

Amorous orontus, or, The love in fashion —  
Amour à la mode. English

Corneille, Thomas, 1625-1709.

1665

**Amorous ORONTUS: OR The Love in Fahion.**

**ACTUS I.**

**SCENA I.**

ORONTUS, CLITON.

Orontus.

HAt done my Meage?

Clinton.

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 contrain'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 keenet Shaft, her heart did hit,

And you have, this time, more Succes then Wit.

Orontus.

'Bove expectation!

Cliton.

In what you deign'd,  
 You have the Tyde both for you, and the Wind:  
 You ail in a mooth Sea, and may go far,  
 Unles ome Rival-Pyrare prove a bar.  
 Orontus.  
 Thou know't what Wracks my Veel'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 anwer'd?  
 Cliton.  
 Yes, Sir,—or  
 I'me much mitaken,—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 himelf.  
 I wrote in Vere, in Vere he answers me:  
 She's skil'd in all perfections the world knows.  
 Cliton.  
 Yes,—Ladies now can do't in Vere or Proe:  
 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 preume to ask me mine;  
 Tho I ometimes admit of Love, indeed, yet I  
 Mean it hall cot me nought, ele I hould oon decline.  
 To give you heart for heart, uch an exchange would be,  
 No merit ever durt apire o high before:  
 You proffer homage here, 'caue 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 jutly thought, your Love hould be more great;  
 Then let us cat accompt exact without deceit,  
 That neither be Trapand and after, cry,—a Cheat!  
 If thoe 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 bret is not o oft;  
 Nor does a thouand 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 tete,—if my weights chance to fail,  
I'll add my heart thereto, and eae you of your pains.

DOROTHEA.

Her Anwer 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 answers loud.  
Orontus.

Nor is it trange to me, that he eem's proud:  
'Tis like to like, my Letter boated 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 urret way to take my heart.  
Preumption, in a Woman that begins.  
To weild Love's Scepter, bet 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 mut humbly wait below,  
And e're a favour he on us betow,  
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 ele they find it a mot pleaing 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 fasion  
Look coyly in Our new-born paion;  
An hew us 'tis no eaie task to win  
The Fort, nor hould One ummons let us in:  
Thoe that meet no reitance on one part,  
Not bravely gain, but poorly begg a heart;  
And he whoe eaines takes up no hield,  
Rather to pitty does, then merit yield.  
I corn o tame a purchae,—for in hort  
There mot I love, where I have paid mot for't.  
All cheap Commodities I till dipie.

Cliton.

Strange Trader in thee 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 encrease, not quench the growing flame.  
 But Dorothea, though a while he may  
 Diemble 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 submits, I'm ure he loves me now.  
 The title of invincible's laid down;  
 I meure 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 amongst a thouand 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 thoe three, that thou may't be diprov'd,  
 This being loveliet, Now—is only lov'd.

Cliton.

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

But three,—and—

Orontus.

Peace!—I py Erates 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.

Erates.

There's much more in my heart, I've got the day  
Of a tern beauty; after much delay,  
And fierce repules, my mot faithful flame  
Will crown me with her happy Bridegrooms name.

Orontus.

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

Erates.

Dicretion does dicoveries forbid.

Orontus.

Yet, friendship omewhat claims.

Erates.

'Tis very true,

It does, and warrants this addres to you,  
Whereby I hall this mytery unlock,  
And give you the full knowledge, ere you knock  
At my hearts cloet.—Know, the Lady, then,  
Whoe love makes me the happiet of men:  
This morning as a favour ent to me  
A Letter,—which, although it dubiously  
Does eem to peak,—Yet nothing les then Love  
Could dictate it, or her quaint Pen thus move,  
For he that writes in uch a pleaant tile  
Is yielding,—though he parley yet a while.

Orontus.

So that your courthip hall it's ends acquire?

Erates.

Let me obtain of you but one deire,  
And it compleats my Wihs.

Orontus.

Sir, to doubt

My readines would wrong me.

Erates.

Hear me out.

This Embaie's un-anwer'd yet,—and will  
Without aittance be un-anwer'd till:  
'Tis writ in drolling Vere, and uch a train  
As does urpas 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 courtey.

I'll do't, and try my skill in Poetrie.

Erates.

This peaks you noble, and obliges me.

Adieu.

Exit.

**ACT. I. SCEN. III.**

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Cliton.

A Fine requet, i'faith I ay.

Orontus.

Next this,—may I not hope himelf, one day  
Will come and court me, to make Love for him?

O, What a brave condition am I in!

Have I not reaon confident to be

Of my own Sute, when uch crave help of me

To write Epitles:—What thinkt thou of it?

Cliton.

Why, Sir, I think, if it be want of Wit

In him to ask, 'tis wore in you to do.

Orontus.

Thou peaket 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 poes'd only by her,—though there

Are forty more, have more room there then 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 patime.—Here, now I

Your Lies approve, caue for your elf you lie.

This I'm content with.—But when there's no end

Except the feeble int'ret 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 eaily,

And any ele had been deny'd;—But I

Knowing him Lucia's brother, One o'th' three

Whoe almot equal Beauties tempted me:

And alo knowing, he a neighbour dwels

Neer Dorothea, who omewhat excels

At present, 'cause not kind,—could not refuse  
Him, whom sometimes as Brother, I may use,  
Sometimes as Neighbour.

Cliton.

This was well fore-see,  
And a far off!

Orontus.

The dulcet ous have been,  
Sometimes most useful:—And 'twas this indeed  
Made me soon resolve to help his need.  
—But,—whilst 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 almost  
Or if he oaths him 'twil be to his cost.  
He opens the Letter Erates left with him and reads.  
In sacrifice of your Love, which you do prize so high  
Erates you have dar'd presume to ask me mine;  
Sometimes I may admit of Love indeed, yet I  
Mean it shall cost me nought,—else I should soon decline.  
To give you heart.....

He takes out his own Letter and confronts with this which Erates left.  
Have I took one for t'other?

Cliton.

Yes, sure,—for Twins are not more like each other.

Orontus.

N'er did my Opticks meet the like surprize;  
'Tis word for word the same, if I have eyes.  
—Nay,—having well examin'd,—Now I see  
If mine's th' Original, this must Copy be:  
Both writ by the same hand i-faith....

Cliton.

And truth,  
She finds one block doth fit the heads of both;  
No matter though; Your Dorothea may  
Diemble,—well guess'd,—Yet her Heart does ay  
In secret, (as this plainly now does prove)  
**ORONTUS IS THE ONLY SPARK I LOVE.**  
The Pride of her affected Lines,—you know,—  
Was the bet nare to catch your Heart,—for though,  
She seem'd to Drole with Love in a New style,  
It was true Love did Dictate all the while.  
O!—Might I laugh before my Mater 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! Cure her! for in this cae,  
Contraint will orrow well.—Oh! 'tis mot 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 himelf,

Orontus.

'Tis omewhat odd,—and I  
Confes a Punie, might igh dolefully;  
Then thump his breat, Void of experience;  
Accue his quinting Planets influence  
But, I, who undertand the ways of Love,  
Such trivial chances never hall me move.  
If ev'ry object pleae,—What los is One?  
I'm ne'r inlav'd, my heart till keeps it's own;  
To give or take,—To gain or ele to looe,  
Prepar'd;—Then at the leat Repule I chooe  
A new;—Nay whatsoever I proclaim  
To them, I till am Mater of my flame.  
Thus divers objects ev'ry day does bring  
Freh 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.

Preerve this humour, you may need it till.

Orontus.

My croes ne're unk deeper, nor e're will.  
If one prove fale,—mothers Love is ure:  
And I for every grief do find a eure,  
Hence comes the gain t' have Mitrees in tore.

Cliton.

Hylas, when living undertood not more.

Orontus.

His Fancy, tho differ'd from mine, for I  
Love where I'm lov'd without inconstancy:  
But if their lightnes make them in the end  
Love change,—In troth,—I'm o much my own friend  
I dare not harbour trouble in my breat;  
But, without whyning, keep my heart at ret,  
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,  
Leat 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 caue to doubt this hould prove o;  
Lucia did till with judgment act, you know.  
Her conduct's regular; he's Modet, Wie,  
Above the fears of paltry jealousies.  
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 pleaing when the object we doe love

Seems to upect our Vows, our faith to prove:

By this our int'ret is more fortify'd,

Love's born a new, when newly jutify'd:

So that whatever Storms uch doubts can breed,

The Calme's more weet, when Pardon does uceed.

And then, freh Favours meeting in the cloe,

Needs mut th' accus'd gain, more then he can looe:

But where a Lovers Wihses glutted are,

No Peace is made, 'caue there was never War.

A dull and ated Lover, lives at's eae,

Serves but by habit, takes no thought to pleae;

Keeps the old Road,—but trives for nothing new,

'Tis ever—You love me, And I love you.

Who would not hate that gros and vulgar Trade?

Cliton.

Rare are the Obervations 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?

Florame.

It is o,—I am now

Detin'd to Marriage by a Fathers Vow;  
And though he found me irreolv'd to this,  
In eciet it by him concluded is.The Party's Gallant,—of a Noble Strain;  
But,—Oh! another in my Soul doth Raign.

And whatsoever obtacles arie,

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

Orontus.

Lucia's?

Florame.

Ther's reacon why you hould admire.

Cliton.

(aide.

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

Florame.

The old contet which from her brother parts  
My company, might well divide our hearts.But all uch light impediments are vain,  
T'oppoe his Laws, who is ole Sovereign.

Love by his Tyranny ubdues us till,

Summon we yeild; Obey, ask what he will:

Who as he lit, tho blind and young, yet knows  
When, and to whom our Hearts he will dipoe.

