

Achilles

John Gay

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Achilles

John Gay

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deceperat omnes

Achilles

(In quibus Ajacem) sumptæ fallacia vestis.

Ovid. Metam. Lib. 13.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.

Hor.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *GAY*.

Spoken by Mr. *QUIN*.

*I wonder not our Author doubts Success,
One in his Circumstance can do no less.
The Dancer on the Rope that tries at all,
In each unpractis'd Caper risques a Fall:
I own I dread his ticklish Situation,
Critics detest Poetic Innovation.
Had Ic'rus been content with solid Ground,
The giddy vent'rous Youth had ne'er been drown'd.
The Pegasus of old had Fire and Force,
But your true Modern is a Carrier's Horse,
Drawn by the foremost Bell, afraid to stray,
Bard following Bard jogs on the beaten Way.
Why is this Man so obstinate an Elf?
Will he, alone not imitate himself?
His Scene now shews the Heroes of old Greece;
But how? 'tis monstrous! In a Comic Piece.
To Buskins, Plumes and Helmets what Pretence,
If mighty Chiefs must speak but common Sense?
Shall no bold Diction, no Poetic Rage,
Fome at our Mouths and thunder on the Stage?
No 'tis Achilles, as he came from Chiron,
Just taught to sing as well as wield cold Iron;
And whatsoever Criticks may suppose,
Our Author holds, that what He spoke was Prose.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Lycomedes, Mr. *Quin*. Diphilus, Mr. *Aston*. Achilles, Mr. *Salway*. Ulysses, Mr. *Chapman*. Diomedes, Mr. *Laguerre*.
Ajax, Mr. *Hall*. Periphas, Mr. *Walker*. Agyrtes, Mr. *Leveridge*.

WOMEN.

Achilles

Achilles

Thetis, Mrs. *Buchanan*. Theaspe, Mrs. *Cantrel*. Deidamia, Miss *Norsa*. Lesbia, Miss *Binks*. Philoe, Miss *Oates*. Artemona, Mrs. *Egleton*. *Courtiers, Guards, &c.*

SCENE, *SCYROS*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Palace*.

THETIS, ACHILLES.

Thetis.

Before I leave you, Child, I must insist upon your Promise, that you will never discover yourself without my Leave. Don't look upon it as capricious Fondness, nor think (because 'tis a Mother's Advice) that in Duty to yourself you are oblig'd not to follow it.

Ach.

But my Character! my Honour! Wou'd you have your Son live with Infamy? On the first Step of a young Fellow depends his Character for Life. I beg you, Goddess, to dispense with your Commands.

Thet.

Have you then no Regard to my Presentiment? I can't bear the Thoughts of your going, for I know that odious Siege of *Troy* wou'd be the Death of thee.

Ach.

Because you have the natural Fears of a Mother, wou'd you have me insensible that I have the Heart of a Man? The World, Madam, must look upon my absconding in this Manner, and at this particular Juncture, as infamous Cowardise.

AIR I.

A Clown in *Flanders* once there was.

What's Life? No Curse is more severe,
Than bearing Life with Shame.

Is this your Fondness? this your Care?

O give me Death with Fame.

Thet.

Keep your Temper, *Achilles*: 'Tis both impious and undutiful to call my Prescience in question.

Ach.

Pardon me, Goddess, for had you, like other Mothers, been a meer Woman only, I shou'd have taken the Liberty of other Sons, and shou'd (as 'tis my Duty) have heard your Advice, and follow'd my own.

ACT I.

Achilles

Thet.

I positively shall not be easy, Child, unless you give me your Word and Honour. You know my Commands.

Ach.

My Word, Madam, I can give you; but my Honour is already sacrific'd to my Duty. That I gave you when I submitted to put on this Womans Habit.

Thet.

Believe me, *Achilles*, I have a tender Regard for your Honour, as well as Life. By preventing your running head-long to your Destiny, I preserve you for future Glory. Therefore, Child, I once more insist upon your solemn Promise.

Ach.

Was I a Woman (as I appear to be) I cou'd without Difficulty give you a Promise to have the Pleasure of breaking it; but when I promise, my Life is pledg'd for the Performance. Your Commands, Madam, are sacred. Yet I intreat you, Goddess, to consider the ignominious Part you make me act. In obeying you, I prove my self unworthy of you.

Thet.

My Will, *Achilles*, is not to be controverted. Your Life depends upon your Duty; and positively, Child, you shall not go to this Siege.

AIR II.

Gudgeon's Song.

Why thus am I held at Defiance?

A Mother, a Goddess obey!

Will Men never practise Compliance,

Till Marriage hath taught 'em the Way?

Ach.

But why must I lead the Life of a Woman? Why was I stolen away from my Preceptor? Was I not as safe under the Care of *Chiron*? I know the Love he had for me; I feel his Concern; and I dare swear that good Creature is now so distress'd for the Loss of me, that he will quite founder himself with galloping from Place to Place to look after me.

Thet.

I'll hear no more. Obey, and seek to know no further. Can you imagine that I wou'd have taken all this Trouble to have lodg'd you under the Protection of *Lycomedes*, if I had not seen the absolute Necessity of it?

Ach.

Were I allow'd to follow my Inclinations, what wou'd you have to fear? I shou'd do my Duty, and die with Honour. Was I to live an Age, I cou'd do no more.

Thet.

You are so very obstinate, that really, Child, there's no enduring you. Your Impatience seems to forget that I am a Goddess: Have I not degraded my self into the Character of a distress'd *Grecian* Princess? 'Tis owing to my Artifice and Insinuation that we have the Protection of the King of *Scyros*. Have I not won *Lycomedes* his Friendship and Hospitality to that degree as to place you, without the least Suspicion, among his Daughters? And

ACT I.

Achilles

for what, dear *Achilles*? Your Safety and future Fame requir'd it.

Ach.

'Tis impossible, Madam, to bear it much longer. My Words, my Actions, my awkward Behaviour, must one Day inevitably discover me. I had been safer under the Tuition of *Chiron*.

Thet.

Hath not the Prophet *Calchas* persuaded the Confederates that the Success of their Expedition against *Troy* depends upon your being among 'em? Have they not Emissaries and Spies almost every where in search of you? 'Tis here only, and in this Disguise, that I can believe you out of the Reach of Suspicion. You have so much Youth, and such a Bloom, that there is no Man alive but must take you for a Woman. What I am most afraid of is, that when you are among the Ladies you shou'd be so little Master of your Passions as to find your self a Man.

AIR III.

Did you ever hear of a galant Sailor.

Ach.

Tho Woman always in Temptation,
Must do what Nature bids her do;
Our Hearts feel equal Palpitation,
For we've unguarded Minutes too.
By Nature greedy,
When lank and needy,
Within your Fold the Wolf confine;
Then bid the Glutton
Not think of Mutton;
Can you persuade him not to dine?

Thet.

Now, dear Child, let me beg you to be discreet. I have some Sea-Affairs that require my Attendance, which (much against my Will) oblige me for a time to leave you to your own Conduct.

SCENE II.

Thetis, Achilles, Artemona.

Art.

The Princesses, Lady *Pyrrha*, have been sitting at their Embroidery above a Quarter of an Hour, and are perfectly miserable for want of you.

Thet.

Pyrrha is so very unhandy, and so monstrously awkward at her Needle, that I know she must be diverting. Her Passion for Romances (as you must have observ'd in other Girls) took her off from every Part of useful Education.

Ach.

For the many Obligations I have to the Princesses, I should (no doubt) upon all Occasions shew my self ready to be the But of their Ridicule. 'Tis a Duty that all great People expect from (what they call) their Dependants.

Achilles

Art.

How can you, Lady *Pyrrha*, misinterpret a Civility? I know they have a Friendship, an Esteem for you; and have a Pleasure in instructing you.

Thet.

For Heaven's sake, *Pyrrha*, let not your captious Temper run away with your Good-manners. You cannot but be sensible of the King's and their Civilities, both to you and me. How can you be so horridly out of Humour?

Ach.

All I mean, Madam, is; that when People are sensible of their own Defects, they are not the proper Objects of Ridicule.

Thet.

You are so very touchy, *Pyrrha*, that there is no enduring you. How can you be so unsociable a Creature as to deny a Friend the Liberty of laughing at your little Follies and Indiscretions? For what do you think Women keep Company with one another?

Ach.

Because they hate one another, despise one another, and seek to have the Pleasure of seeing and exposing one another's Faults and Follies.

Thet.

Now, dear *Pyrrha*, tell me, is Work a thing you pique yourself upon? Suppose too they shou'd smile at an Absurdity in your Dress, it cou'd not be such a Mortification as if (like most Women) you had made it the chief Business of your Life?

Art.

Don't they treat one another with equal Familiarity?

Ach.

But a Reply from me (whatever was the Provocation) might be look'd upon as impertinent. I hate to be under the Restraint of Civility when I am ill-us'd.

Art.

Will you allow me, Madam, to make your Excuses to the Princesses? The Occasion of your Highnes's leaving her, I see, troubles her. Perhaps I may interrupt Conversation.

Thet.

'Tis astonishing, Child, how you can have so little Complaisance. This sullen Behaviour of yours must be disagreeable. I hope, Madam, she is not always in this way?

Art.

Never was any Creature more entertaining! Such Spirits, and so much Vivacity! The Princesses are really fond of her to Distraction. The most chearful Tempers are liable to the Spleen, and 'tis an Indulgence that one Woman owes to another.

Ach.

The Spleen, Madam, is a Female Frailty that I have no Pretensions to, nor any of its Affections.

AIR IV.

SCENE II.

Achilles

Si vous vous moquez de nous.

When a Woman sullen sits,
And wants Breath to conquer Reason.

Always these affected Fits

Are in Season:

Since 'tis in her Disposition,

Make her be her own Physician.

Nay, dear Madam, you shall not go without me. Though I have my particular Reasons to be out of Humour, I cannot be deficient in Good-manners.

Art.

I know they would take it mortally ill if they thought your Complaisance had put yourself under the least Restraint.

Ach.

I can't forgive myself for my Behaviour. You must excuse me, Madam; for Absence in Conversation is an Incivility that I am but too liable to.

Art.

You know we all rally you upon your being in Love, as that is one of its most infallible Symptoms.

Thet.

I charge you, upon my Blessing; as you expect Fame, Glory, Immortality, obey me.

[To Achilles.]

[Thetis kisses him. Exeunt Achilles and Artemona.]

SCENE III.

Thetis.

As for his Face, his Air, his Figure, I am not under the least Apprehension; all my Concern is from the Impetuosity of his Temper. Yet, after all, why *shou'd* I fear a Discovery? for Women have the same Passions, though they employ 'em upon different Objects.

AIR V.

A Minuet.

