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The Widdow Ranter, or, The History of
Bacon in Virginia (1690)

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Aphra Behn

The Widdow Ranter, or, The History of Bacon in Virginia (1690)

The Widdow Ranter, or, The History of Bacon in Virginia was probably written in 1688, first performed in late 1689, and published in 1690. It is a highly fictionalized drama of Bacon's Rebellion of 1676 in Virginia, when Nathaniel Bacon (c.1640-1676), commander of a volunteer force of Indian fighters, succeeded for several months in overthrowing the government of Sir William Berkeley, who had declared Bacon a rebel and refused to countenance or commission his actions against the Indians. Mrs. Behn's play casts Bacon as a classical hero, motivated by "Honour," and in love with an Indian princess. A variety of supporting characters present a less-than-flattering picture of colonial life and mores. The title character, the young and wealthy widow Ranter, puts on men's clothes and fights in several battles. The work ends tragically for Bacon, the Indian princess Semernia, and the Indian king Cavernio; but comically and happily for everyone else. Its treatments of race, class, gender, rebellion, cross-dressing, sexuality, and miscegenation make it full of interest for a wide range of students of early America.

About the Author

Aphra Behn was born Eaffrey Johnson in 1640, daughter of Bartholomew Johnson and the former Elizabeth Denham, of Canterbury. In 1663-64, she spent a year with her mother and siblings in the new British colony of Surinam. Back in London, in 1664 she apparently married a German merchant, Johann Behn, although the union was cut short, whether by death or separation is not known. In 1666, she undertook a spy mission to Antwerp to recruit the dissident William Scot, then in service of the Dutch. By 1670, she had returned to London, and was writing plays for the Duke's Company. In all, nineteen of her plays were performed, including several that featured roles for the actress Nell Gwyn, the mistress of Charles II. She also published poetry, novels, stories, and translations, and is held to be the first English woman to support herself by authorship. She died April 16, 1689, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

T H E
Widdow Ranter
O R,
The H I S T O R Y of
Bacon in Virginia.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY,
Acted by their Majesties Servants.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn*.



LONDON, Printed for *James Knapton* at the
Crown in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1690.

To the much Honoured
Madam Welldon.

Madam,

K Nowing Mrs. Behn in her Life-time design'd to Dedicate some of her Works to you, you have a Naturall Title, and claim to this and I could not without being unjust to her Memory, but fix your name to it, who have not only a Wit above that, of most of your Sex; but a goodness and Affability Extreemly Charming, and Engaging beyond Measure, and perhaps there are few to be found like you, that are so Eminent for Hospitallity, and a Ready and Generous Assistance to the distress'd and Indigent, which are Quallities that carry much more of Divinity with them, then a Puritanicall outward Zeal for Virtue and Religion.

Our Author, Madam, who was so true a Judge of Wit, was (no doubt of it) satisfyed in the Patroness she had pitcht upon: If ever she had occasion for a Wit and Sense like yours 'tis now, to Defend this (one of the last of her Works) from the Malice of her Enemies, and the ill Nature of the Critticks, who have had Ingratitude enough not to Consider the Obligations they had to her when Living; but to do those Gentlemen Justice, 'tis not (altogether) to be Imputed to their Criticism, that the Play had not that Success which it deserv'd, and was expected by her Friends; The main fault ought to lye on those who had the management of it. Had our Authour been alive she would have Committed it to the Flames rather than have suffer'd it to have been Acted with such Omissions as was made, and on which the Foundation of the Play Depended: For Example, they thought fit to leave out a Whole Scene of the Virginian Court of Judicature, which was a lively resemblance of that Country-Justice; and on which depended a great part of the Plot, and wherein were many unusuall and very Naturall Fests which would at least have made some sort of People laugh: In another Part of the Play is Omitted the appearance of the Ghost of the Indian King, Kill'd by Bacon, and tho' the like may have been Represented in other Plays, yet I never heard or found but that the sight was very agreeable to an Audience, and very Awfull: besides the Apparition of the Ghost was necessary, for it was that which

struck a Terror in the Queen, and fright'ned her from heark'ning to the Love of Bacon, believing it a horrid thing to receive the Caresses and Embraces of her Husbands Murderer: And Lastly, many of the Parts being false Cast, and given to those whose Tallants and Genius's suited not our Authors Intention: These, Madam, are some of the Reasons that this Play was unsuccessfull, and the best Play that ever was writ must prove so: if it have the Fate to be Murder'd like this.

However, Madam, I can't but believe you will find an hours diversion in the reading, and will meet with not only Wit, but true Comedy, (tho' low,) by reason many of the Characters are such only as our New-gate afforded, being Criminals Transported.

This Play, Madam, being left in my hands by the Author to Introduce to the Publick, I thought my self oblig'd to say thus much in its defence, and that it was also a Duty upon me to choose a Patroness proper for it, and the Author having pitcht upon your name to do Honour to some of her Works, I thought your Protection, could be so usefull to none, as to this, whose owning it may Silence the Malice of its Enemies; Your Wit and Judgment being to be Submitted to in all Cases; Besides your Natural Tenderness and Compassion for the Unfortunate, gives you in a manner another Title to it: The preference which is due to you upon so many Accounts is therefore the Reason of this present Address, for at the worst, if this Play should be so Unfortunate as not to be thought worthy of your Acceptance; Yet it is certain, that its worth any Man's while to have the Honour of subscribing himself,

Madam,

Your Most Obedient Humble

Servant,

G. J.

Dramatis Personæ

Mr. Bowman.	Indian King <i>called</i> Cavarnio.
Mr. Williams.	Bacon— <i>Generall of the English.</i>
Mr. Freeman	<i>Colonel Wellman deputy Governor</i>
Mr. Harris.	<i>Colonel Downright a Loyall Honest Coun.</i>
Mr. Alexander.	Hazard. } <i>Two Friends known to one an-</i>
Mr. Powell.	Friendly. } <i>other many years in England.</i>
Mr. Sandford.	Dareing } <i>Lieutenant Generals to Bacon</i>
Mr. Cudworth.	Fearless. }
Mr. Bright.	Dullman. <i>A Captain.</i>
Mr. Underhill.	Timerous Cornet. }
Mr. Trefuse	Whimsey } <i>Justices of the Peace,</i>
Mr. Bowen.	Whiff. } <i>and very great Cowards.</i>
Mr. Barns.	Boozer. }
	Brag. <i>A Captain.</i>

Grubb. *One Complain'd on by Capt. Whiff for calling his Wife Whore.*

Mr. Blunt. *A Petitioner against Brag.*

Mr. Baker. *Parson Dunce, formerly a Farrier fled from England, And Chaplain to the Governour.*

Clerk.

Boy.

Mrs. Bracegirdle, *Indian Queen, call'd Semernia, belov'd by Bacon.*

Mrs. Knight. *Madam Surelove: belov'd by Hazard.*

Mrs. Jordon. *Mrs. Crisante. Daughter to Col. Down.*

Mrs. Curren. *Wid. Ranter in Love with Dareing.*

Mrs. Cory. *Mrs. Flirt.*

Mrs. Whimsey. Mrs. Whiff. 2. Maids.

Priests, Indians, Coachman, Soldiers, with other Attendants.

S C E N E *Virginia in Bacons Camp.*

*Books Newly Printed for James Knapton, at the
Crown in St. Paul's-Church-Yard.*

A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness the Prince of *Orange's* coming into *England*. By *Tho. Shadwell*.

A Congratulatory Poem to the Most Illustrious *Queen Mary*, upon Her Arrival into *England*. By *Tho. Shadwell*.

The Squire of *Alsatia*. A Comedy Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell*.

Bury Fair. A Comedy, Acted by Their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell*.

A *True Widow*. A Comedy, Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell*.

The *Fortune-Hunters, Or, Two Fools well-met*. A Comedy, as it is Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *James Carlile*,

The Forced Marriage, Or, the Jealous Bridegroom: As it is Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *A. Behn*.

The Female Prelate: Being a History of the Life and Death of Pope *Joan*: A *Tragedy*, As it is Acted at the *Theatre-Royall*.

Mr. *Anthony*. A Comedy. Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Orrery*.

The Governour of *Cyprus*, or, the Lovers of *Virotto*, and *Dorothea*. A Novel in *Twelves*.

The Wanton Fryar, or, the *Irish Amour*, First and Second Part. A Novel in *Twelves*.

The History of the Inquisition, as it is Exercised at *Goa*; Written in *French* by the Ingenious Monsieur *Dellon*, who laboured five years under those Severities, With an Account of his Deliverance; translated into English. *Quarto*. Price 1 s.

Some Observations concerning Regulating of Elections for Parliament, found among the Earl of *Shaftsbury's* Papers after his Death, and now recommended to the Consideration of the present Parliament. In *Quarto*. price 3d.

Quadriennium Jacobi, or, the History of the Reign of King *James II.* from his first coming to the Crown to his Desertion.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. DRXDEN.

H Eav'n save ye Gallants: and this hopefull Age,
Y' are welcome to the downfall of the Stage:
The Fools have labour'd long in their Vocation;
And Vice, (the Manufacture of the Nation)
O're-stocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,
That Fopps and Knaves grow Druggs and will not sell.
In vain our Wares on Theatres are shown,
When each has a Plantation of his own.
His Cause ne'r fails; for whatsoe'r he spends,
There's still Gods plenty for himself and Friends.
Shou'd Men be rated by Poetick Rules,
Lord what a Pole would there be rais'd from Fools!
Mean time poor Wit prohibited must lye,
As if 'twere made some French Commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence,
And yet as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry that Oaf was mee,
But now you strive about your Pedigree:
Bawble and Cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a Muss of more then half the Town.
Each one will challenge a Child's part at least,
A sign the Family is well increas'd
Of Forreign Cattle! there's no longer need,
When w'are supply'd so fast with English Breed.
Well! Flourish, Countrymen: drink swear and roar,
Let every free-born Subject keep his Whore;
And wandering in the Wilderness about,
At end of 40 years not wear her out.
But when you see these Pictures let none dare
To own beyond a Limb or single share:
For where the Punk is common ! he's a Sot,
Who needs will Father what the Parish got.

EPILOGUE.

G Allants you have so long been absent hence,
 That you have almost cool'd your dilligence,
 For while we study or revive a Play,
 You like good Husbands in the Country stay,
 There frugally wear out your Summer Suite,
 And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles Toot,
 Or in Monntero Caps at field-fares shoot,
 Nay some are so obdurate in their Sin,
 That they swear never to come up again.
 But all their charge of Cloathes and treat Retrench,
 To Gloves and Stockings for some Country Wench.
 Even they who in the Summer had mishaps,
 Send up to Town for Physick for their Claps.
 The Ladies too are as resolv'd as they,
 And having debts unknown to them, they stay,
 And with the gain of Cheese and Poultry pay. }
 Even in their Visits, they from Banquets fall,
 To entertain with Nuts and bottle Ale.
 And in discourse with secrecy report
 Stale-News that past a Twelve-month since at Court.
 Those of them who are most refin'd, and gay,
 Now learn the Songs of the last Summers Play:
 While the young Daughte does in private Mourn,
 Her Loves in Town, and hopes not to return.
 These Country grievances too great appear;
 But cruell Ladies, we have greater here;
 You come not sharp as you were wont to Playes;
 But only on the first and second Days:
 This made our Poet, in his visits look
 What new strange courses, for your time you took.
 And to his great regret he found too soon,
 Basset and Umbre, spent the afternoon:
 So that we cannot hope to see you here
 Before the little Net work Purse be clear.
 Suppose you should have luck ;—
 Yet sitting up so late as I am told,
 You'l loose in Beauty, what you win in Gold:
 And what each Lady of another says,
 Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.

ACT. I.

SCENE I. *A Room with severall Tables.*

*Enter Hazard in a Travelling Habit, and a Sea-Boy
Carrying his Port-mantle.*

Haz. **W**Hat Town's this Boy?

Boy. *James-Town*, Master,

Haz. Take care my Trunk be brought ashore to Night, and there's for your Pains.

Boy. God bless you Master.

Haz. What do you call this House?

Boy. Mrs *Flirt*, Master, the best House for Commendation in all *Virginia*.

Haz. That's well, has she any handsome Lady's Sirrah?

Boy. Oh! She's woundly handsome her self Master, and the Kindest Gentlewoman—look here she comes Master—God bless you Mistriss, I have brought you a young Gentleman here.

Flirt. That's well, honest *Jack*—Sir, you are most heartily Welcome.

Haz. Madam, your Servant; [*Salutes her.*]

Flirt. Please you to walk into a Chamber Sir.

Haz. By and by, Madam, but I'le repose here a while for the coolness of the Air.

Flirt. This is a Publick Room, Sir, but 'tis at your Service.

Haz. Madam, you oblige me.

Flirt. A Fine-spoken Person—A Gentleman I'le warrant him, come *Jack*, I'le give thee a Cogue of Brandy for old acquaintance.

[*Exeunt Landlady and Boy.*]

Hazard Pulls out Pen, Ink and Paper, and goes to Write.

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Here *Nell*, a Tankard of Cool drink quickly.

Nell. You shall have it, Sr.

Friend. Hah! who's that Stranger? he seems to be a Gentleman.

Haz. If I should give Credit to mine Eyes, that should be *Friendly*.

Friend. Sr, you seem a stranger, may I take the Liberty to present my Service to you?

Haz. If I am not mistaken Sr, you are the only Man in the world

whom I would soonest Pledge, you'l Credit me if three years Absence has not made you forget *Hazard*.

Friend. *Hazard*, my Freind! come to my Arms and Heart.

Haz. This Unexpected Happiness O're-Joys me. Who could have Imagin'd to have found thee in *Virginia*? I thought thou hadst been in *Spain* with thy Brother.

Friend. I was so till Ten Months since, when my Uncle Colonell *Frendly* dying here, left me a Considerable Plantation; And faith I find Diversions not altogether to be despis'd; the God of Love Reigns here, with as much Power, as in Courts or Popular Cities: but prethee what Chance, (Fortunate for me) drove thee to this part of the New World?

Haz. Why (faith) Ill Company, and that Common Vice of the Town, Gaming, soon run out my Younger Brothers Fortune, for Imagining like some of the Luckier Gamesters to Improve my Stock at the Groom-Porters; Ventur'd on and lost all—My Elder Brother an Errant Jew, had neither Friendship, nor Honour enough to Support me, but at last was mollified by perswasions and the hopes of being for ever rid of me, sent me hither with a small Cargo to seek my fortune,—

Friend. And begin the world withall.

Haz. I thought this a better Venture then to turn Sharping Bully, Cully in Prentices and Country Squires, with my Pocket full of false dice, your high and low Flats and Bars, or turn broker to young Heirs; take up goods, to pay ten-fold at the Death of their Fathers, and take Fees on both sides; or set up all night at the *Groom-Porters* begging his Honour to go a Guinney the better of the lay. No, *Friendly*, I had rather starve abroad then live Pitty'd and dispised at home.

Friend. Thou art in the Right, and art come just in the Nick of time to make thy Fortune—Wilt thou follow my advice?

Haz. Thou art too honest to Command any thing that I shall Refuse.

Friend. You must know then, there is about a Mile from *James-Town* a Young Gentlewoman—No matter for her Birth, her Breeding's the best this world affords, she is Married to one of the Richest Merchants here, he is Old and Sick, and now gone into *England* for the Recovery of his Health, where he'l e'en give up the Ghost; he has writ her word he finds no Amendment, and Resolves to stay another Year, the Letter I accidentally took up and have about me; 'tis easily Counterfeited and will be of great use to us.

Haz. Now do I fancy I conceive thee.

Friend. Well, hear me first, you shall get another Letter writ like this Character, which shall say, you are his Kinsman, that is come to Trafick in this Country, and 'tis his will you should be received into his House as such.

Haz. Well, and what will come of this?

Friend. Why thou art Young and Handsome; She Young and Desiring; it 'twere easy to make her Love thee, and if the Old Gentleman chance to dye, you Guess the rest, you are no Fool.

Haz. Ay, but if he shou'd return—

Friend. If—Why if she Love you, that Other will be but a slender Bar to thy happiness; For if thou canst not Marry her, thou mayst lye with her, (and Gad) a Younger Brother may pick out a Pritty Livelyhood here that way, as well as in *England*—Or if this fail, there thou wilt find a perpetual Visiter the Widdow *Ranter*, a Woman bought from the Ship by Old Coll. *Ranter*; she serv'd him half a year, and then he Marry'd her, and dying in a year more, left her worth Fifty thousand Pounds Sterling, besides Plate and Jewells: She's a great Gallant, But assuming the Humour of the Country Gentry, her Extravagancy is very Pleasant, she retains something of her Primitive Quallity still, but is good natur'd and Generous.

Haz. I like all this well.

Friend. But I have a further End in this matter, you must know there is in the same House a Young Heiress, one Coll. *Downrights* Daughter, whom I Love, I think not in Vain, her Father indeed has an Implacable hatred to me, for which Reason I can but seldom Visit her, and in this Affair I have need of a Friend in that House.

Haz. Me you're sure of.

Friend. And thus you'l have an Opportunity to Mannage both our Amours: here you will find Occasion to shew your Courage as well as Express your Love; For at this time the *Indians* by our ill Management of Trade, whom we have Armed against Our selves, Very frequently make War upon us with our own Weapons, Tho' often coming by the Worst are forced to make Peace with us again, but so, as upon every turn they fall to Massacring us wherever we ly exposed to them.

Haz. I heard the news of this in *England*, which hastens the new Governours arrivall here, who brings you fresh Supplies.

Friend. Would he were landed, we hear he is a Noble Gentleman.

Haz. He has all the Qualities of a Gallant Man, besides he is Nobly Born.

Friend. This Country wants nothing but to be People'd with a well-born Race to make it one of the best Colonies in the World, but for want of a Governour we are Ruled by a Councill, some of which have been perhaps transported Criminals, who having Acquired great Estates are now become your Honour, and Right Worshipfull, and Possess all Places of Authority; there are amongst 'em some honest Gentlemen who now begin to take upon 'em, and Manage Affairs as they ought to be.

Haz. *Bacon* I think was one of the Councill.

Friend. Now you have named a Man indeed above the Common Rank, by Nature Generous; Brave Resolv'd, and Daring; who studying the Lives of the Romans and great Men, that have raised themselves to the most Elevated fortunes, fancies it easy for Ambitious men, to aim at any Pitch of Glory, I've heard him often say, Why cannot I Conquer the Universe as well as *Alexander*? or like another *Romulus* form a new *Rome*, and make my self Ador'd?

Haz. Why might he not? great Souls are born in common men, sometimes as well as Princes.

Friend. This Thirst of Glory cherisht by Sullen Melancholly, I believe was the first Motive that made him in Love with the young *Indian-Queen*, fancying no *Hero* ought to be without his Princess. And this was the Reason why he so earnestly prest for a Commission, to be made General against the *Indians*, which long was promis'd him, but they fearing his Ambition, still put him off, till the Grievances grew so high, that the whole Country flockt to him, and beg'd he would redress them,—he took the opportunity, and Led them forth to fight, and vanquishing brought the Enemy to fair terms, but now instead of receiving him as a Conquerour, we treat him as a Traytor.

Haz. Then it seems all the Crime this brave Fellow has committed, is serving his Country without Authority.

