



Frederick Lawson Jones



G. Kneller Bar^o pinx.^o

T. Chambers sculp.

THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. *WILLIAM CONGREVE.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

CONSISTING OF

His PLAYS and POEMS.



BIRMINGHAM,

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE;

For J. and R. TONSON, in the *Strand, London.*

MDCCLXI.

T H E
W O R K S

O F

Mr. *WILLIAM CONGREVE.*

VOLUME THE FIRST.

C O N T A I N I N G,

The OLD BATCHELOR, a Comedy.

The DOUBLE DEALER, a Comedy.

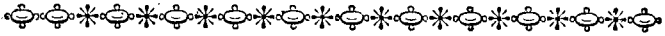


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MDCCLXI.



P R E F A C E.

THERE is no Occasion to say any Thing in Relation to these Plays, which some Time since have been every Way made public: And consequently, are already placed in that Degree of Reputatoin, (whatever it be) which their Auditors and Readers have thought fit to allow them.

This Edition of them, therefore, is only recommended as the least faulty Impression, which has yet been printed; in which, Care has been taken both to Revise the Prefs, and to Review and Correct many Passages in the Writing.

Not-

P R E F A C E.

Notwithstanding which Care, it must be confessed, too many *Errata* in both Kinds still remain; those of the Press, are to be reckoned amongst Things which no Diligence can prevent. Mr. *Bayle*, in his Preface to the first Edition of his Dictionary, speaks of the Vexation of ineffectual Supervising the Press, in Terms so feeling, that they move Compassion in his Reader; and concludes the Paragraph touching it, in these Words, “ *Je l’oublie autant que Je puis, animus* “ *meminisse horret.*”

The Tragedy of the *Mourning Bride*, in this Edition, is reformed in its *Numbers*, and by several little Variations and Transpositions in the Expression, entirely cast into Blank Verse; in Respect of which Measure, it was before, in many Places, defective—Some few Verses are also, in one or

P R E F A C E.

two Places, inserted, or substituted in the Room of others, it is hoped for the better.

It will hardly be denied, that it is both a Respect due to the Public, and a Right which every Man owes to himself, to endeavour that what he has written, may not appear with any Faults which he is capable of avoiding. This Consideration alone, were sufficient to have occasioned this Edition; but it has been hastened by another Motive, which is, that these five Plays have lately undergone a spurious Impression, and have been very faultily, as well as very indirectly published, in Prejudice both to the Author, and the Bookseller who has the Property of the Copy.

In the Third Volume there is an Opera, which has never yet appeared; of which, there is little to be said

in

P R E F A C E.

in this Place, but that the Music to it is excellently well composed, by Mr. *John Eccles*.

The Miscellaneous Verses, which conclude this Work, are of several Kinds, and written occasionally at distant Times; the early Date of some, no Doubt, will plainly appear, and it is hoped will also plead their Excuse. Part of them has heretofore been printed singly, or dispersed in Miscellanies.

THE



T H E
L I F E
O F
C O N G R E V E.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, the only surviving Son of *William Congreve*, who was second Son of *Richard Congreve*, Esq; of *Congreve* and *Stratton* in the County of *Stafford*. As to the Place, and indeed as to the Kingdom, in which he was born, Authors greatly differ; some are of Opinion that he was a Native of *Ireland*; but it is morally certain, that he was born in *England*, at the Village of *Bardsa*, near *Leeds* in *Yorkshire*, which was the Estate of a near Relation of his by the Mother's Side. The Time when it hap-
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pened can only be collected by Circumstances, which place it in 1671 or 1672. His Father carried him, when a Child, into *Ireland*, where, at that Time, he had a Command in the Army, but was afterwards entrusted with the Management of a considerable Part of the large Estate of the noble Family of *Burlington*, which fixed the Residence of himself and Family in that Kingdom.

Our Author received the first Tincture of Letters in the great School of *Kilkenny*, and from thence went to the University of *Dublin*; where, in a short Time, he became perfectly acquainted with all the Branches of polite Literature, and acquired not only a general Acquaintance with, but a correct and critical Taste in, the Classics. His Father, however, was very desirous that his Parts should be applied to more profitable Studies; and therefore sent him over to *England* soon after the Revolution, and entered him as a Student in the *Middle-Temple*. But the severe Study of the law
had

had so little Relation to his active Disposition and sprightly Humor, that though he continued to live in Chambers for three or four Years, yet it does not appear that he ever applied himself with diligence to conquer his Dislike to a Course of Life, which had been chosen for him, with so little Respect either to the Turn of his natural Parts, or the preceding Course of his Education. But how little soever he answered the Expectation of his Friends, in the Prosecution of that Profession to which they had destined him, he was not either indolent or inactive in the Cultivation of those Studies that were both his early and latest Care.

About three Years after his Return to *England*, during a slow Recovery from a Fit of Sickness, he amused himself in writing a Comedy, which he very soon finished; and though he was very modest and diffident of his own Abilities, yet he suffered himself to be overcome by the Persuasion of his Friends, and consented to bring it

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on the Stage. In Order to this, he was recommended to Mr. *Southerne*,* who, in Conjunction with *Dryden*, and *Arthur Manwaring*, revised the *Old Batchelor*; of which *Dryden* said, He never saw such a first Play, and that the Author not being acquainted with the Stage or the Town, it would be pity to have it miscarry for want of a little Assistance. Mr. *Thomas Davenant*, who had then the Direction of the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, was so much struck with the Merit of the Piece, and the Author's Conversation, that he granted him what is called the Privilege of the House, half a Year before his Play came upon the Stage; which was not only an unusual, but an unprecedented Favor.

The Old Batchelor was acted before a numerous and noble Audience, and was admirably well performed, and received with such general Applause, that Mr. *Congreve* was thenceforward considered as the Prop of the declining Stage, and as the rising Genius in Dramatic Poesy. It was this
Play

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Play that brought our Author acquainted with that great Patron of Learning, *Charles Montague*, Lord *Halifax*; who being desirous to place so eminent a Wit in a State of Ease and Tranquillity, made him immediately one of the Commissioners for licensing Hackney-Coaches; bestowed upon him soon after a Place in the Pipe-Office; and likewise a Place in the Custom-House, of the Value of six Hundred Pounds a Year.

We need not be surpris'd, that after such Encouragement as the Town, and even the Critics, had given him, our Author quickly made his Appearance again upon the Stage; as he did the Year following, when he brought on the *Double Dealer*. This Play was honored with the Presence of Queen *Mary*, and was very highly commended, as well as generally approved, by the best Judges: And if it was not so universally applauded as his former Performance, we need not wonder at it; for regular Comedy was at that Time a new Thing, our Author being the very first who

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attempted it; I will not say he was the last who succeeded in it; but I may safely assert, that he carried it to the highest Degree of Perfection; and amongst all his Plays, there is not one that does him greater Credit than the *Double Dealer*, notwithstanding some Objections that were made to it. It was towards the Close of that Year, Queen *Mary* died, upon which Occasion he wrote a Pastoral, which, in Point of Simplicity, Elegance, and Correctness, is at least equal to any Thing of that Kind that has appeared in our Language.

In 1695, when *Betterton* opened his new Theatre in *Portugal-Row, Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, Mr. *Congreve* strongly espoused his Cause, and gave him his excellent Comedy of *Love for Love*; so judiciously contrived, and so happily executed, as to unite at once the Approbation of the Few, and the tumultuous Applause of the Many, in its Favor. The same Year he distinguished himself in a new Kind of Poetry, by addressing to King *William* an irregular Ode on the taking

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ing of *Namure*; in which the Sublimity of the Sentiments, the Harmony of the Numbers, and the graceful Turn of his Panegyric, are truly admirable. As he had now attained the highest Reputation as a Comic Poet, he was inclined to show, that a regular and finished Tragedy might succeed upon the *English* Theatre; and it seems to have cost him more Pains than any of his former Plays, for it was not till 1697 that the *Mourning Bride* was acted at the new Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Field*. Very few Plays ever excited so great Expectations as this; fewer still have met, after such Expectation raised, with so universal an Approbation. In short, it was the best received of all his Pieces; and without Doubt, whatever Credit he drew from this Tragedy, was in some Measure shared by the Audience, who fairly entitled themselves to the Character of equal and able Judges, by the Applause they bestowed upon that excellent Performance.

He afterwards brought on another Comedy, the last, though not the least valu-

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able, of his Performances: It was called *The Way of the World*, of which it was so just a Picture, that the World could not bear it; which gave our Author a Disgust to the Theatre: Upon which Mr. *Dennis* said a very fine and a very kind Thing, *That Mr. Congreve quitted the Stage early, and that Comedy left it with him.* He seems to have foreseen the Fate of this Play, which is will revenged in his Epilogue, as it is justly exposed in the Dedication prefixed to it, wherein our Author showed, that he well knew how to resent the Injuries done him by little Critics. But this Play has long ago triumphed over its feeble Adversaries, and is now justly esteemed as it deserves.

He amused himself, however, after this, and obliged the World by a great Variety of Original Poems and Translations. He had a fine Taste for Music, as well as Poetry; which sufficiently appears in his *Hymn to Harmony in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day*, set by Mr. *John Eccles*, one of the most elegant Composers our Nation has produced. To him
also

also our Author was obliged for setting several of his Songs, which are very beautiful in their Kind, and have all that Vivacity of Wit which can give Life and Lustre to such Performances. His Translations have done him the greatest Honor, in the Sentiments of those who were the best Judges, and who have taken Pains to compare them with the Originals. The *Hymn of Venus*, and some of the most moving Passages in the *Iliad*, appear with all the Spirit and Dignity of *Homer*: And as it is impossible for a learned Reader to peruse them, without confessing his Accuracy; so whoever has a true Taste of Poetry, must feel the Effects of that Art and Force, with which all the Emotions, naturally rising from the Passions of the Human Mind, are expressed in these nervous Pieces. His Imitations of *Horace* have as much the Air of that Poet as our Times or Language will permit; that is, the same Strength, Vivacity and Delicacy, for which they have been so long admired in the Original. The

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Third Book of *Ovid's Art of Love*, appears in our Tongue with all the Sweetness and Softness peculiar to that Author, who was perfectly acquainted with the Passion, and knew how to describe it with all the masterly Graces of a great Poet; and what was admired in the *Augustan Age*, becomes excellent in ours, from the happy Union of the most distant Excellencies in a Translator, Ease and Exactness. He was the better qualified for an Undertaking of this Kind, from the natural Turn of his own Temper, for his Poem to, and Epigram on, Mrs. *Arabella Hunt*, are entirely in the *Ovidian Strain*, and are as pleasingly pathetic as any Poems in their Kind, in our own or perhaps in any other Language.

There is a Strength and Solemnity in his Verses to the Memory of Lady *Gethin*, and in his Epitaph on the two *Huntingtons*, that makes one scarce conceive it possible that he should succeed as well in lighter Compositions; and yet the Tales that he has told after *Fontaine*, are so unaffected and
natural,

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natural, that, if we were not apprised of it, we should never have suspected they were Translations. But there is one Piece of his which ought to be particularly distinguished, as being so truly an Original, that though it seems to be written with the utmost Facility, yet we may despair of ever seeing it copied: This is his *Doris*, so highly and so justly commended by Sir *Richard Steele*, as the sharpest and most delicate Satire he had ever met with.

His two Pieces of the Dramatic Kind, do him equal Honor as a Poet and as a Lover of Music, viz. *The Judgment of Paris*, a Masque, and *The Opera of Semele*. Of these, the former was acted with great Applause, and the latter finely set to Music by Mr. *Eccles*. In Respect to both, it is but Justice to say, that they have the same Stamp of Excellency with the Rest of his Writings; were considered as Master-pieces when published, and may serve as Models to Posterity.

His *Essay upon Humor in English Comedy*, is, without Doubt, as instructive, as entertaining,

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taining, and as correct a Piece of Criticism, as is any where to be met with: It is therefore inserted at the End of the third Volume, having never before been printed in any Edition of his Works.

It has been observed, that no Change of Ministers affected him in the least, nor was he ever removed from any Post that was given him, except to a better. His Place in the Custom-House, and his Office of Secretary in *Jamaica*, are said to have brought him in upwards of twelve Hundred Pounds a Year; and though he lived in a Manner suitable to such a Fortune, yet he was so far an Oeconomist, as to raise from thence a competent Estate. No Man of his Parts and Learning ever passed through Life with more Ease or less Envy; and as in the Dawn of his Reputation, he was very dear to the greatest Wits of his Time; so during his whole Life, he preserved the utmost Respect; and received continual Marks of Esteem, from Men of Genius and Letters, without ever being involved in any
of

of their Quarrels, or drawing upon himself the least Mark of Distaste, or even Dissatisfaction: On the contrary, they sought his Approbation with Concern, and received it as the highest Sanction of Merit. *Addison* testified his personal Regard for him, and his high Esteem for his Writings, upon many Occasions: Mr. *Pope* likewise honored him with the highest Testimony of Deference and Esteem, and in his Postscript to his Translation of *Homer* thus speaks of him: “ Instead of endeavoring to raise a
“ vain Monument to myself, let me leave
“ behind me a Memorial of my Friendship,
“ with one of the most valuable Men, as
“ well as finest Writers, of my Age and
“ Country: One who has tried, and knows
“ by his own Experience, how hard an Un-
“ dertaking it is to do Justice to *Homer*;
“ and one who (I am sure) sincerely re-
“ joices with me at the Period of my La-
“ bors. To him therefore, having brought
“ this long Work to a Conclusion, I desire
“ to dedicate it, and to have the Honor
“ and

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“ and Satisfaction of placing together, in
“ this Manner, the Names of Mr. *Congreve*,
“ and of *A. Pope*. “

The best Part of the last twenty Years of his Life, were spent in Ease and Retirement; but towards the End of his Days, he was very much afflicted with the Gout, which at length broke his Constitution so much, as to bring on a gradual Decay. It was for this, that in the Summer of the Year 1728, he made a Tour to *Bath*, for the benefit of the Waters, where he had the Misfortune to be overturned in his Chariot from which Time he complained of a Pain in his Side, which was supposed to arise from some inward Bruise. However it was, upon his Return to *London*, his Health declined more and more, but without making any Impression on his Spirits or Understanding. He had accustomed himself to consider Life, and every Thing belonging to it, as Blessings in which we have a very uncertain Tenure; and therefore was neither surpris'd or disturb'd at the
Prospect

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Prospect of losing it. He yielded his last Breath on *Sunday Morning, January 19th 1728*, at his House in *Surry-Street* in the *Strand*, in the 57th Year of his Age; and on the *Sunday* following, his Corpse lay in State in the *Jerusalem Chamber*, from whence, the same Evening, between the Hours of Nine and Ten, it was carried with great Decency and Solemnity into King *Henry the Seventh's Chapel*, and after the Funeral Service was performed, was interred in the Abbey. The Pall was supported by the Duke of *Bridgwater*, Earl of *Godolphin*, Lord *Cobham*, Lord *Wilmington*, the Honorable *George Berkley*, Esq; and Brigadier General *Churchill*; and some Time after a neat and elegant Monument was erected to his Memory, with the following Inscription thereon.

Mr. William Congreve died Jan. 19th, 1728, aged Fifty Six, and was buried near this Place; to whose most valuable Memory this Monument is set up, by Henrietta Dutches of Marlborough, as a Mark how dearly she remembers

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members the Happiness and Honor she enjoyed in the sincere Friendship of so worthy and honest a Man, whose Virtue, Candor and Wit, gained him the Love and Esteem of the present Age, and whose Writings will be the Admiration of the future.



J. Sadler inv. et del.

C. Grignon sculp.

The Old Bachelor.

T H E
O L D B A T C H E L O R .
A
C O M E D Y .

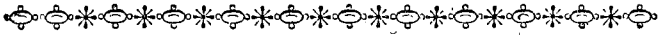


*Quem tulit ad Scenam ventoso gloria Curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator; sedulus inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit——*

Hor. Ep. 1. Lib. 2.



Printed in the YEAR M D C C L X I .



To the Right Honorable

C H A R L E S,

Lord *C L I F F O R D*,

O F

L A N E S B O R O U G H, &c.

My L O R D,

IT is with a great Deal of Pleasure, that I lay hold on this first Occasion, which the Accidents of my Life have given me, of writing to your Lordship: For since at the same Time, I write to all the World, it will be a Means of publishing (what I would have every Body know) the Respect and Duty which I owe and pay to you. I have so much Inclination to be yours, that I need no other Engagement: But the particular Ties, by which I am bound to your Lordship and Family, have put it out of my Power to make you any Compliment; since all Offers of myself, will amount to no more than an honest Acknowledgment, and only show a Willingness in me to be grateful.

D E D I C A T I O N.

I am very near wishing, That it were not so much my Interest to be your Lordship's Servant, that it might be more my Merit; not that I would avoid being obliged to you; but I would have my own Choice to run me into the Debt; that I might have it to boast, I had distinguished a Man, to whom I would be glad to be obliged, even without the Hopes of having it in my Power ever to make him a Return.

It is impossible for me to come near your Lordship, in any Kind, and not to receive some Favor; and while in Appearance I am only making an Acknowledgment (with the usual underhand Dealing of the World) I am at the same Time insinuating my own Interest. I cannot give your Lordship your Due, without tacking a Bill of my own Privileges. 'Tis true, if a Man never committed a Folly, he would never stand in Need of a Protection: But then Power would have Nothing to do, and good Nature no Occasion to show itself; and where those Qualities are, 'tis Pity they should want Objects to shine upon. I must confess this is no Reason, why a Man should do an idle Thing, nor indeed any good Excuse for it, when done; yet it reconciles the Uses of such Authority and Goodness,

to

D E D I C A T I O N.

to the Necessities of our Follies; and is a Sort of poetical Logic, which, at this Time, I would make Use of, to argue your Lordship into a Protection of this Play. It is the first Offence I have committed in this Kind, or indeed, in any Kind of Poetry, tho' not the first made public; and, therefore, I hope will the more easily be pardoned: But had it been acted when it was first written, more might have been said in its Behalf; Ignorance of the Town and Stage, would then have been Excuses in a young Writer, which now, almost four Years Experience will scarce allow of. Yet I must declare myself sensible of the good Nature of the Town, in receiving this Play so kindly, with all its Faults, which I must own were, for the most Part, very industriously covered by the Care of the Players; for, I think, scarce a Character but received all the Advantage it would admit of, from the Justness of the Action.

As for the Critics, my Lord, I have Nothing to say, to, or against, any of them of any Kind; from those who make just Exceptions, to those who find Fault in the wrong Place. I will only make this general Answer in Behalf of my Play (an Answer, which *Epicletus* advises every Man

D E D I C A T I O N.

to make for himself, to his Censures) viz. *That if they who find some Faults in it, were as intimate with it as I am, they would find a great many more.* This is a Confession, which I needed not to have made; but however, I can draw this Use from it, to my own Advantage, that I think there are no Faults in it, but what I do know; which, as I take it, is the first Step to an Amendment.

Thus I may live in Hopes (some Time or other) of making the Town Amends; but you, my Lord, I never can, tho' I am ever

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most Obedient and

Most humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.



T O

Mr. C O N G R E V E.

WHEN *Virtue in Pursuit of Fame ap-*
pears,

And forward shoots the Growth beyond the Years,

We timely court the rising Hero's Cause;

And on his Side, the Poet wisely draws;

Bespeaking him hereafter, by Applause.

The Days will come, when we shall all receive

Returning Int'rest, from what now we give:

Instructed and supported by that Praise

And Reputation, which we strive to raise.

Nature so coy, so hardly to be woo'd,

Flies, like a Mistress, but to be pursu'd.

O Congreve! boldly follow on the Chase;

She looks behind, and wants thy strong Embrace:

She yields, she yields, surrenders all her Charms,

Do you but force her gently to your Arms:

Such Nerves, such Graces, in your Lines appear,

As you were made to be her Ravisher.

Dryden has long extended his Command,

By Right Divine, quite through the Muses Land,

TO Mr. CONG R E V E.

*Absolute Lord; and holding now from none,
But great Apollo, his undoubted Crown,
(That Empire settled, and grown old in Pow'r)
Can wish for Nothing, but a Successor:
Not to enlarge his Limits, but maintain
Those Provinces, which he alone could gain.
His eldest Wycherley, in wise Retreat,
Thought it not worth his Quiet to be Great.
Loose, wand'ring Etherege, in wild Pleasures tost,
In foreign Int'rests, to his Hopes long lost:
Poor Lee and Otway dead! Congreve appears,
The Darling, and last Comfort of his Years:
May'st thou live long in thy great Master's Smiles,
And growing under him, adorn these Isles:
But when—when Part of him (be that but late)
His Body yielding must submit to Fate,
Leaving his deathless Works and Thee behind,
(The natural Successor of his Mind)
Then may'st thou finish what thou hast begun:
Heir to his Merit, be in Fame his Son.
What thou hast done, shows all is in thy Pow'r;
And to write better, only must write more.
'Tis Something to be willing to commend;
But my best Praise, is, that I am your Friend.*

THO. SOUTHERNE.



T O

Mr. C O N G R E V E.

*T*HE Danger's great in these censorious
Days,

When Critics are so rife, to venture Praise:

When the infectious and ill-natur'd Brood

Behold, and damn the Work, because 'tis good;

And with a proud, ungenerous Spirit, try

To pass an Ostracism on Poetry.

But you, my Friend, your Worth does safely bear

Above their Spleen; you have no Cause for Fear;

Like a well-mettled Hawk, you took your Flight

Quite out of Reach, and almost out of Sight.

As the strong Sun, in a fair Summer's Day,

You rise, and drive the Mists and Clouds away,

The Owls and Bats, and all the Birds of Prey.

Each Line of yours, like polish'd Steel's so hard,

In Beauty safe, it wants no other Guard.

Nature herself's beholden to your Dress,

Which, tho' still like, much fairer you express.

Some vainly striving Honor to obtain,

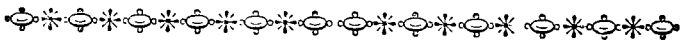
Leave to their Heirs the Traffic of their Brain,

Like

TO MR. CONG R E V E.

*Like China under Ground, the ripening Ware.
In a long Time, perhaps grows worth our Care:
But you now reap the Fame, so well you've sown;
The Planter tastes his Fruit to Ripeness grown.
As a fair Orange-Tree at once is seen,
Big with what's ripe, yet springing still with green;
So at one Time, my worthy Friend appears,
With all the Sap of Youth, and Weight of Years.
Accept my pious Love, as forward Zeal,
Which, tho' it ruins me, I can't conceal:
Expos'd to Censure for my weak Applause,
I'm pleas'd to suffer in so just a Cause:
And tho' my Offering may unworthy prove,
Take, as a Friend, the Wishes of my Love.*

J. MARSH.



TO MR. CONG R E V E, on his Play
called THE OLD BATCHELOR.

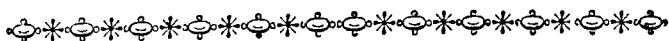
WIT, like true Gold, refin'd from all
Allay,
Immortal is, and never can decay:

'Tis

TO MR. CONGEEVE.

'Tis in all Times and Languages the same ;
Nor can an ill Translation quench the Flame :
For, tho' the Form and Fashion don't remain,
Th' intrinsic Value still it will retain.
Then let each studied Scene be writ with Art ;
And Judgment sweat to form the labor'd Part ;
Each Character be just, and Nature seem ;
Without th' Ingredient, Wit, 'tis all but Phlegm :
For that's the Soul, which all the Mass must move,
And wake our Passions into Grief, or Love.
But you, too bounteous, sow your Wit so thick,
We are surpris'd, and know not where to pick :
And while with Clapping, we are just to you,
Ourselves we injure, and lose Something new.
What mayn't we then, great Youth, of thee presage,
Whose Art and Wit so much transcend thy Age ?
How wilt thou shine at thy Meridian Height ?
Who, at thy Rising, giv'st so vast a Light.
When Dryden dying, shall the World deceive,
Whom we immortal, as his Works, believe ;
Thou shalt succeed, the Glory of the Stage,
Adorn and entertain the coming Age.

BEVIL HIGGONS.



P R O L O G U E.

Intended for

The O L D B A T C H E L O R.

Written by the Lord F A L K L A N D.

*M*OST Authors on the Stage at first appear
Like Widows Bridegrooms, full of Doubt
and fear :

*They judge, from the Experience of the Dame,
How hard a Task it is to quench her Flame :
And who falls short of furnishing a Course,
Up to his brawny Predecessor's Force ;
With utmost Rage from her Embraces thrown,
Remains convicted as an empty Drone.
Thus often, to his Shame, a pert Beginner
Proves in the End a miserable Sinner.*

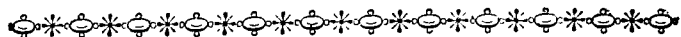
*As for our Youngster, I am apt to doubt him
With all the Vigor of his Youth about him :
But he, more sanguine, trusts in one and twenty,
And impudently hopes he shall content you :*

For

P R O L O G U E.

*For tho' his Batchelor be worn and cold,
He thinks the Young may club to help the Old:
And what alone can be achiev'd by neither,
Is often brought about by both together.
The briskest of you all have felt Alarms,
Finding the Fair One prostitute her Charms,
With broken Sighs, in her old Fumblers Arms. }
But for our Spark, he swears he'll ne'er be jealous
Of any Rivals, but young lusty Fellows.
Faith, let him try his Chance; and if the Slave,
After his Bragging, prove a washy Knave,
May he be banish'd to some lonely Den,
And never more have Leave to dip his Pen:
But if he be the Champion he pretends, }
Both Sexes sure will join to be his Friends;
For all agree, where all can have their Ends. }
And you must own him for a Man of Might,
If he holds out to please you the third Night.*

P R O-



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

HOW *this vile World is chang'd! In former Days,*

*Prologues were serious Speeches before Plays;
Grave solemn Things, as Graces are to Feasts;
Where Poets begg'd a Blessing from their Guests.*

*But now, no more like Suppliants we come;
A Play makes War, and Prologue is the Drum:*

*Arm'd with keen Satire, and with pointed Wit,
We threaten you who do for Judges sit,
To save our Plays, or else we'll damn your Pit.* }

*But for your Comfort, it falls out to Day,
We've a young Author, and his first-born Play;
So, standing only on his good Behaviour,*

*He's very civil, and intreats your Favor,
Not but the Man has Malice, would he show it,
But on my Conscience he's a bashful Poet;
You think that strange—no Matter, he'll out-
grow it.* }

Well,

P R O L O G U E.

*Well, I'm his Advocate—by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please you)
He prays—O blefs me! what shall I do now!
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest Prologue as he wrote it!
Well, the Duce take me, if I han't forgot it.
O Lord, for Heav'n's Sake excuse the Play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to Day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say. }
For my Sake then—but I'm in such Confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your Resolution.*

[Runs off.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Heartwell</i> , a surly old Batchelor, pretending to flight Women, secretly in Love with <i>Sylvia</i> .	} Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Bellmour</i> , in Love with <i>Belinda</i> .	Mr. <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Vainlove</i> , capricious in his Love; in Love with <i>Araminta</i> .	} Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Sharper</i> .	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
Sir <i>Joseph Wittol</i> .	Mr. <i>Bowen</i> .
Captain <i>Bluffe</i> .	Mr. <i>Haines</i> .
<i>Fondlewife</i> , a Banker.	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
<i>Setter</i> , a Pimp.	Mr. <i>Underhill</i> .
Servant to <i>Fondlewife</i> .	

W O M E N.

<i>Araminta</i> , in Love with <i>Vainlove</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Belinda</i> , her Cousin, an affected Lady, in Love with <i>Bellmour</i> .	} Mrs. <i>Mountfort</i> .
<i>Lætitia</i> , Wife to <i>Fondlewife</i> .	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Sylvia</i> , <i>Vainlove</i> 's forsaken Mistrefs.	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Lucy</i> , her Maid.	Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .
<i>Betty</i> .	
Boy and Footmen.	

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

THE

(1)



THE
OLD BATCHELOR.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

BELLMOUR *and* VAINLOVE *meeting.*

BELLMOUR.

VAINLOVE, and abroad so early!
good Morrow; I thought a Contem-
plative Lover could no more have
parted with his Bed in a Morning, than he
could have slept in't.

VAINLOVE.

Bellmour, good Morrow—Why Truth
on't is, these early Sallies are not usual
to me; but Business, as you see, Sir—
[*Shewing Letters.*] And Business must be
follow'd, or be lost.

VOL. I.

B

BELL-

2 *The OLD BATCHELOR.*

B E L L M O U R.

Business!—And so must Time, my Friend, be close pursued, or lost. Business is the Rub of Life, perverts our Aim, casts off the Bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended Mark.

V A I N L O V E.

Pleasure, I guess you mean.

B E L L M O U R.

Ay, what else has Meaning?

V A I N L O V E.

Oh the Wife will tell you——

B E L L M O U R.

More than they believe——Or understand.

V A I N L O V E.

How, how, *Ned*, a wise Man say more than he understands?

B E L L M O U R.

Ay, ay, Wisdom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise Man, and all that he knew was, that he knew Nothing. Come, come, leave Business to Idlers, and Wisdom to Fools; they have need of 'em: Wit, be my Faculty, and Pleasure, my Occupation; and let Father Time shake his Glass. Let low and earthly Souls grovel 'till they have work'd them-

The OLD BATCHELOR. 3

themselves six Foot deep into a Grave——
Business is not my Element——I roll in
a higher Orb, and dwell——

VAINLOVE.

In Castles i'th' Air, of thy own building:
That's thy Element, *Ned*——Well, as
high a Flyer as you are, I have a Lure
may make you sloop. [*Flings a Letter.*]

BELLMOUR.

I marry, Sir, I have a Hawk's Eye at a
Woman's Hand——There's more Elegancy
in the false Spelling of this Supercription
[*Takes up the Letter.*] than in all *Cicero*——
Let me see——How now! *Dear perfidious*
Vainlove. [*Reads.*]

VAINLOVE.

Hold, hold, 'slike that's the wrong.

BELLMOUR.

Nay let's see the Name (*Sylvia!*) how
canst thou be ungrateful to that Creature?
She's extremely pretty, and loves thee en-
tirely——I have heard her breathe such
Raptures about thee——

VAINLOVE.

Ay, or any Body that she's about——

BELLMOUR.

No, faith *Frank* you wrong her; she has
been just to you.

4 *The OLD BATCHELOR.*

VAINLOVE.

That's pleafant, by my Troth, from thee,
who haft had her.

BELLMOUR.

Never——her Affections: 'Tis true by
Heav'n, ſhe own'd it to my Face; and
bluſhing like the Virgin Morn when it
diſclos'd the Cheat, which, that truſty Bawd
of Nature, Night, had hid, confeſs'd her
Soul was true to you; tho' I by Treachery
had ſtol'n the Blifs——

VAINLOVE.

So was true as Turtle——in Imagina-
tion, *Ned*, ha? Preach this Doctrinè to
Huſbands, and the married Women will
adore thee.

BELLMOUR.

Why faith I think it will do well e-
nough——If the Huſband be out of the
Way, for the Wife to ſhew her Fondneſs
and Impatience of his Abſence, by chooſing
a Lover as like him as ſhe can, and what
is unlike, ſhe may help out with her own
Fancy.

VAINLOVE.

But is it not an Abufe to the Lover to
be made a Blind of?

BELLMOUR.

As you ſay the Abufe is to the Lover,
not

The OLD BATCHELOR. 5

not the Husband: For 'tis an Argument of her great Zeal towards him, that she will enjoy him in Effigy.

VAINLOVE.

It must be a very superstitious Country, where such Zeal passes for true Devotion. I doubt it will be damn'd by all our Protestant Husbands for flat Idolatry——But if you can make Alderman *Fondlewife* of your Persuasion, this Letter will be needless.

BELLMOUR.

What, the old Banker with the handsome Wife?

VAINLOVE.

Ay.

BELLMOUR.

Let me see, *Lætitia!* Oh 'tis a delicious Morfel. Dear *Frank*, thou art the truest Friend in the World.

VAINLOVE.

Ay, am I not? To be continually starting of Hares for you to course. We were certainly cut out for one another; for my Temper quits an Amour, just where thine takes it up——But read that, it is an Appointment for me, this Evening; when *Fondlewife* will be gone out of Town, to meet the Master of a Ship, about the Re-

6 *The OLD BATCHELOR.*

turn of a Venture which he's in danger of losing. Read, read.

BELLMOUR reads.

Hum, Hum——*Out of Town this Evening, and talks of sending for Mr. Spintext to keep me Company; but I'll take care he shall not be at home. Good! Spintext! Oh, the Fanatic one-ey'd Parson!*

VAINLOVE.

Ay.

BELLMOUR reads.

Hum, Hum——*That your Conversation will be much more agreeable, if you can counterfeit his Habit to blind the Servants. Very good! Then I must be disguised——With all my Heart——It adds a Gusto to an Amour; gives it the greater Resemblance of Theft; and amongst lewd Mortals, the deeper the Sin the sweeter. Frank, I'm amaz'd at thy Good-nature——*

VAINLOVE.

Faith I hate Love when 'tis forc'd upon a Man, as I do Wine——And this Business is none of my seeking; I only happen'd to be once or twice, where *Latitia* was the handsomest Woman in Company, so consequently apply'd myself to her——And it seems she has taken me at my Word——

Had

The OLD BATCHELOR. 7

Had you been there, or any Body, 't had been the same.

B E L L M O U R.

I wish I may succeed as the same.

V A I N L O V E.

Never doubt it ; for if the Spirit of Cuckoldom be once raised up in a Woman, the Devil can't lay it, 'till she has done't.

B E L L M O U R.

Prithee, what sort of Fellow is *Fondlewife*?

V A I N L O V E.

A kind of Mongrel Zealot, sometimes very precise and peevish : But I have seen him pleasant enough in his Way ; much addicted to Jealousy, but more to Fondness : So that as he is often jealous without a Cause, he's as often satisfied without Reason.

B E L L M O U R.

A very even Temper, and fit for my Purpose. I must get your Man *Setter* to provide my Disguise.

V A I N L O V E.

Ay, you may take him for good and all if you will, for you have made him fit for no Body else——Well——

B E L L M O U R.

You're going to visit in return of *Sylvia's*

8 *The OLD BATCHELOR.*

Letter——Poor Rogue. Any Hour of the Day or Night will serve her——But do you know nothing of a new Rival there?

VAINLOVE.

Yes, *Heartwell*, that furly, old, pretended Woman-hater, thinks her virtuous; that's one Reason why I fail her: I would have her fret herself out of Conceit with me, that she may entertain some Thoughts of him. I know he visits her ev'ry Day.

BELLMOUR.

Yet rails on still, and thinks his Love unknown to us; a little Time will swell him so, he must be forc'd to give it Birth; and the Discovery must needs be very pleasant from himself; to see what Pains he will take, and how he will strain to be deliver'd of a Secret, when he has miscarried of it already.

VAINLOVE.

Well, good Morrow, let's dine together; I'll meet at the old Place.

BELLMOUR.

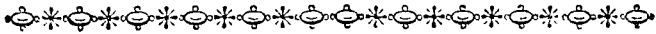
With all my Heart; it lies convenient for us to pay our Afternoon Services to our Mistresses; I find I am damnably in Love, I'm so uneasy for not having seen *Belinda* Yesterday.

VAIN-

The OLD BATCHELOR. 9

VAINLOVE.

But I saw my *Araminta*, yet am as impatient.



S C E N E II.

BELLMOUR *alone.*

BELLMOUR.

WHY what a Cormorant in Love am I! who, not contented with the Slavery of honorable Love in one Place, and the Pleasure of enjoying some half a score Mistresses of my own acquiring; must yet take *Vainlove's* Business upon my Hands, because it lay too heavy upon his; so am not only forc'd to lie with other Men's Wives for 'em, but must also undertake the harder Task of obliging their Mistresses—I must take up, or I shall never hold out; Flesh and Blood cannot bear it always.

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

[*To him*] S H A R P E R.

S H A R P E R.

I'M forry to see this, *Ned*: Once a Man comes to his Soliloquies I give him for gone.

B E L L M O U R.

Sharper, I'm glad to see thee.

S H A R P E R.

What, is *Belinda* cruel, that you are so thoughtful?

B E L L M O U R.

No, faith, not for that——But there's a Business of Consequence fall'n out to Day, that requires some Consideration.

S H A R P E R.

Prithee what mighty Business of Consequence canst thou have?

B E L L M O U R.

Why you must know, 'tis a Piece of Work toward the finishing of an Alderman; it seems I must put the last Hand to it, and dub him Cuckold, that he may be of equal Dignity with the rest of his Brethren: So I must beg *Belinda's* Pardon.—

S H A R P E R.

The OLD BATCHELOR. II

S H A R P E R.

Faith e'en give her over for good and all; you can have no Hopes of getting her for a Mistrefs; and she is too proud, too inconstant, too affected, and too witty, and too handsome for a Wife.

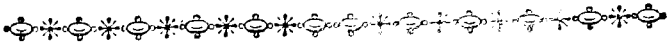
B E L L M O U R.

But she can't have too much Money— There's twelve thousand Pound, *Tom*.— 'Tis true she is excessively foppish and affected, but in my Conscience I believe the Baggage loves me: For she never speaks well of me herself, nor suffers any Body else to rail at me. Then, as I told you, there's twelve thousand Pound—Hum——Why faith upon second Thoughts, she does not appear to be very affected neither——Give her her Due, I think the Woman's a Woman, and that's all. As such I'm sure I shall like her; for the Devil take me if I don't love all the Sex.

S H A R P E R.

And here comes one who swears as heartily he hates all the Sex.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] HEARTWELL.

B E L L M O U R.

WHO, *Heartwell!* Ay, but he knows better Things — How now *George*, where hast thou been snarling odious Truths, and entertaining Company, like a Physician, with Discourse of their Diseases and Infirmities? What fine Lady hast thou been putting out of Conceit with herself, and persuading that the Face she had been making all the Morning, was none of her own? for I know thou art as unmannerly and as unwelcome to a Woman, as a Looking-Glass after the Small-Pox.

H E A R T W E L L.

I confess I have not been sneering fulsome Lies and nauseous Flattery, fawning upon a little tawdry Whore, that will fawn upon me again, and entertain any Puppy that comes, like a Tumbler, with the same Tricks over and over. For such I guess may have been your late Employment.

B E L L-

The OLD BATCHELOR. 13

B E L L M O U R.

Would thou hadst come a little sooner, *Vainlove* would have wrought thy Conversion, and been a Champion for the Cause.

H E A R T W E L L.

What, has he been here? that's one of Love's *April-Fools*, is always upon some Errand that's to no Purpose, ever embarking in Adventures, yet never comes to Harbor.

S H A R P E R.

That's because he always sets out in foul Weather, loves to buffet with the Winds, meet the Tide, and fail in the Teeth of Opposition.

H E A R T W E L L.

What, has he not dropt Anchor at *Araminta*?

B E L L M O U R.

Truth on't is she fits his Temper best, is a Kind of floating Island; sometimes seems in Reach, then vanishes and keeps him busied in the Search.

S H A R P E R.

She had need have a good Share of Sense to manage so capricious a Lover.

B E L L M O U R.

Faith I don't know, he's of a Temper the most easy to himself in the World; he
takes

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takes as much always of an Amour as he cares for, and quits it when it grows stale or unpleasant.

S H A R P E R.

An Argument of very little Passion, very good Understanding, and very ill Nature.

H E A R T W E L L.

And proves that *Vainlove* plays the Fool with Discretion.

S H A R P E R.

You *Bellmour* are bound in Gratitude to sticke for him; you with Pleasure reap that Fruit, which he takes Pains to sow: he does the Drudgery in the Mine, and you stamp your Image on the Gold.

B E L L M O U R.

He's of another Opinion, and says I do the Drudgery in the Mine. Well, we have each our Share of Sport, and each that which he likes best; 'tis his Diversion to set, 'tis mine to cover the Partridge.

H E A R T W E L L.

And it should be mine to let 'em go again.

S H A R P E R.

Not till you had mouth'd a little, *George*, I think that's all thou art fit for now.

H E A R T-

The OLD BATCHELOR. 15

HEARTWELL.

Good Mr. Young-Fellow, you're mistaken; as able as yourself, and as nimble too, tho' I mayn't have so much Mercury in my Limbs; 'tis true indeed, I don't force Appetite, but wait the natural Call of my Lust, and think it time enough to be lewd, after I have had the Temptation.

BELLMOUR.

Time enough! ay, too soon, I should rather have expected, from a Person of your Gravity.

HEARTWELL.

Yet it is oftentimes too late with some of you young, termagant, flashy Sinners—you have all the Guilt of the Intention, and none of the Pleasure of the Practice—'tis true you are so eager in Pursuit of the Temptation, that you save the Devil the Trouble of leading you into it: Nor is it out of Discretion, that you don't swallow that very Hook yourselves have baited, but you are cloy'd with the Preparative, and what you mean for a Whet, turns the Edge of your puny Stomachs. Your Love is like your Courage, which you shew for the first Year or two upon all Occasions; 'till in a little Time, being disabled or disarmed, you abate of your Vigor; and that

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that daring Blade which was so often drawn, is bound to the Peace for ever after.

B E L L M O U R.

Thou art an old Fornicator of a singular good Principle indeed! and art for encouraging Youth, that they may be as wicked as thou art at thy Years.

H E A R T W E L L.

I am for having every Body be what they pretend to be; a Whoremaster be a Whoremaster; and not like *Vainlove*, kifs a Lap-Dog with Passion, when it would disgust him from the Lady's own Lips.

B E L L M O U R.

That only happens sometimes, where the Dog has the sweeter Breath, for the more cleanly Conveyance. But *George*, you must not quarrel with little Gallantries of this Nature: Women are often won by 'em. Who would refuse to kifs a Lap-Dog, if it were preliminary to the Lips of his Lady?

S H A R P E R.

Or omit playing with her Fan, and cooling her if she were hot, when it might entitle him to the Office of warming her when she should be cold?

B E L L -

The OLD BATCHELOR. 17

BELLMOUR.

What is it to read a Play in a rainy Day? Though you should be now and then interrupted in a witty Scene, and she perhaps preserve her Laughter, 'till the Jest were over; even, that, may be born with, considering the Reward in Prospect.

HEARTWELL.

I confess you that are Women's Affes bear greater Burdens: Are forced to undergo Dressing, Dancing, Singing, Sighing, Whining, Rhyming, Flattering, Lying, Grinning, Cringing, and the Drudgery of Loving to boot.

BELLMOUR.

O Brute, the Drudgery of Loving!

HEARTWELL.

Ay, why to come to Love through all these Incumbrances, is like coming to an Estate overcharg'd with Debts; which by the Time you have paid, yields no further Profit than what the bare Tillage and Manuring of the Land will produce at the Expence of your own Sweat.

BELLMOUR.

Prithee how dost thou love?

SHARPER.

He! he hates the Sex.

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H E A R T W E L L.

So I hate Phyfic too——yet I may love to take it for my Health.

B E L L M O U R.

Well come off, *George*, if at any Time you should be taken fraying.

S H A R P E R.

He has need of such an Excuse, considering the present State of his Body.

H E A R T W E L L.

How d'ye mean?

S H A R P E R.

Why if whoring be purging (as you call it) then, I may say, Marriage, is entering into a Course of Phyfic.

B E L L M O U R.

How, *George*, does the Wind blow there?

H E A R T W E L L.

It will as soon blow *North* and by *South*——Marry, quotha! I hope in Heaven I have a greater Portion of Grace, and I think I have baited too many of those Traps, to be caught in one myself.

B E L L M O U R.

Who the Devil would have thee? unless 'twere an Oyster-Woman, to propagate young Fry for *Billingsgate*——thy Talent will

The OLD BATCHELOR. 19

will never recommend thee to any Thing of better Quality.

H E A R T W E L L.

My Talent is chiefly that of speaking Truth, which I don't expect should ever recommend me to People of Quality—I thank Heaven, I have very honestly purchas'd the Hatred of all the great Families in Town.

S H A R P E R.

And you in Return of Spleen hatethem: But could you hope to be receiv'd into the Alliance of a noble Family——

H E A R T W E L L.

No, I hope I shall never merit that Affliction—to be punish'd with a Wife of Birth—be a Stag of the first Head and bear my Horns aloft, like one of the Supporters of my Wife's Coat. 'Sdeath I would not be a Cuckold to e'er an illustrious Whore in *England*.

B E L L M O U R.

What not to make your Family, Man, and provide for your Children?

S H A R P E R.

For her Children you mean.

H E A R T W E L L.

Ay, there you've nick'd it—there's the Devil upon Devil—O the Pride and Joy

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of Heart 'twou'd be to me, to have my Son and Heir resemble fuch a Duke—to have a fleering Coxcomb scoff and cry, Mr. your Son's mighty like his Grace, has juft his Smile and Air of's Face. Then replies another—Methinks he has more of the Marquis of fuch a Place, about his Noſe and Eyes; though he has my Lord what-d'ye-call's Mouth to a Tittle—— Then, I, to put it off as unconcern'd, come chuck the Infant under the Chin, force a Smile, and cry, Ay, the Boy takes after his Mother's Relations—when the Devil and ſhe knows, 'tis a little Compound of the whole Body of Nobility.

BELLMOUR, SHARPER.

Ha! ha! ha!

BELLMOUR.

Well, but *George*, I have one Queſtion to aſk you——

HEARTWELL.

Pſhaw, I have prattled away my Time—I hope you are in no Haſte for an Answer—for I ſhan't ſtay now.

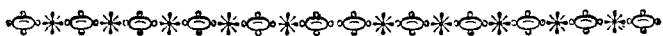
[Looking on his Watch.]

BELLMOUR.

Nay, prithee *George*——

HEARTWELL.

No, beſides my Buſineſs, I ſee a Fool coming this Way. Adieu. SCENE



S C E N E V.

S H A R P E R, B E L L M O U R.

B E L L M O U R.

W H A T does he mean? Oh, 'tis Sir *Joseph Wittoll*, with his Friend; but I see he has turn'd the Corner, and goes another Way.

S H A R P E R.

What in the Name of Wonder is it?

B E L L M O U R.

Why, a Fool.

S H A R P E R.

'Tis a tawdry Outside.

B E L L M O U R.

And a very beggarly Lining——yet he may be worth your Acquaintance—a little of thy Chymistry, *Tom*, may extract Gold from that Dirt.

S H A R P E R.

Say you so? 'faith I am as poor as a Chymist, and would be as industrious. But what was he that follow'd him? is not he a Dragon that watches those Golden Pippins?

B E L L M O U R.

Hang him, no, he a Dragon! if he be 'tis a very peaceful one, I can insure his Anger dormant; or should he seem to rouse, 'tis but well lashing him, and he will sleep like a Top.

S H A R P E R.

Ay, is he of that Kidney?

B E L L M O U R.

Yet is ador'd by that Bigot Sir *Joseph Wittoll*, as the Image of Valor: He calls him his Back, and indeed they are never afunder——yet last Night, I know not by what Mischance, the Knight was alone, and had fallen into the Hands of some Night-walkers, who I suppose would have pillaged him: But I chanc'd to come by, and rescued him: Though I believe he was heartily frightened, for as soon as ever he was loose, he ran away, without staying to see who had help'd him.

S H A R P E R.

Is that Bully of his in the Army?

B E L L M O U R.

No, but is a Pretender, and wears the Habit of a Soldier; which now-à-days as often clokes Cowardice, as a black Gown does Atheism— You must know he has been abroad — went purely to run away
from

The OLD BATCHELOR. 23

from a Campaign; enrich'd himself with the Plunder of a few Oaths — and here vents 'em against the General, who slighting Men of Merit, and preferring only those of Interest, has made him quit the Service.

S H A R P E R.

Wherein no doubt he magnifies his own Performance.

B E L L M O U R.

Speaks Miracles, is the Drum to his own Praise—the only Implement of a Soldier he resembles, like that, being full of blustering Noise and Emptiness—

S H A R P E R.

And like that, of no Use but to be beaten.

B E L L M O U R.

Right; but, then, the Comparison breaks, for he will take a Drubbing with as little Noise as a Pulpit Cushion.

S H A R P E R.

His Name, and I have done?

B E L L M O U R.

Why that, to pass it current too, he has gilded with a Title; he is call'd Captain *Bluffe*.

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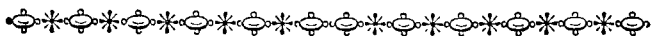
S H A R P E R.

Well, I'll endeavour his Acquaintance
—you steer another Course, are bound

*For Love's fair Isle: I, for the golden Coast.
May each succeed in what he wishes most.*

End of the First Act.

A C T



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

Sir JOSEPH WITTOLL, SHARPER *following*.

S H A R P E R.

S U R E that's he, and alone.

Sir J O S E P H.

Um—Ay this, this is the very damn'd Place; the inhuman Cannibals, the bloody-minded Villains would have butcher'd me last Night: No doubt, they would have flay'd me alive, have sold my Skin, and devour'd, &c.

S H A R P E R.

How's this!

Sir J O S E P H.

An it hadn't been for a civil Gentleman as came by and frightened 'em away—but agad I durst not stay to give him Thanks.

S H A R P E R.

This must be *Bellmour* he means—ha! I have a Thought——

Sir J O S E P H.

Zooks, would the Captain would come; the very Remembrance makes me quake; agad I shall never be reconciled to this Place heartily.

S H A R P E R.

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S H A R P E R.

'Tis but trying, and being where I am at worst. Now Luck! — curs'd Fortune! this must be the Place, this damn'd unlucky Place——

Sir J O S E P H.

Agad and so 'tis—why here has been more Mischief done I perceive.

S H A R P E R.

No, 'tis gone, 'tis lost — ten thousand Devils on that Chance which drew me hither; ay here, just here, this Spot to me is Hell; Nothing to be found, but the Despair of what I've lost.

[Looking about as in Search.

Sir J O S E P H.

Poor Gentleman—by the Lord *Harry* I'll stay no longer, for I have found too—

S H A R P E R.

Ha! who's that has found? What have you found? restore it quickly, or by—

Sir J O S E P H.

Not I, Sir, not I, as I've a Soul to be sav'd, I have found Nothing but what has been to my Loss, as I may say, and as you were saying, Sir.

S H A R P E R.

O your Servant, Sir, you are safe then it seems; 'tis an ill Wind that blows Nobody

The OLD BATCHELOR. 27

body good: Well, you may rejoice over my ill Fortune, since it paid the Price of your Ransom.

Sir JOSEPH.

I rejoice! agad not I, Sir: I'm very sorry for your Loss, with all my Heart, Blood and Guts, Sir; and if you did but know me, you'd ne'er say I were so ill-natur'd.

S H A R P E R.

Know you; why can you be so ungrateful, to forget me!

Sir JOSEPH.

O Lord! forget him! No, no, Sir, I don't forget you—because I never saw your Face before, agad. Ha! ha! ha!

S H A R P E R.

How!

[*Angrily.*

Sir JOSEPH.

Stay, stay Sir, let me recollect — he's a damn'd angry Fellow — I believe I had better remember him, 'till I can get out of his Sight; but out o'Sight out o'Mind agad.

[*Aside.*

S H A R P E R.

Methought the Service I did you last Night, Sir, in preserving you from those Ruffians, might have taken better Root in your shallow Memory.

Sir

Sir JOSEPH.

Gads - Daggers - Belts - Blades and Scabbards, this is the very Gentleman! How shall I make him a Return suitable to the Greatness of his Merit——I had a pretty Thing to that Purpose, if he han't frighted it out of my Memory. Hem! hem! Sir, I most submissively implore your Pardon for my Transgression of Ingratitude and Omission; having my entire Dependence, Sir, upon the Superfluity of your Goodness, which, like an Inundation will, I hope, totally immerge the Recollection of my Error, and leave me floating in your Sight, upon the full blown Bladders of Repentance——by the Help of which, I shall once more hope to swim into your Favor. [Bows.

S H A R P E R.

So-h, O Sir I am easily pacify'd, the Acknowledgment of a Gentleman ——

Sir JOSEPH.

Acknowledgment! Sir I am all over Acknowledgment, and will not stick to shew it in the greatest Extremity, by Night, or by Day, in Sickness, or in Health, Winter, or Summer, all Seasons and Occasions shall testify the Reality and Gratitude of your superabundant humble Servant Sir *Joseph Wittoll* Knight. Hem! Hem!

S H A R P E R.

The OLD BATCHELOR. 29

S H A R P E R.

Sir Joseph Wittoll!

Sir J O S E P H.

The same, Sir, of *Wittoll Hall* in *Comitatu Bucks.*

S H A R P E R.

Is it possible! Then, I am happy, to have obliged the *Mirror of Knighthood* and *Pink of Courtesy* in the Age; let me embrace you.

Sir J O S E P H.

O Lord, Sir!

S H A R P E R.

My Lofs I esteem as a Trifle repaid with Interest, since it has purchas'd me the Friendship and Acquaintance of the Person in the World, whose Character I admire.

Sir J O S E P H.

You are only pleas'd to say so, Sir——
But pray if I may be so bold, what is that Lofs you mention?

S H A R P E R.

O term it no longer so, Sir. In the Scuffle, last Night, I only dropt a Bill of a hundred Pound, which I confess, I came half despairing to recover; but thanks to my better Fortune——

Sir

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Sir JOSEPH.

You have found it Sir then it seems; I profess I'm heartily glad——

S H A R P E R.

Sir your humble Servant——I don't question but you are; that you have so cheap an Opportunity of expressing your Gratitude and Generosity. Since the paying so trivial a Sum, will wholly acquit you and doubly engage me.

Sir JOSEPH.

What a dickens does he mean by a trivial Sum? [*Aside*] But han't you found it, Sir?

S H A R P E R.

No otherwise I vow to Gad but in my Hopes in you, Sir.

Sir JOSEPH.

Hum.

S H A R P E R.

But that's sufficient——'Twere Injustice to doubt the Honor of Sir *Joseph Wittoll*.

Sir JOSEPH.

O Lord, Sir.

S H A R P E R.

You are above (I'm sure) a Thought so low, to suffer me to lose what was ventur'd in your Service; nay 'twas in a Manner——paid down for your Deliverance; 'twas so
much

The OLD BATCHELOR. 31

much lent you — And you scorn, I'll say that for you —

Sir JOSEPH.

Nay I'll say that for myself (with your Leave, Sir,) I do scorn a dirty Thing. But agad I'm a little out of Pocket at present.

SHARPER.

Pshaw, you can't want a hundred Pound. Your Word is sufficient any where: 'Tis but borrowing so much Dirt, you have large Acres and can soon repay it — Money is but Dirt, Sir *Joseph* — Mere Dirt.

Sir JOSEPH.

But I profess, 'tis a Dirt I have washed my Hands of at present; I have laid it all out upon my Back.

SHARPER.

Are you so extravagant in Clothes, Sir *Joseph*?

Sir JOSEPH.

Ha! ha! ha! a very good Jest I profess, ha! ha! ha! a very good Jest, and I did not know that I had said it, and that's a better Jest than t'other. 'Tis a sign you and I han't been long acquainted; you have lost a good Jest for want of knowing me — I only mean a Friend of mine whom I call my Back; he sticks as close to me, and follows me through all Dangers — he is indeed

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indeed Back, Breast and Headpiece as it were to me—agad he's a brave Fellow—Paugh, I am quite another Thing, when I am with him: I don't fear the Devil (blefs us) almost if he be by. Ah — had he been with me last Night —

S H A R P E R.

If he had, Sir, what then? he could have done no more, nor perhaps have suffered so much —— had he a hundred Pound to lose? [*Angrily.*

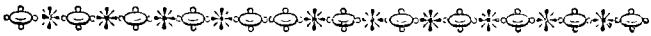
Sir J O S E P H.

O Lord, Sir, by no means (but I might have fav'd a hundred Pound) I meant innocently, as I hope to be saved Sir (a damn'd hot Fellow) only as I was saying, I let him have all my ready Money to redeem his great Sword from Limbo—But, Sir, I have a Letter of Credit to Alderman *Fondlewife*, as far as two hundred Pound, and this Afternoon you shall see I am a Person, such a one as you would wish to have met with ——

S H A R P E R.

That you are, I'll be sworn [*Afide.*] Why that's great and like yourself.

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

[*To them*] Captain B L U F F E.

Sir J O S E P H.

O Here a' comes — Ay my *Hector* of *Troy*, welcome my Bully, my Back; agad my Heart has gone a-pit-pat for thee.

B L U F F E.

How now, my young Knight? Not for Fear I hope; he that knows me must be a Stranger to Fear.

Sir J O S E P H.

Nay agad I hate Fear ever since I had like to have died of a Fright — But —

B L U F F E.

But! Look you here Boy, here's your Antidote, here's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking Fit — But who hast thou got with thee, is he of Mettle?

[*Laying his Hand upon his Sword.*]

Sir J O S E P H.

Ay, Bully, a devilish smart Fellow: a' will fight like a Cock.

B L U F F E.

Say you so? then I honor him — but
VOL. I. D has

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has he been abroad? for every Cock will fight upon his own Dunghill.

Sir JOSEPH.

I don't know, but I'll present you —

BLUFFE.

I'll recommend myself — Sir, I honor you; I understand you love fighting, I reverence a Man that loves fighting. Sir, I kifs your Hilts.

SHARPER.

Sir, your Servant, but you are misinform'd, for unless it be to serve my particular Friend, as Sir *Joseph* here, my Country, or my Religion, or in some very justifiable Cause, I'm not for it.

BLUFFE.

O Lord, I beg your Pardon, Sir, I find you are not of my Palate, you can't relish a Dish of fighting without sweet Sauce. Now I think — fighting, for fighting sake's sufficient Cause; fighting, to me's Religion and the Laws.

Sir JOSEPH.

Ah, well said my *Hero*; was not that great, Sir? by the Lord *Harry* he says true; fighting, is Meat, Drink and Cloth to him. But Back, this Gentleman is one of the best Friends I have in the World, and saved my Life last Night—— You know I told you.

BLUFFE.

The OLD BATCHELOR. 35

B L U F F E.

Ay! Then I honor him again — Sir may I crave your Name?

S H A R P E R.

Ay, Sir, my Name's *Sharper*.

Sir J O S E P H.

Pray Mr. *Sharper* embrace my Back — very well—by the Lord *Harry*, Mr. *Sharper*, he's as brave a Fellow as *Cannibal*, are not you Bully-Back?

S H A R P E R.

Hannibal I believe you mean, Sir *Joseph*.

B L U F F E.

Undoubtedly he did Sir; faith *Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow——but Sir *Joseph*, Comparifons are odious—*Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow in those Days, it must be granted—but alas Sir! were he alive now, he would be Nothing, Nothing in the Earth.

S H A R P E R.

How Sir! I make a doubt, if there be at this Day a greater General breathing.

B L U F F E.

Oh excuse me, Sir; have you serv'd abroad, Sir?

S H A R P E R.

Not I really, Sir.

D 2

B L U F F E.

B L U F F E.

Oh, I thought so — Why then you can know Nothing, Sir: I am afraid you scarce know the History of the late War in *Flanders*, with all its Particulars.

S H A R P E R.

Not I, Sir, no more than public Letters, or *Gazettes* tell us.

B L U F F E.

Gazette! Why there again now — Why, Sir, there are not three Words of Truth, the Year round, put into the *Gazette!* — I'll tell you a strange Thing now as to that—You must know, Sir, I was resident in *Flanders* the last Campaign, had a small Post there; but no matter for that — Perhaps, Sir, there was scarce any Thing of moment done but an humble Servant of yours, that shall be nameless, was an Eye Witness of — I won't say had the greatest Share in't. Tho' I might say that too, since I name Nobody you know—Well, Mr. *Sharper*, would you think it? In all this Time—as I hope for a Truncheon—this rascally *Gazette*-writer never so much as once mention'd me — Not once by the Wars — Took no more Notice, than as if *Noll Bluffe* had not been in the Land of the Living.

S H A R P E R.

S H A R P E R.

Strange!

Sir J O S E P H.

Yet by the Lord *Harry* 'tis true Mr. *Sharper*, for I went every Day to Coffee-Houses to read the *Gazette* myself.

B L U F F E.

Ay, ay, no matter—You see, Mr. *Sharper*, after all I am content to retire — Live a private Person — *Scipio* and others have done it.

S H A R P E R.

Impudent Rogue.

[*Afide.*

Sir J O S E P H.

Ay, this damn'd Modesty of yours — Agad if he would put in for't he might be made General himself yet.

B L U F F E.

Oh fy, no Sir *Joseph*—You know I hate this.

Sir J O S E P H.

Let me but tell Mr. *Sharper* a little, how you eat Fire once out of the Mouth of a Cannon—agad he did; those impenetrable Whiskers of his have confronted Flames —

B L U F F E.

Death, what do you mean, Sir *Joseph*?

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Sir JOSEPH.

Look you now, I tell you he's so modest he'll own Nothing.

B L U F F E.

Pish, you have put me out, I have forgot what I was about. Pray hold your Tongue, and give me Leave. [*Angrily.*]

Sir JOSEPH.

I am dumb.

B L U F F E.

This Sword I think I was telling you of, Mr. *Sharper*—This Sword I'll maintain to be the best Divine, Anatomist, Lawyer or Casuist in *Europe*; it shall decide a Controversy or split a Cause——

Sir JOSEPH.

Nay, now I must speak; it will split a Hair, by the Lord *Harry*, I have seen it.

B L U F F E.

Zounds, Sir, it's a Lie, you have not seen it, nor shan't see it; Sir, I say you can't see; what d'ye say to that now?

Sir JOSEPH.

I am blind.

B L U F F E.

Death, had any other Man interrupted me ——

Sir JOSEPH.

Good Mr. *Sharper* speak to him; I dare not look that Way. SHARPER.

S H A R P E R.

Captain, Sir *Joseph's* penitent.

B L U F F E.

O I am calm Sir, calm as a discharged Culverin—But 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me—Nay, come Sir *Joseph*, you know my Heat's soon over.

Sir J O S E P H.

Well I am a Fool sometimes—But I'm forry.

B L U F F E.

Enough.

Sir J O S E P H.

Come, we'll go take a Glafs to drown Animofities. Mr. *Sharper*, will you partake?

S H A R P E R.

I wait on you, Sir; nay, pray Captain—You are Sir *Joseph's* Back.



S C E N E III.

ARAMINTA, BELINDA, BETTY *waiting*
in ARAMINTA'S Apartment.

B E L I N D A.

A H! Nay, Dear—prithee good, dear sweet Cousin no more, oh Gad, I swear you'd make one sick to hear you.

D 4

A R A-

ARAMINTA.

Bless me! what have I said to move you thus?

BELINDA.

Oh you have raved, talked idly, and all in Commendation of that filthy, aukward, two-legg'd Creature, Man—you don't know what you've said, your Fever has transported you.

ARAMINTA.

If Love be the Fever which you mean, kind Heav'n avert the Cure: Let me have Oil to feed that Flame and never let it be extinct, 'till I myself am Ashes.

BELINDA.

There was a Whine!—O Gad I hate your horrid Fancy——This Love is the Devil, and sure to be in Love is to be possess'd——'Tis in the Head, the Heart, the Blood, the——All over——O Gad you are quite spoil'd——I shall loathe the Sight of Mankind for your Sake.

ARAMINTA.

Fy, this is gross Affectation——A little of *Bellmour's* Company would change the Scene.

BELINDA.

Filthy Fellow! I wonder, Cousin——

A R A-

The OLD BATCHELOR. 41

ARAMINTA.

I wonder, Cousin, you should imagine, I don't perceive you love him.

BELINDA.

Oh I love your hideous Fancy! Ha! ha! ha! love a Man!

ARAMINTA.

Love a Man! yes, you would not love a Beast.

BELINDA.

Of all Beasts not an Ass—Which is so like your *Vainlove*——Lard I have seen an Ass look so chagrin, Ha! ha! ha! (you must pardon me, I can't help laughing) that an absolute Lover would have concluded the poor Creature to have had Darts, and Flames, and Altars, and all that in his Breast. *Araminta*, come I'll talk seriously to you now; could you but see with my Eyes, the Buffoonery of one Scene of Address, a Lover, set out with all his Equipage and Appurtenances; O Gad! sure you would—But you play the Game, and consequently can't see the Miscarriages obvious to every Stander-by.

ARAMINTA.

Yes, yes, I can see Something near it when you and *Bellmour* meet. You don't know that you dreamt of *Bellmour* last Night,

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Night, and call'd him aloud in your Sleep.

BELINDA.

Pish, I can't help dreaming of the Devil sometimes; would you from thence infer I love him?

ARAMINTA.

But that's not all; you caught me in your Arms when you named him, and prefs'd me to your Bosom—Sure if I had not pinch'd you 'till you wak'd you had stifled me with Kisses.

BELINDA.

O barbarous Asperſion!

ARAMINTA.

No Asperſion, Couſin, we are alone—
Nay I can tell you more.

BELINDA.

I deny it all.

ARAMINTA.

What before you hear it?

BELINDA.

My Denial is premeditated like your Malice——Lard, Couſin, you talk oddly——Whatever the Matter is, O my Sol, I'm afraid you'll follow evil Courſes.

ARAMINTA.

Ha! ha! ha! this is pleaſant.

BELINDA.

You may laugh, but——

ARA-

A R A M I N T A.

Ha! ha! ha!

B E L I N D A.

You think the malicious Grin becomes you——The Devil take *Bellmour*——Why do you tell me of him?

A R A M I N T A.

Oh is it come out——now you are angry, I am fure you love him. I tell Nobody else, Cousin — I have not betray'd you yet.

B E L I N D A.

Prithee tell it all the World, it's false.

A R A M I N T A.

Come then, kifs and Friends.

B E L I N D A.

Piff.

A R A M I N T A.

Prithee don't be so peevish.

B E L I N D A.

Prithee don't be so impertinent.—*Betty*.

A R A M I N T A.

Ha! ha! ha!

B E T T Y.

Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

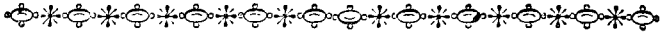
B E L I N D A.

Get my Hoods and Tippet, and bid the Footman call a Chair.

A R A -

ARAMINTA.

I hope you are not going out in Dudgeon, Cousin.



SCENE IV.

[*To them*] FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

MADAM, there are ——

BELINDA.

Is there a Chair?

FOOTMAN.

No, Madam, there are Mr. *Bellmour* and Mr. *Vainlove* to wait upon your Ladyship.

ARAMINTA.

Are they below?

FOOTMAN.

No, Madam, they sent before, to know if you were at Home.

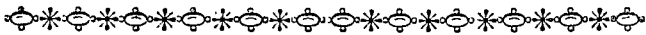
BELINDA.

The Visit's to you, Cousin, I suppose I am at my Liberty.

ARAMINTA.

Be ready to shew 'em up.

SCENE



S C E N E V.

[To them] BETTY *with Hoods and Looking-Glafs.*

I Can't tell, Coufin, I believe we are equally concern'd: But if you continue your Humor, it won't be very entertaining—I know she'd fain be perfuaded to ftay. *[Aside.*

BELINDA.

I fhall oblige you, in leaving you to the full and free Enjoyment of that Converfation you admire.—Let me fee; hold the Glafs — Lard I look wretchedly to Day!

ARAMINTA.

Betty, why don't you help my Coufin?
[Putting on her Hoods.

BELINDA.

Hold off your Fifts, and fee that he gets a Chair with a high Roof, or a very low Seat — Stay, come back here, you Mrs. Fidget — You are fo ready to go to the Footman—Here, take 'em all again, my Mind's chang'd, I won't go.

S C E N E



S C E N E VI.

ARAMINTA, BELINDA.

ARAMINTA.

SO, this I expected — You won't oblige me then, Cousin, and let me have all the Company to myself?

BELINDA.

No; upon Deliberation, I have too much Charity to trust you to yourself. The Devil watches all Opportunities; and in this favorable Disposition of your Mind, Heav'n knows how far you may be tempted: I am tender of your Reputation.

ARAMINTA.

I am oblig'd to you — But who's malicious now, *Belinda*.

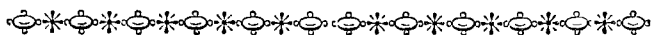
BELINDA.

Not I; witness my Heart, I stay out of pure Affection.

ARAMINTA.

In my Conscience I believe you.

S C E N E



S C E N E VII.

[To them] VAINLOVE, BELLMOUR, FOOTMAN.

BELLMOUR.

SO, Fortune be prais'd! To find you both within, Ladies, is—

ARAMINTA.

No Miracle, I hope.

BELLMOUR.

Not o'your Side, Madam, I confess—
But my Tyrant there and I, are two Buckets that can never come together.

BELINDA.

Nor are ever like—Yet we often meet and clash.

BELLMOUR.

How, never like! marry, *Hymen* forbid. But this it is to run so extravagantly in Debt; I have laid out such a World of Love in your Service, that you think you can never be able to pay me all: So shun me for the same Reason that you would a Dun.

BELINDA.

Ay, on my Conscience, and the most impertinent and troublesome of Duns—a
Dun

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Dun for Money will be quiet, when he sees his Debtor has not wherewithal——
But a Dun for Love is an eternal Torment that never rests——

BELLMOUR.

'Till he has created Love where there was none, and then gets it for his Pains. For Importunity in Love, like Importunity at Court, first creates its own Interest, and then pursues it for the Favor.

ARAMINTA.

Favors that are got by Impudence and Importunity, are like Discoveries from the Rack, when the afflicted Person, for his Ease, sometimes confesses Secrets his Heart knows nothing of.

VAINLOVE.

I should rather think Favors, so gain'd, to be due Rewards to indefatigable Devotion——For as Love is a Deity, he must be serv'd by Prayer.

BELINDA.

O Gad, would you would all pray to Love then, and let us alone.

VAINLOVE.

You are the Temples of Love, and 'tis through you, our Devotion must be convey'd.

ARA-

ARAMINTA.

Rather, poor silly Idols of your own making, which, upon the least Displeasure, you forsake, and set up new—Every Man, now, changes his Mistress and his Religion, as his Humor varies or his Interest.

VAINLOVE.

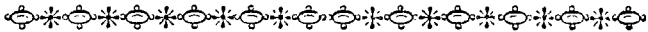
O Madam——

ARAMINTA.

Nay, come, I find we are growing ferious, and then we are in great Danger of being dull—If my Music Master be not gone, I'll entertain you with a new Song, which comes pretty near my own Opinion of Love and your Sex—Who's there? Is Mr. *Gavot* gone? [Calls.

FOOTMAN.

Only to the next Door, Madam; I'll call him.



SCENE VIII.

ARAMINTA, BELINDA, VAINLOVE,
and BELLMOUR.

BELLMOUR.

WHY, you won't hear me with Patience.

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ARAMINTA.

What's the Matter, Cousin?

BELLMOUR.

Nothing, Madam, only——

BELINDA.

Prithee hold thy Tongue——Lard, he has so pester'd me with Flames and Stuff——I think I shan't endure the Sight of a Fire this Twelvemonth.

BELLMOUR.

Yet all can't melt that cruel frozen Heart.

BELINDA.

O Gad, I hate your hideous Fancy——you said that once before——if you must talk impertinently, for Heaven's Sake let it be with Variety; don't come always like the Devil, wrapt in Flames——I'll not hear a Sentence more, that begins with an, *I burn*——Or an, *I beseech you, Madam.*

BELLMOUR.

But tell me how you would be ador'd——I am very tractable.

BELINDA.

Then know, I would be ador'd in Silence.

BELLMOUR.

Humph, I thought so, that you might have all the Talk to yourself——you had better
better

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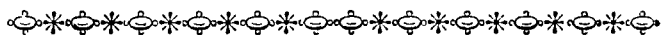
better let me speak ; for if my Thoughts fly to any Pitch, I shall make villainous Signs.

BELINDA.

What will you get by that? to make such Signs as I won't understand.

BELLMOUR.

Ay, but if I'm Tongue-ty'd, I must have all my Actions free to —— quicken your Apprehension—and I'gad let me tell you, my most prevailing Argument is express'd in dumb Show.



S C E N E IX.

[*To them*] MUSIC MASTER.

ARAMINTA.

O I am glad we shall have a Song to divert the Discourse—— Pray oblige us with the last new Song.

S O N G.

I.

*Thus to a ripe, consenting Maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia said,*

E 2

Would

52 *The OLD BATCHELOR.*

*Would you long preserve your Lover?
Would you still his Goddess reign?
Never let him all discover,
Never let him much obtain.*

II.

*Men will admire, adore and die,
While wishing at your Feet they lie:
But admitting their Embraces,
Wakes 'em from the Golden Dream;
Nothing's new besides our Faces,
Every Woman is the same.*

A R A M I N T A.

So, how d'ye like the Song, Gentlemen?

B E L L M O U R.

O very well perform'd——but I don't
much admire the Words.

A R A M I N T A.

I expected it——there's too much Truth
in 'em: If Mr. Gavot will walk with us in
the Garden, we'll have it once again —
you may like it better at second Hearing.
You'll bring my Cousin.

B E L L M O U R.

Faith, Madam, I dare not speak to her,
but I'll make Signs.

[Addresses Belinda in dumb Show.

B E L I N D A.

O foh, your dumb Rhetoric is more ri-
diculous,

diculous, than your talking Impertinence; as an Ape is a much more troublesome Animal than a Parrot.

ARAMINTA.

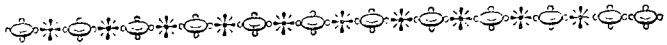
Ay, Cousin, and 'tis a Sign the Creatures mimic Nature well; for there are few Men, but do more filly Things than they say.

BELLMOUR.

Well, I find my Apishness has paid the Ranfom for my Speech, and fet it at Liberty — tho', I confefs, I could be well enough pleas'd to drive on a Love-Bargain, in that filent Manner — 'twould save a Man a World of Lying and Swearing at the Year's End. Besides I have had a little Experience, that brings to Mind—

*When Wit and Reason both have fail'd to
move;
Kind Looks and Aétions (from Succes) do prove,
Ev'n Silence may be Eloquent in Love.* }

End of the Second Act.



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

S C E N E, *The Street.*

S Y L V I A *and* L U C Y.

S Y L V I A.

WILL he not come then?

L U C Y.

Yes, yes, come, I warrant him, if you will go in and be ready to receive him.

S Y L V I A.

Why did you not tell me? — Whom mean you?

L U C Y.

Whom you should mean, *Heartwell.*

S Y L V I A.

Senfeless Creature, I meant my *Fain-
love.*

L U C Y.

You may as soon hope to recover your own Maidenhead, as his Love. Therefore e'en set your Heart at Rest, and in the Name of Opportunity mind your own Business. Strike *Heartwell* home, before
the

The OLD BATCHELOR. 55

the Bait's worn off the Hook. Age will come. He nibbled fairly Yesterday, and, no Doubt, will be eager enough to Day, to swallow the Temptation.

S Y L V I A.

Well, since there's no Remedy—Yet tell me—for I would know, though to the Anguish of my Soul; how did he refuse? Tell me—how did he receive my Letter, in Anger or in Scorn?

L U C Y.

Neither; but what was ten Times worse, with damn'd, senseless Indifference. By this Light I could have spit in his Face—Receive it! Why he receiv'd it, as I would one of your Lovers that should come empty-handed; as a Court Lord does his Mercer's Bill, or a begging Dedication:—He receiv'd it, as if't had been a Letter from his Wife.

S Y L V I A.

What, did he not read it?

L U C Y.

Hum'd it over, gave you his Respects, and said, he would take Time to peruse it—but then he was in Haste.

S Y L V I A.

Respects, and peruse it! He's gone, and *Araminta* has bewitch'd him from me—

E 4

Oh

56 *The OLD BATCHELOR.*

Oh how the Name of Rival fires my Blood—
I could curse 'em both; eternal Jealousy
attend her Love, and Disappointment meet
his. Oh that I could revenge the Tor-
ment he has caus'd — methinks I feel the
Woman strong within me, and Vengeance
kindles in the Room of Love.

L U C Y.

I have that in my Head may make Mis-
chief.

S Y L V I A.

How, dear *Lucy*?

L U C Y.

You know *Araminta's* dissembled Coy-
ness has won, and keeps him hers—

S Y L V I A.

Could we persuade him, that she loves
another ——

L U C Y.

No, you're out; could we persuade him,
that she dotes on him, himself— Contrive
a kind Letter as from her, 'twould disgust
his Nicety, and take away his Stomach.

S Y L V I A.

Impossible, 'twill never take.

L U C Y.

Trouble not your Head. Let me alone—
I will inform myself of what past between
'em to Day, and about it straight—Hold,
I'm

The OLD BATCHELOR. 57

I'm mistaken, or that's *Heartwell*, who stands talking at the Corner—'tis he—go get you in Madam, receive him pleasantly, dress up your Face in Innocence and Smiles; and dissemble the very Want of Dissimulation — You know what will take him.

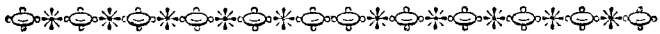
S Y L V I A.

'Tis as hard to counterfeit Love, as it is to conceal it: but I'll do my weak Endeavour, though I fear I have not Art.

L U C Y.

Hang Art, Madam, and trust to Nature for dissembling.

*Man was by Nature Woman's Gully made:
We never are but by ourselves betray'd.*



S C E N E II.

HEARTWELL, VAINLOVE *and* BELLMOUR *following.*

B E L L M O U R.

HIST, hift, is not that *Heartwell* going to *Sylvia*?

V A I N L O V E.

He's talking to himself, I think; prithee let's try if we can hear him.

H E A R T W E L L.

H E A R T W E L L.

Why whither in the Devil's Name am I a going now? Hum—let me think—Is not this *Sylvia's* House, the Cave of that Enchantress, and which consequently I ought to shun as I would Infection? To enter here, is to put on the envenom'd Shirt, to run into the Embraces of a Fever, and in some raving Fit, be led to plunge myself into that more consuming Fire, a Woman's Arms. Ha! well recollected, I will recover my Reason, and be gone.

B E L L M O U R.

Now *Venus* forbid!

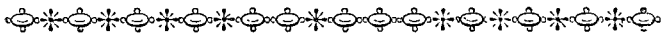
V A I N L O V E.

Hush ——

H E A R T W E L L.

Well, why do you not move? Feet, do your Office—not one Inch; no, 'fore Gad I'm caught—There stands my North, and thither my Needle points — Now could I curse myself, yet cannot repent. O thou delicious, damn'd, dear, destructive Woman! 'Sdeath how the young Fellows will hoot me! I shall be the Jest of the Town: Nay, in two Days, I expect to be Chronicled in Ditty, and sung in woful Ballad, to the Tune of the superannuated Maiden's Comfort, or the Batchelor's Fall; and upon the

the third, I shall be hang'd in Effigy, pasted up for the exemplary Ornament of necessary Houses, and Coblers Stalls—Death, I can't think on't—I'll run into the Danger to lose the Apprehension.



S C E N E III.

B E L L M O U R, V A I N L O V E.

B E L L M O U R.

A Very certain Remedy, *probatum est* —
Ha! ha! ha! poor *George*, thou art i'th'right, thou hast sold thyself to Laughter; the ill-natur'd Town will find the Jest just where thou hast lost it. Ha! ha! how a' struggled, like an old Lawyer between two Fees.

V A I N L O V E.

Or a young Wench, between Pleasure and Reputation.

B E L L M O U R.

Or as you did to Day, when half afraid you snatch'd a Kifs from *Araminta*.

V A I N L O V E.

She has made a Quarrel on't.

B E L L M O U R.

Paugh, Women are only angry at such Offences, to have the Pleasure of forgiving 'em

V A I N L O V E.

VAINLOVE.

And I love to have the Pleasure of making my Peace—I should not esteem a Pardon if too easily won.

BELLMOUR.

Thou dost not know what thou would'st be at; whether thou would'st have her angry or pleas'd. Could'st thou be content to marry *Araminta*?

VAINLOVE.

Could you be content to go to Heav'n?

BELLMOUR.

Hum, not immediately, in my Conscience not heartily? I'd do a little more Good in my Generation first, in order to deserve it.

VAINLOVE.

Nor I to marry *Araminta* 'till I merit her.

BELLMOUR.

But how the Devil dost thou expect to get her if she never yield?

VAINLOVE.

That's true; but I would ——

BELLMOUR.

Marry her without her Consent; thou'rt a Riddle beyond Woman ——

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

[To them] S E T T E R.

TRUSTY *Setter*, what Tidings? How goes the Project?

S E T T E R.

As all lewd Projects do, Sir, where the Devil prevents our Endeavours with Success.

B E L L M O U R.

A good Hearing, *Setter*.

V A I N L O V E.

Well, I'll leave you with your Engineer.

B E L L M O U R.

And hast thou provided Necessaries?

S E T T E R.

All, all, Sir; the large sanctified Hat, and the little precise Band, with a swinging long spiritual Cloke, to cover carnal Knavery—not forgetting the black Patch, which *Tribulation Spintext* wears, as I'm inform'd, upon one Eye, as a penal Mourning for the ogling Offences of his Youth; and some say, with that Eye, he first discover'd the Frailty of his Wife.

B E L L -

B E L L M O U R.

Well, in this fanatic Father's Habit, will I confess *Lætitia*.

S E T T E R.

Rather prepare her for Confession, Sir, by helping her to Sin.

B E L L M O U R.

Be at your Master's Lodging in the Evening, I shall use the Robes.



S C E N E V.

S E T T E R *alone*.

S E T T E R.

I Shall, Sir—I wonder to which of these two Gentlemen I do most properly appertain — the one uses me as his Attendant ; the other (being the better acquainted with my Parts) employs me as a Pimp; why that's much the more honorable Employment—by all means—I follow one as my Master, t'other follows me as his Conductor.

S C E N E



S C E N E VI.

[To him] L U C Y.

L U C Y.

T H E R E 's the Hang-Dog his Man—
I had a Power over him in the Reign
of my Mistrefs; but he is too true a *Valet
de Chambre* not to affect his Master's Faults;
and confequently is revolted from his Al-
legiance.

S E T T E R.

Undoubtedly 'tis impoffible to be a Pimp
and not a Man of Parts. That is, without
being politic, diligent, fecret, wary, and
fo forth—And to all this valiant as *Her-
cules*—That is, paffively valiant and ac-
tively obedient. Ah! *Setter*, what a Treafure
is here loft for Want of being known.

L U C Y.

Here's fome Villany a-foot, he's fo
thoughtful; may be I may discover Some-
thing in my Mask—Worthy Sir, a Word
with you. [Puts on her Mask.

S E T T E R.

Why, if I were known, I might come to
be a great Man—

L U C Y.

L U C Y.

Not to interrupt your Meditation—

S E T T E R.

And I should not be the first that has procur'd his Greatness by Pimping.

L U C Y.

Now Poverty and the Pox light upon thee, for a contemplative Pimp.

S E T T E R.

Ha! what art, who thus maliciously hast awaken'd me, from my Dream of Glory? Speak, thou vile Disturber—

L U C Y.

Of thy most vile Cogitations——thou poor, conceited Wretch, how wert thou valuing thyself, upon thy Master's Employment. For he's the Head Pimp to Mr. *Bellmour*.

S E T T E R.

Good Words, Damsel, or I shall— But how dost thou know my Master or me?

L U C Y.

Yes, I know both Master and Man to be——

S E T T E R.

To be Men perhaps; nay, faith, like enough; I often march in the Rear of my Master, and enter the Breaches which he has made.

L U C Y.

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L U C Y.

Ay, the Breach of Faith, which he has begun: Thou Traitor to thy lawful Princess.

S E T T E R.

Why how now! prithee who art? Lay by that worldly Face and produce your natural Vizor.

L U C Y.

No, Sirrah, I'll keep it on to abuse thee and leave thee without Hopes of Revenge.

S E T T E R.

Oh! I begin to smoke ye; thou art some forsaken *Abigail* we have dallied with heretofore—and art come to tickle thy Imagination with Remembrance of Iniquity past.

L U C Y.

No, thou pitiful Flatterer of thy Master's Imperfections; thou Maukin made up of the Shreds and Parings of his superfluous Fopperies.

S E T T E R.

Thou art thy Mistress's foul self, composed of her sullied Iniquities and Clothing.

L U C Y.

Hang thee—Beggar's Cur — Thy Ma-
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66 *The OLD BATCHELOR.*

fter is but a Mumper in Love, lies canting at the Gate; but never dares presume to enter the Houfe.

S E T T E R.

Thou art the Wicket to thy Miftrefs's Gate, to be opened for all Comers. In fine thou art the high Road to thy Miftrefs.

L U C Y.

Beaft, filthy Toad, I can hold no longer, look and tremble. [Unmasks.

S E T T E R.

How, Mrs. *Lucy*!

L U C Y.

I wonder thou haft the Impudence to look me in the Face.

S E T T E R.

Adfbud, who's in fault, Miftrefs of mine? who flung the firft Stone? who undervalued my Function? and who the Devil could know you by Inftinct?

L U C Y.

You could know my Office by Inftinct, and be hang'd, which you have flander'd moft abominably. It vexes me not what you faid of my Perfon; but that my innocent Calling fhould be expos'd and scandalis'd—I cannot bear it.

S E T T E R.

Nay, faith *Lucy*, I'm forry, I'll own myfelf
to

The OLD BATCHELOR. 67

to blame, though we were both in fault as to our Offices—Come, I'll make you any Reparation.

L U C Y.

Swear.

S E T T E R.

I do swear to the utmost of my Power.

L U C Y.

To be brief then; what is the Reason your Master did not appear to Day according to the Summons I brought him?

S E T T E R.

To answer you as briefly—He has a Cause to be tried in another Court.

L U C Y.

Come tell me in plain Terms, how forward he is with *Araminta*.

S E T T E R.

Too forward to be turn'd back—Though he's a little in Disgrace at present about a Kifs which he forced. You and I can kifs, *Lucy*, without all that.

L U C Y.

Stand off—He's a precious Jewel.

S E T T E R.

And therefore you'd have him to set in your Lady's Locket.

L U C Y.

Where is he now?

F 2

S E T T E R.

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S E T T E R.

He'll be in the *Piazza* presently.

L U C Y.

Remember to Day's Behaviour—Let me see you with a penitent Face.

S E T T E R.

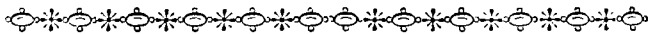
What, no Token of Amity, *Lucy*? you and I don't use to part with dry Lips.

L U C Y.

No, no, avaunt—I'll not be flabber'd and kifs'd now—I'm not i'th'Humor.

S E T T E R.

I'll not quit you so—I'll follow and put you into the Humor.



S C E N E VII.

Sir JOSEPH WITTOLL, BLUFFE.

B L U F F E.

AND so out of your unwonted Generosity—

Sir JOSEPH.

