

Amorous ORONTUS: OR The Love in Fa#hion.

ACTUS I.

SCENA I.

ORONTUS, CLITON.

Orontus.

HA#t done my Me##age?

Cliton.

Yes, Sir,

Orontus.

And convey'd

My Letter to the hands of the fair Maid?

Cliton.

To her own, Sir,

Orontus.

And #he, I'le warrant paus'd

E're #he would read the torments her eyes caus'd,

Would have return'd it coldly back,—and feign'd....

Cliton.

Quite contrary,—Without being con#train'd;

Without demur's, or if's,—or And's,—or #tops,

She read it thr'ough.

Orontus.

This was above my hopes!

'Tis more then my fond heart could dare believe;

And #he #corns not, for ought I can perceive.

Cliton.

Cupid, with's keene#t Shaft, her heart did hit,

And you have, this time, more Succe#s then Wit.

Orontus.

'Bove expectation!

Cliton.

In what you de#ign'd,

You have the Tyde both for you, and the Wind:

You #ail in a #mooth Sea, and may go far,

Unle#s #ome Rival-Pyrare prove a bar.

Orontus.

Thou know'#t what Wracks my Ve##el's #ubject to.

Cliton.

From all poor fears, here's that will #ecure you.

Orontus.

What is't?

Cliton.

Letter for letter, Favour for

Favour.

Orontus.

What hath #he an#w'er'd?

Cliton.

Yes, Sir,—or

I'me much mi#taken,—for I long did #tay,

Till this kind Paper brought me glad away.

Orontus.

Let's open't,—all my hopes I here #hall #ee.

reads a line or two to him#elf.

I wrote in Ver#e, in Ver#e #he an#wers me:

She's skil'd in all perfections the world knows.

Cliton.

Yes,—Ladies now can do't in Ver#e or Pro#e:

They handle any good—thing well of late;

So great perfection's in our Female #tate.

Orontus reads the Letter.

In barture of your Love, which you do prize #o high
 Orontus, you have dar'd pre#ume to ask me mine;
 Tho I #ometimes admit of Love, indeed, yet I
 Mean it #hall co#t me nought, el#e I #hould #oon decline.
 To give you heart for heart, #uch an exchange would be,
 No merit ever dur#t a#pire #o high before:
 You proffer homage here, 'cau#e you my worth do #ee:
 And I your #ervice own,—Why #hould you whyne for more?
 I #hall not value yours, at any higher rate.
 Can it be ju#tly thought, your Love #hould be more great;
 Then let us ca#t accompt exact without deceit,
 That neither be Trapand and after, cry,—a Cheat!
 If tho#e heart-renting #ighs, which you do breathe #o oft,
 Do flatter you with hopes, I #hall your Sute approve;
 Believe me, when I #ay, my bre#t is not #o #oft;
 Nor does a thou#and #ighs weigh one poor grain of Love.
 How-ever let us try,—put your #ighs in one #cale,
 And in the other lay, the honour of my Chains,
 Swear to abide the te#te,—if my weights chance to fail,
 I'll add my heart thereto, and ea#e you of your pains.

DOROTHEA.

Her An#wer is as #ubtil as 'tis witty;
 Such #uperficial arrogancy's pretty.
 This charming pride of her affected #tile,
 Throws as #trong Chains upon me, as her #mile.

Cliton.

Your Song was #hril, the Eccho an#wers loud.
 Orontus.

Nor is it #trange to me, that #he #eem's proud:
 'Tis like to like, my Letter boa#ted mine;
 And #he in her's, makes her own Merits #hine.

Cliton.

Strange, or not #trange, y'are paid in your own Art.
 Orontus.

It was the #ure#t way to take my heart.
 Pre#umption, in a Woman that begins.
 To weild Love's Scepter, be#t her Subjects wins:
 It #peaks her pow'r and grandeur, puts her Worth
 Upon it's Throne; #ets all her Glories forth:
 Teaching us, we mu#t humbly wait below,
 And e're a favour #he on us be#tow,
 By fair degrees of #ervice, we #hould #trive
 Unto #ome height of Merit to arrive.
 So 'tis no fault; brave Spirits count it none;
 Or el#e they find it a mo#t plea#ing one.
 My humour's #uch, that as I had before
 Priz'd my #elf much, I'de have her prize her more.
 I like they #hould, in a #light fa#hion
 Look coyly in Our new-born pa##ion;
 An #hew us 'tis no ea#ie task to win
 The Fort, nor #hould One #ummons let us in:
 Tho#e that meet no re#i#tance on one part,
 Not bravely gain, but poorly begg a heart;
 And #he who#e ea#ine#s takes up no #hield,
 Rather to pitty does, then merit yield.

I #corn #o tame a purcha#e,—for in #hort
 There mo#t I love, where I have paid mo#t for't.
 All cheap Commodities I #till di#pi#e.

Cliton.

Strange Trader in the#e Love-commodities!
 But Flora,—what of her?

Orontus.

She's ill attended,
 Her froward humour hath her Raign #oon ended.
 Cliton.

And yet, Sir, you love to be roughly us'd?

Orontus.

Yes,—but provided I be not abus'd,
 No Rival #et above me;—Or if #he
 Seem #cornful, let her #corn #till noble be:
 Let her reproach my want of worth or fame,
 So to encrea#e, not quench the growing flame.
 But Dorothea, though a while #he may
 Di##emble openly,—Her heart does #ay
 In #ecret,—I do love:—Though #he deny
 It to the world; 'tis womens policy
 To appear nice.—So though #he'l not avow
 Her heart #ubmits, I'm #ure #he loves me now.
 The title of invincible's laid down;
 I mea#ure her thoughts as I do my own.

Cliton.

No doubt, you think #o,—You have Faith good #tore,
 And thanks to heav'n! one exc'lent Vertue more!
 You #toop at all Game.

Orontus.

I!

Cliton.

Yes, you,—pray be
 Not Angry, for all this I know and #ee:
 And is not this a Prize of great regard,
 Part of One heart among#t a thou#and #har'd?

Orontus.

Nay,—that's too many.

Cliton.

Reckon,—let me #ee.

Orontus.

Why, then i-faith, I've this day lov'd—but three—
 And of tho#e three, that thou may'#t be di#prov'd,
 This being lovelie#t, Now—is only lov'd.

Cliton.

If #o, Nay then her fortune's very fair:

But three,—and—

Orontus.

Peace!—I #py Era#tes there

Cliton.

Something of moment leads him here apace.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

ORONTUS. ERASTES, CLITON.

Orontus.

FRiend, I read Joy upon your tell-tale face.

Era#tes.

There's much more in my heart, I've got the day
Of a #tern beauty; after much delay,
And fierce repul#es, my mo#t faithful flame
Will crown me with her happy Bridegrooms name.

Orontus.

What, have you lov'd and kept the fire #o hid?

Era#tes.

Di#cretion does di#coveries forbid.

Orontus.

Yet, friend#hip #omewhat claims.

Era#tes.

'Tis very true,

It does, and warrants this addre#s to you,
Whereby I #hall this my#tery unlock,
And give you the full knowledge, ere you knock
At my hearts clo#et.—Know, the Lady, then,
Who#e love makes me the happie#t of men:
This morning as a favour #ent to me
A Letter,—which, although it dubiou#ly
Does #eem to #peak,—Yet nothing le#s then Love
Could dictate it, or her quaint Pen thus move,
For #he that writes in #uch a plea#ant #tile
Is yielding,—though #he parley yet a while.

Orontus.

So that your court#hip #hall it's ends acquire?

Era#tes.

Let me obtain of you but one de#ire,
And it compleats my Wi#hes.

Orontus.

Sir, to doubt

My readine#s would wrong me.

Era#tes.

Hear me out.

This Emba##ie's un-an#wer'd yet,—and will
Without a##i#tance be un-an#wer'd #till:
'Tis writ in drolling Ver#e, and #uch a #train
As does #urpa#s the reach of my weak brain.
Pray write it for me.

Orontus.

Sir,—my former care

In often #erving you, #hall make me #pare

All complement:—I never could deny
 To do a friend #o #light a courte#y.
 I'll do't, and try my skill in Poetrie.
 Era#tes.
 This #peaks you noble, and obliges me.
 Adieu.
 Exit.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Cliton.

A Fine reque#t, i'faith I #ay.

Orontus.

Next this,—may I not hope him#elf, one day
 Will come and court me, to make Love for him?
 O, What a brave condition am I in!
 Have I not rea#on confident to be
 Of my own Sute, when #uch crave help of me
 To write Epi#tles:—What think#t thou of it?

Cliton.

Why, Sir, I think, if it be want of Wit
 In him to ask, 'tis wor#e in you to do.

Orontus.

Thou #peake#t freely.

Cliton.

Shall I tell you true,
 Now I perceive how wildly you engag'd
 Your Talents for another, I'm enrag'd.
 —When neer #ome Beauty, I oft hear you #wear
 Your heart's po##e#s'd only by her,—though there
 Are forty more, have more room there than #he
 Whom you court only for Varietie;
 Meaning with Complement her Wit to prove,
 Or rather #hew your own Wit, in the Love
 You do but feign for pa#time.—Here, now I
 Your Lies approve, cau#e for your #elf you lie.
 This I'm content with.—But when there's no end
 Except the feeble int're#t of a friend,
 That you #hould lye for them!—as if before
 You had not #ins enough upon your #core!
 For to #ay truth, how can you know his heart
 That never knew your Own?—Yet on his part
 You'l write he loves,—are you #ure this is truth?
 May he not feign?—Yet you'l #wear for this Youth.

Orontus.

I might have wav'd it very ea#ily,
 And any el#e had been deny'd;—But I
 Knowing him Lucia's brother, One o'th' three
 Who#e almo#t equal Beauties tempted me:
 And al#o knowing, he a neighbour dwels
 Neer Dorothea, who #omewhat excels
 At pre#ent, 'cau#e mo#t kind,—could not refu#e
 Him, whom #ometimes as Brother, I may u#e,
 Sometimes as Neighbour.

Cliton.

This was well fore-#een,
 And a far off!

Orontus.

The dulle#t #ouls have been,
 Sometimes mo#t u#eful:—And 'twas this indeed
 Made me #o #oon re#olve to help his need.
 —But,—whil#t I talk, my Task I quite forget;
 —Come,—let's examine how #he does him treat.

Cliton.

Perhaps #he jeeres him.

Orontus.

I dare #wear't almo#t
 Or if #he #ooths him 'twil be to his co#t.
 He opens the Letter Era#tes left with him and reads.
 In barture of your Love, which you do prize #o high
 Era#tes you have dar'd pre#ume to ask me mine;
 Sometimes I may admit of Love indeed, yet I
 Mean it #hall co#t me nought,—el#e I #hould #oon decline.
 To give you heart.....

He takes out his own Letter and confronts with this which Era#tes left.

Have I took one for t'other?

Cliton.

Yes, #ure,—for Twinns are not more like each other.

Orontus.

N'ere did my Opticks meet the like #urprize;
 'Tis word for word the #ame, if I have eyes.
 —Nay,—having well examin'd,—Now I #ee
 If mine's th' Original, this mu#t Cobby be:
 Both writ by the #ame hand i-faith....

Cliton.

And troth,

She finds one block doth fit the heads of both;
 No matter though; Your Dorothea may

Di##emble,—well gue#s'd,—Yet her Heart does #ay
 In #ecret, (as this plainly now does prove)
 ORONTUS IS THE ONLY SPARK I LOVE.

The Pride of her affected Lines,—you know,—
 Was the be#t #nare to catch your Heart,—for though,
 She #eem'd to Drole with Love in a New #tyle,
 It was true Love did Dictate all the while.
 O!—Might I laugh before my Ma##ter now?
 Orontus.

Do, I'll not hinder—preethe laugh on—do,
 Laugh loud,—I'll laugh my #elf,—and ne're be #ad.
 Cliton.

Off with your Vizard,—why, it makes me mad
 For your #ake;—And can you #et this good face
 On #uch ill luck! Cur#e her! for in this ca#e,
 Con#traint will #orrow #well.—Oh! 'tis mo#t rare;
 Good lord, Sir,—how contented you #till are!
 A #ubtle Woer, Fox-like's full of Wyles:
 But #he is #ubt'ler far, that him beguiles.
 No Wit to Womans,—Where you thought to take,
 Your #elf's beguil'd.—This were enough to make
 One hang him#elf,

Orontus.
 'Tis #omewhat odd,—and I
 Confe#s a Punie, might #igh dolefully;
 Then thump his brea#t, Void of experience;
 Accu#e his #quinting Planets influence#
 But, I, who under#tand the ways of Love,
 Such trivial chances never #hall me move.
 If ev'ry object plea#e,—What lo#s is One?
 I'm ne'r in#lav'd, my heart #till keeps it's own;
 To give or take,—To gain or el#e to loo#e,
 Prepar'd;—Then at the lea#t Repul#e I choo#e
 A new;—Nay what#soever I proclaim
 To them, I #till am Ma##ter of my flame.
 Thus divers objects ev'ry day does bring
 Fre#h #atisfaction to my Mind,—The thing
 I #olely aim at.—And let none explode
 Me for't, tho it #eem #trange,—'Tis a la mode#
 Cliton.

Pre#erve this humour, you may need it #till.
 Orontus.

My cro##es ne're #unk deeper, nor e're will.
 If one prove fal#e,—mothers Love is #ure:

And I for every grief do find a cure,
Hence comes the gain t' have Mi#tre##es in #tore.
Cliton.

Hylas, when living under#tood not more.

Orontus.

His Fancy, tho differ'd from mine, for I
Love where I'm lov'd without incon#tancy:
But if their lightne#s make them in the end
Love change,—In troth,—I'm #o much my own friend#
I dare not harbour trouble in my brea#t;
But, without whyning, keep my heart at re#t,
By filling up, the vacant place again,
With new Ones,—So 'tis all one, #hine or Rain.

Cliton.

Your heart at this rate yields a good Rent, Sir,

Orontus.

It does,—Now Luce has half,—I've given't her:
And #uch as 'tis, there's many envy me.

Cliton.

But why divided; good Sir, let it be
Intirely hers,—Or give her no room there,
Lea#t #he neglect your flame too,—for I fear
This Madam Lucia, tho as yet #he #mile,
May like the other in the end beguile.

Orontus.