Friend. 'Tis so, and however I admire the Man, I am resolv'd to be of the Contrary Party, that I may make an Interest in our new Governour; Thus stands affairs, so that after you have seen Madam *Sure-Love*, I'll present you to the Councill for a Commission.

Haz. But my Kinsmans Character—

Friend. He was a *Lester-shire* younger Brother, came over hither with a small fortune, which his Industry has increas'd to a thousand pound a year, and he is now Coll. *John Sure-love*, and one of the Councill.

Haz. Enough.

Friend. About it then, Madam *Flirt* to direct you.

Haz. You are full of your Madams here.

Friend. Oh! 'tis the greatest affront imaginable, to all a woman Mistress, tho' but a retale Brandy-munger.—Adieu! —one thing more, tomorrow is our Country-Court, pray do not fail to be there, for the rarity of the Entertainment: but I shall see you anon at *Sure-loves*, where I'll Salute thee as my first meeting, and as an old acquaintance in *England*—here's company, farewell. [*Exit Friend.*]

Enter Dullman, Timerous, and Boozer. Hazard sits at a Table and writes.

Dull. Here *Nell*—Well Lieutenant *Boozer*, what are you for?

[*Enter Nell.*]

Booz. I am for Cooling *Nants*, Major:

Dull. Here *Nell*, a quart of *Nants*, and some Pipes and smoak.

Tim. And do ye hear *Nell*, bid your Mistriss come in to Joke a little with us, for adzoors I was damnable drunk last night, and am better at the petticoat than the bottle to day.

Dull. Drunk last night, and sick to day, how comes that about Mr. Justice? you use to bear your Brandy well enough.

Tim. Ay your shier-Brandy I'le grant you, but I was Drunk at Coll. *Downrights* with your high Burgundy Claret.

Dull. A Pox of that Paulter Liquor, your *English French* wine, I wonder how the Gentlemen do to drink it.

Tim. Ay so do I, 'tis for want of a little *Virginia* Breeding: how much more like a Gentleman 'tis, to drink as we do, brave Edifying Punch and Brandy,—but they say the young Noble-men now and Sparks in *England* begin to reform, and take it for their mornings Draught, get Drunk by noon, and despise the Lowsey Juce of the Grape.

Enter Mrs. Flirt.

Dull. Come Landlady, come, you are so taken up with Parson *Dunce*, that your old friends can't Drink a Dram with you,—what no smutty Catch now, no Gibe or Joke to make the Punch go down Merrily, and advance Trading? Nay, they say, Gad forgive ye, you never miss going to Church when Mr. *Dunce* Preaches—but here's to you [drinks.

Flirt. Lords, your Honours are pleas'd to be merry—but my service to your Honour. [drinks.

Haz. Honours, who the Devill have we here? some of the wise Council at least, I'd sooner took 'em for Hoggerds. [aside.

Flirt. Say what you please of the Doctor, but I'le swear he's a fine Gentleman, he makes the Prettiest Sounets, nay, and Sings 'em himself to the rarest Tunes.

Tim. Nay the man will serve for both Soul and Body, for they say he was a Farrier in *England*, but breaking turn'd Life-guard man, and his Horse dying—he Counterfeited a Deputation from the Bishop, and came over here a Substantiall Orthodox: but come, where stands the Cup?—here, my Service to you Major.

Flirt. Your Honours are pleas'd—but me-thinks Doctor *Dunce* is a very Edifying Person, and a Gentleman, and I pretend to know a Gentleman,—For I my self am a Gentlewoman; my Father was a Barronet, but undone in the late Rebellion—and I am fain to keep on Ordinary now, Heaven help me.

Tim. Good lack, why see how Virtue may be bely'd—we heard your Father was a Taylor, but trusting for old *Oliviers* Funerall, Broke, and so came hither to hide his head,—but my Service to you; what, you are never the worse?

Flirt. Your Honours knows this is a Scandalous place, for they say

your Honour was but a broken Excise-man, who spent the Kings money to buy your Wife fine Petticoats, and at last not worth a Groat, you came over a poor Servant, though now a Justice of Peace, and of the Honourable Council.

Tim. Adz zoors if I knew who 'twas said so, I'd sue him for *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Dull. Hang 'em Scoundrells, hang 'em, they live upon Scandal, and we are Scandall-Proof,—They say too, that I was a Tinker and runing the Country, robb'd a Gentlemans House there, was put into *Newgate*, got a reprieve after Condemnation, and was Transported hither—And that you *Boozer* was a Common Pick-pocket, and being often flogg'd at the Carst-tale, afterwards turn'd Evidence, and when the times grew Honest was fain to fly.

Booz. Ay, Ay, Major, if Scandal would have broke our hearts, we had not arriv'd to the Honour of being Privy-Councillors—but come Mrs. *Flirt*, what never a Song to Entertain us?

Flirt. Yes, and a Singer too newly come ashore:

Tim. Adz zoors, let's have it then:

Haz. Here Maid, a Tankard of your Drink;

[*Enter Girl, who sings,*
they bear the Bob.]

Flirt. Quickly *Nell*, wait upon the Gentleman;

Dull. Please you Sir to tast of our Liquor—My service to you: I see you are a Stranger and alone, please you to come to our Table?

[*He rises and comes*]

Flirt. Come Sir, pray sit down here, these are very Honourable Persons I assure you,—This is Major *Dullman*, Major of his Excellencies own Regiment, when he Arrives, this Mr. *Timorous*, Justice a Peace in *Co-rum*. This Capt. *Boozer*, all of the Honourable Councill.

Haz. With your leave, Gentlemen;

[*sits*]

Tim. My service to you Sir;

[*drinks*]

What have you brought over any Cargo Sir, I'le be your Customer.

Booz. Ay, and cheat him too, I'le warrant him.

[*aside*]

Haz. I was not bred to Merchandizing Sir, nor do intend to follow the Drudgery of Trading.

Dull. Men of Fortune seldom travell hither Sir to see fashions.

Tim. Why Brother, it may be the Gentleman has a mind to be a Planter, will you hire your self to make a Crop of Tobacco this year?

Haz. I was not born to work Sir.

Tim. Not work Sir, zoors your betters have workt Sir, I have workt my self Sir, both set and stript Tobacco, for all I am of the Honourable Councill not work quoth a—I suppose Sir you wear your fortune upon your Pack Sir?

Haz. Is it your Custom here Sir to affront Strangers? I shall expect satisfaction.

[*Rises.*]

Tim. Why does any body here owe you any thing?

Dull. No, unless he means to be paid for drinking with us—ha, ha, ha.

Haz. No Sir, I have money to pay for what I drink: here's my Club—my Guinia, [flings down a Guinia.]
I scorn to be oblig'd to such Scoundrells;

Booz. Hum—Call Men of Honour Scoundrells; [rise in buff]

Tim. Let him alone, let him alone Brother, how should he learn manners, he never was in *Virginia* before.

Dull. He's some Covent-Garden Bully;

Tim. Or some broken Citizen turn'd Factor,

Haz. Sir you lye, and you're a Rascal, [flings the Brandy in's face.]

Tim. Adz zoors he has spill'd all the Brandy.

Tim. runs behind the door, *Dull.* and *Booz.* strike Hazard.

Haz. I understand no Cudgel Play, but wear a sword to right my self. [draws, they run off]

Flirt. Good heavens, what quarelling in my House?

Haz. Do the Persons of Quallity in this Country treat strangers thus?

Flirt. Alas Sir, 'tis a familiar way they have, Sir.

Haz. I'm glad I know'n it,—Pray Madam can you inform one how I may be furnisht with a Horse and a guide to Madam *Sure Loves*?

Flirt. A most Accomplisht Lady, and my very good friend you shall be Immediately— [Exeunt]

S C E N E , I I .

Enter Wellman, Downright, Dunte, Whimsey, Whiff, and others.

Well. Come Mr. *Dunce*, tho' you are no Councillour, yet your Council may be good in time of necessity, as now.

Dun. If I may be worthy advice, I do not look upon our danger to be so great from the *Indians*, as from young *Bacon*, whom the People have nick nam'd *Fright-all*.

Whim. Ay, Ay that same *Bacon*, I would he were well hang'd, I am afraid that under pretence of killing all the *Indians* he means to Murder us, Ly with our Wives, and hang up our little Children, and make himself Lord and King.

Whiff. Brother *Whimsey*, not so hot, with leave of the Honourable Board, My Wife is of Opinion, that *Bacon* came seasonably to our Aid, and what he has done was for our defence, the *Indians* came down upon us, and Ravisht us all, Men, Women, and Children.

Well. If these Grievances were not redrest we had our reasons for it, it was not that we were insensible Capt. *Whiff* of what we suffer'd from the Insolence of the *Indians*: But all knew what we must expect from *Bacon* if that by Lawfull Authority he had Arriv'd to so great a Command as

Generall, nor would we be huft out of our Commissions.

Down. 'Tis most certain that *Bacon* did not demand a Commission out of a design of serving us, but to satisfy his Ambition and his Love, it being no secret that he passionately Admires the *Indian Queen*, and under the pretext of a War, intends to kill the King her Husband, Establish himself in her heart, and on all occasions have himself a more formidable Enemy, than the *Indians* are.

Whim. Nay, nay, I ever foresaw he would prove a Villain.

Whiff. Nay, and he be thereabout, my *Nancy* shall have no more to do with him.

Well. But Gentlemen the People dayly flock to him, so that his Army is too Considerable for us to oppose by any thing but Policy.

Down. We are sensible Gentlemen that our Fortunes, our Honours, and our Lives are at Stake, and therefore you are call'd together to consult what's to be done in this Grand Affair, till our Governour and Forces arrive from *England*; The Truce he made with the *Indians* will be out to Morrow.

Whiff. Ay, and then he intends to have another bout with the *Indians*. Let's have Patience I say till he has thrum'd their Jackets, and then to work with your Politicks as soon as you please.

Down. Colonel *Wellman* has answer'd that point good Captain *Whiff*, 'tis the Event of this Battle we ought to dread, and if won or lost will be equally fatall for us, either from the *Indians* or from *Bacon*.

Dunce. With the Permission of the Honourable Board I think I have hit upon an Expedient that may prevent this Battle, your Honours shall write a Letter to *Bacon*, where you shall acknowledge his Services, invite him kindly home, and offer him a Commission for General—

Whiff. Just my *Nancys* Counsell—Doctor *Dunce* has spoken like a Cherubin, he shall have my voice for General, what say you Brother *Whimsey*?

Whim. I say, he is a Noble fellow, and fit for a General.

Dun. But conceive me right Gentlemen, as soon as he shall have render'd himself, seize him and strike off his Head at the Fort.

Whiff. Hum! his head—Brother

Whim. Ay, ay, Doctor *Dunce* speaks like a Cherubin:

Well. Mr *Dunce*, your Counsell in extremity I confess is not amiss, but I should be loath to deal dishonourably with any man.

Down. His Crimes deserve death, his life is forfeited by Law, but shall never be taken by my consent by Trechery: If by any Stratagem we could take him a-live, and either send him for *England* to receive there his Punishment, or keep him Prisoner here till the Governour arrive, I should agree to't, but I question his coming in upon our Invitation.

Dun. Leave that to me—

Whim. Come, I'll warrant him, the Rogue's as stont as Hector, he fears neither Heaven nor Hell.

Down. He's too Brave and Bold to refuse our summons, and I am for sending him for *England* and leaving him to the Kings Mercy.

Dun. In that you'll find more difficulty Sir, to take him off here will be more quick and sudden: for the people worship him.

Well. I'll never yield to so ungenerous an expedient. The seizing him I am content in the Extremity wherein we are, to follow. What say you Collonell *Downright*? shall we send him a Letter now while this two days truce lasts, between him and the *Indians*?

Down. I approve it.

All. And I, and I, and I.

Dun. If your Honours please to make me the Messenger, I'll use some arguments of my own to prevail with him.

Well. You say well Mr. *Dunce*, and we'll dispatch you presently.

Whiff. Ah Doctor, if you could but have persuaded Collonell *Wellman* & Collonell *Downright* to have hang'd him—

{ *Ex.* Wellm. Dow.
and all but Whim.
Whiff. & Dunce.

Whim. Why Brother *Whiff* you were for making him a Generall but now.

Whiff. The Councils of wise States-men Brother *Whimsey* must change as causes do, d'ye see.

Dun. Your Honours are in the right, and whatever those two leading Councillors say, they would be glad if *Bacon* were dispatcht, but the punctillio of Honour is such a thing.

Whim. Honour, a Pox on't, what is that Honour that keeps such a Bustle in the world, yet never did good as I heard of.

Dun. Why 'tis a Foolish word only, taken up by great men, but rarely practic'd,—but if you would be great men indeed—

Whiff. If we would Doctor, name, name the way.

Dun. Why, you command each of you a company—when *Bacon* comes from the Camp, as I am sure he will, (and full of this silly thing call'd Honour will come unguarded too,) lay some of your men in Ambush along those Ditches by the *Sevana* about a Mile from the Town, and as he comes by, seize him, and hang him upon the next Tree.

Whiff. Hum—hang him! a rare Plot.

Whim. Hang him—we'll do't, we'll do't Sir, and I doubt not but to be made Generall for the Action—I'll take it all upon my self. [*aside.*]

Dun. If you resolve upon this, you must about it instantly—Thus I shall at once serve my Country, & revenge my self on the Rascall for affronting my Dignity once at the Councill-Table, by calling me Farrier [*Ex. Doctor*]

Whiff. Do you know Brother what we are to do?

Whim. To do, yes, to hang a Generall, Brother, that's all.

Whiff. All, but is it Lawfull to hang any Generall?

Whim. Lawfull, yes, that 'tis Lawfull to hang any Generall that fights against Law.

Whiff. But in what he has done, he has serv'd the King and our Country, and preserv'd all our Lives and Fortunes.

Whim. That's all one, Brother, if there be but a Quirk in the Law offended in this Case, tho' he fought like *Alexander*, and preserv'd the whole world from perdition, yet if he did it against Law, 'tis Lawful to hang him; why what Brother, is it fit that every impudent fellow that pretends to a little Honour, Loyalty & Courage, should serve his King and Country against the Law? no, no, Brother, these things are not to be suffer'd in a Civill Government by Law Establish'd,—wherefore let's about it— [Exeunt

SCENE III. *Sureloves House.*

Enter Ranter and her Coachman.

Ran. Here *Fesiry*, ye Drunken Dog, set your Coach and Horses up, I'le not go till the Cool of the Evening, I love to ride in *Fresco* [En. a Boy.

Coach. Yes after hard drinking— (*aside*) it shall be done, Madam.

Ran. how now Boy, is Madam *Surelove* at home?

Boy. Yes Madam.

Ran. Go tell her I am here, Sirrah.

Boy. Who are you pray, forsooth?

Ran. Why you Son of *Baboone* don't you know me?

Boy. No Madam, I came over but in the last Ship.

Ran. What from *Newgate* or *Bridewell*? from shoving the Tumbler, Sirrah, Lifting or filing the Cly?

Boy. I don't understand this Country-Language for sooth, yet.

Ran. You Rogue, 'tis what we transport from *England* first—go ye Dog, go tell your Lady, the Widow *Ranter* is come to dine with her—I hope I shall not find that Rogue *Dareing* here. Sniveling after [Ex. Boy. *Mrs. Chrisante*: if I do, by the Lord, I'le lay him thick, Pox on him why should I love the Dog, unless it be a Judgment upon me.

Enter Sure-love and Chrisante.

—My dear Jewell how do'st do?—as for you Gentlewoman you are my Rivall, & I am in rancour against you till you have renounc'd my *Dareing*.

Chris. All the Interest I have in him Madam, I resign to you.

Ran. Ay—but your house lying so near the Camp, gives me Mortal fears—but prethee how thrives thy Amour with honest *Friendly*?

Chris. As well as an Amour can, that is absolutely forbid by a Father on one side, and pursu'd by a good resolution on the other.

Ran. Hay Gad, I'le warrant for *Friendlys* resolution, what, tho' his Fortune be not answerable to yours, we are bound to help one another,—here Boy—some Pipes and a Bowle of Punch, you know my humour Madam, I must Smoke and Drink in a Morning, or I am Maukish all day.

Sure. But will you drink Punch in a Morning

Ran. Punch, 'tis my Mornings draught, my Table-drink, my Treat, my Regalio, my every thing, ah my dear *Surelove*, if thou wou'd'st but refresh & Clear thy heart with Punch in a morning, { *Enter Pipes and a Great*
thou wou'd'st not look thus Cloudy all the Day. } *Bowl, she falls to smoaking*

Sur. I have reason Madam to be Melancholy, I have receiv'd a Letter from my Husband, who gives me an account that he is worse in *England* than when he was here, so that I fear I shall see him no more, the Doctors can do no good on him.

Ran. A very good hearing. I wonder what the Devill thou hast done with him so long? an old fusty weather-beaten Skelleton, as dri'd as Stock-fish, and much of the Hue.—come, come, here's to the next, may he be young, Heaven, I beseech thee. [drinks.

Sure. You have reason to praise an old man, who dy'd and left you worth fifty thousand Pound.

Rant. Ay Gad—and what's better Sweet-heart, dy'd in good time too, and left me young enough to spend this fifty thousand pound in better Company—rest his Soul for that too.

Chris. I doubt 'twill be all laid out in *Bacons* Mad Lieutenant Generall *Dareing*.

Ran. Faith I think I could lend it the Rogue on good Security.

Chris. What's that, to be bound Body for Body?

Ran. Rather that he should love no bodies Body besides my own, but my Fortune is too good to trust the Rogue, my money makes me an *Infidell*.

Chris. You think they all love you for that:

Ran. For that, Ay what else? if it were not for that, I might sit still and sigh, and cry out, a Miracle! a Miracle! at sight of a Man within my doors: [Enters Maid

Maid. Madam here's a young Gentleman without would speak with you.

Sure. With me, sure thou'rt mistaken, is it not *Friendly*?

Maid. No Madam 'tis a Stranger;

Rant. 'Tis not *Dareing* that Rogue, is it?

Maid. No Madam;

Rant. Is he handsome? does he look like a Gentleman?

Maid. He's handsome and seems a Gentleman.

Rant. Bring him in then, I hate a conversation without a Fellow,—hah—a good handsome Lad indeed: [Enter Hazard with a Letter.

Sure. With me Sir would you speak?

Haz. If you are Madam *Surelove*:

Sure. So I am call'd;

Haz. Madam I am newly arriv'd from *England*, and from your Husband my kinsman bring you this— [gives a Letter

Rant. Please you to sit Sir;

Haz. She's extreamly handsome—

[*aside—sits down*]

Rant. Come Sir will you Smoke a Pipe?

Haz. I never do Madam—

Rant. Oh fy upon't you must learn then, we all smoke here, 'tis a part of good breeding,—well, well, what Cargo, what goods have ye? any Poynts, Lace, rich Stuffs, Jewells; if you have I'le be your Chafferer, I live hard by, any body will direct you to the widow *Ranters*.

Haz. I have already heard of you, Madam.

Rant. What you are like all the young Fellows, the first thing they do when they come to a strange place, is to enquire what Fortunes there are.

Haz. Madam I had no such Ambition:

Rant. Gad, then you're a fool, Sir, but come, my service to you; we rich Widdows are the best Commodity this Country affords, I'le tell you that.

