

may, my own Servants too not only disown'd, but us'd me most Reproachfully.

T. Traf. Pardon me Sir, 'twas Ignorance, not want of Duty, that caus'd me to wrong you: The Servants, Sir, are blameless, for what they did, was done by my Command.

O. Traf. How Son, by your Command!

T. Traf. Have but a Moment's Patience, and I'll unfold this Mystery. Before you went to the *Indies*, you promis'd *Carolina* to Sir *Credulous Mammon*; News of your Death arriving, the Old Gentleman sollicitis me to make good your Contract; but I consulting both my Sister's Inclination, and my own Reason, utterly refus'd him, whereat enrag'd, he Chafes, and Storms, and is resolv'd to have her. At last, finds out an Astrologer, who undertook to turn his Servant into your Shape, and so to take Possession of your House, and give him my Sister: He blinded with Love and Age, gives Credit to this Cheat; I being forewarn'd of his Design, (thinking you dead) gave order, if such an Impostor came, to use him scurvily.

O. Traf. Now I perceive the Cause they call'd me *Roger*, and talk'd of Transformation, and Astrologer, which almost made me Mad. 'Tis true, I promis'd him my Daughter, but have oft since repented it, and now much more, since he design'd to cheat me; he must not, shall not have her.

T. Traf. I am glad you are so resolv'd: And since you find that Match unequal, I must intreat you to bestow my Sister upon his Nephew, Mr. *Love-more*, who loves, and well deserves her.

O. Traf. Son, you have my Consent, dispose of her as you please.

T. Traf. And as you think him worthy of your Daughter, I hope you'll think me no less of his *Emilia*.

O. Traf. 'Tis true, a Youthful Frenzy once possess'd my Blood, but now my Eyes are open'd, and I plainly see the Folly, and the Danger of such disproportion'd Matches: Therefore to you I do resign her, and will intreat Sir *Credulous's* Consent.

T. Traf. No, Sir, he never will consent to give your Son his Kinswoman, that have denied him *Carolina*. He design'd to Trick you, therefore I think it Justice to retort the Cheat, and Pay him in's own Coin. Be rul'd by me Sir, and I'll propose a way that Sir *Credulous* himself shall Resign her with his free Consent.

O. Traf. I wholly yield my self to your Discretion.

T. Traf. First, I must secure this Fellow, ——— Oh! yonder he hovers. Please you Sir, to walk in, I'll send out one to manage him. [Exeunt.

Enter Roger looking about him.

Rog. Oh he's gone; I'm glad on't; ——— who wou'd have thought the Old Prig wou'd Fight. ——— I carried the Jest a little too far, that's the Truth on't. ——— If he shou'd return, ——— I tremble at the Thoughts on't. What a dreadful, terrifying Sight is a Naked Sword! I find we Gentlemen care as little for Fighting as we do for paying our Debts. ——— I'm afraid the Fright has turn'd me into *Roger* again. I'll try; what's that? Nothing but my Fear. [Goes to Knock, and starts back again.

Enter

Enter Martina.

Mart. Bless me Sir, is't you! How glad am I you're safe return'd: A thousand Welcomes to you.

Rog. I thank thee Girl, — Come hither and kiss me.

Mart. That's too great an Honour, I kiss your Feet Sir. [Kneels.

Rog. A Fig for Complements, I hate 'em. — Come hither, I say, I must kiss thee, and will kiss thee. [Kisses her.] The Jade has set me all o' Fire. [Aside.

Mart. Alas Sir, how weak you're grown! Pray let me help you up.

Rog. True, Child, I have met with abundance of Misfortunes Abroad. How do my dear Children, *Martina*?

Mart. Mighty well Sir, they'll be overjoy'd to see you.

Rog. I don't doubt it in the least. — Here's a rare Opportunity. By your leave, Master, first I'll serve my self, and then you. — A most incomparable Fellow, this Astrologer. [Ex.

S C E N E *Changes to Traffick's House.*

Enter Roger and Martina again.

Rog. Nothing griev'd me so much when I was Drown'd as the loss of thy Company. But since I am alive again, I'll take care of thee; I'll get thee a good Husband.

Mart. A Husband! I shall be mightily oblig'd to you. I hope he is a proper, handsome Man.

Rog. That he is, I can assure thee; and then he loves

loves thee better than his Eyes. — He is a handsome, jolly, well-built Fellow as you shall see in a Summer's Day, just such another as my self.

Mart. Sir, I must beg your pardon, I won't throw my self away upon an Old Man.

Rog. He is not like me in Years and Gravity, but Shape, and Make; a Handsome well Set Man as I am.

Mart. His Name Sir?

