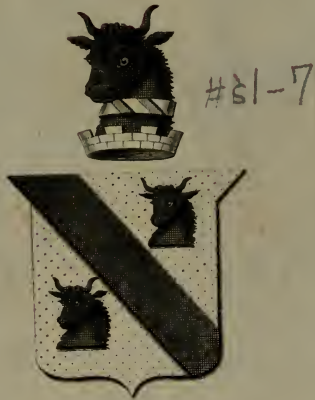






REAR VIEW BOOK  
3814.5  
vol. 1

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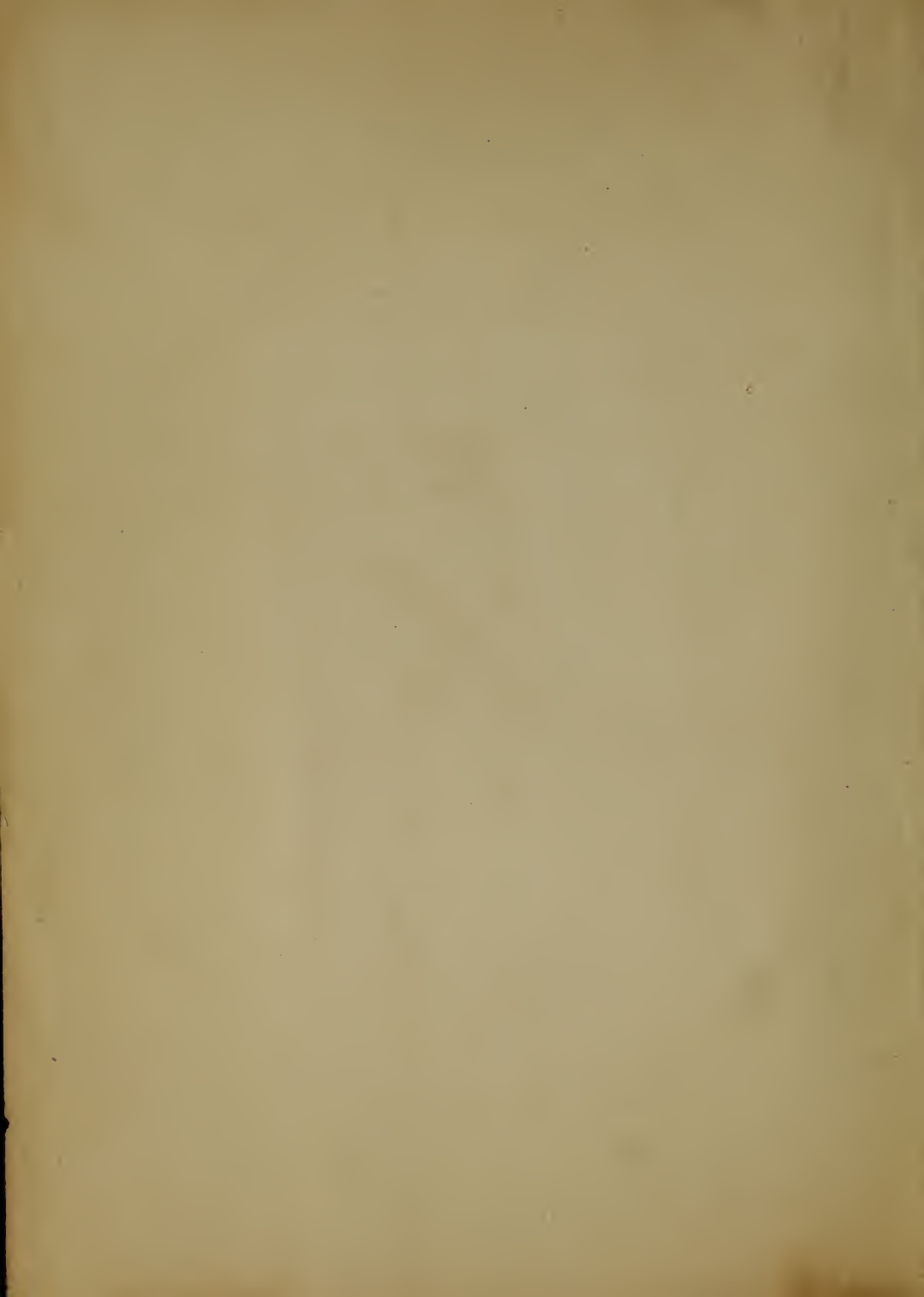


#51-7

William Holgate.









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2

THE  
RIVAL  
LADIES.

A  
Tragi-Comedy.

As it was Acted at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL.

---

*Nos hac Novimus esse nihil.*

---

Written by  
JOHN DRIDEN Esquire.

---

LONDON,

Printed by T.N. for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor  
in the lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1675.

THE  
REV. JAMES

WALKER

of the

Church of England

and

of the





To the Right Honourable,

ROGER Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD,



His worthless Present was design'd you, long before it was a Play, when it was onely a confus'd Mass of Thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the Fancy was yet in its first Work, moving the sleeping Images of things towards the light, there to be distinguish'd, and then either chosen or rejected by the Judgment: It was yours, my Lord, before I could call it mine. And, I confess, in that first Tumult of my Thoughts, there appear'd a disorderly kind of Beauty in some of them, which gave me hope, something worthy my Lord of *Orrery* might be drawn from them: But I was then in that eagerness of imagination, which by over-pleasing Fanciful Men, flatters them into the danger of Writing; so that when I had molded it: to that Shape it now bears, I look'd with such Disgust upon it, that the Censures of our severest Criticks are charitable to what I thought (and still think) of it my self; 'Tis so far from me to think this perfect, that I am apt to conclude our best Plays are scarcely so; for the Stage being the Representation of the World, and the Actions in it, how can it be imagin'd, that the Picture of humane Life can be more exact, than Life it self is; He may be allowed sometimes to Err, who undertakes to move so many Characters and Humours, as are requisite in a Play, in those narrow Channels which are proper to each of them: To conduct his imaginary Persons, through so many various Intrigues and Chances, as the Labouring Audience shall think them lost under every Billow; and then at length to work them so naturally out of their Distresses, that when the whole Plot is laid open, the Spectators may rest satisfied, that every cause was powerful enough to produce the effect it had; and that the whole Chain of them was with such due Order link'd together, that the first Accident would naturally beget the second, till they all render'd the conclusion necessary.

These difficulties, my Lord, may reasonably excuse the Errors of my undertaking; but for this confidence of my Dedication, I have an Argument which is too advantageous for me, not to publish it to the World. 'Tis the kindness your Lordship has continually shown to all my Writings. You have been pleas'd, my Lord, they should sometimes cross the *Irish* Seas to kiss your hands; which passage (contrary to the Experience of others) I have found the least dangerous in the World. Your favour has shone upon me at a remote distance, without the least knowledge of my Person; and (like the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies) you have done good, without knowing to whom you did it. 'Tis this Virtue in your Lordship, which emboldens me to this attempt: for did I not consider you as my Patron, I have little reason to desire you for my Judge; and should appear with as much awe before you in the Reading, as I had when the full Theatre sate upon the Action. For who could so severely judge of faults as he, who has given testimony he commits none; your excellent Poems having afforded that knowledge of it to the World, that your Enemies are ready to upbraid you with it, as a crime for a Man of Business to Write so well. Neither durst I have justified your Lordship in it, if Examples of it had not been in the World before you, if *Xenophon* had not written a Romance, and a certain *Roman*, call'd *Augustus Caesar*, a Tragedy, and Epigrams. But their Writing was the entertainment of their Pleasure, yours is onely a Diversion of your Pain. The *Muses* have seldom employed your thoughts, but when some violent fit of the Gout has snatch'd you from Affairs of State: And, like the Priestests of *Apollo*, you never come to deliver his Oracles, but Unwillingly, and intorment. So that we are oblig'd to your Lordship's misery for our delight: You treat us with the cruel Pleasure of a *Turkish* Triumph, where those who cut and wound their Bodies, sing Songs of Victory as they pass, and divert others with their own Sufferings. Other men endure their Diseases, your Lordship onely can enjoy them. Plotting and Writing in this kind, are certainly more troublesome employments than many which signifie more, and are of greater moment in the World: The Fancy, Memory, and Judgment are then extended (like so many Limbs) upon the Rack; all of them reaching with their utmost stress at Nature; a thing so almost Infinite and Boundless, as can never fully be comprehended, but where the Images of all things are always present. Yet I wonder not, your Lordship succeeds so well in this attempt; the Knowledge of Men is your daily practise in the World; to work and bend their stubborn Minds, which go not all after the same Grain, but each of them so particular a way, that the same common Humours, in several Persons, must be wrought upon by several Means. Thus, my Lord, your Sickness is but the Imitation of your Health; the Poet but subordinate to the States-man in you; you still govern men with the same Address, and manage Business with the same Prudence; allowing it here (as  
in



in the World) the due Increase and Growth, till it comes to the just height; and then turning it when it is fully ripe, and Nature calls out, as it were, to be delivered. With this onely advantage of ease to you in your Poetry, that you have Fortune here at your command: with which, Wisdom does often unsuccessfully struggle in the World. Here is no chance which you have not foreseen; all your Heroes are more then your Subjects, they are your Creatures; and though they seem to move freely, in all the sallies of their Passions, yet you make Destinies for them which they cannot shun. They are mov'd (if I may dare to say so) like the Rational Creatures of the Almighty Poet, who walk at Liberty, in their own Opinion, because their Fetters are invincible, when indeed the Prison of their Will, is the more sure for being large: and instead of an absolute Power over their Actions, they have onely a wretched Desire of doing that, which they cannot choose but do.

I have dwelt, my Lord, thus long upon your Writing, not because you deserve not greater and more noble Commendations, but because I am not equally able to express them in other Subjects. Like an ill Swimmer, I have willingly staid long in my own Depth: and though I am eager of performing more, yet am loath to venture out beyond my Knowledge. For beyond your Poetry, my Lord, all is Ocean to me. To speak of you as a Souldier, or a States-man, were onely to betray my own ignorance; and I could hope no better success from it, than that miserable *Rhetorician* had, who solemnly Declaim'd before *Hannibal*, of the Conduct of Arms, and the Art of War. I can onely say in general, that the Souls of other Men shine out at little Crannies; they understand some one thing, perhaps to Admiration, while they are Darkned on all the other Parts: But your Lordship's Soul is an intire Globe of Light, breaking out on every side; and if I have onely discover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the Light falls unequally, but because the Body which receives it, is of unequal Parts.

The acknowledgment of which is a fair occasion offer'd me, to retire from the consideration of your Lordship to that of my Self: I here present you, my Lord, with that in print, which you had the goodness not to dislike upon the Stage; and account it happy to have met you here in *England*: it being at best, like small Wines, to be drunk out upon the place, and has not body enough to endure the Sea. I know not whether I have been so careful of the Plot and Language as I ought; but for the latter, I have endeavour'd to write English, as near as I could distinguish it, from the Tongue of *Pedants*, and that of affected Travellers: Onely I am sorry, that (speaking so noble a Language as we do) we have not a more certain measure of it, as they have in *France*, where they have an Academy erected for that purpose, and indow'd with large Priviledges by the present King. I wish we might at length leave to borrow Words from other Nations, which is now a Wantonness in us, not a Necessity; but so long

long as some affect to speak them; there will not want others who will have the boldness to write them.

But I fear least defending the receiv'd words, I shall be accus'd for following the New way, I mean, of writing Scenes in Verse: though, to speak properly, 'tis not so much a new way amongst us, as an old way new reviv'd; For many years before *Shakspear's* Plays, was the Tragedy of *Queen Gorboduc* in *English* Verse, written by that famous Lord *Buckhurst*, afterwards Earl of *Dorset*, and Progenitor to that Excellent Person, who (as he inherits his Soul and Title) I wish may inherit his good Fortune. But supposing our Countrey-men had not receiv'd this Writing till of late; shall we oppose our selves to the most polish'd and civiliz'd Nations of *Europe*? shall we with the same singularity oppose the World in this, as most of us do in pronouncing *Latin*? or do we desire, that the Brand which *Barclay* has (I hope) unjustly laid upon the *English*, should still continue, *Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur, ceteras nationes despectui habent.* All the *Spanish* and *Italian* Tragedies I have yet seen, are writ in Rhyme: For the *French*, I do not name them, because it is the Fate of our Countrey-men to admit little of theirs amongst us, but the Basest of their Men, the Extravagancies of their Fashions, and the Frippery of their Merchandise. *Shakspear* (who with some Errors, not to be avoided in that Age, had, undoubtedly, a larger Soul of Poesie than ever any of our Nation) was the first, who, to shun the pains of continual Rhyming, invented that kind of Writing, which we call Blanck Verse, but the *French* more properly, *Prose Mesuree*: into which the *English* Tongue so naturally slides, that in writing *Prose* 'tis hardly to be avoided. And therefore I admire, some men should perpetually stumble in a way so easie. And inverting the order of their Words, constantly close their Lines with Verbs; which though commended sometimes in writing *Latin*, yet we were whipt at *Westminster* if we us'd it twice together. I know some, who, if they were to write in Blank Verse, Sir, *I ask your pardon*, would think it sounded more Heroically to write, Sir, *I your pardon ask*. I should judge him to have little command of *English*, whom the necessity of a Rhyme should force often upon this Rock, though sometimes it cannot easly be avoided: And indeed this is the onely inconvenience with which Rhyme can be charged. This is that which makes them say, Rhyme is not natural, it being onely so, when the Poet either makes a vicious choice of Words, or places them for Rhyme sake so unnaturally, as no man would in ordinary speaking: but when 'tis so judiciously ordered, that the first Word in the Verse seems to beget the second, and that the next, till that becomes the last Word in the Line, which in the negligence of *Prose* would be so; it must then be granted, Rhyme has all the advantage of *Prose*, besides its own. But the Excellence and Dignity of it, were never fully known till Mr. *Waller* taught it; he first made

Writing



Writing easily an Art; first shew'd us to conclude the Sense, most commonly, in Distichs; which, in the Verse of those before him, runs on for so many Lines together, that the Reader is out of breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. Waller's *Lyrick* Poesie, was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir *John Denham*, in his *Coopers-Hill*: a Poem which your Lordship knows, for the Majesty of the Style, is, and ever will be, the exact Stander of good Writing. But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr. Waller, we are acknowledging for the noblest use of it to Sir *William D'avenant*, who at once brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect, in the Siege of *Rhodes*.

The advantages which Rhyme has over Blanck Verse, are so many, that it were lost time to name them: Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his defence of Poesie, gives us one, which, in my opinion, is not the least considerable; I mean, the help it brings to Memory: which Rhyme so knits up by the affinity of Sounds, that by remembering the last Words in one Line, we often call to mind both the Verses. Then in the quickness of Reparties, (which in Discoursive Scenes fall very often) it has so particular a Grace, and is so aptly suited to them, that the sudden smartness of the Answer, and the sweetness of the Rhyme, set off the Beauty of each other. But that benefit which I consider most in it, because I have not seldome found it, is, that it bounds and circumscribes the fancy. For imagination in a Poet is a Faculty so wild and lawless, that, like an high-ranging Spaniel, it must have Clogs tied to it, lest it out-run the Judgment. The great easiness of Blanck Verse, renders the Poet too luxuriant; he is tempted to say many things: which might better be omitted, or at least shut up in fewer words: But when the difficulty of Artful Rhyming is interpos'd, where the Poet commonly confines his Sence to his Couplet, and must contrive that Sence into such Words, that the Rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the Rhime; the Fancy then gives leisure to the Judgment to come in; which seeing so heavy a Tax impos'd, is ready to cut off all unnecessary Expences. This last consideration has already answer'd an Objection which some have made; that Rhyme is onely an Embroidery of Sence, to make that which is ordinary in it self, pass for Excellent with less Examination. But certainly, that which most regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgment its busiest employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest Thoughts. The Poet examines that most which he produceth with the greatest leisure, and which he knows must pass the severest Test of the Audience, because they are aptest to have it ever in their Memory: as the Stomach makes the best Concoction, when it strictly embraces the Nourishment, and takes account of every little Particle as it passes through. But as the best Medicines may lose their Virtue by being ill applied, so is it with Verse, if a fit Subject be not chosen for it. Neither must the Argument alone, but the Characters, and Persons be  
great

great and noble; Otherwise (as *Scaliger* says of *Claudian*) the Poet will be, *Ignobiliore materia depressus*. The Scenes, which, in my opinion, most commend it, are those of Argumentation and Discourse, on the result of which, the doing or not doing some considerable action should depend.