[*this while she reads the Letter.*]

Sure. Sir, my Husband has recommended you here in a most particular manner, by which I do not only find the esteem he has for you, but the desire he has of gaining you mine, which on a double score I render you, first for his sake, next for those Merits that appear in your self.

Haz. Madam, the endeavours of my life shall be to express my Gratitude for this great Bounty;

[*Enter Maid.*]

Maid. Madam Mr. *Friendly's* here:

Sure. Bring him in;

Haz. *Friendly,*—I had a dear Friend of that name, who I hear is in these Parts—Pray Heaven it may be he.

Rant. How now *Charles.*

[*Enter Friendly.*]

Friend. Madam your Servant—Hah! should not I know you for my dear friend *Hazard.*

[*Embracing him.*]

Haz. Or you'rs too blame my *Friendly:*

Friend. Prethee what calm brought thee ashore?

Haz. Fortune de la garr, but prethee ask me no questions in so good Company; where a minute lost from this Conversation is a misfortune not to be retriev'd:

Friend. Do'st like her Rogue—

[*softly aside.*]

Haz. Like her! have I sight, or sense—Why I adore her.

Friend. My *Chrisante,* I heard your Father would not be here to day, which made me snatch this opportunity of seeing you.

Rant. Come, Come, a Pox of this whining Love. It spoys good company:

Friend. You know my dear friend, these opportunities comes but seldom, and therefore I must make use of 'em.

Rant. Come, come, I'le give you a better opportunity at my House to morrow, we are to eat a Buffilo there, and I'le secure the old Gentleman from coming.

Friend. Then I shall see *Chrisante* once more before I go:

Chris. Go—Heavens—whether my *Friendly*?

Friend. I have received a Commission to go against the *Indians*, *Bacon* being sent for home.

Rant. But will he come when sent for?

Friend. If he refuse we are to Endeavour to force him.

Chris. I do not think he will be forc'd, not even by *Friendly*.

Friend. And faith it goes against my Conscience to lift my Sword against him, for he is truly brave, and what he has done, a Service to the Country, had it but been by Authority.

Chris. What pity 'tis there should be such false Maxims in the World, that Noble Actions how ever great, must be Criminall for want of a Law to Authorise 'em.

Friend. Indeed 'tis pity that when Laws are faulty they should not be mended or abolisht.

Rant. Hark'ye *Charles*, by Heaven if you kill my *Dareing* I'le Pistol you

Fri. No, widdow I'le spare him for your sake, [*They joyne with Surelove*

Haz. Oh she is all Divine, and all the Breath she utters serves but to blow my Flame, [Enter Maid

Maid. Madam dinner's on the Table——

Sure. Please you Sir, to walk in—come Mr. *Friendly*. [*she takes Hazard*

Rant. Prethee good wench bring in the Punch-Bowle: [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Pavillion.

Discovers the Indian King and Queen sitting in State, with Guards of Indians, Men and Women attending; to them Bacon richly dress'd, attended by Daring, Fearless, and other Officers, he bows to the King and Queen, who rise to receive him.

King. I Am sorry Sir, we meet upon these terms, we who so often have embrac'd as friends.

Bac. How charming is the *Queen*? [*aside.*] War, Sir, is not my bus'ness, nor my pleasure: Nor was I bred in Arms; My Country's good has forc'd me to assume a Soldiers life: And 'tis with much regret that I Employ the first effects of it against my Friends; Yet whilst I may—Whilst this Cessation lasts, I beg we may exchange those Friendships, Sir, we have so often paid in happier Peace.

King. For your part, Sir, you've been so Noble, that I repent the fatall difference that makes us meet in Arms. Yet tho' I'm young I'm sensible of Injuries; And oft have heard my Grandsire say—That we were Monarchs once of all this spacious World; Till you an unknown People landing here, Distress'd and ruin'd by destructive storms, Abusing all our Charitable Hospitality, Usurp'd our Right, and made your friends your slaves.

Bac. I will not justify the Ingratitude of my fore-fathers, but finding here my Inheritance, I am resolv'd still to maintain it so, And by my

sword which first cut out my Portion, Defend each inch of Land with my last drop of Blood.

Queen. Ev'n his threats have charms that please the heart: [aside]

King. Come Sir, let this ungratefull Theme alone, which is better disputed in the Field.

Queen. Is it impossible there might be wrought an understanding betwixt my Lord and you? 'Twas to that end I first desired this truce, My self proposing to be Mediator, To which my Lord *Cavarnio* shall agree, Could you but Condescend—I know you're Noble: And I have heard you say our tender Sex could never plead in vain.

Bac. Alas! I dare not trust your pleading Madam? A few soft words from such a Charming mouth would make me lay the Conqueror at your feet as a Sacrifice for all the ills he has done you.

Queen. How strangely am I pleas'd to hear him talk [aside]

King. *Semernia* see—the Dancers do appear;

Sir will you take your seat?

[to *Bacon*:]

[*He leads the Queen to a seat, they sit and talk.*]

Bac. Curse on his sports that interrupted me, My very soul was hovering at my Lip, ready to have discover'd all its secrets. But oh! I dread to tell her of my pain, And when I wou'd, an Awfull trembling seizes me, And she can only from my dying eyes, read all the Sentiments of my Captive heart.

[*sits down, the rest wait.*]

Enter Indians that dance Anticks; After the Dance the King seems in discourse with Bacon, the Queen rises and comes forth.

Qu. The more I gaze upon this English Stranger, the more Confusion struggles in my Soul, Oft I have heard of Love, and oft this Gallant Man (When Peace had made him pay his idle Visits) Has told a thousand tales of dying Maids. And ever when he spoke, my panting heart, with a Prophetick fear in sighs reply'd, I shall fall such a Victim to his Eyes.

[*Enter an Indian.*]

Indian. Sir here's a Messenger from the English Council [to the *King*] Desires admittance to the General.

Bac. With your Permission Sir, he may advance.

[to the *King*]

Re-enter Indian with Dunce. A Letter.

Dun. All health and Happyness attend your honour, This from the Honourable Council:

[*gives him a Letter*]

King. I'll leave you till you have dispatch'd the Messenger, and then expect your presence in the Royal Tent.

Exeunt King, Queen, and Indians.

Bac. *Lieutenant*, read the Letter [to *Daring*].

[*reads*]

Daring. **SIR**, the necessity of what you have acted makes it pardonable, and we could wish we had done the Country, and our selves so much Justice as to have given you that Commission you desired—We now finde it reasonable to raise more forces, to oppose these Insolences, which possible yours may be too weak to

accomplish, to which end the Council is ordered to meet this Evening, and desiring you will come and take your place there, and be pleas'd to accept from us a Commission to Command in Chief in this War—Therefore send those Soldiers under your Command to their respective houses, and hast, Sir, to your affectionate Friends—

Fear. Sir, I fear the hearts and Pen did not agree when this was writ

Dar. A plague upon their shallow Politicks! Do they think to play the old game twice with us?

Bac. Away, you wrong the Council, who of themselves are Honourable Gentlemen, but the base Coward fear of some of them, puts the rest on tricks that suit not with their nature.

Dunce. Sir, 'tis for noble ends you're sent for, and for your safety I'll engage my life.

Dar. By Heaven and so you shall—and pay it too with all the rest of your wise-headed Council.

Bac. Your zeal is too Officious now: I see no Treachery, and can fear no danger.

Dun. Treachery! now Heavens forbid, are we not Christians Sir, All Friends and Countrymen! believe me Sir, 'tis Honour calls you to increase your fame, and he who would dissuade you is your Enemy.

Dar. Go *Cant*, Sir to the Rabble—for us—we know you.

Bac. You wrong me when you but suspect for me, let him that acts dishonourably fear. My Innocence, and my good sword's my guard.

Dar. If you resolve to go, we will attend you.

Bac. What go like an Invader? No *Daring*, the Invitation's friendly, and as a friend, attended only by my menial Servants, I'll wait upon the Council, that they may see that when I could Command it I came an humble Suppliant for their favour—You may return, and tell 'em I'll attend.

Dunce. I kiss your Honour's hand:—

[*goes out.*]

Dar. 'Sdeath will you trust the faithless Council Sir, who have so long held you in hand with promises, That curse of States-men, that unlucky vice that renders even Nobility despis'd.

Bac. Perhaps the Council thought me too aspiring, and would not add Wings to my Ambitious flight.

Dar. A pox of their considering caps, and now they find that you can soar alone, they send for you to knip your spreading wings. Now by my soul you shall not go alone.

Bac. Forbear, lest I suspect you for a mutineer; I am resolv'd to go.

Fear. What, and send your Army home? a pretty fetch:

Dar. By Heaven we'll not disband—not till we see how fairly you are dealt with: if you have a Commission to be General, here we are ready to receive new orders: If no—We'll ring 'em such a Thundring Peal shall beat the Town about their Treacherous Ears.

Bac. I do Command you not to stir a man, Till you're inform'd how I

am treated by 'em:—leave me all—

[*Exeunt Officers.*

While Bacon reads the Letter again,

To him the Indian Queen, with Women waiting.

Queen. Now while my Lord's asleep in his Pavilion I'll try my power with the General, for an Accomodation of a Peace: the very dreams of war fright my soft slumbers that us'd to be employ'd in kinder Bus'ness.

Bac. Ha!—The *Queen*—What happyness is this presents it self which all my Industry could never gain?

Queen. Sir———

[*approaching him*

Bacon. Prest with the great Extreames of Joy and Fear I trembling stand, unable to approach her:

Queen. I hope you will not think it fear in me, tho' tim'rous as a Dove, by nature fram'd: Nor that my Lord, whose youth's unskill'd in War can either doubt his Courage, or his forces, that makes me seek a Reconciliation on any honourable terms of Peace.

Bac. Ah Madam! if you knew how absolutely you command my Fate I fear but little honour would be left me, since what so e're you ask me I should grant.

Queen. Indeed I would not ask your Honour, Sir, That renders you too Brave in my esteem. Nor can I think that you would part with that. No not to save your Life.

Bac. I would do more to serve your least Commands than part with trivial Life.

Queen. Bless me! Sir, how came I by such a Power?

Bac. The Gods, and Nature gave it you in your Creation, form'd with all the Charms that ever grac'd your Sex.

Queen. I'st possible? am I so Beautiful?

Bac. As Heaven, or Angels there:

Queen. Supposing this, how can my Beauty make you so obliging?

Bac. Beauty has still a power over great Souls, And from the moment I beheld your eyes, my stubborn heart melted to compliance, and from a nature rough and turbulent, grew Soft and Gentle as the God of Love.

Queen. The God of Love! what is the God of Love?

Bac. 'Tis a resistless Fire, that's kindl'd thus—*{ takes her by the hand at every gaze we take from fine Eyes, from such Bash- and gazes on her. full Looks, and such soft touches—it makes us sigh—and pant as I do now, and stops the Breath when e're we speak of Pain.*

Queen. Alas, for me if this should be Love!

[*aside.*

Bac. It makes us tremble, when we touch the fair one, And all the blood runs shiv'ring thro' the veins, The heart's surrounded with a feeble Languishment, The eyes are dying, and the Cheeks are pale, The tongue is faltring, and the body fainting.

Queen. Then I'm undone, and all I feel is Love,
If Love be Catching Sir, by looks and touches, Let us at distance parley

[*aside.*

—or rather let me fly, For within view, is too near— [aside]

Bac. Ah! she retires—displeas'd I fear with my presumptuous Love,
—Oh pardon, fairest creature: [kneels]

Queen. I'll talk no more, our words exchange our Souls, and every look fades all my blooming honour, like Sun beams, on unguarded Roses—take all our Kingdoms—make our People Slaves, and let me fall beneath your Conquering Sword. But never let me hear you talk again or gaze upon your Eyes—— [goes out]

Bac. She Loves! by Heaven she Loves! And has not art enough to hide her Flame. tho' she have Cruel honour to suppress it. However I'll pursue her to the Banquet. [Exit]

SCENE II. *The Widow Ranters-Hall.*

Enter Sure-Love fan'd by two Negro's, followed by Hazard.

Sure. This Madam *Ranter* is so prodigious a Treater—oh! I hate a room that smells of a great Dinner, and what's worse a desert of Punch and Tobacco—what! are you taking leave so soon Cousin?

Haz. Yes Madam, but 'tis not fit I should let you know with what regret I go,—but business will be obey'd.

Sure. Some Letters to dispatch to *English Ladies* you have left behind—come Cousin Confess:

Haz. I own I much admire the *English Beauties*, but never yet have put their Fetters on—

Sure. Never in Love—oh then you have pleasure to Come.

Haz. Rather a Pain when there's no hope attends it,

Sure. Oh such diseases quickly cure themselves,

Haz. I do not wish to find it so; For even in Pain I find a pleasure too.

Sure. You are infected then, and came abroad for cure.

Haz. Rather to receive my wounds Madam;

Sure. Already Sir.—who e're she be, she made good hast to Conquer, we have few here, boast that Dexterity.

Haz. What think you of *Chrisante*, Madam?

Sure. I must confess your Love & your Dispair are there plac'd right, of which I am not fond of being made a Confident, since I'm assur'd she can Love none but *Friendly*. [coldly]

Haz. Let her Love on, as long as life shall last, let *Friendly* take her, and the Universe, so I had my next wish,— [sighs]
Madam it is your self that I adore,—I should not be so vain to tell you this, but that I know you've found the secret out already from my sighs.

Sure. Forbear Sir, and know me for your kinsmans wife, & no more:

Haz. Be Scornfull as you please, rail at my passion, and refuse to

hear it; yet I'll Love on, and hope in spite of you, my Flame shall be so constant and Submissive, it shall compell your heart to some return.

Sure. You're very Confident of your power I perceive, but if you chance to finde your self mistaken, say your opinion and your affectation were misapply'd, and not that I was Cruell, [Ex Surelove

Haz. Whate're denyalls dwell upon your Tongue, your eyes assure me that your heart is tender, [goes out

Enter the Bag-Piper, Playing before a great Boule of Punch, carryed between two Negro's, a Highlander Dancing after it, the Widdow Ranter led by Timorous, Chrisante by Dullman; Mrs. Flirt and Friendly all dancing after it; they place it on the Table.

Dull. This is like the Noble Widdow all over I'faith,

Tim. Ay, Ay, the widdows Health in a full Ladle, Major, [drinks
—but a Pox on't what made that young Fellow here, that affronted us yesterday Major? [while they drink about

Dull. Some damn'd Sharper that wou'd lay his Knife aboard your Widdow *Cornet*.

Tim. Zoors if I thought so, I'd Arrest him for Salt and Battery, Lay him in Prison for a Swinging fine and take no Baile.

Dull. Nay, had it not been before my Mrs here, Mrs *Chrisante*, I had swing'd him for his yesterdays affront,—ah my sweet Mistris *Chrisante*—if you did but know what a power you have over me—

Chris. Oh you're a great Courtier Major:

Dull. Would I were any thing for your sake Madam.

Ran. Thou art any thing, but what thou shouldst be, prethee Major leave off being an old Buffoon, that is a Lover turn'd to ridicule by Age, consider thy self a Meer rouling Tun of Nants,—a walking Chimney, ever Smoaking with Nasty Mundungus,—and then thou hast a Countenance like an old worm-eaten Cheese,

Dull. Well widdow, you will Joake, ha, ha, ha—

Tim. Gad', Zoors She's pure Company, ha, ha—

Dull. No matter for my Countenance—*Coll.* *Downright* likes my Estate and is resolv'd to have it a Match.

Friend. Dear Widdow, take off your Damn'd Major, for if he speak another word to *Chrisante*, I shall be put past all my patience, and fall foul upon him.

Ran. S'lfe not for the world—Major I bar Love-making within my Territories, 'tis inconsistent with the Punch-Bowle, if you'l drink, do, if not be gone:

Tim. Nay Gad's Zooks if you enter me at the Punch-Boule, you enter me in Politicks—well 'tis the best Drink in Christendom for a Statesman, [they drink about, the Bag-Pipe playing

Ran. Come, now you shall see what my high Land-Vallet can do—

[*a Scots Dance*

Dull. So—I see let the world go which way it will, widdow, you are resolv'd for Mirth,—but come—to the conversation of the times.

Rant. The times, why what a Devill ailes the times, I see nothing in the times but a company of Coxcombs that fear without a Cause.

Tim. But if these fears were laid and *Bacon* were hang'd, I look upon *Virginia* to be the happiest part of the world, gads Zoors,—why there's *England*—'tis nothing to't—I was in *England* about 6. years ago, & was shew'd the Court of Aldermen, some were nodding, some saying nothing, and others very little to purpose, but how could it be otherwise, for they had neither Bowle of Punch, Bottles of wine or Tobacco before 'em to put Life & Soul into 'em as we have here: then for the young Gentlemen—Their farthest Travels is to *France* or *Italy*, they never come hither.

Dull. The more's the Pitty by my troth, [*drinks.*

Tim. Where they learn to Swear Mor-blew, Mor-Dee:

Friend. And tell you how much bigger the *Louvre* is then *White-Hall*; buy a sute A-la-mode, get a swinging Cap of some *French* Marquis, spend all their money and return just as they went.

Dull. For the old fellows, their bus'ness is Usury, Extortion, and undermining young Heirs.

Tim. Then for young Merchants, their Exchange is the Tavern, their Ware-house the Play-house, and their Bills of Exchange Billet-Deaxs, where to sup with their wenches at the other end of the Town,—now Judge you what a Condition poor *England* is in: for my part I look upon't as a lost Nation gads zoors.

Dull. I have consider'd it, and have found a way to save all yet:

Tim. As how I pray,

Dull. As thus, we have men here of great Experience and Ability—now I would have as many sent into *England* as would supply all places, and Offices, both Civill and Military, de see, their young Gentry should all Travell hither for breeding, and to learn the misteries of State.

Frien. As for the old Covetous Fellows, I would have the Tradesmen get in their debts, break and turn Troupers.

Tim. And they'd be soon weary of Extortion gadz zoors;

Dull. Then for the young Merchants, there should be a Law made, none should go beyond *Ludgate*;

Frie. You have found out the only way to preserve that great Kingdom,
[*drinking all this while sometimes*

Tim. Well, Gad zoors 'tis a fine thing to be a good Statesman,

Fri. Ay *Cornet*, which you had never been had you staid in old *England*.

Dull. Why Sir we were somebody in *England*,

Frie. So I heard Major,

Dull. You heard Sir, what have you heard, he's a kid-Naper that says

he heard any thing of me—and so my service to you—I'le sue you Sir for spoiling my Marriage here, by your Scandalls with Mrs. *Chrisante*, but that shan't do Sir, I'le marry her for all that, & he's a Rascal that denies it.

Frie. S'death you Lye Sir—I do.

Tim. Gad zoorz Sir Lye to a Privy-Councillour, a Major of Horse, Brother, this is an affront to our Dignities, draw and I'le side with you.

[*they both draw on Friendly, the Ladies run off.*]

Frie. If I disdain to draw, 'tis not that I fear your base and Cowardly force, but for the respect I bear you as Magistrates, and so I leave you—

Tim An Arrant Coward Gad zoorz.

[*goes out*]

Dull. A meer paultroon, and I scorn to drink in's Company.

