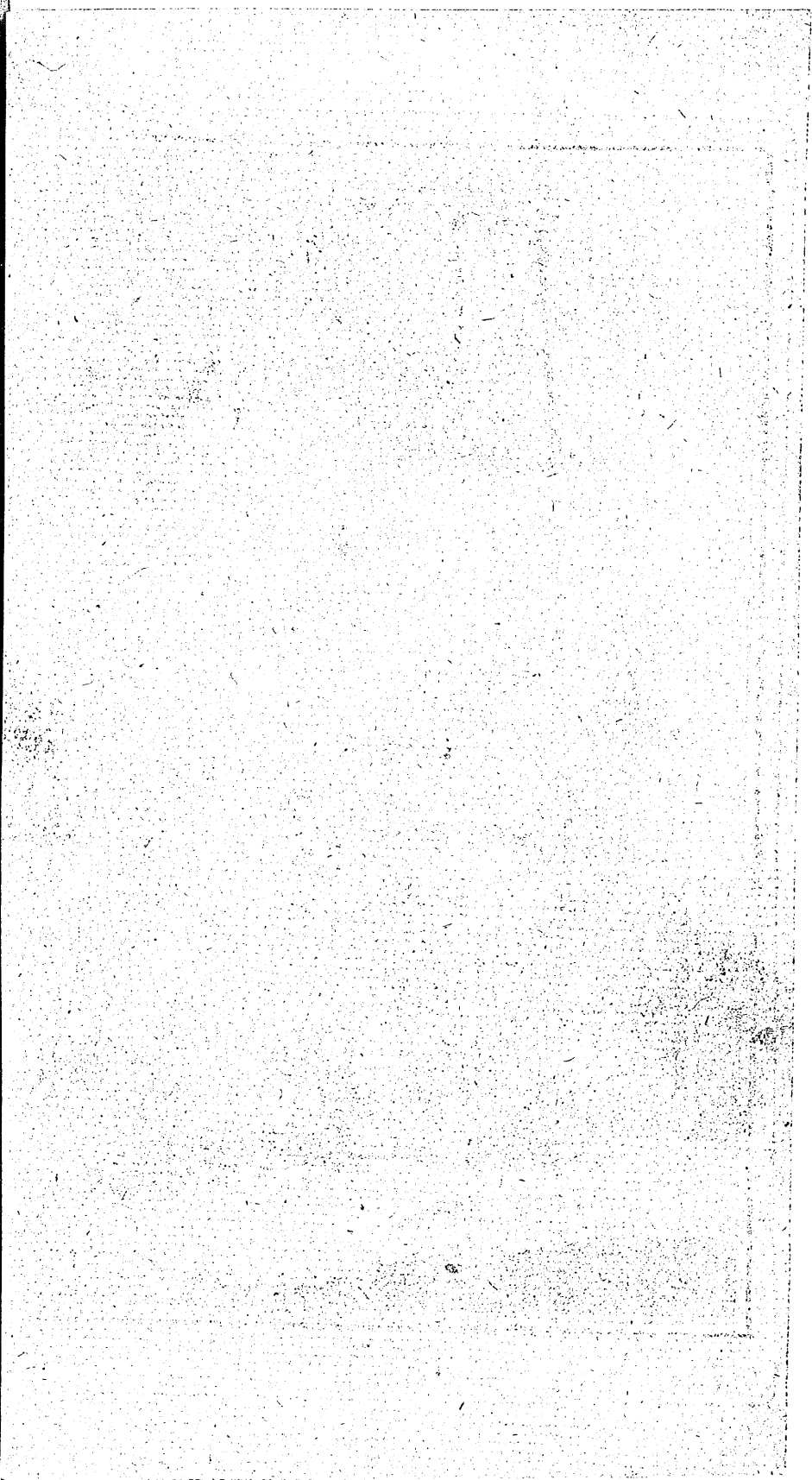


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THE
STATE JUGGLER:
OR,
Sir POLITICK RIBBAND.
A NEW
EXCISE OPERA.

N. B. With this Opera is given *gratis*, *Britannia Excisa*, in Two Parts; and the *Excise Congress*, with Three Emblematical Pictures, printed on a large Sheet of Fine Paper, fit to be fram'd.

—O merciful GOD, grant that the Ministry may not be infatuated, nor the King lose the Hearts of his Subjects. GRUB. JOUR. N^o 170.

The THIRD EDITION.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Politick Ribband, — — — A long-headed Projector
Lord Dapper, — An airy Gentleman, who intrigues with *Violan*.
Don Gulimo, — A Politician, and an Enemy to Sir Politick
Monsieur San Jean, — — — His pretended Friend
Chevaliere *Wou'd-be*, — — An affected, cowardly Coxcomb
Fidelio, — Formerly an Officer, but now a Dependant on *Sarina*
Spywell, — — — — — A perfidious Rascal
Scribble, — — — — — A dull, heavy, mercenary Writer

W O M E N.

Sarina, — — A wealthy old Lady, who bears an Antipathy
to Sir Politick
Olympia, — — — — — Married to Sir Politick
Pulcheria, — — *Gulimo's* Wife, intrigues with *San Jean*
Violante, — Married to Chevaliere *Wou'd-be*, intrigues with
Lord Dapper

Attendants, Servants, &c.

LONDON: Printed for T. Reynolds. (Pr. 1s.) 1733.

THE
STATE JUGGLER;
OR
THE POLITICAL RIBBON
A NEW
EXCISE OPERA.

As this Opera is now being performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, by the Theatre Company, under the Direction of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, it is thought proper to publish a new Edition of the Musical Part, printed on a large Sheet of Paper, fit to be bound.

—O wonderful God, great that the Ministry may
not be instructed, nor the King take the Liberty of
the Subject.

THE THIRD EDITION.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. M. M.

A long-headed Professor
An old man, who is going to Sir Pollock
The learned Priest
An honest, cowardly Coxcomb
An Officer, who now is a Lieutenant on Guard
A political Ribbion
A tall, heavy, uncouthly Wretch

W O M E N.

