jest too far!

*Pilg.* Look you, you may keep your worship and wit for your own wearing; but I must borrow your cloaths.

*Sir Gent.* At any other time and welcome; I should be pleas'd with the humour on't; but this is my first day of wearing 'em; besides, there's a mistress in the case—— [*Dresses himself in Sir Gentle's cloaths.*]

*Pilg.* As long as you live, prefer a friend to a mistress, *Sir Gentle*; come, sir, a little of your assistance.

*Sir Gent.* But I am to see her this evening: and one wou'd be well dress'd you know, the first time.

*Pilg.* If you must see your mistress, visit her in masquerade; 'tis a fashionable way of beginning an intrigue——and

—and a pilgrim's habit—is as fantastical, as you can contrive—to give a lady a curiosity—of knowing more of you—and that I know is your business.

*Sir Gent.* That is my business indeed: but if I lose my time—

*Pilg.* Don't make a noise, nor follow me; if you wou'd see her, or little *England* again, know your friends, and give thanks, sir— [Exit.

*Sir Gent.* What a pass have I brought myself to, by my own policy! why must I needs lye myself out of my cloaths? If I had held my tongue, or spoke but the truth, he wou'd ha' gone about his business, without interrupting mine. Now here I must stay, to be expos'd in his room: but in a foolisher figure, than ever the *Pilgrim* made: he was only disguis'd; but I am stripp'd. He was drunk indeed; wou'd I were dead drunk, to cover my shame any way; wou'd I had any disguise. 'Gad I'll put on the *Pilgrim's*—It can't be worse with me— Besides, the respect that is paid to this cloathing, will at least carry me safe to my lodging. [Exit.

S C E N E changes to the street.

Enter Pilgrim in Sir Gentle's cloaths, with Monsieur Traffique.

*Traff.* Sir, I have accepted these bills already.

*Pilg.* I know you have: but my occasions falling out more extraordinary than I expected, I am forc'd to press you for this bill of a hundred pistoles, before the day.

*Traff.* I have so often suffer'd for those complimental payments, that I have resolv'd against 'em: but my correspondent gives me an account of Sir Gentle *Golding*; you shall have what credit you please with me.

*Pilg.* A hundred pistoles I have present use for.

*Traff.* If my cashier were at home, you should have 'em along with you; but in the morning, as soon as you please—

*Pilg.*

*Pilg.* I'll send my servant to you——Pray, fir, what news have you in the city?

*Traff.* The newest, fir, is of a *Pilgrim*, that is suspected of something; I am imperfect in the particulars; but there are warrants out to apprehend him, that I know.

*Pilg.* There's no believing outfides; fir, your servant.  
[Exit *Pilg.*]

*Traff.* So I think too: and therefore I will be better inform'd, whether you are *Sir Gentle Golding* or no, before I leave you.  
[Exit.]

*Enter Pilgrim at another door.*

*Pilg.* The hundred pistoles, if I had receiv'd 'em, had carry'd me off cleverly, and for some time supported my designs in another place, till an opportunity had favour'd me in making a handsome composition with *Sir Antony* about my jewels——however, I make a pretty good figure still; here's a good suit of cloaths to begin the world with again——

[Strutting and looking on his cloaths.]

*Enter Courtaut, the taylor's man.*

*Court.* Bless your worship, *Sir Gentle*, long may you live to wear 'em; how do your cloaths fit you, fir?

*Pilg.* Very well, friend, very well.

*Court.* Have you forgot me, master?

*Pilg.* No, no, I han't forgot thee; for I never saw thee before.

*Court.* I am poor *Courtaut*, your taylor's finisher; I brought your honour's cloaths home to you this morning——

*Pilg.* Did you so, did you so?

*Court.* By the same token, you said, you would give me something to drink your health; but you were pleas'd to forget it.

*Pilg.* I remember I gave thee nothing indeed; but the next time——

*Court.* Ay, an't like your honour, I am contented to stay, if my master would: but he has beaten me black and  
and

and blue for leaving the cloaths behind me, without money.

*Pilg.* Gad forgive me; that I should forget that too! But come to my lodging an hour hence——

*Court.* Please you, I'll wait upon you now to your lodging——

*Pilg.* How shall I shake him off? [*Aside.*]

*Court.* For I dare not go home without the money, or some part on't.

*Pilg.* Here, take this purse, 'tis more than the debt, but take the rest for thyself, now I remember thee——

*Enter Traffique with a servant of Sir Gentle's.*

The *Elizabeth* broad gold has deliver'd me.

*Serv.* Yes, master monsieur, that is master, Sir Gentle Golding. You shall see me speak to him——

[*Goes to the Pilgrim.*]

*Traff.* Young man, a word with you. [*To Courtant.*]

*Pilg.* More debts to pay! I shall fall like an executor without assets.

*Serv.* Sir I have been about your business, with the messenger, as you order'd me——

*Pilg.* This is one of my *English* servants, it seems; I'll answer him in *French* to get rid of him.

*Serv.* If you were at leisure——

*Pilg.* *Que demandez-vous? que dites-vous laquis? Entendez-vous le François, grand coquin?*

*Serv.* How's this? I durst ha' sworn it had been my master; but I am sure he has no more languages than tongues, and that his mother gave him: besides, he's too good an *Englishman*, to learn any thing in another country.

*Pilg.* *Je ne vous entens pas, je ne parle pas Anglois.*

*Serv.* It seems I was mistaken, sir, this is some outlandish man; he can't speak *English*——

*Traff.* How, not speak *English*?

*Court.* I'm sure he paid me for the suit upon his back, but just now, in very good *English*——

*Traff.* And would have borrow'd a hundred pistoles of me, in as civil *English*——

*Pilg.*

*Pilg.* I can speak *English*, gentlemen, I spoke *French* only to try if that fellow had learn'd any thing since he came into the country.

*Serv.* I'll have trial with you. This is some rogue that has murder'd my master——

*Court.* And stole his cloaths——

*Traff.* And robb'd him of his bills of Exchange.

[*Exeunt after the Pilgrim.*]

*Serv.* Murder, murder! roguery, thievery, stop him!

*Enter Sir Antony, Valentine, Ilford, and Abbé.*

*Ilf.* Nay, the *Pilgrim* was in the right, in getting off before your evidence came upon him.

*Abb.* I never hear of so extraordinary a rogue, as he confesses himself to be in these tablets.

*Val.* But that our gentle knight, should neither hinder him from going, nor be forthcoming himself, makes me believe some ridiculous accident has light upon him.

*Sir Ant.* Let it be but ridiculous enough, and I may forgive him.

*Abb.* The ports are shut, and for the *Pilgrim*, if he be in the city, we shall have him again.

*Enter Sir Gentle in the Pilgrim's habit.*

*Ilf.* What's that sneaks by us so?

*Val.* Our very, very saint. [Gathering about him.]

*Sir Ant.* Good morrow, *Pilgrim*!

*Abb.* Won't you know your friends?

*Ilf.* We were too late for your levee. But men of your austerity and life never indulge the flesh, by sleeping long; you are an early stirrer.

*Abb.* Pray look up: you can do nothing sure to cast you down.

*Omnes.* Sir Gentle Golding!

*Sir Gent.* Ev'n the very same.

*Val.* What do you in this habit?

*Sir Gent.* 'Tis whimsical and odd; I had a mind to try if you could know me in this disguise.

*Sir Ant.* O yes, we know you in any disguise.

*Abb.*

*Abb.* But there's a warrant out against the *Pilgrim*; you'll be taken up for him.

*Sir Gent.* Why? you don't take me for the *Pilgrim*?

*Ilf.* But the government will.

*Sir Gent.* The government then will take me for as very a rascal as lives unhang'd in it.

*Val.* But what's become of him?

*Sir Ant.* You were last with him——

*Val.* You have convey'd him away.

*Ilf.* Or murder'd him——

*Abb.* You must answer for him, for you have his cloaths.

*Sir Gent.* Nay, if it be so, I'll tell you how I came by them——

*Ilf.* The whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

*Sir Gent.* I'll see him hang'd, before I tell a lie for a rogue, that has us'd me so scurvily——

*Sir Ant.* How scurvily, dear knight?

*Sir Gent.* Why, when you left me you know alone with him, he took his time, when my back was turn'd, and clapp'd a pistol to my breast——

*Abb.* Bless the mark, a pistol!

*Val.* A pistol, *Sir Gentle*!

*Sir Gent.* A double barrel'd pistol.

*Sir Ant.* A brace of bullets in each, I warrant you.

*Sir Gent.* I warrant you there were: for he swore he would shoot me thro' the head——

*Ilf.* The pistol was at your breast, *Sir Gentle*?

*Sir Gent.* Breast, did I say, gentlemen?—Did I say at my breast, gentlemen? But, breast or head, sir,—he swore he would murder me, if I did not give him my cloaths to make his escape in.

*Val.* And so, you gave him your cloaths?

*Sir Gent.* No, I thank you; that were to make myself accessary; I put him to the trouble of taking 'em.

*Abb.* And very wisely done, sir.

*Sir Ant.* So he stripp'd you?

*Sir Gent.* To my very shirt, I'll make oath on't before a magistrate.

*Ilf.* You put on his cloaths then, as one may say, in your own defence?

*Sir Gent.* You may so indeed.

*Abb.*

*Abb.* Stick there, fir, *se defendendo* will bring you off.

*Sir Gent.* I must ha' gone home naked else.

*Sir Ant.* And could you have pass'd suddenly by us, and conceal'd such an occasion of laughing at you?

*Sir Gent.* Pr'ythee, *Sir Antony*, no more on't.

*Officers bring in the Pilgrim. Enter Monsieur Traffique, Courtaut, and Sir Golding's servant.*

*Serv.* Bring him along; bring him along——

*Val.* What rabble have we here?

*Serv.* We are enough to hang one rogue, or we deserve to beat hemp for one another.