And Good-nature, Back; I am good-natur'd and I can't help it.

B L U F F E.

You have given him a Note upon *Fondlewife* for a hundred Pound.

Sir JOSEPH.

Ay, ay, poor Fellow, he ventur'd fair for't.

B L U F F E.

B L U F F E.

You have difoblig'd me in it—for I have Occasion for the Money, and if you would look me in the Face again and live, go, and force him to re-deliver you the Note—go—and bring it me hither. I'll stay here for you.

Sir J O S E P H.

You may stay 'till the Day of Judgment then, by the Lord *Harry*. I know better Things than to be run through the Guts for a hundred Pound—Why I gave that hundred Pound for being saved, and d'ye think, an there were no Danger, I'll be so ungrateful to take it from the Gentleman again?

B L U F F E.

Well, go to him from me—Tell him, I say, he must refund—or Bilbo's the Word, and Slaughter will ensue——if he refuse, tell him—but whisper that—tell him—I'll pink his Soul—but whisper that softly to him.

Sir J O S E P H.

So softly that he shall never hear on't I warrant you —— why, what a Devil's the Matter, Bully, are you mad? Or d'ye think I'm mad? Agad for my Part, I don't love

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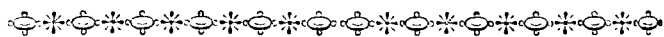
to be the Messenger of ill News; 'tis an ungrateful Office—So tell him yourself.

B L U F F E.

By these Hints I believe he frightened you into this Composition: I believe you gave it him out of Fear, pure poultry Fear—confess.

Sir J O S E P H.

No, no, hang't I was not afraid neither—tho' I confess he did in a Manner snap me up—yet I can't say that it was altogether out of Fear, but partly to prevent Mischief—for he was a devilish choleric Fellow: And if my Choler had been up too, agad there would have been Mischief done, that's flat. And yet I believe if you had been by, I would as soon have let him a had a hundred of my Teeth. Adsheart if he should come just now when I'm angry, I'd tell him—Mum.



S C E N E VIII.

[*To them*] B E L L M O U R, S H A R P E R.

B E L L M O U R.

THOU'rt a lucky Rogue; there's your Benefactor, you ought to return him Thanks now you have receiv'd the Favor,

S H A R P E R.

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S H A R P E R.

Sir *Joseph*——Your Note was accepted and the Money paid at Sight: I'm come to return my Thanks——

Sir J O S E P H.

They won't be accepted so readily as the Bill, Sir.

B E L L M O U R.

I doubt the Knight repents, *Tom*——He looks like the Knight of the Sorrowful Face.

S H A R P E R.

This is a double Generosity——Do me a Kindness and refuse my Thanks——But I hope you are not offended that I offer'd 'em.

Sir J O S E P H.

May be I am, Sir, may be I am not, Sir, may be I am both, Sir; what then? I hope I may be offended without any Offence to you, Sir.

S H A R P E R.

Hey day! Captain, what's the Matter? You can tell.

B L U F F E.

Mr. *Sharper*, the Matter is plain——Sir *Joseph* has found out your Trick, and does not care to be put upon; being a Man of Honor.

S H A R P E R.

Trick, Sir?

Sir J O S E P H.

Ay, Trick, Sir, and won't be put upon, Sir, being a Man of Honor, Sir, and so, Sir——

S H A R P E R.

Harkee, Sir *Joseph*, a Word with ye— in Consideration of some Favors lately received; I would not have you draw yourself into a Premunire, by trusting to that Sign of a Man there — That Pot-Gun charged with Wind.

Sir J O S E P H.

O Lord, O Lord, Captain, come justify yourself — I'll give him the Lie if you'll stand to it.

S H A R P E R.

Nay then I'll be beforehand with you, take that—Oaf. [*Cuffs him.*

Sir J O S E P H.

Captain will you see this? Won't you pink his Soul?

B L U F F E.

Huht, 'tis not so convenient now — I shall find a Time.

S H A R P E R.

What do you mutter about a Time, Rascal—— You were the Incendiary——
There's

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There's to put you in Mind of your Time
— A Memorandum. [Kicks him.

B L U F F E.

Oh this is your Time, Sir, you had best
make use on't.

S H A R P E R.

I'Gad and so I will: There's again for
for you. [Kicks him.

B L U F F E.

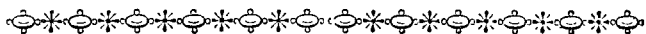
You are obliging, Sir, but this is too
public a Place to thank you in: But in
your Ear, you are to be seen again.

S H A R P E R.

Ay, thou inimitable Coward, and to be
felt—as for Example. [Kicks him.

B E L L M O U R.

Ha! ha! ha! prithee come away, 'tis
scandalous to kick this Puppy unless a Man
were cold, and had no other Way to get
himself a Heat.



S C E N E IX.

Sir J O S E P H W I T T O L L, B L U F F E.

B L U F F E.

V E R Y well—very fine—But 'tis no
Matter—Is not this fine, Sir *Joseph?*
Sir

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Sir JOSEPH.

Indifferent, agad in my Opinion very indifferent——I'd rather go plain all my Life, than wear such Finery.

BLUFFE.

Death and Hell, to be affronted thus!
I'll die before I'll suffer it. [*Draws.*]

Sir JOSEPH.

O Lord, his Anger was not raised before—nay, dear Captain, don't be in Passion now he's gone—Put up, put up, dear Back, 'tis your *Sir Joseph* begs, come let me kifs thee; so, so, put up, put up.

BLUFFE.

By Heav'n 'tis not to be put up.

Sir JOSEPH.

What, Bully?

BLUFFE.

The Affront.

Sir JOSEPH.

No, agad, no more 'tis, for that's put up already; thy Sword I mean.

BLUFFE.

Well, *Sir Joseph*, at your Intreaty——
But were not you, my Friend, abus'd, and cuff'd, and kick'd? [*Putting up his Sword.*]

Sir JOSEPH.

Ay, ay, so were you too; no Matter, 'tis past.

BLUFFE.

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B L U F F E.

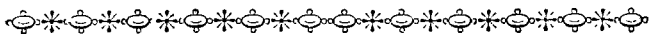
By the immortal Thunder of great Guns,
'tis false—he fucks not vital Air who dares
affirm it to this Face. [Looks big.

Sir J O S E P H.

To that Face I grant you Captain—
No, no, I grant you—Not to that Face,
by the Lord *Harry*—If you had put on
your fighting Face before, you had done
his Business—he durst as soon have kifs'd
you, as kick'd you to your Face—But a
Man can no more help what's done be-
hind his Back, than what's said—Come,
we'll think no more of what's past.

B L U F F E.

I'll call a Council of War within to con-
sider of my Revenge to come.



S C E N E X.

S Y L V I A's *Apartment.*

H E A R T W E L L, S Y L V I A.

S O N G.

*As Amoret and Thyrsis lay
Melting the Hours in gentle Play;
Joining Faces, mingling Kisses,
And exchanging harmless Bliss;*

He

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*He trembling cry'd, with eager Haste,
O let me feed as well as taste,
I die, if I'm not wholly blest'd.* }

After the Song, a Dance of Antics.

S Y L V I A.

Indeed it is very fine — I could look upon 'em all Day.

H E A R T W E L L.

Well, has this prevail'd for me, and will you look upon me?

S Y L V I A.

If you could sing and dance so, I should love to look upon you too.

H E A R T W E L L.

Why 'twas I sung and danc'd; I gave Music to the Voice, and Life to their Measures — Look you here *Sylvia*, [*Pulling out a Purse and chinking it.*] here are Songs and Dances, Poetry and Music — Hark! how sweetly one Guinea rhymes to another — and how they dance to the Music of their own Chink. This buys all the t'other — and this thou shalt have; this, and all that I am worth for the Purchase of thy Love — Say, is it mine then, ha? Speak Siren — Oons, why do I look on her! Yet

I

The OLD BATCHELOR. 77

I must—Speak, dear Angel, Devil, Saint, Witch; do not rack me with Suspence.

S Y L V I A.

Nay, don't stare at me so — You make me blush — I cannot look.

H E A R T W E L L.

Oh Manhood, where art thou? What am I come to? A Woman's Toy; at these Years! Death, a bearded Baby for a Girl to dandle. O Dotage, Dotage! That ever that noble Passion, *Lust*, should ebb to this Degree — No Reflux of vigorous Blood: But milky Love supplies the empty Channels; and prompts me to the Softness of a Child — a mere Infant and would suck. Can you love me, *Sylvia*? speak.

S Y L V I A.

I dare not speak 'till I believe you, and indeed I'm afraid to believe you yet.

H E A R T W E L L.

Death, how her Innocence torments and pleases me! Lying, Child, is indeed the Art of Love; and Men are generally Masters in it: But I'm so newly entered, you cannot distrust me of any Skill in the treacherous Mystery — Now, by my Soul, I cannot lie, though it were to serve a Friend or gain a Mistress.

S Y L V I A.

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S Y L V I A.

Must you lie then, if you say you love me?

H E A R T W E L L.

No, no, dear Ignorance, thou beautiful Changeling — I tell thee I do love thee, and tell it for a Truth, a naked Truth, which I'm ashamed to discover.

S Y L V I A.

But Love, they say, is a tender Thing, that will smooth Frowns, and make calm an angry Face; will soften a rugged Temper, and make ill-humored People good: You look ready to fright one, and talk as if your Passion were not Love, but Anger.

H E A R T W E L L.

'Tis both; for I am angry with myself when I am pleased with you—And a Pox upon me for loving thee so well — yet I must on—'Tis a bearded Arrow, and will more easily be thrust forward than drawn back.

S Y L V I A.

Indeed, if I were well assur'd you lov'd; but how can I be well assur'd?

H E A R T W E L L.

Take the Symptoms — and ask all the Tyrants of thy Sex, if their Fools are not known by this Party-colored Livery — I
am

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am melancholic, when thou art absent; look like an Ass, when thou art present; wake for thee, when I should sleep; and even dream of thee, when I am awake; sigh much, drink little, eat less, court Solitude, am grown very entertaining to myself, and (as I am informed) very troublesome to every Body else. If this be not Love, it is Madness, and then it is pardonable—Nay, yet a more certain Sign than all this; I give thee my Money.

S Y L V I A.

Ay, but that is no Sign; for they say, Gentlemen will give Money to any naughty Woman to come to Bed to them—O *Gemini*, I hope you don't mean so—for I won't be a Whore.

H E A R T W E L L.

The more is the Pity. [*Aside.*

S Y L V I A.

Nay, if you would marry me, you should not come to Bed to me—you have such a Beard, and would so prickle one. But do you intend to marry me?

H E A R T W E L L.

That a Fool should ask such a malicious Question! Death, I shall be drawn in, before I know where I am—However, I find I am pretty sure of her Consent, if I am
put

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put to it. [*Afide.*] Marry you? no, no, I'll love you.

S Y L V I A.

Nay, but if you love me, you must marry me; what don't I know my Father lov'd my Mother, and was married to her?

H E A R T W E L L.

Ay, ay, in old Days People married where they lov'd; but that Fashion is chang'd, Child.

S Y L V I A.

Never tell me that, I know it is not chang'd by myself; for I love you, and would marry you.

H E A R T W E L L.

I'll have my Beard shav'd, it shan't hurt thee, and we'll go to Bed—

S Y L V I A.

No, no, I'm not such a Fool neither but I can keep myself honest;—Here, I won't keep any Thing that's yours, I hate you now, [*Throws the Purse*] and I'll never see you again, 'cause you'd have me be naught. [*Going.*]

H E A R T W E L L.

Damn her, let her go, and a good Rid-dance—— Yet so much Tendernefs and Beauty—and Honesty together, is a Jewel—Stay, *Sylvia*—But then to marry—Why every

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every Man plays the Fool once in his Life:
But to marry is playing the Fool all one's
Life long.

S Y L V I A.

What did you call me for?

H E A R T W E L L.

I'll give thee all I have: And thou shalt
live with me in every Thing so like my
Wife, the World shall believe it: Nay,
thou shalt think so thyself——Only let me
not think so.

S Y L V I A.

No, I'll die before I'll be your Whore
—as well as I love you.

H E A R T W E L L. [*Afide.*]

A Woman, and ignorant, may be ho-
nest, when 'tis out of Obstinacy and Con-
tradiction——But, 'Sdeath, it is but a May-
be, and upon scurvy Terms——Well, fare-
wel then——if I can get out of Sight I may
get the better of myself.

S Y L V I A.

Well——good b'ye. [*Turns and weeps.*]

H E A R T W E L L.

Ha! Nay, come, we'll kifs at parting
[*Kisses her.*] By Heav'n her Kifs is sweeter
than Liberty——I will marry thee——
There thou hast done't. All my Resolves
are melted in that Kifs——once more.

V O L. I.

G

S Y L V I A.

S Y L V I A.

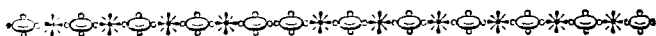
But when?

H E A R T W E L L.

I'm impatient 'till it be done; I will not give myself Liberty to think, lest I should cool—I will about a Licence straight—in the Evening expect me—One Kiss more to confirm me mad; so.

S Y L V I A.

Ha! ha! ha! an old Fox trapt—



S C E N E XI.

[*To her*] L U C Y.

BLESS me! you frightened me, I thought he had been come again, and had heard me.

L U C Y.

Lord, Madam, I met your Lover in as much Haste, as if he had been going for a Midwife.

S Y L V I A.

He's going for a Parson, Girl, the Fore-runner of a Midwife, some nine Months hence—Well, I find Dissembling to our Sex is as natural as Swimming to a Negro; we may depend upon our Skill to save us
at

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at a Plunge, tho' till then we never make the Experiment — But how hast thou succeeded?

L U C Y.

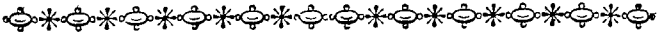
As you would wish ——— Since there is no reclaiming *Vainlove*. I have found out a Pique she has taken at him; and have fram'd a Letter that makes her sue for Reconciliation first. I know that will do — walk in and I'll shew it you. Come, Madam, you're like to have a happy Time on't, both your Love and Anger satisfied! — All that can charm our Sex conspire to please you.

*That Woman sure enjoys a blessed Night,
Whom Love and Vengeance both at once delight.*

End of the Third Act.

G 2

A C T



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

S C E N E, *The Street.*

B E L L M O U R *in a Fanatic Habit,* S E T T E R.

B E L L M O U R.

'T I S pretty near the Hour. [*Looking on his Watch.*] Well, and how, *Setter*, hæ, does my Hypocrify fit me, hæ? Does it fit easy on me?

S E T T E R.

O most religiously well, Sir.

B E L L M O U R.

I wonder why all our young Fellows should glory in an Opinion of Atheism; when they may be so much more conveniently lewd under the Coverlet of Religion.

S E T T E R.

'Sbud, Sir, away quickly, there's *Fondlewife* just turn'd the Corner, and's coming this Way.

B E L L M O U R.

Gads so, there he is, he must not see me.

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

FONDLEWIFE, BARNABY.

FONDLEWIFE.

I Say, I will tarry at Home.

BARNABY.

But, Sir——

FONDLEWIFE.

Good lack! I profess the Spirit of Contradiction hath possess'd the Lad—I say I will tarry at Home — *Varlet* ——

BARNABY.

I have done, Sir, then farewell five hundred Pound.

FONDLEWIFE.

Ha, how's that? Stay, stay, did you leave Word say you with his Wife? With *Comfort* herself?

BARNABY.

I did; and *Comfort* will send *Tribulation* hither as soon as ever he comes home—I could have brought young Mr. *Prig*, to have kept my Mistress Company in the mean Time: But you say——

FONDLEWIFE.

How, how, say, *Varlet*! I say let him not

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come near my Doors. I say, he is a wanton young *Levite*, and pampereth himself up with Dainties, that he may look lovely in the Eyes of Women — Sincerely I am afraid he hath already defiled the Tabernacle of our Sister *Comfort*; while her good Husband is deluded by his godly Appearance — I say, that even Lust doth sparkle in his Eyes, and glow upon his Cheeks, and that I would as soon trust my Wife with a Lord's high-fed Chaplain.

BARNABY.

Sir, the Hour draws nigh—and Nothing will be done there till you come.

FONDLEWIFE.

And Nothing can be done here 'till I go—So that I'll tarry, d'ye see.

BARNABY.

And run the Hazard to lose your Affair, Sir?

FONDLEWIFE.

Good lack, good lack——I profess it is a very sufficient Vexation, for a Man to have a handsome Wife.

BARNABY.

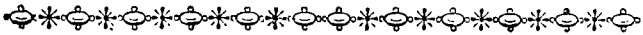
Never, Sir, but when the Man is an insufficient Husband. 'Tis then, indeed, like the Vanity of taking a fine House, and yet be forced to let Lodgings, to help pay the Rent.

FON-

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FONDLEWIFE.

I profess, a very apt Comparifon, *Varlet*.
Go and bid my Cocky come out to me, I
will give her some Inſtructions, I will rea-
fon with her before I go.



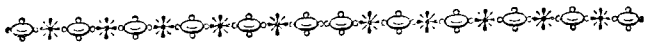
S C E N E III.

FONDLEWIFE *alone*.

AND in the mean Time, I will reaſon
with myſelf—Tell me *Iſaac*, why
art thee jealous? Why art thee diſtruſtful
of the Wife of thy Boſom?—Be-
cauſe ſhe is young and vigorous, and I am old and
impotent—Then why didſt thee marry,
Iſaac?—Be-
cauſe ſhe was beautiful and
tempting, and becauſe I was obſtinate and
doting; ſo that my Inclination was (and
is ſtill) greater than my Power—And
will not that which tempted thee, alſo
tempt others, who will tempt her, *Iſaac*?
—I fear it much—But does not thy
Wife love thee, nay, dote upon thee?—
Yes—Why then—Ay, but to ſay Truth,
ſhe's fonder of me, than ſhe has Reaſon to
be; and in the Way of Trade, we ſtill ſuſ-
pect the ſmootheſt Dealers of the deepeſt

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Designs — And that she has some Designs deeper than thou canst reach, th' hast experimented, *Isaac* — But Mum.



S C E N E IV.

FONDLEWIFE, LAETITIA.

LAETITIA.

I Hope my dearest Jewel is not going to leave me—are you, *Nykin*?

FONDLEWIFE.

Wife—Have you thoroughly consider'd how detestable, how heinous, and how crying a Sin, the Sin of Adultery is? have you weigh'd it, I say? For it is a very weighty Sin; and although it may lie heavy upon thee, yet thy Husband must also bear his Part: For thy Iniquity will fall upon his Head.

LAETITIA.

Bless me, what means my Dear?

FONDLEWIFE. [*Aside.*]

I profess she has an alluring Eye; I am doubtful whether I shall trust her, even with *Tribulation* himself——Speak, I say, have you considered what it is to cuckold your Husband?

LAETI-

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L A E T I T I A. [*Afide.*]

I'm amaz'd: Sure he has discovered Nothing——Who has wrong'd me to my Dearest? I hope my Jewel does not think, that ever I had any such Thing in my Head, or ever will have.

F O N D L E W I F E.

No, no, I tell you I shall have it in my Head ——

L A E T I T I A. [*Afide.*]

I know not what to think. But I'm resolv'd to find the Meaning of it——Unkind Dear! Was it for this you sent to call me? is it not Affliction enough that you are to leave me, but you must study to increase it by unjust Suspicions? [*Crying.*] Well —— Well —— You know my Fondness, and you love to tyrannise——Go on, cruel Man, do, triumph over my poor Heart, while it holds; which cannot be long, with this Usage of yours —— But that's what you want —— Well, You will have your Ends soon —— You will —— You will —— Yes it will break to oblige you. [*Sighs.*]

F O N D L E W I F E.

Verily I fear I have carried the Jest too far —— Nay, look you now if she does not weep —— 'tis the fondest Fool —— Nay.
Cocky,

Cocky, Cocky, nay, dear Cocky, don't cry, I was but in jest, I was not i'feck.

LAETITIA. [*Aside.*]

Oh then all's safe. I was terribly frightened — My Affliction is always your Jest, barbarous Man! Oh that I should love to this Degree! yet——

FONDLEWIFE.

Nay, Cocky.

LAETITIA.

No, no, you are weary of me, that's it— that's all, you would get another Wife— another fond Fool, to break her Heart— well, be as cruel as you can to me, I'll pray for you; and when I am dead with Grief, may you have one that will love you as well as I have done: I shall be contented to lie at Peace in my cold Grave — since it will please you. [*Sighs.*]

FONDLEWIFE.

Good lack, good lack, she would melt a Heart of Oak — I profess I can hold no longer — Nay dear Cocky — I'feck you'll break my Heart — I'feck you will — See, you have made me weep—made poor *Ny-kin* weep — Nay, come kifs, bufs poor *Ny-kin*—and I won't leave thee—I'll lose all first.

LAETI-

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L A E T I T I A. [*Afide.*]

How! Heav'n forbid! that will be carrying the Jest too far indeed.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Won't you kifs *Nykin*?

L A E T I T I A.

Go, naughty *Nykin*, you don't love me.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Kifs, kifs, i'feck I do.

L A E T I T I A.

No you don't. [*She kiffes him.*]

F O N D L E W I F E.

What not love Cocky?

L A E T I T I A.

No——h. [*Sighs.*]

F O N D L E W I F E.

I profess, I do love thee better than five hundred Pound——and so thou shalt say, for I'll leave it to stay with thee.

L A E T I T I A.

No you shan't neglect your Business for me — No indeed you fant, *Nykin* — If you don't go, I'll think you been dealous of me still.

F O N D L E W I F E.

He! he! he! wilt thou, poor Fool? Then I will go, I won't be dealous — Poor Cocky, kifs *Nykin*, kifs *Nykin*, ee, ee, ee —— Here will be the good Man anon, to talk to
Cocky

Cocky and teach her how a Wife ought to behave herself.

LAETITIA. [*Aside.*]

I hope to have one who will show me how a Husband ought to behave himself— I shall be glad to learn, to please my Jewel. [*Kiss.*]

FONDLEWIFE.

That's my good Dear—Come kiss *Nykin* once more, and then get you in — So — Get you in, get you in. By, by.

LAETITIA.

By *Nykin*.

FONDLEWIFE.

By Cocky.

LAETITIA.

By *Nykin*.

FONDLEWIFE.

By Cocky, by, by.



S C E N E V.

VAINLOVE, SHARPER.

SHARPER.

HOW! *Araminta* lost?

VAINLOVE.

To confirm what I have said, read this—

[*Gives a Letter.*]

SHARPER.

S H A R P E R, *reads.*

Hum, hum—*And what then appear'd a Fault, upon Reflection, seems only an Effect of a too powerful Passion. I'm afraid I give too great a Proof of my own at this Time—I am in Disorder for what I have written. But Something, I know not what, forced me. I only beg a favorable Censure of this and your* Araminta.

S H A R P E R.

Loft! Pray Heav'n thou haft not loft thy Wits. Here, here, she's thy own, Man, fign'd and feal'd too — To her, Man—a delicious Melon pure and confenting ripe, and only waits thy cutting up — She has been breeding Love to thee all this while, and juft now she's deliver'd of it.

V A I N L O V E.

'Tis an untimely Fruit, and she has mif-carried of her Love.

S H A R P E R.

Never leave this damn'd, ill-natur'd whimfey, *Frank?* Thou haft a fickly peevifh Appetite; only chew Love and cannot digeft it.

V A I N L O V E.

Yes, when I feed myfelf—But I hate to be cramm'd—By Heav'n, there's not a Woman will give a Man the Pleafure of a Chafe: My Sport is always balk'd or
cut

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cut short—I stumble over the Game I would pursue — 'Tis dull and unnatural to have a Hare run full in the Hounds' Mouth; and would distaste the keenest Hunter—I would have overtaken, not have met my Game.

S H A R P E R.

However I hope you don't mean to forsake it; that will be but a kind of a mongrel Cur's Trick. Well, are you for the Mall?

V A I N L O V E.

No, she will be there this Evening—
Yes, I will go too — and she shall see her Error in —

S H A R P E R.

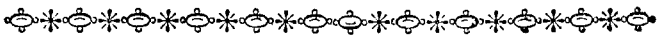
In her Choice, i' Gad — But thou canst not be so great a Brute as to flight her.

V A I N L O V E.

I should disappoint her if I did not —
By her Management I should think she expects it.

*All naturally fly what does pursue:
'Tis fit Men should be coy, when Women woo.*

S C E N E



S C E N E VI.

A Room in FONDLEWIFE'S House.

A SERVANT introducing BELLMOUR in a Fanatic Habit, with a Patch upon one Eye, and a Book in his Hand.

SERVANT.

HERE'S a Chair, Sir, if you please to repose yourself. My Mistress is coming, Sir.

BELLMOUR.

Secure in my Disguise, I have out-fac'd Suspicion, and even dar'd Discovery—— This Cloke my Sanctity, and trusty *Scar-ron's* Novels my Prayer Book — Methinks I am the very Picture of *Montufar* in the *Hypocrites* —— Oh! she comes.



S C E N E VII.

BELLMOUR, LAETITIA.

BELLMOUR.

SO breaks Aurora through the Veil of Night,
Thus fly the Clouds, divided by her Light,
And ev'ry Eye receives a new-born Sight.

[Throwing off his Cloke, Patch, &c.]

LAETI-

L A E T I T I A.

*Thus strow'd with Blushes, like—*Ah! Heaven defend me! Who's this?

[Discovering him, starts.

B E L L M O U R.

Your Lover.

L A E T I T I A.

Vainlove's Friend! I know his Face, and he has betray'd me to him. *[Aside.*

B E L L M O U R.

You are surpris'd. Did you not expect a Lover, Madam? Those Eyes shone kindly on my first Appearance, tho' now they are o'ercaft.

L A E T I T I A.

I may well be surpris'd at your Person and Impudence; they are both new to me—You are not what your first Appearance promised: The Piety of your Habit was welcome, but not the Hypocrisy.

B E L L M O U R.

Rather the Hypocrisy was welcome, but not the Hypocrite.

L A E T I T I A.

Who are you, Sir? You have mistaken the House sure.

B E L L M O U R.

I have Directions in my Pocket which agree

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agree with every Thing but your Unkindness. *[Pulls out the Letter.*

L A E T I T I A.

My Letter! Base *Vainlove!* Then 'tis too late to dissemble. *[Aside.]* 'Tis plain then you have mistaken the Person. *[Going.*

B E L L M O U R.

If we part so I'm mistaken —— Hold, hold, Madam—I confess I have run into an Error—I beg your Pardon a thousand Times—What an eternal Blockhead am I! Can you forgive me the Disorder I have put you into.—But it is a Mistake which any Body might have made.

L A E T I T I A.

What can this mean? 'Tis impossible he should be mistaken after all this—A handsome Fellow if he had not surpris'd me: Methinks, now I look on him again, I would not have him mistaken. *[Aside.]* We are all liable to Mistakes, Sir: If you own it to be so, there needs no farther Apology.

B E L L M O U R.

Nay, 'Faith, Madam, 'tis a pleasant one, and worth your Hearing. Expecting a Friend, last Night, at his Lodgings, 'till 'twas late; my Intimacy with him gave me the Freedom of his Bed: He not

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coming

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coming Home all Night, a Letter was deliver'd to me by a Servant, in the Morning: Upon the Perusal I found the Contents so charming, that I could think of Nothing all Day, but putting 'em in Practice—'till just now, (the first Time I ever look'd upon the Superfcription) I am the most surpris'd in the World to find it directed to Mr. *Vainlove*. Gad, Madam, I ask you a Million of Pardons, and will make you any Satisfaction.

L A E T I T I A.

I am discover'd—And either *Vainlove* is not guilty, or he has handsomely excus'd him. [*A side.*]

B E L L M O U R.

You appear concern'd, Madam.

L A E T I T I A.

I hope you are a Gentleman;— and since you are privy to a weak Woman's Failing, won't turn it to the Prejudice of her Reputation. You look as if you had more Honor.

B E L L M O U R.

And more Love; or my Face is a false Witness, and deserves to be pillory'd.— No, by Heav'n, I swear—

L A E T I T I A.

Nay, don't swear if you'd have me believe you; but promise— B E L L-

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B E L L M O U R.

Well, I promise—A Promise is so cold
—Give me Leave to swear—by those Eyes,
those killing Eyes; by those healing Lips.
—Oh! press the soft Charm close to
mine,—and seal 'em up for ever.

L A E T I T I A.

Upon that Condition. [*He kisses her.*]

B E L L M O U R.

Eternity was in that Moment — One
more, upon any Condition.

L A E T I T I A.

Nay now—I never saw any Thing so
agreeably impudent. [*Afide.*] Won't you
censure me for this, now?—but 'tis to buy
your Silence. [*Kiss.*] Oh, but what am I
doing?

B E L L M O U R.

Doing! No Tongue can express it—
not thy own; nor any Thing, but thy
Lips. I am faint with Excess of Bliss:
—Oh, for Love's sake, lead me any whi-
ther, where I may lie down; — quickly,
for I'm afraid I shall have a Fit.

L A E T I T I A.

Bless me! What Fit?

B E L L M O U R.

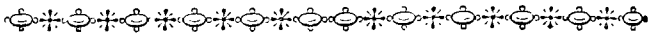
Oh, a Convulsion—I feel the Symptoms.

L A E T I T I A.

Does it hold you long? I'm afraid to carry you into my Chamber.

B E L L M O U R.

Oh, no: Let me lie down upon the Bed;—the Fit will be soon over.



S C E N E VIII.

S C E N E, *St. James's Park.*

A R A M I N T A *and* B E L I N D A *meeting.*

B E L I N D A.

L A R D, my Dear: I am glad I have met you — I have been at the *Exchange* since, and am so tir'd —

A R A M I N T A.

Why, what's the Matter?

B E L I N D A.

Oh the most inhuman, barbarous Hackney-Coach! I am jolted to a Jelly — Am I not horridly touz'd?

[Pulls out a Pocket Glass.

A R A M I N T A.

Your Head's a little out of Order.

B E L I N D A.

A little! O frightful! What a furious Phyz I have! O most rueful! Ha! ha! ha!

O

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O Gad, I hope no Body will come this Way, 'till I have put myself a little in Repair—Ah! my Dear—I have seen such unhewn Creatures since—Ha! ha! ha! I can't for my Soul help thinking that I look just like one of 'em—Good Dear, pin this, and I'll tell you—Very well—So, thank you my Dear—But as I was telling you—Pish, this is the untoward'st Lock—So, as I was telling you—How d'ye like me now? Hideous, ha? Frightful still? Or how?

ARAMINTA.

No, no; you're very well as can be.

BELINDA.

And so—But where did I leave off, my Dear? I was telling you—

ARAMINTA.

You were about to tell me Something, Child—but you left off before you began.

BELINDA.

Oh; a most comical Sight: A Country Squire, with the Equipage of a Wife and two Daughters, came to Mrs. *Snipwell's* Shop while I was there—But, oh Gad! Two such unlick'd Cubs!

ARAMINTA.

I warrant, plump, cherry-cheek'd Country Girls.

H 3

BELINDA,

B E L I N D A.

Ay, o' my Conscience, fat as Barn-Door Fowl: But so bedeck'd, you would have taken 'em for *Friezland* Hens, with their Feathers growing the wrong Way——O such Out-landish Creatures! Such *Tramontanae*, and Foreigners to the Fashion, or any Thing in Practice! I had not Patience to behold——I undertook the modelling of one of their Fronts, the more modern Structure——

A R A M I N T A.

Bless me, Cousin; why would you affront any Body so? They might be Gentlewomen of a very good Family——

B E L I N D A.

Of a very ancient one, I dare swear, by their Drefs——Affront! Pshaw, how you're mistaken! The poor Creature, I warrant, was as full of Curtfies, as if I had been her Godmother: The Truth on't is, I did endeavour to make her look like a Christian——and she was sensible of it; for she thank'd me, and gave me two Apples, piping hot, out of her Under-Petticoat Pocket——Ha! ha! ha! And t'other did so stare and gape——I fancied her like the Front of her Father's Hall; her Eyes were the two Jut-Windows, and her Mouth the
great

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great Door, most hospitably kept open, for the Entertainment of travelling Flies.

ARAMINTA.

So then ; you have been diverted. What did they buy ?

BELINDA.

Why, the Father bought a Powder-Horn, and an Almanac, and a Comb-Cafe ; the Mother, a great Fruz-Tower, and a fat Amber-Necklace ; the Daughters only tore two Pair of Kid-leather Gloves, with trying 'em on—Oh Gad, here comes the Fool that din'd at my Lady *Freelove's* t'other Day.



S C E N E IX.

[*To them*] Sir JOSEPH and BLUFFE.

ARAMINTA.

MAY be he may not know us again.

BELINDA.

We'll put on our Masks to secure his Ignorance.

[*They put on their Masks.*]

Sir JOSEPH.

Nay, Gad, I'll pick up ; I'm resolv'd to make a Night on't—I'll go to Alderman *Fondlewife* by and by, and get fifty Pieces

H 4

more

more from him. Adflidikins, Bully, we'll wallow in Wine and Women. Why, this fame *Madeira* Wine has made me as light as a Grasshopper — Hift, hift, Bully, dost thou see those Tearers? [*Sings.*] *Look you what here is — Look you what here is — Toll — loll — dera — toll — loll —* A Gad, t'other Glafs of *Madeira*, and I durst have attack'd 'em in my own proper Person, without your Help.

B L U F F E.

Come on then, Knight — But d'ye know what to say to 'em?

Sir J O S E P H.

Say! Pooh, Pox, I've enough to say — never fear it — that is, if I can but think on't: Truth is, I have but a treacherous Memory.

B E L I N D A.

O frightful! Cousin, What shall we do? These Things come towards us.

A R A M I N T A.

No Matter — I see *Vainlove* coming this Way — and, to confess my Failing, I am willing to give him an Opportunity of making his Peace with me — and to rid me of these Coxcombs, when I seem oppress'd with 'em, will be a fair one.

B L U F F E.

B L U F F E.

Ladies, by these Hilts you are well met.

A R A M I N T A.

We are afraid not.

B L U F F E.

What says my pretty little Knapfack
Carrier. [To Belinda.

B E L I N D A.

O monstrous filthy Fellow! Good flo-
venly Captain *Huffe, Bluffe*, (what is your
hideous Name?) be gone: You stink of
Brandy and Tobacco, most Soldier-like.
Foh. [Spits.

Sir J O S E P H.

Now am I flap-dash down in the Mouth,
and have not one Word to say! [Aside.

A R A M I N T A.

I hope my Fool has not Confidence
enough to be troublesome. [Aside.

Sir J O S E P H.

Hem! Pray, Madam, which Way's the
Wind?

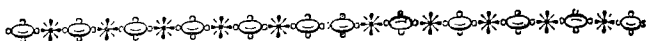
A R A M I N T A.

A pithy Question—Have you sent your
Wits for a Venture, Sir, that you en-
quire?

Sir J O S E P H.

Nay, now I'm in—I can prattle like a
Magpie. [Aside.

S C E N E



S C E N E X.

[*To them*] S H A R P E R, and V A I N L O V E
at some Distance.

B E L I N D A.

DE A R *Araminta*, I'm tir'd.

A R A M I N T A.

'Tis but pulling off our Masks, and obliging *Vainlove* to know us. I'll be rid of my Fool by fair Means—Well, Sir *Joseph*, you shall see my Face—but, be gone immediately—I see one that will be jealous, to find me in Discourse with you—Be discreet—No Reply; but away. [*Unmasks.*

Sir J O S E P H.

The great Fortune that dined at my Lady *Freelove's*! Sir *Joseph*, thou art a made Man. Agad, I'm in Love up to the Ears. But I'll be discreet, and husht. [*Aside.*

B L U F F E.

Nay, by the World, I'll see your Face.

B E L I N D A.

You shall. [*Unmasks.*

S H A R P E R.

Ladies, your humble Servant—We were afraid you would not have given us Leave to know you. A R A-

ARAMINTA.

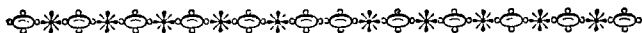
We thought to have been private——
But we find Fools have the same Advantage over a Face in a Mask, that a Coward has, while the Sword is in the Scabbard — So were forced to draw in our own Defence.

BLUFFE.

My Blood rises at that Fellow: I can't stay where he is; and I must not draw in the Park. [To Sir Joseph.

Sir JOSEPH.

I wish I durst stay to let her know my Lodging.



SCENE XI.

ARAMINTA, BELINDA, VAINLOVE,
and SHARPER.

SHARPER.

THERE is in true Beauty, as in Courage, somewhat, which narrow Souls cannot dare to admire.—And see, the Owls are fled, as at the Break of Day.

BELINDA.

Very courtly — I believe, Mr. *Vainlove* has not rubb'd his Eyes since Break of Day

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Day neither, he looks as if he durst not approach—Nay, come Cousin, be Friends with him — I swear he looks so very simply, ha! ha! ha!——Well, a Lover in the State of Separation from his Mistress, is like a Body without a Soul. Mr. *Vainlove*, shall I be bound for your good Behaviour for the future?

VAINLOVE.

Now must I pretend Ignorance equal to hers, of what she knows as well as I. [*Aside.*] Men are apt to offend ('tis true) where they find most Goodness to forgive — But, Madam, I hope I shall prove of a Temper, not to abuse Mercy, by committing new Offences.

ARAMINTA.

So cold!

[*Aside.*]

BELINDA.

I have broke the Ice for you, Mr. *Vainlove*, and so I leave you. Come, Mr. *Sharper*, you and I will take a Turn, and laugh at the Vulgar—Both the great Vulgar and the small——Oh Gad! I have a great Passion for *Cowley*—Don't you admire him?

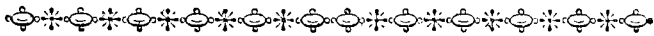
SHARPER.

Oh Madam! He was our *English Horace*.

BELINDA.

BELINDA.

Ah so fine! So extremely fine! So every Thing in the World that I like—Oh Lord, walk this Way—I see a Couple, I'll give you their History.



S C E N E XII.

ARAMINTA, VAINLOVE.

VAINLOVE.

I Find, Madam, the Formality of the Law must be observ'd, tho' the Penalty of it be dispens'd with; and an Offender must plead to his Arraignment, though he has his Pardon in his Pocket.

ARAMINTA.

I'm amaz'd! This Insolence exceeds t'other;—whoever has encourag'd you to this Assurance—presuming upon the Easiness of my Temper, has much deceiv'd you, and so you shall find.

VAINLOVE.

Hey-day! Which Way now? Here's fine Doubling. *[Aside.]*

ARAMINTA.

Base Man! Was it not enough to affront me with your saucy Passion?

VAIN-

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VAINLOVE.

You have given that Passion a much kinder Epithet than faucy, in another Place.

ARAMINTA.

Another Place! Some villainous Design to blast my Honor—But tho' thou hadst all the Treachery and Malice of thy Sex, thou canst not lay a Blemish on my Fame—No, I have not err'd in one favorable Thought of Mankind—How Time might have deceiv'd me in you, I know not; my Opinion was but young, and your early Baseness has prevented its growing to a wrong Belief—Unworthy, and ungrateful! Be gone, and never see me more.

VAINLOVE.

Did I dream? Or do I dream? Shall I believe my Eyes, or Ears? The Vision is here still—Your Passion, Madam, will admit of no farther Reasoning—But here's a silent Witness of your Acquaintance.

[Takes out the Letter, and offers it: She snatches it, and throws it away.]

ARAMINTA.

There's Poison in every Thing you touch—Blisters will follow—

VAINLOVE.

That Tongue which denies what the Hands have done.

ARA-

The OLD BATCHELOR. III

ARAMINTA.

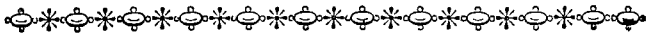
Still mystically senseless and impudent—
I find I must leave the Place.

VAINLOVE.

No, Madam, I'm gone—She knows her
Name's to it, which she will be unwilling
to expose to the Censure of the first Finder.

ARAMINTA.

Woman's Obstinacy made me blind, to
what Woman's Curiosity now tempts me
to see. [Takes up the Letter.]



S C E N E XIII.

BELINDA, SHARPER.

BELINDA.

NAY, we have spared no Body, I
swear. Mr. *Sharper*, you're a pure
Man; where did you get this excellent
Talent of Railing?

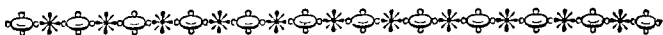
SHARPER.

Faith, Madam, the Talent was born
with me:—I confess, I have taken Care
to improve it; to qualify me for the So-
ciety of Ladies.

BELINDA.

Nay, sure Railing is the best Qualifica-
tion in a Woman's Man.

S C E N E



S C E N E XIV.

[*To them*] FOOTMAN.

SHARPER.

THE second best—indeed I think.

BELINDA.

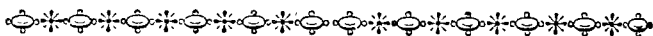
How now, *Pace*? Where's my Cousin?

FOOTMAN.

She's not very well, Madam, and has sent to know, if your Ladyship would have the Coach come again for you?

BELINDA.

O Lord, no, I'll go along with her. Come, Mr. *Sharper*.



S C E N E XV.

S C E N E, *A Chamber in Fondlewife's House.*

LAETITIA and BELLMOUR, *his Cloke, Hat, &c. lying loose about the Chamber.*

BELLMOUR.

HERE's no Body, nor no Noife —
'twas Nothing but your Fears.

LAETITIA.

The OLD BATCHELOR. 113

L A E T I T I A.

I durst have sworn I heard my Monster's Voice——I swear, I was heartily frightened—Feel how my Heart beats.

B E L L M O U R.

'Tis an Alarm to Love—Come in again, and let us—

F O N D L E W I F E. [*Without.*]

Cocky, Cocky, where are you, Cocky? I'm come home.

L A E T I T I A.

Ah! There he is. Make Haste, gather up your Things.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Cocky, Cocky, open the Door.

B E L L M O U R.

Pox choke him, would his Horns were in his Throat. My Patch, my Patch.

[*Looking about, and gathering up his Things.*]

L A E T I T I A.

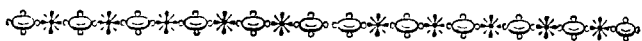
My Jewel, art thou there? No Matter for your Patch—You s'an't tum in, *Nykin*—Run into my Chamber, quickly, quickly. You s'an't tum in.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Nay, prithee, Dear, i'feck I'm in Haste.

L A E T I T I A.

Then I'll let you in. [*Opens the Door.*]



S C E N E XVI.

LAETITIA, FONDLEWIFE, *Sir* JOSEPH WITTOLL.

FONDLEWIFE.

KISS, Dear—I met the Master of the Ship by the Way—And I must have my Papers of Accounts out of your Cabinet.

LAETITIA.

Oh, I'm undone! [*Aside.*

Sir JOSEPH.

Pray, first let me have fifty Pounds, good Alderman, for I'm in Haste.

FONDLEWIFE.

A Hundred has already been paid, by your Order. Fifty? I have the Sum ready in Gold, in my Clofet.



S C E N E XVII.

LAETITIA, *Sir* JOSEPH WITTOLL.

Sir JOSEPH.

AGAD, it's a curious, fine, pretty Rogue; I'll speak to her—Pray, Madam, what News d'ye hear?

LAETI-

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L A E T I T I A.

Sir, I seldom stir abroad.

[Walks about in Disorder.]

Sir J O S E P H.

I wonder at that, Madam, for 'tis most curious fine Weather.

L A E T I T I A.

Methinks 't has been very ill Weather.

Sir J O S E P H.

As you say, Madam, 'tis pretty bad Weather, and has been so a great While.



S C E N E XVIII.

[To them] FONDLEWIFE.

FONDLEWIFE.

HERE are fifty Pieces in this Purse, Sir *Joseph* — If you will tarry a Moment, 'till I fetch my Papers, I'll wait upon you down Stairs.

L A E T I T I A.

Ruin'd, past Redemption! What shall I do—Ha! this Fool may be of Use. *[Aside.]*
[As Fondlewife is going into the Chamber, she runs to Sir Joseph, almost pushes him down, and cries out.] Stand off, rude Ruffian. Help

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me, my Dear — O blefs me! Why will you leave me alone with fuch a Satyr.

FONDLEWIFE.

Blefs us! What's the Matter? What's the Matter?

L A E T I T I A.

Your Back was no fooner turn'd; but like a Lion, he came open mouth'd upon me, and would have ravifhed a Kifs from me by main Force.

Sir J O S E P H.

O Lord! Oh terrible! Ha! ha! ha! is your Wife mad, Alderman?

L A E T I T I A.

Oh! I'm fick with the Fright; won't you take him out of my Sight?

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh Traitor! I'm aftonifhed. Oh bloody-minded Traitor!

Sir J O S E P H.

Hey-day! Traitor yourself——By the Lord *Harry*, I was in moft Danger of being ravifh'd, if you go to that.

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh, how the blasphemous Wretch fwears! Out of my Houfe, thou Son of the Whore of *Babylon*; Offspring of *Bell* and the *Dragon* — Blefs us! Ravifh my Wife! my *Dinah*! Oh *Shechemite*! Be gone I fay.

Sir

Sir JOSEPH.

Why, the Devil's in the People, I think.



S C E N E XIX.

L A E T I T I A, F O N D L E W I F E.

L A E T I T I A.

O H! won't you follow, and see him out of Doors, my Dear?

F O N D L E W I F E.

I'll shut this Door, to secure him from coming back — Give me the Key of your Cabinet, Cocky—Ravish my Wife before my Face! I warrant he's a Papist in his Heart, at least, if not a *Frenchman*.

L A E T I T I A.

What can I do now? [*Aside.*] Oh! my Dear, I have been in such a Fright, that I forgot to tell you, poor Mr. *Spintext* has a sad Fit of the Cholic, and is forced to lie down upon our Bed — You'll disturb him; I can tread softer.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Alack poor Man — no, no — you don't know the Papers — I won't disturb him; give me the Key.

[*She gives him the Key, goes to the Chamber Door, and speaks aloud.*]

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L A E T I T I A.

'Tis no Body but Mr. *Fondlewife*, Mr. *Spintext*, lie still on your Stomach; lying on your Stomach, will ease you of the Cholic.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Ay, ay, lie still, lie still; don't let me disturb you.



S C E N E XX.

L A E T I T I A *alone.*

L A E T I T I A.

SURE, when he does not see his Face, he won't discover him. Dear Fortune, help me but this once, and I'll never run into thy Debt again—But this Opportunity is the Devil.



S C E N E XXI.

F O N D L E W I F E *returns with Papers.*

F O N D L E W I F E.

GOOD lack! good lack! — I profess, the poor Man is in great Torment,
he

The OLD BATCHELOR. 119

he lies as flat——Dear, you should heat a Trencher, or a Napkin——Where's *Deborah*? Let her clap some warm Thing to his Stomach, or chafe it with a warm Hand, rather than fail. What Book's this?

[Sees the Book that Bellmour forgot.

L A E T I T I A.

Mr. *Spintext*'s Prayer Book, Dear——Pray Heav'n it be a Prayer Book. [Aside.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Good Man! I warrant he dropped it on Purpose, that you might take it up, and read some of the pious Ejaculations [Taking up the Book] O blefs me! O monstrous! A Prayer Book! Ay, this is the Devil's *Pater-Noster*. Hold, let me see; *The Innocent Adultery*.

L A E T I T I A.

Misfortune! now all's ruin'd again.

[Aside.

B E L L M O U R. [Peeping.]

Damn'd Chance! If I had gone a whoring with the *Practice of Piety* in my Pocket, I had never been discover'd.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Adultery, and innocent! O Lord! Here's Doctrine! Ay, here's Discipline!

L A E T I T I A.

Dear Husband, I'm amaz'd: — Sure it

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is a good Book, and only tends to the Speculation of Sin.

FONDLEWIFE.

Speculation! No, no; Something went farther than Speculation when I was not to be let in——Where is this Apocryphal Elder? I'll ferret him.

LAETITIA.

I'm so distracted, I can't think of a Lie.
[*Afide.*]



S C E N E XXII.

LAETITIA, *and* FONDLEWIFE *haling out*
B E L L M O U R.

FONDLEWIFE.

C O M E out here, thou *Ananias* incarnate——Who, how now! Who have we here?

LAETITIA.

Ha! [Shrieks, *as surpris'd.*]

FONDLEWIFE.

Oh, thou falacious Woman! Am I then brutified? Ay, I feel it here; I sprout, I bud, I blossom, I am ripe-horn-mad. But who in the Devil's Name are you? Mercy on me for swearing. But——

LAETI-

The OLD BATCHELOR. 121

L A E T I T I A.

Oh, Goodness keep us! Who's this?
Who are you? What are you?

B E L L M O U R.

Soh.

L A E T I T I A.

In the Name of the——O! Good, my
my Dear, don't come near it, I'm afraid
'tis the Devil; indeed it has Hoofs, Dear.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Indeed, and I have Horns, Dear. The
Devil! no, I am afraid, 'tis the Flesh, thou
Harlot. Dear, with the Pox! Come
Siren, speak, confess, who is this reverend,
brawny Pastor?

L A E T I T I A.

Indeed, and indeed now my Dear *Nykir*
——I never saw this wicked Man before.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Oh, it is a Man then, it seems.

L A E T I T I A.

Rather, sure it is a Wolf in the cloth-
ing of a Sheep.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Thou art a Devil in his proper Cloth-
ing, Woman's Flesh. What, you know
Nothing of him, but his Fleece here?——
You don't love Mutton?—you *Magdalen*
unconverted.

B E L L -

B E L L M O U R.

Well, now I know my Cue — That is, very honorably to excuse her, and very impudently accuse myself. [*Aside.*]

L A E T I T I A.

Why then, I wish I may never enter into the Heav'n of your Embraces again, my Dear, if ever I saw his Face before.

F O N D L E W I F E.

O Lord! O strange! I am in Admiration of your Impudence. Look at him a little better; he is more modest, I warrant you, than to deny it. Come, were you two never Face to Face before? Speak.

B E L L M O U R.

Since all Artifice is vain—And I think myself obliged to speak the Truth in Justice to your Wife——No.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Humph.

L A E T I T I A.

No, indeed Dear.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Nay, I find you are both in a Story; that I must confess. But, what — not to be cured of the Cholic? Don't you know your Patient, Mrs. *Quack*? Oh, lie upon your Stomach; lying upon your Stomach will cure you of the Cholic. Ah! answer me, *Jezebel*?

L A E T I-

L A E T I T I A.

Let the wicked Man answer for himself; does he think that I have Nothing to do but excuse him; 'tis enough, if I can clear my own Innocence to my own Dear.

B E L L M O U R.

By my Troth, and so 'tis —— I have been a little too backward, that's the Truth on't.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Come, Sir, who are you, in the first Place? And what are you?

B E L L M O U R.

A Whoremaster.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Very concise.

L A E T I T I A.

O beastly, impudent Creature!

F O N D L E W I F E.

Well Sir, and what came you hither for?

B E L L M O U R.

To lie with your Wife.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Good again—A very civil Person this, and I believe speaks Truth.

L A E T I T I A.

Oh, insupportable Impudence!

F O N D L E W I F E.

Well Sir,—Pray be cover'd —and you
have

have—Heh! You have finish'd the Matter, heh? And I am, as I should be, a Sort of a civil Perquisite to a Whoremaster, call'd a *Cuckold*, heh? Is it not so? Come, I'm inclining to believe every Word you say.

B E L L M O U R.

Why, faith, I must confess, so I design'd you——But, you were a little unlucky in coming so soon, and hindered the making of your own Fortune.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Humph. Nay, if you mince the Matter once, and go back of your Word; you are not the Person I took you for. Come, come, go on boldly—What, don't be ashamed of your Profession—Confess, confess, I shall love thee the better for't—I shall i'feck—What, dost think I don't know how to behave my self in the Employment of a Cuckold, and have been three Years Apprentice to Matrimony? Come, come, Plain-dealing is a Jewel.

B E L L M O U R.

Well, since I see thou art a good honest Fellow, I'll confess the whole Matter to thee.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Oh, I am a very honest Fellow — you never lay with an honest Man's Wife in your Life.

L A E T I-

L A E T I T I A . .

How my Heart aches! All my Comfort lies in his Impudence, and, Heaven be prais'd, he has a considerable Portion.

[*Aside.*

B E L L M O U R .

In short then, I was inform'd of the Opportunity of your Absence, by my Spy, (for, faith, honest *Isaac*, I have a long Time design'd thee this Favor) I knew *Spintext* was to come by your Direction.—But I laid a Trap for him, and procur'd his Habit; in which, I pass'd upon your Servants, and was conducted hither. I pretended a Fit of the Cholic, to excuse my lying down upon your Bed; hoping that when she heard of 'it, her Good-nature would bring her to administer Remedies for my Distemper. — You know what might have follow'd. — But like an uncivil Person, you knock'd at the Door, before your Wife was come to me.

F O N D L E W I F E .

Ha! This is Apocryphal; I may choose whether I will believe it or no.

B E L L M O U R .

That you may, faith, and I hope you won't believe a Word on't—But I can't help telling the Truth, for my Life.

F O N D L E -

FONDLEWIFE.

How! wou'd not you have me believe you, fay you?

BELLMOUR.

No; for then you muft of confequence part with your Wife, and there will be fome Hopes of having her upon the Public; then the Encouragement of a feparate Maintenance——

FONDLEWIFE.

No, no; for that Matter,——when ſhe and I part, ſhe'll carry her feparate Maintenance about her.

LÆTITIA.

Ah, cruel Dear, how can you be fo barbarous? You'll break my Heart, if you talk of parting. [Cries.

FONDLEWIFE.

Ah, difsembling Vermin!

BELLMOUR.

How canſt thou be fo cruel, *Iſaac*? Thou haſt the Heart of a Mountain-Tiger. By the Faith of a ſincere Sinner, ſhe's innocent for me. Go to him, Madam, fling your ſnowy Arms about his ſtubborn Neck; bathe his relentleſs Face in your ſalt trickling Tears ——

[She goes and hangs upon his Neck, and kiſſes him. Bellmour kiſſes her Hand behind Fondlewife's Back. So,

The OLD BATCHELOR. 127

So, a few soft Words and a Kiss, and the good Man melts. See how kind Nature works, and boils over in him.

L A E T I T I A.

Indeed, my Dear, I was but just come down Stairs, when you knock'd at the Door; and the Maid told me Mr. *Spintext* was ill of the Cholic, upon our Bed. And won't you speak to me, cruel *Nykin*? Indeed I'll die if you don't.

F O N D L E W I F E.

Ah! No, no, I cannot speak, my Heart's so full—I have been a tender Husband, a tender Yoke-Fellow; you know I have—But thou hast been a faithless *Dalilah*, and the *Philistines*—Heh! Art thou not vile and unclean, Heh? Speak. [Weeping.]

L A E T I T I A.

No—h. [Sighing.]

F O N D L E W I F E.

Oh, that I could believe thee!

L A E T I T I A.

Oh, my Heart will break. [Seeming to faint.]

F O N D L E W I F E.

Heh! how! No, stay, stay, I will believe thee, I will. — Pray bend her forward, Sir.

L A E T I T I A.

Oh! oh! Where is my Dear?

F O N D L E -

FONDLEWIFE.

Here, here; I do believe thee.—I won't believe my own Eyes.

BELLMOUR.

For my Part, I am so charm'd with the Love of your Turtle to you, that I'll go and solicit Matrimony with all my Might and Main.

FONDLEWIFE.

Well, well, Sir; as long as I believe it, 'tis well enough. No Thanks to you, Sir, for her Virtue.—But, I'll show you the Way out of my House, if you please. Come, my Dear. Nay, I will believe thee, I do, i'feck.

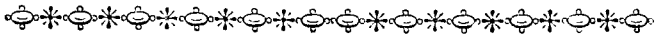
BELLMOUR.

See the great Blessing of an easy Faith: Opinion cannot err.

*No Husband, by his Wife can be deceiv'd;
She still is virtuous, if she's so believ'd.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

BELLMOUR *in a Fanatic Habit*, SETTER,
HEARTWELL, LUCY.

BELLMOUR.

SETTER! Well encounter'd.

SETTER.

Joy of your Return, Sir. Have you made a good Voyage? or have you brought your own Lading back?

BELLMOUR.

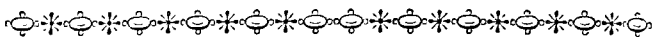
No, I have brought Nothing but Ballast back—made a delicious Voyage, *Setter*; and might have rode at Anchor in the Port 'till this Time, but the Enemy surpris'd us—I would unrig.

SETTER.

I attend you, Sir.

BELLMOUR.

Ha! is not that *Heartwell* at *Sylvia's* Door? Be gone quickly, I'll follow you:—I would not be known. Pox take 'em, they stand just in my Way.



S C E N E II.

BELLMOUR, HEARTWELL, LUCY.

HEARTWELL.

I'M impatient 'till it be done.

LUCY.

That may be, without troubling yourself to go again for your Brother's Chaplain. Don't you see that stalking Form of Godliness?

HEARTWELL.

O ay; he's a Fanatic.

LUCY.

An Executioner qualified to do your Business. He has been lawfully ordain'd.

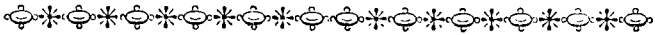
HEARTWELL.

I'll pay him well, if you'll break the Matter to him.

LUCY.

I warrant you—Do you go and prepare your Bride.

SCENE



S C E N E III.

B E L L M O U R, L U C Y.

B E L L M O U R.

HUmph, fits the Wind there?—What a lucky Rogue am I! Oh, what Sport will be here, if I can persuade this Wench to Secrefy.

L U C Y.

Sir: Reverend Sir.

B E L L M O U R.

Madam. *[Discovers himself.]*

L U C Y.

Now, Goodness have Mercy upon me! Mr. *Bellmour!* is it you?

B E L L M O U R.

Even I. What dost think?

L U C Y.

Think! That I should not believe my Eyes, and that you are not what you seem to be.

B E L L M O U R.

True. But to convince thee who I am, thou know'st my old Token. *[Kisses her.]*

L U C Y.

Nay, Mr. *Bellmour:* O Lard! I believe you are a Parfon in good earnest, you kifs so devoutly.

B E L L M O U R.

Well, your Bufinefs with me, *Lucy*?

L U C Y.

I had none, but through Miftake.

B E L L M O U R.

Which Miftake you muft go thorough with, *Lucy* — Come, I know the Intrigue between *Heartwell* and your Miftrefs; and you miftook me for *Tribulation Spintext*, to marry 'em——Ha? Are not Matters in this Pofture? — Confefs: — Come, I'll be faithful; I will i'faith. — What, diffide in me, *Lucy*?

L U C Y.

Alas-a-day! You and Mr. *Vainlove*, between you, have ruin'd my poor Miftrefs: You have made a Gap in her Reputation; and can you blame her if fhe make it up with a Husband?

B E L L M O U R.

Well, is it as I fay?

L U C Y.

Well, it is then: But you'll be fecret?

B E L L M O U R.

Phuh, Secret, ay: — And to be out of thy Debt, I'll truft thee with another Secret. Your Miftrefs muft not marry *Heartwell*, *Lucy*.

L U C Y.

L U C Y.

How! O Lord! —

B E L L M O U R.

Nay, don't be in Passion, *Lucy*: — I'll provide a fitter Husband for her.—Come, here's Earnest of my good Intentions for thee too; let this mollify. — [Gives her Money.] Look you, *Heartwell* is my Friend; and tho' he be blind, I must not see him fall into the Snare, and unwittingly marry a Whore.

L U C Y.

Whore! I'd have you to know my Mistress scorns —

B E L L M O U R.

Nay, nay: Look you, *Lucy*; there are Whores of as good Quality. — But to the Purpose, if you will give me Leave to acquaint you with it.—Do you carry on the Mistake of me: I'll marry 'em. — Nay, don't pause;—If you do, I'll spoil all.—I have some private Reasons for what I do, which I'll tell you within. — In the mean time, I promise, — and rely upon me, — to help your Mistress to a Husband: Nay, and thee too, *Lucy*. — Here's my Hand, I will; with a fresh Assurance.

[Gives her more Money.]

L U C Y.

Ah, the Devil is not so cunning.—You know my easy Nature. — Well, for once I'll venture to serve you; but, if you do deceive me, the Curse of all kind, tender-hearted Women light upon you.

B E L L M O U R.

That's as much as to say, *The Pox take me.* — Well, lead on.



S C E N E IV.

VAINLOVE, SHARPER, and SETTER.

S H A R P E R.

JUST now, say you, gone in with *Lucy*?

S E T T E R.

I saw him, Sir, and stood at the Corner where you found me, and overheard all they said: Mr. *Bellmour* is to marry 'em.

S H A R P E R.

Ha! ha! 'twill be a pleasant Cheat, — I'll plague *Heartwell* when I see him. — Prithce, *Frank*, let's teaze him; make him fret 'till he foam at the Mouth, and disgorge his Matrimonial Oath with Interest — Come, thou'rt musty —

S E T-

S E T T E R.

[To Sharper.] Sir, a Word with you.

[Whispers him.]

V A I N L O V E.

Sharper fwears she has forsworn the Letter—I'm sure he tells me Truth;—but I am not sure she told him Truth: — Yet she was unaffectedly concern'd, he says; and often blush'd with Anger and Surprise:—And so I remember in the Park.—She had Reason, if I wrong her—I begin to doubt.

S H A R P E R.

Say'st thou so?

S E T T E R.

This Afternoon, Sir, about an Hour before my Master receiv'd the Letter.

S H A R P E R.

In my Conscience, like enough.

S E T T E R.

Ay, I know her, Sir; at least, I'm sure I can fish it out of her: She's the very Sluice to her Lady's Secrets:—'Tis but setting her Mill a going, and I can drain her of 'em all.

S H A R P E R.

Here, *Frank*, your Blood-Hound has made out the Fault: This Letter, that so sticks in thy Maw, is counterfeit; only a

K 4

Trick

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Trick of *Sylvia* in Revenge, contriv'd by *Lucy*.

VAINLOVE.

Ha! It has a Color — But how do you know it, Sirrah?

SETTER.

I do suspect as much; — because why, Sir,——She was pumping me about how your Worship's Affairs stood towards Madam *Araminta*; as, when you had seen her last? when you were to see her next? and, where you were to be found at that Time? and such like.

VAINLOVE.

And where did you tell her?

SETTER.

In the *Piazza*.

VAINLOVE.

There I receiv'd the Letter——It must be so——And why did you not find me out, to tell me this before Sot?

SETTER.

Sir, I was Pimping for Mr. *Bellmour*.

SHARPER.

You were well employ'd:——I think there is no Objection to the Excuse.

VAINLOVE.

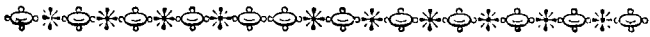
Pox o'my faucy Credulity——If I have lost her, I deserve it. But if Confession and
Repent-

The OLD BATCHELOR. 137

Repentance be of Force, I'll win her, or weary her into a Forgiveness.

S H A R P E R.

Methinks I long to see *Bellmour* come forth.



S C E N E V.

S H A R P E R, B E L L M O U R, S E T T E R.

S E T T E R.

TALK of the Devil——See where he comes.

S H A R P E R.

Hugging himself in his prosperous Mischief——No real Fanatic can look better pleas'd after a successful Sermon of Sedition.

B E L L M O U R.

Sharper! Fortify thy Spleen: Such a Jest! Speak when thou art ready.

S H A R P E R.

Now, were I ill-natur'd, would I utterly disappoint thy Mirth: Hear thee tell thy mighty Jest, with as much Gravity as a Bishop hears Venereal Causes in the Spiritual Court: Not so much as wrinkle my Face with one Smile; but let thee look simply, and laugh by thyself.

B E L L -

B E L L M O U R.

Pshaw, no; I have a better Opinion of thy Wit—Gad, I defy thee.—

S H A R P E R.

Were it not Loss of Time, you should make the Experiment. But honest *Setter*, here, overheard you with *Lucy*, and has told me all.

B E L L M O U R.

Nay then, I thank thee for not putting me out of Countenance. But, to tell you Something you don't know—I got an Opportunity (after I had marry'd 'em) of discovering the Cheat to *Sylvia*. She took it at first, as another Woman would the like Disappointment; but my Promise to make her Amends quickly with another Husband, somewhat pacify'd her.

S H A R P E R.

But how the Devil do you think to acquit yourself of your Promise? Will you marry her yourself?

B E L L M O U R.

I have no such Intentions at present—Prithee, wilt thou think a little for me? I am sure the ingenious Mr. *Setter* will assist.

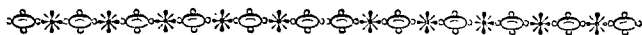
S E T T E R.

O Lord, Sir!

B E L L-

BELLMOUR.

I'll leave him with you, and go shift my Habit.



S C E N E VI.

SHARPER, SETTER, *Sir* JOSEPH
WITTOLL, and BLUFFE.

SHARPER.

HEH! Sure, Fortune has sent this Fool
hither on Purpose. *Setter*, stand close;
seem not to observe 'em; and, hark-ye —
[*Whispers.*]

BLUFFE.

Fear him not — I am prepar'd for him
now; and he shall find he might have
safer rous'd a sleeping Lion.

Sir JOSEPH.

Hush, hush: Don't you see him?

BLUFFE.

Show him to me.—Where is he?

Sir JOSEPH.

Nay, don't speak so loud—I don't jest,
as I did a little While ago—Look yonder
—Agad, if he should hear the Lion roar,
he'd cudgel him into an Afs, and his pri-
mitive Braying. Don't you remember
the

the Story in *Esop's Fables*, Bully? Agad, there are good Morals to be pick'd out of *Esop's Fables*, let me tell you that; and *Reynard the Fox* too.

B L U F F E.

Damn your Morals.

Sir J O S E P H.

Prithee, don't speak so loud.

B L U F F E.

Damn your Morals; I must revenge the Affront done to my Honor. [*In a low Voice.*]

Sir J O S E P H.

Ay; do, do, Captain, if you think fitting—You may dispose of your own Flesh as you think fitting, d'ye see:—But by the Lord *Harry*, I'll leave you.

[*Stealing away upon his Tip-toes.*]

B L U F F E.

Prodigious! What, will you forsake your Friend in Extremity? You can't in Honor refuse to carry him a Challenge.

[*Almost whispering, and treading softly after him.*]

Sir J O S E P H.

Prithee, what do you see in my Face, that looks as if I would carry a Challenge? Honor is your Province, Captain; take it—All the World know me to be a Knight, and a Man of Worship.

S E T T E R.

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S E T T E R.

I warrant you, Sir, I'm instructed.

S H A R P E R.

Impossible! *Araminta* take a Liking to a Fool! [Aloud.]

S E T T E R.

Her Head runs on Nothing else, nor she can talk of Nothing else.

S H A R P E R.

I know she commended him all the While we were in the Park; but I thought it had been only to make *Vainlove* jealous.—

Sir J O S E P H.

How's this? Good Bully, hold your Breath, and let's hearken. Agad, this must be I.—

S H A R P E R.

Death, it can't be.—An Oaf, an Ideot, a Wittol.

Sir J O S E P H.

Ay, now it's out; 'tis I, my own individual Person. .

S H A R P E R.

A Wretch, that has flown for Shelter to the lowest Shrub of Mankind, and seeks Protection from a blasted Coward.

Sir J O S E P H.

That's you, Bully Back.

[Bluffe frowns upon *Sir* Joseph.]

S H A R P E R.

S H A R P E R.

She has given *Vainlove* her Promise to marry him before to Morrow Morning.—
Has she not? [To Setter.

S E T T E R.

She has, Sir;—And I have it in Charge to attend her all this Evening, in order to conduct her to the Place appointed.

S H A R P E R.

Well, I'll go and inform your Master; and do you press her to make all the Haste imaginable.



S C E N E VII.

S E T T E R, Sir JOSEPH WITTOLL, BLUFFE.

S E T T E R.

WERE I a Rogue now, what a noble Prize could I dispose of! A goodly Pinnace, richly laden, and to launch forth under my auspicious Convoy. Twelve thousand Pounds, and all her Rigging; besides what lies conceal'd under Hatches.—Ha! All this committed to my Care!—Avaunt Temptation.—*Setter*, show thyself a Person of Worth; be true to thy Trust, and be reputed honest. Reputed honest!
Hum:

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Hum: Is that all? Ay: For to be honest is Nothing; the Reputation of it is all. Reputation! what have such poor Rogues as I to do with Reputation? 'tis above us; and for Men of Quality, they are above it; so that Reputation is e'en as foolish a Thing as Honesty. And for my Part, if I meet Sir *Joseph* with a Purse of Gold in his Hand, I'll dispose of mine to the best Advantage.

Sir J O S E P H.

Heh! heh! heh! Here 'tis for you, i'faith, Mr. *Setter*. Nay, I'll take you at your Word. [*Chinking a Purse.*

S E T T E R.

Sir *Joseph* and the Captain too! undone, undone! I'm undone, my Master's undone, my Lady's undone, and all the Business is undone.

Sir J O S E P H.

No, no, never fear, Man, the Lady's Business shall be done. What——Come, Mr. *Setter*, I have overheard all, and to speak, is but Loss of Time; but if there be Occasion, let these worthy Gentlemen intercede for me. [*Gives him Gold.*

S E T T E R.

O Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Corrupt my Honesty! —— They have indeed very persuading Faces. But —— *Sir*

Sir J O S E P H.

'Tis too little, there's more, Man.
There, take all—Now—

S E T T E R.

Well, *Sir Joseph*, you have such a winning Way with you——

Sir J O S E P H.

And how, and how, good *Setter*, did the little Rogue look, when she talk'd of *Sir Joseph*? Did not her Eyes twinkle, and her Mouth water? Did not she pull up her little Bubbies; And — Agad, I'm so overjoy'd — And stroke down her Belly? and then step aside to tie her Garter, when she was thinking of her Love? Hey, *Setter*?

S E T T E R.

Oh, yes, *Sir*.

Sir J O S E P H.

How now, *Bully*? What, melancholy, because I'm in the Lady's Favor? — No Matter, I'll make your Peace — I know they were a little smart upon you — But I warrant I'll bring you into the Lady's good Graces.

B L U F F E.

Pfhaw, I have Petitions to show. from other-guefs Toys than she. Look here; These were sent me this Morning — There, read, [*Shows Letters.*] That —— That's a
Scrawl

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Scrawl of Quality. Here, here's from a Countess too. Hum—No, hold—that's from a Knight's Wife, she sent it me by her Husband—But here, both these are from Persons of great Quality.

Sir JOSEPH.

They are either from Persons of great Quality, or no Quality at all, 'tis such a damn'd ugly Hand.

[*While Sir Joseph reads, Bluffe whispers*
Setter.

SETTER.

Captain, I would do any Thing to serve you; but this is so difficult—

BLUFFE.

Not at all. Don't I know him?

SETTER.

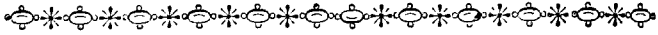
You'll remember the Conditions?—

BLUFFE.

I'll give't you under my Hand—In the mean Time, here's Earnest. [*Gives him Money.*] Come, Knight,—I'm capitulating with Mr. *Setter* for you.

Sir JOSEPH.

Ah, honest *Setter*;—Sirrah, I'll give thee any Thing but a Night's Lodging.



S C E N E VIII.

S H A R P E R *tugging in* H E A R T W E L L,

S H A R P E R.

N A Y, prithee leave Railing, and come along with me: May be she mayn't be within. 'Tis but to yond' Corner-House.

H E A R T W E L L.

Whither? Whither? Which Corner-House?

S H A R P E R.

Why, there: The two white Posts.

H E A R T W E L L.

And who would you visit there, say you? (Oons, how my Heart aches.)

S H A R P E R.

Pshaw, thou'rt so troublesome and inquisitive—Why, I'll tell you; 'Tis a young Creature that *Vainlove* debauch'd, and has forsaken. Did you never hear *Bellmour* chide him about *Sylvia*?

H E A R T W E L L.

Death, and Hell, and Marriage! My Wife! [*Afide.*

S H A R P E R.

S H A R P E R.

Why thou art as mufty as a new marry'd Man, that had found his Wife knowing the firft Night.

H E A R T W E L L.

Hell, and the Devil! Does he know it? But, hold——If he fhould not, I were a Fool to difcover it——I'll difsemble, and try him. [*Afide.*] Ha! ha! ha! Why, *Tom*, Is that fuch an Occafion of Melancholy? Is it fuch an uncommon Mifchief?

S H A R P E R.

No, faith; I believe not.—Few Women, but have their Year of Probation, before they are cloifter'd in the narrow Joys of Wedlock. But, prithee come along with me, or I'll go and have the Lady to myfelf. B'w'y *George*. [*Going.*

H E A R T W E L L.

O Torture! How he racks and tears me!—Death! Shall I own my Shame, or wittingly let him go and whore my Wife? No, that's infupportable—Oh, *Sharper!*

S H A R P E R.

How now?

H E A R T W E L L.

Oh, I am—marry'd.

S H A R P E R.

(Now hold, Spleen.) Marry'd!

L 2

H E A R T-

H E A R T W E L L.

Certainly, irrecoverably marry'd.

S H A R P E R.

Heav'n forbid, Man! How long?

H E A R T W E L L.

Oh, an Age, an Age! I have been marry'd these two Hours.

S H A R P E R.

My old Batchelor marry'd! That were a Jest. Ha! ha! ha!

H E A R T W E L L.

Death! D'ye mock me? Hark ye, if either you esteem my Friendship, or your own Safety — Come not near that House — that Corner-House — that hot Brothel. Ask no Questions.

S H A R P E R.

Mad, by this Light.

Thus Grief still treads upon the Heels of Pleasure:

Marry'd in Haste, we may repent at Leisure.



S C E N E IX.

S H A R P E R, S E T T E R.

S E T T E R.

SOME by Experience find those Words misplac'd:

At Leisure marry'd, they repent in Haste.

As

As I suppose my Master *Heartwell*.

S H A R P E R.

Here again, my *Mercury*!

S E T T E R.

Sublimate, if you please, Sir: I think my Achievements do deserve the Epithet — *Mercury* was a Pimp too; but, though I blush to own it, at this Time, I must confess I am somewhat fall'n from the Dignity of my Function, and do condescend to be scandalously employ'd in the Promotion of vulgar Matrimony.

S H A R P E R.

As how, dear dexterous Pimp?

S E T T E R.

Why, to be brief, for I have weighty Affairs depending — Our Stratagem succeeded as you intended — *Bluffe* turns ar-rant Traitor; bribes me, to make a private Conveyance of the Lady to him, and put a sham Settlement upon Sir *Joseph*.

S H A R P E R.

O Rogue! Well, but I hope—

S E T T E R.

No, no; never fear me, Sir—I privately inform'd the Knight of the Treachery; who has agreed, seemingly to be cheated, that the Captain may be so in Reality.

S H A R P E R.

Where's the Bride?

S E T T E R.

Shifting Clothes for the Purpose, at a Friend's House of mine. Here's Company coming; if you'll walk this Way, Sir, I'll tell you.



S C E N E X.

B E L L M O U R, B E L I N D A, A R A M I N T A,
and V A I N L O V E.

V A I N L O V E.

OH, 'twas Phrensy all: Cannot you forgive it?—Men in Madness have a Title to your Pity—— [To Araminta.

A R A M I N T A.

——Which they forfeit, when they are restor'd to their Senses.

V A I N L O V E.

I am not presuming beyond a Pardon.

A R A M I N T A.

You who cou'd reproach me with one counterfeit, how insolent would a real Pardon make you! But there's no Need to forgive what is not worth my Anger.

B E L I N D A.

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BELINDA.

O'my Conscience, I cou'd find in my Heart to marry thee, purely to be rid of thee—At least, thou art so troublesome a Lover, there's Hopes thou'lt make a more than ordinary quiet Husband.

[*To Bellmour.*]

BELLMOUR.

Say you so? — Is that a Maxim among ye?

BELINDA.

Yes: You fluttering Men of the Mode have made Marriage a mere *French Dish*.

BELLMOUR.

I hope there's no *French Sauce*. [*Aside.*]

BELINDA.

You are so curious in the Preparation, that is, your Courtship, one wou'd think you meant a noble Entertainment — But when we come to feed, 'tis all Froth, and poor, but in Show. Nay, often, only Remains, which have been, I know not how many Times, warm'd for other Company, and at last serv'd up cold to the Wife.

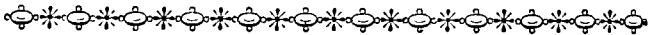
BELLMOUR.

That were a miserable Wretch indeed, who could not afford one warm Dish for the Wife of his Bosom——But you timorous Virgins form a dreadful Chimæra of

a Husband, as of a Creature contrary to that soft, humble, pliant, easy Thing, a Lover; so guesses at Plagues in Matrimony, in Opposition to the Pleasures of Courtship. Alas! Courtship to Marriage, is but as the Music in the Playhouse, 'till the Curtain's drawn; but that once up, then opens the Scene of Pleasure.

BELINDA.

Oh, foh —— no: Rather, Courtship to Marriage, is as a very witty Prologue to a very dull Play.



S C E N E XI.

[*To them*] SHARPER.

SHARPER.

HIST, — *Bellmour*: If you'll bring the Ladies, make Haste to *Sylvia's* Lodgings, before *Heartwell* has fretted himself out of Breath. —

BELLMOUR.

You have an Opportunity now, Madam, to revenge yourself upon *Heartwell*, for affronting your Squirrel. [*To Belinda.*

BELINDA.

O the filthy rude Beast!

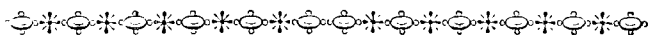
ARAMINTA.

ARAMINTA.

'Tis a lasting Quarrel: I think he has never been at our House since.

BELLMOUR.

But give yourselves the Trouble to walk to that Corner-House, and I'll tell you by the Way what may divert and surprize you.



S C E N E XII.

S C E N E, SYLVIA'S Lodgings.

HEARTWELL and BOY.

HEARTWELL.

GONE forth, say you, with her Maid?
BOY.

There was a Man too that fetch'd 'em out—*Setter*, I think they call'd him.

HEARTWELL.

So—h—— That precious Pimp too —
Damn'd, damn'd Strumpet? Cou'd she not contain herself on her Wedding Day! Not hold out 'till Night! O cursed State! How wide we err, when, apprehensive of the Load of Life,

—————*We*

————— *We hope to find*

That Help which Nature meant in Womankind,
To Man that Supplemental Self design'd;
But proves a burning Caustic when apply'd:
And Adam, sure, cou'd with more Ease abide
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride.



S C E N E XIII.

[*To him*] BELLMOUR, BELINDA, VAIN-
 LOVE, ARAMINTA.

BELLMOUR.

NOW *George*, what, Rhyming! I thought
 the Chimes of Verse were past, when
 once the doleful Marriage Knell was rung.

HEARTWELL.

Shame and Confusion! I am expos'd.

[*Vainlove and Araminta talk apart.*

BELINDA.

Joy, Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom*; I give you Joy,
 Sir.

HEARTWELL.

'Tis not in thy Nature to give me Joy—
 A Woman can as soon give Immortality.

BELINDA.

Ha! ha! ha! O Gad, Men grow such
 Clowns when they are married——

BELL-

B E L L M O U R.

That they are fit for no Company but their Wives.

B E L I N D A.

Nor for them neither, in a little Time— I swear, at the Month's End, you shall hardly find a married Man, that will do a civil Thing to his Wife, or say a civil Thing to any Body else. How he looks already. Ha! ha! ha.

B E L L M O U R.

Ha! ha! ha!

H E A R T W E L L.

Death! Am I made your Laughing-Stock? For you, Sir, I shall find a Time; but take off your Wasp here, or the Clown may grow boisterous. I have a Fly-Flap.

B E L I N D A.

You have Occasion for't, your Wife has been blown upon.

B E L L M O U R.

That's home.

H E A R T W E L L.

Not Fiends or Furies could have added to my Vexation, or any Thing, but another Woman—You've rack'd my Patience; be gone, or by ——

B E L L-

B E L L M O U R.

Hold, hold. What the Devil, thou wilt not draw upon a Woman?

V A I N L O V E.

What's the Matter?

A R A M I N T A.

Bless me! What have you done to him?

B E L I N D A.

Only touch'd a gall'd Beast 'till he winch'd.

V A I N L O V E.

Bellmour, give it over; you vex him too much? 'Tis all serious to him.

B E L I N D A.

Nay, I swear, I begin to pity him, myself.

H E A R T W E L L.

Damn your Pity — But let me be calm a little — How have I deserv'd this of you? Any of ye? Sir, have I impair'd the Honor of your House, promis'd your Sister Marriage, and whor'd her? Wherein have I injur'd you? Did I bring a Physician to your Father when he lay expiring, and endeavour to prolong his Life, and you one and twenty? Madam, have I had an Opportunity with you and balk'd it? Did you ever offer me the Favor that I refus'd it? Or —

B E L I N D A.

BELINDA.

Oh foh! What does the filthy Fellow mean? Lard, let me be gone.

ARAMINTA.

Hang me, if I pity you; you are right enough ferv'd.

BELLMOUR.

This is a little scurrilous tho'.

VAINLOVE.

Nay, 'tis a Sore of your own scratching—
Well, *George*, ——

HEARTWELL.

You are the principal Cause of all my present Ills. If *Sylvia* had not been your Mistress, my Wife might have been honest.

VAINLOVE.

And if *Sylvia* had not been your Wife, my Mistress might have been just—There, we are even — But have a good Heart, I heard of your Misfortune, and come to your Relief.

HEARTWELL.

When Execution's over, you offer a Reprieve.

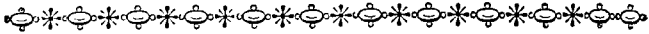
VAINLOVE.

What would you give?

HEARTWELL.

Oh! Any Thing, every Thing, a Leg or two, or an Arm; nay, I would be divorced

vorced from my Virility, to be divorced from my Wife.



S C E N E XIV.

[*To them*] S H A R P E R.

V A I N L O V E.

FAITH, that's a sure Way—But here's one can sell you Freedom better cheap.

S H A R P E R.

Vainlove, I have been a kind of a Godfather to you, yonder. I have promised and vow'd some Things in your Name, which I think you are bound to perform.

V A I N L O V E.

No signing to a Blank, Friend.

S H A R P E R.

No, I'll deal fairly with you — 'Tis a full and free Discharge to Sir *Joseph Wittoll* and Captain *Bluffe*; for all Injuries whatsoever, done unto you by them, until the present Date hereof — How say you?

V A I N L O V E.

Agreed.

S H A R P E R.

Then, let me beg these Ladies to wear their
their

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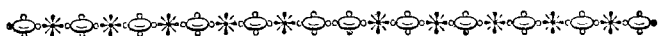
their Masks a Moment. Come in, Gentlemen and Ladies.

H E A R T W E L L.

What the Devil's all this to me?

V A I N L O V E.

Patience.



S C E N E *The Last.*

[*To them*] Sir JOSEPH WITTOLL, BLUFFE,
SYLVIA, LUCY, SETTER.

B L U F F E.

A LL Injuries whatsoever, Mr. *Sharper*.
Sir JOSEPH.

Ay, ay, whatsoever, Captain, stick to that; whatsoever.

S H A R P E R.

'Tis done, these Gentlemen are Witnesses to the general Release.

V A I N L O V E.

Ay, ay, to this instant Moment—I have pass'd an Act of Oblivion.

B L U F F E.

'Tis very generous, Sir, since I needs must own ——

Sir JOSEPH.

No, no, Captain, you need not own, heh!

heh! heh! heh! 'Tis I must own ——

B L U F F E.

——That you are over-reach'd too, ha! ha! ha! only a little Art-military used — only undermined, or so, as shall appear by the fair *Araminta*, my Wife's Permission. Oh, the Devil! cheated at last! [*Lucy unmask.*

Sir J O S E P H.

Only a little Art-military Trick, Captain, only countermin'd, or so—Mr. *Vainlove*, I suppose you know whom I have got now,—but all's forgiven.

V A I N L O V E.

I know whom you have not got; pray Ladies convince him.

[*Araminta and Belinda unmask.*

Sir J O S E P H.

Ah! O Lord, my Heart aches——Ah! *Setter*, a Rogue of all Sides.

S H A R P E R.

Sir *Joseph*, you had better have pre-engag'd this Gentleman's Pardon: For though *Vainlove* be so generous to forgive the Loss of his Mistress—I know not how *Heartwell* may take the Loss of his Wife.

[*Sylvia unmask.*

H E A R T W E L L.

My Wife! By this Light 'tis she, the very Cockatrice —— Oh *Sharper*! Let me embrace

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embrace thee — But art thou fure ſhe is really married to him?

S E T T E R.

Really and lawfully married, I am Witnefs.

S H A R P E R.

Bellmour will unriddle to you.

[*Heartwell goes to Bellmour.*

Sir J O S E P H.

Pray, Madam, who are you? For I find you and I are like to be better acquainted.

S Y L V I A.

The worſt of me, is, that I am your Wife ——

S H A R P E R.

Come, *Sir Joſeph*, your Fortune is not ſo bad as you fear — A fine Lady, and a Lady of very good Quality.

Sir J O S E P H.

Thanks to my Knighthood, ſhe's a Lady ——

V A I N L O V E.

That deſerves a Fool with a better Title—Pray uſe her as my Relation, or you ſhall hear on't.

B L U F F E.

What, are you a Woman of Quality too, Spouſe?

S E T T E R.

And my Relation; pray let her be respected accordingly — Well, honest *Lucy*, fare thee well — I think, you and I have been Play-fellows off and on, any Time this seven Years.

L U C Y.

Hold your prating—I'm thinking what Vocation I shall follow while my Spouse is planting Laurels in the Wars.

B L U F F E.

No more Wars, Spouse, no more Wars— While I plant Laurels for my Head abroad, I may find the Branches sprout at home.

H E A R T W E L L.

Bellmour, I approve thy Mirth, and thank thee—And I cannot in Gratitude (for I see which Way thou art going) see thee fall into the same Snare, out of which thou hast deliver'd me.

B E L L M O U R.

I thank thee, *George*, for thy good Intention — But there is a Fatality in Marriage—For I find I'm resolute.

H E A R T W E L L.

Then good Counsel will be thrown away upon you—For my Part, I have once escap'd—And when I wed again, may she be — Ugly, as an old Bawd —

V A I N-

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VAINLOVE.

Ill-natur'd as an old Maid ——

BELLMOUR.

Wanton as a young Widow ——

SHARPER.

And jealous as a barren Wife.

HEARTWELL.

Agreed.

BELLMOUR.