I have no cau#e to doubt this #hould prove #o;
Lucia did #till with judgment act, you know.
Her conduct's regular; #he's Mode#t, Wi#e,
Above the fears of paltry jealou#ies.
I only find in her one grand default.

Cliton.

What is't?

Orontus.

Why, #he loves Me, more then #he ought.

Cliton.

A grand default indeed!

Orontus.

'Tis I declare,

For Lovers quarrels ever Lovely are:

'Tis plea#ing when the object we doe love
Seems to #u#pect our Vows, our faith to prove:
By this our int're#t is more fortify'd,
Love's born a new, when newly ju#tify'd:
So that whatever Storms #uch doubts can breed,

The Calme's more #weet, when Pardon does #ucceed.
 And then, fre#h Favours meeting in the clo#e,
 Needs mu#t th' accus'd gain, more then he can loo#e:
 But where a Lovers Wi#hes gluttred are,
 No Peace is made, 'cau#e there was never War.
 A dull and #ated Lover, lives at's ea#e,
 Serves but by habit, takes no thought to plea#e;
 Keeps the old Road,—but #trives for nothing new,
 'Tis ever—You love me, And I love you.
 Who would not hate that gro#s and vulgar Trade?
 Cliton.
 Rare are the Ob#ervations you have made;
 You #tudy'd this Point well it does appear,

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

Florame.

FRiend, I am happy thus to find you here,
 I #ought you all about,

Orontus.

What would Florame?

Florame.

Tell you the Secret of my Am'rous flame.

Orontus.

Some Love intrigue?

Floram#e.

It is #o,—I am now

De#tin'd to Marriage by a Fathers Vow;

And though he found me irre#olv'd to this,

In #ecret it by him concluded is.

The Party's Gallant,—of a Noble Strain;

But,—Oh! another in my Soul doth Raign.

And what#soever ob#tacles ari#e,

My Heart's not mine, but while 'tis Lucia's prize.

Orontus.

Lucia's?

Florame.

Ther's rea#on why you #hould admire.

Cliton.

(a#ide.

Ther's my brave Gallant out o'th' Pan i'th Fire.

Florame.

The old conte#t which from her brother parts

My company, might well divide our hearts.

But all #uch #light impediments are vain,
 T'oppo#e his Laws, who is #ole Sovereign.
 Love by his Tyranny #ubdues us #till,
 Summon we yeild; Obey, ask what he will:
 Who as he li#t, tho blind and young, yet knows
 When, and to whom our Hearts he will di#po#e.
 Thus #pite of int're#t, Love my hate di#mi#t,
 Nor can I longer Lucias charms re#i#t:
 Tho, to attain unto my wi#hed End,
 Time is my greate#t hope, and #ure#t friend.
 Orontus.
 That may alone her brothers hate #ubdue;
 Time #tranger things effects.
 Florame.
 It's very true,
 I do expect that Miracle from it.
 In the mean while, this Night the time is #et
 By Lucia's Maid, who at my Rendez-vous,
 Upon a #ign, let's me into their hou#e:
 Where, by her #weet conver#e, #he'l ble#s my flame.
 But, #ince the place #u#picious is,—I came
 To beg your company,—Say? #hall I #peed?
 Orontus.
 You #hall,—I never fail'd a friend at need.
 Florame.
 At your own home I'll call.
 Exit.

ACT. I. SCEN. V.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Cliton.

She's Mode#t, Wi#e,

Above the fears of petty jealou#ies:

Her Conduct's regular; and bating this

Grand fault, That #he too much your Lover is;

She's exqui#ite in other Qualities.

Orontus.

Now you'l repeat twenty new fooleries,

Cliton.

None other ever her e#teem could get.

Say, now, Sir, Does it make you #tark Mad yet?

Orontus.

What?

Cliton.

So di#guiz'd, Sir, will you ever be?
 Y'are Mad, I #ay, Or el#e the Dev'l take me:
 Not Mad, and lo#e two Loves both in one Day?

Orontus.

This only #ets me a New Game to play:
 And #oon as e're Lucia or Doll, I #ee.

Cliton.

What you'l #peak to'um.

Orontus.

Yes, infallible:

I long to meet'um,—Then will I #et forth
 My Pa##ion to the height of Zeal and Worth:
 Fir#t, #hall my Sighs begin to charm their Ears#
 And if they fruitle#s prove,—I'le u#e my Tears:
 Ten thou#and Sobbs, next, #hall them entertain;
 Yet all this while, my Heart #hall feel, no pain:
 La#t, Death I'le #ummon too, for my redre#s;
 Yet, Joy to #ee another them po##e#s.

Cliton.

Tho ever with you, y'are above my ken.

Orontus.

Patience a while, thou't know me fully then.

In th'interim, this place is not #o ill,

But I know where to play my Re#t on #till.

Cliton.

And you think #ome will hear, and yet give ea#e?

Orontus.

Yes, Cliton, with much gladne#s, when I plea#e.

La#t night a certain Brown-La#s took my Eye,

And was the object of my Gallantry

For a long #pace, whil#t we walk'd in the cool

Shade of St. James's, where #o much a Fool

I was to proffer her my Diamond Ring:

My new Acquaintance #oon accepts the thing:

Tho all, I from this Beauty could command

Then,—Was to wait her home, and ki#s her Hand.

Cliton.

And you went in?

Orontus.

No,—#he for rea#ons, then

Forbid,—but, bid me this day come agen.

It #atisfy'd me, I her hou#e did know;

Now #he expects my Vi#it, and I'le go:

She might unkindly take it, #hould I mi#s.

Follow,—this Turning brings us where it is.

Cliton.

E're you goe further, One word, good Sir, yet.

She's blithe?

Orontus.

Yes, wonderfull

Cliton.

And call'd?

Orontus.

Ly#et.

Cliton.

March off, march off, your Vi#it's at an end.

Orontus.

Ra#call.....

Cliton.

March off, I pray; None can pretend:

None has to do with her.

Orontus.

Why?

Cliton.

Sir, I know.

Orontus.

She promis'd me this day.....

Cliton.

'Twas craft, if #o#

Orontus.

You know her well, then?

Cliton.

Yes, too well for me,

She is my Mi#tri#s, Sir, #he is my Shee.

Orontus.

She has a Lady's Dre#s, and Garb.

Cliton.

T' my #orrow

Her pride confounds all I can beg, #teal, borrow;

And having found my Pur#e now ebb'd too low,

To #erve a Lady, #he this day did go.

Orontus.

What Lady?

Cliton.

This night, Sir, #he will me tell.

Mean time,—changing your Cour#e you would do well:

For if your hopes are all on Ly#et plac't,

Indeed 'twill prove, labour in vain, at la#t.

Your heart being vacant, therefore, you may hire
It out agen, to #he, #hall fir#t inquire.

Orontus.

Spite of the fatal #hock, thy news does bring,
Soon #halt thou #ee't, well furni#hed agin.

Cliton.

A thou#and new Ones, may #olicite-ye,
But who beliefs't not, #hall not damned be.
Pray vaunt not# though, your great skill any more;
This morn, you had three Mi#tri##es in #tore;
The #...# #eem'd engro#d by you alone;
A#...# all are gone!

#1 line#

Orontus.

#...# Judgment on appearance give.

Cliton.

Sir, you do well, yet upon hopes to live:
Troubles are light to tho#e thereon can feed.

Orontus.

'Twere ill done to reject hope in my need,
Since to regain the two fir#t,—happily,
Su#picion does combine with Jealou#y:
And to bring Ly#et to my Lure,—This Spell
Of Gold and #parkling Jewels promi#e well.
The#e oft work Wonders, more then you expect.
—But—#tay,—Era#te's Letter I neglect.

I mu#t go home and Write.—Come.

Cliton.

Now I #ay,
If I know ought, you'l vanqui#h every way.

Orontus.

Let Time work out my Ends,—#wear not at all;
Expect the I##ue, 'Tis the End Crowns all.
The End of the Fir#t ACT.

ACT#S II.

SCENA I.

FLORAME, LUCIA, LYCAS.

Florame.

MEet my re#pects with #o #evere an Eye?

Lucia.

To you Florame, 'tis due #everitye.

Florame.

When will you treat with more compa##ion?

Lucia.

When you cea#e off'ring me, what's not your own.

Florame.

My Love-#ick-Heart gains little, all this while.

Lucia.

I'll not enrich my #elf with others #poil.

Florame.

How #hamefully you do my Faith #u#pect.

Lucia.

Incon#tant men, no better can expect.

Florame.

What, have I dar'd #ome other Face adore?

Lucia.

It is not fit that I #hould tell you more.

Tho indi#creet our Sex e#teemed be,

Florame, I promi#ed #trict #ecre#ie.

Florame.

Some per#on near you does me an ill turn,

But all is vain again#t me,—#till I burn

For you, Dear Lucia, Heaven's my Witne#s, I,....

Lucia.

When I require, your #elf then ju#tifie.

Pray leave me now, for many eyes do #ee

Us here, and that may much di#credit me.

More talk at pre#ent in this place may prove

Lo#s to my Honour, No gain to your Love.

Florame.

This coyne#s quells my Joy's, and makes me griever.

Yet I obey,—but, What mu#t I believe?

Lucia.

That I not cruel am, but #till pre#erve

As much e#teem for you, as you de#erve.

Florame.

To this e#teem add but #ome Love withall.

Lucia.

Pretend to others right were criminall;

I told you that before.

Florame.

Would you #peak clear.....

Lucia.

I do believe this may ob#cure appear:

But if your #oul herein it's troubles find,
 Con#ult but Dorothea t' ea#e your mind,
 She knows the Mi#tery,—Adieu.

Exit.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

FLORAME, LYCAS.

Florame.

ALL's lo#t!

Whence knows #he this intended Match, that cro#t

My will #o much, tho by a Father pre#s'd?

Lycas.

Is ought #o #ecret, it may not be gue#s'd?

It may be Dorothea brags through pride.

Florame.

No, #he the i##ue dreads too, on her #ide:

For if the troubles on her face #peak true,

Not Love, but duty makes her yield thereto.

Lycas.

What are your hopes, Sir, then?

Florame.

Love #till, and dye,

Rather than Change #hall #tain my con#tancy.

My mournful Story yet may Lucia move.

Lycas.

True,—But—Where can you meet to tell your love,

And not be #py'd? Her Brother and you are

At enmity, #o that mu#t be a bar

To keep you from the hou#e; And #hould you meet,

Guided by Love, at Church, or in the Street,

The many Witne##es at th'interview,

Would #carce oblige her to hear all from you,

Florame.

All this I know, too well, and 'tis my grief:

Nor is it thus, I do expect relief.

Who can pre#ume, #ince this Denial, #he

Would openly give willing ear to me.

But, with great Pre#ents, I her woman late

Have brib'd, who now is my confederate,

And this night, th'rough a back door brings me, where

I'll ha#t my Triumph, or my Doom to hear.

There in my Tran#ports, at her feet, I'll lye,

And beg her Sentence, Or to live, or dye

So this night Love, or Hate #hall me befriend,

If Love, it ends my griefs; Hate—life #hall end.
 Lucia.
 But,—#hould your two hearts joyn to one intent,
 How can you hope Era#tes #hall con#ent?
 Florame.
 Tho#e petty Quarrels, ha#te does oft engage
 Us in,—are be#t made up by Marriage.
 Lycas, if I could bring it but #o neer?
 Lycas.
 But—then again.....
 Florame.
 Thou But'#t it every where.
 Allow #ome hopes, at lea#t, with all thy talk.
 Stay,—Who leads yonder Lady down this Walk?
 It's Dorothea! Gods! let's #teal a#ide.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.
 THis plea#ant Walk #hew's Nature in her Pride.
 Ly#et.
 About this time the Gentry u#e t' appear.
 Dorothea.
 This is their Rendez-vous, they all flock here;
 E#pecially tho#e Gallants, who each night
 In telling their Amours take great delight#
 Which is to #ay, Ly#et, #o many Lies.
 Ly#et.
 Indeed, I think, th' are mo#t but Rallaries,
 Dorothea.
 True,—Here they come, and their Love-tales relate;
 And I, like others, come to hear'um prate:
 But,—So deceitful th'are, 'tis Loves di#ea#e!
 Yet we mu#t quit the World, or #trive to plea#e.
 For Beauty a #ad Ornament would prove,
 Did it not others charm, and gain their love.
 The #weete#t Features which a face adorn
 Without this quality, lives but forlorn:
 Like hidden Trea#ures, they for nothing #erve,
 While Mi#er-like, the rich, they pine and #terve.
 I have my Method, and I like it well,
 I #tudy to plea#e all, if po##ible;
 Endeavour by all means #o fair to be
 That they may like me well, and tell it me.

Tho#e prccious quality's I little prize,
 Who#e hidden Lu#ter dazles not all Eyes.
 Not, that I am #o ea#ie to be wonn;
 Whyning ne're moves me to #oft pa##ion.
 Affected #adne#s is a fruitle#s art;
 Their #ighs do much more cool, then warm my heart
 My Courage, Prompted by our Sexes Pride,
 Makes me maintain th' advantage on Our #ide
 By my imperious carriage, and #ome Scorn;
 For knowing We to give men Laws were born,
 I make tho#e feel the weight that wear my Chain#
 Impo#ing on them, as their Sovereign.
 Or if their griefs I flatter,—I neer #toop,
 But make them court long for a little Hope;
 And that's the grand reward they gain at la#t,
 For all their Pa##ion, and their Service pa#t.
 Ly#et.

Strange kind of Method this mu#t #urely prove?

Dorothea

'Tis now in u#e, and as we ought to Love.
 If we bend ne're #o little we expo#e
 Our hearts to the proud Triumph of our Foes.
 A flatter'd Lover #well'd with Victory,
 Blots all Submi##ion out of Memory:
 To keep him #till our #lave, he mu#t be cro#t,
 And frown'd upon,—The#e Fetters off, he's lo#t!
 Ly#et.

And with #uch Empire you re#t #atisfy'd?

Dorothea.

I #hall confe#s,—what yet #ome #hame would hide.
 But #ince one day gains thee #o much good will,
 Hear all di#cree#tly,—but be #ecret #till.
 Ly#et.

If one day be too #hort my Faith to try,
 More time #hall make good my fidelity,
 And #how your #ecrets #afe with me remain.

Dorothea.