Rog. Roger Lusty.

Mart. Sir Credulous Mammon's Footman?

Rog. The same.

Mart. What an unlook't for happiness is this! The sudden Joy transports me. He is the Man I doat on, I die, I languish for; O dear Sir, let me have him, and I shall think my self doubly paid for all my Services——But oh! I fear you trifle with me. Alas! Sir, I am too sensible of my own Unworthyness. No, no, *Martina*, thou never wilt be blest with thy dear charming *Roger*.——Break therefore stubborn Heart, rather than live to see another possess that Treasure which thou hast sigh'd in vain for.

Rog. Alas a day! poor Rogue, how prettily she Weeps for me. [*Aside.*

I could'nt believe thou lov'st him so tenderly. Hast a Mind to see him?

Mart. I cou'd gaze for ever on his charming Face, but to what purpose, since it only serves to make me more unhappy.

Rog. Thou shalt see him, but be sure you are very Secret.

Mart. I will Sir.

Rog. Ha, ha, ha——Why I am *Roger*.

Mart. You my charming *Roger*! Mock not your
poor

poor Servant: Love has not so far taken away my Sences, but I know my good Old Master Mr. *Traffick*.

Rog. Pox o' *Traffick*; I tell thee I am *Roger*, thy *Peger*——What makes you Laugh?

Mart. Desire and Joy to see my Love.

Rog. Look upon me and see him.

Mart. Pardon me, Sir, I can see none, but my good Old Master Mr. *Traffick*.

Rog. I am within thy Love, without thy Master——Th' Astrologer Transform'd me for a Day, no longer, to Morrow I shall be all over *Roger*.

Mart. Your Worship's pleas'd to be Merry, and divert your self.

Rog. Now wou'd I break my Head against the Wall to be unchang'd. A Plague on this Gentility, it sticks to one like Scandal, or the Pox, I can't get rid on't. I tell thee within, I am thy faithful and true Lover, *Roger Lusty*.

Mart. You are pleas'd to Banter your poor Servant.

Rog. Carry me to the Chamber, and try me there.

Mart. O Sir, by no means, but with my charming *Roger* I'd stay all Night, and think my self happy.

Rog. Now cou'd I willingly dash out my Brains this is enough to make a man distracted——Pox o' my Master and this damn'd Astrologer to change me at such a Time as this, that when I have most Occasion for my self, I can't be my self——Good dear *Martina*, fetch me a Looking-Glass.

Mart. Sir.

Rog. Fetch one I say, let my Old Masters Business
sink

Sink or swim, I must not slip this Opportunity : For 'tis a standing Rule, first serve your self, and then your Master. [*She gives him a Glass.*] Now I shall know the Astrologer's Skill——— O Wonderful ! How in a Moment am I unchang'd; that was so long a changing : Here's my old Face again, and that very Note that made me so welcome amongst the Maids, Now *Martina*, take thy dear *Roger* to thy Arms, do what thou wilt with him, kiss thy Belly full.

Mart. O strange ! My Master *Traffick* vanish'd, and my lovely *Roger's* in his stead : O Happy Change !

Rog. Did not I tell thee so ; but you was hard of Belief, and push'd the Blessing from you. Now I'll shew you the Difference betwixt Sixty, and Six and Twenty. [*Kisses her.*]

Mart. Hold hold, good *Roger*, not in Publick, I beseech you.---Go to my Bed-Chamber, and there.---

Rog. Ay, and there,—— Follow me, my Dear.

Mart. Never doubt me. —— So, now y'are fast. [*Sinks down at a Trap-Door.*]

Rog. Help, help *Martina*, I'm fall'n into the Cellar; bring me a Plantane-Leaf, I have broken my Shins.

Mart. So, I have caught my Lover in a Trap, and I think I had best Marry him ; 'tis true, he's a little Simple, but what o' that, he'll serve well enough for a Husband. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Credulous Mammon, and Old Traffick.

Sir Cred. 'Tis a good Thought, I like thy Project well, now I see the Astrologer had equal Power to change thy Mind as well as Body. Let me embrace, and hug thee for this Service, my Dear *Roger*.

H

O. Traf.

50 *The Metamorphosis: or,*

O. Traf. Then you approve on't ?

Sir Cred. O beyond Expression !

O. Traf. And you think I speak, and look like *Traffick* ?

Sir Cred. Extreemly : Were he himself alive, and present, he cou'd not out-do thee.—— But where's my Plate, and Jewels, *Roger* ?

O. Traf. Safe, Sir.

Sir Cred. I protest, I was terribly frightn'd, when you told me you knew nothing of 'em.