Well; 'midst of these dreadful Denunciations, and notwithstanding the Warning and Example before me, I commit myself to lasting Durance.

BELINDA.

Prisoner, make much of your Fetters.

[*Giving her Hand.*]

BELLMOUR.

Frank, will you keep us in Countenance?

VAINLOVE.

May I presume to hope so great a Blessing?

ARAMINTA.

We had better take the Advantage of a little of our Friends Experience first.

BELLMOUR.

O' my Conscience, she dares not consent, for fear he should recant. [*Aside.*] Well, we shall have your Company to Church in the Morning — May be it may get you

M 2

an

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an Appetite to see us all fall to before ye.
Setter, did not you tell me? ——

S E T T E R.

They're at the Door: I'll call 'em in.

A D A N C E.

B E L L M O U R.

Now set we forward on a Journey for
Life—Come, take your Fellow-Travellers.
Old *George*, I'm sorry to see thee still plod
on alone.

H E A R T W E L L.

With gaudy Plumes and gingling Bells
made proud,
The youthful Beast sets forth, and neighs
aloud.

A Morning Sun his tinsell'd Harnests gilds,
And the first Stage a down-hill Green-
sward yields.

But, Oh ——

What rugged Ways attend the Noon of
Life! }

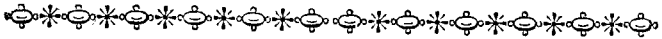
(Our Sun declines) and with what anxi-
ous Strife, }

What Pain, we tug that galling Load, a
Wife. }

All Coursers the first Heat with Vigor run;
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is
won.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

E P I-



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

A S a rash Girl, who will all Hazards run,
 And be enjoy'd, tho' sure to be undone;
 Soon as her Curiosity is over,
 Would give the World she could her Toy recover:
 So fares it with our Poet; and I'm sent
 To tell you, he already does repent: }
 Would you were all as forward, to keep Lent. }
 Now the Deed's done, the giddy Thing has Leisure
 To think o'th' Sting, that's in the Tail of Pleasure.
 Methinks I hear him in Consideration! }
 What will the World say? Where's my Reputation? }
 Now that's at Stake—No, Fool, 'tis out o' Fashion. }
 If Loss of that should follow Want of Wit,
 How many Undone Men were in the Pit!
 Why that's some Comfort to an Author's Fears,
 If he's an Ass, he will be try'd by's Peers.

E P I L O G U E.

*But hold—I am exceeding my Commission;
My Business here, was humbly to Petition:
But we're so us'd to rail on these Occasions,
I could not help one Trial of your Patience:
For 'tis our Way (you know) for fear o'th' worst,
To be beforehand still, and cry Fool first.
How say you, Sparks? How do you stand affected?
I swear, young Bays within, is so dejected,
'Twou'd grieve your Hearts to see him; shall I
 call him?
But then you cruel Critics would so maul him!
Yet, may be, you'll encourage a Beginner;
But how?—Just as the Devil does a Sinner.
Women and Wits are us'd e'en much at one,
You gain your End, and damn 'em when you've
 done.*



J. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignouon sculp.

The Double Dealer.

T H E
D O U B L E D E A L E R.

A
C O M E D Y.



Interdum tamen, et vocem Comœdia tollit.

Hor. Ars Poet.

*Huic equidem Consilio palmam do: hic me magnificè
effero, qui vim tantam in me et potestatem habeam
tantæ astutiæ, vera dicendo ut eos ambos fallam.*

Syr. in Terent. Heaut.



Printed in the YEAR MDCC LXI.



To the Right Honorable

CHARLES MONTAGUE,

ONE OF THE

Lords of the Treasury.

S I R,

I Heartily wish this Play were as perfect as I intended it, that it might be more worthy your Acceptance; and that my Dedication of it to you, might be more becoming that Honor and Esteem which I, with every Body, who is so fortunate as to know you, have for you. It had your Countenance when yet unknown; and
now

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

now it is made public, it wants your Protection.

I would not have any Body imagine, that I think this Play without its Faults, for I am conscious of several. I confes I desigh'd (whatever Vanity or Ambition occasion'd that Desigh) to have written a true and regular Comedy: But I found it an Undertaking which put me in mind of——*Sudet multum, frustra que laboret ausus idem.* And now to make Amends for the Vanity of such a Desigh, I do confes both the Attempt, and the imperfect Performance. Yet I must take the Boldness to say, I have not miscarried in the Whole; for the Mechanical Part of it is regular. That I may say with as little Vanity, as a Builder may say he has built a House according to the Model laid down before him; or a Gardener that he has set his Flowers in a Knot of such or such a Figure. I desigh'd the Moral first, and to that Moral I invented the Fable, and do not know that I have borrow'd one Hint
of

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

of it any where. I made the Plot as strong as I could, because it was single, and I made it single, because I would avoid Confusion, and was resolved to preserve the three Unities of the Drama. Sir, this Discourse is very impertinent to you, whose Judgment much better can discern the Faults, than I can excuse them; and whose Good-nature, like that of a Lover, will find out those hidden Beauties (if there are any such) which it would be great Immodesty for me to discover. I think I don't speak improperly when I call you a *Lover* of Poetry; for it is very well known she has been a very kind Mistress to you; she has not denied you the last Favor; and she has been fruitful to you in a most beautiful Issue — If I break off abruptly here, I hope every Body will understand that it is to avoid a Commendation, which, as it is your Due, would be most easy for me to pay, and too troublesome for you to receive.

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

I have, since the acting of this Play, hearken'd after the Objections which have been made to it; for I was conscious where true Critic might have put me upon my Defence. I was prepared for the Attack; and am pretty confident I could have vindicated some Parts, and excused others; and where there were any plain Miscarriages, I would most ingenuously have confess'd 'em. But I have not heard any Thing said sufficient to provoke an Answer. That which looks most like an Objection, does not relate in particular to this Play, but to all or most that ever have been written; and that is Soliloquy. Therefore I will answer it, not only for my own Sake, but to save others the Trouble, to whom it may hereafter be objected.

I grant, that for a Man to talk to himself, appears absurd and unnatural; and indeed it is so in most Cases; but the Circumstances which may attend the Occasion, make great Alteration. It oftentimes
happens

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

happens to a Man, to have Designs which require him to himself, and in their Nature cannot admit of a Confident. Such, for certain, is all Villainy; and other less mischievous Intentions may be very improper to be communicated to a second Person. In such a Case therefore the Audience must observe, whether the Person upon the Stage takes any Notice of them at all, or no. For if he supposes any one to be by, when he talks to himself, it is monstrous and ridiculous to the last Degree. Nay, not only in this Case, but in any Part of a Play, if there is expressed any Knowledge of an Audience, it is insufferable. But otherwise, when a Man in Soliloquy reasons with himself, and *Pro's* and *Cons*, and weighs all his Designs: We ought not to imagine that this Man either talks to us, or to himself; he is only thinking, and thinking such Matter as were inexcusable Folly in him to speak. But because we are conceal'd Spectators of the Plot in Agitation, and the
Poet

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Poet finds it necessary to let us know the whole Myſtery of his Contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this Perſon's Thoughts; and to that End is forced to make Uſe of the Expedient of Speech, no other better Way being yet invented for the Communication of Thought.

Another very wrong Objection has been made by ſome who have not taken Leiſure to diſtinguiſh the Characters. The Hero of the Play, as they are pleas'd to call him, (meaning *Mellefont*) is a Gull, and made a Fool, and cheated. Is every Man a Gull and a Fool that is deceiv'd? At that Rate I'm afraid the two Claſſes of Men will be reduced to one, and the Knaves themſelves be at a Loſs to juſtify their Title: But if an open-hearted honeſt Man, who has an entire Confidence in one whom he takes to be his Friend, and whom he has oblig'd to be ſo; and who (to confirm him in his Opinion) in all Appearance, and upon ſeveral Trials has been ſo: If this Man be deceiv'd by the
Treachery

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Treachery of the other; must he of Necessity commence Fool immediately, only because the other has prov'd a Villain? Ay, but there was Caution given to *Mellefont* in the first Act by his Friend *Careless*. Of what Nature was that Caution? Only to give the Audience some Light into the Character of *Maskwell*, before his Appearance; and not to convince *Mellefont* of his Treachery; for that was more than *Careless* was then able to do: He never knew *Maskwell* guilty of any Villainy; he was only a Sort of Man which he did not like. As for his suspecting his Familiarity with my Lady *Touchwood*: Let 'em examine the Answer that *Mellefont* makes him, and compare it with the Conduct of *Maskwell's* Character through the Play.

I would beg 'em again to look into the Character of *Maskwell*, before they accuse *Mellefont* of Weakness for being deceiv'd by him. For upon summing up the Enquiry into this Objection, it may be found they

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

they have mistaken Cunning in one Character, for Folly in another.

But there is one Thing, at which I am more concerned than all the false Criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the Ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it, for I declare I would rather disoblige all the Critics in the World, than one of the Fair Sex. They are concerned that I have represented some Women vicious and affected: How can I help it? It is the Business of a Comic Poet to paint the Vices and Follies of Humankind; and there are but two Sexes, Male, and Female, *Men*, and *Women*, which have a Title to Humanity: And if I leave one Half of them out, the Work will be imperfect. I should be very glad of an Opportunity to make my Compliment to those Ladies who are offended: But they can no more expect it in a Comedy, than to be tickled by a Surgeon, when he's letting 'em Blood. They who are virtuous or discreet, should not be offended; for
such

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

such Characters as these distinguish *them*, and make their Beauties more shining and observ'd: And they who are of the other Kind may nevertheless pass for such, by seeming not to be displeas'd, or touch'd with the Satire of this *Comedy*. Thus have they also wrongfully accus'd me of doing them a Prejudice, when I have in Reality done them a Service.

You will pardon me, Sir, for the Freedom I take of making Answers to other People, in an Epistle which ought wholly to be sacred to you: But since I intend the Play to be so too, I hope I may take the more Liberty of justifying it, where it is in the Right.

I must now, Sir, declare to the World, how kind you have been to my Endeavours; for in Regard of what was well meant, you have excus'd what was ill perform'd. I beg you would continue the same Method in your Acceptance of this Dedication. I know no other Way of making a Return to that Humanity you

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

show'd, in protecting an Infant, but by enrolling it in your Service, now that it is of Age and come into the World. Therefore be pleas'd to accept of this as an Acknowledgment of the Favor you have shewn me, and an Earnest of the real Service and Gratitude of,

S I R,

Your Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.



To my Dear Friend

Mr. C O N G R E V E,

On his C O M E D Y, call'd,

The Double Dealer.

WELL then; the promis'd Hour is come
at last;

The present Age of Wit obscures the past:

*Strong were our Sires; and as they Fought they
Writ,*

*Conqu'ring with Force of Arms, and Dint of Wit:
Theirs was the Giant Race, before the Flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our Empire
stood.*

*Like Janus he the stubborn Soil manur'd,
With Rules of Husbandry the Rankness cur'd:
Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude;
And boist'rous English Wit, with Art endu'd.*

To Mr. CONGREVE.

*Our Age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in Skill, we lost in Strength.
Our Builders were, with Want of Genius, curst;
The Second Temple was not like the First:
'Till You, the best Vitruvius, come at length;
Our Beauties equal; but excel our Strength.
Firm Doric Pillars found your solid Base: }
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher Space; }
Thus all below is Strength, and all above is }
Grace.*

*In easy Dialogue is Fletcher's Praise:
He mov'd the Mind, but had not Pow'r to raise.
Great Johnson did by Strength of Judgment
please:
Yet doubling Fletcher's Force, he wants his Ease.
In diff'ring Talents both adorn'd their Age;
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in Judgment, both o'ermatch'd in
Wit.*

*In him all Beauties of this Age we see; }
Etherege his Courtship, Southern's Purity; }
The Satire, Wit, and Strength of manly Wi- }
cherly.*

All

To Mr. CONG R E V E.

*All this in blooming Youth you have achiev'd ;
Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd ;
So much the Sweetness of your Manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.*

*Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless Consul made against the Law,
And join his Suffrage to the Votes of Rome ;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's Fame ;
And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became.*

*Oh that your Brows my Laurel had sustain'd,
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd !
The Father had descended for the Son ;
For only You are lineal to the Throne.
Thus when the State one Edward did depose ;
A greater Edward in his Room arose.
But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd ;
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.
But let 'em not mistake my Patron's Part ;
Nor call his Charity their own Desert.
Yet this I prophesy ; Thou shalt be seen,
(Tho' with some short Parenthesis between :)
High on the Throne of Wit ; and seated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy Laurel wear.*

To Mr. CONG R E V E.

*Thy first Attempt an early Promise made ;
That early Promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least Praise, is to be regular.
Time, Place, and Action, may with Pains be
wrought,
But Genius must be born ; and never can be
taught.*

*This is Your Portion ; this Your Native Store ;
Heav'n, that but once was Prodigal before, }
To Shakespear gave as much ; she cou'd not }
give him more.*

*Maintain your Post : That's all the Fame you
need ;*

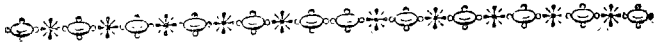
*For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.
Already I am worn with Cares and Age ;
And just abandoning th' ungrateful Stage :
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence,
I live a Rent-charge on his Providence :
But You, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better Fortune born,
Be kind to my Remains ; and oh defend,
Against your Judgment, your departed Friend !*

Let

To Mr. CONGREVE.

*Let not th' insulting Foe my Fame pursue ;
But shade those Laurels which descend to You :
And take for Tribute what these Lines express :
You merit more ; nor cou'd my Love do less.*

JOHN DRYDEN.



P R O L O - G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

MOOORS *have this Way (as Story tells) to*
know

*Whether their Brats are truly got, or no;
Into the Sea the New-born Babe is thrown,
There, as Instinct directs, to swim, or drown.
A barbarous Device, to try if Spouse
Has kept religiously her Nuptial Vows.*

*Such are the Trials, Poets make of Plays:
Only they trust to more inconstant Seas;
So does our Author, this his Child commit
To the tempestuous Mercy of the Pit,
To know if it be truly born of Wit.*

*Critics avaunt; for you are Fish of Prey,
And feed, like Sharks, upon an Infant Play.
Be ev'ry Monster of the Deep away;
Let's a fair Trial have and a clear Sea.*

Let

P R O L O G U E.

Let Nature work, and do not Damn too soon,
For Life will struggle long, ere it sink down:
And will at least rise thrice, before it drown. }
Let us consider, had it been our Fate,
Thus hardly to be prov'd Legitimate!
I will not say, we'd all in Danger been,
Were each to suffer for his Mother's Sin:
But by my Troth I cannot avoid thinking,
How nearly some good Men might have 'scap'd
sinking.

But, Heav'n be prais'd, this Custom is confin'd
Alone to th' Offspring of the Muses Kind:
Our Christian Cuckolds are more bent to Pity;
I know not one Moor Husband in the City.
I th' good Man's Arms the chopping Bastard
thrives,
For he thinks all his own, that is his Wife's.

Whatever Fate is for this Play design'd,
The Poet's sure he shall some Comfort find:
For if his Muse has play'd him false, the worst
That can befall him, is, to be divorc'd;
You Husbands Judge, if that be to be curs'd. }

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Maskwell</i> , a Villain; pretended Friend to <i>Mellefont</i> , Gallant to Lady <i>Touchwood</i> , and in Love with <i>Cynthia</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Lord <i>Touchwood</i> , Uncle to <i>Mellefont</i> .		Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Mellefont</i> , promised to, and in Love with <i>Cynthia</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Careless</i> , his Friend.		Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
Lord <i>Froth</i> , a solemn Coxcomb.		Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Briek</i> , a pert Coxcomb.		Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
Sir <i>Paul Plyant</i> , an uxorious, foolish old Knight; Brother to Lady <i>Touch-</i> <i>wood</i> , and Father to <i>Cynthia</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .

W O M E N.

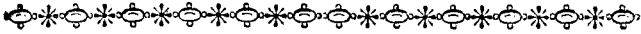
Lady <i>Touchwood</i> , in Love with <i>Mellefont</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Cynthia</i> , Daughter to Sir <i>Paul</i> by a for- mer Wife, promised to <i>Mellefont</i> .		Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
Lady <i>Froth</i> , a great Coquet; Pretender to Poetry, Wit, and Learning.	}	Mrs. <i>Mountfort</i> .
Lady <i>Plyant</i> , insolent to her Husband, and easy to any Pretender.		Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .

Chaplain, Boy, Footmen, and Attendants.

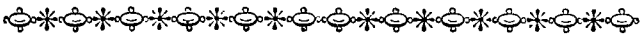
The S C E N E, A Gallery in the Lord
Touchwood's House, with Chambers ad-
joining.

T H E

(187)



T H E
DOUBLE DEALER.



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

*A Gallery in the Lord TOUCHWOOD'S
House, with Chambers adjoining.*

*Enter CARELESS, crossing the Stage, with
his Hat, Gloves, and Sword in his Hands;
as just risen from Table: MELLEFONT
following him.*

MELLEFONT.

NE D, Ned, whither so fast? What,
turn'd Flincher! Why, you wo'not
leave us?

CARELESS.

Where are the Women? I'm weary of
guzzling, and begin to think them the bet-
ter Company.

MEL-

MELLEFONT.

Then thy Reason staggers and thou'rt almost drunk.

CARELESS.

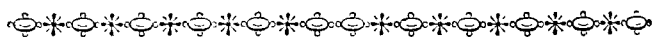
No, Faith, but your Fools grow noisy—and if a Man must endure the Noise of Words without Sense, I think the Women have more musical Voices, and become Nonsense better.

MELLEFONT.

Why, they are at the End of the Gallery; retir'd to their Tea, and Scandal; according to their ancient Custom, after Dinner.—But I made a Pretence to follow you, because I had Something to say to you in private, and I am not like to have many Opportunities this Evening.

CARELESS.

And here's this Coxcomb most critically come to interrupt you.



S C E N E II.

[To them] BRISK.

BRISK.

BOYS, Boys, Lads, where are you?
What, do you give Ground? Mort-
gage

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gage for a Bottle, ha? *Careless*, this is your Trick; you're always spoiling Company by leaving it.

CARELESS.

And thou art always spoiling Company by coming into it.

BRISK.

Pooh! ha! ha! ha! I know you envy me. Spite, proud Spite, by the Gods! and burning Envy—I'll be judg'd by *Mellefont* here, who gives and takes Rallery better, you or I. Pshaw, Man, when I say you spoil Company by leaving it, I mean you leave Nobody for the Company to laugh at. I think there I was with you; ha, *Mellefont*?

MELLEFONT.

O' my Word, *Brisk*, that was a home Thrust; you have silenc'd him.

BRISK.

Oh, my dear *Mellefont*, let me perish, if thou art not the Soul of Conversation, the very Effence of Wit, and Spirit of Wine.—The Deuce take me if there were three good Things said, or one understood, since thy Amputation from the Body of our Society.—Heh! I think that's pretty and metaphorical enough: I'Gad I could not have said it out of thy Company—*Careless*, ha?

CARE-

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CARELESS.

Hum, ay, what is't?

BRISK.

O, *Mon Cœur!* What is't! Nay Gad I'll punish you for Want of Apprehension: The Deuce take me if I tell you.

MELLEFONT.

No, no, hang him, he has no Taste, — But, dear *Brisk*, excuse me, I have a little Business.

CARELESS.

Prithee get thee gone; thou see'st we are serious.

MELLEFONT.

We'll come immediately, if you'll but go in, and keep up good Humor and Sense in the Company: Prithee do, they'll fall asleep else.

BRISK.

I'Gad so they will—Well I will, I will; Gad, you shall command me from the *Zenith* to the *Nadir*.—But the Deuce take me if I say a good Thing 'till you come. — But prithee dear Rogue, make Haste, prithee make Haste, I shall burst else.—And yonder's your Uncle, my Lord *Touchwood*, swears he'll disinherit you, and Sir *Paul Plyant* threatens to disclaim you for a Son in Law, and my Lord *Froth* won't dance at your
Wedding

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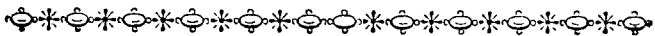
Wedding to Morrow; nor, the Deuce take me, I won't write your Epithalamium — and see what a Condition you're like to be brought to.

MELLEFONT.

Well, I'll speak but three Words, and follow you.

B R I S K.

Enough, enough; *Careless*, bring your Apprehension along with you.



S C E N E III.

MELLEFONT, CARELESS.

CARELESS.

P E R T Coxcomb!

MELLEFONT.

Faith 'tis a good-natur'd Coxcomb, and has very entertaining Follies — You must be more humane to him; at this Juncture, it will do me Service. — I'll tell you, I would have Mirth continued this Day at any Rate; tho' Patience purchase Folly, and Attention be paid with Noise: There are Times when Sense may be unseasonable, as well as Truth. Prithee do thou wear none to Day; but allow *Brisk* to have Wit, that thou may'st seem a Fool.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Why, how now, why this extravagant Propofition?

MELLEFONT.

O, I would have no Room for ferious Defign; for I am jealous of a Plot. I would have Noife and Impertinence keep my Lady *Touchwood's* Head from working: For Hell is not more bufy than her Brain, nor contains more Devils, than that Imaginations.

CARELESS.

I thought your Fear of her had been over——Is not to Morrow appointed for your Marriage with *Cynthia*, and her Father, Sir *Paul Plyant*, come to fettle the Writings this Day, on Purpose?

MELLEFONT.

True; but you fhall judge whether I have not Reafon to be alarm'd. None befides you, and *Maskwell*, are acquainted with the Secret of my Aunt *Touchwood's* violent Paffion for me. Since my firft Refufal of her Addreffes, fhe has endeavour'd to do me all ill Offices with my Uncle; yet has managed 'em with that Subtilty, that to him they have born the Face of Kindnefs; while her Malice, like a dark Lantern, only fhone upon me,
where

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where it was directed. Still it gave me less Perplexity to prevent the Success of her Displeasure, than to avoid the Importunities of her Love; and of two Evils, I thought myself favored in her Aversion: But whether urg'd by her Despair, and the short Prospect of the Time she saw, to accomplish her Designs; whether the Hopes of Revenge, or of her Love, terminated in the View of this my Marriage with *Cynthia*, I know not; but this Morning she surpris'd me in my Bed. —

CARELESS.

Was there ever such a Fury! 'tis well Nature has not put it into her Sex's Power to ravish.—Well, bless us! proceed. What follow'd?

MELLEFONT.

What at first amaz'd me; for I look'd to have seen her in all the Transports of a slighted and revengeful Woman: But, when I expected Thunder from her Voice, and Lightning in her Eyes; I saw her melted into Tears, and hush'd into a Sigh. It was long before either of us spoke, Passion had ty'd her Tongue, and Amazement mine. — In short, the Consequence was thus: She omitted Nothing that the most violent Love could urge, or tender

O

Words

Words exprefs; which when ſhe ſaw had no Effect, but ſtill I pleaded Honor and Nearneſs of Blood to my Uncle; then came the Storm I fear'd at firſt: For, ſtarting from my Bed-ſide like a Fury, ſhe flew to my Sword, and with much ado I prevented her doing me or herſelf a Miſchief: Having diſarm'd her, in a Guſt of Paſſion ſhe left me, and in a Reſolution, confirm'd by a thouſand Curſes, not to cloſe her Eyes, 'till they had ſeen my Ruin.

CARELESS.

Exquiſite Woman! But what the Devil, does ſhe think thou haſt no more Senſe, than to get an Heir upon her Body to diſinherit thyſelf: For as I take it, this Settlement upon you, is, with a Proviſo, that your Uncle have no Children.

MELLEFONT.

It is ſo. Well, the Service you are to do me, will be a Pleaſure to yourſelf: I muſt get you to engage my Lady *Plyant* all this Evening, that my pious Aunt may not work her to her Intereſt. And if you chance to ſecure her to yourſelf, you may incline her to mine. She's handſome, and knows it; is very ſilly, and thinks ſhe has Senſe, and has an old fond Huſband.

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CARELESS.

I confess, a very fair Foundation, for a Lover to build upon.

MELLEFONT.

For my Lord *Froth*, he and his Wife will be sufficiently taken up, with admiring one another, and *Brisks*' Gallantry, as they call it. I'll observe my Uncle myself; and *Jack Maskwell* has promised me, to watch my Aunt narrowly, and give me Notice upon any Suspicion. As for Sir *Paul*, my wife Father in Law that is to be, my dear *Cynthia* has such a Share in his Fatherly Fondness, he would scarce make her a Moment uneasy, to have her happy hereafter.

CARELESS.

So, you have mann'd your Works: But I wish you may not have the weakest Guard, where the Enemy is strongest.

MELLEFONT.

Maskwell, you mean; prithee why should you suspect him?

CARELESS.

Faith I cannot help it, you know I never lik'd him; I am a little superstitious in Physiognomy.

MELLEFONT.

He has Obligations of Gratitude, to
O 2 bind

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bind him to me; his Dependance upon my Uncle is through my Means.

CARELESS.

Upon your Aunt, you mean.

MELLEFONT.

My Aunt!

CARELESS.

I'm mistaken if there be not a Familiarity between them, you do not suspect: Notwithstanding her Passion for you.

MELLEFONT.

Pooh, pooh, Nothing in the World but his Design to do me Service; and he endeavours to be well in her Esteem, that he may be able to effect it.

CARELESS.

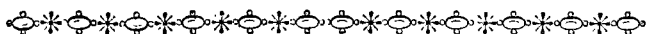
Well, I shall be glad to be mistaken; but, your Aunt's Aversion in her Revenge, cannot be any Way so effectually shown, as in bringing forth a Child to disinherit you. She is handsome and cunning, and naturally wanton. *Maskwell* is Flesh and Blood at best, and Opportunities between them are frequent. His Affection to you, you have confessed, is grounded upon his Interest; that you have transplanted; and should it take Root in my Lady, I don't see what you can expect from the Fruit.

MEL-

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MELLEFONT.

I confess the Consequence is visible; were your Suspicions just — But see, the Company is broke up, let's meet 'em.



S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] Lord TOUCHWOOD, Lord FROTH,
Sir PAUL PLYANT, BRISK.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

OUT upon't, Nephew — Leave your Father in Law, and me, to maintain our Ground against young People.

MELLEFONT.

I beg your Lordship's Pardon — We were just returning. —

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Were you, Son? Gadsbud much better as it is — Good, strange! I swear I'm almost tipfy — t'other Bottle would have been too powerful for me, — as sure as can be it would. — We wanted your Company: But Mr. *Brisk* — Where is he? I swear and vow, he's a most facetious Person — and the best Company. — And, my Lord *Froth*, your Lordship is so merry a Man, he! he! he!

Lord FROTH.

O foy, Sir *Paul*, what do you mean?

O 3

Merry!

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Merry! O barbarous! I'd as lieve you call'd me Fool.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Nay, I protest and vow now, 'tis true; when Mr. *Brisk* jokes, your Lordship's Laugh does so become you, he! he! he!

Lord FROTH.

Ridiculous! *Sir Paul*, you're strangely mistaken. I find Champagne is powerful. I assure you, *Sir Paul*, I laugh at no Body's Jest but my own, or a Lady's; I assure you, *Sir Paul*.

B R I S K.

How? how, my Lord? what, affront my Wit? Let me perish, do I never say any Thing worthy to be laugh'd at?

Lord FROTH.

O foy, don't misapprehend me, I don't say so, for I often smile at your Conceptions. But there is Nothing more unbecoming a Man of Quality, than to Laugh; 'tis such a vulgar Expression of the Passion! every Body can laugh. Then especially to laugh at the Jest of an inferior Person, or when any Body else of the same Quality does not laugh with one; ridiculous! To be pleased with what pleases the Crowd! Now when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

B R I S K.

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B R I S K.

I suppose that's because you laugh at your own Jests, i'Gad, ha! ha! ha!

Lord F R O T H.

He! he! I swear tho', your Rallery provokes me to a Smile.

B R I S K.

Ay, my Lord, it's a Sign I hit you in the Teeth, if you show 'em.

Lord F R O T H.

He! he! he! I swear that's so very pretty, I can't forbear.

C A R E L E S S.

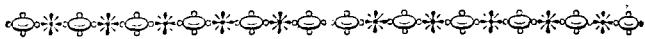
I find a Quibble bears more Sway in your Lordship's Face, than a Jest.

Lord T O U C H W O O D.

Sir *Paul*, if you please we'll retire to the Ladies, and drink a Dish of Tea, to settle our Heads.

Sir P A U L P L Y A N T.

With all my Heart. — Mr. *Brisk*, you'll come to us, — or call me when you joke, I'll be ready to laugh incontinently.



S C E N E V.

MELLEFONT, CARELESS, *Lord FROTH,*
BRISK.

MELLEFONT.

BUT does your Lordship never see
Comedies?

Lord FROTH.

O yes, sometimes,—But I never laugh.

MELLEFONT.

Nó?

Lord FROTH.

Oh, no,—Never laugh indeed, Sir.

CARELESS.

No! why what d'ye go there for?

Lord FROTH.

To distinguish myself from the Commonalty, and mortify the Poets; the Fellows grow so conceited, when any of their foolish Wit prevails upon the Side-Boxes;—I swear,—he! he! he! I have often constrain'd my Inclinations to laugh,—he! he! he! to avoid giving them Encouragement.

MELLEFONT.

You are cruel to yourself, my Lord, as well as malicious to them.

Lord

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Lord FROTH.

I confess I did myself some Violence at first, but now I think I have conquer'd it.

B R I S K.

Let me perish, my Lord, but there is Something very particular in the Humor; 'tis true, it makes against Wit, and I'm sorry for some Friends of mine that write, but—i'Gad, I love to be malicious.—Nay, Deuce take me there's Wit in't too—And Wit must be foil'd by Wit; cut a Diamond with a Diamond; no other Way, i'Gad.

Lord FROTH.

Oh, I thought you would not be long, before you found out the Wit.

C A R E L E S S.

Wit! In what? Where the Devil's the Wit, in not laughing when a Man has a Mind to't.

B R I S K.

O Lord, why can't you find it out?—Why there 'tis, in the not laughing——Don't you apprehend me?—My Lord, *Careless* is a very honest Fellow, but harkee,—you understand me, somewhat heavy, a little shallow, or so.—Why I'll tell you now: Suppose now you come up to me—Nay, prithee *Careless* be instructed. Suppose, as I was saying, you come up to me holding

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holding your Sides, and laughing, as if you would—Well—I look grave, and ask the Cause of this immoderate Mirth.— You laugh on still, and are not able to tell me— Still I look grave, not so much as smile.—

CARELESS.

Smile, no, what the Devil should you smile at, when you suppose I can't tell you?

B R I S K.

Pshaw, pshaw, prithee don't interrupt me—But I tell you, you shall tell me— at last—— But it shall be a great While first.

CARELESS.

Well, but prithee don't let it be a great While, because I long to have it over.

B R I S K.

Well then, you tell me some good Jest, or very witty Thing, laughing all the While as if you were ready to die— and I hear it, and look thus.—Would not you be disappointed?

CARELESS.

No; for if it were a witty Thing, I should not expect you to understand it.

Lord F R O T H.

O foy, Mr. *Careless*, all the World allows
Mr.

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Mr. *Brisk* to have Wit; my Wife says, he has a great deal. I hope you think her a Judge.

B R I S K.

Pooh, my Lord, his Voice goes for Nothing. — I can't tell how to make him apprehend.—Take it t'other Way. Suppose I say a witty Thing to you?

C A R E L E S S.

Then I shall be disappointed indeed.

M E L L E F O N T.

Let him alone, *Brisk*, he is obstinately bent not to be instructed.

B R I S K.

I'm sorry for him, the Deuce take me.

M E L L E F O N T.

Shall we go to the Ladies, my Lord?

Lord F R O T H.

With all my Heart, methinks we are a Solitude without 'em.

M E L L E F O N T.

Or, what say you, to another Bottle of Champagne?

Lord F R O T H.

O, for the Universe, not a Drop more I beseech you. Oh Intemperate! I have a Flushing in my Face already.

[Takes out a Pocket-Glass, and looks in it.]

B R I S K.

B R I S K.

Let me see, let me see, my Lord, I broke my Glass that was in the Lid of my Snuff-Box. Hum! Deuce take me, I have encourag'd a Pimple here too.

[*Takes the Glass and looks.*

Lord F R O T H.

Then you must mortify him with a Patch; my Wife shall supply you. Come, Gentlemen, *allons*, here is Company coming.



S C E N E VI.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

I'LL hear no more. — Y'are false and ungrateful; come, I know you false.

M A S K W E L L.

I have been frail, I confess, Madam, for your Ladyship's Service.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

That I should trust a Man, whom I had known betray his Friend!

M A S K W E L L.

What Friend have I betray'd? Or to whom?

Lady

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Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Your fond Friend *Mellefont*, and to me; can you deny it?

M A S K W E L L.

I do not.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Have you not wrong'd my Lord, who has been a Father to you in your Wants, and given you Being? Have you not wrong'd him in the highest Manner, in his Bed?

M A S K W E L L.

With your Ladyship's Help, and for your Service, as I told you before. I can't deny that neither. — Any Thing more, Madam?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

More! Audacious Villain. O, what's more, is most my Shame, — Have you not dishonor'd me?

M A S K W E L L.

No, that I deny; for I never told in all my Life: So that Accufation's answer'd; on to the next.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Death, do you dally with my Passion? Insolent Devil! But have a Care, — Provoke me not; for, by the Eternal Fire, you shall not 'scape my Vengeance. —

Calm

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Calm Villain! How unconcern'd he stands, confessing Treachery, and Ingratitude! Is there a Vice more black! O I have Excuses, thousands, for my Faults; Fire in my Temper, Passions in my Soul, apt to ev'ry Provocation; oppress'd at once with Love, and with Despair. But a sedate, a thinking Villain, whose black Blood runs temperately bad, what Excuse can clear?

M A S K W E L L.

Will you be in Temper, Madam? I would not talk not to be heard. I have been [*She walks about disorder'd*] a very great Rogue for your Sake, and you reproach me with it; I am ready to be a Rogue still, to do you Service; and you are flinging Conscience and Honor in my Face, to rebate my Inclinations. How am I to behave myself? You know I am your Creature, my Life and Fortune in your Power; to disoblige you, brings me certain Ruin. Allow it, I would betray you; I would not be a Traitor to myself: I don't pretend to Honesty, because you know I am a Rascal: But I would convince you, from the Necessity of my being firm to you.

Lady T O U C H W O O D.

Necessity, Impudence! Can no Gratitude

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tude incline you, no Obligations touch you? Have not my Fortune, and my Person, been subjected to your Pleasure? Were you not in the Nature of a Servant, and have not I in Effect made you Lord of all, of me, and of my Lord? Where is that humble Love, the Languishing, that Adoration, which once was paid me, and everlastingly engaged?

M A S K W E L L.

Fix'd, rooted in my Heart, whence Nothing can remove 'em, yet you——

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Yet, what yet?

M A S K W E L L.

Nay, misconceive me not, Madam, when I say I have had a gen'rous, and a faithful Passion, which you had never favor'd, but through Revenge and Policy.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Ha!

M A S K W E L L.

Look you, Madam, we are alone,—— Pray contain yourself, and hear me. You know you lov'd your Nephew, when I first sigh'd for you; I quickly found it; an Argument that I lov'd; for with that Art you veil'd your Passion, 'twas imperceptible to all but jealous Eyes. This Discovery
very

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very made me bold; I confess it; for by it, I thought you in my Power. Your Nephew's Scorn of you, added to my Hopes; I watch'd the Occasion, and took you, just repulsed by him, warm at once with Love and Indignation; your Disposition, my Arguments, and happy Opportunity, accomplish'd my Design; I press'd the yielding Minute, and was blest'd. How I have lov'd you since, Words have not shewn, then how should Words express?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Well, mollifying Devil! — And have I not met your Love with forward Fire?

M A S K W E L L.

Your Zeal I grant was ardent, but misplac'd; there was Revenge in View; that Woman's Idol had defil'd the Temple of the God, and Love was made a Mock-Worship. — A Son and Heir would have edg'd young *Mellefont* upon the Brink of Ruin, and left him none but you to catch at for Prevention.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Again, provoke me! Do you wind me like a Larum, only to rouse my own still'd Soul for your Diversion? Confusion!

M A S K-

M A S K W E L L.

Nay, Madam, I'm gone, if you relapse. — What needs this? I say Nothing but what you yourself, in open Hours of Love, have told me. Why should you deny it? Nay, how can you? Is not all this present Heat owing to the same Fire? Do you not love him still? How have I this Day offended you, but in not breaking off his Match with *Cynthia*? Which ere to Morrow shall be done —— had you but Patience.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

How, what said you, *Maskwell*?—Another Caprice to unwind my Temper?

M A S K W E L L.

By Heav'n, no; I am your Slave, the Slave of all your Pleasures; and will not rest 'till I have given you Peace, would you suffer me.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

O, *Maskwell*, in vain do I disguise me from thee; thou know'st me, knowest the very inmost Windings and Recesses of my Soul.— Oh *Mellefont*! I burn; married to Morrow! Despair strikes me. Yet my Soul knows I hate him too: Let him but once be mine, and next immediate Ruin seize him.

M A S K W E L L.

Compose yourself, you shall possess and ruin him too ; — Will that please you ?

Lady T O U C H W O O D.

How, how ? Thou dear, thou precious Villain, how ?

M A S K W E L L.

You have already been tampering with my Lady *Plyant*.

Lady T O U C H W O O D.

I have : She is ready for any Impression I think fit.

M A S K W E L L.

She must be thoroughly persuaded, that *Mellefont* loves her.

Lady T O U C H W O O D.

She is so credulous that Way naturally, and likes him so well, that she will believe it faster than I can persuade her. But I don't see what you can propose from such a trifling Design ; for her first conversing with *Mellefont*, will convince her of the contrary.

M A S K W E L L.

I know it.—I don't depend upon it.—But it will prepare Something else ; and gain us Leisure to lay a stronger Plot : If

I

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I gain a little Time, I shall not want Con-
trivance.

*One Minute gives Invention to destroy,
What, to rebuild, will a whole Age employ.*

End of the First Act.



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

Lady FROTH, CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA.

INDEED, Madam! Is it possible your Ladyship could have been so much in Love?

Lady FROTH.

I could not sleep; I did not sleep one Wink for three Weeks together.

CYNTHIA.

Prodigious! I wonder, Want of Sleep, and so much Love, and so much Wit as your Ladyship has, did not turn your Brain.

Lady FROTH.

O my dear *Cynthia*, you must not rally your Friend,—But really, as you say, I wonder too, — But then I had a Way.— For between you and I, I had Whimfies and Vapors, but I gave them Vent.

CYNTHIA.

How pray, Madam?

Lady FROTH.

O I writ, writ abundantly. — Do you never write?

CYN-

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CYNTHIA.

Write, what?

Lady FROTH.

Songs, Elegies, Satires, Encomiums, Panegyrics, Lampoons, Plays, or Heroic Poems.

CYNTHIA.

O Lord, not I, Madam; I'm content to be a courteous Reader.

Lady FROTH.

O inconsistent! In Love, and not write! If my Lord and I had been both of your Temper, we had never come together.—O blefs me! What a sad Thing would that have been, if my Lord and I should never have met!

CYNTHIA.

Then neither my Lord nor you would ever have met with your Match, on my Conscience.

Lady FROTH.

O'my Conscience no more we should; thou say'st right—For sure my Lord *Froth* is as fine a Gentleman, and as much a Man of Quality! Ah! Nothing at all of the common Air, — I think I may say he wants Nothing, but a blue Ribbon and a Star, to make him shine the very Phosphorus of our Hemisphere. Do you understand those

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two hard Words? If you don't, I'll explain em to you.

CYNTHIA.

Yes, yes, Madam, I'm not so ignorant. — At least I won't own it, to be troubled with your Instructions. [*Afide.*

Lady FROTH.

Nay, I beg your Pardon; but being deriv'd from the *Greek*, I thought you might have escap'd the Etymology. — But I'm the more amaz'd, to find you a Woman of Letters, and not write! Bless me! how can *Mellefont* believe you love him?

CYNTHIA.

Why Faith, Madam, he that won't take my Word, shall never have it under my Hand.

Lady FROTH.

I vow *Mellefont's* a pretty Gentleman, but methinks he wants a Manner.

CYNTHIA.

A Manner! What's that, Madam?

Lady FROTH.

Some distinguishing Quality, as for Example, the *belle Air* or *Brillant* of Mr. *Brišk*; the Solemnity, yet Complaisance of my Lord, or Something of his own that should look a little *Je-ne-sçay-quoi*; he is too much a Mediocrity, in my Mind.

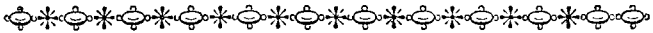
CYN-

CYNTHIA.

He does not indeed affect either Pertness or Formality; for which I like him: Here he comes.

Lady FROTH.

And my Lord with him: Pray observe the Difference.



S C E N E II.

[*To them*] Lord FROTH, MELLEFONT,
and BRISK.

CYNTHIA.

IMPERTINENT Creature! I could almost be angry with her now. [*Aside.*

Lady FROTH.

My Lord, I have been telling *Cynthia*, how much I have been in Love with you; I swear I have; I'm not ashamed to own it now; Ah! it makes my Heart leap, I vow I sigh when I think on't: My dear Lord! Ha! ha! ha! do you remember, my Lord?

[*Squeezes him by the Hand, looks kindly on him, sighs, and then laughs out.*

Lord FROTH.

Pleasant Creature! perfectly well: ah! that Look, ay, there it is; who could resist?

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'twas so my Heart was made a Captive first,
and ever since t'has been in Love with
happy Slavery.

Lady F R O T H.

O that Tongue, that dear deceitful Tongue!
that charming Softness in your Mien and
your Expression, and then your Bow! Good
my Lord, bow as you did when I gave you
my Picture; here, suppose this my Picture—

[*Gives him a Pocket-Glass.*

Pray mind my Lord; ah! he bows charm-
ingly; nay, my Lord, you shan't kiss it
so much; I shall grow jealous, I vow
now.

[*He bows profoundly low, then kisses the
Glass.*

Lord F R O T H.

I saw myself there, and kiss'd it for
your Sake.

Lady F R O T H.

Ah! Gallantry to the last Degree——
Mr. *Brisk*, you're a Judge; was ever any
Thing so well bred as my Lord?

B R I S K.

Never any Thing, but your Ladyship,
let me perish.

Lady F R O T H.

O prettily turn'd again; let me die but
you have a great deal of Wit: Mr. *Melle-
font*,

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font, don't you think Mr. *Brisk* has a World of Wit?

MELLEFONT.

O, yes, Madam.

B R I S K.

O dear, Madam——

Lady F R O T H.

An infinite deal!

B R I S K.

O Heav'ns, Madam——

Lady F R O T H.

More Wit than any Body.

B R I S K.

I'm everlastingly your humble Servant, Deuce take me, Madam.

Lord F R O T H.

Don't you think us a happy Couple?

C Y N T H I A.

I vow, my Lord, I think you the happiest Couple in the World; for you're not only happy in one another, and when you are together, but happy in yourselves, and by yourselves.

Lord F R O T H.

I hope *Mellefont* will make a good Husband too.

C Y N T H I A.

'Tis my Interest to believe he will, my Lord.

Lord

Lord FROTH.

D'ye think he'll love you as well as I do my Wife? I'm afraid not.

CYNTHIA.

I believe he'll love me better.

Lord FROTH.

Heav'ns! that can never be; but why do you think so?

CYNTHIA.

Because he has not so much Reason to be fond of himself.

Lord FROTH.

O your humble Servant for that, dear Madam; well, *Mellefont*, you'll be a happy Creature.

MELLEFONT.

Ay, my Lord, I shall have the same Reason for my Happiness that your Lordship has, I shall think myself happy.

Lord FROTH.

Ah, that's all.

B R I S K. [*to Lady Froth.*]

Your Ladyship is in the right; but i'Gad I'm wholly turn'd into Satire. I confess I write but seldom, but when I do—keen *Iambics* i'Gad. But my Lord was telling me, your Ladyship has made an Effay towards an Heroic Poem.

Lady

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Lady FROTH.

Did my Lord tell you? Yes, I vow, and the Subject is my Lord's Love to me. And what do you think I call it? I dare swear you won't guess — *The Sillabub*, ha! ha! ha!

B R I S K.

Because my Lord's Title's *Froth*, i'Gad, ha! ha! ha! Deuce take me, very *à Propos* and surprising, ha! ha! ha!

Lady FROTH.

He, ay, is not it?—And then I call my Lord *Spumoso*; and myself, what d'ye think I call myself?

B R I S K.

Laçtilla may be, — 'Gad I cannot tell.

Lady FROTH.

Biddy, that's all; just my own Name.

B R I S K.

Biddy! i'Gad very pretty—Deuce take me if your Ladyship has not the Art of surprising the most naturally in the World, —I hope you'll make me happy in communicating the Poem.

Lady FROTH.

O, you must be my Confident, I must ask your Advice.

B R I S K.

I'm your humble Servant, let me perish,
—I

— I presume your Ladyship has read *Bossu*?

Lady FROTH.

O yes, and *Rapin*, and *Dacier* upon *Aristotle* and *Horace*.— My Lord, you must not be jealous, I'm communicating all to Mr. *Brisk*.

Lord FROTH.

No, no, I'll allow Mr. *Brisk*; have you Nothing about you to show him, my Dear?

Lady FROTH.

Yes, I believe I have. — Mr. *Brisk*, come, will you go into the next Room? and there I'll show you what I have.

Lord FROTH.

I'll walk a Turn in the Garden, and come to you.



S C E N E III.

MELLEFONT, CYNTHIA.

MELLEFONT.

YOU're thoughtful, *Cynthia*?

CYNTHIA.

I'm thinking, tho' Marriage makes Man and Wife one Flesh, it leaves 'em still two Fools; and they become more conspicuous by setting off one another.

MELLE-

MELLEFONT.

That's only when two Fools meet, and their Follies are oppos'd.

CYNTHIA.

Nay, I have known two Wits meet, and by the Opposition of their Wit, render themselves as ridiculous as Fools. 'Tis an odd Game we're going to Play at: What think you of drawing Stakes, and giving over in Time?

MELLEFONT.

No, hang't, that's not endeavouring to win, because it's possible we may lose; since we have shuffled and cut, let's e'en turn up Trump now.

CYNTHIA.

Then I find it's like Cards, if either of us have a good Hand it is an Accident of Fortune.

MELLEFONT.

No, Marriage is rather like a Game at Bowls, Fortune indeed makes the Match, and the two nearest, and sometimes the two farthest, are together, but the Game depends entirely upon Judgment.

CYNTHIA.

Still it is a Game, and consequently one of us must be a Loser.

MEL-

MELLEFONT.

Not at all; only a friendly Trial of Skill, and the Winnings to be laid out in an Entertainment. — What's here, the Music?— Oh, my Lord has promised the Company a new Song, we'll get 'em to give it us by the Way. [*Musicians crossing the Stage.* Pray let us have the Favor of you, to practise the Song, before the Company hear it.

S O N G.

I.

CYNTHIA *frowns whene'er I woo her,*
Yet she's vext if I give over;
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her Lover:
Thus, in doubting, she refuses;
And not winning, thus she loses.

II.

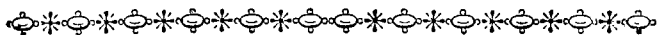
Prithee Cynthia look behind you,
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you;
Then too late Desire will find you,
When the Power must forsake you:
Think, O think o'th' sad Condition,
To be past, yet wish Fruition.

MELLEFONT.

You shall have my Thanks below.

[*To the Music, they go out.*

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

[To them] Sir PAUL PLYANT and Lady
PLYANT.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

G ADS bud! I am provok'd into a Fer-
mentation, as my Lady *Froth* fays;
was ever the like read of in Story?

Lady PLYANT.

Sir *Paul*, have Patience, let me alone to
rattle him up.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Pray your Ladyship give me Leave to be
angry — I'll rattle him up I warrant you,
I'll firk him with a *Certiorari*.

Lady PLYANT.

You firk him! I'll firk him myself; pray
Sir *Paul* hold you contented.

CYNTHIA.

Bless me, what makes my Father in such
a Passion! — I never saw him thus before.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Hold yourself contented, my Lady *Ply-*
ant, — I find Passion coming upon me by
Inflation, and I cannot submit as formerly,
therefore give Way.

Lady

Lady PLYANT.

How now! will you be pleased to retire, and ——

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

No marry will I not be pleased, I am pleased to be angry, that's my Pleasure at this Time.

MELLEFONT.

What can this mean!

Lady PLYANT.

Gads my Life, the Man's distracted; why how now, who are you? What am I? Slidikins can't I govern you? What did I marry you for? Am I not to be absolute and uncontrolable? Is it fit a Woman of my Spirit, and Conduct, should be contradicted in a Matter of this Concern?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

It concerns me, and only me;—Besides, I'm not to be govern'd at all Times. When I am in Tranquility, my *Lady Plyant* shall command *Sir Paul*; but when I am provok'd to Fury, I cannot incorporate with Patience and Reason, —— as soon may Tigers match with Tigers, Lambs with Lambs, and every Creature couple with its Foe, as the Poet says. ——

Lady PLYANT.

He's hot-headed still! 'Tis in vain to talk

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talk to you; but remember I have a Curtain-Lecture for you, you disobedient, headstrong Brute.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

No, 'tis because I won't be Headstrong, because I won't be a Brute, and have my Head fortified, that I am thus exasperated.—But I will protect my Honor, and yonder is the Violator of my Fame.

Lady PLYANT.

'Tis my Honor that is concern'd, and the Violation was intended to me. Your Honor! You have none but what is in my Keeping, and I can dispose of it when I please—therefore don't provoke me.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Hum, Gads-bud she says true — Well, my Lady, march on, I will fight under you then: I am convinced, as far as Passion will permit.

[*Lady Plyant and Sir Paul come up to Mellefont.*

Lady PLYANT.

Inhuman and treacherous. —

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Thou Serpent and first Tempter of Womankind. —

CYNTHIA.

Bless me! Sir; Madam; what mean you?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Thy, Thy, come away *Thy*, touch him not, come hither Girl, go not near him, there's Nothing but Deceit about him; Snakes are in his Peruke, and the Crocodile of *Nilus* in his Belly; he will eat thee up alive.

Lady PLYANT.

Dishonorable, impudent Creature!

MELLEFONT.

For Heaven's Sake, Madam, to whom do you direct this Language?

Lady PLYANT.

Have I behav'd myself with all the Decorum and Nicety, befitting the Person of *Sir Paul's* Wife? Have I preserv'd my Honor as it were in a Snow-House for these three Years past? Have I been white and unfully'd even by *Sir Paul* himself?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Nay, she has been an invincible Wife, even to me, that's the Truth on't.

Lady PLYANT.

Have I, I say, preserv'd myself, like a fair Sheet of Paper, for you to make a Blot upon? —

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

And she shall make a Simile with any Woman in *England*.

MEL-

MELLEFONT.

I am so amaz'd, I know not what to say.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Do you think my Daughter, this pretty Creature; Gads-bud she's a Wife for a Cherubim! Do you think her fit for Nothing but to be a stalking Horse, to stand before you, while you take aim at my Wife? Gads-bud I was never angry before in my Life, and I'll never be appeas'd again.

MELLEFONT.

Hell and Damnation! This is my Aunt; such Malice can be engender'd no where else. [*Aside.*

Lady PLYANT.

Sir Paul, take *Cynthia* from his Sight; leave me to strike him with the Remorse of his intended Crime.

CYNTHIA.

Pray, *Sir*, stay, hear him, I dare affirm he's innocent.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Innocent! Why hark'ye, come hither *Thy*, hark'ye, I had it from his Aunt, my Sister *Touchwood*, — Gads-bud he does not care a Farthing for any Thing of thee, but thy Portion; why he's in Love with my Wife; he would have tandalis'd thee, and made a Cuckold of thy poor Father, —

and that would certainly have broke my Heart — I'm fure if ever I should have Horns, they would kill me; they would never come kindly, I should die of 'em, like a Child that was cutting his Teeth— I should indeed, *Thy* — therefore come away; but Providence has prevented all, therefore come away, when I bid you.

CYNTHIA.

I must obey.



S C E N E V.

Lady PLYANT, MELLEFONT.

Lady PLYANT.

O Such a Thing! the Impiety of it startles me—to wrong so good, so fair a Creature, and one that loves you tenderly—'tis a Barbarity of Barbarities, and Nothing could be guilty of it —

MELLEFONT.

But the greatest Villain Imagination can form, I grant it; and next to the Villany of such a Fact, is the Villany of aspersing me with the Guilt. How? which Way was I to wrong her? For yet I understand you not.

Lady

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Lady PLYANT.

Why, Gad's my Life, Cousin *Mellefont*, you cannot be so peremptory as to deny it; when I tax you with it to your Face; for now Sir *Paul's* gone, you are *Corum Nobus*.

MELLEFONT.

By Heav'n, I love her more than Life,
or ——

Lady PLYANT.

Fiddle, faddle, don't tell me of this and that, and ev'ry Thing in the World, but give me Mathemacular Demonstration, answer me directly —— But I have not Patience — Oh! the Impiety of it, as I was saying, and the unparallel'd Wickedness! O merciful Father! How could you think to reverse Nature so, to make the Daughter the Means of procuring the Mother?

MELLEFONT.

The Daughter to procure the Mother!

Lady PLYANT.

Ay, for tho' I am not *Cynthia's* own Mother, I am her Father's Wife; and that's near enough to make it Incest.

MELLEFONT.

Incest! O my precious Aunt, and the Devil in Conjunction. [*Aside.*

Lady PLYANT.

O reflect upon the Horror of that, and then the Guilt of deceiving every Body; marrying the Daughter, only to make a Cuckold of the Father; and then seducing me, debauching my Purity, and perverting me from the Road of Virtue, in which I have trod thus long, and never made one Trip, not one *faux pas*; O consider it, what would you have to answer for, if you should provoke me to Frailty? Alas! Humanity is feeble, Heav'n knows! very feeble, and unable to support itself.

MELLEFONT.

Where am I? Is it Day? and am I awake? Madam—

Lady PLYANT.

And no Body knows how Circumstances may happen together—To my Thinking, now I could resist the strongest Temptation, — But yet I know, 'tis impossible for me to know whether I could or not; there's no Certainty in the Things of this Life.

MELLEFONT.

Madam, pray give me Leave to ask you one Question.—

Lady PLYANT.

O Lord, ask me the Question! I'll swear
I'll

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I'll refuse it; I swear I'll deny it — therefore don't ask me, nay you shan't ask me, I swear I'll deny it. O Gemini, you have brought all the Blood into my Face; I warrant I am as red as a Turkey-Cock; O fy, Cousin *Mellefont!*

MELLEFONT.

Nay, Madam, hear me; I mean ——

Lady PLYANT.

Hear you, no, no; I'll deny you first, and hear you afterwards. For one does not know how one's Mind may change upon Hearing. —— Hearing is one of the Senses, and all the Senses are fallible; I won't trust my Honor, I assure you; my Honor is infallible and uncomatible.

MELLEFONT.

For Heav'n's Sake, Madam, ——

Lady PLYANT.

O name it no more —— Bless me, how can you talk of Heav'n! and have so much Wickedness in your Heart? May be you don't think it a Sin — They say some of you Gentlemen don't think it a Sin —— May be it is no Sin to them that don't think it so; indeed, if I did not think it a Sin — But still my Honor, if it were no Sin, — But then, to marry my Daughter, for the Conveniency of frequent Oppor-

tunities,——I'll never consent to that; as sure as can be, I'll break the Match.

MELLEFONT.

Death and Amazement! ——Madam, upon my Knees ——

Lady PLYANT.

Nay, nay, rise up, come you shall see my Good-nature. I know Love is powerful, and no Body can help his Passion: 'Tis not your Fault; nor I swear it is not mine. —— How can I help it, if I have Charms? And how can you help it, if you are made a Captive? I swear it is Pity it should be a Fault — But my Honor, ——well, but your Honor too——but the Sin! ——well, but the Necessity——O Lord, here's some Body coming, I dare not stay. Well, you must consider of your Crime; and strive as much as can be against it,——strive, be sure——But don't be melancholic, don't despair, —— But never think that I'll grant you any Thing; O Lord, no; —— But be sure you lay aside all Thoughts of the Marriage, for tho' I know you don't love *Cynthia*, only as a Blind for your Passion to me; yet it will make me jealous —— O Lord, what did I say? Jealous! no, no, I can't be jealous, for I must not love you,——therefore don't hope——But don't
despair

despair neither.—O, they're coming, I must fly.

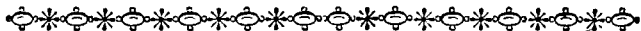


S C E N E VI.

MELLEFONT *alone.*

MELLEFONT (*after a Pause.*)

SO then, — spite of my Care and Foresight, I am caught, caught in my Security. — Yet this was but a shallow Artifice, unworthy of my Matchiavilian Aunt: There must be more behind; this is but the first Flash, the Priming of her Engine; Destruction follows hard, if not most presently prevented.



S C E N E VII.

[*To him*] MASKWELL.

MELLEFONT.

MASKWELL, welcome; thy Presence is a View of Land, appearing to my shipwreck'd Hopes: The Witch has rais'd the Storm, and her Ministers have done their Work; you see the Vessels are parted.

M A S K-

M A S K W E L L.

I know it; I met Sir *Paul* towing away *Cynthia*: Come, trouble not your Head, I'll join you together ere to Morrow Morning, or drown between you in the Attempt.

M E L L E F O N T.

There's Comfort in a Hand stretch'd out, to one that's sinking; tho' ne'er so far off.

M A S K W E L L.

No sinking, nor no Danger, — Come, cheer up; why you don't know, that while I plead for you, your Aunt has given me a retaining Fee;—Nay, I am your greatest Enemy, and she does but Journey-Work under me.

M E L L E F O N T.

Ha! How's this?

M A S K W E L L.

What d'ye think of my being employ'd in the Execution of all her Plots? Ha! ha! ha! by Heav'n it's true; I have undertaken to break the Match, I have undertaken to make your Uncle disinherit you, to get you turn'd out of Doors; and to——Ha! ha! ha! I can't tell you for Laughing,—Oh she has open'd her Heart to me,—I am to turn you a Grazing, and to— Ha! ha! ha! marry *Cynthia* myself; there's a Plot for you. M E L-

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MELLEFONT.

Ha! O I see, I see my rising Sun! Light breaks thro' Clouds upon me, and I shall live in Day—O my *Maskwell!* How shall I thank or praise thee? Thou hast out-witted Woman. — But tell me, how could'st thou thus get into her Confidence? — Ha? How? But was it her Contrivance to persuade my Lady *Plyant* to this extravagant Belief?

MASKWELL.

It was; and, to tell you the Truth, I encourag'd it for your Diversion: Tho' it made you a little uneasy for the present, yet the Reflection of it must needs be entertaining — I warrant she was very violent at first.

MELLEFONT.

Ha! ha! ha! ay, a very Fury; but I was most afraid of her Violence at last.—If you had not come as you did; I don't know what she might have attempted.

MASKWELL.

Ha! ha! ha! I know her Temper.— Well, you must know then, that all my Contrivances were but Bubbles; 'till at last I pretended to have been long secretly in Love with *Cynthia*; that did my Business; that convinced your Aunt, I might be trusted;

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trusted; since it was as much my Interest as hers to break the Match: Then, she thought my Jealousy might qualify me to assist her in her Revenge. And, in short, in that Belief, told me the Secrets of her Heart. At length we made this Agreement; if I accomplish her Designs (as I told you before) she has engag'd to put *Cynthia* with all her Fortune into my Power.

MELLEFONT.

She is most gracious in her Favor— Well, and dear *Jack*, how hast thou contrived?

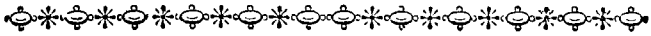
MASKWELL.

I would not have you stay to hear it now; for I don't know, but she may come this Way; I am to meet her anon; after that, I'll tell you the whole Matter; be here in this Gallery an Hour hence, by that Time I imagine our Consultation may be over.

MELLEFONT.

I will; 'till then Success attend thee.

S C E N E



S C E N E VIII.

M A S K W E L L *alone.*

'TILL then, Success will attend me; for when I meet you, I meet the only Obstacle to my Fortune. *Cynthia*, let thy Beauty gild my Crimes; and whatsoever I commit of Treachery or Deceit, shall be imputed to me as a Merit—— Treachery! what Treachery? Love cancels all the Bonds of Friendship, and sets Men right upon their first Foundations.

Duty to Kings, Piety to Parents, Gratitude to Benefactors, and Fidelity to Friends, are different and particular Ties: But the Name of Rival cuts 'em all afunder, and is a general Acquittance—Rival is equal, and Love like Death an universal Leveller of Mankind. Ha! But is there not such a Thing as Honesty? Yes; and whosoever has it about him, bears an Enemy in his Breast: For your honest Man, as I take it, is that nice, scrupulous, conscientious Person, who will cheat no Body but himself; such another Coxcomb, as your wife Man, who is too hard for all
the

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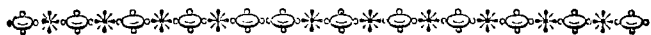
the World, and will be made a Fool of by no Body, but himself: Ha! ha! ha! Well, for Wisdom and Honesty, give me Cunning and Hypocrisy; oh, 'tis such a Pleasure, to angle for fair-fac'd Fools! Then that hungry Gudgeon Credulity, will bite at any Thing — Why, let me see, I have the same Face, the same Words and Accents, when I speak what I do think; and when I speak what I do not think—the very same—and dear Diffimulation is the only Art, not to be known from Nature.

*Why will Mankind be Fools, and be deceiv'd?
And why are Friends and Lovers Oaths believ'd?*

*When, each, who searches strictly his own Mind,
May so much Fraud and Power of Baseness find.*

End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

MY Lord, can you blame my Brother *Plyant*, if he refuse his Daughter upon this Provocation? The Contract's void by this unheard-of Impiety.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I don't believe it true; he has better Principles — Pho, 'tis Nonsense. Come, come, I know my Lady *Plyant* has a large Eye, and wou'd centre every Thing in her own Circle; 'tis not the first Time she has mistaken Respect for Love, and made Sir *Paul* jealous of the Civility of an undesigning Person, the better to bespeak his Security in her unfeigned Pleasures.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

You censure hardly, my Lord; my Sister's Honor is very well known.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Yes, I believe I know some that have been familiarly acquainted with it. This
is

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is a little Trick wrought by some pitiful Contriver, envious of my Nephew's Merit.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Nay, my Lord, it may be so, and I hope it will be found so: But that will require some Time; for in such a Case as this, Demonstration is necessary.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

There should have been Demonstration of the contrary too, before it had been believ'd——

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

So I suppose there was.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

How? Where? When?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

That I can't tell; nay, I don't say there was—I am willing to believe as favorably of my Nephew as I can.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I don't know that. [*Half Aside.*]

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

How? Don't you believe that, say you, my Lord?

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

No, I don't say so —— I confess I am troubled to find you so cold in his Defence.

Lady

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Lady TOUCHWOOD.

His Defence! Bless me, wou'd you have me defend an ill Thing?

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

You believe it then?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

I don't know; I am very unwilling to speak my Thoughts in any Thing that may be to my Cousin's Disadvantage; besides, I find, my Lord, you are prepared to receive an ill Impression from any Opinion of mine which is not consenting with your own: But since I am like to be suspected in the End, and 'tis a Pain any longer to dissemble, I own it to you; in short I do believe it, nay, and can believe any Thing worse, if it were laid to his Charge—Don't ask me my Reasons, my Lord, for they are not fit to be told you.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I'm amaz'd; here must be Something more than ordinary in this. [*Aside.*] Not fit to be told me, Madam? You can have no Interests, wherein I am not concern'd, and consequently the same Reasons ought to be convincing to me, which create your Satisfaction or Disquiet.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

But those which cause my Disquiet, I

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am willing to have remote from your Hearing. Good my Lord, don't prefs me.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Don't oblige me to prefs you.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Whatever it was, 'tis past: And that is better to be unknown which cannot be prevented; therefore let me beg you to rest satisfied—

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

When you have told me, I will—

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

You won't.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

By my Life, my Dear, I will.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

What if you can't.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

How? Then I must know, nay I will: No more trifling—I charge you tell me—By all our mutual Peace to come; upon your Duty——

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Nay, my Lord, you need say no more, to make me lay my Heart before you; but don't be thus transported; compose yourself: It is not of Concern, to make you lose one Minute's Temper. 'Tis not indeed,

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deed, my Dear. Nay, by this Kifs you shan't be angry. O Lord, I wish I had not told you any Thing. — Indeed, my Lord, you have frightened me. Nay, look pleas'd, I'll tell you.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Well, well.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Nay, but will you be calm—indeed it's Nothing but——

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

But what?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

But will you promise me not to be angry — Nay you must — Not to be angry with *Mellefont*— I dare swear he's sorry— and were it to do again, would not—

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Sorry! for what? Death, you rack me with Delay.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Nay, no great Matter, only——Well I have your Promise,— Pho, why Nothing, only your Nephew had a Mind to amuse himself sometimes with a little Gallantry towards me. Nay, I can't think he meant any Thing seriously, but methought it look'd oddly.

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Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Confusion and Hell, what do I hear!

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Or, may be, he thought he was not enough a-kin to me, upon your Account, and had a Mind to create a nearer Relation on his own; a Lover, you know, my Lord—Ha! ha! ha! Well, but that's all—Now you have it; well, remember your Promise, my Lord, and don't take any Notice of it to him.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

No, no, no—Damnation!

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Nay, I swear you must not—A little harmless Mirth—Only misplac'd, that's all—But if it were more, 'tis over now, and all's well. For my Part I have forgot it; and so has he, I hope—for I have not heard any Thing from him these two Days.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

These two Days! Is it so fresh? Unnatural Villain! Death, I'll have him stripp'd and turn'd naked out of my Doors this Moment, and let him rot and perish, incestuous Brute!

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

O for Heav'n's Sake, my Lord, you'll
ruin

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ruin me if you take such public Notice of it, it will be a Town-talk: Consider your own and my Honor—nay, I told you, you would not be satisfied when you knew it.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Before I've done, I will be satisfied. Ungrateful Monster! how long?—

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Lord, I don't know: I wish my Lips had grown together when I told you—Almost a Twelvemonth—Nay, I won't tell you any more, 'till you are yourself. Pray, my Lord, don't let the Company see you in this Disorder — Yet, I confess, I can't blame you; for I think I was never so surpris'd in my Life — Who would have thought my Nephew could have so misconstrued my Kindness— But will you go into your Closet, and recover your Temper? I'll make an Excuse of sudden Business to the Company, and come to you. Pray, good dear my Lord, let me beg you do now: I'll come immediately, and tell you all. Will you, my Lord?

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I will—I am mute with Wonder.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Well, but go now, here's some Body coming.

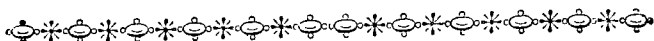
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Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Well, I go—You won't stay, for I would hear more of this.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

I follow instantly——So.



S C E N E II.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

M A S K W E L L.

THIS was a Master-piece, and did not need my Help — tho' I stood ready for a Cue to come in and confirm all, had there been Occasion.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Have you seen *Mellefont*?

M A S K W E L L.

I have; and am to meet him here about this Time.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

How does he bear his Difappointment?

M A S K W E L L.

Secure in my Assistance, he seem'd not much afflicted, but rather laugh'd at the shallow Artifice, which so little Time must of Necessity discover. Yet he is apprehensive of some farther Design of yours, and
has

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has engaged me to watch you. I believe he will hardly be able to prevent your Plot, yet I would have you use Caution and Expedition.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Expedition indeed; for all we do, must be perform'd in the remaining Part of this Ev'ning, and before the Company break up; lest my Lord should cool, and have an Opportunity to talk with him privately—My Lord must not see him again.

MASKWELL.

By no Means; therefore you must aggravate my Lord's Displeasure to a Degree that will admit of no Conference with him.——What think you of mentioning me?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

• How?

MASKWELL.

To my Lord, as having been privy to *Mellefont's* Design upon you, but still using my utmost Endeavours to dissuade him: Tho' my Friendship and Love to him has made me conceal it; yet you may say, I threatened the next Time he attempted any Thing of that Kind, to discover it to my Lord.

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Lady TOUCHWOOD.

To what End is this?

M A S K W E L L.

It will confirm my Lord's Opinion of my Honor and Honesty, and create in him a new Confidence in me, which (should this Design miscarry) will be necessary to the forming another Plot that I have in my Head — To cheat you, as well as the rest. [*Afide.*

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

I'll do it—I'll tell him you hindered him once from forcing me.

M A S K W E L L.

Excellent! Your Ladyship has a most improving Fancy. You had best go to my Lord, keep him as long as you can in his Closet, and I doubt not but you will mould him to what you please; your Guests are so engaged in their own Follies and Intrigues; they'll miss neither of you.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

When shall we meet?—At Eight this Evening in my Chamber; there rejoice at our Success, and toy away an Hour in Mirth.

M A S K W E L L.

I will not fail.

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

M A S K W E L L *alone.*

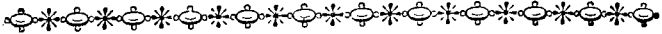
I Know what she means by toying away an Hour, well enough. Pox, I have lost all Appetite to her; yet she's a fine Woman, and I lov'd her once. But I don't know, since I have been in a great Measure kept by her, the Case is alter'd; what was my Pleasure is become my Duty: And I have as little Stomach to her now as if I were her Husband. Should she smother my Design upon *Cynthia*, I were in a fine Pickle. She has a damn'd penetrating Head, and knows how to interpret a Coldness the right Way; therefore I must dissemble Ardor and Ecstasy, that's resolv'd: How easily and pleasantly is that dissembled before Fruition! Pox on't, that a Man can't drink without quenching his Thirst. Ha! yonder comes *Mellefont* thoughtful. Let me think: Meet her at Eight—hum—ha! By Heav'n I have it—If I can speak to my Lord before—Was it my Brain or Providence? No Matter which—I will deceive 'em all, and yet secure myself: 'Twas a lucky Thought!

Well,

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Well, this Double-Dealing is a Jewel.—
Here he comes; now for me. —

[Maskwell *pretending not to see him, walks by him, and speaks as it were to himself.*



S C E N E IV.

[*To him*] MELLEFONT *mus'ing.*

M A S K W E L L.

M E R C Y on us, what will the Wick-
edness of this World come to?

M E L L E F O N T.

How now, *Jack*? What, so full of Con-
templation that you run over?

M A S K W E L L.

I'm glad you're come, for I could not
contain myself any longer: And was just
going to give Vent to a Secret, which no
Body but you ought to drink down. —
Your Aunt's just gone from hence.

M E L L E F O N T.

And having trusted thee with the Secrets
of her Soul, thou art villanously bent to
discover 'em all to me, ha?

M A S K W E L L.

I'm afraid my Frailty leans that Way —
But I don't know whether I can in Honor
discover 'em all.

M E L-

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MELLEFONT.

All, all, Man: What, you may in Honor betray her as far as she betrays herself. No tragical Design upon my Person, I hope.—

MASKWELL.

No, but it's a comical Design upon mine.

MELLEFONT.

What dost thou mean?

MASKWELL.

Listen and be dumb: We have been bargaining about the Rate of your Ruin—

MELLEFONT.

Like any two Guardians to an Orphan Heirefs — Well.

MASKWELL.

And whereas Pleasure is generally paid with Mischief, what Mischief I do is to be paid with Pleasure.

MELLEFONT.

So when you've swallow'd the Potion, you sweeten your Mouth with a Plumb.

MASKWELL.

You are merry, Sir, but I shall probe your Constitution. In short, the Price of your Banishment is to be paid with the Person of ——

MELLEFONT.

Of *Cynthia*, and her Fortune—Why you forget you told me this before.

MASK-

M A S K W E L L.

No, no — So far you are right; and I am, as an earnest of that Bargain, to have full and free Possession of the Person of— your Aunt.

M E L L E F O N T.

Ha!——Pho, you trifle.

M A S K W E L L.

By this Light, I'm serious; all Raillery apart — I knew 'twould stun you: This Evening at Eight she will receive me in her Bed-Chamber.

M E L L E F O N T.

Hell and the Devil! is she abandon'd of all Grace—Why the Woman is possess'd—

M A S K W E L L.

Well, will you go in my Stead?

M E L L E F O N T.

By Heav'n, into a hot Furnace sooner.

M A S K W E L L.

No, you would not — It would not be so convenient, as I can order Matters.

M E L L E F O N T.

What d'ye mean?

M A S K W E L L.

Mean? Not to disappoint the Lady, I assure you—Ha! ha! ha! how gravely he looks—Come, come, I won't perplex you. 'Tis the only Thing that Providence could have

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have contriv'd to make me capable of serving you, either to my Inclination or your own Necessity.

MELLEFONT.

How, how, for Heaven's Sake, dear *Maskwell*?

MASKWELL.

Why thus —— I'll go according to Appointment; you shall have Notice at the critical Minute to come and surprize your Aunt and me together: Counterfeit a Rage against me, and I'll make my Escape through the private Passage from her Chamber, which I'll take Care to leave open: 'Twill be hard, if then you can't bring her to any Conditions. For this Discovery will disarm her of all Defence, and leave her entirely at your Mercy: Nay, she must ever after be in Awe of you.

MELLEFONT.

Let me adore thee, my better Genius! By Heav'n, I think it is not in the Power of Fate to disappoint my Hopes —— My Hopes! my Certainty.

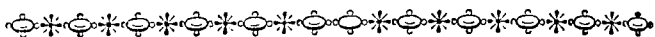
MASKWELL.

Well, I'll meet you here, within a Quarter of Eight, and give you Notice.

MELLEFONT.

Good Fortune ever go along with thee.

SCENE



S C E N E V.

MELLEFONT, CARELESS.

CARELESS.

MELLEFONT, get out o'th' Way, my Lady *Plyant's* coming, and I shall never succeed while thou art in Sight — Tho' she begins to tack about; but I made Love a great While to no Purpose.

MELLEFONT.

Why, what's the Matter? She's convinced that I don't care for her.

CARELESS.

I can't get an Answer from her, that does not begin with her Honor, or her Virtue, her Religion, or some such Cant. Then she has told me the whole History of Sir *Paul's* nine Years Courtship; how he has lain for whole Nights together upon the Stairs, before her Chamber-Door; and that the first Favor he received from her, was a Piece of an old Scarlet Petticoat for a Stomacher; which since the Day of his Marriage, he has, out of a Piece of Gallantry, converted into a Night-Cap,
and

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and wears it still with much Solemnity on his Anniverfary Wedding-Night.

MELLEFONT.

That I have feen, with the Ceremony thereunto belonging — For on that Night he creeps in at the Bed's Feet like a gull'd Baffa that has marry'd a Relation of the Grand Signior, and that Night he has his Arms at Liberty. Did not ſhe tell you at what a Diſtance ſhe keeps him? He has confeſ'd to me, that but at ſome certain Times, that is I ſuppoſe when ſhe apprehends being with Child, he never haſ the Privilege of uſing the Familiarity of a Huſband with a Wife. He was once given to ſcrambling with his Hands and ſprawling in his Sleep; and ever ſince ſhe has him ſwaddled up in Blankets, and his Hands and Feet ſwath'd down, and ſo put to Bed; and there he lies with a great Beard, like a *Ruſſian* Bear upon a Drift of Snow. You are very great with him, I wonder he never told you his Grievances; he will, I warrant you.

CARELESS.

Exceſſively fooliſh!——But that which gives me moſt Hopes of her, is her telling me of the many Temptations ſhe has reſiſted.

MEL-

MELLEFONT.

Nay, then you have her; for a Woman's bragging to a Man that she has overcome Temptations, is an Argument that they were weakly offer'd, and a Challenge to him to engage her more irresistibly. 'Tis only an enhancing the Price of the Commodity, by telling you how many Customers have underbid her.

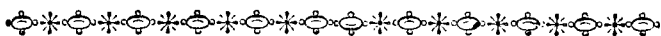
CARELESS.

Nay, I don't despair — But still she has a Grudging to you — I talk'd to her t'other Night at my Lord *Froth's* Masquerade, when I'm satisfied she knew me, and I had no Reason to complain of my Reception; but I find Women are not the same barefac'd and in Masks, — and a Visor disguises their Inclinations as much as their Faces.

MELLEFONT.

'Tis a Mistake, for Women may most properly be said to be unmask'd when they wear Visors; for that secures them from Blushing, and being out of Countenance; and next to being in the Dark, or alone, they are most truly themselves in a Visor Mask. Here they come, I'll leave you. Ply her close, and by and by clap a *Billet-doux* into her Hand: For a Woman never
thinks

thinks a Man truly in Love with her, 'till he has been Fool enough to think of her out of her Sight, and to lose so much Time as to write to her.



S C E N E VI.

CARELESS, *Sir PAUL PLYANT*, *Lady PLYANT*.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

SHAN'T we disturb your Meditation, Mr. *Careless*? You wou'd be private?

CARELESS.

You bring that along with you, *Sir Paul*, that shall be always welcome to my Privacy.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

O, sweet Sir, you load your humble Servants, both me and my Wife, with continual Favors.

Lady PLYANT.

Sir Paul, what a Phrase was there? You will be making Answers, and taking that upon you, which ought to lie upon me: That you should have so little Breeding to think Mr. *Careless* did not apply himself to me. Pray what have you to entertain any Body's Privacy? I swear and declare in

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the Face of the World, I'm ready to blush for your Ignorance.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

I acquiesce, my Lady; but don't snub so loud. [*Aside to her.*]

Lady PLYANT.

Mr. *Careless*, if a Person that is wholly illiterate might be supposed to be capable of being qualified to make a suitable Return to those Obligations which you are pleased to confer upon one that is wholly incapable of being qualified in all those Circumstances, I'm sure I shou'd rather attempt it than any Thing in the World, [*Curtseys*] for I'm sure there's Nothing in the World that I would rather. [*Curtseys*] But I know Mr. *Careless* is so great a Critic and so fine a Gentleman, that it is impossible for me ——

CARELESS.

O Heavens! Madam, you confound me.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Gads-bud, she's a fine Person ——

Lady PLYANT.

O Lord! Sir, pardon me, we Women have not those Advantages: I know my own Imperfections—But at the same Time you must give me Leave to declare in the
Face

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Face of the World, that no Body is more sensible of Favors and Things; for, with the Reserve of my Honor, I assure you, Mr. *Careless*, I don't know any Thing in the World I would refuse to a Person so meritorious — You'll Pardon my Want of Expression. —

CARELESS.

O your Ladyship is abounding in all Excellence, particularly that of Phrase.

Lady PLYANT.

You are so obliging, Sir.

CARELESS.

Your Ladyship is so charming.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

So, now, now; now, my Lady.

Lady PLYANT.

So well bred.

CARELESS.

So surprizing.

Lady PLYANT.

So well drest, so *bonne mine*, so eloquent, so unaffected, so easy, so free, so particular, so agreeable——

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Ay, so, so, there.

CARELESS.

O Lord, I beseech you, Madam, don't——

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Lady PLYANT.

So gay, so graceful, so good Teeth, so fine Shape, so fine Limbs, so fine Linen, and I don't doubt but you have a very good Skin, Sir.

CARELESS.

For Heav'n's Sake, Madam—I'm quite out of Countenance.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

And my Lady's quite out of Breath; or else you should hear——Gads-bud, you may talk of my Lady *Froth!*

CARELESS.

O fy, fy, not to be named of a Day — My Lady *Froth* is very well in her Accomplishments —— But it is when my Lady *Plyant* is not thought of — If that can ever be.

Lady PLYANT.

O you overcome me——That is so excessive.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Nay, I swear and vow that was pretty.

CARELESS.

O *Sir Paul*, you are the happiest Man alive. Such a Lady! that is the Envy of her own Sex, and the Admiration of ours.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Your humble Servant. I am, I thank Heav'n,

Heav'n, in a fine Way of Living, as I may say, peacefully and happily, and I think need not envy any of my Neighbours, blessed be Providence——Ay, truly, Mr. *Careless*, my Lady is a great Blessing, a fine, discreet, well-spoken Woman as you shall see — if it becomes me to say so; and we live very comfortably together; she is a little hasty sometimes, and so am I; but mine's soon over, and then I'm so sorry—O, Mr. *Careless*, if it were not for one Thing—



S C E N E VII.

CARELESS, Sir PAUL PLYANT, *Lady PLYANT, Boy with a Letter.*

Lady PLYANT.

HOW often have you been told of that, you Jackanapes?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Gad so, Gads-bud——*Tim*, carry it to my Lady, you should have carried it to my Lady first.

B O Y.

'Tis directed to your Worship.

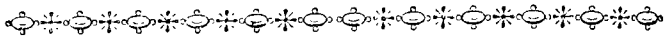
Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Well, well, my Lady reads all Letters

first——Child, do fo no more; d'ye hear,
Tim.

B O Y.

No, and't please you.



S C E N E VIII.

CARELESS, *Sir PAUL PLYANT*, *Lady*
P L Y A N T.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

A Humor of my Wife's; you know
Women have little Fancies —— But
as I was telling you, *Mr. Careless*, if it were
not for one Thing, I should think myself
the happiest Man in the World; indeed
that touches me near, very near.

C A R E L E S S.

What can that be, *Sir Paul*?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Why, I have, I thank Heaven, a very
plentiful Fortune, a good Estate in the
Country, some Houses in Town, and some
Money, a pretty tolerable personal Estate;
and it is a great Grief to me, indeed it is,
Mr. Careless, that I have not a Son to in-
herit this——'Tis true, I have a Daughter,
and a fine dutiful Child she is, though I
say

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say it, blessed be Providence I may say; for indeed, Mr. *Careless*, I am mightily beholden to Providence——A poor unworthy Sinner——But if I had a Son, ah, that's my Affliction, and my only Affliction; indeed I cannot refrain Tears when it comes in my Mind. [Cries.

CARELESS.

Why, methinks that might be easily remedied——my Lady's a fine likely Woman.——

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Oh, a fine likely Woman as you shall see in a Summer's Day——Indeed she is, Mr. *Careless*, in all Respects.

CARELESS.

And I should not have taken you to have been so old——

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Alas, that's not it, Mr. *Careless*; ah! that's not it; no, no, you shoot wide of the Mark a Mile; indeed you do, that's not it, Mr. *Careless*; no, no, that's not it.

CARELESS.

No, what can be the Matter then?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

You'll scarcely believe me, when I shall tell you——my Lady is so nice——It's very strange, but it's true: Too true——she's so

very nice, that I don't believe she would touch a Man for the World—At least not above once a Year; I'm sure I have found it so; and alas, what's once a Year to an old Man, who would do Good in his Generation? Indeed it's true, Mr. *Careless*, it breaks my Heart—I am her Husband, as I may say; though far unworthy of that Honor, yet I am her Husband; but alas-a-day, I have no more Familiarity with her Person—as to that Matter—than with my own Mother—no indeed.

CARELESS.

Alas-a-day, this is a lamentable Story; my Lady must be told on't; she must i'Faith, Sir *Paul*; 'tis an Injury to the World.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Ah! would to Heav'n you would, Mr. *Careless*; you are mightily in her Favor.

CARELESS.

I warrant you; what, we must have a Son some Way or other.

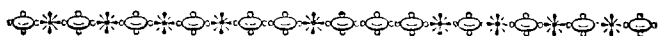
Sir, PAUL PLYANT.

Indeed, I should be mightily bound to you, if you could bring it about, Mr. *Careless*.

Lady PLYANT.

Here, Sir *Paul*, it's from your Steward,
here's

here's a Return of six hundred Pounds; you may take fifty of it for the next half Year. [Gives him the Letter.



S C E N E IX.

[To them] *Lord FROTH, CYNTHIA.*

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

HOW does my Girl? Come hither to thy Father, poor Lamb, thou'rt melancholic.

Lord FROTH.

Heav'n, *Sir Paul*, you amaze me, of all Things in the World ——— You are never pleas'd but when we are all upon the broad Grin; all Laugh and no Company; ah, then 'tis such a Sight to see some Teeth— Sure you're a great Admirer of my *Lady Whifler*, *Mr. Sneer*, and *Sir Laurence Loud*, and that Gang.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

I vow and swear she's a very merry Woman, but, I think she laughs a little too much.

Lord FROTH.

Merry! O Lord, what a Character that is of a Woman of Quality—You have been
at

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at my Lady *Whifler's* upon her Day, Madam?

CYNTHIA.

Yes, my Lord—I must humor this Fool.
[*Aside.*]

Lord FROTH.

Well and how? hee! What is your Sense of the Conversation?

CYNTHIA.

O most ridiculous, a perpetual Concert of Laughing without any Harmony; for sure, my Lord, to laugh out of Time, is as disagreeable as to sing out of Time or out of Tune.

Lord FROTH.

Hee! hee! hee! right; and then, my Lady *Whifler* is so ready——she always comes in three Bars too soon—And then, what do they laugh at? For you know laughing without a Jest is as impertinent, hee! as, as—

CYNTHIA.

As dancing without a Fiddle.

Lord FROTH.

Just, i'Faith; that was at my Tongue's End.

CYNTHIA.

But that cannot be properly said of them, for I think they are all in good Nature
ture

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ture with the World, and only laugh at one another; and you must allow they have all Jests in their Persons, though they have none in their Conversation.

Lord FROTH.

True, as I'm a Person of Honor — For Heav'n's Sake let us sacrifice 'em to Mirth a little. [*Enter Boy and whispers Sir Paul.*

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Gads fo—Wife, Wife, my Lady *Plyant*, I have a Word.

Lady PLYANT.

I'm busy, *Sir Paul*; I wonder at your Impertinence—

CARELESS.

Sir Paul, harkye, I'm reasoning the Matter you know; Madam, — if your Ladyship please, we'll discourse of this in the next Room.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

O ho, I wish you good Success, I wish you good Success. Boy, tell my Lady, when she has done, I would speak with her below.

S C E N E



S C E N E X.

CYNTHIA, Lord FROTH, Lady FROTH,
BRISK.

Lady FROTH.

THEN you think that *Episode* between *Susan*, the Dairy-Maid, and our Coachman, is not amiss; you know, I may suppose the Dairy in Town, as well as in the Country.

BRISK.

Incomparable, let me perish—But then being an Heroic Poem, had not you better call him a *Charioteer*? *Charioteer* sounds great; besides your Ladyship's Coachman having a red Face, and your comparing him to the Sun —— And you know the Sun is call'd *Heav'n's Charioteer*.

Lady FROTH.

Oh, infinitely better; I'm extremely beholden to you for the Hint; stay, we'll read over those half a Score Lines again. [*Pulls out a Paper.*] Let me see here, you know what goes before—the Comparison, you know.