Then know—That men are now become #o vain,
 That for this Month,—nay more I might have #aid,
 Hardly three Lovers have me Homage paid.
 Of the#e, The one woos me to be his Wife;
 Which I #o fear, it makes me hate my life;
 My Father for Florame, con#ent would get;
 The man I prize for wealth, for Meen, for Wit:

But what#soever Plea's Hymen can bring,
 I dread that Slave, that #hould become my King!
 Next,—ther's Era#tes a brave Gallant, whom I
 Think for a need, for con#tancy would dye.
 But,—he #o out of Mode and Court#hip is,
 He may compare with any Amadis.
 'Tis true,—#ince that, Orontu's late defeat
 Makes his low Triumph up, he's #o compleat.
 Ly#et.

That Blade your #ervant?

Dorothea.

Is he known to thee?

Ly#et.

I've heard him prais'd.

Dorothea.

O! how he plea#es me!

An Air #o noble, Garb #o full of #tate;

So gay a Humour, ne're importunate.

His Voyce #o charming, his Conver#e #o rare,

Speaking #o well, yet Writing better far.

His glory all to his own Vertue owes,

Knows his great Worth, not proud of what he knows.

Somewhat for him I feel,—more then I'll tell,

And would he #till #igh for me it were well.

Although I dearly love to keep my heart,

I might at length re#olve with it to part.

From whence, judge what condition I am in.

Ly#et.

#hewing the two Letters.

One of the#e Tickets, came not then from him?

Since you neglect to read it all this while.

Dorothea.

Give me'um, Ly#et, and prepare to #mile.

(Which ju#t deliver'd as from home I came

I had not time till now to read the #ame.)

And though Orontus is concern'd i'th' je#t,

It well de#erves our laughter, I prote#t.

He and Era#te's here #end their Loves;—And troth

'Tis the #ame Letter they do An#wer both.

Ly#et.

How?

Dorothea.

'Tis an accident may breed delight.

This morning I did to Orontus Write;

When finding it would fit the other,—#traight

(Glad to oblige him at #o cheap a rate.)

I did Tran#cribe it, without more ado,

And #o di#patch'd him with that Coppy too.

What An#wer, now, his #lender Wit does give

I long to read.

She breaks open Era#te's Letter.

Ha! Ver#es, as I live!

I knew not he could Rhime.

Ly#et.

Some end's of Playes.

Or Leaves dropt from old Poets wither'd Bayes.

Wherewith each young#ter now does Deck his head;

To be on all occa#ions furni#hed.

Dorothea.

(reads.

Tran#parant Beauty, who#e mo#t open Heart!

That's #uch a conjuring Phra#e it makes me #tart!

Your Soul unto the bottom makes me #ee.

'Tis well begun,—Ridiculous Poetrie.

But leave that there,—The other I'le peru#e;

Orontus, An#wers with a #moother Mu#e,

And I dare wager, e're I look there-on

Each Line will claim our Admiration.

How different from that his #tyle will be?

Ly#et.

How well this thought of his Tran#parancy?

Dorothea.

reads Orontus Letter.

Tran#parent Beauty.

Ly#et.

Then 'tis good and new,

If wi#e Orontus u#e Tran#parant too.

Dorothea.

(reads.

Who#e open heart#

Ha! what have I got here!

This #peaks the #ame!

Ly#et.

I think 'twill #o appear.

Dorothea.

No matter, I'le #ee all; let us compare;

Read you Era#te's, this will #hew what they are.

Ly#et.

reads the Letter.

TRan#parent Beauty, who#e mo#t open heart
 The bottom of your Soul does make me #ee,
 Now I confe#s, of me you have the start,
 Since in your brea#t my Heart lives doubtfullie.
 I thought it #hould have found it's Palace there,
 Where you did mean to treat it as your King;
 But I have mourn'd, #ob'd, #igh'd, dropt many a Tear,
 And #till have langui#h'd without profiting.
 Yet will I not account at all with you,
 What you propound will be but to your #hame:
 Should you for ev'ry #igh, and #how'r that's due,
 Stand debtor, it the Reck'ning would inflame.
 My dolefull Sighs do ever make you #mile.
 Tho like a Tempe#t in my brea#t they throng:
 Your Heart my weights di#dains; take heed the while,
 Light as they are, th' out-weigh not yours e're long.
 Dorothea.

This was de#ign'd,—it does appear, too plain;
 And 'tis Orontus only laid this Train.
 Era#tes is too dull.

Ly#et.

I'm of that mind:
 But, now what difference of #tyle d'ye find?
 Dorothea.

Well, this #ame day without much more ado•—
 But, Gods!—My Fathers here!

Ly#et.

Orontus too,

With him.

Dorothea.

He knows thee not,—then preethe #tay,
 Whil#t I aloof watch till he goes away;
 Then when the old man going hence you #ee,
 Speak to Orontus, that he #tay for me.

Ly#et.

pulling her Hood over her face.

She leaves me here a pretty Part to Act.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS. LYSET.

Argante.

IN fine, I've pa#s'd my word for the Contract#
 With Dorothea; and by Hymen #he

Mu#t to anothers Will #ubjected be.
 In th' interim, it #eems, you love her well,
 And near my Hou#e oft #tand as Sentinel:
 A neighbour notes it, and does #eem to #coff
 At your vain Love,—Pray therefore break #hort off.
 The honour had been mine, if you, dear friend.
 My #on had prov'd; but now, you can't pretend.
 Orontus.

If by your hou#e I ev'ry day appear,
 A hundred others I oft #peak wit#...#ere
 Of Love, and they are no mean Beauties, too.
 But to explain.....

Argante.

I know they talk how you
 Love Lucia #till, our neighbour; but #ince we
 So tender of our Credit ought to be,
 Pray do not force me, Sir, again#t my choice#
 By #uch deportment to make further noi#e.
 Only forbearing eight days to appear,
 Would #tifle all the Whi#pers you bred here.
 Adieu,—Pray #tudy to give this content.
 Exit.

Orontus.

A fair Remon#trance, and to good intent.
 How many Vi#ions, does that age attend?

ACT II. SCEN. V.

ORONTUS, LYSET.

Ly#et.

SS#t Ss#t...

My Cavalier, turn this way friend.

Orontus.

Who calls me?

Ly#et.

Sir, 'tis I,—do you not #ee?

Orontus.

An Envious Cloud eclips#es you from me.
 This Hood to me, does a #trange torment prove;
 Should we Act thus? We, who each other Love?

Ly#et.

A pretty Complement, and #hows much wit;
 We Love each other then?

Orontus.

No doubt of it.

Ly#et.

Well, I believ't for once,—#ince you #ay #o,—
And #ure our equal Merits bred it;—Tho—
Till now I ignorant hereof did live.

Orontus.

Nay I my #elf this #arcely yet perceive.
But Love's Almighty Power, as 'tis #aid,
E're we can think on't, does our hearts invade.
And grant this Maxime true, you mu#t allow't,
We may each other Love, Yet hardly know't.

Ly#et.

You never want a paint to make all fair:
But e're this time I knew, Sir, what you were;
And how your be#t Affection mo#t times is
Subject to caution;—But to clear all this,
Am I deceiv'd?

She turns up her Hood.

Orontus.

Is't thou? ah! #weet Surprize!

Ly#et, how Heav'n does this day ble#s my Eyes!
To meet thee I e#teem #uch bli#s,—that—

Ly#et.

.....#oft.

I know what fuel heats your brea#t too oft:
Hear but my ha#ty Me##age, e're you #tir?

Orontus.

A Me##age, and from whom?

Ly#et.

Your Mi#tri#•# Sir.

Orontus.

'Tis then from thee#

Ly#et.

That's good,—but I mu#t tell
How Dorothea.—

Orontus.

O, I know't full well.

Ly#et.

Permit.—

Orontus.

No, no, your cau#e of plaint I #ee,
You think her Beauty only Captives me;
But n're all-arm thy #elf, nor credit it.
I value le#s her Beauty, then her Wit.
Her counterfeited Graces le#s then the#e,

Whil#t thou art worth fifty #uch Dorothee's.

Ly#et.

You think to jeer me thus,—but really,
I'm worth another, that's le#s worth than I
Orontus.

Thy Eyes have gain'd #uch pow'r on me this day,
That—

Ly#et.

I believe, yet more than you would #ay.
And will not now di##emble, you #hall #ee't.
For tho #ome Features here may #eem le#s #weet:
Yet, hath my face enough to breed delight,
And more inclines to tempt, than to affright.
This Air, nor Port is like a Common Clown:
And I'm like #ome body, when my Hood's down.

Look!

She #pies Cliton coming and pulls her Hood over her Face.

Orontus.

Thy gay humour makes thy Face more fair.

ACT. II. SCEN. VI.

ORONTUS, LYSET, CLITON.

Cliton.

(a#ide.

IS't not my Ma#ter with my Go##ip there?

Ly#et.

(a#ide.

What will he #ay, if Cliton know 'tis I?

Cliton.

(a#ide.

He #hall let go his Prize, or tell me why.

To Orontus.

Quick, Sir, Quick, Quick,—lord, I am out of breath.

Orontus.

What ail#t?

Cliton.

Sir, they are gone into the field of death.

Orontus.

Who?

Cliton.

They will fight unle#s your #uccour come.

Orontus.

What are they?

Cliton.

Florame and Era#.—

Orontus.

I run.

A Moment brings me back.

Cliton, to Ly#et.

—Gip#ey! mu#t you,

Becau#e new cloath'd, play with the#e Feathers too?

He points to Orontus.

Orontus.

Come, Cliton, come, their #teps let's follow.

Cliton.

—Sir,

One is enough.—

Orontus.

Come!

Cliton.

Not I,—I'le not #tir.

Should we be forc'd to draw.

Orontus.

Rogue,—mu#t I drive?

Cliton, to Ly#et.

You #cape it fair, I'le teach you how to live.

Exit ambo.

Ly#et.

His anger he will hardly long refrain.

But,—Wher's my Mi#tri#s, #he comes not again?

I'le #eek her out, and know what #tops her there.

Exit.

ACT. II. SCEN. VII.

Dorothea.

Enters from the other #ide of the Theater, her Hood down.

NEither Orontns nor Ly#et appear?

What #trange capricious Fate guides me this day?

A Father frights me hence,—Who, when away,

By #ome mi#take, I cannot apprehend.

Orontus, he, vouch#afes not to attend.

—But he returns.

ACT. II. SCEN. VIII.

ORONTUS. DOROTHEA, CLITON.

Orontus.

RA#cal, if e're again.

Cliton.

But, Sir, if Lucia.—

Orontus.

But's, and if's, are vain.

Cliton.

What then? could I think that you could devine

She'd this night #ee y' at Window,—by a #ign?

And if I had not thus all-arm'd you, what—

Orontus

And why not #tay?

Cliton.

So I might have forgot:

You know my Memory's #hort, and will forgive.

Orontus.

Peace!,—#tay you there.

Cliton.

(a#ide.

May I the#e eyes believe?

The Slut yet waits him? #hall I #uffer all!

Orontus, to Dorothea.

Excuse that heat, which you blind Zeal might call.

The Allarm was fal#e,—And I return once more

To #wear I dye for you,—whom I adore,

To tell you Dorothea needs mu#t be

An object of di#dain, whil#t I know Thee:

For #he's #o dull a Beauty, I #carce come

Into her #ight, but I am like to #woon.

Cliton.

(a#ide.

The devil a word before me, #he can find!

Orontus.

This #evere #ilence #hews you too unkind:

And without much more cruelty be#ide,

You cannot #till your Beauteous Face thus hide.

Should my weak eyes grow dazled with the light,

I mu#t.—

She lifts up her Hood.

Dorothea.

Take heed you faint not at the #ight!

Orontus.

Madam, is't you?

Dorothea.

Became your Hate you #ed.

Cliton.

Ha!—Ha!—Why, Ly#et's Metamorpho#ed!

Orontus.

Heav'n knows.—

Dorothea.

It knows, but what it ought to know;

I #ee, but what I thought to #ee;—And #o

You now appear, but what you #hould appear,

A gro#s Deceiver, #uch I find you here.

This at your birth, your Sex by oath, doth #eal.

Orontus.

I from your Judgment ju#tly might appeal:

But if #ometimes, th' effects belie our hearts;

Frequenting much your Schools we learn tho#e arts.

Dorothea.

Should I relate; or weigh your lightne#s well.

Orontus.

Perhaps, #ome truth's we might each other tell:

But I'll ne're mind what anger now brings forth:

You know what #uch a man as I am worth,

Speak not of hate, nor lightne#s,—wave #elf-ends;

Let's quit each other, and become good friends.

Dorothea.

Shall I forget #o #oon your late affront?

Orontus.

You run the hazard el#e, to lo#e more on't.

Should you refu#e 't agree,—I'll tell thee plain,

It would be hard to woee me back again.

Dorothea.

'Twere fit, indeed, that I #hould #atisfy.

Orontus.

When I do proffer Peace thus hand#omely.

Dorothea.

My anger ju#tly does revenge pur#ue.

Orontus.

I have #ome rea#on to complain of you.

Dorothea.

Yes, witne#s what your late Di#cour#e did #ay.

Orontus.

And witne#s al#o what you Wrote to day.

Dorothea.

You thought to Court another to my #hame.

Orontus.

You, with your double Letter mock'd my flame.

Dorothea.

Do not object, that harmle#s Plot, whereby
I of your weakne#s made di#covery:
Believing that betwixt Era#t and you,
Nothing was hid; I try'd and found it true:
Who#e vanity, and poor inju#tice did
Bring that to light, which el#e, had yet lyen hid.

Orontus.

And I, ev'n now, did rude di#dain expre#s,
Not but I knew to whom I made addre#s:
But purpo#ely di##embling, lay at watch,
To #hew you oft Deceivers meet their match:
And that if you the Trappan did intend,
I would be #ure to fit you in the end.

Dorothea.

Th' Excu#e is cold enough.

Orontus.

Examine yours.

Dorothea.

But your late carriage your great Crime a##ures.
Which Lovers Laws call Trea#on 'gain#t their State;
So that your guilt de#erves no more debate.
To #atisfie my Honour 't #hall #uffice,
I bani#h you both from my Heart and Eyes;
And yet am milder then tho#e Laws were meant.

Orontus.

