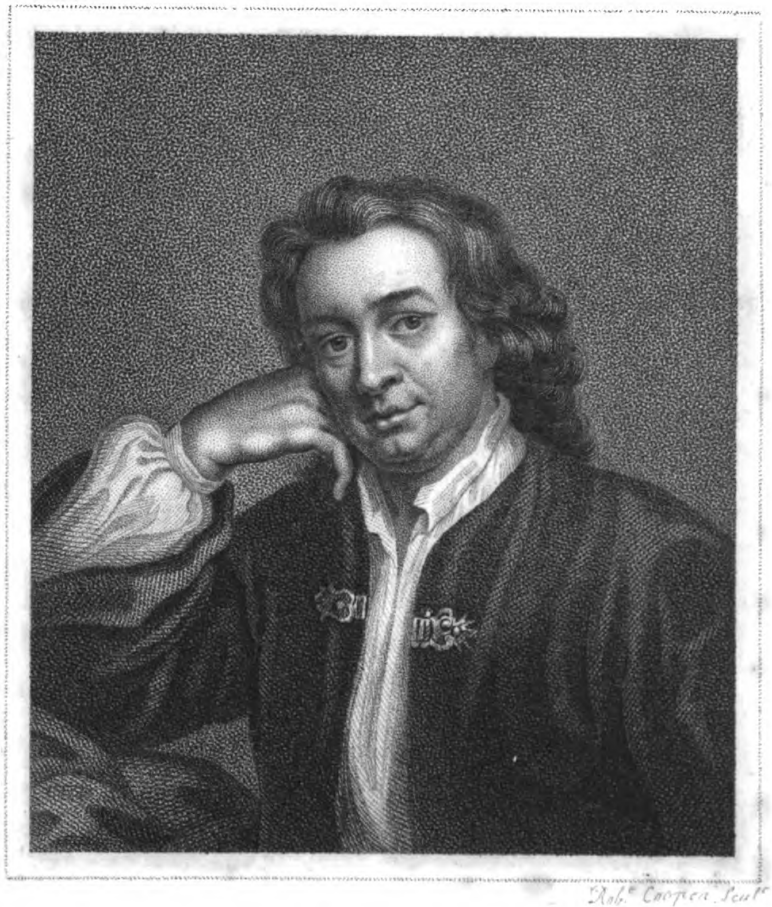
Bd. from Dobell



Robt. Cooper Sculpt.

THOMAS OTWAY.

THE

# WORKS

OF

# THOMAS OTWAY,

CONSISTING OF HIS

## PLAYS, POEMS,

AND

## LETTERS.

WITH

## A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE,

ENLARGED FROM THAT WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

## VOL. I.

CONTAINING

ALCIBIADES.
DON CARLOS, PRINCE OF SPAIN.
TITUS AND BERENICE; WITH THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN.
FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.
THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. PAYNE; WILKIE ND ROBINSON; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN; CADELL AND DAVIES; J. MURRAY; J. MAWMAN; AND R. BALDWIN.

1812.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.

# SKETCH

OF THE

# LIFE OF OTWAY.

OF Thomas Otway, one of the first names in the English Drama,[2] says Dr. Johnson, little is known, nor is there any part of that little which his biographer can take pleasure in relating.

[2] Johnson always appeared not to be sufficiently sensible of the merit of Otway. Boswell's Johnson iv. 121.

He was born at Trottin[3] in Sussex, March 3, 1651-2, the son of the Rev. Humphrey Otway, rector of Woolbeding. From Winchester school, where he was educated, he was entered, in 1669, a commoner of Christ Church,[4] but left the University without a degree, whether for want of money, or from impatience of academical restraint, or mere eagerness to mingle with the world, is not known. The anonymous writer of his life in a preceding edition of his works, reports that he removed from Oxford to St. John's College, Cambridge; the probability of

[4] Ath. Oxon. iv. 168. He matriculated on May 27, 1669 aged 17, but left Oxford in 1672 without a degree. D. N. B.



Johnson has apparently drawn on Biog. Brit. Supplement p. 137 for Otway's life. The poet in the Dedication of Venice Preserved says: "A steady faith and loyalty to my Prince was all the inheritance my father left me." He describes himself in his Poet's Complaint: — "I am a wretch of honest race;
And cheer my parents' loving hearts."
A writer in Gent. Mag. 1745 p. 99, says "His person was of the middle size, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful, speaking eye, and that was all."
[3] Trotton. The river Arun runs by it. Collins Ode to Pity

which rests only on a copy of verses sent to him by Duke, the poet, who was his intimate friend. At Cambridge, however, he could not have remained long, if ever he paid more than a visit to it; for he appeared on the stage in London, in 1672, in the character of the King in Mrs. Behn's "Forced Marriage," and found himself unable to gain any reputation on the stage. If he ever went to Cambridge, it must have been after this period, for Duke himself was not entered of Trinity College until 1675.

The world was wide &c. Poets Complaint

The Jealous Bridegroom Downes. Roscius Aug. 1789 p. 43.

Dr. Johnson has endeavoured to account for his failure on the stage with more precision than perhaps was necessary, as the circumstance is far from being uncommon. This kind of inability, says that eminent critic, he shared with Shakspeare and Jonson, as he shared likewise some of their excellencies. It seems reasonable to expect that a great dramatic poet should without difficulty become a great actor; that he who can feel, should express; that he who can excite passion, should exhibit with great readiness its external modes: but since experience has fully proved, that of those powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be possessed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other; it must be allowed that they depend upon different faculties, or on different use of the same faculty; that the actor

must have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may be easily supposed to want; or that the attention of the poet and the player have been differently employed; the one has been considering thought, and the other action; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face.

But though Otway could not gain much notice as a player, he felt in himself such powers as might qualify him for a dramatic author: and his first attempt was on the higher species of the art. His tragedy of "Alcibiades" was acted at the Theatre Royal in 1675. The story is taken from Cornelius Nepos and Plutarch, but he departs from genuine history, to accommodate the character of his hero to the effect he wished to produce. With Otway, Alcibiades chooses rather to lose his life than injure his defender, king Agis, or abuse his bed. His "Don Carlos," another tragedy in heroic verse, was performed in 1676. It is taken from a novel of the same name by S. Real, and from the Spanish Chronicles in the life of Philip II.

It appears from a letter of Mr. Booth's to Aaron Hill, that "Don Carlos" succeeded much better than either "Venice Preserved" or "The Orphan," and was infinitely more applauded and followed for many years. It is even asserted, that it was played

Longer says "whether from the Alcibiade of Palaprat I have not means to inquire" In Les Œuvres de Palaprat 1699 Alcibiade is not included. Neither is it mentioned in his life in Nouv. Biog. gen. Voltaire says of Brueys: La petite Comedie du Grondeur, supérieure à toutes les farces de Molière, et celle de L'Avocat Pathelin . . . le feront connaître tant qu'il y aura en France un théâtre. Palaprat l'aida dans ces deux jolies pièces. Œuvres xvii. 58

for thirty nights together: but this report, as Dr. Johnson observes, may be reasonably doubted, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time: when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffused through the whole people, and the audience, consisting nearly of the same persons, could be drawn together only by variety. This seems plausible, and Downes, in his Roscius Anglicanus, informs us, that it was acted only ten successive days; but adds, that "it got more money than any preceding tragedy," a circumstance alluded to by Rochester in the "Session of the Poets:"

See Poet's Complaint.

"Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd."

These lines, Dr. Johnson thinks, somewhat improbably, were written on Otway after he returned from Flanders, and lived in great indigence, and therefore he censures Rochester for his "merciless insolence."

In 1677 he produced "Titus and Berenice," a translation, with some alterations, from Racine, in

×Bérénice which was brought out in 1670 – the same year as Corneille's Tite et Bérénice.



three acts, and written in rhyme; and "The Cheats of Scapin," a farce, partly from Moliere, which were acted together with considerable success. The custom of annexing farces to plays was about this time introduced. These were followed, in 1678, by his comedy of "Friendship in Fashion," which had some success; but we know not whether the author was at this time in London. It is certain, that in 1677 he went abroad, a circumstance which is thus introduced by Dr. Johnson:

Revived Jan. 22. 1749 – 50 at Drury Lane.

Garricks Correspondence i. 55.

"Want of morals or of decency, did not in those days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any powers of entertainment; and Otway is said to have been at this time a favourite companion of the dissolute wits.× But as he who desires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himself, those whom Otway frequented had no purpose of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They desired only to drink and laugh: their fondness was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship. Men of wit, says one of Otway's biographers, received at that time no favour from the great but to share their riots; from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow circumstances. Thus they languished in poverty without the support of eminence. In Johnson's Works vii. 174. "imminence," which though it gives no sense, is the reading of both the first and third editions [1783] is changed into "eminence." Both are clearly misprints for innocence.

× I miss'd the brave and wise, &c. Poet's Complaint.

Pref. ed. 1712

"Some exception, however, must be made. The Earl of Plymouth, one of King Charles's natural sons, procured for him a cornet's commission in some troops then (in 1677) sent into Flanders. But Otway did not prosper in his military character: for he soon left his commission behind him, whatever was the reason, and came back to London," where he resumed his dramatic labours. His next tragedy, "Caius Marius," was acted in 1680, and had some success, probably from the author's availing himself of the clamour about the popish plot, and artfully applying the dissensions of Marius and Sylla to the factions in the reign of Charles II. But a higher degree of fame awaited him from his admirable tragedy "The Orphan," which appeared the same year, "one of the few pieces," says Dr. Johnson, "that keep possession of the stage, and has pleased for almost (now more than) a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion. Of this play nothing new can easily be said. It is a domestic tragedy drawn from middle life. Its whole power is upon the affections: for it is not written with much comprehension of thought, or elegance of expression." On a tragedy that has produced such effects for so great a length of time, minute criticism would be but idly employed. In this too some political allusions have been conjectured, but to us they appear

Macready's Reminiscences i. 53.
Gildon Complete Art of Poetry 1718 i. 290

Voltaire after condemning the play as revolting, continues: "L'auteur dédie sa pièce à la Duchesse de Cleveland; avec la même naiveté qu'il a écrit sa tragédie, il felicite cette dame d'avoir eu deux enfans de Charles II." Œuvres xlii. 149.

"Johnson" writes Northcote, in his peremptory manner pronounced that there were not forty good lines to be found in Venice Preserved. Goldsmith asserted that, notwithstanding, it was of all tragedies the one nearest equal to Shakespeare. "Poh"! said Johnson. "What stuff in these lines.' - 'What feminine tales hast thou been listening to Of unaired shirts, catarrhs and tooth-ache got By thin-soled shoes? [Act III. sc. 2] "True said Goldsmith; to be sure, that is very like to Shakespeare" S. Gwynnes Memorials of a Eighteenth Century Painter, p. 97 Lamb. Poems &c. 1888 p. 281



too obscure for application, and were they otherwise, cannot now be felt.

"The Soldier's Fortune," and its Second Part, "The Atheist," produced in 1681 and 1684, were both successful; but better suited to the manners of that age than to those of the present. The incidents and characters in both may be traced to other plays; and neither is worthy of the talents which, in 1682, gave to the theatre "Venice Preserved;" a tragedy whose permanent fame, like that of "The Orphan," renders it only necessary to say, that his powers of poetry and of language were now exerted with greater energy. "The striking passages are in every mouth;* and the public seems to judge rightly of the faults and excellencies of this play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but of one who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting nature in his own breast."

Together with those plays he wrote the poems which are in the present edition, and were admitted in Dr. Johnson's Series of the Poets; and he translated from the French the "History of the Triumvirate."

"All this," says Dr. Johnson, "was performed before he was thirty-four years old; for he died April 14, 1685, in a manner which I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities

The Comic scenes are particularly good. It is they alone which account for, and go near to justify the Conspiracy; for we see in them how utterly unfit for government the Senate had become! Goethe quoted in H. C. Robinson's Diary. 1869. i. 187.

* They are, I think, all forgotten. Yet here and there a line like 'Angels are painted fair to look like you.' (Venice Preserved. I. 1.) may be said still to live.

to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public-house (the Bull, according to Anthony Wood) on Tower-hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked in the rage of hunger, and, finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway going away bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful. All this I hope is not true; and there is this ground of better hope, that Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates in Spence's Memorials, that he died of a fever caught by violent pursuit of a thief that had robbed one of his friends. But that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might bring him to the grave."

Tatler. Aug 9 1710.

Pope's account of Otway's death was first related by Dr. Warton in the notes to his Essay on Pope, and in the following words: "Otway had an intimate friend who was murdered (not *robbed*) in the street. One may guess at his sorrow who has so feelingly described true affection in his "Venice Preserved." He pursued the murderer on foot, who

fled to France, as far as Dover, where he was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigue, which afterwards carried him to his grave in London." The robber, we find, is by this account a murderer, and as Dr. Warton was always more correct as to minor facts than Dr. Johnson, it is probable that he relates the story as he heard it; but it is still to be traced to Spence, who was informed by Dennis, the critic, that "Otway had a friend, one Blakiston, who was shot: the murderer fled towards Dover, and Otway pursued him. In his return he drank water, when violently heated, and so got the fever which was the death of him." And Dennis, in the Preface to his Observations on Pope's Translation of Homer, Oct. 1717, says, "Otway died in an alehouse;" which is not inconsistent with the preceding account, as he generally lived in one; but whether the story of the guinea and the loaf can be introduced with any probability to heighten the poet's distress, we do not pretend to determine. It would not perhaps be very difficult to conjecture that both accounts might be true, but his contemporaries have left us no precise documents. Dr. Johnson has remarked that Otway appears, by some of his verses, to have been a zealous loyalist, and had what was in those times the common reward of loyalty, as he lived and died neglected.

In one of the papers of Dr. Goldsmith's Bee, we have an additional particular respecting Otway's death, not wholly uninteresting. It is said that when he died he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller: and this fact is confirmed by the following advertisement which appeared in L'Estrange's Observator for Nov. 27, 1686, and for Dec. 4. "Whereas Mr. Thomas Otway, some time before his death, *made* four Acts of a Play, whoever can give notice in whose hands the copy lies, either to Mr. Thomas Betterton, or to Mr. William Smith, at the Theatre Royal, shall be well rewarded for his pains." It does not appear that this play was ever discovered; but in 1719 a tragedy was printed, entitled "Heroic Friendship," and attributed to him without any foundation. It never, however, was acted, or deserved to be acted.

When Otway first began to rise into reputation, Dryden spoke slightingly of his performances; but afterwards acknowledged their merit, though perhaps somewhat coldly. In his preface to Du Fresnoy, he says, "To express the passions which are seated in the heart, by outward signs, is one great precept of the painters, and very difficult to perform. In poetry, the very same passions and motions of the mind are to be expressed; and in this consists the

Pope. Imit. Hor. Epis. ii. 1. 276.
Spectator. No 39.
Three Hours after Marriage 1717. pp. 19. 22
Tancred and Sigismunda. Prol.
Burney Hist of Music. 1789. iii. 598. n.
Spence 215.
Goldsmith iii. 127



principal difficulty, as well as the excellency of that art. This, says Du Fresnoy, is the gift of Jupiter; and, to speak in the same heathen language, we call it the gift of our Apollo, not to be obtained by pains or study, if we are not born to it. For the motions which are studied, are never so natural as those which break out in the height of a real passion. Mr. Otway possessed this part as thoroughly as any of the ancients and moderns. I will not defend every thing in his "Venice Preserved;" but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touched in it, though perhaps there is somewhat to be desired both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression. But nature is there, which is the greatest beauty." This is high praise from Dryden, who could not but be conscious that Otway excelled him in the pathetic.

Lawrence. 1888 p. 133.
Hume. Hist England.

# ALCIBIADES.

## A TRAGEDY.

——— *Laudetur ab his, culpetur ab illis.*
HORAT. SERM. Lib. 1. Sat. 2.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# CHARLES,

## EARL OF MIDDLESEX.

MY LORD,

I AM sufficiently sensible of my own arrogance, that being almost a stranger to every thing of you but your fame, I durst obtrude so abject a trifle as this, under the patronage of so eminent a person; but that generous candour, wherewith you oblige all the world, gave me courage to hope you might at least pardon this first offence in me. And though, perhaps, the best presents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my wishes, if the sincerity of my zeal may atone for the meanness of the offering: that is the farthest prospect I take, which, whilst I have in view, I dare not (though perhaps as justly as some others have done I might) complain of the censures of the world; for since I have heard that your Lordship proved indulgent, I were unworthy of the favours you bestowed, should I be concerned at the malice or petulancy of those, who (alas!) will needs think it modish to be critical, but in the mean while forget it is as gentle to be civil. No,

my Lord, it is under your umbrage only I would court protection, to whom Heaven has given a soul, whose endowments are as much above flattery, as itself abhors it; and which are as impossible to be described, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest pilgrims, when they visit shrines, will make some presents where they kneel: so I have here brought mine, by your own goodness only made worthy to be preserved; in whose defence I can say nothing more, than that with it all my best endeavours are, and ever shall be, ready to testify how much I am,

My Lord,
the most earnest of your
servants and admirers,
THO. OTWAY.

# PROLOGUE.

*NEVER did rhymer greater hazard run*
*'Mongst us by your severity undone:*
*Tho' we, alas! to oblige you have done most,*
*And bought ye pleasures at your own sad cost:*
*Yet all our best endeavours have been lost.*
*So oft a statesman lab'ring to be good,*
*His honesty's for treason understood:*
*Whilst some false flatt'ring minion of the court*
*Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for't.*
*To you, known judges of what's sense and wit,*
*Our author swears he gladly will submit:*
*But there's a sort of things infest the pit,*
*That will be witty, spite of nature too,*
*And, to be thought so, haunt and pester you.*
*Hither sometimes those would-be-wits repair*
*In quest of you; where if you not appear,*
*Cries out——Pugh! Damn me, what do we do here?*
*Strait up he starts, his garniture then puts*
*In order, so he cocks, and out he struts*
*To the coffee-house, where he about him looks;*
*Spies friend, cries* Jack—*I've been to night at the*
Duke's:
*They, silly rogues, are all undone, my dear,*
*I gad! not one of sense that I saw there.*
*Thus to himself he'd reputation gather*
*Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.*
*Wit has indeed a stranger been of late,*
*'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as that.*
*Both houses too too long a fast have known,*
*That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.*
*Thus tho' this trifler never wrote before,*
*Yet faith he ventur'd on the common score:*
*Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,*
*He hopes that his may pass amongst the crowd.*

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

MEN.

Agis, *King of Sparta.*
Alcibiades, *General of Athens, but fled thence in discontent, and made General of Sparta, betrothed to Timandra.*
Tissaphernes, *the old General of Sparta.*
Patroclus, *his son, friend to Alcibiades.*
Theramnes, *the now Athenian General, in love with Timandra.*
Polyndus, *a young noble of Athens, his friend.*

WOMEN.

Deidamia, *Queen of Sparta, in love with Alcibiades.*
Timandra, *a noble Athenian lady, betrothed to Alcibiades.*
Draxilla, *sister to Alcibiades, and her friend.*
Ardella, *Lady of Honour to the Queen of Sparta.*

*Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, Spirits, Guards, Messengers, Villains, Ladies, &c.*

# ALCIBIADES.

## ACT I.

### *SCENE I. A Palace.*

*Enter* TIMANDRA *and* DRAXILLA.

*Shouts without*, Theramnes! Theramnes! Theramnes!

*Enter a* Servant.

*Tim.* What mean these shouts?——
*Serv.* Oh all your hopes are crost,
The gallant Alcibiades is lost.
*Tim.* Hah!——
*Serv.* ——When last night the youth of Athens late
Rose up the orgia to celebrate,
The Bacchanals, all hot and drunk with wine,
He led to the almighty Thund'rer's shrine,
And there his image seated on a throne
They violently took, and tumbled down:
This opportunity Theramnes got
To supplant him, and his own ends promote:
For by the senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his rival should in all succeed.
But he, the threatning danger to evade,
Is to the Spartan camp for refuge fled:
And now, by order from the senate, all
With shouts proclaim Theramnes general.

*Tim.* But is he fled? Has he so meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone?
Is this thy plighted faith, is this thy truth!
Oh too unkind, false, and unconstant youth!
[*Exit Serv.*

*Drax.* Madam, believe not but my brother's just,
You wrong his honour by this mean distrust;
Think you that distance can his love rebate?

*Tim.* Thy young experience never felt the weight
Of lovers' fears; if just, he'll easily
Excuse that love, that breeds this jealousy.

*Drax.* But, madam, for these doubts no grounds you have.

*Tim.* Alas! go ask of madmen why they rave.
What more could fate do to augment my woe?
I love, am mad, and know not what I do.
I, who before had nothing in my eyes
But love and glory growing to delight;
Like chymists waiting for their labours' prize,
My hopes are dash'd and ruin'd in their height.

*Drax.* Alas, we but with weak intelligence
Read Heaven's decrees; they're writ in mystic sense.
For were they open laid to mortal eyes,
Men would be gods, or they no deities.
Perhaps the wiser Pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing happiness allay;
Lest should it in its high perfection come,
Your soul for the reception might want room.

*Tim.* Thy reasons, kind Draxilla, weakly move:
What woman e'er complain'd of too much love?
No, had I naked to the world been left,
Of honour and its gaudy plumes bereft,
Yet all these I with gladness could resign,
So Alcibiades had still been mine:
But he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the casket when the jewel's gone?

*Drax.* Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler lustre, and return again:
Think you his great soul could with patience see
His rifled honours heap'd on's enemy;
And not his rage have grown to that excess,
As must have ruin'd all your happiness;
But he withdrew, and like a zealous hermit did forego
Those little toys, to gain a heav'n in you.
*Tim.* That zeal must needs be very weak and faint,
That lets the votary forsake his saint;
No, he is happy in some other flame,
And from his breast has blotted out my name:
So that there nothing more remains for me
But a kind death, or a long misery.
But death alone's th' unhappy lover's ease,
That seals up to us an eternal peace;
By that our souls to endless pleasures move,
And we enjoy an everlasting love.
Yet ere I die, as die I feel I must,
To Alcibiades I would be just;
Fain would I let him know how I resign
All in him, that his past vows had made mine?
Then to its seat in peace my soul should fly,
And calmly at my lover's feet I'd die.
Draxilla, for thy friend, what couldst thou do?
*Drax.* Madam, I could do any thing for you;
I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to see you die.
*Tim.* Some safe disguises for us then provide,
From watchful eyes our sudden flight to hide;
Hence to the Spartan camp I'll forthwith move,
Borne on the wings of jealousy and love:
For I'm resolv'd to know the worst of fate;
I would be blest; can be unfortunate;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave,
To meet a faithful lover, or a grave.

Theramnes *at the door.*

*Ther.* ——Stay, kind Polyndus, here,
Whilst I go pay my just devotion there:
[*Stepping to* Tim.
See, fairest queen of love and beauty, here
Your faithfullest and humblest worshipper,
Who comes to offer up a sacrifice
To those eternal glories of your eyes;
It is a heart as spotless and sincere,
As the chaste vows of holy vestals are;
Accept, divine one, and pronounce my doom.
*Tim.* Are you, my lord, to mock my sorrows come?
*Ther.* No, (guided by my love) I humbly came
To pay my duty, and present my flame.
*Tim.* What flame or duty can you owe to me?
*Ther.* Next what the holy to the deity,
When they for blessings at the altars move;
'Tis adoration, madam, join'd with love.
*Tim.* Love! I thought that had been ere this o'er-blown;
I'm sure it had small hopes to live upon.
*Ther.* That love, which only tedious hopes sustain,
Is a dull, easy, and ignoble pain:
Mine's an enliv'ning and transporting fire,
Whose flames increase, and still are piercing higher.
*Tim.* Yes, as from piles some wilder flames essay
To mount, but baffled part in fumes away;
So all that love, you now so strongly boast,
Sever'd from hope, in a weak vapour's lost.
But you too urgent in your suit appear.
*Ther.* Oh what's too urgent for a joy so dear!
*Tim.* Since then you constancy so firmly vow,
Worthy Theramnes, here I do so too. [*Gives her hand.*
*Ther.* Thus when the storms of love are over-past,
We gain the wish'd-for port of bliss at last.
I ne'er could doubt—— [*Kisses her hand.*

*Tim.* ——Then know I ne'er can cease
From my vow'd love to Alcibiades.
*Ther.* I'm lost, and all those joys I saw so near,
Vanish, and leave me wand'ring in despair:
Thus, madam, barb'rous cruelty you've shown,
Raising me up only to throw me down.
*Tim.* Not to deceive you, I, Theramnes, know
How much I am oblig'd to your love and you.
Since you such ample kindness did express,
In favour of my Alcibiades;
How poorly did you envy the esteem
I for his matchless virtues had, and him!
When finding him abandon'd by the state,
You to advance your int'rest, did create
New feuds,———
As if my love were balanc'd by his fate:
No, he had nobler charms my breast to move,
Unblemish'd honour, and a spotless love;
Which tho' perhaps now know another flame,
Yet I have love and passion for their name.
*Ther.* Am I then of all hopes of bliss debarr'd?
Oh too soft charms sway'd by a heart too hard!
*Tim.* You're something discompos'd, sir, I perceive,
And 'tis but modesty to take my leave.
*Ther.* Oh stay, and pity a poor lover's fate!
*Tim.* If pity, sir, is all you ask, take that.
*Ther.* Heavens, can she at those chains she gave me scoff!
*Tim.* You at your pleasure, sir, may shake 'em off.
[*Exeunt* TIM. *and* DRAX.

*Enter* POLYNDUS.

*Pol.* How fares my noblest friend?
*Ther.* ——As those who are
Tott'ring upon the brinks of dire despair;
Help and retrieve me with thy assisting hand,
Love thrusts me forward, and I cannot stand.

*Pol.* Then, sir, turn back, and face your driving foe.

*Ther.* Alas! what can a fetter'd captive do?
The more I strive, the faster I am bound,
As ign'rant swimmers are with struggling drown'd.

*Pol.* Timandra surely can't in honour less,
Than crown your love with prosperous success;
When she believes (as certainly she must)
That Alcibiades is prov'd unjust.

*Ther.* Alas, she loves him with much greater flame,
And pays devotion to his very name;
Distance adds to their loves a violence,
And their souls hold from far intelligence.
Thus my mistaking policy out-runs
My fate; and I'm by my own plots undone.

*Pol.* Why do you let your soul be so opprest?
'Tis patience best befits a gallant breast.

*Ther.* Patience! What's that? the mistress of tame fools;
That can in nothing else employ their souls:
No; since, Timandra, thou canst disapprove
My just flame for an absent rival's love,
I'll find that rival out, and snatch his breath,
Tho' ev'ry step I tread encounter death.

*Pol.* Now, sir, you're brave——
Already you've disarm'd Timandra's charms,
Methinks I see you rev'ling in her arms!
Let's then o'the wings of love and honour fly
To the field, and meet th' insulting enemy;
Where thro' the paths of death and blood we'll go
To meet your rival, and his country's foe:
There the remembrance of Timandra's charms
Shall add fresh courage to your conqu'ring arms.
But if Fate the success so order shall,
That by your rival's sword you chance to fall:

I then (as honour justly will command)
Inspir'd by friendship and Timandra's name,
Will bravely stem him, and with this bold hand
Revenge or fall a victim to your flame.
*Ther.* Oh noble generous youth! whose tender years
Such gallant courage and such honour wear!
How can my aims but in my wishes end,
[*Embraces him.*
That have so worthy and so brave a friend?
Come, my Polyndus———
*Pol.* ——On my friend I'll wait,
Thro' all the labyrinths of love and fate. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Tent of a Pavilion Royal; the* KING *and* QUEEN *of Sparta,* ALCIBIADES, TISSAPHERNES, PATROCLUS, *Guards, Ladies, &c.*

*King.* Now must proud Athens lay her triumphs down,
And pay her glory's tribute to my crown:
No more shall stupid Greece her fetters wear,
Nor make disadvantageous peace for fear;
But she herself must in subjection come,
And humbly at my feet expect her doom.
*Tis.* Yes, sir; all glories must, when yours break forth,
Go out, and lose their beauty, and their worth;
And like false angels vanish and be gone,
Dreading those shapes they durst before put on.
*Patro.* Athens, the world's great mistress, will not be
Courted with low and vulgar gallantry;
Her glory aims at higher characters,
Than heavy gown-men clad in formal furs:

Who wins her, deeds 'bove common fate must do;
And so she's only mistress fit for you.
*King*. Yes! And I only will enjoy her too.
But, noble generous youth, thou hast alone
[*To* ALCIBIADES.
Things worthy the Athenian honour done:
Thou like a tow'ring eagle soar'd'st above
That lower orb in which they faintly move;
A flight too high for their dull souls to use,
Which prompted them that honour to abuse;
Thinking their baseness they might palliate
With the dark cloud of policy and state.
But let them that black mystery pursue,
By worth and honour empires greatest grow;
Which when abus'd, their glory does suppress,
As revers'd prospects make the objects less.
*Alci*. Yours, sir, like heaven's great soul, is general;
Dispensing its kind influence on all.
This makes success and victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper sphere;
As fragrant dews leave the corrupter earth,
Exhal'd by the sun, from whom they have their birth.
*King*. The truth of that we by your laurels know,
Conquest your arms, triumph still waits your brow;
By your success th' Athenian greatness rose,
Your courage scatter'd their insulting foes;
And from that height to which by you they're grown,
'Tis your success alone must throw them down.
Thus have we made you gen'ral of our force;
And all those honours you were robb'd of there
We'll make our study to redouble here.
*Tis*. And I (if that my malice tell me true)
As diligently shall his plagues pursue. [*Aside*.
*Alci*. Of all my courage or my sword shall do,
I the success must to your virtue owe,
The honour and the justice of your cause
So glorious are, fate must from them take laws:

So you o'er Athens this advantage have,
You fortune rule, to whom she's but a slave.

*King*. Enjoy, my Tissaphernes, now thy ease,
And plant fresh laurels in the shades of peace.
The glories thou hast won so num'rous are,
They seem as many as thy age can bear.
But if thy spacious soul thou canst confine
Within this narrow mansion of mine,
Be this the utmost of thy wishes bound,
Possess his grateful heart, whose head thou'st crown'd.

*Tis*. Heav'n knows my age does feel no sharper sting,
Than to want power to serve so good a king.
But since time tells me that my glass is run,
Setting me backward where I first begun;
Since no way else they can their duty show,
I'll only employ my hands to Heaven for you:
And what my sword can't, may devotion do.

*King*. How truly he a glorious monarch is,
That's crown'd with blessings so sublime as these!
How can I but in all things happy be,
Propt by such courage and such piety?
To me with gods similitude is giv'n;
'Tis power and virtue that supports their heaven.
Our royal standard to the city bear,
T'alarm it to obedience, or to war.
To-morrow must decide th' Athenian fate,
This day to joy and ease we'll consecrate.

[*Exeunt all but* TIS.

*Tis*. Ungrateful king! thy shallow aims pursue;
But, my brisk upstart favourite, have at you.
Was it for this my active youth I spent
In war? and knew no dwelling but a tent!
Have I for this thro' invious mountains past?
Demolish'd cities, and laid kingdoms waste?
Still in his cause unweary'd courage shown?
And almost hid his head in crowns I won?

Upon my breast receiv'd so many scars,
They seem a war describ'd in characters?
And must the harvest of my toil and blood
Upon a fawning rebel be bestow'd?
Who having false to his own country been,
Comes here to play his treasons o'er again?
Must he at last tumble my trophies down,
And revel in the glories I have won?
Whilst from my honours they me disengage,
With a dull compliment to feeble age.
What ails this hardy hand, that yet it should
Tremble at death, or start at reeking blood?
Methinks this dagger I as firmly hold,
[*Draws a dagger.*
And with a strength as resolute and bold,
As he who kindly would its point impart
A present to an envy'd favourite's heart;
And I, fond youth, will try to work thy fall,
Tho' with my own I crown thy funeral.
Envy and malice from your mansions flee,
Resign your horror and your snakes to me:
For I'll act mischiefs yet to you unknown;
Nay, you shall all be saints when I come down.
[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### *SCENE I. A Grove adjoining to the Spartan Camp.*

*Enter* TIMANDRA *and* DRAXILLA.

*Tim.* What uncouth roads afflicted lovers pass!
How strange, prepost'rous steps their sorrows trace!
Oh, Alcibiades, if thou art just,
Forgive th' excess of love that bred distrust.

Driven by that, disguis'd I hither came,
Yet here and ev'ry where my grief's the same.
But kind Draxilla's friendship can dispel
The thickest clouds that on sad bosoms dwell:
That does alleviate my griefs, and give
My weary'd soul a soft and kind reprieve;
Which ever to forget would be as hard,
And as impossible, as to reward.

*Drax.* The serving you my happiness secures,
I'm only something by my being yours;
Since equally with yours, my hopes were crost,
When in your lover I a brother lost;
Then like an orphan, destitute and bare
Of all, but misery and sad despair,
Your kindness gave my yielding spirits rest,
And rais'd me to a dwelling in your breast:
Then ought I not, in all, my soul resign,
To ease her griefs that kindly pity'd mine?

*Tim.* In that I did what honour urg'd me to.

*Drax.* And honour tells me gratitude is due.

*Tim.* But how grows gratitude to that degree,
To be afflicted thus and weep for me?

*Drax.* Alas! that is the least that I could do;
To our worst enemies our tears we owe.
Friendship to such a noble height should rise,
As their devotion does in sacrifice,
Who think they show a zeal remiss and small,
Except themselves as nobler victims fall.
With as great courage could I for you die,
And my triumphant soul to heaven should fly;
There I again my friendship would renew,
And lay up chiefest joys in store for you.

*Tim.* What vast and boundless flights does friendship take!
Beyond what search can see, or fancy track?
'Tis the improvement of the part divine,
When souls in their seraphic transports join;

In souls united, so we friendship see,
As many glories make a deity.

*Enter* ALCIBIADES *from the back part of the Scenes.*

*Drax.* Madam, yonder he comes who must retrieve
Your drooping hopes, and your faint joys revive.
*Tim.* My Alcibiades! how I begin
To think my misplac'd jealousy did sin!
Go meet him, seem all troubled and in tears,
And with the tale I taught thee wound his ears:
Mean while I will withdraw myself this way,
Nor would my swelling passions let me stay.
[*Goes to the door.*
*Alci.* What airy visions o'er my eyes there move,
Like the good genius of an absent love!
Where-e'er I turn me, I methink espy
Timandra's image softly gliding by.
Such fond ambition Love his slaves does teach,
To make them fancy what they cannot reach.
For oh, divine one!
How sickly joys honour and greatness grant,
When thee, the glory of my soul, I want!
*Drax.* My lord!———
*Alci.* ———Guard me, ye Pow'rs! Draxilla here,
And weeping too! Oh my prophetic fear!
What is't your coming here would seem to tell?
Relate, oh, quickly, is my princess well?
*Drax.* Oh sir! in that unhappy fatal night,
When to the Spartan camp you took your flight,
When by the cruel senate you were drove
Both to forsake your country and your love;
Timandra, and myself, as we were sat
In her apartment, grieving for your fate;
No sooner, with sad jealousies opprest,
Her wearied soul in sleep sought after rest,

But grief new scenes of misery brought in,
And play'd in dreams its horrors o'er again:
Sometimes her tender arms she'd forward stretch,
Then fiercely at the empty air would catch:
Weary'd with grief, she then would milder be,
And in a hollow sigh send out, ah me!
At last she rose, and 'bout the chamber walk'd;
Sometimes she started, then stood still and talk'd:
Anon repeat some short and pithy pray'r;
Again grow wild, and tear her precious hair:
Till having so wrought sorrow to that height,
That her soul grew too tender for the weight;
Ere I my courage could collect, to go
And give a hindrance to the fatal blow,
She with her dagger stabb'd herself, and said,
Thus died Timandra, that unhappy maid.

*Alci.* Ye gods! is't thus your justice you dispense,
To lay the reward of guilt on innocence?
What tho' these sacrilegious hands have thrown
Your images, those pageant glories, down!
Must you revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have plagu'd me, so you'd pity'd her.
But thus I'll send my soul, where it may tell
She lov'd too rashly, but not lov'd too well:

[*Offers to fall on his sword, but is hindered by* DRAXILLA.

Oh sister! do not hinder me my death;
Sighs are the only use I've left of breath:
One blow will put an end to grief and me.

*Enter* TIMANDRA.

*Tim.* That, sir, you must not do, nor must I see.

[ALCIBIADES *starts.*

Why fly you back? Nay, if you shun me now,
I shall grow apt to think my fears too true.

*Alci.* Oh heavens! does then my dear Timandra
live!
The joy's too mighty for me to receive;
This was the greatest bliss Heaven had to give.
How rashly did my impious rage profane
Your goodness! Oh but wash away that stain,
Then I with victims will your altars load,
And have a sacrifice for ev'ry god:
Till by those holy fires this black offence
Be purg'd, and purify'd to innocence.
But, dearest, how could you so cruel be,
To let such bliss be dress'd in misery?
To tell me you were dead!
How could you think but th' horror of that breath
Must damp my soul, and chill me into death?
*Tim.* Alas! my fears could find out no relief,
But thus t'assault you in the garb of grief;
This trial of your faith my joy secures,
As thunder ushers in refreshing show'rs.
*Alci.* Let us no longer then to doubts give way,
But haste to the consummation of our joy;
So, with our bright united flames, dispel
Those anxious mists that on our bosoms dwell,
Being of no other jealousy possest,
But which shall kindest prove, and love the best.
*Tim.* And when our faithful, happy hearts shall be
Firmer united by that sacred tie,
How in an endless road of bliss we'll move,
Steering our motions by our perfect love!
There we with pleasure will recount each woe,
Which we have pass'd, and others undergo.
There we'll reflect on the various hopes and fears,
The mournful sighs and the impatient tears
Of distress'd lovers, whilst we'll kindly thence,
Thro' a strange mystical intelligence,
Give them redresses by our influence.

Till so, by ours———
Their full grown joys receive a happy birth,
As planets in their kind conjunctions bless the earth.
*Alci.* Then, my Timandra, to our bliss let's fly,
There's but one minute more to ecstacy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* QUEEN *and* ARDELLA.

*Queen.* Oh my Ardella, whither shall I turn?
I'm all o'er flame, in ev'ry part I burn.
*Ardel.* Your majesty———
*Queen.* —Fool, majesty! what's that?
Th' ill-natur'd pageant mockery of fate;
When her ungrateful sportive power she'd show,
Raising us high———
To bar us of the benefits below.
But I'll her servile policy despise,
And make her stoop to Love's great victories.
Th' almighty Power of heaven came down from thence,
To taste the sweets of am'rous excellence:
Why then should princes, that are gods below,
Think that a sin which heaven is proud to do?
*Ardel.* But, madam, is it not a cruel thing
T'abuse a loving husband, and kind king?
*Queen.* Dull girl, thou know'st not what a husband is;
Alas, they never reach the height of bliss,
But ignorantly with Love's magic play,
Till they raise spirits they want power to lay.
In that brave Alcibiades there swarm
So many graces, he's all over charm;
Such killing airs in each part of him move,
His brows dart majesty, and his eyes love:
Oh my Ardella, I am lost in thought!
I fain would have thee———yet 'tis false, I'd not.
*Ardel.* Madam, your royal pleasure but relate,
I'll be as faithful, and as firm as fate.

*Queen.* Art thou then skilful in Love's subtle arts,
Cunningly to lay ambuscades for hearts?
Canst thou express a melting kind desire,
And give a feeling draught of Love's soft fire?
*Ardel.* Madam, so subtly I'll his heart betray,
As one who, by some great magician's pow'r,
Is hurry'd thro' the regions in an hour,
And for return again can find no way.
*Queen.* My better angel! fly then swift as time,
Or thought; thou gain'st a queen in gaining him.
But use such secrecy as stoll'n loves should have,
Be dark as the hush'd silence of the grave.
*Ardel.* Madam, distrust not but that I shall do,
Both what is to your love and honour due.
*Queen.* Honour! a very word; an empty name!
How dully wretched is the slave to fame!
Give me the soul that's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the air, and boundless as the wind:
Nature was then in her first excellence,
When undisturb'd with puny conscience,
Man's sacrifice was pleasure, his god, sense.

*Enter* TISSAPHERNES.

*Tis.* Madam, by the king's command I'm to you sent,
Who attends your royal presence in his tent.
*Queen.* I go——— [*Exit* QUEEN *and* ARD.
*Tis.* ——Now all is ripe, methinks I see
Treason walk hand in hand with destiny,
And both in a kind aspect smile on me.
Now the whole court proceeds to solemnize
The nuptials of proud Alcibiades;
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wish combine,
To give a happy end to my design.
It is the custom at a marriage feast,
The bridegroom——
With a full bowl presents his chiefest guest.

The cups, by my great secrecy and care,
With strongest potion all infected are:
Which when our Alcibiades shall bring,
And offer as his duty to the king,
The poison and his sudden death will seem
Fully a traiterous design in him.
Then must the crown descend on me, and so
I feast my rage, and my ambition too.
Let coward spirits start at cruelty,
Remorse has still a stranger been to me.
I can look on their pains with the same eyes,
As priests behold the falling sacrifice.
Whilst they yell out the horrors of their moans,
My heart shall dance to the musick of their groans.
[*Exit.*

*Enter* Captain *of the Guards.*

*Capt.* Look that your care and diligence be great,
See the guards double, and each cent'nel set. [*Exit.*

*The scene drawn, discovers the tent of a pavilion; in it an altar, behind which are seated the* KING *and* QUEEN, *attended by* TISSAPHERNES, PATROCLUS, *and the rest of the camp; about the altar stand several* Priests *of* HYMEN.

*King.* Each day brings some surprize of pleasure, here
Love vies his triumphs with the God of war.

*Six* Priests *of* HYMEN *dance.*

*The dance ended, enter Chief* Priest *and* Priestess *of* HYMEN, Priest *leading* TIMANDRA, *and the* Priestess ALCIBIADES.

Priest *sings.*

Distracting jealousies and fears,
Heart breaking sobs and restless tears,

Fly to the breasts that are
Wrack'd with despair:
In this,

*Priestess.* Or this,

CHORUS.

No tears but those of joy, no pantings but of bliss.
*Priestess.* Yes, yes, by love alone we see
On earth the glories of a deity:
For 'tis the greatest work above,
To be innocent, and love.
Those then that flame so nobly here,
What ravishing delights must they have there:

CHORUS.

Who on earth to their honour are just, and their love,
Must reap the chief blessings above.
*Priest.* Let's then proceed, and Hymen's aid implore,
To join those hands whose hearts were link'd before.
*Priestess.* Agreed.
*Priest.* Agreed.
*Priestess.* Agreed.
*Priest.* Agreed.

CHORUS.

Hymen, oh Hymen, come away,
Crown the wishes of this day.
See, see these pure refin'd desires
Wait at thy torch, wait at thy torch, to improve their fires.

*Whilst this chorus is singing,* HYMEN *enters with his torch, and joins their hands with a wreath of roses, which the* Priestess *strikes with her spear*

*and breaks; then they offer both parts upon the altar.*

*This ceremony ended, a dance is performed by four* Priests *and* Priestesses *of* HYMEN, *all carrying in their hands short spears muffled with flowers and boughs of fruit: after which a bowl is brought in, and presented to* ALCIBIADES, *who immediately upon the receipt bows to the* KING, *who descends with the* QUEEN, *and receives the bowl of him, then speaks.*

*King.* To shew how strict a reverence I have
For ev'ry thing that loyal is and brave,
[*Drawing near to* TISSAPHERNES.
This signal honour only due to me,
Thus, Tissaphernes, I confer on thee.
[*Presents him the bowl.*
*Tis.* Confusion! What means this?
*King.* Nay, do not start,
It is the offering of a grateful heart:
Come drink to such a depth as may express
Thy wishes for their joy, and Sparta's happiness.
*Tis.* I must obey your majesty——
[*Proffering to drink, lets fall the bowl, and seems to swoon back.*
*Patro.* Alas, my father!
*King.* ——How fares our worthy friend?
Hence quickly, for our chief physicians send.
So much this aged hero I esteem,
I rather could part with my crown than him.
*Tis.* My health, sir, needs no other help than this,
[*faintly.*
That you will pardon its infirmities.
The wine was of so strong an excellence,
Its spirits prov'd too mighty for my sense.

*Alarm without. Enter* Officer.

*Offi.* Dread sir, your camp th' Athenian force alarms:
Without the city gates they appear in arms,
And with a numerous and warlike train
Begin their march upon the neighb'ring plain.
Their bloody ensigns all display'd appear,
And hold an am'rous combat with the air,
Loosely they fly, and with a wanton play,
Seem to salute the sun-beams in their way:
Whilst their shrill trumpets rattle in the sky,
As if with musick they'd charm victory.
And this triumphant pride does higher grow,
That they may make a conquest fit for you.

*King.* 'Tis well; ev'ry battalia reinforce
With my late fresh supplies of Persian horse.
Their fate no longer will delay endure;
Prepare to fight them in this very hour.
I'd have this day hereafter famous be,
For the renown of love and victory.

[*Shouts from afar.*

*Enter another* Officer.

2 *Offi.* The enemy, sir, does on the plain appear,
And with re-echoing shoutings pierce the air.

*King.* So beasts decreed for slaughter, ere they fall,
With their own bellowings ring their funeral.

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT III.

## *SCENE I. The Camp.*

*Enter* TISSAPHERNES.

*Tis.* Curse on my niggard stars: they were so poor,
That my revenge prov'd greater than their power;
My fury had begot so vast a birth,
Fate wanted strength enough to bring it forth.
[*Trumpets afar off sound a charge.*
That sprightly sound darts fiercely through my soul.
Oh that I might one minute fate controul!
Could but command one happy fatal dart,
To send itself into the general's heart.

*Enter* KING *and* QUEEN *attended.*

*King.* Thus must proud states submit, when monarchs claim:
They govern in a rude disorder'd frame,
As stars in a dim senate rule the night,
But vanish at the sun's more potent light.
Athens now feels the fury of my heat;
A power like theirs, divided, can't be great:
It may tumultuous and numerous show,
But ne'er contract to give a steady blow.

*Queen.* In states, those monstrous many-headed powers,
Their private int'rest public good devours.
'Tis true, when in their hands a rule they gain,
They know to use that power, not maintain.
Like pirates in a fleet, awhile they may
Seem dreadful; but when by some juster force
Oppos'd———
Each his own safety seeks, and shrinks away.

*Tis.* You, sir, have vanquish'd emp'rors, fetter'd kings:
States are such mean and despicable things,
Compar'd with other glories you've subdu'd,
Their conquest seems but a soft interlude.
[*Trumpets from far sound a retreat.*

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mes.* This minute, sir, your glories are complete,
The routed enemy makes a faint retreat:
Victory, blushing they no more could do,
With a full wing directs her flight to you.
*King.* Thus, Deidamia, are our wishes crown'd,
Love and renown in the same sphere go round:
Our lasting loves draw lasting victories,
Whilst courage takes his flame from beauty's eyes.

*Enter another* Messenger.

2 *Mes.* Thus hourly, sir, fresh glories you receive,
Athens no more's your enemy, but slave.
Like the sad ruins of a hurricane,
Their tatter'd troops are scatter'd o'er the plain,
And in disorder'd parties make away.
*King.* Relate, how went the business of the day?
*Mes.* Brave Alcibiades has wonders done,
Ne'er greater courage was in Sparta shown.
Troops were not able to withstand his shock,
Like thunder from a cloud his fury broke
On all his enemies; and, like that too,
Death and amazement did attend each blow.
Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her wheel,
And neither seem'd to move it, nor stand still,
Till at the last the brave Polyndus fell.
His loss did so amaze the enemy
That in disorder they began to fly.
Yet brave Theramnes rally'd in their head;
Though so their fate was but awhile delay'd,
For by our gen'ral he was captive made

At which again they did their flight renew,
With numbers too so tatter'd and so few,
It had been barbarism to pursue.
Then fair Timandra, who from far had been
An anxious looker on this tragic scene,
With all the haste joy could, or love afford,
Flies to congratulate her conqu'ring lord;
Now both in solemn triumph this way move,
To crown your glories as you crown'd their love.
[*Trumpets.*

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, PATROCLUS, TIMANDRA, *and* THERAMNES *prisoner.*

[ALCIBIADES *kneels to the* KING.

*King.* Sir, of your brav'ry I've already heard,
So much above the power of reward;
It were but just that I should homage do,
And offer up acknowledgments to you.
Rise, sir, and give this ceremony o'er,
The posture ill becomes a conqueror. [ALCIB. *rises.*

*Alci.* Conqu'rors that are triumphant in the field
Must at their monarch's feet their trophies yield;
For all those glories which their conquest claim,
They only have subordinate from them.
Thus, though my sword this captive has o'ercome,
It is from you he must expect his doom.

*Ther.* Yes, and in this you have o'ercome him too,
He cannot talk, sir, half so fast as you:
Curse, though I am your prisoner, I hate
To hear your pride upbraid me with my fate.

*Alci.* Why, sir, was't not my favour that you live?

*Ther.* No; for I hate that life your hand did give.
Know, had your fate been mine———
I should have urg'd kind destiny more home,
And there have revell'd, rival, in your room.

*Alci.* Sir, for your love, you show but weak pretence,
When all your arguments are insolence.
Whence does it spring?

*Ther.* ———From whence your bliss you draw,
Love, that ne'er clogg'd his proselytes with law.
I lov'd this fair one first, and you must know
I'll love her still, and what's all that to you?
*Alci.* This rudeness, sir, my fury can't engage:
You are ill manner'd, and beneath my rage.
*Ther.* But know, I'll follow still my hate to thee;
Nor shall my chains obstruct thy destiny:
Thou didst supplant me in Timandra's love,
For which I gave thy glories a remove;
And on thy ruins made myself more great:
But since my wishes fate would not complete,
My fury with my fortune shan't decrease,
I'll still pursue thy life and happiness;
By all despairs, dark arts, thy fall design,
'Till in thy blood I write Timandra mine.
*Alci.* Rave on; know of your threats no sense I feel,
I'd laugh at them, were't not to lose a smile.
*King.* But I'll take care that he shall better know,
What 'tis a captive for his life does owe.
How dare you offer here these injuries?
Know you how much this gallant man I prize?
Guards, to confinement the offender bear,
Be his bonds narrow, and restraint severe.
Since in your breast such a hot frenzy reigns,
We'll try how you can brave it in your chains.
*Ther.* So, king, as thou shalt envy what thou'st done;
I have a soul can smile when thou dost frown.
Whilst I Timandra's fair idea wear,
I can't want freedom, for I'll think of her.
[*Exit guarded.*
*King.* Thus, madam, to your eyes must conquest bow,
Who are your slaves no other fetters know.
*Tim.* If any charms in me there can appear,
They only are confin'd and bounded there:
No greater aims nor more ambition know,
Than how, sir, to oblige him that serves you.

*Alci.* Your gen'rous pity to our faithful flames,
That power which it gave them justly claims.
Thus happy by your great indulgence made,
In joys so perfect, nothing can remove:
Your spreading glories ne'er shall shrink or fade,
Till you forget t'aspire, and we to love.
But how dare I usurp the least pretence,
Who only borrow all my laurels hence!
[*Pointing to* PAT.
This is that noble youth, who, when I stood
Beset on ev'ry side with death and blood,
To my relief such gen'rous succour brought,
And things so much above e'en wonder wrought.
*Patro.* You, sir, that taught me friendship, taught me too
How much is to that sacred title due.
No, sir, if your life at hazard lie,
Though thousand deaths should dare me, on I'll fly,
And conquer all, or bravely with you die.
*Alci.* In gallantry you are so absolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the pursuit.
Yet that return accept in silence here,
Which is so great 'twill no expression bear.
[*Embraces him.*
*Tis.* Hell! sure my blood is grown degenerate.
Can this my son embrace the man I hate? [*Aside.*
*King.* How, Tissaphernes, is thy good age blest
In such a son, of such a friend possest!
Thus from thy reverend trunk fresh glories spread,
And with their pious laurels shade thy head.
*Tis.* In this warm comfort patiently I'll sit,
Till fate shall come and claim her latest debt.
Sometimes my youth's past triumphs I'll review,
And please myself they were approv'd by you:
Alas, I've nothing else left now to do. [*Ironically.*
Oh my dear boy! sir, be my joy thus shown,
Possess the father as you've gain'd the son.
[*Embraces both.*

*King.* Monarchs, thus propt, the shocks of fate defy:
No bonds so firm as those which friendship tie.
[*Exit* KING *attended.*

*Manent* ALCIBIADES, TIMANDRA, *and* DRAXILLA.

*Alci.* Now, noblest sister, how shall be repay'd
Those large endearments, which your love has made?
Our happiness will but imperfect prove,
If 'midst the growing pleasures of our love,
We nothing else in gratitude can do,
Than only wish a happiness to you.

*Drax.* What I have done, sir, never had regard
To that sinister thing we call reward.
Good deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own glory are and recompence.

*Alci.* But, sister, if I might one question move?

*Drax.* Your pleasure, sir?———

*Alci.* ———Could you not, madam———love
The friend, in whom I'm happy since I came,
In honours as renown'd as in his name?
He, when I to him often would relate
The sad adventures of my love and fate;
So much your gallant friendship did admire,
That with your character he grew on fire;
And bears a flame so noble and sublime,
As not to love again would be a crime.

*Drax.* Sir, that's a thing I cannot now discourse;
Love rarely conquers with a sudden force.
Nor must I that acknowledge as my due,
Which was perhaps a compliment to you:
If any thing in me he can approve,
I may believe it gallantry, not love.

*Alci.* I shall no more your modesty offend:
Pardon a forward zeal to serve my friend.
But if ought add a blessing, 'twill to see
You made as happy as you have made me. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* TISSAPHERNES *and* PATROCLUS.

*Tis.* Do you understand, Patroclus, what y've done?
Have you consider'd that you are my son?
*Patro.* Sir, 'tis a title I am proud of——
*Tis.* How can you then descend to things so base,
That blot my glory, and my name deface?
Whilst thus your blinded folly so adores
The only traitor that my soul abhors.
*Patro.* How, sir! I doat upon the man you hate!
No, I had never thoughts so impious yet.
By all my hopes, if any wretch there be
S'unhappy to be held your enemy,
Rather than in my breast his image bear,
I'd raze it from my heart, or stab it there.
*Tis.* Stay, lest you should pronounce too rash a doom;
Believe it is a blow will wound you home.
But I will try——
What gen'rous resolution you express.
Know then you must hate Alcibiades.
*Patro.* Protect me Heaven! can you command that I
Should break that knot you did so lately tie?
Was't not your love that did our friendship join?
Did not your kind embraces second mine?
*Tis.* Embraces! love! and kindness! what are these?
The outward varnish that our hearts disguise.
Hast thou so long with courts conversant been,
The various turns of power and greatness seen,
And hast thou not this mystery yet found,
Always to smile in's face we mean to wound?
Come, you must hate him, nay and kill him too.
*Patro.* Oh let me rather beg my death from you.
Can you command me, sir, to wound a heart,
Whereof I do possess so great a part?

In that I should prove a self-murderer;
Piercing his breast, I stab my own image there.
*Tis.* Come, lay these idle boyish scruples down,
Do as becomes your virtue and my son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my place,
And turning all my honours to disgrace:
And can you of so little value prize
The honour of your blood, not to shed his?
*Patro.* Oh, sir, no farther urge this horrid theme,
'Twill blast your glories, and your wreaths defame.
Do but look on that life you would destroy.
See if it ben't as spotless and serene
As that which in their heaven blest saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch'd but with a thought of sin.
By all th' endearments of a filial love, [*Kneels.*
And if that charm cannot your pity move,
By my dear mother's ghost, whose dying prayer
Bequeath'd me her chief treasure to your care,
This unjust cruel enmity lay down,
And do not in his friend destroy your son.
On the past brav'ry of your youth look back,
There the bright paths of all your triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be those glories to exchange
For a base, brutal, infamous revenge.
Oh, sir, recal, recal the dire decree,
'Tis such a deed as fate will shrink to see.
*Tis.* Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me.
Give this unmanly childish pity o'er,
Or ne'er presume to call me father more.
*Patro.* Then see how I resign that interest here:
[*Rises.*
Thus all the bonds of duty cancell'd are.
Whilst such black horrors in your soul I see,
You're not my father, but my enemy.
Now against me let all your vengeance come,
Thus, thus my breast for your revenge has room.

Brave Alcibiades——
No, since such barb'rous mischiefs you dare do,
I'll die for him, but scorn to live for you.
Why don't you strike, sir? is your rage grown faint?
*Tis.* I fear I've too much trifled with this boy;
Curse on his honour, 'twill my hopes destroy.
But I'll smooth all in time. O my dear son,
Now art thou worthy to be call'd my own.
None but a heart that's truly noble could
Ever deserve a title to my blood.
No, may ye both in your brave friendship be
As truly happy as I am in thee.
That's curst—— [*Aside.*
*Patro.* Is then my father kind? can he approve
Our friendship? does he once more crown our love?
Oh, sir, let thus my acknowledgment be given,
As we for blessings offer thanks to Heaven. [*Kneels.*
*Tis.* Rise, rise, thou comfort of my age; I now
Have understood all I could wish to know.
Alas, in this disguise I did but try
The strength and virtue of thy constancy.
'Tis a refreshment to this hoary head,
To prove that virtue which myself have bred.
Thus blest in peace I'll to my grave descend,
As the declining sun goes down at night,
Pleas'd with the rising of an off-spring light.
*Patro.* Such mystic ways fate does our loves confirm,
As rooted trees stand faster by a storm.
After this shock our friendship's more secure,
As gold try'd in the fire comes forth more pure. [*Exit.*
*Tis.* There's some foundation yet for my design;
The captive's brave; I'll try to make him mine.
Unweary'd I will let my fury range,
And leave no heart unsearch'd to find revenge. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A dark Tent.*

THERAMNES *in Chains.*

*Ther.* How sweet a quietude's in fetters found!
That it seems almost freedom to be bound.
Though thus confin'd, my agile thoughts may fly
Through all the regions of variety.
Here in a trice I can the world run o'er,
And finish whole years' labours in an hour.
But, oh my mistress! my Timandra lost!
That is the only bitterness I taste.
This outward fetter but my body chains,
But that the freedom of my soul detains.
Why by my rival's sword did I not fall;
So bravely have embrac'd one death for all?
Yet why should I court such an abject fate?
Courage is the supporter of the great.
Methinks I've something yet to do, might prove
Becoming both my glory and my love.
I'll—ah! this does my busy thoughts prevent.

*Enter* TISSAPHERNES.

Is that old fiend for a tormentor sent?
Good sir, upon what message are you come?
Am I then destin'd to some harder doom?
*Tis.* No, I am come to give your sorrows ease.
I know you hate, sir, Alcibiades:
Nay, and I know you love Timandra too.
*Ther.* Well, sir, all this I know as well as you.
*Tis.* Come, if you dare be brave, be't on this theme:
Dare you, sir, ravish her, and murder him?
*Ther.* For what dark ends do you this question bring?
Dare! s'death, old sir, I dare do any thing.

*Tis.* That word then all my former doubts secures;
Be only resolute, and Timandra's yours.
My stratagems so subtly I will lay,
That to your arms your mistress I'll betray.
Thus then, as the first step to our design,
Your guards I'll with adulterated wine
Secure; so, they charm'd in a lethargy,
I'll from your bonds and prison set you free.
Then, when some happy moment shall present,
Timandra left unguarded in her tent,
Both of us thither in disguise will move,
To end your rival, and complete your love.
For when your fill of bliss you have enjoy'd,
And your full pleasures with themselves are cloy'd:
I thither will alarm our enemy,
Where by both swords he shall be sure to die;
And the next night (the watch-word given by me)
You may 'scape through the guards to liberty.

*Ther.* Revenge! my love enjoy'd, and freedom too!
Then in the name of Pluto be it so.
What stupid ignorance the world possest,
That only fury plac'd in the youthful breast!
No, 'tis in age alone great spirits are young:
The soul's but infant when the body's strong.
These hoary heads like grisly comets are,
Which always threaten ruin, death, and war.

*Tis.* Alas, such tame souls know but half a growth:
I'll make my age a step to a new youth:
Such murders and such cruelties maintain,
I'll from the blood I shed grow young again.

*Ther.* Let's in the name of horror then go on;
Methinks I long to have the bus'ness done:
Something like conscience else may all defeat;
You know, sir, I'm but a raw villain yet.

*Tis.* Conscience! a trick of state, found out by those
That wanted power to support their laws;

A bug-bear name, to startle fools: but we,
That know the weakness of the fallacy,
Know better how to use what nature gave.
That soul's no soul, which to itself's a slave.
Who any thing for conscience sake deny,
Do nothing else but give themselves the lie. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The Camp.*

*Enter* PATROCLUS *and* DRAXILLA.

*Patro.* Why, madam, do you fly a lover's prayer?
Is cruelty the privilege of the fair?
*Drax.* You cannot, sir, in the camp be beauty's slave,
Where honour's th' only mistress of the brave.
*Patro.* But 'tis a rugged honour got in arms,
When not made soft by beauty's sweeter charms;
That melts our rage into a kind desire,
Whilst Love refines it in his purer fire.
*Drax.* Lovers, whose flights such sublime pitches chuse,
Oft soar too high, and so their quarry lose.
But you, sir, know to moderate your height,
Missing your game, can easily slack the flight.
*Patro.* Such faint essays may fit a common flame,
But my desires have a far nobler aim,
Religious honour, and a zeal that's true,
Rais'd by that deity to which I sue.
*Drax.* Those who to deities their off'rings pay,
Make their addresses in an humbler way;
Not in a confidence of what they give,
But modest hopes of what they shall receive.
*Patro.* I in my off'ring no assurance have,
Though an ambition to become your slave.
*Drax.* Yes, but when once admitted to that place,
You'll still be looking for some acts of grace.
*Patro.* Some little favours pity can't deny,
You are too noble to use cruelty.

*Drax.* See, sir, the queen! I beg you, sir, forbear.
*Patro.* Madam, this way—— [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* QUEEN *and* ARDELLA.

*Queen.* Did he then suffer no surprize? no show
Of alteration? let's the progress know.
*Ardel.* In order, madam, to your command, I went,
And met him coming from the royal tent:
Where, after the usual ceremonies past,
Ere I would feast, I gave him first a taste;
Told him how much his courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean path of glory mov'd,
Who in his arms had so successful been,
T'engage a monarch, and oblige a queen.
Then nearer came, and whisper'd something more,
Began to intimate Love's mighty power.
He briskly took the hint, and readily
Began to urge some pretty things to me.
By which encourag'd, I to the business drew,
Told him in fine it only was his due
To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.
*Queen.* And did not then his alter'd looks betray
Some ecstasy? some marks of lively joy?
*Ardel.* No, madam, he knew better policy,
Talk'd of your honour, and his loyalty;
Fine smoothing terms to cloak a passion in.
But if your majesty——
*Queen.* What?
*Ardel.* —Had but seen
How much his carriage did his words deceive,
When with a gentle sigh he took his leave,
As if he languish'd till the minute came.
*Queen.* Dost thou then think he entertains my flame?
Let's to my tent, and wait his coming there.
Such swarms of love within my breast there are,
The heat's too furious for my soul to bear.
What would I give but for a taste of bliss!
Oh, the choice sweets of a stol'n happiness! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### *SCENE I.* ALCIBIADES, *solus*.

*Alci.* Under what fatal planet was I born!
Sure at my birth the heavens themselves did mourn;
Disjointed Nature did her course forbear,
And held within her womb a civil war.
I who but now did fame and conquest bring,
And added to the glories of a king,
Must see my trophies all thrown down again
By the base passions of a lustful queen!
Why was not I born to a common fate,
Free from the glorious troubles of the great?
So in some humble cell my years have spent,
Blest with a private peaceable content.
The vulgar mortal feels not fortune's harms;
The highest structures still are shook with storms.
See too, she's here; what shall I do or speak?
Fate has beset me, I've no way to take.

*Enter* QUEEN *and* ARDELLA.

*Queen.* My lord, you something discompos'd appear;
Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.
*Alci.* Majesty, madam, is a thing divine.
*Queen.* If that disturb you, sir, I'll lay by mine.
Methinks I apprehend a greater pride,
To view the man whose glories spread so wide.
*Alci.* Madam, you on them set too high a price.
*Queen.* Perhaps I see not, sir, with common eyes;
They best of honour judge that honour have:
I find a secret in me says you're brave;
You need not, sir, unfold it, you can guess.
*Alci.* How craftily she would her lust express,
And set her ills off with a winning dress?

What's to be done, which way shall I conclude?
I must abuse my king, or must be rude. [*Aside.*
I cannot speak——
*Queen.* ——My lord, let's sit a while:
Won't you vouchsafe your visitant a smile?
*Alci.* Smiles, madam, were too insolent a joy.
*Queen.* Fie! put these formal compliments away.
Ardella, sing that song I heard to-day.

SONG.

I.

*The brightest Goddess of the sky,*
*How did she panting, sighing lie,*
*And languishing desire to die!*
*For the triumphant God of war*
*Amidst his trophies did appear,*
*As charming rough as she was fair.*

II.

*Their loves were blest, they had a son,*
*The little* Cupid; *who has shown*
*More conquests than his sire e'er won.*
*He grew the mightiest god above,*
*By which we him a rebel prove*
*To heaven, that dares be so to Love.*

III.

*How soft the delights, and how charming the joy,*
*Where love and enjoyment each other support!*
*Let the cynical fool call pleasure a toy,*
*Who ne'er fame in the camp had, nor love in the court!*
*O so kindly the combats each other succeed,*
*Where 'tis triumph to die, and a pleasure to bleed.*

*Alci.* The air is charming——
*Queen.* ———Retire. [*Exit* ARDELLA.
No lively symptoms of a growing fire!

I'll urge him further——— [*Aside.*
My lord, your hand; how beats your pulse? I fear
You're ill; cold drops upon your brows appear;
I'll wipe them off; come, sir, your fears remove,
You need not blush to tell me that you love.
I'll do it for you, nay, I more will do,
Blush for myself too when I blush for you.
Sure this will take; what does your wonder mean?
Is love so strange?——

*Alci.* ——Oh name not that again!
Could you such wrong to royal Agis do?
Think what's to heaven and to your virtue due.

*Queen.* Must I be hated then? and, sir, by you?
[*Angrily.*
Pish, why do you talk of heaven and virtue now?
[*Mildly.*

*Alci.* Not new-made mothers to their infants bear
A firmer passion, or a tenderer care.
Show me yours, or your honour's enemy,
See with what vigour to your revenge I'll fly.
For you with life I willingly could part;
But whilst that lasts, Timandra has my heart.

*Queen.* The heavy pleasures of the marriage bed,
Dull repetition soon will render dead.
Taste fresher joys, and when they tedious grow,
Then the old pleasures may seem gay and new.

*Alci.* Could I expect to have such language heard,
Where beauty and such innocence appear'd?

*Queen.* Can you my little beauty then approve?
And is't so difficult a thing to love?

*Alci.* Love, madam! only be as truly good,
As you are fair, I shall not need be woo'd;
I'll love you as the sister of my blood.

*Queen.* A sister's love's a lean insipid bliss,
So little, we can hardly name what 'tis.
Where is the transport, ecstasy, delight?
'Tis like thin meat to a sharp appetite.