[*Exeunt, putting up their Swords.*]

SCENE III. *A Sevana, or large Heath.*

Enter Whimsey, Whiff, and Boozer, with some Soldiers, Arm'd.

Whim. Stand—stand—and hear the word of Command—do ye see yon Cops, and that Ditch that runs along Major *Dullmans* Plantation.

Booz. We do.

Whim. Place your Men there, and lye Flat on your Bellies, and when *Bacon* comes (if alone) seize him dy' see:

Whiff. Observe the Command now, (if alone) for we are not for blood-shed.

Booz. I'le warrant you for our Parts. [*Exeunt all but Whim & Whiff*]

Whim. Now we have Ambusht our men, let's light our Pipes and sit down and take an Encouraging dram of the Bottle.

[*pulls out a bottle of brandy out of his Pocket—they sit.*]

Whiff. Thou art a Knave and hast Emptyed half the Bottle in thy Leathern Pockets, but come here's young *Fright-all*'s health.

Whim. What, wilt drink a mans health thou'rt going to hang?

Whiff. 'Tis all one for that, we'le drink his health first, and hang him afterwards, and thou shalt pledge me de see, and tho' 'twere under the Gallows.

Whim. Thou'rt a Traytor for saying so, and I defy thee.

Whiff. Nay, since we are come out like Loving Brothers to hang the Generall, let's not fall out among our selves, and so here's to you [*drinks* tho' I have no great Maw to this business:

Whim. Prethee Brother *Whiff*, do not be so Villanous a Coward, for I hate a Coward.

Whiff. Nay 'tis not that—But my *Whiff*, my *Nancy* dreamt to night she saw me hang'd.

Whim. 'Twas a Cowardly Dream, think no more on't, but as dreams

are Expounded by Contraries, thou shalt hang the Generall.

Whiff. Ay—but he was my friend, and I owe him at this time a hundred Pounds of Tobacco.

Whim. Nay, then I m sure thoud'st hang him if he were thy brother.

Whiff. But hark—I think I hear the Neighing of horses, where shall we hide our selves, for if we stay here, we shall be Mawl'd damnably.

[*Exeunt both behind a Bush, peeping.*]

[*Enter Bacon, Fearless and 3 or 4 Footmen.*]

Bac. Let the Groom lead the Horses o're the *Sevana* we'le walk it on Foot, 'tis not a quarter of a Mile to the Town; & here the Air is cool.

Fear. The Breazes about this time of the day begin to take Wing and fan refreshment to the Trees and Flowers.

Bac. And at these hours how fragrant are the Groves:

Fear. The Country's well, were but the People so,

Bac. But come let's on—

[*they pass to the Entrance.*]

Whim. There Boys—

[*The Soldiers come forth and fall on Bacon.*]

Bac. Hah! Ambush—

{ *Draws, Fearless and Footmen draw, the*

Whiff. So, so, he's taken

{ *Soldiers after a while fighting take Bac. &*

Now we may venture out.

{ *Fear. they having laid 3 or 4 Dead.*

Whim. But are you sure he's taken?

Whiff. Sure can't you believe your Eyes, come forth, I hate a Coward—Oh Sir, have we caught your Mightiness?

Bac. Are you the Authors of this Valliant Act? None but such Villainous Cowards dar'st have attempted it:

Whim. Stop his railing tongue.

Whiff. No, no, let him rail, let him rail now his hands are tyed, ha, ha, Why good Generall *Fright-all*, what was no body able d'ye think to tame the Roaring Lyon?

Bac. You'le be hang'd for this?

Whim. Come, come, away with him to the next Tree.

Bac. What mean you Villains?

Whiff. Only to hang your Honour a little, that's all. We'le teach you Sir, to serve your Country against Law.

[*As they go off, Enter Daring with Soldiers.*]

Dar. Hah—My General betray'd—this I suspected.

His Men come in, they fall on, Release Bacon and Fearless and his Man, who get Swords. Whim's Party put Whim and Whiff before 'em striking 'em as they Endeavour to run on this side or that, and forcing 'em to bear-up, they are taken after some Fighting.

Fear. Did not the General tell you Rogues, you'd be all hang'd?

Whiff. Oh *Nancy, Nancy*, how Prophetick are thy Dreams?

Bac. Come let's on—

Dar. S'death what mean you Sir?

Bac. As I design'd—to present my self to the Council:

Dar. By Heavens we'll follow then to save you from their Treachery 'twas this that has befallen you that I fear'd, which made me at a distance follow you.

Bac. Follow me still, but still at such a distance as your Aids may be assisting on all occasion—*Fearless* go back and bring your Regiment down, and *Daring* let your Sergeant with his Party Guard these Villains to the Council. [Ex. *Bac. Dar. & Fearless.*]

Whiff. A Pox on your Worships Plot;

Whim. A Pox on your forwardness to come out of the hedge.

[Ex. *Officers with Whim & Whiff.*]

SCENE IV. *The Council-Table.*

Enter Coll. Wellman, Coll. Downright, Dullman, Timerouse, and about 7 or 8 more Seat themselves.

Well. You heard Mr. *Dunce's* opinion Gentlemen, concerning *Bacon's* coming upon our Invitation. He believes he will come, but I rather think, tho' he be himself undaunted, yet the persuasions of his two Lieutenant-Generalls, *Daring* and *Fearless* may prevent him,—Colonel, have you order'd our Men to be in Arms? [Enter a Soldier.]

Down. I have, and they'll attend further order on the *Sevana*:

Sol. May it please your Honours, *Bacon* is on his way, he comes unattended by any but his Footmen, and Coll. *Fearless*.

Down. Who is this Fellow?

Well. A spy I sent to watch *Bacon's* Motions.

Sol. But there is a Company of Soldiers in Ambush on this side of the *Sevana* to seize him as he passes by.

Well. That's by no order of the Council.

Ommes. No, no, no order;

Well. Nay, 'twere a good design if true,

Tim. Gad zoors would I had thought on't for my Troup,

Down. I am for no unfair dealing in any Extremity.

Enter a Messenger in hast.

Mes. An't please your Honours, the saddest news—An Ambush being laid for *Bacon*, they rusht out upon him, on the *Sevana*, and after some fighting took him and *Fearless*—

Tim. Is this your sad News—zoors would I had had a hand in't.

Brag. When on a sudden, *Daring* and his Party fell in upon us, turn'd the tide—kill'd our men and took Capt. *Whimsey*, and Capt. *Whiff* Pris'ners, the rest run away, but *Bacon* fought like a fury.

Tim. A bloody Fellow;

Down. *Whim.* and *Whiff?* they deserve death for Acting without order

Tim. I'm of the Colonels opinion, they deserve to hang for't.

Dull. Why Brother, I thought you had wisht the Plot had been yours but now?

Tim. Ay, but the Case is alter'd since that, good Brother,

Well. Now he's Exasperated past all hopes of a Reconciliation.

Dull. You must make use of the Statesman's refuge, wise dissimulation.

Brag. For all this Sir, he will not believe but that you mean Honourably, and no persuasions could hinder him from Coming, so he has dismiss all his Soldiers, and is Entring the Town on foot,

Well. What pitty 'tis a brave Man should be Guilty of an ill Action.

Brag. But the noise of his danger has so won the hearts of the Mobile, that they encrease his Train as he goes, & follow him in the Town like a Victor.

Well Go wait his coming [*Ex. Brag.*]

he grows too popular, and must be humbled,

Tim. I was ever of your mind Colonel.

Well. Ay right or Wrong—but what's your Counsell now?

Tim. E'en as it us'd to be, I leave it to wiser heads. [*Enter Brag.*]

Brag. *Bacon* Sir is Entring.

Tim. Gad zoors wou'd I were safe in Bed,

Dull. Colonel keep in your heat and treat Calmly with him,

Well. I rather wish you wou'd all follow me, I'd meet him at the head of all his noisy Rabble, and seize him from the rout.

Down. What Men of Authority dispute with Rake-Hells? 'tis below us Sir.

Tim. To Stake our Lives and Fortunes against their nothing.

*Enter Bacon, after him the Rabble with Staves and Clubs
bringing in Whim. & Whiff. bound.*

Well. What means this Insolence—What Mr. *Bacon* do you come in Arms?

Bac. I'de need Sir come in Arms, when men that should be Honourable can have so poor designs to take my life.

Well, Thrust out his following Rabble.

First Rqb. We'le not Stirr till we have the General safe back again.

Bac. Let not your Loves be too Officious—but retire—

1st. Rqb. At your Command we vanish— [*the Rabble retire.*]

Bac. I hope you'l pardon me, if in my own defence I seiz'd on these two Murderers.

Down. You did well Sir, 'twas by no Order they Acted,—stand forth and here your Sentence—in time of war we need no Formall Tryalls to hang Knaves that Act without order.

Whiff. Oh Mercy Mercy Collonell—'twas Parson *Dunce's* Plot.

Down. Issue out a warrant to Seize *Dunce* Immediately—you shall be carry'd—to the Fort to Pray—

Whim. Oh Good your Honour I never Pray'd in all my Life,

Down. From thence Drawn upon a Sledg to the Place of Execution, —where you shall hang till you are dead—and then be cut down and—

Whim. Oh hold—hold—we shall never be able to endure half this:

Well. I think th'offence needs not so great Punishment, their Crime Sir is but equal to your own, acting without Commission. [*kneeling*]

Bac. 'Tis very well Explain'd Sir,—had I been Murder'd by Commission then, the Deed had been approv'd, and now perhaps, I am beholding to the Rable for my Life:—

Well. A fine pretence to hide a Popular fault, but for this once we Pardon them and you,

Bac. Pardon, for what? by Heaven I Scorn your Pardon, I've not offended Honour nor Religion:

Well. You have offended both in taking Arms,

Bac. Shou'd I stand by and see my Country ruin'd, my King dishonour'd, and his Subjects Murder'd hear the sad Crys of widdows and of Orphans, You heard it Lowd, but gave no pitying care to't. And till the war and Massacre was brought to my own door, my Flocks, and Heards surpriz'd, I bore it all with Patience, Is it unlawfull to defend my self against a Thief that breaks into my doors?

Well. And call you this defending of your self?

Bac. I call it doing of my self that right, which upon Just demand the Council did refuse me, If my Ambition as you're pleas'd to call it, made me demand too Much, I left my self to you:

Well. Perhaps we thought it did,

Bac. Sir you affront my Birth,—I am a Gentleman, And yet my thoughts were humble—I wou'd have fought under the meanest of your Parasites—

Tim. There's a Bob for us Brother; [*to Dull*]

Bac. But still you put me off with promises—And when compell'd to stir in my defence I call'd none to my aid, and those that came, 'twas their own wrongs that urg'd 'em:

Down. 'Tis fear'd Sir, under this pretence you aim at Government:

Bac. I scorn to answer to so base an accusation, the height of my Ambition is, to be an honest Subject.

Well. An honest Rebell, Sir—

Bac. You know you wrong me, and 'tis basely urg'd—but this is trifling—here are my Commissions.

[*Throws down Papers.* Down. reads.

Down. —To be General of the Forces against the *Indians*, and Blank Commissions for his Friends.

Well. Tear them in peices—are we to be imposed upon? De ye come in Hostile manner to compel us?

Down. Be not to rough Sir, let us argue with him—

Well. I am resolved I will not.

Tim. Then we are all Dead Men, Gudzoors! he will not give us time to say our Prayers.

Well. We every day expect fresh Force from *England*, till then, we of our selves shall be sufficient to make Defence, against a sturdy Traytor.

Bac. Traytor, 'Sdeath Traytor—I defie ye, but that my Honour's yet above my Anger; I'd make you answer me that Traytor dearly.

[*Rises.*

Well. Hah—am I threatned—Guards secure the Rebel.

[*Guards seize him.*

Bac. Is this your Honourable Invitation? Go—Triumph in your short Liv'd Victory, the next turn shall be mine. [*Exeunt Guards with Bac.*

A noise of Fighting—Enter Bacon, Wellman, his Guards Beat back by the Rabble, Bacon snatches a Sword from one, and keeps back the Rabble, Tim. gets under the Table.

Down. What means this Insolence!

Rab. We'l have our General, and knock that fellows brains out, and hang up Collonel *Wellman*.

All. Ay ay, Hang up *Wellman*.

The Rabble seize Wellman, and Dullman, and the rest.

Dull. Hold, hold Gentleman, I was always for the General.

Rab. Let's Barbicu this Fat Rogue.

Bac. Begone, and know your distance to the Council. [*The Rabble let 'em go.*

Well. I'd rather perish by the meanest hand, than owe my safety poorly thus to *Bacon* [*In Rage.*

Bac. If you persist still in that mind I'le leave you, and Conquering, make you happy 'gainst your will. [*Ex. Bacon and Rabble, Hollowing a Bacon, a Bacon.*

Well. Oh Villanous Cowards, who will trust his Honour with Sycophants so base? Let us to Arms—by Heaven I will not give my Body rest, till I've Chastiz'd the boldness of this Rebel. [*Exeunt Well.*

Down. and the rest all but Dullman, Tim. Peeps from under the Table.

Tim. What is the Roystering Hector gone Brother?

Dull. Ay, ay, and the Devil go with him. [*Looking sadly, Tim. comes out.*

Tim. Was there ever such a Bull of *Bashan*? Why what if he should come down upon us and kill us all for Traytors?

Dull. I rather think the Council will Hang us all for Cowards—ah—oh—a Drum—a Drum—oh— [*He goes out.*

Tim. This is the misery of being Great,
We're Sacrific'd to every turn of State.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Country Court, a great Table, with Papers, a Clerk writing.

Enter a great many people of all sorts, then Friendly, after him Dullman.

Friend. **H**OW now Major; what, they say *Bacon* scar'd you all out of the Council yesterday: What say the People?

Dull. Say? they Curse us all, and Drink young *Frightall's* Health, and swear they'll fight thro Fire and Brimstone for him.

Friend. And to morrow will hallow him to the Gallows, if it were his chance to come there.

Dull. 'Tis very likely: Why I am forc'd to be guarded to the Court now, the Rabble swore they would *De Wit* me, but I shall hamper some of 'em. Wou'd the Governour were here to bear the brunt on't, for they call us the Evil Counsellors.

Enter Hazard, goes to Friendly.
Here's the young Rogue that drew upon us too, we have Rods in piss for him ifaith.

Enter Timerous with Bayliffs, whispers to Dullman, after Tim. Gadzoors that's he, do your Office. *which to the Bailiffs.*

Bayl. We arrest you Sir, in the Kings name, at the suit of the Honourable Justice *Timerous.*

Haz. Justice *Timerous*, who the Devil's he?

Tim. I am the man Sir, de see, for want of a better; you shall repent Gude zoors your putting of tricks upon persons of my Rank and Quality.

After he has spoke he runs back as afraid of him.

Haz. Your Rank and Quality!

Tim. Ay Sir, my Rank and Quality; first I am one of the Honourable Council, next a Justice of Peace in *Quorum*, Cornet of a Troop of Horse de see, and Church-warden.

Frie. From whence proceeds this Mr. Justice, you said nothing of this at Madam *Ranters* Yesterday; you saw him there, then you were good Friends?

Tim. Ay, however I have carried my Body swimmingly before my Mistress, de see, I had rancour in my Heart, Gads zoors.

Friend. VVhy, this Gentleman's a stranger, and but lately come a shore.

Haz. At my first Landing I was in company with this Fellow and

two or three of his cruel Brethren, where I was affronted by them, some words past and I drew—

Tim. Ay ay Sir, you shall pay for't,—why—what Sir, cannot a Civil Magistrate affront a Man, but he must be drawn upon presently?

Friend. Well Sir, the Gentleman shall answer your Sute, and I hope you'l take my Bail for him.

Tim. 'Tis enough—I know you to be a Civil Person.

Timerous and Dullman take their Places, on a long Bench placed behind the Table, to them Whimsey and Whiff, they seat themselves, then Boozer and two or three more; who seat themselves: Then enter two bearing a Bowl of Punch, and a great Ladle or two in it; the rest of the Stage being filled with People.

Whiff. Brothers it has been often mov'd at the Bench, that a new Punch Bowl shou'd be provided, and one of a larger Circumference, when the Bench sits late about weighty affairs, oftentimes the Bowl is emptied before we end.

Whim. A good Motion, Clark set it down.

Clark. Mr. Justice *Boozer* the Council has ordered you a writ of Ease, and dismiss your Worship from the Bench.

Boo. Me from the Bench, for what?

Whim. The Complaint is Brother *Boozer*, for Drinking too much Punch in the time of hearing Tryals.

Whiff. And that you can neither write nor read, nor say the Lords Prayer.

Tim. That your Warrants are like a Brewers Tally a Notch on a Stick; if a special Warrant, then a Couple. Gods Zoors, when his Excellency comes he will have no such Justices.

Booz. Why Brother, tho I can't read my self; I have had *Doltons* Country-Justice read over to me two or three times, and understand the Law; this is your Malice Brother *Whiff*, because my Wife does not come to your Ware-House to buy her Commodities,—but no matter, to show I have no Malice in my heart, I drink your Health—I care not this, I can turn Lawyer and plead at the Board. [*Drinks, all Pledge him and hum.*]

Dull. Mr. Clark, come, to the Tryals on the Docket. [*Clark reads.*]

Clar. The first is between his Worship Justice *Whiff*, and one *Grubb*.

Dull. Ay, that *Grubb's* a Common Disturber, Brother your Cause, is a good Cause if well manag'd, here's to't. [*Drinks.*]

Whiff. I thank you Brother *Dullman*,—read my Petition. [*Drinks.*]

Clar. The Petition of Captain *Thomas Whiff* Sheweth, whereas *Gilbert. Grubb*, calls his Worships Wife *Ann Grubb* Whore, and said he would prove it; your Petitioner desires the Worshipful Bench to take it into Consideration, and your Petitioner shall pray, &c.—Here's two witnessses have made Affidavit *Vive voce*, an't like your Worships.

Dull. Call *Grubb*.

Clar. *Gilbert Grubb*, come into the Court.

Grub. Here.

Whim. Well, what can you say for your self Mr. *Grub*.

Grub. Why an't like your Worship, my wife invited some Neighbours wives to drink a Cagg of Syder, now your worships wife Madam *Whiff* being there fuddl'd, would have thrust me out of doors, and bid me go to my old Whore Madam *Whimsey*, meaning your Worships wife. [*To*

Whimsey.

Whim. Hah! My wife called Whore, she's a Jade, & I'le arrest her Husband here—in an Action of debts.

Tim. Gads zoures she's no better than she should be I'le warrant her,

Whiff. Look ye Brother *Whimsey*, be patient, you know the Humour of my *Nancy* when she's drunk, but when she's sober, she's a civil Person, and shall ask your pardon.

Whim. Let this be done and I am satisfied. And so here's to you [*drinks.*

Dull: Go on to the Tryal.

Grub. I being very angry said indeed, I would prove her a greater Whore than Madam *Whimsey*.

Clar. An't like your Worships, he confesses the words in open Court.

Grub. Why, an't like your Worships, she has had two Bastards I'le prove it.

Whiff. Sirrah, Sirrah, that was when she was a Maid, not since I married her, my marrying her made her Honest.

Dull. Let there be an order of Court to Sue him, for *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Tim. Mr. *Clark*, let my Cause come next.