*Abb.* Where are you hauling the gentleman?

*Pilg.* *Sir Antony*, I am in your power; stand but my friend in this business, and bring me off, you shall make your own conditions about the jewels——

[*He and Sir Antony confer.*

*Serv.* I'll swear point blank my master's murder upon him.

*Abb.* Who is your master, friend?

*Serv.* *Sir Gentle Golding*, and like you; and I am his man.

*Sir Gent.* Ay, 'tis my man, indeed; would I were his master again.

*Serv.* You my master, you rascal! my master's a knight——

*Sir Ant.* Now *Abbé*, I am even with you and your *Pilgrim*: but since I have brought him so far into this business, 'tis matter of conscience to bring him out again. I was provided for his impertinence; and since I could not make him drunk, I gave him an opiate to expose him as if he were; for that purpose I removed him to your house: but coming to himself before I expected, he 'scap'd that design——

*Pilg.* And finding the disgrace ready to fall on me, and in your house, I made bold to change cloaths with *Sir Gentle Golding*.——

*Sir Gent.* 'Tis true indeed, gentlemen.

*Pilg.* But since matters are brought to a clearing, I am ready to return 'em to the gentleman.

*Sir Ant.* As you had 'em, I hope?

*Pilg.* Every thing but his purse, which I was forc'd to give his taylor there, to get rid of him. *Abb.*



*Abb.* Return the purse.

*Traff.* I'll see your master paid. [To Courtaut.  
The hundred pistoles are ready, sir. [To the Pilgrim.

*Pilg.* For Sir Gentle Golding, I only hasten'd you.

*Sir Gent.* Why, how did you know I wanted such a sum?

*Traff.* It shall be paid to you, or your order.

*Sir Gent.* Pray pay it to nobody else.

[Exeunt Traffique and Courtaut.

*Abb.* You've done your duty, gentlemen; 'tis very well. *Pilgrim*, a word with you.— [Takes him aside.

*Val.* How this fooling has run away with the time!

[Looks on his watch.

*Sir Ant.* I'll be for you immediately.

[Takes Sir Gentle aside.

*Val.* Within a quarter of ten already!

*Ilf.* I should ha' been glad to ha' made one, *Valentine*.

*Val.* I thank you; but numbers may discover us, and *Sir Antony* won't be out of the business.

*Abb.* Do me but this piece of service, and I won't only pardon you, but reward you well when you ha' don't. Besides, 'tis a kind of revenge upon *Sir Antony*.

*Pilg.* I am at your mercy, and you shall command me any thing.

*Ilf.* *Sir Gentle* says, you drew a pistol upon him.

*Val.* That was not according to the law of arms.

*Pilg.* I can't tell how his fear represented it, but it was an inkhorn that disarm'd him.

*Sir Ant.* You won't fail, when I send for you?

*Sir Gent.* I'll but change cloaths with that gentleman, and be ready as soon as you please.

[Exeunt Sir Gentle, Pilgrim, and Servant.

*Sir Ant.* Now, *Valentine*, have with you——

*Abb.* 'Tis near upon your appointment with my niece: I'll secure her father within, the better to favour her running away from him.

*Ilf.* I wish you well, gentlemen. [They go out several ways, Ilford and the Abbé; but Sir Ant. and Val. together.

SCENE

SCENE changes to the backside of a great house with gardens.

Enter Count Verole with six Bravoes.

Ver. To-morrow ; let but once to-morrow come,  
And she is mine, marry'd, and wholly mine :  
If then not wholly mine, 'twill be my fault.  
Gentlemen, we must be every where to night :  
This *Englishman*, that dares to rival me,  
May attempt farther ; if he should, I think  
*Floriante* but too inclin'd to pardon him.  
But we'll prevent the worst. (*Whistle.*)

[*Valentine and Sir Antony make the signal at the garden-door, which opens upon it. Floriante retires upon the noise of swords, crying murder.*

Stand and observe their motions.

Nay, then 'tis he ; be sure you murder him.

Count Canaile enters with sword in hand, runs to assist Valentine and Sir Antony against the Bravoes.

Can. Villains and murderers — I hope you are not hurt.

Val. Thank your assistance, sir.

Sir Ant. If I am not a man in this point, I'll never wear breeches more.

Val. I know 'twas count Verole.

Can. He has not rais'd himself in my esteem by this base action——

Enter Floriante.

What do you out of doors ?

Flo. I could not stay within, knowing your danger.

Can. 'Tis over, now retire.

Flo. Pray pardon me ; if I have done any indecent thing, my duty caus'd it in my fears for you. [*Exit.*

Val. I'm sorry, I have alarm'd your family.

Sir Ant. I dare swear for him he is.

Can. So far 'tis well, sir : if you think yourself obliged for what is past, shew it in what's to come ; forbear

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my house, my daughter is dispos'd of: so good night. [Exit.

*Sir Ant.* Very good advice, *Valentine*: since you can't make it a good night with his daughter, make it as good as you can with somebody else.

*Val.* Why faith, the expectation of her has rais'd me into a desire of any thing in petticoats.

*Sir Ant.* What think you of my *English* lady?

*Val.* You owe me a favour there, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* To-night I'll pay it then; I have an appointment upon me now; but not being in so perfect a condition to oblige her, you shall make an end of my quarrel.

*Val.* With all my heart.

*Sir Ant.* I'll send my governor to conduct you.

*Val.* He, like other wise men, makes no scruple of pimping, when he gets by the employment.

*Sir Ant.* Then you are not one of those fine gentlemen, who because they are in love with one woman, can lie with nobody else?

*Val.* Not I, faith, knight; I may be a lover, but I must be a man.

*Sir Ant.* When the dear days of rambling joys are  
o'er,  
When nature grudges to supply your whore,  
There's love enough for marriage left in store. }

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Waitwell disguis'd, with Sir Gentle Golding.*

*Wait.* **S**IR *Antony* not being able to wait upon you in person, as he design'd, has desired me, his friend—

*Sir Gent.* Sir, your most humble servant.

*Wait.* To shew you the way.

*Sir Gent.* I'll shew my good breeding, and follow you.

*Wait.*

*Wait.* The lady is at present in private; when she has dispatch'd her own business, she'll be ready for yours.

*Sir Gent.* Then she's a woman of business.

*Wait.* And of dispatch too, sir: if you love pictures, there's a gallery will take up your thoughts 'till the lady's at leisure to employ 'em better. I'll let her know you're here. [Exit.

*Sir Gent.* How ceremony disguises any thing! I can't take this civil gentleman for a pimp, tho' I have occasion for him; nor this house for a bawdy-house, tho' I have a mind to make it one. Would *Sir Antony* were here, to encourage me with his impudence; when I have company to halloo me, I can fasten like a bull dog. But I have a villanous suspicion, that when I see this lady, I shall take her for a civil gentlewoman; abuse her a way she does not deserve; think too well of her, and lose my labour. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Bed-chamber.

A S O N G.

*Valentine following Sir Antony Love in her woman's cloaths.*

*Val.* Faith, madam, your entertainment will keep you in countenance; you may own the making of it.

*Sir Ant.* You'll trust your stomach with a covered dish another time, sir?

*Val.* You may shew your face after it, and expect the thanks of the company.

*Sir Ant.* And disgrace the reputation I have got with you in other things.

*Val.* Nay, if you think so, I would not have you shew it for the world.

*Sir Ant.* That were to ruin the compliment you intend me.

*Val.* But after all, if your face should be as delicate as your other charms——

*Sir Ant.* But if it should not be as delicate——

*Val.* Then keep it to yourself; but 'tis pity 'tis not:

but be it what it is, I will pay some part of my thanks in advising you.

*Sir Ant.* You would say grace and be gone, my serious sinner, would you?

*Val.* Only to make sure of coming again, child, that's all.

*Sir Ant.* Some of that all, I beseech you —

*Val.* My doctrine will turn to thy use, child, and lead me often to thee, if thou hast but the grace to make the right application.

*Sir Ant.* Good holder-forth, bate your damn'd faces and begin.

*Val.* Why then, in the first place, about our friend *Sir Antony*; he's a very pretty fellow I grant you; but he's a boy, a giddy-pated boy —

*Sir Ant.* A little too young indeed to be trusted —

*Val.* In an affair of this nature, by any woman that has a reputation to secure with her pleasure.

*Sir Ant.* I have been afraid of his talking indeed a great while.

*Val.* You must expect it, madam; he has not experience enough to value you: all women are alike to the young fellows; as indeed all fellows are alike to the young women: neither sex chuses well, 'till they come to an age of discretion.

*Sir Ant.* There I am with you indeed.

*Val.* There is a maturity requir'd in love, as in other fruits, to recommend the true relish of it to the distinguishing palate of an epicure. I am something a better judge of that pleasure than he can be: and I think fitter, a great deal, for an intrigue with your ladyship, both in discretion and performance —

*Sir Ant.* Than *Sir Antony* can be. [*Shows her face.*]

*Val.* *Sir Antony* in petticoats, my good friend Mrs. Lucy!

*Sir Ant.* But are not you a rogue, *Valentine*? not to receive a courtesy from a lady by the favour of your friend, but you must abuse your trust, and supplant the very interest that rais'd you to her?

*Val.*

*Val.* I am confounded indeed ! but are you *Sir Antony Love* ?

*Sir Ant.* All but my petticoats.

*Val.* And are you sure you're a woman ?

*Sir Ant.* Are not you sure of that, fir ?

*Val.* I am ; and charm'd with the certainty——

[*Kisses her.*

Now every pleasure past comes o'er my thoughts :  
How many opportunities have I lost,  
That you have giv'n me, and must answer for !

*Sir Ant.* There are as many to come ; you shall command 'em all.

*Val.* Now I remember ; you father'd a bastard for me, at *Paris*——

*Sir Ant.* I had the reputation of it indeed ; and should have had the cow with the calf ; for her father pursu'd me to marry her, thro' all means of accommodation, into the strait at last of confessing my sex to the *English* ambassador——

*Val.* This you never told me before.

