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THE  
VILLAIN,  
A  
TRAGEDY

*Written by* T. PORTER *Esq;*

*Fœlix et prosperum Scelus Virtus vocatur.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the *Anchor* in the  
New Exchange, and *Samuel Speed* at the  
in Fleetstreet. 1663.

149,553

May 1873

TRAGEDY

BY

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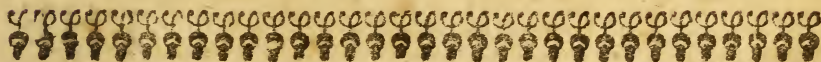





# THE PROLOGUE.

**A**S I appear, (*me-thinks*) I hear some say,  
O, this is He that must excuse the Play!  
They better guess than those who think I'm sent  
To dare the Censures of th' Impertinent;  
Such a Poëtique Choler would appear  
Just like that Courage which is rais'd by Fear.

But (*Gentlemen*) in troth I'm only come  
To tell ye that the Author is gone home,  
To skun your Doom, like some poor Couzen'd wench  
That has not Confidence t' out-face the Bench,  
We were such Fools as to perswade his Stay,  
But (*smiling at us*) He made haste away,  
And said ye could not so much honor lack,  
As to speak ill of him behind his back.





# SCENE, TOURS.

Clairmont  
La Bar  
Dorvile  
Brisac  
Beaupres  
Maligni  
Bouteseu }  
Delpeche }  
Lamarch }  
Colignij  
Cortaux  
Belmont  
Charlotte  
Mariane }  
Trancibell }  
Luyson  
Surgeon, &c.

Host  
Wife  
Fryer

The General.  
Gentleman of his Horse.  
Governour of the Town.  
A young Colonel.  
His Friend.  
His Major and a Villain.

{ Officers in *Brisac's* Regiment.

An Impertinent young Scrivener.  
His Father.  
Sister to *Brisac*.  
Daughter to *Dorvile*.

{ Sisters to *Colignij*.

A waiting woman to *Bellemont*.

THE



THE  
**VILLAIN.**

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ACT I. SCENE 2.

*Enter D'orville, Brisac, Beaupres.*

*D'or.* **Y**ou have oblig'd me, Sir, in your last grant.  
*Bris.* It still has been my study how to serve  
 A man of Hono<sup>r</sup>. This is no such favour.

*D'or.* Pardon me, Sir, I do esteem it highly,  
 And do once more assure you, that your men  
 Shall find the Welcome that the Town affords;  
 You freely should command all that is here,  
 From the sole Merit you your self possess,  
 Which with an Obligation I've receiv'd  
 Lately, and in the person of my Friend,  
 Does doubly claim performance of my Promise.

*Bris.* Enough, good Sir:  
 You make me blush, I have not yet deserv'd  
 The Honor that you now enrich me with.

*D'or.* I have done, Sir.  
 An Officer of yours?

B.

*Bris.* Turns to Beaupres and salutes him.

*Bris.* He is my friend, and in that Office bears  
Command o'r all that e'r I shall call mine.

*Beau.* One that is proud to wuit upon his worth,  
And take the Copy of a gallant man  
From his ripe Youth.

*D'or.* Believe me, Sir, your person does bespeak  
An expectation in all those that see you,  
Of what is Great and Generous in a Man.

*Bris.* You've read him right.

*D'or.* I cannot doubt it, Sir:  
For Friendship in Young-men breeds a delight  
In doing great and worthy things, whereby  
They may tie fast the bond of Friendship sworn.  
That Prince is happy who in's Army has  
Such Rivals unto Virtue and to Honor;  
And yet rejoyce when either courts them well.

*Beau.* Your praise will make me study to deserve it.

*Enter Malignii.*

*Bris.* Well, Major, have you yet dispos'd the men?

*Mal.* They are all Billited, saving some few  
That were design'd unto the place you mention'd.

*Bris.* Make up their Quarters out of those same Blanks  
My servants drew, and yours, my dearest Friend,  
May serve for six, I know you will not leave me.

*D'or.* Leave that to me; the favour's very great:  
You have remov'd the trouble from the place  
That calls my Friend its Landlord.

*Bris.* But not with an intention, 't should be put  
Upon your care.  
There's room enough, he knows how to dispose them.

*D'or.* I must submit: but please you all to grace  
My house and me; and if it do not speak  
So large a welcome as my heart does mean,  
Blame my poor power, not my want of will.

*Bris.* Please you to lead the way, we'll follow.

*D'or.* I'm proud to be your guide in this occasion.

*Mal.* Sir, I would speak with you.

*Bris.* Prethee, *Beaupres*, go you along,

Tell

Stops him as  
he's going.

Tell him he shall not long expect our coming. [Exit Beaupres.

Now, Major, speak your business.

*Mal.* Have you design'd your Sister should come here,  
And stay this Winter-Quarter 'mongst your Troops?

*Bris.* You know I have: But prethee why do'st ask?  
Do'st think that *Tours* is like unto the Camp?

*Mal.* No, but-----

*Bris.* But what? are there not hundreds more  
Of the same Quality that reside here?

My house not fifteen Leagues from hence,  
Why should I bar her being here this winter?

'Twas but a year ago you wondred much  
I would confine her to a Country life,  
And said, her breeding was not like my Sister's,  
Though she did want no Masters could enrich  
Her mind and carriage; yet then you thought fit  
She should see *Paris* and its Bravery.

*Mal.* I hope my care does give you no offence?

*Bris.* No, Honest *Maligni*, I know you've been  
My friend since I writ Man; do but speak  
To show the error of your friendly Doubts.

*Mal.* I'm glad you so interpret them.

*Bris.* I know they are:

Do'st think our Regiment a sweeping plague,  
That does infect whole Towns it quarters in;

Or that it breaths the air of Vice on all

The Virgins live in the same Horizon?

Ha, ha, ha!

I know they'r Blades, but yet I think they'l scarce

Presume to venture on my Sister.

*Mal.* Fie, Sir, I never thought on that.

*Bris.* What then? I cannot guess your meaning.

*Mal.* Nor I, till time (which ripens all) disclose it.

*Bris.* Well then let's wait that time:

But now it is decreed she comes,

*Beaupres* to morrow goes to fetch her hither.

*Mal.* 'Tis wondrous well and fine.

*Bris.* What is your mind?

*Mal.* This Town:

4  
The VILLAIN.

*Bris.* I, is it not a lovely seat?  
But this same River *Loyre* is blest along  
It's bank's with several of such City's.  
Come, come, the Governour will stay for us.  
*Malig.* I'll wait upon you Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Colignii and Cortaux.*

*Cort.* I hope thou wilt.  
There is a Captain quarters at my house,  
Be sure you bid your Sisters treat him well;  
But heark you Sir; I'd have you watch their Waters,  
These men of warr will straight-ways clap a-Board.  
*Colig.* I'll warrant you Father, let me alone.  
*Cor.* But you must still be civil, and give way,  
When th' other Officers do come to visit.  
*Colig.* What do you mean Father, must I leave the Room and  
shut the Dore?  
*Cor.* Away, you Dunce, I mean you must take heed  
That you do no ways interrupt discourse.  
*Colig.* I shall Sir.  
*Cor.* I say you must not by no means.  
Pox how I shall be plagu'd!  
Why they will straight perceive thou art ill bred.  
I'll send thee straight into the Country,  
For here thou wilt be Jeer'd, or may be kill'd  
For doing some preposterous foolish thing.  
*Colig.* I fear not that;  
But good Sir consider the smallness of this stock.  
*Cor.* Why here is more, a Crown in gold.  
Be sure you wear this stil but for a show.  
*Colig.* I'll do as does besite a man.  
*Cor.* As does besite a Gudgeon.  
Well Sir lets see how you will bear your self;  
I fear wee shall have some rank tricks o'th' school.  
*Colig.* Here comes our Guest Father.

*Enter D'Elpeche and servants.*

*D'elpe.* The Master of this house I think you are?  
*Cor.* The man that's honor'd with that title Sir.

*Colig*

The VILLAIN.

*Colig.* Yes 'tis my Father Sir, and I'm his Son.

*D'elpe.* I did believe as much.

Sir I must beg your patience for the trouble  
My men and I must give you this same Winter,  
But they shall stil most orderly observe  
A just Decorum which befits the place.

*Cor.* Your men!

Why Sir I hope your whole Troop is not quarter'd  
Upon my house?

*D'elpe.* Oh no Sir!

I mean my servants,  
They are men too.

*Colig.* Yes indeed father are they,

The Gentleman speak's truth,

The Captain I should say Sir:

I humbly Crave your pardon: 'twas a mistake.

*D'elpe.* O Sir, the fault is not so great.

*Colig.* I hope so Sir: I should be loath in any way t'offend.

*Cor.* Hold you your prating;

Sir, you freely may command this house,

And him that's owner of't.

*D'elpe.* Your servant Sir.

*Cor.* And if in ought my Son can do you Service,

Pray command him too.

*Colig.* I, or if my Sisters can do you Service,

Pray command them too.

*D'elpe.* Sir, I shall study stil to be their Servant.

*Cor.* You must be prating stil.

*Colig.* Why Father, would you not have me civil?

To our new guest the Captain?

*Cor.* Yes, but mark me, and Imitate.

*D'elpe.* Are these his Sisters

Which he talks of, handsome?

*Cor.* Y'are melancholy Sir;

Shall we walk in and tast the fruit,

Or rather Juicy substance of th' last Vintage?

*Colig.* Which is to say,

Let's crack a Bisket o'r a glass of Wine.

*D'elpe.* I did conceive as much:

Take's him a  
side.

To himself.

THE VILLAIN.

I shall wait on you Sir.

*Colig.* And I will wait on you most noble Captain.

*D'elpe.* O Lord Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Malignii Solus.*

*Malig.* *Beaupres* to morrow go's to fetch her hither;  
'Twas so he said.

S'death can he stil be blind?

I've known him subtil as the Ayr, to find

Another's secret out; and glide

Through the small Pores that guard the heart

And there take view of all that it conceal'd;

Such pow'r his Cunning and discourses had;

But now a Mole, or else he seems to be so.

Hair-brain'd *Alecto* lend me but one Snake,

I'll make his heart the pasture to maintain it;

And all yee Furies hold your T'oches high,

That they may Sparkle fier to his Eyes,

And his Soul bubble o'r as fast as yours;

'Twill be a gallant flame when his fier rage

Shoor's forth in Flakes like *Aetna* in her Labour,

And *Beaupres* too, that is as hot as hee,

Shall meet that Ardor with an Equal heat;

Oh how my Soul rejoices when I think on't!

Back, back, yee foolish thoughts, of man, and honour,

Y'are but diseafesto me, and my Love

Hath long been Pestered with your Childish fears;

That is the Deity which I adore;

And what doth not conduce to profit that,

Shall stil be held Heretical by me.

*Enter Beaupres.*

Ha! What maks him follow me.

*Beaup.* *Malignii*, as e'r thou wer't my Freind,

Excuse me to my Colonel,

I dare not stay, the health's grow ponderous;

For great glasses fill'd,

Burthen the stomak and make the head light.

*Malig.* Why how now Sir, are you turn'd Flincher too?



Nay then the trick of drinking will grow stale;  
For shame leave not your Colonel for

*Beaup.* Why there be some more Officers with him,  
*La'march's* there, and *Boutefeu* I think,  
*D'elpech* is just now entr'd, all ask for you,  
For me I think they cannot miss this night;  
But if my Colonel should Chance roask,  
Say I was much distemper'd, and went home;  
Besids to morrow I must be stirring early.

*Malig.* About your Journey?  
Tis better far than drinking,  
To entertain one's self so near the joy  
With thinking of it.

*Beaup.* Why? do you find such pleasure, Sir, in riding?

*Malig.* To wait on such fair objects, Sir, I do.

*Beaup.* I wonder then you spcak not for th' *Employment*.

*Malig.* You had prevented me, or else I would.

*Beaup.* You are mistaken, Sir, my Colonel  
Pitch'd upon me, knowing with what joy;  
I still was prest t'o bey, and do him service.

*Malig.* Most likely Sir.

*Beaup.* Good night, good Major, pray excuse me this time.

*Malig.* Diseases close your Eyes.-----  
How is my soul rack't, when I see this man?  
And yet my Genius will not give me Leave;  
T'attempt my quier, by his suddain death;  
Something there is that awes me strangely;  
Conscience I'm sure it is not;  
For did he walk with mark and curse of Heaven,  
To those that should deprive him of his life,  
I'd wish this hand had don't;  
Something I must find out, and suddenly,  
To thrust him on to Ruine:  
His Angel must be watchful if he scape me.

*Enter D'orville as conducting them to the door,*  
*Boutefeu, La'march, Delpeche.*

*D'orv.* I am sorry gentlemen you will not stay.

*Boyt.* Tis late Sir,

And

And our Colonel will want his rest.

*La'mar.* We fear our trouble has been great already.

*D'orv.* It was an honor you have done my house.

*D'elp.* No further, Sir, I pray.

*La'mar.* Sir, I beseech you leave us here.

*D'orv.* Gentlemen, I'm still obedient to what you command.

*D'elp.* Your humblest Servants; Sir. [Exit D'orville.]

*La'mar.* Now what shall we do?

No acquaintance here, *Boutefeu*?

Nor you, *D'elpeche*? Now I think on't better,

Thou art a Puling Lover,

Writ'st Verses, or at least pretend'st to't,

Mak'st all address Upside *Platonick*;

I will not go to bed yet,

What are you for?

*Bout.* I? why any thing.

*D'elpeche,* hast e'r a Mist'ris here

We may repair to?

Two hours in Town with thee's an Age;

I know thou canst not want a Mist'ris here.

*D'elp.* And do you hope I'll bring you to her?

*Bout.* Why not?

Do'st think I would prophane thy Lady Bright

With scurvy Courting?

*La'mar.* Or put thee out of countenance

With saying things we never did intend,

But yet so quaint and new a Dialect,

That she shall stand amaz'd at our great wit,

And find by proof hereafter thou hast none.

*D'elp.* Why you brace of Baboons,

Do not I know it's a Bandy-house you look for?

You Mistresses? *Flanders-Mares*,

And those extremely ready to be Hors'd,

You'll hardly stay the Courtship else.

*Bout.* Why where's the pleasure of it else?

Daily to wait upon my Lady's Dog,

And pick the Fleas that do molest his VVorship;

Make cringes to her Picture,

Swear 'tis Heav'n to hear her hum an Air,

Though

The *VILLAIN*.

Though out of Tune.

If she but smile, fall backward in a Rapture ;  
If frown, fall in a Swoun and break your face.

*La'mar*. Or sit and praise the wit she shows  
In the ingenious chusing of her colours.

*D'el*. You speak as if I thus imploy'd my time.

*Bout*. Most certainly thou do'st.

*La'mar*. Come, come, shall's go drink ?

For yet I will not go to bed.

*D'elp*. Fie, fie, we're wondrous hot  
With Wine already, I could tell ye.

But you are Brutes and will do some rude thing.

*Bout*. I swear we wo'nt.

What is't, or where, *D'elpeche* ?

*D'el*. Why look you, Gentlemen,  
I'm lodg'd where Beauties live,  
Whose eyes will force high capers in your bloods:  
Will you prepare your morrow's Visit  
With a quaint Serenade this night ?

*La'mar*. Agreed i'faith ; where shall we get the Musick ?

*D'elp*. That I did bespeak before.

*Enter Fiddlers.*

See here, I think they're come.

*Bou*. What are you, Gentlemen,  
The merry Boys, that saw a heart in sunder  
With your Rosin ?

*Mus*. This Gentleman bespoke us here to night.

*D'el*. I did so, pray begin.

*Mus*. What shall we play, Sir ?

*D'el*. the newest Ayrs.

*Bout*. Pox o' these fine things ;

They play an  
Ayr or two.

Can you not play the Siege of *Rochel* ?

*Mus*. Yes, Sir.

*D'el*. Fie, *Bontefeu*, there's a Tune for Ladies.

*Bout*. Why then let them play

The Tune we made the Song to th'other night.

*La'ma*. I, I, by any means.

*Lum terum, tum, &c.*

*La'mar*. sings  
the Tune to  
the Musique.

*Mus*.

The VILLAIN.

Mus. Oh, Sir, we know the Tune.

Bour. Begin then; D'elpeche, you shall bear your part.

D'el. My hope is they'l not understand us.

La'mar. Come, come, I'l begin.

The Song.

La'mar. *How happy and free is plunder,*  
*When we care not for Jove nor his Thunder?*  
*Having entred a Town,*  
*The Lasses go down,*  
*And to their O're-comers lie under.*

Chorus } *Then why should we study to love, and look pale,*  
 together. } *And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?*

Bour. *If her fingers be soft, long, and slender,*  
*When once we have made her to render,*  
*She will handle a Flute*  
*Better far than a Lute,*  
*And make what was ha---rd to grow te---nder.*

Chor. *Then why should we study, &c.*

All three } *When the houses with flashes do glister,*  
 sing this } *We can sever our sweets from the bitter,*  
 together. } *And in that bright night*  
*We can take our delight,*  
*And no Dam'sel shall scape but we'l hit her.*

Chor. *Then why should we study, &c.*

D'el. Peace, peace, pray peace,  
 The window opens.

Play and sing that I sent you to night.

Mus. We shall, Sir.

La'mar. Plague o' your Tuning, ye Dogs,  
 Cannot your Instruments stand in Tune.  
 One quarter of an hour?

D'el. Prethee, La'march, be silent.

## SONG.

See where Calisto wheels about  
 The Northern Axle-tree of Heav'n,  
 And swift Bootes still does Rout  
 Before his Lash the glittering Seven.  
 View then those Eyes which are more fair  
 Than any Star that glitters there.

2.

Fair Cassiopeia, would'st thou gain  
 The Prize of glory in thy Sphere?  
 Try then to borrow of these Twain  
 Two pair of Eyes that shine more clear  
 For whilst they sparkle here below,  
 Obscurer Lights we cannot know.

3.

In nights they far out-shine the Moon,  
 And render them like glorious days,  
 They may contend at height of Noon  
 To equalize the Sun's bright Rays:  
 Their Coronet of Hair, though brown,  
 Does far out-shine Ariadne's Crown.

4.

Then gently dart those beams; for know,  
 How quick and fiercely they surprize  
 The Centinels that expect below  
 The dawning of your beauteous Eyes.  
 We are your Plants, and if we thrive,  
 'Tis by your influence that we live.

The window  
 opens quick.

Bon. Ladies, do's this please you?

D'el. Prethee be silent.

La<sup>a</sup>mar. Why? have you prepar'd any more tricks for them?

Bon. Besides we should fain hear

The heavenly Musique of their Voices.

Ladies, can you vouchsafe a Parley?

Mar. We can, Sir;

Though that must never give you any hopes,

The Fort is to be rendred.

*Bout.* We ask it not upon those terms.

*Franc.* If you do Sirs,  
Wee'l straight advance our flag of high defiance.

*La'ma.* What colour bears it Lady?  
Or what Motto?

For it needs must be extraordinary,  
Since women hold it forth.

*Franc.* See Sir, the Colour's white,  
And for the Motto,  
Sister, what shall it bee?

*Maria.* Any thing, the colour speaks it self,  
Tis Innocence.

*La'ma.* So are your sheets Lady.

*Maria.* And shall be so still for you Sir.

*La'ma.* Say you so? why then come doleful death.

*D'elpe.* Come, come, *La'march* we shall grow troublersome,  
Tis late; Lady's we humbly kiss your hands.

*Both.* We are your Servants Sir.

Shut to the  
window.

*Bout.* Why in such haste *D'elpeche*?  
Pox, why did you take leave so soon?  
I was studying of a fine speech: which now y'ave spoyl'd.

*D'elpe.* No matter, to morrow will serve,  
I'l teach thee one without book by that time.

*Bout.* I'm much beholding to your Learning Sir.

*Enter the Round.*

*Round.* Stand, who goes there? Speak to the round.

*La'ma.* Friends to the guard.