Man's so touchy, a Word that's injurious
Wakes his Honour; he's sudden as Fire.

Woman kindles, and is no less furious

For her Trifles, or any Desire.

Man is testy,

Or sour, or resty,

If balk'd of Honours, or Pow'r, or Pelf.

Woman's Passions can no less molest ye,

SCENE III.

Achilles

And all for Reasons she keeps to her self.

He is sudden, he is impatient. What then? Are Women less so? Ask almost all Servants what they know of their Mistresses. He is wilful, testy, and untractable. Can't

Thousands of Husbands say as much of their Wives? Then as for his Obstinacy that can never shew him less a Woman. But he hath not that Command of his Tongue I cou'd wish him: He is too vehement, too severe in his Expressions. In this Particular, indeed, few Women take equal Liberties to one another's Faces, but they make Amends for it behind each other's Backs; so that, with all these Infirmities of Man, he may with the least Conduct very well pass for a fine-spirited Woman. This Reflexion hath cur'd my Anxiety, and will make me believe him secure.

SCENE IV.

Thetis, Lycomedes.

Thet.

'Tis with the utmost Gratitude that I return your Majesty Thanks for the Honours and hospitable Favours shewn to me and my Daughter.

Lycom.

You wou'd oblige me more, Madam, if your Affairs wou'd allow you to accept 'em longer.

Thet.

I have presum'd, Sir, to trespass further on your Generosity, in leaving my Daughter under your Protection. I hope *Pyrrha's* Behaviour will deserve it.

AIR VI.

To you, my Dear, and to no other.

[*Thet*]

Must then, alas, the fondest Mother

Desert her Child? *Lycom.*

Ah, why this Tear?

She'll in *Theaspe* find another;

In me paternal Love and Care. [*Lycom*]

Had you taken her with you, my Daughters wou'd have been miserable beyond Expression. Theirs and her Education shall be the same.

Thet.

I beg you, Sir, not to regard my Gratitude like the common Obligations of Princes; for neither Time nor Interest can ever cancel it.

Lycom.

Affairs of Consequence may require your Presence. Importunity upon these Occasions is troublesome and unhospitable. I ask no Questions, Madam, because I choose not to pry into Secrets.

Thet.

I can only thank, and rely upon your Majesty's Goodness. My Duty to the Queen, Sir, calls me hence to own my Obligations, and receive her Commands.

Achilles

SCENE V.

Lycomedes, Diphilus.

Lyc.

The Princess *Calista* hath taken her Leave; she is but just gone out of the Room.

Diph.

That *Pyrrha*, Sir, was a most delicious Piece.

Lycom.

With all her little vixen Humours, to my Taste she is infinitely agreeable.

Diph.

Your parting with her, Sir, in this easy manner, is astonishing. One too so excessively fond of you!

Lycom.

Parting with her, *Diphilus*!

Diph.

But no Prince alive hath so great a Command of his Passions.

Lycom.

Dear *Diphilus*, let me understand you.

Diph.

To my Knowledge you might have had her.

Lycom.

Can I believe thee?

Diph.

I really thought the Queen began to be a little uneasy, and, for the Quiet of the Family (since she is gone) I must own I am heartily glad of it.

AIR VII.

John went suiting unto *Joan*.

How your Patience had been try'd,
Had this haughty Dame comply'd!
What's a Mistress and a Wife?
Joy for Moments; Plague for Life.

Lycom.

I am not so unhappy, *Diphilus*. Her Mother hath left her to my Care.

Diph.

Just as I wish'd.

SCENE V.

Achilles

Lycom.

Wou'd she had taken her with her!

Diph.

It might have been better. For beyond dispute, Sir, both you and the Queen wou'd have been easier.

Lycom.

Why did she trust her to me?

Diph.

There cou'd be but one Reason.

Lycom.

I cannot answer for myself.

Diph.

'Twas upon that very Presumption you was trusted.

Lycom.

Wou'd I could believe thee!

Diph.

'Tis an apparent manifest Scheme, Sir, and you wou'd disappoint both Mother and Daughter if your Majesty did not betray your Trust. You love her, Sir, you say.

Lycom.

To Distraction, *Diphilus*.

Diph.

And was the betraying a Trust ever as yet an Obstacle to that Passion? What wou'd you have a Mother do more upon such an Occasion? Ladies of her Rank cannot transact an Affair of this kind, but with some *Decorum*.

Lycom.

But you can never suppose *Pyrrha* knows any thing of the Matter.

Diph.

Why not, Sir?

Lycom.

From me she cannot; for I have never as yet made any downright Professions.

Diph.

There lies the true Cause of her Thoughtfulness; 'tis nothing but Anxiety, for fear her Scheme shou'd not take place; for, no doubt, her Mother hath instructed her not to be too forward, to make you more so. Believe me, Sir, you will have no Difficulties in this Affair, but those little ones that every Woman knows how to practise to quicken a Lover.

Lycom.

Be it as it will, *Diphilus*, I must have her.

Achilles

Diph.

Had I been acquainted with your Pleasure sooner, your Majesty by this time had been tir'd of her. How happy shall I make her, if I may have the Honour of your Majesty's Commands to hint your Passion to her!

Lycom.

Never did Eyes receive a Passion with such Coldness, such Indifference!

AIR VIII.

Groom's Complaint.

Whene'er my Looks have spoke Desire,
I sigh'd, I gaz'd in vain;
No Glance confess'd her secret Fire;
And Eyes the Heart explain.

Diph.

Though 'tis what she wishes, what she longs for, what she sighs for, Respect and Awe are a Restraint upon her Eyes as well as Tongue. I have often told you, Sir, she dares not understand you; she dares not believe herself so happy.

Lycom.

This Ring, *Diphilus*. I must leave the rest to your Discretion.

Diph.

There may be a manner in giving it her, a little Hint or so but the Present will speak for itself; 'tis the most successful Advocate of Love, and never wants an Interpreter.

Lycom.

Say every thing for me, *Diphilus*; for I feel I cannot speak for myself.

Diph.

Cou'd I be as successful in all my other Negotiations! Yet there may be Difficulties, for, if I mistake not, the Lady hath something of the Coquette about her; and what Self-Denial will not those Creatures suffer to give a Lover Anxiety!

AIR IX.

O'er Bogie.

Observe the wanton Kitten's Play,
Whene'er a Mouse appears;
You there the true Coquette survey
In all her flirting Airs:
Now pawing,
Now clawing,
Now in fond Embrace,
Till 'midst her Freaks,
He from her breaks,
Steals off, and bilks the Chase.

SCENE V.

Achilles

Lycom.

Dear *Diphilus*, what do you mean? I never saw a Woman so little of that Character.

Diph.

Pardon me, Sir; your Situation is such that you can never see what Mankind really are. In your Presence every one is acting a Part; no one is himself, and was it not for the Eyes and Tongues of your faithful Servants how little wou'd your Subjects be known to you! Though she is so prim and reserv'd before you, she is never at a Loss for Airs to draw all the young flirting Lords of the Court about her.

Lycom.

Beauty must always have its Followers.

Diph.

If I mistake not, General *Ajax* too (who is sent to solicit your Quota for the *Trojan War*) hath another Solicitation more at heart. But suppose she had ten thousand Lovers; a Woman's prevalent Passion is Ambition, which must answer your Ends. The Queen is coming this way, and her Commands may detain me. I go, Sir, to make *Pyrrha* the happiest Creature upon Earth.

SCENE VI.

Lycomedes, Theaspe.

Theas.

I think the Princess *Calista* might as well have taken her Daughter with her. That Girl is so intolerably forward, that I cannot imagine such Conversation can possibly be of any great Advantage to your Daughter's Education.

Lycom.

You seem of late to have taken an Aversion to the Girl. She hath Spirit and Vivacity, but not more than is becoming the Sex; and I never saw any thing in her Behaviour but what was extremely modest.

Theas.

For Heaven's sake, Sir, allow me to believe my own Eyes. Her Forwardness must give the Fellows some Encouragement, or there wou'd not be that intolerable Flutter about her. But perhaps she hath some Reasons to be more upon her Guard before you.

Lycom.

How can you be so unreasonably censorious?

Theas.

I can see her Faults, Sir. I see her as a Woman sees a Woman. The Men, it seems, think the aukward Creature handsome.

AIR X.

Dutch Skipper. First Part.

Lycom.

When a Woman's censorious,
And attacks the meritorious;
In the Scandal she shews her own malicious Thought.
If real Guilt she blames,

SCENE VI.

Achilles

Then Pride her Heart inflames;
And she fancies she's better for another's Fault.
Thus seeking to disclose
The Slips of Friends and Foes,
By her Envy she does herself alone expose.

Nay, dear Child, your attacking her in this peevish way can be nothing but downright Antipathy.

Theas.

Nay, dear Sir, your defending her in this feeling manner can be nothing but downright Partiality.

Lycom.

I own my self partial to Distress, and I see her in that Circumstance.

Theas.

But there are other Reasons that may make a Man partial.

AIR XI.

Dutch Skipper. Second Part.

As you, Sir, are my Husband, no doubt you're prone
To turn each new Face
To a Wife's Disgrace;
And for no other Cause but that she's your own;
Nay, Sir, 'tis an evident Case.
'Tis strange that all Husbands should prove so blind,
That a Wife's real Merits they ne'er can find,
Tho' they strike all the rest of Mankind.

Lycom.

How can you be so ridiculous? By these Airs, Madam, you would have me believe you are jealous.

Theas.

Whence had you this contemptible Opinion of me? Jealous! If I was so I have a Spirit above owning it. I wou'd never heighten your Pleasure by letting you have the Satisfaction of knowing I was uneasy.

Lycom.

Let me beg you, my Dear, to keep your Temper.

Theas.

Since I have been so unguarded as to own it; give me leave to tell you, Sir, that was I of a lower Rank it wou'd keep you in some Awe, because you wou'd then know I cou'd take my Revenge.

Lycom.

You forget your Duty, Child.

Theas.

There is a Duty too due from a Husband.

SCENE VI.

Achilles

Lycom.

How can you give way to these Passions?

Theas.

Because you give way to yours.

Lycom.

But to be so unreasonably jealous!

Theas.

Unreasonably! Wou'd it were so!

AIR XII.

Black Joke.

Lycom.

Then must I bear eternal Strife,
Both Night and Day put in mind of a Wife,
By her Pouts, Spleen, and passionate Airs! *Theas.*

D'ye think I'll bear eternal Slight,
And not complain when I'm robb'd of my Right?

Call you this, Sir, but whimsical Fears? *Lycom.*

Can nought then still this raging Storm? *Theas.*

Yes. What you promis'd if you wou'd perform.

Lycom.

Pr'ythee tease me no more. *Theas.*

I can never give o'er,

Till I find you as fond and as kind as before. *Lycom.*

Will you ne'er ask

A possible Task? [*Lycom*]

Wou'd you have me so inhospitable as to deny her my Protection?