We #hall re#olve upon this bani#hment.
—But,—by #o great a Subjects lo#s we may
Foretell, your Empire quickly will decay.

Dorothea.

I'le rais't agen, take you no care for us.

Orontus.

'Tis but your intere#t makes me #peak thus.
In fine, I love you, and have no de#ire
But to obey your will, till I expire.

Dorothea.

Who #hall #ecure this?

Orontus.

You, if you will hear.

Dorothea.

Let's know then wherefore you #o #cornful were?

Orontus.

Our Innocence is ne're #o manife#t

As—

Dorothea.

This night, at my hou#e, I'll hear the re#:
And to confirm your fair intents,—expect
Your due #ubmi##ion joyn'd with true re#pect.

Exit.

Adieu.

Orontus.

This #trange retreat does much #urprize,
Cliton.

Upon the point to yield, away #he flies:
Believing it were better #tay till night.
—But,—I begin to find what caus'd her flight;
Era#te's coming hither, drove her hence.

ACT. II. SCEN. IX.

ORONTUS, ERASTES, CLITON.

Era#tes, to Orontus.

FRiend, may I #peak to you with confidence?

Orontus.

You know me.

Era#tes.

I have partly likewi#e known
Florame is late a #ecret Lover grown:
And I, for weighty rea#ons, fain would come
To find the object of his Martyrdome.
Now, #ince to watch him #till, might trouble breed,
Do not refu#e a##i#tance at my need.
He haunts, and Loves you, and can never hide
That long from you, which is his joy and pride:
Pray, in my favour, #eek to dive into't.

Orontus.

I'll go, ju#t now, and try if I can do't.

Era#tes.

Adieu,—I'll leave you then.

Exit.

ACT II. SCEN. X.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Cliton.

IS't your Will, Sir,

He know, Florame's Lucia's Idolater?

Orontus.

No,—but to meet Florame,—fright him,—and #ay

Her Brother knows, he burns for Lucia.
 —This night,—thou #ay'#t, Fair Lucia does expect
 My coming; Now, if #he through fear, #u#pect
 Era#tes watches him,—Keeping away,
 I #hall have freedom what I plea#e to #ay.
 Cliton.
 But t'other Rendez-vous,—How goes that on?
 For Dorothea looks.—
 Orontus.
 Let me alone
 And, Cliton, thou #halt find things order'd #o,
 Had I a hundred,—I through all would go.
 Exeunt.
 The End of the Second ACT.

ACTUS III.

SCENA I.

ORONTUS, CLITON.

Orontus.
 NOt one word now,—What Melancholly's this
 Lock's up thy folly, which #o plea#ing is?
 I here thee #igh, and oft bemoan thee, too.
 Cliton.
 Ah! Sir,—why am I not content like you?
 Orontus.
 Truly,—being freed from waiting on Florame,
 Who dares not go, where #ummon'd by his flame?
 I'm very well content, my Fortune's #uch.
 Cliton.
 I wi#h that I could likewi#e #ay as much.
 But,—a #trange Malady does me attaque.
 Orontus.
 What is't?
 Cliton.
 My honour's Hypochondriaque.
 And this #o much the more torments my heart,
 'Cau#e few to Cure our Honour have the Art.
 Orontus.
 That I believe;—But #ay, Where did#t it get?
 Art angry, 'cau#e thou #ee'#t me #erve Ly#et?
 Cliton.

Not becau#e you #erve her, I'll tell yee true;
But I'm di#pleas'd more, becau#e #he #erves you.

Orontus.

Fool, do#t not thou, thy own advantage #ee?
Whil#t #he receiveth homage thus from me,
Her Merits in an higher Orb do move,
My Pa##ion more enobling thy mean Love.

Cliton.

That's it,—I fear,—lea#t by your court#hip—I—
Receive my Patent of Nobility!

I've no ambition for it;—I confe#s,—

I #hould do well without #uch Noblene#s.

Orontus.

So great a Favour, you but ill repay.

Cliton.

You do for me, much more, than I do pray.

Orontus.

Go, never grieve thy #elf, e're a Week's #pent,
Perhaps, I may leave her, to thy content:

That time may Wonders work, to #atiate Me,
And then I'll prove no ob#tacle to Thee,

Cliton.

Mean while,—t' oblige me, till that happy day

You will my Sove Enoble, Sir, you #ay.

I #hall be much engag'd.

Orontus.

More than I'll tell.

Cliton,

The favour will de#erve the Chronicle.

Orontus.

Cliton, I'll tell thee, without Raillery,
Ly#et has Charms would tempt the cha#te#t Eye;

Who#e Beauty I above all el#e prefer,

She having all, a heart can wi#h, in her:

So that believe me, I deal mode#tly,

To borrow her, only eight days of Thee.

Cliton.

Since you #uch trea#ures find there, if you will

But give me double wages, keep her #till.

As well, I'm quite di#gu#ted with her now:

And you have puff'd her #o with Pride,—I vow

Out of meer Scorn, the Baggage, when I came,

Forgot, or would not tell, her Mi#tri#s name#

Orontus.

Villain, how dar'#t thou #o prophane to be,
 As to mi#-name who's Wor#hipped by me?
 Cliton.

Pardon me Sir;—But though #uch honour's due
 To this new Saint, thus fam'd for—ble##ing you.
 And though at #uch a height #he now doth #tand,
 I mu#t not #peak, but with my Cap in hand:
 —If in #ome Hou#e alone, we chance to meet,
 Or Fortune lead me to her in the #treet,
 May, I not then—with all humility,
 And tho#e re#pects due to her quality,
 As a return of thanks, for what I hear,
 Give her in Love, one or two Cuffs oth' Ear?

Orontus.
 Con#ult with Rea#on, then—what that #ays, chu#e.
 —But, here's the place of my two Rendez-vous.
 And, if I am not much deceiv'd,—See there!
 Lucia does at her Windore now appear.
 Oh! how #he plea#es me!

Cliton.
 But—Ly#et more?

Orontus.
 Not for the pre#ent.

Cliton.
 Wondring I'le give o're!
 Why—butfair Dorothea?

Orontus.
 Le#s then #he.

Cliton.
 Then cannot I gue#s, what your heart can be.
 Ju#t now.—

Orontus.
 'Tis thus,—I love for Recreation,
 And #eldom feed on bare Imagination.
 The grate#t Beauty, be it ne're #o bright,
 Tempts me no more, as #oon as out of #ight;
 A thou#and lovely Charms, may wound me,—when,
 In thirty paces all is heal'd agen.
 The pre#ent Beauty, tho inferiour far,
 Makes me forget the Sun, t' adore a Star:
 And #ince what ever object does me move,
 Is lov'd by me, only out of #elf-love;
 It leaves my heart to all Impre##ions free,
 And #he #till faire#t #eem's, whom la#t I #ee.

Cliton.

Then Ly#et cea#ing in your Eve t' appear?

Orontus.

The next I meet,—will plea#e me more—I'le #wear.

But I mu#t go, and with an Am'rous Tone,

Tell Lucia that my heart loves her alone.

Cliton.

But whil#t you tune your Tongue to #peak her fair,

Do you remember that you Jealous were?

Orontus.

Thou mak'#t me timely recollect my part.

I'•o #hape my #peech with a Complainers art.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

ORONTUS, LUCIA, CLITON.

Orontus.

calling up to Lucia at the Window.

ARE you there Madam?

Lucia.

Is't Orontus?

Orontus.

—I.

Who #hould reproach your Infidelity,

Did I not think you were #o ju#t withal

Not to condemn, were I not criminal.

Lucia.

Orontus, this Alarm, #hows very ill.

Can I betray you?—I not love you #till?

Orontus.

Oh! do not think that I #hall dare complain:

My Tongue #hall with re#pect its griefs refrain!

And though, that mu#t encrea#e my #uff'rings too,

Yet they are welcome, 'cau#e they come from you.

I glory'd to po##e#s your Heart;—but then

Not being worthy,—you re#ume't agen.

Now from your Mouth the Sentence I would hear,

And #acrifice what I do hold mo#t dear.

Happy,—if ill Succe#s no crime you deem,

And #tho I lo#e your Love, keep your E#teem

Lucia.

What killing Accents do your Lips expre#s!

Raving of Crimes, and of Unhappine#s!

Oh! do not hold me longer in #u#pence;

But pray, unfold this Riddles dubious #ence.

And that your Moans, may Cau#e or Colour #hew,
 Declare this guilt, and this Misfortune too.

Orontus.

A Rival's entertain'd in #ecret, Lo
 That's my Mi#-hap,—my Crime I do not know
 Yet I mu#t #ay,—#ince you love him, and hate
 Me,—I'm as Guilty as Unfortunate:
 For to #u#pect you of inju#tice, I
 So hainous hold, I #hould de#erve to dye.
 Oh! lay the cau#e, then, of your Change on me
 Which mu#t beju#t, tho I no rea#on #ee.

Lucia.

This #trange Reproach puts me into a maze.—

Orontus.

Ah! why #hould Mi#ery meet #uch delays!
 Torments are but encreas'd, that are defer'd.
 Say, then, a Nobler Rival is prefer'd;
 That my Defects adds glory to his name,
 That his bright Lu#tre, dimm's my dying flame.
 That to inform me of this choice, you here
 For the la#t time #ummon me to appear:
 While, afterwards, to end this Amorus #trife,
 In ab#ence, I mu#t linger out my life.
 'Tis too #evere, will Love-#ick Judges #ay,
 Yet, tho I peri#h Lucia, I'll obey:
 With #o much care, that my #ad pre#ence #ha
 Ne're mind you of your fir#t-faith's Funeral
 To Cliton, a#ide.

Did I Act well my Part?

Cliton.

Rarely, indeed!

You'd make a quaint Comedian for a need.

Lucia.

This Story #o confounds me, to #ay true,
 I #carce have Rea#on left to an#wer you.
 Nor can I plead my Faith to ju#tify,
 Which you accu#e, but nothing #pecify:
 —Yet, if I freely may declare my #ence,
 Your grief Orontus #peaks #uch Eloquence
 That I believe it le#s;—how e're it hit,
 A Real grief, then wantonne#s of Wit.
 A Lover, who with real #orrow's #trook,
 U#es no Rhet'rique but a Dying Look.
 Waves all fine words, No Advocate will Fee,

Only deep Sighs whi#pers his Mi#erie.
 Yet, if you know, I thus ungrateful prove,
 Name me this Rival that u#urps your love?
 Leave nothing to Evince my breach of Faith:
 Declare what Favours he received hath.
 Orontus.

Tho#e bo#ome Secrets, long may keep at home
 If they mu#t be conceal'd till Florame come.
 Who, though he fondly hugg his pa##ion,
 This night will fail your a##ignation.
 Some Remora, unlookt for, keeps him hence;
 To morrow, you may know the con#equence.
 Lucia.

So, #o, 'tis this begets your Jealou#ie,
 Florame was this night to have met with me?
 Orontus.

He's ravi#ht with the Joy he feels within!
 Lucia.

You heard this from him#elf,—no doubt?
 Orontus.

—From him:

But, ah!—how far would your blind Rigour go?
 Mu#t I have #een your Heart yield to my Foe?
 Was't not enough to #atiate him with bli#s;
 But to Damn me, too, I mu#t witne#s this?

Lucia.
 Since your Su#picions have no Wyles refus'd.
 You little merit to be di#abus'd.
 And any other, after #o great wrong.—

(Softly.
 But—#tay—I #ee a Man #ure come along,
 I'll change my Note, for 'tis my Brother's come.
 (aloud, to Orontus.

My Brother is not here, Sir, he's from home.
 Nor do I know exactly, to #ay right
 At what time he's us'd to return at Night.
 'Tis often late,—Wherever he does go.

Adieu.
 She #huts the Windore.

Orontus.
 What Counter-talk?

Cliton.
 'Tis plea#ant—tho.
 Orontus.

The more I #tudy, le#s I apprehend.
 Cliton.
 Y'are crafty,—yet #till over-reach't i'th' end.
 They find you but di##emble—and #o forth.
 And here they plant ye, ju#t for what y'are worth.
 Orontus.
 Peace! here comes one.

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

Cliton.
 WHO's there.
 Florame.
 —Orontus's Friend
 Florame.
 Orontus.
 The wor#e for me, ill luck's attend.
 What make you here,—had we not late agreed
 That—
 Florame.
 'Tis but Curio#ity, indeed.
 A certain Fancy guided me this way,
 Without de#ign to #peak with Lucia.
 —But,—#ure, I heard #ome one bid you adieu.
 Orontus.
 Yes.
 Florame.
 What de#ign makes me, here meet with you
 Thus late.
 Orontus.
 My great de#ire to meet Era#te
 And ea#e your Mind, tran#ported me with ha#te,
 Being confident, how e're he doubts your Love,
 A little talk, would all his Fears remove.
 But this my diligence is fruitle#s grown,
 His Si#ter telling me, hee's #till in Town.
 Florame.
 Do not deny I Love,—ther's ways enough,
 Orontus.
 What?
 Florame.
 I am thinking.
 Orontus, to Cliton a#ide.
 Cliton, there's it now!

Lucia Loves Florame, and t'avoid being caught
 She #pying him, feign'd, I her Brother #ought.
 Incon#tant Sex,—Who can rely on #uch?

Cliton.

The be#t of them, indeed, are not worth much.

Florame.

To fix his thought's #ome other way,—I'le chu#e
 Rather fair Dorothea's Name to u#e#
 Tell him, 'tis Love ofher feeds my de#ire.

Orontus.

What can that do?

Florame.

Much, if he #hould inquire.

He may di#cover, how I ought to Wed—

Orontus.

—Her,—is't She's de#tin'd to your Nuptial Bed?

Florame.

The #ame.—Now judge, if this be not the way.

Orontus.

Friend, they from Lucia's can hear all we #ay:
 Let's go from hence, I'le #peak my Mind el#ewhere.

Cliton, to Orontns apart.

You'l mi#s your #econd Rendez-vous—I fear,

Think on it, Sir.

Orontus.

Take you no care thereof,

E're I go twenty #eps, I'le #hake him off.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCEN. IV.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.

THis mu#t di#cover,—be he fal#e, or true.

But,—how—he #tay's

Ly#et.

The Door #tands open too,

And from above, the Light will guide his Eye.

Do you believe hee'l come, or el#e pa#s by?

Dorothea.