But, my Lord, though I have more to say upon this Subject, yet I must remember, 'tis your Lordship to whom I speak; who have much better commended this way by your Writing in it, than I can do by Writing for it. Where my Reasons cannot prevail, I am sure your Lordship's Example must. Your Rhetorick has gain'd my cause; at least the greatest part of my Design has already succeeded to my Wish, which was to interest so Noble a Person in the Quarrel, and withall to testify to the World how happy I esteem my Self in the honour of being,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humble and most  
obedient Servant,

JOHN DRIDEN.

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PRO.





# PROLOGUE

TO the RIVAL-LADIES:

**T**Is much desir'd, you Judges of the Town,  
Would pass a Vote, to put all Prologues down;  
For who can show me, since they first were Writ,  
They e'r converted one hard-hearted Wit:  
Yet the World's mended well; in former days,  
Good Prologues were as scarce, as now good Plays:  
For the reforming Poets of our Age,  
In this first Charge, spend their Poetique rage:  
Expect no more, when once the Prologue's done;  
The Wit is ended ere the Play's begun.  
You now have Habits, Dances, Scenes, and Rhimes;  
High Language often; I, and Sence, sometimes:  
As for a clear contrivance, doubt it not;  
They blow out Candles, to give Light to th'Plot.  
And for Surprise, two Bloudy-minded Men  
Fight till they die, then rise and dance again:  
Such deep Intrigues you're welcome to this Day:  
But blame your selves, not him who Writ the Play;  
Though his Plot's dull, as can be well desir'd,  
Wit stiff as any you have e'r admir'd:  
He's bound to please, not to Write well; and knows,  
There is a Mode in Plays as well as Claathes:  
Therefore, kind Judges—





A SECOND  
PROLOGUE

Enters.

2. ——— Hold; would you admit  
For Judges all you see within the Pit;  
1. Whom would he then Except, or on what Score?  
2. All, who (like him) have writ ill Plays before;  
For they, like Thieves condemn'd, are Hang-men made,  
To execute the Members of their Trade.  
All that are Writing now he would disown:  
But then he must Except, ev'n all the Town.  
All Chol'rique, losing Gamesters, who in spight,  
Will damn to Day, because they lost last Night.  
All Ser-vants, whom their Mistres's scorn upbraids;  
All Maudlin Lovers, and all Slighted Maids:  
All who are out of Humour, or Severe;  
All, that want Wit, or hope to find it here.



## Personæ Dramatis.

- Don Gonsalvo de Peralta*, A }  
young Gentleman, newly } In love with *Julia*.  
arriv'd from the *Indies* ; }
- Don Rhodorigo de Sylva* ; } In love with the same  
Lady.
- Don Manuel de Torres* ; Brother to *Julia*.
- Julia*, Elder Sister to *Don* } Promis'd to *Rhodorigo*.  
*Manuel* ; }
- Honorina*, Younger Sister to }  
*Don Manuel*, disguis'd in } In love with *Gonsalvo*.  
the Habit of a Man, and }  
going by the Name of }  
*Hippolito* ; }
- Angellina*, Sister to *Don Rho-* } Likewise in love with  
*dorigo*, in Man's Habit ; } *Gonsalvo*, and going by  
the Name of *Amideo*.

Servants. } Sea-men.  
Robbers. } Masquers.

*The Scene*, Alicant.

T H E

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE  
RIVAL-LADIES.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

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*Enter Gonsalvo, Servant:*

The SCENE, *A Wood.*

*Gonf.*



Ay, 'twas a strange as well as cruel storm,  
To take us almost in the Port of *Sevil*,  
And drive us up as far as *Barcellona*;  
The whole Plate-Fleet was scatter'd, some  
part wrack'd;  
There one might see the Sailors diligent  
To cast o'r-board the Master's envid  
wealth,

While he, all Pale, and Dying, stood in doubt  
Whether to ease the burthen of the Ship,  
By drowning of his Ingots, or himself.

*Serv.* Fortune is a Woman every where,  
B But

But most upon the Sea.

*Gonf.* Had that been all,  
I should not have complain'd; but ere we could  
Repair our Ship, to drive us back again,  
Was such a Cruelty——

*Serv.* Yet that short time you staid at *Barcellona*  
You husbanded so well, I think you left  
A Mistris there.

*Gonf.* I made some small Effays  
Of Love; what might have been, I cannot tell:  
But, to leave that, upon what part of *Spain*  
Are we now cast?

*Serv.* Sir, I take that City to be *Alicante*.

*Gonf.* Some days must of necessity be spent  
In looking to our Ship; then back again  
For *Sevil*.

*Serv.* There you're sure you shall be welcome.

*Gonf.* I, if my Brother *Rodoric* be return'd  
From *Flanders*; but 'tis now three years since I  
Have heard from him, and since I saw him twelve.

*Serv.* Your growth, and your long absence in the *Indies*,  
Have alter'd you so much, he'll scarcely know you.

*Gonf.* I'm sure I should not him, and less my Sister,  
Who, when I, with my Uncle, went this Voyage,  
Was then one of those little prating Girls,  
Of whom fond Parents tell such tedious stories.  
Well, go you back.

*Serv.* I go, Sir.

*Gonf.* And take care  
None of the Sea men slip ashore.

*Serv.* I shall, Sir.

[Exit Servant.]

*Gonf.* I'll walk a little while among these Trees,  
Now the fresh ev'ning air blows from the Hills,  
And breathes the sweetness of the Orange-flowers  
Upon me, from the Gardens near the City.

*Robbers within.*

*1 Rob.* I say, make sure, and kill him.

*Hip.* For Heavens dear sake have pity on my youth.

*within.*

*Gonf.*



*Gonf.* Some violence is offer'd in the Wood  
By Robbers to a Traveller: Who e'r  
Thou art, humanity obliges me  
To give thee succour.

*Hip.* Help! ah cruel men!

*Gonf.* This way I think the voice came, 'tis not far:

[*within.*

[*Exit.*

[*The Scene draws, and discovers Hippolito bound to a Tree, and two Robbers by him with drawn swords.*

*2 Rob.* Strip him, and let him go.

*1 Rob.* Dispatch him quite; off with his Doublet quickly.

*Hip.* Ah me unfortunate!

*Enter Gonfalvo, seizes the sword of one of them, runs him through; then after a little resistance, disarms the other:*

*2 Rob.* If you have mercy in you, spare my life;  
I never was consenting to a Deed  
So black as Murder, though my fellow urg'd me:  
I onely meant to rob, and I am punish'd  
Enough, in missing of my wicked aim.

*Gonf.* Do they rob Angels here? this sweet Youth has  
A face so like one which I lately saw,  
It makes your Crime of kin to Sacri'ge:  
But live; and henceforth  
Take nobler courses to maintain your life:  
Here's something that will rescue you from want,  
Till you can find employment.

[*Gives him Gold, and unbinds Hippolito.*

*Hip.* What strange adventure's this! how little hop'd I,  
When thus disguis'd I stole from *Barcelona*,  
To be reliev'd by grave *Gonfalvo* here?

[*Aside.*

*2 Rob.* That life you have preserv'd shall still be yours;  
And that you may perceive how much my Nature  
Is wrought upon by this your generous Act,  
That godness you have shown to me, I'll use  
To others for your sake, if you dare trust me  
A moment from your sight.



*Gonf.* Nay, take your sword,  
I will not so much crush a budding virtue,  
As to suspect.

[ Gives him his sword.  
[ Exit Robber.

— Sweet Youth, you shall not leave me,  
Till I have seen you safe.

*Hip.* You need not doubt it:  
Alas ! I find I cannot if I would ;  
I am but free to be a greater Slave :  
How much am I oblig'd, Sir, to your valour ?

[ Aside.

*Gonf.* Rather to your own sweetness, pretty Youth ;  
You must have been some way preserv'd, though I  
Had not been near ; my Aid did but prevent  
Some miracle more slowly setting out,  
To save such Excellence.

*Hip.* How much more gladly could I hear those words,  
If he that spoke them knew he spoke to me !

[ Aside.

*Enter the Robber again, with Don Manuel and  
Julia bound.*

My Brother and my Sister pris'ners too !  
They cannot sure discover me through this  
Disguise ; however, I'll not venture it.

[ Steps behind the Trees.

*2 Rob.* This Gentleman and Lady  
My Fellows bound.

[ To Gonfhalvo privately.

[ Exit Robber.

*Man.* We must prepare to die ;  
This is the Captain of the Pickaroons.

*Ful.* Me-thinks he looks like one ; I have a strange  
Aversion to that Man ; he's fatal to me.

*Gonf.* I ne'r saw excellence in a Woman-kind  
Till now, and yet discern it at the first :  
Perfection is discover'd in a moment.

[ Stares on her.

He that ne'r saw the Sun before, yet knows him.

*Ful.* How the Villain stares upon me !

*Gonf.* Wonder prepares my soul, and then Love enters :  
But Wonder is so close pursu'd by Love,  
That, like a Fire, it warms as soon as born.

*Man.* If we must die, what need these Circumstances ?

*Ful.* Heav'n defend me from him.

*Gonf.* Why, Madam, can you doubt a rudeness from me ;  
Your very Fears and Grievs create an awe.

Such Majesty they bear, me-thinks I see  
Your Soul retir'd within her inmost Chamber,  
Like a fair Mourner sit in state, with all  
The silent pomp of Sorrow round about her.

*Man.* Your Language does express a Man bred up  
To worthier ways than those that follow now.

*Gonf.* What does he mean ?

[*Aside.*

*Man.* If (as it seems) you Love ; Love is a passion  
Which kindles Honour into noble Acts :

Restore my Sisters liberty ; oblige her,  
And see what Gratitude will work.

*Gonf.* All this is stranger yet.

*Man.* What e'r a Brother's power  
To-morrow can do for you, claim it boldly.

*Gonf.* I know not why you think your selves my Prisoners ;  
This Ladies freedom is a thing too precious

To be dispos'd by any but herself :  
But value this small service as you please,

Which you reward too prodigally, by  
Permitting me to pay her more.

*Ful.* Love from an Out-law ! from a Villain Love !

If I have that pow'r on thee thou pretend'st,  
Go and pursue thy Mischiefs, but presume not

To follow me : — Come, Brother. [*Exeunt Julia, Manuel.*

*Gonf.* Those foul names of Out-law, and of Villain,  
I never did deserve : They raise my wonder.

[*Walks.*

Dull that I was, not to find this before !

She took me for the Captain of the Robbers :  
It must be so ; I'll tell her her mistake.

[*Goes out hastily, and returns immediately.*

She's gone, she's gone, and who or whence she is,

I cannot tell ; me-thinks she should have left

A track so bright, I might have follow'd her ;

Like setting Suns that vanish in a Glory.

O Villain that I am ! O hated Villain !

*Enter*



*Enter Hippolito again.*

*Hip.* I cannot suffer you to wrong your self  
So much; for though I do not know your Person,  
Your actions are too Fair, too Noble, Sir,  
To merit that foul Name.

*Gonf.* Prithee do not flatter me, I am a Villain;  
That admirable Lady said I was.

*Hip.* I fear you love her, Sir.

*Gonf.* No, no; not love her:  
Love is the name of some more gentle passion;  
Mine is a fury, grown up in a moment  
To an extremity, and lasting in it:  
An heap of Powder set on fire, and burning  
As long as any ordinary fuel.

*Hip.* How could he love so soon? and yet alas!  
What cause have I to ask that question,  
Who lov'd him the first minute that I saw him?  
I cannot leave him thus, though I perceive.  
His heart engag'd another way.

Sir, can you have such pity on my youth,  
On my forsaken and my helpless youth,  
To take me to your service?

*Gonf.* Wouldst thou seive  
A mad-man? how can he take care of thee,  
Whom Fortune and his Reason have abandon'd?  
A Man that saw, and lov'd, and disoblig'd,  
Is banish'd, and is mad, all in a moment.

*Hip.* Yet you alone have title to my service;  
You make me Yours, by your preserving me:  
And that's the title Heav'n has to Mankind.

*Gonf.* Prithee no more.

*Hip.* I know your Mistress too.

*Gonf.* Ha! dost thou know the person I adore?  
Answer me quickly; speak, and I'll receive thee:  
Hast thou no tongue?

*Hip.* Why, did I say I knew her?

[*Aside.*  
To him.

All I can hope for, if I have my wish  
To live with him, is but to be unhappy. [Aside.]

*Gonf.* Thou false and lying Boy, to say thou knew'st hers  
Prethee say something, though thou cosen'st me.

*Hip.* Since you will know, her name is *Fulia*, Sir,  
And that young Gentleman you saw, her Brother,

*Don Emanuel de Torres.*

*Gonf.* Say I should take thee, Boy, and should employ thee  
To that fair Lady, would'st thou serve me faithfully ?

*Hip.* You ask me an hard question; I can die  
For you, perhaps I cannot woo so well.

*Gonf.* I knew thou would'st not do't.

*Hip.* I swear I would:

But, Sir, I grieve to be the messenger  
Of more unhappy news; she must be marry'd

This day to one *Don Rodorick de Sylva*,  
Betwixt whom and her Brother there has been

A long (and it was thought a mortal) quarrel:  
But now it must for ever end in peate:

For hapning both to love each others Sisters,  
They have concluded it in a cross Marriage;

Which, in the Palace of *Don Rodorick*,  
They went to celebrate from their Countrey-house;

When, taken by the Thieves, you rescu'd them.

*Gonf.* Me-thinks I am grown patient on a sudden,  
And all my rage is gone: like losing Gamesters,

Who fret, and storm, and swear at little losses:  
But when they see all hope of fortune v. nish'd,

Submit and gain a Temper by their ruine.

*Hip.* Would you could cast this Love, which troubles you,  
Out of your mind.

*Gonf.* I cannot, Boy; but since  
Her Brother, with intent to cozen me,  
Made me the promise of his best assistance;

I'll take some course to bereveng'd of him.

But stay, I charge thee, Boy, discover not  
To any who I am. *Is going out.*

*Hip.*



*Hip.* Alas, I cannot, Sir, I know you not.

*Govf.* Why, there's it; I am mad again; Oh Love!

*Hip.* Oh Love!

[*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE II.

*Enter two Servants of Don Rodoricks, placing Chairs,  
and talking as they place them.*

*1 Serv.* **M**AKE ready quickly there; *Don Manuel*  
And his fair Sister, that must be our Lady,  
Are coming in.

2. They have been long expected;  
'Tis Evening now, and Canonique-hours  
For Marriage are past.

1. The nearer Bed-time,  
The better still; my Lord will not defer it:  
He swears the Clergy are no fit Judges  
Of our necessities.

2. Where is my Lord?

1. Gone out to meet his Bride.

2. I wonder that my Lady *Angellina*  
Went not with him, she's to be married too.

1. I do not think she fancies much the Man;  
Onely, to make the reconcilment perfect  
Betwixt the Families, she's Passive in it;  
The choice being but her Brothers, not her Own.

2. Troth, were't my case, I care not who chose for me.

1. Nor I; 'twould save the Procces of a tedious passion,  
A long Law-Suit of Love, which quite consumes  
An honest Lover ere he gets possession:

I would come plump, and fresh, and all my self,  
Serv'd up to my Brides bed like a fat Fowl;  
Before the Frost of Love had nipt me through.

I look on Wives as on good dull Companions,  
For Elder Brothers to sleep out their time with;  
All we can hope for in the Marriage-bed,



Is but to take our rest; and what care I  
Who lays my Pillow for me.

— *Enter a Poet with Verses.*

2. Now, what's your business, friend?

*Poet.* An *Epithalamium* to the Noble Bridegrooms.

1. Let me see; what's here? as I live ●● [ *Takes it.*

Nothing but down-right Bawdry: Sirrah, Rascal,

Is this an Age for Ribaldry in Verse?

When every Gentleman in Town speaks it

With so much better grace, then thou canst write it.

I'll beat thee with a staff of thy own Rhimes.

*Poet.* Nay, good Sir,

[ *Runs off, and Exit.*

2. Peace, they are here.

*Enter Don Roderick, Don Manuel, Julia, and Company.*

1. My Lords look sullenly; and fain would hide it.

2. However, he weds *Don Manuel's* Sister, yet

I fear he's hardly reconcil'd to him.

*Ful.* I tremble at it still.

