

The Works of Aphra Behn, Volume III eBook

The Works of Aphra Behn, Volume III by Aphra Behn

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Page 1

THE TOWN-FOP; OR, SIR TIMOTHY TAWDREY.

ARGUMENT.

Sir Timothy Tawdrey is by the wishes of his mother and the lady's father designed for Celinda, who loves Bellmour, nephew to Lord Plotwell. A coxcomb of the first water, Sir Timothy receives a sharp rebuff when he opens his suit, and accordingly he challenges Bellmour, but fails to appear at the place of meeting. Celinda's old nurse, at night, admits Bellmour to her mistress' chamber, where they are surprized by Friendlove, her brother, who is, however, favourable to the union, the more so as he is a friend of Bellmour, and they have but newly returned from travelling together in Italy. Lord Plotwell warmly welcomes his nephew home, and proceeds to unfold his design of giving him his niece Diana in marriage. When he demurs, the old lord threatens to deprive him of his estate, and he is compelled eventually to acquiesce in the matrimonial schemes of his guardian. Bellmour sends word to Celinda, who replies in a heart-broken letter; and at the wedding feast Friendlove, who himself is deeply enamoured of Diana, appears in disguise to observe the traitor. He is followed by his sister disguised as a boy, and upon Friendlove's drawing on Bellmour a scuffle ensues which, however, ends without harm. In the nuptial chamber Bellmour informs Diana that he cannot love her and she quits him maddened with rage and disappointment. Sir Timothy serenades the newly-mated pair and is threatened by Bellmour, whilst Celinda, who has been watching the house, attacks the fop and his fiddlers. During the brawl Diana issuing forth meets Celinda, and taking her for a boy leads her into the house and shortly makes advances of love. They are interrupted by Friendlove, disguised, and he receives Diana's commands to seek out and challenge Bellmour. At the same time he reveals his love as though he told the tale of another, but he is met with scorn and only bidden to fight the husband who has repulsed her. Bellmour, meantime, in despair and rage at his misery plunges into reckless debauchery, and in company with Sir Timothy visits a bagnio, where they meet Betty Flauntit, the knight's kept mistress, and other cyprians. Hither they are tracked by Charles, Bellmour's younger brother, and Trusty, Lord Plotwell's old steward. Sharp words pass, the brothers fight and Charles is slighted wounded. Their Uncle hears of this with much indignation, and at the same time receiving a letter from Diana begging for a divorce, he announces his intention to further her purpose, and to abandon wholly Charles and Phillis, his sister, in consequence of their elder brother's conduct. Sir Timothy, induced by old Trusty, begins a warm courtship of Phillis, and arranges with a parasite named Sham to deceive her by a mock marriage. Sham, however, procures a real parson, and Sir Timothy is for the moment afraid he has got a wife without a dowry or portion. Lord Plotwell eventually promises to provide for her, and at Diana's request, now she recognizes her mistake in trying to hold a man who does not love her, Bellmour is forgiven and allowed to wed Celinda as soon as the divorce has been pronounced, whilst Diana herself rewards Friendlove with her hand.

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SOURCE.

The Town-Fop; or, Sir Timothy Tawdrey is materially founded upon George Wilkins' popular play, *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage* (4to, 1607, 1611, 1629, 1637), reprinted in Dodsley. Sir Timothy himself is moulded to some extent upon Sir Francis Ilford, but, as Geneste aptly remarks, he may be considered a new character. In the older drama, Clare, the original of Celinda, dies tragically of a broken heart. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Behn has greatly improved Wilkins' scenes. The well-drawn character of Betty Flauntit is her own, and the realistically vivacious bagnio episodes of Act iv replace a not very interesting or lively tavern with a considerable accession to wit and humour, although perhaps not to strict propriety.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

The Town-Fop; or, Sir Timothy Tawdrey was produced at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Garden, in September, 1676. There is no record of its performance, and the actors' names are not given. It was a year of considerable changes in the company, and any attempt to supply these would be the merest surmise.

The town-fop;
or, *Sir Timothy Tawdrey.*

PROLOGUE.

*As Country Squire, who yet had never known
The long-expected Joy of being in Town;
Whose careful Parents scarce permitted Heir
To ride from home, unless to neighbouring Fair;
At last by happy Chance is hither led,
To purchase Clap with loss of Maidenhead;
Turns wondrous gay, bedizen'd to Excess;
Till he is all Burlesque in Mode and Dress:
Learns to talk loud in Pit, grows wily too,
That is to say, makes mighty Noise and Show.*

So a young Poet, who had never been
Dabbling beyond the Height of Ballading;
Who, in his brisk Essays, durst ne'er excel
The lucky Flight of rhyming Doggerel,
Sets up with this sufficient Stock on Stage,
And has, perchance, the luck to please the Age.



He draws you in, like cozening Citizen;
Cares not how bad the Ware, so Shop be fine.

As tawdry Gown and Petticoat gain more
(Tho on a dull diseas'd ill-favour'd Whore)
Than prettier Frugal, tho on Holy-day, |
When every City-Spark has leave to play_, |
--Damn her, she must be sound, she is so gay; |
*So let the Scenes be fine, you'll ne'er enquire
For Sense, but lofty Flights in nimble Wire.
—What we present to Day is none of these,
But we cou'd wish it were, for we wou'd please,
And that you'll swear we hardly meant to do:
Yet here's no Sense; Pox on't, but here's no Show;
But a plain Story, that will give a Taste
Of what your Grandsires lov'd i'th' Age that's past.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

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Lord *Plotwell*. *Bellmour*, Nephew to the Lord *Plotwell*, contracted to *Celinda*. *Charles*, Brother to *Bellmour*. *Friendlove*, Brother to *Celinda*, in love with *Diana*. Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*, a Fop-Knight, design'd to marry *Celinda*. *Sham*, | Hangers on to Sir *Timothy*. *Sharp*, | *Trusty*, An old Steward to *Bellmour*'s Family. Page to *Bellmour*. Page to Lord *Plotwell*. Sir *Timothy*'s Page. Guests, Dancers, Fiddlers, and Servants.

WOMEN.

The Lady *Diana*, Niece to the Lord *Plotwell*. *Celinda*, Sister to *Friendlove*, contracted to *Bellmour*. *Phillis*, Sister to *Bellmour*. *Betty Flauntit*, kept by Sir *Timothy*. *Driver*, A Bawd. *Jenny*, | Two Whores *Doll*, | Nurse, Ladies and Guests.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden*.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street*.

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham, and Sharp.

Sir *Tim*. Hereabouts is the House wherein dwells the Mistress of my Heart; for she has Money, Boys, mind me, Money in abundance, or she were not for me—The Wench herself is good-natur'd, and inclin'd to be civil: but a Pox on't—she has a Brother, a conceited Fellow, whom the World mistakes for a fine Gentleman; for he has travell'd, talks Languages, bows with a *bonne mine*, and the rest; but, by Fortune, he shall entertain you with nothing but Words—

Sham. Nothing else!—

Sir *Tim*. No—He's no Country-Squire, Gentlemen, will not game, whore; nay, in my Conscience, you will hardly get your selves drunk in his Company—He treats A-la-mode, half Wine, half Water, and the rest—But to the Business, this Fellow loves his Sister dearly, and will not trust her in this leud Town, as he calls it, without him; and hither he has brought her to marry me.

Sham. A Pox upon him for his Pains—

Sir *Tim*. So say I—But my Comfort is, I shall be as weary of her, as the best Husband of 'em all. But there's Conveniency in it; besides, the Match being as good as made up by the old Folks in the Country, I must submit—The Wench I never saw yet, but they say she's handsom—But no matter for that, there's Money, my Boys.

Sharp. Well, Sir, we will follow you—but as dolefully as People do their Friends to the Grave, from whence they're never to return, at least not the same Substance; the thin airy Vision of a brave good Fellow, we may see thee hereafter, but that's the most.

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Sir Tim. Your Pardon, sweet *Sharp*, my whole Design in it is to be Master of my self, and with part of her Portion to set up my Miss, *Betty Flauntit*; which, by the way, is the main end of my marrying; the rest you'll have your shares of—Now I am forc'd to take you up Suits at treble Prizes, have damn'd Wine and Meat put upon us, 'cause the Reckoning is to be book'd: But ready Money, ye Rogues! What Charms it has! makes the Waiters fly, Boys, and the Master with Cap in Hand—excuse what's amiss, Gentlemen—Your Worship shall command the best—and the rest—How briskly the Box and Dice dance, and the ready Money submits to the lucky Gamester, and the gay Wench consults with every Beauty to make her self agreeable to the Man with ready Money! In fine, dear Rogues, all things are sacrific'd to its Power; and no Mortal conceives the Joy of Argent Content. 'Tis this powerful God that makes me submit to the Devil, Matrimony; and then thou art assur'd of me, my stout Lads of brisk Debauch.

Sham. And is it possible you can be ty'd up to a Wife? Whilst here in *London*, and free, you have the whole World to range in, and like a wanton Heifer, eat of every Pasture.

Sir Tim. Why, dost think I'll be confin'd to my own dull Enclosure? No, I had rather feed coarsely upon the boundless Common; perhaps two or three days I may be in love, and remain constant, but that's the most.

Sharp. And in three Weeks, should you wed a *Cynthia*, you'd be a Monster.

Sir Tim. What, thou meanest a Cuckold, I warrant. God help thee! But a Monster is only so from its Rarity, and a Cuckold is no such strange thing in our Age.

Enter Bellmour and Friendlove.

But who comes here? *Bellmour!* Ah, my little dear Rogue! how dost thou? —*Ned Friendlove* too! Dear Lad, how dost thou too? Why, welcome to Town, i'faith, and I'm glad to see you both.

Friend. Sir *Timothy Tawdrey!*—

Sir Tim. The same, by Fortune, dear *Ned*: And how, and how, Man, how go Matters?

Friend. Between who, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why, any Body, Man; but, by Fortune, I'm overjoy'd to meet thee: But where dost think I was going?

Friend. Is't possible one shou'd divine?

Sir Tim. Is't possible you shou'd not, and meet me so near your Sister's Lodgings? Faith, I was coming to pay my Respects and Services, and the rest—Thou know'st my meaning—The old Business of the Silver-World, *Ned*; by Fortune, it's a mad Age we live

in, *Ned*; and here be so many—wicked Rogues, about this damn'd leud Town, that, 'faith, I am fain to speak in the vulgar modish Style, in my own Defence, and railly Matrimony and the rest.

Friend. Matrimony!—I hope you are so exactly refin'd a Man of the Town, that you will not offer once to think of so dull a thing: let that alone for such cold Complexions as *Bellmour* here, and I, that have not attain'd to that most excellent faculty of Keeping yet, as you, Sir *Timothy*, have done; much to your Glory, I assure you.

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Sir Tim. Who, I, Sir? You do me much Honour: I must confess I do not find the softer Sex cruel; I am received as well as another Man of my Parts.

Friend. Of your Money you mean, Sir.

Sir Tim. Why, 'faith, *Ned*, thou art i'th' right; I love to buy my Pleasure: for, by Fortune, there's as much pleasure in Vanity and Variety, as any Sins I know; What think'st thou, *Ned*?

Friend. I am not of your Mind, I love to love upon the square; and that I may be sure not to be cheated with false Ware, I present 'em nothing but my Heart.

Sir Tim. Yes, and have the Consolation of seeing your frugal huswifery Miss in the Pit, at a Play, in a long Scarf and Night-gown, for want of Points, and Garniture.

Friend. If she be clean, and pretty, and drest in Love, I can excuse the rest, and so will she.

Sir Tim. I vow to Fortune, *Ned*, thou must come to *London*, and be a little manag'd: 'slife, Man, shouldst thou talk so aloud in good Company, thou wouldst be counted a strange Fellow. Pretty—and drest with Love—a fine Figure, by Fortune: No, *Ned*, the painted Chariot gives a Lustre to every ordinary Face, and makes a Woman look like Quality; Ay, so like, by Fortune, that you shall not know one from t'other, till some scandalous, out-of-favour'd laid-aside Fellow of the Town, cry—Damn her for a Bitch—how scornfully the Whore regards me—She has forgot since *Jack*—such a one, and I, club'd for the keeping of her, when both our Stocks well manag'd wou'd not amount to above seven Shillings six Pence a week; besides now and then a Treat of a Breast of Mutton from the next Cook's.—Then the other laughs, and crys—Ay, rot her—and tells his Story too, and concludes with, Who manages the Jilt now; Why, faith, some dismal Coxcomb or other, you may be sure, replies the first. But, *Ned*, these are Rogues, and Rascals, that value no Man's Reputation, because they despise their own. But faith, I have laid aside all these Vanities, now I have thought of Matrimony; but I desire my Reformation may be a Secret, because, as you know, for a Man of my Address, and the rest—'tis not altogether so Jantee.

Friend. Sir, I assure you, it shall be so great a Secret for me, that I will never ask you who the happy Woman is, that's chosen for this great Work of your Conversion.

Sir Tim. Ask me—No, you need not, because you know already.

Friend. Who, I? I protest, Sir *Timothy*—

Sir Tim. No Swearing, dear *Ned*, for 'tis not such a Secret, but I will trust my Intimates: these are my Friends, *Ned*; pray know them—This Mr. *Sham*, and this—by Fortune, a

very honest Fellow [*Bows to 'em*] Mr. *Sharp*, and may be trusted with a Bus'ness that concerns you as well as me.

Friend. Me! What do you mean, Sir *Timothy*?



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Sir Tim. Why, Sir, you know what I mean.

Friend. Not I, Sir.

Sir Tim. What, not that I am to marry your Sister *Celinda*?

Friend. Not at all.

Bel. O, this insufferable Sot! [*Aside.*

Friend. My Sister, Sir, is very nice.

Sir Tim. That's all one, Sir, the old People have adjusted the matter, and they are the most proper for a Negotiation of that kind, which saves us the trouble of a tedious Courtship.

Friend. That the old People have agreed the matter, is more than I know.

Sir Tim. Why, Lord, Sir, will you persuade me to that? Don't you know that your Father (according to the Method in such Cases, being certain of my Estate) came to me thus—*Sir Timothy Tawdrey*,—you are a young Gentleman, and a Knight, I knew your Father well, and my right worshipful Neighbour, our Estates lie together; therefore, Sir, I have a desire to have a near Relation with you—At which, I interrupted him, and cry'd—Oh Lord, Sir, I vow to Fortune, you do me the greatest Honour, Sir, and the rest—

Bel. I can endure no more; he marry fair *Celinda*!

Friend. Prithee let him alone. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. To which he answer'd—I have a good Fortune—have but my Son *Ned*, and this Girl, call'd *Celinda*, whom I will make a Fortune, sutable to yours; your honoured Mother, the Lady *Tawdrey*, and I, have as good as concluded the Match already. To which I (who, though I say it, am well enough bred for a Knight) answered the Civility thus—I vow to Fortune, Sir—I did not swear, but cry'd—I protest, Sir, *Celinda*, deserves—no, no, I lye again, 'twas merits—Ay, *Celinda*—merits a much better Husband than I.

Friend. You speak more Truth than you are aware of. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I'll bring you to my Sister; and if she likes you, as well as My Father does, she's yours; otherwise, I have so much Tenderness for her, as to leave her Choice free.

Sir Tim. Oh, Sir, you compliment. *Alons, Entrons.*

[*Exeunt*_.

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Celinda, and Nurse.

Cel. I wonder my Brother stays so long: sure Mr. *Bellmour* is not yet arriv'd, yet he sent us word he would be here to day. Lord, how impatient I grow!

Nur. Ay, so methinks; if I had the hopes of enjoying so sweet a Gentleman as Mr. *Bellmour*, I shou'd be so too—But I am past it—Well, I have had my Pantings, and Heavings, my Impatience, and Qualms, my Heats, and my Colds, and my I know not whats—But I thank my Stars, I have done with all those Fooleries.

Cel. Fooleries!—
Is there any thing in Life but Love?
Wou'dst thou praise Heaven for thy Being,
Without that grateful part of it?
For I confess I love.

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Nur. You need not, your Sighs, and daily (nay, and nightly too) Disorders, plainly enough betray the Truth.

Cel. Thou speak'st as if it were a Sin: But if it be so, you your self help'd to make me wicked. For e'er I saw Mr. *Bellmour*, you spoke the kindest things of him, As would have mov'd the dullest Maid to love; And e'er I saw him, I was quite undone.

Nur. Quite undone! Now God forbid it; what, for loving? You said but now there was no Life without it.

Cel. But since my Brother came from *Italy*,
And brought young *Bellmour* to our House,
How very little thou hadst said of him!
How much above thy Praise, I found the Youth!

Nur. Very pretty! You are grown a notable Proficient in Love—And you are resolv'd (if he please) to marry him?

Cel. Or I must die.

Nur. Ay, but you know the Lord *Plotwell* has the Possession of all his Estate, and if he marry without his liking, has Power to take away all his Fortune, and then I think it were not so good marrying him.

Cel. Not marrying him! Oh, canst thou think so poorly of me?
Yes, I would marry him, though our scanty Fortune
Cou'd only purchase us
A lonely Cottage, in some silent Place,
All cover'd o'er with Thatch,
Defended from the Outrages of Storms
By leafless Trees, in Winter; and from Heat,
With Shades, which their kind Boughs wou'd bear anew;
Under whose Covert we'd feed our gentle Flock,
That shou'd in gratitude repay us Food,
And mean and humble Clothing.

Nur. Very fine!

Cel. There we wou'd practise such degrees of Love,
Such lasting, innocent, unheard of Joys,
As all the busy World should wonder at,
And, amidst all their Glories, find none such.



Nur. Good lack! how prettily Love teaches his Scholars to prattle.— But hear ye, fair Mrs. *Celinda*, you have forgot to what end and purpose you came to Town; not to marry Mr. *Bellmour*, as I take it—but Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*, that Spark of Men.

Cel. Oh, name him not—Let me not in one Moment
Descend from Heaven to Hell—
How came that wretched thing into thy Noddle?

Nur. Faith, Mistress, I took pity of thee, I saw you so elevated with Thoughts of Mr. *Bellmour*, I found it necessary to take you down a degree lower.

Cel. Why did not Heaven make all Men like lo *Bellmour*? So strangely sweet and charming!

Nur. Marry come up, you speak well for your self; Oh intolerable loving Creature! But here comes the utmost of your Wishes.

Cel. My Brother, and *Bellmour*! with strange Men!

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham, and Sharp.

Friend. Sister, I've brought you here a Lover, this is the worthy Person you have heard of, Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*.

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Sir Tim. Yes, faith, Madam, I am *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, at your Service—Pray are not you *Mrs. Celinda Dresswell*?

Cel. The same, but cannot return your Compliment.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, oh Lord, not return a Compliment. Faith, *Ned*, thy Sister's quite spoil'd, for want of Town-Education; 'tis pity, for she's devilish pretty.

Friend. She's modest, Sir, before Company; therefore these Gentlemen and I will withdraw into the next Room.

Cel. Inhuman Brother! Will you leave me alone with this Sot?

Friend. Yes, and if you would be rid of the trouble of him, be not coy, nor witty; two things he hates.

Bel. 'Sdeath! Must she be blown upon by that Fool?

Friend. Patience, dear *Frank*, a little while.

[*Exeunt Friend. Bell. Sham and Sharp.*

[*Sir Timothy walks about the Room, expecting when Celinda should speak.*

Cel. Oh, dear Nurse, what shall I do?

Nur. I that ever help you at a dead Lift, will not fail you now.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, not a Word?

Cel. Sure this Fellow believes I'll begin.

Sir Tim. Not yet—sure she has spoke her last—

Nur. The Gentleman's good-natur'd, and has took pity on you, and will not trouble you, I think.

Sir Tim.—Hey day, here's Wooing indeed—Will she never begin, trow? —This some would call an excellent Quality in her Sex—But a pox on't, I do not like it—Well, I see I must break Silence at last—Madam—not answer me—'shaw, this is mere ill breeding—by Fortune—it can be nothing else—O' my Conscience, if I should kiss her, she would bid me stand off—I'll try—

Nur. Hold, Sir, you mistake your Mark.



Sir Tim. So I should, if I were to look in thy mouldy Chaps, good Matron—Can your Lady speak?

Nur. Try, Sir.

Sir Tim. Which way?

Nur. Why, speak to her first.

Sir Tim. I never knew a Woman want a Cue for that; but all that I Have met with were still before-hand with me in tittle tattle.

Nur. Likely those you have met with may, but this is no such Creature, Sir.

Sir Tim. I must confess, I am unus'd to this kind of Dialogue; and I am an Ass, if I know what to say to such a Creature.
—But come, will you answer me to one Question?

Cel. If I can, Sir.

Sir Tim. But first I should ask you if you can speak? For that's a Question too.

Cel. And if I cannot, how will you be answer'd?

Sir Tim. Faith, that's right; why, then you must do't by signs.

Cel. But grant I can speak, what is't you'll ask me?

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Sir Tim. Can you love?

Cel. Oh, yes, Sir, many things; I love my Meat, I love abundance of Adorers, I love choice of new Clothes, new Plays; and, like a right Woman, I love to have my Will.

Sir Tim. Spoke like a well-bred Person, by Fortune: I see there's hopes of thee, Celinda; thou wilt in time learn to make a very fashionable Wife, having so much Beauty too. I see Attracts, and Allurements, wanton Eyes, the languishing turn of the Head, and all That invites to Temptation.

Cel. Would that please you in a Wife?

Sir Tim. Please me! Why, Madam, what do you take me to be? a Sot?— a Fool?—or a dull *Italian* of the Humour of your Brother?—No, no, I can assure you, she that marries me, shall have Franchise—But, my pretty Miss, you must learn to talk a little more—

Cel. I have not Wit, and Sense enough, for that.

Sir Tim. Wit! Oh la, O la, Wit! as if there were any Wit requir'd in a Woman when she talks; no, no matter for Wit, or Sense: talk but loud, and a great deal to shew your white Teeth, and smile, and be very confident, and 'tis enough—Lord, what a Sight 'tis to see a pretty Woman Stand right up an end in the middle of a Room, playing with her Fan, for want of something to keep her in Countenance. No, she that is mine, I will teach to entertain at another rate.

Nur. How, Sir? Why, what do you take my young Mistress to be?

Sir Tim. A Woman—and a fine one, and so fine as she ought to permit her self to be seen, and be ador'd.

Nur. Out upon you, would you expose your Wife? by my troth, and I were she, I know what I wou'd do—

Sir Tim. Thou do—what thou wouldst have done sixty Years ago, thou meanest.

Nur. Marry come up, for a stinking Knight; worse than I have gone down with you, e'er now—Sixty Years ago, quoth ye—As old as I am— I live without Surgeons, wear my own Hair, am not in Debt to my Taylor, as thou art, and art fain to kiss his Wife, to persuade her Husband to be merciful to thee—who wakes thee every Morning with his Clamour and long Bills, at thy Chamber-door.

Sir Tim. Prithee, good Matron, Peace; I'll compound with thee.

Nur. 'Tis more than thou wilt do with thy Creditors, who, poor Souls, despair of a Groat in the Pound for all thou ow'st them, for Points, Lace, and Garniture—for all, in fine, that makes thee a complete Fop.

Sir Tim. Hold, hold thy eternal Clack.

Nur. And when none would trust thee farther, give Judgments for twice the Money thou borrowest, and swear thy self at Age; and lastly—to patch up your broken Fortune, you wou'd fain marry my sweet Mistress *Celinda* here—But, Faith, Sir, you're mistaken, her Fortune shall not go to the Maintenance of your Misses; which being once sure of, she, poor Soul, is sent down to the Country-house, to learn Housewifery, and live without Mankind, unless she can serve her self with the handsom Steward, or so—whilst you tear it away in Town, and live like Man and Wife with your Jilt, and are every Day seen in the Glass Coach, whilst your own natural Lady is hardly worth the Hire of a Hack.

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Sir Tim. Why, thou damnable confounded Torment, wilt thou never cease?

Nur. No, not till you raise your Siege, and be gone; go march to your Lady of Love, and Debauch—go—You get no *Celinda* here.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her Tongue.

Cel. Good gentle Nurse, have Mercy upon the poor Knight.

Nur. No more, Mistress, than he'll have on you, if Heaven had so abandon'd you, to put you into his Power—Mercy—quoth ye—no—, no more than his Mistress will have, when all his Money's gone.

Sir Tim. Will she never end?

Cel. Prithee forbear.

Nur. No more than the Usurer would, to whom he has mortgag'd the best part of his Estate, would forbear a Day after the promis'd Payment of the Money. Forbear!—

Sir Tim. Not yet end! Can I, Madam, give you a greater Proof of my Passion for you, than to endure this for your sake?

Nur. This—thou art so sorry a Creature, thou wilt endure any thing for the lucre of her Fortune; 'tis that thou hast a Passion for: not that thou carest for Money, but to sacrifice to thy Leudness, to purchase a Mistress, to purchase the Reputation of as errant a Fool as ever arriv'd at the Honour of keeping; to purchase a little Grandeur, as you call it; that is, to make every one look at thee, and consider what a Fool thou art, who else might pass unregarded amongst the common Croud.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her Tongue, and so 'tis in most Women's of her Age; for when it has quitted the Tail, it repairs to her upper Tire.

Nur. Do not persuade me, Madam, I am resolv'd to make him weary of his Wooing.

Sir Tim. So, God be prais'd, the Storm is laid—And now, Mrs. *Celinda*, give me leave to ask you, if it be with your leave, this Affront is put on a Man of my Quality?

Nur. Thy Quality—

Sir Tim. Yes; I am a Gentleman, and a Knight.

Nur. Yes, Sir, Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance is it?



Sir Tim. You are beholding to *Don Quixot* for that, and 'tis so many Ages since thou couldst see to read, I wonder thou hast not forgot all that ever belong'd to Books.

Nur. My Eye-sight is good enough to see thee in all thy Colours, thou Knight of the burning Pestle thou.

Sir Tim. Agen, that was out of a Play—Hark ye, Witch of *Endor*, hold your prating Tongue, or I shall most well-favour'dly cudgel ye.

Nur. As your Friend the Hostess has it in a Play too, I take it, Ends which you pick up behind the Scenes, when you go to be laught at even by the Player-Women.

Sir Tim. Wilt thou have done? By Fortune, I'll endure no more—

Nur. Murder, Murder!

Cel. Hold, hold.

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sham *and* Sharp.

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Friend. Read here the worst of News that can arrive,
[Gives Bellm. a Letter.

—What's the matter here? Why, how now,
Sir Timothy, what, up in Arms with the Women?

Sir Tim. Oh, Ned, I'm glad thou'rt come—never was *Tom Dove* baited as I have been.

Friend. By whom? my Sister?

Sir Tim. No, no, that old Mastiff there—the young Whelp came not on, thanks be prais'd.

Bel. How, her Father here to morrow, and here he says, that shall be the last Moment, he will defer the Marriage of *Celinda* to this Sot— Oh God, I shall grow mad, and so undo 'em all—I'll kill the Villain at the Altar—By my lost hopes, I will—And yet there is some left—Could I but—speak to her—I must rely on *Dresswell's* Friendship—Oh God, to morrow—Can I endure that thought? Can I endure to see the Traytor there, who must to morrow rob me of my Heaven?—I'll own my Flame—and boldly tell this Fop, she must be mine—

Friend. I assure you, *Sir Timothy*, I am sorry, and will chastise her.

Sir Tim. Ay, Sir, I that am a Knight—a Man of Parts and Wit, and one that is to be your Brother, and design'd to be the Glory of marrying *Celinda*.

Bel. I can endure no more—How, Sir—You marry fair *Celinda*!

Sir Tim. Ay, *Frank*, ay—is she not a pretty little plump white Rogue, hah?

Bel. Yes.

Sir Tim. Oh, I had forgot thou art a modest Rogue, and to thy eternal Shame, hadst never the Reputation of a Mistress—Lord, Lord, that I could see thee address thy self to a Lady—I fancy thee a very ridiculous Figure in that Posture, by Fortune.

Bel. Why, Sir, I can court a Lady—

Sir Tim. No, no, thou'rt modest; that is to say, a Country Gentleman; that is to say, ill-bred; that is to say, a Fool, by Fortune, as the World goes.

Bel. Neither, Sir—I can love—and tell it too—and that you may believe me—look on this Lady, Sir.

Sir Tim. Look on this Lady, Sir—Ha, ha, ha,—Well, Sir—Well, Sir— And what then?



Bel. Nay, view her well, Sir—

Sir *Tim.* Pleasant this—Well, *Frank*, I do—And what then?

Bel. Is she not charming fair—fair to a wonder!

Sir *Tim.* Well, Sir, 'tis granted—

Bel. And canst thou think this Beauty meant for thee, for thee, dull common Man?

Sir *Tim.* Very well, what will he say next?

Bel. I say, let me no more see thee approach this Lady.

Sir *Tim.* How, Sir, how?

Bel. Not speak to her, not look on her—by Heaven—not think of her.

Sir *Tim.* How, *Frank*, art in earnest?

Bel. Try, if thou dar'st.



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Sir *Tim*. Not think of her!—

Bel. No, not so much as in a Dream, could I divine it.

Sir *Tim*. Is he in earnest, Mr. *Friendlove*?

Friend. I doubt so, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir *Tim*. What, does he then pretend to your Sister?

Bel. Yes, and no Man else shall dare do so.

Sir *Tim*. Take notice I am affronted in your Lodgings—for you, *Bellmour*—You take me for an Ass—therefore meet me to morrow Morning about five, with your Sword in your Hand, behind *Southampton* House.

Bel. 'Tis well—there we will dispute our Title to *Celinda*.

[Exit Sir Tim.]

Dull Animal! The Gods cou'd ne'er decree So bright a Maid shou'd be possess'd by thee.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Palace.

Enter Nurse with a Light.

Nur. Well, 'tis an endless trouble to have the Tuition of a Maid in love, here is such Wishing and Longing.—And yet one must force them to what they most desire, before they will admit of it—Here am I sent out a Scout of the Forlorn Hope, to discover the Approach of the Enemy—Well —Mr. *Bellmour*, you are not to know, 'tis with the Consent of *Celinda*, that you come—I must bear all the blame, what Mischief soever comes of these Night-Works.

Enter Bellmour.

Oh, are you come—Your Hour was Twelve, and now 'tis almost Two.

Bel. I could not get from *Friendlove*—Thou hast not told *Celinda* of my coming?

Nur. No, no, e'en make Peace for me, and your self too.

Bel. I warrant thee, Nurse—Oh, how I hope and fear this Night's Success!



[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Celinda in her Night-Attire, leaning on a Table.
Enter to her Bellmour and Nurse.

Cel. Oh Heavens! Mr. *Bellmour* at this late Hour in my Chamber!

Bel. Yes, Madam; but will approach no nearer till you permit me; And sure you know my Soul too well to fear.

Cel. I do, Sir, and you may approach yet nearer, And let me know your Business.

Bel. Love is my bus'ness, that of all the World; Only my Flame as much surmounts the rest, As is the Object's Beauty I adore.

Cel. If this be all, to tell me of your Love, To morrow might have done as well.

Bel. Oh, no, to morrow would have been too late,
Too late to make returns to all my Pain.

—What disagreeing thing offends your Eyes?

I've no Deformity about my Person;

I'm young, and have a Fortune great as any

That do pretend to serve you;

And yet I find my Interest in your Heart,

Below those happy ones that are my Rivals.

Nay, every Fool that can but plead his Title,

And the poor Interest that a Parent gives him,

Can merit more than I.

—What else, my lovely Maid, can give a freedom

To that same talking, idle, knighted Fop?



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Cel. Oh, if I am so wretched to be his,
Surely I cannot live;
For, Sir, I must confess I cannot love him.

Bel. But thou may'st do as bad, and marry him,
And that's a Sin I cannot over-live;
—No, hear my Vows—

Cel. But are you, Sir, in earnest?

Bel. In earnest? Yes, by all that's good, I am; I love you more than I do Life, or Heaven!

Cel. Oh, what a pleasure 'tis to hear him say so! [*Aside.* —But pray, how long, Sir,
have you lov'd me so?

Bel. From the first moment that I saw your Eyes, Your charming killing Eyes, I did adore
'em; And ever since have languisht Day and Night.

Nur. Come, come, ne'er stand asking of Questions, But follow your Inclinations, and
take him at his Word.

Bel. Celinda, take her Counsel,
Perhaps this is the last opportunity;
Nay, and, by Heaven, the last of all my Life,
If you refuse me now—
Say, will you never marry Man but me?

Cel. Pray give me till to morrow, Sir, to answer you;
For I have yet some Fears about my Soul,
That take away my Rest.

Bel. To morrow! You must then marry—Oh fatal Word! Another! a Beast, a Fool, that
knows not how to value you.

Cel. Is't possible my Fate shou'd be so near?

Nur. Nay, then dispose of your self, I say, and leave dissembling; 'tis high time.

Bel. This Night the Letter came, the dreadful News
Of thy being married, and to morrow too.
Oh, answer me, or I shall die with Fear.

Cel. I must confess it, Sir, without a blush,
(For 'tis no Sin to love) that I cou'd wish—



Heaven and my Father were inclin'd my way:
But I am all Obedience to their Wills.

Bel. That Sigh was kind,
But e'er to morrow this time,
You'll want this pitying Sense, and feel no Pantings,
But those which Joys and Pleasures do create.

Cel. Alas, Sir! what is't you'd have me do?

Bel. Why—I wou'd have you love, and after that
You need not be instructed what to do.
Give me your Faith, give me your solemn Vow
To be my Wife, and I shall be at Peace.

Cel. Have you consider'd, Sir, your own Condition?
'Tis in your Uncle's Power to take your Fortune,
If in your Choice you disobey his Will.
—And, Sir, you know that mine is much below you.

Bel. Oh, I shall calm his Rage,
By urging so much Reason as thy Beauty,
And my own Flame, on which my Life depends.
—He now has kindly sent for me to *London*,
I fear his Bus'ness—
Yet if you'll yield to marry me,
We'll keep it secret, till our kinder Stars
Have made provision for the blest Discovery.
Come, give me your Vows, or we must part for ever.

Cel. Part! Oh, 'tis a fatal Word!
I will do any thing to save that Life,
To which my own so nearly is ally'd.



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Enter Friendlove.

Friend. So, forward Sister!

Bel. Ha, *Friendlove*!

Friend. Was it so kindly done, to gain my Sister Without my knowledge?

Bel. Ah, *Friend*! 'Twas from her self alone That I wou'd take the Blessing which I ask.

Friend. And I'll assist her, Sir, to give it you. Here, take him as an Honour, and be thankful.

Bel. I as a Blessing sent from Heaven receive her, And e'er I sleep will justify my Claim, And make her mine.

Friend. Be not so hasty, *Friend*: Endeavour first to reconcile your Uncle to't.

Bel. By such Delays we're lost: Hast thou forgot? To morrow she's design'd another's Bride!

Friend. For that let me alone t'evade.

Bel. If you must yet delay me,
Give me leave not to interest such Wealth without Security.
And I, *Celinda*, will instruct you how to satisfy my Fears.

[Kneels, and takes her by the Hand.]

Bear witness to my Vows—
May every Plague that Heaven inflicts on Sin,
Fall down in Thunder on my Head,
If e'er I marry any but *Celinda*
Or if I do not marry thee, fair Maid.

Nur. Heartily sworn, as I vow.

Cel. And here I wish as solemnly the same:
—May all arrive to me,
If e'er I marry any Man but *Bellmour*!

Nur. We are Witnesses, as good as a thousand.

Friend. But now, my *Friend*, I'd have you take your leave; the day comes on apace, and you've not seen your Uncle since your Arrival.



Bel. 'Tis Death to part with thee, my fair Celinda; But our hard Fates impose this Separation: —Farewel—Remember thou'rt all mine.

Cel. What have I else of Joy to think upon? —Go—go—depart.

Bel. I will—but 'tis as Misers part with Gold, Or People full of Health depart from Life.

Friend. Go, Sister, to your Bed, and dream of him.

[*Ex. Cel. and Nurse.*

Bel. Whilst I prepare to meet this Fop to fight him.

Friend. Hang him, he'll ne'er meet thee; to beat a Watch, or kick a Drawer, or batter Windows, is the highest pitch of Valour he e'er arriv'd to.

Bel. However, I'll expect him, lest he be fool-hardy enough to keep his Word.

Friend. Shall I wait on thee?

Bel. No, no, there's no need of that—Good-morrow, my best Friend.

Friend. But e'er you go, my dearest Friend and Brother,
Now you are sure of all the Joys you wish
From Heaven, do not forgetful grow of that great Trust
I gave you of all mine; but, like a Friend,
Assist me in my great Concern of Love
With fair Diana, your lovely Cousin.
You know how long I have ador'd that Maid;
But still her haughty Pride repell'd my Flame,
And all its fierce Efforts.



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Bel. She has a Spirit equal to her Beauty,
As mighty and tyrannick; yet she has Goodness,
And I believe enough inclin'd to Love,
When once her Pride's o'ercome. I have the Honour
To be the Confident of all her Thoughts:
And to augment thy Hopes, 'tis not long since
She did with Sighs confess to me, she lov'd
A Man, she said, scarce equal to her Fortune:
But all my Interest could not learn the Object;
But it must needs be you, by what she said.
This I'll improve, and so to your Advantage—

Friend. I neither doubt thy Industry, nor Love;
Go, and be careful of my Interest there,
Whilst I preserve thine as intirely here.

[*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE III. *Sir Timothy's House.*

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham, Sharp, and Boy.

Sharp. Good morrow, *Sir Timothy*; what, not yet ready, and to meet Mr. *Bellmour* at Five? the time's past.

Sir Tim.—Ay, Pox on't—I han't slept to Night for thinking on't.

Sham. Well, *Sir Timothy*, I have most excellent News for you, that will do as well; I have found out—

Sir Tim. A new Wench, I warrant—But prithee, *Sham*, I have other matters in hand; 'Sheart, I am so mortify'd with this same thought of Fighting, that I shall hardly think of Womankind again.

Sharp. And you were so forward, *Sir Timothy*—

Sir Tim. Ay, *Sharp*, I am always so when I am angry; had I been but A little more provok'd then, that we might have gone to't when the heat was brisk, I had done well—but a Pox on't, this fighting in cool Blood I hate.

Sham. 'Shaw, *Sir*, 'tis nothing, a Man wou'd do't for Exercise in a Morning.

Sir Tim. Ay, if there were no more in't than Exercise; if a Man cou'd take a Breathing without breathing a Vein—but, *Sham*, this Wounds, and Blood, sounds terribly in my



Ears; but since thou say'st 'tis nothing, prithee do thou meet *Bellmour* in my stead; thou art a poor Dog, and 'tis no matter if the World were well rid of thee.

Sham. I wou'd do't with all my Soul—but your Honour, Sir—

Sir *Tim*.—My Honour! 'tis but Custom that makes it honourable to fight Duels—I warrant you the wise *Italian* thinks himself a Man of Honour; and yet when did you hear of an *Italian*, that ever fought a Duel? Is't not enough, that I am affronted, have my Mistress taken away before my Face, hear my self call'd, dull, common Man, dull Animal, and the rest?—But I must after all give him leave to kill me too, if he can—And this is your damn'd Honourable *English* way of shewing a Man's Courage.

Sham. I must confess I am of your mind, and therefore have been studying a Revenge, sutable to the Affront: and if I can judge any thing, I have hit it.



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Sir Tim. Hast thou? dear *Sham*, out with it.

Sham. Why, Sir—what think you of debauching his Sister?

Sir Tim. Why, is there such a thing in Nature?

Sham. You know he has a Sister, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yes, rich, and fair.

Sham. Both, or she were not worthy of your Revenge.

Sir Tim. Oh, how I love Revenge, that has a double Pleasure in it—and where—and where is this fine piece of Temptation?

Sham. In being, Sir—but *Sharp* here, and I, have been at some cost in finding her out.

Sir Tim. Ye shall be overpaid—there's Gold, my little *Maquere*—but she's very handsom?

Sharp. As a Goddess, Sir.

Sir Tim. And art thou sure she will be leud?

Sharp. Are we sure she's a Woman, Sir?—Sure, she's in her Teens, has Pride and Vanity—and two or three Sins more that I cou'd name, all which never fail to assist a Woman in Debauchery—But, Sir, there are certain People that belong to her, that must be consider'd too.

Sir Tim. Stay, Sir, e'er I part with more Money, I'll be certain what returns 'twill make me—that is, I'll see the Wench, not to inform my self, how well I like her, for that I shall do, because she is new, and *Bellmour's* Sister—but to find what possibility there is in gaining her.—I am us'd to these things, and can guess from a Look, or a Kiss, or a Touch of the Hand—but then I warrant, 'twill come to the knowledge of *Betty Flauntit*.

Sham. What, Sir, then it seems you doubt us?

Sir Tim. How do you mean, your Honesty or Judgment? I can assure you, I doubt both.

Sharp. How, Sir, doubt our Honesty!

Sir Tim. Yes—why, I hope neither of you pretend to either, do you?

Sham. Why, Sir, what, do you take us for Cheats?



Sir Tim. As errant, as any's in Christendom.

Sharp. How, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why, how now—what, fly in my Face? Are your Stomachs so queasy, that Cheat won't down with you?

Sham. Why, Sir, we are Gentlemen; and though our ill Fortunes have thrown us on your Bounty, we are not to be term'd—

Sir Tim. Why, you pair of Hectors—whence this Impudence?—Do ye know me, ye Raggamuffins?

Sham. Yes, but we knew not that you were a Coward before. You talkt big, and huft where-e'er you came, like an errant Bully; and so long we reverenc'd you—but now we find you have need of our Courage, we'll stand on our own Reputations.

Sir Tim. Courage and Reputation!—ha, ha, ha—why, you lousy Tatterdemallions—dare ye talk of Courage and Reputation?

Sharp. Why, Sir, who dares question either?

Sir Tim. He that dares try it. [Kicks 'em.]



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Sharp. Hold, Sir, hold.

Sham. Enough, enough, we are satisfy'd.

Sir Tim. So am not I, ye mangy Mungrels, till I have kickt Courage and Reputation out of ye.

Sham. Hold there, Sir, 'tis enough, we are satisfy'd, that you have Courage.

Sir Tim. Oh, are you so? then it seems I was not to be believ'd—I told you I had Courage when I was angry.

Sham. Ay, Sir, we have prov'd it, and will now swear it.—But we had an Inclination to try, Sir.

Sir Tim. And all you did, was but to try my Courage, hah!

Sharp. On our Honours, nothing else, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. Though I know ye to be cursed cowardly lying Rogues, yet because I have use of ye, I must forgive ye.—Here, kiss my Hand, and be forgiven.

Sham. 'Tis an Honour we are proud of, Sir.

Sir Tim. Oh, is it so, Rascallians? then I hope I am to see the Lady without Indentures.

Sharp. Oh Lord, Sir, any thing we can serve you in.

Sham. And I have brib'd her Maid to bring her this Morning into the *Mall*.

Sir Tim. Well, let's about it then; for I am for no fighting to day—D'ye hear, Boy—Let the Coach be got ready whilst I get my self drest.

Boy. The Coach, Sir! Why, you know Mr. *Shatter* has pawn'd the Horses.

Sir Tim. I had forgot it—A pox on't, this 'tis to have a Partner in A Coach; by Fortune, I must marry and set up a whole one.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Lord Plotwell's House.

Enter Charles Bellmour, and Trusty.

Trusty. Mr. *Charles*, your Brother, my young Master *Bellmour*, is come.



Char. I'm glad on't; my Uncle began to be impatient that he came not, you saying you left him but a day's Journey behind you yesterday. My Uncle has something of importance to say to him, I fancy it may be about A Marriage between him and my Lady *Diana*—such a Whisper I heard—

Trusty. Ay, marry, Sir, that were a Match indeed, she being your Uncle's only Heir.

Char. Ay, but they are Sisters Children, and too near a-kin to be happy.

Trusty. 'Twere pity my young Master shou'd be unhappy in a Wife; for he is the sweetest-natur'd Gentleman—But one Comfort is, Mr. *Charles*, you, and your Sister Mrs. *Phillis*, will have your Portions assign'd you if he marry.

Char. Yes, that he can't deny us the very Day after his Marriage.

Trusty. I shall be glad to see you all dispos'd of well; but I was half afraid, your Brother would have married Mrs. *Celinda Friendlove*, to whom he made notable Love in *Yorkshire* I thought: not but she's a fine Lady; but her Fortune is below that of my young Master's, as much as my Lady *Diana*'s is above his—But see, they come; let us retire, to give 'em leave to talk alone.



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[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Plotwell, and Bellmour.

Lord. And well, *Frank*, how dost thou find thy self inclin'd? thou should'st begin to think of something more than Books. Do'st thou not wish to know the Joys that are to be found in a Woman, *Frank*? I well remember at thy Age I fancy'd a thousand fine things of that kind.

Bel. Ay, my Lord, a thousand more perhaps than are to be found.

Lord. Not so; but I confess, *Frank*, unless the Lady be fair, and there be some Love too, 'tis not altogether so well; therefore I, who am still busy for thy good, have fix'd upon a Lady—

Bel. Ha!—

Lord. What, dost start? Nay, I'll warrant thee she'll please; A Lady rich, and fair, and nobly born, and thou shalt marry her, *Frank*.

Bel. Marry her, my Lord—

Lord. Why, yes, marry her—I hope you are none of the fashionable Fops, that are always in Mutiny against Marriage, who never think themselves very witty, but when they rail against Heaven and a Wife— But, *Frank*, I have found better Principles in thee, and thou hast the Reputation of a sober young Gentleman; thou art, besides, a Man of great Fortune, *Frank*.

Bel. And therefore, Sir, ought the less to be a Slave.

Lord. But, *Frank*, we are made for one another; and ought, by the Laws of God, to communicate our Blessings.

Bel. Sir, there are Men enough, fitter much than I, to obey those Laws; nor do I think them made for every one.

Lord. But, *Frank*, you do not know what a Wife I have provided for you.

Bel. 'Tis enough I know she's a Woman, Sir.

Lord. A Woman! why, what should she be else?

Bel. An Angel, Sir, e'er she can be my Wife.



Lord. In good time: but this is a Mortal, Sir—and must serve your turn—but, *Frank*, she is the finest Mortal—

Bel. I humbly beg your Pardon, if I tell you,
That had she Beauty such as Heav'n ne'er made,
Nor meant again t'inrich a Woman with,
It cou'd not take my Heart.

Lord. But, Sir, perhaps you do not guess the Lady.

Bel. Or cou'd I, Sir, it cou'd not change my Nature.

Lord. But, Sir, suppose it be my Niece *Diana*.

Bel. How, Sir, the fair *Diana*!

Lord. I thought thou'dst come about again; What think you now of Woman-kind, and Wedlock?

Bel. As I did before, my Lord.

Lord. What, thou canst not think I am in earnest; I confess, *Frank*, she is above thee in point of Fortune, she being my only Heir—but suppose 'tis she.

Bel. Oh, I'm undone!—Sir, I dare not suppose so greatly in favour of my self.

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Lord. But, *Frank*, you must needs suppose—

Bel. Oh, I am ruin'd, lost, for ever lost.

Lord. What do you mean, Sir?

Bel. I mean, I cannot marry fair *Diana*.

Lord. Death! how's this?

Bel. She is a thing above my humble wishes—

Lord. Is that all? Take you no care for that; for she loves you already, and I have resolv'd it, which is better yet.

Bel. Love me, Sir! I know she cannot, And Heav'n forbid that I should injure her.

Lord. Sir, this is a Put-off: resolve quickly, or I'll compel you.

Bel. You wou'd not use Extremity; What is the Forfeit of my Disobedience?

Lord. The loss of all your Fortune, If you refuse the Wife I have provided— Especially a handsom Lady, as she is, *Frank*.

Bel. Oh me, unhappy! What cursed Laws provided this Severity?

Lord. Even those of your Father's Disposal, who seeing so many Examples in this leud Age, of the ruin of whole Families by imprudent Marriages, provided otherwise for you.

Bel. But, Sir, admit *Diana* be inclin'd, And I (by my unhappy Stars so curs'd) Should be unable to accept the Honour.

Lord. How, Sir! admit!—I can no more admit, Than you can suppose—therefore give me your final Answer.

Bel. Sir, can you think a Blessing e'er can fall Upon that Pair, whom Interest joins, not Love?

Lord. Why, what's in *Diana*, that you shou'd not love her?

Bel. I must confess she has a thousand Virtues,
The least of which wou'd bless another Man;
But, Sir, I hope, if I am so unhappy
As not to love that Lady, you will pardon me.



Lord. Indeed, Sir, but I will not; love me this Lady, and marry me this Lady, or I will teach you what it is to refuse such a Lady.

Bel. Sir, 'tis not in my power to obey you.

Lord. How! not in your pow'r?

Bel. No, Sir, I see my fatal Ruin in your Eyes, And know too well your Force, and my own Misery. —But, Sir—when I shall tell you who I've married—

Lord. Who you've married;—By all that's sacred, if that be true, thou art undone for ever.

Bel. O hear me, Sir! I came with Hopes to have found you merciful.

Lord. Expect none from me; no, thou shalt not have So much of thy Estate, as will afford thee Bread: By Heav'n, thou shalt not.

Bel. Oh, pity me, my Lord, pity my Youth;
It is no Beggar, nor one basely born,
That I have given my Heart to, but a Maid,
Whose Birth, whose Beauty, and whose Education
Merits the best of Men.

Lord. Very fine! where is the Priest that durst dispose of you without my Order? Sirrah, you are my Slave—at least your whole Estate is at my mercy—and besides, I'll charge you with an Action of 5000 pounds. For your ten Years Maintenance: Do you know that this in my power too?

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Bel. Yes, Sir, and dread your Anger worse than Death.

Lord. Oh Villain! thus to dash my Expectation!

Bel. Sir, on my bended Knees, thus low I fall To beg your mercy.

Lord. Yes, Sir, I will have mercy; I'll give you Lodging—but in a Dungeon, Sir, Where you shall ask your Food of Passers by.

Bel. All this, I know, you have the Pow'r to do;
But, Sir, were I thus cruel, this hard Usage
Would give me Cause to execute it.
I wear a Sword, and I dare right my self;
And Heaven wou'd pardon it, if I should kill you:
But Heav'n forbid I shou'd correct that Law,
Which gives you Power, and orders me Obedience.

Lord. Very well, Sir, I shall tame that Courage, and punish that Harlot, whoe'er she be, that has seduc'd ye.

Bel. How, Harlot, Sir!—Death, such another Word,
And through all Laws and Reason I will rush,
And reach thy Soul, if mortal like thy Body.
—No, Sir, she's chaste, as are the new-made Vows
I breath'd upon her Lips, when last we parted.

Lord. Who waits there?

Enter Trusty and Servants.

—Shall I be murder'd in my own House?
'Tis time you were remov'd—
Go, get an Action of 5000 pounds, enter'd against him,
With Officers to arrest him.

Trusty. My Lord, 'tis my young Master *Bellmour*.

Lord. Ye all doat upon him, but he's not the Man you take him for.

Trusty. How, my Lord! not this Mr. *Bellmour*!

Lord. Dogs, obey me.
[Offers to go.]



Bel. Stay, Sir—oh, stay—what will become of me?
'Twere better that my Life were lost, than Fortune—
For that being gone, *Celinda* must not love me.
—But to die wretchedly—
Poorly in Prison—whilst I can manage this—
Is below him, that does adore *Celinda*. [*Draws.*
I'll kill my self—but then—I kill *Celinda*.
Shou'd I obey this Tyrant—then too she dies.
Yes, Sir—You may be cruel—take the Law,
And kill me quickly, 'twill become your Justice. [*Weeps.*

Lord. Was I call'd back for this? Yes, I shall take it, Sir; do not fear.
[*Offers to go.*

Bel. Yet, stay, Sir—Have you lost all Humanity? Have you no Sense of Honour, nor of Horrors?

Lord. Away with him—go, be gone.

Bel. Stay, Sir. Oh, God! what is't you'd have me do?
—Here—I resign my self unto your Will—
But, Oh *Celinda*! what will become of thee? [*Weeps.*
—Yes, I will marry—and *Diana* too.

Lord. 'Tis well you will; had I not been good-natur'd now, You had been undone, and miss'd *Diana* too.

Bel. But must I marry—needs marry, Sir?
Or lose my Fortune, and my Liberty,
Whilst all my Vows are given to another?

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Lord. By all means, Sir—

Bel. If I must marry any but *Celinda*,
I shall not, Sir, enjoy one moment's Bliss:
I shall be quite unman'd, cruel and brutal;
A Beast, unsafe for Woman to converse with.
Besides, Sir, I have given my Heart and Faith,
And my second Marriage is Adultery.

Lord. Heart and Faith, I am glad 'tis no worse; if the Ceremony of the Church has not
past, 'tis well enough.

Bel. All, Sir, that Heaven and Love requires, is past.

Lord. Thou art a Fool, *Frank*, come—dry thy Eyes. And receive *Diana*—*Trusty*, call in
my Niece.

Bel. Yet, Sir, relent, be kind, and save my Soul.

[*Ex. Trusty.*

Lord. No more—by Heaven, if you resist my Will, I'll make a strange Example of thee,
and of that Woman, whoe'er she be, that drew you to this Folly. Faith and Vows, quoth
ye!

Bel. Then I obey.

Enter Trusty and Diana.

Lord. Look ye here, *Frank*; Is this a Lady to be dislik'd? Come hither, *Frank*—*Trusty*,
haste for Dr. *Tickletext*, my Chaplain's not in Town; I'll have them instantly married—
Come hither, *Diana*—will you marry your Cousin, *Frank Bellmour*?

Dia. Yes, if it be your pleasure; Heaven cou'd not let fall a greater Blessing. [*Aside.*

Lord. And you, *Frank*, will you marry my Niece *Diana*?

Bel. Since you will have it so.

Lord. Come, follow me then, and you shall be both pleas'd.

Bel. Oh my *Celinda*!—

*To preserve thee, what is't I wou'd not do?
Forfeit my Heaven, nay more, I forfeit you.*



[Exit.

SCENE V. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham and Sharp.

Sir Tim. Now, *Sham*, art not thou a damn'd lying Rogue, to make me saunter up and down the *Mall* all this Morning, after a Woman that thou know'st in thy Conscience was not likely to be there?

Sham. Why, Sir—if her Maid will be a jilting Whore, how can I help it?—*Sharp*, thou know'st we presented her handsomly, and she protested she'd do't.

Sharp. Ay, ay, Sir: But the Devil a Maid we saw. [*Aside.*

Sham. Sir, it may be Things have so fallen out, that she could not possibly come.

Sir Tim. Things! a Pox of your Tricks—Well, I see there's no trusting a poor Devil—Well, what Device will your Rogueship find out to cheat me next?

Sham. Prithee help me out at a dead lift, *Sharp.* [*Aside.*

Sharp. Cheat you, Sir!—if I ben't reveng'd on this She-Counselloress of the Patching and Painting, this Letter-in of Midnight Lovers, this Receiver of Bribes for stol'n Pleasures; may I be condemn'd never to make love to any thing of higher Quality.



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Sir *Tim*. Nay, nay, no threatning, *Sharp*; it may be she's innocent yet—Give her t'other Bribe, and try what that will do.

[*Gives him Money.*]

Sham. No, Sir, I'll have no more to do with frail Woman, in this Case; I have a surer way to do your Business.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Sir *Tim*. Is not that *Bellmour's* Page?

Sharp. It is, Sir.

Sir *Tim*. By Fortune, the Rogue's looking for me; he has a Challenge in his hand too.

Sham. No matter, Sir, huff it out.

Sir *Tim*. Prithee do thee huff him, thou know'st the way on't.

Sham. What's your Bus'ness with Sir *Timothy*, Sir?

Page. Mine, Sir, I don't know the Gentleman; pray which is he?

Sir *Tim*. I, I, 'tis so—Pox on him.

Sharp. Well, Boy, I am he—What—Your Master.

Page. My Master, Sir—

Sharp. Are not you *Bellmour's* Page?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Sharp. Well, your News.

Page. News, Sir? I know of none, but of my Master's being this Morning—

Sir *Tim*. Ay, there it is—behind *Southampton* House.

Page. Married this Morning.

Sir *Tim*. How! Married! 'Slife, has he serv'd me so?

Sham. The Boy is drunk—*Bellmour* married!

Page. Yes, indeed, to the Lady *Diana*.



Sir *Tim*. *Diana!* Mad, by Fortune; what *Diana*?

Page. Niece to the Lord *Plotwell*.

Sir *Tim*. Come hither, Boy—Art thou sure of this?

Page. Sir, I am sure of it; and I am going to bespeak Musick for the Ball anon.

Sir *Tim*. What hast thou there—a Letter to the Divine *Celinda*?
A dainty Boy—there's Money for to buy thee Nickers.

Page. I humbly thank you.
[Exit.

Sharp. Well, Sir, if this be true, *Celinda* will be glad of you again.

Sir. *Tim*. Ay, but I will have none of her—For, look you, *Sham*, there is but two sorts of Love in this World—Now I am sure the Rogue did love her; and since it was not to marry her, it was for the thing you wot on, as appears by his writing to her now—But yet, I will not believe what this Boy said, till I see it.

Sham. Faith, Sir, I have thought of a thing, that may both clear your doubt, and give us a little Mirth.

Sir *Tim*. I conceive thee.

Sham. I know y'are quick of Apprehension, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir *Tim*. O, your Servant, dear *Sham*—But to let thee see, I am none of the dullest, we are to Jig it in Masquerade this Evening, hah.



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Sham. Faith, Sir, you have it, and there you may have an Opportunity to court *Bellmour's* Sister.

Sir Tim. 'Tis a good Motion, and we will follow it; send to the Duke's House, and borrow some Habits presently.

Sham. I'll about it, Sir.

Sir Tim. Make haste to my Lodging—But hark ye—not a word of this to *Betty Flauntit*, she'll be up in Arms these two Days, if she go not with us; and though I think the fond Devil is true to me, yet it were worse than Wedlock, if I should be so to her too.

*Tho Whores in all things else the Mastery get,
In this alone, like Wives, they must submit.*

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in Lord Plotwell's House.*

*Enter Lord Plotwell, Bellmour leading in Diana, follow'd by Charles Bellmour, Phillis, and other Ladies and Gentlemen.
[Musick plays, till they are all seated.]*

Lord. Here, Nephew, I resign that Trust, which was repos'd in me by your dead Father; which was, that on your Wedding-Day I should thus— make you Master of your whole Fortune, you being married to my liking— And now, *Charles*, and you, my Niece *Phillis*, you may demand your Portions to morrow, if you please, for he is oblig'd to pay you the Day after that of his Marriage.

Phil. There's time enough, my Lord.

Lord. Come, come, Ladies, in troth you must take but little Rest to Night, in complaisance to the Bride and Bridegroom, who, I believe, will take but little—*Frank*— why, *Frank*—what, hast thou chang'd thy Humour with thy Condition? Thou wert not wont to hear the Musick play in vain.

Bel. My Lord, I cannot dance.

Dia. Indeed, you're wondrous sad,
And I, methinks, do bear thee Company,
I know not why; and yet excess of Joy
Have had the same Effects with equal Grief.



Bel. 'Tis true, and I have now felt the Extremes of both.

Lord. Why, Nephew *Charles*—has your Breeding at the Academy instructed your Heels in no Motion?

Char. My Lord, I'll make one.

Phil. And I another, for Joy that my Brother's made happy in so fair a Bride.

Bel. Hell take your Ignorance, for thinking I am happy,—
Wou'd Heaven wou'd strike me dead,
That by the loss of a poor wretched Life
I might preserve my Soul—But Oh, my Error!
That has already damn'd it self, when it consented
To break a Sacred Vow, and Marry here.

Lord. Come, come, begin, begin, Musick to your Office.

[*Soft Musick.*

Bel. Why does not this hard Heart, this stubborn Fugitive,
Break with this Load of Grievs? but like ill Spirits
It promis'd fair, till it had drawn me in,
And then betray'd me to Damnation.



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Dia. There's something of disorder in his Soul, Which I'm on fire to know the meaning of.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham, and Sharp, in Masquerade.

Sir Tim. The Rogue is married, and I am so pleas'd, I can forgive him our last Night's Quarrel. Prithee, *Sharp*, if thou canst learn that young Thing's Name, 'tis a pretty airy Rogue, whilst I go talk to her.

Sharp. I will, Sir, I will.

[One goes to take out a Lady.]

Char. Nay, Madam, you must dance. *[Dance.]*

Bel. I hope you will not call it Rudeness, Madam, if I refuse you here.

[The Lady that danced goes to take out the Bridegroom. After the Dance she takes out Sir Timothy, they walk to a Courant.]

Am I still tame and patient with my Ills?
Gods! what is Man, that he can live and bear,
Yet know his Power to rid himself of Grief?
I will not live; or if my Destiny
Compel me to't, it shall be worse than dying.

Enter Page with a Table-Book.

Bel. What's this?

Page. The Answer of a Letter, Sir, you sent the divine *Celinda*; for so it was directed.

Bel.—Hah—*Celinda*—in my Croud of Thoughts
I had forgot I sent—come nearer, Boy—
What did she say to thee?—Did she not smile?
And use thee with Contempt and Scorn?—tell me.

Page. How scorn, Sir!

Bel. Or she was angry—call'd me perjur'd Villain, False, and forsworn—nay, tell me truth.

Page. How, Sir?

Bel. Thou dost delay me—say she did, and please me.



Page. Sir!

Bel. Again—tell me, what answer, Rascal, did she send me?

Page. You have it, Sir, there in the Table-Book.

Bel. Oh, I am mad, and know not what I do.
—Prithee forgive me, Boy—take breath, my Soul,
Before thou do'st begin; for this—perhaps, may be
So cruel kind,
To leave thee none when thou hast ended it.
[Opens it, and reads.]

LETTER.

I have took in the Poison which you sent, in those few fatal Words, "Forgive me, my Celinda, I am married"—'Twas thus you said—And I have only Life left to return, "Forgive me my sweet Bellmour, I am dead." CELINDA.

Can I hear this, and live?—I am a Villian!
In my Creation destin'd for all Mischief,
—To commit Rapes, and Murders, to break Vows,
As fast as Fools do Jests.
Come hither, Boy—
And said the Lady nothing to thee?

Page. Yes, e'er she read the Letter, ask'd your Health, And Joy dispers'd it self in
Blushes through her Cheeks.

Bel. Her Beauty makes the very Boy adore it.



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Page. And having read it,
She drew her Tablets from her Pocket,
And trembling, writ what I have brought you, Sir.

Bel. Though I before had loaded up my Soul
With Sins, that wou'd have weigh'd down any other,
Yet this one more it bears, this Sin of Murder;
And holds out still—What have I more to do,
But being plung'd in Blood, to wade it through?

Enter Friendlove in Masquerade. A Jigg.

Friend. There stands the Traitor, with a guilty Look,
That Traitor, who the easier to deceive me,
Betray'd my Sister; yet till I came and saw
The Perjury, I could not give a Faith to't.
By Heaven, *Diana* loves him, nay, dotes on him,
I find it in her Eyes; all languishing,
They feed the Fire in his: arm'd with a double Rage,
I know I shall go through with my Revenge.

Sir Tim. Fair Maid—

Phil. How do you know that, Sir?

Sir Tim. I see y'are fair, and I guess you're a Maid.

Phil. Your Guess is better than your Eye-sight, Sir.

Sir Tim. Whate'er you are, by Fortune, I wish you would permit me to love you with all your Faults.

Phil. You? Pray who are you?

Sir Tim. A Man, a Gentleman—and more, a Knight too, by Fortune.

Phil. Then 'twas not by Merit, Sir—But how shall I know you are either of these?

Sir Tim. That I'm a Man, the Effects of my vigorous Flame shall prove —a Gentleman, my Coat of Arms shall testify; and I have the King's Patent for my Title.

Phil. For the first you may thank your Youth, for the next your Father, and the last your Money.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, I love thee for thy Pertness.



Phil. Is it possible you can love at all?

Sir Tim. As much as I dare.

Phil. How do you mean?

Sir Tim. Not to be laught at; 'tis not the Mode to love much; A Platonick Fop I have heard of, but this is an Age of sheer Enjoyment, and little Love goes to that; we have found it incommode, and loss of time, to make long Addresses.

Enter Celinda like a Boy.

Phil. I find, Sir, you and I shall never agree upon this matter; But see, Sir, here's more Company.

Cel. Oh Heaven! 'tis true, these Eyes confirm my Fate.
Yonder he is—and that fair splendid Thing,
That gazes on him with such kind Desire,
Is my blest Rival—Oh, he is married!
—Gods! And yet you let him live;
Live too with all his Charms, as fine and gay,
As if you meant he shou'd undo all easy Maids,
And kill 'em for their Sin of loving him.
Wretched Celinda!
But I must turn my Eyes from looking on
The fatal Triumphs of my Death—Which of all these
Is my Brother? Oh, that is he: I know him

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By the Habit he sent for to the Play-House.

[Points to Sir Tim.

And hither he's come in Masquerade,
I know with some Design against my *Bellmour*,
Whom though he kill me, I must still preserve:
Whilst I, lost in despair, thus as a Boy
Will seek a Death from any welcome Hand,
Since I want Courage to perform the Sacrifice.

Enter one and dances an Entry, and a Jig at the end on't.

Lord. Enough, enough at this time, let's see the Bride to bed, the Bridegroom thinks it long.

Friend. Hell! Can I endure to hear all this with Patience?
Shall he depart with Life to enjoy my Right,
And to deprive my Sister of her due?
—Stay, stay, and resign
That Virgin.

Bel. Who art thou that dar'st lay a Claim to ought that's here?

Friend. This Sword shall answer ye.

[*Draws.*

Bel. Though I could spare my Life, I'll not be robb'd of it.

[*Draws.*

Dia. Oh, my dear *Bellmour*!

[*All draw on Bellmour's side_—Diana holds Bellmour, Celinda runs between their Swords, and defends Bellmour; Sir Tim. Sham, and Sharp draw, and run into several Corners, with signs of Fear.*

Friend. Who art thou, that thus fondly guard'st his Heart?

[*To Celinda.*

—Be gone, and let me meet it.



Cel. That thou mayst do through mine, but no way else.

Friend. Here are too many to encounter, and I'll defer my Vengeance.

Char. Stay, Sir, we must not part so.

[*Ex. Drawing at the same Door, that Sir Tim. is sneaking out at.*

Come back I say. [*Pulls in Sir Tim.*

Slave! Dost thou tremble?—

Sir Tim. Sir, I'm not the Man you look for—

By Fortune, *Sham*, we're all undone:

He has mistook me for the fighting Fellow.

Char. Villain, defend thy Life.

Sir Tim. Who, I, Sir? I have no quarrel to you, nor no man breathing, not I, by Fortune.

Cel. This Coward cannot be my Brother. [*Aside.*

Char. What made thee draw upon my Brother?

Sir Tim. Who, I, Sir? by Fortune, I love him—I draw upon him!

Char. I do not wonder thou canst lye, for thou'rt a Coward! Didst not thou draw upon him? Is not thy Sword yet out? Did I not see thee fierce, and active too, as if thou hadst dar'd?

Sir Tim. Why, he's gone, Sir; a Pox of all Mistakes and Masqueradings I say—this was your Plot, *Sham*.

Char. Coward! Shew then thy Face.



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Sir Tim. I'll be hang'd first, by Fortune; for then 'twill be plain 'twas I, because I challeng'd *Bellmour* last Night, and broke my Assignation this Morning. [*Aside.*

Char. Shew thy Face without delay, or—

Sir Tim. My Face, Sir! I protest, by Fortune, 'tis not worth seeing.

Char. Then, Sirrah, you are worth a kicking—take that—and that—

[*Kicks him.*

Sir Tim. How, Sir? how?

Char. So, Sir, so.

[*Kicks him again.*

Sir Tim. Have a care, Sir—by Fortune, I shall fight with a little more.

Char. Take that to raise you.

[*Strikes him.*

Sir Tim. Nay, then I am angry, and I dare fight.

[*They fight out.*

Lord. Go, Ladies, see the Bride to her Chamber.

[*Ex. Women.*

Bel. The Knight, Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*;
—The Rascal mist me at the appointed place,
And comes to attack me here—

[*Turns to Cel.*

—Brave Youth, I know not how
I came to merit this Relief from thee:
Sure thou art a Stranger to me, thou'rt so kind.

Cel. Sir, I believe those happy ones that know you Had been far kinder, but I'm indeed a Stranger.

Bel. Mayst thou be ever so to one so wretched;
I will not ask thy Name, lest knowing it,
(I'm such a Monster) I should ruin thee.



Cel. Oh, how he melts my Soul! I cannot stay,
Lest Grief, my Sex, my Bus'ness shou'd betray. [*Aside.*
—Farewel, Sir—
May you be happy in the Maid you love.
[*Exit Cel.*

Bel. O, dost thou mock my Griefs? by Heaven, he did. —Stay, Sir, he's gone.

Enter Charles Bellmour.

Char. The Rogue took Courage, when he saw there was no Remedy; but there's no hurt done on either side.

Lord. 'Tis fit such as he shou'd be chastis'd, that do abuse Hospitality. Come, come, to Bed; the Lady, Sir, expects you.

Bel. Gentlemen, good Night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II_. A Bed Chamber_.

Enter Diana.

Dia. I long to know the Cause of *Bellmour's* Disorder to Night, and here he comes.

Enter Bellmour, Lord, Charles, and the rest.

Char. Shan't we see you laid, Brother?

Bel. Yes, in my Grave, dear *Charles*; But I'll excuse that Ceremony here.

Char. Good Night, and no Rest to you, Brother.

[*Ex. all but Bellmour and Diana.*

Dia. Till now, my *Bellmour*, I wanted Opportunity
To ask the Cause, why on a joyful Day,
When Heav'n has join'd us by a sacred Tie,
Thou droop'st like early Flowers with Winter-storms.



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Bel. Thou art that Winter-storm that nips my Bud;
All my young springing Hopes, my gay Desires,
The prospect of approaching Joys of Love,
Thou in a hapless Minute hast took from me,
And in its room,
Hast given me an eternal Desperation.

Dia. Have you then given me Vows ye can repent of?

Bel. I given ye Vows! be witness, ye just Pow'rs,
How far I was from giving any Vows:
No, no, *Diana*, I had none to give.

Dia. No Vows to give!
What were they which unto the Holy Man
Thou didst repeat, when I was made all thine?

Bel. The Effects of low Submission, such as Slaves Condemn'd to die, yield to the
angry Judge.

Dia. Dost thou not love me then?

Bel. Love thee! No, by Heaven: yet wish I were so happy, For thou art wondrous fair
and wondrous good.

Dia. Oh, what a Defeat is here!
The only Man, who from all Nature's store
I found most charming, fit for my Desires;
And now after a thousand Expectations,
Such as all Maids that love like me do hope,
Just ready for the highest Joys of Love!
Then to be met thus cold—nay, worse, with scorn. [*Aside.*
—Why, since you could not love me, did you marry me?

Bel. Because I was a Beast, a very Villain! That stak'd a wretched Fortune to all my
Joys of Life, And like a prodigal Gamester lost that all.

Dia. How durst you, Sir, knowing my Quality, Return me this false Pay, for Love so
true? Was this a Beauty, Sir, to be neglected?

Bel. Fair angry Maid, frown on, frown till you kill,
And I shall dying bless those Eyes that did so.
For shou'd I live, I shou'd deprive the happier World
Of Treasures, I'm too wretched to possess.



And were't not pity that vast store of Beauty
Shou'd, like rich Fruit, die on the yielding Boughs?

Dia. And are you then resolved to be a Stranger to me?

Bel. For ever! for a long Eternity!

Dia. O thou'st undone me then; hast thou found out A Maid more fair, more worthy of
thy Love? Look on me well.

Bel. I have consider'd thee,
And find no Blemish in thy Soul, or Form;
Thou art all o'er Divine, yet I must hate thee,
Since thou hast drawn me to a mortal Sin,
That cannot be forgiven by Men, or Heaven.
—Oh, thou hast made me break a Vow, *Diana*,
A sacred solemn Vow;
And made me wrong the sweetest Innocence,
That ever blest the Earth.

Dia. Instead of cooling this augments my Fire;
No Pain is like defeated new Desire. [*Aside.*
'Tis false, or but to try my Constancy.
Your Mistress is not so divine as I,
And shou'd I, 'gainst himself, believe the Man
Who first inspir'd my Heart with Love's soft Flame?

Bel. What Bliss on me insensibly you throw!
I'd rather hear thee swear, thou art my Foe,
And like some noble and romantick Maid
With Poniards wou'd my stubborn Heart invade;
And whilst thou dost the faithful Relique tear,
In every Vein thoud'st find *Celinda* there.



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Dia. Come, Sir, you must forget *Celinda's* Charms,
And reap Delights within my circling Arms,
Delights that may your Errors undeceive,
When you find Joys as great as she can give.

Bel. What do I hear?—is this the kind Relief
Thou dost allow to my Despair and Grief?
Is this the Comfort that thou dost impart
To my all-wounded, bleeding, dying Heart?
Were I so brutal, cou'd thy Love comply
To serve it self with base Adultery?
For cou'd I love thee, cou'd I love again,
Our Lives wou'd be but one continu'd Sin:
A Sin of that black dye, a Sin so foul,
'Twou'd leave no Hopes of Heav'n for either's Soul.

Dia. Dull Man! Dost think a feeble vain Excuse
Shall satisfy me for this Night's abuse?
No, since my Passion thou'st defeated thus,
And robb'd me of my long-wish'd Happiness,
I'll make thee know what a wrong'd Maid can do,
Divided 'twixt her Love and Injuries too.

Bel. I dare thy worst;
Shou'd Hell assist thy Aims, thou cou'dst not find,
New Plagues, unless thou shou'dst continue kind,
Hard Fate, *Diana*, when thy Love must be
The greatest Curse that can arrive to me.
—That Friendship which our Infant Years begun,
And till this Day has still continued on,
I will preserve; and my Respects shall be
Profound, as what was ever paid by me:
But for my Love, 'tis to *Celinda* due,
And I can pay you none that's just and true.

Dia. The rest I'd have thee know I do despise,
I better understand my conquering Eyes;
Those Eyes that shall revenge my Love and Shame,
I'll kill thy Reputation and thy Name.

[*Exit.*

Bel. My Honour! and my Reputation, now!
They both were forfeit, when I broke my Vow,
Nor cou'd my Honour with thy Fame decline;



Whoe'er profanes thee, injures nought of mine.
This Night upon the Couch my self I'll lay,
And like *Franciscans*, let th'ensuing Day
Take care for all the Toils it brings with it;
Whatever Fate arrives, I can submit.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. A *Street*.

Enter Celinda, drest as before.

Cel. Not one kind Wound to send me to my Grave,
And yet between their angry Swords I ran,
Expecting it from *Bellmour*, or my Brother's:
Oh, my hard Fate! that gave me so much Misery,
And dealt no Courage to prevent the shock.
—Why came I off alive, that fatal Place
Where I beheld my *Bellmour*, in th'embrace
Of my extremely fair, and lovely Rival?
—With what kind Care she did prevent my Arm,
Which (greedy of the last sad-parting twine)
I wou'd have thrown about him, as if she knew
To what intent I made the passionate Offer?
—What have I next to do, but seek a Death
Wherever I can meet it—Who comes here? [*Goes aside.*

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Enter Sir Timothy, Sham and Sharp, with Fiddlers and Boy.

Sir Tim. I believe this is the Bed-chamber Window where the Bride and Bridegroom lies.

Sham. Well, and what do you intend to do, if it be, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why, first sing a Baudy Song, and then break the Windows, in revenge for the Affront was put upon me to night.

Sharp. Faith, Sir, that's but a poor Revenge, and which every Footman may take of his Lady, who has turn'd him away for filching—You know, Sir, Windows are frail, and will yield to the lusty Brickbats; 'tis an Act below a Gentleman.

Sir Tim. That's all one, 'tis my Recreation; I serv'd a Woman so the other night, to whom my Mistress had a Pique.

Sham. Ay, Sir, 'tis a Revenge fit only for a Whore to take—And the Affront you receiv'd to Night, was by mistake.

Sir Tim. Mistake! how can that be?

Sham. Why, Sir, did you not mind, that he that drew upon *Bellmour*, was in the same Dress with you.

Sir Tim. How shou'd his be like mine?

Sham. Why, by the same Chance, that yours was like his—I suppose sending to the Play-house for them, as we did, they happened to send him such another Habit, for they have many such for dancing Shepherds.

Sir Tim. Well, I grant it a Mistake, and that shall relieve the Windows.

Sharp. Then, Sir, you shew'd so much Courage, that you may bless the Minute that forc'd you to fight.

Sir Tim. Ay, but between you and I, 'twas well he kick'd me first, and made me angry, or I had been lustily swing'd, by Fortune—But thanks to my Spleen, that sav'd my Bones that bout—But then I did well—hah, came briskly off, and the rest.

Sham. With Honour, Sir, I protest.

Sir Tim. Come then, we'll serenade him. Come, Sirrah, tune your Pipes, and sing.

Boy. What shall I sing, Sir?



Sir *Tim*. Any thing suitable to the Time and Place.

SONG.

I.

*The happy Minute's come, the Nymph is laid,
Who means no more to rise a Maid.
Blushing, and panting, she expects th'Approach
Of Joys that kill with every touch:
Nor can her native Modesty and Shame
Conceal the Ardour of her Virgin Flame.*

II.

*And now the amorous Youth is all undrest,
Just ready for Love's mighty Feast;
With vigorous haste the Veil aside he throws,
That doth all Heaven at once disclose.
Swift as Desire, into her naked Arms
Himself he throws, and rifles all her Charms.*

Good morrow, Mr. *Bellmour*, and to your lovely Bride, long may you live and love.

Enter Bellmour above.

Bel. Who is't has sent that Curse?



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Sir Tim. What a Pox, is that *Bellmour*? The Rogue's in choler, the Bride has not pleas'd him.

Bel. Dogs! Do you upbraid me? I'll be with you presently.

Sir Tim. Will you so?—but I'll not stay your coming.

Cel. But you shall, Sir.

Bel. Turn, Villains!

[*Sir Tim.* _&c. offers to go off_, *Celinda steps forth, and draws, they draw, and set upon her. Enter Bellmour behind them: They turn, and Celinda sides with Bellmour, and fights. Enter Diana, Bellmour fights 'em out, and leaves Celinda breathless, leaning on her Sword.*

Dia. I'll ne'er demand the cause of this disorder,
But take this opportunity to fly
To the next hands will take me up—who's here?

Cel. Not yet, my sullen Heart!

Dia. Who's here? one wounded—alas—

Cel. 'Tis not so lucky—but who art thou That dost with so much pity ask?

Dia. He seems a Gentleman—handsome and young— [*Aside.*
Pray ask no Questions, Sir; but if you are what you seem,
Give a Protection to an unhappy Maid.
—Do not reply, but let us haste away.

Cel. Hah—What do I hear! sure, 'tis *Diana*.
—Madam, with haste, and joy, I'll serve you.
—I'll carry her to my own Lodgings.
Fortune, in this, has done my Sufferings right,
My Rival's in my Power, upon her Wedding-Night. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellmour, Sir Tim. Sham, and Sharp.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, that you should not know your Friend and humble Servant, *Tim. Tawdrey*—But thou look'st as if thou hadst not been a-bed yet.

Bel. No more I have.



Sir *Tim*. Nay, then thou lovest precious time, I'll not detain thee.

[*Offers to go.*

Bel. Thou art mistaken, I hate all Woman-kind—

Sir *Tim*. How, how!

Bel, Above an Hour—hark ye, Knight—I am as leud, and as debauched as thou art.

Sir *Tim*. What do you mean, *Frank*?

Bel. To tell a Truth, which yet I never did. —I whore, drink, game, swear, lye, cheat, rob, pimp, hector, all, all I do that's vitious.

Sir *Tim*. Bless me!

Bel. From such a Villian, hah!

Sir *Tim*. No, but that thou should'st hide it all this while.

Bel. Till I was married only, and now I can dissemble it no longer— come—let's to a Baudy-House.

Sir *Tim*. A Baudy-house! What, already!
This is the very quintessence of Leudness.
—Why, I thought that I was wicked, but, by Fortune,
This dashes mine quite out of Countenance.



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Bel. Oh, thou'rt a puny Sinner!—I'll teach thee Arts (so rare) of Sin, the least of them shall damn thee.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, *Frank*, I do not like these Arts.

Bel. Then thou'rt a Fool—I'll teach thee to be rich too.

Sir Tim. Ay, that I like.

Bel. Look here, my Boys!

[Hold up his Writings, which he takes out of his Pockets.]

The Writings of 3000 pounds a Year:

—All this I got by Perjury.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, a thriving Sin.

Bel. And we will live in Sin while this holds out. *And then to my cold Home—Come let's be gone: Oh, that I ne'er might see the rising Sun.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Celinda's Chamber.*

Discovers Celinda as before sitting in a Chair, Diana by her in another, who sings.

SONG.

I.

*Celinda, who did Love disdain,
For whom had languished many a Swain,
Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
She spy'd upon the River's brink
A Youth, whose Eyes did well declare
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.*

II.

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd the while, And soon it lessen'd to a Smile; Thence to surprize and wonder came, Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame; Then cry'd she out, Ah, now I prove Thou art a God, Almighty Love.



III.

She wou'd have spoke, but Shame deny'd, And bad her first consult her Pride; But soon she found that Aid was gone, For Love, alas, had left her none. Oh, how she burns, but 'tis too late, For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.

Cel. Oh, how numerous are her Charms —How shall I pay this generous Condescension? Fair lovely Maid—

Dia. Why do you flatter, Sir?

Cel. To say you're lovely, by your self I do not,
I'm young, and have not much convers'd with Beauty:
Yet I'll esteem my Judgment, since it knows
Where my Devotions shou'd be justly paid.
—But, Madam, may I not yet expect
To hear the Story, you so lately promis'd me?

Dia. I owe much to your Goodness, Sir—but—

Cel. I am too young, you think, to hear a Secret; Can I want Sense to pity your Misfortunes, Or Passion to incite me to revenge 'em?

Dia. Oh, would he were in earnest!

Cel. She's fond of me, and I must blow that flame, Do any thing to make her hate my *Bellmour*. [*Aside.* —But, Madam, I'm impatient for your Story, That after that, you may expect my Service.

Dia. The Treatment you this night have given a distressed Maid, enough obliges me; nor need I tell you, I'm nobly born; something about my Dress, my Looks and Mien, will doubtless do me reason.



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Cel. Sufficiently—

Dia. But in the Family where I was educated, a Youth of my own Age, a Kinsman too, I chanc'd to fall in love with, but with a Passion my Pride still got the better of; and he, I thought, repaid my young Desires. But Bashfulness on his part, did what Pride had done on mine, And kept his too conceal'd—At last my Uncle, who had the absolute Dominion of us both, thought good to marry us together.

Cel. Punish him, Heaven, for a Sin so great. —And are you married then?

Dia. Why is there Terror in that Word?

Cel. By all that's Sacred, 'tis a Word that kills me.
Oh, say thou art not;
And I thus low will fall, and pay thee Thanks. [*Kneels.*]

Dia. You'll wish indeed I were not, when you know How very, very wretched it has made me.

Cel. Shou'd you be telling me a Tale all day,
Such as would melt a Heart that ne'er could love,
'Twould not increase my Reason for the wish
That I had dy'd e'er known you had been married.

Dia. So many soft Words from my *Bellmour's* mouth
Had made me mad with Joy, and next to that
I wish to hear 'em from this Youth;
If they be real, how I shall be reveng'd! [*Aside.*]
—But why at my being married should you sigh?

Cel. Because I love, is that a Wonder, Madam?
Have you not Charms sufficient at first sight
To wound a Heart tender and young as mine?
Are you not heavenly fair? Oh, there's my Grief—
Since you must be another's.

Dia. Pray hear me out; and if you love me after,
Perhaps you may not think your self unhappy.
When Night was come, the long'd for Night, and all
Retir'd to give us silent Room for Joy—

Cel. Oh, I can hear no more—by Heav'n, I cannot. —Here—stab me to the Heart—let out my Life, I cannot live, and hear what follow'd next.

Dia. Pray hear me, Sir—



Cel. Oh, you will tell me he was kind—
Yes, yes—oh God—were not his balmy Kisses
Sweeter than Incense offer'd up to Heaven?
Did not his Arms, softer and whiter far
Than those of *Jove's* transform'd to Wings of Swans,
Greedy clasp thee round?—Oh, quickly speak,
Whilst thy fair rising Bosom met with his;
And then—Oh—then—

Dia. Alas, Sir! What's the matter?—sit down a while.

Cel. Now—I am well—pardon me, lovely Creature,
If I betray a Passion, I'm too young
To've learnt the Art of hiding;
—I cannot hear you say that he was kind.

Dia. Kind! yes, as Blasts to Flow'rs, or early Fruit;
All gay I met him full of youthful Heat:
But like a Damp, he dasht my kindled Flame,
And all his Reason was—he lov'd another,
A Maid he call'd *Celinda*.

Cel. Oh blessed Man!



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Dia. How, Sir?

Cel. To leave thee free, to leave thee yet a Virgin.

Dia. Yes, I have vow'd he never shall possess me.

Cel. Oh, how you bless me—but you still are married, And whilst you are so—I must languish—

Dia. Oh, how his Softness moves me! [*Aside.* —But can all this Disorder spring from Love?

Cel. Or may I still prove wretched.

Dia. And can you think there are no ways
For me to gratify that Love?
What ways am I constrain'd to use to work out my Revenge! [*Aside.*

Cel. How mean you, Madam?

Dia. Without a Miracle, look on my Eyes— And Beauty—which you say can kindle Fires; —She that can give, may too retain Desires.

Cel. She'll ravish me—let me not understand you.

Dia. Look on my Wrongs—
Wrongs that would melt a frozen Chastity,
That a religious Vow had made to Heaven:
—And next survey thy own Perfections.

Cel. Hah—

Dia. Art thou so young, thou canst not apprehend me? Fair bashful Boy, hast thou the Power to move, And yet not know the Bus'ness of thy Love?

Cel. How in an instant thou hast chill'd my Blood,
And made me know no Woman can be good?
'Tis Sin enough to yield—but thus to sue
Heav'n—'tis my Business—and not meant for you.

Dia. How little Love is understood by thee,
'Tis Custom, and not Passion you pursue;
Because Enjoyment first was nam'd by me,
It does destroy what shou'd your Flame renew:
My easy yielding does your Fire abate,



And mine as much your tedious Courtship hate.
Tell Heaven—you will hereafter sacrifice,
—And see how that will please the Deities.
The ready Victim is the noblest way,
Your Zeal and Obligations too to pay.

Cel. I think the Gods wou'd hardly be ador'd,
If they their Blessings shou'd, unask'd, afford;
And I that Beauty can no more admire,
Who ere I sue, can yield to my Desire.

Dia. Dull Youth, farewell:
For since 'tis my Revenge that I pursue
Less Beauty and more Man as well may do.
[Offers to go.

Enter Friendlove disguised, as one from a Camp.

Cel. Madam, you must not go with this Mistake.
[Holds her.

Friend. *Celinda* has inform'd me true—'tis she— Good morrow, Brother, what, so early
at your Devotions?

Cel. O, my Brother's come, and luckily relieves me. [Aside.

Friend. Your Orizons are made to a fair Saint.
—Pray, Sir, what Lady's that?
—Or is it blasphemy to repeat her Name?
—By my bright Arms, she's fair—With what a charming
Fierceness, she charges through my Body to my Heart.
—Death! how her glittering Eyes give Fire, and wound!
And have already pierc'd my very Soul!
—May I approach her, Brother?



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Cel. Yes, if you dare, there's danger in it though,
She has Charms that will bewitch you:

—I dare not stand their Mischief.

[*Exit.*

Friend. Lady, I am a Soldier—yet in my gentlest Terms
I humbly beg to kiss your lovely Hands—
Death! there's Magick in the Touch.
By Heaven, you carry an Artillery in every part.

Dia. This is a Man indeed fit for my purpose. [*Aside.*

Friend. Nay, do not view me, I am no lovely Object;
I am a Man bred up to Noise and War,
And know not how to dress my Looks in Smiles;
Yet trust me, fair one, I can love and serve
As well as an *Endymion*, or *Adonis*.
Wou'd you were willing to permit that Service!

Dia. Why, Sir?—What cou'd you do?

Friend. Why—I cou'd die for you.

Dia. I need the Service of the living, Sir. But do you love me, Sir?

Friend. Or let me perish, flying from a single Enemy. I am a Gentleman, and may
pretend to love you; And what you can command, I can perform.

Dia. Take heed, Sir, what you say, for I'm in earnest.

Friend. Command me any thing that's just and brave; And, by my Eyes, 'tis done.

Dia. I know not what you call just or brave; But those whom I do the Honour to
command, Must not capitulate.

Friend. Let him be blasted with the Name of Coward, That dares dispute your Orders.

Dia. Dare you fight for me?

Friend. With a whole Army; 'tis my Trade to fight.

Dia. Nay, 'tis but a single Man.

Friend. Name him.



Dia. Bellmour.

Friend. Of Yorkshire? Companion to young *Friendlove*, that came lately from *Italy*?

Dia. Yes, do you know him?

Friend. I do, who has oft spoke of *Bellmour*;
We travel'd into *Italy* together—But since, I hear,
He fell in love with a fair cruel Maid,
For whom he languishes.

Dia. Heard you her Name?

Friend. *Diana*, rich in Beauty, as in Fortune.
—Wou'd she had less of both, and more of Pity;
And that I knew not how to wish, till now
That I became a Lover, perhaps as unsuccessful. [*Aside.*

Dia. I knew my Beauty had a thousand Darts,
But knew not they cou'd strike so quick and home. [*Aside.*
Let your good Wishes for your Friend alone,
Lest he being happy, you shou'd be undone.
For he and you cannot be blest at once.

Friend. How, Madam!

Dia. I am that Maid he loves, and who hates him.

Friend. Hate him!

Dia. To Death.

Friend. Oh, me unhappy! [*Aside.*



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Dia. He sighs and turns away—am I again defeated? Surely I am not fair, or Man's insensible.

Friend. She knows me not—
And 'twas discreetly done to change my Shape:
For Woman is a strange fantastick Creature;
And where before, I cou'd not gain a Smile,
Thus I may win her Heart. [*Aside.*
—Say, Madam, can you love a Man that dies for you?

Dia. The way to gain me, is to fight with *Bellmour*.
Tell him from me you come, the wrong'd *Diana*;
Tell him you have an Interest in my Heart,
Equal to that which I have made in yours.

Friend. I'll do't; I will not ask your Reason, but obey. Swear e'er I go, that when I have perform'd it, You'll render me Possession of your Heart.

Dia. By all the Vows that Heaven ties Hearts together with, I'll be entirely yours.

Friend. And I'll not be that conscientious Fool,
To stop at Blessings 'cause they are not lawful;
But take 'em up, when Heaven has thrown 'em down,
Without the leave of a Religious Ceremony. [*Aside.*
Madam, this House, which I am Master of,
You shall command; whilst I go seek this *Bellmour*.

Dia. But e'er you go, I must inform you why I do pursue him with my just Revenge.

Friend. I will attend, and hear impatiently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Baudy House.

Enter Mrs. Driver and Betty Flauntit.

Flaunt. *Driver*, prithee call for a Glass, that I may set my self in order, before I go up; for really my Knight has not been at home all this Night, and I am so confus'd—

Enter one with a Glass, and two Wenches, Jenny and Doll.

Lord, Mrs. *Driver*, I wonder you shou'd send for me, when other Women are in Company; you know of all things in the World, I hate Whores, they are the pratingst

leudest poor Creatures in Nature; and I wou'd not, for any thing, Sir *Timothy* shou'd know that I keep Company, 'twere enough to lose him.

Mrs. *Driv.* Truly, Mrs. *Flauntit*, this young Squire that you were Sent to for, has two or three Persons more with him that must be accommodated too.

Flaunt. Driver, though I do recreate my self a little sometimes, yet you know I value my Reputation and Honour.

Jenny. Mrs. *Driver*, why shou'd you send for us where *Flauntit* is? a stinking proud Flirt, who because she has a tawdry Petticoat, I warrant you, will think her self so much above us, when if she were set out in her own natural Colours, and her original Garments, wou'd be much below us in Beauty.

Mrs. *Driv.* Look ye, Mrs. *Jenny*, I know you, and I know Mrs. *Flauntit*; but 'tis not Beauty or Wit that takes now-a-days; the Age is altered since I took upon me this genteel Occupation: but 'tis a fine Petticoat, right Points, and clean Garnitures, that does me Credit, and takes the Gallant, though on a stale Woman. And again, Mrs. *Jenny*, she's kept, and Men love as much for Malice, as for Lechery, as they call it. Oh, 'tis a great Mover to Joy, as they say, to have a Woman that's kept.

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Jen. Well! Be it so, we may arrive to that excellent Degree of Cracking, to be kept too one day.

Mrs. Driv. Well, well, get your selves in order to go up to the Gentlemen.

Flaunt. Driver, what art thou talking to those poor Creatures? Lord, how they stink of Paint and Pox, faugh—

Mrs. Driv. They were only complaining that you that were kept, shou'd intrude upon the Privileges of the Commoners.

Flaunt. Lord, they think there are such Joys in Keeping, when I vow, *Driver,* after a while, a Miss has as painful a Life as a Wife; our Men drink, stay out late, and whore, like any Husbands.

Driv. But I hope in the Lord, *Mrs. Flauntit,* yours is no such Man; I never saw him, but I have heard he's under decent Correction.

Flaunt. Thou art mistaken, *Driver,* I can keep him within no moderate Bounds without Blows; but for his filthy Custom of Wenching, I have almost broke him of that—but prithee, *Driver,* who are these Gentlemen?

Driv. Truly, I know not; but they are young, and fine as Princes: two of 'em were disguis'd in masking Habits last Night, but they have sent 'em away this Morning, and they are free as Emperors—One of 'em has lost a Thousand Pound at Play, and never repin'd at it; one's a Knight, and I believe his Courage is cool'd, for he has ferreted my Maids over and over to Night—But 'tis the fine, young, handsom Squire that I design you for.

Flaunt. No matter for his Handsomness, let me have him that has most Money.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Chamber in the Brothel, a Table with Box and Dice.*

Enter Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham and Sharp.

Bel. Damn it, give us more Wine. [*Drinks.* Where stands the Box and Dice?—Why, *Sham.*

Sham. Faith, Sir, Your Luck's so bad, I han't the Conscience to play longer—Sir *Timothy* and you play off a hundred Guineas, and see if Luck will turn.

Bel. Do you take me for a Country Squire, whose Reputation will be crackt at the loss of a petty Thousand? You have my Note for it to my Goldsmith.



Sham. 'Tis sufficient if it were for ten thousand.

Bel. Why, Sir *Timothy*—Pox on't, thou'rt dull, we are not half debauch'd and leud enough, give us more Wine.

Sir *Tim.* Faith, *Frank*, I'm a little maukish with sitting up all Night, and want a small refreshment this Morning—Did we not send for Whores?

Bel. No, I am not in humour for a Wench—
By Heaven, I hate the Sex.
All but divine *Celinda*,
Appear strange Monsters to my Eyes and Thoughts.

Sir *Tim.* What, art Italianiz'd, and lovest thy own Sex?

Bel. I'm for any thing that's out of the common Road of Sin; I love a Man that will be damn'd for something: to creep by slow degrees to Hell, as if he were afraid the World shou'd see which way he went, I scorn it, 'tis like a Conventicler—No, give me a Man, who to be certain of's Damnation, will break a solemn Vow to a contracted Maid.

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Sir *Tim*. Ha, ha, ha, I thought thou would'st have said at least—had murder'd his Father, or ravish'd his Mother—Break a Vow, quoth ye—by Fortune, I have broke a thousand.

Bel. Well said, my Boy! A Man of Honour! And will be ready whene'er the Devil calls for thee—So—ho—more Wine, more Wine, and Dice.

Enter a Servant with Dice and Wine.

Come, Sir, let me—
[*Throws and loses.*]

Sir *Tim*. What will you set me, Sir?

Bel. Cater-tray—a hundred Guineas—oh, damn the Dice—'tis mine—come, a full Glass—Damnation to my Uncle.

Sir *Tim*. By Fortune, I'll do thee reason—give me the Glass, and, *Sham*, to thee—Confusion to the musty Lord.

Bel. So—now I'm like my self, profanely wicked.
A little room for Life—but such a Life
As Hell it self shall wonder at—I'll have a care
To do no one good deed in the whole course on't,
Lest that shou'd save my Soul in spite of Vow-breach.
—I will not die—that Peace my Sins deserve not.
I'll live and let my Tyrant Uncle see
The sad effects of Perjury, and forc'd Marriage.
—Surely the Pow'rs above envy'd my Bliss;
Marrying *Celinda*, I had been an Angel,
So truly blest, and good. [*Weeps.*]

Sir *Tim*. Why, how now, *Frank*—by Fortune, the Rogue is Maudlin—So, ho, ho, so ho.

Bel. The matter?

Sir *Tim*. Oh, art awake—What a Devil ail'st thou, *Frank*?

Bel. A Wench, or any thing—come, let's drink a round.

Sham. They're come as wisht for.

Enter Flauntit, Driver, Doll and Jenny mask'd.



Bel. Oh, damn 'em! What shall I do? Yet it would look like Virtue to avoid 'em. No, I must venture on—Ladies, y'are welcome.