Theas.

'Tis not, Sir, that I presume to controul you in your Pleasures. Yet you might, methinks, have shew'd that Tenderness for me to have acted with a little more Reserve. Women are not so blind as Husbands imagine. Were there no other Circumstances, your Coolness to me, your Indifference. How I despise my self for this Confession! Pardon me, Sir, Love made me thus indiscreet.

AIR XIII.

Ye Shepherds and Nymphs.

Theaspe weeping.

O Love, plead my Pardon, nor plead it in vain;

'Twas you that was jealous, 'twas you was in Pain;

Yet why should you speak? To what Purpose or End?

I must be unhappy if Love can offend.

Yet was ever a Design of this kind so manifest, so bare-fac'd!

SCENE VI.

AIR XIV.

The Goddesses.

Theaspe angry.

To what a Pitch is Man profuse,
And all for ostentatious Pride!
Ev'n Misses are not kept for Use,
But for mere Show, and nought beside.
For might a Wife speak out,
She cou'd prove beyond all doubt,
With more than enough he was supply'd.

The Princess *Calista* hath shewn an uncommon Confidence in your Majesty. The Woman, no doubt, depends upon it, that her Daughter's Charms are not to be resisted.

Lycom.

Nay, dear Child, don't be scandalous.

AIR XV.

Joan's Placket.

Reputations hack'd and hew'd,
Can never be mended again;
Yet nothing stints the tattling Prude,
Who joys in another's Pain.

Thus while she rends
Both Foes and Friends,
By both she's torn in twain.
Reputations hack'd and hew'd,
Can never be mended again.

Theas.

You are in so particular a manner oblig'd to her, that I am not surpris'd at your taking her Part.

Lycom.

But, dear Madam, why at present is all this violent Fluster?

Theas.

Ask your own Heart, ask your own Conduct. Those can best inform you. 'Twou'd have been more obliging if *Pyrrha* and you had kept me out of this impudent Secret. You know, Sir, I have Reason.

Lycom.

If one Woman's Virtue depended upon another's Suspicions, where shou'd we find a Woman of common Modesty! Indeed, Child, I think you injure her; I believe her virtuous.

Theas.

When a Man hath ruin'd a Woman, he thinks himself oblig'd in Honour to stand up for her Reputation.

SCENE VI.

Achilles

Lycom.

If you will believe only your own unaccountable Suspicions, and are determin'd not to hear Reason, I must leave you to your perverse Humours. What wou'd you have me say? What wou'd you have made me do?

Theas.

Shew your Hospitality (as you call it) to me, and put that Creature out of the Palace.

Lycom.

I have a greater Regard to yours and my own Quiet, than ever to comply with the extravagant Passions of a jealous Woman.

Theas.

You have taken then your Resolutions, I find; and I am sentenc'd to Neglect. Did ever a Woman marry but with the Probability of having at least one Man in her Power? What a wretched Wife am I!

[Weeps.]

Lycom.

Jealousy from a Wife, even to a Man of Quality, is now look'd upon as Ill-manners, though the Affair be never so publick. But without a Cause! I beg you, Madam, to say no more upon this Subject.

Theas.

Though you, Sir, may think her fit Company for you; methinks the very same Reasons might tell you that she is not so very reputable a Companion for your Daughters.

Lycom.

Since a passionate Woman will only believe herself, I must leave you, Madam, to enjoy your Obstinacy. I know but that way of putting an end to the Dispute.

AIR XVI.

We've cheated the Parson, &c.

Though Woman's glib Tongue, when her Passions are fir'd,
Eternally go, a Man's Ear can be tir'd.

Since Woman will have both her Word and her Way,
I yield to your Tongue; but my Reason obey.

I obey,

Nothing say,

Since Woman will have both her Word and her Way.

SCENE VII.

Theaspe.

Theas.

Wou'd I had been more upon the Reserve! But Husbands are horridly provoking; they know the Frailty of the Sex, and never fail to take the Advantage of our Passions to make us expose our selves by Contradiction. *Artemona.*

SCENE VIII.

Theaspe, Artemona.

Art.

Madam.

Theas.

Is that Creature, that (what do you call her) that Princess gone?

Art.

Yes, Madam.

Theas.

Why did not she take that awkward Thing, her Daughter, with her?

Art.

The Advantages she might receive in her Education, might be an Inducement to leave her.

Theas.

Might *that* be an Inducement?

Art.

Besides, in her present Circumstance, it might be inconvenient to take her Daughter with her.

Theas.

Can't you find out any *other* Reason for leaving her?

Art.

Your Courtesy, Madam; your Hospitality.

Theas.

No *other* Reason!

Art.

No other Reason?

Theas.

Wou'd I cou'd believe there was no other!

Art.

'Tis not for me to pry into your Majesty's Secrets.

Theas.

I hate a Girl that is so intolerably forward.

Art.

I never observ'd any thing but those little Liberties that Girls of her Age will take, when they are among themselves. Perhaps those particular Distinctions the Princesses shew her, may have made her too familiar. I am not, Madam, an Advocate for her Behaviour.

Achilles

Theas.

A Look so very audacious! Now the filthy Men, who love every thing that is impudent, call that Spirit. But there are, *Artemona*, some particular Distinctions from a certain Person, who of late hath been very particular to me, that might *indeed* make her too familiar.

Art.

Heaven forbid!

Theas.

How precarious is the Happiness of a Wife, when it is in the Power of every new Face to destroy it! Now, dear *Artemona*, tell me sincerely, don't you, from what you yourself have observed, think I have Reason to be uneasy?

Art.

That I have observ'd!

Theas.

Dear *Artemona*, don't frighten thyself. I am not accusing you but talking to you as a Friend.

AIR XVII.

Fairy Elves.

Art.

O guard your Hours from Care,
Of Jealousy beware;
For she with fancy'd Sprites,
Herself torments and frights.
Thus she frets, and pines, and grieves,
Raising Fears that she believes.

Theas.

I hate myself too for having so much Condescension and Humility as to be jealous. 'Tis flattering the Man that uses one ill; and 'tis wanting the natural Pride that belongs to the Sex. What a wretched, mean, contemptible Figure is a jealous Woman! How have I expos'd myself!

Art.

Your Majesty is safe in the Confidence repos'd in me.

Theas.

That is not the Case, *Artemona*. *Lycomedes* knows I am unhappy. I have own'd it, and was so unguarded as to accuse him.

Art.

Upon mere Suspicion only?

Theas.

Beyond Dispute he loves her. I know it, *Artemona*; and can one imagine that Girl hath Virtue enough to withstand such a Proposal?

AIR XVIII.

SCENE VIII.

Moll Peatly.

All Hearts are a little frail
When Temptation is rightly apply'd.
What can Shame or Fear avail
When we sooth both Ambition and Pride?
All Women have Power in view;
Then there's Pleasure to tempt her too.
Such a sure Attack there's no defying,
No denying;
Since complying
Gives her another's Due.
I can't indeed (if you mean that) positively affirm that he hath yet had her.

Art.

Then it may be still only Suspicion.

Theas.

I have trusted too my Daughter *Deidamia* with my Weakness; that she, by her Intimacies and Friendship with *Pyrrha*, may get into her Secrets. In short, I have plac'd her as my Spy about her. That Girl (out of Good-nature, and to prevent Family-disputes) may deceive me. She insists upon it that I have nothing to fear from *Pyrrha*; and is so positive in this Opinion, that she offers to be answerable for her Conduct.

Art.

Why then, Madam, will you still believe your own Jealousies?

Theas.

All I say is, that *Deidamia* may deceive me; for whatever is in the Affair, 'tis impossible but she must know it; I have order'd it so that she is scarce ever from her; they have one and the same Bed-Chamber; yet such is my Distemper, that I suspect every Body, and can only believe my own Imaginations. There must be some Reason that *Deidamia* hath not been with me this Morning. I am impatient to see her.

AIR XIX.

John Anderson my *Jo.*

Art.

Let Jealousy no longer
A fruitless Search pursue;
You make his Flame the Stronger,
And wake Resentment too.
This self-tormenting Care give o'er;
For all you can obtain
Is, what was only Doubt before,
To change for real Pain.
The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Achilles

SCENE I.

Diphilus, Achilles.

Ach.

I am very sensible, my Lord, of the particular Honours that are shewn me.

Diph.

Honours, Madam! *Lycomedes* is still more particular. How happy must that Woman be whom he respects!

Ach.

What do you mean, my Lord?

Diph.

Let this speak both for him and me: The Present is worthy him to give, and you to receive.

Ach.

I have too many Obligations already.

Diph.

'Tis in your Power, Madam, to return 'em all.

Ach.

Thus I return 'em. And, if you dare be honest, tell him this Ring had been a more *honourable* Present to *Theaspe*.

AIR XX.

Abroad as I was walking.

[Offering the Ring a second time.]

Diph.

Such Homage to her Beauty,

What Coyness can reject?

Accept, as 'tis your Duty,

The Tribute with Respect.

What more can Beauty gain thee?

With Love I offer Power.

What Shame can ever stain thee,

Restrain thee,

Or pain thee,

When blest with such a Dower?

Diph.

'Tis but an Earnest, Madam, of future Favours. When *Lycomedes* his Power is yours, I intreat your Highness not to forget your Servant.

Ach.

I shall remember thee with Contempt and Abhorrence.

Diph.

SCENE I.

Achilles

I beg you, Madam, to consider your present Situation. This uncommon Distinction requires a softer Answer.

Ach.

I shall give no other, my Lord. I dare say, *Diphilus*, you think yourself highly honour'd by your present Negotiation. Is there no Office too mean for Ambition? Was you not a Man of Quality, was you not a Favourite, the World, my Lord, wou'd call you a Pimp, a Pandar, a Bawd, for this very honourable Proposal of yours.

Diph.

What an unmerciful Weapon is a Woman's Tongue! I beg your Highness to confine yourself within the Bounds of common Civility, and to consider who I am.

Ach.

I do consider it, *Diphilus*, and that makes thee a thousand times the more contemptible.

AIR XXI.

Butter'd Pease.

Shou'd the Beast of the noblest Race
Act the Brute of the lowest Class;
Tell me, which do you think more base,
Or the Lion or the Ass?

Boast not then of thy Rank or State;
That but shews thee the meaner Slave.
Take thy due then of Scorn and Hate,
As thou'rt but the greater Knave.

Diph.

Though the Sex have the Privilege of unlimited Expression, and that a Woman's Words are not to be resented; yet a Lady, Madam, may be ill-bred. Ladies too are generally passionate enough without a Provocation, so that a Reply at present would be unnecessary.

Ach.