If he want Innocence to plead his Cau#e,

He may—

Ly#et.

If Mute, then hee's condemn'd by th' Laws.

H'as too much Wit to want's Apologie.

Dorothea.

What #aid he, Ly#et,—When he talk't with thee?

Ly#et.

For you he langui#ht, and for you did look:

And, I believe he wilfully mi#took.

What do you think?

Dorothea.

I know no more then you.

But—hee's excu#able if he #pake true.

If he plaid fal#e,—'twas manag'd with #uch Wit,

That I do long to #ee th' Event of it.

In th' interim, not knowing what will be,

My heart affects only Neutrality.

—But the Door creaks.

Ly#et.

Orontus,—Never fear#

Dorothea#

Shut the Door after him, that none may hear.

Ly#et.

To #ee me with her, will his thoughts perplex.

ACT III. SCEN. V.

DOROTHEA, ERASTES, LYSET.

Era#tes.

MAdam, The greate#t glory of your Sex—

Dorothea.

What brings you hither with #o bold a Face.

Ly#et.

(a#ide.

Here's work indeed!—a wrong man takes his place!

Era#tes.

Finding the Door not #hut, you talking by,

At that #weet Voice, Love lent me wings to fly.

Dorothea.

We wait my Fathers coming home,—and #ee

You ha#te away, or el#e you Ruine me:

He's hard by,—pray be gone.

Era#tes.

My Joy,—and Sorrow!

Alas—

Dorothea.

O! Keep alas, Sir# for to Morrow.

Era#tes.

What!—No compa##ion?

Dorothea.

Yes,—towards my #elf,
My Honour el#e is wrack'd upon this Shelf.
Time pre##es,—go, go forth pray,—'tis my will
Sure, you were born to per#ecute me #till!
Will you for ever gaze,—and not reply?

Era#tes.

O! Spell my Sighs,—and read my weeping Eye!

Dorothea.

'Tis not the #ea#on now to count your tears
When pity has re#ign'd my heart to fears.
Pray, Sir, ha#te forth#—look warily before—
But 'tis too late,—ah! me! Hee's at the Door
He Knocks, where will ye go?—there's no way forth.

Era#tes.

I'm ready, if you plea#e, to meet his wrath.

Dorothea.

Rather a thou#and times.—

Ly#et.

To prevent all
I'll lead him to the Garden, th'rough the Hall.
There he's #ecure.

Exeunt.

Dorothea.

Th' advice is good I'll #wear.

Go,—open as you pa#s.

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA.

Orontus.

to Cliton within.

CLiton, #tay there.

Orontus Enters, leaving Cliton at the door.

What,—is all vani#h'd? this #eems #trange to me,

I heard much noi#e,—yet can no body #ee!

To u#e me thus, is ill, I tell you true,

I neither came to #care,—nor hinder you.

Dorothea.

Surely yo've taken me to task, this day.

Orontus.

No,—but free humours hate #uch boe-peep play.

And 'tis my trouble, that with #o much care

You #hould di#guize your #elf from what you are.

What ever Gallant 'tis,—let him come forth:

My Pa##ion dares all Eyes, to try its worth.
 Nor #hall my Zeal wax le#s on #uch a #core,
 I love a Mi#tri#s, all men do adore.
 And I had little hopes in this E##ay,
 Should I not court you, now, in your own way.
 Variety's the Heav'n of your bli#s;
 Then mu#t I cheri#h what your Humour is.
 Did I oppo#e the Freedom you like be#t,
 That were to #eek mine, not your Intere#t:
 And would pervert the noble#t ends of Love;
 In#tead of Subject, I #hould Tyrant prove.
 Dorothea.

A neat eva#ion, made to this intent,
 By taxing me, to #hew you innocent.
 This is #mart Policy,—worthy your fame.
 Orontus.

So mild a Cen#ure, cannot be your #hame.
 Dorothea.

This good opinion of me's noble too.
 Orontus.

I find you act, but as you ought to do.
 The be#t of Men have not a hope #o vain,
 E're to confine you in a #horter Chain;
 They, from all parts in throngs to you do pre#s,
 Whil#t you alone #hare out their happine#s.
 Were not this glory then, dimini#hed,
 Should you heap all the#e Favours on One head?
 So great a Trea#ure, #uch a plenteous Fea#t,
 Was never, #ure, meant for one Mi#er gue#t.
 For, tho, I do adore, what is #o rare,.
 And favour crave,—yet not above my #hare.
 I'll not a#pire, (tho in your flames I burn)
 T' injoy you #olely,—I'll but take my turn.
 Dorothea.

What means all this, #peak plain and tell me true?
 Orontus.

That here,—#ome #ecret Rival courted you.
 And if you further conference de#ire,
 I would not hinder,—but #hall #oon retire.
 Dorothea.

This weak #u#picion is the Child of fear.
 That any other.—

Orontus.
 I've a faithful Ear,

That perfectly di#cerneth every Voice.

If.—

Dorothea.

'Tis mo#t like,—this time was a fit choice,

And you no promi#e had to day before?

Orontus.

Oh! you have Wit can go th'rough this and more.

Who with one Letter An#wer's two,—Allow's

One night's enough t' exalt as many Vow's.

Dorothea.

Your fal#e conjectures, then, are rais'd from thence.

Orontus.

No, no, I #peak on clearer Evidence.

Knocking at Door,—#ome noi#e made me begin

To doubt whether 't might plea#e, #hould I come in:

Some I heard walk and #peak, and mid#t the noi#e,

Unle#s I'm much deceiv'd, I heard a voice

Say, There he's come, What #hall we do with this!

Yet, I'll believe but what your plea#ure is.

Dorothea.

This I #hould ne're endeavour to confute,

Did it not #tick #ome #hame on my Repute;

But really to undeceive you, know

That having bid my Woman wait below,

Whil#t I above #tood as my Father's #py.—

Ly#et Enters.

But here #he comes will clear the Mi#tery.

ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.

Come hither Ly#et.

Orontus,

(a#ide.

Gods, what is't I #ee!

Ly#et #erves here!

Dorothea,

a#ide to Ly#et.

Take the whole fault on thee:

No matter.

Orontus,

(a#ide.

All my Prancks will now come forth.

Ly#et,

#oftly to Orontus.

Now,—am I fifty Dorothea's worth?

Dorothea,

aloud to Ly#et.

Who was't #pake with you, when Orontus Knock'd?

Ly#et.

With me?

Dorothea.

Yes, you?—believe I'le not be mock'd.

Ly#et.

What do ye take me?—

Dorothea#

No excu#e, Unle#s—

Ly#et.

Dear Madam,

Dorothea.

Some Gallant

Ly#et.

I mu#t confe#s.

Cliton,

begins to appear.

'T was one that loves me without complement,

And I love him, faith, with no ill intent.

Cliton,

(Enters.

He'l be my Husband.

ACT. III. SCEN. VIII.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON,

Cliton.

HA! good Hypocrite,

Your Husband.

Ly#et.

Cliton.

Orontus,

to Cliton whil#t he takes the Candle from the Table.

Whither with that light?

Say.—

Cliton,

To finde out this Husband #he will have,

I'le bring't again, when I have kill'd the #lave.

Orontus.

Keep back your folly.

Cliton.

Ah! in my di#tre#s.

Orontus.

Take comfort Cliton, that will make it le#s.

Dorothea.

This #atisfies?

Orontus.

Yes, if you plea#e, and more.

Argante,

(within.

Lycante we are robb'd! #tand at that door.

Cliton,

(to Orontus.

Sir,—now w'are caught!

Dorothea#

O! infinite di#grace.

My Father comes here, hye away apace.

To Ly#et.

Take up the Candle,—#lip in here with me.

To Orontus.

Save, you my honour.

Cliton.

Devil, but who #aves me?

W'are left alone.

Orontus.

My honour now lies on't

To #ee.—

Cliton.

Let's fly,—and think no more upon't,

For fear #ome ranting Hector, otherwi#e

Should come, and this love-fully #o cha#ti#e—.

But—'tis too late.

ACT III. SCEN. IX.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS, CLITON.

Enter Argante, his #word drawn.

Don't I Orontus #ee?

O Daughrer! who#e wilde love di#honours me.

Dye thou vile tempter.

Orontus.

Hold your threatning #word!

upon his knees.

Cliton.

Before you kill us, good Sir, hear one word!

Argante.

What vain excu#e,—

Orontus.

Mine, is both ju#t and true,

For, tho unhappy,—I am guiltle#s too.

Being, fair Lucia's fond idolater,

Her Brother, this night found me there with her.

And having no way left to #cape him there,

I leap'd his Garden wall, and got in here.

Cliton.

In #o #hort time, I never made more way.

Argante.

I heard #ome #tir i'th' Garden, as you #ay,

And from my Window, did perceive one go

With ha#te enough, who 'twas I could not know.

But, tho there be #ome colour, Sir, in this

Excu#e,—yet #o great the importance is

To my whole Family, e're I proceed

This truth upon my daughters face I'll read.

Her looks will bring the certainty to light.

I'll #traight return.

(Argante goes out.

Cliton.

Ah! Sir, bid him good night.

Orontus.

Doe#t fear?

Cliton.

I? no, but I #mall courage have:

You, like a Torch i'th' winde, all #torms out-brave

And may e#cape, But—(Oh! the Collick gripes.)

Poor Cliton #hall be #ent to bed with #tripes.

Orontus.

Hark! for they talk.

Argante,

#peaking to Era#te, whom he findes in his hou#e, and #hutting the door upon him to prevent his #eeing of Orontus.

Pray, Sir, do you #tay there.

Cliton.

He locks this door! Oh! how I quake for fear.

Argante,

(to Orontus.

Go, Sir, make ha#te, for your relation's true.

Your enemy!—I #hake.

Orontus.

What?

Argante.
 Does pur#ue.
 Orontus.
 Who is't?
 Argante.
 D'ye ask? Era#tes.
 Orontus.
 —Ha.
 Argante.
 —Agen?
 I met him there.
 Orontus.
 Then, that's the #tratagem.
 By what #trange paths this truth comes in my way.
 Argante.
 You both are ruin'd if ye longer #tay.
 Make quick di#patch.
 Orontus,
 (to Cliton.
 See, Women's ficklene#s.
 Cliton.
 Take comfort Sir, 'twill make your griefs the le#s.
 Ex. Oront. Cliton.
 Argante.
 (•oh•s.
 This danger was prevented well in troth,
 I'll #end this after, then good night to both.

ACT III. SCEN. X.

ARGANTE, ERASTES,
 Argante.
 (opening the door.
 ERA#tes.
 Era#tes.
 (a#ide.
 Who can gue#s this my#tery?
 Surprize me here, yet deal thus lovingly.
 Argante.
 What brought you here, I pardon, for your #ake;
 But no noi#e on't, if you my coun#el take;
 Upon #uch accidents, wi#e men #hould wink.
 Era#tes.
 Think not.—
 Argante.

I know Sir, what I ought to think,

Era#tes.

I doubt that—

Argante.

No, no, I #hall let it #leep.

Era#tes.

Perhaps.—

Argante.

—Be #ure, I #hall the #ecret keep:

Adieu.

Era#tes.

But—

Argante.

'Tis high time, be gone I pray.

Make ha#te.

Era#tes.

I under#tand not what he'd #ay.

(Exit.

Argante.

(Solus.

Tho, now I'm freed, I tremble yet for fear.

How timely the#e by me di#cover'd were,

—Now in the #treet, fight, or embrace at ea#e:

Long may they #cuffle e're it me di#plea#e.

If they each other drill till I go forth,

Their skins to morrow will be little worth.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT#S IV.

SCEN. I.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Orontus.

HOW ill thou argu'#t! what, thou thinke#t then?

Cliton.

But, Sir, it puzzles me above all ken

'Till dooms-day, I might thus be arguing,

Yet #till i'th' dark for all my rea#oning.

Orontus.

Confes#s then, I know how one ought to live.

Cliton.

Such are your flights, that none can you retrieve.

For my part, I renounce.—After th' abu#e
 You late receiv'd at your two Rendez-vous,
 Who would not #wear, that in your choller, you
 Should blinking Cupid cur#e,—and his Mam too:
 Sigh, groan, #obb, howl, and tumble all the night,
 And from your ne#t, in three dayes make no flight;
 Your brain's unhing'd, your heart con#um'd with care,
 Whereas you #ing and frisk more gay then c're;
 Nay, Rant,—and in all company laugh mo#t#
 And bear't as you had neither won nor lo#t.
 Mo#t Heteroclite does your carriage #eem!
 Orontus.

And wher's the wonder? they leave me,—I them.
 Cliton.

If towards you, #ome Ficklens they #how,
 They but return you back, a quid pro quo.
 For Mi#tri#s, waiting-Maid, Fair, Black, Red, Brown
 You fear no colours, but #torm every Town!
 Your eager Appetite with all makes bold,
 And to your Stomack, none's too hot or cold.
 Orontus.

Ther's all the plea#ure that in Love I find!
 Cliton.

And they begin to love you in your kind.
 Orontus.

I'm not di#pleas'd.
 Cliton.

Then, mu#t I #ay, indeed,
 I think your Love's but #ome new ba#tard-breed.
 Orontus.

And thus I whip him to my own de#ire.
 Cliton.

More I examine, I the more admire,
 Sometimes, you play the #prightly Gallants part;
 Then, nought but #adne#s #its about your heart.
 A Jovial air, 'mong#t the#e disbands all fears;
 The next you Court,—you #often with your Tears.
 So to the life, my #elf deceiv'd I find.
 You, groan, and #ing, and #igh,—and all's but wind.
 What juggling tricks!

Orontus.
 And this does wonder breed?

Cliton.
 I ne're knew #uch Cameleon Love indeed,

At each new Face it's hue #o chang'd to be!

Orontus.

This but prevents Love, from in-#laving me.

I dare him thus,—make all his Plots prove vain,

So I the plea#ures ta#te, without the pain.

Cliton.

At once to give and take a Heart in je#t,

Is this Love?

Orontus.

This is Love, and 'tis the be#t.

Cliton,

But, is not Love, Sir, a controlling heat#

(For I'm a Scholar #ince I #erv'd Ly#et.)

A frying in the Fro#t, freezing in Fire,

Which #torms the Brain, and Fetters the De#ire

To one alone; Plea#ing, tho Incomode?