*Rod.* I must confess

Your danger great: But, Madam, since 'tis past,

To speak of it were to renew your fears.

My Noble Brother, welcome to my breast.

Some call my Sister; say, *Don Manuel*

Her Bridegroom waits.

*Man.* Tell her, in both the Houses

There now remains no Enemy but she.

*Rod.* In the mean time let's Dance; Madam, I hope

You'll grace me with your hand——

*Enter Leonora, Woman to Angellina; takes the  
two Men aside.*

*Leon.* O Sir, my Lady *Angellina!*

*Rod.* Why comes she not.

*Leon.* Is fall'n extremely sick.

*Both.* How!

*Leon.* Nay, trouble not your selves too much,  
These Fits are usual with her, and not dangerous.

*Rod.* O rarely counterfeited.

*Man.* May I not see her?

*Leon.* She does by me deny her self that honour.

[*As she speaks, steals a Note into his hand.*

I shall return, I hope, with better news,  
In the mean time she prays, you'll not disturb  
The Company.

[*Exit Leonora.*

*Rod.* This troubles me exceedingly.

*Man.* A Note put privately into my hand  
By *Angellina's* Woman? She's my Creature:  
There's something in it; I'll read it to my self —

(*Aside.*

*Rod.* Brother, what Paper's that?

*Man.* Some begging Verses

Deliver'd me this morning on my Wedding.

*Rod.* Pray let me see 'em.

*Man.* I have many Copies,  
Please you to entertain your self with these.

[*Gives him another Paper.*

[*Manuel reads*

Sir,

*My Lady feigns this sickness to delude you:  
Her Brother hates you still, and the Plot is,  
That he shall marry first your Sister,  
And then deny you his —*

*Yours, Leonora.*

Postscript.

*Since I writ this, I have so wrought upon her,  
(Who of her self is timorous enough)  
That she believes her Brother will betray her,  
Or else be forc'd to give her up to you;  
Therefore, unknown to him, she means to flie:  
Come to the Garden door at Seven this evening,  
And there you may surprise her; mean time I  
Will keep her ignorant of all things, that her fear  
May still increase.*

*Enter*

*Enter Leonora again.*

*Rod.* How now? how does your Lady?

*Leon.* So ill, she cannot possibly wait on you.

*Man.* Kind Heav'n give me her sickness.

*Rod.* Those are wishes:

What's to be done?

*Man.* We must defer our Marriages.

*Rod.* *Leonora*, now!

[*Aside to her.*

*Leon.* My Lady, Sir, has absolutely charged  
Her Brothers should go forward.

*Rod.* Absolutely!

*Leon.* Expressly, Sir, because she says there are  
So many honourable Persons here,  
Whom to defraud of their intended Mirth,  
And of each others Company, were rude:  
So hoping your excuse.

[*Exit Leonora.*

*Rod.* That priviledge of pow'r which Brothers have  
In *Spain*, I never us'd: therefore submit  
My Will to hers, but with much sorrow, Sir;  
My happiness should go before, not wait  
On yours: Lead on.

*Man.* Stay, Sir, though your fair Sister, in respect  
To this Assembly, seems to be content  
Your Marriage should proceed, we must not want  
So much good Manners as to suffer it.

*Rod.* So much good Manners, Brother?

*Man.* ————— I have said it.

Should we, to show our sorrow for her sickness,  
Provoke our easie Souls to careless Mirth,  
As if our drunken Revels were design'd  
For joy of what she suffers?

*Rod.* 'Twill be over

In a few days.

*Man.* Your stay will be the less.

*Rod.* All things are now in readines, and must not  
Be put off for a peevish humour thus.



*Man.* They must ; or I shall think you mean not fairly.

*Rod.* Explain your self.

*Man.* That you would marry first,  
And afterwards refuse me *Angellina*.

*Rod.* ——— Think so.

*Man.* You are.

*Rod.* Speak softly.

*Man.* A foul Villain.

*Rod.* Then ———

*Man.* Speak softly.

*Rod.* I'll find a time to tell you, you are one.

*Man.* 'Tis well.

Ladies, you wonder at our private whispers, [ *To the Company.*

But more will wonder when you know the cause ;

The beauteous *Angellina* is fall'n ill ;

And since she cannot with her presence grace

This days Solemnity, the Noble *Rodoric*

Thinks fit it be deferr'd, till she recover ;

Then, we both hope to have your Companies.

*Lad.* Wishing her health, we take our leaves.

[ *Exeunt Company.*

*Rod.* Your Sister yet will marry me.

*Man.* She will not: Come hither, *Julia*.

*Ful.* What strange afflicting news is this you tell us ?

*Man.* 'Twas all this false Man's plot, that when he had  
Possess'd you, he might cheat me of his Sister.

*Ful.* Is this true, *Rodoric* ? alas, his silence

Does but too much confess it: How I blush

To own that Love I cannot yet take from thee !

Yet for my sake be Friends.

*Man.* 'Tis now too late :

I am by honour hinder'd.

*Rod.* I by hate.

*Ful.* What shall I do ?

*Man.* Leave him, and come away ;

Thy Vertue bids thee.

*Ful.* But Love bids me stay.

*Man.* Her Love's so like my own, that I should blame  
The Brother's passion in the Sisters flame.  
*Rodorick*, we shall meet— He little thinks  
I am as sure this night of *Angellina*,  
As he of *Fulia*.

[*Aside.*  
[*Exit Manuel!*

*Rod.* Madam, to what an Extasie of Joy  
Your Goodness raises me! this was an act  
Of kindness, which no service e'r can pay.

*Ful.* Yes, *Rodorick*, 'tis in your pow'r to quit  
The debt you owe me.

*Rod.* Do but name the way.

*Ful.* Then briefly thus, 'Tis to be just to me,  
As I have been to you.

*Rod.* You cannot doubt it.

*Ful.* You know I have adventur'd for your sake.  
A Brother's anger, and the worlds opinion:  
I value neither; for a settled virtue  
Makes it self Judge, and satisfi'd within,  
Smiles at that common Enemy, the World.  
I am no more afraid of flying Censures,  
Then Heav'n of being fir'd with mounting sparkles.

*Rod.* But where'in must my gratitude consist?

*Ful.* Answer your self, by thinking what is fit  
For me to do.

*Rod.* By Marriage, to confirm  
Our mutual Love.

*Ful.* Ingrateful *Rodorick!*  
Canst thou name Marriage, while thou entertain'st  
A hatred so unjustly against my Brother?

*Rod.* But, unkind *Fulia*, you know the causes  
Of Love and Hate are hid deep in our Stars,  
And none but Heav'n can give account of both.

*Ful.* Too well I know it; for my love to thee  
Is born by Inclination, not by Judgement;  
And makes my Virtue shrink within my heart,  
As loath to leave it, and as loath to mingle.

*Rod.* What would you have me do?

*Ful.*

*Ful.* Since I must tell thee,  
Lead me to some near Monastery ;  
(Till Heav'n find out some way to make us happy )  
I shall be kept in safety from my Brother.

*Rod.* But more from me ; What hopes can *Rodoric* have,  
That she who leaves him freely, and unforc'd,  
Should ever of her own accord return ?

*Ful.* Thou hast too great assurance of my Faith,  
That in despite of my own self I love thee ;  
Be friends with *Manuel*, I am thine, till when,  
My honours — — — lead me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Enter Don Manuel solus.*

The Scene is, *The representation of a Street discover'd  
by Twilight.*

*Man.* **T**HIS is the time and place where I expect  
My fugitive Mistris ; if I meet with her,  
I may forget the wrongs her Brother did me :  
If otherwise, his Bloud shall expiate them.  
I hope her Woman keeps her ignorant  
How all things pass'd according to her promise.

*A door opens — — — Enter Angellina in Boys Cloths,  
Leonora behind at the door.*

*Leon.* I had forgot to tell him of this Habit  
She has put on ; but sure he'll know her in it.

*Man.* Who goes there ?

*Ang.* 'Tis *Don Manuel's* voice ; I must run back :  
The door shut on me ? *Leonora*, where ?  
Does she not follow me ? — — — I am betray'd.

*Man.* What are you ?

*Ang.* A poor Boy.

[*Aside*

*Man.*



*Man.* Do you belong to *Rodorick* ?

*Ang.* Yes, I do:

*Man.* Here's money for you, tell me where's his Sister.

*Ang.* Now I met her coming down the stairs,  
Which lead into the Garden.

*Man.* 'Tis well, leave me  
In silence.

*Ang.* With all my heart: was ever such a scape !

[*Exit running.*]

*Man.* She cannot now be long; sure by the Moon-shine  
I shall discover her.

*Enter Rodorick and Julia.*

This must be she; I'll seize her.

*Ful.* Help me, *Rodorick*.

*Rod.* Unhand the Lady, Villain.

*Man.* *Rodorick* !

I'm glad we meet alone; now is the time  
To end our difference.

*Rod.* I cannot stay.

*Man.* You must.

*Rod.* I will not.

*Man.* 'Tis base to injure any man; but yet  
'Tis far more base, once done, not to defend it.

*Rod.* Is this an hour for valiant men to fight ?  
They love the Sun should witness what they do;  
Cowards have courage when they see not death:  
And fearful Hares, that sculk in Forms all day,  
Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light.

*Man.* No, Light and Darkness are but poor distinctions  
Of such, whose courage comes by fits and starts.

*Rod.* Thou urgest me above my patience:  
This minute of my life was not my own,  
But hers I love beyond it.

[*They draw, and fight.*]

*Ful.* Help, help; none hear me !

Heav'n I think is neaf too:

O Roderick! O Brother! —————

*Enter Gonsalvo and Hippolito.*

*Ful.* Who e'r you are, if you have honour, part 'em —————

[Manuel stumbles and falls.

*Gons.* Hold, Sir, you are too cruel; he that kills  
At such advantage, fears to fight again. [Holds Roderick.

*Man.* Cavalier, I may live to thank you for this favour.

[Rises.

*Rod.* I will not quit you so.

*Man.* I'll breathe, and then —————

*Ful.* Is there no way to save their lives?

*Hip.* Run out of sight,  
If 'tis concerning you they quarrel.

[Julia retires to a corner.

*Hip.* Help, help, as you are Cavaliers; the Lady  
For whom you thus contend, is seiz'd by some  
Night-robbing Villains.

*All.* Which way took they?

*Hip.* 'Twas so dark, I could not see distinctly.

*Rod.* Let us divide, I this way.

[Exit.

*Gons.* Down yonder Street I'll take.

*Man.* And I down that.

[Exeunt severally.

*Hip.* Now, Madam, may we not lay by our fear?  
They are all gone.

*Ful.* 'Tis true, but we are here,  
Expos'd to darkness without guide or aid,  
But of our selves.

*Hip.* And of our selves afraid.

*Ful.* These dangers while 'twas light I could despise:  
Then I was bold; but watch'd-by many Eyes:  
Ah! could not 'Heav'n for Lovers find a way,  
That prying People still might sleep by day.

*Enter*



*Enter Angellina.*

*Hip.* Me-thinks I'm certain I discover some.

*Ful.* This was your speaking of 'em made 'em come.

*Hip.* There is but one, perhaps he may go by,

*Ang.* Where had I courage for this bold disguise,  
Which more my Nature then my Sex belits ?

Alas ! I am betray'd to darkness here ;  
Darkness which Virtue hates, and Maids most fear :

Silence and Solitude dwell every where :

Dogs cease to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,

And roul themselves asleep upon the Shore :

No noise but what my footsteps make, and they

Sound dreadfully, and louder then by day :

They double too, and every step I take

Sounds thick, me-thinks, and more then one could make.

Ha ! who are these ?

I wish'd for Company, and now I fear.

Who are you, gentle People, that go there ?

*Ful.* His voice is soft, as is the upper Air,  
Or dying Lovers words: O pity us.

*Ang.* O pity me ! take freely as your own  
My Gold, my Jewels ; spare my life alone.

*Hip.* Alas, he fears as much as we.

*Ful.* What say you.

Sir, will you joyn with us ?

*Amid.* Yes, Madam, but

If you would take my Sword, you would use it better.

*Hip.* I, but you are a Man.

*Amid.* Why, so are you.

*Hip.* Truly my fear had made me quite forget it.

*Enter Gonsalvo.*

*Gons.* *Hippolito!* how barbarous was I  
To leave my Boy ! *Hippolito!*

*Hip.* Here, here.

Now, Madam, fear not, you are safe.

*Ful.* What is become, Sir, of those Gentlemen ?

*Gonf.* Madam, they all went several ways, not like  
To meet.

*Ful.* What will become of me !

*Gonf.* 'Tis late,

And I a stranger in the Town : yet all  
Your day shall be mine.

*Ful.* I am noble, Sir.

*Gonf.* I'll pawn the hopes of all my Love, to see  
you safe.

*Ful.* Who e'r your Mist'ris be, she has  
My curses if she prove not kind.

*Ang.* And mine.

*Hip.* My Sister will repent her, when she knows  
For whom she makes that wish ; but I'll say nothing  
Till day discovers it : a door opens,  
I hope it is some Inn.

[ *Aside.*

[ *A door opens, at which a Servant appears.*

*Ang.* Friend, can you lodge us here ?

*Serv.* Yes, Friend, we can.

*Ful.* How shall we be dispos'd ?

*Serv.* As Nature would ;

The Gentleman and you ; I have a rule,  
That when a Man and Woman ask for Lodging,  
They are ever Husband and Wife.

*Ful.* Rude and unmanner'd.

*Gonf.* Sir, this Lady must be lodg'd apart.

*Serv.* Then the two Boys, that are good for nothing  
But one another, they shall go together.

*Ang.* Lie with a Man ? sweet Heav'n defend me !

*Hip.* Alas, Friend, I ever lie alone.

*Serv.* Then to save trouble, Sir, because 'tis late,  
One of the Youths shall be dispos'd with you.

*Ang.* Who I ! not for the world.

*Hip.* Neither of us ; for though I would not lodge with you  
My self, I never can indure he should.

*Ang.* Why then, to end the difference, if you please,

I and



I and that Lady will be Bed-fellows.

*Hip.* No, she and I will lodge together rather.

*Serv.* You are sweet Youths indeed; not for the world  
You would not lodge with Men! none but the Lady  
Would serve your turn.

*Ang.* Alas, I had forgot I am a Boy;  
I am so lately one.

[*Aside.*

*Serv.* Well, well; all shall be lodg'd apart.

*Gonf. to Hip.* I did not think you harbour'd wanton thoughts:  
So young, so bad!

*Hip.* I can make no defence,  
But must be sham'd by my own innocence.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT II.

*Enter* Gonfalso, Hippolito, Amideo, *at a distance.*

The SCENE is, *A Chamber.*

*Gonf.* **H***ippolito*, what is this pretty Youth  
That follows us?

*Hip.* I know not much of him:  
Handsome, you see, and of a graceful fashion;  
Of Noble Bloud, he says, and I believe him;  
But in some distress; he'll tell no more,  
And I could cry for that which he has told,  
So much I pity him.

*Gonf.* My pretty Youth;  
Would I could do thee any service.

*Ang.* Sir,  
The greatest you can do me, is accepting mine.

*Hip.* How's this? me-thinks already I begin  
To hate this Boy, whom but even now I moan'd.

You serve my Master ? do you think I cannot  
Perform all Duties of a Servant better,  
And with more care then you ?

*Ang.* Better you may,  
But never with more care :  
Heav'n, which is serv'd with Angels, yet admits  
Poor Man to pay his Duty, and receives it.

*Hip.* Mark but, my Lord, how ill behav'd a Youth,  
How very ugly, what a dwarfe he is.

*Ang.* My Lord, I yet am young enough to grow,  
And 'tis the commendation of a Boy  
That he is little.

[Cries.]

*Gonf.* Prithee do not cry ;  
*Hippolito*, 'twas but just now you prais'd him,  
And are you chang'd so soon ?

*Hip.* On better view.

*Gonf.* What is your name, Sweet-heart ?

*Hip.* Sweet-heart ! since I  
Have serv'd you, you never call'd me so.

*Ang.* O ever,  
Ever call me by that kind name, I'll own  
No other, because I would still have that.

*Hip.* He told me, Sir, his name was *Amideo*,  
Pray call him by't.

*Gonf.* Come, I'll employ you both ;  
Reach me my Belt, and help to put it on.

*Amid.* I run, my Lord.

*Hip.* You run ? it is my Office.

