

Amorous orontus, or, The love in fashion Amour
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 constrain'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 goodthing 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'le 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 anwers 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 uret 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 pittty 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 eciet, 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 measure 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 dubioully
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 request, i'faith I ay.

Orontus.

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

O, What a brave condition am I in!

Have I not reason confident to be

Of my own Sute, when uch crave help of me

To write Epistles: 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 speakt 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 preent, 'caue not kind,could not refue
Him, whom ometimes as Brother, I may ue,
Sometimes as Neighbour.

Cliton.

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

Orontus.

The dullet ouls have been,
Sometimes mot ueful:And 'twas this indeed
Made me o oon reolve to help his need.
But,whilt 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 almot
Or if he ooths him 'twil be to his cot.
He opens the Letter Erates left with him and reads.
In barture of your Love, which you do prize o high
Erates you have dar'd preume to ask me mine;
Sometimes I may admit of Love indeed, yet I
Mean it hall cot me nought,ele I hould oon 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, ure,for Twinns are not more like each other.

Orontus.

N'ere did my Opticks meet the like urprize;
'Tis word for word the ame, if I have eyes.
Nay,having well examin'd,Now I ee
If mine's th' Original, this mut Coppy be:
Both writ by the ame hand i-faith....

Cliton.

And troth,
She finds one block doth fit the heads of both;
No matter though; Your Dorothea may
Diemble,well gues'd,Yet her Heart does ay
In ecret, (as this plainly now does prove)
ORONTUS IS THE ONLY SPARK I LOVE.

The Pride of her affected Lines,you know,
Was the bet nare to catch your Heart,for though,
She eem'd to Drole with Love in a New tyle,
It was true Love did Dictate all the while.

O!Might I laugh before my Mater now?

Orontus.

Do, I'le not hinderpreethe laugh ondo,

Laugh loud, I'll laugh my elf, and ne'er be ad.
Cliton.

Off with your Vizard, why, it makes me mad
For your sake; And can you set this good face
On such ill luck! Cure her! for in this case,
Constraint will sorrow well. Oh! 'tis not rare;
Good lord, Sir, how contented you till are!
A subtle Woer, Fox-like's full of Wyles:
But he is subtler 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 himself,
Orontus.

'Tis somewhat odd, and I
Confess a Punie, might sigh dolefully;
Then thump his breast, Void of experience;
Accuse his quivering Planets influence
But, I, who understand the ways of Love,
Such trivial chances never shall me move.
If every object please, What loss is One?
I'm ne'er involv'd, my heart till keeps its own;
To give or take, To gain or else to lose,
Prepar'd; Then at the least Repulse I choose
A new; Nay whatsoever I proclaim
To them, I till am Master of my flame.
Thus divers objects every day does bring
Fresh satisfaction to my Mind, The thing
I solely aim at. And let none explode
Me for't, tho' it seem strange, 'Tis a la mode
Cliton.

Preserve this humour, you may need it till.
Orontus.

My crosses ne'er unk deeper, nor e'er will.
If one prove false, mothers Love is sure:
And I for every grief do find a cure,
Hence comes the gain to have Mitres in store.
Cliton.

Hylas, when living understood not more.
Orontus.

His Fancy, tho' differ'd from mine, for I
Love where I'm lov'd without inconstancy:
But if their lightness make them in the end
Love change, In truth, I'm so much my own friend
I dare not harbour trouble in my breast;
But, without whyning, keep my heart at rest,
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 ecet 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-ye,

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!

1 line

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.
 Buttay, 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; Hatelife 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.
 Butthen 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 must quit the World, or strive to please.
 For Beauty and Ornament would prove,
 Did it not others charm, and gain their love.
 The sweet Features which a face adorn
 Without this quality, lives but forlorn:
 Like hidden Treasures, they for nothing serve,
 While Mier-like, the rich, they pine and serve.
 I have my Method, and I like it well,
 I study to please all, if possible;
 Endeavour by all means so fair to be
 That they may like me well, and tell it me.
 Those precious qualities I little prize,
 Whose hidden Luster dazzles not all Eyes.
 Not, that I am so eager to be won;
 Whyning never moves me to oft passion.
 Affected adness is a fruitless art;
 Their sighs do much more cool, than warm my heart
 My Courage, Prompted by our Sexes Pride,
 Makes me maintain their advantage on Our side
 By my imperious carriage, and some Scorn;
 For knowing We to give men Laws were born,
 I make them feel the weight that wear my Chain
 Imposing on them, as their Sovereign.
 Or if their griefs I flatter, I never stoop,
 But make them court long for a little Hope;
 And that's the grand reward they gain at last,
 For all their Passion, and their Service past.
 Lyet.
 Strange kind of Method this must surely prove?
 Dorothea
 'Tis now in use, and as we ought to Love.
 If we bend never so little we expose
 Our hearts to the proud Triumph of our Foes.
 A flattered Lover well'd with Victory,
 Blots all Submission out of Memory:
 To keep him till our love, he must be crost,
 And frown'd upon, These Fetters off, he's lost!
 Lyet.
 And with such Empire you yet satisfy'd?
 Dorothea.
 I shall confess, what yet some shame would hide.
 But since one day gains thee so much good will,
 Hear all discreetly, but be secret till.
 Lyet.
 If one day be too short my Faith to try,
 More time shall make good my fidelity,
 And how your secrets safe 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 should become my King!
 Next, there'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 pleases 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'll tell,
 And would he till igh for me it were well.
 Although I dearly love to keep my heart,
 I might at length resolve 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 same.)