*Round.* I think you are some of the officers  
That last came to Town.

*D'elpe.* You are in the right Gentlemen.  
But whither so fast this way?

*Round.* To the Governor Sir, for the keys,  
There is some noble-man at the gate,  
Desires presently to be let into Town.

*D'elpe.* Know yee who tis?

*Round.* No, but he desires straight to be conducted  
To the Governor. Good-night Gentlemen; tis late.

*La'ma.* VVe know it Sirs.

*Bout.*

*Bout.* Come, wee two go together.

*D'elpeche,* you are at home.

*La'ma.* Adieu Mounfieur; we may I hope;  
See theſe Ladies to morrow.

*D'elpe.* Much may be done, as yee behave your ſelves.

*Bout.* Adieu Formality.

*D'elpe.* Good night Swaſh.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.* *Bout. and La-ma. goe out with muſique playing them to their Lodging.*]

*Enter D'orvile, making himſelf ready, and Servants.*

*D'or.* I wonder who't ſhould be thus late?

*Serv.* Some expreſs from Court, Sir.

*D'or.* I certainly, but what about, I cannot gueſs.

Get things in readineſs,

They ſay, it is a man of Quality.

*Serv.* Shall I wake the Colonel?

*D'or.* By no means;

The Complement were ill, to ſtay him here

This night, and trouble him.

Be ſure there be no noyſe made

About his Chamber.

*Serv.* There ſhall nor Sir.

*D'or.* Go then, diſpatch, and let a Room be ſtraight provided,

That he may reſt himſelf.

*Exit ſervant.*

What ſhould this Summons mean?

I hope the king is well.

*Enter General, La Barr, and the guard, with lights before 'em.*

*Gener.* I hope you'll pardon this diſturbance?

*D'or.* The greateſt honour could arive unto me.

*Gener.* *La Barr,* give the guard to drink.

They'r carefull men, and ought to be rewarded. *Exit Guard.*

*D'or.* I'm glad you found 'em ſo;

If negligent, the blame had all been mine.

*a ſide.*

But Sir, I hope no evil accident

Is cauſe that you travel now ſo late.

*Gener.* None, I aſſure you Governor.

I had a great desire to wait upon you,  
 And free my self from the Tempestuous noise,  
 And Turbulent cares, the Court afflicts us with :  
 I hope all health possesses your fair Daughter.

*D'or.* She cannot want it Sir , that has your wishes :  
 But you are weary Sir, and want repose.

*Gener.* Indeed I am ,  
 VVe have rid hard to day ;  
 No lodging's to be found in all the Suburbs ,  
 Else we had spar'd you this nights trouble.

*D'or.* You then had wrong'd your servant much.  
 But Sir, tis morning, you may break fast  
 Before you go to bed.

*Gener.* Not now, for I am wondrous weary.

*D'or.* I shall Condu&t you then unto your Chamber.

*Gener.* Come, *La-Barr* , I think thou sleep'st.

*Exit before D'oru. La'barr.*

## ACT 2. SCENE 1.

*Enter Malignii.*

*Malign.* HE's gon ,  
 And may the plagues of hell persue his steps .  
 How diligent he is to my undoing ?  
 I have ben all this night as watchfull too  
 As hee ; though from a different cause :  
 For mine was malice, and a jealous hate ,  
 That tenterhookt my Eye-lid's, when as sleep  
 Did poize 'em down ;  
 Curse be the Guards that let him forth,  
 At that dead time of night ,  
 Some trick might else have stay'd his journey ;  
 And may be her's from comming hither ;  
 I shall grow mad to see this Beard-less boy  
 Our-rival mee , in what I most esteem.



Oh *Bell-mont* , too cruel , and too fair !  
 But yet , I will not fall alone ;  
 That minute , *Maligni* , thy hopes shall leave thee ,  
 Resolve , all bliss and comfort shall leave her ,  
 Unless thy wits with hope shall take their flight .  
 For I am not that curious Coxcomb Lover ,  
 That suffers patiently , and will admit  
 He not deserves when she does think unfit .  
 They that can make me suffer without pitty ,  
 Deserve inflictions from my brains requital .  
 -----I have it , -----or if that fail ,  
*Boutefeu's* an Engine I can set a-work .  
 A blunt , conceired fool-----  
 And for his temper-----  
 I'll mannage him , no Chymist with more Art ,  
 And when I please , his worship flies in Fumo .  
 But first , I'll to my Colonel to move ,  
 All fails is best to catch at fleeting Love .

[ *Exit.*

*Enter D'orville, Charlotte.*

*D'orv.* You know I never did refuse you ought  
 Was fitting you should ask , or I should grant ;  
 Nor am I such a lealous fool , *Charlotte* ,  
 To doubt the strength of your fair Education :  
 But as it is your duty to obey ;  
 So it is mine to tell you freely now  
 Wherein and how I do expect it from you .  
 You know what Guest arrived here last night ,  
 ( Whose father was the maker of my fortune )  
 He's young , and has a presence too too fair ,  
 To trust a Courtship without timely counsel ;  
 I know his aims at you .

*Charl.*

*Charl.* 'Tis more than yet I am acquainted with ;  
Do you not mean *Brisac* ?

*D'orv.* No, no, you know I don't ;  
Or are you ignorant of visits that concern you ?  
'Tis *Clairmont* the young brave General,  
Arriv'd here when we were all a-bed.

*Charl.* Truly I did not know so much.

*D'orv.* Nor had you no suspicion of his coming ?

*Charl.* Why do you ask me , Sir ?  
Do you suspect secret intelligence  
'Twixt him and me ? I hope my Honor's fair  
In your belief , else truly I am wrong'd.

*D'orv.* It is , my dearest Girl ;  
Nor is it an opinion of thy weakness  
That draws this counsel from me ,  
But tender care my love does owe thy youth ,  
And as a father I do owe my child.

*Charl.* Proceed, dear Sir ,  
And from me expect a full obedience.

*D'orv.* Know then, (*Charlotte*) a Maid with beauty stor'd,  
Ought to be Mistress of much care and wit ,  
Not to esteem the Treasure of a face  
Or body, more than of a fairer mind.  
I counsel no neglect of them ; but still  
With equal labour strive to gain the Prize  
Of Beauty's Lawrel, and of being wise ;  
Or else your sob'rest Looks will still provoke ,  
And what you meant for Chast be constru'd Love ;  
Till you have got repute of all the world  
That you are virtuous, as they think you fair:  
Then like a Beauteous Field of Corn you'll show,  
Which none may reap , though all admire and wish ,  
Till the right Owner calls this Harvest home.  
Nor Love consents that Beauty's Field lie waste ,  
Weed out all Vice , and plant fair Virtue there ;  
Of all, be warie of an easie Faith ,

A root that quite destroys a Virtuous mind ;  
 The bitter seed is Candy'd with sweet words ,  
 Which when the Sugar's melted all away ,  
 Does shoot up into infamy and ruine ;  
 For though that Nature made you to be won ,  
 Yield not till by a fair approach your ra'n.  
 D'ye understand me what I mean by this ?

*Charl.* I shall do, Sir, by that time you have ended.

*D'orv.* In short, I'd have you know  
 In fewer words, without all Parables,  
 I am not ignorant why *Clairmont* comes hither,  
 And though he does pretend a weariness  
 Of business, and the crowding of a Court,  
 'Tis to see you he comes, and so he'll tell you ;  
 Thus far I know : but whether ill or well  
 He means in his addresses, you'll best learn-----  
 In fine, your Honor now ( which still is mine )  
 Depends upon upon the trial of your virtue,  
 And if your beauty could attract his eyes,  
 Your virtue try'd will tie 'em constant to you.

*Charl.* All these have been the Lessons of my Mother,  
 And I may hope that I am perfect in 'em.

*D'orv.* I hope so too, *Charlotte* ; and so I leave you,  
 For I do hear *Clairmont's* already up.

[ *Exit D'orv.*

*Charl.* What wondrous pains our Parents seem to take ?  
 Who though they gave us Natures, cannot frame  
 What they themselves have made, obedient to them.  
 I think my Stars, mine is not so deprav'd,  
 That I need blush the owning of its passions.  
 But why my Soul, Image of Heavenly Good,  
 Should stoop to Earth, and hearken to the World,  
 And the base Cries of worldly interest,  
 None but a father's care can reason give :

(D)

For

For I'm too young and innocent to know  
 Trichs of dissembling and forc'd piety.  
*Clairmont's* a worthy man, I must confess,  
 And one, whose Love were too much honor for me ;  
 Nor could I just exceptions ever find  
 Against his person ; yet, to speak the truth,  
 I never yet could find my self inclin'd  
 To love his Person or his glorious Mind ;  
 Esteem as much as ever I could give,  
 He still receiv'd from me as reverence due.  
 But whither art thou fled, my innocence ?  
 I grow too knowing ; can distinctions make  
 Beyond my Lessons, 'twixt Esteem and Love ;  
 Do know their different Concords on the mind,  
 And can distinguish either's harmony.  
 For shame, *Charlotte*, be silent in thy fault :  
 Ha ! I hope I have committed none as yet,  
 Nor do I think I ever shall :  
 I love, 'tis true : but thousand Deaths I'd die  
 Ere I betray my frailty to the Man,  
 He ne'r shall brag one look hath conquer'd me ;  
 For though my Love be Virtuous, yet so soon  
 To be o're-come will argue Easiness ;  
 Alas ! why should it though ? must it be time  
 Should conquer more than sympathy of mind ?  
 Great god of Love, pitty a Virgins fate,  
 And if I must be wounded by thy hand,  
 Spare nor the Instrument that caus'd my harm,  
 If he be wounded too I shall not mourn.  
 Lord ! how I talk ? but Womens hearts oppress'd,  
 Will breathe their secrets to the careless Air,  
 Rather than silence keep : Great god of Love,  
 Once more I beg that thou my Patron prove.

[ Exit.

Enter Collignii, Cortaux.

Col. O Lord, Sir ! d'ye think I know not what I do ?

Cort. Before heaven, I'll break thy head,

If thou but attempt it.

Colig. That's a good one i' faith ;

I know you do but try my Civility,

And whether I can be peremptory in good manners ;

In fine, I am resolute, and so much for that.

Cort. Well, and so much for that too. [ Beats him.

Colig. Nay, now I am resolv'd,

Nor shall thy Fate, O Rome-----

Cor. Will ye, will ye, Sirra ?

Curse on thy folly, it will be my shame.

Colig. I'm sure yours will be my shame,

Nay, a shame to our whole Family.

Not requite Obligations ?

Ingratitude's a black Sin.

Cort. But why in the open day ?

Colig. Because they shall know 'twas I did it.

Cort. They'l take thee for a Fidler,

And think thou com'st to give them their welcome

To th' Town.

Col. P'heu ! I'l warrant ye, why do I look

Like a Fidler ? ha, ha, ha !-----

Enter Mariane, Francibel.

Cort. Here's your Sisters,

Ask 'em if it were fit.

Col. What ? am not I as wise as they ?

( D 2 )

Though

Though they be of our counsel for the hemming of your Bands and Cuffs, I hope I know what belongs to Gallantry (as they call't.)

*Mar.* Indeed you are a prime Gallant.

*Fran.* Yes faith, ask the Woman of the Tennis-Court esse, Who beat you for filching of her Balls to play At Boulds on Holidays.

*Mar.* For Stew'd-prunes and Ginger-bread.

*Col.* Out, Puss-----

*Cort.* Nay, nay, I think they'll tell you your own.

*Mar.* Pray, Sir, what trim thing would he do now?

*Cort.* S'death, he would carry the Fidfers to give The Gentlemen that were at your window last night A Serenade at Noon-day.

*Fran.* Cokes him, Pugg-----

*Col.* Baggages, I would so thrum your Jackets, If it were not for my father, I should make you more mannerly.

*Mar.* Away, Gull-----

*Cort.* Nay, nay, too much of one thing's good for nothing.

*Col.* I will have Musick for the Gentlemen, As far as this can go; and that you shall see too, And so be with ye.

[Exit Col.]

*Mar.* Nay, pray stay, Sir, let him have his humor.

*Cort.* Pox on's humors, my Purse will be the lighter For his humors.

[Exit Cortaux.]

*Franco.* Not lighter than his head, I'll warrant ye.

*Mar.* I find my father's consideration in this business Proceeds from the Purse, more than from any folly He conceives in the Action.

*Franco.*

*Fran.* Truly, Sister, I am much of your opinion.

But do'st think the Blades will come to visit us to day?

*Mar.* I'll warrant you; prethee let's in, we are not half in order to receive them.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

*Enter General and La-Barr.*

*Clair.* How careful are we in a trifling dress,  
As if our clothes put stops unto the mind,  
And fram'd the harmony of our Mistress thoughts?

*Lab.* It argues cleanly curiosity,  
A thing that draws the subtlest Lady's eyes  
To an attention of the person.

*Clair.* But do'st thou like this dress?-----  
I am so little us'd to care how 'tis,  
I know not when I'm well;  
I us'd to take my Tailors word,  
But now I am growing mighty scrupulous.  
Prethee survey me well,  
How is my hair here; I'll wear no Cloak,  
A Sword and Belt alone does better.

*Lab.* A good shape still thinks it warm.

*Clair.* How can I chuse when I am all on fire?  
Oh! how I long to see my fair *Charlotte!*

*Lab.* But have you quite forgot your fair *Bellmont?*

*Clair.* Thou know'st she never would be kind;  
Would'st have me doat for ever without hopes?  
Beside, I like her not so well as this.

*Lab.* Yet if I might but freely speak my thoughts-----

*Clair.* Prethee do.

*Lab.* I think her beautiful as any one.

*Clair.* I thought so too once,  
But she was coy, pestilent coy.

*Lab.* 'Tis true, there was something in the wind,  
More than I understood: she would have hearken'd else.  
Here comes her Brother, Sir.

*Enter Brisac, D'elpeche, Lamarch, Boutefeu, salute  
Clairmont severally.*

*Clair.* Have you been well quarter'd, Gentlemen?  
It was my chiefest care you should be so.

*Bris.* Extremely well, Sir, we humbly thank you.

*Clair.* Well, what news? how d'ye mean to pass this Winter?

*Bris.* We little hop'd to have had the happiness,  
That your fair presence brings unto the place.

*Clair.* What can there be more pleasant to the mind,  
Than sharing mirth, with those have shar'd in danger?  
We will be merry, Gentlemen, shall we not?  
Are the Players good that are in Town?

*Monsieur D'elpeche,* you know, you are a Virtuoso.

*D'el.* They say themselves they will do wonders for us,  
I never saw 'em Act.

*Bris.* I think the self same Band was once at *Orleans*.

*Bout.* The same, Sir, had the great mischance.

*Clair.* What was it, prethee?

*Bout.* Acting *Orpheus* descent into Hell,  
Their Fire-works set a fire on the Stage,  
Which burnt some part o'th' Town.

*Clair.* The Town then shar'd in their misfortune.

*Bout.* Most certain, Sir.

*Clair.* But, Colonel, what Ladies are in Town?  
You are a neighbour born unto this place.

*Bris.* But 'tis long since I have frequented it;  
The fair *Rosella* I do hear is dead,  
Marri'd to an old Miser broke her heart with grief.

*Clair.* Was she so handsome as her fame did speak?

*Bris.* When I was here last,  
I did not study much what Beauty was,  
But yet, me-thought, I was much pleas'd to see her.

*Clair.* But don't you now observe with stricter eyes  
A Lady's feature?

*Bris.* Troth, Sir, me-thinks I do begin;  
Nay, I have seen a Lady in this Town  
Nor much unlike her.

*Clair.* Prethee who is't?



*Bris.* Sir, that were to disclose my inclinations,  
For I extremely like, and that's a kin to Love.

*Clair.* And sha'n't I be your confident?  
I'll be very secret.

*Bris.* When I begin to love indeed,  
Perchance I then will tell you:  
But yet the secret is not worth your hearing.

*Clair.* I'll take your word till then.

*Bris.* But may I dare to hope  
You'll be as free with me?  
For you of later years  
Have much frequented *Tours*,  
'Tis sure for something.

*Clair.* I know not whether it be safe or no  
To trust young men, like you, with my Love secrets.

*Bris.* Most safely, Sir.  
A man like you needs never fear a Rival,  
Especially of me.

*Clair.* I shall be glad to hold you still my friend.

*Bris.* And I much honor'd in that Title, Sir.

*Enter D'orville.*

*Clair.* Governor, your humblest Servant,  
I hope you have excus'd my last nights trouble.

*D'or.* You know not, Sir, with what great zeal  
I still shall court the honor of your presence.

*Clair.* I know your goodness, Sir, is infinite,  
So is my will to show how much I love you.

*D'or.* I then need envy no man.  
But will you please to see the Works this morning,  
There are some things are lately finish'd  
Do add much strength to this fair place.

*Clair.* With all my heart. Come, I'll go see the Works;  
These are the off-spring of a Soldiers Brain,  
Which if they perfect prove, do serve to keep  
And cherish him in's Age from pressing foes;  
They're children left to th' Parish to maintain,  
And we the bold Parishioners must do it. [Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Beaupres, and Bellmont, Luyson, Boy,  
as from Travelling.*

*Beau.* Let the Coach be led about by the Bridge,  
VVe here can pass the River with a boat,  
An land at the Garden dore.

*Boy.* VVe shall Sir.

*Beau.* Now, fairest *Bellmont*, is the Minute come,  
In which your heav'nly charity must grant  
All that I e're can wish for in this VVorld,  
Or render me the most unhappy in it;  
Oh speak my *Bellmont*, are you so resolv'd?

*Bellm.* VVhy Sir? do you think my mind so soon can alter?  
You know I promis'd to fulfill your will.

*Beau.* No certainly, I cannot fear that ill.  
But fairest, if your eras were ever Charm'd  
With the harmonious sound of one sweet Strain,  
Would you not wish to hear it play'd agen?  
How willingly we hear of joyes are past?  
But how much more of those we are to tast?  
The Fryer will attend us in this walk;  
I wonder he appears not yet,  
The hour's past I did appoint our coming.

*Bellm.* But pray, Sir, give me leave to ask a question;  
And answer me without dissimulation.

*Beau.* As to my Ghostly-father were I dying.

*Bellm.* I know there are not greater friends on earth  
Than you, dear Sir, and my dear brother are;  
Why do you not impart this business to him?

*Beau.* I'll tell you.

*Bellm.* Stay: do you think he doth suspect nothing?

*Beau.* Truly I think he do's not.

*Bellm.* Pray Sir, then answer what I first did ask.

*Beau.* That I am honoured with his kindest Love,  
I really believe, And that's one reason why I'm silent to him.

*Bellm.* That now I do not understand.

*Beau.* That he do's Love me, as I said before,  
I think most certain; so the reason is

Of all men's perfect love to one another  
 A great opinion they are belov'd too ;  
 But did he know the passion I have for you,  
 He then might doubt my friendships perfectness,  
 And think it joyn'd with ends upon  
 His goodness to me ; and my love to you.  
 Bred but profession of a love to him.  
 This, Time I judge could cure him off,  
 But yet , the doubt I know at first will breed  
 A coldness in him ; and that coldness shake  
 Poor me into such Mortal apprehensions ,  
 As it would pity you to see it.  
 That he believes I love you ; I don't question ,  
 And shall do dayly more , when you are mine ,  
 For I would have the knowledg grow upon him.  
 Besides , since that wee firmly have resolv'd that nought  
 Shall hinder the Uniting of our hearts ,  
 Let's strive to meet our blis the nearest way ;  
 And let dull Travelers pursue the Road.

*Bellem.* If it be blis to make you master of  
 A thing I fear's not worth your so great joy ,  
 Know , all that pleases you , brings such content  
 Unto my mind , that I shall study still ,  
 Out of self interest , how to please you most.  
 Here, Sir , can this hand by a proxy wed  
 It's heart to yours , for that was given first.