For

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*For as the Sun shines ev'ry Day, [Reads.]
So, of our Coachman I may say.*

B R I S K.

I'm afraid that Simile won't do in wet Weather—Because you say the Sun shines ev'ry Day.

Lady F R O T H.

No, for the Sun it won't, but it will do for the Coachman, for you know there's most Occasion for a Coach in wet Weather.

B R I S K.

Right, right, that saves all.

Lady F R O T H.

Then I don't say the Sun shines all the Day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the Day too, you know, tho' we don't see him.

B R I S K.

Right, but the Vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F R O T H.

Well, you shall hear—Let me see.

*For as the Sun shines ev'ry Day, [Reads.]
So, of our Coachman I may say,
He shows his drunken fiery Face,
Just as the Sun does, more or less.*

B R I S K.

B R I S K.

That's right, all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady F R O T H. [Reads.]

*And when at Night his Labor's done,
Then too, like Heav'n's Charioteer the Sun:*

Ay, Charioteer does better.

*Into the Dairy he descends
And there his Whipping and his Driving
ends;
There he's secure from Danger of a Bilk,
His Fare is paid him, and he sets in Milk.*

For *Susan*, you know, is *Thetis*, and so—

B R I S K.

Incomparably well and proper, i'Gad—
But I have one Exception to make—
Don't you think *Bilk* (I know its good
Rhyme) but don't you think *Bilk* and *Fare*
too like a Hackney Coachman?

Lady F R O T H.

I swear and vow I'm afraid so — And
yet our *Jehu* was a Hackney Coachman,
when my Lord took him.

B R I S K.

Was he? I'm answer'd, if *Jehu* was a
Hackney Coachman — You may put that
in

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in the marginal Notes tho', to prevent Criticism — Only mark it with a small Asterism, and say, — *Jehu* was formerly a Hackney Coachman.

Lady FROTH.

I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write Notes to the whole Poem.

B R I S K.

With all my Heart and Soul, and proud of the vast Honor, let me perish.

Lord FROTH.

Hee! hee! hee! my Dear, have you done—won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady *Whifler*, and Mr. *Sneer*.

Lady FROTH.

— Ay, my Dear — Were you? Oh filthy Mr. *Sneer*; he's a nauseous Figure, a most fulfamic Fop, foh — He spent two Days together in going about *Covent-Garden* to fuit the Lining of his Coach with his Complexion.

Lord FROTH.

O silly! yet his Aunt is as fond of him, as if she had brought the Ape into the World herself.

B R I S K.

Who, my Lady *Toothless*? O, she's a morti-

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mortifying Spectacle; she's always chewing the Cud like an old Jew.

CYNTHIA.

Fy, Mr. *Brisk*, *Eringo's* for her Cough.

Lady FROTH.

I have seen her take 'em half chew'd out of her Mouth, to laugh, and then put 'em in again—Foh.

Lord FROTH.

Foh.

Lady FROTH.

Then she's always ready to laugh when *Sneer* offers to speak— And sits in Expectation of his no Jest, with her Gums bare, and her Mouth open——

B R I S K.

Like an Oyster at low Ebb, i'Gad——
Ha! ha! ha!

CYNTHIA. [*Aside.*]

Well, I find there are no Fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other People contemptible by exposing their Infirmities.

Lady FROTH.

Then that t'other great strapping Lady——I can't hit of her Name; the old fat Fool that paints so exorbitantly.

B R I S K.

I know whom you mean — But Deuce
take

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take me I can't hit of her Name neither—
Paints, d'ye say? Why she lays it on with
a Trowel——Then she has a great Beard
that bristles through it, and makes her look
as if she were plaister'd with Lime and
Hair, let me perish.

Lady FROTH.

Oh you made a Song upon her, Mr.
Brisk.

B R I S K.

He? egad, so I did——My Lord can
sing it.

C Y N T H I A.

O good my Lord let's hear it.

B R I S K.

'Tis not a Song neither——It's a Sort of
an Epigram, or rather an Epigrammatic
Sonnet; I don't know what to call it, but
it's Satire.—Sing it, my Lord.

Lord FROTH *sings*.

*Ancient Phillis has young Graces,
'Tis a strange Thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own Faces,
And each Morning wears a new one;
Where's the Wonder now?*

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B R I S K.

Short, but there's Salt in't; my Way of Writing, i'Gad.



S C E N E XI.

[*To them*] F O O T M A N.

Lady F R O T H.

HOW now?

F O O T M A N.

Your Ladyship's Chair is come.

Lady F R O T H.

Is Nurse and the Child in it?

F O O T M A N.

Yes, Madam.

Lady F R O T H.

O the dear Creature! Let's go see it.

Lord F R O T H.

I swear, my Dear, you'll spoil that Child, with sending it to and again so often; this is the seventh Time the Chair has gone for her to Day.

Lord F R O T H.

O law, I swear it's but the sixth—and I han't seen her these two Hours—The poor dear Creature—I swear, my Lord, you don't love poor little *Sapho*—Come,
my

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my dear *Cynthia*, Mr. *Brisk*, we'll go see *Sapho*, tho' my Lord won't.

CYNTHIA.

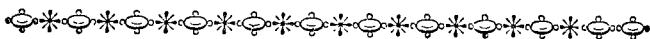
I'll wait upon your Ladyship.

BRISK.

Pray, Madam, how old is Lady *Sapho*?

Lady FROTH.

Three Quarters ; but I swear she has a World of Wit, and can sing a Tune already. My Lord, won't you go? Won't you? What, not to see *Saph*? Pray, my Lord, come see little *Saph*. I knew you cou'd not stay.



S C E N E XII.

CYNTHIA *alone*.

'TIS not so hard to counterfeit Joy in the Depth of Affliction, as to dissemble Mirth in the Company of Fools— Why should I call 'em Fools? The World thinks better of 'em ; for these have Quality and Education, Wit and fine Conversation, are receiv'd and admir'd by the World——If not, they like and admire themselves——And why is not that true Wisdom, for 'tis Happiness: And for aught

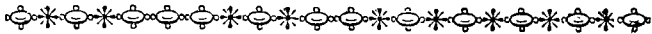
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I know, we have misapply'd the Name
all this While, and mistaken the Thing:
Since

*If Happiness in Self-content is plac'd,
The Wise are Wretched, and Fools only Bless'd.*

End of the Third Act.

A C T



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

MELLEFONT, CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA.

I Heard him loud as I came by the Closet-Door, and my Lady with him, but she seem'd to moderate his Passion.

MELLEFONT.

Ay, Hell thank her, as gentle Breezes moderate a Fire; but I shall counter-work her Spells, and ride the Witch in her own Bridle.

CYNTHIA.

It's impossible; she'll cast beyond you still — I'll lay my Life it will never be a Match.

MELLEFONT.

What?

CYNTHIA.

Between you and me.

MELLEFONT.

Why so?

CYNTHIA.

My Mind gives me it won't — because we are both willing; we each of us strive

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to reach the Goal, and hinder one another in the Race; I swear it never does well when the Parties are so agreed—For when People walk Hand in Hand, there's neither overtaking nor meeting: We hunt in Couples, where we both pursue the same Game, but forget one another; and 'tis because we are so near that we don't think of coming together.

MELLEFONT.

Hum, 'Gad I believe there's Something in't; — Marriage is the Game that we hunt, and while we think that we only have it in View, I don't see but we have it in our Power.

CYNTHIA.

Within Reach; for Example, give me your Hand; you have look'd through the wrong End of the Perspective all this While; for Nothing has been between us but our Fears.

MELLEFONT.

I don't know why we should not steal out of the House this very Moment and marry one another, without Consideration or the Fear of Repentance. Pox o' Fortune, Portion, Settlements and Jointures.

CYNTHIA.

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CYNTHIA.

Ay, 'ay, what have we to do with 'em; you know we marry for Love.

MELLEFONT.

Love, Love, downright very villanous Love.

CYNTHIA.

And he that can't live upon Love, deserves to die in a Ditch.—Here then, I give you my Promise, in spite of Duty, any Temptation of Wealth, your Inconstancy, or my own Inclination to change—

MELLEFONT.

To run most wilfully and unreasonably away with me this Moment, and be married.

CYNTHIA.

Hold—Never to marry any Body else.

MELLEFONT.

That's but a Kind of Negative Consent—Why, you won't balk the Frolic?

CYNTHIA.

If you had not been so assured of your own Conduct, I would not—But 'tis but reasonable, that since I consent to like a Man without the vile Consideration of Money, he should give me a very evident Demonstration of his Wit: Therefore let me see you undermine my Lady *Touch-*

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wood, as you boasted, and force her to give her Consent, and then—

MELLEFONT.

I'll do't.

CYNTHIA.

And I'll do't.

MELLEFONT.

This very next ensuing Hour of Eight o'Clock, is the last Minute of her Reign, unless the Devil assist her *in propria Persona*.

CYNTHIA.

Well, if the Devil should assist her, and your Plot miscarry——

MELLEFONT.

Ay, what am I to trust to then?

CYNTHIA.

Why if you give me very clear Demonstration that it was the Devil, I'll allow for irresistible Odds. But if I find it to be only Chance, or Destiny, or unlucky Stars, or any Thing but the very Devil, I'm inexorable: Only still I'll keep my Word, and live a Maid for your Sake.

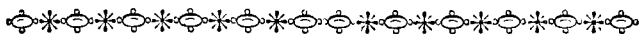
MELLEFONT.

And you won't die one, for your own; so still there's Hope.

CYNTHIA.

Here's my Mother in Law, and your Friend *Careless*, I would not have 'em see us together yet.

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

CARELESS, *Lady* PLYANT.

Lady PLYANT.

I Swear, Mr. *Careless*, you are very alluring—And say so many fine Things, and Nothing is so moving to me as a fine Thing. Well, I must do you this Justice, and declare in the Face of the World, never any Body gain'd so far upon me as yourself; with Blushes I must own it, you have shaken, as I may say, the very Foundation of my Honor——Well, sure if I escape your Importunities, I shall value myself as long as I live, I swear.

CARELESS.

And despise me. [*Sighing.*

Lady PLYANT.

The last of any Man in the World, by my Purity; now you make me swear—O Gratitude forbid, that I should ever be wanting in a respectful Acknowledgment of an entire Resignation of all my best Wishes, for the Person and Parts of so accomplish'd a Person, whose Merit challenges much more, I'm sure, than my illiterate Praises can description—

CARELESS.

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CARELESS. [*In a whining Tone.*]

Ah Heav'ns, Madam, you ruin me with Kindness; your charming Tongue pursues the Victory of your Eyes, while at your Feet your poor Adorer dies.

Lady PLYANT.

Ah! very fine.

CARELESS. [*Still whining.*]

Ah why are you so Fair, so bewitching Fair? O let me grow to the Ground here, and feast upon that Hand; O let me press it to my Heart, my trembling Heart, the nimble Movement shall instruct your Pulse, and teach it to alarm Desire.

[*Zoons I'm almost at the End of my Cant, if she does not yield quickly.* [*Aside.*]

Lady PLYANT.

O that's so passionate and fine, I cannot hear it—I am not safe if I stay, and must leave you.

CARELESS.

And must you leave me! Rather let me languish out a wretched Life, and breathe my Soul beneath your Feet.

[*I must say the same Thing over again, and can't help it.* [*Aside.*]

Lady PLYANT.

I swear I'm ready to languish too —
O my Honor! Whither is it going? I protest

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tell you have given me the Palpitation of the Heart.

CARELESS.

Can you be so cruel?—

Lady PLYANT.

O rise I beseech you, say no more 'till you rise—Why did you kneel so long? I swear I was so transported, I did not see it.—Well, to show you how far you have gain'd upon me; I assure you if Sir *Paul* should die, of all Mankind there's none I'd sooner make my second Choice.

CARELESS.

O Heav'n! I can't outlive this Night without your Favor——I feel my Spirits faint, a general Dampness overspreads my Face, a cold deadly Dew already vents through all my Pores, and will to Morrow wash me for ever from your Sight, and drown me in my Tomb.

Lady PLYANT.

O you have conquered, sweet, melting, moving Sir, you have conquered—What Heart of Marble can refrain to weep, and yield to such sad Sayings—— [Cries.

CARELESS.

I thank Heaven, they are the saddest that I ever said——Oh!

[*I shall never contain Laughter.* [Aside.
Lady

Lady PLYANT.

Oh, I yield myself all up to your uncontrollable Embraces — Say, thou dear dying Man, when, where, and how?— Ah! there's *Sir Paul*.

CARELESS.

'Slife, yonder's *Sir Paul*; but if he were not come, I'm so transported I cannot speak — This Note will inform you.

[*Gives her a Note.*



S C E N E III.

*Lady PLYANT, Sir PAUL PLYANT,
CYNTHIA.*

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

THOU art my tender Lambkin, and shalt do what thou wilt—But endeavour to forget this *Mellefont*.

CYNTHIA.

I would obey you to my Power, Sir; but if I have not him, I have sworn never to marry.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Never to marry! Heav'n's forbid; must I neither have Sons nor Grandsons? must the Family of the *Plyants* be utterly extinct
for

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for want of Issue Male? Oh Impiety! But did you swear, did that sweet Creature swear, ha? How durst you swear without my Consent, ha? Gads-bud, who am I?

CYNTHIA.

Pray don't be angry, Sir: When I swore, I had your Consent; and therefore I swore.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Why then the revoking my Consent does annul, or make of none Effect, your Oath: So you may unswear it again——The Law will allow it.

CYNTHIA.

Ay, but my Conscience never will.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Gads-bud no Matter for that, Conscience and Law never go together; you must not expect that.

Lady PLYANT.

Ay, but *Sir Paul*, I conceive if she has sworn, d'ye mark me, if she has once sworn; it is most unchristian, inhuman, and obscene that she should break it.—I'll make up the Match again, because *Mr. Careless* said it would oblige him. [*Aside.*]

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Does your Ladyship conceive so—Why I was of that Opinion once too—Nay if
your

your Ladyship conceives so, I'm of that Opinion again; but I can neither find my Lord nor my Lady to know what they intend.

Lady PLYANT.

I'm satisfied that my Cousin *Mellefont* has been much wronged.

CYNTHIA.

I'm amazed to find her of our Side, for I'm sure she lov'd him. [*Aside.*

Lady PLYANT.

I know my Lady *Touchwood* has no Kindness for him; and besides I have been informed by Mr. *Careless*, that *Mellefont* had never any Thing more than a profound Respect — That he has own'd himself to be my Admirer, 'tis true, but he was never so presumptuous to entertain any dishonorable Notion of Things; so that if this be made plain—I don't see how my Daughter can in Conscience, or Honor, or any Thing in the World—

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Indeed if this be made plain, as my Lady your Mother says, Child—

Lady PLYANT.

Plain! I was inform'd of it by Mr. *Careless* — And I assure you Mr. *Careless* is

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a Person — that has a most extraordinary Respect and Honor for you, *Sir Paul*.

CYNTHIA. [*Aside.*]

And for your Ladyship too, I believe, or else you had not chang'd Sides so soon; now I begin to find it.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

I am much obliged to Mr. *Careless* really, he is a Person that I have a great Value for, not only for that, but because he has a great Veneration for your Ladyship.

Lady PLYANT.

O las, no indeed, *Sir Paul*, 'tis upon your Account.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

No, I protest and vow, I have no Title to his Esteem, but in having the Honor to appertain in some Measure to your Ladyship, that's all.

Lady PLYANT.

O law now, I swear and declare, it shan't be so, you're too modest, *Sir Paul*.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

It becomes me, when there is any Comparison made between—

Lady PLYANT.

O fy, fy, *Sir Paul*, you'll put me out of Countenance — Your very obedient and affectionate Wife; that's all—And highly honor'd in that Title.

Sir

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Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Gads-bud I am transported! Give me Leave to kifs your Ladyship's Hand.

CYNTHIA.

That my poor Father should be so very filly! [*Aside.*]

Lady PLYANT.

My Lip indeed, *Sir Paul*, I fwear you shall. [*He kiffes her, and bows very low.*]

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

I humbly thank your Ladyship—I don't know whether I fly on Ground, or walk in Air—Gads-bud, she was never thus before—Well, I must own myself the most beholden to Mr. *Carelefs*—As sure as can be this is all his doing, —Something that he has said; well, 'tis a rare Thing to have an ingenious Friend. Well, your Ladyship is of Opinion that the Match may go forward?

Lady PLYANT.

By all Means—Mr. *Carelefs* has satisfied me of the Matter.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Well, why then Lamb you may keep your Oath, but have a Care of making rash Vows; come hither to me, and kifs *Papa*.

Lady

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Lady PLYANT.

I swear and declare, I am in such a Twitter to read Mr. *Careless's* Letter, that I can't forbear any longer—But though I may read all Letters first by Prerogative, yet I'll be sure to be unsuspected this Time.—*Sir Paul.*

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Did your Ladyship call?

Lady PLYANT.

Nay, not to interrupt you my Dear—Only lend me your Letter, which you had from your Steward to Day: I would look upon the Account again; and may be increase your Allowance.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

There it is, Madam: Do you want a Pen and Ink? [*Bows and gives the Letter.*

Lady PLYANT.

No, no, Nothing else, I thank you, *Sir Paul.*—So, now I can read my own Letter under the Cover of his. [*Aside.*

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

He? And wilt thou bring a Grandson at nine Months End.—He? A brave chopping Boy. — I'll settle a thousand Pound a Year upon the Rogue as soon as ever he looks me in the Face; I will, Gads-bud. I'm overjoy'd to think I have any of my

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Family that will bring Children into the World. For I would fain have some Resemblance of myself in my Posterity, he, *Thy?* Can't you contrive that Affair, Girl? Do, Gads-bud, think on thy old Father; he? Make the young Rogue as like as you can.

CYNTHIA.

I'm glad to see you so merry, Sir.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Merry! Gads-bud I'm serious, I'll give thee five hundred Pound for every Inch of him that resembles me; ah this Eye, this left Eye! A thousand Pound for this left Eye. This has done Execution in its Time, Girl; why thou hast my Leer, Hufsey, just thy Father's Leer. — Let it be transmitted to the young Rogue by the Help of Imagination; why 'tis the Mark of our Family, *Thy*; our House is distinguish'd by a languishing Eye, as the House of *Austria* is by a thick Lip. — Ah! when I was of your Age, Hufsey, I would have held fifty to one, I could have drawn my own Picture—Gads-bud I could have done — not so much as you neither, — but — nay, don't blush——

CYNTHIA.

I don't blush, Sir, for I vow I don't understand—

Sir

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Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Pshaw, Pshaw, you fib, you Baggage, you do understand, and you shall understand; come don't be so nice, Gads-bud don't learn after your Mother in Law my Lady here: Marry, Heav'n forbid that you should follow her Example, that would spoil all indeed. Bless us, if you should take a Vagary and make a rash Resolution on your Wedding Night, to die a Maid, as she did; all were ruin'd, all my Hopes lost — My Heart would break, and my Estate would be left to the wide World, he? I hope you are a better Christian than to think of living a Nun; he? Answer me.

CYNTHIA.

I'm all Obedience, Sir, to your Commands.

Lady PLYANT. [*Having read the Letter.*]

O dear Mr. *Careless*, I swear he writes charmingly, and he looks charmingly, and he has charm'd me, as much as I have charm'd him; and so I'll tell him in the Wardrobe when 'tis dark. O Crimine! I hope *Sir Paul* has not seen both Letters.

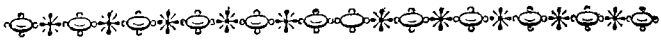
[*Puts the wrong Letter hastily up, and gives him her own.*]

U 2

Sir

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Sir *Paul*, here's your Letter, to Morrow Morning I'll settle Accounts to your Advantage.



S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] B R I S K.

B R I S K.

SIR *Paul*, Gads-bud you're an uncivil Person, let me tell you, and all that; and I did not think it had been in you.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

O law, what's the Matter now? I hope you are not angry, Mr. *Brisk*.

B R I S K.

Deuce take me, I believe you intend to marry your Daughter yourself; you're always brooding over her like an old Hen, as if she were not well hatch'd, i' Gad, he?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Good, strange! Mr. *Brisk* is such a merry facetious Person, he! he! he! No, no, I have done with her, I have done with her now.

B R I S K.

The Fiddlers have stay'd this Hour in the Hall, and my Lord *Froth* wants a Partner;

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Partner; we can never begin without her.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Go, go Child, go, get you gone and dance and be merry, I'll come and look at you by and by. — Where's my Son *Mellefont*?

Lady PLYANT.

I'll send him to them, I know where he is—

B R I S K.

Sir Paul, will you send *Careless* into the Hall if you meet him?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

I will, I will, I'll go and look for him on Purpose.



S C E N E V.

B R I S K *alone.*

SO, now they are all gone, and I have an Opportunity to practise. — Ah! My dear Lady *Froth*! She's a most engaging Creature, if she were not so fond of that damn'd coxcombly Lord of hers; and yet I am forced to allow him Wit too, to keep in with him—No Matter, she's

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a Woman of Parts, and i'Gad Parts will carry her. She said she would follow me into the Gallery — Now to make my Approaches — Hem! hem! Ah Ma- [*Bows.*] dam! — Pox on't, why should I disparage my Parts by thinking what to say? None but dull Rogues *think*; witty Men, like rich Fellows, are always ready for all Expences; while your Blockheads, like poor needy Scoundrels, are forced to examine their Stock, and forecast the Charges of the Day. Here she comes; I'll seem not to see her, and try to win her with a new airy Invention of my own, hem!



S C E N E VI.

[*To him*] Lady FROTH.

BRISK *sings, walking about.*

I'M sick with Love, ha! ha! ha! *prithee come cure me.*

I'm sick with, &c.

O ye Pow'rs! O my Lady Froth! my Lady Froth! My Lady Froth! Heigh-ho! Break, my Heart; Gods I thank you.

[*Stands musing with his Arms acrofs.*

Lady

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Lady FROTH.

O Heav'ns, Mr. *Brisk!* What's the Matter?

B R I S K.

My Lady *Froth!* Your Ladyship's most humble Servant; — The Matter, Madam? Nothing, Madam, Nothing at all i'Gad. I was fallen into the most agreeable Amusement in the whole Province of Contemplation: That's all—(I'll seem to conceal my Passion, and that will look like Respect.) [*Afide.*

Lady FROTH.

Bless me, why did you call out upon me so loud?—

B R I S K.

O Lord, I Madam! I beseech your Ladyship—when?

Lady FROTH.

Just now as I came in; bless me, why don't you know it?

B R I S K.

Not I, let me perish — But did I? Strange! I confess your Ladyship was in my Thoughts; and I was in a Sort of Dream that did in a Manner represent a very pleasing Object to my Imagination; but—but did I indeed?—To see how Love

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and Murder will out. But did I really name my Lady *Froth*?

Lady FROTH.

Three Times aloud, as I love Letters— But did you talk of Love? O *Parnassus*! Who would have thought Mr. *Brisk* could have been in Love, ha! ha! ha! O Heavens, I thought you cou'd have no Mistress but the Nine Muses.

B R I S K.

No more I have i'Gad, for I adore 'em all in your Ladyship — Let me perish, I don't know whether to be splenetic, or airy upon't; the Deuce take me if I can tell whether I am glad or sorry that your Ladyship has made the Discovery.

Lady FROTH.

O be merry by all Means— Prince *Volscius* in Love! Ha! ha! ha!

B R I S K.

O barbarous, to turn me into Ridicule! Yet, ha! ha! ha! The Deuce take me, I can't help laughing myself, ha! ha! ha! yet by Heav'ns I have a violent Passion for your Ladyship, seriously.

Lady FROTH.

Seriously? Ha! ha! ha!

B R I S K.

Seriously. Ha! ha! ha! Gad I have, for all I laugh.

Lady

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Lady FROTH.

Ha! ha! ha! What d'ye think I laugh at?
Ha! ha! ha!

B R I S K.

Me, i'Gad, ha! ha!

Lady FROTH.

No, the Deuce take me if I don't laugh at myself; for hang me if I have not a violent Passion for Mr. *Brisk*, ha! ha! ha!

B R I S K.

Seriously?

Lady FROTH.

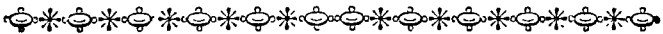
Seriously. Ha! ha! ha!

B R I S K.

That's well enough; let me perish, ha! ha! ha! O miraculous, what a happy Discovery! Ah my dear charming *Lady Froth!*

Lady FROTH.

O my adored Mr. *Brisk!* [*Embrace.*



S C E N E VII.

[*To them*] *Lord FROTH.*

Lord FROTH.

THE Company are all ready — How now!

B R I S K. [*Softly to her.*]

Zoons, Madam, there's my Lord.

Lady

Lady FROTH.

Take no Notice — but observe me — Now cast off and meet me at the lower End of the Room, and then join Hands again; I could teach my Lord this Dance purely, but I vow, Mr. *Brisk*, I can't tell how to come so near any other Man. Oh here's my Lord, now you shall see me do it with him.

[They pretend to practise part of a Country Dance.]

Lord FROTH.

—Oh, I see there's no Harm yet—
But I don't like this Familiarity. *[Aside.]*

Lady FROTH.

—Shall you and I do our close Dance, to show Mr. *Brisk*?

Lord FROTH.

No, my Dear, do it with him.

Lady FROTH.

I'll do it with him, my Lord, when you are out of the Way.

B R I S K.

That's good i'Gad, that's good, Deuce take me, I can hardly help laughing in his Face. *[Aside.]*

Lord FROTH.

Any other Time, my Dear, or we'll dance it below.

Lady

The DOUBLE DEALER. 299

Lady FROTH.

With all my Heart.

B R I S K.

Come my Lord, I'll wait on you ——
My charming, witty Angel! [To her.

Lady FROTH.

We shall have whispering Time enough,
you know, since we are Partners.



S C E N E VIII.

Lady PLYANT, CARELESS.

Lady PLYANT.

O Mr. *Careless*, Mr. *Careless*, I'm ruin'd,
I'm undone!

C A R E L E S S.

What's the Matter, Madam?

Lady PLYANT.

O the unluckiest Accident! I'm afraid I
shan't live to tell it you.

C A R E L E S S.

Heav'n forbid! What is it?

Lady PLYANT.

I'm in such a Fright; the strangest Quan-
dary and Premunire! I'm all over in a
universal Agitation, I dare swear every
Circumstance of me trembles. —O your
Letter,

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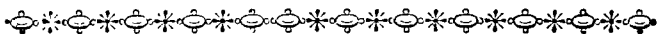
Letter, your Letter! By an unfortunate Mistake, I have given Sir *Paul* your Letter instead of his own.

CARELESS.

That was unlucky.

Lady PLYANT.

O yonder he comes reading of it; for Heav'n's Sake step in here and advise me quickly, before he sees.



S C E N E IX.

Sir PAUL *with the Letter.*

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

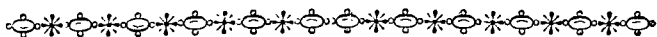
O Providence, what a Conspiracy have I discover'd —— But let me see to make an End on't. —— [*Reads*] Hum, — *After Supper in the Wardrobe by the Gallery. If Sir Paul should surprize us, I have a Commission from him to treat with you about the very Matter of Fact —— Matter of Fact! Very pretty; it seems then I am conducing to my own Cuckoldom; why this is the very traiterous Position of taking up Arms by my Authority, against my Person! Well, let me see—'Till then I languish in Expectation of my adored Charmer.*

Dying Ned Careless.
Gads-

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Gads-bud, would that were Matter of Fact too. Die and be damn'd for a *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Iscariot* both. O Friendship! What art thou but a Name! Henceforward let no Man make a Friend that would not be a Cuckold: For whomsoever he receives into his Bosom, will find the Way to his Bed, and there return his Carresses with Interest to his Wife. Have I for this been pinion'd Night after Night for three Years past? Have I been swath'd in Blankets 'till I have been even depriv'd of Motion? Have I approach'd the Marriage Bed with Reverence as to a sacred Shrine, and denied myself the Enjoyment of lawful Domestic Pleasures to preserve its Purity, and must I now find it polluted by foreign Iniquity? O my Lady *Plyant*, you were chaste as Ice, but you are melted now, and false as Water. — But Providence has been constant to me in discovering this Conspiracy; still I am beholden to Providence; if it were not for Providence, sure poor Sir *Paul* thy Heart would break.

SCENE



S C E N E X.

[*To him*] *Lady* PLYANT.

Lady PLYANT.

SO, Sir, I see you have read the Letter,—Well now, Sir *Paul*, what do you think of your Friend *Careless*? Has he been treacherous, or did you give his Insolence a License to make Trial of your Wife's suspected Virtue? D'ye see here?

[*Snatches the Letter as in Anger.*

Look, read it: Gad's my Life, if I thought it were so, I would this Moment renounce all Communication with you. Ungrateful Monster! He? Is it so? Ay, I see it, a Plot upon my Honor; your guilty Cheeks confess it: Oh where shall wrong'd Virtue fly for Reparation! I'll be divorced this Instant.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Gads-bud what shall I say? This is the strangest Surprise! why I don't know any Thing at all, nor I don't know whether there be any Thing at all in the World, or no.

Lady

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Lady PLYANT.

I thought I should try you, false Man. I that never dissembled in my Life: Yet to make Trial of you, pretended to like that Monster of Iniquity, *Careless*, and found out that Contrivance to let you see this Letter; which now I find was of your own inditing——I do Heathen, I do; see my Face no more; I'll be divorced presently.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

O strange, what will become of me! — I'm so amaz'd, and so overjoy'd, so afraid, and so sorry — But did you give me this Letter on Purpose, he? Did you?

Lady PLYANT.

Did I? Do you doubt me, *Turk, Saracen*? I have a Cousin that's a Proctor in the Commons, I'll go to him instantly. —

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Hold, stay, I beseech your Ladyship — I'm so overjoy'd, stay, I'll confess all.

Lady PLYANT.

What will you confess, *Jew*?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Why now as I hope to be saved, I had no Hand in this Letter—Nay, hear me, I beseech your Ladyship: The Devil take me now if he did not go beyond my Commission — If I desired him to do any Thing more than
than

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than speak a good Word only just for me; Gads-bud only for poor Sir *Paul*, I'm an Anabaptist, or a *Jew*, or what you please to call me.

Lady PLYANT.

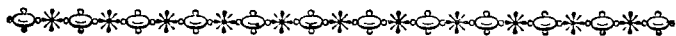
Why is not here Matter of Fact?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Ay, but by your own Virtue and Continency that Matter of Fact is all his own doing. — I confess I had a great Desire to have some Honors conferr'd upon me, which lie all in your Ladyship's Breast, and he being a well-spoken Man, I desired him to intercede for me. —

Lady PLYANT.

Did you so, Presumption! Oh! he comes, the *Tarquin* comes; I cannot bear his Sight.



S C E N E XI.

CARELESS, *Sir* PAUL PLYANT.

CARELESS.

SIR *Paul*, I'm glad I've met with you; 'Gad I have said all I could, but can't prevail — Then my Friendship to you has carried me a little farther in this Matter —

Sir

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Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Indeed — Well Sir — I'll difsemble with him a little. [*Aside.*]

CARELESS.

Why Faith I have in my Time known honest Gentlemen abused by a pretended Coynefs in their Wives, and I had a Mind to try my Lady's Virtue — And when I could not prevail for you, 'Gad I pretended to be in Love myself — but all in vain, she would not hear a Word upon that Subject: Then I writ a Letter to her; I don't know what Effects that will have, but I'll be sure to tell you when I do, tho' by this Light I believe her Virtue is impregnable.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

O Providence! Providence! What Discoveries are here made? Why, this is better and more miraculous than the rest.

CARELESS.

What do you mean?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

I can't tell you, I'm so overjoy'd; come along with me to my Lady, I can't contain myself; come my dear Friend.

CARELESS.

So, so, so, this Difficulty's over. [*Aside.*]



S C E N E XII.

MELLEFONT, MASKWELL, *from different Doors.*

MELLEFONT.

MASKWELL! I have been looking for you — 'tis within a Quarter of Eight

MASKWELL.

My Lady is just gone into my Lord's Clofet, you had best steal into her Chamber before she comes, and lie concealed there, otherwise she may lock the Door when we are together, and you not easily get in to surprize us.

MELLEFONT.

He? You say true.

MASKWELL.

You had best make Haste, for after she has made some Apology to the Company for her own and my Lord's Absence all this While, she'll retire to her Chamber instantly.

MELLEFONT.

I go this Moment: Now Fortune I defy thee.

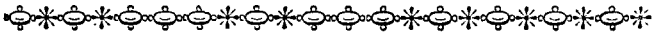
S C E N E



S C E N E XIII.

M A S K W E L L *alone.*

I Confess you may be allow'd to be secure in your own Opinion; the Appearance is very fair, but I have an After-Game to play that shall turn the Tables, and here comes the Man that I must manage.



S C E N E XIV.

[*To him*] Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

M A S K W E L L, you are the Man I wish'd to meet.

M A S K W E L L.

I am happy to be in the Way of your Lordship's Commands.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I have always found you prudent and careful in any Thing that has concern'd me or my Family.

M A S K W E L L.

I were a Villain else—I am bound by Duty and Gratitude, and my own Inclination, to be ever your Lordship's Servant.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Enough—You are my Friend; I know it: Yet there has been a Thing in your Knowledge, which has concern'd me nearly, that you have conceal'd from me.

M A S K W E L L.

My Lord!

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Nay, I excuse your Friendship to my unnatural Nephew thus far—But I know you have been privy to his impious Designs upon my Wife. This Ev'ning she has told me all: Her Good-nature conceal'd it as long as was possible; but he perseveres so in Villany, that she has told me even you were weary of dissuading him, though you have once actually hindered him from forcing her.

M A S K W E L L.

I am sorry, my Lord, I can't make you an Answer; this is an Occasion in which I would willingly be silent.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I know you would excuse him—And I know as well that you can't.

M A S K-

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M A S K W E L L.

Indeed I was in Hopes t'had been a youthful Heat that might have soon boil'd over; but ——

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Say on.

M A S K W E L L.

I have Nothing more to say, my Lord— But to express my Concern; for I think his phrensy increaseth daily.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

How! Give me but Proof of it, ocular Proof, that I may justify my Dealing with him to the World, and share my Fortunes.

M A S K W E L L.

O my Lord! consider, that is hard: Besides, Time may work upon him: Then, for me to do it! I have profess'd an everlasting Friendship to him.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

He is your Friend, and what am I?

M A S K W E L L.

I am answer'd.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Fear not his Displeasure; I will put you out of his, and Fortune's Power; and for that thou art scrupulously honest, I will secure thy Fidelity to him, and give my Honor never to own any Discovery that

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you shall make me. Can you give me a demonstrative Proof? Speak.

M A S K W E L L.

I wish I could not——To be plain, my Lord, I intended this Ev'ning to have try'd all Arguments to dissuade him from a Design, which I suspect; and if I had not succeeded, to have informed your Lordship of what I knew.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I thank you. What is the Villain's Purpose?

M A S K W E L L.

He has own'd Nothing to me of late, and what I mean now, is only a bare Suspicion of my own. If your Lordship will meet me a Quarter of an Hour hence, there, in that Lobby by my Lady's Bed-Chamber, I shall be able to tell you more.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I will.

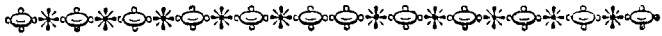
M A S K W E L L.

My Duty to your Lordship, makes me do a severe Piece of Justice.—

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I will be secret, and reward your Honesty beyond your Hopes.

S C E N E



S C E N E XV.

S C E N E *opening shows Lady TOUCHWOOD's Chamber.*

MELLEFONT *solus.*

PRAY Heav'n my Aunt keep Touch with her Affignation. — Oh that her Lord were but sweating behind this Hanging, with the Expectation of what I shall see—Hift, ſhe comes—Little does ſhe think what a Mine is juſt ready to ſpring under her Feet. But to my Poſt.

[Goes behind the Hangings.]



S C E N E XVI.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

TIS Eight o'Clock: Methinks I ſhould have found him here. Who does not prevent the Hour of Love, outſtays the Time; for to be dully punctual, is too ſlow.—I was accusing you of Neglect.



S C E N E XVII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

MELLEFONT absconding.

M A S K W E L L.

I Confess you do reproach me when I see you here before me; but 'tis fit I should be still behind-hand, still to be more and more indebted to your Goodness.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

You can excuse a Fault too well, not to have been to blame — A ready Answer shows you were prepar'd.

M A S K W E L L.

Guilt is ever at a Loss, and Confusion waits upon it; when Innocence and bold Truth are always ready for Expression —

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Not in Love; Words are the weak Support of cold Indifference; Love has no Language to be heard.

M A S K W E L L.

Excess of Joy has made me stupid. Thus may my Lips be ever clos'd. [*Kisses her.* And thus——Oh who would not lose his
Speech,

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Speech, upon Condition to have Joys
above it?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Hold, let me lock the Door first.

[*Goes to the Door.*

MASKWELL.

That I believ'd; 'twas well I left the
private Passage open. [*Aside.*

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

So, that's safe.

MASKWELL.

And so may all your Pleasures be, and
secret as this Kifs——

MELLEFONT.

And may all Treachery be thus disco-
ver'd. [*Leaps out.*

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Ah! [*Shrieks.*

MELLEFONT.

Villain! [*Offers to draw.*

MASKWELL.

Nay then, there's but one Way.

[*Runs out.*

S C E N E



S C E N E XVIII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MELLEFONT.

MELLEFONT.

SAY you so, were you provided for an Escape? Hold, Madam, you have no more Holes to your Burrow, I'll stand between you and this Sally-Port.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Thunder strike thee dead for this Deceit, immediate Lightning blast thee, me, and the whole World—Oh! I could rack myself, play the Vulture to my own Heart, and gnaw it piecemeal, for not boding to me this Misfortune.

MELLEFONT.

Be patient.—

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Be damn'd.

MELLEFONT.

Consider I have you on the Hook; you will but flounder yourself a weary, and be nevertheless my Prisoner.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

I'll hold my Breath and die, but I'll be free.

MELLE-

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MELLEFONT.

O Madam, have a Care of dying unprepar'd; I doubt you have some unrepented Sins that may hang heavy, and retard your Flight.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

O! what shall I do? say? Whither shall I turn? Has Hell no Remedy?

MELLEFONT.

None, Hell has serv'd you ev'n as Heaven has done, left you to yourself.—You're in a Kind of *Erasmus* Paradise; yet if you please you may make it a Purgatory; and with a little Penance and my Absolution all this may turn to good Account.

Lady TOUCHWOOD. [*Aside.*]

Hold in, my Passion, and fall, fall a little, thou swelling Heart; let me have some Intermiſſion of this Rage, and one Minute's Coolness to diſſemble. [*She weeps.*]

MELLEFONT.

You have been to blame.—I like those Tears, and hope they are of the purest Kind——Penitential Tears.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

O the Scene was shifted quick before me—I had not Time to think—I was surpris'd to see a Monster in the Glass, and
now

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now I find 'tis myself: Can you have Mercy to forgive the Faults I have imagin'd, but never put in Practice—O consider, consider how fatal you have been to me, you have already kill'd the Quiet of this Life. The Love of you, was the first wand'ring Fire that e'er misled my Steps, and while I had only that in View, I was betray'd into unthought-of Ways of Ruin.

MELLEFONT.

May I believe this true?

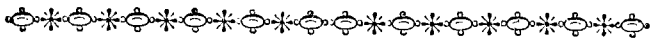
Lady TOUCHWOOD.

O be not cruelly incredulous—How can you doubt these streaming Eyes? Keep the severest Eye o'er all my future Conduct; and if I once relapse, let me not hope Forgiveness; 'twill ever be in your Power to ruin me—My Lord shall sign to your Desires; I will myself create your Happiness, and *Cynthia* shall be this Night your Bride—Do but conceal my Failings, and forgive.

MELLEFONT.

Upon such Terms I will be ever yours in ev'ry honest Way.

S C E N E

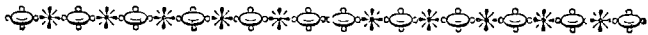


S C E N E XIX.

M A S K W E L L *softly introduces Lord TOUCHWOOD, and retires.*

M A S K W E L L.

I Have kept my Word, he's here, but I must not be seen.



S C E N E XX.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, Lord TOUCHWOOD, MELLEFONT.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

H E L L and Amazement! she's in Tears.
Lady TOUCHWOOD. [Kneeling.]

Eternal Blessings thank you — Ha! My Lord lift'ning! O Fortune has o'erpaid me all, all! all's my own! *[Aside.*

M E L L E F O N T.

Nay, I beseech you rise.

Lady TOUCHWOOD. [Aloud.]

Never, never! I'll grow to the Ground, be buried quick beneath it, ere I'll be consenting to so damn'd a Sin as Incest! unnatural Incest!

M E L L E F O N T.

Ha!

Lady

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Lady TOUCHWOOD.

O cruel Man, will you not let me go—
I'll forgive all that's past—O Heav'n, you
will not ravish me!

MELLEFONT.

Damnation!

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Monster, Dog! your Life shall answer
this——

[*Draws and runs at Mellefont, is held by
Lady Touchwood.*

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

O Heav'ns, my Lord! Hold, hold, for
Heav'n's Sake.

MELLEFONT.

Confusion! my Uncle! O the damn'd
Sorcerers.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Moderate your Rage, good my Lord!
He's mad, alas he's mad—Indeed he is, my
Lord, and knows not what he does—See
how wild he looks.

MELLEFONT.

By Heav'n 'twere senseless not to be
mad, and see such Witchcraft.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

My Lord, you hear him, he talks idly.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Hence from my Sight, thou living In-
famy

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famy to my Name; when next I see that Face, I'll write Villain in't with my Sword's Point.

MELLEFONT.

Now, by my Soul, I will not go 'till I have made known my Wrongs—Nay, 'till I have made known yours, which, if possible, are greater — though she has all the Host of Hell her Servants.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Alas, he raves! Talks very Poetry! For Heav'n's Sake away my Lord, he'll either tempt you to Extravagance, or commit some himself.

MELLEFONT.

Death and Furies! will you not hear me? — Why by Heav'n she laughs, grins, points to your Back; she forks out Cuckoldom with her Fingers, and you're running Horn-mad after your Fortune.

[As she is going she turns back and smiles at him.]

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I fear he's mad indeed—Let's send *Maskwell* to him.

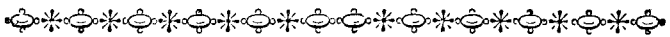
MELLEFONT.

Send him to her.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Come, come, good my Lord, my Heart aches so, I shall faint if I stay.

SCENE



S C E N E XXI.

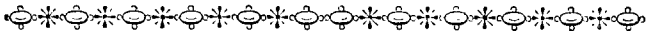
MELLEFONT *alone.*

O I could curse my Stars, Fate, and Chance; all Causes and Accidents of Fortune in this Life! But to what Purpose? Yet, 'Sdeath, for a Man to have the Fruit of all his Industry grow full and ripe, ready to drop into his Mouth, and just when he holds out his Hand to gather it, to have a sudden Whirlwind come, tear up Tree and all, and bear away the very Root and Foundation of his Hopes; What Temper can contain? They talk of sending *Maskwell* to me; I never had more Need of him— But what can he do? Imagination cannot form a fairer and more plausible Design than this of his which has miscarried—O my precious Aunt! I shall never thrive without I deal with the Devil, or another Woman.

*Women like Flames have a destroying Pow'r,
Ne'er to be quench'd, 'till they themselves de-
vour.*

S C E N E *shuts.*

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

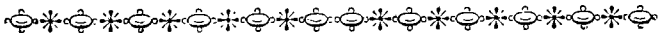
WAS 'T not lucky?

MASKWELL.

Lucky! Fortune is your own, and 'tis her Interest so to be; by Heav'n I believe you can control her Pow'r, and she fears it; though Chance brought my Lord, 'twas your own Art that turn'd it to Advantage.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

'Tis true, it might have been my Ruin—But yonder's my Lord, I believe he's coming to find you, I'll not be feen.



SCENE II.

MASKWELL *alone*.

SO; I durst not own my introducing my Lord, though it succeeded well for her; for she would have suspected a De-
VOL. I. Y sign

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sign which I should have been puzzled to excuse. My Lord is thoughtful — I'll be so too; yet he shall know my Thoughts; or think he does—



S C E N E III.

[*To him*] Lord TOUCHWOOD.

M A S K W E L L.

W H A T have I done?

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Talking to himself!

M A S K W E L L.

'Twas honest—and shall I be rewarded for it? No, 'twas honest, therefore I shan't; —Nay, rather therefore I ought not; for it rewards itself.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Unequall'd Virtue!

[*Afide.*

M A S K W E L L.

But should it be known! then I have lost a Friend! He was an ill Man, and I have gain'd; for half myself I lent him, and that I have recall'd; so I have served myself, and what is yet better, I have served a worthy Lord to whom I owe myself.

Lord

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Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Excellent Man! [*Afide.*

MASKWELL.

Yet I am wretched— O there is a Secret burns within this Breast, which should it once blaze forth, would ruin all, consume my honest Character, and brand me with the Name of Villain.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Ha!

MASKWELL.

Why do I love? Yet Heav'n and my waking Conscience are my Witnesses, I never gave one working Thought a Vent, which might discover that I lov'd, nor ever must; no, let it prey upon my Heart; for I would rather die, than seem once, barely seem, dishonest:—O, should it once be known I love fair *Cynthia*, all this that I have done would look like Rival's Malice, false Friendship to my Lord, and base Self-interest. Let me perish first, and from this Hour avoid all Sight and Speech, and, if I can, all Thought of that pernicious Beauty. Ha! But what is my Distraction doing? I am wildly talking to myself, and some ill Chance might have directed malicious Ears this Way.

[*Seems to start, seeing my Lord.*

Y 2

Lord

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Start not—let guilty and dishonest Souls start at the Revelation of their Thoughts, but be thou fix'd, as is thy Virtue.

MASKWELL.

I am confounded, and beg your Lordship's Pardon for those free Discourses which I have had with myself.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Come, I beg your Pardon that I overheard you, and yet it shall not need—Honest *Maskwell!* thy and my good Genius led me hither—Mine, in that I have discover'd so much manly Virtue; thine, in that thou shalt have due Reward of all thy Worth. Give me thy Hand—my Nephew is the alone remaining Branch of all our ancient Family; him I thus blow away, and constitute thee in his Room to be my Heir.—

MASKWELL.

Now Heav'n forbid—

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

No more—I have resolv'd—The Writings are ready drawn, and wanted Nothing but to be sign'd, and have his Name inserted—Yours will fill the Blank as well—I will have no Reply—Let me command this Time; for 'tis the last, in which

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I will assume Authority—hereafter, you shall rule where I have Power.

M A S K W E L L.

I humbly would Petition—

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Is't for yourself?— [Maskwell *pauses.*]
I'll hear of nought for any Body else.

M A S K W E L L.

Then Witness Heav'n for me, this Wealth and Honor was not of my seeking, nor would I build my Fortune on another's Ruin: I had but one Desire—

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Thou shalt enjoy it— If all I'm worth in Wealth or Interest can purchase *Cynthia*, she is thine.—I'm sure Sir *Paul's* Consent will follow Fortune; I'll quickly show him which Way that is going.

M A S K W E L L.

You oppress me with Bounty; my Gratitude is weak, and shrinks beneath the Weight, and cannot rise to thank you— What, enjoy my Love! Forgive the Transports of a Blessing so unexpected, so unhop'd for, so unthought of!

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I will confirm it, and rejoice with thee.



S C E N E IV.

M A S K W E L L. *alone.*

THIS is prosp'rous indeed—Why let him find me out a Villain, settled in Possession of a fair Estate, and full Fruition of my Love, I'll bear the Railings of a losing Gamester — But shou'd he find me out before! 'tis dangerous to delay—Let me think — shou'd my Lord proceed to treat openly of my Marriage with *Cynthia*, all must be discover'd, and *Mellefont* can be no longer blinded.—It must not be; nay, shou'd my Lady know it— ay, then were fine Work indeed! Her Fury wou'd spare Nothing, tho' she involv'd herself in Ruin. No, it must be by Stratagem—I must deceive *Mellefont* once more, and get my Lord to consent to my private Management. He comes opportunely—Now will I, in my old Way, discover the whole and real Truth of the Matter to him, that he may not suspect one Word on't.

*No Mask like open Truth to cover Lies,
As to go naked is the best Disguise.*

S C E N E



S C E N E V.

[To him] MELLEFONT.

MELLEFONT.

O *Maskwell*, what Hopes? I am confounded in a Maze of Thoughts, each leading into one another, and all ending in Perplexity. My Uncle will not see, nor hear me.

MASKWELL.

No Matter, Sir, don't trouble your Head, all's in my Power.

MELLEFONT.

How, for Heav'n's Sake?

MASKWELL.

Little do you think that your Aunt has kept her Word, —— How the Devil she wrought my Lord into this Dotage, I know not; but he's gone to Sir *Paul* about my Marriage with *Cynthia*, and has appointed me his Heir.

MELLEFONT.

The Devil he has! What's to be done?

MASKWELL.

I have it, it must be by Stratagem; for it's in vain to make Application to him.

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I think I have that in my Head that cannot fail. Where's *Cynthia*?

MELLEFONT.

In the Garden.

MASKWELL.

Let us go and consult her; my Life for yours, I cheat my Lord.



S C E N E VI.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, *Lady* TOUCHWOOD.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

MASKWELL your Heir, and marry *Cynthia*?

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I cannot do too much, for so much Merit.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

But this is a Thing of too great Moment to be so suddenly resolv'd. Why *Cynthia*? Why must he be marry'd? Is there not Reward enough in raising his low Fortune, but he must mix his Blood with mine, and wed my Niece? How know you that my Brother will consent, or she? Nay, he himself perhaps may have Affections elsewhere.

Lord

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

No, I am convinc'd he loves her.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Maskwell love *Cynthia*! Impossible.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I tell you, he confess'd it to me.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Confusion! How's this? [*Aside.*

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

His Humility long stifled his Passion: And his Love of *Mellefont* would have made him still conceal it. — But by Encouragement, I wrung the Secret from him; and know he's no Way to be rewarded but in her. I'll defer my farther Proceedings in it, 'till you have consider'd it; but remember how we are both indebted to him.



S C E N E VII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD alone.

BOOTH indebted to him! Yes, we are both indebted to him, if you knew all, Villain! Oh, I am wild with this Surprise of Treachery: It is impossible, it cannot be.—He love *Cynthia*! What, have

I

I been Bawd to his Designs, his Property only, a baiting Place! Now I see what made him false to *Mellefont*, — Shame and Distraction! I cannot bear it, oh! what Woman can bear to be a Property? To be kindled to a Flame, only to light him to another's Arms; oh! that I were a Fire indeed, that I might burn the vile Traitor. What shall I do? How shall I think? I cannot think, — All my Designs are lost, my Love unfated, my Revenge unfinished, and fresh Cause of Fury from unthought-of Plagues.



S C E N E VIII.

[*To her*] Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

MADAM, Sister, my Lady Sister, did you see my Lady my Wife?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Oh! Torture!

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Gads-bud, I can't find her high nor low; where can she be, think you?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Where she's serving you, as all your Sex

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Sex ought to be ferv'd; making you a Beast. Don't you know that you're a Fool, Brother?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

A Fool; he! he! he! you're merry——
No, no, not I, I know no such Matter.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Why then you don't know half your Happiness.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

That's a Jest with all my Heart, Faith and Troth, — But hark ye, my Lord told me Something of a Revolution of Things; I don't know what to make on't, — Gads-bud I must consult my Wife, — he talks of disinheriting his Nephew; and I don't know what, —— Look you, Sister, I must know what my Girl has to trust to; or not a Syllable of a Wedding, Gads-bud — to show you that I am not a Fool.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Hear me: Consent to the breaking off this Marriage, and the promoting any other, without consulting me, and I'll renounce all Blood, all Relation and Concern with you for ever, — nay, I'll be your Enemy, and pursue you to Destruction, I'll tear your Eyes out, and tread you under my Feet. ——

Sir

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Why, what's the Matter now? Good Lord, what's all this for? Pooh, here's a Joke indeed—Why, where's my Wife?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

With *Careless*, in the close Arbor; he may want you by this Time, as much as you want her.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

O, if she be with Mr. *Careless*, 'tis well enough.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Fool, Sot, insensible Ox! But remember what I said to you, or you had better eat your own Horns, by this Light you had.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

You're a passionate Woman, Gads-bud,—But to say Truth, all our Family are Choleric; I am the only peaceable Person amongst 'em.



S C E N E IX.

MELLEFONT, MASKWELL, CYNTHIA.

MELLEFONT.

I know no other Way but this he has propos'd; if you have Love enough to run the Venture.

CYN-

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CYNTHIA.

I don't know whether I have Love enough, — but I find I have Obstinacy enough to pursue whatever I have once resolv'd; and a true Female Courage to oppose any Thing that resists my Will, tho' 'twere Reason itself.

MASKWELL.

That's right, — Well, I'll secure the Writings, and run the Hazard along with you.

CYNTHIA.

But how can the Coach and six Horses be got ready without Suspicion?

MASKWELL.

Leave it to my Care; that shall be so far from being suspected, that it shall be got ready by my Lord's own Order.

MELLEFONT.

How?

MASKWELL.

Why, I intend to tell my Lord the whole Matter of our Contrivance, that's my Way.

MELLEFONT.

I don't understand you.

MASKWELL.

Why, I'll tell my Lord, I laid this Plot with you, on purpose to betray you; and that which put me upon it, was, the finding
it

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it impossible to gain the Lady any other Way, but in the Hopes of her marrying you.—

MELLEFONT.

So ——

MASKWELL.

So; why so, while you're buſied in making yourſelf ready, I'll wheedle her into the Coach; and inſtead of you, borrow my Lord's Chaplain, and ſo run away with her myſelf.

MELLEFONT.

O I conceive you, you'll tell him ſo?

MASKWELL.

Tell him ſo! ay; why you don't think I mean to do ſo?

MELLEFONT.

No, no; ha! ha! I dare ſwear thou wilt not.

MASKWELL.

Therefore for our farther Security, I would have you diſguiſ'd like a Parſon, that if my Lord ſhould have Curioſity to peep, he may not diſcover you in the Coach, but think the Cheat is carried on as he would have it.

MELLEFONT.

Excellent *Maskwell!* thou wert certainly meant for a Stateſman or a Jeſuit, — but thou art too honeſt for one, and too pious for the other.

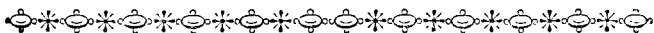
MASK-

M A S K W E L L.

Well, get yourselves ready, and meet me in half an Hour, yonder in my Lady's Dressing-Room; go by the back Stairs, and so we may slip down without being observ'd. — I'll send the Chaplain to you with his Robes; I have made him my own, —— and ordered him to meet us to Morrow Morning at St. *Albans*; there we will sum up this Account, to all our Satisfaction.

M E L L E F O N T.

Should I begin to thank or praise thee, I should waste the little Time we have.



S C E N E X.

C Y N T H I A, M A S K W E L L.

M A S K W E L L.

M A D A M, you will be ready?

C Y N T H I A.

I will be punctual to the Minute.

[*Going.*

M A S K W E L L.

Stay, I have a Doubt——Upon second Thoughts, we had better meet in the Chaplain's Chamber here, the corner Chamber at

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at this End of the Gallery; there is a back Way into it, so that you need not come through this Door—and a Pair of private Stairs leading down to the Stables —— It will be more convenient.

C Y N T H I A.

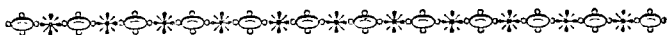
I am guided by you,—but *Mellefont* will mistake.

M A S K W E L L.

No, no, I'll after him immediately, and tell him.

C Y N T H I A.

I will not fail.



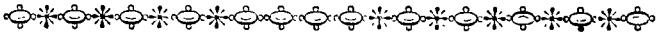
S C E N E XI.

M A S K W E L L *alone.*

WH Y, *qui vult decipi decipiatur.* ——
'Tis no Fault of mine. I have told 'em in plain Terms, how easy 'tis for me to cheat 'em; and if they will not hear the Serpent's Hiss, they must be stung into Experience, and future Caution. — Now to prepare my Lord to consent to this.— But first I must instruct my little Levite; there is no Plot, public or private, that can expect to prosper without one of them
has

has a Finger in't. He promised me to be within at this Hour. — Mr. *Saygrace*, Mr. *Saygrace*.

[*Goes to the Chamber Door, and knocks.*



S C E N E XII.

M A S K W E L L, S A Y G R A C E.

S A Y G R A C E. [*Looking out.*]

S W E E T Sir, I will but pen the last Line of an Acrostic, and be with you in the twinkling of an Ejaculation, in the pronouncing of an *Amen*, or before you can ——

M A S K W E L L.

Nay, good Mr. *Saygrace*, do not prolong the Time, by describing to me the Shortness of your Stay; rather, if you please, defer the finishing of your Wit, and let us talk about our Business, it shall be Tithes in your Way.

S A Y G R A C E. [*Enters.*]

You shall prevail, I would break off in the Middle of a Sermon to do you a Pleasure.

M A S K W E L L.

You could not do me a greater, —— ex-
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cept — the Bufinefs in Hand — Have you provided a Habit for *Mellefont*?

SAYGRACE.

I have; they are ready in my Chamber, together with a clean ftarch'd Band and Cuffs.

MASKWELL.

Good; let them be carried to him, — have you ftitch'd the Gown Sleeve, that he may be puzzled, and wafte Time in putting it on?

SAYGRACE.

I have; the Gown will not be indued without Perplexity.

MASKWELL.

Meet me in half an Hour, here in your own Chamber. When *Cynthia* comes, let there be no Light, and do not fpeak, that fhe may not diftinguifh you from *Mellefont*. I'll urge Hafte, to excufe your Silence.

SAYGRACE.

You have no more Commands?

MASKWELL.

None, your Text is fhort.

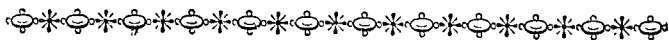
SAYGRACE.

But pity, and I will handle it with Difcretion.

MASKWELL.

It will be the firft you have fo ferved.

S C E N E



S C E N E XIII.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

SURE I was born to be controled by those I should command: My very Slaves will shortly give me Rules how I shall govern them.

MASKWELL.

I am concerned to see your Lordship discomposed.—

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Have you seen my Wife lately, or disoblig'd her.

MASKWELL.

No, my Lord. What can this mean!

[*Aside.*]

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Then *Mellefont* has urged some Body to incense her — Something she has heard of you which carries her beyond the Bounds of Patience.

MASKWELL.

This I fear'd. [*Aside.*] Did not your Lordship tell her of the Honors you designed me?

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Yes.

M A S K W E L L.

'Tis that; you know my Lady has a high Spirit, she thinks I am unworthy.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Unworthy! 'Tis an ignorant Pride in her to think so——Honesty to me is true Nobility. However, 'tis my Will it shall be so, and that should be convincing to her as much as Reason—By Heaven, I'll not be Wife-ridden; were it possible, it should be done this Night.

M A S K W E L L.

By Heaven he meets my Wishes. [*Aside.*] Few Things are impossible to willing Minds.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Instruct me how this may be done, you shall see I want no Inclination.

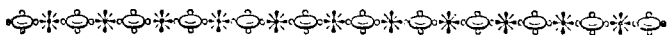
M A S K W E L L.

I had laid a small Design for to Morrow (as Love will be inventing) which I thought to communicate to your Lordship—But it may be as well done to Night.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Here's Company—Come this Way, and tell me.

S C E N E



S C E N E XIV.

CARELESS, CYNTHIA.

CARELESS.

IS not that he, now gone out with my Lord?

CYNTHIA.

Yes.

CARELESS.

By Heaven there's Treachery—— The Confusion that I saw your Father in, my Lady *Touchwood's* Passion, with what imperfectly I overheard between my Lord and her, confirm me in my Fears. Where's *Mellefont*?

CYNTHIA.

Here he comes.



S C E N E XV.

[*To them*] MELLEFONT.

CYNTHIA.

DID *Mafkwell* tell you any Thing of the Chaplain's Chamber?

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MELLEFONT.

No; my Dear, will you get ready——
the Things are all in my Chamber; I
want Nothing but the Habit.

CARELESS.

You are betrayed, and *Maskwell* is the
Villain I always thought him.

CYNTHIA.

When you were gone, he said his Mind
was changed, and bid me meet him in the
Chaplain's Room, pretending immediately
to follow you, and give you Notice.

MELLEFONT.

How!

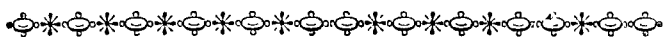
CARELESS.

There's *Saygrace* tripping by with a
Bundle under his Arm—— He cannot be
ignorant that *Maskwell* means to use his
Chamber; let's follow and examine him.

MELLEFONT.

'Tis Loss of Time—I cannot think him
false.

S C E N E



S C E N E XVI.

CYNTHIA, *Lord TOUCHWOOD.*

CYNTHIA.

MY Lord musing!
Lord TOUCHWOOD.

He has a quick Invention, if this were suddenly designed——Yet he says he had prepared my Chaplain already.

CYNTHIA.

How's this! Now I fear indeed.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Cynthia here! Alone, fair Cousin, and melancholy?

CYNTHIA.

Your Lordship was thoughtful.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

My Thoughts were on serious Business, not worth your hearing.

CYNTHIA.

Mine were on Treachery concerning you, and may be worth your hearing.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Treachery concerning me! pray be plain——Hark! What Noise?

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MASKWELL. [*Within.*]

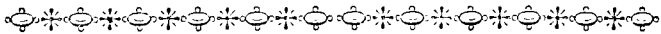
Will you not hear me?

Lady TOUCHWOOD. [*Within.*]

No, Monster! Traitor! No.

CYNTHIA.

My Lady and *Maskwell!* this may be lucky—My Lord, let me entreat you to stand behind this Skreen, and listen; perhaps this Chance may give you Proof of what you ne'er could have believ'd from my Suspicions.



S C E N E XVII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD with a Dagger, MASKWELL: CYNTHIA and Lord TOUCHWOOD abscond, list'ning.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

YOU want but Leisure to invent fresh Falsehood, and sooth me to a fond Belief of all your Fictions; but I will stab the Lie that's forming in your Heart, and save a Sin, in Pity to your Soul.

MASKWELL.

Strike then—Since you will have it so.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Ha! A steady Villain to the last!

MASK-

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M A S K W E L L.

Come, why do you dally with me thus?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Thy stubborn Temper shocks me, and you knew it would—— this is Cunning all, and not Courage; no, I know thee well: But thou shalt miss thy Aim.

M A S K W E L L.

Ha! ha! ha!

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Ha! Do you mock my Rage? Then this shall punish your fond, rash Contempt! Again smile!

[Goes to strike.]

And such a Smile as speaks in Ambiguity! Ten thousand Meanings lurk in each Corner of that various Face.

O! That they were written in thy Heart, that I, with this, might lay thee open to my Sight!

But then 'twill be too late to know——

Thou hast, thou hast found the only Way to turn my Rage; Too well thou know'st my jealous Soul cou'd never bear Uncertainty. Speak then, and tell me—— Yet are you silent? Oh, I am wilder'd in all Passions! But thus my Anger melts.

[Weeps] Here, take this Poniard, for my very Spirits faint, and I want Strength to hold it; thou hast disarm'd my Soul.

[Gives the Dagger.]

Lord

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Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Amazement shakes me——Where will this end?

MASKWELL.

So, 'tis well — let your wild Fury have a Vent; and when you have Temper, tell me.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Now, now, now I am calm, and can hear you.

MASKWELL. [*Afide.*]

Thanks, my Invention; and now I have it for you. — First tell me what urg'd you to this Violence? For your Passion broke in such imperfect Terms, that yet I am to learn the Cause.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

My Lord himself surpris'd me with the News you were to marry *Cynthia* — That you had own'd your Love to him, and his Indulgence would assist you to attain your Ends.

CYNTHIA.

How, my Lord!

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Pray forbear all Resentments for a While, and let us hear the rest.

MASKWELL.

I grant you in Appearance all is true;
I

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I seem'd consenting to my Lord; nay, transported with the Blessing—But could you think that I, who had been happy in your lov'd Embraces, could e'er be fond of an inferior Slavery?

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Ha! O Poison to my Ears! What do I hear!

CYNTHIA.

Nay, good my Lord, forbear Repentment, let us hear it out.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Yes, I will contain, tho' I cou'd burst.

MASKWELL.

I that had wanton'd in the rich Circle of your World of Love, cou'd be confin'd within the puny Province of a Girl? No—Yet tho' I dote on each last Favor more than all the rest; though I would give a Limb for every Look you cheaply throw away on any other Object of your Love; yet so far I prize your Pleasures o'er my own, that all this seeming Plot that I have laid, has been to gratify your Taste, and cheat the World, to prove a faithful Rogue to you.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

If this were true—But how can it be?

MASK-

M A S K W E L L.

I have so contriv'd, that *Mellefont* will presently, in the Chaplain's Habit, wait for *Cynthia* in your Dressing-Room: But I have put the Change upon her, that she may be elsewhere employ'd — Do you procure her Night-Gown, and with your Hoods tied over your Face, meet him in her Stead; you may go privately by the back Stairs, and, unperceiv'd, there you may propose to reinstate him in his Uncle's Favor, if he'll comply with your Desires; his Case is desperate, and I believe he'll yield to any Conditions.——If not, here, take this; you may employ it better, than in the Heart of one who is Nothing when not yours. [Gives the Dagger.]

Lady T O U C H W O O D.

Thou canst deceive every Body— Nay, thou hast deceiv'd me; but 'tis as I would wish——Trusty Villain! I could worship thee.——

M A S K W E L L.

No more.—It wants but a few Minutes of the Time; and *Mellefont's* Love will carry him there before his Hour.

Lady T O U C H W O O D.

I go, I fly, incomparable *Maskwell!*

S C E N E



S C E N E XVIII.

MASKWELL, CYNTHIA, *Lord TOUCHWOOD.*

MASKWELL.

SO, this was a Pinch indeed; my Invention was upon the Rack, and made Discovery of her last Plot: I hope *Cynthia* and my Chaplain will be ready, I'll prepare for the Expedition.



S C E N E XIX.

CYNTHIA, *Lord TOUCHWOOD.*

CYNTHIA.

NOW, my Lord?
Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Astonishment binds up my Rage! Villany upon Villany! Heav'ns, what a long Track of dark Deceit has this discover'd! I am confounded when I look back, and want a Clew to guide me through the various Mazes of unheard-of Treachery. My Wife! Damnation! my Hell!

CYN-

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CYNTHIA.

My Lord, have Patience, and be sensible how great our Happiness is, that this Discovery was not made too late.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I thank you; yet it may be still too late, if we don't presently prevent the Execution of their Plots; — Ha! I'll do't. Where's *Mellefont*, my poor injur'd Nephew? — How shall I make him ample Satisfaction? —

CYNTHIA.

I dare answer for him.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

I do him fresh Wrong to question his Forgiveness; for I know him to be all Goodness, — Yet my Wife! Damn her, — She'll think to meet him in that Dressing-Room; — Was't not so? And *Maskwell* will expect you in the Chaplain's Chamber. — For once, I'll add my Plot too. — Let us haste to find out, and inform my Nephew; and do you, quickly as you can, bring all the Company into this Gallery. — I'll expose the Strumpet and the Villain.

SCENE



S C E N E XX.

Lord FROTH, Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Lord FROTH.

BY Heav'ns I have slept an Age——
Sir *Paul*, what o'Clock is't? Past Eight,
on my Conscience: My Lady's is the most
inviting Couch; and a Slumber there, is
the prettiest Amusement! But where's all
the Company?—

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

The Company, Gads-bud, I don't
know, my Lord; but here's the strangest
Revolution, all turn'd topsy-turvy; as I
hope for Providence.

Lord FROTH.

O Heav'ns, what's the Matter? Where's
my Wife?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

All turn'd topsy-turvy, as sure as a Gun.

Lord FROTH.

How do you mean? My Wife?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

The strangest Posture of Affairs!

Lord FROTH.

What, my Wife?

Sir

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

No, no, I mean the Family——Your Lady's Affairs may be in a very good Posture; I saw her go into the Garden with Mr. *Brisk*.

Lord FROTH.

How? where? when? what to do?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

I suppose they have been laying their Heads together.

Lord FROTH.

How?

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

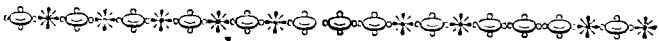
Nay, only about Poetry, I suppose, my Lord; making Couplets.

Lord FROTH.

Couplets!

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

O, here they come.



S C E N E XXI.

[*To them*] *Lady FROTH*;.. *B R I S K.*

B R I S K.

MY Lord, your humble Servant; *Sir Paul*, yours,——the finest Night!

Lady

The DOUBLE DEALER. 353

Lady FROTH.

My Dear, Mr. *Brisk* and I have been Star-gazing, I don't know how long.

Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Does it not tire your Ladyship? are not you weary with looking up?

Lady FROTH.

Oh, no, I love it violently—My Dear, you're melancholy.

Lord FROTH.

No, my Dear; I'm but just awake.—

Lady FROTH.

Snuff some of my Spirit of Hartshorn.

Lord FROTH.

I've some of my own, thank you, my Dear.

Lady FROTH.

Well, I swear, Mr. *Brisk*, you understood Astronomy like an old *Egyptian*.

BRISK.

Not comparably to your Ladyship; you are the very *Cynthia* of the Skies, and Queen of Stars.

Lady FROTH.

That's because I have no Light, but what's by Reflection from you, who are the Sun.

B R I S K.

Madam, you have eclips'd me quite, let me perish,—I can't answer that.

Lady F R O T H.

No Matter, — Hark ye, shall you and I make an Almanac together?

B R I S K.

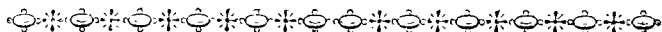
With all my Soul,—Your Ladyship has made me the Man in't already, I'm so full of the Wounds which you have given.

Lady F R O T H.

O finely taken! I swear now you are even with me. O *Parnassus!* you have an infinite Deal of Wit.

Sir P A U L P L Y A N T.

So he has, Gads-bud, and so has your Ladyship.



S C E N E XXII.

[*To them*] *Lady* P L Y A N T, C A R E L E S S,
C Y N T H I A.

Lady P L Y A N T.

YOU tell me most surprizing Things; blefs me, who would ever trust a Man? O my Heart aches for fear they should be all deceitful alike.

C A R E-

The DOUBLE DEALER. 355

CARELESS.

You need not fear, Madam, you have Charms to fix Inconstancy itself.

Lady PLYANT.

O dear, you make me blush.

Lord FROTH.

Come, my Dear, shall we take Leave of my Lord and Lady?

CYNTHIA.

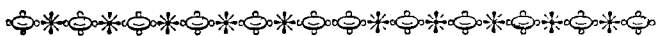
They'll wait upon your Lordship presently.

Lady FROTH.

Mr. *Brisk*, my Coach shall fet you down.
[*A great Shriek from the Corner of the Stage.*

ALL.

What's the Matter?



S C E N E XXIII.

[*To them*] *Lady* TOUCHWOOD runs out affrighted, my Lord after her, like a Parson.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

O I'm betray'd.—Save me, help me!

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Now, what Evasion, Strumpet?

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Stand off, let me go.

A a 2

Lord

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Go, and thy own Infamy pursue thee.
You stare as you were all amazed,—I
don't wonder at it, — but too soon you'll
know mine, and that Woman's Shame.



S C E N E *The Last.*

*Lord TOUCHWOOD, Lord FROTH, Lady
FROTH, Lady PLYANT, Sir PAUL
PLYANT, CYNTHIA, MELLEFONT,
MASKWELL; MELLEFONT disguised
in a Parson's Habit and pulling in MASK-
WELL.*

MELLEFONT.

NAY, by Heav'n you shall be seen.—
Careless, your Hand:—Do you hold
down your Head? Yes, I am your Chap-
lain: Look in the Face of your injur'd
Friend; thou Wonder of all Falsehood.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Are you silent, Monster?

MELLEFONT.

Good Heav'ns! How I believ'd and
lov'd this Man!—Take him hence, for he's
a Disease to my Sight.

Lord

The DOUBLE DEALER. 357

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Secure that manifold Villain.

[Servants seize him.]

CARELESS.

Miracle of Ingratitude!

B R I S K.

This is all very surprizing, let me perish.

Lady FROTH.

You know I told you *Saturn* look'd a little more angry than usual.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

We'll think of Punishment at Leisure; but let me hasten to do Justice, in rewarding Virtue and wrong'd Innocence.—— Nephew, I hope I have your Pardon, and *Cynthia's*.

MELLEFONT.

We are your Lordship's Creatures.

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

And be each other's Comfort;——Let me join your Hands.—Unwearied Nights, and wishing Days attend you both; mutual Love, lasting Health, and circling Joys, tread round each happy Year of your long Lives.

*Let secret Villany from hence be warn'd;
Howe'er in private Mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and Shame attend their open Birth:*

Like

358 *The DOUBLE DEALER.*

Like Vipers in the Womb, base Treachery lies,
Still gnawing that, whence first it did arise;
No sooner born, but the vile Parent dies. }

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. MOUNTFORD.

COU'D Poets but foresee how Plays would
take,

Then they cou'd tell what Epilogues to make;
Whether to thank or blame their Audience most:
But that late Knowledge does much Hazard cost;
'Till Dice are thrown, there's Nothing won,
nor lost.

So 'till the Thief has stol'n, he cannot know
Whether he shall escape the Law, or no.

But Poets run much greater Hazards far,
Than they who stand their Trials at the Bar;
The Law provides a Curb for it's own Fury,
And suffers Judges to direct the Jury.

But in this Court, what Diff'rence does appear!
For every one's both Judge and Jury here;
Nay, and what's worse, an Executioner.

All have a Right and Title to some Part,
Each choosing that in which he has most Art.

The

E P I L O G U E.

*The dreadful Men of Learning all confound,
Unless the Fable's good, and Moral found.
The Visor-Masks, that are in Pit and Gallery,
Approve, or Damn, the Repartee and Rallery.
The Lady Critics, who are better read,
Enquire if Characters are nicely bred:
If the soft Things are penn'd and spoke with
Grace:*

*They judge of Action too, and Time, and Place;
In which we do not doubt but they're discerning,
For that's a Kind of Affignation Learning.
Beaus judge of Dress; the Wittlings judge of
Songs;*

*The Cuckoldom, of ancient Right, to Cits belongs.
Poor Poets thus the Favor are deny'd,
Even to make Exceptions, when they're try'd.*

'Tis hard that they must ev'ry one admit:

Methinks I see some Faces in the Pit,

Which must of Consequence be Foes to Wit.

You, who can judge, to Sentence may proceed;

But tho' he cannot Write, let him be freed

At least from their Contempt, who cannot Read.

The End of the FIRST Volume.



Friderich Lervsen, Gouuer.

Margaret Graves

T H E
W O R K S
O F
Mr. *WILLIAM CONGREVE.*
VOLUME THE THIRD.

C O N T A I N I N G,
The MOURNING BRIDE, a Tragedy.
The Judgment of PARIS, a Masque.
SEMELE, an Opera.
P O E M S *upon several OCCASIONS.*



BIRMINGHAM,
Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE;
For J. and R. TONSON, in the *Strand, London.*
MDCCLXI.



F. Hayman inv. et del.

The Mourning Bride

C. J. Rignien sculp.

THE
MOURNING BRIDE.
A
TRAGEDY.

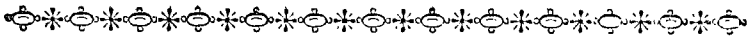


—*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.*

Ovid. de Arte Am.



Printed in the YEAR MDCC LXI.



To Her Royal Highness the

P R I N C E S S.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honors they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highness: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have raised You, above the Rest of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praise, rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Public Gratitude is ever founded on a Public Benefit; and what is universally blessed, is always an universal Blessing. Thus from Yourself we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incense which arises to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requites the Parent of its Being.

VOL. III.

a

From

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of Consequence has Recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring to cast itself beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes itself from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that Distance from original Greatness, as to be deprived of the Happiness of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person in Your Court, may yet behold some small Sketches and
Imagings

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abstracted and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Virtue is prescribed, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feigned Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions, how must we be charmed with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excelling Qualities, barely touched in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be filled, for the continued and increasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living Instances of elevated and persisting Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

repining, feel a Pleasure which in Spite of Envy they perforce approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offered to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any of those many Excellencies which You so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (in Spite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an Innocent, and not Unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the Ambition, and Recompense the Endeavours of,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient and

Most humbly Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.



P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

*T*HE Time has been when Plays were not so plenty,
And a less Number new would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacs appear;
And one was thought sufficient for a Year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacs of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reason join'd together;
For just as one prognosticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or scarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit they did so long presage,
Is fall'n on us, and almost starves the Stage.

Were

P R O L O G U E.

*Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor Actors thrash such empty Sheaves of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring at their Lungs Expence,
To start a Jest, or force a little Sense?
Hard Fate for us! still harder in th' Event;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone Repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worse:
'Twere some Amends if they could reimburse:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cause is lost,
There's no recov'ring Damages or Cost.
Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Custom gives the Losers leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's spar'd who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the Rest we hope a better Fate.
To please and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miss'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candor too.*

He

P R O L O G U E.

*He wou'd not lose, thro' Prejudice, his Cause;
Nor wou'd obtain, precariously, Applause.
Impartial Censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd by just Decrees to stand or fall.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Manuel, the King of *Granada*.

Gonsalez, his Favorite.

Garcia, Son to *Gonsalez*.

Perez, Captain of the Guards.

Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to *Gonsalez*.

Osmyn, a noble Prisoner.

Heli, a Prisoner, his Friend.

Selim, an Eunuch.

Mr. *Verbruggen*.

Mr. *Sanford*.

Mr. *Scudamour*.

Mr. *Freeman*.

Mr. *Arnold*.

Mr. *Betterton*.

Mr. *Bowman*.

Mr. *Baily*.

W O M E N.

Almeria, the Princess of *Granada*.

Zara, a Captive Queen.

Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princess.

Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Mrs. *Barry*.

Mrs. *Bowman*.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara, Guards, &c.

The SCENE, *GRANADA*.

THE



THE
MOURNING BRIDE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Music, discovers
ALMERIA *in Mourning, LEONORA*
waiting in Mourning

After the Music, ALMERIA rises from her Chair,
and comes forward.

ALMERIA.

MUSIC has Charms to sooth a savage
Breast,
To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that Things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,

VOL. III

B

By

By magic Numbers and perfuafive Sound.
 What then am I? Am I more fenfelefs grown
 Than Trees, or Flint? O force of conftant Woe!
 'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Griefs.
Anfelmo fleeps, and is at Peace; laft Night
 The filent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
 He and his Sorrows now are fafely lodg'd
 Within its cold, but hofpitable Bofom.
 Why am not I at Peace?

LEONORA.

Dear Madam, ceafe,
 Or moderate your Griefs; there is no Caufe—

ALMERIA.

No Caufe! Peace, Peace; there is Eternal Caufe,
 And Mifery Eternal will fucceed.
 Thou canft not tell—thou haft indeed no Caufe.

LEONORA.

Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anfelmo*,
 And always did compaffionate his Fortune;
 Have often wept, to fee how cruelly
 Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow-King:
 And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
 Have ftol'n from Bed, and to his Prifon crept;
 Where, while his Goaler fleeps, I thro' the Grate
 Have

The MOURNING BRIDE. 19

Have softly whifper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I cou'd offer.

A L M E R I A.

Indeed thou haft a foft and gentle Nature,
That thus cou'dft melt to fee a Stranger's Wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadft thou known *Anfelmo*,
How wou'd thy Heart have bled to fee his
Suff'rings.

Thou hadft no Caufe, but general Compaffion.

L E O N O R A.

Love of my Royal Miftrefs gave me Caufe,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him ;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had blefs'd *Anfelmo's* Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Succes; that then, in fpite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentia's* and *Granada's* Kings,
He did endear himfelf to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His moft induftrious Goodnefs cou'd invent;
Propofing by a Match between *Alphonfo*

20 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Diffention, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

A L M E R I A.

Alphonso! O Alphonso!

Thou too art quiet—long hast been at Peace—
Both, both—Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have Rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these Things thus—Is it of Force?
Is there Necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I shou'd be afflicted thus?—If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are Things laid
By some unseen Hand, so, as of sure Consequence
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair?

L E O N O R A.

Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.

A L M E R I A.

Why was I carry'd to *Anselmo's* Court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For so my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.
O *Alphonso, Alphonso!* Devouring

The MOURNING BRIDE. 21

Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my Sight,
No Time shall raise thee from my Memory,
No, I will live to be thy Monument;
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb;
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, tho' lost.

LEONORA.

Husband! O Heav'ns!

ALMERIA.

Alas! what have I said?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I wou'd have kept that Secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deserve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretch's Comfort still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe,
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and
mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour.

LEONORA.

Indeed

I knew not this.

A L M E R I A.

O no, thou know'st not half,
 Know'st nothing of my Sorrows—if thou didst—
 If I shou'd tell thee, wou'dst thou pity me?
 Tell me: I know thou wou'dst, thou art com-
 passionate.

L E O N O R A.

Witness these Tears——

A L M E R I A.

I thank thee——*Leonora*,
 Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad Mistress:
 For 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
 Of Greatness, to be wretched and unpitied—
 But I did promise I wou'd tell thee—What?
 My Miseries? Thou dost already know 'em:
 And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
 It was because thou didst not know *Alphonso*:
 For to have known my Loss, thou must have
 known
 His Worth, his Truth, and Tenderness of Love.

L E O N O R A.

The Memory of that brave Prince stands fair
 In all Report——
 And I have heard imperfectly his Loss;

But

The MOURNING BRIDE. 23

But fearful to renew your Troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the Story.

ALMERIA.

If for my swelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia*,
Ev'n on the Day when *Manuel*, my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anselmo's* Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidst his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge——Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amid those Flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to sail; and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our Flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken; when a sudden Storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the Coast
Of *Afric*: There our Vessel struck the Shore,
And bulging 'gainst a Rock was dash'd in Pieces.
But Heav'n spar'd me for yet much more
Affliction!

24 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The Shoal, and save me floating on the Waves,
While the good Queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

LEONORA.

Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonso*?

ALMERIA.

That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were join'd;
For when my Lord beheld the Ship pursuing,
And saw her Rate so far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,
I wou'd consent the Priest shou'd make us one;
That whether Death, or Victory ensu'd,
I might be his, beyond the Power of Fate:
The Queen too did assist his Suit—I granted,
And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

LEONORA.

Indeed 'twas mournful——

ALMERIA.

'Twas—as I have told thee—
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swollen and watry Eyes;
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonso*.

LEO-

The MOURNING BRIDE. 25

LEONORA.

Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her
Sorrors,
And grant, that Time may bring her some Relief.

ALMERIA.

O no! Time gives Increase to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come, heavy-laden with th'oppressing Weight,
To me; with me, successively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard
their Flight;
They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;
'Then fly with Joy and Swiftnefs from me.

LEONORA.

Hark!

The distant Shouts proclaim your Father's Tri-
umph; [*Shouts at a Distance.*]
O cease, for Heaven's sake, assuage a little
This Torrent of your Grief; for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his Wrath, to see you drown'd in
Tears,

When

26 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

ALMERIA.

And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double Weight of Woe to mine ;
For with him *Garcia* comes—*Garcia*, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonso* basely broken.
No, it shall never be ; for I will die ;
First, die ten thousand Deaths——Look down,
look down, [Kneels.

Alphonso, hear the sacred Vow I make ;
One Moment, cease to gaze on perfect Blifs,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me ;
And thou *Anselmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonso* reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my Vow.

If ever I do yield, or give Consent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then just Heav'n show'r down
Unheard of Curfes on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heaven's Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Rising*.
My Heart has some Relief; having so well

Discharg'd

The MOURNING BRIDE 27

Discharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet, one Thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

LEONORA.

My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

ALMERIA.

I thank thee. 'Tis but this ; anon, when all
Are rapt and buſied in the general Joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to viſit good *Anſelmo's* Tomb.

LEONORA.

Alas ! I fear ſome fatal Reſolution.

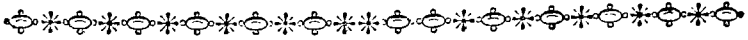
ALMERIA.

No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Ill,
Nor Violence.—I feel myſelf more light,
And more at large, ſince I have made this Vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more ſolemnly.
'Tis that, or ſome ſuch melancholy Thought,
Upon my Word no more.

LEONORA.

I will attend you.

SCENE



S C E N E II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

ALONZO.

THE Lord *Gonzalez* comes to tell your
Highness
The King is just arriv'd.

ALMERIA.

Conduct him in. [*Exit Alon.*]

That's his Pretence; his Errand is, I know,
To fill my Ears with *Garcia's* valiant Deeds;
And gild and magnify his Son's Exploits.
But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.



S C E N E III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

GONSALEZ.

BE ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conquest, and your
brighter Eyes, Have

The MOURNING BRIDE. 29

Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous Light,
And bless this Day with most unequal'd Lustre.
Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is ent'ring now in Martial Pomp the Palace.
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish*
Wealth.

Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
That bound, and foam, and champ the Golden Bit,
As they disdain'd the Victory they grace.
Prisoners of War in shining Fetters follow;
And Captains of the noblest Blood of *Afric*
Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.
The swarming Populace spread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' clefted Stones, stretching and
staring,
As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.
While you alone retire, and shun this Sight;

This

30 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

This Sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The Multitude should gaze) in Absence of your
Eyes.

A L M E R I A.

My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honors.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with founding
Words,
Or pompous Phrase; the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

G O N S A L E Z.

Excellent Princess!

But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praise.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's lowest Slave,
Has better done; in proving with his Sword
The Force and Influence of your matchless
Charms.

A L M E R I A.

I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia's* Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

L E O N O R A.

Madam, the King.

[*Florish.*

A L M E-

The MOURNING BRIDE. 31

ALMERIA.

My Women. I wou'd meet him.

[Attendants to Almeria enter in Mourning.



S C E N E IV.

Symphony of Warlike Music. Enter the King, attended by GARCIA and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage. ALMERIA meets the King, and kneels; afterwards GONSALEZ kneels and kisses the King's Hand, while GARCIA does the same to the Princess.

KING.

ALMERIA rise—My best Gonzalez rise.
A What, Tears! my good old Friend!—

GONSALEZ.

But Tears of Joy.

Believe me, Sir, to see you thus has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

KING.