Sir Tim. How, the Women?—Hold, hold, *Bellmour*, let me choose too—Come, come, unmask, and shew your pretty Faces.

Flaunt. How, *Sir Timothy*! What Devil ow'd me a spite. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Come, unmask, I say: a willing Wench would have shew'd all in half this time.

Flaunt. Wou'd she so, Impudence!
[*Pulls off her Mask.*

Sir Tim. How, my *Betty*!

Flaunt. This is the Trade you drive, you eternal Fop, when I sit at home expecting you Night after Night.

Sir Tim. Nay, dear *Betty*!

Flaunt. 'Tis here you spend that which shou'd buy me Points and Petticoats, whilst I go like no body's Mistress; I'd as live be your Wife at this rate, so I had: and I'm in no small danger of getting the foul Disease by your Leudness.

Sir Tim. Victorious *Betty*, be merciful, and do not ruin my Reputation amongst my Friends.



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Flaunt. Your Whores you mean, you Sot you.

Sir Tim. Nay, triumphant *Betty*, hear thy poor *Timmy*.

Flaunt. My poor *Ninny*, I'm us'd barbarously, and won't endure it.

Sir Tim. I've won Money to Night, *Betty*, to buy thee Clothes—hum —hum—Well said, *Frank*, towse the little Jilts, they came for that purpose.

Flaunt. The Devil confound him, what a Prize have I lost by his being here—my Comfort is, he has not found me out though, but thinks I came to look for him, and accordingly I must dissemble.

Bel. What's here? A Lady all in Tears!

Sir Tim. An old Acquaintance of mine, that takes it unkindly that I am for Change—*Betty*, say so too, you know I can settle nothing till I'm marry'd; and he can do it swingingly, if we can but draw him in.

Flaunt. This mollifies something, do this, and you'll make your Peace; if not, you Rascal, your Ears shall pay for this Night's Transgression.

Sir Tim. Come hither, *Frank*, is not this a fine Creature?

Bel. By Heaven, a very Devil!

Sir Tim. Come, come, approach her; for if you'll have a Miss, this has all the good Qualities of one—go, go Court her, thou art so bashful—

Bel. I cannot frame my Tongue to so much Blasphemy, as 'tis to say kind things to her—I'll try my Heart though—Fair Lady—Damn her, she is not fair—nor sweet—nor good—nor—something I must say for a beginning. Come, Lady—dry your Eyes: This Man deserves not all the Tears you shed. —So—at last the Devil has got the better of me, And I am enter'd.

Flaunt. You see, Sir, how miserable we Women are that love you Men.

Bel. How, did you love him? Love him against his Will?

Flaunt. So it seems, Sir.

Bel. Oh, thou art wretched then indeed; no wonder if he hate thee—Does he not curse thee?
Curse thee till thou art damn'd, as I do lost *Diana*. [*Aside*.



Flaunt. Curse me! He were not best in my hearing;
Let him do what he will behind my Back.
What ails the Gentleman?

Bel. Gods! what an odious thing mere Coupling is!
A thing which every sensual Animal
Can do as well as we—but prithee tell me,
Is there nought else between the nobler Creatures?

Flaunt. Not that I know of, Sir— Lord, he's very silly, or very innocent, I hope he has his Maidenhead; if so, and rich too. Oh, what a booty were this for me! [*Aside.*

Bel. 'Tis wondrous strange;
Why was not I created like the rest,
Wild, and insensible, to fancy all?

Flaunt. Come, Sir, you must learn to be gay, to sing, to dance, and talk of any thing, and fancy any thing that's in your way too.



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Bel. Oh, I can towse, and ruffle, like any Leviathan, when I begin— Come, prove my Vigor. [*Towses her.*]

Flaunt. Oh, Lord, Sir! You tumble all my Garniture.

Bel. There's Gold to buy thee more—

Flaunt. Oh, sweet Sir—wou'd my Knight were hang'd, so I were well rid of him now— Well, Sir, I swear you are the most agreeable Person—

Bel. Am I?—let us be more familiar then—I'll kiss thy Hand, thy Breast, thy Lips—and —

Flaunt. All—you please, Sir—

Bel. A tractable Sinner! [*Offers to kiss her.*]
Faugh—how she smells—had I approach'd so near divine *Celinda*, what
A natural Frangency had sent it self through all my ravisht Senses!

[*Aside.*]

Flaunt. The Man's extasy'd, sure, I shall take him. Come, Sir, you're sad.

Bel. As Angels fall'n from the Divine Abode,
And now am lighted on a very Hell!
—But this is not the way to thrive in Wickedness;
I must rush on to Ruin—Come, fair Mistress,
Will you not shew me some of your Arts of Love?
For I am very apt to learn of Beauty—Gods—
What is't I negotiate for?—a Woman!
Making a Bargain to possess a Woman!
Oh, never, never!

Flaunt. The Man is in love, that's certain—as I was saying, Sir—

Bel. Be gone, Repentance! Thou needless Goodness, Which if I follow, canst lead me
to no Joys. Come, tell me the Price of all your Pleasures.

Sir Tim. Look you, Mistress, I am but a Country Knight. Yet I shou'd be glad of your
farther Acquaintance. —Pray, who may that Lady be—

Driv. Who, Mrs. Flauntit, Sir?

Sir Tim. Ay, she: she's tearing fine, by Fortune.



Driv. I'll assure you, Sir, she's kept, and is a great Rarity, but to a Friend, or so—

Sir Tim. Hum—kept—pray, by whom?

Driv. Why, a silly Knight, Sir, that—

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, silly indeed—a Pox upon her—a silly Knight, you say—

Driv. Ay, Sir, one she makes a very Ass of.

Sir Tim. Ay, so methinks—but she's kind, and will do reason for all him.

Driv. To a Friend, a Man of Quality—or so.

Sir Tim. Ay, she blinds the Knight.

Driv. Alas, Sir, easily—he, poor Cully, thinks her a very Saint—but when he's out of the way, she comes to me to pleasure a Friend.

Sir Tim. But what if the Fool miss her?

Driv. She cries Whore first, brings him upon his Knees for her Fault; and a piece of Plate, or a new Petticoat, makes his Peace again.

Sir Tim. *Why—look you, Mistress, I am that Fop, that very silly Knight, and the rest that you speak of.*

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Driv. How, Sir? then I'm undone, she's the Upholder of my Calling, the very Grace of my Function.

Sir Tim. Is she so? e'en keep her to your self then, I'll have no more of her, by Fortune—I humbly thank you for your Intelligence, and the rest. Well—I see there's not one honest Whore i'th' Nation, by Fortune.

Enter Charles Bellmour, and Trusty.

Hark ye, Mistress, what was your Bus'ness here?

Flaunt. To meet a Rogue!—

Sir Tim. And I to meet a Whore, and now we are well met.

Flaunt. How, Sir?

Sir Tim. Nay, never be surpriz'd, for your Intrigues are discover'd, the good Matron of the House (against her Will) has done me that kindness—you know how to live without your Keeper, and so I'll leave you.

Flaunt. You're too serviceable a Fool to be lost so. [*Aside.*

Bel. Who knows this bold Intruder?

Char. How, Sir, am I a Stranger to you? But I shou'd wonder at it, since all your last Night's Actions betray'd a strange depravity of Sense.—Sir, I have sought you long, and wish I had not found you yet, since both the Place and Company declare, how grossly you've dissembled Virtue all this while.

Bel. Take hence that prating Boy.

Char. How, Sir—You are my elder Brother, yet I may be allow'd to do the Business that I came for, and from my Uncle to demand your Wife.

Bel. You may return, and tell him that she's dead.

Char. Dead! sure, Sir, you rave.
[*Turns him about.*

Bel. Indeed I do—but yet she's dead, they say.

Char. How came she dead?

Bel. I kill'd her—ask no more, but leave me.
[*Turns him about again.*



Char. Sir, this is Madman's Language, and not to be believed.

Bel. Go to—y'are a saucy Boy.

Char. Sir, I'm an angry Boy— But yet can bear much from a Brother's Mouth; Y'ave lost your sleep: pray, Sir, go home and seek it.

Bel. Home! I have no Home, unless thou mean'st my Grave, And thither I cou'd wish thou wou'd conduct me. [*Weeps.*]

Flaunt. Pray Heaven this young virtuous Fellow don't spoil all. —Sir, shall I send for a Scrivener to draw the Settlement you promis'd me?

Bel. Do so, and I'll order him to get it ready.

Char. A Settlement! On whom? This Woman, Sir?

Bel. Yes, on this Woman, Sir.

Char. Are you stark mad?—Know you where you are?

Bel. Yes, in a Baudy-house.

Char. And this Woman, Sir.—

Bel. A very Whore—a tawdry mercenary Whore! And what of this?

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Char. And can you love her, Sir?

Bel. No, if I did, I wou'd not gratify her.

Char. What, is't in Charity to keep her honest?

Bel. Neither.

Char. Is your Lust grown so high—

Bel. Take that— [*Strikes him.* For naming but so base a thing to me.

Char. I wear a Sword, but not to draw on Mad-men. But since y'are so free, Sir, I demand that Fortune, which by my Father's Will y'are bound to pay the day after your Wedding-Day; my Sister's too is due.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha,—Sir *Timothy*, come hither—who dost think this is?

Sir Tim. A Fidler, perhaps—let him play in the next Room.

Bel. No, my Brother—come to demand his Portion of me; he says I am in leud Company, and, like a Boy, he wou'd correct me.

Sir Tim. Why, this comes of Idleness; thou should'st have bound him Prentice in time, the Boy would have made a good saucy Taylor.

Char. Sirrah, y'are a Rascal, whom I must thus chastise.

[*Kicks him.*

[*They all draw, and Bellmour stands foremost, and fights with Charles; the Women run squeaking out, Sir Tim. Sham, and Sharp sneak behind; Trusty interposes.*

Trust. Hold, hold, I beseech you, my dear Masters! Oh, what a fight is this? Two Brothers fighting with each other! Oh, were my old Master alive, this wou'd break his Heart: Oh, Sir, you've kill'd your Brother!

Bel. Why, then his Portion's paid.
[*Charles wounded.*

Sir Tim. How, kill'd! Nay, 'tis time we departed then, and shifted for ourselves.

[*Ex. Sir Tim. Sham and Sharp.*

Trust. Oh, Sir, shall I send for a Chyrurgion?



Char. No, for a Coach rather, I am not wounded much.

[*Ex.* *Trusty.*

Bel. How dar'st thou trust thy self alone with me?

Char. Why should I fear thee?

Bel. Because I'm mad, Mad as a Tygress rob'd of her dear Young.

Char. What is't that makes you so?

Bel. My Uncle's Politicks, Hell take him for't,
Has ruin'd me, thou and my Sister too,
By marrying me to a fair hated Maid,
When I had plighted all my Faith before.

Enter Trusty.

Trust. Sir, here's a Coach.

Char. Come, Brother, will you go home with me?

Bel. Home!—no, never to that place thou call'st so.
If, when I'm dead, thou wouldst behold thy Brother,
And take the last Adieu from his cold Lips,
(If those so perjur'd can deserve that kindness)
Inquire for lost *Celinda*, at whose Feet
Thou shalt behold me fall'n a Sacrifice.
Till then, I'll let mistaken Parents know
The mischiefs that ensue a broken Vow.

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[*Ex. severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Covent Garden.*

Enter Betty Flauntit alone.

Flaunt. Sure I rose the wrong way to day, I have had such damn'd ill luck every way: First, to be sent for to such a Man as this *Bellmour*, and, as the Devil wou'd have it, to find my Knight there; then to be just upon the Point of making my Fortune, and to be interrupted by that virtuous Brother of his; then to have a Quarrel happen, that (before I could whisper him in the Ear, to say so much as, Meet me here again— anon) forc'd me to quit the House, lest the Constable had done it for me; then that that silly Baud should discover all to my Cully. If this be not ill Luck, the Devil's in't—But *Driver* must bring matters about, that I may see this liberal Squire again—But here comes my Noddy, I must pretend to be angry.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how ye look now, as if you had committed no Misdemeanour: Alas, good Innocent, what canst thou say for thy self, thou Renegado thou, for being false to my Bosom, say?

Flaunt. False to your Bosom! You silly impudent Sot you—who dares accuse me?

Sir Tim. E'en your trusty and well-beloved Friend, Mrs. *Driver* the Baud.

Flaunt. She! She's an impudent confounded Lyar—and because she wou'd have your worshipful Custom—scandaliz'd me, to breed a difference between us.

Sir Tim. Ay, if you could make me believe that indeed, when she knew Me not, nor ever saw me all the Days of her Life before.

Flaunt. I know that, Simpleton; but when I went to enquire for you by your Name, and told her my Bus'ness, our Amours are not kept so secret, nor was she so dull, as not to understand how matters went between us.

Sir Tim. Now though I know this to be a damn'd Lye, yet the Devil has assisted her to make it look so like Truth, that I cannot in Honour but forgive her.

Flaunt. Forgive me!—Who shall forgive you your debauch'd Whoring and Drinking?—marry, ye had need so, you are such a Ruffler, at least if y'are every where as you are at home with me—No, Sirrah, I'll never bed with you more; here I live sneaking without a



Coach, or any thing to appear withal; when even those that were scandalous two Ages ago, can be seen in *Hide-Park* in their fine Chariots, as if they had purchas'd it with a Maidenhead; whilst I, who keep myself intirely for you, can get nothing but the Fragments of your Debauches—I'll be damn'd before I'll endure it.

Sir Tim. Just as the Baud said; yet I am mollify'd—nay, dear *Betty*, forgive me, and I'll be very good for the future.

Flaunt. Will you swear to be so?

Sir Tim. Ay, by Fortune, I will.

Flaunt. Come, what will you give me then to be Friends? for you won Money last Night.

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Sir Tim. Ay, that's it that appeases her highest Storms—here, my Jewel, here's a hundred Guineas to buy thee fine things.

Flaunt. Yes, great store of fine things indeed, with this pitiful Sum; let me feel in your Pockets, and see if you have no more.

[She feels in his Pockets.]

Sir Tim. So, 'twas well I laid by the rest, my Peace had not been Made under every Rag on't else; and what I was painfully cheating for All this Night, would have been laid out at the Mercers and Lacemans in half an Hour. —Well, are you satisfy'd I have no more?

Flaunt. Have you sunk none indeed and indeed, my *Timmy*?

Sir Tim. No, I need not, you sink mine fast enough, I thank ye.

[Aside.]

Flaunt. Well, get your self ready to go abroad with me.

[Exit Flaunt.]

Sir Tim. I have other Matters in hand—now have I four hundred Guineas in Bank, which I won last Night of *Bellmour*, which I'll make use of to debauch his Sister, with whom I'm damnably in love, and long for the return of my two Setting-dogs, to bring me News of the Game.

Enter Sham and Sharp.

Oh, are you come?

Sham. Ay, Sir, with News worth the hearing; I have been diligent, Sir, and got my self acquainted with the old Steward of the Family, an avaricious *Judas*, that will betray for Gold.

Sir Tim. And that we'll furnish him with—his Master's Gold, like all other mortal things, must return from whence it came.

Sharp. Not all, Sir; for *Sham* and I have dispos'd of part.

Sir Tim. Indeed you are a little shabby.

Sham. Ay, Sir, Fools were made to repair the Breaches of us that have Wit enough to manage 'em.

Sir Tim. What—the Goldsmith paid the Money at sight, without demanding why?



Sharp. Readily, Sir—he's a brave Fellow, and must not be lost so.

Sham. By no means, we must make use of him whilst he is hot; for I doubt the Humour is not natural, and I fear he may cool.

Sir Tim. But to our Business.

Sharp. Ay, Sir, this same Sister of his you must have; if it be but to put this insolent Whore *Flauntit* out of favour, who manages this Fop intirely. [*Aside.*]

Sir Tim. Ay, but art thou sure there is no danger in this Enterprize? Shall I not have my Throat cut? and the rest.

Sham. We have none of that *Italian* Humour now-a-days, I can assure ye; they will sooner, with a brotherly kindness, assist the yielding Sister to the willing Gallant.

Sir Tim. A good thriving Inclination, by Fortune.

Sham. And, Sir, you have all Encouragement; her Brother, you heard, refus'd to pay her Portion, and you know the Fate of a handsom young Wench in this Town, that relies on weak Virtue—Then because she is in The House with her Uncle, this same Steward has contriv'd matters so, to bring you in at the Back-door, her Lodgings being in the Garden.

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Sir Tim. This is something—Oh, I'm impatient to be with her—Well, I must in, and make some Lye to *Betty* for my Absence, and be with you presently.

[Exit Sir Tim.]

Sharp. What Design hast thou in hand? for I suppose there is no such real thing as debauching of this Lady.

Sham. Look ye, *Sharp*, take to thee an implicit Faith, and believe Impossibilities; for thou and I must cozen this Knight.

Sharp. What, our Patron?

Sham. Ay, *Sharp*, we are bound to labour in our Callings, but mum— here he comes.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Come, let's away, my Lyonsess begins to roar.—You, *Sharp*, go seek after *Bellmour*, watch his Motions, and give us notice.

[Exeunt.]

Flaunt. He is gone, and I believe [*Betty Flauntit peeping out.*] for no Goodness; I'll after him, and watch him.

[Exit cross the Stage.]

SCENE II. *Lord Plotwell's House.*

Enter Lord Plotwell, Charles, Trusty, and two Servants.

Lord. In a Baudy-house, with Whores, Hectors, and Dice! Oh, that I should be so deceiv'd in Mankind, he whom I thought all Virtue and Sobriety! But go some of you immediately, and take Officers along with you, and remove his Quarters from a Baudy-house to a Prison: charge him with the Murder of his Wife.

Char. My Lord, when I demanded her, he said indeed that she was dead, and kill'd by him; but this I guess was the Effects of Madness, which Debauchery, and want of Sleep has brought him to.

Lord. That shall be try'd; go to the Place where *Charles* has directed you, and do as I command you.

[Ex. Servants.]



—Oh, sweet *Diana*, in whom I had plac'd my absolute Delight,
And gave thee to this Villain, because I wish'd thee happy.
And are my Expectations fall'n to this?
Upon his Wedding Night to abandon thee,
And shew his long dissembled natural Leudness!

Char. My Lord, I hope, 'tis not his natural Temper;
For e'er we parted, from a brutal Rudeness,
He grew to all the Softness Grief could dictate.
He talkt of breach of Vows, of Death, and Ruin,
And dying at the Feet of a wrong'd Maid;
I know not what he meant.

Lord. Ay, there's his Grief; there is some jilting Hussy has drawn him in; but I'll revenge my self on both.

Enter Page.

Page. A Letter for your Lordship.

Lord reads.

My LORD,

As your Goodness has been ever great towards me, so I humbly beseech you to continue it; and the greatest Proofs you can give me of it, is to use all your Interest to undo that tye between Bellmour and my self, which with such Joy you knit. I will say no more, but as you love my Life, and my dearer Honour, get a Divorce, or you will see both ruin'd in

Your Diana.

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[Gives Charles the Letter.

Lord. A Divorce! yes, if all my Interest or Estate can purchase it— some Joy yet that thou art well.

Char. Doubtless her Reasons must be great for this Request.

Lord. Yes, for she lov'd him passionately; when I first told her of my Designs to marry 'em together, she could not hide her Joy; which was one Motive, I urg'd it to him with such Violence.

Char. Persons so near of Kin do seldom prosper in the Marriage-Bed.

Lord. However 'tis, I now think fit to unmarry 'em; And as for him, I'll use him with what Rigor The utmost Limits of the Law allows me.

Char. Sir, I beseech you—

Lord. You beseech me! You, the Brother of the Villain! that has abus'd the best of all my Hopes!—No, I think—I shall grow (for his sake) to hate all that belong to him.

Char. Sir, how, have I offended?

Lord. Yes, Sir, you have offended me, and Nature has offended me; you are his Brother, and that's an Offence to me.

Char. Is that a Fault, my Lord?

Lord. Yes, Sir, a great one, and I'll have it so; and let me tell you, you nor your Sister (for that reason) must expect no more Friendship at my Hands, than from those that are absolute Strangers to you: Your Brother has refus'd you your Portions, and I'll have as little Mercy As he, and so farewell to you—But where's the Messenger that brought the Letter?

Page. Without, my Lord.

[Ex. Lord and Page.

Trust. Here's like to be a hopeful end of a noble Family. My Comfort is, I shall die with Grief, and not see the last of ye. *[Weeps.*

Char. No, *Trusty*, I have not been so meanly educated, but I know how to live, and like a Gentleman: All that afflicts me in this Misfortune, is my dear Sister *Phillis*, she's young; and to be left poor in this loose Town, will ruin her for ever.



Trust. Sir, I think we were best to marry her out of the way.

Char. Marry her! To whom? who is't regards poor Virtue?

Trust. For that let me alone; and if you dare trust her to my Management, I'll undertake to marry her to a Man of 2000 pounds a Year; and if it fail, I'll be sure to keep her Honour safe.

Char. Prithee how wilt do this?

Trust. Sir, I have serv'd your Family these thirty Years, with Faith and Love; and if I lose my Credit now, I'll never pretend to't more.

Char. Do what thou wilt, for I am sure thou'rt honest,
And I'll resign my Sister to thy Conduct,
Whilst I endeavour the Conversion of my Brother.
[Exit Charles.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. No News yet of my Brother?

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Trust. None: The Next you'll hear is, that he's undone, and that you must go without your Portions; and worse than that, I can tell you, your Uncle designs to turn you out of Doors.

Phil. Alas! what shou'd I do, if he shou'd be so cruel? Wou'd I were in *Flanders* at my Monastery again, if this be true.

Trust. I have better Bus'ness for you, than telling of Beads—No, Mrs. *Phillis*, you must be married.

Phil. Alas! I am too young, and sad for Love.

Trust. The younger, and the less Love, the better.

Enter Page.

Page. Mr. *Trusty*, here's a Gentleman would speak with you, he says his Name's Mr. *Sham*.

Trust. Gud's me, Mistress, put on all your Holiday Looks; for this is the little Merchant of Love by Retail, that brings you the Husband I promis'd you.

Enter Sham.

Sham. Well, Mr. *Trusty*, I have brought Sir *Timothy* as I promis'd, he is at the Garden-door.

Trust. The best time in the World, my Lord's out of the way.

Sham. But you know our Conditions.

Trust. Yes, that if he marry her, you are to have all the Money that he offers to debauch her.

Sham. Right.

Trust. Bring him in then, and I'll civilly withdraw.

[*Exit Trusty.*

Enter Sham, bringing in Sir Timothy.

Sir *Tim.* Well, *Sham*, thou hast prepar'd all things, and there needs no Ceremony.

Sham. None, none, Sir; you may fall down-right to the Business.

[*Exit.*

Enter Phillis.

Sir Tim. sings.

Come, my Phillis, let us improve Both our Joys of equal Love; Whilst we in yonder shady Grove, Count Minutes by our Kisses.

Phil. What sort of Courtship's this? 'tis very odd!

Sir Tim. Pox on formal Fops; we have high-born and generous Souls, and scorn the common Road—Come, let's enjoy, whilst Youth and Beauty lasts.

Phil. What means this Rudeness? I'll tell my Brother.

Sir Tim. Your Brother! by Fortune, he's so leud, that should I he so unconscionable to leave thee a Virgin but this Night, he wou'd ravish thee himself, and that at cheaper Rates than I design to do it.

Phil. How dare you talk to me at this rate?

Sir Tim. Talk to thee—by Fortune, I'll play the *Tarquin* with thee, if thou yieldst not quickly—for thou hast set me all on fire.

Phil. Defend me, Heaven, from such a Man.

Sir Tim. Then it must defend you from all the Sex; for all Mankind are like me, nay, and all Womankind are, or wou'd be, what I must make thee.

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Phil. What's that, a Wench?

Sir Tim. Fie, fie, that's a gross Name; no, a Miss, that's the Word— a Lady of Delight, a Person of Pleasure and the rest; I'll keep thee, not a Woman of Quality shall be half so fine—Come, dear *Phillis*, yield. Oh, I am mad for the happy hour—come, say the word, 'tis but inclining thy Head a little thus, thy pretty Eyes down, and thy Cheeks all Blushes, and fetching a long Sigh—thus—with—do—what you please—at the end on't—and I shall take it for granted.

Phil. That, Sir, you'll never hear me say to any thing but a Husband, if I must say it then.

Sir Tim. A Husband! it is enough to spoil a Man's Appetite, the very naming on't—By Fortune, thou hast been bred with thy great Grand-mother, some old Queen *Elizabeth* Lady, that us'd to preach Warnings to young Maidens; but had she liv'd in this Age, she wou'd have repented her Error, especially had she seen the Sum that I offer thee—Come, let's in, by Fortune, I'm so vigorous, I shall ravish else.

Phil. Unhand me, or I'll call out. I assure you, this is not the way to gain me.

Sir Tim. I know there is a way to gain all mortal Womankind; but how to hit the critical Minute of the Berjere—

Phil. It is past your Politicks at this time, Sir.

Sir Tim. I'll try all ways, and the Devil's in it, if I don't hit upon the right at last. [*Aside.* All the soft things I've said—

Phil. That a Knight of your Parts ought to say.

Sir Tim. Then I have kneel'd—and cry'd, and swore—and—

Phil. And damn'd your self five hundred times.

Sir Tim. Yet still y'are impregnable—I'll make another Proposition to you, which is both reasonable and modish—if it prove a Boy—I'll marry you—the Devil's in't, if that be not fair.

Phil. You get no earnest of me, Sir, and so farewell to you.

[*Ex.* *Phillis.*

Enter Sham.



Sir Tim. Oh, *Sham*, I am all over fire, mad to enjoy. I have done what Man can do (without doing what I wou'd do) and still she's Flint; nothing will down with her but Matrimony—what shall I do? for thou know'st I cannot marry a Wife without a Fortune.

Sham. Sir, you know the old Cheat; hire a Lay Rascal in a Canonical Habit, and put a false Marriage upon her.

Sir Tim. Lord, that this shou'd not enter into my Coxcomb before! haste then and get one—I'll have it done immediately, whilst I go after her to keep up my flame.

[*Ex. Sir Tim.*

Sham. And I will fit you with a Parson presently.

[*Ex.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter Friendlove disguis'd as before.

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Friend. I find *Diana* knows me not; and this Year's absence, since I first made my Addresses to her, has alter'd me much, or she has lost the remembrance of a Man, whom she ever disesteem'd till in this lucky Dress: the price of her Favour is *Bellmour's* Life. I need not have been brib'd for that, his Breach of Faith both to my Sister and my self, enough incites me to Revenge—He has not yet enjoy'd her, that Blessing is reserv'd for me alone; and though the Priest have joyn'd 'em, that Marriage may be disannull'd, and she has a Fortune sufficient to excuse her other Faults.

Enter Bellmour sad.

—Hah! the Man I seek—so near my Lodgings too—Sir!

Bel. Sir!

Friend. Traitor! thou know'st me, and my bus'ness.— Look on this Face, if thou dar'st look on him Whom thou hast doubly wrong'd—and draw thy Sword.

Bel. Thou should'st be *Friendlove*, Brother to *Celinda*.

Friend. And Lover of *Diana* too—Oh, quickly draw, Or I shall leave thee, like a Coward, dead.

Bel. No, rather like a Sacrifice, [*Offers to embrace him.*
And thou should'st be the Priest should offer it;
But that I have yet,
For some few moments, business for my Life.

Friend. I can allow no time for business now, My Injuries are in haste, and so am I.

Bel. Shou'dst thou stab here a thousand gaping Wounds,
Upon this false, this perjur'd Heart of mine,
It wou'd not part with Life, unless 'twere laid
Near to the Sacred Altar of my Vows,
Low at the Feet of my fair injur'd Wife.

Friend. Ha!—means he his Wife? [*Aside.*
Canst thou repent thy Injuries to her,
And leave the rest of all thy Sins neglected?

Bel. Those I have done to thee, though foul and barbarous, May plead the Excuse of Force—but those to her, Not thou, nor I, nor she, or Heav'n can pardon.

Friend. Heav'ns!
My Sister's Wrongs, and mine, may plead Excuse,
But those to her alone can ne'er be pardon'd.



—This place, Sir, is too open—come with me,
For I've desir'd, and now resolve to kill thee.

Bel. And so thou shalt; defenceless, I will yield,
And leave my Bosom open to thy Sword.
—But first conduct me to my Wife;
For I will see her—nor can I die unpardon'd.

Friend. See his Wife!—Of whom do you demand her.

Bel. Of thee!—dar'st thou detain me? [*Offers to go in.*

Friend. Death! how shou'd he know she's here? [*Aside.*
—Stay, Sir, this way our Business lies. [*Pulls him back.*

Bel. I ask not thine, but mine lies only this way.
[*Offers to go in again.*

Friend. By Heav'n, you shall not enter here.

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Bel. I know thou lov'st her. And 'tis with Reason thou deny'st an Entrance To one so much unworthy to approach her.

Friend. Yes, I do love her, and dare own it too; And will defend her from one so base and treacherous.

Bel. Who dares deny thy Reasons?

Friend. Sh'has made me take an Oath, to fight with thee; And every Wound my lucky Sword shou'd make, She bad me say, was sent thee from her Hate.

Bel. Oh, I believe thee: prithee tell on, young Man, That I may die without the aid of Wounds.

Friend. To break thy Heart, know then, she loves another, And has took back the Vows she made to thee, And given 'em to a Man more worthy of 'em.

Bel. Alas! I credit thee—yet—then, by Heav'n, she's false! And I will know, why 'tis she is thus perjur'd. [*Offers to go.* —Nay, now—nor Heaven, nor Hell, shall hinder me. —Stand off, or to the number I'll add one Sin more, And make my Passage to it through thy Heart.

Friend. And so you shall, Sir.

[*They fight, Bellmour disarms Friend, and runs in.*]

—Disarm'd! by Heav'n, you shall not so escape
A Rage that is too just here to give o'er.

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Inside of Friendlove's Lodgings.*

Enter Celinda, as before, met by Nurse.

Nur. Oh, Madam, here's Mr. Bellmour; he has wounded my young Master, who deny'd him Entrance, and is come into the House, and all in Rage demands his Wife.

Cel. Oh Heav'n! Demands his Wife! Is that sad Curse Added to all the rest?—Does he then love her?

Enter Bellmour with two Swords.

Nur. Whither do you press, Sir? and what's your business?



Bel. To see my Wife, my Wife, Impertinence;
And must I meet with nought but Opposition?
[Pushes her roughly away.]

Cel. Let him come in.

Nur. Marry, he lets himself in, I thank him.

Cel. What Man art thou thus cover'd o'er with Horror?

Bel. One sent from Hell to punish Perjury!
—Where's this perfidious Fair? this blushless Maid,
That has by my Example broke her Vows?
A Precedent that Fiends wou'd shame to follow.

Cel. Who is't you mean, Sir?

Bel. A thing that has no Name, she is so bad;
One who so lately gave her self to me,
And now is flown into another's Arms:
One that attacks my Life, for the same Sins
Which she her self commits—and thinks to live too.
—Yet still she is my Wife, whom I have injur'd:
Till when, she was a Saint—come, lead me to her,
Though she be false as I, yet I'll forgive it.
[Throws by the Swords.]



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Cel. Heav'ns! he repents his Cruelty to her,
And never mentions me! Ah then 'tis time to die.
And that I may be sure of Death— [*Aside.*
Well, Sir, I will conduct this happy Lady to you.
[*Ex. Cel.*

Bel. Gods! Happy!—whilst I am wretched.
—Oh, what an Ague chills my shivering Limbs,
Turns my hot Rage to softest Love, and Shame!
Were I not here to die—here at her Feet,
I wou'd not stand the Shock of her Reproaches.
—But yet she need not speak, a Look's sufficient
To call up all my Sins to my undoing—
She comes—Oh Heav'n! she comes—

Enter Celinda and Diana.

—Like penitent Criminals thus—with my Eyes declin'd,
I bow my Head down, for the last sad Blow.
[*Stands bow'd.*

Cel. Sir, in Obedience to your Commands, I've brought the Lady.

Dia. How! The perfidious *Bellmour*! The only Object of my Hate and Scorn.

Bel. Say on, my angry Deity— [*Kneels.*
Whilst I thus trembling hear my fatal Doom,
Like Sinners, conscious ne'er to be forgiven,
I dare not lift my guilty Eyes towards Heaven.

Cel. Can I hear this, and yet retain my Life?

Dia. Had I but two days since beheld this Youth
Thus prostrate at my Feet, I should have thought
My self more blest,
Than to have been that Deity he calls me.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. Defend me! The Traitor here! And at *Diana's* Feet!
The fittest Altar for my Sacrifice!
—Turn, turn, from what thou lov'st, and meet my Justice.

Cel. Oh, hold, my dearest Brother.



[Bellmour rises, and turns about.

Bel. Nay, now I'm ready for the welcome Sword, Since my *Celinda's* false, and cannot pardon.

Cel. Oh, do not die with that profane Opinion. *Celinda* false! or cannot pardon thee!

Dia. Stay, generous Sir, my Pity has forgiven him.

Bel. Thou! Why, who art thou—*Diana*?

Dia. Yes, that *Diana*, Whom, maugre all the Penitence thou shew'st, Can scarce forgive the Injuries thou hast done her.

Bel. I shew a Penitence for injuring thee! By Heav'n, I never cou'd do one, or other; All that I am is the divine *Celinda's*.

Friend. He's stark mad! [*Aside.*

Bel. But since she cannot pardon, I can die.
[*Offers to fall on his Sword.*

Cel. Canst thou not credit me? She pardons thee.
Live—and enjoy—*Diana*.
[*Turns her Face from him.*

Bel. What art thou, who know'st her Heart so well?
Art thou my Rival? the blessed Youth, to whom
She has given her Vows?—Live, and enjoy, *Diana*!
—Yes, yes, thou art my Rival, and I'll kill thee.



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Cel. Do, whilst I meet thy Sword.

[Opens her Arms, Diana stays him; he lets fall his Sword, and gazes.

Bel, Dull—dull Adorer! Not to know my Saint.
Oh, how I have profan'd! To what strange Idol
Was that I kneel'd,
Mistaking it for a Divinity?

Cel. To your fair Wife *Diana*.

Bel. Oh cruel Maid! Has Heav'n design'd me any but *Celinda*?

Dia. Maid! Bless me!—did I then love a Woman? —I am pleas'd thou should'st renounce me; make it good, And set me free from Fetters which I hate.

Bel. If all our Laws can do't, I will—for here Ends all my Claim. *[To Celinda.*

Friend. Was this the Wife you did demand of me?

Bel. Yes, I had no other.

Dia. Fair Maid! forgive me all my shameful Passion, And charge my Fault upon your Beauty only.

Cel. Excellent Creature! I shou'd sue for that, Which my Deceit will never make me hope.

Bel. And art thou true to Love, and all thy Vows?
Whilst I to save my Fortune,
(That only which you'd make me merit thee)
Gave my unwilling Hand to this fair noble Maid.
—Ah, *Friendlove*, when thou hear'st my Story told,
Thou wilt forgive, and pity me.

Dia. What was't you said, Sir? *Friendlove*!

Friend. Yes, Madam, I hope the Name can make no difference; Or hate that still, so you but love the Man.

Dia. Though I'm again defeated, yet this last Proves least offensive; nor shall an empty Word Alter my fix'd Resolves, to love you still.

Friend. Then I am blest!



Bel. But yet the Office of the Priest has past: What Remedy for that?

Dia. My Uncle's Pow'r, the Nearness of our Blood, The Contradiction of our Circumstances.

Bel. And above all that, my Contract with *Celinda*. —Methinks I feel a Joy spread o'er my Heart, The blessed Omen of approaching Happiness.

Cel. I do believe thee; for by Sympathy, Mine takes new Fire and Hope.

Dia. I have already writ to my Uncle, and the Messenger assur'd me, he would gratify my Desires; that done, I will be yours.

[To Friendlove.

Bel. But why thus drest? it might have led my Rage, Full of Despair and Jealousy to have hurt thee.

Cel. Sir, when the Letter came of your being married,
I will not tell you all the Effects it had
Upon my desperate Soul;
But this I know, I had resolv'd to die,
But first to see you. Your Page inform'd the Nurse
All that had past, and of the last Night's Ball;
And much concern'd, she got this Habit for me,
And inform'd me how 'twas I was to act,
And that my Brother (describing of his Dress) was gone before.
This made me haste, lest e'er I came
His Rage had done the Business which it went for.

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Friend. And so it had, hadst thou not hinder'd me; For I, Sir, was the Man who drew on you.

Bel. And was it thou that didst defend my Heart, That I might live to pay thy Goodness back?

Cel. It was to save your Life, and to expose my own.

Dia. Come, let's in, and consult what's best for us to do.

Bel. Come, my *Celinda*. Let us no longer doubt, the Pow'rs above Will be propitious to united Love.

[*Ex.* *Cel.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Plotwell is at the Door in his Coach.

Dia. My Uncle come! Sir, we will not doubt our Fortune. But how came he to know of my being here?

Serv. Madam, I fear he follow'd me after I had given him the Letter.

Enter Lord Plotwell, Charles, Trusty.

Lord. *Bellmour* and *Diana* kneeling!

[*Bel. and Diana kneel.*

—Rise; the Joy I have to see you thus, makes me
Resolve to grant you any thing, and pardon
All that's past.

Bel. Be not so hasty in your Goodness, Sir, Lest you repent as fast.

Dia. Sir, we have an humble Suit to you.

Lord. What is it ye can jointly ask, I will not grant?

Dia. By all that Love you ever had for me,
By all those Infant Charms which us'd to please you,
When on your Lap you taught my Tongue that Art
Which made those dear Impressions on your Heart,
Which ever since to my Advantage grew,
I do conjure you hear me now I sue,
And grant the mighty Grace I beg of you.



Lord. What is it you wou'd ask?

Bel. Oh, dress your Face and Eyes in gentler Looks, If you wou'd have us hope for any Mercy.

Lord. Rise, and whate'er you ask, I'll freely grant.

Dia. That you'll undo that Knot, that ties us two.

Lord. How! this Request from thee! who lov'd him once, And wish'd no good beyond possessing him.

Dia. Heav'n has not, Sir, decreed us for each other:
Something of Fate or Chance
Has otherwise dispos'd those first Resolves.

Lord. Too virtuous Maid, I know thou dost but feign, His Wickedness has forc'd thee to this change.

Dia. No, Sir, were he the only Man
Of kind and good, I never wou'd be his.
—And if you shou'd compel me, I shou'd live
The infamous Reproach of my whole Sex.

Lord. Well, and you, Sir, that are the cause of this, What canst thou say to move me for thy Pardon?

Bel. I am so guilty in your Opinion,
My Prayers wou'd but make you merciless;
I only say *Celinda* is my Wife,
And I shou'd injure this too generous Maid,
Not to adore her equal to her Merit.



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Lord. I see, Sir, you have found your Wits again.
—Well, I see there's no opposing Destiny;
And I have still such tenderness for thee, [*To Dia.*
That hadst thou pleaded his Cause to me before,
I shou'd have been less cruel to him.
—Where is that Lady which you so admire,
Whose Beauty does eclipse that of *Diana*?

[*Bellmour goes out, and brings in Celinda.*

Dia. This, Sir, is she who merits more than I.

Lord. She's fair indeed; here, *Frank*,
I give thee thy *Celinda*, whose Beauty
Excuses all thy Faults of Disobedience.

Bel. Thus low, I thank you for this Goodness, Sir. [*Kneels.*

Lord. There only wants the Ceremony of the Law to undo what's between you and
Diana, if she remain a Virgin.

Bel. For me, by Heav'n she is; And for the rest, I do not doubt her Virtue.

Dia. You may believe him, Sir; and this alone's the Man, in whom I will, or never will be
happy.

Lord. Mr. *Friendlove*! I give Consent to't, he has a noble Character; and what he wants
in Fortune, has in Virtue—take her, young Man.

Friend. 'Tis such an Honour, Sir, that my Gratitude, without the mighty Passion I have
for her, would make me ever thankful.

Lord. This Term, we shall make the former Marriage void; till then love on, and fear no
Frowns from Fortune—but Nephew—now I hope your Brother shall have his Portion.

Bel. My dearest *Charles*, forgive me all that's past, And share the Fortune Heaven has
given thy Brother.

Char. The Joy I have, Sir, to be undeceived, Is much the greatest Blessing Heav'n can
send me.

*Enter Sir Timothy, follow'd by Phillis, Sham,
Sharp, and Betty Flauntit.*



Sir Tim. I am pursu'd by two impertinent Women; prithee, *Friendlove*, tell 'em I am gone out at the Backdoor, and send 'em away.

Lord. What's the News here?

Sir Tim. How, *Celinda* here, and *Bellmour* too! Nay, now wou'd I compound for my Life, at any rate, by Fortune.

Phil. Sir, this Villain here has abus'd me, and with a false Marriage has rob'd me of my Honour.

Bel. How!

Sir Tim. My Lord, I say this young Jilt would have rob'd me of my self; and courting her, and enjoying her only for a Miss, would persuade me I am married to her.

Flaunt. Sir, I say, I am doubly wrong'd; first by this false Knight, who has belong'd to me this three Years, which gives me a right to him, as good as if I were married to him; who has now unlawfully left my Bed, for that of this Gilflurt, who, on the other side, takes away my Knight, and consequently eats the Bread out of my Mouth.

Bel. What means all this? Speak some of ye that know.



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Flaunt. Oh Lord! Who's here? The fine Squire? [*Aside.*

Trust. Sir *Timothy Tawdry*, Sir, is married to Mrs. *Phillis*.

Sir Tim. How can that be a Marriage, when he who join'd us, was but a hired Fellow, dress'd like a Parson?

Trust. Sir, 'twas Parson *Tickletext* that marry'd 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh, what a damn'd lying Pimp is this!—*Sham*, didst thou not hire a Fellow, (because I was damnably in Love, and in haste) to marry us, that was no Parson?

Sham. Why, truly, Sir—I did go to hire such a one—

Sir Tim. Look ye there now.

Sham. But you'd meet with none; and because you said you shou'd die if you enjoy'd her not presently, and that she would not yield on any other Terms, but those of Marriage, I e'en brought the Parson that *Trusty* had provided for you.

Sir Tim. Oh Villain, to betray me! and for no Reward!

Trust. Yes, indeed, Sir, the four hundred Guineas you left behind my young Mistress's Looking-glass fell to his share.

Sir Tim. What's my Money gone! and I am marry'd too! This 'tis not to use to go to Church; for then I might have chanc'd to know the Parson.

Bel. Death, you Dog! you deserve to die, for your base Designs upon a Maid of her Quality—How durst you, Sister, without my leave, marry that Rascal?

Phil. Sir, you deny'd me my Portion, and my Uncle design'd to turn me out of doors, and in my Despair I accepted of him.

Flaunt. Married! and to a Wife of no Fortune! that's the worst part on't—what shall I do?

Bel. Renounce this leud Fool, and I'll make thee a Fortune suitable to thy Quality.

Sir Tim. Say you so?—Renounce me, Sir! I'd have you to know I merit her: And as for Leudness, I name no body, *Bellmour*—but only some have the Art of hiding it better than I—but for Whoring, Drinking, Dicing, and all the deadly Sins that thereupon depend, I thank my Stars, I come short of you: And since you say, I shall not have your Sister, by Fortune, I will have your Sister, and love your Sister, and lie with your Sister, inspite of you.

Lord. Well, Sir *Timothy*, since my Niece has done amiss, 'tis too late to mend it—and that you may not repent, I'll take care her Fortune shall be suitable to the Jointure you'll make her.

Bel. With this Proviso, that you make no Settlement to Misses, Sir *Timothy*—I am not so unreasonable to tie you up from all of that Profession; that were to spoil a fashionable Husband, and so put you quite out of Fop-road.

Lord. This Day we'll set apart for Mirth, And all must make my House their happy home.

Bel. To thee, *Celinda*! all my Good I owe, My Life, my Fortune, and my Honour too,
Since all had perish'd by a broken Vow.



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Flaunt. What, am I like to lose my *Timmy*? Canst thou have the Heart to leave me for ever? I who have been true and constant to you?

Sir Tim. Alas! now I must melt again, by Fortune—thou art a Fool, dost think I wou'd have had her, but for her Fortune? which shall only serve to make thee out-flaunt all the Cracks in Town—go—go home and expect me, thou'lt have me all to thy self within this Day or two:

Since Marriage but a larger Licence is
For every Fop of Mode to keep a Miss.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*.

*Sir Timothy, Gallants, at last is come
To know his Sentence, and receive his Doom,
But pray before you are resolv'd to be
Severe, look on your selves, and then on me;
Observe me well, I am a Man of Show,
Of Noise, and Nonsense, as are most of you.
Though all of you don't share with me in Title,
In Character you differ very little.
Tell me in what you find a Difference?
It may be you will say, you're Men of Sense;
But Faith—
Were one of you o'th' Stage, and I i'th' Pit,
He might be thought the Fop, and I the Wit.
On equal Grounds you'll scarce know one from t'other;
We are as like, as Brother is to Brother.
To judge against me then wou'd be Ill-Nature,
For Men are kind to those they're like in Feature.
For Judges therefore I accept you all;
By you, Sir Timothy will stand or fall.
He's too faint-hearted that his Sentence fears,
Who has the Honour to be try'd by's Peers.*

Written by Mr. *E.R.*

THE FALSE COUNT.

ARGUMENT.

Don Carlos, Governor of Cadiz, who has been contracted to Julia, now married to a rich old churl, Francisco, in order to gain her, mans a galley, which has been captured from the Turks, with some forty or fifty attendants disguised as ferocious Ottomans; and whilst she, her husband and a party of friends are taking a pleasure trip in a yacht, they are suddenly boarded and all made prisoners by the supposed corsairs, who carry them off to a country villa a few miles from the town belonging to Carlos' friend, Antonio, which, however, they are firmly convinc'd is a palace inhabited by the Great Turk himself. Here Carlos appears, dressed as the Sultan, with much pomp, and Francisco, overwhelmed with terror, speedily relinquishes Julia to his captor. In order to punish her for her intolerable arrogance, Isabella, Francisco's daughter by his former wife, who is designed to wed Antonio, is introduced to a chimney-sweep, Guiliom, masquerading as a noble of high degree. She forthwith strikes up a match with the False Count, leaving Antonio free to marry Clara, Julia's sister, whom he loves. No sooner, however, has the knot been securely tied than Guiliom, appearing in his sooty rags and with smutched face, publicly demands and humiliates his haughty bride. The trick of the feigned Turks is discovered by the arrival at the villa of Baltazer, Julia's father. Don Carlos, however, claims his mistress by reason of his former contract, which is perforce allowed.

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SOURCE.

Guiliom, masquerading as a Count, is of course directly derived from *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, first performed 18 November, 1659, and Isabella is a close copy of Cathos and Magdelon. Flecknoe had already adapted Moliere in *The Damoiselles a la Mode*, unacted (4to 1667); and seven years later than Mrs. Behn, Shadwell, in his fine comedy, *Bury Fair* (1689), drew largely from the same source. His mock noble is a French peruke-maker, La Roch, who marries Lady Fantast's affected daughter. Miller, in his *The Man of Taste; or, The Guardian* (1735), blended the same plot with *L'Ecole des Maris*. The stratagem of the feigned Turkish ship capturing the yacht is a happy extension of a hint from the famous galley scene (*Que diable allait-il faire a cette galere?*), Act ii, 7, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. This, however, is not original with Moliere, being entirely borrowed from *Le Pedant Joue*, Act ii, 4, of *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1654). What is practically a translation of *Les Fourberies de Scapin* by Otway, was produced at the Duke's Theatre in 1677, and in the same year Ravenscroft included a great part of it in his *Scaramouch a Philosopher, Harlequin a Schoolboy, Bravo, Merchant, and Magician*.

In the Epilogue Mrs. Behn asserts that she wrote *The False Count* with ease in something less than a week. This may be a pardonable exaggeration; but there are certainly distinct marks of haste in the composition of the play. In Act iii, I, she evidently intended Francisco and his party to be seized as they were returning home by sea, at the end of the act she arranges their sea trip as an excursion on a yacht.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

The False Count; or, A New Way to Play an Old Game was produced at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Garden, in the autumn of 1682, not later than the end of October. An excellent rattling farce, it seems to have kept the stage at intervals for some twenty years. On 11 August, 1715, there was a revival at Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is billed as 'not acted ten years'. Spiller played Guiliom, Mrs. Moor Isabella, and Mrs. Thurmond Julia. There is no further record of its performance.

THE FALSE COUNT: or, A New Way to play an old Game.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

*Know all ye Whigs and Tories of the Pit,
(Ye furious Guelphs and Gibelins of Wit,
Who for the Cause, and Crimes of Forty One*



*So furiously maintain the Quarrel on)
Our Author, as you'll find it writ in Story,
Has hitherto been a most wicked Tory;
But now, to th'joy o'th' Brethren be it spoken,
Our Sister's vain mistaken Eyes are open;
And wisely valuing her dear Interest now,
All-powerful Whigs, converted is to you.
'Twas long she did maintain the Royal Cause,*

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*Argu'd, disputed, rail'd with great Applause;
Writ Madrigals and Doggerel on the Times,
And charg'd you all with your Fore-fathers Crimes;
Nay, confidently swore no Plot was true,
But that so slyly carried on by you:
Raised horrid Scandals on you, hellish Stories,
In Conventicles how you eat young Tories;
As Jew did heretofore eat Christian Suckling;
And brought an Odium_ on your pious Gutling:
When this is all Malice it self can say,
You for the good Old Cause devoutly eat and pray.
Though this one Text were able to convert ye,
Ye needy Tribe of Scriblers to the Party;
Yet there are more advantages than these,
For write, invent, and make what Plots you please,
The wicked Party keep your Witnesses;
Like frugal Cuckold-makers you beget
Brats that secur'd by others fires shall sit.
Your Conventicling Miracles out-do
All that the Whore of_ Babylon e'er knew:
By wondrous art you make Rogues honest Men,
And when you please transform 'em Rogues again.
To day a Saint, if he but hang a Papist,
Peach a true Protestant, your Saint's turn'd Atheist:
And dying Sacraments do less prevail,
Than living ones, though took in Lamb's-Wool-Ale.
Who wou'd not then be for a Common-weal,
To have the Villain covered with his Zeal?
A Zeal, who for Convenience can dispense
With Plays provided there's no Wit nor Sense.
For Wit's profane, and Jesuitical,
And Plotting's Popery, and the Devil and all.
We then have fitted you with one to day,
'Tis writ as 'twere a Recantation Play;
Renouncing all that has pretence to witty,
T'oblige the Reverend Brumighams o'th' City:
No smutty Scenes, no Jests to move your Laughter,
Nor Love that so debauches all your Daughters.
But shou'd the Torys now,—who will desert me,
Because they find no dry bobs on your Party,
Resolve to hiss, as late did Popish Crew, |*



*By Yea and Nay, she'll throw her self on you, |
The grand Inquest of Whigs, to whom she's true. |
Then let 'em rail and hiss, and damn their fill,
Your Verdict will be Ignoramus still.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Don Carlos, Governour of *Cadiz*, young and rich,
in love with *Julia*, Mr. *Smith*
Antonio, a Merchant, young and rich. Friend to *Carlos*,
in love with *Clara*, but promis'd to *Isabella*, Mr. *Wiltshire*
Francisco, old and rich, Husband to *Julia*, and
Father to *Isabella*, Mr. *Nokes*.
Baltazer, Father to *Julia* and *Clara*, Mr. *Bright*. *Sebastian*, Father to *Antonio*, Mr.
Freeman. *Guzman*, Gentlemen to *Carlos*, Mr. *Underhill*. *Guiliom*, a Chimney-Sweeper;
the False Count, Mr. *Lee*. Two overgrown Pages to the False Count, A little Page to the
False Count. *Petro*, Cashier to *Antonio*. Page to *Don Carlos*. Captain of a Gally. Two
Seamen. *Lopez*, Servant to *Baltazer*. Several disguis'd like *Turks*.

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WOMEN.

Julia, Wife to *Francisco*, young and handsom,
in love with *Carlos*, Mrs. *Davis*.

Clara, Sister to *Julia*, in love with *Antonio*, Mrs. *Petty*. *Isabella*, Daughter to *Francisco*;
proud, vain and

foolish, despising all Men under the degree of Quality,
and falls in love with *Guiliom*, Mrs. *Corror*.

Jacinta, Woman to *Julia*, Mrs. *Osborne*. Wife to *Petro*.

Dancers, Singers, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street*.

Enter Carlos, Antonio and Guzman.

Car. By all that's good, I'm mad, stark raving mad,
To have a Woman young, rich, beautiful,
Just on the point of yielding to my Love,
Snatcht from my Arms by such a Beast as this;
An old ridiculous Buffoon, past Pleasure,
Past Love, or any thing that tends that way;
Ill-favour'd, ill-bred, and ill-qualify'd,
With more Diseases than a Horse past Service;
And only blest with Fortune and my *Julia*;
For him, I say, this Miser, to obtain her,
After my tedious nights and days of Love,
My midnight Watchings, Quarrels, Wounds and Dangers;
—My Person not unhandsom too,
By Heav'n, 'twas wondrous strange!

Ant. And old *Francisco*, without the expence of an hour's Courtship, a *Billet-Doux*, or scarce a sight of her, could gain her in a day; and yet 'tis wonder, your Fortune and your Quality, should be refus'd by Don *Baltazer* her Father.

Car. A Pox upon't, I went the wrong way to work, and courted the Daughter; but indeed my Father, the late Governour of *Cadiz*, whose Estate and Honour I now enjoy, was then living; and, fearing he would not consent to my Passion, I endeavoured to keep it secret, though sacred Vows had past between us two.

Ant. Did she not tell you of this Marriage with old *Francisco*?



Car. The night before, she did; but only by a Letter from her Window dropt; which when by the help of a dark Lanthorn, I had read, I was struck dead with Grief.

[Gives him the Letter.]

Ant. [reads.]

*Expect to morrow night to hear I'm dead, since the next
Sun will guide me to a fatal Marriage with old Francisco.
Your Julia.*

Car. Judge, dear *Antonio*, my Surprise and Grief;
A-while I stood unmov'd, thoughtless, and silent,
But soon Rage wak'd me to new Life again;
But what I said and did, I leave to raging Lovers,
Like disappointed me, to guess and judge;
She heard—and only answer'd me in Tears,
Nor could I beg one tender Word from her,
She sigh'd, and shut the Window too, and vanish'd.

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Ant. And she accordingly next day was married.

Car. She was—and I have since endeavoured all the Arts and Ways I can to cuckold him; 'tis now two months since the Wedding, and I hear he keeps her as close as a Relict, jealous as Age and Impotence can make him. She hitherto has been absent at *Sevil*, but Expectation of her Daughter-in-law's Wedding with you has brought 'em hither,—and, I ask your Pardon, *Antonio*, for raillying your Father-in-law that shall be, old *Francisco*.

Ant. I hope you are mistaken, Sir.

Car. How, are you not to marry his Daughter, *Isabella*?

Ant. Not if I can help it, Sir,—the Honour you have done me in your Friendship to me, a Person so much above me in Title and Birth, makes me think it my Duty to conceal no part of my Heart to you,—Know then this *Isabella*, Daughter to old *Francisco*, and your Cuckold that shall be I hope, is, though fair, most ridiculously proud, vain and fantastical; as all of her Birth and Education, grown rich, are.

Car. Prithee, what was her Birth?

Ant. Why, her Father, old *Francisco*, was in his youth an English Cordwainer, that is to say, a Shoemaker, which he improv'd in time to a Merchant; and the Devil and his Knavery helping him to a considerable Estate, he set up for Gentleman; and being naturally a stingey, hide-bound Rascal, and in the Humour of Jealousy even out-doing the most rigid of us *Spaniards*, he came over into *Spain*, to settle with his whole Family, where his Wife dying, to heighten the Vice, marries this young *Julia*, your Mistress, Sir;—and now this Daughter of his having wholly forgot her original Dunghill, sets up for a Viscountess at least, though her Father has design'd me the Blessing; but I have fixt my Heart and Eyes else-where, *Clara*, the young Sister of your Mistress, Sir, commands my Liberty.

Car. I've seen her, she has Youth and Beauty capable to make a Conquest any where, —but does she know your Love?

Ant. She does, and makes me think my Love return'd.

Car. Then know, *Antonio*, I must be your Rival.

Ant. How, Sir!

Car. You said but now you were my Friend, *Antonio*; If true, you must assist in my design.

Ant. I listen, Sir, impatiently.

Car. Then thus; before I knew she was your Mistress, I had resolv'd upon Addresses to her, in order to't, have treated with her Father about a Marriage.

Ant. How! and wou'd the false, forsworn, receive your Vows?

Car. No; but with Tears implores her Father daily, whene'er he speaks to her about my Passion; nor can I undeceive her, for indeed I have but feign'd a Love, (she living in the same house with *Julia* whilst here at *Cadiz*) to get an opportunity with that dear, charming Creature; for, coming as a Brother, sure they'll admit me kindly; nor will *Francisco*, who has heard of what has past 'twixt me and *Julia*, suspect me any more.



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Ant. I knew I had a Rival, Sir, whom *Clara* lov'd not; but ne'er cou'd get it from her who he was, for fear of mischief: I have often the Liberty to see her, under the name and pretence of *Isabella's* Lover.

Car. And I visit her only to get a sight of *Julia*, which hitherto has been impossible, though I have oft endeavour'd it. I beg you'll not be jealous; for this, by Heav'n, is only my Design.

Ant. I'll trust my Life, my Honour and my Mistress in so good hands at any time.

Car. You oblige me; but though I find your *Clara* cold and cruel, *Isabella* would invite me to her Love, and makes so many kind advances to me—

Ant. So would she for your Title, were you deform'd, and had no shape of Man about you; but me, because a little Citizen and Merchant, she so reviles, calling me base Mechanick, saucy Fellow; and wonders where I got the Impudence to speak of Love to her—in fine, I am resolved to be reveng'd on all her Pride and Scorn; by Heav'n, I will invent some dire Revenge:—I'm bent upon't, and will about it instantly.

Car. And would you do it home and handsomly, and have a good occasion of being disengaged from her, and make her self the instrument?

Ant. Ay, such a Plot were worth the Prosecution.

Car. And such a one I have in my head: *Guzman*, my Servant, knows a fellow here in *Cadiz*, whom for his pleasant humour I have oft observ'd, as I have past the Streets, but too mean to be convers'd with, by almost any human thing, by Trade a Chimney-Sweeper.

Ant. On, Sir, I beseech you.

Car. This Fellow's of a quick Wit and good Apprehension, though possibly he cannot act the Don so well, yet that which makes up the best part of our young Gallants now a-days, he shall not want; that is, good Clothes, Money, and an Equipage,—and a little Instruction will serve turn.

Ant. I'm ravisht with the Fancy;—let me see—he shall be an *English* Lord, or a *French* Count.

Car. Either, we'll furnish him with Bills on Signior Don *Francisco*, —Men and Baggage, and the business is done—he shall make Love to her.

Ant. Most excellent.

Car. *Guzman*, have you not observ'd this Fellow I am speaking of.



Guz. Observ'd him, Sir! I know him particularly, I'll fetch him to you now, Sir; he always stands for new Imployment with the rest of his Gang under St. *Jago's* Church-wall.

Car. Bring him anon to my Lodgings, where we'll prepare him for the Adventure.

Ant. And if the proud *Isabella* bite not at so gay a bait, I'll be bound to be married to her.

Car. And if she do not, possibly that may be your Fate—but in return, you must let *Clara* know the Design I have, and, undeceiving her opinion of my Love, make her of our Party.

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Ant. Trust my Friendship, Sir, and Management. I'll to her instantly, that is, make a visit to *Isabella*, and get an opportunity to speak with *Clara*.

Car. And I must write a Letter to *Julia*, to undeceive her Fears too, could I but get it to her.

Guz. For that let me alone.

[*Exeunt severally, bowing.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Julia and Jacinta.

Jac. Lord, Madam, you are as melancholy as a sick Parrot.

Jul. And can you blame me, *Jacinta*? have I not many Reasons to be sad? first have I not lost the only Man on earth in *Don Carlos*, that I cou'd love? and worse than that, am married to a Thing, fit only for his Tomb; a Brute, who wanting sense to value me, treats me more like a Prisoner than a Wife?—and his Pretence is, because I should not see nor hear from *Don Carlos*.

Jac. Wou'd I were in your room, Madam, I'd cut him out work enough, I'd warrant him; and if he durst impose on me, i'faith, I'd transform both his Shape and his Manners; in short, I'd try what Woman-hood cou'd do. And indeed, the Revenge wou'd be so pleasant, I wou'd not be without a jealous Husband for all the World; and really, Madam, *Don Carlos* is so sweet a Gentleman.

Jul. Ay, but the Sin, *Jacinta*!

Jac. O' my Conscience, Heav'n wou'd forgive it; for this match of yours, with old *Francisco*, was never made there.

Jul. Then if I wou'd, alas, what opportunities have I, for I confess since his first Vows made him mine—

Jac. Right—that lying with old *Francisco* is flat Adultery.

Jul. I might, with some excuse, give my self away to *Carlos*—But oh, he's false, he takes unjustly all the Vows he paid me, and gives 'em to my Sister *Clara* now.

Jac. Indeed that's something uncivil, Madam, if it be true.



Jul. True! my Father has with joy consented to it, and he has leave to visit her; and can I live to see't? No, Mischief will ensue, my Love's too high, too nicely true to brook Affronts like that.

Jac. Yet you first broke with him.

Jul. Not I; be witness, Heav'n, with what reluctance I forc'd my breaking heart; and can I see that charming Body in my Sister's Arms! that Mouth that has so oft sworn Love to me kist by another's Lips! no, *Jacinta*, that night that gives him to another Woman, shall see him dead between the Charmer's Arms. My Life I hate, and when I live no more for *Carlos*, I'll cease to be at all; it is resolv'd.

Jac. Faith, Madam, I hope to live to see a more comical end of your Amours—but see where your amiable Spouse comes with Don *Baltazer* your Father.

Enter Francisco and Baltazer.

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Fran. So—you two are damnable close together, 'tis for no goodness I'll warrant, you have your trade betimes.

Jac. Meaning me, Sir?

Fran. Yes, you, one of my Wife's evil Counsellors,—go, get you up both to your respective Chambers, go—

[*Ex. both.*

Bal. Barring your Compliments, good Son, give me leave to speak.

Fran. Shaw, I know as well as your self what you wou'd say now; you wou'd assure me I am sole Master of your House, and may command; that you are heartily glad to see me at *Cadiz*, and that you desire I wou'd resolve upon a Week's stay, or so; that you'll spare nothing for my entertainment: why, I know all this, and therefore pray take my word, good Father-in-Law, without any more ado.

Bal. Well, Sir, pray answer me one question, what drew you to *Cadiz*?

Fran. Why, I'll tell you; in the first place, a Pox of all Lovers, I say; for my Daughter *Isabella* is to be married, as you know, to *Antonio*, a young rich Merchant of this Town; in the second place, my Wife, with a Vengeance, must be gadding to visit you and her Sister, whom we heard also was to be married to the young Governor Don *Carlos*; 'tis shreudly against my will, Heav'n knows, for my Wits are in an uproar already about this business—your Gallants, Father, your young Gallants,—I wish my Wife were secure at home again.

Bal. Pray, why so?

Fran. Alas, I see the Trick, Sir, a mere Trick put upon a Man, a married Man, and a married Man to a handsome young Woman,—you apprehend me.

Bal. Not I, Sir.

Fran. Not you, Sir! why, look ye, your young Governor who now is, made most desperate love to her who is now my Wife, d'ye mind me?—but you, being a Man of an exact Judgment, to her great grief, gave her to me, who best deserv'd her, both for my civil Behaviour, and comely Personage, d'ye understand me? but now this *Carlos*, by his Father's death, being made Governor, d'ye see? is to marry me your other daughter *Clara*, and to exasperate me, wou'd never let me be at quiet till he had got both of us hither to *Cadiz*, to grace his Wedding; a Pox of his Invitation, was I so civil to invite him to mine?

Bal. If this be your Affliction, you may avoid it.

Fran. No, no, I'll try to force Nature a little, and be civil, or so; but as soon as the Ceremony's over, I'll steal out of Town, whip a way, presto, i'faith.

Bal. But shou'd you do so rude a thing to your new Brother, your Wife wou'd think you were jealous of her. No, dissemble that Fault, I beseech you, 'twill make you odious to her and all the world, when 'tis needless, 'tis natural for Women to hate what they fear.

Fran. Say you so, then I will hide it as much as I can in words, I can dissemble too upon occasion.

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Bal. Let her remain awhile amongst us.

Fran. The Devil a bit she shall, good Father mine, no, no, I have more years than you, Sir Father, and understand what Women are, especially when married to ancient Men, and have the Conversation of young Men—whose Eyes like Basilisks destroy Modesty with looking on 'em; the very Thought on't has rais'd a Bump in my Forehead already.

Bal. I am sorry you should suspect my Daughter's Virtue.

Fran. May be you are, Sir—but Youth you know— Opportunity—Occasion—or so—there are Winks, and Nods, and Signs, and Twirs—and—well—in short I am satisfied, and they that are not may go whistle: and so I'll to my Wife, whom I have left too long alone, evil thoughts will grow upon her—Wife, Love—Duckling—

[Calls her.]

Enter Julia and Jacinta.

Bal. Wou'd I had never married her to this Sot.

Jul. Your pleasure, Sir.

Fran. Only to see thee, Love.

Jul. I have a Suit to you.

Fran. What is't, my Chicken.

Jul. I wou'd go make a Visit to my Aunt, my Sister *Clara*'s there, and I'll go fetch her home.

Fran. Hum—perhaps the Governor's there too?

Jul. What if he be? we ought to make him a visit too, who so kindly sent for us to *Cadiz*.

Fran. How! Make a visit to the Governor? What have I to do with the Governor, or what have you to do with the Governor? you are no Soldier, Love. As for a Visit to your Aunt, there's some reason in't; but for the Governor, think no more upon him, I say no more.

Jul. Since he's to marry my Sister, why shou'd you refuse him that Civility.

Fran. Your Sister, so much the worse.

Jul. So much the worse?



Fran. I, so much the worse, I tell you; for mark me, you have been Lovers lately; and old Stories may arise that are not yet forgotten; and having under the Cloke of a Husband both Sisters at command, one for a Wife, t'other for a Mistress, hoyte toyte, there will be mad work, i'faith; What a mixture of Brother by the Father's side, and Uncle by the Mother's side there will be; Aunt by the Mother's side, and Sister by the Father's side; a man may find as good kindred amongst a kennel of Beagles.—No, no, no Visits to the Governor, I beseech you, fair Madam.

Bal. So, you are at your Jealousy again.

Fran. Come, come, I love plain dealing; besides, when she named the Governor, Flesh and Blood could not contain.

Jul. I spoke in reference to his Quality.

Fran. A Pox of your Civility; I tell you, I scorn my Wife should be civil. Why, what a Coil's here about a Governor! I'll stand to't, a Man had better have a Mule to his Wife than a Woman, and 'twere easier govern'd.

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Bal. But hear reason, Son.

Fran. What, from a Woman and a Wife? Lord, Lord, where are your Wits, good Father-in-Law? Why, what a Devil, shall I be made ridiculous, a Coxcomb, Cuckold, to shew my Wife? No, no, there's no Necessity of your Civility, Mistress; leave that to me who understand the due Punctilios of it.

Bal. Harkye, Son, Harkye!

Fran. Father mine, every Man to his business, I say, therefore say no more of this; for I'll give my Mother's Son to the Devil, when any Wife of mine ever makes a Visit to the Governor; and there's an end on't. Was ever so horrid a Plot contriv'd against her own lawful Husband? Visit the Governor with a Pox!

Bal. 'Tis an Honour due to all Men of his Rank.

Fran. I care not for that, my opinion is, my Wife's my Slave, and let him keep his Rank to himself.

Enter Guzman.

[*Fran. gets his Wife behind him, and fences her with his Cloke.*

Guz. He's here, and with his Wife; how shall I do to deliver my Letter to her;—Sir, by the order of my Master, Don *Carlos*, the Governour, I am commanded to come hither to the end that, going from hence, and returning to my Master, I may be able to inform him —

Fran. That I am in health,—very well, I was afraid he wou'd have been harping upon my Wife in the first place—the Devil take her, she looks for't. [*Makes signs to have her gone.*

Guz. Farther, Sir, he kisses your hand, with a more than ordinary friendship.

Fran. A Pox of his Compliments.— [*Aside.*

Guz. But he charg'd me, Sir, most passionately to present his Service to your Lady.

Fran. Yes, yes; I thought as much.

Guz.—In a more particular manner.

Fran. Friend, my Wife, or Lady, has no need of his Service in a more particular manner, and so you may return it.



Jac. Indeed, but she has great need of his service in a very particular manner.

Guz. Sir, I meant no hurt, but 'tis always the fashion of your true bred Courtier, to be more ceremonious in his Civilities to Ladies than Men;—and he desires to know how she does.

Fran. How strong this *Carlos* smells of the Devil—Friend, tell your Master she's very well, but since she was married, she has forgot her gentile Civility and good Manners, and never returns any Compliments to Men.

Guz.—How shall I get it to her?—Sir, the Governor hopes he shall have the honour of entertaining you both at his House. He's impatient of your coming, and waits at home on purpose.

Fran. Friend, let your Master know we are here in very good quarters already, and he does us both too much honour; and that if we have notice of the Wedding-day, and I have nothing else to do, we'll certainly wait on him, and the next morning we intend to take our leaves, which I send him word of beforehand to prevent surprize.



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Guz. But, Sir—

[Approaching him, he puts his Wife farther.]

Fran. Go, Sir, and deliver your Message.

Guz. But I have order, Sir—

Fran. There's no such thing in this World.

Guz. I'm resolv'd to teaze him, if I can do nothing else, in revenge;—But, Sir, he most earnestly desires to entertain your fair Lady in his own house.

Fran. Yes, yes; I know he does; but I'll give him to the Devil first.—Troth, Sir, this *Cadiz* Air does not agree with my fair Lady, she has ventured out but once, and has got an Ague already.

Guz. Agues, Sir, are kind Diseases, they allow of Truces and Cessations.

Fran. No, no; she has no Cessation, Friend, her Ague takes her night and day, it shakes her most unmercifully, and it shall shake her till the Wedding-day.

Guz. Were this Fellow to be tried by a Jury of Women, I would not be in his Coat to lie with his Lady.—What shall I do to deliver this Letter?—Well, Sir, since I see you are so averse to what the Governor desires, I'll return—but, Sir, I must tell you as a Friend, a Secret; that to a man of your temper may concern you;—Sir,—he's resolv'd when he comes next to visit his Mistress, to make another visit to your Apartment, to your Lady too.

[Goes to whisper him, and gives Julia the Letter over his Shoulder.]

Fran. Is he so, pray tell him he need not take that pains; there's no occasion for't; besides 'twill be but in vain; for the Doctors have prescribed her Silence and Loneliness, 'tis good against the Fit; how this damn'd Fellow of a Rival torments me! honest Friend, adieu.

Guz. Now is this Fellow so afraid of being made a Cuckold that he fears his own Shadow, and dares not go into his Wife's Chamber if the Sun do but shine into the room—

[Ex. Guz.]

Fran. So, your Mercury's gone; Lord, how simply you look now, as if you knew nothing of the matter!



Jul. Matter! what matter? I heard the civil Message the Governor sent, and the uncivil Answer you return'd back.

Fran. Very good; did that grieve your heart? alas, what pity 'twas I carried you not in my hand, presented you to him my self, and beg'd him to favour me so much to do my office a little for me, or the like; hah,—

Jul. And there's need enough, and the truth were known.

Jac. Well said, Madam.

Fran. Peace, thou wicked Limb of *Satan*—but for you, Gentlewoman, since you are so tarmagant, that your own natural Husband cannot please you, who, though I say it, am as quiet a Bed-fellow, and sleep as sweetly, for one of my years, as any in *Spain*—I'll keep you to hard meat, i'faith.

Jul. I find no fault with your sleeping, 'tis the best quality you have a-bed.

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Fran. Why so then, is the Devil in an unmerciful Woman? Come, come, 'tis a good Tenant that pays once a quarter.

Jac. Of an hour do you mean, Sir?—

Fran. Peace, I say—thou damnable Tormentor, this is the Doctrine you preach to your Mistress, but you shall do't it private, for I'm resolv'd to lock ye both up, and carry the Keys in my Pocket.

Jul. Well, I am a wicked Creature to teaze thee so, Dear; but I'll do what thou wilt; come, come, be friends, I vow, I care not for the Governor, not I, no more than I do for my—own Soul.

Fran. Why so, this is something; Come, come your ways in,—who have we here? a Man! ad's my life, away, away.

Jul. Yes, up to my Chamber, to write an answer to this dear Letter.

[Ex Julia.

Enter Isabella.

Fran. No, 'tis not a Man, but my Daughter *Isabella*.

Jac. Now will I stay, and set her on to teaze the Dotard: wou'd I could teaze him to Death, that my Mistress might be rid of him.

Fran. How now, what makes you look so scurvily to day? Sure the Devil rides once a day through a Woman, that she may be sure to be inspired with some ill Qualities—what wou'd you have now?

Isa. Something.

Fran. Something? what thing? have I not provided you a Husband whom you are to marry within a day or two.

Isa. There's a Husband indeed, pray keep him to your self, if you please; I'll marry none of him, I'll see him hanged first.

Fran. Hey day;—what, is he not young and handsome enough, forsooth?

Isa. Young and handsome; is there no more than that goes to the making up of a Husband—Yes, there's Quality.

Fran. Quality!—Why, is he not one of the richest Merchants of his standing in all *Cadiz*.



Isa. Merchant! a pretty Character! a Woman of my Beauty, and five Thousand Pound, marry a Merchant—a little, petty, dirty-heel'd Merchant; faugh, I'd rather live a Maid all the days of my life, or be sent to a Nunnery, and that's Plague enough I'm sure.

Jac. Have a care of a Nunnery, lest he take you at your word.

Isa. I would not for the world; no, *Jacinta*, when ever thou seest me in holy Orders, the World will be at an end.

Fran. Merchant! why, what Husband do you expect?

Isa. A Cavalier at least, if not a Nobleman.

Fran. A Nobleman, marry come up, your Father, Huswife, meaning my self, was a Leather-seller at first, till, growing rich, I set up for a Merchant, and left that mechanick Trade; and since turned Gentleman; and Heav'n blest my Endeavours so as I have an Estate for a *Spanish* Grandee; and, are you so proud, forsooth, that a Merchant won't down with you, but you must be gaping after a Cap and Feather, a Silver Sword with a more dreadful Ribbon at the hilt?—Come, come, I fear me, Huswife, you are one that puff's her up with Pride thus;—but lay thy hand upon thy Conscience now.— [*To Jacinta.*

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Jac. Who, I, Sir? No, no, I am for marrying her out of hand to any reasonable Husband, except a Merchant; for Maids will long, and that's *Probatum est* against the prevailing distemper of Longing. Hitherto I dare answer for her, but Batteries will be made, and I dare not be always responsible for frail Mortality.

Fran. Well, I have provided her one that I like, but if she be so squeamish, let her fast, with a Murrain to her.

Isa. Dear Father.

Fran. Dear me no Dears: wou'd your old Mother were alive, she wou'd have strapt your Just-au-corps, for puleing after Cavaliers and Nobleman, i'faith, that wou'd she; a Citizen's Daughter, and would be a *Madona*—in good time.

Isa. *Why, Father, the Gentry and Nobility now-a-days frequently marry Citizens Daughters.*

Fran. Come, come, Mistress, I got by the City, and I love and honour the City; I confess 'tis the Fashion now-a-days, if a Citizen get but a little Money, one goes to building Houses, and brick Walls; another must buy an Office for his Son, a third hoists up his Daughter's Topsail, and flaunts it away, much above her breeding; and these things make so many break, and cause the decay of Trading: but I am for the honest *Dutch* way of breeding their Children, according to their Fathers Calling.

Isa. That's very hard, because you are a laborious, ill-bred Tradesman, I must be bound to be a mean Citizen's Wife.

Fran. Why, what are you better than I, forsooth, that you must be a Lady, and have your Petticoats lac'd four Stories high; wear your false Towers, and cool your self with your *Spanish Fan*? Come, come, Baggage, wear me your best Clothes a Sunday, and brush 'em up a Monday Mornings, and follow your Needle all the Week after; that was your good old Mother's way, and your Grandmother's before her; and as for the Husband, take no care about it, I have designed it *Antonio*, and *Antonio* you are like to wed, or beat the hoof, Gentlewoman, or turn poor *Clare*, and die a begging Nun, and there's an end on't—see where he comes—I'll leave you to ponder upon the business.

[Exit.]

Enter Antonio. Isabella weeps.

Ant. What, in Tears, *Isabella*? what is't can force that tribute from your Eyes?

Isa. A Trifle, hardly worth the naming, your self.—

Ant. Do I? pray, for what Sin of mine must your fair Eyes be punish'd?



Isa. For the Sin of your odious Addresses to me, I have told you my mind often enough, methinks your Equals should be fitter for you, and sute more with your Plebeian Humour.

Ant. My Equals! 'Tis true, you are fair; but if there be any Inequality in our births, the advantage is on my side.

Isa. Saucy Impertinent, you shew your City breeding; you understand what's due to Ladys! you understand your Pen and Ink, how to count your dirty Money, trudge to and fro chaffering of base commodities, and cozening those you deal with, till you sweat and stink again like an o'er heated Cook, faugh, I smell him hither.

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Ant. I must confess I am not perfum'd as you are, to stifle Stinks you commonly have by Nature; but I have wholesom, cleanly Linen on; and for my Habit wore I but a Sword, I see no difference between your Don and me, only, perhaps, he knows less how to use it.

Isa. Ah, name not a Don, the very sound from the Mouth of a little Cit is disagreeable—Bargain and Sale, Bills, Money, Traffick, Trade, are words become you better.

Jac. Well said, use him scurvily that Mrs. *Clara* may have him.

[*Aside.*

Ant. The best of those you think I should not name, dare hardly tell me this.

Isa. Good Lord, you think your self a very fine Fellow now, and finical your self up to be thought so; but there's as much difference between a Citizen and a true bred Cavalier —

Ant. As between you and a true bred Woman of Honour.

Isa. Oh, Sir, you rail, and you may long enough, before you rail me out of my Opinion, whilst there are Dons with Coaches and fine Lackeys, and I have Youth and Beauty, with a Fortune able to merit one, so farewell, Cit.

[*Ex.*

Ant. Farewel, proud Fool.

Jac. Sir, be this Evening at the Door, Donna *Clara* has something to say to you.

Ant. Bless thee for this Tidings, dear *Jacinta*.

[*Ex.* *Jacinta*.

—I find let Man be brave, or good, or wise,
His Virtue gains no Smiles from Woman's Eyes;
'Tis the gay Fool alone that takes the Heart,
Foppery and Finery still guide the Dart.

[*Ex.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Chamber.

Enter Jacinta with a Light, and Julia.

Jac. Well, Madam, have you writ to Don *Carlos*?

Jul. No, nor is it possible I shou'd, this Devil haunts me so from room to room, like my evil Genius to prevent that Good; oh, for an opportunity of one kind Minute to return Acknowledgments for this kind Letter he has sent me.

Jac. I'm glad you find me a Sybil: Madam, I ever prophesy'd a happier end of that Amour than your ill Fortune has hitherto promised,—but what said the lovely Cavalier?

Jul. All that a Man inspir'd with Love cou'd say, all that was soft and charming.

Jac. Nay, I believe his Art.

Jul. Judge then what my Heart feels, which like a Fire but lightly cover'd o'er with the cold Ashes of Despair, with the least blast breaks out into a Flame; I burn, I burn, *Jacinta*, and only charming *Carlos* can allay my Pain—but how? Ay, there's the question.

Jac. Some way I will contrive to speak with him, for he has lost his old wont if he traverse not the Street where you live: but see Donna *Clara*.—



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Enter Clara.

Jul. Hah, my Sister, whom yet my jealous heart can scarce be reconciled to; so deeply was my fear of Rivalship fixt there, —so sad, my Sister, and so near the happy day with *Carlos*?

Cla. 'Tis pity she that thinks it so shou'd want him; the Blessing's thrown away on me, but we are both unhappy to be match'd to those we cannot love. *Carlos*, though young, gay, handsom, witty, rich, I hate as much as you the old *Francisco*; for since I cannot marry my *Antonio*, both Youth and Beauty are but lost on me, and Age decrepid would be equal torment.

Jul. Wou'd *Carlos* knew your heart, sure he'd decline; for he has too much Honor to compel a Maid to yield that loves him not.

Cla. 'Tis true, he is above me every way, and the Honor my Father thinks to do our Family by this Match, makes him resolve upon't; but I have given my Vows to young *Antonio*.

Jul. And young *Antonio* you are like to have, for any thing that *Carlos* cares; for know, to thy eternal joy, my *Clara*, he has but feigned to thee, as much as thy *Antonio* to *Isabella*.

Cla. But are you sure of this?

Jul. Most certain; this Night if you can let *Antonio* see you, he'll tell you all the Cheat, and beg your Pardon.

Cla. Which he will soon obtain, and in return, what Service I can render him in your behalf he shall not want.

Jul. *Antonio* will engage you they are Friends.

Cla. You amaze me.

Jac. I have appointed him this night to wait, and, if possible, I would get him a Minute's time with you.

Cla. Dear *Jacinta*, thou art the kindest Maid.—

Jac. Hang't, why should we young Women pine and languish for what our own natural Invention may procure us; let us three lay our Heads together, and if *Machiavel* with all his Politicks can out-wit us, 'tis pity but we all lead Apes in Hell, and die without the Jewish Blessing of Consolation.

Jul. No more, here comes the Dragon.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. So, together consulting and contriving.

Jac. What, are you jealous of the Petticoat?

Fran. Petticoat! Come, come, Mistress *Pert*, I have known as much danger hid under a Petticoat, as a pair of Breeches. I have heard of two Women that married each other—oh abominable, as if there were so prodigious a scarcity of Christian Mans Flesh.

Jac. No, the Market's well enough stored, thanks be praised, might every Woman be afforded a reasonable Allowance.

Fran. Peace, I say, thou Imp of Lucifer; wou'd thou hadst thy Bellyful, that I might be fairly rid of thee—go get you up to your Chamber, and, d'ye hear, stir not from thence, on pain of our severe displeasure, for I am sent for in all haste, to Signior Don *Sebastian's*, 'tis but hard by, I shall soon return;—what, are you here?

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Enter Isabella.

I have a high commendation of your fine Behaviour, Gentlewoman, to *Antonio*; his Father has sent for me, and I shall know all anon, this shall but hasten your Wedding, Huswife, I tell you that, and so farewell to you—

[Ex. Isabella crying.]

Cla. Say you so, then 'tis time for me to look about me.

Jul. But will you go out so late, Love? indeed some hurt will come to thee.

Fran. No, look ye, I go arm'd. *[Shews his Girdle round with Pistols.]* Go, get you to your Chambers.

[He goes out, they go in.]

SCENE II. *Changes to the Street.*

Enter Carlos, Antonio.

Car. I wonder where this Man of mine should be, whom I sent this Evening with my Letter to *Julia*. What art thou?

Enter Guzman, runs against Carlos.

Guz. My Lord, 'tis I, your trusty Trojan, *Guzman*.—what makes you here, Sir, so near the Door of your Mistress?

Car. To wait my Doom; what Tidings hast thou, *Guzman*?

Guz. Why, Sir, I went as you directed me, to Don *Baltazer's*.

Car. And didst thou deliver it?

Guz. And the first thing I met with was old *Francisco*.

Car. So.

Guz. To whom I civilly addrest my self—told him, you presented your Service to him,—sent to know how his Lady and he did. Which word Lady I no sooner named, but I thought he would have saluted me with a Cudgel,—in fine, observing her behind him, whom he shelter'd all he could with his Cloke, I taking an occasion to whisper him, gave it her over his shoulder, whilst she return'd some Smiles and Looks of Joy,—but for an answer, 'twas impossible to get the least sign of one.

Car. No matter, that joy was evident she wisht me one, and by the first opportunity my diligent waiting will be recompensed; but where hast thou been all this while?

Guz. Finding out the Chimney-sweeper you spoke of, Sir, and whom you ordered me to bring this Evening.

Car. And hast thou found him?

Guz. He's here, at the corner of the Street, I'll call him.

[Ex. *Guz.*

Car. I have, *Antonio*, besides your particular Revenge, one of my own to act by this deceit, since all my Industry to see the charming *Julia* has hitherto been vain, I have resolv'd upon a new project, if this False Count pass upon 'em, as I doubt not but he will, and that he gets admittance into the House, I'll pass for one of his Domesticks.

Enter Guzman and Guiliom. Page holding his lanthorn to his face.

Guz. Here's the Fellow, Sir.

Ant. Fellow! he may be the Devil's Fellow by his countenance.

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Car. Come nearer, Friend; dost think thou canst manage a Plot well?

Guil. As any Man in *Cadiz*, Sir, with good instructions.

Car. That thou shalt have, thou art apprehensive.

Guil. So, so, I have a pretty memory for mischief.

Ant. Hast thou Assurance and Courage?

Guil. To kill the honestest Man in *Spain*, if I be well paid.

Car. That thou shalt be.

Guil. I'll do't, say no more, I'll do't.

Car. But canst thou swear stoutly, and lye handsomely.

Guil. Prettily, by Nature, Sir, but with good instructions I shall improve; I thank Heaven I have Docity, or so.

Car. Thou want'st not Confidence.

Guil. No, nor Impudence neither; how should a man live in this wicked world without that Talent?

Ant. Then know our Design is only comical, though if you manage not Matters well, it may prove tragical to you; in fine, dost think thou canst personate a Lord?

Guil. A Lord! marry, that's a hard question: but what sort of a Lord?

Car. Why, any Lord.

Guil. That I cannot do, but I can do some sort of a Lord, as some Lords are wiser than other-some; there is your witty Lord,—him I defie; your wise Lord, that is to say, your knavish Lord, him I renounce; then there's your Politick Lord, him I wou'd have hang'd; then there's your Foolish Lord, let him follow the Politician; then there's your brisk, pert, noisy Lord, and such a small insignificant Fiend I care not if I am possest with; I shall deal well enough with a Devil of his capacity.

Car. Very well, then there needs no more but that you go along with my man to my house, my Authority shall secure you from all the injuries that shall accrue from a discovery, but I hope none will happen: Equipage, Clothes and Money we'll furnish you with.—Go home with him, and dress, and practise the Don till we come, who will give you ample instructions what to do.



Guil. And if I do not fit you with a Don better than *Don Del Phobos*, or *Don Quixote*, let me be hang'd up for the Sign of the Black Boy on my own Poles at a *Spanish* Inn door.

Ant. We'll be with you presently.

Guil. And if you find me not en Cavalier, say Clothes, Garniture, Points, and Feathers have lost their Power of making one.

[*Ex. Guz. and Page, and Guil.*

Enter, opening the door, Jacinta.

Car. Hah, the Door opens, and surely 'tis a Woman that advances: dear *Antonio*, wait a little farther;—who's there?

Jac. Hah, if it should be old *Francisco* now.

Car. Let it be who it will, I'll tell my name, it cannot injure either;—I'm *Carlos*, who are you?

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Jac. A thing that looks for him you name—*Jacinta*;—are you alone?

Car. Never since *Julia* did possess my heart; what news, my dearest Messenger of Love? what may I hope?—

Enter Julia.

Jul. All that the kindest Mistress can bestow, If *Carlos* loves, and still will keep his Vows.

Car. *Julia*, my Life, my Soul, what happy Stars Conspir'd to give me this dear lucky minute?

Jul. Those that conducted old *Francisco* out,
And will too soon return him back again;
I dare not stay to hear thy love or chiding,
Both which have power to charm, since both proceed
From a kind heart, that's mine.

Car. Oh, take not this dear Body from my Arms, For if you do, my Soul will follow it.

Jul. What would'st thou have me do?

Car. Be wondrous kind, be lavish of thy Heart, Be generous in thy Love, and give me all.

Jul. Oh Heavens! what mean you? I shall die with fear.

Car. Fear! let coward Lovers fear, who love by halves, We that intirely love are bold in Passion, Like Soldiers fir'd with glory dread no Danger.

Jul. But should we be unthrifty in our Loves, And for one Moment's joy give all away, And be hereafter damn'd to pine at distance?

Car. Mistaken Miser, Love like Money put
Into good hands increases every day,
Still as you trust me, still the Sum amounts:
Put me not off with promise of to morrow,
To morrow will take care for new delights,
Why shou'd that rob us of a present one?

Jul. Ah, *Carlos*! How fondly do I listen to thy words,
And fain would chide, and fain wou'd boast my Virtue,
But mightier Love laughs at those poor delays;
And I should doubtless give you all your *Julia*,
Did not my fear prevent my kinder business;



—And should *Francisco* come and find me absent,
Or take thee with me, we were lost, my *Carlos*.

Car. When then, my *Julia*, shall we meet again?

Jul. You *Spaniards* are a jealous Nation, But in this *English Spaniard* Old *Francisco*,
That mad Passion's doubled; wholly deprives him of his Sense, and turns his Nature
Brute; wou'd he but trust me only with my Woman, I wou'd contrive some way to see my
Carlos.

Car. 'Tis certain, *Julia*, that thou must be mine.

Jul. Or I must die, my *Carlos*.

[*Ant. listning advances.*

Ant.—I'm sure 'tis *Carlos's* voice, and with a Woman;
And though he be my Rival but in Jest,
I have a natural curiosity to see who 'tis he entertains.

Jul. Oh Heavens! Sir, here's *Francisco*; step aside,
Lest mischief shou'd befall you.

[*Runs in.*



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Car. Now Love and wild Desire prompt me to kill this happy Rival,— he's old, and can't be long in his Arrears to Nature.—What if I paid the debt? [*Draws halfway.* One single push wou'd do't, and *Julia's* mine;—but, hang't, Adultery is a less sin than Murder, and I will wait my Fortune.—

Ant. Where are you,—Don *Carlos*?

Car. Who's there, *Antonio*? I took thee for my Rival, and ten to one but I had done thy business.

Ant. I heard ye talking and believ'd you safe, and came in hopes to get a little time to speak to *Clara* in;—hah!—*Jacinta*—

Jac. Who's there, *Antonio*?
[*Peeping out of the door.*

Ant. The same; may I not speak with *Clara*?

Jac. Come in, she's here.—

Car. And prithee, dear *Jacinta*, let me have one word with *Julia* more, she need not fear surprize; just at the door let me but kiss her hand.
[*Going in.*

Jac. I'll see if I can bring her.—

Enter Francisco.

Fran. A proud ungracious Flirt,—a Lord with a Pox! here's a fine business, i'faith, that she should be her own Carver,—well I'll home, and thunder her together with a vengeance.

Car. Who's here? sure this is he indeed; I'll step aside, lest my being seen give him an occasion of jealousy, and make him affront his Wife.

[*Goes aside as Fran. was going in.*

Enter Julia.

Fran. Hum, what have we here, a Woman?

Jul. Heavens! what, not gone yet, my Dear?

Fran. So, so, 'tis my confounded Wife, who expecting some body wou'd have me gone now.

Jul. Are you not satisfied with all I've said,
With all the Vows I've made,
Which here anew, in sight of Heaven, I breathe?

Fran. Yes, yes, you can promise fair, but hang him that trusts ye.

Jul. Go, go, and pray be satisfied with my eternal Love.—

Fran. How fain she'd have me gone now; ah, subtle Serpent! is not this plain demonstration,—I shall murder her, I find the Devil great with me. [*Aside still.*

Jul.—What is't thou pausest on?

Fran. The wicked Dissimulation of villainous Woman. [*Aloud to her.*

Jul. Francisco!

Fran. Oh thou Monster of Ingratitude, have I caught thee? You'd have me gone, wou'd ye? ay, to Heaven, I believe, like a wicked Woman as you are, so you were rid of me. Go,—and be satisfied of my eternal love —ah, Gipsy,—no, Gentlewoman, I am a tuff bit, and will hold you tugging till your heart ake.

Jul. Why, was there such hurt in desiring you to go that you might make haste back again,—Oh, my fears!

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Fran. That you might receive a Lover,—’tis plain—and my Indignation’s high.

Jul. Heav’n knows I meant—

Fran. Only to cuckold me a little,—get you in,—where I will swear thee by Bell, Book and Candle,—get you in, I say,—go, go,—I’ll watch for your Lover, and tell him how unkind he was to stay so long, I will.—

[*Ex. Julia, he stands just in the door, Carlos advances.*

Car. I hear no noise, sure ’twas he,—and he’s gone in— To reap those Joys he knows not how to value, And I must languish for; I’ll stay a little—perhaps *Jacinta* may return again, for anything belonging to my *Julia* is dear, even to my Soul.

[*Goes just to the door, Fran. bolts out on him.*

Fran. Who’s there?—what wou’d you have?—who wou’d you speak to?—who do you come from?—and what’s your business?

Car. Hah, ’tis the Sot himself;—my name is *Carlos*.

Fran. *Carlos*! what Father of *Belzebub* sent him hither?—a plain case;—I’ll murder her out of hand.

Car.—And I wou’d speak to any body, Friend, that belongs to the fair *Clara*,—if you are any of this house.

Fran. Only the Cuckold of the house, that’s all;—my name, Sir, is *Francisco*; but you, perhaps, are better acquainted with my Wife.

Car. *Francisco*, let me embrace you, my noble Brother, and chide you, that you wou’d not visit me.

[*Going to embrace him, he flies off.*

Fran. And bring my Wife along with me.

Car. Both had been welcome—and all I have, you shou’d command.

Fran. For my Wife’s sake—what if I shou’d pistol him now;—and I am damnably provok’d to’t, had I but Courage to shoot off one. [*Aside.*

Car. Methinks you make not so kind returns as my Friendship to you, and the Alliance shall be between us, deserves.



Fran. I am something ill-bred, I confess, Sir;—'tis dark, and if I shou'd do't no body wou'd know 'twas I. [*Aside.*

Car. I fear there's some Misunderstanding between us, pray let us go in a while, I'll talk you from your error.

[Offers to go, he gets between him and the door.]

Fran. Between us, Sir! oh Lord, not in the least, Sir, I love and honour you so heartily—I'd be content to give you to the Devil, but the noise of the Pistol wou'd discover the business. [*Aside.*

Car. Come, let's in, and talk a while.

Fran. I'm sorry I cannot do't, Sir, we are something incommoded being not at our own house.

Car. Brother, I am afraid you are a little inclined to be jealous, that will destroy all Friendship.—

Fran. So, how finely the Devil begins to insinuate!



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Car. That makes a Hell of the Heav'n of Love, and those very Pains you fear, are less tormenting than that Fear; what say you, Brother, is't not so with you?

Fran. I find you wou'd have me turn a Husband of the Mode, a fine convenient Tool, one of the modern Humour, a civil Person, that understands Reason, or so; and I doubt not but you wou'd be as modish a Gallant.

Car. Ha, ha, ha.

Fran. What, do you laugh, Sir?

Car. Who can chuse, to hear your Suspicions, your needless Fears. Come, come, trust your Wife's Discretion, and Modesty—and I doubt not but you will find your self—

Fran. In the Road to Heaven, whither they say all Cuckolds go—I thank you for your advice; I perceive you wou'd willingly help me onwards of my Journey.

Car. I'm glad I know you, Sir,—farewel to you—
[Goes out.]

Fran. No matter for that, so you know not my Wife—and so farewel to you, Sir, and, the Devil take all Cuckoldmakers.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The inside of the House.*

Enter Clara, Julia, Antonio, Jacinta running to 'em.

Jac. He has seen Don *Carlos*, and they have been in great discourse together, I cou'd not hear one word, but you'll have it at both ears anon, I'll warrant you. Ha, he's coming.

Enter Francisco.

Cla. Heavens, he must not see you here. [To Ant.]

Jac. Here, step into *Clara's* Bed-chamber. [He goes in.]

Fran. So the Plot's at last discover'd,—he was a Cavalier of his Parole.

Jul. Who speak you of?

Fran. Only the Governor, the fine young Governor, I deliver'd him the message, told him my mind and the like.



Jul. So kind to visit us, and have you sent him away already?

Fran. Ah, Witch; already! why, have I any lodging for him?

Jul. But I am glad you brought him not in, I being so unready.

Fran. But you are always ready for him, my dear victorious Man-slayer.

Jul. What means he, sure he has a Gad-bee in his Brain.

Fran. Satan's she Advocate—peace, I say;—so, you look as innocently now, as a little Devil of two years old, I'll warrant;—come, come, look me full in the face—thus,—turn your nose just to mine—so—now tell me whose damnable Plot this was, to send your Gallant with his Eloquence, Querks and Conundrums, to tutor me into better manners?

Jul. Send him! I'll answer no such idle questions.

Fran. He has taken a world of pains about your particular Chapter, and no doubt but he preach'd according to instructions;—what say you for your self, that Judgment may not pass?

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Jul. I say you're an old jealous Fool; have I seen Don *Carlos*, or heard from Don *Carlos*, or sent to Don *Carlos*? here's a-do indeed.