Orontus.

It was of old,—but, now 'tis out of Mode.

Cliton.

'Tis out of Mode!

Orontus.

And dull, as #hall be try'd.

Cliton.

How mu#t we doe, to have it Modify'd?

Orontus.

My conduct will in#truct thee in the right.

Examine't well.

Cliton.

'Tis beyond my dull #ight.

If you'l in#truct me, you mu#t bring it neer.

Orontus.

Li#ten, and the whole #ecret will appear.

"To every She, the like complai#ance pay;

"Swear Love by rote, not minding what you #ay.

"Court out of cu#tome for diver#ion's #ake.

"Speak much of grief, but let your heart ne're ake.

"Your Face (the Index) much of Love mu#t #how;

"But what you promi#e, let your Brea#t not know.

"Of an Un-truth, a Verity compile,

"At need, and weep, (tho in your thoughts you #mile,)

"Raving of Pa##ion, pain, troubles of Mind.

"And not to hazard ought by woman-kind,

"Pay the whole Sex, your Adoration

"In gro#s,—but #ingly,—#light them one by one.

This is my Rule.

Cliton.

The Science I approve,

You thus extract the Quinte##ence of Love.

—But,—as for Ly##et, be it under#tood

You take or leave her quite, for both our good.

Otherwi#e.—

Orontus.

Without wrangling,—I yet may

Leave thee #ole Tenant e're we pa#s one day.

For now agen Fortune does me provide,

Since Dorothea's true, I'm #atisfy'd.

Cliton.

Era##' being there hid, tho, #hew's #ome Ginn?

Orontus.

I know the whole Intrigue.

Cliton.

From whom?

Orontus.

—From him.

Who walking home, late, when our Plot was laid,

Pa#s'd by their door, where by #ome hazard #taid

Finding it open, and #he #tanding by,

Surpriz'd her out of curio#ity.

Believing with her Maid,—#he had intent

To pa#s #ome moments there in merry-ment.

His plea#ing conver#e hardly did begin

When he mu#t hide,—the Father coming in.

And, now, what #cruptle can there be in this?

Cliton.

Born under #ome Smock Star.

Orontus.

—The be#t on't is,

Florame, that #ought who held Era#tes heart,

Found Dorothea claim'd his Si#ters part.

When, he expre##ing by what rigour they

Forcing his will, tore him from Lucia:

So won upon him, he con#ent did #peak,

Provided they the fir#t Contract would break.

They #traight embrace, and both this Match approve,

Which turns their hate into a nobler Love.

Thus Florame and Era#tes are agreed

To bani#h Fewd, and let kind Peace #ucceed.

Cliton.

So Florame, now, his promi#e has obtain'd?
 Orontus.
 Th'rough my endeavour, full con#ent was gain'd.
 Cliton.
 You'l no more #ee her?
 Orontus.
 I!—as oft as e're.
 Cliton.
 She #ooths you #till with flat' ring hopes, I fear#
 And while #he to another de#tin'd is,
 Makes you.—
 Orontus.
 Did I not think as much as this
 Of Dorothea ye#terday?—yet I
 Mi#took.
 Cliton.
 This gulls you more apparently#
 Orontus.
 Why I may erre as much in this perchance#
 Cliton.
 Sure you believe Florame.
 Orontus.
 He does advance.
 Now I #hall know the truth, how he proceeds#

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

Orontus.
 YOU'r #atisfy'd, I hope, now all #ucceeds?
 Florame.
 Yes,—but to gain the brother will not do
 Alone,—Your help is nece##ary too.
 In vain,—I thought the other Match unknown,
 Since Fame the News o're all this place hath blown;
 And with fair Lucia #o much credit gain'd,
 She #wears my flames for her, are only feign'd.
 But,—you,—who#e friend#hip dives into my heart,
 And knows its clo#e#t Projects, take my part;
 Wait on that Beauty,—Wooe her not to #hun
 Such real Love,—Compleat what you begun.
 Orontus.
 Is not this Raillery you #peak,—tell true?
 If you love Lucia, does not #he love you?
 To give you meeting e're Era#t con#ent,

Does make her Love appear mo#t Evident:
 Yet you #u#pect? Ah! what mu#t I #uppo#e.
 Cliton,
 (a#ide.
 How #lyly does he #squeeze the worm from's No#e.
 Florame.
 Since to hide ought from you, a crime I deem,
 Know her love yet, re#ides but in e#teem.
 And that appointment, you #o happy gue#s,
 To confidence, had ow'd for it's #ucce#s.
 Since I th'rough favour had in vain a##ay'd:
 And then with Pre#ents had #uborn'd her Maid;
 Who, #till unknown to her, engag'd la#t night
 To gain me admittance to her #ight.
 This was the rea#on, made me think it vain,
 Head-long to run, where was more lo#s then gain:
 You otherwi#e had ne're di##waded me.
 Orontus.
 Good-faith, I thought 'twas better then I #ee.
 But—having gain'd what was mo#t difficult,
 The Oracle we need no more con#ult.
 The Victory is Ours,—I'le bring't about.
 Florame.
 You being Second, 'tis a #in to doubt.
 Mean while, I'le try what is her temper, now
 Her Brother's ours, and what hope #he'l allow.

ACT. VI. SCEN. III.

ORONTUS, CLITON.

Orontus.

WELL Cliton.

Cliton.

I conceive.—

Orontus.

'Twas I conceiv'd

The right.

Cliton.

'Tis true.

Orontus.

Your doubt.

Cliton.

Had me deceiv'd.

Lucia is wholly yours—#ay what they can,

For Politiques you are a dreadful man!

And if that Devil, who writeth your #ins down,
Omits not One, h'as a #hrewd head on's own.
W'are Stratagems who lies within your pow'r.

Lucia, in fine.—

Orontus.

I'll love more from this hour.

Cliton.

,Tis well, and Dorothea.

Orontus.

More and more.

Cliton.

Then, #ure, you'l quickly give poor Ly#et o're.

Orontus.

Yes, #he's too lean a thing to #atisfie:

She may pa#s Mu#ter in a vacancy,

For want of better.

Cliton.

Better!—ah #peak well.

A Goat, #et Horns a#ide, would her excel.

If #he pa#s Mu#ter, 'tis for want indeed!

ACT III. SCEN. IV.

ORONTUS, LYSET, CLITON.

Ly#et.

TRuly, Sir, Cliton's Manners now exceed.

The Dev'l, lay's horns away, like thee'd appear.

(to Cliton.

Cliton.

Now I am muzled.

Orontus.

Leave that Puppy there,

Who jealous cau#e I love thee,—thus the Elf

Would black thee?

Ly#et.

Love me?

Orontus.

Yes, in-troth, thy #elf.

Cliton,

(a#ide.

Mark but the Juggler.

Ly#et.

Thus.—

Cliton.

—On Cliton's faith.

Ly#et.

Go, go, I heard too well.

Cliton.

What is't #he #aith?

Ly#et.

Ther's want indeed, when I can Mu#ter pa#s.

Cliton.

I #ung a Mean,—and you interpret Ba#e.

Orontus.

If you give ear, he'l ne're have done his part.

Cliton.

Command me.—

Orontus.

Silence.

Cliton.

Now begins his Art.

Lay on, my back is broad.

Orontus.

Still dear Ly#et

My real love does little faith beget.

In thy long ab#ence, I have torments try'd.

Ly#et.

I mu#t believ't.

Cliton,

(a#ide.

Ware being Noblyfy'd.

Orontus.

My plea#ant humour thinks all's Raillery;

But fal#ely you believe 'tis flattery.

For when an object, like thee, charms this brea##,

I think on't more then once.

Ly#et.

And love't at l#...#

I'le help ye out.

Orontus.

Ah! thus to doubt my flame!

Is.—

Ly#et.

No, I think I highly cheri##'d am.

But #ince your Love with me's but left in pawn;

'Tis ten to one it will be #oon with-drawn.

My Mi#tre#s—

Orontus.

Thou believ'##t #he blows my Fire?

Go, if my heart to #erve her e're a#pire,
 Ly#et.
 La#t Night, you #aw her, then, for the la#t time?

Orontus.

Drawn for thy #ake, that Obligation's thine#

Ly#et.

Mine?

Orontus.

Do#t thou doubt?

Ly#et.

Mo#t like you, Sir, it is.

Orontus.

What, not believe?

Ly#et.

Yes, I know more then this.

Orontus.

Prethee, once more, my Oath upon it take,

I went la#t Night but only for thy #ake,

Her entertainment's hateful to my ear;

But having learn'd thy Re#idence was there,

Tho #ure to have that odious Object by

I ran, in hopes to Woe thee with my Eye.

That Language Lovers ever held the be#t.

Ly#et.

How you'r compos'd of Subtilty and Je#t.

You found her tho, alone.

Orontus.

At which being #ad,

I #tudy'd in Revenge to make her Mad;

Paid her Re#pects were much more #trange, then true,

Contemn'd, her mo#t, when I mo#t Prais'd her too.

But my high Style, lo#t her in the Mid-way.

Ly#et.

You may repair that fault again to day.

She mu#t #peak with you. This I'me #ent to tell.

Make ha#te, and follow.

Orontus.

Thou love'#t Mirth #o well#

Ly#et.

Faith,—#he expects you, and will let you know

When you come there.—

Orontus.

I'll not con#ent to go.

Ly#et.

You mu#t,—What will you make her el#e #u#pect,
That I omit her Me##age, th'rough neglect?

Orontus.

I #hall have much adoe.

Ly#et.

I'll take your part#

Orontus.

I'm loath to go, I #peak it from my Heart,

And I believe you think #o,—#erious#ly;

But at the Enter-view, ob#erve my Eye.

At the lea#t word of Love, look you on me

And what I #ay to her,—take all for thee.

Ly#et.

I #hall not fail,—'tis done,—do but proceed

Orontus.

You Jibe?

Ly#et.

Like you.

Orontus.

Faith I Love thee, indeed

And to make good, in thy Society

My deare#t Plea#ures Sov'raign Bli#s does lie.

That thy commands are my chief glory, too,

Here—

He feels in his Pocket.

Ly#et.

You at length, may make me think all true,

Orontus.

Time, will di#cover, what as yet lies hid

Cliton,

(a#ide.

My Noblene#s goes on, the Price is bid.

I cannot hold.—Hola!

Cliton crys out with a #hrill voice.

Orontus.

—What Devil's Cry?

Cliton, to Orontus.

'Gain#t all Events, having a Remedy,

Vouch#afe one Favour, now my Heart's #o #ad?

Orontus.

What i'#t?

Cliton.

Sir, keep me pray from running Mad!

Orontus,

(#pying Lucia.

If—but, who's this I #ee?

Cliton,

(a#ide.

—Good,—here's relief

Ly#et,

(a#ide.

Ah! he put's up his Pur#e agen, the Thief!

Orontus,

(to Ly#et.

What e're I #ay,—let it create no doubt,

Wee'l laugh anon.

Ly#et.

Now, I mu#t #tand it out.

Hopes of his pre#ent does invite my #tay.

ACT IV. SCEN. V.

ORONTUS, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON#

Orontus.

BLE#t with your Pre#ence, once more Lucia.

Lucia.

A common joy,—But with regret, Sir, I

Thus interrupt your wi#hed Secre#ie.

Surely you treated with great Confidence.

Orontus.

What, you #u#pect I held Intelligence.

And think de#ign, what accidental proves?

Cliton knows.—

Cliton.

Yes, he's hone#t, where he Loves.

Lucia, pointing to Ly#et.

Though this fre#h# Object, to my #hame, I #ee—

Cliton.

He Courted her, indeed, but 'twas for me,

Orontus.

If you believe that Fool—

Lucia.

What I behold,

I dare believe,—but not all I am told.

Orontus.

Then on your part, my Ruine is a##ur'd?

Lucia.

What Per#ecution, I for you indur'd.

Whil#t a har#h Brother for Florame, this day—

Orontus.

I more de#erve then he,—#o to obey.
 Much your own lo#s, and prejudice would be,
 And you oblige your #elf, whil#t ju#t to me.

Lucia.

Take heed! lea#t this pre#umption to reprove,
 I yield him up—at la#t—my faith and love!

Orontus.

'Tis but three #ighs more, added to the heap.
 But,—e're you do't con#ult, look e're you leap.
 And get your heart's con#ent to it before

Lucia.

What! would my lo#s affect you then no more?

Orontus.

What? you'l betray your #elf, and therefore I
 Mu#t yield my #elf a prey to grief—and dye!
 Let it #ting tho#e it does mo#t nearly touch.
 Grief almo#t kill'd me la#t night 'twas #o much;
 For having known how well Florame was us'd
 By you, I ha#ted to you much confus'd:
 There wept and wail'd, and all #ad means did try,
 Low at your feet, to break this heart and dye.
 But #ince I finde it inconvenient prove,
 I'le blow it off, and try new fa#hion love.

Lucia.

Your fa#hion,—to deceive, and be ingrate.

Orontus.

That love's mo#t plea#ing, is lea#t delicate,
 And where we once re#olve, no Jealou#ie,
 Should

Lucia.

Without rea#on then it ceazes me?
 Nor may I credit give to my own eyes.

Orontus.

You #hould pa#s by #uch things, if you were wi#e.
 Let's make the agreement thus, 'twixt you and me:
 To have no jealous thoughts,—but ever free
 From all vain fears, think either's faith mo#t true,
 And if you ne're doubt me, I'le ne're doubt you.
 Thus when I #wear, believ't I love you well:
 I'le do the #ame, when you Love-#tories tell#
 All this ob#erv'd, our Contract #hall remain;
 But the lea#t tripp, infringes it again.

Lucia.

True love, #ublim'd, will all this di#avow,
He makes a Mon#ter on't, does this allow.

Orontus.

Allowing what we like, but makes us find
The troubles le#s,—plea#ures more un-confi#d.

Lucia.

No, he that can divided Love indure,
And not dye rather, has #mall courage #ure?

Orontus.

If, in effect, this Maxime bare the #way,
Men were in danger to dye every day.
Can any lightne#s with your own compare,
La#t night one,—now another,—#o y'all are.

Lucia.

The better to delude us, thus ye plead:
But, think how many th'rough #uch grief are dead.
And oft have had the applau#e of learned men.

Orontus.

The' example's dang'rous, I renounce it then.

Lucia.