Thus pite of int'ret, Love my hate dimit,

Nor can I longer Lucias charms reit:

Tho, to attain unto my wihed End,

Time is my greatet hope, and uret 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 set  
 By Lucia's Maid, who at my Rendez-vous,  
 Upon a sign, let's me into their house:  
 Where, by her sweet converse, he'll bless my flame.  
 But, since the place suspicious is,—I came  
 To beg your company,—Say? shall I peed?  
 Orontus.  
 You shall,—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 Modest, Wise,  
 Above the fears of petty jealousies:  
 Her Conduct's regular; and bating this  
 Grand fault, That he too much your Lover is;  
 She's exquisite in other Qualities.  
 Orontus.  
 Now you'll repeat twenty new fooleries,  
 Cliton.  
 None other ever her esteem could get.  
 Say, now, Sir, Does it make you talk Mad yet?  
 Orontus.  
 What?  
 Cliton.  
 So disguis'd, Sir, will you ever be?  
 You're Mad, I say, Or else the Devil take me:  
 Not Mad, and lose two Loves both in one Day?  
 Orontus.  
 This only sets me a New Game to play:  
 And soon as e're Lucia or Doll, I see.  
 Cliton.  
 What you'll speak to 'um.  
 Orontus.  
 Yes, infallible:  
 I long to meet 'um,—Then will I set forth  
 My Passion to the height of Zeal and Worth:  
 First, shall my Sighs begin to charm their Ears  
 And if they fruitless prove,—I'll use my Tears:  
 Ten thousand Sobs, next, shall them entertain;  
 Yet all this while, my Heart shall feel, no pain:  
 Last, Death I'll summon too, for my redress;  
 Yet, Joy to see another them possess.

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 Ret on till.

Cliton.

And you think ome will hear, and yet give eae?

Orontus.

Yes, Cliton, with much gladnes, when I pleae.

Lat night a certain Brown-Las took my Eye,

And was the object of my Gallantry

For a long pace, whilt 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 kis her Hand.

Cliton.

And you went in?

Orontus.

No,—he for reaons, then

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

It atisfy'd me, I her houe did know;

Now he expects my Viit, and I'le go:

She might unkindly take it, hould I mis.

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.

Lyet.

Cliton.

March off, march off, your Viit's at an end.

Orontus.

Racall.....

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 Mitris, Sir, he is my Shee.

Orontus.  
 She has a Lady's Dres, and Garb.

Cliton.  
 T' my orrow  
 Her pride confounds all I can beg, teal, borrow;  
 And having found my Pure 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 Coure you would do well:  
 For if your hopes are all on Lyet plac't,  
 Indeed 'twill prove, labour in vain, at lat.  
 Your heart being vacant, therefore, you may hire  
 It out agen, to he, hall firt inquire.

Orontus.  
 Spite of the fatal hock, thy news does bring,  
 Soon halt thou ee't, well furnihed agin.

Cliton.  
 A thouand new Ones, may olicite-yee,  
 But who believes't not, hall not damned be.  
 Pray vaunt not though, your great skill any more;  
 This morn, you had three Mitries in tore;  
 The . . . eem'd engro'd by you alone;  
 A . . . all are gone!

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Orontus.  
 . . . Judgment on appearance give.

Cliton.  
 Sir, you do well, yet upon hopes to live:  
 Troubles are light to thoe thereon can feed.

Orontus.  
 'Twere ill done to reject hope in my need,  
 Since to regain the two firt,—happily,  
 Supicion does combine with Jealouy:  
 And to bring Lyet to my Lure,—This Spell  
 Of Gold and parkling Jewels promie well.

Thee oft work Wonders, more then you expect.  
 —But—tay,—Erate's Letter I neglect.  
 I mut go home and Write.—Come.  
 Cliton.  
 Now I ay,  
 If I know ought, you'l vanquih every way.  
 Orontus.  
 Let Time work out my Ends,—wear not at all;  
 Expect the Iue, 'Tis the End Crowns all.  
 The End of the Firt ACT.

## ACTS II.

### SCENA I.

FLORAME, LUCIA, LYCAS.

Florame.  
 MEet my repects with o evere an Eye?  
 Lucia.  
 To you Florame, 'tis due everitye.  
 Florame.  
 When will you treat with more compaion?  
 Lucia.  
 When you ceae off'ring me, what's not your own.  
 Florame.  
 My Love-ick-Heart gains little, all this while.  
 Lucia.  
 I'le not enrich my elf with others poil.  
 Florame.  
 How hamefully you do my Faith upect.  
 Lucia.  
 Incontant 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 indicreet our Sex eteemed be,  
 Florame, I promied trict ecreie.  
 Florame.  
 Some peron near you does me an ill turn,  
 But all is vain againt me,—till I burn  
 For you, Dear Lucia, Heaven's my Witnes, I,....  
 Lucia.  
 When I require, your elf then jutifie.  
 Pray leave me now, for many eyes do ee  
 Us here, and that may much dicredit me.  
 More talk at preent in this place may prove

Los to my Honour, No gain to your Love.  
 Florame.  
 This coyne quells my Joy's, and makes me griever.  
 Yet I obey,—but, What mut I believe?  
 Lucia.  
 That I not cruel am, but till preerve  
 As much eteem for you, as you deerve.  
 Florame.  
 To this eteem 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 obcure appear:  
 But if your oul herein it's troubles find,  
 Conult but Dorothea t' eae your mind,  
 She knows the Mitery,—Adieu. Exit.

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

FLORAME, LYCAS.

Florame.  
 ALL's lot!  
 Whence knows he this intended Match, that crot  
 My will o much, tho by a Father pres'd?  
 Lycas.  
 Is ought o ecret, it may not be gues'd?  
 It may be Dorothea brags through pride.  
 Florame.  
 No, he the iue 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 then Change hall tain my contancy.  
 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 mut be a bar  
 To keep you from the houe; And hould you meet,  
 Guided by Love, at Church, or in the Street,  
 The many Witnees 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 preume, ince this Denial, he  
 Would openly give willing ear to me.  
 But, with great Preents, I her woman late  
 Have brib'd, who now is my confederate,  
 And this night, th'rough a back door brings me, where  
 I'le hat my Triumph, or my Doom to hear.  
 There in my Tranports, at her feet, I'le 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 Erates hall conent?  
 Florame.  
 Thoe petty Quarrels, hate does oft engage  
 Us in,—are bet 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 leat, with all thy talk.  
 Stay,—Who leads yonder Lady down this Walk?  
 It's Dorothea! Gods! let's teal aide.

### ACT. II. SCEN. III.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.  
 THis pleaant Walk hew's Nature in her Pride.  
 Lyet.  
 About this time the Gentry ue t' appear.  
 Dorothea.  
 This is their Rendez-vous, they all flock here;  
 Epecially thoe Gallants, who each night  
 In telling their Amours take great delight  
 Which is to ay, Lyet, o many Lies.  
 Lyet.  
 Indeed, I think, th' are mot 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 dieae!



Yet we mut quit the World, or trive to pleae.  
 For Beauty a ad Ornament would prove,  
 Did it not others charm, and gain their love.  
 The weetet Features which a face adorn  
 Without this quality, lives but forlorn:  
 Like hidden Treasures, they for nothing erve,  
 While Mier-like, the rich, they pine and terve.  
 I have my Method, and I like it well,  
 I tudy to pleae all, if poible;  
 Endeavour by all means o fair to be  
 That they may like me well, and tell it me.  
 Thoe precious quality's I little prize,  
 Whoe hidden Luter dazles not all Eyes.  
 Not, that I am o eaie to be wonn;  
 Whyning ne're moves me to oft paion.  
 Affected adnes is a fruitles 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 thoe feel the weight that wear my Chain  
 Impoing 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 lat,  
 For all their Paion, and their Service pat.  
 Lyet.  
 Strange kind of Method this mut urely prove?  
 Dorothea  
 'Tis now in ue, and as we ought to Love.  
 If we bend ne're o little we expoe  
 Our hearts to the proud Triumph of our Foes.  
 A flatter'd Lover well'd with Victory,  
 Blots all Submiion out of Memory:  
 To keep him till our lave, he mut be crot,  
 And frown'd upon,—Thee Fetters off, he's lot!  
 Lyet.  
 And with uch Empire you ret atisfy'd?  
 Dorothea.  
 I hall confes,—what yet ome hame would hide.  
 But ince one day gains thee o much good will,  
 Hear all dicreety,—but be ecret till.  
 Lyet.  
 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 thee, The one woos me to be his Wife;  
 Which I o fear, it makes me hate my life;  
 My Father for Florame, content would get;  
 The man I prize for wealth, for Meen, for Wit:  
 But whatsoever Plea's Hymen can bring,  
 I dread that Slave, that hould become my King!  
 Next,—ther's Erates a brave Gallant, whom I  
 Think for a need, for contancy would dye.  
 But,—he o out of Mode and Courthip is,  
 He may compare with any Amadis.  
 'Tis true,—ince that, Orontu's late defeat  
 Makes his low Triumph up, he's o compleat.

Lyet.

That Blade your ervant?

Dorothea.

Is he known to thee?

Lyet.

I've heard him prais'd.

Dorothea.

O! how he pleaes me!  
 An Air o noble, Garb o full of tate;  
 So gay a Humour, ne're importunate.  
 His Voyce o charming, his Convere 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'le tell,  
 And would he till igh for me it were well.  
 Although I dearly love to keep my heart,  
 I might at length reolve with it to part.  
 From whence, judge what condition I am in.

Lyet.

hewing the two Letters.

One of thee Tickets, came not then from him?

Since you neglect to read it all this while.

Dorothea.

Give me'um, Lyet, and prepare to mile.

(Which jut 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' jet,

It well deerves our laughter, I protet.

He and Erate's here end their Loves;—And troth

'Tis the ame Letter they do Anwer both.