Fran. What made you at the door against my positive commands,—the very Street-door,—in the night,—alone,—and undrest,—this is a matter of Fact, Gentlewoman; you hastened me away,—a plain case,—and presently, after Don *Carlos* comes to the door,—positive proof,—sees me and falls right down upon my Jealousy,—clear conviction,—'twas pity but I had follow'd his counsel, yes, when the Devil turns student in Divinity;—but no matter, I'll see your back fairly turn'd upon this Town to morrow; I'll marry my Daughter in the morning to *Antonio*, and a fair wind or not, we'll home; the Gally lies ready in the Harbour— therefore prepare, pack up your tools, for you are no woman of this world.

Ant. How! marry me to morrow to his daughter;—and carry his Wife from my Friend; this misfortune must be prevented. [*Aside peeping.*]

Fran. And so, Mistress, come your ways to your Chamber.

Jul. And study how to prevent this cruel separation.
[*Aside, goes out with him and Jacinta.*]

Cla. Ah, *Antonio*, I find by that sad look of yours, you have over-heard our hasty Doom.

Ant. I have, and am a little surpriz'd at the suddenness of it; and I my self am the unlucky occasion of it,—to break it off, I told my Father how scurvily *Isabella* treated me,—he thereupon sends for old *Francisco*, tells him of my complaint, and instead of disengaging my self, I find my self more undone.

Cla. What shall we do? I'm sure thou wilt not marry her, thou canst not do't and hope to go to Heaven.

Ant. No, I have one prevention left, and if that fail, I'll utterly refuse to marry her, a thing so vainly proud; no Laws of Nature or Religion, sure, can bind me to say yes; and for my Fortune, 'tis my own, no Father can command it.

Cla. I know thou wilt be true, and I'll not doubt it.

Enter Jacinta.

Jac. Ah! Madam, the saddest news—

Cla. Hah! what?



Jac. Poor Gentleman, I pity you of all things in the World,—you must be forc'd—how can I utter it,—to the most lamentable torment that ever Lover endur'd—to remain all night in your Mistress's Chamber.

Ant. Alas, how shall I endure so great an Affliction?

Cla. And I.

Jac. Ha, ha, ha, how I am griev'd to think on it; ha, ha, ha, that you shou'd both be so hardly put to it; ha, ha, ha, for the old Gentleman has lock'd all the doors, and took the keys to bed to him,—go, get you in,—ha, ha, ha.—

Ant. Oh, my dear *Clara*, this is a blessing I could not hope.



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*Cla. So large a Freedom shall my Virtue prove,
I'll trust my Honour with Antonio's Love.*

[They go in.]

[Ex. Jacinta laughing.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Don Carlos' house.*

*Enter Don Carlos in his Night-gown, Antonio,
and Guzman with Clothes.*

Car. All night with *Clara* say'st thou? that was lucky; But was she kind, my friend?

Ant. As I desir'd, or Honour wou'd permit her; Nor wou'd I press her farther.

Car. A very moderate Lover.

Ant. For some part of my Virtue, Sir, I owe to you; in midst of all my Love, even in the kindest moments of Delight, my Joys were broken by concern for you.—*Julia* this day, or very suddenly, leaves *Cadiz*.

Car. By Heaven, and so will *Carlos* then; for I'm so resolutely bent to possess that dear Creature, That I will do't with hazard of my Life, Expence of Fortune, or what's dear to me.

Guz. And how wou'd you reward that politick head, that shou'd contrive the means to bring this handsomly about; not for an a hour, or a night, but even as long as you please, with freedom; without the danger of venturing your honourable neck, in showing Feats of Activity three stories high, with a Dagger in one hand, and a Pistol in t'other, like a Ropedancer?

Car. But how? Thou talkest of Impossibilities.

Ant. Dost think she'll e'er consent to quit her Husband?

Guz. No, Heaven forbid, I am too good a Christian to part Man and Wife; but being naturally inclined to works of Charity, I will with one project I have in this noddle of mine, —make old *Francisco* a Cuckold, accommodate my Lord and *Julia*, serve you, Sir,—and give our selves a good Scene of Mirth.

Car. Thou amazest me.



Guz. If I do't not, send me to the Gallies; nay, and so far cure the Jealousy of the old Fellow, that from a rigid suspicious troublesom Fool, he shall become so tame and gentle a Husband,—that he shall desire you to favour him so much as to lie with his dear Wife.

Car. By what strange Witchcraft shall this be brought to pass?

Guz. E'en honest Invention, Sir, good Faith, listen and believe:—When he goes, he certainly goes by Sea, to save the charges of Mules.

Ant. Right, I heard him say so; in the Galley that lies in the Port.

Guz. Good, there is a Galley also, in the Harbour, you lately took from the *Turks*; Habits too were taken in her enough to furnish out some forty or fifty as convenient *Turks* as a man wou'd wish at the Devil.

Car. Ah, Rogue, I begin to apprehend already.

Guz. Our *Turkish* Galley thus man'd, I'll put to Sea, and about a League from Land, with a sham-fight set on that of Old *Francisco*, take it, make 'em all Slaves, clap the Old Fellow under hatches, and then you may deal with the fair Slave his Wife, as *Adam* did with *Eve*.

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Car. I'm ravish'd with the thought.

Ant. But what will be the event of this?

Car. I will not look so far, but stop at the dear Joys, and fear no Fate beyond 'em.

Guz. Nay, with a little cudgelling this dull Brain of mine I shall advance it farther for the Jest-sake;—as I take it, Signior Don *Antonio*, you have a fine Villa, within a Bow-shot of this City belonging to your self.

Ant. I have with pleasant Gardens, Grotto's, Waterworks.—

Car. A most admirable Scene for Love and our Designs.

Ant. 'Tis yours, Sir.

Guz. Then, Sir, when we have taken this old Fool, on whom the grossest cheat wou'd pass, much more this, which shall carry so seeming a Truth in't, he being clapt under hatches in the Dark, we'll wind round a League or two at Sea, turn in, and land at this Garden, Sir, of yours, which we'll pretend to be a *Seraglio*, belonging to the *Grand Seignior*; whither, in this hot part o'th' year, he goes to regale himself with his She-Slaves.

Car. But the distance of Place and Time allow not such a Fallacy.

Guz. Why he never read in's life; knows neither Longitude nor Latitude, and *Constantinople* may be in the midst of *Spain* for any thing he knows; besides, his Fear will give him little leisure for thinking.

Ant. But how shall we do with the Seamen of this other Gally?

Guz. There's not above a Dozen, besides the Slaves that are chain'd to the Oar, and those Dozen, a Pistole apiece wou'd not only make 'em assist in the design, but betray it in earnest to the *Grand Seignior*; —for them I'll undertake, the Master of it being *Pier de Sala*, your Father's old Servant, Sir. [*To Carlos.*]

Ant. But possibly his mind may alter upon the Arrival of this False Count of ours?

Car. No matter, make sure of those Seamen however; that they may be ready upon occasion.

Ant. 'Tis high time for me that your Count were arriv'd, for this morning is destin'd the last of my Liberty.



Car. This Morning—Come, haste and dress me— [*To Guz.*]*—Guzman*, where's our Count?

*Enter Guiliom drest fine, two great Pages
and a little one following.*

Guz. Coming to give you the good morrow, Sir; And shew you how well he looks the Part.

Car. Good day to your Lordship— [*Bowing.*

Guil. Morrow, morrow, Friend.

Ant. My Lord, your most humble Servant.

Guil. Thank you, Friend, thank you; Page, Boy—what's a-Clock, Sirrah?

Page. About Eight, my Lord.

Ant. Your Lordship's early up.

Guil. My Stomach was up before me, Friend; and I'm damnably hungry; 'tis strange how a man's Appetite increases with his Greatness; I'll swinge it away now I'm a Lord, —then I will wench without Mercy; I'm resolv'd to spare neither Man, Woman, nor Child, not I; hey, Rogues, Rascals, Boys, my Breakfast, quickly, Dogs—let me see, what shall I have now that's rare?

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Page. What will your Honour please to have?

Guil. A small rasher of delicate Bacon, Sirrah—of about a Pound, or two, with a small Morsel of Bread—round the Loaf, d'ye hear, quickly, Slaves.

Ant. That's gross meat, Sir, a pair of Quails—or—

Guil. I thank you for that, i'faith, take your Don again, an you please, I'll not be starv'd for ne'er a Don in Christendom.

Ant. But you must study to refine your Manners a little.

Guil. Manners! you shall pardon me for that; as if a Lord had not more privilege to be more saucy, more rude, impertinent, slovenly and foolish than the rest of his Neighbours, or Mankind.

Car. Ay, ay, 'tis great.

Guil. Your saucy Rudeness, in a Grandee, is Freedom; your Impertinence, Wit; your Sloven, careless; and your Fool, good natur'd; as least they shall pass so in me, I'll warrant ye.

Car. Well, you have your full Instructions; your Baggage, Bills and Letters, from *Octavio* the *Sevilian* Merchant.

Guz. All, all, Sir, are ready, and his Lordship's breakfast waits.

Car. Which ended, we advance,
Just when *Aurora* rose from *Thetis'* Bed,
Where he had wantoned a short Summer's night,
Harness'd his bright hoov'd Horses to begin
His gilded course above the Firmament,
Out sallied Don *Gulielmo Rodorigo de Chimney Sweperio*, and so forth.
Gad, this adventure of ours will be worthy to be sung in Heroick Rhime
Doggerel, before we have finisht it; Come—

[Goes out.]

Guil. Hey, Rogues, Rascals, Boys, follow me just behind.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Francisco's house.*

Enter Clara and Jacinta.



Jac. Nay, I knew he would be civil, Madam, or I would have borne you Company; but neither my Mistress nor I, cou'd sleep one wink all Night, for fear of a Discovery in the Morning; and to save the poor Gentleman a tumbling Cast from the Window, my Mistress, just at day-break, feigned her self wondrous sick,—I was called, desired to go to Signior *Spadilio's* the Apothecary's, at the next Door, for a Cordial; and so he slipt out;—but the Story of this false Count pleases me extremely, and, if it should take, Lord, what mirth we shall have. Ha, ha, ha, I can't forbear with the thoughts on't.

Cla. And to see the Governor his Man?

Jac. Ah, what a Jest that would be too—Ha, ha, ha! but here comes *Isabella*; let's puff up her Pride with Flatteries on her Beauty.

Enter Isabella looking in a Glass, and seeing her Face.



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Isa. Ah, Heavens, those Eyes—that Look,—that pretty Leer,—that my Father shou'd be so doating an old Fool to think these Beauties fit for a little Merchandize; a Marchioness wou'd so much better become me.

[Looks again.

—Ah, what a Smile's there—and then that scornful Look—'tis great—Heavens, who's here?

[Sees them.

Cla. Only those Friends that wish you better Fortune than this day promises.

Jac. Look on that Face; are there not Lines that foretel a world of Greatness, and promise much Honour?

Cla. Her Face, her Shape, her Mein, her every part declares her Lady—or something more.

Isa. Why, so, and yet this little Creature of a Father, ridiculously and unambitious, would spoil this Lady, to make up a simple Citizen's Wife—in good time.

Jac. That very look had some presaging Grandeur.

Isa. Do you think so, *Jacinta*? Ha, ha, ha.

Jac. That Laugh again, oh Heavens, how it charms!

Cla. And how graceful 'tis!

Jac. Ah, nothing but a great gilt Coach will become it.

Cla. With six *Spanish* Mares.—

Jac. And embroidered Trappings.

Cla. With four Lackeys.

Jac. And a Page at the tail on't.

Cla. She's evidently design'd for a Person of Quality.

Isa. Besides I have so natural an Inclination for a Don, that if my Father do force me to marry this small Creature of a Merchant, I shall make an Intrigue with some body of Quality.

Cla. Cou'd you but manage it well, and keep it from *Antonio*.



Isa. Keep it from *Antonio*,—is it think you for a little silly Cit, to complain when a Don does him the Honour to visit his Lady? Marry, that were pretty.

Enter Francisco, and Lopez.

Fran. How, a Count to speak with me! with me, I say,—here at *Cadiz*.

Lop. A Count, Sir, and to speak with you.

Fran. Art sure 'tis not the Governor?—I'll go lock up my Wife.

Lop. Governor, Sir! No, no, 'tis a mere Stranger, Sir, a rare Count whom I never saw all days of my life before.

Fran. And with me wou'd he speak? I hope he comes not to my Wife.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Oh Husband, the delicatest fine Person of Quality, just alighted at the Door, Husband.

Fran. What, have you seen him then? the Devil's in these Women, and there be but a Loop-hole to peep out of they'll spy a man,—I'm resolved to see this thing,—go, retire, you Women, here's Men coming up.

Isa. And will Men eat us?

Fran. No, but they may do worse, they may look on ye, and Looking breeds Liking; and Liking, Love; and Love a damn'd thing, call'd Desire; and Desire begets the Devil and all of Mischief to young Wenches—Get ye gone in, I say—here's a Lord coming—and Lords are plaguy things to Women.

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Isa. How, a Lord! oh, heavens! *Jacinta*, my Fan, and set my Hair in order, oh, the Gods! I would not but see a Lord for all the World! how my Heart beats already—keep your Distance behind, *Jacinta*,—bless me, how I tremble—a little farther, *Jacinta*.

Fran. Come, come, Huswife, you shall be married anon, and then let your Husband have the plague of you—but for my Gentlewoman,—Oh Lord —they're here.

Enter Guiliom, Carlos, *and* Pages, _&c_.

Gull. How now, Fellow, where's this old Don *Francisco*?

Fran. I'm the Person, Sir.

Isa. Heavens, what an Air he has!

Guil. Art thou he? Old Lad, how dost thou do? Hah!

Fran. I don't know.

Guil. Thou knowest me not it seems, old Fellow, hah!

Fran. Know you—no, nor desire to do,—on what acquaintance, pray?

Guil. By Instinct; such as you ought to know a Person of Quality, and pay your Civilities naturally; in *France*, where I have travel'd, so much good manners is used, your Citizen pulls off his hat, thus—to every Horse of Quality, and every Coach of Quality; and do you pay my proper Person no more respect, hah!

Isa. What a Dishonour's this to me, to have so dull a Father, that needs to be instructed in his Duty.

Guil. But, Sir, to open the eyes of your understanding—here's a Letter to you, from your Correspondent a Merchant of *Sevil*.

[Gives him a dirty Letter which he wipes on his Cloke and reads, and begins to pull off his hat, and reading on bows lower and lower till he have finisht it.]

Fran. Cry Mercy, my Lord,—and yet I wou'd he were a thousand Leagues off.

Guil. I have Bills of Exchange too, directed to thee, old Fellow, at *Sevil*; but finding thee not there, and I (as most Persons of my Quality are) being something idle, and never out of my way, came to this Town, to seek thee, Fellow—being recommended as thou seest here, old



Vermin—here—

[Gives him Bills.

Isa. Ah, what a graceful Mein he has! how fine his Conversation! ah, the difference between him and a filthy Citizen!

Jul.—*Clara* has told me all.— [*Jac. whispering to Jul.*

Car. That's she in the middle; stand looking on her languishingly,
—your head a little on one side,—so,—fold your Arms,—good,—now and then heave
your breast with a sigh,—most excellent.—

[He groans.

Fran. Bills for so many thousands.

Jac. He has you in his eye already.

Isa. Ah, *Jacinta*, thou flatterest me.

Jac. Return him some kind looks in pity.

[She sets her Eyes, and bows, &c.

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Car. That other's my Mistress,—couldst thou but keep this old Fellow in discourse whilst I give her the sign to retire a little.—

Guil. I'll warrant you I'll banter him till you have cuckolded him, if you manage matters as well as I.

Fran. My Lord, I ask your pardon for my rudeness in not knowing you before, which I ought to have done in good manners I confess; who the Devil does he stare at so?—Wife, I command you to withdraw, upon pain of our high displeasure.—my Lord, I shall dispatch your affairs,—he minds me not,—Ay, 'tis my Wife, I say, Minion, be gone,—your Bills, my Lord, are good, and I accept 'em;—why a Devil he minds me not yet, [*Julia goes to t'other side to Carlos.*—and though I am not at my proper home,—I am where I can command Money,—hum,—sure 'tis my Daughter,—Ay, ay,—'tis so, how if he should be smitten now; the plaguy Jade had sure the Spirit of Prophecy in her; 'tis so—'tis she—my Lord.

Guil. Prithee, old Fellow, Peace,—I am in love.

Fran. In love,—what, shall I be the Father of a Lord? wou'd it become me, think ye?—he's mighty full of Cogitabund—my Lord,—sure his Soul has left the Tenement of his Body—I have his Bills here, and care not if it never return more.

[*Looks over the Bills.*]

Car. Dear *Julia*, let's retire, our time's but short.

Jul. I dare not with you, the venture wou'd be too bold in a young beginner in the Thefts of Love.

Guil. Her Eyes are Suns, by *Jove*.

Car. Oh, nothing is so ventrous as Love, if it be true.

Guil. Or else, two Morning Stars, All other Beauties are but Soot to her.

Jul. But shou'd my Husband—

Car. He's safe for one dear half hour, I'll warrant you, come.

Fran. Um—my Wife here still, must I begin to thunder.

Jul. Lord, and you be so froward, I'll be gone.—

Car. So, her Husband, kind heart, lest she should be cruel, has himself given me the dear opportunity.—[*Aside.*—Be sure you keep the old Fellow in discourse awhile.



Guil. Be you as sure to cuckold him.— [Ex. Car. and Jul. —Old Fellow,—prithee what Person of Quality is that?

Fran. Person of Quality! alas, my Lord, 'tis a silly Citizen's Daughter.

Guil. A Citizen's! what clod of Earth cou'd bring forth such a Beauty?

Fran. Alas, my Lord, I am that clod of Earth, and to Earth, if you call it so, she must return again, for she's to be married to a Citizen this Morning.

Guil. Oh! I am doubly wounded, first with her harmonious Eyes,
Who've fir'd my Heart to that Degree,
No Chimney ever burnt like me.
Fair Lady,—suffer the Broom of my Affection to sweep all other Lovers
from your heart.



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Isa. Ah, my Lord, name it not, I'm this day to be married.

Guil. To day! name me the Man; Man did I say? the Monster, that dares lay claim to her I deign to love,—none answer me,—I'll make him smook, by *Vulcan*—and all the rest of the Goddesses.

Fran. Bless me, what a furious thing this Love is?

Guil. By this bright Sword, that is so used to slaughter, he dies; [*Draws.*] old Fellow, say—the Poltroon's name.

Fran. Oh, fearful—alas, dread Sir!

Isa. Ah! sheath your Sword, and calm your generous Rage.

Guil. I cannot brook a Rival in my Love, the rustling Pole of my Affection is too strong to be resisted.

Runs raging up and down the Stage with his Sword in his hand.

Isa. I cannot think, my Lord, so mean a Beauty can so suddenly charm a Heart so great as yours.

Guil. Oh! you're mistaken, as soon as I cast my eyes upon the Full-moon of your Countenance, I was struck blind and dumb.

Fran. Ay, and deaf too, I'll be sworn, he cou'd neither hear, see nor understand; this Love's a miraculous thing.

Guil. And that Minute, the most renown'd Don *Gulielmo Roderigo de Chimeny Sweperio*, became your Gally-Slave,—I say no more, but that I do love,—and I will love,—and that if you are but half so willing as I, I will dub you, Viscountess *de Chimeny Sweperio*.

Isa. I am in Heaven, ah! I die, *Jacinta*. How can I credit this, that am so much unworthy?

Guil. I'll do't, say no more, I'll do't.

Fran. Do't, but, my Lord, and with what face can I put off Signior *Antonio*, hum.

Guil. *Antonio*,—hy, Pages, give order that *Antonio* be instantly run through the Lungs—d'ye hear?

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! run through the Lungs!



Page. It shall be done, my Lord! but what *Antonio*?

Guil. Why, any *Antonio*; all the *Antonio*'s that you find in *Cadiz*.

Fran. Oh, what bloody-minded Monsters these Lords are!—But, my Lord, I'll ne'er give you the trouble of killing him, I'll put him off with a handsom Compliment; as thus,—Why, look ye, Friend *Antonio*, the business is this, my Daughter *Isabella* may marry a Lord, and you may go fiddle.—

Guil. Ay, that's civil,—and if he do not desist, I'll unpeople *Spain* but I'll kill him; for, Madam, I'll tell you what happened to me in the Court of *France*—there was a Lady in the Court in love with me,—she took a liking to my Person which—I think,—you will confess—

Isa. To be the most accomplisht in the World.

Guil. I had some sixscore Rivals, they all took Snuff; that is, were angry—at which I smiled;—they were incensed; at which I laught, ha, ha, ha,—i'faith; they rag'd, I—when I met 'em,—Cockt, thus—*en passant*—justled 'em—thus,—[*Overthrows Fran.*] They turn'd and frown'd,—thus,—I drew.—

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Fran. What, on all the sixscore, my Lord?

Guil. All, all; sa, sa, quoth I, sa, sa, sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Fences him round the Stage.]

Fran. Hold, hold, my Lord, I am none of the sixscore.

Guil. And run 'em all through the Body!

Fran. Oh Heavens! and kill'd 'em all.

Guil. Not a Man,—only run 'em through the body a little, that's all, my two Boys were by, my Pages here.

Isa. Is it the fashion, Sir, to be attended by Pages so big?

Guil. Pages of Honour always;—these were stinted at nurse, or they had been good proper Fellows.

Fran. I am so frightened with this relation, that I must up to my Wife's Chamber for a little of that strong Cordial that recovered her this morning.

[Going out Guil. stays him.]

Guil. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, what an odd sort of a Wound I received in a Duel the other day,—nay, Ladies, I'll shew it you; in a very odd place—in my back parts.

[Goes to untuck his Breeches, the Ladies squeak.]

Isa. Ah.

Page. Shew a Wound behind, Sir! the Ladies will think you are a Coward.

Guil. Peace, Child, peace, the Ladies understand Dueling as little as my self; but, since you are so tender-hearted, Ladies, I'll not shew you my wound; but faith, it spoiled my dancing.

Page comes in.

Page. My Lord, now you talk of dancing, here's your Baggage brought from a-board the Gally by your Seamen, who us'd to entertain you with their rustick Sports.

Guil. Very well; Sir, with your permission, I am resolved whether you will or no, to give the Ladies some divertisement,—bid 'em come in; nay, Sir, you stir not. *[Ex. Page.]* 'Tis for your delight, Sir, I do't; for, Sir, you must understand, a Man, if he have any thing in him, Sir, of Honour, for the case, Sir, lies thus, 'tis not the business of an Army to droll



upon an Enemy—truth is, every man loves a whole skin;—but 'twas the fault of the best Statesmen in Christendom to be loose in the hilts,—you conceive me.

Fran. Very well, my Lord, I'll swear he's a rare spoken man;—why, what a Son-in-law shall I have? I have a little business, my Lord, but I'll wait on you presently.

[Going out.]

Guil. Sir, there is nothing like your true jest; a thing once well done, is twice done, and I am the happiest Man in the World in your Alliance; for, Sir, a Nobleman if he have any tolerable parts,—is a thing much above the Vulgar;—oh,—here comes the Dancers.

Enter Dancers.

Come, sit down by me.

Fran. 'Tis my duty to stand, my Lord.



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Guil. Nay, you shall sit.

[They dance.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Good day, Sir, I hope you will not chide my tardiness, I have a little overslept my self, and am ashamed to see my lovely Bride, and all this worthy Company attend. — But you, fair Creature— [To Isabella.

Isa. No marrying to day, Sir.

Fran. No, Sir, no marrying to day.

Ant. How, do I dream, or hear this from *Francisco*?

Guil. How now, Fellow, what art thou?

Ant. The Husband of that proud disdainful Woman.

Guil. Another word like that—and thou art—

Ant. What, Sir?

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! *Antonio*, I must tell you, you're uncivil.

Guil. Dost know, dull Mortal, that I am a Lord, And *Isabella* my adopted Lady.

Ant. I beg your pardon, Sir, if it be so, poor Mortals can but grieve in silence.

Guil. Alas, poor Mortal!

Ant. But, for you, *Francisco*.

Fran. Ah, dear *Antonio*, I vow and swear I cannot chuse but weep to lose thee; but my Daughter was born for a Lady, and none can help their destiny.

Ant. And is it possible thou canst use me thus? [To *Isa*.

Isa. Take away that little Fellow; in pity of your life, I deign to bid you withdraw and be safe.

Guil. D'ye hear, hah?—this Lady has beg'd your life.

Ant. Beg'd my Life!



Guil. Vile Wretch, dar'st thou retort?
[Draws, the Women hold him.]

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my noble Son-in-law, he shall do any thing;— dear *Antonio*, consider, I was never Father to a Lord all days of my Life before:—my Lord, be pacified, my Daughter shall be a Lady.

Isa. For my sake spare him, and be Friends with him, as far as you may deign to be with a little Citizen.

Guil. Fellow, I forgive thee,—here's my hand to kiss in sign and token I am appeased.
[Gives him his hand to kiss, 'tis all black.]

Ant. A Pox of his honourable hand, 't had like to have spoiled all, —well, since it must be so, I am content.

Guil. So, now Peace is concluded on, on all sides, what shall we do to day besides eating and drinking in abundance; for to morrow I shall get my self in order for my Marriage.

Cla. What thinks your Honour of taking the Air upon the Sea, in a Galley, a League or two?

Guil. With Fiddles, Drums and Trumpets, Westphalia hams and Pidgeons, and the like: Hey, Rogues, Scoundrels, Dogs.

Isa. Ah, how fine is every Action of a great Man!

Guil. Command a Galley to attend us presently. —You shall along, old Boy. [To Fran.]

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Fran. Alas, I must stay at home with my Wife, my Lord.

Guil. A Wife! have I a Mother-in-law too?—she must along with us, and take a frisk,—no denial.

Enter Carlos.

—Oh, are you come? [Aside.

Car. Yes, and thank thee for the best moment of my Life—Hast thou contrived the Voyage then?

Guil. Take no care—come, haste on board—our Honour will not lose the Fresco of the Morning,—Follow me, Pages.

Page. At your heels, my Lord—

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter, as aboard the Ship, Guiliom, Isabella, Francisco, Julia, Antonio, Clara, Jacinta, Pedro and his Wife, Pages.

Guil. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are very welcome aboard—Come, put off to Sea, Rogues, Scoundrels, Tarpaulins, to your Business, and then, every man his Bottle,—hey, Page, Rogues, where are my Men? Come, spread the Table—for we are very hungry.

Isa. Heav'ns, what a peculiar Grace there is in every word that comes from the Mouth of a Cavalier.

Guil. By *Mars*, the God of Love!

Page. By *Cupid*, Sir. [Aside to him.

Guil. *Cupid*, Sirrah! I say, I'll have it *Mars*, there's more Thunder in the Sound: I say, by *Mars*, these Gallies are pretty neat convenient Tenements—but a—I see ne'er a Chimney in 'em:—Pox on't, what have I to do with a Chimney now?

Isa. He is a delicate fine Person, *Jacinta*; but, methinks he does not make Love enough to me.



Jac. Oh, Madam, Persons of his Quality never make Love in Words, the greatness of their Actions show their Passion.

Jac. Ay, 'tis true all the little Fellows talk of Love.

Guil. Come, Ladies, set; Come, *Isabella*, you are melancholy,—Page —Fill my Lady a Beer-glass.

Isa. Ah, Heav'ns, a Beer-glass.

Guil. O, your Viscountess never drinks under your Beer-glass, your Citizens Wives sip and sip, and will be drunk without doing Credit to the Treater; but in their Closets, they swinge it away, whole Slashes, i'faith, and egad, when a Woman drinks by her self, Glasses come thick about: your Gentlewoman, or your little Lady, drinks half way, and thinks in point of good manners, she must leave some at the bottom; but your true bred Woman of Honour drinks all, *Supernaculum*, by *Jove*.

Isa. What a misfortune it was, that I should not know this before, but shou'd discover my want of so necessary a piece of Grandeur.

Jac. And nothing, but being fuddled, will redeem her Credit.

Guil. Come—fall to, old Boy,—thou art not merry; what, have we none that can give us a Song?

Ant. Oh Sir, we have an Artist aboard I'll assure you; Signior *Cashier*, shall I beg the favour of you to shew your Skill?



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Pet. Sir, my Wife and I'm at your service.

Guil. Friend, what Language can you sing?

Pet. Oh, Sir, your Singers speak all Languages.

Guil. Say'st thou so, prithee then let's have a touch of Heathen Greek.

Pet. That you shall, Sir, Sol la me fa sol, &c.

Fran. Hum, I think this is indeed Heathen Greek, I'm sure 'tis so to me.

Guil. Ay, that may be, but I understand every word on't.

Fran. Good lack, these Lords are very learned Men.

Pet. Now, Sir, you shall hear one of another Language from my Wife and I. [*Sing a Dialogue in French.*]

Enter the Captain.

Capt. Well, Gentlemen, though the news be something unpleasant that I bring, yet to noble minds 'tis sport and pastime.

Guil. Hah, Fellow! What's that that's sport and pastime to noble minds.

Fran. Oh Lord, no goodness, I'll warrant.

Capt. But, Gentlemen, pluck up your Spirits, be bold and resolute.

Fran. Oh Lord, bold and resolute! why, what's the matter, Captain?

Capt. You are old, Signior, and we expect no good from you but Prayers to Heaven?

Fran. Oh Lord, Prayers to Heaven! Why, I hope, Captain, we have no need to think of Heaven.

Capt. At your own Peril be it then, Signior, for the *Turks* are coming upon us.

Fran. Oh Lord, Turks, Turks!

[*Ex. Cap.*]

Guil. Turks, oh, is that all? [*Falls to eating.*]



Fran. All—why, they'll make Eunuchs of us, my Lord, Eunuchs of us poor men, and lie with all our Wives.

Guil. Shaw, that's nothing, 'tis good for the Voice.—how sweetly we shall sing, ta, la, ta la la, ta la, &c.

Fran. Ay, 'twill make you sing another note, I'll warrant you.

Enter a Seaman.

Sea. For Heaven's sake, Sirs, do not stand idle here; Gentlemen, if you wou'd save your lives,—draw and defend 'em.

[*Exit.*

Fran. Draw! I never drew any thing in my Life, but my Purse, and that most damnably against my will; oh, what shall I do?

Enter Captain.

Capt. Ah, my Lord, they bear up briskly to us, with a fresh Gale and full Sails.

Fran. Oh, dear Captain, let us tack about and go home again.

Capt. 'Tis impossible to scape, we must fight it out.

Fran. Fight it out! oh, I'm not able to indure it,—why, what the Devil made me a ship-board?

[*Ex. Cap.*

Guil. Why, where be these *Turks*? set me to 'em, I'll make 'em smoke, Dogs, to dare attack a man of Quality.



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Isa. Oh, the Insolence of these *Turks*! do they know who's aboard? for Heaven's sake, my Lord, do not expose your noble Person.

Guil. What, not fight?—Not fight! A Lord, and not fight? Shall I submit to Fetters, and see my Mistress ravish'd by any great *Turk* in Christendom, and not fight?

Isa. I'd rather be ravish'd a thousand times, than you should venture your Person.

[Seamen shout within.]

Fran. Ay, I dare swear.

Enter Seaman.

Sea. Ah, Sirs, what mean you? Come on the Deck for shame.

Ant. My Lord, let us not tamely fall, there's danger near. *[Draws.]*

Guil. Ay, ay, there's never smoke, but there's some fire—Come, let's away—ta la, tan ta la, la la, &c. *[Draws.]*

[Exit singing, and Antonio and Pet.]

Fran. A Pox of all Lords, I say, you must be janting in the Devil's name, and God's dry Ground wou'd not serve your turn. *[Shout here.]* Oh, how they thunder! What shall I do?—oh, for some Auger-hole to thrust my head into, for I could never indure the noise of Cannons,—oh, 'tis insupportable,—intolerable—and not to be indur'd.

[Running as mad about the Stage.]

Isa. Dear Father, be not so frightened. *[Weeps.]*

Fran. Ah, Crocodile, wou'd thou hadst wept thy Eyes out long ago, that thou hadst never seen this Count; then he had never lov'd thee, and then we had never been invited a ship-board.

[A noise of fighting.]

Enter Guillom, Pet. and Antonio, driven in fighting by Guzman and other Turks.

Ant. Ah, Sir, the *Turks* have boarded us, we're lost, we're lost.

Fran. Oh, I am slain, I'm slain. *[Falls down.]*



Guil. Hold, hold, I say, you are now in the presence of Ladies, and 'tis uncivil to fight before Ladies.

Guz. Yield then, you are our Slaves.

Guil. Slaves, no Sir, we're Slaves to none but the Ladies.

[Offers to fight.]

Isa. Oh, hold, rude man,—d'ye know whom you encounter?

Guz. What's here—one dead—
[Looking on Francisco.]

Fran. Oh, Lord!

Guz. Or, if he be not, he's old, and past service, we'll kill the Christian Dog out of the way.

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, I'm no Christian, Gentlemen; but as errant a Heathen as your selves.

Guz. Bind him strait, neck and heels, and clap him under hatches.

Jul. Oh, spare him, Sir, look on his Reverend Age.



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Guz. For your sake, Lady, much may be done, we've need of handsom Women.

[Gives her to some Turks that are by.]

Fran. Hah,—my Wife! My Wife ravish'd—oh, I'm dead.

Jul. Fear not, my dear, I'll rather die than do thee wrong.

Fran. Wou'd she wou'd, quickly,—then there's her Honour sav'd, and her Ransom, which is better.

Guz. Down with the muttering Dog; *[He descends.]*
—And takes the Ladies to several Cabins.

[The Turks take hold of the Men.]

Isa. Must we be parted then?—ah, cruel Destiny! *[Weeps.]*

Guil. Alas! this Separation's worse than Death.

Isa. You possibly may see some *Turkish* Ladies, that may insnare your Heart, and make you faithless;—but I, ah Heavens! if ever I change my Love, may I become deformed, and lose all hopes of Title or of Grandure.

Guil. But should the *Grand Seignior* behold thy Beauty, thou wou'dst despise thine own dear hony Viscount to be a *Sultana*.

Isa. A *Sultana*, what's that?

Guil. Why, 'tis the great *Turk*, a Queen of *Turkey*.

Isa. These dear expressions go to my Heart. *[Weeps.]* And yet a *Sultana* is a tempting thing—*[Aside smiling.]* —And you shall find your Isabella true,—though the *Grand Seignior* wou'd lay his Crown at my feet,—wou'd he wou'd try me though—Heavens! to be Queen of *Turkey*. *[Aside.]*

Guil. May I believe thee,—but when thou seest the difference, alas, I am but a Chimney—hum, nothing to a great *Turk*.

Isa. Is he so rare a thing?—Oh, that I were a she great *Turk*.

[Aside.]

Guz. Come, come, we can't attend your amorous Parleys.

[Parts 'em.]

Jul. Alas, what shall we poor Women do?

[*Ex. Men.*

Isa. We must e'en have patience, Madam, and be ravisht.

Cla. Ravisht! Heavens forbid.

Jac. An please the Lord, I'll let my nails grow against that direful day.

Isa. And so will I, for I'm resolv'd none should ravish me but the great *Turk*.

Guz. Come, Ladies, you are Dishes to be serv'd up to the board of the *Grand Seignior*.

Isa. Why, will he eat us all?

Guz. A slice of each, perhaps, as he finds his Appetite inclin'd.

Isa. A slice, uncivil Fellow,—as if this Beauty were for a bit and away;—Sir, a word,—if you will do me the favour, to recommend me to be first served up to the *Grand Seignior*, I shall remember the Civility when I am great.

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Guz. Lady, he is his own Carver, a good word by the bye, or so, will do well, and I am
—a Favorite—

Isa. Are you so? here, take this Jewel,—in earnest of greater
Favours—

[Gives him a Jewel.]

[Exeunt all.]

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Don Carlos and Lopez.

Car. But, why so near the Land? by Heaven, I saw each action of the Fight, from
yonder grove of Jessamine; and doubtless all beheld it from the Town.

Lop. The Captain, Sir, design'd it so, and at the Harbour gave it out those two Galleys
were purposely prepared to entertain the Count and the Ladies with the representation
of a Sea-fight; lest the noise of the Guns should alarm the Town, and, taking it for a real
fight, shou'd have sent out Supplies, and so have ruin'd our Designs.

Car. Well, have we all things in readiness?

Lop. All, Sir, all.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, a Barge from the Galley is just arriv'd at the Garden-Stairs.

Enter Guzman.

Car. I'll retire then, and fit me for my part of this Farce.

Guz. My Lord, you must retire, they're just bringing the Old Gentleman ashore.

Car. Prithee how does he take his Captivity?

Guz. Take it, Sir! he has cast himself into a Fit, and has lain like one in a Trance this
half hour; 'tis impossible for him to speak Sense this fortnight; I'll secure his Reason a
play-day for so long at least; your Servants, in *Turkish* habits, are now his Guards, who
will keep him safe enough from hindering your designs with *Julia*.

Car. Whatever you do, have a care you do not overfright the Coxcomb, and make a
Tragedy of our Comedy.

Guz. I'll warrant you, Sir, mind your Love-affairs,—he's coming in,—retire, Sir.—



[Ex. Car. and Page and Lop.

*Enter some Turks with the body of Francisco in chains,
and lay him down on a Bank.*

1st Turk. Christian, so ho ho, Slave, awake.—
[*Rubbing and calling him.*

Fran. Hah! where am I?—my Wife,—my Wife—where am I?—hah! what are you?—
Ghosts,—Devils,—Mutes,—no answer?—hah, bound in chains, —Slaves, where am I?

1st Turk. They understand not your Language; but I, who am a *Renegade Spaniard*,
understand you when you speak civilly, which I advise you to do.

Fran. Do you know me, Friend?

1st Turk. I know you to be a Slave, and the Great *Turk's* Slave too.

Fran. The Great Turk,—the Great Devil, why, where am I, Friend?

1st Turk. Within the Territories of the *Grand Seignior*, and this a Palace of Pleasure,
where he recreates himself with his Mistresses.

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Fran. And how far is that from *Cadiz*?—but what care I? my Wife, Friend, my own Wife.

1st Turk. Your own,—a true Musselman cou'd have said no more; but take no care for her, she's provided for.

Fran. Is she dead? That wou'd be some comfort.

1st Turk. No, she's alive, and in good hands.

Fran. And in good hands! oh, my head! and, oh, my heart! ten thousand tempests burst the belly of this day, wherein old *Francisco* ventur'd Life and Limbs, Liberty and Wife to the mercy of these Heathen *Turks*.

1st Turk. Friend, you need not thus complain; a good round Ransom redeems ye.

Fran. A round Ransom! I'll rot in my chains first, before I'll part with a round ransom.

1st Turk. You have a fair Wife, and need not fear good usage, if she knows how to be kind. You apprehend me.

Fran. Patience, good Lord.

1st Turk. Perhaps the *Grand Seignior* may like her, and to be favour'd by him in such a Glory—

Fran. As the Devil take me if I desire.

1st Turk. And then you may in triumph laugh at all the rest of your Brother Cuckolds.

Fran. Hum, and has the Devil serv'd me thus?—but no matter, I must be gadding, like an old Coxcomb, to *Cadiz*,—and then, jaunting to Sea, with a Pox, to take pains to be a Cuckold, to bring my Wife into a strange Land, amongst Unbelievers, with a vengeance, as if we had not honest Christian Cuckold-makers enough at home; Sot that I was, not to consider how many Merchants have been undone by trusting their Commodities out at Sea; why, what a damn'd ransom will the Rogues exact from me, and more for my Wife, because she's handsome; and then, 'tis ten to one, I have her turned upon my hands the worse for wearing; oh, damn'd Infidels! no, 'tis resolv'd, I'll live a Slave here, rather than enrich them.

1st Turk. Friend, you'll know your Destiny presently; for 'tis the custom of the Great *Turk* to view the Captives, and consider of their Ransoms and Liberties, according to his pleasure. See, he is coming forth with the *Vizier Bassa*.

Enter Carlos and Guzman as Turks with Followers.

Most mighty Emperor, behold your Captive.

Fran. Is this the Great *Turk*?

1st *Turk.* Peace.

Fran. Bless me! as we at home describe him, I thought the Great *Turk* had been twice as big; but I shall find him Tyrant big enough, I'll warrant him.

Guz. Of what Nation art thou, Slave? speak to the Emperor, he understands thee, though he deign not to hold discourse with Christian Dogs.

Fran. Oh fearful!—*Spain*, so please you, Sir.

Guz. By *Mahomet*, he'll make a reverend Eunuch.



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Fran. An Eunuch! oh, Lord!

Turk. Ay, Sir, to guard his Mistresses, 'tis an honour.

Fran. Oh! Mercy, Sir, that honour you may spare, Age has done my business already.

Guz. Fellow, what art?

Fran. An't please your Worship, I cannot tell.

Guz. How, not tell?

Fran. An't please your Lordship, my Fears have so transform'd me, I cannot tell whether I'm any thing or nothing.

Guz. Thy name, dull Mortal, know'st thou not that?

Fran. An't please your Grace, now I remember me, methinks I do.

Guz. Dog, how art thou call'd?

Fran. An't like your Excellence, Men call'd me Signior Don *Francisco*, but now they will call me Coxcomb.

Guz. Of what Trade?

Fran. An't please your Highness, a Gentleman.

Guz. How much dost thou get a day by that Trade? Hah!

Fran. An't like your Majesty, our Gentlemen never get but twice in all their lives; that is, when Fathers die, they get good Estates; and when they marry, they get rich Wives: but I know what your Mightiness wou'd get by going into my Country and asking the Question.

Guz. What, Fool?

Fran. A good Cudgelling, an't please your Illustriousness.

Guz. Slave! To my Face!—Take him away, and let him have the Strapado.

Car. Baridama, Dermack.

Fran. Heavens, what says he?

I Turk. He means to have you castrated.



Fran. Castrated! Oh, that's some dreadful thing, I'll warrant,— Gracious Great Turk, for Mahomet's sake, excuse me; alas, I've lost my wits.

Car. Galero Gardines?

Guz. The Emperor asks if thou art married, Fellow.

Fran. Hah—Married—I was, an't like your Monsterousness, but, I doubt, your People have spoiled my Property.

Guz. His Wife, with other Ladies, in a Pavillion in the Garden, attend your Royal pleasure.

Car. Go, fetch her hither presently.

[*Ex.* *Guz.*

1st Turk. This is no common Honour, that the Great Turk deigns to speak your Language; 'tis to sign you'll rise.

Fran. Yes, by the height of a pair of Horns.

Car. Is she handsom?

Fran. Oh, what an Ague shakes my Heart,—handsom! alas, no, dread Sir; what shou'd such a deform'd Polecat as I do with a handsom Wife?

Car. Is she young?

Fran. Young, what shou'd such an old doting Coxcomb as I do with a young Wife? Pox on him for a Heathen Whoremaster.

Car. Old is she then?

Fran. Ay, very old, an't please your Gloriousness.

Car. Is she not capable of Love?



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Fran. Hum, so, so,—like Fire conceal'd in a Tinderbox,—I shall run mad.

Car. Is she witty?

Fran. I'm no competent Judge, an't like your Holiness, —This Catechism was certainly of the Devil's own making. [Aside.

Enter Guzman, bringing in Julia, Clara, Isabella, Jacinta, Guiliom, Antonio, &c. Women veil'd.

Car. These, Sir, are all the Slaves of Note are taken.

Isa. Dost think, *Jacinta*, he'll chuse me?

Jac. I'll warrant you, Madam, if he looks with my Eyes.

Guz. Stand forth. [*To the Men.*

Guil. Stand forth, Sir! why, so I can, Sir, I dare show my Face, Sir, before any Great *Turk* in Christendom.

Car. What are you, Sir?

Guil. What am I, Sir? Why, I'm a Lord, a Lord.

Fran. What, are you mad to own your Quality, he'll ask the Devil and all of a ransom.

Guil. No matter for that, I'll not lose an Inch of my Quality for a King's ransom; disgrace my self before my fair Mistress!

Isa. That's as the *Great Turk* and I shall agree. [*Scornfully.*

Car. What are you, Sir?

Ant. A Citizen of *Cadiz*.

Car. Set 'em by, we'll consider of their ransoms—now unveil the Ladies.

[*Guzman unveils Jacinta.*

Fran. Oh, dear Wife, now or never show thy Love, make a damnable face upon the filthy Ravisher,—glout thy Eyes thus—and thrust out thy upper lip, thus.—

[*Guzman presents Jacinta.*

Guil. Oh, dear *Isabella*, do thee look like a Dog too.



Isa. No, Sir, I'm resolv'd I'll not lose an Inch of my Beauty, to save so trifling a thing as a Maiden head.

Car. Very agreeable, pretty and chearful—

[She is veil'd and set by: Then Clara is unveil'd.]

A most divine bud of Beauty—all Nature's Excellence—drawn to the life in little,—what are you, fair one?

Cla. Sir, I'm a Maid.

Fran. So, I hope he will pitch upon her.

Cla. Only, by promise, Sir, I've given my self away.

Car. What happy Man cou'd claim a title in thee, And trust thee to such danger?

Isa. Heavens, shall I be defeated by this little Creature? What pity 'twas he saw me not first?

Cla. I dare not name him, Sir, lest this small Beauty which you say adorns me, shou'd gain him your displeasure; he's in your presence, Sir, and is your Slave.

Car. Such Innocence this plain Confession shows, name me the man, and I'll resign thee back to him.

Fran. A Pox of his Civility.

Ant. This Mercy makes me bold to claim my right. *[Kneels.]*



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Car. Take her, young Man, and with it both your Ransoms.

Guil. Hum—hum—very noble, i'faith, we'll e'en confess our loves too, *Isabella*.

Isa. S'life, he'll spoil all,—hold—pray let your Betters be serv'd before you.

Guil. How! Is the Honour of my Love despised?—wer't not i'th presence of the Great *Turk*, for whom I have a reverence because he's a man of quality—by *Jove*, I'd draw upon you.

Isa. Because you were my Lover once, when I'm Queen I'll pardon you.

[Guzman unveils her, and leads her to Carlos, she making ridiculous actions of Civility.]

Car. What aukard, fond, conceited thing art thou? Veil her, and take the taudry Creature hence.

Guil. Hum—your Majesty's humble Servant.
[Putting off his Hat ridiculously.]

Fran. How! refuse my Daughter too! I see the Lot of a Cuckold will fall to my share.

Guz. This is the Wife, Great Sir, of this old Slave.

[Unveils Julia.]

Car. Hah! what do I see, by *Mahomet*, she's fair.

Fran. So, so, she's condemn'd; oh, damn'd *Mahometan* Cannibal! will nothing but raw flesh serve his turn.

Car. I'll see no more,—here I have fix'd my heart.

Fran. Oh, Monster of a *Grand Seigneur*!

Guz. Have you a mind to be flead, Sir?

Car. Receive my Handkerchief. *[Throws it to her.]*

Fran. His Handkerchief! bless me, what does he mean?

Guz. To do her the honour to lie with her to night.

Fran. Oh, hold, most mighty *Turk*. *[Kneeling.]*



Guz. Slave, darest thou interrupt 'em,—die, Dog.

Fran. Hold, hold, I'm silent.

Car. I love you, fair one, and design to make you—

Fran. A most notorious Strumpet. A Pox of his Courtesy.

Car. What Eyes you have like Heaven blue and charming, a pretty Mouth, Neck round and white as polisht Alabaster, and a Complexion beauteous as an Angel, a Hair fit to make Bonds to insnare the God of Love,—a sprightly Air,—a Hand like Lillies white, and Lips, no Roses opening in a Morning are half so sweet and soft.

Fran. Oh, damn'd circumcised *Turk*.

Car. You shall be call'd the beautiful *Sultana*, And rule in my Seraglio drest with Jewels.

Fran. Sure, I shall burst with Vengeance.

Jul. Sir, let your Virtue regulate your Passions; For I can ne'er love any but my Husband.

Fran. Ah, dissembling Witch!

Jul. And wou'd not break my Marriage Vows to him, For all the honour you can heap upon me.



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Fran. Say, and hold; but *Sultana* and precious Stones are damnable Temptations,—besides, the Rogue's young and handsome,—What a scornful look she casts at me; wou'd they were both handsomely at the Devil together.

Guz. Dog, do you mutter?

Fran. Oh! nothing, nothing, but the Palsy shook my Lips a little.

Guz. Slave, go, and on your knees resign your Wife.

Fran. She's of years of discretion, and may dispose of her self; but I can hold no longer: and is this your *Mahometan* Conscience, to take other Mens Wives, as if there were not single Harlots enough in the World? [*In rage.*]

Guz. Peace, thou diminutive Christian.

Fran. I say, Peace thou over-grown *Turk*.

Guz. Thou *Spanish* Cur.

Fran. Why, you're a *Mahometan* Bitch, and you go to that.

Guz. Death, I'll dissect the bald-pated Slave.

Fran. I defy thee, thou foul filthy Cabbage-head, for I am mad, and will be valiant.

[*Guz. throws his Turbant at him.*]

Car. What Insolence is this!—Mutes—strangle him.—

[*They put a Bow-string about his neck.*]

Jul. Mercy, dread Sir, I beg my Husband's life.

Car. No more,—this fair one bids you live,—henceforth, *Francisco*, I pronounce you a Widower, and shall regard you, for the time to come, as the deceased Husband of the Great *Sultana*, murmur not upon pain of being made an Eunuch—take him away.

Jul. Go, and be satisfied, I'll die before I'll yield.

Fran. Is this my going to Sea?—the Plague of losing Battels light on thee.

*When ill success shall make thee idle lie,
Mayst thou in bed be impotent as I.*



Car. Command our Slaves to give us some diversion; Dismiss his Chains, and use him with respect, because he was the Husband of our beloved *Sultana*.

Fran. I see your Cuckold might have a life good enough if he cou'd be contented.
[*They pull off his Chains.*]

[*Carlos and Julia sit under an Umbrella.*]

The SONG.

How strangely does my Passion grow, Divided equally twixt two? Damon had ne'er subdued my Heart, Had not Alexis took his part: Nor cou'd Alexis_ powerful prove, Without my_ Damon's aid, to gain my Love.

*When my Alexis present is,
Then I for Damon sigh and mourn;
But when Alexis I do miss,
Damon gains nothing but my Scorn:
And, if it chance they both are by,
For both, alas! I languish, sigh, and die.*

Cure then, thou mighty winged God, This raging Fever in my Blood. One golden-pointed Dart take back; But which, O_ Cupid, *wilt thou take? if Damon's, all my hopes are crost: Or, that of my Alexis, I am lost.*

Enter Dancers, which dance an Antick.



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Car. Come, my dear *Julia*, let's retire to shades. [*Aside to her.*
Where only thou and I can find an entrance;
These dull, these necessary delays of ours
Have drawn my Love to an impatient height.
—Attend these Captives, at a respectful distance.

[*Ex. all but Isa_.* who stays_ *Guil.*

Guil. What wou'd the Great *Sultana*?

Isa. Ah! do not pierce my Heart with this unkindness.

Guil. Ha, ha, ha,—Pages,—give order, I have Letters writ to *Sevil*, to my Merchant,—I will be ransomed instantly.

Isa. Ah, cruel Count!

Guil. Meaning me, Lady! ah, fy! no, I am a Scoundrel; I a Count, no, not I, a Dog, a very Chim—hum,—a Son of a Whore, I, not worthy your notice.

Isa. Oh, Heavens! must I lose you then? no, I'll die first.

Guil. Die, die, then; for your Betters must be served before you.

Isa. Oh! I shall rave; false and lovely as you are, did you not swear to marry me, and make me a Viscountess.

Guil. Ay, that was once when I was a Lover; but, now you are a Queen, you're too high i'th' mouth for me.

Isa. Ah! name it not; will you be still hard-hearted?

Guil. As a Flint, by *Jove*.

Isa. Have you forgot your Love?

Guil. I've a bad memory.

Isa. And will you let me die?

Guil. I know nothing of the matter.

Isa. Oh Heavens! and shall I be no Viscountess?

Guil. Not for me, fair Lady, by *Jupiter*,—no, no,—Queen's much better,—Death, affront a man of Honour, a Viscount that wou'd have took you to his Bed,—after half the Town



had blown upon you,—without examining either Portion or Honesty, and wou'd have took you for better for worse—Death, I'll untile Houses, and demolish Chimneys, but I'll be revenged.

[Draws and is going out.]

Isa. Ah, hold! your Anger's just, I must confess: yet pardon the frailty of my Sex's vanity; behold my Tears that sue for pity to you.

[She weeps, he stands looking on her.]

Guil. My rage dissolves.

Isa. I ask but Death, or Pity. *[He weeps.]*

Guil. I cannot hold;—but if I shou'd forgive, and marry you, you wou'd be gadding after honour still, longing to be a she Great *Turk* again.

Isa. Break not my heart with such suspicions of me.

Gull. And is it pure and tender Love for my Person, And not for my glorious Titles?

Isa. Name not your Titles, 'tis your self I love,
Your amiable, sweet and charming self,
And I cou'd almost wish you were not great,
To let you see my Love.

Guil. I am confirm'd—

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*'Tis no respect of Honour makes her weep;
Her Loves the same shou'd I cry—Chimney Sweep.*

[Ex.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter Francisco alone.

Fran. Now am I afraid to walk in this Garden, lest I shou'd spy my own natural Wife lying with the Great *Turk* in Fresco, upon some of these fine fiowry Banks, and learning how to make Cuckolds in *Turkey*.

Enter Guzman and Jacinta.

Guz. Nay, dear *Jacinta*, cast an eye of pity on me.—What, deny the *Vizier Bassa*?

Jac. When you are honest *Guzman* again, I'll tell you a piece of my mind.

Guz. But opportunity will not be kind to *Guzman*, as to the Grand *Bassa*; therefore, dear Rogue, let's retire into these kind shades, or, if foolish Virtue be so squeamish, and needless Reputation so nice, that Mr. *Vicar* must say *Amen* to the bargain, there is an old lousy Frier, belonging to this *Villa*, that will give us a cast of his Office; for I am a little impatient about this business, Greatness having infus'd a certain itch in my Blood, which I felt not whilst a common Man.

Fran. Um, why, what have we here, pert Mrs. *Jacinta* and the *Bassa*? I hope the Jade will be Turkefied with a vengeance, and have Circumcision in abundance; and the Devil shall ransom her for old *Francisco*.

Jac. Hah, the old Gentleman!

Fran. What, the Frolick is to go round, I see, you Women have a happy time on't.

Guz. Men that have kind Wives may be as happy; you'll have the honour of being made a Cuckold, Heaven be prais'd.

Fran. Ay, Sir, I thank ye,—pray, under the Rose, how does my Wife please his Grace the Great *Turk*?

Guz. Murmuring again, thou Slave.



Fran. *Who, I? O Lord, Sir! not I, why, what hurt is there in being a Cuckold?*

Guz. *Hurt, Sirrah, you shall be swung into a belief, that it is an honour for the Great Turk to borrow your Wife.*

Fran. *But for the Lender to pay Use-money, is somewhat severe;—but, see, he comes, —bless me, how grim he looks!*

Enter Carlos, and Mutes attending.

Car. *Come hither, Slave,—why, was it that I gave you Life? dismiss'd the Fetters from your aged Limbs?*

Fran. *For love of my Wife, and't please your Barbarousness.*

Car. *Gave you free leave to range the Palace round, excepting my Apartment only?*

Fran. *Still for my Wife's sake, I say, and't like your Hideousness.*

Car. *And yet this Wife, this most ungrateful Wife of yours, again wou'd put your Chains on, expose your Life to Dangers and new Torments, by a too stubborn Virtue, she does refuse my Courtship, and foolishly is chaste.*

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Fran. Alas! what pity's that!

Car. I offer'd much, lov'd much, but all in vain; Husband and Honour still was the reply.

Fran. Good lack! that she shou'd have no more Grace before her Eyes.

Car. But, Slave, behold these Mutes; that fatal Instrument of Death behold too, and in 'em read thy doom, if this coy Wife of yours be not made flexible to my Addresses.

Fran. O Heavens! I make her.

Car. No more, thy Fate is fix'd—and, here attend, till he himself deliver his willing Wife into my Arms; *Bassa*, attend, and see it be perform'd— [*To his Mutes, then to Guz.*
[*Ex. Car.*

Guz. Go, one of you, and fetch the fair Slave hither.

[*Ex. Turk.*

Fran. I pimp for my own Wife! I hold the door to my own Flesh and Blood! *monstrum horrendum!*

Guz. Nay, do't, and do't handsomly too, not with a snivelling Countenance, as if you were compell'd to't; but with the face of Authority, and the awful command of a Husband—or thou dyest.

Enter Turk and Julia.

Fran. My dear *Julia*, you are a Fool, my Love.

Jul. For what, dear Husband?

Fran. I say, a silly Fool, to refuse the Love of so great a *Turk*; why, what a Pox makes you so coy? [*Angrily.*

Jul. How! this from you, *Francisco*.

Fran. Now does my Heart begin to fail me; and yet I shall ne'er endure strangling neither; why, am not I your Lord and Master, hah?

Jul. Heavens! Husband, what wou'd you have me do?

Fran. Have you do;—why, I wou'd have ye—d'ye see—'twill not out; why, I wou'd have ye lie with the *Sultan*, Huswife; I wonder how the Devil you have the face to refuse him, so handsom, so young a Lover; come, come, let me hear no more of your Coyness, Mistress, for if I do, I shall be hang'd; [*Aside.* The Great *Turk*'s a most worthy



Gentleman, and therefore I advise you to do as he advises you; and the Devil take ye both. [*Aside*.

Jul. This from my Husband, old *Francisco*! he advise me to part with my dear Honour.

Fran. Rather than part with his dear Life, I thank ye. [*Aside*.

Jul. Have you considered the Virtue of a Wife?

Fran. No, but I have considered the Neck of a Husband. [*Aside*.

Jul. Which Virtue, before I'll lose, I'll die a thousand Deaths.

Fran. So will not I one; a Pox of her Virtue,—these Women are always virtuous in a wrong place. [*Aside*. I say you shall be kind to the sweet *Sultan*.

Jul. And rob my Husband of his right!

Fran. Shaw, Exchange is no Robbery.



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Jul. And forsake my Virtue, and make nown Dear a Cuckold.

Fran. Shaw, most of the Heroes of the World were so;—go, prithee, Hony, go, do me the favour to cuckold me a little, if not for Love, for Charity.

Jul. Are you in earnest?

Fran. I am.

Jul. And would it not displease you?

Fran. I say, no; had it been *Aquinius* his Case, to have sav'd the pinching of his Gullet he wou'd have been a Cuckold. [*Aside.*]

Jul. Fear has made you mad, or you're bewicht; and I'll leave you to recover your Wits again. [*Going out.*]

Fran. O gracious Wife, leave me not in despair; [*Kneels to her and holds her.*] I'm not mad, no, nor no more bewicht than I have been these forty years; 'tis you're bewicht to refuse so handsom, so young, and so—a Pox on him, she'll ne'er relish me again after him. [*Aside.*]

Jul. Since you've lost your Honour with your wits, I'll try what mine will do.

Enter Carlos, Turks.

Fran. Oh, I am lost, I'm lost—dear Wife,—most mighty Sir, I've brought her finely to't—do not make me lose my credit with his *Mahometan* Grace,—my Wife has a monstrous Affection for your Honour, but she's something bashful; but when alone your Magnanimousness will find her a swinger.

Car. Fair Creature—

Jul. Do you believe my Husband, Sir? he's mad.

Car. Dog. [*Offers to kill him.*]

Fran. Hold, mighty Emperor; as I hope to be saved, 'tis but a copy of her Countenance—inhuman Wife—lead her to your Apartment, Sir! barbarous honest Woman,—to your Chamber, Sir,—wou'd I had married thee an errant Strumpet; nay, to your Royal Bed, Sir, I'll warrant you she gives you taunt for taunt: try her, Sir, try her. [*Puts 'em out.*]

Jac. Hark you, Sir, are you possest, or is it real reformation in you? what mov'd this kind fit?



Fran. E'en Love to sweet Life; and I shall think my self ever obliged to my dear Wife, for this kind Reprieve;—had she been cruel, I had been strangled, or hung in the Air like our Prophet's Tomb.

Enter First Turk.

Turk. Sir, boast the honour of the News I bring you.

Fran. Oh, my Head! how my Brows twinge.

Turk. The mighty *Sultan*, to do you honour, has set your Daughter and her Lover free, ransomless;—and this day gives 'em liberty to solemnize the Nuptials in the Court;—but Christian Ceremonies must be private; but you're to be admitted, and I'll conduct you to 'em.

Fran. Some Comfort, I shall be Father to a Viscount, and for the rest—Patience—

*All Nations Cuckolds breed, but I deny
They had such need of Cuckolding as I.*

[Goes out with the Turk.]



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Enter Antonio, and Clara to Jacinta.

Jac. Madam, the rarest sport—Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. You need not tell us, we have been witness to all. But to our own Affairs, my dearest *Clara*, Let us not lose this blessed opportunity, Which Art nor Industry can give again if this be idly lost.

Cla. Nay, hang me if it be my fault, *Antonio*: Charge it to the number of your own Sins; it shall not lie at my door.

Ant. 'Tis generously said, and take notice, my little dear *Virago*, *Guzman* has a Priest ready to tie you to your word.

Cla. As fast as you please; hang her that fears the conjuring knot for me: But what will our Fathers say—mine who expects me to be the Governor's Lady; and yours, who designs *Isabella* for a Daughter-in-Law?

Ant. Mine will be glad of the Change; and, for yours, if he be not pleased, let him keep his Portion to himself—that's the greatest mischief he can do us: and for my Friend, the Governor, he's above their Anger.

Cla. Why do we lose precious time? I long to be at—I *Clara* take thee *Antonio*,—the very Ceremony will be tedious, so much I wish thee mine; and each delay gives me a fear something will snatch me from thee.

Ant. No power of Man can do't, thou art so guarded; but now the Priest is employed in clapping up the honourable Marriage between the False Count and *Isabella*.

Jac. Lord, what a jest 'twill be to see 'em coupled, ha, ha.

Cla. Unmerciful *Antonio*, to drive the Jest so far; 'tis too unconscionable!

Ant. By Heaven, I'm so proud I cannot think my Revenge sufficient for Affronts, nor does her Birth, her Breeding and her Vanity—deserve a better Fortune; besides,—he has enough to set up for a modern Spark— the Fool has just Wit and good Manners to pass for a Fop of Fashion; and, where he is not known, will gain the Reputation of a fine accomplish'd Gentleman,—yet I'm resolved she shall see him in his Geers, in his original Filthiness, that my Revenge may be home upon the foolish Jilt.

Cla. Cruel *Antonio*, come, lets go give 'em Joy.

Ant. And finish our Affair with Mr. Vicar.



Enter Isabella, her Train borne by the great Page, Guiliom, with the other great Page, and Francisco bare.

—Joy to my noble Lord, and you, fair *Isabella*!

Isa. Thank thee, Fellow,—but, surely, I deserved my Titles from thee.

Cla. Your Honour I hope will pardon him.

Isa. How now, *Clara*! [*Nodding to her.*

Jac. I give your Honour joy.

Isa. Thank thee, poor Creature.—

Fran. My Lord, this Honour you have done my Daughter is so signal, that whereas I designed her but five thousand Pound, I will this happy day settle on her ten.

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Guil. Damn dirty trash, your Beauty is sufficient—hum —Signior Don *Antonio*, get the Writings ready. [*Aside.* Money—hang Money.

Fran. How generous these Lords are; nay, my Lord, you must not refuse a Father's Love, if I may presume to call you Son—I shall find enough besides for my Ransom, if the Tyrant be so unmerciful to ask more than my Wife pays him.

Guil. Nay, if you will force it upon me.

Isa. Ay, take it, the trifling sum will serve to buy our Honour Pins.

Ant. Well, Sir, since you will force it on him, my Cashier shall draw the Writings.

Guil. And have 'em signed by a publick Notary. [*Aside.*

Fran. With all my Soul, Sir, I'll go to give him order, and subscribe.

[*Ex.* Francisco.

Guil. Let him make 'em strong and sure—you shall go halves. [*Aside.*

Ant. No, you will deserve it dearly, who have the plague of such a Wife with it;—but harkye, Count—these goods of Fortune are not to be afforded you, without Conditions.

Guil. Shaw, Conditions, any Conditions, noble *Antonio*.

Ant. You must disrobe anon, and do'n your native Habiliments—and in the Equipage give that fair Viscountess to understand the true quality of her Husband.

Guil. Hum—I'm afraid, 'tis a harder task to leap from a Lord to a Rogue, than 'tis from a Rogue to a Lord.

Ant. Not at all, we have examples of both daily.

Guil. Well, Sir, I'll show you my agility—but, Sir, I desire I may consummate, d'ye see, —consummate—a little like a Lord, to make the Marriage sure.

Ant. You have the Freedom to do so—the Writings I'll provide.

Guil. I'll about it then, the Priest waits within for you, and *Guzman* for you, *Jacinta*,—haste, for he is to arrive anon Ambassador from *Cadiz*.

Jac. I know not, this noise of Weddings has set me agog, and I'll e'en in, and try what 'tis.

[*Ex.* Antonio, Clara, and Jacinta.



Guil. Come, Madam, your Honour and I have something else to do, before I have fully dub'd you a Viscountess.

Isa. Ah, Heav'ns, what's that?

Guil. Why a certain Ceremony, which must be performed between a pair of Sheets,—but we'll let it alone till Night.

Isa. Till Night, no; whate'er it be, I wou'd not be without an Inch of that Ceremony, that may compleat my Honour for the World; no, for Heaven's sake, let's retire, and dub me presently.

Guil. Time enough, time enough.

Isa. You love me not, that can deny me this.

Guil. Love—no, we are married now, and People of our Quality never Love after Marriage; 'tis not great.



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Isa. Nay, let's retire, and compleat my Quality, and you will find me a Wife of the Mode, I'll warrant you.

Guil. For once you have prevail'd.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Whither away?

Isa. Only to consummate a little, pray keep your distance.
[*She pulls off his hat.*]

Fran. Consummate!

Isa. Ay, Sir, that is to make me an absolute Viscountess—we cannot stay—farewel.
[*Guiliom leads her out.*]

Fran. Hum—this *Turkey Air* has a notable faculty, where the Women are all plaguy kind.

Enter Carlos and Julia.

Car. By Heav'n, each Moment makes me more your Slave.

Fran. The Business is done.

Jul. My Husband! [*Aside.*]

Car. And all this constant love to old *Francisco* has but engaged me more.

Fran. Ha, Love to me? [*Aside.*]

Jul. Sir, if this Virtue be but real in you, how happy I shou'd be; but you'll relapse again, and tempt my virtue, which if you do—

Fran. I'll warrant she wou'd kill herself. [*Aside.*]

Jul. I should be sure to yield. [*In a soft tone to him.*]

Car. No, thou hast made an absolute Conquest o'er me—and if that Beauty tempt me every hour, I shall still be the same I was the last.

Fran. Pray Heaven he be *John*.

Enter First Turk.

1st Turk. Most mighty Emperor, a Messenger from *Cadiz* has Letters for your Highness.



Car. Conduct him in; in this retreat of ours we use no State.

Enter Guzman, as himself, gives Carlos Letters.

Guz. Don Carlos, Governor of Cadiz, greets your Highness.

Carlos reads.

High and Mighty,

For seven Christian Slaves, taken lately by a Galley of yours, we offer you twice the number of Mahometans taken from you by us. —If this suffice not,—propose your Ransoms, and they shall be paid by Don Carlos, Governor of Cadiz.

—Know you this *Carlos* offers so fair for you?

Fran. Most potent Lord, I do, and wonder at the Compliment,—and yet I am not jealous —I have so overacted the complaisant Husband, that I shall never fall into the other Extreme again.

Car. Go, let the Christian Governor understand his Request is granted.

Guz. The Slaves are ready, Sir, and a Galley to carry off the Christians.

Jul. How shall we make this Governor amends?

Fran. I do even weep for joy; alas, I must leave it to thee, Love.



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Jul. To me, Sir? do you mock me?

Fran. Mock thee! no; I know thy Virtue, and will no more be jealous, believe me, Chicken, I was an old Fool.

Car. Your Wife is chaste—she overcame my unruly Passion with her Prayers and Tears.

*Enter Isabella at one door; Clara, Antonio, Jacinta,
at another; Isabella's Train carried up.*

Fran. Rare News,—we are all free and ransom'd! All's well, and the Man has his Mare again.

Isa. You still forget your Duty and your Distance.

Fran. A pox of your troublesom Honour; a man can't be overjoy'd in quiet for't.

Enter Baltazer and Sebastian.

Seb. Sure, I am not mistaken, this is the House of my Son *Antonio*.

Bal. Let it be whose house 'twill, I think the Devil's broke loose in't.

Seb.—Or the *Turks*; for I have yet met with ne'er a Christian thing in't.

Fran. Hah,—do I dream, or is that my Father-in-law, and Signior *Sebastian*?

Ant. My Father here?

Car. *Baltazer!* [*Aside.*

Bal. Son *Francisco*, why do you gaze on me so?

Fran. Bless me, Sir, are you taken by the Great *Turk* too?

Bal. Taken,—Great *Turk*,—what do mean?

Fran. Mean, Sir! why, how the Devil came you into *Turkey*?

Bal. Sure, Jealousy has crack'd his brains.

Fran. Crack me no Cracks, good Father mine;—am not I a Slave in *Turkey*? and is not this the *Grand Seignior's* Palace?

Car. So,—all will come out, there's no prevention. [*Aside.*



Seb. Some that are wiser answer us: You, Son,—are you infected too?—was not yesterday to have been your Wedding-day?

Ant. To day has done as well, Sir, I have only chang'd *Isabella* for *Clara*.

Seb. How, *Francisco*, have you juggled with me?

Fran. My Daughter's a Lady, Sir.

Bal. And you, Mistress, you have married *Antonio*, and left the Governor.

Cla. I thought him the fitter Match, Sir, and hope your Pardon.

Jul. We cannot scape.

Fran. But how came you hither, Gentlemen, how durst you venture?

Seb. Whither, Sir, to my own Son's house; is there such danger in coming a mile or two out of *Cadiz*?

Fran. Is the Devil in you, or me, or both? Am not I in the Possession of *Turks* and Infidels?

Bal. No, Sir; safe in *Antonio Villa*, within a League of *Cadiz*.

Fran. Why, what a Pox, is not this the Great *Turk* himself?



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Bal. This, Sir,—cry mercy, my Lord,—’tis Don *Carlos*, Sir, the Governor.

Fran. The Governor! the worst Great *Turk* of all; so, I am cozened, —most rarely cheated; why, what a horrid Plot’s here carried on, to bring in heretical Cuckoldom?

Car. Well, Sir, since you have found it out, I’ll own my Passion.

Jul. Well, if I have been kind you forced me to’t, nay, begged on your knees, to give my self away.

Fran. Guilty, guilty, I confess,—but ’twas to the Great *Turk*, Mistress, not Don *Carlos*.

Jul. And was the Sin the greater?

Fran. No, but the Honour was less.

Bal. Oh horrid! What, intreat his Wife to be a Whore?

Car. Sir, you’re mistaken, she was my Wife in sight of Heaven before; and I but seiz’d my own.

Fran. Oh,—Sir, she’s at your Service still.

Car. I thank you, Sir, and take her as my own.

Bal. Hold, my Honour’s concerned.

Fran. Not at all, Father mine, she’s my Wife, my Lumber now, and, I hope, I may dispose of my Goods and Chattels—if he takes her we are upon equal terms, for he makes himself my Cuckold, as he has already made me his;—for, if my memory fail me not, we did once upon a time consummate, as my Daughter has it.

Enter Guiliom in his own dress; crying Chimney-Sweep.

Guil. Chimney-sweep,—by your leave, Gentlemen.

Ant. Whither away, Sirrah?

Guil. What’s that to you, Sir?—

Ant. Not to me, Sirrah;—who wou’d you speak with?

Guil. What’s that to you, Sir? why, what a Pox, may not a man speak with his own Lady and Wife?

Cla. Heavens! his Wife! to look for his Wife amongst Persons of Quality!



Car. Kick out the Rascal.

Guil. As soon as you please, my Lord; but let me take my Wife along with me.
[*Takes Isa. by the hand.*]

Isa. Faugh! what means the Devil?

Guil. Devil; 'twas not long since you found me a human creature within there.

Isa. Villain, Dog; help me to tear his Eyes out.

Guil. What, those Eyes, those lovely Eyes, that wounded you so deeply?

Fran. What's the meaning of all this? why, what, am I cozen'd? and is my Daughter cozen'd?

Guil. Cozen'd! why, I am a Man, Sir.

Fran. The Devil you are, Sir, how shall I know that?

Guil. Your Daughter does, Sir; and that's all one.

Isa. Oh! I'm undone; am I no Viscountess then.

Guil. Hang Titles; 'twas my self you lov'd, my amiable sweet and charming self: In fine, sweet-heart, I am your Husband; no Viscount, but honest *Guiliom*, the Chimney-sweeper.—I heard your Father design'd to marry you to a Tradesman, and you were for a Don; and to please you both, you see how well I have managed matters.



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Fran. I'll not give her a farthing.

Guil. No matter, her Love's worth a million; and, that's so great, that I'm sure she'll be content to carry my Soot basket after me.

Isa. Ah! I die, I die.

Guil. What, and I so kind?

[Goes and kisses her, and blacks her face.]

Isa. Help! murder, murder!

Guil. Well, Gentlemen, I am something a better fortune than you believe me, by some thousands.

[Shows Car. his Writings.]

Car. Substantial and good! faith, Sir, I know not where you'll find a better fortune for your Daughter, as cases stand. *[To Francisco.]*

Guil. And, for the Viscount, Sir, gay Clothes, Money and Confidence will set me up for one, in any ground in Christendom.

Car. Faith, Sir, he's i'th' right; take him home to *Sevil*, your Neighbours know him not, and he may pass for what you please to make him; the Fellow's honest, witty and handsom.

Fran. Well, I have considered the matter: I was but a Leather-seller my self, and am grown up to a Gentleman; and, who knows but he, being a Chimney-sweeper, may, in time, grow up to a Lord? Faith, I'll trust to Fortune, for once—here—take her and rid me of one Plague, as you, I thank you, Sir, have done of another. *[To Carlos.]*

Guil. Prithee be pacified, thou shalt see me within this hour as pretty a fluttering Spark as any's in Town.—My noble Lord, I give you thanks and joy; for, you are happy too.

Car. As Love and Beauty can make me.

Fran. And I, as no damn'd Wife, proud Daughter, or tormenting Chamber-maid can make me.

Ant. And I, as Heaven and *Clara* can. _—You base-born Beauties, whose ill-manner'd Pride, Th'industrious noble Citizens deride. May you all meet with_ *Isabella's doom.*

Guil. _—And all such Husbands as the Count_ *Guiliome.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Barry, made by a Person of Quality.

*I Come not a Petitioner to sue,
This Play the Author has writ down to you;
'Tis a slight Farce, five Days brought forth with ease,
So very foolish that it needs must please;
For though each day good Judges take offence, |
And Satir arms in Comedy's defence, |
You are still true to your Jack-Pudding_ Sense. |
No Buffoonry can miss your Approbation,
You love it as you do a new_ French Fashion:
Thus in true hate of Sense, and Wit's despite,
Bantring and Shamming is your dear delight.
Thus among all the Folly's here abounding,
None took like the new Ape-trick of Dumfounding.
If to make People laugh the business be, |
You Sparks better Comedians are than we; |*

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*You every day out-fool ev'n Nokes and Lee. |
They're forc'd to stop, and their own Farces quit,
T'admire the Merry-Andrews of the Pit;
But if your Mirth so grate the Critick's ear,
Your Love will yet more Harlequin appear.
—You everlasting Grievance of the Boxes,
You wither'd Ruins of stum'd Wine and Poxes;
What strange Green-sickness do you hope in Women
Should make 'em love old Fools in new Point Linen?
The Race of Life you run off-hand too fast,
Your fiery Metal is too hot to last;
Your Fevers come so thick, your Claps so plenty,
Most of you are threescore at five and twenty.
Our Town-bred Ladys know you well enough,
Your courting Women's like your taking Snuff;
Out of mere Idleness you keep a pother,
You've no more need of one than of the other.*

*Ladies—
Wou'd you be quit of their insipid noise,
And vain pretending take a Fool's advice;
Of the faux Braves I've had some little trial,
There's nothing gives 'em credit but Denial:
As when a Coward will pretend to Huffing,
Offer to fight, away sneaks Bully-Ruffian,
So when these Sparks, whose business is addressing,
In Love pursuits grow troublesom and pressing;
When they affect to keep still in your eye, |
When they send Grisons every where to spy, |
And full of Coxcomb dress and ogle high; |
Seem to receive their Charge, and face about,
I'll pawn my life they never stand it out.*

THE LUCKY CHANCE; OR, AN ALDERMAN'S BARGAIN.

ARGUMENT.

Harry Bellmour, having killed his man in a duel, flies to Brussels, perforce leaving behind him Leticia, to whom he is affianced. During his absence Sir Feeble Fainwou'd, a doting old alderman and his rival, having procured his pardon from the King to prevent

it being granted if applied for a second time, and keeping this stratagem secret, next forges a letter as if from the Hague which describes in detail Bellmour's execution for killing a toper during a tavern brawl. He then plies his suit with such ardour that Leticia, induced by poverty and wretchedness, reluctantly consents to marry him. On the wedding morning Bellmour returns in disguise and intercepts a letter that conveys news of the arrival of Sir Feeble's nephew, Frank, whom his uncle has never seen. The lover straightway resolves to personate the expected newcomer, and he is assisted in his design by his friend Gayman, a town gallant, who having fallen into dire need is compelled to lodge, under the name of Wasteall, with a smith in Alsatia. His estate has been mortgaged to an old banker, Sir Cautious Fulbank, whose wife Julia he loves, and to her he pretends to have gone to Northamptonshire to his uncle's death bed. He is discovered, unknown to himself, in his slummy retreat by Bredwel, Sir Cautious' prentice, who has to convey him a message with reference to the

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expiration of the mortgage, and who reveals the secret to Lady Fulbank. She promptly abstracts five hundred pounds from her husband's strong box and forwards it to her lover by Bredwel, disguised as a devil, with an amorous message purporting to be from some unknown bidding him attend at a certain trysting place that night without fail. Gayman, now able to redeem his forfeited estates, dresses in his finest clothes and appears at Sir Feeble Fainwou'd's wedding. Bellmour has meanwhile revealed himself to Leticia, who is plunged in despair at the nuptials. Lady Fulbank, who is present, greets Gayman and asks him to give her an assignation in the garden, but he excuses himself in order to keep his prior appointment, and she leaves him in dissembled anger. Bredwel then in his satanic masquerade meets Gayman, and bringing him a roundabout way, introduces him into Sir Cautious' house, where, after having been entertained with a masque of dances and songs as by spirits, he is conducted to Lady Fulbank's chamber by her maid disguised as an ancient crone, and admitted to his mistress' embraces. Meanwhile Sir Feeble Fainwou'd, who just at the moment of entering the bridal chamber has been hurriedly fetched away by Bellmour under the pretext of an urgent message from Sir Cautious concerning some midnight plot and an outbreak in the city, arrives at the house in great terror, and Sir Cautious (not knowing the reason of so late a visit) and he sit opposite each other for a while, gaping and staring in amaze. Bredwel, to pass Gayman out undetected, ushers him through the room white-sheeted like a ghost, and the two old fools are well frightened, but eventually they conclude there has been some mistake or trick. Sir Feeble returns home to find Leticia with her jewels about to flee, but she succeeds in reassuring him. Gayman now visits Lady Fulbank and gives her some account of his adventures with the she-devil, all of which he half jestingly ascribes to magic. Sir Cautious and various guests enter, dice are produced and, luck favouring the gallant, Gayman wins one hundred pounds from the old Banker, and a like sum from several others of the company. As the niggardly Sir Cautious bewails his losses the victor offers to stake three hundred pounds against a night with Julia, the bargain, of course, being kept from the lady. After some rumination Sir Cautious accepts and Gayman wins the throw. That night he causes himself to be conveyed to Sir Cautious' house in a chest and Sir Cautious leads him to Lady Fulbank in bed, she supposing him to be her husband. Meanwhile Sir Feeble being with Leticia is about to enter her bed when from behind the curtains Bellmour appears unmasked, dressed in a torn and blood-stained shirt and brandishing a dagger. Sir Feeble flies in terror. The next morning Lady Fulbank discovers the trick which has been played upon her and rates both her husband and lover soundly. Bellmour and Leticia arriving throw themselves on her protection.

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Sir Feeble and Sir Cautious are at length obliged to acquiesce in the existing state of things and to resign their ladies to their two gallants. They are unable to protest even when Sir Feeble finds that his daughter Diana has married Bredwel instead of Sir Cautious' nephew Bearjest for whom she was designed, whilst the choused fop is wedded to Pert, Lady Fulbank's woman, to whom he had been previously contracted.

SOURCE.

The plot of *The Lucky Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain* is original save for the details of Lady Fulbank's design upon Gayman, when he is conveyed to her house by masqued devils and conducted to her chamber by Pert dressed as a withered beldame. In this Mrs. Behn exactly copies Shirley's excellent comedy, *The Lady of Pleasure*, produced at the Private House in Drury Lane, October, 1635, (4to 1637). In the course of Lady Bornwell's intrigue with Kickshaw he is taken blindfold to the house of the procuress, Decoy, who, in the guise of a doting crone, leads him to a chamber where he imagines he is to meet a succubus, whilst the Lady, unknown to him, entertains him herself.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

The Lucky Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain, produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1687, was, with the exception of the disapproval of a certain pudibond clique, received with great favour, and kept the stage for a decade or more. During the summer season of 1718 there was, on 24 July, a revival, 'not acted twenty years,' of this witty comedy at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Gayman was played by Frank Leigh, son of the famous low comedian; Sir Feeble Fainwou'd by Bullock.

On 25 November, 1786, there was produced at Drury Lane a comedy by Mrs. Hannah Cowley (1743-1809), a prolific but mediocre dramatist, entitled, *A School for Greybeards; or, The Mourning Bride* (4to 1786 and 1787). Genest writes: 'On the first night it struck me that I had seen something like the play before and when the 4th act came I was fully satisfied—that part of the plot which concerns Antonia, Henry, and Gasper [Donna Antonia (*The Mourning Bride*), Mrs. Crouch; Don Henry, Kemble; Don Gasper (a Greybeard), Parsons; Donna Seraphina, Miss Farren]; and even the outlines of Seraphina's character, are taken from *The Lucky Chance*—as Mrs. Behn's play, though a very good one is too indecent to be ever represented again. Mrs. Cowley might without any disgrace to herself have borrowed whatever she pleased provided she had made a proper acknowledgement—instead of which she says in her preface "—The idea of the business which concerns Antonia, Henry and Gasper was presented to me in an obsolete Comedy; I say the *idea*, for when it is known that in the original the

scene lay among traders in London—and those traders of the lowest and most detestable manners, it will be conceived at once, that in removing it to Portugal

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and fixing the characters among the nobility, it was hardly possible to carry with me *more than the idea*”—the traders whom Mrs. Cowley mentions, are both Knights, the one an Alderman, the other a Banker.’ Genest then compares various scenes and expressions from *The Lucky Chance* with Mrs. Cowley and concludes ‘The other scenes though they may differ in the dialogue yet agree in essentials—the scene in the 5th act between Alexis and Gasper bears the strongest resemblance to that between Sir Feeble and Sir Cautious in *The Lucky Chance*. Mrs. Cowley was ashamed to advance a direct lie, but she was not ashamed to insinuate a falsehood—*A Naeuio uel sumpsisti multa, si fateris; uel, si negas surripuisti*—Cicero.’ The strictures of our stage historian are entirely apposite and correct. Henry, Don Gasper and Antonia of the Georgian comedy are none other but Bellmour, Sir Feeble, and Leticia. With regard to the reception of *The School for Greybeards* ‘the audience took needless offence at a scene in the 4th act, and an unfortunate expression in Young Bannister’s part [Don Sebastian. Bannister, jun., also spoke the prologue], revived the opposition in the last scene—no more was heard till King [Don Alexis] advanced to speak the last speech—some alteration was made on the 2nd night, and the play was acted 9 times or more in the course of the season, but never afterwards [It was played at Bath 28 October, 1813. Chatterley acted Don Gasper; Miss Greville (from the Pantheon theatre), Donna Seraphina. It had little success]—it is a good Comedy and was very well acted.’

The audience must indeed have been qualmish prudes. Of all plays it is the most harmless. The scene in the fourth Act to which exception was taken seems to have been No. II, after the marriage of Gasper and Antonia, a most trifling and inept business. In Act V, IV, Alexis says to Viola: ‘As for you Madam bread and water, and a dark chamber shall be your lot—’ but Sebastian (Bannister, jun.), who has married Viola, breaks in crying: ‘No, Sir,—I am the arbiter of her lot;—however, I confirm half your punishment; and a dark chamber she shall certainly have.’ To this speech in the 4th Mrs. Cowley appends the following note: ‘This is the expression, I am told, which had nearly prov’d fatal to the Comedy. I should not have printed it, but from the resolution I have religiously kept, of restoring every thing that was objected to.’ Imagination and ingenuity fail to fathom the cryptic indecency. *The School for Greybeards* is, in fine, a modest and mediocre comedy of little value.

12 December, 1786, Walpole, writing from Berkeley Square to the Countess of Upper Ossary, says: ‘To-night ... I am going to Mrs. Cowley’s new play, which I suppose is as *instructive* as the *Marriage of Figaro*, for I am told it approaches to those of Mrs. Behn in spartan delicacy; but I shall see Miss Farren, who, in my poor opinion, is the first of all actresses.’ Writing three days later to the same lady he has: ‘*The Greybeards* have certainly been chastised, for we did not find them at all gross. The piece is farcical and improbable, but has some good things, and is admirably acted.’ Those ‘good things’ are entirely due to Mrs. Behn.

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To the Right Honourable *Laurence*, Lord *Hyde*, Earl of *Rochester*, one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, Lord High Treasurer of *England*, and Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

When I consider how Ancient and Honourable a Date Plays have born, how they have been the peculiar Care of the most Illustrious Persons of *Greece* and *Rome*, who strove as much to outdoe each other in Magnificence, (when by Turns they manag'd the great Business of the Stage, as if they had contended for the Victory of the Universe;) I say, my Lord, when I consider this, I with the greater Assurance most humbly address this Comedy to your Lordship, since by right of Antient Custom, the Patronage of Plays belong'd only to the great Men, and chiefest Magistrates. Cardinal *Richelieu*, that great and wise Statesman, said, That there was no surer Testimony to be given of the flourishing Greatness of a State, than publick Pleasures and Divertisements—for they are, says he—the Schools of Vertue, where Vice is always either punish't, or disdain'd. They are secret Instructions to the People, in things that 'tis impossible to insinuate into them any other Way. 'Tis Example that prevails above Reason or DIVINE PRECEPTS. (Philosophy not understood by the Multitude;) 'tis Example alone that inspires Morality, and best establishes Vertue, I have my self known a Man, whom neither Conscience nor Religion cou'd perswade to Loyalty, who with beholding in our Theatre a Modern Politician set forth in all his Colours, was converted, renounc'd his opinion, and quitted the Party.

The Abbot of *Aubignac* to show that Plays have been ever held most important to the very Political Part of Government, says, The Phylosophy of *Greece*, and the Majesty and Wisdom of the Romans, did equally concern their Great Men in making them Venerable, Noble, and Magnificent: Venerable, by their Consecration to their Gods: Noble, by being govern'd by their chiefest Men; and their Magnificency was from the publick Treasury, and the liberal Contributions of their Noble Men.

It being undeniable then, that Plays and publick Diversions were thought by the Greatest and Wisest of States, one of the most essential Parts of good Government, and in which so many great Persons were interested; suffer me to beg your Lordships Patronage for this little Endeavour, and believe it not below the Grandure of your Birth and State, the Illustrious Places you so justly hold in the Kingdom, nor your Illustrious Relation to the greatest Monarch of the World, to afford it the Glory of your Protection; since it is the Product of a Heart and Pen, that always faithfully serv'd that Royal Cause, to which your Lordship is by many Tyes so firmly fixt: It approaches you with that absolute Veneration, that all the World is oblig'd to pay you; and has no other Design than to express my sense of those excellent Vertues, that make your

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Lordship so truly admir'd and lov'd. Amongst which we find those two so rare in a Great Man and a Statesman, those of Gracious Speech and easie Access, and I believe none were ever sent from your Presence dissatisfied. You have an Art to please even when you deny; and something in your Look and Voice has an Air so greatly good, it recompences even for Disappointment, and we never leave your Lordship but with Blessings. It is no less our Admiration, to behold with what Serenity and perfect Conduct, that great Part of the Nations Business is carry'd on, by one single Person; who having to do with so vast Numbers of Men of all Qualitys, Interests, and Humours, nevertheless all are well satisfi'd, and none complain of Oppression, but all is done with Gentleness and Silence, as if (like the first Creator) you cou'd finish all by a Word. You have, my Lord, a Judgment so piercing and solid, a Wisdom so quick and clear, and a Fortitude so truly Noble, that those Fatigues of State, that wou'd even sink a Spirit of less Magnitude, is by yours accomplish't without Toil, or any Appearance of that harsh and crabbed Austerity, that is usually put on by the buisy Great. You, my Lord, support the Globe, as if you did not feel its Weight; nor so much as seem to bend beneath it: Your Zeal for the Glorious Monarch you love and serve, makes all things a Pleasure that advance his Interest, which is so absolutely your Care. You are, my Lord, by your generous Candor, your unbyast Justice, your Sweetness, Affability, and Condescending Goodness (those never-failing Marks of Greatness) above that Envy which reigns in Courts, and is aim'd at the most elevated Fortunes and Noblest Favourites of Princes: And when they consider your Lordship, with all the Abilitys and Wisdom of a great Counsellor, your unblemisht Vertue, your unshaken Loyalty, your constant Industry for the Publick Good, how all things under your Part of Sway have been refin'd and purg'd from those Grossnesses, Frauds, Briberys, and Grievances, beneath which so many of his Majestys Subjects groan'd, when we see Merit establish't and prefer'd, and Vice discourag'd; it imposes Silence upon Malice it self, and compells 'em to bless his Majesty's Choice of such a Pillar of the State, such a Patron of Vertue.

Long may your Lordship live to remain in this most Honourable Station, that his Majesty may be serv'd with an entire Fidelity, and the Nation be render'd perfectly Happy. Since from such Heads and Hearts, the Monarch reaps his Glory, and the Kingdom receives its Safety and Tranquility. This is the unfeign'd Prayer of,

My Lord,
Your Lordships most Humble
And most Obedient Servant
A. Behn

PREFACE.

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The little Obligation I have to some of the witty Sparks and Poets of the Town, has put me on a Vindication of this Comedy from those Censures that Malice, and ill Nature have thrown upon it, tho in vain: The Poets I heartily excuse, since there is a sort of Self-Interest in their Malice, which I shou'd rather call a witty Way they have in this Age, of Railing at every thing they find with pain successful, and never to shew good Nature and speak well of any thing; but when they are sure 'tis damn'd, then they afford it that worse Scandal, their Pity. And nothing makes them so thorough-stitcht an Enemy as a full Third Day, that's Crime enough to load it with all manner of Infamy; and when they can no other way prevail with the Town, they charge it with the old never failing Scandal—That 'tis not fit for the Ladys: As if (if it were as they falsly give it out) the Ladys were oblig'd to hear Indecencys only from their Pens and Plays and some of them have ventur'd to treat 'em as Coursely as 'twas possible, without the least Reproach from them; and in some of their most Celebrated Plays have entertained 'em with things, that if I should here strip from their Wit and Occasion that conducts 'em in and makes them proper, their fair Cheeks would perhaps wear a natural Colour at the reading them: yet are never taken Notice of, because a Man writ them, and they may hear that from them they blush at from a Woman—But I make a Challenge to any Person of common Sense and Reason—that is not wilfully bent on ill Nature, and will in spight of Sense wrest a double *Entendre* from every thing, lying upon the Catch for a Jest or a Quibble, like a Rook for a Cully; but any unprejudic'd Person that knows not the Author, to read any of my Comedys and compare 'em with others of this Age, and if they find one Word that can offend the chastest Ear, I will submit to all their peevish Cavills; but Right or Wrong they must be Criminal because a Woman's; condemning them without having the Christian Charity, to examine whether it be guilty or not, with reading, comparing, or thinking; the Ladies taking up any Scandal on Trust from some conceited Sparks, who will in spight of Nature be Wits and *Beaus*; then scatter it for Authentick all over the Town and Court, poysoning of others Judgments with their false Notions, condemning it to worse than Death, Loss of Fame. And to fortifie their Detraction, charge me with all the Plays that have ever been offensive; though I wish with all their Faults I had been the Author of some of those they have honour'd me with. For the farther Justification of this Play; it being a Comedy of Intrigue Dr. *Davenant* out of Respect to the Commands he had from Court, to take great Care that no Indecency should be in Plays, sent for it and nicely look't it over, putting out anything he but imagin'd the Criticks would play with. After that, Sir Roger *L'Estrange* read it and licens'd it, and found no such Faults as 'tis charg'd with: Then Mr. *Killigrew*, who more severe than any, from the strict Order he had, perus'd it with great Circumspection; and lastly the Master Players, who you will I hope in some Measure esteem Judges of Decency and their own Interest, having been so many Years Prentice to the Trade of Judging.

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I say, after all these Supervisors the Ladys may be convinc'd, they left nothing that could offend, and the Men of their unjust Reflections on so many Judges of Wit and Decencys. When it happens that I challenge any one, to point me out the least Expression of what some have made their Discourse, they cry, *That Mr. Leigh opens his Night Gown, when he comes into the Bride-chamber*; if he do, which is a Jest of his own making, and which I never saw, I hope he has his Cloaths on underneath? And if so, where is the Indecency? I have seen in that admirable Play of *Oedipus*, the Gown open'd wide, and the Man shown, in his Drawers and Waist coat, and never thought it an Offence before. Another crys, *Why we know not what they mean, when the Man takes a Woman off the Stage, and another is thereby cuckolded*; is that any more than you see in the most Celebrated of your Plays? as the *City Politicks*, the *Lady Mayoress*, and the *Old Lawyers Wife*, who goes with a Man she never saw before, and comes out again the joyfull'st Woman alive, for having made her Husband a Cuckold with such Dexterity, and yet I see nothing unnatural nor obscene: 'tis proper for the Characters. So in that lucky Play of the *London Cuckolds*, not to recite Particulars. And in that good Comedy of *Sir Courtly Nice*, the *Taylor to the young Lady*—in the fam'd *Sir Fopling Dorimont and Bellinda*, see the very Words—in *Valentinian*, see the Scene between the *Court Bawds*. And *Valentinian* all loose and ruff'd a Moment after the Rape, and all this you see without Scandal, and a thousand others The *Moor of Venice* in many places. The *Maids Tragedy*—see the Scene of undressing the Bride, and between the *King* and *Amintor*, and after between the *King* and *Evadne*—All these I Name as some of the best Plays I know; If I should repeat the Words exprest in these Scenes I mention, I might justly be charg'd with course ill Manners, and very little Modesty, and yet they so naturally fall into the places they are designed for, and so are proper for the Business, that there is not the least Fault to be found with them; though I say those things in any of mine wou'd damn the whole Peice, and alarm the Town. Had I a Day or two's time, as I have scarce so many Hours to write this in (the Play, being all printed off and the Press waiting,) I would sum up all your Beloved Plays, and all the Things in them that are past with such Silence by; because written by Men: such Masculine Strokes in me, must not be allow'd. I must conclude those Women (if there be any such) greater Critics in that sort of Conversation than my self, who find any of that sort in mine, or any thing that can justly be reproach't. But 'tis in vain by dint of Reason or Comparison to convince the obstinate Criticks, whose Business is to find Fault, if not by a loose and gross Imagination to create them, for

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they must either find the Jest, or make it; and those of this sort fall to my share, they find Faults of another kind for the Men Writers. And this one thing I will venture to say, though against my Nature, because it has a Vanity in it: That had the Plays I have writ come forth under any Mans Name, and never known to have been mine; I appeal to all unbyast Judges of Sense, if they had not said that Person had made as many good Comedies, as any one Man that has writ in our Age; but a Devil on't the Woman damns the Poet.

Ladies, for its further Justification to you, be pleas'd to know, that the first Copy of this Play was read by several Ladys of very great Quality, and unquestioned Fame, and received their most favourable Opinion, not one charging it with the Crime, that some have been pleas'd to find in the Acting. Other Ladys who saw it more than once, whose Quality and Vertue can sufficiently justifie any thing they design to favour, were pleas'd to say, they found an Entertainment in it very far from scandalous; and for the Generality of the Town, I found by my Receipts it was not thought so Criminal. However, that shall not be an Incouragement to me to trouble the Criticks with new Occasion of affronting me, for endeavouring at least to divert; and at this rate, both the few Poets that are left, and the Players who toil in vain will be weary of their Trade.