[ They both take it up, and strive for it, Hippolito  
gets it, and puts it on.

*Amid.* Look you, my Lord, he puts it on so awkerdly ; [Crying-  
The Sword does not fit right.

*Hip.* Why, where's the fault ?

*Amid.* I know not that ; but I'm sure 'tis wrong.

*Gonf.* The fault is plain, 'tis put on the wrong shoulder.

*Hip.* That cannot be, I look'd on *Amideo's*,  
And hung it on that shoulder his is on.

*Amid.* Then I doubt mine is so.

*Gonf.*



*Gonf.* It is indeed:

Your both good Boys, and both will learn in time :  
*Hippolito*, Go you and bring me word,  
 Whether that Lady we brought in last night,  
 Be willing to receive a visit from me.

*Hip.* Now, *Amideo*, since you are so forward  
 To do all service, you shall to the Lady.

*Amid.* No, I'll stay with my Master, he bid you.

*Hip.* It mads me to the heart to leave him here :  
 But I will be reveng'd.

[ *Aside.*

My Lord, I beg

You would not trust this Boy with any thing

Till my return; pray know him better first.

[ *Exit Hippolito.*

*Gonf.* 'Twas my unhappiness to meet this Lady  
 Last night; because it ruin'd my design  
 Of walking by the house of *Rodorick*:

Who knows but through some Window I had spi'd

Fair *Fulia*'s shadow passing by the glass;

Or if some others, I would think it hers;

Or if not any, yet to see the place

Where *Fulia* lives: O Heav'n, how small a blessing

Will serve to make despairing Lovers happy!

*Amid.* Unhappy *Angellina*, thou art lost:

Thy Lord loves *Fulia*.

[ *Aside.*

*Enter Hippolito, and Julia.*

*Ful.* ———— Where is thy Master?

I long to give him my acknowledgments

For my own safety, and my Brothers both,

Ha! Is it he?

[ *Looks.*

*Gonf.* Can it be *Fulia*?

Could night so far disguise her from my knowledge!

*Ful.* I would not think thee him I see thou art:

Prithee disown thy self in pity to me:

Why should I be oblig'd by one I hate?

*Gonf.* I could say something in my own defence;

But it were half a crime to plead my cause

When

When you would have me guilty:

*Amid.* How I fear

The sweetness of those words will move her pity :

I'm sure they would do mine.

*Gonf.* You took me for a Robber, but so far  
I am from that—————

*Ful.* O prithee be one still,  
That I may know some cause for my aversion.

*Gonf.* I freed you from them, and more gladly did it; ———

*Ful.* Be what thou wilt, 'tis now too late to tell me:  
The blackness of that Image I first fancied,  
Has so infected me, I still must hate thee.

*Hip.* Though (if she loves him) all my hopes are ruin'd,  
It makes me mad to see her thus unkind.

Madam, what see you in this Gentleman,  
Deserves your scorn, or hatred; Love him, or  
Expect just Heav'n should strangely punish you.

[*Aside.*]

*Gonf.* No more: what e'r she does is best; and if  
You would be mine, you must, like me, submit  
Without dispute.

*Hip.* How can I love you, Sir, and suffer this?  
She has forgot that which last night you did  
In her defence.

*Ful.* O call that night again;  
Pitch her with all her darkness round; then set me  
In some far Desert, hemm'd with Mountain Wolves  
To houlabout me: this I would endure,  
And more, to cancel my Obligements to him.

*Gonf.* You owe me nothing, Madam; if you do,  
I make it void; and onely ask your leave  
To love you still; for to be lov'd again  
I never hope.

*Ful.* If that will clear my debt, enjoy thy wish;  
Love me, and long, and desperately love me.  
I hope thou wilt, that I may plague thee more:  
Meantime take from me that detested object;  
Conveigh thy much loath'd Person from my sight.

*Gonf.* Madam, you are obey'd.



*Hippolito*, and *Amideo*, wait

Upon fair *Julias* look upon her for me  
With dying eyes, but do not speak one word  
In my behalf; for to disquiet her,  
Ev'n happiness it self were bought too dear.

[Goes farther off towards the end of the Stage.]

My passion swells too high:

And like a Vessel struggling in a Storm,  
Requires more hands then one to steer her upright;

I'll find her Brother out.

[Exit Gonsalvo.]

*Ful.* That Boy, I see, he trusts above the other:

He has a strange resemblance with a Face

That I have seen, but when, or where, I know not:

I'll watch till they are parted; then perhaps

I may corrupt that little one to free me. [Aside.]

[Exit Julia.]

*Amid.* Sweet *Hippolito*, let me speak with you.

*Hip.* What would you with me?

*Amid.* Nay, you are so fierce;

By all that's good, I love and honour you.

And would you do but one poor thing I'll ask you,

In all things else you ever shall command me.

Look you, *Hippolito*, here's Gold, and Jewels,

These may be yours.

*Hip.* To what end dost thou show

These trifles to me? or how cam'st thou by them?

Not honestly, I fear.

*Amid.* I swear I did:

And you shall have 'um; but you always press

Before me in my Masters service so: ———

*Hip.* And always will.

*Amid.* But, dear *Hippolito*,

Why will you not give way, that I may be

First in his favour, and be still employ'd?

Why do you frown? 'tis not for gain I ask it;

What ever he shall give me, shall be yours,

Except it be some Toy, you would not care for,

Which I should keep for his dear sake that gave it.

*Hip.* If thou wouldst offer both the *Indies* to me,

The *Eastern Quarries*, and the *Western Mines*,  
They should not buy one look, one gentle smile  
Of his from me: assure thy soul they should not,  
I hate thee so.

*Amid.* Henceforth I'll hate you worse.  
But yet there is a Woman whom he loves,  
A certain *Julia*, who will steal his heart  
From both of us; we'll joyn at least against  
The common Enemy.

*Hip.* Why does he fear my Lord should love a Woman?  
The passion of this Boy is so like mine,  
That it amazes me.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Piet.* Young Gentleman,  
Your Master calls for you.

*Hip.* I'll think upon't. —————

[*Exit Hippolito, cum Pietro.*]

*Enter Julia to Amideo.*

*Ful.* Now is the time, he is alone.

*Amid.* Here comes  
The Saint my Lord adores; Love, pardon me  
The fault I must commit.

*Ful.* Fair Youth, I am  
A Suitor to you.

*Amid.* So am I to you.

*Ful.* You see me here a Pris'ner.

*Amid.* My request  
Is, I may set you free; make haste, sweet Madam:  
Which way would you go?

*Ful.* To the next  
Religious House.

*Amid.* Here through the Garden, Madam;  
How I commend your holy resolution!

[*Exeunt ambo.*  
*Enter*



*Enter Don Manuel in the streets, and a Servant with him.*

*Man.* *Angellina* fled to a Monastery, say you ?

*Serv.* So 'tis given out: I could not see her Woman:

But for your Sister, what you heard is true:

I saw her at the Inn:

They told me, she was brought in last night

By a young Cavalier they show'd me there.

*Man.* This must be he that rescu'd me:

What would I give to see him ?

*Serv.* Fortune is

Obedient to your wishes; He was coming

To find out you; I waited on him to

The turning of the Street; and stept before

To tell you of it.

*Man.* You o'r-joy me.

*Serv.* This, Sir, is he.

*Enter Gonsalvo.*

*Don Manuel is running to embrace him, and stops.*

*Man.* — The Captain of the Robbers !

*Gonsf.* As such indeed you promis'd me your Sister.

*Man.* I promis'd all the int'rest I should have,  
Because I thought before you came to claim it,  
A Husbands Right would take my Title from me.

*Gonsf.* I come to see if any Manly virtue  
Can dwell with falshood: Draw, thou'st injur'd me.

*Man.* You say already I have done you wrong,  
And yet would have me right you by a greater.

*Gonsf.* Poor object thing !

*Man.* Who doubts anothers Courage,  
Wants it himself; but I who know my own,  
Will not receive a Law from you to fight,  
Or to forbear: for then I grant your Courage

To master mine, when I am forc'd to do  
What of my self I would not.

*Gonf.* Your reason ?

*Man.* You sav'd my life.

*Gonf.* I'll quit that debt to be  
In a capacity of forcing you  
To keep your promise with me; for I come  
To learn, your Sister is not yet dispos'd.

*Man.* I've lost all priviledge to defend my life;  
And if you take it now, 'tis no new Conquest;  
Like Fish, first taken in a River, then  
Bestow'd in Ponds to catch a second time.

*Gonf.* Mark but how partially you plead your cause;  
Pretending breach of honour if you fight;  
Yet think it none to violate your word.

*Man.* I cannot give my Sister to a Robber.

*Gonf.* You shall not; I am none, but born of Blood  
As Noble as your self; my Fortune's equal  
At least with yours; my Reputation, yet  
I think unstain'd.

*Man.* I wish, Sir, it may prove so;  
I never had so strong an inclination  
To believe any man as you: ——— but yet. ———

*Gonf.* All things shall be so clear, there shall be left  
No room for any scruple: I was born  
In *Sevil*, of the best House in that City;  
My name *Gonsalvo de Peralta*: being  
A younger Brother, 'twas my Uncle's care  
To take me with him in a Voyage to  
The *Indies*, where since dying, he has left me  
A Fortune not contemptible; returning  
From thence all my wealth in the Plate-Fleet;  
A furious storm almost within the Port  
Of *Sevil*, took us, scatter'd all the Navy:  
My Ship, by the unruly Tempest, born  
Quite through the *Streights*, as far as *Barcellona*;  
There first cast Anchor; there I stept ashore:  
Three days I staid, in which small time I made



A little Love, which vanish'd as in came.

*Man.* But were you not engag'd to her you courted?

*Gonf.* Upon my Honour, no; what might have been  
I cannot tell: but ere I could repair

My beaten Ship, or take fresh Water in,  
One night, when there, by chance, I lay aboard,  
A Wind tore up my Anchor from the bottom,  
And with that violence it brought me thither;  
Has thrown me in this Port: —————

*Man.* But yet our meeting in the Wood was strange:

*Gonf.* For that I'll satisfy you as we walk.

*Enter Hippolito.*

*Hip.* O Sir, how glad am I to find you ————— [Whisper.

*Man.* That Boy I have seen somewhere, or one like him,  
But where, I cannot call to mind. —————

*Hip.* I found it out, and got before 'em —————  
And here they are —————

*Enter Amideo and Julia.*

*Man.* My Sister! as I could have wish'd it.

*Amid.* O! we are caught.

*Ful.* I did expect as much:

Fortune has not forgot that I am *Julia*.

*Man.* Sister, I'm glad you're happily return'd;  
'Twas kindly done of you thus to prevent  
The trouble of my search.

*Ful.* I would not have you  
Mistake my Love to *Roderick* so much,  
To think I meant to fall into your hands.  
My purpose is for the next Nunnery;  
There I'll pray for you: so farewell.

*Man.* Stay, *Julia*, you must go with me.

*Ful.* Lead, lead;  
You think I am your pris'ner now. —————

*Gonf.* If you will needs to a Religious House;

Leave that fair face behind ; a worse will serve  
To spoil with Watching, and with Fasting there.

*Man.* Prethee no more of this ; the onely way  
To make her happy, is to force it on her.

*Julia,* prepare your self streight to be married.

*Ful.* To whom ?

*Man.* You see your Bridegroom : and you know  
My Fathers Will, who with his dying breath  
Commanded you should pay as strict obedience  
To me, as formerly to him : if not,  
Your Dowry is at my dispose.

*Ful.* O would  
The loss of that dispense with Duty in me,  
How gladly would I suffer it ! and yet  
If I durst question it, me-thinks 'tis hard !  
What right have Parents over Children, more  
Than Birds have of their Young ; yet they impose  
No rich plum'd Mistress on their Feather'd Sons ;  
But leave their Love, more open yet and free  
Than all the fields of Air, their spacious Birth-right.

[ *Gonsalvo seems to be g. Manuel not to be harsh.*

*Man.* Noy, good *Gonsalvo*, trouble not your self,  
There is no other way, when 'tis once done,  
She'll thank me for't.

*Ful.* I ne'r expected other usage from you ;  
A kind Brother you have been to me,  
And to my Sister : you have sent, they say,  
To *Barcellona*, that my Aunt should force her  
To marry the old *Don* you brought her.

*Hip.* Who could ! that once had seen *Gonsalvo's* face ?  
Alas, she little thinks I am so near ! ———

[ *Aside.*

*Man.* Mind not what she says ———

A word with you ———

[ *To Gonsalvo.*

*Amid.* *Don Manuel* eyes me strangely ; the best is,  
He never saw me yet but at a distance :  
My Brother's jealousy (who ne'r intended  
I should be his) restrain'd our near converse.

[ *Aside.*

*Ful.* My pretty Youth, I am infore'd to trust thee

[ *To Amid.*

With



With my most near concerns; Friend I have none,  
If thou deny'st to help me.

*Amid.* Any thing  
To break your Marriage with my Master.

*Ful.* Go to *Rodorick*, and tell him my condition:  
But tell it as from thy self, not me.

*Amid.* That you are forc'd to Marry.

*Ful.* But do not ask him

To succour me; if of himself he will not:  
I scorn a Love that must be taught its Duty.

*Man.* What Youth is that? I mean the little one?

*Gonf.* I took him up last night.

*Man.* A sweet-fac'd Boy,

I like him strangely: would you part with him?

*Amid.* Alas, Sir, I am good for no body  
But for my Master.

*Hip.* Sir, I'll do your Errand  
Another time for letting *Fuliago*.

[To Amideo.]

*Man.* Come, Sir.

*Gonf.* I beg your pardon for a moment,  
I'll but dispatch some business in my Ship,  
And wait you presently.

*Man.* We'll go before.

I'll make sure *Rodorick* shall never have her;  
And 'tis at least some pleasure to destroy  
His happiness, who ruin'd first my joy.

[*Exeunt all but Gonf. who, before he goes, whispers Hippolito.*]

*Gonf.* Against her will fair *Fulia* to possess,  
Is not to enjoy, but ravish happiness:  
Yet Women pardon force, because they find  
The violence of Love is still most kind:  
Just like the Plots of well built Comedies,  
Which then please most, when most they do surprize.  
But yet constraint Love's noblest end destroys,  
Whose highest Joy is in another's Joys:  
Where Passion rules, how weak does Reason prove?  
I yield my Cause, but cannot yield my Love.

[*Exit.*  
ACT

## ACT III.

The SCENE, *A great Room in Don Manuel's House.*

*Hippolito solus.*

**M**Y Master bid me speak for him to *Julia*;  
 Hard fate, that I am made a Confident  
 Against my self; —————  
 Yet though unwillingly I took the Office,  
 I would perform it well: but how can I  
 Prove lucky to his Love, who to my own  
 Am so unfortunate ! He trusts his passion  
 Like him, that ventures all his Stock at once  
 On an unlucky hand.

*Enter Amideo.*

*Amid.* Where is the Lady *Julia* ?

*Hip.* What new Treason

Against my Masters Love have you contriv'd  
 With her ?

*Amid.* I shall not render you account.

*Enter Julia.*

*Jul.* I sent for him; yet if he comes, there's danger;  
 Yet if he do not, I for ever lose him.  
 What can I wish? and yet I wish him here !  
 Onely take the care of me from me.  
 Weary with sitting out a losing hand,  
 'T will be some ease to see another play it.  
 Yesterday I refus'd to marry him,  
 To day run into his arms unask'd;

Like



Like a mild Prince inroach'd upon by Rebels,  
 Love yielded much, till Honour ask'd for all. [Sees Hippolito.  
 How now, where's *Rodorick*? (sees *Amideo*) — I mean *Gonsalvo*?

*Hip.* You would do well to meet him. —

*Amid.* Meet him! you shall not do't: I'll throw my self,  
 Like a young fawning Spaniel, in your way  
 So often, you shall never move a step:  
 But you shall tread on me.

*Ful.* You need not beg me:  
 I would as soon meet a Siren, as see him.

*Hip.* His sweetness for those frowns no subject finds:  
 Seas are the Field of Combat for the Winds:  
 But when they sweep along some flowry Coast,  
 Their wings move mildly, and their rage is lost.

*Jul.* 'Tis that which makes me more unfortunate:  
 Because his sweetness must upbraid my hate.  
 The wounds of Fortune touch me not so near;  
 I can my Fate, but not his Virtue bear.