Lyet.

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 Trancribe it, without more ado,

And o dipatch'd him with that Copsy too.

What Anwer, now, his lender Wit does give

I long to read.

She breaks open Erate's Letter.

Ha! Veres, as I live!

I knew not he could Rhime.

Lyet.

Some end's of Playes.

Or Leaves dropt from old Poets wither'd Bayes.

Wherewith each youngter now does Deck his head;

To be on all occaions furnihed.

Dorothea.

(reads.

Tranparant Beauty, whoe mot open Heart!

That's uch a conjuring Phrae 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 perue;

Orontus, Answers with a moother Mue,

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

Each Line will claim our Admiration.

How different from that his tyle will be?

Lyet.

How well this thought of his Tranparancy?

Dorothea.

reads Orontus Letter.

Tranparent Beauty.

Lyet.

Then 'tis good and new,

If wie Orontus ue Tranparant too.

Dorothea.

(reads.

Whoe open heart

Ha! what have I got here!

This peaks the ame!

Lyet.

I think 'twill o appear.

Dorothea.

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

Read you Erate's, this will hew what they are.  
 Lyet.  
 reads the Letter.  
 TRanparent Beauty, whoe mot open heart  
 The bottom of your Soul does make me ee,  
 Now I confes, of me you have the start,  
 Since in your breat 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 languih'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 Tempet in my breat they throng:  
 Your Heart my weights didains; take heed the while,  
 Light as they are, th' out-weigh not yours e're long.  
 Dorothea.  
 This was deign'd,—it does appear, too plain;  
 And 'tis Orontus only laid this Train.  
 Erates is too dull.  
 Lyet.  
 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!  
 Lyet.  
 Orontus too,  
 With him.  
 Dorothea.  
 He knows thee not,—then preethe tay,  
 Whilt I aloof watch till he goes away;  
 Then when the old man going hence you ee,  
 Speak to Orontus, that he tay for me.  
 Lyet.  
 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 pas'd my word for the Contract  
 With Dorothea; and by Hymen he

Mut to anothers Will ubjected be.  
 In th' interim, it eems, you love her well,  
 And near my Houe 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 houe 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, againt my choice  
 By uch deportment to make further noie.  
 Only forbearing eight days to appear,  
 Would tifle all the Whipers you bred here.  
 Adieu,—Pray tudy to give this content. Exit.  
 Orontus.

A fair Remontrance, and to good intent.  
 How many Viions, does that age attend?

## ACT II. SCEN. V.

ORONTUS, LYSET.

Lyet.  
 SSt Sst...  
 My Cavalier, turn this way friend.  
 Orontus.  
 Who calls me?  
 Lyet.  
 Sir, 'tis I,—do you not ee?  
 Orontus.  
 An Envious Cloud eclipses you from me.  
 This Hood to me, does a trange torment prove;  
 Should we Act thus? We, who each other Love?  
 Lyet.  
 A pretty Complement, and hows much wit;  
 We Love each other then?  
 Orontus.  
 No doubt of it.  
 Lyet.  
 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 carcely 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 mut allow't,

We may each other Love, Yet hardly know't.

Lyet.

You never want a paint to make all fair:

But e're this time I knew, Sir, what you were;

And how your bet Affection mot 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!

Lyet, how Heav'n does this day bles my Eyes!

To meet thee I eteem uch blis,—that—

Lyet.

.....oft.

I know what fuel heats your breat too oft:

Hear but my haty Meage, e're you tir?

Orontus.

A Meage, and from whom?

Lyet.

Your Mitri● Sir.

Orontus.

'Tis then from thee

Lyet.

That's good,—but I mut tell

How Dorothea.—

Orontus.

O, I know't full well.

Lyet.

Permit.—

Orontus.

No, no, your caue of plaint I ee,

You think her Beauty only Captives me;

But n're all-arm thy elf, nor credit it.

I value les her Beauty, then her Wit.

Her counterfeited Graces les then thee,

Whilt thou art worth fifty uch Dorothee's.

Lyet.

You think to jeer me thus,—but really,

I'm worth another, that's les worth then I

Orontus.

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

That—

Lyet.

I believe, yet more then you would ay.

And will not now diemble, you hall ee't.

For tho ome Features here may eem les weet:

Yet, hath my face enough to breed delight,

And more inclines to tempt, then 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.

(aide.

IS't not my Mater with my Goip there?

Lyet.

(aide.

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

Cliton.

(aide.

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

To Orontus.

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

Orontus.

What ailt?

Cliton.

Sir, they are gone into the field of death.

Orontus.

Who?

Cliton.

They will fight unles your uccour come.

Orontus.

What are they?

Cliton.

Florame and Erat.—

Orontus.

I run.

A Moment brings me back.

Cliton, to Lyet.

—Gipey! mut you,

Becaue new cloath'd, play with thee Feathers too?

He points to Orontus.

Orontus.  
 Come, Cliton, come, their steps let's follow.  
 Cliton.  
 —Sir,  
 One is enough.—  
 Orontus.  
 Come!  
 Cliton.  
 Not I,—I'll not tire.  
 Should we be forc'd to draw.  
 Orontus.  
 Rogue,—must I drive?  
 Cliton, to Lyet.  
 You cape it fair, I'll teach you how to live.  
 Exit ambo.  
 Lyet.  
 His anger he will hardly long refrain.  
 But,—Wher's my Mitris, he comes not again?  
 I'll eek her out, and know what tops her there. Exit.

#### ACT. II. SCEN. VII.

Dorothea.  
 Enters from the other side of the Theater, her Hood down.  
 NEither Orontus nor Lyet appear?  
 What strange capricious Fate guides me this day?  
 A Father frights me hence,—Who, when away,  
 By some mistake, I cannot apprehend.  
 Orontus, he, vouchsafes not to attend.  
 —But he returns.

#### ACT. II. SCEN. VIII.

##### ORONTUS. DOROTHEA, CLITON.

Orontus.  
 Rascal, 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 divine  
 She'd this night see y' at Window,—by a sign?  
 And if I had not thus all-arm'd you, what—  
 Orontus  
 And why not say?  
 Cliton.



So I might have forgot:  
 You know my Memory's holt, and will forgive.  
 Orontus.  
 Peace!,—tay you there.  
 Cliton.  
 (aide.  
 May I thee eyes believe?  
 The Slut yet waits him? hall I offer all!  
 Orontus, to Dorothea.  
 Excue that heat, which you blind Zeal might call.  
 The Allarm was fale,—And I return once more  
 To wear I dye for you,—whom I adore,  
 To tell you Dorothea needs mut be  
 An object of didain, whilt I know Thee:  
 For he's o dull a Beauty, I carce come  
 Into her ight, but I am like to woon.  
 Cliton.  
 (aide.  
 The devil a word before me, he can find!  
 Orontus.  
 This evere ilence hews you too unkind:  
 And without much more cruelty beide,  
 You cannot till your Beauteous Face thus hide.  
 Should my weak eyes grow dazled with the light,  
 I mut.—  
 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, Lyet's Metamorphoed!  
 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 gros Deceiver, uch I find you here.  
 This at your birth, your Sex by oath, doth eal.  
 Orontus.  
 I from your Judgment jutly might appeal:  
 But if ometimes, th' effects belie our hearts;  
 Frequenting much your Schools we learn thoe arts.  
 Dorothea.

Should I relate; or weigh your lightnes well.  
Orontus.  
Perhaps, ome truth's we might each other tell:  
But I'le ne're mind what anger now brings forth:  
You know what uch a man as I am worth,  
Speak not of hate, nor lightnes,—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 ele, to loe more on't.  
Should you refue 't agree,—I'le tell thee plain,  
It would be hard to wooe me back again.  
Dorothea.  
'Twere fit, indeed, that I hould atisfy.  
Orontus.  
When I do proffer Peace thus handomely.  
Dorothea.  
My anger jutly does revenge purue.  
Orontus.  
I have ome reaon to complain of you.  
Dorothea.  
Yes, witnes what your late Dicoure did ay.  
Orontus.  
And witnes alo 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 harmles Plot, whereby  
I of your weaknes made dicoverly:  
Believing that betwixt Erat and you,  
Nothing was hid; I try'd and found it true:  
Whoe vanity, and poor injutice did  
Bring that to light, which ele, had yet lyen hid.  
Orontus.  
And I, ev'n now, did rude didain expres,  
Not but I knew to whom I made adres:  
But purpoely diembling, 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' Excue is cold enough.  
Orontus.  
Examine yours.

Dorothea.

But your late carriage your great Crime aures.  
Which Lovers Laws call Treason 'gainst their State;  
So that your guilt deerves no more debate.  
To atisfie my Honour 't hall urchase,  
I banish you both from my Heart and Eyes;  
And yet am milder then thoe Laws were meant.

Orontus.

We hall reolve upon this banishment.  
—But,—by o great a Subjects los we may  
Foretell, your Empire quickly will decay.

Dorothea.

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

Orontus.

'Tis but your interet makes me peak thus.  
In fine, I love you, and have no deire  
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 manifest

As—

Dorothea.

This night, at my houe, I'le hear the ret:  
And to confirm your fair intents,—expect  
Your due ubmission joyn'd with true respect. 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;

Erate's coming hither, drove her hence.

## ACT. II. SCEN. IX.

ORONTUS, ERASTES, CLITON.

Erates, to Orontus.

FRiend, may I peak to you with confidence?

Orontus.

You know me.

Erates.