Are such the Friends of Power? How unhappy are Princes to have their Passions so very readily put in Execution, that they seldom know the Benefit of Reflexion! Go, and for once make your Report faithfully and without Flattery.

SCENE II.

Diphilus.

Diph.

This Girl is so excessively ill-bred, and such an arrant Termagant, that I cou'd as soon fall in love with a Tigress. She hath a handsom Face, 'tis true, but in her Temper she is a very Fury. But *Lycomedes* likes her; and 'tis not for me to dispute either his Taste or Pleasure. Notwithstanding she is such a Spit-fire, 'tis my Opinion the thing may still do: Things of this Nature shou'd be always transacted in Person, for there are Women so ridiculously half-modest, that they are asham'd in Words to consent to what (when a Man comes to the Point) they will make no Difficulties to comply with.

SCENE III.

Lycomedes, Diphilus.

Lycom.

Well, *Diphilus*, in what manner did she receive my Present?

Diph.

'Tis my Opinion, Sir, that she will accept it only from your Hands. From me she absolutely refuses it.

AIR XXII.

Come open the Door sweet *Betty*.

Lycom.

What, must I remain in Anguish?

And did not her Eyes consent?

No Sigh, not a Blush, nor Languish

That promis'd a kind Event!

It must be all Affectation,

The Tongue hath her Heart bely'd;

That oft hath withstood Temptation,

When ev'ry thing else comply'd.

Lycom.

How did she receive you? Did you watch her Eyes? What was her Behaviour when you first told her I lov'd her?

Diph.

She seem'd to be desperately disappointed that you had not told her so your self.

Lycom.

But when you press'd it to her

Diph.

She had all the Resentment and Fury of the most complying Prude.

Lycom.

But did not she soften upon Consideration?

Diph.

She seem'd to take it mortally ill of me, that my meddling in the Affair had delay'd your Majesty's Application.

Lycom.

What no favourable Circumstance!

Diph.

Nay, I was not in the least surpris'd at her Behaviour. Love at second-hand to a Lady of her warm Constitution! It was a Disappointment, Sir; and she cou'd not but treat it accordingly. Whatever was my Opinion, 'twas my Duty, Sir, to obey you, but I found just the Reception I expected. Apply to her your self, Sir; answer her Wishes, and (if I know any thing of Woman) she will then answer yours, and behave herself as she ought.

Achilles

Lycom.

But, dear *Diphilus*, I grow more and more impatient.

Diph.

That too by this time is her Case To save the Appearances of Virtue, the most easy Woman expects a little gentle Compulsion, and to be allow'd the Decency of a little feeble Resistance. For the Quiet of her own Conscience a Woman may insist upon acting the Part of Modesty, and you must comply with her Scruples. You will have no more trouble but what will heighten the Pleasure.

Lycom.

Pyrrha! This is beyond my Hopes. *Diphilus*, lay your Hand upon my Breast. Feel how my Heart flutters.

Diph.

Did *Pyrrha* feel these Assurances of Love she wou'd not appear so thoughtful.

Lycom.

Deidamia too not with her!

Diph.

She is with the Queen, Sir.

Lycom.

My other Daughters, who seem less fond of her, are in the Garden; so all's safe. Leave me, *Diphilus*, and let no-one, upon Pain of my Displeasure, presume to intrude.

SCENE IV.

Lycomedes, Achilles.

Lycom.

Lady *Pyrrha*, my dear Child, why so thoughtful?

Ach.

Thoughts may not be so respectful; they may be too familiar, too friendly, too true: And who about you presumes to communicate 'em? Words and Forms only are for your ear, Sir.

Lycom.

You know, *Pyrrha*, you was never receiv'd upon the Foot of Ceremony, but Friendship; so that it wou'd be more respectful if you was less shy and less reserv'd. 'Tis your Behaviour, *Pyrrha*, that keeps me at a Distance.

Ach.

If I was wanting, Sir, either in Duty to you or my self, my own Heart wou'd be the first to reproach me. Your Majesty's Generosity is too solicitous upon my Account; and your Courtesy and Affability may even now detain you from Affairs of Importance. If you have no Commands, Sir, the Princesses expect me in the Garden.

Lycom.

Nay, positively, my dear *Pyrrha*, you shall not go.

Ach.

But why, Sir? For Heaven's Sake, what hath set you a trembling? I fear, Sir, you are out of Order. Who waits

Achilles

there?

Lycom.

I did not call, *Pyrrha*.

Ach.

Let me then, Sir, know your Commands.

AIR XXIII.

Altro Giorno in compagnia.

Lycom.

If my Passion want explaining,

 This way turn and read my Eyes;

These will tell thee, without feigning,

 What in Words I must disguise.

Ach.

Why do you fix your Eyes so intensely upon me? Speak your Pleasure, speak to me then. Why am I seiz'd? Spare me, Sir, for I have a Temper that can't bear Provocation.

Lycom.

I know there are a thousand necessary Affectations of Modesty, which Women, in Decency to themselves, practise with common Lovers before Compliance. But my Passion, *Pyrrha*, deserves some Distinction.

Ach.

I beg you then, Sir, don't lay violent Hands upon me.

Lycom.

The Present you refus'd from *Diphilus* accept from me.

Ach.

Why will you persist? Nay, dear Sir, I can't answer for my Passions.

Lycom.

'Tis not *Diphilus*, but I give it you.

Ach.

That *Diphilus*, Sir, is your Enemy.

Lycom.

'Tis I that offer it.

Ach.

Your very worst Enemy, your Flatterer.

Lycom.

You shou'd strive, Child, to conquer these extravagant Passions.

SCENE IV.

Achilles

Ach.

How I despise that Fellow! that Pimp, that Pandar!

AIR XXIV.

Trip to the Landry.

How unhappy are the Great,
Thus begirt with servile Slaves!
Such with Praise your Reason cheat.
Flatt'ers are the meanest Knaves.
They, in Friendship's Guise accost you;
False in all they say or do.
When these Wretches have ingross'd you,
Who's the Slave, Sir, they or you?

Lycom.

Is this reproachful Language, *Pyrrha*, befitting my presence?

Ach.

Nay, dear Sir, don't worry me. By *Jove*, you'll provoke me.

Lycom.

Your Affectation, *Pyrrha*, is intolerable. There's enough of it. Those Looks of Aversion are insupportable. will have no struggling.

Ach.

Then, Sir, I must have no Violence.

AIR XXV.

As I walk'd along *Fleetstreet*.

Lycom.

When the Fort on no Condition
Will admit the gen'rous Foe,
Parley but delays Submission;
We by Storm shou'd lay it low.

Lycom.

I am in earnest, Lady. I will have no trifling, nor coquetting; you may spare those little Arts of Women, for my Passion is warm and vehement enough without 'em. Do you know *Pyrrha*, that Obedience is your Duty?

Ach.

I know my Duty, Sir; and, had it not been for that Sycophant *Diphilus*, perhaps you had known yours.

Lycom.

I am not, Lady, to be aw'd and frighten'd by stern Looks and Frowns. Since your obstinate Behaviour then makes Violence necessary

Ach.

You make Self-preservation, Sir, as necessary.

SCENE IV.

Achilles

Lycom.

I won't be refus'd.

AIR XXVI.

The Lady's New-Year's Gift.

Lycom.

Why such Affectation? Ach.

Why this Provocation? *Lycom.*

Must I bear Resistance still! Ach.

Check your Inclination. *Lycom.*

Dare you then deny me? Ach.

You too far may try me. *Lycom.*

Must I then against your Will! Ach.

Force shall never ply me.

Lycom.

Never was such a Termagant!

Ach.

By *Jove*, never was such an Insult!

Lycom.

Will you? Dare you? Never was such Strength!

Achilles pushes him from him with Great Violence, and throws him down.

Ach.

Desist then.

Lycom.

Audacious Fury, know you what you have done?

AIR XXVII.

Puppet-Show Trumpet Tune.

[*Achilles* holding *Lycomedes* down.]

Ach.

What Heart hath not Courage, by Force assail'd,

To brave the most desperate Fight?

'Tis Justice and Virtue that hath prevail'd;

Power must yield to Right.

Lycom.

Am I so ignominiously to be got the better of!

Ach.

You are.

SCENE IV.

Achilles

Lycom.

By a Woman!

Ach.

You now, Sir, find you had acted a greater Part, if (in Spite of your Flatterers) you had got the better of your own Passions.

SCENE V.

Lycomedes, Achilles, Diphilus, Courtiers.

1 Court.

An Attempt upon the King's Life! The Guards! where are the Guards?

2 Court.

Such an open, bare-fac'd Assassination!

[They seize Achilles, and raise Lycomedes.]

3 Court.

And by a Woman too!

1 Court.

Where are your Wounds, Sir.

2 Court.

Take the Dagger from her, that she do no farther Mischief.

3 Court.

The Dagger! Where? What Dagger?

1 Court.

You will find it some where or other conceal'd; examine her, search her.

Ach.

Save your Zeal, Sirs, for times of real Danger. Let *Lycomedes* accuse me. He knows my Offence.

Lycom.

How have I expos'd my self! *Diphilus*, bid these over-officious Friends leave me, and, as they value my Favour, that they say nothing of what they have seen. *[Diphilus talks apart with the Courtiers, who go out.]* Though the Insult from any other Person had been unpardonable; there are ways that you, Madam, might still take to reconcile me.

Ach.

Self-defence, Sir, is the Privilege of Mankind. I know your Power, but as I have offended no Law I rely upon your Justice.

Lycom.

'Twou'd be safer, Madam, to rely on your own future Behaviour.

Ach.

Achilles

Who was the Aggressor, Sir?

Lycom.

Beauty, Inclination, Love. If you will merit Favour you know the Conditions.

AIR XXVIII.

Old King Cole.

No more be coy;
Give a Loose to Joy,
And let Love for thy Pardon sue.
A Glance cou'd all my Rage destroy,
And light up my Flame anew.
For though a Man can stand at Bay
Against a Woman's Will;
And keep, amid the loudest Fray,
His Resolution still:
Yet when consenting Smiles accost,
The Man in her Arms is lost.

SCENE VI.

Lycomedes, Achilles, Diphilus.

Ach.

If your Resentment wants only the Show of Justice, let this *honourable* Man here be my Accuser; it may be necessary for him to trump up a horrid Conspiracy to skreen his own infamous Practices.

Diph.

Your Majesty hath had too much Confidence in this Woman. The Lives of Kings are sacred, and the Matter (trivial as it seems) deserves further Inquiry. There must be some secret villainous Design in this Affair.

Ach.

And are not you, *Diphilus*, conscious of that secret villainous Design?

Diph.