*Alci.* I know you're beauteous as the blushing morn:
Your beams the lustre of a king adorn,
That king whose piety me happy made;
And can I in return profane his bed?
Though, madam, I've liv'd free, and never set
Limits to any thing we call delight,
Yet raise not new rebellions in my blood:
Beauty hath darts too keen to be withstood.
*Queen.* Yet all its power has no force o'er you,
Your cruel heart's immoveable; but know
'Twill to your honour be but ill applied,
That for your love a queen neglected died.
*Alci.* What is't your majesty would have me do?
*Queen.* Are you so ignorant that you don't know?
*Alci.* Death! not to have some sense, were to unman
Myself, but I'll be conqu'ror if I can.
Should I be made a captive to her charms,
Ere I am warm in my Timandra's arms?
One stratagem I'll for my freedom try. [*Aside.*
Madam, no longer I'll your power deny:
[*To the* QUEEN.
For if these eyes had ne'er Timandra known,
You only might have call'd my heart your own.
But whilst with her I enjoy love and life,
And you remain the mighty Agis' wife;
Know this is all I can in justice do,
I'm ready on your least commands to show
I live for her; but yet could die for you.
*Queen.* Must I then only border upon bliss?
Rest on the confines of my happiness?
As souls that are excluded heaven for sin,
See all its glories, but can't enter in.
*Alci.* No, madam; free from the dull clogs of sense,
We'll reap delights of nobler excellence.
Our entwin'd souls each other shall enjoy,
Tread virtue's paths, and never lose their way.

But if one in his motion chance to err,
Straight regulate it by the other's sphere:
———Till at the last,
When the short zodiac of this life we've past,
With new-impt zeal beyond the stars we'll fly,
There meet, and mingle to a deity.

*Queen.* Then to all hopes of happiness adieu,
Since my chief bliss I've lost in losing you.
Oh the tyrannic cruelty of fate,
That lets us know our happiness too late.
Yet why should I to fears and sorrows bend,
If only on their fate my hopes depend?
A rival and a king I may remove:
There's nothing difficult to them that love.

[*Exit* QUEEN.

*Alci.* She's gone———
Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our souls,
The wise man's fetter, and the range of fools,
Who is't would court thee if he knew thy ills?
He who the greatest heap of honour piles,
Does nothing else but build a dang'rous shelf,
Or erect mountains to o'erwhelm himself. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A Grove adjoining to the Camp.*

*Enter* TISSAPHERNES *and* THERAMNES *disguised.*

*Tis.* Now, sir, you're free, and prosperously move,
To reap the long wish'd harvest of your love.
One minute and you're in Timandra's arms,
Now fetter'd in the power of her charms:
Methinks the thought e'en my old blood alarms.

*Ther.* His rage sure works him to an ecstasy:
How the old monster hugs his villany!

Good sir, dispatch, I cannot brook delay;
I waste in expectation of my joy.
But hark, did you not hear a murm'ring talk?
*Tis.* Perhaps 'tis she come in this grove to walk:
Stay, here they are; by heaven the same, 'tis she.
Retreat awhile; blest opportunity!
[*They go to the door.*

*Enter* TIMANDRA *with a book in her hand, and* DRAXILLA.

*Tim.* Methinks, Draxilla, when Atlanta ran,
And slaughter was the only prize she wan;
Her power a too cruel rigour bore,
To kill those she had wounded so before.
[THERAMNES *throws off his disguise.*
*Ther.* Then, madam, be not guilty of her ill:
Me the poor wretch you've wounded, do not kill.
Ah in your heart, if such a sense there be
Of the injustice of her cruelty;
How much more pity from your breast is due
To him, who every minute dies for you!
*Tim.* My lord Theramnes! by what lucky hap
Have you from guards and prison made escape?
*Ther.* Who wears your sacred image in his breast,
Is of such pure divinity possest,
And from ignoble bondage so secure,
That feeble chains fall off, and lose their power.
*Tim.* Then, sir, in your intended flight make haste,
Lest by some fatal chance you're once more lost.
*Ther.* No, I enjoy a nobler safety here;
No danger dares approach when you are near:
These groves to lovers' bliss are dedicate,
Free from th' uncivil outrages of fate.
Come, let's to something like delight draw nigh,
And lose ourselves awhile in ecstasy.
[*Seizes roughly on her.*

*Tim.* Guard me, ye Powers! Draxilla, help: my lord!

*Tis.* Good, gentle madam, if you please, one word.

[DRAXILLA *runs out, crying help, and* TISSAPHERNES *after her.*

*Ther.* I cannot see my rival blest alone;
Must he reap all the sweets, and I have none?

*Tim.* This outrage, on my knees I beg, forbear:
See, sir, it is Timandra sheds a tear; [TIS. *returns.*
Her whom you vow'd you lov'd with noble flame:
Oh don't by savage lust profane that name!
If 'tis the envy of your rival's joy,
Remove, remove th' offence some other way:
Save but my honour, and my life destroy.

*Ther.* Such tenderness might cool another's blood:
But I am too unhappy to be good.
Let virtue to dull anchorites repair,
Who ne'er had soul enough to know despair.
I'll banish the encroacher from my breast,
And shake him off ere he take hold too fast.
Come, let's retire within this covert by;
I am impatient, and my blood boils high.

*Tim.* I will not go, I'll die a martyr here.

*Ther.* Then I must drag you.

*Tim.* ——Barb'rous ravisher!
Oh! oh!

*Enter* ALCIBIADES.

*Alci.* ——Did I not hear a tender cry?
Oh heavens! turn, base hell-hound, turn, and die.
[*Draws.*

*Ther.* That, sir, will thus be better understood.
[*Draws.*

*Tis.* You've undertook, sir, more than you'll make good. [*Draws.* [*They both make at him.*

*Enter* PATROCLUS.

*Patro.* How's this? assaulted! and by such base odds!
Courage, my friend!——

[*After a fierce fight between* ALCIBIADES *and* THERAMNES, PATROCLUS *and* TISSAPHERNES, PATROCLUS *drives his father off the stage, and* ALCIBIADES *runs* THERAMNES *through.*

*Alci.* ——To the curst abodes
Of tortur'd souls that in dark horror dwell,
Thus fly, and to thy fellow devils tell,
It was my sword that sent thy soul to hell.

*Ther.* Hold, sir, enough; I must your victim fall,
Though an atonement for my sin too small.
My hasty soul can make no longer stay,
Death tolls his leaden-bell, and calls away.
And now like some sad trav'ler taking view
Of the long journey that I have to go,
Whilst I my thoughts to heaven's sweet mansions bend,
Without your mercy no admittance find.
Oh but one word of pardon ere I die;
Secure of that, my soul dares boldly fly.
Absolv'd by you, it must have welcome there,
As incense that is offer'd up with prayer.

*Tim.* My pardon and my prayers too receive;
More than your guilt could ask me I could give:
Be happy as your penitence is true;
And may kind Heaven forgive you, as I do. [*Weeps.*

*Ther.* Ah! can your piety vouchsafe a tear
Of pity on an impious ravisher!
My soul will leave me in an ecstasy;
And I shall want the sense to know I die.
Thus, pure divinity, at your feet I bow;
Here 'tis my soul would make her latest stay:
Nor can she——
Beginning hence her journey, miss the way.
But I'd forgot; beware of—— [*Dies.*

*Alci.* ——Who can fear,
That is secur'd by charms so pow'rful here?
Within these spheres my guardian angels move;
These are my seats of safety, as of love.
*Tim.* They weakly others guard, that can't defend
Themselves; I fear more mischief may depend
On this disaster——

*Enter* PATROCLUS.

*Alci.* So when a storm blows o'er,
And a calm breeze has smooth'd the rugged deep,
The joyful mariners can fear no more:
But thus embrace, and lull their cares asleep.
[*Embraces him.*
Welcome my life's protector, only friend.
Hah! what does that sad look and sigh intend?
Are you, sir, wounded?——
*Patro.* Yes, too deep, I fear.
*Alci.* Forbid it, Heaven! where is't?
*Patro.* ——Oh here, sir, here;
My soul is pierc'd, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where:
Your friend! ah let that title be no more;
Behold me as a wretch forlorn and poor.
Imagine ev'ry form of misery;
And when you've summ'd up all, then look on me.
*Alci.* Now some blest angel to my soul reveal
This doubt: can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?
Ah! kind Patroclus, this sad silence break.
*Patro.* Oh, sir, you must not hear, nor must I speak.
Paint out black horror in its deepest dread,
And troops of murder hov'ring o'er your head;
And when that hideous mask of hell you see,
Think, if you can, that they came all from me.
*Alci.* Confusion! how my thoughts begin to start!
A new unwonted heat has seiz'd my heart,

Something unruly, that would fain get place;
But I'll subdue't.—Be free, kind friend, alas!
Force me not wrong our friendship and your worth.
*Patro.* That charm's resistless, and I feel 'twill forth.
But oh it must not; duty does forbid;
Yet what's my duty if my honour bleed?
Know then,—now that this stubborn heart would break!
My cruel father—oh I dare not speak.
*Alci.* Hah!
*Patro.* Led by some blind mistaken jealousy,
Heaps treasons upon you, and shame on me.
It was by him Theramnes made escape,
And 'twas he back'd him in this impious rape.
But oh, no more! shame does my words suppress:
Yet think what he will do that durst do this.
I'll go and try if I his rage can stay:
I may divert the stream another way. [*Exit* PATRO.
*Alci.* Kind youth, I cannot fear thy father's hate:
He sells his honour at too cheap a rate.
What have I done that could be call'd a wrong?
No, I've a guard of innocence too strong;
Whilst I unspotted that and friendship bear,
No danger is so great that I need fear.
*Tim.* Yet be not, sir, regardless of my fears;
Some pity have of these sad sighs and tears.
Whither, oh whither would your rashness lead;
To urge a ruin levell'd at your head!
Let us———
To some recess that's safe and humble go:
Timandra can bear any thing with you.
Let int'rest the unfix'd and wav'ring sway;
With us——
Love shall supply what Fortune takes away.
*Alci.* Sure 'tis not my Timandra's voice I hear:
She ne'er had cause to think that I could fear.

Have I so many dangers over past,
Poorly to shrink from villany at last?
No, with my innocence I'll brave his hate,
And meet it in a free undaunted state:
See all with smiles, as fearless and as gay,
As infants unconcern'd at dangers play.

*Tim.* Then I'll perform what to my love is due;
Unsteady doubts be gone, blind fears adieu:
I were unworthy of the heart you gave,
Were I than you less faithful, or less brave.
And of my courage too this proof I'll give,
When you dare meet a death, I'll scorn to live,
Nor longer be a vassal to my fear;
We'll in each other's chance a portion bear.
So fate has thus at least some kindness shown,
Neither can wretched be, nor blest alone. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The Camp.*

*Enter* TISSAPHERNES *and four Villains.*

*Tis.* Is't done?——

1 *Vil.* Sir, to a point your will's fulfill'd;
Theramnes' guards, as they lay drunk, were kill'd:
Draxilla too, by the ambush you had laid
For your retreat, was in her flight betray'd.

*Tis.* Next, as from me, be there a message sent,
To bid my son attend me in my tent;
In his passage thither you may seize him, so
Convey him to the cave——

1 *Vil.* —My lord, we go.

*Tis.* Ye are the best of rogues; but disappear:
[*Exit* 3 Vil.
You know your bus'ness: so, the king is here.

*Enter* KING *and* QUEEN *attended.*

*King.* Lead to the grove——

*Tis.* Oh, sir, there's treason in the camp; retreat,
But now the guards I in confusion met,
Who led me where Theramnes I beheld,
The late Athenian captive general, kill'd.
That little breath he had left, he employ'd to shew
His honour and his gallantry to you;
Treasons so strange and horrid did relate,
As would seem almost treason to repeat.
But, sir, you have no longer safety here:
Secure yourself, and leave all to my care.

*King.* No more! you know not what you urge me to;
Secure myself! am I a king or no?
The monarch, who when danger's near sits down,
Shews but a feeble title to a throne:
The best securities in courage are;
We but subscribe to treasons which we fear.
Be free, and let me the bold traitor know,
To stem the torrent I myself will go:
In state I'll meet the fond capricious wretch,
And dare him with that crown which he would snatch.

*Tis.* Alas, dread sir, force me not to declare,
The name would wound your sacred breast to hear.
I, in revealing, honour should offend:
He once was noble, sir, and call'd me friend.

*King.* How, sir, your friend! and traitor to my crown:
Reveal him, or his treasons are your own.

*Tis.* Alas, but must I!—'tis so foul a deed,
I cannot speak.

*King.* Hell, sir; d'ye play? proceed.

*Tis.* Then, to be short, he you so lately strove
T'engage in all the firmest ties of love,
He whom you almost had from nothing rais'd,
And on the highest seats of honour plac'd;
Has thence this use of all your favours shown,
To make them steps to mount into your throne.

*King*. Defend me! what do I hear!——
Sir, you have rais'd a tumult in my breast,
Which will not be so suddenly appeas'd:
By Heavens, see all that you inform be true,
Or may all torments which to the damn'd are due
Light on me, if inflicted not on you.
The brave Athenian false! it cannot be:
His soul ne'er dreamt of such impiety.
*Tis*. Sir, you're unkind if you suspect me false,
I never yet abus'd your ears with tales;
Had I such mystick policy pursued,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier understood.
*King*. Alas, dear friend, misconstrue not my zeal,
Weigh not my passions in nice reason's scale.
Who would believe a king should blindly place
His love so firmly, for returns so base?
Rack me no more, but the dark scruple clear:
My soul's in a convulsion till I hear.
*Tis*. Yes, sir, 'tis he, and thus his plots were laid.
Th' account I from the dying captive had;
Whom he with liberty had brib'd, to join
With him in this his treacherous design:
This night with th' enemy your camp t'invade,
On promise it should be by him betray'd.
Which when the gallant captive did disdain,
He was to combat dar'd, and by him slain.
If you insist on farther evidence,
Theramnes' murder'd guards enough convince:
Hence you my farther confirmation have.
*King*. Be bold; speak what thou knowest——
*A Vil*. —When to relieve
The captive's guards, I by command was sent,
I found them murder'd at the door of the tent.
In one of them some life did yet remain,
Who told me they were by our general slain,
'Cause they Theramnes' freedom had denied.
More he had said, but at these words he died.

*King*. It was enough. Treason, how dark art thou?
In shapes more various than e'er Proteus knew.
By Heaven I'll make him base, despis'd, and poor,
More wretched than e'er monster was before,
Naked, and strip'd of all his dignities,
I'll lay his odious crimes before his eyes.
Then, when his mind is lab'ring with regret,
To make his infamy the more complete,
Some common slave shall on him justice do,
And send his soul among the damn'd below.
Guards wait on him—— [*To* TISSAPHERNES.
Go, ere my love return and I repent,
And seize upon the traitor in his tent.
A speedy vengeance best befits this wrong,
'Twere too much mercy to delay it long.

*Enter* ALCIBIADES *and* TIMANDRA.

*Alci*. This way's the king?
*Tis*. He's here leapt into the net.
Thus, sir, the king salutes you. [*Guards seize* ALC.
*Alci*. Slaves, retreat.
*Tim*. Alas, my lord!
*Tis*. —Sir, 'tis the king's command,
The least of them I never durst withstand.
*Alci*. But, sir, what meaning can this usage bear?
*Tis*. The king, sir, quickly all your doubts will clear.
*King*. Away with him, thou poison to my eyes.
*Alci*. The basest wretch not unconvicted dies.
Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,
Unworthy of my honour or your crown.
If in your cause who'd spend his dearest blood,
And is to be your meanest vassal proud,
No greater welfare than in yours does know,
If he be an offender, I am so.
*King*. How cunningly he would seem innocent,
And gild with flattery his foul intent!

Thus traitors in their fall are like the sun,
Who still looks fairest at his going down.
'Sdeath, sir, do you believe me child or fool,
Whom ev'ry fawning word or toy can rule?
By Heaven I'll let you see, sir, your mistake;
Hence with the traitor quickly to the rack.

*Alci.* Sir, hear me speak——

*King.* What is't that you can say,
Who would my crown and your own trust betray?
When you from prison set the captive free,
Basely to win him to your treachery:
Whom, when on him your plots could nothing do,
You kill'd, 'cause he more honour had than you.

*Alci.* By all above, sir, I am innocent:
I ne'er knew what the thought of treason meant.
But know from whence this jealousy you drew,
From him that hates me, and abuses you:
Theramnes had his liberty from hence:
[*To* TISSAPHERNES.
And for designs so base———

*Tis.* ——Oh impudence!
To what prodigious height will treason climb!
Dare you, sir, charge me with your heavy crime?
Old as I am, my sword shall do me right.
But——

*Alci.* —Monster, hence, and them that fear thee fright:
Think'st thou to play with the black deeds thou'st done?
Were I but free, though naked and alone,
Thou too defended by a desp'rate crew,
And all indeed more near being damn'd than you;
This single arm should prove my cause is good,
And chronicle my honour in their blood.

*King.* Is't thus, sir, you would plead your innocence?
Think you t'outbrave us with your impudence?
Once more, the traitor to his tortures bear.

*Queen.* But, sir, your justice now is too severe.
'Twere an ill triumph after victories,
To make the conqueror the sacrifice;
That gallantry some privilege may plead.
*King.* His treasons are too plain, and open laid,
And all his merits weigh'd against them light.
*Queen.* Should we him guilty of worse crimes admit,
And that in his death you'd worthiest justice shew,
Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.
*King.* When Deidamia pleads, I can't deny:
His doom's this time recall'd, he shall not die;
But (robb'd of all his joys) let him be sent
To a perpetual imprisonment;
His treasures rifled, and his wife a slave.
*Alci.* Here on my knees let me one favour crave.
Whatever fate you have design'd for me,
It is embrac'd: but, sir, let her be free;
Let all the weight of the alleg'd offence
Light upon me; wrong not her innocence.
*Tim.* How mean and abject is your courage now!
Think you that I dare suffer less than you?
No, sir; in this he has no right to plead;
Whate'er you think either has merited,
Let equal justice on us both be shown:
And as we are, so let our fates be one.
*Alci.* Thou wonder of thy sex.———
*King.* I'll hear no more:
How dare you tempt an angry monarch's power?
But since his fate so gratefully you esteem;
Let her be pris'ner too, but far from him.
He must not be so happy to have her,
For fetters would be blessings were she there.
Go, see ye execute our orders straight.
*Tim.* Thus we with smiles will entertain our fate.
My dearest lord, farewell; let not a sigh
Or tear proclaim we grieve our parting's nigh.

Were it to quit our happiness a pain,
Joy were not then a blessing, but a chain.
No, let us part as dying martyrs do,
Who leave this life only to gain a new.
Grief equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at least in heaven shall meet again.

*Alci.* So from their oracles the deities
Instruct the ignorant world in mysteries.
But, part! that word would make a saint despair.
Obedience cannot be a virtue here.
If so, ye gods, ye have such precepts given,
That an example would confound your heaven:
Duties beyond omnipotence you enjoin;
Can you forsake your heaven, or I leave mine?
Till when thus, king, I'm fix'd beyond remove,
With all the cements of an endless love.
Kill me, thou yet shalt of thy ends despair,
My soul shall wait upon her ev'ry where,
Nay I'd not fly to heaven till she came there.

*King.* Shall I thus see myself out-brav'd? Away,
He is a traitor that but seems to stay.

[ALCIBIADES *snatches a sword from one of the Guards.*

*Alci.* Now I am arm'd, death to that wretch that stirs.

*King.* Sir, do not think to look us into fears?
Disarm him, guards, or kill him.

[*They fight and disarm him.*

*Tis.* Push home, ye dogs——

*Alci.* ——Sordid slaves.
Thus ev'ry ass the helpless lion braves.
Adieu, divinest of thy sex, adieu!
I never thought that I could part till now.
Now I deserve the worst fate has in store,
That in so brave a cause should do no more.

[*The Guards offer to lead him off.*

Yet stay, one look. Thus does the needle steer
To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near;

When in the eager prospect of his joy,
He is by some rude artist snatch'd away.
Farewell——

*Tim.* Farewell, and if your memory
E'er trouble you with such a thing as I,
Let not a sigh come from you, but believe
I'd rather be forgot, than you should grieve.

*Alci.* Such worth shall in each temple have a shrine.
What, to regain her, would I not resign?
But she's too heav'nly to be longer mine.

[*Exeunt several ways guarded, looking back at each other.*

*King.* She's gone, but, oh! what mighty charms there lie
Couch'd in the narrow circle of an eye!
Had she but staid another minute here,
I had worn chains, and been her prisoner:
And still I fear my heart is not my own;
For if so bright when to a dungeon gone,
How would she shine triumphant on a throne? [*Exit.*

*Queen.* So, now or never must my love succeed?
Vainly, weak king, hast thou his doom decreed.
In this beginning of his fall thou'st shown
But the imperfect figure of thy own.
Few hours remain 'twixt thee and destiny,
Till when grow dull in thy security.
Timandra's and thy death is one design;
Then if a crown can tempt him, he is mine. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

TISSAPHERNES *solus.*

*Tis.* Now like a lion on my prey I'll feast;
Revenge, thou solace to a troubled breast!

Could but Theramnes in Elisium know,
How would his ghost rejoice at what I do!
[THERAMNES'S *Ghost rises.*

*Ghost.* Oh no——

*Tis.* Death, what is that I hear and see!
Begone, dull ghost; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

*Ghost.* From deepest horror of eternal night,
Where souls in everlasting torments groan,
Where howling fiends lie chain'd, and where's no light,
But thickest darkness covers ev'ry one,
I come to warn thee, mortal, of thy sin;
Short time is here left for thee to remain;
'Twere fit that thy repentance soon begin,
For think what 'tis to live in endless pain.
Farewell——— [*Descends.*

*Tis.* ——'Twas an odd speech; but be it so:
Pish; hell itself trembles at what I do;
And, its submission better to express,
Sends this ambassador to make its peace.
Let idle fears the superstitious awe;
With me my resolution is a law.
Repentance now would be too late begun:
Ages can't expiate what I have done.
And if below for souls such torments are,
Methinks there's yet some brav'ry in despair.
The easy king looks little in his state,
His crown is for his head too great a weight:
But I will ease him, and adorn this brow.
Thus to my aims no limits I'll allow.
Revenge, ambition, all that's ill, shall be
My bus'ness; so I'll baffle destiny.
Hell! No——
I'll act such things whilst here I have abode,
Till my own trophies raise me to a god.

*Enter* QUEEN.

*Queen.* Now such an engine is it I would have,
I know he is a traitor, and is brave.
I'll bait him with ambition that shall move;
Then if complacent to my ends he prove,
In seeming to comply with his design,
I'll make him but an instrument to mine:
For when success me to my wishes calls,
I'll shake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
My lord———

*Tis.* Madam.

*Queen.* My father lov'd you well,
I've heard him oft of your achievements tell;
When in his camp such gallant deeds you wrought,
And always victory and triumph brought.

*Tis.* Madam, your father was all good and just.

*Queen.* He could, why may not I, your honour trust?

*Tis.* You wrong it else, your father lives in you;
As I was his, I am your champion too.
Though old, against your foes this sword shall plead
Your right; name but your traitor, and he's dead.

*Queen.* Nay, sir, the traitor's not alone my foe,
His injuries extended are to you,
To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
Yet basely him that gave him growth destroys;
Whilst for his ills he would his kindness plead,
To heap your honours on your rival's head.
Rally your courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own honour save.

*Tis.* Your majesty would mean the king. Do you try
My resolution, or my loyalty?

*Queen.* Your courage, sir, is known; your loyalty,
If you have any, you'll find due to me.
Through me these honours you in Sparta bore,
And 'twas my father made you great before.

Now know it is the king, whose perjur'd soul
Has done me injuries so base and foul,
That all that's good will blush at; his vows past
To me, all in another's love are lost.
Nay, with my honour too my life must bleed;
He with the general's has my fall decreed,
To take the fair Timandra to his bed.
Let's go surprise him now he's full of wine;
Revenge me on his life, his crown is thine.

*Tis.* Madam, indeed the injuries you feel
Cry loud; nor do I tamely see my ill.
But you must swear to me you will be true.

*Queen.* By all that's holy I'll be so to you.

*Tis.* I'll do't; but, madam, know, I undertake
To hazard life and honour for your sake;
Should you betray me——

*Queen.* Nay, now you are unkinder than before.
To my first oath I'll add a million more.

*Tis.* And you will still be mindful of the crown?

*Queen.* Had he ten thousand, they were all your own.

*Tis.* This then's his fate; pity a crime were here:
He shan't have time enough to make a pray'r.
[*Draws a dagger.*

*Queen.* Be bold; and prosper in thy brave design;
And when his death's perform'd, the next is thine.
[*Aside.* [*Exit.*

*Tis.* This trap was dang'rously and subtly laid,
But I am not so easily betray'd.
Her love to Alcibiades I know;
Her woman for me did that kindness do:
And since she is so good at the design,
I'll to oblige her give her one of mine.
My zealous urging of her oath was done,
Not to prevent her plots, but hide my own.
I'll cherish her in all that she pretends,
So make her aims but covers to my ends.

For when I'm seated on the Spartan throne,
Both her and all her treasons I'll disown:
Prove both her judge and her accuser too,
And on her my first act of justice do.
So all my doubts and fears will be o'er-past,
And by her fall I fix myself more fast. [*Exit.*

*An Apartment, with a Chair of State, and by it a Table, with the Crown and Sceptre.*

*Enter* KING *and* LORDS.

*King.* My lords, no more, we've drank too deep! I'd now
A while be private.
*Lords.* ——Royal sir, we go. [*Exit* Lords.
*King.* Boy, take thy lute, and with a pleasing air
Appease my sorrows and delude my care. [*Sits down.*

SONG.

*Princes that rule and empires sway,*
*How transitory is their state!*
*Sorrows the glories do allay,*
*And richest crowns have greatest weight.*

II.

*The mighty monarch treason fears,*
*Ambitious thoughts within him rave;*
*His life all discontent and cares,*
*And he at best is but a slave.*

III.

*Vainly we think with fond delight*
*To ease the burden of our cares;*
*Each grief a second does invite,*
*And sorrows are each other's heirs.*

IV.

*For me, my honour I'll maintain,*
*Be gallant, generous, and brave,*
*And when I quietude would gain,*
*At least I find it in the grave.*
[*The* KING *falls asleep.*

*Enter* QUEEN, *and* TISSAPHERNES *with a dagger.*

*Queen.* He sleeps; now let the fatal deed be done.
Hah! what are these, the sceptre and the crown!
So did the drowsy dragon sleep, when he
Lost the rich fruits of the Hesperian tree.
First we'll secure his crown, and then he dies.
[*Takes up the crown.*
Thus I'm discharg'd of all my promises.
Take this, and if I claim your promise too,
[*Puts it on his head.*
You're king, and justice is your duty now.
Come, by his fall——
This your first step to glory solemnize,
I'll make you king; make him my sacrifice.
*Tis.* I'll do't, but stay—
[*Advances towards the* KING.
*Queen.* ———Nay, quickly to him go;
Sir, he expects no ceremony now.
*Tis.* Thus then I——hah! how alter'd am I grown!
I stand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.
There is in majesty a secret charm,
That puts a fetter on a traitor's arm:
I cannot do't.———
*Queen.* Then look on her that dares.
How despicable is the man that fears!
Give me the fatal instrument of death;
[*Takes the dagger from him.*
Myself will in his heart this dagger sheathe:

Then blush to think, if e'er the world should know,
That a frail woman durst do more than you.
Courage—he smiles,—
[*Advances towards the* KING.
Some pleasing dreams his fancy entertain;
Oh it were pity he should wake again.
Thus, king, thy life and empire I command:
Accept this from thy Deidamia's hand. [*Stabs him.*
*King.* Hah, murder'd! Deidamia, and by you!
What is't that faithless woman will not do?
Henceforth all loyalty and love farewell.
When after-ages shall this story tell,
'Twill be a truth too sad to be receiv'd;
Nor shall the world be by itself believ'd.
Did I for this even crown and empire quit,
To lay all my ambition at your feet;
When at the altar strictest vows I paid?
Nor were they with less zeal perform'd than made.
I lov'd you far above that life you've spilt,
Till e'en my passion was become my guilt.
I for your sake depriv'd heaven of its due,
Took adoration thence to pay it you.
And must this be the reward for all I've done?
Yet I shall have this comfort when I'm gone,
That I no longer shall with thee remain,
But die in hopes we ne'er shall meet again. [*Dies.*
*Queen.* He's gone, and now, my lord———
*Tis.* ——Oh, what is't you have done?
A while lay your unruly passions down.
View but the sweet composure of that face,
Where grandeur sat attended by each grace:
Now there grim death his ghastly revels keeps,
And pallid horror o'er each feature creeps.
Weep, madam, weep, to think your rage has given
That blow, which robs the world to enrich heaven.
Oh my dear lord, that e'er I liv'd to know
This day! madam, I can't conceal it.

*Queen.* ———Say you so?
But, sir, I scorn to be betray'd by you.
[*At the noise of people entering, throws away the dagger, then falls upon her knees, and lays hold of* TISSAPHERNES, *then speaks.*
Treason, treason, treason,———
Is't not enough you've shed my husband's blood?
*Tis.* The devil!———
*Queen.* And robb'd the world of all that's great and good,
But you must seek my life; oh pity take,
If not for mine, at least for virtue's sake!
*Tis.* Hell and plagues!———
*Queen.* But why do I name that? for all that e'er
The world had left of it, lies murder'd there.
*Tis.* Very fine.
*Queen.* Yet though you've robb'd him of his life, save mine:
I'll live to ask heaven pardon for your sin.
*Tis.* So, now I'll stop your mouth.
[*Breaks from her, and takes up the dagger.*
*Queen.* Help! murder! treason! help!

*Enter* Lords.

1 *Lord.* How, Tissaphernes, arm'd against the queen;
What means this posture, sir?——
*Queen.* ———Oh noble lord,
If e'er your pity could a tear afford,
Weep down an ocean there; behold the spring
Of Sparta's hopes lies murder'd in her king.
And had not I the traitor's rage withstood,
He with my husband's too had mix'd my blood.
See where he guilty stands.
*Lord.* ———Great Agis slain!
By Tissaphernes too?

*Queen.* Yes, he to gain
The Spartan crown, this bloody deed has done.
See he already has usurp'd the crown;
His hot ambition could not bear delays,
But on the royal spoils thus proudly preys;
Insults in his treason.
*Tis.* ——I am now run down
So far, that all hopes of recovery's gone:
But, madam, can you dare to lay this guilt
On me? was't not by you his blood was spilt?
*Queen.* By me! base wretch, would thy impiety
Lay this inhuman regicide on me?
I wound this breast? ah, dearest saint, too well
I knew thy worth! [*Weeps.*
*Tis.* Death! she'll be queen of hell:
Pluto will grow in love with her for this.
*Lord.* My lord, treason's above all pardon.
*Tis.* ——'Tis.
*Lord.* Then, sir, to justice.
*Tis.* No, thus I deny. [*Presents his dagger.*
I liv'd not by it, nor will by it die.
Was it for this my stratagems I laid
To ruin her, to be by her betray'd?
Curse on my narrow fate; but yet to show
That I love murder too as well as you,
Thus, perjur'd queen——
[*Offers to stab the* QUEEN, *but is hindered by the* Lords.
*Queen.* See, how he'd still pursue
His treason! hence to justice with him go:
Hourly let on the rack his pains increase,
Till he the horror of his guilt confess.
*Tis.* That shall not need. I'll own the deed as mine,
But glory in't, it was a brave design.
The king kill'd! and I ruin'd! to complete
Thy lust, all by one stratagem, was great!
So great, that for its sake

I can with satisfaction yield my breath,
Else I should take no pleasure in my death.
But ere I go, be pleas'd to entertain
The last kind precepts of a dying man.
Be bloody, false, revengeful, lustful; all
That can be found recorded on hell's roll
Embrace; where-e'er you rising virtue see,
Down with it, and set up impiety.
Make that your theme, leave nothing ill undone,
So copy Tissaphernes when he's gone;
Who leaves this counsel as a legacy:
'Tis my religion, and I'll in it die.
[*Exit* TIS. *guarded.*

*Queen.* Hence with the wretch——
Mean while to my dead lord I'll sorrows pay,
And after his sigh my own life away. [*Exit* Lords.
So, now they are gone——Hah, who comes there?

*Enter* ARDELLA.

*Ardel.* 'Tis I.

*Queen.* Ardella, on that thing cast back an eye!
'Twas once a king, but thank these hands now none:
Nay, start not, Tissaphernes too is gone;
[ARDELLA *starts.*
His treasures all are thine as a reward.

*Ardel.* You are too kind——

*Queen.* See straight a draught prepar'd,
And murderers; Timandra next must fall;
You know our will, let it be done.

*Ardel.* It shall. [*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.

*A darkened Tent.*

TIMANDRA *asleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and sings.*

Merlin. *Come, my Salla, come away,*
*Thy Merlin calls.*
Salla, (within.) *Whither?*
Merlin. *Hither; we've no business to-day:*
*And where innocence sleeps we securely may play.*
Salla. *I come.* [Enters.
Merlin. *So, welcome my dear,*
*But first let's disperse the black clouds that are here.*
Both. *Round about this place we range,*
*And its gloomy darkness change*
*To a bright delightful grove,*
*A proper scene for happy love.*

The Scene changes to Elyzium.

Merlin. *Next, to divert this fair one, all*
*Our wing'd companions we'll call,*
*And the air for music charm,*
*Whilst they their measures here perform.*
Both. *Come all ye bright forms that inhabit the air,*
*And ease with your pleasures the cares of the fair*
*Here frolic and skip, oh no longer delay!*
*But let each clap his wings, and away.*

Several spirits of the air descend, and dance.

Salla. *Now let us discover the mansions of rest,*
*Where lovers with eternal joys are blest.*

[A glorious temple appears in the air, where the spirits of the happy are seated.]

*See, fair one, see, not long ere you*
*To those glorious seats shall go.*
Another Spirit. *The lustful queen thirsts for your blood,*
*And you are for the world too good.*
Merlin. *Nor shall you come alone, your lover too*
*Must meet a fate the same with you.*
Salla. *But here your troubles all shall cease,*
*'Tis the seat of endless bliss.*

CHORUS.

*Here in endless pleasures they*
*Keep eternal holyday.*
*Here they revel, sport, and are*
*Crown'd with joys still new and rare;*
*Their pleasures too can never die,*
*But like themselves have immortality.*
Merlin. *See the kind spirits smile, and now*
*They'll bless her with a nearer view.*

[The whole body of the temple moves downward.]

CHORUS.

*Descend, oh ye glories descend!*
*Who with blessings eternal are crown'd;*
*To this nymph your kind influence lend,*
*Whilst the spheres all with harmony resound.*
Merlin. *She wakes; let the apparition go;*
*By the damp upon my wings I know*
*Something ill is drawing near;*
*Come, Salla, come away; oh come away, my dear.*

They all vanish, and the Scene changes again to the Tent.

*Tim.* I've had a dream might make a lover blest;
Oh sweet delights of everlasting rest!
[QUEEN *appears at the entrance.*

How's this! the queen? what can her coming mean?

*Queen.* Ardella, with the ruffians here remain;
I'll in, and with soft words her temper try;
If without him she'll live, she shall not die.
Madam!——

*Tim.* ——Your pleasure!

*Queen.* Oft I've heard you're brave;
But the best proof of gallantry you gave,
When of your noble lord you were bereft,
And such a bliss with so rare patience left.

*Tim.* Madam, our flames a nobler passion rules
Than fondness, th' idle guilt of wav'ring fools;
Our loves knew a far higher excellence
Than the half pleasures of a minute's sense.

*Queen.* Then you may love, since you can with him part;
He has made a conquest o'er my tender heart.
Love governs here; and, since my husband's dead,
Fate and my choicest wishes have decreed
He should both in his love and throne succeed.

*Tim.* Do you believe empires or crowns can make
Him his Timandra and his faith forsake?
Or think you I an atom will resign
Of that heart which by holy vows is mine?
No, I will keep him, maugre cruelty.

*Queen.* But, madam, do you know what 'tis to die?

*Tim.* Yes, 'tis to lay these clogs, our bodies, by,
And be remov'd to blest eternity.
By death relief from all our griefs we gain,
And by one put an end to years of pain;
By that we in one minute find out more
Than all the busy gown-men study for;
Who after in dull search they've ages spent,
Learn nothing but to know they're ignorant.
Death is a blessing, and a thing so far
Above the worst of all our frailties, fear,

It claims our joy, since by it we put on
The top of happiness, perfection:
Quit him! no never whilst I here have breath;
He's mine in spite of cruelty or death.

*Queen.* Then enter, ye grim ministers of fate.

*Enter* Murderers *with poison.*

Does not your stubborn courage now abate?

*Tim.* No, my resolves more fix'd and firm are grown!
Bring dreadful racks and tortures yet unknown,
Provide one for each sense, and then do thou
Tempt me my love and int'rest to forego,
'Midst all my pains I'll smile and tell thee, no.

*Queen.* But, minion, soon your insolence shall cease.
Come, since such resolution you express,
Take this; demur not; do't—
[*Gives her a bowl of poison.*

*Tim.* And is this all?
I thought to have had a more heroic fall,
Expected to have noblest tortures met,
Not by dull poison to have found my fate:
But any way I can thy power defy;
'Tis for my Alcibiades I die. [*Offers to drink.*

*Queen.* Yet yield, and live——

*Tim.* ——Live! what have I to do
With life, when given by one so base as you?
Thus I despise it—— [*Drinks.*

*Queen.* What dismal torture straight will on her seize!
So! 'twas a health to Alcibiades.
[*After* TIMANDRA *has drank the poison.*

*Tim.* Now blush at what thy impious rage has done;
My Alcibiades is still my own:
And if thou him embrace when I am gone,
Each night thy bed I'll haunt, and challenge there
Those joys, of which thou hast bereft me here.

Anxious shall be each day, disturb'd each night,
A restless shade I'll still be in thy sight;
And thee in the height of all thy pleasures fright.
Heaven, what do I feel!

*Queen.* Oh, does the draught succeed!

*Ardel.* Madam, great Alcibiades is freed,
And just ise nt'ring.——

*Queen.* ——Straight with strictest care
Convey her in, and wait my pleasure there.

[*The* Murderers *lead in* TIMANDRA.

Sweet murder! Oh no physic is so good
For th' hopeless lover as a bath of blood.
But here he comes——

*Enter* ALCIBIADES.

——Now to my griefs again, [*Veils.*

*Alci.* It makes me wonder how I freedom gain;
All things confus'd and in disorder are.
How's this, in mourning weeds? unveil, my fair.
Hah, not Timandra! [QUEEN *unveils.*

*Queen.* ——No, sir, though 'tis one
That loves as nobly as Timandra can,
Or could, did she yet live, but she is dead.

*Alci.* How, dead!——

*Queen.* Yes; Tissaphernes that black deed did do,
Prompted by his ignoble hate to you.
But you will wonder more when I shall tell,
That by his hand the mighty Agis fell.
The king is slain, both I and Sparta now
Have no hopes left, but what remain in you.

*Alci.* In me! alas! I am a wretch too poor.
Timandra dead! curs'd ever be the hour
Wherein so fair an innocence was lost.
Heaven justly now may of its glories boast;
For the most bright and precious saint that e'er
The world enjoy'd, is fled, and seated there.

*Queen.* Why do you let your griefs distract your soul?
Call up your reason, and let passion cool.
See here a queen, that courts you with the charms
Of love, a crown, and empire, to her arms:
No longer for Timandra sorrow wear;
I will supply all you have lost in her:
I'll love you as she did.
*Alci.* ——Oh, madam, no;
To love like her's a task too hard for you.
Love me as she did! why, each thought she had
Of me was such, might make an angel glad.
For crowns, though emp'ror of the world I were,
I'd turn a beggar to recover her.
Oh, madam, tempt no further; all's but vain;
I ne'er can have a thought of love again.
*Queen.* Never!——
*Alci.* No, never——
*Queen.* ——Can you then so soon
Forget your promise? or will you disown
That e'er, if you Timandra should survive,
You vow'd you only for my sake would live?
You see how heaven has decreed——
*Alci.* ——Alas!
I then the blessing knew, but not the loss;
Besides, I now must die——
*Queen.* How, sir, is't thus my proffer'd love you prize?
*Alci.* I do not hate you; may not that suffice?
*Queen.* Ungrateful, no! but I'll reward thy pride.
Draw back:——

*The Scene drawn, discovers* TIMANDRA *on a couch, in the midst of her pains.*

——Go, dotard, in, enjoy thy bride,
And know, by me thy lov'd Timandra died:
Yes, cruel man, by me—
*Tim.* ——No, queen, she lives,
And still to all thy rage defiance gives.

Do I behold my dearest lord so nigh! [*Spies* ALCIB.
Shall I again see him before I die?
*Alci.* Best hopes and comfort of my life, I'm here.
How fares my love?
*Tim.* Oh, come not, come not near;
My blood's all fire, infection's in each vein,
And tyrant death in ev'ry part does reign;
But I for you could suffer much more pain.
*Alci.* Kind Heaven! let all her pangs upon me fall:
And add ten thousand more, I'll bear them all,
Do but restore her back. Oh cursed queen!
What devil arm'd thee to so damn'd a sin?
Couldst thou be guilty of so foul a deed?
*Queen.* Yes, I did do't; by me the king too bled:
Unworthy wretch! and all for love of you;
But had I pow'r I now would kill thee too.
*Alci.* Oh do't, I'll blot out all thou'st done before,
And never call thee base, nor cruel more.
Here is my breast, soon the kind work begin,
Advance thy poniard, send it boldly in.
*Queen.* No, thou shalt live for harder destiny,
But first shalt see thy dear Timandra die.
*Alci.* Oh misery beyond the damn'd beneath!
Must I not happy be in life nor death?
*Tim.* Alas! cease your unnecessary moan:
I find my torments quickly will be gone.
Though I could wish they might to years renew,
So I might still be blest with seeing you.
Now the black storms of fate are all blown o'er,
And we shall meet, and ne'er be parted more.
But oh farewell—— [*Dies.*
*Alci.* ——My dear Timandra, stay!
Ah precious soul, fly not so soon away!
But one look more; will death have no remorse?
See, 'tis thy Alcibiades implores.
But oh she's gone! seize there that murd'ress.
*Queen.* ——No:
Seize me! 'tis more than all your camp can do:

Whoe'er comes, here's my guard; alas, mean fool,
[*Presents her dagger.*
My fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;
There lies your constancy. [*Pointing to* TIMANDRA.
[ALCIBIADES *flies to the* QUEEN, *and snatches the dagger from her.*

*Alci.* Infernal hag!
Whose ev'ry breath infects, each look's a plague!
Could not thy fury on my bosom rest,
But thou must wreak thy vengeance on this breast?
To murder her!——curse on me that I stand
Thus idle! now thy heart——
[*Presents the dagger to her breast.*
—But oh 'twould brand
My trophies with eternal infamy,
If by my hand so base a thing should die:
Her ills so many, and so odious are,
They would disgrace an executioner.
Yet I'd do something; oh I have't, I'll tear
[*Ravingly.*
Her piece-meal:——but Timandra's gone too far:
[*Mildly.*
Yonder she mounts! triumphant spirit stay;
See where the angels bear her soul away!
Now all the gods will grow in love with her:
And I shall meet fresh troops of rivals there.
But thus I'll haste and follow—— [*Stabs himself.*
——Devil, there——
[*Throws the dagger to the* QUEEN.
Die, if thou hast courage enough to dare.
But oh!
A heavy faintness does each sense surprize:
Yet ere I close up these unhappy eyes,
Here their last duteous sorrows they shall pay,
And at this object melt in tears away.
Blest center of my hopes! in whom I plac'd
Too choice, too pure a happiness to last.

I any loss less than thy death had griev'd;
How well could I have died, so thou hadst liv'd!
Damn'd fiend! [*To the* QUEEN.
But oh why do I rave at her,
That have so little time to tarry here?
One parting kiss, and then in peace I'll die:
[*Kisses* TIMANDRA.
Now, farewell world; welcome eternity.

*Enter* PATROCLUS, Lords, *and* Guards.

*Patro.* Horror of horrors! this was a dismal chance;
Alas, my friend!
*Alci.* ——Thy useless grief refrain;
Farewell; we shall hereafter meet again. [*Dies.*
*Patro.* Guards, seize the queen——
*Queen.* ——Seize me, rude slaves! forbear.
*Patro.* You shall in short your accusation hear.
To kill the king, my father first you made
Your property; then basely him betray'd.
Your woman all confess'd, and by the guard
Is now secur'd to a more just reward.
And, though too late, this black design I knew;
Yet all your stratagems are useless now.
Hence with the murderess to justice.
*Queen.* ——Hah!
Think you that I will die by formal law?
No, when I'm dead be thus my fame supplied;
She liv'd a murd'ress, and a murd'ress died:
[*Stabs herself.*
Justice would but my happiness retard:
Thus I descend below to a reward.
I shall be queen of fate: the furies there
For me a glorious crown of snakes prepare.
I long to be in state; my lords, farewell:
Now noble Charon! hoist up sail for hell. [*Dies.*
*Lord.* Her soul is fled—

*Patro.* —With her for ever die
Her treasons, and her odious memory.
But whither is the fair Draxilla gone?
*Lord.* Distracted at the mischiefs that are done,
She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.
*Patro.* Quickly let after her be made pursuit;
I'll ransack all the world to find her out.
Propitious heaven to her will sure be kind.

*Enter* Lord.

2 *Lord.* My lord, we in our notes have all combin'd
To make you king; the camp, with shouts and cries
Of joy, send their loud wishes to the skies.
[*Shouts within, Long live* PATROCLUS *of Sparta.*
*Patro.* Go bid them their unwelcome noise forb
Turn all their shouts to sighs of sorrow here.
[*Turns to the bodies.*
They're gone; and with them all I wish'd to keep.
Now I could almost turn a boy and weep.
My friend! my mistress! and my father lost!
Never were growing hopes more sadly crost.
Now Fortune has her utmost malice shown,
She'd court me with the flatt'ry of a crown:
A thing so far beneath those joys I miss,
'Tis but the shadow of a happiness.
For how uneasily on thrones they sit
That must, like me, be wretched to be great.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE.

*NOW who says poets don't in blood delight?*
*'Tis true, the varlets care not much to fight;*
*But 'faith they claw it off whene'er they write;*
*Are bully-rocks not of the common size;*
*Kill ye men faster than Domitian flies.*
*Ours made such havoc that the silly rogue*
*Was forc'd to make me rise for th' Epilogue.*
*The fop damn'd me, but ere to hell I go,*
*I'd very fain be satisfied if you*
*Think it not just that he were serv'd so too.*
*As he hath yours, do you his hopes beguile;*
*You've been in purgatory all this while.*
*Then damn him down to hell, and never spare;*
*Perhaps he'll find more favour there than here:*
*Nay of the two may chuse the much less evil;*
*If you're but good when pleas'd, ev'n so's the devil.*

# DON CARLOS,

## PRINCE OF SPAIN.

---

## A TRAGEDY.

---

*Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.* HOR.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

# THE DUKE.

SIR,

IT is an approved opinion, there is not so unhappy a creature in the world, as the man that wants ambition: for certainly he lives to very little use that only toils in the same round, and because he knows where he is, though in a dirty road, dares not venture on a smoother path for fear of being lost. That I am not the wretch I condemn, your Royal Highness may be sufficiently convinced, in that I durst presume to put this poem under your patronage. My motives to it were not ordinary: for, besides my own propensity to take any opportunity of publishing the extreme devotion I owe your Royal Highness, the mighty encouragement I received from your approbation of it, when presented on the stage, was hint enough to let me know at whose feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilst I do this, I am sensible the curious world will expect some panegyric on those heroic virtues, which are throughout it so much admired. But as they are a theme too great for my undertaking, so only to endeavour at the truth of them must, in the distance between my obscurity and their height, savour of a flattery, which in your Royal Highness's esteem I would not be thought guilty of: though in that part of them which relates to myself (*viz.* your favours showered on a thing so mean as I am) I know not how to be silent. For you were not only so indulgent as to bestow your praise on this, but even (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my first essay of this nature, and add yet the encouragement of your commands to go forward, when I had the honour

to kiss your Royal Highness's hand, in token of your permission to make a dedication to you of the second. I must confess and boast I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am undeserving. Yet when I consider you never give your favours precipitately, but that it is a certain sign of some desert when you vouchsafe to promote: I, who have terminated my best hopes in it, should do wrong to your goodness, should I not let the world know, my mind, as well as my condition, is raised by it. I am certain none that know your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the service of so great and so good a master; one who (as is apparent to all those who have the honour to be near you, and know you by that title) never raised without merit, or discountenanced without justice. It is that indeed obliging severity which has in all men created an awful love and respect towards you; since in the firmness of your resolution the brave and good man is sure of you, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over, and I hope your Royal Highness will pardon it, since it is unaffectedly my zeal to you, who am in nothing so unfortunate, as that I have not a better opportunity to let you and the world know how much I am,

Your Royal Highness's
most humble, most faithful,
and most obedient servant,

THO. OTWAY.

# PREFACE.

READER,

IT is not that I have any great affection to scribbling, that I pester thee with a preface; for, amongst friends, it is almost as poor a trade with poets, as it is with those that write hackney under attornies, it will hardly keep us in ale and cheese. Honest Ariosto began to be sensible of it in his time, who makes his complaint to this purpose:

*I pity those who in these latter days*
*Do write, when bounty hath shut up her gate:*
*Where day and night in vain good writers knock,*
*And for their labours oft have but a mock.*

Thus I find it according to Sir John Harrington's translation; had I understood Italian I would have given it thee in the original, but that is not my talent; therefore to proceed: this play was the second that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I must confess, I had often a titillation to poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, till I got her into a corner in the country; and then, like a bashful young lover, when I had her in private I had courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produced any thing; till at last, I know not how, ere I was aware, I found myself father of a dramatic birth, which I called Alcibiades: but I might, without offence to any person in the play, as well have

called it Nebuchadnezzar; for my hero, to do him right, was none of that squeamish gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggled at obliging the passion of a young and beautiful lady, as I should myself, had I the same opportunities which I have given him. This I publish to antedate the objections some people may make against that play, who have been (and much good may it do them) very severe, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am sure I never disobliged them; nor have they (thank my good fortune) much injured me: in the mean while I forgive them, and since I am out of the reach of it, leave them to chew the cud on their own venom. I am well satisfied I had the greatest party of men of wit and sense on my side; amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable obligations I received from the Earl of R. who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seemed almost to make it his business, to establish it in the good opinion of the King and his Royal Highness; from both of whom I have since received confirmation of their good liking of it, and encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all gratitude confess, I owe the greatest part of my good success in this, and on whose indulgency I extremely build my hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to myself what a great many, and those (I am sure) of good judgment too, have been so kind to afford me, *viz.* that it is the best heroic play that has been written of late; for, I thank heaven, I am yet not so vain. But this I may modestly boast of, which the author

of the French Bernice has done before me, in his preface to that play, that it never failed to draw tears from the eyes of the auditors; I mean, those whose souls were capable of so noble a pleasure; for it was not my business to take such as only come to a play-house to see farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed pictures. Though a certain writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows) being asked his opinion of this play, very gravely cocked, and cried, *Igad, he knew not a line in it he would be author of.* But he is a fine facetious witty person, as my friend Sir Formal has it; and to be even with him, I know a comedy of his, that has not so much as a quibble in it which I would be author of. And so, reader, I bid him and thee farewell.

# PROLOGUE.

*WHEN first our author took this play in hand,*
*He doubted much, and long was at a stand.*
*He knew the fame and memory of kings*
*Were to be treated of as sacred things.*
*Not as they're represented in this age,*
*Where they appear the lumber of the stage!*
*Us'd only just for reconciling tools,*
*Or, what is worse, made villains all, or fools.*
*Besides, the characters he shows to-night,*
*He found were very difficult to write:*
*He found the fame of France and Spain at stake,*
*Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which part to take;*
*Till this his judgment safest understood,*
*To make them both heroic as he could.*
*But now the greatest stop was yet unpast,*
*He found himself, alas! confin'd too fast.*
*He is a man of pleasure, sirs, like you,*
*And therefore hardly could to business bow,*
*Till at the last he did this conquest get,*
*To make his pleasure whetstone to his wit,*
*So sometimes for variety he writ.*
*But as those blockheads, who discourse by rote,*
*Sometimes speak sense although they rarely know't:*
*So he scarce knew to what his work would grow;*
*But 'twas a play, because it would be so:*
*Yet well he knows this is a weak pretence,*
*For idleness is the worst want of sense.*
*Let him not now of carelessness be tax'd,*
*He'll write in earnest, when he writes the next:*
*Meanwhile———*
*Prune his superfluous branches, never spare;*
*Yet do it kindly, be not too severe,*
*He may bear better fruit another year.*

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

MEN.

Philip II. *King of Spain.*
Don Carlos, *his son.*
Don John *of Austria.*
Marquis of Posa, *the Prince's confident.*
Rui-Gomez.
*Officer of the Guards.*

WOMEN.

Queen *of Spain.*
Duchess of Eboli, *wife to R. Gomez.*
Henrietta.
Garcia.

# DON CARLOS,

## PRINCE OF SPAIN.

---

## ACT I.

### *SCENE I. A Palace Royal.*

*The curtain drawn, discovers the* KING *and* QUEEN *attended,* DON CARLOS, *the* MARQUIS OF POSA, RUI-GOMEZ, *&c.* EBOLI, HENRIETTA, GARCIA, *Attendants, Guards.*

*King.* Happy the monarch, on whose brows no cares
Add weight to the bright diadem he wears;
Like me, in all that he can wish for, blest.
Renown and love, the gentlest calms of rest
And peace, adorn my brow, enrich my breast.
To me great nations tributary are;
Though whilst my vast dominions spread so far;
Where most I reign, I must pay homage here.
[*To the* QUEEN.
Approach, bright mistress of my purest vows:
Nor show me him that more religion owes
To heaven, or to its altars more devoutly bows.
*Don Car.* So merchants, cast upon some savage coast,
Are forc'd to see their dearest treasures lost.
Curse! what's obedience? a false notion made
By priests, who, when they found old cheats decay'd,
By such new arts kept up declining trade.
A father? oh!—— [*Aside.*

*King.* ——Why does my Carlos shroud
His joy, and when all's sunshine wear a cloud?
My son, thus for thy glory I provide:
From this fair charmer, and our royal bride,
Shall such a noble race of heroes spring,
As may adorn the court when thou art king.

*Don Car.* A greater glory I can never know,
Than what already I enjoy in you.
The brightest ornaments of crowns and powers
I only can admire, as they are yours.

*King.* Heaven! how he stands unmov'd! not the least show
Of transport.

*Don. Car.* ——Not admire your happiness? I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence you.
Let me express the mighty joy I feel.
Thus, sir, I pay my duty when I kneel.
[*Kneels to the* QUEEN.

*Queen.* How hard it is his passion to confine!
I'm sure 'tis so, if I may judge by mine. [*Aside.*
Alas, my lord, you're too obsequious now.
[*To* CARLOS.

*Don Car.* Oh! might I but enjoy this pleasure still,
Here would I worship and for ever kneel.

*Queen.* 'Fore heaven, my lord! you know not what you do.

*King.* Still there appears disturbance on his brow;
And in his looks an earnestness I read,
Which from no common causes can proceed. [*Aside.*
I'll probe him deep——
——When, when, my dearest joy, [*To the* QUEEN.
Shall I the mighty debt of love defray?
Hence to love's secret temple let's retire,
There on his altars kindle th' am'rous fire,
Then Phœnix-like each in the flame expire.
Still he is fix'd—— [*Looking on* DON CARLOS.

—Gomez, observe the prince.
[*To* RUI-GOMEZ.
Yet smile on me, my charming excellence.
Virgins should only fears and blushes show;
But you must lay aside that title now.
The doctrine which I preach, by heaven, is good:
Oh, the impetuous sallies of my blood!

*Queen.* To what unwelcome joys I'm forc'd to yield?
Now fate her utmost malice has fulfill'd.
Carlos, farewell; for since I must submit——

*King.* Now wing'd with rapture let us fly, my sweet.
My son, all troubles from thy breast resign,
And let thy father's happiness be thine.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* QUEEN *attended.*

*Don Car.* What king, what god would not his power forego,
T'enjoy so much divinity below?
Didst thou behold her, Posa?

*Posa.* Sir, I did.

*Don Car.* And is she not a sweet-one? such a bride!
O Posa, once she was decreed for mine:
Once I had hopes of bliss. Hadst thou but seen
How blest, how proud I was if I could get
But leave to lie a prostrate at her feet,
Ev'n with a look I could my pains beguile;
Nay she in pity too would sometimes smile;
Till at the last my vows successful prov'd,
And one day sighing she confess'd she lov'd.
Oh! then I found no limits to our joy,
With eyes thus languishing we look'd all day;
So vigorous and strong we darted beams,
Our meeting glances kindled into flames;
Nothing we found that promis'd not delight:
For when rude shades depriv'd us of the light,
As we had gaz'd all day, we dreamt all night.

But after all these labours undergone,
A cruel father thus destroys his son;
In their full height my choicest hopes beguiles,
And robs me of the fruit of all my toils.
My dearest Posa, thou wert ever kind;
Bring thy best counsel, and direct my mind.

*Enter* GOMEZ.

*Rui-Go.* Still he is here——My lord.
*Don Car.* ——Your business now?
*Rui-Go.* I've with concern beheld your clouded brow.
Ah! though you've lost a beauty well might make
Your strictest honour and your duty shake,
Let not a father's ills misguide your mind,
But be obedient, though he's prov'd unkind.
*Don Car.* Hence, cynic, to dull slaves thy morals teach,
I have no leisure now to hear thee preach:
Still you'll usurp a power o'er my will.
*Rui-Go.* Sir, you my services interpret ill:
Nor need it be so soon forgot that I
Have been your guardian from your infancy.
When to my charge committed, I alone
Instructed you how to expect a crown;
Taught you ambition, and war's noblest arts;
How to lead armies, and to conquer hearts;
Whilst, though but young——
You would with pleasure read of sieges got,
And smile to hear of bloody battles fought:
And still, though not control, I may advise.
*Don Car.* Alas, thy pride wears a too thin disguise:
Too well I know the falsehood of thy soul,
Which to my father render'd me so foul,
That hardly as his son a smile I've known,
But always as a traitor met his frown.

My forward honour was ambition call'd:
Or, if my friends my early fame extoll'd,
You damp'd my father's smiles still as they sprung,
Persuading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
So all my hopes by you were frustrate made,
And, robb'd of sun-shine, wither'd in the shade.
Whilst, my good patriot! you dispos'd the crown
Out of my reach, to have it in your own.
But I'll prevent your policy——

*Rui-Go.* ——My lord,
This accusation is unjust and hard.
The king, your father, would not so upbraid
My age: is all my service thus repaid?
But I will hence, and let my master hear
How generously you reward my care;
Who on my just complaint, I doubt not, will
At least redress the injuries I feel. [*Exit* GOMEZ.

*Posa.* Alas, my lord, you too severely urge
Your fate, his int'rest with the king is large.
Besides, you know he has already seen
The transports of your passion for the queen.
The use he may of that advantage make
You ought at least t'avoid, but for her sake.

*Don Car.* Ah! my dear friend, thou'st touch'd my tend'rest part;
I never yet learn'd the dissembling art.
Go, call him back, tell him that I implore
His pardon, and will ne'er offend him more.
The queen! kind heaven, make her thy nearest care.
O! fly, o'ertake him ere he goes too far. [*Exit* POSA.
How are we bandied up and down by fate?
By so much more unhappy as we're great.
A prince, and heir to Spain's great monarch born,
I'm forc'd to court a slave whom most I scorn;
Who like a bramble 'mongst a cedar's boughs,
Vexes his peace under whose shades he grows.
Now he returns: assist me, falsehood,——down,
Thou rebel passion——

*Re-enter* RUI-GOMEZ *and* POSA.

Sir, I fear I've done [*To* R. GOMEZ.
You wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.
Heaven! can I do this abject thing, and live? [*Aside.*

*Rui-Go.* Ah, my good lord, it makes too large amends,
When to his vassal thus a prince descends;
Though it was something rigid, and unkind,
T'upbraid your faithful servant and your friend.

*Don Car.* Alas, no more; all jealousies shall cease,
Between us two let there be henceforth peace.
So may just heaven assist me when I sue,
As I to Gomez always will be true.

*Rui-Go.* Stay, sir, and for this mighty favour take
All the return sincerity can make.
Blest in your father's love, as I'm in yours,
May not one fear disturb your happy hours:
Crown'd with success may all your wishes be,
And you ne'er find worse enemies than me.

[*Exeunt* DON CAR. *and* POSA.

Nor, spite of all his greatness, shall he need:
Of too long date his ruin is decreed.
Spain's early hopes of him have been my fears;
'Twas I the charge had of his tender years,
And read in all the progress of his growth
An untam'd, haughty, hot, and furious youth;
A will unruly, and a spirit wild;
At all my precepts still with scorn he smil'd.
Or when, by the power I from his father had,
Any restraint was on his pleasures laid,
Usher'd with frowns on me his soul would rise,
And threaten future vengeance from his eyes.
But now to all my fears I bid adieu;
For, prince, I'll humble both your fate and you.
Here comes the star by whom my course I steer.

*Enter* EBOLI.

Welcome, my love——

*Ebo.* My lord, why stay you here,
Losing the pleasure of this happy night?
When all the court are melting in delight,
You toil with the dull bus'ness of the state.

*Rui-Go.* Only, my fair one, how to make thee great.
Thou tak'st up all the bus'ness of my heart,
And only to it pleasures canst impart.
Say, say, my goddess, when shall I be blest?
It is an age since I was happy last.

*Ebo.* My lord, I come not hither now to hear
Your love, but offer something to your ear.
If you have well observ'd, you must have seen
To-day some strange disorders in the queen.

*Rui-Go.* Yes, such as youthful brides do still express,
Impatient longings for the happiness.
Approaching joys will so disturb the soul,
As needles always tremble near the pole.

*Ebo.* Come, come, my lord, seem not so blind; too well
I've seen the wrongs which you from Carlos feel;
And know your judgment is too good, to lose
Advantage, where you may so safely choose.
Say now, if I inform you, how you may
With full revenge all your past wrongs repay.

*Rui-Go.* Bless'd oracle! speak how it may be done:
My will, my life, my hopes are all thy own.

*Ebo.* Hence then, and with your strictest cunning try
What of the queen and prince you can descry;
What ev'ry look, each quick and subtle glance;
Then we'll from all produce such circumstance
As shall the king's new jealousy advance.

Nay, sir, I'll try what mighty love you show:
If you will make me great, begin it now.
How, sir, d'ye stand considering what to do?

*Rui-Go.* No; but methinks I view from hence a king,
A queen, and prince, three goodly flowers spring;
Whilst on them like a subtle bee I'll prey,
Till so their strength and virtue drawn away,
Unable to recover, each shall droop,
Grow pale, and fading hang his wither'd top:
Then fraught with thyme triumphant back I'll come,
And unlade all the precious sweets at home.

[*Exit* GOMEZ.

*Ebo.* In thy fond policy, blind fool, go on,
And make what haste thou canst to be undone,
Whilst I have nobler bus'ness of my own.
Was I bred up in greatness? have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious hopes to be a queen?
Made love my study, and with practis'd charms
Prepar'd myself to meet a monarch's arms;
At last to be condemn'd to the embrace
Of one, whom nature made to her disgrace;
An old, imperfect, feeble dotard, who
Can only tell, alas! what he would do?
On him to throw away my youth and bloom,
As jewels that are lost t'enrich a tomb?
No, though all hopes are in a husband dead,
Another path to happiness I'll tread;
Elsewhere find joys which I'm in him deny'd:
Yet, while he can, let the slave serve my pride.
Still I'll in pleasure live, in glory shine,
The gallant, youthful Austria shall be mine:
To him with all my force of charms I'll move.
Let others toil for greatness whilst I love. [*Exit.*

# ACT II.

## *SCENE I. An Orange Grove.*

*Enter* DON JOHN *of Austria.*

*Don John.* Why should dull law rule nature, who first made
That law by which herself is now betray'd?
Ere man's corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble that was born most free:
Each of himself was lord, and, unconfin'd,
Obey'd the dictates of his god-like mind.
Law was an innovation brought in since,
When fools began to love obedience,
And call'd their slavery safety and defence.
My glorious father got me in his heat,
When all he did was eminently great:
When warlike Belgia felt his conqu'ring pow'r,
And the proud Germans own'd him emperor.
Why should it be a stain then on my blood,
Because I came not in the common road,
But born obscure, and so more like a god?
No; though this diadem another wear,
At least to all his pleasures I'll be heir.
Here I should meet my Eboli, my fair.

*Enter* EBOLI.

She comes; as the bright Cyprian Goddess moves,
When loose, and in her chariot drawn by doves,
She rides to meet the Warlike God she loves.

*Ebo.* Alas, my lord, you know not with what fear
And hazard I am come to meet you here.

*Don John.* O banish it: lovers like us should fly,
And, mounted by their wishes, soar on high,

Where softest ecstasies and transports are,
While fear alone disturbs the lower air.

*Ebo.* But who is safe when eyes are ev'ry where?
Or if we could with happiest secresy
Enjoy these sweets, oh, whither shall we fly
T'escape that sight whence we can nothing hide?

*Don John.* Alas, lay this religion now aside;
I'll show thee one more pleasant, that which Jove
Set forth to the old world, when from above
He came himself, and taught his mortals love.

*Ebo.* Will nothing then quench your unruly flame?
My lord, you might consider who I am.

*Don John.* I know you're her I love, what should I more
Regard?——

*Ebo.* ———By heaven, he's brave—— [*Aside.*
——But can so poor
A thought possess your breast, to think that I
Will brand my name with lust and infamy?

*Don John.* Those who are noblest born should higher prize
Love's sweets. Oh! let me fly into those eyes!
There's something in them leads my soul astray:
As he who in a necromancer's glass
Beholds his wish'd-for fortune by him pass,
Yet still with greedy eyes——
Pursues the vision as it glides away.

*Ebo.* Protect me, heaven, I dare no longer stay;
Your looks speak danger: I feel something too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*Half aside.*

*Don John.* Take vows and prayers if ever I prove false;
See at your feet the humble Austria falls. [*Kneels.*

*Ebo.* Rise, rise,—— [AUSTRIA *rises.*
My lord, why would you thus deceive?
[*Sighs.*

*Don John.* How many ways to wound me you contrive?

Speak, wouldst thou have an empire at thy feet?
Say, wouldst thou rule the world? I'll conquer it.
*Ebo.* No; above empire far I could prize you,
If you would be but——
*Don John.* ——What?
*Ebo.* ——For ever true.
*Don John.* That thou may'st ne'er have cause to fear those harms,
I'll be confin'd for ever in thy arms:
Nay, I'll not one short minute from thee stray;
Myself I'll on thy tender bosom lay,
Till in its warmths I'm melted all away.

*Enter* GARCIA.

*Gar.* Madam, your lord——
*Ebo.* ——Oh! fly, or I'm undone.
*Don John.* Must I without my blessing then be gone? [*Kisses her hand.*
*Ebo.* Think thou this indiscretion merits one? [*Pulls it back.*
*Don John.* I'm aw'd——
As a sick wretch, that on his death-bed lies,
Loth with his friends to part, just as he dies,
Thus sends his soul in wishes from his eyes. [*Exit.*
*Ebo.* Oh heaven! what charms in youth and vigour are!
Yet he in conquest is not gone too far;
Too easily I'll not myself resign:
Ere I am his, I'll make him surely mine;
Draw him by subtle baits into the trap,
Till he's too far got in to make escape;
About him swiftly the soft snare I'll cast,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him fast.

*Enter* RUI-GOMEZ.

*Rui-Go.* Thus unaccompany'd I subtly range
The solitary paths of dark revenge:

The fearful deer in herds to coverts run,
While beasts of prey affect to roam alone.

*Ebo.* Ah! my dear lord, how do you spend your hours?
You little think what my poor heart endures;
Whilst, with your absence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after joys I ne'er can hope to gain.

*Rui-Go.* You cannot my unkindness sure upbraid;
You should forgive those faults yourself have made.
Remember you the task you gave?——

*Ebo.* ——'Tis true;——
Your pardon, for I do remember now. [*Sighs.*
If I forgot, 'twas love had all my mind:
And 'tis no sin, I hope, to be too kind.

*Rui-Go.* How happy am I in a faithful wife!
Oh thou most precious blessing of my life!