*Beau.* And I most blest in this delivery :  
 But I will now be base as Tradsmen are ,  
 Not trust , without the bond be sign'd , and seal'd ;  
 'Tis all my wealth , of which I'm Covetous.

*Enter Fryer.*

Here's one can draw it up for ever sure ;  
 Welcome most honored Sir.

*Fryer.* All happiness attend you Son,  
 And to this Lady what my prayers can gain.  
 I did not think you would be here before me.

*Beau.* We're making haste unto our haven Sir ,  
 And you'r the Pilot that we did attend.

*Fryer*

## The VILLAIN.

*Fryer.* I know fair Lady you'r acquainted with  
The purposes that my Son did mention to me?

*Bellm.* I hope a blush will be unnecessary  
In actions you allow.

Reverent Sir, I am,  
And crave your help as earnestly as he.

*Fryer.* Where mutual hearts express the same consent,  
Heavens blessings give,  
As to the proper Emblem of the Church,  
And may all your's be doubl'd on your heads.

*Beau.* Thanks kindest father.

*Bellm.* Thanks most Reverent Sir.

*Fryer.* Come, follow me, where I will make you One,  
Till death do's cancel what you promise now:  
And may you still hereafter bless the minute.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lamarch, Boutefeu, hanging  
about D'elpeche.*

*Lama.* Come, come, prethee *D'elpeche* be not so nice,  
I tell thee thou shalt chuse,  
And one will serve us both.

*D'elpe.* On that condition, Gentlemen, I am for you.

*Bout.* Why, I'm content, I swear I'll break no covenants.

*D'elpe. Boutefeu,* have you your speech ready?  
You mention'd one last night.

*Bout.* Yes that I have, pox' do you think I cannot talk  
as finely as you, with your Metaphors and tricks?

*Lama.* Yes that a can, for all a looks so.

Well Mounseur we shall hear what sport you'll make,  
For I am your Rival.

*Bout.* I but Mounseur, I would scarce advise you  
To make sport with me before our Mistis:  
D'ye mark that Sir?

*Lamar.* Most lovingly I do intend to deal;  
What shall we be? Centaurs, or Lapithes?  
Quarrel about a Wench? no *Pilades*,  
I thy *Orestes* will be still thy friend,  
And yet thy Rival in affection Bully.

*Bout.* Hey to's, hard words, that I forbid in our bargain;

I'll snatch away the Wench, if you begin to talk so there; 'sdeath I shall be bought, and sold, and not know what they mean; no, no, I'll have none of that, heer's *D'elpeche* can talk hard words enough for u's all.

*D'elpe.* I Sir, but I shan't steer your course,  
I'll leave you to the storms of loud Laughter.

*Lama.* Wee'll begin with you, ha, ha, ha, -- see who'll fare best you or wee.

*Bout.* I, I, then let e'm laugh that winn;  
Two against one is odds at foot-ball.

*Lama.* Oh I could bite thy lips off for that;  
Nay, nay, the tyde comes in, for Wit begins to flow;  
Knock, knock, *D'elpeche*, here is the house.

*D'elpe.* Nay the door is open, enter Gentlemen, 'tis  
My Lodging. *Exeunt.*

*And Enter again D'elpeche, leading Mariane,  
Lamarch and Boutefeu, Francibell.*

*Franc.* 'Tis too much honour Gentlemen;  
And I'm too much acquainted with my self,  
Ever to hope that I can please you both.

*Bout.* P'heu, never fear that, Lady:  
If you will, I know you can do more than that do's come to.

*Franc.* As how good Sir?

*Bout.* Nay, Souldiers never give an Explication of that they  
say or doe.

*Lama.* They may Sir, to their Mistris,  
Without the forfeit of their reputation.

*Bout.* But what if they wo'n't Sir?

*Lama.* Then they may chuse Sir.

*Franc.* Most certain Sir, this Gentleman speaks truth.

*Bout.* Why then I think yee both are answer'd;

But, Lady, as I was about to tell yee,  
I love most passionately when I do begin.

*Lama.* And I began, the minute that I saw you.

*Bout.* But that's foul play to end a speech that I  
Began.

*Lama.* Why Sir? I have not made an end yet.

*Bout.* Prethee then do, and leave us to our selves,

## The VILLAIN.

O go and help *D'elpeche*, he's out of breath.

*D'el.* 'Tis then with laughing to see your fine dispute.

Ha, ha, ha---

*Mar.* Ha, ha, ha, Sister, Sister, ware Guns, y<sup>e</sup> are besieg'd.

*Fran.* Look you to your own affairs, I'm well mann'd,  
And can resist the fiercest storm.

*Bout.* Well said, you need fear no Attacks  
As long as we are with you.

*D'el.* Why, Sir, 'tis from you she fears them most,  
And from your friend; See, he has tane in  
Her hand already.

*Lamar* is kiss-  
ing her hand.

*Bout.* Troth now I think I'm even with him.

*Bout.* kisses  
th<sup>e</sup> other.

*D'el.* That thou art, keep still to that, Boy.  
See, fairest Mistress, how happy those men are  
That venture boldly on,  
And fear not the mortal Canon of a frown.

*Mar.* But you more cunningly approach the Fort,  
And hope to undermine it ere expected.

Kisses her  
hand

*D'el.* Not I, by this fair hand.

*Mar.* You might have spar'd the Oath, yet been believ'd.

*D'el.* No, I will rather swear again, than want credit.

Again..

By this fair hand, the Emblem of your mind,  
I love you much, yet is my love as pure  
As the white Snow this so resembles.  
You are too young and innocent to frame  
A Rebel thought, were I made up of ill-----

*Mar.* But, good Sir, swear no more, I will believe you,  
And if you'r wife you will believe your self.

*D'el.* I will do any thing that you will have me.

*Mar.* Pray then let's mark how they behave themselves.

*Fran.* So have I seen a *Dam'iel* lead to Church,  
But by such proper men I ne'r saw any.  
Why, Gentlemen, I have use for one hand,  
Pray let that go.

*Lam.* I do, *Bouwesen*, perhee let her hand go.

*Bout.* Not I, by Heaven, why don't you, Sir?

*Fran.* Fie, Gentlemen, Lord how it tickles.

*Lam.* What does, Madam?

*Fran.* Why my lip, a flie bit it just now.

*Bout.*

*Bout.* That's but an excuse.

*Franc.* Sir, may be I've a mind to blow my nose.

*Bout.* I'll do't for you with my other hand.

*Lam.* Nay, rather, Madam, I will quit my hold.

*Bout.* And I'll not be behind-hand in civility.

*Franc.* I thank ye, Gentlemen, but you, Sir, first,  
For you did show the way.

*Bout.* Well, but I let go too.

*Franc.* You did so, Sir, and I thank'd you too.

*D'el.* Did you ever see such Courtship?

*Mar.* Not I truly, Sir; for pitty let's relieve her.

*D'el.* Well, Gentlemen, how are yee with your fair  
Mistress?

*Lam.* Troth like beginners, how are you there?

*Bout.* Sure that very young Lady is not so brisk  
In her Answers.

*D'el.* We have beaten a Parly, or rather Truce  
For some time, for we have left Parlying;  
But fairest *Mariane*, will you but bless  
Our ears with one sweet Ay.

*Mar.* My Sister, Sir, sings much better.

*Fran.* Nay fie, Sister, now I must say  
You shall sing, you should else have wanted  
My intreaty; jeer me before company?  
You know I never could, nor would sing.

*D'el.* I hope her authority and my prayers may be  
Successful.

*Mar.* I will not long be intreated,  
For then you will expect much more  
Than what you're like to hear from me.

*Franc.* Sister, prethee sing *When Celadon gave up his heart.*

*Mar.* No laughing, Gentlemen, I bar that before-hand,  
Your pardons I'll beg afterwards.

## S O N G.

*When Celadon gave up his heart  
A Tribute to Aftrea's eyes;*

E

She

## The VILLAIN.

She smil'd to see so fair a prize,  
Which beauty had obtained, more than Art:  
But jealousy did seemingly destroy  
Her Chiefest comfort, and her Chiefest Joy.

Base Jealousy, that still dost move:  
In opposition to all blis;  
And teachest those to do amiss,  
Who think by thee; they tokens give of Love:  
But if a Lover ever will gain mee,  
Let him love much; but fly all jealousy.

D'elpe. And I will be that Lover Lady;  
For I protest I hate the vice extremely:  
The fear of theeves is worse than the loss we can  
Sustain by them: w'ere still a being rob'd.

Franc. Right Sir, As the Coward who fears death  
Dyes ten thousand times.

Lamar. That Coward am I Lady; as often as I cast mine  
Eyes upon your face, my heart's at my Mouth, and wants but  
your kind acceptance to be rid of me.

Bout. Or you of it; for a Cowardly heart is not worth the  
keeping.

Lama. Sir, I may make bold with my self, though I could  
with you would not.

Franc. Fy, fy, Gentlemen, come give me your hands again,  
Sister prethee one Song *A la Ronde*.

They all Joyn hands and dance in a Ring,  
Answering all-together at the Chorus.

## SONG.

Maria. Amarillis told her Swain,  
Amarillis told her Swain, [Chorus etiam bis.  
That in love he should be plain  
And not think to deceive her.

Chor. { Still he protested on his truth  
{ That he wou'd never leave her.

If thou do'st keep thy vow quoth she,  
And that thou ne'r do'st leave me, [Chorus bis.  
There's



There's ne'r a Swain in all his plain  
That ever shall come near thee

Chor.

{ For Garlands and Embroider'd Scrips,  
{ For I do love thee dearly.

3.

But Colin if thou change thy Love,

But Colin if thou change thy Love, [Chorus etiam bis.

A Tygress then I'll to thee prove

If e'r thou dost come near me.

Cor.

{ Amarilis fear not that,  
{ For I do Love thee dearly.

Mari. Fy, how I'm out of breath?

Fran. Faith so am I too, pray let's go in and take the Ayr  
of the garden.

Lama. Come Madam.

Bout. Nay Sir, take t'other hand, this was mine before.

Lama. Very good Sir, go D'elpeche we'll follow.

I would speak with you, leave e'm.

[softly. Pulls Bout. by  
the belt as he  
leads in Fran-  
cibel.

Enter again with Boutefu.

Lama. How comes it Sir, that in a pastime you dare do  
base injuries? does your brutality not let you know how you  
should use your friends?

Bout. Brutality! ha! thou art a Brute to say so, draw.

Lama. This way a little, there we may be spy'd.

Enter Colignii with Fidlers.

Colig. God's my life here, they are! how luckily too! and  
hard by our house! play Gentlemen, play.

Bout. What the Devil's this? some come to jeer us?

Colig. Why Gentlemen, what do yee mean?

Is this for my Civility?

Lama. What Civility thou Ass? prethee begon, and quick-  
ly too.

The Fidlers  
strike up.  
Beats the Fid-  
lers.

Colig. So I will, that I will, if you'll put up your Swords; why  
d'ye draw your Swords upon me? I'm sure I meant no harm in't,  
but to make you merry.

Enter D'elpeche.

D'el. Why, how now, Gentlemen, what's the matter?  
Swords drawn? fie, 'tis childish thus 'mongst friends.

Col. O brave, here's our Guest, nay, now I care not,  
He'l not see me wrong'd.

VVhy, Sir, I came purely to requite the obligation ye all did  
my Sisters last night, and truly seeing them two, I thought you  
had been in the company too, and so I had the Musique play,  
but, Lord, had you seen how that tall Gentleman kick'd 'em,  
and how angry this same Gentleman was wick me; why, pray,  
Captain, what hurt was there in this? I'm sure I meant them no  
more hurt than my own soul.

D'el. Go you home, the Gentlemen are much in drink,  
But I'l appease 'em for you, and we'l be all  
Friends, and drink together.

Col. Marry, I thought there was somerhing in the matter.  
Pox on their drink, they frighted me Plaguily;  
God by you, noble Captain. [Exit.

D'el. Fie, Lamarch, are you not asham'd, and  
You, Boutefeu, Friends and Cam'rades to quarrel  
For a Flie, a Nothing?

Bout. A question'd me with scurvy terms.

Lam. You us'd me scurvily, I'm sure, Sir.

Bout. Pox! I meant no harm in't,  
And had ye ask't me civilly, I had told ye so.

D'el. Away with your Punctilioes,  
They're pretty things to use to others, but 'mongst  
Our selves, 'tis madness; come, let's see ye fight, O ye' are  
Brave Fellows, why don't ye begin? the *Montalto*, the  
*Reverso*, the *Stoccado*, the *hey*, courage Blades.

Bout. Hang your self, D'elpeche.

Lam. Before George, we'l trie these tricks upon thee, if  
thou be'st not quiet, and two to one, you know, Boutefeu said  
was odds.

D'el. Come, ye two fools, I'l ha' this fool that was here just  
now, make you two Fools Friends.

[Exeunt.

Enter

*Enter Clairmont, Brisac, Charlotte, La-bar, Attendants.*

*Clair.* Madam, it is a sin beyond a pardon,  
But that your father easily cannot err,  
In the opinion of the world,  
To cloister up a Beauty of such worth,  
Fitter for Courts and Princes to admire.  
Is it not true, *Brisac*? Why art thou melancholy?

*Char.* I can't believe that he's of your opinion.

*Bris.* What was it, Madam, that he said?  
For, Sir, my thoughts were bent so strong,  
They took away the sense of all my hearing.

*Clair.* Why, I was blaming of her Father much,  
To bless this onely Town with his fair daughter,  
And render all that's *France* besides unhappy  
In the privation of her fairest presence.

*Bris.* I do not doubt she'd be the fairest light  
In any Hemisphere she pleas'd to shine in,  
But she can find many Adorers here,  
And not like Prophets, lose her light at home.

*Clair.* But Heav'n would have us all admire its work,  
As all should this the fairest it e'r made.

*Bris.* Consider then how many Hereticks  
This glorious contemplation must needs make,  
For many would ne'r think how Heav'n made her,  
But think her Heav'n her self.

*Charl.* I'm glad I can so aptly prove  
A subject for your mirth or wit.

*Clair.* Madam, such subjects as you are,  
I must confess, do heighten wit,  
For they do rarifie by purest flames  
The dullest Lovers thoughts and heart.

*Bris.* Such subjects, Madam, make all subject to 'em.

*Char.* So, Gentlemen, how long can this stile last?

*Bris.* As long as we find such fair matter for't,  
Which being Infinite in you, may prove Eternal.

*Enter*

*Enter* Beaupres, Bellmont, Luison.

*Clair. Brisac*, your Sister.

*Bris. Beaupres* welcome, welcome dear Sister. [*They all salute.*]  
Friend have you seen the General yet?

*Beau.* I should be proud you would present me to him.

*Bris.* One that begs the title of your Servant.

*Clair.* I'm his, I do assure you Sir;  
For I'm acquainted with his worth already.

*Beau.* You honor me too much Sir.

*Bris.* Sister, I'll make you happy,  
In bringing you acquainted with a Lady,  
In whose fair conversation all that's good  
Is to be learn'd.

*Bellm.* A Loving Brother I have ever found you;  
But in this most kind.

*Char.* To me his obligation is so great,  
That I must still remain his thankfull debter.

*Clair. Labarr*, how am I here confounded! [*a side.*]  
I cannot see 'em both together.

I'm sorry that some bus'nes calls me hence;  
Your Servant Ladies; Gentlemen, I'm yours. *Ex. Clair.*

*Bris.* What made him go away so soon?  
He mention'd no such haste when he came hither.

*Bellm.* I guess the Cause.

*Beau.* Peace dear *Bellmont*. [*softly.*]

*Bris.* What is it Sister?

*Bellm.* Some business with the Governor, what should it be  
else?

*Char.* I, I; but Madam, are you not extremely weary?

*Bellm.* I never can, when I'm so near you Madam.

*Bris.* You see the Sister speaks the Brothers thoughts.

*Char.* So fair a mouth as hers will ne'r want credit.  
But come fair Sister, let me call ye so;  
Ye see how rude ambitious Love does make me,  
Let me conduct you to refresh your self. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Maligni.

*Malign.* Hem, *Beaupres*, hem, I'd speak with you alone.

*Beaup.*

*Beau.* I'll return immediatly.

*Malig.* I wish thou wouldst to thy first nothing.  
Thou'rt young and stout,  
And if I can but fier thee----

*Enter Beaupres.*

Oh you'r welcome Sir, you brought the Lady I see.

*Beau.* The Lady, 'ir, I went for I have brought.

*Malig.* Yee have don well,  
For people of his quality ought not  
To stay a Minute for their Mistresses.  
You have made haste, and us'd much diligence.

*Beau.* What Quality d'ye mean?  
What Mistresses?

*Malig.* Why, did not she tel you who she came to see?  
But may be now her mind is altered;  
For Women are most Fickle.

*Beau.* *Maligni*, sure thou dream'st,  
Or art distemper'd much with Wine;  
VWhat is't thou talk'st off?

*Malig.* The fair *Bellmont*,  
*Clairmont's* mistris, she whom *Brisac* sent thee for.

*Beau.* Oh! is that the business?  
VWhy I can assure you *Clairmont* was not thought off,  
VWhen he desir'd me to go.

*Malig.* Nor she did not think to meet him here?

*Beau.* Not that I know of.

*Malig.* Certainly then you are not very intimate with her.

*Beau.* Not much, nor don't pretend to't.

*Malig.* Nay, *Boutefeu* told me so, ye have my Author:  
But I was vext to see you sent Ambassador,  
And Ignorant of what was in the Commission.

*Beau.* How came *Boutefeu* acquainted with this secret?

*Malig.* Phee he know's more than that,  
There's nothing that she ever hideth from him.

*Beau.* A Horse, a fool!

*Malig.* Does the VVorme bite? [*softly.*  
Faith Sir, these horse Fools somtimes do take a Lady

More

More than a spruce witty Courtier,  
Every one of them have a humor.

*Beau.* But I mistake hers much, if hers be so.

*Mal.* I do not say it is-----

I hope you don't think I had such a meaning.

*Beau.* I ne'r interpret any man :

But what's your business with me ?

*Mal.* I'm coming to't ;

I know you love my Colonel,

And out of that same knowledge I must tell

You, what does now most narrowly concern him.

This fickle General loves *Charlotte* too :

But let not your rash youth attempt a thing,

In emulation of a friendship, not fitting for you,

Then you take a work out of my hands

I have ambition too : I but crave your counsel.

S'death, a shall answer for't : Fool *Bellmont*,

And my dear Colonel, 'tis too much,

Nor shall that sawcy fool, *Bontefeu*,

Dare more in this to do her right than I.

I think you love her, Brother, too so much,

You would not see another take-his quarrel,

VWould ye ?

*Beau.* Pray go on, Sir.

*Mal.* Why look you, thus I have contriv'd,

*Bontefeu* shall brave *Clairmont* at every turn,

VWho'l ne'r indure it.

*Bontefeu* is brave, you know, and th' other is

A powerful Enemy :

So these two fall by one another's hands,

And you and I may laugh at either's folly.

*Beau.* The same these things may breed unto *Bellmont*

Will certainly be great ; but how good-----

*Mal.* Who's in fault ?

Why deals she with so many ?

*Beau.* Peace, Bandog, peace,

Or by Heaven I'll send thy Soul

To its own Mansion, Hell.

*Mal.* Why what's the matter, Sir ?

Draws.

*Beau.*

*Beau.* I'll tell thee, *Malignii*, I ne'r could love thee,  
Nor do I think I ever shall do much;  
Thy conversation is most irksome to me.

*Mal.* But you shall find how much unjust you are;  
Here, kill me, why don't you thrust? [ *Opens his breast.*  
I'll die the Martyr unto Truth and Honor.

*Beau.* How's that, thou Devil?

*Mal.* Since that my friendship to your hopeful youth  
Has drawn me to this zealous folly,  
I ought to suffer for't;

Hereafter you may live in ignorance;  
And since you will not grant me for your friend,  
At least grant my intentions friendly were,  
Or I dare draw my Sword to justifie't. [ *Draws too.*

*Beau.* If they unfriendly were to fair *Bellmont*,  
They were unjust to all that is of honor.