Clark. The Defendant's ready Sir. [*Hazard comes to the Board.*

Tim. Brothers of the Bench take notice, that this Hector here coming into Mrs. *Flirt's* Ordinary where I was, with my Brother *Dullman* and Lieutenant *Boozer*; we gave him good Council to fall to Work, now my Gentleman here was affronted at this Forsooth, and makes no more to do but calls us Scoundrels, and drew his Sword on us, and had not I defended my self by running away, he had Murdered me, and Assassinated my two Brothers.

Whiff. What witness have you Brother?

Tim. Here's Mrs. *Flirt* and her Maid *Nell*,—besides we may be witness for one another I hope; our words may taken.

Clark. Mrs. *Flirt* and *Nell* are Sworn.

[*They stand forth.*

Whim. By the Oaths that you have taken, speak nothing but the Truth.

Flirt. An't please your Worships, your Honours came to my House, where you found this Young Gentleman; and your Honours invited him to Drink with your Honours: Where after some opprobrious words given

him, Justice *Dullman*, and Justice *Boozer* struck him over the head; and after that indeed the Gentleman drew.

Tim. Mark that Brother he drew.

Haz. If I did, it was *se defendendo*.

Tim. Do you hear that Brothers, he did in defiance.

Haz. Sir, you ought not to sit Judge and Accuser too.

Whiff. The Gentlemans i'th' right Brother, you cannot do it according to Law.

Tim. Gads Zoors, what new tricks, new querks?

Haz. Gentlemen take notice, he swears in Court.

Tim. Gads Zoors what's that to you Sir.

Haz. This is the second time of his swearing.

Whim. What do you think we are Deaf Sir? Come, come proceed.

Tim. I desire he may be bound to his Good behaviour, Fin'd and deliver up his Sword, what say you Brother? [Fogs Dull. *wko nods.*]

Whim. He's asleep, drink to him and waken him,—you have have mist the Cause by sleeping Brother. [Drinks.]

Dull. Justice may nod, but never sleeps Brother—you were at— Deliver his Sword—a good Motion, let it be done. [Drinks.]

Haz. No Gentlemen, I wear a Sword to right my self.

Tim. That's fine i'faith, Gads Zoors, I have worn a Sword this Duzen year and never cou'd right my self.

Whiff. Ay, 'twou'd be a fine World if Men shou'd wear Swords to right themselves, he that's bound to the Peace shall wear no Sword.

Whim. I say he that's bound to the Peace ought to wear no Peruke, they may change 'em for black or white, and then who can know them.

Haz. I hope Gentlemen I may be allowed to speak for my self.

Whiff. Ay, what can you say for your self, did you not draw your Sword Sirrah?

Haz. I did.

Tim. 'Tis sufficient he confesses the Fact, and we'l hear no more.

Haz. You will not hear the Provocation given.

Dull. 'Tis enough Sir, you drew—

Whim. Ay, Ay, 'tis enough he drew—let him be Fin'd.

Friend. The Gentleman shou'd be heard, he's a Kinsman too, to Colonel *John Surelove*.

Tim. Hum—Collonel *Sureloves* Kinsman.

Whiff. Is he so, nay, then all the reason in the VWorld he should be heard, Brothers.

Whim. Come, come Cornet, you shall be Friends with the Gentleman, this was some Drunken bout I'le warrant you.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha—so it was Gads Zoors.

Whiff. Come drink to the Gentleman, and put it up.

Tim. Sir, my Service to you, I am heartily sorry for what's past, but it was in my Drink. [*Drinks.*]

Whim. You hear his acknowledgements Sir, and when he is sober he never quarrels, come Sir sit down, my Service to you.

Haz. I beg your Excuse Gentlemen—I have earnest business.

Dull. Let us adjourn the Court, and prepare to meet the Regiments on the *Sevana*. [*All go but Friend. and Hazard.*]

Haz. Is this the best Court of Judicature your Country affords?

Friend. To give it its due it is not. But how does thy Armour thrive?

Haz. As well as I can wish, in so short a time.

Friend. I see she regards thee with kind Eyes, Sighs and Blushes.

Haz. Yes, and tells me I am so like a Brother she had—to Excuse her kind concern,—then blush so prettily, that Gad I cou'd not forbear making a discovery of my Heart.

Friend. Have a care of that, come upon her by slow degrees, for I know she's Vertuous;—but come let's to the *Sevana*, where I'll present you to the two Collonels, *Wellman* and *Downright*, the Men that manage all till the arrival of the Governour.

SCENE II. *The Sevana or Heath: Enter Wellman, Downright, Boozer, and Officers.*

Well. Have you dispatch the Scouts, to watch the Motions of the Enemies? I know that *Bacon's* Violent and Haughty, and will resent our vain attempts upon him; therefore we must be speedy in prevention.

Dow. What forces have you raised since our last order.

Booz. Here's a list of em, they came but slowly in, till we promised every one a Bottle of Brandy. [*Enter Officer and Dunc.*]

Offi. We have brought Mr. *Dunce* here, as your Honour commanded us after strict search we found him this morning in Bed with Madam *Flirt*.

Dow. No matter he'l exclaim no less against the vices of the Flesh, the next Sunday.

Dunc. I hope Sir, you will not credit the Malice of my Enemies.

Well. No more, you are free, and what you councill'd about the Ambush was both prudent and seasonable, and perhaps I now wish it had taken effect. [*Enter Friend. and Haz.*]

Friend. I have brought an English Gentleman to kiss your hands, Sir, and offer you his service, he is young and brave, and Kinsman to Col. *Surelove*.

Well. Sir, you are welcom and to let you see you are so, we will give you your Kinsmans command, Captain of a Troop of Horse-Guards, and which I am sure will be continued to you when the Governour arrives.

Haz. I shall endeavour to deserve the Honour, Sir.

Enter Dull. Tim. Whim. and Whiff, all in Buff, Scarf and Feathers.

Down. So Gentlemen, I see you're in a readiness.

Tim. Readiness! What means he, I hope we are not to be drawn out to go against the Enemy, Major?

Dull. If we are, they shall look a new Major for me.

Well. We were debating, Gentlemen, what course were best to pursue against this Powerful Rebel.

Frion. Why, Sir, we have Forces enough, let's charge him instantly, delays are dangerous.

Tim. Why, what a damn'd fiery Fellow's this?

Down. But if we drive him to Extremities, we fear his siding with the *Indians*.

Dull. Collonel *Downright* has hit it; why should we endanger our Men against a desperate Termagant? If he love Wounds and Scars so well, let him exercise on our Enemies——but if he will needs fall upon us, 'tis then time for us enough to venture our lives and fortunes.

Tim. How, we go to *Bacon*, under favour I think 'tis his Duty to come to us, an you go to that Gads Zoores.

Frie. If he do, 'twill cost you dear, I doubt Cornet.—I find by our List, Sir, we are four thousand men.

Tim. Gads Zoores, not enough for a Breakfast for that insatiate *Bacon*, and his two Lientenant Generals *Fearless* and *Daring*. [Whiff sits on the

Whim. A Morsel, a Morsel. *ground with a Bottle of Brandy.*

Well. I am for an attack, what say you Gentlemen to an attack?—What, silent all?—What say you Major?

Dull. I say, Sir, I hope my courage was never in dispute. But, Sir, I am going to Marry Collonel *Downright's* Daughter here—and should I be slain in this Battel 'twou'd break her heart;——besides, Sir, I should lose her Fortune. [Speaks big.

Well. I'm sure here's a Captain will never Flinch. [To Whim.

Whim. Who I, an't like your Honour?

Well. Ay, you.

Whim. Who I? ha, ha, ha, ha, Why did your Honour think that I would fight?

Well. Fight, yes? Why else do you take Commissions?

Whim. Commissions! O Lord, O Lord, take Commissions to fight? ha ha ha; that's a jest, if all that take Commissions should fight——

Well. Why do you bear Arms then?

Whim. Why for the Pay; to be called Captain, noble Captain, to show, to cock and look big and bluff as I do; to be bow'd to thus as we pass, to domineer, and beat our Souldiers: Fight quoth a, ha ha ha.

Friend. But what makes you look so simply Cornet?

Tim. VVhy a thing that I have quite forgot, all my accounts for *Eng-land* are to be made up, and I'm undone if they be neglected——else I

wou'd not flinch for the stoutest he that wears a Sword— [Look big.

Down. VVhat say you Captain *Whiff*? [VVhiff almost drunk.

Whiff. I am trying Collonel what Mettle I'm made on; I think I am Valiant, I suppose I have Courage, but I confess 'tis a little of the *D*—breed, but a little inspiration from the bottle, and the leave of my *Nancy*, may do wonders.

Enter Seaman in hast.

Seam. An't please your Honours, *Frightall*'s Officers have seiz'd all the Ships in the River, and rid now round the Shore, and had by this time secur'd the Sandy Beach, and Landed men to Fire the Town, but that they are high in Drink aboard the Ship call'd the Good Subject; the Master of her sent me to let your Honours know, that a few men sent to his assistance will surprize them, and retake the Ships.

Well. Now, Gentlemen, here's a brave occasion for Emulation—why writ not the Master?

Dull. Ay, had he writ, I had soon been amongst them i'faith; but this is some Plot to betray us.

Sea. Keep me here, and kill me if it be not true.

Down. He says well—there's a *Brigantine* and a *Shallop* ready, I'le Embark immediately.

Friend. No Sir, your presence is here more necessary, let me have the Honour of this Expedition.

Haz. I'le go your Volentier *Charles*.

Well. VVho else offers to go.

Whim. A meer trick to Kidnap us, by *Bacon*,—if the Captain had writ—

Tim. Av, ay, if he had writ—

Well. I see you're all base Cowards, and here Cashier ye from all Commands and Offices.

Whim. Look ye Collonel, you may do what you please, but you lose one of the best drest Officers in your whole Camp, Sir—

Tim. and in me, such a Head Piece.

Whiff. I'le say nothing, but let the State want me.

Dull. For my part I am weary of weighty Affairs. [In this while

VWellman, Down. Friend. and Haz. talk.

Well. Command what Men you please, but Expedition makes you half a Conquerour. [Exit Friend. and Haz.

Enter another Seaman with a Letter, gives it to Downright, he and

Wellman Read it.

Down. Look ye now Gentlemen the Master has writ.

Dull. Has he—he might have writ sooner, while I was in Command, —if he had—

Whim. Ay Major—if he had—but let them miss us—

Well. Collonel hast with your Men and Reinforce the Beach, while I

follow with the Horse;—Mr. *Dunce* pray let that Proclamation be Read concerning *Bacon*, to the Souldiers.

Dun. It shall be done Sir, [Exit Down: and Well. The Scene opens
Gentlemen how simply you look now. and discovers a Body of Souldiers.

Tim. —VWhy Mr. Parson I have a scruple of Conscience upon me, I am considering whether it be Lawful to Kill, tho it be in VVar; I have a great aversion to't, and hope it proceeds from Religion.

Whiff. I remember the Fit took you just so, when the *Dutch* Besieged us, for you cou'd not then be perswaded to strike a stroke.

Tim. Ay, that was because they were Protestants as we are, but Gads Zoors had they been *Dutch* Papists I had maul'd them? but Conscience—

Whim. I have been a Justice of Peace this six years and never had a conscience in my Life.

Tim. Nor I neither, but in this damn'd thing of Fighting.

Dun. Gentlemen I am Commanded to read the Declaration of the Honourable Council to you. [To the Souldiers.

All. Hum hum hum—

Booz. Silence—silence— [Dunce reads.

Dun. By an order of Council Dated *May* the 10th 1670: To all Gentlemen Souldiers, Marchants, Planters, and whom else it may concern. VWhereas *Bacon*, contrary to Law and Equity, has to satisfie his own Ambition taken up Arms, with a pretence to fight the *Indians*, but indeed to molest and enslave the whole Colony, and to take away their Liberties and Properties; this is to declare, that whoever shall bring this Traytor Dead or alive to the Council shall have three hundred Pounds reward.

And so God save the King.

All. A Council, a Council! Hah— [Hollow. Enter a Souldier hastily.

Sould. Stand to your Arms Gentlemen, stand to your Arms, *Bacon* is Marching this way.

Dun. Hah—what numbers has he?

Soul. About a hundred Horse, in his March he has surpriz'd Collonel *Downright*, and taken him Prisoner.

All. Let's fall on *Bacon*—let's fall on *Bacon* hay— [Hollow.

Booz. VVe'll hear him speak first—and see what he can say for himself.

All. Ay, ay, we'l hear *Bacon* speak— [Dunce pleads with them.

Tim. VVell Major I have found a Stratagem shall make us four the Greatest Men in the Colony, we'll surrender our selves to *Bacon*, and say we Disbanded on purpose.

Dull. Good—

Whiff. VWhy, I had no other design in the VVorld in refusing to Fight.

Whim. Nor I, d'e think I wou'd have excus'd it with the fear of disordering my Cravat String else—

Dun. Why Gentlemen, he designs to Fire *James Town*; Murder you all, and then lye with your Wives, and will you slip this opportunity of seizing him?

Boo. Here's a Tarmagant Rogue Neighbours—we'll Hang the Dog. All, Ay, Ay, hang *Bacon*, hang *Bacon*.

Enter Bacon, and Fearless, some Souldiers leading in Downright bound; Bacon stands and stares a while on the Regiments, who are silent all.

Bac. Well Gentlemen—in order to your fine Declaration you see I come to render my self—

Dun. How came he to know of our Declaration?

Whim. Rogues, Rogues among our selves—that inform.

Bac. What are ye silent all,—not a Man lift his Hand in Obedience to the Council to Murder this Traytor, that has exposed his Life so often for you? Hah what not for three hundred Pound,—you see I've left my Troops behind, and come all wearied with the Toyles of War, worn out by Summers heats and Winters colds, March'd tedious Days and Nights thro Bogs and Fens as dangerous as your Clamors, and as Faithless,—what tho 'twas to preserve you all in safety, no matter, you shou'd obey the Grateful Council, and Kill this honest Man that has defended you?

All. Hum, hum hum.

Whiff. The General speaks like a Gorgon.

Tim. Like a Cherubin, Man.

Bac. All silent yet—where's that mighty Courage that cryed so loud but now? A Council a Council, where is your Resolution, cannot three hundred Pound Excite your Valour, to seize that Traytor *Bacon* who has bled for you?—

All. A *Bacon*, a *Bacon*, a *Bacon*.—

[*Hollow.*

Dow. Oh Villanous Cowards—Oh the Faithless Multitude!

Bac. What say you Parson—you have a forward Zeal?

Dun. I wish my Coat Sir did not hinder me, from acting as becomes my Zeal and Duty.

Whim. A Plaguy Rugid Dog—that Parson—

Bac. *Fearless* seize me that canting Knave from out the Herd, and next those Honourable Officers. [*Points to Dull. Whim. Whiff. and Tim.*

Fearless seizes them, and gives them to the Souldiers, and takes the Proclamation from *Dunce* and shews *Bacon*, they read it.

Dull. Seize us, Sir, you shall not need, we laid down our Commissions on purpose to come over to your Honour.

Whiff. We ever lov'd and honour'd your Honour.

Tim. So intirely, Sir—that I wish I were safe in *James Town* for your sake, and your Honour were hang'd. [*Aside.*

Bac. This fine Piece is of your Penning Parson—though it be

countenanc'd by the Councils Names—Oh in gratitude—Burn—Burn
the Treacherous Town—Fire it immediately—

Whim. We'll obey you, Sir—

Whiff. Ay, ay, we'll make a Bonfire on't, and Drink your Honours
Health round about it. [*They offer to go.*

Bac. Yet hold, my Revenge shall be more Merciful, I ordered that all
the Women of Rank shall be seiz'd and brought to my Camp. I'll make
their Husbands pay their Ransoms dearly; they'd rather have their Hearts
bleed than their Purses.

Fear. Dear General, let me have the seizing of Collonel *Downright's*
Daughter; I would fain be Plundering for a Trifle call'd a Maiden-head.

Bac. On pain of Death treat them with all respect; assure them of the
safety of their Honour. Now, all that will follow me, shall find a welcom,
and those that will not may depart in Peace.

All. Hay, a General, a General, a General.

[*Some Souldiers go off, some go to the side of Bacon.*

*Enter Dareing and Souldiers with Chrisante, Surelove, Mrs. Whim.
and Mrs. Whiff, and several other Women.*

Bac. Successful *Dareing* welcome, what Prizes have ye?

Dare. The Fairest in the VWorld Sir, I'm not for common Plunder.

Down. Hah, my Daughter and my Kinswoman!——

Bacon. 'Tis not with Women Sir, nor honest Men like you that I in-
tend to Combat; not their own Parents shall not be more indulgent, nor
better safeguard to their Honours Sir: But 'tis to save the Expence of
Blood, I seize on their most valu'd Prizes

Down. But Sir, I know your wild Lieutenant General has long lov'd
my *Chrisante*, and perhaps, will take this time to force her to consent.

Dare. I own I have a Passion for *Chrisante*, yet by my Generals Life—
or her fair self—what now I Act is on the score of War, I scorn to force
the Maid I do adore.

Bac. Believe me Ladies, you shall have Honourable Treatment here.

Chris. We do not doubt it Sir, either from you or *Dareing*, If he Love
me——that will secure my Honour, or if he do not, he's to brave to in-
jure me.

Dare. I thank you for your just opinion of me, Madam.

Chris. But Sir, 'tis for my Father I must plead; to see his Reverend
Hands in Serval Chains—and then perhaps if stubborn to your will, his
Head must fall a Victim to your Anger.

Down. No my good Pious Girl, I cannot fear Ignoble usage from
the General——And if thy Beauty can preserve thy Fame, I shall not
mourn in my Captivity.

Bac. I'le ne'r deceive your kind opinion of me——Ladies I hope
you're all of that opinion to.

Surel: If seizing us Sir can advance your Honour, or be of any use considerable to you, I shall be proud of such a slavery.

Mrs. Whim. I hope Sir we shan't be Ravish'd in your Camp.

Dare. Fie Mrs. *Whimsey*, do Souldiers use to Ravish?

Mrs. Whiff. Ravish—marry I fear 'em not, I'de have em know I scorn to be Ravish'd by any Man!

Fear. Ay a my Conscience Mrs *Whiff*, you are too good natur'd.

Dare. Madam, I hope you'l give me leave to name Love to you, and try by all submissive ways to win your heart?

Chris. Do your worst Sir, I give you leave, if you assail me only with your Tongue.

Dare. That's generous and brave, and I'le requite it.

Enter Souldier in haste.

Soul. The Truce being ended, Sir, the *Indians* grow so insolent as to attack us even in our Camp, and have kill'd several of our Men.

Bac. 'Tis time to check their boldness, *Dareing* haste draw up our Men in order, to give 'em Battel, I rather had expected their submission.

The Country now may see what they're to fear,
Since we that are in Arms are not secure.

[*Exeunt leading the Ladies.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Temple, with an Indian God placed upon it, Priests and Priestesses attending; Enter Indian King on one side attended by Indian Men, the Queen Enters on the other side with Women, all bow to the Idol, and divide on each side of the Stage, then the Musick Playing lowder, the Priest and Priestesses Dance about the Idol, with ridiculous Postures and crying (as for Incantations.) Thrice repeated, Agah Yerkin, Agah Boah, Sulen Tawarapah, Sulen Tawarapah.