*Ebo.* Does then success attend upon your toil?
I long to see you revel in the spoil.

*Rui-Go.* What strictest diligence could do, I've done,
T'incense an angry father 'gainst his son.
I to advantage told him all that's past,
Describ'd with art each am'rous glance they cast:
So that this night he shunn'd the marriage-bed,
Which through the court has various murmurs spread.

*Enter the* KING *attended by* POSA.

See where he comes with fury in his eyes;
Kind heaven but grant the storm may higher rise.
If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in some dark cell,
And laugh to hear my magic work so well.

*King.* What's all my glory, all my pomp? how poor
Is fading greatness? or how vain is power?
Where all the mighty conquests I have seen?
I, who o'er nations have victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little foe within.

Curs'd jealousy, that poisons all love's sweets!
How heavy on my heart th' invader sits!
Oh Gomez, thou hast given my mortal wound.
*Rui-Go.* What is't does so your royal thoughts confound?
A king his power unbounded ought to have,
And ruling all, should not be passion's slave.
*King.* Thou counsel'st well, but art no stranger sure
To the sad cause of what I now endure.
Know'st thou what poison thou didst lately give?
And dost not wonder to behold me live?
*Rui-Go.* I only did as by my duty tied;
And never studied any thing beside.
*King.* I do not blame thy duty or thy care:
Quickly what past between them more declare.
How greedily my soul to ruin flies!
As he, who in a fever burning lies,
First of his friends does for a drop implore,
Which tasted once, unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his bane, yet still thirsts after more.
Oh then——
*Rui-Go.* ——I fear that you'll interpret wrong;
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.
*King.* Lie still, my heart: not long! was't that you said?
*Rui-Go.* No longer than they in your presence staid.
*King.* No longer? why, a soul in less time flies
To heaven; and they have chang'd theirs at their eyes.
Hence abject fears, be gone; she's all divine.
Speak, friends, can angels in perfection sin?
*Rui-Go.* Angels that shine above, do oft bestow
Their influence on poor mortals here below.
*King.* But Carlos is my son, and always near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious sphere.

True, she may shower promiscuous blessings down
On slaves that gaze for what falls from a crown:
But when too kindly she his brightness sees,
It robs my lustre to add more to his.
But oh! I dare not think——
That those eyes should at least so humble be,
To stoop at him, when they had vanquish'd me.

*Posa.* Sir, I am proud to think I know the prince,
That he of virtue has too great a sense,
To cherish but a thought beyond the bound
Of strictest duty. He to me has own'd
How much was to his former passion due,
Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd you.

*Rui-Go.* You better reconcile, sir, than advise:
Be not more charitable than you're wise.
The king is sick, and we should give him ease,
But first find out the depth of his disease.
Too sudden cures have oft pernicious grown;
We must not heal up fester'd wounds too soon.

*King.* By this then you a power would o'er me gain,
Wounding to let me linger in the pain.
I'm stung, and won't the torture long endure:
Serpents that wound, have blood those wounds to cure.

*Rui-Go.* Good heaven forbid that I should ever dare
To question virtue in a queen so fair;
Though she her eyes cast on your glorious son:
Men oft see treasures, and yet covet none.

*King.* Think not to blind me with dark ironies,
The truth disguis'd in obscure contraries.
No, I will trace his windings; all her dark
And subtlest paths, each little action mark.
If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dies.

*Enter* QUEEN *attended, and* HENRIETTA.

Ha! here! O let me turn away my eyes,

For all around she'll her bright beams display:
Should I to gaze on the wild meteor stay,
Spite of myself I shall be led astray.
[*Exit the* KING *attended, looking at the* QUEEN.
*Queen.* How scornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure ere his love he'd let me know his power:
As heaven oft thunders ere it sends a shower.
This Spanish gravity is very odd:
All things are by severity so aw'd,
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.
*Hen.* Alas! what can you from old age expect,
When frail uneasy men themselves neglect?
Some little warmth perhaps may be behind,
Though such as in extinguish'd fires you'll find;
Where some remains of heat the ashes hold,
Which, if for more you open, strait are cold.
*Queen.* 'Twas interest and safety of the state;
Interest, that bold imposer on our fate;
That always to dark ends misguides our wills,
And with false happiness smooths o'er our ills.
It was by that unhappy France was led,
When though by contract I should Carlos wed,
I was an offering made to Philip's bed.
Why sigh'st thou, Henrietta? [HEN. *sighs.*
*Hen.* Who is it can
Know your sad fate, and yet from grief refrain?
With pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of Carlos' love.
*Queen.* ——And did it please you well?
In that brave prince's courtship there did meet
All that we could obliging call or sweet.
At ev'ry point he with advantage stood:
Fierce as a lion, if provok'd abroad;
Else, soft as angels, charming as a god.
*Hen.* One so accomplish'd, and who lov'd you too,
With what resentments must he part with you?

Methinks I pity him.——But oh! in vain:
He's both above my pity and my pain. [*Aside.*
*Queen.* What means this strange disorder?
*Hen.* ————Yonder view,
That which I fear will discompose you too.

*Enter* DON CARLOS, *and* POSA.

*Queen.* Alas, the prince! there to my mind appears
Something that in me moves unusual fears.
Away, Henrietta—— [*Offers to go.*
*Don Car.* ———Why would you be gone?
Is Carlos' sight ungrateful to you grown?
If 'tis, speak: in obedience I'll retire.
*Queen.* No, you may speak, but must advance no nigher.
*Don Car.* Must I then at that awful distance sue,
As our forefathers were compell'd to do,
When they petitions made at that great shrine,
Where none but the high priest might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your ear,
But what's so pure it might be offer'd there.
*Queen.* Too long 'tis dang'rous for me here to stay:
If you must speak, proceed: what would you say?
[CARLOS *kneels.*
Nay, this strange ceremony pray give o'er.
*Don Car.* Was I ne'er in this posture seen before?
Ah! can your cruel heart so soon resign
All sense of these sad sufferings of mine?
To your more just remembrance, if you can,
Recal how fate seem'd kindly to ordain
That once you should be mine: which I believ'd:
Though now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.
*Queen.* Then, sir, you should your fate, not me upbraid.
*Don Car.* I will not say you've broke the vows you made;

Only implore you would not quite forget
The wretch you've oft seen dying at your feet,
And now no other favour begs to have,
Than such kind pity as becomes your slave.
For 'midst your highest joys, without a crime,
At least you now and then may think of him.

*Queen.* If e'er you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It is a language which I dare not hear.
My heart and faith become your father's right;
All other passions I must now forget.

*Don Car.* Can then a crown and majesty dispense
Upon your heart such mighty influence,
That I must be for ever banish'd thence?
Had I been rais'd to all the heights of power,
In triumph crown'd the world's great emperor,
Of all its riches, all its state possess'd,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my breast.

*Queen.* In vain on her you obligations lay,
Who wants not will, but power to repay.

*Hen.* Yet had you Henrietta's heart, you would
At least strive to afford him all you could. [*Aside.*

*Don Car.* Oh! say not you want power; you may with one
Kind look pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the innocence I bear,
How pure, how spotless all my wishes are,
You would not scruple to supply my want,
When all I'll ask you may so safely grant.

*Queen.* I know not what to grant; too well I find
That still at least I cannot be unkind.

*Don Car.* Afford me then that little which I crave.

*Queen.* You shall not want what I may let you have. [*Gives her hand sighing.*

*Don Car.* Like one——
That sees a heap of gems before him cast,
Thence to choose any that may please him best;

From the rich treasure whilst I choice should make,
Dazzl'd with all, I know not where to take.
I would be rich——
*Queen.* ————Nay, you too far encroach;
I fear I have already given too much.
[*Turns from him.*
*Don Car.* Oh! take not back again th' appearing bliss,
How difficult's the path to happiness?
Whilst up the precipice we climb with pain,
One little slip throws us quite down again.
Stay, madam, though you nothing more can give
Than just enough to keep a wretch alive;
At least remember how I've lov'd——
*Queen.* ——I will.
*Don Car.* That was so kind, that I must beg more still;
Let me love on: it is a very poor
And easy grant, yet I'll request no more.
*Queen.* Do you believe that you can love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again?
*Don Car.* Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are so:
All my disquiets banish from my breast:
I will endeavour to do so at least. [*Sighing deeply.*
Or if I can't my miseries out-wear,
They never more shall come t' offend your ear.
*Queen.* Love then, brave prince, whilst I'll thy love admire;
[*Gives her hand, which* DON CARLOS, *during all this speech, kisses eagerly.*
Yet keep the flame so pure, such chaste desire,
That without spot hereafter we above
May meet, when we shall come all soul, all love.
Till when——Oh! whither am I run astray?
I grow too weak, and must no longer stay:

For should I, the soft charm so strong would grow,
I find that I shall want the power to go.
[*Exit* QUEEN *and* HENRIETTA.

*Don Car.* O sweet——
If such transport be in a taste so small,
How bless'd must he be that possesses all!
Where am I, Posa? where's the queen?
[*Standing amazed.*

*Posa.* ——My lord,
A while some respite to your heart afford:
The queen's retir'd——

*Don Car.* ——Retir'd! and did she then
Just show me heaven, to shut it in again?
This little ease augments my pain the more;
For now I'm more impatient than before,
And have discover'd riches make me mad.

*Posa.* But since these treasures are not to be had,
You should correct desires that drive you on
Beyond that duty which becomes a son.
No longer let the tyrant love invade;
The brave may by themselves be happy made.
You to your father now must all resign.

*Don Car.* But ere he robb'd me of her she was mine.
To be my friend is all thou hast to do,
For half my miseries thou canst not know.
Make myself happy! bid the damn'd do so;
Who in sad flames must be for ever toss'd,
Yet still in view of the lov'd heaven they've lost.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### *SCENE I. The Grove continues.*

*Enter* DON JOHN *of Austria.*

*Don John.* How vainly would dull moralists impose
Limits on love, whose nature brooks no laws?
Love is a god, and like a god should be
Inconstant with unbounded liberty,
Rove as he list——
I find it; for ev'n now I've had a feast,
Of which a god might covet for a taste.
Methinks I yet——
See with what soft devotion in her eyes
The tender lamb came to the sacrifice.
Oh how her charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too near sweets they took my sense away;
And I even lost the power to reach at joy.
But those cross witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in trances sweeter far:
As anchor'd vessels in calm harbours ride,
Rock'd on the swellings of the floating tide.
How wretched's then the man, who though alone
He thinks he's blest, yet, as confin'd to one,
Is but at best a pris'ner on a throne?

*To him* KING *attended,* POSA *and* GOMEZ.

*King.* Ye mighty Powers, whose substitutes we are,
On whom you've laid of earth the rule and care,
Why all our toils do you reward with ill,
And to those weighty cares add greater still?
Or how could I your deities enrage,
That bless'd my youth, thus to afflict my age?
A queen and a son's incest! dismal thought!

*Don John.* What is't so soon his majesty has brought [*To* GOMEZ.
From the soft arms of his young bride?
*King.* ——Ay true!
Is she not, Austria, young and charming too?
Dost thou not think her to a wonder fair?
Tell me——
*Don John.* ——By heaven more bright than planets are:
Her beauty's force might e'en their power out-do.
*King.* Nay, she's as false, and as unconstant too.
Oh Austria, that a form so outward bright
Should be within all dark and ugly night!
For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
My love, that dearest jewel of my soul,
Takes from its shrine the precious relic down,
T'adorn a little idol of her own.
My son! that rebel both to heaven and me!
Oh the distracting throes of jealousy!
But as a drowning wretch just like to sink,
Seeing him that threw him in upon the brink;
At the third plunge lays hold upon his foe,
And tugs him down into destruction too:
So thou from whom these miseries I've known,
Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown.
[*Seizes roughly on* RUI-GOMEZ.
*Rui-Go.* My loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the successes of my sov'reign's fate.
What is't, great sir, you would command me?
*King.* How?——
What is't—I know not what I'd have thee do:
Study revenge for me, 'tis that I want.
*Don John.* Alas! what frenzy does your temper haunt?
Revenge! on whom?
*King.* On my false queen and son.
*Rui-Go.* On them! good heaven! what is't that they have done?

Oh had my tongue been curs'd ere it had bred
This jealousy— [*Half aside.*
*King.* ——Then cancel what thou'st said.
Didst thou not tell me, that thou saw'st him stand
Printing soft vows in kisses on her hand;
Whilst in requital she such glances gave,
Would quicken a dead lover in his grave?
*Rui-Go.* I did; and what less could the queen allow
To him, than you to every vassal show?
Th' affording him that little from love's store,
Imply'd that she for you reserv'd much more.
*King.* Oh, doubtless, she must have a wondrous store
Of love, that sells it at a rate so poor.
Now thou'dst rebate my passions with advice;
And when thou should'st be active, would'st be wise.
No, lead me where I may their incest see,
Do, or by heaven—do, and I'll worship thee!
Oh how my passions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy weight I yield and bow.
But I'll re-gather yet my strength, and stand
Brandishing all my thunder in my hand.
*Posa.* And may it be sent forth, and where it goes
Light fatally and heavy on your foes.
But let your loyal son and consort bear
No ill, since they of any guiltless are.
Here with my sword defiance I proclaim
To that bold traitor that dares wrong their fame.
*Don John.* I too dare with my life their cause make good.
*King.* Sure well their innocence you've understood,
That you so prodigal are of your blood.
Or would'st thou speak me comfort? I would find
'Mongst all my counsellors at least one kind.

Yet any thing like that I must not hear;
For so my wrongs I should too tamely bear,
And weakly grow my own fond flatterer.
Posa, withdraw—— [*Exit* POSA.
My lords, all this you've heard.

*Rui-Go.* Yes, I observ'd it, sir, with strict regard:
The young lord's friendship was too great to hide.

*King.* Is he then so to my false son allied?
I am environ'd every way, and all
My fate's unhappy engines plot my fall.
Like Cæsar in the senate, thus I stand,
Whilst ruin threaten'd him on every hand.
From each side he had warning he must die;
Yet still he brav'd his fate, and so will I.
To strive for ease would but add more to pain:
As streams, that beat against their banks in vain,
Retreating swell into a flood again.
No, I'll do things the world shall quake to hear:
My just revenge so true a stamp shall bear,
As henceforth heaven itself shall emulate,
And copy all its vengeance out by that.
All but Rui-Gomez I must have withdrawn,
I've something to discourse with him alone.
[*Exeunt omnes, præter* KING *and* GOMEZ.
Now, Gomez, on thy truth depends thy fate:
Thou'st wrought my sense of wrong to such a height,
Within my breast it will no longer stay,
But grows each minute till it force its way.
I would not find myself at last deceiv'd.

*Rui-Go.* Nor would I 'gainst your reason be believ'd.
Think, sir, your jealousy to be but fear
Of losing treasures, which you hold so dear.
Your queen and son may yet be innocent:
I know but what they did, not what they meant.

*King.* Meant! what should looks, and sighs, and pressings mean?
No, no; I need not hear it o'er again.

No repetitions——something must be done.
Now there's no ill I know that I would shun.
I'll fly, till them I've in their incest found,
Full charg'd with rage, and with my vengeance hot;
Like a granado from a cannon shot,
Which lights at last upon the enemy's ground,
Then breaking deals destruction all around.
[*Exit* KING.

*Rui-Go.* So now his jealousy is at the top,
Each little blast will serve to keep it up.
But stay; there's something I've omitted yet;
Posa's my enemy; and true, he's great.
Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do;
For my snare's large enough to hold him too;
Yet I'll disguise that purpose for awhile:
But when he with the rest is caught in the toil,
I'll boldly out, and wanton in the spoil.

*Enter* POSA.

*Posa.* My lord Rui-Gomez! and the king not here!
You, who so eminent a fav'rite are
In a king's eye, should ne'er be absent thence.

*Rui-Go.* No, sir, 'tis you that by a rising prince
Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way,
Rich in that bliss the world waits to enjoy.

*Posa.* Since what may bless the world we ought to prize,
I wish there were no public enemies:
No lurking serpents poison to dispense,
Nor wolves to prey on noble innocence;
No flatt'rers, that with royal goodness sport,
Those stinking weeds that over-run a court.

*Rui-Go.* Nay, if good wishes any thing could do,
I have as earnest wishes, sir, as you:
That though perhaps our king enjoys the best
Of power, yet may he still be doubly bless'd.
May he——

*Posa.* Nay, Gomez, you shall ne'er out-do me there;
Since for great Philip's good, I would you were
(If possible) more honest than you are.
*Rui-Go.* Why, Posa; what defect can you discern?
*Posa.* Nay, half your misteries I'm yet to learn;
Though this I'll boldly justify to all,
That you contrive a gen'rous prince's fall.
[GOMEZ *smiles.*
Nay, think not by your smiles, and careless port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to sport,
I do not, sir.
*Rui-Go.* Young lord, what meaning has
This heat?
*Posa.* To let you see I know you're base.
*Rui-Go.* Nay then I pardon ask that I did smile:
By Heaven, I thought you'd jested all this while.
Base!——
*Posa.* Yes, more base than impotent or old,
All virtue in thee, like thy blood, runs cold:
Thy rotten putrid carcase is less full
Of rancour and contagion than thy soul.
E'en now before the king I saw it plain:
But duty to that presence aw'd me then:
Yet there I dar'd thy treason with my sword:
But still——
Thy villany talk'd all; courage had not a word.
True, thou art old; yet if thou hast a friend,
To whom thy cursed cause thou dar'st commend;
'Gainst him in public I'll the innocence
Maintain of the fair queen and injur'd prince.
*Rui-Go.* Farewell, bold champion——
Learn better how your passions to disguise,
Appear less choleric, and be more wise.
[*Exit* RUI-GO.
*Posa.* How frail is all the glory we design,
Whilst such as these have power to undermine?
Unhappy prince! who might'st have safely stood
If thou hadst been less great, or not so good.

Why the vile monster's blood did I not shed,
And all the vengeance draw on my own head?
My honour so had had this just defence,
That I preserv'd my patron and my prince.

*Enter* CARLOS *and* QUEEN.

Brave Carlos: ha! he's here. O sir, take heed,
By an unlucky fate your love is led.
The king, the king your father's jealous grown;
Forgetting her his queen, or you his son,
Calls all his vengeance up against you both.

*Don Car.* Has then the false Rui-Gomez broke his oath;
And, after all, my innocence betray'd?

*Posa.* Yes, all his subtlest snares are for you laid.
The king within this minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd, if but seen with her.
Retire, my lord——

*Queen.* How! is he jealous grown?
I thought my virtue he had better known.
His unjust doubts have soon found out the way
To make their entry on our marriage-day:
For yet he has not known with me a night:
Perhaps his tyranny is his delight;
And to such height his cruelty is grown,
He'd exercise it on his queen and son.
But since, my lord, this time we must obey
Our interest, I beg you would not stay:
Not seeing you, he may to me be just.

*Don Car.* Should I then leave you, madam?

*Queen.* Yes, you must.

*Don Car.* Not then when storms against your virtue rise.
No; since to lose you wretched Carlos dies,
He'll have the honour of it in your cause.
This is the noblest thing that fate could do,
She thus abates the rigour of her laws,
Since 'tis some pleasure but to die for you.

*Queen.* Talk not of death, for that e'en cowards dare,
When their base fears compel them to despair:
Hope's the far nobler passion of the mind;
Fortune's a mistress that's with caution kind;
Knows that the constant merit her alone,
They who, though she seem froward, yet court on.

*Don Car.* To wretched minds thus still some comfort gleams:
And angels ease our griefs, though but with dreams.
I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
And the cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.
You, madam, bid me go.
[*Looking earnestly at the* QUEEN.

*Queen.* You must.

*Posa.* You shall.
Alas, I love you, would not see you fall;
And yet may find some way t'evade it all.

*Don Car.* Thou, Posa, ever wert my truest friend;
I almost wish thou wert not now so kind.
Thou of a thing that's lost tak'st too much care;
And you, fair angel, too indulgent are.
[*To the* QUEEN.
Great my despair; but still my love is higher.
Well——in obedience to you, I'll retire;
Though during all the storm I will be nigh;
Where, if I see the danger grow too high,
To save you, madam, I'll come forth and die.
[*Exit* DON CARLOS.

*Enter* KING *and* RUI-GOMEZ.

*King.* Who would have guess'd that this had ever been! [*Seeing* POSA *and the* QUEEN.
Distraction! where shall my revenge begin?
Why, he's the very bawd to all their sin:
And, to disguise it, puts on friendship's mask,
But his dispatch, Rui-Gomez, is thy task.

With him pretend some private conference,
And under that disguise seduce him hence;
Then in some place fit for the deed impart
The bus'ness by a poniard to his heart.

*Rui-Go.* 'Tis done.——

*King.* So, Madam—— [*Steps to the* QUEEN.

*Queen.* ——By the fury in your eyes,
I understand you come to tyrannize.
I hear you are already jealous grown,
And dare suspect my virtue with your son.

*King.* Oh woman-kind! thy mysteries who can scan,
Too deep for easy, weak, believing man?
Hold, let me look: indeed, you're wond'rous fair;
So on the outside Sodom's apples were:
And yet within, when open'd to the view,
Not half so dang'rous or so foul as you.

*Queen.* Unhappy wretched woman that I am!
And you unworthy of a husband's name!
Do you not blush?

*King.* Yes, madam, for your shame.
Blush too my judgment e'er should prove so faint,
To let me choose a devil for a saint.
When first I saw and lov'd that tempting eye,
The fiend within the flame I did not spy;
But still ran on and cherish'd my desires,
For heavenly beams mistook infernal fires:
Such raging fires, as you have since thought fit
Alone my son, my son's hot youth should meet.
Oh vengeance, vengeance!——

*Queen.* ——Poor ungenerous king!
How mean's the soul from which such thoughts must spring!
Was it for this I did so late submit
To let you whine and languish at my feet;
When with false oaths you did my heart beguile,
And proffer'd all your empire for a smile?

Then, then my freedom 'twas I did resign,
Though you still swore you would preserve it mine.
And still it shall be so, for from this hour
I vow to hate, and never see you more.
Nay, frown not, Philip, for you soon shall know
I can resent and rage as well as you.

*King*. By hell, her pride's as raging as her lust.
A guard there——seize the queen——

[*Enter* Guard.

*Enter* CARLOS, *and intercepts the* Guards.

*Don Car*. ——Hold, sir, be just.
First look on me, whom once you call'd your son;
A title I was always proud to own.

*King*. Good Heaven! to merit this what have done,
That he too dares before my sight appear?

*Don Car*. Why, sir, where is the cause that I should fear?
Bold in my innocence, I come to know
The reason why you use this princess so?

*King*. Sure I shall find some way to raise this siege:
He talks as if 'twere for his privilege.
Foul ravisher of all my honour, hence!
But stay! guards, with the queen secure the prince.
Wherefore in my revenge should I be slow?
Now in my reach, I'll dash them at a blow.

*Enter* DON JOHN *of Austria*, EBOLI, HENRIETTA, *and* GARCIA.

*Don John*. I come, great sir, with wonder here, to see
Your rage grown up to this extremity,
Against your beauteous queen, and loyal son;
What is't that they to merit chains have done?
Or is't your own wild jealousy alone?

*King*. O Austria, thy vain inquiry cease,
If thou hast any value for thy peace.
My mighty wrongs so loud an accent bear,
'Twould make thee miserable but to hear.
*Don Car*. Father, if I may dare to call you so,
Since now I doubt if I'm your son or no;
As you have seal'd my doom, I may complain.
*King*. Will then that monster dare to speak again?
*Don Car*. Yes: dying men should not their thoughts disguise;
And since you take such joy in cruelties,
Ere of my death the new delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how cruel you have been.
Time was that we were smil'd on by our fate,
You not unjust, nor I unfortunate:
Then, then, I was your son, and you were glad
To hear my early praise was talk'd abroad.
Then Love's dear sweets you to me would display,
Told me where this rich beauteous treasure lay,
And how to gain't instructed me the way.
I came, and saw, and lov'd, and bless'd you for't.
But then when love had seal'd her to my heart,
You violently tore her from my side:
And, 'cause my bleeding wound I could not hide,
But still some pleasure to behold her took,
You now will have my life but for a look;
Wholly forgetting all the pains I bore,
Your heart with envious jealousy boils o'er,
'Cause I can love no less, and you no more.
*Hen*. Alas! how can you hear his soft complaint,
And not your harden'd stubborn heart relent?
Turn, sir, survey that comely, awful man,
And to my prayers be cruel if you can.
*King*. Away, deluder; who taught thee to sue?
*Ebo*. Loving the queen, what is't she less can do,
Than lend her aid against the dreadful storm?
*King*. Why, can the devil dwell too in that form?

This is their little engine by the by,
A scout to watch, and tell when danger's nigh.
Come, pretty sinner, thou'lt inform me all,
How, where, and when; nay do not fear——you shall.

*Hen.* Ah, sir, unkind!——

*King.* ——Now hold thy Syren's tongue:
Who would have thought there was a witch so young?

*Don John.* Can you to suing beauty stop your ears;
[*Takes up* HEN. *and makes his address to her.*
Heaven lays its thunders by, and gladly hears,
When angels are become petitioners.

*Ebo.* Ha! what makes Austria so officious there?
That glance seems as it sent his heart to her.
[*Aside to* GARCIA.

*Don Car.* A banquet then of blood since you design,
Yet you may satisfy yourself with mine.
I love the queen, I have confess'd, 'tis true:
Proud too to think I love her more than you;
Though she, by heaven, is clear——but I indeed
Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.
There were no lawless thoughts that I did want,
Which love had power to ask, or beauty grant;
Though I ne'er yet found hopes to raise them on,
For she did still preserve her honour's throne,
And dash the bold aspiring devils down.
If to her cause you do not credit give,
Fondly against your happiness you'll strive;
As some lose heaven, because they won't believe.

*Queen.* Whilst, prince, my preservation you design,
Blot not your virtue to add more to mine.
The clearness of my truth I'd not have shown
By any other light besides its own.

No, sir, he through despair all this has said,
And owns offences which he never made.
Why should you think that I would do you wrong?
Must I needs be unchaste, because I'm young?

*King*. Unconstant, wav'ring heart, why heav'st thou so?
I shiver all, and know not what I do.
I who ere now have armies led to fight,
Thought war a sport, and danger a delight;
Whole winter nights stood under heaven's wide roof,
Daring my foes; now am not beauty proof.
Oh turn away those basilisks, thy eyes;
The infection's fatal, and who sees them dies.
[*Going away.*

*Queen*. Oh, do not fly me; I have no design
Upon your life, for you may yet save mine. [*Kneels.*
Or if at last I must my breath submit,
Here take it, 'tis an off'ring at your feet:
Will you not look on me, my dearest lord?

*King*. Why? wouldst thou live?——

*Queen*. Yes, if you'll say the word.

*Don Car*. Oh Heaven! how coldly and unmov'd he sees
A praying beauty prostrate on her knees!
Rise, madam—— [*Steps to take her up.*

*King*. ——Bold encroacher, touch her not:
Into my breast her glances thick are shot.
Not true!——Stay, let me see—by Heaven, thou art
[*Looks earnestly on her.*
——A false vile woman——Oh my foolish heart!
I give thee life—but from this time refrain,
And never come into my sight again:
Be banish'd ever.——

*Queen*. This you must not do,
At least till I've convinc'd you I am true.
Grant me but so much time; and when that's done,
If you think fit, for ever I'll be gone.

*King*. I've all this while been angry, but in vain:
She heats me first, then strokes me tame again.
Oh, wert thou true, how happy should I be!
Think'st thou that I have joy to part with thee?
No, all my kingdom for the bliss I'd give:
Nay, though it were not so, but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.

*Queen*. I would not, sir, deceive you, if I might.
But if you'll take my oaths, by all above
'Tis you, and only you, that I will love.

*King*. Thus as a mariner that sails along,
With pleasure hears th' enticing Siren's song,
Unable quite his strong desires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, though certain to be drown'd,
Come to my bosom then, make no delay:
[*Takes her in his arms.*
My rage is hush'd, and I have room for joy.

*Queen*. Again you'll think that I unjust will prove.

*King*. No, thou art all o'er truth, and I all love.
Oh that we might for ever thus remain
In folded arms, and never part again!

*Queen*. Command me any thing, and try your power.

*King*. Then from this minute ne'er see Carlos more.
Thou slave, that dar'st do ill with such a port,
For ever here I banish thee my court.
Within some cloister lead a private life,
That I may love and rule without this strife.
Here, Eboli, receive her to thy charge:
The treasure's precious, and the trust is large.
Whilst I retiring hence, myself make fit
To wait for joys which are too fierce to meet.
[*Exit* KING.

*Don Car*. My exile from his presence I can bear
With pleasure: but, no more to look on her!
Oh 'tis a dreadful curse I cannot bear.

No, madam, all his power shall nothing do:
I'll stay and take my banishment from you.
Do you command me, see how far I'll fly.
*Queen.* Will Carlos be at last my enemy?
Consider, this submission I have shown,
More to preserve your safety than my own.
Ungratefully you needless ways devise
To lose a life which I so dearly prize.
*Don Car.* So now her fortune's made, and I am left
Alone, a naked wanderer to shift. [*Aside.*
Madam, you might have spar'd the cruelty;
[*To the* QUEEN.
Bless'd with your sight I was prepar'd to die.
But now to lose it drives me to despair,
Making me wish to die, and yet not dare.
Well, to some solitary shore I'll roam,
And never more into your presence come,
Since I already find I'm troublesome. [*Is going.*
*Queen.* Stay, sir, yet stay:—You shall not leave me so.
*Don Car.* Ha———
*Queen.* ——I must talk with you before you go.
Oh Carlos, how unhappy is our state?
How foul a game was play'd us by our fate?
Who promis'd fair when we did first begin,
Till, envying to see us like to win,
Straight fell to cheat, and threw the false lot in.
My vows to you I now remember all.
*Don Car.* Oh, madam, I can hear no more——
[*Kneels.*
*Queen.* ——You shall.——
For I can't choose but let you know, that I,
If you'll resolve on't, yet will with you die.
*Don Car.* Sure nobler gallantry was never known.
Good Heav'n! this blessing is too much for one:
No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.
My father, all my foes I now forgive.
*Queen.* Nay, sir, by all our loves I charge you live.

But to what country, wheresoe'er you go,
Forget not me, for I'll remember you.
*Don Car.* Shall I such virtue and such charms forget?
No, never.——
*Queen.* ——Oh that we had never met,
But in our distant climates still been free!
I might have heard of you, and you of me:
So towards happiness more safely mov'd;
And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.
What makes you look so wildly?—why d'ye start?
*Don Car.* A faint cold damp is thick'ning round my heart.
*Queen.* What shall we do?——
*Don Car.* ——Do any thing but part;
Or stay so long 'till my poor soul expires
In view of all the glory it admires.
*Ebo.* In such a lover how might I be bless'd!
Oh! were I of that noble heart possess'd,
How soft, how easy would I make his bands!
[*Aside.*
But, madam, you forget the king's commands:
[*To the* QUEEN.
Longer to stay, your dangers you'll renew.
*Don Car.* Ah, princess! lovers' pains you never knew;
Or what it is to part, as we must do.
Part too for ever——
After one minute, never more to stand
Fix'd on those eyes, or pressing this soft hand.
'Twere but enough to feed one, and not starve:
Yet that is more than I did e'er deserve:
Though fate to us is niggardly and poor,
That from eternity can't spare one hour.
*Queen.* If it were had, that hour would soon be gone,
And we should wish to draw another on.

No, rigorous necessity has made
Us both his slaves, and now will be obey'd.
Come, let us try the parting blow to bear.
Adieu——

*Don Car.* Farewell. [*Looking at each other.*
——I'm fix'd and rooted here:
I cannot stir——

*Queen.* Shall I the way then show?
Now hold, my heart——
[*Goes to the door, then stops, and turns back again.*
Nay, sir, why don't you go?

*Don Car.* Why do you stay?

*Queen.* I won't.——

*Don Car.* ——You shall awhile [*Kneels.*
With one look more my miseries beguile,
That may support my heart till you are gone.

*Queen.* Oh Eboli! thy help, or I'm undone,
[*Takes hold on* EBOLI.
Here take it then, and with it too my life.
[*Leans into* EBOLI'S *arms.*

*Don Car.* My courage with my tortures is at strife;
Since my griefs cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'll try to vanquish and out-toil the ill.
Well, madam, now I'm something hardier grown:
Since I at last perceive you must be gone,
To venture the encounter I'll be bold;
[*Leads her to the door.*
For certainly my heart will so long hold.
Farewell——be happy as you're fair and true.

*Queen.* And all heaven's kindest angels wait on you. [*Exit with* EBOLI.

*Don Car.* Thus long I've wander'd in Love's crooked way
By Hope's deluding meteor led astray:
For ere I've half the dang'rous desert cross'd,
The glim'ring light's gone out, and I am lost.
[*Exit Don* CARLOS.

## ACT IV.

*SCENE. The Anti-Chamber to the* QUEEN'S *Apartment.*

*Enter* DON CARLOS *and* POSA.

*Don Car.* The next is the apartment of the queen:
In vain I try, I must not venture in. [*Is going.*
Thus is it with the souls of murder'd men, [*Returns.*
Who to their bodies would again repair;
But finding that they cannot enter there,
Mourning and groaning wander in the air.
Robb'd of my love, and as unjustly thrown
From all those hopes that promis'd me a crown;
My heart, with the dishonours to me done,
Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my breast:
But it will break, and I shall be at rest.
No: dull despair this soul shall never load:
Though patience be the virtue of a god,
Gods never feel the ills that govern here,
Or are above the injuries we bear.
Father and King; both names bear mighty sense:
Yet sure there's something too in Son and Prince.
I was born high, and will not fall less great;
Since triumph crown'd my birth, I'll have my fate
As glorious and majestic too as that.
To Flanders, Posa, straight my letters send;
Tell them the injur'd Carlos is their friend:
And that to head their forces I design;
So vindicate their cause, if they dare mine.

*Posa.* To the rebels?———

*Don Car.* No, they're friends; their cause is just;
Or, when I make it mine, at least it must.
Let the common rout like beasts love to be dull,
Whilst sordidly they live at ease and full;

Senseless what honour and ambition means,
And ignorantly drag their load of chains.
I am a prince, have had a crown in view,
And cannot brook to lose the prospect now.
If thou'rt my friend, do not my will delay.
*Posa.* I'll do't—— [*Exit* POSA.

*Enter* EBOLI.

*Ebo.* My lord.
*Don Car.* Who calls me?
*Ebo.* You must stay.
*Don Car.* What news of fresh affliction can you bear?
*Ebo.* Suppose it were the queen; you'd stay for her?
*Don Car.* For her? yes, stay an age, for ever stay;
Stay e'en till time itself should pass away;
Fix here a statue never to remove,
An everlasting monument of love.
Though, may a thing so wretched as I am
But the least place in her remembrance claim?
*Ebo.* Yes, if you dare believe me, sir, you do;
We both can talk of nothing else but you:
Whilst from the theme e'en emulation springs,
Each striving who shall say the kindest things.
*Don Car.* But from that charity I poorly live,
Which only pities, and can nothing give.
*Ebo.* Nothing! propose what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know, may be security.
*Don Car.* No, madam, what's my due none e'er can pay;
There stands that angel Honour in the way,
Watching his charge with never-sleeping eyes,
And stops my entrance into paradise.
*Ebo.* What paradise? what pleasures can you know,
Which are not in my power to bestow?

*Don Car.* Love, love, and all those eager melting charms,
The queen must yield when in my father's arms.
That queen, so excellently, richly fair,
Jove, could he come again a lover here,
Would court mortality to die for her.
Oh, madam, take not pleasure to renew
Those pains, which if you felt, you would not do.
*Ebo.* Unkindly urg'd: think you no sense I have
Of what you feel? now you may take your leave:
Something I had to say; but let it die.
*Don Car.* Why, madam, who has injur'd you? not I.
*Ebo.* Nay, sir, your presence I would not detain;
Alas! you do not hear that I complain.
Though could you half of my misfortune see,
Methinks you should incline to pity me.
*Don Car.* I cannot guess what mournful tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak, madam——
*Ebo.* Say I lov'd, and with a flame,
Which even melts my tender heart to name:
Lov'd too a man, I will not say ingrate,
Because he's far above my birth or fate:
Yet so far he at least does cruel prove,
He prosecutes a dead and hopeless love,
Starves on a barren rock, and won't be bless'd,
Though I invite him kindly to a feast.
*Don Car.* What stupid animal could senseless lie,
Quicken'd by beams from that illustrious eye?
*Ebo.* Nay, to increase your wonder, you shall know
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
Till e'en I blush, as now I tell it you.
*Don Car.* You neither shall have cause of shame or fear,
Whose secrets safe within my bosom are.

*Ebo.* Then farther I the riddle may explain,
Survey that face, and blame me if you can.
[*Shows him his own picture.*
*Don Car.* Distraction of my eyes! what have they seen?
'Tis my own picture, which I sent the queen,
When to her fame I paid devotion first,
Expecting bliss, but lost it: I am curs'd,
Curs'd too in thee, who from my saint dar'st steal
The only relic left her of my zeal;
And with the sacrilege attempt my heart.
Wert thou more charming than thou think'st thou art,
Almighty love preserves the fort for her,
And bids defiance to thy entrance there.
*Ebo.* Neglected! scorn'd by father and by son!
What a malicious course my stars have run?
But since I meet with such unlucky fate
In love, I'll try how I can thrive in hate:
My own dull husband may assist in that.
To his revenge I'll give him fresh alarms,
And with the grey old wizard muster charms.
I have't; thanks, thanks, revenge: prince, 'tis thy bane. [*Aside.*
Can you forgive me, sir? I hope you can.
[*To* CARLOS *mildly.*
I'll try to recompense the wrongs I've done,
And better finish what is ill begun.
*Don Car.* Madam, you at so strange a rate proceed,
I shall begin to think you lov'd indeed.
*Ebo.* No matter; be but to my honour true,
As you shall ever find I'll be to you.
The queen's my charge, and you may on that score
Presume that you shall see her yet once more;
I'll lead you to those so much worshipp'd charms,
And yield you to my happy rival's arms.
*Don Car.* In what a mighty sum shall I be bound?
I did not think such virtue could be found.

Thou, mistress of all best perfections, stay:
Fain I in gratitude would something say;
But am too far in debt for thanks to pay.

*Enter* DON JOHN *of Austria.*

*Don John.* Where is that prince, he whose afflictions speak
So loud, as all hearts but his own might break?

*Don Car.* My lord, what fate has left me, I am here
Mere man, of all my comfort stripp'd and bare.
Once, like a vine, I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening hopes that spoke me strong:
But now a dry and wither'd stock am grown,
And all my clusters and my branches gone.

*Don John.* Amongst those numbers which your wrongs deplore,
Than me there's none that can resent them more.
I feel a gen'rous grudging in my breast,
To see such honour and such hopes oppress'd.
The king your father is my brother, true;
But I see more that's like myself in you.
Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my friend.
And if that title you think fit to bear,
Accept the confirmation of it here. [*Embraces.*

*Don Car.* From you, to whom I'm by such kindness tied,
The secrets of my soul I will not hide.
This gen'rous princess has her promise given
I once more shall be brought in sight of heaven;
To the fair queen my last devotion pay:
And then for Flanders I intend my way,
Where to th' insulting rebels I'll give law,
To keep myself from wrongs, and them in awe.

*Don John.* Prosperity to the design, 'tis good;
Both worthy of your honour and your blood.

*Don Car.* My lord, your spreading glories flourish high,
Above the reach or shock of destiny;
Mine, early nipp'd, like buds untimely die.

*Enter* Officer *of the Guards.*

*Offi.* My lord, I grieve to tell what you must hear;
They are unwelcome orders which I bear,
Which are to guard you as a prisoner.

*Don Car.* A pris'ner! what new game of fate's begun?
Henceforth be ever curs'd the name of son,
Since I must be a slave, because I'm one.
Duty! to whom? he's not my father: no:
Back with your orders to the tyrant go;
Tell him his fury drives too much one way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

*Don John.* If ask'd by whose commands you did decline
Your orders, tell my brother, 'twas by mine.
[*Exit* Officer.

*Don Car.* Now were I certain it would sink me quite,
I'd see the queen once more, though but in spite;
Though he with all his fury were in place,
I would caress and court her to his face.
Oh that I could this minute die, if so
What he had lost he might too lately know,
Cursing himself to think what he has done:
For I was ever an obedient son;
With pleasure all his glories saw, when young,
Look'd, and with pride considering whence I sprung;
Joyfully under him and free I play'd,
Bask'd in his shine, and wanton'd in his shade——
But now——
Cancelling all whate'er he then conferr'd,
He thrusts me out among the common herd:

Nor quietly will there permit my stay,
But drives and haunts me like a beast of prey.
Affliction! O affliction! 'tis too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to suffer yet.
Though ruin at me from each side takes aim,
And I stand thus encompass'd round with flame;
Though the devouring fire approaches fast;
Yet will I try to plunge; if power waste,
I can at worst but sink, and burn at last.

[*Exit* DON CARLOS.

*Don John.* Go on, pursue thy fortune while 'tis hot:
I long for work where honour's to be got.
But, madam, to this prince you're wond'rous kind.

*Ebo.* You are no less to Henriet, I find.

*Don John.* Why, she's a beauty, tender, young, and fair.

*Ebo.* I thought I might in charms have equall'd her.
You told me once my beauty was not less.
Is this your faith? are these your promises?

*Don John.* You would seem jealous, but are crafty grown:
Tax me of falsehood to conceal your own.
Go, you're a woman——

*Ebo.* Yes, I know I am:
And by my weakness do deserve that name,
When heart and honour I to you resign'd.
Would I were not a woman, or less kind.

*Don John.* Think you your falsehood was not plainly seen,
When to your charge my brother gave the queen?
Too well I saw it; how did you dispense
In looks your pity to th' afflicted prince?
Whilst I my duty paid the king, your time
You watch'd, and fix'd your melting eyes on him,
Admir'd him——

*Ebo.* Yes, sir, for his constancy——
But 'twas with pain, to think you false to me,
When to another's eye you homage paid,
And my true love wrong'd and neglected laid,
Wrong'd too so far as nothing can restore.
*Don John.* Nay, then let's part, and think of love no more.
Farewell—— [DON JOHN *is going.*
*Ebo.* Farewell, if you're resolv'd to go:
Inhuman Austria, can you leave me so?
Enough my soul is by your falsehood rack'd;
Add not to your inconstancy neglect.
Methinks you so far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.
*Don John.* If ere you lov'd, 'tis you, not I, forget;
For a remove is here too deeply set,
Firm rooted, and for ever must remain.
[EBOLI *turns away.*
Why thus unkind?
*Ebo.* Why are you jealous then? [*Turns to him.*
*Don John.* Come, let it be no more! I'm hush'd and still!
Will you forgive?
*Ebo.* How can you doubt my will?
I do.
*Don John.* Then send me not away unbless'd.
*Ebo.* Till you return I will not think of rest:
Carlos will hither suddenly repair.
The next apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.
Farewell. [EBOLI *seems to weep.*
*Don John.* O do not let me see a tear;
It quenches joy, and stifles appetite.
Like war's fierce god upon my bliss I'd prey;
Who, from the furious toils of arms all day
Returning home to love's fair queen at night,
Comes riotous and hot with full delight—
[*Exit* DON JOHN.

*Ebo.* He's reap'd his joys, and now he would be free,
And to effect it puts on jealousy:
But I'm as much a libertine as he;
As fierce my will, as furious my desires.
Yet will I hold him; though enjoyment tires,
Though love and appetite be at the best,
He'll serve, as common meats fill up a feast,
And look like plenty, though we never taste.

*Enter* RUI-GOMEZ.

Old lord, I bring thee news will make thee young.

*Rui-Go.* Speak; there was always music in thy tongue.

*Ebo.* Thy foes are tott'ring, and the day's thy own;
Give them but one lift now, and they go down.
Quickly to the king, and all his doubts renew;
Appear disturb'd, as if you something knew
Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,
Then bring him hither lab'ring with the weight.
I will take care that Carlos shall be here:
So for his jealous eyes a sight prepare
Shall prove more fatal than Medusa's head,
And he more monstrous seem than she e'er made.

*Enter* KING *attended.*

*King.* Still how this tyrant doubt torments my breast!
When shall I get th' usurper dispossess'd?
My thoughts, like birds when frighted from their rest,
Around the place where all was hush'd before
Flutter, and hardly settle any more——
Ha, Gomez, what art thou thus musing on?
[*Sees* GOMEZ.

*Rui-Go.* I'm thinking what it is to have a son:
What mighty cares, and what tempestuous strife,
Attend on an unhappy father's life:

How children blessings seem, but torments are:
When young, our folly; and when old, our fear.
*King*. Why dost thou bring these odd reflections here?
Thou enviest sure the quiet which I bear.
*Rui-Go*. No, sir, I joy in the ease which you possess,
And wish you never may have cause for less.
*King*. Have cause for less! come nearer, thou art sad,
And look'st as thou wouldst tell me that I had.
Now, now I feel it rising up again——
Speak quickly, where is Carlos? where the queen?
What, not a word? have my wrongs struck thee dumb?
Or art thou swol'n and labouring with my doom,
Yet dar'st not let the fatal secret come?
*Rui-Go*. Heaven great infirmities to age allots:
I'm old, and have a thousand doting thoughts.
Seek not to know them, sir.
*King*. By Heaven I must.
*Rui-Go*. Nay, I would not be by compulsion just.
*King*. Yet, if without it you refuse, you shall.
*Rui-Go*. Grant me then one request, I'll tell you all.
*King*. Name thy petition, and conclude it done.
*Rui-Go*. It is that you would here forgive your son,
For all his past offences to this hour.
*King*. Thou'st almost ask'd a thing beyond my power.
But so much goodness in the request I find,
Spite of myself I'll for thy sake be kind:
His pardon's seal'd; the secret now declare.
*Rui-Go*. Alas! 'tis only that I saw him here.——
*King*. Where? with the queen! yes, yes, 'tis so, I'm sure,
Never were wrongs so great as I endure:

So great, that they are grown beyond complaint,
For half my patience might have made a saint.
Oh woman! monstrous woman!
Did I for this into my breast receive
The promising repenting fugitive?
But, Gomez, I will throw her back again;
And thou shalt see me smile, and tear her then.
I'll crush her heart where all the poison lies,
Till, when the venom's out, the viper dies.

*Rui-Go.* They the best method of revenge pursue,
Who so contrive that it may justice show;
Stay till their wrongs appear at such a head,
That innocence may have no room to plead.
Your fury, sir, at least a while delay;
I guess the prince may come again this way:
Here I'll withdraw, and watch his privacy.

*King.* And when he's fix'd, be sure bring word to me.
Till then I'll bridle vengeance, and retire;
Within my breast suppress this angry fire,
Till to my eyes my wrongs themselves display;
Then, like a faulcon, gently cut my way,
And with my pounces seize th' unwary prey.

[*Exit* KING.

*Enter* EBOLI.

*Ebo.* I've over-heard the business with delight,
And find revenge will have a feast to-night.
Though thy declining years are in their wane,
I can perceive there's youth still in thy brain.
Away: the queen is coming hither.

[*Exit* RUI-GOMEZ.

*Enter* QUEEN *and Women.* HENRIETTA.

*Queen.* ——Now
To all felicity a long adieu:
Where are you, Eboli?

*Ebo.* ——Madam, I'm here.
*Queen.* Oh how fresh fears assault me every where!
I hear that Carlos is a prisoner made.
*Ebo.* No, madam, he the orders disobey'd;
And boldly owns for Flanders he intends,
To head the rebels, whom he styles his friends.
But ere he goes, by me does humbly sue,
That he may take his last farewell of you.
*Queen.* Will he then force his destiny at last?
Hence quickly to him, Eboli, make haste:
Tell him, I beg his purpose he'd delay;
Or if that can't his resolution stay,
Say I have sworn not to survive the hour
In which I hear that he has left the shore.
Tell him, I've gain'd his pardon of the king.
Tell him——to stay him——tell him any thing——
*Ebo.* One word from you his duty would restore:
And though you promis'd ne'er to see him more,
Methinks you might upon so just a score.
But see, he's here——

*Enter* DON CARLOS.

*Don Car.* Run out of breath by fate,
And persecuted by a father's hate,
Wearied withal, I panting hither fly,
To lay myself down at your feet, and die.
[*Kneels, and kisses her hand.*
*Queen.* Oh too unhappy Carlos! yet unkind!
'Gainst you what harms have ever I design'd,
That you should with such violence decree
Ungratefully at last to murder me?
*Don Car.* Pour all thy curses, heaven, upon this head,
For I've the worst of vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
Myself upbraided of a wrong to her. [*He rises.*

Say, has your honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I snares t' entrap your virtue laid?
Tell me, if not, why do you then upbraid?

*Queen.* You will not know th' afflictions which you give;
Was't not my last request, that you would live?
I by our vows conjur'd it; but I see,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardless your own ruin you design,
Though you are sure to purchase it with mine.

*Don Car.* I, as you bade me live, obey'd with pride;
Though it was harder far than to have died.
But loss of liberty my life disdains;
These limbs were never made to suffer chains.
My father should have singled out some crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
He should have seen what Carlos would have done.
But to prescribe my freedom, sink me low
To base confinement, where no comforts flow;
But black despair, that foul tormentor, lies;
With all my present load of miseries;
Was to my soul too violent a smart,
And rous'd the sleeping lion in my heart.

*Queen.* Yet then be kind; your angry father's rage,
I know, the least submission will assuage;
You're hot with youth, he's choleric with age.
To him, and put a true obedience on;
Be humble, and express yourself a son.
Carlos, I beg it of you: will you not?

*Don Car.* Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't.
I must obey whatever your prefer,
Knowing you're all divine, and cannot err.
For if my doom's unalterable, I shall
This way at least with less dishonour fall:
And princes less my tameness thus condemn,
When I for you shall suffer, though by him.

*Queen.* In my apartment farther we'll debate
Of this, and for a happy issue wait.
Your presence there he cannot disapprove,
When it shall speak your duty, and my love.
[*Exeunt* CARLOS *and* QUEEN.

*Enter* RUI-GOMEZ.

*Ebo.* Now, Gomez, triumph; all is ripe; the toil
Has caught them, and fate saw it with a smile.
Thus far the work of destiny was mine;
But I'm content the master-piece be thine.
Away to the king, prepare his soul for blood:
A mystery thou well hast understood:
Whilst I go rest within a lover's arms, [*Aside.*
And to my Austria lay out all my charms. [*Exit.*
*Rui-Go.* Fate, open now thy book, and set them down:
I have already mark'd them for thy own.

*Enter* KING *and* POSA *at a distance.*

My lord the king?
*King.* Gomez?
*Rui-Go.* The same.
*King.* Hast seen
The prince?
*Rui-Go.* I have.
*King.* Where is he?
*Rui-Go.* With the queen.
*King.* Now ye that dwell in everlasting flame,
And keep records of all ye mean to damn,
Show me, if 'mongst your precedents there e'er
Was seen a son like him, or wife like her.
Hark, Gomez, didst not hear th' infernals groan?
Hush, hell, a little, and they are thy own.
*Posa.* Who should these be? the king and Gomez, sure:
Methinks I wish that Carlos were secure: [*At a distance.*
For Flanders his dispatches I've prepar'd.

*King*. Who's there? 'tis Posa, pander to their lust. [*Drawing near to* Posa.
Now, Gomez, to his heart thy dagger thrust;
In the pursuit of vengeance drive it far:
Strike deep, and if thou canst, wound Carlos there.
*Rui-Go*. I'll do't as close as happy lovers kiss:
May he strike mine, if of his heart I miss.
Thus, sir—— [*Stabs him.*
*Posa*. Ha, Gomez! villain! thou hast done
Thy worst: but yet I would not die alone:
Here, dog—— [*Stabs at him.*
*Rui-Go*. So brisk? then take it once again.
[*As they are struggling, the dispatches fall out of* Posa's *bosom.*
'Twas only, sir, to put you out of pain.
[*Stabs him again, and* Posa *falls.*
*Posa*. My lord the king, but life too far is gone,
I faint, be mindful of your queen and son. [*Dies.*
*King*. The slave in death repents, and warns me. Yes,
I shall be very mindful. What are these?
[*Takes up the dispatches.*
For Flanders! with the prince's signet seal'd!
Here's villany has yet been unreveal'd.
See, Gomez, practices against my crown;
[*Shows them him.*
Treason and lust have join'd to pull me down.
Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy rock,
Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock.
But I too long delay: give word I come.
*Rui-Go*. What, hoa! within; the king is nigh, make room.

*The Scene draws, and discovers* Don John *and* Eboli *embracing.*

*King*. Now let me, if I can, to fury add,
That when I thunder I may strike them dead.
[*Looking earnestly on them.*

Ha——Gomez! on this truth depends thy life.
Why that's our brother Austria!
*Rui-Go.* And my wife!
Embracing close. Whilst I was busy grown
In others' ruins, here I've met my own.
Oh! had I perish'd ere 'twas understood.
*King.* This is the nest where lust and falsehood brood.
Is it not admirable?—
[*Exit* DON JOHN *and* EBOLI *embracing.*
*Rui-Go.* O sir, yes!
Ten thousand devils tear the sorceress——
*King.* But they are gone, and my dishonour's near.

*Enter* DON CARLOS *and* QUEEN *discoursing.*

Look, my incestuous son and wife appear.
See, Gomez, how she languishes and dies.
'Sdeath! there are very pulses in her eyes.
[DON CARLOS *approaches the* KING.
*Don Car.* In peace, heaven ever guard the king from harms;
In war, success and triumph crown his arms;
Till all the nations of the world shall be
Humble and prostrate at his feet like me. [*Kneels.*
I hear your fury has my death design'd;
Though I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind:
Behold me as your poor unhappy son,
And do not spill that blood which is your own.
*King.* Yes, when my blood grows tainted, I ne'er doubt
But for my health 'tis good to let it out;
But thine's a stranger, like thy soul, to me,
Or else be curs'd thy mother's memory!
And doubly curs'd be that unhappy night,
In which I purchas'd torment with delight.
*Don Car.* Thus then I lay aside all rights of blood. [*Rises boldly.*
My mother curs'd! she was all just and good.

Tyrant! too good to stay with thee below,
And therefore's bless'd, and reigns above thee now.
Submission! which way got it entrance here?

*King*. Perhaps it came ere treason was aware.
Thy traitorous design's now come to light,
Too great and horrid to be hid in night.
See here my honour and thy duty's stains.
[*Shows the dispatches.*
I've paid your secretary for his pains.
He waits you there, to council with him go,
[*Shows* POSA's *body.*
Ask what intelligence from Flanders now.

*Don Car*. My friend here slain! my faithful Posa 'tis!
Good Heaven! what have I done to merit this?
What temples sack'd, what desolation made,
To pull down such a vengeance on my head?
This, villain, was thy work: what friend of thine
[*To* RUI-GO.
Did I e'er wrong, that thou shouldst murder mine?
But I'll take care it shall not want reward—[*Draws.*

*King*. Courage, my Gomez, since thy king's thy guard.
Come, rebel, and thy villanies fulfil.

*Don Car*. No; though unjust, you are my father still; [*Throws away his sword.*
And from that title must your safety own:
'Tis that which awes my hand, and not your crown.
'Tis true, all there contain'd I had design'd:
To such a height your jealousy was grown,
It was the only way that I could find
To work your peace, and to procure my own.

*King*. Thinking my youth and vigour to decrease,
You'd ease me of my crown to give me peace.

*Don Car*. Alas! you fetch your misconstructions far:
The injuries to me, and wrongs to her,
Were much too great for empire to repair.

When you forgot a father's love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a son's and prince's right,
Branded my honour, and pursu'd my life,
My duty long with nature was at strife.
Not that I fear'd my memory or name
Could suffer by the voice of common fame;
A thing I still esteem'd beneath my pride:
For though condemn'd by all the world beside,
Had you but thought me just, I could have died.
At last this only way I found to fly
Your anger, and divert your jealousy——
To go for Flanders, and be so remov'd
From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd:
There in your right hoping I might complete,
Spight of my wrongs, some action truly great.
Thus by my faith and sufferings to out-wear
Your hate, and shun that storm which threaten'd here.

*Queen.* And can this merit hate? he would forego
The joys and charms of courts to purchase you;
Banish himself, and stem the dang'rous tide
Of lawless outrage and rebellious pride.

*King.* How evenly she pleads in his defence!
So blind is guilt when 'twould seem innocence.
She thinks her softness may my rage disarm.
No, sorceress, you're mistaken in your charm,
And whilst you sooth, do but assist the storm.
Do, take full view of your tall able slave;
[QUEEN *looking on* CARLOS.
Look hard; it is the last you're like to have.

*Don Car.* My life or death are in your power to give.

*King.* Yes, and thou diest.

*Don Car.* Not till she give me leave:
She is the star that rules my destiny;
And whilst her aspect's kind, I cannot die.

*Queen.* No, prince, for ever live, be ever bless'd.

*King.* Yes, I will send him to's eternal rest.

Oh! had I took the journey long ago,
I ne'er had known the pains that rack me now.
*Queen.* What pains? what racks?
[*Approaching him.*
*King.* Avoid, and touch me not.
I see thee foul, all one incestuous blot;
Thy broken vows are in thy guilty face.
*Queen.* Have I then in your pity left no place?
*King.* Oh! thus it was you drew me in before,
With promises you ne'er would see him more.
But now your subtlest wiles too weak are grown:
I've gotten freedom, and I'll keep my own.
*Queen.* May you be ever free; but can your mind
Conceive that any ill was here design'd?
He hither came, only that he might show
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.
You saw his humble dutiful address.
*King.* But you beforehand sign'd the happy peace.

*Enter* EBOLI.

Oh princess, thank you for the care you take.
Tell me how got this monster entrance? speak.
*Ebo.* Heaven witness 'twas without my knowledge done.
*Rui-Go.* No, she had other bus'ness of her own.
[*Aside.*
Oh blood and murder!
*King.* All are false: a guard.

*Enter* Guard.

Seize on that traitor—— [*To* CARLOS.
*Don Car.* Welcome; I'm prepar'd——
*Queen.* Stay, sir, let me die too: I can obey.
*King.* No, thou shalt live. [*Seemingly kind.*
By Heaven, but not a day. [*Aside.*
I a revenge so exquisite have fram'd,
She unrepenting dies, and so she's damn'd.

*Hen.* If ever pity could your heart engage,
If e'er you hope for blessings on your age,
Incline your ears to a poor virgin's prayer.
*King.* I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What wouldst thou say?
*Hen.* Destroy not, in one man,
More virtue than the world can boast again.
View him the eldest pledge of your first love,
Your virgin-joys; that may some pity move——
*King.* No; for the wrongs I suffer weigh it down:
I'd now not spare his life to save my own.
Away, by thy soft tongue I'll not be caught.
*Hen.* By all that hopes can frame I beg. If not,
May you by some base hand unpity'd die,
And childless mothers curse your memory.
By honour, love, by life——
*King.* Fond girl, away.
By heaven, I'll kill thee else. Still durst thou stay?
Cannot death terrify thee?
*Hen.* ——No; for I,
If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.
*Don Car.* Kind fair one, do not waste your sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a tear.
There yet for you are mighty joys in store,
When I in dust am laid, and seen no more.
Oh madam! [*To the* QUEEN.
*Queen.* Oh my Carlos! must you die
For me? no mercy in a father's eye?
*Don Car.* Hide, hide your tears, into my soul they dart
A tenderness that misbecomes my heart:
For since I must, I like a prince would fall,
And to my aid, my manly spirits call.
*Queen.* You, like a man, as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a woman still. [*Weeps.*

*King.* Thou'rt woman, a true copy of the first,
In whom the race of all mankind was curs'd.
Your sex by beauty was to heaven allied:
But your great lord, the devil, taught you pride.
He too an angel, till he durst rebel;
And you are sure the stars that with him fell.
Weep on; a stock of tears like vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive.
*Queen.* Cruel! inhuman! oh my heart! why should
I throw away a title that's so good
On one a stranger to whate'er was so?
Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.
The just resentment of my wrong's so great,
My spirits sink beneath the heavy weight.
[*Ready to sink with passion.*
Tyrant, stand off: I hate thee, and will try
If I have scorn enough to make me die.
*Don Car.* Blest angel, stay——
[*Takes her in his arms.*
*Queen.* Carlos, the sole embrace
You ever took, you have before his face.
*Don Car.* No wealthy monarch of the plenteous East,
In all the glories of his empire dress'd,
Was ever half so rich, or half so bless'd.
But from such bliss, how wretched is the fall!
They too like us must die, and leave it all.
*King.* All this before my face? what soul could bear't?
Go, force her from him. [Officer *approaches.*
*Don Car.* ——Slave, 'twill cost thy heart.
Thou'dst better meet a lion on his way,
And from his hungry jaws reprize the prey.
She's mistress of my soul, and to prepare
Myself for death, I must consult with her.
*Rui-Go.* Have pity—— [*Ironically.*

*King.* Hence! how wretchedly he rules,
That's serv'd by cowards, and advis'd by fools.
Oh torture!——

*Don Car.* ——Rouse, my soul, consider now
That to thy blissful mansion thou must go.
But I so mighty joys have tasted here,
I hardly shall have sense of any there:
Oh soft as blossoms, and yet sweeter far!
[*Leaning on her bosom.*
Sweeter than incense which to heaven ascends,
Though 'tis presented there by angels' hands.

*King.* Still in his arms? Cowards, go tear her forth.

*Don Car.* You'll sooner from its centre shake the earth:
I'll hold her fast till my last hour is nigh;
Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

*King.* Cut off his hold! or any thing.——

*Don Car.* ——Ay come;
Here kill, and bear me hence into my tomb.
I'd have my monument erected here,
With broken mangled limbs still clasping her.

*Queen.* Hold, and I'll quit his arms.——
[*The* Guards *offer their axes.*

*King.* Now bear him hence. [*They part.*

*Queen.* O horrid tyrant!
[Guards *are hurrying* CARLOS *off.*
Stay, unhappy Prince——
Turn, turn! O torment! must I leave you so?
No, stay, and take me with you where you go.

*Don Car.* Hark, slaves, my goddess summons me to stay.
Dogs! have you eyes, and can you disobey?
See her! Oh let me but just touch my bliss.
[*Pressing forward.*

*King.* By hell he shan't: slaves, are you mine or his?

*Queen.* My life——
*Don Car.* My soul, farewell—— [*Exit* CARLOS.
*Queen.* ——He's gone, he's gone,
Now, tyrant, to thy rage I'm left alone;
Give me my death, that hate both life and thee.
*King.* I know thou dost; yet live.
*Queen.* ——O misery!
[*Throws herself on the floor.*
Why was I born to be thus curs'd? or why
Should life be forc'd when 'tis so sweet to die?
*King.* Thou, woman, hast been false; but to renew
Thy credit in my heart, assist me now. [*To* EBOLI.
Prepare a draught of poison, such as will
Act slow, and by degrees of torment kill.
Give it the Queen, and to prevent all sense
Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,
And that ere morning he'll attend her. I
In a disguise his presence will supply;
So glut my rage, and smiling see her die.
*Ebo.* Your majesty shall be obey'd——
*Rui-Go.* Do, work thy mischiefs to their last degree,
And when they're in their height I'll murder thee.
[*Aside.*
*King.* Now, Gomez, ply my rage, and keep it hot:
O'er Love and Nature I've the conquest got.
Still charming beauty triumphs in her eyes;
[*Looking at the* QUEEN.
Yet for my honour and my rest she dies.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Women.
But, Oh! what ease can I expect to get,
When I must purchase at so dear a rate?
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

# ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* KING *solus.*

*King.* 'Tis night; the season when the happy take
Repose, and only wretches are awake:
Now discontented ghosts begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd buildings and unwholesome grounds;
Or at the curtains of the restless wait,
To frighten them with some sad tale of fate.
When I would rest, I can no rest obtain;
The ills I've born e'en o'er my slumbers reign,
And in sad dreams torment me o'er again.
The fatal business is ere this begun:
I'm shock'd, and start to think what I have done.
But I forget how I that Philip am,
So much for constancy renown'd by fame;
Who, through the progress of my life, was ne'er
By hopes transported, or depress'd by fear.
No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And steadfastness will make the act extoll'd.

*Enter* EBOLI *in a night-gown.*

Who? Eboli?
*Ebo.* My lord.
*King.* Is the deed done?
*Ebo.* 'Tis, and the Queen to seek repose is gone.
*King.* Can she expect it, who allow'd me none?
No, Eboli; her dreams must be as full
Of horror, and as hellish as her soul.
Does she believe the Prince has freedom gain'd?
*Ebo.* She does.
*King.* How were the tidings entertain'd?

*Ebo.* O'er all her face young wand'ring blushes were,
Such as speak hopes too weak to conquer fear:——
But, when confirm'd, no lover e'er so kind;
She clasp'd me fast, caress'd, and call'd me friend.
Which opportunity I took, to give
The poison; and till day she cannot live.

*King.* Quickly then to her; say that Carlos here
Waits to confirm his happiness with her.
Go; that my vengeance I may finish quite:
'Twould be imperfect, should I lose the sight.
But to contrive that I may not be known,
And she may still mistake me for my son,
Remove all light but that which may suffice
To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

*Ebo.* You'll find her all in rueful sables clad,
With one dim lamp that yields imperfect light,
Such as in vaults assist the ghastly shade,
Where wretched widows come to weep at night.
Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn,
Till Carlos shall with liberty return. [*Exit.*

*King.* Oh steadfast sin! incorrigible lust!
Not damn'd! it is impossible; she must.
How do I long to see her in her pains,
The pois'nous sulphur rolling through her veins?

*Enter* DON JOHN *and* Attendants.

Who's there? my brother?

*Don John.* Yes, sir, and your friend.
What can your presence here so late intend?

*King.* Oh Austria, fate's at work; a deed's in hand,
Will put thy youthful courage to a stand.
Survey me; do I look as heretofore?

*Don John.* You look like king of Spain and lord of power;
Like one who still seeks glory on the wing:
You look as I would do, were I a king.

*King.* A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miserable in a man.
But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow:
I'll be as happy and as gay as thou.

*Don John.* No, sir, my happiness you cannot have,
Whilst to your abject passions thus a slave.
To know my ease, you thoughts like mine must bring,
Be something less a man, and more a king.

*King.* I'm growing so; 'tis true, that long I strove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
Those witchcrafts that had bound my soul so fast;
But now the date of the enchantment's past.
Before my rage like ruins down they fall,
And I mount up true monarch o'er them all.

*Don John.* I know your Queen and Son you've doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a sure succession off,
At which your friends must grieve, and foes will laugh;
As if, since age has from you took away
Increase, you'd grow malicious and destroy?

*King.* Doubt it not, Austria: thou my brother art,
And in my blood I'm certain hast a part.
Only the justice of my vengeance own;
Thou'rt heir of Spain, and my adopted son.

*Don John.* I must confess there in a crown are charms,
Which I would court in bloody fields and arms:
But in my nephew's wrong I must decline,
Since he must be extinguish'd ere I shine.
To mount a throne o'er battlements I'd climb,
Where Death should wait on me, not I on him.
Did you e'er love, or have you ever known
The mighty value of so brave a son?

*King.* I guess'd I should be treated thus before;
I know it is thy kindness, but no more.
Thou living free, alas! art easy grown,
And think'st all hearts as honest as thy own.
*Don John.* Not, sir, so easy as I must be bold,
And speak what you perhaps would have untold;
That you're a slave to the vilest that obey,
Such as disgrace on royal favour lay,
And blindly follow, as they lead astray:
Voracious varlets, sordid hangers-on,
Best by familiarity they're known,
Yet shrink at frowns, but when you smile they fawn.
They're these have wrong'd you and abus'd your ears,
Possess'd your mind with false misgrounded fears.
*King.* Misgrounded fears? Why, is there any truth
In woman's vows, or disobedient youth?
I sooner would believe this world were heaven,
Where I have nought but toils and torment met,
And never comfort yet to man was given.
But thou shalt see how my revenge I'll treat.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the* QUEEN *alone in mourning on her couch, with a lamp by her.*

Look where she sits as quiet and serene [*Ironically.*
As if she never had a thought of sin;
In mourning, her wrong'd innocence to show:
She's sworn't so oft that she believes it true.
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow she'll in darkness dwell:
So we have heard of witches in a cell,
Treating with fiends, and making leagues with hell.
[*The* QUEEN *rises, and comes towards him.*
*Queen.* My lord! Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd?
Are my eyes bless'd? and am I not deceiv'd?