*Sir Ant.* He had her punish'd, and secur'd me in his family, as long as I staid there ; for you know he was a man of honour——

*Val.* And a man of gallantry too, madam, that knew which way to improve such a piece of good fortune——

*Sir Ant.* As well as any body ; and so he did *Valentine* : by his generosity and good usage he press'd me so very far, that not being able to answer the obligations I had to him (having you in my head at that very time) I was forc'd to run away from him, to get rid of him.

*Val.* How could you keep this from me so long ?

*Sir Ant.* Now 'tis more welcome to you.

*Val.* Had I known it before, it had been in my power——

*Sir Ant.* Not to marry me, I hope, *Valentine* ! but if you could be in that mind (which I neither desire, nor deserve) I know you too well, to think of securing you that way.

*Val.* But I would not have engaged myself any where else——

*Sir Ant.* I know your engagements to *Floriant* ; and you

You shall marry her. That will disengage you, I warrant you.

*Val.* You continue your opinion of marriage.

*Sir Ant. Floriante,* I grant you, would be a dangerous rival in a mistress—

*Val.* Nothing can rival thee.

*Sir Ant.* And you might linger out a long liking of her, to my uneasiness and your own; but matrimony, that's her security, is mine: I can't apprehend her in a wife.

*Enter Waitwell.*

*Sir Ant.* Well, governor, what think you of my management?

*Wait.* Why, if you take but half the pains in your profit, that you have spent in your pleasure, I think we may expect a very good account of the knight—

*Val.* *Sir Gentle Golding!* he's in your debt indeed: I had not leisure to remember him.

*Sir Ant.* We'll laugh at him at leisure.

*Wait.* He's in the gallery, expecting your pleasure.

*Sir Ant.* My pleasure is to see him, bring him in.

*[Exit Waitwell.]*

I promis'd him a mistress, you must know: 'twill be foolish enough to observe him, when he discovers me; pray stay, and laugh with me.

*Val.* The interview must needs be ridiculous.

*[Goes to the door.]*

*Sir Gentle Golding introduc'd by Waitwell: he is surpris'd at the sight of Sir Antony.*

*Wait.* My office ends where the lady begins; I'll leave you to her.

*Sir Gent.* Pray, sir, a word with you—

*Wait.* The fewer the better, till you have saluted her: you see she expects it.

*Sir Gent.* I should have saluted her indeed: but the surprize of your beauty, madam, made me forget my compliment.

*Sir Ant.* My face has surpris'd him, I believe.

*Sir*

*Sir Gent.* Pray, did I never see this gentlewoman before ?

*Wait.* You best can tell that, fir ; but you are concern'd at something.

*Sir Gent.* A little concern'd I am indeed, but 'tis only to know, whether I know her, or no.

*Wait.* In your tour of *France* you may have seen her ; she's of the country.

*Sir Gent.* A *French* woman ?

*Wait.* Of *Languedoc*.

*Sir Gent.* I durst ha' sworn she was an *English* woman !

*Wait.* Born and bred among us.

*Sir Gent.* I'm glad on't with all my heart. For I knew a little woman, but a great devil, so like her in *England*——

*Wait.* Very like, fir.

*Sir Gent.* That faith and troth, I was down right confounded at the sight of her.

*Wait.* Some mistress, that you have forsaken——

*Sir Gent.* O fie, fir, I never do those things——

*Wait.* I warrant you, and the guilt of her ill-usage haunts you up and down, in her shape.

*Sir Gent.* Nay, I deserve it indeed if it should be so ; for I was too barbarous to the poor devil, considering I was the first that undid her.

[*Sir Antony making a courtesy, points Sir Gentle to a chair.*

*Wait.* See, fir, the lady would have you sit down by her ; I never saw her make such advances before ; you are very much in favour.

*Sir Gent.* Soft and fair. I must be more in your favour, before I have done with you.

*Wait.* She does not speak *English*. But there's an universal character in love, which every creature can comprehend ; when she has you alone, she'll grope out your meaning, I warrant you. [Exit.

*Sir Gent.* So, since we have nothing to say to one another, we shall lose no time in compliments ; I like her exceedingly : tho' I never look upon her, but *Lucia* comes in my thoughts ; she's so very like that jilting jade, I shall never love her heartily ; a week will be the



farthest I shall be constant to her. What sign shall I make to put her in mind of her bed-chamber? Money speaks all languages, this purse will be my interpreter. Voulez-vous do me the grand favour——

*Sir Ant.* But how shall we do to understand one another? You speak no *French*, and I speak no *English*; 'tis impossible to understand one another.

*Sir Gent.* Madam, you do speak *English*——

*Sir Ant.* I understand it a little; enough to know I resemble one—— what do you call her, *Lucia*, ay, *Lucia*, a jilting jade, you don't like; that for that reason you can't love me heartily; nor be constant above a week: I understand so much, without speaking *English*, as you find to be understood.

*Sir Gent.* I find I do understand you.

*Sir Ant.* But I'll try to speak plainer to you.

*Sir Gent.* Nay, you speak plain enough, Mrs. *Lucy*. Would I were any where to be rid of you.

*Sir Ant.* You see, we were not to part so. Fortune will have me oblig'd to you: I have almost spent the five hundred pounds I borrow'd of you.

*Sir Gent.* I'm glad I had it for you, madam.

*Sir Ant.* And faith 'tis very kind in an old acquaintance to follow me into *France*, to supply me again: I know you came on purpose——

*Sir Gent.* Not quite on purpose——

*Sir Ant.* No, not quite on purpose, some littly business bye the bye of your own, you might have, I grant you: but this purse you never design'd for me.

*Sir Gent.* I'll force nothing upon you, madam; you may give it me again, if you don't like it.

*Sir Ant.* Yes, yes; the purse is an amiable purse, and very well to be lik'd; only the sum does not amount to my occasions: there's no retreating, *Sir Gentle*, you are in my power, and, without a ransom, must continue my prisoner; you know I never want a pistol upon these occasions; 'tis not the first time I have robb'd you.

*Sir Gent.* Any composition; but don't murder me; you know I hate a pistol.

*Sir*

*Sir Ant.* What have you in your pockets? Nothing but papers?

*Sir Gent.* You have got already all the money I had about me.

*Sir Ant.* About you! with a pox to you: must I be so answer'd? And why had not you more about you? Stay, here's a bill of one hundred pistoles, at present, shall excuse you——

*Sir Gent.* 'Tis very well it does.

*Sir Ant.* Payable to you, or your order? Who's there?

*Enter Waitwell.*

Run, and receive this bill for the gentleman.

*Wait.* He should indorse it first.

*Sir Ant.* Come, sir, you must lend me your order.

*Sir Gent.* No borrowing among friends; I'll give it you, to monsieur *Traffique*.

[*Writes, and gives Sir Ant. the bill, and Sir Ant. gives it to Waitwell, who goes out.*

*Sir Ant.* Why, that's well said.

*Sir Gent.* You live as it were by your wits; 'tis better I should lose a little money, than you should forget your trade, for want of employment.

*Sir Ant.* A great deal better, *Sir Gentle!* But I must lock you up till the money be paid.

*Sir Gent.* Ay, ay, with all my heart; but he won't scruple the payment.

*Sir Ant.* The next time I do you this favour, take care to be better provided; don't let me lose my labour upon you; I speak as a friend to you.

*Sir Gent.* I'll take your advice.

*Sir Ant.* If I were not just upon my leaving the town, and in a very great haste, I can tell you, you should not get off so easily.

*Sir Gent.* I am beholding to you: but I am sorry we lose you so soon.

*Sir Ant.* You may find me again, if Christendom stands where it does a twelvemonth to an end; let not that trouble you.

[*Exit after Sir Gentle.*

*Valentine comes forth.*

*Val.* Thus all things are provided for by fate :  
The witty man enjoys the fool's estate.  
So rich and poor, let 'em compute their gains ;  
One has his lot in lands, and one in brains.  
And 'tis but justice fortune should do more  
For him, who being born so, would be poor. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

*Enter Count Canaile and Abbé.*

*Can.* I allow all you say : and last night's action has not declin'd the count from my esteem, more than it raises *Valentine*.

*Abb.* He'll keep your daughter more orderly than a nunnery can ; ev'n let him marry her.

*Can.* You know, I'm out of my own power and choice.

*Abb.* Hang your choice ; you may be asham'd on't.

*Can.* Indeed I do repent it ; but my word and reputation are engag'd to him.

*Abb.* Is that a man to make a grandfather ?

*Can.* No other shall, by *Floriante*, make me one : and therefore she shall be religious, and take the habit in her sister's room —

*Abb.* What, make a nun of her, against her will !

*Can.* To cut off all pretenders ; but to prove how I regard your friend, *Charlotte* you know, inferior in nothing but her years, if *Valentine* likes her, she has my leave, and shall receive his visits at the grate : let him but conquer her, he has gain'd me. [Exit.

*Abb.* Let him get *Floriante*, and he conquers thee.

*Palmer enters in another disguise.*

Ah my little *Palmer* ! you lye as close as a man in a proclamation ; but you are a pilgrim of honour I find —

*Palm.* Where I am engag'd, sir —

*Abb.* Sir *Anthony* can never discover thee.

[Turns him about.

*Palm.* I warrant I do your business —

*Abb.*

*Abb.* And your own business—

*Palm.* My own business to be sure, and Sir *Antony's* too, or I shall lose my labour.

*Abb.* About it, about instantly, and prosper, my little *Palmer*. [Exit *Palmer*.]

*Enter Valentine with Sir Antony and Sir Gentle.*

*Abb. Valentine!* I have some news for you:

[Walks off with him.]

*Sir Ant.* But you amaze me, *Sir Gentle*—

*Sir Gent.* It would amaze one indeed, *Sir Antony*.