After this soft Musick plays again, then they Sing something fine, after which the Priests lead the King to the Altar, and the Priestesses, the Queen, they take off little Crowns from their Heads, and offer them at the Alter.

King. Invoke the God, of our *Quiocto* to declare, what the Event shall be of this our last War against the *English* General. [Soft Musick ceases.]

The Musick changes to confused Tunes, to which the Priest and Priestess Dance Antickly Singing between; the same Incantation as before, and then Dance again, and so invoke again alternately: Which Dance ended a Voice behind the Alter cries, while soft Musick Play—

The *English* General shall be,
A Captive to his Enemy;
And you from all your Toyls be freed,
When by your hand the Foe shall bleed
And ere the Sun's swift course be run,
This mighty Conquest, shall be won.

King. I thank the Gods for taking care of us, prepare new Sacrifice against the Evening, when I return a Conqueror, I will my self perform the Office of a Priest.

Queen. Oh Sir, I fear you'l fall a Victim first.

King. What means *Semernia*, why are thy looks so Pale?

Queen. Alas the Oracles have double meanings, their sence is doubtful, and their words Inigma's, I fear Sir I cou'd make a truer interpretation—

King. How *Semernia*! by all thy Love I charge thee as you respect my Life, to let me know your thoughts.

Queen. Last Night I Dream'd a Lyon fell with Hunger, spight of your Guards slew you, and bore you hence.

King. This is thy Sexes fear, and no interpretation of the Oracle.

Queen. I cou'd convince you farther.

King. Hast thou a secret thou canst keep from me? Thy Soul a thought that I must be stranger too? This is not like the Justice of *Semernia*, come unriddle me the Oracle.

Queen. The *English* General shall be, a captive to his Enemy; he is so Sir already to my Beauty, he says he languishes for Love of me.

King. Hah—the General my Rival—but go on—

Queen. And you from all your War be freed: Oh let me not explain that fatal line, for fear it mean, you shall be freed by Death.

King. What, when by my hand the Foe shall bleed?—away——it cannot be—

Queen. No doubt my Lord, you'l bravely sell your Life, and deal some wounds where you'l receive so many.

King. 'Tis Love *Semernia* makes thee Dream, while waking I'le trust the Gods, and am resolved for Battel.

Enter an Indian.

Ind. Hast, Hast Great Sir to Arms, *Bacon* with all his Forces is prepar'd, and both the Armies ready to engage.

King. Hast to my General bid him charge em instantly, I'le bring up the supplys of stout *Teroomians*, those so well skill'd in the Envenom'd Arrow, [*Exit Indian*] —*Semernia*—words but poorly do express the

griefs of parting Lovers—'tis with dying Eyes, and a Heart trembling——thus— [*Puts her Hand on his Heart*] They take a heavy leave,—one parting Kiss, and one Love pressing sigh, and then farewell—but not a long farewell; I shall return Victorious to thy Arms,—commend me to the Gods and still remember me. [*Ex. King.*]

Queen. Alas! What pitty 'tis I saw the General, before my Fate had given me to the King—but now—like those that change their Gods, my faithless mind 'twixt two opinions wavers; while to the Gods my Monarch I commend; my wandring thoughts in pitty of the General makes that zeal cold, declin'd—ineffectual;—If for the General I, implore the Deities, methinks my Prayers shou'd not ascend the Skies since Honour tells me 'tis an impious zeal.

Which way so ever my Devotions move,
I am too wretched to be heard above.

[*Goes in, all Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Shows a Field of Tents, seen at some distance thro' the Trees of a Wood, Drums, Trumpets and the noise of Battel with hollowing. The Indians are seen with Battle-Axis to Retreat Fighting from the English and all go off, when they Re-enter immediately beating back the English, the Indian King at the head of his Men, with Bows and Arrows; Daring being at the head of the English: They Fight off; the noise continues less loud as more at distance.*

Enter Bacon with his Sword drawn, meets Fearless with his Sword drawn.

Fear. Hast, hast Sir to the Entrance of the Wood, *Dareings* Engaged past hope of a retreat, ventring too far, persuing of the Foe; the King in Ambush with his Poyson'd Archers, fell on and now we're dangerously distrest.

Bac. *Daring* is Brave, but, he's withal, too rash, come on and follow me to his Assistance— [*Go out.*]

A hollowing within, the Fight renews, Enter the Indians Beaten back by Bacon, Daring and Fearless, they Fight off, the noise of Fighting continues a while, this still behind the Wood.

Enter Indians Flying over the Stage, pursu'd by the King.

King. Turn, turn ye fugitive Slaves, and face the Enemy; Oh Villains, Cowards, Deaf to all Command, by Heaven I had my Rival in my view and Aim'd at nothing but my Conquering him—now like a Coward I must fly with Cowards, or like a desperate Mad-Man fall, thus singly midst the numbers. [*Follow the Indians.*]

Enter Bacon inrag'd with his Sword drawn, Fearless, and Daring following him.

Bac. —Where is the King, Oh ye perfidious Slaves, how have you hid

from my just Revenge—search all the Brakes, the Fuzes and the Trees; and let him not escape on Pain of Death.

Dare. We cannot do wonders Sir.

Bac. But you can run away—

Dare. Yes, when we see occasion—yet—shou'd any but my General tell me so—by Heaven he shou'd find I were no starter.

Bac. Forgive me, I'm Mad—the Kings escap'd, hid like a trembling slave in some close Ditch, where he will sooner starve than Fight it out.

Re-enter Indians running over the Stage, pursued by the King who shoots them as they Fly, some few follow him.

King. All's lost—the day is lost—and I'm betray'd—Oh Slaves, that even Wounds can't Animate. [*In Rage.*]

Bac. The King!

King. The General here, by all the Powers betray'd by my own Men.

Bac. Abandon'd as thou art I scorn to take thee basely, you shall have Souldiers chance Sir for your Life, since chance so luckily has brought us hither; without more aids we will dispute the day: this spot of Earth bears both our Armies Fates, I'le give you back the Victory I have won, and thus begin a new, on equal terms.

King. That's Nobly said—the Powers have heard my wish! You Sir first taught me how to use a Sword, which heretofore has serv'd me with success, but now—'tis for *Semernia* that it draws, a prize more valu'd than my Kingdom, Sir———

Bac. Hah *Semernia!*

King. Your Blushes do betray your Passion for her.

Dar. 'Sdeath have we Fought for this, to expose the Victor to the Conquer'd Foe?

Fea. What Fight a single Man—our Prize already.

King. Not so young Man while I command a Dart.

Bac. Fight him, by Heaven no reason shall dissuade me, and he that interrupts me is a Coward, whatever be my Fate, I do command ye to let the King pass freely to his Tents.

Dar. The Devils in the General.

Fea. 'Sdeath his Romantick humour will undo us. [*They Fight and pause.*]

King. You Fight as if you meant to outdo me this way, as you have done in Generosity.

Bac. You're not behind hand with me Sir in courtesie, come here's to set us even— [*Fight again.*]

King. You bleed apace.

Bac. You've only Breath'd a Vein, and given me new Health and Vigour by it. [*They Fight again, Wounds on both sides, the King staggers, Bacon takes him in his Arms, the King drops his Sword.*]

How do you Sir ?

King. Like one—that's hovering between Heaven and Earth, I'm—mounting—somewhere—upwards—but giddy with my flight,—I know not where.

Bac. Command my Surgions,—instantly—make haste Honour returns and Love all Bleeding's fled. [*Ex.* Fearless.

King. Oh *Semernia*, how much more truth had thy Divinity than the Predictions of the flattering Oracles. Commend me to her—I know you'l—visit—your Fair Captive Sir, and tell her—oh—but Death prevents the rest. [*Dies.*

Enter Fearless.

Bac. He's gone—and now like *Cesar* I cou'd weep over the Hero I my self destroy'd.

Fea. I'm glad for your repose I see him there—'twas a Mad hot Brain'd Youth and so he dy'd.

Bac. Come bear him on your Shoulders to my Tent, from whence with all the solemn state we can, we will convey him to his own Pavillion.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Some of our Troops pursuing of the Enemy even to their Temples, which they made their Sanctuary, finding the *Queen* at her Devotion there with all her *Indian Ladies*, I'd much ado to stop their violent rage from setting fire to the Holy Pile.

Bac. Hang em immediately that durst attempt it, while I my self will flye to rescue her. [*Goes out, they bear off the Kings Body, Ex. all.*

Enter Whimsey pulling in Whiff, with a Halter about his Neck.

Whim. Nay I'm resolv'd to keep thee here till his Honour the General comes,—what to call him Traytor, and run away after he had so generously given us our freedom, and Listed us Cadees for the next command that fell in his Army;—I'm resolv'd to Hang thee—

Whiff. Wilt thou betray and Peach thy Friend: Thy Friend that kept thee Company all the while thou wert a Prisoner—Drinking at my own charge.—

Whim. No matter for that, I scorn Ingratitude and therefore will Hang thee—but as for thy drinking with me—I scorn to be behind hand with thee in Civility and therefore here's to thee.

[*Takes a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket, Drinks.*

Whiff. I can't drink.

Whim. A certain sign thou wo't be Hang'd.

Whiff. You us'd to be a my side when a Justice, let the cause be how it wou'd. [*Weeps.*

Whim. Ay—when I was a Justice I never minded Honesty, but now I'le be true to my General, and Hang thee to be a great man.—

Whiff. If I might but have a fair Tryal for my Life—

Whim. A fair Tryal—come I’le be thy Judge—and if thou can’st clear thy self by Law I’le acquit thee, Sirrah, Sirrah, what can’st thou say for thy self for calling his Honour Rebel? [*Sits on a Drum-Head.*]

Whiff. ’Twas when I was Drunk an’t like your Honour.

Whim. That’s no Plea, for if you kill a Man when you are Sober you must be Hang’d when you are Drunk, hast thou any thing else to say for thy self, why Sentence may not pass upon thee?

Whiff. I desire the Benefit of the Clergy.

Whim. The Clergy, I never knew any body that ever did benefit by em, why thou canst not read a word?

Whiff. Transportation then—

Whim. It shall be to *England* then—but hold—who’s this?

[*Dull* creeping from a *Bush.*]

Dull. So the dangers over, I may venture out,—Pox on’t I would not be in this fear again, to be Lord Chief Justice of our Court. Why how now Cornet—what in dreadful Equipage? Your Battle Ax Bloody, with Bow and Arrows? { *Enter Timorous with Battle Ax, Bow and Arrows, and Feathers on his Head.*

Tim. I’m in the posture of the times Major—I cou’d not be Idle where so much Action was, I’m going to present my self to the General with these Trophies of my Victory here—

Dull. Victory—what Victory—did not see thee creeping out of yonder Bush, where thou weret hid all the Fight—stumble on a Dead *Indian*, and take away his Arms?

Tim. Why, didst thou see me?

Dull. See thee Ay—and what a fright thou wert in, till thou wert sure he was Dead.

Tim. Well, well, that’s all one—Gads zoors if every Man that pass for Valiant in a Battel, were to give an account how he gain’d his Reputation, the World wou’d be but thinly stock’d with Heroes, I’le say he was a great War Captain, and that I kill’d him hand to hand, and who can disprove me?

Dull. Disprove thee—why that Pale face of thine, that has so much of the Coward in’t.

Tim. Shaw that’s with loss of Blood—Hah I am overheard I doubt—who’s yonder— [*Sees Whim. and Whiff.*] how Brother *Whiff* in a Hempen Cravat-String?

Whim. He call’d the General Traytor and was running away, and I’m resolved to Peach.

Dull. Hum—and one witness will stand good in Law, in case of Treason—

Tim. Gads zoors in case of Treason he’l be Hang’d if it be proved

against him, were there ne're a witness at all, but he must try'd by a Council of War Man—come, come let's disarm him—

[*They take away his Arms, and pull a Bottle of Brandy out of his Pocket.*

Whiff. What, I hope you will not take away my Brandy Gentlemen, my last comfort.

Tim. Gads zoors it's come in good time—we'l Drink it off, here Major—

[*Drinks, Whiff takes him aside.*

Whiff. Hark ye Cornet—you are my good Friend, get this matter made up before it come to the General.

Tim. But this is Treason Neighbour.

Whiff. If I Hang—I'le declare upon the Ladder, how you kill'd your War Captain

Tim. Come Brother *Whimsey*—we have been all Friends and loving Magistrates together, let's Drink about, and think no more of this business.

Dull. Ay, ay, if every sober man in the Nation, should be call'd to account of the Treason he speaks in's Drink the Lord have mercy upon us all—put it up—and let us like loving Brothers take an honest resolution to run away together; for this same *Frightal* minds nothing but Fighting.

Whim. I'm content, provided we go all to the Council and tell them (to make our Peace) we went in obedience to the Proclamation to kill *Bacon*, but the Traytor was so strongly guarded we could not effect it, but Mum—who's here—

[*To them, Enter Ranter and Jenny, as Man and Footman.*

Rant. Hah, our four Reverend Justices—I hope the Blockheads will not know me—Gentlemen, can you direct me to Lieutenant General *Dareings* Tents.

Whiff. Hum, who the Devil's this—that's he that you see coming this way, 'Sdeath yonders *Dareing*—Let's slip away before he advances.

[*Exeunt all but Ranter and Jenny.*

Jen. I am scar'd with those dead Bodies we have past over, for God's sake Madam, let me know your design in coming.

Rant. Why? now I'le tell thee—my damn'd mad Fellow *Dareing* who has my heart and soul—Loves *Chrisante*, has stolen her, and carried her away to his Tents, she hates him, while I am dying for him.

Jen. Dying Madam! I never saw you melancholy.

Rant. Pox on't no, why should I sigh and whine, and make my self an Ass, and him conceited, no, instead of snevelling I'm resolv'd—

Jen. What Madam?

Rant. Gad to beat the Rascal, and bring of *Crisante*.

Jen. Beat him Madam? What a woman beat a Lieutenant General.

Rant. Hang 'em, they get a name in War, from command, not courage; how know I but I may fight, Gad I have known a Fellow kickt from

one end of the Town to t'other, believing himself a Coward, at last forc'd to fight, found he could, got a Reputation and bullyed all he met with, and got a name, and a great Commission.

Fen. But if he should kill you Madam?

Rant. I'll take care to make it as Comical a Duel as the best of 'em, as much in Love as I am, I do not intend to dy it's Martyr.

Enter Dareing and Fearless.

Fear. Have you seen *Crisante* since the fight?

Dar. Yes, but she is still the same, as nice and coy as Fortune, when she's courted by the wretched, yet she denys me, so obligingly she keeps my Love still in its humble Calm.

Rant. Can you direct me Sir, to one *Dareings* Tent: [*Sullenly.*]

Dar. One *Dareing*—he has another Epithet to his name?

Ran. What's that, Rascal, or Coward?

Dar. Hah, which of thy Stars young man has sent thee hither, to find that certain Fate they have decreed.

Ran. I know not what my Stars have decreed, but I shall be glad if they have ordain'd me to Fight with *Dareing*,—by thy concern thou shou'dst be he?

Dar. I am, prithee who art thou?

Ran. Thy Rival, tho newly arriv'd from *England*, and came to Marry fair *Chrisante*, whom thou hast Ravish'd, for whom I hear another Lady Dies.

Dar. Dies for me?

Ran. Therefore resign her fairly—or fight me fairly—

Dar. Come on Sir—but hold—before I kill thee, prithee inform me who this Dying Lady is?

Ran. Sir I owe ye no Courtesie, and therefore will do you none by telling you—come Sir for *Chrisante*—draws.

[*They offer to Fight*
Fearless steps in.]

Fea. Hold—what mad Frolicks this?—Sir you Fight for one you never saw [*to Rant*] and you for one that Loves you not. [*To Dare.*]

Dar. Perhaps she'll Love him as little.

Ran. Gad put it to the Tryal, if you dare—if thou be'st Generous bring me to her, and whom she does neglect shall give the other Place.

Dar. That's fair put up thy Sword—I'll bring thee to her Instantly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *a Tent; Enter Chrisante and Surelove.*

Chri. I'm not so much afflicted for my confinement as I am, that I cannot hear of *Friendly*.

Sure. Art not persecuted with *Dareing*?

Cri. Not at all, tho he tells me daily of his Passion I rally him, and give him neither hope nor despair,—he's here.

Enter Daring Fear. Rant. and Jenny.

Dare. Madam, the Complaisance I show in bringing you my Rival, will let you see how glad I am to oblige you every way.

Ran. I hope the danger I have expos'd my self too for the Honour of kissing your hand Madam, will render me something acceptable—here are my Credentials— [Gives her a Letter.

Cri. (Reads) Dear Creature, I have taken this habit to free you from an impertinent Lover, and to secure the Damn'd Rogue *Daring* to my self, receive me as sent by Collonel *Surelove* from *England* to Marry you—favour me—no more—your *Ranter*—Hah *Ranter*? [Aside]
—Sir you have too good a Character from my Cousin Collonel *Surelove*, not to receive my welcome. [Gives *Surelove* the Letter.

Ran. Stand by General— [Pushes away *Daring* and looks big, and takes *Chrisante* by the hand and kisses it.

Dare. 'Sdeath Sir there's room—enough—at first sight so kind? Oh Youth—Youth and Impudence, what Temptations are you—to Villanous Woman.

Chri. I confess Sir we Women do not Love these rough Fighting Fellows, they're always scaring us with one Broil or other.

Dar. Much good may do you with your tame Coxcomb.

Ran. Well Sir, then you yield the Prize?

Dar. Ay Gad, were she an Angel, that can prefer such a callow Fop as thou before a man—take her and domineer. [They all laugh.
—'Sdeath am I grown Ridiculous.

Fear. Why hast thou not found the Jest? by Heaven 'tis *Ranter*, 'tis she that loves you, carry on the humour. (aside.) Faith Sir, if I were you, I would devote my self to Madam *Ranter*.

Chri. Ay, she's the fittest Wife for you, she'll fit your Humour.

Dar. *Ranter*—Gad I'd sooner marry a She Bear, unless for a Penance for some horrid Sin, we should be eternally challenging one another to the Field, and ten to one she beats me there; or if I should escape there, she would kill me with Drinking.

Ran. Here's a Rogue—does your Country abound with such Ladies?

Dar. The Lord forbid, half a dozen wou'd ruine the Land, debauch all the men, and scandalize all the women.

Fear. No matter, she's rich.

Dar. Ay that will make her Insolent.

Fear. Nay she's generous too.

Dar. Yes when she's Drunk, and then she'l lavish all.

Ran. A Pox on him—how he vexes me.

Dar. Then such a Tongue—she'l rail and smoak till she choak again, then six Gallons of Punch hardly recovers her, and never but then is she good Natur'd.

Ran. I must lay him on—

Dar. There's not a Blockhead in the Country that has not—

Ran. —What—

Dar. —Been Drunk with her.

Ran. I thought you had meant something else Sir. [*In huff.*]

Dar. Nay—as for that—I suppose there's no great difficulty.

Ran. 'Sdeath Sir you lye—and you're a Son of a Whore.

[*Draws and Fences with him, and he runs back round the Stage.*]

Dar. Hold—hold Virago—dear Widow hold, and give me thy hand.

Ran. Widow!