*King*. My Queen, my love, I'm here——
[*Embraces her*.
*Queen*. My lord the King?
This is surprising kindness which you bring.
Can you believe me innocent at last?
Methinks my griefs are half already past.
*King*. O tongue, in nothing practis'd but deceit!
Too well she knew him, not to find the cheat.
Yes, vile incestuous woman, it is I,
The King; look on me well, despair, and die.
*Queen*. Why had you not pronounc'd my doom before,
Since to affliction you could add no more?
Methinks death is less welcome, when I find
You could but counterfeit a look that's kind.
*King*. No, now thou'rt fit for death: had I believ'd
Thou couldst have been more wicked, thou hadst liv'd.
Liv'd and gone on in lust and riot still;
But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for hell:
And that of the reward thou might'st not miss;
This night thou'st drank thy bane, thou'rt poison'd; yes,
Thou art———
*Queen*. ——Then welcome everlasting bliss.
But ere I die, let me here make a vow,
By heaven, and all I hope for there, I'm true.
*King*. Vows you had always ready when you spoke:
How many of them have you made, and broke?
Yet there's a Power that does your falsehood hear,
A just one too, that lets thee live to swear.
How comes it that above such mercy dwells,
To permit sin, and make us infidels?
*Queen*. You have been ever so to all that's good,
My innocence had else been understood.
At first your love was nothing but your pride.
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's bride,

You then a kind indulgent father were:
But, finding me unfortunately fair,
Thought me a prize too high to be possess'd
By him, and forc'd yourself into my breast:
Where you maintain'd an unresisted power;
Not your own daughter could have lov'd you more,
Till, conscious of your age, my faith was blam'd,
And I a lewd adulteress proclaim'd,
Accus'd of foulest incest with your son.
What more could my worst enemy have done?

*King*. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it said
That in my vengeance any fault I made,
Love me? oh low pretence! too feebly built;
But 'tis the constant fault of dying guilt,
Even to the last to cry they're innocent;
When their despair's so great, they can't repent.

*Queen*. Thus having urg'd your malice to the head,
You spitefully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been man, and had an impious wife,
With speedy fury I'd have snatch'd her life;
Torn a broad passage open to her heart,
And there have ransack'd each polluted part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd to have seen the issuing flood,
And wantonly have bath'd my hands in blood.
That had out-done the low revenge you bring,
Much fitter for a woman than a king.

*King*. I'm glad I know what death you'd wish to have,
You would go down in silence to your grave;
Remove from future fame, as present times,
And bury with you, if you could, your crimes.
No, I will have my justice understood,
Proclaim thy falsehood and thy lust aloud.

*Queen*. About it then, the noble work begin;
Be proud and boast how cruel you have been.
Oh how a monarch's glory 'twill advance!
Do, quickly let it reach the ears of France.

I've there a royal brother that is young,
Who'll certainly revenge his sister's wrong;
Into thy Spain a mighty army bring,
Tumble thee from thy throne a wretched thing,
And make thee quite forget thou e'er wert king.

*King*. I ne'er had pleasure with her till this night:
The viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite,
Oh! were he here, and durst maintain that word,
I'd like an eagle seize the callow bird,
And gripe him till the dastard craven cried;
Then throw him panting by his sister's side.

*Queen*. Alas! I faint and sink; my lord, your hand:
My spirits fail, and I want strength to stand.
[*To* DON JOHN.

*Don John*. O jealousy!
A curse which none but he that bears it knows;
[*Leads her to a chair*.
So rich a treasure who would live to lose?

*King*. The poison works, Heaven grant there were enough;
She is so foul, she may be poison-proof.
Now, my false fair one———

*Queen*. Tyrant, hence be gone,
This hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away; I would not leave the light
With such a hated object in my sight.

*King*. No, I will stay, and even thy prayers prevent;
I would not give thee leisure to repent;
But let thy sins all in one throng combine
To plague thy soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.

*Queen*. Glut then your eyes; your tyrant-fury feed,
And triumph; but remember, when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying pillows you
May feel those tortures which you give me now.
Go on, your worst reproaches I can bear,
And with them all you shall not force a tear.

*King.* Thus, Austria, my lost freedom I obtain,
And once more shall appear myself again.
Love held me fast, whilst like a foolish boy,
I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay;
But now I've thrown the gaudy toy away.
*Ebo.* Help, murder! help—— [EBOLI *within.*
*King.* ——See, Austria, whence that cry:
Call up our Guards, there may be danger nigh.
[*Enter* Guards.

*Enter* EBOLI *in her night-dress, wounded and bleeding;* RUI-GOMEZ *pursuing her.*

*Ebo.* Oh! guard me from that cruel murderer:
But 'tis in vain, the steel has gone too far.
Turn, wretched King, I've something to unfold;
Nor can I die till the sad secret's told.
*King.* The woman's mad; to some apartment by
Remove her where she may grow tame and die.
Fate came abroad to-night, resolv'd to range:
I love a kind companion in revenge.
[*Hugs* RUI-GO.
*Ebo.* If in your heart truth any favour wins,
If e'er you would repent of secret sins,
Hear me a word.
*King.* ——What wouldst thou say? be brief.
*Ebo.* Do what you can to save that precious life;
Try every art that may her death prevent:
You are abus'd, and she is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my hopes of you were vain,
Led by my lust I practis'd all my charms
To gain the prince, Don Carlos, to my arms.
But there too cross'd, I did the purpose change,
And pride made him my engine for revenge:
[*To* RUI-GO.
Taught him to raise your growing jealousy.
Then my wild passion at this Prince did fly,
[*To* DON JOHN.
And that was done for which I now must die.

*King*. Ha, Gomez! speak, and quickly; is it so?
*Rui-Go*. I'm sorry you should doubt if't be or no.
She, by whose lust my honour was betray'd,
Cannot want malice now to take my head;
And therefore does this penitence pretend.
*Ebo*. Oh Austria, take away that ugly fiend:
He smiles and mocks me, waiting for my soul;
See how his glaring fiery eye-balls roll.
*Rui-Go*. Thus is her fancy tortur'd by her guilt:
But since you'll have my blood, let it be spilt.
*King*. No more—— [*To* RUI-GO.
Speak on, I charge thee, by the rest [*To* EBOLI.
Thou hop'st, the truth, and as thou shalt be bless'd.
*Ebo*. As what I've said is so,
There may I find, where I must answer all,
What most I need, Heaven's mercy on my soul.
[*Dies*.
*King*. Heaven! she was sensible that she should die,
And durst not in the minute tell a lie.
*Don John*. His guilt's too plain; see his wild staring eye.
By unconcern he would show innocence:
But harden'd guilt ne'er wanted the pretence
Of great submission, when it had no defence.
Thus whilst of life you show this little care,
You seem not guiltless, but betray despair.
*King*. His life? what satisfaction can that give?
But oh! in doubt I must for ever live,
And lose my peace—Yet I the truth will find:
I'll rack him for't. Go, in this minute bind
Him to the wheel———
*Rui-Go*. How have I this deserv'd,
Who only your commands obey'd and serv'd?
What would you have me do?
*King*. ——I'd have thee tell
The truth: Do, Gomez, all shall then be well.
*Rui-Go*. Alas! like you, sir, in a cloud I'm lost,
And can but tell you what I think at most.

You set me as a spy upon the Prince,
And I still brought the best intelligence
I could; till finding him too much aware
Of me, I nearer measures took by her:
Which if I after a false copy drew,
'Tis I have been unfortunate as you.

*King*. And is this all thou hast for life to show?

*Rui-Go*. Dear sir, your pardon, it is all I know.

*King*. Then, villain, I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heaven! where is now thy sleeping providence,
That took so little care of innocence?
Oh Austria, had I to thy truth inclin'd,
Had I been half so good as thou wert kind!
But I'm too tame; secure the traitor. Oh!
[Guards *seize* RUI-GO.
Earth open, to thy centre let me go,
And there for ever hide my impious head.
Thou fairest, purest creature Heaven e'er made,
Thy injur'd truth too late I've understood:
Yet live, and be immortal as thou'rt good.

*Queen*. Can you to think me innocent incline
On her bare word, and would not credit mine?
The poison's very busy at my heart;
Methinks I see Death shake his threat'ning dart.
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Persist, continue on the injury:
Call me still vile, incestuous, all that's foul.

*King*. Oh pity, pity my despairing soul;
Sink it not quite. Raise my physicians straight;
Hasten them quickly ere it be too late;
Propose rewards may set their skill at strife:
I'll give my crown to him that saves her life.
Curs'd dog!—— [*To* GOMEZ.

*Don John*. Vile prostitute!

*King*. —Revengeful fiend!
But I've forgotten half; to Carlos send;
Prevent what his despair may make him do.

*Enter* HENRIETTA.

*Hen.* Oh horror, horror! everlasting woe!
The Prince, the Prince!
*King.* Ha! speak.
*Hen.* —He dies, he dies,
Within upon his couch he bleeding lies,
Just taken from the bath, his veins all cut,
From which the springing blood flows swiftly out.
He threatens death on all that shall oppose
His fate to save that life which he will lose.
*King.* Dear Austria, hasten; all thy int'rest use,
Tell him it is to friendship an offence,
And let him know his father's penitence.
Beg him to live.——
*Rui-Go.* Since you've decreed my death, know 'twill be hard:
The bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd.
I ow'd him that for his late pride and scorn.
*King.* There never was so curs'd a villain born.
But by revenge such pains he shall go through,
As e'en religious cruelty ne'er knew.
Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by degrees,
Fresh torments for him every hour devise,
Till he curse heaven, and then the caitiff dies.
*Queen.* My faithful Henrietta, art thou come
To wait thy unhappy mistress to her tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy parents young,
And now must leave thee to Heav'n knows what wrong.
But Heav'n to its protection will receive
Such goodness, let it then thy Queen forgive.
*Hen.* How much I lov'd you, madam, none can tell;
For 'tis unspeakable, I lov'd so well.
A proof of it the world shall quickly find;
For when you die, I'll scorn to stay behind.

*Enter* DON CARLOS *supported between two, and bleeding.*

*Don John.* See sir, your son.
*King.* My son? But oh! how dare
I use that name, when this sad object's near?
See, injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy pardon craves,
No more thy father, but the worst of slaves:
Behold the tears that from these fountains flow.
*Don Car.* I come to take my farewell, ere I go
To that bright dwelling where there is no room
For blood, and where the cruel never come.
*King.* I know there is not, therefore must despair.
Oh Heav'n! his cruelty I cannot bear.
Dost thou not hear thy wretched father sue?
*Don Car.* My father! speak the word once more; is't you?
And may I think the dear conversion true?
Oh that I could.
*King.* By Heav'n thou must——it is!
Let me embrace and kiss thy trembling knees.
Why wilt thou die? no, live, my Carlos, live,
And all the wrongs that I have done forgive.
*Don Car.* Life was my curse, and giv'n me sure in spite.
Oh! had I perish'd when I first saw light,
I never then these miseries had brought
On you, nor by you had been guilty thought.
Prop me: apace I feel my life decay.
The little time on earth I have to stay,
Grant I without offence may here bestow;
[*Pointing to the* QUEEN.
You cannot certainly be jealous now.
*King.* Break, break, my heart——
[*Leads* DON CARLOS *to the chair.*
*Don Car.* You've thus more kindness shown,
Than if you'd crown'd, and plac'd me on your throne.

Methinks so highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to see you there.
Take me away again: you are too good.

*Queen.* Carlos, is't you? O stop that royal flood;
Live, and possess your father's throne, when I
In dark and gloomy shades forgotten lie.

*Don Car.* Crowns are beneath me, I have higher pride:
Thus on you fix'd, and dying by your side.
How much a life and empire I disdain!
No, we'll together mount, where both shall reign
Above all wrongs, and never more complain.

*Queen.* O matchless youth! O constancy divine!
Sure there was never love that equall'd thine;
Nor any so unfortunate as mine——
Henceforth forsaken virgins shall in songs,
When they would ease their own, repeat thy wrongs;
And in remembrance of thee, for thy sake,
A solemn annual procession make;
In chaste devotion as fair pilgrims come,
With hyacinths and lilies deck thy tomb.
But one thing more, and then, vain world, adieu:
It is, to reconcile my lord and you.

*Don Car.* He has done no wrong to me, I am possess'd
Of all, beyond my expectation bless'd.
But yet methinks there's something in my heart
Tells me, I must not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raise me with your hand;
Before I die, what is't you would command?

*King.* Why wert thou made so excellently good?
And why was it no sooner understood?
But I was curs'd, and blindly led astray.
Oh! for thy father, for thy father pray.
Thou may'st ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by despair.

*Don Car.* Thus then with the remains of life we kneel;

[DON CARLOS *and the* QUEEN *sink out of the chairs, and kneel.*

May you be ever free from all that's ill.

*Queen.* And everlasting peace upon you dwell.

*King.* No more: this virtue's too divinely bright;
My darken'd soul, too conversant with night,
Grows blind, and overcome with too much light.
Here raise them up, gently: ye slaves, down, down!
Ye glorious toils, a sceptre and a crown,
For ever be forgotten; in your stead,
Only eternal darkness wrap my head.

*Queen.* Where are you? Oh! farewell, I must be gone.

*King.* Bless'd happy soul, take not thy flight so soon:
Stay till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
And guard it up, which else must sink below.

*Queen.* From all my injuries, and all my fears,
From jealousy, love's bane, the worst of cares,
Thus I remove to find that stranger, rest.
Carlos, thy hand; receive me on thy breast;
Within this minute how shall we be blest?

*Don Car.* Oh, far above
Whatever wishes fram'd, or hopes design'd;
Thus, where we go, we shall the angels find
For ever praising, and for ever kind.

*Queen.* Make haste, in the first sphere I'll for you stay;
Thence we'll rise both to everlasting day.
Farewell—— [*Dies.*

*Don Car.* I follow you; now close my eyes;
[*Leans on her bosom.*
Thus all o'er bliss the happy Carlos dies. [*Dies.*

*King.* They're gone, they're gone, where I must ne'er aspire.
Run, sally out, and set the world on fire.

Alarum nature, let loose all the winds,
Set free those spirits whom strong magic binds;
Let the earth open all her sulph'rous veins,
The fiends start from their hell and shake their chains;
Till all things from their harmony decline,
And the confusion be as great as mine.
Here I'll lie down, and never more arise,
Howl out my life, and rend the air with cries.

*Don John.* Hold, sir, afford your lab'ring heart some ease.

*King.* Oh! name it not: there's no such thing as peace.
From these warm lips yet one soft kiss I'll take,
How my heart beats! why won't the rebel break?
My love, my Carlos, I'm thy father, speak.
Oh! he regards not now my miseries,
But's deaf to my complaint, as I have been to his.
Oh, now I think on't better, all is well;
Here's one that's just descending into hell:
How comes it that he's not already gone?
The sluggard's lazy, but I'll spur him on.
Hey! how he flies! [*Stabs* RUI-GOMEZ.

*Rui-Go.* 'Twas aim'd well at my heart;
That I had strength enough but to retort.
Dull life, so tamely must I from thee part?
Curses and plagues! revenge, where art thou now?
Meet, meet me at thy own dark house below. [*Dies.*

*King.* He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing
As I.

*Don John.* Remember, sir, you are a king.

*King.* A king! it is too little; I'll be more,
I tell thee. Nero was an emperor;
He kill'd his mother, but I've that out-done,
Murder'd a loyal wife and guiltless son.
Yet, Austria, why should I grow mad for that?
Is it my fault I was unfortunate?

*Don John.* Collect your spirits, sir, and calm your mind.

*King.* Look to't; strange things I tell thee are design'd.
Thou, Austria, shalt grow old, and in thy age
Doat, doat, my hero: oh, a long grey beard,
With eyes distilling rheum, and hollow cheeks,
Will be such charms, thou canst not want success.
But above all beware of jealousy;
It was that dreadful curse that ruin'd me.

*Don John.* Dread sir, no more.

*King.* Oh heart! O Heaven! but stay,
Nam'd I not Heaven? I did, and at the word,
Methought I saw't, the azure fabric stirr'd.
Oh, for my queen and son the saints prepare.
But I'll pursue, and overtake them there.
Whirl, stop the sun, arrest his charioteer;
I'll ride in that way; pull, pull him down.
Oh, how I'll hurl the wild-fire as I run!
Now, now I mount——— [*Runs off raving.*

*Don John.* Look to the king.
See of this fair one, too, strict care be had.
[*Pointing to* HENRIETTA.
Despair, how vast a triumph hast thou made?
No more in Love's enervate charms I'll lie;
Shaking off softness, to the camp I'll fly,
Where thirst of fame the active hero warms;
And what I've lost in peace, regain in arms.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY A GIRL.

*NOW what d'ye think my message hither means?*
*Yonder's the Poet sick behind the scenes:*
*He told me there was pity in my face,*
*And therefore sent me here to make his peace.*
*Let me for once persuade ye to be kind;*
*For he has promis'd me to stand my friend.*
*And if this time I can your kindness move,*
*He'll write for me, he swears by all above,*
*When I am big enough to be in love.*
*Now won't ye be good-natur'd, ye fine men?*
*Indeed I'll grow as fast as e'er I can,*
*And try if to his promise he'll be true.*
*Think on't, when that time comes, you do not know*
*But I may grow in love with some of you.*
*Or, at the worst, I'm certain I shall see*
*Amongst you those who'll swear they're so with me.*
*But now, if by my suit you'll not be won,*
*You know what your unkindness oft has done;*
*I'll e'en forsake the playhouse, and turn nun.*

rown things of so nice a
ıt impossible for me to pay
acknowledgments I owe you,
who cannot judge of the senti-
our Lordship's favours) incur the
a fawner or a flatterer; both which
hateful to an ingenuous spirit as in-
None of these would I be guilty of, and
ıng the world know how good and how
a patron I have, (in spite of malice) I am
ıan honest.

Lord, never was poetry under so great an
ression as now, as full of fanaticisms as religion,
ere every one pretends to the spirit of wit, sets up
a doctrine of his own, and hates a poet worse than a
Quaker does a priest.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of those dreadful things that resolve on our dissolution. It is, for the most part, a very little French breeding, much assurance, with a great deal of talk, and no sense.

Thus he comes to a new play, inquires the author of it, and, if he can find any, makes his personal misfortunes the subject of his malice to some of his companions, who have as little wit, and as much ill-nature as himself; and so to be sure, as far as he can, the play is damned.

At night he never fails to appear in the withdrawing-room, where he picks out some that have as little to do there as himself; who, mustering up all their puny forces, damn as positively as if, like Muggleton, it were their gift; when indeed they have as little right to wit, as a journeyman tailor can have to prophecy.

Wit, which was the mistress of former ages, is become the scandal of ours: either the old satire, to let us understand what he has known, damns and decries all poetry but the old; or else the young affected fool, that is impudent beyond correction, and ignorant above instruction, will be censuring the present, though he misplace his wit, as he generally does his courage, and ever makes use of it on the wrong occasion.

How great a hazard then does your Lordship run in so steadfastly protecting a poor exiled thing that has so many enemies! but that your wit is more eminent than all their folly or ignorance, and your goodness greater than any malice or ill-nature can be. I am sure (and I must own it with gratitude) I have tasted of it much above my merit, or what even vanity might prompt me to expect: though, in doing this, I shall at best but appear an humble debtor, who acknowledges honestly what

he owes, though to keep up his credit he must be forced to borrow more: for my genius always led me to seek an interest in your Lordship; and I never see you, but I am fired with an ambition of being in your favour. For all I have received, the highest return I am able to make, is my acknowledgment; in which I can hardly distinguish whether my thankfulness or my pride be the greater, when I subscribe myself

Your Lordship's

most obliged and

most devoted servant,

THO. OTWAY.

# PROLOGUE.

*GALLANTS, our author met me here to-day,*
*And begg'd that I'd say something for his play.*
*You wags, that judge by rote, and damn by rule,*
*Taking your measures from some neighbour fool,*
*Who has impudence, a coxcomb's useful tool;*
*That always are severe, you know not why,*
*And would be thought great criticks by the bye;*
*With very much ill-nature, and no wit,*
*Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd sit,*
*And with your silly selves divert the pit.*
*You men of sense, who heretofore allow'd*
*Our author's follies, make him once more proud.*
*But for the youths that newly are come from France,*
*Whose heads want sense, though heels abound with dance:*
*Our author to their judgment won't submit,*
*But swears, that they, who so infest the pit*
*With their own follies, ne'er can judge of wit.*
*'Tis thence he chiefly favour would implore;*
[To the Boxes.
*And, fair ones, pray oblige him on my score:*
*Confine his foes, the fops, within their rules;*
*For, ladies, you know how to manage fools.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE TRAGEDY.*

MEN.

Titus Vespasian, *Emperor of Rome.*
Antiochus, *King of Comagene.*
Paulinus, *the Emperor's confidant.*
Arsaces, *Antiochus's confidant.*
Rutilius, *a tribune.*

WOMEN.

Berenice, *Queen of Palestine.*
Phænice, *her confidante.*

*The Scene, Rome.*

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE FARCE.*

MEN.

Thrifty, } *Two old merchants.*
Gripe, }
Octavian, } *Their sons.*
Leander, }
Scapin, *a cheat.*
Shift, } *Scapin's instruments.*
Sly, }

WOMEN.

Lucia, *Thrifty's daughter.*
Clara, *Gripe's daughter.*

*The Scene, Dover.*

# TITUS AND BERENICE.

## ACT I.

### *SCENE I. A Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS *and* ARSACES.

*Anti.* Thou, my Arsaces, art a stranger here:
This is th' apartment of the charming fair,
That Berenice, whom Titus so adores;
The universe is his, and he is her's:
Here from the court himself he oft conceals;
And in her ears his charming story tells;
Whilst I a vassal for admittance wait,
And am at best but thought importunate.

*Arsa.* You want admittance? who, with generous care,
Have follow'd all her fortunes every where,
Whose fame throughout the world so loudly rings,
One of the greatest of our eastern kings.
As once you seem'd the monarch of her breast,
Too firmly seated to be dispossess'd;
Nor can the pride she doth in Titus take
Already so severe a distance make.

*Anti.* Yes! still that wretch Antiochus I am.
But love! Oh how I tremble at the name;
And my distracted soul at that doth start,
Which once was all the pleasure of my heart;
Since Berenice has all my hopes destroy'd,
And an eternal silence on me laid.

*Arsa.* That you resent her pride I see with joy;
'Tis that which does her gratitude destroy;

But friendship wrong'd should into hatred turn,
And you, methinks, might learn her art, to scorn.
*Anti.* Arsaces, how false measures dost thou take!
Remove the poles, and bid the sun go back;
Invert all Nature's orders, Fate's decrees;
Then bid me hate the charming Berenice.
*Arsa.* Well, love her still; but let her know your pain;
Resolve it, you shall see, and speak again,
Urge to her face your rightful claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as she is proud.
*Anti.* Arsaces, no; she's gentle as a dove,
Her eyes are tyrants, but her soul's all love,
And owes so little for the vows I've made,
That if she pity me, I'm more than paid.

*Enter* RUTILIUS.

But see, the man I sent at last returns;
Oh how my heart with expectation burns!
Rutilius, have you Berenice seen?
*Ruti.* I have.
*Anti.* O speak! what says the charming Queen?
*Ruti.* I press'd with difficulty through the crowd;
A throng of court-attendants round her stood.
The time now past of his severe retreat,
Titus laments no more his father's fate.
Love takes up all his thoughts, and all his cares,
Whilst he to meet those mighty joys prepares,
Which may in Berenice's arms be found;
For she this day will be Rome's Empress crown'd.
*Anti.* What do I hear? Confusion on thy tongue!
To tell me this, why was thy speech so long?
Why didst not ruin with more speed afford?
Thou mightst have spoke, and kill'd me in a word.
But may I not one moment with her speak,
And my poor heart disclose before it break?

*Ruti.* You shall: for when I told what you design'd,
She sweetly smil'd, and her fair head inclin'd;
Titus ne'er from her had a look more kind.

*Enter* BERENICE *and* PHÆNICE.

She's here.
*Bere.* At last from the rude joy I'm freed
Of those new friends, whom my new fortunes breed.
The tedious form of their respect I shun,
To find out him whose words and heart are one.
Antiochus, for I'll no flattery use,
Since you neglect, I justly may accuse.
How great your cares for Berenice have been,
E'en all the East, and Rome itself has seen.
In my worst fate I did your friendship find,
But now I grow more great, you grow less kind.
*Anti.* Now durst I hope, I would forget my smart?
So well she understands to sooth my heart.
But, madam, it's a truth by rumour spread,
That Titus shall this night possess your bed.
*Bere.* Sir, all my conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Though half the fears I've had I cannot tell;
So much did Titus for his father mourn,
I almost doubted love would ne'er return:
He had not for me that assiduous heat,
As when whole days fix'd on my eyes he sat:
Grief in his eyes, cares on his brows did dwell;
Oft came and look'd; said nothing, but Farewell.
*Anti.* But now his kindness he renews again.
*Bere.* Oh! he will doubtless recompense my pain
For that: if any faith may be allow'd
Two thousand oaths, two thousand times renew'd;
Or any justice in the Powers divine,
Antiochus, he'll be for ever mine.

*Anti.* How she insults and triumphs in my ill!
She's with long practice learnt to smile and kill.
Oh, Berenice, eternally farewell.
*Bere.* Farewell! good heaven! What language do I hear!
Stay! I conjure you, sir——by all that's dear.
Antiochus, what is it I have done?
Why don't you speak?
*Anti.* Madam, I must be gone.
*Bere.* How cruelly you use me! I implore
The reason———
*Anti.* I must never see you more.
*Bere.* For Heaven's sake tell, you wound me with delay.
*Anti.* At least remember, I your laws obey.
Why should I here wretched and hopeless stay?
If the remembrance ben't extinguish'd quite
Of that blest place where first you saw the light;
'Twas there, oh there began my endless smart,
When those dear eyes prevail'd upon my heart,
Then Berenice too my vows approv'd,
Till happy Titus came and was belov'd.
He did with triumph and with terror come,
And in his hands bore the revenge of Rome.
Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
First felt his weight, and found myself undone.
*Bere.* Hah!
*Anti.* You too, then t'increase the pains I bore,
Commanded me to speak of love no more.
So on your hand I swore at last to obey;
And for that taste of bliss gave all away.
*Bere.* Why do you study ways to afflict my mind?
You may believe, sir, I am not unkind.
Alas, I'm sensible how well you've serv'd,
And have been kinder much than I deserv'd.
*Anti.* Why in this empire should I long stray,
My passion and its weakness to betray?

Others, though I retire, will bring their joys
To crown that happiness which mine destroys.

*Bere.* You triumph thus because your power you know;
Or if you did not, you'd not use me so.
Though crown'd Rome's Empress I the throne ascend;
What pleasure in my greatness can I find,
When I shall want my best and truest friend?

*Anti.* I reach your purpose, you would have me there,
That you might see the worst of my despair;
I know it the ambition of your soul.
'Tis true I've been a fond obedient fool:
Yet came this time but to new-freight my heart,
And, with more love possess'd, than ever, part.

*Bere.* Though it could never enter in my mind,
Since Cæsar's fortunes must with mine be join'd,
That any mortal durst so hardy prove
To invade his right, and talk to me of love;
I hear th' unpleasing narrative of your's,
And friendship, what my honour shuns, endures.
Nay, more: your parting I with trouble hear,
For you, next him, are to my soul most dear.

*Anti.* In justice to my memory and fame,
I fly from Titus, that unlucky name:
A name which every moment you repeat,
Whilst my poor heart lies bleeding at your feet.
Farewell. Oh, be not at my ravings griev'd:
When of my death the news shall be receiv'd,
Remember why I died, and what I liv'd.

[*Exit* ANTIOCHUS.

*Phæ.* I grieve for him; a love so true as this,
Deserv'd, methinks, more fortunate success.
Are you not troubled, madam?——

*Bere.* Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quell.

*Phæ.* You should have staid him.
*Bere.* Who, I stay him? no.
From my remembrance rather let him go.
His fancy does with wild distraction rove,
Which thy raw ignorance interprets love.
*Phæ.* Titus his thoughts yet to unfold denies,
And Rome beholds you but with jealous eyes.
Its rigorous laws create my fears for you;
Romans no foreign marriages allow;
To kingly power still enemies they've been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you a queen.
*Bere.* Phænicia, no; my time of fear is past;
Me Titus loves, and that includes the rest.
The splendour of this night thou hast beheld;
Are not thy eyes with his bright grandeur fill'd?
These eagles, fasces, marching all in state,
And crowds of kings that with their tributes wait;
Triumphs below, and blessings from above,
Seem all at strife to grace this man of love.
Away, Phænicia, let's go meet him straight,
I can no longer for his coming wait.
My eager wishes drive me wildly on;
Nor will be temper'd till my joy's begun.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* TITUS, PAULINUS, *and* Attendants.

*T. Ves.* To the Syrian king did you the message bear?
And does he know that I expect him here?
*Pau.* Sir, in the Queen's apartment, he alone
Was seen, but ere I there arriv'd, was gone.
*T. Ves.* 'Tis well, Paulinus: for these ten days past
I have to Berenice a stranger been;
But you can tell me all——what does the Queen?

*Paul.* She does what speaks how much she values you;
When you mourn'd for your father, she mourn'd too.
So just a sorrow in her face was shown,
It seem'd as if the loss had been her own.
*T. Ves.* Oh lovely fair one, little dost thou know
How hard a trial thou must undergo. [*Aside.*
Heaven! oh my heart!
*Paul.* What is't your grief should raise
For her, whom almost all the East obeys?
*T. Ves.* Command, Paulinus, that all these retreat;
[PAULINUS *moves his hand, and the rest go out.*
Rome of my purpose is uncertain yet,
Expects to know the fortune of the Queen;
Their murm'rings I have heard, and troubles seen.
The business of our love is the discourse
And expectation of the universe.
And, by the face of my affairs, I find
'Tis time that I resolve and fix my mind.
Tell me, Paulinus, justly, and be free,
What says the world of Berenice and me.
*Paul.* In every heart you admiration raise;
All your high virtues, and her beauty praise.
*T. Ves.* Alas! thou answer'st wide of my desire:
Paulinus, be my friend, and come yet nigher.
How do they of my sighs and vows approve?
Or what expect they from so true a love?
*Paul.* Love, or not love, sir, all is in your power;
The court will second still the Emperor.
*T. Ves.* Courtiers, Paulinus, seldom are sincere;
To please their master they have too much care.
The court did Nero's horrid acts applaud,
To all his lusts subscrib'd, and call'd him god.
Th' idolatrous court shall never judge for me:
No, my Paulinus, I rely on thee.
What then must Berenice expect, declare;
Will Rome be gentle to her, or severe?

My happiness is plac'd in her alone.
Now they have rais'd me to th' imperial throne,
Where on my head continual cares must fall,
Will they deny me what may sweeten all?

*Paul.* Her virtues they acknowledge, and desert,
Proclaim indeed she has a Roman heart:
But she's a queen, and that alone withstands
All which her beauty and her worth demands.
In Rome the law has long unalter'd stood,
Never to mix its race with strangers' blood.

*T. Ves.* It is a sign they are capricious grown,
When they despise all virtues but their own.

*Paul.* Julius, who first subdu'd her to his arms,
And quite had silenc'd laws with war's alarms,
Burning for Cleopatra's love; to Fame
More just, fled from her eyes, and hid his flame.

*T. Ves.* But which way from my heart shall I remove
So long establish'd and deep-rooted love?

*Paul.* The conflict will be difficult, I guess;
But you your rising sorrows must suppress.

*T. Ves.* Who can a heart that's not his own control?
Her presence was the comfort of my soul.
After a thousand oaths confirm'd in tears,
By which I vow'd myself for ever her's,
I hop'd with all my love, and all her charms,
At last to have her in my longing arms.
But now I can such rare perfections crown,
And that my love's more great than ever grown,
When in one hour a happy marriage may
Of all my five years' vows the tribute pay;
I go, Paulinus——how my heart does rise!

*Paul.* Whither?

*T. Ves.* To part for ever from her eyes.
Though I requir'd th' assistance of thy zeal,
To crush a passion that's so hard to quell;

My heart had of its doom resolv'd before:
Yet Berenice does still dispute the war.
The conquest of so great a flame must cost
Conflicts, in which my soul will oft be tost.

*Paul.* You in your birth for empire were design'd,
And to that purpose Heaven did frame your mind;
Fate in that day wise providence did show,
Fixing the destiny of Rome in you.

*T. Ves.* My youth rejoic'd in love and glorious wars,
But my remains of life must waste in cares.
Rome my new conduct now observes, 'twould be
Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
If in my dawn of power, to clear my way
To happiness, I should her laws destroy:
No, I've resolv'd on't, love and all shall go;
Alas! it must, since Rome will have it so.
But how shall I poor Berenice prepare?

*Paul.* You must resolve to go and visit her;
Sooth her sad heart, and on her patience win:
Then by degrees——

*T. Ves.* ——But how shall I begin?
Oh, my Paulinus, I have oft design'd
To speak my thoughts, but still they staid behind.
I hop'd, as she discern'd my troubled breast,
She might a little at the cause have guess'd:
But nought suspecting as I weeping lay,
With her fair hand she'd wipe the tears away,
And in that mist never the loss perceiv'd
Of the sad heart she had too much believ'd.
But now a firmer constancy I take,
Either my heart shall vent its grief, or break.
I thought to have met Antiochus, and here
All I e'er lov'd surrender'd to his care.
To-morrow he conducts her to the East,
And now I go to sigh, and look my last.

*Paul.* I ne'er expected less from that renown,
Which all your actions must with glory crown.

*T. Ves.* How lovely's glory, yet how cruel too!
How much more fair and charming were she now,
If through eternal dangers to be won!
So I might still call Berenice my own.
In Nero's court, where I was bred, my mind
By that example to all ills inclin'd;
The loose wild paths of pleasure I pursued,
Till Berenice first taught me to be good.
She taught me virtue; but, oh cursed Rome!
The good I owe her must her wrong become.
For so much virtue, and renown so great;
For all the honour I did ever get.
Her for whose sake alone I fame pursued,
I must forego, to please the multitude!

*Paul.* You cannot with ingratitude be charg'd,
You have the bounds of Palestine enlarg'd.
E'en to Euphrates her wide power extends;
So many kingdoms Berenice commands.

*T. Ves.* Weak comforts, for the griefs must on her dwell.
I know fair Berenice, and know too well
To greatness she so little did incline,
Her heart ask'd never any thing but mine.
Let's talk no more of her, Paulinus.

*Paul.* Why?

*T. Ves.* The thought of her but shakes my constancy:
Yet in my heart if doubts already rise,
What will it do when I behold her eyes?

*Enter* RUTILIUS.

*Ruti.* Sir, Berenice desires admittance here——

*T. Ves.* Paulinus——Oh!

*Paul.* Can you already fear?
So soon are all your resolutions shook?
Now, sir's the time—— [*Exit* RUTI.

*Enter* BERENICE, PHÆNICIA, *and Attendants.*

*T. Ves.* I have no power to look.
*Bere.* Sir, be not displeas'd that I thus far presume;
It is to pay my gratitude I come.
Whilst all the court assembled in my view
Admire the favour you on me bestow,
It were unjust, should I remain alone
Silent, as though I had a sense of none.
Your mourning's done, and you from griefs are free;
Are now your own, and yet not visit me?
Your present of new diadems I wait.
Oh! give me more content and less of state:
Give me a word, a sigh, a look at least,
In those th' ambition of my soul is plac'd.
Was your discourse of me when I arriv'd?
Was I so happy, may it be believ'd?
Speak, tell me quick, is Berenice so blest?
Or was I present to your thoughts at least?
*T. Ves.* Doubt it not, madam: by the gods I swear't,
That Berenice is always in my heart:
Nor time, nor absence can you thence remove:
My heart's all yours, and you alone I love.
*Bere.* You vow your love perpetual and sincere,
But 'tis with a strange coldness that you swear.
Why the just gods to witness did you call?
I don't pretend to doubt your faith at all;
In you I trust, would only for you live,
And what you say, I ever must believe.
*T. Ves.* Madam!
*Bere.* Proceed. Alas, whence this surprize!
You seem confus'd, to turn away your eyes,
Nothing but trouble in your face I find:
Does still a father's death afflict your mind?
*T. Ves.* Oh! did my father, good Vespasian, live,
How happy should I be?
*Bere.* Ah, cease to grieve!

Your tears have reverenc'd his mem'ry; now
Cares are to Rome and your own glory due.
A father you lament, a feeble grief,
Whilst for your absence I find no relief.
But in your presence only take delight,
I, who shall die, if but debarr'd your sight.

*T. Ves.* Madam, what is it that your griefs declare?
What time do you choose? for pity's sake forbear,
Your bounties my ingratitude proclaim.

*Bere.* You can do nothing that deserves that name;
No, sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my love.

*T. Ves.* No, madam, no; my heart, since I must speak,
Was ne'er more full of love, or half so like to break!
But——

*Bere.* What?

*T. Ves.* Alas!

*Bere.* Proceed.

*T. Ves.* The empire Rome——

*Bere.* Well.

*T. Ves.* Oh, the dismal secret will not come——
Away, Paulinus, ere I'm quite undone.
My speech forsakes me, and my heart's all stone.

[*Exit* TIT. *and* PAUL.

*Bere.* So soon to leave me, and in trouble too?
Titus, how have I this deserv'd from you?
What have I done, Phænicia, tell me, speak.

*Phæn.* Does nothing to your memory appear
That might provoke him?——

*Bere.* By all that's to me dear,
Since the first hour I saw his face, till now,
Too much of love is all the guilt I know.
This silence is too rude, and racks my breast,
In the uncertainty I cannot rest;
He knows, Phænicia, all my moments past.

Perhaps he's jealous of the Syrian king;
'Tis that's the root whence all this change must spring.
Titus, this victory I shall not boast.
I wish the gods would try me to the most,
With a more potent rival tempt my heart,
One that would make me greater than thou art:
Then, my dear Titus, shouldst thou soon discern
How much for thee I all mankind would scorn.
Let's go, Phænicia, with one gentle word
He will be satisfied, and I restor'd.
" My injur'd truth by my compliance find,
" And if he has a heart, he must be kind."
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* TITUS, ANTIOCHUS, *and* ARSACES.

*T. Ves.* Antiochus! you've done your friendship wrong,
In that you've kept this secret hid so long.
What is't that your departure does incite,
Which, not unjustly, I may call a flight?
For though on the imperial throne I'm plac'd,
So highly seem with Fortune's favour grac'd;
As if she nothing farther had to grant;
I more than ever do your friendship want.
*Anti.* Sir, your great kindness I so well did know,
I durst not stay, where I so much did owe.
When first Judea heard your loud alarms,
You made me your companion in your arms,
Nay, nearer to you did with friendship join,
And lodg'd the secrets of your breast in mine.

Yet all this goodness but augments my sin,
For I have false and most ungrateful been.
*T. Ves.* I can't forget, that to your arms alone
I owe the half of all I ever won:
Witness those precious spoils you hither brought,
Won from the Jews, when on my side you fought.
To all those purchases I lay no claim;
Your heart and friendship are my only aim.
*Anti.* My heart! my friendship! Heaven, how you mistake!
On my deceit how weak a gloss you make!
When first you thought yourself of me possest,
You took a very serpent to your breast.
*T. Ves.* Antiochus, I find where thou art stung:
Tell me th' officious slave that does me wrong.
Some base detractor has my honour stain'd,
And in your easy heart a credit gain'd;
Abus'd, and told you Titus was unjust:
But I will know the treacherous fiend, I must.
Though you unkindly from your friend would run,
And own th' injustice which you think I've done.
*Anti.* Oh Titus, if I durst but speak my heart;
But 'tis a secret hard from thence to part:
'Tis not from you, it is from Rome I fly,
There's a disease in't I must shun or die.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When most your friend, I shall appear your foe.
*T. Ves.* I either to your heart a stranger am,
Or sure Antiochus is not the same:
What else should make you not your mind declare?
What is't that you dare say, I dare not hear?
*Anti.* If then, whate'er I utter, you dare hear,
Receive the fatal secret in your ear.
But arm your heart with temper: well, 'tis this.
*T. Ves.* Go on.
*Anti.* I love the charming Berenice.
*T. Ves.* Hah!

*Anti.* Yes, nor was I hateful to her eyes,
Till you came on, and robb'd me of the prize.
When at your army's head you did appear,
You sack'd Jerusalem and conquer'd her.
*T. Ves.* A braver rival I'd not wish to find,
Than him that dares be just, and tell his mind.
So far's resentment from my heart remov'd,
That Berenice is by my friend belov'd,
That I, Antiochus, the thing extol,
For she was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that shall possess her.
*Anti.* True;
But 'tis fit none should be so blest save you:
And Berenice for none could be design'd,
But him that's the delight of all mankind.
'Tis for this cause to Syria I repair:
For when you're blest, no envy should be near.
*T. Ves.* O my Antiochus, when thou shalt see
How small's the happiness in store for me,
Thou need'st not fear thy envy; let me have
Thy pity and thy aid, 'tis that I crave.
My best and truest friend, you must be so,
For there's none fit for't in the world but you:
None but a king, my rival, and my friend,
Is fit to speak the torments of my mind.
In my behalf you Berenice must see.
*Anti.* Is that an office, Titus, fit for me?
Is't not enough her cruelties I bear,
But you must too solicit my despair?
I swore for ever from her to depart,
Alas! and dare not trust again my heart.
Your passion by another may be shown,
I have enough to do to rule my own.
*T. Ves.* He that so well his own misfortunes bears,
Can best instruct her how to temper hers.
Nay, my Antiochus, you must not start;
I know by mine, your news will shake her heart,
For I must too for ever from her part.

*Anti.* You part?
*T. Ves.* Yes! curst necessity! 'tis true.
She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you,
In whom alone I summ'd up all delight,
Must be for ever banish'd from my sight.
*Anti.* It cannot be: no slave that wears her chains,
Upon so easy terms his freedom gains.
*T. Ves.* Lord of the world, my empire wide does flow,
I can make kings, and can depose them too:
The stubborn'st hearts must to my power bow down,
And yet I am not master of my own.
Rome, that to kings so long a foe has been,
Will not admit my marriage with the queen.
If Berenice to-morrow be not gone,
The multitude will to her palace run;
And from their rude outrageous tongue she'll hear
The news I dread to tell, and you to bear.
*Anti.* Now if my heart was to revenge allied,
How might I triumph in her falling pride!
To see her cruelties to me repaid,
And with them all her tortur'd soul upbraid.
But, Titus, I'm more just; and rather mov'd,
That e'en, sir, you dare wrong the thing I lov'd.
*T. Ves.* When I th' imperial power did first assume,
I firmly swore t' uphold the right of Rome.
Should I to follow love from glory fly,
Forsake my throne, in ev'ry vassal's eye
How mean and despicable must I prove!
An emperor led about the world with love!
No, prince, the fatal story you must tell,
And bid me from poor Berenice farewell.
But if the hopes of reigning in my heart
May any ease to her sad mind impart,
Swear, friend, by all that to my soul is dear,
Entire I will preserve her ever there.

Mourning at court, and more exil'd than she,
My reign but a long banishment shall be
From all those joys that wait on pomp and power.
To-morrow she her journey hence must take,
And so I all that e'er I lov'd forsake.
Her to your care and conduct I commend;
For though my rival, as a king and friend,
The dearest treasure I dare with you trust.

*Anti.* Sir, do not tempt me, lest I prove unjust:
Her charms that made me my own fame forego
Will be too apt to make me false to you.

*T. Ves.* No more; I know thee, have thy honour tried,
Firm still in dangers found thee by my side.
Thou knew'st my love, whilst thine was yet conceal'd,
When all thy hopes by my success were quell'd:
Even at that time thou didst no falsehood show,
And wilt not wrong me on advantage now.

[*Exit* T. VESPASIAN.

*Anti.* No, I'll not see her, neither dare I go:
Too soon from others her hard lot she'll know.
Dost thou not think her fate's enough severe,
Unless that I th' unwelcome message bear?
I, who her hate enough have felt before,
And need not seek new ways to purchase more.

*Arsa.* See, she approaches; now the coward play,
And, when you might have conquer'd, run away.

*Enter* BERENICE *and* PHÆNICIA.

*Anti.* Oh Heaven!

*Bere.* My lord, I see you are not gone;
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would shun.

*Anti.* You come not here Antiochus to find,
The visit to another was design'd;
Cæsar: and 'tis on him the blame must light,
If now my presence here offend your sight.

They're his commands are guilty of the sin;
It may be else I had at Ostia been.
*Bere.* His friends are always with his presence grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be so bless'd.
*Anti.* Too much has prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your sake alone I was detain'd.
*Bere.* For mine? away.
*Anti.* Tyrannic fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here, only to talk of you.
*Bere.* Of me, my lord! forbear this courtly art,
You're brave, and should not mock an easy heart.
In my distress what pleasure could you see!
Alas! or what could Titus say of me?
*Anti.* Better a thousand times than I can tell.
So firm a passion in his heart does dwell,
When you are nam'd he's from himself transform'd,
And ev'ry way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his face does like a tyrant rise,
And majesty's no longer in his eyes.
But there are things behind I dare not speak:
For at the news your tender heart would break.
*Bere.* How, sir?
*Anti.* Ere night the truth of what I've said you'll know,
And then, I doubt not, justify me too.
Farewell.
*Bere.* Oh, Heaven! what can this language mean?
You see before your eyes a wretched queen.
Sir, of my quiet if you have such care,
Or if myself your eyes held ever dear,
Dispel this mist of trouble from my soul.
*Anti.* Madam, yourself excuse,
For your own sake it is that I refuse.
'Twill not be long before the doubt's remov'd.
*Bere.* You told me once, Antiochus, you lov'd:

But sure 'twas only that you might betray;
Or else you more would fear to disobey.
*Anti.* I disobey you! ask my life, and try
How gloriously I for your sake can die.
It would by far be the more welcome fate,
Than now to speak, and ever gain your hate.
*Bere.* No, sir, you never shall my hatred find;
'Tis my desire, and you must be so kind.
Will you?
*Anti.* Heaven! this constraint is worse than death.
You drive, and will not give me time to breathe.
Oh, madam! put me to no farther pain.
*Bere.* Must I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Hence, froward prince, either the truth relate,
Forbear, or be assur'd for ever of my hate.
*Anti.* My heart was always yours, and is so still,
For ever must depend upon your will.
I wish another way your power you'd tried;
But you're resolv'd, and must be satisfied:
Yet flatter not yourself, I shall declare
Those horrors which perhaps you dare not hear.
You cannot but believe; I know your heart;
Look then to feel me strike its tenderest part.
Titus has told me——
*Bere.* What? fear no surprize.
*Anti.* That he must part for ever from your eyes.
*Bere.* We part! can things another nature take?
Or Titus ever Berenice forsake?
*Anti.* Perhaps 'tis strange that I should tell you so:
But you shall find I'll do him justice too.
Whatever in a heart, both kind and great,
Love with despair most dreadful could create,
I saw in his: he weeps, laments, and more
Than ever does fair Berenice adore.
But what avails it that such love he shows?
A queen suspected to Rome's empire grows,

And Titus cannot with her laws dispense;
For therefore 'tis you must be banish'd hence.
*Bere.* What do I hear, alas, Phænicia!
*Anti.* Nay, to-morrow is your last and utmost day:
In bearing this the courage well you'll prove
Of that great haughty soul which scorn'd my love.
*Bere.* Will Titus leave his Berenice forlorn?
He who so many oaths so oft hath sworn!
I'll not believe't; his love and faith's more strong;
I'm sure he's guiltless, and you do him wrong:
This is a snare to disunite us laid;
Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead.
No, straight I'll see him, and secure all fear.
Let's go.
*Anti.* Too well you may behold him here.
*Bere.* Too well you wish it, to persuade it. No.
In this your base degenerate soul you show;
When you no other stratagem could find
T'abuse my heart, you would betray your friend.
Howe'er he prove, know I your sight abhor,
And from this minute never see me more.
*Anti.* Oh Berenice! remorseless cruel fair!
Born only for my torment and despair;
Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd;
Is this the recompence I have deserv'd?
I, who for you did all ambition wave,
And left a kingdom to become your slave!
Curse on my fate!
*Bere.* If e'er my heart you priz'd,
You never had this cruelty devis'd;
Never to work my torment been thus bold,
And so triumphantly the story told.
Away, Phænicia; no more I'll hear him speak.
[*Exit* BER. *and* PHÆN.
*Anti.* Now, my Arsaces, would my heart but break;

But yet I hope in part I've freedom won,
And what love would not, by her hate she's done.
The pain I late endur'd thou hast beheld:
I left her all enamour'd, jealous, wild:
But now performing this ignoble part,
Perhaps, I'll ever banish her my heart.
She left me cruelly, and let her go;
My honour and repose command it too:
For ever to my eyes a stranger be,
Till I have learnt to scorn as well as she. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* BERENICE *in disorder.*

*Bere.* I of my wrong too well am satisfied;
To see the perjur'd Titus twice I tried;
Twice for admittance to him begg'd in vain,
Nor is Phænicia yet return'd again.
Phænicia has no answer to bring back,
Ungrateful Titus will not hear her speak:
But hides himself, and from my fury flies;
Nor will have sense, though Berenice dies.

*Enter* PHÆNICIA.

Phænicia, well, my Titus hast thou seen?
What? will he come and make me live again?
*Phæn.* Madam, the Emperor I alone did find:
And saw in his the trouble of your mind;
I saw the tears he would have hid, run down.
*Bere.* But was he not asham'd they should be shown?
Look'd he not as he thought his love disgrace?
And was not all the Emperor in his face?

*Phæn.* Doubt it not, madam, he will soon be here:
But wherefore will you this disorder wear?
Your ruffled dress let me in order place,
And these dishevell'd locks that hide your face.
*Bere.* Forbear, Phænicia, let it all alone;
No, he shall see the triumph he has won;
How vain these foolish ornaments must prove,
If neither faith, nor tears, nor moans can move!

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS *and* ARSACES.

Oh, my unruly sorrows! oh, my fears!
Who's here?
*Anti.* Arsaces, Berenice in tears!
*Bere.* Antiochus! Phænicia, let's away;
To let him see my torments I'll not stay. [*Exit.*
*Anti.* Now whither's all my resolution gone?
Arsaces, who could see't and be his own!
I said I'd never see her face again:
But come and find my boastings all were vain;
Seeing her sufferings, all her scorn forget,
And lose at once my vengeance and my hate.
Wretched Antiochus! with how much care
And labour my own mischiefs I prepare!
How poorly all my injuries have borne!
Hopeless, undone, and to myself a scorn.
Leave me alone unhappy as I am;
I would not have a witness of my shame.

*Enter* TITUS VESPASIAN *attended.*

*T. Ves.* 'Twas cruel not to see her: oh my heart!
And now I go to see her, but to part.
Rutilius, fly, and sooth the queen's despair,
And for our meeting Berenice prepare.
*Anti.* What have you done, sir? Berenice will die;
I saw her hence with hair dishevell'd fly.
'Tis only you her fury can surcease:
Whene'er you're nam'd, she's instantly at peace.

Her eyes still bent to your apartment were,
And every moment seem'd to wish you near.

*T. Ves.* Antiochus, assist me what to do;
I'm not prepar'd for the sad interview:
I have not yet consulted well my heart,
And doubt it is not strong enough to part.
Since first I took possession of the throne,
What is it for my honour I have done?
My love and folly only I've disclos'd,
And nothing but my weaknesses expos'd.
The golden days, where are they to be found,
So much expected when this head was crown'd?
Whose tears have I dried up? or in what face
Can I the fruits of any good act trace?
Know I what years Heaven has for me decreed?
And of those few, how few are to succeed?
And yet how many have I spent in waste!
But now to honour I'll make greater haste:
Alas! 'tis but one blow, and all is past.

*Enter* BERENICE *pressing from* RUTILIUS *and* PAULINUS.

*Bere.* Let me alone, your counsels all are weak;
See him I must, he's here, and I will speak.
Has Titus then forsaken me? is it true?
Must we two part? does he command it too?

*T. Ves.* O! stop the deluge, which so fiercely flows;
This is not time t' allay each other's woes:
Enough I feel my own affliction's smart,
And need not those dear tears to damp my heart.
But if we neither can our griefs command,
Yet with such honour let them be sustain'd,
As the whole world to hear it told shall smart;
For, dearest Berenice, we must part.
And now I would not a dispute maintain,
Whether I lov'd, but whether I must reign.

*Bere.* Reign, cruel, then, and satisfy your pride,
And for your cruelties be deified.
I'll ne'er dispute it farther. I but staid
Till Titus, who so many vows had made
Of such a love as nothing could impair,
Should come himself and tell how false they were.
Now I believe't, enough I've heard you tell,
And I am gone——eternally farewell,
Eternally——Ah, sir, consider now
How harsh that word is, and how dreadful too.
Consider, oh! the miseries they bear
That are for ever robb'd of all that's dear;
From this sad moment never more to meet:
Is it for day to dawn, and day to set,
In which I must not find my hopes still young,
Nor yet once see my Titus all day long?
Heavens! how I wildly rave——to lose my pains
On him ungrateful, that my tears disdains!
Of all those days of absence I shall count
With him, the number will to nothing mount.

*T. Ves.* Doubt it not, madam, there will be no need
To count the days that shall your loss succeed:
I hope ere long, that you will hear from fame,
How very wretched, and how just I am.
My heart bleeds now, I feel the drops run down;
Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

*Bere.* Ah why, sir, must we part, if this be true?
My claims to marriage I'll no more renew.
Will Rome accept of nothing but my death?
Or why d'ye envy me the air I breathe?

*T. Ves.* Madam, you are too powerful every way:
Shall I withstand it? no, for ever stay.
Then I from bliss must always be debarr'd,
And on my heart for ever keep a guard:
With fears through all my course of glory move,
Lest ere aware, I lose myself, and love.

E'en now my heart is from my bosom stray'd,
And all its swellings on a sudden laid,
Bent thus to you by all Love's softest powers,
And only this remembers, that 'tis yours.

*Bere.* O Titus, whilst this charming tale you tell,
D'ye see the Romans ready to rebel?

*T. Ves.* How they will look on the affront, who knows,
If once they murmur and then fall to blows?
Must I in battle justify my cause?
Or if they should submit and set their laws,
How must I be expos'd another day!
And for their patience too how largely pay!
With grievances and wild demands still curs'd,
Shall I dare plead the laws that break them first?

*Bere.* How much you are an emperor now I find,
'Tis plain in your unsteady anxious mind,
You weigh your people's rights to your own fears,
But never value Berenice's tears.

*T. Ves.* Not value them! why are you so unjust?
Now, by the honour of my father's dust,
By heaven, and all the gods that govern there,
If any thing to me be half so dear;
May I be as a slave, depos'd and serve,
Or else forlorn in some wild desert starve,
Till I'm as wretched as my ills deserve.

*Bere.* Laws you may change; why will you for their sake
Into your breast eternal sorrows take?
Rome has her privileges; have not you
Your interests? your rights are sacred too.
Say, speak.

*T. Ves.* Alas! how do you rend my breast!
I know indeed I never can have rest;
And yet the laws of Rome I cannot change.
Do, break my heart, and take your full revenge.

*Bere.* How weak a guard does now your honour keep!
You are an emperor, and yet you weep!
*T. Ves.* I grant it. I am sensible I do,
I weep, alas! I sigh and tremble too.
For when to empire first I did attain,
Rome made me swear I would her rights maintain.
I did, and must perform what I then vow'd;
Others before me to the yoke have bow'd:
And 'tis their honour: yet in leaving you,
All their austerest laws I shall out-do:
And an example leave so brave and great,
As none shall ever after imitate.
*Bere.* To your barbarity there's nothing hard:
Go on, and infamy be your reward.
Long since my fears your falshood had display'd;
Nor would I at your suit have longer staid.
Would I the base indignities have borne
Of a rude people, public hate and scorn?
No, to this breach I would have spurr'd you on.
And I am pleas'd it is already done.
No longer shall the fear of me prevail;
Alas! you must not think to hear me rail,
Or heaven invoke its vengeance to prepare,
No, for if heaven vouchsafe to hear my prayer,
I beg no memory may there remain
Of either your injustice, or my pain. [*Kneels.*
But the sad Berenice, before she dies,
Is sure to have revenge, if you have eyes.
Nor, Titus, need I go to find it far,
No further than that heart, I have it there.
[*Points to his breast.*
Within yourself shall rise your dreadfull'st foe;
My past integrities, my torments now,
Which you, ungrateful perjur'd man, have bred,
My blood, which in your palace I shall shed,

Sufficient terrors to your soul shall give,
And 'tis to them that my revenge I'll leave.
[*Exit furiously.*

*Paul.* Thus, sir, at last the conquest you have won,
The queen you see's contented to be gone.

*T. Ves.* Curse on thy Roman rudeness, that canst see
Such tears unmov'd, and mock such misery!
Oh! I am lost, and 'tis in vain to strive;
If Berenice dies, I cannot live.
Fly and prevent that fate to which she's gone.
Bid her but live, tell her the world's her own.
[*Exit* RUTILIUS.

*Paul.* Sir, if I might advise, you should not send,
Rather command her women to attend;
They better can her melancholy cheer;
The worst is past, and now 'tis mean to fear.
I saw your melting pity when she wept,
And my rough heart but very hardly scap'd.
Yet look a little farther, and you'll find
That, spite of all, your fortune yet is kind.
What triumphs the whole world prepares you'll see,
And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

*T. Ves.* Who for barbarity would be ador'd?
I hate myself. Nero so much abhorr'd,
That bloody tyrant, whom I blush to name,
Was never half so cruel as I am.
No, I'll pursue the queen, she loves me still,
Will pardon me when at her feet I kneel:
Let's go, and let proud Rome say what it will.

*Paul.* How, sir?

*T. Ves.* By Heaven, I know not what I say:
Excess of sorrow drives my mind astray.

*Paul.* O follow where your full renown does lead,
Your last adieus report abroad has spread.
Rome that did mourn, does now new triumphs frame,
The temples fume with offerings to your name:

The people wild in the applause you've won,
With laurel wreaths to crown your statues run.

*T. Ves.* By that their savage natures they betray;
For so wild beasts roar o'er their murder'd prey.
Who would have sense the sweets of power to prize?
Since most in danger when we highest rise:
For who by greatness e'er did happy grow?
None but the heavy slave is truly so,
Who travels all his life in one dull road,
And, drudging on, in quiet loves his load;
Seeking no farther than the needs of life,
Knows what's his own, and so exempt from strife,
And cherishes his homely careful wife,
Lives by the clod, and thinks of nothing higher;
Has all, because he cannot much desire.
Had I been born so low, I had been blest:
Of what I love, without control, possess'd:
Never had honour or ambition known,
Nor ever, to be great, had been undone.

[*Shouts within.*

*Paul.* The tribunes, sir, and senate with their state,
In the name of all the empire for you wait;
They're follow'd too by an impatient throng,
Who seem to murmur you delay so long.

*T. Ves.* Toil me no more, disperse that clamorous rout;
Tell them, they shall no more have cause to doubt:
The queen's departure they'll to-morrow see,
And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
Take this, Paulinus, bear it to the queen;

[*Writes on a table.*

For should we meet, I must relapse again;
I've bid her here eternally adieu:
Stay while she reads it, and her troubles view,
And bring me faithful word, as thou art true.
Hold! Oh my heart! yet go, it must be done,
For what's necessity we cannot shun.

Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
Or a new being to myself could give;
Some monstrous and unheard-of shape now find,
As savage and as barbarous as my mind.
Antiochus!

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, *Attendants, and* ARSACES.

*Anti.* My last adieu to pay
I come, and dare in Rome no longer stay.
My griefs and my afflictions grow so high,
If not by absence slacken'd I must die.
*T. Ves.* What reasons have the happy to repine?
Now Berenice for ever will be thine.
With all her charms receive her to thy breast,
And be of all I ever lov'd possess'd.
*Anti.* It is beneath you, sir, to mock my pain:
I ever kneel to Berenice again!
No, should I stay to see you when you part,
Though I am sure the sight would break my heart,
Yet she, as still my prayers have been denied,
Though I but begg'd one blessing ere I died,
E'en then with scorn would throw me from her side.
*T. Ves.* Oh Heaven! she's ent'ring, from her charms let's fly:
Meet and prevent her—— [*Exit* T. VES.

*Enter* BERENICE, *&c.*

*Bere.* How he hastes away!
Ingrateful! dearest perjur'd Titus, stay. [*Kneels.*
Afflictions catch him, great as those I bear.
My lord, at last I have receiv'd my doom:
'Tis seal'd: but ere I part from you and Rome,
I ask, and I your pardon would receive,
Can you the wrongs which I have done forgive?
*Anti.* I never any injuries did find:
No, Berenice has always been too kind.

With one soft word, how suddenly I'm lost,
And have no sense of my disgraces past!
But must I then for ever lose you so?
I am no Roman, nor was e'er your foe.
No, rather here continue, and be great,
Whilst I lie ever hopeless at your feet.

*Bere.* Should I stay here, and my wrongs tamely bear
For him that shuns and flies me every where?
I have a nobler mind, and you shall see
I can disdain and scorn as much as he:
For though 'tis true, I never can be your's;
Both Rome and him my heart this hour abjures.

*Anti.* To banish him your heart whilst you prepare,
What will you do with all the love that's there?
There's no one mortal can deserve it all,
And sure a little to my share might fall.

*Bere.* Oh of that killing subject talk no more;
I would have lov'd you, if I could before,
Love for another struck me with his dart,
And 'tis not in my power to force my heart.

*Anti.* When first my passion was disdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your esteem.
But now at last his breach of faith you see,
And bear it nobly too: how can you be
To yourself so just, and yet so hard to me?

*Bere.* What cruel storms and fierce assaults you make,
To batter down a heart you cannot take,
Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'er?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.

*Anti.* O stay, since of the vict'ry you're secure;
Pity the pains and anguish I endure,
In wounds, which you and none but you can cure.
[*Kneels.*

Look back, whilst at your feet myself I cast,
And think the sigh that's coming is my last.
My heart its sad eternal farewell takes;
Be but so kind to see me when it breaks.

*Bere.* Rise, rise, my lord. The emperor's return'd,
Conduct me hence, let me no more be scorn'd.

*Enter* TITUS VESPASIAN.

*T. Ves.* Now am I lost! resolve on what I will,
Spite of myself I wander this way still.
Why would you, Berenice, my presence shun?

*Bere.* No! I'll hear nothing. I've resolv'd on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my sight?
Why come you thus t' exasperate my despair?
Are you not yet content? I know you are.

*T. Ves.* If ever yet my heart was dear to your's,
By all our plighted vows, those softest hours,
In which for ever to be true I swore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.

*Bere.* I till to-morrow had your leave to stay:
But my resolves are to be gone to-day;
And I depart.

*T. Ves.* No journey must you take.
Would you poor Titus in his griefs forsake?
No! stay———

*Bere.* I stay! ungrateful as you are;
For what! a people's rude affronts to bear;
That with the sound of my misfortunes rend
The clouds and shouts to heaven in volleys send?
Does not their cruel joy yet reach your ears,
Whilst I alone torment myself in tears?
By what offence or crime are they thus mov'd!
Alas! what have I done, but too much lov'd?

*T. Ves.* D'ye mind the voice of an outrageous throng?
I ever thought your constancy more strong:

Never believ'd your heart so weak could be,
Whose powerful charms had captivated me.

*Bere.* All that I see distraction does create:
These rich apartments, and this pompous state,
These places where I spent my happiest hours,
And plighted all my vows, false man to your's;
All, as most vile impostors, I detest.
How strangely, Titus, might we have been blest!

*T. Ves.* This art to torture souls where did you learn?
Or was it in your nature with you born?
Oh Berenice! how you destroy me!

[*Attendants bring a chair.*

*Bere.* No,
Return, and to your famous senate go,
That for your cruelties applaud you so.
Have you not honour to your full delight?
Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more in expiation can you do?
Have you not ever sworn to hate me too?

*T. Ves.* Can you do any thing to make me hate?
Or can I ever Berenice forget?
This hard suspicion was unjustly urg'd
'Gainst a poor heart, too much before surcharg'd.
Oh, madam! know me better, and recal
The wrong, since first I at your feet did fall:
Count all the single days and minutes past,
Wherein my vows and my desires I press'd,
And at this time your greatest conquest know:
For you were never so belov'd as now;
Nor ever——

*Bere.* Still your love you'd have me own,
Yet you yourself command me to be gone.
Is my despair so charming to your view?
D'ye think the tears I shed are all too few?
Of such a heart a vain return you make;
No, never call those dear ideas back;

But suffer me in this belief to rest,
That secretly long since exil'd your breast:
I only from a faithless wretch depart,
And one that never lays the loss to heart.
If you had lov'd me, this had ne'er been sent:
Here you've commanded me to banishment.
[*Opens the tablets.*
What wondrous love you bear me this doth show;
Read, read, ungrateful, read, and let me go.
[*Gives him the tablets.*

*T. Ves.* You shall not go, I have not given consent,
Nor will I ever to your banishment:
Your cruel resolution I descry,
To be reveng'd of me you seek to die.
And then of all I love, except the pain,
Nought but the sad remembrance will remain,
Antiochus! be thou a witness here
[BERENICE *sinks in a chair.*
Of all my misery and my despair.

*Anti.* Despair's a theme I only understand:
You, if you will, your wishes may command.
Such beauty ready for possession see,
And leave that ugly hag, Despair, to me.

*T. Ves.* Behold those eyes, how dull and dark they grow!
Madam, when at your feet I fall thus low,
[*Kneels.*
Vouchsafe my sad afflictions to believe,
Alas! 'tis all the ease I'm like to have.
When first the dreadful minute I beheld,
That, by my duty and the laws compell'd,
I found it forc'd that you must hence depart,
Though nothing e'er can banish you my heart:
'Twas then my soul had first a sense of fears,
Foreseeing your reproaches and your tears.

I then expected, madam, all the weight
Of woes that can on worse misfortunes light.
But whatsoever fears oppress'd my heart,
I find I but foresaw the lesser part.
I thought my virtue not so apt to bow;
And am asham'd 'tis thus entangled now.

*Bere.* Let me alone, and vex my soul no more;
You of your virtue talk'd enough before:
Urge it not still to aggravate my shame.
When, crown'd with conquest, from the wars you came,
I know you brought me but to fill your state:
For else the triumph had not been complete.

*T. Ves.* Since you have then resolv'd, it shall be so;
And judge by this if you're belov'd or no.
No longer torments on my soul shall prey,
Since I to freedom see so brave a way:
A way by more than one great Roman shown,
Who when their miseries had prest them down,
Propt from within, shook off with life the weight,
[*Offers to stab himself.*
And thus fell nobly grappling with their fate.

*Bere.* Oh stay! to wrong me more what way d'ye take?
Would Titus die for Berenice's sake?
I see the blow you cruelly prepare
To wound that breast, where I, you say, have share.
To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done;
No, rather strike this heart that's all your own.

*T. Ves.* Best of thy sex! and dearest! now I see
How poor is empire when compar'd to thee.
Hence, ye perplexing cares that clog the brain,
Whilst struck with ecstasy I here fall down.
Thus at your feet a happy prostrate laid, [*Kneels.*
I'm much more blest than if the world I sway'd.