By Heav'n thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd
thou dost:

Take

32 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this Occasion—some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our Success!
Why is't, *Almeria*, that you meet our Eyes,
Upon this solemn Day, in these sad Weeds?
In Opposition to my Brightness, you
And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.

A L M E R I A.

Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning and strict Life, for my Deliv'rance
From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expir'd.

K I N G.

Your Zeal to Heav'n is great; so is your Debt:
Yet Something too is due to me, who gave
That Life, which Heav'n preserv'd. A Day be-
stow'd
In Filial Duty, had aton'd and giv'n
A Dispensation to your Vow—No more.
'Twas weak and wilful—and a Woman's Error.
Yet—upon Thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,
To see that Sable worn upon the Day
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest Foe,
Hated *Anselmo*, was interr'd—By Heav'n,

It

The MOURNING BRIDE. 33

It looks as thou didst mourn for him : Just so
Thy senseless Vow appear'd to bear its Date,
Not from the Hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonso* perish'd.
Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that?

G O N S A L E Z.

Have Patience, Royal Sir, the Princess weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour should be *Alphonso's* Loss,
And her Deliverance; is she to blame?

K I N G.

I tell thee, she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first Foewas laid in Earth, such Enmity,
Such Detestation, bears my Blood to his ;
My Daughter should have revell'd at his Death,
She should have made these Palace Walls to shake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep;
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? By
Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that Hour, through all
his Care,

34 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

And shook his Chains in Transport and rude
Harmony.

G O N S A L E Z.

What she has done, was in Excess of Goodness;
Betray'd by too much Piety, to seem
As if she had offended.—Sure, no more.

K I N G.

To seem is to commit, at this Conjuncture.
I wo't have a seeming Sorrow seen
To Day—Retire, divest yourself with Speed
Of that Offensive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow: For you,
It shall be your Excuse, that I command it.

G A R C I A *kneeling.*

Your Pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious Promise.

K I N G.

Rise, *Garcia*—I forgot. Yet stay, *Almeria*.

A L M E R I A.

My boding Heart!—What is your Pleasure, Sir?

K I N G.

Draw near, and give your Hand; and *Garcia*,
yours:

Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy

The MOURNING BRIDE. 35

Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

GARCIA.

Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.

GONSALEZ.

O let me prostrate pay my worthless Thanks—

KING.

No more; my Promise long since pass'd, thy
Services,

And *Garcia's* well-try'd Valor, all oblige me.
This Day we triumph; but to Morrow's Sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy Nuptials——

ALMERIA.

Oh!

[*Faints.*

GARCIA.

She faints! help to support her.

GONSALEZ.

She recovers.

KING.

A Fit of Bridal Fear: How is't, *Almeria*?

ALMERIA.

A sudden Chilness seizes on my Spirits.
Your Leave, Sir, to retire.

C 2

KING.

KING.

Garcia, conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.*

This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
 I'll have a Priest shall preach her from her Faith,
 And make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow
 Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo*?



S C E N E V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA,

ALONZO, *Attendants.*

ALONZO.

YOUR beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
 And with a Train as if she still were Wife
 To *Albucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

KING.

It is our Will she should be so attended.

Bear hence these Prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
 Of whose mute Valor you relate such Wonders?

[*Prisoners led off.*

GARCIA.

Osmyn, who led the *Moorish* Horse; but he,

Great

The MOURNING BRIDE. 37

Great Sir, at her Request, attends on *Zara*.

K I N G.

He is your Prisoner, as you please dispose him.

G A R C I A.

I would oblige him, but he shuns my Kindness;
And with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not command.

K I N G.

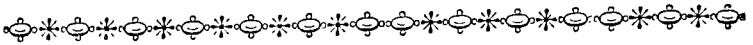
Such Sullenness, and in a Man so brave,
Must have some other Cause than his Captivity.
Did *Zara*, then, request he might attend her?

G A R C I A.

My Lord, she did.

K I N G.

That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.



S C E N E VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO,
ZARA and OSMYN bound, conducted by PE-
REZ and a Guard, and attended by SELIM and
several Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.

KING.

WHAT Welcome, and what Honors,
 beauteous *Zara*,
 A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
 A Conqueror indeed, where you are won ;
 Who with such Lustre strike admiring Eyes,
 That had our Pomp been with your Presence
 grac'd,
 Th' expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
 Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
 In pleasing Triumph led; your Beauty's Slave.

ZARA.

If I on any Terms could condescend
 To like Captivity, or think those Honors,
 Which Conquerors in Courtesy bestow,
 Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,

And

And native Right to Arbitrary Sway;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With usual Homage wait. But when I feel
These Bonds, I look with Loathing on myself;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praises, and dissembled State.

K I N G.

Those Bonds! 'Twas my Command you
should be free.

How durst you, *Perez*, disobey?

P E R E Z.

Great Sir,

Your Order was, she should not wait your Tri-
umph;

But at some Distance follow, thus attended.

K I N G.

'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be free:
If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.

Her Eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers
With Speed—yet stay—my Hands alone can make
Fit Restitution here—Thus I release you,
And by releasing you enslave myself.

Z A R A.

Such Favors so conferr'd, tho' when unfought,

40 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Deserve Acknowledgment from noble Minds.
Such Thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd—
Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

K I N G.

Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, so by Pre-eminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who, with contracted Brow,
[*Beholding Osmyn as they unbind him.*
And fullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty?

G A R C I A.

That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke, that's *Osmyn*.

K I N G.

He answers well the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant *Osmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure Captivity,
The common Chance of War?

O S M Y N.

Because Captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just Revenge.

K I N G.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 41

K I N G.

I understand not that.

O S M Y N.

I would not have you.

Z A R A.

That gallant *Moor* in Battle lost a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loss,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Despair.

K I N G.

She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.

[*To Gonf.*

G O N S A L E Z.

That Friend may be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant Reply: She looks concern'd.

K I N G.

I'll have Enquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Prisoner. His Name?

Z A R A.

Heli.

K I N G.

Garcia, that Search shall be your Care:
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,

And

42 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore;
For, ling'ring there, in long Suspence she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful
Day.

Now, late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in Fields, unsteadily she flies,
But Rules with settled Sway in *Zara's* Eyes.

End of the First Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Representing the Isle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

THIS Way, we're told, *Osmyn* was seen to
walk;

Choos'ing this lonely Mansion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy mistaken Fate.

HELI.

Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre strike
me,

If to arise in very Deed from Death,
And to revisit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul, or Sense,
Afford a Thought, or shew a Glimpse of Joy,
In least Proportion to the vast Delight
I feel, to hear of *Osmyn's* Name; to hear
That *Osmyn* lives, and I again shall see him.

GARCIA.

I've heard, with Admiration, of your Friend-
ship.

PEREZ.

44 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

P E R E Z.

Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

H E L I.

Where? where?

G A R C I A.

I saw him not, nor any like him—

P E R E Z.

I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my View,
And striding with distemper'd Haste; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flash'd upon me with a Glance;
Then forward shot their Fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some Object frightful, yet not fear'd.

G A R C I A.

Let's haste to follow him, and know the Cause.

H E L I.

My Lord, let me intreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cause.
I know his Melancholy, and such Starts
Are usual to his Temper. It might raise him
To act some Violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Passions way,
Secure and loose in friendly Solitude.
I know his noble Heart would burst with Shame,

To

The MOURNING BRIDE. 45

To be surpris'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

G A R C I A.

Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend
Far be it from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the Privacies of others.



S C E N E II.

G A R C I A, P E R E Z.

G A R C I A.

P E R E Z, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealousy confirm'd or clear'd,
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Ofmyn*; but some other Opportunity
Must make that plain.

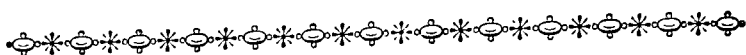
P E R E Z.

To me 'twas long since plain,
And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.

G A R C I A.

If so, Unhappiness attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear some coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

A L M E R I A, L E O N O R A.

A L M E R I A.

IT was a fancy'd Noise, for all is hush'd.

L E O N O R A.

It bore the Accent of a Human Voice.

A L M E R I A.

It was thy Fear, or else some tranfient Wind
Whiffling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Ifle.
We'll liften—

L E O N O R A.

Hark!

A L M E R I A.

No, all is hush'd, and ftill as Death——'Tis
dreadful!

How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whofe ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made ftedfaft and immoveable,
Looking Tranquillity. It ftrikes an Awe
And Terror on my aching Sight: the Tombs
And

The MOURNING BRIDE. 47

And monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a Chills to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice—my own affrights me with its Echoes.

LEONORA.

Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will increase your Melancholy.

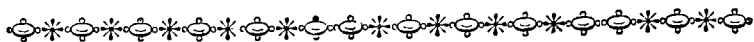
ALMERIA.

It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me *Anselmo's* Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls, and mould'ring
Earth,
Of human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Corse
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed. That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my present Fears
Are lost in Dread of greater Ill. Then show me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonso's* Soul.

LEONORA.

I go; but Heav'n can tell with what Regret.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

The Scene opening discovers a Place of Tombs. One Monument fronting the View greater than the rest.

H E L I.

I Wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
 Yet cannot find him—Hark! fure 'tis the
 Voice
 Of one complaining——There it sounds——
 I'll follow it.



S C E N E V.

A L M E R I A, L E O N O R A.

L E O N O R A.

B E H O L D the sacred Vault, within whose
 Womb
 The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest;
 Yet fresh and unconfum'd by Time or Worms.
 What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
 Are false, or still the Marble Door remains
 Unclos'd;

The MOURNING BRIDE. 49

Unclos'd; the Iron Gates that lead to Death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their Hinge,
And flaring on us with unfolded Leaves.

A L M E R I A.

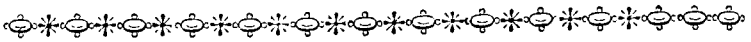
Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, significant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed where I alone
Shall rest; shows me the Grave, where Nature,

weary,

And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
Of Peace eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden Arms, and prefs me close
To his cold clayey Breast: My Father then
Will cease his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways,
Of that refulgent World, where I shall swim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliss
To my *Alphonso's* Soul. O Joy too great!
O Ecstasy of Thought! Help me, *Anselmo*;
Help me, *Alphonso*; take me, reach thy Hand;

50 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonso*;
O *Alphonso*!



S C E N E VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *ascending*
from the Tomb.

OSMYN.

WHO calls that wretched Thing that
was *Alphonso*?

ALMERIA.

Angels, and all the Host of Heav'n, support me!

OSMYN.

Whence is that Voice, whose Shrieks, from
the Grave,
And growing to his Father's Shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

ALMERIA.

Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Bosom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

OSMYN.

O S M Y N.

Amazement and Illusion!

Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye Pow'rs;

[*Coming forward.*]

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.

Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve

That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,

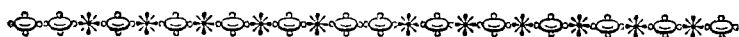
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it sinks, it falls;

I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her Shade.

'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!

Nor Dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!

It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife!



S C E N E VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI.

LEONORA.

ALAS, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting—Help me, help me,
Stranger,

Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raise
These Bodies.

52 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

H E L I.

Ha! 'tis he! and with——*Almeria!*

O Miracle of Happiness! O Joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

O S M Y N.

Where is she?

Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; show me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine——'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taste her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, blefs me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband.

A L M E R I A.

I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force
me?

Is this a Father?——

O S M Y N.

Look on thy *Alphonso*.

Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*.

Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot
me?

Hast thou thy Eyes, yet canst not see *Alphonso*?

Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,

That

The MOURNING BRIDE. 53

That seeing my Disguise, thou see'st not me?

A L M E R I A.

It is, it is *Alphonso!* 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundless Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
O how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.

O S M Y N.

O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance
Or Means by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have not Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.

A L M E R I A.

Stay a while—
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

D 3

O S M Y N.

54 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

O S M Y N.

What would'st thou? thou dost put me from thee.

A L M E R I A.

Yes.

O S M Y N.

And why? what dost thou mean? why dost
thou gaze so?

A L M E R I A.

I know not, 'tis to see thy Face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see him thus again is such Profusion
Of Joy, of Bliss—I cannot bear—I must
Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.

O S M Y N.

Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of
Love!

A L M E R I A.

Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we?
O my strain'd Heart—let me again behold thee,
For I weep to see thee—Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

O S M Y N.

Not in my Love,

A L M E-

The MOURNING BRIDE. 55

ALMERIA.

No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou haft wept much, *Alphonfo*; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

OSMYN.

Wrong not my Love, to fay too tenderly.
No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why doft thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
My Arms which ache to fold thee faft, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

ALMERIA.

I will, for I fhould never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had fworn
To Heav'n and thee, and fooner wou'd have dy'd--

OSMYN.

Perfection of all Faithfulnefs and Love!

ALMERIA.

Indeed I wou'd—Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
If I cou'd fpeak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee as to a Saint:
And thou haft heard my Pray'r; for thou art come
To my Distrefs, to my Defpair, which Heav'n
Could only by reftoring thee have cur'd.

D 4

OSMYN.

O S M Y N.

Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length
of Days,

To pay some Part, some little of this Debt,
This countless Sum of Tendernefs and Love,
For which I stand engag'd to this All-excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
Snatch me from Life, and cut me short unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough—I shall be old,
I shall have liv'd beyond all eras then
Of yet unmeasur'd Time; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing Goodnefs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchlefs Truth.

A L M E R I A.

'Tis more than Recompence, to see thy Face:
If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happinefs,
For 'tis not to be born—What shall I fay?
I have a thousand things to know, and ask,
And speak—That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with fuch Suddennefs haft hit my Sight,
Is fuch Surprife, fuch Myftery, fuch Ecftafy!
It hurries all my Soul, and ftuns my Senfe.
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didft arife!

O S M Y N.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 57

O S M Y N.

I did, and thou, my Love, didst call me; thou.

A L M E R I A.

True; but how cam'st thou there? Wert thou alone?

O S M Y N.

I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Echoes of a distant Voice
Disturb'd the sacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I rose and listen'd,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonso*;
I thought I saw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest'd to see thee—

A L M E R I A.

But still, how cam'st thou hither? how thus?
——Ha!

What's he, who like thyself is started here
Ere seen?

O S M Y N.

Where? ha! what do I see? *Antonio*?
I'm fortunate indeed—my Friend too safe!

H E L I.

Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

A L M E-

58 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

A L M E R I A.

More Miracles! *Antonio* too escap'd!

O S M Y N.

And twice escap'd, both from the Rage of Seas
And War: For in the Fight I saw him fall.

H E L I.

But fell unhurt, a Prisoner as yourself,
And as yourself made free; hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you to lament *Anselmo*?

O S M Y N.

There are no Wonders, or else all is Wonder.

H E L I.

I saw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up:
When, with Astonishment, I saw *Almeria*.

O S M Y N.

I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

A L M E R I A.

Nor I; nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

O S M Y N.

What means the Bounty of All-gracious Heav'n,
That persevering still, with open Hand,
It scatters Good, as in a Waste of Mercy?
Where will this end? but Heav'n is Infinite

In

The MOURNING BRIDE. 59

In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty Number shall be spent in telling.

LEONORA.

Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpse
Of two in shining Habits cross the Isle;
Who by their pointing seem to mark this Place.

ALMERIA.

Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

OSMYN.

I wish at least, our Parting were a Dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

HELI.

Zara with Selim, Sir; I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

ALMERIA.

What Love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?

OSMYN.

She's the Reverse of thee; she's my Unhappiness.
Harbor no Thought that may disturb thy Peace;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come and see the straining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;

How

60 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

How I'm not call'd *Alphonso*, now, but *Osmyn*;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——

A L M E R I A.

Sure we shall meet again——

O S M Y N.

We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.



S C E N E VIII.

O S M Y N *alone.*

YET I behold her——yet——And now no more.
Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view
my Thought,
So shall you still behold her——'twill not be.
O Impotence of Sight! Mechanic Sense,
Which to exterior Objects ow'st thy Faculty,
Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding Images;

Not

The MOURNING BRIDE. 61

Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad:
Just as the Hand of Chance administers.
Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
Revolves, and to the present adds the past:
Effaying future to Futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have seen her often——



S C E N E IX.

Z A R A, S E L I M, O S M Y N.

Z A R A.

SEE where he stands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among
Statues.

Why, cruel *Osmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the Return
For Fame, for Honor, and for Empire lost?
But what is Loss of Honor, Fame and Empire?
Is this the Recompence reserv'd for Love?
Why dost thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
To find this Place of Horror and Obscurity?
Am I more loathsome to thee than the Grave.

That

62 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee—
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous
Man,

Am I neglected thus? Am I despis'd?
Not heard! ungrateful *Osmyn*.

O S M Y N.

Ha, 'tis *Zara*!

Z A R A.

Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, lost, abandon'd *Zara*,
Is a regardless Suppliant, now, to *Osmyn*.
The Slave, the Wretch that she redeem'd from
Death,

Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

O S M Y N.

Far be the Guilt of such Reproaches from me;
Lost in myself, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I saw you not, 'till now.

Z A R A.

Now then you see me—
But with such dumb and thankless Eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

O S M Y N.

What would you from a Wretch who came
to mourn ;

And

The MOURNING BRIDE. 63

And only for his Sorrows chose this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulness.
You have purfu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Z A R A.

Inhuman! Why, why dost thou wrack me thus?
And with Perverseness, from the Purpose, an-
swer?

What is't to me, this House of Misery?
What Joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy Grievs,
And give thee, for 'em, in Exchange, my Love.

O S M Y N.

O that's the greatest Grief—I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Z A R A.

Thou hast a Heart, though 'tis a Savage one;
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny Waves;
Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compassion found
thee;

Compassion!

64 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Compassion! scarce will't own that Name, so soon,
So quickly was it Love; for thou wert Godlike
Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry Cheeks; then chaf'd
Thy Temples, till reviving Blood arose,
And like the Morn vermilion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy respiring Lips!

O S M Y N.

O call not to my Mind what you have done;
It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which shows me poor and bankrupt ev'n in
Hopes.

Z A R A.

The faithful *Selim*, and my Women, know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
And as my Kinsman, honor'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor
why

You

You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
To this Invasion; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a Slave.
Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
Think on my Suff'rings first, then look on me;
Think on the Cause of all, then view thyself:
Reflect on *Ósmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd—say, what then is *Ósmyn*?

O S M Y N.

A fatal Wretch—a huge stupendous Ruin,
That tumbling on its Prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Z A R A.

Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratify the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to rise, and reach
Our Wish; and that obtain'd, down with the
Scaffolding
Of Sceptres, Crowns, and Thrones; they've
serv'd their End,

66 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

And are, like Lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

O S M Y N.

Why was I made the Instrument, to throw
In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?

Z A R A.

We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;
In Chains unseen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

O S M Y N.

In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be so.

Z A R A.

Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'ft.

O S M Y N.

Alas, you know me not.

Z A R A.

Not who thou art:
But what, this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness—Thou say'ft true, I
know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name:
But Something so unworthy, and so vile,
That

The MOURNING BRIDE. 67

That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.

Traitor, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave;

A Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares

To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:

'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with Eyes
Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.

I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires;

but thou

Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The
King!

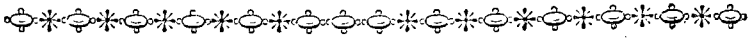
There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's
thy Rival!

S E L I M.

Madam, the King is here, and entering now.

Z A R A.

As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.



S C E N E X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the* KING, PEREZ,
and Attendants.

KING.

WHY does the fairest of her Kind with-
draw

Her Shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night? Ha! what Disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

ZARA.

There, he; your Prisoner, and that was my
Slave.

KING.

How? Better than my Hopes! Does she ac-
cuse him? [*Aside.*

ZARA.

Am I become so low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms so lessen what they conquer,
That *Zara* must be made the Sport of Slaves?

And

The MOURNING BRIDE. 69

And shall the Wretch, whom yester Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
Presume to Day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

K I N G.

Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the Bolt red-hissing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Infolence.

'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to Whips and Prisons
Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.

[*Guards seize Ofmyn.*]

Z A R A.

Compassion led me to bemoan his State,
Whose former Faith had merited much more:
And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large; thence sprung his
Infolence,

And what was Charity, he constru'd Love.

K I N G.

Enough; his Punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,

70 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

To one, where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And spread like Roses to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour shall roll in circling Joys,
And Love shall wing the tedious-wasting Day.
Life without Love is Load; and Time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

End of the Second Act.

A C T



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

A P R I S O N.

O S M Y N *alone with a Paper.*

O S M Y N.

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Ashes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too imprifon'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some Purpose points out these Remem-
brances.

In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper, what it is this Light will show.

If my Alphonso——Ha! [Reading.
If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n;
Give me more Weight, crush my declining Years
With Bolts, with Chains, Imprisonment and Want;
But bless my Son, visit not him for me.

72 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

It is his Hand; this was his Pray'r—yet more:

*Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots [Reading.
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son :
Not for myself, but him, hear me, All-gracious—*

'Tis wanting what shou'd follow———*Heav'n*
shou'd follow,

But 'tis torn off—Why shou'd that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not;
but thus,

Thus as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from
His Voice, shutting the Gates of Pray'r against
him.

If Piety be thus debarr'd Access
On high, and of good Men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? or what is Punishment?
But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice?
Yet I may think—I may, I must; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives

Ere

The MOURNING BRIDE. 73

Ere Reason can be born. Reason, the Power
To guess at Right and Wrong; the twinkling
Lamp

Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shin-
ing.

What Noise! Who's there? my Friend! How
cam'st thou hither?



S C E N E II.

O S M Y N, H E L I.

H E L I.

THE Time's too precious to be spent in tell-
ing;

The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria's* Power,
Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.

O S M Y N.

How does *Almeria*? But I know, she is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

H E L I.

You may; anon, at Midnight, when the King
Is gone to Rest, and *Garcia* is retir'd,

(Who

74 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

(Who takes the Privilege to visit late,
Prefuming on a Bridegroom's Right) she'll come.

O S M Y N.

She'll come! 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come, but whither, and to whom? O
Heav'n!

To a vile Prison, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, whom had she never known she had
Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Crea-
ture

Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied Steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing?
One, driv'n about the World like blasted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; 'till late
At length, imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it rests, and rots to silent Dust.

H E L I.

Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate
I've learn'd there are Disorders ripe for Mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to share the
Plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own Use and Avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia's* Fron-
tiers, Where

The MOURNING BRIDE. 75

Where many of your Subjects, long oppress'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impositions,
Are risen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their Rights and Liberty.

O S M Y N.

By Heav'n thou'lt rous'd me from my Le-
thargy.

The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of my dead Father's Blood;
Deaf to Revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raise, my People's Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe, with conqu'ring
Troops.

I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamors rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns; Where is the
King?

Where is *Alphonso*? ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the Strings of Life,
To break these Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of
Royalty. Off

76 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Off Slavery. O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at Victory beneath.

H E L I.

Our Posture of Affairs, and scanty Time,
My Lord, require you should compose yourself,
And think on what we may reduce to Practice.
Zara, the Cause of your Restraint, may be
The Means of Liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out Ways
For your Escape. Mean time, I've thought already
With Speed and Safety, to convey myself
Where not far off some Malecontents hold
Council

Nightly; who hate this Tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's Memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your Cause.

O S M Y N.

My Friend and Counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.

H E L I.

When *Zara* comes, abate of your Aversion.

O S M Y N.

I hate her not, nor can dissemble Love:

But

The MOURNING BRIDE. 77

But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
Which I would show thee, Friend, but that the
Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears,
Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows;
Such Sanctity, such Tendernefs, fo mix'd
With Grief, as would draw Tears from Inhumana-
nity.

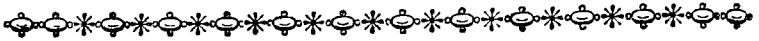
H E L I.

The Care of Providence fure left it there,
To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
For you, thofe Bleffings it with-held from him.
In that Affurance live; which Time, I hope,
And our next Meeting will confirm.

O S M Y N.

Farewel,
My Friend, the Good thou doft deserve attend
thee;

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

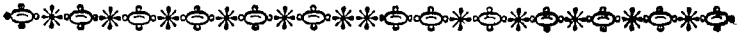
O S M Y N *alone.*

I'VE been to blame, and question'd with
 Impiety
 The Care of Heav'n. Not so my Father bore
 More anxious Grief. This should have better
 taught me:

This Lesson, in some Hour of Inspiration,
 By him set down; when his pure Thoughts were
 born,

Like Fumes of sacred Incense, o'er the Clouds,
 And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
 Of Light, to the bright Source of all. For there
 He in the Book of Prefcience saw this Day;
 And waking to the World and mortal Sense,
 Left this Example of his Resignation,
 This his last Legacy to me, which, here,
 I'll treasure, as more worth than Diadems,
 Or all extended Rule of Regal Pow'r.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

O S M Y N, Z A R A *veil'd.*

O S M Y N.

W H A T Brightness breaks upon me thus
thro' Shades,
And promises a Day to this dark Dwelling!
Is it my Love?—

Z A R A.

O that thy Heart had taught
Thy Tongue that Saying. [*Lifting up her Veil.*]

O S M Y N.

Zara! I am betray'd
By my Surprise.

Z A R A.

What, does my Face displease thee?
That having seen it, thou dost turn thy Eyes
Away, as from Deformity and Horror.
If so, this fable Curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing,
And unseen. Is it my Love? Ask again

That

80 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

That Question, speak again in that soft Voice,
And look again with Wisheſ in thy Eyes.

O no, thou canſt not, for thou ſeeſt me now,
As ſhe, whoſe ſavage Breſt has been the Cauſe
Of theſe thy Wrongs; as ſhe whoſe barbarous Rage
Has loaden thee with Chains and galling Irons:
Well doſt thou ſcorn me, and upbraid my Falſe-
nefs;

Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom ſhe lov'd?
No, no, it muſt be Hatred, dire Revenge
And Detestation, that cou'd uſe thee thus.
So thou doſt think; then do but tell me ſo;
Tell me, and thou ſhalt ſee how I'll revenge
Thee on this falſe one, how I'll ſtab and tear
This Heart of Flint 'till it ſhall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miſeries.

O S M Y N.

You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with ſo low a Mind,
As ſtill to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by ſecret Cauſes,
Has made perforce ſubſervient to that End
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But Deſtiny and inauſpicious Stars

Have

The MOURNING BRIDE. 81

Have cast me down to this low Being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Z A R A.

Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madness?
O, give that Madness yet a milder Name,
And call it Passion; then, be still more kind,
And call that Passion Love.

O S M Y N.

Give it a Name,
Or Being as you please, such I will think it.

Z A R A.

O thou dost wound me more with this thy
Goodness,
Than e'er thou cou'dst with bitterest Reproaches;
Thy Anger cou'd not pierce thus to my Heart.

O S M Y N.

Yet I cou'd wish——

Z A R A.

Haste me to know it, what?

O S M Y N.

That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

Z A R A.

What Thing?

O S M Y N.

This Slave.

Z A R A.

O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; Somewhat of high Concern,
Long fashioning within thy laboring Mind,
And now just ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

O S M Y N.

Time may have still one fated Hour to come,
Which wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Z A R A.

Swift as Occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the Temper of the King—who knows
What racking Cares disease a Monarch's Bed?
Or Love, that late at Night still lights his Lamp,
And strikes his Rays thro' Dusk, and folded Lids,
Forbidding Rest, may stretch his Eyes awake,
And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
I'll try.

O S M Y N.

O S M Y N.

I have not merited this Grace;
Nor, shou'd my secret Purpose take Effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such Benefits.

Z A R A.

Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the Form of our Engagements rest,
Thou hast the Wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Justice to return
My Love. Adieu.



S C E N E V.

O S M Y N *alone.*

THIS Woman has a Soul
Of godlike Mould, intrepid and com-
manding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem; to this she's fair, few more can boast
Of personal Charms, or with less Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
But she has Passions which outstrip the Wind,

84 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

And tear her Virtues up, as Tempests root
The Sea. I fear when she shall know the Truth,
Some swift and dire Event of her blind Rage
Will make all fatal. But behold, she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my Fears.
The Cause and Comfort of my boding Heart.



S C E N E VI.

A L M E R I A, O S M Y N.

O S M Y N.

MY Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All,
How shall I welcome thee to this sad
Place?

How speak to thee the Words of Joy and Tran-
sport?

How run into thy Arms, with-held by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?

Shall I not hurt and bruise thy tender Body,
And stain thy Bosom with the Rust of these
Rude Irons? Must I meet thee thus, *Almeria*?

A L M E R I A.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 85

ALMERIA.

Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we
might meet

To part no more—Now we will part no more;
For these thy Chains, or Death, shall join us ever.

OSMYN.

Hard Means to ratify that Word!—O Cruelty!
That ever I should think beholding thee
A Torture!—yet, such is the bleeding Anguish
Of my Heart, to see thy Sufferings—O Heav'n!
That I cou'd almost turn my Eyes away,
Or wish thee from my Sight.

ALMERIA.

O! say not so;
Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say,
On any Terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-flaking Thirst.
Thus better, than for any Cause to part.
What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly

F 3

Upon

86 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Upon me—speak, and take me in thy Arms—
Thou canst not! thy poor Arms are bound,
and strive

In vain with the remorseless Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Flesh, festering thy Limbs
With rankling Rust.

O S M Y N.

Oh! O—

A L M E R I A.

Give me that Sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burst, thy Eyes look red and start;
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought.

O S M Y N.

For this World's Rule, I wou'd not wound
thy Breast
With such a Dagger as then stuck my Heart.

A L M E R I A.

Why? why? to know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me.
—Thou giv'st me Pain with too much Tendernefs!

O S M Y N.

And thy excessive Love distracts my Sense!
O wou'dst thou be less killing, soft or kind,

Grief

The MOURNING BRIDE. 87

Grief cou'd not double thus his Darts against me.

A L M E R I A.

Thou dost me Wrong, and Grief too robs
my Heart,

If there he shoot not ev'ry other Shaft;
Thy second self shou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe shou'd be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife—

O S M Y N.

O thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords,
That strain my cracking Nerves; Engines and
Wheels,

That piece-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

A L M E R I A.

Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy Torment;
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy Chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the Bosom-Snake,
That sucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws
thy Heart?

O that thy Words had Force to break those Bonds,
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in funder;

88 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

So shou'dst thou be at large from all Oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worst?

O S M Y N.

My all of Blifs, my everlasting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wishe,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?
Why dost thou ask? why dost thou talk thus
piercingly?

Thy Sorrows have disturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou dost speak of Miseries impossible.

A L M E R I A.

Didst thou not say, that Racks and Wheels
were Balm,
And Beds of Ease, to thinking me thy Wife?

O S M Y N.

No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wish or Thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart:
'Thou art my Wife—nay, thou art yet my Bride!
'The sacred Union of connubial Love
Yet unaccomplish'd; his mysterious Rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymeneal Torch

Yet

The MOURNING BRIDE. 89

Yet lighted up his last most grateful Sacrifice;
But dash'd with Rain from Eyes, and swail'd
with Sighs,

Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile Earth an Altar for such Off'rings?
This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd
with Woes;

Is this our Marriage-Bed? Are these our Joys?
Is this to call thee mine? O hold, my Heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, ev'n thus, to call
Theemine, were Comfort, Joy, extremest Ecstasy.
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in Misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so blest'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

ALMERIA.

No; not that
The extremest Malice of our Fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the Leavings of Calamity.
There we will feast, and smile on past Distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual Ruin.

OSMYN.

O thou dost talk, my Love, as one resolv'd,
Because

90 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Because not knowing Danger. But look forward;
Think on to Morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended Arms;
Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will
strain,

To grasp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:
Think how the Blood will start, and Tears will
gush

To follow thee, my separating Soul.

Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with *Garcia!*
Then will I smear these Walls with Blood, disfigure
And dash my Face, and rive my clotted Hair,
Break on the flinty Floor my throbbing Breast,
And grovel with gash'd Hands to scratch a Grave,
Stripping my Nails, to tear this Pavement up,
And bury me alive.

A L M E R I A.

Heart-breaking Horror!

O S M Y N.

Then *Garcia* shall lie panting on thy Bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy Charms;
And thou perforce must yield, and aid his Tran-
sport.

Hell! Hell! have I not Cause to rage and rave?
What

The MOURNING BRIDE. 91

What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
Are they not soothing Softness, sinking Ease,
And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria*,
What do the Damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

A L M E R I A.

O, I am struck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which, shot into my Breast, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not—O, let us not support,
But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain.



S C E N E VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

ZARA.

SOMEWHAT of Weight to me requires
his Freedom.

Dare you dispute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

P E R E Z.

92 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

P E R E Z.

I obey; yet beg
Your Majesty one Moment to defer
Your entering, 'till the Princess is return'd
From visiting the noble Prisoner.

Z A R A.

Ha!

What say'st thou?

O S M Y N.

We are lost! undone! discover'd!
Retire, my Life, with speed—Alas, we're seen:
Speak of Compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say Somewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,
If possible.—

A L M E R I A.

—I cannot speak.

O S M Y N.

Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But 'till she's gone; then blefs me thus again.

Z A R A.

Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his Face, and Grief in hers!

'Tis

The MOURNING BRIDE. 93

'Tis plain, I've been abus'd—Death and Destruction!

How shall I search into this Mystery?

The bluest Blast of Pestilential Air

Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his
Eyes;

Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em.

O S M Y N.

This Charity to one unknown, and thus

[Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.

Distress'd, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are
poor.



S C E N E VIII.

Z A R A, S E L I M, O S M Y N.

Z A R A.

DA M N ' D, damn'd Dissembler! Yet I will
be calm,

Choke in my Rage, and know the utmost Depth
Of this Deceiver—You seem much surpris'd.

O S M Y N.

At your Return so soon and unexpected.

Z A R A.

Z A R A.

And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
 Confusion! yet I will contain myself.
 You're grown a Favorite since last we parted;
 Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding—

O S M Y N.

—Madam!

Z A R A.

I did not know the Princess' Favorite;
 Your Pardon, Sir—mistake me not; you think
 I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
 You free: But shall return much better pleas'd,
 To find you have an Interest superior.

O S M Y N.

You do not come to mock my Miseries?

Z A R A.

I do.

O S M Y N.

I could at this time spare your Mirth.

Z A R A.

I know thou could'st, but I'm not often pleas'd,
 And will indulge it now. What Miseries?
 Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
 To be the Care of weeping Majesty?

To

The MOURNING BRIDE. 95

To have contending Queens, at dead of Night
Forfake their Down, to wake with watry Eyes,
And watch like Tapers o'er your Hours of Rest.
O Curse! I cannot hold——

O S M Y N.

Come, 'tis too much.

Z A R A.

Villain!

O S M Y N.

How, Madam!

Z A R A.

Thou shalt die.

O S M Y N.

I thank you.

Z A R A.

Thou ly'ft; for now I know for whom thou'dst
live.

O S M Y N.

Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Z A R A.

Hell! Hell!

Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the slow Hand
Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee

96 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Thee bare, the naked Mark of public View.

O S M Y N.

You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my Pow'r.

Z A R A.

Who waits there? As you'll answer it, look,
this Slave *[To the Guard.*

Attempt no Means to make himself away;
I've been deceiv'd. The public Safety now
Requires he shou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princess, suffer'd or to see
Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and Ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base Injustice thou hast done my Love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past Distress,
And all those Ills which thou so long hast
mourn'd; }
Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd, }
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd. }

End of Third Act.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Z A R A, S E L I M.

Z A R A.

THOU hast already rack'd me with thy Stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

S E L I M.

Your Accufation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Osmyn*; but to that, fresh News
Is since arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Distracti^on) some
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Trust,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Osmyn*, and his Correspondence
With them who first began the Mutiny.

V O L. III.

G

Wherefore

98 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is sign'd;
And Order given for public Execution.

Z A R A.

Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t' impart ere *Osmyn* die.

S E L I M.

It needs not, for the King will straight be here,
And, as to your Revenge, not his own Int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the Life of *Osmyn*.

Z A R A.

What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the King, and save his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover still.
O! 'tis more Grief but to suppose his Death,
Than still to meet the Rigor of his Scorn.
From my Despair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.
For ever! that's Despair—it was Distrust
Before; Distrust will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Distrust, both short-liv'd Pains.
But in Despair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.

O

The MOURNING BRIDE. 99

O Torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be born—Devise the Means to shun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy
Blood.

S E L I M.

My Life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Z A R A.

Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love and
Truth.

But say, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or stop th' approaching Danger?

S E L I M.

You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On *Ofmyn's* Death; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suspicion of the Cause. Advise
That Execution may be done in private.

Z A R A.

On what Pretence?

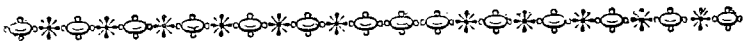
S E L I M.

Your own Request's enough.
However, for a Color, tell him, you
Have Cause to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to *Ofmyn's* Interest,

Who, at the Place of Execution, will
 Attempt to force his Way for an Escape.
 The State of Things will countenance all Suspi-
 cions.

Then offer to the King to have him strangled
 In secret, by your Mutes; and get an Order,
 That none but Mutes may have Admittance to
 him.

I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
 This Grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest.



S C E N E II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM-
 KING.

BEAR to the Dungeon those Rebellious
 Slaves,

Th' ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
 And spend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
 But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
 Let 'em be led away to present Death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

G O N S A L E Z.

G O N S A L E Z.

Might I presume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
Till *Ofmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this Conspiracy.

K I N G.

Then be it so.

Stay, Soldier; they shall suffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of those who follow'd *Heli*?

G O N S A L E Z.

None, Sir. Some Papers have been since discover'd

In *Roderigo's* House, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*
Were still alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
Which wears indeed this Color of a Truth,
They who are fled have that Way bent their
Course.

Of the same Nature divers Notes have been
Dispers'd, t'amuse the People; whereupon
Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumor:
That being fav'd upon the Coast of *Afric*,
He there disclos'd himself to *Albucacim*,
And by a secret Compact made with him,

102 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Open'd and urg'd the Way to this Invaſion;
 While he himſelf, returning to *Valentia*
 In private, undertook to raiſe this Tumult.

Z A R A.

Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is *Oſmyn* then *Alphonſo*?
 O Heav'n, a thouſand things occur at once
 To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
 O certain Death for him, as ſure Deſpair
 For me, if it be known—If not, what Hope
 Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt Baſeneſs, now
 To yield him up—No, I will ſtill conceal him,
 And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

G O N S A L E Z.

'Tis not impoſſible. Yet, it may be
 That ſome Impoſtor has uſurp'd his Name.
 Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
 If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
 At any time, in *Albucacim's* Court.

K I N G.

Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
 An unforeſeen, unwelcome Hour of Buſineſs,
 Has thruſt between us and our While of Love;
 But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
 Will quickly waſte, and give again the Day.

Z A R A.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 103

Z A R A.

You're too secure: The Danger is more im-
minent

Than your high Courage suffers you to see;
While *Osmyn* lives, you are not safe.

K I N G.

His Doom
Is pass'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Z A R A.

'Tis well. By what I heard upon your En-
trance,

I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himself *Alphonso*
Was cast upon my Coast, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King:
To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the Time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more is, That a triple League
Of strictest Friendship, was profess'd between
Alphonso, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Osmyn*.

K I N G.

Public Report is ratify'd in this.

Z A R A.

And *Ofmyn's* Death requir'd of strong Necessity.

K I N G.

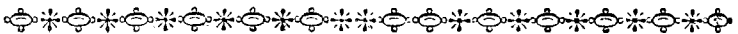
Give Order straight that all the Pris'ners die.

Z A R A.

Forbear a Moment; Somewhat more I have Worthy your private Ear, and this your Minister.

K I N G.

Let all except *Gonzalez* leave the Room.



S C E N E III.

K I N G, G O N S A L E Z, Z A R A, S E L I M.

Z A R A.

I Am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
 And in return of that, tho' otherwise
 Your Enemy, I have discover'd *Ofmyn*,
 His private Practice and Conspiracy
 Against your State: . And fully to discharge
 Myself of what I've undertaken, now
 I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards

Are

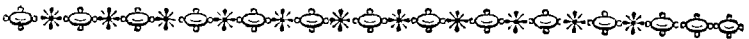
Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Z A R A.

Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict Charge, that none may be admitted
To see the Pris'ner, but such Mutes as I
Shall send.

K I N G.

Who waits there?



S C E N E IV.

K I N G, G O N S A L E Z, Z A R A, S E L I M, P E R E Z,
K I N G.

ON your Life take heed,
That only *Zara's* Mutes, or such who
bring

Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.

Z A R A.

They and no other, not the Princess self.

P E R E Z.

Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

K I N G.

Retire.

S C E N E



S C E N E V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

GONSALEZ.

THAT Interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence against the
Princes,
Shou'd have more Meaning than appears bare-
fac'd.

The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not.—Your Majesty sure might have spar'd
That last Restraint; you hardly can suspect
The Princess is Confederate with the *Moor*.

ZARA.

I've heard, her Charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his Request.

GONSALEZ.

Ha!

KING.

How? She visit *Ofmyn*? What, my Daughter?

SELIM.

Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.

ZARA.

Z A R A.

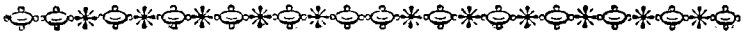
And after did solicit you on his
Behalf.—

K I N G.

Never. You have been misinform'd.

Z A R A.

Indeed! Then 'twas a Whisfer spread by some
Who wish'd it so; a common Art in Courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my Ministers of Death.



S C E N E VI.

K I N G, G O N S A L E Z.

G O N S A L E Z.

TH E R E's Somewhat yet of Mystery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obscure and
double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree;
I like it not.

K I N G.

What dost thou think, *Gonzalez*;
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

G O N ·

G O N S A L E Z.

I am a little flow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Women's Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your Guards
Corrupted! how? by whom? who told her so?
I'th' Evening *Osmyn* was to die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to release him;
I'th' Morning he must die again; ere Noon
Her Mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

K I N G.

Yet, that there's Truth in what she has discover'd,
Is manifest from every Circumstance.
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation—that *Alphonso* lives,
Agrees expressly too with her Report.

G O N S A L E Z.

I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealousy, she has discover'd what

She

110 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless Caution of the Princess?
What if she had seen *Osmyn*? tho' 'twere strange.
But if she had, what was't to her? unless
She fear'd her stronger Charms might cause the
Moor's
Affection to revolt.

KING.

I thank thee, Friend.

There's Reason in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'ft thou that my Daughter saw this *Moor*?

GONSALEZ.

If *Osmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonso's Friend; 'tis not impossible,
But she might wish on his Account to see him

KING.

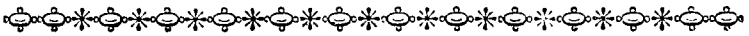
Say'ft thou? By Heav'n thou hast rous'd a
Thought,
That like a sudden Earthquake shakes my Frame;
Confusion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish *Moor*.

GONSALEZ.

That were too hard a Thought—but see, she
comes.

'Twere

'Twere not amifs to question her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, fhe'll be concern'd
For *Ofmyn's* Death, as he's *Alphonfo's* Friend.
Urge that, to try if fhe'll folicit for him.



S C E N E VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

KING.

YOUR coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have fent for you.

Let your Attendant be difmifs'd; I have

[*Leonora retires.*

To talk with you. Come near, why doft thou
shake?

What mean thofe fwollen and red-fleck'd Eyes,
that look

As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguifh? Why this, on the Day
Which was defign'd to celebrate thy Nuptials:
But that the Beams of Light are to be ftain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack?

Wherefore

112 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage Rites,
Nor shall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.

A L M E R I A.

All Days to me
Henceforth are equal ; this the Day of Death,
To Morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

K I N G.

Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the
Cause,
And look thou answer me with Truth ; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falshood.
Why art thou mute? base and degenerate Maid!

G O N S A L E Z.

Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

A L M E R I A.

What is't to speak? or wherefore shou'd I
speak?
What mean these Tears, but Grief unutterable?

K I N G.

They are the dumb Confessions of thy Mind;

They

The MOURNING BRIDE. 113

They mean thy Guilt; and say thou wert con-
fed'rate

With damn'd Conspirators to take my Life.

O impious Parricide! now canst thou speak?

A L M E R I A.

O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Bosom,
And bend my flowing Eyes, to stream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compassion, take
Into thy Womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
—I have no Parent else—be thou a Mother,
And step between me and the Curse of him,
Who was—who was, but is no more a Father;
But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes,
And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me Murderer and Parricide.

K I N G.

Rise, I command thee rise—and if thou wou'dst
Acquit thyself of those detested Names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign Dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyn*.

A L M E R I A.

Never, but as with Innocence I might,

V O L. III.

H

And

114 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

And free of all bad Purposes. So Heav'n's
My Witness.

K I N G.

Vile equivocating Wretch!
With Innocence? O Patience! hear,—he owns it!
Confesses it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—All Pains and
Tortures
That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

A L M E R I A.

Oh, I am lost—there Fate begins to wound.

K I N G.

Hear me, then; if thou canst, reply; know,
Traitors,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonso* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Ofmyn* is.—

A L M E R I A.

Then all is ended, and we both must die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest Sword,
And

The MOURNING BRIDE. 115

And cleaves my Heart; I wou'd have born it all,
Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorseless Rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender Flefh, to have been bruis'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

K I N G.

Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'ft thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
Hence, ere I curse—fly my juft Rage with Speed;
Left I forget us both, and fpu rn thee from me.

A L M E R I A.

And yet a Father! think I am your Child,
Turn not your Eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curse me if you can, now fpu rn me off.
Did ever Father curse his kneeling Child?
Never: For always Bleffings crown that Pofture.
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
Stooping to raife from Earth the Filial Reverence;
For bended Knees returning folding Arms,
With Pray'rs, and Bleffings, and paternal Love.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth—

K I N G.

Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
The light Impreffion thou haft made remains.

H 2

A L M E-

116 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

A L M E R I A.

No, never will I rise, nor loose this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

K I N G.

Ha! who may live? take Heed, no more of that;
For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all shou'd follow to partake his Doom.
Away, off, let me go.—Call her Attendants.

[*Leonora and Women return.*

A L M E R I A.

Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare
Bosom,
I'll not let go 'till you have spar'd my Husband.

K I N G.

Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband!
Damnation!

What Husband? which? who?

A L M E R I A.

He, he is my Husband.

K I N G.

Poison and Daggers! who?

A L M E R I A.

O—

[*Faints.*

G O N-

The MOURNING BRIDE. 117

G O N S A L E Z.

Help, support her.

A L M E R I A.

Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;
I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
And clothe their Nakedness with my own Flesh;
Yes, I will strip off Life, and we will change:
I will be Death; then, tho' you kill my Husband
He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

K I N G.

What Husband? who? whom dost thou mean?

G O N S A L E Z.

She raves.

A L M E R I A.

O that I did. *Osmyn*, he is my Husband.

K I N G.

Osmyn!

A L M E R I A.

Not *Osmyn*, but *Alphonso* is my dear
And wedded Husband—Heav'n, and Air, and
Seas,
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witness.

H 3

K I N G.

118 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

K I N G.

Wilder than Winds or Waves thyself dost rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy
Madness.

Yet Somewhat she must mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.
Watch her returning Sense, and bring me Word:
And look that she attempt not on her Life.



S C E N E VIII.

ALMERIA, G O N S A L E Z, L E O N O R A,
Attendants.

A L M E R I A.

O Stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were—He's gone.

G O N S A L E Z.

Have Comfort.

A L M E R I A.

Curs'd be that Tongue, that bids me be of
Comfort;
Curs'd my own Tongue, that cou'd not move
his Pity;

Curs'd

The MOURNING BRIDE. 119

Curs'd these weak Hands that cou'd not hold
him here;

For he is gone to doom *Alphonso's* Death.

G O N S A L E Z.

Your too excessive Grief works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Sense. *Alphonso*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Power.

A L M E R I A.

Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be
curs'd;

But doubly thou, who cou'dst alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Ofmyn* was *Alphonso*.

G O N S A L E Z.

Ha!

A L M E R I A.

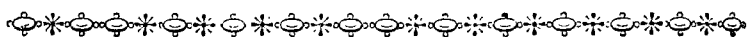
Why dost thou start? what dost thou see or hear?
Was it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonso's* Breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly Head glares by, all smear'd with
Blood,

Gasping as it wou'd speak; and after see,

H 4

Behold

Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:
 I'll catch it—Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!
 My Father's Voice! hollow it sounds, and calls
 Me from the Tomb—I'll follow it; for there
 I shall again behold my dear *Alphonso*.



S C E N E IX.

G O N S A L E Z *alone.*

SHE's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpris'd.
Ofmyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates
 My Policy! I ne'er suspected it;
 Nor now had known it, but from her Mistake.
 Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
 And where the Crown that shou'd descend on him,
 To grace the Line of my Posterity?
 Hold, let me think—If I shou'd tell the King—
 Things come to this Extremity; his Daughter
 Wedded already—what if he shou'd yield?
 Knowing no Remedy for what is past;
 And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
 With which he seems to be already shaken.
 And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave

Anselmo's

Anselmo's Race; yet if—that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the captive Queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented Tale! He was *Alphonso's* Friend.
This subtle Woman will amuse the King,
If I delay—'twill do—or better so.
One to my Wish. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.



S C E N E X.

G O N S A L E Z, A L O N Z O.

A L O N Z O.

THE King expects your Lordship.

G O N S A L E Z.

'Tis no Matter.

I'm not i'th' Way at present, good *Alonzo*.

A L O N Z O.

If't please your Lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.

G O N S A L E Z.

Do, my best *Alonzo*.

Yet stay, I wou'd—but go; anon will serve—

Yet

122 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Yet I have that requires thy speedy Help.
I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me Service.

A L O N Z O .

I am your Creature.

G O N S A L E Z .

Say thou art my Friend.
I've seen thy Sword do noble Execution.

A L O N Z O .

All that it can your Lordship shall command.

G O N S A L E Z .

Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word. Thou'lt
seen,

Among the Followers of the captive Queen,
Dumb Men, who make their Meaning known
by Signs.

A L O N Z O .

I have, my Lord.

G O N S A L E Z .

Cou'dst thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee such Reward, as shou'd exceed thy Wish.

A L O N Z O .

Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your
Lordship?

G O N -

G O N S A L E Z.

At my Apartment. Use thy utmost Diligence;
And say I've not been seen—haste, good *Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonso* slain,
The greatest Obstacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia's* Head.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T



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

A Room of State.

K I N G, P E R E Z, A L O N Z O.

K I N G.

NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's absent.

None, say you, none? what, not the fav'rite Eunuch?

Nor she herself, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance?

P E R E Z.

None, my Lord.

K I N G.

Is *Osmyn* so disposed as I commanded?

P E R E Z.

Fast bound in double Chains, and at full
Length

He lies supine on Earth; with as much Ease
She might remove the Centre of this Earth,
As loose the Rivets of his Bonds.

K I N G.

K I N G.

'Tis well.

[A Mute appears, and seeing the King, retires.]

Ha! stop and seize that Mute; *Alonzo*, follow him:
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and started back,
Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Bosom,
As to conceal th' Importance of his Errand.

[Alonzo follows him, and returns with a Paper.]

A L O N Z O.

O bloody Proof of obstinate Fidelity!

K I N G.

What dost thou mean?

A L O N Z O.

Soon as I seiz'd the Man,
He snatch'd from out his Bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy Haste, at once to cram
The Morfel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from
him;

Which done, he drew a Poniard from his Side,
And on the Instant plung'd it in his Breast.

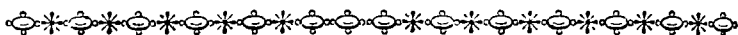
K I N G.

Remove the Body thence ere *Zara* see it.

A L O N Z O.

A L O N Z O.

I'll be so bold to borrow his Attire ;
'Twill quit me of my Promise to *Gonzalez*.



S C E N E II.

K I N G, P E R E Z.

P E R E Z.

WHATE'ER it is, the King's Complexion turns.

K I N G.

How's this? My mortal Foe beneath my
Roof! [*Having read the Letter.*

O, give me Patience, all ye Powers! no, rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury—Ha! who's there?

P E R E Z.

My Lord.

K I N G.

Hence, Slave, how dar'st thou 'bide to watch
and pry
Into how poor a Thing a King descends;
How like thyself, when Passion treads him down?
Ha!

The MOURNING BRIDE. 127

Ha! stir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to see me gorge this Bait,
And lash against the Hook—By Heav'n, you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st
My Daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the Spy and Pandar to their Meeting.

P E R E Z.

By all that's Holy I'm amaz'd.—

K I N G.

Thou ly'st.

Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free—*

[Reading.

That somewhere is repeated—*I have Power*
*O'er them that are thy Guards—*Mark that, thou
Traitor.

P E R E Z.

It was your Majesty's Command, I should
Obey her Order.—

K I N G. [Reading.]

—*And still will I set*

*Thee free, Alphonso—*Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Al-*
phonso!

Falſe

128 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

False and perfidious *Zara!* Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softness, Pity and Compassion,
This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell Hate within my Breast, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet and counterwork this Treachery.

Hark thee, Villain, Traitor—answer me, Slave.

P E R E Z.

My Service has not merited those Titles.

K I N G.

Dar'ft thou reply? Take that—thy Service?
thine? [*Strikes him.*

What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moment's Ease? Hear my Command; and
look

That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonso's* Heart.
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or—

P E R E Z.

Sir, I will.

K I N G.

'Tis well—that when she comes to set him
free,

His

His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorse.

[Perez going.

——Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add
to this,

And give her Eyes yet greater Disappointment:
When thou hast ended him bring me his Robe;
And let the Cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the Sight.

I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—

There with his Turbant, and his Robe array'd,
And laid along as he now lies supine,

I shall convict her to her Face of Falsehood.

When for *Alphonso's* she shall take my Hand,
And breathe her sighs upon my Lips for his,
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her Guilt.

But see, she comes; I'll shun th' Encounter; thou
Follow me, and give Heed to my Direction.



S C E N E III.

Z A R A, S E L I M.

Z A R A.

THE Mute not yet return'd! Ha, 'twas the
King!

The King that parted hence! frowning he went;
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the
Earth,

And kindle Ruin in its Course. Dost think
He saw me?

S E L I M.

Yes: But then, as if he thought
His Eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect Look, and sternly turn'd away.

Z A R A.

Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone
me.

Thy shallow Artifice begets Suspicion,
And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly shades

The

The MOURNING BRIDE. 131

The Face of thy Design; alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen. Imperfect
Mischief!

Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the Traveller; and, after, hear'st
Not his pursuing Voice; ev'n where thou think'st
To hide, the rustling Leaves and bended Grass
Confess, and point the Path which thou hast
crept.

O Fate of Fools! officious in Contriving;
In Executing puzzled, lame and lost.

S E L I M.

Avert it, Heav'n, that you should ever suffer
For my Defect: or that the Means which I
Devis'd to serve, should ruin your Design!
Pescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs must fail; impute not as a Crime
My Nature's Want, but punish Nature in me:
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
I bare my Breast to meet your just Revenge.

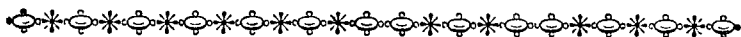
Z A R A.

I have not Leisure now to take so poor

132 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

A Forfeit as thy Life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on myself, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in Charge; for I'm resolv'd.
Give Order, that the two remaining Mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a Bowl
Of such Ingredients mix'd, as will with Speed
Benumb the living Faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable Death.
Yes, *Osmyn*, yes; be *Osmyn* or *Alphonso*,
I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'ft be free:
Such Liberty as I embrace myself,
Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my Word.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

SCENE opening, shows the Prison.

G O N S A L E Z alone, disguis'd like a Mute, with a
Dagger.

G O N S A L E Z.

N O R Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors un-
barr'd!

And all as still, as at the Noon of Night!

Sure Death already has been busy here.

There lies my Way, that Door too is unlock'd.

[Looks in.

Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what

A Lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly Flame,

By fits reveals—his Face seems turn'd, to favor

Th' Attempt: I'll steal, and do it unperceiv'd.

What Noise? Somebody coming? 'ft, Alonzo?

Nobody? Sure he'll wait without—I would

'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the

Heart;

Then cast my Skin, and leave it there to answer

it.

[Goes in.



S C E N E V.

G A R C I A, A L O N Z O.

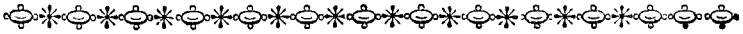
G A R C I A.

WHERE? where, *Alonzo?* where's my
Father? where
The King? Confusion! all is on the Rout!
All's lost, all ruin'd by Surprise and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou thus mis-
lead me?

A L O N Z O.

My Lord, he enter'd but a Moment since,
And cou'd not pass me unperceiv'd—What, ho!
My Lord, my Lord, what, ho! My Lord *Gon-
salez!*

S C E N E



S C E N E VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody.*

GONSALEZ.

PERDITION choke your Clamors—
whence this Rudeness?

Garcia!

GARCIA.

Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entering now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of
Horror?

GONSALEZ.

No Matter—give me first to know the Cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd Exclamations.

GARCIA.

The Eastern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of slain that choke the Pas-
sage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unless
The King in Person animate our Men,

136 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Granada's loft; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a Postern fled, and join the Foe.

G O N S A L E Z.

Wou'd all were false as that; for whom you
call

The *Moor*, is dead. That *Ofmyn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose Heart's Blood this Poniard yet is warm.

G A R C I A.

Impossible; for *Ofmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonso*.

G O N S A L E Z.

Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your easy Faith.

[*Garcia goes in.*]

A L O N Z O.

My Lord, for certain Truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd, the Cause of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

G A R C I A. [*Returning.*]

Ruin and Horror! O heart-wounding Sight!

G O N S A L E Z.

What says my Son? what Ruin? ha? what
Horror?

G A R C I A.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 137

G A R C I A.

Blasted my Eyes, and speechless be my Tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This Deed—O dire Mistake! O fatal Blow!
The King—

G O N S A L E Z, A L O N Z O.

The King!

G A R C I A.

Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, see, attir'd like *Osmyn*, where he lies.

[*They look in.*

O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our Swords against
Ourselves, and expiate, with our own, his Blood.

G O N S A L E Z.

O Wretch! O curs'd, and rash, deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.
I, who have spilt my Royal Master's Blood,
Shou'd make Atonement by a Death as horrid,
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

G A R C I A.

Ha! what? atone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my
Rage. The

138 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far less damnable
Self-Murder.

G O N S A L E Z.

O my Son, from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondness these Ills arose;
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While t'other bore the Crown, (to wreath thy
Brow)
Whose Weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the
Shore.

G A R C I A.

Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd:
[*Shout.*
The Shriek of that Shout speaks 'em at Hand.
We have no Time to search into the Cause
Of this surprizing and most fatal Error.
What's to be done? the King's Death known,
will strike

The

The MOURNING BRIDE. 139

The few remaining Soldiers with Despair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

A L O N Z O.

My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the
Body;

Require me not to tell the Means, 'till done,
Left you forbid what then you may approve.

[Goes in. Shout.]

G O N S A L E Z.

They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes;
And in the mean time fed with Expectation
To see the King in Person at their Head.

G A R C I A.

Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haste; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.

S C E N E



S C E N E VII.

G O N S A L E Z, A L O N Z O.

G O N S A L E Z.

WHAT haft thou done, *Alonzo*?

A L O N Z O.

Such a Deed,

As, but an Hour ago, I'd not have done,
 Tho' for the Crown of Universal Empire.
 But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
 Or who can wound the Dead?——I've from
 the Body

Sever'd the Head, and in an obscure Corner
 Dispos'd it, muffled in the Mute's Attire,
 Leaving to View of them who enter next,
 Alone the undistinguishable Trunk:
 Which may be still mistaken by the Guards
 For *Ofmyn*, if in seeking for the King
 They chance to find it.

G O N S A L E Z.

'Twas an Act of Horror;
 And of a Piece with this Day's dire Misdeeds.

But

The MOURNING BRIDE. 141

But 'tis no Time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, *Alonzo*, haste thee hence with Speed,
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his Arms: At least,
I shall make good, and shelter his Retreat.



S C E N E VIII.

ZARA, follow'd by *SELIM*, and two *Mutes*
bearing the *Bowls*.

ZARA.

SILENCE and Solitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the gloomy Ways and Iron Doors
That hither lead, nor human Face nor Voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Sense, when enter'd here; from
Groans,
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink
of Chains,
And Crash of rusty Bars and creaking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was dash'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghastly Executioners.

Yet

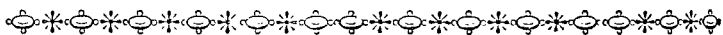
142 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Yet more this Stillness terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
It may be, that the Cause of this my Errand
And Purpose, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has also wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death?——

Let 'em set down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonso*
That I am here—So. You return and find

[*Mutes going in.*

The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed.



S C E N E IX.

Z A R A and M U T E S.

Z A R A.

W H A T have you seen? Ha! wherefore
stare you thus,

[*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*

With haggard Eyes? why are your Arms across?
Your heavy and desponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad Signs?

Give

The MOURNING BRIDE. 143

Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

[They go to the Scene, which opening she perceives the Body.]

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O—I'm lost.
O *Ofmyn!* O *Alphonso!* Cruel Fate!
Cruel, cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd myself to give thee Death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Ofmyn*—
O this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous King!



S C E N E X.

Z A R A, S E L I M.

S E L I M.

I'VE fought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found——

Z A R A.

Get thee to Hell, and seek him there.

[Stabs him.]

His Hellish Rage had wanted Means to Act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counsel.

S E L I M.

S E L I M.

You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded.
 'The Mute you sent, by some Mischance was seen,
 And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
 I found the dead and bloody Body stripp'd—
 My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails—

I sink——

Drink not the Poison—for *Alphonso* is— [Dies.

Z A R A.

As thou art now—And I shall quickly be.
 'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
 We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
 I have a certain Remedy for that.
 But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
 He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what Height:
 Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
 A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
 Insensible of this last Proof he's gone.
 Yet Fate alone can rob his mortal Part
 Of Sense: His Soul still sees, and knows each

Purpose,

And fix'd Event of my persisting Faith.

Then, wherefore do I pause?—give me the Bowl.

[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.*

Hover

Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.
This to our mutual Blifs when join'd above.

[*Drinks.*

O friendly Draught, already in my Heart.
Cold, cold; my Veins are Ificles and Froft.
I'll creep into his Bofom, lay me there;
Cover us clofe—or I fhall chill his Breaft,
And fright him from my Arms—See, fee, he flides
Still further from me; look, he hides his Face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.

O now he's gone, and all is dark—— [Dies.

[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*



S C E N E XI.

A L M E R I A, L E O N O R A, M U T E S, &c.

A L M E R I A.

O Let me feek him in this horrid Cell;
For in the Tomb or Prifon, I alone
Muft hope to find him.

L E O N O R A.

Heav'ns! what difmal Scene

146 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Of Death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* slain!

A L M E R I A.

Show me, for I am come in search of Death;
But want a Guide; for Tears have dimm'd my
Sight.

L E O N O R A.

Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who seem the Murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling Remorse too late for what they've done.
But O forbear—lift up your Eyes no more;
But haste away, fly from this fatal Place,
Where Miseries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a Dagger
Ready to stab the Sight, and make your Eyes
Rain Blood——

A L M E R I A.

O I foreknow, foresee that Object.
Is it at last then so? is he then dead?
What dead at last, quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there I see him; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds—O more than
Savage!

Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?
Cou'd

The MOURNING BRIDE. 147

Cou'd Eyes endure to guide fuch cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
—I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All Things were well; and yet my Husband's
murder'd!

Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll fluce this Heart,
The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent loofe.
—Those Men have left to weep! they look on
me! .

I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have flain thofe Innocents:
I am the Sacrifice defign'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat——
They fhake

Their Heads in Sign of Grief and Innocence!

[They point at the Bowl on the Ground.

And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O
well

I understand what Medicine has been here.
O noble Thirst! yet greedy, to drink all—

148 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

—O for another Draught of Death——What
mean they? [*They point at the other Cup.*
Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the liberal Hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad Acknowledgment—

LEONORA.

O hold
For Mercy's Sake; upon my Knee I beg—

ALMERIA.

With thee the kneeling World shou'd beg in
vain.

Seest thou not there? behold who prostrate lies,
And pleads against thee? who shall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave
From his pale Lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank Juice shou'd blister on my Mouth,
And stain the Color of my last Adieu.

Horror! a headless Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,
*[Coming nearer the Body, starts and lets
fall the Cup.*

But spouting Veins, and mangled Flesh! O, oh!—

SCENE



S C E N E *The Last.*

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HÉLI,
PEREZ, *with* GARCIA *Prisoner, Guards and*
Attendants.

ALPHONSO.

AWAY, stand off, where is she? let me fly,
Save her from Death; and snatch her to
my Heart.

ALMERIA.

Oh——

ALPHONSO.

Forbear; my Arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladness.
O let me talk to thy reviving Sense,
The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold
Beauties

With the new-flushing Ardor of my Cheek;
Into thy Lips, pour the soft trickling Balm
Of cordial Sighs; and reinspire thy Bosom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new Birth to thy long-shaded Eyes,

150 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Then double on the Day reflected Light.

A L M E R I A.

Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream
intend?

A L P H O N S O.

O may'st thou never dream of less Delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial Joys.

A L M E R I A.

Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye Pow'rs
Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe
My Sight, against my Sight? and shall I trust
That Sense, which in one Instant shows him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions, and affrighting Fantoms:
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too shall have Compassion——

A L P H O N S O.

O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail Life, to be entirely blest'd. Even now,
In this extremest Joy my Soul can taste,
Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep;
Thy Father fell, where he design'd my Death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of Wounds

Expiring,

The MOURNING BRIDE. 151

Expiring, have with their last Breath confes'd
The just Decrees of Heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody Purposes.

Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus—

[She weeps.

Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.

Ill-fated *Zara!* Ha! a Cup? Alas!

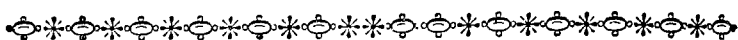
Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory.

O *Garcia!*——

Whose Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes,
Seest thou, how just the Hand of Heav'n has
been?

Let us who thro' our Innocence survive,
Still in the Paths of Honor persevere,
And not, from past or present Ills despair:
For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

[Exeunt omnes.



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

*T*HE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in statu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've Leisure, now, to mark your sev'ral Faces,
And know each Critic by his four Grimaces.
To poison Plays, I see some where they sit,
Scatter'd, like Rats-bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Parish Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run, to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed when they're pleas'd!
Critics to Plays for the same End resort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect.

As

EPILOGUE.

*As Suffex Men, that dwell upon the Shore,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Critics throng to see a New Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favor find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.*

}

THE
J U D G M E N T
O F
P A R I S.
A
M A S Q U E.

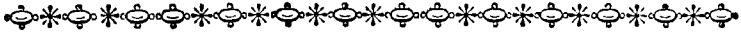


—*Vincis utramque Venus.*

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Printed in the YEAR M D C C L X I.



T H E

J U D G M E N T of P A R I S.



The SCENE is a Landscape of a beautiful Pasture supposed on Mount Ida. The Shepherd Paris is seen seated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip, &c. lying by him. While a Symphony is playing, Mercury descends with his Caduceus in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the other: After the Symphony he sings.

M E R C U R Y.

FROM high *Olympus*, and the Realms above,
Behold I come the Messenger of *Jove*;
His dread Commands I bear:
Shepherd, arise and hear;
Arise, and leave awhile thy Rural Care:
Forbear

158 *The* JUDGMENT of *PARIS*.

Forbear thy woolly Flock to feed,
And lay aside thy tuneful Reed;
For thou to greater Honors art decreed.

P A R I S.

O *Hermes*, I thy Godhead know,
By thy winged Heels and Head;
By thy Rod that wakes the 'Dead,
And guides the Shades below.

Say wherefore dost thou seek this humble Plain,
To greet a lowly Swain?

What does the Mighty Thunderer ordain?

M E R C U R Y.

This radiant Fruit behold,
More bright than burnish'd Gold;
Three Goddeffes for this contend:

See now they descend,
And this Way they bend.

Shepherd, take the golden Prize,
Yield it to the brightest Eyes.

[*Juno, Pallas, and Venus, are seen at a Distance
descending in several Machines.*

P A R I S.

O Ravishing Delight!

What Mortal can support the Sight?

Alas!

The J U D G M E N T *of* P A R I S. 159

Alas! too weak is Human Brain,
So much Rapture to sustain.

I faint, I fall, O take me hence,
Ere Ecstasy invades my aching Sense:
Help me, *Hermes*, or I die,
Save me from Excess of Joy.

M E R C U R Y.

Fear not, Mortal, none shall harm thee,
With my Sacred Rod I'll charm thee;
Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou may'st every Grace discover.

Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not, Mortal, none shall wound thee.

In two { Happy thou of Human Race,
Parts. { Godswith thee would change their Place.
P A R I S. { With no God I'd change my Place,
 { Happy I of Human Race.

[*Mercury ascends.*

[*While a Symphony is playing, Juno descends from
her Machine, after the Symphony she sings.*

J U N O.

Saturnia, Wife of Thund'ring *Jove*, am I,
Belov'd by him, and Empress of the Sky;

Shepherd,

160 *The* JUDGMENT of *PARIS*.

Shepherd, fix on me thy wond'ring Sight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

[*Symphony for Pallas.*

PALLAS.

This Way, Mortal, bend thy Eyes,
Pallas claims the golden Prize;
A Virgin Goddess free from Stain,
And Queen of Arts and Arms I reign.

[*Symphony for Venus.*

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain,
Let not *Venus* sue in vain;
Venus rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, and she rules Love.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

PALLAS.

Hither turn to me again.

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am she.

ALL THREE.

To me, to me, for I am she.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

JUNO,

The J U D G M E N T *of* P A R I S. 161

J U N O, P A L L A S.

She will deceive thee.

V E N U S.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

Chorus of } Hither turn to me again,
all three. } To me, to me, for I am she;
 } Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

P A R I S.

I.

Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a Title fure never was try'd.
United, your Beauties so dazzle the Sight,
That lost in Amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent Light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heavenly Fair,
For Three at a Time there's no Mortal can bear;
And since a gay Robe an ill Shape may disguise,
When each is undrest
I'll judge of the best,
For 'tis not a Face that must carry the Prize.

JUNO *Sings alone.*

I.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
Not to follow Flocks design'd;
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread,
Joys in Circles Joys shall meet,
Which Way e'er thy Fancy's lead.

III.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
Not to follow Flocks design'd;
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.*

P A L L A S *Sings alone.*

I.

Awake, awake, thy Spirits raise,
Waste not thus thy youthful Days,
Piping, Toying,
Nymphs decoying,
Loft in wanton and inglorious Ease.

II.

Hark, Hark! the glorious Voice of War
Calls aloud, for Arms prepare:
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial Music charms the joyful Air.

(Symphony.)

P A L L A S *Sings.*

O what Joys does Conquest yield!
When returning from the Field,
O how glorious 'tis to see
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!

164 *The* J U D G M E N T *of* P A R I S.

Laurel Wreaths his Head furrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind,
Fame her golden Trumpet founding,
Every Voice in Chorus join'd.
To me, kind Swain, the Prize resign,
And Fame and Conquest shall be thine.

C H O R U S.

*O how glorious 'tis to see
The Godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!*

(Symphony.)

V E N U S *Sings alone.*

Stay, lovely Youth, delay thy Choice;
Take Heed lest empty Names enthrall thee;
Attend to *Cytherea's* Voice;
Lo! I who am Love's Mother call thee.
Far from thee be anxious Care,
And racking Thoughts that vex the Great:
Empire's but a gilded Snare,
And fickle is the Warrior's Fate.
One only Joy Mankind can know,
And Love alone can that bestow.

C H O R U S.

One only Joy, &c.

V E N U S

V E N U S *Sings.*

I.

Nature fram'd thee sure for Loving,
Thus adorn'd with every Grace;
Venus' self thy Form approving,
Looks with Pleasure on thy Face.

II.

Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding Arms!
Should bright *Helen* once behold thee,
She'd surrender all her Charms.

III.

Fairest she, all Nymphs transcending,
That the Sun himself has seen;
Were she for the Crown contending,
Thou wou'dst own her Beauty's Queen.

IV.

Gentle Shepherd, if my Pleading
Can from thee the Prize obtain,
Love himself thy Conquest aiding,
Thou that matchless Fair shalt gain.

P A R I S.

I yield, I yield, O take the Prize,
And cease, O cease, th' enchanting Song;

166 *The* J U D G M E N T *of* P A R I S.

All Love's, Darts are in thy Eyes,
And Harmony falls from thy Tongue.
Forbear, O Goddeſs of Deſire,
Thus my raviſh'd Soul to move;
Forbear to fan the raging Fire,
And be propitious to my Love.

Here Paris gives to Venus the Golden Apple. Several Cupids deſcend, the three Graces alight from the Chariot of Venus, they call the Hours, who aſſemble; with all the Attendants on Venus. All join in a Circle round her, and ſing the laſt grand Chorus; while Juno and Pallas aſcend.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

*Hither all ye Graces, all ye Loves,
Hither all ye Hours reſort;
Billing Sparrows, Cooing Doves;
Come all the Train of Venus' Court.
Sing all great Cytherea's Name;
Over Empire, over Fame, .
Her Victory proclaim.*

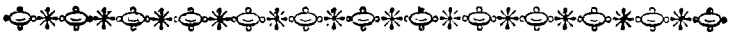
*Sing, ſing and ſpread the joyful News around,
The Queen of Love, is Queen of Beauty crown'd.*

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E.

A N

O P E R A.



*A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei
bono auctori, et in hac re, sicut in omnibus, incon-
stantissimo.*

Seneca Ep. 99.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.



A R G U M E N T

Introductory to the

O P E R A of S E M E L E.

AFTER Jupiter's *Amour* with Europa, the Daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia, he again incenses Juno by a new *Affair* in the same Family; viz. with Semele, Niece to Europa, and Daughter to Cadmus King of Thebes. Semele is on the Point of Marriage with Athamas; which Marriage is about to be solemnis'd in the Temple of Juno, Goddess of Marriages, when Jupiter by ill Omens interrupts the Ceremony; and afterwards transports Semele to a private Abode prepar'd for her. Juno, after many Contrivances, at length assumes the Shape and Voice of Ino, Sister to Semele; by the Help of which Disguise, and artful Insinuations, she prevails with her to make a Request to Jupiter, which being granted must end in her utter Ruin.

This

A R G U M E N T.

This Fable is related in Ovid. Metam. L. 3. but there Juno is said to impose on Semele in the Shape of an old Woman, her Nurse. 'Tis hoped, the Liberty taken in substituting Ino instead of the old Woman, will be excus'd: It was done, because Ino is interwoven in the Design by her Love of Athamas; to whom she was marry'd, according to Ovid; and because her Character bears a Proportion with the Dignity of the other Persons represented. This Reason, it is presumed, may be allowed in a Thing entirely fictitious; and more especially being represented under the Title of an Opera, where greater Absurdities are every Day excus'd.

It was not thought requisite to have any Regard either to Rhyme, or Equality of Measure, in the Lines of that Part of the Dialogue which was designed for the Recitative Style in Music. For as that Style in Music is not confined to the strict Observation of Time and Measure, which is required in the Composition of Airs and Sonatas, so neither is it necessary that the same Exactness in Numbers, Rhymes, or Measure, should be observed in Words design'd to be set in that Manner, which must ever be observed in the Form-
ation

A R G U M E N T.

ation of Odes and Sonnets. For, what they call Recitative in Music, is only a more tuneable Speaking; it is a Kind of Prose in Music; its Beauty consists in coming near Nature, and in improving the natural Accents of Words by more Pathetic or Emphatical Tones.

Persons

Persons Represented.

Jupiter.

Cadmus, King of Thebes.

*Athamas, a Prince of Bœotia, in Love with, and
design'd to marry Semele.*

Somnus.

Apollo.

Cupid.

Zephyrs.

Loves.

Shepherds.

Satyrs.

Juno.

Iris.

*Semele, Daughter to Cadmus, beloved by, and in
Love with Jupiter.*

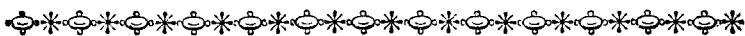
Ino, Sister to Semele, in Love with Athamas.

Shepherdesses.

Chief Priest of Juno, other Priests and Augurs.

S C E N E B O E O T I A.

S E M E L E.



S E M E L E .



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

The SCENE is the Temple of Juno, near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddess. Priests are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offer'd; Flames arise from the Altar, and the Statue of Juno is seen to bow.

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S, S E M E L E, and I N O.

F I R S T P R I E S T.

BE H O L D auspicious Flashes rise;
Juno accepts our Sacrifice;
The grateful Odor swift ascends,
And see, the Golden Image bends.

F I R S T and S E C O N D P R I E S T.

*Lucky Omens bless our Rites,
And sure Success shall crown your Loves;*

Peaceful

S E M E L E.

*Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights
Attend the Pair that she approves.*

C A D M U S.

Daughter, obey,
Hear, and obey.
With kind Consenting
Ease a Parent's Care ;
Invent no new Delay.

A T H A M A S.

O hear a faithful Lover's Pray'r ;
On this auspicious Day
Invent no new Delay.

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S.

Hear, and obey ;
Invent no new Delay
On this auspicious Day.

S E M E L E. [*Apart.*]

Ah me !
What Refuge now is left me ?
How various, how tormenting,
Are my Miferies !
O *Jove* affist me.
Can *Semele* forego thy Love,
And to a Mortal's Passion yield ?

Thy

Thy Vengeance will o'ertake
Such Perfidy.

If I deny, my Father's Wrath I fear.
O *Jove*, in Pity teach me which to choose,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

A T H A M A S.

*See, she blushing turns her Eyes;
See, with Sighs her Bosom panting;
If from Love those Sighs arise,
Nothing to my Bliss is wanting.*

*Hymen haste, thy Torch prepare,
Love already his has lighted;
One soft Sigh has cur'd Despair,
And more than my past Pains requited.*

I N O.

Alas! she yields,
And has undone me:
I can no longer hide my Passion;
It must have Vent——
Or inward burning
Will confume me.
O *Athamas*——
I cannot utter it——

A T H A-

S E M E L E.

A T H A M A S.

On me fair *Ino* calls
 With mournful Accent,
 Her Color fading,
 And her Eyes o'erflowing!

I N O.

O *Semele*!

S E M E L E.

On me she calls,
 Yet seems to shun me!
 What wou'd my Sister?
 Speak——

I N O.

Thou hast undone me.

C A D M U S.

*Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
 And all our solemn Rites profane?
 Can he, or she, thy Woes relieve?
 Or I? Of whom dost thou complain?*

I N O.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

A T H A M A S.

Can I thy Woes relieve?

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E.

Can I assuage thy Pain?

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S, S E M E L E.

Of whom dost thou complain?

I N O.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

[It lightens, and Thunder is heard at a distance, then a Noise of Rain; the Fire is suddenly extinguish'd on the Altar: The Chief Priest comes forward.]

F I R S T P R I E S T.

Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs!

Some God averse our holy Rites controls.

O'erwhelm'd with sudden Night, the Day expires,

Ill-boding Thunder on the Right Hand rolls,

And *Jove* himself descends in Show'rs,

To quench our late propitious Fires.

C H O R U S of P R I E S T S.

Avert these Omens, all ye Pow'rs!

S E C O N D P R I E S T.

Again auspicious Flashes rise,

Juno accepts our Sacrifice.

[Flames are again kindled on the Altar, and the Statue nods.]

M

T H I R D

T H I R D P R I E S T.

Again the sickly Flame decaying dies:

Juno assents, but angry *Jove* denies.

[The Fire is again extinguish'd.]

A T H A M A S. *[Apart.]*

Thy Aid, Pronubial *Juno*, *Athamas* implores.

S E M E L E. *[Apart.]*

Thee *Jove*, and thee alone, thy *Semele* adores.

[A loud Clap of Thunder; the Altar sinks.]

F I R S T P R I E S T.

Cease, cease your Vows, 'tis impious to proceed;

Be gone, and fly this holy Place with Speed:

This dreadful Conflict is of dire Prefage;

Be gone, and fly from *Jove's* impending Rage.

[All but the Priests come forward. The Scene closes on the Priests, and shows to View the Front and Outside of the Temple. Cadmus leads off Semele, Attendants follow. Athamas and Ino remain.]

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

A T H A M A S, I N O.

A T H A M A S.

O *Athamas*, what Torture hast thou born!
 And O, what hast thou yet to bear!
 From Love, from Hope, from near Possession torn,
 And plung'd at once in deep Despair.

I N O.

*Turn, hopeless Lover, turn thy Eyes,
 And see a Maid bemoan,
 In flowing Tears and aching Sighs,
 Thy Woes, too like her own.*

A T H A M A S.

She weeps!
 The gentle Maid, in tender Pity,
 Weeps to behold my Misery!
 So *Semele* wou'd melt
 To see another mourn.

*Such unavailing Mercy is in Beauty found,
 Each Nymph bemoans the Smart
 Of every bleeding Heart,
 But that where she herself inflicts the Wound.*

I N O.

Ah me, too much afflicted!

A T H A M A S.

Can Pity for another's Pain
 Cause such Anxiety?

I N O.

Cou'dst thou but guess
 What I endure;
 Or cou'd I tell thee—
 Thou, *Athamas*,
 Wou'dst for awhile
 Thy Sorrows cease, a little cease,
 And listen for awhile
 To my Lamenting.

A T H A M A S.

Of Grief too sensible
 I know your tender Nature.
 Well I remember,
 When I oft have fu'd
 To cold, disdainful *Semele*;

When I with Scorn have been rejected;
 Your tuneful Voice my Tale wou'd tell,
 In Pity of my sad Despair;
 And, with sweet Melody, compel
 Attention from the flying Fair.

I N O.

Too well I see
 Thou wilt not understand me.
 Whence cou'd proceed such Tendernefs?
 Whence such Compassion?
 Insensible! Ingrate!—
 Ah, no, I cannot blame thee:
 For by Effects unknown before,
 Who cou'd the hidden Cause explore?
 Or think that Love cou'd act so strange a Part,
 To plead for Pity in a Rival's Heart.

A T H A M A S.

Ah me, what have I heard!
 She does her Passion own.

I N O,

What, had I not despair'd,
 You never shou'd have known.

You've undone me;

Look not on me;

M 3

Guilt

S E M E L E.

*Guilt upbraiding,
Shame invading;
Look not on me;
You've undone me.*

A T H A M A S.

*With my Life I wou'd atone
Pains you've born, to me unknown.
Cease, cease to shun me.*

I N O.

*Look not on me;
You've undone me.*

A T H A M A S.

*Cease, cease to shun me;
Love, Love alone
Has both undone.*

I N O, A T H A M A S.

*Love, Love alone
Has both undone.*

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

[*To them*] Enter C A D M U S *attended.*

C A D M U S.

A H wretched Prince, doom'd to disastrous
Love!

Ah me, of Parents most forlorn!

Prepare, O *Athamas*, to prove

The sharpest Pangs that e'er were born:

Prepare with me our common Loss to mourn.

A T H A M A S.

Can Fate, or *Semele*, invent

Another, yet another Punishment?

C A D M U S.

Wing'd with our Fears, and pious Haste,

From *Juno's* Fane we fled;

Scarce we the brazen Gates had pass'd,

When *Semele* around her Head

With azure Flames was grac'd,

Whose lambent Glories in her Tresses play'd.

While this we saw with dread Surprise,

Swifter than Lightning downwards tending,

An Eagle stoop'd, of mighty Size,
 On Purple Wings descending;
 Like Gold his Beak, like Stars shone forth his Eyes,
 His Silver plummy Breast with Snow contending:
 Sudden he snatch'd the trembling Maid,
 And soaring from our Sight convey'd;
 Diffusing ever as he lessening flew
 Celestial Odor, and Ambrosial Dew.

A T H A M A S.

O Prodigy, to me of dire Portent!

I N O.

To me, I hope, of fortunate Event.



S C E N E IV.

*Enter to them the Chief Priest, with Augurs and
 other Priests.*

C A D M U S.

SEE, see, *Jove's* Priests and holy Augurs come:
 Speak, speak, of *Semele* and me declare
 the Doom.

F I R S T

FIRST AUGUR.

Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.

Cease your Mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of Mirth and Triumph sing.

SECOND AUGUR.

Endless Pleasure, endless Love

Semele enjoys above ;

On her Bosom Jove reclining,

Useless now his Thunder lies,

To her Arms his Bolts resigning,

And his Lightning to her Eyes.

Endless Pleasure, endless Love

Semele enjoys above.

FIRST PRIEST.

Haste, haste, haste, to Sacrifice prepare,

Once to the Thunderer, once to the Fair :

Jove and Semele implore :

Jove and Semele like Honors share,

Whom Gods admire, let Men adore ;

Haste, haste, haste, to Sacrifice prepare.

CHORUS of PRIESTS and AUGURS.

Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.

Cease your Mourning,

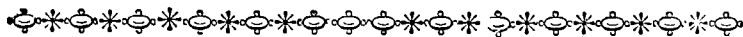
Joys returning,

Songs of Mirth and Triumph sing.

[Exeunt omnes.]

End of the First Act.

A C T



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

The SCENE is a pleasant Country, the Prospect is terminated by a beautiful Mountain adorned with Woods and Water-falls. JUNO and IRIS descend in different Machines. JUNO in a Chariot drawn by Peacocks; IRIS on a Rainbow; they alight and meet.

JUNO.

IRIS, impatient of thy Stay,
 From Samos have I wing'd my Way,
 To meet thy flow Return;
 Thou know'st what Cares infest
 My anxious Breast,
 And how with Rage and Jealousy I burn:
 Then why this long Delay?

IRIS.

With all his Speed not yet the Sun
 Thro' half his Race has run,
 Since I to execute thy dread Command
 Have thrice encompass'd Seas and Land.

JUNO.

S E M E L E.

JUNO.

Say, where is *Semele's* Abode?

'Till that I know,

Tho' thou hadst on Lightning rode,

Still thou tedious art and flow.

IRIS.

Look where *Citheron* proudly stands,

Bœotia parting from *Cecropian* Lands.

High on the Summit of that Hill,

Beyond the Reach of mortal Eyes,

By *Jove's* Command, and *Vulcan's* Skill,

Behold a new-erected Palace rise.

There from mortal Cares retiring,

She resides in sweet Retreat;

On her Pleasure, Jove requiring,

All the Loves and Graces wait.

Thither Flora the Fair

With her Train must repair,

Her amorous Zephyr attending,

All her Sweets she must bring

To continue the Spring,

Which never must there know an Ending.

Bright

*Bright Aurora, 'tis said,
 From her old Lover's Bed
 No more the gray Orient adorning,
 For the future must rise
 From fair Semele's Eyes,
 And wait 'till she wakes for the Morning.*

J U N O.