*Sir Ant.* 'Tis the oddest piece of roguery and impudence that I have heard of.

*Sir Gent.* Ay, so 'tis, 'tis pretty odd, and impudent indeed.

*Sir Ant.* A cheating gypsey; I warrant she has had her eye upon you, from your first coming to town.

*Sir Gent.* Nay, not unlikely.

*Sir Ant.* I began to suspect her myself, she press'd me so often to bring you.

*Sir Gent.* Ah, if I had known that, *Sir Antony!*

*Sir Ant.* Why, what if you had?

*Sir Gent.* Why, I would ha' staid away; but if you had been with me, it had been the better for me.

*Sir Ant.* Much at one for that, I believe. But is she gone out of town, do you say? You should have apprehended her—

*Sir Gent.* Pugh, pugh—she's gone from her lodging, she must not stay long in a place.

*Sir Ant.* 'Tis very well she's gone—

*Sir Gent.* Ay, so it is: and I hope I shall never see her again. [Exit.]

*Sir Ant.* I dare swear for him, he speaks his heart.

*Enter Palmer to him.*

Well, sir—your business with me? If it be grave or wise, keep it for your own use; I never approve discretion in any man but a pimp.

*Palm.* Sir, you may say what you please, or call me what you please—

*Sir Ant.* Nay, fir, I honour you, if you are one.

*Palm.* Then I am one, and one employ'd to you.

*Sir Ant.* Begin your employment, that I may go about mine.

*Palm.* Why then, fir, in few words; there's a lady dying for you——

*Sir Ant.* I never visit the sick, let her die in peace: but don't let a priest come near her; he'll ask her bawdy questions, when she has a mind to be serious.

*Palm.* She's only dying for you, fir.

*Sir Ant.* Were she living for me, I could say something to her; if she make a will, as far as the legacy goes, I may remember her.

*Palm.* Your mirth becomes you, fir; but the lady's in very good health, and, in short, only dying in love with you.

*Sir Ant.* Short and sweet.

*Palm.* And has a mind——

*Sir Ant.* I know her mind; and what she has a mind to.

*Palm.* You know the world enough, fir; to excuse a lady in love——

*Sir Ant.* And absolve her too.

*Palm.* Tho' she should have a husband——

*Sir Ant.* For making him a cuckold——

*Palm.* Not to make a practice of it.

*Sir Ant.* The oftner the better.

*Palm.* Nay, indeed, there's a great deal to be said for the poor women; how can they help or avoid their inclinations?

Men are to blame, who like young conjurers, prove

(Safe in the circle of a wedding-ring)

The magick spell of wedlock upon love:

So, cuckolds make themselves by marrying.

*Sir Ant.* Very casuistically brought about, fir. And I am so much of your opinion, that I think the lady cannot do herself a better justice, nor me a greater favour, than allow me to wait upon her on such an occasion.

*Palm.* That she does in this billet: and if you think it worth your while to visit her—will do you richer, and greater favours.

*Sir*

*Sir Ant.* I am at present engag'd—but in the evening—

*Palm.* The evening would do well: I am bid to say, her husband's out of town, the rest her note will best inform you in. [Going.]

*Sir Ant.* Then this shall be my guide.

*Palm.* I may cheat you out of your cunning, before I ha' done with you. [Exit.]

*Sir Ant.* Why, what the devil am I engaging in again! I shall draw all the women in town upon me, at this rate: maids, wives, and widows, have one curiosity or another always to be satisfy'd. I have a reputation among 'em; and if I don't keep it up, by answering their expectations—I shall fail of mine, in my frolicks, and be discover'd; and that I have no mind to be yet a while! But how the devil shall I answer their expectations—or this lady's in particular, who has bespoke me for her evening service? If I go, I shall disappoint her more than if I stay away; and I know, good soul, she would be as much concern'd for me, to find me no man, as at another time she would be for herself, to be found no maid, if she had a mind to be thought one. O here comes *Valentine*!

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* I would as soon be a lawyer as a lover at this rate. Following a mistress to no purpose, is as bad as trudging a-foot to *Westminster* for no fee. Can you corrupt a nunnery for me, my little knight?

*Sir Ant.* I will do any thing for you—but first you must lend me your limbs, to carry on a design—

*Val.* Do what you please with me. [Exeunt.]

*Palmer re-enters with the Abbé.*

*Abb.* Thou art a most incomparable fellow, *Palmer*; the prince of pimps and pilgrims! But what! *Sir Antony* is a young smoaky rogue I warrant you, he suspected something—

*Palm.* Not a bit of suspicion.

*Abb.* He might scruple it at first, you know.

*Palm.*

*Palm.* First or last, he made no scruple at all! But came into my net, as fast as I could spread it for him!

*Abb.* But came into my net, as fast as I could spread it for him! prettily express'd upon the occasion! And I shall love a setting-dog, as long as I live, for the sake of the simile.

*Palm.* I'm glad it pleases you.

*Abb.* Pleases me! Yes, yes, it pleases me! every thing pleases me. But ha! my boy! he must not get from us, now we have him in the net.

*Palm.* 'Tis our fault, if he does.

*Abb.* Why, Sir *Antony* has us'd thee but scurvily——

*Palm.* To my cost.

*Abb.* And revenge is very natural——

*Palm.* And very sweet.

*Abb.* Revenge is sweet indeed; it must be sweet; a sweet revenge, upon so sweet a boy; and take my word, I'll do you that justice upon him: for I'll tell you what I intend to do with him——

*Palm.* Ay, pray fir.

*Abb.* Why in the first place I intend——not to open my lips upon that subject. But I mean——

*Palm.* I hope so, fir.

*Abb.* If I can compass my design, I mean——

*Palm.* What do you mean?

*Abb.* Not to explain myself, *Palmer*——ah rogue! But you know what I mean. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Sir Antony's lodging.

Enter Sir Antony, and Ilford.

*Sir Ant.* Why to tell you the truth, *Ilford*, there is a woman in the case; I expect her every minute.

*Ilf.* I fancy'd some such thing.

*Sir Ant.* She is a thing to be fancy'd; and you would think so, if you saw her.

*Ilf.* Do I know her, Sir *Antony*?

*Sir Ant.* You have seen her.

*Ilf.* What, nothing more of her?

*Sir Ant.* None of your peevish questions.

*Ilf.* 'Tis not *Volante* ?

*Sir Ant.* If it were, you don't come to quarrel for her.

*Ilf.* Not I faith, knight: I come in absolute good nature to visit you.

*Sir Ant.* Why indeed, I could not expect the favour at you hands, as matters stand between us.

*Ilf.* Nothing shall stand between us: nothing did, but a woman; and I come to strike up a friendship, offensive and defensive with you, by making a very fair offer to dispose of her.

*Sir Ant.* If you mean *Volante*, she will dispose of herself.

*Ilf.* I know she would dispose of herself to you: but you won't marry her, *Sir Antony*: now I am one of those foolish fellows, who don't apprehend a danger, till they are in't. I never think of being a cuckold: I love *Volante*, and would marry her—Come, come, there are women enow for the ill-natur'd purpose of your love: quit her to me, do a generous thing to a woman that loves you; and to a man, who would engage you for a friend.

*Sir Ant.* Why faith, *Ilford*, I would do a great deal for you; but I must do something for her.

*Ilf.* Do me a favour, and don't undo her fame.

*Sir Ant.* But there's the pleasure on't—

*Ilf.* To ruin the woman that loves you—

*Sir Ant.* Not so much out of ill nature to her, as good nature to myself; reputation must be had; and we young men generally raise ours out of the ruin of the women's.

*Ilf.* But *Volante* is a woman of quality, and has relations to do her right, if you don't do her reason.

*Sir Ant.* Would she had a brother, to make a business on't; he could not do her so much right, in fighting for her, as he would do me reason in making it the talk of the town.

*Ilf.* That would set it about indeed.

*Sir Ant.* If I should say, I had lain with her, or endeavour to set it a-foot, 'twould fall of itself.

*Ilf.*



*Ilf.* As an impotent piece of vanity, or folly, in a young man.

*Sir Ant.* But no body dares make a doubt of a report, when a relation has taken an honourable care, by a duel, to fix the scandal in the family.

*Ilf.* Why, truly I think the men of honour are out in that business: scandal does not fall into the hands of a surgeon, like the wounds of the body for the cure: opening and probing makes the malady but more inveterate, and the least air taints it to a mortification.

*Sir Ant.* It heals best of itself without a plaster.

*Ilf.* And time must finish the work. I have observed some women live themselves into a second reputation—

*Sir Ant.* And other women, who by natural negligence, never setting up for any, from the freedom of their behaviour, have pass'd uncensur'd in those public places, and pleasures, which would have undone ladies of a sprucer conversation but to have appear'd in.

*Ilf.* So that 'tis not what they do, but not doing all of a piece, that ruins their character, and undoes the women—

*Sir Ant.* And condemns the men too: for 'tis not any man's opinion, but his shifting it to the occasion, that makes him a rascal; as let his opinion be what it will, if he continues the same, and acts upon a principle, he may be an honest man: but 'tis no character I would advise a friend to.

*Ilf.* But this is from my business, Sir *Antony!* and, all things consider'd, the difficulties of getting, and the danger of enjoying *Volante*, in my opinion, her woman would be the better intrigue.

*Sir Ant.* Why indeed the woman would often be the better intrigue, were she as difficult to be compass'd as her lady.

*Ilf.* It seems the danger doubles your delight.

*Sir Ant.* And we naturally covet, what we are forbid; for very often 'tis the bare pleasure of breaking the commandment, that makes another man's wife more desirable than his own.

*Ilf.*

*Ilf.* As at present, the bare pleasure of opposing my interest, has carry'd on yours with *Volante* farther than otherwise you design'd.\*

*Sir Ant.* Why faith, there's something in that too, *Ilford*: not but I have a very good opinion of the lady.