*Bere.* Now the blest Berenice enough has seen :
I thought your love had quite extinguish'd been :
But 'twas my error ; for you still are true,
Your heart is troubled, and your tears I view.
E'en my worst sufferings much o'erpaid I see,
Nor, shall th' unhappy world be curs'd for me.
Nothing, since first 'twas your's, my love would shake,
So absolute a conquest did you make :
But now I'll bring it to the utmost test,
And with one funeral act crown all the rest.

*T. Ves.* Ha! tell me, Berenice, what will you do?

*Bere.* Far from your sight and Rome for ever go:
I have resolv'd on't, and it shall be so.

*T. Ves.* Antiochus! I'm born to be undone;
When I the greatest conquest thought t' have won,
E'en in my noblest race I am outrun.
But thou wert always generous, always kind:
Your enlarg'd kingdom shall to her's be join'd.
And now how much you are my faithful friend,
In being so to her, you'll best express.
[*Falling on his neck.*
Never forsake her in her sad distress.
Where'er she goes, for ever with her be;
And sometimes in my absence sigh for me.

*Anti.* Arsaces! on thy bosom let me lie,
Whilst I but take one last dear look, and die.

*Bere.* No, live, and by a generous strife outdo
Us both, and of yourself be conqueror too.
Farewell.
Let us all three a rare example prove,
Of a most tender though unhappy love.
Thus sir, your peace and empire I restore;
Farewell, and reign, I'll never see you more.
[*Exit* BERENICE.

*Anti.* Oh Heaven!
*T. Ves.* She's gone, and all I valued lost:
Now, friend, let Rome of her great emp'ror boast.
Since they themselves first taught me cruelty,
I'll try how much a tyrant I can be.
Henceforth all thoughts of pity I'll disown,
And with my arms the universe o'errun.
Robb'd of my love, through ruins purchase fame,
And make the world as wretched as I am.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

# CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* OCTAVIAN *and* SHIFT.

*Octa.* This is unhappy news; I did not expect my father in two months, and yet you say he is returned already.

*Shift.* 'Tis but too true.

*Octa.* That he arriv'd this morning?

*Shift.* This very morning.

*Octa.* And that he is come with a resolution to marry me?

*Shift.* Yes, sir, to marry you.

*Octa.* I am ruin'd and undone; pr'ythee advise me.

*Shift.* Advise you?

*Octa.* Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no good. Speak: has necessity taught thee no wit? hast thou no shift?

*Shift.* Lord, sir, I am at present very busy in contriving some trick to save myself; I am first prudent, and then good-natured.

*Octa.* How will my father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happened in his absence? I dread his anger and reproaches.

*Shift.* Reproaches! would I could be quit of him

so easily; methinks I feel him already on my shoulders.

*Octa.* Disinheriting is the least I can expect.

*Shift.* You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the Dover coach: she is indeed a good smug lass, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps some———

*Octa.* Villain.

*Shift.* I have done, sir, I have done.

*Octa.* I have no friend that can appease my father's anger, and now I shall be betrayed to want and misery.

*Shift.* For my part I know but one remedy in our misfortunes.

*Octa.* Pr'ythee, what is it?

*Shift.* You know that rogue and arch-cheat, Scapin.

*Octa.* Well: what of him?

*Shift.* There is not a more subtle fellow breathing; so cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis such a wheedling rogue, I'd undertake in two hours he shall make your father forgive you all; nay, allow you money for your necessary debauches: I saw him in three days make an old cautious lawyer turn chymist and projector.

*Octa.* He is the fittest person in the world for my business; the impudent varlet can do any thing with the peevish old man. Pr'ythee go look him out, we'll set him to work immediately.

*Shift.* See where he comes———Scapin.

*Enter* SCAPIN.

*Sca.* Worthy sir!

*Shift.* I have been giving my master a brief account of thy most noble qualities: I told him thou

wert as valiant as a ridden cuckold, sincere as whores, honest as pimps in want.

*Sca.* Alas, sir, I but copy you: 'tis you are brave; you scorn the gibbets, halters, and prisons, which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in cheats and robberies.

*Octa.* Oh Scapin! I am utterly ruined without thy assistance.

*Sca.* Why, what's the matter, good Mr. Octavian?

*Octa.* My father is this day arrived at Dover with old Mr. Gripe, with a resolution to marry me.

*Sca.* Very well.

*Octa.* Thou knowest I am already married: how will my father resent my disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

*Sca.* Does your father know of your marriage?

*Octa.* I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

*Sca.* No matter, no matter, all shall be well; I am public-spirited: I love to help distressed young gentlemen; and thank Heaven I have had good success enough.

*Octa.* Besides, my present want must be considered; I am in rebellion without any money.

*Sca.* I have tricks and shifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occasion; but cheating is now grown an ill trade; yet Heaven be thanked, there were never more cullies and fools; but the great rooks and cheats allowed by public authority ruin such little under-traders as I am.

*Octa.* Well, get thee straight about the business: canst thou make no use of my rogue here?

*Sca.* Yes, I shall want his assistance; the knave has cunning, and may be useful.

*Shift.* Ay, sir; but like other wise men, I am not over-valiant: pray leave me out of this business:

my fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

*Sca.* I stand not in need of thy courage, but thy impudence, and thou hast enough of that: come, come, thou shalt along: what man, stand out for a beating? that's the worst can happen.

*Shift.* Well, well.

*Enter* CLARA.

*Octa.* Here comes my dearest Clara.

*Cla.* Ah me, Octavian! I hear sad news: they say, your father is returned.

*Octa.* Alas! 'tis true, and I am the most unfortunate person in the world; but 'tis not my own misery that I consider, but yours: how can you bear those wants to which we must be both reduced?

*Cla.* Love shall teach me, that can make all things easy to us; which is a sign it is the chiefest good: but I have other cares. Will you be ever constant? shall not your father's severity constrain you to be false?

*Octa.* Never, my dearest, never.

*Cla.* They that love much may be allowed some fears.

*Sca.* Come, come; we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another: pray do you prepare to encounter with your father.

*Cla.* I tremble at the thoughts of it.

*Sca.* You must appear resolute at first: tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn soldier; or, what will frighten him worse, say, you'll turn poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to composition.

*Octa.* What would I give 'twere over!

*Sca.* Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your father, very grave, and very angry.

*Octa.* Well.

*Sca.* Do you look very carelessly, like a small courtier upon his country acquaintance; a little more surlily:——Very well:———Now I come full of my fatherly authority———
Octavian, thou makest me weep to see thee; but alas! they are not tears of joy, but tears of sorrow. Did ever so good a father beget so lewd a son? nay, but for that I think thy mother virtuous, I should pronounce thou art not mine; Newgate-bird, rogue, villain, what a trick hast thou played me in my absence? married? yes: but to whom? nay, that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you some waiting-woman corrupted in a civil family, and reduced to one of the play-houses, removed from thence by some keeping coxcomb, or——

*Cla.* Hold, Scapin, hold———

*Sca.* No offence, lady, I speak but another's words. Thou abominable rascal, thou shalt not have a groat, not a groat. Besides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my house——Why, sir, you reply not a word, but stand as bashfully as a girl that is examined by a bawdy judge about a rape.

*Octa.* Look, yonder comes my father.

*Sca.* Stay, Shift, and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old fellow.

[*Exit* OCTA. *and* CLARA.

*Enter* THRIFTY.

*Thrif.* Was there ever such a rash action?

*Sca.* He has been informed of the business, and is now so full of it that he vents it to himself.

*Thrif.* I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

*Sca.* We are not unprovided. [*At a distance.*

*Thrif.* Will they be so impudent to deny the thing?

*Sca.* We never intend it.

*Thrif.* Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

*Sca.* That perhaps we may do.

*Thrif.* But all shall be in vain.

*Sca.* We'll try that.

*Thrif.* I know how to lay that rogue, my son, fast.

*Sca.* That we must prevent.

*Thrif.* And for the tatterdemalion Shift, I'll thrash him to death; I will be three years a cudgelling him.

*Shift.* I wondered he had forgot me so long.

*Thrif.* Oh, oh! yonder the rascal is, that brave governor! he tutored my son finely.

*Sca.* Sir, I am overjoyed at your safe return.

*Thrif.* Good-morrow, Scapin—Indeed you have followed my instructions very exactly, my son has behaved himself very prudently in my absence, has he not, rascal, has he not? [*To* SHIFT.

*Sca.* I hope you are very well.

*Thrif.* Very well——Thou sayest not a word, varlet, thou sayest not a word.

*Sca.* Had you a good voyage, Mr. Thrifty?

*Thrif.* Lord, sir, a very good voyage; pray give a man a little leave to vent his choler.

*Sca.* Would you be in choler, sir.

*Thrif.* Ay, sir, I would be in choler.

*Sca.* Pray with whom?

*Thrif.* With that confounded rogue there.

*Sca.* Upon what reason?

*Thrif.* Upon what reason? hast thou not heard what hath happened in my absence?

*Sca.* I heard a little idle story.

*Thrif.* A little idle story, quoth-a! why man, my son's undone, my son's undone.

*Sca.* Come, come, things have not been well carried; but I would advise you to make no more of it.

*Thrif.* I'm not of your opinion, I'll make the whole town ring of it.

*Sca.* Lord, sir, I have stormed about this business as much as you can do for your heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, indeed, Mr. Octavian, you do not do well to wrong so good a father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do; till at last, when I had well examined the business, I found you had not so much wrong done you as you imagine.

*Thrif.* How, not wrong done me, to have my son married without my consent to a beggar!

*Sca.* Alas, he was ordained to it.

*Thrif.* That's fine indeed; we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hanged, then say we were ordained to it.

*Sca.* Truly, I did not think you so subtle a philosopher; I mean, he was fatally engaged in this affair.

*Thrif.* Why did he engage himself?

*Sca.* Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wise as yourself? young men will have their follies, witness my charge, Leander; who has gone and thrown away himself at a stranger rate than your son. I would fain know if you were not once young yourself; yes, I warrant you, and had your frailties.

*Thrif.* Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

*Sca.* Alas, he was so in love with the young wench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hanged himself.

*Shift.* Must! why, he had already done it, but that I came very seasonably and cut the rope.

*Thrif.* Didst thou cut the rope, dog? I'll murder thee for that; thou shouldst have let him hang.

*Sca.* Besides, her kindred surprized him with her, and forced him to marry her.

*Thrif.* Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the violence at a notary's.

*Sca.* O Lord, sir, he scorned that.

*Thrif.* Then might I easily have disannulled the marriage.

*Sca.* Disannul the marriage?

*Thrif.* Yes.

*Sca.* You shall not break the marriage.

*Thrif.* Shall not I break it?

*Sca.* No.

*Thrif.* What, shall not I claim the privilege of a father, and have satisfaction for the violence done to my son?

*Sca.* 'Tis a thing he will never consent to.

*Thrif.* He will not consent to!

*Sca.* No: would you have him confess he was hectored into any thing? that is to declare himself a coward: oh fie, sir, one that has the honour of being your son, can never do such a thing.

*Thrif.* Pish, talk not to me of honour; he shall do it or be disinherited.

*Sca.* Who shall disinherit him?

*Thrif.* That will I, sir.

*Sca.* You disinherit him! very good.

*Thrif.* How very good?

*Sca.* You shall not disinherit him.

*Thrif.* Shall not I disinherit him?

*Sca.* No.

*Thrif.* No!

*Sca.* No.

*Thrif.* Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherit my son?

*Sca.* No, I tell you.

*Thrif.* Pray who shall hinder me?

*Sca.* Alas, sir, your own self, sir; your own self.

*Thrif.* I myself?

*Sca.* Yes, sir, for you can never have the heart to do it.

*Thrif.* You shall find I can, sir.

*Sca.* Come, you deceive yourself; fatherly affection must show itself, it must, it must; do not I know you were ever tender-hearted?

*Thrif.* You're mistaken, sir; you're mistaken:——Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle-tattle with this idle fellow?——Hang-dog, go find out my rake-hell——[*To* SHIFT.] whilst I go to my brother Gripe, and inform him of my misfortune.

*Sca.* In the mean time, if I can do you any service——

*Thrif.* O! I thank you, sir, I thank you—

[*Exit* THRIFTY.

*Shift.* I must confess, thou art a brave fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better posture——but the money, the money—we are abominable poor, and my master has the lean vigilant duns that torment him more than an old mother does a poor gallant, when she solicits a maintenance for her discarded daughter.

*Sca.* Your money shall be my next care——let me see, I want a fellow to——canst thou not counterfeit a roaring bully of Alsatia?—stalk——look big——very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy voice and countenance.

*Shift.* Pray take a little care and lay your plot so that I may not act the bully always; I would not be beaten like a bully.

*Sca.* We'll share the danger, we'll share the danger. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* THRIFTY *and* GRIPE.

*Gripe.* Sir, what you tell me concerning your son, hath strangely frustrated our designs.

*Thrif.* Sir, trouble not yourself about my son; I have undertaken to remove all obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

*Gripe.* In troth, sir, I'll tell you what I say to you: the education of children, after the getting of them, ought to be the nearest concern of a father. And had you tutored your son with that care and duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

*Thrif.* Sir, to return you a sentence for your sentence: those that are so quick to censure and condemn the conduct of others, ought first to take care that all be well at home.

*Gripe.* Why, Mr. Thrifty, have you heard any thing concerning my son?

*Thrif.* It may be I have; and it may be worse than of my own.

*Gripe.* What is't I pray? my son!

*Thrif.* Even your own Scapin told it me, and you may hear it from him or somebody else: for my part, I am your friend, and would not willingly be the messenger of ill news to one that I think so to me. Your servant: I must hasten to my counsel, and advise what's to be done in this case. God be with you till I see you again. [*Exit* THRIFTY.

*Gripe.* Worse than his son! for my part I cannot imagine how; for a son to marry impudently without the consent of his father, is as great an of-

fence as can be imagined, I take it: but yonder he comes.

*Enter* LEANDER.

*Lean.* Oh my dear father, how joyful am I to see you safely returned! welcome, as the blessing which I am now craving will be.

*Gripe.* Not so fast, friend o'mine; soft and fair goes far, sir. You are my son, as I take it.

*Lean.* What d'ye mean, sir?

*Gripe.* Stand still, and let me look in thy face.

*Lean.* How must I stand, sir?

*Gripe.* Look upon me with both eyes.

*Lean.* Well, sir, I do.

*Gripe.* What's the meaning of this report?

*Lean.* Report, sir?

*Gripe.* Yes, report, sir! I speak English, as I take it: what is't that you have done in my absence?

*Lean.* What is't, sir, which you would have had me done?

*Gripe.* I do not ask you, what I would have had you done; but what have you done?

*Lean.* Who I, sir? why I have done nothing at all, not I, sir.

*Gripe.* Nothing at all?

*Lean.* No, sir.

*Gripe.* You have no impudence to speak on.

*Lean.* Sir, I have the confidence that becomes a man and my innocence.

*Gripe.* Very well; but Scapin, d'ye mark me, young man, Scapin has told me some tales of your behaviour.

*Lean.* Scapin!

*Gripe.* Oh have I caught you? that name makes ye blush, does it? 'tis well you have some grace left.

*Lean.* Has he said any thing concerning me?

*Gripe.* That shall be examined anon: in the mean while get you home, d'ye hear, and stay till my return; but look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me, never think to come within my doors, or see my face more; but expect to be as miserable as thy folly and poverty can make thee.

[*Exit* GRIPE.

*Lean.* Very fine: I am in a hopeful condition: this rascal has betrayed my marriage, and undone me: now there is no way left but to turn outlaw, and live by rapine; and to set my hand in, the first thing shall be to cut the throat of that perfidious pick-thank dog that has ruined me.

*Enter* OCTAVIAN *and* SCAPIN.

*Octa.* Dear Scapin, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy care!

*Lean.* Yonder he comes: I'm overjoyed to see you, good Mr. Dog!

*Sca.* Sir, your most humble servant, you honour me too far.

*Lean.* You act an ill fool's part; but I shall teach you.

*Sca.* Sir?

*Octa.* Hold, Leander.

*Lean.* No, Octavian, I'll make him confess the treachery he has committed; yes, varlet, dog, I know the trick you have played me: you thought perhaps nobody would have told me. But I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my sword into your guts.

*Sca.* Oh sir, sir, would you have the heart to do such a thing? have I done you any injury, sir?

*Lean.* Yes, rascal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swinge it out of your already tanned thick hide. [*Beats him.*

*Sca.* The devil's in't. Lord, sir, what d'ye mean?

Nay, good Mr. Leander, pray Mr. Leander; 'squire Leander——As I hope to be sav'd——

*Octa.* Pr'ythee be quiet; for shame; enough.

[*Interposeth.*

*Sca.* Well, sir, I confess indeed that——

*Lean.* What! speak, rogue.

*Sca.* About two months ago you may remember, a maid-servant died in the house——

*Lean.* What of all that?

*Sca.* Nay, sir, if I confess, you must not be angry.

*Lean.* Well, go on.

*Sca.* 'Twas said she died for love of me, sir; but let that pass.

*Lean.* Death, you trifling buffoon.

*Sca.* About a week after her death, I dressed up myself like her ghost, and went into madam Lucia, your mistress's chamber, where she lay half in, half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly play-book.

*Lean.* And was it your impudence did that?

*Sca.* They both believe it was a ghost to this hour: but it was myself played the goblin, to frighten her from the scurvy custom of lying awake at those unseasonable hours, hearing filthy plays, when she had never said her prayers.

*Lean.* I shall remember you for all in time and place: but come to the point, and tell me what thou hast said to my father.

*Sca.* To your father? I have not so much as seen him since his return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you so himself.

*Lean.* Yes, he told me himself, and told me all that thou hast said to him.

*Sca.* With your good leave, sir, then he lied; I beg your pardon, I mean he was mistaken.

*Enter* SLY.

*Sly.* Oh, sir, I bring you the most unhappy news.

*Lean.* What's the matter?

*Sly.* Your mistress, sir, is yonder arrested in an action of two hundred pounds. They say 'tis a debt she left unpaid at London, in the haste of her escape hither to Dover; and if you do not raise money within these two hours to discharge her, she'll be hurried to prison.

*Lean.* Within these two hours?

*Sly.* Yes, sir, within these two hours.

*Lean.* Ah, my poor Scapin, I want thy assistance. [SCAPIN *walks about surlily.*

*Sca.* Ah, my poor Scapin! now I'm your poor Scapin, now you've need of me.

*Lean.* No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

*Sca.* No, no, never pardon me; run your sword in my guts, you'll do better to murder me.

*Lean.* For Heaven's sake, think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

*Octa.* You must do something for him.

*Sca.* Yes, to have my bones broken for my pains.

*Lean.* Would you leave me, Scapin, in this severe extremity?

*Sca.* To put such an affront upon me as you did.

*Lean.* I wronged thee, I confess.

*Sca.* To use me like a scoundrel, a villain, a rascal, to threaten to run your sword in my guts.

*Lean.* I cry thy mercy with all my heart; and if thou wilt have me throw myself at thy feet, I'll do it.

*Octa.* Faith, Scapin, you must, you cannot but yield.

*Sca.* Well then: but d'ye mark me, sir, another time better words, and gentler blows.

*Lean.* Will you promise to mind my business?

*Sca.* As I see convenient, care shall be taken.

*Lean.* But the time you know is short.

*Sca.* Pray, sir, don't be so troublesome: How much money is't you want?

*Lean.* Two hundred pounds.

*Sca.* And you?

*Octa.* As much.

*Sca.* [*To* LEANDER.] No more to be said; it shall be done: for you the contrivance is laid already; and for your father, though he be covetous to the last degree, yet, thanks be to Heaven, he's but a shallow person, his parts are not extraordinary: do not take it ill, sir, for you have no resemblance of him, but that you're very like him. Begone; I see Octavian's father coming, I'll begin with him.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIAN *and* LEANDER.

*Enter* THRIFTY.

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the cud, to prove himself a clean beast.

*Thrif.* Oh, audacious boy, to commit so insolent a crime, and plunge himself in such a mischief!

*Sca.* Sir, your humble servant.

*Thrif.* How do you, Scapin?

*Sca.* What, you are ruminating on your son's rash actions?

*Thrif.* Have I not reason to be troubled?

*Sca.* The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't: but your philosopher is always prepared. I remember an excellent proverb of the ancients, very fit for your case.

*Thrif.* What's that?

*Sca.* Pray, mind it, 'twill do ye a world of good.

*Thrif.* What is't, I ask you?

*Sca.* Why, when the master of a family shall be

absent any considerable time from his home or mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent circumstances, that may, during the interval, conspire to the conjunction of those misfortunes and troublesome accidents that may intervene upon the said absence, and the interruption of his economical inspection into the remissness, negligencies, frailties, and huge and perilous errors, which his substitutes, servants, or trustees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted education, whereby the fountain-head of man's disposition becomes muddy, and all the streams of his manners and conversation run consequently defiled and impure: these things premised, and fore-considered, arm the said prudent philosophical *pater-familias*, to find his house laid waste, his wife murdered, his daughters deflowered, his sons hanged:

*Cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est*,

and to thank heaven 'tis no worse too. D'ye mark, sir?

*Thrif.* S'death! is all this a proverb?

*Sca.* Aye, and the best proverb, and the wisest in the world. Good Sir, get it by heart: 'twill do ye the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble yourself: I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

*Thrif.* No, I thank you, sir, I'll have none on't.

*Sca.* Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say——When the master of a——

*Thrif.* Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own; I'm going to my lawyer; I'll null the marriage.

*Sca.* Going to law! are you mad to venture your-

self among lawyers? Do ye not see every day how the spunges suck poor clients, and with a company of foolish, nonsensical terms, and knavish tricks, undo the nation? No, you shall take another way.

*Thrif.* You have reason, if there were any other way.

*Sca.* Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief; I cannot, when I see tender fathers afflicted for their sons' miscarriages, but have bowels for them; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

*Thrif.* Truly my case is sad, very sad.

*Sca.* So it is; tears will burst out; I have a great respect for your person. [*Counterfeits weeping.*

*Thrif.* Thank you with all my heart; in troth we should have a fellow-feeling.

*Sca.* Aye, so we should; I assure you there is not a person in the world whom I respect more than the noble Mr. Thrifty.

*Thrif.* Thou art honest, Scapin. Ha'done, ha'done.

*Sca.* Sir, your most humble servant.

*Thrif.* But what is your way?

*Sca.* Why, in brief, I have been with the brother of her whom your wicked son has married.

*Thrif.* What is he?

*Sca.* A most outrageous roaring fellow, with a down-hanging look, contracted brow, with a swelled red face inflamed with brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all mankind, roars out oaths, and bellows out curses enough in a day to serve a garrison a week; bred up in blood and rapine, used to slaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conscience of killing a man, than cracking of a louse; he has killed sixteen: four for taking the wall of him, five for looking too big upon him,

two he shot pissing against the wall: in short, he is the most dreadful of all the race of bullies.

*Thrif.* Heaven! how do I tremble at the description? But what's this to my business?

*Sca.* Why, he, as most bullies are, is in want, and I have brought him, by threatening him with all the courses of law, all the assistance of your friends, and your great purse, (in which I ventured my life ten times, for so often he drew and run at me) yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a composition, and to null the marriage for a sum of money.

*Thrif.* Thanks, dear Scapin; but what sum?

*Sca.* Faith he was damnably unreasonable at first; and 'gad I told him so very roundly.

*Thrif.* A pox on him, what did he ask?

*Sca.* Ask? hang him, why he ask'd five hundred pounds.

*Thrif.* 'Ouns and heart, five hundred pounds! five hundred devils take him——and fry and fricassee the dog; does he take me for a madman?

*Sca.* Why so I said; and after much argument I brought him to this: Damme, says he, I am going to the army, and I must have two good horses for myself, for fear one should die; and those will cost at least threescore guineas.

*Thrif.* Hang him, rogue! why should he have two horses? But I care not if I give threescore guineas to be rid of this affair.

*Sca.* Then, says he, my pistols, saddle, horse-cloth, and all, will cost twenty more.

*Thrif.* Why that's fourscore.

*Sca.* Well reckoned: 'faith this arithmetic is a fine art. Then I must have one for my boy will cost twenty more.

*Thrif.* Oh the devil! confounded dog! let him go and be damned, I'll give him nothing.

*Sca.* Sir.

*Thrif.* Not a sous, damned rascal, let him turn foot-soldier and be hanged.

*Sca.* He has a man besides; would you have him go a-foot?

*Thrif.* Aye, and his master too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

*Sca.* Well, you are resolved to spend twice as much at Doctors' Commons, you are; you will stand out for such a sum as this, do.

*Thrif.* Oh damned unconscionable rascal! well, if it must be so, let him have the other twenty.

*Sca.* Twenty! why it comes to forty.

*Thrif.* No, I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh, a covetous rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so covetous.

*Sca.* Why this is nothing to the charge at Doctors' Commons; and though her brother has no money, she has an uncle able to defend her.

*Thrif.* O eternal rogue! well I must do't, the devil's in him, I think!

*Sca.* Then, says he, I must carry into France money to buy a mule, to carry——

*Thrif.* Let him go to the devil with his mule, I'll appeal to the judges.

*Sca.* Nay, good sir, think a little.

*Thrif.* No, I'll do nothing.

*Sca.* Sir, sir, but one little mule?

*Thrif.* No, not so much as an ass!

*Sca.* Consider.

*Thrif.* I will not consider, I'll go to law.

*Sca.* I am sure if you go to law, you do not consider the appeals, degrees of jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the knaveries, the craving of so many ravenous animals that will prey upon you, villainous harpies! promoters, tipstaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the clearest right in the

world for a bribe. On the other side, the proctor shall side with your adversary, and sell your cause for ready money: your advocate shall be gained the same way, and shall not be found when your cause is to be heard. Law is a torment of all torments.

*Thrif.* That's true: why what does the damned rogue——reckon for his mule?

*Sca.* Why, for horses, furniture, mule, and to pay some scores that are due to his landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred pounds.

*Thrif.* Come, come, let's go to law.

[THRIFTY *walks up and down in a great heat.*

*Sca.* Do but reflect upon———

*Thrif.* I'll go to law.

*Sca.* Do not plunge yourself.

*Thrif.* To law, I tell you.

*Sca.* Why, there's for procuration, presentation, counsels, productions, proctors, attendance, and scribbling vast volumes of interrogatories, depositions, and articles, consultations and pleadings of doctors, for the register, substitute, judgments, signings——expedition-fees, besides the vast presents to them and their wives. Hang't, the fellow is out of employment, give him the money, give him it, I say.

*Thrif.* What, two hundred pounds!

*Sca.* Aye, aye, why you'll gain one hundred and fifty pounds by it; I have summed it up: I say, give it him, i'faith do.

*Thrif.* What, two hundred pounds!

*Sca.* Aye; besides you never think how they'll rail at you in pleading, tell all your fornications, bastardings, and commutings in their courts.

*Thrif.* I defy them; let them tell of my whoring, 'tis the fashion.

*Sca.* Peace; here's the brother.

*Thrift.* O Heaven! what shall I do?

*Enter* SHIFT *disguised like a bully.*

*Shift.* Damme, where's this confounded dog, this father of Octavian? Null the marriage! By all the honour of my ancestors I'll chine the villain.

*Thrif.* Oh, oh! [*Hides himself behind* SCAPIN.

*Sca.* He cares not, sir, he'll not give the two hundred pounds.

*Shift.* By Heaven, he shall be worm's-meat within these two hours.

*Sca.* Sir, he has courage, and fears you not.

*Thrif.* You lie, I have not courage, I do fear him mortally.

*Shift.* He! he! he! 'Ounds, he! would all his family were in him, I'd cut off root and branch: dishonour my sister! This in his guts: what fellow's that? ha!

*Sca.* Not he, sir.

*Shift.* Nor none of his friends?

*Thrif.* No, sir: hang him, I am his mortal enemy.

*Shift.* Art thou the enemy of that rascal?

*Thrif.* Oh! aye, hang him—Oh damned bully! [*Aside.*

*Shift.* Give me thy hand, old boy, the next sun shall not see the impudent rascal alive.

*Sca.* He'll muster up all his relations against you.

*Thrif.* Do not provoke him, Scapin.

*Shift.* Would they were all here: hah! hah! hah! [*He foyns every way with his sword.*
Here I had one through the lungs, there another into the heart: ha! there another into the guts: ah, rogues! there I was with you: hah!——hah!

*Sca.* Hold, sir, we are none of your enemies.

*Shift.* No, but I will find the villains out while my blood is up; I will destroy the whole family. Ha, ha,—hah! [*Exit* SHIFT.

*Thrif.* Here, Scapin, I have two hundred guineas about me, take them. No more to be said. Let me never see his face again; take them, I say: this is the devil.

*Sca.* Will you not give them him yourself?

*Thrif.* No, no! I will never see him more: I shall not recover this these three months. See the business done. I trust in thee, honest Scapin: I must repose somewhere: I am mightily out of order——A plague on all bullies, I say.

[*Exit* THRIFTY.

*Sca.* So, there's one dispatched; I must now find out Gripe: he's here; how heaven brings them into my nets one after another!

*Enter* GRIPE.

*Sca.* O Heaven! unlooked-for misfortune; poor Mr. Gripe, what wilt thou do?

[*Walks about distractedly.*

*Gripe.* What's that he says of me?

*Sca.* Is there nobody can tell me news of Mr. Gripe?

*Gripe.* Who's there? Scapin!

*Sca.* How I run up and down to find him to no purpose! Oh! sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. Gripe?

*Gripe.* Art thou blind? I have been just under thy nose this hour.

*Sca.* Sir———

*Gripe.* What's the matter?

*Sca.* Oh! sir, your son——

*Gripe.* Ha, my son——

*Sca.* Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the world.

*Gripe.* What is't?

*Sca.* I met him a while ago, disordered for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly

made use of my name. And seeking to divert his melancholy, we went to walk upon the pier: amongst other things, he took particular notice of a new caper in her full trim: the captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest collation I ever met with.

*Gripe.* Well, and where's the disaster of all this?

*Sca.* While we were eating, he put to sea; and when we were a good distance from the shore, he discovered himself to be an English renegade that was entertained in the Dutch service, and sent me off in his long-boat to tell you, that if you don't forthwith send him two hundred pounds, he'll carry away your son prisoner: nay, for ought I know, he may carry him a slave to Algiers.

*Gripe.* How, in the devil's name? two hundred pounds!

*Sca.* Yes, sir; and more than that, he has allowed me but two hours time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only son.

*Gripe.* What a devil had he to do a shipboard? ——Run, quickly, Scapin, and tell the villain, I'll send my lord chief justice's warrant after him.

*Sca.* O law! his warrant in the open sea: d'ye think pirates are fools?

*Gripe.* I'the devil's name, what business had he a shipboard?

*Sca.* There is an unlucky fate that often hurries men to mischief, sir.

*Gripe.* Scapin, thou must now act the part of a faithful servant.

*Sca.* As how, sir?

*Gripe.* Thou must go bid the pirate send me my son, and stay as a pledge in his room, till I can raise the money.

*Sca.* Alas, sir, think you the captain has so little

wit as to accept of such a poor rascally fellow as I am instead of your son?

*Gripe.* What a devil did he do a shipboard?

*Sca.* D'ye remember, sir, that you have but two hours' time?

*Gripe.* Thou sayest he demands——

*Sca.* Two hundred pounds.

*Gripe.* Two hundred pounds! Has the fellow no conscience?

*Sca.* O law! the conscience of a pirate! why very few lawful captains have any.

*Gripe.* Has he no reason neither? Does he know what the sum of two hundred pounds is?

*Sca.* Yes, sir; tarpaulins are a sort of people that understand money, though they have no great acquaintance with sense. But for Heaven's sake dispatch.

*Gripe.* Here, take the key of my compting-house.

*Sca.* So.

*Gripe.* And open it.

*Sca.* Very good.

*Gripe.* In the left-hand window lies the key of my garret; go take all the clothes that are in the great chest, and sell them to the brokers to redeem my son.

*Sca.* Sir, you're mad; I shan't get fifty shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am straitened for time.

*Gripe.* What a devil did he do a shipboard?

*Sca.* Let shipboard alone, and consider, sir, your son. But Heaven is my witness, I have done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his father's kindness.

*Gripe.* Well, sir, I'll go see if I can raise the money. Was it not ninescore pounds you spoke of?

*Sca.* No, two hundred pounds.

*Gripe.* What, two hundred pounds Dutch, ha?

*Sca.* No, sir, I mean English money, two hundred pounds sterling.

*Gripe.* I'the devil's name what business had he a shipboard? confounded shipboard!

*Sca.* This shipboard sticks in his stomach.

*Gripe.* Hold, Scapin, I remember I received the very sum just now in gold, but did not think I should have parted with it so soon.

[*He presents* SCAPIN *his purse, but will not let it go; and in his transportments, pulls his arm to and fro, whilst* SCAPIN *reaches at it.*

*Sca.* Aye, sir.

*Gripe.* But tell the captain he is a son of a whore.

*Sca.* Yes, sir.

*Gripe.* A dogbolt.

*Sca.* I shall, sir.

*Gripe.* A thief, a robber, and that he forces me to pay him two hundred pounds contrary to all law or equity.

*Sca.* Nay, let me alone with him.

*Gripe.* That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

*Sca.* Very good.

*Gripe.* And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed dogs with him.

[*He puts up his purse, and is going away.*

*Sca.* Right, sir.

*Gripe.* Now make haste, and go redeem my son.

*Sca.* Aye, but d'ye hear, sir? where's the money?

*Gripe.* Did I not give it thee?

*Sca.* Indeed, sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your pocket again.

*Gripe.* Ha——my griefs and fears for my son make me do I know not what.

*Sca.* Aye, sir, I see it does indeed.

*Gripe.* What a devil did he do a shipboard?—— Damned pirate, damned renegade, all the devils in hell pursue thee. [*Exit.*

*Sca.* How easily a miser swallows a load, and how difficultly he disgorges a grain? But I'll not leave him so; he's like to pay in other coin, for telling tales of me to his son.

*Enter* OCTAVIAN *and* LEANDER.

*Sca.* Well, sir, I have succeeded in your business, there's two hundred pounds which I have squeezed out of your father. [*To* OCTAVIAN.

*Octa.* Triumphant Scapin.

*Sca.* But for you I can do nothing——

[*To* LEANDER.

*Lean.* Then may I go hang myself. Friends, both, adieu.

*Sca.* D'ye hear, d'ye hear, the devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride post. With much ado I've got your business done too.

*Lean.* Is't possible?

*Sca.* But on condition that you permit me to revenge myself on your father for the trick he has served me.

*Lean.* With all my heart, at thy own discretion, good honest Scapin.

*Sca.* Hold your hand, there's two hundred pounds.

*Lean.* My thanks are too many to pay now: farewell dear son of Mercury, and be prosperous.

*Sca.* Gramercy, pupil. Hence we gather,
Give son the money, hang up father.

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* LUCIA *and* CLARA.

*Luc.* Was ever such a trick played for us to run away from our governesses, where our careful fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young gentlemen, only because they said they loved us? I think it was a very noble enterprise! I am afraid the good fortune we shall get by it will hardly recompense the reputation we have lost by it.

*Cla.* Our greatest satisfaction is, that they are men of fashion and credit, and for my part I long ago resolved not to marry any other, nor such a one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his love; and it was an assurance of Octavian's that brought me hither.

*Luc.* I must confess, I had no less a sense of the faith and honour of Leander.

*Cla.* But seems it not wonderful, that the circumstances of our fortune should be so nearly allied, and ourselves so much strangers? Besides, if I mistake not, I see something in Leander, so much resembling a brother of mine of the same name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so.

*Luc.* I have a brother too, whose name's Octavian, bred in Italy, and just as my father took his voyage, returned home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the reason I have not seen him yet. But if I deceive not myself, there is something in your Octavian that extremely refreshes my memory of him.

*Cla.* I wish we might be so happy as we are in-

clined to hope; but there's a strange blind side in our natures, which always makes us apt to believe what we most earnestly desire.

*Luc.* The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our fathers: and, for my part, I had rather lose an old father than a young lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and secure myself against the imposition of fatherly authority.

*Cla.* How unsufferable it is to be sacrificed to the arms of a nauseous blockhead, that has no other sense than to eat and drink when it is provided for him, rise in the morning, and go to bed at night, and with much ado be persuaded to keep himself clean!

*Luc.* A thing of mere flesh and blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meagre hang-dog countenance, that looks as if he always wanted physic for the worms.

*Cla.* Yet such their silly parents are generally most indulgent to, like apes, never so well pleased, as when they're fondling with their ugly issue.

*Luc.* Twenty to one, but to some such charming creatures our careful fathers had designed us.

*Cla.* Parents think they do their daughters the greatest kindness in the world, when they get them fools for their husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right use of them.

*Luc.* I'd no more be bound to spend my days in marriage to a fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an ass, because the creature was gentle.

*Cla.* See, here's Scapin, as full of designs and affairs, as a callow statesman at a treaty of peace.

*Enter* SCAPIN.

*Sca.* Ladies!

*Cla.* Oh, Scapin! what's the reason you have been such a stranger of late?

*Sca.* Faith, ladies, business, business has taken up my time; and truly I love an active life, love my business extremely.

*Luc.* Methinks though, this should be a difficult place for a man of your excellencies to find employment in.

*Sca.* Why faith, madam, I'm never shy to my friends: my business is, in short, like that of all other men of business, diligently contriving how to play the knave and cheat to get an honest livelihood.

*Cla.* Certainly men of wit and parts need never be driven to indirect courses.

*Sca.* Oh madam! wit and honesty, like oil and vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a relish to a good fortune, and pass well enough for sauce, but are very thin fare of themselves. No, give me your knave, your thorough-paced knave; hang his wit, so he be but rogue enough.

*Luc.* You're grown very much out of humour with wit, Scapin; I hope yours has done you no prejudice of late.

*Sca.* No, madam, your men of wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, restive snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing fool, that commands his fortune.

*Cla.* You are very plain and open in this proceeding, whatever you are in others.

*Sca.* Dame Fortune, like most others of the female sex, (I speak all this with respect to your ladyship,) is generally more indulgent to the nimble mettled blockheads; men of wit are not for her turn, ever too thoughtful when they should be active: why, who believes any man of wit to have so much as courage? No, ladies, if you've any friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much fools as they can, and they'll never want patrons: and for honesty, if your ladyship think fit to retire

a little further, you shall see me perform upon a gentleman that's coming this way.

*Cla.* Pr'ythee, Lucia, let us retreat a little, and take this opportunity of some divertisement; which has been very scarce here hitherto.

*Enter* SHIFT *with a sack.*

*Sca.* Oh, Shift!

*Shift.* Speak not too loud, my master's coming.

*Sca.* I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his friend. If any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I lose this nose with the pox, without the pleasure of getting it.

*Shift.* I wonder at thy valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine, to the indignity of bruises and indecent bastinadoes.

*Sca.* Difficulties in adventures make them pleasant when accomplished.

*Shift.* But your adventures, how comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be tragical in the end.

*Sca.* 'Tis no matter. I hate your pusillanimous spirit: revenge and lechery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: here comes my man. [*Exit* SHIFT.

*Enter* GRIPE.

Oh, sir, sir, shift for yourself, quickly sir, quickly sir, for Heaven's sake.

*Gripe.* What's the matter, man?

*Sca.* Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you be murdered instantly? I am afraid you'll be killed within these two minutes.

*Gripe.* Mercy on me! kill'd! for what?

*Sca.* They are every where looking out for you.

*Gripe.* Who? who?

*Sca.* The brother of her whom your son has married; he's a captain of a privateer, who has all sorts

of rogues, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, under his command, and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would null the marriage: they run up and down, crying, where is the rogue Gripe? where is the dog? where is the slave Gripe? they watch for you so narrowly, that there's no getting home to your house.

*Gripe.* Oh, Scapin! what shall I do? what will become of me?

*Sca.* Nay, Heaven knows; but if you come within their reach, they'll *De Wit* you, they'll tear you in pieces; hark.

*Gripe.* Oh Lord!

*Sca.* Hum, 'tis none of them.

*Gripe.* Canst thou find no way for my escape, dear Scapin?

*Sca.* I think I have found one.

*Gripe.* Good Scapin, show thyself a man now.

*Sca.* I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

*Gripe.* Dear Scapin, do; I will reward thee bounteously: I'll give thee this suit when I have worn it eight or nine months longer.

*Sca.* Listen! who are these?

*Gripe.* God forgive me, Lord have mercy upon us.

*Sca.* No, there's nobody; look, if you'll save your life go into this sack presently.

*Gripe.* Oh! who's there?

*Sca.* No body: get into the sack, and stir not, whatever happens; I'll carry you as a bundle of goods through all your enemies to the major's house of the castle.

*Gripe.* An admirable invention: Oh Lord! quick.

[*Gets into the sack.*

*Sca.* Yes, 'tis an excellent invention, if you knew

all; keep in your head. Oh, here's a rogue coming to look for you.

[SCAPIN *counterfeits a Welshman.*] Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's father, look you.

[*In his own voice.*] How should I know? what would you have with him—Lie close. [*Aside to* GRIPE.

Have with him, look you! hur has no creat pus'ness, but hur would have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for credits and honours, by St. Tavy he shall not put the injuries and affronts upon my captains, look you now, sir.

[*In his own voice.*] He affront the captain, he meddles with no man.

You lie, sir, look you, and hur will give you beatings and chastisements for your contradictions, when her Welse plood's up, look you, and hur will cudgel your packs and your nottles for it; take you that, pray you now. [*Beats the sack.*

[*In his own voice.*] Hold, hold, will you murder me? I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach sawcy Jacks how they profook hur Welse ploods and hur chollers: and for the old rogue, hur will have his gutts and his plood, look you, sir, or hur will never wear leek upon St. Tavy's day more, look you.

[*In his own voice.*] Oh! he has mauled me, a damned Welsh rascal.

*Gripe.* You? the blows fell upon my shoulders. Oh! oh!

*Sca.* 'Twas only the end of the stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the cudgel lighted on me.

*Gripe.* Why did you not stand farther off?

*Sca.* Peace——Here's another rogue.

[*In a Lancashire dialect.*] Yaw fellee wi'th' sack there, done yaw knaw whear th'awd rascatt Griap is?

[*In his own voice.*] Not I; but here is no rascal.

Yaw lean, yaw douge, yaw kawn weel eenuh whear he is, an yawden teel, ond that he is a foo rascate as any is in aw the tawn; I'stella that by'r lady.

[*In his own voice.*] Not I, sir, I know neither, sir, not I.

By the mess, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle the bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to some tune.

[*In his own voice.*] Me, sir? I don't understand you.

Why, tha'wart his man, thaw hobble, I'll smite th' nase o'thee.

[*In his own voice.*] Hold, hold, sir, what would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my kibbo, the first bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap, by th' mess, and after ay mun cut off the lugs and naes on en, and ay wot, he'll be a pretty swatley felle, bawt lugs and naes.

[*In his own voice.*] Why, truly, sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that lane.

This lone, sayn ye? ay's find him, by'r lady, an he be above grawnt.

[*In his own voice.*] So, he's gone, a damned Lancashire rascal.

*Gripe.* Oh, good Scapin! go on quickly.

*Sca.* Hold, here's another. [GRIPE *pops in his head.*

[*In an Irish tone.*] Dost thou hear, sack-man? I pridee fare is de damn'd dog Gripe?

[*In his own voice.*] Why, what's that to you? what know I?

Fat's dat to me, joy? by my soul, joy, I will lay a great blow upon thy pate, and de devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon thee till thou dost know, by my salvation indeed.

[*In his own voice.*] I'll not be beaten.

Now the devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy father's child very much indeed.

[*In his own voice.*] What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? by my soul if I do see him I will make murder upon him for my captain's sake.

[*In his own voice.*] Murder him? he'll not be murdered.

If I do lay my eyes upon him, gad I will put my sword into his bowels, de devil take me indeed. Fat hast dow in dat sack, joy? by my salvation I will look into it.

[*In his own voice.*] But you shall not. What have you to do with it?

By my soul, joy, I will put my rapier into it.

*Gripe.* Oh! oh!

*Sca.* Fatt, it does grunt, by my salvation de devil take me I will see it indeed.

[*In his own voice.*] You shall not see my sack; I will defend it with my life.

Den I will make beat upon thy body; take that, joy, and that, and that, upon my soul, and so I do take my leave, joy. [*Beats him in the sack.*

[*In his own voice.*] A plague on him, he's gone; he has almost killed me.

*Gripe.* Oh! I can hold no longer; the blows all fell on my shoulders!

*Sca.* You can't tell me; they fell on mine: oh my shoulders!

*Gripe.* Yours? oh my shoulders!

*Sca.* Peace, they're coming.

[*In a hoarse seaman's voice.*] Where is the dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, swinge him with a cat o'nine-tail, keel haul, and then hang him at the main yard.

[*In broken French-English.*] If dere be no more men in England, I vill kill him, I vill put my rapire

in his body, I vill give him two tree pushe in de gutt.

[*Here* SCAPIN *acts a number of them together.*] We mun go this way——o' the right hand; no, to the left hand——lie close———search ev'ry where———by my salvation I will kill the damned dog———and we do catch 'en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, and I do heer he went thick way——no, straight forward. Hold, here is his man, where's your master———Damn me, where? in hell? speak——Hold, not so furiously——an you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee——

[*In his own voice.*] Do what you will, gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him soundly.

[*In his own voice.*] Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll ne'er betray my master.

Knock 'en down, beat en zoundly, to'en, at'en, at'en, at—

[*As he is going to strike,* GRIPE *peeps out, and* SCAPIN *takes to his heels.*]

*Gripe.* Oh, dog, traitor, villain! is this your plot? would you have murdered me, rogue? unheard of impudence!

*Enter* THRIFTY.

Oh, brother Thrifty! you come to see me loaden with disgrace; the villain Scapin has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of two hundred pounds. This beating brings all into my memory. [*Aside.*

*Thrif.* The impudent varlet has gull'd me of the same sum.

*Gripe.* Nor was he content to take my money, but hath abused me at that barb'rous rate that I am ashamed to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

*Thrif.* But this is not all, brother; one misfortune is the forerunner of another: just now I re-

ceived letters from London, that both our daughters have run away from their governesses, with two wild debauched young fellows, that they fell in love with.

*Enter* LUCIA *and* CLARA.

*Luc.* Was ever so malicious impudence seen—hah—Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my father.

*Cla.* And the other mine, whom Scapin has used thus.

*Luc.* Bless us! returned, and we not know of it?

*Cla.* What will they say to find us here?

*Luc.* My dearest father, welcome to England.

*Thrif.* My daughter Luce!

*Luc.* The same, sir.

*Gripe.* My Clara here too?

*Cla.* Yes, sir; and happy to see your safe arrival.

*Thrif.* What strange destiny has directed this happiness to us?

*Enter* OCTAVIAN.

*Gripe.* Heyday!

*Thrif.* Oh, son! I have a wife for you.

*Octa.* Good father, all your propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

*Thrif.* Look you now; is not this very fine! Now I have a mind to be merry, and to be friends with you; you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. Gripe's daughter here——

*Octa.* I'll never marry Mr. Gripe's daughter, sir, as long as I live: no, yonder's she that I must love, and can never entertain the thoughts of any other.

*Cla.* Yes, Octavian, I have at last met with my father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

*Thrif.* Law ye now, you would be wiser than the father that begot you, would you? Did not I always

say you should marry Mr. Gripe's daughter? But you do not know your sister Luce.

*Octa.* Unlooked for blessing! why she's my friend Leander's wife!

*Thrif.* How, Leander's wife!

*Gripe.* What, my son Leander!

*Octa.* Yes, sir, your son Leander.

*Gripe.* Indeed! Well, brother Thrifty, 'tis true, the boy was always a good-natured boy. Well, now I am so overjoyed, that I could laugh till I shook my shoulders, but that I dare not, they are so sore. But look, here he comes.

*Enter* LEANDER.

*Lean.* Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is discovered; nor would I indeed have longer concealed it; this is my wife, I must own her.

*Gripe.* Brother Thrifty, did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? ha!

*Thrif.* Own her, quoth-a! why kiss her, kiss her, man; odsbodikins, when I was a young fellow, and was first married, I did nothing else for three months. O my conscience I got my boy Octi there, the first night, before the curtains were quite drawn!

*Gripe.* Well, 'tis his father's nown child. Just so, brother, was it with me upon my wedding-day, I could not look upon my dear without blushing; but when we were a-bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us—but I'll no more.

*Lean.* Is then my father reconciled to me?

*Gripe.* Reconciled to thee! why I love thee at my heart, man, at my heart; why 'tis my brother Thrifty's daughter, Mrs. Lucy, whom I always designed for thy wife; and that's thy sister Clara married to Mr. Octa there.

*Lean.* Octavian, are we then brothers? there is

nothing that I could have rather wished after the completing of my happiness with my charming Lucia.

*Thrif.* Come, Sir, hang up your compliments in the hall at home, they are old and out of fashion. Shift, go to the inn, and bespeak a supper may cost more money than I have ready to pay for't, for I am resolved to run in debt to night.

*Shift.* I shall obey your commands, sir.

*Thrif.* Then d'ye hear, send out and muster up all the fiddlers (blind or not blind, drunk or sober) in the town; let not so much as the roaster of tunes, with his cracked cymbal in a case, escape ye.

*Gripe.* Well, what would I give now for the fellow that sings the song at my lord mayor's feast: I myself would make an epithalamium by way of sonnet, and he should set a tune to it; 'twas the prettiest he had last time.

*Enter* SLY.

*Sly.* Oh, gentlemen, here is the strangest accident fallen out.

*Thrif.* What's the matter?

*Sly.* Poor Scapin.

*Gripe.* Ha! rogue, let him be hanged. I'll hang him myself.

*Sly.* Oh, sir, that trouble you may spare; for passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head, and broke his skull so, you may see his brains.

*Thrif.* Where is he.

*Sly.* Yonder he comes.

*Enter* SCAPIN *between two, his head wrapped up in linen as if he had been wounded.*

*Sca.* Oh me! oh me! gentlemen, you see me, you see me in a sad condition, cut off like a flower in the

prime of my years: but yet I could not die without the pardon of those I have wronged; yes, gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more especially, I beg of you, Mr. Thrifty, and my good master, Mr. Gripe.

*Thrif.* For my part, I pardon thee freely; go, and die in peace.

*Sca.* But 'tis you, sir, I have most offended, by the inhuman bastinadoes which——

*Gripe.* Pr'ythee speak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

*Sca.* 'Twas a most wicked insolence in me, that I should with vile crab-tree cudgel——

*Gripe.* Pish, no more, I say I am satisfied.

*Sca.* And now so near my death, 'tis an inexpressible grief that I should dare to lift my hand against——

*Gripe.* Hold thy peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I have forgot all——

*Sca.* Alas! how good a man you are! But, sir, d'ye pardon me freely, and from the bottom of your heart, those merciless drubs that——

*Gripe.* Pr'ythee speak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't.

*Sca.* Oh! sir, how much your goodness revives me! [*Pulls off his cap.*

*Gripe.* How's that! friend, take notice I pardon thee, but 'tis upon condition that you are sure to die.

*Sca.* Oh me! I begin to faint again.

*Thrif.* Come, fie brother, never let revenge employ your thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any condition.

*Gripe.* A deuce on't, brother, as I hope to be saved, he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did: but since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

*Thrif.* Now then let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

*Sca.* Aye, and let them carry me to the lower end of the table;

Where in my chair of state, I'll sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may die in peace.

[*A dance. Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE.

*HOW little do you guess what I'm to say!*
*I'm not to ask how you like Farce, or Play:*
*For you must know I've other business now;*
*It is to tell ye, sparks, how we like you.*
*How happy were we, when in humble guise*
*You came with honest hearts and harmless eyes;*
*Sat without noise and tumult in the Pit:*
*Oh what a precious jewel then was wit!*
*Though now 'tis grown so common, let me die,*
*Gentlemen scorn to keep it company.*
*Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,*
*Your too much plenty is become your sin.*
*Time was ye were as meek as now you're proud,*
*Did not in curs'd cabals of critics crowd,*
*Nor thought it witty to be very loud;*
*But came to see the follies you would shun:*
*Though now so fondly antic here you're grown;*
*T' invert the stage's purpose, and its rules:*
*Make us spectators, whilst you play the fools.*
*Equally witty, as some valiant are;*
*The sad defects of both are expos'd here.*
*For here you'll censure, who disdain to write,*
*As some make quarrels here that scorn to fight.*
*The rugged soldier that from war returns,*
*And still with the heat of former action burns;*
*Let him but hither come to see a play,*
*Proceeds an errant courtier in a day.*
*Shall steal from the Pit, and fly up to the Box,*
*There hold impertinent chat with tawdry Maux;*
*Till ere aware the blust'rer falls in love,*
*And hero grows as harmless a dove.*

*With us the kind remembrance yet remains,*
*When we were entertain'd behind our scenes.*
*Though now, alas, we must your absence mourn,*
*Whilst nought but quality will serve your turn.*
*Damn'd quality! that uses poaching arts,*
*And, as 'tis said, comes mask'd to prey on hearts.*
*The proper use of visors once was made,*
*When only worn by such as own'd the trade:*
*Though now all mingle with 'em so together,*
*That you can hardly know the one from t'other.*
*But 'tis no matter; on, pursue your game,*
*Till wearied you return at last, and tame:*
*Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe;*
*For when you've left your stings behind you there,*
*You lazy drones, ye shan't have harbour here.*

# FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

## A COMEDY.

*Archilochum rabies armavit Iambo.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# CHARLES,

## EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BED-CHAMBER.

---

MY LORD,

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

served it, I made it my business to clear myself to your Lordship, whose good opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worst enemies can wrong me of else: I hope I convinced your Lordship of my innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavoured, had it not been just. For I thank my stars I know myself better than (for all the threats some have been pleased to bestow upon me) to tell a lie to save my throat. Forgive me, my Lord, this trouble, continue me in your Lordship's favour and good opinion, and accept of the prayers and well-wishes of

Your most humble, and
most obliged servant,
THO. OTWAY.

# PROLOGUE.

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

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

MEN.

Goodvile.
Truman.
Valentine.
Sir Noble Clumsey.
Malagene.
Caper.
Saunter.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Goodvile.
Victoria.
Camilla.
Lady Squeamish.
Lettice.
Bridget.

# FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

## ACT I.

### *SCENE I. The Mall.*

TRUMAN *reading a billet, and* Servant.

*Tru.* In a vizor, say you?

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

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

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

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

*Enter* GOODVILE *and* VALENTINE.

*Val.* Truman, good morrow; just out of your lodging; but that I know thee better, I should swear

thou hadst resolved to spend this day in humiliation and repentance for the sins of the last.

*Good.* I beg your pardon! some lady has taken up your time. Thou canst no more rise in a morning without a wench, than thou canst go to bed at night without a bottle. Truman, wilt thou never leave whoring?

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

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

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

*Good.* And I.

*Val.* I had appointed to meet at Chatolins, but—

*Tru.* With whom?

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

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

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

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

*Good.* 'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesome: as there is no company so ill but he'll keep, so there's none so good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever seen you once,

he'll be sure of you: and if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your room, than you can keep him out of your debt.

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

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

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

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

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

*Good.* In the first place, my cousin Victoria your

idol, Jack Truman; then Mr. Valentine, there will be the charming Camilla, and another that never fails upon such an occasion, the inimitable Lady Squeamish.

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

*Val.* Discourses readily of all the love-intrigues of the court and town, a strange admirer of accomplishments and good breeding, as she calls it; a restless dancer; one that by her good-will would never be out of motion.

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

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

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

[*Exit* GOODVILE.

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

*Enter* MALAGENE.

How came he hither?

*Mala.* Jack Truman, Monsieur Valentine, *bon*

*jour*——Was not that Goodvile I met coming in——ha?

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

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

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

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

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

*Tru.* But, hark ye, Malagene, Goodvile's a sort of a surly companion, and apt to have so good an opinion of himself, that he is able to manage affairs without your advice: he might have been very severe with you upon this occasion.

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* Now when he comes home, will she be hanging about his neck, with, O Lord, dear! where

have you been this morning? I can't abide you should go abroad so soon, that I can't: you are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd Truman, and his debauched companion young Valentine: but that I know you are a good dear, I should be apt to be jealous of you, that I should, ha, ha.

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

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

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

*Mala.* Why, coming out of Chatolin's last night (where it had cost me a guinea club, with a right honourable or two of this kingdom, which shall be nameless) just as I was getting into a coach, who should come by but a blustering fellow with a woman in his hand, and swore, damn him, the coach was for him; we had some words, and he drew; with that I put by his pass, closed with him, and threw up his heels, took away his toledo, gave him two or three good cuts over the face, seized upon Damozel, carried her away with me to my chamber, managed her all night, and just now sent her off—Faith amongst friends she was a person of quality, I'll tell you that.

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

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

*Val.* Oh, sir, you may be sure we shall be very cautious of spreading any secrets of your's of this nature—lying rakehell; the highest he ever arriv'd

at was a bawd, and she too banish'd him at last, because he boasted of her favours. [*Aside.*

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* Whoo! pr'ythee, that's all one, I am sure I know the company; I'll go along at a venture.

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

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

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

*Mala.* No———but I'll tell you, go along with me; I have discovered a treasure of pale wine——I assure you 'tis the same the king drinks of——— What say you, Jack? I am but for one bottle or two; for faith I have resolved to live sober for a week.

*Tru.* Pry'thee, tormentor, leave us; do not I know the wine thou drink'st is as base as the company thou keep'st. To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor must you go with us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* No sir.

*Tru.* Pray, sir, leave us.

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

*Tru.* But you must, sir.

*Mala.* May be not, sir.

*Tru.* I am going this way. [*Walking off.*

*Mala.* So am I.

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

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

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

*Mala.* Beating; I am sorry, sir, you know no better: pox, I am us'd to serve him so, man; let him alone, you shall see how I'll teaze him. Hark you, Jack.

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

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

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

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

*Tru.* Take that then, sir,——Now d'ye hear——
[*Twcaks him by the nose.*
Go about your business.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* CAPER *and* SAUNTER.

*Mala.* Dear Jack Truman, your humble.——
[*Exit* TRUMAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* How now, bullies, whither so fast this morning? I parted just now with Jack Truman and Ned Valentine: they would fain have had me to dinner with them, but I was not in a humour of drinking, and, to speak the truth on't, you are better company ten to one. They engross still all the dis-

course to themselves: and a man can never be free with them neither.

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* Aye, it may be so.

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

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

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

*Saun.* Well, Malagene, I hope to see thee so in love one day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and set up for a shape and a face: or, what is all one, write amorous sonnets, and fight duels with all

that do but look like rivals. I would not be in love for all the world, I vow and swear.

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

*Cap.* Nor I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH.

She here! nay then——

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

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

*Saun.* Your ladyship does your servant too much honour. [*Sings, As Chloe full of, &c.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* Indeed he would not let me alone, till I

brought him acquainted there: he owes that happiness to me. But methinks your ladyship speaks with something of heat——By Heaven she's jealous! [*Aside.*

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

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

*Lady Squ.* Nay, I know he has spoke dishonourably of me behind my back, because he failed in his filthy designs. Madam Camilla may deserve better of him, I doubt not: but if I am not revenged on his falsehood. [*Aside.*]——Mr. Caper.

*Cap. and Saun.* Madam.

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

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

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

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

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

*Saun.* Does your ladyship know who writ it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* Worse than ever; 'tis very provoking

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

*Saun.* But my Lady Colt, they say, is kinder to the sparkish Mr. Pruneit.

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

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

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

*Saun.* Oh Lord, madam! [*Bows and cringes.*

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

*Saun.* Let me die; your ladyship obliges me beyond expression——Malagene, thou shalt hear me. [*Sings a song in a French tone.*

*Mala.* What a devil was this? I understand not a word on't.

*Saun.* Ha, Malagene, ha.

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

*Mala.* Never, madam, never: I swear your Ladyship is a great judge.

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

*Mala.* Oh, to admiration, to admiration.

[*Makes mouths aside.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* Your ladyship may be sure of me, I hate to break good company.

*Lady Squ.* And pray now let us be very severe, and talk maliciously of all the town. Mr. Caper, your hand: Oh, dear Mr. Saunter, how shall I divide myself—I'll swear, I am strangely at a loss—Mr. Malagene, you must be Mr. Saunter's mistress, I think, at present.

*Mala.* With all my heart, madam——Sweet Mr.

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

## ACT II.

### *SCENE I. The Ordinary.*

*Enter* MRS. GOODVILE *and* LETTICE.

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

*Let.* Yes, madam, faithfully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mrs. Good.* That's his policy, as great debtors are

always very respectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what freedom I can desire, but God knows that's all.

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

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

*Let.* A jewel of a wife.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* VICTORIA.

*Mrs. Good.* But hush—she's here.

*Vic.* A happy day to you, Madam.

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

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

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

*Vic.* Yes, powerful champagne, as they call it, may do much; a spark can no more refrain run-

ning into love after a bottle, than a drunken country vicar can avoid disputing of religion when his patron's ale grows stronger than his reason.

*Mrs. Good.* Come, come, dissemble your inclinations as artfully as you please, I am sure they are not so indifferent but they may be easily discerned.

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

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

*Vic.* Altered, madam, what do you mean?

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* Page.

*Mrs. Good.* Well, what now?

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

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

*Vic.* I'll but step into my chamber, and follow you instantly. [*Exit* MRS. GOODVILE *and* PAGE. Whither can all this drive? Surely she has discovered something of Goodvile's love and mine: if she has, I'm ruined.

*Enter* GOODVILE.

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

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

*Good.* Pr'ythee no more: my wife! she has too good an opinion of herself, to have an ill one of me; and would as soon believe her glass could flatter her, as I be false to her: my wife——ha, ha.

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

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

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

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

*Vic.* You can promise easily.

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

*Enter* MRS. GOODVILE.

Ha, she here!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Val.* But, madam, should you chance to be taken, look to't; for I shall touze and worry you

most unmercifully, till I have revenged myself severely, for the pains you cost me catching.

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

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

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

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

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

*Val.* Yes, madam, at the playhouse in a vizor, when you come drest and prepared for the encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimously modish and impertinent as the pertest coxcombs of them all, till, like them too, we lose our hearts, and never know what becomes of them.

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

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

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

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

*Vic.* 'Tis presumed then you are of that familiar

tribe that never make love but by contraries, and rally our faults when you pretend to admire our perfections.

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

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

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

*Vic.* You had best have a care though, lest you over-reach yourselves, and repent of your purchase when 'tis too late.

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

*Good.* How! madam! have a care what you say; wine is the prince of love, and all ladies that speak against it forfeit their charter. I must not have my favourite traduced. Boy, bring some wine, you shall prove its good effects, and then acknowledge it your friend. We'll drink—

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

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

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

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

*Mrs. Good.* But, sir, if all men were of your cruel temper, what would become of those tender-

hearted creatures that cannot forbear saluting ye with a billet in a morning, though it comes without a name, and makes you as unsatisfied as they, poor creatures! are themselves?

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

*Enter* Boy *with wine.*

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

*Val.* A very fair proposal.

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

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

[*They separate,* GOOD. *to* CAM. VAL. *to* VICT. TRUM. *to* MRS. GOODVILE.

The word. [*All take Lasses.*

*Tru.* Love and wine.

*Good.* Pass—— [*They drink.*

*Enter* LETTICE.

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

LETTICE sings.

I.

*How bless'd he appears,*
*That revels and loves out his happy years;*

*That fiercely spurs on till he finish his race:*
*And knowing life's short, chooses living apace.*
*To cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it.*
*Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.*

II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Val.* 'Tis such a fulsome overgrown rogue! yet hopes to be a fine spark, and a very courtly youth; he has been this half year endeavouring at a shape, which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other, I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. Caper, and his polite companion, Mr. Saunter.

*Good.* She's never without a kennel of fools at

her heels; and we may know as well when she is near by the noise her coxcombs make, as we know when a certain spark of this town is at hand by the new-fangled gingle of his coach. She comes—— and woe be to the wretch whom she first lights upon.

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH, SIR NOBLE CLUMSEY, MALAGENE, CAPER, *and* SAUNTER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* O sir, your servant, your servant, sir; I guessed this was the duel you were going about. I should not have left you else, faith, Ned, I should not.

*Good.* But, madam, can the worthy knight, your

kinsman, drink? what think you, Sir Noble, of the ladies' healths?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Would Phyllis be mine, and for, &c.*

*Enter* Boy.

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

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

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

[CAP. *capers.*

*Boy.* Here, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Val.* Madam? what means all this?

*Good.* Poor Ned Valentine!

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

*Lady Squ.* Nay, this is not half what thou art to

expect; I'll haunt thee worse than thy ill genius, take all opportunities to expose thy folly and falsehood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole sex, as thou art odious to me.

*Val.* But has your ladyship no mercy? will nothing but my ruin appease you? why should you choose by your malice to expose your decay of years, and lay open your poor lover's follies to all, because you could improve them to your own use no longer? [*Approaches.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Val.* Very likely, sir.

*Mrs. Good.* Now, madam, if your ladyship thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the gentlemen to them-

selves a little; only Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter must do us the honour of their company.

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

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

*Saun.* O madam, ten thousand, ten thousand if you please. I'll swear I believe I could sing all day and all night, and never be weary.

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

[*Exit* SAUNTER, CAPER, *and Ladies.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* Drunk, sir, I scorn your words; I'd have you know I han't been drunk this week; no, I am

the son of a whore if I won't be very sober. This noble knight shall be security for my good behaviour. Wilt thou not, knight?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tru.* This rogue is one of those earthly mongrels that knows the value of nothing but a good estate,

and loves a fellow with a great deal of land and a title, though his grandfather were a blacksmith.

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

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

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

*Val.* A very good proposal.

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

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

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

*Enter* LETTICE.

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

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

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

*Clum.* Tell her I am busy about a grand affair of

the nation, and cannot come.—Dance! I look like a dancer indeed! but these women will be always putting us on more than we can do———Boy, give me more wine.

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

[*Exeunt* GOOD. TRU. VAL. LET.

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* What a rascal this knight is; I have known as worthy a person as himself a pimp, and one that thought it no blemish to his honour neither. [*Aside.*

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH *at the door.*

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

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

*Lady Squ.* Oh, odious! insufferable! who would have thought, cousin, you would have served me so. —Fough, how he stinks of wine, I can smell him hither.—How have you the patience to hear the

noise of fiddles, and spend your time in nasty drinking?

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

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

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

[*Drinks and breaks the glass.*

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

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

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

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

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

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* GOODVILE *a little heated.*

*Good.* What a damned chicken-brained fellow am I grown? If I but dip my bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed with my bare two bottles, as a drunken 'prentice on a holiday. Truman marries Victoria, that's resolved on; and so one care is over. But then Camilla! how shall I get possession of her.—Well, my mind misgives me, I shall do something

may call my discretion in question; and yet I can't avoid it. Camilla I do love, and must have her, come what will on't; and no time so fit to begin the enterprize as this; she may make a good wife for Valentine for all that.

*Enter* TRUMAN *and* VALENTINE. *Music.*

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

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

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

*Val.* He little thinks Truman is informed of all, and no longer a stranger on what score he is so wondrous civil. But I am mistaken, if he be behind with him in kindness long. [*Aside.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* MALAGENE.

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

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

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

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

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

*Val.* Do you love nobody then?

*Mala.* No, not I; yes, a pox on't, I love you well

enough, because you are a rogue I have known a good while. Though should I take the least prejudice against you, I could not afford you a good word behind your back for my heart.

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

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

*Val.* Pray, sir, do.

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

*Val.* Nay, the devil knows.

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

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

*Mala.* Aye altogether, this and mimickry. I'm a very good mimic; I can act Punchinello, Scaramouchio, Harlequin, Prince Prettyman, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a wheelbarrow!

*Val.* The rumbling of a wheelbarrow!

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

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

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

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH *and* SIR NOBLE CLUMSEY.

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* 'Tis pity good guineas should be spoiled, Sir Noble, by your leave. [*Picks up the guineas.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tru.* But he can act.

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

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* Oh ridiculous!