A wealthy old Lady, who has an Ambition
to Sir Pollock
Sir Pollock's Wife, intrigues with Sir Pollock
Maid to Chevalier's Ribbion
Lord's Paper

London: Printed for T. Knapton, (Printed) 1733.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Sarina's House.

Enter Sarina, follow'd by Fidelio.

Sar. **S**PEAK one Word more in his Defence, and I'll cashier you instantly, tho' I must own, that much is to your Service due, and much more to your Merit.

Fid. Madam, I am all Obedience—Jealousy, I find, does with like Poison sting the Setting and the Rising Sun; neither of them can bear an Equal, much less a Superior. [*Aside.*]

Sar. Shall he built Palaces, and dare vie with me for Treasure and Magnificence?—Is there no friendly Hand to lop off this Excess? [*Pauses.*] Ha! methinks I see, and the Sight gives me double Joy, methinks I see the good bald-pated Father, old Time, with his keen-edged Sythe, approaching to mow down this over-grown Mushroom.

Fid. To what an unwarrantable Length does Woman's Rancour lead her! [*Aside.*]—I perceive, Madam, your Ladyship does not approve the Great Project.

Sar. No—I am as inveterate against the Scheme, as against the grand Projector, and am determined to use all my Interest to confound 'em both.

A 2 AIR

(8)

AIR I. Pinks and Lillies.

If Money can effect it,
I'll work his Overthrow ;
I swear I won't neglect it,
For I am sure, tho' slow.
My Plot will not miscarry,
But shall in Time take Place ;
And, tho' a-while I tarry,
Will bring him to Disgrace.

Fid. Madam, if I may presume to ask one Question, I would entreat your Ladyship to inform me, what Sir Politick has done to incur your Ennity?

Sar. Have I entrusted you so long with the Management of my Affairs, nay, even with my Bosom-Secrets, and do you ask me what he has done? Did I not propose a Scheme, by which I could have served my Country, and got no more by it, for my Care and Trouble, than Four Hundred Thousand Crowns; and yet, he was the only Cause of its being rejected.

Fid. I have heard, Madam, that this Project is calculated for the Good of the Publick; and, if it be so, I persuade myself, your Ladyship will not be against it.

Sar. It may be varnish'd over with such a specious Pretence; but I have Reason to think, there is a Snake in the Grass. But, look you, Fidelity, be it good, or bad, or ever so conducive to the Welfare of the People, yet I will endeavour to render it abortive, because it was contrived and formed by Sir Politick, whom I will oppose in every Thing.

Enter

(9)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Chevaliere *Wou'd-be* desires the Honour of speaking with your Ladyship.

Sar. What has the awkward Wretch to say?—Shew him into the Dining-room—[*Ex. Serv.*—*Fidelio*, enquire when the Project, that frightful Monster, comes into the World, and be particular in describing its hideous Form.

[*Exit Sar.*

Fid. Though I have reason to thwart Sir Politick as much as I am able, yet if his New Scheme be intended for the Welfare of the Subjects, without any View or Regard to Self-interest; I then think it a Duty incumbent upon me to lay aside all Piques and Animofities, and be aiding and assisting to forward the Project, and sacrifice my own private Emolument for my Country's Benefit—By this time I reckon the Chevaliere has been inform'd of my Lady *Sarina's* Intentions, from which nothing but that dear, damn'd, bewitching Metal, call'd Gold, can divert her; and I very well know, she would give away her Soul for Wealth.

AIR II. Tweed Side,

What Magick in Gold do we find?
So tempting and bright are its Charms,
They captivate quickly our Mind,
In spite of good Counsel's Alarms.

The Nymph sells her Jewel for Gold,
And Statesmen their Country betray,
Without it the Courtier looks cold,
Without it the Priest will not pray.

B

I must

(10)

I must now hasten away to get Intelligence for my Lady; or she will ring a Peal in my Ears, sufficient to deafen all the Fish-women in the Market; and I am necessitated to manifest my Passive Obedience.

AIR III. Give Ear to my frolicksome Ditty.

*We find, by Experience, a Woman
For Trifles will chatter and scold;
There's nothing in Nature more common,
Her Tongue can't by Art be controul'd.*

*If once you provoke her to Passion,
From Morning to Night she's the same;
Be mute, if you'd not have her lash on,
An Answer, like Oil, feeds the Flame. [Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Sarina and the Chevaliere rise from their Chairs.

Sar. Is this the Purport of your Visit? have you ought else that you would communicate to me?

Wou'd. I hope, Madam, what I have already said will meet with your Ladyship's Approbation. I am a Volunteer, and my Brother, Sir Politick, is a Stranger to what I have offer'd. [*He pulls out a Purse*] Madam, in this Purse are ten Thousand Pistoles; and, as I always had a particular Esteem for your Ladyship, they are at your Service, if you will grant me a Favour.

Sar. I protest, Chevaliere, you have taken the most engaging Method [*She accepts the Purse*] What Favour do you require?

Wou'd.

(11)

Wou'd. Madam—[*Whispers.*]

Sar. This Favour you shall have—[*She hits him a Box on the Ear.*]

Wou'd. Oons, Madam, what do you mean?

Sar. This is only a Sample of the Favour I design to shew you.—Your Insolence and your Folly are so egregious, that I know not what Punishment to inflict upon you; however you shall have a Token to remember me.

Wou'd. What will become of me? my Heart goes pit-a-pat, and I wish I were at Home.

AIR IV. Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.

*Filted I am, and now I dread,
I shall be cudgell'd too;
Was ever such a Foltter-head!
What Mischief will ensue?*

*Alas! my Stars are too severe,
A Favour I did ask;
But now a School-boy's Fate I fear,
Who has not done his Task.*

Sar. Who waits there?—[*Enter Servants*]—Take this impudent Fellow, and toss him in a Blanket.

Wou'd. Madam, dear Madam—I beseech your Ladyship—

Sar. Away with him, and be sure to handle him roughly. [*Exit Servant with Wou'd-be.*]

Enter Sarina's Woman.

Wom. Pulcheria, Madam, desires the Honour of visiting your Ladyship.

B 2

Sar.