I cannot omit to tell you, that a Wit of the Town, a Friend of mine at Wills Coffee House, the first Night of the Play, cry'd it down as much as in him lay, who before had read it and assured me he never 'saw a prettier Comedy. So complaisant one pestilent Wit will be to another, and in the full Cry make his Noise too; but since 'tis to the witty Few I speak, I hope the better Judges will take no Offence, to whom I am oblig'd for better Judgments; and those I hope will be so kind to me, knowing my Conversation not at all addicted to the Indecencys alledged, that I would much less practice it in a Play, that must stand the Test of the censoring World. And I must want common Sense, and all the Degrees of good Manners, renouncing my Fame, all Modesty and Interest for a silly Sawcy fruitless Jest, to make Fools laugh, and Women blush, and wise Men asham'd; My self all the while, if I had been guilty of this Crime charg'd to me, remaining the only stupid, insensible. Is this likely, is this reasonable to be believ'd by any body, but the wilfully blind? All I ask, is the Priviledge for my Masculine Part the Poet in me, (if any such you will allow me) to tread in those successful Paths my Predecessors have so long thriv'd in, to take those Measures that both the Ancient and Modern Writers have set me, and by which they have pleas'd the World so well: If I must not, because of my Sex, have this Freedom, but that you will usurp all to your selves; I lay down my Quill, and you shall hear no more of me, no not so much as to make Comparisons, because I will be kinder to my Brothers of the Pen, than they have been to a defenceless Woman; for I am not content to write for a Third day only. I value Fame as much as if I had been born a *Hero*; and if you rob me of that, I can retire from the ungrateful World, and scorn its fickle Favours.

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THE LUCKY CHANCE;

or, An Alderman's Bargain.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Jevon.

*Since with old Plays you have so long been cloy'd,
As with a Mistress many years enjoy'd,
How briskly dear Variety you pursue;
Nay, though for worse ye change, ye will have New.
Widows take heed some of you in fresh Youth
Have been the unpitied Martyrs of this Youth.
When for a drunken Sot, that had kind hours,
And taking their own freedoms, left you yours;
'Twas your delib'rate choice your days to pass
With a damn'd, sober, self-admiring Ass,
Who thinks good usage for the Sex unfit,
And slights ye out of Sparkishness and Wit.
But you can fit him—Let a worse Fool come,
If he neglect, to officiate in his room.
Vain amorous Coxcombs every where are found,
Fops for all uses, but the Stage abound.
Though you shou'd change them oftener than your Fashions,
There still wou'd be enough for your Occasions:
But ours are not so easily supplied,
All that cou'd e'er quit cost, we have already tried.
Nay, dear sometimes have bought the Frippery stuff. |
This, Widows, you--I mean the old and tough-- |
Will never think, be they but Fool enough. |*

*Such will with any kind of Puppies play; |
But we must better know for what we pay: |
We must not purchase such dull Fools as they. |
Shou'd we shew each her own partic'lar Dear,
What they admire at home, they wou'd loath here.
Thus, though the Mall, the Ring, the Pit is full,
And every Coffee-House still swarms with Fool;
Though still by Fools all other Callings live,
Nay our own Women by fresh Cullies thrive,*



Though your Intrigues which no Lampoon can cure,
Promise a long Succession to ensure;
And all your Matches plenty do presage:
Dire is the Dearth and Famine on the Stage.
Our Store's quite wasted, and our Credit's small,
Not a Fool left to bless our selves withal.
We re forc't at last to rob, (which is great pity,
Though 'tis a never-failing Bank) the City.

We show you one to day intirely new,
And of all Jests, none relish like the true.
Let that the value of our Play inhance,
Then it may prove indeed the_ Lucky Chance.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MEN.

Sir Feeble Fainwou'd, an old Alderman to be married *Mr. Leigh*.
to *Leticia*,
Sir Cautious Fulbank, an old Banker married to *Julia*, *Mr. Nokes*.
Mr. Gayman, a Spark of the Town, Lover of *Julia*, *Mr. Betterton*.
Mr. Bellmour. contracted to *Leticia*. disguis'd, and
passes for *Sir Feeble's* Nephew, *Mr. Kynaston*.
Mr. Bearjest, Nephew to *Sir Cautious*,



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a Fop, Mr. *Jevon*.
Capt. *Noisey*, his Companion, Mr. *Harris*.
Mr. *Bredwel*, Prentice to Sir *Cautious*, and Brother
to *Leticia*, in love with *Diana*, Mr. *Bowman*.
Rag, Footman to *Gayman*.
Ralph, Footman to Sir *Feeble*.
Dick, Footman to Sir *Cautious*.
Gingle, a Music Master.
A Post-man.
Two Porters.
A Servant.

WOMEN.

Lady *Fulbank*, in love with *Gayman*, honest and
generous, Mrs. *Barry*.
Leticia, contracted to *Bellmour*, married to Sir
Feeble, young and virtuous, Mrs. *Cook*.
Diana, Daughter to Sir *Feeble*, in love with *Bredwel*;
virtuous, Mrs. *Mountford*.
Pert, Lady *Fulbank*'s Woman.
Gammer *Grime*, Landlady to *Gayman*, a Smith's
Wife in *Alsatia*, Mrs. *Powell*.
Susan, Servant to Sir *Feeble*.
Phillis, *Leticia*'s Woman.

A Parson, Fiddlers, Dancers and Singers.

The Scene, LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street, at break of Day.*

Enter Bellmour disguis'd in a travelling Habit.

Bel. Sure 'tis the day that gleams in yonder East,
The day that all but Lovers blest by Shade
Pay chearful Homage to:
Lovers! and those pursu'd like guilty me
By rigid Laws, which put no difference



'Twixt fairly killing in my own Defence,
And Murders bred by drunken Arguments,
Whores, or the mean Revenges of a Coward.
—This is *Leticia's* Father's House— [*Looking about.*
And that the dear Balcony
That has so oft been conscious of our Loves;
From whence she has sent me down a thousand Sighs,
A thousand looks of Love, a thousand Vows.
O thou dear witness of those charming Hours,
How do I bless thee, how am I pleas'd to view thee
After a tedious Age of Six Months Banishment.

Enter Mr. Gingle and several with Musick.

Fid. But hark ye, Mr. *Gingle*, is it proper to play before the Wedding?

Gin. Ever while you live, for many a time in playing after the first night, the Bride's sleepy, the Bridegroom tir'd, and both so out of humour, that perhaps they hate any thing that puts 'em in mind they are married.

[*They play and sing.*

Enter Phillis in the Balcony, throws 'em Money.

Rise, Cloris, charming Maid, arise!
And baffle breaking Day,
Shew the adoring World thy Eyes
Are more surprizing gay;



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The Gods of Love are smiling round,
And lead the Bridegroom on,
And_ Hymen *has the Altar crown'd.*
While all thy sighing Lovers are undone.

To see thee pass they throng the Plain;
The Groves with Flowers are strown,
And every young and envying Swain
Wishes the hour his own.
Rise then, and let the God of Day,
When thou dost to the Lover yield,
Behold more Treasure given away
Than he in his vast Circle e'er beheld_.

Bel. Hah, *Phillis*, *Leticia's* Woman!

Ging. Fie, Mrs. *Phillis*, do you take us for Fiddlers that play for Hire? I came to compliment Mrs. *Leticia* on her Wedding-Morning because she is my Scholar.

Phil. She sends it only to drink her Health.

Ging. Come, Lads, let's to the Tavern then—
[*Ex. Musick.*

Bel. Hah! said he *Leticia*? Sure, I shall turn to Marble at this News: I harden, and cold Damps pass through my senseless Pores.—Hah, who's here?

Enter Gayman wrapt in his Cloke.

Gay. 'Tis yet too early, but my Soul's impatient,
And I must see *Leticia*.
[*Goes to the door.*

Bel. Death and the Devil—the Bridegroom! Stay, Sir, by Heaven, you pass not this way.
[*Goes to the door as he is knocking, pushes him away, and draws.*

Gay. Hah! what art thou that durst forbid me Entrance?—Stand off.

[*They fight a little, and closing view each other.*

Bel. *Gayman*!

Gay. My dearest *Bellmour*!



Bel. Oh thou false Friend, thou treacherous base Deceiver!

Gay. Hah, this to me, dear *Harry*?

Bel. Whither is Honour, Truth and Friendship fled?

Gay. Why, there ne'er was such a Virtue, 'Tis all a Poet's Dream.

Bel. I thank you, Sir.

Gay. I'm sorry for't, or that ever I did any thing that could deserve it: put up your Sword—an honest man wou'd say how he's offended, before he rashly draws.

Bel. Are not you going to be married, Sir?

Gay. No, Sir, as long as any Man in *London* is so, that has but a handsom Wife, Sir.

Bel. Are you not in love, Sir?

Gay. Most damnably,—and wou'd fain lie with the dear jilting Gipsy.

Bel. Hah, who would you lie with, Sir?

Gay. You catechise me roundly—'tis not fair to name, but I am no Starter, *Harry*; just as you left me, you find me. I am for the faithless *Julia* still, the old Alderman's Wife.—'Twas high time the City should lose their Charter, when their Wives turn honest: But pray, Sir, answer me a Question or two.

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Bel. Answer me first, what makes you here this Morning?

Gay. Faith, to do you service. Your damn'd little Jade of a Mistress has learned of her Neighbours the Art of Swearing and Lying in abundance, and is—

Bel. To be married! [Sighing.

Gay. Even so, God save the Mark; and she'll be a fair one for many an Arrow besides her Husband's, though he an old *Finsbury* Hero this threescore Years.

Bel. Who mean you?

Gay. Why, thy Cuckold that shall be, if thou be'st wise.

Bel. Away; Who is this Man? thou dalliest with me.

Gay. Why, an old Knight, and Alderman here o'th' City, Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*, a jolly old Fellow, whose Activity is all got into his Tongue, a very excellent Teazer; but neither Youth nor Beauty can grind his Dudgeon to an Edge.

Bel. Fie, what Stuff's here!

Gay. Very excellent Stuff, if you have but the Grace to improve it.

Bel. You banter me—but in plain *English*, tell me, What made you here thus early, Entring yon House with such Authority?

Gay. Why, your Mistress *Leticia*, your contracted Wife, is this Morning to be married to old Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*, induc'd to't I suppose by the great Jointure he makes her, and the improbability of your ever gaining your Pardon for your high Duel—Do I speak *English* now, Sir?

Bel. Too well, would I had never heard thee.

Gay. Now I being the Confident in your Amours, the Jack-go-between— the civil Pimp or so—you left her in charge with me at your Departure.

Bel. I did so.

Gay. I saw her every day; and every day she paid the Tribute of a shower of Tears, to the dear Lord of all her Vows, young *Bellmour*: Till faith at last, for Reasons manifold, I slackt my daily Visits.

Bel. And left her to Temptation—was that well done?

Gay. Now must I afflict you and my self with a long tale of Causes why; Or be charg'd with want of Friendship.

Bel. You will do well to clear that Point to me.

Gay. I see you're peevish, and you shall be humour'd.—You know my *Julia* play'd me e'en such another Prank as your false one is going to play you, and married old Sir *Cautious Fulbank* here i'th' City; at which you know I storm'd, and rav'd, and swore, as thou wo't now, and to as little purpose. There was but one way left, and that was cuckolding him.

Bel. Well, that Design I left thee hot upon.

Gay. And hotly have pursu'd it: Swore, wept, vow'd, wrote, upbraided, prayed and railed; then treated lavishly, and presented high—till, between you and I, *Harry*, I have presented the best part of Eight hundred a year into her Husband's hands, in Mortgage.

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Bel. This is the Course you'd have me steer, I thank you.

Gay. No, no, Pox on't, all Women are not Jilts. Some are honest, and will give as well as take; or else there would not be so many broke i'th' City. In fine, Sir, I have been in Tribulation, that is to say, Moneyless, for six tedious Weeks, without either Clothes, or Equipage to appear withal; and so not only my own Love-affair lay neglected—but thine too—and I am forced to pretend to my Lady, that I am i'th' Country with a dying Uncle—from whom, if he were indeed dead, I expect two thousand a Year.

Bel. But what's all this to being here this Morning?

Gay. Thus have I lain conceal'd like a Winter-Fly, hoping for some blest Sunshine to warm me into life again, and make me hover my flagging Wings; till the News of this Marriage (which fills the Town) made me crawl out this silent Hour, to upbraid the fickle Maid.

Bel. Didst thou?—pursue thy kind Design. Get me to see her; and sure no Woman, even possess with a new Passion, Grown confident even to Prostitution, But when she sees the Man to whom she's sworn so very—very much, will find Remorse and Shame.

Gay. For your sake, though the day be broke upon us,
And I'm undone, if seen—I'll venture in—
[Throws his Cloke over.

*Enter Sir Feeble Fainwou'd, Sir Cautious Fulbank, Bearjest
and Noisy.* [Pass over the Stage, and go in.

Hah—see the Bridegroom! And with him my destin'd Cuckold, old Sir *Cautious Fulbank*.—Hah, what ail'st thou, Man?

Bel. The Bridegroom! Like *Gorgon's* Head he's as turned me into Stone.

Gay. *Gorgon's* Head—a Cuckold's Head—'twas made to graft upon.

Bel. By Heaven, I'll seize her even at the Altar, And bear her thence in Triumph.

Gay. Ay, and be borne to *Newgate* in Triumph, and be hanged in Triumph—'twill be cold Comfort, celebrating your Nuptials in the Press-Yard, and be wak'd next Morning, like Mr. *Barnardine* in the Play—Will you please to rise and be hanged a little, Sir?

Bel. What wouldst thou have me do?

Gay. As many an honest Man has done before thee—Cuckold him—cuckold him.



Bel. What—and let him marry her! She that's mine by sacred Vows already! By Heaven, it would be flat Adultery in her!

Gay. She'll learn the trick, and practise it the better with thee.

Bel. Oh Heavens! *Leticia* marry him! and lie with him!— Here will I stand and see this shameful Woman, See if she dares pass by me to this Wickedness.

Gay. Hark ye, *Harry*—in earnest have a care of betraying your self; and do not venture sweet Life for a fickle Woman, who perhaps hates you.



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Bel. You counsel well—but yet to see her married!
How every thought of that shocks all my Resolution!—
But hang it, I'll be resolute and saucy,
Despise a Woman who can use me ill,
And think my self above her.

Gay. Why, now thou art thy self—a Man again. But see, they're coming forth, now stand your ground.

Enter Sir Feeble, Sir Cautious, Bearjest, Noisey, Leticia sad, Diana, Phillis. [Pass over the Stage.

Bel. 'Tis she; support me, *Charles*, or I shall sink to Earth,
—Methought in passing by she cast a scornful glance at me;
Such charming Pride I've seen upon her Eyes,
When our Love-Quarrels arm'd 'em with Disdain—
I'll after 'em, if I live she shall not 'scape me.
[*Offers to go, Gay. holds him.*

Gay. Hold, remember you're proscribed, And die if you are taken.

Bel. I've done, and I will live, but he shall ne'er enjoy her. —Who's yonder, *Ralph*, my trusty Confident?

Enter Ralph.

Now though I perish I must speak to him.
—Friend, what Wedding's this?

Ral. One that was never made in Heaven, Sir; 'Tis Alderman *Fainwou'd*, and Mrs. *Leticia Bredwel*.

Bel. Bredwel—I have heard of her,—she was Mistress—

Ral. To fine Mr. *Bellmour*, Sir,—ay, there was a Gentleman —But rest his Soul—he's hang'd, Sir. [*Weeps.*

Bel. How! hang'd?

Ral. Hang'd, Sir, hang'd—at the *Hague* in *Holland*.

Gay. I heard some such News, but did not credit it.

Bel. For what, said they, was he hang'd?

Ral. Why, e'en for High Treason, Sir, he killed one of their Kings.

Gay. Holland's a Commonwealth, and is not rul'd by Kings.

Ral. Not by one, Sir, but by a great many; this was a Cheesemonger—they fell out over a Bottle of Brandy, went to Snicker Snee; Mr. *Bellmour* cut his Throat, and was hang'd for't, that's all, Sir.

Bel. And did the young Lady believe this?

Ral. Yes, and took on most heavily—the Doctors gave her over—and there was the Devil to do to get her to consent to this Marriage—but her Fortune was small, and the hope of a Ladyship, and a Gold Chain at the Spittal Sermon, did the Business—and so your Servant, Sir.

[*Ex.* Ralph.

Bel. So, here's a hopeful Account of my sweet self now.

Enter Post-man with Letters.

Post. Pray, Sir, which is Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd's*?

Bel. What wou'd you with him, Friend?

Post. I have a Letter here from the *Hague* for him.

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Bel. From the *Hague*! Now have I a curiosity to see it—I am his Servant—give it me—*[Gives it him, and Exit.*—Perhaps here may be the second part of my Tragedy, I'm full of Mischief, *Charles*—and have a mind to see this Fellow's Secrets. For from this hour I'll be his evil Genius, haunt him at Bed and Board; he shall not sleep nor eat; disturb him at his Prayers, in his Embraces; and tease him into Madness. Help me, Invention, Malice, Love, and Wit: *[Opening the Letter.* Ye Gods, and little Fiends, instruct my Mischief. *[Reads.*

Dear Brother,

According to your desire I have sent for my Son from St. Omer's_, whom I have sent to wait on you in_ England; he is a very good Accountant, and fit for Business, and much pleased he shall see that Uncle to whom he's so obliged, and which is so gratefully acknowledged by—Dear Brother, your affectionate Brother,

Francis Fainwou'd.

—Hum—hark ye, *Charles*, do you know who I am now?

Gay. Why, I hope a very honest Friend of mine, *Harry Bellmour*.

Bel. No, Sir, you are mistaken in your Man.

Gay. It may be so.

Bel. I am, d'ye see, *Charles*, this very individual, numerical young Mr.—*what ye call 'um Fainwou'd*, just come from *St. Omers* into *England*—to my Uncle the Alderman. I am, *Charles*, this very Man.

Gay. I know you are, and will swear't upon occasion.

Bel. This lucky Thought has almost calm'd my mind.
And if I don't fit you, my dear Uncle,
May I never lie with my Aunt.

Gay. Ah, Rogue—but prithee what care have you taken about your Pardon? 'twere good you should secure that.

Bel. There's the Devil, *Charles*,—had I but that—but I have had a very good Friend at work, a thousand Guyneys, that seldom fails; but yet in vain, I being the first Transgressor since the Act against Duelling. But I impatient to see this dear delight of my Soul, and hearing from none of you this six weeks, came from *Brussels* in this disguise—for the *Hague* I have not seen, though hang'd there—but come—let's away,



and compleat me a right *St. Omer's* Spark, that I may present my self as soon as they come from Church.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Sir Cautious Fulbank's House.*

Enter Lady Fulbank, Pert and Bredwel. Bredwel gives her a Letter.

Lady Fulbank reads.

*Did my Julia know how I languish in this cruel Separation,
she would afford me her pity, and write oftner. If only the
Expectation of two thousand a year kept me from you, ah!
Julia, how easily would I abandon that Trifle for your more*

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valued sight; but that I know a fortune will render me more agreeable to the charming Julia, I should quit all my Interest here, to throw my self at her Feet, to make her sensible how I am intirely her Adorer.

Charles Gayman.

—Faith, *Charles*, you lie—you are as welcome to me now, Now when I doubt thy Fortune is declining, As if the Universe were thine.

Pert. That, Madam, is a noble Gratitude. For if his Fortune be declining, 'tis sacrificed to his Passion for your Ladyship. —'Tis all laid out on Love.

L. Ful. I prize my Honour more than Life,
Yet I had rather have given him all he wish'd of me,
Than be guilty of his Undoing.

Pert. And I think the Sin were less.

L. Ful. I must confess, such Jewels, Rings and Presents as he made me, must needs decay his Fortune.

Bred. Ay, Madam, his very Coach at last was turned into a Jewel for your Ladyship. Then, Madam, what Expences his Despair have run him on —As Drinking and Gaming, to divert the Thought of your marrying my old Master.

L. Ful. And put in Wenching too.—

Bred. No, assure your self, Madam—

L. Ful. Of that I would be better satisfied—and you too must assist me, as e'er you hope I should be kind to you in gaining you *Diana*.

[*To Bredwel.*

Bred. Madam, I'll die to serve you.

Pert. Nor will I be behind in my Duty.

L. Ful. Oh, how fatal are forc'd Marriages!
How many Ruins one such Match pulls on!
Had I but kept my Sacred Vows to *Gayman*,



How happy had I been—how prosperous he!
Whilst now I languish in a loath'd embrace,
Pine out my Life with Age—Consumptions, Coughs.
—But dost thou fear that Gayman is declining?

Bred. You are my Lady, and the best of Mistresses— Therefore I would not grieve you,
for I know You love this best—but most unhappy Man.

L. *Ful.* You shall not grieve me—prithee on.

Bred. My Master sent me yesterday to Mr. *Crap*, his Scrivener, to send to one Mr. *Wasteall*, to tell him his first Mortgage was out, which is two hundred pounds a Year—
and who has since ingaged five or six hundred more to my Master; but if this first be not
redeem'd, he'll take the Forfeit on't, as he says a wise Man ought.

L. *Ful.* That is to say, a Knave, according to his Notion of a wise
Man.

Bred. Mr. *Crap*, being busy with a borrowing Lord, sent me to Mr. *Wasteall*, whose
Lodging is in a nasty Place called *Alsatia*, at a Black-Smith's.

L. *Ful.* But what's all this to *Gayman*?



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Bred. Madam, this *Wasteall* was Mr. *Gayman*.

L. Ful. *Gayman*! Saw'st thou *Gayman*?

Bred. Madam, Mr. *Gayman*, yesterday.

L. Ful. When came he to Town?

Bred. Madam, he has not been out of it.

L. Ful. Not at his Uncle's in *Northamptonshire*?

Bred. Your Ladyship was wont to credit me.

L. Ful. Forgive me—you went to a Black-Smith's—

Bred. Yes, Madam; and at the door encountred the beastly thing he calls a Landlady; who lookt as if she had been of her own Husband's making, compos'd of moulded Smith's Dust. I ask'd for Mr. *Wasteall*, and she began to open—and did so rail at him, that what with her *Billingsgate*, and her Husband's hammers, I was both deaf and dumb—at last the hammers ceas'd, and she grew weary, and call'd down Mr. *Wasteall*; but he not answering—I was sent up a Ladder rather than a pair of Stairs; at last I scal'd the top, and enter'd the enchanted Castle; there did I find him, spite of the noise below, drowning his Cares in Sleep.

L. Ful. Whom foundst thou? *Gayman*?

Bred. He, Madam, whom I waked—and seeing me, Heavens, what Confusion seiz'd him! which nothing but my own Surprise could equal. Asham'd—he wou'd have turn'd away; But when he saw, by my dejected Eyes, I knew him, He sigh'd, and blusht, and heard me tell my Business: Then beg'd I wou'd be secret; for he vow'd his whole Repose and Life depended on my silence. Nor had I told it now, But that your Ladyship may find some speedy means to draw him from this desperate Condition.

L. Ful. Heavens, is't possible?

Bred. He's driven to the last degree of Poverty— Had you but seen his Lodgings, Madam!

L. Ful. What were they?

Bred. 'Tis a pretty convenient Tub, Madam. He may lie a long in't, there's just room for an old join'd Stool besides the Bed, which one cannot call a Cabin, about the largeness of a Pantry Bin, or a Usurer's Trunk; there had been Dornex Curtains to't in the days of Yore; but they were now annihilated, and nothing left to save his Eyes from the Light,

but my Landlady's Blue Apron, ty'd by the strings before the Window, in which stood a broken six-penny Looking-Glass, that shew'd as many Faces as the Scene in *Henry* the Eighth, which could but just stand upright, and then the Comb-Case fill'd it.

L. *Ful.* What a leud Description hast thou made of his Chamber?

Bred. Then for his Equipage, 'tis banisht to one small Monsieur, who (saucy with his Master's Poverty) is rather a Companion than a Footman.

L. *Ful.* But what said he to the Forfeiture of his Land?

Bred. He sigh'd and cry'd, Why, farewell dirty Acres; It shall not trouble me, since 'twas all but for Love!



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L. *Ful.* How much redeems it?

Bred. Madam, five hundred Pounds.

L. *Ful.* Enough—you shall in some disguise convey this Money to him, as from an unknown hand: I wou'd not have him think it comes from me, for all the World: That Nicety and Virtue I've profest, I am resolved to keep.

Pert. If I were your Ladyship, I wou'd make use of Sir *Cautious's* Cash: pay him in his own Coin.

Bred. Your Ladyship wou'd make no Scruple of it, if you knew how this poor Gentleman has been us'd by my unmerciful Master.

L. *Ful.* I have a Key already to his Counting-House; it being lost, he had another made, and this I found and kept.

Bred. Madam, this is an excellent time for't, my Master being gone to give my Sister *Leticia* at Church.

L. *Ful.* 'Tis so, I'll go and commit the Theft, whilst you prepare to carry it, and then we'll to dinner with your Sister the Bride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The House of Sir Feeble.*

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia, Sir Cautious, Bearjest, Diana, Noisey.
Sir Feeble sings and salutes 'em.

Sir Feeb. Welcome, *Joan Sanderson*, welcome, welcome. [*Kisses the Bride.* Ods bobs, and so thou art, Sweet-heart. [*So to the rest.*

Bear. Methinks my Lady Bride is very melancholy.

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, Women that are discreet, are always thus upon their Wedding-day.

Sir Feeb. Always by day-light, *Sir Cautious.*

But when bright Phoebus does retire, To Thetis' Bed to quench his fire. And do the thing we need not name, We Mortals by his influence do the same. Then then the blushing Maid lays by Her simpering, and her Modesty; And round the Lover clasps and twines Like Ivy, or the circling Vines.



Sir *Feeb*. Here, *Ralph*, the Bottle, Rogue, of Sack, ye Rascal; hadst thou been a Butler worth hanging, thou wou'dst have met us at the door with it.—Ods bods, Sweet-heart, thy health.

Bear. Away with it, to the Bride's *Haunce in Kelder*.

Sir *Feeb*. Gots so, go to, Rogue, go to, that shall be, Knave, that shall be the morrow morning; he—ods bobs, we'll do't, Sweet heart; here's to't. [*Drinks again*].

Let. I die but to imagine it, wou'd I were dead indeed.

Sir *Feeb*. Hah—hum—how's this? Tears upon the Wedding day? Why, why—you Baggage, you, ye little Thing, Fools-face—away, you Rogue, you're naughty, you're naughty. [*Patting and playing, and following her*]. Look—look—look now,—buss it—buss it—buss it—and Friends; did'ums, did'ums beat its none silly Baby—away, you little Hussey, away, and pledge me—

[*She drinks a little*].

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Sir *Cau*. A wise discreet Lady, I'll warrant her; my Lady would prodigally have took it off all.

Sir *Feeb*. Dear's its nown dear Fubs; buss again, buss again, away, away—ods bobs, I long for Night—look, look, Sir *Cautious*, what an Eye's there!

Sir *Cau*. Ay, so there is, Brother, and a modest Eye too.

Sir *Feeb*. Adad, I love her more and more, *Ralph*—call old *Susan* hither—come, Mr. *Bearjest*, put the Glass about. Ods bobs, when I was a young Fellow, I wou'd not let the young Wenches look pale and wan—but would rouse 'em, and touse 'em, and blowze 'em, till I put a colour in their Cheeks, like an Apple *John*, affacks—Nay, I can make a shift still, and Pupsey shall not be jealous.

Enter Susan, Sir Feeble whispers her, she goes out.

Let. Indeed, not I; Sir. I shall be all Obedience.

Sir *Cau*. A most judicious Lady; would my *Julia* had a little of her Modesty; but my Lady's a Wit.

Enter Susan with a Box.

Sir *Feeb*. Look here, my little Puskin, here's fine Playthings for its nown little Coxcomb—go—get you gone—get you gone, and off with this St. *Martin's* Trumpery, these Play-house Glass Baubles, this Necklace, and these Pendants, and all this false Ware; ods bobs, I'll have no Counterfeit Geer about thee, not I. See—these are right as the Blushes on thy Cheeks, and these as true as my Heart, my Girl. Go, put'em on, and be fine.

[Gives 'em her.]

Let. Believe me, Sir, I shall not merit this kindness.

Sir *Feeb*. Go to—More of your Love, and less of your Ceremony—give the old Fool a hearty buss, and pay him that way—he, ye little wanton Tit, I'll steal up—and catch ye and love ye—adod, I will—get ye gone—get ye gone.

Let. Heavens, what a nauseous thing is an old Man turn'd Lover!

[Ex. Leticia and Diana.]

Sir *Cau*. How, steal up, Sir *Feeble*—I hope not so; I hold it most indecent before the lawful hour.

Sir *Feeb*. Lawful hour! Why, I hope all hours are lawful with a Man's own Wife.



Sir *Cau.* But wise Men have respect to Times and Seasons.

Sir *Feeb.* Wise young Men, Sir *Cautious*; but wise old Men must nick their Inclinations; for it is not as 'twas wont to be, for it is not as 'twas wont to be—
[*Singing and Dancing.*

Enter Ralph.

Ral. Sir, here's a young Gentleman without wou'd speak with you.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum—I hope it is not that same Bellmour come to forbid the Banes—if it be, he comes too late—therefore bring me first my long Sword, and then the Gentleman.
[*Exit* Ralph.



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Bear. Pray, Sir, use mine, it is a travell'd Blade I can assure you, Sir.

Sir Feeb. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Ralph and Bellmour disguised, gives him a Letter, he reads.

How—my Nephew!
Francis Fainwou'd! [*Embraces him.*]

Bel. I am glad he has told me my Christian name.

Sir Feeb. *Sir Cautious*, know my Nephew—'tis a young *St. Omers* Scholar—but none of the Witnesses.

Sir Cau. Marry, Sir, and the wiser he; for they got nothing by't.

Bea. Sir, I love and honour you, because you are a Traveller.

Sir Feeb. A very proper young Fellow, and as like old *Frank Fainwou'd* as the Devil to the Collier; but, *Francis*, you are come into a very leud Town, *Francis*, for Whoring, and Plotting, and Roaring, and Drinking; but you must go to Church, *Francis*, and avoid ill Company, or you may make damnable Havock in my Cash, *Francis*, —what, you can keep Merchants Books?

Bel. That's been my study, Sir.

Sir Feeb. And you will not be proud, but will be commanded by me, *Francis*?

Bel. I desire not to be favour'd as a Kinsman, Sir, but as your humblest Servant.

Sir Feeb. Why, thou'rt an honest Fellow, *Francis*,—and thou'rt heartily welcome—and I'll make thee fortunate. But come, *Sir Cautious*, let you and I take a turn i'th' Garden, and get a right understanding between your Nephew Mr. *Bearjest*, and my Daughter *Dye*.

Sir Cau. Prudently thought on, Sir, I'll wait on you.—

[*Ex. Sir Feeble, and Sir Cautious.*]

Bea. You are a Traveller, I understand.

Bel. I have seen a little part of the World, Sir.

Bea. So have I, Sir, I thank my Stars, and have performed most of my Travels on Foot, Sir.



Bel. You did not travel far then, I presume, Sir?

Bea. No, Sir, it was for my diversion indeed; but I assure you, I travell'd into *Ireland* a-foot, Sir.

Bel. Sure, Sir, you go by shipping into *Ireland*?

Bea. That's all one, Sir, I was still a-foot, ever walking on the Deck.

Bel. Was that your farthest Travel, Sir?

Bea. Farthest—why, that's the End of the World—and sure a Man can go no farther.

Bel. Sure, there can be nothing worth a Man's Curiosity?

Bea. No, Sir, I'll assure you, there are the Wonders of the World, Sir: I'll hint you this one. There is a Harbour which since the Creation was never capable of receiving a Lighter, yet by another Miracle the King of *France* was to ride there with a vast Fleet of Ships, and to land a hundred thousand Men.



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Bel. This is a swinging Wonder—but are there store of Mad-men there, Sir?

Bea. That's another Rarity to see a Man run out of his Wits.

Noi. Marry, Sir, the wiser they I say.

Bea. Pray, Sir, what store of Miracles have you at *St. Omers*?

Bel. None, Sir, since that of the wonderful *Salamanca* Doctor, who was both here and there at the same Instant of time.

Bea. How, Sir? why, that's impossible.

Bel. That was the Wonder, Sir, because 'twas impossible.

Noi. But 'twas a greater, Sir, that 'twas believed.

Enter L. Fulb. and Pert, Sir Cau. and Sir Feeb.

Sir Feeb. Enough, enough, Sir *Cautious*, we apprehend one another. Mr. *Bearjest*, your Uncle here and I have struck the Bargain, the Wench is yours with three thousand Pound present, and something more after Death, which your Uncle likes well.

Bea. Does he so, Sir? I'm beholding to him; then 'tis not a Pin matter whether I like or not, Sir.

Sir Feeb. How, Sir, not like my Daughter *Dye*?

Bea. Oh, Lord, Sir,—die or live, 'tis all one for that, Sir—I'll stand to the Bargain my Uncle makes.

Pert. Will you so, Sir? you'll have very good luck if you do.

[*Aside.*

Bea. Prithee hold thy Peace, my Lady's Woman.

L. Ful. Sir, I beg your pardon for not waiting on you to Church—I knew you wou'd be private.

Enter Let_. fine in Jewels_.

Sir Feeb. You honour us too highly now, Madam.

[*Presents his Wife, who salutes her.*



L. *Ful.* Give you Joy, my dear *Leticia*! I find, Sir, you were resolved for Youth, Wit and Beauty.

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, ay, Madam, to the Comfort of many a hoping Coxcomb: but *Lette*,—Rogue *Lette*—thou wo't not make me free o'th' City a second time, wo't thou entice the Rogues with the Twire and the wanton Leer—the amorous Simper that cries, come, kiss me—then the pretty round Lips are pouted out—he, Rogue, how I long to be at 'em!—well, she shall never go to Church more, that she shall not.

L. *Ful.* How, Sir, not to Church, the chiefest Recreation of a City Lady?

Sir *Feeb.* That's all one, Madam, that tricking and dressing, and prinking and patching, is not your Devotion to Heaven, but to the young Knaves that are lick'd and comb'd and are minding you more than the Parson—ods bobs, there are more Cuckolds destin'd in the Church, than are made out of it.

Sir *Cau.* Hah, ha, ha, he tickles ye, i'faith, Ladies. [*To his Lady.*

Bel. Not one chance look this way—and yet
I can forgive her lovely Eyes,
Because they look not pleas'd with all this Ceremony;
And yet methinks some sympathy in Love
Might this way glance their Beams—I cannot hold—
Sir, is this fair Lady my Aunt?



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Sir Feeb. Oh, *Francis*! Come hither, *Francis*.

Lette, here's a young Rogue has a mind to kiss thee.

[Puts them together, she starts back.]

—Nay, start not, he's my own Flesh and Blood,

My Nephew—Baby—look, look how the young

Rogues stare at one another; like will to like, I see that.

Let. There's something in his Face so like my *Bellmour*, it calls my Blushes up, and leaves my Heart defenceless.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

Sir Feeb. Come, come—let's in then—Gentlemen and Ladies,

And share to day my Pleasures and Delight,

But—

Adds bobs, they must be all mine own at Night.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Gayman's *Lodging*.

Enter Gayman_ in a Night-Cap, and an old Campaign Coat tied about him, very melancholy_.

Gay. Curse on my Birth! Curse on my faithless Fortune!

Curse on my Stars, and curst be all—but Love!

That dear, that charming Sin, though t'have pull'd

Innumerable Mischiefs on my head,

I have not, nor I cannot find Repentance for.

Nor let me die despis'd, upbraided, poor:

Let Fortune, Friends and all abandon me—

But let me hold thee, thou soft smiling God,

Close to my heart while Life continues there.

Till the last pantings of my vital Blood,

Nay, the last spark of Life and Fire be Love's!

Enter Rag.

—How now, *Rag*, what's a Clock?



Rag. My Belly can inform you better than my Tongue.

Gay. Why, you gormandizing Vermin you, what have you done with the Three pence I gave you a fortnight ago.

Rag. Alas, Sir, that's all gone long since.

Gay. You gutling Rascal, you are enough to breed a Famine in a Land. I have known some industrious Footmen, that have not only gotten their own Livings, but a pretty Livelihood for their Masters too.

Rag. Ay, till they came to the Gallows, Sir.

Gay. Very well, Sirrah, they died in an honourable Calling—but hark ye, *Rag*,—I have business, very earnest business abroad this Evening; now were you a Rascal of Docity, you wou'd invent a way to get home my last Suit that was laid in Lavender—with the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, as Perriwig, Cravat, and so forth.

Rag. Faith, Master, I must deal in the black Art then, for no human means will do't—and now I talk of the black Art, Master, try your Power once more with my Landlady.

Gay. Oh! name her not, the thought on't turns my Stomach—a sight of her is a Vomit; but he's a bold Hero that dares venture on her for a kiss, and all beyond that sure is Hell it self—yet there's my last, last Refuge—and I must to this Wedding—I know not what,—but something whispers me,—this Night I shall be happy—and without *Julia* 'tis impossible!



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Rag. *Julia*, who's that? my Lady *Fulbank*, Sir?

Gay. Peace, Sirrah—and call—a—no—Pox on't, come back—and yet—yes—call my fulsome Landlady.

[*Exit Rag.*

Sir *Cautious* knows me not by Name or Person.
And I will to this Wedding, I'm sure of seeing *Julia* there.
And what may come of that—but here's old Nasty coming.
I smell her up—hah, my dear Landlady.

Enter Rag_ and Landlady.

Quite out of breath—a Chair there for my Landlady.

Rag. Here's ne'er a one, Sir.

Land. More of your Money and less of your Civility, good Mr. *Wasteall*.

Gay. Dear Landlady—

Land. Dear me no Dears, Sir, but let me have my Money—Eight Weeks Rent last Friday; besides Taverns, Ale-houses, Chandlers, Landresses' Scores, and ready Money out of my Purse; you know it, Sir.

Gay. Ay, but your Husband don't; speak softly.

Land. My Husband! what, do you think to fright me with my Husband?— I'd have you to know I'm an honest Woman, and care not this—for my Husband. Is this all the thanks I have for my kindness, for patching, borrowing and shifting for you; 'twas but last Week I pawn'd my best Petticoat, as I hope to wear it again, it cost me six and twenty shillings besides Making; then this Morning my new *Norwich* Mantua followed, and two postle Spoons, I had the whole dozen when you came first; but they dropt, and dropt, till I had only *Judas* left for my Husband.

Gay. Hear me, good Landlady.

Land. Then I've past my word at the *George Tavern*, for forty Shillings for you, ten Shillings at my Neighbour *Squabs* for Ale, besides seven Shillings to Mother *Suds* for Washing; and do you fob me off with my Husband?

Gay. Here, *Rag*, run and fetch her a Pint of Sack—there's no other way of quenching the Fire in her flabber Chops.

[Exit Rag.

—But, my dear Landlady, have a little Patience.

Land. Patience! I scorn your Words, Sir—is this a place to trust in? tell me of Patience, that us'd to have my money before hand; come, come, pay me quickly—or old *Gregory Grimes* house shall be too hot to hold you.

Gay. Is't come to this, can I not be heard?

Land. No, Sir, you had good Clothes when you came first, but they dwindled daily, till they dwindled to this old Campaign—with tan'd coloured Lining—once red—but now all Colours of the Rain-bow, a Cloke to sculk in a Nights, and a pair of piss-burn'd shammy Breeches. Nay, your very Badge of Manhood's gone too.

Gay. How, Landlady! nay then, i'faith, no wonder if you rail so.

Land. Your Silver Sword I mean—transmogrified to this two-handed Basket Hilt—this old Sir *Guy of Warwick*—which will sell for nothing but old Iron. In fine, I'll have my money, Sir, or i'faith, *Alsatia* shall not shelter you.



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Enter Rag.

Gay. Well, Landlady—if we must part—let's drink at parting; here, Landlady, here's to the Fool—that shall love you better than I have done. [*Sighing, drinks.*]

Land. Rot your Wine—dy'e think to pacify me with Wine, Sir?

[*She refusing to drink, he holds open her Jaws, Rag throws a Glass of Wine into her Mouth.*]

—What, will you force me?—no—give me another Glass, I scorn to be so uncivil to be forced, my service to you, Sir—this shan't do, Sir.

[*She drinks, he, embracing her, sings.*]

Ah, Cloris, 'tis in vain you scold, Whilst your Eyes kindle such a Fire. Tour Railing cannot make me cold, So fast as they a Warmth inspire.

Land. Well, Sir, you have no reason to complain of my Eyes nor my Tongue neither, if rightly understood. [*Weeps.*]

Gay. I know you are the best of Landladies, As such I drink your Health— [*Drinks.* But to upbraid a Man in Tribulation—fie—'tis not done like a Woman of Honour, a Man that loves you too.

[*She drinks.*]

Land. I am a little hasty sometimes, but you know my good Nature.

Gay. I do, and therefore trust my little wants with you. I shall be rich again—and then, my dearest Landlady—

Land. Wou'd this Wine might ne'er go through me, if I wou'd not go, as they say, through Fire and Water—by Night or by Day for you.

[*She drinks.*]

Gay. And as this is Wine I do believe thee. [*He drinks.*]

Land. Well—you have no money in your Pocket now, I'll warrant you— here—here's ten Shillings for you old *Greg'ry* knows not of.

[*Opens a great greasy purse.*]

Gay. I cannot in Conscience take it, good Faith, I cannot—besides, the next Quarrel you'll hit me in the Teeth with it.



Land. Nay, pray no more of that; forget it, forget it. I own I was to blame—here, Sir, you shall take it.

Gay. Ay,—but what shou'd I do with Money in these damn'd Breeches? —No, put it up—I can't appear abroad thus—no, I'll stay at home, and lose my business.

Land. Why, is there no way to redeem one of your Suits?

Gay. None—none—I'll e'en lay me down and die.

Land. Die—marry, Heavens forbid—I would not for the World—let me see—hum—what does it lie for?

Gay. Alas! dear Landlady, a Sum—a Sum.

Land. Well, say no more, I'll lay about me.

Gay. By this kiss but you shall not—*Assafetida*, by this Light.

Land. Shall not? that's a good one, i'faith: shall you rule, or I?

Gay. But shou'd your Husband know it?—



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Land. Husband—marry come up, Husbands know Wives secrets? No, sure, the World's not so bad yet—where do your things lie? and for what?

Gay. Five Pounds equips me—*Rag* can conduct you—but I say you shall not go, I've sworn.

Land. Meddle with your matters—let me see, the Caudle Cup that *Molly's* Grandmother left her, will pawn for about that sum—I'll sneak it out—well, Sir, you shall have your things presently—trouble not your head, but expect me.

[*Ex. Landlady and Rag.*

Gay. Was ever man put to such beastly shifts? 'Sdeath, how she stunk— my senses are most luxuriously regal'd—there's my perpetual Musick too—

[*Knocking of Hammers on a Anvil.*

The ringing of Bells is an Ass to't.

Enter Rag.

Rag. Sir, there's one in a Coach below wou'd speak to you.

Gay. With me, and in a Coach! who can it be?

Rag. The Devil, I think, for he has a strange Countenance.

Gay. The Devil! shew your self a Rascal of Parts, Sirrah, and wait on him up with Ceremony.

Rag. Who, the Devil, Sir?

Gay. Ay, the Devil, Sir, if you mean to thrive.

[*Exit Rag.*

Who can this be—but see he comes to inform me—withdraw.

Enter Bredwel drest like a Devil.

Bred. I come to bring you this—

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Gayman reads.

*Receive what Love and Fortune present you with, be grateful
and be silent, or 'twill vanish like a dream, and leave you
more wretched than it found You.*

Adieu.

—Hah—

[Gives him a bag of Money.

Bred. Nay, view it, Sir, 'tis all substantial Gold.

Gay. Now dare not I ask one civil question for fear it vanish all—

[*Aside.*

But I may ask, how 'tis I ought to pay for this great Bounty.

Bred. Sir, all the Pay is Secrecy—

Gay. And is this all that is required, Sir?

Bred. No, you're invited to the Shades below.

Gay. Hum, Shades below!—I am not prepared for such a Journey, Sir.

Bred. If you have Courage, Youth or Love, you'll follow me:
When Night's black Curtain's drawn around the World,
And mortal Eyes are safely lockt in sleep, [*In feign'd Heroick Tone.*
And no bold Spy dares view when Gods caress,
Then I'll conduct thee to the Banks of Bliss.
—Durst thou not trust me?

Gay. Yes, sure, on such substantial security. [*Hugs the Bag.*



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Bred. Just when the Day is vanish'd into Night,
And only twinkling Stars inform the World,
Near to the Corner of the silent Wall,
In Fields of *Lincoln's-Inn*, thy Spirit shall meet thee.
—Farewell.

[*Goes out.*]

Gay. Hum—I am awake sure, and this is Gold I grasp.
I could not see this Devil's cloven Foot;
Nor am I such a Coxcomb to believe,
But he was as substantial as his Gold.
Spirits, Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Furies, Fiends and Devils,
I've often heard old Wives fright Fools and Children with,
Which, once arriv'd to common Sense, they laugh at.
—No, I am for things possible and Natural:
Some Female Devil, old and damn'd to Ugliness,
And past all Hopes of Courtship and Address,
Full of another Devil called Desire,
Has seen this Face—this Shape—this Youth,
And thinks it's worth her Hire. It must be so:
I must moil on in the damn'd dirty Road,
And sure such Pay will make the Journey easy:

*And for the Price of the dull drudging Night,
All Day I'll purchase new and fresh Delight.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Sir Feeble's House.*

Enter Leticia, pursu'd by Phillis.

Phil. Why, Madam, do you leave the Garden, For this retreat to Melancholy?

Let. Because it suits my Fortune and my Humour; And even thy Presence wou'd afflict me now.

Phil. Madam, I was sent after you; my Lady *Fulbank* has challeng'd Sir *Feeble* at Bowls, and stakes a Ring of fifty Pound against his new Chariot.

Let. Tell him I wish him Luck in every thing, But in his Love to me— Go tell him I am viewing of the Garden.

[*Ex. Phillis.*]



Enter Bellmour at a distance behind her.

—Blest be this kind Retreat, this 'lone Occasion,
That lends a short Cessation to my Torments,
And gives me leave to vent my Sighs and Tears. [*Weeps.*

Bel. And doubly blest be all the Powers of Love, That give me this dear Opportunity.

Let. Where were you, all ye pitying Gods of Love? That once seem'd pleas'd at
Bellmour's Flame and mine, And smiling join'd our Hearts, our sacred Vows, And spread
your Wings, and held your Torches high.

Bel. Oh—
[*She starts, and pauses.*

Let. Where were you now? When this unequal Marriage
Gave me from all my Joys, gave me from *Bellmour*;
Your Wings were flag'd, your Torches bent to Earth,
And all your little Bonnets veil'd your Eyes;
You saw not, or were deaf and pitiless.

Bel. Oh my *Leticia*!

Let. Hah, 'tis there again; that very voice was *Bellmour's*:
Where art thou, Oh thou lovely charming Shade?
For sure thou canst not take a Shape to fright me.
—What art thou?—speak!
[*Not looking behind her yet for fear.*



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Bel. Thy constant true Adorer,
Who all this fatal Day has haunted thee
To ease his tortur'd Soul. [*Approaching nearer.*

Let. My Heart is well acquainted with that Voice,
But Oh, my Eyes dare not encounter thee.
[*Speaking with signs of fear.*

Bel. Is it because thou'st broken all thy Vows? —Take to thee Courage, and behold thy Slaughters.

Let. Yes, though the Sight wou'd blast me, I wou'd view it. [*Turns.* —'Tis he—'tis very *Bellmour!* or so like— I cannot doubt but thou deserv'st this Welcome. [*Embraces him.*

Bel. Oh my *Leticia!*

Let. I'm sure I grasp not Air; thou art no Fantom:
Thy Arms return not empty to my Bosom,
But meet a solid Treasure.

Bel. A Treasure thou so easily threw'st away; A Riddle simple Love ne'er understood.

Let. Alas, I heard, my *Bellmour*, thou wert dead.

Bel. And was it thus you mourn'd my Funeral?

Let. I will not justify my hated Crime:
But Oh! remember I was poor and helpless,
And much reduc'd, and much impos'd upon.

[*Bellmour weeps.*

Bel. And Want compell'd thee to this wretched Marriage—did it?

Let. 'Tis not a Marriage, since my *Bellmour* lives;
The Consummation were Adultery.
I was thy Wife before, wo't thou deny me?

Bel. No, by those Powers that heard our mutual Vows, Those Vows that tie us faster than dull Priests.

Let. But oh my *Bellmour*, thy sad Circumstances
Permit thee not to make a publick Claim:
Thou art proscribed, and diest if thou art seen.



Bel. Alas!

Let. Yet I wou'd wander with thee o'er the World, And share thy humblest Fortune with thy Love.

Bel. Is't possible, *Leticia*, thou wou'dst fly To foreign Shores with me?

Let. Can *Bellmour* doubt the Soul he knows so well?

Bel. Perhaps in time the King may find my Innocence, and may extend his Mercy:

Mean time I'll make provision for our Flight.

Let. But how 'twixt this and that can I defend My self from the loath'd Arms of an impatient Dotard, That I may come a spotless Maid to thee?

Bel. Thy native Modesty and my Industry
Shall well enough secure us.
Feign your nice Virgin-Cautions all the day;
Then trust at night to my Conduct to preserve thee.
—And wilt thou yet be mine? Oh, swear a-new,
Give me again thy Faith, thy Vows, thy Soul;
For mine's so sick with this Day's fatal Business,
It needs a Cordial of that mighty strength;
Swear—swear, so as if thou break'st—
Thou mayst be—any thing—but damn'd, *Leticia*.

Let. Thus then, and hear me, Heaven! [*Kneels*.

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Bel. And thus—I'll listen to thee. [*Kneels.*

Enter Sir Feeble, L. Fulbank, Sir Cautious.

Sir Feeb. *Lette, Lette, Lette*, where are you, little Rogue, *Lette*?
—Hah—hum—what's here—

Bel. snatches her to his Bosom, as if she fainted.

Bel. Oh Heavens, she's gone, she's gone!

Sir Feeb. Gone—whither is she gone?—it seems she had the Wit to take good Company with her—

[*The Women go to her, take her up.*

Bel. She's gone to Heaven, Sir, for ought I know.

Sir Cau. She was resolv'd to go in a young Fellow's Arms, I see.

Sir Feeb. Go to, *Francis*—go to.

L. Ful. Stand back, Sir, she recovers.

Bel. Alas, I found her dead upon the Floor, —Shou'd I have left her so—if I had known your mind—

Sir Feeb. Was it so—was it so?—Got so, by no means, *Francis*.—

Let. Pardon him, Sir, for surely I had died, Bur for his timely coming.

Sir Feeb. Alas, poor Pupsey—was it sick—look here—here's a fine thing to make it well again. Come, buss, and it shall have it—oh, how I long for Night. *Ralph*, are the Fidlers ready?

Ral. They are tuning in the Hall, Sir.

Sir Feeb. That's well, they know my mind. I hate that same twang, twang, twang, fum, fum, fum, tweedle, tweedle, tweedle, then scrue go the Pins, till a man's Teeth are on an edge; then snap, says a small Gut, and there we are at a loss again. I long to be in bed with a—hey tredodle, tredodle, tredodle,—with a hay tredool, tredodle, tredoo—

[*Dancing and playing on his Stick like a Flute.*

Sir Cau. A prudent Man would reserve himself—Good-facks, I danc'd so on my Wedding-day, that when I came to Bed, to my Shame be it spoken, I fell fast asleep, and slept till morning.

L. *Ful.* Where was your Wisdom then, Sir *Cautious*? But I know what a wise Woman ought to have done.

Sir *Feeb.* Odsbobs, that's Wormwood, that's Wormwood—I shall have my young Hussey set a-gog too; she'll hear there are better things in the World than she has at home, and then odsbobs, and then they'll ha't, adod, they will, Sir *Cautious*. Ever while you live, keep a Wife ignorant, unless a Man be as brisk as his Neighbours.

Sir *Cau.* A wise Man will keep 'em from budy Christnings then, and Gossipings.

Sir *Feeb.* Christnings and Gossipings! why, they are the very Schools that debauch our Wives, as Dancing-Schools do our Daughters.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, when the overjoy'd good Man invites 'em all against that time Twelve-month: Oh, he's a dear Man, cries one—I must marry, cries another, here's a Man indeed—my Husband—God help him—



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Sir Feeb. Then he falls to telling of her Grievance, till (half maudlin) she weeps again: Just my Condition, cries a third: so the Frolick goes round, and we poor Cuckolds are anatomiz'd, and turn'd the right side outwards; adsbobs, we are, *Sir Cautious*.

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, this Grievance ought to be redrest, *Sir Feeble*; the grave and sober part o'th' Nation are hereby ridicul'd,—Ay, and cuckolded too for ought I know.

L. Ful. Wise Men knowing this, should not expose their Infirmities, by marrying us young Wenches; who, without Instruction, find how we are impos'd upon.

*Enter Fiddles playing, Mr. Bearjest and Diana dancing;
Bredwel, Noisey, &c.*

L. Ful. So, Cousin, I see you have found the way to Mrs. *Dy's* Heart.

Bea. Who, I, my dear Lady Aunt? I never knew but one way to a Woman's Heart, and that road I have not yet travelled; for my Uncle, who is a wise Man, says Matrimony is a sort of a—kind of a—as it were, d'ye see, of a Voyage, which every Man of Fortune is bound to make one time or other: and Madam—I am, as it were—a bold Adventurer.

Dia. And are you sure, Sir, you will venture on me?

Bea. Sure!—I thank you for that—as if I could not believe my Uncle; For in this case a young Heir has no more to do, but to come and see, settle, marry, and use you scurvily.

Dia. How, Sir, scurvily?

Bea. Very scurvily, that is to say, be always fashionably drunk, despise the Tyranny of your Bed, and reign absolutely—keep a Seraglio of Women, and let my Bastard Issue inherit; be seen once a Quarter, or so, with you in the Park for Countenance, where we loll two several ways in the gilt Coach like *Janus*, or a Spread-Eagle.

Dia. And do you expect I shou'd be honest the while?

Bea. Heaven forbid, not I, I have not met with that Wonder in all my Travels.

L. Ful. How, Sir, not an honest Woman?

Bea. Except my Lady Aunt—Nay, as I am a Gentleman and the first of my Family—you shall pardon me, here—cuff me, cuff me soundly.

[*Kneels to her.*]

Enter Gayman richly drest.



Gay. This Love's a damn'd bewitching thing—Now though I should lose my Assignment with my Devil, I cannot hold from seeing *Julia* to night: hah—there, and with a Fop at her Feet.—Oh Vanity of Woman!

[Softly pulls her.]

L. *Ful.* Oh, Sir, you're welcome from *Northamptonshire*.

Gay. Hum—surely she knows the Cheat. *[Aside.]*

L. *Ful.* You are so gay, you save me, Sir, the labour of asking if your Uncle be alive.



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Gay. Pray Heaven she have not found my Circumstances! But if she have, Confidence must assist me— [*Aside.* —And, Madam, you're too gay for me to inquire Whether you are that *Julia* which I left you?

L. *Ful.* Oh, doubtless, Sir—

Gay. But why the Devil do I ask—Yes, you are still the same; one of those hoiting Ladies, that love nothing like Fool and Fiddle; Crouds of Fops; had rather be publickly, though dully, flatter'd, than privately ador'd: you love to pass for the Wit of the Company, by talking all and loud.

L. *Ful.* Rail on, till you have made me think my Virtue at so low Ebb, it should submit to you.

Gay. What—I'm not discreet enough;
I'll babble all in my next high Debauch,
Boast of your Favours, and describe your Charms
To every wishing Fool.

L. *Ful.* Or make most filthy Verses of me—
Under the name of *Cloris*—you *Philander*,
Who in leud Rhimes confess the dear Appointment;
What Hour, and where, how silent was the Night,
How full of Love your Eyes, and wishing mine.
Faith, no; if you can afford me a Lease of your Love,
Till the old Gentleman my Husband depart this wicked World,
I'm for the Bargain.

Sir *Cau.* Hum—what's here, a young Spark at my Wife?
[*Goes about 'em.*

Gay. Unreasonable *Julia*, is that all,
My Love, my Sufferings, and my Vows must hope?
Set me an Age—say when you will be kind,
And I will languish out in starving Wish:
But thus to gape for Legacies of Love,
Till Youth be past Enjoyment,
The Devil I will as soon—farewel.
[*Offers to go.*

L. *Ful.* Stay, I conjure you stay.

Gay. And lose my Assination with my Devil. [*Aside.*



Sir *Cau*. 'Tis so, ay, ay, 'tis so—and wise Men will perceive it; 'tis here—here in my forehead, it more than buds; it sprouts, it flourishes.

Sir *Feeb*. So, that young Gentleman has nettled him, stung him to the quick: I hope he'll chain her up—the Gad-Bee's in his Quonundrum—in Charity I'll relieve him—Come, my Lady *Fulbank*, the Night grows old upon our hands; to dancing, to jiggiting—Come, shall I lead your Ladyship?

L. *Ful*. No, Sir, you see I am better provided—
[*Takes Gayman's hand.*]

Sir *Cau*. Ay, no doubt on't, a Pox on him for a young handsome Dog.

[*They dance all.*]

Sir *Feeb*. Very well, very well, now the Posset; and then—ods bobs, and then—

Dia. And then we'll have t'other Dance.

Sir *Feeb*. Away, Girls, away, and steal the Bride to Bed; they have a deal to do upon their Wedding-nights; and what with the tedious Ceremonies of dressing and undressing, the smutty Lectures of the Women, by way of Instruction, and the little Stratagems of the young Wenches —odds bobs, a Man's cozen'd of half his Night: Come, Gentlemen, one Bottle, and then—we'll toss the Stocking.



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[Exeunt all but L. Ful. Bred, who are talking, and Gayman.]

L. Ful. But dost thou think he'll come?

Bred. I do believe so, Madam—

L. Ful. Be sure you contrive it so, he may not know whither, or to whom he comes.

Bred. I warrant you, Madam, for our Parts.

[Exit Bredwel, stealing out Gayman.]

L. Ful. How now, what, departing?

Gay. You are going to the Bride-Chamber.

L. Ful. No matter, you shall stay—

Gay. I hate to have you in a Croud.

L. Ful. Can you deny me—will you not give me one lone hour i'th' Garden?

Gay. Where we shall only tantalize each other with dull kissing, and part with the same Appetite we met—No, Madam; besides, I have business—

L. Ful. Some Assignation—is it so indeed?

Gay. Away, you cannot think me such a Traitor; 'tis more important business—

L. Ful. Oh, 'tis too late for business—let to morrow serve.

Gay. By no means—the Gentleman is to go out of Town.

L. Ful. Rise the earlier then—

Gay.—But, Madam, the Gentleman lies dangerously—sick—and should he die—

L. Ful. 'Tis not a dying Uncle, I hope, Sir?

Gay. Hum—

L. Ful. The Gentleman a dying, and to go out of Town to morrow?

Gay. Ay—a—he goes—in a Litter—'tis his Fancy, Madam—Change of Air may recover him.



L. *Ful.* So may your change of Mistress do me, Sir—farewel.

[Goes out.

Gay. Stay, *Julia*—Devil, be damn'd—for you shall tempt no more,
I'll love and be undone—but she is gone—
And if I stay, the most that I shall gain
Is but a reconciling Look, or Kiss.
No, my kind Goblin—

*I'll keep my Word with thee, as the least Evil;
A tantalizing Woman's worse than Devil.*

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Sir Feeble's House.*

The Second Song before the Entry.

A SONG made by Mr. *Cheek.*

*No more, Lucinda, ah! expose no more
To the admiring World those conquering Charms:
In vain all day unhappy Men adore,
What the kind Night gives to my longing Arms.
Their vain Attempts can ne'er successful prove,
Whilst I so well maintain the Fort of Love.*

Yet to the World with so bewitching Arts,
Your dazzling Beauty you around display,
And triumph in the Spoils of broken Hearts,
That sink beneath your feet, and croud your Way.
Ah! suffer now your Cruelty to cease,
And to a fruitless War prefer a Peace_.



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Enter Ralph with Light, Sir Feeble, and Bellmour

Sir Feeb. So, so, they're gone—Come, *Francis*, you shall have the Honour of undressing me for the Encounter; but 'twill be a sweet one, *Francis*.

Bel. Hell take him, how he teazes me! [*Undressing all the while.*

Sir Feeb. But is the young Rogue laid, *Francis*—is she stoln to Bed? What Tricks the young Baggages have to whet a man's Appetite?

Bel. Ay, Sir—Pox on him—he will raise my Anger up to Madness, and I shall kill him to prevent his going to Bed to her. [*Aside.*

Sir Feeb. A pise of those Bandstrings—the more haste the less speed.

Bel. Be it so in all things, I beseech thee, *Venus*.

Sir Feeb. Thy aid a little, *Francis*—oh, oh—thou choakest me, 'sbobs, what dost mean? [*Pinches him by the Throat.*

Bel. You had so hamper'd 'em, Sir—the Devil's very mischievous in me. [*Aside.*

Sir Feeb. Come, come, quick, good *Francis*, adod, I'm as yare as a Hawk at the young Wanton—nimble, good *Francis*, untruss, untruss.

Bel. Cramps seize ye—what shall I do? the near Approach distracts me. [*Aside.*

Sir Feeb. So, so, my Breeches, good *Francis*. But well, *Francis*, how dost think I got the young Jade my Wife?

Bel. With five hundred pounds a year Jointure, Sir.

Sir Feeb. No, that wou'd not do, the Baggage was damnably in love with a young Fellow they call *Bellmour*, a handsome young Rascal he was, they say, that's truth on't; and a pretty Estate: but happening to kill a Man he was forced to fly.

Bel. That was great pity, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Pity! hang him, Rogue, 'sbobs, and all the young Fellows in the Town deserve it; we can never keep our Wives and Daughters honest for rampant young Dogs; and an old Fellow cannot put in amongst 'em, under being undone, with Presenting, and the Devil and all. But what dost think I did? being damnably in love—I feign'd a Letter as from the *Hague*, wherein was a Relation of this same *Bellmour's* being hang'd.

Bel. Is't possible, Sir, you cou'd devise such News?



Sir *Feeb*. Possible, Man! I did it, I did it; she swooned at the News, shut her self up a whole Month in her Chamber; but I presented high: she sigh'd and wept, and swore she'd never marry: still I presented; she hated, loathed, spit upon me; still, adod, I presented, till I presented my self effectually in Church to her; for she at last wisely considered her Vows were cancell'd, since *Bellmour* was hang'd.

Bel. Faith, Sir, this was very cruel, to take away his Fame, and then his Mistress.

Sir *Feeb*. Cruel! thou'rt an Ass, we are but even with the brisk Rogues, for they take away our Fame, cuckold us, and take away our Wives: so, so, my Cap, *Francis*.



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Bel. And do you think this Marriage lawful, Sir?

Sir Feeb. Lawful! it shall be when I've had Livery and Seisin of her Body—and that shall be presently Rogue,—quick—besides, this *Bellmour* dares as well be hang'd as come into *England*.

Bel. If he gets his Pardon, Sir—

Sir Feeb. Pardon! no, no, I have took care for that, for I have, you must know, got his Pardon already.

Bel. How, Sir! got his Pardon, that's some amends for robbing him of his Wife.

Sir Feeb. Hold, honest *Francis*: What, dost think 'twas in kindness to him! No, you Fool, I got his Pardon my self, that no body else should have it, so that if he gets any body to speak to his Majesty for it, his Majesty cries he has granted it; but for want of my appearance, he's defunct, trust up, hang'd, *Francis*.

Bel. This is the most excellent revenge I ever heard of.

Sir Feeb. Ay, I learnt it of a great Politician of our Times.

Bel. But have you got his Pardon?—

Sir Feeb. I've done't, I've done't; Pox on him, it cost me five hundred pounds though: Here 'tis, my Solicitor brought it me this Evening. [*Gives it him.*]

Bel. This was a lucky hit—and if it scape me, let me be hang'd by a Trick indeed. [*Aside.*]

Sir Feeb. So, put it into my Cabinet,—safe, *Francis*, safe.

Bel. Safe, I'll warrant you, Sir.

Sir Feeb. My Gown, quick, quick,—t'other Sleeve, Man—so now my Night-cap; well, I'll in, throw open my Gown to fright away the Women, and jump into her Arms.

[*Exit Sir Feeble.*]

Bel. He's gone, quickly, oh Love inspire me!

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my Master, Sir *Cautious Fulbank*, left his Watch on the little Parlor-Table to night, and bid me call for't.



Bel. Hah—the Bridegroom has it, Sir, who is just gone to Bed, it shall be sent him in the Morning.

Foot. 'Tis very well, Sir—your Servant—
[*Exit* Footman.]

Bel. Let me see—here is the Watch, I took it up to keep for him—but his sending has inspir'd me with a sudden Stratagem, that will do better than Force, to secure the poor trembling *Leticia*—who, I am sure, is dying with her Fears.

[*Exit* Bellmour.]

SCENE II. *Changes to the Bed-chamber; Leticia_ in an undressing by the Women at the Table_.*

Enter to them Sir Feeble Fainwou'd.

Sir Feeb. What's here? what's here? the prating Women still. Ods bobs, what, not in Bed yet? for shame of Love, *Leticia*.

Let. For shame of Modesty, Sir; you wou'd not have me go to Bed before all this Company.



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Sir *Feeb*. What, the Women! why, they must see you laid, 'tis the fashion.

Let. What, with a Man? I wou'd not for the World. Oh, *Bellmour*, where art thou with all thy promised aid? [*Aside*.

Dia. Nay, Madam, we shou'd see you laid indeed.

Let. First in my Grave, *Diana*.

Sir *Feeb*. Ods bobs, here's a Compact amongst the Women—High Treason against the Bridegroom—therefore, Ladies, withdraw, or, adod, I'll lock you all in.

[*Throws open his Gown, they run all away, he locks the Door*.

So, so, now we're alone, *Leticia*—off with this foolish Modesty, and Night Gown, and slide into my Arms.

[*She runs from him*.

H'e', my little Puskin—what, fly me, my coy *Daphne*,

[*He pursues her. Knocking*.

Hah—who's that knocks—who's there?—

Bel. [*Within*.] 'Tis I, Sir, 'tis I, open the door presently.

Sir *Feeb*. Why, what's the matter, is the House o-fire?

Bel. [*Within*.] Worse, Sir, worse—

[*He opens the door, Bellmour_ enters with the Watch in his hand_*.

Let. 'Tis *Bellmour*'s Voice!

Bel. Oh, Sir, do you know this Watch?

Sir *Feeb*. This Watch!

Bel. Ay, Sir, this Watch?

Sir *Feeb*. This Watch!—why, prithee, why dost tell me of a Watch? 'tis Sir *Cautious Fulbank*'s Watch; what then, what a Pox dost trouble me with Watches? [*Offers to put him out, he returns*.

Bel. 'Tis indeed his Watch, Sir, and by this Token he has sent for you, to come immediately to his House, Sir.



Sir *Feeb*. What a Devil, art mad, *Francis*? or is his Worship mad, or does he think me mad?—go, prithee tell him I'll come to him to morrow.
[*Goes to put him out.*]

Bel. To morrow, Sir! why all our Throats may be cut before to morrow.

Sir *Feeb*. What sayst thou, Throat cut?

Bel. Why, the City's up in Arms, Sir, and all the Aldermen are met at *Guild-Hall*; some damnable Plot, Sir.

Sir *Feeb*. Hah—Plot—the Aldermen met at *Guild-Hall*!—hum—why, let 'em meet, I'll not lose this Night to save the Nation.

Let. Wou'd you to bed, Sir, when the weighty Affairs of State require your Presence?

Sir *Feeb*.—Hum—met at *Guild-Hall*;—my Clothes, my Gown again, *Francis*, I'll out—out! what, upon my Wedding-night? No—I'll in.
[*Putting on his Gown pausing, pulls it off again.*]

Let. For shame, Sir, shall the Reverend Council of the City debate without you?



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Sir Feeb. Ay, that's true, that's true; come truss again, *Francis*, truss again—yet now I think on't, *Francis*, prithee run thee to the Hall, and tell 'em 'tis my Wedding-night, d'ye see, *Francis*; and let some body give my Voice for—

Bel. What, Sir?

Sir Feeb. Adod, I cannot tell; up in Arms, say you! why, let 'em fight Dog, fight Bear; mun, I'll to Bed—go—

Let. And shall his Majesty's Service and his Safety lie unregarded for a slight Woman, Sir?

Sir Feeb. Hum, his Majesty!—come, haste, *Francis*, I'll away, and call *Ralph*, and the Footmen, and bid 'em arm; each Man shoulder his Musket, and advance his Pike—and bring my Artillery Implements quick—and let's away: Pupsey—b'u'y, Pupsey, I'll bring it a fine thing yet before Morning, it may be—let's away: I shall grow fond, and forget the business of the Nation—Come, follow me, *Francis*.—

[*Exit Sir Feeble*, *Bellmour runs to Leticia*.]

Bel. Now, my *Leticia*, if thou e'er didst Love, If ever thou design'st to make me blest—Without delay fly this adulterous Bed.

Sir Feeb. Why, *Francis*, where are you, Knave?

[*Sir Feeb.* within.]

Bel. I must be gone, lest he suspect us—I'll lose him, and return to thee immediately—get thy self ready.—

Let. I will not fail, my Love.

[*Exit Bellmour*.]

Old Man forgive me—thou the Aggressor art, Who rudely forc'd the Hand without the Heart. She cannot from the Paths of Honour rove, Whose Guide's Religion, and whose End is Love.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE III. *Changes to a Wash-house, or Out-House.*

Enter with a Dark-lanthorn Bredwel disguis'd like a Devil, leading Gayman.



Bred. Stay here till I give notice of your coming.

[Exit Bredwel, leaves his Dark-Lanthorn.]

Gay. Kind Light, a little of your aid—now must I be peeping, though my Curiosity should lose me all—hah—Zouns, what here—a Hovel or a Hog-sty? hum, see the Wickedness of Man, that I should find no time to swear in, but just when I'm in the Devil's Clutches.

Enter Pert, as an old Woman, with a Staff.

Old W. Good Even to you, fair Sir.

Gay. Ha—defend me; if this be she, I must rival the Devil, that's certain.

Old W. Come, young Gentleman, dare not you venture?

Gay. He must be as hot as *Vesuvius* that does—I shall never earn my Morning's Present.

Old W. What, do you fear a longing Woman, Sir?

Gay. The Devil I do—this is a damn'd Preparation to Love.

Old W. Why stand you gazing, Sir? A Woman's Passion is like the Tide, it stays for no man when the hour is come—

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Gay. I'm sorry I have took it at its Turning; I'm sure mine's ebbing out as fast.

Old W. Will you not speak, Sir—will you not on?

Gay. I wou'd fain ask—a civil Question or two first.

Old W. You know too much Curiosity lost Paradise.

Gay. Why, there's it now.

Old W. Fortune and Love invite you, if you dare follow me.

Gay. This is the first thing in Petticoats that ever dar'd me in vain. Were I but sure she were but human now—for sundry Considerations she might down—but I will on—

[She goes, he follows; both go out.]

SCENE IV. *A Chamber in the Apartments of L. Fulbank.*

Enter Old Woman followed by Gayman in the dark.

[Soft Musick plays, she leaves him.]

Gay.—Hah, Musick—and Excellent!

SONG.

Oh! Love, that stronger art than Wine, Pleasing Delusion, Witchery divine, Want to be prized above all Wealth, Disease that has more Joys than Health; Though we blaspheme thee in our Pain, And of thy Tyranny complain, We all are bettered by thy Reign.

What Reason never can bestow,
We to this useful Passion owe.
Love wakes the dull from sluggish Ease,
And learns a Clown the Art to please:
Humbles the Vain, kindles the Cold,
Makes Misers free, and Cowards bold.
'Tis he reforms the Sot from Drink,
And teaches airy Fops to think.

When full brute Appetite is fed,
And choak'd the Glutton lies, and dead;
Thou new Spirits dost dispense,
And fine'st the gross Delights of Sense.



Virtue's unconquerable Aid,
That against Nature can persuade;
And makes a roving Mind retire
Within the Bounds of just Desire.
Chearer of Age, Youth's kind Unrest,
And half the Heaven of the blest_.

Gay. Ah, *Julia, Julia!* if this soft Preparation Were but to bring me to thy dear Embraces;
What different Motions wou'd surround my Soul, From what perplex it now.

Enter Nymphs and Shepherds, and dance.

[Then two dance alone. All go out but Pert and a Shepherd.

—If these be Devils, they are obliging ones:
I did not care if I ventur'd on that last Female Fiend.

Man sings.

*Cease your Wonder, cease your Guess, Whence arrives your happiness. Cease your
Wonder, cease your Pain, Human Fancy is in vain.*

Chorus.

*'Tis enough, you once shall find,
Fortune may to Worth be kind; [gives him Gold.
And Love can leave off being blind.*

Pert sings.

*You, before you enter here
On this sacred Ring must swear,
[Puts it on his Finger, holds his Hand.
By the Figure which is round,
Your Passion constant and profound;
By the Adamantine Stone,
To be fixt to one alone:*

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By the Lustre, which is true,
Ne'er to break your sacred Vow.
Lastly, by the Gold that's try'd,
For Love all Dangers to abide_.

They all dance about him, while those same two sing.

Man. *Once about him let us move,
To confirm him true to Love.* [bis.

Pert. *Twice with mystick turning Feet,
Make him silent and discreet.* [bis.

Man. *Thrice about him let us tread,
To keep him ever young in Bed.* [bis.

Gives him another part.

Man. *Forget Aminta's proud Disdain;
Haste here, and sigh no more in vain,
The Joy of Love without the Pain.*

Pert. *That God repents his former Sights,
And Fortune thus your Faith requites.*

Both. *Forget Aminta's proud Disdain;
Then taste, and sigh no more in vain,
The Joy of Love without the Pain,
The Joy of Love without the Pain.*

[*Exeunt* all Dancers. Looks on himself, and feels about him.

Gay. What the Devil can all this mean? If there be a Woman in the Case—sure I have not liv'd so bad a Life, to gain the dull Reputation of so modest a Coxcomb, but that a Female might down with me, without all this Ceremony. Is it care of her Honour?—that cannot be—this Age affords none so nice: Nor Fiend nor Goddess can she be, for these I saw were Mortal. No—'tis a Woman—I am positive. Not young nor handsome, for then Vanity had made her glory to have been seen. No—since 'tis resolved, a Woman—she must be old and ugly, and will not balk my Fancy with her sight, but baits me more with this essential Beauty.

*Well—be she young or old, Woman or Devil,
She pays, and I'll endeavour to be civil.*

[*Exit.*



SCENE V. *In the same House. The flat Scene of the Hall.*

After a Knocking, enter Bredwel in his masking Habit, with his Vizard in the one Hand, and a Light in t'other, in haste.

Bred. Hah, knocking so late at our Gate—
[*Opens the door.*]

Enter Sir Feeble drest, and arm'd Cap-a-pee, with a broad Waste-Belt stuck round with Pistols, a Helmet, Scarf, Buff-coat and half Pike.

Sir Feeb. How now, how now, what's the matter here?

Bred. Matter, what, is my Lady's innocent Intrigue found out?— Heavens, Sir, what makes you here in this warlike Equipage?

Sir Feeb. What makes you in this showing Equipage, Sir?

Bred. I have been dancing among some of my Friends.

Sir Feeb. And I thought to have been fighting with some of my Friends. Where's Sir *Cautious*, where's Sir *Cautious*?

Bred. Sir *Cautious*—Sir, in Bed.

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Sir Feeb. Call him, call him—quickly, good *Edward*.

Bred. Sure my Lady's Frolick is betray'd, and he comes to make Mischief. However, I'll go and secure Mr. *Gayman*.
[*Exit Bredwel.*]

Enter Sir Cautious and Dick his Boy with Light.

Dick. Pray, Sir, go to Bed, here's no Thieves; all's still and well.

Sir Cau. This last Night's misfortune of mine, *Dick*, has kept me waking, and methought all night, I heard a kind of a silent Noise. I am still afraid of Thieves; mercy upon me, to lose five hundred Guineas at one clap, *Dick*.—Hah—bless me! what's yonder? Blow the great Horn, *Dick*—Thieves—Murder, Murder!

Sir Feeb. Why, what a Pox, are you mad? 'Tis I, 'tis I, man.

Sir Cau. I, who am I? Speak—declare—pronounce.

Sir Feeb. Your Friend, old *Feeble Fainwou'd*.

Sir Cau. How, *Sir Feeble*! At this late hour, and on his Wedding-Night —why, what's the matter, Sir—is it Peace or War with you?

Sir Feeb. A Mistake, a Mistake, proceed to the business, good Brother, for time you know is precious.

Sir Cau. Some strange Catastrophe has happened between him and his Wife to Night, and makes him disturb me thus— [*Aside.* —Come, sit, good Brother, and to the business as you say—

[*They sit one at one end of the Table, the other at the other;*
Dick_ sets down the Light and goes out—both sit gaping and staring, and expecting when either should speak_.

Sir Feeb. As soon as you please, Sir.
Lord, how wildly he stares! He's much disturb'd in's mind
—Well, Sir, let us be brief—

Sir Cau. As brief as you please, Sir—Well, Brother—
[*Pausing still.*]

Sir Feeb. So, Sir.

Sir Cau. How strangely he stares and gapes—some deep concern.



Sir *Feeb*. Hum—hum—

Sir *Cau*. I listen to you, advance—

Sir *Feeb*. Sir?

Sir *Cau*. A very distracted Countenance—pray Heaven he be not mad, and a young Wife is able to make an old Fellow mad, that's the Truth on't. [*Aside*.

Sir *Feeb*. Sure 'tis something of his Lady—he's so loth to bring it out
—I am sorry you are thus disturb'd, Sir.

Sir *Cau*. No disturbance to serve a Friend—

Sir *Feeb*. I think I am your Friend indeed, Sir *Cautious*, or I wou'd not have been here
upon my Wedding-Night.

Sir *Cau*. His Wedding-Night—there lies his Grief, poor Heart! Perhaps she has
cuckolded him already— [*Aside*. —Well, come, Brother—many such things are done—

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Sir *Feeb*. Done—hum—come, out with it; Brother—what troubles you to Night?

Sir *Cau*. Troubles me—why, knows he I am robb'd? [*Aside*.

Sir *Feeb*. I may perhaps restore you to the Rest you've lost.

Sir *Cau*. The Rest; why, have I lost more since? Why, know you then who did it?—Oh, how I'd be reveng'd upon the Rascal!

Sir *Feeb*. 'Tis—Jealousy, the old Worm that bites— [*Aside*.
Who is it you suspect?

Sir *Cau*. Alas, I know not whom to suspect, I wou'd I did; but if you cou'd discover him—I wou'd so swinge him—

Sir *Feeb*. I know him—what, do you take me for a Pimp, Sir? I know him—there's your Watch again, Sir; I'm your Friend, but no Pimp, Sir—

[*Rises in Rage*.

Sir *Cau*. My Watch; I thank you, Sir—but why Pimp, Sir?

Sir *Feeb*. Oh, a very thriving Calling, Sir,—and I have a young Wife to practise with. I know your Rogues.

Sir *Cau*. A young Wife!—'tis so, his Gentlewoman has been at Hot-Cockles without her Husband, and he's Horn-mad upon't. I suspected her being so close in with his Nephew—in a Fit with a Pox—[*Aside*.] Come, come, Sir *Feeble*, 'tis many an honest Man's Fortune.

Sir *Feeb*. I grant it, Sir—but to the business, Sir, I came for.

Sir *Cau*. With all my Soul—

[*They sit gaping, and expecting when either should speak.*
Enter Bredwel and Gayman at the door. Bredwel sees them,
and puts Gayman_ back again_.

Bred. Hah—Sir *Feeble*, and Sir *Cautious* there—what shall I do? For this way we must pass, and to carry him back wou'd discover my Lady to him, betray all, and spoil the Jest—retire, Sir, your Life depends upon your being unseen. [*Go out*.

Sir *Feeb*. Well, Sir, do you not know that I am married, Sir? and this my Wedding Night?



Sir *Cau*. Very good, Sir.

Sir *Feeb*. And that I long to be in bed?

Sir *Cau*. Very well, Sir.

Sir *Feeb*. Very good, Sir, and very well, Sir—why then what the Devil do I make here, Sir? [*Rises in a rage*].

Sir *Cau*. Patience, Brother—and forward.

Sir *Feeb*. Forward! lend me your hand, good Brother; let's feel your Pulse; how has this Night gone with you?

Sir *Cau*. Ha, ha, ha—this is the oddest Quonudrum—sure he's mad—and yet now I think on't, I have not slept to night, nor shall I ever sleep again, till I have found the Villain that robb'd me. [*Weeps*].

Sir *Feeb*. So, now he weeps—far gone—this Laughing and Weeping is a very bad sign! [*Aside*.] Come, let me lead you to your Bed.

Sir *Cau*. Mad, stark mad—no, now I'm up 'tis no matter—pray ease your troubled Mind—I am your Friend—out with it—what, was it acted? or but designed?



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Sir *Feeb.* How, Sir?

Sir *Cau.* Be not asham'd, I'm under the same Premunire I doubt, little better than a—
but let that pass.

Sir *Feeb.* Have you any Proof?

Sir *Cau.* Proof of what, good Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* Of what! why, that you're a Cuckold; Sir, a Cuckold, if you'll ha't.

Sir *Cau.* Cuckold! Sir, do ye know what ye say?

Sir *Feeb.* What I say?

Sir *Cau.* Ay, what you say, can you make this out?

Sir *Feeb.* I make it out!

Sir *Cau.* Ay, Sir—if you say it, and cannot make it out, you're a—

Sir *Feeb.* What am I, Sir? What am I?

Sir *Cau.* A Cuckold as well as my self, Sir; and I'll sue you for *Scandalum Magnatum*; I shall recover swinging Damages with a City-Jury.

Sir *Feeb.* I know of no such thing, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* No, Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* No, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* Then what wou'd you be at, Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* I be at, Sir! what wou'd you be at, Sir?

Sir *Cau.* Ha, ha, ha—why this is the strangest thing—to see an old Fellow, a Magistrate of the City, the first Night he's married, forsake his Bride and Bed, and come arm'd Cap-a-pee, like *Gargantua*, to disturb another old Fellow, and banter him with a Tale of a Tub; and all to be-cuckold him here—in plain *English*, what's your Business?

Sir *Feeb.* Why, what the Devil's your Business, and you go to that?

Sir *Cau.* My Business, with whom?

Sir *Feeb.* With me, Sir, with me; what a Pox do you think I do here?

Sir *Cau*. 'Tis that I wou'd be glad to know, Sir.

Enter Dick.

Sir *Feeb*. Here, *Dick*, remember I've brought back your Master's Watch; next time he sends for me o'er Night, I'll come to him in the Morning.

Sir *Cau*. Ha, ha, ha, I send for you! Go home and sleep, Sir—Ad, and ye keep your Wife waking to so little purpose, you'll go near to be haunted with a Vision of Horns.

[Exit Dick.

Sir *Feeb*. Roguery, Knavery, to keep me from my Wife—Look ye, this was the Message I receiv'd.

[Tells him seemingly.

Enter Bredwel to the Door in a white Sheet like a Ghost, speaking to Gayman who stands within.

Bred. Now, Sir, we are two to two, for this way you must pass or be taken in the Lady's Lodgings—I'll first adventure out to make you pass the safer, and that he may not, if possible, see Sir *Cautious*, whom I shall fright into a Trance, I am sure. And Sir *Feeble*, the Devil's in't if he know him. *[Aside.*

Gay. A brave kind Fellow this.

Enter Bredwel stalking on as a Ghost by them.



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Sir *Cau*. Oh—undone,—undone; help, help;—I'm dead, I'm dead.
[*Falls down on his Face; Sir Feeble stares,—and stands still.*

Bred. As I could wish. [*Aside, turns.* Come on, thou ghastly thing, and follow me.

Enter Gayman like a Ghost, with a Torch.

Sir *Cau*. Oh Lord, oh Lord!

Gay. Hah!—old Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*—why, where the Devil am I? —'Tis he:—and be it where it will, I'll fright the old Dotard for cozening my Friend of his Mistress. [*Stalks on.*

Sir *Feeb*. Oh, guard me,—guard me—all ye Pow'rs! [*Trembling.*

Gay. Thou call'st in vain, fond Wretch—for I am *Bellmour*,

*Whom first thou robb'st of Fame and Life,
And then what dearer was,—his Wife.*

[*Goes out, shaking his Torch at him.*

Sir *Cau*. Oh Lord—oh Lord!

Enter L. Fulbank in an undress, and Pert undrest.

L. *Ful*. Heavens, what noise is this?—So he's got safe out I see—hah, what thing art thou? [*Sees Sir Feeble_ arm'd_.*

Sir *Feeb*. Stay, Madam, stay—'tis I, a poor trembling Mortal.

L. *Ful*. Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd!*—rise,—are you both mad?

Sir *Cau*. No, no,—Madam, we have seen the Devil.

Sir *Feeb*. Ay, and he was as tall as the Monument.

Sir *Cau*. With Eyes like a Beacon—and a Mouth,—Heaven bless us, like *London* Bridge at a full Tide.

Sir *Feeb*. Ay, and roar'd as loud.

L. *Ful*. Idle Fancies, what makes you from your Bed? and you, Sir, from your Bride?

Enter Dick with Sack.

Sir *Feeb*. Oh! that's the business of another day, a mistake only, Madam.



L. *Ful.* Away, I'm asham'd to see wise Men so weak; the Fantoms of the Night, or your own Shadows, the Whimseys of the Brain for want of Rest, or perhaps *Bredwel*, your Man—who being wiser than his Master, play'd you this Trick to fright you both to Bed.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum—adod, and that may be, for the young Knave when he let me in to Night, was drest up for some Waggery—

Sir *Cau.* Ha, ha, ha, 'twas even so, sure enough, Brother—

Sir *Feeb.* Ads bobs, but they frighted me at first basely—but I'll home to Pupsey, there may be Roguery, as well as here—Madam, I ask your Pardon, I see we're all mistaken.

L. *Ful.* Ay, Sir *Feeble*, go home to your Wife.

[*Ex. severally.*

SCENE VI. *The Street.*

Enter Bellmour at the door, knocks, and enter to him from the House, Phillis.

Phil. Oh, are you come, Sir? I'll call my Lady down.



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Bel. Oh, haste, the Minutes fly—leave all behind.
And bring *Leticia* only to my Arms.

[A noise of People.]

—Hah, what noise is that? 'Tis coming this way,
I tremble with my fears—hah, Death and the Devil,
'Tis he—

Enter Sir Feeble and his Men arm'd, goes to the door, knocks.

Ay, 'tis he, and I'm undone—what shall I do to kill him now? besides, the Sin wou'd put
me past all Hopes of pardoning.

Sir Feeb. A damn'd Rogue to deceive me thus.—

Bel. Hah—see, by Heaven *Leticia*, Oh, we are ruin'd!

Sir Feeb. Hum—what's here, two Women?—
[Stands a little off.]

Enter Leticia and Phillis softly, undrest, with a Box.

Let. Where are you, my best Wishes? Lord of my Vows—and Charmer of my Soul?
Where are you?

Bel. Oh, Heavens!—
[Draws his Sword half-way.]

Sir Feeb. Hum, who's here? My Gentlewoman—she's monstrous kind of the sudden.
But whom is't meant to? *[Aside.]*

Let. Give me your hand, my Love, my Life, my All—Alas! where are you?

Sir Feeb. Hum—no, no, this is not to me—I am jilted, cozen'd, cuckolded, and so forth.
—

[Groping, she takes hold of Sir Feeb.]

Let. Oh, are you here? indeed you frighted me with your Silence—here, take these
Jewels, and let us haste away.

Sir Feeb. Hum—are you thereabouts, Mistress? was I sent away with a Sham-Plot for
this!—She cannot mean it to me. *[Aside.]*

Let. Will you not speak?—will you not answer me?—do you repent already?—before
Enjoyment are you cold and false?



Sir Feeb. Hum, before Enjoyment—that must be me. Before Injoyment— Ay, ay, 'tis I—I see a little Prolonging a Woman's Joy, sets an Edge upon her Appetite. [*Merrily.*

Let. What means my Dear? shall we not haste away?

Sir Feeb. Haste away! there 'tis again—No—'tis not me she means: what, at your Tricks and Intrigues already?—Yes, yes, I am destin'd a Cuckold—

Let. Say, am I not your Wife? can you deny me?

Sir Feeb. Wife! adod, 'tis I she means—'tis I she means—[*Merrily.*

Let. Oh *Bellmour*, *Bellmour*.

[*Sir Feeb.* starts back from her hands_.

Sir Feeb. Hum—what's that—*Bellmour*!

Let. Hah! *Sir Feeble*!—he would not, Sir, have us'd me thus unkindly.

Sir Feeb. Oh—I'm glad 'tis no worse—*Bellmour*, quoth a! I thought the Ghost was come again.

Phil. Why did you not speak, Sir, all this while?—my Lady weeps with your Unkindness.

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Sir Feeb. I did but hold my peace, to hear how prettily she prattled Love: But, fags, you are naught to think of a young Fellow—ads bobs, you are now.

Let. I only say—he wou'd not have been so unkind to me.

Sir Feeb. But what makes ye out at this Hour, and with these Jewels?

Phil. Alas, Sir, we thought the City was in Arms, and packt up our things to secure 'em, if there had been a necessity for Flight. For had they come to plundering once, they wou'd have begun with the rich Aldermen's Wives, you know, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Ads bobs, and so they would—but there was no Arms, nor Mutiny—where's *Francis*?

Bel. Here, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Here, Sir—why, what a story you made of a Meeting in the Hall, and—Arms, and—a—the Devil of any thing was stirring, but a couple of old Fools, that sat gaping and waiting for one another's business—

Bel. Such a Message was brought me, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Brought! thou'rt an Ass, *Francis*—but no more—come, come, let's to bed—

Let. To Bed, Sir! what, by Day-light?—for that's hasting on—I wou'd not for the World—the Night wou'd hide my Blushes—but the Day—wou'd let me see my self in your Embraces.

Sir Feeb. Embraces, in a Fiddlestick; why, are we not married?

Let. 'Tis true, Sir, and Time will make me more familiar with you, but yet my Virgin Modesty forbids it. I'll to *Diana*'s Chamber, the Night will come again.

Sir Feeb. For once you shall prevail; and this damn'd Jant has pretty well mortified me:—a Pox of your Mutiny, *Francis*.—Come, I'll conduct thee to *Diana*, and lock thee in, that I may have thee safe, Rogue.—

*We'll give young Wenches leave to whine and blush,
And fly those Blessings which—ads bobs, they wish.*

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Sir Feeble's_ House_.*

Enter Lady Fulbank, Gayman fine, gently pulling her back by the hand; and Ralph meets 'em.

L. *Ful.* How now, *Ralph*—Let your Lady know I am come to wait on her.

[Exit Ralph.

Gay. Oh, why this needless Visit—
Your Husband's safe, at least till Evening safe.
Why will you not go back,
And give me one soft hour, though to torment me?

L. *Ful.* You are at leisure now, I thank you, Sir.
Last Night when I with all Love's Rhetorick pleaded,
And Heaven knows what last Night might have produced,
You were engag'd! False Man, I do believe it,
And I am satisfied you love me not.

[Walks away in scorn.

Gay. Not love you!
Why do I waste my Youth in vain pursuit,
Neglecting Interest, and despising Power?
Unheeding and despising other Beauties.
Why at your feet are all my Fortunes laid,
And why does all my Fate depend on you?



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L. *Ful.* I'll not consider why you play the Fool,
Present me Rings and Bracelets; why pursue me;
Why watch whole Nights before my senseless Door,
And take such Pains to shew your self a Coxcomb.

Gay. Oh! why all this?
By all the Powers above, by this dear Hand,
And by this Ring, which on this Hand I place,
On which I've sworn Fidelity to Love;
I never had a Wish or soft Desire
To any other Woman,
Since *Julia* sway'd the Empire of my Soul.

L. *Ful.* Hah, my own Ring I gave him last night. [*Aside.*
—Your Jewel, Sir, is rich:
Why do you part with things of so much value,
So easily, and so frequently?

Gay. To strengthen the weak Arguments of Love.

L. *Ful.* And leave your self undone?

Gay. Impossible, if I am blest with *Julia*.

L. *Ful.* Love's a thin Diet, nor will keep out Cold.
You cannot satisfy your Dunning Taylor,
To cry—I am in Love!
Though possible you may your Seamstress.

Gay. Does ought about me speak such Poverty?

L. *Ful.* I am sorry that it does not, since to maintain
This Gallantry, 'tis said you use base means,
Below a Gentleman.

Gay. Who dares but to imagine it's a Rascal, A Slave, below a beating—what means my *Julia*?

L. *Ful.* No more dissembling, I know your Land is gone
—I know each Circumstance of all your Wants;
Therefore—as e'er you hope that I should love you ever—
Tell me—where 'twas you got this Jewel, Sir.

Gay. Hah—I hope 'tis no stol'n Goods; [*Aside.* Why on the sudden all this nice examining?



L. *Ful.* You trifle with me, and I'll plead no more.

Gay. Stay—why—I bought it, Madam—

L. *Ful.* Where had you Money, Sir? You see I am
No Stranger to your Poverty.

Gay. This is strange—perhaps it is a secret.

L. *Ful.* So is my Love, which shall be kept from you.
[*Offers to go.*]

Gay. Stay, *Julia*—your Will shall be obey'd, [*Sighing.*
Though I had rather die than be obedient,
Because I know you'll hate me when 'tis told.

L. *Ful.* By all my Vows, let it be what it will,
It ne'er shall alter me from loving you.

Gay. I have—of late—been tempted— With Presents, Jewels, and large Sums of Gold.

L. *Ful.* Tempted! by whom?

Gay. The Devil, for ought I know.

L. *Ful.* Defend me, Heaven! the Devil?
I hope you have not made a Contract with him.

Gay. No, though in the Shape of Woman it appear'd.

L. *Ful.* Where met you with it?

Gay. By Magick Art I was conducted—I know not how,
To an enchanted Palace in the Clouds,
Where I was so attended—
Young dancing, singing Fiends innumerable.



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L. Ful. Imagination all!

Gay. But for the amorous Devil, the old *Proserpine*.—

L. Ful. Ay, she—what said she?—

Gay. Not a word: Heaven be prais'd, she was a silent Devil—but she was laid in a Pavilion, all form'd of gilded Clouds, which hung by Geometry, whither I was conveyed, after much Ceremony, and laid in Bed with her; where with much ado, and trembling with my Fears—I forc'd my Arms about her.

L. Ful. And sure that undeceiv'd him. [*Aside*.

Gay. But such a Carcase 'twas—deliver me—so rivell'd, lean and rough—a Canvas Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-fellow.

L. Ful. Now though I know that nothing is more distant than I from such a Monster—yet this angers me. Death! cou'd you love me and submit to this?

Gay. 'Twas that first drew me in—
The tempting Hope of Means to conquer you,
Wou'd put me upon any dangerous Enterprize:
Were I the Lord of all the Universe,
I am so lost in Love,
For one dear Night to clasp you in my Arms,
I'd lavish all that World—then die with Joy.

L. Ful. 'Slife, after all to seem deform'd, old, ugly—
[*Walking in a fret*.

Gay. I knew you would be angry when you heard it.
[*He pursues her in a submissive posture*.

Enter Sir Cautious, Bearjest, Noisey and Bredwel.

Sir Cau. How, what's here?—my Lady with the Spark that courted her last Night?—hum—with her again so soon?—Well, this Impudence and Importunity undoes more City-Wives than all their unmerciful Finery.

Gay. But, Madam—

L. Ful. Oh, here's my Husband—you'd best tell him your Story—what makes him here so soon?— [*Angry*.

Sir Cau. Me his Story! I hope he will not tell me he's a mind to cuckold me.



Gay. A Devil on him, what shall I say to him?

L. *Ful.* What, so excellent at Intrigues, and so dull at an Excuse?

[*Aside.*

Gay. Yes, Madam, I shall tell him—

Enter Bellmour.

L. *Ful.*—Is my Lady at leisure for a Visit, Sir?

Bel. Always to receive your Ladyship.

[*She goes out.*

Sir *Cau.* With me, Sir, wou'd you speak?

Gay. With you, Sir, if your name be *Fulbank.*

Sir *Cau.* Plain *Fulbank!* methinks you might have had a Sirreverence,
under your Girdle, Sir; I am honoured with another Title, Sir—

[*Goes talking to the rest.*

Gay. With many, Sir, that very well become you—

[*Pulls him a little aside.*

I've something to deliver to your Ear.

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Sir *Cau*. So, I'll be hang'd if he do not tell me, I'm a Cuckold now: I see it in his Eyes. My Ear, Sir! I'd have you to know I scorn any man's secrets, Sir;—for ought I know you may whisper Treason to me, Sir. Pox on him, how handsom he is, I hate the sight of the young Stallion.

[*Aside*.

Gay. I wou'd not be so uncivil, Sir, before all this Company.

Sir *Cau*. Uncivil! Ay, ay, 'tis so, he cannot be content to cuckold, but he must tell me so too.

Gay. But since you will have it, Sir—you are—a Rascal—a most notorious Villain, Sir, d'ye hear—

Sir *Cau*. Yes, yes, I do hear—and am glad 'tis no worse. [*Laughing*.

Gay. Gripping as Hell—and as insatiable—worse than a Brokering Jew, not all the Twelve Tribes harbour such a damn'd Extortioner.

Sir *Cau*. Pray, under favour, Sir, who are you?