No more——I'll hear no more.
 How long must I endure?——
 How long with Indignation burning,
 From impious Mortals
 Bear this Insolence?
 Awake *Saturnia* from thy Lethargy;
 Seize, destroy the curs'd Adultrefs.
 Scale proud *Citheron's* Top:
 Snatch her, tear her in thy Fury,
 And down, down to the Flood of *Acheron*
 Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall:
 Rolling down the Depths of Night,
 Never more to behold the Light.

If I am own'd above,
 Sister and Wife of *Jove*;
 (Sister at least I sure may claim,
 Tho' Wife be a neglected Name)

If

If I th' Imperial Sceptre fway—I fwear
By Hell——

Tremble thou Universe this Oath to hear,
Not one of curs'd *Agenor's* Race to spare.

I R I S.

Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount
What Obstacles you must surmount :
With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
Whose Entrance two fierce Dragons guard:
At each Approach they lash their forky Stings,
And clap their brazen Wings :
And as their scaly Horrors rise,
They all at once disclose
A thousand fiery Eyes,
Which never know Repose.

J U N O.

Hence, *Iris*, hence away,
Far from the Realms of Day;
O'er *Scythian* Hills to the *Meotian* Lake
A speedy Flight we'll take :
There, *Somnus* I'll compel
His downy Bed to leave and silent Cell:
With Noise and Light I will his Peace molest,
Nor shall he sink again to pleasing Rest,

'Till

Till to my vow'd Revenge he grants Supplies,
And feals with Sleep the wakeful Dragons' Eyes.

[*They ascend.*



S C E N E II.

*The SCENE changes to an Apartment in the
Palace of SEMELE; she is sleeping; LOVES
and ZEPHYRS waiting.*

CUPID.

SEE, after the Toils of an amorous Fight,
Where weary and pleas'd, still panting she lies;
While yet in her Mind she repeats the Delight,
How sweet is the Slumber that steals on her Eyes!
Come Zephyrs, come, while Cupid sings,
Fan her with your silky Wings;
New Desire
I'll inspire,
And revive the dying Flames;
Dance around her
While I wound her,
And with Pleasure fill her Dreams.

*A Dance of Zephyrs, after which Semele awakes,
and rises.*

S E M E L E.

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why thy visionary Joys remove?
O Sleep, again deceive me,
To my Arms restore my wand'ring Love.



S C E N E III.

*Two LOVES lead in JUPITER; while he meets
and embraces S E M E L E, C U P I D sings.*

C U P I D.

SLEEP forsaking,
Seize him waking;
Love has sought him,
Back has brought him;
Mighty Jove tho' he be,
And tho' Love cannot see,
Yet by feeling about
He has found him out,
And has caught him.

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E.

Let me not another Moment
 Bear the Pangs of Absence,
 Since you have form'd my Soul for Loving,
 No more afflict me
 With Doubts and Fears, and cruel Jealousy.

J U P I T E R.

*Lay your Doubts and Fears aside,
 And for Joys alone provide ;
 Tho' this Human Form I wear,
 Think not I Man's Falseness bear.*

You are mortal, and require
 Time to rest and to respire.

Nor was I absent,
 Tho' awhile withdrawn,
 To take Petitions
 From the needy World.
 While Love was with thee
 I was present;
 Love and I are one.

S E M E L E.

*If chearful Hopes
 And chilling Fears,*

S E M E L E.

*Alternate Smiles,
Alternate Tears,
Eager Panting,
Fond Defiring,
With Grief now fainting,
Now with Bliss expiring;
If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.*

B O T H.

*If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.*

S E M E L E.

Ah me!

J U P I T E R.

Why fighs my *Semele*?
What gentle Sorrow
Swells thy soft Bosom?
Why tremble those fair Eyes
With interrupted Light?
Where, hov'ring for a Vent,
Amidst their humid Fires,
Some new-form'd Wish appears.
Speak, and obtain.

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E.

At my own Happiness
 I sigh and tremble;
 Mortals whom Gods affect
 Have narrow Limits set to Life,
 And cannot long be blest'd.
 Or if they could——
 A God may prove inconstant.

J U P I T E R.

Beware of Jealousy:
 Had *Juno* not been jealous,
 I ne'er had left *Olympus*,
 Nor wander'd in my Love.

S E M E L E.

*With my Frailty don't upbraid me,
 I am Woman as you made me,
 Causeless doubting or despairing,
 Rashly trusting, idly fearing.*

*If obtaining
 Still complaining,
 If consenting
 Still repenting,*

S E M E L E.

*Most complying
 When denying,
 And to be follow'd, only flying.
 With my Frailty don't upbraid me,
 I am Woman as you made me.*

J U P I T E R.

Thy Sex of *Jove's* the Master-piece,
 Thou, of thy Sex, art most excelling.
 Frailty in thee is Ornament,
 In thee Perfection.
 Giv'n to agitate the Mind,
 And keep awake Men's Passions;
 To banish Indolence,
 And dull Repose,
 The Foes of Transport
 And of Pleasure.

S E M E L E.

Still I am mortal,
 Still a Woman;
 And ever when you leave me,
 Tho' compass'd round with Deities
 Of Loves and Graces,
 A Fear invades me,
 And conscious of a Nature

Far inferior,
I seek for Solitude,
And shun Society.

J U P I T E R. [*Apart.*]

Too well I read her Meaning,
But must not understand her.
Aiming at Immortality
With dangerous Ambition,
She wou'd dethrone *Saturnia*;
And reigning in my Heart
Wou'd reign in Heav'n.

Left she too much explain,
I must with Speed amuse her;
It gives the Lover double Pain,
Who hears his Nymph complain,
And hearing must refuse her.

S E M E L E.

Why do you cease to gaze upon me?
Why musing turn away?
Some other Object
Seems more pleasing.

J U P I T E R.

*Thy needless Fears remove,
My fairest, latest, only Love.*

S E M E L E.

By my Command,
 Now at this Instant,
 Two winged *Zephyrs*
 From her downy Bed
 Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear;
 And both together
 Waft her hither
 Thro' the balmy Air.

S E M E L E.

Shall I my Sister see!
 The dear Companion
 Of my tender Years.

J U P I T E R.

See, she appears
 But sees not me,
 For I am visible
 Alone to thee.

While I retire, rise and meet her,
 And with Welcomes greet her.
 Now all this Scene shall to *Arcadia* turn,
 The Seat of happy Nymphs and Swains;
 There without the Rage of Jealousy they burn,
 And taste the Sweets of Love without its Pains.

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

JUPITER *retires.* SEMELE and INO *meet and embrace.* The SCENE *is totally changed, and shows an open Country. Several Shepherds and Shepherdesses enter.* SEMELE and INO *having entertain'd each other in dumb Show, sit and observe the Rural Sports, which end the Second Act.*



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

The SCENE is the Cave of Sleep. The God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A soft Symphony is heard. Then the Music changes to a different Movement.

JUNO, IRIS.

JUNO.

SOMNUS, awake,
Raife thy reclining Head;

IRIS.

Thyself forfake,
And lift up thy heavy Lids of Lead.

SOMNUS. [*Waking.*]

Leave me, loathsome Light;

Receive me, silent Night.

Lethe, why does thy ling'ring Current cease?

O murmur, murmur me again to Peace.

[Sinks down again.]

IRIS.

I R I S.

Dull God, canst thou attend the Water's Fall,
And not hear *Saturnia* call?

J U N O.

Peace, *Iris*, Peace, I know how to charm him,
Pafithea's Name alone can warm him.

J U N O, I R I S.

Only Love on Sleep has Pow'r ;
O'er Gods and Men
Tho' Somnus reign,
Love alternate has his Hour.

J U N O.

Somnus arife,
Disclose thy tender Eyes ;
For *Pafithea's* Sight
Endure the Light :
Somnus arife.

S O M N U S. [*Rising.*]

More sweet is that Name
Than a soft purling Stream :
With Pleasure Repose I'll forsake,
If you'll grant me but her to sooth me awake.

J U N O.

My Will obey,

She

S E M E L E.

She shall be thine.
 Thou with thy softer Pow'rs
 First *Jove* shalt captivate ;
 To *Morpheus* then give Order,
 Thy various Minister,
 That with a Dream in Shape of *Semele*,
 But far more beautiful
 And more alluring,
 He may invade the sleeping Deity ;
 And more to agitate
 His kindling Fire,
 Still let the Phantom seem
 To fly before him,
 That he may wake impetuous,
 Furious in Desire ;
 Unable to refuse whatever Boon
 Her Coyness shall require.

S O M N U S.

I tremble to comply.

J U N O.

To me thy leaden Rod resign,
 To charm the Centinels
 On Mount *Citheron* ;
 Then cast a Sleep on mortal *Ino*,

That

That I may seem her Form to wear,
 When I to *Semele* appear.
 Obey my Will, thy Rod resign,
 And *Pasithea* shall be thine.

S O M N U S.

All I must grant, for all is due
 To *Pasithea*, Love, and you.

J U N O.

*Away let us haste,
 Let neither have Rest,
 'Till the sweetest of Pleasures we prove;
 'Till of Vengeance possess'd
 I doubly am blest'd,
 And thou art made happy in Love.*

[*Ex. Juno and Iris.*

[*Somnus retires within his Cave, the Scene
 changes to Semele's Apartment.*

S C E N E



S C E N E II.

S E M E L E *alone.*

I Love and am lov'd, yet more I desire ;
 Ah, how foolish a Thing is Fruition !
 As one Passion cools, some other takes Fire,
 And I'm still in a longing Condition.

Whate'er I possess
 Soon seems an Excess,
 For Something untry'd I petition ;
 Tho' daily I prove
 The Pleasures of Love,
 I die for the Joys of Ambition.



S C E N E III.

Enter J U N O *as* I N O, *with a Mirror in her Hand.*

J U N O. [*Apart.*]

THUS shap'd like *Ino*,
 With Ease I shall deceive her,
 And in this Mirror she shall see
 Herself as much transform'd as me.

Do I some Goddeſs ſee!

[*To her.*]

Or is it *Semele*?

S E M E L E.

Dear Siſter, ſpeak,

Whence this Aſtoniſhment?

J U N O.

Your Charms improving

To Divine Perfection,

Show you were late admitted

Amongſt Celeſtial Beauties.

Has *Jove* conſented?

And are you made immortal?

S E M E L E.

Ah no, I ſtill am mortal;

Nor am I ſenſible

Of any Change or new Perfection.

J U N O. [*Giving her the Glaſs.*]

Behold in this Mirror

Whence comes my Surprise;

Such Luſtre and Terror

Unite in your Eyes,

That mine cannot fix on a Radiance ſo bright;

'Tis unſafe for the Senſe, and too ſlipp'ry for Sight.

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E. [*Looking in the Glafs.*]

O Ecstasy of Happiness!

Celestial Graces

I discover in each Feature!

Myself I shall adore,

If I persist in gazing;

No Object sure before

Was ever half so pleasing.

How did that Glance become me!

But take this flatt'ring Mirror from me.

Yet once again let me view me.

Ah charming all o'er!

[Offering the Glafs, withdraws her Hand again.

Here—hold, I'll have one Look more,

Tho' that Look I were sure would undo me.

J U N O. [*Taking the Glafs from her.*]

Be wise as you are beautiful,

Nor lose this Opportunity.

When *Jove* appears,

All ardent with Desire,

Refuse his proffer'd Flame

'Till you obtain a Boon without a Name.

S E M E L E.

Can that avail me?

J U N O.

JUNO.

*Unknowing your Intent,
And eager for possessing,
He unawares will grant
The nameless Blessing.*
*But bind him by the Stygian Lake,
Lest Lover-like his Word he break.*

S E M E L E.

But how shall I attain
To Immortality?

JUNO.

Conjure him by his Oath
Not to approach your Bed.
In Likeness of a Mortal,
But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,
In Pomp of Majesty,
And heav'nly Attire;
As when he proud *Saturnia* charms,
And with ineffable Delights
Fills her encircling Arms,
And pays the Nuptial Rites.
By this Conjunction
With entire Divinity
You shall partake of heav'nly Essence,
And

S E M E L E.

And thenceforth leave this mortal State
 To reign above,
 Ador'd by *Jove*,
 In spite of jealous *Juno's* Hate.

S E M E L E.

*Thus let my Thanks be paid,
 Thus let my Arms embrace thee;
 And when I'm a Goddess made,
 With Charms like mine I'll grace thee.*

J U N O.

Rich Odors fill the fragrant Air,
 And *Jove's* Approach declare.
 I must retire—

S E M E L E.

Adieu—Your Counsel I'll pursue.

J U N O. [*Apart.*]

And sure Destruction will ensue.
 Vain wretched Fool—[*To her.*] Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

JUPITER enters, offers to embrace SEMELE; she looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.

JUPITER.

COME to my Arms, my lovely Fair,
Sooth my uneasy Care:

In my Dream late I woo'd thee,

And in vain I pursu'd thee,

For you fled from my Pray'r,

And bid me despair.

Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair.

S E M E L E.

Tho' tis easy to please ye,

And hard to deny;

Tho' Possessing's a Blessing

For which I could die,

I dare not, I cannot comply.

JUPITER.

When I languish with Anguish,

And tenderly sigh,

S E M E L E.

*Can you leave me, deceive me,
And scornfully fly?*

Ah fear not; you must not deny.

S E M E L E, J U P I T E R.

I dare not, I cannot comply.

Ah fear not; you must not deny.

J U P I T E R.

O *Semele,*

Why art thou thus insensible?

Were I a Mortal,

Thy barbarous disdain

Would surely end me,

And Death at my Complaining

In Pity would befriend me.

S E M E L E.

I ever am granting,

You always complain;

I always am wanting,

Yet never obtain.

J U P I T E R.

Speak, speak your Desire,

I'm all over Fire.

Say what you require,

I'll grant it—now let us retire.

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E.

Swear by the *Stygian* Lake.

J U P I T E R.

By that tremendous Flood I swear,
 Ye *Stygian* Waters hear,
 And thou *Olympus* shake,
 In witness to the Oath I take.

[*Thunder at a Distance, and underneath.*

S E M E L E.

You'll grant what I require?

J U P I T E R.

I'll grant what you require.

S E M E L E.

*Then cast off this human Shape which you wear,
 And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear;
 When next you desire I should charm ye.*

As when Juno you blefs,

So you me must carefs,

And with all your Omnipotence arm ye.

J U P I T E R.

Ah! take Heed what you press,

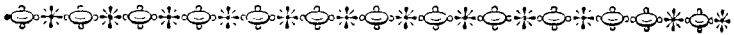
For beyond all Redrefs,

Should I grant what you wish, I shall harm ye.

S E M E L E.

S E M E L E.

*I'll be pleas'd with no less
 Than my Wish in Excess;
 Let the Oath you have taken alarm ye:
 Haste, haste, and prepare,
 For I'll know what you are;
 So with all your Omnipotence arm ye.*



S C E N E V.

*She withdraws, J U P I T E R remains penfive and
 dejected.*

J U P I T E R.

AH! whither is she gone? unhappy Fair!
 Why did she wish?—Why did I rashly
 swear?

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,
 She must a Victim fall.*

Anon, when I appear
 'The mighty Thunderer,
 Arm'd with inevitable Fire,
 She needs must instantly expire.

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,
 She must a Victim fall.*

My

My softest Lightning yet I'll try,
 And mildest melting Bolt apply:
 In vain—for she was fram'd to prove
 None but the lambent Flames of Love.

*'Tis past, 'tis past Recall,
 She must a Victim fall.*



S C E N E VI.

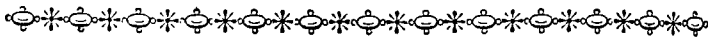
JUNO *appears in her Chariot ascending.*

JUNO.

ABOVE Measure
 Is the Pleasure
 Which my Revenge supplies.
 Love's a Bubble
 Gain'd with Trouble,
 And in possessing dies.

*With what Joy shall I mount to my Heav'n again,
 At once from my Rival and Jealousy freed!
 The Sweets of Revenge make it worth While to reign,
 And Heav'n will hereafter be Heav'n indeed.*

[She ascends.]



S C E N E VII.

The SCENE opening discovers SEMELE lying under a Canopy, leaning pensively. While a mournful Symphony is playing she looks up and sees JUPITER descending in a black Cloud; the Motion of the Cloud is slow. Flashes of Lightning issue from either Side, and Thunder is heard grumbling in the Air.

S E M E L E.

AH me! too late I now repent
My Pride and impious Vanity.

He comes! far off his Lightnings scorch me.

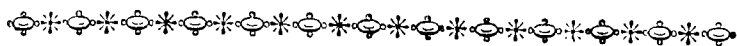
——I feel my Life consuming:

I burn, I burn—I faint—for Pity I implore—

O help, O help—I can no more. [*Dies.*

[As the Cloud which contains Jupiter is arrived just over the Canopy of Semele, a sudden and great Flash of Lightning breaks forth, and a Clap of loud Thunder is heard; when at one Instant Semele with the Palace and the whole present Scene disappears, and Jupiter re-ascends swiftly. The Scene totally changed represents a pleasant Country, Mount Citheron closing the Prospect.

SCENE



S C E N E VIII.

Enter CADMUS, ATHAMAS *and* INO.

INO.

OF my ill-boding Dream
Behold the dire Event.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS.

O Terror and Astonishment!

INO.

How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not:
So long a Trance with-held me.
But *Hermes* in a Vision told me
(As I have now related)
The Fate of *Semele*;
And added, as from me he fled,
That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* should wed.

CADMUS.

Be *Jove* in ev'ry Thing obey'd.

[*Joins their Hands.*

ATHAMAS.

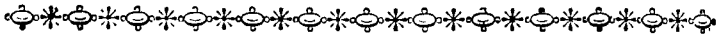
Unworthy of your Charms, myself I yield;
Be *Jove's* Commands and yours fulfill'd.

O 4

CADMUS.

C A D M U S.

See from above the bellying Clouds descend,
And big with some new Wonder this Way tend,



S C E N E IX.

*A bright Cloud descends and rests on Mount Citheron,
which opening, discovers APOLLO seated in it as
the God of Prophecy.*

A P O L L O.

APOLLO comes to relieve your Care,
And future Happiness declare.

*From tyrannous Love all your Sorrows proceed,
From tyrannous Love you shall quickly be freed.
From Semele's Ashes a Phenix shall rise,
The Joy of this Earth, and Delight of the Skies:*

*A God he shall prove
More mighty than Love,
And a sovereign Juice shall invent,
Which Antidote pure
The sick Lover shall cure,
And Sighing and Sorrow for ever prevent.*

Then

*Then Mortals be merry, and scorn the blind Boy;
Your Hearts from his Arrows strong Wine shall defend:
Each Day and each Night you shall revel in Joy,
For when Bacchus is born, Love's Reign's at an End.*

C H O R U S.

Then Mortals be merry, &c.

Dance of Satyrs.

[Exeunt omnes.]

P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

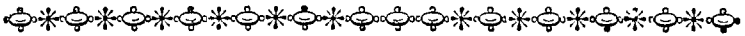


—————*Minuentur atræ*
Carminè curæ.

Hor.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.



E P I S T L E

To the Right Honorable

C H A R L E S

Lord H A L I F A X, &c.

TO You, my Lord, my Muse her Tribute pays
Of various Verse, in various rude Effays;
To You she first address'd her early Voice,
By Inclination led, and fix'd by Choice;
To You, on whose Indulgence she depends,
Her few collected Lays, she now commends.

By no one Measure bound, her Numbers range,
And unresolv'd in Choice, delight in Change;
Her Songs to no distinguish'd Fame aspire,
For, now, she tries the Reed, anon, attempts
the Lyre;

In high *Parnassus* she no Birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep Draughts of *Heliconian* Streams;
Yet

E P I S T L E.

Yet near the sacred Mount she loves to rove,
Visits the Springs, and hovers round the Grove.
She knows what Dangers wait too bold a Flight,
And fears to fall from an *Icarian* Height;
Yet, she admires the Wing that safely soars,
At Distance follows, and its Track adores.
She knows what Room, what Force, the Swan
requires,

Whose tow'ring Head above the Clouds aspires,
And knows as well, it is Your Lowest Praise,
Such Heights to reach with equal Strength and
Ease.

O had your Genius been to Leisure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in Verse with ancient *Greece* had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a Fame, which, there, sev'n
States divide.

But such, ev'n such Renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the Patriot in the Poet lost.
A true poetic State we had deplor'd,
Had not Your Ministry our Coin restor'd.

But still, my Lord, tho' Your exalted Name
Stands foremost in the fairest List of Fame,

Tho'

E P I S T L E.

Tho' Your Ambition ends in Public Good,
(A Virtue lineal to Your House and Blood :)
Yet think not meanly of Your other Praise,
Nor flight the Trophies which the Muses raise.
How oft, a Patriot's best laid Schemes we find
By Party cross'd, or Faction undermin'd!
If he succeed he undergoes this Lot,
The Good receiv'd, the Giver is forgot.
But Honors which from Verse their Source
derive,
Shall both surmount Detraction, and survive:
And Poets have unquestion'd Right, to claim
If not the Greatest, the most Lasting Name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE

THE
Mourning Muse of *ALEXIS*.

A
PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of

QUEEN MARY.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem. Virg.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, *Alexis*, see this gloomy Shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter
made;

Where no glad Beams of Light can ever play,
But Night succeeding Night, excludes the Day;
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightfome Notes, to cheer the dusky Air,
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel*.

No Violet here, nor Daisy e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding Flower, nor springing Green;

226 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

For fragrant Myrtle, and the blushing Rose,
Here, baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd Moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of *Albion's* Loss;
Of *Albion's* Loss, and of *Pastora's* Death,
Begin thy mournful Song, and raise thy tune-
ful Breath.

A L E X I S.

Ah Woe too great! Ah Theme, which far
exceeds

The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds!

O could I sing in Verse of equal Strain,
With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain;
Or melting Words, and moving Numbers choose,
Sweet as the British *Colin's* mourning Muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
And mourn like *Stella* for her *Astrolfel*;
Then might I raise my Voice, (secure of Skill)
And with melodious Woe the Vallies fill;
The list'ning *Echo* on my Song should wait,
And hollow Rocks *Pastora's* Name repeat;
Each whistling Wind, and murm'ring Stream
should tell

How Lov'd she liv'd, and how Lamented fell.

M E N A L.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Laurel crown'd,
And high as *Pan* himself in Song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy Art avail to show
Verse worthy of her Name, or of our Woe:
But such true Passion in thy Face appears,
In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears,
Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
As shall supply all Skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common Form of dumb Distress,
Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears express;
In sweet complaining Notes thy Passion vent,
And not in Sighs, but Words explaining Sighs,
lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my Words, *Menalcas*, wild my Thought,
Artless as Nature's Notes, in Birds untaught;
Boundless my Verse, and roving be my Strains,
Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.
And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breast,
By whom inspir'd, I sung at *Comus'* Feast;
While in a Ring, the jolly Rural Throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful Song:

Begone, with all thy Mirth and sprightly Lays,
 My Pipe no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;
 Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,
 Thy springing Laurels all to Cypres turn;
 Wound with thy dismal Cries the tender Air,
 And beat thy snowy Breast, and rend thy yellow Hair;

Far hence, in utmost Wilds, thy Dwelling choose
 Begone *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muse.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
 And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

No more these Woods shall with her Sight be
 blest'd,

Nor with her Feet these flow'ry Plains be prest'd;
 No more the Winds shall with her Tresses play,
 And from her balmy Breath steal Sweets away;
 No more these Rivers cheerfully shall pass,
 Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face;

While on their Banks the wond'ring Flocks have
 stood,

Greedy of Sight, and negligent of Food.

No more the Nymphs shall with soft Tales delight
 Her Ears, no more with Dances please her Sight;

Nor

Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth,
To bless the joyous Day, that gave her Birth:
Loft is that Day, which had from her its Light,
For ever loft with her, in endless Night;
In endless Night, and Arms of Death she lies,
Death in eternal Shades has shut *Pastora's* Eyes.

Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched
Swains,

Stray all ye Flocks, and desert be ye Plains,
Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye crystal Floods,
Fade all ye Flowers, and wither all ye Woods.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

Within a dismal Grot, which Damps surround,
All cold she lies upon th' unwholsome Ground;
The Marble weeps, and, with a silent Pace,
Its trickling Tears distil upon her Face.
Falsely ye weep, ye Rocks, and falsely mourn!
For never will you let the Nymph return!
With a feign'd Grief the faithless Tomb relents,
And like the Crocodile its Prey laments.

O she was heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind!
Never in Nature were such Beauties join'd:

Without, all shining; and within, all white;
 Pure to the Sense, and pleasing to the Sight;
 Like some rare Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colors
 yield,

And opening, is with sweetest Odors fill'd.
 As lofty Pines o'ertop the lowly Reed,
 So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed,
 To which excelling Height, she bore a Mind
 Humble as Osiers bending to the Wind.

Thus excellent she was——

Ah wretched Fate! She was, but is no more.
 Help me, ye Hills and Vallies, to deplore.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
 And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

From that bless'd Earth, on which her Body lies,
 May blooming Flow'rs with fragrant Sweets arise:
 Let *Myrrha*, weeping Aromatic Gum,
 And ever-living Laurel, shade her Tomb.
 Thither, let all th' industrious Bees repair,
 Unload their Thighs, and leave their Honey there;
 Thither, let Fairies with their Train resort,
 Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,
 There, in unusual Wailings waste the Night,
 And watch her, by the fiery Glow-worm's Light.

There,

There, may no dismal Yew, nor Cypress grow,
Nor Holly Bush, nor bitter Elder's Bough;
Let each unlucky Bird far build his Nest,
And distant Dens receive each howling Beast;
Let Wolves be gone, be Ravens put to flight,
With hooting Owls, and Bats that hate the Light.

But let the sighing Doves their Sorrows bring,
And Nightingales in sweet Complaining sing;
Let Swans from their forsaken Rivers fly,
And sick'ning at her Tomb, make Haste to die, }
That they may help to sing her Elegy. }
Let *Echo* too, in mimic Moan, deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more!

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

And see, the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
And heavy Mists obscure the burden'd Air;
A sudden Damp o'er all the Plain is spread,
Each Lily folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.
On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,
And ev'ry Bough a weeping Moisture bears.
Their Wings the feather'd airy People droop,
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.

232 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

The Rocks are cleft, and new descending Rills
Furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.
The Water-Gods to Floods their Riv'lets turn,
And each, with streaming Eyes, supplies his
wanting Urn.

The Fawns forsake the Woods, the Nymphs
the Grove,
And round the Plain in sad Distractions rove;
In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of golden
Hair.

With their sharp Nails, themselves the Satyrs
wound,
And tug their shaggy Beards, and bite with
Grief the Ground.

Lo, *Pan* himself, beneath a blasted Oak
Dejected lies, his Pipe in Pieces broke.
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild Despair,
And to the piercing Winds her Bosom bare.

And see yond fading Myrtle, where appears
'The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing Tears,
See how she wrings her Hands, and beats her
Breast,

And tears her uselefs Girdle from her Waste :

Hear

Hear the sad Murmurs of her sighing Doves,
For Grief they sigh, forgetful of their Loves.

Lo, *Love* himself, with heavy Woes oppress'd!
See, how his Sorrows swell his tender Breast!
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his droop-
ing Wings ;

Then, lays his Limbs upon the dying Grass,
And all with Tears bedews his beauteous Face,
With Tears, which from his folded Lids arise,
And even *Love* himself has weeping Eyes.

All Nature mourns; the Floods and Rocks deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more!

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.*

The Rocks can melt, and Air in Mists can mourn,
And Floods can weep, and Winds to Sighs can
turn ;

The Birds, in Songs, their Sorrows can disclose,
And Nymphs and Swains, in Words, can tell
their Woes.

But oh! behold that deep and wild Despair,
Which neither Winds can show, nor Floods,
nor Air.

234 POEMS upon several Occasions.

See the great *Shepherd*, Chief of all the Swains,
Lord of these Woods, and wide-extended Plains,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and close to Earth
his Face,

Scalding with Tears th' already faded Grass;
To the cold Clay he joins his throbbing Breast,
No more within *Pastora's* Arms to rest!
No more! For those once soft and circling Arms
Themselves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.
Cold are those Lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that Bosom, once all downy Bliss;
On whose soft Pillows, lull'd in sweet Delights,
He us'd, in balmy Sleep, to lose the Nights.

Ah! where is all that Love and Fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender Sweetness laid?
To Dust must all that Heav'n of Beauty come!
And must *Pastora* moulder in the Tomb!
Ah Death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
Than wildest Wolves or savage Tigers are;
With Lambs and Sheep their Hungers are appeas'd,

But rav'nous Death the Shepherdess has seiz'd.

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable Clouds her Chalky Cliffs adorn.

“ But

- “ But see, *Menalcas*, where a sudden Light,
“ With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my
Sight !
“ And where *Pastora* lies, it spreads around,
“ Showing all radiant bright the sacred Ground.
“ While from her Tomb, behold a Flame ascends
“ Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heav’n ex-
tends !
“ On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight
“ Cuts thro’ the yielding Air, with Rays of Light ;
“ Till the blue Firmament at last it gains,
“ And fixing there, a glorious Star remains :
Fairest it shines of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were seen PASTORA’S Eyes.

T O T H E
K I N G,
On the Taking of
N A M U R E.
I R R E G U L A R O D E.

*Præfenti tibi Maturos largimur Honores:
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

Hor. ad August.

I.

OF Arms and War my Muse aspires to sing,
And strike the Lyre upon an untry'd String:
New Fire informs my Soul, unfelt before;
And, on new Wings, to Heights unknown I soar.
O Pow'r unseen! by whose resistless Force
Compell'd, I take this Flight, direct my Course:
For Fancy, wild and pathless Ways will choose,
Which Judgment, rarely, or with Pain, pursues.
Say, sacred Nymph, whence this great Change
proceeds;
Why scorns the lowly Swain his Oaten Reeds,
Daring

Daring aloud to strike the Sounding Lyre,
And sing Heroic Deeds;
Neglecting Flames of Love, for Martial Fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble Voice can raise;
What Voice so weak, that cannot sing his
Praise!

The lift'ning World each Whisper will befriend
That breathes his Name, and ev'ry Ear attend,
The hov'ring Winds on downy Wings shall wait
around,

And catch, and waft to foreign Lands, the fly-
ing Sound.

Ev'n I will in his Praise be heard;
For by his Name my Verse shall be preferr'd.
Born like a Lark upon this Eagle's Wing,
High as the Spheres, I will his Triumph sing;
High as the Head of *Fame*; *Fame*, whose exalted
Size,

From the deep Vale extends, up to the vaulted
Skies *:

A thousand talking Tongues the Monster bears,
A thousand waking Eyes, and ever open Ears;

* *Virg. AEn.* 4.

Hourly ſhe ſtals, with huge Gigantic Pace,
Meafu'ring the Globe, like Time, with conſtant
Race:

Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay, and bend to *William's* Praise:
Of Him, her thouſand Ears ſhall hear trium-
phant Lays,
Of Him, her Tongues ſhall talk, on Him her
Eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a Change aſtoniſhing my Eyes!
And all around, behold new Objects riſe!
What Forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial? or does Air condense,
To clothe in viſionary Shape my various Thought?
Are theſe by Fancy wrought?
Can ſtrong Ideas ſtrike ſo deep the Senſe?
O ſacred Poefy! O boundleſs Power!
What Wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden
Worlds explore.
Thro' Seas, Earth, Air, and the wide circling
Sky,
What is not fought and ſeen, by thy all-piercing
Eye!

IV. 'Twas

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry Lawns the Prospect
made,
And flowing Brooks beneath a Forest's Shade;
A lowing Heifer, loveliest of the Herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce Bulls pre-
par'd
Their armed Heads for Fight; by Fate of War,
to prove
The Victor worthy of the fair One's Love.
Unthought Prefage, of what met next my
View!

For soon the shady Scene withdrew.
And now, for Woods, and Fields, and spring-
ing Flow'rs;
Behold a Town arise, bulwark'd with Walls,
and lofty Tow'rs!

Two rival Armies all the Plain o'erspread,
Each in Battalia rang'd, and shining Arms array'd:
With eager Eyes, beholding both from far,
Namure, the Prize and Mistress of the War.

V.

Now, Thirst of Conquest, and Immortal Fame,
Does ev'ry Chief and Soldier's Heart inflame.

Defensive

240 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

Defensive Arms, the *Gallic* Forces bear;
While hardy *Britons* for the Storm prepare:
For Fortune had, with partial Hand, before
 Resign'd the Rule to *Gallia's* Pow'r.

High on a Rock the mighty Fortrefs stands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's
 Hands.

A wond'rous Task it is th' Ascent to gain,
Thro' craggy Cliffs, that strike the Sight with
 Pain,

And nod impending Terrors o'er the Plain.

To this, what Dangers Men can add, by Force
 or Skill,

(And great is human Force and Wit, in Ill)
Are join'd; on ev'ry side, wide gaping Engines
 wait

Teeming with Fire, and big with certain Fate;
Ready to hurl Destruction from above,

In dreadful Roar, mocking the Wrath of *Jove*.

Thus fearful, does the Face of adverse Pow'r
 appear;

But *British* Forces are unus'd to fear:

Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if *William* were
 not there.

VI.

But hark, the Voice of War! Behold the Storm
begin!

The Trumpet's Clangor speaks in loud Alarms,
Mingling shrill Notes, with dreadful Din
Of Cannons burst, and rattling Clash of Arms.
Clamors from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n
to Earth rebound,

Distinction, in promiscuous Noise is drown'd,
And *Echo* lost in one continu'd Sound.

Torrents of Fire from brazen Mouths are sent,
Follow'd by Peals, as if each Pole were rent;
Such Flames the Gulphs of *Tartarus* disgorge,
So vaulted *Etna* roars from *Vulcan's* Forge;
Such were the Peals from thence, such the vast
Blaze that broke,

Redd'ning with horrid Gloom, the dusky
Smoke,

When the huge *Cyclops* did with moulding Thun-
der sweat,

And massive Bolts on repercussive Anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this Rage, behold, where *William* stands,
Undaunted, Undismay'd!

With Face serene, difpenfing dread Commands;
Which heard with Awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thoufand fiery Deaths around him fly;

And burning Balls his harmlefs by:

For ev'ry Fire his facred Head muft fpare,
Nor dares the Lightning touch the Laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded *Briton* feels the Rage
Of miffive Fires that felter in each Limb,
Which dire Revenge alone has Pow'r t'affuage;
Revenge makes Danger dreadlefs feem.

And now, with desp'rate Force and fresh
Attack,

'Through obvious Deaths, refiftlefs Way they
make;

Raifing high Piles of Earth, and Heap on Heap
they lay,

And then afcend; refembling thus (as far
As Race of Men inferior, may)

The fam'd Gigantic War.

When thofe tall Sons of Earth, did Heav'n
aspire;

(A brave, but impious Fire!)

Uprooting Hills, with most stupendous Hale,
To form the high and dreadful Scale.

The Gods with Horror and Amaze, look'd
down,

Beholding Rocks from their firm Basis rent;
· Mountain on Mountain thrown,

With threat'ning hurl, that shook th' Ethereal
Firmament!

Th' Attempt did Fear in Heav'n create;
Ev'n *Jove* desponding sat,

'Till *Mars* with all his Force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole *War* on the rebellious Brood;
Who tumbling headlong from th' *Empyrean* Skies,
O'erwhelm'd those Hills, by which they thought
to rise.

Mars, on the Gods did then his Aid bestow,
And now in Godlike *William* storms, with equal
Force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken Pace,
And hardy Breasts oppos'd to Danger's Face.
With daring Feet, on springing Mines they
tread

Of secret Sulphur, in dire Ambush laid.

Still they proceed; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring
Earth

Trembles to give the dread Irruptions Birth.
Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,

Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd Foe.

See, how they climb, and scale the steepy
Walls!

See, how the *Britons* rise! see the retiring *Gauls!*
Now from the Fort, behold the yielding Flag is
spread,

And *William's* Banner on the Breach display'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant Shouts, from every
Voice!

The Skies with Acclamations ring!

Hark, how around, the Hills rejoice,

And Rocks reflected *Ios* sing!

Hautboys and Fifes and Trumpets join'd,

Heroic Harmony prepare,

And charm to Silence every Wind,

And glad the late Tormented Air.

Far, is the found of martial Music spread,

Echoing

Echoing thro' all the *Gallic* Host,
Whose numerous Troops the dreadful Storm
furvey'd:

But they with Wonder, or with Awe, dismay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the Fortrefs loft.

William, their num'rous Troops with Terror fill'd,
Such wond'rous Charms can Godlike Valor
fhow!

Not the wing'd *Perseus*, with Petrific Shield
Of *Gorgon's* Head, to more Amazement charm'd
his Foe.

Nor, when on soaring Horse he flew, to aid
And save from Monster's Rage, the Beauteous
Maid;

Or more Heroic was the Deed;

Or she to furer Chains decreed,

Then was *Namure*; 'till now by *William* freed.

XI.

Descend, my Muse, from thy too daring Height,
Descend to Earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd
Wing;

For weary art thou grown, of this unwonted
Flight,

And dost with Pain of Triumphs sing.

246 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

More fit for thee, resume thy rural Reeds;
For War let more harmonious Harps be
strung:

Sing thou of Love, and leave great *William's*
Deeds

To *Him* who sung the *Boyne*; or *Him* to whom
he sung.



T H E

B I R T H of the M U S E.

To the Right Honorable

CHARLES Lord *HALIFAX*.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. Hor.

DESCEND, celestial *Muse*! thy Son inspire
Of thee to sing; infuse thy holy Fire.
Belov'd of Gods and Men, thyself disclose;
Say, from what Source thy heav'nly Pow'r arose,
Which

Which from unnumber'd Years deliv'ring down }
 The Deeds of Heroes deathless in Renown, }
 Extends their Life and Fame to Ages yet un- }
 known.

Time and the *Muse* set forth with equal Pace;
 At once the Rivals started to the Race :
 And both at once the destin'd Course shall end,
 Or both to all Eternity contend.
 One to preserve what t'other cannot save,
 And rescue Virtue rising from the Grave.

'To thee, O *Montague*, these Strains are sung,
 For thee my Voice is tun'd, and speaking Lyre
 is strung ;

For ev'ry Grace of ev'ry *Muse* is thine, }
 In thee their various Fires united shine, }
 Darling of *Phæbus* and the tuneful Nine! }
 To thee alone I dare my Song commend, }
 Whose Nature can forgive, and Pow'r defend, }
 And show by Turns the Patron and the Friend. }

Begin, my *Muse*, from *Jove* derive thy Song,
 Thy Song of right does first to *Jove* belong :
 For thou thyself art of celestial Seed,
 Nor dare a Sire inferior boast the Breed.

248 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

When first the Frame of this vast Ball was made,
And *Jove* with Joy the finish'd Work survey'd;
Vicissitude of Things, of Men and States,
Their Rise and Fall were destin'd by the Fates.
Then *Time* had first a Name; by firm Decree
Appointed Lord of all Futurity.

Within whose ample Bosom Fates repose
Causes of Things, and secret Seeds enclose,
Which ripening there, shall one Day gain a Birth,
And force a Passage thro' the teeming Earth.
To him they give, to rule the spacious Light,
And bound the yet unparted Day and Night;
To wing the Hours that whirl the rolling Sphere,
To shift the Seasons, and conduct the Year.
Duration of Dominion and of Pow'r
To him prescribe, and fix each fated Hour.
This mighty Rule, to *Time* the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard Conditions bind his Reign.
For ev'ry beauteous Birth he brings to Light,
(How good soe'er and grateful in his Sight,)
He must again to native Earth restore,
And all his Race with Iron Teeth devour.
Nor Good nor Great shall 'scape his hungry Maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid Law.

Not

Not yet, the loofen'd Earth aloft was flung,
Or pois'd amid the Skies in Balance hung;
Nor yet, did golden Fires the Sun adorn,
Or borrow'd Luftre filver *Cynthia's* Horn;
Nor yet, had *Time* Commiffion to begin,
Or Fate the many-twifted Web to fpin;
When all the heav'nly Hoft affembled came
To view the World yet refting on its Frame;
Eager they prefs, to fee the Sire difmifs
And roll the Globe along the vaft Abyfs.

When deep revolving Thoughts the God
retain,
Which for a Space fufpend the promis'd Scene.
Once more his Eyes on *Time* intentive look,
Again, inspect Fate's univerfal Book.
Abroad the wond'rous Volume he difplays,
And prefent views the Deeds of future Days.

A beauteous Scene adorns the foremoft Page,
Where Nature's Bloom presents the Golden Age.
The Golden Leaf to Silver foon refigns,
And fair the Sheet, but yet more faintly fhines.
Of bafet Brafs, the next denotes the Times,
An impious Page deform'd with deadly Crimes.

The

The fourth yet wears a worfe and browner Face,
And adds to gloomy Days an Iron Race.

He turns the Book, and ev'ry Age reviews,
Then all the kingly Line his Eye purfues :
The firft of Men, and Lords of Earth defign'd,
Who under him fhould govern Human-kind.
Of future Heroes, there, the Lives he reads,
In Search of Glory fpent, and godlike Deeds ;
Who Empires found, and goodly Cities build,
And favage Men compel to leave the Field.

All this he faw, and all he faw approv'd ;
When lo ! but thence a narrow Space remov'd,
And hungry *Time* has all the Scene defac'd,
The Kings deftroy'd, and laid the Kingdoms
wafte ;

Together all in common Ruins lie,
And but anon and ev'n the Ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, Compaffion found,
To fee great Actions in Oblivion drown'd ;
And forward fearch'd the Roll, to find if Fate
Had no Referve to fpare the Good and Great.
Bright in his View the *Trojan* Heroes fhine,
And *Ilian* Structures rais'd by Hands divine ;

But

But *Ilium* soon in native Duft is laid,
 And all her boasted Pile a Ruin made:
 Nor great *AEneas* can her Fall withstand,
 But flies, to save his Gods, to foreign Land.
 The *Roman* Race succeed the *Dardan* State,
 And first and second *Cæsar*, Godlike Great.
 Still on to After-days his Eyes descend,
 And rising Heroes still the Search attend.
 Proceeding thus, he many Empires pass'd;
 When fair *Britannia* fix'd his Sight at last.

Above the Waves she lifts her Silver Head,
 And looks a *Venus* born from Ocean's Bed.
 For rolling Years, her happy Fortunes smile,
 And Fates propitious bless the beauteous Isle;
 To Worlds remote, she wide extends her Reign,
 And wields the Trident of the stormy Main.
 Thus on the Base of Empire firm she stands,
 While bright *Eliza* rules the willing Lands.

But soon a low'ring Sky comes on apace,
 And Fate revers'd shows an ill-omen'd Face.
 The Void of Heav'n a gloomy Horror fills,
 And cloudy Veils involve her shining Hills;
 Of Greatness past no Footsteps she retains,
 Sunk in a Series of inglorious Reigns.

She

She feels the Change, and deep regrets the Shame
 Of Honors lost, and her diminish'd Name :
 Conscious, she seeks from Day to shroud her Head,
 And glad wou'd shrink beneath her oozy Bed.

Thus far, the sacred Leaves *Britannia's* Woes
 In shady Draughts and dusky Lines disclose.
 Th' ensuing Scene revolves a Martial Age,
 And ardent Colors gild the glowing Page.

Behold! of radiant Light an Orb arise,
 Which kindling Day, restores the darken'd Skies;
 And see! on Seas the beamy Ball descends,
 And now its Course to fair *Britannia* bends:
 Along the foamy Main the Billows bear
 The floating Fire, and waft the shining Sphere.
 Hail, happy Omen! Hail, auspicious Sight!
 Thou glorious Guide to yet a greater Light.
 For see! a Prince, whom dazzling Arms array, }
 Pursuing closely, ploughs the wat'ry Way, }
 Tracing the Glory thro' the flaming Sea. }

Britannia, rise ; awake, O fairest Isle,
 From Iron Sleep ; again thy Fortunes smile.
 Once more look up, the mighty Man behold,
 Whose Reign renews the former Age of Gold.

The Fates at length the blifsful Web have spun,
And bid it round in endless Circles run.
Again, fhall diftant Lands confefs thy Sway,
Again, the wat'ry World thy Rule obey ;
Again, thy martial Sons fhall thirft for Fame,
And win in foreign Fields a deathlefs Name ;
For *William's* Genius ev'ry Soul inspires,
And warms the frozen Youth with warlike Fires.
Already, fee, the hostile Troops retreat,
And feem forewarn'd of their impending Fate.
Already routed Foes his Fury feel,
And fly the Force of his unerring Steel.
The haughty *Gaul*, who well, 'till now, might
 boaft
A matchlefs Sword and unrefifted Hoft,
At his forefeen Approach the Field forfakes ;
His Cities tremble, and his Empire fhakes.
His tow'ring Enfigns long had aw'd the Plain,
And Fleets audaciously ufurp'd the Main ;
A gath'ring Storm he feem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a Deluge of destructive War.
'Till *William's* ftronger Genius foar'd above,
And down the Skies the daring Tempeft drove.

So from the radiant Sun retires the Night,
 And western Clouds shot thro' with orient Light,
 So when th' affuming God, whom Storms obey,
 To all the warring Winds at once gives Way,
 The frantic Brethren ravage all around,
 And Rocks, and Woods, and Shores their Rage
 rebound ;

Incumbent o'er the Main, at length they sweep
 The liquid Plains, and raise the peaceful Deep:
 But when superior *Neptune* leaves his Bed,
 His Trident shakes, and shows his awful Head;
 The madding Winds are hush'd, the Tempests
 cease,

And ev'ry rolling Surge resides in Peace.

And now the sacred Leaf a Landscape wears,
 Where, Heav'n serene, and Air unmov'd appears.
 The Rose and Lily paint the verdant Plains,
 And Palm and Olive shade the Sylvan Scenes.
 The peaceful *Thames* beneath his Banks abides,
 And soft, and still, the silver Surface glides.
 The Zephyrs fan the Fields, the whisp'ring
 Breeze

With fragrant Breath remurmurs thro' the Trees.

The warbling Birds applauding new-born Light,
In wanton Measures wing their airy Flight.
Above the Floods the finny Race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper Air;
They gild their scaly Backs in *Phœbus*' Beams,
And scorn to skim the Level of the Streams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous Face,
And blooms and ripens with the Fruits of Peace.

No more the lab'ring Hind regrets his Toil,
But chearfully manures the grateful Soil;
Secure the Glebe a plenteous Crop will yield,
And golden *Ceres* grace the waving Field.
Th' advent'rous Man, who durst the Deep ex-
plore,

Oppose the Winds, and tempt the shelvy Shore,
Beneath his Roof now tastes unbroken Rest,
Enough with native Wealth and Plenty blest'd.

No more the forward Youth pursues Alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred Arts for stubborn Arms.
No more the Mothers from their Hopes are torn,
Nor weeping Maids the promis'd Lover mourn.
No more the Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries,
Torment the patient Air and pierce the Skies.

But

But peaceful Joys the prosp'rous Times afford,
And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd.

And he whose Arms alone sustain'd the Toil,
And propp'd the nodding Frame of *Britain's*
Isle;

By whose illustrious Deeds, her Leaders fir'd,
Have Honors lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal Sway will Virtue's Laws maintain,
And Good, as Great, in awful Peace shall reign;
For his Example still the Rule shall give,
And those it taught to Conquer, teach to Live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds
Succeeding Leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal paus'd——

Nor wou'd *Britannia's* Fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming Store.
Enough the Hero had already done,
And round the wide Extent of Glory run:
Nor further now the shining Path pursues,
But like the Sun the same bright Race renews.

And shall remorseless Fates on him have Pow'r?
Or *Time* unequally such Worth devour?

Then,

Then, wherefore shall the Brave for Fame contest?
Why is this Man distinguish'd from the rest?
Whose soaring Genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless Fame the due Reward requires.
Approving Heav'n th' exalted Virtue views,
Nor can the Claim which it approves refuse.

The Great Creator soon the Grant resolves,
And in his mighty Mind the Means revolves.
He thought; Nor doubted once, again to choose,
But spake the Word, and made th' immortal *Muse*.
Ne'er did his Pow'r produce so bright a Child,
On whose Creation Infant Nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd Form she wears,
And Youth perpetual in her Face appears.
Th' assembled Gods, who long expecting stay'd, }
With new Delight gaze on the lovely Maid, }
And think the wish'd-for World was well delay'd. }
Nor did the Sire himself his Joy disguise,
But steadfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his Eyes.
Intent a Space, at length he Silence broke,
And thus the God the heav'nly Fair bespoke.

*To thee, Immortal Maid, from this blest'd Hour,
O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded Pow'r.*

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*Thou from Oblivion shalt the Hero save ;
Shalt raise, revive, immortalise the Brave.
To thee, the Dardan Prince shall owe his Fame ;
To thee, the Cæfars their eternal Name.
Eliza fung by thee, with Fate shall strive,
And long as Time, in sacred Verse survive.
And yet, O Mufe, remains the noblest Theme ;
The first of Men, mature for endless Fame,
Thy future Songs shall grace, and all thy Lays,
Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's Praise.
On his heroic Deeds thy Verse shall rise ;
Thou shalt diffuse the Fires that he supplies :
Thro' him thy Songs shall more sublime aspire ;
And he, thro' them, shall deathless Fame acquire :
Nor Time, nor Fate his Glory shall oppose,
Or blast the Monuments the Mufe bestows.*

This said ; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal
Host,

Again impatient crowd the crystal Coast.
The Father, now, within his spacious Hands,
Encompafs'd all the mingled Masses of Seas and
Lands ;

And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous Sphere,
He launch'd the World to float in ambient Air.

O N

O N

Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, Singing.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softest Motion cease,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,
And ev'ry ruder Gasp of *Breath*
Be calm, as in the *Arms* of Death.

And thou most fickle, most uneasy Part,
Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
Be still; gently, ah gently, leave,
Thou busy, idle Thing, to heave.
Stir not a Pulse; and let my *Blood*,
That turbulent, unruly Flood,

Be softly stay'd:

Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.
Go, rest, unnecessary Springs of Life,
Leave your officious Toil and Strife;
For I would hear her Voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

R 2

II. Come

II.

Come all ye Love-sick Maids and wounded
Swains,

And listen to her healing Strains.

A wond'rous *Balm* between her Lips she wears,
Of sov'reign Force to soften Cares;

And this through ev'ry Ear she can impart,
(By tuneful *Breath* diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart.

Swiftly the gentle Charmer flies,

And to the tender Grief soft *Air* applies.

Which, warbling Mystic Sounds,

Cements the bleeding Panter's Wounds.

But ah! beware of clam'rous Moan:

Let no unpleasing Murmur, or harsh Groan,
Your slighted Loves declare:

Your very tend'rest moving Sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boist'rous here.

Hither let nought but sacred *Silence* come;

And let all faucy Praise be dumb.

III.

And lo! *Silence* himself is here;

Methinks I see the Midnight God appear;

In all his downy Pomp array'd,

Behold the rev'rend *Shade*:

An

An ancient Sigh he fits upon,
Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his Throne:
Beneath, two soft transparent Clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer Feet.
A melancholy Thought, condens'd to *Air*,
 Stol'n from a Lover in Despair,
 Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap
In *Fluid* Folds his *Visionary* Shape.ⁱ
A Wreath of Darknes round his Head he wears,
Where curling Mists supply the Want of Hairs:
While the still Vapors, which from Poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary Face, and lull his Eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
 And *Silence* now is drown'd
 In Ecstasy of Sound.
How on a sudden the still *Air* is charm'd,
As if all Harmony were just alarm'd!
And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
 See how the Heav'nly Choir
 Come flocking, to admire,

And with what Speed and Care,
 Descending *Angels* cull the thinnest *Air!*
 Haste then, come all th' Immortal Throng,
 And listen to her Song;
 Leave your lov'd Mansions, in the Sky,
 And hither, quickly hither fly;
 Your Loss of Heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,
 While she Sings, 'tis Heav'n here.

V.

See how they crowd, see how the little Cherubs
 skip!
 While others sit around her Mouth, and sip
 Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip.
 Those Lips, where in Surprise of *Bliss* they rove;
 For ne'er before did Angels taste
 So exquisite a Feast,
 Of Music and of Love.
 Prepare then, ye Immortal Choir,
 Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,
 And with her Voice in Chorus join,
 Her Voice, which next to yours is most divine.
 Bless the glad Earth with Heav'nly Lays,
 And to that Pitch th' eternal *Accents* raise,

Which

P O E M S upon several Occasions. 263

Which only *Breath* inspir'd can reach,
To Notes, which only she can learn, and you
can teach:

While we, charm'd with the lov'd Excess,
Are rapt in sweet Forgetfulness:
Of all, of all, but of the present Happiness:
Wishing for ever in that State to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

P R I A M's
L A M E N T A T I O N
A N D
P E T I T I O N
T O
A C H I L L E S,
F O R T H E
B O D Y of his Son H E C T O R.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὦς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπόν
Ἑρμείας;——

Argument Introductory to this Translation.

Hector's Body, (after he was slain) remained still in the Possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great Lamentation. Jupiter had Pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what Manner he should go to Achilles's Tent; and how he should there ransom the Body of his Son. Priam accordingly orders his Chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich Presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian Camp, accompanied by no Body but his Herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's Command, meets him by the Way, in the Figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his Misfortune, undertakes to drive his Chariot, unobserved,

served, through the Guards, and to the Door of Achilles's Tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a God, and giving him a short Instruction, how to move Achilles to Compassion, flew up to Heaven.

SO spake the God, and Heav'nward took his
Flight :

When *Priam* from his Chariot did alight ;
Leaving *Idæus* there, alone he went
With solemn Pace, into *Achilles'* Tent.
Heedless, he pass'd thro' various Rooms of State,
Until approaching where the Hero sat ;
There at a Feast, the good old *Priam* found
Jove's best belov'd, with all his Chiefs around:
Two only were t'attend his person plac'd, }
Automedon and *Alcymus*; the rest }
At greater Distance, greater State express'd.
Priam, unseen by these, his Way pursu'd,
And first of all was by *Achilles* view'd.
About his Knees his trembling Arms he cast,
And agonising grasp'd and held 'em fast;
Then caught his Hands, and kiss'd and press'd
'em close,
Those Hands, th' inhuman Authors of his Woes;
Those Hands, whose unrelenting Force had cost
Much of his Blood (for many Sons he lost.)

But

266 POEMS upon several Occasions.

But, as a Wretch who has a Murder done,
And seeking Refuge, does from Justice run;
Ent'ring some House in haste where he's unknown,
Creates Amazement in the Lookers-on:
So did *Achilles* gaze, surpris'd to see
The Godlike *Priam's Royal Misery*;
All on each other gaz'd, all in surprife
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their Eyes.
'Till he at length the solemn Silence broke;
And thus the venerable Suppliant spoke.

Divine *Achilles*, at your Feet behold
A prostrate King, in Wretchedness grown old:
Think on your Father, and then look on me,
His hoary *Age* and helpless Person see;
So furrow'd are his Cheeks, so white his Hairs,
Such, and so many his declining Years;
Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
Cou'd you imagine such his Misery!
Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
And neighb'ring Princes lay his Country waste;
Ev'n at this Time perhaps some pow'rful Foe,
Who will no Mercy, no Compassion show,
Ent'ring his Palace, sees him feebly fly,
And seek Protection, where no Help is nigh.

In

In vain, he may your fatal Absence mourn,
And wish in vain for your delay'd Return;
Yet, that he hears you live, is some Relief;
Some Hopes alleviate his Excess of Grief.
It glads his Soul to think, he once may see
His much-lov'd Son; would that were granted me!
But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
Of all my worthy Sons, how few are left!
Yet fifty goodly Youths I had to boast,
When first the *Greeks* invaded *Ilion's* Coast:
Nineteen, the joyful Issue of one Womb,
Are now, alas! a mournful Tribute to one Tomb.
Merciless War, this Devastation wrought,
And their strong Nerves to Dissolution brought.

Still one was left, in whom was all my Hope,
My Age's Comfort, and his Country's Prop;
Hector, my Darling, and my last Defence,
Whose Life alone, their Deaths could recompense:
And, to complete my Store of countless Woe,
Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me too!
For his Sake only, hither am I come;
Rich Gifts I bring, and Wealth, an endless Sum;
All to redeem that fatal Prize you won,
A worthless Ransom for so brave Son.

Fear

Fear the juſt Gods, *Achilles*; and on me
 With Pity look, think you your Father ſee;
 Such as I am, he is, alone in this,
 I can no Equal have in Miſeries;
 Of all Mankind, moſt wretched and forlorn,
 Bow'd with ſuch Weight, as never has been born;
 Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
 The Spring and Source of all my Sorrows come;
 With Gifts, to court mine and my Country's *Bane*,
 And kiſs thoſe Hands, which have my Children
 flain.

He ſpoke.——

Now, Sadneſs o'er *Achilles*' Face appears, }
Priam he views, and for his Father fears; }
 That, and Compaſſion melt him into Tears. }
 Then, gently with his Hand he put away
 Old *Priam*'s Face; but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
 And there with Tears, and Sighs, aſreſh begun
 To mourn the Fall of his ill-fated Son.
 But Paſſion diff'rent Ways *Achilles* turns,
 Now, he *Patroclus*, now, his Father mourns:
 Thus both with Lamentations fill'd the Place,
 Till Sorrow ſeem'd to wear one common Face.

THE
LAMENTATIONS

OF

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, and HELEN,

Over the Dead Body of

H E C T O R.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ἦώς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἴαν.

Connexion of this with the former Translation.

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to Compassion, and after having made him Presents of great Value, obtains the Body of his Son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the Morning, and advises him to haste away with the Body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the Camp: He himself helps to harness the Mules and Horses, and conveys him safely, and without Noise, Chariot and all, from among the Grecian Tents; then flies up to Heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the Body toward Troy.

NOW did the Saffron Morn her Beams display,
Gilding the Face of universal Day;

When

270 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

When mourning *Priam* to the Town return'd;
Slowly his Chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The Mules, beneath the mangled Body go,
As bearing (now) unufual Weight of Woe.
To *Pergamus*' high Top *Cassandra* flies,
Thence, fhe afar the fad Proceffion spies :
Her Father and *Idæus* firft appear,
Then *Hec̄tor*'s Corpfe extended on a Bier ;
At which, her boundlefs Grief loud Cries began,
And, thus lamenting, thro' the Streets fhe ran:
Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
Behold the Godlike Hec̄tor's Funeral!
If e'er you went with Joy, to fee him come
Adorn'd with Conqueft and with Laurels home,
Assemble now, his ransom'd Body fee,
What once was all your Joy, now all your Mifery!

She fpake, and ftraight the num'rous Crowd
obey'd,
Nor Man, nor Woman, in the City ftay'd;
Common Confent of Grief had made 'em one,
With clam'rous Moan to *Scæa*'s Gate they run,
There the lov'd Body of their *Hec̄tor* meet,
Which they, with loud and frefh Lamentings,
greet.

His

His rev'rend Mother, and his tender Wife,
Equal in Love, in Grief had equal Strife:
In Sorrow they no Moderation knew,
But wildly wailing, to the Chariot flew ;
There strove the rolling Wheels to hold, while
each

Attempted first his breathless Corpse to reach ;
Aloud they beat their Breasts, and tore their
Hair,

Rending around with Shrieks the suff'ring Air.

Now had the Throng of People stopp'd the
Way,

Who would have there lamented all the Day,

But *Priam* from his Chariot rose, and spake:

Trojans, enough; Truce with your Sorrows make ;

Give Way to me, and yield the Chariot Room ;

First let me bear my Hector's Body home,

Then mourn your fill. At this the Crowd gave Way,

Yielding, like Waves of a divided Sea.

Idæus to the Palace drove, then laid,

With Care, the Body on a sumptuous Bed,

And round about were skilful Singers plac'd,

Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad Notes express'd

Their

Their Moan; All in a Chorus did agree
Of univerfal, mournful *Harmony*.

When, firft, *Andromache* her Paſſion broke,
And thus (cloſe preſſing his pale Cheeks) ſhe
ſpoke.

ANDROMACHE'S *Lamentation*.

O my loſt Husband! let me ever mourn
Thy early Fate, and too untimely Urn:
In the full Pride of Youth thy Glories fade,
And thou in Aſhes muſt with them be laid.

Why is my Heart thus miſerably torn!
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched Thing, a *Widow*, left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!
Yet I were bleſs'd, were I alone undone;
Alas, my Child! where can an Infant run?
Unhappy Orphan! thou in Woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with Bleſſings
curs'd!

For long ere thou ſhalt be to Manhood grown,
Wide Deſolation will lay waſte this Town:
Who is there now that can Protection give,
Since he, who was her Strength, no more doth live?

Who

Who of her rev'rend Matrons will have Care ?
Who save her Children from the Rage of War ?
For *He* to *all* Father and Husband was,
And all are *Orphans* now, and *Widows*, by his Loss.
Soon will the *Grecians*, now, insulting come,
And bear us Captives to their distant Home ;
I, with my Child, must the same Fortune share,
And all alike, be Pris'ners of the War ;
'Mongst base-born Wretches he his Lot must
have,

And be to some inhuman Lord, a Slave.
Else some avenging *Greek*, with Fury fill'd,
Or for an only Son, or Father kill'd
By *Hector's* Hand, on him will vent his Rage,
And with his Blood his thirsty Grief assuage ;
For many fell by his relentless Hand,
Biting that Ground, which with their Blood
was stain'd.

Fierce was thy Father (O my Child) in War,
And never did his Foe in Battle spare ;
Thence come these Suff'rings, which so much
have cost,
Much Woe to all, but sure to me the most.

I ſaw him not, when in the Pangs of Death,
 Nor did my Lips receive his lateſt Breath;
 Why held he not to me his dying Hand?
 And why receiv'd not I his laſt Command?
 Something he would have ſaid, had I been there,
 Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad Remembrance bear;
 For I could never, never Words forget,
 Which Night and Day, I ſhould with Tears repeat.

She ſpake, and wept a freſh, when all around
 A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound.

Then, *Hecuba*, who long had been oppreſs'd
 With boiling Paſſions in her aged Breſt,
 Mingling her Words with Sighs and Tears, begun
 A Lamentation for her Darling Son.

H E C U B A ' S *Lamentation.*

Hector, my Joy, and to my Soul more dear
 Than all my other num'rous Iſſue were;
 O my laſt Comfort, and my beſt belov'd!
 Thou, at whoſe Fall, ev'n *Jove* himſelf was mov'd,
 And ſent a God his dread Commands to bear,
 So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar Care!
 From fierce *Achilles*' Chains thy Corpſe was freed;
 So kind a Fate was for none elſe decreed:

My

My other Sons, made Pris'ners by his Hands,
 Were fold like Slaves, and shipp'd to foreign
 Lands.

Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous Doom,
 And dragg'd, when dead, about *Patroclus'* Tomb,
 His lov'd *Patroclus*, whom thy Hands had slain; }
 And yet that Cruelty was us'd in vain, }
 Since all could not restore his Life again. }
 Now fresh and glowing, even in Death, thou art,
 And fair as he who fell by *Phæbus'* Dart.

Here weeping *Hecuba* her Passion stay'd,
 And universal Moan again was made;
 When *Helen's* Lamentation hers supply'd,
 And thus, aloud, that fatal *Beauty* cry'd.

HELEN'S *Lamentation.*

O *Hector*, thou wert rooted in my Heart,
 No *Brother* there had half so large a Part:
 Not less than twenty Years are now pass'd o'er
 Since first I landed on the *Trojan* Shore;
 Since I with Godlike *Paris* fled from Home;
 (Would I had dy'd before that Day had come!)
 In all which Time (so gentle was thy Mind)
 I ne'er could charge thee with a Deed unkind;

276 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Not one untender Word, or Look of Scorn,
 Which I too often have from others born.
 But you from their Reproach still fet me free,
 And kindly have reprov'd their Cruelty;
 If by my Sisters, or the Queen revil'd,
 (For the good King, like you, was ever mild) }
 Your Kindness still has all my Grief beguil'd. }
 Even in Tears let me your Loss bemoan,
 Who had no Friend alive, but you alone:
 All will reproach me now, where'er I pass,
 And fly with Horror from my hated Face.
 This said; she wept, and the vast Throng was
 mov'd,
 And with a gen'rous Sigh her Grief approv'd.
 When *Priam* (who had heard the mourning
 Crowd)
 Rose from his Seat, and thus he spake aloud.
 Cease your Lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
And fell down Trees to build a Fun'ral Pile;
Fear not an Ambush by the Grecians laid,
For with Achilles twelve Days Truce I made.
 He spake, and all obey'd as with one Mind,
 Chariots were brought, and Mules and Oxen
 join'd;

Forth

Forth from the City all the People went,
And nine Days Space was in that Labor spent ;
The tenth, a most stupendous *Pile* they made,
And on the Top the manly *Hector* laid,
Then gave it Fire; while all, with weeping Eyes,
Beheld the rolling Flames and Smoke arise.
All Night they wept, and all the Night it burn'd;
But when the rosy Morn with Day return'd,
About the *Pile* the thronging People came,
And with black Wine quench'd the remaining
Flame.

His *Brothers* then, and Friends search'd ev'ry
where,
And gath'ring up his snowy Bones with Care,
Wept o'er 'em; when an Urn of Gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft Purple *Palls*, and richly wrought,
In which the sacred *Ashes* were interr'd ;
Then o'er his Grave a *Monument* they rear'd.
Mean time, strong Guards were plac'd, and
careful Spies,
To watch the *Grecians*, and prevent Surprise.
The Work once ended, all the vast Resort
Of mourning People went to *Priam's* Court ;

278 POEMS upon several Occasions.

There they refresh'd their weary Limbs with Rest,
Ending the Fun'ral with a solemn Feast.



PARAPHRASE upon HORACE.

O D E XIX. L I B. I.

Mater sæva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

TH E Tyrant Queen of soft Desires,
With the resistless Aid of sprightly Wine
And wanton Ease, conspires

To make my Heart its Peace resign,
And re-admit Love's long rejected Fires.

For beauteous *Glycera* I burn,
The Flames so long repell'd with double Force
return:

Matchless her Face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light;

Her very Coyness warms;

And with a graceful Sullenness she charms:

Each Look darts forth a thousand Rays,

Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays,

My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II. She

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my Veins!
At once all *Venus* enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is blest,
I am her Palace, and her Throne my *Breast*.
Of Savage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,
Or *Parthian Archers*, who in flying fight,
 And make rough War their Sport;
 Such idle Themes no more can move,
Nor any Thing but what's of high Import:
 And what's of high Import, but Love?
Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf pre-
 pare;
With Wine of two Years old, your Cups be
 fill'd:
 After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
The Goddess may incline her Heart to yield.

S T A N Z A S,

In Imitation of

H O R A C E, L I B. II. O D E XIV.

*Eheu Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.*

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This Pious Artifice.

Not all these Pray'rs and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity*.

Eternity! that boundless Race,

Which *Time* himself can never run:

(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd Pace,)

Which, when ten thousand thousand Years are
done,

Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fix'd are those Limits, which prescribe
A short Extent to the most lasting Breath;
And though thou cou'dst for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to save thy own,

'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One Supernumerary Gasps from Death.

II. In

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted Store
Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r;
Thy Honors, Titles, all must fail,
Where Piety itself can nought avail.
The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Just,
Must all be huddled to the Grave,
With the most vile and ignominious Slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in Dust.
In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
In vain he is secure from Wounds of Arms,
In vain avoids the faithless Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Ease,
Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days.
In vain are all those *Arts* we try,
All our Evasions, and Regret to die:
From the Contagion of Mortality,
No Clime is pure, no Air is free:
And no Retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my Friend;
(The very Hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thy End)

Thou

Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life;
 Leave the warm Bosom of thy tender Wife,
 And all the much-lov'd Offspring of her Womb,
 To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.

All must be left, and all be lost;

Thy House, whose stately Structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford

Room for the stinking Carcass of its Lord.
 Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grotts and Bow'rs,
 Thy costly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and
 Flow'rs,

Nought shalt thou save;

Or but a Sprig of Rosemary shalt have,

To wither with thee in the Grave:

The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid

Their transitory Master Dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting Heir,

A joyful Mourning wear:

And riot in the Waste of that Estate

Which thou hast taken so much Pains to get.

All thy hid Stores he shall unfold,

And set at large thy captive Gold.

That

That precious Wine, condemn'd by thee
To Vaults and Prisons, shall again be free:
Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
Again shall rise,
Again its sparkling Surface show,
And free as Element, profusely flow.
With such high Food he shall set forth his Feasts,
That Cardinals shall wish to be his Guests;
And pamper'd Prelates see
Themselves outdone in *Luxury*.



IN IMITATION of *HORACE*,

O D E IX. L I B. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the *Air!*
How naked does the World appear!
But see (big with the Offspring of the North)
The teeming Clouds bring forth:
A Show'r of soft and fleecy Rain
Falls, to new-clothe the Earth, again.

Behold

Behold the Mountain Tops, around,
As if with Fur of Ermines crown'd:

And lo! how by Degrees

The univerfal Mantle hides the Trees,

In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky:

Trembling, the Groves fustain the Weight, and
bow

Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II.

Diffufive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Difefe, through all its Veins 'tis fspread,
And each late living Stream is numb'd and dead.

Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
Let chearful Fire *Sol's* feeble Beams repair;

Fill the large Bowl with fparkling Wine;

Let's drink, 'till our own Faces fhine,

'Till we like Suns appear,

To light and warm the Hemisphere.

Wine can difpenfe to all both Light and Heat,

They are with Wine incorporate:

That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
Which ftill is fluid, and no Froft can fix;

Let

Let that but in Abundance flow,
And let it Storm and Thunder, Hail and Snow,
'Tis Heav'n's Concern; and let it be
The Care of Heaven still for me:
These Winds, which rend the Oaks and plough
the Seas,
Great *Jove* can, if he please,
With one commanding Nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to Morrow's Doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The present Moment's all our Store:
The next, should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Instant *Now*.
Look on each Day you've past
To be a mighty Treasure won:
And lay each Moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly;
The Flow'rs that flourish in the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces die.

IV. Now

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting *Boy*, invites
 To revel, while you may, in soft Delights:
 Now the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
 Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.
 Slowly she promises at Night to meet,
 But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter Feet.
 To gloomy Groves and Shades obscure she flies,
 There veils the bright Confession of her Eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,

Would more unwillingly depart,

And in soft Sighs conveys

The Whispers of her Heart.

Still she invites and still denies,

And vows she'll leave you if y'are rude;

Then from her Ravisher she flies,

But flies to be pursu'd:

If from his Sight she does herself convey,

With a feign'd Laugh she will herself betray,

And cunningly instruct him in the Way.

S O N G.

I.

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I strove most my great Passion to break,
Still then I said least of the Matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I wou'd try
Some Way my poor Heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear *Cælia* be kind then; and since your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those Oglings that tell you my Passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd
speak,
The Pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
And so, without Words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good End of this Wooing.

THE

T H E
R E C O N C I L I A T I O N .

R E C I T A T I V E .

F AIR *Cælia* Love petended,
And nam'd the Myrtle Bow'r,
Where *Damon* long attended
Beyond the promis'd Hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious Expectation,
His Heart with Rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his Passion.

O D E .

*To all the Sex deceitful,
A long and last Adieu;
Since Women prove ungrateful
As oft as Men prove true.
The Pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The Joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and unsincere.*

R E C I T A T I V E .

But *Cælia* now repenting
Her Breach of Assignment,

Arriv'd

Arriv'd with Eyes consenting
And sparkling Inclination.
Like *Citherea* smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his Passion;
The Shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this Recantation.

PALINODE.

*How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pain and Care!
And what Joy the Nymph's appearing,
After Absence or Despair!
Women wise increase Desiring,
By contriving kind Delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.*



A B S E N C E.

ALAS! what Pains, what racking Thoughts
 he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
In cruel Absence doom'd past Joys to mourn,
And think on Hours that will no more return.
Oh! let me ne'er the Pangs of Absence try,
Save me from Absence, Love, or let me die.

S O N G.

FA L S E though she be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er pursue Revenge;
For still the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.
In Hours of Blifs we oft have met,
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.



S O N G in D I A L O G U E.

For T W O W O M E N.

I.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
I've try'd his Faith, and found him true,
And all my Coynefs bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet still my *Thyrſis* shall complain;

I'm

I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious Fasting.
 2. And both will tire with often Tasting,
- When they find the Bliss not lasting. }
1. Love is complete in kind Possessing.
 2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the Blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

*Then let us beware how far we consent,
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent:*

'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire;

And granting Desire,

We feed not the Fire,

But make it more quickly expire.



S O N G.

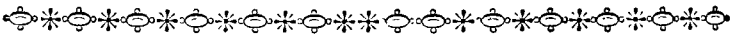
I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That *Cloe's* false and common:
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very Woman;

As fuch, I lik'd, as fuch, carefs'd,
She ftill was constant when poffefs'd,
She could do more for no Man.

II.

But oh! her Thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard Thing;
Perhaps, fhe fancy'd you the Man,
And what care I one Farthing?
You think fhe's falfe, I'm fure fhe's kind;
I take her Body, you her Mind,
Who has the better Bargain?



T H E

P E T I T I O N.

GRANT me, gentle Love, faid I,
One dear Bleffing ere I die;
Long I've born Excefs of Pain,
Let me now fome Blifs obtain.

Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry, thus the God reply'd.

Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not *Amynta's* Slave?
Cease, fond Mortal, to implore,
For Love, Love himself's no more.



S O N G.

I.

CRUEL *Amynta*, can you see
A Heart thus torn which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But through your Eyes the Conquest made.

II.

In Ambush there the Traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless Smiles:
No Wretches are so lost as they
Whom much Security beguiles.

S O N G.

I.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
And now the Sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

II.

With Light united, Day they give,
But different Fates ere Night fulfil:
How many by his Warmth will live!
How many will her Coldness kill!

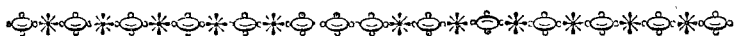


*Occasioned on a LADY's having writ VERSES
in Commendation of a POEM which was
written in Praise of another LADY.*

HARD is the Task, and bold th'advent-
t'rous Flight
Of Him, who dares in Praise of Beauty write;
For when to that high Theme our Thoughts
ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.

And

And he, who praising Beauty, does no Wrong,
May boast to be successful in his Song.
But when the Fair themselves approve his Lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
His wide Ambition knows no farther Bound,
Nor can his Muse with brighter Fame be crown'd.



EPIGRAM,

*Written after the Decease of Mrs. ARABELLA
HUNT, under her Picture drawn playing
on a Lute.*

WERE there on Earth another Voice
like thine,
Another Hand so blest'd with Skill divine!
The late afflicted World some Hopes might have,
And Harmony retrieve thee from the Grave.

S O N G.

I.

PIOUS *Celinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but ask the Favor ;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,
Or else had Hopes to win her ;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.



A

H Y M N to H A R M O N Y.

In Honor of

St. *C E C I L I A*'s Day, MDCCI.

Set to Music by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O *Harmony*, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful Tribute bring
Of sacred Verse, and sweet resounding Lays ;
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praise.

All

All Hail to thee

All-pow'rful *Harmony*!

Wise Nature owns thy undisputed Sway,
Her wond'rous Works resigning to thy Care;
The planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their Way,
Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.

C H O R U S.

All Hail to thee

All-pow'rful Harmony!

II.

Thy Voice, O *Harmony*, with awful Sound
Could penetrate th' Abyfs profound,
Explore the Realms of ancient Night,
And search the living Source of unborn Light.
Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.
Then didst thou, *Harmony*, give Birth
To this fair Form of Heav'n and Earth;
Then all those shining Worlds above
In mystic Dance began to move
Around the radiant Sphere of central Fire,
A never ceasing, never silent Choir.

C H O R U S.

CHORUS.

*Confusion heard thy Voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head.*

III.

Thou only, Goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;
And didst to heav'nly Minds reveal
The secret Force of tuneful Sound.
When first *Cyllenius* form'd the Lyre,
Thou didst the God inspire;
When first the vocal Shell he strung,
To which the Muses sung:
Then first the Muses sung; melodious Strains
Apollo play'd,
And Music first begun by thy auspicious Aid.
Hark, hark; again *Urania* sings!
Again *Apollo* strikes the trembling Strings!
And see, the list'ning Deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the Sound.

CHORUS.

*Hark, hark, again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling Strings!
And see, the list'ning Deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the Sound.*

IV. Descend,

IV.

Descend, *Urania*, heav'nly Fair!
To the Relief of this afflicted World repair;
See how with various Woes oppress'd,
The wretched Race of Men is worn;
Consum'd with Cares, with Doubts distress'd,
Or by conflicting Passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her Aid,
The furious Will on Fancy waits;
While Reason, still by Hopes or Fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too soon retreats.
Music alone with sudden Charms can bind
The wand'ring Sense, and calm the troubled
Mind.

C H O R U S.

*Music alone with sudden Charms can bind
The wand'ring Sense, and calm the troubled Mind.*

V.

Begin the pow'rful Song, ye sacred Nine,
Your Instruments and Voices join;
Harmony, Peace, and sweet Desire,
In ev'ry Breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping Heart,
And soft Repose to restless Thoughts impart.
Appease

Appease the wrathful Mind,
To dire Revenge and Death inclin'd:
With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood affuage,
And melt to mild Remorse his burning Rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Ease is blest'd,
By Music lull'd to pleasing Rest.

C H O R U S.

*'Tis done; and now tumultuous Passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Ease is blest'd,
By Music lull'd to pleasing Rest.*

VI.

Ah, sweet Repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish Man, new Toils requiring!
Curs'd Ambition, Strife pursuing,
Wakes the World to War and Ruin.
See, see, the Battle is prepar'd!
Behold the Hero comes!
Loud Trumpets with shrill Fifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding Drums.
War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,
The Harmony of Peace destroys.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

*War, with discordant Notes and jarring Noise,
The Harmony of Peace destroys.*

VII.

See the forsaken Fair, with streaming Eyes
Her parting Lover mourn ;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong Nights,
Bewailing past Delights
That may no more, no never more return.

O footh her Cares'
With softest, sweetest Airs,
'Till Victory and Peace restore
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,
Within her folding Arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

C H O R U S.

*Let Victory and Peace restore
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breast,
Within her folding Arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.*

VIII. Enough,

VIII.

Enough, *Urania*, heav'nly Fair!
 Now to thy native Skies repair,
 And rule again the starry Sphere ;
Cecilia comes, with holy Rapture fill'd,
 To ease the World of Care.
Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her Feet lay down
 His Golden Harp and Laurel Crown.
 The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd
 In the deep Organ's more majestic Sound.
 In Peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies ;
 Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,
 And lasting as her Name,
 Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
 Th' immortal Music never dies.

G R A N D C H O R U S .

Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her Feet lay down
 His Golden Harp and Laurel Crown.
 The soft enervate Lyre is drown'd
 In the deep Organ's more majestic Sound.

*In Peals the swelling Notes ascend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the swelling Notes supplies,
And lasting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Music never dies.*



V E R S E S

To the Memory of

GRACE Lady GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, Entitled,

RELIQUIAE GETHINIANAE.

AFTER a painful Life in Study spent,
The learn'd themselves their Ignorance
lament;

And aged Men, whose Lives exceed the Space
Which seems the Bound prescrib'd to mortal Race,
With hoary Heads, their short Experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true Knowledge to attain,
So frail is Life, and fruitless Human Pain!

Whoe'er

304 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict Attention, what this Book unfolds,
With Admiration struck, shall question, Who
So very long could live, so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd Piece appears,
That Learning seems combin'd with Length of
Years;

And both improv'd by purest Wit, to reach
At all that Study, or that Time can teach.
But to what Height must his Amazement rise!
When having read the Work, he turns his Eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning Page,
And there the Beauty, Sex, and tender Age
Of her beholds, in whose pure Mind arose
Th' Ethereal Source from whence this Current
flows!

When Prodigies appear, our Reason fails,
And Superstition o'er Philosophy prevails.
Some heav'nly Minister we straight conclude,
Some Angel-Mind with Female Form endu'd,
To make a short Abode on Earth, was sent,
(Where no Perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright Example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.

Whether

Whether around the Throne, eternal Hymns
She sings, amid the Choir of Seraphims;
Or some refulgent Star informs, and guides,
Where she, the bless'd Intelligence, presides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark State,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

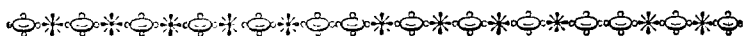


E P I T A P H

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, of Stan-
ton Harcourt, *Esq;* and ROBERT his
Son.

THIS peaceful Tomb does now contain
Father and Son, together laid;
Whose living Virtues shall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.
What Man shou'd be, to Ripeness grown,
And finish'd Worth should do, or shun,
At full was in the Father shewn;
What Youth cou'd promise, in the Son.

But Death obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud:
First seiz'd those Sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.



T O

Mr. *D R Y D E N,*

O N H I S

TRANSLATION of *P E R S I U S.*

AS when of Old heroic Story tells
Of Knights imprison'd long by magic
Spells,

'Till future Time the destin'd Hero send,
By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end:
Such seems this Work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great Revealer of dark Poesy.

Those fullen Clouds, which have for Ages past,
O'er *Persius'* too-long suff'ring Muse been cast,
Disperse, and fly before thy sacred Pen,
And, in their Room, bright Tracks of Light are
seen.

Sure

Sure *Phæbus*' self thy swelling Breast inspires,
The God of Music, and Poetic Fires:
Else, whence proceeds this great Surprise of Light!
How dawns this Day, forth from the Womb of
Night!

Our Wonder, now, does our past Folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So, Unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred Oracles, in Mysteries.
Persius, before, in small Esteem was had,
Unless, what to Antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,
(So far, our Ignorance our Faith misled)
'Till you, *Apollo*'s darling Priest, thought fit
To place it in the Poet's sacred Writ.

As Coin, which bears some awful Monarch's
Face,
For more than its intrinsic Worth will pass:
So your bright Image, which we here behold,
Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.
To you, we all this following Treasure owe,
This *Hippocrene*, which from a Rock did flow.

Old *Stoic* Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,
Polish'd by you, in Modern Brilliant shines:

And as before, for *Perſus*, our Esteem
 To his Antiquity was paid, not him :
 So now, whatever Praise from us is due,
 Belongs not to Old *Perſus*, but the New.
 For ſtill obſcure, to us no Light he gives ;
 Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives.

So, ſtubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
 'Till Art and Force th' unwilling Sparks reveal ;
 But thro' your Skill, from thoſe ſmall Seeds of Fire,
 Bright Flames ariſe, which never can expire.



T H E E L E V E N T H

S A T I R E of *JUVENAL*.

The A R G U M E N T.

The Deſign of this Satire is to expoſe and reprehend all Manner of Intemperance and Debauchery ; but more particularly that exorbitant Luxury uſed by the Romans, in their Feaſting. The Poet draws the Occaſion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to dine with him ; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular Inveſtive againſt the Vanity and Folly of ſome Perſons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the Height of Men of great Eſtates and Quality. He ſhows us, the miſerable End of ſuch Spendthrifts and Gluttons ; with the Manner and Courſes, which they took to bring themſelves to it ; advising

vising Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes Occasion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the greatest Men, in former Ages: To which he opposes the Riot and Intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible Remissness in the Care of Heaven over the Roman State. He instances some lewd Practices at their Feasts, and by the by, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery consist with their principal Pleasures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; advising him (in one Particular somewhat freely) to a Neglect of all Cares and Disquiets, for the present; and a moderate Use of Pleasures, for the future.

IF Noble ¹ *Atticus* make splendid Feasts,
 And with expensive Food indulge his Guests;
 His Wealth and Quality support the Treat:
 Nor is it *Luxury* in him, but *State*.

But when poor ² *Rutilus* spends all he's worth,
 In Hopes of setting one good Dinner forth;
 'Tis downright Madness; for what greater *Fests*,
 Than *Begging Gluttons*, or than *Beggars Feasts*?

But *Rutilus* is now notorious grown,
 And proves the common Theme of all the Town.

A Man, in his full Tide of youthful Blood,
 Able for Arms, and for his Country's Good;
 Urg'd³ by no Pow'r, restrain'd by no Advice,
 But following his own inglorious Choice:

Amongst common *Fencers*, practises the Trade,
 That End debasing, for which *Arms* were made;
Arms, which to Man ne'er-dying Fame afford,
 But his *Disgrace* is owing to his *Sword*.

Many there are of the same ⁴wretched Kind,
 Whom their despairing Creditors, may find
 Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin
 They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine;
 Such, whose sole Bliss is Eating; who can give
 But that one brutal Reason why they live.

And yet, what's more ridiculous, of these,
 The poorest Wretch, is still most hard to please;
 And he whose thin transparent Rags declare
 How much his tatter'd Fortune wants Repair,
 Would ransom ev'ry *Element*, for Choice
 Of ev'ry Fish and Fowl, at any Price;
 If, brought from far, it very dear has cost, }
 It has a Flavor then, which pleases most, }
 And he devours it with a greater Gust. }

In Riot thus, while Money lasts, he lives,
 And that exhausted, still new Pledges gives;
 Till forc'd of mere Necessity, to eat,
 He comes to pawn his Dish, to buy his Meat.

Nothing

Nothing of Silver, or of Gold he spares,
 Not what his Mother's sacred Image bears ;
 The broken⁵ Relic, he with Speed devours,
 As he wou'd all the rest of's Ancestors,
 If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,
 They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Meal*.
 Thus certain Ruin treads upon his Heels,
 The Stings of Hunger, foon, and Want he feels ;
 And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve
 Fencers, for miserable Scraps, or starve.

Imagine now, you see a plenteous Feast:
 The Question is, at whose Expence 'tis dress'd.
 In great⁶ *Ventidius*, we the *Bounty* prize ;
 In *Rutilus*, the *Vanity* despise.

Strange Ignorance! That the same Man, who
 knows

How far yond' Mount above this Molehill shows,
 Shou'd not perceive a Difference as great,
 Between small Incomes, and a vast Estate !
 From Heav'n, to Mortals, sure, that Rule was
 sent,

Of *Know thyself*, and by some God was meant
 To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,
 Through all the various Courses which we steer.

312 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Thersites,⁷ tho' the most presumptuous Greek,
Yet durst not for *Achilles*' Armor speak;
When scarce⁸ *Ulysses* had a good Pretence,
With all th' Advantage of his *Eloquence*.
Whoe'er attempts weak Causes to support,
Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
And not mistake strong Lungs and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words, and Force of Sense:
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill;
A Wise Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.