*Mala.* But, knight, the title, knight, the title.

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

*Mala.* Ha, ha, ha.

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

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

*Lady Squ.* But, dear Mr. Malagene, won't you let us see you act a little something of Harlequin? I'll swear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the Louvre or Whitehall all the time. [MAL. *acts.*] O Lord, don't, don't, neither· I'll swear you'll

make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

*Tru.* Was ever any thing so affected and ridiculous? Her whole life sure is a continued scene of impertinence. What a damned creature is a decayed woman, with all the exquisite silliness and vanity of her sex, yet none of the charms!

[MALAGENE *speaks in* Punchinello's *voice.*

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

*Mala.* Ever since your Ladyship has been off from the hooks with Mr. Valentine.

[*In his own voice aloud.*

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

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* This malice and ill-nature shall not serve your turn; I shall know all your proceedings

and intrigues with Camilla, and be revenged on your love to her, for all the affronts and injuries you have done to mine.

*Enter* CAPER *and* SAUNTER.

*Cap.* Oh dear madam, we are utterly undone for want of your ladyship's company I'll vow, Madam Goodvile is coming with the fiddles to wait on you here. [*Cuts backwards.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tru.* Why, what was the matter, Sir Noble.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Val.* Very good.

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

*Val.* In troth, sir, 'tis very uncivil. Truman, this Goodvile has a mind to oblige us both: he's providing a wife for me too as fast as he can. Camilla's his quarry now, I understand, and by that time he has played as fair a game with her as he has done with your mistress Victoria, I may stand fair to put in for the rubbers.

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

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

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

*Enter* GOODVILE *singing.*

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

*Good.* ——Jack Truman, yonder have I and Victoria been laughing at thee till we were weary. She

swears thou art so very modest, she would not for all the world marry thee for fear of spoiling that virtue.

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

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

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH *and the rest of the company with the fiddles.*

*Lady Squ.* Oh a country dance, a country dance! Mr. Caper, where are you? you shall dance with Madam Camilla. Mr. Saunter, wait on Victoria. Mr. Goodvile, your humble servant. Dear Mr. Truman, won't you oblige me? Madam Goodvile—ha, ha, ha: I'll swear I had utterly forgotten Mr. Valentine.

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

[*All take out the Women.*

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

*Good.* Sir, will you never leave this nauseous hu-

mour of yours? I can never be with you but I must be forced to use you ill, or endure the perpetual torment of your impertinence.

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

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

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* Lord, Mr. Goodvile, how can you be so ill-natured? I'll swear, Mr. Malagene is in the right. These people have no manners in the least, play not at all to dancing: but I vow he himself sings a tune extreme prettily.

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

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

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* Let me die, Mr. Malagene, you are eternally obliging me.

[MALAGENE *sings an Irish Cronon.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* Well, Frank, what's the business now? I

am clearly for mischief: shall I break the fiddles, and turn the rascals out of doors?

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

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

*Good.* No, sir, but I'll take more care of your reputation, and turn you out to learn better manners. No resistance as you tender your ears; but be gone.

[*Exit* MALAGENE.

So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have some little time to myself.——Fiddles strike up. [*Dance.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Clum.* Hum—ha—where? oh—

[*Wakes and rises.*

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

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

*Vic.* You, Sir Noble!—what d'ye mean!

[*She squeaks.*

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

[*Exeunt* SIR NOBLE *and* VICTORIA.

*Cap.* Ha, Saunter.——

*Saun.* Aye, Caper, ha! Let us follow this drunken knight.

*Cap.* I'faith, and so I will——I don't value him this! [*Cuts.*] [*Exeunt* CAPER *and* SAUNTER.

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

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

*Good.* Are you then, madam, resolved to ruin me?

Why should all that stock of beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deserve the gleanings of it? I love you——

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

of love and noise, and all to as little purpose as any thing you say else.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Cam.* Never, I dare not.

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

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

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

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

*Enter* VALENTINE.

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

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

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH, BRIDGET *at the door.*

*Lady Squ.* Valentine and Camilla alone together! Now for an opportunity to be revenged! ah, how I love malice!

*Val.* Ungratefullest of women!

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

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

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

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

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

*Cam.* Though I can hardly descend to satisfy

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

*Val.* Though I had some reason to be in doubt, yet this true resentment and just proceeding has convinced me: for Goodvile is a man I have little reason to trust, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my knowledge of his baseness made me run into so mean a distrust of you: but forgive me this, and when I fail again, discard me for ever.

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

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

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

*Val.* Where did you promise him?

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

*Lady Squ.* So, in the left-hand walk in the lower garden: I heard that. But, Mr. Valentine, you may

chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleasant. [*Aside.*

*Val.* And when?

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

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

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

*Val.* But for some private reasons I would have it kept from her, and from Madam Goodvile too. There are affairs to be carried on to-night, which the least accident may interrupt.——Besides, I have thought upon't, and will so contrive the matter, that Goodvile shall keep his assignation, and her ladyship herself supply the place of the much-expected charming Camilla.

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

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* So, are they gone? Now let me but

live if this intrigue be not extremely surprising. Bridget, go home, and fetch me the morning-gown I had last made in imitation of Camilla's, for perhaps I shall go a masquerading to-night, or it may be not, but fetch it nevertheless.

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

*Enter* VICTORIA.

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

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

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

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

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

*Vic.* Madam, in all probability, the pleasantest

consequence is like to be theirs, if any body's; and I cannot guess how it should touch your ladyship in the least.

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

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* Temptation? No, I'd have you know I scorn temptation: I durst trust myself in a convent amongst a kennel of crammed friars: besides, that ungrateful ill-bred fellow Valentine is my mortal aversion, more odious to me than foul weather on a May-day, or ill smell in a morning.

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* No, were I inclined to entertain addresses, I assure you I need not want for servants; for I swear I am so perplexed with billet-doux every

day, I know not which way to turn myself: besides, there's no fidelity, no honour in mankind. Oh, dear Victoria! whatever you do, never let love come near your heart: though really I think true love is the greatest pleasure in the world.

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

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

[*Exit* LADY SQUEAMISH.

*Vic.* Farewell, whirligig.

*Enter* GOODVILE.

*Good.* Victoria here! to meet with an old mistress when a man is in pursuit of a fresh one, is a worse omen than a hare in a journey.——I'll step aside this way till she's past me; so farewell Fubb. [*Makes mouths. Exit* VICT.] Now for the lovely kind yielding Camilla! how I long for the happy hour! swelling burning breasts, dying eyes, balmy lips, trembling joints, millions of kisses, and unspeakable joys wait for me.

*Enter* TRUMAN *and* VALENTINE.

Well, gentlemen, now you have left the ladies, I

hope there may be room near your hearts for a bottle or two.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tru.* Away then; and may good luck attend us: ere yet two hours are past his wife's my own. Methinks already in that secure dark private grotto,

Close in my arms, and languishing she lies,
With dying looks, short breath, and wishing eyes;
And the supine dull cuckold nothing spies.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### *SCENE I. Night.—A Garden.*

*Enter* GOODVILE *at one door;* MRS. GOODVILE *and* LETTICE *following her at the other.*

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

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

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

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

*Enter* TRUMAN.

*Tru.* Thus far all is well. How I pity poor Valentine! yonder is he plying bumpers, as they call them, more furiously than a foreign minister, that comes into England to drink for the honour of

his country. I have waited something long though; who comes here?

*Enter* LETTICE.

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

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

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

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

*Enter* VALENTINE.

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

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

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

*Enter* MRS. GOODVILE, VALENTINE *retires.*

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

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

*Tru.* I'll warrant you, madam, while you are in my possession, no cold shall hurt you: Come, shall we withdraw to the grotto?

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mrs. Good.* Ah Lord, you kill me?——what will become of me——ah——— [*Carries her in.*

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

*Enter* MALAGENE *at some distance.*

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

*Val.* That should be Goodvile: I'll step behind

this tree, and see how he and her ladyship behave themselves. This is like to be a night of as civil business, as I have known a great while.

*Enter* GOODVILE.

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

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH.

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

[*Runs across the walk.*

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

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

*Enter* TRUMAN *and* MRS. GOODVILE.

*Tru.* You shall not go: come but back a little, I have something more to tell you that nearly concerns us both: besides, Mr. Goodvile is in the gar-

den; and if he should chance to meet us, what excuse could we make to him?

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

*Tru.* Kind tender-hearted creature, I know it; nor shall she ever come so near it, as to know that I have one———alas! we talk too long. [*Noise.*] I hear company coming, we shall be surprised and disappointed, and then I am undone.

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

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

[*Exeunt* TRUMAN *and* MRS. GOODVILE.

*Enter* GOODVILE *and* LADY SQUEAMISH.

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

*Lady Squ.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Good.* How's this? my Lady Squeamish!——death and the devil.

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

[*They stare at each other.*

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* This malicious devil Camilla has overreached me:——well, Mr. Goodvile, you are the

worthiest person;———had I an only daughter, I durst trust her with you, you are so very civil.——— Well, innocence is the greatest happiness in the world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Lady Squ.* I'll swear, Mr. Goodvile, I have long suspected an intrigue between you and Madam Victoria, and this jealousy has confirmed me; and I

would not for all the world but have known it. Ha, ha, ha!

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

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

*Good.* Patience! preach it to a galled lion:——No, I am sure she is not far off, and I will find her; surprise her in the midst of her infamy and prostitution.——'Sdeath, madam, let me go.

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

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

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

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

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

*Good.* How am I continually plagued with rogues

and owls! I'll set my house o'fire, rather than have it haunted and pestered by such vermin.

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

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

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

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

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

*Good.* I wish, madam, he may deserve that character of you: he is one of those worldlings you were speaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully; and, I believe, knows all that has passed between us to night, for he has a shrewd discerning judgment in these matters.

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

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

*Enter* TRUMAN *and* MRS. GOODVILE.

*Tru.* Gently, gently, madam, for fear of an am-

buscade; I wonder I hear nothing from Ned Valentine since.

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

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

[*As* MRS. GOODVILE *is going away,* GOODVILE *catches hold of her gown—she claps on her masque.*

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

*Enter* TRUMAN.

*Tru.* Here I am, sir.

*Good.* Ha, Truman!

[MRS. GOODVILE *gets loose and exit.*

*Tru.* Yes, sir, the same; ready both to acknowledge and justify my being here with Victoria, which I thought, sir, might have been allowed without any offence to Mr. Goodvile. That she is innocent as to any thing on my part I am ready with my sword to make good; but sir, I wear it too to do my own honour justice, and to demand of you on what grounds you appear so highly concerned for a woman you were pleased to commend to your friend for a wife?

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

*Tru.* Sir, this excuse won't serve my turn; nor

am I so blind as not to be sensible, which I before suspected, that Victoria has been long your mistress.—A pox of the honour of your family? you had given her all your heart, you said; and your passion was not a thing to be thus abused: nor, sir, is my honour.

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

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

*Mala.* [*who has re-entered*] Faith, Jack Truman, with all my heart; now I have him on my side, I dare say any thing [*aside.*]——Frank Goodvile——pugh.

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

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

*Tru.* Your ladyship I suppose, can best give an account how matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

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

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

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

*Enter* VALENTINE.

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

*Enter* MRS. GOODVILE.

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

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

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

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

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

*Mrs. Good.* I know you cannot want an excuse; dissimulation and falsehood have been your practice:—but that you should wrong me with Victoria, a woman that for the sake of your relation I had made my friend, (for every thing that was allied to

you was dear to me) is an injury so great, that it distracts my reason———I could pardon any thing but my wronged love.——Let me be gone; send me to a nunnery; confine me to a charnel-house, vile ungrateful wretch! any thing but thy presence I can endure.

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

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

*Mala.* O Lord; prayers!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Cap.* Igad, and so they are; but mum for that;

——one of them is she that gave me this ring; and the other presented me with a gold enamelled watch could not cost less than thirty guineas;——trifles Jack, which I have the fortune to meet withal sometimes.

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

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

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

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

*Saun.* Sing sir, so I can, *Fa, la, la, la,* &c. Victoria your mistress!

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

*Clum.* Ounds, then draw.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Good.* Dear raw-head and bloody-bones, be patient a little.—See, see, you beagles, game for you,

fresh game; that great towser has started it already? on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo.

[*Thrusts them at his wife, and exit.*

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

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

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

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

*Cap.* My resentment, madam——

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

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

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

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

*Both.* Dear soul, adieu. [*Embracing him.*

[*Exeunt singing and dancing.*

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

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

*Mala.* As I have often said, I must publish, I must spread; and so good bye to you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LETTICE.

*Let.* Oh! madam, yonder's my master raving for his coach: says he'll into the country presently:

has given order to disperse the company; what will you do?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* CAMILLA.

*Val.* Jack Truman!

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

*Val.* Treason, Truman; your being here with Mrs. Goodvile I fear is discovered; I heard some such thing whispered among the masqueraders, and

Goodvile himself seems suddenly altered; I would advise you to come and show yourself, and make the best on't.

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

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

*Let.* Well, my lady certainly, of a young lady, knows her business, and understands the managing of a husband the best of any woman in the world: I'll swear she is an ingenious person: forty ladies now, at such an accident, would have been hurried and afraid, and the poor waiting-woman must have been sent forward and backward, and backward and forward, to hearken and inquire; but she shows all her changes in a motion.

*Enter* GOODVILE.

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

*Let.* Within sir, in her chamber.

*Good.* Are you sure of it?

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

*Good.* Is she alone there?

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

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

*Let.* Sure, sir! why I myself was at the chamber window with her, when first she heard you exclaim

against Madam Victoria! Poor creature, I was afraid she would have fallen down dead on the floor: I catched her in my arms, begged her on my knees not to run out; but she would hear nothing, but in spite of force broke from me, and came hither with all that impatience and rage, the too sensible resentment of your unkindness had raised in her.

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

*Let.* Yes, sir;—but if I conceal a word of it, may I never serve a London lady again, but be condemned to be a country chambermaid, and kill fleas as long as I live. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

*Good.* If I should have been in the wrong all this while, and mistaken my own dear wife for Victoria! —Ah! curse on this hot head of mine! pox on't, it is impossible! Yet that mischievous rogue Malagene was all the while in the garden, and he has been at his doubts and ambiguities, and may-be's with me; —by this light I am a cuckold, an arrant rank stinking cuckold.

*Enter* VICTORIA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Good.* Confound her!——she's an exquisite jilt, thorough-paced, and practised in all the cunning arts and slights of falsehood: 'sdeath, how I could mince her! But here comes Malagene, he knows all, and I'll make him confess all, or I'll murder him.

*Enter* MALAGENE.

Well, sir, what say you to this matter?

*Mala.* Faith, bully, I think my dear kinswoman has maul'd you to some purpose; I'll say this for her, she has the true blood of the Malagenes in her: tol lol dara lal, &c.

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

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

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

*Mala.* Aye, what, Frank? what now?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mala.* Well, Frank Goodvile, you may think as you please of me; but hang me like a dog if I am not a very honest fellow in my heart—You would have me deal freely with you, you say, in this business?

*Good.* I would so, sir, or I shall deal very roughly with you.

*Mala.* And you lent me these five guineas to that purpose?

*Good.* You are much in the right, sir.

*Mala.* Then to make short of the matter; thou art as arrant a poor silly cuckold as one would wish to drink withal, and confound me if I shall not be ashamed of thy company.

*Good.* Confounded whore!——Oh for a legion of devils to hurry her to hell, and that I had but the driving of them!

*Mala.* Nay, nay, man, since 'tis so, never be angry for the matter. What a pox, you thought to put the mistress upon Truman? Truman has put the cuckold upon you; Valentine has been pimp in the business; and the devil take me if I don't think myself the honestest fellow amongst you.

*Vic.* Now, sir, consider what a wretched thing you have made me.

*Good.* No more, I'm thine; and here I seal my heart to thee for ever.

*Mala.* Well, Frank, can I serve thee any farther in this business?

*Good.* That, sir, is as time shall try: and to convince you how fit I think you for my purpose; I know you are a rascal not to be trusted: therefore observe it, if you offer to stir beyond the limits I set you, at that very instant I'll murder you.

*Mala.* Pr'ythee talk not to me of limits and murdering; I hope you take me, sir, under the rose, for no fool: and what a pox do you think to make of me?

*Good.* A spaniel to hunt and set the game I mean to take: oh! Malagene, there will be mischief, Malagene, and new ripe fresh scandal to treat of: I know it is an office thou lovest, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

*Mala.* I'faith, and so I do with all my heart: but, Frank, I don't know how this business will be brought about well: I have promised to meet two or three hearty old souls to-morrow at dinner, to swear and drink, and talk bawdy and treason together for an hour or two; they are all Atheists, and very honest fellows.

*Good.* O sir, you may be hanged in good time: but for this present occasion I must use you: Victoria, do you with all your utmost art dissemble but the least knowledge of what has happened to-night: and, sir, do you keep still that lying, sneering, ugly, merry face which you always wear when you design mischief: I'll pretend this morning to pursue my design of going into the country; then when they are in the height of their pleasures and assurance of their safety, return and surprise them.

*Vic.* But do you believe, sir, that you can utterly abandon all sense of your past love and tenderness for a woman who has been so dear to you? you will be apt to relapse again.

*Good.* I will sooner return to my vomit: I am rather glad of the occasion to be rid of so troublesome, uneasy a burden: a wife after a year, like a garment that has been worn too long, hangs loose and awkwardly on a man, and grows a scandal to him that wears it.

*Vic.* But can you then resolve to quit and disown her for ever?

*Good.* For ever, my Victoria!——no more, but straight go to thy chamber, and wait for the happy issue;———you, sir, keep close to me.———Quit

her! as cheerfully as I would a shoe that wrings me. Then how loosely shall I move,

Free and unbounded taste the sweets of life!
Love where I please, and know no more the strife
That's bred by that domestic plague call'd wife.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### *SCENE I.* VICTORIA'S *Chamber.*

*Enter* VICTORIA.

*Vic.* Now I am satisfied I must be wretched! Oh love! unhappy women's curse, and men's slight game to pass their idle time at: I find too in myself the common companion of infamy, malice. Has Goodvile's wife ever wronged me? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her? No, let my revenge light wholly on that false perjured man; as he has deceived and ruined me, I'll play false with him, make myself privy to his whole design of surprising Truman and his wife together: then, like a true mistress, betray his counsels to her, that she, like a true wife, may, spite of his teeth, deceive him quite, and so I have the pleasure of seeing him a sealed, stigmatized, fond, believing cuckold; 'twill at least be some ease to me. Here he comes equipped and prepared for the pretended journey.

*Enter* GOODVILE *and* Boy.

*Good.* Go bid the coachman hasten, and get all things ready; I am uneasy till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

*The wolves have prey'd, and look the gentle day,*
*Before the wheels of Phœbus, all about*
*Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.*

Wife! adieu, dear wife. Ah, my Victoria, up already? so diligent to wish me a happy journey? Certainly my good angel is like thee, and whensoever I err, must meet me in thy shape, and with such softness smile and direct me.

Vic. *As those whom Will with the wisp bewitches*
*Through bogs, through hedges, and through ditches.*

*Good.* No, thou hast led me out of the crooked froward road of matrimony, into the pleasant easy path of love, where I can never lose my way, and must be always happy. But where's Malagene?

*Vic.* Below with Sir Noble. Whilst the butler was asleep, they stole the key from him: and there they are with the fat red-faced fiddler that plays upon the base, sitting cross-legged upon the floor, stripped to their shirts, and drinking bawdy healths.

*Good.* That fulsome rogue will ruin all our business. See here what I have discovered just now in the private corner of a window, (a place I suppose appointed for the purpose) I found this billet to my sweet wife. [*Reads.*

*If* GOODVILE *goes out of town this morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet.* TRUMAN.

Now if I am not a cuckold, let any honest wittol judge, ha, ha, ha. How it pleases me! blood! fire! and daggers!

*Vic.* But, sir, what do you resolve on?

*Good.* As I told thee, instantly to pretend a journey out of town, and return and surprise them; for I am sure they'll not be long asunder when I am out of the way: oh! this billet is a very honest billet, and I know won't lie. But why should I spend my

time in talking of what but vexes me when pleasures are so near me? come, my Victoria, take me to thy arms, a moment's joy with thee would sweeten years of cares. The devil——

*Enter* MRS. GOODVILE *and* LETTICE.

*Mrs. Good.* Good morning to you, sir.

*Good.* Good night to you, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* How so, sir?

*Good.* Why, good-night or good-morrow, 'tis all one; ceremony is the least thing I take care of: you see I am busy.

*Mrs. Good.* I must confess, considering the humble duty of a wife, 'tis something rude in me to interrupt you; but I hope, when you know my intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil leave of you: I find you are preparing for the country, sir.

*Good.* Aye! a little air will be very seasonable at present, madam; I shall grow rank else, and all the company I keep will smell me out.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh! what joy will fill each neighbouring village, to hear our landlord's honour's coming down. The bells shall jingle out of tune all day; and at night the curate of the hamlet comes in the name of the whole parish to bid his patron welcome into the country, and invite himself the next Lord's day to dinner.

*Good.* I am glad to see you so pleasant, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Then the next morning our tenant's dainty daughter is sent with a present of pippins of the largest size, culled by the good old drudge her mother, which she delivers with a curtesy, and blushes in expectation of what his worship will bestow upon her.

*Good.* Oh, madam, let not any thoughts of that nature disturb you; I shall leave all my wanton in-

clinations here, and only please myself when I am there sometimes to contemplate your ladyship's picture in the gallery.

*Mrs. Good.* Then come the country squires, and their dogs, the cleanlier sort of creatures of the two: straight we're invited to the noble hunt, and not a deer in all the forest's safe.

*Good.* No, madam; no horned beast shall suffer for my pleasure; I am lately grown a philosopher, madam; and find we ought not to hurt our fellow-creatures.

*Mrs. Good.* What is the reason that you use me thus?

*Good.* What is't I would not do to purchase quietness? Your injurious suspicions of me were tolerable, but the wrongs your jealousy has done Victoria——

*Mrs. Good.* I jealous of Victoria! No, though my passion last night made me extravagant when I discovered you with that naughty Lady Squeamish, which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her: for I am confident it was your first transgression.

*Good.* Very quaint and pretty.

*Mrs. Good.* Yet I am too well satisfied of Victoria's virtue, for she's my friend; and though I should see her in your arms, I could not harbour such a thought. No, Victoria, you must love me, and I'll love you; you shall call me your love, and I'll call you my dear, and we'll always go to the play together, and to the park together, and every where together; and when Mr. Goodvile's out of town, we'll lie together.

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Sir, the coach is ready.

*Good.* You think, madam, you have a fine easy

fool to play withal, but the gayness of your face is too thin to hide the rancour of your heart; and so my dear, jocund, witty devil wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this minute to look on you.

*Mrs. Good.* Are you then inexorable? relentless cruel man!

*Good.* Good, easy-melting, kind-hearted woman, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Good.* Ah wretched me!

*Let.* My lady swoons. Dear Madam Victoria, hasten and bring my master back again; you can do any thing with him. [*Exit* VICTORIA.

*Mrs. Good.* No, no, Lettice! let him alone, art thou sure he's gone?

*Let.* I hope so, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Then so soon as I am returned to my chamber, be sure you go yourself to Mr. Truman, and tell him if he has nothing else to do he may come hither to-day.

*Enter* VICTORIA.

*Vic.* There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his house is infected, and that no man that values his health will stay in it. My Lady Squeamish too is arrived just as he left the door; I am sure she'll come in; will you see her, madam?

*Mrs. Good.* Oh I am sick at the very name of her: let all the doors be barred against her, and gunpowder put under each threshold place, ready to blow her up if she but offer an entrance. Lettice, lend me your hand a little; I'll to my chamber instantly: oh my head! [*Exit with* LETTICE.

*Vic.* This management of her's so charms me, that I can almost forget all the mischief she has done me: 'tis true she reproached me, but 'twas done so handsomely that I doubly deserved it to have taken notice of it.

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH.

*Lady Squ.* O dear, Victoria, what will become of me! I am lost and undone for ever; oh I shall die, I shall die! the lord of my heart, the jewel of my soul is false to me.

*Vic.* What ails your ladyship? surely she's distracted.

*Lady Squ.* Oh Goodvile! Goodvile! the false, cruel, remorseless Goodvile! I came just as his coach was parting from the door, yet he would not speak to me, would hardly see me, but away he drove, and smiling mocked my sorrows.

*Vic.* Alas! her ladyship is passionate, as I live, very passionate.

*Lady Squ.* So Theseus left the wretched Ariadne on the shore; so fled the false Æneas from his Dido.

*Vic.* What could you expect less of him, madam? falsehood is his province: your ladyship should have made choice of a civil, sober, discreet person; but Goodvile you know is a spark, a very spark.

*Lady Squ.* That has been my ruin; it was therefore I adored him: what woman would doat on a dull melancholy ass, because she might be sure of him? No, a spark is my life, my darling, the joy of my soul. Oh how I doat on a spark? I could live and die with a spark. Victoria, I make you a confidante, and you must pardon me for robbing you of Mr. Goodvile: come, come, I know all.

*Vic.* Your ladyship knows more than all the world besides.

*Lady Squ.* And as I was saying, a spark is the dearest thing to me in the world; I have had acquaintance I think with all the sparks. Well, one of them that you know was a sweet person: oh he danced and sung, and dressed to a miracle, and then he spoke French as if he had been bred all his

life-time at Paris, and admired every thing that was French: besides, he would look so languishingly, and lisp so prettily when he talked; and then never wanted discourse; I'll swear he has entertained me two hours together, with the description of an equipage.

*Vic.* That must needs be very charming.

*Lady Squ.* But Mr. Goodvile was a wit too: Oh I never had a wit before, for to speak the truth, now I think on't better, all my lovers have been a little foolish, I'll swear, ha, ha, ha!

[SIR NOBLE *and* MALA. *at the door, drunk.*

*Mala.* Scour, scour, scour.

*Clum.* Down goes the main-mast, down, down, down. [*They enter.*] Malagene, roar, roar, and ravish, here are punks in beaten satin, sirrah; termagant, triumphant, first-rate punks, you rogue.

*Vic.* How came these ruffians here?

*Clum.* Ruffians! do you know who you talk to, madam? I am a civil, sober, discreet person; and come particularly to embrace thy lovely body.

*Mala.* Look you, madam, make no noise about this matter. This is a person of quality, and a friend of mine, therefore pray be civil.

*Lady Squ.* Has Mr. Goodvile left no footmen at home to cudgel such fops? Fough——how like drunken journeymen taylors they look?

*Mala.* Journeymen, madam! hold there! none of your ladyship's journeymen, that's one comfort! woe to the poor devil that is, I say.

*Lady Squ.* Were Mr. Goodvile at home you durst not talk thus, you scandalous fellow.

*Mala.* Goodvile, say you—hark you, my dear, were he here in person, I would first of all decently kick him out of doors, then turn up thy keel, and discover here to thy kinsman what a leaky vessel thou art.

*Clum.* Why, what is that Goodvile? will he wrestle? or will he box for fifty pounds? Look you, this fellow is my pimp. 'Tis true, his countenance is none of the best: but he's a neat lad, and keeps good company.

*Mala.* Hark you, knight: you'll bear me out of this business, knight: for, under the rose, I have apprehension, that this carcase of mine may suffer else.

*Clum.* No more of that, rogue! no more. Take notice, good people, this civil person shall marry my sister: she is a pretty hopeful lady—truly she is not full thirteen—but she has had two children already. Odd's heart.

*Lady Squ.* Ridiculous oaf.

*Clum.* Come, let us talk bawdy.

*Vic.* I'll call those shall talk with you presently.

[*Exit* VICTORIA.

*Clum.* Wheugh——she's gone.

*Lady Squ.* Beast! brute! barbarian! sot!

*Clum.* Oh law, my aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be——

[*Runs against her, and almost beats her backward.*

*Lady Squ.* Oh help; I am murdered! oh my head!

*Clum.* Nay, lady, that was no fault of mine: you shall see I'll keep my distance; and, as I was saying, if I have offended——

[*Reels against a table, and throws down a china jar, and several little china dishes.*

*Lady Squ.* Oh insufferable! quickly, quickly, a porter and basket, to carry out this swine to a dunghill.

*Clum.* Look you, madam, no harm! no harm! you shall see me behave myself notably yet—as for example———suppose now——suppose this the

door. [*Goes to the door.*] Very well; thus then I move——

[*Steps forwards, and leaves his peruke on one of the hinges.*

Hah, who was that? rogues! dogs! sons of whores!

*Enter* Servants.

1 *Ser.* Such as we are, sir, you shall find us at your service.

*Clum.* Murder, murder, murder!——

*Mala.* When there is such odds, a man may with honour retire and steal off. [*Exit* MALAGENE.

*Enter* CAPER *and* SAUNTER.

*Cap.* Where is this rascal? this coxcomb? this fop? How dare you come hither, sir, to affront ladies and persons of quality?

*Clum.* Sir, your humble servant: did you see my periwig?

*Cap.* Sir, you are an ass; and never wore a periwig in your life: jernié, what a bush of briars and thorns is here? The mane of my Lady Squeamish's Shock is a chedreux to it.

*Clum.* Why, sir, I know who made it. He was an honest fellow and a barber, and one that loved music and poetry.

*Saun.* How, sir!

*Cap.* But, sir, come close to the business: how durst you treat ladies so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer to that, and tell not us of music and poetry.

*Clum.* Why, he had all Westminster drollery, and Oxford jests at his fingers'-ends. And for the cittern, if ever Troy town were a tune, he mastered it upon that instrument, when he was our butler in

the country: an old maid of my grandmother's took great delight in him for it.

*Saun.* But, sir, this is nothing to our business.

*Clum.* Business! hang business! I hate a man of business: if you'll drink, or whore, break windows, or commit murder, I am for you.

*Cap.* Sir, will you fight?

*Clum.* Fight! with whom? for what?

*Cap.* With me.

*Saun.* With me.

*Clum.* Aye, sir, with all my heart; I love fighting, sir.

*Cap.* But will you, sir? dare you?

*Saun.* Aye, sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

*Clum.* Why, you sweet, perfumed, jessamine knaves! you rogues in buckram! were there a dozen of you, I'd beat you out of your artificial sweetness into your own natural rankness. You, stinkards! shall I draw my Cerberus, and cut you off, you gaudy popinjays?

*Cap.* This fellow's mad, Saunter! stark mad, by Jericho: dear knight, how long hast thou been in this pickle? this condition, knight? ha?

*Clum.* What pickle? what condition? you worms.

*Saun.* Aye, aye, 'tis so, the poor devil must to Bedlam: Bedlam, knight, the madman's hospital.

*Clum.* What will become of you then, you vermin; there's never an hospital for fools yet; mercy on me, if there were! how many handsome fellows in this town might be provided for?

[*Fiddles play within.*

*Cap.* Heyday, fiddles!

*Saun.* Madam Goodvile, hearing we were here, hath sent for them on purpose to regale us.

*Enter* MRS. GOODVILE, LADY SQUEAMISH, *with the fiddles playing*, SAUNTER *falls to sing the tune with them, and* CAPER *dances to it.* LETTICE.

*Mrs. Good.* Let my servants take care that all the doors stand open; I'll have entrance denied to no one fool in town. Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter here? then we can never want company. Come, madam, let us begin the revels of the day; I long to enjoy the freedom I am mistress of. Lettice, try your vow.

*Lady Squ.* Oh madam! this gallant spirit ravishes me. Dear Mr. Caper, you and Mr. Saunter were born to be happy! Madam Goodvile has resolved to sacrifice this day to pleasure——what shall we do with ourselves?

*Cap.* Do, madam! we'll dance for ever.

*Lady Squ.* Oh, aye, dance.

*Saun.* And sing.

*Lady Squ.* And sing.

*Both.* And love.

*Lady Squ.* Oh aye, love! but, Madam Goodvile, have you resolved to wear the willow, and be very melancholy——ha, ha, ha.——Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my sight.

*Mrs. Good.* Willow! hang it, give it to country girls that sigh for clowns; and melancholy is a disease for bankrupt beauty: I have yet a stock of youth and charms, unsullied by the hands of age or care;

*And whilst that lasts, what woman would despair?*

*Clum.* In the mean time I'll scout out for a doxy of my acquaintance hard by, return in triumph, and let Victoria go hang and despair.

Sings.

*To love is a pleasure divine,*
*Yet I'll never sigh or be sad;*

*They are coxcombs that languish and pine,*
*So long as whores are to be had.—To daroll, darolda.*

*Lady Squ.* Oh secure that deform'd monster, that rebel of mine: fellows, take care of him, and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him sensible of his enormities.

*Clum.* Slaves, avaunt! if my lady will have it so, I'll walk soberly into the garden, and consider of what is past.

*To love is a pleasure,* &c. [*Exit* CLUM.

*Mrs. Good.* Lettice?

*Let.* Madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Is Mr. Truman come?

*Let.* He'll be here presently, madam.

*Enter* Page *with a letter.*

*Page.* A letter for your ladyship.

*Mrs. Good.* Who brought it?

*Page.* A porter brought it to the door, madam: but said he had no orders to stay for an answer.

[*Exit* Page.

*Mrs. Good.* A woman's hand.

*Reads.*] *Mr. Goodvile's journey out of town is but a pretence: he is jealous of you and Mr. Truman, you will find him anon returned in hopes to surprise you together. Though he has trusted me with the secret, and obliged me to assist him in it: yet I would endeavour by this discovery to persuade you that I am your real servant,* VICTORIA.

Postscript. *Beware of Malagene, for he is appointed the spy to betray you.*

This is generously done, Victoria, and I'll study to deserve it of thee: now, if I plague not this wise, jealous husband of mine, let all wives curse me, and cuckolds laugh at me! fiddles, lead in! Mr. Caper

and Mr. Saunter, pray wait on my lady, and entertain her a little: I'll follow you presently.

*Lady Squ.* Come, Mr. Caper, will you walk?

*Cap.* A coranto, madam.

*Lady Squ.* Aye, ten thousand, ten thousand, Mr. Saunter, I would be always near you too! Oh for a grove now, and a purling brook with that delightful charming voice of yours! Come, let us walk, and study which way to divert ourselves.

*Cap.* Allons! for love and pleasure: by these hands——

*Saun.* By those eyes——

*Lady Squ.* Oh, no more! no more: I shall be lost in happiness. [*Exeunt.*

*Mrs. Good.* So, this concert of fools shall be the chorus to my farce; now all the malice, ill-nature, falsehood, and hypocrisy of my sex inspire me. Lettice! see Camilla be sent for instantly, she shall join with me in my revenge, she has reason; Mr. Valentine, I suppose, will be here with Mr. Truman.

*Enter* TRUMAN.

*Tru.* And, think you, madam, he durst not answer a fair lady's challenge without a second?

*Mrs. Good.* You would pretend, I'll warrant you, to be very stout. You Hectors in love are as arrant cheats as Hectors in fighting, that bluster, rant, and make a noise for the present; but when they come to the business, prove arrant dastards, and good for nothing.

*Tru.* But, madam, you should find I dare do something, would you but be civil and stand your ground.

*Mrs. Good.* What think you though of a cut-throat husband now behind the hangings? what would become of you then?

*Tru.* Whilst I have such beauty on my side, nothing can hurt me.

*Mrs. Good.* Then, sir, prepare yourself; Mr. Goodvile is really jealous, and mistrusts all or more than has past between us. His journey out of town was but a pretence, but we shall see him instantly in expectation to catch us together.

*Tru.* Fear him not, madam; these moles that work under ground are as blind as they are busy: let him run on in his dull jealousy, whilst we still find new windings-out, and lose him in the maze.

*Mrs. Good.* Then if you wish to preserve me yours, join with me to-day in my design, which is, if possible, to make him mad, work him up to the height of furious suspicion, and at that moment, when he thinks his jealousy most just, baffle him out of it: and let the world know how dull a tool a husband is, compared with that triumphant thing a wife, and her guardian angel lover.

*Tru.* But Mr. Goodvile, madam, has wit, and so good an opinion of it too.——

*Mrs. Good.* 'Tis that shall be his ruin: were he a fool, he were not worth the trouble of deceiving.

*Tru.* Dear jewel of my soul, proceed then and prosper. But what must be my part?

*Mrs. Good.* To secure Malagene. That ill-natured villain has betrayed us, and is appointed by Goodvile chief instrument in the discovery. He has cowardice enough to sell his soul to buy off a beating: he never told truth enough to be believed once so long as he lives. Get him but in your power, and he will own more villanies than ever were in his thoughts to commit, or the necessity of our affair can invent to put upon him.

*Tru.* And I'll be sure of him, or may I never taste

those lips again, but be condemned to cast mistresses in the side-box at the play-house, or, what is worse, take up with a sempstress, and drudge for cuffs and cravats.

*Enter* MALAGENE.

*Mrs. Good.* Here he comes.

*Tru.* Oh, Monsieur Malagene, welcome!

*Mala.* Jack Truman, your humble servant.

*Tru.* Whither so fast, I beseech you, sir! a word with you, a word with you.

*Mala.* Why, can I do any thing for thee? Hast thou any business for me? Pr'ythee, what is it?

*Tru.* Sir, you must lie for me.

*Mala.* Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

*Tru.* Nay, sir, you must.

*Mala.* Any thing in a civil way, or so, Jack; but nothing upon compulsion, lad: pr'ythee, let me do nothing upon compulsion, pr'ythee now.

*Tru.* Then, sir, to be brief, this is the business: Goodvile, I hear, has been informed by you of what passed in the garden last night; how durst you be so impudent as to pry into any secrets, where I was concerned?

*Mala.* Why, look you, Jack, curiosity, you know, and a natural inclination which I have——

*Tru.* To pimping.

*Mala.* Confound me, Jack, thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a witch. I knew as well, man——

*Tru.* What did you know?

*Mala.* Why, I knew thee to be an arch wag, and an honest fellow: ah, rogue, pr'ythee kiss me: the rogue's out of humour.

*Tru.* No, sir; I dare not use you so like a friend, you must deserve it better first.

*Mala.* Look you, Jack, the truth of the business

is, I am bespoke: but the love I have to see the business go forward, may persuade me to much.

*Tru.* Then presently resolve entirely to disown and abjure all the intelligence you gave Goodvile, or promise to yourself that wherever next I meet you, I'll cut your throat on the spot.

*Mala.* But hark you, Jack, how shall I come off with the business? I shall be kicked and used very scurvily: for the truth is, I did tell——

*Tru.* What did you tell?

*Mala.* Why, I told him, you knave, I won't tell, you little cunning cur, I told him all, man.

*Tru.* All, sir!

*Mala.* Aye, hang me like a dog, all. But, madam, you must pardon me, there was not a word of it true.

*Tru.* And what do you think to do with yourself?

*Mala.* Do? why I'll deny it all again, man, every word of it, as impudently as ever I at first affirmed it: may be he'll kick me, and beat me, and use me like a dog, man—that's nothing, nothing at all, man; I do not value it this.

[*Pulls out a Jew's trump, and plays.*

*Tru.* And this, sir, you'll stand to?

*Mala.* If I do not, hang me up for a sign at a bawdy-house door: in the mean time I'll retire and peruse a young lampoon, which I am lately the happy father of.

*Tru.* Nay, sir, you are not to stir from me.

*Enter* LETTICE.

*Let.* Oh, madam, shift for yourself. Madam Victoria sent me to tell you that my master is returned, and that he pretends to come a masquerader.

*Mala.* Well, since it must be so, I'll deny all indeed; what an excellent fellow might I have been?

Some men now with my stock of honesty, and a little more gravity, would have made a fortune. Well, I have been a lazy rogue; and never knew till now that I was fit for business.

*Mrs. Good.* Mr. Goodvile in masquerade, say you?

*Let.* Yes, madam, and two women with him; madam, they are just now alighted.

*Mrs. Good.* Women with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. Truman, do you retire with Malagene. I'll stay here, and receive this Machiavel in disguise. Now, once more let me invoke all the arts of affectation, all the revenge, the counterfeit passions, pretended love, pretended jealousy, pretended rage, and, in sum, the very genius of my sex to my assistance.

*Enter* GOODVILE, *and others, masked.*

So! here they come; now this throw for all my future peace! Who waits there?

*Enter* Servants.

*Good.* Madam, you'll excuse this freedom.

*Mrs. Good.* You oblige me by using it: let all the company know that these noble persons of quality have honoured me with their presence: let the fiddles be ready, and see the banquet prepared: and let Mr. Truman come to me instantly; I cannot live a minute, a moment without him.

*Good.* Delicate devil.

*Mrs. Good.* Sir! let me beg your patience for a moment, whilst I go and put things in order fit for your reception. [*Exit.*

*Good.* Footmen! take care that the engines which I have ordered be ready when I call for them. Truman, I see, is a man of punctual assignation; and my wife is a person very adroit at these matters:

some hot-brained, horn-mad cuckold now would be for cutting of throats, but I am resolved to turn a civil, sober, discreet person, and hate bloodshed: no, I'll manage the matter so temperately, that I'll catch her in his very arms, then civilly discard her bag and baggage, whilst you, my dainty doxies, take possession of her privileges, and enter the territories with colours flying.

1 *Woman.* And shall I keep my coach, Mr. Goodvile?

*Good.* Aye, and six, my lovely rampant. Nay, thou shalt every morning swoop the exchange in triumph, to see what gaudy bauble thou canst first grow fond of: and after noon at the theatre, exalted in a box, give audience to every trim, amorous, twiring fop of the corner, that comes thither to make a noise, hear no play, and show himself; thou shalt, my *bona roba.*

2 *Woman.* But, Mr. Goodvile, what shall I do then?

*Good.* Oh thou! thou shalt be my more peculiar punk, my housekeeper, my necessary sin; manage all the affairs of my estate and family, ride up and down in my own coach, attended by my own footmen, nose my wife where'er you meet, and, if I had any, breed up my children. Oh, what a delicious life will this be!

1 *Woman.* Hear you, sir, the fiddles?

[*Fiddles without.*

*Good.* Oh, the procession's coming, put on your vizors, and observe the ceremony.

*Enter* TRUMAN, MRS. GOODVILE, CAPER, SAUNTER, LADY SQUEAMISH, CAMILLA, *with Fiddles, a Letter.*

*Mrs. Good.* Mr. Caper, Mr. Saunter, you are the life and soul of all good company; command me

any thing, command my house, that and all freedom are yours.

*Cap.* Masques, my life, my joy, my top of happiness! sir, your humble servant: by your leave, madam, shall you and I touse and tumble together in the drawing room hard by for half an hour or so? ha? [*Cuts.*

*Saun.* Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah, madam, what do you wear a masque for? have you never a nose, or but one eye? let me see how you are furnished?

2 *Woman.* Sir, if I want any thing, 'tis to be doubted you cannot supply me.

*Good.* So; sure this must come to something anon.

*Mrs. Good.* Ah, were but Mr. Goodvile here now, what a happy day might this be! but he is melancholy and forlorn in the country, summoning in his tenants and their rents, that shining pelf that must support me in my pleasures.

*Good.* Is he then, madam, so kind a husband?

*Mrs. Good.* Oh the most indulgent creature in the world! what husband but he, Mr. Truman, would have so seasonably withdrawn, and left me mistress of such freedom? to spend my days in triumph as I do, to sacrifice myself, my soul, and all my sense to you, the lord of all my joys, my conqueror and protector?

*Camil.* Heavens, madam, you'll provoke him beyond all patience.

*Mrs. Good.* Who, Mr. Goodvile! which way shall it reach his knowledge? no, we'll be as secret———

*Tru.* As we are happy. So subtilely lay the scene of all our joys, that envy or malice, nay the very husband himself, and Malagene to boot, well hired to the business, shall never discover us.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh, discover us! a husband discover us! were he indeed as jealous as he has reason, I

could no more apprehend discovery than a kindness from him.

*Good.* This impudence is so rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you so, madam? [*He unmasks.*

*Mrs. Good.* Oh, a ghost! a ghost! save me, save me. Mr. Truman, see, see Mr. Goodvile's spirit! sure some base villain has murdered him, and his angry ghost has come to revenge it on me.

*Good.* No, madam, fear nothing, I am a very harmless goblin, though you are a little shocked at the sight of me.

*Cap.* Ha, ha, ha. Goodvile returned? dear Frank!

*Saun.* Honest Goodvile, thou seest, dear soul, we are free here in thy absence.

*Good.* I see you are, gentlemen, and shall take an opportunity to return the favour. Footmen, be ready.

*Mrs. Good.* But is it really Mr. Goodvile then? let me receive him to my arms; welcome ten thousand, thousand, thousand times. Dear sir, how does my picture in the gallery do?

*Good.* Oh, madam, it looked so very charmingly, that I had no power to stay longer from the dear loving original.

*Mrs. Good.* So, now begins the battle. [*Aside.*

*Good.* Well, madam, and for your set of fools here; to what end and purpose have you decreed them in this new model of your family? I hope you have not designed them for your own use.

*Mrs. Good.* Why, sir, methinks you should not grudge me a coxcomb or two to pass away the time withal, since you had taken your dearer conversation from me.

*Good.* No, madam, I understand your diet better: a fool is too squob and tender a bit for your fierce appetite: you are for a substantial dish, a man

of heat and honour, such as Mr. Truman I know is, and I doubt not will do me reason.

*Tru.* Ay, sir, whenever you'll demand it.

*Mrs. Good.* Nay, sirs, no quarrelling, I beseech you; what would you be at, sir?

*Good.* At rest, madam; like an honest snail, shrink up my horns into my shell, and, if possible, hold a quiet possession of it.

*Mrs. Good.* I hope I have done nothing that may disturb your quiet, sir.

*Good.* Nothing, madam, nothing in the least; how is it possible that any thing should disturb me? a sot, a beetle, a drone of a husband, a mere utensil, a block for you to fashion all your falsehood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my office, and never be disturbed, I———

*Mrs. Good.* So, now your heart is opening, and for your ease I'll give it a little vent myself: you are jealous, alas! jealous of Truman, are you?

*Good.* And have I no reason, madam, though I come and catch you in his arms, rolling and throwing your wanton eyes like fireballs at his heart? "Oh what an indulgent creature's Mr. Goodvile! so seasonably to withdraw and leave you mistress of such freedom: to spend your days in triumph as you do, to sacrifice yourself, your soul, and sense to him, the lord of all your joys, your conqueror and protector."

*Mrs. Good.* I am glad to find my plot so well succeed: [*aside.*] I knew of your jealousy last night, knew too your journey out of town was but a pretence, in hopes to return and surprise me with Truman. I was informed too of your return but now, and your disguise; I knew you through it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that fondness to Truman before your face. It was all the revenge I had within my power.

*Good.* Can you deny your being with Truman in the garden last night? were you not there so openly, that even the broad eyes of fools might see?

*Mrs. Good.* What fool? what villain have you, dares accuse me?

*Good.* One, who, though he rarely told truth before, will be sure to do it now; Malagene, your kinsman Malagene, a hopeful branch of your own stock.

*Tru.* The rascal dares not own it.

*Good.* But he shall, sir, though you protect him.

*Tru.* 'Twas basely done to set a spy upon your friend, after the trick you had played me with Victoria.

*Good.* Basely done?

*Tru.* Yes, basely, sir.

*Good.* Death, you lie, sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a sword by my side?

*Cap.* Nay, look you, Frank; you had better be patient. Here shall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

*Enter* VALENTINE.

*Val.* What, again quarrelling? Goodvile, this must not be, Truman is my friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage shall make you satisfaction.

*Saun.* Ay, ay, pr'ythee, man, take some other time, and don't quarrel now and spoil good company.

*Good.* Death! you dancing, talking, mettled, frisking rogues, stand off! Oh, I had forgot——footmen, where are ye?

*Enter* Footmen.

Here, take away these butterflies, and do speedy execution upon them as I ordered; do it instantly.

[*They seize them.*

*Cap.* Nay, Frank, what's all this for?

*Saun.* Nay, Goodvile, pr'ythee now, as I hope to live.

*Enter* MALAGENE.

*Good.* Away with them—[*Exeunt with* CAPER *and* SAUNTER.] Now for Malagene—Oh, here he comes, madam, who will refresh your memory; speak, sir, as you tender life and limb, whom did you see together in the garden last night?

*Mala.* Ha!——nobody.

*Good.* Were not Truman and my wife there to your knowledge, privately.

*Mala.* Ha, ha, ha——child! no.

*Good.* Did you not tell me that you overheard them whispering in the grotto together?

*Mala.* No.

*Good.* Hell and devils! this fellow has been tampered withal, and instructed to abuse me. This is all contrivance, a studied scene to fool me of my reason.

*Enter* Footmen.

Here, take him hence and harness him with the other two, till he confess the truth.

*Mrs. Good.* He shall not go, touch him who dares. Must people then be forced and tortured to accuse me falsely? ah, Mr. Goodvile, how have I deserved this at your hands? let not my good name be ravished from me: if you have resolved to break my heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out of pain——— [MAL. *runs away.*

*Good.* Nay, madam, here is that shall yet convince——see here a letter from your lover, left for you in a private corner; hear me read it. And if you have modesty enough left, blush.

Reads. *If Goodvile goes out of town this morn- let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet.*

TRUMAN.

*Mrs. Good.* Death and destruction! it was all my own contrivance: madded with your jealousy, I sought all ways to vex you, I counterfeited it with my own hand, and left it in a place were you might be sure to find it. To convince you farther, see here a caution sent me just before by one whom you have trusted and loved too much for my quiet: peruse it, and when you have done, consider how you have used me, and how I have deserved it. Oh!

[*Gives* VICTORIA'S *letter.*

*Good.* [Reads.] *Journey out of town—is a pretence—return and surprise—believe by this discovery—your servant Victoria.*

Victoria! has she betrayed me? nay then, I pronounce there is no trust nor faith in the sex. By Heaven, in every condition they are jilts, all false from the bawd to the babe.

*Mrs. Good.* Now, sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this minute never expect I'll see your face again: no, I'll leave you to be happy at your own choice. Love where you please, and be as free as if I ne'er had had relation to you. I shall take care to trouble you no more, but wish you may be happier then ever yet I made you.

*Good.* Stay, madam.

*Mrs. Good.* No, sir, I'll be gone; I will not stay a moment longer; inhuman, cruel, false traitor! wert thou now languishing on thy knees, prostrate at my feet, ready to grow mad with thy own guilt, I would not stop nor turn my face to save thee from despair.

*Good.* You shall.

*Mrs. Good.* For what?

*Good.* To let the world see how much a fool I can be: art thou innocent?

*Mrs. Good.* By my love I am; I never wronged you; but you have undone me, ruined my fame and quiet. What mouth will not be full of my dishonour? henceforth let all my sex remember me, when they'd upbraid mankind for baseness: oh that I could dissemble longer with you, that I might to your torment persuade you still all your jealousies were just, and I as infamous as you are cruel.

[*Exit in a rage.*

*Good.* Get thee in then, and talk to me no more; there's something in thy face will make a fool of me; and there's a devil in this business which yet I cannot discover. Truman, if thou hast enjoyed her, I beg thee keep it close, and if it be possible let us yet be friends.

*Tru.* 'Tis not my fault if we be foes.

*Good.* But now to my fools; bring them forth, and let us see how their new equipage becomes them. Oh dear Valentine, how does the fair Camilla?

*Val.* Faith, sir, she and I have been dispatching a trifling affair this morning, commonly called matrimony.

*Good.* Married! nay then there is some comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the snare——Valentine! look to her, keep her as secret as thou wouldst a murder, hadst thou committed one: trust her not with thy dearest friend; she has beauty enough to corrupt him.

*Enter* CAPER *and* SAUNTER, *their hands tied behind them, fools' caps on their heads,* CAPER *with one leg tied up, and* SAUNTER *gagged.*

See here these rogues how like themselves they look. Now, you paltry vermin, you rats that run squeaking from house to house up and down the town; that no man can eat his bread in quiet for you: take warning of what you feel, and come not near these doors again on peril of hanging. Here, discharge them of their punishment, and see them forth the gates.

*Enter* LADY SQUEAMISH, SIR NOBLE CLUMSEY, *and* VICTORIA.

*Lady Squ.* Oh gallants, your humble servant. Dear Mr. Goodvile, be pleased to give my kinsman, Sir Noble, joy: he has done himself the honour to marry your cousin, Victoria, whom now I must be proud to call my relation, since she has accepted of the title of my Lady Clumsey.

*Clum.* Ay, sir, I am married, and will be drunk again too before night, as simply as I stand here.

*Good.* Sir Noble married to Victoria too! nay then in spite of misfortunes———

*This day shall be a day of jubilee.* But first,
*Good people all that my sad fortune see,*
*I beg you to take warning here by me,*
*Marriage and hanging go by destiny.*
*Especially you gay young married blades,*
*Beware and keep your wives from balls and masquerades.* [Exeunt Omnes.

# EPILOGUE.

*WELL, sirs, if now my spouse and I should part,*
*To which kind critic shall I give my heart?*
*Stay, let me look, not one in all the place*
*But has a scurvy, froward, damning face.*
*Have you resolv'd then on the poet's fall?*
*Go, ye ill-natur'd, ugly devils all.*
*The married sparks I know this play will curse*
*For the wife's sake; but some of them have worse.*
*Poets themselves their own ill-luck have wrought,*
*You ne'er had learnt, had not their quarrels taught.*
*But as in the disturbance of a state,*
*Each factious maggot thinks of growing great:*
*So when the poets first had jarring fits,*
*You all set up for critics and for wits:*
*Then straight there came, which cost your mothers pains,*
*Songs and lampoons in litters from your brains:*
*Libels, like spurious brats, ran up and down,*
*Which their dull parents were asham'd to own;*
*But vented them in others' names, like whores*
*That lay their bastards down at honest doors.*
*For shame, leave off this higgling way of wit,*
*Railing abroad, and roaring in the pit,*
*Let poets live in peace, in quiet write,*
*Else may they all to punish you unite,*
*Join in one force to study to abuse ye,*
*And teach your wives and misses how to use ye.*

THE

# SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

## A COMEDY.

*Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, libellus;*
*Sed male cum recitas incipit esse tuus.*

THE

# DEDICATION.

MR. BENTLEY,

I HAVE often, during this play's being in the press, been importuned for a preface, which you, I suppose, would have spoke something in vindication of the comedy: now, to please you, Mr. Bentley, I will as briefly as I can speak my mind upon that occasion, which you may be pleased to accept of, both as a dedication to yourself, and next as a preface to the book.

And I am not a little proud, that it has happened into my thoughts to be the first who in these latter years has made an epistle dedicatory to his stationer: it is a compliment as reasonable as it is just. For, Mr. Bentley, you pay honestly for the copy; and an epistle to you is a sort of an acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a person of a higher rank and order, it looks like an obligation for praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready money for.

As to the vindication of this comedy, between friends and acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much may be said in its behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the apish qualities about me, I have not that of

being fond of my own issue; nay, I must confess myself a very unnatural parent, for when it is once brought into the world, e'en let the brat shift for itself, I say.

This is, Mr. Bentley, all I shall say in behalf of my play: wherefore I throw it into your arms; make the best of it you can; praise it to your customers; sell ten thousand of them, if possible, and then you will complete the wishes of

Your friend and servant,

THO. OTWAY.

# PROLOGUE.

*FORSAKEN dames with less concern reflect*
*On their inconstant heroes' cold neglect,*
*Than we, provok'd by this ungrateful age,*
*Bear the hard fate of our abandon'd stage;*
*With grief we see you ravish'd from our arms,*
*And curse the feeble virtue of our charms:*
*Curse your false hearts, for none so false as they,*
*And curse the eyes that stole those hearts away,*
*Remember, faithless friends, there was a time,*
*(But oh the sad remembrance of our prime!)*
*When to our arms with eager joys ye flew,*
*And we believ'd your treach'rous hearts as true*
*As e'er was nymph of ours to one of you.*
*But a more powerful saint * enjoys you now;*
*Fraught with sweet sins, and absolutions too:*
*To her are all your pious vows address'd,*
*She's both your love's and your religion's test,*
*The fairest prelate of her time, and best.*
*We own her more deserving far than we,*
*A just excuse for your inconstancy.*
*Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us so;*
*First to betray with love, and then undo,*
*A horrid crime you're all addicted to.*
*Too soon, alas! your appetites are cloy'd,*
*And Phillis rules no more when once enjoy'd:*

* Pope Joan.

*But all rash oaths of love and constancy*
*With the too-short forgotten pleasures die:*
*Whilst she, poor soul, robb'd of her dearest ease,*
*Still drudges on with vain desire to please;*
*And restless follows you from place to place,*
*For tributes due to her autumnal face.*
*Deserted thus by such ungrateful men,*
*How can we hope you'll e'er return again?*
*Here's no new charm to tempt ye as before,*
*Wit now's our only treasure left in store.*
*And that's a coin will pass with you no more:*
*You, who such dreadful bullies would appear,*
*(True bullies! quiet when there's danger near!)*
*Show your great souls in damning poets here.*

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

MEN.

Captain Beaugard.
Courtine.
Sir Davy Dunce.
Sir Jolly Jumble.
Fourbin, *a Servant to Beaugard.*
Bloody-Bones.
Vermin *a Servant to Sir Davy.*

WOMEN.

Lady Dunce.
Sylvia.
Maid.

*A Constable and Watch.*

*Scene,* London.

THE

# SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* BEAUGARD, COURTINE, *and* FOURBIN.

*Beau.* A pox o' fortune! thou art always teazing me about fortune: thou risest in a morning with ill-luck in thy mouth; nay, never eatest a dinner, but thou sighest two hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damned, since the world's so wide.

*Cour.* As wide as it is, 'tis so thronged and crammed with knaves and fools, that an honest man can hardly get a living in it.

*Beau.* Do rail, Courtine, do; it may get thee employment.

*Cour.* At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our employment abroad to come home and be loyal, and now we as loyally starve for it.

*Beau.* Did not thy ancestors do't before thee, man? I tell thee, loyalty and starving are all one. The old cavaliers got such a trick of it in the king's exile, that their posterity could never thrive since.

*Cour.* 'Tis a fine equipage I am like to be reduced to; I shall be ere long as greasy as an Alsatian bully; this flopping hat, pinned up on one side, with

a sandy weather-beaten peruke, dirty linen, and, to complete the figure, a long scandalous iron sword jarring at my heels; like a——

*Beau.* Snarling, thou meanest, like its master.

*Cour.* My companion's the worthy knight of the most noble order of the Post: your peripatetic philosophers of the Temple-walks, rogues in rags, and yet not honest; villains that undervalue damnation, still forswear themselves for a dinner, and hang their fathers for half a crown.

*Beau.* I am ashamed to hear a soldier talk of starving.

*Cour.* Why, what shall I do? I can't steal——

*Beau.* Though thou canst not steal, thou hast other vices enough for any industrious fellow to live comfortably upon.

*Cour.* What! wouldst thou have me turn rascal, and run cheating up and down the town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a blockhead company, and endure his nauseous nonsense, in hopes to get him, than I would be a drudge to an old woman with rheumatic eyes, hollow teeth, and stinking breath, for a pension: of all rogues I would not be a foolmonger.

*Beau.* How well this niceness becomes thee! I'd fain see thee e'en turn parson in a pet, on purpose to rail at all those vices which I know thou naturally art fond of. Why, surely an old lady's pension need not be so despicable in the eyes of a disbanded officer as times go, friend.

*Cour.* I am glad, Beaugard, you think so.

*Beau.* Why, thou shalt think so too, man; be ruled by me, and I'll bring thee into good company, families, Courtine, families, and such families, where formality is a scandal, and pleasure is the business; where the women are all wanton, and the men are all witty, you rogue.

*Cour.* What, some of your worship's Wapping acquaintance, that you made last time you came over for recruits, and spirited away your landlady's daughter a volunteering with you into France.

*Beau.* I'll bring thee, Courtine, where cuckoldom's in credit, and lewdness laudable, where thou shalt wallow in pleasures and preferments, revel all day, and every night lie in the arms of melting beauty, sweet as roses, and as springs refreshing.

*Cour.* Pr'ythee don't talk thus; I had rather thou wouldest tell me where new levies are to be raised: a pox of whores, when a man has not money to make them comfortable.

*Beau.* That shall shower upon us in abundance; and, for instance, know to thy everlasting amazement, all this dropped out of the clouds to-day.

*Cour.* Ha! gold by this light!——

*Four.* Out of the clouds!——

*Beau.* Aye, gold! does it not smell of the sweet hand that sent it? smell—smell, you dog——

[*To* FOURBIN.

[FOURBIN *smells to the handful of gold, and gathers up some pieces in his mouth.*

*Four.* Truly, sir, of heavenly sweetness, and very refreshing.

*Cour.* Dear Beaugard, if thou hast any good-nature in thee; if thou wilt not have me hang myself before my time, tell me where the devil haunts that helped thee to this, that I may go make a bargain with him presently: speak, speak, or I'm a lost man.

*Beau.* Why, thou must know, this devil, which I have given my soul to already, and must, I suppose, have my body very speedily, lives I know not where, and may, for ought I know, be a real devil; but if it be, 'tis the best natured devil under Beelzebub's dominions, that I'll swear to.

*Cour.* But how came the gold, then?

*Beau.* To deal freely with my friend, I am lately happened into the acquaintance of a very reverend pimp, as fine a discreet, sober, grey-bearded old gentleman as one would wish, as good a natured, public-spirited person as the nation holds; one that is never so happy as when he is bringing good people together, and promoting civil understanding betwixt the sexes: nay, rather than want employment he will go from one end of the town to the other, to procure my lord's little dog to be civil to my lady's little languishing bitch.

*Cour.* A very worthy member of the commonwealth!

*Beau.* This noble person one day—but Fourbin can give you a more particular account of the matter. Sweet sir, if you please, tell us the story of the first encounter betwixt you and Sir Jolly Jumble; you must know that's his title.

*Four.* Sir, it shall be done—walking one day upon the piazza, about three of the clock in the afternoon, to get me a stomach to my dinner, I chanced to encounter a person of goodly presence and worthy appearance; his beard and hair white, grave, and comely; his countenance ruddy, plump, smooth, and cheerful; who perceiving me also equipped, as I am, with a mien and air which might well inform him I was a person of no inconsiderable quality, came very respectfully up to me, and, after the usual ceremonies between persons of parts and breeding had past, very humbly inquired of me what it was o'clock—I presently understood by the question that he was a man of parts and business, told him, I did presume it was at most but nicely turned of three.

*Beau.* Very court-like civil, quaint, and new, I think.

*Four.* The freedom of converse increasing, after

some little inconsiderable questions *pour passer le temps*, and so, he was pleased to offer me the courtesy of a glass of wine: I told him I very seldom drank, but if he so pleased, I would do myself the honour to present him with a dish of meat at an eating-house hard by, where I had an interest.

*Cour.* Very well: I think this squire of thine, Beaugard, is as accomplished a person as any of the employment I ever saw.

*Beau.* Let the rogue go on.

*Four.* In short, we agreed and went together: as soon as we entered the room, I am your most humble servant, sir, says he.——I am the meanest of your vassals, sir, said I.——I am very happy in lighting into the acquaintance of so worthy a gentleman as you appear to be, sir, said he again.—Worthy Sir Jolly, then came I upon him again on t'other side (for you must know by that time I groped on his title) I kiss your hands from the bottom of my heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your feet.

*Cour.* Well, Fourbin, and what replied the knight then?

*Four.* Nothing, he had nothing to say; his sense was transported with admiration of my parts: so we sat down, and, after some pause, he desired to know by what title he was to distinguish the person who had so highly honoured him.

*Beau.* That is as much as to say, sir, whose rascal you were.

*Four.* Sir, you may make as bold with your poor slave as you please———I told him those that knew me well were pleased to call me the Chevalier Fourbin, that I was a cadet of that ancient family the Fourbonois; and that I had the honour of serving the great monarch of France in his wars in Flanders, where I contracted great familiarity and intimacy

with a gallant officer of the English troops in that service, one Captain Beaugard.

*Beau.* Oh, sir, you did me too much honour. What a true-bred rogue's this!——

*Cour.* Well, but the money, Fourbin, the money.

*Four.* Beaugard, hum, Beaugard, says he!—aye, it must be so———a black man is he not?——Aye, says I, blackish.——A dark brown——full faced?—Yes.——A sly, subtle, observing eye?—The same.—A strong-built, well-made man?—Right.——A devilish fellow for a wench, a devilish fellow for a wench, I warrant him? a thundering rogue upon occasion, Beaugard! a thundering fellow for a wench, I must be acquainted with him.

*Cour.* But to the money, the money man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withal.

*Beau.* This civil gentleman of the Chevalier's acquaintance comes yesterday morning to my lodging, and seeing my picture in miniature upon the toilet, told me, with the greatest ecstacy in the world, that was the thing he came to me about: he told me there was a lady of his acquaintance had some favourable thoughts of me, and Igad, says he, she's a hummer; such a *bona roba*, ha, ha, ha. So, without more ado, begs me to lend it him till dinner (for we concluded to eat together) so away he scuttled, with as great joy as if he had found the philosopher's stone.

*Cour.* Very well.

*Beau.* At Locket's we met again; where, after a thousand grimaces to show how much he was pleased, instead of my picture, presents me with the contents aforesaid; and told me the lady desired me to accept of them for the picture, which she was much transported withal, as well as with the original.

*Cour.* Ha!

*Beau.* Now whereabouts this taking quality lies in me, the devil take me, Ned, if I know: but the fates, Ned, the fates!

*Cour.* A curse on the fates! of all strumpets, Fortune's the basest; 'twas Fortune made me a soldier, a rogue in red, the grievance of the nation; Fortune made the peace just when we were upon the brink of a war; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two month's pay: Fortune gave us debentures instead of ready money, and by very good fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding, ill-natured dog that bought it will never get a shilling for't.———

*Beau.* Leave off thy railing, for shame, it looks like a cur that barks for want of bones. Come, times may mend, and an honest soldier be in fashion again.———

*Cour.* These greasy, fat, unwieldly, wheezing rogues that live at home, and brood over their bags, when a fit of fear's upon them, then if one of us pass but by, all the family is ready at the door to cry, Heavens bless you, sir, the Laird go along with you.

*Beau.* Ah, good men, what pity 'tis such proper gentlemen should ever be out of employment.

*Cour.* But when the business is over, then every parish bawd that goes but to a conventicle twice a week, and pays but scot and lot to the parish, shall roar out, Fough, ye lousy, red-coat rake-hells! hout, ye caterpillars, ye locusts of the nation; you are the dogs that would enslave us all, plunder our shops, and ravish our daughters, ye scoundrels.

*Beau.* I must confess ravishing ought to be regulated, it would destroy commerce, and many a good sober matron about this town might lose the selling of her daughter's maidenhead, which were a

great grievance to the people, and a particular branch of property lost. Fourbin.

*Four.* Your worship's pleasure?

*Beau.* Run, like a rogue as you are, and try to find Sir Jolly, and desire him to meet me at the Blue Posts in the Haymarket about twelve; we'll dine together: I must inquire farther into yesterday's adventure; in the mean time, Ned, here's half the prize to be doing withal; old friends must preserve correspondence; we have shared good fortune together, and bad shall never part us. [*Exit* FOUR.

*Cour.* Well, thou wilt certainly die in a ditch for this: hast thou no more grace than to be a true friend? nay, to part with thy money to thy friend! I grant you, a gentleman may swear and lie for his friend, pimp for his friend, hang for his friend, and so forth; but to part with ready money is the devil.

*Beau.* Stand aside, either I am mistaken, or yonder's Sir Jolly coming: now, Courtine, will I show thee the flower of knighthood. Ah, Sir Jolly!

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE.

*Sir J. Jum.* My hero! my darling! my Ganymede! how dost thou? strong! wanton! lusty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine, boy, odd she's thine; plump, soft, smooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! ah, rogue! ah, rogue! here's shoulders! here's shape! there's a foot and leg, here's a leg, here's a leg——Qua-a-a-a-a.

[*Squeaks like a cat, and tickles* BEAUGARD'S *legs.*

*Cour.* What an old goat's this?