For my disdain with my esteem is rais'd;  
 He most is hated when he most is prais'd:  
 Such an esteem, as like a storm appears,  
 Which rises but to Shipwrack what it bears.

*Hip.* Infection dwells upon my kindness sure,  
 Since it destroys even those whom it would cure.

[Cries, and Exit Hippolito]

*Amid.* Still weep, *Hippolito*; to me thy Tears  
 Are sovereign, as those drops the Balm-tree sweats. —

— But, Madam, are you sure you should not love him!  
 I still fear —

*Ful.* Thy fear will never let thee be a Man.

*Amid.* Indeed I think it won't.

*Ful.* We are now  
 Alone; what news from *Rodorick*?

*Amid.* Madam, he begs you not to fear; he has  
 A way, which when you think all desperate,  
 Will set you free.

*Ful.* If not, I will not live  
 A moment after it.

*Amid.*

*Amid.* Why ! there's some comfort.

*Ful.* I strongly wish, for what I firmly hope :  
Like the Day-dreams of melancholly Men,  
I think, and think on things impossible,  
Yet love to wander in that Golden Maze.

*Enter Don Manuel, Hippolito, and Company.*

*Amid.* Madam, your Brother's here.

*Man.* Where is the Bridegroom ?

*Hip.* Not yet return'd Sir, from the Ship.

*Man.* Sister, all this good Company is met

To give you Joy.

*Ful.* While I am compass'd round  
With mirth, my Soul lies hid in shades of grief,  
Whence, like the Bird of night, with half shut eyes,  
She peeps, and sickens at the sight of day.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, some Gentlemen and Ladies are without,  
Who, to do honour to this Wedding, come  
To present a Masque.

*Man.* 'Tis well ; desire 'em

They would leave out the words, and fall to dancing ;  
The Poetry of the Foot takes most of late.

*Serv.* The Poet, Sir, will take that very ill ;  
He's at the door, with th' Argument o'th' Masque  
In verse.

*Man.* Which of the Wits is it that made it ?

*Serv.* None of the Wits ; Sir ; 'tis one of the Poets.

*Man.* What Subject has he chose ?

*Serv.* The Rape of *Proserpine*.

*Enter Gonsalvo.*

*Man.* Welcome, welcome, you have been long expected.

*Gons.* I staid to see the unloading of some Rarities,

Which



Which are within : \_\_\_\_\_

Madam, your pardon that I was so long absent.

*Ful.* You need not ask it for your absence, Sir.

*Gonf.* Still cruel, *Julia*. \_\_\_\_\_

*Ful.* The danger's here, and *Rodorick* not here :

I am not griev'd to die; but I am griev'd  
To think him false.

[*Aside.*

*Man.* Bid 'em begin,

*The Musique Plays.*

A *Cupid* descends in swift Motion, and speaks  
these Verses.

*Cup.* Thy Conquests, *Proserpine*, have stretch'd too far,  
Amidst Heav'n's peace thy Beauty makes a war :  
For when, last night, I to *Joves* Pallace went,  
(The brightest part of all the Firmament )  
Instead of all these Gods, whose thick resort  
Fill'd up the presence of the Thund'ers Court ;  
There *Jove* and *Juno* all forsaken sate,  
Pensive, like Kings in their declining State :  
Yet (wanting pow'r) they would preserve the show,  
By hearing Pray'rs from some few men below :  
Mortals to *Jove* may their Devotions pay ;  
The Gods themselves to *Proserpine* do pray.  
To *Sicily* the Rival Pow'rs resort ;  
'Tis Heav'n where ever *Ceres* keeps her Court.  
*Phoebus* and *Mercury* are both at strife,  
The Courtliest of our Gods who want a Wife :  
But *Venus*, what e'r kindness she pretends,  
Yet (like all Females, envious of their Friends )  
Has, by my aid, contriv'd a black design,  
The God of Hell should ravish *Proserpine* :  
Beauties beware ; *Venus* will never bear  
Another *Venus* shining in her Sphere.

After *Cupid's* speech, *Venus* and *Ceres* descend in the slow *Machines*; *Ceres* drawn by *Dragons*, *Venus* by *Swans*.

After them, *Phœbus* and *Mercury* descend in swift Motion.

Then *Cupid* turns to *Julia*, and speaks;

*Cup.* *The Rival Deities are come to wooe  
A Proserpine, who must be found below:  
Would you (fair Nymph) become this happy hour,  
In name a Goddess, as you are in pow'r,  
Then to this change the King of Shades will owe  
A fairer Proserpine then Heav'n can show.*

*Julia, first whisper'd by Amideo, goes into the Dance, perform'd  
by Cupid, Phœbus, Mercury, Ceres, Venus, Julia.*

Towards the end of the Dance, *Rodorick*, in the habit of *Pluto*, rises, from below, in a black Chariot all flaming, and drawn by black Horses; he ravishes *Julia*, who personated *Proserpine*, and as he is carrying her away, his Vizard falls off. *Hippolito* first discovers him.

*Hip.* A Rape, a Rape; 'tis *Rodorick*, 'tis *Rodorick*.

*Rod.* Then I must have recourse to this: ————— [Draws.]

*Ful.* Oh Heavens!

[Don Manuel and Gonsalvo draw, and a Servant; the two that acted *Phœbus* and *Mercury* return to assist *Rodorick*, and are beat back by Manuel and a Servant, while *Gonsalvo* attacks *Rodorick*.

*Gons.* Unloose thy hold, foul Villain.

*Rod.* No, I'll grasp her

Ev'n after death.

*Ful.* Spare him, or I'll die with him.

*Gons.* Must Ravishers and Villains live, while I

In vain implore her Mercy? —————

[Thrusts at him, and hurts *Julia* in the arm.]

*Ful.* Oh, I am murder'd!

*Gons.* Wretched that I am!

What



What have I done? To what strange punishment  
 Will you condemn this guilty hand? and yet  
 My eyes were guilty first: for they could look  
 On nothing else but you; and my unlucky hand  
 Too closely follow'd them! —————

*Enter Manuel again.*

*Man.* The Pow'rs above are just that thou still liv'st  
 For me to kill,

*Rod.* You'll find no easie task on't  
 Alone; come both together, I defie you:  
 Curse on this disguise, that has betray'd me  
 Thus cheaply to my death ———

*Man.* Under a Devils shape thou couldst not be  
 Disguis'd. ———

*Jul.* Then must he die?  
 Yet I'll not bid my *Rodorick* farewell;  
 For they take leave who mean to be long absent.

*Gonf.* Hold, Sir; I have had bloud enough already,  
 And must not murder *Julia* again  
 In him she loves: Live, Sir, and thank this Lady:

*Rod.* Take my life, and spare my thanks.

*Man.* Though you  
 Forgive him, let me take my just revenge.

*Gonf.* Leave that distinction to our dull Divines;  
 That ill I suffer to be done, I do.

*Hip.* My heart bleeds tears for him; to see his Virtue  
 O'come so fatally against such odds  
 Of Fortune and of Love! ———

*Man.* Permit his death, and *Julia* will be yours.

*Jul.* Permit it not, and *Julia* will thank you.

*Gonf.* Who e'r could think that one kind word from *Julia*  
 Should be prefer'd to *Julia* her self!

Could any man think it a greater good  
 To save a Rival, then possess a Mistris:  
 Yet this I do; these are thy Riddles, Love.  
 What Fortune gives me, I my self destroy;

And feed my Virtue, but to starve my Joy,  
 Honour fits on me like some heavy Armour,  
 And with its stiff defence incumbers me:  
 And yet when I would put it off, it sticks  
 Like *Hercules* his Shirt; heats me at once,  
 And poisons me! —————

*Man.* I find my self grow calm by thy example;  
 My panting heart heaves less and less; each pulse  
 And all the boiling Spirits scatter from it.  
 Since thou desir'st he should not die, he shall not die,  
 Till I, on nobler terms, can take his life.

*Rod.* The next turn may be yours: remember *Julia*,  
 I wou'd this danger to your wilfulness;  
 Once you might easily have been mine, and wou'd not.

[*Exit* Rodorick.

*Man.* Lead out my Sister, Friend, her hurt's so small,  
 'Twill scarce disturb the Ceremony:  
 Ladies, once more your pardons.

[*Leads out the Company, Exeunt.*

[*Moment* *Julia*, *Gonsalvo*, *Amideo*: *Gonsalvo*  
*offers his hand, Julia pulls back hers.*

*Jul.* This hand would rise in blisters should'st thou touch it:  
 My *Rodorick's* displeas'd with me, and thou,  
 Unlucky Man, the cause; dare not so much  
 As once to follow me. —————

[*Exit* *Julia.*

*Gons.* Not follow her! alas, she need not bid me!  
 O how could I presume to take that hand,  
 To which mine prov'd so fatal!  
 Nay, if I might, should I not fear to touch it?  
 A Murd'ers touch would make it bleed afresh.

*Amid.* I think, Sir, I could kill her for your sake.

*Gons.* Repent that word, or I shall hate thee strangely:  
 Harsh words from her, like blows from angry Kings,  
 Though they are meant Affronts, are construed Favours.

*Hip.* Her Inclinations and Aversions  
 Are both alike unjust; and both, I hope,  
 Too violent to last: cheer up your self;  
 For if I live (I hope I shall not long)

[*Aside.*  
 She



She shall be yours.

*Amid.* 'Twere much more noble in him  
To make a Conquest of himself than her.  
She ne'r can merit him; and hadst not thou  
A mean low Soul, thou wouldst not name her to him.

*Hip.* Poor Child, who wouldst be wise above thy years,  
Why dost thou talk like a Philosopher,  
Of conquering Love, who art not yet grown up  
To try the force of any Manly passion?  
The sweetness of thy Mother's Milk is yet  
Within thy Veins, not sow'd and turn'd by Love.

*Gonf.* Thou hast not Field enough in thy young breast,  
To entertain such storms to struggle in.

*Amid.* Young as I am, I know the power of Love;  
Its less Disquiets, and its greater Cares,  
And all that's in it, but the Happiness.  
Trust a Boy's word, Sir, if you please, and take  
My Innocence for Wisdom; Leave this Lady;  
Cease to persuade your selfe you are in Love,  
And you will soon be freed: not that I wish  
A thing so noble as your Passion, lost  
To all the Sex; bestow it on some other;  
You'll find many as fair, though none so Cruel.  
Would I could be a Lady for your sake,

*Hip.* If I could be a Woman with a wish,  
You should not be without a Rival long.

*Amid.* A Cedar of your stature would not cause  
Much jealousy.

*Hip.* More then a Shrub of yours.

*Gonf.* How eagerly these Boys fall out for nothing !!  
Tell me, *Hippolito*, wert thou a Woman,  
Who wouldst thou be?

*Hip.* I would be *Fulia*, Sir,  
Because you love her.

*Amid.* I would not be she,  
Because she loves not you.

*Hip.* True, *Amideo*:  
And therefore I would wish my self a Lady.

Who, I am sure, does infinitely love him.

*Amid.* I hope that Lady has a name. —

*Hip.* She has ;

And she is call'd *Honor*a, Sister to

This *Ful*ia, and bred up at *Barcellona*.

Who loves him with a flame, so pure and so noble,

That did she know his Love to *Ful*ia,

She would beg *Ful*ia to make him happy.

*Gonf.* This startles me !

*Amid.* Oh Sir, believe him not ;

They love not truly, who, on any terms,

Can part with what they love.

*Gonf.* I saw a Lady

At *Barcellona*, of what name I know not,

Who, next to *Ful*ia, was the fairest Creature

My eyes did e'r behold: but how cam'st thou

To know her ?

*Hip.* Sir, some other time I'll tell you.

*Amid.* It could not be *Honor*a whom you saw,

For, Sir, she has a face so very ugly,

That if she were a Saint for Holiness,

Yet no man would seek Virtue there.

*Hip.* This is the lying'st Boy, Sir, I am sure

He never saw *Honor*a; for her Face,

'Tis not so bad to fright any Man ;

None of the Wits have Libell'd it.

*Amid.* *Don Rodorick's* Sister, *Angellina*, does

So far exceed her in the Ornaments

Of Wit and Beauty, though now hid from sight,

That, like the Sun, (ev'n when Eclips'd) she casts

A yellowness upon all other Faces.

*Hip.* I'll not say much of her ; but onely this,

*Don Manuel* saw not with my Eyes, if e'r

He lov'd that *Flanders* shape, that lump of Earth

And Flegm together.

*Amid.* You have often seen her,

It seems, by your description of her Person :

But I'll maintain on any *Spanish* ground,



What e'r she be, yet she is far more worthy  
To have my Lord her Servant, then *Honoriam*.

*Hip.* And I'll maintain *Honoriam's* right against her,  
In any part of all the World.

*Gonf.* You go  
Too far, to quarrel on so slight a ground.

*Hip.* O pardon me, my Lord, it is not slight:  
I must confess I am so much concern'd,  
I shall not bear it long.

*Amid.* Nor I, assure you.

*Gonf.* I will believe what both of you have said,  
That *Honoriam* and *Angellina*  
Both equally are fair.

*Amid.* Why did you name  
*Honoriam* first?

*Gonf.* And since you take their parts so eagerly,  
Henceforth I'll call you by those Ladies names:  
You, my *Hippolito*, shall be *Honoriam*;  
And you, my *Amideo*, *Angellina*.

*Amid.* Then all my Services, I wish may make  
You kind to *Angellina*, for my sake.

*Hip.* Put all my Merits on *Honoriam's* score,  
And think no Maid could ever love you more.

[*Exeunt*]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Manuel, solus.*

**T**HUS I provide for others Happiness,  
And lose my own: 'Tis true, I cannot blame  
Thy hatred, *Angellina*, but thy silence.  
Thy Brothers hatred made thine just; but yet  
'Twas cruel in thee not to tell me so.

Conquest

Conquest is noble when an Heart stands out ;  
 But mine which yielded, how couldst thou betray ?  
*That heart of which thou could' st not be depriv' d,*  
*By any force of pow' r beside thine own ;*  
*Like Empires to that fatal beighth arriv' d,*  
*They must be ruin' d by themselves alone.*  
*My guarded Freedom cannot be a prize*  
*To any scornful Face a second time.*  
*For thy Idea like a Ghost would rise,*  
*And fright my Thoughts from such another Crime.*

*Enter a Servant with a Letter.*

*Man.* From whom ?

*2 Serv.* Sir, the Contents will soon resolve you.

[ *He reads.*

*Man.* Tell *Roderick*, he has prevented me  
 In my Design of sending to him first.  
 I'll meet him single at the time and place ;  
 But for my Friend, tell him, he must excuse me :  
 I'll hazard no man in my Quarrel, but  
 My self alone : ——— Who's within there ?

[ *Exit Mess.*

*Enter a Servant.*

Go call my Sister and *Gonsalvo* hither. [ *Exit Servant.*  
 'Twas push'd so far, that, like two Armies, we  
 Were drawn so closely up, we could not part  
 Without ingagement : ——— But they must not know it.

*Enter Julia, Gonsalvo, Amideo.*

I have some business calls me hence, and know not  
 When I shall return : But ere I go,  
 That pow' r I have by my dead Father's Will  
 Over my Sister, I bequeath to you :  
 She and her Fortune too be firmly yours ;  
 And this, when I revoke, let Cowardise

[ *To Gonsalvo.*



Blast all my Youth, and Treason taint my Age.

Gonf. Sir. —————

Man. Nay, good, no thanks, I cannot stay. —————

[Exit Manuel.

Gonf. There's something more then ordinary in this:

Go, Amideo, quickly follow him,  
And bring me word which way he takes.

Amid. I go, Sir.

[Exit Amideo.

[ Julia kneels.

Gonf. Madam, *When you implore the Pow'r Divine,*  
*You have no Pray'rs in which I will not joyn,*  
*Though made against my self.*

[Kneels with her.