[*Pulling off his Hat*.

Gay. One whom thou hast undone—

Sir *Cau*. Hum—I'm glad of that however. [*Aside smiling*.

Gay. Racking me up to a starving Want and Misery, Then took advantages to ruin me.

Sir *Cau*. So, and he'd revenge it on my Wife— [*Aside smiling*.

Gay. Do not you know one *Wasteall*, Sir?

Enter Ralph with Wine, sets it on a Table.

Sir *Cau*. *Wasteall*—ha, ha, ha,—if you are any Friend to that poor Fellow—you may return and tell him, Sir—d'ye hear—that the Mortgage of two hundred pound a Year is this day out, and I'll not bait him an hour, Sir—ha, ha, ha,—what, do you think to hector civil Magistrates?

Gay. Very well, Sir, and is this your Conscience?



Sir *Cau*. Conscience! what do you tell me of Conscience? Why, what a noise is here—as if the undoing a young Heir were such a Wonder; ods so I've undone a hundred without, half this ado.

Gay. I do believe thee—and am come to tell you—I'll be none of that Number—for this Minute I'll go and redeem it—and free myself from the Hell of your Indentures.

Sir *Cau*. How, redeem it! sure the Devil must help him then.—Stay, Sir—stay—Lord, Sir, what need you put your self to that trouble? your Land is in safe hands, Sir; come, come, sit down—and let us take a Glass of Wine together, Sir—

Bel. Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks to him*].

Gay. Your Servant, Sir. Wou'd I cou'd come to speak to *Bellmour*, which I dare not do in publick, lest I betray him. I long to be resolv'd where 'twas Sir *Feeble* was last night—if it were he—by which I might find out my invisible Mistress.

Noi. Noble Mr. *Wasteall*—
[*Salutes him, so does Bearjest*].



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Bel. Will you please to sit, Sir?

Gay. I have a little business, Sir—but anon I'll wait on you—your
Servant, Gentlemen—I'll to *Crap* the Scrivener's.
[*Goes out.*]

Sir Cau. Do you know this *Wasteall*, Sir?— [*To Noisy.*]

Noi. Know him, Sir! ay, too well—

Bea. The World's well amended with him, Captain, since I lost my Money to him and
you at the *George* in *White-Fryers*.

Noi. Ay, poor Fellow—he's sometimes up, and sometimes down, as the Dice favour him
—

Bea. Faith, and that's pity; but how came he so fine o'th' sudden? 'Twas but last week
he borrowed eighteen pence of me on his Waste-Belt to pay his Dinner in an Ordinary.

Bel. Were you so cruel, Sir, to take it?

Noi. We are not all one Man's Children; faith, Sir, we are here to Day, and gone to
Morrow—

Sir Cau. I say 'twas done like a wise Man, Sir; but under favour, Gentlemen, this
Wasteall is a Rascal—

Noi. A very Rascal, Sir, and a most dangerous Fellow—he cullies in your Prentices and
Cashiers to play—which ruins so many o'th' young Fry i'th' City—

Sir Cau. Hum—does he so—d'ye hear that, *Edward*?

Noi. Then he keeps a private Press, and prints your *Amsterdam* and *Leyden* Libels.

Sir Cau. Ay, and makes 'em too, I'll warrant him; a dangerous Fellow—

Noi. Sometimes he begs for a lame Soldier with a wooden Leg.

Bea. Sometimes as a blind Man, sells Switches in *New-Market* Road.

Noi. At other times he runs the Country like a Gipsey—tells Fortunes and robs Hedges,
when he's out of Linen.

Sir Cau. Tells Fortunes too!—nay, I thought he dealt with the Devil —Well, Gentlemen,
you are all wide o' this Matter—for to tell you the Truth—he deals with the Devil,
Gentlemen —otherwise he could never have redeem'd his Land. [*Aside.*]



Bel. How, Sir, the Devil!

Sir Cau. I say the Devil; Heaven bless every wise Man from the Devil.

Bea. The Devil, sha! there's no such Animal in Nature; I rather think he pads.

Noi. Oh, Sir, he has not Courage for that—but he's an admirable Fellow at your Lock.

Sir Cau. Lock! My Study-Lock was pickt—I begin to suspect him—

Bea. I saw him once open a Lock with the Bone of a Breast of Mutton, and break an Iron Bar asunder with the Eye of a Needle.

Sir Cau. Prodigious!—well, I say the Devil still.

Enter Sir Feeble.

Sir Feeb. Who's this talks of the Devil?—a Pox of the Devil, I say, this last night's Devil has so haunted me—



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Sir Cau. Why, have you seen it since, Brother?

Sir Feeb. In Imagination, Sir.

Bel. How, Sir, a Devil?

Sir Feeb. Ay, or a Ghost.

Bel. Where, good Sir?

Bea. Ay, where? I'd travel a hundred Mile to see a Ghost—

Bel. Sure, Sir, 'twas Fancy.

Sir Feeb. If 'twere a Fancy, 'twas a strong one; and Ghosts and Fancy are all one if they can deceive. I tell you—if ever I thought in my Life—I thought I saw a Ghost—Ay, and a damnable impudent Ghost too; he said he was a—a Fellow here—they call *Bellmour*.

Bel. How, Sir!

Bea. Well, I wou'd give the world to see the Devil, provided he were a civil affable Devil, such an one as *Wasteall's* Acquaintance is—

Sir Cau. He can show him too soon, it may be. I'm sure as civil as he is, he helps him to steal my Gold, I doubt—and to be sure—Gentlemen, you say he's a Gamester—I desire when he comes anon, that you wou'd propose to sport a Dye, or so—and we'll fall to play for a Teaster, or the like—and if he sets any money, I shall go near to know my own Gold, by some remarkable Pieces amongst it; and if he have it, I'll hang him, and then all his six hundred a Year will be my own, which I have in Mortgage.

Bea. Let the Captain and I alone to top upon him—mean time, Sir, I have brought my Musick, to entertain my Mistress with a Song.

Sir Feeb. Take your own methods, Sir—they are at leisure—while we go drink their Healths within. Adod, I long for night, we are not half in kelter, this damn'd Ghost will not out of my Head yet.

[Exeunt all but Bellmour.]

Bel. Hah—a Ghost! what can he mean? A Ghost, and *Bellmour's*!—Sure my good Angel, or my Genius, In pity of my Love, and of *Leticia*—But see *Leticia* comes, but still attended—



Enter Leticia, *Lady* Fulbank, Diana.

—Remember—oh, remember to be true?
[Aside to her, passing by goes out.]

L. Ful. I was sick to know with what Christian Patience you bore the Martyrdom of this Night.

Let. As those condemn'd bear the last Hour of Life. A short Reprieve I had—and by a kind Mistake, *Diana* only was my Bedfellow— [*Weeps.*

Dia. And I wish for your Repose you ne'er had seen my Father.

[*Weeps.*

Let. And so do I, I fear he has undone me—

Dia. And me, in breaking of his word with *Bredwel*—

L. Ful.—So—as *Trincolo* says, wou'd you were both hang'd for me, for putting me in mind of my Husband. For I have e'en no better luck than either of you—Let our two Fates warn your approaching one: I love young *Bredwel* and must plead for him.



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Dia. I know his Virtue justifies my Choice: But Pride and Modesty forbids I shou'd unlov'd pursue him.

Let. Wrong not my Brother so, who dies for you—

Dia. Cou'd he so easily see me given away,
Without a Sigh at parting?
For all the day a Calm was in his Eyes,
And unconcern'd he look'd and talk'd to me;
In dancing never prest my willing Hand,
Nor with a scornful Glance reproach'd my Falshood.

Let. Believe me, that Dissembling was his Master-piece.

Dia. Why should he fear, did not my Father promise him?

Let. Ay, that was in his wooing time to me:
But now 'tis all forgotten—

[Musick at the door.]

After which enter Bearjest and Bredwel.

L. Ful. How now, Cousin! Is this high piece of Gallantry from you?

Bea. Ay, Madam, I have not travel'd for nothing—

L. Ful. I find my Cousin is resolv'd to conquer, he assails with all his Artillery of Charms; we'll leave him to his success, Madam.—

[Ex. Leticia and L. Fulbank.]

Bea. Oh Lord, Madam, you oblige me—look, *Ned*, you had a mind to have a full view of my Mistress, Sir, and—here she is.

[He stands gazing.]

Go, salute her—look how he stands now; what a sneaking thing is a Fellow who has never travel'd and seen the World!—Madam—this is a very honest Friend of mine, for all he looks so simply.

Dia. Come, he speaks for you, Sir.

Bea. He, Madam! though he be but a Banker's Prentice, Madam, he's as pretty a Fellow of his Inches as any i'th' City—he has made love in Dancing-Schools, and to Ladies of Quality in the middle Gallery, and shall joke ye—and repartee with any Fore-man within the Walls—prithee to her—and commend me, I'll give thee a new Point Crevat.



Dia. He looks as if he cou'd not speak to me.

Bea. Not speak to you! yes, Gad, Madam, and do any thing to you too.

Dia. Are you his Advocate, Sir? [*In scorn.*

Bea. For want of a better—

[Stands behind him, pushing him on.

Bred. An Advocate for Love I am, And bring you such a Message from a Heart—

Bea. Meaning mine, dear Madam.

Bred. That when you hear it, you will pity it.

Bea. Or the Devil's in her—

Dia. Sir, I have many Reasons to believe, It is my Fortune you pursue, not Person.

Bea. There is something in that, I must confess. [*Behind him.* But say what you will, *Ned.*

Bred. May all the Mischiefs of despairing Love Fall on me if it be.

Bea. That's well enough—



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Bred. No, were you born an humble Village-Maid,
That fed a Flock upon the neighbouring Plain;
With all that shining Vertue in your Soul,
By Heaven, I wou'd adore you—love you—wed you—
Though the gay World were lost by such a Nuptial.

[*Bear. looks on him.*

—This—I wou'd do, were I my Friend the Squire

[*Recollecting.*

Bea. Ay, if you were me—you might do what you pleas'd; but I'm of another mind.

Dia. Shou'd I consent, my Father is a Man whom Interest sways, not Honour; and whatsoever Promises he 'as made you, he means to break 'em all, and I am destin'd to another.

Bea. How, another—his Name, his Name, Madam—here's *Ned* and I fear ne'er a single Man i'th' Nation, What is he—what is he?—

Dia. A Fop, a Fool, a beaten Ass—a Blockhead.

Bea. What a damn'd Shame's this, that Women shou'd be sacrificed to Fools, and Fops must run away with Heiresses—whilst we Men of Wit and Parts dress and dance, and cock and travel for nothing but to be tame Keepers.

Dia. But I, by Heaven, will never be that Victim: But where my Soul is vow'd, 'tis fix'd for ever.

Bred. Are you resolv'd, are you confirm'd in this? Oh my *Diana*, speak it o'er again.
[*Runs to her, and embraces her.* Bless me, and make me happier than a Monarch.

Bea. Hold, hold, dear *Ned*—that's my part, I take it.

Bred. Your Pardon, Sir, I had forgot my self. —But time is short—what's to be done in this?

Bea. Done! I'll enter the House with Fire and Sword, d'ye see, not that I care this—but I'll not be fob'd off—what, do they take me for a Fool—an Ass?

Bred. Madam, dare you run the risk of your Father's Displeasure, and run away with the Man you love?

Dia. With all my Soul—



Bea. That's hearty—and we'll do it—*Ned* and I here—and I love an Amour with an Adventure in't like *Amadis de Gaul*—Harkye, *Ned*, get a Coach and six ready to night when 'tis dark, at the back Gate—

Bred. And I'll get a Parson ready in my Lodging, to which I have a Key through the Garden, by which we may pass unseen.

Bea. Good—Mun, here's Company—

Enter Gayman with his Hat and Money in't, Sir Cautious in a rage, Sir Feeble, Lady Fulbank, Leticia, Captain Noisey, Bellmour.

Sir Cau. A hundred Pound lost already! Oh Coxcomb, old Coxcomb, and a wise Coxcomb—to turn Prodigal at my Years, why, I was bewicht!

Sir Feeb. Shaw, 'twas a Frolick, Sir, I have lost a hundred Pound as well as you. My Lady has lost, and your Lady has lost, and the rest— what, old Cows will kick sometimes, what's a hundred Pound?



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Sir *Cau*. A hundred Pound! why, 'tis a sum, Sir—a sum—why, what the Devil did I do with a Box and Dice!

L. *Ful*. Why, you made a shift to lose, Sir? And where's the harm of that? We have lost, and he has won; anon it may be your Fortune.

Sir *Cau*. Ay, but he could never do it fairly, that's certain. Three hundred Pound! why, how came you to win so unmercifully, Sir?

Gay. Oh, the Devil will not lose a Gamester of me, you see, Sir.

Sir *Cau*. The Devil!—mark that, Gentlemen—

Bea. The Rogue has damn'd luck sure, he has got a Fly—

Sir *Cau*. And can you have the Conscience to carry away all our Money, Sir?

Gay. Most assuredly, unless you have the courage to retrieve it. I'll set it at a Throw, or any way: what say you, Gentlemen?

Sir *Feeb*. Ods bobs, you young Fellows are too hard for us every way, and I'm engag'd at an old Game with a new Gamester here, who will require all an old Man's stock.

L. *Ful*. Come, Cousin, will you venture a Guinea? Come, Mr. *Bredwel*.

Gay. Well, if no body dare venture on me, I'll send away my Cash—

*[They all go to play at the Table, but Sir Cau.
Sir Feeb. and Gay.]*

Sir *Cau*. Hum—must it all go?—a rare sum, if a Man were but sure the Devil wou'd but stand Neuter now— *[Aside. —Sir, I wish I had any thing but ready Money to stake: three hundred Pound—a fine Sum!]*

Gay. You have Moveables, Sir, Goods—Commodities—

Sir *Cau*. That's all one, Sir; that's Money's worth, Sir: but if I had any thing that were worth nothing—

Gay. You wou'd venture it,—I thank you, Sir,—I wou'd your Lady were worth nothing—

Sir *Cau*. Why, so, Sir?

Gay. Then I wou'd set all this against that Nothing.

Sir *Cau*. What, set it against my Wife?



Gay. Wife, Sir! ay, your Wife—

Sir *Cau*. Hum, my Wife against three hundred Pounds! What, all my Wife, Sir?

Gay. All your Wife! Why, Sir, some part of her wou'd serve my turn.

Sir *Cau*. Hum—my Wife—why, if I shou'd lose, he cou'd not have the Impudence to take her. [Aside.

Gay. Well, I find you are not for the Bargain, and so I put up—

Sir *Cau*. Hold, Sir—why so hasty—my Wife? no—put up your Money, Sir—what, lose my Wife for three hundred Pounds!—

Gay. Lose her, Sir!—why, she shall be never the worse for my wearing, Sir—the old covetous Rogue is considering on't, I think—What say you to a Night? I'll set it to a Night—there's none need know it, Sir.

Sir *Cau*. Hum—a Night!—three hundred Pounds for a Night! why, what a lavish Whore-master's this! We take Money to marry our Wives, but very seldom part with 'em, and by the Bargain get Money—For a Night, say you?—Gad, if I shou'd take the Rogue at his word, 'twou'd be a pure Jest. [Aside.



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Sir *Feeb*. You are not mad, Brother.

Sir *Cau*. No, but I'm wise—and that's as good; let me consider.—

Sir *Feeb*. What, whether you shall be a Cuckold or not?

Sir *Cau*. Or lose three hundred Pounds—consider that. A Cuckold!—why, 'tis a word—an empty sound—'tis Breath—'tis Air—'tis nothing:—but three hundred Pounds—Lord, what will not three hundred Pounds do? You may chance to be a Cuckold for nothing, Sir—

Sir *Feeb*. It may be so—but she shall do't discreetly then.

Sir *Cau*. Under favour, you're an Ass, Brother; this is the discreetest way of doing it, I take it.

Sir *Feeb*. But wou'd a wise man expose his Wife?

Sir *Cau*. Why, *Cato* was a wiser Man than I, and he lent his Wife to a young Fellow they call'd *Hortensius*, as Story says; and can a wise Man have a better Precedent than *Cato*?

Sir *Feeb*. I say, *Cato* was an Ass, Sir, for obliging any young Rogue of 'em all.

Sir *Cau*. But I am of *Cato*'s mind. Well, a single Night you say.

Gay. A single Night—to have—to hold—possess—and so forth, at discretion.

Sir *Cau*. A Night—I shall have her safe and sound i'th' Morning.

Sir *Feeb*. Safe, no doubt on't—but how sound.—

Gay. And for Non-performance, you shall pay me three hundred Pounds, I'll forfeit as much if I tell—

Sir *Cau*. Tell?—why, make your three hundred pounds six hundred, and let it be put into the *Gazet*, if you will, Man.—But it's a Bargain?

Gay. Done—Sir Feeble shall be witness—and there stands my Hat.

[Puts down his Hat of Money, and each of em take a Box and Dice, and kneel on the Stage, the rest come about 'em.]

Sir *Cau*. He that comes first to One and thirty wins—

[They throw and count.]



L. *Ful.* What are you playing for?

Sir *Feeb.* Nothing, nothing—but a Trial of Skill between an old Man and a Young—and your Ladyship is to be Judge.

L. *Ful.* I shall be partial, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* Six and five's Eleven—
[*Throws, and pulls the Hat towards him.*]

Gay. Cater Tray—Pox of the Dice—

Sir *Cau.* Two fives—one and twenty—
[*Sets up, pulls the Hat nearer.*]

Gay. Now, Luck—Doublets of sixes—nineteen.

Sir *Cau.* Five and four—thirty—
[*Draws the Hat to him.*]

Sir *Feeb.* Now if he wins it, I'll swear he has a Fly indeed—'tis impossible without Doublets of sixes—

Gay, Now Fortune smile—and for the future frown. [*Throws.*]



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Sir *Cau.*—Hum—two sixes—

[Rises and looks dolefully round.]

L. *Ful.* How now? what's the matter you look so like an Ass, what have you lost?

Sir *Cau.* A Bauble—a Bauble—'tis not for what I've lost—but because I have not won—

Sir *Feeb.* You look very simple, Sir—what think you of *Cato* now?

Sir *Cau.* A wise Man may have his failings—

L. *Ful.* What has my Husband lost?—

Sir *Cau.* Only a small parcel of Ware that lay dead upon my hands, Sweet-heart.

Gay. But I shall improve 'em, Madam, I'll warrant you.

L. *Ful.* Well, since 'tis no worse, bring in your fine Dancer, Cousin, you say you brought to entertain your Mistress with.

[Bearjest goes out.]

Gay. Sir, you'll take care to see me paid to Night?

Sir *Cau.* Well, Sir—but my Lady, you must know, Sir, has the common frailties of her Sex, and will refuse what she even longs for, if persuaded to't by me.

Gay. 'Tis not in my Bargain to solicit her, Sir, you are to procure her—or three hundred pounds, Sir; chuse you whether.

Sir *Cau.* Procure her! with all my soul, Sir; alas, you mistake my honest meaning, I scorn to be so unjust as not to see you a-bed together; and then agree as well as you can, I have done my part—In order to this, Sir—get but your self conveyed in a Chest to my house, with a Direction upon't for me; and for the rest—

Gay. I understand you.

Sir *Feeb.* *Ralph*, get supper ready.

Enter Bea. with Dancers; all go out but Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* Well, I must break my Mind, if possible, to my Lady—but if she shou'd be refractory now—and make me pay Three hundred Pounds—why, sure she won't have



so little Grace—Three hundred Pounds sav'd, is three hundred pounds got—by our account—Cou'd All—

*Who of this City-Privilege are free, Hope to be paid for Cuckoldom like me;
Th'unthriving Merchant, whom gray Hair adorns, Before all Ventures wou'd ensure his
Horns; For thus, while he but lets spare Rooms to hire, His Wife's cracked Credit keeps
his own entire.*

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Sir Cautious his House.*

Enter Bellmour alone, sad.

Bel. The Night is come, oh my *Leticia*!
The longing Bridegroom hastens to his Bed;
Whilst she with all the languishment of Love,
And sad Despair, casts her fair Eyes on me,
Which silently implore, I would deliver her.
But how! ay, there's the Question—hah— [Pausing.
I'll get my self hid in her Bed-chamber—
And something I will do—may serve us yet—
If all my Arts should fail—I'll have recourse [Draws a dagger.
To this—and bear *Leticia* off by force.
—But see she comes—



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Enter Lady Fulbank, Sir Cautious, Sir Feeble, Leticia, Bearjest, Noisey, Gayman. Exit Bellmour.

Sir Feeb. Lights there, *Ralph*.
And my Lady's Coach there—

[*Bearjest goes to Gayman.*

Bea. Well, Sir, remember you have promised to grant me my diabolical Request, in shewing me the Devil—

Gay. I will not fail you, Sir.

L. Ful. Madam, your Servant; I hope you'll see no more Ghosts, *Sir Feeble*.

Sir Feeb. No more of that, I beseech you, Madam:
Prithee, *Sir Cautious*, take away your Wife—Madam, your Servant—
[*All go out after the Light.*

—Come, *Lette, Lette*; hasten, Rogue, hasten to thy Chamber; away,
here be the young Wenches coming—
[*Puts her out, he goes out.*

Enter Diana, puts on her Hood and Scarf.

Dia. So—they are gone to Bed; and now for *Bredwel* —the Coach waits, and I'll take this opportunity.

*Father, farewell—if you dislike my course,
Blame the old rigid Customs of your Force.*

[*Goes out.*

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber.*

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia, and Phillis.

Let. Ah, *Phillis*! I am fainting with my Fears, Hast thou no comfort for me?

[*He undresses to his Gown.*

Sir Feeb. Why, what art doing there—fiddle fadling—adod, you young Wenches are so loth to come to—but when your hand's in, you have no mercy upon us poor Husbands.

Let. Why do you talk so, Sir?



Sir *Feeb*. Was it anger'd at the Fool's Prattle? tum a-me, tum a-me,
I'll undress it, effags, I will—Roguy.

Let. You are so wanton, Sir, you make me blush—I will not go to bed, unless you'll
promise me—

Sir *Feeb*. No bargaining, my little Hussey—what, you'll tie my hands
behind me, will you?

[She goes to the Table.

Let.—What shall I do?—assist me, gentle Maid, Thy Eyes methinks put on a little hope.

Phil. Take Courage, Madam—you guess right—be confident.

Sir *Feeb*. No whispering, Gentlewoman—and putting Tricks into her head; that shall not
cheat me of another Night—Look on that silly little round Chitty-face—look on those
smiling roguish loving Eyes there—look—look how they laugh, twine, and tempt—he,
Rogue—I'll buss 'em there, and here, and every where—ods bods—away, this is fooling
and spoiling of a Man's Stomach, with a bit here, and a bit there—to Bed—to Bed—

*[As she is at the Toilet, he looks over her shoulder,
and sees her Face in the Glass.*

Let. Go you first, Sir, I will but stay to say my Prayers, which are that Heaven wou'd
deliver me. *[Aside.*

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Sir Feeb. Say thy Prayers!—What, art thou mad! Prayers upon thy Wedding-night! a short Thanksgiving or so—but Prayers quoth a—'Sbobs, you'll have time enough for that, I doubt—

Le. I am asham'd to undress before you, Sir; go to Bed—

Sir Feeb. What, was it asham'd to shew its little white Foots, and its little round Bubbies—well, I'll go, I'll go—I cannot think on't, no I cannot—

[Going towards the Bed, Bellmour comes forth from between the Curtains, his Coat off, his Shirt bloody, a Dagger in his hand, and his Disguise off.]

Bel. Stand—

Sir Feeb. Ah—

Let. and Phil. *[squeak]*—Oh, Heavens! —why, is it *Bellmour*? *[Aside to Phil.]*

Bel. Go not to Bed, I guard this sacred Place, And the Adulterer dies that enters here.

Sir Feeb. Oh—why do I shake?—sure I'm a Man, what art thou?

Bel. I am the wrong'd, the lost and murder'd *Bellmour*.

Sir Feeb. O Lord! it is the same I saw last night—Oh!—hold thy dread Vengeance—pity me, and hear me—Oh! a Parson—a Parson—what shall I do—Oh! where shall I hide my self?

Bel. I'th' utmost Borders of the Earth I'll find thee— Seas shall not hide thee, nor vast Mountains guard thee: Even in the depth of Hell I'll find thee out, And lash thy filthy and adulterous Soul.

Sir Feeb. Oh! I am dead, I'm dead; will no Repentence save me? 'twas that young Eye that tempted me to sin; Oh!—

Bel. See, fair Seducer, what thou'st made me do;
Look on this bleeding Wound, it reach'd my Heart,
To pluck my dear tormenting Image thence,
When News arriv'd that thou hadst broke thy Vow.

Sir Feeb. Oh Lord! oh! I'm glad he's dead though.

Let. Oh, hide that fatal Wound, my tender Heart faints with a Sight so horrid! *[Seems to Weep.]*



Sir Feeb. So, she'll clear her self, and leave me in the Devil's Clutches.

Bel. You've both offended Heaven, and must repent or die.

Sir Feeb. Ah,—I do confess I was an old Fool,—bewicht with Beauty, besotted with Love, and do repent most heartily.

Bel. No, you had rather yet go on in Sin: Thou wou'dst live on, and be a baffled Cuckold.

Sir Feeb. Oh, not for the World, Sir! I am convinc'd and mortifi'd.

Bel. Maintain her fine, undo thy Peace to please her, and still be Cuckol'd on,—believe her,—trust her, and be Cuckol'd still.

Sir Feeb. I see my Folly—and my Age's Dotage—and find the Devil was in me—yet spare my Age—ah! spare me to repent.

Bel. If thou repent'st, renounce her, fly her sight;—
Shun her bewitching Charms, as thou wou'dst Hell,
Those dark eternal Mansions of the dead—
Whither I must descend.



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Sir *Feeb*. Oh—wou'd he were gone!—

Bel. Fly—be gone—depart, vanish for ever from her to some more safe and innocent Apartment.

Sir *Feeb*. Oh, that's very hard!—

[He goes back trembling, Bellmour follows in with his Dagger up; both go out.]

Let. Blest be this kind Release, and yet methinks it grieves me to consider how the poor old Man is frightened.

[Bellmour re-enters, puts on his Coat.]

Bel.—He's gone, and lock'd himself into his Chamber— And now, my dear *Leticia*, let us fly—

*Despair till now did my wild Heart invade,
But pitying Love has the rough Storm allay'd.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Sir Cautious his Garden.*

Enter two Porters and Rag, bearing Gayman in a Chest; set it down, he comes forth with a Dark-lanthorn.

Gay. Set down the Chest behind yon hedge of Roses—and then put on those Shapes I have appointed you—and be sure you well-favour'dly bang both *Bearjest* and *Noisey*, since they have a mind to see the Devil.

Rag. Oh, Sir, leave 'em to us for that; and if we do not play the Devil with 'em, we deserve they shou'd beat us. But, Sir, we are in Sir *Cautious* his Garden, will he not sue us for a Trespass?

Gay. I'll bear you out; be ready at my Call.

[Exeunt.]

—Let me see—I have got no ready stuff to banter with—but no matter, any Gibberish will serve the Fools—'tis now about the hour of Ten—but Twelve is my appointed lucky Minute, when all the Blessings that my Soul could wish, shall be resign'd to me.

Enter Bredwel.



—Hah! who's there? *Bredwel*?

Bred. Oh, are you come, Sir—and can you be so kind to a poor Youth, to favour his Designs, and bless his Days?

Gay. Yes, I am ready here with all my Devils, both to secure you your Mistress, and to cudgel your Captain and Squire, for abusing me behind my Back so basely.

Bred. 'Twas most unmanly, Sir, and they deserve it—I wonder that they come not.

Gay. How durst you trust her with him?

Bred. Because 'tis dangerous to steal a City-Heiress, and let the Theft be his—so the dear Maid be mine—Hark—sure they come—

Enter Bearjest, runs against Bredwel.

—Who's there? Mr. *Bearjest*?

Bea. Who's that? *Ned*? Well, I have brought my Mistress, hast thou got a Parson ready, and a License?

Bred. Ay, ay, but where's the Lady?

Bea. In the Coach, with the Captain at the Gate. I came before, to see if the Coast be clear.

Bred. Ay, Sir; but what shall we do? here's Mr. *Gayman* come on purpose to shew you the Devil, as you desir'd.



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Bea. Sho! a Pox of the Devil, Man—I can't attend to speak with him now.

Gay. How, Sir! D'ye think my Devil of so little Quality, to suffer an Affront unrevenged?

Bea. Sir, I cry his Devilship's Pardon: I did not know his Quality. I protest, Sir, I love and honour him, but I am now just going to be married, Sir; and when that Ceremony's past, I'm ready to go to the Devil as soon as you please.

Gay. I have told him your Desire of seeing him, and shou'd you baffle him?

Bea. Who, I, Sir! Pray, let his Worship know, I shall be proud of the Honour of his Acquaintance; but, Sir, my Mistress and the Parson wait in *Ned's* Chamber.

Gay. If all the World wait, Sir, the Prince of Hell will stay for no Man.

Bred. Oh, Sir, rather than the Prince of the Infernals shall be affronted, I'll conduct the Lady up, and entertain her till you come, Sir.

Bea. Nay, I have a great mind to kiss his—Paw, Sir; but I cou'd wish you'd shew him me by day-light, Sir.

Gay. The Prince of Darkness does abhor the Light. But, Sir, I will for once allow your Friend the Captain to keep you company.

Enter Noisey and Diana.

Bea. I'm much oblig'd to you, Sir; oh, Captain— [*Talks to him.*]

Bred. Haste, Dear; the Parson waits, To finish what the Powers design'd above.

Dia. Sure nothing is so bold as Maids in Love! [*They go out.*]

Noi. Psho! he conjure—he can flie as soon.

Gay. Gentlemen, you must be sure to confine your selves to this Circle, and have a care you neither swear, nor pray.

Bea. Pray, Sir! I dare say neither of us were ever that way gifted.

A horrid Noise.

Gay.

*Cease your Horror, cease your Haste.
And calmly as I saw you last,
Appear! Appear!*



*By thy Pearls and Diamond Rocks,
By thy heavy Money-Box,
By thy shining Petticoat,
That hid thy cloven Feet from Note;
By the Veil that hid thy Face,
Which else had frighten'd humane Race:
[Soft Musick ceases.
Appear, that I thy Love may see,
Appear, kind Fiends, appear to me.*

A Pox of these Rascals, why come they not?

*Four enter from the four corners of the Stage, to Musick
that plays; they dance, and in the Dance, dance round 'em,
and kick, pinch, and beat 'em.*

Bea. Oh, enough, enough! Good Sir, lay 'em, and I'll pay the Musick—

Gay. I wonder at it—these Spirits are in their Nature kind, and peaceable—but you have basely injur'd some body—confess, and they will be satisfied—

Bea. Oh, good Sir, take your *Cerberuses* off—I do confess, the Captain here, and I have violated your Fame.



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Noi. Abus'd you,—and traduc'd you,—and thus we beg your pardon—

Gay. Abus'd me! 'Tis more than I know, Gentlemen.

Bea. But it seems your Friend the Devil does.

Gay. By this time *Bredwel's* married.

—Great *Pantamogan*, hold, for I am satisfied,

[*Ex. Devils.*

And thus undo my Charm—

[*Takes away the Circle, they run out.*

So, the Fools are going, and now to *Julia's* Arms.

[*Going.*

SCENE IV. *Lady Fulbank's Anti-chamber.*

She discover'd undrest at her Glass; Sir Cautious undrest.

L. Ful. But why to Night? indeed you're wondrous kind methinks.

Sir Cau. Why, I don't know—a Wedding is a sort of an Alarm to Love; it calls up every Man's courage.

L. Ful. Ay, but will it come when 'tis call'd?

Sir Cau. I doubt you'll find it to my Grief— [*Aside.* —But I think 'tis all one to thee, thou car'st not for my Complement; no, thou'dst rather have a young Fellow.

L. Ful. I am not us'd to flatter much; if forty Years were taken from your Age, 'twou'd render you something more agreeable to my Bed, I must confess.

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, no doubt on't.

L. Ful. Yet you may take my word without an Oath,
Were you as old as Time, and I were young and gay
As *April* Flowers, which all are fond to gather;
My Beauties all should wither in the Shade,
E'er I'd be worn in a dishonest Bosom.

Sir Cau. Ay, but you're wondrous free methinks, sometimes, which gives shreud suspicions.

L. Ful. What, because I cannot simper, look demure,
and justify my Honour, when none questions it?



—Cry fie, and out upon the naughty Women,
Because they please themselves—and so wou'd I.

Sir *Cau*. How, wou'd, what cuckold me?

L. *Ful*. Yes, if it pleas'd me better than Vertue, Sir.
But I'll not change my Freedom and my Humour,
To purchase the dull Fame of being honest.

Sir *Cau*. Ay, but the World, the World—

L. *Ful*. I value not the Censures of the Croud.

Sir *Cau*. But I am old.

L. *Ful*. That's your fault, Sir, not mine.

Sir *Cau*. But being so, if I shou'd be good-natur'd, and give thee leave to love discreetly
—

L. *Ful*. I'd do't without your leave, Sir.

Sir *Cau*. Do't—what, cuckold me?

L. *Ful*. No, love discreetly, Sir, love as I ought, love honestly.

Sir *Cau*. What, in love with any body, but your own Husband?

L. *Ful*. Yes.

Sir *Cau*. Yes, quoth a—is that your loving as you ought?



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L. *Ful.* We cannot help our Inclinations, Sir,
No more than Time, or Light from coming on—
But I can keep my Virtue, Sir, intire.

Sir *Cau.* What, I'll warrant, this is your first Love, *Gayman*?

L. *Ful.* I'll not deny that Truth, though even to you.

Sir *Cau.* Why, in consideration of my Age, and your Youth, I'd bear a
Conscience—provided you do things wisely.

L. *Ful.* Do what thing, Sir?

Sir *Cau.* You know what I mean—

L. *Ful.* Hah—I hope you wou'd not be a Cuckold, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* Why—truly in a civil way—or so.

L. *Ful.* There is but one way, Sir, to make me hate you;
And that wou'd be tame suffering.

Sir *Cau.* Nay, and she be thereabouts, there's no discovering.

L. *Ful.* But leave this fond discourse, and, if you must,
Let us to Bed.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, I did but try your Virtue, mun—dost think I was in earnest?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Chest directed to your Worship.

Sir *Cau.* Hum, 'tis *Wasteall*—now does my heart fail me—A Chest say you—to me—so
late;—I'll warrant it comes from Sir *Nicholas Smuggle*—some prohibited Goods that he
has stoln the Custom of, and cheated his Majesty—Well, he's an honest Man, bring it in
—

[Exit Servant.]

L. *Ful.* What, into my Apartment, Sir, a nasty Chest!

Sir *Cau.* By all means—for if the Searchers come, they'll never be so uncivil to ransack
thy Lodgings; and we are bound in Christian Charity to do for one another—Some rich
Commodities, I am sure—and some fine Knick-knack will fall to thy share, I'll warrant
thee —Pox on him for a young Rogue, how punctual he is! *[Aside.]*



Enter with the Chest.

—Go, my Dear, go to Bed—I'll send Sir *Nicholas* a Receipt for the Chest, and be with thee presently—

[Ex. severally.

[Gayman peeps out of the Chest, and looks round him wondring.

Gay. Hah, where am I? By Heaven, my last Night's Vision—'Tis that enchanted Room, and yonder's the Alcove! Sure 'twas indeed some Witch, who knowing of my Infidelity—has by Inchantment brought me hither— 'tis so—I am betray'd—*[Pauses.* Hah! or was it *Julia*, that last night gave me that lone Opportunity?—but hark, I hear some coming—

[Shuts himself in.

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir Cau. *[Lifting up the Chest-lid.]* So, you are come, I see—
[Goes, and locks the door.

Gay. Hah—he here! nay then, I was deceiv'd, and it was *Julia* that last night gave me the dear Assignment. *[Aside.*



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[*Sir Cautious peeps into the Bed-chamber.*

L. *Ful.* [*Within.*] Come, Sir *Cautious*, I shall fall asleep, and then you'll waken me.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, my Dear, I'm coming—she's in Bed—I'll go put out the Candle, and then—

Gay. Ay, I'll warrant you for my part—

Sir *Cau.* Ay, but you may over-act your part, and spoil all—But, Sir, I hope you'll use a Christian Conscience in this business.

Gay. Oh, doubt not, Sir, but I shall do you Reason.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, Sir, but—

Gay. Good Sir, no more Cautions; you, unlike a fair Gamester, will rook me out of half my Night—I am impatient—

Sir *Cau.* Good Lord, are you so hasty? if I please, you shan't go at all.

Gay. With all my soul, Sir; pay me three hundred Pound, Sir—

Sir *Cau.* Lord, Sir, you mistake my candid meaning still. I am content to be a Cuckold, Sir—but I wou'd have things done decently, d'ye mind me?

Gay. As decently as a Cuckold can be made, Sir.—But no more disputes, I pray, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* I'm gone—I'm gone—but harkye, Sir, you'll rise before day?
[*Going out, returns.*

Gay. Yet again—

Sir *Cau.* I vanish, Sir—but harkye—you'll not speak a word, but let her think 'tis I?

Gay. Be gone, I say, Sir— [*He runs out.* I am convinc'd last night I was with *Julia*. Oh Sot, insensible and dull!

Enter softly Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* So, the Candle's out—give me your hand.

[*Leads him softly in.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a Bed-chamber.*



Lady Fulbank suppos'd in Bed. Enter Sir Cautious and Gayman by dark.

Sir Cau. Where are you, my Dear? [*Leads him to the bed.*

L. Ful. Where shou'd I be—in Bed; what, are you by dark?

Sir Cau. Ay, the Candle went out by Chance.

[Gayman signs to him to be gone; he makes grimaces as loath to go, and Exit.

SCENE VI. *Draws over, and represents another Room in the same House.*

Enter Parson, Diana, and Pert drest in Diana's Clothes.

Dia. I'll swear, Mrs. *Pert*, you look very prettily in my Clothes; and since you, Sir, have convinc'd me that this innocent Deceit is not unlawful, I am glad to be the Instrument of advancing Mrs. *Pert* to a Husband, she already has so just a Claim to.

Par. Since she has so firm a Contract, I pronounce it a lawful Marriage—but hark, they are coming sure—

Dia. Pull your Hoods down, and keep your Face from the Light.
[Diana runs out.]

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Enter Bearjest and Noisey disordered.

Bea. Madam, I beg your Pardon—I met with a most devilish Adventure; —your Pardon too, Mr. Doctor, for making you wait.—But the business is this, Sir—I have a great mind to lie with this young Gentlewoman to Night, but she swears if I do, the Parson of the Parish shall know it.

Par. If I do, Sir, I shall keep Counsel.

Bea. And that's civil, Sir—Come, lead the way,
With such a Guide, the Devil's in't if we can go astray.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Anti-chamber.*

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir Cau. Now cannot I sleep, but am as restless as a Merchant in stormy Weather, that has ventur'd all his Wealth in one Bottom.—Woman is a leaky Vessel.—if she should like the young Rogue now, and they should come to a right understanding—why, then I am a—Wittal—that's all, and shall be put in Print at *Snow-hill*, with my Effigies o'th' top, like the sign of Cuckolds Haven.—Hum—they're damnable silent—pray Heaven he have not murdered her, and robbed her—hum—hark, what's that?—a noise!—he has broke his Covenant with me, and shall forfeit the Money—How loud they are? Ay, ay, the Plot's discovered, what shall I do?—Why, the Devil is not in her sure, to be refractory now, and peevish; if she be, I must pay my Money yet—and that would be a damn'd thing.—sure they're coming out—I'll retire and hearken how 'tis with them.
[Retires.]

Enter Lady Fulbank undrest, Gayman, half undrest upon his Knees, following her, holding her Gown.

L. Ful. Oh! You unkind—what have you made me do? Unhand me, false Deceiver—let me loose—

Sir Cau. Made her do?—so, so—'tis done—I'm glad of that—

[Aside peeping.]

Gay. Can you be angry, *Julia*? Because I only seiz'd my Right of Love.

L. Ful. And must my Honour be the Price of it?
Could nothing but my Fame reward your Passion?



—What, make me a base Prostitute, a foul Adulteress?
Oh—be gone, be gone—dear Robber of my Quiet. [*Weeping.*

Sir *Cau.* Oh, fearful!—

Gay. Oh! Calm your rage, and hear me; if you are so,
You are an innocent Adulteress.
It was the feeble Husband you enjoy'd
In cold imagination, and no more;
Shily you turn'd away—faintly resign'd.

Sir *Cau.* Hum, did she so?—

Gay. Till my Excess of Love betray'd the Cheat.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, that was my Fear.

L. *Ful.* Away, be gone—I'll never see you more—

Gay. You may as well forbid the Sun to shine.
Not see you more!—Heavens! I before ador'd you,
But now I rave! And with my impatient Love,
A thousand mad and wild Desires are burning!
I have discover'd now new Worlds of Charms,
And can no longer tamely love and suffer.



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Sir *Cau.* So—I have brought an old House upon my Head,
Intail'd Cuckoldom upon my self.

L. *Ful.* I'll hear no more—Sir *Cautious*,—where's my Husband?
Why have you left my Honour thus unguarded?

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, she's well enough pleas'd, I fear, for all.

Gay. Base as he is, 'twas he expos'd this Treasure; Like silly Indians barter'd thee for Trifles.

Sir *Cau*. O treacherous Villain!—

L. *Ful.* Hah—my Husband do this?

Gay. He, by Love, he was the kind Procurer, Contriv'd the means, and brought me to thy Bed.

L. *Ful.* My Husband! My wise Husband!
What fondness in my Conduct had he seen,
To take so shameful and so base Revenge?

Gay. None—'twas filthy Avarice seduc'd him to't.

L. *Ful.* If he cou'd be so barbarous to expose me,
Cou'd you who lov'd me—be so cruel too?

Gay. What—to possess thee when the Bliss was offer'd?
Possess thee too without a Crime to thee?
Charge not my Soul with so remiss a flame,
So dull a sense of Virtue to refuse it.

L. *Ful.* I am convinc'd the fault was all my Husband's—
And here I vow—by all things just and sacred,
To separate for ever from his Bed. [*Kneels.*

Sir *Cau.* Oh, I am not able to indure it—
Hold—oh, hold, my Dear—
[He kneels as she rises.]

L. *Ful.* Stand off—I do abhor thee—

Sir *Cau*. With all my Soul—but do not make rash Vows.
They break my very Heart—regard my Reputation.



L. *Ful.* Which you have had such care of, Sir, already—
Rise, 'tis in vain you kneel.

Sir *Cau.* No—I'll never rise again—Alas! Madam, I was merely drawn in; I only thought to sport a Dye or so: I had only an innocent design to have discover'd whether this Gentleman had stoln my Gold, that so I might have hang'd him—

Gay. A very innocent Design indeed!

Sir *Cau.* Ay, Sir, that's all, as I'm an honest man.—

L. *Ful.* I've sworn, nor are the Stars more fix'd than I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. How! my Lady and his Worship up?—Madam, a Gentleman and a Lady below in a Coach knockt me up, and say they must speak with your Ladyship.

L. *Ful.* This is strange!—bring them up— [*Exit Servant.*
Who can it be, at this odd time of neither Night nor Day?

Enter Leticia, Bellmour, and Phillis.

Let. Madam, your Virtue, Charity and Friendship to me, has made me trespass on you for my Life's security, and beg you will protect me, and my Husband— [*Points at Bellmour.*

Sir *Cau.* So, here's another sad Catastrophe!



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L. *Ful.* Hah—does *Bellmour* live? is't possible?
Believe me, Sir, you ever had my Wishes;
And shall not fail of my Protection now.

Bel. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Gay. I'm glad thou hast her, *Harry*; but doubt thou durst not own her; nay dar'st not own thy self.

Bel. Yes, Friend, I have my Pardon— But hark, I think we are pursu'd already— But now I fear no force.

[A noise of some body coming in.]

L. *Ful.* However, step into my Bed-chamber.

[Exeunt Leticia, Gayman and Phillis.]

Enter Sir Feeble in an Antick manner.

Sir *Feeb.* Hell shall not hold thee—nor vast Mountains cover thee, but I will find thee out—and lash thy filthy and Adulterous Carcase.
[Coming up in a menacing manner to Sir Cau.]

Sir *Cau.* How—lash my filthy Carcase?—I defy thee, Satan—

Sir *Feeb.* 'Twas thus he said.

Sir *Cau.* Let who's will say it, he lies in's Throat.

Sir *Feeb.* How, the Ghostly—hush—have a care—for 'twas the Ghost of *Bellmour*—Oh! hide that bleeding Wound, it chills my Soul!—
[Runs to the Lady Fulbank.]

L. *Ful.* What bleeding Wound?—Heavens, are you frantick, Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* No—but for want of rest, I shall e'er Morning. *[Weeps.]*
—She's gone—she's gone—she's gone— *[He weeps.]*

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, she's gone, she's gone indeed.
[Sir Cau. weeps.]

Sir *Feeb.* But let her go, so I may never see that dreadful Vision —harkye, Sir—a word in your Ear—have a care of marrying a young Wife.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, but I have married one already. *[Weeping.]*



Sir *Feeb*. Hast thou? Divorce her—flie her, quick—depart—be gone, she'll cuckold thee—and still she'll cuckold thee.

Sir *Cau*. Ay, Brother, but whose fault was that?—Why, are not you married?

Sir *Feeb*. Mum—no words on't, unless you'll have the Ghost about your Ears; part with your Wife, I say, or else the Devil will part ye.

L. *Ful*. Pray go to Bed, Sir.

Sir *Feeb*. Yes, for I shall sleep now, I shall lie alone; [*Weeps*. Ah, Fool, old dull besotted Fool—to think she'd love me—'twas by base means I gain'd her—cozen'd an honest Gentleman of Fame and Life—

L. *Ful*. You did so, Sir, but 'tis not past Redress—you may make that honest Gentleman amends.

Sir *Feeb*. Oh, wou'd I could, so I gave half my Estate—

L. *Ful*. That Penitence atones with him and Heaven.—Come forth, *Leticia*, and your injur'd Ghost.



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Enter Leticia, Bellmour, and Phillis.

Sir Feeb. Hah, Ghost—another Sight would make me mad indeed.

Bel. Behold me, Sir, I have no Terror now.

Sir Feeb. Hah—who's that, *Francis!*—my Nephew *Francis*?

Bel. *Bellmour*, or *Francis*, chuse you which you like, and I am either.

Sir Feeb. Hah, *Bellmour!* and no Ghost?

Bel. *Bellmour*—and not your Nephew, Sir.

Sir Feeb. But art alive? Ods bobs, I'm glad on't, Sirrah;—But are you real, *Bellmour*?

Bel. As sure as I'm no Ghost.

Gay. We all can witness for him, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Where be the Minstrels, we'll have a Dance—adod, we will —Ah—art thou there, thou cozening little Chits-face?—a Vengeance on thee—thou madest mean old doting loving Coxcomb—but I forgive thee—and give thee all thy Jewels, and you your Pardon, Sir, so you'll give me mine; for I find you young Knaves will be too hard for us.

Bel. You are so generous, Sir, that 'tis almost with grief I receive the Blessing of *Leticia*.

Sir Feeb. No, no, thou deservest her; she would have made an old fond Blockhead of me, and one way or other you wou'd have had her—ods bobs, you wou'd—

Enter Bearjest, Diana, Pert, Bredwel, and Noisey.

Bea. Justice, Sir, Justice—I have been cheated—abused—assassinated and ravisht!

Sir Cau. How, my Nephew ravisht!—

Pert. No, Sir, I am his Wife.

Sir Cau. Hum—my Heir marry a Chamber-maid!

Bea. Sir, you must know I stole away Mrs. *Dy*, and brought her to *Ned's* Chamber here—to marry her.

Sir Feeb. My Daughter *Dy* stoln—



Bea. But I being to go to the Devil a little, Sir, whip—what does he, but marries her himself, Sir; and fob'd me off here with my Lady's cast Petticoat—

Noi. Sir, she's a Gentlewoman, and my Sister, Sir.

Pert. Madam, 'twas a pious Fraud, if it were one; for I was contracted to him before—see, here it is— [*Gives it 'em.*]

All. A plain Case, a plain Case.

Sir Feeb. Harkye, Sir, have you had the Impudence to marry my Daughter, Sir?

[*To Bredwel, who with Diana kneels.*]

Bred. Yes, Sir, and humbly ask your Pardon, and your Blessing—

Sir Feeb. You will ha't, whether I will or not—rise, you are still too hard for us: Come, Sir, forgive your Nephew—

Sir Cau. Well, Sir, I will—but all this while you little think the Tribulation I am in, my Lady has forsworn my Bed.

Sir Feeb. Indeed, Sir, the wiser she.



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Sir *Cau*. For only performing my Promise to this Gentleman.

Sir *Feeb*. Ay, you showed her the Difference, Sir; you're a wise man. Come, dry your Eyes—and rest your self contented, we are a couple of old Coxcombs; d'ye Hear, Sir, Coxcombs.

Sir *Cau*. I grant it, Sir; and if I die, Sir, I bequeath my Lady to you—with my whole Estate—my Nephew has too much already for a Fool.

[To Gayman.

Gay. I thank you, Sir—do you consent, my *Julia*?

L. *Ful*. No, Sir—you do not like me—a canvas Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-fellow.

Gay. Cruel Tormenter! Oh, I could kill myself with shame and anger!

L. *Ful*. Come hither, *Bredwel*—witness for my Honour—that I had no design upon his Person, but that of trying his Constancy.

Bred. Believe me, Sir, 'tis true—I feigned a danger near—just as you got to bed—and I was the kind Devil, Sir, that brought the Gold to you.

Bea. And you were one of the Devils that beat me, and the Captain here, Sir?

Gay. No truly, Sir, those were some I hired—to beat you for abusing me to day.

Noi. To make you 'mends, Sir, I bring you the certain News of the death of Sir *Thomas Gayman*, your Uncle, who has left you Two thousand pounds a year—

Gay. I thank you, Sir—I heard the news before.

Sir *Cau*. How's this; Mr. *Gayman*, my Lady's first Lover? I find, Sir *Feeble*, we were a couple of old Fools indeed, to think at our Age to cozen two lusty young Fellows of their Mistresses; 'tis no wonder that both the Men and the Women have been too hard for us; we are not fit Matches for either, that's the truth on't.

*The Warrior needs must to his Rival yield,
Who comes with blunted Weapons to the Field.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Person of Quality, Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.



*Long have we turn'd the point of our just Rage
On the half Wits, and Criticks of the Age.
Oft has the soft, insipid Sonneteer
In Nice and Flutter, seen his Fop-face here.
Well was the ignorant lampooning Pack
Of shatterhead Rhymers whip'd on Craffey's back;
But such a trouble Weed is Poetaster,
The lower 'tis cut down, it grows the faster.
Though Satir then had such a plenteous crop,
An After Math of Coxcombs is come up;
Who not content false Poetry to renew,
By sottish Censures wou'd condemn the true.
Let writing like a Gentleman—fine appear,
But must you needs judge too en Cavalier?
These whiffling Criticks, 'tis our Auth'ress fears,
And humbly begs a Trial by her Peers:
Or let a Pole of Fools her fate pronounce,
There's no great harm in a good quiet Dunce.
But shield her, Heaven! from the left-handed blow
Of airy Blockheads who pretend to know.
On downright Dulness let her rather split,
Than be Fop-mangled under colour of Wit.*



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Hear me, ye Scribling Beaus,—
 Why will you in sheer Rhyme, without one stroke |
 Of Poetry, Ladies just Disdain provoke, |
 And address Songs to whom you never spoke? |
 In doleful Hymns for dying Felons fit,
 Why do you tax their Eyes, and blame their Wit?
 Unjustly of the Innocent you complain,
 'Tis Bulkiers give, and Tubs must cure your pain.
 Why in Lampoons will you your selves revile?
 'Tis true, none else will think it worth their while:
 But thus you're hid! oh, 'tis a politick Fetch;
 So some have hang'd themselves to ease_ Jack Ketch.
Justly your Friends and Mistresses you blame, |
For being so they well deserve the shame, |
'Tis the worst scandal to have borne that name. |
[See the late Satir on Poetry]
At Poetry of late, and such whose Skill |
Excels your own, you dart a feeble Quill; |
Well may you rail at what you ape so ill. |
With virtuous Women, and all Men of Worth,
You're in a state of mortal War by Birth.
Nature in all her Atom-Fights ne'er knew
Two things so opposite as Them and You.
On such your Muse her utmost fury spends,
They're slander'd worse than any but your Friends.
More years may teach you better; the mean while,
If you can't mend your Morals, mend your Style.

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE; OR, THE JEALOUS BRIDEGROOM.

ARGUMENT.

The King of France to reward his favourite Alcippus, at the motion of prince Philander, gladly assents to his being created general in place of old Orgulius, who seeks to resign his office, and further on his royal word pledges the new-made commander, Erminia, Orgulius' daughter, in marriage. The lady, however, loves the dauphin, whilst the princess Galatea is enamoured of Alcippus. All three are plunged into despair, and the brother and sister knowing each other's passion bemoan their hapless fate. The prince, indeed, threatens to kill Alcippus, upon which Galatea declares she will poniard



Erminia. On the wedding night the bride confesses her love for Philander and refuses to admit Alcippus to her love. The dauphin at the same time serenades Erminia at her chamber door, but Pisaro, a friend to Alcippus, meeting him, there is a scuffle during which Alcander, the prince's companion, wounds the intruder. The noise rouses Erminia who issues from her room and encounters Philander. Alcippus, seeing them together, mad with jealousy, attacks the prince. He is, however, beaten back and even wounded, and later his fury is inflamed by Pisaro's tale, who also informs the favourite that Galatea, for whom the narrator cherishes a hopeless love, dotes fondly upon him. Erminia, now that she has been joined in wedlock with Alcippus, guards herself carefully from the dauphin's passion, but when the general is obliged by his duties to leave for the camp Philander hopes to persuade her to yield to him. Alcippus, however, whose departure is a feint, returns secretly, leaving Pisaro

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to continue the journey alone. Isillia, Erminia's woman, has already admitted Philander to her mistress' chamber, when the lovers are surprised by the arrival of Alcippus on the scene. The prince is concealed, although the meeting had been purely innocent, but he is betrayed owing to the fact of his inadvertently leaving his hat and sword upon a table. He departs unmolested, but once he is gone Alcippus, beside himself with blind fury, strangles Erminia with an embroidered garter—Pisaro, coming in a few moments after, reproaches him with the murder but hurries him away to concealment. The deed, however, is discovered and noised abroad by Falatius, a busy coxcomb courtier. Orgulius demands Alcippus' life from the King, but Galatea, heart-broken, pleads for the man she loves. Philander is distraught with grief, and the King decides that if he harms himself Alcippus shall straightway pay the forfeit. The prince is about to wreak his vengeance on the cruel husband when he is met by Erminia herself, who, owing to her maid's attentions, has recovered from the swoon Alcippus took for death. It is resolved that Alcippus, who is now torn with agony and remorse, must be fittingly punished, and accordingly as he lies sick at heart in his chamber Erminia enters as a spirit, and so looking over his shoulder into a mirror wherein he is gazing tells him plainly of Galatea's love. The princess then passes by as it were a phantom, and after a masque, which he takes for a dream, he is conducted to a room draped in black wherein is placed a catafalque. Here he encounters Philander and as they are at hot words the King, who has been privy to the whole design, enters and the two are reconciled. Erminia next appears, and the happy accident explained, Erminia is bestowed upon the dauphin, whilst the princess is united to the favourite.

There is a slight underplot which deals with the amours of Aminta, sister to Pisaro, and Alcander. She is also courted by the cowardly fop, Falatius.

SOURCE.

The Forc'd Marriage; or, The Jealous Bridegroom is the earliest, and most certainly one of the weakest of Mrs. Behn's plays. This is, however, far from saying that it is not a very good example of the Davenant, Howard, Porter, Stapylton school of romantic tragic-comedy. But Aphara had not yet hit upon her brilliant vein of intrigue. In *The Forced Marriage* she seems to have remembered *The Maid's Tragedy*. The situation between Alcippus and Erminia, Act ii, III, has some vague resemblance to that of Amintor and Evadne, Act ii, I. Aminta also faintly recalls Dula, whilst the song 'Hang love, for I will never pine' has a far-off echo of 'I could never have the power.' But Mrs. Behn has not approached within measuring distance of that supreme masterpiece.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

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The stage history of *The Forc'd Marriage; or, The Jealous Bridegroom* is best told in the quaint phrase of old Downes. Produced in December, 1670 at the Duke's Theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields, *The Jealous Bridegroom*, says the veteran prompter, 'wrote by Mrs. Behn, a good play and lasted six days'. This, it must be remembered, was by no means a poor run at that time. 'Note,' continues the record, 'In this play, Mr. Otway the poet having an inclination to turn actor; Mrs. Behn gave him the King in this play for a probation part, but he being not us'd to the stage, the full house put him to such a sweat and tremendous agony, being dash'd, spoilt him for an actor.'

To quote Mr. Gosse's excellent and classic essay on Otway:—'The choice of the part showed the kindly tact of the shrewd Mrs. Behn. The king had to speak the few first words, to which the audience never listens, to make some brief replies in the first scene, and then not to speak again until the end of the fourth act. In the fifth act he had to make rather a long speech to Smith [Mr. Gosse by a slip writes 'Betterton'. The King (v, III) is talking to Philander, acted by Smith. Betterton played the favourite Alcippus.], explaining that he was "old and feeble, and could not long survive," and this is nearly all he had to say till the very end, where he was in great force as the kind old man who unites the couples and speaks the last words. It was quite a crucial test, and Otway proved his entire inability to face the public. He trembled, was inaudible, melted in agony, and had to leave the stage. The part was given to Westwood, a professional actor, and Otway never essayed to tread the boards again.'

The Forced Marriage seems never to have been revived since its production. On the title page of the second quarto (1690), *The Forc'd Marriage* is said to have been played at the Queen's Theatre. This is because the Duke's House temporarily changed its name thus. It does not refer to a second run of the play.

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE;

or, the Jealous Bridegroom.

Va mon enfant! prends ta fortune.

PROLOGUE.

*Gallants, our Poets have of late so us'd ye,
In Play and Prologue too so much abus'd ye,
That should we beg your aids, I justly fear,
Ye're so incens'd you'd hardly lend it here.
But when against a common Foe we arm,
Each will assist to guard his own concern.
Women those charming Victors, in whose Eyes*



*Lie all their Arts, and their Artilleries,
Not being contented with the Wounds they made,
Would by new Stratagems our Lives invade.
Beauty alone goes now at too cheap rates;
And therefore they, like Wise and Politick States,
Court a new Power that may the old supply,
To keep as well as gain the Victory.
They'll join the force of Wit to Beauty now,*

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*And so maintain the Right they have in you.
If the vain Sex this privilege should boast,
Past cure of a declining Face we're lost.
You'll never know the bliss of Change; this Art
Retrieves (when Beauty fades) the wandering Heart;
And though the Airy Spirits move no more,
Wit still invites, as Beauty did before.
To day one of their Party ventures out,
Not with design to conquer, but to scout.
Discourage but this first attempt, and then
They'll hardly dare to sally out again.
The Poetess too, they say, has Spies abroad,
Which have dispersed themselves in every road,
I'th' Upper Box, Pit, Galleries; every Face
You find disguis'd in a Black Velvet Case.
My life on't; is her Spy on purpose sent,
To hold you in a wanton Compliment;
That so you may not censure what she 'as writ,
Which done, they face you down 'twas full of Wit.
Thus, while some common Prize you hope to win,
You let the Tyrant Victor enter in.
I beg to day you'd lay that humour by,
Till your Rencounter at the Nursery;
Where they, like Centinels from duty free,
May meet and wanton with the Enemy.*

Enter an Actress.

*How hast thou labour'd to subvert in vain, What one poor Smile of ours calls home
again? Can any see that glorious Sight and say*

[Woman pointing to the ladies.

*A Woman shall not Victor prove to day?
Who is't that to their Beauty would submit,
And yet refuse the Fetters of their Wit?
He tells you tales of Stratagems and Spies;
Can they need Art that have such powerful Eyes?
Believe me, Gallants, he'as abus'd you all;
There's not a Vizard in our whole Cabal:
Those are but Pickeroons that scour for prey*



*And catch up all they meet with in their way;
Who can no Captives take, for all they do
Is pillage ye, then gladly let you go.
Ours scorns the petty Spoils, and do prefer
The Glory not the Interest of the War:
But yet our Forces shall obliging prove,
Imposing nought but Constancy in Love:
That's all our Aim, and when we have, it too,
We'll sacrifice it all to pleasure you.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

King, Mr. Westwood. *Philander*, his Son, betrothed to *Erminia*, Mr. *Smith*. *Alcippus*, Favourite, in love with *Erminia*, Mr. *Betterton*. *Orgulius*, late General, Father to *Erminia*, Mr. *Norris*. *Alcander*, Friend to the Prince, in love with *Aminta*, Mr. *Young*.
Pisaro, Friend to the young General *Alcippus*, Mr. *Cademan*. *Falatus*, a fantastick Courtier, Mr. *Angel*. *Labree*, his Man. *Cleontius*, Servant to the Prince, and Brother Mr. *Crosby*.
to *Isillia*,
Page to *Pisaro*.

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WOMEN.

Galatea, Daughter to the King, Mrs. *Jennings*. *Erminia*, Daughter to *Orgulius*, espous'd to the Mrs. *Betterton*.

Prince,
Aminta, Sister to *Pisaro*, in love with *Alcander*, Mrs. *Wright*. *Olinda*, Sister to *Alcander*, Maid of Honour to Mrs. *Lee*.

the Princess,
Isillia, Sister to *Cleontius*, Woman to *Erminia*, Mrs. *Clough*. *Lysette*, Woman to *Aminta*. Clergy, Officers, Pages and Attendants.

Scene within the Court of FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Philander, Orgulius, Alcippus, Alcander,
Pisaro, Cleontius, Falatius; *and Officers.*

King. How shall I now divide my Gratitude, Between a Son, and one that has oblig'd me, Beyond the common duty of a Subject?

Phil. Believe me, Sir, he merits all your Bounty,
I only took example by his Actions;
And all the part o'th' Victory which I gain'd,
Was but deriv'd from him.

King. Brave Youth, whose Infant years did bring us Conquests;
And as thou grew'st to Man, thou grew'st in Glory,
And hast arriv'd to such a pitch of it,
As all the slothful Youth that shall succeed thee,
Shall meet reproaches of thy early Actions:
When Men shall say, thus did the brave *Alcippus*;
And that great Name shall every Soul inspire
With Emulation to arrive at something,
That's worthy of Example.

Alcip. I must confess I had the honour, Sir,
To lead on twenty thousand fighting Men,
Whom Fortune gave the Glory of the Day to.
I only bid them fight, and they obey'd me;
But 'twas my Prince that taught them how to do so.



King. I do believe *Philander* wants no courage;
But what he did was to preserve his own.
But thine the pure effects of highest Valour;
For which, if ought below my Crown can recompense,
Name it, and take it, as the price of it.

Alcip. The Duty which we pay your Majesty, Ought to be such, as what we pay the
Gods; Which always bears its Recompence about it.

King. Yet suffer me to make thee some return,
Though not for thee, yet to incourage Bravery.
I know thy Soul is generous enough,
To think a glorious Act rewards it self.
But those who understand not so much Virtue,
Will call it my neglect, and want of Gratitude;
In this thy Modesty will wrong thy King.

Alcippus, by this pause you seem to doubt
My Power or Will; in both you are to blame.

Alcip. Your pardon, Sir; I never had a thought
That could be guilty of so great a Sin.
That I was capable to do you service,
Was the most grateful Bounty Heaven allow'd me,
And I no juster way could own that Blessing,
Than to imploy the Gift for your repose.



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King. I shall grow angry, and believe your Pride
Would put the guilt off on your Modesty,
Which would refuse what that believes below it.

Phil. Your Majesty thinks too severely of him;
Permit me, Sir, to recompense his Valour,
I saw the wonders on't, and thence may guess
In some Degree, what may be worthy of it.

King. I like it well, and till thou hast perform'd it,
I will divest my self of all my Power,
And give it thee, till thou hast made him great.

Phil. I humbly thank you, Sir—

*[Bows to the King, takes the Staff from Orgulius,
and gives it to Alcippus, who looks amazedly.]*

And here I do create him General.
You seem to wonder, as if I dispossess'd
The brave *Orgulius*; but be pleas'd to know,
Such Reverence and Respect I owe that Lord,
As had himself not made it his Petition,
I sooner should have parted with my Right,
Than have discharg'd my debt by injuring him.

King. *Orgulius*, are you willing to resign it?

Org. With your permission, Sir, most willingly;
His vigorous Youth is fitter for't than Age,
Which now has render'd me incapable
Of what that can with more success perform.
My Heart and Wishes are the same they were,
But Time has quite depriv'd me of that power
That should assist a happy Conqueror.

King. Yet Time has added little to your years, Since I restor'd you to this great
Command, And then you thought it not unfit for you.

Org. Sir, was it fit I should refuse your Grace?
That was your act of Mercy: and I took it
To clear my Innocence, and reform the Errors
Which those receiv'd who did believe me guilty,
Or that my Crimes were greater than that Mercy.



I took it, Sir, in scorn of those that hated me,
And now resign it to the Man you love.

King. We need not this proof to confirm thy Loyalty;
Nor am I yet so barren of Rewards,
But I can find a way, without depriving
Thy noble Head of its victorious Wreaths,
To crown another's Temples.

Org. I humbly beg your Majesty's consent to't,
If you believe *Alcippus* worthy of it;
The generous Youth I have bred up to Battles,
Taught him to overcome, and use that Conquest
As modestly as his submissive Captive,
His Melancholy, (but his easy Fetters)
To meet Death's Horrors with undaunted looks:
How to despise the Hardships of a Siege;
To suffer Cold and Hunger, want of Sleep.
Nor knew he other rest than on his Horse-back,
Where he would sit and take a hearty Nap;
And then too dreamt of fighting.
I could continue on a day in telling
The Wonders of this Warrior.

King. I credit all, and do submit to you. But yet *Alcippus* seems displeas'd with it.



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Alcip. Ah, Sir! too late I find my Confidence
Has overcome my unhappy Bashfulness;
I had an humbler Suit to approach you with;
But this unlook'd for Honour
Has soon confounded all my lesser aims,
As were they not essential to my Being,
I durst not name them after what y'have done.

King. It is not well to think my Kindness limited;
This, from the Prince you hold, the next from me;
Be what it will, I here declare it thine.
—Upon my life, designs upon a Lady;
I guess it from thy blushing.
—Name her, and here thy King engages for her.

Phi. O Gods!—What have I done? [*Aside.*

Alcip. *Erminia*, Sir.— [*Bows.*

Phi. I'm ruin'd.— [*Aside.*

King. *Alcippus*, with her Father's leave, she's thine.

Org. Sir, 'tis my Aim and Honour.

Phi. *Alcippus*, is't a time to think of Weddings, When the disorder'd Troops require your Presence? You must to the Camp to morrow.

Alcip. You need not urge that Duty to me, Sir.

King. A Day or two will finish that affair,
And then we'll consummate the happy Day,
When all the Court shall celebrate your Joy.

[*They all go out, but Alcan. Pisa, and Fal.*

Pis. *Falatio*, you are a swift Horseman;
I believe you have a Mistress at Court,
You made such haste this Morning.

Fal. By *Jove*, *Pisaro*, I was weary enough of the
Campaign; and till I had lost sight of it,
I clapt on all my Spurs—
But what ails *Alcander*?



Pis. What, displeas'd?

Alcan. It may be so, what then?

Pis. Then thou mayst be pleas'd again.

Alcan. Why the Devil should I rejoice?
Because I see another rais'd above me;
Let him be great, and damn'd with all his Greatness.

Pis. Thou mean'st *Alcippus*, who I think merits it.

Alcan. What is't that thou cal'st Merit?
He fought, it's true, so did you, and I,
And gain'd as much as he o'th' Victory,
But he in the Triumphal Chariot rode,
Whilst we ador'd him like a Demi-God.
He with the Prince an equal welcome found,
Was with like Garlands, though less Merit, crown'd.

Fal. He's in the right for that, by *Jove*.

Pis. Nay, now you wrong him.

Alcan. What's he I should not speak my sense of him?

Pis. He is our General.

Alcan. What then?
What is't that he can do, which I'll decline?
Has he more Youth, more Strength, or Arms than I?
Can he preserve himself i'th' heat of the Battle?
Or can he singly fight a whole Brigade?
Can he receive a thousand Wounds, and live?



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Fal. Can you or he do so?

Alcan. I do not say I can; but tell me then,
Where be the Virtues of this mighty Man,
That he should brave it over all the rest?

Pis. Faith, he has many Virtues, and much Courage; And merits it as well as you or I:
Orgulius was grown old.

Alcan. What then?

Pis. Why then he was unfit for't, But that he had a Daughter that was young.

Alcan. Yes, he might have lain by,
Like rusty Armour, else,
Had she not brought him into play again;
The Devil take her for't.

Fal. By *Jove*, he's dissatisfy'd with every thing.

Alcan. She has undone my Prince,
And he has most unluckily disarm'd himself,
And put the Sword into his Rival's hand,
Who will return it to his grateful Bosom.

Phi. Why, you believe *Alcippus* honest—

Alcan. Yes, in your sense, *Pisaro*,
But do not like the last demand he made;
'Twas but an ill return upon his Prince,
To beg his Mistress, rather challeng'd her.

Pis. His ignorance that she was so, may excuse him.

Alcan. The Devil 'twill, dost think he knew it not?

Pis. *Orgulius* still design'd him for *Erminia*; And if the Prince be disoblig'd from this, He only ought to take it ill from him.

Alcan. Too much, *Pisaro*, you excuse his Pride, But 'tis the Office of a Friend to do so.

Pis. 'Tis true, I am not ignorant of this,
That he despises other Recompence
For all his Services, but fair *Erminia*,
I know 'tis long since he resign'd his Heart,



Without so much as telling her she conquer'd;
And yet she knew he lov'd; whilst she, ingrate,
Repay'd his Passion only with her Scorn.

Alcan. In loving him, she'd more ingrateful prove To her first Vows, to Reason, and to Love.

Pis. For that, *Alcander*, you know more than I.

Fal. Why sure *Aminta* will instruct her better, She's as inconstant as the Seas and Winds, Which ne'er are calm but to betray Adventurers.

Alcan. How came you by that knowledg, Sir?

Fal. What a Pox makes him ask me that question now? [*Aside.*

Pis. Prithee, *Alcander*, now we talk of her,
How go the Amours 'twixt you and my wild Sister?
Can you speak yet, or do you tell your tale
With Eyes and Sighs, as you were wont to do?

Alcan. Faith, much at that old rate, *Pisaro*,
I yet have no encouragement from her
To make my Court in any other language.

Pis. You'll bring her to't, she must be overcome, And you're the fittest for her fickle Humour.



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Alcan. Pox on't, this Change will spoil our making Love,
We must be sad, and follow the Court-Mode:
My life on't, you'll see desperate doings here;
The Eagle will not part so with his Prey;
Erminia was not gain'd so easily,
To be resign'd so tamely.—But come, my Lord,
This will not satisfy our appetites,
Let's in to Dinner, and when warm with Wine,
We shall be fitter for a new Design.

[*They go out. Fal. stays.*]

Fal. Now am I in a very fine condition,
A comfortable one, as I take it:
I have ventur'd my Life to some purpose now;
What confounded luck was this, that he of all men
Living, should happen to be my Rival?
Well, I'll go visit *Aminta*, and see how
She receives me.—
Why, where a duce hast thou dispos'd of *Enter* Labree.
Thy self all this day? I will be bound to be
Hang'd if thou hast not a hankering after
Some young Wench; thou couldst never loiter
Thus else; but I'll forgive thee now, and prithee go to
My Lady *Aminta*'s Lodgings; kiss her hand
From me; and tell her, I am just returned from
The Campaign: mark that word, Sirrah.

Lab. I shall, Sir, 'tis truth.

Fal. Well, that's all one; but if she should
Demand any thing concerning me, (for
Love's inquisitive) dost hear? as to my Valour, or so,
Thou understand'st me; tell her
I acted as a man that pretends to the glory of
Serving her.

Lab. I warrant you, Sir, for a Speech.

Fal. Nay, thou mayst speak as well too much
As too little; have a care of that, dost hear?
And if she ask what Wounds I have, dost mind me?
Tell her I have many, very many.



Lab. But whereabouts, Sir?

Fal. Let me see—let me see; I know not where To place them—I think in my Face.

Lab. By no means, Sir, you had much better Have them in your Posteriors: for then the Ladies Can never disprove you; they'll not look there.

Fal. The sooner, you Fool, for the Rarity on't.

Lab. Sir, the Novelty is not so great, I assure you.

Fal. Go to, y'are wicked; But I will have them in my Face.

Lab. With all my heart, Sir, but how?

Fal. I'll wear a patch or two there, and I'll Warrant you for pretending as much as any man; And who, you Fool, shall know the fallacy?

Lab. That, Sir, will all that know you, both in the Court and Camp.

Fal. Mark me, *Labree*, once for all; if thou takest
Delight continually thus to put me in mind of
My want of Courage, I shall undoubtedly
Fall foul on thee, and give thee most fatal proofs
Of more than thou expectest.

Lab. Nay, Sir, I have done, and do believe 'tis only I dare say you are a man of Prowess.



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Fal. Leave thy simple fancies, and go about thy business.

Lab. I am gone; but hark, my Lord, If I should say your Face were wounded, The Ladies would fear you had lost your Beauty.

Fal. O, never trouble your head for that, *Aminta* Is a Wit, and your Wits care not how ill-favour'd Their Men be, the more ugly the better.

Lab. An't be so, you'll fit them to a hair.

Fal. Thou art a Coxcomb, to think a man of my Quality needs the advantage of Handsomness: A trifle as insignificant as Wit or Valour; poor Nothings, which Men of Fortune ought to despise.

Lab. Why do you then keep such a stir, to gain The reputation of this thing you so despise?

Fal. To please the peevish humour of a Woman, Who in that point only is a Fool.

Lab. You had a Mistress once, if you have not Forgotten her, who would have taken you with All these faults.

Fal. There was so; but she was poor, that's the Devil, I could have lov'd her else. —But go thy ways; what dost thou muse on?

Lab. Faith, Sir, I am only fearful you will never Pass with those Patches you speak of.

Fal. Thou never-to-be-reclaim'd Ass, shall I never Bring thee to apprehend as thou ought'st? I tell thee, I will pass and repass, where and how I please; Know'st thou not the difference yet, between a Man Of Money and Titles, and a Man of only Parts, As they call them? poor Devils of no Mein nor Garb: Well, 'tis a fine and frugal thing, this Honour, It covers a multitude of Faults: Even Ridicule in one of us is a-la-mode. But I detain thee; go haste to *Aminta*.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Galatea's Apartments.*

Enter Galatea, Aminta, and Olinda.



Gal. Will *Erminia* come?

Oli. Madam, I thought she'd been already here.

Gal. But prithee how does she support this news?

Oli. Madam, as those unreconciled to Heaven Would bear the pangs of death.

Am. Time will convince her of that foolish error, Of thinking a brisk young Husband a torment.

Gal. What young Husband?

Am. The General, Madam.

Gal. Why, dost thou think she will consent to it?

Am. Madam, I cannot tell, the World's inconstant.

Gal. Ay, *Aminta*, in every thing but Love;
And sure they cannot be in that:
What say'st thou, *Olinda*?

Oli. Madam, my Judgment's naught.
Love I have treated as a stranger Guest,
Receiv'd him well, not lodg'd him in my Breast.
I ne'er durst give the unknown Tyrant room;
Lest he should make his resting place his home.

Gal. Then thou art happy; but if *Erminia* fail, I shall not live to reproach her.

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Am. Nay, Madam, do not think of dying yet: There is a way, if we could think of it.

Gal. *Aminta*, when will thou this Humour lose?

Am. Faith, never, if I might my Humour chuse.

Gal. Methinks thou now should'st blush to bid me live.

Am. Madam, 'tis the best counsel I can give.

Gal. Thy Counsel! Prithee, what dost counsel now?

Am. What I would take my self I counsel you.

Gal. You must my Wounds and my Misfortunes bear
Before you can become my Counsellor.
You cannot guess the Torments I endure:
Not knowing the Disease you'll miss the Cure.

Am. Physicians, Madam, can the Patient heal
Although the Malady they ne'er did feel;
But your Disease is epidemical,
Nor can I that evade that conquers all.
I lov'd, and never did like pleasure know,
Which Passion did with time less vigorous grow.

Gal. Why, hast thou lost it?

Am. It, and half a score.

Gal. Losing the first, sure thou couldst love no more.

Am. With more facility, than when the Dart
Arm'd with resistless fire first seiz'd my Heart;
'Twas long then e'er the Boy could entrance get,
And make his little Victory compleat;
And now he's got the knack on't, 'tis with ease
He domineers, and enters when he please.

Gal. My Heart, *Aminta*, is not like to thine.

Am. Faith, Madam, try, you'll find it just like mine.
The first I lov'd was *Philocles*, and then
Made Protestations ne'er to love again,
Yet after left him for a faithless crime;



But then I languisht even to death for him;
—But Love who suffer'd me to take no rest,
New fire-balls threw, the old scarce dispossess;
And by the greater flame the lesser light,
Like Candles in the Sun extinguished quite,
And left no power *Alcander* to resist,
Who took, and keeps possession of my breast.

Gal. Art thou a Lover then, and look'st so gay, But thou hast ne'er a Father to obey.
[*Sighing.*

Am. Why, if I had I would obey him too.

Gal. And live?

Am. And live.

Gal. 'Tis more than I can do.

Enter Erminia weeping.

—Thy Eyes, *Erminia*, do declare thy Heart
[*Gal. meets her, embraces her, and weeps.*
Has nothing but Despairs and Death t'impart,
And I alas, no Comfort can apply,
But I as well as you can weep and die.

Er. I'll not reproach my Fortune, since in you
Grief does the noblest of your Sex subdue;
When your great Soul a sorrow can admit,
I ought to suffer from the sense of it;
Your cause of grief too much like mine appears,
Not to oblige my Eyes to double tears;
And had my heart no sentiments at home,
My part in yours had doubtless fill'd the room.
But mine will no addition more receive,
Fate has bestow'd the worst she had to give;
Your mighty Soul can all its rage oppose,
Whilst mine must perish by more feeble blows.



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Gal. Indeed I dare not say my cause of grief
Does yours exceed, since both are past relief.
But if your Fates unequal do appear,
Erminia, 'tis my heart that odds must bear.

Er. Madam, 'tis just I should to you resign,
But here you challenge what is only mine:
My Fate so cruel is, it will not give
Leave to *Philander* (if I die) to live:
Might I but suffer all, 'twere some content,
But who can live and see this languishment?
You, Madam, do alone your Sorrows bear,
Which would be less, did but *Alcippus* share;
As Lovers we agree, I'll not deny,
But thou art lov'd again, so am not I.

Am. Madam, that grief the better is sustain'd,
That's for a loss that never yet was gain'd;
You only lose a man that does not know
How great the honour is which you bestow;
Who dares not hope you love, or if he did,
Your Greatness would his just return forbid;
His humble thoughts durst ne'er to you aspire,
At most he would presume but to admire;
Or if it chanc'd he durst more daring prove,
You still must languish and conceal your Love.

Gal. This which you argue lessens not my Pain,
My Grief's the same were I belov'd again.
The King my Father would his promise keep,
And thou must him enjoy for whom I weep.

Er. Ah, would I could that fatal gift deny;
Without him you; and with him, I must die;
My Soul your royal Brother does adore,
And I, all Passion, but from him, abhor;
But if I must th'unsuit *Alcippus* wed,
I vow he ne'er shall come into my Bed.

Gal. That's bravely sworn, and now I love thee more
Than e'er I was oblig'd to do before,
—But yet, *Erminia*, guard thee from his Eyes,
Where so much love, and so much Beauty lies;



Those charms may conquer thee, which made me bow,
And make thee love as well as break this Vow.

Er. Madam, it is unkind, though but to fear
Ought but *Philander* can inhabit here.
[Lays her hand on her heart.

Gal. Ah, that *Alcippus* did not you approve,
We then might hope these mischiefs to remove;
The King my Father might be won by Prayer,
And my too powerful Brother's sad despair,
To break his word, which kept will us undo:
And he will lose his dear *Philander* too,
Who dies and can no remedies receive:
But vows that 'tis for you alone he'll live.

Er. Ah, Madam, do not tell me how he dies,
I've seen too much already in his Eyes:
They did the sorrows of his Soul betray,
Which need not be confest another way:
'Twas there I found what my misfortune was,
Too sadly written in his lovely face.
But see, my Father comes: Madam, withdraw a while,
And once again I'll try my interest with him.

[*Exeunt.*



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SCENE III. *A room in the house of Orgulius.*

Enter Orgulius, Erminia weeping, and Isillia.

Er. Sir, does your fatal resolution hold?

Org. Away, away, you are a foolish Girl,
And look with too much pride upon your Beauty;
Which like a gaudy flower that springs too soon,
Withers e'er fully blown.
Your very Tears already have betray'd
Its weak inconstant nature;
Alcippus, should he look upon thee now,
would swear thou wert not that fine thing he lov'd.

Er. Why should that blessing turn to my despair? Curse on his Faith that told him I was fair.

Org. 'Tis strange to me you shou'd despise this Fortune, I always thought you well inclin'd to love him, I would not else have thus dispos'd of you.

Er. I humbly thank you, Sir, though't be too late,
And wish you yet would try to change my Fate;
What to *Alcippus* you did Love believe,
Was such a Friendship as might well deceive;
'Twas what kind Sisters do to Brothers pay;
Alcippus I can love no other way.
—Sir, lay the Interest of a Father by,
And give me leave this Lover to deny.

Org. Erminia, thou art young, and canst not see The advantage of the Fortune offer'd thee.

Er. Alas, Sir, there is something yet behind. [*Sighs.*]

Org. What is't, *Erminia*? freely speak thy mind.

Er. Ah, Sir, I dare not, you inrag'd will grow.

Org. Erminia, you have seldom found me so;
If no mean Passion have thy Soul possest,
Be what it will I can forgive the rest.

Er. No, Sir, it is no crime, or if it be, Let Prince *Philander* make the Peace for me; He 'twas that taught the Sin (if Love be such.)



Org. *Erminia*, peace, he taught you then too much.

Er. Nay, Sir, you promis'd me you wou'd not blame My early Love, if 'twere a noble Flame.

Org. Than this a more unhappy could not be;
Destroy it, or expect to hear of me.
[*Offers to go out.*]

Er. Alas, I know 'twould anger you, when known.
[*She stays him.*]

Org. *Erminia*, you are wondrous daring grown.
Where got you courage to admit his Love,
Before the King or I did it approve?

Er. I borrow'd Courage from my Innocence,
And my own Virtue, Sir, was my defence.
Philander never spoke but from a Soul,
That all dishonest Passions can controul;
With Flames as chaste as Vestals that did burn,
From whence I borrow'd mine, to make return.

Org. Your Love from Folly, not from Virtue grew; You never could believe he'd marry you.

Er. Upon my life no other thing he spoke, But those from dictates of his Honour took.



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Org. Though by his fondness led he were content
To marry thee, the King would ne'er consent.
Cease then this fruitless Passion, and incline
Your Will and Reason to agree with mine,
Alcippus I dispos'd you to before,
And now I am inclin'd to it much more.
Some days I had design'd t'have given thee
To have prepar'd for this solemnity;
But now my second thoughts believe it fit,
You should this night to my desires submit.

Er. This night! Ah, Sir, what is't you mean to do?

Org. Preserve my Credit, and thy Honour too.

Er. By such resolves you me to ruin bring.

Org. That's better than to disoblige my King.

Er. But if the King his liking do afford,
Would you not with *Alcippus* break your word?
Or would you not to serve your Prince's life,
Permit your Daughter to become his Wife?

Org. His Wife, *Erminia*! if I did believe
Thou could'st to such a thought a credit give,
I would the interest of a Father quit,
And you, *Erminia*, have no need of it:
Without his aid you can a Husband chuse;
Gaining the Prince you may a Father lose.

Er. Ah, Sir, these words are Poniards to my Heart;
And half my Love to Duty does convert;
Alas, Sir, I can be content to die,
But cannot suffer this Severity: [*Kneels*.
That care you had, dear Sir, continue still,
I cannot live and disobey your will. [*Rises*.

Org. This duty has regain'd me, and you'll find
A just return; I shall be always kind.
—Go, reassume your Beauty, dry your Eyes;
Remember 'tis a Father does advise. [*Goes out*.



Er. Ungrateful Duty, whose uncivil Pride
By Reason is not to be satisfy'd;
Who even Love's Almighty Power o'erthrows,
Or does on it too rigorous Laws impose;
Who bindest up our Virtue too too strait,
And on our Honour lays too great a weight.
Coward, whom nothing but thy power makes strong;
Whom Age and Malice bred t'affright the young;
Here thou dost tyrannize to that degree,
That nothing but my Death will set me free.

[*Ex. Erm. and Isil.*

SCENE IV. *Philander's Apartments.*

Enter Philander and Alcander.

Phil. Urge it no more, your Reasons do displease me;
I offer'd her a Crown with her *Philander*,
And she was once pleas'd to accept of it.
She lov'd me too, yes, and repaid my flame,
As kindly as I sacrific'd to her:
The first salute we gave were harmless Love,
Our Souls then met, and so grew up together,
Like sympathizing Twins.
And must she now be ravish'd from my Arms?
Will you, *Erminia*, suffer such a Rape?
What though the King have said it shall be so,
'Tis not his pleasure can become thy Law,



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No, nor it shall not.
And though he were my God as well as King,
I would instruct thee how to disobey him;
Thou shalt, *Erminia*, bravely say, I will not;
He cannot force thee to't against thy will.
—Oh Gods, shall duty to a King and Father
Make thee commit a Murder on thy self,
Thy sacred self, and me that do adore thee?
No, my *Erminia*, quit this vain devoir,
And follow Love that may preserve us all:
—Presumptuous Villain, bold Ingratitude—
Hadst thou no other way to pay my favours?
By Heaven, 'twas bravely bold, was it not, *Alcander*?

Alcan. It was somewhat strange, Sir; But yet perhaps he knew not that you lov'd her.

Phil. Not know it! yes, as well as thou and I.
The world was full on't, and could he be ignorant?
Why was her Father call'd from banishment,
And plac'd about the King, but for her sake?
What made him General, but my Passion for her?
What gave him twenty thousand Crowns a year,
But that which made me captive to *Erminia*,
Almighty Love, of which thou say'st he is ignorant?
How has he order'd his audacious flame,
That I cou'd ne'er perceive it all this while.

Alcan. Then 'twas a flame conceal'd from you alone,
To the whole Court, besides, 'twas visible.
He knew you would not suffer it to burn out;
And therefore waited till his services
Might give encouragement to's close design.
If that could do't he nobly has endeavour'd it,
But yet I think you need not yield her, Sir.

Phi. *Alcippus*, I confess, is brave enough,
And by such ways I'll make him quit his claim;
He shall to morrow to the Camp again,
And then I'll own my Passion to the King;
He loves me well, and I may hope his pity.



*Till then be calm, my Heart, for if that fail,
[Points to his Sword.
This is the argument that will prevail.*

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE WEDDING.

The Curtain must be let down, and soft Musick must play: The Curtain being drawn up, discovers a scene of a Temple: The King sitting on a Throne, bowing down to join the hands Alcippus and Erminia, who kneel on the steps of the Throne; the Officers of the Court and Clergy standing in order by, with Orgulius. This within the Scene.

Without on the Stage_, Philander with his Sword half drawn, held by Galatea, who looks ever on Alcippus: Erminia still fixing her Eyes on Philander; Pisaro passionately gazing on Galatea: Aminta on Fallatio, and he on her: Alcander, Isillia, Cleontius, in other several postures, with the rest, all remaining without motion, whilst the Musick softly plays; this continues a while till the Curtain falls; and then the Musick plays aloud till the Act begins.



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SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter Philander and Galatea inrag'd.

Phi. 'Tis done, 'tis done, the fatal knot is ty'd,
Erminia to *Alcippus* is a Bride;
Methinks I see the Motions of her Eyes,
And how her Virgin Breasts do fall and rise:
Her bashful Blush, her timorous Desire,
Adding new Flame to his too vigorous Fire;
Whilst he the charming Beauty must embrace,
And shall I live to suffer this Disgrace?
Shall I stand tamely by, and he receive
That Heaven of bliss, defenceless she can give?
No, Sister, no, renounce that Brother's name,
Suffers his Patience to surmount his Flame;
I'll reach the Victor's heart, and make him see,
That Prize he has obtain'd belongs to me.

Gal. Ah, dear *Philander*, do not threaten so, Whilst him you wound, you kill a Sister too.

Phi. Though all the Gods were rallied on his side,
They should too feeble prove to guard his Pride.
Justice and Honour on my Sword shall sit,
And my Revenge shall guide the lucky hit.

Gal. Consider but the danger and the crime, And, Sir, remember that his life is mine.

Phi. Peace, Sister, do not urge it as a sin,
Of which the Gods themselves have guilty been:
The Gods, my Sister, do approve Revenge
By Thunder, which th'Almighty Ports unhinge,
Such is their Lightning when poor Mortals fear,
And Princes are the Gods inhabit here;
Revenge has charms that do as powerful prove
As those of Beauty, and as sweet as Love,
The force of Vengeance will not be withstood,
Till it has bath'd and cool'd it self in Blood.
Erminia, sweet *Erminia*, thou art lost,
And he yet lives that does the conquest boast.

Gal. Brother, that Captive you can ne'er retrieve
More by the Victor's death, than if he live,
For she in Honour cannot him prefer,



Who shall become her Husband's Murderer;
By safer ways you may that blessing gain,
When venturing thus through Blood and Death prove vain.

Phi. With hopes already that are vain as Air,
You've kept me from Revenge, but not Despair.
I had my self acquitted, as became
Erminia's wrong'd Adorer, and my Flame;
My Rival I had kill'd, and set her free,
Had not my Justice been disarm'd by thee.
—But for thy faithless Hope, I 'ad murder'd him,
Even when the holy Priest was marrying them,
And offer'd up the reeking Sacrifice
To th'Gods he kneel'd to, when he took my price;
By all their Purity I would have don't.
But now I think I merit the Affront:
He that his Vengeance idly does defer,
His Safety more than his Success must fear:
I, like that Coward, did prolong my Fate,
But brave Revenge can never come too late.

Gal. Brother, if you can so inhuman prove
To me your Sister, Reason, and to Love:
I'll let you see that I have sentiments too,
Can love and be reveng'd as well as you;
That hour that shall a death to him impart,
Shall send this Dagger to *Erminia's* heart.
[*Shews a Dagger.*]



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Phi. Ah, Coward, how these words have made thee pale,
And Fear above thy Courage does prevail:
Ye Gods, why did you such a way invent?

Gal. None else was left thy madness to prevent.

Phi. Ah, cruel Sister, I am tame become,
And will reverse my happy Rival's doom:
Yes, he shall live to triumph o'er my Tomb.
—But yet what thou hast said, I needs must blame,
For if my resolutions prove the same,
I now should kill thee, and my life renew;
But were it brave or just to murder you?
At worst, I should an unkind Sister kill,
Thou wouldst the sacred blood of Friendship spill.
I kill a Man that has undone my Fame,
Ravish'd my Mistress, and contemn'd my Name,
And, Sister, one who does not thee prefer:
But thou no reason hast to injure her.
Such charms of Innocence her Eyes do dress,
As would confound the cruel'st Murderess:
And thou art soft, and canst no Horror see,
Such Actions, Sister, you must leave to me.

Gal. The highest Love no Reason will admit, And Passion is above my Friendship yet.

Phi. Then since I cannot hope to alter thee,
Let me but beg that thou wouldst set me free;
Free this poor Soul that such a coil does keep;
'Twill neither let me wake in Peace, nor sleep.
Comfort I find a stranger to my heart,
Nor canst thou ought of that but thus impart;
Thou shouldst with joy a death to him procure,
Who by it leaves *Alcippus*' life secure.

Gal. Dear Brother, you out-run your Patience still,
We'll neither die our selves, nor others kill;
Something I'll do that shall thy joys restore,
And bring thee back that health thou had'st before;
—We're now expected at the Banquet, where
I'd have thy Eyes more Love than Anger wear:
This night be cheerful, and on me depend,
On me, that am thy Sister, and thy Friend:
A little raise *Alcippus*' Jealousy



And let the rest be carried on by me;
Nor would it be amiss should you provide
A Serenade to entertain the Bride:
'Twill give him Fears that may perhaps disprove
The fond opinion of his happy Love.

Phi. Though Hope be faithless, yet I cannot chuse, Coming from thee, but credit the abuse.

Gal. *Philander*, do not your Hope's power distrust, 'Tis time enough to die, when that's unjust.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Court Gallery.*

Enter Aminta as passing over the Stage, is stayed by Olinda.

Oli. Why so hasty, *Aminta*?

Am. The time requires it, *Olinda*.

Oli. But I have an humble suit to you.

Am. You shall command me any thing.

Oli. Pray Heaven you keep your word.

Am. That sad tone of thine, *Olinda*, has almost Made me repent of my promise; but come, what is't?

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Oli. My Brother, Madam.

Am. Now fie upon thee, is that all thy business?
[Offers to go off.]

Oli. Stay, Madam, he dies for you.

Am. He cannot do't for any Woman living; But well—it seems he speaks of Love to you;
To me he does appear a very Statue.

Oli. He nought but sighs and calls upon your name, And vows you are the cruell'st Maid
that breathes.

Am. Thou can'st not be in earnest sure.

Oli. I'll swear I am, and so is he.

Am. Nay, thou hast a hard task on't, to make
Vows to all the Women he makes love to;
Indeed I pity thee; ha, ha, ha.

Oli. You should not laugh at those you have undone.

Aminta *sings*.

*Hang Love, for I will never pine For any Man alive; Nor shall this jolly Heart of mine The
thoughts of it receive; I will not purchase Slavery At such a dangerous rate; But glory in
my Liberty, And laugh at Love and Fate.*

Oli. You'll kill him by this cruelty.

Am. What is't thou call'st so?
For I have hitherto given no denials,
Nor has he given me cause;
I have seen him wildly gaze upon me often,
And sometimes blush and smile, but seldom that;
And now and then found fault with my replies,
And wonder'd where the Devil lay that wit,
Which he believ'd no Judge of it could find.

Oli. Faith, Madam, that's his way of making love.

Am. It will not take with me, I love a Man
Can kneel, and swear, and cry, and look submiss,



As if he meant indeed to die my Slave:
Thy Brother looks—but too much like a Conqueror. [*Sighs.*

Oli. How, *Aminta*, can you sigh in earnest?

Am. Yes, *Olinda*, and you shall know its meaning;
I love *Alcander*, and am not ashamed o'th' secret,
But prithee do not tell him what I say.
—Oh, he's a man made up of those Perfections,
Which I have often lik'd in several men;
And wish'd united to compleat some one,
Whom I might have the glory to o'ercome.
—His Mein and Person, but 'bove all his Humour,
That surly Pride, though even to me address,
Does strangely well become him.

Oli. May I believe this?

Am. Not if you mean to speak on't, But I shall soon enough betray my self.

Enter Falatius with a patch or two on his Face.

Falatius, welcome from the Wars; I'm glad to see y'ave scap'd the dangers of them.

Fal. Not so well scap'd neither, Madam, but I Have left still a few testimonies of their Severity to me. [*Points to his face.*

Oli. That's not so well, believe me.

Fal. Nor so ill, since they be such as render us
No less acceptable to your fair Eyes, Madam!
But had you seen me when I gain'd them, Ladies,
In that heroick posture.



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Am. What posture?

Fal. In that of fighting, Madam;
You would have call'd to mind that antient story
Of the stout Giants that wag'd War with Heaven;
Just so I fought, and for as glorious prize,
Your excellent Ladship.

Am. For me, was it for me you ran this hazard then?

Fal. Madam, I hope you do not question that,
Was it not all the faults you found with me,
The reputation of my want of Courage,
A thousand Furies are not like a Battle;
And but for you,
By Jove, I would not fight it o'er again
For all the glory on't; and now do you doubt me?
Madam, your heart is strangely fortified
That can resist th'efforts I have made against it,
And bring to boot such marks of valour too.

*Enter to them Alcander, who seeing them would
turn back, but Olinda stays him.*

Oli. Brother, come back.

Fal. Advance, advance, what, Man, afraid of me?

Alcan. How can she hold discourse with that Fantastick. [*Aside.*

Fal. Come forward, and be complaisant. [*Pulls him again.*

Alcan. That's most proper for your Wit, *Falatius.*

Am. Why so angry?

Alcan. Away, thou art deceiv'd.

Am. You've lost your sleep, which puts you out of humour.

Alcan. He's damn'd will lose a moment on't for you.

Am. Who is't that has displeas'd you?



Alcan. You have, and took my whole repose away,
And more than that, which you ne'er can restore;
I can do nothing as I did before.
When I would sleep, I cannot do't for you,
My Eyes and Fancy do that form pursue;
And when I sleep, you revel in my Dreams,
And all my Life is nothing but extremes.
When I would tell my love, I seem most rude,
For that informs me how I am subdu'd.
Gods, you're unjust to tyrannize o'er me,
When thousands fitter for't than I go free.