*Ilf.* Well, *Sir Antony*, I wish you would think it worth your while, to make a friend of me——

*Sir Ant.* I would make a friend of you.

*Ilf.* Resign your title then: 'tis but giving me now, what in a little time you will decline of yourself: make *Volante* mine, and make me yours.

*Sir Ant.* I would with all my heart; if I could do it with honour.

*Ilf.* I warrant you with honour.

*Sir Ant.* But how can I disengage myself? matters are gone a great way between us——she's coming up to me. [*Waitwell whispers and goes out.*] Step into that closet, you will over-hear what we say; I won't promise I can do you any service with her, but I'll do you all the good I can; that you may be sure of, and depend upon.

*Ilf.* At least, seeing her here, will do some good upon me. [*Goes in.*]

*Enter Volante.*

*Sir Ant.* O madam, you are as good as your word.

*Vol.* I can keep it, you see, at your cost, when I like the occasion.

*Sir Ant.* We men are not more punctual to an appointment upon the hopes of a new mistress, than you women are upon the first promise of a husband.

*Vol.* And it stands us upon to be diligent in both sexes. For neither the men, nor the women, continue long in the mind of allowing those favours.

*Sir Ant.* Why faith, child, the best excuse for foolish things——(as marriage you allow to be one——

*Vol.* A convenient foolish thing.)

*Sir Ant.* Is the doing 'em without thinking. But, what madam, can't a man sport off a little innocent gallantry

gallantry with a lady, without being serious a' both sides; you are in earnest, I see.

*Vol.* Why there's the jest.

*Sir Ant.* And keep me to my word.

*Vol.* On my word will I.

*Sir Ant.* You take all advantages.

*Vol.* I may be allow'd to take what advantage I can in the beginning; I shall be sure to be the loser in the end.

*Sir Ant.* In all plays, one side must be the loser; but marriage is the only game, where no body can be the winner.

*Vol.* That's making an ill bett indeed, where we may lose, and can't win; yet I am resolv'd to venture.

*Sir Ant.* But, child, hast thou no more mercy upon my youth, my dress, my wit, and good humour, than to make a husband of me.

*Vol.* Since you could not have me on your own terms, I know you'll take me on mine.

*Sir Ant.* Well there's nothing but cheating in love; very often indeed we are beforehand with the women; but when we marry 'em I'm sure they cheat us.

*Vol.* And when do I cheat you, *Sir Antony*?

*Sir Ant.* Have a care of cheating yourself, madam?

*Vol.* Nay, one time or other, all women are to be fool'd, and I had rather you should have the profit of me than any body else.

*Sir Ant.* And pleasure too, I beseech you. I am now going with *Valentine* to the nunnery, to see his new mistress *Charlott* —

*Vol.* And by her interest, to see his old mistress, *Flo-riante*; I know the story, and what the Abbé designs in it.

*Sir Ant.* I shall be back in an hour; by that time the evening will conceal you the better: if then you are brave enough —

*Vol.* To meet you, with a priest for a second.

*Sir Ant.* I'll have a father ready to bless our endeavours.

*Vol.*

*Vol.* Let him be by to see you play me fair,  
And do your worst or best, and never spare. [*Exit Vol.*  
*Sir Ant.* I warrant you, the first night for an heir.

*Ilford coming forward to Sir Antony.*

*Ilf.* O sir, your servant: I see I am beholden to you.

*Sir Ant.* The most in the world egad when you know all.

*Ilf.* Know all; I know enough to convince me, that you are not capable of a serious design of serving your honour or your friend——

*Sir Ant.* What's the matter now, man?

*Ilf.* And I was a coxcomb for thinking you could.

*Sir Ant.* Nay, you may be a coxcomb however.

*Ilf.* What's that you say?

*Sir Ant.* No quarrelling I beseech you, till you have cause——

*Ilf.* Till I have cause; I think you have given me sufficient cause——

*Sir Ant.* To thank me, I have; if you know how to be grateful.

*Ilf.* O, I must needs be grateful; and always confess the obligation you have laid upon me, in promoting my interest so visibly with *Volante*——

*Sir Ant.* So opposite to my own with her.

*Ilf.* With so much diligence and good nature——

*Sir Ant.* Well remember'd, egad.

*Ilf.* That in my hearing, and still to advance my interest——you have made an appointment to marry her——

*Sir Ant.* And put you to bed to her.

*Ilf.* How, how, *Sir Antony*?

*Sir Ant.* I knew there was no other way to do you a service with her; therefore I resolv'd to marry her for you, and put you to bed to her for me.

*Ilf.* Incomparable design!

*Sir Ant.* A poor project of mine, sir; if you had engag'd in't, it might ha' turn'd to account; but as 'tis, I go as I did.

*Ilf.* But take me along with you.

*Sir Ant.*

*Sir Ant.* I never impose a courtesy upon any man; nor quarrel because he is not sensible I am his friend; when you come to yourself, you may repent——

*Ilf.* I do repent, and confess myself——

*Sir Ant.* Well; what do you confess yourself to be?

*Ilf.* A fool, an ass, to pretend to vie with you in any thing.

*Sir Ant.* And will you always keep in this humble opinion of yourself, and allow me the ascendant?

*Ilf.* I shall be an ass if I don't.

*Sir Ant.* But you must confess yourself a coxcomb——

*Ilf.* Ay, any thing.

*Sir Ant.* For pretending to censure before you understood my design.

*Ilf.* You told me I was a coxcomb before; and now I begin to believe it myself.

*Sir Ant.* Well, upon your penitence, I pardon, and take you into favour again.

*Ilf.* And into the design.

*Sir Ant.* That you must be: and to convince you that what I do is perfectly in your interest, you'll marry yourself——

*Ilf.* With all my heart.

*Sir Ant.* I have a habit for you.  
Thus in the world men keep a pother,  
And marry wives for one another:  
And most, like me, in frolicks woe,  
And, to their shame, as little do;  
But marry'd women know the sense  
And rights of due benevolence:  
I but provide for mine, what she would soon;  
For first, or last, that duty must be done. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Ilford in a priest's habit, between Sir Antony and Volante: Sir Antony leads her to the door: Ilford dresses himself in his own cloaths.*

*Sir Ant.* NOW you have done the office of a father to the lady, you may do the office of friend to me, and go to bed to her. I can do no more than give you an opportunity: but if you don't employ it to her advantage, she'll never rely upon you, to improve another to your own.

*Ilf.* I never deserve another, if I don't make use of this.

*Sir Ant.* There's no ceremony to make the bride coy, in going to bed; she came in an undress, as loose as her wishes; and being under the impediment of but two pins, I warrant she's in expectation already.

*Ilf.* She shan't expect long.

*Sir Ant.* There she is; kiss my wife and welcome. She won't cry out, for her own sake, till too late to discover it for mine.

*Ilf.* If she should, I think the castle's our own.

*Sir Ant.* I leave you to your fortune; I am going to seek mine in another adventure. *[Exit.*

*Ilf.* You have made my fortune here.

SCENE changes to a bed-chamber.

S O N G.

*Volante sola.*

Methinks my knight begins to shew himself already in a husband's indifference; making we wait so long alone, in a place where nothing but his company can entertain me: but I have heard indeed, that she who marries a man for his conversation or good humour, takes care only to secure the least, or the worst part of it to herself: so this is but a small fault in matrimony;  
and

and ten to one, before the year comes about, I may have a more reasonable cause of repenting. I think I hear him: O fir, are you come?

*Enter Ilford to her.*

*Ilf.* Sooner than you expected, I believe.

*Vol.* How! *Ilford!*—— [*Surpris'd, and turning away.*]

*Ilf.* I see you are surpris'd to see me here; and indeed the occasion, that brings me to you is very surpris'ing.

*Vol.* What can you mean by this?

*Ilf.* You have stol'n a wedding, madam, tho' you think to make it a secret; you can't expect that Sir *Antony* should bring his vanity so low, not to make a boast of the favour he has done you.

*Vol.* By sending you to me?

*Ilf.* To wish you joy.

*Vol.* A very likely story.

*Ilf.* And give you joy, madam.

*Vol.* Would Sir *Antony* would come, to thank you for your compliment.

*Ilf.* He sent me with the compliment——

*Vol.* He send you!

*Ilf.* To supply his place to-night. Your husband will not come.

*Vol.* Not come to me?

*Ilf.* Be satisfis'd so far you are abus'd; and to convince you, tho' too late, how unreasonably you have prefer'd that creature to every body, he has done what no body else could ha' done to you.

*Vol.* What has he done?

*Ilf.* Giv'n me a fuller revenge upon your folly and scorn than I cou'd ha' conceiv'd for myself——

*Vol.* What has he done to me?

*Ilf.* He has marry'd and undone you, left you——

*Vol.* Left me!

*Ilf.* The first night left you; left you to me: not that I believe he design'd me a favour, more than he would ha' done any man else; but you had us'd me so very ill, he imagin'd I was capable of any malicious design of exposing you.

*Vol.*

*Vol.* Of exposing me!

*If.* But that you need not apprehend from me.

*Vol.* I'm in your power; but pity me. My folly and my fortune are too plain.

*If.* Do you perceive it now?

*Vol.* I should ha' seen it sooner.

*If.* 'Tis well you find it now. However you deserve of me, I come to serve you: and since this opportunity (that favours, and was given me for baser ends) encourages me to nothing beyond the hope of your esteem, you must give me leave to think, that from my behaviour, I deserve that honour better than my trifling rival does the title of your love.

*Vol.* You deserve every thing.

*If.* I said enough to warn you of him; but you would venture.

*Vol.* My shame confounds me!

*If.* You would not credit me.

*Vol.* I can but wish I had.

*If.* Were it to do again, you would follow your inclination, and do the same thing?

*Vol.* I hate the villain.

*If.* In your anger?

*Vol.* No, to death I hate him: and were I free from him——

*If.* You would not marry him!