I have partly likewise known  
 Florame is late a secret Lover grown:  
 And I, for weighty reasons, fain would come  
 To find the object of his Martyrdome.  
 Now, since to watch him till, might trouble breed,  
 Do not refuse assistance 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, seek to dive into't.  
 Orontus.  
 I'll go, just now, and try if I can do't.  
 Erates.  
 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 say  
 Her Brother knows, he burns for Lucia.  
 —This night,—thou say't, Fair Lucia does expect  
 My coming; Now, if he through fear, suspect  
 Erates watches him,—Keeping away,  
 I shall have freedom what I please to say.  
 Cliton.  
 But t'other Rendez-vous,—How goes that on?  
 For Dorothea looks.—  
 Orontus.  
 Let me alone  
 And, Cliton, thou shalt find things order'd so,  
 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'pleasing is?  
 I here thee sigh, 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 unmon'd by his flame?

I'm very well content, my Fortune's uch.

Cliton.

I wih that I could likewie ay as much.

But,—a trange Malady does me attaque.

Orontus.

What is't?

Cliton.

My honour's Hypocondriaque.

And this o much the more torments my heart,

'Cauē few to Cure our Honour have the Art.

Orontus.

That I believe;—But ay, Where didt it get?

Art angry, 'caue thou ee't me erve Lyet?

Cliton.

Not becaue you erve her, I'le tell yee true;

But I'm dipleas'd more, becaue he erves you.

Orontus.

Fool, dot not thou, thy own advantage ee?

Whilt he receiveth homage thus from me,

Her Merits in an higher Orb do move,

My Paion more enobling thy mean Love.

Cliton.

That's it,—I fear,—leat by your courthip—I—

Receive my Patent of Nobility!

I've no ambition for it;—I confes,—

I hould do well without uch Noblenes.

Orontus.

So great a Favour, you but ill repay.

Cliton.

You do for me, much more, then 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'le prove no obtacle 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 then I'le tell.

Cliton,

The favour will deerve the Chronicle.

Orontus.

Cliton, I'll tell thee, without Raillery,  
 Lyet has Charms would tempt the chatet Eye;  
 Whoe Beauty I above all ele prefer,  
 She having all, a heart can wih, in her:  
 So that believe me, I deal modetlie,  
 To borrow her, only eight days of Thee.

Cliton.

Since you uch treaures find there, if you will  
 But give me double wages, keep her till.  
 As well, I'm quite diguted 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 Mitris name  
 Orontus.

Villain, how dar't thou o prophane to be,  
 As to mi-name who's Worhipped by me?

Cliton.

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

Orontus.

Conult with Reaon, then—what that ays, chue.  
 —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 pleaes me!

Cliton.

But—Lyet more?

Orontus.

Not for the preent.

Cliton.

Wondring I'll give o're!  
 Why—butfair Dorothea?

Orontus.

Les then he.

Cliton.

Then cannot I gues, what your heart can be.

Jut now.—

Orontus.

'Tis thus,—I love for Recreation,  
 And eldom feed on bare Imagination.  
 The greatet Beauty, be it ne're o bright,  
 Tempts me no more, as oon as out of ight;  
 A thouand lovely Charms, may wound me,—when,  
 In thirty paces all is heal'd agen.  
 The preent 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 Impreions free,  
 And he till fairet eem's, whom lat I ee.  
 Cliton.  
 Then Lyet ceaing in your Eve t' appear?  
 Orontus.  
 The next I meet,—will pleae me more—I'le wear.  
 But I mut go, and with an Am'rous Tone,  
 Tell Lucia that my heart loves her alone.  
 Cliton.  
 But whilt 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 Complainants art.

### ACT. III. SCEN. II.

ORONTUS, LUCIA, CLITON.

Orontus.  
 calling up to Lucia at the Windore.  
 ARE you there Madam?  
 Lucia.  
 Is't Orontus?  
 Orontus.  
 —I.  
 Who hould reproach your Infidelity,  
 Did I not think you were o jut withal  
 Net to condemn, were I not criminal.  
 Lucia.  
 Orontus, this Allarm, 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 repect its griefs refrain!  
 And though, that mut encreae my uff'rings too,  
 Yet they are welcome, 'caue they come from you.  
 I glory'd to poes your Heart;—but then

Not being worthy,—you reume't agen.  
 Now from your Mouth the Sentence I would hear,  
 And acrifice what I do hold mot dear.  
 Happy,—if ill Succes no crime you deem,  
 And tho I loe your Love, keep your Eteem  
 Lucia.

What killing Accents do your Lips expres!  
 Raving of Crimes, and of Unhappines!  
 Oh! do not hold me longer in upence;  
 But pray, unfold this Riddles dubious ence.  
 And that your Moans, may Caue or Colour hew,  
 Declare this guilt, and this Misfortune too.

Orontus.

A Rival's entertain'd in ecet, Lo  
 That's my Mi-hap,—my Crime I do not know  
 Yet I mut ay,—ince you love him, and hate  
 Me,—I'm as Guilty as Unfortunate:  
 For to upect you of injutice, I  
 So hainous hold, I hould deerve to dye.  
 Oh! lay the caue, then, of your Change on me  
 Which mut bejut, tho I no reaon ee.

Lucia.

This trange Reproach puts me into a maze.—

Orontus.

Ah! why hould Miery 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 Lutre, dimm's my dying flame.  
 That to inform me of this choice, you here  
 For the lat time ummon me to appear:  
 While, afterwards, to end this Amorus trife,  
 In abence, I mut linger out my life.  
 'Tis too evere, will Love-ick Judges ay,  
 Yet, tho I perih Lucia, I'le obey:  
 With o much care, that my ad preence ha  
 Ne're mind you of your firt-faith's Funeral  
 To Cliton, aide.

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 Reaon left to anwer you.  
 Nor can I plead my Faith to jutify,  
 Which you accue, but nothing pecify:



—Yet, if I freely may declare my ence,  
 Your grief Orontus peaks uch Eloquence  
 That I believe it les;—how e're it hit,  
 A Real grief, then wantonnes of Wit.  
 A Lover, who with real orrow's trook,  
 Ues no Rhet'rique but a Dying Look.  
 Waves all fine words, No Advocate will Fee,  
 Only deep Sighs whipers his Mierie.  
 Yet, if you know, I thus ungrateful prove,  
 Name me this Rival that uurps your love?  
 Leave nothing to Evince my breach of Faith:  
 Declare what Favours he received hath.

Orontus.

Thoe boome Secrets, long may keep at home  
 If they mut be conceal'd till Florame come.  
 Who, though he fondly hugg his paion,  
 This night will fail your aignation.  
 Some Remora, unlookt for, keeps him hence;  
 To morrow, you may know the conequence.

Lucia.

So, o, 'tis this begets your Jealouie,  
 Florame was this night to have met with me?

Orontus.

He's raviht with the Joy he feels within!

Lucia.

You heard this from himelf,—no doubt?

Orontus.

—From him:

But, ah!—how far would your blind Rigour go?  
 Mut I have een your Heart yield to my Foe?  
 Was't not enough to atiate him with blis;  
 But to Damn me, too, I mut witnes this?

Lucia.

Since your Supicions have no Wyles refus'd.  
 You little merit to be diabus'd.

And any other, after o great wrong.—

(Softly.

But—tay—I ee a Man ure come along,  
 I'le 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 pleaaant—tho.  
 Orontus.  
 The more I tudy, les I apprehend.  
 Cliton.  
 Y'are crafty,—yet till over-reach't i'th' end.  
 They find you but diemble—and o forth.  
 And here they plant ye, jut 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 wore for me, ill luck's attend.  
 What make you here,—had we not late agreed  
 That—  
 Florame.  
 'Tis but Curioity, indeed.  
 A certain Fancy guided me this way,  
 Without deign to peak with Lucia.  
 —But,—ure, I heard ome one bid you adieu.  
 Orontus.  
 Yes.  
 Florame.  
 What deign makes me, here meet with you  
 Thus late.  
 Orontus.  
 My great deire to meet Erate  
 And eae your Mind, tranported me with hate,  
 Being confident, how e're he doubts your Love,  
 A little talk, would all his Fears remove.  
 But this my diligence is fruitles grown,  
 His Siter 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 aide.  
 Cliton, there's it now!  
 Lucia Loves Florame, and t'avoid being caught  
 She pying him, feign'd, I her Brother ought.  
 Incontant Sex,—Who can rely on uch?  
 Cliton.  
 The bet of them, indeed, are not worth much.  
 Florame.  
 To fix his thought's ome other way,—I'le chue  
 Rather fair Dorothea's Name to ue  
 Tell him, 'tis Love offer feeds my deire.  
 Orontus.  
 What can that do?  
 Florame.  
 Much, if he hould inquire.  
 He may dicover, how I ought to Wed—  
 Orontus.  
 —Her,—is't She's detin'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 elewhere.  
 Cliton, to Orontns apart.  
 You'l mis your econd Rendez-vous—I fear,  
 Think on it, Sir.  
 Orontus.  
 Take you no care thereof,  
 E're I go twenty teps, I'le hake him off. Exeunt.

### ACT III. SCEN. IV.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.  
 THis mut dicover,—be he fale, or true.  
 But,—how—he tay's  
 Lyet.  
 The Door tands open too,  
 And from above, the Light will guide his Eye.  
 Do you believe hee'l come, or ele pas by?  
 Dorothea.  
 If he want Innocence to plead his Caue,  
 He may—  
 Lyet.  
 If Mute, then hee's condemn'd by th' Laws.  
 H'as too much Wit to want's Apologie.  
 Dorothea.

What aid he, Lyet,—When he talk't with thee?

Lyet.

For you he languisht, and for you did look:

And, I believe he wilfully mitook.

What do you think?

Dorothea.

I know no more then you.

But—hee's excuable if he pake true.

If he plaid fale,—'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.

Lyet.

Orontus,—Never fear

Dorothea

Shut the Door after him, that none may hear.

Lyet.

To ee me with her, will his thoughts perplex.

### ACT III. SCEN. V.

DOROTHEA, ERASTES, LYSET.