(12)

Sar. Admit her —[*Exit Woman.*]—She is a beautiful Creature, but void of Conduct; too lavish of her Favours, which she inconsiderately bestows on a Man, who takes a Pride in boasting of what should ever be concealed. 'Tis a Pity that this Nymph of *Venus* has not Prudence enough to ballance her Levity.

Enter Pulcheria.

My dear *Pulcheria*, I rejoice to see you.

Pul. I am your Ladyship's humble Servant—I protest, Madam, it gives me double Pleasure to see you look like the Month of *May*, blooming and serene.

Sar. Such a Complement from a Court Lady might be excusable, but I can hardly pardon such gross Flattery from you, though I have a great Value for you.

Pul. I humbly ask Pardon, but I did not think to disoblige your Ladyship, in doing Justice, and speaking one's Mind with Sincerity.

Sar. Prithee, my Dear forbear, and let us chuse some other Subject—Tho' we condemn Flattery, yet we love to hear ourselves prais'd, even above what we deserve. [*Aside.*] What News is there abroad, *Pulcheria*?—I seldom stir out, and therefore hear but little.

Pul. The Grand Project, Madam, is the Subject Matter of every Man's Discourse.

Sar. What Opinion do they entertain of that Blazing Comet? If it has such an Aspect, as has been represented to me, it prefigures something more destructive than an Epidemical Distemper.

Pul. The People are in an Uproar, and as much terrify'd, as if an Enemy had invaded their Country with a powerful Army. A Revolution

(13)

could not affect them with a greater Panick—They tremble at the very Thoughts of it.

Sar. And well they may, if all that's said be true. But though it carries an ill Omen, yet Prudence may ward off its malignant Effect.

Pul. Truly, Madam, they who have a real Value for their Country and themselves, ought to consult how to find out proper Remedies to prevent the Coming Evil.

Sar. I am of the same Opinion, and think the Monster shou'd be smother'd in the Birth. As for my Part, I will do what I can to crush it, and if any of my Kinsfolks and Acquaintance refuse to join with me therein, they shall for ever lose my Favour and Friendship.—I hope my Friend *Gulimo* will oppose it; I place great Confidence in him.

Pul. He is very much obliged to your Ladyship for your good Sentiments, and I dare forfeit my Life he will never give the World any Reason to question his Zeal and Sincerity for his Country's Welfare.

AIR V. Moggy Lawder.

A Man of Merit, and of Worth,

Will, tho' he be neglected,

Stand true, like Needle to its North,

And never be dejected.

Tho' he shou'd be, by dearest Friend,

Or all Mankind forsaken;

As soon a sturdy Oak shall bend,

When by the Wind 'tis shaken.

Sar.

(14)

Sar. I do not think I shall ever have Cause to doubt my Friend *Gulimo's* Attachment to the true Interest of his native Country—But as we have talk'd so long upon a melancholy, though, at the same time, a necessary Subject, let us now enter upon one that is more diverting.

Pul. I am willing to comply with every thing that shall be agreeable to your Ladyship.

Sar. You are very obliging, *Pulcheria*.—How many Hearts have fallen a Victim of late to the little God of Love?

Pul. If I guess right, I may say, as many almost as there are Women.

Sar. Among whom, I am apt to think, *Pulcheria* may be included.

Pul. To deal ingenuously with your Ladyship, there cannot be a greater Pleasure than to love, and be beloved; to rove and to range, and pick and chuse as our Inclinations prompts us.

Sar. 'Tis very true, but to be kind to a Man who publickly boasts the Favours he has received, is an Argument of Indiscretion; and yet you are fond of Monsieur *San Jean*, who takes Delight in letting the World know, that he commands not only your Affection, but your Person likewise.

Pul. I own he is ungenerous and ungrateful; but he has so much Wit and good Sense, there is such Harmony and Sweetness in his Words, that it is impossible to deny him any thing. The Words that flow from his Tongue are as fatal to a Woman's Honour, as the Syrens Voices were to Marriners.

AIR

(15)

AIR VI. O *Jenny, Jenny*, where hast thou been,

O *Madam*, consider when we meet

A *Lover*, to whom our Heart's inclin'd;

Not to be jolly,

Wou'd be a Folly,

Women are tender, soft, and kind.

Sar. 'Tis very true, my Dear; but we will talk further of this Affair over our Tea. [As they are going out, *Fidelio* enters.]

Fid. Madam, I ask Pardon; I did not know your Ladyship had Company with you.

Sar. 'Tis very well, *Fidelio*—*Pulcheria*, I will wait upon you presently. [Exit *Pulcheria*.] *Fidelio*, take this Purse, and I will give you Instructions what to do.

Fid. I shall obey your Ladyship's Commands with Pleasure. [Exit.

The End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Sir Politick Ribband's House; Sir Politick sitting at a Table, with a Paper in his Hand, Pens, Ink, &c. placed before him.

A I R VII. Let Ambition fire thy Mind.

Sir Pol. IF Ambition be a Sin,
He that's free may first begin
To accuse me, but you'll find,
'Tis implanted in Mankind.

Priests to Bishopricks aspire,
Bishops aim at something higher;
Lawyers to be Judges strive,
Judges to be Chiefs contrive.

Thus Ambition fills each Breast,
Kindly entertain the Guest;
Each Fool's censorious Taunt deride,
Law and Gospel's on our Side.

Though the malicious Part of the World is too much addicted to condemn an ambitious Soul, their Malice has no other Foundation than Envy

Envy to support it. Let them search their own Hearts, and they will quickly find that they themselves are guilty of the very Crime, if Ambition can be called a Crime, for which they arraign another Person. It is natural for all Men to endeavour to climb up the Hill of Fortune, and wish to reach the Top of it, and if this can be attained by Industry and Virtue, he that can thus reap the Fruit of his Labour, is so far from being Blame-worthy, that he merits the highest Praise.

Enter Lady Olympia.

Olym. Well, Sir Politick, have you perused the Scheme, and maturely weighed and considered every Particular? Remember that my Name-sake, Olympia, of the House of Barberini, the greatest Family in Italy, was the Projector of the Tax upon Wheat, which was immediately approved by her Uncle, the Pope, who found it so beneficial, that though frequent Application has been made by all the Bakers, within the Territories of his Holiness, to have it taken off, yet it has been continued by his Successors to this very Day.