*Vol.* Never.

*If.* Then you are free from him.

*Vol.* How! free from him!

*If.* Not marry'd to him.

*Vol.* Would you could prove it too.

*If.* I'll make it plain, if you'll consent to it——

*Vol.* More willingly than I did e'er consent. Make that but plain to me; and what returns are in the poor power of one so lost——

*If.* So sav'd, I hope.

*Vol.* You shall command.

*If.* I may restore you to your liberty; but never can myself.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



SCENE changes to the street.

Enter Sir Antony and Valentine.

*Sir Ant.* This is the time, and place of appointment; what 'twill come to, *Valentine*, I can't tell.

*Val.* 'Tis a whimsical undertaking methinks, to support another woman's intrigue, at your expence——

*Sir Ant.* There's no buying such a frolic too dear.

*Val.* And part with your lover to oblige her!

*Sir Ant.* So long, I can part with you; to provide for your pleasure as well as my own: besides, 'tis a diverting piece of roguery; and will be a jest as long as we know one another.

Enter Palmer.

*Palm.* Who's there? *Sir Antony!*

*Sir Ant.* The same; I am afore-hand with you.

*Palm.* The lady, fir, will thank you. Whom have you with you there?

*Sir Ant.* Only a servant.

*Palm.* You'll have no need of him; I come to serve you: besides he may be seen.

*Sir Ant.* I'll send him away.

*Palm.* I'll but step in, to make your way to the lady, and will wait upon you again. [Exit.

*Val.* By this fellow's advising to send away your servant, I fancy he may be a rogue

*Sir Ant.* If he be a rogue, I am resolv'd to discover the bottom of him; but if there be a woman in the case, I'll leave you to the employment——

Enter Palmer.

*Palm.* Sir.

*Sir Ant.* Here.

*Palm.* Are you alone?

*Sir Ant.* I am.

*Palm.* Follow me.

*Sir Ant.* Follow me.

[Exeunt, Valentine following Sir Antony.

SCENE

SCENE changes to the inside of a House.

Enter Sir Antony and Valentine

*Val.* Your pimp proceeds with caution. But these dark deeds may require our dark lanthorn.

*Sir Ant.* Give it me; I can manage this; you must manage the lady; and for once, not to make a custom of it, I'll hold a candle to you.

Palmer enters.

*Palm.* Where are you, Sir Antony?

*Val.* Here.

*Palm.* I'm glad you are, and here I'll keep you——

*Val.* Ha!

*Palm.* Have you forgot your friend the *Pilgrim*? I am that lady in love with you; and now I have you to myself, I must come nearer to you.

*Val.* The devil you must——

[Throws Palmer down, Sir Antony with his lanthorn goes to them.

*Sir Ant.* Are you my friend the pilgrim, do you say?

*Palm.* Then I am lost again.

*Sir Ant.* Why how came I to forget you so soon? and are you the lady that was in love with me?

*Val.* Rise; and tell all you know of this business, or it shall be the last you shall ever engage in; I know enough of you to send you to the gallies.

*Palm.* Why indeed gentlemen, I won't stand trial with you; I confess some design of my own upon Sir Antony: but your very good friend, the Abbé, first set it on foot, by employing, and paying me well, to decoy you into his power; now, sir, knowing your character, I thought nothing would sooner spirit you any where, than the hopes of a new woman.

*Sir Ant.* You see I am true to my assignation.

*Val.* But where's the Abbé all the while?

*Palm.* He's in the house, expecting the good hour.

*Val.* How shall we do with him?

*Palm.* To make my peace with you, I'll contribute to any design against him.

*Val.* That must be your way.

*Sir Ant.* Go then; and to keep up the jest, say nothing of what is past, but bring him to me—— [Exit Palm.]

*Val.* What do you design now?

*Sir Ant.* To continue the scene with him. For having, as I told you, dispos'd of his niece *Volante* to our friend *Ilford*, I suppose they may have occasion, by tomorrow, for his approbation of what they are doing to-night.

*Val.* That's well thought on; his consent will come the easier, for our having a hank upon him.

*Sir Ant.* Get you gone then, like an evidence, behind the hangings. [Val. retires.]

*The Abbé enters to Sir Antony, singing, and dances round him.*

## S O N G.

*Abb.* Have I caught you, my little *Mercury*! have I caught you!

*Sir Ant.* You're very nimble, sir.

*Abb.* Ay, ay; I have it in my head.

*Sir Ant.* And in your heels too.

*Abb.* Upon occasion——Ah my little man! I'm young again; when I like my company.

*Sir Ant.* But who could expect to see you here?

*Abb.* Why any body would have expected it; how could you expect otherwise? how could you think, I could stay from you so long? what, you expected a woman?

*Sir Ant.* I did indeed.

*Abb.* Let the women expect you, there's a plentiful crop of maidenheads: if the war continues to carry off the whoremasters, some of them must fall of themselves without gathering; there will scarce be reapers enough for that harvest.

*Sir Ant.* There's no female famine, in this year's almanack; no fear of wanting women.

*Abb.* No, no; no fear of wanting women; but a good  
good

good-natur'd, old merry fellow, as I may be, who can tittle tattle, and gossip in their families, upon an ancient privilege with the mothers, may do any thing with the daughters: such a man is a jewel, to bring you together.

*Sir Ant.* Such a man would be a jewel indeed.

*Abb.* I know, you little rogue, your business is to be wicked: I love to be wicked myself too sometimes, as often as I can decently bring it about, without scandal: and I will be as wicked—as wicked as I can be, for you, and with you.

*Sir Ant.* You can do no more than you can do, good old gentleman.

*Abb.* Old gentleman! I won't be an old gentleman; I'm never older than the company I am in: what, five and fifty does not make an old man; 'tis want of appetite, infirmity, and decay, not five and fifty, that makes a man old: five and fifty has its pleasures——

*Sir Ant.* As good have none, Abbé; they are faint and feeble.

*Abb.* Delicate and dainty, my dear; palatable and pleasant, and thou art mine.

*Sir Ant.* How shall I know that, sir?

*Abb.* Why thou sha't know, all in good time, child; but an old fellow, you say! [*Unbuttons, and throws down his cloak.*] What shall I do now, to convince you, that I am not an old fellow? let me see; what shall I do for you.

*Sir Ant.* What can you do for me!

*Abb.* What can I do for you?

*Sir Ant.* To prove you are not an old fellow.

*Abb.* What can I?——why I can——I can part with my money to thee.

*Sir Ant.* That's one argument indeed.

*Abb.* Besides I can——I won't tell you what I can: but if you'll step into the next room with me, I have a collation for you, and a——There you shall find, what I can do for you.

*Sir Ant.* I If should retire with you, you'll be disappointed——

*Abb.* No, no, don't talk of disappointment; I hate to be disappointed—We're very luckily alone, and should make a good use of our time; no body will come to disturb us.

*Sir Ant.* But I may disappoint you myself—

*Abb.* You will exceedingly; if you don't go along with me: delays are dangerous, when opportunities are scarce; and we elderly fellows have 'em but seldom— I vow I'll teize you, and kiss you into good humour; I swear I will; if you won't go.

*Sir Ant.* But 'tis not in my power to oblige you.

*Abb.* I'll put it into your power, I warrant you.

*Sir Ant.* But that I doubt, sir. For very unhappily for your purpose; I am a—woman.

*Abb.* Ha! how, a woman! [*Drops her hand.*

*Sir Ant.* A woman!

*Abb.* What the devil have I been doing all this while? a woman? are you sure you're a woman?

*Sir Ant.* How shall I convince you?

*Abb.* Nay, nay; I am easily convinc'd; the very name has convinc'd me.

*Sir Ant.* But if you have a mind to be satisfied—

*Abb.* I thank you, madam, I am satisfied, more than I desire to be satisfied; and as much satisfied as I can be, with a woman.

*Sir Ant.* I told you I shou'd disappoint you—

[*Abbé puts on his cloak again.*

*Abb.* You did indeed; and you have kept your word with me, you have disappointed me, plaguily disappointed me. But I beg your pardon, madam, I hope there's no offence in a little waggery—

*Sir Ant.* None at all, sir.

*Abb.* I don't use to take the freedom of being so familiar with the ladies—

*Sir Ant.* I do believe you.

*Abb.* Indeed I don't; I pay a greater respect to your sex; and had I known you were a woman before, I had kept my distance—

*Sir Ant.* Fie, fie, sir, ceremony among friends! tho' you know me now to be a woman, you need not keep a distance.

a distance. What tho' I have disappointed you in your way, I may make you amends in my own——

*Abb.* So you may indeed, madam——

*Sir Ant.* You guess what I mean, Abbé?

*Abb.* If you would be but so gracious.

*Sir Ant.* How gracious would you have me be?

*Abb.* Ah! you'll never grant me the favour——

*Sir Ant.* What favour?

*Abb.* Why——to say nothing of this business.

*Sir Ant.* Is that the favour?

*Abb.* That's all, madam; the greatest favour you can do me; and then you do my business.

*Sir Ant.* Can you part with any money now to me, now I'm a woman?

*Abb.* Here are a hundred luidores in this purse——

*Sir Ant.* To muzzle the scandal.

*Abb.* And I'll get you a husband into the bargain.

*Enter Valentine and Palmer.*

*Val.* She'll keep your council, Abbé.

*Abb.* Hem, hem, hem!

*Val.* And in the scarcity of men, you'll do her a mighty favour, I can tell her, to secure a husband for her.

*Abb.* Hold you your tongue, sir. You shall have a wife too, if *Floriant* will content you; that rogue *Palmer* has betray'd me.

*Val.* No body shall betray you; we are all friends: but this lady and I have a favour to beg of you.

*Abb.* A favour to beg of me! any thing, any thing, as many favours as you please; 'tis but asking, and having, in the humour I am in, gentlemen.