Dar. 'Sdeath I knew thee by instinct Widow tho I seem'd not to do so, in revenge for the trick you put on me in telling me a Lady dy'd for me.

Ran. Why, such an one there is, perhaps she may dwindle forty or fifty years—or so—but will never be her own Woman again that's certain.

Sure. This we are all ready to testifie, we know her.

Chri. Upon my Life tis true.

Dar. Widow I have a shrewd suspicion, that you your self may be this dying Lady.

Ran. Why so Coxcomb?

Dar. Because you took such pains to put your self into my hands.

Ran. Gad if your heart were but half so true as your guess, we should conclude a Peace before *Bacon* and the Council will—besides this thing whines for *Friendly* and there's no hopes. [*To Crisante.*]

Dar. Give me thy hand Widow, I am thine—and so intirely, I will never—be drunk out of thy Company—*Dunce* is in my Tent—prithee let's in and bind the bargain.

Ran. Nay, faith, let's see the Wars at an end first.

Dar. Nay, prithee, take me in the humour, while thy Breeches are on—for I never lik'd thee half so well in Petticoats.

Ran. Lead on General, you give me good encouragement to wear them. [*Exeunt.*]

 ACT V. SCENE I.

The Sevana in sight of the Camp; the Moon rises.

Enter Friendly, Hazard and Boozer, and a Party of Men.

Fr. **W**E we are now in the sight of the Tents.

Booz. Is not this a rash attempt, Gentlemen, with so small Force to set upon *Bacons* whole Army?

Haz. Oh, they are drunk with Victory and Wine; there will be naught but Revelling to Night.

Fr. Would we cou'd learn in wha Quarter the Ladies are lodg'd, for we have no other business but to release them—but hark—who comes here?

Booz. Some Scouts, I fear, from the Enemy.

Enter Dullman, Tim. Whim. and Whiff, creeping as in the dark.

Fr. Let's shelter our selves behind yonder Trees—lest we be surpriz'd.

Tim. Wou'd I were well at home—Gad Zoors—if e're you catch me a Cadeeing again, I'll be content to be set in the fore front of the Battel for Hawks Meat.

Whim. Thou'rt affraid of every Bush.

Tim. Ay, and good Reason too: Gad Zoors, there may be Rogues hid—prithee Major, do thou advance.

Dull. No, no, go on—no matter of ceremony in these cases of running away. [*They advance.*]

Fr. They approach directly to us, we cannot escape them—their numbers are not great—let us advance. [*They come up to them.*]

Tim. Oh, I am annihilated.

Whiff. Some of *Frightall's* Scouts; we are lost men. [*They push each other foremost.*]

Fr. Who goes there?

Whim. Oh, they'll give us no Quarter; 'twas long of you Cornet, that we ran away from our Colours.

Tim. Me—'twas the Majors Ambition here—to make himself a great Man with the Council again.

Dull. Pox o' this Ambition, it has been the ruin of many a Gallant Fellow.

Whiff. If I get home again, the height of mine shall be to top To-bacco; would I'd some Brandy.

Tim. Gads Zoors, would we had, 'tis the best Armour against fear—
hum—I hear no body now—prithee advance a little.

Whim. What, before a Horse Officer?

Fr. Stand on your Lives—

Tim. Oh, 'tis impossible—I am dead already.

Fr. What are ye—speak—or I'll shoot?

Whim. Friends to thee—who the Devil are we friends too?

Tim. E'ne who you please, Gad Zoors.

Fr. Hah—Gad Zoors—who's there, *Timerous*?

Tim. Hum—I know no such Scoundrel— [*Gets behind.*]

Dull. Hah—that's *Friendly*'s Voice.

Fr. Right—thine's that of *Dullman*—who's with you?

Dull. Only *Timerous*, *Whimsey* and *Whiff*, all Valiantly running away
from the Arch Rebel that took us Prisoners.

Haz. Can you inform us where the Ladies are lodg'd?

Dull. In the hither Quarter in *Dareings* Tents; you'll know them by
Lanterns on every corner—there was never better time to surprize
them—for this day *Dareing*'s Marry'd, and there's nothing but Dancing
and Drinking.

Haz. Married! To whom?

Dull. That I ne'r inquire'd.

Fr. 'Tis to *Crisante*, Friend—and the reward of my attempt is lost.
Oh, I am mad, I'll fight away my life, and my despair shall yet do greater
wonders, than even my Love could animate me too. Let's part our Men,
and beset his Tents on both sides. [*Friendly goes out with a Party.*]

Haz. Come, Gentlemen, let's on—

Whiff. On Sir—we on Sir?—

Haz. Ay, you on, Sir—to redeem the Ladies

Whiff. Oh, Sir, I am going home for money to redeem my *Nancy*.

Whim. So am I, Sir.

Tim. I thank my Stars I am a Batchellor—Why, what a plague is a
Wife?

Haz. Will you March forward?

Dull. We have atchiev'd Honour enough already, in having made our
Campaign here— [*Looking big.*]

Haz. 'Sdeath, but you shall go—put them in the front, and prick
them on—if they offer to turn back run them through.

Tim. Oh, horrid— [*The Souldiers prick them on with their Swords.*]

Whiff. Oh, *Nancy*, thy Dream will yet come to pass.

Haz. Will you advance, Sir? [*Pricks Whiff.*]

Whiff. Why, so we do, Sir; the Devil's in these fighting Fellows. [*Ex.*
[*An Alarm at a distance.*]

Within. To Arms, to Arms, the Enemy's upon us.

A noise of fighting, after which enters Friendly with his Party, retreating and fighting, from Dareing and some Souldiers, Ranter fighting like a Fury by his side, he putting her back in vain; they fight out. Re-enter Daring with Friendly all bloody. Several Souldiers enter with Flambeaux.

Dar. Now, Sir—what injury have I ever done you, that you should use this Treachery against me?

Fr. To take advantage any way in War, was never counted Treachery——and had I Murder'd thee, I had not paid thee half the Debt I owe thee.

Dar. You bleed too much to hold too long a Parley—come to my Tent, I'll take a charitable care of thee.

Fr. I scorn thy Courtesie, who against all the Laws of Honour and of Justice, hast ravish'd innocent Ladies.

Dar. Sir, your upbraiding of my Honour shall never make me forfeit it, or esteem you less——Is there a Lady here you have a Passion for?

Fr. Yes, on a Nobler score than thou darest own.

Dar. To let you see how you're mistaken, Sir, who e're that Lady be whom you affect, I will resign, and give you both your Freedoms.

Fr. Why, for this Courtesie, which shows thee brave, in the next Fight I'll save thy Life, to quit the obligation.

Dar. I thank you, Sir—come to my Tent—and when we've drest your Wounds, and yielded up the Ladies, I'll give you my Passport for your safe conduct back, and tell your Friends i'th' Town we'll Visit them i'th' Morning.

Fr. They'll meet you on your way, Sir—

Dar. Come, my young Souldier, now thou'st won my Soul.

An Alarm beats: Enter at another passage Boozer with all the Ladies; they pass over the Stage, while Hazard, Downright, beating back a Party of Souldiers. Dull. Tim. Whim and Whiff, prickt on by their Party to fight, so that they lay about them like Madmen. Bacon, Fearless and Dareing come in, rescue their men, and fight out the other Party, some falling dead. Bacon, Fearless and Dareing return tired, with their Swords drawn. Enter Souldier running.

Sould. Return, Sir, where your Sword will be more useful—a Party of *Indians*, taking advantage of the Night, have set Fire on your Tents, and born away the Queen.

Bac. Hah, the Queen! By Heaven this Victory shall cost them dear; come, let us fly to rescue her.

[*Goes out.*]

[*Scene changes to Wellman's Tent.*]

Enter Wellman, Brag, Grub and Officers.

Well. I cannot sleep my Impatience is so great, to ingage this haughty Enemy, before they have reposed their weary Limbs—Is not yon Ruddy Light the Mornings Dawn.

Bragg. 'Tis, and please your Honour.

Well. Is there no News of *Friendly* yet, and *Hazard*?

Bragg. Not yet—'tis thought they left the Camp to Night, with some design against the Enemy.

Well. What Men have they?

Bragg. Only *Boozers* Party, Sir.

Well. I know they are brave, and mean to surprize me with some handsom Action. *Enter Friendly.*

Fr. I ask a thousand Pardons, Sir, for quitting the Camp without your leave.

Well. Your Conduct and your Courage cannot Err; I see thou'st been in action by thy Blood.

Fri. Sir I'm ashamed to own these slender wounds, since without more my luck was to be taken, while *Hazard* did alone effect the business; the rescuing of the Ladies.

Well. How got ye Liberty?

Fri. By *Dareings* generosity, who sends you word he'l visit you this Morning.

Well. We are prepared to meet him.

Enter Downright, Hazard, Ladies, Whim. Whiff, Dullman, Tim. looking big; Well. Embraces Down.—

Well. My worthy Friend how am I joyed to see you?

Dow. We owe our Liberties to these brave Youths, who can do wonders when they Fight for Ladies.

Tim. With our assistance Ladies.

Whim. For my part I'le not take it as I have done, Gad I find when I am Damnably Angry I can beat both Friend and Foe.

Whiff. When I fight for my *Nancy* here—adsfish I'm a Dragon.

Mrs. Whiff. Lord you need not have been so hasty.

Frien. Do not upbraid me with your Eyes *Chrisante*, but let these wounds assure you I endeavour'd to serve you, tho *Hazard* had the Honour on't.

Well. But Ladies we'l not expose you in the Camp,—a Party of our Men shall see you safely conducted to Madam *Sureloves*; 'tis but a little Mile from our Camp. *Fri.* Let me have that Honour Sir.

Chri. No, I conjure you let your wounds be drest, obey me if you Love me, and *Hazard* shall conduct us home.

Well. He had the Toyl, 'tis fit he have the recompence.

Whiff. He the Toyl Sir, what did we stand for Cyphers?

Whim. The very appearance I made in the front of the Battle, aw'd the Enemy.

Tim. Ay, Ay, Let the Enemy say how I maul'd 'em—but Gads zoors I scorn to brag.

Well. Since you've regain'd your Honour so Gloriously—I restore you to your Commands, you lost by your seeming Cowardise.

Dull. Valour is not always in Humour Sir.

Well. Come Gentlemen since they're resolv'd to engage us, let's set our Men in order to receive 'em. [Exit all but the four Justices.

Tim. Our Commissions again——you must be bragging, and see what comes on't; I was modest ye see and said nothing of my Prowess.

Whiff. What a Devil, does the Collonel think we are made of Iron, continually to be beat on the Anvil?

Whim. Look Gentlemen here's two Evils——if we go we are dead Men if we stay we are hang'd——and that will disorder my Cravat-string——therefore the least Evil is to go——and set a good Face on the matter as I do—— [Goes out singing.

SCENE a thick Wood, Enter Queen drest like an Indian Man, with a Bow in her hand and Quiver at her Back, Anaria her Confident disguis'd so too, and about a Duzen Indians led by Cavaro.

Quee. I tremble yet, dost think we're safe Cavaro.

Cav. Madam these Woods are intricate and vast; and 'twill be difficult to find us out——or if they do, this habit will secure you from the fear of being taken.

Quee. Dost think if Bacon find us he will not know me? Alas my fears and blushes will betray me.

Ana. 'Tis certain Madam if we stay we Perish; for all the Wood's surrounded by the Conqueror.

Quee. Alas 'tis better we shou'd Perish here, than stay to expect the violence of his Passion; To which my heart's too sensibly inclin'd.

Ana. Why do you not obey it's dictates then, why do you fly the Conqueror?

Quee. Not fly——not fly the Murderer of my Lord?

Ana. VVhat world, what resolution can preserve you, and what he cannot gain by soft submission, force will at last o'recome.

Quee. I wish there were in Nature one excuse either by force or Reason to compel me:——For oh *Anaria*——I adore this General,——take from my Soul a Truth——till now conceal'd——at twelve years Old——at the *Pauw-mungian* Court I saw this Conqueror. I saw him young and Gay as new born Spring, Glorious and Charming as the Mid-days Sun, I watch't his looks, and listned when he spoke, and thought him more than Mortal.

Ana. He has a graceful Form.

Quee. At last a Fatal Match concluded was, between my Lord and me I gave my Hand, but oh how far my heart was from consenting, the angry Gods are witness.

Ana. 'Twas pity.

Quee. Twelve tedious Moons I past in silent languishment; Honour endeavouring to destroy my Love, but all in vain, for still my pain return'd when ever I beheld my Conqueror, but now when I consider him as Murderer of my Lord——[*Feirvely*] I sigh and wish——some other fatal

hand had given him his Death—but now there's a necessity I must be brave and overcome my Heart: VVhat if I do? ah whether shall I fly, I have no *Amazonian* fire about me, all my Artillery is sighs and Tears, the Earth my Bed, and Heaven my Canopy. [Weeps:

[After a noise of Fighting.

Hah, we are surpris'd, oh whether shall I fly? And yet methinks a certain trembling joy, spight of my Soul, spight of my boasted Honour, runs shivering round my heart. [Enter an Indian.

Ind. Madam your out guards are surpriz'd by *Bacon*, who hews down all before him, and demands the *Queen* with such a voice and Eyes so Feirce and Angry, he kills us with his looks.

Cav. Draw up your Poyson'd Arrows to the head, and aim them at his Heart, sure some will hit.

Quee. Cruel *Cavaro*,—wou'd 'twere fit for me to contradict thy Justice. [Aside.

Bac. *within.* The *Queen* ye slaves, give me the *Queen* and live!

He Enters furiously beating back some Indians, Cavaro's Party going to shoot, the Queen runs in.

Quee. Hold, hold, I do Command ye [*Bac.* *Flys on em as they shoot and miss him, and fights like a fury, and wounds the Queen in the disorder; beats them all out.*

—hold thy commanding Hand, and do not kill me, who wou'd not hurt thee to regain my Kingdom— [*He snatches her in his Arms she reels.*

Bac. Hah—a Womans Voice,—what art thou? Oh my fears!

Quee. Thy hand has been too cruel to a Heart—whose Crime was only tender thoughts for thee.

Bac. The *Queen*! VVhat is't my Sacreligious hand has done?

Quee. The noblest office of a Gallant Friend, thou'st sav'd my Honour and hast given me Death.

Bac. Is't possible! ye unregarding Gods is't possible?

Quee. Now I may Love you without Infamy, and please my Dying Heart by gazing on you.

Bac. Oh I am lost—for ever lost——I find my Brain turn with the wild confusion.

Quee. I faint——oh lay me gently on the Earth. [Lays her down.

Bac. Who waits—— [Turns in rage to his Men.] make of the Trophies of the War a Pile, and set it all on Fire, that I may leap into consuming. Flames—while all my Tents are burning round about me. [VVildly
Oh thou dear Prize for which alone I Toyl'd. [Weeps and lyes down by her.

Enter Fearless with his Sword drawn.

Fea. Hah on the Earth—how do you Sir?

Bac. What wou'dst thou?

Fea. *Wellman* with all the Forces he can gather attacks us even in our very Camp, assist us Sir or all is lost.

Bac. Why prithee let him make the World his Prize, I have no business with the Trifle now; it now contains nothing that's worth my case, since my fair Queen——is Dead,——and by my Hand.

Quee. So charming and obliging is thy mone, that I cou'd wish for Life to recompence it; but oh, Death falls—all cold——upon my Heart like Mildews on the Blossoms.

Fea. By Heaven Sir, this Love will ruin all—rise, rise and save us yet.

Bac. Leave me, what e're becomes of me—loose not thy share of Glory—prithee leave me.

Qu. Alas, I fear, thy Fate is drawing on, and I shall shortly meet thee in the Clouds; till then——farewel——even Death is pleasing to me, while thus——I find it in thy Arms—— [Dies.]

Bac. There ends my Race of Glory and of Life:

[An Alarm at distance——continues a while.]

Bac. Hah—Why should I idly whine away my life, since there are Nobler ways to meet with Death?—Up, up, and face him then—Hark——there's the Souldiers knell——and all the Joys of Life——with thee I bid farewel——

[Goes out. The Indians bear off the Body of the Queen.]

The Alarm continues: Enter Downright, Wellman, and others, Swords drawn.

Well. They fight like men possest—I did not think to have found them so prepar'd.

Down. They've good intelligence——but where's the Rebel?

Well. Sure he's not in the fight, oh that it were my happy chance to meet him, that while our men look on, we might dispatch the business of the War.—Come, let's fall in again now we have taken breath.

They go out: Enter Dareing and Fearless hastily, with their Swords drawn, meet Whim, Whiff, with their Swords drawn, running away.

Dar. How now, whether away? [In anger.]

Whim. Hah, *Dareing* here—we are pursuing of the Enemy, Sir, stop us not in the pursuit of Glory. [Offer to go.]

Dar. Stay—I have not seen you in my ranks to day.

Whiff. Lord, does your Honour take us for Starters?

Fear. Yes, Sirrah, and believe you are now rubbing off—confess, or I'll run you through.

Whiff. Oh Mercy, Sir, Mercy, we'll confess.

Whim. VWhat will you confess—we were only going behind yon Hedge to untruss a point; that's all.

Whiff. Ay, your Honours will smell out the truth if you keep us here long.

Dar. Here, carry them Prisoners to my Tent, [Ex Sould with Wh. & Whiff.]
Enter Ranter without a Hat; and Sword drawn.

[Daring angrily goes the other way.]

Rant. A Pox of all ill luck, how came I to lose *Dareing* in the fight?

Ha—who's here?—*Dullman* and *Timerous* Dead—the Rogues are Counterfeits—I'll see what Moveables they have about them, all's Lawful Prize in VVar. [*Takes their Money, Watches and Rings: goes out.*

Tim. VWhat, Rob the Dead?—VWhy, what will this Villanous World come to. [*Clashing of Swords just as they were going to rise.*

Enter Hazard bringing in Ranter.

Haz. Thou cou'dst expect no other Fate Young man, thy hands are yet too tender for a Sword.

Ran. Thou look'st like a good natur'd Fellow, use me civilly, and *Dareing* shall Ransom me.

Haz. Doubt not a Generous Treatment. [*Goes out.*

Dull. So, the Coast is clear, I desire to remove my Quarters to some place of more safety—— [*They rise and go off.*

Well. 'Twas this way *Bacon* fled. [*Enter Wellman and Souldiers hastily.*
five hundred pound for him who finds the Rebel. [*Go out.*

Scene changes to a Wood: Enter Bacon and Fearless, with their Swords drawn, all bloody.

Bac. 'Tis Just, ye Gods! That when you took the Prize for which I fought, Fortune and you should all abandon me.

Fear. Oh fly Sir to some place of safe retreat, for there's no mercy to be hop't if taken. What will you do, I know we are pursu'd, by Heaven I will not dye a shameful Death.

Bac. Oh they'll have pittty on thy Youth and Bravery, but I'm above their Pardon. *A noise is heard.*

Within. This way—this way—hay—hallow.

Fear. Alas Sir we're undone—I'll see which way they they take. *Exit:*

Bac. So near! Nay then to my last shift. *Undoes the Pomel of his Sword.* Come my good Poyson, like that of *Hannibal*, long I have born a noble Remedy for all the ill's of Life. *Takes Poyson.* I have too long surviv'd my Queen and Glory, those two bright Stars that influenc'd my Life are set to all Eternity. *Lyes down.*

Enter Fearless, runs to Bacon and looks on his Sword.