[*Ex.*

Fal. Why, what the Devil has possest *Alcander*?

Oli. How like you this, *Aminta*?

Am. Better and better, he's a wondrous man.

[*Exeunt Am. and Oli.*

Fal. 'Tis the most unjanty humour that ever I saw;
Ay, ay, he is my Rival,
No marvel an he look'd so big upon me;
He is damnable valiant, and as jealous as
He is valiant; how shall I behave my
Self to him, and these too idle humours of his
I cannot yet determine; the comfort is,
He knows I am a Coward whatever face I set upon it.
Well, I must either resolve never to provoke
His Jealousy, or be able to rencounter his
Other fury, his Valour; that were a good
Resolve if I be not past all hope.



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[Ex.

SCENE III.

Enter Alcippus and Erminia, as in a Bed-Chamber.

Alcip. But still methinks, *Erminia*, you are sad,
A heaviness appears in those fair Eyes,
As if your Soul were agitating something
Contrary to the pleasure of this night.

Er. You ought in Justice, Sir, t'excuse me here,
Prisoners when first committed are less gay,
Than when they're us'd to Fetters every day,
But yet in time they will more easy grow.

Alcip. You strangely bless me in but saying so.

Er. *Alcippus*, I've an humble suit to you.

Alcip. All that I have is so intirely thine,
And such a Captive thou hast made my Will,
Thou needst not be at the expence of wishing
For what thou canst desire that I may grant;
Why are thy Eyes declin'd?

Er. To satisfy a little modest scruple; I beg you would permit me, Sir—

Alcip. To lie alone to night, is it not so, *Erminia*?

Er. It is—

Alcip. That's too severe, yet I will grant it thee? But why, *Erminia*, must I grant it thee?

Er. The Princess, Sir, questions my Power, and says, I cannot gain so much upon your Goodness.

Alcip. I could have wish'd some other had oblig'd thee to't.

Er. You would not blame her if you knew her reason.

Alcip. Indeed I do not much, for I can guess
She takes the party of the Prince her Brother;
And this is only to delay those Joys,



Which she perhaps believes belong to him.
—But that, *Erminia*, you can best resolve;
And 'tis not kindly done to hide a truth,
The Prince so clearly own'd.

Er. What did he own?

Alcip. He said, *Erminia*, that you were his Wife;
If so, no wonder you refuse my Bed: [*She weeps.*
The Presence of the King hinder'd my knowledge,
Of what I willingly would learn from you;
—Come, ne'er deny a truth that plain appears;
I see Hypocrisy through all your Tears.

Er. You need not ask me to repeat again,
A Knowledge which, you say, appears so plain:
The Prince his word methinks should credit get,
Which I'll confirm where'er you call for it:
My heart before you ask't it, was his prize,
And cannot twice become a Sacrifice.

Alcip. *Erminia*, is this brave or just in you,
To pay his score of Love with what's my due?
What's your design to treat me in this sort?
Are sacred Vows of Marriage made your sport?
Regard me well, *Erminia*, what am I?

Er. One, Sir, with whom, I'm bound to live and die,
And one to whom, by rigorous command,
I gave (without my Heart) my unwilling Hand.



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Alcip. But why, *Erminia*, did you give it so?

Er. T'obey a King and cruel Father too.
A Friendship, Sir, I can on you bestow,
But that will hardly into Passion grow;
And 'twill an Act below your Virtue prove,
To force a Heart you know can never love.

Alcip. Am I the mask to hide your Blushes in,
I the contented Fool to veil your Sin?
Have you already learnt that trick at Court,
Both how to practise and secure your sport?
Brave Mistress of your Art, is this the way,
My Service and my Passion to repay?
Will nothing but a Prince your pleasure fit,
And could you think that I would wink at it?
Recal that Folly, or by all that's good,
I'll free the Soul that wantons in thy Blood.
[He in rage takes her by the arm, shews a dagger.]

Er. I see your Love your Reason has betray'd,
But I'll forgive the Faults which Love has made:
'Tis true, I love, and do confess it too;
Which if a Crime, I might have hid from you;
But such a Passion 'tis as does despise
Whatever Rage you threaten from your Eyes.
—Yes—you may disapprove this flame in me,
But cannot hinder what the Gods decree;
—Search here this truth; Alas, I cannot fear;
Your Steel shall find a welcome entrance here.

[He holds her still and gazes on her.]

Alcip. Where dost thou think thy ungrateful Soul will go, Loaded with wrongs to me,
should I strike now?

Er. To some blest place, where Lovers do reside,
Free from the noise of Jealousy and Pride;
Where we shall know no other Power but Love,
And where even thou wilt soft and gentle prove;
So gentle, that if I should meet thee there,
Thou would'st allow, what thou deny'st me here.



Alcip. Thou hast disarm'd my Rage, and in its room
A world of Shame and softer Passions come,
Such as the first efforts of Love inspir'd,
When by thy charming Eyes my Soul was fir'd.

Er. I must confess your Fears are seeming just,
But here to free you from the least mistrust,
I swear, whilst I'm your Wife I'll not allow
Birth to a Thought that tends to injuring you.

Alcip. Not to believe thee, were a sin above
The Injuries I have done thee by my Love.
—Ah, my *Erminia*, might I hope at last
To share the pity of that lovely Breast,
By slow degrees I might approach that Throne,
Where now the blest *Philander* reigns alone:
Perhaps in time my Passion might redeem
That now too faithful Heart y'ave given to him;
Do but forbear to hear his amorous Tales,
Nor from his moving Eyes learn what he ails:
A Fire that's kindled cannot long survive,
If one add nought to keep the flame alive.

Er. I will not promise; what I mean to do My Virtue only shall oblige me to.



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Alcip. But, Madam, what d'you mean by this reserve?
To what intent does all this Coldness serve?
Is there no pity to my Sufferings due?
And will you still my Languishments renew?
Come, come, recal what you have rashly said;
And own to morrow that thou art no Maid:
Thy Blushes do betray thy willingness,
And in thy lovely Eyes I read success.

Er. A double tie obliges me to be
Strict to my Vows, my Love and Amity;
For my own sake the first I'll ne'er decline,
And I would gladly keep the last for thine.

Alcip. Madam, you strangely do improve my pain, To give me hopes you must recal again.

Er. Alcippus, you this language will forbear,
When you shall know how powerful you are;
For whilst you here endeavour to subdue,
The best of Women languishes for you.

Alcip. Erminia, do not mock my misery,
For though you cannot love, yet pity me;
That you allow my Passion no return,
Is weight enough, you need not add your Scorn,
In this your Cruelty is too severe.

Er. Alcippus, you mistake me every where.

Alcip. To whom, *Erminia,* do I owe this Fate?

Er. To morrow all her story I'll relate. Till then the promise I the Princess made, I beg you would permit might be obey'd.

Alcip. You, Madam, with so many charms assail,
You need not question but you shall prevail;
Thy power's not lessen'd in thy being mine,
But much augmented in my being thine,
The glory of my chains may raise me more,
But I am still that Slave I was before.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. Philander's *Bed-chamber.*



Enter Philander and Alcander. [The Prince half undrest.

Phi. What's a Clock, *Alcander*?

Alcan. 'Tis midnight, Sir, will you not go to bed?

Phi. To bed, Friend; what to do?

Alcan. To sleep, Sir, as you were wont to do.

Phi. Sleep, and *Erminia* have abandon'd me; I'll never sleep again.

Alcan. This is an humour, Sir, you must forsake.

Phi. Never, never, oh *Alcander*. Dost know where my *Erminia* lies to night?

Alcan. I guess, Sir.

Phi. Where? Nay, prithee speak, Indeed I shall not be offended at it.

Alcan. I know not why you should, Sir; She's where she ought, abed with young *Alcippus*.

Phi. Thou speak'st thy real Thoughts.

Alcan. Why should your Highness doubt it?

Phi. By Heaven, there is no faith in Woman-kind; *Alcander*, dost thou know an honest Woman?

Alcan. Many, Sir.

Phi. I do not think it, 'tis impossible; *Erminia*, if it could have been, were she, But she has broke her Vows, which I held sacred, And plays the wanton in another's arms.



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Alcan. Sir, do you think it just to wrong her so?

Phi. Oh, would thou couldst persuade me that I did so.
Thou know'st the Oaths and Vows she made to me,
Never to marry other than my self,
And you, *Alcander*, wrought me to believe them.
But now her Vows to marry none but me,
Are given to *Alcippus*, and in his bosom breath'd,
With balmy whispers, whilst the ravisht Youth
For every syllable returns a kiss,
And in the height of all his ecstasy,
Philander's dispossess'd and quite forgotten.
Ah, charming Maid, is this your Love to me?
Yet now thou art no Maid, nor lov'st not me,
And I the fool to let thee know my weakness.

Alcan. Why do you thus proceed to vex your self? To question what you list, and answer what you please? Sir, this is not the way to be at ease.

Phi. Ah, dear *Alcander*, what would'st have me do?

Alcan. Do that which may preserve you;
Do that which every Man in love would do;
Make it your business to possess the object.

Phi. What meanest thou, is she not married?—

Alcan. What then? she's as all about her that she had, Of Youth and Beauty she is Mistress still, And may dispose it how and where she will.

Phi. Pray Heaven I do not think too well of thee: What means all this discourse, art thou honest?

Alcan. As most Men of my Age.

Phi. And wouldst thou counsel me to such a Sin? For—I do understand—thee.

Alcan. I know not what you term so.

Phi. I never thought thou'dst been so great a Villain,
To urge me to a crime would damn us all;
Why dost thou smile, hast thou done well in this?

Alcan. I thought so, or I'd kept it to my self.
Sir, e'er you grow in rage at what I've said,



Do you think I love you, or believe my life
Were to be valued more than your repose?
You seem to think it is not.

Phi. Possibly I may.

Alcan. The sin of what I have propos'd to you
You only seem to hate: Sir, is it so?
—If such religious thoughts about you dwell,
Why is it that you thus perplex your self?
Self-murder sure is much the greater sin.
Erminia too you say has broke her Vows,
She that will swear and lye, will do the rest.
And of these evils, this I think the least;
And as for me, I never thought it sin.

Phi. And canst thou have so poor a thought of her?

Alcan. I hope you'll find her, Sir, as willing to't
As I am to suppose it; nay, believe't,
She'll look upon't as want of Love and Courage
Should you not now attempt it;
You know, Sir, there's no other remedy,
Take no denial, but the Game pursue,
For what she will refuse, she wishes you.

Phi. With such pretensions—she may angry grow.

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Alcan. I never heard of any that were so, For though the will to do't, and power they want, They love to hear of what they cannot grant.

Phi. No more,
Is this your duty to your Prince, *Alcander*?
You were not wont to counsel thus amiss,
'Tis either Disrespect or some Design;
I could be wondrous angry with thee now,
But that my Grief has such possession here,
'Twill make no room for Rage.

Alcan. I cannot, Sir, repent of what I've said,
Since all the errors which I have committed
Are what my passion to your interest led me to,
But yet I beg your Highness would recal
That sense which would persuade you 'tis unjust.

Phi. Name it no more, and I'll forgive it thee.

Alcan. I can obey you, Sir.

Phi. What shall we do to night, I cannot sleep.

Alcan. I'm good at watching, and doing any thing.

Phi. We'll serenade the Ladies and the Bride. —The first we may disturb, but she I fear
Keeps watch with me to night, though not like me.

Enter a Page of the Prince's.

Phi. How now, Boy, Is the Musick ready which I spoke for?

Page. They wait your Highness's command.

Phi. Bid them prepare, I'm coming. [*Ex. Page.*
Soft touches may allay the Discords here,
And sweeten, though not lessen my Despair.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Court Gallery.*

Enter Pisaro alone.



Pis. Ha! who's that? a Lover, on my life,
This amorous malady reigns every where;
Nor can my Sister be an ignorant
Of what I saw this night in *Galatea*:
I'll question her—Sister, *Aminta*, Sister.
[Calls as at her Lodgings.

Enter Lysette.

Lys. Who calls my Lady?

Pis. Where's my Sister?

Lys. I cry your Lordship's mercy;
My Lady lies not in her Lodgings to night;
The Princess sent for her,
Her Highness is not well.
[She goes in.

Pis. I do believe it, good night, *Lysette*.

Enter a Page.

—Who's there?

Page. Your Lordship's Page.

Pis. Where hast thou been? I wanted thee but now.

Page. I fell asleep i'th' Lobby, Sir, and had not waken'd Yet, but for the Musick which
plays at the Lodgings Of my Lady *Erminia*.

Pis. Curse on them; will they not allow him nights to himself;
'tis hard.

This night I'm wiser grown by observation,
My Love and Friendship taught me jealousy,
Which like a cunning Spy brought in intelligence
From every eye less wary than its own;
They told me that the charming *Galatea*,

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In whom all power remains,
Is yet too feeble to encounter Love;
I find she has receiv'd the wanton God,
Maugre my fond opinion of her Soul.
And 'tis my Friend too that's become my Rival.
I saw her lovely Eyes still turn on him,
As Flowers to th'Sun: and when he turn'd away
Like those she bow'd her charming head again.
—On th'other side the Prince with dying looks
Each motion watch'd of fair *Erminia's* eyes,
Which she return'd as greedily again,
And if one glance t' *Alcippus* she directed,
He'd stare as if he meant to cut his throat for't.

*Well, Friend, thou hast a sure defence of me,
My Love is yet below my Amity.*

[Ex.

SCENE VI. *Draws off, discovers Philander_ and_ Alcander with Musick at the Chamber-door of Erminia; to them Pisaro, who listens whilst the Song is sung.*

The Song for the *Page* to sing at *Erminia's* Chamber-door.

*Amintas that true-hearted Swain
Upon a River's bank was laid,
Where to the pitying streams he did complain
Of Sylvia that false charming Maid,
But she was still regardless of his pain:
Oh faithless Sylvia! would he cry,
And what he said the Echoes would reply.
Be kind or else I die, E. I die.
Be kind or else I die, E. I die.*

*A shower of tears his eyes let fall,
Which in the River made impress,
Then sigh'd, and Sylvia false again would call,
A cruel faithless Shepherdess.
Is Love with you become a criminal?
Ah lay aside this needless scorn,*



*Allow your poor Adorer some return,
Consider how I burn, E. I burn.
Consider, &c.*

*Those Smiles and Kisses which you give.
Remember, Sylvia, are my due;
And all the Joys my Rival does receive
He ravishes from me, not you.
Ah Sylvia, can I live and this believe?
Insensibles are touched to see
My languishments, and seem to pity me.
Which I demand of thee, E. of thee,
Which I demand, &c.*

Pis. What's all this?

Phi. Who's there?

Pis. A Man, a Friend to the General.

Phi. Then thou'rt an Enemy to all good Men. Does the ungrateful Wretch hide his own head, And send his Spies abroad?

Pis. He is too great to fear, and needs them not: And him thou termost so, scorns the Office too.

Phi. What makest thou here then, when the whole World's asleep? Be gone, there lies thy way, where'er thy business be.

Pis. It lies as free for thee, and here's my business.

Phi. Thou lyest, rude man.

Pis. Why, what art thou darest tell me so i'th' dark? Day had betray'd thy blushes for this Boldness.



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Phi. Tell me who 'tis that dares capitulate?

Pis. One that dares make it good.

Phi. Draw then, and keep thy word.

Alcan. Stand by, and let me do that duty, Sir.

[He steps between them, they fight, Pisaro falls.
—Here's thy reward, whoever thou art.

Phi. Hast thou no hurt?

Alcan. I think not much, yet somewhere 'tis I bleed.

Pis. What a dull beast am I!

[Exeunt Prince and Alcan.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, is't you are fallen? Help, Murder! Murder!

Pis. Hold, bawling Dog.

Enter Alcippus in a Night-gown, with a Sword
in his hand, a Page with Lights.

Alcip. 'Twas hereabouts—who's this, *Pisaro* wounded?

[He looks up.
How cam'st thou thus? Come up into my Arms.

Pis. 'Twas Jealousy, *Alcippus*, that wild Monster,
Who never leaves us till he has thus betray'd us.
—Pox on't, I am asham'd to look upon thee.
I have disturb'd you to no purpose, Sir.
I am not wounded, go to bed again.

Alcan. I'll see thee to thy Lodgings first, *Pisaro*.

Pis. 'Twill be unkind both to your self and me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. The Court Gallery.

Enter Philander and Alcander with a Light.

Alcan. He's gone, whoe'er he be.

Phi. It could not be *Alcippus*.

Alcan. I rather fear *Pisaro*, —But we soon enough shall know: Who's this?

Enter Erminia in her Night-gown, and Isillia with Lights.

Er. Methought I heard *Alcippus* and the Prince Before the cry of Murder. I die if those two Rivals have encounter'd.

Phi. Ah, Madam, cease that fear, they both are safe From all but from the Wounds which you have given them.

Er. Oh Gods, what make you here! and where's *Alcippus*?

Phi. Where I had been had Heaven been bountiful.

Er. Alas, Sir, what do you mean? what have you done? And where have you bestow'd him?

Phi. Why all this high concern, *Erminia*? Has he so reconcil'd you to him since I saw you last? This is not kind to me.

Er. Oh, tell me not of kindness, where's *Alcippus*?

Alcan. Madam, of whom do you demand *Alcippus*? Neither of us have seen him.

Phi. Go, you are a Woman, a vain peevish Creature.

Er. Sir, 'tis but just you should excuse my Fear, *Alcippus* is my Husband, and his Safety Ought to become my care.

Phi. How, *Erminia*! Can you so soon yield up my right to him, And not blush whilst you own your Perjury?



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Er. Now, Sir, you are much to blame; I could have borne the rest, but this concerns me:
I fear I have but too well kept my Vows with you, Since you are grown but to suspect I
have not.

Phi. Pardon me, Dear, the errors of my Passion;
It was a Sin so natural,
That even thy unkindly taking it
Approach'd too near it, not to gain my Pardon;
But tell me why you askt me for *Alcippus*?

Er. Sir, e'er I could dispose my Eyes to sleep,
I heard the Musick at my Chamber-door,
And such a Song as could be none but yours;
But that was finish'd in a noise less pleasant,
In that of Swords and Quarrel;
And amongst which,
I thought I heard yours and *Alcippus*' Voice:
(For I have kept my word, and lay not with him)
This brought me hither; but if I mistook,
Once more I beg your pardon.

Phi. Thou hast restor'd me to a world of Joys, By what thou now hast said.

*Enter Alcippus, his Sword in his Hand, a
Page with Light, he stands a while.*

Alcip. *Erminia*! and the Prince! embracing too!
I dream, and know she could not be thus base,
Thus false and loose—
But here I am inform'd it is no Vision;
—This was design'd before, I find it now.
[Lays his hand on his heart.]

Er. *Alcippus*, oh my fears!
[Goes to them, takes her by the hand.]

Alcip. Yes, Madam, Too soon arriv'd for his and your repose.

Phi. *Alcippus*, touch her not.

Alcip. Not touch her! by Heaven, I will,
And who shall hinder me?
Who is't dares say I shall not touch my Wife?

Phi. Villain, thou ly'st.



Alcip. That y'are my Prince shall not defend you here. Draw, Sir, for I have laid respect aside.

[Strikes, they fight a little, Alcippus is wounded, Alcander supports him.]

Er. Oh Gods, what mean you? hold, *Philander*, hold.

Phi. Life of my Soul, retire,
I cannot hear that Voice and disobey;
And you must needs esteem him at low rates,
Who sells thee and his Honour for a Tear.

Er. Upon my knees I beg to be obey'd, *[She kneels.]* —But if I must not, here discharge your Anger.

Phi. You are too great a Tyrant where you may.

[Exeunt Erminia and Alcippus.]

Phi. Stay, shall I let her go? shall her Commands,
Though they have power to take my Life away,
Have force to suffer me to injure her?
Shall she be made a prey, and I permit it,
Who only have the interest to forbid it?
—No, let me be accurst then.
[Offers to follow.]

Alcan. What mean you, Sir?



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Phi. Force the bold Ravisher to resign my Right. *Alcander*, is not she my Wife, and I his Prince?

Alcan. 'Tis true, Sir: And y'ave both power and justice on your side; And there are times to exercise 'em both.

Phi. Fitter than this, *Alcander*?

Alcan. This night *Erminia*'s Promise may repose you;
To morrow is your own—
Till then I beg you'd think your interest safe.

Phi. *Alcander*, thou hast peace about thee, and canst judge
Better than I, 'twixt what is just and fit.

[*Puts up his Sword.*]

I hitherto believ'd my Flame was guided
By perfect Reason: so we often find
Vessels conducted by a peaceful Wind,
And meet no opposition in their way,
Cut a safe passage through the flattering Sea:
But when a Storm the bounding Vessel throws,
It does each way with equal rage oppose;
For when the Seas are mad, could that be calm
Like me, it wou'd be ruin'd in the Storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The apartments of Alcippus.*

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.

Pis. 'Tis much, my Lord, you'll not be satisfy'd.

Alcip. Friendship's too near a-kin to Love, *Pisaro*,
To leave me any Peace, whilst in your Eyes
I read Reserves, which 'tis not kind to hide;
—Come, prithee tell me what the quarrel was,
And who 'twas with; thou shalt, my dear *Pisaro*.

Pis. Nay, now you urge me to impossibility: Good faith, I cannot tell, but guess the Prince.



Alcip. 'Tis true, *Pisaro*, 'twas indeed the Prince. But what was th'occasion?

Pis. He call'd me Spy, and I return'd th'affront,
But took no notice that he was my Prince:
It was a Folly I repented of;
But 'twas in a damn'd melancholy Mood.

Alcip. Was it a going in or coming out?

Pis. From whence?

Alcip. *Erminia's* Chamber; prithee let me know,
For I have fears that take away my sleep,
Fears that will make me mad, stark mad, *Pisaro*.

Pis. You do not well to fear without a cause.

Alcip. O Friend, I saw what thou canst ne'er conceive;
Last night I saw it when I came from thee:
And if thou go'st about t'impose upon me,
I'll cast thee from my Soul. Come out with it,
I see thy breast heave with a generous ardour,
As if it scorn'd to harbour a reserve,
Which stood not with its Amity to me.
Could I but know my Fate, I could despise it:
But when 'tis clad in Robes of Innocence,
The Devil cannot 'scape it: Something
Was done last night that gnaws my heart-strings;
And many things the Princess too let fall,
Which, Gods! I know not how to put together.
And prithee be not thou a Ridler too:
But if thou knew'st of ought that may concern me,
Make me as wise as thou art.



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Pis. Sir, you are of so strange a jealous Humour,
And I so strangely jealous of your Honour,
That 'twixt us both we may make work enough;
But on my Soul I know no wrong you have.

Alcip. I must believe thee, yet methinks thy Face Has put on an unwonted gravity.

Pis. That, *Alcippus*, you'll not wonder at, When you shall know you are my Rival.

Alcip. Nay, why shouldst thou delay me thus with stories? This shall not put me off.

Pis. Sir, I'm in earnest, you have gain'd that Heart,
For which I have receiv'd so many wounds;
Venturing for Trophies where none durst appear,
To gain at my Return one single smile,
Or that she would submit to hear my story:
And when sh'has said, 'twas bravely done, *Pisaro*,
I thought the Glory recompens'd the Toil;
And sacrificed my Laurels at her feet,
Like those who pay their first-fruits to the Gods,
To beg a blessing on the following Crop:
And never made her other signs of Love,
Nor knew I that I had that easy flame,
Till by her Eyes I found that she was mortal,
And could love too, and that my Friend is you.

Alcip. Thou hast amaz'd me, prithee speak more clearly.

Pis. My Lord, the Princess has a passion for you, Have I not reason now to be your Enemy?

Alcip. Not till I make returns:
But now I'm past redemption miserable.
'Twas she *Erminia* told me dy'd for me;
And I believ'd it but a slight of hers,
To put me from my Courtship.

Pis. No, 'twas a fatal Truth:
Alcippus, hadst thou seen her, whilst the Priest
Was giving thee to fair *Erminia*,
What languishment appear'd upon her Eyes,
Which never were remov'd from thy lov'd Face,
Through which her melting Soul in drops distill'd,
As if she meant to wash away thy Sin,



In giving up that Right belong'd to her,
Thou hadst without my aid found out this truth:
A sweet composure dwelt upon her looks,
Like Infants who are smiling whilst they die;
Nor knew she that she wept, so unconcern'd
And freely did her Soul a passage find;
Whilst I transported had almost forgot
The Reverence due t'her sacred self and Place,
And every moment ready was to kneel,
And with my lips gather the precious drops,
And rob the Holy Temple of a Relick,
Fit only there t'inhabit.

Alcip. I never thought thou'dst had this Softness in thee. How cam'st thou, Friend, to hide all this from me?

Pis. My Lord, I knew not that I was a Lover;
I felt no flame, but a religious Ardour,
That did inspire my Soul with adoration;
And so remote I was from ought but such,
I knew not Hope, nor what it was to wish
For other blessings than to gaze upon her:
Like Heaven I thought she was to be possess'd,
Where carnal Thoughts can no admittance find;
And had I not perceiv'd her Love to you,
I had not known the nature of my flame:
But then I found it out by Jealousy,
And what I took for a Seraphick motion,
I now decline as criminal and earthly.



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Alcip. When she can love to a discovery,
It shows her Passion eminent and high;
—But I am married—to a Maid that hates me:
What help for that, *Pisaro*?
And thou hast something too to say of her,
What was't? for now thou hast undone me quite.

Pis. I have nought to say to her dishonour, Sir,
But something may be done may give you cause
To stand upon your Guard;
And if your Rage do not the mastery get,
I cannot doubt but what you'll be happy yet.

Alcip. Without *Erminia* that can hardly be,
And yet I find a certain shame within
That will not suffer me to see the Princess;
I have a kind of War within my Soul,
My Love against my Glory and my Honour;
And I could wish,—alas, I know not what:
Prithee instruct me.

Pis. Sir, take a resolution to be calm,
And not like Men in love abandon Reason.
—You may observe the actions of these Lovers,
But be not passionate whate'er you find;
That headstrong Devil will undo us all;
If you'll be happy, quit its company.

Alcip. I fain would take thy counsel— [*Pauses.*

Pis. Come, clear up, my Lord, and do not hang the head
Like Flowers in storms; the Sun will shine again.
Set *Galatea's* Charms before your Eyes,
Think of the Glory to divide a Kingdom;
And do not waste your noble Youth and Time
Upon a peevish Heart you cannot gain.
This day you must to th'Camp, and in your absence
I'll take upon me what I scorn'd last night,
The Office of a Spy—
Believe me, Sir, for by the Gods I swear,
I never wish'd the glory of a Conquest
With half that zeal as to compose these differences.



Alcip. I do believe thee, and will tell thee something That past between the Prince and I last night; And then thou wilt conclude me truly miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Falatius, Labree, as passing by they meet Cleontius.

Cle. Your Servant, my Lord. —So coldly, stay—your reason, Sir.

[*Fal. puts off his Hat a little, and passes on.*

Fal. How mean you, Sir?

Cle. Do you not know me?

Fal. Yes, I have seen you, and think you are *Cleontius*, A Servant of the Prince's; wert i'th' Campania too, If I mistake not.

Cle. Can you recal me by no better instances?

Fal. What need of any, pray?

Cle. I am a Gentleman.

Fal. Ha, *Labree*, what means he now?
By *Jove*, I do not question it, *Cleontius*:
What need this odd Punctilio?
I call thee to no account.

Cle. That's more than I can say to you, Sir.

Fal. I'll excuse you for that.

Cle. But shall not need, Sir; stay, I have a Sister.



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Fal. Oh, the Devil, now he begins.

Cle. A handsome Sister too, or you deceiv'd her.

Lab. Bear up, Sir, be not huft. [*Aside.*

Fal. It may be so, but is she kind, *Cleontius*?

[*Fal. bears up.*

Cle. What mean you by that word?

Lab. Again, Sir, here's two to one. [*Aside.*

Fal. Will she do reason, or so? you understand me.

Cle. I understand that thou'rt an impudent fellow, Whom I must cudgel into better manners.

Fal. Pox on't, who bears up now, *Labree*?

Cle. Beat thee till thou confess thou art an Ass,
And on thy knees confess it to *Isillia*,
Who after that shall scorn thee.

Lab. Raily with him, Sir, 'tis your only way, and put it Off with a jest; for he's in fury, but dares not Strike i'th' Court.

Fal. But must you needs do this, needs fight, *Cleontius*?

Cle. Yes, by all means, I find my self inclin'd to't.

Fal. You shall have your desire, Sir, farewell.

Cle. When, and where?

Fal. Faith, very suddenly, for I think it will not be
Hard to find men of your trade,
Men that will fight as long as you can do,
And Men that love it much better than I,
Men that are poor and damn'd, fine desperate Rogues,
Rascals that for a Pattacoon a Man
Will fight their Fathers,
And kiss their Mothers into peace again:
Such, Sir, I think will fit you.



Cle. Abusive Coward, hast thou no sense of honour?

Fal. Sense of honour! ha, ha, ha, poor *Cleontius*.

Enter Aminta and Olinda.

Am. How now, Servant, why so jovial?

Fal. I was laughing, Madam—at—

Cle. At what, thou thing of nothing—

Am. Cousin *Cleontius*, you are angry.

Cle. Madam, it is unjustly then, for Fools Should rather move the Spleen to Mirth than Anger.

Am. You've too much wit to take ought ill from him: Let's know your quarrel.

Fal. By *Jove*, *Labree*, I am undone again.

Cle. Madam, it was about—

Fal. Hold, dear *Cleontius*, hold, and I'll do any thing. [*Aside.*

Cle. Just nothing—

Fal. He was a little too familiar with me.

Cle. Madam, my Sister *Isillia*—

Fal. A curse, he will out with it—
[*Aside, pulls him by the Arm.*

Cle. Confess she is your Mistress. [*Aside.*

Fal. I call my Mistress, Madam.

Am. My Cousin *Isillia* your Mistress! Upon my word, you are a happy Man.



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Fal. By Jove, if she be your Cousin, Madam, I love her much the better for't.

Am. I am beholding to you, But then it seems I have lost a Lover of you.

Cle. Confess she has, or I'll so handle you.

[*Ex.* Labree.

Fal. That's too much, *Cleontius*—but I will,
By *Jove*, Madam, I must not have a Mistress that
Has more Wit than my self, they ever require
More than a Man's able to give them.

Oli. Is this your way of Courtship to *Isillia*?

[*Ex.* *Cle.*

Fal. By *Jove*, Ladies, you get no more of that from me,
'Tis that has spoiled you all; I find *Alcander* can
Do more with a dumb show, than I with all my
Applications and Address.

Oli. Why, my Brother can speak.

Fal. Yes, if any body durst hear him; by *Jove*, if you
Be not kind to him, he'll hector you all; I'll get
The way on't too, 'tis the most prosperous one; I see no
Other reason you have to love *Alcander*
Better than I.

Am. Why should you think I do?

Fal. Devil, I see't well enough by your continual Quarrels with him.

Am. Is that so certain a proof?

Fal. Ever while you live, you treat me too Well ever to hope.

Enter Alcander, kneels, offers his Sword to Aminta.

—What new Masquerade's this? by *Jove*, *Alcander*
Has more tricks than a dancing Bear.

Am. What mean you by this present?

Alcan. Kill me.



Am. What have you done to merit it?

Alcan. Do not ask, but do't.

Am. I'll have a reason first.

Alcan. I think I've kill'd *Pisaro*.

Am. My Brother dead!

[She falls into the arms of Oli.

Fal. Madam, look up, 'tis I that call.

Am. I care not who thou beest, but if a Man,
Revenge me on *Alcander*.

[She goes out with Oli.

Fal. By *Jove*, she has mistook her Man,
This 'tis to be a Lover now:
A Man's never out of one broil or other;
But I have more Wit than *Aminta* this bout. *[Offers to go.*

Alcan. Come back and do your duty e'er you go. *[Pulls him.*

Fal. I owe you much, *Alcander*.

Alcan. *Amimta* said you should revenge her on me.

Fal. Her Word's not Law I hope.

Alcan. And I'll obey—

Fal. That may do much indeed.

[Fal. answers with great signs of fear.

Alcan. This, if thou wert a Man, she bad thee do, Why dost thou shake?



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Fal. No, no, Sir, I am not the man she meant.

Alcan. No matter, thou wilt serve as well. A Lover! and canst disobey thy Mistress?

Fal. I do disown her, since she is so wicked
To bid me kill my Friend.
Why, thou'rt my Friend, *Alcander*.

Alcan. I'll forgive thee that.

Fal. So will not his Majesty: I may be hang'd for't.

Alcan. Thou should'st be damn'd e'er disobey thy Mistress.

Fal. These be degrees of Love I am not yet arriv'd at; When I am, I shall be as ready to be damn'd In honour as any Lover of you all.

Alcan. Ounds, Sir, d'ye raily with me?

Fal. Your pardon, sweet *Alcander*, I protest I am Not in so gay an humour.

Alcan. Farewell, I had forgot my self.
[Exit.]

Fal. Stark mad, by *Jove*—yet it may be not, for *Alcander* has
many unaccountable humours.
Well, if this be agreeable to *Aminta*, she's e'en as mad
As he, and 'twere great pity to part them.

Enter Pisaro, *Aminta*, and *Olinda*.

Am. Well, have you kill'd him?

Fal. Some wiser than some, Madam.
—My Lord—what, alive?—
[Sees Pisaro, runs to him, and embraces him.]

Pis. Worth two dead men, you see.

Fal. That's more than I could have said within This half hour. *Alcander's* very *Orlando*,
by *Jove*, and gone To seek out one that's madder yet than himself That will kill him.

Am. Oh, dear *Falatius*, run and fetch him back.

Fal. Madam, I have so lately 'scap'd a scouring,
That I wish you would take it for a mark



Of my Passion to disobey you;
For he is in a damn'd humour.

Am. He's out of it by this, I warrant you; But do not tell him that *Pisaro* lives.

Fal. That's as I shall find occasion.
[Exit *Fal.*

Pis. *Alcander* is a worthy Youth and brave,
I wish you would esteem him so;
'Tis true, there's now some difference between us,
Our Interests are dispos'd to several ways,
But Time and Management will join us all:
I'll leave you; but prithee make it thy business
To get my Pardon for last night's rudeness.

Am. I shall not fail.

[Exit *Pis.*

Re-enter Falatius, with Alcander melancholy.

Fal. Here, Madam, here he is.

Am. Tell me, *Alcander*, why you treat me thus? You say you love me, if I could believe you.

Alcan. Believe a Man! away, you have no wit, I'll say as much to every pretty Woman.

Am. But I have given you no cause to wrong me.

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Alcan. That was my Fate, not Fault, I knew him not:
But yet to make up my offence to you,
I offer you my life; for I'm undone,
If any faults of mine should make you sad.

Am. Here, take your Sword again, my Brother's well.
[She gives him his Sword again.]

Fal. Yes, by Jove, as I am: you had been finely serv'd, If I had kill'd you now.

Am. What, sorry for the news? ha, ha, ha.

Alcan. No, sorry y'are a Woman, a mere Woman.

Am. Why, did you ever take me for a Man? ha, ha.

Alcan. Thy Soul, I thought, was all so; but I see
You have your weakness, can dissemble too;
—I would have sworn that Sorrow in your face
Had been a real one:
Nay, you can die in jest, you can, false Woman:
I hate thy Sex for this.

Fal. By Jove, there is no truth in them, that's flat.
[She looks sad.]

Alcan. Why that repentant look? what new design?
Come, now a tear or two to second that,
And I am soft again, a very Ass.
—But yet that Look would call a Saint from th'Altar,
And make him quite forget his Ceremony,
Or take thee for his Deity:
—But yet thou hast a very Hell within,
Which those bewitching Eyes draw Souls into.

Fal. Here's he that fits you, Ladies.

Am. Nay, now y'are too unjust, and I will leave you.

Alcan. Ah, do not go, I know not by what Magick,
[Holds her.]
But as you move, my Soul yields that way too.

Fal. The truth on't is, she has a strong magnetick Power, that I find.



Alcan. But I would have none find it but my self, No Soul but mine shall sympathize with hers.

Fal. Nay, that you cannot help.

Alcan. Yes, but I can, and take it from thee, if I thought it did so.

Oli. No quarrels here, I pray.

Fal. Madam, I owe a Reverence to the Place.

Alcan. I'll scarce allow thee that; Madam, I'll leave you to your Lover.

Am. I hate thee but for saying so.

Alcan. Quit him then.

Am. So I can and thee too. [*Offers to go out.*

Alcan. The Devil take me if you escape me so. [*Goes after her.*

Fal. And I'll not be out-done in importunity.

[*Goes after.*

SCENE III. *Galatea's Apartments.*

Enter Galatea and Erminia.

Er. And 'tis an act below my Quality, Which, Madam, will not suffer me to fly.



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Gal. Erminia, e'er you boast of what you are,
Since you're so high I'll tell you what you were:
Your Father was our General 'tis true,
That Title justly to his Sword was due;
'Twas nobly gain'd, and worth his Blood and Toils,
Had he been satisfied with noble Spoils:
But with that single honour not content,
He needs must undermine the Government;
And 'cause h'ad gain'd the Army to his side,
Believ'd his Treason must be justify'd.
For this (and justly) he was banished;
Where whilst a low and unknown life he led,
Far from the hope and glory of a Throne,
In a poor humble Cottage you were born;
Your early Beauty did it self display,
Nor could no more conceal it self than Day:
Your Eyes did first *Philander's* Soul inspire,
And Fortune too conform'd her to his fire.
That made your Father greater than before,
And what he justly lost that did restore.
'Twas that which first thy Beauty did disclose,
Which else had wither'd like an unseen Rose;
'Twas that which brought thee to the Court, and there
Dispos'd thee next my self, i'th' highest Sphere:
Alas, obscurely else thou'dst liv'd and died,
Not knowing thy own Charms, nor yet this Pride.

Er. Madam, in this your Bounty is severe,
Be pleas'd to spare that repetition here.
I hope no Action of my Life should be
So rude to charge your Generosity:
But, Madam, do you think it just to pay
Your great Obligements by so false a way?
Alcippus' Passion merits some return,
And should that prove but an ingrateful scorn?
Alas, I am his Wife; to disobey,
My Fame as well as Duty I betray.

Gal. Perfidious Maid, I might have thought thou'dst prove
False to thy Prince, and Rival in my Love.
I thought too justly he that conquer'd me
Had a sufficient power to captive thee;
Thou'st now reveng'd thy Father's shame and thine,
In taking thus *Philander's* Life and mine.



[*Er. weeps.*

Er. Ah, Madam, that you would believe my tears,
Or from my Vows but satisfy your Fears.
By all the Gods, *Alcippus* I do hate,
And would do any thing to change my fate;
Ought that were just and noble I dare do.

Gal. Enough, *Erminia*, I must credit you,
And will no other proof of it require,
But that you'll now submit to my desire;
Indeed, *Erminia*, you must grant my suit,
Where Love and Honour calls, make no dispute.
Pity a Youth that never lov'd before,
Remember 'tis a Prince that does adore;
Who offers up a Heart that never found
It could receive, till from your Eyes, a wound.

Er. To your command should I submit to yield, Where could I from *Alcippus* be
conceal'd? What could defend me from his jealous Rage?

Gal. Trust me, *Erminia*, I'll for that engage.



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Er. And then my Honour by that flight's o'erthrown.

Gal. That being *Philander's*, he'll preserve his own; And that, *Erminia*, sure you'll ne'er distrust.

Er. Ah, Madam, give me leave to fear the worst.

Enter Aminta.

Am. Madam, *Alcippus* waits for your Commands, He's going to the Camp.

Gal. Admit him.

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.

Gal. *Alcippus*, 'tis too soon to leave *Erminia*.

Alcip. I wish she thought so, Madam,
Or could believe with what regret I do so;
She then would think the fault were much too small
For such a Penance as my Soul must suffer.

Am. No matter, Sir, you have the Year before you.

Alcip. Yes, Madam, so has every Galley Slave,
That knows his Toil, but not his Recompence:
To morrow I expect no more content,
Than this uneasy Day afforded me;
And all before me is but one grand piece
Of endless Grief and Madness:
—You, Madam, taught *Erminia* to be cruel,
A Vice without your aid she could have learnt;
And now to exercise that new taught Art,
She tries the whole experience on my Heart.

Gal. If she do so, she learnt it not of me,
I love, and therefore know no Cruelty:
Such outrage cannot well with Love reside,
Which only is the mean effect of Pride:
—I merit better thoughts from you, *Alcippus*.

Alcip. Pardon me, Madam, if my Passion stray
Beyond the limits of my high respect; [*He kneels.*
—'Tis a rude gust, and merits your reproaches:
But yet the saucy Flame can ne'er controul



That Adoration which I owe my Princess:
That, with Religion, took possession here,
And in my Prayers I mix with you the Deities.

Gal. I'd rather you should treat me as a Mortal, Rise and begin to do so.

[He rises and bows.

Alcip. Now, Madam, what must I expect from you?

Er. Alcippus, all that's to your Virtue due.

Alcip. In that but common Justice you allow.

Er. That Justice, Sir, is all I can bestow.

Alcip. In justice then you ought to me resign,
That which the Holy Priest intitled mine;
Yet that, without your Heart, I do despise,
For uncompell'd I'd have that sacrifice:
—Come ease me of that Pain that presses here,
Give me but Hope that may secure my Fear,
I'm not asham'd to own my Soul possest
With Jealousy, that takes away my rest.
—Tell me you'll love, or that my Suit is vain,
Do any thing to ease me of my pain.
Gods, Madam, why d'ye keep me in suspence?
This cannot be the effects of Innocence;
By Heaven, I'll know the cause, where e'er it lies,
Nor shall you fool me with your feign'd disguise.



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Pis. You do forget your promise, and this Presence.
[*Aside to Alcip.*

Alcip. 'Twas kindly urg'd, prithee be near me still, And tell me of the faults that look unmanly.

Gal. Dear, if thou lov'st me, flatter him a little.
[*To Er. aside.*

Er. 'Tis hard to do, yet I will try it, Madam.

Gal. I'll leave you, that you may the better do so.
—I hope, *Alcippus*, you'll revisit us
With Lover's speed:
And whatsoever treatment now you find,
At your return you'll find us much more kind.
[*He bows, she goes out.*

Alcip. Can you forgive the rashness of a Man, That knows no other Laws but those of Passion?

Er. You are unkind to think I do not, Sir;
—Yes, and am grown so softned by my pity,
That I'm afraid I shall neglect my Vows,
And to return your Passion, grow ingrate.

Alcip. A few more syllables express'd like these, Will raise my Soul up to the worst extreme, And give me with your Scorn an equal torment.

Er. See what power your language has upon me. [*Weeps.*

Alcip. Ah, do not weep, a tear or two's enough
For the Completion of your Cruelty,
That when it fail'd to exercise your will,
Sent those more powerful Weapons from your Eyes,
And what by your severity you mist of,
These (but a more obliging way) perform.
Gently, *Erminia*, pour the Balsam in,
That I may live, and taste the sweets of Love.
—Ah, should you still continue, as you are,
Thus wondrous good, thus excellently fair,
I should retain my growing name in War,
And all the Glories I have ventur'd for,
And fight for Crowns to recompense thy Bounty.



—This can your Smiles; but when those Beams are clouded,
Alas, I freeze to very Cowardice,
And have not Courage left to kill my self.

Er. A Fate more glorious does that Life attend, And does preserve you for a nobler end.

Alcip. *Erminia*, do not sooth my easy Heart,
For thou my Fate, and thou my Fortune art;
Whatever other blessings Heaven design,
Without my dear *Erminia*, I'll decline.
Yet, Madam, let me hope before I go,
In pity that you ought to let me do:
'Tis all you shall allow m'impatient heart.

Er. That's what against my will I must impart: But wish it please the Gods, when next
we meet, We might as Friends, and not as Lovers greet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter Galatea and Aminta, met by Philander and Alcander.

Phi. So hasty, Sister!



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Gal. Brother, I am glad to meet you. *Aminta* has some welcome News for you.

Am. My Lord! *Erminia* yet is hardly brought to yield; She wants but some encouragement from you, That may assist her weakness to subdue, And 'twas but faintly she deny'd to see you.

Phi. However, I will venture, She can but chide, and that will soon be past: A Lover's Anger is not long to last.

Am. *Isillia* I have won to give you entrance.

Phi. Love furnish me with powerful Arguments: Direct my Tongue, that my disorder'd Sense May speak my Passion more than Eloquence. [*Aside.*

Gal. But is *Alcippus* gone?

Alcan. Madam, an hour since.

Phi. 'Tis well; and Sister,
Whilst I persuade *Erminia* to this flight,
Make it your business to persuade the King,
Hang on his neck, and kiss his willing cheek:
Tell him how much you love him, and then smile,
And mingle Words with Kisses; 'twill o'ercome him
Thou hast a thousand pretty Flatteries,
Which have appeas'd his highest fits of Passion:
A Song from thee has won him to that rest,
Which neither Toil nor Silence could dispose him to.
Thou know'st thy power, and now or never use it.

Gal. 'Twas thither I was going.

Phi. May'st thou be prosperous.

[*Exeunt Phi. and Gal. Aminta and Alcander stay.*

Am. What now, *Alcander*?

Alcan. As 'twas, *Aminta*.

Am. How's that?

Alcan. Such a distracted Lover as you left me.

Am. Such as I found you too, I fear, *Alcander*.



Alcan. Ah, Madam, do not wrong me so;
Till now I never knew the joys and sorrows
That do attend a Soul in love like mine:
My Passion only fits the Object now;
I hate to tell you so, 'tis a poor low means
To gain a Mistress by, of so much wit:
Aminta, you're above that common rate
Of being won.

Mean Beauties should be flatter'd into praise,
Whilst you need only Sighs from every Lover,
To tell you who you conquer, and not how,
Nor to instruct you what attracts you have.

Am. This will not serve to convince me, But you have lov'd before.

Alcan. And will you never quit that error, Madam?

Am. 'Tis what I've reason to believe, *Alcander*,
And you can give me none for loving me:
I'm much unlike *Lucinda* whom you sigh'd for,
I'm not so coy, nor so reserv'd as she;
Nor so designing as *Florana* your next Saint,
Who starv'd you up with hope, till you grew weary;
And then *Ardelia* did restore that loss,
The little soft *Ardelia*, kind and fair too.

Alcan. You think you're wondrous witty now, *Aminta*, But hang me if you be.



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Am. Indeed, *Alcander*, no, 'tis simple truth:
Then for your bouncing Mistress, long *Brunetta*,
O that majestick Garb, 'tis strangely taking,
That scornful Look, and Eyes that strike all dead
That stand beneath them.

Alcander, I have none of all these Charms:
But well, you say you love me; could you be
Content to dismiss these petty sharers in your Heart,
And give it all to me; on these conditions
I may do much.

Alcan. *Aminta*, more perhaps than I may like.

Am. Do not fear that, *Alcander*.

Alcan. Your Jealousy encourages that Fear.

Am. If I be so, I'm the fitter for your humour.

Alcan. That's another reason for my fears; that ill-Luck owes us a spite, and will be sure
to pay us with loving one another, a thought I dread. Farewel, *Aminta*; when I can get
loose from *Ardelia*, I may chance wait on you, till then your own Pride be your
Companion.

[*Holds him.*

Am. Nay, you shall not go, *Alcander*.

Alcan. Fy on't, those Looks have lost their wonted Force,
I knew you'd call me back to smile upon me,
And then you have me sure; no, no, *Aminta*,
I'll no more of that. [*Goes out.*

Am. I have too much betray'd my Passion for him,
—I must recal it, if I can I must:—
I will—for should I yield, my power's o'erthrown,
And what's a Woman when that glory's gone?

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Apartments of Alcippus.*

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.



Pis. You seem'd then to be pleas'd with what she said.

Alcip. And then methought I was so, But yet even then I fear'd she did dissemble. —
Gods, what's a Man possess'd with Jealousy?

Pis. A strange wild thing, a Lover without reason;
I once have prov'd the torture on't,
But as unlike to thine as good from evil;
Like fire in Limbecks, mine was soft and gentle,
Infusing kindly heat, till it distill'd
The spirits of the Soul out at my Eyes,
And so it ended.
But thine's a raging Fire, which never ceases
Till it has quite destroy'd the goodly Edifice
Where it first took beginning.
Faith, strive, Sir, to suppress it.

Alcip. No, I'll let it run to its extent,
And see what then 'twill do.
Perhaps 'twill make me mad, or end my life,
Either of which will ease me.

Pis. Neither of these, *Alcippus*;
It will unman you, make you too despis'd;
And those that now admire will pity you.

Alcip. What wouldst thou have me do?
Am I not ty'd a Slave to follow Love,
Whilst at my back Freedom and Honour waits,
And I have lost the power to welcome them?
Like those who meet a Devil in the night,
And all afrighted gaze upon the Fury,
But dare not turn their backs to what they fear,
Though safety lie behind them.
Alas! I would as willingly as those
Fly from this Devil, Love.



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Pis. You may, like those afrighted, by degrees
Allay your sense of terror in the Object,
And then its Power will lesson with your Fear,
And 'twill be easy to forgo the Fantasm.

Alcip. No, then like the damn'd Ghost it follows me.

Pis. Let Reason then approach it, and examine it.

Alcip. Love is a surly and a lawless Devil,
And will not answer Reason.
I must encounter it some other way,
For I will lay the Fiend.

Pis. What would you have, *Alcippus*?

Alcip. I'd have fair play, *Pisaro*.
—I find the cheat, and will not to the Camp;
—Thou shalt supply my place, and I'll return:
The Night grows on, and something will be done
That I must be acquainted with.

Pis. Pardon me, Sir, if I refuse you here;
I find you're growing up to Jealousies,
Which I'll not trust alone with you.

Alcip. Thou know'st perhaps of something worthy it.

Pis. I must confess, your Passions give me cause,
If I had any Secrets, to conceal them;
But 'tis no time nor place to make disputes in:
Will you to Horse?

Alcip. Will you not think fit I should return then? I can be calm.

Pis. What is't you mean by this return, *Alcippus*?

Alcip. To see *Erminia*, is not that enough To one in love, as I am?

Pis. But, Sir, suppose you find *Philander* there?

Alcip. Then I suppose I shall not much approve on't.

Pis. You would be at your last night's rage again.
Alcippus, this will ruin you for ever,



Nor is it all the Power you think you have
Can save you, if he once be disoblig'd.
Believe me 'twas the Princess' passion for you
Made up that breach last night.

Alcip. All this I know as well as you, *Pisaro*,
But will not be abus'd; alas, I'm lost:
Could I recal these two last days are past,
Ah, I should be my self again, *Pisaro*.
I would refuse these Fetters which I wear,
And be a Slave to nothing but to Glory.

Pis. That were a Resolution worthy of you. —But come, 'tis late, what you resolve
conclude.

Alcip. I am resolv'd I will not to the Camp,
A secret inclination does persuade me
To visit my *Erminia* to night.

Pis. Comes it from Love or Jealousy?

Alcip. The first, good faith, *Pisaro*; thou'rt so fearful—
You shall to th'Camp before,
And I'll be with you early in the Morning.

Pis. Give me your hand, and promise to be calm.

Alcip. By all our Friendships, as the Western Winds,
[Gives his hand.
Nothing that's done shall e'er inrage me more,
Honour's the Mistress I'll henceforth adore.
[Exit.

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Pis. I will not trust you though.

[Goes out another way.]

SCENE III. *The Court Gallery.*

Enter Philander and Alcander in their Clokes muffled as in the dark.

Alcan. Isillia.

[Calls at the lodgings of Erminia.]

Isil. [Entering.] Who's there?

Alcan. A Friend.

Isil. My Lord Alcander?

Alcan. The same.

Isil. Where's the Prince?

Phi. Here, *Isillia*.

Isil. Give me your hand, my Lord, and follow me.

Phi. To such a Heaven as thou conduct'st me to, Though thou should'st traverse Hell, I'd follow thee.

Alcan. You'll come back in charity, *Isillia*?

Isil. Yes, if I dare trust you alone with me.

[They go all in.]

SCENE IV.

Draws off, a Chamber, discovers Erminia in a dishabit, sitting; to her Philander, who falls at her feet, on his knees.

Er. My Lord the Prince, what makes your Highness here?

Phi. Erminia, why do ask that needless question?

'Twas Love, Love that's unsatisfied, which brought me hither.



[*Kneels.*

Er. Rise, Sir, this posture would become me better.

Phi. Permit me, dear *Erminia*—to remain thus.
'Tis only by these signs I can express
What my Confusion will not let me utter.
I know not what strange power thou bear'st about thee,
But at thy sight or touch my Sense forsakes me,
And that, withal I had design'd to say,
Turns to a strange disorder'd Rapture in me.
—Oh *Erminia*—

Er. How do you, Sir?

Phi. I am not well;
Too suddenly I pass from one extreme
To this of Joy, more insupportable:
But I shall re-assume my health anon,
And tell thee all my story.

Er. Dear Sir, retire into this inner room,
And there repose awhile:
Alas, I see disorder in your Face.

Phi. This confidence of me, is generous in thee.

[*They go into the Scene which draws over.*

SCENE V. *The Court Gallery.*

Enter Alcippus.

Alcip. The Night is calm and silent as my Thoughts,
Where nothing now but Love's soft whispers dwell;
Who in as gentle terms upbraids my Rage,
Which strove to dispossess the Monarch thence:
It tells me how dishonest all my Fears are,
And how ungrateful all my Jealousies;
And prettily persuades those Infidels
To be less rude and mutinous hereafter.
Ah, that I could remain in this same state,
And be contented with this Monarchy:

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I would, if my wild multitude of Passions
Could be appeas'd with it; but they're for Liberty,
And nothing but a Common-wealth within
Will satisfy their appetites of Freedom.
—Pride, Honour, Glory, and Ambition strive
How to expel this Tyrant from my Soul,
But all too weak, though Reason should assist them.
[He knocks. Alcander looks out at the door.]

Alcan. Who's there?

Alcip. A Friend.

Isil. *[Within.]* Oh Heavens! it is my Lord *Alcippus'* voice.

Alcan. Peace, *Isillia*.

Alcip. I hear a Man within—open the door.
Now, Love, defend thy Interest, or my Jealousy
Will grow the mightier Devil of the two else. *[Alcan. comes out.]*
—Who's this? one muffled in a Cloke?
What art thou, who at this dead time of Night
Hast took possession here?
—Speak, or I'll kill thee.

Alcan. This were an opportunity indeed To do my Prince a service, but I dare not.

Alcip. What dardest not do?

Alcan. Not kill thee.

Alcip. Is that thy business then? have at thee, Slave? I'll spoil your keeping doors.
[Runs at him.]

[They fight, and grappling, Alcander gets the Sword of Alcippus.]

He's got my Sword, however, I'll lose no time:
It may be 'tis his office to detain me. *[He goes in.]*

Alcan. I'm wounded, yet I will not leave him so; There may be Mischief in him, though unarm'd.



[Goes in.

SCENE VI. A Bed-chamber.

*Discovers Erminia, Philander sitting on the Bed, to them
Isillia, a Sword and Hat on the Table.*

Isil. Ah, Madam, *Alcippus*.

Er. *Alcippus*, where?

Isil. I left him in a quarrel with *Alcander*, And hear him coming up.

Er. For Heaven's sake, Sir, submit to be conceal'd.

Phi. Not for the world, *Erminia*, My Innocence shall be my guard and thine.

Er. Upon my knees I'll beg you'll be conceal'd, [A noise. He comes; *Philander*, for my safety go.

Phi. I never did obey with more regret.

*[He hides himself behind the Bed, and in haste leaves
his Sword and Hat on the Table; Alcippus comes in.*

Alcip. How now, *Erminia*? How comes it you are up so late?

Er. I found my self not much inclin'd to sleep; I hope 'tis no offence. Why do you look so wildly round about you?

Alcip. Methinks, *Erminia*, you are much confus'd.

Er. Alas, you cannot blame me; *Isillia* tells me you were much inrag'd Against a Lover she was entertaining.

Alcip. A Lover—was that a time for Courtship? Such Actions, Madam, will reflect on you.

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[Isillia goes to take the Hat and Sword and slide into her lap, which he sees, calls to her.]

—What have you there, *Isillia*?

Come back, and let me see what 'tis.

[He takes them from her.]

—Ha—a Sword and Hat—*Erminia*, whose be these?

Er. Why do you ask—

Alcip. To be inform'd, is that so great a wonder?

Er. They be my Father's, Sir—

Alcip. Was that well said, *Erminia*?—speak again.

Er. What is't you would know?

Alcip. The truth, *Erminia*, 'twould become you best.
Do you think I take these things to be your Father's?
No, treacherous Woman, I have seen this Sword,

[Draws the Sword.]

Worn by a Man more vigorous than thy Father,
It had not else been here.

—Where have you hid this mighty Man of valour?

Have you exhausted so his stock of Courage,
He has not any left t'appear withal?

Phi. Yes, base *Alcippus*, I have still that Courage,
Th'effects of which thou hast beheld with wonder;
And now being fortified by Innocence,
Thou't find sufficient to chastise thy boldness:
Restore my Sword, and prove the truth of this.

Alcip. I've hardly so much Calmness left to answer thee,
And tell thee, Prince, thou art deceiv'd in me.

—I know 'tis just I should restore thy Sword,
But thou hast show'd the basest of thy play,
And I'll return th'uncivil Treachery;
You merit Death for this base Injury.
But you're my Prince, and that I own you so,
Is all remains in me of Sense or Justice;
The rest is Rage, which if thou gett'st not hence



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Er. Alcippus, what do you mean?

Alcip. To know where 'twas you learn'd this Impudence?
Which you're too cunning in,
Not to have been a stale practitioner.

Er. Alas, what will you do?

Alcip. Preserve thy Soul, if thou hast any sense Of future Joys, after this vile damn'd Action.

Er. Ah, what have I done?

Alcip. That which if I should let thee live, *Erminia*,
Would never suffer thee to look abroad again.
—Thou'st made thy self and me—
Oh, I dare not name the Monsters.—
But I'll destroy them while the Gods look down,
And smile upon my Justice.

[He strangles her with a Garter, which he snatches from his Leg, or smothers her with a pillow.]

Er. Hold, hold, and hear my Vows of Innocence.

Alcip. Let me be damn'd as thou art, if I do;
[Throws her on a Bed, he sits down in a Chair.]
—So now, my Heart, I have redeem'd thee nobly,
Sit down and pause a while—
But why so still and tame, is one poor Murder
Enough to satisfy thy storm of Passion?
If it were just, it ought not here to end;
—If not—I've done too much—

[One knocks, he rises after a little pause, and opens the door; enter Page.]

Page. My Lord, *Pisaro*—

Alcip. *Pisaro*,—Oh, that Name has wakened me,
A Name till now had never Terror in't!
—I will not speak with him.

Page. My Lord, he's here.
[Page goes out.]



Enter Pisaro.

Pis. Not speak with me! nay then I fear the worst.

Alcip. Not for the world, *Pisaro*—

[Hides his face with his hand, Pis. sees Erminia.]

Pis. Thy guilt is here too plain,
I need not read it in thy blushing face,
She's dead and pale: Ah, sweet *Erminia*!

Alcip. If she be dead, the fitter she's for me,
She'll now be coy no more, nor cry I cannot love,
And frown and blush, when I but kiss her hand:
Now I shall read no terror in her Eyes,
And what is better yet, shall ne'er be jealous.

Pis. Why didst thou make such haste to be undone?
Had I detain'd thee but an hour longer,
Thou'dst been the only happy of thy Sex.
—I knew thou didst dissemble when we parted,
And therefore durst not trust thee with thy Passions:
I only staid to gather from my Sister
What news I might concerning your affairs,
Which I with joy came to impart to you,
But most unfortunately came too late:
Why didst thou yield obedience to that Devil,
Which urg'd thee to destroy this Innocent?

Alcip. Pisaro, do not err;
I found the Prince and she alone together,
He all disorder'd like a Ravisher,
Loose and unbutton'd for the amorous play;
O that she had another Life to lose!



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Pis. You wrong her most inhumanly, you do;
Her Blood, yet sensible of the injury,
Flows to her face to upbraid thy Cruelty.
—Where dost thou mean, bad Man, to hide thy head?
Vengeance and Justice will pursue thee close,
And hardly leave thee time for Penitence.
—What will the Princess say to this return
You've made to all the offers she has sent
This Night by Prince *Philander*?

Alcip. Oh, when you name the Princess and *Philander*,
Such different Passions do at once possess me,
As sink my over-laden Soul to Hell.
—Alas, why do I live? 'tis losing time;
For what is Death, a pain that's sooner ended
Than what I felt from every frown of hers?
—It was but now that lovely thing had Life,
Could speak and weep, and had a thousand Charms,
That had oblig'd a Murder, and Madness't self
To've been her tame Adorers.
Yet now should even her best belov'd, the Prince,
With all his Youth, his Beauties and Desires,
Fall at her Feet, and tell his tale of Love,
She hardly would return his amorous Smiles,
Or pay his meeting Kisses back again;
Is not that fine, *Pisaro*?

Pis. Sir, 'tis no time to talk in, come with me, For here's no safety for a Murderer.

Alcip. I will not go, alas I seek no Safety.

Pis. I will not now dispute that vain reply, But force you to security.

[*Pisaro draws him out, the Scene closes.*]

SCENE VII. *The Palace.*

Enter Philander, Alcander, Galatea, Aminta, and Falatius.

Fal. Ah, fly, Sir, fly from what I have to tell you.

Alcan. What's the news?

Fal. Ah, Sir, the dismal'st heavy news that e'er was told or heard.



Gal. No matter, out with it.

Fal. *Erminia*, Madam—

Phi. *Erminia*, what of her?

Fal. Is dead, Sir.

Alcan. What, hast thou lost thy Wits?

Fal. I had them not about me at the sight, I else had been undone: Alas, *Erminia's* dead, Murder'd, and dead.

Alcan. It cannot be, thou ly'st.

Fal. By Jove, I do not, Sir, I saw her dead:
Alas, I ran as I was wont to do,
Without demanding licence, to her Chamber,
But found her not, as I was wont to do, [*The Women weep.*
In a gay humour, but stone-dead and cold.

Phi. *Alcander*, am I awake?—or being so,
Dost not perceive this senseless Flesh of mine
Hardened into a cold benumbed Statue?
—Methinks—it does—support me—or I fall;
And so—shall break to pieces—
[*Falls into his Arms. He leads him out.*

Gal. Ah, lovely Maid, was this thy destiny?
Did Heaven create thy Beauties to this end?
—I must distrust their Bounties, who neglected
The best and fairest of their handy-work;
This will incourage Sin, when Innocence
Must perish thus, and meet with no defence.



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Enter the King and Orgulius.

Org. If murder'd Innocence do cry for Justice, Can you, great Sir, make a defence against it?

King. I think I cannot.

Org. Sir, as you are pious, as you are my King,
The Lover and Protector of your People,
Revenge *Erminia's* Murder on *Alcippus*.

Gal. If e'er my Mother, Sir, were dear to you,
As from your Tears I guesst whene'er you nam'd her;
If the remembrance of those Charms remain,
Whose weak resemblance you have found in me,
For which you oft have said you lov'd me dearly;
Dispense your mercy, and preserve this Copy,
Which else must perish with th'Original.

King. Why all this Conjuraton, *Galatea*?

Gal. To move you, Sir, to spare *Alcippus'* Life.

King. You are unjust, if you demand a Life Must fall a Sacrifice to *Erminia's* Ghost, That is a debt I have ingag'd to pay.

Gal. Sir, if that Promise be already past,
And that your Word be irrevocable,
I vow I will not live a moment after him.

King. How, *Galatea*! I'd rather hop'd you'd join'd Your Prayers with his.

Gal. Ah, Sir, the late Petition which I made you
Might have inform'd you why these Knees are bow'd;
'Twas but this night I did confess I lov'd him,
And you would have allow'd that Passion in me,
Had he not been *Erminia's*:
And can you question now what this Address meant?

Org. Remember, Sir, *Erminia* was my Daughter.

Gal. And, Sir, remember that I am your Daughter.

Org. And shall the Traitor live that murder'd her?



Gal. And will you by his Death, Sir, murder me? In dear *Erminia's* Death too much is done; If you revenge that Death, 'tis two for one.

Org. Ah, Sir, to let him live's unjust in you.

Gal. And killing me, you more injustice do.

Org. *Alcippus*, Madam, merits not your Love, That could so cruel to *Erminia* prove.

Gal. If Lovers could be rul'd by Reason's Laws,
For this complaint on him we'ad had no cause.
'Twas Love that made him this rash act commit;
Had she been kind, 't had taught him to submit.
—But might it not your present Griefs augment,
I'd say that you deserve this punishment,
By forcing her to marry with the General;
By which you have destroy'd *Philander* too,
And now you would *Alcippus'* Life undo.

Org. That was a fault of duty to your Majesty.

King. Though that were honest, 'twere not wisely done;
For had I known the passion of my Son,
And how essential 'twas to his content
I willingly had granted my consent;
Her Worth and Beauty had sufficient been
T'ave rais'd her to the Title of a Queen.
Did not my glorious Father, great *Gonzal*,
Marry the Daughter of his Admiral?
And I might to my Son have been as kind,
As then my Father did my Grandsire find.



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Org. You once believ'd that I had guilty been,
And had the Punishment, but not the Sin;
I suffer'd when 'twas thought I did aspire,
And should by this have rais'd my crimes yet higher.

King. How did *Philander* take *Erminia's* death?

Gal. My own surprize and grief was so extream,
I know not what effects it had in him;
But this account of him, I'm forc'd to give,
Since she is dead, I know he cannot live.

King. I'll know *Philander's* fate e'er I proceed; And if he die, *Alcippus* too shall bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Gallery.*

Enter Falatius and Labree.

Fal. Wert thou never valiant, *Labree*?

Lab. Yes, Sir, before I serv'd you, and since too: I Am provok'd to give you proofs on't sometimes; For when I am angry I am a very Hector.

Fal. Ay, the Devil when a body's angry, but that's
Not the Valour in mode; Men fight now a-days
Without that, and even embrace whilst they draw
Their Swords on one another.

Lab. Ay, Sir, those are Men that despise their lives.

Fal. Why, that's it, *Labree*, that I would learn to do, And which I fear, nothing but Poverty will make me do; *Jove* defend me from that experiment.

Enter Erminia veil'd with a thin Tiffany.

Lab. What's the matter, Sir? Does the fit take you now?

Fal. Save us, save us, from the Fiend.

Lab. A Ghost, a Ghost! O, O, O!

[*They fall shaking on the ground.*



Er. This was a happy mistake,
Now I may pass with safety.
[*Ex.*

Fal. Look up, *Labree*, if thou hast any of that Courage thou spakest of but now.

Lab. I dare not, Sir, experience yours I pray.

Fal. Alas, alas, I fear we are both rank Cowards.

Lab. Rise, Sir, 'tis gone.

Fal. This was worse than the fright *Alcander* put Me into by much.

[*They rise and go out.*

SCENE IX. *Philander's Apartments.*

Enter Philander and Cleontius.

Phi. I know he's fled to the Camp, For there he only can secure himself.

Cle. I do not think it, Sir.
He's too brave to justify an Action
Which was the Outrage only of his Passion,
That soon will toil it self into a Calm,
And then will grow considerate again,
And hate the Rashness it provok'd him to.



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Phi. That shall not serve his turn—go
Tell him I'll get his Pardon of the King,
And set him free from other fears of Justice,
But those which I intend to execute.
If he be brave, he'll not refuse this offer;
If not, I'll do as he has done by me,
And meet his hated Soul by Treachery. [*Cle_ . goes out_ .*
—And then I've nothing more to do but die.
—Ah, how agreeable are the thoughts of Death!
How kindly do they entertain my Soul,
And tell it pretty tales of Satisfaction in the other world,
That I shall dwell for ever with *Erminia*?—but stay,
That sacred Spirit yet is unreveng'd,
—I'll send that Traitor's Soul to eternal Night,
Then mine shall take its so desired Flight. [*Going out.*

Enter Erminia, calls him.

Er. Return, Philander, whither wouldst thou fly?

Phi. What Voice is that? [*Turns, sees her, and is frightened.*

Er. 'Tis I, my Prince, 'tis I.

Phi. Thou—Gods—what art thou—in that lovely shape?

Er. A Soul that from Elysium made escape,
[*As she comes towards him, he goes back in great amaze.*
To visit thee; why dost thou steal away?
I'll not approach thee nearer than I may.

Phi. Why do I shake—it is *Erminia*'s form—
And can that Beauty ought that's ill adorn?
—In every part *Erminia* does appear,
And sure no Devil can inhabit there.

[*He comes on and kneels, one knocks, she steals back in at a door.*

Alcan. [*Within.*] My Lord the Prince!

Phi. Ha—Oh Gods, I charge thee not to vanish yet! I charge thee by those Powers
thou dost obey, Not to deprive me of thy blessed sight.

Er. I will revisit thee. [*Ex.*



Enter Alcander.

Phi. I'm not content with that. —Stay, stay, my dear *Erminia*.

Alcan. What mean you, Sir?
[*He rises and looks still afrighted.*]

Phi. *Alcander*, look, look, how she glides away, Dost thou not see't?

Alcan. Nothing, Sir, not I.

Phi. No, now she's gone again.

Alcan. You are disorder'd, pray sit down a while.

Phi. No, not at all, *Alcander*; I'm my self,
I was not in a Dream, nor in a Passion
When she appear'd, her Face a little pale,
But else my own *Erminia*, she her self,
I mean a thing as like, nay, it spoke too,
And I undaunted answer'd it again;
But when you knockt it vanisht.

Alcan. 'Twas this *Aminta* would persuade me to,
And, faith, I laught at her,
And wish I might have leave to do so now.

Phi. You do displease me with your Unbelief.

Alcan. Why, Sir, do you think there can indeed be Ghosts?



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Phi. Pray do not urge my Sense to lose its nature.

Er. It is *Alcander*, I may trust him too. [*She peeps in on them, and comes out.*]

Phi. Look where she comes again, credit thy Eyes, Which did persuade thee that they saw her dead.

Alcan. By Heaven, and so they did. [*Both seem frightened.* —Gods—this is wondrous strange! yet I can bear it, If it were the Devil himself in that fair shape.

Phi. And yet thou shakest.

Alcan. I do, but know not why. —Inform us, lovely Spirit, what thou art, A God—or Devil; if either, thou art welcome.

Er. You cannot think, *Alcander*, there be Ghosts. [*She gives her hands to him and Phi. which they refuse to touch.* No, give me your hand, and prove mine flesh and blood. —Sir, you were wont to credit what I said, And I would still merit that kind opinion.

Phi. *Erminia*, Soul of Sweetness, is it you? —How do you ravish with excess of Joys?

Er. Softly, dear Sir, do not express that Joy,
Lest you destroy it by your doing so.
I fly for sanctuary to your Arms;
As yet none knows I live, but poor *Isillia*,
Who bathing of my cold face with her tears,
Perceiv'd some signs of life, and us'd what means
Her Love and Duty did instruct her in;
And I in half an hour was so reviv'd,
As I had sense of all was past and done;
And to prevent a death I yet might fear,
If mad *Alcippus* had return'd again,
—Alone I came to you, where I could find
Alone my Safety too.

Phi. From Gods and Men, *Erminia*, thou art safe, My best and blest *Erminia*.

Er. Sir, in my coming hither I met *Aminta*,
Who I may fear has alarm'd all the Court;
She took me for a Ghost, and ran away,
E'er I cou'd undeceive her.
—*Falatus* too, afrighted even to death—



Alcan. Faith, that was lucky, Madam.
—Hark, some body knocks, you'd best retire a little.
[Leads her into the door.]

Enter Galatea and Aminta lighted.

Gal. Ah, Brother, there's such news abroad—

Phi. What, dear Sister, for I am here confin'd, And cannot go to meet it?

Gal. *Erminia's* Ghost is seen, and I'm so frighted—

Phi. You would not fear it though it should appear.

Gal. Oh, do not say so; For though the World had nought I held more dear, I would not see her Ghost for all the World.

Alcan. But, Madam, 'tis so like *Erminia*—

Am. Why, have you seen it too?

Alcan. Yes, *Aminta*.

Am. Then there be Ghosts, *Alcander*.

Phi. *Aminta*, we'll convince him. *[Phi. leads out Er. who comes smiling to the Princess.]*



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Gal. But how, dear Creature, wert thou thus preserv'd?

Phi. Another time for that, but now let's think
[*Aminta embraces her.*

How to preserve her still.

Since all believe her dead, but who are present,
And that they may remain in that blest error,
I will consult with you; but you, my dearest,
Shall as the Spirit of *Erminia* act,
And reap the glory of so good a part:
It will advance the new design I have;
And, Sister, to your care
I must commit the Treasure of my Life.

Gal. It was not kind, she came not first to me.

Er. Madam, I fear'd the safety of my Prince,
And every moment that I found I liv'd,
Were more tormenting than those of death,
Till I had undeceiv'd his Apprehensions.

Phi. 'Twas like thy self, generous and kind, my Dear, Thou mightst have come too late else.

Er. But, Sir, pray where's my Murderer? for yet A better name I cannot well afford him.

Gal. All that we know of him,
Pisaro now inform'd me,
Who came just as he thought he had murder'd thee,
And begg'd he would provide for his own safety.
But he who gave him sober promises,
No sooner found himself out of his arms,
But frantick and i'th' dark he got away.
But out o'th' Court he knows he cannot pass
At this dead time of night;
But he believes he is i'th' Groves or Gardens,
And thither he is gone to find him out.

Alcan. This is no place to make a longer stay in,
The King has many Spies about the Prince,
'Twere good you would retire to your Apartment.

Gal. We'll take your Counsel, Sir. —Good night, Brother.



*Phi. Erminia, may thy Dreams be calm and sweet,
As thou hast made my Soul;
May nothing of the Cruelty that's past,
Approach thee in a rude uneasy thought;
Remember it not so much as in thy Prayers,
Let me alone to thank the Gods for thee,
To whom that Blessing only was ordain'd.*

*And when I lose my Gratitude to Heaven,
May they deprive me of the Joys they've given.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Galatea's *Apartments*.

Enter Galatea, Erminia, Pisaro, Aminta.

Gal. And hast thou found him? Ease my misery.

Pis. I have, and done as you commanded me.
I found him sitting by a Fountain side,
Whose Tears had power to swell the little tide,
Which from the Marble Statues breasts still flows:
As silent and as numberless were those.
I laid me down behind a Thicket near,
Where undiscover'd I could see and hear;
The Moon the Day supply'd, and all below
Instructed, even as much as Day could do.
I saw his postures, heard him rave and cry,

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'Twas I that kill'd Erminia, yes 'twas I;
Then from his almost frantick Head he'd tear
Whole handfuls of his well-becoming Hair:
Thus would he, till his Rage was almost spent,
And then in softer terms he would lament:
Then speak as if *Erminia* still did live,
And that Belief made him forget to grieve.
—The Marble Statue *Venus* he mistook
For fair *Erminia*, and such things he spoke,
Such unheard passionate things, as e'en wou'd move
The marble Statue's self to fall in love;
He'd kiss its Breast, and say she kind was grown,
And never mind, alas, 'twas senseless Stone;
He took its Hand, and to his Mouth had laid it,
But that it came not, and its stay betray'd it;
Then would he blush, and all asham'd become,
His Head declining, for awhile be dumb:
His Arms upon his Breast across would lay,
Then sensibly and calmly walk away;
And in his walk a thousand things he said,
Which I forgot, yet something with me staid;
He did consult the nature of the Crime,
And still concluded that 'twas just in him;
He run o'er all his life, and found no act
That was ungenerous in him, but this fact,
From which the Justice took off the Disgrace,
And might even for an act of Virtue pass;
He did consult his Glory and his Pride;
And whilst he did so, laid his grief aside;
—Then was as calm as e'er he seem'd to be.

Gal. And all this while did he ne'er mention me?

Pis. Yes, Madam, and a thousand things he said,
By which much Shame and Passion he betray'd:
And then 'twas, Madam, I stept in and gave
Counsels, I thought him fittest to receive;
I sooth'd him up, and told him that the Crime
I had committed, had the case been mine.
I all things said that might his Griefs beguile,
And brought him to the sweetness of a Smile.



—To all I said he lent a willing ear,
And my reproaches too at last did hear.
With this insensibly I drew him on,
And with my flatteries so upon him won,
Such Gentleness infus'd into his Breast,
As has dispos'd his wearied Soul to rest:
Sleeping upon a Couch I've left him now,
And come to render this account to you. [*Bows.*

Gal. Pisaro, 'twas the office of a Friend,
And thou'st perform'd it to a generous end:
Go on and prosper in this new design,
And when thou'st done, the glory shall be thine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Bedchamber of Alcippus.*

Draws off, discovers Alcippus rising from the Couch.

Alcip. I cannot sleep, my Soul is so unfurnish'd
Of all that Sweetness which allow'd it rest.
—'Tis flown, 'tis flown, for ever from my breast,
And in its room eternal discords dwell,
Such as outdo the black intrigues of Hell—
Oh my fortune—

[*Weeps, pulling out his handkerchief, drops a
Picture with a Glass on the reverse.*



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—What's here? Alas, that which I dare not look on,
And yet, why should I shun that Image here,
Which I continually about me bear?
But why, dear Picture, art thou still so gay,
Since she is gone from whom those Charms were borrow'd?
Those Eyes that gave this speaking life to thine,
Those lovely Eyes are clos'd in endless darkness;
There's not a Star in all the face of Heaven,
But now out-shines those Suns:
Suns at Noon-day dispens'd not kindlier influence.
And thou blest Mirror, that hast oft beheld
That Face, which Nature never made a fairer;
Thou that so oft her Beauties back reflected,
And made her know what wondrous power there lay
In every Feature of that lovely Face.
But she will smile no more! no more! no more!
—Why, who shall hinder her? Death, cruel Death.
—'Twas I that murder'd her—
Thou lyest—thou durst as well be damn'd as touch her,
She was all sacred; and that impious Hand
That had profanely touch'd her,
Had wither'd from the Body.
—I lov'd her—I ador'd her, and could I,
Could I approach her with unhallowed thoughts?
—No, no, I durst not—
But as devoutest Pilgrims do the Shrine.
—If I had done't,
The Gods who take the part of Innocence,
Had been reveng'd—
Why did not Thunder strike me in the Action?
Why, if the Gods be just, and I had done't,
Did they not suffer Earth to swallow me,
Quick—quick into her bosom?
—But yet I say again, it was not I,
—Let me behold this face,
That durst appear in such a Villany.
[He looks in the glass.]

Enter Pisaro, and Erminia drest like an Angel with Wings.

Pis. Look where he is.

Er. Alas, I tremble at the sight of him.

Pis. Fear nothing, Madam, I'll be near you still.

Er. Pray stay a little longer.

Alcip.—My Face has Horror in't pale and disfigur'd,
And lean as Envy's self—
My Eyes all bloody,—and my hanging lids
Like Midnight's mischief, hide the guilty Balls,
—And all about me calls me Murderer:
—Oh horrid Murderer!
That very Sound tears out my hated Soul,
—And to compleat my ruin,
I'll still behold this face where Murder dwells.

[He looks in the glass, Erminia steals behind him, and looks into it over his shoulder; he is frightened.]

Ha—what does this Glass present me?
What art thou?—speak—What art thou?
 [Turns by degrees towards it.]
—Sure I am fixt, what, shall the Devil fright me?
—Me shall he fright,
Who stood the Execution of a Murder?
—But 'tis that Shape, and not thy Nature frights me,
—That calls the blood out of my panting Heart,
That Traytor Heart that did conspire thy death.

Er. Sit down and hear me—

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[In a tone like a Spirit, and points to a Chair; soft Musick begins to play, which continues all this Scene.]

To disobey, thy punishment shall be;
To live in endless torments, but ne'er die.

Alcip. Thou threatnest high, bold Rebel,
[He sits within the Scene, bows.]

Er. Alcippus, tell me what you see,
What is't that I appear to be?

Alcip. My blest *Erminia* deify'd.

Er. Alcippus, you inform me true;
I am thus deify'd by you;
To you I owe this blest abode,
For I am happy as a God;
I only come to tell thee so,
And by that tale to end thy Woe;
Know, Mighty Sir, your Joy's begun,
From what last night to me was done;
In vain you rave, in vain you weep,
For what the Gods must ever keep;
In vain you mourn, in vain deplore
A loss which tears can ne'er restore.
The Gods their Mercies will dispense,
In a more glorious Recompence;
A World of Blessings they've in store,
A World of Honours, Vict'ries more;
Thou shalt the Kingdom's Darling be,
And Kings shall Homage pay to thee;
Thy Sword no bounds to Conquest set,
And thy Success that Sword shall whet;
Princes thy Chariot-wheel shall grace,
Whilst thou in Triumph bring'st home Peace.

This will the Gods; thy King yet more
Will give thee what those Gods adore;
And what they did create for thee_,
Alcippus, look, for that is she.

Enter the Princess, who goes over the Stage as a Spirit, bows a little to Alcippus, and goes off.



Alcip. The Princess! [He offers to rise.

*Er. Be still; 'tis she you must possess,
'Tis she must make your happiness;
'Tis she must lead you on to find
Those Blessings Heaven has design'd:
'Tis she'll conduct you, where you'll prove
The perfect Joys of grateful Love.*

*Enter Aminta like Glory, Alcander representing Honour.
They pass over and bow, and go out.*

Glory and Honour wait on her.

Enter two more representing Mars and Pallas, bow and go out.

With Pallas and the God of War,

Enter Olinda like Fortune, a Page like Cupid, bow and go out.

*Fortune and Love which ne'er agree, Do now united bow to thee. —Be wise, and of
their Bounties share; For if Erminia still was here, Still subject to the toils of Life, She
never could have been thy Wife, Who by the Laws of Men and Heaven Was to
another's bosom given: —And what Injustice thou hast done, Was only to thy Prince
alone; But he has mercy, can redeem Those Ills which thou hast done to him. —But
see,*



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they all return again.

[All the Disguis'd enter again and dance, with *Love* in the midst, to whom as they dance, they in order make an offer of what they carry, which must be something to represent them by; which *Love* refuses with Nods, still pointing to *Alcippus*: the Dance done, they lay them at his feet, or seem to do so, and go out.

What think'st thou of thy Destiny, Is't not agreeable to thee? Tell me, Alcippus, is't not brave? Is it not better than a Grave? Cast off your Tears, abandon Grief, And give what you have seen belief. Dress all your Looks, and be as gay As Virgins in the Month of May; Deck up that Face where Sorrow grows, And let your Smiles adorn your brows; Recal your wonted Sweetness home, And let your Eyes all Love become: For what the Gods have willed and said, Thou hast no power to evade. What they decree none can withstand, You must obey what they command.

[She goes out, he remains immoveable for a while.

Enter Pisaro.

Pis. How is it, man?—what, speechless?

Alcip. No.

Pis. I left thee on the Bed, how camest thou here?

Alcip. I know not.

Pis. Have you slept?

Alcip. Yes, ever since you left me;
And 'twas a kindness in thee now to wake me;
For Sleep had almost flatter'd me to Peace,
Which is a vile injustice.
Hah, *Pisaro*, I had such a Dream,
Such a fine flattering Dream—

Pis. How was it, pray?

Alcip. Nay, I will forget it;
I do not merit so much peace of mind,
As the relation of that Dream will give me:
Oh, 'twas so perfect, too,
I hardly can persuade my self I slept!
Dost thou believe there may be Apparitions?



Pis. Doubtless, my Lord, there be.

Alcip. I never could believe it till this hour, By Heavens, I think I saw them too, *Pisaro*.

Pis. 'Tis very possible you're not deceiv'd.

Alcip. *Erminia's* Spirit, in a glorious form.

Pis. I do believe you.

Alcip. Why, is't not strange?

Pis. It would have been, had I not heard already
She has this night appear'd to several Persons,
In several Shapes; the first was to the Prince;
And said so many pretty things for you,
As has persuaded him to pardon you.

Alcip. Oh Gods, what Fortune's mine!
I do believe the Prince is innocent
From all that thou hast said.
—But yet I wish he would dispose his Bounties
On those that would return acknowledgments;
I hate he should oblige me.

Pis. You are too obstinate, and must submit.

Alcip. It cannot be, and yet methinks I give
A strange and sudden credit to this Spirit,
It beckon'd me into another room;
I'll follow it, and know its business there. [*Aside*.



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Pis. Come, Sir, I am a kind of Prophet,
And can interpret Dreams too.
We'll walk a while, and you shall tell me all,
And then I would advise you what to do.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The King's Chamber.*

Enter Philander with the King.

King. Thou'st entertain'd me with a pretty Story,
And call'd up so much Nature to thy Cause,
That I am half subjected to its Laws;
I find thy lovely Mother plead within too,
And bids me put no force upon thy Will;
Tells me thy Flame should be as unconfined
As that we felt when our two Souls combin'd.
Alas, *Philander*, I am old and feeble,
And cannot long survive:
But thou hast many Ages yet to number
Of Youth and Vigour; and should all be wasted
In the Embraces of an unlov'd Maid?
No, my *Philander*, if that after death
Ought could remain to me of this World's Joys,
I should remember none with more delight,
Than those of having left thee truly happy.

Phi. This Goodness, Sir, resembles that of Heaven,
Preserving what it made, and can be paid
Only with grateful Praise as we do that.

King. Go, carry on your innocent design, And when you've done, the last act shall be mine.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The Court Gallery.*

*Enter Aminta followed by Alcander, Erminia and Galatea;
they go out: re-enter Alcander, and stays Aminta.*

Alcan. Stay, dear *Aminta*, do not fly so fast.



Am. Methinks, *Alcander*, you should shun that Maid,
Of whose too much of kindness you're afraid.
'Twas not long since you parted in such feud,
And swore my treatment of you was too rude;
You vow'd you found no Beauty in my eyes,
And can you now pursue what you despise? [*Offers to go.*]

Alcan. Nay, do not leave me yet, for still your Scorn Much better than your Absence
may be borne.

Am. Well, Sir, your business, for mine requires haste.

Alcan. Say, fair *Aminta*, shall I never find
You'll cease this Rigour, and be kind?
Will that dear Breast no Tenderness admit?
And shall the Pain you give no Pity get?
Will you be never touch'd with what I say?
And shall my Youth and Vows be thrown away?
You know my Passion and my Humour too,
And how I die, though do not tell you so.

Am. What arguments will you produce to prove You love? for yet I'll not believe you
love.

Alcan. Since, fair *Aminta*, I did thee adore,
Alas, I am not what I was before:
My Thoughts disorder'd from my Heart do break;
And Sighs destroy my Language when I speak.
My Liberty and my Repose I gave,
To be admitted but your Slave;
And can you question such a Victory?
Or must I suffer more to make it sure?
It needs not, since these Languishments can be
Nought but the Wounds which you alone can cure.



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Am. *Alcander*, you so many Vows have paid,
So many Sighs and Tears to many a Maid,
That should I credit give to what you say,
I merit being undone as well as they.
—No, no, *Alcander*, I'll no more of that.

Alcan. Farewel, *Aminta*, mayst thou want a Lover,
When I shall hate both thee and thy whole Sex;
I can endure your sober Cruelty,
But do despise it clad in Jollity.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

*Discovers a Room hung with Black, a Hearse standing in it with
Tapers round about it, Alcippus weeping at it, with Isillia,
and other Women with long black Veils round about the Hearse.*

Isil. I humbly beg, my Lord, you would forbear.

Alcip. Oh *Isillia*,
Thou knowest not what vast Treasure this incloses,
This sacred Pile; is there no Sorrow due to it?
Alas, I bad her not farewell at parting.
Nor did receive so much as one poor Kiss.
—Ah wretched, wretched Man!

Enter the Prince.

How, the Prince!
How suddenly my Grief submits to Rage.

Phi. *Alcippus*, why dost thou gaze thus on me? What Horror have I in my looks that frights thee?

Alcip. Why, Sir, what makes you here?
I have no more Wives, no more *Erminias*;
Alas, she is dead—
Will you not give her leave to rest in peace?

Phi. Is this the Gratitude you pay my Favours,
That gave ye life, after your wrongs to me?



But 'twas my Sister's Kindness that preserv'd thee
And I prefer'd my Vengeance to the Gods.

Alcip. Your Sister is a Saint whom I adore; But I refuse a Life that comes from you.

Isil. What mean you, Sir?

Alcip. To speak a truth, as dying Men should do.

Phi. *Alcippus*, for my Sister's sake who loves you, I can bear more than this—you know my power, And I can make you fear. [*Offers to go out.*]

Alcip. No, Prince, not whilst I am in love with dying.

Phi. Your love to that I see has made you impudent.

Isil. The Storm comes on, your Highness should avoid it.

Phi. Let him give place, I'll keep possession here.

Isil. It is the Prince's pleasure, Sir, you quit the Presence.

Alcip. No, this I call my Home; And since *Erminia*'s here that does entitle it so, I will not quit the Presence.

Phi. Gave thee a Title to't, *Alcippus*?

Alcip. Me, *Philander*!

[*They come to each other's breast, and so draw.*]

Phi. Thee.

Alcip. Me, what dare you now?

Phi. I dare declare that I can hear no more; Be witness, Heaven, how justly I'm compell'd.

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Alcip. Now, Sir, you are brave and love *Erminia* too.

[The Women run all away crying; they draw out some one way, and some another, leaving some their Veils behind them, some half off, half on.]

Phi. We are here not safe, these Women will betray us.

Alcip. Sir, 'tis a work that will soon be dispatcht, And this a place and time most proper for't.

[A pass or two. Fal. peeps in and runs away.]

Enter_ Pisaro, runs between.

Pis. Hold, Sir, are you grown desperate? What means your Highness? *[To the Prince. Alcippus, what is't you design in this?]*

Alcip. To fight, *Pisaro*, and be kill'd.

Pis. By Heaven, you shall not fight, unless with me, And you have so anger'd me with this rash action, I could almost provoke you to it.

Enter Alcander.

Alcan. Gods, Sir, that you should thus expose your self, The World's great Heir, against a desperate Madman!

Pis. Have you forgot your Apparition, Sir?

Alcip. Oh, 'twas an idle lying one, *Pisaro*, And came but to intrap me.

To them Galatea, Aminta, and Olinda.

Gal. Ah, Brother, why so cruel to your Sister?

Phi. Here, *Galatea*, punish my misfortune,
For yet I want the will to injure thee.
Heaven knows what provocations I receiv'd
E'er I would draw a Sword on him you lov'd.

Gal. Unjust *Alcippus*, how dost thou reward me?

Alcip. Ah, Madam, I have too much shame to live.
Had Heaven preserv'd my Innocence intire,
That I with confidence might have ador'd you,



Though I had been successful;
Yet I had liv'd and hop'd, and aim'd to merit you:
But since all hopes of that are taken from me,
My Life is but too poor a Sacrifice,
To make atonement for my Sins to you.

Gal. I will not answer thee to what thou hast said,
But only beg thou wilt preserve thy life,
Without which mine will be of little use to me.

Alcip. Might I without a sin believe this Blessing, Sure I should be immortal.

Falatio peeps in again.

Fal. I think I may venture, the fury is past, and the great shot spent, the mad Captain General's wounded; so, I hope 'twill let out some of his hot blood—

Enter the King, Cleontius, and Attendants.

King. My Love, *Alcippus*, is despis'd I see,
And you in lieu of that return you owe me,
Endeavour to destroy me.
—Is this an Object for your Rage to work on?
Behold him well, *Alcippus*, 'tis your Prince.
—Who dares gaze on him with irreverend Eyes?
The good he does you ought to adore him for,
But all his evils 'tis the Gods must punish,
Who made no Laws for Princes.

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Alcip. Sir, I confess I'm culpable,
And were it not a sin equal to that,
To doubt you could forgive me,
I durst not hope your mercy after it.

King. I think with all the Tenderness I'm guilty of, I hardly shall be brought to pardon thee.

Phi. I humbly beg you will forgive him, Sir,
I drew him to it against his will; I forc'd him,
And gave him language not to be indur'd
By any gallant man.

King. Whilst you intreat for him, who pleads for you?
For you are much the guiltier of the two,
And need'st a greater interest to persuade me.

Alcip. It were not just to contradict my Prince,
A Prince to whom I've been so late a Traitor;
But, Sir, 'tis I alone am criminal,
And 'twas I,
Justly I thought provok'd him to this hazard:
'Tis I was rude, impatient, insolent,
Did like a Madman animate his Anger,
Not like a generous Enemy.
Sir, when you weigh my Sorrows with this Action,
You'll find no base Design, no Villany there;
But being weary of a Life I hated,
I strove to put it off, and missing that way,
I come to make an offer of it here.

King. If I should take it, 'twere no more than just;
Yet once again I will allow it thee,
That thou mayst owe me for't a second time:
Manage it better than the last I gave—
[Ex. King.]

Phi. *Alcippus*, may I credit what thou'st said, Or do you feign repentance to deceive me?

Alcip. I never could dissemble at my best,
And now methinks your Highness should believe me,
When my despairs and little love to life
Make me despise all ways that may preserve it.



Phi. If thou wouldst have me credit thee, *Alcippus*,
Thou shouldst not disesteem a Life, which ought
To be preserv'd, to give a proof that what thou say'st
Is true, and dispossess me of those fears I have,
That 'tis my Life makes thine displeasing to thee.

Alcip. 'Tis a high proof to give you of my Duty, Yet that's more ease to me than your
Unbelief.

Phi. Let me embrace and thank thee for this goodness.

[He offers to embrace him, but he is shy, and keeps a little off.]

Why dost receive me coldly? I'm in earnest;
As I love Honour, and esteem thee generous,
I mean thee nothing but a perfect Friendship;
By all my hopes I've no more quarrels to thee,
All ends in this Embrace, and to confirm it
I give thee here my Sister to thy Wife.

Alcip. Your Pardon, Sir,
I must refuse your bounty, till I know
By what strange turn of Fate I came thus blest.
To you, my Prince, I've done unheard-of injuries,
And though your Mercy do afford me life,
With this rich present too;
Till I could know I might deserve them both,
That Life will prove a Plague, and this great Gift
Turn to the torment of it.



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Phi. *Alcippus*, 'tis not kind to doubt me still, Is this a present for a Man I hate?

Alcip. 'Tis true, Sir, and your bounty does amaze me;
Can I receive a blessing of this magnitude
With hands, yet have not wash'd away the sin
Of your *Erminia*'s murder? think of that, Sir;
For though to me it did appear most just,
Yet you must hate the Man that has undone you.

Gal. I see *Erminia* still usurps your thoughts.

Alcip. I must confess my Soul is scarce diverted
Of that fond Passion which I had for her;
But I protest before the Gods and you,
Did she still live, and I might still possess her,
I would refuse it, though I were ignorant
Of what the Gods and your fair self design me.

Phi. To doubt thee were a sin below my nature,
And to declare my faith above my fear,
Behold what I present thee with.

[*Goes out, and enters again with Erminia.*

Alcip. Ha—*Erminia*? [*He looks afrighted.*
—It is the same appear'd to me last night,
—And my deluded Fancy
Would have persuaded me 'twas but a dream.

Phi. Approach her, Sir, 'tis no fantasm.

Alcip. 'Tis she her self, Oh Gods, *Erminia*!
[*She goes a little back, as afraid, he kneels.*
—Ah, Madam, do not fear me in this posture,
Which I will never quit till you have pardon'd me;
It was a fault the most excusable,
That ever wretched Lover did commit;
And that which hinder'd me from following thee,
Was that I could not well repent the Crime;
But like a surly Sinner fac'd it out,
And said, I thought 'twas just, yes, fair *Erminia*;
Hadst thou been mine, I would i'th' face of Heaven,
Proclaim it just and brave revenge:
But, Madam, you were Wife to my Prince,



And that was all my sin:
Alas, in vain I hop'd for some return,
And grew impatient of th'unkind delay,
And frantically I then out-run my happiness.

Er. Rise, I forgive thee, from my soul I do;
Mayst thou be happier
In thy more glorious Passion for the Princess,
And all the Joys thou e'er couldst hope from me,
Mayst thou find there repeated.

Enter King, Orgulius, and the rest.

Org. First, I'll keep my word with thee, Receive the welcome present which I promis'd.

[Gives him Erminia, she kneels.

Er. Can you forgive the Griefs I've made you suffer?

Org. I can forgive, though 'twas not kind
To let me languish in a desperate Error;
Why was this Blessing hid from me alone?

Er. Ah, Sir, so well I knew you lov'd *Alcippus*,
That had you known it e'er the Prince had own'd me,
I fear you had restor'd me back again,
A Sin too great to load your Soul withal.



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Org. My King already has forgiven that Error,
And now I come to make my Peace with thee,
And that I may with greatest speed obtain it,
—To you, Sir, I resign her with as much Joy, [*To the Prince.*
And when they undeceiv'd me
Of my opinion of her being dead—

Phi. And I with greater Joy receive your gift.
[*Bows and takes her.*

King. My Lord *Alcippus*, are you pleas'd with this?

Alcip. Sir, I am so pleas'd, so truly pleas'd with it,
That Heaven, without this Blessing on my Prince,
Had found but little trouble from my thanks,
For all they have shower'd on me;
'Twas all I wisht, next my Pretensions here.

King. Then to compleat thy happiness, Take *Galatea*, since her Passion merits thee, As
do thy Virtues her.