Jul. ————— *In vain I sue,*  
*Unless my vows may be convey'd by you.*

Gonf. *Convey'd by me!* — *My ill success in Love,*  
*Shews me too sure I have few friends above.*  
*How can you fear your just desires to want?*  
*When the Gods pray, they both request and grant.*

Jul. *Heav'n has resign'd my Fortune to your hand,*  
*If you like Heav'n, th'afflicted understand.*

Gonf. *The language of th'afflicted is not new;*  
*Too well I learn'd it when I first saw you.*

Jul. *In spite of me, you now command my Fate;*  
*And yet the Vanquish'd seeks the Victor's hate:*  
*Ev'n in this low submission, I declare,*  
*That had I Pow'r, I would renew the War:*  
*I'm forc'd to stoop, and 'twere too great a blow*  
*To bind my pride, and to deny me too.*

Gonf. *You have my heart; dispose it to your will;*  
*If not, you know the way to use it ill.*

Jul. *Cruel to me, though kind to your desert,*  
*My Brother gives my Person, not my Heart:*  
*And I have left no other means to sue,*  
*But to you onely to be freed from you.*

Gonf. *From such a Sute how can you hope success,*  
*Which giv'n, destroys the givers happiness?*

Jul. *You think it equal you should not resign*  
*That pow'r you have; y't will not leave me mine:*

Yet on my will I have the pow'r alone,  
 And since you cannot move it, move your own.  
 Your Worth and Virtue my esteem may win,  
 But Womens passions from themselves begin;  
 Merit may be, but Force still is in vain.

Gonf. I would but love you, not your Love constrain;  
 And though your Brother left me to command,  
 He plac'd his Thunder in a gentle hand.

Jul. Your favour from constraint has set me free,  
 But that secures not my Felicity:  
 Slaves who, before, did cruel Masters serve,  
 May fly to Desarts, and in Freedom starve.  
 The noblest part of Liberty they loose,  
 Who can but shun, and want the pow'r to choose.

Gonf. O whether will your fatal Reason move!  
 You court my kindness to destroy my Love.

Jul. You have the pow'r to make my happiness,  
 By giving that which you can ne'r possess.

Gonf. Give you to Rodorick? there wanted yet  
 That Curse to make my Miseries compleat.

Jul. Departing Misers bear a Nobler mind;  
 They, when they can enjoy no more, are kind:  
 You, when your Love is dying in despair,  
 Yet want the Charity to make an Heir.

Gonf. Though hope be dying, yet it is not dead;  
 And dying people with small food are fed.

Jul. The greatest kindness dying friends can have,  
 Is to dispatch them when we cannot save.

Gonf. Those dying people, could they speak at all;  
 That pity of their Friends would Murder call.  
 For men with horrour dissolution meet;  
 The minutes ev'n of painful life are sweet.

Jul. But I'm by pow'rful inclination led;  
 And Streams turn seldom to their Fountain head.

Gonf. No, 'tis a Tide which carries you away;  
 And Tides may turn, though they can never stay.

Jul. Can you pretend to Love, and see my Grief,  
 Caus'd by your self, yet give me no relief?

Gonf.



Conf. Where's my reward ?

Jul. The honour of the Flame.

Conf. I lose the Substance then, to gain the Name.

Jul. I do too much a Mistress's pow'r betray ;

Must Slaves be won by Courtship to obey ?

Thy disobedience does, to Treason rise,

Which thou, like Rebels wouldst with Love disguise.

I'll kill my self, and if thou canst deny

To see me happy, thou shalt see me die.

Conf. O stay ! I can with less regret bequeath

My love to Rodorick, then you to death :

And yet ———

Jul. What new objections can you find ?

Conf. But are you sure you never shall be kind ?

Jul. Never.

Conf. What never !

Jul. Never to remove.

Conf. Oh fatal Never to Souls damn'd in Love !

Jul. Lead me to Rodorick.

Conf. If it must be so !

Jul. Here, take my Hand swear on it thou wilt go.

{ He kisses her  
Hand.

Conf. Oh Balmly sweetness ! but 'tis lost to me,

Like Food upon a Wretch condemn'd to die :

Another, and I vow to go : — — one more ;

If I swear often, I shall be forswore.

Others against their wills may haste their Fate ;

I onely toil to be unfortunate :

More my own Foe then all my Stars could prove ;

They give her Person, but I give her Love.

I must not trust my self, ——— Hippolito.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. My Lord !

Conf. Quickly go find Don Rodorick out :

Tell him, the Lady Julia will be walking  
On the broad Rock that lies beside the Port,  
And there expects to see him instantly,

In the mean time I'll call for *Amideo*.

*Ful.* You'll keep your promise to *Don Roderick*.

*Gonf.* Madam, *Since you bring death, I welcome it ;*  
But to his Fortune, not his Love, submit. — [Exit *Gonfalvo*.

*Hip.* I dare not ask what I too fain would hear ;  
But, like a tender Mother, hope and fear ;  
My equal Twins, my equal care I make ;  
And keep hope quiet, lest that fear should wake. [Aside. [Exit *Hippol*.

*Ful.* So, now I'm firmly at my own dispose ;  
And all the Lets, my Virtue caus'd, remov'd :  
Now, *Roderick*, I come — —

Enter *Gonfalvo* again.

*Gonf.* Madam, my Boy's not yet return'd.

*Ful.* No matter, we'll not stay for him.

*Gonf.* Pray make not too much haste. [Exit *Julia*, *Gonfalvo*.

SCENE II.

Enter *Don Roderick*, and *Servant*;

*Rod.* H AVE you bespoken a Vessel, as I bid you ?

*Serv.* I have done better ; for I have employ'd  
Some, whom I know, this day to seize a Ship ;  
Which they have done, clapping the Men within her  
All under Hatches, with such speed and silence ;  
That though she rides at Anchor in the Port  
Among the rest, the change is not discover'd.

*Rod.* Let my best Goods and Jewels be Embarqued  
With secrecy : we'll put to Sea this night.  
Have you yet found my Sister, or her Woman ?

*Serv.* Neither, Sir ; but, in all probability,  
She is with *Manuel*.

*Rod.* Would God the meanest Man in *Alicant*  
Had *Angellina* rather than *Don Manuel*.



I never can forgive, much less forget  
How he (the younger Soldier) was prefer'd  
To that command of Horse which was my due.

*Serv.* And after that, by force, disseiz'd you of  
Your Quarters. — — —

*Rod.* Should I meet him sev'n years hence  
At th' Altar, I would kill him there: — — — I had  
Forgot to tell you the design we had,  
To carry *Julia* by force away,  
Will now be needless; she'll come to the Rock  
To see me, you, unseen, shall stand behind,  
And carry her into the Vessel.

*Serv.* Shall I not help you to dispatch *Don Manuel*?

*Rod.* I neither doubt my Valour, nor my Fortune:  
But if I die, revenge me: presently  
About your business, I must to the Rock,  
For fear I come too late.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

*Through a Rock is discover'd a Navy of Ships riding  
at a distance.*

*Enter Amideo.*

*Amid.* **T**HUS far, unseen by *Manuel*, I have trac'd him:  
He can be gone no farther than the Walk  
Behind the Rock; I'll back and tell my Master.

*Enter Hippolito at the other end.*

*Hip.* This is the place where *Rodoric* must expect  
His *Julia*: — — How! *Amideo* here!

*Amid.* *Hippolito*!

*Hip.* This were so fit a time  
For my Revenge; had I the Courage now:  
My heart swells at him, and my breath grows short;

But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,  
I cannot tell.

*Amid.* He looks so ghastfully,  
Would I were past him; yet I fear to try it,  
Because my mind mis-gives me he will stop me  
B' your leave, *Hippolita*.

*Hip.* Whether so fast?

*Amid.* You'll not presume to hinder my Lord's business?  
He shall know it.

*Hip.* I'll make you sure, before,  
For telling any Tales: do you remember  
Since you defended *Angellina's* Beauty  
Against *Honorias's*; nay, and would maintain it?

*Amid.* And so I will do still; (I must feign courage,  
There is no other way.) [ *Aside.*

*Hip.* I'll so revenge  
That injury (if my heart fails me not.)

*Amid.* Come, confess truly, for I know it fails you.  
What would you give to avoid fighting now?

*Hip.* No, 'tis your heart that fails.

*Amid.* I scorn the danger;  
Yet, what compassion on your Youth might do,  
I cannot tell; and therefore do not work  
Upon my pity; for I feel already  
My stout heart melts.

*Hip.* Oh! are you thereabouts?  
Now I am sure you fear, and you shall fight.

*Amid.* I will not fight.

*Hip.* Confess then *Angellina*  
Is not so fair as is *Honorias*.

*Amid.* I do confess; now are you satisfied?

*Hip.* There's more behind; confess her not so worthy  
To be belov'd; not to possess *Gonsalvo*  
As fair *Honorias* is.

*Amid.* That's somewhat hard.

*Hip.* But you must do't, or die.

*Amid.* Well, life is sweet;  
She's not so worthy; now let me be gone.



*Hip.* No, never to my Master; Swear to quit  
His service, and no more to see his Face.

*Amid.* I fain would save my life, but that which you  
Propose, is but another name to die.  
I cannot live without my Master's fight.

*Hip.* Then you must fight with me for him.

*Amid.* I would  
Do any thing with you, but fighting for him.

*Hip.* Nothing but that will serve.

*Amid.* Lay by your Swords,  
And I'll scratch with you for him.

*Hip.* That's not Manly.

*Amid.* Well, since it be so, I'll fight : ——— Unbutton.

[ Hippolito unbuttons slowly.

How many Buttons has he ? I'll be one  
Behind him still.

[ *Aside.*

[ Unbuttons one by one after him.

Hippolito makes more haste.

You are so prodigal; if you lov'd my Master,  
You would not tear his Doublet so: ——— How's this!

Two swelling Breasts! a Woman, and my Rival!

The Stings of Jealousie have giv'n me courage,  
Which Nature never gave me:

Come on, thou vile Dissembler of thy Sex;

Expect no mercy; either thou or I

Must die upon this spot: Now for *Gonsalvo*.

Sa. ——— Sa. ———

*Hip.* This courage is not counterfeit; Ah me!  
What shall I do? for pity, gentle Boy. ———

*Amid.* No pity; such a Cause as ours  
Can neither give nor take it: If thou yield'st,  
I will not spare thee; therefore fight it out.

[ *Tears open his Doublet.*

*Hip.* Death to my hopes! a Woman! and so rare  
A Beauty, that my Lord must needs doat on her.

I should my self, if I had been a Man:

But as I am, her Eyes shoot death at me.

*Amid.* Come, have you said your Prayers?

*Hip.*

*Hip.* For thy confusion,  
Thou ravenous Harpy, with an Angel's face;  
Thou art discover'd, thou too charming Rival;  
I'll be reveng'd upon those fatal Eyes.

*Amid.* I'll tear out thine.

*Hip.* I'll bite out hungry Morfels  
From those plump Cheeks, but I will make 'em thinner.

*Amid.* I'd beat thee to the blackness of a Moor,  
But that the Features of thy Face are such;  
Such damnable, invincible good Features,  
That as an *Ethiop* thou wouldst still be lov'd.  
I'll quite unbend that black Bow o'r thine Eyes;  
I'll murder thee, and *Fulia* shall have him  
Rather than thou.

*Amid.* I'll kill both thee and her,  
Rather than any one but I shall have him.

*Hip.* Come on, thou Witch.

*Amid.* Have at thy heart, thou Syren.

[ *They draw, and fight awkwardly, not coming  
near one another.*

*Amid.* I think I paid you there.

*Hip.* O stay a little

And tell me, in what corner of thy heart  
*Gonsalvo* lies, that I may spare that place.

*Amid.* He lies in the last drop of all my blood,  
And never will come out but with my Soul.

*Hip.* Come, come, we dally;  
Would one of us were dead, no matter which.

[ *They fight nearer.*

*Enter Don Manuel.*

*Man.* The pretty Boys, that serv'd *Gonsalvo*, fighting!  
I come in time to save the life of one.

[ *Hippolito gets Amideo down, in closing:  
Manuel takes away the Swords.*

*Hip.* For goodness sake hinder not my revenge.

*Amid.* The Noble *Manuel* has sav'd my life:

Heav'ns,



Heav'ns, how unjustly have I hated him !

[*Aside.*]

*Man.* What is it, gentle Youths, that moves you thus ?  
I cannot tell what causes you may find ;  
But trust me, all the World in so much sweetness,  
Would be to seek where to begin a Quarrel :  
You seem the little *Cupids* in the Song,  
Contending for the Honey-bag.

*Hip.* 'Tis well  
You're come ; you may prevent a greater mischief :  
Here 'tis *Gonsalvo* has appointed *Roderick*. —

*Man.* To fight ?

*Hip.* What's worse, to give your Sister to him.  
Won by her Tears, he means to leave her free,  
And to redeem her misery with his :  
At least I so conjecture.

*Man.* 'Tis a doubtful  
Problem, either he loves her violently,  
Or not at all.

*Amid.* You have betray'd my Master. — [To Hippolito, *aside*]

*Hip.* If I have injur'd you, I mean to give you  
The satisfaction of a Gentlewoman. —

*Enter Gonsalvo and Julia.*

*Man.* Oh they are here ; now I shall be resolv'd.

*Ful.* My Brother *Manuel* ! what Fortune's this !

*Man.* I'm glad I have prevented you.

*Gons.* With what  
Variety my Fate torments me still !  
Never was Man so dragg'd along by Virtue ;  
But I must follow her.

*Ful.* Noble *Gonsalvo*,  
Protect me from my Brother.

*Gons.* Tell me, Sir,  
When you bestow'd your Sister on me, did not  
You give her freely up to my dispose ?

*Man.* 'Tis true, I did ; but never with intent  
You should restore her to my Enemy.

*Gons.* 'Tis past ; 'tis done : she undermin'd my Soul

With Tears ; as Banks are sapp'd away by Streams.

*Man.* I wonder what strange Blessing she expects  
From the harsh Nature of this *Roderick* ;  
A Man made up of Malice and Revenge.

*Ful.* If I possess him, I may be unhappy ;  
But if I lose him, I am surely so.  
Had you a Friend so desperately sick,  
That all Physicians had forsok his Cure ;  
All scotch'd without, and all parch'd up within,  
The moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature  
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away ;  
Could you behold him beg, with dying Eyes,  
A glass of Water, and refuse it him,  
Because you knew it ill for his disease ?  
When he would die without it, how could you  
Deny to make his death more easie to him ?

*Man.* Talk not to me of Love, when Honour suffers ;  
The Boys will Hiss at me.

*Gonf.* I suffer most :  
Had there been choice, what would I not have chose ?  
To save my Honour, I my Love must lose :  
But Promises once made, are past debate,  
And Truth's of more necessity than Fate.

*Man.* I scarce can think your promise absolute ;  
There might some way be thought on, if you would,  
To keep both her and it.

*Gonf.* No, no, my promise was no trick of State :  
I meant to be made truly wretched first,  
And then to die ; and I'll perform them both.

*Man.* Then that revenge I meant on *Roderick*,  
I'll take on you.

*Gonf.* ——— I draw with much Regret,  
As Merchants throw their Wealth into the Sea,  
To save their sinking Vessels from a Wrack.

*Man.* I find I cannot lift my hand against thee :  
Do what thou wilt, but let not me behold it.

I'll cut this Gordian knot I cannot loose :

[ *Goes off a little way.*



To keep his promise, *Rodorick* shall have her,  
 But I'll return and rescue her by force;  
 Then giving back what he so frankly gave,  
 At once my Honour and his Love I'll save.

[ *Exit Manuel,*

*Enter Rodorick.*

*Rod.* How! *Julia* brought by him? ——— Who sent for me?

*Gonf.* 'Twas I.

*Rod.* I know your business then; 'tis fighting:

*Gonf.* You'r mistaken; 'tis something that I fear.

*Rod.* What is't?

*Gonf.* Why, ——— 'twill not out: Here, take her,  
 And deserve her; but no thanks;  
 For fear I should consider what I give,  
 And call it back. ———

*Ful.* O my dear *Rodorick*!

*Gonf.* O cruel *Julia*!

For pity shew not all your joy before me;  
 Stifle some part of it one minute longer,  
 Till I am dead.

*Ful.* My *Rodorick* shall know  
 He owes his *Julia* to you; thank him, Love;  
 In faith I take it ill you are so slow.

*Rod.* You know he has forbid me; and beside,  
 He'll take it better from your mouth than mine:  
 All that you do must needs be pleasing to him.

*Ful.* Still sullen and unkind!

*Rod.* Why then in short,  
 I do not understand the benefit.

*Gonf.* Not to have *Julia* in thy free possession?

*Rod.* Not brought by you; not of another's leaving.

*Ful.* Speak softly, *Rodorick*: let not these hear thee;  
 But spare my shame for the ill choice I made  
 In loving thee.