Fea. —Hah—what have ye done?

Bac. Secur'd my self from being a publick Spectacle upon the common Theatre of Death.

Enter Dareing and Souldiers.

Dar. Victory, victory, they fly, they fly, where's the Victorious General?

Fea. Here———taking his last Adieu.

Dar. Dying? Then wither all the Laurels on my Brows, for I shall never Triumph more in War, where is the wounds?

Fea. From his own hand by what he carried here, believing we had lost the Victory.

Bac. And is the Enemy put to flight my Hero? [*Grasps his Neck.*

Dar. All routed Horse and Foot, I plac'd an Ambush, and while they were pursuing you, my Men fell on behind and won the day.

Bac. Thou almost makes me wish to Live again, If I cou'd live now Fair *Semernia's* Dead,—But oh—the baneful Drug is just and kind and hastens me away—now while you are Victors make a Peace—with the English Council—and never let Ambition—Love—or Interest make you forget as I have done—your Duty—and Allegiance—farewel—a long farewel— [*Dies Embracing their Necks.*]

Dar. So fell the Roman *Cassius*—by mistake—

Enter Souldiers with Duncce, Tim. and Dullman.

Sould. An't please your Honour we took these Men running away.

Dar. Let 'em loose—the VVars are at an end, see where the General lyes—that great Soul'd Man, no private Body e're contain'd a Nobler, and he that cou'd have conquer'd all *America*, finds only here his scanty length of Earth,—go bear the Body to his own Pavillion— [*Souldiers goes out with the Body*] Tho we are Conquerers we submit to treat, and yeild upon conditions, you Mr. *Duncce* shall bear our Articles to the Council—

Dun. VVith joy I will obey you.

Tim. Good General let us be put in the agreement.

Dar. You shall be oblig'd—

[*Ex. Dar. Dunc. Dull. and Tim. as Fear. goes out, a Souldier meets him*]

Sould. VVhat does your Honour intend to do with *Whim* and *Whiff*, who are Condemn'd by a Council of VVar.

Enter Dareing, Dullman Tim. Fearless and Officers.

Dare. You come too late Gentlemen to be put into the Articles, nor am I satisfy'd you're worthy of it.

Dull. VVhy did not you Sir see us ly Dead in the Field.

Dar. Yes, but I see no wound about you.

Tim. VVe were stun'd with being knock'd down, Gads zoors a Man may be kill'd with the But end of a Musquet, as soon as with the point of a Sword. [*Enter Duncce.*]

Dun. The Council Sir wishes you Health and Happiness, and sends you these Sign'd by their Hands— [*Gives Papers.*]

Dar. Reads. That you shall have a general Pardon for your self and Friends, that you shall have all new Commissions, and *Dareing* to Command as General; that you shall have free leave to Interr your Dead General, in *James* Town, and to ratifie this—we will meet you at Madam *Sureloves* House which stands between the Armies, attended only by our Officers. The Councils noble and P'le wait upon them.

Exit Duncce.

SCENE a Grove near Madam Sureloves, Enter Surelove weeping, VWell. Crisante, Mrs. Flirt, Ranter as before, Down. Haz. Frien. Booz. Brag.

Well. How long Madam have you heard the news of Collonel *Surelove's* Death?

Sure. By a Vessel last Night arriv'd.

Well. You shou'd not grieve when men so old pay their debt to Nature, you are too Fair not to have been reserved for some young Loves Arms.

Haz. I dare not speak—but give me leave to hope.

Sure. The way to oblige me to't, is never more to speak to me of Love till I shall think it fit— [*VWellman speaks to Downright.*

Well. Come you shan't grant it—'tis a hopeful Youth.

Dow. You are too much my Friend to be deny'd—*Crisante* do you Love *Friendly*? nay do not blush—till you have done a fault, your Loving him is none—here take her young Man and with her all my Fortune—when I am Dead Sirrah—not a Groat before—unless to buy ye Baby Clouts.

Fri. He merits not this Treasure Sir, can wish for more.

Enter Dareing, Fearless, Dunce and Officers, they meet VWell. and Down.
who Embrace em. Dull. and Tim. stand.

Dar. Can you forgive us Sir our disobedience.

Well. Your offering peace while yet you might command it, has made such kind impressions on us, that now you may command your Propositions; your Pardons are all Seal'd and new Commissions.

Dar. I'm not Ambitious of that Honour Sir, but in obedience will accept your goodness, but Sir I hear I have a young Friend taken Prisoner by Captain *Hazard* whom I intreat you'l render me,

Haz. Sir—here I resign him to you. [*Gives him Ranter.*

Ran. Faith General you left me but scurvily in Battel.

Dar. That was to see how well you cou'd shift for your self, now I find you can bear the brunt of a Campaign you are a fit VVife for a Souldier.

All. A VVoman—*Ranter*—

Haz. Faith Madam I shou'd have given you kinder Quarter if I had known my Happiness.

Flirt. I have an humble Petition to you Sir.

Sure. In which we all joyn.

Flir. An't please you Sir, Mr. *Dunce* has long made Love to me and on promise of Marriage has— [*Simpers.*

Dow. VVhat has he Mrs. *Flirt.*

Flir. Only been a little familiar with my Person Sir—

Well. Do you hear Parson—you must Marry Mrs. *Flirt.*

Dun. How Sir, a Man of my Coat Sir, Marry a Brandy-munger.

Well. Of your calling you mean a Farrier and no Parson— [*Aside to him*] she'l leave her Trade—and spark it above all the Ladies at Church, no more—take her and make her honest.

Enter Whim and Whiff stript.

Crys. Bless me, what have we here?

Whim. Why, an't like your Honours, we were taken by the Enemy—hah *Dareing* here and *Fearless*?

Fea. How now——Gentlemen were not you two Condemn'd to be Shot for running from your Colours.

Dow. From your Colours.

Fea. Yes Sir, they were both listed in my Regiment.

Dow. Then we must hang them for deserting us.

Whim. So out of the Frying Pan—you know where Brother——

Whiff. Ay—he that's Born to be Hang'd—you know the rest, a Pox of these Proverbs.

Vell. I know ye well—you're all rank Cowards, but once more we forgive ye, your Places in the Council shall be supply'd by these Gentlemen of Sence and Honour. The Governour when he comes shall find the Country in better hands than he expects to find it.

Whim. A very fair discharge,

Whiff. I'm glad 'tis no worse, I'le home to my *Nancy*.

Dull. Have we expos'd our Lives and Fortunes for this?

Tim. Gads zoors I never thriv'd since I was a States-man, left Planting, and fell to promising and Lying, I'le to my old Trade again, bask under the shade of my own Tobacco, and Drink my Punch in Peace.

Vell. Come my brave Youths let all our Forces meet,
To make this Country Happy, Rich, and great;
Let scanted *Europe* see that we enjoy
Safer Repose, and larger Worlds than they.

FINIS.

Notes

- i.5 Bacon] Nathaniel Bacon (c.1640-1676) led an uprising against Governor Sir William Berkeley and the council of Virginia in 1676, taking and burning the capital Jamestown and forcing the government into exile. Bacon's party held power for three months, but Bacon died of "bloody flux" (dysentery) in October, and a fleet of armed merchant ships helped Berkeley regain control of the capital and government. Bacon had originally gained prominence as leader of a volunteer force of Indian fighters, but when he pursued matters in opposition to the governor's desires, he was declared a rebel. There is no historical evidence for Mrs. Behn's account of his love affair with an Indian princess.
- iii.2 Madam Weldon.] Possibly Catherine Weldon or Margaret Weldon, of London.
- iv. 28 G.J.] probably George Jenkins
- vii.11 *Cause*] The first appearance of this Prologue in Thomas Shadwell's *A True Widow* (1679) reads "*Cruse*"—a drinking vessel
- viii.7 *Frize*] frieze: coarse woollen cloth with nap on one side
- viii.7 *Ferkin*] jacket or short coat
- viii.8 *Monntero Caps*] Spanish hunter's cap with spherical crown and flaps to cover the ears
- viii.8 *field-fares*] a species of thrush
- viii.14 *Claps*] gonorrhoea
- viii.33 Basset *and* Umbre] card games; the second more commonly spelled "ombre"
- i.25 Cogue] wooden cup or drinking vessel
- 2.14-15 Groom-Porters] royal official who regulated gambling
- 2.20 Sharping Bully] cheater
- 2.21 Cully in] to swindle

- 2.22 Flats and Bars] dice flatter or longer in one dimension, usually so that the 3s and 4s were more likely to be rolled
- 3.10 bought from the Ship] acquired her indenture by paying the price of her passage
- 4.43 *Nants*] brandy, from Nantes, France
- 5.7 shier] sheer, undiluted
- 5.9 Paulter] worthless or corrupt
- 5.25 Hoggerds] swineherds
- 5.30 Life-guard] the royal household cavalry regiment
- 5.40 trusting for old *Olivers* Funerall] furnishing materials on credit for the funeral of Oliver Cromwell (1658); according to legend, many of those expenses were never paid.
- 6.1 Excise-man] tax collector
- 6.19 *bear the Bob*] join in the chorus
- 6.27 *Corum*] quorum
- 7.10 Factor] agent or commission trader
- 8.1 huft] huffed, driven out
- 8.19 thrum'd] made shaggy
- 9.33 *Sevana*] savannah, grassy plain
- 10.24 *Newgate* or *Bridewell*] a prison and a house of correction, respectively
- 10.24 shoving the Tumbler] being whipped at the cart's tail, a common punishment for petty crimes
- 10.25 filing the Cly] picking pockets
- 11.12 Stock-fish] dried cod
- 12.6 Chafferer] dealer
- 12.30 Fortune de la garr] i.e., *de la guerre*, fortune of war
- 18.28 Mundungus] tobacco, usually of low quality or foul odor
- 19.31 de see] apparently here (and elsewhere) a contraction for "do ye see"
- 19.37 *Ludgate*] debtors' prison in London

- 20.16 Cops] copse, thicket
- 20.35 Maw] stomach, appetite
- 20.38 my *Whiff*,] probably “my Wife” is intended
- 23.14 Mobile] Latin: *mobile vulgus*, the force of the populace, or rabble
- 24.34 a Bob] a rebuke or taunt
- 25.40 bull of Bashan] Psalms 22:12-13: Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion.
- 26.13 *De Wit*] Johan De Witt (1625-1672) was a Dutch statesman killed by a mob.
- 26.16 have Rods in piss] have punishment in store; from the practice of soaking rods in urine or brine to make them more flexible
- 27.27 *Doltons Country-Justice*] Michael Dalton’s *The Countrey Iustice, conteyning the practise of the iustices of the peace out of their sessions. Gathered for the better helpe of such iustices of peace as haue not bene much conuersant in the studie of the lawes of this realme. By Michael Dalton of Lincolnes Inne, Gent.* was first published in 1618 and often reissued throughout the seventeenth century.
- 27.42 *Viva voce*] by word of mouth
- 29.25 Peruke] wig
- 30.42 *Buff, Scarf and Feathers*] military dress; a buff-coat was a type of leather armor; a scarf was a sash worn to indicate rank; feathers or plumes were worn on the hat or helmet for identification
- 31.39 to cock] to strut or swagger
- 32.4-5 Courage ... *D*— breed] “Dutch courage”: boldness acquired by intoxication. The reference may have been suppressed out of respect for William III, recently ascended to the throne.
- 34.32 Rupid] Rugged, rude
- 39.1 Fuzes] furzes, evergreen shrubs (*Ulex europaeus*)

- 40.28 Cadees] phonetic spelling of the French *cadet*
- 41.40 to Peach] to impeach or bring up on charges
- 48.4 *Flambeaux*] torches
- 52.33 Starters] ones who run away
- 52.38 to untruss a point] to unbutton or undo a garment (to relieve oneself)
- 56.8 these Proverbs] “Out of the frying pan, into the fire”; “He that’s born to hang, will never drown.”

Note on the Text

This online electronic text edition of Aphra Behn's *The Widdow Ranter, or, The History of Bacon in Virginia* was transcribed from the first edition, printed in London in 1690 for James Knapton. Page images of the copy held by the Henry Huntington Library and Art Gallery (Wing/B1774) were accessed online in the Early English Books Online series. The spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and italics of the first edition have been retained, except for the correction of some typographical errors which are listed below. This 1690 edition, measuring approximately 6 x 8 ½ inches, was issued posthumously, prepared by "G.J."—probably George Jenkins.

The design, page layout, and pagination of this electronic text correspond closely to those of the first edition. The typeface is IM Fell English, digitized from seventeenth-century samples by Iginò Marini and available online at <http://www.iginomarini.com/fell.html>. The decorative title page ornament is a reconstruction of the one used in the 1690 original. For the convenience of modern readers, and for more accurate searching and excerpting, the long s and its ligatures, and the ligatures for ct, ff, fl, etc. have not been used.

A modern edition of the play was published in 1996, edited by Janet Todd, in *The Works of Aphra Behn, Volume 7, The Plays 1682-1696* (Columbus, Ohio: Ohio State University Press, 1996; and London: Pickering & Chatto, 1996), based on the copy held in the Cambridge University Library, Brett-Smith 71. Todd relates that different copies of the printed work show different orders of the initial pages, and characterizes the whole 1690 edition as "careless." The *Works* edition supplies additional punctuation and stage directions throughout and regularizes the spelling of characters' names. It also deletes several lines in the fifth act, seeking to amend problematic passages probably caused by the editorship of "G.J." or by the faultiness of materials from which the original was set. The 1996 edition is itself not free of errors (e.g., 302.235, 304.49, 335.59, 336.87, 338.175, 339.209, 339.216, 342.51, 343.101, etc.) but it remains a notable scholarly achievement, and has been consulted frequently in the preparation of the present text.

Following is a list of typographical errors corrected in this online text, keyed to page and line numbers of this edition (the line counts

include titles and stage directions, but not hairlines or page numbers):

<i>Page. line</i>	<i>1690 text</i>	<i>emended to</i>
vi.8	<i>Tho</i>	<i>Tho.</i>
2.29	any thing any thing	any thing
2.33	shs	she
5.3	ns	us
6.19	<i>Ba.</i>	<i>Bob.</i>
6.42	ityour	it your
7.29	num'd	nam'd
8.15	Governout	Gouverneur
8.31	<i>Dunce.</i>	<i>Whim.</i>
9.19	<i>Whiff.</i>	<i>Whim.</i>
10.15	D unken	Drunken
10.15	np	up
10.16	'le	I'le
10.33	J well	Jewell
11.10	yery	very
12.43	<i>Chrisanto</i>	<i>Chrisante</i>
16.17	would	would
17.1	veiw	view
17.24	atrends	attends
18.5	<i>Surelove</i>	Surelove
18.32	<i>Duo.</i>	<i>Dull.</i>
19.22	the is	is the
23.7	Exasperared	Exasperated
24.2-3	he carry'd	be carry'd
28.8	<i>Whimscy</i>	<i>Whimsey</i>
28.10	Jude	Jade
28.20	Whrships	Worships
30.18	Carrival	arrival
38.33	<i>Fying</i>	<i>Flying</i>
38.35	my in view	in my view
40.34	hehind	behind
41.5	yourHonour	your Honour
42.38	Ass.	Ass,
44.13	Dareling	Dareing
44.41	again	again,
44.42	she'	she
54.38	by only by	only by

The prologue and epilogue printed at the beginning are those that appeared in the 1690 edition, and had been previously published in Thomas Shadwell's *A True Widow* (London, 1679). The play's performance, however, was probably introduced and concluded by a new prologue and epilogue, also written by John Dryden, which was published separately in 1689. That prologue and epilogue are included in this edition as an appendix.

Paul Royster
University of Nebraska-Lincoln
January 29, 2008

[*Appendix*]

THE
PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE to the
History of *BACON* in *Virginia*

Written by Mr. Dryden.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Woman.

Plays you will have; and to supply your Store,
Our Poets trade to ev'ry Foreign Shore:
This is the Product of *Virginian* Ground,
And to the Port of *Covent-Garden* bound.
Our Cargo is, or should at least, be Wit:
Bless us from you damn'd Pyrates of the Pit:
And Vizard-Masks, those dreadful Apparitions; }
She-Privateers, of Venomous Conditions, }
That clap us oft aboard with *French* Commissions. }
You Sparks, we hope, will wish us happy Trading;
For you have Ventures in our Vessel's Lading;
And tho you touch at this or t'other Nation;
Yet sure *Virginia* is your dear Plantation.
Expect no polish'd Scenes of Love shou'd rise
From the rude Growth of *Indian* Colonies.
Instead of Courtship, and a tedious pother,
They only tip the Wink at one another;
Nay often the whole Nation, pig together.

You Civil *Beaus*, when you pursue the Game, }
 With manners mince the meaning of—that same: }
 But ev'ry part has there its proper Name. }
 Good Heav'ns defend me, who am yet unbroken
 From living there, where such Bug-words are spoken:
 Yet surely, Sirs, it does good Stomachs show,
 To talk so savour'ly of what they do.
 But were I Bound to that broad speaking land,
 What e're they said, I would not understand,
 But innocently, with a Ladies Grace,
 Wou'd learn to whisk my Fan about my Face.
 However, to secure you, let me swear,
 That no such base *Mundungus* Stuff is here.
 We bring you of the best the Soyl affords:
 Buy it for once, and take it on our Words.
 You wou'd not think a Countrey-Girl the worse,
 If clean and wholesome, tho her Linnen's course.
 Such are our Scenes; and I dare boldly say,
 You may laugh less at a far better Play.
 The Story's true; the Fact not long a-go;
 The *Hero* of our Stage was *English* too:
 And bate him one small frailty of Rebelling,
 As brave as e're was born at *Iniskelling*.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Woman.

By this time you have lik'd, or damn'd our Plot;
Which tho I know, my Epilogue knows not:
For if it cou'd foretel, I shou'd not fail,
In decent wise, to thank you, or to rail.
But he who sent me here, is positive,
This Farce of Government is sure to thrive;
Farce is a Food as proper for your lips,
As for *Green-Sickness*, crumpt Tobacco-pipes.
Besides, the Author's dead, and here you sit,
Like the Infernal Judges of the Pit:
Be merciful; for 'tis in you this day,
To save or damn her Soul; and that's her Play.
She who so well cou'd Love's kind Passion paint,
We piously believe, must be a Saint:
Men are but Bunglers, when they wou'd express
The sweets of Love, the dying tenderness;
But Women, by their own abundance, measure,
And when they write, have deeper sense of Pleasure.
Yet tho her Pen did to the Mark arrive,
'Twas common Praise, to please you, when alive;

But of no other Woman, you have read,
Except this one, to please you, now she's dead.
'Tis like the Fate of Bees, whose golden pains,
Themselves extinguish'd, in their Hive remains.
Or in plain terms to speak, before we go,
What you young Gallants, by experience, know,
This is an Orphan Child; a bouncing Boy,
'Tis late to lay him out, or to destroy.
Leave your Dog-tricks, to lie and to forswear,
Pay *you* for Nursing, and we'll keep him here.

Licens'd, *Nov.* 20. 1689. *J. F.*

FINIS.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-Lane*,
near *Fleetstreet*, 1689.