If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to Thrift, not *Luxury*;
And wisely make that Kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Necessity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear some miserable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want, at once attend;
Whose large voracious Throats have swallow'd
All,

Both Land and Stock, Int'rest and Principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile⁹ *Pollio*'s Fate,
Who sold his very Ring, to purchase Meat;
And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongst common Slaves now
stands,

Begging an Alms, with undistinguish'd Hands.

Sure

Sure sudden Death to such shou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added Year heaps Misery,
Scorn, Poverty, Reproach and Infamy. }

But there are Steps in Villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow, by Degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small Stock of Credit gone,
Left *Rome* should grow too warm, from thence
they run :

For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,
Than in the midst of Summer's scorching Heat,
From Crowds, and Noise, and Business to re-
treat.

One only Grief such Fugitives can find ;
Reflecting on the Pleasures left behind ;
The Plays and loose Diversions of the Place ;
But not one Blush appears for the Disgrace.
Ne'er was of Modesty so great a Dearth,
That out of Count'nance Virtue's fled from Earth ;
Baffled, expos'd to Ridicule and Scorn,
She's with ¹⁰ *Astræa* gone, not to return.

This Day, my ¹¹ *Persicus*, thou shalt perceive }
 Whether, myself I keep those Rules I give, }
 Or else, an unsuspected *Glutton* live; }
 If mod'rate Fare and Abstinence, I prize
 In public, yet in private *gormandise*.

Evander's ¹² Feast reviv'd, to Day thou'lt see; }
 The poor *Evander*, I, and thou shalt be }
Alcides ¹³ and *AEneas* both to me. }

Mean time, I send you now your Bill of Fare;
 Be not surpris'd, that 'tis all homely Cheer:
 For Nothing from the Shambles I provide,
 But from my own small Farm, the tend'rest *Kid*
 And fattest of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,
 That ne'er had Nourishment, but from the Teat;
 No bitter Willow-tops have been its Food,
 Scarce Grass; its Veins have more of Milk than
 Blood.

Next that, shall Mountain *Sparagus* be laid,
 Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly Country-Maid.
 The largest Eggs, yet warm within the Nest,
 Together with the Hens which laid 'em, drest;
 Clusters of Grapes, preserv'd for half a Year,
 Which, plump and fresh as on the Vines appear;

Apples of a ripe Flavor, fresh and fair;
Mixt with the *Syrian* and the *Signian* Pear,
Mellow'd by Winter, from their cruder Juice,
Light of Digestion now, and fit for Use.

Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted Riot, in a *Senator*:

When the good ¹⁴ *Curius* thought it no Disgrace,
With his own Hands, a few small Herbs to dress;
And from his little Garden cull'd a Feast,
Which fetter'd Slaves wou'd now disdain to taste;
For scarce a Slave but has to Dinner now,
The well-dress'd ¹⁵ Paps of a fat pregnant Sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous Treat,
On Birth-Days, Festivals, or Days of State;
A salt, dry Flich of Bacon to prepare:
If they had fresh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!
Which rarely happen'd: And 'twas highly priz'd
If ¹⁶ aught was left of what they sacrific'd.
To Entertainments of this Kind, wou'd come
The Worthiest and the Greatest Men in *Rome*;
Nay, seldom any at such Treats were seen,
But those who had at least thrice ¹⁷ *Consuls* been;
Or the ¹⁸ *Dictator's* Office had discharg'd,
And now from Honorable Toil enlarg'd,

Retir'd

Retir'd to husband and manure their Land,
 Humbling themselves to those they might com-
 mand.

Then might y' have seen the good old Gen'ral haste,
 Before th' appointed ¹⁹ Hour to such a Feast;
 His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
 Proud of the Conquest of some stubborn Field.
 'Twas then, when pious *Consuls* bore the Sway,
 And Vice discourag'd, pale and trembling lay.
 Our ²⁰ *Censors* then were subject to the Law,
Ev'n Pow'r itself, of Justice stood in Awe.

It was not then, a *Roman's* anxious Thought,
 Where largest Tortoise-Shells were to be bought,
 Where Pearls might of the greatest Price be had, }
 And shining Jewels to adorn his ²¹ Bed, }
 That he at vast Expence might loll his Head. }
 Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
 The Soldier then, in ²² *Grecian Arts* unskill'd,
 Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field:
 If Cups of Silver, or of Gold he brought,
 With Jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,

To

To glorious Trappings straight the Plate he
turn'd,

And with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horfe adorn'd;
Or else a Helmet for himself he made,

Where various warlike Figures were inlaid:

The *Roman Wolf*, suckling the ²³ Twins was there,

And *Marsh* himself, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,

Hov'ring above his Crest, did dreadful show,

As threat'ning Death to each resisting Foe.

No Use of Silver, but in Arms was known,

Splendid they were in War, and there alone.

No Side-boards then, with gilded Plate were
drefs'd,

No sweating Slaves, with massive Dishes pres'd;

Expensive Riot was not understood,

But Earthen Platters held their homely Food.

Who wou'd not envy them that Age of Blifs,

That sees with Shame the *Luxury* of This?

Heaven unwearied then, did Blessings pour,

And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous Hour;

Mankind were then familiar with the God,

He snuff'd their Incense with a gracious Nod;

And wou'd have still been bounteous, as of Old,

Had we not left him for that Idol, Gold.

318 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

His Golden ²⁴ Statues, hence the God have driv'n: }
For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n, }
'Tis Gold we worship, though we pray to Heav'n. }
Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
Tho' none can please us now but from *Japan*.
Invite my *Lord* to Dine, and let him have
The nicest Dish his Appetite can crave ;
But let it on an Oaken Board be fet,
His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your *Ven'son's* Rank, or ²⁵ *Ointments* stink.
Order some other Table to be brought,
Something, at great Expence in *India* bought,
Beneath whose *Orb*, large yawning *Panthers* lie,
Carv'd on rich Pedestals of ²⁶ *Ivory* :
He finds no more of that offensive Smell,
The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An Iv'ry Table is a certain Whet ;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new Vigor to his Teeth were sent,
By *Sympathy* from those o' th' *Elephant*.

But such fine Feeders are no Guests for me:
Riot agrees not with Frugality.

Then,

Then, that unfashionable Man am I,
 With me they'd starve, for want of Ivory:
 For not one Inch does my whole House afford,
 Not in my very *Tables*, or *Chefs-board*;
 Of Bone, the Handles of my Knives are made,
 Yet no ill Taste from thence affects the Blade,
 Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
 Any unfa'ry *Haut-goût* from the Haft.

A hearty Welcome, to plain wholesome Meat,
 You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal State;
 No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
 Such as by skilful²⁷ *Trypherus* are taught:
 In whose fam'd Schools the various Forms ap-
 pear

Of Fishes, Beasts, and all the Fowls o' th' Air;
 And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars*
 learn

How to dissect, and the nice Joints discern;
 While all the Neighb'rhoo'd are with Noise op-
 prefs'd,

From the harsh Carving of his *wooden Feast*.

On me attends a raw unskilful Lad,

On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,

At once my *Carver* and my²⁸ *Ganymede*;

}
 With

With Diligence he'll serve us while we Dine,
 And in plain Beechen Vessels fill our Wine.
 No beauteous Boys I keep, from²⁹ *Phrygia* brought,
 No *Catamites*, by shameful *Pandars* taught:
 Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
 Unskill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
 Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
 With honest Faces, though with uncurl'd Hair.
 This Day thou shalt my Rural Pages see,
 For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.
 Of Country Swains they both were born, and one
 My *Ploughman's* is, t'other my *Shepherd's* Son;
 A chearful Sweetness in his Looks he has,
 And Innocence unartful in his Face:
 Tho' sometimes Sadness will o'ercast the Joy,
 And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
 His Absence from his Mother, oft he'll mourn,
 And with his Eyes look Wishes to return,
 Longing to see his tender Kids again,
 And feed his Lambs upon the flow'ry Plain:
 A modest Blush he wears, not form'd by Art,
 Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his
 Heart.

Such Looks, such Bashfulness, might well adorn }
The Cheeks of Youths that are more nobly }
born, }
But Noblemen those humble Graces scorn. }
This Youth, to Day shall my small Treat attend,
And only he with Wine shall serve my Friend,
With Wine from his own Country brought, and }
made }
From the same Vines, beneath whose fruitful }
Shade }
He and his wanton Kids have often play'd. }

But you, perhaps, expect a modish Feast,
With am'rous Songs and ³⁰ wanton Dances grac'd;
Where sprightly Females, to the Middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and frisk in Air;
Whose pliant Limbs in various Postures move,
And twine and bound, as in the Rage of Love.
Such Sights, the languid Nerves to Action stir,
And jaded Lust springs forward with this Spur.
Virtue ³¹ would shrink to hear this Lewdness told,
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives
behold;

A needful Help, to make 'em both approve
The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love.

In Nuptial Cinders, this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing to Desire.

But she, who by her Sex's Charter, must
Have double Pleasure paid, feels double Lust;
Apace she warms, with an immod'rate Heat,
Strongly her Bosom heaves, and Pulsés beat;
With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips she
lies,

With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
Sucking in Passion both at Ears and Eyes.

But this becomes not me, nor my Estate;
These are the vicious Follies of the Great.

Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables dine,
Whose Marble Floors, with drunken Spawlings
shine;

Let him lascivious Songs and Dances have,
Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest Slave,
The vilest Prostitute in all the Stews,
With bashful Indignation wou'd refuse.

But Fortune there extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:

The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
A *Festal* ravish'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
Are laudable Diversions in a *Lord*.

But

But my poor Entertainment is design'd
T'afford you Pleasures of another Kind:
Yet with your Taste your Hearing shall be fed,
And *Homer's* sacred Lines, and *Virgil's* read;
Either of whom does all Mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill Tone they're sung,
Verse so sublimely good, no Voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty Cares away, }
Thy Jealousies and Fears, and while you may, }
To Peace and soft Repose, give all the Day. }
From Thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill
Be free, be all uneasy Passions still.

What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning Light,
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all
Night)

Steal from thy Bed and House, abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her Flame, come breath-
less home,

Fleck'd in her Face, and with disorder'd Hair,
Her Garments ruffled, and her Bosom bare;
With Ears still tingling, and her Eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in Sin, still burning in Desire:

324 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
 Swelling with Passion, which you dare not vent;
 Nay, if you wou'd be free from Night-alarms, }
 You must seem fond, and doting on her Charms, }
 Take her (the last of Twenty) to your Arms. }

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious Thought,
 At th' Entrance of my Threshold be forgot;
 All thy Domestic Griefs at Home be left,
 The Wife's Adult'ry, with the Servants' Theft;
 And (the most racking Thought, which can in-
 trude)

Forget false Friends and their Ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful Mirth at Home begin,
 While ³² *Megalensian* Shows are in the ³³ *Circus* seen:
 There (to the Bane of Horses) in high State
 The ³⁴ *Prætor* sits on a Triumphal Seat;
 Vainly with Ensigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
 As if with Conquest, from the Wars return'd.
 This Day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
 Without Offence to such a num'rous Crowd,
 To say all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* sweat;
Echos already do their Shouts repeat:
 Methinks I hear the Cry—*Away, away,*
The ³⁵ *Green* have won the Honor of the Day.

Oh,

Oh, should these Sports be but one Year for-
born,

Rome would in Tears her lov'd Diversion mourn;
For that would now a Cause of ³⁶ Sorrow yield,
Great as the Loss of ³⁷ *Cannæ's* fatal *Field*.

Such Shows as these, were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.

On Beds of *Roses* laid, let us repose,
While round our Heads refreshing *Ointment* flows;
Our aged Limbs we'll bask in *Phæbus'* Rays,
And live this Day devoted to our Ease.

Early to Day we'll to the *Bath* repair,
Nor need we now the common ³⁸ Censure fear:

On *Festivals*, it is allow'd no Crime
To Bathe, and Eat, before the usual Time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a Loathing give,
Nor could you thus a Week together live:
For, frequent Use would the Delight exclude:
Pleasure's a Toil, when constantly pursu'd.

Explanatory NOTES on the foregoing
SATIRE.

1 **A**TTICUS. *The Name of a very eminent Person in Rome: But here it is meant to signify any one of great Wealth and Quality.*

2 Rutilus. *One who by his own extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduced to the most shameful Degree of Poverty. This, likewise, is here made use of, as a common Name to all Beggarly Gluttons, such whose unreasonable Appetites remain after their Estates are consumed.*

3 Urg'd by no Power, restrain'd by no Advice. *Sometimes Persons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of Nero, to practise the Trade of Fencing, and to fight upon the Stage, for his inhuman Diversion; otherwise, seldom any but common Slaves or condemn'd Malefactors were so employed: Which made it the greater Reflection on any Person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extravagance, for a Livelihood (like Rutilus) applied himself to that wretched Trade.*

Restrain'd by no Advice.

Hinting, that though he was not compelled to such a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a Shame that he was suffered to undertake it, and not advised, or commanded by the Magistracy, to the contrary.

4 Of the same wretched Kind, viz.
Reduced to Poverty by riotous living.

5 The broken Relic.

Broken, or defaced; that it might not be discovered to be his Mother's Picture, when exposed to Sale.

6 Ventidius. *A noble Roman, who lived Hospitably.*

7 Therſites. *An Impudent, Deformed, Ill-Tongued Fellow (as Homer describes him, Iliad 2.) who accompanied the Grecian Army to the Siege of Troy; where he took a Privilege often to rail and snarl at the Commanders. Some relate, that at last Achilles, for his Saucineſs, killed him with a Blow of his Fiſt. Therefore we are not to underſtand Juvenal, here, as relating a Matter of Fact; but Therſites is uſed here, to ſignify any Body of the ſame Kind: As before, Atticus and Rutilus. The Meaning is, that ſuch as he ought not (neither would he, had he been preſent) have preſumed to oppoſe Ajax and Ulyſſes in contending for Achilles his Armor. See his Character admirably improved by Mr. Dryden in his Tragedy of Truth found too late.*

8 Ulyſſes. *The moſt eloquent of all the Grecian Princes. After Achilles's Death, Ajax, a famed Grecian Warrior, pretended to his Armor; Ulyſſes oppoſed him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtained the Prize. Ovid. Metam. 13.*

9 Pollio. *Brought to that Paſs, by his Gluttony, that he was forced to ſell his Ring, the Mark of Honor and Diſtinction, worn by the Roman Knights.*

10 Aſtræa. *The Goddeſs of Juſtice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden Age.*

Ultima Cœlestûm Terras Astræa reliquit.

OVID.

11 *Perficus.* Juvenal's Friend, to whom he makes an Invitation, and addresses this Satire.

12 *Evander.* A Prince of Arcadia, who unluckily killing his Father, forsook his own Country, and came into Italy; settling in that Place, where afterwards Rome was built. Virgil, *Æn.* 8. tells us that he entertained both Hercules and *Æneas*, when he was in a low Condition.

13 *Alcides.* Hercules, so called from his Grandfather *Alcæus*.

14 *Curius Dentatus.* A Great Man who had been three Times Consul of Rome, and had triumphed over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.

15 A Dish in great Esteem among the Romans.

—Nil Vulva pulchrius ampla. HORAT.

16 If they killed a Sacrifice, and any Flesh remained to spare, it was prized as an accidental Rarity.

17 *Consul.* By the Tyranny of *Tarquinius Superbus*, (the last Roman King) the very Name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulsion, they assembled, and resolved to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Persons, who were to be chosen every Year anew, and whom they called *Consuls*.

18 *Dictator.* Was a General chosen upon some emergent Occasion; his Office was limited to six Months; which

which Time expired, (if Occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new Election. The Dictator differed in Nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the Duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not so hateful to the Romans.

19 Before th' appointed Hour.

It was accounted Greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our three o'Clock, Afternoon. But upon Festival Days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excusable in old People.

20 Censors. Were two great Officers, part of whose Business was to inspect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Misdemeanors: And in former Days they were so strict, that they stood in Awe one of another.

21 The Manner of the Romans Eating, was to lie upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoise-shells, Pearls, and Ivory.

22 Grecian Arts. The Romans copied their Luxury from the Greeks; the Imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us. Which occasions this Saying, with so much Indignation in our Poet, Sat. 3.

—Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem—

23 Romulus and Remus. *Twins, and Founders of the Roman Empire; whom the Poets feign were nursed by a Wolf: The Woman's Name being Lupa.*

24 *Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was displeasing even to the Gods themselves.*

25 *The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet Ointments, at their Feasts, immediately after Bathing.*

26 *Ivory was in great Esteem among them, and preferr'd to Silver.*

27 Trypherus. *There were in Rome, Professors of the Art of Carving; who taught publicly in Schools. Of this Kind, Trypherus was the most famous.*

28 Ganymede. *Cup-bearer.*

29 Phrygia. *Whence pretty Boys were brought to Rome, and sold publicly in the Markets, to vile Uses.*

30 *An usual Part of the Entertainment, when Great Men feasted, to have wanton Women dance after a lascivious Manner.*

31 *Virtue would shrink to hear this Lewdness told,*

*Which Husbands, now, do with their
Wives behold.*

These

These Lines in Juvenal,

Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,

Quod pudeat narrâsse aliquem præsentibus ipsis.

in some late Editions, are placed nearer the latter End of this Satire : And in the Order of this Translation, would so have followed, after Line 349, viz.

Such Shows as these, were not for us design'd,

But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.

But I have continued them in this Place after Lubin. Besides the Example of the Learned Holyday for the same Position; agreeing better here, in my Mind, with the Sense both before and after. For the Megalensian Games consisting chiefly of Races, and such like Exercises; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary Cause of Shame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifest Immodesty, for them to lie by their Husbands, and see the lewd Actions of their own Sex, in the Manner described.

32 Megalensian Shows. Games in Honor of Cybele, the Mother of the Gods. She was called *μεγάλη μήτηρ*, Magna Mater, and from thence these Games Megalesia, or Ludi Megalenses; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six Days.

33 Circus. The Place where those Games were celebrated.

34 Prætor. *An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to oversee these Sports, and sat in great State, while they were acting; to the Destruction of many Horses, which were spoiled in running the Races.*

35 The Green have won the Honor of the Day. *In running the Races in the Circus, with Horses in Chariots; there were four distinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a Kind of Russet Red, White, and Blue. One of these Factions was always favored by the Court, and at this Time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the Shouts, for Joy of their Party. Afterward Domitian added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.*

36 *Reflecting on the immoderate Fondness the Romans had for such Shows.*

37 Cannæ. *A small Town, near which Hannibal obtained a great Victory over the Romans: In that Battle were slain 40000 Men, and so many Gentlemen that he sent three Bushels full of Rings to Carthage, as a Token of his Victory.*

38 *See the Notes at Fig. 19.*

P R O L O G U E
T O
Q U E E N M A R Y,

Upon her Majesty's coming to see the OLD
B A T C H E L O R, after having seen the D O U -
B L E D E A L E R.

BY this repeated Act of Grace, we see
Wit is again the Care of Majesty;
And while thus honor'd our proud Stage appears,
We seem to rival Ancient Theatres.
Thus flourish'd Wit in our Forefathers' Age,
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.

Whose Wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our Audience will excel:
For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens*, seen
So fair a Circle, and so bright a Queen.

Long has the Muses Land been overcast,
And many rough and stormy Winters past;
Hid from the World, and thrown in Shades of
Night,
Of Heat depriv'd, and almost void of Light:

While

334 POEMS upon several Occasions.

While Wit, a hardy Plant, of Nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing Cold:
So does it still through Opposition grow,
As if its Root was warmer kept by Snow:
But when shot forth, then draws the *Danger* near,
On ev'ry Side the gath'ring Winds appear,
And Blasts destroy that Fruit, which Frosts
wou'd spare.

But now, new Vigor and new Life it knows,
And Warmth that from this Royal Prefence flows.

O wou'd she shine with Rays more frequent
here!

How gay wou'd then this drooping Land appear!
Then, like the Sun, with Pleasure she might view
The smiling Earth, cloth'd by her Beams anew.
O'er all the *Meads*, shou'd various Flowers be seen
Mix'd with the Laurel's never-fading Green,
The new Creation of a Gracious Queen.

E P I L O G U E

*At the Opening of the Queen's Theatre in the
Hay-Market, with an Italian Pastoral:
Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.*

W H A T E V E R future Fate our House
may find,
At present we expect you should be kind :
Inconstancy itself can claim no Right,
Before Enjoyment and the Wedding Night.
You must be fix'd a little ere you range,
You must be true 'till you have Time to change.
A Week at least; one Night is sure too soon;
But we pretend not to a Honey Moon.
To Novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new ?

This Day, without Presumption, we pretend
With Novelty entire you're entertain'd ;
For not alone our House and Scenes are new,
Our Song and Dance, but ev'n our Actors too.
Our Play itself has Something in't uncommon,
Two faithful Lovers, and *one* constant Woman.

In

In sweet *Italian* Strains our Shepherds sing, }
 Of harmless Loves our painted Forests ring }
 In Notes, perhaps less foreign than the *Thing*. }
 To Sound and Show at first we make Pretence, }
 In Time we may regale you with some Sense, }
 But that, at present, were too great Expence. }
 We only fear the *Beaux* may think it hard,
 To be to Night from smutty Jests debarr'd:
 But in good Breeding, sure, they'll once excuse
 Ev'n Modesty, when in a Stranger Muse.
 The Day's at Hand, when we shall shift the Scene,
 And to yourselves show your dear selves again:
 Paint the Reverse of what you've seen to Day,
 And in bold Strokes the vicious Town display.



P R O L O G U E

T O

P Y R R H U S King of *E P I R U S*.

OUR Age has much improv'd the War- }
 rior's Art; }
 For Fighting, now, is thought the weakest Part; }
 And a good Head, more useful than a Heart. }

This

This Way of War, does our Example yield;
That Stage will win, which longest keeps the Field.
We mean not Battle, when we bid Defiance;
But starving one another to Compliance.

Our Troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
And those which first are hungry, are subdu'd.
And there, in Truth, depends the great Decision:
They conquer, who cut off the Foe's Provision.
Let Fools, with Knocks and Bruises, keep a
Pother;

Our War and Trade, is to outwit each other.
But, hold: Will not the Politicians tell us,
That both our Conduct, and our Foresight, fail us,
To raise Recruits, and draw new Forces down,
Thus, in the dead Vacation of the Town?
To muster up our Rhymes, without our Reason,
And forage for an Audience out of Season?
Our Author's Fears must this false Step excuse;
'Tis the first Flight of a just-feather'd Muse:
Th' Occasion ta'en, when Critics are away;
Half Wits and Beaux, those ravenous Birds of Prey.
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their
Wrath,

Mauling, in mild Lampoon, th' intruding *Bath*.

Thus does our Author his first Flight commence;
 Thus, against Friends at first, with Foils we fence:
 Thus prudent *Gimcrack* try'd if he were able
 (Ere he'd wet Foot) to swim upon a Table.

Then spare the Youth; or if you'll damn the Play,
 Let him but first have his, then take your Day.



E P I L O G U E

T O

O R O O N O K O.

Spoken by Mrs. VERBRUGGEN.

YOU see we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and
 Arts,

To tempt your Favors, and regain your Hearts.
 We weep, and laugh, join Mirth and Grief to-
 gether,

Like Rain and Sunshine mixt, in *April* Weather.
 Your different Tastes divide our Poet's Cares:
 One Foot the Sock, t' other the Buskin wears:

Thus

Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like *Volscius*, Hip-hop, in a single Boot.

Critics, he knows, for this may damn his Books:
But he makes Feasts for Friends, and not for
Cooks.

Tho' Errant-Knights of late no Favor find,
Sure you will be to Ladies-Errant kind.

To follow Fame, Knights-Errant make Pro-
fession :

We Damsels fly, to save our Reputation :
So they, their Valor show, we, our Discretion. }

To Lands of Monsters and fierce Beasts, they go. }
We, to those Islands where rich Husbands grow: }
Tho' they're no Monsters, we may make 'em so. }

If they're of *English* Growth, they'll bear't with
Patience :

But save us from a Spouse of *Oroonoko's* Nations!
Then bless your Stars, you happy *London* Wives,
Who love at large, each Day, yet keep your
Lives:

Nor envy poor *Imoinda's* doting Blindness,
Who thought her Husband kill'd her out of Kind-
ness.

340 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

Death with a Husband ne'er had shewn such
Charms,

Had she once dy'd within a Lover's Arms.

Her Error was from Ignorance proceeding;

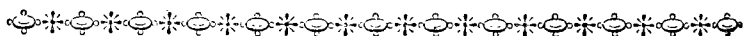
Poor Soul! she wanted some of our Town
Breeding.

Forgive the *Indian's* Fondness of her Spouse; }
'Their Law no Christian Liberty allows: }
Alas! they make a Conscience of their Vows! }

If Virtue in a Heathen be a Fault;

Then damn the Heathen School, where she
was taught.

She might have learnt to Cuckold, Jilt and Sham,
Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

HUSBAND his own CUCKOLD,

A Comedy written by Mr. J. DRYDEN, Junior.

THIS Year has been remarkable two Ways,
For blooming Poets, and for blasted Plays.

We've

We've been by much appearing Plenty mock'd,
At once both tandalis'd, and over-stock'd.
Our Authors too, by their Success of late,
Begin to think Third Days are out of Date.
What can the Cause be, that our Plays won't keep,
Unless they have a Rot some Years like Sheep?
For our Parts, we confess we're quite a-sham'd
To read such weekly Bills of Poets damn'd.
Each Parish knows 'tis but a mournful Case
When Christ'nings fall, and Funerals increase.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be Writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be such Wits, and write such
Things?

You're willing to be Wasps, but want the Stings.
Let not your Spleen provoke you to that Height,
'Odflife you don't know what you do, Sirs,
when you write.

You'll find that *Pegasus* has Tricks, when try'd, }
Tho' you make Nothing on't but up and ride; }
Ladies and all, i' Faith, now get astride. }
Contriving Characters, and Scenes, and Plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting Knots ;

With the same Ease, and Negligence of Thought,
 The charming Play is writ, and Fringe is wrought.
 Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
 When Ladies leave, that Beaux will take the
 Trade :

Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd stop,
 But shou'd they write, we must e'en shut up Shop.
 How shall we make this Mode of Writing sink? }
 A Mode, said I? 'Tis a Disease, I think, }
 A stubborn Tetter that's not cur'd with Ink. }
 For still it spreads, 'till each th' Infection takes,
 And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.

Our Play to Day is sprung from none of these, }
 Nor should you Damn it, tho' it does not please, }
 Since born without the Bounds of your four Seas. }
 For if you grant no Favor as 'tis new,
 Yet as a Stranger, there is Something due :
 From *Rome* (to try its Fate) this Play was sent,
 Start not at *Rome*, for there's no Popery meant;
 Tho' there the Poet may his Dwelling choose,
 Yet still he knows his Country claims his Muse.
 Hither an Offering his First-born he sends,
 Whose good, or ill Success, on you depends.

Yet

Yet he has Hope some Kindness may be shown, }
As due to greater Merit than his own, }
And begs the Sire may for the Son atone. }
There's his last Refuge, if the Play don't take,
Yet spare young *Dryden* for his Father's Sake.



P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

C O U R T,

On the *QUEEN's* Birth-Day, 1704.

THE happy Muse, to this high Scene pre-
ferr'd,

Hereafter shall in loftier Strains be heard ;
And, soaring to transcend her usual Theme,
Shall sing of Virtue and Heroic Fame.
No longer shall she toil upon the Stage,
And fruitless War with Vice and Folly wage ;
No more in mean Disguise she shall appear,
And Shapes she wou'd reform be forc'd to wear :

344 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

While Ignorance and Malice join, to blame,
And break the Mirror that reflects their Shame.
Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler Task,
Show her bright Virgin Face, and scorn the
 Satyr's Mask.

Happy her future Days! which are design'd
Alone to paint the Beauties of the Mind.
By just Originals to draw with Care,
And Copy from the Court a faultless Fair:
Such Labors with Success her Hopes may crown,
And shame to Manners an incorrigible Town.

While this Design her eager Thought pursues, }
Such various Virtues all around she views, }
She knows not where to fix, or which to choose. }

Yet still ambitious of the daring Flight,
ONE only awes her with superior Light.

From that Attempt the conscious Muse retires, }
Nor to Inimitable Worth aspires; }
But secretly applauds, and silently admires. }

Hence she reflects upon the genial Ray
That first enliven'd this Auspicious Day:
On that bright Star, to whose Indulgent Pow'r
We owe the Blessings of the Present Hour.

Concurring

Concurring Omens of propitious Fate
Bore, with One Sacred Birth, an equal Date:
Whence we derive whatever we possess,
By Foreign Conquest, or Domestic Peace.

Then, *Britain*, then thy Dawn of Bliss begun:
Then broke the Morn that lighted up this Sun!
Then was it doom'd whose Councils shou'd suc-
ceed;
And by whose Arm the Christian World be
freed;
Then the fierce Foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the Battle won at *Blenheim's* Glori-
ous Field.

THE
T E A R S
O F
AMARYLLIS for *AMYNTAS*,
A
P A S T O R A L.

Lamenting the DEATH of
The late Lord Marquis of *BLANFORD*.

Inscribed to the
Right Honorable the Lord *GODOLPHIN*,
Lord High Treasurer of *England*.

Qualis populea mærens Philomela sub umbra

Amiffos queritur fætus——

—————*miferabile Carmen*

Integrat, et mæstis late loca questibus implet.

Virg. Georg. 4.

TWAS at the Time, when new returning
Light,

With welcome Rays begins to chear the Sight;
When grateful Birds prepare their Thanks to pay,
And warble Hymns to hail the dawning Day;
When

When woolly Flocks their bleating Cries renew,
And from their fleecy Sides first shake the silver
Dew.

'Twas then that *Amaryllis*, Heav'nly Fair,
Wounded with Grief, and wild with her Despair,
Forsook her Myrtle Bow'r and Rosy Bed,
To tell the Winds her Woes, and mourn *Amyntas*
dead.

Who had a Heart so hard, that heard her Cries
And did not weep? Who such relentless Eyes?
Tigers and Wolves their wonted Rage forego, }
And dumb Distress and new Compassion show, }
As taught by her to taste of Human Woe. }

Nature herself attentive Silence kept,
And Motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery Course,
And rapid Rivers listen'd at their Source;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying Sound,
Left Repetition should her Accents drown;
The very Morning Wind with-held his Breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant Wings the noiseless
Trees;

As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the Grave with lov'd *Amyntas* laid.

348 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

No Voice, no whisp'ring Sigh, no murm'ring
Groan,

Prefum'd to mingle with a Mother's Moan;
Her Cries alone her Anguish could exprefs,
All other Mourning would have made it lefs.

Hear me, the cry'd, ye Nymphs and Sylvan
Gods,

Inhabitants of thefe once lov'd Abodes ;
Hear my Distrefs, and lend a pitying Ear,
Hear my Complaint—you would not hear my
Pray'r ;

The Lofs which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me *Amyntas* now no more.

Have I not Cause, ye cruel Pow'rs, to mourn?
Lives there like me another Wretch forlorn ?

Tell me, thou Sun that round the World doft fhine,
Hast thou beheld another Lofs like mine ?

Ye Winds, who on your Wings fad Accents bear,
And catch the Sounds of Sorrow and Defpair,

Tell me if e'er your tender Pinions bore
Such Weight of Woe, fuch deadly Sighs before?

Tell me, thou Earth, on whose wide-fpreading
Bafe

The wretched Load is laid of Human Race,

Doft

Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress'd?
Lie all the Dead so heavy on thy Breast?
When hoary Winter on thy shrinking Head
His icy, cold, depressing Hand has laid,
Hast thou not felt less Chilness in thy Veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing Pains?
But why to thee do I relate my Woe,
Thou cruel Earth, my most remorseless Foe!
Within whose darksome Womb the Grave is made,
Where all my Joys are with *Amyntas* laid?
What is't to me, tho' on thy naked Head
Eternal Winter should his Horror shed,
Tho' all thy Nerves were numb'd with endless Frost,
And all thy Hopes of future Spring were lost?
To me what Comfort can the Spring afford?
Can my *Amyntas* be with Spring restor'd?
Can all the Rains that fall from weeping Skies,
Unlock the Tomb where my *Amyntas* lies?
No, never! never!—Say then, rigid Earth,
What is to me thy everlasting Dearth?
Tho' never Flow'r again its Head should rear,
Tho' never Tree again should Blossom bear;
Tho' never Grass should clothe the naked Ground,
Nor ever healing Plant or wholesome Herb be
found. None,

350 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

None, none were found when I bewail'd their
Want;

Nor wholefome Herb was found, nor healing Plant,
To ease *Amyntas* of his cruel Pains;

In vain I search'd the Vallies, Hills and Plains;
But wither'd Leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous Weeds distilling deadly Dew.

And if some naked Stalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a fresh and friendly Bud essay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender Shoot,
A shrieking Mandrake kill'd it at the Root.

Witness to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry Wood,
Who at the Prodigy astonish'd stood.

Well I remember what sad Signs ye made,
What Show'rs of unavailing Tears ye shed;
How each ran fearful to his mossy Cave,
When the last Gasps the dear *Amyntas* gave.

For then the Air was fill'd with dreadful Cries,
And sudden Night o'erspread the darken'd Skies;
Phantoms, and Fiends, and wand'ring Fires ap-
pear'd,

And Screams of ill-prefaging Birds were heard.
The Forest shook, and flinty Rocks were cleft,
And frighted Streams their wonted Channels left,

With

With frantic Grief o'erflowing fruitful Ground,
Where many a Herd and harmless Swain was
drown'd.

While I forlorn and desolate was left,
Of ev'ry Help, of ev'ry Hope bereft ;
To ev'ry Element expos'd I lay,
And to my Griefs a more defenceless Prey.
For thee, *Amyntas*, all these Pains were born,
For thee these Hands were wrung, these Hairs
were torn ;

For thee my Soul to fight shall never leave,
These Eyes to weep, this throbbing Heart to heave.
To mourn thy Fall I'll fly the hated Light,
And hide my Head in Shades of endless Night:
For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me;
The Sun but thankless shines that shows not thee.
Wert thou not Lovely, Graceful, Good and
Young?

The Joy of Sight, the Talk of ev'ry Tongue?
Did ever Branch so sweet a Blossom bear?
Or ever early Fruit appear so fair?
Did ever Youth so far his Years transcend?
Did ever Life so immaturely end?

For thee the tuneful Swains provided Lays,
 And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy future Praise.
 For thee the busy Nymphs stripp'd ev'ry Grove,
 And Myrtle Wreaths and flow'ry Chaplets wove,
 But now, ah dismal Change! the tuneful Throng
 To loud Lamentings turn the chearful Song.
 Their pleasing Task the weeping Virgins leave,
 And with unfinish'd Garlands strow thy Grave.
 There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
 There grieving grow to Earth, despair, and die.

This said, her loud Complaint of Force she
 ceas'd,

Excess of Grief her falt'ring Speech suppress'd.
 Along the Ground her colder Limbs she laid,
 Where late the Grave was for *Amyntas* made;
 Then from her swimming Eyes began to pour,
 Of softly falling Rain, a Silver Show'r;
 Her loosely flowing Hair, all radiant bright,
 O'erspread the dewy Grass like Streams of Light:
 As if the Sun had of his Beams been shorn,
 And cast to Earth the Glories he had worn.
 A Sight so lovely sad, such deep Distress
 No Tongue can tell, no Pencil can express.

And

And now the Winds, which had so long been
still,

Began the swelling Air with Sighs to fill;
The Water-Nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like Images of Ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their Streams; as when descending
Rains

Roll the steep Torrents headlong o'er the Plains.
The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her Cries, and at her Griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid Yell,
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but Groans and Sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiply'd each mournful Sound.

When all at once an universal Pause
Of Grief was made, as from some secret Cause.
The balmy Air with fragrant Scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping Tree had Gums distill'd.
Such, if not sweeter, was the rich Perfume
Which swift ascended from *Amyntas'* Tomb;
As if th' *Arabian* Bird her Nest had fir'd,
And on the spicy Pile were new expir'd.

And now the Turf, which late was naked seen,
Was sudden spread with lively springing Green;

354 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

And *Amaryllis* saw, with wond'ring Eyes,
A flow'ry Bed, where she had wept, arise;
Thick as the pearly Drops the Fair had shed,
The blowing Buds advanc'd their Purple Head;
From ev'ry Tear that fell, a Violet grew,
And thence their Sweetness came, and thence
their mournful Hue.

Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids,
When Solitude ye seek in gloomy Shades;
Or walk on Banks where silent Waters flow,
For there this lonely Flower will love to grow.
Think on *Amyntas*, oft as ye shall stoop
To crop the Stalks and take 'em softly up.
When in your snowy Necks their Sweets you
wear,
Give a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear:
To lov'd *Amyntas* pay the Tribute due,
And bless his peaceful Grave, where first they
grew.

T O

C R N T H I A,

Weeping and not Speaking.

E L E G Y.

WHY are those Hours, which Heav'n in
Pity lent

To longing Love, in fruitless Sorrow spent?

Why sighs my Fair? Why does that Bosom move

With any Passion stir'd, but rising Love?

Can Discontent find Place within that Breast,

On whose soft Pillows ev'n Despair might rest?

Divide thy Woes, and give me my sad Part.

I am no Stranger to an aching Heart;

Too well I know the Force of inward Grief,

And well can bear it, to give you Relief:

All Love's severest Pangs I can endure;

I can bear Pain, tho' hopeless of a Cure.

I know what 'tis to Weep, and Sigh, and Pray,

To wake all Night, yet dread the breaking Day;

I know what 'tis to Wish, and Hope, and all in

vain,

And meet, for humble Love, unkind Disdain;

356 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

Anger, and Hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, Jealousy — and I have felt Despair.
These Pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to Love,
'Till warm Compassion took at length my Part,
And melted to my Wish your yielding Heart.
O the dear Hour, in which you did resign! }
When round my Neck your willing Arms did }
twine, }
And, in a Kiss, you said your Heart was mine. }
Thro' each returning Year, may that Hour be
Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity;
Gay be the Sun, that Hour, in all his Light, }
Let him collect the Day, to be more bright, }
Shine all, that Hour, and let the rest be Night. }
And shall I all this Heav'n of Blifs receive
From you, yet not lament to see you grieve?
Shall I, who nourish'd in my Breast Desire,
When your cold Scorn and Frowns forbid the
Fire;
Now, when a mutual Flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear Union of our Souls is seal'd,
When all my Joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not share the Sorrows of your Mind?

O tell me, tell me All—whence does arise
This Flood of Tears? whence are these frequent
Sighs?

Why does that lovely Head, like a fair Flow'r
Oppress'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,
Bend with its Weight of Grief, and seem to grow
Downward to Earth, and kiss the Root of Woe?
Lean on my Breast, and let me fold thee fast,
Lock'd in these Arms, think all thy Sorrows past;
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I should think, were I so held by thee.
Murmur thy Complaints, and gently wound my Ears;
Sigh on my Lip, and let me drink thy Tears;
Join to my Cheek, thy Cold and Dewy Face,
And let pale Grief to glowing Love give Place.
O speak—for Woe in Silence most appears;
Speak, ere my Fancy magnify my Fears.
Is there a Cause, which Words cannot express?
Can I not bear a Part, nor make it less?
I know not what to think—Am I in Fault?
I have not, to my Knowledge, err'd in Thought,
Nor wander'd from my Love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the World, to live depriv'd of thee.

358 POEMS upon several Occasions.

You weep afresh, and at that Word you start!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part?
Curse on that Word so ready to be spoke,
For through my Lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
And my Tongue talks, unprompted by my Heart.
Yet speak, for my Distraction grows apace,
And racking Fears, and restless Doubts increase;
And Fears and Doubts to *Jealousy* will turn,
The hottest Hell, in which a Heart can burn.



A M O R E T.

I.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry Lover;
I'll tell the Signs, by which you may
The wand'ring Shepherdes discover.

II.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful Care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III. With

III.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet changè so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd perswade they wound by Chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that she despises.



L E S B I A.

WHEN *Lesbia* first I saw so heav'nly fair,
With Eyes so bright, and with that aw-
ful Air,
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his, who snatch'd Celestial Fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous Idiot spoke,
Forth from her Coral Lips such Folly broke,
Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my
Wound,
And what her Eyes enthral'd, her Tongue un-
bound.

D O R I S.

DORIS, a Nymph of riper Age,
 Has ev'ry Grace and Art,
 A wise Observer to engage,
 Or wound a heedless Heart.
 Of native Blush, and rosy Die,
 Time has her Cheek bereft;
 Which makes the prudent Nymph supply,
 With Paint, th'injurious Theft.
 Her sparkling Eyes she still retains,
 And Teeth in good Repair;
 And her well-furnish'd Front disdains
 To grace with borrow'd Hair.
 Of Size, she is not short, nor tall,
 And does to Fat incline
 No more, than what the *French* wou'd call
Aimable Emboupoint.
 Farther, her Person to disclose
 I leave—let it suffice,
 She has few Faults, but what she knows,
 And can with Skill disguise.

She

She many Lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd ;
Which, like her Clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aside.
She's one, who looks with great Contempt
On each affected Creature,
Whose Nicety would seem exempt,
From Appetites of Nature.
She thinks they want or Health or Sense,
Who want an Inclination ;
And therefore never takes Offence
At him who pleads his Passion.
Whom she refuses, she treats still
With so much sweet Behaviour,
That her Refusal, through her Skill,
Looks almost like a Favor.
Since she this Softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects.
But here our *Doris* far outgoes
All that her Sex have done ;
She no Regard for Custom knows,
Which Reason bids her shun.

362 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

By *Reason*, her own *Reason's* meant,
Or if you please, her *Will*:
For when this last is Discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.
Peculiar therefore is her Way;
Whether by Nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by Experience bought.
But who o'er Night obtain'd her Grace,
She can next Day disown,
And stare upon the strange Man's Face,
As one she ne'er had known.
So well she can the Truth disguise,
Such artful Wonder frame,
The Lover or distrusts his Eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a Dream.
Some, censure this as Lewd and Low,
Who are to Bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble Mind.
Doris, our Thanks nor asks, nor needs,
For all her Favors done:
From her Love flows, as Light proceeds
Spontaneous from the Sun.

On one or other, still her Fires
Display their genial Force ;
And she, like *Sol*, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of Course.



T O

S L E E P.

E L E G Y.

O Sleep! thou Flatterer of happy Minds,
How soon a troubled Breast thy False-
hood finds!

Thou common Friend, officious in thy Aid,
Where no Distress is shown, nor Want betray'd:
But oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The Wretch, by Fortune or by Love undone!
Where are thy gentle Dews, thy softer Pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my Midnight Hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring Wings to spread,
With friendly Shade around my restless Bed?
Can no Complaining thy Compassion move?
Is thy Antipathy so strong to Love?

O

364 POEMS upon several Occasions.

O no! thou art the prosp'rous Lover's Friend,
And dost, uncall'd, his pleasing Toils attend.
With equal Kindness, and with rival Charms,
Thy Slumbers lull him in his fair One's Arms;
Or from her Bosom he to thine retires,
Where sooth'd with Ease, the panting Youth re-
spires,
'Till soft Repose restore his drooping Sense,
And Rapture is reliev'd by Indolence.
But oh! what Fortune does the Lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by Despair!
From racking Thoughts by no kind Slumber
freed,
But painful Nights his joyless Days succeed.
But why, dull God, do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my Pain.
Forgive what my distracting Grief has said,
I own, unjustly I thy Sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd Aid repell'd,
And my Reluctant Eyes from Rest with-held;
Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle Chains,
And sung with *Philomel* my nightly Strains.
With her I sing, but cease not with her Song,
For more enduring Woes my Lays prolong.

The

The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note,
And tunes to my Distress his warbling Throat :
Each setting and each rising Sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his Absence and Return.
And all for thee—What had I well nigh said ?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming Maid!
No—as the wing'd Musicians of the Grove,
Th' Associates of my Melody and Love,
In moving Sounds alone relate their Pain ;
And not with Voice articulate complain ;
So shall my Muse my tuneful Sorrows sing,
And lose in Air her Name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful Thoughts her Mind molest,
Soft be her Slumbers, and sincere her Rest :
For her, O Sleep, thy balmy Sweets prepare ;
The Peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush'd as the falling Dews, whose noiseless Show'rs
Impale the folded Leaves of Ev'ning Flow'rs,
Steal on her Brow : And as those Dews attend,
'Till warn'd by waking Day to re-ascend ;
So wait thou for her Morn ; then, gently rise,
And to the World restore the Day-break of her
Eyes.

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occasioned

By L——y ——s Picture.

I Yield, O *Kneller*, to superior Skill,
Thy Pencil triumphs o'er the Poet's Quill:
If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her Lays,
It is no more to Rival thee, but Praise.

Oft have I try'd, with unavailing Care,
To trace some Image of the much-lov'd Fair;
But still my Numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring Hands, with matchless Art,
Have shewn my Eyes th' Impression in my Heart;
The bright Idea both exists and lives,
Such vital Heat thy genial Pencil gives:
Whose daring Point, not to the Face confin'd,
Can penetrate the Heart, and paint the Mind.
Others some faint Resemblance may express,
Which, as 'tis drawn by Chance, we find by Guess.

Thy

Thy Pictures raise no Doubts, when brought
to View,

At once they're known, and seem to know us too:
Transcendent Artist! How complete thy Skill!
Thy Pow'r to act, is equal to thy Will.
Nature and Art, in thee, alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend:
For what thy Fancy has with Fire design'd,
Is by thy Skill, both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy Pictures, Light consents with Shade,
And each to other is subservient made;
Judgment and Genius so concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect Harmony.

But After-days, my Friend, must do thee Right,
And set thy Virtues in unenvy'd Light.

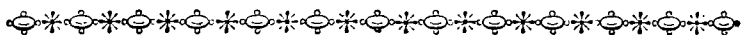
Fame due to vast Desert, is kept in Store,
Unpay'd, 'till the Deserver is no more.

Yet, thou, in present, the best Part hast gain'd,
And, from the Chosen Few, Applause obtain'd:
Ev'n He who best cou'd judge and best cou'd
praise,

Has high extoll'd thee, in his deathless Lays;
Ev'n *Dryden* has immortalis'd thy Name;
Let that alone suffice thee, think that, Fame.

Unfit

Unfit I follow, where he led the Way,
 And court Applause, by what I seem to pay.
 Myself I praise, while I thy Praise intend,
 For 'tis some Virtue, Virtue to commend:
 And, next to Deeds, which our own Honor raise,
 Is, to distinguish them who merit Praise.



T O A

C A N D L E.

E L E G Y.

THOU watchful Taper, by whose silent
 Light,

I lonely pass the melancholy Night ;
 Thou faithful Witness of my secret Pain,
 To whom alone I venture to complain ;
 O learn with me, my hopeless Love to moan ;
 Commiserate a Life so like thy own.

Like thine, my Flames to my Destruction turn,
 Wasting that Heart, by which supply'd they burn.

Like thine, my Joy and Suffering they display,
 At once, are Signs of Life, and Symptoms of

Decay.

And

And as thy fearful Flames the Day decline,
And only during Night presume to shine ;
Their humble Rays not daring to aspire
Before the Sun, the Fountain of their Fire :
So mine, with conscious Shame, and equal Awe,
To Shades obscure and Solitude withdraw ;
Nor dare their Light before her Eyes disclose,
From whose bright Beams their Being first arose.



O V I D' s

T H I R D B O O K

O F T H E

A R T O F L O V E.

Translated into *ENGLISH VERSE.*

Wherein he recommends Rules and Instructions to the Fair Sex, in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already compos'd two Books for the Use of Men, upon the same Subject.

THE Men are arm'd, and for the Fight
prepare,

And now we must instruct and arm the Fair.

V O L. III.

A a

Both

370 P O E M S upon Several Occasions.

Both Sexes, well appointed, take the Field,
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show
Unequal Force against a naked Foe :

No Glory from such Conquest can be gain'd,
And Odds are always by the Brave disdain'd.
But, some exclaim, what Phrensy rules your Mind?
Would you increase the Craft of Woman-kind?
Teach them new Wiles and Arts? As well you may
Instruct a Snake to bite, or Wolf to prey.

But, sure, too hard a Censure they pursue,
Who charge on all, the Failings of a few.

Examine, first, impartially each Fair,
Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.

If ¹ *Menelaus*, and the King of Men,

With Justice, of their Sister-Wives complain ;

If false ² *Eriphyle* forsook her Faith,

And for Reward procur'd her Husband's Death ;

Penelope ³ was Loyal still, and Chaste,

Tho' twenty Years her Lord in Absence pass'd.

Reflect how ⁴ *Laodamia*'s Truth was try'd,

Who, tho' in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Pride,

To share her Husband's Fate, untimely dy'd. }
}

Think

Think how ⁵ *Alceste's* Piety was prov'd,
 Who lost her Life, to save the Man she lov'd.
 Receive me, *Capaneus*, ⁶ *Evadne* cry'd;
 Nor Death itself our Nuptials shall divide:
 To join thy Ashes, pleas'd I shall expire.
 She said, and leap'd amid the Fun'ral Fire.
 Virtue⁷ herself a Goddess we confess,
 Both Female in her Name and in her Dress;
 No Wonder then, if to her Sex inclin'd,
 She cultivates with Care a Female Mind.
 But these exalted Souls exceed the Reach
 Of that soft Art, which I pretend to teach.
 My tender Bark requires a gentle Gale,
 A little Wind will fill a little Sail.
 Of sportful Loves I sing, and show what Ways
 The willing Nymph must use, her Blifs to raise, }
 And how to captivate the Man she'd please. }
 Woman is soft, and of a tender Heart,
 Apt to receive, and to return Love's Dart:
 Man has a Breast robust, and more secure,
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
 Men oft are false; and, if you search with Care,
 You'll find less Fraud imputed to the Fair.

372 POEMS upon several Occasions.

The faithless ⁸ *Jason* from *Medea* fled,
And made *Creüsa* Partner of his Bed.
Bright ⁹ *Ariadne*, on an unknown Shore,
Thy Absence, perjur'd *Theseus*, did deplore.
If then, the wild Inhabitants of Air
Forbore her tender lovely Limbs to tear,
It was not owing, *Theseus*, to thy Care. }
Enquire the Cause, and let *Demophon* tell,
Why ¹⁰ *Phyllis* by a Fate untimely fell.
Nine Times, in vain, upon the promis'd Day,
She fought th' appointed Shore, and view'd the
Sea :

Her Fall the fading Trees consent to mourn,
And shed their Leaves round her lamented Urn.

The Prince so far for Piety renown'd,
To thee, ¹¹ *Eliza*, was unfaithful found ;
To thee forlorn, and languishing with Grief,
His Sword alone he left, thy last Relief.
Ye ruin'd Nymphs, shall I the Cause impart
Of all your Woes? 'Twas want of needful Art.
Love, of itself, too quickly will expire ;
But pow'rful Art perpetuates Desire.
Women had yet their Ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this Art by *Venus* been reveal'd.

Before

Before my Sight the *Cyprian* Goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; *What have poor Women done?*
Why is that weak, defenceleſs Sex expos'd;
On ev'ry Side, by Men well-arm'd, enclos'd?
Twice are the Men instructed by the Muſe,
Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the Sex reſuſe.
The ¹² Bard who injur'd Helen in his Song,
Recanted after, and redreſs'd the Wrong.
And you, if on my Favor you depend,
The Cauſe of Women, while you live, defend.
This ſaid, a Myrtle Sprig, which Berries bore,
She gave me, (for a Myrtle Wreath ſhe wore)
The Gift receiv'd, my Senſe enlighten'd grew,
And from her Preſence Inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye Nymphs, by Wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my Precepts, while ſhe prompts my
Mind.

Ev'n now, in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,
Beware of coming Age, nor waſte your Time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning Years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet Delight:
For rolling Years, like ſtealing Waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing Tide:

374 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

Think not, *hereafter* will the Lofs repay ;
For ev'ry Morrow will the Taſte decay,
And leave leſs Reliſh than the former Day. }
}

I've ſeen the Time, when, on that wither'd Thorn,
The blooming Roſe vy'd with the bluſhing Morn;
With fragrant Wreaths I thence have deck'd
my Head,

And ſee, how leafleſs now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the Love-ſick Youth reject,
Will prove, in Age, what Pains attend Neglect.
None, then, will preſs upon your Midnight
Hours,

Nor wake, to ſtrow your Street with Morning
Flow'rs.

Then nightly Knockings at your Door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs Hammer, then, may reſt in
Peace.

Alas, how ſoon a clear Complexion fades !
How ſoon a wrinkled Skin plump Fleſh invades !
And what avails it, tho' the Fair One ſwears
She from her Infancy had ſome Gray Hairs ?
She grows all hoary in a few more Years,
And then the venerable Truth appears.

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may caft,
And both renew their Youth and Vigor paft :
But no Receipt can Human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit Age, without Reprieve.
Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its Stalk muft die.
Befides, the tender Sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent Births, too foon will Youth impair:
Continual Harveft wears the fruitful Field,
And Earth itfelf decays, too often till'd.
Thou didft not, *Cynthia*, fcorn the ¹³ *Latmian*
Swain ;
Nor thou, *Aurora*, ¹⁴ *Cephalus* difdain ;
The *Paphian* Queen, who, for ¹⁵ *Adonis*' Fate,
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet
Has not been found inexorable fince ;
Witness ¹⁶ *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan* Prince.
Then take Example, Mortals, from above,
And like Immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refufe not thofe Delights, which Men require,
Nor let your Lovers languifh with Defire.
Falfe tho' they prove, what Lofs can you fuffain?
Thence let a thoufand take, 'twill all remain.

376 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

Tho' constant Use, ev'n Flint and Steel impairs,
What you employ no Diminution fears.
Who would, to light a Torch, their Torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an Ocean dry?
Still Women lose, you cry, if Men obtain:
What do they lose, that's worthy to retain¹⁷?
Think not this said to prostitute the Sex,
But undeceive whom needless Fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle Breeze supplies our Sail,
Now launch'd to Sea, we ask a brisker Gale.
And, first, we treat of Drefs. The well-drefs'd Vine
Produces plumpest Grapes, and richest Wine;
And plenteous Crops of golden Grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated Ground.
Beauty's the Gift of Gods, the Sex's Pride!
Yet, to how many, is that Gift deny'd!
Art helps a Face; a Face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful Care.
In ancient Days, if Women slighted Drefs,
Then Men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
If *Hector's*¹⁸ Spouse was clad in stubborn Stuff,
A Soldier's Wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample Breast, provides
Seven lusty Bulls, and tans their sturdy Hides;

And

And might not he, d'ye think, be well caref'd,
And yet his Wife not elegantly drefs'd?
With rude Simplicity *Rome* first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This ¹⁹ Capitol with that of Old compare;
Some other *Jove*, you'd think, was worshipp'd
there.

That lofty Pile, where Senates dictate Law,
When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with
Straw :

And where *Apollo's* Fane refulgent stands,
Was heretofore a Tract of Pasture-Lands.
Let ancient Manners other Men delight;
But me the Modern please, as more Polite.
Not, that Materials now in Gold are wrought,
And distant Shores for Orient Pearls are fought;
Nor for, that Hills exhaust their Marble Veins,
And Structures rise whose Bulk the Sea restrains:
But, that the World is civilis'd of late,
And polish'd from the Rust of former Date.
Let not the Nymph with Pendants load her Ear,
Nor in Embroid'ry, or Brocade, appear;
Too rich a Drefs may fometimes check Desire;
And Cleanliness more animate Love's Fire.

The

378 POEMS upon several Occasions.

The Hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a Grace,
And much become, or misbecome the Face.
What suits your Features, of your Glafs enquire,
For no one Rule is fix'd for Head-Attire.

A Face too long, shou'd part and flat the Hair,
Left, upward comb'd, the Length too much appear:

So *Laodamia* drefs'd. A Face too round,
Shou'd show the Ears, and with a Tower be crown'd.

On either Shoulder, one, her Locks displays;
Adorn'd like *Phæbus*, when he sings his Lays:
Another, all her Tresses ties behind;
So drefs'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful Hind.
Dishevell'd Locks most graceful are to some;
Others, the binding Fillets more become:
Some plait, like Spiral Shells, their braided Hair,
Others, the loose and waving Curl prefer.
But, to recount the several Dresses worn,
Which artfully each sev'ral Face adorn,
Were endless, as to tell the Leaves on Trees,
The Beasts on *Alpine* Hills, or *Hybla's* Bees.
Many there are, who seem to slight all Care,
And with a pleasing Negligence ensnare;

Whole

Whole Mornings oft, in such a Drefs are spent,
And all is Art, that looks like Accident.

With such Disorder ^{so} *Iole* was grac'd,
When great *Alcides* first the Nymph embrac'd.
So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus*' Bed,
When with the Conqueror from *Crete* she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the Sex, repays
The Losses they sustain, by various Ways.
Men ill supply those Hairs they shed in Age,
Lost, like Autumnal Leaves, when North Winds
rage.

Women, with Juice of Herbs, gray Locks disguise,
And Art gives Color which with Nature vies.
The well-wove Towers they wear, their own are
thought :

But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they blush to buy Heads ready dress'd,
And choose, at public Shops, what suits'em best.

Costly Apparel let the Fair One fly,
Enrich'd with Gold, or with the *Tyrian* Die.
What Folly must in such Expence appear,
When more becoming Colors are less dear!
One, with a Die is ting'd of lovely Blue ;
Such as, thro' Air serene, the Sky we view.

With

380 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

With yellow Lustre see another spread,
As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the Thread.
Some, of the Sea-green Wave the Cast display;
With this, the *Naiads* their bright Forms array:
And some, the Saffron Hue will well adorn;
Such is the Mantle of the blushing Morn.
Of Myrtle Berries, one, the Tincture shows; }
In this, of Amethysts, the Purple glows, }
And, that, more imitates the paler Rose. }
Nor *Thracian* Cranes forget, whose silv'ry Plumes
Give Patterns, which employ the mimic Looms.
Nor Almond, nor the Chestnut Die disclaim;
Nor others, which from Wax derive their Name.
As Fields you find, with various Flow'rs o'er-
spread,
When Vineyards bud, and Winter's Frost is fled;
So various are the Colors you may try,
Of which, the thirsty Wool imbibes the Die.
Try ev'ry one; what best becomes you, wear;
For no Complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the Skin, Black may become it best,
In Black the lovely Fair ²¹ *Briseis* drefs'd:
If brown the Nymph, let her be cloth'd in White,
Andromeda ²² so charm'd the wond'ring Sight.

I need not warn you of too pow'ful Smells,
Which, sometimes Health, or kindly Heat expels.
Nor, from your tender Legs to pluck with Care
The casual Growth of all unseemly Hair.
Tho' not to Nymphs of ²³ *Caucasus* I sing,
Nor such who taste remote the *Myfian* ²⁴ Spring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no Neglect,
You let your Teeth disclose the least Defect.
You know the Use of *White* to make you fair,
And how, with *Red*, lost Color to repair;
Imperfect Eye-brows you by Art can mend,
And Skin, when wanting, o'er a Scar extend.
Nor need the Fair One be asham'd, who tries,
By Art, to add new Lustre to her Eyes.

A little Book ²⁵ I've made, but with great Care,
How to preserve the Face, and how repair.
In that, the Nymphs, by Time or Chance annoy'd,
May see, what Pains to please 'em I've employ'd.
But, still beware, that from your Lover's Eye
You keep conceal'd the Med'cines you apply:
Tho' Art assists, yet must that Art be hid,
Left, whom it would invite, it should forbid.

Who

382 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Who would not take Offence, to see a Face
 All daub'd, and dripping with the melted Grease?
 And tho' your Unguents bear th' *Athenian* Name,
 The Wool's unfav'ry Scent is still the same.
 Marrow of Stags, nor your *Pomatums* try,
 Nor clean your furry Teeth, when Men are by;
 For many Things, when done, afford Delight,
 Which yet, while doing, may offend the Sight.
 Even *Myro's* ²⁶ Statues, which for Art surpass
 All others, once were but a shapeless Mass;
 Rude was that Gold which now in Rings is worn,
 As once the Robe you wear was Wool unshorn.
 Think, how that Stone rough in the Quarry grew,
 Which, now, a perfect *Venus* shows to View.
 While we suppose you sleep, repair your Face,
 Lock'd from Observers, in some secret Place.
 Add the last Hand, before yourselves you show;
 Your Need of Art, why should your Lover know?
 For many Things, when most conceal'd, are best;
 And few, of strict Enquiry, bear the Test.
 Those Figures which in Theatres are seen,
 Gilded without, are common Wood within.
 But no Spectators are allow'd to pry,
 'Till all is finish'd, which allures the Eye.

Yet

Yet, I must own, it oft affords Delight,
To have the Fair One comb her Hair in Sight;
To view the flowing Honors of her Head
Fall on her Neck, and o'er her Shoulders spread.
But let her look, that she with Care avoid
All fretful Humors, while she's so employ'd;
Let her not still undo, with peevish Haste,
All that her Woman does; who does her best.
I hate a Vixen, that her Maid assails,
And scratches with her Bodkin, or her Nails;
While the poor Girl in Blood and Tears must
mourn,
And her Heart curses, what her Hands adorn.

Let her who has no Hair, or has but some,
Plant Centinels before her Dressing-Room:
Or in the Fane of the good Goddess dress,
Where all the Male-kind are debarr'd Access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a Tale devis'd)
A Lady at her Toilet once surpris'd;
Who starting, snatch'd in Haste the Tower she
wore,

And in her Hurry, plac'd the hinder Part before.
But on our Foes fall ev'ry such Disgrace,
Or barb'rous Beauties of the *Parthian* Race.

384 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Ungraceful 'tis to see without a Horn,
The lofty Hart, whom Branches best adorn;
A leafless Tree, or an unverdant Mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairless Head.

But think not, these Instructions are design'd
For first-rate Beauties, of the finish'd Kind:
Not to a *Semele*, or ²⁷ *Leda* bright,
Nor an ²⁸ *Europa*, these my Rules I write;
Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach, whose charms
Stirr'd up *Atrides*, and all *Greece*, to Arms:
Thee to regain, well was that War begun,
And *Paris* well defended what he won;
What Lover, or what Husband, would not fight
In such a Cause, where both are in the right?

The Crowd, I teach, some homely, and some
fair;

But of the former Sort, the larger Share.
The handsome, least require the Help of Art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's Part.
When calm the Sea, at ease the Pilot lies,
But all his Skill exerts when Storms arise.

Faults in your Person, or your Face, correct;
And few are seen that have not some Defect.

The Nymph too short, her Seat should seldom quit,
Left, when she stands, she may be thought to fit;
And when extended on her Couch she lies,
Let Length of Petticoats conceal her Size.

The Lean, of thick-wrought Stuff her Clothes
should choofe,

And fuller made, than what the Plumper use.

If Pale, let her the Crimson Juice apply;

If Swarthy, to the ²⁹ *Pharian* Varnish fly.

A Leg too lank, tight Garters still must wear;

Nor should an ill-shap'd Foot be ever bare.

Round Shoulders, ³⁰ bolster'd, will appear the
least;

And lacing strait, confines too full a Breast.

Whose Fingers are too fat, and Nails too coarse,
Should always shun much Gesture in Discourse.

And you, whose Breath is touch'd, this Caution
take,

Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.

Let not the Nymph with Laughter much abound,

Whose Teeth are black, uneven, or unsound:

You hardly think how much on this depends,

And how a Laugh, or spoils a Face, or mends.

386 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your Gums,
And lose the Dimple which the Cheek becomes.
Nor let your Sides too strong Concussions shake,
Lest you the Softness of the Sex forsake.

In some, Distortions quite the Face disguise;
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
In one, too hoarse a Voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot Art attain! Many, with Ease,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they
please.

Others, thro' Affectation, limp, and find,
In Imperfection, Charms to catch Mankind.
Neglect no Means which may promote your Ends;
Now, learn what Way of Walking recommends.
Too Masculine a Motion shocks the Sight;
But Female Grace allures with strange Delight.
One has an artful Swing and Jut behind,
Which helps her Coats to catch the swelling Wind;
Swell'd with the wanton Wind, they loosely flow,
And ev'ry Step and graceful Motion show.
Another, like an ³¹ *Umbrian's* sturdy Spouse,
Strides all the Space her Petticoat allows.

Between

Between Extremes, in this, a Mean adjust,
Nor show too nice a Gait, nor too robust.

If snowy white your Neck, you still should wear
That, and the Shoulder of the left Arm, bare.
Such Sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous Heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked Part.

³² *Sirens*, tho' Monsters of the stormy Main,
Can Ships, when under Sail, with Songs, detain:
Scarce could *Ulysses* by his Friends be bound,
When first he listen'd to the charming Sound.

Singing insinuates: Learn, all ye Maids;
Oft, when a Face forbids, a Voice persuades:
Whether on Theatres loud Strains we hear,
Or in *Ruelles* some soft *Egyptian* Air.

Well shall she sing, of whom I make my Choice,
And with her Lute accompany her Voice.

The Rocks were stirr'd, the Beasts to listen stay'd, }
When on his Lyre melodious ³³ *Orpheus* play'd; }
Ev'n *Cerberus* and Hell that Sound obey'd. }

And Stones officious were, thy Walls to raise,
O *Thebes*, attracted by ³⁴ *Amphion's* Lays.

The Dolphin, dumb itself, thy Voice admir'd,
And was, ³⁵ *Arion*, by thy Songs inspir'd.

388 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Of sweet ³⁶ *Callimachus* the Works rehearse,
And read ³⁷ *Philetas* and ³⁸ *Anacreon's* Verse.
Terentian Plays may much the Mind improve;
But softest ³⁹ *Sapho* best instructs to Love.
Propertius, *Gallus*, and ⁴⁰ *Tibullus* read,
And let ⁴¹ *Varronian* Verse to these succeed.
Then mighty *Maro's* Work with Care peruse;
Of all the *Latian* Bards the noblest Muse.
Ev'n I, 'tis possible, in After-days,
May 'scape Oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labor'd Lines, some Readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either Sex in Love.
Whatever Book you read of this soft Art,
Read with a Lover's Voice, and Lover's Heart.

Tender Epistles too, by me are fram'd,
A Work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
Such was your sacred Will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, *Apollo*, and *Lyæus*, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the Maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
'That active Dancing may to Love engage,
Witness the well-kept Dancers of the Stage.

Of some odd Trifles I'm ashamed to tell,
Tho' it becomes the Sex to trifle well;

To

To raffle prettily, or flur a Die,
Implies both Cunning and Dexterity.
Nor is't amifs at Chefs to be expert,
For Games moft thoughtful, sometimes, moft di-
vert.

Learn ev'ry Game, you'll find it prove of Ufe;
Parties begun at Play, may Love produce.
But, eafier 'tis to learn how Bets to lay,
Than how to keep your Temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each Breaft is open laid,
And while the Head's intent, the Heart's betray'd.
Then, bafe Defire of Gain, then, Rage appears,
Quarrels and Brawls arife, and anxious Fears;
Then, Clamors and Revilings reach the Sky,
While lofing Gamefters all the Gods defy.
Then horrid Oaths are utter'd ev'ry Caft;
They grieve, and curfe, and ftorm, nay weep at laft.
Good *Jove* avert fuch fhameful Faults as thefe,
From ev'ry Nymph whose Heart's inclin'd to
pleafe.

Soft Recreations fit the Female-kind;
Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports defign'd:
To wield the Sword, and hurl the pointed Spear;
To flop, or turn the Steed, in full Career.

390 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Tho' martial Fields ill fuit your tender Frames,
Nor may you swim in *Tiber's* rapid Streams;
Yet when *Sol's* burning Wheels from *Leo* drive,
And at the glowing ⁴² *Virgin's* Sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd, and fit, you shou'd repair
To pleafant Walks, and breathe refreshing Air.
To *Pompey's* ⁴³ Gardens, or the shady Groves
Which *Cæsar* honors, and which *Phæbus* loves:
Phæbus ⁴⁴, who sunk the proud *Egyptian* Fleet,
And made *Augustus's* Victory complete.
Or seek those Shades, where Monuments of Fame
Are rais'd, to *Livia's* and ⁴⁵ *Octavia's* Name;
Or, where ⁴⁶ *Agrippa* first adorn'd the Ground,
When he with Naval Victory was crown'd.
To *Ifis* ⁴⁷ Fane, to Theatres resort;
And in the *Circus* see the noble Sport.
In ev'ry public Place, by turns, be shown;
In vain you're Fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in finging, ⁴⁸ *Thamyras* transcend;
Your Voice unheard, who could your Skill com-
mend?
Had not ⁴⁹ *Apelles* drawn the Sea-born Queen,
Her Beauties, still, beneath the Waves had been.

Poets inspir'd, write only for a Name,
 And think their Labors well repaid with Fame,
 In former Days, I own, the Poets were
 Of Gods and Kings the most peculiar Care;
 Majestic Awe was in the Name allow'd,
 And, they, with rich Possessions were endow'd,
Ennius ⁵⁰ with Honors was by *Scipio* grac'd,
 And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.
 But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Esteem,
 And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream.

Still there's a Pleasure, that proceeds from
 Praise: }
 What could the high Renown of *Homer* raise, }
 But that he sung his *Iliad*'s deathless Lays? }

Who could have been of ⁵¹ *Danae*'s Charms
 assur'd,
 Had she grown old, within her Tow'r immur'd?
 This, as a Rule, let ev'ry Nymph pursue,
 That 'tis her Int'rest oft to come in View.

A hungry Wolf at all the Herd will run,
 In Hopes, thro' many, to make sure of one.
 So, let the Fair, the gazing Crowd assail,
 That over one, at least, she may prevail.

392 POEMS upon several Occasions.

In ev'ry Place, to please, be all her Thought;
 Where, fometimes, least we think, the Fish is caught.
 Sometimes, all Day, we hunt the tedious Foil,
 Anon, the Stag himself shall seek the Toil.

How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt Relief,
 Whose Charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by
 Grief?

The widow'd Fair, who sees her Lord expire, }
 While yet she weeps, may kindle new Desire, }
 And *Hymen's* Torch re-light with fun'ral Fire. }

Beware of Men who are too sprucely dress'd:
 And look, you fly with Speed a Fop profess'd.
 Such Tools, to you and to a Thousand more
 Will tell the same dull Story o'er and o'er.
 'This Way and that, unsteadily they rove,
 And never fix'd, are Fugitives in Love.
 Such flutt'ring Things all Women sure should hate,
 Light, as themselves, and more Effeminate.
 Believe me; all I say is for your Good;
 Had ⁵² *Priam* been believ'd, *Troy* still had stood.

Many, with base Designs, will Passion feign,
 Who know no Love, but sordid Love of Gain.
 But let not powder'd Heads, nor essenc'd Hair,
 Your well-believing, easy Hearts ensnare.

Rich

Rich Clothes are oft by common Sharpers worn,
 And Diamond Rings felonious Hands adorn.
 So, may your Lover burn with fierce Desire,
 Your Jewels to enjoy, and best Attire.
 Poor *Cloe* robb'd, runs crying thro' the Streets;
 And as she runs, *Give me my own*, repeats..
 How often, ⁵³ *Venus*, hast thou heard such Cries,
 And laugh'd amidst thy *Appian* Votaries?
 Some so notorious are, their very Name
 Must ev'ry Nymph whom they frequent, defame.
 Be warn'd by Ills, which others have destroy'd,
 And faithless Men with constant Care avoid.
 Trust not a *Theseus*, fair *Athenian* Maid,
 Who has so oft th' attesting Gods betray'd.
 And thou, *Demophon*, Heir to *Theseus'* Crimes,
 Hast lost thy Credit to all future Times.

Promise for Promise, equally afford,
 But once a Contract made, keep well your Word.
 For, she for any Act of Hell is fit,
 And, undismay'd, may Sacrilege commit;
 With impious Hands cou'd quench the vestal Fire,
 Poison her Husband, in her Arms, for Hire,
 Who, first, to take a Lover's Gift complies,
 And then defrauds him, and his Claim denies.

But

394 *P O E M S upon feveral Occafions.*

But hold, my Mufe, check thy unruly Horfe,
And more in Sight purfue th' intended Courfe.

If Love Epiftles, tender Lines impart,
And *Billet-doux* are fent, to found your Heart,
Let all fuch Letters, by a faithful Maid,
Or Confident, be fecretly convey'd.
Soon from the Words you'll judge, if read with
Care,

When feign'd a Paffion is, and when fincere.
Ere in return you write, fome Time require;
Delays, if not too long, increafe Defire:
Nor let the preffing Youth with Eafe obtain,
Nor yet refufe him with too rude Difdain.
Now, let his Hopes, now, let his Fears increafe,
But by Degrees, let Fear to Hope give Place.

Be fure avoid fet Phrafes, when you write,
The ufual Way of Speech is more polite.
How have I feen the puzzled Lover vex'd,
To read a Letter with hard Words perplex'd!
A Stile too coarfe, takes from a handsome Face,
And makes us with an uglier in its Place.

But fince (tho' Chafity be not your Care)
You from your Husband ftill wou'd hide th' Affair,

Write

Write to no Stranger 'till his Truth be try'd;
Nor in a foolish Messenger confide.
What Agonies that Woman undergoes,
Whose Hand the Traitor threatens to expose;
Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that Dread enslav'd!
Such Treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those Discov'ries, sure as Lightning, blast.
Might I advise, Fraud shou'd with Fraud be paid;
Let Arms repel all who with Arms invade.

But since your Letters may be brought to Light,
What, if in several Hands, you learn'd to write?
My Curse on him who first the Sex betray'd,
And this Advice so necessary made.
Nor let your Pocket-Book two Hands contain,
First, rub your Lover's out, then write again.
Still one Contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient Blind;
As if to Women writ, your Letters frame,
And let your Friend to you subscribe a Female
Name.

Now, greater Things to tell, my Muse prepare,
And clap on all the Sail the Bark can bear.

Let

396 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Let no rude Passions in your Looks find Place;
For Fury will deform the finest Face:
It swells the Lips, and blackens all the Veins,
While in the Eye a Gorgon Horror reigns.

When on her Flute divine ⁵⁴ *Minerva* play'd,
And in a Fountain saw the Change it made,
Swelling her Cheek: She flung it quick aside;
Nor is thy Music so much worth, she cry'd.
Look in your Glafs, when you with Anger glow,
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can
know:

Nor with excessive Pride insult the Sight,
For gentle Looks, alone, to Love invite.
Believe it as a Truth that's daily try'd,
There's Nothing more detestable than Pride.
How have I seen some *Airs* Disgust create,
“ *Like Things which by Antipathy we hate!* ”
Let Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles
be paid,
And when your Lover bows, incline your Head.
So, Love preluding, plays at first with Hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing Darts.
Nor me a melancholy Mistress charms;
Let sad ⁵⁵ *Tecmessa* weep in *Ajax*' Arms.

Let

Let mourning Beauties, fullen Heroes move ;
We chearful Men, like Gaiety in Love.
Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,
Who, in bewailing *Troy*, waſtes all the Night.
Had they not both born Children (to be plain)
Ine'er cou'd think they'd with their Husbands lain.
I no Idea in my Mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful Dame,
Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their Lords
My Life, my Soul; or ſpeak endearing Words.

Why, from Compariſons ſhould I refrain,
Or, fear ſmall Things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what Conduſt prudent Gen'ralſ uſe,
And how their ſev'ral Officers they chooſe ;
To one, a Charge of Infantry commit,
Another, for the Horſe, is thought more fit.
So you your ſev'ral Lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy Lover, Store of Gold ſhould ſend ;
The Lawyer ſhould, in Courts, your Cauſe defend.
We, who write Verſe, with Verſe alone ſhould
bribe ;
Moſt apt to Love is all the tuneful Tribe.

398 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

By us, your Fame shall thro' the World be blaz'd;
 So ⁵⁶ *Nemesis*, fo *Cynthia's* Name was rais'd.
 From East to West, *Lycoris's* Praifes ring;
 Nor are *Corinna's* filent, whom we fing.
 No Fraud, the Poet's sacred Breast can bear;
 Mild are his Manners, and his Heart sincere.
 Nor Wealth he seeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,
 But shuns the Bar; and Books and Shades requires.
 Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
 With Ease we fix, but we with Pain remove;
 Our softer Studies with our Souls combine,
 And both to Tenderness our Hearts incline.
 Be gentle, Virgins, to the Poet's Pray'r,
 The God that fills him, and the Muse revere;
 Something Divine is in us, and from Heav'n
 Th' inspiring Spirit can alone be giv'n.
 'Tis Sin, a Price from Poets to exact;
 But 'tis a Sin no Woman fears to act.
 Yet hide, howe'er, your Avarice from Sight,
 Left you too soon your new Admirer fright.

As skilful Riders rein, with diff'rent Force,
 A new-back'd Courser, and a well-train'd Horse;
 Do you, by diff'rent Management, engage
 The Man in Years, and Youth of greener Age.
 This,

This, while the Wiles of Love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind Careffes oft indulge the Boy,
And all the Harvest of his Heart enjoy.

Alone, thus blefs'd, of Rivals most beware;
Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Rival bear.

Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
And many Things, which Youth disdains, en-
dure;

No Windows break, nor Houses set on Fire,
Nor tear their own, or Mistresses Attire.

In Youth, the boiling Blood gives Fury vent,
But, Men in Years, more calmly Wrongs resent:
As Wood when green, or as a Torch when wet,
They slowly burn, but long retain their Heat.
More bright is youthful Flame, but sooner dies;
Then, swiftly seize the Joy that swiftly flies.

Thus, all betraying to the beauteous Foe,
How, surely to enslave ourselves, we show.
To trust a Traitor, you'll no Scruple make,
Who is a Traitor only for your Sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her Lover lose;
Wou'd you retain him long, then long refuse.

Oft,

400 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

Oft, at your Door, make him for Entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with Sweets, Bitters the Taste re-
store;

Ships, by fair Winds, are sometimes run ashore.
Hence springs the Coldness of a marry'd Life,
The Husband, when he pleases, has his Wife.
Bar but your Gate, and let your Porter cry
Here's no Admittance, Sir; I must deny:
The very Husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing Inclination to be kind.

Thus far, with Foils you've fought; those
laid aside, }
I, now, sharp Weapons for the Sex provide; }
Nor doubt, against myself, to see 'em try'd. }

When first a Lover you design to charm,
Beware, lest Jealousy his Soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the Skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy Man.
Anon, by due Degrees, small Doubts create,
And let him fear some Rival's better Fate.
Such little Arts make Love its Vigor hold,
Which else wou'd languish, and too soon grow
old.

Then,

Then frains the Courser to outstrip the Wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears
behind.

Love, when extinct, Suspicions may revive;
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
Yet, one Precaution to this Rule belongs;
Let us at most suspect, not prove our Wrongs.
Sometimes, your Lover to incite the more,
Pretend, your Husband's Spies beset the Door:
Tho' free as ⁵⁷ *Thais*, still affect a Fright;
For, seeming Danger heightens the Delight.
Oft let the Youth in thro' your Window steal,
Tho' he might enter at the Door as well;
And, sometimes, let your Maid Surprise pretend,
And beg you, in some Hole to hide your Friend.
Yet, ever and anon, dispel his Fear,
And let him taste of Happiness sincere;
Left, quite dishearten'd with too much Fatigue,
He shou'd grow weary of the dull Intrigue.

But I forget to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the Husband, and the Spy.

That Wives shou'd of their Husbands stand
in Awe,

Agrees with Justice, Modesty, and Law:

402 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

But, that a Miftrefs may be lawful Prize,
None, but her Keeper, I am fure, denies.
For fuch fair Nymphs, thefe Precepts are defign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing Mind.
Tho' ftuck with ⁵*Argus*' Eyes your Keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you fhall elude his Care.

When you to wafh or bathe retire from Sight,
Can he obferve what Letters then you write?
Or, can his Caution againft fuch provide,
Which, in her Breaft, your Confident may hide?
Can he the Note beneath her Garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her Shoe?
Yet thefe perceiv'd, you may her Back undrefs,
And, writing on her Skin, your Mind exprefs.
New Milk, or pointed Spires of Flax when green,
Will Ink fupply, and Letters mark unfeen.
Fair will the Paper fhew, nor can be read,
'Till all the Writing's with warm Afhes fpread.

Acrifus was, with all his Care, betray'd ;
And in his Tow'r of Brafs, a Grandfire made.

Can Spies avail, when you to Plays refort,
Or in the *Circus* view the noble Sport?

Or, can you be to *Ifis*' Fane purfu'd,
Or *Cybele*'s, whose Rites all Men exclude?

Tho'

Tho' watchful Servants to the Bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the Bathing-room.
Or, when some sudden Sicknefs you pretend,
May you not take to your Sick-bed a Friend?
False Keys a private Passage may procure,
If not, there are more Ways besides the Door.
Sometimes, with Wine, your watchful Follow'r
treat ;

Whendrunk, you may 'with Ease his Care defeat :
Or, to prevent too sudden a Surprise,
Prepare a sleeping Draught, to seal his Eyes :
Or let your Maid, still longer Time to gain,
An Inclination for his Person feign ;
With faint Resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent Delays, be won.

But, what need all these various doubtful
Wiles,

Since Gold the greatest Vigilance beguiles ?
Believe me, Men and Gods with Gifts are pleas'd ;
Ev'n angry *Jove* with Off'rings is appeas'd.
With Presents, Fools and Wife alike are caught,
Give but enough, the Husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a Spy,
That you for ever his Connivance buy ;

404 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

Pay him his Price at once, for with such Men
You'll know no End of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with Cause complain'd,
Of Jealousy occasion'd by a Friend.

Believe me, Apprehensions of that Kind,
Are not alone to our false Sex confin'd.

Trust not too far, your She-Companion's Truth,
Lest she sometimes shou'd intercept the Youth:
The very Confident that lends the Bed,
May entertain your Lover, in your Stead.

Nor keep a Servant with too fair a Face,
For such I've known supply her Lady's Place.

But, whither do I run with heedless Rage,
Teaching the Foe unequal War to wage?
Did ever Bird the Fowler's Net prepare?
Was ever Hound instructed by the Hare?
But all Self-ends and Int'rest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my Art.
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my Life,
And for the ⁵⁹*Levitical* Ladies, whet the Knife.

Perpetual Fondness of your Lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, Belief to gain;
Full of himself, he your Design will aid:
To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.

With

With dying Eyes, his Face and Form furvey,
Then, figh, and wonder he fo long cou'd flay :
Now, drop a Tear, your Sorrows to affuage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such Proofs as thefe, will all Diftruff remove,
And make him pity your exceffive Love.
Scarce to himfelf will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond Creature die ?
But chiefly, one, fuch fond Behaviour fires,
Who courts his Glafs, and his own Charms
admires.

Proud of the Homage to his Merit done,
He'll think a Goddefs might with Eafe be won.

Light Wrongs, be fure, you ftill with Mild-
nefs bear,

Nor ftaight fly out, when you a Rival fear.
Let not your Paflions o'er your Senfe prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle Tale.
Let *Procris*' Fate, a fad Example be
Of what Effects attend Credulity.

Near where his purple Head *Hymettus* flows
And flow'ring Hills, a facred Fountain flows ;

406 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

With soft and verdant Turf the Soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling Shrubs the Ground o'er-
shade.

There, Rosemary and Bays their Odors join,
And with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent combine.
There, Tamarisks with thick-leav'd Box are
found,

And Cytifus, and Garden Pines, abound.

While thro' the Boughs, soft Winds of *Zephyr*
pass,

Tremble the Leaves and tender Tops of Grass.
Hither wou'd *Cephalus* retreat to rest,
When tir'd with Hunting, or with Heat oppress'd:
And thus, to *Air*, the panting Youth wou'd pray,
Come, gentle Aura, come, this Heat allay.

But some Tale-bearing too officious Friend,
By Chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the News to *Procris* quick repair'd,
Repeating Word for Word what she had heard.
Soon as the Name of *Aura* reach'd her Ears,
With Jealousy surpris'd, and fainting Fears,
Her rosy Color fled her lovely Face,
And Agonies, like Death, supply'd the Place;

Pale

Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling Leaves,
When firſt the Vine the Winter's Blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd Quinces, ſuch the yellow Hue,
Or, when unripe, we Cornel-Berries view.
Reviving from her Swoon, her Robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs Face to wound, forbore.
Now, all diſhevell'd, to the Wood ſhe flies,
With ⁶⁰ *Bacchanalian* Fury in her Eyes.
Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves, below, her Friends ;
And, all alone, the ſhady Hill aſcends.
What Folly, *Procris*, o'er thy Mind prevail'd ?
What Rage, thus, fatally, to lie conceal'd ?
Whoe'er this *Aura* be (ſuch was thy Thought)
She now ſhall in the very Fact be caught.
Anon, thy Heart repents its raſh Deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines :
Thus, Love, with Doubts perplexes ſtill thy Mind,
And makes thee ſeek, what thou muſt dread to
find.

But ſtill thy Rival's Name rings in thy Ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the Place appears :
But more than all, exceſſive Love deceives,
Which, all it fears, too eaſily believes.

408 POEMS upon several Occasions.

And, now, a Chilnefs run thro' ev'ry Vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where *Cephalus* had lain.
'Twas Noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching Ardor of the Mid-day Sun;
With Water, firſt, he ſprinkled o'er his Face,
Which glow'd with Heat; then ſought his uſual
Place.

Procris, with anxious but with ſilent Care,
View'd him extended, with his Boſom bare;
And heard him, ſoon, th' accuſtom'd Words
repeat,

Come, Zephyr, Aura come, allay this Heat:
Soon as ſhe found her Error, from the Word,
Her Color and her Temper were reſtor'd.
With Joy ſhe roſe, to claſp him in her Arms:
But, *Cephalus*, the ruſſling Noiſe alarms;
Some Beaſt, he thinks, he in the Buſhes hears,
And ſtraight, his Arrows and his Bow prepares.
Hold! hold! unhappy Youth! — I call in vain,
With thy own Hand thou haſt thy *Procris* ſlain.
Me, me, (ſhe cries) thou'ſt wounded with thy Dart!
But Cephalus was wont to wound this Heart.
Yet, lighter on my Aſhes, Earth will lie,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die:

Come,

*Come, cloſe with thy dear Hand my Eyes in Death,
Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my Breath.*

Cloſe to his heavy Heart, her Cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming Tears, the Wound
he made ;

At length, the Springs of Life their Currents
leave,

And her laſt Gaſp, her Huſband's Lips receive.

Now, to purſue our Voyage we muſt provide,
'Till, ſafe to Port our weary Bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhou'd teach
What Rules, to Treats and Entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a Feaſt ;

Rather, come laſt, as a more grateful Gueſt.

For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt Welcome, when arriv'd.

Befides, Complexions of a coarſer Kind,
From Candle-light, no ſmall Advantage find.

During the Time you eat, obſerve ſome Grace,
Nor let your unwip'd Hands beſmear your Face ;

Nor, yet, too ſqueamiſhly your Meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.