*Sir J. Jum.* Child, child, child, who's that? a friend of thine? a friend of thine? A pretty fellow, odd, a very pretty fellow, and a strong dog I'll warrant him. How dost do, dear heart? pr'ythee let me kiss thee. I'll swear and vow I will kiss

thee; ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a toad, a toad, oh, toa-a-a-ad.——

*Beau.* But the lady, Sir Jolly, that lady, how does the lady? what says the lady, Sir Jolly?

*Sir J. Jum.* What says the lady! why she says—she says—odd she has a delicate lip, such a lip, so red, so hard, so plump, so blub, I fancy I am eating cherries every time I think on't, and for her neck and breasts, and her——odds life; I'll say no more, not a word more, but I know, I know——

*Beau.* I am sorry for that, with all my heart; do you know, say you, sir, and would you put off your mumbled orts, your offal upon me?——

*Sir J. Jum.* Hush, hush, hush! have a care; as I live and breathe, not I; alack and well-a-day, I am a poor old fellow, decayed and undone: all's gone with me, gentlemen, but my good nature; odd I love to know how matters go though now and then, to see a pretty wench and a young fellow touze and rouze and frouze and mouze; odd I love a young fellow dearly, faith dearly——

*Cour.* This is the most extraordinary rogue I ever met withal.

*Beau.* But, Sir Jolly, in the first place, you must know I have sworn never to marry.

*Sir J. Jum.* I would not have thee, man, I am a bachelor myself, and have been a whoremaster all my life; besides she's married already, man, her husband's an old, greasy, untoward, ill-natured, slovenly, tobacco-taking cuckold; but plaguy jealous.

*Beau.* Already a cuckold, Sir Jolly?

*Sir J. Jum.* No, that shall be; my boy, thou shalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee, dear heart; and shan't I hold the door? shan't I peep? hah, shan't I, you devil, you little dog, shan't I?

*Beau.* What is't I'd not grant to oblige my patron?

*Sir J. Jum.* And then, dost thou hear, I have a lodging for thee in my own house: dost hear, *old* soul, in my own house, she lives the very next door, man, there's but a wall to part her chamber and thine; and then for a peep-hole, odds fish I have a peep-hole for thee; s'bub I'll show thee, *I'll* show thee——

*Beau.* But when, Sir Jolly? I am in haste, impatient.

*Sir J. Jum.* Why this very night, man; poor rogue's in haste, poor rogue; but hear you——

*Cour.* The matter?

*Sir J. Jum.* Shan't we dine together?

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir J. Jum.* The maw begins to empty, get you before, and speak dinner at the Blue Posts, while I stay behind, and gather up a dish of whores for a desert.

*Cour.* Be sure that they be lewd, drunken, stripping whores, Sir Jolly, that won't be affectedly squeamish and troublesome.

*Sir J. Jum.* I warrant you.

*Cour.* I love a well disciplined whore that shows all the tricks of her profession with a wink, like an old soldier that understands all his exercise by beat of drum.

*Sir J. Jum.* Ah, thief, sayest thou so! I must be better acquainted with that fellow; he has a notable nose, a hard brawny carle—true and trusty, and mettle I'll warrant him.

*Beau.* Well, Sir Jolly, you'll not fail us?

*Sir J. Jum.* Fail ye! am I a knight? hark ye, boys: I'll muster this evening such a regiment of rampant, roaring, mysterious whores, that shall make more noise than if all the cats in the Haymarket were in conjunction. Whores, ye rogues, that shall swear with you, drink with you, talk bawdy

with you, fight with you, scratch with you, lie with you, and go to the devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, hah!——

*Cour.* As merry as wine, women, and wickedness can make us.

*Sir J. Jum.* Odd that's well said again, very well said; as merry as wine, women, and wickedness can make us: I love a fellow that's very wicked dearly: methinks there's a spirit in him, there's a sort of tantara rara; tantara rara, ah, ah h h; well, and won't ye, when the women come, won't ye, and shall I not see a little sport amongst you? well, get ye gone; ah, rogues, ah rogues, da da, I'll be with you, da, da—— [*Exeunt* BEAU. *and* COUR.

*Enter several* Whores *and three* Bullies.

1 *Bully.* In the name of Satan, what whores are those in their copper trim, yonder?

1 *Whore.* Well, I'll swear, madam, 'tis the finest evening; I love the Mall mightily.

2 *Bully.* Let's huzza the bulkers.

2 *Whore.* Really, and so do I; because there's always good company, and one meets with such civilities from every body.

3 *Bully.* Damned whores, hout ye filthies.

3 *Whore.* Aye, and then I love extremely to show myself here, when I am very fine, to vex those poor devils that call themselves virtuous, and are very scandalous and crapish, I'll swear; O crimine, who's yonder! Sir Jolly Jumble, I vow.

1 *Bully.* Fough! let's leave the nasty sows to fools and diseases. [*Exeunt* Bullies.

1 *Whore.* Oh papa, papa! where have you been these two days, papa?

2 *Whore.* You are a precious father indeed, to take no more care of your children; we might be dead for all you, you naughty dady, you!

*Sir J. Jum.* Dead, my poor fubses! odd I had rather all the relations I have were dead, a dad I had: get you gone, you little devil's bubbies; oh law, there's bubbies! odd I'll bite them, odd I will.

1 *Whore.* Nay, fye, papa, I'll swear you'll make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to-night; you have promised me a treat this week, won't you, papa?

2 *Whore.* Aye, won't you, dad?

*Sir J. Jum.* Odds so, odds so, well remembered! get you gone, don't stay talking; get you gone, yonder's a great lord, the Lord Beaugard, and his cousin the baron, the count, the marquis, the Lord knows what, Monsieur Courtine, newly come to town, odds so.

3 *Whore.* O law, where, dady, where? Oh dear, a lord.

1 *Whore.* Well, you are the purest papa; but where be dey mun, papa——

*Sir J. Jum.* I won't tell you, you gipsies, so I won't—except you tickle me—'sbub, they are brave fellows, all tall, and not a bit small; odd one of them has a devilish deal of money.

1 *Whore.* Oh dear, but which is he, papa?

2 *Whore.* Shan't I be in love with him, dady?

*Sir. J. Jum.* What, nobody tickle me! nobody tickle me! not yet tickle me a little, Mally—tickle me a little, Jenny—do—He, he, he, he, he, he—

[*They tickle him.*

No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor rogues, so, so, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll, I'll, I'll—

3 *Whore.* What will you do, trow?

*Sir J. Jum.* Come along with me, come along with me, sneak after me at a distance, that nobody take notice: swinging fellows, Mally——swinging fellows, Jenny, a devilish deal of money: get you

afore then, you little dipdappers, ye wasps, ye wagtails, get you gone; I say, swinging fellows——

[*Exit* SIR JOLLY *with the* Whores.

*Enter* LADY DUNCE *and* SYLVIA.

*Lady Dunce.* Die a maid, Sylvia, fye, for shame! what a scandalous resolution's that: five thousand pounds to your portion, and leave it all to hospitals, for the innocent recreation hereafter of leading apes in hell? fye, for shame.

*Syl.* Indeed such another charming animal as your consort, Sir Davy, might do much with me; 'tis an unspeakable blessing to lie all night by a horseload of diseases; a beastly, unsavoury, old, groaning, grunting, wheazing wretch, that smells of the grave he is going to, already. From such a curse, and hair-cloth next my skin, good Heaven deliver me.

*Lady Dunce.* Thou mistakest the use of a husband, Sylvia. They are not meant for bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulsome fashion, to lie o' nights with a husband; but the world's improved and custom's altered.

*Syl.* Pray instruct me then what the use of a husband is.

*Lady Dunce.* Instead of a gentleman usher for ceremonies sake, to be in waiting on set days, and particular occasions; but the friend, cousin, is the jewel invaluable.

*Syl.* But Sir Davy, madam, will be difficult to be so governed; I am mistaken if his nature is not too jealous to be blinded.

*Lady Dunce.* So much the better; of all, the jealous fool is easiest to be deceived: for, observe, where there's jealousy, there's always fondness; which, if a woman, as she ought to do, will make the right use of, a husband's fears shall not so awake

him on one side, as his dotage shall blind him on the other.

*Syl.* Is your piece of mortality such a doating doddle? is he so very fond of you?

*Lady Dunce.* No, but he has the vanity to think that I am very fond of him; and if he be jealous, 'tis not so much for fear I do abuse, as that in time I may, and therefore imposes this confinement on me; though he has other divertisements that take him off from my enjoyment, which make him so loathsome no woman but must hate him.

*Syl.* His private divertisements I am a stranger to.

*Lady Dunce.* Then for his person, 'tis incomparably odious: he has such a breath, one kiss of him were enough to cure the fits of the mother, 'tis worse than assafœtida.

*Syl.* Oh hideous!

*Lady Dunce.* Every thing that's nasty he affects; clean linen he says is unwholesome; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of garlic and chewing tobacco.

*Syl.* Fough! this is love! this is the blessing of matrimony.

*Lady Dunce.* Rail not so unreasonably against love, Sylvia. As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged the passion I have for Beaugard, so, methinks, Sylvia need not conceal her good thoughts of her friend. Do not I know Courtine sticks in thy stomach.

*Syl.* If he does, I'll assure you he shall never get to my heart. But can you have the conscience to love another man now you are married? What do you think will become of you?

*Lady Dunce.* I tell thee, Sylvia, I was never married to that engine we have been talking of; my parents indeed made me say something to him after

a priest once, but my heart went not along with my tongue. I minded not what it was: for my thoughts, Sylvia, for these seven years have been much better employed—Beaugard! ah, curse on the day that first sent him into France!

*Syl.* Why so, I beseech you?

*Lady Dunce.* Had he staid here, I had not been sacrificed to the arms of this monument of man, for the bed of death could not be more cold than his has been: he would have delivered me from the monster, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my kindness not neglected.

*Syl.* I find indeed your ladyship has good thoughts of him.

*Lady Dunce.* Surely 'tis impossible to think too well of him, for he has wit enough to call his good-nature in question, and yet good nature enough to make his wit suspected.

*Syl.* But how do you hope ever to get sight of him? Sir Davy's watchfulness is invincible. I dare swear he would smell out a rival if he were in the house, only by natural instinct, as some that always sweat when a cat's in the room. Then again, Beaugard's a soldier, and that's a thing the old gentleman, you know, loves dearly.

*Lady Dunce.* There lies the greatest comfort of my uneasy life; he is one of those fools forsooth, that are led by the nose by knaves who rail against the king and the government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a party. I have had hopes this twelvemonth to have heard of his being in the gate-house for treason.

*Syl.* But I find only yourself the prisoner all this while.

*Lady Dunce.* At present indeed I am so; but fortune, I hope, will smile, wouldest thou but be my friend, Sylvia.

*Syl.* In any mischievous design with all my heart.

*Lady Dunce.* The conclusion, madam, may turn to your satisfaction; but have you no thoughts of Courtine?

*Syl.* Not I, I'll assure you, cousin.

*Lady Dunce.* You don't think him well shaped, straight, and proportionable?

*Syl.* Considering he eats but once a week, the man's well enough.

*Lady Dunce.* And then he wears his clothes, you know filthily, and like a horrid sloven.

*Syl.* Filthily enough of all conscience, with a threadbare red coat, which his tailor duns him for to this day, over which a great, broad, greasy buff-belt, enough to turn any one's stomach but a disbanded soldier; a peruke tied up in a knot, to excuse its want of combing; and then because he has been a man at arms, he must wear two truffles of a beard forsooth, to lodge a dunghill of snuff upon, to keep his nose in good humour.

*Lady Dunce.* Nay, now I am sure that thou lovest him.

*Syl.* So far from it, that I protest eternally against the whole sex.

*Lady Dunce.* That time will best demonstrate, in the mean while to our business.

*Syl.* As how, madam.

*Lady Dunce.* To-night must I see Beaugard, they are this minute at dinner in the Haymarket; now to make my evil genius, that haunts me every where, my thing called a husband, himself to assist his poor wife at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleasant.

*Syl.* But 'twill be impossible.

*Lady Dunce.* I am apt to be persuaded rather very easy; you know our good and friendly neighbour, Sir Jolly Jumble.

*Syl.* Out on him, beast, he's always talking filthy to a body; if he sits but at the table with one, he'll be making nasty figures in the napkins.

*Lady Dunce.* He and my sweet yoke-fellow are the most intimate friends in the world; so that partly out of neighbourly kindness, as well as the great delight he takes to be meddling with matters of this nature, with a great deal of pains and industry he has procured me Beaugard's picture, and given him to understand how well a friend of his in petticoats, called myself, wishes him.

*Syl.* But what is all this to the making your husband instrumental? for I must confess of all creatures a husband's the thing that's odious to me.

*Lady Dunce.* That must be done this night: I'll instantly to my chamber, take my bed in a pet, and send for Sir Davy.

*Syl.* But which way then must the lover come?

*Lady Dunce.* Nay, I'll betray Beaugard to him, show him the picture he sent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own honour and my quiet, to take some course to secure me from the scandalous solicitations of that impudent fellow.

*Syl.* And so make him the property, the go-between, to bring the affair to an issue the more decently.

*Lady Dunce.* Right, Sylvia, 'tis the best office a husband can do a wife; I mean an old husband; bless us, to be yoked in wedlock with a paralytic, coughing, decrepid dotrel, to be a dry-nurse all one's lifetime to an old child of sixty-five, to lie by the image of death a whole night, a dull immoveable, that has no sense of life but through its pains; the pigeon's as happy that's laid to a sick man's feet, when the world has given him over: for my part this shall henceforth be my prayer:

Curs'd be the memory, nay, doubly curs'd,
Of her that wedded age for interest first;
Though worn with years, with fruitless wishes full,
'Tis all day troublesome, and all night dull.
Who wed with fools, indeed lead happy lives,
Fools are the fittest finest things for wives:
Yet old men profit bring, as fools bring ease,
And both make youth and wit much better please.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE, BEAUGARD, COURTINE, *and* FOURBIN.

*Cour.* Sir Jolly is the glory of the age.

*Sir J. Jum.* Nay, now, sir, you honour me too far.

*Beau.* He's the delight of the young, and wonder of the old.

*Sir J. Jum.* I swear, gentlemen, you make me blush.

*Cour.* He deserves a statue of gold at the charge of the kingdom.

*Sir J. Jum.* Out upon't, fye for shame: I protest I'll leave your company if you talk so; but faith they were whores, daintily dutiful strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd—have stripped for t'other bottle.

*Beau.* Truly, Sir Jolly, you are a man of very extraordinary discipline, I never saw whores under better command in my life.

*Sir J. Jum.* Pish, that's nothing, man, nothing;

I can send for forty better when I please, doxies that will skip, trip, leap, trip, and do any in the world, any thing, old soul.

*Cour.* Dear, dear Sir Jolly, where and when?

*Sir J. Jum.* Odd, as simple as I stand here, her father was a knight.

*Beau.* Indeed, Sir Jolly, a knight, say you?

*Sir J. Jum.* Aye, but a little decayed: I'll assure you she's a very good gentlewoman born.

*Cour.* Aye, and a very good gentlewoman bred too.

*Sir J. Jum.* Aye, and so she is.

*Beau.* But, Sir Jolly, how goes my business forward? when shall I have a view of this quarry I am to fly at?

*Sir J. Jum.* Alas-a-day, not so hasty; soft and fair, I beseech you. Ah, my little son of thunder, if thou hadst her in thy arms now between a pair of sheets, and I under the bed to see fair play, boy; gemini! what would become of me? what would become of me? there would be doings, oh lawd, I under the bed!

*Beau.* Or behind the hangings, Sir Jolly, would not that do as well?

*Sir J. Jum.* Oh no, under the bed against the world, and then it would be very dark, hah!

*Beau.* Dark to choose!

*Sir J. Jum.* No, but a little light would do well, a small glimmering lamp, just enough for me to steal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable. I won't speak a word more; there would be a trick! O rare! you friend, O rare! odd so, not a word more, odd so. Yonder comes the monster that must be the cuckold elect; step, step aside, and observe him: if I should be seen in your company, 'twould spoil all.

*Beau.* For my part, I'll stand the meeting of

him; one way to promote a good understanding with a wife, is first to get acquainted with her husband.

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Well, of all blessings a discreet wife is the greatest that can light upon a man of years: had I been married to any thing but an angel now, what a beast had I been by this time? Well, I am the happiest old fool! 'Tis a horrid age that we live in, so that an honest man can keep nothing to himself. If you have a good estate, every covetous rogue is longing for't, (truly I love a good estate dearly myself!) if you have a handsome wife, every smooth-faced coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her: flesh flies are not so troublesome to the shambles as those sort of insects are to the boxes in the play-house. But virtue is a great blessing, an invaluable treasure, to tell me herself that a villain had tempted her, and give me the very picture, the enchantment that he sent to bewitch her, it strikes me dumb with admiration: here's the villain in effigy. [*Pulls out the picture.* Odd, a very handsome fellow, a dangerous rogue, I'll warrant him: such fellows as these now should be fettered like unruly colts, that they may not leap into other men's pastures. Here's a nose now, I could find in my heart to cut it off; damned dog, to dare to presume to make a cuckold of a knight! Bless us! what will this world come to! Well, poor Sir Davy, down, down upon thy knees, and thank the stars for thy deliverance.

*Beau.* 'Sdeath! what's that I see! sure 'tis the very picture which I sent by Sir Jolly; if so, by this light I am damnably jilted. [*Aside.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* But now if——

*Beau.* Surely he does not see us yet.

*Four.* See you, sir, why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll dumb-found him.

[*Strikes him on the shoulder.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* Who the devil's this? sir, sir, sir, who are you, sir?

*Beau.* Ay, ay, 'tis the same: now a pox of all amorous adventures: 'Sdeath, I'll go beat the impertinent pimp that drew me into this fooling.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sir, methinks you are very curious.

*Beau.* Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reason to be so.

*Sir D. Dunce.* And perhaps, sir, I care not for you, nor your reason neither.

*Beau.* Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the honour to speak with you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* With me, sir? what's your business with me?

*Beau.* I would not willingly be troublesome, though it may be I am so at this time.

*Sir D. Dunce.* It may be so too, sir.

*Beau.* But to be known to so worthy a person as you are would be so great an honour, so extraordinary a happiness, that I could not avoid taking this opportunity of tendering you my service.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Smooth rogue, who the devil is this fellow? [*Aside.*] But, sir, you were pleased to nominate business, sir, I desire with what speed you can to know your business, sir, that I may go about my business.

*Beau.* Sir, if I might with good manners, I should be glad to inform myself whose picture that is, which you have in your hand; methinks it is a very fine painting.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Picture, friend, picture! sir, 'tis a resemblance of a very impudent fellow, they call him Captain Beaugard, forsooth, but he is in short

a rake-hell, a poor, lousy, beggarly disbanded devil; do you know him, friend?—

*Beau.* I think I have heard of such a vagabond: the truth on't is, he is a very impudent fellow.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ay, a damned rogue.

*Beau.* Oh a notorious scoundrel.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I expect to hear he's hanged by the next sessions.

*Beau.* The truth on't is, he has deserved it long ago; but did you ever see him, Sir Davy?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sir——does he know me? [*Aside.*

*Beau.* Because I fancy that miniature is very much like him. Pray, sir, whence had it you?—

*Sir D. Dunce.* Had it, friend? had it! whence had it I!——bless us,

[*Compares the picture with* BEAUGARD'S *face.* what have I done now? this is the very traitor himself; if he should be desperate now, and put his sword in my guts!—slitting my nose will be as bad as that, I have but one eye left neither, and may be—Oh but this is the king's court, odd that's well remembered, he dares not but be civil here: I'll try to out huff him. [*Aside.*] Whence had it you?

*Beau.* Ay, sir, whence had it you? that's English in my country, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Go, sir, you are a rascal.

*Beau.* How!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sir, I say you are a rascal, if you go to that——

*Beau.* Sir, I am a gentleman and soldier.

*Sir D. Dunce.* So much the worse, soldiers have been cuckold-makers from the beginning; sir, I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a—come sir, did I never see you? answer me to that, did I never see you? for ought I know you may be a Jesuit; there were more in the last army besides you.

*Beau.* Of your acquaintance, and be hanged.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Yes to my knowledge, there were several at Hounslow-Heath disguised in dirty petticoats, and cried brandy; I knew a serjeant of foot that was familiar with one of them all night in a ditch, and fancied him a woman, but the devil is powerful.

*Beau.* In short, you worthy villain of worship, that picture is mine, and I must have it, or I shall take an opportunity to kick your worship most inhumanly.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Kick, sir.

*Beau.* Ay, sir, kick, 'tis a recreation I can show you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sir, I am a free-born subject of England, and there are laws look you, there are laws; so I say you are a rascal again, and now how will you help yourself? poor fool.

*Beau.* Hark you, friend, have you not a wife?

*Sir D. Dunce.* I have a lady, sir—oh and she's mightily taken with this picture of yours; she was so mightily proud of it she could not forbear showing it me, and telling too who it was sent it her.

*Beau.* And has she been long a jilt? has she practised the trade for any time.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Trade! humph, what trade? what trade? friend.

*Beau.* Why the trade of whore and no whore, caterwauling in jest, putting out Christian colours, when she's a Turk under deck: a curse upon all honest women in the flesh, that are whores in the spirit.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Poor devil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha: look you, sweet soul, as I told you before, there are laws, there are laws, but those are things not worthy your consideration: beauty's your business. But, dear vagabond, trouble thyself no further

about my spouse, let my doxy rest in peace, she's meat for thy master, old boy; I have my belly full of her every night.

*Beau.* Sir, I wish all your noble family hanged from the bottom of my heart.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Moreover, Captain Swash, I must tell you my wife is an honest woman, of a virtuous disposition, one that I have loved from her infancy, and she deserves it by her faithful dealing in this affair, for that she has discovered loyally to me the treacherous designs laid against her chastity, and my honour.

*Beau.* By this light the beast weeps! [*Aside.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* Truly I cannot but weep for joy, to think how happy I am in a sincere, faithful, and loving yoke-fellow. She charged me too to tell you into the bargain, that she is sufficiently satisfied of the most secret wishes of your heart.

*Beau.* I'm glad on't.

*Sir D. Dunce.* And that 'tis her desire, that you would trouble yourself no more about the matter.

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir D. Dunce.* But henceforward behave yourself with such discretion as becomes a gentleman.

*Beau.* Oh to be sure, most exactly!

*Sir D. Dunce.* And let her alone to make the best use of those innocent freedoms I allow her, without putting her reputation in hazard.

*Beau.* As how, I beseech you?———

*Sir D. Dunce.* By your impertinent and unseasonable address.

*Beau.* And this news you bring me by a particular commission from your sweet lady?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Yea, friend, I do; and she hopes you'll be sensible, dear heart, of her good meaning by it: these were her very words, I neither add nor diminish, for plain-dealing is my mistress, friend.

*Beau.* Then all the curses I shall think on this twelve-month light on her, and as many more on the next fool that gives credit to the sex.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Well, certainly I am the happiest toad; how melancholy the monkey stands now? poor pug, hast thou lost her?

*Beau.* To be so sordid a jilt, to betray me to such a beast as that! can she have any good thoughts of such a swine? damn her, had she abused me handsomely it had never vexed me.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Now, sir, with your permission I'll take my leave.

*Beau.* Sir, if you were gone to the devil I shall think you very well disposed of.

*Sir D. Dunce.* If you have any letter, or other commendation to the lady that was so charmed with your resemblance there, it shall be very faithfully conveyed by———

*Beau.* Fool.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Your humble servant, sir, I'm gone, I shall disturb you no further; your most humble servant, sir. [*Exit.*

*Beau.* Now poverty, plague, pox, and prison fall thick upon the head of thee! Fourbin.

*Four.* Sir!———

*Beau.* Thou hast been an extraordinary rogue in thy time.

*Four.* I hope I have lost nothing in your honour's service, sir.

*Beau.* Find out some way to revenge me on this old rascal, and if I don't make thee a gentleman———

*Four.* That you have been pleased to do long ago, I thank you; for I am sure you have not left me one shilling in my pocket these two months.

*Beau.* Here, here's for thee to revel withal.

*Four.* Will your honour please to have his throat cut?

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Four.* Or would you have him decently hanged at his own door, and then give out to the world he did it himself.

*Beau.* That would do very well.

*Four.* Or, I think, to proceed with more safety, a good stale jakes were a very pretty expedient.

*Beau.* Excellent, excellent, Fourbin.

*Four.* Leave matters to my discretion, and if I do not—— [*Exit.*

*Beau.* I know thou wilt, go, go about it, prosper, and be famous. Now ere I dare venture to meet Courtine again will I go by myself, rail for an hour or two, and then be good company. [*Exit.*

*Enter* COURTINE *and* SYLVIA.

*Syl.* Take my word, sir, you had better give this business over. I tell you, there's nothing in the world turns my stomach so much as the man, that man that makes love to me. I never saw one of your sex in my life make love, but he looked so like an ass all the while, that I blushed for him.

*Cour.* I am afraid your ladyship then is one of those dangerous creatures they call she-wits, who are always so mightily taken with admiring themselves, that nothing else is worth their notice.

*Syl.* Oh! who can be so dull not to be ravished with that boisterous mien of yours, that ruffling air in your gait, that seems to cry where-e'er you go, Make room, here comes the captain: that face, which bids defiance to the weather. Bless us! if I were a poor farmer's wife in the country now, and you wanted quarters, how would it fright me! but as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never saw before, how lovingly it looks upon me.

*Cour.* Who can forbear to sigh, look pale, and languish, where beauty and wit unite both their

forces to enslave a heart so tractable as mine is? first, for the modish swim of your body, the victorious motion of your arms and head, the toss of your fan, the glancing of the eyes! bless us! if I were a dainty fine drest coxcomb, with a great estate, and a little or no wit, vanity in abundance and good for nothing, how would they melt and soften me? but as I am a scandalous honest rascal, not fool enough to be your sport, nor rich enough to be your prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

*Syl.* Alas, alas! what pity 'tis your honesty should ever do you hurt, or your wit spoil your preferment?

*Cour.* Just as much, fair lady, as that your beauty should make you be envied at, or your virtue provoke scandal.

*Syl.* The more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

*Cour.* The more I look, the more I'm out of love with you.

*Syl.* How my heart swells when I see you.

*Cour.* How my stomach rises when I'm near you.

*Syl.* Nay, then let's bargain.

*Cour.* With all my heart, what?

*Syl.* Not to fall in love with each other, I assure you, Monsieur Captain.

*Cour.* But to hate one another constantly and cordially.

*Syl.* Always when you are drunk, I desire you to talk scandalously of me.

*Cour.* Ay, and when I am sober too; in return whereof, whene'er you see a coquet of your acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be sure you spit at the filthy remembrance, and rail at me as if you loved me.

*Syl.* In the next place, whene'er we meet in the Mall, I desire you to humph, put out your tongue, make ugly mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

*Cour.* Which, if I chance to do, be sure at next turning to pick up some taudry fluttering fop or another———

*Syl.* That I made acquaintance withal at the music-meeting.

*Cour.* Right, just such another spark to saunter by your side, with his hat under his arm.

*Syl.* Hearkening to all the bitter things I can say to be revenged.

*Cour.* Whilst the dull rogue dare not so much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it when he is out of his waiting.

*Syl.* Counterfeit your letters from me.

*Cour.* And you, to be even with me for the scandal, publish to all the world I offered to marry you.

*Syl.* Oh hideous marriage!

*Cour.* Horrid, horrid, marriage!

*Syl.* Name, name no more of it.

*Cour.* At that sad word let's part.

*Syl.* Let's wish all men decrepid, dull, and silly.

*Cour.* And every woman old and ugly.

*Syl.* Adieu!———

*Cour.* Farewell!———

*Enter a Young Fellow affectedly drest, several others with him.*

*Syl.* Ah me, Mr. Frisk!

*Frisk.* Mademoiselle Sylvia! sincerely, as I hope to be saved, the devil take me, damn me, madam, who's that?

*Syl.* Ha, ha, ha, hea. [*Exit with* FRISK.

*Cour.* True to thy failings always, woman! how naturally is the sex fond of a rogue! what a monster was that for a woman to delight in? now must I love her still, though I know I'm a blockhead for't, and she'll use me like a blockhead too, if I don't

prevent her. What's to be done? I'll have three whores a day, to keep love out of my head.

*Enter* BEAUGARD.

Beaugard, well met again! how go matters? handsomely?

*Beau.* Oh, very handsomely! had you but seen how handsomely I was used just now, you would swear so. I have heard thee rail in my time, would thou would'st exercise thy talents a little at present.

*Cour.* At what?

*Beau.* Why, canst thou ever want a subject? rail at thyself, rail at me, I deserve to be railed at: see there, what thinkest thou of that engine, that moving lump of filthiness, miscalled a man?

*A clumsy Fellow marches over the Stage dressed like an Officer.*

*Cour.* Curse on him for a rogue, I know him.

*Beau.* So.

*Cour.* The rascal was a retailer of ale but yesterday, and now he is an officer and be hanged; tis a dainty sight in a morning to see him with his toes turned in, drawing his legs after him at the head of a hundred lusty fellows. Some honest gentleman or other stays now, because that dog had money to bribe some corrupt colonel withal.

*Enter another gravely drest.*

*Beau.* There, there's another of my acquaintance; he was my father's footman not long since, and has pimp'd for me oftener than he has prayed for himself; that good quality recommended him to a nobleman's service, which, together with flattering, fawning, lying, spying, and informing, has raised him to an employment of trust and reputation;

though the rogue can't write his name, nor read his neck-verse, if he had occasion.

*Cour.* 'Tis as unreasonable to expect a man of sense should be preferred, as 'tis to think a hector can be stout, a priest religious, a fair woman chaste, or a pardoned rebel loyal.

*Enter two more seeming earnest in discourse.*

*Beau.* That's seasonably thought on: look there, observe but that fellow on the right hand, the rogue with the busiest face of the two, I'll tell thee his history.

*Cour.* I hope hanging will be the end of his history, so well I like him at the first sight.

*Beau.* He was born a vagabond, and no parish owned him; his father was as obscure as his mother public; every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

*Cour.* He comes of a very good family, Heaven be praised.

*Beau.* The first thing he chose to rise by, was rebellion; so a rebel he grew, and flourished a rebel, fought against his king, and helped to bring him to the block.

*Cour.* And was he not religious too?

*Beau.* Most devoutly! he could pray 'till he cried, and preach till he foamed; which excellent talent made him popular, and at last preferred him to be a worthy member of that never to be forgotten rump parliament.

*Cour.* Pray, sir, be uncovered at that, and remember it with reverence.

*Beau.* In short, he was a committee-man, sequestrator and persecutor general of a whole county, by which he got enough at the king's return to secure himself in the general pardon.

*Cour.* Nauseous vermin! that such a swine with the mark of rebellion in his forehead, should wallow in his luxury, whilst honest men are forgotten.

*Beau.* Thus forgiven, thus raised, and made thus happy, the ungrateful slave disowns the hand that healed him, cherishes factions to affront his master, and once more would rebel against the head, which so lately saved his from a pole.

*Cour.* What a dreadful beard and swinging sword he wears.

*Beau.* 'Tis to keep his cowardice in countenance; the rascal will endure kicking most temperately for all that; I know five or six more of the same stamp, that never come abroad without terrible long spits by their sides, with which they will let you bore their own noses if you please. But let the villain be forgotten.

*Cour.* His co-rogue I have some knowledge of; he's a tattered, worm-eaten case-putter, some call him lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a judge.

*Beau.* Yes, and are always repining that men of parts are not regarded.

*Cour.* He has been a great noise-maker in factious clubs these seven years, and now I suppose he is courting that worshipful rascal to make him recorder of some factious town.

*Beau.* To teach tallow-chandlers and cheese-mongers how far they may rebel against their king by virtue of Magna Charta.

*Cour.* But, friend Beaugard, methinks thou art very splenetic of a sudden: how goes the affair of love forward? prosperously, hah!

*Beau.* Oh, I assure you most triumphantly; just now, you must know, I am parted with the sweet, civil, enchanted lady's husband.

*Cour.* Well, and what says the cuckold? is he very kind and good-natured, as cuckolds use to be?

*Beau.* Why he says, Courtine, in short, that I am a very silly fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been jilted in this affair most unconscionably. A plague on all pimps, I say, a man's business never thrives so well as when he is his own solicitor.

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE, *and a* Boy.

*Sir J. Jum.* Hist, hist, captain, captain, captain. Boy.

*Boy.* Sir.

*Sir J. Jum.* Run and get two chairs presently; be sure you get two chairs, sirrah, do you hear? [*Exit* Boy.] Here's luck; here's luck! now or never, captain; never if not now, captain! here's luck.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly, no more adventures, sweet Sir Jolly, I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

*Sir J. Jum.* The best in the world, dear dog, the very best in the world: 'sbud, she's here hard by, man, stays on purpose for thee finely disguised. The cuckold has lost her too; and nobody knows any thing of the matter but I, nobody but I; and I, you must know, I am I, hah! and I, you little toad, hah!

*Beau.* You are a very fine gentleman.

*Sir J. Jum.* The best-natured fellow I believe in the world of my years! Now does my heart so thump for fear this business should miscarry: why, I'll warrant thee, the lady is here, man, she's all thy own; 'tis thy own fault if thou art not in *terra incognita* within this half hour: come along, pr'ythee come along, fye for shame; what, make a lady lose her longing! Come along, I say, you—out upon't.

*Beau.* Sir, your humble, I shan't stir.

*Sir J. Jum.* What, not go!

*Beau.* No, sir; no lady for me.

*Sir J. Jum.* Not go! I should laugh at that, faith.

*Beau.* No, I will assure you, not go, sir.

*Sir J. Jum.* Away, you wag, you jest; you jest, you wag; not go, quoth-a?

*Beau.* No, sir, not go, I tell you; what the devil would you have more?

*Sir. J. Jum.* Nothing, nothing, sir, but I'm a gentleman.

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir J. Jum.* And do you think then that I'll be used thus?

*Beau.* Sir!

*Sir J. Jum.* Take away my reputation, and take away my life, I shall be disgraced for ever.

*Beau.* I have not wronged you, Sir Jolly.

*Sir J. Jum.* Not wronged me! but you shall find you have wronged me, and wronged a sweet lady, and a fine lady.——I shall never be trusted again! never have employment more! I shall die of the spleen——Pr'ythee now, be good-natured, pr'ythee, be persuaded; odd, I'll give thee this ring, I'll give thee this watch, 'tis gold, I'll give thee any thing in the world, go.

*Beau.* Not one foot, sir.

*Sir J. Jum.* Now that I durst but murder him. ———Well, shall I fetch her to thee? what shall I do for thee?

*Enter* LADY DUNCE.

Odds fish, here she comes herself: now, you ill-natured churl, now, you devil, look upon her; do but look upon her: what shall I say to her?

*Beau.* E'en what you please, Sir Jolly.

*Sir J. Jum.* 'Tis a very strange monster this—— Madam, this is the gentleman, that's he; though,

as one may say, he's something bashful, but I'll tell him who you are. [*Goes to* BEAUGARD.] If thou art not more cruel than leopards, lions, tigers, wolves, or Tartars, don't break my heart, don't kill me; this unkindness of thine goes to the soul of me. [*Goes to the lady.*] Madam, he says, he's so amazed at your triumphant beauty, that he dares not approach the excellence that shines from you.

*Lady Dunce.* What can be the meaning of all this?

*Sir J. Jum.* Art thou then resolved to be remorseless? canst thou be insensible? hast thou eyes, hast thou a heart? hast thou any thing thou shouldest have? odd, I'll tickle thee; get you to her, you fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

*Lady Dunce.* Have you forgot me, Beaugard?

*Sir J. Jum.* So now, to her again; I say, to her, to her, and be hanged. Ah, rogue! ah, rogue! now, now, have at her; now have at her; there it goes, there it goes, hey—boy!——

*Lady Dunce.* Methinks this face should not so much be altered, as to be nothing like what I once thought it, the object of your pleasure, and subject of your praises.

*Sir J. Jum.* Cunning toad! wheedling jade! you shall see now how by degrees she'll draw him into the whirlpool of love; now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her. O law! there's eyes! there's eyes! I must pinch him by the calf of the leg.

*Beau.* Madam, I must confess I do remember that I had once an acquaintance with a face, whose air and beauty much resembled yours; and, if I may trust my heart, you are called Clarinda.

*Lady Dunce.* Clarinda I was called, till my ill fortune wedded me; now you may have heard of me by another title; your friend there, I suppose, has made nothing a secret to you.

*Beau.* And are you then that kind, enchanted fair one, who was so passionately in love with my picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the beast your husband, and wrong the passion of a gentleman that languished for you, only to make your monster merry? Hark you, madam, had your fool been worth it, I had beaten him, and have a month's mind to be exercising my parts that way upon your go-between, your male-bawd there.

*Sir J. Jum.* Ah, Lord! ah, Lord! all's spoiled again, all's ruined, I shall be undone for ever! why, what the devil is the matter now? what have I done? what sins have I committed? [*Aside.*

*Lady Dunce.* And are you the passionate adorer of our sex, who cannot live a week in London without loving? Are you the spark that sends your picture up and down to longing ladies, longing for a pattern of your person?

*Beau.* Yes, madam, when I receive so good hostages as these are, [*Shews the gold.*] that it shall be well used. Could you find nobody but me to play the fool withal?

*Sir J. Jum.* Alack-a-day.

*Lady Dunce.* Could you pitch upon nobody but that wretched woman, that has loved you too well, to abuse thus?

*Sir J. Jum.* That ever I was born!

*Beau.* Here, here, madam, I'll return you your dirt, I scorn your wages, as I do your service.

*Lady Dunce.* Fye for shame, what, refund? that is not like a soldier to refund: keep, keep it to pay your sempstress withal.

*Sir J. Jum.* His sempstress, who the devil is his sempstress? Odd, what would I give to know that now! [*Aside.*

*Lady Dunce.* There was a ring too, which I sent you this afternoon; if that fit not your finger, you

may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of scandal, and you'll do well.

*Beau.* A ring, madam!

*Lady Dunce.* A small trifle; I suppose Sir Davy delivered it to you, when he returned you your miniature.

*Beau.* I beseech you, madam!——

*Lady Dunce.* Farewell, you traitor.

*Beau.* As I hope to be saved, and upon the word of a gentleman.

*Lady Dunce.* Go, you are a false, ungrateful brute; and trouble me no more. [*Exit.*

*Beau.* Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.

*Sir J. Jum.* Ah, thou rebel!

*Beau.* Some advice, some advice, dear friend, ere I'm ruined.

*Sir J. Jum.* Even two pennyworth of hemp for your honour's supper, that's all the remedy that I know.

*Beau.* But, pr'ythee, hear a little reason.

*Sir J. Jum.* No, sir, I have done; no more to be said, I have done; I am ashamed of you, I'll have no more to say to you, I'll never see your face again, good b'w'y. [*Exit* SIR JOLLY.

*Beau.* Death and the devil, what have my stars been doing to-day? a ring! delivered by Sir Davy—what can that mean?—Pox on her for a jilt, she lies, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer. Hist, here comes the beast once more: I'll use him civilly, and try what discovery I can make.

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ha, ha, ha! here's the captain's jewel; very well: in troth I had like to have forgotten it. Ha, ha, ha!—how damnable mad he'll be now, when I shall deliver him his ring again, ha,

ha!—Poor dog, he'll hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha! ——Faith, 'tis a very pretty stone, and finely set: humph! if I should keep it now?——I'll say I have lost it: no, I'll give it him again on purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Sir Davy, I am heartily sorry——

*Sir D. Dunce.* O sir, 'tis you I was seeking for, ha, ha, ha. What shall I say to him now to terrify him? [*Aside.*

*Beau.* Me, sir!——

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, you, sir, if your name be Captain Beaugard. How like a fool he looks already!—— [*Aside.*

*Beau.* What you please, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sir, I would speak a word with you, if you think fit. What shall I do now to keep my countenance? [*Aside.*

*Beau.* Can I be so happy, sir, as to be able to serve you in any thing?

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, sir; ha, ha, ha; I have commands of service to you, sir. O Lord, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Me, sir!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, sir; you, sir: but put on your hat, friend, put on your hat; be covered.

*Beau.* Sir, will you please to sit down on this bank?

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, no, there's no need, no need; for all I have a young wife, I can stand upon my legs, sweetheart.

*Beau.* Sir, I beseech you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* By no means; I think, friend, we had some hard words just now, 'twas about a paultry baggage, but she's a pretty baggage, and a witty baggage, and a baggage that——

*Beau.* Sir, I am heartily ashamed of all misdemeanour on my side.

*Sir D. Dunce.* You do well; though are you not

a damned whoremaster, a devilish cuckold-making fellow? here, here, do you see this! here's the ring you sent a roguing; sir, do you think my wife wants any thing that you can help her to?——Why, I'll warrant you this ring cost fifty pounds; what a prodigal fellow are you to throw away so much money; or didst thou steal it, old boy? I believe thou mayest be poor, I'll lend thee money upon't, if thou thinkest fit, at thirty in the hundred, because I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Sir, your humble servant, I am sorry 'twas not worth your lady's acceptance. Now what a dog am I!

*Sir D. Dunce.* I should have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, though it was not my wife's fault in the least; for she says, as thou likest this usage, she hopes to have thy custom again, child. Ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Then, sir, I beseech you tell her, that you have made a convert of me, and that I am so sensible of my insolent behaviour towards her——

*Sir D. Dunce.* Very well, I shall do it.

*Beau.* That 'tis impossible I shall ever be at peace with myself, till I find some way how to make her reparation.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Very good, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* And that if she ever finds me guilty of the like offence again——

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, sir, you had not best; but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Let her banish all good opinion of me for ever.

*Sir D. Dunce.* No more to be said, your servant, good b'w'y.

*Beau.* One word more, I beseech you, Sir Davy.

*Sir D. Dunce.* What's that.

*Beau.* I beg you tell her that the generous

reproof she has given me has so wrought upon me——

*Sir D. Dunce.* Well, I will.

*Beau.* That I esteem this jewel not only as a wreck redeemed from my folly, but that for her sake I will preserve it to the utmost moment of my life.

*Sir D. Dunce.* With all my heart, I vow and swear.

*Beau.* And that I long to convince her I am not the brute she might mistake me for.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Right; well, this will make the purest sport. [*Aside.*] Let me see; first, you acknowledge yourself to be a very impudent fellow.

*Beau.* I do so, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* And that you shall never be at rest, till you have satisfied my lady.

*Beau.* Right, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Satisfied her! very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the fool any more. Be sure you keep your word, friend.

*Beau.* Never, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* And that you will keep that ring for her sake, as long as you live, ha!

*Beau.* To the day of my death, I'll assure you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I protest that will be very kindly done—and that you long mightily, long to let her understand that you are another guise fellow than she may take you for.

*Beau.* Exactly, sir, this is the sum and end of my desires.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Well, I'll take care of your business, I'll do your business, I'll warrant you; this will be the purest sport when I come home! [*Aside.* Well, your servant, remember, be sure you remember: your servant. [*Exit.*

*Beau.* So, now I find a husband is a delicate instrument rightly made use of;——to make her old

jealous coxcomb pimp for me himself, I think is as worthy an employment as such a noble consort can be put to.

Ah, were ye all such husbands and such wives,
We younger brothers should lead better lives.

[*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### *SCENE I. Covent Garden.*

*Enter* SYLVIA *and* COURTINE.

*Syl.* To fall in love, and to fall in love with a soldier, nay, a disbanded soldier too, a fellow with the mark of Cain upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw stones at him for.

*Cour.* Damn her, I shall never enjoy her without ravishing; if she were but very rich and very ugly, I would marry her. Aye, 'tis she, I know her mischievous look too well to be mistaken in it—— Madam——

*Syl.* Sir.

*Cour.* 'Tis a very hard case, that you have resolved not to let me be quiet.

*Syl.* 'Tis very unreasonably done of you, sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this scandalous rate; the world will think we are acquainted, shortly.

*Cour.* But, madam, I shall fairly take care of my reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

*Syl.* Have you not haunted this place these two hours.

*Cour.* 'Twas because I knew it to be your ladyship's home then, and therefore might reasonably be

the place you least of all frequented; one would imagine you were gone a coxcomb-hunting by this time, to some place of public appearance or other; 'tis pretty near the hour, 'twill be twilight presently, and then the owls come all abroad.

*Syl.* What need I take the trouble to go so far a fowling, when there's game enough at our own doors?

*Cour.* What, game for your net, fair lady?

*Syl.* Yes, or any woman's net else, that will spread it.

*Cour.* To show you how despicably I think of the business, I will here leave you presently, though I lose the pleasure of railing at you.

*Syl.* Do so, I would advise you; your raillery betrays your wit, as bad as your clumsy civility does your breeding.

*Cour.* Adieu!

*Syl.* Farewell!——

*Cour.* Why do not you go about your business?

*Syl.* Because I would be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

*Cour.* Were it but possible that you could answer me one question truly, then I should be satisfied.

*Syl.* Any thing for composition, to be rid of you handsomely.

*Cour.* Are you really very honest? Look in my face, and tell me that.

*Syl.* Look in your face and tell you, for what? to spoil my stomach to my supper?

*Cour.* No, but to get thee a stomach to thy bed, sweetheart; I would if possible be better acquainted with thee, because thou art very ill-natured.

*Syl.* Your only way to bring that business about effectually, is to be more troublesome; and if you think it worth your while to be abused substantially, you may make your personal appearance this night.

*Cour.* How? where? and when? and what hour, I beseech thee?

*Syl.* Under the window, between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly.

*Cour.* Where shall those lovely eyes and ears
Hear my plaints, and see my tears.

*Syl.* At that kind hour thy griefs shall end,
If thou canst know thy foe from——friend.

[*Exit.*

*Cour.* Here's another trick of the devil now, under that window between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly. I am a damned fool, and must go; let me see; suppose I meet with a lusty beating: pish, that's nothing for a man that's in love; or suppose she contrive some way to make a public coxcomb of me, and expose me to the scorn of the world, for an example to all amorous blockheads hereafter? Why, if she do, I'll swear I have lain with her; beat her relations, if they pretend to vindicate her; and so there's one love-intrigue pretty well over. [*Exit.*

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE *and* VERMIN.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Go, get you into your lady now, and tell her I am coming.

*Ver.* Her ladyship, right worshipful, is pleased not to be at home.

*Sir D. Dunce.* How's that, my lady not at home! run, run in and ask when she went forth, where she is gone, and who is with her; run and ask, Vermin.

*Ver.* She went out in a chair presently after you this afternoon.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Then I may be a cuckold still for aught I know: what will become of me? I have surely lost, and ne'er shall find her more; she promised me strictly to stay at home till I came back again; for ought I know she may be up three pair of stairs in the Temple now.

*Ver.* Is her ladyship in law then, sir?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Or, it may be, taking the air as far as Knightsbridge, with some smooth-faced rogue or another; 'tis a damned house that Swan, that Swan at Knightsbridge is a confounded house, Vermin.

*Ver.* Do you think she is there then?

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may be, you know; would that Barnelms was under water too, there's a thousand cuckolds a year made at Barnelms by Rosamond's ponds: the devil, if she should be there this evening, my heart's broke.

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE.

*Sir J. Jum.* That must be Sir Davy; aye, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of? was ever any thing so pleasant?

*Sir D. Dunce.* I'll lock her up three days and three nights without meat, drink, or light; I'll humble her in the devil's name.

*Sir J. Jum.* Well, could I but meet my friend Sir Davy, it would be the joyfullest news for him—

*Sir. D. Dunce.* Who's there that has any thing to me?

*Sir J. Jum.* Ah, my friend of friends, such news, such tidings!

*Sir D. Dunce.* I have lost my wife, man.

*Sir J. Jum.* Lost her! she's not dead, I hope?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Yes. Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost.

*Sir J. Jum.* Why I parted with her within this half hour.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it? I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant and a constable presently.

*Sir J. Jum.* And she made the purest sport now

with a young fellow, man, that she met withal, accidentally.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh Lord; that's worse and worse! a young fellow!—my wife making sport with a young fellow! oh Lord! here are doings, here are vagaries! I'll run mad. I'll climb Bow-steeple presently, bestride the dragon, and preach cuckoldom to the whole city.

*Sir J. Jum.* The best of all was too, that it happened to be an idle coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, neighbour.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Indeed, in love with her! who was it? what's his name? I'll warrant you won't tell a body——I'll indict him in the crown-office; no, I'll issue warrants to apprehend him for treason upon the statute of Edw. 19. won't you tell me what young fellow it was? was it a very handsome young fellow, hah——

*Sir J. Jum.* Handsome? Yes, hang him. The fellow's handsome enough; he is not very handsome neither, but he has a devilish leering black eye.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh Lord!

*Sir. J. Jum.* His face too is a good riding face; 'tis no soft effeminate complexion indeed, but his countenance is ruddy, sanguine, and cheerful; a devilish fellow in a corner, I'll warrant him.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Bless us! what will become of me? why the devil did I marry a young wife? Is he very well shaped too, tall, straight, and proportionable, hah!——

*Sir J. Jum.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too; he's none of your overgrown lubberly Flanders jades, but more of the true English breed, well knit, able, and fit for service, old boy; the fellow is well shaped truly, very well

proportioned, strong, and active. I have seen the rogue leap like a buck.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm sensible she's a young woman; and I am an old fellow, troth a very old fellow, I signify little or nothing now. But do you think he has prevailed? am I a cuckold, neighbour?

*Sir J. Jum.* Cuckold! what, a cuckold in Covent Garden? No, I'll assure you, I believe her to be the most virtuous woman in the world; but if you had but seen——

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, would I had, what was it?

*Sir J. Jum.* How like a rogue she used him: first of all comes up the spark to her, Madam, says he, ——and then he bows down, thus——How now, says she, what would the impertinent fellow have?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Humph? ha! well, and what then?

*Sir. J. Jum.* Madam, says he again (bowing as he did before) my heart is so entirely yours, that except you take pity of my sufferings, I must here die at your feet.

*Sir D. Dunce.* So, and what said she again, neighbour, hah?

*Sir J. Jum.* Go, you are a fop.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ha, ha, ha, did she indeed? did she say so indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't: well, and what next? And how, and well, and what? hah!——

*Sir J. Jum.* Madam, says he, this won't do, I am your humble servant for all this; you may pretend to be as ill-natured as you please, but I shall make bold.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Was there ever such an impudent fellow?

*Sir J. Jum.* With that, Sirrah, says she, you are a saucy jackanapes, and I'll have you kicked.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I would not be unmarried again to be an angel.

*Sir J. Jum.* But the best jest of all was, who this should be at last.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, who indeed! I'll warrant you some silly fellow or other, poor fool!

*Sir J. Jum.* Even a scandalous rakehell, that lingers up and down the town by the name of Captain Beaugard; but he has been a bloody cuckold-making scoundrel in his time.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Hang him, sot, is it he? I don't value him this, not a wet finger, man; to my knowledge she hates him, she scorns him, neighbour, I know it, I am very well satisfied in the point; besides, I have seen him since that, and have out-hectored him: I am to tell her from his own mouth, that he promises never to affront her more.

*Sir J. Jum.* Indeed!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, aye———

*Enter* LADY DUNCE, *paying her* Chairman.

*Chair.* God bless you, madam, thank your honour.

*Sir J. Jum.* Hush, hush, there's my lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be seen, your humble servant, God b'w'y.

*Sir D. Dunce.* No faith, Sir Jolly, e'en go into my house now, and stay supper with me, we han't supped together a great while.

*Sir J. Jum.* Ha! say you so? I don't care if I do, faith, with all my heart; this may give me an opportunity to set all things right again. [*Aside.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* My dear.

*Lady Dunce.* Sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* You have been abroad, my dear, I see.

*Lady Dunce.* Only for a little air; truly I was almost stifled within doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir Davy, will you?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Angry, child! no child, not I; what should I be angry for?

*Lady Dunce.* I wonder, Sir Davy, you will serve me at this rate. Did you not promise me to go in my behalf to Beaugard, and correct him according to my instructions for his insolence?

*Sir D. Dunce.* So I did, child; I have been with him, sweetheart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again the picture too; but as the devil would have it, I forgot the ring, faith I did.

*Lady Dunce.* Did you purpose, Sir Sodom, to render me ridiculous to the man I abominate? what scandalous interpretation, think you, must he make of my retaining any trifle of his, sent me on so dishonourable terms?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Really, my lamb, thou art in the right; yes, I went back afterwards, dear heart, and did the business to some purpose.

*Lady Dunce.* I am glad that you did, with all my heart.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I gave him his lesson, I'll warrant him.

*Lady Dunce.* Lesson! what lesson had you to give him?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Why, I told him as he liked that usage he might come again; ha, ha, ha.

*Lady Dunce.* Aye, and so let him.

*Sir D. Dunce.* With all my heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me; though thou wouldst not imagine how the poor devil's altered. Ha, you there now, but as certainly as I stand here, that man is troubled, that he swears he shall not rest day nor

night, till he has satisfied thee; pr'ythee be satisfied with him if it is possible, my dear, pr'ythee do. I promised him before I left him to tell thee as much: for the poor wretch looks so simply, I could not choose but pity him, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir J. Jum.* Now, now, you little witch, now you chitsface; odd I could find in my heart to put my little finger in your bubbies.

*Lady Dunce.* Sir Davy, I must tell you that I cannot but resent your so soon reconcilement with a man that I hate worse than death, and that if you loved me with half that tenderness which you profess, you would not forget an affront so palpably and so basely offered me.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Why, chicken, where's the remedy? What's to be done? How wouldst thou have me deal with him.

*Lady Dunce.* Cut his throat.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Bless us for ever! cut his throat! what, do murder?

*Lady Dunce.* Murder, yes, any thing to such an incorrigible enemy of your honour, one that has resolved to persist in abusing of you; see here this letter, this I received since I last parted with you; just now it was thrown into my chair by an impudent lacquey of his, kept on purpose for such employments.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Let me see: a letter indeed!—— For the Lady Dunce—damned rogue, treacherous dog, what can he say in the inside now? here's a villain.

*Lady Dunce.* Yes, you had best break it open, you had so: 'tis like the rest of your discretion.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Lady, if I have an enemy, it is best for me to know what mischief he intends me; therefore, with your leave, I will break it open.

*Lady Dunce.* Do, do, to have him believe that I

was pleased enough with it to do it myself: if you have the spirit of a gentleman in you, carry it back, and dash it, as it is, in the face of that audacious fellow.

*Sir J. Jum.* What can be the meaning of this now?

*Sir D Dunce.* A gentleman, yes, madam, I am a gentleman, and the world shall find that I am a gentleman———I have certainly the best woman in the world.

*Lady Dunce.* What do you think must be the end of all this? I have no refuge in the world, but your kindness; had I a jealous husband now, how miserable must my life be!

*Sir J. Jum.* Ah rogue's nose! ah devil! ah toad! cunning thief, wheedling slut, I'll bite her by and by.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Poor fool! no, dear, I am not jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee; do what thou wilt, thou shalt not make me jealous: I love thee too well to suspect thee.

*Lady Dunce.* Ah, but how long will you do so.

*Sir D. Dunce.* How long? as long as I live, I warrant thee, I——don't talk to a body so: I cannot hold if thou dost, my eyes will run over, poor fool! poor birdsnies! poor lambkin!

*Lady Dunce.* But will you be so kind to me to answer my desires? will you once more endeavour to make that traitor sensible that I have too just an esteem of you, not to value his addresses as they deserve?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, aye, I will.

*Lady Dunce.* But don't stay away too long, dear; make what haste ye can, I shall be in pain till I see you again.

*Sir D. Dunce.* My dear, my love, my babby, I'll be with thee in a moment: how happy am I above the rest of men! neighbour, dear neighbour, walk in

with my wife, and keep her company till I return again. Child, don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, was there ever such a wife? well, da, da, da: don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, da, da. [*Exit.*

*Lady Dunce.* Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.

*Sir J. Jum.* Don't be troubled, pr'ythee don't be troubled, da, da.

*Lady Dunce.* But, Sir Jolly, can you guess whereabout my wandering officer may be probably found now?

*Sir J. Jum.* Found, lady? he is to be found, madam, he is to be at my house presently, lady; he's certainly one of the finest fellows in the world.

*Lady Dunce.* You speak like a friend, Sir Jolly.

*Sir J. Jum.* His friend, lady; no, madam, his foe, his utter enemy, I shall be his ruin, I shall undo him.

*Lady Dunce.* You may if you please: then come both and play at cards with me this evening for an hour or two; for I have contrived it so, that Sir Davy is to be abroad at supper to-night, he cannot avoid it; I long to win some of the captain's money strangely.

*Sir J. Jum.* Do you so, my gamester? Well, I'll be sure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you———odd, he's a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow, he has only one fault.

*Lady Dunce.* And what is that, I beseech you, sir?

*Sir J. Jum.* Only too loving, too good-natured, that's all; 'tis certainly the best-natured fool breathing, that's all his fault.

*Lady Dunce.* Hist, hist, I think I see company coming; if you please, Sir Jolly, we'll go in.

*Enter* BEAUGARD, *followed by* SIR DAVY *and* VERMIN.

*Sir J. Jum.* Mum, mum, 'tis he himself, the very

same; odds so, Sir Davy after him too, hush, hush, hush, let us be gone, let us retire; do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a shape, there's an air, there's a motion! ah rogue, ah devil, get you in, get you in, I say, there's a shape for you.

[*Exeunt* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE *and* LADY DUNCE.

*Beau.* What the devil shall I do to recover this day's loss again? my honourable pimp too, my pander knight has forsaken me; methinks I am quandaried, like one going with a party to discover the enemy's camp, but had lost his guide upon the mountains. Curse on him, old Argus, is he here again? there can be no good fortune towards me when he's at my heels.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sir, sir, sir, one word with you, sir, captain, captain, noble captain, one word, I beseech you.

*Beau.* With me, friend?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Yes, with you, my no friend.

*Beau.* Sir Davy, my intimate, my bosom physician——

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah rogue! damned rogue!

*Beau.* My confessor, my dearest friend I ever had——

*Sir D. Dunce.* Dainty wheedle, here's a fellow for ye.

*Beau.* One that has taught me to be in love with virtue, and shown me the ugly inside of my follies.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Your humble servant.

*Beau.* Is that all? if you are as cold in your love as you are in your friendship, Sir Davy, your lady has the worst time on't of any one in Christendom.

*Sir D. Dunce.* So she has, sir, when she cannot be free from the insolent solicitations of such fellows as you are, sir.

*Beau.* As me, sir? why, who am I, good Sir Domine Doddlepate?

*Sir D. Dunce.* So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the peace instantly; will you never have remorse of conscience, friend? have you banished all shame from your soul? do you consider my name is Sir Davy Dunce? that I have the most virtuous wife living? Do you consider that? Now how like a rogue he looks again? what a hang-dog leer was that?

*Beau.* Your virtuous wife, sir! you are always harping upon that string, Sir Davy.

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, 'tis you would be harping upon that string, sir; see you this? cast your eyes upon this, this letter, sir; did not you promise, this very day, to abandon all manner of proceedings of this nature, tending to the dishonour of me and my family?

*Beau.* Letter, sir, what the devil does he mean now? Let me see, For the Lady Dunce: this is no scrawl of mine, I'll be sworn; by Jove, her own hand! what a dog was I! forty to one but I had played the fool, and spoiled all again. Was there ever so charming a creature breathing?——[*Aside.* Did your lady deliver this to your hands, sir?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Even her own self in person, sir, and bade me tell you, sir, that she has too just an esteem of me, sir; not to value such a fellow as you are, as you deserve.

*Beau.* Very good. [*Reads the letter.*] I doubt not but this letter will surprise you——— (in troth, and so it does extremely) but reflect upon the manner of conveying it to your hand as kindly as you can.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, a damned thief, to have it thrown into the chair by a footman.

*Beau.* [*Reads.*] Would Sir Davy were but half so kind to you as I am.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Say you so, insinuating knave?

*Beau.* [*Reads.*] But he, I am satisfied, is so severely jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see you this evening, I fear all will be hopeless.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Impudent traitor, I might have been a monster yet before I had got my supper in my belly.

*Beau.* [*Reads.*] In order to which, either appear yourself, or somebody for you, half an hour hence in the Piazza, when more may be considered of. Adieu.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Thanks to you, noble sir, with all my heart; you are come I see accordingly, but as a friend, I am bound in conscience to tell you the business won't do, the trick won't pass, friend; you may put up your pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lie with my wife! pugh; he make Sir Davy Dunce a cuckold! poor wretch, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit* BEAUGARD.

*Sir J. Jum.* Hist, hist, hist.

*Enter* LADY DUNCE, *and* FOURBIN *disguised.*

*Lady Dunce.* That's he, there he is: succeed, and be rewarded.

*Four.* Other people may think what they please; but in my own opinion, I am a very pretty fellow now; if my design but succeed upon this old baboon, I'll be canonized. Sir, sir, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Friend! with me? would you speak with me, friend?

*Four.* Sir, my commands were to attend your worship.

*Sir J. Jum.* Beaugard, Beaugard, hist, hist, here, here, quickly, hist.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Where do you live, sweetheart, and who do you belong to?

*Four.* Sir, I am a small instrument of the city, I serve the Lord Mayor in his office there.

*Sir D. Dunce.* How! the Lord Mayor!

*Four.* Yes, sir, who desires you by all means to do him the honour of your company at supper this evening.

*Sir D. Dunce.* It will be the greatest honour I ever received in my life; what, my Lord Mayor invite me to supper? I am his lordship's most humble servant.

*Four.* Yes, sir, if your name be Sir Davy Dunce, as I have the honour to be informed it is: he desires you moreover to make what haste you can, for that he has some matters of importance to communicate to your honour, which may take some time.

*Lady Dunce.* I hope it will succeed.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Communicate with me! he does me too noble a favour; I'll fly upon the wings of ambition to lay myself at his footstool: my Lord Mayor sends himself to invite me to supper, to confer with me too: I shall certainly be a great man.

*Four.* What answer will your worship charge me back withal.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Let his lordship know that I am amazed and confounded at his generosity; and that I am so transported with the honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roasting of an egg.

*Four.* I am your worship's lowly slave. [*Exit.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* Vermin, go get the coach ready; get me the gold medal too and chain, which I took from the Roman catholic officer for a popish relic: I'll be fine; I'll shine, and drink wine that's divine. My Lord Mayor invite me to supper!

*Lady Dunce.* My dearest, I'm glad to see thee

returned in safety, from the bottom of my heart: hast thou seen the traitor?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Seen him! hang him, I have seen him; pox on him, seen him!

*Lady Dunce.* Well, and what is become of him; where is he?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Why dost thou ask me where he is? what a pox care I what becomes of him? pr'ythee, don't trouble me with thy impertinence, I am busy.

*Lady Dunce.* You are not angry, my dear, are you?

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, but I am pleased, and that's all one; very much pleased, let me tell you but that; I am only to sup with my Lord Mayor, that's all; nothing else in the world, only the business of the nation calls upon me, that's all; therefore once more, I say, don't be troublesome; but stand off.

*Lady Dunce.* You always think my company troublesome; you never stay at home to comfort me; what think you I shall do alone by myself all this evening, moping in my chamber? Pray, my joy, stay with me for once. I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aside.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* I say again and again, tempter, stand off; I will not lose my preferment for my pleasure; honour is towards me, and flesh and blood are my aversion.

*Lady Dunce.* But how long will you stay then?

*Sir D. Dunce.* I don't know, may be not an hour, may be all night, as his lordship and I think fit; what's that to any body?

*Lady Dunce.* You are very cruel to me.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I can't help it, go, get you in, and pass away the time with your neighbour, I'll be back again before I die; in the mean time be humble and conformable, go. Is the coach ready?

*Ver.* Yes, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Well, your servant; what, nothing to my Lady Mayoress! you have a great deal of breeding indeed, a great deal! nothing to my Lady Mayoress?

*Lady Dunce.* My service to her, if you please.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Well, da, da, the poor fool cries o' my conscience! adieu, do you hear, farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Lady Dunce.* As well as what I love can make me.

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE.

*Sir J. Jum.* Madam, is he gone?

*Lady Dunce.* In post haste, I assure you.

*Sir J. Jum.* In troth, and joy go with him.

*Lady Dunce.* Do you then, Sir Jolly, conduct the captain hither, whilst I go and dispose of the family, that we may be private. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Troth, I had forgot my medal and chain, quite and clean forgot my relic; I was forced to come up these back stairs, for fear of meeting my wife again; it is the troublesomest loving fool; I must into my closet, and write a short letter too; 'tis post-night, I had forgot that: well, I would not have my wife catch me for a guinea.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* BEAUGARD *and* LADY DUNCE.

*Beau.* Are you certain, madam, no body is this way? I fancy as we entered, I saw the glimpe of something more than ordinary.

*Lady Dunce.* Is it your care of me, or your personal fears, that make you so suspicious? whereabouts was the apparition?

*Beau.* There, there, just at the very door.

*Lady Dunce.* Fie for shame, that's Sir Davy's closet; and he, I'm satisfied, is far enough off by this time. I'm sure I heard the coach drive him away. But, to convince you, you shall see now: Sir Davy, Sir Davy, Sir Davy, [*knocking at the closet door.*] Look you there, you a captain, and afraid of a shadow! come, sir, shall we call for the cards?

*Beau.* And what shall we play for, pretty one?

*Lady Dunce.* E'en what you think best, sir.

*Beau.* Silver kisses, or golden joys? come, let us make stakes a little.

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE.

*Sir J. Jum.* Ah rogue, ah rogue! are you there? have I caught you, in faith, now, now, now?

*Lady Dunce.* And who shall keep them.

*Beau.* You, till Sir Davy returns from supper.

*Lady Dunce.* That may be long enough; for our engine Fourbin has orders not to give him over suddenly, I assure you.

*Beau.* And is't to yourself then, I'm obliged for this blessed opportunity? let us improve it to love's best advantage.

*Sir J. Jum.* Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha!

*Beau.* Let's vow eternal, and raise our thoughts to expectation of immortal pleasures: in one another's eyes let's read our joys, till we've no longer power over our desires drunk with this dissolving. Oh!

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE *from his closet.*

*Lady Dunce.* Ah! [*Squeaks.*

*Beau.* By this light, the cuckold: Presto, nay then halloo. [*Gets up, and runs away.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* O Lord, a man! a man in my

wife's chamber! murder, murder! thieves, thieves, shut up my doors! madam! madam! madam!

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE.

*Sir J. Jum.* Ay, ay, thieves, thieves, murder, murder, where, neighbour, where, where?

*Lady Dunce.* Pierce, pierce this wretched heart hard to the hilts, dye this in the deepest crimson of my blood; spare not a miserable woman's life, whom Heaven designed to be the unhappy object of the most horrid usage man e'er acted.

[*Catches up* BEAUGARD'S *sword which he had left behind him in the hurry, and presents it to* SIR DAVY.

*Sir D. Dunce.* What, in the name of Satan, does she mean now?

*Lady Dunce.* Curse on my fatal beauty! blasted ever be these two baneful eyes, that could inspire a barbarous villain to attempt such crimes as all my blood's too little to atone for: nay, you shall hear me———

*Sir D. Dunce.* Hear you, madam! no, I have seen too much, I thank you heartily; hear you, quoth-a!

*Lady Dunce.* Yes, and before I die too, I'll be justified.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Justified, oh Lord, justified.

*Lady Dunce.* Notice being given me of your return, I came with speed to this unhappy place, where I have oft been blest with your embraces, when from behind the arras out starts Beaugard; how he came there Heaven knows.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I'll have him hanged for burglary; he has broken my house, and broke the peace upon my wife: very good.

*Lady Dunce.* Straight in his arms he grasped me

fast; with much ado I plunged and got my freedom, ran to your closet-door, knocked and implored your aid, called on your name; but all in vain——

*Sir D. Dunce.* Hah!