'Tis an Offence, Sir, that is not to be pardon'd. Your Dignity, Sir, calls upon you (notwithstanding your Partiality to her) to make her an Example. There must be Things of Consequence that we are still ignorant of; and she ought to undergo the severest Examination. My Zeal for your Service, Sir, was never as yet at a loss for Witnesses upon these Occasions.

[To Lycomedes.

Lycom.

Don't you see the Queen coming this Way? Have done with this Discourse, dear *Diphilus*, and leave me. Wou'd I cou'd forget this ridiculous Affair! For the present, *Pyrrha*, I trust you to return to the Ladies; though (considering your passionate Temper) I have little Reason to rely on your Discretion.

SCENE VII.

Lycomedes, Theaspe, Deidamia.

Theas.

I thought I had heard *Pyrrha's* Voice.

Lycom.

A jealous Woman's Thoughts are her own and her Husband's eternal Plague; so I beg you, my Dear, say no more of her.

Theas.

And have I no reason but my own Thoughts, my Liege?

AIR XXIX.

Dicky's Walk in Dr. *Faustus*.

Theas.

What give o'er!

I must and will complain. *Lycom.*

You plague us both in vain. *Theas.*

You wont then hear a Wife! *Lycom.*

I must, it seems, for Life.

Teaze no more. *Theas.*

Nay, Sir, you know 'tis true,

That 'tis to her I owe my Due.

No Thanks to you! [*Theas.*]

It behoves Kings, Sir, to have the severest Guard upon their Actions; for as their great ones are trumpeted by Fame, their little ones are as certainly and as widely convey'd from Ear to Ear by a Whisper.

Lycom.

These chimerical Jealousies, Madam, may provoke my Patience.

Theas.

Chimerical Jealousies! And do you really, Sir, think your ignominious Affair is still a Secret? Am I to be ignorant of a Thing that is already whisper'd every where?

AIR XXX.

Puddings and Pyes.

Lycom.

The Slips of a Husband you Wives

Will never forget:

Your Tongue for the Course of our Lives

Is never in debt.

'Tis now funning,

And then dunning;

Intent on our Follies alone,

Achilles

'Tis so fully employ'd that you never can think of your own.

Theas.

My Suspicions have, *indeed*, wrong'd *Pyrrha*. How I respect and honour that Girl! *Deidamia*, that honourable, that virtuous Creature *Pyrrha*, well deserves both your Friendship and mine. As soon as you have found her bring her to me, that I may acknowledge the Merits she hath to me.

SCENE VIII.

Lycomedes, Theaspe.

Theas.

After the Repulse and Disgrace you have very justly met with, you might with Reason censure me for want of Duty and Respect shou'd I upbraid you. 'Tis past; and if you will never again put me in mind, I choose to forget it. Yet, wou'd you reward Virtue, and had you any Regard for my Quiet.

AIR XXXI.

My Dilding, my Dalding.

Ah! shou'd you ever find her
Complying and kinder;
Though now you have resign'd her;
What then must ensue!
Your Flame, though now 'tis over,
Again will recover;
You'll prove as fond a Lover,
As I'm now of you.

Lycom.

What wou'd you have me do?

Theas.

I wou'd have you distrust your self and remove the Temptation. I have long had it at Heart to find a Match for my Nephew *Periphas*, and I really think we can never meet with a more deserving Woman.

Lycom.

Whatever Scheme you have for her, *I* shall not interfere with you. I have had enough of her termagant Humours; she hath not the common Softness of the Sex. 'Tis my Opinion, that *Periphas* will not find himself much oblig'd to you; for the Man that marries her must either conquer his own Passions, or hers, and one of 'em (according to my Observation) is not to be conquer'd.

Theas.

Marriage, Sir, hath broke many a Woman's Spirit; and that will be only his Affair. When he takes her with him, your own Family at least will be easy.

Lycom.

Her Presence just now wou'd be shocking. I cou'd not stand the Shame and Confusion. I see her, and *Deidamia* with her. Do with her as you please; you have my Consent.

SCENE IX.

Theaspe, Deidamia, Achilles.

Theas.

The Character *Deidamia* hath given of you, and your own Behaviour, Child, have so charm'd me, that I think I never can sufficiently reward your Merits.

Ach.

Deidamia's Friendship may make her partial. My only Merit, Madam, is Gratitude.

Theas.

To convince you of the Opinion I have of you But I must first ask you a Question Don't you think, Lady *Pyrrha*, that my Nephew *Periphas* is very agreeable?

Ach.

That Impatience of his, to serve as a Volunteer with the Troops of *Lycomedes* at the Siege of *Troy*, is becoming his Birth. So much Fire, and so much Spirit! I don't wonder your Majesty is fond of him.

Theas.

But I am sure, *Pyrrha*, you must think his Person agreeable.

Ach.

No Woman alive can dispute it.

Theas.

I don't know, every way, so deserving a young Man; and I have that Influence upon him, and at the same time that Regard for him, that I would have him happy. Don't think, Child, that I wou'd make him happy at your Expence; for, knowing him, I know you will be so. Was the Princess *Calista* here, 'tis a Match she cou'd not disapprove of; therefore let that be no Obstacle, for every thing, in regard to her, I take upon my self.

Ach.

Wou'd you make me the Obstacle to his Glory? Pardon me, Madam, I know my self undeserving.

AIR XXXII.

How happy are you and I.

First let him for Honour roam,

And martial Fame obtain:

Then (if he shou'd come Home)

Perhaps I may explain.

Since then alone the Hero's Deeds

Can make my Heart give way;

'Till Ilion falls and Hector bleeds,

I must my Choice delay.

Theas.

SCENE IX.

Achilles

Nay, *Pyrrha*, I won't take these romantick Notions of yours for an Answer. *Deidamia* is so much your Friend, that, I am sure, she must be happy with this Alliance; so, while I make the Proposal to my Nephew, I leave you two to talk over the Affair together.

SCENE X.

Deidamia, Achilles.

Ach.

Was there ever a Man in so whimsical a Circumstance!

Deid.

Was there ever a Woman in so happy and so unhappy a one as mine!

Ach.

Why did I submit? why did I plight my Faith thus infamously to conceal my self? What is become of my Honour?

Deid.

Ah *Pyrrha*, *Pyrrha*, what is become of mine!

Ach.

When shall I behave my self as a Man!

Deid.

Wou'd you had never behav'd yourself as one!

AIR XXXIII.

Fy gar rub her o'er with Straw.

Deid.

Think what Anguish tears my Quiet,

Since I suffer'd Shame for thee:

Man at large may rove and riot,

We are bound but you are free.

Are thy Vows and Oaths mistaken?

See the Birds that wing the Sky;

These their Mates have ne'er forsaken,

'Till their Young at least can fly.

Ach.

Pester'd and worried thus from every Quarter 'tis impossible much longer to prevent discovery!

Deid.

Dear, dear *Pyrrha*, confide in me. Any other Discovery but to me only wou'd be inevitable Perdition to us both.

Am I treated like a common Prostitute? Can your Gratitude (wou'd I might say Love!) refuse to let me know the Man to whom I owe my Ruin?

Ach.

You must rely, my dear Princess, upon my Honour; for I am not, like a fond weak Husband, to be teaz'd into the

breaking my Resolution.

AIR XXXIV.

Beggar's Opera. Hornpipe.

Ach.

Know that Importunity's in vain. *Deid.*

Can then nothing move thee? *Ach.*

Ask not since Denial gives me Pain. *Deid.*

Think how much I love thee. *Ach.*

What's a Secret in a Woman's Breast? *Deid.*

Canst thou thus upbraid me! *Ach.*

Let me leave thy Heart and Tongue at rest. *Deid.*

Love then hath betray'd me.

Ach.

For Heaven's sake, *Deidamia*, if you regard my Love, give me Quiet. Intreaties, Fondness, Tears, Rage and the whole matrimonial Rhetorick of Woman to gain her Ends are all thrown away upon me; for, by the Gods, my dear *Deidamia*, I am inexorable.

Deid.

But, my dear *Pyrrha*, (for you oblige me still to call you by that Name) only imagine what must be the Consequence of a Month or two. Think of my unhappy Condition. To save my Shame (if you are a Man of Honour) you must then come to some Resolution.

Ach.

'Till I deserve these Suspicions, *Deidamia*, methinks it wou'd be more becoming your Professions of Love to spare 'em. I have taken my Resolutions; and when the time comes, you shall know 'em: till then be easy, and press me no farther.

AIR XXXV.

My time, O ye Muses.

Deid.

How happy my Days and how sweet was my Rest,

Ere Love with his Passions my Bosom distrest!

Now I languish with Sorrow, I doubt and I fear:

But Love hath me all when my *Pyrrha* is near.

Yet why have I griev'd? Ye vain Passions adieu!

I know my own Heart and I'll think thee as true;

And as you know my Heart, 'twou'd be folly to range;

For who'd be inconstant to lose by the Change?

Deid.

My Life, my Honour, then I implicitly intrust with you.

Ach.

Who wou'd have the trouble of putting on a Character that does not naturally belong to him! the Life of a

SCENE X.

Achilles

Hypocrite must be one continual Scene of Anxiety. When shall I appear as I am, and extricate my self out of this Chain of Perplexities! I have no sooner escap'd being ravish'd but I am immediately to be made a Wife .

Deid.

But, dear *Pyrrha*, for my sake, for your own, have a particular Regard to your Behaviour till your Resolution is ripe for Execution. You now and then take such intolerable Strides, that I vow you have set me a blushing.

Ach.

Considering my continual Restraint, and how much the Part I act differs from my Inclinations, I am surpriz'd at my own Behaviour.

AIR XXXVI.

I am come to your House.

Ach.

Your Dress, your Conversations,
Your Airs of Joy and Pain,
All these are Affectations
We never can attain.
The Sex so often varies,
'Tis Nature more than Art:
To play their whole Vagaries
We must have Woman's Heart.

Deid.

Your Swearing too, upon certain Occasions, sounds so very masculine an Oath startles me. Wou'd I cou'd cure my self of these violent Apprehensions!

Ach.

As for that matter, there are Ladies who, in their Passions, can take all the Liberties of Speech.

Deid.

Then too, you very often look so agreeably impudent upon me, that, let me die, if I have not been mortally afraid my Sisters wou'd find you out.

Ach.

Impudent! are Women so censorious that Looks cannot escape 'em? May not one Woman look kindly upon another without Scandal?

Deid.

But such Looks! Nay, perhaps I may be particular, and it may be only my own Fears; for (notwithstanding your Dress) whenever I look upon you, I have always the Image of Man before my Eyes.

Ach.

Do what we will, Love at some Moments will be unguarded. But what shall I do about this *Periphas*?

Deid.

His Heart is so set upon the Siege, that I know you can have but very little Persecution upon his Account.

Ach.

Wou'd I cou'd go with him!

SCENE X.

Achilles

Deid.

And cou'd you leave me thus?