[*Gives him Gal. they both bow.*

Er. Sir, I've an humble suit t'your Majesty.

King. Conclude it granted then.

Er. Falatius. Sir, has long made love t' *Isillia*, And now he's gain'd her Heart, he slights
the Conquest, Yet all the fault he finds is that she's poor.

King. Isillia's Beauty can supply that want; *Falatius*, what d'ye say to't?

Fal. By *Jove*, Sir, I'll agree to any thing; for I believe a handsome young Wife at Court
may bring a Man a greater Fortune than he can in Conscience desire.
[*Takes Isillia.*

Er. Aminta, be persuaded. [*Aside to Am.*

Am. He'd use me scurvily then.

Alcan. That's according as you behav'd yourself, *Aminta.*

Am. I should domineer.

Alcan. I then should make love elsewhere.



Am. Well, I find we shall not agree then.

Alcan. Faith—now we have disputed a point I never thought on before, I would willingly pursue it for the humour on't, not that I think I shall much approve on't.

Pis. Give him your hand, *Aminta*, and conclude,
'Tis time this haughty humour were subdu'd.
By your submission, whatsoe'er he seem,
In time you'll make the greater Slave of him.

Am. Well—not from the hope of that, but from my Love,
His change of humour I'm content to prove.
Here take me, *Alcander*;
Whilst to Inconstancy I bid adieu,
I find variety enough in you.

[He takes her and bows.]

King. Come my brave Youths, we'll toil our selves with Joys,
And when we're weary of the lazy play,
We'll search abroad to find new Conquests out,
And get fresh Appetites to new Delights:
It will redouble your vast stock of Courage,
And make th'uneasy Humour light and gentle;
When you remember even in heat of Battle,
That after all your Victories and Spoil,
You'll meet calm Peace at home in soft Embraces.
Thus may you number out your happy years,

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*Till Love and Glory no more proofs can give
Of what they can bestow, or you receive.*

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE,

By a Woman.

*We charged you boldly in our first advance, And gave the Onset a la mode de France,
As each had been a Joan of Orleance.*

*Like them our Heat as soon abated too; Alas we could not vanquish with a Show, Much
more than that goes to the conquering you.*

The Trial though will recompense the Pain,
It having wisely taught us how to reign;
'Tis Beauty only can our Power maintain.

But yet, as tributary Kings, we own
It is by you that we possess that Throne,
Where had we Victors been, we'd reign'd alone.

And we have promised what we could not do;
A fault, methinks, might be forgiven too,
Since 'tis but what we learnt of some of you.

But we are upon equal treatment yet,
For neither conquer, since we both submit;
You to our Beauty bow, we to your Wit_.

THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON.

ARGUMENT.

Doctor Baliardo, a Neapolitan philosopher, has so applied himself to the study of the Moon, and is enraptured to such an extent with the mysteries of that orb, that he has come steadfastly to believe in a lunar world, peopled, ruled and regulated like the earth. This wholly fills and absorbs his every waking thought, and, in consequence, he denies his daughter Elaria and his niece Bellemante to their respective lovers, the Viceroy's two nephews, Don Cinthio and Don Charmante, as being men of men of mere terrestrial mould. The girls are, however, secretly assisted in their amours by Scaramouch, the doctor's man, who is himself a rival of Harlequin, Cinthio's valet, for the hand of



Mopsophil, duenna to the young ladies. Harlequin, hoping to find his way to his mistress, gets to Bellemante's chamber but when she appears conceals himself. The doctor, however, who has been hastily summoned to the bedside of his brother, reported dying, returns a moment after he has set out for a key which has been accidentally dropped from his bunch and finds Cinthio and Elaria. The gallant can only escape by pretending to be a lunatic brought to the house for medical treatment and cure. But during the doctor's subsequent absence, whilst the two lovers are, as they suppose, securely entertaining their mistresses, the father is suddenly heard to return. For the moment they evade him by feigning to be figures in a rich tapestry (their masquing habits aiding the trick), which Scaramouch declares he has just purchased. But this sham being discovered, Scaramouch runs off with the candles and all slip away in the darkness and confusion, leaving him to return in his shirt as newly risen from bed. The doctor is bawling for help when the wily servant totters out yawning and rubbing his eyes to explain

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the whole affair away as a delusion or a vision produced by lunar agency, declaring that there has been a visit from the Moon World of their King and the Prince of Thunderland, who have descended a-courting Elaria and Bellemante. This is borne out by the girls themselves, who have previously been well primed by Mopsophil. After some intriguing between Harlequin and Scaramouch for the duenna's hand, in the course of which the former disguises himself in female attire and again as a country lad, the latter as a learned apothecary, Charmante visits the doctor, and feigning to be a cabalist profound in occult lore, bids him prepare that night to receive Irednozor, monarch of the Moon, and the Prince of Thunderland who will appear to wed his daughter and his niece. Harlequin shortly after makes his entry as an ambassador from the celestial spheres to confirm this news, and as Baliardo, overjoyed, is conversing with him strains of music are heard to herald the arrival of the lunar potentates. All repair to an ancient gallery, long disused, whence the sound proceeds, and here, indeed, a pageant has been secretly arranged. The room is discovered to be richly adorned with costly hangings and pictures, ablaze with lights, and presently, after various masqueraders have appeared dressed as the astronomers Keplair and Galileus, as the different signs of the zodiac, and in other fantastic garbs, Cinthio and Charmante are seen in a silver chariot like a half-moon, attended by a train of heroes and amorini. There is no delay, the lovers are united in matrimony, Baliardo being overwhelmed at the honour done his house. But when Scaramouch and Harlequin fight a ridiculous duel, in which the former wins, for the favour of Mopsophil, the doctor discovers the whole trick, to wit, that the lunar courtiers are in reality his own friends and neighbours. He soon, however, yields to the persuasions of the lovers and the common-sense of his physician, who has taken part in the masque, and, realizing the folly of the fables he has so long implicitly believed, condemns his books to the fire and joins in the nuptial rejoicings with a merry heart.

SOURCE.

Mrs. Behn's farce is derived from *Arlequin Empereur dans la Lune*, which was played in Paris by Guiseppe-Domenico Biancolelli, a famous Harlequin and the leading member of the Italian theatre there from 1660 to 1688. The original Italian scenes from which the French farce is taken belonged to that impromptu Comedy, 'Commedia dell' Arte all' Improviso,' which so far from being printed was but rarely even committed to writing. 'The development of the intrigue by dialogue and action was left to the native wit of the several players,' writes J.A. Symonds in his excellent and most scholarly introduction prefacing Carlo Gozzi's *Memoirs*. In the case of a new play, or rather a new theme, the choregus or manager would call the company together, read out the plot, sketch the scenario, explain all business, and leave the dialogue to the humour and smartness of the individual performer. Their aptitude was amazing. In Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* we find Heironymo, who wishes to have a subject mounted in a hurry, saying:—

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The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform anything in action.

And Lorenzo rejoins:—

I have seen the like
In Paris, among the French tragedians.

Of course much was bound to become stereotyped and fixed, but much was ever fluctuating and new.

When Biancolelli died on 2 August, 1688, of pneumonia, contracted through neglecting to change damp clothes, the loss to the Italian theatre seemed irreparable, but in the following year an equally celebrated Harlequin, finer and wittier if not more popular than he, appeared in the person of Evariste Gherardi. Gherardi was a man of culture, and he collected and edited a number of scenes, written in French, which were on the boards intermingled and played with the Italian farces in order to raise the tone of, and give something more solid and durable to, these entertainments. In 1695 three volumes of these scenes were published at Amsterdam, 'chez Adrian Braakman,' under the title *Le Theatre Italien, ou le Recueil de toutes les Comedies et Scenes Francoises qui ont ete jouees sur le Theatre Italien par la Troupe des Comediens du Roy de l'Hotel de Bourgogne a Paris*.

Arlequin Empereur dans la Lune had been published in its entirety eleven years previously (1684), but it was sufficiently popular for Gherardi to include various scenes therefrom in his collection. Accordingly he commences his first volume by giving the 'Scene de la Fille de Chambre', where Harlequin, disguised as a woman, pretends to be seeking a place as waiting-maid to the Doctor—*Emperor of the Moon*, Act ii, v. In the French, Pierrot, dressed as the Doctor's wife, interviews the applicant. Gherardi also gives a scene between Isabella (Elaria) and Colombine (Mopsophil); a scene where Harlequin arrives tricked out as an Apothecary to win Colombine (in Mrs. Behn it is Scaramouch who thus attempts to gain Mopsophil); and the final scene which differs considerably from the conclusion of the English farce. In Vol. II there are two further extracts 'obmises dans le premier Tome', a dialogue between the Doctor and Harlequin, 'recit que fait Arlequin au Docteur, du Voyage qu'il a fait dans le Monde de la Lune', and a short passage between Harlequin and Colombine, both of which can be closely paralleled in the English version. Mrs. Behn of course used the edition of 1684. Her statement that she only took 'a very barren and thin hint of the Plot' from the Italian, and again that 'all the Words are wholly new, without one from the Original' must not be pressed too strictly, although she has undeniably infused a new life, new wit and humour into the alien scenes.



In Maurice Sand's standard work on Italian comedy, *Masques et Bouffons* (Paris, 1860) there will be found copious citations from this pantomime, the popularity of which he attributes wholly to Gherardi. It was Biancolelli, however, who first brought it into favour and in whose lifetime it was actually printed, a rare honour, although doubtless it was owing to the great Gherardi that it retained and renewed its success. Gherardi died 31 August, 1700.

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As the author himself states in his preface, *Harlequin roi dans la Lune*, a three act comedy by Bodard de Tezay, produced at the Varietes Amusantes, 17 December, 1785, has nothing to do with the old Italian scenes. An opera by Settle, entitled *The World in the Moon*, put on at Drury Lane in 1697, is quite different from Mrs. Behn's farce. Settle has written a comedy which deals with the rehearsal of a new opera, *The New World in the Moon*. Tom Dawkins, a country lout just arrived in London, is taken to the theatre to see the rehearsal, and ordinary comic scenes intermingled with provision for elaborate sets, as the opera proceeds, form the strangest jumble. The piece takes its name from the first operatic scene, which represents a huge silver moon that gradually wanes, whilst a song, 'Within this happy world above', is performed.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

The Emperor of the Moon, which is certainly as Lowe says 'one of the best pantomimic farces ever seen' on the English boards at any rate, was produced with great success at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Garden, in 1687. The character of Scaramouch was admirably suited to Tony Leigh, a low comedian 'of the mercurial kind', who 'in humour ... loved to take a full career', whilst Tom Jevon, young, slim and most graceful of dancers, proved the King of all Harlequins, past, present and to come. Lee and Jevon also acted the parts of Scaramouch and Harlequin in Mountford's three act extravaganza, *Dr. Faustus* (4to 1697), but produced a decade earlier, probably November, 1685. Scaramouch is the necromancer's man, and the comic scenes, although the stage tricks are old, prove very good pantomime. It will be remembered that Harlequin and Scaramouch are to be found in *The Rover*, Part II. Mrs. Behn's farce kept its place in the repertory and long remained a favourite. On 18 September, 1702, at Drury Lane, Will Pinkethman, complying with the wish of several friends and critics, essayed Harlequin without the traditional black mask, 'but, alas! in vain: Pinkethman could not take to himself the shame of the character without being concealed; he was no more *Harlequin*; his humour was quite disconcerted; his conscience could not, with the same effrontery, declare against nature, without the cover of that unchanging face, which he was sure would never blush for it; no, it was quite another case; without that armour his courage could not come up to the bold strokes that were necessary to get the better of common sense.'

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Amongst the more notable performances of *The Emperor of the Moon* were two at Dorset Garden on the 16 and 21 November, 1706, when Estcourt acted Scaramouch, and Pinkethman, Harlequin. On 3 September, 1708, at Drury Lane, Bullock was Scaramouch; Bickerstaffe, Harlequin; Johnson, the old Doctor; Powell, Don Cinthio. At Lincoln's Inn Fields, 28 June, 1717, Bullock again sustained Scaramouch and had Spiller as his Harlequin. Four years later, 6 February, 1721, they were acting the same roles at this theatre, with Mrs. Cross as Bellemante, and Quin, Ryan, in the cast. The farce was repeated on 25 October of the same year. Bullock and Spiller kept their favourite parts, Hall was Baliardo; Quin, Cinthio; Ryan, Charmante; Mrs. Egleton, Mopsophil; Mrs. Bullock, Bellemante. Doggett's *The Country Wake* was played the same night. Ten years later, still at this theatre, on 20 October, 1731, Hall was again Baliardo and Mrs. Egleton, Mopsophil. On this occasion Pinkethman played Harlequin; Hippisley, Scaramouch; Milward, Charmante; and Chapman, Cinthio. The farce was put on as a first piece at Covent Garden, 14 February, 1739. Pinkethman was Harlequin; Rosco, Scaramouch; Arthur, the Doctor; Hallam, Charmante; Hall, Cinthio; Mrs. James, Mopsophil; Mrs. Vincent, Elaria; and the fair Bellamy, Bellemante. In 1748 there was a curious rivalry between the two theatres when both produced *The Emperor of the Moon* on the same night, 26 December. At Covent Garden, where it was billed 'not acted 10 years', and produced as a first piece at considerable expense with magnificent decorations, Cushing played Harlequin; Dunstall, Scaramouch; Sparks, Baliardo; Ryan, Charmante; Delane, Cinthio; Peg Woffington, Bellemante; and the Bellamy, Elaria. It was, however, a dead failure and only acted twice. Contrary to expectation Cushing was very bad as Harlequin, whilst at Drury Lane Woodward was excellent. At the Lane, where it was played with Mrs. Centlivre's *A Bold Stroke for a Wife* and billed 'not acted 20 years', Yates took Scaramouch; Palmer, Charmante; King, Cinthio; Winstone, Baliardo; Miss Murgatroyd, Bellemante; and the inimitable Mrs. Green, Mopsophil. A great effect was produced when Harlequin is tossed in a blanket, Act iii. Two long strips were sewn to the sides of the blanket by which he held. From the front, however, they were invisible, and as it seemed that Woodward was being thrown to a dangerous height this spectacle immensely pleased the galleries.

In 1777 *The Emperor of the Moon*, very unnecessarily altered and by no means bettered 'with the addition of several airs, duets, and choruses selected from other compositions' (8vo, 1777), was produced at the Patagonian Theatre. This theatre was situated in Exeter Change, Strand, on a portion of the site of Burleigh House, the town house of the great Lord Treasurer, which was afterwards known as Exeter House. It is very doubtful if the theatre existed as such later than 1779.

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There is an amusing reference to *The Emperor of the Moon* in *The Spectator*, No. 22 (Steele), Monday, 26 March, 1711. 'Your most humble servant, William Serene' writes to Mr. Spectator bewailing the fact that nobody on the stage rises according to merit. Although grown old in the playhouse service, and having often appeared on the boards, he has never had a line given him to speak. None the less 'I have acted', he asserts, 'several Parts of Household-stuff with great Applause for many years: I am one of the Men in the Hangings in the *Emperour of the Moon*.' [The allusion is of course to Act ii, III.] Ralph Simple, Serene's friend, in a subsequent letter begs that upon the gentleman's promotion to speaking parts 'I may succeed him in the Hangings, with my Hand in the Orange-trees'. These humorous allusions are ample evidence of the popularity of Mrs. Behn's pantomime and the frequency with which it was performed.

TO THE LORD MARQUESS OF WORCESTER, &.

My Lord

It is a common Notion, that gathers as it goes, and is almost become a vulgar Error, That Dedications in our Age, are only the effects of Flattery, a form of Complement, and no more; so that the Great, to whom they are only due, decline those Noble Patronages that were so generally allow'd the Ancient Poets; since the Awful Custom has been so scandaliz'd by mistaken Addresses, and many a worthy piece is lost for want of some Honourable Protection, and sometimes many indifferent ones traverse the World with that advantageous Passport only.

This humble Offering, which I presume to lay at your Lordship's Feet, is of that Critical Nature, that it does not only require the Patronage of a great Title, but a great Man too, and there is often times a vast difference between these two great things; and amongst all the most Elevated, there are but very few in whom an illustrious Birth and equal Parts compleat the Hero; but among these, your Lordship bears the first Rank, from a just Claim, both of the glories of your Race and Vertues. Nor need we look back into long past Ages, to bring down to ours the Magnanimous deeds of your Ancestors: We need no more than to behold (what we have so often done with wonder) those of the Great Duke of *Beauford*, your Illustrious Father, whose every single Action is a glorious and lasting President to all the future Great; whose unshaken Loyalty, and all other eminent Vertues, have rendred him to us, something more than Man, and which alone, deserving a whole Volume, wou'd be here but to lessen his Fame, to mix his Grandeurs with those of any other; and while I am addressing to the Son, who is only worthy of that Noble Blood he boasts, and who gives the World a Prospect of those coming Gallantries that will Equal those of his Glorious Father; already, My Lord, all you say and do is admir'd, and every touch of your Pen reverenc'd; the

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Excellency and Quickness of your Wit, is the Subject that fits the World most agreeably. For my own part, I never presume to contemplate your Lordship, but my Soul bows with a perfect Veneration to your Mighty Mind; and while I have ador'd the delicate Effects of your uncommon Wit, I have wish'd for nothing more than an Opportunity of expressing my infinite Sense of it; and this Ambition, my Lord, was one Motive of my present Presumption in Dedicating this Farce to your Lordship.

I am sensible, my Lord, how far the Word Farce might have offended some, whose Titles of Honour, a Knack in dressing, or his Art in writing a Billet Doux, had been his chiefest Talent, and who, without considering the Intent, Character, or Nature of the thing, wou'd have cry'd out upon the Language, and have damn'd it (because the Persons in it did not all talk like Heros) as too debas'd and vulgar as to entertain a Man of Quality; but I am secure from this Censure, when your Lordship shall be its Judge, whose refin'd Sence, and Delicacy of Judgment, will, thro' all the humble Actions and trivialness of Business, find Nature there, and that Diversion which was not meant for the Numbers, who comprehend nothing beyond the Show and Buffoonry.

A very barren and thin hint of the Plot I had from the Italian, and which, even as it was, was acted in *France* eighty odd times without intermission. 'Tis now much alter'd, and adapted to our English Theatre and Genius, who cannot find an Entertainment at so cheap a Rate as the French will, who are content with almost any Incoherences, howsoever shuffled together under the Name of a Farce; which I have endeavour'd as much as the thing wou'd bear, to bring within the compass of Possibility and Nature, that I might as little impose upon the Audience as I cou'd; all the Words are wholly new, without one from the Original. 'Twas calculated for His late Majesty of Sacred Memory, that Great Patron of Noble Poetry, and the Stage, for whom the Muses must for ever mourn, and whose Loss, only the Blessing of so Illustrious a Successor can ever repair; and 'tis a great Pity to see that best and most useful Diversion of Mankind, whose Magnificence of old, was the most certain sign of a flourishing State, now quite undone by the Misapprehension of the Ignorant, and Mis-representing of the Envious, which evidently shows the World is improv'd in nothing but Pride, Ill Nature, and affected Nicety; and the only Diversion of the Town now, is high Dispute, and publick Controversies in Taverns, Coffee-houses, &. and those things which ought to be the greatest Mysteries in Religion, and so rarely the Business of Discourse, are turn'd into Ridicule, and look but like so many fanatical Stratagems to ruine the Pulpit as well as the Stage. The Defence of the first is left to the Reverend Gown, but the departing Stage can be no otherwise restor'd, but by some leading Spirits, so Generous, so Publick, and so Indefatigable as that of your Lordship, whose

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Patronages are sufficient to support it, whose Wit and Judgment to defend it, and whose Goodness and Quality to justifie it; such Encouragement wou'd inspire the Poets with new Arts to please, and the Actors with Industry. 'Twas this that occasion'd so many Admirable Plays heretofore, as Shakespear's, Fletcher's_, and *Johnson's*, and 'twas this alone that made the Town able to keep so many Play-houses alive, who now cannot supply one. However, My Lord, I, for my part, will no longer complain, if this Piece find but favour in your Lordship's Eyes, and that it can be so happy to give your Lordship one hour's Diversion, which is the only Honour and Fame is wish'd to crown the Endeavours of,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most Humble, and
Most Obedient
Servant,
A. BEHN.

THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Jevern*.

*Long, and at vast Expence, th'industrious Stage
Has strove to please a dull ungrateful Age:
With Heroes and with Gods we first began,
And thunder'd to you in heroick Strain:
Some dying Love-sick Queen each Night you injoy'd,
And with Magnificence at last were cloy'd:
Our Drums and Trumpets frighted all the Women;
Our Fighting scar'd the Beaux and Billet-Doux Men.
So Spark in an Intrigue of Quality,
Grows weary of his splendid Drudgery;
Hates the Fatigue, and cries a Pox upon her,
What a damn'd Bustle's here with Love and Honour?*

In humbler Comedy we next appear,
No Fop or Cuckold, but slap-dash we had him here;
We showed you all, but you malicious grown, |
Friends Vices to expose, and hide your own; |
Cry, damn it--This is such, or such a one. |



Yet nettled, Plague, what does the Scribler mean?
With his damn'd Characters, and Plot obscene.
No Woman without Vizard in the Nation
Can see it twice, and keep her reputation—
That's certain, Forgetting—
That he himself, in every gross Lampoon,
Her leuder Secrets spread about the Town;
Whilst their feign'd Niceness is but cautious Fear,
Their own Intrigues should be unravel'd here.

Our next Recourse was dwindling down to Farce,
Then—Zounds, what Stuff's here? 'tis all o'er my—
Well, Gentlemen, since none of these has sped,
Gad, we have bought a Share i'th' speaking Head.
So there you'll save a Sice, |
You love good Husbandry in all but Vice; |
Whoring and drinking only bears a Price. | _

[The Head rises upon a twisted Post, on a Bench from
under the Stage. After *Jevern* speaks to its Mouth.

Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

Stentor. *Oh!—Oh!—Oh!*

[After this it sings *Sawny*, laughs, crys God bless
the King in order.

Stentor answers.



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*Speak louder, Jevern, if you'd have me repeat;
Plague of this Rogue, he will betray the Cheat.*

[He speaks louder, it answers indirectly.

—Hum—There 'tis again,
Pox of your Eccho with a Northern Strain.
Well—This will be but a nine days Wonder too;
There's nothing lasting but the Puppets Show.
What Ladies Heart's so hard, but it would move,
To hear_ Philander and Irene's Love?
*Those Sisters too the scandalous Wits do say,
Two nameless keeping Beaux have made so gay;
But those Amours are perfect Sympathy,
Their Gallants being as mere Machines as they.*
*Oh! how the City Wife, with her nown Ninny,
Is charm'd with, Come into my Coach,—Miss Jenny, Miss Jenny.*
*But overturning—Fribble crys—Adznigs,
The juggling Rogue has murder'd all his Kids.*
*The Men of War cry, Pox on't, this is dull,
We are for rough Sports,—Dog Hector, and the Bull.*
*Thus each in his degree, Diversion finds,
Your Sports are suited to your mighty Minds;
Whilst so much Judgment in your Choice you show,
The Puppets have more Sense than some of you.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Doctor Baliardo, Mr. Underhill.
Scaramouch, his Man, Mr. Lee.
Pedro, his Boy.
Don Cinthio, Don Charmante, both Nephews Young Mr. Powel.
to the Vice-Roy, and Lovers of Elaria and Mr. Mumford.
Bellemante,
Harlequin, Cinthio's Man, Mr. Jevern.
Officer and Clerk.
Page.

WOMEN.

Elaria, Daughter to the Doctor, Mrs. Cooke.
Bellemante, Niece to the Doctor, Mrs. Mumford.
Florinda, Cousin to Elaria and Bellemante.



Mopsophil, *Governante to the young Ladies*, Mrs. Cory.
The Persons in the Moon, are Don Cinthio, *Emperor*;
Don Charmante, *Prince of Thunderland*.
Their Attendants, *Persons that represent the Court Cards*.
Keplair and Galileus, *two Philosophers*.
Twelve Persons, *representing the Figures of the twelve Signs of the*
Zodiack.
Negroes, *and Persons that dance*.
Musick, *Kettle-Drums*, *and Trumpets*.

The SCENE, NAPLES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Chamber*.

Enter Elaria and Mopsophil.

I.

*A Curse upon that faithless Maid, Who first her Sex's Liberty betray'd; Born free as Man
to Love and Range, Till nobler Nature did to Custom change, Custom, that dull excuse
for Fools, Who think all Virtue to consist in Rules.*

II.



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*From Love our Fetters never sprung; That smiling God, all wanton, gay and young,
Shows by his Wings he cannot be Confined to a restless Slavery; But here and there at
random roves, Not fix'd to glittering Courts, or shady Groves.*

III.

*Then she that Constancy profess'd Was but a well Dissembler at the best; And that
imaginary Sway She feign'd to give, in seeming to obey, Was but the height of prudent
Art, To deal with greater liberty her Heart.*

[After the Song *Elaria* gives her Lute to *Mopsophil*.

Ela. This does not divert me; Nor nothing will, till *Scaramouch* return, And bring me
News of *Cinthio*.

Mop. Truly I was so sleepy last Night, I know nothing of the Adventure, for which you
are kept so close a Prisoner to day, and more strictly guarded than usual.

Ela. *Cinthio* came with Musick last Night under my Window, which my Father hearing,
sallied out with his *Mirmidons* upon him; and clashing of Swords I heard, but what hurt
was done, or whether *Cinthio* were discovered to him, I know not; but the Billet I sent
him now by *Scaramouch* will occasion me soon Intelligence.

Mop. And see, Madam, where your trusty *Roger* comes.

Enter Scaramouch, peeping on all sides before he enters.

You may advance, and fear none but your Friends.

Scar. Away, and keep the door.

Ela. Oh, dear *Scaramouch*! hast thou been at the Vice-Roy's?

Scar. Yes, yes. [*In heat.*

Ela. And hast thou delivered my Letter to his Nephew, Don *Cinthio*?

Scar. Yes, yes, what should I deliver else?

Ela. Well—and how does he?

Scar. Lord, how should he do? Why, what a laborious thing it is to be a Pimp?
[*Fanning himself with his Cap.*

Ela. Why, well he shou'd do.



Scar. So he is, as well as a Night-adventuring Lover can be,—he has got but one Wound, Madam.

Ela. How! wounded say you? Oh Heavens! 'tis not mortal.

Scar. Why, I have no great skill; but they say it may be dangerous.

Ela. I die with Fear, where is he wounded?

Scar. Why, Madam, he is run—quite through the Heart,—but the Man may live, if I please.

Ela. Thou please! torment me not with Riddles.

Scar. Why, Madam, there is a certain cordial Balsam, call'd a Fair Lady; which outwardly applied to his Bosom, will prove a better cure than all your Weapon or sympathetick Powder, meaning your Ladyship.

Ela. Is *Cinthio* then not wounded?

Scar. No otherwise than by your fair Eyes, Madam; he got away unseen and unknown.

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Ela. Dost know how precious time is, and dost thou fool it away thus? What said he to my Letter?

Scar. What should he say?

Ela. Why, a hundred dear soft things of Love, kiss it as often, and bless me for my Goodness.

Scar. Why, so he did.

Ela. Ask thee a thousand Questions of my Health after my last night's fright.

Scar. So he did.

Ela. Expressing all the kind concern Love cou'd inspire, for the Punishment my Father has inflicted on me, for entertaining him at my Window last night.

Scar. All this he did.

Ela. And for my being confin'd a Prisoner to my Apartment, without the hope or almost possibility of seeing him any more.

Scar. There I think you are a little mistaken; for besides the Plot that I have laid to bring you together all this Night,—there are such Stratagems a brewing, not only to bring you together, but with your Father's consent too; such a Plot, Madam—

Ela. Ay, that would be worthy of thy Brain; prithee what?—

Scar. Such a Device—

Ela. I'm impatient.

Scar. Such a Conundrum,—Well, if there be wise Men and Conjurers in the World, they are intriguing Lovers.

Ela. Out with it.

Scar. You must know, Madam, your Father (my Master, the Doctor) is a little whimsical, romantick, or Don-Quicksottish, or so.

Ela. Or rather mad.

Scar. That were uncivil to be supposed by me; but lunatic we may call him, without breaking the Decorum of good Manners; for he is always travelling to the Moon.

Ela. And so religiously believes there is a World there, that he Discourses as gravely of the People, their Government, Institutions, Laws, Manners, Religion, and Constitution, as if he had been bred a *Machiavel* there.

Scar. How came he thus infected first?

Ela. With reading foolish Books, *Lucian's Dialogue of the Lofty Traveller*, who flew up to the Moon, and thence to Heaven; an heroick Business, call'd *The Man in the Moon*, if you'll believe a *Spaniard*, who was carried thither, upon an Engine drawn by wild Geese; with another Philosophical Piece, *A Discourse of the World in the Moon*; with a thousand other ridiculous Volumes, too hard to name.

Scar. Ay, this reading of Books is a pernicious thing. I was like to have run mad once, reading Sir *John Mandevil*;—but to the business,—I went, as you know, to Don *Cinthio's* Lodgings, where I found him with his dear Friend *Charmante*, laying their Heads together for a Farce.

Ela. Farce!

Scar. Ay, a Farce, which shall be call'd,—*The World in the Moon*: Wherein your Father shall be so impos'd on, as shall bring matters most magnificently about.

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Ela. I cannot conceive thee, but the Design must be good, since *Cinthio* and *Charmante* own it.

Scar. In order to this, *Charmante* is dressing himself like one of the Caballists of the *Rosycrusian* Order, and is coming to prepare my credulous Master for the greater Imposition. I have his Trinkets here to play upon him, which shall be ready.

Ela. But the Farce, where is it to be acted?

Scar. Here, here, in this very House; I am to order the Decorations, adorn a Stage, and place Scenes proper.

Ela. How can this be done without my Father's Knowledge?

Scar. You know the old Apartment next the great Orchard, and the Worm-eaten Gallery that opens to the River; which place for several Years no body has frequented; there all things shall be acted proper for our purpose.

Enter Mopsophil running.

Mop. Run, run, *Scaramouch*, my Master's conjuring for you like mad below, he calls up all his little Devils with horrid Names, his Microscope, his Horoscope, his Telescope, and all his Scopes.

Scar. Here, here,—I had almost forgot the Letters; here's one for you, and one for Mrs. *Bellemante*.

[Runs out.

Enter Bellemante with a Book.

Bell. Here, take my Prayer-Book, *Oh Ma tres chere*. *[Embraces her.*

Ela. Thy Eyes are always laughing, *Bellemante*.

Bell. And so would yours, had they been so well employ'd as mine, this morning. I have been at the Chapel, and seen so many Beaus, such a number of Plumeys, I cou'd not tell which I should look on most; sometimes my Heart was charm'd with the gay Blonding, then with the melancholy Noire, anon the amiable Brunet; sometimes the bashful, then again the bold; the little now, anon the lovely tall: In fine, my Dear, I was embarrass'd on all sides, I did nothing but deal my Heart *tout autour*.

Ela. Oh, there was then no danger, Cousin.

Bell. No, but abundance of pleasure.



Ela. Why, this is better than sighing for *Charmante*.

Bell. That's when he's present only, and makes his Court to me; I can sigh to a Lover, but will never sigh after him:—but Oh, the Beaus, the Beaus, Cousin, that I saw at Church.

Ela. Oh, you had great devotion to Heaven then!

Bell. And so I had; for I did nothing but admire its Handy-work, but I cou'd not have pray'd heartily, if I had been dying; but a duce on't, who shou'd come in and spoil all but my Lover *Charmante*, so dress'd, so gallant, that he drew together all the scatter'd fragments of my Heart, confin'd my wandering Thoughts, and fixt 'em all on him: Oh, how he look'd, how he was dress'd!

SINGS.

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*Chevalier a Cheveux blonds,
Plus de Mouche, plus de Poudre,
Plus de Ribons et Cannons.*

—Oh, what a dear ravishing thing is the beginning of an Amour!

Ela. Thou'rt still in Tune, when wilt thou be tame, *Bellemante*?

Bell. When I am weary of loving, *Elaria*.

Ela. To keep up your Humour, here's a Letter from your *Charmante*.

Bellemante reads.

*Malicious Creature, when wilt thou cease to torment
me, and either appear less charming, or more kind? I languish
when from you, and am wounded when I see you, and yet I am
eternally courting my Pain. Cinthio_ and I, are contriving
how we shall see you to Night. Let us not toil in vain; we
ask but your consent; the Pleasure will be all ours, 'tis therefore
fit we suffer all the Fatigue. Grant this, and love me, if you
will save the Life of_*

Your Charmante.

—Live then, *Charmante*! Live as long as Love can last!

Ela. Well, Cousin, *Scaramouch* tells me of a rare design's a hatching, to relieve us from this Captivity; here are we mew'd up to be espous'd to two Moon-calfs for ought I know; for the Devil of any human thing is suffer'd to come near us without our Governante and Keeper, Mr. *Scaramouch*.

Bell. Who, if he had no more Honesty and Conscience than my Uncle, wou'd let us pine for want of Lovers: but thanks be prais'd, the Generosity of our Cavaliers has open'd their obdurate Hearts with a Golden Key, that lets 'em in at all Opportunities. Come, come, let's in, and answer their Billet-Doux.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Garden.

*Enter Doctor, with all manner of Mathematical Instruments
hanging at his Girdle; Scaramouch bearing a Telescope twenty
(or more) Foot long.*



Doct. Set down the Telescope.—Let me see, what Hour is it?

Scar. About six a Clock, Sir.

Doct. Then 'tis about the Hour that the great Monarch of the Upper World enters into his Closet; Mount, mount the Telescope.

Scar. What to do, Sir?

Doct. I understand, at certain moments critical, one may be snatch'd of such a mighty consequence, to let the Sight into the Secret Closet.

Scar. How, Sir, peep into the King's Closet! under favour, Sir, that will be something uncivil.

Doct. Uncivil! it were flat Treason if it should be known; but thus unseen, and as wise Politicians shou'd, I take survey of all: This is the Statesman's Peeping-hole, thorow which he steals the Secrets of his King, and seems to wink at distance.

Scar. The very Key-hole, Sir, thorow which, with half an Eye, he sees him even at his Devotion, Sir.

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[*A knocking at the Garden-gate.*

Doct. Take care none enter.

[*Scar. goes to the Door.*

Scar. Oh, Sir, Sir, here's some strange great Man come to wait on you.

Doct. Great Man! from whence?

Scar. Nay, from the Moon-World, for ought I know, for he looks not like the People of the lower Orb.

Doct. Ha! and that may be; wait on him in.

[*Exit Scar.*

Enter Scaramouch bare, bowing before Charmante, dress'd in a strange fantastical Habit, with Harlequin; salutes the Doctor.

Char. Doctor *Baliardo*, most learned Sir, all Hail! Hail from the great Caballa of *Eutopia*.

Doct. Most reverend *Bard*, thrice welcome. [*Salutes him low.*

Char. The Fame of your great Learning, Sir, and Virtue is known with Joy to the renown'd Society.

Doct. Fame, Sir, has done me too much Honour, to bear my Name to the renown'd *Caballa*.

Char. You must not attribute it all to Fame, Sir, they are too learned and wise to take up things from Fame, Sir: our Intelligence is by ways more secret and sublime, the Stars, and little Daemons of the Air inform us all things, past, present, and to come.

Doct. I must confess the Count of *Gabalís* renders it plain, from Writ divine and humane, there are such friendly and intelligent Daemons.

Char. I hope you do not doubt that Doctrine, Sir, which holds that the Four Elements are peopled with Persons of a Form and Species more divine than vulgar Mortals—those of the fiery Regions we call the *Salamanders*, they beget Kings and Heroes, with Spirits like their Deietical Sires; the lovely Inhabitants of the Water, we call Nymphs; those of the Earth are Gnomes or Fairies; those of the Air are Sylphs. These, Sir, when in Conjunction with Mortals, beget immortal Races; such as the first-born Man, which had continu'd so, had the first Man ne'er doated on a Woman.

Doct. I am of that opinion, Sir; Man was not made for Woman.

Char. Most certain, Sir, Man was to have been immortaliz'd by the Love and Conversation of these charming Sylphs and Nymphs, and Women by the Gnomes and Salamanders, and to have stock'd the World with Demi-Gods, such as at this Day inhabit the Empire of the Moon.

Doct. Most admirable Philosophy and Reason!—But do these Sylphs and Nymphs appear in Shapes?

Char. The most beautiful of all the Sons and Daughters of the Universe: Fancy, Imagination is not half so charming: And then so soft, so kind! but none but the *Caballa* and their Families are blest with their divine Addresses. Were you but once admitted to that Society—

Doct. Ay, Sir, what Virtues or what Merits can accomplish me for that great Honour?



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Char. An absolute abstinence from carnal thought, devout and pure of Spirit; free from Sin.

Doct. I dare not boast my Virtues, Sir; Is there no way to try my Purity?

Char. Are you very secret?

Doct. 'Tis my first Principle, Sir.

Char. And one, the most material in our *Rosycrusian* order.—Please you to make a Tryal?

Doct. As how, Sir, I beseech you?

Char. If you be thorowly purg'd from Vice, the Opticles of your Sight will be so illuminated, that glancing through this Telescope, you may behold one of these lovely Creatures, that people the vast Region of the Air.

Doct. Sir, you oblige profoundly.

Char. Kneel then, and try your strength of Virtue. Sir,—Keep your Eye fix'd and open.
[*He looks in the Telescope.*]

[*While he is looking, Charmante goes to the Door to Scaramouch, who waited on purpose without, and takes a Glass with a Picture of a Nymph on it, and a Light behind it; that as he brings it, it shews to the Audience. Goes to the end of the Telescope.*]

—Can you discern, Sir?

Doct. Methinks, I see a kind of glorious Cloud drawn up—and now, 'tis gone again.

Char. Saw you no Fuger?

Doct. None.

Char. Then make a short Prayer to *Alikin*, the Spirit of the East; shake off all earthly Thoughts, and look again.

[*He prays. Charmante puts the Glass into the Mouth of the Telescope.*]

Doct.—Astonish'd, ravish'd with Delight, I see a Beauty young and Angel-like, leaning upon a Cloud.

Char. Seems she on a Bed? then she's reposing, and you must not gaze.



Doct. Now a Cloud veils her from me.

Char. She saw you peeping then, and drew the Curtain of the Air between.

Doct. I am all Rapture, Sir, at this rare Vision—is't possible, Sir, that I may ever hope the Conversation of so divine a Beauty?

Char. Most possible, Sir; they will court you, their whole delight is to immortalize—*Alexander* was begot by a Salamander, that visited his Mother in the form of a Serpent, because he would not make King *Philip* jealous; and that famous Philosopher *Merlin* was begotten on a Vestal Nun, a certain King's Daughter, by a most beautiful young Salamander; as indeed all the Heroes, and Men of mighty Minds are.

Doct. Most excellent!

Char. The Nymph *Egeria*, inamour'd on *Numa Pompilius*, came to him invisible to all Eyes else, and gave him all his Wisdom and Philosophy. *Zoroaster*, *Trismegistus*, *Apuleius*, *Aquinius*, *Albertus Magnus*, *Socrates* and *Virgil* had their Zilphid, which the Foolish call'd their Daemon or Devil. But you are wise, Sir.



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Doct. But do you imagine, Sir, they will fall in love with an old Mortal?

Char. They love not like the Vulgar, 'tis the immortal Part they doat upon.

Doct. But, Sir, I have a Niece and Daughter which I love equally, were it not possible they might be immortaliz'd?

Char. No doubt on't, Sir, if they be pure and chaste.

Doct. I think they are, and I'll take care to keep 'em so; for I confess, Sir, I would fain have a Hero to my Grandson.

Char. You never saw the Emperor of the Moon, Sir, the mighty *Iredonozar*?

Doct. Never, Sir; his Court I have, but 'twas confusedly too.

Char. Refine your Thoughts, Sir, by a Moment's Prayer, and try again.

[He prays. Char. claps the Glass with the Emperor on it, he looks in and sees it.]

Doct. It is too much, too much for mortal Eyes! I see a Monarch seated on a Throne—but seems most sad and pensive.

Char. Forbear then, Sir; for now his Love-Fit's on, and then he wou'd be private.

Doct. His Love-Fit, Sir!

Char. Ay, Sir, the Emperor's in love with some fair Mortal.

Doct. And can he not command her?

Char. Yes, but her Quality being too mean, he struggles, though a King, 'twixt Love and Honour.

Doct. It were too much to know the Mortal, Sir?

Char. 'Tis yet unknown, Sir, to the Caballists, who now are using all their Arts to find her, and serve his Majesty; but now my great Affair deprives me of you: To morrow, Sir, I'll wait on you again; and now I've try'd your Virtue, tell you Wonders.

Doct. I humbly kiss your Hands, most learned Sir.

[Charmante goes out. Doctor waits on him to the Door, and returns: to him Scaramouch. All this while Harlequin was hid in the Hedges, peeping now and then, and when his Master went out he was left behind.]

Scar. So, so, Don *Charmante* has played his Part most exquisitely; I'll in and see how it works in his Pericranium. —Did you call, Sir?

Doct. *Scaramouch*, I have, for thy singular Wit and Honesty, always had a Tenderness for thee above that of a Master to a Servant.

Scar. I must confess it, Sir.

Doct. Thou hast Virtue and Merit that deserves much.

Scar. Oh Lord, Sir!

Doct. And I may make thee great;—all I require, is, that thou wilt double thy diligent Care of my Daughter and my Niece; for there are mighty things design'd for them, if we can keep 'em from the sight of Man.

Scar. The sight of Man, Sir!

Doct. Ay, and the very Thoughts of Man.

Scar. What Antidote is there to be given to a young Wench, against the Disease of Love and Longing?

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Doct. Do you your Part, and because I know thee discreet and very secret, I will hereafter discover Wonders to thee. On pain of Life, look to the Girls; that's your Charge.

Scar. Doubt me not, Sir, and I hope your Reverence will reward my faithful Services with *Mopsophil*, your Daughter's Governante, who is rich, and has long had my Affection, Sir.

[Harlequin peeping, cries Oh Traitor!]

Doct. Set not thy Heart on transitory Mortal, there's better things in store—besides, I have promis'd her to a Farmer for his Son.—Come in with me, and bring the Telescope.

[Ex. Doctor and Scaramouch.]

Harlequin comes out on the Stage.

Har. My Mistress *Mopsophil* to marry a Farmer's Son! What, am I then forsaken, abandon'd by the false fair One? If I have Honour, I must die with Rage; Reproaching gently, and complaining madly. It is resolv'd, I'll hang my self—No, when did I ever hear of a Hero that hang'd him self?—No, 'tis the Death of Rogues. What if I drown my self?—No, Useless Dogs and Puppies are drown'd; a Pistol or a Caper on my own Sword wou'd look more nobly, but that I have a natural Aversion to Pain. Besides, it is as vulgar as Rats-bane, or the slicing of the Weasand. No, I'll die a Death uncommon, and leave behind me an eternal Fame. I have somewhere read an Author, either antient or modern, of a Man that laugh'd to death.—I am very ticklish, and am resolv'd to die that Death.—Oh, *Mopsophil*, my cruel *Mopsophil*!

[Pulls off his Hat, Sword and Shoes.]

And now, farewell the World, fond Love, and mortal Cares.

[He falls to tickle himself, his Head, his Ears, his Armpits, Hands, Sides, and Soles of his Feet; making ridiculous Cries and Noises of Laughing several ways, with Antick Leaps and Skips, at last falls down as dead.]

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. *Harlequin* was left in the Garden, I'll tell him the News of *Mopsophil*. *[Going forward, tumbles over him.]*

Ha, what's here? *Harlequin* dead!

[Heaving him up, he flies into a Rage.]

Har. Who is't that thus wou'd rob me of my Honour?

Scar. Honour, why I thought thou'dst been dead.

Ha. Why, so I was, and the most agreeably dead.

Scar. I came to bemoan with thee the mutual loss of our Mistress.

Har. I know it, Sir, I know it, and that thou art as false as she: Was't not a Covenant between us, that neither shou'd take advantage of the other, but both shou'd have fair play, and yet you basely went to undermine me, and ask her of the Doctor; but since she's gone, I scorn to quarrel for her—But let's like loving Brothers, hand in hand, leap from some Precipice into the Sea.

Scar. What, and spoil all my Clothes? I thank you for that; no, I have a newer way: you know I lodge four pair of Stairs high, let's ascend hither, and after saying our Prayers—

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Har. Prayers! I never heard of a dying Hero that ever pray'd.

Scar. Well, I'll not stand with you for a Trifle—Being come up, I'll open the Casement, take you by the Heels, and sling you out into the Street; after which, you have no more to do, but to come up and throw me down in my turn.

Har. The Atchievement's great and new; but now I think on't, I'm resolv'd to hear my Sentence from the Mouth of the perfidious Trollop, for yet I cannot credit it.

I'll to the Gipsy, though I venture banging,
To be undeceiv'd, 'tis hardly worth the hanging.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Chamber of Bellemante.*

Enter Scaramouch groping.

Scar. So, I have got rid of my Rival, and shall here get an Opportunity to speak with *Mopsophil*; for hither she must come anon, to lay the young Lady's Night-things in order; I'll hide my self in some Corner till she come.

[*Goes on to the further side of the Stage.*

Enter Harlequin groping.

Har. So, I made my Rival believe I was gone, and hid my self till I got this Opportunity to steal to *Mopsophil's* Apartment, which must be hereabouts; for from these Windows she us'd to entertain my Love.

[*Advances.*

Scar. Ha, I hear a soft Tread,—if it were *Mopsophil's*, she wou'd not come by dark.

[*Harlequin advancing runs against a Table, and almost strikes himself backwards.*

Har. What was that?—a Table, there I may obscure my self.

[*Groping for the Table.*

What a Devil, is it vanish'd?

Scar. Devil,—vanish'd! What can this mean? 'Tis a Man's Voice.—If it should be my Master the Doctor now, I were a dead Man;—he can't see me; and I'll put my self into such a Posture, that if he feel me, he shall as soon take me for a Church Spout as a Man.



[He puts himself into a Posture ridiculous, his Arms a-kimbo, his Knees wide open, his Backside almost touching the Ground, his Mouth stretched wide, and Eyes staring. Har. groping thrusts his Hand into his Mouth, he bites him, the other dares not cry out.

Har. Ha, what's this? all Mouth, with twenty rows of Teeth.—Now dare not I cry out, lest the Doctor shou'd come, find me here, and kill me—I'll try if it be mortal.

[Making damnable Faces and signs of Pain, he draws a Dagger. Scar. feels the Point of it, and shrinks back, letting go his Hand.

Scar. Who the Devil can this be? I felt a Poniard, and am glad I sav'd my Skin from pinking. [Steals out.

[Harlequin groping about, finds the Table, on which there is a Carpet, and creeps under it, listening.

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*Enter Bellemante, with a Candle in one Hand,
and a Book in the other.*

Bell. I am in a Belle Humor for Poetry to-night;
I'll make some Boremes on Love. [*She writes and studies.*
Out of a great Curiosity,—A Shepherd did demand of me.—
No, no,—A Shepherd this implor'd of me.

[Scratches out, and writes a-new.

Ay, ay, so it shall go.—Tell me, said he, can you resign?—
Resign, ay, what shall rhyme to Resign?—Tell me, said he.—
[She lays down the Tablets, and walks about.

*[Harlequin peeps from under the Table, takes the Book,
writes in it, and lays it up before she can turn.*

[Reads.] Ay, ay, so it shall be,—Tell me, said he, my
Bellemante; Will you be kind to your Charmante?
[Reads those two lines, and is amaz'd.

Ha, Heav'ns! What's this? I am amaz'd!
—And yet I'll venture once more. [Writes and studies.
—I blushed and veil'd my wishing Eyes.

[Lays down the Book, and walks as before.

—Wishing Eyes! [Har. writes as before.

[She turns and takes the Tablet.

—And answer'd only with my Sighs.

Ha! What is this? Witchcraft, or some Divinity of Love?
Some Cupid sure invisible.

Once more I'll try the Charm. [Writes.

—Cou'd I a better way my Love impart?

[Studies and walks.

—Impart— [He writes as before.

—And without speaking, tell him all my Heart.

—'Tis here again, but where's the Hand that writ it?

[Looks about.

—The little Deity that will be seen

*But only in his Miracles. It cannot be a Devil,
For here's no Sin nor Mischief in all this.*

*Enter Charmante. She hides the Tablet, he steps
to her, and snatches it from her and reads.*

Char. reads.



Out of a great Curiosity, A Shepherd this implor'd of me. Tell me, said he, my Bellemante, Will you be kind to your Charmante? I blush'd, and veil'd my wishing Eyes, And answer'd only with my Sighs. Cou'd I a better way my Love impart? And without speaking, tell him all my Heart.

Char. Whose is this different Character? [*Looks angry.*

Bell. 'Tis yours for ought I know.

Char. Away, my Name was put here for a blind. What Rhiming Fop have you been clubbing Wit withal?

Bell. Ah! *mon Dieu!*—*Charmante* jealous?

Char. Have I not cause?—Who writ these Boremes?

Bell. Some kind assisting Deity, for ought I know.

Char. Some kind assisting Coxcomb, that I know. The Ink's yet wet, the Spark is near I find.—



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Bell. Ah, *Malheureuse!* How was I mistaken in this Man?

Char. Mistaken! What, did you take me for an easy Fool to be impos'd upon?—One that wou'd be cuckolded by every feather'd Fool; that you'd call a *Beau un Gallant Homme*. 'Sdeath! Who wou'd doat upon a fond She-Fop?—a vain conceited amorous Coquette.

[Goes out, she pulls him back.]

Enter Scaramouch running.

Sea. Oh Madam! hide your Lover, or we are all undone.

Char. I will not hide, till I know the thing that made the Verses.

[The Doctor calling as on the Stairs.]

Doct. *Bellemante*, Niece,—*Bellemante*.

Scar. She's coming, Sir.—Where, where shall I hide him?

—Oh, the Closet's open!

[Thrusts him into the Closet by force.]

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Oh Niece! Ill Luck, Ill Luck, I must leave you to night; my Brother the Advocate is sick, and has sent for me; 'tis three long Leagues, and dark as 'tis, I must go.—They say he is dying. Here, take my Keys, *[Pulls out his Keys, one falls down.]* and go into my Study, and look over all my Papers, and bring me all those mark'd with a Cross and figure of Three, they concern my Brother and I.

[She looks on Scaramouch, and makes pitiful Signs, and goes out.]

—Come, *Scaramouch*, and get me ready for my Journey; and on your Life, let not a Door be open'd till my Return.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Mopsophil. Har. *peeps from under the Table.*

Har. Ha! *Mopsophil*, and alone!

Mop. Well, 'tis a delicious thing to be rich; what a world of Lovers it invites: I have one for every Hand, and the Favorite for my Lips.

Har. Ay, him wou'd I be glad to know. *[Peeping.]*



Mop. But of all my Lovers, I am for the Farmer's Son, because he keeps a Calash—and I'll swear a Coach is the most agreeable thing about a Man.

Har. Ho, ho!

Mop. Ah, me,—What's that?

[He answers in a shrill Voice.

Har. The Ghost of a poor Lover, dwindled into a Heyho.

[He rises from under the Table, and falls at her Feet.

Scaramouch enters. She runs off squeaking.

Scar. Ha, My Rival and my Mistress!—Is this done like a Man of Honour, Monsieur *Harlequin*, to take advantages to injure me? *[Draws.*

Har. Advantages are lawful in Love and War.

Scar. 'Twas contrary to our League and Covenant; therefore I defy thee as a Traytor.

Har. I scorn to fight with thee, because I once call'd thee Brother.

Scar. Then thou art a Poltroon, that's to say, a Coward.

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Har. Coward! nay, then I am provok'd, come on.

Scar. Pardon me, Sir, I gave the Coward, and you ought to strike.

[They go to fight ridiculously, and ever as Scaramouch passes, Harlequin leaps aside, and skips so nimbly about, he cannot touch him for his Life; which after a while endeavouring in vain, he lays down his Sword.]

—If you be for dancing, Sir, I have my Weapons for all occasions.

[Scar. pulls out a Flute Doux, and falls to playing. Har. throws down his, and falls a dancing; after the Dance, they shake hands.]

Har. *Ha mon bon ami.*—Is not this better than duelling?

Scar. But not altogether so heroick, Sir. Well, for the future, let us have fair play; no Tricks to undermine each other, but which of us is chosen to be the happy Man, the other shall be content.

Ela. *[Within.]* Cousin *Bellemante*, Cousin.

Scar. 'Slife, let's be gone, lest we be seen in the Ladies Apartment.

[Scar. slips Harlequin behind the Door.]

Enter Elaria.

Ela. How now, how came you here?—

Scar. *[Signs to Har. to go out.]* I came to tell you, Madam, my Master's just taking Mule to go his Journey to Night, and that Don *Cinthio* is in the Street, for a lucky moment to enter in.

Ela. But what if any one by my Father's Order, or he himself should by some chance surprize us?

Scar. If we be, I have taken order against a Discovery. I'll go see if the old Gentleman be gone, and return with your Lover.

[Goes out.]

Ela. I tremble, but know not whether 'tis with Fear or Joy.

Enter Cinthio.



Cin. My dear *Elaria*—
[*Runs to embrace her, She starts from him.*
—Ha,—shun my Arms, *Elaria*!

Ela. Heavens! Why did you come so soon?

Cin. Is it too soon, where'er 'tis safe, *Elaria*?

Ela. I die with Fear—Met you not *Scaramouch*? He went to bid you wait a while; what shall I do?

Cin. Why this Concern? none of the House has seen me. I saw your Father taking Horse.

Ela. Sure you mistake, methinks I hear his Voice.

Doct. [*Below.*—My Key—The Key of my Laboratory. Why, Knave *Scaramouch*, where are you?

Ela. Do you hear that, Sir?—Oh, I'm undone!
Where shall I hide you?—He approaches.

[*She searches where to hide him.*
Ha! my Cousin's Closet's open,—step in a little.
[*He goes in, she puts out the Candle.*

Enter the Doctor. *She gets round the Chamber to the Door, and as he advances in, she steals out.*



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Doct. Here I must have dropt it; a Light, a Light there.

Enter Cinthio, from the Closet, pulls Charmante out, they not knowing each other.

Cin. Oh, this perfidious Woman! No marvel she was so surpriz'd and angry at my Approach to Night.

Cha. Who can this be?—but I'll be prepar'd.
[Lays his Hand on his Sword.]

Doct. Why, *Scaramouch*, Knave, a Light!
[Turns to the Door to call.]

Enter Scaramouch with a Light, and seeing the two Lovers there, runs against his Master, puts out the Candle, and flings him down and falls over him. At the entrance of the Candle, Charmante slipt from Cinthio into the Closet. Cinthio gropes to find him; when Mopsophil and Elaria, hearing a great Noise, enter with a Light. Cinthio finding he was discovered falls to acting a Mad-man, Scaramouch helps up the Doctor, and bows.

Ha,—a Man,—and in my House,—Oh dire Misfortune!
—Who are you, Sir?

Cin. Men call me *Gog Magog*, the Spirit of Power;
My Right-hand Riches holds, my Left-hand Honour.
Is there a City Wife wou'd be a Lady?—Bring her to me,
Her easy Cuckold shall be dubb'd a Knight.

Ela. Oh Heavens! a Mad-man, Sir.

Cin. Is there a tawdry Fop wou'd have a Title?
A rich Mechanick that wou'd be an Alderman?
Bring 'em to me,
And I'll convert that Coxcomb, and that Blockhead, into Your Honour
and Right-Worshipful.

Doct. Mad, stark mad! Why, Sirrah, Rogue—*Scaramouch* —How got this Mad-man in?

[While the Doctor turns to *Scaramouch*, Cinthio
speaks softly to *Elaria*.]

Cin. Oh, thou perfidious Maid! Who hast thou hid in yonder conscious Closet? [Aside to her.]



Scar. Why, Sir, he was brought in a Chair for your Advice; but how he rambled from the Parlour to this Chamber, I know not.

Cin. Upon a winged Horse, ycleped *Pegasus*, Swift as the fiery Racers of the Sun,—I fly—I fly—See how I mount, and cut the liquid Sky.

[Runs out.

Doct. Alas, poor Gentleman, he's past all Cure.—But, Sirrah, for the future, take you care that no young mad Patients be brought into my House.

Scar. I shall, Sir,—and see,—here's your Key you look'd for.

Doct. That's well; I must be gone—Bar up the Doors, and upon Life or Death let no man enter.

[Exit Doctor, and all with him, with the Light.

Charmante *peeps out—and by degrees comes all out, listning every step.*

Char. Who the Devil cou'd that be that pull'd me from the Closet? but at last I'm free, and the Doctor's gone; I'll to *Cinthio*, and bring him to pass this Night with our Mistresses.

[Exit.

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As he is gone off, enter Cinthio groping.

Cin. Now for this lucky Rival, if his Stars will make this last part of his Adventure such. I hid my self in the next Chamber, till I heard the Doctor go, only to return to be reveng'd.

[He gropes his way into the Closet, with his Sword drawn.]

Enter Elaria with a Light.

Ela. *Scaramouch* tells me *Charmante* is conceal'd in the Closet, whom *Cinthio* surely has mistaken for some Lover of mine, and is jealous; but I'll send *Charmante* after him, to make my peace and undeceive him. *[Goes to the Door.* —Sir, Sir, where are you? they are all gone, you may adventure out.

[Cinthio comes out.

Ha,—*Cinthio* here?

Cin. Yes, Madam, to your shame: Now your Perfidiousness is plain, false Woman, 'Tis well your Lover had the dexterity of escaping, I'd spoil'd his making Love else. *[Goes from her, she holds him.]*

Ela. Prithee hear me.

Cin. But since my Ignorance of his Person saves his Life, live and possess him, till I can discover him. *[Goes out.]*

Ela. Go, peevish Fool— Whose Jealousy believes me given to change, Let thy own Torments be my just Revenge.

[Exit.]

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Chamber in the Doctor's House.*

An Antick Dance.

After the Musick has plaid, enter Elaria; to her Bellemante.

Ela. Heavens, *Bellemante*! Where have you been?



Bell. Fatigu'd with the most disagreeable Affair, for a Person of my Humour, in the World. Oh, how I hate Business, which I do no more mind, than a Spark does the Sermon, who is ogling his Mistress at Church all the while: I have been ruffling over twenty Reams of Paper for my Uncle's Writings.

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. So, so, the old Gentleman is departed this wicked World, and the House is our own for this Night.—Where are the Sparks? where are the Sparks?

Ela. Nay, Heaven knows.

Bell. How! I hope not so; I left *Charmante* confin'd to my Closet, when my Uncle had like to have surpriz'd us together: Is he not here?

Ela. No, he's escap'd, but he has made sweet doings.

Bell. Heavens, Cousin! What?

Ela. My Father was coming into the Chamber, and had like to have taken *Cinthio* with me, when, to conceal him, I put him into your Closet, not knowing of *Charmante's* being there, and which, in the dark, he took for a Gallant of mine; had not my Father's Presence hinder'd, I believe there had been Murder committed; however they both escap'd unknown.



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Scar. Pshaw, is that all? Lovers Quarrels are soon Adjusted; I'll to 'em, unfold the Riddle, and bring 'em back—take no care, but go in and dress you for the Ball; *Mopsophil* has Habits which your Lovers sent to put on: the Fiddles, Treat, and all are prepar'd.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mopsophil.

Mop. Madam, your Cousin *Florinda*, with a Lady, are come to visit you.

Bell. I'm glad on't, 'tis a good Wench, and we'll trust her with our Mirth and Secret.

[*They go out.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Street.*

Enter Page with a Flambeaux, followed by Cinthio; passes over the Stage. Scaramouch follows Cinthio in a Campaign Coat.

Scar. 'Tis *Cinthio*—Don *Cinthio*. [*Calls, he turns.* Well, what's the Quarrel?—How fell ye out?

Cin. You may inform your self I believe, for these close Intrigues cannot be carried on without your Knowledge.

Scar. What Intrigues, Sir? be quick, for I'm in haste.

Cin. Who was the Lover I surpriz'd i'th' Closet?

Scar. *Deceptio visus*, Sir; the Error of the Eyes.

Cin. Thou Dog, I felt him too; but since the Rascal 'scaped me, I'll be reveng'd on thee.

[*Goes to beat him; he running away, runs against Harlequin, who is entering with Charmante, and like to have thrown 'em both down.*

Char. Ha,—What's the matter here?

Scar. Seignior Don *Charmante*.
[*Then he struts courageously in with 'em.*

Char. What, *Cinthio* in a Rage! Who's the unlucky Object?

Cin. All Man and Woman Kind: *Elaria's* false.



Char. *Elaria* false! take heed, sure her nice Virtue
Is proof against the Vices of her Sex.
Say rather *Bellemante*,
She who by Nature's light and wavering.
The Town contains not such a false Impertinent.
This Evening I surpriz'd her in her Chamber,
Writing of Verses, and between her Lines
Some Spark had newly pen'd his proper Stuff.
Curse of the Jilt, I'll be her Fool no more.

Har. I doubt you are mistaken in that, Sir, for 'twas I was the Spark that writ the proper
Stuff To do you service.

Char. Thou!

Scar. Ay, we that spend our Lives and Fortunes here to serve you,—to be us'd like
Pimps and Scoundrels. Come, Sir, satisfy him who 'twas was hid i'th' Closet, when he
came in and found you.

Cin. Ha,—is't possible? Was it *Charmante*?

Char. Was it you, *Cinthio*? Pox on't, what Fools are we, we cou'd not know one
another by Instinct?

Scar. Well, well, dispute no more this clear Case, but let's hasten to your Mistresses.



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Cin. I'm asham'd to appear before *Elaria*.

Char. And I to *Bellemante*.

Scar. Come, come, take Heart of Grace; pull your Hats down over your Eyes; put your Arms across; sigh and look scurvily; your simple Looks are ever a Token of Repentance: come—come along.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the Inside of the House. The Front of the Scene is only a Curtain or Hangings, to be drawn up at Pleasure.*

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopsophil, Florinda, and Ladies, dress'd in Masking Habits.

Ela. I am extremely pleas'd with these Habits, Cousin.

Bell. They are a *la Gothic* and *Uncommune*.

Flor. Your Lovers have a very good Fancy, Cousin, I long to see 'em.

Ela. And so do I. I wonder *Scaramouch* stays so, and what Success he has.

Bell. You have no cause to doubt, you can so easily acquit your self; but I, what shall I do? who can no more imagine who shou'd write those Boremes, than who I shall love next, if I break off with *Charmante*.

Flor. If he be a Man of Honour, Cousin, when a Maid protests her Innocence—

Bell. Ay, but he's a Man of Wit too, Cousin, and knows when Women protest most, they likely lye most.

Ela. Most commonly, for Truth needs no asseveration.

Bell. That's according to the Disposition of your Lover, for some believe you most, when you most abuse and cheat 'em; some are so obstinate, they wou'd damn a Woman with Protesting, before she can convince 'em.

Ela. Such a one is not worth convincing, I wou'd not make the World wise at the expence of a Virtue.

Bell. Nay, he shall e'en remain as Heaven made him for me, since there are Men enough for all uses.



*Enter Charmante and Cinthio, dress'd in their Gothic Habits,
Scaramouch, Harlequin and Musick. Charmante and Cinthio kneel.*

Cin. Can you forgive us?

[Elaria takes him up.]

Bell. That, *Cinthio*, you're convinc'd, I do not wonder; but how *Charmante* is inspir'd, I know not.

[Takes him up.]

Char. Let it suffice, I'm satisfy'd, my *Bellemante*.

Ela. Pray know my Cousin *Florinda*.

[They salute the Lady.]

Bell. Come, let us not lose time, since we are all Friends.

Char. The best use we can make of it, is to talk of Love.

Bell. Oh! we shall have time enough for that hereafter; besides, you may make Love in Dancing as well as in Sitting; you may gaze, sigh, and press the Hand, and now and then receive a Kiss, what wou'd you more?

Char. Yes, wish a little more.

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Bell. We were unreasonable to forbid you that cold Joy, nor shall you wish long in vain, if you bring Matters so about, to get us with my Uncle's Consent.

Ela. Our Fortunes depending solely on his Pleasure, which are too considerable to lose.

Cin. All things are order'd as I have written you at large; our Scenes and all our Properties are ready; we have no more to do but to banter the old Gentleman into a little more Faith, which the next Visit of our new Cabalist *Charmante* will complete.

[The Musick plays.]

Enter some Anticks, and dance. They all sit the while.

Ela. Your Dancers have performed well, but 'twere fit we knew who we have trusted with this Evening's Intrigue.

Cin. Those, Madam, who are to assist us in carrying on a greater Intrigue, the gaining of you. They are our Kinsmen.

Ela. Then they are doubly welcome.

[Here is a Song in Dialogue, with Flute Doux and Harpsicals, between a Shepherd and Shepherdess; which ended, they all dance a Figure Dance.]

Cin. Hark, what Noise is that? sure 'tis in the next Room.

Doctor [Within.] Scaramouch, Scaramouch!

[Scaramouch runs to the Door, and holds it fast.]

Scar. Ha,—the Devil in the likeness of my old Master's Voice, for it is impossible it should be he himself.

Char. If it be he, how got he in? did you not secure the Doors?

Ela. He always has a Key to open 'em. Oh! what shall we do? there's no escaping him; he's in the next Room, through which you are to pass.

Doct. [Within.] Scaramouch, Knave, where are you?

Scar. 'Tis he, 'tis he, follow me all—

[He goes with all the Company behind the Front Curtain.]



Doct. [Within.] I tell you, Sirrah, I heard the noise of Fiddles.

Peter. [Within.]_ No surely, Sir, 'twas a Mistake.

[Knocking at the Door.

[Scaramouch having placed them all in the Hanging, in which they make the Figures, where they stand without Motion in Postures, he comes out. He opens the Door with a Candle in his Hand.

Enter the Doctor and Peter with a Light.

Scar. Bless me, Sir! Is it you—or your Ghost?

Doct. 'Twere good for you, Sir, if I were a thing of Air; but as I am a substantial Mortal, I will lay it on as substantially—

[Canes him. He cries.

Scar. What d'ye mean, Sir? what d'ye mean?

Doct. Sirrah, must I stand waiting your Leisure, while you are roguing here? I will reward ye. [Beats him.

Scar. Ay, and I shall deserve it richly, Sir, when you know all.

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Doct. I guess all, Sirrah, and I heard all, and you shall be rewarded for all. Where have you hid the Fiddles, you Rogue?

Scar. Fiddles, Sir!

Doct. Ay, Fiddles, Knave.

Scar. Fiddles, Sir!—Where?

Doct. Here, here I heard 'em, thou false Steward of thy Master's Treasure.

Scar. Fiddles, Sir! Sure 'twas Wind got into your Head, and whistled in your Ears, riding so late, Sir.

Doct. Ay, thou false Varlet, there's another debt I owe thee, for bringing me so damnable a Lye: my Brother's well—I met his Valet but a League from Town, and found thy Roguery out. [*Beats him. He cries.*]

Scar. Is this the Reward I have for being so diligent since you went?

Doct. In what, thou Villain? in what?

[The Curtain is drawn up, and discovers the Hangings where all of them stand.]

Scar. Why, look you, Sir, I have, to surprize you with Pleasure, against you came home, been putting up this Piece of Tapestry, the best in Italy, for the Rareness of the Figures, Sir.

Doct. Ha! hum—It is indeed a Stately Piece of Work; how came I by 'em?

Scar. 'Twas sent your Reverence from the *Virtuoso*, or some of the Cabalists.

Doct. I must confess, the Workmanship is excellent;—but still I do insist I heard the Musick.

Scar. 'Twas then the tuning of the Spheres, some Serenade, Sir, from the Inhabitants of the Moon.

Doct. Hum, from the Moon,—and that may be.

Scar. Lord, d'ye think I wou'd deceive your Reverence?

Doct. From the Moon, a Serenade,—I see no signs on't here, indeed it must be so—I'll think on't more at leisure. [*Aside.*]



—Prithee what Story's this? [*Looks on the Hangings.*

Scar. Why, Sir,—'Tis—

Doct. Hold up the Candles higher, and nearer.

[*Peter and Scaramouch hold Candles near. He takes a Perspective, and looks through it; and coming nearer Harlequin, who is placed on a Tree in the Hangings, hits him on the Head with his Trunchion. He starts and looks about. Harlequin sits still.*

Scar_. Sir—

Doct. What was that struck me?

Scar. Struck you, Sir! Imagination.

Doct. Can my Imagination feel, Sirrah?

Scar. Oh, the most tenderly of any part about one, Sir!

Doct. Hum—that may be.

Scar. Are you a great Philosopher, and know not that, Sir?

Doct. This Fellow has a glimpse of Profundity. [*Aside. Looks again.* —I like the Figures well.

Scar. You will, when you see 'em by Day-light, Sir.

[*Har. hits him again. The Doctor sees him.*

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Doct. Ha,—Is that Imagination too?—Betray'd, betray'd, undone! run for my Pistols, call up my Servants, *Peter*, a Plot upon my Daughter and my Niece!

[Runs out with Peter. Scaramouch puts out the Candle, they come out of the Hanging, which is drawn away. He places 'em in a Row just at the Entrance.]

Scar. Here, here, fear nothing, hold by each other, that when I go out, all may go; that is, slip out, when you hear the Doctor is come in again, which he will certainly do, and all depart to your respective Lodgings.

Cin. And leave thee to bear the Brunt?

Scar. Take you no care for that, I'll put it into my Bill of Charges, and be paid all together.

Enter the Doctor with Pistols, and Peter.

Doct. What, by dark? that shall not save you, Villains, Traitors to my Glory and Repose.—*Peter*, hold fast the Door, let none 'scape.

[They all slip out.]

Pet. I'll warrant you, Sir.

[Doctor gropes about, stamps and calls.]

Doct. Lights there—Lights—I'm sure they cou'd not 'scape.

Pet. Impossible, Sir.

Enter Scaramouch undress'd in his Shirt, with a Light; he starts.

Scar. Bless me!—what's here?

Doct. Ha—Who art thou? *[Amaz'd to see him enter so.]*

Scar. I, who the Devil are you, and you go to that?

[Rubs his Eyes, and brings the Candle nearer, looks on him.]
—Mercy upon us!—Why, what, is't you, Sir, return'd so soon?

Doct. Return'd! *[Looking sometimes on him, sometimes about.]*

Scar. Ay, Sir, did you not go out of Town last night, to your Brother the Advocate?

Doct. Thou Villain, thou question'st me, as if thou knew'st not that I was return'd.



Scar. I know, Sir! how shou'd I know? I'm sure I am but just awakened from the sweetest Dream.—

Doct. You dream still, Sirrah, but I shall wake your Rogueship.—Were you not here but now, shewing me a piece of Tapestry, you Villain?

Scar. Tapestry!

[Mopsophil listning all the while.

Doct. Yes, Rogue, yes, for which I'll have thy Life.
[Offering a Pistol.

Scar. Are you stark mad, Sir? or do I dream still?

Doct. Tell me, and tell me quickly, Rogue, who were those Traitors that were hid but now in the Disguise of a piece of Hangings.
[Holds the Pistol to his Breast.

Scar. Bless me! you amaze me, Sir. What conformity has every Word you say, to my rare Dream! Pray let me feel you, Sir,—Are you human?

Doct. You shall feel I am, Sirrah, if thou confess not.

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Scar. Confess, Sir! What shall I confess?—I understand not your Cabalistical Language; but in mine, I confess that you wak'd me from the rarest Dream—Where methought the Emperor of the Moon World was in our House, dancing and revelling; and methoughts his Grace was fallen desperately in love with Mistriss *Elaria*, and that his Brother, the Prince, Sir, of *Thunderland*, was also in love with Mistriss *Bellemante*; and methoughts they descended to court 'em in your Absence—And that at last you surpriz'd 'em, and that they transform'd themselves into a Suit of Hangings to deceive you. But at last, methought you grew angry at something, and they all fled to Heaven again; and after a deal of Thunder and Lightning, I wak'd, Sir, and hearing human Voices here, came to see what the Matter was.

[This while the Doctor lessens his signs of Rage by degrees, and at last stands in deep Contemplation.]

Doct. May I credit this?

Scar. Credit it! By all the Honour of your House, by my unseparable Veneration for the Mathematicks, 'tis true, Sir.

Doct. That famous *Rosycrusian*, who yesterday visited me, and told me the Emperor of the Moon was in love with a fair Mortal—This Dream is Inspiration in this Fellow—He must have wondrous Virtue in him, to be worthy of these divine Intelligences. *[Aside.]*—But if that Mortal shou'd be *Elaria*! but no more, I dare not yet suppose it—perhaps the thing was real and no Dream, for oftentimes the grosser part is hurried away in Sleep by the force of Imagination, and is wonderfully agitated —This Fellow might be present in his Sleep,—of this we've frequent Instances—I'll to my Daughter and my Niece, and hear what Knowledge they may have of this.

Mop. Will you so? I'll secure you, the Frolick shall go round.

[Aside, and Exit.]

Doct. *Scaramouch*, if you have not deceiv'd me in this Matter, time will convince me farther; if it rest here, I shall believe you false.

Scar. Good Sir, suspend your Judgment and your Anger till then.

Doct. I'll do't, go back to bed.

[Ex. Doct. and Peter.]

Scar. No, Sir, 'tis Morning now—and I'm up for all day.—This Madness is a pretty sort of pleasant Disease, when it tickles but in one Vein—Why, here's my Master now, as great a Scholar, as grave and wise a Man, in all Argument and Discourse, as can be



met with; yet name but the Moon, and he runs into ridicule, and grows as mad as the Wind.

Well, Doctor, if thou canst be madder yet,
We'll find a Medicine that shall cure your Fit,

—Better than all *Galenicus*.

[Goes out.]

SCENE IV. *Draws off to Bellemante's Chamber, discovers Elaria, Bellemante and Mopsophil in Night-Gowns.*



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Mop. You have your Lessons, stand to it bravely, and the Town's our own, Madam.

[They put themselves in Postures of Sleeping, leaning on the Table, Mopsophil lying at their Feet. Enter Doctor softly.]

Doct. Ha, not in Bed! this gives me mortal Fears.

Bell. Ah, Prince— *[She speaks as in her Sleep.]*

Doct. Ha, Prince! *[Goes nearer, and listens.]*

Bell. How little Faith I give to all your Courtship, who leaves our Orb so soon. *[In a feign'd Voice.]*

Doct. Ha, said she Orb? *[Goes nearer.]*

Bell. But since you are of a celestial Race,
And easily can penetrate
Into the utmost limits of the Thought,
Why shou'd I fear to tell you of your Conquest?
—And thus implore your Aid.

*[Rises and runs to the Doctor; kneels,
and holds him fast. He shews signs of Joy.]*

Doct. I am ravish'd!

Bell. Ah, Prince Divine, take pity on a Mortal.

Doct. I am rapt!

Bell. And take me with you to the World above!

Doct. The Moon, the Moon she means; I am transported, over-joy'd, and ecstasyd!
[Leaping and jumping from her Hands, she seems to wake.]

Bell. Ha, my Uncle come again to interrupt us!

Doct. Hide nothing from me, my dear *Bellemante*, since all already is discover'd to me
—and more.

Ela. Oh, why have you wak'd me from the softest Dream that ever Maid was blest with?

Doct. What—what, my best *Elaria*? *[With over-joy.]*

Ela. Methought I entertain'd a Demi-God, one of the gay Inhabitants of the Moon.



Bell. I'm sure mine was no Dream—I wak'd, I heard, I saw, I spoke—and danc'd to the Musick of the Spheres; and methought my glorious Lover ty'd a Diamond Chain about my Arm—and see 'tis all substantial. [*Shows her Arm.*]

Ela. And mine a Ring, of more than mortal Lustre.

Doct. Heaven keep me moderate! lest excess of Joy shou'd make my Virtue less. [*Stifling his Joy.*]

—There is a wondrous Mystery in this,

A mighty Blessing does attend your Fates.

Go in and pray to the chaste Powers above

To give you Virtue for such Rewards. [*They go in.*]

—How this agrees with what the learned Cabalist inform'd me of last Night! He said, that great *Iredonozor*, the Emperor of the Moon, was enamour'd on a fair Mortal. It must be so—and either he descended to court my Daughter personally, which for the rareness of the Novelty, she takes to be a Dream; or else, what they and I beheld, was visionary, by way of a sublime Intelligence:—And possibly—'tis only thus: the People of that World converse with Mortals.—I must be satisfy'd in this main Point of deep Philosophy.



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I'll to my Study,—for I cannot rest,
Till I this weighty Mystery have discuss'd.

[*Ex. very gravely.*]

SCENE V. *The Garden.*

Enter Scaramouch with a Ladder.

Scar. Though I am come off *en Cavalier* with my Master, I am not with my Mistress, whom I promised to console this Night, and 'tis but just I shou'd make good this Morning; 'twill be rude to surprize her sleeping, and more gallant to wake her with a Serenade at her Window.

[*Sets the Ladder to her Window, fetches his Lute and goes up the ladder.*]

He plays and sings this Song.

*When Maidens are young and in their Spring
Of Pleasure, of Pleasure, let 'em take their full Swing,
full Swing,—full Swing,
And love, and dance, and play, and sing.
For Silvia, believe it, when Youth is done,
There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum;
There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum.*

*Then_ Silvia be wise—be wise—be wise,
Though Painting and Dressing for awhile are Supplies,
And may—surprise—
But when the Fire's going out in your Eyes,
It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles, and dies.
And then to hear Love, to hear Love from you,
I'd as live hear an Owl cry—Wit to woo,
Wit to woo, wit to woo.*

Enter Mopsophil_ above_.

Mop. What woful Ditty-making Mortal's this, That e'er the Lark her early Note has sung,
Does doleful Love beneath my Casement thrum? -Ah, Seignior *Scaramouch*, is it you?

Scar. Who shou'd it be that takes such pains to sue!

Mop. Ah, Lover most true blue.



Enter Harlequin in Woman's Clothes.

Har. If I can now but get admittance, I shall not only deliver the young Ladies their Letters from their Lovers, but get some opportunity, in this Disguise, to slip this *Billet-Doux* into *Mopsophil's* Hand, and bob my Comrade *Scaramouch*.—Ha, What do I see?—My Mistress at the Window, courting my Rival! Ah Gipsy!

Scar. But we lose precious time, since you design me a kind Hour in your Chamber.

Har. Oh Traitor!

Mop. You'll be sure to keep it from *Harlequin*.

Har. Ah yes, he, hang him, Fool, he takes you for a Saint.

Scar. *Harlequin!* Hang him, shotten Herring.

Har. Ay, a Cully, a Noddy.

Mop. A meer Zany.

Har. Ah, hard-hearted *Turk*.

Mop. Fit for nothing but a Cuckold.

Har. Monster of Ingratitude! How shall I be reveng'd?

[*Scar, going over the Balcony.*

—Hold, hold, thou perjur'd Traitor.

[*Cries out in a Woman's Voice.*

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Mop. Ha, discover'd!—A Woman in the Garden!

Har. Come down, come down, thou false perfidious Wretch.

Scar. Who in the Devil's Name, art thou? And to whom dost thou speak?

Har. To thee, that false Deceiver, thou hast broke thy Vows, thy lawful Vows of Wedlock. [*Bawling out.*

Oh, oh, that I shou'd live to see the Day. [*Crying.*

Scar. Who mean you, Woman?

Har. Whom shou'd I mean but thou,—my lawful Spouse?

Mop. Oh Villain! Lawful Spouse!—Let me come to her.

[*Scar, comes down, as Mopsophil flings out of the Balcony.*

Scar. The Woman's mad—hark ye, Jade, how long have you been thus distracted?

Har. E'er since I lov'd and trusted thee, false Varlet.—See here, the Witness of my Love and Shame.

[*Bawls, and points to her Belly.*

Just then_ *Mopsophil enters.*

Mop. How! with Child! Out, Villain! was I made a Property?

Scar. Hear me.

Har. Oh, thou Heathen Christian! was not one Woman enough?

Mop. Ay, Sirrah, answer to that.

Scar. I shall be sacrific'd.

Mop. I am resolv'd to marry to morrow—either to the Apothecary or the Farmer, Men I never saw, to be reveng'd on thee, thou termagant Infidel.

Enter the Doctor.

Doct. What Noise, what Out-cry, what Tumult's this?



Har. Ha, the Doctor!—What shall I do?

[Gets to the Door, Scar. pulls her in.]

Doct. A Woman! some Baud I am sure;—Woman, what's your Business here? ha.

Har. I came, an't like your Seigniorship, to Madam the Governante here, to serve her in the Quality of a *Fille de Chambre* to the young Ladies.

Doct. A *Fille de Chambre*! 'tis so, a she Pimp.

Har. Ah, Seignior—

[Makes his little dapper Leg, instead of a Curt'sy.]

Doct. How now, what, do you mock me?

Har. Oh Seignior! *[Gets nearer the Door.]*

Mop. Stay, stay, Mistress; and what Service are you able to do the Seignior's Daughters?

Har. Is this Seignior Doctor *Baliardo*, Madam?

Mop. Yes.

Har. Oh! he's a very handsome Gentleman—indeed.

Doct. Ay, ay, what Service can you do, Mistress?

Har. Why, Seignior, I can tie a Crevat the best of any Person in *Naples*, and I can comb a Periwig—and I can—

Doct. Very proper Service for young Ladies; you, I believe, have been *Fille de Chambre* to some young Cavaliers?

Har. Most true, Seignior; why shou'd not the Cavaliers keep *Filles de Chambre*, as well as great Ladies *Valets de Chambre*?



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Doct. Indeed 'tis equally reasonable.—'Tis a Baud. [*Aside.* But have you never serv'd Ladies?

Har. Oh yes, I serv'd a Parson's Wife?

Doct. Is that a great Lady?

Har. Ay, surely, Sir, what is she else? for she wore her Mantuas of *Brocade d'or*, Petticoats lac'd up to the Gathers, her Points, her Patches, Paints and Perfumes, and sat in the uppermost place in the Church too.

Mop. But have you never serv'd Countesses and Dutchesses?

Har. Oh, yes, Madam; the last I serv'd, was an Alderman's Wife in the City.

Mop. Was that a Countess or a Dutchess?

Har. Ay, certainly—for they have all the Money; and then for Clothes, Jewels, and rich Furniture, and eating, they out-do the very *Vice-Reine* her self.

Doct. This is a very ignorant running Baud,—therefore first search her for *Billets-Doux*, and then have her pump'd.

Har. Ah, Seignior,—Seignior.

[*Scar. searches him, finds Letters.*

Scar. Ha, to *Elaria*—and *Bellemante*!

[*Reads the Outside, pops 'em into his Bosom.*

These are from their Lovers.—Ha, a Note to *Mopsophil*.—Oh, Rogue! have I found you?

Har. If you have, 'tis but Trick for your Trick, Seignior *Scaramouch*, and you may spare the Pumping.

Scar. For once, Sirrah, I'll bring you off, and deliver your Letters. —Sir, do you not know who this is? Why, 'tis a Rival of mine, who put on this Disguise to cheat me of Mistress *Mopsophil*.—See, here's a Billet to her.

Doct. What is he?

Scar. A Mungrel Dancing-Master; therefore, Sir, since all the Injury's mine, I'll pardon him for a Dance, and let the Agility of his Heels save his Bones, with your Permission, Sir.

Doct. With all my Heart, and am glad he comes off so comically.

[Harlequin *dances*.

[*A knocking at the Gate. Scar. goes and returns.*

Scar. Sir, Sir, here's the rare Philosopher who was here yesterday.

Doct. Give him Entrance, and all depart.

Enter Charmante.

Char. Blest be those Stars that first conducted me to so much Worth and Virtue; you are their Darling, Sir, for whom they wear their brightest Lustre. Your Fortune is establish'd, you are made, Sir.

Doct. Let me contain my Joy. [*Keeping in an impatient Joy.* —May I be worthy, Sir, to apprehend you?

Char. After long searching, watching, fasting, praying, and using all the virtuous means in Nature, whereby we solely do attain the highest Knowledge in Philosophy; it was resolv'd, by strong Intelligence—you were the happy Sire of that bright Nymph, that had infascinated, charm'd, and conquer'd the mighty Emperor *Iredonozor*, the Monarch of the Moon.



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Doct. I am undone with Joy! ruin'd with Transport. [*Aside.*
—Can it—can it, Sir,—be possible?

[Stifling his Joy, which breaks out.]

Char. Receive the Blessing, Sir, with Moderation.

Doct. I do, Sir, I do.

Char. This very Night, by their great Art, they find,
He will descend, and shew himself in Glory.
An Honour, Sir, no Mortal has receiv'd
This sixty hundred years.

Doct. Hum—say you so, Sir; no Emperor ever descend this sixty hundred
years? [*Looks sad.*
—Was I deceiv'd last Night? [*Aside.*

Char. Oh! yes, Sir, often in Disguise, in several Shapes and Forms, which did of old
occasion so many fabulous Tales of all the Shapes of *Jupiter*—but never in their proper
Glory, Sir, as Emperors. This is an Honour only design'd to you.

Doct. And will his Grace—be here in Person, Sir? [*Joyful.*

Char. In Person—and with him, a Man of mighty Quality, Sir, 'tis thought, the Prince of
Thunderland—but that's but whisper'd, Sir, in the Cabal, and that he loves your Niece.

Doct. Miraculous! how this agrees with all I've seen and heard —To Night, say you, Sir?

Char. So 'tis conjectur'd, Sir,—some of the Cabalists are of opinion, that last Night
there was some Sally from the Moon.

Doct. About what Hour, Sir?

Char. The Meridian of the Night, Sir, about the Hours of Twelve or One; but who
descended, or in what Shape, is yet uncertain.

Doct. This I believe, Sir.

Char. Why, Sir?

Doct. May I communicate a Secret of that nature?

Char. To any of the Cabalists, but none else.



Doct. Then know—last Night, my Daughter and my Niece were entertain'd by those illustrious Heroes.

Char. Who, Sir, the Emperor, and Prince his Cousin?

Doct. Most certain, Sir. But whether they appear'd in solid Bodies, or Fantomical, is yet a Question; for at my unlucky approach, they all transform'd themselves into a Piece of Hangings.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, their Shapes are numerous; and 'tis also in their power to transform all they touch, by virtue of a certain Stone they call the *Ebula*.

Doct. That wondrous *Ebula*, which *Gonzales* had?

Char. The same, by virtue of which, all Weight was taken from him, and then with ease the lofty Traveller flew from *Parnassus Hill*, and from *Hymethus Mount*, and high *Gerania*, and *Acrocorinthus*, thence to *Taygetus*, so to *Olympus Top*, from whence he had but one step to the Moon. Dizzy he grants he was.

Doct. No wonder, Sir, Oh happy great *Gonzales*!



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Char. Your Virtue, Sir, will render you as happy—but I must haste— this Night prepare your Daughter and your Niece, and let your House be dress'd, perfum'd, and clean.

Doct. It shall be all perform'd, Sir.

Char. Be modest, Sir, and humble in your Elevation; for nothing shews the Wit so poor, as Wonder, nor Birth so mean, as Pride.

Doct. I humbly thank your Admonition, Sir, and shall, in all I can, struggle with human Frailty.

[Brings Char. to the Door bare. Exeunt.]

Enter Scaramouch, peeping at the other Door.

Scar. So, so, all things go gloriously forward, but my own Amour, and there is no convincing this obstinate Woman, that 'twas that Rogue *Harlequin* in Disguise, claim'd me; so that I cannot so much as come to deliver the young Ladies their Letters from their Lovers. I must get in with this damn'd Mistress of mine, or all our Plot will be spoil'd for want of Intelligence. —Hum, the Devil does not use to fail me at a dead Lift. I must deliver these Letters, and I must have this Wench—though but to be reveng'd on her for abusing me—Let me see—she is resolv'd for the Apothecary or the Farmer. Well, say no more, honest *Scaramouch*; thou shalt find a Friend at need of me—and if I do not fit you with a Spouse, say that a Woman has out-witted me.

[Exit.]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Street, with the Town-Gate, where an Officer stands with a Staff like a London Constable.*

Enter Harlequin riding in a Calash, comes through the Gate towards the Stage, dress'd like a Gentleman sitting in it. The Officer lays hold of his Horse.

Off. Hold, hold, Sir, you I suppose know the Customs that are due to this City of *Naples*, from all Persons that pass the Gates in Coach, Chariot, Calash, or *Siege Volant*.

Har. I am not ignorant of the Custom, Sir, but what's that to me.



Off. Not to you, Sir! why, what Privilege have you above the rest?

Har. Privilege, for what, Sir?

Off. Why, for passing, Sir, with any of the before-named Carriages.

Har. Art mad?—Dost not see I am a plain Baker, and this my Cart, that comes to carry Bread for the Vice-Roy's, and the City's Use?—ha.

Off. Are you mad, Sir, to think I cannot see a Gentleman Farmer and a Calash, from a Baker and a Cart.

Har. Drunk by this Day—and so early too? Oh, you're a special Officer? unhand my Horse, Sirrah, or you shall pay for all the Damage you do me.

Off. Hey Day! here's a fine Cheat upon the Vice-Roy: Sir, pay me, or I'll seize your Horse.

[*Har. strikes him. They scuffle a little.*

—Nay, and you be so brisk, I'll call the Clerk from his Office.

[*Calls.*]—Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk.



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[Goes to the Entrance to call the Clerk, the mean time Har. whips a Frock over himself, and puts down the hind part of the Chariot, and then 'tis a Cart.

Enter_ Clerk.

Cler. What's the matter here?

Off. Here's a Fellow, Sir, will persuade me, his Calash is a Cart, and refuses the Customs for passing the Gate.

Cler. A Calash—Where?—I see only a Carter and his Cart.

[The Officer looks on him.

Off. Ha, what a Devil, was I blind?

Har. Mr. Clerk, I am a Baker, that came with Bread to sell, and this Fellow here has stopt me this Hour, and made me lose the sale of my Ware; and being drunk, will out-face me I am a Farmer, and this Cart a Calash.

Cler. He's in an Error, Friend, pass on.

Har. No, Sir, I'll have satisfaction first, or the Vice-Roy shall know how he's serv'd by drunken Officers, that are a Nuisance to a Civil Government.

Cler. What do you demand, Friend?

Har. Demand,—I demand a Crown, Sir.

Off. This is very hard—Mr. Clerk—If ever I saw in my Life, I thought I saw a Gentleman and a Calash.

Cler. Come, come, gratify him, and see better hereafter.

Off. Here, Sir,—if I must, I must. *[Gives him a Crown.*

Cler. Pass on, Friend.

[Ex. Clerk.

[Har. unseen, puts up the back of his Calash, and whips off his Frock, and goes to drive on. The Officer looks on him, and stops him again.

Off. Hum, I'll swear it is a Calash—Mr. Clerk—Mr. Clerk, come back, come back. *[Runs out to call him. He changes as before.*



Enter Officer and Clerk.

—Come, Sir, let your own Eyes convince you, Sir.

Cler. Convince me, of what, you Sot?

Off. This is a Gentleman, and that a—ha—
[*Looks about on Har.*

Cler. Stark drunk! Sirrah, if you trouble me at every Mistake of yours thus, you shall quit your Office.

Off. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I am a little in Drink I confess—a little blind and mad—Sir,
—This must be the Devil, that's certain.

[*The Clerk goes out.*

[*Har. puts up his Calash again, and pulls off his Frock
and drives out.*

—Well, now to my thinking, 'tis as plain a Calash again as ever I saw in my Life, and yet I'm satisfy'd 'tis nothing but a Cart.

[*Ex.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Doctor's House. The Hall.*

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Enter Scaramouch in a Chair, which is set down and open'd on all sides, and on the top represents an Apothecary's Shop, the Inside being painted with Shelves, and rows of Pots and Bottles; Scaramouch sitting in it dress'd in Black, with a short black Cloke, a Ruff, and little Hat.

Scar. The Devil's in't, if either the Doctor, my Master, or *Mopsophil*, know me in this Disguise—And thus I may not only gain my Mistress, and out-wit *Harlequin*, but deliver the Ladies those Letters from their Lovers, which I took out of his Pocket this Morning; and who wou'd suspect an Apothecary for a Pimp?—Nor can the Jade *Mopsophil*, in Honour, refuse a Person of my Gravity, and so well set up.—

[Pointing to his Shop.

—Hum, the Doctor here first, this is not so well, but I'm prepar'd with Impudence for all Encounters.

Enter the Doctor. Scaramouch salutes him gravely.

—Most Reverend Doctor *Baliardo*. *[Bows.*

Doct. Seignior— *[Bows.*

Scar. I might through great Pusillanimity, blush to give you this Anxiety, did not I opine you were as gracious as communicative and eminent; and though you have no Cognisance of me, your humble Servant,—yet I have of you,—you being so gravely fam'd for your admirable Skill both in Galenical and Paracelsian *Phaenomena*'s, and other approv'd Felicities in Vulnerary Emeticks, and purgative Experiences.

Doct. Seignior,—your Opinion honours me—rare Man this.

Scar. And though I am at present busied in writing—those few Observations I have accumulated in my Peregrinations, Sir; yet the Ambition I aspir'd to, of being an ocular and aural Witness of your Singularity, made me trespass on your sublimer Affairs.

Doct. Seignior—

Scar.—Besides a violent Inclination, Sir, of being initiated into the Denomination of your learned Family, by the Conjugal Circumference of a Matrimonial Tye, with that singularly accomplish'd Person—Madam, the Governante of your Hostel—

Doct. Hum—A Sweet-heart for *Mopsophil*! *[Aside.*

Scar. And if I may obtain your Condescension to my Hymenaeal Propositions, I doubt not my Operation with the Fair One.



Doct. Seignior, she's much honour'd in the Overture, and my Abilities shall not be wanting to fix the Concord.—But have you been a Traveller, Sir?

Scar. Without Circumlocutions, Sir, I have seen all the Regions beneath the Sun and Moon.

Doct. Moon, Sir! You never travell'd thither, Sir?

Scar. Not in *Propria Persona*, *Seignior*, but by Speculation, I have, and made most considerable Remarks on that incomparable *Terra Firma*, of which I have the compleatest Map in Christendom—and which *Gonzales* himself omitted in his *Cosmographia* of the *Lunar Mundus*.

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Doct. A Map of the *Lunar Mundus*, Sir! may I crave the Honour of seeing it?

Scar. You shall, Sir, together with a Map of *Terra Incognita*; a great Rarity, indeed, Sir.

Enter Bellemante.

Doct. Jewels, Sir, worth a King's Ransom!

Bell. Ha,—What Figure of a Thing have we here, bantering my credulous Uncle?—This must be some Scout sent from our *Forlorn Hope*, to discover the Enemy, and bring in fresh Intelligence.—Hum, that Wink tipt me some Tidings, and she deserves not a good Look, who understands not the Language of the Eyes.—Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

Doct. Let it wait, I am employ'd—

[She creeps to the other side of Scaramouch, who makes Signs with his Hand to her.]

Bell. Ha, 'tis so:—This Fellow has some Novel for us, some Letter or Instructions, but how to get it—

[As Scar. talks to the Doctor, he takes the Letters by degrees out of his Pocket, and unseen, given 'em Bellemante behind him.]

Doct. But this Map, Seignior; I protest you have fill'd me with Curiosity. Has it signify'd all things so exactly, say you?

Scar. Omitted nothing, Seignior, no City, Town, Village, or Villa; no Castle, River, Bridge, Lake, Spring, or Mineral.

Doct. Are any, Sir, of those admirable Mineral Waters there, so frequent in our World?

Scar. In abundance, Sir: the Famous *Garamanteen*, a young *Italian*, Sir, lately come from thence, gives an account of an excellent *Scaturigo*, that has lately made an Ebulation there, in great Reputation with the Lunary Ladies.

Doct. Indeed, Sir! be pleas'd, Seignior, to 'solve me some Queries that may enode some appearances of the Virtue of the Water you speak of.

Scar. Pox upon him, what Questions he asks—but I must on. *[Aside.]* Why, Sir, you must know,—the Tincture of this Water upon Stagnation ceruleates, and the Crocus upon the Stones flaveces; this he observes—to be, Sir, the Indication of a generous Water.

Doct. Hum— *[Gravely nodding.]*

Scar. Now, Sir, be pleas'd to observe the three Regions: if they be bright, without doubt *Mars* is powerful; if the middle Region or Camera be palled, *Filia Solis* is breeding.

Doct. Hum.

Scar. And then the third Region, if the Faeces be volatile, the Birth will soon come *in Balneo*. This I observed also in the Laboratory of that ingenious Chymist *Lysidono*, and with much Pleasure animadverted that Mineral of the same Zenith and Nadir, of that now so famous Water in *England*, near that famous Metropolis, call'd *Islington*.

Doct. Seignior—

Scar. For, Sir, upon the Infusion, the Crows Head immediately procures the Seal of *Hermes*; and had not *Lac Virginis* been too soon suck'd up, I believe we might have seen the Consummation of *Amalgama*.



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[Bellemante *having got her Letters, goes off. She makes Signs to him to stay a little. He nods.*

Doct. Most likely, Sir.

Scar. But, Sir, this *Garamanteen* relates the strangest Operation of a Mineral in the Lunar World, that ever I heard of.

Doct. As how, I pray, Sir?

Scar. Why, Sir, a Water impregnated to a Circulation with *prima Materia*; upon my Honour, Sir, the strongest I ever drank of.