Of all Extremes in either Kind beware,

And ſtill, before your Belly's full, forbear.

410 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

No Glutton Nymph, however Fair, can wound,
Tho' more than *Helen* ſhe in Charms abound.

I own, I think, of Wine the moderate Uſe,
More ſuits the Sex, and ſooner finds Excufe;
It warms the Blood, adds Luſtre to the Eyes,
And Wine and Love have always been Allies.
But, carefully from all Intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink 'till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.
For in ſuch Sleeps, Brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loathe, you have no Pow'r to
ſhun.

And now th' instructed Nymph from Table led,
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in Bed.
But Modeſty forbids: Nor more, my Muſe,
With weary Wings, the labor'd Flight purſues;
Her purple ⁶¹ Swans unyok'd, the Chariot leave,
And needful Reſt (their Journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial Care, my Art I ſhow,
And equal Arms, on either Sex beſtow:
While Men and Maids, who by my Rules improve,
Ovid, muſt own, their Maſter is in Love.

NOTES upon the foregoing Translation.

1 **A** G A M E M N O N and Menelaus, two Brothers, married two Sisters, Clytemnestra and Helena; both of them preferred Gallants to their Husbands Beds.

2 Eriphyle, Daughter of Talaon, King of Argos, for the Sake of a Golden Chain, persuaded her Husband Amphiarus to go to the Theban War, in which she knew he must be slain.

3 Penelope, Daughter of Icarus and Polycasta, was married to Ulysses, and much celebrated by the Ancients for her invincible Chastity.

4 When Laodamia heard her Husband Proteus was killed in the Trojan War, she passionately desired to see his Ghost, which being granted her by the Gods, she embraced it so closely that she perished in the Embrace.

5 She offered to die to lengthen her Husband Admetus's Life.

6 Evadne the Daughter of Iphias, married Capaneus, who signalised himself in the Theban War.

7 Virtue was represented at Rome in a Woman's Habit, and had a Temple and Altars dedicated to her.

8 Jason, the son of Aeson, married Medea the King of Colchos's Daughter, who had assisted him in carrying off the Golden Fleece, but afterwards for-
sook

412 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

took her, and married Creüfa Daughter to the King of Corinth.

9 Ariadne, the Daughter of Minos King of Crete, being in Love with Theseus, conducted him out of the Labyrinth, by the Means of a Clew of Thread. She fled from Crete with Theseus, who left her on a barren Shore, and she was afterwards married to Bacchus.

10 Phyllis, Daughter of Lycurgus King of Thrace, despairing of the Return of Demophoon, Son of Theseus, to whom she had granted her last Favors, was transformed into an Almond-Tree as she was going to hang herself.

11 AENEAS and Dido. The pious Hero excused his Falseness by the Injunction of the Gods.

12 The Poet Stesichorus wrote a bitter Satire against Helen, for which her Brothers Castor and Pollux plucked out his Eyes; but having recanted some Time after in his Palinodia, a Poem quite contrary to the former, he was restored to his Sight.

13 Endymion, with whom the Moon fell in Love, and descended to converse with him on Mount Latmos in Caria.

14 Aurora being in Love with Cephalus, who had married Procris the King of Athens his Daughter, found him so invincibly constant to his Wife, that, it is said, she was forced to ravish him. The Reader will meet with a fuller Account of him at the End of this Book.

15 Adonis,

15 Adonis, the Son of Cynaras King of Cyprus, was slain by a Boar as he was a hunting, to the unexpressible Grief of the Goddess Venus.

16 Harmonia, or Hermione, was the Daughter of Venus by the God Mars, as was the Dardan Prince Aeneas her Son by Anchises.

17 Still Women lose, you cry, &c.

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit:
Quid, nisi quam fumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?

These Verses are not barely translated to the literal Sense which is conceived to be in them; but paraphrased according to the Interpretation of Heinfius, who seems truly to understand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from Scaliger and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to consult the Commentary of Heinfius on this Place, he will find by other Instances cited from Ovid, that aquam fumere was a Phrase appropriated to a particular Time and Custom among Women. This had not been insisted on here, had it not been the only Passage in this Book which all other Commentators but Heinfius have rendered unintelligible; for otherwise the Verses are not very considerable: And the most which Ovid says in this Place, is no more than if speaking of eating he had said, Why should any one scruple to use their Hands, when it can cost them Nothing but a little Water to wash them afterwards, which is not worth saving?

414 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

18 *Andromache, the Wife of Hector, is always represented as a plain Sort of Woman.*

19 *The Capitol was a Hill in Rome, so called from a Man's Head, which was found there as the Romans were digging the Foundation of the Temple of Jupiter.*

20 *Iöle, Daughter of Eurytus, King of Oechalia, and Wife to Hercules. He took her from her Father by Force, because the King would not consent to it when he returned from Etolia, where he had married Deianira.*

21 *Hippodamia the Daughter of Brises, from thence called Brifeis, fell by Lot to Achilles at the Sack of Lyrnessus.*

22 *Andromeda, the Daughter of Cepheus King of Ethiopia, was for her Mother's Pride exposed to be devoured by an horrible Sea Monster, but being rescued by Perseus, she was afterwards married to him.*

23 *Caucasus is a Mountain which stretches itself from the East-Indies to Mount Taurus, but goes by several Names, according as it is inhabited by several Nations.*

24 *Myfia is a Country in Asia Minor bordering upon Troas, remarkable for Nothing more than the Worthlessness of its Inhabitants. Ovid saith he is addressing himself to the polite Roman Ladies, and not to the wild Inhabitants of Caucasus and Myfia.*

25 *He means his Book De Medicamine Faciei, of which we have some Fragments remaining.*

26 *There*

26 *There were two famous Statuaries of this Name, one a Lycian, and the other of Eleuthera.*

27 *Semele, the Daughter of Cadmus, and Mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, having the Curiosity to enjoy the God in his Celestial Majesty, was burnt by Lightning. Leda was the Daughter of Theftius, and the Wife of Tyndarus King of Oebalia: Jupiter in the Shape of a Swan enjoyed her as she was bathing in the River Eurotus.*

28 *Europa, the Daughter of Agenor King of Phœnicia, was ravished by Jupiter in the Shape of a Bull.*

29 *Pharos was a little Island at the Mouth of the Nile, abounding with Crocodiles, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles, or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin.*

30 *Analectides, little Bolsters of Flocks. The same Invention is used in our Days, both for this Defect in Women, and in calved Stockings for the Men. And it is satisfactory to the Curious to know the Fashion is 1800 Years old.*

31 *The Umbrians inhabited a Country joining to the Appenine Hills, which run from Savona, on the Coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian Straits. This Nation were reckoned as rustic in their Manners, as strong in Bodies, and stout of Heart. The Poet gives us, in an Umbrian Woman, a just Idea of a Modern Peasant's Wife.*

416 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

32 *The Sirens were three in Number, Parthenope, Leucosia and Ligia, half Women, and half Fish. One made use of her Voice, the Second of her Lyre, and the Third of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coast of Sicily, where they charmed Voyagers, but Ulysses escaped them.*

33 *Orpheus was so skilful in playing on the Lyre, that it is said he drew after him Trees and wild Beasts, and charmed Hell with his Music, whither he went to recover his Wife Eurydice.*

34 *Amphion, the Son of Jupiter and Antiope, is said to have built the Walls of Thebes by the Sound of his Lyre.*

35 *Arion was a Musician of Lesbos. Having got a great Deal of Money in his Travels, the Sailors robbed him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by Sea; but a Dolphin, charmed with his Music, conveyed him on his Back safe to Peloponnesus, where he procured Periander to put the Sailors to Death.*

36 *Callimachus, the Son of Battus, was looked upon to be one of the wittiest and politest Men of his Age.*

37 *Philetas was a Native of Coos, an Island in the AEgean Sea; he was a celebrated Poet, and Writer of Elegies, and flourished under Philip, and his Son Alexander the Great.*

38 *Anacreon was a Lyric Poet of Teios; being a great Lover of Wine, he choked himself with a Grape-stone as he was drinking.*

39 Sapho

39 Sapho was born at Mitylene in the Isle of Lesbos: She writ nine Books of Elegies, and several Epigrams and Satires. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verses, for which Reason Ovid recommends them. According to some Authors, she flung herself into the Sea, because Phaon neglected her.

40 These three were celebrated Poets of the Augustan Age. Propertius was a Native of Umbria, and very much esteemed by Mecænas. Gallus commanded under Augustus in Egypt; and Tibullus was no less remarkable for his Wit, than his Gallantry and Profusion.

41 Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, of the Province of Gallia Narbonensis, was in Love with a Lady called Leucadia, whom he celebrated in his Poetry.

42 The Poet means the Summer Season, when the Sun passes through Cancer, Leo, and Virgo.

43 These were the most noted Gardens in Rome, and in the Field of Mars.

44 It is said Phœbus descended at the Battle of Actium, and was present on the Romans Side when Augustus beat Mark Anthony.

45 Octavia's Portico built near Marcellus's Theatre.

46 Agrippa married Julia, Augustus's Daughter by Scribonia, and his Father-in-Law honored him with a Naval Crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily.

418 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

One of the Porticos in Rome was built or named by Agrippa.

47 Ovid gives us to understand, in his First Book of the Art of Love, that People frequented the Temple of Isis, on Purpose to carry on their amorous Intrigues.

48 Thamyras, the Son of Philammon, was a Poet, and one of the greatest Musicians of his Time: Having gained the Prize of Singing at the Pythic Games, he met the Muses in his Return homewards, and had the Insolence to give them a Challenge, fancying he could outdo them in that Art; at which the Daughters of Jupiter were so enraged, that they deprived him of his Reason, or, as Diodorus says, they took from him his Voice, and his Art of playing on the Lute.

49 Apelles was, for his great Skill, called the Prince of Painters; his Master-piece was reckoned the Venus rising out of the Sea, of which Ovid speaks in this Place.

50 Ennius was the first Roman that wrote Annals in Heroic Verse; his Subject was the Wars of Italy, and particularly the Second Punic War, which he did to compliment his Friend and Patron Scipio, in whose Tomb he was buried, and who placed the Poet's Statue near his own, which shows how highly he honored him.

51 Danae, Daughter of Acrifius, King of Argos; who having consulted the Oracle, and being told he should

should be killed by her Son, shut her up in a Brazen Tower to prevent it. But Jupiter transforming himself into a Golden Shower, bribed her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renowned Perseus. Her Father commanded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but being fortunately cast ashore on one of the Islands called Cyclades, the King of the Island married the Mother; and Perseus, when he was grown up, unwittingly killed his Grandfather.

52 Priam, King of Troy, and Father of Paris, who stole Helen, was for restoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their Ambassadors; but other Councils prevailing, the War ensued, which ended in the Destruction of Troy, and the Death of Priam, who was killed by Pyrrhus, Son of Achilles, after forty Years Reign.

53 The Temple of Venus stood in the Appian Way, and was much frequented by the intriguing Roman Ladies, who came thither to meet their Sparks.

54 Minerva playing on her Flute by a River Side, and observing in the Water what Grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the Instrument in a Passion.

55 Tecmessa, the Daughter of Teuthrantes, a Phrygian Prince, was taken Prisoner by the Grecians, and fell to Ajax his Lot, upon the Division of the Spoil.

56 These are the Names the Roman Poets of those Times gave their Mistresses in their Verses.

420 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

57 *Thais was a Name given to all Sort of Women of a lewd Character, who however affect Discretion.*

58 *Argus had an hundred Eyes, and kept Iö from Jupiter by Juno's Order, for which Mercury killed him by Command of his Father Jove; to make him Amends, Juno turned him into a Peacock, and placed his Eyes in his Tail.*

59 *The Poet alludes here to those wicked Women who rose against the Men, and did not spare their own Husbands.*

60 *The Priestesses and Priests of Bacchus, who celebrated the Festival of that God, did it with the Noise of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels and Cymbals, were crowned with Ivy, Vine, &c. and carried a Thyrsus or Staff wreathed with it in their Hands; they were frantic and outrageous in their Actions during this Ceremony.*

61 *By this Ovid shows he is both a Poet and a Lover; for the Swans are dedicated to Apollo, and are said to draw Venus's Car sometimes, tho' the Doves are ofteneft used upon that Occasion.*

OF
P L E A S I N G,
A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE.

'T IS strange, dear *Temple*, how it comes to
pass,

That no one Man is pleas'd with what he has.
So *Horace* sings—and sure, as strange is *this*:
That no one Man's displeas'd with what he is.
The Foolish, Ugly, Dull, Impertinent,
Are with their Persons and their Parts content.
Nor is that all; so odd a Thing is Man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely Faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd Fops affect the nicest Mien;
Cowards extol true Courage to the Skies,
And Fools are still most forward to advise;
Th'untrusted Wretch, to Secrecy pretends,
Whisp'ring his *Nothing* round to *All* as Friends.

422 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Dull Rogues affect the Politician's Part;
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with Art;
Who Nothing has to lose, the War bewails;
And he who Nothing pays, at Taxes rails.
Thus, Man, perverse, against plain Nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd, contrives.

Plautus will dance, *Luscus* at Ogling aims,
Old *Tritus* keeps, and undone *Probus* games.
Noisome *Curculio*, whose envenom'd Breath,
Tho' at a Distance utter'd, threatens Death
Full in your Teeth his stinking Whisper throws;
Nor mends his Manners, tho' you hold your
Nose.

Thersites, who seems born to give Offence,
From uncouth Form and frontless Impudence,
Assumes soft *Airs*, and with a Slur comes in,
Attempts a Smile, and shocks you with a Grin.
Raucus harangues with a dissuasive Grace,
And *Helluo* invites with a forbidding Face.

Nature, to each allots his proper Sphere,
But, that forsaken, we like Comets err:
Toss'd thro' the Void, by some rude Shock
we're broke,
And all our boasted Fire is lost in Smoke.

Next

Next to obtaining Wealth, or Pow'r, or Ease,
Men most affect, in general to please:
Of this Affection, Vanity's the Source,
And Vanity alone obstructs its Course;
That Telescope of Fools, thro' which they spy
Merit remote, and think the Object nigh.
The Glafs remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just Scales his Strength and Weakness
weigh,
Pursue the Path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper Force adapt his Mind;
Scarce one, but, to some Merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no *Bavius*, but a *Bickerstaffe*.
If *Garth*, or *Blackmore*, friendly Potions give,
We bid the dying Patient drink and live:
When *Murus* comes, we cry, beware the Pill,
And wish the Tradesman were a Tradesman still.
If *Addison*, or *Rowe*, or *Prior* write,
We study 'em with Profit and Delight:
But when vile *Macer* and *Mundungus* rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the Time.

424 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

All Rules of Pleasing in this one unite,

Affect not any Thing in Nature's Spite.

Baboons and Apes ridiculous we find;

For what? For ill resembling Human-kind.

None are, for being what they are, in Fault,

But for not being what they wou'd be thought.

Thus, I, dear Friend, to you my Thoughts impart,

As to one perfect in the Pleasing Art;

If Art it may be call'd in you, who seem,

By Nature, form'd for Love, and for Esteem.

Affecting none; all Virtues you possess,

And really are what others but profess.

I'll not offend you, while myself I please;

I loathe to flatter, tho' I love to praise.

But when such early Worth so bright appears,

And antedates the Fame which waits on Years;

I can't so stupidly affected prove,

Not to confess it, in the Man I love.

Tho' now I aim not at that known Applause

You've won in Arms, and in your Country's

Cause;

Nor Patriot now, nor Hero I commend,

But the Companion praise, and boast the Friend.

But

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this Essay.
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A Rule, to which I never could attain?
To this Objection, I'll make no Reply,
But tell a Tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned Person, once,
Concern'd to find his only Son a Dunce;
Compos'd a Book in Favor of the Lad,
Whose Memory, it seems, was very bad.
This Work contain'd a World of wholesome Rules,
To help the Frailty of forgetful Fools.
The careful Parent laid the Treatise by,
'Till Time should make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for Age attains,
To read and profit by his Father's Pains;
And now the Sire prepares the Book t' impart,
Which was yclep'd *Of Memory the Art*.
But ah! how oft is human Care in vain!
For now, he could not find his Book again.
The Place where he had laid it, he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.
Now to apply the Story that I tell,
Which if not true, is yet invented well.

Such

426 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Such is my Cafe : Like most of theirs who teach ;
I ill may practise, what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the Line and measure out the Ways.
The *Mulcibers*, who in the *Minories* sweat,
And massive Bars on stubborn Anvils beat,
Deform'd them selves, yet forge those Stays of
Steel,

Which arm *Aurelia* with a Shape to kill.
So *Macer* and *Mundungus* school the Times,
And write in rugged Prose the Rules of foster
Rhymes.

Well do they play the careful Critic's Part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless Art :
Rules for good Verse they first with Pains indite,
Then show us what are bad, what they write.

A
PINDARIC ODE,

Humbly offered to the

QUEEN,

On the Victorious Progress of

Her MAJESTY'S Arms,

Under the Conduct of the

DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.



To which is prefixed,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIC ODE.



———*Operosa parvus*

Carmina fingo.

Hor. Od. 2. L. 4.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an Attempt towards restoring the Regularity of the ancient Lyric Poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English Writers.

There is Nothing more frequent among us, than a Sort of Poems entitled Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in Imitation of the Manner and Style of Pindar; and yet I do not know that there is to this Day extant in our Language, one Ode contrived after his Model. What Idea can an English Reader have of Pindar, (to whose Mouth, when a Child, the Bees brought their Honey, in Omen of the future Sweetness and Melody of his Songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating Papers of Verses, pretending to be Copies of his Works?*

*The Character of these late Pindarics, is, a Bundle of rambling incoherent Thoughts, expressed in a like Parcel of irregular Stanzas, which also consist of such
another*

* Pausan. Bœotic.

another Complication of disproportioned, uncertain and perplexed Verses and Rhymes. And I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the Condition in which these titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is Nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact Observation of the Measures and Numbers of his Stanzas and Verses, and the perpetual Coherence of his Thoughts. For tho' his Digressions are frequent, and his Transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret Connexion, which, tho' not always appearing to the Eye, never fails to communicate itself to the Understanding of the Reader.

The Liberty which he took in his Numbers, and which has been so * misunderstood and misapplied by his pretended Imitators, was only in varying the Stanzas in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their Turns, and according to the Order of the Odes.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are Songs of Triumph, Victory or Success, in the Grecian Games:

* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. who have applied *numcrisque fertur lege solutis*, to all the Odes of Pindar; which, there, expressly relates only to his Dithyrambics, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer, than the Sense of Horace in that Place. He says, Pindar deserves the Laurel, let him write of what, or in what manner soever, viz. First, whether he writes Dithyrambics, which break through the Bounds prescribed to other Odes: Or, secondly, whether he writes of Gods and Heroes, their Warlike Achievements, &c. Or, thirdly, whether he sings of the Victors in the Grecian Games: Or, lastly, whether he sings in Honor of the Dead, and writes Elegies, &c.

Games: They were sung by a Chorus, and adapted to the Lyre, and sometimes to the Lyre and * Pipe; they consisted ofteneft of Three Stanzas, the first was called the Strophé, from the Version or circular Motion of the Singers in that Stanza from the Right Hand to the Left. † The second Stanza was called the Antistrophé, from the Contraversion of the Chorus; the Singers, in performing that, turning from the Left Hand to the Right, contrary always to their Motion in the Strophé. The Third Stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the After-song) which they sung in the Middle, neither turning to one Hand nor the other.

What the Origin was of these different Motions and Stations in singing their Odes, is not our present Business to enquire. Some have thought, that by the Contrariety of the Strophé and Antistrophé, they intended to represent the Contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in respect of the Secunda Mobilia; and that by their standing still at the Epode, they meant to signify the Stability of the Earth. ‡ Others ascribe the Institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the
Wind-

* Pind. Olym. 10. and Hor. L. 3. 4. Ode 1. *mistic Carminibus non sine fistula.* And L. 3. Ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum Lyra?*

† Or from the Left to the Right, for the Scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in Pind. Schol. *Introd. ad Olymp.* And Alex. *ab Alexand.* L. 4. c. 17. speaking of the Ceremony of the Chorus, says, *Cursum auspiciati a Laeva dextrorsum— mox a dextra Laevorsum.* But the Learned Schmidius takes Part with the first Opinion, as more consistent with the Notions of the Ancients concerning the Motions of the heavenly Spheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See Eras. Schmid. *Prolegom. in Olymp. et de Carmin. Lyric.*

‡ Pind. Schol. et Schmid. *ibid.*

Windings and Turnings of the Labyrinth in celebrating his Return from thence.

The Method observed in the Composition of these Odes, was therefore as follows. The Poet having made Choice of a certain Number of Verses to constitute his Strophé or first Stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his Antistrophé, or second Stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in Number of Verses and Quantity of Feet: He was then again at Liberty, to make a new Choice for his third Stanza, or Epode; where, accordingly, he diversified his Numbers as his Ear or Fancy led him; composing that Stanza of more or fewer Verses than the former, and those Verses of different Measures and Quantities, for the greater Variety of Harmony, and Entertainment of the Ear.

*But then this Epode being thus formed, he was strictly obliged to the same * Measure, as often as he should repeat it in the Order of his Ode, so that every Epode in the same Ode is eternally the same in Measure and Quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every Strophé and Antistrophé, in respect to each other.*

The Lyric Poet Stefichorus (whom † Longinus reckons amongst the ablest Imitators of Homer, and of whom ‡ Quintilian says, that if he could have kept

* Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap. 97. l. 3. † Longin. de Sub. c. 13. ‡ Quint. Inst. l. 10. c. 1.

kept within Bounds, he would have been nearest of any Body, in Merit, to Homer) was, if not the Inventor of this Order in the Ode, yet so strict an Observer of it in his Compositions, that the Three Stanzas of Stesichorus became a common Proverb to express a Thing universally known, * ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti; so that when any one had a Mind to reproach another with excessive Ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, he did not so much as know the Three Stanzas of Stesichorus; that is, did not know that an Ode ought to consist of a Strophé, an Antistrophé, and an Epode. If this was such a Mark of Ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same Reproof; I mean, in respect of our Imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My Intention is not to make a long Preface to a short Ode, nor to enter upon a Dissertation of Lyric Poetry in general: But thus much I thought proper to say, for the Information of those Readers whose Course of Study has not led them into such Enquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact Copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a Pattern for his Imitators for the future: Far from such Thoughts, I have only given an Instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the

* εἴτε τὰ τρία Στησιχόρου γινώσκεις, de vehementer indocto et imperito dici solitum. Erasmi. Adag.

434 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Force and Elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the Harmony and Regularity of his Numbers.

Again, we having no Chorus to sing our Odes, the Titles, as well as Use, of Strophé, Antistrophé, and Epode, are obsolete and impertinent: And certainly there may be very good English Odes, without the Distinction of Greek Appellations to their Stanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and observed the Order of them in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary Regularity of the Composition of those Odes, which have been represented to us hitherto, as the most confused Structures in Nature.

However, though there be no Necessity that our Triumphal Odes should consist of the Three afore-mentioned Stanzas; yet if the Reader can observe, that the great Variation of the Numbers in the Third Stanza (call it Epode, or what you please) has a pleasing Effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the First or Second Stanzas, with more Appetite, than he could do if always cloyed with the same Quantities and Measures, I cannot see why some Use may not be made of Pindar's Example, to the great Improvement of the English Ode. There is certainly a Pleasure in beholding any Thing that has Art and Difficulty in the Contrivance; especially, if it appears so carefully executed, that the Difficulty does not show itself, till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the Work, first sets us upon the Enquiry.

quiry. Nothing can be called Beautiful without Proportion. When Symmetry and Harmony are wanting, neither the Eye nor the Ear can be pleased. Therefore certainly Poetry, which includes Painting and Music, should not be destitute of them; and of all Poetry, especially the Ode, whose End and Essence is Harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindaric Odes, speaking of the Music of the Numbers, says, which sometimes (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any Thing else, makes an Excellent Poet.

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that Something should be said of him, at a Time when the Imitation of Pindar is the Theme of our Discourse. But there is that great Deference due to the Memory, great Parts, and Learning of that Gentleman, that I think Nothing should be objected to the Latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The Beauty of his Verses, are an Atonement for the Irregularity of his Stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the Strictness of his Numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the Force of his Figures, and Sublimity of his Style and Sentiments.

Yet I must beg Leave to add, that I believe those irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley, may have been the principal, though innocent Occasion, of so many deformed Poems since, which instead of being true Pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian Painters Terms) been only Caricaturas of him, Resemblances that for the most Part have been either Horrid or Ridiculous.

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For my own Part, I frankly own my Error, in having heretofore miscalled a few irregular Stanzas a Pindaric Ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same Mistake, would ingenuously confess the Truth, they might own, that never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his Irregularity upon Trust; and finding their Account in the great Ease with which they could produce Odes without being obliged either to Measure or Design, remained satisfied; and, it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any Thing) left of Orpheus, but his Name, yet if * Pausanias was well informed, we may be assured that Brevity was a Beauty which he most industriously labored to preserve in his Hymns, notwithstanding, as the same Author reports, that they were but few in Number.

The Shortness of the following Ode, will, I hope, atone for the Length of the Preface, and in some Measure for the Defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same Number of Stanzas with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other Beauty, I resolved to endeavour to copy his Brevity, and take the Advantage of a Remark he has made in the last Strophé of the same Ode, which take in the Paraphrase of Sudorius.

Qui

* Bæotic. pag. 588.

P O E M S upon several Occasions. 437

Qui multa paucis stringere commodè
Novere, morsus hi facile invidos
Spernunt, et auris mensque pura
Omne supervacuum rejectat.

That Harp which on *Cyllene's* shady Hill,
When first the Vocal Shell was found,
With more than mortal Skill
Inventor *Hermes* taught to found.
Hermes, on bright *Latona's* Son,
By sweet Persuasion won,
The wond'rous Work bestow'd ;
Latona's Son, to thine
Indulgent, gave the Gift Divine :
A God the Gift, a God th' Invention show'd.

I.

To that high-founding Lyre I tune my Strains;
A lower Note his lofty Song disdains
Who sings of *ANNA's* Name.
The Lyre is struck! the Sounds I hear!
O Muse, propitious to my Pray'r!
O well known Sounds! O Melody, the same
That kindled *Mantuan* Fire, and rais'd *Mæonian*
Flame!

II.

Nor are these Sounds to *British* Bards un-
known,
Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone :

440 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Witness sweet *Spenser's* Lays :
And witness that Immortal Song,
As *Spenser* sweet, as *Milton* strong,
Which humble *Boyn* o'er *Tiber's* Flood could
raise,
And mighty *William* sing, with well proportion'd
Praise.

III.

Rise, fair *Augusta*, lift thy Head,
With golden Tow'rs thy Front adorn ;
Come forth, as comes from *Tithon's* Bed,
With chearful Ray, the ruddy Morn.
Thy lovely Form, and fresh reviving State,
In crystal Flood of *Thames* survey ;
Then bless thy better Fate,
Bless *ANNA's* most auspicious Sway.
While distant Realms and neighb'ring
Lands,
Arm'd Troops and hostile Bands
On ev'ry Side molest,
Thy happier Clime is Free,
Fair C A P I T A L of Liberty !
And Plenty knows, and Days of Halcyon Rest.

I. As

I.

As *Britain's* Isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
Unshaken fees, against her Silver Shores,
His foaming Billows beat;
So *Britain's* QUEEN, amidst the Jars
And Tumults of a World of Wars,
Fix'd on the Base of her well-founded State,
Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the
Shocks of Fate.

II.

But Greatest Souls, tho' blest with sweet Repose,
Are soonest touch'd with Sense of others Woes.
Thus *ANNA's* mighty Mind,
To Mercy and soft Pity prone,
And mov'd with Sorrows not her own,
Has all her Peace and downy Rest resign'd,
To wake for common Good, and succor Hu-
man-kind.

III.

Fly, Tyranny, no more be known
Within *Europa's* blifsful Bound;
Far as th' uninhabitable Zone
Fly ev'ry hospitable Ground.

442 POEMS upon several Occasions.

To horrid ² *Zembla's* frozen Realms repair,
There, with the baleful Beldam, NIGHT,
Unpeopled Empire share,
And rob *those* Lands of Legal Right.
For now is come the promis'd Hour,
When Justice shall have Pow'r;
Justice to Earth restor'd!
Again *Astræa* reigns!
ANNA Her equal Scale maintains,
And *MARLBRO'* wields Her sure deciding Sword.

I.

Now, cou'dst thou soar, my Muse, to sing the
MAN
In Heights sublime, as when the *Mantuan* Swan
Her tow'ring Pinions spread;
Thou should'st of *MARLBRO'* sing, whose
Hand
Unerring from his *QUEEN's* Command,
Far as the ³ *Seven-mouth'd Ister's* secret Head,
To save th'Imperial State, Her hardy *Britons* led.

II.

Nor there thy Song should end; tho' all the Nine
Might well their Harps and heav'nly Voices join

To

Tho' in all Numbers skill'd;
To sing the Hero's matchless Deed,
Which ⁴ *Belgia* fav'd, and *Brabant* freed;
To sing *Ramilia's* Day! to which must yield
Cannæ's ⁵ Illustrious Fight, and Fam'd ⁶ *Pharfalia's*
Field.

II.

In the short Course of a Diurnal Sun,
Behold the Work of many Ages done!
What Verse such Worth can raise?
Lustre and Life, the Poet's Art
To middle Virtue may impart;
But Deeds sublime, exalted high like These,
Transcend his utmost Flight; and mock his distant
Praise.

III.

Still wou'd the willing Muse aspire,
With Transport still her Strains prolong;
But Fear unstrings the trembling Lyre,
And Admiration stops her Song.
Go on, Great Chief, in *ANN A's* Cause proceed;
Nor sheath the Terrors of thy Sword,
'Till

'Till *Europe* thou hast freed,
And Universal Peace restor'd.
This mighty Work when thou shalt end,
Equal Rewards attend,
Of Value far above
Thy Trophies and thy Spoils;
Rewards even Worthy of thy Toils,
Thy Q U E E N's just Favor, and thy COUN-
TRY'S LOVE.



N O T E S to the foregoing O D E.

ORPHEUS was said to be the Son of the Muse Calliope. The Poetical Fiction of the Harp of Orpheus is this. Mercury, the same Day that he was born of Maia in Cyllene, a Mountain of Arcadia, found a living Tortoise, which he carried home with him to his Cradle, and immediately composed a Harp of the Shell. A little after he stole the Oxen of Apollo; this caused some Difference between the Deities, but the Matter being referred to Jupiter, he ordered Mercury to return the Oxen to the right Owner; on this there followed not only a Reconciliation but Friendship, and Apollo expressing an extreme Pleasure

sure at the Invention of the Harp, Mercury bestowed it on him as a Pledge of his future Friendship. Of this, Homer, in his Hymn to Mercury, speaks at large. Afterwards Apollo inventing another Instrument called the Cithara, gave the Lyra to Orpheus. The Muses, after the Death of Orpheus, translated his Harp into Heaven, where it became a Constellation, and is placed between the Knee and Left Arm of Engonasis or Hercules.

2 Nova Zembla, a miserable Region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither Tree nor Herb, but perpetual Frost and Snow, and where, for one half of the Year, it is continual Night.

3 Lucan in his Third Book, V. 202. gives it the indefinite Epithet of Multifidi Istri. But Ovid, *Trist.* 2. Solus ad ingressus missus Septemplicis Istri. And Sidonius Apollinaris gives it the same Epithet, on the like Occasion with this Ode, when, in his Panegyric to Majorianus Cæsar, he tells him,

Illicet aggredieris, quod nullus tempore nostro
Augustus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Istri
Agmen in arma rapis——

The ancient Geographers differed very much in their Account of the Rise of this River; so that on a double Account the same Epithets may be appropriated to it which are usual to the Nile.

4 Belgia need not only be strictly understood of the Seven Provinces, called Belgium Fœderatum, by the Distinction made in the Time of Phil. 2. but may also
be

be interpreted with respect to that which was anciently called Belgium, comprehending the lower Germany, in regard of the great Consequences attending such a Victory.

5 Cannæ, as inconsiderable a Village as Blenheim, 'till in like Manner made memorable and illustrious by the great and entire Victory which Hannibal obtained there over the Romans.

6 Pharfalia, famous for the Overthrow of Pompey by Julius Cæsar; a wonderful Victory, but may justly be said to yield to that of Ramilies. For the Design and End of the first was to enslave Mankind, the manifest Aim and Event of the latter has been to set them at Liberty.

To the Right Honorable the
EARL of GODOLPHIN,
Lord HIGH TREASURER of Great-Britain.

PINDARIC ODE.

———*Quemvis media erue turba:
Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor———
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio: quin per mala praeceps
Fertur———
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.*

Hor. Sat. 4. L. 1.

O D E.

I.

TO hazardous Attempts and hardy Toils,
Ambition some excites;
And some, Desire of martial Spoils
To bloody Fields invites;
Others, insatiate Thirst of Gain,
Provokes to tempt the dangerous Main,

To

To pass the burning Line, and bear
Th' Inclemency of Winds, and Seas, and Air;
Pressing the doubtful Voy'ge 'till INDIA'S Shore
Her spicy Bosom bares, and spreads her shining
Ore.

II.

Nor Widows Tears, nor tender Orphans Cries,
Can stop th' Invader's Force;
Nor swelling Seas, nor threat'ning Skies,
Prevent the Pirate's Course:
Their Lives to selfish Ends decreed,
'Thro' Blood or Rapine they proceed;
No anxious Thoughts of ill Repute
Suspend th' impetuous and unjust Pursuit:
But Pow'r and Wealth obtain'd, guilty and
great,
Their Fellow-Creatures Fears they raise, or urge
their Hate.

III.

But not for these, his Iv'ry Lyre
Will tuneful *Phæbus* string,
Nor *Polyhymnia*, crown'd amid the Choir,
Th' immortal Epode sing.

450 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Thy Springs, ¹ *Castalia*, turn their Streams aside
From Rapine, Avarice, and Pride;
Nor do thy Greens, shady ² *Aonia*, grow,
To bind with Wreaths a *Tyrant's* Brow.

I.

How just, most mighty *Jove*, yet how severe
Is thy supreme Decree,
³ That impious Men shall joyless hear
The Muses Harmony!
Their sacred Songs, (the Recompense
Of Virtue, and of Innocence)
Which pious Minds to Rapture raise,
And worthy Deeds at once excite and praise,
To guilty Hearts afford no kind Relief;
But add inflaming Rage, and more afflicting Grief.

II.

Monstrous ⁴ *Typhæus*, thus, new Terrors fill,
He, who assail'd the Skies,
And now, beneath the burning Hill
Of dreadful *Etna* lies,
Hearing the Lyre's celestial Sound,
He bellows in th' Abyfs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his Roar,

Tremble the Seas, and far *Campania's* Shore;
While

While all his hundred Mouths at once expire
Volumes of curling Smoke, and Floods of liquid
Fire.

III.

From Heav'n alone, all Good proceeds;
To heav'nly Minds belong
All Pow'r and Love, GODOLPHIN, of good Deeds,
And Sense of Sacred Song!
And thus, most pleasing are the Muse's Lays
To them who merit most her Praise;
Wherefore, for thee, her Iv'ry Lyre she strings,
And soars with Rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether, Affairs of most important Weight
Require thy aiding Hand,
And *ANNA's* Cause and *Europe's* Fate
Thy serious Thoughts demand;
Whether, thy Days and Nights are spent
In Cares, on Public Good intent;
Or, whether leisure Hours invite
To manly Sports, or to refin'd Delight;
In Courts residing, or to Plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous Steeds contest, with Emulation
fir'd;

II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy Name,
 As once she ⁵ *Theron* sung,
 While with the deathless Worthy's Fame
Olympian ⁶ *Pisa* rung:
 Nor less Sublime, is now, her Choice,
 Nor less inspir'd by thee, her Voice.
 And now, she loves aloft to found
 The Man for more than Mortal Deeds renown'd;
 Vary'ing anon her Theme, she takes Delight
 The swift-heel'd ⁷ Horse to praise, and sing his
 rapid Flight.

III.

And see! the ⁸ Air-born Racers start,
 Impatient of the Rein;
 Faster they run, than flies the *Scythian* Dart,
 Nor passing, print the Plain!
 The Winds themselves, who with their Swift-
 nefs vie,
 In vain their airy Pinions ply;
 So far in matchless Speed thy Coursers pass
 Th' Ethereal Authors of their Race.

I. And

I.

And now, awhile, the well-strain'd Coursers
breathe ;

And now, my Muse, prepare
Of ⁹ Olive Leaves a twisted Wreath
To bind the Victor's Hair.

¹⁰ *Pallas*, in Care of Human-kind,
The fruitful Olive first design'd ;

Deep in the Glebe her Spear she lanc'd,
When all at once, the laden Boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with Wonder view'd the teeming
Earth,

And all, with one Consent, approv'd the beau-
teous Birth.

II.

This done, Earth-shaking *Neptune* next essay'd,
In Bounty to the World,

To emulate the blue-ey'd Maid ;

And his huge Trident hurl'd

Against the founding Beach ; the Stroke

Transfix'd the Globe, and open broke

The Central Earth, whence, swift as Light,

Forth rush'd the first-born Horse, Stupendous
Sight !

454 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Neptune, for human Good the Beast ordains,
Whom soon he tam'd to Use, and taught to *hear*
the ¹¹ *Reins*.

III.

Thus Gods contended, (noble Strife!
Worthy the heav'nly Mind)
Who most should do to soften anxious Life,
And most endear Mankind.
Thus thou, GODOLPHIN, dost with MARLBRO'
strive,
From whose joint Toils we Rest derive:
Triumph in Wars abroad his Arm assures,
Sweet Peace at home thy Care secures.



N O T E S to the foregoing O D E.

¹ **C**OMMONLY Castalius, but by Virg. Geor. 3.
called Castalia, a Fountain at the Foot of Par-
nassus, sacred to the Muses.

² Aönia, the hilly and woody Part of Bæotia, be-
lieved to have been much frequented by the Muses.

³ That impious Men shall joyless hear, &c.
This Thought or Opinion is borrowed from Pindar,
Pyth. 1. where he says—— But such Men whom
Jupiter

Jupiter hates, are confounded with Terror when they hear the sweet Harmony of the Muses. This Passage is often cited by Plutarch, and others, in Favor of Music and Poetry. Mr. Cowley, in his Notes on his Davideis, Book I. on David's dispossessing Saul of the Evil Spirit, collects a great Number of surprising Citations on this Subject.

4 Typhœus, one of the Giants who attempted to storm Heaven; but *Jupiter* struck him with Thunder, and laid him under the Island of Sicily, with *Etna* on his Breast. This Stanza is also copied from the same Ode of Pindar, where this Monster is said to have an hundred Heads, as also in *Olymp.* 4.

5 Theron, a Prince of Agrigentum, to whom Pindar addresses his second and third *Olympic*.

6 Pifa, a Town in Peloponnesus, near to which the *Olympic Games* were celebrated.

7 So Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. speaks of Pindar—as singing sometimes the Hero, sometimes the Horse; ——— Pugilemve Equumve dicit, &c.

8 Air-born. Alluding to the Notion that Mares have conceived by the Western Wind, without the Assistance of a Horse: See Virg. Georg. 3. ver. 273. from whence Tasso has borrowed the Birth of Raymond's Horse. Gierusalem. Cant. 7.

Volta l'aperta bocca incontro l'ora
Raccoglie i femi del fecondo vento,
E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia !) &c.

Virg. —————illæ

Ore omnes verfæ in Zephyrum, ftant rupibus
altis,

Exceptantque Leves auras: et fæpe fine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) &c.

9 Olive Leaves. *An Olive Garland was the
Reward of Victory in the Olympic Games.*

10 Pallas, &c. *The Fable on which this Digression
is founded, is, that Neptune and Pallas had a Con-
tention who should give the Name to Athens; and it
was agreed, that which of them should confer the great-
est Benefit on Mankind, should obtain the Victory. The
Gods were assembled in Judgment, and Pallas struck
the Earth with her Spear, whence up sprung the fruit-
ful Olive-Tree; then Neptune in his Turn darted
his Trident against the Earth, which opening, was
delivered of a Horse; but the Victory was adjudged to
Pallas.*

11 To hear the Reins—*They who do not remember
Virgil, may think this Metaphor too bold. He has ven-
tured to apply it even to the Chariot rather than the
Horses. Georg. 1.*

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habe-
nas.

A N

IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A T A L E.

TO thee, Dear *Dick*, this Tale I fend,
Both as a Critic and a Friend.
I tell it with some Variation
(Not altogether a Translation)
From *La Fontaine*; an Author, *Dick*,
Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick.
The Subject is of that same Kind
To which thy Heart seems most inclin'd:
How Verse may alter it, God knows,
Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in Prose.
So, without Preface, or Pretence,
To hold thee longer in Suspence,
I shall proceed, as I am able,
To the Recital of my Fable.

A *Goblin* of the merry Kind,
More black of Hue, than curs'd of Mind,
To help a Lover in Distress,
Contriv'd a Charm with such Success,

That

458 POEMS upon several Occasions.

That in short Space the cruel Dame
Relented, and return'd his Flame.
The Bargain made betwixt 'em both,
Was bound by Honor and by Oath:
The Lover laid down his Salvation,
And *Satan* stak'd his Reputation.
The latter promis'd on his Part
(To serve his Friend and show his Art)
That Madam shou'd, by twelve o' Clock,
Tho' hitherto as hard as Rock,
Become as gentle as a Glove,
And kifs and coo like any Dove.
In short, the Woman should be his,
That is, upon Condition——*Viz.*
That He, the Lover, after tasting
What one wou'd wish were everlasting;
Should, in Return for such Enjoyment,
Supply the Fiend with fresh Employment:
That's all, quoth *Pug*; my poor Request
Is, only never to have Rest;
You thought, 'tis like, with Reason too,
That I should have been serv'd, not You:
But what; upon my Friend impose!
No ——tho' a Devil, none of those.

Your

Your Business then, pray understand me,
Is Nothing more but to Command me.
Of one Thing only let me warn ye,
Which Somewhat nearly may concern ye:
As soon as e'er one Work is done,
Straight name a new one; and so on;
Let each to other quick succeed,
Or else—you know how 'tis agreed—
For if, thro' any Hums or Haws,
There haps an intervening Pause,
In which, for Want of fresh Commands,
Your Slave obsequious idle stands,
Nor Soul nor Body ever more
Shall serve the Nymph whom you adore;
But both be laid at *Satan's* Feet,
To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.

At once the Lover all approves:
For who can hesitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his Thought:
Why, after all, I venture nought;
What Mystery is in Commanding?
Does that require much Understanding?
Indeed, wer't my Part to Obey,
He'd go the better of the Lay:

But

460 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

But he must do what I think fit—

Pshaw, pshaw, young *Beelzebub* is bit.

Thus pleas'd in Mind, he calls a Chair,

Adjusts and combs, and courts the Fair:

The Spell takes Place, and all goes right,

And happy he employs the Night

In sweet Embraces, balmy Kisses;

And riots in the Blifs of Bliffes.

O Joy, cry'd he, that hast no Equal!

But hold—no Raptures—mark the Sequel.

For now, when near the Morning's Dawn,

The Youth began as 'twere to yawn;

His Eyes a filky Slumber seiz'd,

Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd:

But that officious *Dæmon*, near,

Now buzz'd for Bufiness in his *Ear*;

In Haste, he names a thousand Things:

The *Goblin* plies his Wicker Wings,

And in a Trice returns to ask

Another and another Task.

Now, Palaces are built and Tow'rs,

The Work of Ages in few Hours.

Then, Storms are in an Instant rais'd,

Which the next Moment are appeas'd.

Now

Now Show'rs of Gold and Gems are rain'd,
As if each *India* had been drain'd:
And he, in one astonish'd View,
Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.
These Things, and stranger Things than these,
Were done with equal Speed and Ease.
And now to *Rome* poor *Pug* he'll send:
And *Pug* soon reach'd his Journey's End.
And soon return'd with such a Pack
Of Bulls and Pardons at his Back,
That now, the Squire (who had some Hope
In holy Water and the Pope)
Was out of Heart, and at a Stand
What next to wish, and what command;
Invention flags, his Brain grows muddy,
And black Despair succeeds brown Study.
In this Distress the woful Youth
Acquaints the Nymph with all the Truth,
Begging her Counsel, for whose Sake
Both Soul and Body were at Stake.
And is this all? replies the Fair:
Let me alone to cure this Care.
When next your *Dæmon* shall appear,
Pray give him—look, what I hold here,

And

And bid him labor, soon or late,
 To lay these Ringlets lank and straight.
 Then, Something scarcely to be seen,
 Her Finger and her Thumb between
 She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,
 Your *Goblin's* Skill shall now be try'd.

She said; and gave—what shall I call
 That Thing so shining, crisp and small,
 Which round his Finger strove to twine?
 A Tendril of the *Cyprian* Vine?
 Or Sprig from *Cytherea's* Grove;
 Shade of the Labyrinth of Love?
 With Awe, he now takes from her Hand
 That Fleece-like Flow'r of fairy Land:
 Less precious, whilom, was the Fleece
 Which drew the *Argonauts* from *Greece*;
 Or that, which modern Ages see
 The Spur and Prize of Chivalry,
 Whose Curls of kindred Texture grace
 Heroes and Kings of *Spanish* Race.

The Spark prepar'd, and *Pug* at Hand,
 He issues thus his strict Command.
 This Line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
 Render direct and perpendicular;

But

But so direct, that in no Sort
It ever may in Rings retort.
See me no more 'till this be done:
Hence, to thy Task—avaunt, be gone.

Away the Fiend like Lightning flies,
And all his Wit to Work applies:
Anvils and Presses he employs,
And dins whole Hell with hamm'ring Noise.
In vain: He to no Terms can bring
One Twirl of that reluctant Thing;
Th' elastic Fibre mocks his Pains,
And its first spiral Form retains.
New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,
And down the Depths of Sea he dives:
This Sprunt its Pertness sure will lose
When laid (said he) to foke in Ooze.
Poor foolish Fiend! he little knew
Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.
Old *Ocean*, with paternal Waves
The Child of his own Bed receives,
Which oft as dipt new Force exerts,
And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
So, when to Earth, *Alcides* flung
The huge *Antæus*, whence he sprung,

From

464 *P O E M S upon several Occasions.*

From ev'ry Fall fresh Strength he gain'd,
And with new Life the Fight maintain'd.
The baffled *Goblin* grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what Sleight to practise next;
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails,
But all concur his Shame to show,
And more exasperate the Foe.
And now he pensive turns and fad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his Eyes now off, now on
That wonderful *Phænomenon*.
Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
Then, pausing, meditates profound:
No End he sees of his Surprise,
Nor what it should be can devise:
For never yet was Wool or Feather,
That could stand buff against all Weather;
And unrelax'd, like this, resist
Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Mist.
What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What Spinst'ring Witch could spin such Thread,
He Nothing knew; but, to his Cost,
Knew all his Fame and Labor lost.

Subdu'd

Subdu'd, abash'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis said he blush'd; 'tis sure he swore
Not all the Wiles that Hell could hatch
Could conquer that SUPERB MUSTACH.
Defeated thus, thus discontent,
Back to the Man the *Dæmon* went:
I grant, quoth he, our Contract null,
And give you a Discharge in full.
But tell me now, in Name of Wonder,
(Since I so candidly knock under,)
What is this Thing? Where could it grow?
Pray take it—'tis *in Statu quo*.
Much good may't do you; for my Part,
I wash my Hands of't from my Heart.

In Truth, Sir *Goblin* or Sir *Fairy*,
Replies the Lad, you're too soon weary.
What, leave this trifling Task undone!
And think'ft thou this the only one?
Alas! were this subdu'd, thou'dst find
Millions of more such still behind,
Which might employ, ev'n to Eternity,
Both you and all your whole Fraternity.

The PEASANT in Search of his HEIFER.

A TALE after M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT so befell: A filly Swain
Had fought his Heifer long in vain;
For wanton she had frisking stray'd,
And left the Lawn to seek the Shade.
Around the Plain he rolls his Eyes,
Then, to the Wood, in Haste he hies;
Where singling out the fairest Tree,
He climbs, in Hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way to pass
A jolly Lad and buxom Lads:
The Place was apt, the Pastime pleasant;
Occasion with her Forelock present:
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my Lady.
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain Charms display'd,
Which with such Wonder struck his Sight,
(With Wonder, much; more, with Delight)
That loud he cry'd in Rapture, What!
What see I, Gods! What see I not!

But

P O E M S upon several Occasions. 467

But Nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
Straight stopt him short in mid Career:
And louder cry'd, Ho, honest Friend,
That of thy seeing see'st no End;
Dost see the Heifer that I seek?
If dost, pray be so kind to speak.

H O M E R ' s

H Y M N to V E N U S:

Translated into ENGLISH Verse.

To the READER of the ensuing H Y M N.

OF the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its Design, and connected in its Parts. The other two abound more in Digressions both Geographical and Mythological, and contain many Allusions to ancient Customs and History, which without a Commentary could not well be understood by the generality of Readers. These Considerations determined me to acquiesce in the Translation of this Hymn; though I had once entertained Thoughts of turning them all three into English Verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary Pleasure; I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the Censures of some Grammarians, who have denied, or at least doubted, them to be genuine.

A Poem which is good in itself, cannot really lose any Thing of its Value, though it should appear, upon a strict Enquiry, not to be the Work of so eminent an Author, as him, to whom it was first imputed. But
all

all Truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of least Importance, there is a Pleasure in the Search after it, and a Satisfaction in the Vindication of it.

Tho' the Beauties of this ensuing Poem, in the Original, want not even the Name of Homer to recommend them, and much less does that mighty Name stand in Need of their Reputation, yet, if they are his, 'tis an Injustice to him to ascribe them to any other; and it is a Hardship to them to deprive them of the Authority due to them, and to leave them to make their Way thro' bad Judgments, purely by their own Merit.

I will not trouble the Reader with the Enquiry my Curiosity led me to make in this Matter; I will only give him one Reason, of many, why these Hymns may be received for genuine. The most suspected of them all, is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy, from the Beginning of it, the Beginning of his own admirable Poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been supposed to have been written by one Cynæthus of Chios, who was a famous* Repeater of Homer's Verses. To obviate

G g 3

which

*After the Decease of Homer, there were such Persons who made a Profession of repeating his Verses; from the Repetitions of whom, and of their Descendants or Successors (for they became a Sect) the entire Poems of Homer in After-times were collected and put in Order. These were called *Homeristæ*, or *Homericidæ*; Of whom see *AElian. Var. Hist. L. 13. C. 14. Athenae. L. 1. 5. 14. Strabo L. 14. Pindar Nem. Ode 2. Calius Rodig. L. 7. C. 29.*

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which Supposition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides in the third Book of his History, and expressly quoted as the Work of Homer.

After his second Quotation, which consists of about half a Score Verses, Thucydides observes, that in those Verses Homer has made Mention of himself: Hence, 'tis beyond Question Thucydides believed, or rather was assured, it was the Work of Homer. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he lived within *four Hundred Years of Homer, and that is no Distance of Time to render the Knowledge of such Things either uncertain or obscure in such a Country as Greece, and to a Man of such Learning, Power and Wisdom as our Author. The learned Casaubon, in his Comment on a Passage in the first Book of † Strabo, takes the Liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites, as Authority against him, Part of the Quotation made by Thucydides from the aforementioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no Mention of what Country he was: In one of the Verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself the ‡ blind Man of rocky Chios. Casaubon's Note is as follows:

* Herodotus says of himself, in *Euterpe*, he was but four Hundred Years after Homer. Thucydides was Contemporary with Herodotus.

† Strab. L. 1. Pag. 30.

‡ The Original says — *The blind Man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios, and whose Poems shall be in the highest Esteem to all Posterity: Which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.*

lows: In Hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debeamus ἀθετεῖν contra auctoritatem Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam Hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c.

Now whether it be more reasonable, by the Example of so learned a Man as Casaubon, to give Credit to the Authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise, faithful and consummate Historian that ever wrote; or to give into the Scruples, Conjectures, and Suggestions of Scholiasts and Grammarians; I leave to the Determination of each impartial Reader.

H O M E R ' s

H Y M N to V E N U S.

SING, Muse, the Force and all-informing Fire
Of *Cyprian Venus*, Goddess of Desire :
Her Charms th' Immortal Minds of Gods can
move,

And tame the stubborn Race of Men to Love.
The wilder Herds and ravenous Beasts of Prey,
Her Influence feel, and own her kindly Sway.
Thro' pathless Air, and boundless Ocean's Space,
She rules the feather'd Kind and finny Race ;
Whole Nature on her sole Support depends,
And far as Life exists her Care extends.

Of all the num'rous Host of Gods above,
But three are found inflexible to Love.
Blue-ey'd *Minerva* free preserves her Heart,
A Virgin unbeguil'd by *Cupid's* Art ;
In shining Arms the martial Maid delights,
O'er War presides, and well-disputed Fights :
With Thirst of Fame she first the Hero fir'd,
And first the Skill of useful Arts inspir'd ;

Taught

Taught Artifts firft the carving Tool to wield,
Chariots with Brafs to arm, and form the fence-
ful Shield;

She firft taught modeft Maids in early Bloom
To fhun the lazy Life, and spin, or ply the Loom.

Diana next, the *Paphian* Queen defies,
Her fmiling Arts and proffer'd Friendfhip flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd Hounds and cheer-
ful Horn,

Or Silver-founding Voice, to wake the Morn,
To draw the Bow, or dart the pointed Spear,
To wound the Mountain Boar, or rouse the Wood-
land Deer:

Sometimes of gloomy Groves ſhe likes the Shades,
And there of Virgin Nymphs the Chorus leads;
And fometimes, ſeeks the Town, and leaves the
Plains,

And loves Society where Virtue reigns.

The third Celeſtial Pow'r averſe to Love
Is Virgin *Veſta*, dear to mighty *Jove*;
Whom *Neptune* fought to wed, and *Phæbus* woo'd;
And both with fruitleſs Labor long purſu'd;
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her Purpose with a ſolemn Oath,

474 POEMS upon several Occasions.

A Virgin Life inviolate to lead;
She swore, and *Jove* assenting bow'd his Head.
But since her rigid Choice the Joys deny'd
Of Nuptial Rites, and Blessings of a Bride,
The bounteous *Jove* with Gifts that Want sup-
ply'd.

High on the Throne she sits amidst the Skies,
And first is fed with Fumes of Sacrifice:
For Holy Rites to *Vesta* first are paid,
And on her Altar First-fruit Offerings laid;
So *Jove* ordain'd in Honor of the Maid.

These are the Pow'rs above, and only these,
Whom Love and *Cytherea's* Art displease:
Of other Beings, none in Earth or Skies
Her Force resists, or Influence denies.
With Ease, her Charms the Thunderer can bind,
And captivate with Love th' Almighty Mind:
Ev'n He, whose dread Commands the Gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns superior Sway;
Enslav'd to mortal Beauties by her Pow'r,
He oft descends, his Creatures to adore;
While, to conceal the Theft from *Juno's* Eyes,
Some well-diffembled Shape the God belies.

Juno,

Juno, his Wife and Sister, both in Place
And Beauty, first among th' Ethereal Race ;
Whom, all transcending in superior Worth,
Wife *Saturn* got, and *Cybele* brought forth ;
And *Jove*, by never-erring Counsel sway'd,
The Partner of his Bed and Empire made.

But *Jove* at length, with just Resentment fir'd,
The laughing Queen herself with Love inspir'd.
Swift thro' her Veins the sweet Contagion ran,
And kindled in her Breast Desire of mortal Man ;
That she, like other Deities, might prove
The Pains and Pleasures of inferior Love ;
And not insultingly the Gods deride,
Whose Sons were human by the Mother's Side :
Thus, *Jove* ordain'd she now for Man should
burn,

And bring forth mortal Offspring in her Turn.

Amongst the Springs which flow from *Ida's*
Head,

His lowing Herds the young *Anchises* fed :
Whose godlike Form and Face the smiling Queen
Beheld, and lov'd to Madness soon as seen.

476 POEMS upon several Occasions.

To *Cyprus* straight the wounded Goddess flies, }
Where *Paphian* Temples in her Honor rise, }
And Altars smoke with daily Sacrifice. }

Soon as arriv'd, she to her Shrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the shining Gates she barr'd.
The ready Graces wait, her Baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant Oils her flowing Hair;
Her flowing Hair around her Shoulders spreads,
And all adown Ambrosial Odor sheds.

Last, in transparent Robes her Limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with Ornaments of purest Gold,
And thus attir'd, her Chariot she ascends,
And *Cyprus* left, her Flight to *Troy* she bends,

On *Ida* she alights, then seeks the Seat
Which lov'd *Anchises* chose for his Retreat:
And ever as she walk'd thro' Lawn or Wood,
Promiscuous Herds of Beasts admiring stood.
Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
And lick the Ground, and crouch beneath her
Feet.

Dogs, Lions, Wolves and Bears their Eyes unite,
And the swift Panther stops to gaze with fix'd
Delight.

For,

For, ev'ry Glance she gives soft Fire imparts,
Enkindling sweet Desire in Savage Hearts.
Inflam'd with Love, all single out their Mates,
And to their shady Dens each Pair retreats.

Mean time the Tent she spies so much desir'd,
Where her *Anchises* was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his Friends, and Fellow-
Swains,

Who fed their Flocks beneath, and sought the
Plains:

In pleasing Solitude the Youth she found,
Intent upon his Lyre's harmonious Sound.
Before his Eyes *Jove's* beauteous Daughter stood,
In Form and Dress a Huntress of the Wood;
For had he seen the Goddess undisguis'd,
The Youth with Awe and Fear had been surpris'd.

Fix'd he beheld her, and with Joy admir'd
To see a Nymph so bright, and so attir'd.
For from her flowing Robe a Lustre spread,
As if with radiant Flame she were array'd;
Her Hair in Part disclos'd, in Part conceal'd,
In Ringlets fell, or was with Jewels held;

With

478 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

With various Gold and Gems her Neck was
 grac'd,
And orient Pearls heav'd on her panting Breast:
Bright as the Moon she shone, with silent Light,
And charm'd his Sense with Wonder and De-
 light.

Thus while *Anchises* gaz'd, thro' ev'ry Vein
A thrilling Joy he felt, and pleasing Pain.
At length he spake—All hail, Celestial Fair!
Who humbly dost to visit Earth repair.
Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
Latona, *Cynthia*, or the Queen of Love,
All hail! all Honor shall to thee be paid;
Or art thou * *Themis*? or the † blue-ey'd Maid?
Or, art thou fairest of the Graces three,
Who with the Gods share Immortality?
Or else, some Nymph, the Guardian of these
 Woods,
These Caves, these fruitful Hills, or Crystal
 Floods?
Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous Field,
I, to thy Honor, will an Altar build,
Where

* *Themis*, the Goddess of Equity and Right.

† *Blue-ey'd Maid*, Pallas.

Where holy Off'rings I'll each Hour prepare;
O prove but thou propitious to my Pray'r.
Grant me, among the *Trojan* Race, to prove
A Patriot worthy of my Country's Love;
Bless'd in myself, I beg, I next may be
Bless'd in my Children and Posterity:
Happy in Health, long let me see the Sun,
And, lov'd by all, late may my Days be done.

He said.—*Jove's* beauteous Daughter thus re-
ply'd.

Delight of Human-kind, thy Sex's Pride!
Honor'd *Anchises*, you behold in me
No Goddess bless'd with Immortality;
But Mortal I, of mortal Mother came,
Otreus my Father, (you have heard the Name)
Who rules the fair Extent of *Phrygia's* Lands,
And all her Towns and Fortresses commands.
When yet an Infant, I to *Troy* was brought,
There was I nurs'd, and there your Language
taught;
Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,
I, like my own, can speak the *Trojan* Tongue.
In me, one of *Diana's* Nymphs behold;
Why thus arriv'd, I shall the Cause unfold.

As

480 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

As late our Sports we practis'd on the Plain,
 I, and my Fellow Nymphs of *Cynthia's* Train,
 Dancing in Chorus, and with Garlands crown'd,
 And by admiring Crowds encompass'd round,
 Lo! hov'ring o'er my Head I saw the God
 Who *Argus* flew, and bears the golden Rod:
 Sudden he seiz'd, then, bore me from their Sight,
 Cutting thro' liquid Air his rapid Flight.
 O'er many States and peopled Towns we pass'd,
 O'er Hills and Vallies, and o'er Deserts waste;
 O'er barren Moors, and o'er unwholesome Fens,
 And Woods where Beasts inhabit dreadful Dens.
 Thro' all which pathless Way our Speed was such,
 We stop't not once the Face of Earth to touch.
 Mean time he told me, while thro' Air we fled, }
 That *Jove* ordain'd I should *Anchises* wed, }
 And with illustrious Offspring blest his Bed. }
 This said, and pointing to me your Abode,
 To Heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd God.
 Thus, of Necessity, to you I come,
 Unknown, and lost, far from my native Home.
 But I conjure you, by the Throne of *Jove*,
 By all that's dear to you, by all you love,

By

By your good Parents, (for no bad, could e'er
 Produce a Son so graceful, good, and fair :)
 That you no Wiles employ to win my Heart,
 But let me hence an untouch'd Maid depart ;
 Inviolate and guiltless of your Bed,
 Let me be to your House and Mother led.
 Me to your Father and your Brothers show,
 And our Alliance first let them allow:
 Let me be known, and my Condition own'd,
 And no unequal Match I may be found.
 Equality to them my Birth may claim,
 Worthy a Daughter's or a Sister's Name, }
 Tho' for your Wife of too inferior Fame. }
 Next, let Ambassadors to *Phrygia* haste
 To tell my Father of my Fortunes past,
 And ease my Mother in that anxious State,
 Of Doubts and Fears, which Cares for me create.
 They in return shall Presents bring from thence
 Of rich Attire, and Sums of Gold immense:
 You in peculiar shall with Gifts be grac'd,
 In Price and Beauty far above the Rest.
 This done, perform the Rites of Nuptial Love,
 Grateful to Men below, and Gods above.

482 POEMS upon several Occasions.

She said, and from her Eyes shot subtle Fires,
Which to his Heart insinuate Desires.
Resistless Love invading thus his Breast,
The panting Youth the smiling Queen address'd.

Since Mortal you, of mortal Mother came,
And *Otreus* you report your Father's Name,
And since th' Immortal *Hermes*, from above,
To execute the dread Commands of *Jove*,
Your wondrous Beauties hither has convey'd,
A Nuptial Life with me henceforth to lead:
Know, now, that neither Gods nor Men have Pow'r
One Minute to defer the happy Hour,
This Instant will I seize upon thy Charms,
Mix with thy Soul, and melt within thy Arms:
Tho' *Phœbus*, arm'd with his unerring Dart,
Stood ready to transfix my panting Heart;
Tho' Death, tho' Hell, in Consequence attend,
Thou shalt with me the genial Bed ascend.

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous
Hand;
The Goddesses smil'd, nor did th' Attempt with-
stand:
But fix'd her Eyes upon the Hero's Bed,
Where soft and silken Coverlets were spread,

And

And over all, a Counterpane was plac'd,
 Thick sown with Furs of many a Savage Beast,
 Of Bears and Lions, heretofore his Spoil;
 And still remain'd the Trophies of his Toil.
 Now to ascend the Bed they both prepare,
 And he with eager Haste disrobes the Fair.

Her sparkling Necklace, first, he laid aside;
 Her Bracelets next, and braided Hair unty'd:
 And now, his busy Hand her Zone unbrac'd,
 Which girt her radiant Robe around her Waste;
 Her radiant Robe at last aside was thrown,
 Whose rosy Hue with dazzling Lustre shone.

The Queen of Love, the Youth thus disarray'd,
 And on a Chair of Gold her Vestments laid.
Anchises now, (so *Jove* and Fate ordain'd)
 The sweet Extreme of Ecstasy attain'd;
 And Mortal he, was like th' Immortals blest'd,
 Not conscious of the Goddesses he possess'd.

But, when the Swains their Flocks and Herds }
 had fed, }
 And from the flow'ry Field returning, led }
 Their Sheep to fold, and Oxen to the Shed; }
 In soft and pleasing Chains of Sleep profound,
 The wary Goddesses her *Anchises* bound:

484 P O E M S upon several Occasions.

Then gently rising from his Side and Bed,
In all her bright Attire her Limbs array'd.

And now her fair-crown'd Head aloft she rears,
Nor more a Mortal, but herself appears:
Her Face refulgent, and majestic Mien,
Confess'd the Goddeſs, Love's and Beauty's
Queen.

Then, thus, aloud ſhe calls. *Anchiſes*, wake;
Thy fond Repoſe and Lethargy forſake:
Look on the Nymph who late from *Phrygia* came,
Behold me well——ſay, if I ſeem the ſame.

At her firſt Call the Chains of Sleep were broke,
And ſtarting from his Bed, *Anchiſes* woke:
But when he *Venus* view'd without Diſguiſe,
Her ſhining Neck beheld, and radiant Eyes;
Aw'd, and abash'd, he turn'd his Head aſide,
Attempting with his Robe his Face to hide.
Confus'd with Wonder, and with Fear oppreſs'd,
In winged Words, he thus the Queen addreſs'd.

When firſt, O Goddeſs, I thy Form beheld,
Whoſe Charms ſo far Humanity excell'd;
To thy Celeſtial Pow'r my Vows I paid,
And with Humility implor'd thy Aid:

But

But thou, for secret Cause to me unknown,
 Didst thy Divine Immortal State disown.
 But now, I beg thee, by the Filial Love
 Due to thy Father, *AEgis*-bearing *Jove*,
 Compassion on my human State to show;
 Nor let me lead a Life infirm below:
 Defend me from the Woes which Mortals wait,
 Nor let me share of Men the common Fate:
 Since never Man with Length of Days was blest,
 Who in Delights of Love a Deity possess'd.

To him, *Jove's* beauteous Daughter thus re-
 ply'd:

Be bold, *Anchises*; in my Love confide;
 Nor me, nor other God, thou needst to fear,
 For thou to all the heav'nly Race art dear.
 Know, from our Loves thou shalt a Son obtain,
 Who over all the Realm of *Troy* shall reign;
 From whom a Race of Monarchs shall descend,
 And whose Posterity shall know no End.
 To him thou shalt the Name * *AEneas* give,
 As one for whose Conception I must grieve,

H h 3

Oft

* *AEneas*, signifying one who causeth Grief.
 By this Passage, it should seem as if the Etymologists
 had

Oft as I think he to exist began
From my Conjunction with a mortal Man.

But *Troy*, of all the habitable Earth,
To a superior Race of Men gives Birth;
Producing Heroes of th' Ethereal Kind,
And next resembling Gods in Form and Mind.

From thence, great *Jove* to azure Skies convey'd,
To live with Gods, the lovely *Ganymede*.
Where, by th' Immortals honor'd, (strange to
see!)

The Youth enjoys a blest'd Eternity.
In Bowls of Gold, he ruddy Nectar pours,
And *Jove* regales in his unbended Hours.
Long did the King, his Sire, his Absence mourn,
Doubtful, by whom, or where, the Boy was born:
'Till *Jove* at length, in Pity of his Grief,
Dispatch'd * *Argicides* to his Relief;

And

had erred, who, as he was the Hero of Virgil's Epic Poem, have derived his Name from αἰνέω, to extol, or praise; it appearing expressly here to be derived from ἀνία, Grief, or ἀνιάω, to affect with Grief.

*The Slayer of *Argus*. *Mercury* so called from having slain *Argus*.

And more with Gifts to pacify his Mind, }
 He sent him Horfes of a deathlefs Kind, }
 Whose Feet outftript in Speed the rapid Wind. }
 Charging withal fwift *Hermes* to relate
 The Youth's Advancement to a heav'nly State;
 Where all his Hours are paft in circling Joy,
 Which Age can ne'er decay, nor Death deftroy.
 Now, when this Embaffy the King receives,
 No more for abfent *Ganymede* he grieves;
 The pleafing News his aged Heart revives,
 And with Delight his Swift-heel'd Steeds he
 drives.

But when the Golden-thron'd *Aurora* made
Tithonus Partner of her rofy Bed,
 (*Tithonus* too was of the *Trojan* Line,
 Refembling Gods in Face and Form Divine)
 For him ſhe ſtraight the Thunderer addrefs'd, }
 That with perpetual Life he might be blefs'd; }
Jove heard her Pray'r, and granted her Request: }
 But ah! how rash was ſhe, how indiscreet!
 The moſt material Bleſſing to omit;
 Neglecting, or not thinking, to provide,
 That Length of Days might be with Strength
 ſupply'd;

488 POEMS upon several Occasions.

And to her Lover's endless Life, engage
An endless Youth, incapable of Age.
But hear what Fate befel this heav'nly Fair,
In Gold enthron'd, the brightest Child of Air.
Tithonus, while of pleasing Youth possess'd,
Is by *Aurora* with Delight caref'd ;
Dear to her Arms, he in her Court resides,
Beyond the Verge of Earth, and Ocean's utmost
Tides.

But when she saw gray Hairs begin to spread,
Deform his Beard, and disadorn his Head,
The Goddess cold in her Embraces grew,
His Arms declin'd, and from his Bed withdrew ;
Yet still a Kind of nursing Care she show'd,
And Food ambrosial, and rich Clothes bestow'd :
But when of Age he felt the sad Extreme,
And ev'ry Nerve was shrunk, and Limb was
lame,

Lock'd in a Room her useles Spouse she left,
Of Youth, of Vigor, and of Voice bereft.*
On Terms like these, I never can desire
Thou shouldst to Immortality aspire.

Couldst

* *Tithonus* was feigned, at length, to have been turned into a Grasshopper.

Couldst thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
Thy Strength, thy Beauty, and thy Youth retain,
Couldst thou for ever *thus* my Husband prove,
I might live happy in thy endless Love;
Nor shou'd I e'er have Cause to dread the Day,
When I must mourn thy Loss and Life's Decay.
But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
Beneath the Woes which painful Age attend;
Inexorable Age! whose wretched State
All Mortals dread, and all Immortals hate.

Now, know, I also must my Portion share,
And for thy Sake Reproach and Shame must bear.
For I, who heretofore in Chains of Love,
Could captivate the Minds of Gods above,
And force 'em, by my all-subduing Charms,
To fight and languish in a Woman's Arms:
Must now no more that Pow'r superior boast,
Nor tax with Weakness the Celestial Host;
Since I myself, this dear Amends have made,
And am at last by my own Arts betray'd.

Erring like them, with Appetite deprav'd,
This Hour, by thee, I have a Son conceiv'd;
Whom hid beneath my Zone, I must conceal,
'Till Time his Being and my Shame reveal.

Him

Him shall the Nymphs who these fair Woods
adorn

In their deep Bosoms nurse, as soon as born:
They nor of Mortal nor Immortal Seed
Are said to spring, yet on *Ambrosia* feed,
And * long they live; and oft in Chorus join
With Gods and Goddesses in Dance divine.

These

* Of Wood-Nymphs there were the *Dryades* and the *Hamadryades*; the *Dryades* presided over Woods and Groves; the *Hamadryades* each over her particular Tree. None of them were accounted Immortal, but extremely long lived. *Ausonius*, from *Hesiod*, computes the complete Life of a Man at 96 Years; a Crow, he says, lives nine Times as long; a Deer four Times as long as a Crow; a Raven three Times as long as a Deer; the Phenix ten Times as long as a Raven; and these *Hamadryades* live ten times as long as the Phenix. But the most received Opinion was, that they lived just as long as their Trees. Therefore this from *Ausonius* seems rather to relate to the *Dryades*, and the Duration of a whole Wood; for there are frequent Instances where they were indifferently called *Dryades* and *Hamadryades*, by the ancient Poets. They were very sensible of good Offices, and grateful to them who at any Time preserved their Trees. The Scholiast, upon a Passage mentioning these Nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut. l. 2.* relates the following Story cited from *Charon Lampfacenus*. A young Man called *Ræcus*, observing a fair Oak almost fallen to the Earth, ordered it to be supported, and took such effectual Care that he re-established it again to flourish in its Place. The Nymph of the Tree appeared to him, and in Return bid him ask what he pleased. The Youth readily demanded of her the last Favor, which she as readily promised; and according to Agreement, sent a Bee to summon him at the Time when he might be happy: But the young Man happening to be gaming at Dice when the Bee came, was so offended with its buzzing, that he gave it ill Words, and chid it from him; this Reception of her Ambassador so enraged the Nymph, that in Revenge she

These the † *Sileni* court ; these *Hermes* loves,
And their Embraces seeks in shady Groves.
Their Origin and Birth these Nymphs deduce
From common Parent Earth's prolific Juice :
With lofty Firs which grace the Mountain's Brow,
Or ample-spreading Oaks, at once they grow ;
All have their Trees allotted to their Care,
Whose Growth, Duration and Decrease they
share.

But holy are these Groves by Mortals held,
And therefore, by the Axe are never fell'd.
But when the Fate of some fair Tree draws nigh,
It first appears to droop, and then grows dry ;
The Bark to crack and perish next is seen,
And last the Boughs it sheds, no longer green :
And thus the Nymphs expire by like Degrees,
And live and die coeval with their Trees.

These gentle Nymphs, by my Persuasion won,
Shall in their sweet Recesses nurse my Son ;

And

she rendered him impotent. This Story is also cited in Part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid Metam.* l. 8. of the Fate of *Erifichthon*, for cutting down one of these animated Trees.

† The *Satyrs*, when they were in Years, were called *Sileni*, as *Pausanias* reports in *Attic.* p. 41.

And when his Cheeks with Youth's first Blushes
glow,

To thee the Sacred Maids the Boy shall show.

More to instruct thee, when five Years shall end,
I will again to visit thee descend,

Bringing thy beauteous Son to charm thy Sight,
Whose Godlike Form shall fill thee with Delight ;

Him will I leave thenceforward to thy Care,

And will that with him thou to *Troy* repair :

There, if Enquiry shall be made, to know

To whom thou dost so bright an Offspring owe ;

Be sure thou Nothing of the Truth detect,

But ready Answer make as I direct.

Say of a Sylvan Nymph the fair Youth came,

And *Calycopis* call his Mother's Name.

For shouldst thou boast the Truth, and madly own

That thou in Bliss hadst *Cytherea* known,

Jove would his Anger pour upon thy Head,

And with avenging Thunder strike thee dead.

Now all is told thee, and just Caution giv'n,

Be secret thou, and dread the Wrath of Heav'n.

She said, and sudden soar'd above his Sight,
Cutting thro' liquid Air her Heav'nward Flight.

All hail, bright *Cyprian* Queen! thee first I praise;
Then, to some other Pow'r transfer my Lays.

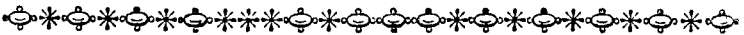
A
L E T T E R

T O

Mr. D E N N I S,

C O N C E R N I N G

H U M O R in C O M E D Y.



Printed in the Y E A R M D C C L X I.

A

LETTER to Mr. *DENNIS*,

C O N C E R N I N G

H U M O R in C O M E D Y.

Dear Sir,

YOU write to me, that you have entertained yourself two or three Days, with reading several Comedies, of several Authors; and your Observation is, that there is more of *Humor* in our *English* Writers, than in any of the other Comic Poets, ancient or modern. You desire to know my Opinion, and at the same Time my Thoughts, of that which is generally called *Humor* in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an Impartial Preference of our *English* Writers, in that Particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of *Humor*, I must at the same Time confess, that what I take for true *Humor*, has not been so often written, even
by

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by them, as is generally believed: And some who have valued themselves, and have been esteemed by others, for that Kind of Writing, have seldom touched upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labored Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks, as may be contained within the Compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the World, or setting up for a *Dictator*, you shall have from me, since you have enjoined it.

To define *Humor*, perhaps, were as difficult, as to define *Wit*; for like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the several *Humors* of Men, were a Work as endless, as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my Mind, the *Quot Homines tot Sententiæ*, might have been more properly interpreted of *Humor*; since there are many Men, of the same Opinion in many Things, who are yet quite different in *Humors*. But though we cannot certainly tell what *Wit* is,

is, or what *Humor* is, yet we may go near to show Something, which is not *Wit* or not *Humor*, and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned *Wit* and *Humor* together, let me make the first Distinction between them, and observe to you, that *Wit is often mistaken for Humor*.

I have observed, that when a few Things have been wittily and pleasantly spoken by any Character in a Comedy; it has been very usual for those, who make their Remarks on a Play while it is acting, to say, *Such a Thing is very Humorously spoken: There is a great Deal of Humor in that Part*. Thus the Character of the Person speaking, may be surprisngly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a Character of *Humor*; which indeed is a Character of *Wit*: But there is a great Difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many Things *humorously*, as they call it, which is *pleasantly* spoken; and one, where there are several Characters of *Humor*, distinguished by the particular and different Humors, appropriated to the several Persons represented, and which naturally arise from the

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different Constitutions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of Humorous Things, does not distinguish Characters; for every Person in a Comedy may be allowed to speak them. From a witty Man they are expected; and even a *Fool* may be permitted to stumble on them by Chance. Though I make a Difference betwixt *Wit* and *Humor*; yet I do not think that Humorous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the Manner of *Wit* should be adapted to the *Humor*. As for Instance; a Character of a Splenetic and Peevish *Humor*, should have a Satirical Wit: A Jolly and Sanguine *Humor*, should have a Facetious Wit. The former should speak positively; the latter carelessly: For the former observes, and shows Things as they are; the latter rather overlooks Nature, and speaks Things as he would have them; and his *Wit* and *Humor* have both of them a less Alloy of Judgment than the other's.

As *Wit*, so its opposite, *Folly*, is sometimes mistaken for *Humor*.

When a Poet brings a *Character* on the Stage, committing a thousand Absurdities, and talking

ing Impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no Occasion; this is a Character of Humor.

Is any Thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy, stuffed with such Grotesque Figures, and Farce Fools? Things, that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance; and consequently, as such, should be stifled, and huddled out of the Way, like *Sooterkins*; that Mankind may not be shocked with an appearing Possibility of the Degeneration of a God-like *Species*. For my Part, I am as willing to laugh as any Body, and as easily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: But at the same Time, I can never care for seeing Things that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I do not know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very mortifying Reflections; though I never heard any Thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not originally of a distinct *Species*. As I do not think *Humor* exclusive of *Wit*, neither do I think it in-

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confistent with *Folly*; but I think the Follies should be only such as Men's Humors may incline them to; and not Follies entirely abstracted from both Humor and Nature.

Sometimes, *Personal Defects are misrepresented for Humors.*

I mean, sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must both be very ill-natured himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes, by showing a Man deformed, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raise their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to any Body, especially to you, who, in one of your Letters to me concerning *Johnson's Fox*, have justly excepted against this immoral Part of *Ridicule* in *Corbaccio's* Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery of true Humor in Comedy.

External Habit of Body is often mistaken for Humor.

By

By *External Habit*, I do not mean the ridiculous Drefs or Clothing of a Character, though that goes a good Way in fome received Characters. (But undoubtedly a Man's Humor may incline him to drefs differently from other People.) But I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all or moft of the fame Country, Trade, Profession, or Education. I cannot think that a *Humor*, which is only a Habit, or Difpofition contracted by Ufe or Cuftom; for by a Difufe, or Compliance with other Cuftoms, it may be worn off, or diverfified.

Affectation is generally mistaken for Humor.

These are indeed fo much alike, that at a Dif-
tance they may be miftaken one for the other.
For what is *Humor* in one, may be *Affectation* in
another; and Nothing is more common, than for
fome to affect particular Ways of faying and do-
ing Things, peculiar to others, whom they admire
and would imitate. *Humor* is the Life, *Affecta-
tion* the Picture. He that draws a Character of
Affectation, fhows *Humor* at the Second Hand;

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he at best but publishes a Translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them, by particular Instances from some Author of Reputation. *Humor*, I take, either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth; or else to be grafted into us, by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may so call it, Naturalised.

Humor is from Nature, *Habit* from Custom, and *Affectation* from Industry.

Humor shows us as we are.

Habit shows us as we appear under a forcible Impression.

Affectation shows what we would be, under a voluntary Disguise.

Though here I would observe by the Way, that a continued Affectation may in Time become a Habit.

The Character of *Morose* in the *Silent Woman*, I take to be a Character of Humor. And I choose to instance this Character to you, from
many

many others of the same Author, because I know it has been condemned by many as unnatural and Farce: And you have yourself hinted some Dislike of it, for the same Reason, in a Letter to me, concerning some of *Johnson's* Plays.

Let us suppose *Morose* to be a Man naturally splenetic and melancholy; is there any Thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition, than Noise and Clamor? Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We see common Examples of this Humor in little every Day. It is ten to one, but three Parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are discomposed and startled at the cutting of a Cork, or scratching a Plate with a Knife: It is a Proportion of the same Humor, that makes such or any other Noise offensive to the Person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturbed at all by it. Well; but *Morose*, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation above a Whisper. Why, it is his Excess of this Humor, that makes him be-

come ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate Proportion of that Humor, it is Odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character, and have condemned the Author, for exposing a Humor which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the Distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in Proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactness of Quantity were to be observed in Wit, as some would have it in Humor, what would become of those Characters that are designed for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any Length, from the *Extempore* Discourse of the two Wittiest Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly received by the Town. But to the Purpose.

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the same Play, is a Character of Affectation. He every where discovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but
the

the Audience also plainly perceives, that he is ignorant. Of this Kind are the Characters of *Thrafo* in the *Eunuch* of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Gloriosus* of *Plautus*. They affect to be thought valiant, when both themselves and the Audience know they are not. Now such a Boasting of Valor in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a *Humor*; for a fiery Disposition might naturally throw a Man into the same Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humor*, and most of the under Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, discover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not Humors, but Habits contracted by Custom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradesmen, Jockeys, Gamesters and such like, who make use of *Cants* or peculiar *Dialects* in their several Arts and Vocations. One may almost give a Receipt for the Composition of such a Character: For the Poet has Nothing to do, but

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but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this Kind have been very successful; but in my Mind they may be painted without much Art or Labor; since they require little more, than a good Memory and superficial Observation. But true *Humor* cannot be shown, without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search, to discover the first Seeds from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers. But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: And I hope by this Time you are of my Opinion, that Humor is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor personal Defect; nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet, that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for Humor.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of Humor, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my Hand is in, I will tell you what serves me instead of either. I take it to be, *A singular and unavoidable Manner of doing or saying any Thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are distinguished from those of other Men.*

Our *Humor* has Relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Substance; it is a Color, Taste, and Smell, diffused through all; though our Actions are never so many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the same Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which, though it may be disguised by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colors, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Instrument will be distinguished, though the Notes expressed by it are never so various, and the Divisions never so many. Diffimulation may, by Degrees, become more easy to our Practice; but it can
never

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never absolutely tranſubſtantiate us into what we would ſeem: It will always be in ſome Proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his *Humor*; and there is Nothing more provoking, than the being made ſenſible of that Difficulty. Sometimes one ſhall meet with thoſe, who, perhaps innocently enough, but at the ſame Time impertinently, will aſk the Queſtion, *Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleaſant, and chearful?* Then, inſtead of answering, could I aſk ſuch one, *Why are you not handſome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous Philoſophers of *Ephesus* and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at this Day. Some weep, and others laugh, at one and the ſame Thing.

I do not doubt, but you have obſerved ſeveral Men laugh when they are angry; others who are ſilent; ſome that are loud: Yet I cannot ſuppoſe that it is the Paſſion of *Anger* which is in itſelf different, or more or leſs in one than
the

the other ; but that it is the *Humor* of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that Manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are as various: One Man has a Humor of retiring from all Company, when any Thing has happened to please him beyond Expectation ; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it; and must make other People sensible of his Happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in Grief, and other Passions. Demonstrations of Love, and the Effects of that Passion upon several Humors, are infinitely different ; but here the Ladies who abound in Servants are the best Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks Something should be observed of the Humor of the Fair Sex ; since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a Character for Comedy. But I must confess I have never made any Observation of what I apprehend to be true Humor in Women. Perhaps Passions are too powerful in that Sex, to let Humor have its Course ; or may be, by Reason

son

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son of their Natural Coldness, Humor cannot exert itself to that extravagant Degree which it often does in the Male Sex. For if ever any Thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquired Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true Reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the Diversity of Humor, which must be allowed to be diffused throughout Mankind, might afford endless Matter for the Support of Comedies. But when we come closely to consider that Point, and nicely to distinguish the Difference of Humors, I believe we shall find the contrary. For though we allow every Man Something of his own, and a peculiar Humor; yet every Man has it not in Quantity to become remarkable by it: Or if many do become remarkable by their Humors, yet all those Humors may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what Humor will be diverting, but also how much of it; what Part of it to show in
Light,

Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off by preparatory Scenes, and by opposing other Humors to it in the same Scene. Through a wrong Judgment, sometimes, Men's Humors may be opposed, when there is really no specific Difference between them; only a greater Proportion of the same in one than the other; occasioned by his having more Phlegm, or Choler, or whatever the Constitution is, from whence their Humors derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this Subject, though perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a Friend, who I am sure will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is entirely new, and was never touched upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private Essay, it should be some one, who might be provoked, by my Errors in it, to publish a more judicious Treatise on the Subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true Humor, and the Difficulty of finding and showing it, might look a little more favorably on the Labors

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bors of them, who endeavour to search into Nature for it, and lay it open to the Public View.

I do not say but that very entertaining and useful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectation, and those other Qualities, which I have endeavoured to distinguish from Humor: But I would not have such imposed on the World for Humor, nor esteemed of equal Value with it. It were, perhaps, the Work of a long Life, to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and distinct Humor. Therefore every Poet must be beholden to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think such a one deserves to be broke, who makes all false Musters; who does not show one true Humor in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the End of the Play with every Thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Observation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, and which I mentioned at the Beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humor in our *English*

English Comic Writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon Humor to be almost of *English* Growth; at least, it does not seem to have found such Increase on any other Soil. And what appears to me to be the Reason of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege and Liberty which the Common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humor, is under no Restraint, or Fear of giving it Vent; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be, will show the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Discourse: *He that will have a May-pole, shall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe Something considerable too may be ascribed to their feeding so much on Flesh, and the Grossness of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Physicians agree that.

Thus you have my Thoughts of *Humor*, to my Power of expressing them in so little Time and Compass. You will be kind to show me wherein I have erred; and as you are very

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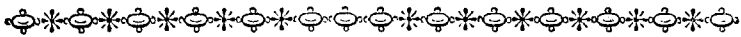
capable of giving me Instruction, so I think I have a very just Title to demand it from you; being, without Reserve,

Your real Friend,

And humble Servant,

July 10, 1695.

W. CONGREVE.



A

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