*Mal.* Hold, *Beaupres*; so may my Soul be blest  
As I do honor her as much as you,  
And this not fear, but truth exacteth from me.

*Beau.* God b'you, Sir,  
I am sorry thou could'st talk me to such passion. [ *Exit.*

*Mal.* So, this is so plain,  
There needeth no Perspective-glass, I think,  
To let me see that he does love *Bellmont*;  
And though he seems such Master of his Temper,  
Yet if he be a man of flesh and blood,  
These things must buz in's head;  
And I'll take care *Brisac* shall understand  
A buffel which must needs defame his Sister.  
I care not if *Clairmont* or *Bontefeu*  
Do perish in his wildness, he must follow.  
Like Ship-wrack'd men catch at the floating board  
Another's fasten'd on, and shove him off;  
So in the Tempest of despis'd Love,  
We shove all Rivals to eternal loss.  
Then blame not perjury in such a case,  
We may do all to gain a Rivals place.

*Enter Brisac, Bellmont.*

*Bris.* Do you not wonder I have stole you thus  
Unto a privacie, and disturb'd your rest ?

*Bell.* If there lie ought within my service for you,  
Rest is unfit till I have done that duty.

*Bris.* Hey ho!

*Bell.* Why sigh you, Sir ?

*Bris.* Ah, Sister ! pittie the Passion of almighty Love !

*Bell.* What means my dearest Brother ?  
You do not speak to me, your thoughts are  
Some-where else.

*Bris.* But I to you must utter all those thoughts,  
For you are onely fit to ease them now ;  
Would you do much, *Bellmont*, to ease your Brother ?

*Bell.* All that a Brother ever could expect  
From one that does most dearly love him.

*Bris.* Sister, I am undone,  
My heart is conquer'd, and I know not well  
What mercy to expect from her has won it.

*Bell.* But how can I express my service in't ?

*Bris.* Oh much, fair Sister,  
Very much you may :  
She'l hear you speak without an interruption,  
And much ought to be said  
Where I do love so much.

*Bell.* I'l say all what you'l have me : but to whom ?

*Bris.* And can you well describe my passion, Sister ?  
For I would have the Copy that you draw  
Come very near the sad Original :

Paint forth each sigh and doubtful groan I give,  
The wound that every look imprinteth here,  
The mighty storm is rais'd by groundless hope,  
And the sad shipwrack that despair will bring  
The mighty mercy in a promis'd bliss.

Will make me ever happy, 'bove my merit,  
And all this joyn'd with your sweet Rhetorick,  
(For Women will hear all that Women say)  
Implore reward for one who, 'gainst his will



Is now become a slave unto her beauty,  
Which is, you know, unjust, and yet I crave it,  
And without which I die, reward had been  
More due, if I 'ad will'd the thraldome nor foreseen.

*Bellm.* Yet, Sir, I'm ignorant  
Before what Judge I am to plead your Cause.

*Bris.* And I had quite forgot to tell ye,  
Or may be I am grown so covetous of her,  
That I am loath to give her name to th' air.  
But, Sister, can't you guess who 'tis I mean?  
If that a born-blind man recover'd sight,  
And heard me tell him that the glorious Sun  
Was th'onely object which should dazzle him  
Above all other,  
He'd wink, and point unto that glittering Star,  
And by approved reason say, 'Tis that:  
Prethee, dear Sister, guess.

*Bellm.* Is it not my new acquaintance, the fair *Charlotte*?

*Bris.* Oh 'tis! the fairest that I ever saw.

*Bell.* Brother, relie on me,  
If I do fail to do you service,  
It shall be want of power, not of will.

*Bris.* Thou best of Sisters! ever call me slave  
To all thy Virtues, if thou do'st but this.

*Bell.* Sir, I dare promise nought, I'll do my best. [Exit]

*Bris.* So does the Merchant that in one rich freight  
Ventures his whole Estate, expect return,  
Sails in his mind o'r waves as troublesome  
As his fair Ship doth in the greatest storm,  
Which if it scape, returning richly home,  
He fearless is of storms in time to come.

[Exit]

## ACT 3. SCENE 1.

*Enter Boutefeu, Malignii.*

*Bout.* **S**'Death, I care not, I,  
For him nor all his anger,  
Let him be pleas'd again  
If that he be displeas'd without a cause:

*Mal.* He says ye are a Horse,  
A thing unfit for human conversation,  
And of so leud a Tongue,  
No woman you once spoke to e'r could scape yee.

*Bout.* But I dare venture, Sir, a thousand Crowns  
You'l hardly get him for to tell me this.

*Mal.* Not but he's stout enough, but 'twould displease  
The Colonel (to quarel here) and that he will not do;  
He said, he'd give the world for an occasion.

*Bout.* And that he shall not want:  
Prethee, dear Major, tell him I'd see him with  
His Sword in's hand.

*Mal.* Fie, *Boutefeu*, are you mad?  
Will you thus lay your self open to your Enemies?  
He is the Colonel's nearest friend;  
And if I be engag'd, whom will you have  
To work your business for you?  
Besides, you'l find his coldness straight,  
And you may then occasion find enough  
To make him angry; 'twill be much better  
It should come from him.

*Bout.* But how? which way?  
For I do long to chide his Boyish Censure.

*Mal.* *Clairmont* to night does give the Ball,  
The Banker he has sent to fair *Charlotte*  
You'l find him leading of *Bellmont*,  
And there you may put some slight upon him,  
As taking her to dance out of his hand,

Or twenty other things, done, as 'twere, by chance,  
Which he will never suffer.

*Bour.* Not suffer! S'death a shall,  
And thank the doer too, that he may live.  
God b'you, mark but the end of this.

[Exit.]

*Mal.* Yes, I will mark it, Sir, most heedfully.  
What a hot-brain'd fool is this?  
He faster runs to ruine than I'd have him;  
For if he kills *Beaupres* his ruine's sure;  
If not, *Beaupres* most certainly kills him,  
And then I think he'll hardly stay in Town.  
Oh my dear brain, work, work more mischief yet;  
I have it-----

I must needs render him suspicious to  
*Brisac*; but here is some more caution needful,  
Rashly to run between two such sworn friends  
Is dangerous, nor is *Brisac* so sottish,  
To judge without some proof of a meant injury:  
Nor must a find me tripping, if he do,  
'Tis I must welcome then a double Foe.  
But ere my hopes to sad despair be hurl'd,  
I'll open War declare 'gainst all the world.

[Exit.]

*Enter Bellmont, Charlotte as in a Garden.*

*Bell.* But let me beg to know your nearest thoughts,  
For friendship in all men grows up by trust,  
And sure 'mongst women it is much the same.

*Charl.* Begin to show example in this kind,  
For I do know your thoughts so noble are,  
That they are fit to take example by,  
And I would be a Learner.

*Bell.* Of me? fie, Sister, now you do abuse your friend.

*Charl.* Indeed I never mean it:

What shall we talk of? for I do believe  
That all the world to us is so indifferent,  
We shall like no discourse but of our selves.

*Bell.* I fear so too:

But I have a Brother that I must love,  
For he deserves it from me.

*Char.*

*Char.* Heigh : I have a Father too, but these are Kindred.

*Bellm.* 'Tis true : but come, I'll trust ye with a story.

*Charl.* You will oblige me ;

Besides, I'll promise secrecie.

And if in ought I ever can but serve you ,

I shall esteem my self most happy.

*Bell.* That you shall judge when you have heard me out.

There is a man that's near related to me,

That loves the fairest Virgin in the world ,

His love began with the first sight of her ,

But has been seldom blest with that fair sight ,

And knowing too that he can ne'r deserve her ,

Loves much, hopes little, and dare never own't.

*Char.* Alas ! I pittie him.

*Bell.* I wish you d'd.

*Char.* Why can you think that any thing near you  
Shall ever want my wishes for his good ?

But pray ye on ; Why can he ne'r deserve her ?

*Bell.* Not but their Quality are very equal ,

But she is fair and good above the common.

*Char.* Is he not virtuous too ?

*Bell.* He is believ'd of all to be so :

Nor would I pittie him, if I did doubt it ,

But there be great opposers to his good.

*Char.* A brave good man needs never fear a Rival.

*Bell.* His modesty (a sign where virtue dwells )

Perfwades him still he is not good enough

To be belov'd by the fair *Charlotte*.

*Char.* How, prethee, dear Sister, leave me.

How seriously she kept her countenance ?

None to abuse but your poor Servant thus ?

*Bell.* Trust me, I do not jest, *Charlotte* ;

And did you know but half so much as I ,

You would afford much pittie, if not Love.

*Char.* Who e'r it be, h'as found a cunning Orator,

And one 'bove all the world that has most power with me :

But give me leave to speak as freely to you ,

And censure not my freedom as a gift ,

For I have such a great opinion of ye ,

That I durst tell you all my Souls affections ;  
 I do love, nay, love extremely ,  
 And one that is nearly related to you ;  
 One too , that never yet did speak of Love ,  
 Nor do I think he can mean any to me ;  
 If it prove he, I shall most gladly hear you ;  
 If not, then, dear *Bellmont*, I'll beg  
 You ne'r will speak, to move my just refusal ,  
 For I can never love another man.

*Bell.* 'Tis poor *Brisac*, may he e'r hope for mercy ?

*Char.* Pray hear me, for I do resolve  
 To be most free and open with ye ;  
 You are o'th' Sex, and equally concern'd  
 To keep all things within the sacred Rule  
 Of Friendship, and of Maiden-modesty.  
 You know it were unfit that men should know  
 When we are easily conquer'd.

*Bell.* Leave that to my discretion ,  
 But tell me first, is it *Brisac* ?

*Char.* It is, O 'tis !  
 But may I take your word that he loves me ?

*Bell.* You may ; nay, do not hide your face ,  
 D' ye think I'll vent the freeness of your talk ?  
 You shall see how discreetly I'll manage him ;  
 For though he be my Brother ,  
 Yet you're a Woman , and my dearest friend.

*Char.* Use me with care as e'r you hope for good ,  
 And construe not too hard my confess'd weakness ;  
 Remember 'twas your Brother conquer'd me.

*Bell.* Your freeness speaks how innocent you are ,  
 Far more than all tricks of a forc'd dissembling.

*Char.* I hope you will believe so, pray, Sister, do.

*Bell.* Come, come, indeed I will.

*Char.* Lord how shall I look ? would I had not told you.

*Bell.* Nay, why so ? you are unkind in this ,  
 He shall not know how much you have confess'd ,  
 And yet I'll give him hopes enough to court yee.

[ *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

Enter Malignii, Luyson.

*Mal.* That's my good Wench,  
Thou know'st I ever lov'd thee.

*Lu.* What would you have me tell you, Sir?  
I cannot, nor I will not feign a Lie.

*Mal.* But 'tis impossible thou should'st see nothing,  
How wert thou wont to find them?

*Lu.* What ends have you in this?  
I thought when you came so privately,  
It was to use some of your former sleights  
For the undoing of a harmless Maid.

O you're a fine Gentleman, and kept your word well with me.

*Mal.* Trust me, I love thee dearly, Wench,  
And that e'r long thou'lt find too;  
But things are not yet as they should be.

*Lu.* What things? what should be?  
O the dissembling of you men!  
When yee have once had your ends,  
Ye care not a pin for us VWomen.

*Mal.* Fie, *Luyson*, do not think so.  
But prethee tell me, VVench,  
Did they never send thee away on sleeveless errands?

*Lu.* Not that I remember, but I have often left them  
Alone together.

*Mal.* That's my good Girl:  
And did'st thou never find Letters?

*Lu.* Not I indeed, Sir, why d'ye ask?

*Mal.* I have a reason for it,  
VWhich much concerns thy good;  
If thou canst possibly, prethee get thy Lady  
To walk here when 'tis late to night,  
When that the Ball is done, for coolness.

*Lu.* I'll do any thing you'll have me,  
But pray be not you the cause that I be chid,  
And remember what you so long have promis'd.

*Mal.* I will indeed, *Luyson*, this kiss, and farewell.

[ *Exeunt* Luyson, Malignii.

Enter

Enter Brisac. Maligni.

*Bris.* I am glad I have met with you, for I was alone; have you seen *Beaupres* lately?

*Malig.* No Sir: but I was seeking you.

*Bris.* Me Major? V What's thy business honest *Maligni*?

*Malig.* My duty first of wayting on you, then a minde I had To talk in privat wi' yee bout a business.

*Bris.* Though I am much unfit for business now, Yet thee I'll hear at any time.

*Malig.* Pray Sir, d'ye think I love you?

*Bris.* V Why dost thou question it?

Indeed I do?

*Malig.* And do'nt you know 't hath been my chiefeft care To mind what does concern you and your good?

*Bris.* I ever had but just opinion of you.

*Malig.* Certainly then a Looker on may see More at all games, than those that are in play.

*Bris.* When they do understand the game, they may.

*Malig.* Right:

Then freely let me tell you Sir, you'r wrong'd.

*Bris.* Wrong'd? by whom?

Tis base to do it so, that I should miss the knowledge.

*Malig.* Those that dare do injuries to friends, Dare nere suspect that they should understand it.

*Beaupres*'s your friend, he might have told you on't.

*Bris.* By Heav'n I know he would, assoon as you, Did he but once suspect it.

*Malig.* Why Sir this heat to me?

I have never deserv'd it from you.

*Bris.* Pardon me *Maligni*,

But when you name my Friend,

And tax him with a want of care to me,

It troubles me.

Pray to the business; for I know he know's it nor.

*Malig.* Better than any man.

*Bris.* Come you are mistaken----

I know him better----

If you once suspect his friendship to me,  
I justly may suspect all what you say.

*Malig.* I ha' done Sir.

*Bris.* How done? will you not tell me then  
Where I am wrong'd?

*Malig.* You will not hear me Sir.

*Bris.* Faith but I will: methinks it does concern me.

*Malig.* Know ye of no adresses made to your Sister?

*Bris.* Not I.

*Malig.* Then they are conceal'd it seems.

*Bris.* It seems so; but if they honorable be,  
Why should I be concern'd?

*Malig.* 'Twere fit you knew it though,  
Women are things that may be over-come,  
And need sometimes a Brothers Counsel.

*Bris.* Why then you do suspect my Sisters Virtu?

*Malig.* Not I, by all that's good:  
And yet I would not have her wrong'd.

*Bris.* Nor shall she be by the best he that Breathes.

*Malig.* Promise me then you will with strickest Eye  
Observe all things that may concern her,  
You'll find who then is most your friend,  
And who's the franker dealer with you, I,  
Or those that heedfully do blind your Eyes,  
More at this time you shall not get from me;  
But when your knowledg beginneth to be touch'd,  
You'll hearken to me better; and take Counsel.

*Bris.* I'll do so now;  
Good Major, tel me what thou knowest.

*Malig.* By Heav'n not I:  
And yet you sha' not scape the knowledg.

*Bris.* But 'twill be kindlier done, if't comes from thee.

*Malig.* Not I; why should I venture for the name  
Of making Enmity betwixt two men?

Yee are too great for me to come between,  
And Joyning once again I'm crust to nothing.

*Bris.* Shall I receive no more injury mean time,  
For want of this same Knowledg?

*Malig.*



*Malig.* No, I'll take care for that.  
Farewell; Yet Colonel look about yee,  
I say no more: When yee get a glimpse  
Come to me, I'll help your Sight somewhat further.

*Bris.* What Devil is't the Aymes at? [Exit. *Malig.*  
This fellow is so Jealous in his nature,  
All that he looks on is so magnyfi'd,  
That what t'other's seems a Moat, to him  
Appears a Mountain; *Beaupres* else, as well as he could spy it.  
You are too great for me to come between;  
Sure then 'tis no mean man do's Court my Sister.  
Ha! *Clairmont* the General has often been  
Assiduous in his visits to her; and now Courts  
The fair *Charlotte*; Curse of all fools, 'tis he;  
I, I, 't'was he that *Malignie* did mean;  
He Courts my Mistress too, Why here's occasion?  
I'm glad of that yet; for I ne'r shall brook a Rivall.  
Yet were he durst not wrong my Sister.  
For Frenchmen freely visit whom they like  
For Witt or Entertainment, without a Scandall.  
Here she is, I'll know the Worst on't.

Enter *Bellmont*.

*Bellm.* Brother, you'r well met.  
I ha' news for you.

*Bris.* And Sister I have some for you.

*Bellm.* For me dear brother? what is't?

*Bris.* Nay, let me hear your's first,  
Mine may be told at Leisure.

*Bellm.* You know what you enjoyn'd me to,  
I have been no ill Orator.

*Bris.* How dear *Bellmont*? does she know I love her,  
And is she not offended at that Knowledg?

*Bellm.* Nor much, I have appeas'd all;  
You have free leave to visit, and to talk:  
But use this Liberty with much discretion,  
I am engag'd for't.

*Bris.* With the same Reverence I would call

Upon a Patron Saint, I still shall crave  
Her goodness to me. But prethee tell me Sister,  
D'you think she ever will Love me?  
Maybe her friendship unto you  
Has gain'd this bounty for me.

*Bellm.* There is some liking too of you :  
You elie had gon without it.  
But you have got a powerfull Rival ,  
Not with her ; but one who gaineth once the Fathers mind,  
Boldly attacks the Daughter without Controul.  
Therefore be you discreet.

*Bris.* In that I will be govern'd still by you,  
But pray you tell me Sister , is't not *Clairmont*.  
That you do mean ?

*Bellm.* Yes Sir.

*Bris.* I h've heard that he did once pretend to you.

*Bellm.* A galantry, nothing else Sir.

*Bris.* But Sister make not so slight on't,  
For 'tis much taken notice of.  
And I dare force him still to do you reason.

*Bellm.* Me ? Alas I can claim none of him,  
Nor would I , if I could.

*Bris.* The man's not so inconsiderable Sister.

*Bellm.* O B other ! let me beg, you'l take  
Some other way to rid you of a Rival ,  
Make not me suffer all the effects of hate  
For your great Love.

There's nothing I would wave to do you service ,  
But this I beg , you nere will mention more.

*Bris.* So much averfion must needs spring from wrong.  
I will nere force thee Sister. Come let's in----- [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Host and his  
Wife.*

*Host.* Nay, prethee weep not Chuck : I'l warrant thee there's  
no body will take the house off their hands, now we have left  
it.

*Wife.* But what an inhuman dog to turn us out just when  
these blades were come to Town ? O the Tearing Customers

we should have had!

*Host.* No matter, no matter, God's sprecious they cannot hinder me my standing on the Kings ground, and we will vent our Merchandize here in spite of their Noses; Set down the Table Chuck, there, there, so, lay the stools under it.

Pox's let's be merry for all this Cluck.

Hang sorrow, care will kill a Cat.

*Wife.* Truly Husband I believe that's the reason ours dy'd this morning.

*Host.* Away, Woman, away-----

Sings.

*When as King Peppin rul'd in France,  
A King of wondrous Might,  
He that could the Coranto dance,  
Was straight wayes made a Knight.*

If any pass this way, I'm sure they'l stop,  
For here's man's meat, and woman's meat;  
Thou for the men, and I for the women;  
At the Sign of St. *Anthony's* Pig.

*Wife.* But why have you chang'd the Sign we had before?  
St. *Lewis* is as much respected in this Country.

*Host.* I, but you know the Prodigal child thrust out of doors, kept Company with pigs (good wife) and fows.

*Wife.* Fis true, and wick hogs (good husband) and hogs.

*Host.* Away thou *Cockatrice*; peace here's company.

*Enter Colignii, Delpeche, Mariane, Lamarch,  
Francibell.*

Sings.

*Please you Monnsieurs Entertain  
The Damoisels yee bring,  
Here's Cheer, There nere was such in Spain,  
And Wine would Fox a King.*

*Here's Capons that from Bruges came  
In post for expedition,*

The *VILLAIN*,

And Veal so white, that none in Game  
Can come in Competition.