Erates.

MAdam, The greatet glory of your Sex—

Dorothea.

What brings you hither with o bold a Face.

Lyet.

(aide.

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

Erates.

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 hate away, or ele you Ruine me:

He's hard by,—pray be gone.

Erates.

My Joy,—and Sorrow!

Alas—

Dorothea.

O! Keep alas, Sir for to Morrow.

Erates.

What!—No compaion?

Dorothea.

Yes,—towards my elf,

My Honour ele is wrack'd upon this Shelf.

Time prees,—go, go forth pray,—’tis my will  
 Sure, you were born to perecute me till!  
 Will you for ever gaze,—and not reply?  
 Erates.  
 O! Spell my Sighs,—and read my weeping Eye!  
 Dorothea.  
 ’Tis not the eason now to count your tears  
 When pity has reign’d my heart to fears.  
 Pray, Sir, hate 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.  
 Erates.  
 I’m ready, if you please, to meet his wrath.  
 Dorothea.  
 Rather a thousand times.—  
 Lyet.  
 To prevent all  
 I’ll lead him to the Garden, th’rough the Hall.  
 There he’s secure. Exeunt.  
 Dorothea.  
 Th’ advice is good I’ll wear.  
 Go,—open as you pass.

### ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA.

Orontus.  
 to Cliton within.  
 Cliton, stay there.  
 Orontus Enters, leaving Cliton at the door.  
 What,—is all vanish’d? this seems strange to me,  
 I heard much noise,—yet can no body see!  
 To see me thus, is ill, I tell you true,  
 I neither came to care,—nor hinder you.  
 Dorothea.  
 Surely you’ve taken me to task, this day.  
 Orontus.  
 No,—but free humours hate such boe-peep play.  
 And ’tis my trouble, that with so much care  
 You should disguise your self from what you are.  
 What ever Gallant ’tis,—let him come forth:  
 My Passion dares all Eyes, to try its worth.  
 Nor shall my Zeal wax less on such a core,  
 I love a Mistress, all men do adore.  
 And I had little hopes in this way,  
 Should I not court you, now, in your own way.  
 Variety’s the Heav’n of your bliss;

Then mut I cherih what your Humour is.  
 Did I oppoe the Freedom you like bet,  
 That were to eek mine, not your Interet:  
 And would pervert the noblet ends of Love;  
 Intead of Subject, I hould Tyrant prove.

Dorothea.

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

Orontus.

So mild a Cenure, 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 bet 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 pres,  
 Whilt you alone hare out their happines.  
 Were not this glory then, diminihed,  
 Should you heap all thee Favours on One head?  
 So great a Treasure, uch a plenteous Feat,  
 Was never, ure, meant for one Mier guet.  
 For, tho, I do adore, what is o rare,  
 And favour crave,—yet not above my hare.  
 I'le not apire, (tho in your flames I burn)  
 T' enjoy you olely,—I'le 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 deire,  
 I would not hinder,—but hall oon retire.

Dorothea.

This weak upicion is the Child of fear.

That any other.—

Orontus.

I've a faithful Ear,  
 That perfectly dicerneth every Voice.

If.—

Dorothea.

'Tis mot like,—this time was a fit choice,  
 And you no promie had to day before?

Orontus.

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

Who with one Letter Anwer's two,—Allow's  
 One night's enough t' exalt as many Vow's.

Dorothea.  
 Your fale conjectures, then, are rais'd from thence.  
 Orontus.  
 No, no, I peak on clearer Evidence.  
 Knocking at Door,—ome noie made me begin  
 To doubt whether 't might pleae, hould I come in:  
 Some I heard walk and peak, and midt the noie,  
 Unles I'm much deceiv'd, I heard a voice  
 Say, There he's come, What hall we do with this!  
 Yet, I'le believe but what your pleasure 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,  
 Whilt I above tood as my Father's py.—  
 Lyet Enters.  
 But here he comes will clear the Mitery.

**ACT. III. SCEN. VII.**

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.  
 Come hither Lyet.  
 Orontus,  
 (aide.  
 Gods, what is't I ee!  
 Lyet erves here!  
 Dorothea,  
 aide to Lyet.  
 Take the whole fault on thee:  
 No matter.  
 Orontus,  
 (aide.  
 All my Prancks will now come forth.  
 Lyet,  
 oftly to Orontus.  
 Now,—am I fifty Dorothea's worth?  
 Dorothea,  
 aloud to Lyet.  
 Who was't pake with you, when Orontus Knock'd?  
 Lyet.  
 With me?  
 Dorothea.  
 Yes, you?—believe I'le not be mock'd.  
 Lyet.  
 What do ye take me?—

Dorothea  
 No excue, Unles—  
 Lyet.  
 Dear Madam,  
 Dorothea.  
 Some Gallant  
 Lyet.  
 I mut confes.  
 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.  
 Lyet.  
 Cliton.  
 Orontus,  
 to Cliton whilt 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 ditres.  
 Orontus.  
 Take comfort Cliton, that will make it les.  
 Dorothea.  
 This atisfies?  
 Orontus.  
 Yes, if you pleae, and more.  
 Argante,  
 (within.  
 Lycante we are robb'd! tand at that door.  
 Cliton,  
 (to Orontus.  
 Sir,—now w'are caught!



Dorothea  
 O! infinite digrace.  
 My Father comes here, hye away apace.  
 To Lyet.  
 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, otherwie  
 Should come, and this love-folly o chatie—.  
 But—'tis too late.

### ACT III. SCEN. IX.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS, CLITON.

Enter Argante, his word drawn.  
 Don't I Orontus ee?  
 O Daughrer! whoe wilde love dihonours 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 excue,—  
 Orontus.  
 Mine, is both jut and true,  
 For, tho unhappy,—I am guiltles 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 hate enough, who 'twas I could not know.  
 But, tho there be ome colour, Sir, in this

Excuse,—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.

Doet fear?

Cliton.

I? no, but I mall courage have:

You, like a Torch i'th' winde, all toms out-brave  
 And may escape, But—(Oh! the Collick gripes.)

Poor Cliton hall be ent to bed with tripes.

Orontus.

Hark! for they talk.

Argante,

peaking to Erate, whom he findes in his houe, 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 hate, for your relation's true.

Your enemy!—I hake.

Orontus.

What?

Argante.

Does purue.

Orontus.

Who is't?

Argante.

D'ye ask? Erates.

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 dipatch.

Orontus,

(to Cliton.

See, Women's ficklenes.

Cliton.

Take comfort Sir, 'twill make your griefs the les. Ex. Oront. Cliton.

Argante.

(●oh●s.

This danger was prevented well in troth,

I'le end this after, then good night to both.

### ACT III. SCEN. X.

ARGANTE, ERASTES,

Argante.

(opening the door.

ERates.

Erates.

(aide.

Who can gues this mytery?

Surprize me here, yet deal thus lovingly.

Argante.

What brought you here, I pardon, for your ake;

But no noie on't, if you my counel take;

Upon uch accidents, wie men hould wink.

Erates.

Think not.—

Argante.

I know Sir, what I ought to think,

Erates.

I doubt that—

Argante.

No, no, I hall let it leep.

Erates.

Perhaps.—

Argante.

—Be ure, I hall the ecret keep:

Adieu.

Erates.

But—

Argante.

'Tis high time, be gone I pray.

Make hate.

Erates.

I undertand not what he'd ay. (Exit.

Argante.

(Solus.

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

How timely thee by me dicover'd were,

—Now in the treet, fight, or embrace at eae:

Long may they cuffle e're it me dipleae.  
 If they each other drill till I go forth,  
 Their skins to morrow will be little worth.  
 The End of the Third ACT.

## ACTS IV.

### SCEN. I.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Orontus.  
 HOW ill thou argu't! what, thou thinket then?  
 Cliton.  
 But, Sir, it puzles me above all ken  
 'Till dooms-day, I might thus be arguing,  
 Yet till i'th' dark for all my reaoning.  
 Orontus.  
 Confes 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' abue  
 You late receiv'd at your two Rendez-vous,  
 Who would not wear, that in your choller, you  
 Should blinking Cupid cure,—and his Mam too:  
 Sigh, groan, obb, howl, and tumble all the night,  
 And from your net, in three dayes make no flight;  
 Your brain's unhing'd, your heart conum'd with care,  
 Whereas you ing and frisk more gay then c're;  
 Nay, Rant,—and in all company laugh mot  
 And bear't as you had neither won nor lot.  
 Mot Heteroclite does your carriage eem!  
 Orontus.  
 And wher's the wonder? they leave me,—I them.  
 Cliton.  
 If towards you, ome Ficklenes they how,  
 They but return you back, a quid pro quo.  
 For Mitris, 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 pleaure that in Love I find!  
 Cliton.  
 And they begin to love you in your kind.  
 Orontus.  
 I'm not dipleas'd.  
 Cliton.

Then, mut I ay, indeed,  
I think your Love's but ome new batard-breed.

Orontus.

And thus I whip him to my own deire.

Cliton.

More I examine, I the more admire,  
Sometimes, you play the prightly Gallants part;  
Then, nought but adnes its about your heart.

A Jovial air, 'mongt thee 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 pleasures tate, without the pain.

Cliton.

At once to give and take a Heart in jet,  
Is this Love?

Orontus.

This is Love, and 'tis the bet.

Cliton,

But, is not Love, Sir, a controling heat  
(For I'm a Scholar ince I erv'd Lyet.)  
A frying in the Frot, freezing in Fire,  
Which torms the Brain, and Fetters the Deire  
To one alone; Pleaing, 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 mut we doe, to have it Modify'd?

Orontus.

My conduct will intruct thee in the right.  
Examine't well.

Cliton.

'Tis beyond my dull ight.

If you'l intruct me, you mut bring it neer.