O. Traf. O I did it to frighten you.

Enter T. Traffick, Lovemore, Carolina, and Emilia.

Sir Cred. Here they come.—— Now *Roger* play thy Part.

O. Traf. Never fear me.

Marriages once Confirm'd, and Consummate, admit of no Repentance : Therefore I think fit all Parties shou'd freely speak their Minds before it be too late.

Sir Cred. Good ! Excellent !

O. Traf. Therefore speak in time : Do you all willingly give me full Authority, and will you stand to my Award ?

Love. Whatever you Decree, I promise to submit to.

Emil. I promise too the same.

T. Traf. To this, as to all other things, my Duty obliges me.

Car. Sir, Dispose of me as of a Child that judges nothing good, but what you shall approve.

O. Traf. What say you, *Sir Credulous* ?

Sir Cred. I promise to submit to your Award. And 'cause I know the Minds of Youth are
are

are apt to promise, and as prone to change, 'tis my Advice, they swear to observe, without exception, your Decree.

Omnes. Content, Content.

Sir Cred. By all the Powers that hear Oaths, and Rain down Vengeance upon broken Faith, I promise to confirm, and ratifie your Sentence.

T. Traf. I Swear no less.

Love. And I.

Car. The self-same Oath binds me.

Emil. And me.

Sir Cred. Now, Mr. *Traffick*, consider our whole Dependance is on you, there's no Appeal from you to higher Courts.

O. Traf. First then for a Preparative, or slight Praludium to greater Matches, I must intreat you, that *Martina*, my Daughter's Maid, be match'd with your Man *Roger*; Fifty Pound I give her for her Portion.

Sir Cred. How cunningly the Rogue provides for himself. [*Aside.*] Content; and I'll give him a Farm of Thirty Pounds a Year.

O. Traf. I thank you. ——— Gentlemen, since I find my self decay'd with Age, and my late Misfortunes, and therefore much unfit to play with that Gugaw, Love, I freely resign to my Son, the fair *Emilia*, whom once indeed, I Languish'd for.

Sir Cred. How Artfully the Rogue has contriv'd to keep himself free for *Martina*. [*Aside.*]

O. Traf. Sir *Credulous*, you are a discreet Man, and are not Ignorant how ill the hot Desires of Youth become Grey Hairs: 'Tis fitter for your Age to be in Love with Vertue. For Shame awake from this Lethargick Dream, call Reason to your Aid, and by my Example, be your self once again.

Sir *Cred.* Pray Sir, forbear the Prologue, and proceed to the Business.

O. *Traf.* Conformity of Years, and Inclinations, are the only lasting Ties of Marriage. — Now betwixt Seventy Winters, and Seventeen, there's not the least Proportion. — Fie, fie, Sir *Credulous*, you, that in your younger Years have been esteem'd a Man of Sence, should in your declining Days lose that rich Opinion, and run the apparent hazard of closing the weak Remnant of your Life with Discontent, and Sorrow.

Sir *Cred.* I know the Rogue's Intention, he frights me, the more to endear his Services. [*Aside.*] Pray Sir, proceed to Sentence.

O. *Traf.* These things consider'd, I bestow my Daughter upon your Nephew Mr. *Love more*, and that you may not freeze for a Companion, I Marry you to *Patience*.

Sir *Cred.* Why *Roger*, thou art not in Earnest? [*Aside to him.*]

O. *Traf.* Indeed Sir, but I am. — You have mistook me all this while, I am not the Man you take me for.

Sir *Cred.* Treacherous Rogue, — This was a design'd Plot upon me. I'm not the Man you take me for. — No, I took thee for an honest Fellow, but I find thou art a Notorious Villain.

O. *Traf.* You have been abus'd, Sir.

Sir *Cred.* I know I have by thee.

O. *Traf.* Your Passion blinds your Reason: Have but a Moment's Patience. —

Sir *Cred.* Patience! — No, I'll have no Patience, — You'll Marry me to *Patience*, with a Pox to you, will you, Sirrah?

O. *Traf.* I am not your Servant *Roger*, whom
you

you fondly Imagine turn'd into my Shape, but am in reality your Old Friend, miraculously preserv'd from Shipwrack, as all here present can Testifie.

Sir *Cred.* You are all Confederates, all Rogues, all Cheats; I see now, all this was contriv'd before.

O. *Traf.* Produce his Servant, let him undeceive him.

Enter Roger Drunk.

Rog. [Singing.] *She's but a Woman, what care I, &c.*

Sir *Cred.* Ha! What do I see! — My Rogue there, and Drunk! I am so Confounded, I know not what to do, or say. — Sirrah, *Roger.*

Rog. Good words you had best — I'm a better Man than your Worship — *For a Man that is Drunk is as great as a King.* [Singing.]