Ach.

Have you only a womanish Fondness? I thought, *Deidamia*, you lov'd me. And you cannot truly love and esteem, if in every Circumstance of Life you have not a just Regard for my Honour.

Deid.

Dear *Pyrrha*, don't mention it; the very Thought of it kills me. You have set my Heart in a most violent Palpitation. Let us talk no more upon this disagreeable Subject. My Sisters will grow very impatient. Shou'd we stay longer together I might again be importunate and ask to know you, and I had rather bear the eternal Plague of unsatisfied Curiosity, than give you a Moment's Disquiet. They are now expecting us in the Garden, and, considering my present Circumstances, I wou'd not give 'em occasion to be impertinent, for of late they have been horridly prying and inquisitive. Let us go to 'em.

Ach.

I envy that *Periphas*. His Honour, his Fame, his Glory is not shackled by a Woman.

AIR XXXVII.

The Clarinette.

Ach.

Ah, why is my Heart so tender!

My Honour incites me to Arms:

To Love shall I Fame surrender?

By Laurels I'll merit thy Charms. *Deid.*

How can I bear the Reflection *Ach.*

I balance; and Honour gives way. *Deid.*

Reward my Love by Affection;

I ask thee no more than I pay.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Theaspe, Periphas, Artemona.

Theasp.

Periphas, I have a Favour to ask of you, and positively I will not be refus'd.

Per.

Your Majesty may command.

Theas.

Nay, Nephew, 'tis for your own good.

Per.

To obey your Commands, Madam, must be so.

Achilles

Theas.

I am not, *Periphas*, talking to you as a Queen, but as a Relation, a Friend. I must have no Difficulties; therefore I insist upon your absolute Promise.

Per.

I am not in my own Power, Madam. *Lycomedes*, you know hath acceded to the Treaty of Alliance; that to furnish his Quota, his Troops are already embark'd, and that I have engag'd my self in his Service.

Theas.

Why will you raise Obstacles before you know the Conditions? 'Tis a thing I have set my heart upon, and I tell you 'tis what in Honour you can comply with.

Per.

My Duty, my Obligations put me entirely in your Disposal.

Theas.

You promise then solemnly, faithfully

Per.

I do.

Theas.

I have remark'd, *Periphas*, that you are prodigiously fond of the Princess *Calista's* Daughter.

Per.

I fond of her, Madam!

Theas.

Nay, *Periphas*, are not you eternally at her Ear?

Art.

How I have seen that formidable Hero General *Ajax* suffer upon your Account! Of all his Rivals you are his eternal Torment. He reddens, sighs, and (as much as is consistent with such a blustering Soldier's Valour) languishes whenever you are near her.

Theas.

You may safely own your Passion, *Periphas*, for I know you think her agreeable.

Art.

Besides her being the fashionable Beauty of the Court (which is sufficient Vanity to make all the young Fellows follow her) you, of all Mankind, in Gratitude ought to like her. I know all of 'em envy the particular Distinctions she shews you.

Theas.

I am convinc'd of her Merits; and your marrying her I know wou'd make you both happy.

Per.

Let me perish, Madam, if I ever once thought of it!

Theas.

Your Happiness you see hath been in my Thoughts. take the settling this Affair upon my self.

Achilles

Per.

How cou'd you, Madam, imagine I had any Views of this kind! What, be a Woman's Follower with Intention to marry her! Why, the very Women themselves wou'd laugh at a Man who had so vulgar a Notion of Galantry, and knew so little of their Inclinations. The Man never means it, and the Woman never expects it; and for the most part they have every other View but Marriage.

Theas.

But I am serious, Nephew, and insist upon your Promise.

AIR XXXVIII.

No sooner had *Jonathan* leap'd from the Boat.

What are the Jests that on Marriage you quote?
All ignorant Batchelors censure by Rote;
Like Criticks you view it with Envy or Spleen.
You pry out its Faults, but the Good is o'erseen.

Per.

'Tis not in my Power, Madam; 'tis not in my Inclinations. A Soldier can have but one Inducement to marry, (and the Woman may have the same Reason too) which is, the Opportunities of Absence.

Theas.

You know, Nephew, you have promis'd.

Per.

But suppose I am already engag'd.

Theas.

That will be another Merit to her.

Per.

'Tis impossible, Madam. In a Day or two you know I am to set out for the Campaign.

Theas.

A Lady of her romantic Spirit can have no Objections to following the Camp.

AIR XXXIX.

Love's a Dream of mighty Pleasure.

Soldier, think before you marry;
If your Wife the Camp attends,
You but a Convenience carry,
For (perhaps) a hundred Friends.
If at home she's left in Sorrow,
Absence is convenient too;
Neighbours now and then may borrow
What is of no Use to you.

ACT III.

Achilles

Theas.

I indeed fear'd *Pyrrha* might have started some Difficulties, but if you rightly consider the Proposal you can have none.

Per.

What is the Cause of the War we are now engag'd in? Does not the Fate of *Menelaus* stare me in the Face?

Theas.

I will have no more of your trifling Objections, *Periphas*; and as to your Part, from this time I will look upon the Affair as happily concluded. All that now remains to be done is with *Pyrrha*. I have left her to *Deidamia's* Management; and without doubt her good Offices must prevail, for you can never have a better Advocate. But shou'd the Girl be perverse and obstinate! 'Tis impossible. For however her Heart is already engag'd, no Woman alive can resist the Ambition of such an Alliance.

SCENE II.

Periphas.

Per.

Had I so little Taste of Liberty as to be inclin'd to marry; that Girl is of so termaganta Spirit! The bravest Man must have the dread of an eternal Domestic War. In a Tongue-combat Woman is invincible, and the Husband must come off with Shame and Infamy; for though he lives in perpetual Noise and Tumult, the poor Man is only ridiculous to his Neighbours. How can we ever get rid of her? *Hercules* conquer'd the seven-headed *Hydra*, but his Wife was a venom'd Shirt that stuck to him to the last.

SCENE III.

Periphas, Ajax.

Ajax.

This Rencontre, *Periphas*, is as I wish'd. The Liberties you have taken you know what I mean when my Honour is concern'd an Indignity and all that! 'Tis not to be put up; and I must insist upon an Explanation. There is a particular Affair, my Lord.

Per.

Your accosting me in this particular manner, Lord *Ajax*, requires Explanation. For let me die, if I comprehend you!

Ajax.

Death, my Lord, I explain! I am not come here to be ask'd Questions. 'Tis sufficient that I know the Affront, and that you know I will have Satisfaction. So, now you are answer'd

Per.

I can't say much to *my* Satisfaction, my Lord; for I can't so much as guess at your meaning.

Ajax.

A Man of Honour, *Periphas*, is not to be trifled withal.

Per.

But a Man of Honour, *Ajax*, is not oblig'd in Courage to be unintelligible.

Achilles

Ajax.

I hate talking. The Tongue is a Woman's Weapon. Whenever I am affronted; by the Gods, this Sword is my only Answer.

Per.

'Tis not, *Ajax*, that I decline the Dispute, or wou'd upon any Account deny you the Pleasure of fighting; yet (if it is not too much Condescension in a Man of Honour) before I fight I wou'd willingly know the Provocation.

AIR XL.

Maggy Lawther.

Ajax.

What is all this idle Chat?

Words are out of Season.

Whether 'tis or this or that,

The Sword shall do me reason.

Honour call'd me to the Task;

No matter for explaining:

'Tis a fresh Affront to ask

A Man of Honour's meaning.

Ajax.

Be it as it will, *Periphas*; we have gone too far already to retract. You know, I suppose, of my Pretensions to a certain Lady. Now are you satisfied?

Per.

If you had her, my Lord, it had been much more to my Satisfaction. I admire your Courage.

AIR XLI.

Lord *Frog* and Lady *Mouse*.

Oh, then it seems you want a Wife!

Shou'd I consent,

You may repent,

And all her daily Jars and Strife

You may on me resent.

Thus ev'ry Day and ev'ry Night,

If things at home shou'd not go right,

We three must live in constant Fight.

Take her at all Event.

Ajax.

Hell, and Furies! I am not to be rally'd out of my Resentment.

Per.

Now in my Opinion 'tis flinging away your Courage to fight without a Cause; though indeed the Men of uncommon Prowess, by their loving to make the most of every Quarrel, seem to think the contrary.

SCENE II.

Achilles

Ajax.

You are not so sure of the Lady, *Periphas*, as you flatter yourself; for whenever I am a Rival, by *Jove*, 'tis not her Consent, but my Sword, that must decide the Question.

Per.

Sure never a Rival (as you will call me) had a better Reason for fighting than I have at present; for if I am kill'd, I shall be out of danger of having the Woman.

Ajax.

You might spare your Jokes, *Periphas*, for my Courage wants no Provocation. If I fall, *Pyrrha* may be yours: You will then deserve her. 'Till then

Per.

So he that conquers, as a Reward, I find is to be married. Now dear *Ajax*, is that worth fighting for?

Ajax.

Your Passion for that Lady, *Periphas*, is too publick to bear Dispute. Have not I seen you whisper her, laugh with her? And by some particular Looks at the same time 'twas too evident that I was the Subject of your Mirth.

Per.

Looks, *Ajax*!

Ajax.

Yes Looks, my Lord; and I never did or will take an impertinent one from any Man.

Per.

Impertinent one!

Ajax.

Furies! This calm Mockery is not to be born. I won't have my Words repeated.

Per.

Such Language, *Ajax*, may provoke me.

AIR XLII.

Richmond Ball.

Per.

What means all this Ranting? *Ajax.*

Cease your joking;

'Tis provoking. *Per.*

I to my Honour will ne'er be wanting. *Ajax.*

Will you do me right? *Per.*

What means all this Ranting? *Ajax.*

Cease your joking;

'Tis provoking. *Per.*

I to my Honour will ne'er be wanting. *Ajax.*

Talk not then but fight.

Give then by Action

Satisfaction. *Per.*

SCENE II.

Achilles

I'm not in awe, Sir. Ajax.
Death! will you draw, Sir?
 Tittle-tattle
 Is a Battle
You may safer try. Per.
Yet, first, I'd fain know why.

Ajax.
By *Jupiter, Periphas*, 'till now I never thought you a Coward.

Per.
Nay then since my own Honour calls upon me. Take notice, *Ajax*, that I *don't* fight for the Woman.

[They fight.]

SCENE IV.

Periphas, Ajax, Theaspe, Artemona, Guards.
1 Guard.
Part 'em. Beat down their Swords.

[They are parted.]
2 Guard.
How dar'd you presume to fight in the Royal Gardens?

1 Guard.
Nay, in the very Presence! For see, the Queen.

Ajax.
'Tis very hard, Sirs, that a Man shou'd be deny'd the Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Theas.
Lord *Ajax*, for this unparallel'd Presumption we forbid you the Palace.