*Sir Ant.* Our friend *Iford* has marry'd your niece *Volante*, and you must give your consent to the wedding.

*Abb.* Give my consent to the wedding! why, I'll dance at the wedding. I'll have a fiddle, and a young fellow to tickle me, and teach me to caper. Gads so; I don't know what legs I stand upon at the news on't! I'll be as brisk as the bridegroom the first night. But we

shall neither of us hold it; 'twon't last the year round with us; I'm an old fellow, that's the truth on't, 'tis done with me already; I'm upon my last legs. But I have *Floriante* and *Charlott* to provide for still; poor girls! while they are in an nunnery, they lie upon my conscience: let me but bring them into the world again, and I'll be contented to go out on't——

*Val.* Not yet a great while, Abbé.

*Abb.* As soon as I can get myself in the mind.

*Sir Ant.* We'll keep you in another mind.

*Abb.* Nay, I am easily persuaded; but I have done with you.

*Val.* The lady Abbess is consenting to their escape.

*Abb.* Being a kinswoman, she was easily persuaded to give 'em an opportunity.

*Val.* 'Tis near the time now; would I had *Ilford* here.

*Sir Ant.* Why, I am here; I'll stand and fall by you.

*Val.* I must not now expose you.

*Abb.* If you can but carry 'em off, the business is laid to your hands. [*Ex.*

*Palm.* My business is over in this town; and I had best get off while I can; for fear of bringing a worse business upon me. [*Exit.*

S C E N E, *the back-side of a Nunnery.*

*Enter Verole and his Bravoe's.*

*Ver.* What *Floriante* means by this invitation to me, I can't tell; 'tis a favour she never vouchsafed me before: perhaps the apprehension of taking the habit which her father intends she shall, has wrought upon her to consent rather to marry me: but let her consent, and design what she pleases, if she puts herself into my power, as to-night she says she will, I design to let her see, how very little I value that favour, for which I must be oblig'd more to her confinement, than to her inclination, or choice. Stand close, here's company.

*Enter*

*Enter Valentine, Sir Antony, and two Servants*

*Val.* I am as full of apprehension, as an old soldier upon the guard of a counterescarp; where his fears cannot be more uneasy, than my hopes are now.

*Ver.* He should be an *Englishman*, by the similitude to let his friends know, from his own mouth, that he has made a campaign.

*Sir Ant.* This is the backside of the nunnery——

*Val.* And the garden door——I think I hear it open——

*Charlott enters.*

O *Floriante!*

*Ver. Floriante!*

*Sir Ant.* Stand fast, we're set upon.

*Val.* You must not meet the danger—— [To *Sir Ant.*

*Ver.* Fall on, and kill the ravisher—— [Fights.

Come, my fair fugitive, you must along with me.

[Leads her out.

*Valentine's party beats the Bravoe's off; one wounded stays.*  
*Floriante enters as Charlott did.*

*Flo.* What noise was that?

*Brav.* Some help, I hope.

*Flo.* How my sister *Charlott* has succeeded, under my name, with her count, to-morrow will discover.

*Brav.* Ha! the count then has the wrong woman.

*Flo.* Would *Valentine* were come.

*Brav.* O would he were, to help me!

*Flo.* Who's there? a man wounded?

*Brav.* One of your servants, if you are *Floriante*.

*Flo.* I am.

*Brav.* And wounded in your cause.

*Flo.* I'm sorry for't; do you belong to *Valentine*?

*Brav.* I do.

*Flo.* Where is he?

*Brav.* He got off safe; and if you'll lend me your charitable hand, I'll guide you to him. [Going off.

*Re-enter Valentine and Sir Antony.*

*Sir Ant.* Rogues, sons of whores, and cowards!

*Flo.* *Sir Antony!*



*Sir Ant.* Here am I.

*Val.* *Floriente!*

*Flo.* *Valentine!*

*Val.* I was afraid I had lost you.

*Flo.* Here's an honest man was conducting me to you, one of your friends.

*Val.* One of my friends! he's one I did not reckon upon, if he be——This is one of count *Verole's* bravoes.

*Brav.* I am; and had not you interrupted me, I had done my master service; carry'd the lady to him.

*Flo.* What a mischief have I 'scap'd——

*Val.* Thou art a gallant fellow, and dost deserve a better master; but thou hast done thy duty, and I will do mine; carry him home, and get a surgeon to him——

[*Led off.*]

*Flo.* Well; I run a mighty venture.

*Sir Ant.* Of losing a maiden-head, I grant you.

*Flo.* I may repent——

*Sir Ant.* The keeping of it so long.

*Flo.* I may repent at leisure.

*Val.* You may indeed, if you don't make haste; for we must expect to be pursu'd.

*Sir Ant.* You and I, madam, are much about a fize, what if we change cloaths; it may favour your escape, if you come to be follow'd.

*Val.* Admirably thought on! madam, you need not make a scruple of shifting before *Sir Antony*; whom, from this time, you may know to be a woman.

*Flo.* A woman!

*Sir Ant.* Now for my petticoats again—— [Exit.]

SCENE, *the Abbé's house.*

*Count Canaile, Count Verole, Abbé and Charlott.*

*Can.* Sir, I must thank you for the care you have shewn of my family; tho' I believe it has carry'd you farther then you are aware of: this is my daughter  
*Charlott.*

*Ver.* *Charlott!*

*Abb.*

*Abb.* *Charlott!*

*Char.* The very same. But *Floriante* is oblig'd to you; you meant this favour to her: but by this time she has put herself into the care of a gentleman, who will find a kinder way of disposing her, than into the hands of her father.

*Can.* Dishonourable girl!

*Ver.* If it be possible, I'll recover her, and yet revenge my love. [Exit.

*Can.* But *Charlott*, how came you to think of running away with *Valentine*, when you know I design'd you to marry him?

*Char.* Why, I thank you, fir, you design'd very well for me; but I was too well acquainted with *Valentine*, and my sister's thoughts, to depend over much upon that hope: I knew there was no parting them; therefore consented the easier to assist her in getting out of the nunnery.

*Abb.* Very well.

*Can.* Very well, brother!

*Abb.* Let her go on.

*Char.* I began to apprehend the danger of staying behind in a place, and profession, wholly disagreeable to my humour.

*Abb.* And well you might.

*Char.* I thought fit to provide for myself.

*Abb.* In good time you did, niece.

*Char.* And accordingly, in my sister's name, I sent to Count *Verole*; he came at the time appointed, expecting *Floriante*: but *Valentine*, by what accident I know not, coming before his time, knowing nothing of me, or my plot upon the count, took me for her, call'd me *Floriante*, upon which his bravoës fell upon *Valentine*; but the count, in a more gentlemanly regard to his person, encountered me, and brought me where you find me.

*Abb.* But methinks, the count, taking you for *Floriante*, his old mistress, might ha' made another use of his victory, than to have brought you in triumph to your father.

*Char.* I expected he would indeed; but by what he

said to me, I found he had little or no design in coming there; but to revenge himself upon my sister, and her scorn.

*Can.* I'm glad he has no other design upon her.

*Cbar.* And so am I indeed, sir.

*Abb.* Why *Charlott*? you are not in love with the count?

*Cbar.* Not so much in love with the count, as I am out of love with a nunnery: any man had been as welcome.

*Can.* Well, well; if *Valentine* be not hurt, this matter will clear of itself—

*Abb.* And so it will, I warrant you. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *the Street.*

*Enter Sir Gentle Golding.*

*Sir Gen* Why, how a man may be mistaken in his friends! I could not ha' believ'd it; (had not one of their underling rogues told me so himself) that any one could ha' been so cheated, as I have been, by my own countrymen—If I durst but send any of 'em a challenge, I might get some of my money again; but that may draw me into a worse premunire than I have yet been in. Let me see; can't I have a safer revenge upon 'em? *Valentine* has stol'n a fortune, and entrusted me to bring a father to marry 'em; now if I should go wilfull, in a mistake, to the gentlewoman's own father, for a licence to marry 'em. The truth on't is, I have a mind to forbid the bans, and get her myself, if I can; for *Floriant*e is a woman of quality—

*Count Verole* in pursuit of her, enters with his bravo's.

*Ver.* Do you know her, sir?

*Sir Gent.* Yes sir, I think I do.

*Ver.* Then as you are a gentleman, assist me; thus far I have news of her.

*Sir Gent.* I am a gentleman, sir; you shall find me a gentleman: and I'll tell you more news of her; I'll carry

ry

ry you to the very place where she is, fir; and that's as much as you can expect from a gentleman, when a friend is concern'd.

*Ver.* It is indeed, fir, more than I expected; pray along with me. [Ex.

*Enter Valentine with Floriante in Sir Antony's, and Sir Antony in her cloaths.*

*Val.* So far we are safe, ladies, and the shifting your habits will secure us so: would *Sir Gentle* would come again; you're grave at the thought of him!

*Flo.* Men of your conversation and experience in the world, *Valentine*, seldom like the women you marry.

*Val.* Because we seldom marry the women we like.

*Flo.* Well, since marriage at best is a venture, I had as good make it myself, as let another make it for me, at my cost.

*Val.* To let a father chuse for you in love, is as unlucky, as when you are in fancy at play, and pushing at a sum, to desire another to throw out your hand.

*Sir Ant.* I'll be hang'd if that fool, *Sir Gentle*, has not betray'd us. [Looking out.

*Val.* Yonder he comes indeed, with a rabble of rogues at his heels.

*Sir Ant.* There's no resisting 'em; provide for yourselves as well as you can. [Exeunt.

I have yet a trick to cozen 'em. [Exit.

*Enter Sir Gentle and Verole, as before.*

*Ver.* See, see, upon sight of us, they have quitted their prize: is this their *English* gallantry? they're out of sight already. Let 'em go; the lady is our game.

[Exit with followers.

*Sir Gent.* I'll make some of 'em know to their cost, that by using me so little like a gentleman, they have taught me to do as I do, and use 'em as they deserve.