And though Orontus is concern'd i'th' jet,
 It well deerves our laughter, I protest.

He and Erate's here end their Loves; And troth
 'Tis the same Letter they do Answer 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 witere
 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 stir.
 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'll 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'll 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 surprize,

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 wish that I could likewise as much.
But, a strange Malady does me attacke.

Orontus.

What is't?

Cliton.

My honour's Hypochondriaque.

And this o much the more torments my heart,
'Cause few to Cure our Honour have the Art.

Orontus.

That I believe; But ay, Where did it get?

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

Cliton.

Not because you erve her, I'll tell yee true;
But I'm displeas'd more, because he erves you.

Orontus.

Fool, dost 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 should do well without uch Noblenes.

Orontus.

So great a Favour, you but ill repay.

Cliton.

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

Orontus.

Go, never grieve thy elf, e're a Week's pent,

Perhaps, I may leave her, to thy content:

That time may Wonders work, to atiate Me,

And then I'll prove no obstacle to Thee,

Cliton.

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

You will my Sove Enoble, Sir, you ay.

I shall be much engag'd.

Orontus.

More than I'll tell.

Cliton,

The favour will deserve 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 forbleing 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 thenwith 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, thenwhat 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!

Whybutfair 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 peeche 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.

ButtayI 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 pleanttho.
 Orontus.
 The more I tudy, les I apprehend.
 Cliton.
 Y'are crafty,yet till over-reach't i'th' end.
 They find you but diembleand 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.

Buthee'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 forthlook 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 pleae, to meet his wrath.
 Dorothea.
 Rather a thouand times.
 Lyet.
 To prevent all
 I'le lead him to the Garden, th'rough the Hall.
 There he's ecure. Exeunt.
 Dorothea.
 Th' advice is good I'le wear.
 Go,open as you pas.

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA.

Orontus.
 to Cliton within.
 CLiton, tay there.
 Orontus Enters, leaving Cliton at the door.
 What, is all vanih'd? this eems trange to me,
 I heard much noie,yet can no body ee!
 To ue me thus, is ill, I tell you true,
 I neither came to care,nor hinder you.
 Dorothea.
 Surely yo've taken me to task, this day.
 Orontus.
 No,but free humours hate uch boe-peep play.
 And 'tis my trouble, that with o much care
 You hould diguize your elf from what you are.
 What ever Gallant 'tis,let him come forth:
 My Paion dares all Eyes, to try its worth.
 Nor hall my Zeal wax les on uch a core,
 I love a Mitris, all men do adore.
 And I had little hopes in this Eay,
 Should I not court you, now, in your own way.
 Variety's the Heav'n of your blis;

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 ecet 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

Excue, 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 torms 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.

(ohs.

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 diplea.
 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 pleasure 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 pleaures 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, whose 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 content,
 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.

Buthaving 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 yoursay 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 Stratagemes 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 seriouly;

But at the Enter-view, observe my Eye.

At the least word of Love, look you on me

And what I say 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 dearest Pleasures Sov'raign Bliss 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 discover, what as yet lies hid

Cliton,

(aide.

My Noblenes goes on, the Price is bid.

I cannot hold. Hola!

Cliton crys out with a shrill 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.

Ifbut, who's this I see?

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 upat latmy faith and love!

Orontus.

'Tis but three ighs more, added to the heap.
But, e're you do't consult, look e're you leap.
And get your heart's consent 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 not nearly touch.
Grief almost kill'd me last night 'twas so 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 since I finde it inconvenient prove,
I'll blow it off, and try new fashion love.

Lucia.

Your fashion, to deceive, and be ingrate.

Orontus.

That love's not pleasing, is least delicate,
And where we once resolve, no Jealousie,
Should

Lucia.

Without reason then it ceases me?

Nor may I credit give to my own eyes.

Orontus.

You should pass by such things, if you were wise.
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 not true,
And if you ne're doubt me, I'll ne're doubt you.
Thus when I wear, believ't I love you well:
I'll do the same, when you Love-tories tell
All this observ'd, our Contract shall remain;
But the least tripp, infringes it again.

Lucia.

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

Orontus.

Allowing what we like, but makes us find
The troubles less, pleasures more un-confined.

Lucia.

No, he that can divided Love endure,
And not dye rather, has small courage sure?

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 cometo 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 sufficient I conceive.

Cliton.

Lov'd me!

Lyet.

To doubt, your self were to deceive;

You know.

Cliton,

I'm left in Hell, Loves Barly-break

Lyet.

Does not it grieve a Day, my true love peak?

Cliton.