*Lady Dunce.* Soon again he seized me, stopped my mouth; and, with a conqueror's fury———

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beseech thee, I shall grow mad, and very mad! I'll plough up rocks and adamantine iron bars; I'll crack the frame of nature, sally out like Tamerlane upon the Trojan horse, and drive the pigmies all like geese before me. Oh Lord! stopped her mouth! well, and how! and what then! stopped thy mouth! well! hah!

*Lady Dunce.* No, though unfortunate, I still am innocent; his cursed purpose could not be accomplished; but who will live so injured? no, I'll die to be revenged on myself: I ne'er can hope that I may see his streaming gore; and thus I let out my own—— [*Offers to run upon the sword.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ha! what would'st thou do, my love? pr'ythee don't break my heart: if thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art innocent, I see thou art; though I had rather be a cuckold a thousand times, than lose thee, poor love, poor dearee, poor baby.

*Sir J. Jum.* Alack-a-day.— [*Weeps.*

*Lady Dunce.* Ah me!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah, pr'ythee be comforted now, pr'ythee do; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, mun: why shouldst be troubled for another's ill doings? I know it was no fault of thine.

*Sir J. Jum.* No, no more it was not, I dare swear.

*Sir D. Dunce.* See, see, my neighbour weeps too; he is troubled to see thee thus.

*Lady Dunce.* Oh, but revenge!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Why, thou shalt have revenge; I'll have him murdered, I'll have his throat cut before to-morrow morning, child; rise, now, pr'ythee rise.

*Sir J. Jum.* Ay, do, madam, and smile upon Sir Davy.

*Lady Dunce.* But will you love me then as well as e'er you did?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ay, and the longest day I live too.

*Lady Dunce.* And shall I have justice done me on that prodigious monster?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Why he shall be crow's-meat by to-morrow night; I tell thee he shall be crow's-meat by midnight, chicken.

*Lady Dunce.* Then I will live; since so, 'tis something pleasant:
Whence I in peace may lead a happy life
With such a husband———

*Sir D. Dunce.* I with such a wife.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### *SCENE I. The Tavern.*

*Enter* CAPTAIN BEAUGARD, COURTINE, *and* Drawer.

*Draw.* Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome, sir; will you please to walk up one pair of stairs?

*Beau.* Get the room ready presently; carry up too a good stock of bottles before-hand, with ice to cool our wine, and water to refresh our glasses.

*Draw.* It shall be done, sir. Coming, coming there, coming: speak up in the Dolphin somebody.

*Beau.* Ah, Courtine, must we be always idle! must we never see our glorious days again! when shall we be rolling in the lands of milk and honey, encamped in large luxuriant vineyards, where the loaded vines cluster about our tents; drink the rich juice, just pressed from the plump grape, feeding on all the fragrant golden fruit that grow in fertile climes, and ripened by the earliest vigour of the sun?

*Cour.* Ah, Beaugard, those days have been, but now we must resolve to content ourselves at an humble rate: methinks it is not unpleasant to consider how I have seen thee in a large pavilion, drowning the heat of the day in Champaigne wines, sparkling sweet as those charming beauties, whose dear remembrance every glass recorded, with half a dozen honest fellows more, friends, Beaugard; faithful hearty friends; things as hard to meet with as preferment here: fellows that would speak truth boldly, and were proud on't; that scorned flattery, loved honesty, for 'twas their portion; and never yet learned the trade of ease and lying: but now——

*Beau.* Ay, now we are at home in our natural hives, and sleep like drones; but there's a gentleman on the other side the water, that may make work for us all one day.

*Cour.* But in the mean while——

*Beau.* In the mean while patience, Courtine; that is the Englishman's virtue: go to the man that owes you money, and tell him you are necessitated; his answer shall be, A little patience, I beseech you, sir: ask a cowardly rascal satisfaction for a sordid injury done you; he shall cry, Alas-a-day, sir, you are the strangest man living, you won't have patience to hear one speak. Complain to a great man that you want preferment, that you have forsaken considerable advantages abroad, in obedi-

ence to public edicts; all you shall get of him is this, You must have patience, sir.

*Cour.* But will patience feed me, or clothe me, or keep me clean?

*Beau.* Pr'ythee, no more hints of poverty: 'tis scandalous; 'sdeath, I would as soon choose to hear a soldier brag, as complain: dost thou want any money?

*Cour.* True indeed, I want no necessaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy myself with that freedom I would do; there is no more pleasure in living at stint, than there is in living alone. I would have it in my power, when he needed me, to serve and assist my friend; I would to my ability deal handsomely too by the woman that pleased me.

*Beau.* Oh, fie for shame! you would be a whore-master, friend; go, go, I'll have no more to do with you.

*Cour.* I would not be forced neither at any time to avoid a gentleman that had obliged me, for want of money to pay him a debt contracted in our old acquaintance; it turns my stomach to wheedle with the rogue I scorn, when he uses me so scurvily, because he has my name in his shop-book.

*Beau.* As for example, to endure the familiarities of a rogue that shall cock his greasy hat in my face, when he duns me, and at the same time veil it to an overgrown deputy of the ward, though a frouzy fellmonger.

*Cour.* To be forced to concur with his nonsense too, and laugh at his parish-jests.

*Beau.* To use respects and ceremonies to the milch-cow his wife, and praise her pretty children, though they stink of their mother, and are uglier than the issue of a baboon: yet all this must be endured.

*Cour.* Must it, Beaugard?

*Beau.* And since 'tis so, let's think of a bottle.

*Cour.* With all my heart, for railing and drinking do much better together than by themselves; a private room, a trusty friend or two, good wine and bold truths, are my happiness. But where's our dear friend and intimate, Sir Jolly, this evening?

*Beau.* To deal like a friend, Courtine, I parted with him but just now; he's gone to contrive me a meeting, if possible, this night, with the woman my soul is most fond of: I was this evening just entering upon the palace of all joy, when I met with so damnable a disappointment———in short, that plague to all well-meaning women, the husband, came unseasonably, and forced a poor lover to his heels, that was fairly making his progress another way. Courtine, the story thou shalt hear more at large hereafter.

*Cour.* A plague on him, why didst thou not murder the presumptuous cuckold? saucy intruding clown! to dare to disturb a gentleman's privacies. I would have beaten him into sense of his transgression, enjoyed his wife before his face, and taught the dog his duty.

*Beau.* Look you, Courtine, you think you are dealing with the landlord of your winter-quarters in Alsatia now. Friend, friend, there is a difference between a free-born English cuckold, and a sneaking wittol of a conquered province.

*Cour.* Oh, by all means, there ought to be a difference observed between your arbitrary whoring, and your limited fornication.

*Beau.* And but reason: for though we may make bold with another man's wife in a friendly way; yet nothing upon compulsion, dear heart.

*Cour.* And now, Sir Jolly, I hope, is to be the instrument of some immortal plot; some contrivance for the good of the body, and the old fellow's soul,

Beaugard: for all cuckolds go to heaven, that's most certain.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly! why, on my conscience, he thinks it as much his undoubted right to be pimp-master-general to London and Middlesex, as the estate he possesses is: by my consent his worship should e'en have a patent for it.

*Cour.* He is certainly the fittest for the employment in Christendom; he knows more families by their names and titles, than all the bellmen within and without the walls.

*Beau.* Nay, he keeps a catalogue of the choicest beauties about town, illustrated with a particular account of their age, shape, proportion, colour of hair and eyes, degrees of complexion, gunpowder spots and moles.

*Cour.* I wish the old pander were bound to satisfy my experience; what marks of good-nature my Sylvia has about her.

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE.

*Sir J. Jum.* My captains! my sons of Mars, and imps of Venus! well encountered; what, shall we have a sparkling bottle or two, and use Fortune like a jade? Beaugard, you are a rogue, you are a dog, I hate you, get you gone, go.

*Beau.* But, Sir Jolly, what news from Paradise, Sir Jolly? is there any hopes I shall come there to-night?

*Sir J. Jum.* May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a bottle, and I will say nothing else without a bottle: after a glass or two my heart may open.

*Cour.* Why then we will have a bottle, Sir Jolly.

*Sir J. Jum.* Will? we'll have dozens, and drink till we are wise, and speak well of nobody, till we

are lewder than midnight whores, and out-rail disbanded officers.

*Beau.* Only one thing more, my noble knight, and then we are entirely at thy disposal.

*Sir J. Jum.* Well, and what's that? what's the business?

*Beau.* This friend of mine here stands in need of thy assistance; he's damnably in love, Sir Jolly.

*Sir J. Jum.* In love! is he so! in love! odds, my life! is she! what's her name? where does she live? I warrant you I know her; she's in my table-book, I'll warrant you: virgin, wife, or widow!

[*Pulls out a table-book.*

*Cour.* In troth, Sir Jolly, that's something of a difficult question; but as virgins go now, she may pass for one of them.

*Sir J. Jum.* Virgin, very good; let me see; virgin, virgin, virgin; oh! here are the virgins; truly, I meet with the fewest of this sort of any: well, and the first letter of her name now! for a wager I guess her.

*Cour.* Then you must know, Sir Jolly, that I love my love with an S.

*Sir J. Jum.* S, S, S, O here are the esses; let me consider now—Sappho.

*Cour.* No, sir.

*Sir J. Jum.* Selinda.

*Cour.* Neither.

*Sir J. Jum.* Sophronia.

*Cour.* You must guess again, I assure you.

*Sir J. Jum.* Sylvia.

*Cour.* Ay, ay, Sir Jolly, that's the fatal name; Sylvia the fair, the witty, the ill-natured; do you know her, my friend?

*Sir J. Jum.* Know her, why she is my daughter, and I have adopted her these seven years: Sylvia,

let me look; light brown hair, her face oval, and nose Roman, quick sparkling eyes, plump pregnant ruby lips, with a mole on her breast, and the perfect likeness of a heart-cherry on her left knee. Ah villain! ah sly cap; have I caught you? are you there, i'faith? well, and what says she? is she coming? do her eyes betray her? does her heart beat, and her bubbies rise, when you talk to her, hah!

*Beau.* Look you, Sir Jolly, all things considered, it may make a shift to come to a marriage in time.——

*Sir J. Jum.* I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be seen in the business of matrimony. Make me a match-maker? a filthy marriage-broker! sir, I scorn it, I know better things: look you, friend, to carry her a letter from you or so, upon good terms, though it be in a church, I'll deliver it; or when the business is come to an issue, if I may bring you handsomely together, and so forth, I'll serve thee with all my soul, and thank thee into the bargain; thank thee heartily, dear rogue, I will, you little cock-sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no matrimony, friend, I'll have nothing to do with matrimony; 'tis a damned invention, worse than a monopoly, and a destroyer of civil correspondence.

*Enter* Drawer.

*Draw.* Gentlemen, your room is ready, your wine and ice upon the table, will your honours please to walk in?

*Sir J. Jum.* Ay, wine, wine, give us wine, a pox on matrimony; matrimony in the devil's name!

*Cour.* But if an honest harlot or two chance to inquire for us, friend?

*Sir J. Jum.* Right, sirrah, if whores come never so many, give them reverence and reception, but

nothing else; let nothing but whores and bottles come near us, as you tender your ears.

[*They go within the Scene, where is discovered a table and bottles.*

*Beau.* Why, there's, there's the land of Canaan now in little; hark you Drawer, dog, shut, shut the door, sirrah, do you hear? shut it so close, that neither cares nor necessities may peep in upon us.

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE, FOURBIN, BLOODY-BONES, *and* Drawer.

*Four.* Bloody-Bones, be sure to behave yourself handsomely, and like your profession; show yourself a cut-throat of parts, and we'll fleece him.

*Bloody-Bones.* My lady says, we must be expeditious; Sir Jolly has given notice to the captain by this time, so that nothing is wanting but the management of this over-grown gull to make us hectors at large, and keep the whore Fortune under.

*Draw.* Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome, sir; will't please you to walk into a room? or shall I wait upon your honours' pleasure here?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sweetheart, let us be quiet, and bring us wine hither: so—[*Sits down.*] From this moment, war, war; and mortal dudgeon against that enemy of my honour, and thief of my good name, called Beaugard. You can cut a throat upon occasion, you said, friend?

*Four.* Sir, cutting of throats is my hereditary vocation; my father was hanged for cutting of throats before me, and my mother for cutting of purses.

*Sir D. Dunce.* No more to be said; my courage is mounted like a little Frenchman upon a great horse, and I'll have him murdered.

*Four.* Murdered you say, sir?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ay, murdered I say, sir; his face flayed off, and nailed to a post in my great hall in

the country; amongst all the trophies of wild beasts slain by our family since the Conquest, there's never a whore-master's head there yet.

*Four*. Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy friend of mine to your service; he's an industrious gentleman, and one that will deserve your favour.

*Sir D. Dunce*. He looks but something ruggedly though methinks.

*Four*. But, sir, his parts will atone for his person; forms and fashions are the least of his study: he affects a sort of philosophical negligence indeed. But, sir, make trial of him, and you'll find him a person fit for the work of this world.

*Sir D. Dunce*. What trade are you, friend?

*Bloody-Bones*. No trade at all, friend; I profess murder: rascally butchers make a trade on't; 'tis a gentleman's divertisement.

*Sir D. Dunce*. Do you profess murder?

*Bloody-Bones*. Yes, sir, 'tis my livelihood: I keep a wife and six children by it.

*Sir D. Dunce*. Then, sir, here's to you with all my heart. Would I had done with these fellows. [*Aside*.

*Four*. Well, sir, if you have any service for us, I desire we may receive your gold and your instructions so soon as is possible.

*Sir D. Dunce*. Soft and fair, sweetheart, I love to see a little how I lay out my money: have you very good trading now-a-days in your way, friend?

*Bloody-Bones*. In peaceable times a man may eat and drink comfortably upon't: a private murder done handsomely, is worth money; but now that the nation's unsettled there are so many general undertakers, that 'tis grown almost a monopoly; you may have a man murdered almost for little or nothing, and nobody e'er know who did it neither.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Pray what countryman are you? where were you born, most noble sir?

*Bloody-Bones.* Indeed my country is foreign, I was born in Algiers; my mother was an apostate Greek, my father a renegade Englishman, who by oppressing of Christian slaves grew rich; for which when he lay sick I murdered him one day in his bed, made my escape to Malta; where, embracing the faith, I had the honour given me to command a thousand horse aboard the gallies of that state.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh Lord, sir! my humble service to you again.

*Four.* He tells you, sir, but the naked truth.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I doubt it not in the least, most worthy sir. These are devilish fellows, I'll warrant them. [*Aside.*

*Four.* War, friend, and shining honour has been our province, till rusty peace reduced us to this base obscurity. Ah Bloody-Bones! ah, when thou and I commanded that party at the siege of Philipsburgh! where, in the face of the army, we took the impenetrable half-moon.

*Bloody-Bones.* Half-moon, sir! by your favour 'twas a whole moon.

*Four.* Brother, thou art in the right; 'twas a full moon, and such a moon, sir!———

*Sir D. Dunce.* I doubt it not in the least, gentlemen; but, in the mean while, to our business.

*Four.* With all my heart so soon as you please.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Do you know this Beaugard? he's a devilish fellow, I can tell you that; he's a captain.

*Four.* Has he a heart, think you, sir?

*Sir D. Dunce.* O, like a lion! he fears neither God, man, nor devil.

*Bloody-Bones.* I'll bring it you for your breakfast to-morrow: did you never eat a man's heart, sir?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Eat a man's heart, friend?

*Four.* Aye, aye, a man's heart, sir, it makes absolutely the best ragout in the world: I have eaten forty of them in my time without bread.

*Sir D. Dunce.* O Lord, a man's heart! my humble service to you both, gentlemen.

*Bloody-Bones.* Why, your Algerine pirates eat nothing else at sea, they have them always potted up like venison; your well-grown Dutchman's heart makes an excellent dish with oil and pepper.

*Sir D. Dunce.* O Lord, O Lord! friend, friend, a word with you: how much must you and your companion have to do his business?

*Four.* What, and bring you the heart home to your house?

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, no, keeping the heart for your own eating. I'll be rid of them as soon as possible I can. [*Aside.*

*Four.* You say, sir, he's a gentleman?——

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, such a sort of gentleman as are about this town: the fellow has a pretty handsome outside: but I believe little or no money in his pockets.

*Four.* Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your worship's bounty.

*Bloody-Bones.* For my part I care for no man's bounty: I expect to have my bargain performed, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Look you, friend, don't you be angry, friend, don't be angry, friend, before you have occasion: you say you'd have——let's see how much you will have now——I warrant the devil and all by your good will. [*Aside.*

*Four.* Truly, Sir Davy, if, as you say, the man must be well murdered, without any remorse or mercy; betwixt Turk and Jew, 'tis honestly worth two hundred pounds.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Two hundred pounds! why I'll have a physician shall kill a whole family, for half the money.

*Bloody-Bones.* Damme, sir, how do you mean?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Damme, sir, how do I mean? Damme, sir, not to part with my money.

*Bloody-Bones.* Not part, brother!

*Four.* Brother, the wight is improveable, and this must be borne withal.

*Bloody-Bones.* Have I for this dissolved Circean charms? broke iron durance, whilst from these firm legs the well-filed useless fetters dropped away, and left me master of my native freedom?

*Sir D. Dunce.* What does he mean now?

*Four.* Truly, sir, I am sorry to see it with all my heart; 'tis a distraction that frequently seizes him, though I am sorry it should happen so unluckily at this time.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Distraction, say you! is he so apt to be distracted?

*Four.* Oh, sir, raging mad: we that live by murder are all so; guilt will never let us sleep. I beseech you, sir, stand clear of him, he's apt to be very mischievous at these unfortunate hours.

*Bloody-Bones.* Have I been drunk with tender infant's blood, and ripped up teeming wombs? Have these bold hands ransacked the temples of the gods, and stabbed the priests before their altars? Have I done this? hah!

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, sir, not that I know, sir, I would not say any such thing for the world, sir: worthy gentleman, I beseech you, sir, you seem to be a civil person, I beseech you, sir, to mitigate his passion, I'll do any thing in the world; you shall command my whole estate.

*Four.* Nay, after all, sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murdered, if a swinging drubbing

to bedrid him, or so, will serve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper rate a great deal.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Truly, sir, with all my heart; for methinks, now I consider matters better, I would not by any means be guilty of another man's blood.

*Four.* Why, then let me consider—to have him beaten substantially, a beating that will stick by him, will cost you——half the money.

*Sir D. Dunce.* What, one hundred pounds! sure the devil's in you, or you would not be so unconscionable.

*Bloody-Bones.* The devil! where? where is the devil? shew me; I'll tell thee, Beelzebub, thou hast broke thy covenant; didst thou not promise me eternal plenty when I resigned my soul to thy allurements?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah, Lord!

*Bloody-Bones.* Touch me not yet; I've yet ten thousand murders to act before I'm thine: with all those sins I'll come with full damnation to thy caverns of endless pain, and howl with thee for ever.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Bless us! what will become of this mortal body of mine? where am I? is this a house? do I live? am I flesh and blood?

*Bloody-Bones.* There, there's the fiend again! don't chatter so, and grin at me; if thou must needs have prey, take here, take him, this tempter, that would bribe me with shining gold, to stain my hands with new iniquity.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Stand off, I charge thee, Satan: whosoe'er thou art, thou hast no right nor claim to me; I'll have thee bound in necromantic charms. Hark you, friend, has the gentleman given his soul to the devil?

*Four.* Only pawn'd it a little; that's all.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Let me beseech you, sir, to dispatch, and get rid of him as soon as you can. I would

glady drink a bottle with you, sir, but I hate the devil's company mortally: as for the hundred pounds, here, it is ready; no more words, I'll submit to your good nature and discretion.

*Four.* Then, wretch, take this, and make thy peace with the infernal king; he loves riches, sacrifice and be at rest.

*Bloody-Bones.* 'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on; nay, if thou smile, I more defy thee; fee, fau, fum. [*Exit.*

*Four.* 'Tis very odd, this.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Very odd indeed; I'm glad he's gone though.

*Four.* Now, sir, if you please, we'll refresh ourselves with a cheerful glass, and so *Chaque un chez lui*——I would fain make the gull drink a little to put a little mettle into him. [*Aside.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* With all my heart, sir; but no more words of the devil if you love me.

*Four.* The devil's an ass, sir, and here's a health to all those that defy the devil.

*Sir D. Dunce.* With all my heart, and all his works too.

*Four.* Nay, sir, you must do me right, I assure you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Not so full, not so full, that's too much of all conscience: in troth, friend, these are sad times, very sad times; but here's to you.

*Four.* Pox on the times, the times are well enough, so long as a man has money in his pocket.

*Sir D. Dunce.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a murder, but never consider that idolatry is coming in full speed upon the nation. Pray what religion are you of, friend?

*Four.* What religion am I of, sir? sir, your humble servant.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Truly a good conscience is a great

happiness; and so I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph. But shan't the dog be murdered this night?

*Four.* My brother rogue is gone by this time to settle him, and the business shall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's rest to his soul.

*Sir D. Dunce.* With all my heart, faith; I hate to be uncharitable.

*Enter* COURTINE *and* Drawer.

*Cour.* Look you, 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time: shall rogues stay in taverns to sip pints, and be sober, when honest gentlemen are drunk by gallons? and I'll have none on't.

*Sir D. Dunce.* O Lord, who's there?

[*Sits up in his chair.*

*Draw.* I beseech your honour, our house will be utterly ruined by this means.

*Cour.* Damn your house, your wife and children, and all your family, you dog.——Sir, who are you?

[*To* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Who am I, sir? what's that to you, sir? will you tickle my foot, you rogue?

*Cour.* I'll tickle your guts, you poltroon, presently.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Tickle my guts, you mad-cap! I'll tickle your toby if you do.

*Cour.* What, with that circumcised band? that grave hypocritical beard of the reformation-cut? Old fellow, I believe you are a rogue.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sirrah, you're a whore, an errant bitch-whore; I'll use you like a whore; I'll kiss you, you jade; I'll ravish you, you buttock; I am a justice of the peace, sirrah, and that's worse.

*Cour.* Damn you, sir, I care not if you were a constable and all his watch: what, such a rogue as you send honest fellows to prison, and countenance whores in your jurisdiction for bribery, you mon-

grel! I'll beat you, sirrah, I'll brain you; I'll murder you, you moon-calf.

[*Throws the chair after him.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sir, sir, sir, constable, watch, Stokes, Stokes, Stokes, murder—— [*Exit.*

*Cour.* Huzza, Beaugard!

*Enter* BEAUGARD *and* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE.

*Four.* Well sir, the business is done, we have bargained to murder you.

*Beau.* Murdered! who's to be murdered, ha, Fourbin?

*Sir J. Jum.* You are to be murdered, friend; you shall be murdered, friend.

*Beau.* But how am I to be murdered? who's to murder me, I beseech you.

*Four.* Your humble servant, Fourbin; I am the man, with your worship's leave: Sir Davy has given me this gold to do it handsomely.

*Beau.* Sir Davy! uncharitable cur; what! murder an honest fellow for being civil to his family! What can this mean, gentlemen?

*Sir J. Jum.* No, 'tis for not being civil to his family, that it means, gentlemen; therefore are you to be murdered to-night, and buried a-bed with my lady, you Jack Straw you.

*Beau.* I understand you, friends; the old gentleman has designed to have me butchered, and you have kindly contrived to turn it out to my advantage in the affair of love. I am to be murdered but as it were, gentlemen, hah!

*Four.* Your honour has a piercing judgment. Sir, Captain Courtine's gone.

*Beau.* No matter, let him go: he has a design to put in practice this night too, and would perhaps but spoil ours. But when, Sir Jolly, is this business to be brought about?

*Sir J. Jum.* Presently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already; go, get you gone, I say, hold, hold, let's see your left ear first, hum——ha——you are a rogue, you are a rogue; get you gone, get you gone, go. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Covent-Garden Piazza.*

*Enter* SYLVIA *and her* Maid *in the balcony.*

*Maid.* But why, madam, will you use him so inhumanly? I'm confident he loves you.

*Syl.* Oh! a true lover is to be found out like a true saint, by the trial of his patience. Have you the cords ready?

*Maid.* Here they are, madam.

*Syl.* Let them down, and be sure when it comes to trial, to pull lustily. Is Will the footman ready?

*Will.* At your ladyship's command, madam.

*Syl.* I wonder he should stay so long, the clock has struck twelve.

*Enter* COURTINE.

*Cour.* [Sings.] *And was she not frank and free,*
*And was she not kind to me?*
*To lock up her cat in her cupboard,*
*And give her key to me, to me:*
*To lock up her cat in her cupboard,*
*And give her key to me.*

*Syl.* This must be he: aye, 'tis he, and, as I am a virgin, roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him sober——

*Cour.* Here, here's the window: aye, that's hell-door, and my damnation's in the inside; Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia, dear imp of Satan, appear to thy servant.

*Syl.* Who calls on Sylvia in this dead of night,
When rest is wanting to her longing eyes?

*Cour.* 'Tis a poor wretch can hardly stand upright, Drunk with thy loves, and if he falls he lies.

*Syl.* Courtine, is it you?

*Cour.* Yes, sweetheart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

*Syl.* Fasten yourself to that cord there; there it is.

*Cour.* Cord! where? Oh, oh, here, here; so now to heaven in a string.

*Syl.* Have you done?

*Cour.* Yes, I have done, child, and would fain be doing too, hussey.

*Syl.* Then pull away, hoa up, hoa up, hoa up: so, avast there. Sir.

*Cour.* Madam.

*Syl.* Are you very much in love, sir?

*Cour.* Oh, damnably, child, damnably.

*Syl.* I am sorry for't with all my heart: good night, captain.

*Cour.* Ha, gone! what, left in Erasmus' paradise, between heaven and hell? if the constable should take me now for a straggling monkey hung by the loins, and hunt me with his cry of watchmen! Ah woman, woman, woman! Well, a merry life and a short, that's all.

Sings. *God prosper long our noble king,*
*Our lives and safeties all.*

I am mighty loyal to-night.

*Enter* FOURBIN *and* BLOODY-BONES, *as from* SIR DAVY DUNCE'S *house.*

*Four.* Murder, murder, murder! help, help, murder!

*Cour.* Nay, if there be murder stirring, 'tis high time to shift for myself. [*Climbs up to the balcony.*

*Syl.* [*Squeaking.*] Ah, h, h, h, h!

*Bloody-Bones.* Yonder, yonder he comes: murder, murder, murder.

[*Exeunt* BLOODY-BONES *and* FOURBIN.

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* 'Tis very late; but murder is a melancholy business, and night is fit for't. I'll go home. [*Knocks.*

*Ver.* Who's there?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Who's there? open the door, you whelp of Babylon.

*Ver.* Oh sir! you are welcome home; but here is the saddest news! here has been murder committed, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Hold your tongue, you fool, and go to sleep; get you in, do you hear; you talk of murder, you rogue? you meddle with state affairs? Get you in.

*The Scene opens in the middle of the house, and discovers* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE *and the Lady putting* CAPTAIN BEAUGARD *in order as if he were dead.*

*Sir J. Jum.* Lie still, lie still, you knave, close, close, when I bid you: you had best quest and spoil the sport, you had!

*Beau.* But pray how long must I lie thus?

*Lady Dunce.* I'll warrant you'll think the time mighty tedious.

*Beau.* Sweet creature, who can counterfeit death when you are near him?

*Sir J. Jum.* You shall, sirrah, if a body desires you a little, so you shall; we shall spoil all else, all will be spoiled else, man, if you do not: stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can. So, so, hold your breath, hold your breath; very well.

*Enter* Maid.

*Maid.* Madam, here comes Sir Davy.

*Sir J. Jum.* Odds so, now close again, as I told you, close you devil, now stir if you dare; stir but any part about you if you dare now; odd I'll hit you such a rap if you do; lie still, lie you still.

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* My dear, how dost thou do, my dear? I am come.

*Lady Dunce.* Ah, sir! what is't you have done? you have ruined me; your family, your fortune, all is ruined; where shall we go, or whither shall we fly?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Where shall we go! why, we'll go to bed, you little jack-a-dandy: why, you are not a wench, you rogue, you are a boy, a very boy, and I love you the better for't: sirrah, hey!——

*Lady Dunce.* Ah, sir, see there.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Bless us! a man! and bloody! what, upon my hall table!

*Lady Dunce.* Two ruffians brought him in just now, pronouncing this inhuman deed was done by your command: Sir Jolly came in the same minute, or sure I had died with my distracting fears. How could you think on a revenge so horrid.

*Sir D. Dunce.* As I hope to be saved, neighbour, I only bargained with them to bastinado him in a way, or so, as one friend might do to another; but do you say that he is dead?

*Sir. J. Jum.* Dead, dead as clay; stark stiff and useless all, nothing about him stirring, but all's cold and still; I knew him a lusty fellow once, a very mettled fellow; 'tis a thousand pities.

*Sir D. Dunce.* What shall I do? I'll throw myself upon him, kiss his wide wounds, and weep till blind as buzzard.

*Lady Dunce.* Oh come not near him, there's such horrid antipathy follows all murders, his wounds would stream afresh should you but touch him.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Dear neighbour, dearest neighbour, friend, Sir Jolly, as you love charity, pity my wretched case, and give me counsel; I'll give my wife and all my estate to have him live again; or shall I bury him in the arbour at the upper end of the garden?

*Sir J. Jum.* Alas-a-day, neighbour, never think on't, never think on't; the dogs will find him there, as they scrape holes to bury bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

*Sir D. Dunce.* What is it, dear neighbour, what is it? You see I am upon my knees to you, take all I have, and ease me of my fears.

*Sir J. Jum.* Truly the best thing that I can think of, is putting of him to bed, putting him into a warm bed, and try to fetch him to life again, a warm bed is the best thing in the world; my lady may do much too, she's a good woman, and I've been told understands a green wound well.

*Sir D. Dunce.* My dear, my dear, my dear!

*Lady Dunce.* Bear me away, oh send me hence afar off, where my unhappy name may be a stranger; and this sad accident no more remembered to my dishonour.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah, but my love! my joy! are there no bowels in thee?

*Lady Dunce.* What would you have me do?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Pr'ythee do so much as try thy skill, there may be one dram of life left in him yet; take him up to thy chamber, put him into thy own bed, and try what thou canst do with him: pr'ythee do; if thou canst but find motion in him, all may be well yet; I'll go up to my closet in the garret, and say my prayers in the mean while.

*Lady Dunce.* Will ye then leave this ruin on my hands?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Pray, pray, my dear; I beseech you neighbour, help to persuade her if it be possible.

*Sir J. Jum.* Faith, madam, do, try what you can do. I have a great fancy you may do him good; who can tell but you may have the gift of stroking? pray, madam, be persuaded.

*Lady Dunce.* I'll do whate'er's your pleasure.

*Sir D. Dunce.* That's my best dear: I'll go to my closet and pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this should happen—— [*Exit.*

*Beau.* So, is he gone, madam, my angel!

*Sir J. Jum.* What, no thanks, no reward for old Jolly now: come hither hussey, you little canary-bird, you little hop-o'-my-thumb, come hither; make me a curtsey, and give me a kiss now, hah! give me a kiss I say, odd I will have a kiss, so I will, I will have a kiss if I set on't; shoogh, shoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, shoogh, shoogh, shoogh, what, there already? [*She goes to* BEAUGARD.] Well, I have done; this 'tis to be an old fellow now.

*Beau.* And will you save the life of him you have wounded?

*Lady Dunce.* Dare you trust yourself to my skill for a cure? [SIR DAVY *appears at a window above.*

*Sir J. Jum.* Hist! hist! Close, close, I say again, yonder's Sir Davy, odds so!

*Sir D. Dunce.* My dear! my dear! my dear!—

*Lady Dunce.* Who's that calls? my love, is't you?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, some comfort, or my heart's broke! are there any hopes yet? I've tried to say my prayers, and cannot: if he be quite dead, I shall never pray again; neighbour, no hopes?

*Sir J. Jum.* Truly, little or none, some small pulse I think there is left, very little: there's nothing

to be done if you don't pray; get you to prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't stay now, shut the window I tell you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Well this is a great trouble to me; but good night.

*Sir J. Jum.* Good night to you, dear neighbour: get ye up, get ye up, and be gone into the next room presently, make haste: [*To* BEAUGARD *and* LADY DUNCE.] but don't steal away till I come to you, be sure you remember, don't ye stir till I come; pish, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loses time; I'll only bolt the door that belongs to Sir Davy's lodgings, that he may be safe, and be with you in a twinkle: Ah, h, h, h! So, now for the door, very well, friend, you are fast. [*Bolts the door.*

Sings.

*Bonny lass gan thoo wert mine,*
*And twonty thoosand poonds about thee, &c.*
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

COURTINE *bound on a couch in* SYLVIA'S *chamber.*

*Cour.* Heigho! heigho! ha! Where am I? Was I drunk or no, last night? Something leaning that way. But where the devil am I? Sincerely in a bawdy-house: fough! what a smell of sin is here! Let me look about; if there be ever a Geneva Bible or a Practice of Piety in the room, I am sure I have guessed right. What's the matter now? tied fast! bound too! What tricks have I played to come into this condition! I have lighted into the territories of

some merrily-disposed chambermaid or other; and she in a witty fit, forsooth, hath trussed me up thus: has she pinned no rags to my tail, or chalked me upon the back now? Would I had her mistress here at a venture.

*Syl.* What would you do with her, my enchanted knight, if you had her? You are too sober for her by this time; next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to scale her balcony like a valiant captain as you are.

*Cour.* Hast thou done this, my dear destruction? and am I in thy limbo? I must confess, when I am in my beer, my courage does run away with me now and then: but let me loose, and thou shalt see what a gentle humble animal thou hast made me. Fie upon't, what, tie me up like an ungovernable cur to the frame of a table! let, let thy poor dog loose, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

*Syl.* What, with those paws which you have been ferreting Moorfields withal, and are very dirty still; after you have been daggling yourself abroad for prey, and can meet with none, you come sneaking hither for a crust, do you?

*Maid.* Shall I fetch the whip and the bell, madam, and slash him for his roguery soundly?

*Cour.* Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ferking of man's flesh, Madam Flea-trap? Does the chaplain of the family use you to the exercise, that you are so ready for it?

*Syl.* If you should be let loose, and taken into favour now, you would be for rambling again so soon as you had got your liberty.

*Cour.* Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and used like a dog in good earnest.

*Syl.* Promise to grant me but one request, and it shall be done.

*Cour.* Hear me but swear.

*Syl.* That any body may do ten thousand times a-day.

*Cour.* Upon the word of a gentleman, nay, as I hope to get money in my pocket.

*Syl.* There I believe him, Lelie; you'll keep your word you say?

*Cour.* If I don't, hang me up in that wench's old garter.

*Syl.* See, sir, you have your freedom.

*Cour.* Well, now name the price; what must I pay for't?

*Syl.* You know, sir, considering our small acquaintance, you have been pleased to talk to me very freely of love-matters.

*Cour.* I must confess I have been something to blame that way; but if ever thou hearest more of it from my mouth after this night's adventure—would I were well out of this house.

*Syl.* Have a care of swearing, I beseech you; for you must understand, that spite of my teeth, I am at last fallen in love most unmercifully.

*Cour.* And dost thou imagine I am so hard-hearted a villain as to have no compassion of thee?

*Syl.* No, no, for I hope he's a man you can have no exceptions against.

*Cour.* Yes, yes, the man is a man, I'll assure you, that's one comfort.

*Syl.* Who do you think it may be now? try if you can guess him.

*Cour.* Whoe'er he is, he's an honest fellow I'll warrant him, and I believe will not think himself very unhappy neither.

*Syl.* If a fortune of five thousand pounds, pleasant nights, and quiet days can make him happy, I assure you he may be so; but try once to guess at him.

*Cour.* But if I should be mistaken.

*Syl.* Why, who is it you would wish me to?

*Cour.* You have five thousand pounds, you say.

*Syl.* Yes.

*Cour.* Faith, child, to deal honestly, I know well enough who 'tis I wish for; but, sweetheart, before I tell you my inclinations, it were but reasonable that I knew yours.

*Syl.* Well, sir, because I am confident you will stand my friend in the business, I'll make a discovery; and to hold you in suspense no longer, you must know I have a month's-mind for an arm-full of your dearly beloved friend and brother captain; what say you to't?

*Cour.* Madam, your humble servant, good b'w'y, that's all.

*Syl.* What, thus cruelly leave a lady that so kindly took you in, in your last night's pickle, into her lodging? Whither would you rove now, my wanderer?

*Cour.* Faith, madam, you have dealt so gallantly in trusting me with your passion, that I cannot stay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any friend of mine.

*Syl.* Not with my waiting-woman, I hope, sir.

*Cour.* No, but it is with a certain kinswoman of thine, child, they call her my Lady Dunce, and I think this is her house too; they say she will be civil upon a good occasion, therefore pr'ythee be charitable, and show the way to her chamber a little.

*Syl.* What, commit adultery, captain? fye upon't! What, hazard your soul?

*Cour.* No, no, only venture my body a little, that's all; look you, you know the secret, and may imagine my desires, therefore as you would have me assist your inclinations, pray be civil and help me

to mine; look you, no demurring upon the matter, no qualm, but show me the way, or, you hussey, you shall do't; any bawd will serve me at present, for I will go.

*Syl.* But you shan't go, sir.

*Cour.* Shan't go, lady?

*Syl.* No, shan't go, sir; did I not tell you when once you had got your liberty, that you would be rambling again?

*Cour.* Why, child, wouldst thou be so uncharitable to tie up a poor jade to an empty rack in thy stable, when he knows where to go elsewhere, and get provender enough?

*Syl.* Any musty provender I find will serve your turn, so you have it but cheap, or at another man's charges.

*Cour.* No, child, I had rather my ox should graze in a field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the common, or run the hazard of being pounded every day for trespasses.

*Syl.* Truly, all things considered, 'tis a great pity so good a husband-man as you should want a farm to cultivate.

*Cour.* Wouldest thou be but kind, and let me have a bargain in a tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

*Syl.* And would you be contented to take a lease for your life?

*Cour.* A pretty lady of the manor, and a moderate rent.

*Syl.* Which you'll be sure to pay very punctually?

*Cour.* If thou doubtest my honesty, faith, even take a little earnest beforehand.

*Syl.* Not so hasty neither, good tenant: imprimis, you shall oblige yourself to a constant residence, and not by leaving the house uninhabited, let it run to repairs.

*Cour.* Agreed.

*Syl.* Item, for your own sake you shall promise to keep the estate well fenced and inclosed, lest some time or other your neighbour's cattle break in and spoil the crop on the ground, friend.

*Cour.* Very just and reasonable, provided I don't find it lie too much too common already.

*Syl.* Item, you shall enter into strict covenant, not to take any other farm upon your hands, without my consent and approbation; or if you do, that then it shall be lawful for me to get me another tenant, how and where I think fit.

*Cour.* Faith, that's something hard though, let me tell you but that, landlady.

*Syl.* Upon these terms, we'll draw articles.

*Cour.* And when shall we sign them?

*Syl.* Why, this morning, as soon as the ten o clock office in Covent Garden is open.

*Cour.* A bargain; but how will you answer your entertainment of a drunken red-coat in your lodgings at these unseasonable hours?

*Syl.* That's a secret you will be hereafter obliged to keep for your own sake, and for the family; your friend Beaugard shall answer for us there.

*Cour.* Indeed I fancied the rogue had mischief in his head, he behaved himself so soberly last night, has he taken a farm lately too?

*Syl.* A trespasser, I believe, if the truth were known, upon the provender you would fain have been biting at just now.

*Enter* Maid.

*Maid.* Madam, madam, have a care of yourself: I see lights in the great hall; whatever is the matter, Sir Davy and all the family are up.

*Cour.* I hope they'll come and catch me here:

well, now you have brought me into this condition, what will you do with me, hah!

*Syl.* You won't be contented for awhile to be tied up like a jade to an empty rack without hay, will you?

*Cour.* Faith e'en take me, and put thy mark upon me quickly, that if I light in strange hands they may know me for a sheep of thine.

*Syl.* What, by your wanting a fleece, do you mean? If it must be so, come, follow your shepherd, b a a a. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE *and* VERMIN.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I cannot sleep, I shall not sleep again: I have prayed too so long, that were I to be hanged presently, I have never a prayer left to help myself: I was no sooner laid upon the bed just now and fallen into a slumber, but methought the devil was carrying me down Ludgate-hill a gallop, six puny fiends with flaming fire-forks running before him like link-boys, to throw me headlong into Fleet-ditch, which seemed to be turned into a lake of fire and brimstone: would it were morning.

*Ver.* Truly, sir, it has been a very dismal night.

*Sir D. Dunce.* But didst thou meet never a white thing upon the stairs.

*Ver.* No, sir, not I; but methought I saw our great dog Touzer, with his great collar on, stand at the cellar door as I came along the old entry.

*Sir D. Dunce.* It could never be, Touzer has a chain; had this thing a chain on?

*Ver.* No, sir, no chain, but it had Touzer's ees for all the world.

*Sir D. Dunce.* What, ugly, great, frightful eyes?

*Ver.* Aye, aye, huge saucer eyes, but mightily like Touzer's.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! hark! hark!

*Ver.* What! what, I beseech you, sir?

*Sir D. Dunce.* What's that upon the stairs? Didst thou hear nothing? Hist, hark, pat, pat, pat, hark, heu!

*Ver.* Hear nothing! Where, sir?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Look! look! what's that? what's that in the corner there?

*Ver.* Where?

*Sir D. Dunce.* There.

*Ver.* What, upon the iron chest?

*Sir D. Dunce.* No, the long black thing up by the old clock-case. See! see! now it stirs, and is coming this way.

*Ver.* Alas, sir, speak to it, you are a justice o'peace; I beseech you; I dare not stay in the house: I'll call the watch, and tell them hell's broke loose; what shall I do? Oh! [*Exit.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh Vermin, if thou art a true servant, have pity on thy master, and do not forsake me in this distressed condition. Satan, begone, I defy thee, I'll repent and be saved, I'll say my prayers, I'll go to church: help! help! help! Was there any thing, or no? In what hole shall I hide myself? [*Exit.*

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE, FOURBIN, *and* BLOODY-BONES.

*Sir J. Jum.* That should be Sir Davy's voice; the waiting-woman indeed told me, he was afraid and could not sleep; pretty fellows, pretty fellows both, you've done your business handsomely; what, I'll warrant you have been a whoring together now; ha! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: what's o'clock?

*Four.* Near four, sir; 'twill not be day yet these t[illegible]urs.

*Sir J. Jum.* Very well, but how got you into the house?

*Four.* A ragged retainer of the family, Vermin I think they call him, let us in as physicians sent for by your order.

*Sir J. Jum.* Excellent rogues! And then I hope all things are ready as I gave directions?

*Four.* To a tittle, sir; there shall not be a more critical observer of your worship's pleasure than your humble servant the Chevalier Fourbin.

*Sir J. Jum.* Get you gone, you rogue, you have a sharp nose, and are a nimble fellow; I have no more to say to you, stand aside, and be ready when I call: here he comes: hist, hem, hem, hem.

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Hah! what art thou?
Approach thou like the rugged Bankside bear,
The Eastcheap bull, or monster, shown in fair,
Take any shape but that, and I'll confront thee.

*Sir J. Jum.* Alas, unhappy man! I am thy friend.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Thou canst not be my friend, for I defy thee. Sir Jolly! neighbour! hah! is it you? Are you sure it is you? Are you yourself? If you be, give me your hand. Alas-a-day, I have seen the devil.

*Sir J. Jum.* The devil, neighbour!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, aye, there's no help for't; at first I fancied it was a young white bear's cub dancing in the shadow of my candle; then it was turned to a pair of blue breeches with wooden legs on, stamped about the room, as if all the cripples in town had kept their rendezvous there; when all of a sudden it appeared like a leathern serpent, and with a dreadful clap of thunder flew out of the window.

*Sir J. Jum.* Thunder! Why I heard no thunder.

*Sir D. Dunce.* That may be too; what, were you asleep?

*Sir J. Jum.* Asleep, quoth-a, no, no; no sleeping this night for me, I assure you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Well, what is the best news then? How does the man?

*Sir J. Jum.* Even as he did before he was born, nothing at all; he's dead.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Dead! what, quite dead!

*Sir J. Jum.* As good as dead, if not quite dead; 'twas a horrid murder! and then the terror of conscience, neighbour.

*Sir D. Dunce.* And truly I have a very terrified one, friend, though I never found I had any conscience at all till now. Pray whereabout was his death's wound?

*Sir J. Jum.* Just here, just under his left pap, a dreadful gash.

*Sir D. Dunce.* So very wide?

*Sir J. Jum.* Oh, as wide as my hat, you might have seen his lungs, liver, and heart, as perfectly as if you had been in his belly.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Is there no way to have him privately buried, and conceal this murder? Must I needs be hanged by the neck like a dog, neighbour? Do I look as if I would be hanged?

*Sir J. Jum.* Truly, Sir Davy, I must deal faithfully with you, you do look a little suspiciously at present; but have you seen the devil, say you?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, surely it was the devil, nothing else could have frightened me so.

*Sir J. Jum.* Bless us, and guard us, all the angels! what's that?

Sir D. Dunce. *Potestati sempiterno cujus benevolentia servantur gentes, et cujus misericordia—*

[Kneels, holding up his hands, and muttering as if he prayed.

*Sir J. Jum.* Neighbour, where are you, friend, Sir Davy?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah, whatever you do, be sure to stand close to me; where, where is it?

*Sir J. Jum.* Just, just there, in the shape of a coach and six horses against the wall.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that coach and six, will he?

*Sir J. Jum.* Do you see it? [*Exit.*

*Sir D. Dunce.* See it! plain, plain: dear friend advise me what I shall do: Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, do you hear nothing? Sir Jolly; ha! has he left me alone? Vermin.

*Ver.* Sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Am I alive? Dost thou know me again? Am I thy *quondam* master, Sir Davy Dunce?

*Ver.* I hope I shall never forget you, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Didst thou see nothing?

*Ver.* Yes, sir, methought the house was all on fire, fire as it were.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Didst thou not see how the devils grinned, and gnashed their teeth at me, Vermin?

*Ver.* Alas, sir, I was afraid one of them would have bit off my nose, as he vanished out of the door.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Lead me away, I'll go to my wife, I'll die by my own dear wife; run away to the Temple, and call counsellor my lawyer, I'll make over my estate presently, I shan't live till noon: I'll give all I have to my wife. Hah, Vermin!

*Ver.* Truly, sir, she's a very good lady.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah much, much too good for me, Vermin; thou canst not imagine what she has done for me, man; she would break her heart if I should give any thing away from her, she loves me so dearly. Yet if I do die, thou shalt have all my old shoes.

*Ver.* I hope to see you live many a fair day yet though.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah my wife, my poor wife, lead me to my poor wife. [*Exeunt.*

*Scene draws and discovers* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE, CAPT. BEAUGARD, *and* Lady, *in her Chamber.*

*Lady Dunce.* What think you now of a cold wet march over the mountains, your men tired, your baggage not come up, but at night a dirty watery plain to encamp upon, and nothing to shelter you, but an old leaguer cloke as tattered as your colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet, and getting the sciatica?

*Beau.* The hopes of this made all this easy to me; the thoughts of Clarinda have a thousand times refreshed me in my solitude; whenever I marched, I fancied still it was to my Clarinda; but when I came home, and found Clarinda lost!——How could you think of wasting but a night in the rank surfeiting arms of this foul-feeding monster, this rotten trunk of a man that lays claim to you?

*Lady Dunce.* The persuasion of friends, and the authority of parents!

*Beau.* And had you no more grace, than to be ruled by a father and mother?

*Lady Dunce.* When you were gone, that should have given me better counsel, how could I help myself?

*Beau.* Methinks, then, you might have found out some cleanlier shift to have thrown away yourself upon, than nauseous old age, and unwholesome deformity.

*Lady Dunce.* What, upon some over-grown, full-fed country fool, with a horse-face, a great ugly head, and a great fine estate? one that should have been drained and squeezed, and jolted up and down the town in hackneys with cheats and hectors, and so sent home at three o'clock every morning, like a

lolling booby, stinking, with a belly-full of stummed wine, and nothing in his pockets.

*Beau.* You might have made a tractable beast of such a one, he would have been young enough for training.

*Lady Dunce.* Is youth then so gentle, if age be stubborn? Young men like springs wrought by a subtle workman, easily ply to what their wishes press them; but the desire once gone that kept them down, thay soon start straight again, and no signs left which way they bent before.

*Sir J. Jum.* [*At the door peeping.*] So, so, who says I see any thing now? I see nothing, not I; I don't see, I don't see, I don't look, not so much as look, not I. [*Enters.*

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I will have my wife, carry me to my wife, let me go to my wife, I'll live and die with my wife, let the devil do his worst: ah, my wife, my wife, my wife!—

*Lady Dunce.* Alas! alas! we are ruined! shift for yourself; counterfeit the dead corpse once more, or any thing.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Hah! whosoever thou art thou canst not eat me; speak to me, who has done this? Thou canst not say I did it.

*Sir J. Jum.* Did it? did what? Here's nobody says you did any thing, that I know, neighbour; what's the matter with you? what ails you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell thee here's nobody says a word to you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Did you not see the ghost just now?

*Sir J. Jum.* Ghost! pr'ythee now, here's no ghost; whither would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one foot farther, man, the devil take me if you do.

Ghost! pr'ythee here's no ghost at all, a little flesh and blood indeed there is, some old, some young, some alive, some dead, and so forth; but, ghost! pish, here's no ghost.

*Sir D. Dunce.* But, sir, if I say I did see a ghost, I did see a ghost, an you go to that; why sure I know a ghost when I see one: Ah, my dear, if thou hadst but seen the devil half so often as I have seen him!

*Lady Dunce.* Alas, Sir Davy! if you ever loved me, come not, oh come not near me; I have resolved to waste the short remainder of my life in penitence, and taste of joys no more.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Alas, my poor child, but do you think there was no ghost indeed?

*Sir J. Jum.* Ghost! Alas-a-day, what should a ghost do here?

*Sir D. Dunce.* And is the man dead?

*Sir J. Jum.* Dead, aye, aye, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

*Lady Dunce.* Here you may see the horrid ghastly spectacle, the sad effects of my too rigid virtue, and your too fierce resentment——

*Sir J. Jum.* Do you see there?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, aye, I do see, would I had never seen him; would he had lain with my wife in every house between Charing-cross and Aldgate, so this had never happened.

*Sir J. Jum.* In troth, and would he had; but we are all mortal, neighbour, mortal; to-day we are here, to-morrow gone like the shadow that vanisheth, like the grass that withereth, or like the flower that fadeth; or indeed like any thing, or rather like nothing: but we are all mortal.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Heigh!

*Lady Dunce.* Down, down that trap-door, it goes into a bathing-room: for the rest leave it to my conduct.

*Sir J. Jum.* 'Tis very unfortunate, that you should run yourself into this premunire, Sir Davy.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Indeed and so it is.

*Sir J. Jum.* For a gentleman, a man in authority, a person in years, one that used to go to church with his neighbours.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Every Sunday, truly, Sir Jolly.

*Sir J. Jum.* Pay scot and lot to the parish.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Six pounds a year to the very poor, without abatement or deduction: 'tis very hard if so good a commonwealth's-man should be brought to ride in a cart at last, and be hanged in a sunshiny morning to make butchers and suburb-apprentices a holiday; I'll even run away.

*Sir J. Jum.* Run away! why then your estate will be forfeited; you'll lose your estate, man.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Truly you say right, friend; and a man had better be half hanged than lose his estate, you know.

*Sir J. Jum.* Hanged! no, no, I think there's no great fear of hanging neither: what, the fellow was but a sort of an unaccountable fellow, as I heard you say.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Aye, aye, a pox on him, he was a soldierly sort of a vagabond; he had little or nothing but his sins to live upon; if I could have had but patience, he would have been hanged within these two months, and all this mischief saved.

[BEAUGARD *rises up like a ghost at a trap-door, just before* SIR DAVY.

Oh Lord! the devil, the devil, the devil!

[*Falls on his face.*

*Sir J. Jum.* Why, Sir Davy, Sir Davy, what ails you? what's the matter with you?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Let me alone, let me lie still; I will not look up to see an angel; Oh-h-h!

*Lady Dunce.* My dear, why do you do these

cruel things to affright me? Pray rise and speak to me.

*Sir D. Dunce.* I dare not stir, I saw the ghost again just now.

*Lady Dunce.* Ghost again! what ghost? where?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Why, there! there!

*Sir J. Jum.* Here has been no ghost.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Why, did you see nothing then?

*Lady Dunce.* See nothing! no, nothing but one another.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Then I am enchanted, or my end is near at hand; neighbour, for Heaven's sake, neighbour, advise me what I shall do to be at rest.

*Sir J. Jum.* Do! why, what think you if the body were removed?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Removed, I'd give a hundred pounds the body were out of my house, may be then the devil would not be so impudent.

*Sir. J. Jum.* I have discovered a door-place in the wall betwixt my lady's chamber and one that belongs to me; if you think fit we'll beat it down, and remove this troublesome lump of earth to my house.

*Sir D. Dunce.* But will you be so kind.

*Sir J. Jum.* If you think it may by any means be serviceable to you.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Truly, if the body was removed, and disposed of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter—I hope he'll be as good as his word. [*Aside.*

*Sir J. Jum.* Fear nothing, I'll warrant you; but in troth I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

*Sir D. Dunce.* What's that?

*Sir J. Jum.* Why, it will be absolutely necessary that your lady staid with me at my house for one day, till things were better settled.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah, Sir Jolly! whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you shall be very welcome. Hear you, my dearest, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward business, and Sir Jolly has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be ruled by him; and whatever Sir Jolly would have thee do; e'en do it: so Heaven prosper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, till I see you again. [*Exit.*

*Sir J. Jum.* This is certainly the civilest cuckold in city, town, or country.

*Beau.* Is he gone? [*Steps out.*

*Lady Dunce.* Yes, and has left poor me here.

*Beau.* In troth, madam, 'tis barbarously done of him, to commit a horrid murder on the body of an innocent poor fellow, and then leave you to stem the danger of it.

*Sir J. Jum.* Odd, an I were as thee, sweet-heart, I'd be revenged on him for it, so I would. Go, get you together, steal out of the house as softly as you can, I'll meet you in the Piazza presently; go, be sure you steal out of the house, and don't let Sir Davy see you. [*The Scene shuts.*

SIR JOLLY *comes forward. Enter* BLOODY-BONES.

Bloody-Bones!

*Bloody-Bones.* I am here, sir.

*Sir J. Jum.* Go you and Fourbin to my house presently; bid Monsieur Fourbin remember that all things be ordered according to my directions. Tell my maids too, I am coming home in a trice; bid them get the great chamber, and the banquet I spoke for, ready presently: and, d'ye hear, carry the minstrels with you too, for I'm resolved to rejoice this morning. Let me see——Sir Davy!

*Enter* SIR DAVY DUNCE.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Ah, neighbour, 'tis I; is the business done? I cannot be satisfied till I am sure: have you removed the body? is it gone?

*Sir J. Jum.* Yes, yes, my servants conveyed it out of the house just now. Well, Sir Davy, a good morning to you: I wish you your health with all my heart, Sir Davy; the first thing you do though, I'd have you say your prayers by all means, if you can.

*Sir D. Dunce.* If I can possibly, I will.

*Sir J. Jum.* Well, good b'w'y. [*Exit* SIR JOLLY.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Good b'w'y heartily, good neighbour.——Vermin, Vermin.

*Enter* VERMIN.

*Ver.* Did your honour call?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Go run, run presently over the square, and call the constable presently; tell him here's murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly——I'll e'en carry him to my neighbour's, that he may find the dead body there, and so let my neighbour be very fairly hanged in my stead; hah! a very good jest, as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha! what's that?

*Watchmen* [*at the door.*] Almost four o'clock, and a dark cloudy morning; good-morrow my masters all, good-morrow.

*Enter* Constable *and* Watch.

*Con.* How's this, a door open! come in, gentlemen.—Ah, Sir Davy, your honour's humble servant, I and my watch going my morning rounds, and finding your door open, made bold to enter, to see there were no danger. Your worship will excuse our care; a good-morning to you, sir.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh, Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here, I sent my man just now to call you. I have sad news to tell you, Mr. Constable.

*Con.* I am sorry for that, sir; sad news!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh, ay, sad news, very sad news truly: here has been murder committed.

*Con.* Murder! if that's all, we are your humble servants, sir, we'll bid you good morrow: murder's nothing at this time o'night in Covent-Garden.

*Sir D. Dunce.* O, but this is a horrid bloody murder, done under my nose; I cannot but take notice of it; though I am sorry to tell you the authors of it, very sorry truly.

*Con.* Was it committed here, near at hand?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Oh, at the very next door; a sad murder indeed. After they had done, they carried the body privately into my neighbour, Sir Jolly's house here; I am sorry to tell it you, Mr. Constable, for I am afraid it will look but scurvily on his side; though I am a justice o'peace, gentlemen, and am bound by my oath to take notice of it; I can't help it.

1 *Watch.* I never liked that Sir Jolly.

*Con.* He threatened me t'other day for carrying a little dirty draggle-tailed whore to Bridewell, and said she was his cousin, sir. If your worship thinks fit, we'll go search his house.

*Sir D. Dunce.* O, by all means, gentlemen, it must be so; justice must have its course; the king's liege subjects must not be destroyed. Vermin, carry Mr. Constable and his dragons into the cellar, and make them drink; I'll but step into my study, put on my face of authority, and call upon ye instantly.

*All Watchmen.* We thank your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

SIR JOLLY JUMBLE'S. *A Banquet.*

*Enter* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE, CAPTAIN BEAUGARD, *and* LADY DUNCE.

*Sir J. Jum.* So, are ye come? I am glad on't; odd, you're welcome, very welcome, odd, ye are; here's a small banquet, but I hope 'twill please you; sit ye down, sit ye down both together, nay, both together: a pox on him that parts ye, I say.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly, this might be an entertainment for Anthony and Cleopatra, were they living.

*Sir J. Jum.* Pish! a pox of Anthony and Cleopatra, they are dead and rotten long ago; come, come, time's but short, time's but short, and must be made the best use of; for

*Youth's a flower that soon does fade,*
*And life is but a span;*
*Man was for the woman made,*
*And woman made for man.*

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and frisk and be brisk, rejoice, and make a noise, and—odd, I am pleased, mightily pleased, odd I am.

*Lady Dunce.* Really, Sir Jolly, you are more a philosopher than I thought you were.

*Sir J. Jum.* Philosopher, madam! yes, madam, I have read books in my time; odd, Aristotle, in some things, had very pretty notions, he was an understanding fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd, an ye don't eat—here child, here's some ringoes, help, help your neighbour a little; odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

*Beau.* Sir Jolly, your health.

*Sir J. Jum.* With all my heart, old boy.

*Lady Dunce.* Dear Sir Jolly, what are these, I never tasted of these before.

*Sir J. Jum.* That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd, 'tis the root satyrion, a very precious plant, I gather them every May myself; odd, they'll make an old fellow of sixty-five cut a caper like a dancing-master; give me some wine: madam, here's a health, here's a health, madam, here's a health to honest Sir Davy, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [*Dance.*

*Enter* BLOODY-BONES.

*Bloody-Bones.* Sir, sir, sir! what will you do? yonder's the constable and all his watch at the door, and threatens demolishment, if not admitted presently.

*Sir J. Jum.* Odds so! odds so! the constable and his watch! what's to be done now? get you both into the alcove there, get ye gone quickly, *quickly*; no noise, no noise [*Exeunt* BEAUGARD *and* LADY D.] d'ye hear, the constable and his watch! a pox on the constable and his watch; what the devil have the constable and his watch to do here?

*Enter* Constable, Watch, *and* SIR DAVY DUNCE. *Scene shuts.* SIR JOLLY JUMBLE *comes forward.*

*Con.* This way, this way, gentlemen; stay one of ye at the door, and let nobody pass, do you hear? Sir Jolly, your servant.

*Sir J. Jum.* What, this outrage, this disturbance committed upon my house and family; sir, sir, sir! what do you mean by these doings, sweet sir? hoh!———

*Con.* Sir, having received information, that the body of a murdered man is concealed in your house, I am come, according to my duty, to make search and discover the truth.———Stand to my assistance, gentlemen.

*Sir J. Jum.* A murdered man, sir!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Yes, a murdered man, sir: Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, I am sorry to see a person of your character and figure in the parish, concerned in a murder, I say.

*Sir J. Jum.* Here's a dog! here's a rogue for you! here's a villain! here's a cuckoldy son of his mother! I never knew a cuckold in my life, that was not a false rogue in his heart; there are no honest fellows living but whore-masters. Hark you, sir, what a pox do you mean? you had best play the fool, and spoil all, you had; what's all this for?

*Sir D. Dunce.* When your worship comes to be hanged, you'll find the meaning on't, sir. I say once more, search the house.

*Con.* It shall be done, sir; come along, friends.

[*Exeunt* Constable *and* Watch.

*Sir J. Jum.* Search my house! O Lord! search my house! what will become of me? I shall lose my reputation with man and woman, and nobody will ever trust me again: O Lord! search my house! all will be discovered, do what I can? I'll sing a song like a dying swan, and try to give them warning:

*Go from the window, my love, my love, my love,*
*Go from the window, my dear;*
*The wind and the rain*
*Has brought them back again,*
*And thou canst have no lodging here.* O Lord!

O Lord! search my house!

*Sir D. Dunce.* Break down that door, I'll have that door broke open, break down that door, I say.

[*Knocking within.*

*Sir J. Jum.* Very well done, break down my doors! break down my walls, gentlemen! plunder my house! ravish my maids! ah, curst be cuckolds, cuckolds, constables, and cuckolds.

*Scene draws and discovers* BEAUGARD *and* LADY DUNCE.

*Beau.* Stand off, by Heaven the first that comes here comes upon his death.

*Sir D. Dunce.* Sir, your humble servant, I'm glad to see you are alive again with all my heart; gentlemen, here's no harm done, gentlemen, here's nobody murdered, gentlemen, the man's alive again, gentlemen; but here's my wife, gentlemen, and a fine gentleman with her, gentlemen; and Mr. Constable, I hope you'll bear me witness, Mr. Constable.

*Sir J. Jum.* That he's a cuckold, Mr. Constable. [*Aside.*

*Beau.* Hark ye, ye curs, keep off from snapping at my heels, or I shall so feage ye.

*Sir J. Jum.* Get ye gone, ye dogs, ye rogues, ye night-toads of the parish dungeon; disturb my house at these unseasonable hours! get ye out of my doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, dogs, rogues, villains. [*Exeunt* Constable *and* Watch.

*Beau.* And next for you, sir coxcomb, you see I am not murdered, though you paid well for the performance; what think you of bribing my own man to murder me?

*Enter* FOURBIN *and* BLOODY-BONES.

Look ye, sir, he can cut a throat upon occasion, and here's another dresses a man's heart with oil and pepper, better than any cook in Christendom.

*Four.* Will your worship please to have one for your breakfast this morning.

*Sir D. Dunce.* With all my heart, sweet-heart, any thing in the world, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha! This is the purest sport, ha, ha, ha!

*Enter* VERMIN.

*Ver.* Oh, sir, the most unhappy and most unfor-

tunate news! there has been a gentleman in Madam Sylvia's chamber all this night, who just as you went out of doors carried her away, and whither they are gone nobody knows.

*Sir D. Dunce.* With all my heart, I am glad on't, child, I would not care if he had carried away my house and all, man. Unhappy news, quoth-a! poor fool, he does not know I am a cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha! I am so pleased, ha, ha, ha! I think I never was so pleased in all my life before, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Nay, sir, I have a hank upon you; there are laws for cut-throats, sir; and as you tender your future credit, take this wronged lady home, and use her handsomely, use her like my mistress, sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I have no complaint of you; this must be done, friend.

*Sir J. Jum.* In troth, and it is but reasonable, very reasonable in troth.

*Lady Dunce.* Can you, my dear, forgive me one misfortune?

*Sir D. Dunce.* Madam, in one word, I am thy ladyship's most humble servant and cuckold, Sir Davy Dunce, Knt. living in Covent-Garden; ha, ha, ha! well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha!

*Enter* SYLVIA *followed by* COURTINE.

*Syl.* Sir Jolly, ah, Sir Jolly, protect me or I am ruined.

*Sir J. Jum.* My little minikin, is it thy squeak?

*Beau.* My dear Courtine, welcome.

*Sir J. Jum.* Well, child, and what would that wicked fellow do to thee, child? hah, child, child, what would he do to thee?

*Syl.* Oh, sir, he has most inhumanly seduced me

out of my uncle's house, and threatens to marry me.

*Cour.* Nay, sir, and she having no more grace before her eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

*Sir J. Jum.* In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like these marriages, I'll have no marriages in my house, and there's an end on't.

*Sir D. Dunce.* And do you intend to marry my niece, friend?

*Cour.* Yes, sir, and never ask your consent neither.

*Sir D. Dunce.* In troth, and that's very well said; I am glad on't with all my heart, man, because she has five thousand pounds to her portion, and my estate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happiest day, ha, ha, ha!

Here take thy bride, like man and wife agree;
And may she prove as kind—as mine to me. *Ha, ha, ha.*

*Beau.* Courtine I wish thee joy: thou art come opportunely to be a witness of a perfect reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight, Sir Davy Dunce; which, to preserve inviolate, you must, sir, before we part, enter into such covenants for performance as I shall think fit.

*Sir D. Dunce.* No more to be said, it shall be done, sweet-heart: but don't be too hard upon me, use me gently as thou didst my wife; gently, ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, I'faith, ha, ha, ha! If he should be cruel to me, gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor cornuto, to lay me in a prison, or throw me in a dungeon at least,

I hope, amongst all you, sirs, I shan't fail
To find one brother-cuckold out for bail.

# EPILOGUE.

*WITH the discharge of passions much opprest,*
*Disturb'd in brain, and pensive in his breast,*
*Full of those thoughts which make th' unhappy sad,*
*And by imagination half grown mad,*
*The poet led abroad his mourning Muse,*
*And let her range, to see what sport she'd choose.*
*Straight, like a bird got loose, and on the wing,*
*Pleas'd with her freedom, she began to sing;*
*Each note was echo'd all the vale along,*
*And this was what she utter'd in her song:*
*Wretch, write no more for an uncertain fame,*
*Nor call thy Muse, when thou art dull, to blame:*
*Consider with thyself how thou'rt unfit*
*To make that monster of mankind, a wit:*
*A wit's a toad, who, swell'd with silly pride,*
*Full of himself, scorns all the world beside;*
*Civil would seem, though he good manners lacks,*
*Smiles on all faces, rails behind all backs.*
*If e'er, good-natur'd, nought to ridicule,*
*Good-nature melts a wit into a fool:*
*Plac'd high, like some jack-pudding in a hall,*
*At Christmas revels, he makes sport for all.*
*So much in little praises he delights,*
*But when he's angry draws his pen, and writes:*
*A wit to no man will his dues allow;*
*Wits will not part with a good word that's due:*
*So whoe'er ventures on the ragged coast*
*Of starving poets, certainly is lost,*
*They rail like porters at the penny-post.*
*At a new author's play see one but sit,*
*Making his snarling froward face of wit,*

*The merit he allows and praise he grants*
*Comes like a tax from a poor wretch that wants.*
*O poets, have a care of one another,*
*There's hardly one amongst you true to t'other:*
*Like Trinculos and Stephanos, ye play*
*The lewdest tricks each other to betray.*
*Like foes detract, yet flatt'ring friend-like smile,*
*And all is one another to beguile*
*Of praise, the monster of your barren isle.*
*Enjoy the prostitute ye so admire,*
*Enjoy her to the full of your desire,*
*Whilst this poor scribbler wishes to retire,*
*Where he may ne'er repeat his follies more,*
*But curse the fate that wreck'd him on your shore.*

*Now you, who this day as his judges sit,*
*After you've heard what he has said of wit,*
*Ought for your own sakes not to be severe,*
*But show so much to think he meant none here.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.