Orontus.

Liten, and the whole ecet will appear.

"To every She, the like complaiance pay;

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

"Court out of cutome for diverion's ake.

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

"Your Face (the Index) much of Love mut how;

"But what you promie, let your Breat not know.

"Of an Un-truth, a Verity compile,

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

"Raving of Paion, pain, troubles of Mind.

"And not to hazard ought by woman-kind,

"Pay the whole Sex, your Adoration

"In gros,—but ingly,—light them one by one.

This is my Rule.

Cliton.

The Science I approve,

You thus extract the Quinteence of Love.

—But,—as for Lyet, be it undertood

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

Otherwie.—

Orontus.

Without wrangling,—I yet may

Leave thee ole Tenant e're we pas one day.

For now agen Fortune does me provide,

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

Cliton.

Erat' 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,

Pas'd by their door, where by ome hazard taid

Finding it open, and he tanding by,

Surpriz'd her out of curioity.

Believing with her Maid,—he had intent

To pas ome moments there in merry-ment.

His pleaing convere hardly did begin

When he mut hide,—the Father coming in.

And, now, what cruple can there be in this?

Cliton.

Born under ome Smock Star.

Orontus.

—The bet on't is,

Florame, that ought who held Erates heart,  
 Found Dorothea claim'd his Sifers part.  
 When, he expreing by what rigour they  
 Forcing his will, tore him from Lucia:  
 So won upon him, he conent did peak,  
 Provided they the firt Contract would break.  
 They traight embrace, and both this Match approve,  
 Which turns their hate into a nobler Love.  
 Thus Florame and Erates are agreed  
 To banih Fewd, and let kind Peace uceed.  
 Cliton.  
 So Florame, now, his promie has obtain'd?  
 Orontus.  
 Th'rough my endeavour, full conent 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 detin'd is,  
 Makes you.—  
 Orontus.  
 Did I not think as much as this  
 Of Dorothea yeterday?—yet I  
 Mitook.  
 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 uceeds?  
 Florame.  
 Yes,—but to gain the brother will not do  
 Alone,—Your help is neceary 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,—whoe friendship dives into my heart,  
 And knows its cloet 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 Erat conent,  
 Does make her Love appear mot Evident:  
 Yet you upect? Ah! what mut I uppoe.

Cliton,

(aide.

How lyly does he queeze the worm from's Noe.  
 Florame.

Since to hide ought from you, a crime I deem,  
 Know her love yet, reides but in eteem.

And that appointment, you o happy gues,  
 To confidence, had ow'd for it's ucces.

Since I th'rough favour had in vain aay'd:  
 And then with Preents had uborn'd her Maid;  
 Who, till unknown to her, engag'd lat night  
 To gain me admittance to her ight.

This was the reaon, made me think it vain,  
 Head-long to run, where was more los then gain:  
 You otherwie had ne're diwaded me.

Orontus.

Good-faith, I thought 'twas better then I ee.  
 But—having gain'd what was mot difficult,  
 The Oracle we need no more conult.  
 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'le love more from this hour.

Cliton.

,Tis well, and Dorothea.

Orontus.

More and more.

Cliton.

Then, ure, you'l quickly give poor Lyet o're.

Orontus.

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

She may pas Muter in a vacancy,

For want of better.

Cliton.

Better!—ah peak well.

A Goat, et Horns aide, would her excel.

If he pas Muter, 'tis for want indeed!

### ACT III. SCEN. IV.

ORONTUS, LYSET, CLITON.

Lyet.

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 caue I love thee,—thus the Elf

Would black thee?

Lyet.

Love me?

Orontus.

Yes, in-troth, thy elf.

Cliton,

(aide.

Mark but the Juggler.

Lyet.  
 Thus.—  
 Cliton.  
 —On Cliton's faith.  
 Lyet.  
 Go, go, I heard too well.  
 Cliton.  
 What is't he aith?  
 Lyet.  
 Ther's want indeed, when I can Muter pas.  
 Cliton.  
 I ung a Mean,—and you interpret Bae.  
 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 Lyet  
 My real love does little faith beget.  
 In thy long abence, I have torments try'd.  
 Lyet.  
 I mut believ't.  
 Cliton,  
 (aide.  
 Ware being Noblyfy'd.  
 Orontus.  
 My pleaant humour thinks all's Raillery;  
 But falely you believe 'tis flattery.  
 For when an object, like thee, charms this breat,  
 I think on't more then once.  
 Lyet.  
 And love't at l. . .  
 I'le help ye out.  
 Orontus.  
 Ah! thus to doubt my flame!  
 Is.—  
 Lyet.  
 No, I think I highly cherih'd am.  
 But ince your Love with me's but left in pawn;  
 'Tis ten to one it will be oon with-drawn.  
 My Mitres—  
 Orontus.

Thou believ't he blows my Fire?  
 Go, if my heart to erve her e're apire,  
 Lyet.  
 Lat Night, you aw her, then, for the lat time?  
 Orontus.  
 Drawn for thy ake, that Obligation's thine  
 Lyet.  
 Mine?  
 Orontus.  
 Dot thou doubt?  
 Lyet.  
 Mot like you, Sir, it is.  
 Orontus.  
 What, not believe?  
 Lyet.  
 Yes, I know more then this.  
 Orontus.  
 Prethee, once more, my Oath upon it take,  
 I went lat Night but only for thy ake,  
 Her entertainment's hateful to my ear;  
 But having learn'd thy Reidence 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 bet.  
 Lyet.  
 How you'r compos'd of Subtilty and Jet.  
 You found her tho, alone.  
 Orontus.  
 At which being ad,  
 I tudy'd in Revenge to make her Mad;  
 Paid her Repects were much more trange, then true,  
 Contemn'd, her mot, when I mot Prais'd her too.  
 But my high Style, lot her in the Mid-way.  
 Lyet.  
 You may repair that fault again to day.  
 She mut peak with you. This I'me ent to tell.  
 Make hate, and follow.  
 Orontus.  
 Thou love't Mirth o well  
 Lyet.  
 Faith,—he expects you, and will let you know  
 When you come there.—  
 Orontus.  
 I'le not conent to go.  
 Lyet.  
 You mut,—What will you make her ele upect,  
 That I omit her Meage, th'rough neglect?

Orontus.

I hall have much adoe.

Lyet.

I'll take your part

Orontus.

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

And I believe you think o,—eriouly;

But at the Enter-view, oberve my Eye.

At the leat word of Love, look you on me

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

Lyet.

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

Orontus.

You Jibe?

Lyet.

Like you.

Orontus.

Faith I Love thee, indeed

And to make good, in thy Society

My dearet Pleaures Sov'raign Blis does lie.

That thy commands are my chief glory, too,

Here—

He feels in his Pocket.

Lyet.

You at length, may make me think all true,

Orontus.

Time, will dicover, what as yet lies hid

Cliton,

(aide.

My Noblenes 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.

'Gaint all Events, having a Remedy,

Vouchafe 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,

(aide.

—Good,—here's relief

Lyet,  
 (aide.  
 Ah! he put's up his Pure agen, the Thief!  
 Orontus,  
 (to Lyet.  
 What e're I ay,—let it create no doubt,  
 Wee'l laugh anon.  
 Lyet.  
 Now, I mut tand it out.  
 Hopes of his preent does invite my tay.

#### ACT IV. SCEN. V.

ORONTUS, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON

Orontus.  
 BLet with your Prence, once more Lucia.  
 Lucia.  
 A common joy,—But with regret, Sir, I  
 Thus interrupt your wihed Secreie.  
 Surely you treated with great Confidence.  
 Orontus.  
 What, you upect I held Intelligence.  
 And think deign, what accidental proves?  
 Cliton knows.—  
 Cliton.  
 Yes, he's honet, where he Loves.  
 Lucia, pointing to Lyet.  
 Though this freh 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.  
 Crontus.  
 Then on your part, my Ruine is aur'd?  
 Lucia.  
 What Perecution, I for you indur'd.  
 Whilt a harh Brother for Florame, this day—  
 Orontus.  
 I more deerve then he,—o to obey.  
 Much your own los, and prejudice would be,  
 And you oblige your elf, whilt jut to me.  
 Lucia.  
 Take heed! leat this preumption to reprove,  
 I yield him up—at lat—my faith and love!

Orontus.

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

What! would my los affect you then no more?

Orontus.

What? you'l betray your elf, and therefore I  
Mut yield my elf a prey to grief—and dye!  
Let it ting thoe it does mot nearly touch.  
Grief almot kill'd me lat night 'twas o much;  
For having known how well Florame was us'd  
By you, I hated 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 fahion love.

Lucia.

Your fahion,—to deceive, and be ingrate.

Orontus.

That love's mot pleaing, is leat delicate,  
And where we once reolve, no Jealouie,  
Should

Lucia.

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

Orontus.

You hould pas by uch things, if you were wie.  
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 mot 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 oberv'd, our Contract hall remain;  
But the leat tripp, infringes it again.

Lucia.

True love, ublim'd, will all this diavow,  
He makes a Monter on't, does this allow.

Orontus.

Allowing what we like, but makes us find  
The troubles les,—pleaures more un-confm'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 lightnes with your own compare,  
 Lat 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 applaue 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 illutrious Memory no gain?  
 Orontus.  
 Heav'ns grant my Epitaph les ad, and vain!  
 Lucia.  
 And yet you'l ay; you love men'ere theles.  
 Orontus.  
 Ask but my heart, my heart which you poes.

**ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.**

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

Erates,  
 (to Lytor.  
 They do adore each other,—I am told.  
 Lucia,—  
 pulling down her Hood.  
 My Brother's here,—O Gods!  
 Erates  
 I ee him,—hold!  
 Lytor.  
 A Lady with him.  
 Erates.  
 Then it mut be he  
 'Tis Dorothea.  
 Lucia  
 (to Orontus.  
 Think of leaving me.  
 Erates—  
 hewing Lyet to Lytor.