*Rod.* I will speak loud, and tell thee,  
 Thou com'st, all cloy'd and tir'd with his embraces,  
 To proffer thy pall'd Love to me: his kisses  
 Do yet bedew thy Lips; the very print

His Arms made round thy Body, yet remains;

*Gonf.* O barb'rous jealousy!

*Ful.* 'Tis an harsh word,  
I am too pure for thee; but yet I love thee:

[ *Offers to take his hand.*

*Rod.* Away, foul impudence.

*Gonf.* Madam, you wrong  
Your Virtue, thus to clear it by submission.

*Ful.* Whence grows this boldness, Sir? did I ask you  
To be my Champion?

*Rod.* He chose to be your Friend, and not your Husband:  
Left that dull part of Dignity to me;  
As often the worst Actors play the Kings.

*Ful.* This jealousy is but excess of passion;  
Which grows up, wild in every Lovers breast;  
But changes Kind when planted in an Husband.

*Rod.* Well, what I am, I am; and what I will be,  
When you are mine, my pleasure shall determine.  
I will receive no Law from any Man.

*Ful.* This strange unkindness of my *Roderick*,  
I owe to thee, and thy unlucky Love;  
Henceforth go lock it up within thy breast;  
'Tis onely harmless while it is conceal'd;  
But opened, spreads Infection like a Vault.  
Go, and my Curse go with thee. ———

*Gonf.* I cannot go, till I behold you happy: ———  
——— Here, *Roderick*, receive her on thy knees;  
Use her with that respect which thou would'st pay  
Thy Guardian Angel, if he could be seen.

——— Do not provoke my anger, by refusing. ———  
I'll watch thy least offence to her; each word,  
Nay, every sullen look: ———  
And as the Devils who are damn'd to torments,  
Yet have the guilty Souls their Slaves to punish:  
So, under me, while I am wretched, thou  
Shalt be tormented. ——— ———

*Rod.* Would'st thou make me the Tenant of thy Lust;  
To toil, and for my labour take the dregs,



The juicy Vintage being left for thee ?  
No ; she's an infamous lewd Prostitute ;  
I loath her at my Soul.

*Gonf.* I can forbear  
No longer ; swallow down thy lie, foul Villain.

[ *They fight, off the stage, Exeunt.*

*Ful.* Help, help !

*Amid.* Here is that Witch, whose fatal Beauty  
Began the mischief ; she shall pay for all.

[ *Goes to kill Julia.*

*Hip.* I hate her for it more than thou canst do,  
But cannot see her die my Master loves.

[ *Goes between with her Sword.*

*Enter Gonsalvo, following Rodorick ; who falls.*

*Rod.* So, now I am at rest : ———

I feel death rising higher still, and higher,  
Within my bosom ; every Breath I fetch  
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass :  
And, like the vanishing sound of Bells, grows less  
And less each Pulse, till it be lost in Air.

[ *Swoons away.*

*Gonf.* Down at your feet, much injur'd Innocence,  
I lay that Sword, which ———

*Ful.* Take it up again,  
It has not done its work till I am kill'd :  
For ever, ever, thou hast robb'd me of  
That Man, that onely Man whom I could Love :  
Dost thou thus Court thy Mistris ? thus oblige her ?  
All thy obligements have been fatal yet ;  
Yet the most fatal now would most oblige me.  
Kill me : — yet I am kill'd before in him.  
I lie there on the-ground, cold, cold, and pale :  
That death I die in *Rodorick* is far  
More pleasant, than that life I live in *Julia*.  
—— See how he stands —— when he is bid dispatch me !  
How dull ! how spiritless ! that sloath possess'd  
Thee not, when thou dost kill my *Rodorick*.

*Gonf.* I'm too unlucky to converse with Men :

I'll pack together all my mischiefs up,  
 Gather with care each little remnant of 'em,  
 That none of 'em be left behind : thus loaded,  
 Fly to some Defart, and there let them loose,  
 Where they may never prey upon Mankind,  
 But you may make my journey shorter : \_\_\_\_\_ take  
 This Sword ; 'twill show you how \_\_\_\_\_

*Ful.* I'll gladly set you on your way. [ *Takes his Sword.*

*Enter three of Rodorick's Servants.*

*r.* Make haste, he's now unarm'd; we may with ease  
 Revenge my Master's death.

*Ful.* Now these shall do it.

*Gonf.* I'll die by none but you. \_\_\_\_\_

*Hip.* O here, take my Sword, Sir.

*Amid.* He shall have mine.

[ *Both give their Swords to Gonfalvo.*

*Enter Manuel.*

*Man.* Think not of death,  
 We'll live and conquer. [ *They beat them off.*

*Man.* These fellows, though beat off, will streight return  
 With more; we must make haste to save our selves.

*Hip.* 'Tis far to the Town,  
 And ere you reach it, you will be discover'd.

*Gonf.* My life's a burden to me, were not *Julia's*  
 Concern'd; but as it is, she being present,  
 Will be found accessary to his death.

*Man.* See where a Vessel lies, not far from shoar;  
 And near at hand a Boat belonging to her;  
 Let's haste Aboard, and what with Pray'rs and Gifts,  
 Buy our concealment there : \_\_\_\_\_ Come, *Julia.*

*Gonf.* A'as, she swoons away upon the Body.

*Man.* The night grows on apace; we'll take her in  
 Our arms, and bear her hence.

[ *Exeunt Gonfalvo, and the Boys, with  
 Manuel, carrying Julia.*



*The Servants enter again:*

1. They are all gone, we may return with safety:  
Help me to bear the Body to the Town,

2. He stirs, and breaths a little, there may be  
Some hope.

3. The Town's far off, and th'Evening cold,  
Let's carry him to th' Ship.

1. Haste then away:  
Things once resolv'd, are ruin'd by delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V.

*Enter a Pyrat, and the Captain.*

The SCENE lying in a Carrack.

*Pyr.* WElcome a Ship-board, *Captain*; you staid long.

*Capt.* No longer then was necessary for shifting Trades;  
To change me from a *Pyrat* to a *Robber*.

*Pyr.* There's a fair change wrought in you since yesterday  
Morning; then you talk'd of nothing but Repentance, and }  
Amendment of life.

*Capt.* Faith I have consider'd better on't:  
For conversing a whole day together with honest men,  
I found 'em all so poor and begery, that a civil  
Person would be asham'd to be seen with 'em.  
But you come from *Don Rodorick's* Cabin; what  
Hopes have you of his life?

*Pyr.* No danger of it, onely losf of Bloud  
Had made him faint away; he call'd for you.

*Capt.* Well, are his Jewels and his Plate brought in?

*Pyr.* They are; When hoist we Sails?

*Capt.* At the first break

Of day: When we are got out clear, we'll seize

On *Rod'rick* and his Men: they are not many,

[*Exit*]

But fear may make 'em desperate.

*Pyr.* We may take 'em;  
When they are laid to sleep.

*Cap.* 'Tis well advis'd.

*Pyr.* I forgot to tell you, Sir, that a little before *Don Rod'rick* Was brought in, a company of Gentlemen (pursu'd, It seems, by Justice) procur'd our Boat to Row 'em Hither: Two of 'em carri'd a very fair Lady betwixt 'em, Who was either dead, or swooned.

*Cap.* We'll sell 'em altogether to the Turk,  
(At least I'll tell 'em so.)

[*Aside.*]

*Pyr.* Pray, Sir, let's reserve the Lady to our own uses;  
It were a shame to good Catholiques to give her up  
To Infidels.

*Cap.* *Don Rodorick's* door opens, I'll speak to him.

[*The Scene draws, and discovers the Captain's Cabin;  
Rodorick on a Bed, and two Servants by him.*]

*Cap.* How is it with the brave *Don Rodorick*?  
Do you want any thing?

*Rod.* I have too much  
Of that I would not, Love;  
And what I would have, that I want, Revenge.  
I must be set ashore.

*Cap.* That you may, Sir;  
But our own safety must be thought on first.

[*One enters, and whispers the Captain.*]

*Cap.* I come: — Sennor, think you are Lord here, and command  
All freely.

[*Exit Captain and Pyrat.*]

*Rod.* He does well to bid me think so: I am of opinion  
We are fallen into Hucksters hands.

1 *Serv.* Indeed he talk'd suspiciously enough;  
He half deni'd to Land us.

*Rod.* These, *Pedro*,  
Are your confiding men.

2. *Serv.* I think 'em still so.

*Rod.* Would I were from 'em.

2. 'Tis impossible

T'attempt it now; you have not strength enough  
To walk.

*Rod.* That



*Rod.* That venture must be mine; we're lost  
If we stay here to morrow.

2. I hope better.

1. One whom I saw among 'em, to my knowledge,  
Is a notorious Robber.

2. He look'd so like a Gentleman, I could not know him then.

*Rod.* What became of *Fulia* when I fell?

2. We left her weeping over you, till we  
Were beaten of; but she, and those with her,  
Were gone when we return'd.

*Rod.* Too late I find

I wrong'd her in my thoughts; I'm every way  
A wretched Man: \_\_\_\_\_

Something we must resolve on ere we sleep.

Draw in the Bed, I feel the cold.

[*Bed drawn in, Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Gonsalvo, Manuel, Hippolito, Amideo.*

*Hip.* **N** Ay, 'tis too true; for peeping through a Chink,  
I saw *Don Rodorick* lying on a Bed,  
Not dead, as we suppos'd, but onely hurt;  
So waited on, as spoke him Master here.

*Man.* Was there ever so fatal an adventure?  
To fly into that very Ship for refuge,  
Where th' onely person we would shun, commands?  
This mischief is so strange, it could not happen,  
But was the Plot and Juggle of our Fate  
To free it self, and cast the blame on us.

*Gonsf.* This is not yet our Fortune's utmost malice;  
The Gall remains behind: this Ship was that  
Which yesterday was mine; I can see nothing  
Round me, but what's familiar to my Eyes,  
Onely the Persons new; which makes me think  
'Twas seiz'd upon by *Rodorick*, to revenge  
Himself on me.

*Man.* 'Tis wonderful indeed.

*Amid.* The onely comfort is, we are not known,  
For when we enter'd, it was dark.

*Hip.* That comfort  
Is of as short continuance as the night;  
The day will soon discover us.

*Man.* Some way must be invented to get out.

*Hip.* Fair *Julia*, sadly pining by her self,  
Sits on her Bed; Tears falling from her Eyes  
As silently as Dews in dead of night.  
All we consult of must be kept from her,  
That moment that she knows of *Roderick's* life  
Dooms us to certain death.

*Man.* 'Tis well consider'd.

*Gonf.* For my part, were not you and she concern'd,  
I look on my life, like an Estate  
So charg'd with debts, it is not worth the keeping.  
We cannot long be undiscover'd by them;  
Let us then rush upon them on the sudden,  
(All hope of safety plac'd in our despair)  
And gain quick victory, or speedy death.

*Man.* Consider first th'impossibility  
Of the attempt; four Men, and two poor Boys,  
(Which added to our number make us weaker)  
Against ten Villains, more resolv'd for death,  
Than any ten among our Holiest Priests.  
Stay but a little longer, till they all  
Disperse to rest within their several Cabins,  
Then more securely we may set upon them,  
And kill them half before the rest can wake:  
By this means too, the Boys are useful for us;  
For they can cut the throats of sleeping men.

*Hip.* Now have I the greatest temptation in the world to reveal  
Thou art a Woman. [ To Amideo.

*Amid.* If 'twere not for thy Beauty, my Master should know  
What a Man he keeps. [ To her.

*Hip.* Why should we have recourse to desperate ways,  
When safer may be thought on?  
'Tis like giving the Extreme Unction  
In the beginning of a sickness:  
Can you imagine to find all asleep?  
The wicked Joy of having such a Booty



In their possession, will keep some awake :  
 And some, no doubt, will watch with wounded *Rod'rick*,

*Amid*. What would your wisdom now propose ?

*Hip*. To say,

That some of us are Sea-sick; (your Complexion  
 Will make th' excuse for us who are less fair:)

So by good words and promises procure  
 We may be set ashore, ere morning come.

*Amid*. O the deep Reasons of the grave *Hippolito*!

As if 'twere likely, in so calm a season,

We should be sick so soon; or if we were,

Whom should we choose among us to go tell it?

For who e'r venture out must needs be known;

Or if none knew us, can you think that Pyrats

Will let us go upon such easie terms,

As promising Rewards? ——— Let me advise you!

*Hip*. Now we expect an Oracle.

*Amid*. Here are Bundles

Of Canvas and of Cloth, you see, lie by us,

In which, one of us shall sow up the rest,

Onely some breathing place for Air, and Food;

Then call the Pyrats in, and tell them, we,

For fear, had drown'd our selves: and when we come

To the next Port, find means to bring us out.

*Hip*. Pithily spoken!

As if you were to bind up Marble Statues,

Which onely bore the shapes of Men without,

And had no need of ever easing Nature.

*Gonf*. There's but one way left, that's this:

You know the Rope by which the Cock-boat's ty'd,

Goes down by th'Stern, and now we are at Anchor,

There sits no Pilot to discover us;

My counsel is, to go down by the Ladder,

And being once there, unloose, and row to shore.

*Man*. This, without doubt, were best; but there lies ever

Some one or more within the Boat to watch it.

*Gonf*. I'll slide down first, and run the venture of it;

You shall come after me, if there be need,

To give me succour.

*Man.* 'Tis the onely way.

*Gonf.* Go into *Fulia* then, and first prepare her  
With knowledge of the Pyrats, and the danger  
Her Honour's in among such barb'rous people.

*Man.* Leave it to me.

*Amid.* *Hippolito* and *Fulia*,  
My Rivals like two pointed Rocks appear;  
And I through both must to *Gonsalvo* steer. [Aside.]

[*Exeunt all but Hippolito.*]

*Hip.* As from some steep and dreadful Precipice;  
The frighted Traveller casts down his eyes;  
And sees the Ocean at so great a distance,  
It looks as if the Skies were sunk below him;  
Yet if some neighbouring Shrub (how weak so'er)  
Peeps up, his willing eyes stop gladly there,  
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it:  
So in my desperate state, each little comfort  
Preserves me from despair; *Gonsalvo* strove not  
With greater care to give away his *Fulia*;  
Than I have done to part with my *Gonsalvo*;  
Yet neither brought to pass our hateful wish:  
Then we may meet, since different ways we move,  
Chasing each other in the Maze of Love. [Exit *Hippolito.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter Don Rodorick, carried by two Servants.*

1 *Serv.* [It was the onely way that could be thought on,  
To get down by the Ladder to the Boat.

2. You may thank me for that invention.

*Rod.* What a noise is here! when the least breath's  
As dang'rous as a Tempest.

2. If any of those Rogues should hear him talk,  
In what a case were we?

*Rod.* O patience, patience!  
This Ass brays out for silence.

*Enter*



*Enter at the other end* Manuel, leading Julia, Gonfalvo, Hippolito, Amideo.

*Gonf.* Hark! what noise is that? go softly.

[*They meet on the middle of the Stages*

*Rod.* Who's here! I am betray'd; and nothing grieves me,  
But I want strength to die with honour.

*Ful. Rodorick!*

Is it thy voice, my Love? speak and resolve me,  
Whether thou liv'st, or I am dead with thee?

*Man.* Kill him, and force your way.

*Rod.* Is Manuel there?

Hold up my Arm, that I may make one thrust  
At him before I die.

*Gonf.* Since we must fall,

We'll sell our lives as dearly as we can.

*1 Serv.* And we'll defend our Master to the last. [Fight.]

*Enter* Pyrats, without their Captain.

*1 Pyr.* What's the meaning of this Uproar? quarrelling  
Amongst your selves at midnight?

*2 Pyr.* We are come in a fit time to decide the difference:

*Man.* Hold, Gentlemen, we're equally concern'd, } To Rodorick's  
We for our own, you for your Master's safety; } & Servants.

If we joyn forces, we may then resist 'em;

If not, both sides are ruin'd.

*1 Serv.* We agree.

*Gonf.* Come o'r on our side then. [They joyn.

*1 Pyr.* A mischief on our Captain's droufiness;  
We're lost for want of him. [They fight.

*Gonf.* Dear Madam, get behind, while you are safe,  
We cannot be o'r come. [To Julia.

[*They drive off the Pyrats, and follow them off.*

*Rodorick remains on the ground.*

*Rod.* I had much rather my own life were lost,  
Than Manuel's were preserv'd.

*Enter the Pyrats, retreating before Gonfalvo, &c.*

*1 Pyr.* All's lost; they fight like Devils, and our Captain  
Yet sleeping in his Bed.