Ajax.
I shall take some other Opportunity, my Lord.

SCENE V.

Theaspe, Artemona, Periphas.
Theas.
And as for you, *Periphas*

Per.
Your Majesty's Rigor can do no less than forbid me the Woman.

Theas.
The Woman, *Periphas*, is the only thing that can reconcile me to your Behaviour.

Achilles

Per.

That blundering Hero *Ajax* will have it that I am his Rival. The Man will be almost as miserable without her, as 'tis probable he might be with her. Oblige us both then, Madam, and let the General be miserable in his own way.

Theas.

I cou'd not have imagin'd that obstinate Girl cou'd have had any Scruples to the Match; but *Deidamia* tells me she finds her as difficult as you.

Per.

Since you know, Madam, that *Pyrrha* will have her own way; for both our sakes, and to save yourself unnecessary Trouble, your Majesty had better give up this Impossibility.

SCENE VI.

Theaspe, Artemona, Periphas, Diphilus, Guards.

Diph.

To prevent future Mischief, my Lord, his Majesty puts you under Arrest, and commands you to attend him.

General

Ajax is already in Custody. 'Tis his Pleasure too that (after you have paid your Duty to him) you embark with the Troops immediately; and you are not to come ashore again upon pain of his Majesty's Displeasure.

AIR XLIII.

In War we've nought but Death to fear,

How gracious is the Sentence!

For that is easier far to bear,

Than Marriage with Repentance.

Begirt with Foes, by Numbers brav'd,

I'd bless the happy Crisis;

The Man from greater Danger sav'd

The lesser ones despises.

Per.

Your Majesty then, you find, must dispense with my Promise 'till after the Expedition. If the General shou'd be so happy, to bring *Pyrrha* with him to the Camp, perhaps we may like one another better.

Diph.

The King, Madam, wants to talk to your Majesty upon Affairs of Consequence. You will find him in the Royal Apartment.

Theas.

My Daughters with *Pyrrha* have just turn'd the Walk, and are coming this way. You may stay with 'em, *Artemona*, till I send for you.

SCENE VII.

Artemona, Philoe, Lesbia.

Phil.

'Tis horridly mortifying that these Trades-People will never get any thing New against a Birth-day. They are all so abominably stupid, that a Woman of Fancy cannot possibly have the Opportunity of shewing her Genius.

Achilles

Lesb.

The Fatigue one hath of talking to those Creatures for at least a Month before a Birth-day is insupportable; for you know, Sister, when the time draws so very near, a Woman can think of nothing else.

Phil.

After all, Sister, though their things are detestable, one must make choice of something or other. I have sent to the Fellows to be with me this Morning.

Lesb.

You are so eternally sending for 'em, one wou'd imagine you was delighted with their Conversation. For those hideous Stuffs they will shew us from Year to Year are frightful, are shocking. How can a Woman have so ill a Taste as to expose herself in a last Year's Pattern!

Phil.

Dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. Let me die, if I saw you!

Lesb.

Our meeting her was lucky beyond Expression, for I never felt so uneasy a thing as a Secret.

Phil.

You know, Sister, we had agreed to trust her with our Suspicions.

Lesb.

Yet after all when a Sister's Reputation is concern'd.

Phil.

But is not the Honour of a Family of greater Consequence?

Lesb.

Tho she is a Woman and a Favourite, I dare say, if *Artemona* promises, whatever she suffers she will inviolably keep it to herself.

Art.

If I had not this Quality I had little deserv'd *Theaspe's* Friendship. By all that's Sacred, Ladies, you may safely trust me.

Phil.

'Tis impossible, Sister, but she herself must have observ'd it.

Lesb.

Whatever People have observ'd, 'tis a thing you know, that no Creature alive can presume to talk upon.

Phil.

Deal fairly and openly with us, *Artemona*. Have you remark'd nothing particular of *Deidamia* yonder of late?

Art.

Of *Deidamia*!

Lesb.

Only look upon her, Madam.

Achilles

Phil.

Well what do you think of her?

Lesb.

Are you blind, *Artemona*, or dare not you believe your Eyes?

Art.

Her particular Intimacy with *Pyrrha* do you mean?

Phil.

Dear Madam! Then I find we must speak first.

Lesb.

Now, dear *Artemona*, can any Woman alive imagine that Shape of hers within the compass of common Modesty?

Art.

But how can one possibly have those Suspicions?

Phil.

She is a Woman, Madam; she hath Inclinations and may have had her Opportunities that we know nothing of.

AIR XLIV.

Minuet of *Corelli* in the Ninth *Concerto*.

Phil.

We may resolve to resist Temptation;

And that's all we can do:

For in the Hour of Inclination

What cou'd I or you?

Lesb.

Though the thing is improbable, 'tis so monstrously evident that it cannot bear a Dispute.

Phil.

Then her Bosom too is so preposterously impudent! One wou'd think a Woman in her Condition was not conscious of her own Shame.

Lesb.

Or imagin'd other People cou'd overlook it as well as herself.

Phil.

Then she is so squeamish and so frequently out of order.

Lesb.

That she hath all the outward Marks of Female Frailty must be visible to all Womankind.

Phil.

But how she came by 'em, there, *Artemona*, is still the Secret.

Achilles

Lesb.

I must own that, by her particular Intimacies with that forward Creature *Pyrrha*, I suspect her to be her Confident in this Accident.

Art.

I beg you, Ladies, to turn this Discourse; for *Deidamia* and *Pyrrha* are just coming upon us to join the Conversation.

SCENE VIII.

Philoe, Lesbia, Artemona, Deidamia, Achilles.

Lesb.

Now I dare swear that careless Creature *Pyrrha* hath not once thought of her Clothes.

Art.

Nay, dear Lady *Pyrrha*, the thing is not such a trifle, for 'tis the only Mark of Respect that most People are capable of shewing. And though that is not your Case, I know your Gratitude can never omit this publick Occasion.

AIR XLV.

Tom and *Will* were Shepherds twain.

Art.

Think of Dress in ev'ry Light;
'Tis Woman's chiefest Duty;
Neglecting that, our selves we slight
And undervalue Beauty.
That allures the Lover's Eye,
And graces ev'ry Action;
Besides, when not a Creature's by,
'Tis inward Satisfaction.

Ach.

As I am yet a Stranger, Ladies, to the Fashions of the Country, 'tis your Fancy that must determine me.

Phil.

How can a Woman of common Sense be so unsollicitous about her Dress!

Lesb.

And trust a Woman to choose for her! 'Tis a Temptation to be spiteful that very few of us can resist; for we have not many Pleasures that can equal that of seeing another Woman ridiculous.

Phil.

But you have not, *Pyrrha*, misplac'd your Confidence.

SCENE IX.

Philoe, Lesbia, Deidamia, Achilles, Artemona, Servant.

Serv.

Achilles

Your Embroiderer, Madam.

Phil.

That Woman is everlastingly pestering me for Employment. Now can she imagine that to promote her tawdry Trade I can be talk'd into making myself ridiculous by appearing eternally in her odious Embroidery? I can't see her now. But perhaps I may want her for some trivial thing or other. Let her call again to morrow.

Serv.

The Anti chamber, Madam, is crowded with Trades—People.

Phil.

Did not I tell you that I wou'd not be troubled with those impertinent Creatures? But hold I had forgot I sent for 'em. Let 'em wait.

Lesb.

But if those foreign Merchants who lately came into Port are among 'em

Phil.

There, Sister, is all my Hope. I shall be horribly disappointed if they don't shew us something charming.

Lesb.

Shou'd any Woman alive get Sight of their things before us

Phil.

I cou'd not bear it. To appear in what another Woman had refus'd wou'd make the Creature so intolerably vain!

Lesb.

Are those Merchants I ask you among 'em?

Serv.

They have been waiting, Madam, above this half Hour.

Lesb.

And did not you know our Impatience? How cou'd you be so stupid! Let us see them this Instant.

SCENE X.

Artemena, Philoe, Lesbia, Deidamia, Achilles. Ulysses, Diomedes, Agyrtes. [Disguis'd as Merchants.]

Art.

Unless you have any thing that is absolutely new and very uncommon, you will give us and your selves, Gentlemen, but unnecessary Trouble.

Ulys.

Our Experience, Madam, must have profited very little by the Honour of dealing with Ladies, if we cou'd imagine they cou'd possibly be pleas'd twice with the same thing.

Diom.

You might as well offer 'em the same Lover.

Achilles

Ulys.

We have learnt the good Manners, Madam, to distinguish our Customers. To produce any thing that had ever been seen before wou'd be a downright Insult upon the Genius of a Lady of Quality.

Diom.

Novelty is the very Spirit of Dress.

Lesb.

Let me die, if the Fellows don't talk charmingly!

Phil.

Sensibly, Sister.

Lesb.

'Tis evident they must have had Dealings with Ladies of Condition.

Diom.

We only wait your Commands.

Ulys.

We have things of all kinds, Ladies.

Phil.

Of all kinds! Now that is just what I wanted to see.

Lesb.

Are not these, Sister, most delightful Creatures?

Ulys.

We know a Lady can never fix unless we first cloy her Curiosity.

Diom.

And if Variety can please, we have every thing that Fancy can wish.

AIR XLVI.

The Bob-tail Lass.

In Dress and Love by like Desires
Is Woman's Heart perplext;
The Man and the Gown she one Day admires,
She wishes to change the next.
The more you are fickle, we're more employ'd,
And Love hath more Customers too;
For Men are as fickle, and soon are cloy'd,
Unless they have something New.

Lesb.

But, dear Man, consider our Impatience.

SCENE X.

Achilles

Ulys.

Wou'd you command the things, Ladies, to be brought here, or wou'd you see 'em in your own Apartment?

Phil.

How intolerably these Fellows love talking!

Lesb.

How canst thou, Man, ask such a Question!

Phil.

Here immediately.

Ulys.

Nay, tis not, Madam, that our Goods can be put out of Countenance by the most glaring Light as for that matter

Lesb.

Nay, pry'thee, Fellow, have done.

[Diomedes goes out and returns with Agyrtes.]

Ulys.

I wou'd not offer you these Pearls, Ladies, if the World cou'd produce such another Pair.

Phil.

A Pair, Fellow Dost thou think that Jewels pair like Men and Women because they were never made to agree?

Diom.

Now, Ladies, here is all that Art can shew you. Open the Packet.

Lesb.

This very individual Pattern, in a blue Pink, had been infinitely charming.

Phil.

Don't you think it pretty, *Deidamia*?

Lesb.

For Heaven's sake, Lady *Pyrrha*. Nay, dear Child, how can any Creature have so little Curiosity!

Ulys.

Look upon it again, Madam. Never was so delightful a Mixture!