This night with her, he through the Garden went;  
 I know her—  
 Orontus,  
 (to Lucia.  
 What? and mut I then conent?  
 Lucia.  
 Yes, for I dare not go, till after you;  
 Pray loe no time, be gone,—bid me adieu.  
 Orontus.  
 I do obey you.—Cliton!  
 Cliton.  
 Sir, what now?  
 Orontus.  
 Stop Lyet here, but top her mouth cloe too,  
 Promie her any thing,—do't e're you tir.  
 Orontus goes off one way, and immediately Lucia goes another.  
 Lytor,  
 (to Erates.  
 She goes  
 Erates.  
 Ingrateful! but I'le 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 detroy.

**ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.**

CLITON. LYSET.

Cliton.  
 HOw hall I act the part of th' angry Boy?  
 Lyet.  
 Cliton.  
 Cliton.  
 No quarter.  
 Lyet.  
 Such evere ill will?  
 Cliton.  
 Provide elewhere.  
 Lyet.  
 Do't keep thy anger till  
 Cliton?  
 Cliton.  
 Yes till I keep't, and keep it hall.  
 Lyet.  
 Look up?  
 Cliton.  
 —No.—



Lyet.

But—

Cliton.

I'le bate thee nought at all.

Lyet.

What you'l forake me,—You, whoe grizled Pate,

And nuffling Noe, proclaims ye out of date?

You will forake me,—Me, who more or les,

The whole Town dotes on, for my prettines.

Me, whoe dear Love o hotly they purue,

It makes them look on Thee, with envy too.

Who thus abae my thoughts.—

Cliton.

Yes,—you,—you,—you?

Who queez'd my Pure, and then laugh'd at me too.

Lyet.

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

Cliton.

Pox, Now I apprehend this Female knave. (aide.

Before my face, your liberty's o bold

'T has made my wonted charity catch cold.

—Ev'ry one Courts you now.

Lyet.

—Yes, and thoe words

Alone a daily Revenue affords

Cliton.

And this to me, you think mut comfort bring?

Lyet.

Cliton, peak wiely, and leave quarrelling.

You knew my humour, and my Method knew,

That I lov'd cloathes in fahion,—often new.

Each day I purchae omewhat, and protet

What I do cut or ow,—is of the bet

Either the Draper or the Mercer ells.

And whilt my Cah holds, I do little ele.

Now,—think what this mut cot? For, to go neat;

Wihing, nor Witch-craft, will not do the feat:

Your Wages, whatsoever,—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 Paion has encreat;

Yet with my finger ne're durt feel your—Breat.

Lyet.

I lov'd thee,—that's ufficient I conceive.  
 Cliton.  
 Lov'd me!  
 Lyet.  
 To doubt, your elf were to deceive;  
 You know.  
 Cliton,  
 I'm left in Hell, Loves Barly-break  
 Lyet.  
 Does not ix ighes a Day, my true love peak?  
 Cliton.  
 Great comfort that, to troubled Souls does prove.  
 Lyet.  
 Do you o light eteem thoe mark's of Love?  
 Cliton.  
 Jut 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 nourih th'are uch hollow Meat.  
 Lyet.  
 I loe my time here, you but love to prate;  
 And thy weak reaon turns my love to hate.  
 Adieu.—  
 Cliton.  
 But tay, if not for Love, for Gold;  
 For twenty Crowns, can you One Secret hold?  
 Lyet.  
 One, yes a core.  
 Cliton.  
 Hold! that's too much for Thee!  
 Lyet.  
 I'le do't, I'le warrant, let it ret on me.  
 Can you disbure-em?  
 Cliton.  
 Yes,—but prethee hear!  
 Keep but your Tongue, out of your Mitris' Ear.  
 My Mater.—  
 Lyet.  
 I'le conceal his Prancks,—ne're doubt.  
 Let's ee the Money?  
 Cliton.  
 'Tis not yet told out.  
 Lyet.  
 Your promies on hopes, will ill uceed.  
 Cliton.  
 I'le pawn my Honour.  
 Lyet.

A fair pledge indeed.  
 Go, I'll discover all that ever pat.  
 Cliton.  
 Beware he do not Nooze you, too, at lat.  
 End of the Fourth ACT

## ACTS V.

### SCEN. I.

ARGANTE, DOROTHEA

Dorothea.  
 AT leat 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 blat, my jut deign again:  
 Yours I perceive, I read it in your oul:  
 But Florames Father now has my Parol,  
 Which I mut 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 diturbed thoughts I gather it,  
 Which ince a mi-report does thus beget,  
 I ought to haten on this Nuptial Tye,  
 To et all right, and them to atisfy.  
 Think on't, Adieu.—I'll to his Fathers run,  
 And there conult what more is to be done. Exit.  
 Dorothea,  
 (alone.  
 In vain this Man, for Husband you'd prefer;  
 My Eyes herein, hall be my Couneller.  
 But, Lyet 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?  
 Lyet.  
 I have at once both found and lot him too.  
 Dorothea.  
 How, did he light the Meage thou didt tell?  
 Lyet.  
 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?  
 Didt ay I wait him?—Shall I ee him here?  
 Lyet.  
 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 incontant, fale?  
 Lyet.  
 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 firt beheld my Face,  
 Approach'd me with uch joy, as made me deem  
 His Love was noble, and deerv'd eteem.  
 This did his words confirm, for he did ay,  
 He ever would to you obedience pay.  
 Scarce were thee words pronounc'd, when I protet  
 A Lady coming,—Here's the main oth' jet,—  
 —He without why, or wherefore, durt preume  
 To ing her the ame Song, to the ame Tune:  
 And without bluhing, tho I tood cloe by,  
 Dicours'd of Love to her mot pleaantly.  
 Dorothea.  
 Unworthy Man,—had he the confidence  
 Before your Face to own a new pretence,  
 And mention Love to her?  
 Lyet.  
 Yes, in my ight.  
 Dorothea.  
 Diembling Traytor!  
 Lyet.  
 'Tis his whole delight.  
 Dorothea.  
 But, then the Lady, what became of her?

Go on.

Lyet.

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?

Lyet.

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 earnet 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 bae?  
Then throwing all the Sweet-meats in his face,  
Sirra (cry'd I)—I'le ne're prove fale for thee,  
Nor do I ue to ell my Mitries  
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 ravih me.

Lyet.

I well'd with rage.

What, I betray you?—Sell you? Wher's his wit?

He proffer.—

Dorothea.

Go,—thou halt not loe by it.

In the mean time, ee my unhappy Fate?

And with what reanon I did all men hate:

Since this Orontus, for whoe Love,—my Pride

And noble Haughtines I laid aide;

Like a Diembler does me light and brave,

And puts on others Chains, who was my lave.

But,—truly this was timely brought to light,

Ere I conulted that fale Man to night;

Or how to break this other Hymen ask't

Advice.

Lyet.

You hope in vain, ther's promie pat:

Your Father urges it, and having pow'r.

Dorothea,

Let him urge till, I'le quah all in one hour.

Lyet.

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 averion ever met in me.  
 In vain thee impotent old Parents try  
 Upon our wills to act their tyranny.  
 Each others coldnes 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 pursue  
 To finde me out,—whoe wrath and jealousie  
 For walking forth, will harshly 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  
 Contrain'd me now, let 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, whoe cruel Brothers jealousie—  
 But, there he knocks,—to ave me from his frown  
 Pray, feign you jut now come in from the Town.  
 My Hood, I'le leave you.  
 he puts her hood upon Dorotheas head.  
 Dorothea  
 Hide you quickly, do.  
 Lucia.  
 (runs in  
 In here!  
 Lyet.  
 Dy'e know?  
 Dorothea.  
 Open the door, go, go.  
 Make hate.  
 Lyet.  
 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 Lyet as if he newly came into the house.

LYet, take my Hood.

Lyet goes out with the Hood, and enters again about the latter end of the Scene.

Erates.

Pardon th' intrusion; you may well expect,

Void both of Love to you, and of respect.

I follow my despair, and with much pain

The terms of my just anger now refrain.

Dorothea.

Your humour's much disturb'd to day, I find:

I thought so smooth a Calm reign'd in your mind,

That till immovable at all events,

Your soul no anger knew, nor discontent.

Erates.

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

And Love—

Dorothea.

Then I'm the object of this wrath.

Erates.

Deny, ungratefully you scorn my flame;

Deny, my Rivals happiness, your name;

What yet I saw, must treason be confessed?

Dorothea.

Believe me, Sir, you rave!

Erates.

But yet, at least

You will agree, since many eyes did see't,

You held discourse with him in th' open street.

Dorothea.

I?—

Erates.

Whom I follow'd after your adieu's,

Believe—

Dorothea.

Your eyes.—

Erates.

These eyes ne'er bring false news

But clearly to evince, and tell your name,

It will suffice, when I Orontus name.

Dorothea.

Orontus!

Erates.

Yes,—that Gallant was there, to,

Whom you gave audience while he courted you.

Can you deny it till?

Dorothea,

(aide.

In troth 'tis fine,

I erve my Rival,—was ere Fate like mine?

Erates.

Your ilence is confeion.—All deires

I henceforth banih, quenching all my Fires.

A mot Unfaithful She, I did adore;

But Heav'ns dicoverly bids my heart give o're.

Dorothea.

This is too rah,—yet till my goodnes ee?

(For ure you neither know, nor peak to me.)

I pardon your blind rage, tho gone o far

As to mitake both me, and who you are

Think on me, whilt your tongue you fiercely whet,

And think how much you do your elf forget.

Erates.

I've thought too long, and Jutly have accus'd—

Dorothea.