*2.* Here lies *Don Rodorick*; mid' o'rob. *1 Pyr.*  
If we must die, we'll not leave him behind. [Goes to kill him.

*Ful.* O

*Ful.* O spare my *Rodorick's* life, and in exchange  
Take mine; I put my self within your pow'r,  
To Save or Kill.

*I Pyr.* So, here's another Pawn  
For all our safeties.

*Man.* Heav'n! what has she done?

*Gonf.* Let go the Lady, or expect no mercy:  
The least drop of her bloud is worth all yours,  
And mine together.

*I Pyr.* I am glad you think so:  
Either deliver up your Sword, or mine  
Shall pierce her heart this moment.

*Gonf.* Here, here, take it.

*Man.* You are not mad to give away all hopes  
Of safety and defence, from us, from her,  
And from your self at once!

{ *Manuel holds  
him.*

*Gonf.* When she is dead,  
What is there worth defending?

*Man.* Will you trust  
A Pyrat's promise, sooner than your Valour?

*Gonf.* Any thing rather than see her in danger.

*I Pyr.* Nay, if you dispute the matter!

[*Holds his sword to her breast.*

*Gonf.* I yield, I yield; Reason to Love must bow:  
Love, that gives Courage, can make Cowards too.

[*Gives his sword.*

*Ful.* O strange effect of a most generous Passion!

*Rod.* His Enemies themselves must needs admire it.

*Man.* Nay, if *Gonfalvo* makes a fashion of it,  
'Twill be valour to die tamely.

[*Gives his.*

*Hip.* I am for dying too with my dear Master.

*Amid.* My life will go as eas'y as a Flies,  
The least Phillip does it in this fright.

*I Pyr.* One call our Captain up; tell him, he deserves little of  
the Booty.

*Ful.* It has so much prevail'd upon my soul,  
I ever must acknowledge it.

[*To Gonfalvo.*

*Rod.* *Fulia* has reason, if she love him; yet  
I find I cannot bear it.

[*Aside.*  
*Gonf.* Say



*Gonf.* Say but you love me, I am more than paid.

*Ful.* You ask that onely thing I cannot give;  
Were I not *Rodorick's* first, I should be yours;  
My violent Love for him, I know is faulty,  
Yet Passion never can be plac'd so ill,  
But that to change it is the greater crime:  
Inconstancy is such a guilt, as makes  
That very Love suspected which it brings;  
It brings a Gift, but 'tis of ill-got Wealth,  
The spoils of some forsaken Lovers heart:  
Love alter'd once, like Bloud let out before,  
Will lose its virtue, and can cure no more.

*Gonf.* In those few minutes which I have to live,  
To be call'd yours is all I can enjoy;  
*Rodorick* receives no prejudice by that;  
I would but make some small acquaintance here,  
For fear I never should enquire you out  
In that new World which we are going to.

*Amid.* Then I can hold no longer; — you desire  
In death to be call'd hers; and all I wish  
Is dying to be yours.

*Hip.* You'll not discover?

[*Aside*]

*Amid.* See here the most unfortunate of Women;  
That *Angellina* whom you all thought lost;  
And lost she was indeed, when she beheld  
*Gonsalvo* first.

*All.* How, *Angellina*!

*Red.* Ha!

My Sister?

*Amid.* I thought to have fled Love in flying *Manuel*,  
But Love pursu'd me in *Gonsalvo's* shape;  
For him I ventur'd all that Maids hold dear,  
Th' opinion of my Modesty and Virtue,  
My loss of Fortune, and my Brother's Love:  
For him I have expos'd my self to dangers,  
Which (great themselves, yet) greater would appear,  
If you cou'd see them through a Womans fear:  
But why do I my right by dangers prove?  
The greatest argument for Love, is Love:  
That passion, *Fulia*, while he lives, denies.

He should refuse to give her when he dies:  
 Yet grant he did his life to her bequeath,  
 May I not claim my share of him in death?  
 I onely beg when all the Glory's gone,  
 The heatless Beams of a departing Sun.

*Gonf.* Never was Passion hid so modestly,  
 So generously reveal'd.

*Man.* We're now a chain of Lovers link'd in death;  
*Julia* goes first, *Gonsalvo* hangs on her,  
 And *Argellina* holds upon *Gonsalvo*, as I on *Argellina*.

*Hip.* Nay, here's *Honorio* too:—  
 You look on me with wonder in your eyes,  
 To see me here, and in this strange disguise.

*Ful.* What new Miracle is this? *Honorio*!

*Man.* I left you with my Aunt at *Barcellona*,  
 And thought ere this you had been married to  
 The old rich Man, *Don Estevan de Gama*.

*Hip.* I ever had a strange aversion for him;  
 But when *Gonsalvo* landed there, and made  
 A kind of Courtship, (though it seems in jest)  
 It serv'd to conquer me, which *Estevan*  
 Perceiving, prest my Aunt to haste the Marriage:

What should I do? my Aunt importun'd me  
 For the next day: *Gonsalvo*, though I lov'd him,  
 Knew not my Love; nor was I sure his Courtship  
 Was not the effect of a bare Gallantry.

*Gonf.* Alas! how griev'd I am, that slight address  
 Should make so deep impressions on your mind,  
 In three days time.

*Hip.* That accident in which  
 You sav'd my life, when first you saw me, caus'd it.  
 Though now the Story be too long to tell;  
 Howe'r it was, hearing that night you lay  
 Aboard your Ship, thus as you see disguis'd,  
 In cloaths belonging to my youngest Nephew,  
 I rose e'r day, resolv'd to find you out,  
 And, if I could, procure to wait on you  
 Without discovery of my self; but Fortune  
 Crost all my hopes.

*Gonf.* It



*Gons.* It was that dismal Night  
Which tore my Anchor up, and tost my Ship,  
Past hope of safety, many days together,  
Until at length it threw me on this Port.

*Hip.* I will not tell you what my sorrows were  
To find you gone; but there was now no help.  
Go back again I durst not; but, in fine,  
Thought best, as fast as my weak legs would bear me,  
To come to *Alicant*, and find my Sister,  
Unknown to any else: But being near  
The City, I was seiz'd upon by Thieves,  
From whom you rescu'd me; the rest you know.

*Gons.* I know too much indeed for my repose.

*Enter Captain.*

*Cap.* Do you know me?

*Gons.* Now I look better on thee,  
Thou seem'st a greater Villain than I thought thee.

*Ful.* 'Tis he.

*Hip.* That bloody Wretch who robb'd us in  
The Woods.

*Gons.* Slave! dar'st thou lift thy hand against me?  
Dar'st thou touch any one whom he protects,  
Who gave thee life? but I accuse my self,  
Not thee: The death of all these guiltless persons  
Became my crime, that minute when I spar'd thee.

*Cap.* It is not all your threats can alter me  
From what I have resolv'd.

*Gons.* Begin then first  
With me.

*Cap.* I will, by laying here my Sword.

*All.* What means this sudden change?

{ Lays his Sword at  
Gonsalvo's feet.

*Cap.* 'Tis neither new nor sudden: from that time  
You gave me life, I watch'd how to repay it;  
And *Rod'rick's* Servant gave me speedy means  
T'effect my wish: For, telling me, his Master  
Meant a Revenge on you, and on *Don Manuel*,  
And then to seize on *Julia*, and depart:  
I proffer'd him my Aid to seize a Vessel;  
And having by enquiry found out yours,

Acquainted first the Captain with my purpose,  
To make a seeming Mast'ry of the Ship.

*Man.* How durst he take your word ?

*Cap.* That I secur'd,

By letting him give notice to the Ships  
That lay about: This done, knowing the place  
You were to fight on was behind the Rock ;  
Not far from thence, I, and some chosen Men,  
Lay out of sight, that, it foul play were offer'd,  
We might prevent it :

But came not in ; because, when there was need,  
*Don Manuel*, who was nearer, stept before me.

*Gonf.* Then the Boat, which seem'd  
To lie by chance, Hulling not far from shore,  
Was plac'd by your direction there ?

*Cap.* It was.

*Gonf.* You're truly Noble ; and I owe much more  
Than my own life and fortunes to your worth.

*Cap.* 'Tis time I should restore their liberty  
To such of yours as yet are seeming Pris'ners.  
I'll wait on you again.

[Exit Captain.

*Rod.* My Enemies are happy, and the Storm  
Prepar'd for them, must break upon my head.

*Gonf.* So far am I from happiness, Heav'n knows  
My griefs are doubled: ———

I stand engag'd in hopeless love to *Julia* ;  
In gratitude to these:

Here I have giv'n my heart, and here I owe it.

*Hip.* Dear Master, trouble not your self for me ;  
I ever made your happiness my own ;

Let *Julia* witness with what faith I serv'd you,  
When you employ'd me in your Love to her.

I gave your noble heart away, as if  
It had been some light Gallant's, little worth:

Not that I lov'd you less then *Angellina*,  
But my Self less than You.

*Gonf.* Wonder of Honour,  
Of which my own was but a fainter shadow,  
When I gave *Julia*, whom I could not keep.



You fed a Fire within, with too rich Fuel,  
 In giving it your heart to prey upon ;  
 The sweetest Off'ring that was ever burnt,  
 Since last the *Phœnix* dy'd.

*Hip.* If *Angellina* knew, like me, the pride  
 Of Noble minds, which is to give, not take ;  
 Like me, she would be satisfi'd, her Heart  
 Was we bestow'd, and ask for no return.

*Amid.* Pray let my Heart alone ; you'll use it as  
 The Gipsies do our Money ;  
 If they once touch it, they have pow'r upon't.

*Enter the Servant, who appear'd in the first Act  
 with Gonsalvo.*

*Serv.* O my dear Lord, *Gonsalvo de Peralta* !

*Rod.* *De Peralta*, said you ? you amaze me !

*Gonf.* Why, do you know that Family in *Sevil* ?

*Rod.* I am my self the Elder Brother of it.

*Gonf.* *Don Rod'rick de Peralta* !

*Rod.* I was so,

Until my Mother dy'd, whose name *de Sylva*

I chose, (our Custom not forbidding it )

Three years ago, when I return'd from *Flanders* :

I came here to possess a fair Estate,

Left by an Aunt ; her Sister, for whose sake

I take that Name, and lik'd the place so well,

That never since I have return'd to *Sevil*.

*Gonf.* 'Twas then that change of Name which caus'd my Letters

All to miscarry : What an happy Tempest

Was this, which would not let me rest at *Sevil*

But blew me farther on to see you here.

*Amid.* Brother, I come to claim a Sister's share ;

But you're too near me, to be nearer now.

*Gonf.* In my room let me beg you to receive

*Don Manuel*.

*Amid.* I take it half unkindly,

You give me from your self so soon ; *Don Manuel*

I know is worthy, and but yesterday

Preserv'd my life ; but it will take some time

To change my heart.

*Man.* I'll watch it patiently, as *Chymists* do  
Their golden birth; and when 'tis chang'd, receive it  
With greater care, then they the rich Elyxir,  
Just passing from one Vial to another.

*Rod.* *Fulia* is still my Brother's, though I lose her.

*Gonf.* You shall not lose her; *Fulia* was born  
For none but you;  
And I for none but my *Honorio*.

*Fulia* is yours by Inclination;  
And I by Conquest am *Honorio's*.

*Hon.* 'Tis the most glorious one that e'r was made:  
And I no longer will dispute my happiness.

*Rod.* *Fulia*, you know my peevish jealousies;  
I cannot promise you a better Husband,  
Than you have had a Servant.

*Ful.* I receive you  
With all your Faults.

*Rod.* And think, when I am froward,  
My sullen humour punishes it self;  
I'm like a day in *March*, sometimes o'r-cast  
With storms, but then the after-clearness is  
The greater: The worst is, where I love most,  
The Tempest falls most heavy.

*Ful.* Ah! ah! what a little time to Love is lent,  
Yet half that time is in unkindness spent.

*Rod.* That you may see some hope of my amendment,  
I give my Friendship to *Don Manuel*, ere  
My Brother asks, or he himself desires it.

*Man.* I'll ever cherish it.

*Gonf.* Since for my sake you become Friends, my care  
Shall be to keep you so: You, Captain, shall  
Command this Carrack, and, with her, my Fortunes:  
You, my *Honorio*, though you have an Heart  
Which *Fulia* left, yet think it not the worse;  
'Tis not worn out, but polish'd by the wearing.  
Your Merit shall her Beauty's power remove;  
Beauty but gains, Obligation keeps our Love.

[*Exeunt.*





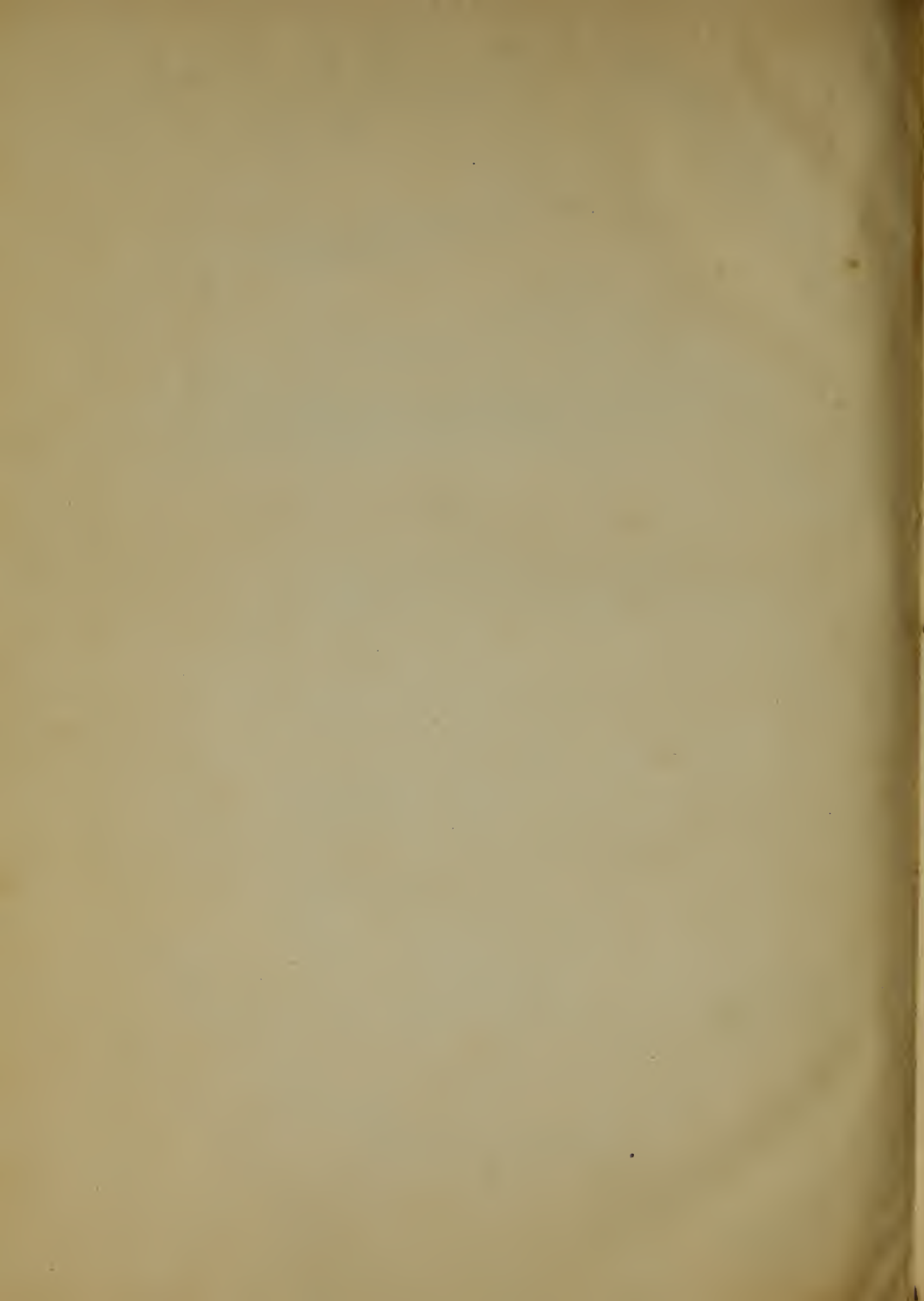
# Epilogo

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Main body of illegible text, appearing to be a list or series of entries.









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~~TREASURE ROOM~~

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