Your heart's too cold, where #uch brave dangers are.

Orontus.

Let, who's will do't, and take my honours #hare.
Should I expire your Martyr,—for a day
Or two, perhaps, the world #hould hear you #ay
He was a Faithful Lover,—I regret
For me he dy'd!—Much I by this #hould get.

Lucia.

Is an an illu#trious Memory no gain?

Orontus.

Heav'ns grant my Epitaph le#s #ad, and vain!

Lucia.

And yet you'l #ay; you love men'ere the#s.

Orontus.

Ask but my heart, my heart which you po##e#s.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

ORONTUS, ERASTES, LUCIA, LYSET. CLITON, LYSTOR.

Era#tes,

(to Ly#tor.

THEY do adore each other,—I am told.

Lucia,—

pulling down her Hood.

My Brother's here,—O Gods!

Era#tes#
 I #ee him,—hold!
 Ly#tor.
 A Lady with him.
 Era#tes.
 Then it mu#t be #he#
 'Tis Dorothea.
 Lucia
 (to Orontus.
 Think of leaving me.
 Era#tes—
 #hewing Ly#et to Ly#tor.
 This night with her, he through the Garden went;
 I know her—
 Orontus,
 (to Lucia.
 What? and mu#t I then con#ent?
 Lucia.
 Yes, for I dare not go, till after you;
 Pray lo#e no time, be gone,—bid me adieu.
 Orontus.
 I do obey you.—Cliton!
 Cliton.
 Sir, what now?
 Orontus.
 Stop Ly#et here, but #top her mouth clo#e too,
 Promi#e her any thing,—do't e're you #tir.
 Orontus goes off one way, and immediately Lucia goes another.
 Ly#tor,
 (to Era#tes.
 She goes
 Era#tes.
 Ingrateful! but I'll follow her.
 For without doubt, her woman does abide,
 That if we ask who 'tis, #he be deny'd.
 But, following after, I her plots de#troy.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

CLITON. LYSET.

Cliton.

HOw #hall I act the part of th' angry Boy?

Ly#et.

Cliton.

Cliton.

No quarter.

Ly#et.

Such #evere ill will?

Cliton.

Provide el#ewhere.

Ly#et.

Do'#t keep thy anger #till

Cliton?

Cliton.

Yes #till I keep't, and keep it #hall.

Ly#et.

Look up?

Cliton.

—No.—

Ly#et.

But—

Cliton.

I'le bate thee nought at all.

Ly#et.

What you'l for#ake me,—You, who#e grizled Pate,

And #nuffling No#e, proclaims ye out of date?

You will for#ake me,—Me, who more or le#s,

The whole Town dotes on, for my prettine#s.

Me, who#e dear Love #o hotly they pur#ue,

It makes them look on Thee, with envy too.

Who thus aba#e my thoughts.—

Cliton.

Yes,—you,—you,—you?

Who #queez'd my Pur#e, and then laugh'd at me too.

Ly#et.

Your gifts, I'le warrant, Trick me up thus brave.

Cliton.

Pox, Now I apprehend this Female knave.

(a#ide.

Before my face, your liberty's #o bold

'T has made my wonted charity catch cold.

—Ev'ry one Courts you now.

Ly#et.

—Yes, and tho#e words

Alone a daily Revenue affords#

Cliton.

And this to me, you think mu#t comfort bring?

Ly#et.

Cliton, #peak wi#ely, and leave quarrelling.

You knew my humour, and my Method knew,
 That I lov'd cloathes in fa#hion,—often new.
 Each day I purcha#e #omewhat, and prote#t
 What I do cut or #ow,—is of the be#t
 Either the Draper or the Mercer #ells.
 And whil#t my Ca#h holds, I do little el#e.
 Now,—think what this mu#t co#t? For, to go neat;
 Wi#hing, nor Witch-craft, will not do the feat:
 Your Wages, what#soever,—hardly brings
 Enough for Gloves, and #uch #mall trifling things.
 So that to prove too Coy, would prove my #hame,
 My Pride would fall,—And then Adieu—Fine Dame.
 Cliton.

'Tis right,—but come—to wave all you have #aid,
 What have I reap'd for all my Wages paid?
 From day to day, my Pa##ion has encrea#t;
 Yet with my finger ne're dur#t feel your—Brea#t.
 Ly#et.

I lov'd thee,—that's #ufficient I conceive.

Cliton.

Lov'd me!

Ly#et.

To doubt, your #elf were to deceive;

You know.

Cliton,

I'm left in Hell, Loves Barly-break#

Ly#et.

Does not #ix #ighes a Day, my true love #peak?

Cliton.

Great comfort that, to troubled Souls does prove.

Ly#et.

Do you #o light e#teem tho#e mark's of Love?

Cliton.

Ju#t next to nothing, #o I find,—And #ure,

Since Love was ever held an Epicure

And glutton, when the Boy you thus do Treat,

Sighes cannot nourish th'are #uch hollow Meat.

Ly#et.

I lo#e my time here, you but love to prate;

And thy weak rea#on turns my love to hate.

Adieu.—

Cliton.

But #tay, if not for Love, for Gold;

For twenty Crowns, can you One Secret hold?

Ly#et.

One, yes a #core.

Cliton.

Hold! that's too much for Thee!

Ly#et.

I'll do't, I'll warrant, let it re#t on me.

Can you disbur#e-em?

Cliton.

Yes,—but prethee hear!

Keep but your Tongue, out of your Mi#tri#s' Ear.

My Ma#ter.—

Ly#et.

I'll conceal his Pranks,—ne're doubt.

Let's #ee the Money?

Cliton.

'Tis not yet told out.

Ly#et.

Your promi#es on hopes, will ill #ucceed.

Cliton.

I'll pawn my Honour.

Ly#et.

A fair pledge indeed.

Go, I'll di#cover all that ever pa#t.

Cliton.

Beware he do not Nooze you, too, at la#t.

End of the Fourth ACT

ACT#S V.

SCEN. I.

ARGANTE, DOROTHEA

Dorothea.

AT lea#t defer it, till my troubled mind

Compos'd,—to this #ad Hymen be inclin'd.

Do not precipitate—

Argante.

You hope in vain#

By pray'r to bla#t, my ju#t de#ign again:

Yours I perceive, I read it in your #oul:

But Florames Father now has my Parol,

Which I mu#t keep,—he claims you thereupon,

And #o to morrow Hymen makes you One#

Dorothea.

But he #o little values me, you #ee

He hardly.—

Argante.

That, but an effect may be

Of what's reported, by Orontus, who

Is #aid to have pretences for you to.

Florame alarm'd therewith, does colder prove,

Fearing his Rival, more then him you love.

From his di#turbed thoughts I gather it,

Which #ince a mi#-report does thus beget,

I ought to ha#ten on this Nuptial Tye,

To #et all right, and them to #atisfy.

Think on't, Adieu.—I'll to his Fathers run,

And there con#ult what more is to be done.

Exit.

Dorothea,

(alone.

In vain this Man, for Husband you'd prefer;

My Eyes herein, #hall be my Coun#eller.

But, Ly#et comes, Love take thou my defence.

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.

I Staid thy coming with impatience.

Well,—is he found, what's his reply, tell true?

Ly#et.

I have at once both found and lo#t him too.

Dorothea.

How, did he #light the Me##age thou did#t tell?

Ly#et.

You do not know him yet; #ure, very well.

He's too much vers'd in's way to blanch at that.

Dorothea.

Then prethee let me know how 'tis, and what?

Did#t #ay I wait him?—Shall I #ee him here?

Ly#et.

No doubt he'l come,—but pray beware a #nare.

If you'l believe me, give him word for word;

Pay him in's own coine, but no more afford.

Engage no farther, then you find him go.

Dorothea.

What does induce thee to #peak of him #o?

Is he incon#tant, fal#e?

Ly#et.

That #hall appear,

Be Judge your #elf, pray, Madam do but hear.

I'th' #treet I met him in a certain place,

Who #miling, when he fir#t beheld my Face,

Approach'd me with #uch joy, as made me deem

His Love was noble, and de#erv'd e#teem.

This did his words confirm, for he did #ay,

He ever would to you obedience pay.

Scarce were the#e words pronounc'd, when I prote#t

A Lady coming,—Here's the main oth' je#t,—

—He without why, or wherefore, dur#t pre#ume

To #ing her the #ame Song, to the #ame Tune:

And without blu#hing, tho I #tood clo#e by,

Di#cours'd of Love to her mo#t plea#antly.

Dorothea.

Unworthy Man,—had he the confidence

Before your Face to own a new pretence,

And mention Love to her?

Ly#et.

Yes, in my #ight.

Dorothea.

Di##embling Traytor!

Ly#et.

'Tis his whole delight.

Dorothea.

But, then the Lady, what became of her?

Go on.

Ly#et.

A long while they did there confer,

When, #uddenly, ('twas plotted I dare #ay)

They part, and each retir'd a #everal way.

Dorothea.

And you ne're follow'd to enquire her name?

Ly#et.

I would, and much I long'd to know the #ame;

But, then Orontus #ervant made me #tand,

Who having pop't #ome Sweet-meats in my hand,

In earne#t of #ome better thing e're long,

Promis'd me Mountains for to hold my tongue:

But I,—what do you think I am #o ba#e?

Then throwing all the Sweet-meats in his face,

Sirra (cry'd I)—I'le ne're prove fal#e for the#e,

Nor do I u#e to #ell my Mi#tri##es#
 If I need Money, #he #uch plenty hath
 In #tore for me, I need not break my Faith.
 Then did my courage prompt me to engage.—
 Dorothea.
 Thy Zeal does ravi#h me.
 Ly#et.
 I #well'd with rage.
 What, I betray you?—Sell you? Wher's his wit?
 He proffer.—
 Dorothea.
 Go,—thou #halt not lo#e by it.
 In the mean time, #ee my unhappy Fate?
 And with what rea#on I did all men hate:
 Since this Orontus, for who#e Love,—my Pride
 And noble Haughtine#s I laid a#ide;
 Like a Di##emblem does me #light and brave,
 And puts on others Chains, who was my #lave.
 But,—truly this was timely brought to light,
 Ere I con#ulted that fal#e Man to night;
 Or how to break this other Hymen ask't
 Advice.
 Ly#et.
 You hope in vain, ther's promi#e pa#t:
 Your Father urges it, and having pow'r.
 Dorothea,
 Let him urge #till, I'll qua#h all in one hour.
 Ly#et.
 But Florame has his word, his heart, his love.
 Dorothea.
 Florame, at need, my help herein would prove,
 Since to endeavour this our union he
 Too much aver#ion ever met in me.
 In vain the#e impotent old Parents try
 Upon our wills to act their tyranny.
 Each others coldne#s being mutual,
 We dread not their authority at all.
 But,—who is't locks that door? what is't they do?

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET.

Lucia.

her Hood down.

PRotect me, from a brother does pur#ue

To finde me out,—who#e wrath and jealou#ie
 For walking forth, will har#hly light on me.
 In vain, by twenty turns, from #treet to #treet
 I #ought to #teal away, and he not #ee't.
 He follow'd #till, and keeping me in #ight
 Con#train'd me now, le#t on me he #hould light
 To #tep in here, where I your aid implore.
 For #helter, till—this danger may blow o're.
 See who 'tis begs.

(#he takes off her Hood.

Dorothea.

Ah! Lucia is it thee?

Lucia.

'Tis I, who#e cruel Brothers jealou#ie—
 But, there he knocks,—to #ave me from his frown
 Pray, feign you ju#t now come in from the Town.
 My Hood, I'll leave you.
 #he puts her hood upon Dorotheas head.

Dorothea

Hide you quickly, do.

Lucia.

(runs in

In here!

Ly#et.

Dy'e know?

Dorothea.

Open the door, go, go.

Make ha#te.

Ly#et.

No matter, #he #hall make it good.

Dorothea,

What will he think on't?

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

ERASTES, DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea,

giving her Hood to Ly#et as if #he newly came into the hou#e.

LY#et, take my Hood.

Ly#et goes out with the Hood, and enters agen about the latter end of the Scene.

Era#tes.

Pardon th' intru#ion; you may well #u#pect,

Void both of Love to you, and of re#pect.

I follow my di#pair, and with much pain

The #torms of my ju#t anger now refrain.

Dorothea.

Your humour's much di#turb'd to day, I find:
I thought #o #mooth a Calm raign'd in your mind,
That #till immoveable at all events,
Your #oul no anger knew, nor di#contents.

Era#tes.

None, but for you, caus'd by my too great Faith
And Love—

Dorothea.

Then I'm the object of this wrath.

Era#tes.

Deny, ungratefully you #corn my flame;
Deny, my Rivals happine#s, your #hame;
What yet I #aw, mu#t trea#on be confe#t?

Dorothea.

Believe me, Sir, you rave!

Era#tis.

But yet, at lea#t
You will agree, #ince many eyes did #ee't,
You held di#cour#e with him in th' open #treet.

Dorothea.

I?—

Era#tes.

Whom I follow'd after your adieu's,
Believe—

Dorothea.

Your eyes.—

Era#tes.

The#e eyes ne're bring fal#e newes#
But clearly to evince, and tell your #hame,
It will #uffice, when I Orontus name.

Dorothea.

Orontus!

Era#tes.

Yes,—that Gallant was there, to,
Whom you gave audience while he courted you.
Can you deny it #till?

Dorothea,

(a#ide.

In troth 'tis fine,
I #erve my Rival,—was ere Fate like mine?

Era#tes.

Your #ilence is confe##ion.—All de#ires
I henceforth bani#h, quenching all my Fires.

A mo#t Unfaithful She, I did adore;
 But Heav'ns di#covery bids my heart give o're.
 Dorothea.

This is too ra#h,—yet #till my goodne#s #ee?
 (For #ure you neither know, nor #peak to me.)
 I pardon your blind rage, tho gone #o far
 As to mi#take both me, and who you are#
 Think on me, whil#t your tongue you fiercely whet,
 And think how much you do your #elf forget.
 Era#tes.