Sir Pol. You have entertained me with a Canterbury-Tale to very little purpose; but not to lose any farther time, having already wasted two Hours in reflecting upon your Project, I must plainly tell you that it does not meet with my Approbation, and therefore you may take it back when you please.

Olym. I suppose you have got one of your own, which you prefer before it; I wish you good Success, but mine is slighted for no other

(18)

other Reason, than because it comes from a Woman.

Sir Pol. And I think that is as good a Reason as can be given.—When Women commence Politicians, and Men are so stupid as to be guided by them, their Country must be in a very lamentable Condition.

Olym. I can easily confute your Assertion.—Was not *France* in the most flourishing State, while the Grand Monarch, *Lewis* the Fourteenth, pursued such Measures as Madam *Main-tenon* prescribed? but when he play'd the impolitick Part in proclaiming War against *England*, contrary to her Council and Advice, he lost every Battle, and saw his Towns taken in the fight of his numerous Army.

Sir Pol. Madam, I must request your Ladyship not to interrupt me any longer; my Time is precious, and I have a weighty Affair upon my Hands, which if I can bring it to Perfection, will crown my Desires, and then I shall arrive at the Summit of my Ambition.

Olym. I shall not be an Obstacle to your Meditations; but remember,

AIR VIII. The Lads of *Paties* Mill.

Tho' Men their Wisdom boast,
And say their Heads are clear;
Their Hopes are often cross,
And then they curse and swear.
Too often they deride
A Woman's sage Advice;
When balk'd, they wish they try'd,
And had not been so nice. [Exit Olym.]

Enter

(19)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Politick, Mr. Scribble is come to wait upon your Honour.

Sir Pol. Admit him—[Exit Serv.] This Fellow is an useful Fool, and so pliable, that he will undertake every Thing that is proposed to him.

Enter Scribble.

Well, Mr. Scribble, tho' I am involved in an Affair of the greatest Consequence, yet I would not let you wait.

Scrib. Sir Politick, you do me great Honour—I come to know your Honour's Commands.

Sir Pol. Truly, Mr. Scribble, you do not write with your usual Vivacity and Spirit, your last Paper, methinks, was very flat and heavy—Besides, you tell such bare-fac'd Stories, that you give our Enemies an Opportunity of falsifying you in every Particular—Your Arguments too are vapid and insipid.

Scrib. I am very sorry, Sir Politick, that I should give you any Cause to find Fault with me; I put the best Gloss upon the Matter, that the Subject will bear.

Sir Pol. You must exert your Talent, and—do you hear?—learn to *Think* before you *Write*.—This Paper will instruct you in what you are to do next. [Gives him a Paper.]

Scrib. Sir, I will obey your Directions, and hope to please you. [Exit Scribble.]

Enter Spywell.

Spy. Sir Politick, I am your most obedient humble Servant.

C 2

Sir

(20)

Sir Pol. I thank you good Mr. *Spywell*. What have you been doing since I saw you last?

Spy. I have worm'd my self into the good Opinion of *Don Gulimo*, through the Interest and Recommendation of Monsieur *San Jean*. They rail and write most bitterly against you, and, to avoid Suspicion, I was not behind-hand with them in lashing you with my Tongue.

Sir Pol. I do not find so much Fault with *Don Gulimo*, as with *San Jean*; he is an ungrateful Man.

Spy. I do not wonder at it, for Ingratitude is an Epidemical Vice, and few Men escape it.

Sir Pol. He owes his Life to me; but let him take care for the future not to provoke me too far; for though I can forgive a past Injury, I can remember it, and resent a new one.

A I R IX. Is she gone, is she gone.

Let 'em write, let 'em write,

It shall not vex me;

What they can say, or do,

Will not perplex me;

Let 'em rail on then,

I care not a Farthing;

Let 'em see what they

Will get by the Bargain.

I am

(21)

I am above their Reach,

And do defy 'em;

If they apply to me,

I will deny 'em:

Give 'em but Rope enough,

And then believe me,

They will soon hang themselves,

Which shall not grieve me.

Sir Pol. I know, *Spywell*, that there is an universal Clamour against my Project; which, I assure you, has nothing dreadful in it; the People's Minds, in this Particular, are like the fickle Imaginations of Travellers, who fancy they see Monsters at a Distance, for want of a proper Medium; but the nearer they approach, their Terror diminishes, and what they imagined to be so hideous, appears at last to be Trees, Churches, or Castles—Mr. *Spywell*, I thank you for what you have told me; pray let me see you soon, and be pleas'd to accept this Trifle. [*Gives him Money.*]

Spy. Sir *Politick*, I return you a thousand Thanks, and I will be diligent in discharging my Duty. [*Exit.*]

Sir Pol. Spies are as necessary at Home, as they are in a Camp; and Statesmen, like Generals, regulate their Conduct, according to the Intelligence they receive. To ingratiate myself with the People, appease their Murmurs, and baffle the Designs of *Don Gulimo*, and his Party, I will make such Alterations in my Scheme, as shall conceal the Bitterness of the Golden Pill, that they may swallow it without Kecking—Policy must be used in every thing, and more especially

(22)

especially in a Matter of such Moment and Importance as this Project.

A I R X. A Soldier and a Sailor.

*If Politicks you study,
Your Brain must not be muddy ;
If you wou'd be expert, Sir,
Regard not Mens Desert, Sir,
Consult your future Fame,
Consult, &c.*

*And if to gain your End, Sir,
Is what you do intend, Sir,
Your Purse must be display'd, Sir,
You know how to be pay'd, Sir,
And then you'll gain a Name,
And then, &c.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Chevaliere Wou'd-be.

Wou'd. Certainly no Gentleman was ever handled in such an ignominious manner! to be toss'd in a Blanket by a Parcel of Footmen, as if I had been a sharpening Gamester, is intolerable! But this is the Fruit of endeavouring to make an unlawful Purchase. What, a Pox, had I to do with Quality? I shall every Day expect to read this Affair in the News-Papers, and hear my Name expos'd in Ballads, with horrible Gingle, and a more horrible Tune.

Enter

(23)

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. Chevaliere *Wou'd-be*! I am heartily glad to find you so opportunely.