Here's Sallet mystick savour has  
As mystick as the colour,  
A Lover being put to grass,  
Pick't it against Love's dolour.

Here's vin de Bon, vin de Champaing  
And vin de Celestine,  
And here is that they call Bouru,  
Which to Loves Sports incline.

Sa, Sa, Mounseurs; what have you a mind to ?

*Colig.* Odd's my life, Gentlemen, here is the bravest fellow  
I ever read of in all my Travels; Pray friend, what show do you  
represent ?

*Host.* Show Sir ?

*Coli.* I, show Sir, does that offend you ? U'ds fish, I care  
not a fart an' you be offended at show Sir.  
What do you wear that in your hat for, Sir,  
If it be not for a show Sir, ha ?

*Host.* Why, for a Sign Sir.

*Colig.* For a Sign? why are you the Post ?  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good jest, did not I put a very good jest  
upon him Gentlemen ?

*Host.* Yes you did, a very good jest, ha, ha, ha, 'twas a  
very good jest ifaith Gentlemen.

*Colig.* Why so it was Sir, for all your sneering.

*Host.* Why so I thought Sir, 'tis very strange you will be so  
angry without cause.

*Franc.* So, so, Gentlemen, my Brothers taken up.

*D'elpe.* I, I, let him alone, let's mark 'em.

*Colig.* Why Sir without a cause ? I was angry at something,  
I was angry at a post, and there you have it again, ha, ha, ha,  
ha.

*Host.* I'm glad you are pleas'd again; for I find your Witts  
riding post, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Colig.* A pig, a pig, a pig, ha, ha, ha.

*Host.*

*Host.* 'Tis the Sign of the Pig, and I'm the Master of the Cabaret, which shall give you most Excellent content.

*Colig.* Say'st thou so honest fellow? faith thou art a very merry honest fellow; Sisters, I'll treat you, and these Gentlemen, at this Cabaret he talks of; Prerhee honest Friend, where is this Cabaret? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

*Host.* Why here Sir, sit down at this Table, And call for what you will.

*Delpe.* How's this, how's this? S'death are you one of *Urgarda's* Squiers? pray friend whence shall the meat, and wine come?

*Lamar.* From *Tripoli* on a Broomstick.

*Host.* Pray Gentlemen, hinder me not the Custom of the young gallant; Entreat but these Ladies to sit down, and break my head if you be not well treated, I'll desire no favour.

*Colig.* Nor no mony neither, I hope Sir.

*Host.* Truly I won't; if you be not pleas'd above expectation, Ne'r Trust one again of my profession.

*Delpe.* Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curiosity; Come we will sit down.

*Maria.* What you please Sir.

*Colig.* That's my good Sister; Come, come, *La Couvert la Couvert.*

*Lamar.* This begins to look like something, he's bravely stuf I'll warrant you, he is so well hung.

*Colig.* Now Sir, a cold brest of your delicate white Veal.

*Host.* Here you have it Sir.

*Colig.* Nay, nay, and a faller, good Sir, a faller.

*Host.* Well Sir, I must untruss a poynt.

*Colig.* How Sir, to give us a faller? why have you been at grass?

*Delpe.* Why d'ye want a boyl'd faller Mounsieur?

*Lamar.* Before St. *Lewis* an Excellent Trimming, I'll ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with, trimm'd all with Safages.

*Maria.* 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.

*Colig.* Well thought on ifaith Sir.

Com: friend, a Dish of Safages, a dish of Safages.

*Host.*

## The VILLAIN,

*Host* V Why look you Sir, this Gentleman only mistook the placing, these do better in a belt.

*Franc.* A strange fellow this.

*Delpe.* I, is it not? come Sir, wine we see you have :  
Prethee let's tast the best.

*Host.* That you shall Sir ;  
If you'l hear Musick, and a Song with't,  
I'm ready : you shall want no hing here.

Sings.

*Yee may Tipple, and Tipple, and Tipple all out,  
Till yee baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about.*

*Delpe.* Away with your Drunken songs, have you nothing fitter to please the Ladies?

*Host.* Yes Sir.

*Delpe.* Come away with it then.

*Host* Sings.

*Colig.* Most Excellent ifaith! Here's to thee honest fellow with all my heart; may stay a litle, this is very good VVine; here's to thee again-----heark you honest fellow, let me speak with you aside. D'ye Count here by pieces or d'ye treat by the head?

*Host.* I'l treat by the head Sir, if you please; a Crown a head, and you shall have excellent cheer, VVine as much as you can drink.

*Colig.* That's honestly said; you know my father friend, tis Mounfier *Cortaux*.

*Host.* Yes Sir, the famous Scrivener here of *Tours*.

*Colig.* VVell, treat us very well, I'l see thee pay'd.

*Host.* Nay Sir, I'l see my self pay'd, I'l warrant you, before you and I part.

*Colig.* I do mean it so honest friend, but prethee speak not a word to the Gentlemen, for then you quite disgrace, Sir, your most humble Servant.

*Host.* Mum, a word to the wife is enough.

*Colig.* Come, come, Friend where's the Capon of *Bruges* you last spoke of?

*Host.*

*Host.* Here at hand Sir, Wife undo my Helmer, this, Sir,  
Is my Crest.

*D'elp.* A very improper one for a marri'd man.

*Colig.* Yes faith and troth, he should have had horns, ha, ha, ha,  
Here's to yee noble Captain, a very good jest  
As I am a Gentleman:

*D'elp.* I thank you Sir !

*Colig.* Me think's you are melancholly, Sir !

*La'ma.* Not I Sir, I can assure you: Lady's how }  
Like ye the sport, an odd Collation, but well  
Contriv'd.

*Fran.* The contrivance is all in all.

*Maria.* What makes my Brother kneel, look, look Sister.

*Colig.* Here's a health to our noble Colonel,  
Gentlemen, ye see 'tis a good one !

*D'elp.* Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it  
How shall we lead your Sisters home !

*Colig.* No matter, Hem: here 'tis Gentlemen, *super Naculum*  
Come, come a Tansey Sirrah quickly.

*D'elp.* Has pos'd ye there mine Host.

*Host.* That's as time shall try, look ye here Sir.  
The lining of my Cap is good for something.

*La'mar.* Faith this was unlook'd for.

*D'elp.* S'fish I think all his apparel is made of commendable  
Stuff; has he not Ginger-bread-shoes on.

*Host.* No truly Sir: 'tis seldom call'd for in a Tavern,  
But if ye call'd for a dish of Pettitoes, 'twere  
But plucking off my Wives Buskins.

*Fran.* W'ol rather believe then try.

*Colig.* S'foot, I'll puzzle him now; a Chamber-pot,  
Quickly Sirrah, a Chamber, O' O' O', quickly.

*Host.* Here Sir, You see it serves for a good Cap with  
Feathers in't. This won't do, do ye's worst:  
Gallant I'll fit ye; call for what ye please.

*Colig.* Nay I've no need on't, faith thou art a brave  
Fellow: Here's mine Host's health Gentlemen.

*D'elp.* Could you procure these Ladies a dish of Cream  
Sir, this will shew your Master-piece !

*Host.* 'Tis the only weapon I fight at; look ye

Gentlemen the thunder has melted my sword  
In the scabbard, But 'tis good, taste it.

*D'elp.* Th'alt my Verdict to be the wonder of Hosts,  
Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any  
Power at Court.

*La'mar.* This is excellent, Monsieur *Colignii*, I'll pledge  
You his health now.

*Colig.* Why Sir, would you not have it otherwise ?

*La'mar.* What if I would not, Sir ?

*Colig.* Then I would have made you, Sir.

*La'mar.* Nay now th'art down, prethee sleep,  
Or rise and take the Hosts Wife to dance.

*Colig.* So I can Sir for all you !

*Fran.* Lord ! how soon he got drunk !

*Host.* Why I told him he might drink as much as he  
Would, and ye see he has claw'd it.

*D'elp.* Prethee, honest friend, play us a Dance,  
Come faith, Ladies, let's be merry.

*Mari.* As Crickets we, Come Sister !

*La'mar.* Some say the World is full of holes !  
Play that friend.

*Fran.* I do, do (though the Tune and Song be very witty  
And old) the Dance is very pretty and new.

### The Dance.

*Fran.* Truly I am very weary.

*La'mar.* We'll sit and repose.

*Maria:* O Lord, Sister, you know the Ball is to night ;  
We must go home first, to adjoust our selves.

*D'elp.* We'll wait on you Madam, Fellow.

*Host.* I dare not, Sir, this Gentleman has commanded the  
Contrary.

*D'elp.* Well come then Ladies, friend have you a care  
Of him.

[*Ex. D'elp. La'mar. Fran. Maria.*]

*Host.* I shall Sir,

A most special care, I'll warrant ye.

I'll first get him out of the way, to sleep himself sober.

*Colig.* What would you have friend ?

Prethee

*Colignii* falls  
as he rises  
drunk.

*La'mar.* sings.

Whispers.



Prethee reach a pillow.

*Host.* Troth you have pos'd me now Sir ;  
But if you'l rise, here 'tis ; carry it your self,  
Come wee'l go sleep in the shade,  
Wife take up the Table and stools,  
Come Ile help you.

*Colig.* Come, come a long boys,  
Valiant and strong boys ---- hoop hey boys.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter *Beaupres, Bellmont.*

*Bell.* My Brother, Sir, is infinitely kind,  
For I have done him service.

*Beaup.* And be you infinitely careful too *Bellmont,*  
For there be Tongues ; most wicked Tongues.

*Bell.* None that dare ever wrong my dear *Beaupres,*  
And for my self,  
I ne're shall shame the owning of my Love.

*Beaup.* I fear you do not understand me right,  
And yet I am glad you do not too,  
For Innocence, in what I mean, looks lovely,  
And Ignorance here, more beauteous is then knowledge.

*Bell.* I am so far from knowing what you mean,  
That I can't guess it, Sir,  
For Heav'ns sake tell me, what is't,  
Have I offended ? I will beg a pardon  
Not for my will, but my unwilling fault.

*Beaup.* I hope you need none :  
But dear *Bellmont* be careful,  
Remember who and whose you are ;  
Plague o' this Dog, how does he make me talk !  
Nay, be not melancholly ;  
'Twas not of you I spoke,  
But something I have heard to day,  
And of a Virgin too, so Innocent,  
That after it I ne're shall think one Free  
From slanderous Tongues.

*Bell.* Yet I may hope to be the onely free ;  
Since I will ne're the least occasion give ;

If it appear to all the World a Malice  
 'Twill be a foil to set my Vertues off,  
 Or rather yours ; For all I have of good is so ;  
 And may the Heavens still make me fitter for you,  
 Or take my life, ere I unfitting grow  
 To coap with that fair worth and honour in you.

*Beaup.* O thou best of Women !

Make me not blush too much, because  
 You did not understand my secret meaning  
 My thoughts were hurri'd and I angry grew  
 To think on mens blaspheming Tongues  
 Against so fair an Innocence !

*Bell.* Who is it, Dear *Beaupres*, that is so wrong'd ?  
 I will grow angry too ; for w're concern'd  
 In all that's good and Vertuous to defend 'em,  
 It were as great a sin  
 To leave a Cause, the gods should undertake :  
 Nay, they at last will bless it, and us too  
 For siding with it.

*Beaup.* It shall be still my pray'r :  
 But dear *Bellmont*, after the Ball is done ;  
 Ile slip into the Garden, pray come to me :  
 From whence we may contrive,  
 How I may get into your Chamber,  
 You will not scrupulous grow, to meet me now  
 At these late hours of night.

*Bell.* Indeed I ought to be most scrupulous ;  
 Should any see't ; the Censure they would give  
 (Not knowing what has past) my fame undone,  
 And what we after say, not be believ'd.

*Beaup.* I can't blame your care :  
 But here it grow's too nice,  
 Will you not trust me with your actions now ?  
 I to my self will answer all that happens.

*Bell.* You may command me any thing,  
 Ile do my duty and not fail to come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter *Clairmont* and *Charlotte*.

*Clairm.* But Madam, may I never hope,  
By my assiduous and most humble service  
To gain an interest in your Inclination?  
Tell me but what you'll have me be?

*Charl.* Your self my Lord!  
And think me as I am:  
Too much below your least consideration.

*Clairm.* 'Twere blasphemy in any man to say so,  
And much unkind in you it is:  
But like to Notes, when as they neerest are,  
And not the same.  
They sound so differently, that one would think  
Those farthest, which with one small turn,  
Agree in all, and frame one harmony  
Fairest *Charlotte*, can nothing, nothing move ye?

*Charl.* Yes my Lord!  
You do, to tell you freely all my thoughts:  
For I do honour much your worthy person;  
But when you talk of Love,  
It is by me so little understood,  
That all the explanation you ere give  
Will never make me knowing in the Language.

*Clairm.* Will you then give me leave  
To try your Father, he can better speak,  
And having spoken be better understood,  
By one who is his Daughter, and obedient,  
I can't dislike this Maiden *Back-wardnes*  
Loath to bestow your self, without his knowledge.

*Charl.* That I esteem you honourable,  
My Lord you now shall see; since I dare beg  
A Boon; and a strong Boon it is to beg  
You being young ( and as you say ) most loving,  
Call then those vertu's to your aid  
That you are Master of,  
And I conjure you by them all,  
That you ne're press my Father in this business,

You

You may command a thousand hearts,  
 Do not then plunder mine.  
 Or make use of Authority to force it ;  
 'Twill not be worth your owning if you do,  
 For 'twill be broke, most miserably broke.

*Clair.* Then 'tis Aversion, not a Maidens blush,  
 That makes you thus deny me !

*Char.* Indeed you are too blame to call it so,  
 I know you would not have me lie  
 And pay your real with one that's feign'd,  
 My Friendship and my best respects  
 You ever shall command,

*Clair.* It was unjust to cause me to love so much  
 When I want wherewithall to make you kind !  
 But promise to be just in this,  
 Endeavour but as much as ere you can,  
 ( Since you will have it so )  
 To love you less.

Thus you going forward, and I going back,  
 Perchance at last we may much nearer grow  
 For did I let mine be as now it is  
 The Flame of all the world could ner'e arrive  
 To such a Height,  
 And I the lighted Beacon  
 A Torrent unto ruine, blaze alone.

*Char.* Tis I, my Lord, that must complain of Fate  
 That see such Vertues in a mind ?  
 So rich a present as a heart like yours  
 And have not one, wherewith to pay the bearer.

*Clair.* And must I suffer all this Torment too  
 That you would gratefull be, yet say you can't !  
 O ye Gods, forbid *Charlot* to frown upon my action,  
 And I will send ten Thousand Rivalls to ye  
 Were they made up in one ;  
 For they must sure be blessed that can gain  
 Th' affections of so fair a Virgin here !

*Char.* The Gods are juster, Sir, then to permit  
 You should do harm to what did never wrong ye  
 He ner'e laid claim to what you cou'd call yours.

*Clair.* But he ha's rob'd me of my souls delight  
Such Treasure as the world compar'd to it  
Would fall so short of all comparison,  
As none but fools would ever offer at it  
And yet I cannot blame him,  
To make so fair a prize of this  
Who would not Pyrate turn, 'gainst man and heaven?

*Char.* O fy! my Lord!  
Spare heaven, who can revenge it's wrongs.  
*Clair.* Th'ave tan'e you from me, Punishment too great  
For all I hope I ever shall commit.  
But Madam sha'nt I know  
The happy object of your Care?

*Char.* When I do find you better temper'd  
Ile tell you, and I hope you'l love him too.  
*Clair.* Ile study still to please you if I can.  
*Char.* My Lord! Here comes Company.

Enter *D'elpech*, leading *Mariane*, *La' March*  
*Francibell*, to them *Boutefes*:

TOWN!

*Mari.* I fear we are too late,  
'Twill be uncivill if they have begun.

*Delp.* No, no, Ile warrant you.  
*Boutefes*, how dost man?  
Thou hast lost the best Comedy:

*Bout.* I care not, I.  
*La' Ma.* Here Sir, handy dandy, which hand will you have  
For I see your Worship's in a scurvey humour!  
Why what a Devil ayl'st thou man?

*Bout.* Prethee, *La' March*, let me alone,  
I am serious at present.

*Fran.* I fear the humour is not All a Mode at Balls, Sir.

*Bout.* No more is the dress of your head, Madam.

*La' Ma.* Prethee be not so Clownish,  
Thou wert such a pretty fellow, hadst but a little breeding?

*Bout.* Rest ye merry Sir, I have other fish to fry. ——— *Exit.*

*Delp.* What the Devil ayles he?

*Maria.* Troubl'd with the Botts, Ile warrant ye.

*La' Ma.*

*La' Ma.* The worme bites ; come Ladies here's the House.  
*Franc.* Nay Sir, we might hear this House by the Musick.  
 [Exit.

## ACT 4. SCENE I.

The new  
 Scene of the  
 HALL. *Enter Clairmont, Charlot, Beaupres, Bellmont, Brisfac, D'orville,  
 D'elpeche, Mariane, La'march, Francibel, Boutefeu, At-  
 tendants.*

*D'or.* **G**Allants and Ladies take your seats.

*B.* Begin Musick.

Begin the  
 braw's a little.

*Clair.* Madam, methinks this is too grave,  
 We are amongst our selves,  
 And are not tid'd to this same Ceremony.

*Char.* I am glad you are of that opinion Sir.  
 I much more like some lighter Dances.

*Bris.* I, I, *Beaupres* can lead you many.

*Clair.* But why will not you dance, Colonel ?

*Bris.* Truly I seldom do, Pray excuse me, Sir,  
 I'll fit and entertaia the Governour.

*Chair.* What you please,  
 Come, Monsieur *Beaupres*, please you begin.

*Beau.* Most willingly, Sir.

### The Dance.

*D'or.* Most excellent I'faith, come, come, give not over so,  
 Some single Dance, any thing to be doing.

*Char.* Nay Sir, pray let them begin for I am out of wind.

*Clair.* Madam, you here are Mistress !

*Bont.* Come Madam ! - I think you are  
 Weary Sir.

*Beau.* Uncivil Villain, take that

*Bont.* S'death unhand me, Gentlemen, O the Dog —

*Bris.* Away Churle ! such insolence before my face !

*D'or.* Fie Gentlemen ! thus to disturb our mirth !

*Boutefeu* takes  
*Bellm.* out of  
*Beaup.* hand.  
 Strikes him, and  
 leaps to his  
 Sword and  
 draws.

*Colig.* Fly Gentlemen, fly! O, if you had seen  
That tall Fellow how he thwacks Fidler's, you would  
Fly with expedition; have ye a mind to have your Fidler's  
Broke about your Pates?

*Fidler.* Not we! we thank ye.

*Colig.* Hang lag, hang lag: [Exeunt *Coligni* and *Fidler's*.]

*Clair.* Colonel, secure your friend:  
Come Sir, do you not stir from me,  
Have I your Paroll you will not.

*Bon.* 'Tis hard! but since I shall be worse confin'd,  
Yes, Sir, I give it you.

*Clair.* Come! lets in, the Ladies all are fled in feat!

*D'or.* Nay, Sir, here's one still.

*Bris.* Sister! what made you stay! you might have gain'd  
Some mischief!

*Bell.* I was afraid to see you 'mongst their swords  
But durst not leave you:

I hope you are not hurt, Sir: [to *Beaupres*.]

*Beau.* With nothing but his most uncivil usage. [Exeunt omnes.]

Enter *Malignii*, as in the Garden.

*Malign.* So, so, this does begin to work:  
And I have watch'd the issue with such heed,  
As wealthy Fathers that expect an heir  
From their lov'd Wives to own their fair possession.  
I'm sorry they were hinder'd from the mischief  
That this might have produc'd.  
But time will ripen all; and quickly too,  
For *Boutefeu* will ne're sleep unreveng'd,  
And t'her hates him too beyond the common.  
So that, they'l find out ways to act my wishes:  
Now, Love, if ever thou didst Rhetorick teach,  
Learn me a language of that moving force  
That I may touch the fairest *Bellmont's* heart:  
I wonder she appears not, for that Wench  
I know will work her to this evening walk,  
Minutes do seem Gyants as they run;  
But will seem skipping Dwarfs when she is come.