Diom.

So soft! so mellow!

Ulys.

So advantageous for the Complexion!

Lesb.

I can't bear it, Man; the Colour is frightful.

Achilles

Phil.

I hate our own tame home-bred Fancy. I own I like the Design but take it away, Man.

Art.

There must be something pretty in every thing that is foreign.

[Ulysses shews another Piece.

Deid.

I am sure, Madam, this must convince you to the contrary. Never was any thing so detestable!

Lesb.

For Heavens sake, Sir, open that other Packet; and take away this hideous Trumpery.

Ulys.

How could'st thou make this Mistake? Never was such an eternal Blunderer.

[Opens the Armour.

Phil.

How ridiculous is this Accident!

Diom.

Pardon the Mistake, Ladies.

Lesb.

A Suit of Armour! You see, *Philoe*, they can at least equip us for the Camp.

Phil.

Nay, *Lesbia*, for that Matter it might serve many a stiff awkward Creature that we see every Day in the Drawing-room; for their Dress is every way as absurd and preposterous.

[Another Packet open'd.

Ulys.

If your Expectations, Ladies, are not now answer'd, let Fancy own herself at a stand. 'Tis inimitable! 'Tis irresistible!

[As the Ladies are employ'd in examining the Stuffs, Achilles is handling and poisoning the Armour, Ulysses observing him.

Achil.

The Workmanship is curious; and so justly mounted! This very Sword seems fitted to my Hand. The Shield too is so little cumbersome; so very easy! Was *Hector* here, the Fate of *Troy* shou'd this Instant be decided. How my Heart burns to meet him!

Ulys. [Aside to Diom.

That intrepid Air! That Godlike Look! It must be He! His Nature, his Disposition shews him through the Disguise *[To Achilles.]* Son of *Thetis*, I know thee, *Greece* demands thee, and now, *Achilles*, the House of *Priam* shakes.

Ach.

But what are you, Friend, who thus presume to know me?

Achilles

Ulys.

You cannot be a Stranger, Sir, to the Name of *Ulysses*.

Ach.

As I have long honour'd, I shall now endeavour, Sir, to emulate your Fame.

Ulys.

Know, Sir, *Diomedes*; He too is ambitious to attend you, and partake your Glory.

Diom.

Come, *Agyrtes*; with him we carry Conquest to the Confederates.

[*Agyrtes takes a Trumpet which lay amongst the Armour, and sounds.*

AIR XLVII.

My Dame hath a lame tame Crane.

Ulys.

Thy fate then, O Troy, is decreed. *Diom.*

How I pant! *Achil.*

How I burn for the Fight. *Diom.*

Hark, Glory calls. *Achil.*

Now great Hector shall bleed. *Agyr.*

Fame shall our Deeds requite.

[As *Achilles* is going off, he turns and looks on *Deidamia* .

AIR XLVIII.

Geminiani's Minuet.

Ach.

Beauty weeps. Ah, why that Languish?

See she calls and bids me stay.

How can I leave her? my Heart feels her Anguish.

Hence, Fame and Glory. Love wins the Day.

[He drops the Sword and Shield.

Trumpet sounds, and he takes 'em up again.

AIR My Dame hath a lame, &c. as before, Sung in Four Parts as a Catch.

Ulys.

Thy Fate then, O Troy, is decreed. *Ach.*

How I pant! How I burn for the Fight! *Diom.*

Hark, Glory calls. Now great Hector shall bleed. *Agyr.*

Fame shall our Deeds requite.

[As they are going; *Achilles* stops with his Eyes fix'd on *Deidamia*.

Art.

For Heaven's sake, Ladies, support *Deidamia*.

Achilles

Phil.

Never was any thing so astonishing!

Lesb.

Run then, *Artemona*, and acquaint the King and Queen with what hath happen'd.

SCENE XI.

Philoe, Lesbia, Deidamia, Achilles, Diomedes, Ulysses, Agyrtes.

Phil.

Ah Sister, Sister, the Mystery then of that particular Intimacy between you and *Pyrrha* is at last unravell'd.

Lesb.

Now if it had not been a Man of this prodigious Consequence, it had been the same thing. Sure never unguarded Woman was so unaccountably lucky!

Deid.

Can you leave me, *Achilles*? Can you?

Ulys.

Consider your own Glory, Sir.

AIR XLIX.

Gavotte of *Corelli*.

Ach.

Why this Pain?

Love adieu,

Break thy Chain,

Fame pursue.

Ah, false Heart,

Can'st thou part?

Oaths and Vows have bound me.

Fame cries, Go;

Love says, No.

Why d'ye thus confound me?

Deid.

Think of my Condition. Save my Honour.

Ulys.

Think of the Honour of *Greece*.

Deid.

Think of your solemn Oaths and Promises.

Ulys.

Nations depend upon you. Victory, Sir, calls you hence.

Achilles

Deid.

Can you, *Achilles*, be perfidious?

Ulys.

Can you lose your Glory in the Arms of a Woman?

Deid.

Can you sacrifice the Fame of your faithful *Deidamia*?

AIR L.

The Scheme.

Ach.

O, what a Conflict's in my Breast! *Ulys.*

What, still in suspence? bid Fame adieu. *Deid.*

See me with Shame opprest:

I curse, yet I love thee too. *Ulys.*

Let not her Sighs unman your Heart. *Deid.*

Can you then go, and Faith resign? Ach.

Shou'd I! How can I part? *Deid.*

Your Honour is link'd with mine.

SCENE *The Last.*

Philoe, Lesbia, *Deidamia*, *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, *Artemona*, *Diomedes*, *Agyrtes*, *Lycomedes*, *Theaspe*, *Diphilus*, *Periphas*, *Ajax*.

Lycom.

Hence, *Diphilus*; and presume no more to come into my Presence. 'Twas your paltry Flattery that made me ridiculous. Such a Genius can never be at a loss for Employment, for I have found you qualified for the very meanest Offices.

[Exit Diphilus.

Theas.

My Daughter, Sir, I hope, hath put Confidence in a Man of Honour.

Ach.

My Word, Madam, is as sacred as the most religious Ceremony. Yet (though we are already solemnly betroth'd to each other) 'tis my Request, Madam, that before I leave the Court the Priest may confirm the Marriage.

[Theaspe whispers Artemona, who goes out.

Theas.

This might have prov'd a scurvy Affair, *Deidamia*; for a Woman can never depend upon a Man's Honour after she hath lost her own to him.

[Achilles talks apart to Ulysses, Periphas, &c.

Lycom.

You must own, Madam, that 'twas your own Jealousies that were the Occasion of *Deidamia*'s Disgrace.

Achilles

Theas.

How can you have the Assurance to name it? Does it not put you in mind of your own? Let her Marriage to *Achilles* make us forget every thing past.

Ach.

As you was so furiously in Love, Lord *Ajax*, I hope I shall still retain your Friendship.

Ajax.

No joking I beg you, young Man. But pr'ythee, how came you here? and in a Woman's Dress too! Your setting out, Stripling, did not seem to promise much.

Ach.

The Adventure wou'd be too long to tell you. I shall reserve the Story for the Camp.

[Artemona returns with the Priest.

Art.

The Priest, Sir, is ready.

Lycom.

The Ceremony waits you.

Ach.

It shall be my Study, *Lycomedes*, to deserve this Alliance.

Lycom.

May you be happy!

Theas.

Let the Priest then join your Hands.

[Achilles, Deidamia, Lycomedes, Theaspe, Lesbia, Philoe, Artemona, retire to the back part of the Stage. The Priest performs the Ceremony.

Per.

Our Duel, *Ajax*, had made a much better Figure if there had been a Woman in the Case. But you know, like Men of violent Honour, we were so very valiant that we did not know what we were fighting for.

Ajax.

If you are too free with your Wit, *Periphas*, perhaps we may know what we quarrel about.

Ulys.

What testy, *Ajax*! Petticoats have led many a Man into an Error. How lucky was the Discovery! for had you found a real complying Woman you had irretrievably been married. The Presence of *Achilles* shall now animate the War.

AIR LI.

The Man that is drunk, &c.

Per.

Was ever a Lover so happily freed! *Ajax*.

SCENE The Last.

Achilles

Try me no more; and mention it never. Ulys.
Suppose you had found her a Woman indeed. Ajax.
Must I be teaz'd and worried for ever! Diom.
By Conquest in Battle we finish the Strife; Per.
But Marriage had kept you in Quarrels for Life. Ajax.
Must you be fleering?
Truce with your jeering.
Know that you Wits oft' paid for your sneering.

Per.

If you had been deceiv'd by a Woman 'tis what we are all liable to.

Diom.

But *Ajax* is a Man of warm Imagination.

Ajax.

After this Day let me hear no more of this ridiculous Affair.

Per.

Nay for that matter any Man might have been deceiv'd; for Love, you know, is blind.

Ajax.

With my Sword I can answer any Man. I tell you, I hate joking.

[Lycomedes, &c. come forwards.]

Lycom.

I have the common Cause so much at Heart that I wou'd not, Son, detain you from the Siege.

AIR LII.

There liv'd long ago in a Country Place.
Deid.
How short was my Calm! in a Moment 'tis past;
Fresh Sorrows arise, and my Day is o'ercast.
But since 'tis decreed. Let me stifle this Tear.
Be bold, yet be cautious; my Life is thy Care;
On thine it depends; 'tis for thee that I fear.

Lycom.

As both her Country and your Glory are concern'd, *Deidamia* must learn to bear your Absence. In the mean time, *Achilles*, she shall be our Care. As the Marriage is confirm'd; let the Dancers, who were preparing for th' approaching Festival, celebrate the Wedding.

Ajax.

But hearkee, young Fellow, This is the old Soldier's Play; for we seldom leave Quarters but the Landlord's Daughter is the better for us. Hah!

[To Achilles.]

DANCE.

SCENE The Last.

Achilles

Ulys.

We may for a while put on a feign'd Character, but Nature is so often unguarded that it will shew itself. 'Tis to the Armour we owe *Achilles*.

AIR LIII.

Minuet of *Corelli*.

Single.

Nature breaks forth at the Moment unguarded; Chorus.

Through all Disguise she her self must betray. Single.

Heav'n with Success hath our Labours rewarded. Chorus.

Let's with Achilles our Genius obey.

AIR LIV.

Saraband of *Corelli*.

Ulys.

Thus when the Cat had once all Woman's Graces;

Courtship, Marriage won her Embraces:

Forth lept a Mouse; she, forgetting Enjoyment,

Quits her fond Spouse for her former Employment.

CHORUS.

Minuet of *Corelli*.

Nature breaks forth at the Moment unguarded;

Through all Disguise she herself must betray.

Heav'n with Success hath our Labours rewarded;

Let's with Achilles our Genius obey.