Wou'd. More Mischief is at hand, I fear; I will pretend I do not know him. [*Aside*] I perceive, Sir, you are acquainted with my Name and Person, but I must take the Liberty to say, you are a Stranger to me.

Fid. We shall be better acquainted before we part—

Wou'd. The Devil we shall! [*Aside.*]

Fid. And now, Sir, I must take the Liberty, in my Turn, to tell you, that you are a Rascal?

Wou'd. O dear Sir, if that be all, I am your most obedient Servant. [*Offers to go.*]

Fid. No, no; that's but a Prelude to what follows—Are you not an audacious Scoundrel, to attempt to violate the Lady *Sarina's* Honour?

Wou'd. I am nothing, or any thing that you please.

Fid. Draw, Sir—Draw, I say, or I will make the Sun shine through your Body. I will have Satisfaction for the Affront, before we part; therefore once more I bid you draw.

Wou'd. What a Blood-thirsty Fellow he is! [*Aside.*]—Draw, did you say?—Yes, Sir, I will draw; that is, I will withdraw from you. [*He offers to run away, Fidelio stops him.*]

Fid. Hold, hold, Sir—Though you have escap'd unpunish'd for your Mal-behaviour and unparallel'd Insolence to Persons of Rank and Figure in another Country, yet you shall have a suitable Return for your matchless Impudence in this. [*He kicks and canes the Chevaliere.*]

A I R

(24)

A I R XI. The Disappointment.

When a proud Scoundrel, rich in Land,
 Who thinks he all Things may command,
 A Lady's Honour shall strive to trepan,
 Ought to exert himself like a Man:
 For when known,
 Friends of her own,
 Th' Affront to revenge will claim Satisfaction;
 And if the Wight
 Dares not to fight,
 Will kick him, and cane him, for the vile Action.
 [Exit Fidelio.]

Wou'd. A Pox confound your Song, I'm sure
 you have spoil'd my Singing; though I must
 needs own, I have been toss'd in a Blanket,
 kick'd, and can'd to some Tune—Well, if my
 Courage would amount to a Tenth Part of my
 Vanity, I would boast of an Intrigue with Lady
 Sarina, and stand Bluff against every one who
 would take her Part. But, alas, a barren Tree
 will not produce Fruit, and though I am con-
 ficious of my own Imperfection in this Particu-
 lar, yet there is no Probability in Nature to
 rectify it. What can be done? [Pauses] To
 my Brother, Sir Politick, I will make a formal
 Complaint, and he will punish Fidelio, though
 he cannot reach Sarina. [Exit.]

SCENE

(25)

SCENE III.

Enter Violante and her Woman.

Wom. For Heaven-sake, dear Madam, do not
 fret and make your self so uneasy; I would
 venture to forfeit my Maiden-head—provided
 I were Mistress of that troublesome Toy [aside]
 that he will be punctual to the Time appointed.

Vio. O Girl! you little think what Tortures
 rack the Mind, when a Woman is in Expecta-
 tion of her Lover's coming—Jealousy, which
 creates an Apprehension of being slighted and
 forsaken for another, rages in my Breast, and
 rends my very Heart-strings. [A Bell rings.]
 Run, Girl, and bring me good Tidings, or I
 shall faint. [Exit Woman] O Venus! hear thy
 Votry's Prayer—Grant that this may be my
 dear Enamourato, or I shall die with Grief.—
 Hope and Despair rack my Soul alternately,
 and should it prove to be that vain, conceited
 Coxcomb, my Husband, the Disappointment
 will certainly be the Death of me.

Enter Woman.

Wom. Courage, Madam, the dear Partner
 of your Heart approaches.

Enter Lord Dapper, who runs and takes Vio-
 lante in his Arms.

L. Dap. My dearest Violante!

Vio. My charming Lord Dapper!

D

AIR

(26)

A I R XII. An old Woman clothed, &c.

L. Dap. From Cupid I borrow'd his Wings,
To thee, my dear Angel, to fly;
How sweet the Canary-Bird sings!
Denoting how happy am I.

Then let not one Minute be lost,
But prudently make Use of Time,
'Twere pity our Laws shou'd be cross,
For we are now both in our Prime.

Vio. You may leave us together. [To her Woman.]

L. Dap. Permit me, Madam, to encourage
her Fidelity. [Gives her Money.] Now to your
Post— [Exit Woman.]

Vio. You would, my Lord, account me a
precise Creature, if I should look prudish, and
with a demure Countenance, say I will not
comply.

A I R XIII. Good Lord Frog.

I have a pretty, pretty Bun,

Crockledum hi, Crockledum ho,

'Tis neither black, nor white, but dun;

Cocky may Carry She;

'Tis blithsome as the Month of May,

And with it you must sport and play,

For Bun will never be said Nay,

Tweedledum, tweedle, twee.

And

(27)

And now, my Lord, I pray you try,
Crockledum hi, &c.
If what Bun lacks you can supply,
Cocky may, &c.

For you are tender, kind, and good,
And she is made of Flesh and Blood,
Then starve her not for want of Food,
Tweedledum, tweedle, twee.

L. Dap. Faith, Madam, I will do all that
lies in me to please pretty Bun; and it shall
not be my Fault, if she has not her Belly-full.
—But we lose Time. [Exeunt.]

Enter Violante's Woman.

Wom. The Coast is clear, and now, while
the Lovers are playing the Game of our Fore-
fathers, I have Time to reflect on my own Con-
dition. [Pauses.] 'Tis very hard, methinks, that
a young Girl of my Shape and Air, who has
Money at Command, should want a Sweet-
heart. I am certain I could please a Lover as
well as my Lady, but the Mischief of it is,
that I cannot get one to put me to the Trial,
ever since I suffer'd that false, perfidious Man,
our Butcher, to crop the most precious Flower
in my Garden.

A I R XIV. Winchester Wedding.

When I was a buxom young Maiden,
I long'd for to have my Delight;
Alas! I was soon over-laden,
The Devil sure owes me a Spite.

D 2

For

(28)

For, though I am willing and free,
I can't find a Man that is kind;
Abandon'd, O why should I be,
Whose Heart is so frankly inclin'd?