Enter Bellmont, Luifon.

*Bellm.* Why dost thou shake so, Wench?  
Thanks to heaven, there is no hurt done.

*Luii.* I but, Madam, I was so frighted.  
I cannot hold one joynt still,  
Pray, Madam, give me leave to go to my Chamber.

*Bellm.* I prethee do, I dare be here alone :  
I know, if he can get from my Brother, he will come !

[Exit.]

Enter Malignii to her.

*Malig.* O, there she is,

*Bell.* Who's there? Speak!

*Malig.* The humblest of your servants, Madam!

*Bell.* Malignii, what makes you here so late?  
Is my brother in the Garden?

*Malig.* Not that I know of, Madam,  
But I came to talk with you.

*Bell.* With me? 'bout what?  
I'll but call my woman : *Luifon:*

*Malig.* You need not, Madam, strait I'll do't for you.

*Bell.* Pray good Major, what's your business with me?

*Malig.* Cannot you guess? or have you quite forgot  
The humble offers I have long since made you  
Of the most pure and faithfullest affection,  
That man e're bore to woman?

The suit is still the same, and I am still

The miserable same Petitioner,

'Tis bootless now, I think, for to repeat

Things I have sworn so often to your ears

(For there they stop) and never could get further?

I need not swear how much I am in love.

Since all that see you die of the same passion,

Nor need I tell how faithful I will prove,

Since those fair Charms where my soul is fetter'd

Can ne're be broke by any rebel heart.

What should I tell you then? nothing,

'Tis not my *Que* to tell you what I am :



But humbly here to beg what you should be,  
If not for mine, at least for pity's sake:  
Sure mercy dwels in you: for 'tis in heaven.

*Bell.* How often have I told you, *Maligni*,  
That it was much unfit for me to hear: ———  
Discourses of this Nature?

Why d'ye trouble me and your self too?  
A reasonable man would have been answer'd.

*Malig.* But reason never yet with Love did cope.

*Bell.* Because you want it, d'ye think that I  
Must bar my self the use on't?  
'Tis late, and I blame-worthy, here to hold discourse  
With men alone, Good night, Major:

*Malig.* Stay, Madam, for I've much to say,

*Bell.* To morrow will be fitter for to hear it;

*Malig.* No time so fit as now:

Nay, Madam, you must not go as yet!

[*Holds her.*]

*Bell.* What rudeness d'ye practise?

Do you know who I am, and where?

*Malig.* Yes Madam, very well:

But I am now resolv'd I will be answer'd

In somethings, then trouble you no more.

*Bell.* What means he? Heave'n!

[*Aside.*]

What is it, Sir, you would be answer'd in?

*Malig.* Is it impossible you e're can love me,  
If I should work my honour and my name  
To such a pitch, as they might make you greater,  
Give me at least that hope;

For Lovers think that all is possible,  
Pray Answer, Could you love me then?

*Bellm.* Yes, very much:

For I extreamly Love a growing Vertue  
That shoots men up to Honour and Renown,  
But yet my Love will never tend that way  
That leads to the uniting you and I.

*Malig.* Why, is my person then so odious?

*Bell.* I ner'e examin'd that;

But may be 'tis impossible  
There be some other reasons.

The VILLAIN.

*Malig.* And is this all the hope you'l ever give me ?

*Bell.* All that you ever must expect from me.

*Malig.* Then Love direct me :

For I will not dye for want of what I now can take.

*Bell.* Help, help ——— Murther [Takes hold of her.]

*Malig.* Nay, you'r out of hearing,  
This way, or Ile drag ye.

*Luyf.* within. Madam, Madam, Madam.

*Malig.* Hell and the Furies stop thy throat :  
The House will rise [Exit running.]

Enter *Luyson*.

*Bell.* O Wench, I have been frighted out of my wits,  
That Villain, that damn'd Villain.

*Luyf.* What Villain, Madam ? who was here ?

*Bell.* — *Maligni.* The Monster of all Villany.  
He would have ravish'd me.

*Luyf.* The Gods forbid :  
When your Brother hears on'r.  
He'll surely kill him.

*Bell.* Tis true, therefore be sure you never speak on't more,  
Too much mischief fear from what to night  
Has hapen'd, come away.  
I ne're again will walk so late alone [Exeunt.]

Enter *Maligni.*

*Malig.* I'me glad of that yet] [Having ore-heard e'm.]  
For 'twas all my fear :  
O this damn'd foolish Wench to cry so loud.  
The house is up, I hear e'm [Draw's his Sword.]

Enter two or three *Servants*, with lights and Swords.

*Malig.* Stand ! who goes there ? what are ye ?

*Serv.* O Major, here was such a noyse just now

*Malig.* I heard it too : come let's seek about. [Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter *Brisac* half unready, *Servant* with a light.

*Bris.* What is the matter ?

*Serv.* I know not, Sir, I heard your Sisters voyce !

Enter *Maligni.*

*Bris.* What is the business, Major ?

Saw you my Sister ?

*Malign.* Not I, Sir, where is *Beaupres* ?

*Bris.* I left him in my Chamber :

*Malign.* Are you sure on't ?

*Bris.* I, I, why dost ask ?

*Malign.* Nay, for nothing if you left him there,

You may to bed again, I have been round the Garden.

*Bris.* Ile first to my sisters Chamber

[*Exit.*

*Malign.* And ile not stay ———

Her mind may alter,

To morrow I shall learn all from *Luyson* :

Plague had he been parted from *Beaupres*,

I could at worst have put it all on him

And swore her down, That I had parted them,

And she for a pretext had then cry'd out

*Exit.*

Enter *Brisac*, *Beaup:* *Belm:* *Luyson.*

*Bris.* Nothing Sister, why did you cry out ?

*Bell.* Why, I was walking, Sir, to take the ayre,

And saw a man, that somewhat frighted me,

*Bris.* You did ill to cause this stir for that.

*Beau.* Women are frightful, Sir, by night ;

*Bris.* To bed, dear Sister, all the House will rise [*Ex. Bell: Luyson*

Come friend, to night you needs must lye with me,

*Beau.* I shall be too much troublesom, I fear.

*Bris.* I know your meaning,

Nay, ile not hinder you ;

But take my Counsel in the place and time,

What Devil made him offer it to you ?

And

And to my Sister too,  
Had you two ever any words before ?

*Beau.* Not *I* the least.

Nor can *I* guess the meaning ?

*Bris.* He was put on, *I* lay my life ;

Me-thoughts *Clairmont* did take much care of him :

*Beau.* *I* did not mind any thing of that :

*Bris.* *I* know something more then you think,  
Which *I* will have account for ;  
Besides he is my Rival.

*Beau.* You also know *I* love you, Sir,  
Therefore be ru'd by one that is your friend ;  
Seek not a quarrel on a groundless score :  
'Twill be thought ill : however you do fare in't  
If he has wrong'd you ever ; Ile not speak  
One word to hinder what your honour calls for :

*Bris.* H'as affronted one thats very neer me,  
And *I* will reason have for what is done.

*Beau.* *I* had an *Item* given me too of that :  
But those that did it were mistaken, Sir,  
For too my knowledge, he could never wrong her.

*Bris.* H' durst not that —

*Beau.* *I* do believe so too —

*Bris.* How comes *Boutefu* so sawcy grown  
Before him, and me too ? There's something in't :

*Beau.* There is so —  
But *I* would not willingly Mistake !

*Bris.* Nor *I* ; The morning shall declare the doubt,  
Or *I* wear that can find the riddle out.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *D'elpeche*, *La' March.*

*D'elp.* *I* knew the Fool had something in his head,  
H'was so sullen grown o'th sudden.

*La. Mar.* But why he pitch upon *Beaupres* ?  
H'as seen him often on occasion too,  
Where he hath behav'd himself with honour.

*D'elp.* P'heu ! That's not it :  
Though he be young, he 's known a man of worth,

*La' Mar.*

*La' Mar.* H' serv'd me almost the same trick.

*D'elp.* But I think there's scarce that freedom

T'wixt to'ther and him!

*La' Mar.* 'Twas ill and foolish in him ——— [Enter *Malignii.*

O Major, how is't w'y?

You have hardly been seen of late.

*Malig.* You'r happy men! nothing to do,  
Court Ladies, and be fine.

*D'elp.* Indeed your business now is great,  
In Winter Quarters there's much stirring always.

*Malig.* They are not yet well settl'd, Sir,  
When they are, you shall see me

Frisk and dance, none so merry?

But what was the Matter last night, Gentlemen?

*D'elp.* 'Tis true, you were not there!

Why, *Boutefeu* affronted the Colonels friend *Beaupres*,  
And had a knock for't.

*Malig.* Is that all! rest them merry blades,  
Those that seek work will find some always ready.

*D'elp.* But I am sorry, 't lighted amongst our selves.

*Malig.* So am I too, but who can help it?

He be hang'd if *Boutefeu* did not hate him

For wearing starch in's Boot-hose Tops.

*La' Mar.* Like enough:

The gentleman is wondrous moody?

*D'elp.* No, no, he would have forborn there

There was something stuck closer then that.

*Malig.* If you knew him aswell as I,  
You would hardly attribute so much design to him.

*La' Mar.* I dare say he never had any in's life!

*Malig.* Come, Gentlemen, 'tis early, where shall we walk?

*D'elp.* Any where: Let's ride about the works.

*Malig.* 'Tis done; The air will do us good,

Come, *La' March*, you had rather go visit

Your Suttlers Wife, I know. ———

[ *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Clairmont, Bontefeu.

*Clair.* I cannot hinder any Gentleman,  
But, if I might persuade you, Sir,  
You should not quit Employment for such trifles.

*Bont.* 'Tis done! nor will I serve  
Under the man that broods him so.

*Clair.* You know, Sir, *Beaupres* is a man of courage  
He needs not that: Besides ile tell you freely,  
The injury was great that you did offer.

*Bont.* I had some reason for't (my Lord)  
You may believe! I am not else so Brutal.

*Clair.* Good Captain, tell it me ———

Enter *Brisac*, *Beaupres*:

*Bris.* Good morning to your Lordship.

*Clair.* Good morrow, Colonel.

*Bont.* Did you receive the paper that I sent you.

*Bris.* I did, Sir, and you are most free!

*Bont.* I thank you, Sir; my Lord I kiss your hand.

*Clair.* Stay; nay I can here confine you for some time;  
Though of Command you have discharg'd your self!

*Bont.* If it be'nt long I shall be most obedient.

*Beau.* You need not take such care, *Bontefeu*:  
I shall find time to answer you.

*aside*

*Bont.* I take your word.

*Clair.* Mounfieur *Brisac*! I would fain speak with you.

*Bris.* And I did hither come to the same purpose.

*Clair.* Pray answer clearly to what I shall ask.

*Bris.* Your Lordship need not question that.

*Clair.* Do you pretend to the fair *Charlot*?

*Bris.* I love her, Sir! if you call that pretending.

*Clair.* And do you know she is my Mistress, Sir?

*Bris.* That lies in her disposal ———

But I do know that you make Love to her.

*Clair.* 'Tis well.

*Bris.* But come, my Lord, I must examine too,

Did you ever pretend unto my Sister ?

*Clair.* Maybe I did ?

I am not bound to satisfy demands.

*Bris.* And do you think to raise that Siege,  
And lay it to my Mistress ?

*Clair.* Colonel, let's use few words !

I find we are agreed in what we mean !

*Bris.* How shall we get to be alone !  
If these two leave us, still the thing's the same !

I know they will be doing.

*Clair.* The place is here most fit, for none can see us,  
And I am pleas'd with my friend,  
If you are so, there needs no farther Ceremony.

*Bris.* Yes, pray my Lord, 'tis for a Mistress that we fight,  
We'll do it decently,

Not like the rage that choler works men to.

[Strips.

*Beau.* What mean you, Sir ?

*Clair.* I know by this you understand.

[Strips too.

*Beau.* Be careful friend of what I love, your self !  
And where we'r both, the world can never win us !

[embraces

*Bris.*

Monsieur *Bontefeu* ! see Sir, occasion's offer'd.

*Bont.* And you may see, Sir, I was busie ere you spake.

*Clair.* Blind Passion is the mad-mans fate,  
Who strives to conquer Love, by shewing hate,  
Come, Sir:

[They fight.

*Bris.* How he drills me —  
So cunning at your Weapon, Sir ?  
There 'tis I'm sure.

[Clairmont falls.

*Beau.* They will have done before me,  
Stir not, or I will nail thee to the earth,  
How is it, Sir ?

[Clases with Beau. and  
disarms him.

[to *Bris.*

*Bris.* Well: prethee, look to him  
I fear he's worse.

*Clair.* This care is noble in thee, brave *Brisos*,  
But comes too late ;

Heav'n forgive me, I do freely thee, farewell.

[dies.

*Bont.* What damn'd luck have I ?

[Exit.

*Bris.* Prethee, lend me thy arm ;  
Thou art not hurt, I hope ?

BEAN. Indeed I am.

Bris. Where dear *Beaupres*.

BEAN. In every drop that falls from you  
My soul does drop a Tear.

Bris. Away with grief, 'tis womanish,  
Lead me to the house, but say you found me so;  
Relate not you were with me in the bus'ness,  
There is much danger now that he is dead.

BEAN. And would you have me leave you single  
In any danger?

Bris. What will your ill avail me?  
You being free you will be abler far  
To do me good.

BEAN. Out of that hope *I* will obey you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Host and Coligni having stood behind and  
seen all that past.*

Host. Here's fine work,  
This is your fault, *I* would have rais'd the people.

Colig. Why, *I* did think they had been in drink,  
To'cher day I'm sure *I* was drawn upon  
By men in drink, but they did no hurt,  
Only kick'd some Fidlers, and so forth.

Host. You told me  
You knew they were in jest;  
Here's fine jesting marry,  
Nay, he's gone, cold as earth.

[*lifts Clair.head.*]

Colig. Why, let him go, 'twas none of our faults,  
H'might ha' look'd better to himself,

Host. Alack poor Gentleman,  
Who were the other three that went away?

Colig. *I* saw no body; *I*,  
Are you mad? will you say you saw any body,  
And make your self a party?

Host. Why will that make me a party,  
Ha' you Law for what you say?

Colig. Yes, marry have *I!*

Host. Why, I'll say *I* have seen no body this two days then.

*Host.*



*Colig.* I, I, do !

So, so, then he can never recover the reckoning of me: [aside.

*Host.* But who shall we say hurt him ?

*Colig.* Why, say he hurt himself upon Chance Medley.

*Host.* Well, do you look to't ; I'll say what you bid me.

*Colig.* Then be sure you say, you see him hurt himself !

*Host.* We had better be gone and say nothing !

*Enter two or three Servants.*

*Serv.* Who are ye ?

*Colig.* We ? why, we are men as you are !

*Serv.* How long have you been here ?

*Host.* Not very long.

*Colig.* Yes, but we have ! what then ?

*Serv.* Were you by when this Lord fell ?

*Host.* We were by when he hurt himself

With Chance-medly !

*Colig.* Honest friends, this fellow lies :

We came just when he had hurt himself !

*Serv.* How's this ? how's this ?

Come, come away with them, here's backwards and forwards ;

The Governour will have the truth out on ye,

I'll warrant ye ;

Come, help Sirra to lift the body.

[Exit:

*Enter Charlot, Bellmont.*

*Char.* Hold, hold, *Bellmont*, 'tis now my part

To lay the Treasure out of all my Tears,

'Twas not your Rhetorick, but 'twas he that gain'd

The full possession of the heart you spoke for,

And I will drown this house in such a flood

Shall speak my passion, and how much I lov'd.

*Bell.* O, envy not my eyes this mournful ease,

Who else would burst ; Poor Brother.

*Char.* O my *Brisac*, if thou shouldst leave me now,

How should I wander in the dark of Love ?

No Ghost without a Tomb so miserable.

*Bell.* Whilst there be hopes

Why should we desperate grow,  
And throw Our selves into this sea of grief,  
Before the Vessel's sunk, our hopes are stor'd in.

*Charl.* Hold heart a little, for I would not be  
Inconstant in my dying,  
I'de live to love him, till he did leave me.

*Bell.* I hope your Loves may lasting prove,  
And interchang'd remain so here,  
And that this il-look'd Chance is but a Scene  
To represent what you at last must suffer,  
He or you, leaving th'other here behind,

*Char.* Heav'ns take me first, then order me to guard  
Him from all ill.

*Bell.* Come! dear *Charlot*,  
Let us enquire with haste  
The Oracle of our ensuing fate  
Which by this time the Surgeon here can give us?

*Charl.* Propitious be, O Heaven! ———

*Exeunt*

*D'lpch, La' March:*

*La' Mar.* So is our Colonel too,  
I fear he'l follow.

*D'elp.* The heavens forbid:  
Yet if he scape his hurts  
I doubt it may go hard with him at Court,  
Knowing th' others greatness!

*La' Mar.* I hope not,  
His Services may something plead for him.  
Besides we hence can make his way  
To some securer place (having more health)  
Till he ha's got his pardon from the King.

*D'elp.* I would do any thing to serve him,  
Come lets go see how things are? ———

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Guard, Coligni, Host:*

*Guard.* There walk you two there, till the Governour comes,  
Come Gentlemen, weel lock' em in ——— *Exit Guard.*

*Host.*

*Host.* So now we are in a fine pickle,  
This comes of your Chance-Medley,  
A Medler close thy chops when thou 'rt dying,  
Indeed, Squire, I mean that they call a Medler,  
Is this your Law!

I could have found out a better  
Trick of Law my self then this.

*Colig.* Prethee! what a simple fellow this is,  
What trick of the Law could you have found out?

*Host.* Why, run away, when we first saw what came on't  
For he that runs away, they say, ha's the Law on his side!

*Colig.* Why, who the Devil would ere have suspected,  
That they should take two civil men Prisoners:

*Host.* You said just now that I was a simple man,  
But Ile be judg'd by all this Company,  
Who is the simpler fellow, you, or I.

*Colig.* Ile not enter into the List of Comparisons  
with any below my own rank:

*Host.* I must be a rank fool then ———

*aside*

But pray heark ye me, what must I say?

For I shall be dash'd and bath'd at the Governours question,  
For all he's an Ass, yet he has some pretty conceits  
As they call it in the Law.

*Colig.* Why, mark me well;  
We are not suspected to have done the thing our selves.

*Host.* I think not!

No, why should they?

*Colig.* He that suspects wrongfully doth himself wrong,  
For slander fly's back in the slanderers face.

*Host.* True, like a man that pisseth against the Wind.

*Colig.* Why, then all that we shall be ask'd is, who we saw there?

*Host.* Very good, Sir, and you say you don't know.

*Colig.* Prethee peace! I never heard such a hasty fool.

*Host.* Why, I onely tell you, what I will say my self!

*Colig.* Why, look ye; there you make your self a party again,  
They think you but dissemble and wo'nt tell.

*Host.* Why, what shall I say then?

*Colig.* Why, name any body, and then let them clear themselves  
As well as they can.

*Host.*

*Host.* Pray tell me who you'l name; for we must not name  
The same man, you must name one and I another.

*Colig.* O no, no, we must both name the same men,  
Or else they'l catch us tripping.

*Host.* I, the same men we must agree on,  
But you shall name one (as I said) and I another.

*Colig.* Why, I'll name Monsieur *D'elpeche* our Guest,  
Because he pawn'd me for the reckoning.

*Host.* Squire, 'twas your own fault.

*Colig.* I, I, but he might have chose whether he would or no,  
But who will you name?

*Host.* Marry e'en Monsieur *La Rock*,  
That put me out of my Tenement, I thank him.

*Colig.* He's a cunning Fellow:  
But no matter, *Facta est Alca*—  
Said *Cesar* when he leap'd a Ditch.