Great comfort that, to troubled Souls does prove.

Lyet.

Do you o light esteem those marks of Love?

Cliton.

Just next to nothing, o I find, And ure,

Since Love was ever held an Epicure

And glutton, when the Boy you thus do Treat,

Sighs cannot nourish these are such hollow Meat.

Lyet.

I lose my time here, you but love to prate;

And thy weak reason turns my love to hate.

Adieu.

Cliton.

But say, 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'll do't, I'll warrant, let it rest on me.

Can you disburse-em?

Cliton.

Yes, but prethee hear!

Keep but your Tongue, out of your Mistress' Ear.

My Mater.

Lyet.

I'll conceal his Pranks, ne're doubt.

Let's see the Money?

Cliton.

'Tis not yet told out.

Lyet.

Your promises on hopes, will ill succeed.

Cliton.

I'll 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 blot, 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 lost him too.
 Dorothea.
 How, did he light the Meage thou didst 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?
 Didst ay I wait him? Shall I see him here?
 Lyet.
 No doubt he'll come, but pray beware a snare.
 If you'll 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 speak of him o?
 Is he inconstant, false?
 Lyet.
 That shall appear,
 Be Judge your self, pray, Madam do but hear.
 I'th' street I met him in a certain place,
 Who smiling, when he first beheld my Face,
 Approach'd me with such joy, as made me deem
 His Love was noble, and deserved esteem.
 This did his words confirm, for he did say,
 He ever would to you obedience pay.
 Scarce were these words pronounced, when I protest
 A Lady coming, Here's the main oth' jet,
 He without why, or wherefore, durst presume
 To sing her the same Song, to the same Tune:
 And without blushing, tho I stood close by,
 Discours'd of Love to her most pleasantly.
 Dorothea.
 Unworthy Man, had he the confidence
 Before your Face to own a new pretence,
 And mention Love to her?
 Lyet.
 Yes, in my sight.
 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 reaon 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 should 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'll 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 shall 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 banish, quenching all my Fires.

A mot Unfaithful She, I did adore;

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

Dorothea.

This is too rash, yet till my goodness see?

(For ere you neither know, nor speak to me.)

I pardon your blind rage, though gone so far

As to mistake both me, and who you are

Think on me, whilst your tongue you fiercely whet,

And think how much you do yourself forget.

Erates.

I've thought too long, and justly have accus'd

Dorothea.

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

Your words so decompos'd at random fly.

But, pray, let's know, what makes you speak 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, should hinder me?

I brake no Oaths, nor Vows, my soul was free,

If from one Letter, you this inference make,

Your eaves that favour did mistake.

I love to jeat, if that will do the deed,

I'de write a hundred more such for a need.

That Paper hew'd in Mirth I much delight,

And you will find so, if you tell it right.

Erates.

What, mock me thus? Is this the fruit at last

Of all my hopes, and all my service past?

After two years, pent in devoirs and love?

Dorothea.

Such devoirs sometimes do but trouble prove.

Erates.

Now your proud mind does cut off all disguise.

This hews my error, and unbars my eyes;

Go, take your wings in your unconstant will.

Leave me, and live for your Orontus till.

Those fetters once so oft and dear, I break,

And to keep nothing that of you does speak.

That Letter, whoe allurements made me burn,
 Tho once my treaure I will back return.
 Dorothea.
 You will oblige me, do, kinde Sir, 'tis fit
 Erates.
 Yes, I'le retore it, make no doubt of it.
 I'le hate home for it, Madam, tay that while. Exit.

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Lyet.
 IN fine; heaven now begins on you to mile,
 The Rival Lady, he to whom I aid
 The fale Orontus new addrees made
 Is in your power, what more could fortune do?
 Dorothea.
 I know, yet have maintain'd her quarrel too.
 Lyet.
 I uffer'd hitherto, but now he mut,
 Dorothea.
 Speak oftly, ele he hears, and may ditrut.
 Lyet.
 I'le warrant her from being now o near,
 She fled into the Garden out of fear.
 And to return you thanks there waits thus long.
 I came now thence.
 Dorothea.
 T' avenge my love and wrong,
 And blat his bae deign, this remedy
 I quickly; tay what's that appears to me?

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

Cliton.
 Lyet.
 Lyet.
 (to Dorothea
 'Tis Cliton. Is your Mater 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 finde out Lucia.
 And when you gues Orontus may be here
 Lead her this way, till he approach o' near,
 That having topt her, on some other core
 She may hear all we ay, from yonder door,
 His tongue mut prate of Love when he comes in,
 And I'll return as good as he can bring.
 Lyet.
 The bait's o' temptinge 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 puh your fortunes where you will.
 Orontus.
 (to Dorothea.
 How dear oever I this favour prize,
 Yet, from your goodnes this regret does rie.
 That here expected by you, it may chance
 Breed doubt which brings me, love or complaiance
 For your commands may seem to make it prove
 More my obedience then 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 pre-empt you cannot fail,
Set against him, you must o'weigh 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 atonement.

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.
 HHere is your Letter, which I would alledge,
 Buthowmy 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.