While I lament my own Case, I neglect my
Duty—If the Enemy should come unawares,
and I not give an Alarm, I ought to suffer for
my Neglect.—I reckon my Lord Dapper is
pretty well tired by this Time—I wish any
Man would try if I would give over so soon.

[Exit.

The End of the SECOND ACT.



A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Room in Gulimo's House; Gulimo sitting at
a Table, with Pens, Ink, Paper, Books, &c. be-
fore him.

Gul. **H**itherto Sir *Politick* has carried his
Point in every Thing, maugre all
the Opposition that I could make against
him; and if he brings his New Project to
bear, and I have too much Reason to ap-
prehend he will succeed therein, we must be
forced to submit, and lie down under our
Burden.—[He takes up a written Paper.] I
have struck the People with such a Terror,
that their private Murmurs have proceeded
to an universal Out-cry; and this Paper,
which shall be printed forthwith, and dis-
persed among them, will throw 'em into Con-
vulsions.—I envy not Sir *Politick* on any
other account than the high Station he en-
joys; and though I profess to have the In-
terest of my Country nearest to my Heart,
yet if I could cast him out of the Saddle,
and seat my self there, I would chiefly con-
sult my own private Advantage, and laugh at
those, who would call me a *False Patriot*—
Seneca wrote the most excellent Morals, and
exclaimed

(30)

exclaimed most bitterly against Riches; and yet at that very time, the same *Seneca* was possess'd of four Millions of Crowns.

A I R XV. Under the Greenwood Tree.

*Philosophers may Morals teach,
And Priests 'gainst Wealth exclaim;
They'r both alike, alike they preach,
Their Drift too is the same.
When strong Temptation's in the Way,
Philosophers then yield;
Priests their own Doctrine will gain-say,
And both will quit the Field.*

*So Men, who Patriotism boast,
Have private Ends in View;
Ambition prompts to rule the Roast,
Our Hopes we then renew.
The Man in Pow'r we do assail,
Complotting his Disgrace;
But tho' we lie, bespatter, rail,
'Tis to supply his Place.*

Enter *Spywell*.

Gul. Welcome, my State-Mercury, thou hast flown with the Wings of Time—What News from the Land of Miracles?

Spy. The wonderful Knight, or the Knight of Wonders, call him which you please, I mean *Sir Politick*, has Bob'd us All.

Gul. Explain your Words, *Spywell*—they are so mysterious, that I cannot comprehend your Meaning.

Spy.

(31)

Spy. Then, in the plainest Words, has new modelled his Scheme, and I am apprehensive that when it appears in the World, it will fall so far short of the People's Expectation, that they will exclaim against you as an Impostor, and accuse you of terrifying them with chimerical Bug-bears of your own Suggestion.

Gul. This Paper, which shall be printed forthwith, and scattered among the inferior Sort, as well as the superior Mob of Quality, will keep them in a Flame till I have compassed my End; and as for *Sir Politick*, though he should change his Project into as many Shapes, as *Proteus* is said to have varied his Body, yet I would pursue it, and not desist till I had crush'd it, as *Hercules* did the Giant.

Spy. I wish you good Success, but I am apt to think that the most vigorous Attack you can make, will not prevent *Sir Politick's* crowning his Project with Success.

Gul. I will use my utmost Endeavour, however, to prevent it; though I must needs own, that I could be contented to bear an equal Sway with him, but cannot be easy at his having a supreme Authority.

A I R XVI. Now you have had your Will, &c.

Thus when for Empire, and for Rule,

Two Roman Chiefs contended;

Each had his Party, each his Tool,

And both alike befriended.

(32)

The one claim'd only equal Share,
But would not be inferior;
An Equal Cæsar could not bear,
Nor Pompey a Superior.

On fam'd Pharfalia's bloody Plain,
A fatal Day! Rome ru'd it,
Cæsar a Vict'ry did obtain,
And Tyranny ensu'd it.

Gul. Pompey behaved heroically, and I care not if Fifty Thousand of my Countrymen were sacrificed to my Resentment, provided Sir Politick fell among them.—O! that he had Courage to meet me fairly, this single Arm should do me Justice.

Spy. If you send him a Challenge, I am of Opinion he would decline it, and produce the strongest Reasons to justify his Refusal; and truly, Don Gulimo, with Submission, I do not think it his Business to fight with every Man, who has an Inclination to try his Bravery; for if he had an Hundred Thousand Lives, it is ten to one he might lose 'em All.

Enter a Servant, and whispers to Gulimo.

Gul. Hell, and Furies! what do I here? Light'ning blast 'em both. [Aide.]—Spywell be diligent and active; accept this Note, and bring me the best Information you can get.

[Exit Gul. and Ser.]

Spy. Who would think that I could overreach these two long-headed Politicians? I play them both into each others Hands, unsuspected; and I am well paid for deceiving them.

(33)

them. A few Months Practice will dubb me a Second Machieval.

A I R XVII. With tuneful Pipe, &c.

If you expect to thrive amain,
The Double Dealer play;
Both Parties please, then both you'll gain,
And each to each betray.
Then both cajole,
And both controul,
Be merry, frank, and free;
Their Purfes drain,
And heavy Gain
Shall fill your Heart with Glee. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Pulcheria and Monsieur San Jean in a loving Posture.

Enter Don Gulimo, and starts back.

Gul. Death and Confusion! what do I see? can I believe my own Eyes? Perdition seize 'em both. But I will withdraw, and observe their Motions. [He retires to the Door.]

Pul. Come, come, Monsieur San Jean, he that violates his Honour, and exposes a Gentlewoman's Frailty, must not expect any future Favours.

San. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what has befallen you? I never heard you speak an idle Word before! Is it not equally as reasonable, that a Man should be allow'd to communicate his Amours to his Friend, as a Woman

E man

(34)

man to entrust her Confident with her Love-Secrets?

Pul. But there is a great Difference between imparting an Amour to a Friend, and exposing a Woman's Honour by making her a publick Town-Talk.

San. Come, come, *Pulcheria*, I know Women so very well, that they hate a silent Lover, as they do an impotent Husband; they love to have the World acquainted with the Conquests they make.