*A Hearse  
set out on a  
Table.*

*Enter D'orville, Attendants, La Barr.*

*D'orv.* This Object is so cruel that it calls  
Tears from a Souldiers Eyes;  
No *Scythian* but would weep  
To see so fair a Worth nipp'd in the Bud.

*La Barr.* H' was my noble Patron, yet my grief  
Suffers encrease, because I was not with him:  
I might have hindred this, or saln too.  
But pray, Sir, let's learn the perfect truth.

*D'orv.* We will endeavour it. [*Enter D'elpech,*  
Monsieur *D'elpech* you're welcome;  
And you, brave Captain; see your General's kill'd,  
And your poor Colonel mortally wounded.

*La March.*

*D'elp.* It grieves us much:  
How came this Accident?

*D'orv.* We cannot tell;  
But Death did n'ere  
Play for a fairer prize and win both stakes.  
Here's two can give account, they saw the business.  
Bring those Fellows here.  
Speak Friends, how did this business happen?

*Colig.*

*Colig.* And please you, Sir, they came unto the Field,  
Pluck'd off their Doublets, and they were run through.

*Host.* Yes, an' please you,  
With Chance-medly, I saw it.

*D'or.* How friend, Chance-medly,  
I know not what thou me n'ft?

*Colig.* Sir, he talk's like an Ass,  
Mind him nor.

*D'or.* But you that can talk wiser, what say you?

*Colig.* That they all drew and kill'd one another;  
The iron age methoughts was come again.

*D'or.* Sirrah, leave off your Poetry and speak toth' matter,  
Who were the others that were there?

Two Swords were found,  
And yet *Brisac* brought his home.

*Colig.* An't please you, Sir, Mounseigneur *D'elpech*  
Was there for one.

*Host.* And one Monsieur *la Rock* for another!

*D'elp.* Who, I? what a lying slave is this?

It is not half an hour since we rose.

*D'or.* Sirrah, are you sure this Gentleman was there?

*Colig.* Yes that I am! nay, Captain ne'r stare!

*D'elp.* Why, thou art drunk still; upon my faith, Sir,

I have not been abroad before,  
This is my first flight hither.

*La'ma.* I can assure you, Sir, I lay with him,

And what he says is truth!

*D'or.* Let their Land-lord be fetch'd, I'll ha' this examin'd,

And you, Sir, who did you say was there?

*Host.* Monsieur *la Rock*,

*D'or.* Who is that?

*Host.* H'was my Land-lord lately, but he turn'd me out of  
My Tenement most basely and scurvily.

*D'or.* How came he hither, he's no man o'th Sword.

*Host.* I know not I, but there he was,

And you please to give me my Oath, I'll swear't presently,

And then let him say what he can for himself.

*D'or.* Have a care I catch you not lying,

[Enter *Cortaux*]

Monsieur *Cortaux*, welcome;

Saw you these Gentlemen this morning ?

*Cort.* Yes, and please your Honour, one is my Guest ;  
But they both lay together this same night.

What ail'd that thou man ?

[*Colig. winks and  
pulls him.*]

*D'orv.* How say you, Sir, to this ?

*Colig.* Why, my Father's mad or else mistaken.

*Cort.* Thou art mad I think to pinch me so.

*D'orv.* Sirrah! you Rogue ! I'll have you to the whipping-post,  
And your Companion too,

If I do find you willfully tripping.

*Hofst* kneels—Hold Sir, I'll confess rather—

*Colig.* What will you confess, that you are an Ass ?

*D'orv.* Peace Sirrah !

*Hofst.* This silly fellow here and I combin'd  
To accuse Monsieur *D'elpech* and Monsieur *La Rock*;

*Colig.* O humane frailty ! how weak thou art !

*D'orv.* Your humane frailty shall be try'd, Sirrah.

Away with them straight,

Let them be soundly lash'd.

*Cort.* O mercy, Sir ! he is my Heir.

*D'orv.* You might have bred him better.

*Hofst.* Yes, so he might ; nay he shall be whipp'd for Company;  
That's my comfort ; here's chance-medley for you. [*Ex. Colig.*]

*D'orv.* 'Tis time Monsieur *La Barr* must find this out : *Hofst,*  
May be the Colonel at last may tell us : *Cortaux.*

But I dare swear that he was fairly kill'd.

*La Mar.* I hope there's none will question that,  
Since our brave Colonel was there engag'd.

*La Barr.* There's none will question his fair honour, Sir ;  
Yet I would gladly know

How I have lost my Patron now, and why.

*D'elp.* It is most reasonable.

*D'orv.* Come, Gentlemen, this body shall be laid  
Where all our duties fitlier may be paid.

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

## ACT 5. SCENE I.

Enter D'elpech, La'march, Surgeon.

D'elp. **B**Ut are there no hopes left?  
*Surg.* None, but in Miracles, his Liver is quite pierc'd.

And 'tis a wonder he has not bled to death already.

D'elp. But that is stop't?

*Surg.* Stop't, alas, Sir,

To give him time enough to say a Prayer or two;

He cannot last an hour.

La'mar. Trust me, I am much griev'd.

D'elp. And so am I, he was a worthy brave Gentleman;

Come, lets go take our last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Brisac laid in his Bed, D'orvile, Beaupres, Bellmont,  
 Charlotte, D'elpech, La'mar.*

D'or. How is it, Sir?

*Bris.* The Surgeon best can tell.

D'or. May we not learn the full of all this business?

*Bris.* A difference I had with the General,

What would you learn more,

Pray, Sir, retire, and take the Company with you,

I'm weak, and have some business

I fear would end before I go.

D'or. Religion does forbid that we should trouble you,

Heaven grant your Prayers, and make ye happy, Sir.

*Bris.* I thank you, Sir! Nay, friend *Beaupres*, stay you here;

And you, Sister, do not leave the room,

Governour, may I entreat the presence of your Daughter?

'Twill be my last request.

D'or. Most willingly! *Charlotte*, stay you here. [*Exit D'or.*]

*Bris.* Adieu dear friend, I shall not see you more!

La'Ma. May all your hopes prove prosperous,

I cannot endure to stay and see you thus!

[*Exit La March.*]

L

D'elp.

## The VILLAIN.

*D'elp.* And I must leave you like a Girl,  
Blind with my tears :

*I* wish I could but do you better service. [Exit *D'elpech.*

*Bris.* 'Tis now too late, and yet I thank you for your wish.

*Beau.* O Heav'ns, must we then part,  
Curse on my hand, it was too slow.

*Bris.* Blame not a thing that did so much ;

Alas, we were all born to die :

And if we do anticipate the time

That bearded Elders languish in, we scape

A thousand miseries that they have surely stoop'd to,

Death is a bug-bear never fear'd when known :

Weep not, dear Sister, I will leave you one

Shall be a Brother, and a kind one to you :

Will you not, *Beaupres* ?

*Beau.* You cannot doubt my love to all that's yours ;

But I will not dissemble now the tie

I have upon me, to be ever kind.

Shall I have your pardon ?

I would have told it you ere long,

But hop'd for better opportunity

Then the sad Fates allow me now:

*Bris.* What e're it be, I do forgive thee freely,

For I dare sooner doubt my being happy,

Then that thou e're didst wrong me in thy friendship.

*Beau.* I am her husband, Sir.

*Bris.* That merits more my thanks than blame,

For it was to thy dear Arms I would bequeath her.

*Bell.* Heav'n meant me not so great a blessing

To have you living, and this bounteous gift.

*Bris.* I give her to thee, friend, with all my heart.

Use her well for her poor Brothers sake ;

And, Sister, be you still to him

Such, as may make him in you love his friend,

His poor departed friend :

So, I hope you two are happy ;

Now to my Love, and then I die in quiet.

*Bell.* Speak not of dying, Sir, it wounds my soul.

*Bris.* Ha, what means that Lady, Sister ?



She weeps, she weeps.

O, if those tears be but for my misfortune,  
I will not envy Emperours that live;  
But think it greater glory thus to die,  
Piti'd by the beauteous good *Charlotte*.

*Bell*. You are not only piti'd but belov'd,  
Beyond all what the world contains besides.

*Bris*. Mock not my hopes, 'twere double death  
If now I should but find it otherwise. [*She kneels*  
by him.

*Char*. May I then be believ'd? O my Stars!  
Is this the good you have ordain'd me?  
Shew me such worth,  
To tell me what I've lost.

*Bris*. I know to leave this world is death;  
But I leave more when I leave thee;  
What heaven can I expect hereafter?  
When all the Idea I can e're receive  
Of happiness, I here do leave behind me;  
Will you be kind unto my memory,  
My dear *Charlotte*!

And when your thoughts do entertain themselves  
Of me your servant being gone,  
Remember then, Pray remember often;  
How much your poor *Brisac* did love you!

*Char*. You speak as if I did intend to leave you,  
No, my *Brisac*, I will not long out-live you.

*Bris*. O yes! I do conjure you live,  
By all our Love, and then I shall live in you;  
For how should I be curst of all the world,  
If I deprive it of its chiefest Jewel:  
My soul shall wait upon you here;  
My mind does tell me I shall bear that Office;  
(For I am penitent for all my sins)

And that will be a glorious station;  
More then I e're durst hope for;  
But that I guess I have your wishes for.

*Char*. We'll hand in hand unto the other world  
And there confirm the union of our souls;  
Then 'twill immortal be and we shan't need

To fear a fatal separation.

*Bean.* Deny us not, fair Maid, thy company,  
We all must die, and be, I hope,  
Together happy in the other world.

*Bris.* It is not fit any of you should die ;  
For when you'r gone,  
The world will be neglected, and not own  
A Subject worth a care ;  
You shall not think of leaving one another ;  
Dear friend, would you thus leave alone  
My dearest Mistress, and your poor *Bellmont* ;  
*Charlotte* in you may see what I have lov'd ?  
And in her friendship to you think on me.

*Char.* Whilst memory retains a place,  
Or life but motion giveth to my heart ;  
Each breath I draw, and every bow I make,  
Shall be for my *Brisac* :  
The organs of my soul shall frame no sound ;  
But what shall eccho still my dear *Brisac* ;  
Master of all my hopes and all my joy :  
Poor fickle joy, alas, how soon thou leav'st me ?  
Never, O never, to return again !

*Bris.* And you, dear friend, when you shall see that face,  
That much adored person I have lov'd,  
Pay her the zeal of all your friendship to me ;  
And, Sister, as you ever did affect  
Your Brother, turn that kindnesse all

To my *Charlotte*, and to *Beaupres* your duty. [Enter Malig:

*Bean.* Your Major, Sir, is come to take his leave.

*Malig.* Heavens bleis my Colonel ! how is't, Sir ?

*Bris.* O *Beaupres*, come hither, I had forgot to tell you ;  
But I grow wondrous faint ;  
Have a care of *Maligni*.

Oh *Charlotte*, your hand, for I am going ;  
Farewel, farewel ; I can no more. [Dies,

*Bean.* Farewel the thoughts of worldly things ;  
What are the Poms of greatest Kings ?  
But empty titles State foreshew,  
Idols, we make, to which we bow ;

Nothing

Nothing that's certain here below,  
 But death ; and certain that we know  
 How glorious is the fabrick, when,  
 'Til to the Maker likens men ;  
 But this the cleereſt ever was,  
 Retain'd the brittleness of glaſs.

*Bell.* Through which we ought to see how fair

Are Blisses that eternal are ;  
 Led by persuasion of our blood,  
 We here expect a certain good,  
 And frame our best of what is worst !  
 Since by great Heav'n the earth we curst.

*Char.* My thoughts to Heav'n their wishes send ;

And to Heav'n's will in reverence bend ;  
 Leave tempting me thou dismal care,  
 Mistress of ruine and despair ;  
 The strings of my poor heart, I'm sure,  
 Are not so strong they can endure  
 This cruel weight : then be thou gone,  
 And leave my Love to act alone.

*Beau.* *Maligni*, ha, canst thou weep ?

I shall enamour'd grow of what I could not love before.

*Bell.* Poor Major, What have we here lost ?

*Malign.* I Madam, the world can yield no recompence for this.

*Chair.* He bad us have a care of him dead !

Sir, remember, pray, to do it as you love

Your dying friend, O my soul !

That I can live to speak him.

[*She falls.*]

*Malign.* Alas, my Colonel took care, you see, at last,

For me, unworthy me ; I shall grow blind with grief ;

*Beau:* Come Major, help to lead these Ladies forth,

And call me now your friend ;

Since he commanded hath this friendly tie.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter D'elpech, La'march, Boutefeu.*

*D'elp.* 'Tis strange we should not learn  
 A perfecter accompt of all this business.

*Bout.* Cannot *Beaupres* inform you ?

*D'elp.*

*D'elp.* He seems as ignorant as we.

*La' Mar.* And I dare swear he is so :  
You two, I hope, are reconcil'd.

*Bout.* O yes, the General did it this morning.

*D'elp.* How ? this morning ! why, were you with him this morn-

*Bout.* No, not I ; who says I was ? [ing ?

*D'elp.* I did understand you so.

*Bout.* I was mistaken, so were you too ; God buy. *Exit.*

*La' Mar.* What the Devil's this ?

Hey pass and repass, this Fellow grows so furly,  
He'll have his brains beaten out ere long ;  
He's like a mad dog, snarls and bites at every body.

*D'elp.* I, and no body knows wherefore ;  
Sure his brain's addle.

*La' Mar.* Nay that it ever was since I knew him ;  
But he's much alter'd, h' us'd to be  
An honest plain blunt Fellow ;  
Now so capricious ! out on't !

*D'elp.* Who cares ?----but to our business :  
Who dost thou think will carry now the Regiment ?

*La' Mar.* There is much talk of young *Beaupres* ;  
Though it of right belongs to *Maligni*.

*D'elp.* He's a man that has no friend,  
And I'm afraid deserves none :  
Yet he will baffle hard before he lose his Right :  
The other's a worthy youth ;  
Though I dare swear he will not much seek for it.

*La' Ma.* I love him for my Colonels sake,  
H' was his faithful friend.

*D'elp.* It shall be still my study how to serve him :  
O Major ! how is't man ? [Enter *Maligni*.

Ha, weeping, why I thought thy breeding in the Wars  
Had dry'd that fountain up ;  
Yet trust me it does become thee ;  
I shall e'en bear thee company.

*La' Mar.* We have all lost a worthy man ;  
But Fate has cali'd him to a better place.

*Malig.* I hope so.

*La' Mar.* This may prove well for you :

You are the next in place, for to succeed him,

*Malig.* It never can prove well,  
I having lost so brave a Colonel ;  
But Gentlemen let me entreat,  
You will to morrow morning order give  
That all your men draw up together  
Without Saint *Denis* Gate, and there receive  
Some further orders :

*D'elp.* We will not fail ;

*Malig.* O ! I had forgot to tell you,  
(My grief doth overwhelm my memory,)  
Young *Beaupres* is married to *Bellmont*,  
The sister of our late Colonel,  
Here privately, since that they came to Town ;

*D'elp.* Did *Brisac* know so much before he dy'd ?

*Malig.* Yes, yes ! but not when they were marry'd,  
He had bequeath'd her in his will to him,  
And with her all his fortune :

*D'elp.* 'Twas noble Friendship in him,  
I wish them joy and happiness.

*La' Mar.* What Rumors that, about *Beaupres* succession ?

*Malig.* I know not, I, nor care not.

*D'elp.* If there be any such report,  
It springs from this occasion,  
*Beaupres* did, when his Uncle lost his life,  
Pretend unto this Regiment ;

But young *Brisac*  
Had then the promise of the first that fell,  
For some brave Action he had done ;  
When *Beaupres* with him joy'n'd in all,  
As being long Comrades, forc'd it upon him,  
And would not once dispute it,  
You since have seen he serv'd a Volunteer,  
And would have no Command amongst us.

*La' Mar.* Something I knew before ;  
But was not quite so perfect in the story,  
We shall obey your last Commands,

*Adieu Major.* —

*Exit D'elp. La' Mar.*

*Malig.* He ha' th' Regiment, ha, ha, ha !

I, so he shall, that's my good Boy, make much on't;  
 Soft, soft ye fools, I have rods in piss  
 For him, and for his curious Minx  
 She us'd me sweetly; well, I must not trust her,  
 She know's I am a Rogue,  
 And seeing me grow great with him  
 She may discover our last evenings walk,  
 How am I now beset with my own plots,  
 That fool *Boutefeu*, and he, for ought I know,  
 May grow to a right Understanding,  
 Ha! what becomes of me then? I have ir  
 And each on th'other shall secure my fate. =====

Exit.

*Charlotte, held on a bed by Mariane  
 Francibel, Dorville.*

*Charl.* Pray, Sirs, let me go, you use me too unkindly,  
 I never did any of you such wrong;

*Dorv.* Take comfort, my dear Girl,  
 Thy father begs it of thee!

*Charl.* Why, I did beg of Heaven; and that was deaf,  
 Deaf to my Zealous prayers;  
 He never pray agen: but I will sing  
 My self into his blest Society.

## SONG.

*The Bells were rung, and the Mass was sung,  
 And all was for my Billy,  
 And all my friends my death had sworn,  
 I wou'd have none but Willy.*

Hey, ho! break thou foolish heart;  
 Why dost thou throb, and snub  
 Like Girls that are whipt,  
 Indeed I could be angry thou art so long a breaking.

*Franc.* She's much distemper'd, Sir,  
 Madam, for Heaven's sake take patience to you.

*Charl.* What man is that?

Franc.

*Fran.* It is your Father, Madam !

*Char.* O pray, Sir, be gone : alas poor man ! he weeps too.  
Is it for *Brisac* you weep ? nay then, pray stay,  
We will all weep, shall we not ? he would have wept  
For me most bitterly, do not you think he would ?

*Fran.* Yes surely, Madam.

*Char.* Alas poor man ! come let me dry your cheeks ;  
Truly I take it very kindly of you, that you will weep  
For my *Brisac* : did you lament my Mother so ?  
Would she were with you now to comfort you, and I  
Were in her place.

*D'orv.* Peace, my dear Child,  
Thou like a tangled bird dost beat  
And fret thy self to death.

*Char.* sings.

*Willy was fair, Willy was stout,  
Willy was like the Lilly ;  
And Willy promis'd to marry me.*

O ! but he could not ; for he dy'd, or else he would  
Have kept his promise : was ever poor maid  
So couzen'd ; speak, were you ever couzen'd ?

*Maria.* No truly, Madam.

*Fran.* May be some Musick may still her spirits, Sir :  
Shall my Sister sing ?

*D'orv.* I Pray let her.

*Fran.* Sing Sister ! prethee sing !

*Mariana* sings.

*Lady preserve the Title of your heart,  
And ne're commit so rash a deed,  
As when your Lover doth depart,  
You may not leave off sorrow with your weed :  
Spoil not what once was thought so fair,  
But quench remaining fire with a Tear ;  
And bury, when the next does come,  
All sad remembrance in this Tomb.*

M

*Char.*

The V I L L A I N.

*Char.* Away, thou art out of tune and sence,  
If I needs must hear Musick;  
Let it be my poor Boy's Voice;  
He once could please me with his melancholly Songs,  
Pray, let him sing.

*D'or.* Any thing to please thee, poor *Charlotte*.

Song within by the Boy.

*Beyond the malice of abusive fate  
I now am grown, and in that state  
My heart shall mourn the loss it has receiv'd,  
When of its only joy it was bereav'd;  
The Woods with ecchoes do abound,  
And each of them return the sound  
Of my Amintor's name; alas, he's dead,  
And with him all my joys are fled,  
Willow, Willow, Willow must I wear,  
For sweet Amintor's dead, why was my dear.*

*Fran.* She's falln into a slumber.

*D'or.* No noise, make the room dark you do convey her to!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Maligni, Bourefeu.*

*Malig.* I could not guess so much before.

*Bont.* P<sup>h</sup>eu! that can be no reason, Sir,

I never did pretend to her,

It's true, I've seen her often:

But marri'd are they; art sure of that?

*Malig.* He and she told me so themselves,

I had some conference with her alone;

But what a Rogue am I!