I've thought too long, and Ju#tly have accus'd—
 Dorothea.
 What you proceed?—This makes me more confus'd,
 Your words #o di#compos'd at randome fly.
 —But, pray, let's know, what makes you #peak thus high?
 Orontus, #ay you, hath my heart obtain'd.
 Is it a Crime that Man my love hath gain'd?
 What had I promis'd you, #hould hinder me?
 I brake no Oaths, nor Vows, my #oul was free,
 If from one Letter, you this inf'rence make,
 Your ea#ine#s that favour did mi#take.
 I love to jea#t, if that will do the deed,
 I'de write a hundred more #uch for a need.
 That Paper #hew'd in Mirth I much delight,
 And you will find #o, if you #pell it right.
 Era#tes.

What, mock me thus?—Is this the fruit at la#t
 Of all my hopes, and all my #ervice pa#t?
 After two years, #pent in devoirs and love?
 Dorothea.

Such devoirs #ometimes do but trouble prove.
 Era#tes.
 Now your proud minde does ca#t off all di#gui#e.
 This #hews my error, and un#eals my eyes;
 Go, take your #winge in your uncon#tant will.
 Leave me,—and live for your Orontus #till.
 Tho#e fetters once #o #oft and dear, I break,
 And to keep nothing that of you does #peak.
 That Letter, who#e allurements made me burn,
 Tho once my trea#ure I will back return.
 Dorothea.

You will oblige me, do, kinde Sir, 'tis fit#
 Era#tes.
 Yes, I'le re#tore it, make no doubt of it.

I'll ha#te home for it, Madam, #tay that while.
Exit.

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Ly#et.

IN fine; heaven now begins on you to #mile,
The Rival Lady,—#he to whom I #aid
The fal#e Orontus new addre##es made
Is in your power, what more could fortune do?

Dorothea.

I know, yet have maintain'd her quarrel too.

Ly#et.

I #uffer'd hitherto, but now #he mu#,

Dorothea.

Speak #oftly, el#e #he hears, and may di#tru#t.

Ly#et.

I'll warrant her from being now #o near,
She fled into the Garden out of fear.
And to return you thanks there waits thus long.
I came now thence.

Dorothea.

T' avenge my love and wrong,
And bla#t his ba#e de#ign, this remedy
I quickly;—#tay—what's that appears to me?

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

Cliton.

Ly#et.

Ly#et.

(to Dorothea#

"Tis Cliton.—Is your Ma#ter there?

(to Cliton.

Cliton.

May he come in?

Ly#et.

Yes.

Cliton.

But—

Ly#et.

Let him not fear,
The good man's forth, tell him.

(Cliton goes out.

Dorothea.

See now Ly#et.

How both of them do fall into my net.

If from di#dain of me their love take root,

One #troke may lop them both, and I will do't.

Ly#et.

Let not fierce jealou#ie bear #o great a #way,

But #eek—

Dorothea.

Go back, and finde out Lucia.

And when you gue#s Orontus may be here

Lead her this way, till #he approach #o near,

That having #topt her, on #ome other #core

She may hear all we #ay, from yonder door,

His tongue mu#t prate of Love when he comes in,

And I'll return as good as he can bring.

Ly#et.

The bait's #o tempting—he will bite anon.

I think I hear him.

(Exit.

Dorothea.

Quickly then, be gone#

He's here.

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

ORONTUS. DOROTHEA, CLITON#

Cliton.

HOw Sir?

Orontus.

I tell thee, I, in fine

Have quitted her, and Ly#et's henceforth thine.

Cliton.

In earne#t?

Orontus.

And in earne#t #hall be #till.

Cliton.

Thank's Sir—Now pu#h your fortunes where you will.

Orontus.

(to Dorothea.

How dear #oever I this favour prize,

Yet, from your goodne#s this regret does ri#e.

That here expected by you, it may chance

Breed doubt which brings me, love—or complai#ance

For your commands may #eem to make it prove
More my obedience then an act of love.

Ly#et.

appearing at the door with Lucia, whom #he obliges to retire a #tep or two.

Madam, a Gentleman is there you #ee.

Stay.

Lucia.

(a#ide.

'Tis Orontus, Ah! fal#e man, 'tis he!

Dorothea.

(to Orontus.

While you #urprize me by your Complement

With art enough, you my complaints prevent.

But, #ay your #elf, what #hall I now believe?

Orontus.

My Joy's #o great, you may the truth perceive.

Dorothea.

I doubt 'tis art.

Orontus.

Small rea#on in this ca#e.

Dorothea.

A treacherous #oul oft hath a #miling face.

Orontus.

To be #ecure, this a #afe way will prove,

Ask your own heart, that knows how I do love.

Dorothea.

It owns no #ecrets.

Orontus.

More then you confe#s,

Vouch#afe to hear it, it will #peak no le#s.

Be#ides which, my Devoirs my love #ets forth.

Dorothea.

Which being forc'd, are but of little worth.

Orontus.

The Homage paid tho#e Eyes, which rule my heart,

Are they e#teem'd a force then, on your part?

That love which no #elf-intere#ts defile,

That has no dro#s, no mixture, nought that's vile.

Dorothea.

You #et it highly forth.

Orontus,

Have I not cau#e,

Since 'tis your Vertue only gives it lawes?

Your worth, the only motive comprehends,

Of my true love,—And #uch love's without ends.

Dorothea.

I may pre#ume it then, to be long liv'd;

This rare, this noble birth from me deriv'd;

For though, the pow'r of time mo#t pow'rful be,

Can that e're make me cea#e from being me?

Orontus.

It were great wrong both to my Faith and Will,

To doubt my Love were not immortal #till.

Dorothea.

You #peak #o lavi#hly, I ju#tly fear,

Lea#t #ome #urprizal you intended here.

Orontus.

Does my Sincerity #u#pcion give?

Dorothea.

They hazard much, that lightly do believe#

Orontus.

Hopes founded on great Merits, may be #aid

By being limited to be betraid.

Such ought from #o firm rules not to depart,

Which lays a claim to every noble heart.

Dorothea.

From thence it comes, #oon as your Eyes give fire

You conquer ev'ry object you de#ire.

Orontus.

From hence it is with little fear I do

See others under-hand, attempting you.

I #erve you out of love,—Era#tes out

Of gain,—your Eye-#ight's good, what need I doubt?

Dorothea.

Your merits do pre#age you cannot fail,

Set again#t him, you mu#t o'reweight the #cale.

Orontus.

Go as it will, my #elf I'll #atisfy.

Tho#e #hall de#erve my care, that will comply:

Or if another choice they #hall pur#ue,

Th'rough their own folly.—My Faith bids adieu.

Dorothea.

Such weakne#s in my choice #hall never be;

This fly reproach is it addre#s'd to me?

Orontus.

Your lov's too #crupulous, I'll tell yee true.

Such general terms, do not reflect on you.

—But, I hear noi#e!

Dorothea,
 counterfeiting a#toni#hment.
 Where is't?
 Orontus.
 You #eem to fear,
 And look—
 Dorothea#
 I look't about for Ly#et here.
 I thought I #aw her.
 Orontus.
 So you might. I #ay—
 Dorothea.
 What is become of her?
 Orontus.
 She's gone this way;
 I'll go and call her.
 Dorothea,
 feigning to withhold him.
 Gods! what would you do?
 Orontus.
 Shew a #mall proof, of my great Zeal for you.
 Dorothea.
 Still with your Love #u#picion does appear.
 But, know, if any per#on were hid there
 Without my leave, perhaps my woman may—
 Orontus.
 That you are guilty, Madam, who dares #ay?
 This time you #peak again#t your #elf, I #ee.
 Dorothea.
 I've cau#e to fear your prying jealou#ie
 Since ye#terday you #tuck the #ame reproach.
 Orontus.
 Pray do but cau#e your woman to approach.
 Dorothea,
 (#till holds him.
 And under that pretence your doubts begin
 To—
 Orontus.
 Then permit—
 Cliton.
 Era#tes is within.
 Put on Sir, make the naked truth appear;
 Perhaps 'tis Ly#ets t'other Husband's there!
 Dorothea.

Well, do your plea#ure, Sir, but after this.

Orontus.

Y'are much allarm'd.—Ly#et!

ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

Lucia,

di#covering her #elf #uddenly to Orontus.

AH! here #he is!

Take courage man, Fate cannot be with#ood.

Cliton,

(a#ide.

Cheapners enough,—this Market mu#t be good.

Orontus,

(to Cliton.

What unexpected Lab'rinth am I in!

Cliton.

Your Wit's a Clue, will guide you out agin.

Lucia,

(to Orontus.

Well, Faithle#s Lover?

Dorothea.,

Lover #o untrue!

Lucia.

What turn by turn your heart thus #har'd 'twixt two?

Dorothea.

Incon#tant!

Lucia.

Perjur'd!

Dorothea.

Scornful!

Lucia.

Flat'ing!—Nay—

Dorothea.

Ungrateful!

Lucia.

Traytor!

Orontus.

Have yee more to #ay?

Lucia.

After #o many Vows, without pretence—

Cliton.

Ma#ter, for fear o'th' wor#t, let's ee'n pack hence:

Should the#e fly on's, as #ome #he Dragons do;

Adieu, Gallants, to Man and Moun#ir too.

Dorothea.

In fine, the truth, in #pite of all your skill—

Orontus.

Pray, let me hear th' Inditement, if you will?

Dorothea.

Can you demand, yet, what your Crime #hould be?

Orontus.

Yes, having not the gift of Prophe#ie.

Lucia.

Deny the#e Trea#ons, are #o Evident,

Shews you not fal#er now, then impudent.

Orontus.

Do not pa#s #entence, e're you name the Crime.

Dorothea.

You never told me, that your heart was mine?

That you tho#e Oaths and Vows would ne're forget?

Orontus.

I'le #wear all this agen, I love ye yet,

Lucia.

Can you love her, fal#e Man, #o oft did #ay,

Nay #wear, your heart did yeild to Lucia?

And that—

Orontus.

All this I'le #till make good, and more.

Lucia.

Love me?

Yes, you

Dorothea.

And me?

Orontus.

I #till adore.

Lucia.

Mark but his confidence, though both are by?

Orontus.

In vain my love for you, I #hould deny,

Too well you know me not to claim a part.

Dorothea.

Why Court you me then, if #he have your heart?

Orontus.

For love.

Dorothea.

—What love?

Orontus.

—True love

Dorothea.

True love,—how #o?

Orontus.

Why, true love, Madam, does from Rea#on flow.

And Rea#on tells me where#oe're I #ee

Beauty (like pow'r) it mu#t adored be.

Thus whil#t in each of you #uch Charms I meet,

I equally am drawn to baits #o #weet.

Nor can you blame me for't, #ince whil#t I do

Her beauty prize, I pay your's wor#hip too.

Dorothea.

But, #ince you fir#t, or la#t, mu#t chu#e, let's #ee

Who you'l prefer?

Orontus.

That #till mu#t #ecret be.

Dorothea.

Come, come, you mu#t declare.

Orontus.

No,—for in brief

I fear the #he I leave would dye for grief.

Lucia.

Sir, you may chu#e el#ewhere, as you like be##t#

Truly, you well de#erve all this conte#t.

Orontus.

Nay, if you'r thus indiffrent. Here I'le vow

My con#tant Love. I'm Dorotheas now.

Lucia.

The mighty prize I yeild with willing mind.

Orontus.

Had I declar'd for you, you'l'd #peak more kind.

Lucia.

Her Fortunes great, it cannot be deny'd.

Orontus.

Di#grace is #till attended with fal#e Pride.

And yet the lo#s perhaps breeds trouble too.

(to Dorothea.

You to whom henceforth, all my love is due,

Believe—

Dorothea.

This #udden change admits of doubt.

Orontus.

Your Wit, on #econd thoughts will make it out.

Since your more great de#erts doe you prefer.

Dorothea.

Your various humour makes me fear you erre.

You #wear to every one.

Orontus,

The Mode,—you #ee:

But as I am,—try how you like of me?

ACT. V. SCEN. IX.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS, FLORAME, ERASTES, DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

Era#tes,

coming in before Argante, #peaking to Dorothea.

HEre is your Letter, which I would alledge,

—But—how—my Si#ter here?

Argante,

coming in with Florame.

Her faith I'll pledge,

I'm Father.

Florame.

O! but rather then con#train—

Your coldne#s gives me ju#t cau#e to complain.

If fal#e repotts alone di#turb your mind;

Or cau#e Orontus, you in pre#ence find:

Know, that which brings him's Lucia's love, for I—

Lucia.

Sir, what you #peak of me, I mu#t deny.

My love's beyond Orontus hopes #o far—

Elorame,

(to Argante.

Then #uffer me, at this time to declare,

That having dar'd at Lucia's Bed to aim,

The honour of your Son#hip would be vain.

Nor can I, Sir, accept of it at la#t.

But here's Era#tes—

Era#tes.

No the Dyce is ca#t;

To love that fal#e One, I #hall ne're accord.

But, Sir, to you, that I may keep my word,

Lead home my Si#ter—You th' effect #hall #ee.

Florame,

(to Argante.

Adieu,—Don't envy my pro#peritie.

ACT. V. SCEN. X.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

Argante,

(to Orontus.

WHat means all this; Does Lucia Florame love?

And is not #he the object you approve;

With whom this night caught in your Love de#ign,

You leap'd their Garden wall, and came to mine?

Orontus.

Sir,—'tis high time, I #hould you di#abu#e;

Know therefore, only Love #hap'd that Excu#e.

Argante.

What meet my Girle by night# and both to dare—

Orontus.

Pray make no trouble.

Argante.

You #hall Marry her.

Orontus.

I mu#t con#ent to Wed at la#t, for I

Have no way el#e to End this Comedy?

Dorothea.

Bring you to Marriage! Who could this fore-#how?

Orontus.

This ends my Part, and it mu#t needs be #o.

Cliton.

Yet the Conclu#ion will imperfect be;

To wind up all, Ly#et #hould Marry me.

Dorothea.

Do'#t love her?

Cliton.

I dye for her.

Dorothea.

Then #he's thine.

Cliton,

(to Ly#et.

My pretty One—

Ly#et.

Not yet,—the choice is mine;

Can#t thou maintain me, like a Dam'#el fair?

Cliton.

Yes, #ure.

Ly#et.

Ha#t thou wherewith?

Cliton.

—Take you no care#

Ly#et.

Who will #ecure me?

Cliton,

(pointing to Orontus.

He,

Orontus.

I'le do't,—give o're.

Ly#et.

Fir#t lets the Money Count,—Then I'le #ay more.

End of the Fifth ACT.

FINIS.