Pul. Such Practice may be agreeable to young Ladies, but a Married Woman covets to have her Love-Secrets concealed. I therefore desire you will forbear all future Solicitations, for I assure you I will not grant you any more Favours.

San. Faith my Dear, if I obey your Commands it will be time for me to propose for the other World; and if you keep your Word, then you must expect to hear my Name hawked about the Streets with the Preamble of, *A full and true Account, of a most horrid, barbarous, and cruel Self-Murder.*

Pul. O Lud, Monsieur, do not affright me.— I will consent to any Thing rather than you should lay violent Hands on your self. Well, if you come to an untimely End, I shall run distracted, and the very Thoughts of being haunted by your Ghost, makes my Blood stagnate.

Gul. I wish it would stagnate for ever. Oonds, the Serpent has got the better of this modern *Eve*. [Aside.]

San. Thou dear, kind Creature, have Compassion, and relieve a poor, suffering, half-famish'd Lover. [He embraces and kisses her.]

Pul.

(35)

Pul. I know not how to deny your Request; you have so many artful Ways to captivate my credulous Heart, that it is impossible to resist such strong Temptations.

Gul. The Devil it is! — Why did Heaven cloath this Woman with an Angel's Form, and give her such a hot polluted Soul? — Death! if I play the Fool much longer, and not interrupt them, I shall be made a Cuckold before my Face.

Pul. This Room is too publick, and we may be discovered; we can be private in the next.

Gul. Say you so, thou *Messalina*? I shall prevent your Sport, and hope to put a stop to your Intrigues for the future. — O Woman, Woman, thou wast made for Man's Destruction. [Aside.]

San. Come, my Dear, let us not spend in fruitless Talk the precious Minutes, lest *Don Gulimo's* Approach might blast my blooming Hopes, and dissipate my coming Joys.

Gul. If any Thing could induce me to a Reconciliation with Sir *Politick*, it must be the Overthrow of this Traytor, this false Friend. If I ever come into Play, he shall again seek Refuge in a foreign Country, or suffer an ignominious Death in this. — But I will smother my Resentment if possible, at present, because he assists me in undermining Sir *Politick*, and rendering him odious to the Multitude.

[Aside.]

Pul. Since *Cupid* invites us, we may offend his Mother *Venus* if we let slip so fair an Opportunity.

(36)

AIR XVIII. To all ye Ladies now at Land.

To you, dear Mistress of my Soul,
 This Paper I impart;
 My Words and Actions you controul,
 And triumph o'er my Heart:
 Then use your Captive as you please,
 To scorching Pain you can give Ease,
 With your Fa, la, la, la.
 [She takes the Paper, and putting it into her
 Pocket, drops it. Exeunt.]

Don Gulimo advances.

Gul. Can Flesh and Blood bear such Treatment?—What if I should steal privately to them, and with my Sword pin them both together in the very Act of Adultery? [Pauses.]
 —No, I will not stain my Hands with their Blood, nor shall they reap their promis'd Joys.
 —Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Where is Monsieur San Jean?

Serv. I can't tell, Sir; I thought he had been here—I open'd the Door, and let him into this Room.

Gul. Find him out, and conduct him to my Study. [Exit Serv.] They must hear my Voice, and that will damp their glowing Spirits—
 What's here? [Takes up the Paper.] The DEBK, a Mock-Heroic Poem, in five Canto's!—Devil!
 Devil!—

Enter

(37)

Enter Pulcheria in a Fright, settling her Head-cloths and Gown, follow'd by San Jean.

Pul. Ten Thousand Curses light upon my Husband for his unseasonable Approach.—
 My Dear, Monsieur, I must leave you to find out some Expedient to prevent Suspicion.
 [Exit Pul.]

San. Now for some plausible Excuse to set aside impertinent Interrogatories: [Pauses]—
 I have it.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I have search'd most Parts of the House to find you; my Master desires your Company.

San. I was tired with waiting in this Room, and retired to the next, to divert my self with the fine Pictures.—I will follow you.—
 O, that I had the Eyes of a Basilisk, that with a single Look, I might kill this haughty, proud Don Gulimo, and revel Days and Nights in Pulcheria's Arms without Interruption. [Aside.]
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Room in Sir Politick's House; Sir Politick and Spywell together.

Sir Pol. Proceed, my trusty Spywell; Don Gulimo's utmost Efforts give me no Disquiet, nor will they be of any Validity.

Spy. Give me leave to assure you, Sir Politick, that Words cannot express Gulimo's Fury.—
 He talks of Challenges, and I know not what.

Sir

(38)

Sir *Pol.* His Menaces are but Wind—I have put my Scheme in such an amiable Form, that it will please the Common-wealth, and tho' *Don Gulimo* may inveigh against it, yet in his own Conscience he cannot disapprove it.—I shall lay it this Day before the Great Council, and will forfeit my Life if it be rejected.—You know how to communicate this in a proper manner.

AIR XIX. To the Hundreds of *Drury* I write.

*When Men are to Passion inclin'd,
They soon bid adieu to right Reason;
Self-Int'rest is all that they mind,
But wait not the proper Occasion.*

*Revenge they contrive Night and Day,
Which serves but to hasten their Run;
Their Malice, without a Delay,
Ne'er fails to bring on their Undoing.*

I bear not an Antipathy to any Men who oppose my Measures, if such Opposition arises from just and honest Principles; and I must needs own, I pity and lament their unhappy Case, who sow Sedition among the Populace, and spur them on to Commotion by Forgeries and Misrepresentations of Facts, and yet would do the very same Things that I have done, if they were in my Post.

Spy. Your Reasoning, Sir *Politick*, is very sound and rational; as for *Gulimo*, he has declared he would sacrifice Fifty Thousand of his Fellow-Subjects, if he could thereby obtain his End.

Sir

(39)

Sir *Pol.* Is it possible that he can entertain such inhuman Thoughts? Such a Declaration shudders my very Soul, and chills my Blood.—Remember, *Spywell*, what I have said to you; I must take my Leave at present.
Spy. I have lodged it safe within my Breast.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Violante and Lord Dapper.