I was commanded to be silent,

And yet this tongue of mine

It is so forward still to do you good!

*Bont.* Why, Major, this to me!

If it be ought that I should know?

*Malig.* Alas, Sir, it concerns no other man.

*Bont.*



*Bout.* And do you doubt my full discretion?  
You and I have still been friends.

*Malig.* And I am still the readi<sup>st</sup> man on earth  
To do you service,  
But a Ladies honour  
The Secret, Sir, is none of mine, but hers;  
And I cannot dispose on<sup>t</sup> to your trust  
Without her leave,  
She says she mainly doubts your carriage on<sup>t</sup>.

*Bout.* Doubts my carriage?  
I have been trusted before now,  
With half this Ceremony,  
If I can do her service tell me,  
For she's a very pretty woman,  
And I'll do<sup>t</sup>, if you wont, chuse!

*Malig.* Do her a service?  
'Tis to do one to your self,  
The greatest too that e're your hopes could aim at.

*Bout.* Prethee, what is<sup>t</sup>, Major!  
You torture me with these delays.

*Malig.* You never gave a cause to young *Beaupres*  
Why he should hate you so.

*Bout.* Never I, till to<sup>t</sup>her night!

*Malig.* P<sup>heu</sup>! that was only a requital  
To his unkindness,  
I'm sure you meant it so.

*Bout.* I did.

*Malig.* But never any thing before?

*Bout.* Not I.

*Malig.* Why, then he does suspect  
As much as I am now acquainted with.

*Bout.* Let him suspect his heart out,  
Prethee what is<sup>t</sup>?

*Malig.* But you will not be rul'd,  
And think it is below you thus to sneak,  
And hide your self for such a Lady.

*Bout.* I will be rul'd, I swear I will:  
Thou still shalt be my guide.

*Malig.* The fair *Bellmont* does dote upon you, Sir:

Pray, what Charms have you made use of.  
Thus to ensnare so fair a woman?

*Bont.* You do not jest with me?

*Malig.* Not I,

Nay, if you hold me for a Villain,  
I've done.

I knew my foolish tongue would be too forward.

*Bont.* Nay, now you are unkind;

But does she love me so,

I'll to her strait,

I would cross hell to meet so fair a Lady.

*Malig.* Why look you, Sir, how rash you are?

Take your own course,

This way she'll never see you.

*Bont.* How then? dear Major, do you direct me.

*Malig.* Can you procure a Fryar's habit?

*Bont.* Ha — Yes, the Chaplain of our Regiment has one,  
He us'd to preach in; I can take his.

*Malig.* Do then, she shall meet you by the River side  
below the Garden walk, make haste, and ask no questions.

*Bont.* I'm gone; farewell! dear *Maligni*,  
And if I thrive, command my life.

*Malig.* Yes! I think I shall command thy life, [Enter Beau.  
Or by thy hand be master of *Beaupre's*. [Exit.

*Beau.* How dost thou, *Maligni*?  
What, all alone?

*Malig.* Sir, I was thinking with my self,  
How grossly I have err'd;  
You ha'nt forgot, I'm sure, our last discourse,  
Where you grew angry, about *Bontesens*.

*Beau.* Hang him rude slave,  
I ne'er do think on him.

*Malig.* He was here even now;  
And the fool thinks I'am so much his friend,  
There's nought he e'er hides from me.

*Beau.* His secrets surely are not worth the hearing.

*Malig.* They may concern you, Sir, in time.

*Beau.* Me, alas, I do despise his malice.

*Malig.* But, Sir, there are some private hits,

And those but seldom smart.

*Beau.* If he be stout, as I do think he is,  
He will abhor to murder any man  
That ready is to do him noble reason:  
And if a coward;  
He will not dare to think on't.

*Malig.* Nay, on my Conscience, he'll ne're murder you;  
But, Sir, by this I find, you are still at odds,  
May be your Lady does it for the best.

*Beau.* My Lady! what of her?

*Malig.* I say, she, may be, sooths him up,  
To make you friends.

*Beau.* She sooth him up! why, she ne're speaks to him.

*Malig.* Nay, there you are mistaken, to my knowledge, Sir,  
And he came thence so jocund and so gay:  
She has much power over him!  
That is most certain, Sir.

*Beau.* What's this I hear?

*Malig.* But she should chide him,  
The quarrel was very preposterous,  
And might wrong her fame.

*Beau.* 'Tis true, 'tis true! what an Owl am I?  
Not to reflect on that.

*Malig.* But he was jealous of your better fortune.

*Beau.* He jealous of my *Bellmont*?

*Malig.* I, I, all the world might see that in his carriage,  
But, why she should consent to meet  
A man disguis'd, and privately.

*Beau.* I know she will not.

*Malig.* But if I prove it to you,  
Shall I then be believ'd?  
She is the Sister of my Colonel,  
And now your Wife, whom I have ever lov'd,  
She may some indiscretions now commit  
Will lie as heavy on her as a Crime:

*Beau.* My honest, honest, *Maligni*,  
Do this, and tie me ever to thy service.

*Malig.* Take you no notice, go, I'll bring ye where  
You shall need no attest but from your eyes—

[*Exit. Beau.*  
So,

So, these Trout's a man may tickle from their Senses. [Enter *Bont.*

*Bont.* I have the habit, Major.

*Malig.* Make much on't Boy; but keep your sword about ye Under your Coat, in case of danger to prevent the worst.

*Bont.* Thank's, Major, for your care :  
I did intend so much.

[*Exit Bontefeu.*

*Malig.* 'Tis not my fault if either of you live ;  
Fall both, And then Im' certain I shall thrive — *Exit. Malig.*

Enter *Bellmon, Luyson.*

*Bell.* Go see how my poor sister *Charlotte* does,  
And if she be awake.

*Luyf.* I shall, Madam. — —

*Exit Luyson.*

*Bellm.* How sullen is my fate,  
Thus to begin in mourning after marriage,  
My Lords poor heart is over-charg'd with grief,  
And we like Turtles grieve for poor *Brisac* ;  
Poor youth he was both Friend and Brother ;  
O Major ! you are welcome, and I hope,  
You have as well forgot the will to sin,  
As I have freely now forgot your fault.  
You see the frailty of man's estate,  
And then the sure account we all must give,  
Come be not sad, this Counsel I do'nt mean  
As a reproach, but for your real good ;  
For I do finde my brother lov'd you much.

*Enter Malignis.*

*Malig.* Why did the Heav'n's create you then so fair,  
O hide those Eyes, for they would make  
An austere Anchorite in Love with sin.

*Bell.* You counsel well :  
Hereafter He not move  
This vail when you shall be in presence.

*Malig.* 'Twas the good Counsel of your Ghostly Father,  
Who now ha's eas'd my soul  
Of a most heavy burthen it sustain'd.

*Bell.* Truly, I do rejoyce in your Conversion.

*Malig.* He told me, Madam, he would speak with you,  
Alone, without acquainting of your husband,

Matter of Moment he pretends it is.

*Bellm.* What should it be? can you not guess, good Major?

*Malig.* Yes! I believe about the difference  
Happen'd between *Bontesfen* and him;  
I have a Letter from him to you.

*Bell.* To me! prethee let's see't.

*Malig.* The Priest ha's brought him to confess his fault,  
But honour will not let him do't to your Lord,  
And you are thought the fittest Medium now.

*Bell.* I wish I might prevail with them for peace,  
How is she, Wench? does she still sleep? —

*Enter Luyson.*

*Luyf.* No, Madam, she's awake,  
And 'tis a woful sight to see her so.

*Bell.* I will go Visit her.  
Major, I shall remember what you told me of,  
And will not fail to meet the father,  
But pray where is't?

*Malig.* Below the Garden, by the River side.

*Bell.* Here, *Luyson*, keep this Letter —

*Exit.*

*Malig.* Nay, stay you here.

*Luyf.* My Lady will chide, I dare not,  
Ile meet you here anon.

*Malig.* What letter's that, let's see't?

*Luyf.* Fy Major, oh here's my Lord--forces the letter from her:

*Beau.* Who was that just now

*Enter Beaupres.*

Parted from you?

*Malig.* Your Lady's woman,  
I am great with her, stay let me see the Letter  
She ha's stoln.

Madam!

I shall not fail to meet you neer the garden,  
By the River side, and there be obedient, in what  
Ever you shall think most fit,

*Bontesfen.*

Why, look ye, Sir!

Thus unexpectedly I find a way  
To keep my promise with you:

*Beau.* 'Tis not his hand,  
He dares not write thus to her:

*Malig.* Are you so perfect in his Character?

Me-think's

Me-think's it is his hand.

*Bean.* I never did believe that he could write ;  
A sense-less brute ; but I grow fool in Words  
And idle passion is for want of deeds.

*Malig.* What deeds ?  
Heaven guard your brest from evil thoughts,  
You will not, sure, conclude that there is harm in this.

*Bean.* No, no, meet a man privately,  
Disguis'd as you do tell me,  
One that durst wrong me too, her husband,  
Most excellent Meaning sure there is in this,  
O, I could tear her from my memory,  
Nay, tear the heart that ever did contain  
So base a Guest, as her base Whorish Love.

*Malig.* Fye, Sir, 'tis not so bad yet.

*Bean.* 'Tis not the body, but the mind  
Can ever make it bad,  
I'de rather have my wife 'twice ravish'd,  
Then once dare think the means how she may act it,  
But thou art honest *Maligni*  
And know'st not half the cunning of these Women?

*Malig.* Alas, Sir, I.  
You see, Sir, in her Carriage I was Cozen'd,  
Nay, her Brothers eyes were seal'd too,  
And yet that was not such a Monstrous Crime,  
That she should take such care in the Concealment,  
How close she'd prove in matter of more moment.

*Bean.* And I, good-Natur'd Fool,  
Read it obedience to my strict Command:

*Malig.* Nay, may be 'twas so,  
But she's good Natur'd too,  
And, I would have you still avoy'd all scandal.

*Bean.* Good natur'd ; ha ?  
Come lead me to this sight,  
I'm sick till I be there,  
And sicker shall be far when I have seen it :

*Malig.* I will not be your guide,  
If you misconstrue ought when you have seen it.

*Beaup.* Not be my Guide ?

Thou shalt,  
Or I will cut your throat, *Officious Sir*;  
Do you pretend to tell me this  
Out of meer friendship ? thinking to sooth me up  
To low dishonour ? You should have held your tongue  
If you did mean it, knowing me :  
But now conduct me where I may see them both,  
As thou didst tell me too,  
Or I will cut thy throat, because thou knewst not me,  
And yet dost know her weakness.

[*Draws.*]

*Malig.* Come, put up your Sword,  
Or keep it drawn still against your Friend ;  
'Twill be no argument of courage, Sir,  
Nor of much honesty :  
I will discover all I can unto you ;  
And if you rashly deal, then blame not me ;  
For I grow mad to see your excellent Nature  
Thus Fever-shook by a fond Womans fault ;  
But let me still perswade your wiser thoughts  
To fly all choler in your undertakings.

*Beaup.* I'll do no rash unseasonable act,  
Without a full examination,  
That I'll promise thee.

*Malig.* Nay, if you come once to examining  
You put them to a guard, and they'll defend  
All questions you can then but offer to them.

*Beaup.* How then ?

*Malig.* Why, as you please ;  
But *Boutefeu* is very cholerick,  
He'll scarce endure examination  
Without the measuring of this.

*Beaup.* Would there were all my mischief.  
Prethee lets go, I stand on thorns.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Malig.* Come, if I can I will prevent your horns.

*Enter Boutefeu like a Friar in the Garden.*

*Bout.* She is not here yet.  
Methinks I look like Friar Bacon :  
But I had better been studying what to say,

Hang Speeches, I came to do ;  
 For she likes me already, then what need I talk ?  
 O my sweet *Maligni* !  
 I'le sue for thee to my Sister,  
 An t' wilt, for this kindness : [Walks up and down.]  
 No Soul in Love, fond Boy, the Worlds great Soul.

Enter *Bellmont*.

*Bell*. Most Reverend Sir, you see I have not fail'd  
 In my obedience to your Message sent :

*Bout*. Nor will I ever fail whilst I do breath  
 To be the humblest of your Servants, Lady.

*Bell*. Father ! I cry you mercy, you are not the man  
 I took you for.

*Bout*. Yes but I am, Lady ; See my hair is only put back :

Enter *Beaupres* and *Maligni*.

*Beaup*. Hell and Furies ! Stay me not :

*Bout* : Ha ! her Husband, with *Maligni* too !  
 O Villain ; I am betraid ;  
 Have comfort, Lady, I can defend ye well.

*Bell*. Me ! I know ye not.

*Beaup*. But I do you.

[Wounds *Bellmont*]

*Bout*. 'Twas base ; here was the nobler mark,  
 As I am man, and therefore thou —————

*Beaup*. Come, come, ye dog, thus I can muzzle ye.

*Bout*. No, not yet.

*Beaup*. Yes, now 'twill do, thus, doubly thus.

*Bout*. Had I but done the deed  
 It would not trouble me half so much to dye thus :

*Bell*. As you did e're love Heav'n  
 Hear me but speak.

*Malig*. Madam, 'tis now too late.

*Beaup*. But I will hear her speak,  
 And learn the truth from dying mouths.

*Malig*. Then keep them company.

[Runs at *Beaupres*.

*Bell*. Heav'n's guard my dear *Beaupres*.

*Beaup*



The V I L L A I N.

*Beaup.* Base treacherous Villain—— [Beaup. disarms him.  
What didst thou mean in this?

Hey, *Bask!* help me to ty this dog : [Enter Footman, binds him.

Come, lead them to my Closet,

There *I* will learn the truth ;

This place is too much open to the eye.

*Bout.* Pray, Madam, ere you go

Tell me one thing, and then I dye in quiet ;

Did you e're send for me ?

*Bell.* Nor as I hope for mercy ;

Nor did I till now know you.

*Beaup.* Who did perswade you hither ?

*Bout.* A base malicious Villain, and a Knave ;

I find I was betray'd by my own folly.

*Beaupres,* give me thy hand ;

As e're I hope to come at Heaven

'Tis *Maligni* has wrong'd both thee and me,

And this fair virtuous Lady.

This as I'm dying I am bound to tell.

[Dies.

*Beau.* What canst thou say to this ?

*Malig.* I will say nothing but thou art an *Ass,*

Though I have mist my aim.

*Beau.* Convey him, Sirrah, to my Closet,

And kill him rather then permit escape.

[Ex. Malig. Serv.

But O, what torments of Eternal Hell

Afflict my murder'd Soul !

*Bellmont* my fair ! my dear *Bellmont!*

Could all the malice of a bloody Rogue

Tempt me to wound this brest !

The Fountain of my Pleasures, all my Joys !

O, my curst Stars !

No bolt in Heaven to strike so foul a Murderer ?

*Bell.* The Heavens shall sure forgive thee my *Beaupres,*

If ever I get thither :

For *I* will be thy Intercessour still,

And knowing it was Love too much betray'd,

I will not grieve to dye thy Martyr ;

But when *I* am gone

Believe my Honour still as fair,

And that I still did love my dear *Beaupres*,  
Farewel, one kiss, so

[*dies.*

*Beau.* Ye Angels take her to your Guardianship,  
Whilst I must howl my fault so loud,  
That Beasts that hear the dismal sound  
Shall frighted stand, and men with horrour sweat,  
Whilst they imagine but my Agony.

[*Enter Bask.*

O *Bask*, is he safe, here set these bodies up,  
Now call the Governour

And all thou see'st of my acquaintance,  
Hark thee one word.

Thus like a Pilgrim, fore his honour'd Saint,  
I offer up oblations of my Vows ;

[*Kneels to Bell.*  
*body.*

But like a sinner steel'd in vice

I must despair the mercy I do call for ;

For thou art cold my *Girl*, my poor *Bellmont*,

And though thy charity to'th last did blaze,

It was a fire will consume my soul,

My easie couzen'd soul, which ought to lose

Its immortality, since it did reason lack ;

Come all ye Furies lash me from this fight,

But now I think on't, this is a Sanctuary,

No, I will first perform one act of justice,

(That I should talk of justice now !)

And then I will deliver to your rage

All that I can of me——

Yet let thy mercy, heaven,

Allow me but her fight, for my relief

Her pleasing fight——

For she did speak forgiveness at her death ;

And wilt thou use so prodigal a mercy,

No, my *Bellmont*, I need no weapon for my death,

Grief for my fault will stop my breath.

*Enter Maligni gag'd and blinded with a Handkerchief*  
*miss two servants.*

So set him there

And when I give the word, hark ye,

[*Whispers.*  
He

The VILLAIN.

He not deserves a worthier hand,  
What made thee, Hell-hound, thus abuse my soul,  
Had't thou no pity left thee in thy breast,  
Yet this same sight would make *Alecto* weep ;  
Thou Cruel Dog ———  
And I more Cruel Fool ———

*Malig.* I will not answer thee, do what thou wilt [Noise here  
*Beau.* Away with him to Execution,  
I hear em' coming ——— [Exit with *Maligns.*

Enter *Dorville, D'elpech, La' March,*  
*La Barr, Attendants.*

Most worthy, Sir, why, I have call'd you here,  
That sight will best inform you.

*Dorv.* Ha ! dead ! *Bontefeu* too in a Fryars weed.

*Beau.* You'l wonder more when I dare boldly tell you,  
'Twas I that kill'd them both.

*Dorv.* Disarm him some of you,

*Malig.* within ——— O, O ! ye Cruel Dogs !

*Beau.* The first that does attempt it straight shall find  
The folly's great, when I m' resolv'd to die !

But hear me quietly some few moments,  
I promise to resign it then :

*Dorv.* Will you therewith not do some harm first ?  
Not on your self I mean ?

*Beau.* I shall not need,  
That have such killing objects 'fore my eyes.

*Malig.* O, O, O !

*Dorv.* What voyce is that !

*Beau.* Say, Sir, I best can tell you,  
The voice it is of one  
That wrought me to a mischief, none but he,  
So wicked Villain as he was,  
Could ever give a birth to.

Enter *Lynson.*

*Lyns.* O ! my Lady ! my dear Lady !

*Dorv.* Peace, thou foolish woman !

The V I L L A I N.

But who is't, pray, Sir? He seem's to be wounded.

*Beau.* That horrid Monster *Maligni*,  
Poor *Bellmont* could he behold thy Face  
And plot such Ruine to thy Loveliness?

*Lufs.* Did he do this?

H<sup>e</sup> would have ravish'd her once before in the garden.

*Malig.* Peace! Devil! peace!

*Lufs.* Nay, it shall all out,

Ha's tempted me several times to leave some Letters  
In her Chamber.

*Beau.* I find my soul's a fleeting after her's  
And you'l have time enough t<sup>e</sup> examine this,  
See, Sir, the Sacrifice of Innocence, ——— *Malig. discover'd pearls*  
Now take my sword, 'tis not in Surgeons Art *with a stake.*  
To cure the fractures of a Broken heart!  
Besides that Villain ha's been busie here;  
Forgive me Dear *Bellmont*! forgive a Crime  
Caus'd by my too much Love. ———

*Dies.*

*D'elp.* I ever did suspect that *Maligni*.

*La. Mar.* H<sup>e</sup> was a subtle and a Cruel Villain:

*Lufs.* But, Sir, your daughter.

*Doru.* Ha! what of her?

*Lufs.* Is dead? poor Lady dy'd distracted with her grief.

*Doru.* I wish that mine

Could do that favourable office;

Heaven's how have I deserv'd

These sad afflictions?

*D'elp.* The best of cure and remedy is patience,

Then take it to you, Sir,

Remember Vertue call's upon you sort.

*Doru.* But, Sir, of late,

Vertues rewards are slow,

And I am too much oppress'd with cruel grief,

To stir my passions by her Moral rules!

O my poor Girl!

How cruel was thy fate?

*D'elp.* Be not so much dejected, Sir!

We must submit to him that makes all even,

And never Spurn against the will of Heaven.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

F I N I S.