*Verole returns with Sir Antony.*

*Ver.* Now *Floriant*e, you find you have thrown yourself

self away upon a fellow that has not the spirit to stand by you, or himself, to keep your folly in countenance.

*Sir Ant.* Pray, sir, a word with you— [*Takes him aside.*]

*Ver.* Well, madam: what can you say to me?

*Sir Ant.* Why, I say, you're an ass to run about to disturb other people: I am *Sir Antony Love*, not *Floriant*; don't discover me for your own sake, but get you gone about your business, and leave me to this *Englishman*.

*Ver.* I'll take his advice, for fear of being laugh'd at: sir, you have behav'd yourself so like a man of honour in this business, that I must desire you to take care of the lady, while I go to inform her father of what has happen'd. [*Exit Verole, and his followers.*]

*Sir Gent.* Yes, yes; I'll take care of her, I warrant you. Why, what a lucky rogue am I! upon my first inclination to play the knave, to have so good an occasion of doing it. And indeed, who would take a trust upon him, but for the privilege and benefit of breaking it?—So, madam, now I have you in my care.

*Sir Ant.* You are a civil gentleman; I know you.

*Sir Gent.* You shall know me for a civil gentleman, if you please; tho' I am a knight, where I am not familiar.

*Sir Ant.* I know you are, sir; you may have pity for me.

*Sir Gent.* Alack-a-day! I have indeed, a heart brimful for you.

*Sir Ant.* You won't force me to marry that monster?

*Sir Gent.* Not I, as I hope to be fav'd, madam; nothing against fancy.

*Sir Ant.* To throw away my youth, beauty, and fortune, which you know are not contemptible.

*Sir Gent.* Incomparable, madam; incomparable; your youth and beauty, without your fortune.

*Sir Ant.* Would they were worth your asking.

*Sir Gent.* Would I might have 'em for asking.

*Sir Ant.* *Valentine* I despair of: but if there be an *Englishman*, as an *Englishman* he must be—

*Sir*

*Sir Gent.* Why, I am an *Englisbman*; and would marry you.

*Sir Ant.* The sooner you secure me, the better then.

*Sir Gent.* I think so too, madam, [Exit.

Enter Canaile, Verole, Abbé, Ilford, Volante and Charlott.

*Abb.* Why here's a night of action indeed; *Ilford* you began the dance with *Volante*; and count, I hope you'll continue it, with my niece *Charlott*: as for *Valentine* and *Floriant*, they have had their frisk in a corner by this time, or he is not the man I take him for.

*Ver.* When you fell into my hands to-night; had I known my good fortune, I had improv'd it then: but now I have it, in having you—and happier yet, in having your consent.

*Can.* You have my blessing both—

*Valentine and Floriant at the door.*

*Abb.* You may appear, we're all of a family now, cousin-germans, and friends—Come, here's a pair that wants your blessing too.

*Can.* I can't deny it now—rise and be happy.

*Abb.* I have a blessing too for you, my girls; five thousand crowns a piece more than I design'd you; and a thousand extraordinary for her who brings me the first boy; a small gratuity, gentlemen, to keep up your fancy, and encourage your pains, that you mayn't think it unprofitable labour upon your wives.

*Can.* But why in *Sir Antony's* cloaths, *Floriant*? where is this mad knight?

*Flo.* Some where in my petticoats: but the count can give you the best tidings of him.

*Ver.* I left him with one *Sir Gentle Golding*; one whom you are beholden to; for familiarly, upon the first word, he betray'd you, and carry'd me to seize you.

*Val.* Well, I don't doubt but she will give us a handsome revenge upon him.

*Can.* She? who?

*Val.*

*Val.* Sir *Antony*, fir; for this *Sir Antony*, after all, is a woman.

*Omnes.* A woman!

*Abb.* Ay, pox take her, she is a woman.

*Val.* Then I am free indeed.

*Ilf.* And I am happy.

*Val.* At leifure I'll tell you all her story.

*Enter Sir Gentle with Sir Antony.*

*Sir Gent.* Now I am fufficiently reveng'd on *Valentine* and *Sir Antony* for cheating me; I think I have paid 'em in their own coin: and difappointed the count too, in marrying *Floriante*.

*Omnes.* *Floriante!*

*Sir Gent.* Come father-in-law, this bufinefs will out I fee; if you'll give us your blessing fo; if not, I fhall begin upon your daughter without faying grace.

*Can.* Much good may do you, fir, with your bride.

*Val.* Ay, ay; we must all wish you joy, fir; you have a blessing fufficient in a good wife——

*Sir Ant.* If you know when you're well.

*Sir Gent.* O deliver me! what do I fee!

*Val.* Why you fee your old *Mrs. Lucy* in your new lady-wife; we are all witeffes of your owning your marriage.

*Sir Gent.* I do not own it—I'll hang like a dog, drown like a blind puppy, die and be damn'd, but I'll be divorc'd from her.

*Val.* That's your neareft way to a divorce.

*Ilf.* And will fave the trouble of *Doctors Commons*.

*Val.* Come, come, I'll put you in a better; there are old fcores between you and *Mrs. Lucy*——You have made her a lady indeed, which fhews a grateful nature in you, and will found well in the ears of the world. But to fupport her quality——

*Sir Gent.* Her qualities will fupport that.

*Val.* Out of your two thousand pounds a year, give her a rent-charge of five hundred, and she fhall never trouble you more, not fo much as to be a godfather to another man's

man's child upon her body, which may otherwise inherit your acres.

*Sir Gent.* Why there's the devil on't again, to father another man's children, when one is not so much as a-kin to 'em! well, any composition to be rid of her; I find 'tis a blessing I must pay for.

*Val.* Come, come, we must have a dance to all these weddings. [A dance.]

*Sir Ant.* Thus coxcombs always the best husbands prove;

When we are faulty, and begin to rove,  
A sep'rate maintenance supplies our love.

*Sir Gent.* When we have mistresses above our sense,  
We must redeem our persons with our pence.

A SONG



## A SONG in the second Act.

## I.

*P*ursuing beauty, men descry  
*The distant shore, and long to prove*  
*(Still richer in variety)*  
*The treasures of the land of love.*

## II.

*We women, like weak Indians, stand*  
*Inviting, from our golden coast,*  
*The wand'ring rovers to our land:*  
*But she, who trades with 'em, is lost.*

## III.

*With humble vows they first begin,*  
*Stealing, unseen, into the heart:*  
*But by possession settled in,*  
*They quickly act another part.*

## IV.

*For beads, and baubles, we resign,*  
*In ignorance, our shining store;*  
*Discover nature's richest mine,*  
*And yet the tyrants will have more.*

## V.

*Be wise, be wise, and do not try,*  
*How he can court, or you be won:*  
*For love is but discovery;*  
*When that is made, the pleasure's done.*

A SONG

A SONG in dialogue, in the fourth Act.

W O M A N.

*N*O more, sir, no more, I'll e'en give it o'er,  
I see it is all but a cheat;  
Your soft wishing eyes, your vows, and your lies,  
Which thus so you often repeat.

M A N.

'Tis you are to blame, who foolishly claim  
So filly a lean sacrifice:  
But lovers, who pray, must always obey,  
And bring down their knees and their eyes.

W O M A N.

Of late you have made devotion a trade  
In loving as well as religion:  
But you cannot prove, thro' th' ages of love,  
Any worship was offer'd but one.

M A N.

That one let it be, in which we agree;  
Leave forms to the maids, who are younger:  
We're both of a mind, make haste and be kind,  
And continue a goddess no longer.

---

A SONG in the fifth Act.

By Major-General SACKVILLE.

I.

*I*N vain Clemene you bestow  
The promis'd empire of your heart,  
If you refuse to let me know  
The wealthy charms of every part,

My

## II.

*My passion with your kindness grew,  
Tho' beauty gave the first desire :  
But beauty only to pursue,  
Is following a wand'ring fire.*

## III.

*As hills in perspective suppress  
The free enquiry of the sight :  
Restraint makes every pleasure less,  
And takes from love the full delight.*

## IV.

*Faint kisses may in part supply  
Those eager longings of my soul ;  
But oh ! I'm lost, if you deny  
A quick possession of the whole.*

# E P I L O G U E:

Spoken by Mrs. BOTELAR.

**I**F novelty has any charms to move,  
We hope, to-night, we've rais'd your drooping love:  
Not to the youngsters of a noisy pit,  
Whose tongues and mistresses out-run their wit;  
But to the graver sinners of the bench,  
Who from your mother's maids, have lov'd a wench:  
Who, cheek by jowl with time, have handed down  
The vices of all ages to your own:  
Here's a variety, that may delight  
The palate of each age's appetite.  
To you I'm sent, you who have dearly known  
The several rates of pleasure in this town;  
And find at last, 'tis worth but your half crown.  
You'll bear with patience a dull scene, to see,  
In a contented lazy waggery,  
The female Montford bare above the knee.  
She makes a mighty noise, like some of you,  
Who often talk of what you never do:  
She's for all womankind, and awes the town,  
As if her husband's breeches were her own.  
She's been to-night our hero, tho' a female,  
Show me but such a whoremaster, tho' a male:  
Who thro' so many shifts, is still the same,  
Pursues all petticoats, preserves her fame,  
And tho' she can do nothing, keeps the name.  
Some of your names are up too, we suppose,  
Who turn'd of fifty, still would pass for beaux:  
You dance, you dress, you sing, you keep a noise,  
And think you're young, because you herd with boys:  
To such as you there is no mercy owing;  
Your talking must not serve for your not doing.

And

*And since your feeble failings within doors  
Are known to us, be wise, and even scores,  
Supply our wants, and we'll conceal all yours.  
No matter what you can, or cannot do,  
You shall cheat others still, if we cheat you :  
Keep us but rich, and fine, and we shall find  
Young lovers, always able to be kind.*

}

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