Sir *Cred.* Good *Roger*, give me an Account of my Plate and Jewels, that the Astrologer committed to thy Keeping?

Rog. What Plate, what Jewels! — Sir, he gave me none.

Sir *Cred.* How! What say'st thou?

Rog. Not an Ounce Sir. — But when he went to make a Gentleman of me, after he had conjur'd and mumbld a Parcel of Gibberish, and made a Thousand Circles, and other Tricks, he ty'd me Neck and Heels, and blinded me with a thick Napkin: A little after unbinds me, and then I plainly saw that I saw nothing, the Parlour was swept as clean as my Hand Sir.

Sir Cred. Oh Undone, Undone, ruin'd for ever! cheated and trick'd of all sides——Sirrah, why did not you tell me of this before?

Rog. Sir, I was a Gentleman then, I had Business enough upon my Hands.

Love. To ballance the Misfortune of losing your Mistris, I can assure you your Plate, Gold and Jewels are all safe.

Sir Cred. Ha!——What say'st thou? Art sure on't?

Lov. Just now there came a Fellow to your House, and inquir'd for you, but you not being at Home, he desir'd to speak with me: Who shou'd this be, but the very Impostor, that had so grossly abused you, who pretending Remorse of Conscience, made a full Discovery of the whole Matter, desiring no Reward but your Forgiveness.—— He betray'd the Place where his Confederates, and the Treasure lay conceal'd. I immediately got Assistance, and secur'd the Persons, and the Plate: This your Servant *Crafty* can averr.

Craf. Sir, I have examin'd the Plate, and find there's not a Silver Spoon missing.

Sir Cred. This is some Comfort.—— I beg Ten Thousand Pardons of you, Sir, and all here, and heartily Congratulate your safe Return. I now approve, and confirm your Sentence; may they be happy in each others Love. I thank Heaven, Reason has clear'd my Sight, and drawn the Veil of Dotage, that so clouded my weak Eyes. But for these Cheats, I'll have 'em Punish'd to the utmost rigour of the Law.

Love. Except the Discoverer; for I have given him my Word and Honour he shall be safe.

Sir Cred. He shall not be only safe, but well rewarded for his Honesty.

O. Traf. Since all things are thus happily concluded, I hope, Sir Credulous, you'll partake of a small Entertainment I have prepar'd.

Sir Cred. With all my Heart.

After the Musick.

O. Traf. *How do Love's Storms our thoughtless Breasts*
(oe'rwhelm,
While Pilot Reason steers not at the Helm!
In Errors still most Impotently prone,
To seek for Joys Old-Age has never known:
Yet we must Wish for what we can't Obtain,
And Limbs Enervate own Love's Powerful Reign:
As Inclination is for Strength receiv'd,
And Old-Men by themselves for Young believ'd.

EPILOGUE

By Mr. C. Johnson, and Spoken by
Mr. Booth.

WELL, 'tis a Charming, taking thing, I Swear,
T' enjoy— about a Thousand Pound a Year:
It makes the Clown a Beau, and the Prim Cit,
A Rakish Gentleman, a Man of Wit;

It

It gives the awkward Country Dame a Mien,
And Bloom and Youth in Sixty Nine are seen.
Ah Phillis! 'Tis th' Estate Creates the Flame,
That makes the Venus, that the Brilliant Dame;
This the fine Gentleman Adores, he Dies,
Not for the Diamonds in his Mistress Eyes,
Not for the Pearl her Ruby Lips Adorn,
But those which round her Lovely Neck are worn.
This is a Mercenary World, I vow,
Even Beauty passes unregarded now;
Cloe may be Admir'd, and Chaste we know,
But if she still is seen in Callicoe,
If she has no Brawny Footmen t' appear,
And trudge it thro' the Dirt before her Chair,
She might lead Apes, e'er one of you wou'd Woe her,
But with ungenerous Arts seek to undo her.

Wealth does a real Transformation make,
And Roger might with ease himself Mistake:
We Daily see when sudden Riches flow,
Men, nor themselves, nor their Acquaintance know;
So Timon was forgotten by his Guests,
When he no more cou'd give 'em Costly Feasts:
Yet let not Timon's Fate be Ours too,
Don't like the Ungrateful Senate, leave us now;
Keep us but Company when we are Poor,
As better times shall come, we'll quit the Score;
Let us but Jovially jog on together,
And we will bear Contentedly all Weather,
We'll Treat you with the best we can Afford,
A Hearty Welcome, tho' a Homely Board.

FINIS.