What you proceed?—This makes me more confus'd,

Your words o dicompos'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 eaines that favour did mitake.

I love to jeat, 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.

Erates.

What, mock me thus?—Is this the fruit at lat

Of all my hopes, and all my ervice pat?

After two years, pent in devoirs and love?

Dorothea.

Such devoirs ometimes do but trouble prove.

Erates.

Now your proud minde does cat off all diguie.

This hews my error, and uneals my eyes;

Go, take your winge in your uncontent will.

Leave me,—and live for your Orontus till.

Thoe fetters once o oft and dear, I break,

And to keep nothing that of you does peak.



That Letter, whose allurements made me burn,  
 Tho once my treasure I will back return.  
 Dorothea.  
 You will oblige me, do, kinde Sir, 'tis fit  
 Erates.  
 Yes, I'll restore it, make no doubt of it.  
 I'll hate home for it, Madam, stay that while. Exit.

**ACT. V. SCEN. V.**

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Lyet.  
 IN fine; heaven now begins on you to smile,  
 The Rival Lady,—he to whom I aid  
 The false Orontus new addressee made  
 Is in your power, what more could fortune do?  
 Dorothea.  
 I know, yet have maintain'd her quarrel too.  
 Lyet.  
 I offer'd hitherto, but now he mut,  
 Dorothea.  
 Speak softly, else he hears, and may distrust.  
 Lyet.  
 I'll warrant her from being now so 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 blot his base design, this remedy  
 I quickly;—stay—what's that appears to me?

**ACT. V. SCEN. VI.**

DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

Cliton.  
 Lyet.  
 Lyet.  
 (to Dorothea  
 'Tis Cliton.—Is your Mother there? (to Cliton.  
 Cliton.  
 May he come in?  
 Lyet.  
 Yes.  
 Cliton.  
 But—  
 Lyet.

Let him not fear,  
 The good man's forth, tell him. (Cliton goes out.  
 Dorothea.  
 See now Lyet.  
 How both of them do fall into my net.  
 If from disdain of me their love take root,  
 One stroke may lop them both, and I will do't.  
 Lyet.  
 Let not fierce jealousy bear o' great a way,  
 But eek—  
 Dorothea.  
 Go back, and find out Lucia.  
 And when you guess Orontus may be here  
 Lead her this way, till he approach o' near,  
 That having topt her, on some other score  
 She may hear all we say, from yonder door,  
 His tongue mutter of Love when he comes in,  
 And I'll return as good as he can bring.  
 Lyet.  
 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 Lyet's henceforth thine.  
 Cliton.  
 In earnest?  
 Orontus.  
 And in earnest shall be till.  
 Cliton.  
 Thank's Sir—Now put your fortunes where you will.  
 Orontus.  
 (to Dorothea.  
 How dear o'er I this favour prize,  
 Yet, from your goodness this regret does rise.  
 That here expected by you, it may chance  
 Breed doubt which brings me, love—or compliance  
 For your commands may seem to make it prove  
 More my obedience than an act of love.

Lyet.

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

Madam, a Gentleman is there you ee.

Stay.

Lucia.

(aide.

'Tis Orontus, Ah! fale 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 reanon in this cae.

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 confes,

Vouchafe to hear it, it will peak no les.

Beides which, my Devoirs my love ets forth.

Dorothea.

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

Orontus.

The Homage paid thoe Eyes, which rule my heart,

Are they eteem'd a force then, on your part?

That love which no elf-interets defile,

That has no dros, no mixture, nought that's vile.

Dorothea.

You et it highly forth.

Orontus,

Have I not caue,

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 preume it then, to be long liv'd;

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

For though, the pow'r of time mot pow'rful be,

Can that e're make me cease from being me?

Orontus.

It were great wrong both to my Faith and Will,  
To doubt my Love were not immortal till.

Dorothea.

You speak so lavishly, I justly fear,  
Least some surprisal you intended here.

Orontus.

Does my Sincerity suspicion give?

Dorothea.

They hazard much, that lightly do believe

Orontus.

Hopes founded on great Merits, may be aid  
By being limited to be betrayed.

Such ought from so firm rules not to depart,  
Which lays a claim to every noble heart.

Dorothea.

From thence it comes, soon as your Eyes give fire  
You conquer every object you desire.

Orontus.

From hence it is with little fear I do  
See others under-hand, attempting you.  
I serve you out of love,—Erates out  
Of gain,—your Eye-ight's good, what need I doubt?

Dorothea.

Your merits do preface you cannot fail,  
Set against him, you must outweigh the scale.

Orontus.

Go as it will, my self I'll satisfy.  
Thou shalt deserve my care, that will comply:  
Or if another choice they shall pursue,  
Through their own folly.—My Faith bids adieu.

Dorothea.

Such weakness in my choice shall never be;  
This fly reproach is it address'd to me?

Orontus.

Your love's too scrupulous, I'll tell you true.  
Such general terms, do not reflect on you.  
—But, I hear noise!

Dorothea,  
counterfeiting astonishment.

Where is't?

Orontus.

You seem to fear,  
And look—

Dorothea

I look't about for Lyet 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 upicion does appear.  
 But, know, if any peron were hid there  
 Without my leave, perhaps my woman may—  
 Orontus.  
 That you are guilty, Madam, who dares ay?  
 This time you peak againt your elf, I ee.  
 Dorothea.  
 I've caue to fear your prying jealouie  
 Since yeterday you tuck the ame reproach.  
 Orontus.  
 Pray do but caue your woman to approach.  
 Dorothea,  
 (till holds him.  
 And under that pretence your doubts begin  
 To—  
 Orontus.  
 Then permit—  
 Cliton.  
 Erates is within.  
 Put on Sir, make the naked truth appear;  
 Perhaps 'tis Lyets t'other Husband's there!  
 Dorothea.  
 Well, do your pleasure, Sir, but after this.  
 Orontus.  
 Y'are much allarm'd.—Lyet!

**ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.**

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

Lucia,  
 dicovering her elf uddenly to Orontus.  
 AH! here he is!  
 Take courage man, Fate cannot be withtood.

Cliton,  
 (aide.  
 Cheapners enough,—this Market mut 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, Faithles Lover?  
 Dorothea.,  
 Lover o untrue!  
 Lucia.  
 What turn by turn your heart thus har'd 'twixt two?  
 Dorothea.  
 Incontant!  
 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.  
 Mater, for fear o'th' wort, let's ee'n pack hence:  
 Should thee fly on's, as ome he Dragons do;  
 Adieu, Gallants, to Man and Mounir 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 Propheie.  
 Lucia.  
 Deny thee Treaons, are o Evident,  
 Shews you not faler now, then impudent.  
 Orontus.

Do not pas entence, e're you name the Crime.

Dorothea.

You never told me, that your heart was mine?

That you thoe Oaths and Vows would ne're forget?

Orontus.

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

Lucia.

Can you love her, fale 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 Reaon flow.

And Reaon tells me whereoe're I ee

Beauty (like pow'r) it mut adored be.

Thus whilt in each of you uch Charms I meet,

I equally am drawn to baits o weet.

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

Her beauty prize, I pay your's worhip too.

Dorothea.

But, ince you firt, or lat, mut chue, let's ee

Who you'l prefer?

Orontus.

That till mut ecret be.

Dorothea.

Come, come, you mut declare.

Orontus.

No,—for in brief

I fear the he I leave would dye for grief.

Lucia.

Sir, you may chue elewhere, as you like bet

Truly, you well deerve all this contet.

Orontus.

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

My contant Love. I'm Dorotheas now.

Lucia.

The mighty prize I yeild with willing mind.

Orontus.

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

Lucia.

Her Fortunes great, it cannot be deny'd.

Orontus.

Digrace is till attended with fale Pride.

And yet the los 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 deerts 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.

Erates,

coming in before Argante, peaking to Dorothea.

HEre is your Letter, which I would alledge,

—But—how—my Siter here?

Argante,

coming in with Florame.

Her faith I'le pledge,

I'm Father.



Florame.

O! but rather then constrain—

Your coldnes gives me jut caue to complain.

If fale repotts alone diturb your mind;

Or caue Orontus, you in preence find:

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

Lucia.

Sir, what you peak of me, I mut deny.

My love's beyond Orontus hopes o far—

Elorame,

(to Argante.

Then offer me, at this time to declare,

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

The honour of your Sonhip would be vain.

Nor can I, Sir, accept of it at lat.

But here's Erates—

Erates.

No the Dyce is cat;

To love that fale One, I hall ne're accord.

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

Lead home my Siter—You th' effect hall ee.

Florame,

(to Argante.

Adieu,—Don't envy my properitie.

#### 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 deign,

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

Orontus.

Sir,—'tis high time, I hould you diabue;

Know therefore, only Love hap'd that Excue.

Argante.

What meet my Girle by night and both to dare—

Orontus.

Pray make no trouble.

Argante.

You hall Marry her.

Orontus.

I mut conent to Wed at lat, for I

Have no way ele to End this Comedy?

Dorothea.

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

Orontus.

This ends my Part, and it mut needs be o.

Cliton.

Yet the Concluion will imperfect be;

To wind up all, Lyet hould Marry me.

Dorothea.

Do't love her?

Cliton.

I dye for her.

Dorothea.

Then he's thine.

Cliton,

(to Lyet.

My pretty One—

Lyet.

Not yet,—the choice is mine;

Cant thou maintain me, like a Dam'el fair?

Cliton.

Yes, ure.

Lyet.

Hat thou wherewith?

Cliton.

—Take you no care

Lyet.

Who will ecure me?

Cliton,

(pointing to Orontus.

He,

Orontus.

I'le do't,—give o're.

Lyet.

Firt lets the Money Count,—Then I'le ay more.

End of the Fifth ACT.

FINIS.