Dap. My dearest Angel, as we have completed our Joys to mutual Satisfaction, tell me when I shall again be bless'd.

Vio. You will always find a kind Reception here.

Enter Wou'd-be.

Ha! my Husband! My Lord, you must now exert your self. [*Aside, she faints in his Arms.*]

Dap. Madam, Madam.—Her rosy Cheeks have lost their lovely Colour, and now they vie for Whiteness with the Lilly. [*He rubs her Temples.*]—She begins to recover—How is it, Madam?

Vio. I am sick at Heart, and must beg leave to withdraw.
[*Exit.*]

Wou'd. I doubt I shall soon be sick in another Place; methinks my Head preponderates already. [*Aside.*]

Dap. How dare you, Chevaliere *Wou'd-be*, intrude upon our Privacies?

Wou'd. A very pretty Question truly—Pray my Lord, how dare you be in Private with my Wife?

Dap. I dare do that, and more. [*He kicks and cuffs the Chevaliere, and Exit.*]

Wou'd. The two greatest Plagues on Earth attend me—Cowardice, and a wanton Wife.

A I R

(40)

A I R XX. How happy are we.

How wretched is Life,
When a false, perjur'd Wife,
Her Husband betrays with a Smile!

If abroad he does go,
Then the lewd, curs'd Froe!

Ne'er scruples his Bed to defile.

Still more wretched is he,

Who so patient can be,

To look, when ill-treated, demure;

Cornuting is enough,

But a Kick and a Cuff

Is what none but my self would endure.

S C E N E V.

A Room in Don Gulimo's House; San Jean and
he sitting at a Table, with Pens, Ink, Papers, &c.
before them.

Gul. When I recollect how vilely I have been
used by this base Man, it raises my Indignation
to such an Hight, that my Blood foment
with me. [Aside.]

Enter a Servant, and gives a Letter to Gulimo,
who rises from his Chair, and reads the same.

' I am under so many Obligations to my
' worthy Patron, Don Gulimo, that it would
' be the greatest Injustice and Ingratitude not
' to acquaint him with the Prefidioufness of
' Spynwell, who has revealed all your Secrets to
' Sir

(41)

' Sir Politick, and magnified them very much;
' an Instance of which I here give you, for
' he has told Sir Politick, that you would
' sacrifice Fifty Thousand of your Fellow-Sub-
' jects if you could thereby compass your
' Design. I remain yours, &c.

Gul. Fifty Thousand! he has magnified
them with a Witness.—he has made the
Number five-times greater than what I menti-
oned. [Aside.]—Come, Monsieur, we have
had enough of Politicks; let us chuse some
other Subject for our Discourse.

San. With all my Heart.

Gul. What Opinion do you entertain of
a Man, who, under a Colour of Friendship,
can have at all times free Access to the House
of a Person, who has done him the great-
est Service, and yet injure him in the tend-
erest Part?

San. If there can be such a two-leg'd Mon-
ster upon Earth, he must be the worst of
Villains.

Gul. Then I pronounce you to be that
Villain, that Monster.—

San. How!—

Gul. It is most certain; and there is more
Guile in your Heart, than was under the
Serpent's Tongue—Thou art an Imposter, a
Traytor, a double Traytor, an Ingrate—

San. Such a Complication would indeed
make me a Monster, if the Accusation could
be prov'd.

Gul. You have imposed upon me.—Thou
art a Traytor, to thy Maker, and thy Country;
and thy Ingratitude is apparent not only
in returning to me bad Offices for good, but
also

(42)

also in thy bitter Invectives against the Man, who procured a Licence for your coming from Exile, and has done good Turns for you; I mean Sir *Politick*.

San. Well, Sir, a Day will come—

Gul. I hope to see the Day when you shall suffer according to your Demerits; Racks, and Gibbets are Punishments too mild for thy enormous Villanies.—By Heaven, if you were not incapacitated to draw your Sword, my House should not screen you from my just Resentment.—Who waits without?

Enter Servants.

—Henceforth, let not this impious Wretch enter within my Doors. [*Exit San Jean and Serv.*]

Enter Spywell.

Spy. Ha! I perceive a Storm in *Don Gulimo's* Countenance, but I must weather it as well as I am able. [*Aside.*]—Sir, I am your humble Servant.

Gul. You are not my Servant, I assure you; however I have something at your Service.

Spy. I will lay my Life on't, he means a Purse of Gold; methinks, I hear the sweet Notes of those pretty Finches. [*Aside.*]

Gul. Come hither, *Spywell*.—You have seen Sir *Politick*, I suppose—

Spy. Yes, Sir, and we are all ruin'd and undone—

Gul. No, no; I have something more to do yet. [*Takes up his Cane and beats him.*] Take that for your Perfidy, and this for your Skill in Multiplication.—How dare you tell Sir *Politick*, that I would not scruple to make

Havock

(43)

Havock of Fifty Thousand of my Countrymen to gratify my Resentment?

Enter Pulcheria.

Pul. O Lud! my Dear, what have you said, or done, to Monsieur *San Jean*, that could put him in a Passion?

Gul. What has he said, or done, to you, that you should ask that Question.—I had Reason to use him ill, and if you want to know it, you need do no more than ask your own Conscience, and let that inform you.—If I may give Credit to my Eyes and Ears, I have seen and heard too much.— [*He takes the Paper out of his Pocket.*]—Do you know this Paper, Madam?

Pul. Ha! it is the Poem, which Monsieur *San Jean* gave me—How unlucky was I to drop it! [*Aside.*]—Here, on my Knees, I implore for Pardon, and promise not to offend for the future.

Gul. Since Heaven does forgive the Penitent, shall I refuse Mercy when it is asked in such an humble Posture? [*Aside.*]—On that Condition I receive you into Favour, and bury in Oblivion all your Errors.

Pul. I once more promise I will not relapse.

A I R XXI. Send home my long-stray'd Eyes.

*My lightsome Heart is fill'd with Joy,
Henceforth my Hours I will employ
To please my Husband Day and Night,
And he shall be my sole Delight.
By me, ye Wives, Example take,
Your Nuptial Vows no longer break,
Delusive Lovers now forsake.*

F I N I S.

(48)

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