Doct. How, Sir! did you drink of it?

Scar. I only speak the words of *Garamanteen*, Sir. —Pox on him, I shall be trapt. [Aside.

Doct. Cry Mercy, Sir.— [Bows.

Scar. The Lunary Physicians, Sir, call it *Urinam Vulcani*, it calybeates every ones Excrements more or less according to the Gradus of the natural Calor.—To my Knowledge, Sir, a Smith of a very fiery Constitution is grown very opulent by drinking these Waters.

Doct. How, Sir, grown rich by drinking the Waters, and to your Knowledge?

Scar. The Devil's in my Tongue. To my Knowledge, Sir; for what a Man of Honour relates, I may safely affirm.

Doct. Excuse me, Seignior—
[Puts off his Hat again gravely.

Scar. For, Sir, conceive me how he grew rich! since he drank those Waters he never buys any Iron, but hammers it out of *Stercus Proprius*.

Enter Bellemante with a Billet.

Bell. Sir, 'tis three a Clock, and Dinner will be cold.

[Goes behind Scaramouch, and gives him the Note and goes out.

Doct. I come, Sweet-heart; but this is wonderful.

Scar. Ay, Sir, and if at any time Nature be too infirm, and he prove Costive, he has no more to do, but apply a Load-stone *ad Anum*.



Doct. Is't possible?

Scar. Most true, Sir, and that facilitates the Journey *per Viscera*. —But I detain you, Sir;—another time, Sir,—I will now only beg the Honour of a Word or two with the Governante, before I go.

Doct. Sir, she shall wait on you, and I shall be proud of the Honour of your Conversation.

[*Ex. Doctor.*

Enter to him Harlequin, dress'd like a Farmer, as before.

Har. Hum—What have we here, a Taylor or a Tumbler?

Scar. Ha—Who's this?—Hum—What if it shou'd be the Farmer that the Doctor has promis'd *Mopsophil* to? My Heart misgives me.

[*They look at each other a while.*

Who wou'd you speak with, Friend?

Har. This is, perhaps, my Rival the Apothecary.—Speak with, Sir! why, what's that to you?

Scar. Have you Affairs with Seignor Doctor, Sir?



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Har. It may be I have, it may be I have not. What then, Sir?

While they seem in angry Dispute, enter Mopsophil.

Mop. Seignior Doctor tells me I have a Lover waits me, sure it must be the Farmer or the Apothecary. No matter which, so a Lover that welcomest Man alive. I am resolv'd to take the first good Offer, though but in revenge of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, for putting Tricks upon me. —Ha,—Two of 'em!

Scar. My Mistress here!

[They both bow, and advance, putting each other by.]

Mop. Hold, Gentlemen,—do not worry me. Which of you wou'd speak with me?

Both. I, I, I, Madam—

Mop. Both of you?

Both. No, Madam, I, I.

Mop. If both Lovers, you are both welcome; but let's have fair Play, and take your turns to speak.

Har. Ay, Seignior, 'tis most uncivil to interrupt me.

Scar. And disingenuous, Sir, to intrude on me.

[Putting one another by.]

Mop. Let me then speak first.

Har. I'm dumb.

Scar. I acquiesce.

Mop. I was inform'd there was a Person here had Propositions of Marriage to make me.

Har. That's I, that's I—

[Shoves Scar. away.]

Scar. And I attend to that consequential *Finis*.

[Shoves Har. away.]

Har. I know not what you mean by your *Finis*, Seignior; but I am come to offer my self this Gentlewoman's Servant, her Lover, her Husband, her Dog in a Halter, or any thing.



Scar. Him I pronounce a Paltroon, and an ignominious Utensil, that dare lay claim to the renowned Lady of my *Primum Mobile*; that is, my best Affections. [*In Rage.*

Har. I fear not your hard Words, Sir, but dare aloud pronounce, if *Donna Mopsophil* like me, the Farmer, as well as I like her, 'tis a Match, and my Chariot's ready at the Gate to bear her off, d'ye see.

Mop. Ah, how that Chariot pleads. [*Aside.*

Scar. And I pronounce, that being intoxicated with the sweet Eyes of this refulgent Lady, I come to tender her my noblest Particulars, being already most advantageously set up with the circumstantial Implements of my Occupation. [*Points to the Shop.*

Mop. A City Apothecary, a most genteel Calling—Which shall I chuse? —Seignior Apothecary, I'll not expostulate the circumstantial Reasons that have occasion'd me this Honour.

Scar. Incomparable Lady, the Elegancy of your Repartees most excellently denotes the Profundity of your Capacity.

Har. What the Devil's all this? Good Mr. Conjurer, stand by—and don't fright the Gentlewoman with your elegant Profundities. [*Puts him by.*



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Scar. How, a Conjurer! I will chastise thy vulgar Ignorance, that yclepes a Philosopher a Conjurer. [*In Rage.*]

Har. Losaphers!—Prithee, if thou be'st a Man, speak like a Man—then.

Scar. Why, what do I speak like? what do I speak like?

Har. What do you speak like!—why you speak like a Wheel-Barrow.

Scar. How!

Har. And how.

[They come up close together at half Sword Parry; stare on each other for a while, then put up and bow to each other civilly.]

Mop. That's well, Gentlemen, let's have all Peace, while I survey you both, and see which likes me best.

[She goes between 'em, and surveys 'em both, they making ridiculous bows on both sides, and Grimaces the while.]

—Ha, now on my Conscience, my two foolish Lovers, *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*; how are my Hopes defeated?—but, faith, I'll fit you both.

[She views 'em both.]

Scar. So she's considering still, I shall be the happy Dog. [*Aside.*]

Har. She's taking aim, she cannot chuse but like me best. [*Aside.*]

Scar. Well, Madam, how does my Person propagate?

[Bowing and smiling.]

Mop. Faith, Seignior, now I look better on you, I do not like your Phisnomy so well as your Intellects; you discovering some circumstantial Symptoms that ever denote a villanous Inconstancy.

Scar. Ah, are you pleas'd, Madam.

Mop. You are mistaken, Seignior. I am displeas'd at your Grey-Eyes, and black Eye-brows, and Beard; I never knew a Man with those Signs, true to his Mistress or his Friend. And I wou'd sooner wed that Scoundrel *Scaramouch*, that very civil Pimp, that mere pair of chymical Bellows that blow the Doctor's projecting Fires, that Deputy-urinal Shaker, that very Guzman of *Salamanca*. than a Fellow of your infallible *Signum Mallis*.



Har. Ha, ha, ha, you have your Answer, Seignior Friskin—and may shut up your Shop and be gone.—Ha, ha, ha.

Scar. Hum, sure the Jade knows me. [*Aside.*

Mop. And as for you, Seignior—

Har. Ha, Madam. [*Bowing and smiling.*

Mop. Those Lanthorn Jaws of yours, with that most villanous Sneer and Grin, and a certain fierce Air of your Eyes, looks altogether most fanatically—which with your notorious Whey Beard, are certain Signs of Knavery and Cowardice; therefore I'ad rather wed that Spider *Harlequin*, that Sceleton Buffoon, that Ape of Man, that Jack of Lent, that very Top, that's of no use, but when 'tis whip'd and lash'd, that piteous Property I'ad rather wed than thee.

Har. A very fair Declaration.

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Mop. You understand me—and so adieu, sweet Glisterpipe, and Seignior Dirty-Boots, Ha, ha, ha.

[Runs out.]

[They stand looking simply on each other, without speaking a while.]

Scar. That I shou'd not know that Rogue *Harlequin*. *[Aside.]*

Har. That I shou'd take this Fool for a Physician. *[Aside.]* —How long have you commenc'd Apothecary, Seignior?

Scar. Ever since you turn'd Farmer.—Are not you a damn'd Rogue to put these Tricks upon me, and most dishonourably break all Articles between us?

Har. And are not you a dam'd Son of a—something—to break Articles with me?

Scar. No more Words, Sir, no more Words, I find it must come to Actions, draw. *[Draws.]*

Har. Draw!—so I can draw, Sir. *[Draws.]*

[They make a ridiculous cowardly Fight. Enter the Doctor, which they seeing, come on with more Courage. He runs between, and with his Cane beats the Swords down.]

Doct. Hold, hold, what mean you, Gentlemen?

Scar. Let me go, Sir, I am provok'd beyond measure, Sir.

Doct. You must excuse me, Seignior.
[Parlies with Harlequin.]

Scar. I dare not discover the Fool for his Master's sake, and it may spoil our Intrigue anon; besides, he'll then discover me, and I shall be discarded for bantering the Doctor. *[Aside.]* —Man of Honour to be so basely affronted here.

[The Doctor comes to appease Scaramouch.]

Har. Shou'd I discover this Rascal, he wou'd tell the old Gentleman I was the same that attempted his House to day in Woman's Clothes, and I should be kick'd and beaten most insatiably.

Scar. What, Seignior, for a Man of Parts to be impos'd upon, and whip'd through the Lungs here—like a Mountebank's Zany for sham Cures —Mr. Doctor, I must tell you 'tis not civil.



Doct. I am extremely sorry for it, Sir,—and you shall see how I will have this fellow handled for the Affront to a Person of your Gravity, and in my House.—Here, *Pedro*.

Enter Pedro.

—Take this Intruder, or bring some of your Fellows hither, and toss him in a Blanket.

[Exit Pedro.

[Har. going to creep away, Scar, holds him.

Har. Hark ye, bring me off, or I'll discover all your Intrigue.

[Aside to him.

Scar. Let me alone.

Doct. I'll warrant you some Rogue that has some Plot on my Niece and Daughter.

Scar. No, no, Sir, he comes to impose the grossest Lye upon you, that ever was heard of.

Enter Pedro with others, with a Blanket. They put Harlequin into it, and toss him.



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Har. Hold, hold, I'll confess all, rather than indure it.

Doct. Hold, what will you confess, Sir.

[He comes out, makes sick Faces.

Scar.—That he's the greatest Impostor in Nature. Wou'd you think it, Sir? he pretends to be no less than an Ambassador from the Emperor of the Moon, Sir.

Doct. Ha, Ambassador from the Emperor of the Moon!

[Pulls off his Hat.

Scar. Ay, Sir, thereupon I laugh'd, thereupon he grew angry—I laugh'd at his Resentment, and thereupon we drew, and this was the high Quarrel, Sir.

Doct. Hum—Ambassador from the Moon. *[Pauses.*

Scar. I have brought you off, manage him as well as you can.

Har. Brought me off, yes, out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. Why, how the Devil shall I act an Ambassador? *[Aside.*

Doct. It must be so, for how shou'd either of these know I expected that Honour?

[He addresses him with profound Civility to Har.

Sir, if the Figure you make, approaching so near ours of this World, have made us commit any undecent Indignity to your high Character, you ought to pardon the Frailty of our mortal Education and Ignorance, having never before been bless'd with the Descension of any from your World.

Har. What the Devil shall I say now? *[Aside.* —I confess I am, as you may see by my Garb, Sir, a little *Incognito*, because the publick Message I bring is very private—which is, that the mighty *Iredonozor*, Emperor of the Moon, with his most worthy Brother, the Prince of *Thunderland*, intend to sup with you to Night.—Therefore be sure you get good Wine.—Though by the way let me tell you, 'tis for the sake of your fair Daughter.

Scar. I'll leave the Rogue to his own Management. I presume, by your whispering, Sir, you wou'd be private, and humbly begging pardon, take my leave.

[Exit.

Har. You have it, Friend. Does your Niece and Daughter drink, Sir?

Doct. Drink, Sir?

Har. Ay, Sir, drink hard?

Doct. Do the Women of your World drink hard, Sir?

Har. According to their Quality, Sir, more or less; the greater the Quality, the more profuse the Quantity.

Doct. Why, that's just as 'tis here; but your Men of Quality, your Statesmen, Sir, I presume they are sober, learned, and wise.

Har. Faith, no, Sir; but they are, for the most part, what's as good, very proud and promising, Sir, most liberal of their Word to every fauning Suiter, to purchase the state of long Attendance, and cringing as they pass; but the Devil of a Performance, without you get the Knack of bribing in the right Place and Time; but yet they all defy it, Sir.



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Doct. Just, just, as 'tis here.—But pray, Sir, how do these Great men live with their Wives?

Har. Most nobly, Sir, my Lord keeps his Coach, my Lady hers; my Lord his Bed, my Lady hers; and very rarely see one another, unless they chance to meet in a Visit, in the *Park*, the *Mall*, the *Tour*, or at the *Basset-Table*, where they civilly salute and part, he to his Mistress, she to play.

Doct. Good lack! just as 'tis here.

Har.—Where, if she chance to lose her Money, rather than give out, she borrows of the next amorous Coxcomb, who, from that Minute, hopes, and is sure to be paid again one way or other, the next kind Opportunity.

Doct.—Just as 'tis here.

Har. As for the young Fellows that have Money, they have no Mercy upon their own Persons, but wearing Nature off as fast as they can, Swear, and Whore and Drink, and borrow as long as any Rooking Citizen will lend till, having dearly purchased the heroick Title of a Bully or a Sharper, they live pity'd of their Friends, and despis'd by their Whores, and depart this Transitory World, diverse and sundry ways.

Doct. Just, just as 'tis here!

Har. As for the Citizen, Sir, the Courtier lies with his Wife; he in revenge, cheats him of his Estate, till rich enough to marry his Daughter to a Courtier, again gives him all—unless his Wife's over-gallantry breaks him; and thus the World runs round.

Doct. The very same 'tis here—Is there no preferment, Sir, for Men of Parts and Merit?

Har. Parts and Merit! what's that? a Livery, or the handsome tying a Cravat; for the great Men prefer none but their Foot-men and Valets.

Doct. By my Troth, just as 'tis here.—Sir, I find you are a Person of most profound Intelligence—under Favour, Sir, are you a Native of the Moon, or this World?

Har. The Devil's in him for hard Questions. —I am a *Neapolitan*, Sir?

Doct. Sir, I Honour you; good luck, my Countryman! How got you to the Region of the Moon, Sir?

Har. A plaguy inquisitive old Fool! —Why, Sir, —Pox on't, what shall I say? —I being —one day in a musing Melancholy, walking by the Sea-side— there arose, Sir, a great Mist, by the Sun's exhaling of the Vapours of the Earth, Sir.

Doct. Right, Sir.

Har. In this Fog, or Mist, Sir, I was exhal'd.

Doct. The Exhalations of the Sun draw you to the Moon, Sir?

Har. I am condemn'd to the Blanket again. —I say, Sir, I was exhal'd up, but in my way —being too heavy, was drop'd into the Sea.

Doct. How, Sir, into the Sea?

Har. The Sea, Sir, where the Emperor's Fisherman casting his Nets, drew me up, and took me for a strange and monstrous Fish, Sir,—and as such, presented me to his Mightiness,—who going to have me Spitchcock'd for his own eating—



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Doct. How, Sir, eating?

Har. What did me I, Sir (Life being sweet) but fall on my Knees, and besought his Gloriousness not to eat me, for I was no Fish, but a Man; he ask'd me of what Country, I told him of *Naples*; whereupon the Emperor overjoy'd ask'd me if I knew that most reverend and learned Doctor *Baliardo*, and his fair Daughter. I told him I did: whereupon he made me his Bed-fellow, and the Confident to his Amour to Signiora *Elaria*.

Doct. Bless me, Sir! how came the Emperor to know my Daughter?

Har. There he is again with his damn'd hard Questions. —Know her, Sir,—Why—you were walking abroad one day.

Doct. My Daughter never goes abroad, Sir, farther than our Garden.

Har. Ay, there it was indeed, Sir,—and as his Highness was taking a Survey of this lower World—through a long Perspective, Sir,—he saw you and your Daughter and Neice, and from that very moment fell most desperately in love.—But hark, the sound of Timbrels, Kettle-Drums and Trumpets.—The Emperor, Sir, is on his way, prepare for his Reception.

[A strange Noise is heard of Brass Kettles, and Pans, and Bells, and many tinkling things.]

Doct. I'm in a Rapture—How shall I pay my Gratitude for this great Negotiation?—but as I may, I humbly offer, Sir.

[Presents him with a rich Ring and a Purse of Gold.]

Har. Sir, as an Honour done the Emperor, I take your Ring and Gold. I must go meet his Highness.

[Takes leave.]

Enter to him Scaramouch, as himself.

Scar. Oh, Sir! we are astonish'd with the dreadful sound of the sweetest Musick that ever Mortal heard, but know not whence it comes. Have you not heard it, Sir?

Doct. Heard it, yes, Fool,—'tis the Musick of the Spheres, the Emperor of the Moon World is descending.

Scar. How, Sir, no marvel then, that looking towards the South, I saw such splendid Glories in the Air.

Doct. Ha, saw'st thou ought descending in the Air?



Scar. Oh, yes, Sir, Wonders! haste to the old Gallery, whence, with the help of your Telescope, you may discover all.

Doct. I would not lose a moment for the lower Universe.

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopsophil, *dressed in rich Antick Habits.*

Ela. Sir, we are dress'd as you commanded us, what is your farther Pleasure?

Doct. It well becomes the Honour you're design'd for, this Night to wed two Princes—come with me and know your happy Fate.

[*Ex. Doctor and Scar.*

Ela. Bless me! My Father, in all the rest of his Discourse shows so much Sense and Reason, I cannot think him mad, but feigns all this to try us.



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Bell. Not mad! Marry, Heavens forbid, thou art always creating Fears to startle one; why, if he be not mad, his want of Sleep this eight and forty hours, the Noise of strange unheard of Instruments, with the fantastick Splendour of the unusual Sight, will so turn his Brain and dazzle him, that in Grace and Goodness, he may be mad, if he be not;—come, let's after him to the Gallery, for I long to see in what showing Equipage our princely Lovers will address to us.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Last. The Gallery richly adorn'd with Scenes and Lights.*

Enter Doctor, Elaria, Bellemante, and Mopsophil.
Soft Musick is heard.

Bell. Ha—Heavens! what's here? what Palace is this?—No part of our House, I'm sure.

Ela. 'Tis rather the Apartment of some Monarch.

Doct. I'm all amazement too; but must not show my Ignorance. —Yes, *Elaria*, this is prepar'd to entertain two Princes.

Bell. Are you sure on't, Sir? are we not, think you, in that World above, I often heard you speak of? in the Moon, Sir?

Doct. How shall I resolve her—For ought I know, we are. *[Aside.]*

Ela. Sure, Sir, 'tis some Inchantment.

Doct. Let not thy female Ignorance profane the highest Mysteries of natural Philosophy: To Fools it seems Inchantment—but I've a Sense can reach it—sit and expect the Event.—Hark, I am amaz'd, but must conceal my Wonder, that Joy of Fools—and appear wise in Gravity.

Bell. Whence comes this charming Sound, Sir?

Doct. From the Spheres—it is familiar to me.

[The Scene in the Front draws off, and shews the Hill of Parnassus; a noble large Walk of Trees leading to it, with eight or ten Negroes upon Pedestals, ranged on each side of the Walks. Next Keplair and Galileus descend on each side, opposite to each other, in Chariots, with Perspectives in their Hands, as viewing the Machine of the Zodiack. Soft Musick plays still.]

Doct._. Methought I saw the Figure of two Men descend from yonder Cloud on yonder Hill.



Ela. I thought so too, but they are disappear'd, and the wing'd Chariot's fled.

Enter Keplair and Galileus.

Bell. See, Sir, they approach.

[The Doctor rises and bows.]

Kep. Most reverend Sir, we, from the upper World, thus low salute you—*Keplair* and *Galileus* we are call'd, sent as Interpreters to Great *Iredonozor*, the Emperor of the Moon, who is descending.

Doct. Most reverend Bards—profound Philosophers—thus low I bow to pay my humble Gratitude.

Kep. The Emperor, Sir, salutes you, and your fair Daughter.

Gal. And, Sir, the Prince of *Thunderland* salutes you, and your fair Neice.

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Doct. Thus low I fall to thank their Royal Goodness.

[Kneels. They take him up.]

Bell. Came you, most reverend Bards, from the Moon World?

Kep. Most lovely Maid, we did.

Doct. May I presume to ask the manner how?

Kep. By Cloud, Sir, through the Regions of the Air, down to the fam'd *Parnassus*; thence by Water, along the River *Helicon*, the rest by Post upon two wing'd Eagles.

Doct. Sir, are there store of our World inhabiting the Moon?

Kep. Oh, of all Nations, Sir, that lie beneath it in the Emperor's Train! Sir, you will behold abundance; look up and see the Orbal World descending; observe the Zodiack, Sir, with her twelve Signs.

[Next the Zodiack descends, a Symphony playing all the while; when it is landed, it delivers the twelve Signs: Then the Song, the Persons of the Zodiack being the Singers. After which, the Negroes dance and mingle in the Chorus.]

A Song for the Zodiack.

*Let murmuring Lovers no longer repine,
But their Hearts and their Voices advance;
Let the Nymphs and the Swains in the kind Chorus join,
And the Satyrs and Fauns in a Dance.
Let Nature put on her Beauty of May,
And the Fields and the Meadows adorn;
Let the Woods and the Mountains resound with the Joy,
And the Echoes their Triumph return.*

Chorus.

*For since Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew Coy;
Since these wounded Hearts,
And those cou'd destroy,
There ne'er was more Cause for your Triumphs and Joy.*

Hark, hark, the Musick of the Spheres,
Some Wonder approaching declares;
Such, such, as has not bless'd your Eyes and Ears



This thousand, thousand, thousand Years.
See, see what the Force of Love can make,
Who rules in Heaven, in Earth and Sea;
Behold how he commands the Zodiack,
While the fixt Signs unhinging all obey.
Not one of which, but represents
The Attributes of Love,
Who governs all the Elements
In Harmony above_.

Chorus.

*For since Love wore his Darts
And Virgins grew coy;
Since these wounded Hearts,
And those cou'd destroy,
There ne'er was more Cause for your Triumphs and Joy.*

The wanton Aries first descends,
To show the Vigor and the Play,
Beginning Love, beginning Love attends,
When the young Passion is all-over Joy,
He bleats his soft Pain to the fair curled Throng,
And he leaps, and he bounds, and loves all the day long.
At once Love's Courage and his Slavery
In_ Taurus is expressed,
*Though o'er the Plains the Conqueror be,
The generous Beast
Does to the Yoke submit his noble Breast;
While Gemini smiling and twining of Arms,
Shews Love's soft Indearments and Charms;
And Cancer's slow Motion the degrees*



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*do express,
Respectful Love arrives to Happiness.
Leo his strength and Majesty,
Virgo her blushing Modesty,
And Libra all his Equity.
His Subtilty does Scorpio show,
And Sagittarius all his loose desire,
By Capricorn his forward Humour know,
And Aqua, Lovers Tears that raise his Fire,
While Pisces, which intwin'd do move,
Shew the soft Play, and wanton Arts of Love.*

Chorus.

*For since Love wore his Darts,
And Virgins grew coy;
Since these wounded Hearts,
And those you'd destroy,
There ne'er was more Cause for Triumphs and Joy.*

—See how she turns, and sends her Signs to Earth.—Behold the Ram, Aries—see Taurus next descends; then Gemini—see how the Boys embrace.—Next Cancer, then Leo, then the Virgin; next to her Libra—Scorpio, Sagittary, Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces. This eight thousand Years no Emperor has descended, but Incognito; but when he does, to make his Journey more magnificent, the Zodiack, Sir, attends him.

Doct. 'Tis all amazing, Sir.

Kep. Now, Sir, behold the Globick World descends two thousand Leagues below its wonted Station, to shew Obedience to its proper Monarch.

[After which, the Globe of the Moon appears, first like a new Moon, as it moves forward it increases till it comes to the Full. When it is descended, it opens and shews the Emperor and the Prince. They come forth with all their Train, the Flutes playing a Symphony before them, which prepares the Song. Which ended the Dancers mingle as before.]

A SONG.

*All Joy to Mortals, Joy and Mirth,
Eternal IO'S sing;
The Gods of Love descend to Earth,
Their Darts have lost the Sting.*



*The Youth shall now complain no more
Of Sylvia's needless Scorn,
But she shall love, if he adore,
And melt when he shall burn.*

*The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
But leave the jilting Road;
And_ Daphne now no more shall fly
The wounded panting God;
But all shall be serene and fair,
No sad Complaints of Love
Shall fill the gentle whispering Air,
No echoing Sighs the Grove.*

*Beneath the Shades young_ Strephon lies,
Of all his Wish possess'd;
Gazing on Sylvia's charming Eyes,
Whose Soul is there confessed.
All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
With Looks that know no Art,
And though she yields with trembling Fears,
She yields with all her Heart.*

—See, Sir, the Cloud of Foreigners appears, French, English, Spaniards, Danes, Turks, Russians, Indians, and the nearer Climes of Christendom; and lastly, Sir, behold the mighty Emperor.—

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[A Chariot appears, made like a Half Moon, in which is Cinthio for the Emperor, richly dressed, and Charmante for the Prince, rich, with a good many Heroes attending. Cinthio's Train born by four Cupids. The Song continues while they descend and land. They address themselves to Elaria and Bellemante.—Doctor falls on his Face, the rest bow very low as they pass. They make signs to Keplair.

Kep. The Emperor wou'd have you rise, Sir, he will expect no Ceremony from the Father of his Mistress.

[Takes him up.

Doct. I cannot, Sir, behold his Mightiness—the Splendor of his Majesty confounds me.

Kep. You must be moderate, Sir, it is expected.

[The two Lovers make all the Signs of Love in dumb show to the Ladies, while the soft Musick plays again from the end of the Song.

Doct. Shall I not have the Joy to hear their heavenly Voices, Sir?

Kep. They never speak to any Subject, Sir, when they appear in Royalty, but by Interpreters, and that by way of Stentrathon, in manner of the Delphick Oracles.

Doct. Any way, so I may hear the Sense of what they wou'd say.

Kep. No doubt you will—But see the Emperor commands by Signs his Foreigners to dance.

[Soft Musick changes.

[A very Antick Dance. The Dance ended, the Front Scene draws off, and shows a Temple, with an Altar, one speaking through a Stentrathon from behind it. Soft Musick plays the while.

Kep. Most Learned Sir, the Emperor now is going to declare himself, according to his Custom, to his Subjects. Listen.—

Sten. Most Reverend Sir, whose Virtue did incite us,
Whose Daughter's Charms did more invite us;
We come to grace her with that Honour,
That never Mortal yet had done her;
Once only, Jove was known in Story,
To visit *Semele* in Glory.
But fatal 'twas, he so enjoy'd her,
Her own ambitious Flame destroy'd her.
His Charms too fierce for Flesh and Blood,



She dy'd embracing of her God,
We gentler marks of Passion give,
The Maid we love, shall love and live;
Whom visibly we thus will grace,
Above the rest of human Race,
Say, is't your Will that we shou'd wed her,
And nightly in Disguises bed her?

Doct. The Glory is too great for Mortal Wife.
[Kneels with Transport.]

Sten. What then remains, but that we consummate This happy Marriage in our splendid State?

Doct. Thus low I kneel, in thanks for this great Blessing.

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[Cinthio takes Elaria by the Hand; Charmante, Bellemante; two of the Singers in white being Priests, they lead 'em to the Altar, the whole Company dividing on either side. Where, while a Hymeneal Song is sung, the Priest joins their Hands: The Song ended, and they marry'd, they come forth; but before they come forward, two Chariots descend one on one side above, and the other on the other side; in which is Harlequin dress'd like a Mock Hero, with others; and Scaramouch in the other, dress'd so in Helmets.

Scar. Stay, mighty Emperor, and vouchsafe to be the Umpire of our Difference. *[Cinthio signs to Keplair.*

Kep. What are you?

Scar. Two neighbouring Princes to your vast Dominion.

Har. Knights of the Sun, our honourable Titles, And fight for that fair Mortal, *Mopsophil.*

Mop. Bless us!—my two precious Lovers, I'll warrant; well, I had better take up with one of them, than lie alone to Night.

Scar. Long as two Rivals we have lov'd and hop'd,
Both equally endeavour'd, and both fail'd.
At last by joint Consent, we both agreed
To try our Titles by the Dint of Lance,
And chose your Mightiness for Arbitrator.

Kep. The Emperor gives Consent.

[They both all arm'd—with gilded Lances and Shields of Black, with golden Suns painted. The Musick plays a fighting Tune. They fight at Barriers, to the Tune.—Harlequin is often foil'd, but advances still; at last Scaramouch throws him, and is Conqueror; all give Judgment for him.

Kep. The Emperor pronounces you are Victor.— *[To Scar.*

Doct. Receive your Mistress, Sir, as the Reward of your undoubted Valour—
[Presents Mopsophil.

Scar. Your humble Servant, Sir, and *Scaramouch* returns you humble Thanks. *[Puts off his Helmet.*

Doct. Ha,—*Scaramouch!*

[Bawls out, and falls in a Chair. They all go to him.
My Heart misgives me—Oh, I am undone and cheated every way.

[*Bawling out.*

Kep. Be patient, Sir, and call up all your Virtue,
You're only cur'd, Sir, of a Disease
That long has reign'd over your nobler Faculties.
Sir, I am your Physician, Friend and Counsellor;
It was not in the Power of Herbs or Minerals,
Of Reason, common Sense, and right Religion,
To draw you from an Error that unmann'd you.

Doct. I will be patient, Gentlemen, and hear you. —Are not you *Ferdinand*?

Kep. I am,—and these are Gentlemen of Quality,
That long have lov'd your Daughter and your Niece;
Don Cinthio this, and this is *Don Charmante*,
The Vice-Roy's Nephews both.
Who found as Men—'twas impossible to enjoy 'em,
And therefore try'd this Stratagem.

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Cin. Sir, I beseech you, mitigate your Grief,
Although indeed we are but mortal Men,
Yet we shall love you, serve you, and obey you.

Doct. Are not you then the Emperor of the Moon? And you the Prince of *Thunderland*?

Cin. There's no such Person, Sir.
These Stories are the Fantoms of mad Brains,
To puzzle Fools withal—the Wise laugh at 'em—
Come, Sir, you shall no longer be impos'd upon.

Doct. No Emperor of the Moon, and no Moon World!

Char. Ridiculous Inventions.
If we 'ad not lov'd you you'd ad been still impos'd on;
You had brought a Scandal on your learned Name,
And all succeeding Ages had despis'd it.

[*Doct. leaps up.*

Doct. Burn all my Books and let my study blaze, Burn all to Ashes, and be sure the
Wind Scatter the vile contagious monstrous Lyes. —Most Noble Youths—you've
honour'd me with your Alliance, and you, and all your Friends, Assistances in this
glorious Miracle, I invite to Night to revel with me.—Come all and see my happy
Recantation of all the Follies, Fables have inspir'd till now. Be pleasant to repeat your
Story, to tell me by what kind degrees you cozen'd me. I see there's nothing in
Philosophy— [*Gravely to himself.* Of all that writ, he was the wisest Bard, who spoke
this mighty Truth—

“He that knew all that ever Learning writ,
Knew only this—that he knew nothing yet.”

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

To be spoken by *Mrs. Cooke.*

*With our old Plays, as with dull Wife it fares,
To whom you have been marry'd tedious Years.
You cry--She's wondrous good, it is confessed, |
But still 'tis Chapon Boueille at the best; |
That constant Dish can never make a Feast: |
Yet the pall'd Pleasure you must still pursue,*



*You give so small Incouragement for new;
And who would drudge for such a wretched Age,
Who want the Bravery to support one Stage?
The wiser Wits have now new Measures set,
And taken up new Trades that they may hate.
No more your nice fantastick Pleasures serve,
Your Pimps you pay, but let your Poets starve,
They long in vain for better Usage hop'd,
Till quite undone and tir'd, they dropt and dropt;
Not one is left will write for thin third Day,
Like desperate Pickeroons, no Prize no Pay;
And when they have done their best, the Recompence
Is, Damn the Sot, his Play wants common Sense,
Ill-natured Wits, who can so ill requite
The drudging Slaves, who for your Pleasure write.*

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Look back on flourishing_ Rome, ye proud *Ingrates*,
And see how she her thriving Poets treats:
Wisely she priz'd 'em at the noblest Rate, |
As necessary Ministers of State, |
And Contributions rais'd to make 'em great. |
They from the publick Bank she did maintain,
And freed from want, they only writ for Fame;
And were as useful in a City held,
As formidable Armies in the Field.
They but a Conquest over Men pursued,
While these by gentle force the Soul subdu'd.
Not Rome in all her happiest Pomp cou'd show |
A greater Caesar than we boast of now; |
Augustus reigns, but Poets still are low. |

May Caesar live, and while his mighty Hand
Is scattering Plenty over all the Land;
With God-like Bounty recompensing all,
Some fruitful drops may on the Muses fall;
Since honest Pens do his just cause afford
Equal Advantage with the useful Sword_.

NOTES ON THE TEXT.

THE TOWN FOP.

p. 7 *Dramatis Personae*. I have added 'Page to *Bellmour*; Page to Lord *Plotwell*; Sir *Timothy's* Page; Guests; Fiddlers; Ladies.'

p. 12, l. 36 *honoured*. 1724 'honourable'.

p. 13, l. 2 *answered the Civility*. 1724 'answered her the Civility'.

p. 13, l. 23 *whats*. 1724 'what'.

p. 13, l. 26 *any thing in Life*. 1724 'any thing in this Life'.

p. 14, l. 3 *God forbid it*; 1724 omits 'it'.

p. 15, l. 11 *you speak well*. 1724 omits 'well'.

p. 15, l. 20 *Mrs. Celinda Dresswell*. Following 4to 1677 and 1724 I have retained the name Dresswell although it should obviously be Friendlove. In the first draft Friendlove was called Dresswell, and in altering the nomenclature of the character Mrs. Behn



forgot to make the change here. The same slip occurs in this same scene (p. 20, l. 23) when Friendlove is alluded to as Dresswell.

p. 16, l. 2 *help*. 1724 'help'd'.

p. 16, l. 30 *me to*. 1724 omits 'to'.

p. 17, l. 9 *and Allurements*. 1724 omits 'and'.

p. 19, l. 29 *beholding*. 1724 'beholden'.

p. 19, l. 31 *belong'd*. 1724 'belongs'.

p. 20, l. 6 *Murder*. 4to 1677 has here the marginal stage direction '[A Letter]', to remind the prompter to have that property ready for the immediate entry of Friendlove.

p. 22, l. 4 *Exit Sir Tim*. 4to 1677 has 'Ex.' after 'Celinda.' 1724 'Exit' after 'Southampton House.'

p. 22, l. 6 *Exeunt*. I have supplied this stage direction. 4to 1677 has 'The End of the First Act.'

p. 22, l. 8 *A Palace*. I have left this quaint locale untouched although the scene is merely an antechamber in Friendlove's house, and can have been no more than a drop cloth.

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p. 22, l. 27 *Scene II*. This Scene is not numbered in the previous editions but considered as Scene I with the former.

p. 24, l. 10 *To-morrow*. 1724 as prose. I follow metrical arrangement of 4to.

p. 26, l. 12 *impose*. 4to 1677 'imposes'.

P. 27, l. 15 *Scene III*. *Sir Timothy's House*. I have supplied the locale. In all former editions Scenes I and II being counted as one this is numbered Scene II.

p. 27, l. 16 *and Boy*. I have added the entrance of the Boy.

p. 28, l. 12 *that I am*. 4to 1677 omits 'that'.

p. 28, l. 28 _—and where—and where_. 1724 reads '—and where—' once.

p. 29, l. 25 *Fortunes*. 1724 'Fortune'.

p. 30, l. 32 *Exeunt*. 4to 1677 'Ex.' 1724 'Exit.'

p. 30, l. 33 *Scene IV*. *Lord Plotwell's House*. I have added the locale. The former editions, regarding Scenes I and II of this act as one, read 'Scene III.'

p. 34, l. 21 *nor one*. 1677 'nor none'.

p. 37, l. 14 *Scene V*. 'Scene IV' in former editions.

p. 39, l. 34 *Exeunt*. Not in former editions. 4to 1677 has 'The End of the Second Act.'

p. 40, l. 2 *A Room in Lord Plotwell's House*. All former editions mark the locale as 'The Street.' But this is obviously wrong from the sitting, dancing and whole business of the scene.

p. 41, l. 6 *Griefs*. 1724 'Grief.'

p. 41, l. 9 *something of disorder*. 4to 1677 'something in disorder'.

p. 41, l. 24 *bear*. 4to 1677 'bare'.

p. 42, l. 19 *Life left*. 1724 omits 'left'.

p. 43, l. 4 *plunged in Blood*. 1724 'plung'd in, in Blood.'

p. 43, l. 5 *A Jigg*. Not in 1724.

p. 43, l. 19 *with all your Faults*. 4to 1677 omits 'your'.



p. 45, l. 4 *of it*. 4to 1677 'on't'.

p. 47, l. 7 *Exeunt*. All former editions 'Exit.'

p. 47, l. 8 *Scene II*. No former editions number this scene, but read 'Enter Diana, Scene a Bedchamber.'

p. 47, l. 33 *unto*. 4to 1677 'to'.

p. 49, l. 25 *Love*. 1724 'Life'.

p. 50, l. 23 *Exit*. Not marked in former editions.

p. 50, l. 24 *Scene III. A Street*. No former editions number this scene.

p. 51, l. 1 *Which*. 4to 1677 'Who'.

p. 54, l. 34 *Exeunt*. Not in 1724. 4to 1677 adds 'The End of the Third Act.'

p. 55, l. 2 *Celinda's Chamber*. The locale is unmarked in all former editions,

p. 57, l. 15 *the longed for*. 4to 1677 misprints 'she long'd for'.

p. 59, l. 8 *Blessings*. 1724 'Blessing'.

p. 59, l. 10 *Who ere*. 1724 'When e'er'.

p. 61, l. 11 *and who*. 1724 'and she who'.

p. 62, l. 6 *Scene II. The former editions have not numbered this scene*.



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p. 62, l. 11 *Jenny and Doll*. I have supplied the wenches' names as given in the *Dramatis Personae*.

p. 63, l. 1 *Garnitures*. 1724 'Garments'.

p. 64, l. 1 *Scene III*. I have numbered the scene. Former editions all read 'Scene a Chamber, a Table with Box and Dice.'

p. 72, l. 20 *Ex. severally*. 4to 1677 adds 'The End of the Fourth Act.'

p. 72, l. 22 *Scene I*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 76, l. 14 *Scene II. Lord Plotwell's House*. There is no scene division in 4to 1677. I have numbered this scene and added the locale which is evident from the dialogue.

p. 80, l. 5 *Exit*. 4to 1677 omits this stage direction.

p. 82, l. 10 *Scene III*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 82, l. 27 *Look on this face*. I have metrically arranged this. It is obviously verse. 4to 1677 and 1724 print as prose.

p. 94, l. 24 *written by Mr. E.R. i.e. 'Mr. Edward Ravenscroft.'* Omitted in 1724.

THE FALSE COUNT.

p. 101 *Dramatis Personae*. I have added to the list 'Page to *Carlos*, A little Page to the False Count; Wife to *Petro*.'

p. 106, l. 26 *halving*. Omitted by 1724,

p. 109, l. 7 *hither*. Omitted by 1724.

p. 110, l. 36 *easier*. 4to 1697 and 1724 'easilier'.

p. 111, l. 11 *Son*. 4tos 'Soul'.

p. 115, l. 28 *Huswise*. read 'Huswife'.

p. 116, l. 5 *Just-au-corps*. 4to 1697 'Justicore'.

p. 120, l. 29 *He goes out*. 1724 'Exeunt severally.'

p. 120, l. 30 *Scene II_*. I have numbered this scene.



p. 121, l. 34 *Page holding his lanthorn to his face*. Omitted in 1724.

p. 125, l. 20 *Going in*. 4tos 1682 and 1697 read 'Goes in.' But Carlos, obviously, does not leave the stage at this point.

p. 128, l. 24 *Scene III*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 131, l. 11 *Don Carlos' house*. I have added the locale.

p. 131, l. 26 *dear*. 1724 'dearer'.

p. 135, l. 16 *Francisco's house*. I have added the locale.

p. 135, l. 26 *should*. 1724 'shall'.

p. 139, l. 15 *not yet*. 1724 repeats 'not yet'.

p. 140, l. 2 *froward*. 1724 'forward',

p. 143, l. 21 *They dance*. 4tos add 'with Don', which seems unsuitable as the company are seated.

p. 147, l. 22 *Exit Cap*. I have added this necessary direction, not in any previous edition, although all mark his entry again a little later.

p. 152, l. 15 *the body of Francisco*. 4tos 1682 and 1697. 1724 omits 'the body of'.

p. 156, l. 29 *glout*. 1724 'glut'.

p. 158, l. 6 *Mahometan*. 1724 repeats 'Mahometan'.

p. 158, l. 33 *And wou'd not break*. These two lines, which are obviously metrical, all former editions print as prose.



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p. 163, l. 19 *and Mutes attending*. I have added these words as Carlos addresses the mutes a little later in the scene.

p. 163, l. 21 *your*. 1724 'thy'.

p. 166, l. 13 *Sir, I'll warrant*. 1724 omits 'Sir'.

p. 167, l. 15 *that's the greatest*. 1724 omits 'that's'.

p. 168, l. 30 *Aside*. 1724 omits.

THE LUCKY CHANCE.

p. 177 *The Lucky Chance*. On the title of the 4to 1687, we have 'This may be Printed, April 23, 1686. R.P.'

p. 183, l. 1 *To The Right Honourable*. This Dedication and the Preface (p. 185) are only found in the 4to 1687. p. 190 *Dramatis Personae*. have added to the list 'Gingle, a Music Master; A Post-man; Susan, Servant to Sir Feeble; Phillis, Leticia's Woman.'

p. 191, l. 20 *Enter Mr. Gingle*. I have inserted Gingle's name. All previous editions read 'Enter several with Musick.'

p. 194, l. 5 *Dudgeon*. 4to 1687 'Dugion'.

p. 199, l. 13 *I have had ... Guyneys*. These words have by a curiously gross error been dropped out in all editions save the 4to 1687.

p. 202, l. 30 *all but for*. 1724 omits 'but'.

p. 203, l. 10 *so, I'll go*. 1724 'so, and I'll go'.

p. 203, l. 27 *Then then*. All previous editions read 'Then thou' which makes no sense. The emendation, if not what Mrs. Behn wrote, is at least grammatical.

p. 204, l. 34 *this St. Martin's Trumpery*. 1724 'these'.

p. 205, l. 4 *my Girl*. 1724 omits 'my'.

p. 206, l. 28 *of the World*. 1724 'of the whole World'.

p. 207, l. 30 *beholding*. 1724 'beholden'.

p. 207, l. 36 *Aside*. 1724 omits.



p. 209, l. 2 *look, look how*. 1724 'look, how'.

p. 209, l. 12 *Exeunt*. I have supplied this, which does not occur in previous editions. 4to 1687 has 'The End of the First Act.' 1724 gives nothing.

p. 210, l. 3 *Living*s. 1724 'Living'.

p. 216, l. 13 *Enter Bellmour*. I have placed this entrance here as by his first speech Bellmour obviously overhears Leticia's words, 'Blest be this kind Retreat'. 1724 places the entrance after 'Sighs and Tears.' 4to 1687 gives it in a bracket by Leticia's three lines.

p. 218, l. 9 *Let. But how*. I have arranged these lines metrically. 4to 1687 and 1724 print as prose.

p. 221, l. 1 *Seraglio*. 4to 1687 'Seraglia'.

p. 222, l. 31 *Quonundrum*. 4to 1687 'Qunnumdrum'.

p. 224, l. 17 *Exit*. I have supplied this. 1724 gives no direction. 4to 1687 has 'The End of the Second Act.'

p. 225, ll. 13, 25 *Aside*. Not in 4to 1687.

p. 226, l. 8 *swooned*. 4to 1687 'swoonded'.

p. 227, l. 9 *Aside*. Not in 4to 1687.



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p. 227, l. 29 *Scene II*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 227, l. 29 *in an undressing*. 1724 omits 'in an'.

p. 228, l. 7 *Aside*. Omitted in 4to 1687.

p. 228, l. 21 *Within*. I have supplied this stage direction here and in Bellmour's following speech.

p. 229, l. 2 *to him*. Not in 1724.

p. 229, l. 4 *before to morrow*. 1724 reads 'before we go to him to-morrow.'

p. 229, l. 27 *his Safety*. 1724 omits 'his'.

p. 231, l. 3 *I'm sorry*. I have arranged this metrically. Former editions as prose.

p. 231, l. 16 *Woman*. 4to 1687 'Women'. But Pert is alone.

p. 231, l. 22 *Want*. 1724 misprints 'Wont'.

p. 234, l. 4 *Exit*. I have supplied this stage direction.

p. 234, l. 5 *Scene V*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 234, l. 27 *Dick his Boy*. Former editions 'and Boy.' But Dick's name is given in the *Dramatis Personae* and later in this same scene.

p. 235, l. 11 *you know*. Omitted by 1724.

p. 237, l. 21 *Aside*. Former editions wrongly mark this whole speech 'aside'. The last sentence is clearly spoken aloud to Sir Cautious.

p. 238, l. 30 *Ad, and*. 1724 'and and'.

p. 238, l. 32 *Exit Dick*. I have added this Exit, unmarked in former editions. Dick obviously does not remain on the stage as his entrance is marked later.

p. 239, l. 14 *Aside, turns*. 1724 omits 'turns'.

p. 240, l. 29 *Scene VI*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 241, l. 28 *Aside*. Not in 4to 1687. But marked in 1724.

p. 243, l. 18 *Exeunt*. This stage direction is in no previous edition.



- p. 244, ll. 28-36 *I am sorry ... Jewel, Sir*. Previous editions as prose.
- p. 245, l. 5 *Where had ...* Previous editions print as prose.
- p. 246, l. 1 *rivell'd*. 4to 1687. All later editions 'shrivel'd', which is by no means as good.
- p. 246, l. 2 *Ladles*. 1724 misprints 'Ladies',
- p. 248, l. 31 *amended*. 1724 'mended'.
- p. 249, l. 2 *Dinner in*. 1724 'Dinner at'.
- p. 255, l. 27 *wou'd but stand*. 1724 omits 'but'.
- p. 259, l. 13 *Exit*. I have added this stage direction. 4to 1687 reads 'The End of the Fourth Act.'
- p. 260, l. 17 *Scene II*. I have numbered this scene,
- p. 263, l. 14 *Scene III*. 4to and 1724 'Scene II.'
- p. 264, l. 21 *attend*. 1724 'intend.'
- p. 265, l. 31 *Soft Musick ceases*. I put this stage direction here, following 4to 1687. 1724 inserts it after the Song, which is not so well.
- p. 266, l. 20 *Scene IV*. I have numbered this scene.
- p. 267, l. 1 *Yet you may*. I have arranged the whole speech metrically. 1687 prints to 'April Flow'rs' as prose. 1724 prints to 'gather' as prose.



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p. 267, l. 19 *Sir*. Omitted in 1724.

p. 268, l. 11 *But leave*. I have arranged metrically. Previous editions prose.

p. 269, l. 29 *With all my Soul*. 4to 1687 gives an '[Aside' to Gayman's speech. This is an obvious error.

p. 270, l. 12 *Scene V*. I have numbered this and the two following scenes.

p. 271, l. 20 *he have not*. 1724 'he has not'.

p. 271, l. 31 *Oh! You*. I have arranged metrically. Previous editions prose.

p. 274, l. 3 *Life's*. 4to 1687 'Lives'. P. 275, l. 24 *Enter Leticia, Bellmour, and Phillis*. I have added this necessary direction which is in no former edition.

p. 278, l. 20 *An After Math*. 4to 1687 reads 'An After Mach'. 1724 'An after Match'. As neither of these forms are found, the 4to seems an obvious misprint for 'After Math'.

p. 278, l. 25 *whiffling*. 1724 'whistling'.

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE.

p. 286, l. 15 *Enter an Actress*. Omitted in 4to 1671.

p. 287 *Dramatis Personae*. I have added to the list 'Page to *Pisaro*; Clergy; Officers;' and have named Lysette from Act iii, v. 4to 1671 spells *Orgulius*, *Orguilious*; *Falatus*, *Falatio*; *Cleontius*, *Cleontious* in the *Dramatis Personae*, but in the text I have spelled these names throughout following 1724. It may here be noted that the 1671 quarto swarms with errors and typographical mistakes. It is vilely printed and seemingly issued from the press almost without revision.

p. 288, l. 2 *The Palace*. I have added the locale.

p. 289, l. 5 *Bravery*. 4to 1671. 4to 1690 and 1724 'Virtue'.

p. 289, l. 11 *Alcippus*. 4to 1671 prints 'Alcip.' as a speech-prefix. An obvious blunder.

p. 289, l. 18 *Gift*. 4to 1671 misreads 'Guilt'.

p. 290, l. 11 *added little*. 1724 'added a little'.

p. 290, l. 19 *hated*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'hate'.

p. 292, l. 9 *who*. 4to 1671 'whom'.



p. 295, l. 5 *pretends*. 4to 1671 'pretend'.

p. 295, l. 31 *thee most fatal proofs*. 1724 'the most fatal proof'.

p. 296, l. 18 *There was so*. Following quartos I have printed these lines (which 1724 gives as prose) metrically, although I confess the result is not satisfactory.

p. 297, l. 1 *Galatea's Apartments*. I have added this locale.

p. 298, l. 9 *first*. Not in 4to 1671.

p. 298, l. 29 *Sighing*. Not in 4to 1671.

p. 299, l. 30 *Madam, that grief*. This speech, which all previous editions give to Erminia, I have assigned to Aminta. I am, however, not entirely satisfied that a speech of Galatea's has not dropped out here (the first quarto is notoriously careless), and in this case the speech may well be Erminia's.

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p. 300, l. 14 *sworn*. 4to 1690 and 1724, which I retain as better than 1671 'vow'd'.

p. 300, l. 24 *won*. 4to 1690 and 1724, which I have preferred to 1671 'mov'd'.

p. 301, l. 1 *A room in the house*. I have added this locale.

p. 303, l. 29 *and Isil*. I have added Isillia's exit.

p. 303, l. 30 *Philanders Apartments*. I have added the locale.

p. 305, l. 14 *The Representation of the Wedding*. This line is not in 1724.

p. 305, l. 15 *must be let down ... must play*. 1724 'is let down ... plays.'

p. 305, l. 29 *The Palace*. I have added this locale.

p. 306, l. 22 *th'Almighty*. 4to 1671 'i'th' Almighty'.

p. 307, l. 31 *needs*. 4to 1671 'need'. 1690 'needs't'.

p. 309, l. 1 *The Court Gallery*. I have added this locale.

p. 309, l. 8 *That sad tone*. I have followed the quartos in their metrical arrangement of this speech. 1724 gives it as prose. The same rule has been observed l.21, 'Am. Nay thou hast ...'

p. 310, l. 31 *Not so well*. In this speech and also p. 311, l. 1 I have followed the metrical arrangement of the 4tos. 1724 prints as prose.

p. 312, l. 9 *Ex*. 4to 1671 'goes out.'

p. 312, l. 13 *Exeunt*. 4to 1671 'go out.'

p. 312, l. 14 *'Tis the most*. I have followed the two quartos in their arrangement of these lines, which, none the less, seems far from satisfactory. 1724 prints as prose.

p. 313, l. 10 *Erminia*. 4to 1671 omits.

p. 313, l. 28 *She weeps*. Not in 4to 1671, but in 4to 1690 and in 1724.

p. 313, l. 35 *Prince his word*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'Prince's word'.

p. 315, l. 10 *Thou would'st allow*. This is the reading of 4to 1690 and of 1724. 4to 1671 reads 'I should allow what I deny thee here.'

p. 316, l. 31 *Philander's Bed-chamber*. I have added the locale.



p. 317, l. 25 *marry other*. 1724 'marry any other'.

p. 320, l. 5 *an ignorant*. This is the reading of the 4tos. I take 'ignorant' as the obsolete substantive. 1724 omits 'an'.

p. 320, l. 9 *Enter Lysette*. 1724 has 'Enter a Maid', but gives speech prefix 'Lyc.', spelling Lysette, Lycette.

p. 320, l. 12 *I cry your Lordship's*. I have followed the 4tos in the metrical arrangement of this speech. 1724 prints as prose.

p. 320, l. 15 *She goes in*. 1724 'She goes out.'

p. 320, l. 21 *I fell asleep*. So 4tos. 1724 as prose.

p. 321, l. 28 *Shepherdess*. 4tos and 1724 punctuate 'Shepherdess,'. It has been suggested that the passage be punctuated with a full stop at 'call.' and continue 'Ah, cruel' with the punctuation of former editions retained.

p. 323, l. 8 *he has*. 4to 1671 'it has'.

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p. 323, l. 14 *The Court Gallery*. I have supplied this locale.

p. 326, l. 21 *The apartments of Alcippus*. I have supplied this locale.

p. 327, l. 26 *And I so strangely*. 4to 1671 omits 'I'.

p. 330, l. 23 *The Palace*. I have supplied this locale. 1724 misprints Scene IV.

p. 330, l. 24 *as passing by*. Omitted by 1724.

p. 331, l. 23 *Railly*. 1724 prints this speech as prose.

p. 332, l. 29 *beholding*. 1724 'beholden'.

p. 332, l. 32 *Fal. That's too much*. Following the 4tos I have arranged all the speeches of Falatius, which 1724 gives as prose, metrically. The result is, it must be confessed, not entirely satisfactory in places.

p. 334, l. 25 *Farewell*. 4tos and 1724 all print 'For well'.

p. 334, l. 34 *Sees Pisaro*. 1724 omitting 'sees' makes a poor alteration in the conduct of this business.

p. 335, l. 20 *Exit Pis*. Former editions simply 'Exit.' This confuses the scene.

p. 335, l. 21 *Re-enter Falatius*. The 4tos omit this stage direction.

p. 337, l. 7 *Galatea's Apartments*. I have supplied the locale.

p. 337, l. 12 *you were*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'you are'.

p. 338, l. 25 *must credit you*. 4to 1671 'faith, I credit you'.

p. 339, l. 4 *Erminia, sure you'll*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'Erminia sure will'.

p. 339, l. 14 *the fault*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'my faults'.

p. 340, l. 5 *He rises*. I have inserted 'He' to make the direction quite clear.

p. 342, l. 5 *The Palace*. I have added the locale.

p. 343, l. 25 *loving me*. 4to 1671 prints an unsatisfactory text:

'none for loving me, for
I'm much unlike Lucinda whom you ey'd.'



p. 344, l. 28 *The Apartments of Alcippus*. I have added this locale.

p. 344, l. 32 *fear'd*. 4to 1671 'heard'.

p. 347, l. 17 *Entering*. I have added this stage direction.

p. 347, l. 30 *a Chamber*. I have inserted the locale.

p. 347, l. 30 *in a dishabit*. All editions save 4to 1671 read 'in an undress'.

p. 349, l. 5 *appetites*. 1724 'appetite'.

p. 349, l. 12 *Within*. I have supplied this stage direction.

p. 349, l. 20 *took*. 1724 'taken'.

p. 351, l. 34 *To Alcip*. This and the following stage direction 'To the Prince' are not in 4to 1671.

p. 352, l. 16 *vile*. 4to 1671 omits.

p. 352, l. 25 *or smothers her with a pillow*. This is only found in 4to 1671.

p. 353, l. 21 *Knew*. 4to 1671 'know'.

p. 354, l. 6 *has*. 4to 1671 'had'.

p. 354, l. 16 *Murder*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'a Murderer'.

p. 354, l. 29 *The Palace*. I have supplied the locale.

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p. 356, l. 30 *merits not*. 1724 'merits all'. A striking misprint.

p. 357, l. 12 *Gonzal*. 4to 1671 'Gen'rall'.

p. 357, l. 16 *You once*. 4to 1671 wrongly gives this to the King.

p. 357, l. 19 *And should*. 4to 1671 omits this whole line.

p. 357, l. 29 *Fal. Wert*. I have followed the arrangement of 4to 1671 throughout in this scene, which 1724 prints as prose.

p. 358, l. 7 *Tiffany*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'Taffety.'

p. 358, l. 22 *Philander's Apartments*. I have supplied this locale.

p. 359, l. 29 *Within*. I have added this stage direction.

p. 360, l. 27—*Gods*—. I follow 4tos. 1724 prints these two lines as prose.

p. 361, l. 36 *the World*. 1724 'that World'.

p. 362, l. 6 *smiling to the Princess*. 1724 reads 'Er. who comes out smiling.'

p. 363, l. 18 *Galatea's Apartments*. I have supplied the locale.

p. 365, l. 8 *'twas*. 4to 1690 and 1724 'twere'.

p. 365, l. 12 *The Bedchamber*. I have supplied this locale.

p. 365, l. 14 *so*. 4to 1671 'now'.

p. 365, l. 20 *Weeps*. 4to 1671 only has 'Weeps.' 4to 1690 and 1724 give the stage direction in full.

p. 365, l. 31 *Influence*. 4to 1671 'Influences' to the ruin of the metre.

p. 366, l. 6 *as touch her*. 4to 1690, 1724 'to touch her'.

p. 368, l. 8 *Princes*. 4tos 1671, 1690 read 'Princess'.

p. 368, l. 14 *who goes*. 4tos 1671, 1690 'and goes'.

p. 368, l. 32 *Do*. 4to 1671 'So'.

p. 369, l. 28 *what*. 4to 1671 'which'.



p. 371, l. 8 *The King's Chamber*. I have supplied this locale and that of the following Scene (IV).

p. 374, l. 28 *A Pass or two*. Only in 4to 1671.

p. 375, l. 25 *Alcip. Might I*. Only 4to 1671 gives this speech to Alcippus. All other editions erroneously continue it as part of Galatea's speech.

p. 375, l. 32 *My Love*. 4to 1671 wrongly 'Thy love'.

p. 377, l. 13 *Ease*. 4to 1671 'easie'.

p. 381, l. 8 *Exeunt*. I have supplied this stage direction.

THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON.

p. 390, l. 1 *To The Lord Marquess*. The dedication only occurs in 4tos 1687, 1688.

p. 391, l. 6 *Billet Doux*. 4tos read 'Billet Deux'—The same form is found in the *Prologue* l. 8; but as no other instance of 'Billet Deux' occurs I have corrected what is doubtless a misprint.

p. 394, l. 28 *Adznigs*. 1724, 'Adzigs'.

p. 395 *Dramatis Personae*. I have added 'Page; *Florinda*, Cousin to *Elaria* and *Bellemante*.'

p. 398, l. 4 *otherwise*. 1724 'otherways'.

p. 399, l. 30 *Rosycrusian*. 4 to 1687 'Rosacrucian.'

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p. 400, l. 16 *Ma tres chere*. 4 to 1687 'Matres chear.' 4to 1688 'Marrois chare.'

p.400, l. 27 *tout autour*. 4to 1687 'tout au toore.' 4to 1688 'tout au tour.'

p.400, l. 30 *sighing*. 1724 misprints 'fighting'.

p.400, l. 9 *Cheveux blonds*. 4tos 'Chevave Blond'.

p. 403, l. 30 *Sylphs*. 4to 1687 'Silfs.'

p. 409, l. 13 *Scene III*. All the former editions have Scene II.

p. 412, l. 21 *Enter Doctor*. Both 4tos and 1724 omit to mark this entrance which I have supplied.

p.413, l. 18 *Draws*. 1724 omits.

p.417, l. 19 *The End of the First Act*. Only in 4tos 1687, 1688.

p. 417, l. 21 *A Chamber*. I have added the locale.

p. 418, l. 26 *the Street*. 1724 'a Street.'

p. 418, l. 27 *a Flambeaux*. This is the reading of both 4tos. 1724 'a Flambeau'. As Sir T. Herbert, *Travels* (1638), has a plural 'Flambeauxes' I have retained 'Flambeaux' as a singular here, though no other instance can be cited.

p. 420, l. 6 *Scene III*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 420, l. 9 *Florinda*. I have inserted this name here and as speech-prefix instead of 'Lady'. It is supplied by Act ii, II, and again in this scene.

p. 422, l. 2 *Harpsicals*. 1724 'Harpsicords'.

p. 422, l. 15 *Within*. I have supplied this stage direction.

p. 424, l. 3 *Doct. Hold up*. 1724 improperly puts this speech after the stage direction.

p. 424, l. 8 *Harlequin sits still*. 4tos 'He sits still.'

p. 426, ll. 7, 9 *Mistriss*. 1724 'Mrs.'

p. 426, l. 35 *Aside, and Exit*. 'Aside' only in 1724. I have supplied 'and exit.'

p. 427, l. 16 *Scene IV*. I have numbered this scene and supplied the locale 'to Bellemante's Chamber'.



p. 429, l. 6 *Scene V*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 436, l. 14 *The End of the Second Act*. Only in 4tos.

p. 438, l. 22 *Scene II*. I have numbered this scene.

p. 442, l. 5 *prima*. 4tos misprint 'Fema'.

p. 453, l. 1 *Scene III. The Last*. I have numbered this scene. 1724 omits 'The Last.'

p. 454, l. 3 *the Emperor*. 1724 omits 'the'.

p. 456, l. 28 *Sagittary*. 1724 'Sagittar'.

p. 461, l. 32 *Gravely to himself*. Only in 4tos.

p. 462, l. 19 *Pay*. 1724 'Play.'

p. 462, l. 29 *Bank*. 1724 'Rank'.

NOTES: CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

THE TOWN FOP.

p. 15 *Mrs. Celinda Dresswell*. Dresswell was obviously the original name of Friendlove, and Mrs. Behn forgot to alter her MS. at this passage. The same oversight occurs later in the act when Bellmour says 'I must rely on Dresswell's friendship,' (p. 20).

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p. 18 *Glass Coach*. Coaches with glasses were a recent invention and very fashionable amongst the courtiers and ladies of the Restoration. De Grammont tells in his *Memoirs* how he presented a French calash with glasses to the King, and how, after the Queen and the Duchess of York, had publicly appeared in it, a battle royal took place between Lady Castlemaine and Miss Stewart as to which of the two should first be seen therein on a fine day in Hyde Park. *The Ultimum Vale of John Carleton* (4to, 1663) says, 'I could wish her coach ... made of the new fashion, with glass, very stately, ... was come for me.'

p. 20 *Tom Dove*. A well-known bear so named and exhibited at the Bear Garden. Besides this passage there are four other allusions to him to be found. Dryden's *Epilogue to the King and Queen* at the Union of the Two Companies, 1682, has:—

Then for your lacquies ...
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs,
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears.

His prologue to Vanbrugh's alteration of *The Pilgrim* (1700) begins:—

How wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite;
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe.

In Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer* (1693) Act ii, II, Granger on receiving an invitation to dinner cries: 'Zounds! a man had as good be ty'd to a stake and baited like Tom Dove on Easter Monday as be the necessary appurtenance of a great man's table!' D'Urfey in the epilogue (spoken by Verbruggen) to Robert Gould's *The Rival Sisters*; or, *The Violence of Love*, produced at Drury Lane in 1696, writes:—

When the dull Crowd, unskilled in these Affairs,
To day wou'd laugh with us, to morrow with the Bears:
Careless which Pastime did most Witty prove,
Or who pleas'd best, Tom Poet, or Tom Dove.

Tom Dove has been wrongly described as 'a bearward.'

p. 22 *Southampton House*. Southampton House, Bloomsbury, occupied the whole of the north side of the present Bloomsbury Square. It had 'a curious garden behind, which lieth open to the fields,'—*Strype*. A great rendezvous for duellists, cf. Epilogue to Mountfort's *Greenwich Park* (Drury Lane, 1691) spoken by Mrs. Mountfort:—

If you're displeased with what you've seen to-night
Behind Southampton House we'll do you right;
Who is't dares draw 'gainst me and Mrs. Knight?

p. 39 *Nickers*. Vide note (p. 456) Vol. I, p. 398, *The Roundheads*.

p. 41 *Courant*. A quick, lively dance frequently referred to in old dramatists.

p. 43 *A Jigg*. There were, in Post-Restoration times, two interpretations of the word Jig. Commonly speaking it was taken to mean exactly what it would now, a simple dance. Nell Gwynne and Moll Davis were noted for the dancing of Jigs. cf. Epilogue to Buckingham's *The Chances* (1682):—

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The Author dreads the strut and meen
Of new prais'd Poets, having often seen
Some of his Fellows, who have writ before,
When Nel has danc'd her Jig, steal to the Door,
Hear the Pit clap, and with conceit of that
Swell, and believe themselves the Lord knows what.

Thus at the end of Lacy's *The Old Troop* (31 July, 1668), we have 'a dance of two hobby horses in armour, and a Jig.' Also shortly before the epilogue in Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers* (1668) we read, 'Enter a Boy in the habit of Pugenello and traverses the stage, takes his chair and sits down, then dances a Jig.'

But it must be remembered that beside the common meaning there was a gloss upon the word derived from Elizabethan stage practice. In the prologue to *The Fair Maid of the Inn* (licensed 1626), good plays are spoken of as often scurvily treated, whilst

A Jigge shall be clapt at, and every rhyme
Prais'd and applauded by a clam'rous chyme.

The Pre-Restoration Jig was little other indeed than a ballad opera in embryo lasting about twenty-five minutes and given as an after-piece. It was a rhymed farce in which the dialogue was sung or chanted by the characters to popular ballad tunes. But after the Restoration the Jig assumed a new and more serious complexion, and came eventually to be dovetailed with the play itself, instead of being given at the fag end of the entertainment. Mr. W.J. Lawrence, the well-known theatrical authority to whom I owe much valuable information contained in this note, would (doubtless correctly) attribute the innovation to Stapylton and Edward Howard, both of whom dealt pretty freely in these Jigs. Stapylton has in Act v of *The Slighted Maid* (1663) a 'Song in Dialogue' between Aurora and Phoebus with a chorus of Cyclops, which met with some terrible parody in *The Rehearsal* (cf. the present editor's edition of *The Rehearsal*, p. 145). Indeed all extrinsic songs in dialogue, however serious the theme, were considered 'Jigs'. A striking example would be the Song of the Spirits in Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*, Act iv.

In Post-Restoration days a ballad sung in the streets by two persons was frequently called a Jig, presumably because it was a 'song in dialogue'. Numerous examples are to be found amongst the Roxburgh Ballads.

The Jig introduced in *Sir Timothy Tawdrey* would seem to have been the simple dance although not improbably an epithalamium was also sung.

p. 44 *an Entry*. A dance which derived its name from being performed at that point in a masque when new actors appeared. In Crowne's *The Country Wit* (1675) Act iii, I, there

is a rather stupid play on this sense of the word confounded with its meaning 'a hall or lobby'.

p. 63 *Cracking*. Prostitution. A rare substantive, although 'Crack', whence it is derived, was common, cf. p. 93 and note.

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p. 65 *Cater-tray*. cater = quatre. The numbers four and three on dice or cards. This term was used generally as a cant name for dice; often for cogged or loaded dice.

p. 69 *She cries Whore first*. In allusion to the old proverb—cf. *The Feign'd Courtezans*, Act v, iv, Vol. II, p. 409, when Mr. Tickletext on his discovery appeals to the same saw.

p. 81 *Berjere*. A very favourite word with Mrs. Behn. Vide Vol. II, note (p. 346, *The hour of the Berjere*), p. 441 *The Feigned Courtezans*.

p. 93 *Cracks*. Whores. As early as 1678 'Crack' is the proper name of a whore in *Tunbridge Wells*, an anonymous comedy played at the Duke's House, cf. D'Urfey, *Madam Fickle* (1682), Act v, ii, when Flaile says: 'Y'have killed a Mon yonder, He that you quarrell'd with about your Crack there.' Farquhar, *Love and a Bottle* (1698), Act v, ii, has: 'You imagine I have got your whore, cousin, your crack.' Grose, *Dict. Vulgar Tongue*, gives the word, and it is also explained by the *Lexicon Balatronicum* (1811). It was, in fact, in common use for over an hundred years.

p. 94 *Mr. E.R. i.e.* Edward Ravenscroft.

THE FALSE COUNT.

p. 99 *Forty One*. cf. note, Vol. II (p. 207) p. 433, *The City Heiress*.

p. 99 *no Plot was true*. A patent allusion to the fictitious Popish Plot.

p. 99 *Conventicles*. For the accentuated last syllable, vide Vol. I, p. 454. A striking example of this accentuation occurs in a Collection of *Loyal Songs*—1639-1661—

But all the Parish see it plain,
Since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an Independent quean,
And lov'st a conventicle.

p. 99 *Christian Suckling*. The charge of murdering young Christian boys, especially at Passover time, and eating their flesh was continually brought against the Jews. Little St. Hugh of Lincoln, St. William of Norwich, the infant St. Simon of Trent and many more were said to have been martyred in this way. But recently (1913) the trial of Mendil Beiliss, a Jew, upon a charge of ritually murdering the Russian lad Yushinsky has caused a world-wide sensation.

p. 99 *Gutling*. Guzzling. Guttle is used in a secondary sense (= to flatter) in *The City Heiress*. Vide Vol. II, note (on p. 207) p. 433.



p. 100 *took in Lamb's-Wool Ale*. Lamb's-Wool Ale is hot ale mixed with the pulp of roasted apples, sugared and well spiced. The allusion is to Lord Howard of Esrick, who, having been imprisoned in the Tower on a charge connected with the so-called Popish Plot, to prove his innocence took the Sacrament according to the rites of the English church. It is said, however, that on this occasion, instead of wine, lamb's-wool was profanely used. cf. Dryden's bitter jibe—*Absalom and Achitophel* (November, 1681), I, 575:—



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And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.

cf. also *Absalom's IX Worthies*:—

Then prophane Nadab, that hates all sacred things,
And on that score abominateth kings;
With Mahomet wine he damneth, with intent
To erect his Paschal-lamb's-wool-Sacrament.

A ballad on the Rye House Plot, entitled *The Conspiracy; or, The Discovery of the Fanatic Plot*, sings:—

Next valiant and noble Lord Howard,
That formerly dealt in lamb's wool;
Who knowing what it is to be towered,
By impeaching may fill the jails full.

p. 100 *Brumighams*. Bromingham was a slang term of the day for a Whig. Roger North says that the Tories nicknamed the opposite party '*Birmingham* Protestants, alluding to the false groats struck at that place'. Birmingham was already noted for spurious coinage. cf. Dryden's prologue to *The Spanish Friar* (1681):—

What e'er base metal come
You coin as fast as groats at Bromingham.

A panegyric on the return of the Duke and Duchess of York from Scotland says of Shaftesbury's medal that

'Twas coined by stealth, like groats at Birmingham.

For Birmingham = Whig we have *Old Jemmy, an Excellent New Ballad*:

Let Whig and Bromingham repine,
They show their teeth in vain;
The glory of the British line,
Old Jemmy's come again.

Also in Matthew Taubman's *A Medley on the Plot*, this stanza occurs:—

Confound the hypocrites, Birminghams royal,
Who think allegiance a transgression;
Since to oppose the King is counted loyal,
And to rail high at the succession.

Dryden in his Preface to *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, speaks of 'an Anti-Bromingham', i.e. a Tory.

p. 100 *dry bobs*. A bob was a sarcastic jest or jibe. cf. *Sir Giles Goosecappe* (1606), Act. v, I. 'Marry him, sweet Lady, to answere his bitter Bob,' and Buckingham's *The Rehearsal* (1671), Act iii, I, where Bayes cries: 'There's a bob for the Court.' A dry bob (literally = a blow or fillip that does not break the skin) is an intensely bitter taunt, cf. *Cotgrave* (1611), *Ruade seiche*, a drie bob, jeast or nip. *Bailey* (1731) has '*Dry Bob*. a Taunt or Scoff'.

p. 100 *By Yea and Nay*. 'Yea and Nay' was often derisively applied to the Puritans, and hence to their lineal descendants the Whigs, in allusion to the Scriptural injunction, S. *Matthew* v, 33-7, which they feigned exactly to follow. Timothy Thin-beard, a rascally Puritan, in Heywood's *If you Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*, Part II (4to, 1606), is continually asseverating 'By yea and nay', cf. Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, Act ii, III, where Thomas says:—

Do not ye see me alter'd? 'Yea and Nay,' gentlemen;
A much-converted man.



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In *Sir Patient Fancy* (1678), Lady Knowell's late husband, a rank Puritan, is said to have been 'a great Ay and No Man i'th' City, and a painful promoter of the good Cause.'

p. 109 *Twins*. Vide note (p. 319, *Amorous Twire*), Vol. II, p. 440, *The Feigned Courtezans*.

p. 113 *gives Julia the Letter*. Mrs. Behn took the hint for this device from *L'Ecole des Maris*, ii, XIV, where Isabella feigning to embrace Sganarelle gives her hand to Valere to kiss.

p. 116 *Just-au-corps*. 'A sort of jacket called a *justacorps* came into fashion in Paris about 1650. M. Quicherat informs us that a pretty Parisienne, the wife of a *maitre de comptes* named Belot, was the first who appeared in it. In a ballad called *The New-made Gentlewoman*, written in the reign of Charles II, occurs the line "My justico and black patches I wear". Mr. Fairholt suggested that *justico* may be a corruption of *juste au corps*.—Planche's *Cyclopedia of Costume*, Vol. I, p. 318. Pepys, 26 April, 1667, saw the Duchess of Newcastle 'naked-necked, without anything about it, and a black just-au-corps'. cf. Dryden's *Limberham; or, The Kind Keeper* (1678), iv, I: 'Aldo. Give her out the flower'd Justacorps with the petticoat belonging to't.'

p. 116 *Towers*, The tower at this time was a curled frontlet of false hair. cf. Crowne's *The Country Wit* (1675), Act ii, II, where Lady Faddle cries to her maid, 'run to my milliner's for my gloves and essences ... run for my new towre.' Shadwell, *The Virtuoso* (1676), Act iii, mentions 'Tires for the head, locks, tours, frouzes, and so forth'. *The Debauchee* (1677), Act ii, I: Mrs. Saleware speaks of buying 'fine clothes, and tours, and Points and knots.' *The Younger Brother* (1696), Act v, the last scene, old Lady Youthly anxiously asks her maid, 'is not this Tour too brown?' During the reign of Mary II and particularly in the time of Anne a Tower meant almost exclusively the high starched head-dress in vogue at that period.

p. 116 *beat the hoof*. To go packing; to trudge off on foot. *Dic. Canting Crew* (1690), 'Hoof it or beat it on the Hoof—to walk on foot.' Pad the hoof is a yet commoner expression. These and similar slang are still much used.

p. 117 *finical*. According to the *N.E.D.* the use of finical as a verb is a nonce word only found in this passage.

p. 119 *lead Apes in Hell*. To die an old maid. A very common expression. It will be remembered that Beatrice had something to say on the subject. —*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii, I.

p. 122 *Docity*. Gumption, cf. note (p. 340), Vol. II, p. 441, *The Feign'd Curtezans*.



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p. 123 *Don Del Phobos*. The adventures of the Knight of the Sun and his brother Rosicclair belong to the Amadis school of romance. They were published in two volumes, folio, at Saragossa, 1580, under the title *Espejo de principes e cavalleros; o, Cavallero del Febo*. The first part of this romance was translated into English by Margaret Tiler, *The Mirroure of Princely deedes and Knighthood* (4to, 1578), other portions appearing subsequently. The whole four parts, translated from the original Spanish into French, appeared in eight volumes, and an abridged version was made by the Marquis de Paulmy. The Amadis cycle long remained immensely popular.

p. 129 *Gad-bee in his Brain*. As we now say 'a bee in his bonnet'. For 'Gad-bee' cf. Holland's *Pliny* (1601) I, 318. 'The bigger kind of bees ... and this vermin is called *Oestrus* (i.e. the gad-bee or horse fly).' cf. *The Lucky Chance*, ii, II: 'The Gad-Bee's in his Quonundrum' and note on that passage infra. For the idea compare 'brize-stung' (= crazed).

p. 142 *Cockt*. Set his hat jauntily. A very frequent phrase.

p. 146 *Slashes*. Bumpers. From the idea of vigour contained in 'slash'. The word is extremely rare in this sense and perhaps only found here. But cf. Scottish (Lothian) 'slash' = a great quantity of broth or any other sorbible food.

p. 148 *what the Devil made me a ship-board?* cf. Geronte's reiterated complaint 'Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galere?'—*Les Fourberies de Scapin* (1671), ii, VII; and the phrase in Cyrano de Bergerac's *Le Pedant Joue* (1654): 'Ha! que diable, que diable aller faire en cette galere?... Aller sans dessein dans une galere!... Dans la galere d'un Turc!'—Act ii, IV. In France this phrase is proverbial.

p. 156 *glout thy Eyes*. Scowl; frown. Glout (without 'thy Eyes') is very common in this sense. cf. Note (p. 201), Vol. II, p. 433.

p. 160 *an Antick*. A fantastic measure. This is a favourite word with Mrs. Behn.

p. 165 *Aquinius his Case*. This is, I take it, some confused allusion to the great Dominican Doctor, S. Thomas Aquinas, who was regarded as being the supreme Master of scholasticism and casuistry. Casuistry must be taken in its true and original meaning—the balancing and deciding of individual cases.

p. 175 *Bantring and Shamming*. Banter = to chaff or make fun of, at this time a new slang word. It is almost certain that the verb, which came into use about 1670, was a full decade earlier than the noun. In 1688 the substantive 'Banter' was up-to-date slang. For the verb vide D'Urfey's *Madam Fickle* (1676), Act v, I, where Zechiel cries to his brother: 'Banter him, banter him, Toby. 'Tis a conceited old Scarab, and will yield us excellent sport—go play upon him a little—exercise thy Wit.' cf. Swift, *Apology* (1710), *Talke of a Tub*: 'Where wit hath any mixture of raillery, 'tis but calling it banter, and the

work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in Whitefriars, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants.'

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For 'shamming' cf. Wycherley's *The Plain Dealer* (1674), iii, I, where the Lawyer says to Manly: 'You ... shammed me all night long.' 'Shammed!' cries Manly, 'prithee what barbarous law-term is that?' 'Shamming ...' answers the lawyer, 'tis all our way of wit, Sir.' And Freeman explains 'Shamming is telling you an insipid dull lie with a dull face, which the sly wag the author only laughs at himself; and making himself believe 'tis a good jest, puts the sham only upon himself.'

p. 176 *Dumfounding*. A rude and rough form of practical joking. The players 'dumfounded' each other with sudden blows stealthily dealt. cf. Shadwell's *The True Widow* (1678), Act iv, I. Prig in the theatre says: 'You shall see what tricks I'll play; 'faith I love to be merry'. (Raps people on their backs, and twirls their hats, and then looks demurely, as if he did not do it.) The pit, often a very pandemonium, was the chief scene of this sport. Dryden, prologue to *The Prophetess* (1690), speaks of the gallants in the theatre indulging freely in

That witty recreation, called dumfounding.

p. 176 *stum'd Wine*. To stum wine is to renew dead and insipid wine by mixing new wine with it and so raising a fresh fermentation. cf. Slang (still in common use) 'stumer', a generic term for anything worthless, especially a worthless cheque.

p. 176 *Grisons*. A 'grison' is a servant employed on some private business and so dressed in gray (gris) or a dark colour not to attract notice. cf. Shadwell's *The Volunteers* (1693), Act ii, sc. I: 'Sir Nich. I keep grisons, fellows out of livery, privately for nothing but to carry answers.'

THE LUCKY CHANCE.

p. 183 *Laurence, Lord Hyde*. This celebrated statesman (1641-1711) was second son of Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon. The Dedication must have been written in 1686 when, wavering between the Catholic Faith and Protestantism, he was still high in favour with the King. 4 January, 1687, he was dismissed from court owing to his persistent refusals to be received into the Church.

p. 183 *The Abbot of Aubignac*. Francois Hedelin, Abbe D'Aubignac, a famous critic and champion of the theatre, was born at Paris, 4 August, 1604. Amongst his best known works are: *Terence justifie* (4to, 1646, Paris), an attack on Menage; *La Pratique du theatre* (4to, 1669, Paris); and *Dissertations concernant le poeme dramatique en forme de remarques sur les deux tragedies de M. Corneille, intitulees Sophonisbe et Sertorius* (12mo, 1663, Paris). He died at Nemours, 27 July, 1676.

p. 185 *Dr. Davenant*. Charles Davenant, LL.D, (1656-1714), eldest son of Sir William Davenant. He sat for St. Ives, Cornwall, in the first parliament of James II, and was appointed, along with the Master of the Revels, to license plays.

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p. 185 *Sir Roger L'Estrange*. The celebrated Tory journalist, pamphleteer and censor was born in 1616. He had ever been a warm defender of James II, and upon this monarch's accession was liberally rewarded. 21 May, 1685, a warrant was issued directing him to enforce most strictly the regulations concerning treasonable and seditious and scandalous publications. After the Revolution he suffered imprisonment. He died 11 December, 1704.

p. 185 *Mr. Killigrew*. Charles Killigrew (1655-1725), Master of the Revels, was son of Thomas Killigrew by his second wife Charlotte de Hesse. He had been appointed Master of the Revels in 1680, patentee of Drury Lane Theatre in 1682. He was buried in the Savoy, 8 January, 1724-5.

p. 186 *Mr. Leigh*. Antony Leigh, the famous comedian, who created Sir Feeble Fainwood. The scene referred to is Act iii, sc. II, where it must be confessed that, in spite of her protestation, Mrs. Behn gives the stage direction—Sir Feeble 'throws open his Gown, they run all away, he locks the Door.'

p. 186 *Oedipus*. Dryden and Lee's excellent tragedy was produced at Dorset Garden in 1679. Betterton created Oedipus and his wife Jocasta. It was extraordinarily popular, as, indeed, were all the plays Mrs. Behn marshals forth in this preface. The scene particularly referred to is Act ii, I: 'Oedipus enters, walking asleep in his Shirt, with a Dagger in his Right-Hand and a Taper in his Left.' A little after 'Enter Jocasta, attended with Lights, in a Night-Gown.'

p. 186 *City Politicks*. This comedy by Crowne is a mordant satire upon the Whigs. It was produced with great success at the Theatre Royal and printed quarto 1683. A certain Florio feigns to be dying in order to prevent the Podesta suspecting an intrigue between his wife, Rosaura, 'the Lady Mayoress', and so impotent an invalid. Artall is in love with Lucinda, who is married to a toothless old lawyer, Bartoline. Says Genest: 'The Podesta and Bartoline are as well cuckolded as any Tory could wish.' cf. The conclusion of Act ii and the commencement of Act iii; also the discovery of Florio and Rosaura in Act v.

p. 186 *London Cuckolds*. This immensely popular play, five merry side-splitting acts which kept the stage for a century, was produced in 1682 at Dorset Garden. Ravenscroft has no less than three cuckolds in his *Dramatis Personae*: Doodle, Dashwell, and Wiseacre. The intrigues and counter-intrigues are innumerable. At the end the cuckolds all jeer one another.

p. 186 *Sir Courtly Nice*. This witty comedy, Crowne's masterpiece, was produced at the Theatre Royal in 1685. Mrs. Behn's allusion is to Act ii, II, where Crack, disguised as a tailor, visits Leonora. The language is often cleverly suggestive.

p. 186 *Sir Fopling*. Etheredge's third comedy, *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter* was produced at the Duke's Theatre in 1676. It met 'with extraordinary success'. Mrs. Behn points at Act iv, II.

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p. 186 *Valentinian*. The reference is to the Earl of Rochester's *Valentinian*, altered from Fletcher, which was produced with great applause at the Theatre Royal in 1684. The Court Bawds, Balbus, Proculus, Chylax, Lycinius, with the 'lewd women belonging to the court', Ardelia and Phorba, are important characters in the tragedy. The direct allusion is, perhaps, to Act ii, I. The scene after the rape, Act iv, sc. III, 'opens, discovers th'Emperor's Chamber. Lucina newly unbound by th'Emperor'. The 'Prologue spoken by Mrs. Cook the first day' is by Mrs. Behn (*vide* Vol. VI). It is certain that an audience which found no offence in Rochester's *Valentinian* could ill have taken umbrage at the freedoms of *The Lucky Chance*.

p. 186 *The Moor of Venice*. *Othello* was one of the first plays to be revived at the Restoration, and was, perhaps, the most frequently seen of all Shakespeare. On 11 October, 1660, Burt acted Othello at the Cockpit. Downes gives Mohun as Iago; Hart, Cassio; Cartwright, Brabantio; Beeston, Roderigo; Mrs. Hughes, Desdemona; Mrs. Rutter, Emilia. But it is certain Clun had also acted Iago—(Pepys, 6 February, 1668). Hart soon gave up Cassio to Kynaston for the title role in which he is said to have excelled. After his retirement in 1683 it fell to Betterton, of whose greatness in the part Cibber gives a lively picture. The *Tatler* also highly commends this actor's Othello.

p. 186 *The Maids Tragedy*. Mrs. Behn refers to Act ii, I, and Act iii, I. Hart acted Amintor; Mohun, Melantius; Wintershall, the King; Mrs. Marshall, Evadne. Rymer particularly praises Hart and Mohun in this tragedy, saying: 'There we have our Roscius and Aesopus both on the stage together.' After 1683 it was differently cast. It will be remembered that Melantius was Betterton's last role, in which he appeared for his benefit 13 April, 1710, to the Amintor of Wilks and the Evadne of Mrs. Barry. He died 28 April, a fortnight after.

p. 187 *Wills Coffee House*. This famous coffee-house was No. 1 Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the west side corner of Russell Street. It derived its name from Will Unwin who kept it. The wits' room was upstairs on the first floor. Some of its reputation was due to the fact that it was a favourite resort of Dryden.

p. 187 *write for a Third day only*. The whole profits of the third day's performance went to the author of the play; and upon these occasions his friends and patrons would naturally rally to support him. There are numberless allusions to this custom, especially in Prefaces, Prologues and Epilogues.

p. 189 *the Mall*. The Mall, St. James's Park, was formed for Charles II, who was very fond of the game 'pall-mall'. The walk soon became a popular and fashionable resort. There are innumerable references. cf. Prologue, Dryden's *Marriage a la Mode* (1672):

Poor pensive punk now peeps ere plays begin,
Sees the bare bench, and dares not venture in;

But manages her last half-crown with care,
And trudges to the Mall, on foot, for air.



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The scene of the first Act of Otway's *The Soldier's Fortune* (1681) is laid in the Mall, and gives a vivid picture of the motley and not over respectable company that was wont to foregather there.

p. 189 *the Ring*. The Ring, Hyde Park, a favourite ride and promenade was made in the reign of Charles I. It was very fashionable, and is frequently alluded to in poem and play. cf. Etheredge, *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter*: 'Sir Fopling. All the world will be in the Park to-night; Ladies, 'twere pity to keep so much beauty longer within doors, and rob the Ring of all those charms that should adorn it.'—Act iii sc. II. cf. also Lord Dorset's *Verses on Dorinda* (1680):—

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
Still ogle in the Ring?

p. 193 *Starter*. This slang word usually means a milksop, but here it is equivalent to 'a butterfly', 'a weathercock'—a man of changeable disposition. A rare use.

p. 193 *Finsbury Hero*, Finsbury Fields, which Pepys thought 'very pleasant', had been kept open for the citizens to practise archery. An ordinance of 1478 is extant which orders all obstacles to be removed and Finsbury to be 'made a plain field for archers to shoot in'. As late as 1737 there were standing twenty-four 'rovers' or stone pillars for shooting at distances.

p. 196 *Mr. Barnardine*. This allusion must almost certainly be to a recent revival of *Measure for Measure*, which particular play had been amongst those set aside by the regulation of 12 December, 1660, as the special property of Davenant's theatre. After the amalgamation of the two companies in November, 1682, a large number of the older plays were revived or continued to be played (with a new cast and Betterton in the roles which had been Hart's) during the subsequent decade. Downes mentions *Othello*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and several by Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Brome. On the other hand, it is possible this reference may merely be to *The Law Against Lovers* (1661, folio, 1673), in which Sir William Davenant has mixed Benedick and Beatrice with Angelo, Claudio, Isabella and the rest. It is a curious conglomeration, and the result is very pitiful and disastrous. *Barnardine* and the prison scenes are retained. *Measure for Measure* was again profanely altered by Gildon in 1700, mutilated and helped out by 'entertainments of music'.

p. 197 *Snicker Snee*. See note Vol. I, p. 449, *Snick-a-Snee*, *The Dutch Lover*, iii, III (p, 278).

p. 198 *Spittal Sermon*. The celebrated Spital Sermons were originally preached at a pulpit cross in the churchyard (now Spital Square) of the Priory and Hospital of St. Mary Spital, founded 1197. The cross, broken at the Reformation, was rebuilt during Charles I's reign, but destroyed during the Great Rebellion. The sermons, however, have been

continued to the present time and are still preached every Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, at Christ Church, Newgate Street.

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P. 201. *Alsatia*. This cant name had been given to the precinct of Whitefriars before 1623, then and for many years a notorious refuge for persons wishing to avoid bailiffs and creditors. The earliest use of the name is Thomas Towel's quarto tract, *Wheresoever you see meet, Trust unto Yourself: or the Myserie of Lending and Borrowing* (1623). The second use in point of time is the Prologue to Settle's *Pastor Fido* (1676):—

And when poor Duns, quite weary, will not stay;
The hopeless Squire's into *Alsatia* driven.

Otway's comedy, *The Soldiers Fortune* (4to, 1681), where Courtine says: 'I shall be ere long as greasy as an Alsatian bully,' comes third; and Mrs. Behn's reference to *Alsatia* in this play, which is often ignored, claims fourth place. We then have Shadwell's famous comedy, *The Squire of Alsatia* (1688), with its well-known vocabulary of Alsatian jargon and slang, its scenes in Whitefriars, the locus classicus, a veritable mine of information. The particular portions of Whitefriars forming *Alsatia* were Ram-Alley, Mitre Court, and a lane called in the local cant Lombard Street. No. 50 of Tempest's *Cries of London* (drawn and published in James II's reign) is called 'A Squire of *Alsatia*', and represents a fashionable young gallant. Steele, *Tatler* (No. 66), 10 September, 1709, speaks of *Alsatia* 'now in ruins'. It is interesting to note that many authorities, ignoring Settle and Mrs. Behn's allusions, quote Powel and Otway as the only two places where the word '*Alsatia*' is found before Shadwell made it so popular.

p. 202 *Dornex*. Or dornick, a worsted or woollen fabric used for curtains, hangings and the like, so called from Tournai, where chiefly manufactured. cf. Shadwell's *The Miser* (1672), Act i, l: 'a dornock carpet'. Also *Wit and Drollery* (1681): Penelope to Ulysses:

The Stools of *Dornix* which that you may know well
Are certain stuffs Upholsterers use to sell.

p. 202 *Henry the Eighth*. Henry VIII had been put on by Davenant in December, 1663 with a wealth of pomp and expenditure that became long proverbial in the theatrical world. An extra large number of supers were engaged. Downes dilates at quite unusual length upon the magnificence of the new scenery and costumes. The court scene was especially crowded with 'the Lords, the Cardinals, the Bishops, the Doctors, Proctors, Lawyers, Tip-staves.' On New Year's Day, 1664, Pepys went to the Duke's house and saw 'the so much cried up play of Henry VIII; which tho' I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing, made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done.' On 30 December, 1668, however, he saw it again, 'and was mightily pleased, better than ever I expected, with the history and shows of it.' In *The Rehearsal* (1671), Act v, l, Bayes says: 'I'll shew you the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for

those I do not value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine I'll justifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in Harry the Eight.'

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p. 203 *Joan Sanderson*. See note Vol. I, p. 456: *Joan Sanderson. The Roundheads*, Act iv, IV (p. 402).

p. 204 *Haunce in Kelder*. Literally Jack-in-the-Cellar, *i.e.* the unborn babe in the womb. cf. Davenant and Dryden's alteration of *The Tempest*, Act iv, sc. II. 'Stephano, I long to have a Rowse to her Grace's Health, and to the *Haunse in Kelder*, or rather Haddock in Kelder, for I guess it will be half Fish'; and also Dryden's *Amboyna* (1673), Act iv, sc. I, where Harman senior remarks at Towerson and Ysabinda's wedding: 'You Englishmen ... cannot stay for ceremonies; a good honest Dutchman would have been plying the glass all this while, and drunk to the hopes of Hans in Kelder till 'twas bedtime.'

p. 204 an *Apple John*. An apple John is usually explained as being a kind of apple said to keep two years and to be in perfection when shrivelled and withered, cf. *2 Henry IV*, ii, IV, and the context. If the allusion here is to such a kind of apple Sir Feeble's phrase is singularly inept, as may perhaps be intended to be the case.

p. 204 *St. Martin's Trumpery*. The parish of St. Martin-le-Grand was formerly celebrated for the number of shops vending cheap and imitation jewellery within its purlieus. 'St. Martin's ware' came to mean a forgery.

p. 205 *nick their Inclinations*. To nick = to thwart. A somewhat uncommon use. Generally, to nick (slang), means 'to arrest', 'to waylay and stop'.

p. 207 *the wonderful Salamanca Doctor*. cf. Notes, Vol. II, p. 433. *silken Doctor. The City Heiress*. Prologue (p. 202); and Vol. II, p. 437. *Salamanca. The City Heiress*, v, V (p. 297).

p. 208 *the Twire*. cf. Note, Vol. II, p. 440. *Amorous Twire. The Feign'd Curtezans*, i, II (p. 319).

p. 210 *gutling*. Guzzling, cf. *supra*, p. 479.

p. 210 *Docity*. cf. Note, Vol. II, p. 441. *Docity. The Feign'd Curtezans*. ii, I (p. 340).

p. 210 *laid in Lavender*. An old and common phrase for 'to pawn'. cf. Florio, *Worlds of Wordes* (1593): 'To lay to pawne, as we say, to lay in Lavender.' Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act iii, sc. III: 'And a black sattin suit of his own to go before her in; which suit (for the more sweet'ning) now lies in Lavender.'

p. 210 *Enter Rag and Landlady*. Mrs. Behn remembered how Don John treated Dame Gillian, his landlady. *The Chances*, i, IX.

p. 211 *Judas*. cf. Note, Vol. I, p. 457. *The Roundheads*. v, II (p. 413).



p. 211 *flabber*. Fat; puffed out. A very rare adjective, perhaps only here. The *N.E.D.* quotes this passage with a reference to the adjective 'flabberkin' = puffed out, puffy, and a suggestion that it is akin to the substantive 'flab' = something thick, broad, fat.

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p. 212 *this old Sir Guy of Warwick*. Sir Guy of Warwick is an old slang name for a sword; a rapier. The name is taken from the romance (of which there were many versions) and which proved extraordinarily popular. It was first licensed 'in prose by Martyn Parker' to Oulton, 24 November, 1640. Smithson's version was first printed in black letter, and a second edition appeared in 1686. John Shurley's version was published 4to, 1681 and again 1685. Esdalle, *English Tales and Romances*, enumerates sixteen versions, editions and abridgements, concluding with 'The Seventh Edition' 12mo, 1733.

p. 214 *Enter Bredwel*. Lady Fulbank supplying Gayman with money through the medium of Bredwel 'drest like a Devil' is reminiscent of incidents in Dryden's first comedy, *The Wild Gallant* (1663, and revised version, 1667; 4to, 1667), where Lady Constance employs Setstone, a jeweller, to accomodate Loveby with ready cash. Loveby is benefited to the tune of two hundred and fifty pounds, which are filched from the study of old Lord Nonsuch, who complains in much the same way as Sir Cautious. Loveby declares it must be the devil who has enriched him, and forthwith rescues his 'Suit with the Gold Lace at Sleeves from Tribulation.' Owing to his poverty he has been unable to visit Constance, and when he appears before her in his gay clothes he excuses his fortnight's absence by saying, I have been 'out of Town to see a little thing that's fallen to me upon the Death of a Grandmother.' In Act i of *The Wild Gallant* Loveby gives Bibber a humorous description of a garret, which may be paralleled with Bredwel's 'lewd' picture of Cayman's chamber—*The Lucky Chance*, Act i, II. It must be allowed that Mrs. Behn bears away the palm in this witty passage. *The Wild Gallant* is, by Dryden's own confession (cf. the First Prologue), founded on a Spanish plot. In the Preface he says: 'The Plot was not Originally my own: But so alter'd by me, (whether for better or worse, I know not) that, whoever the Author was, he could not have challeng'd a Scene of it.' So vast, indeed, is the library of the Spanish Theatre that it has not as yet been identified, a task which in view of the author's own statement may well be deemed nigh impossible. Recent critics have pertinently suggested that the device of furnishing Loveby with money was the chief hint for which Dryden is indebted to Spain. The conduct of the amour between Lady Fulbank and Gayman, founded as it is on Shirley's *The Lady of Pleasure*, has nothing in common with Otway's intrigue between Beaugard and Portia—*The Atheist* (1683)—which owes itself to Scarron's novel, *The Invisible Mistress*.

p. 222 *the Gad-Bee's in his Quonundrum*. Gad-Bee, vide supra. *The False Count*, Act ii, II (p. 129), note, p. 481. *Quonundrum* or *Conundrum*. A whim; crotchet; maggot; conceit. The *N.E.D.* quotes this passage, cf. Jonson's *Volpone*, Act v, sc. II: 'I must ha' my crotchets! And my conundrums!' *Dic. Cant. Crew* (1700) has: '*Conundrums*. Whimms, Maggots and such like.'



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p. 222 *jiggiting*. To jigget = to jig, hop or skip; to jump about, and to fidget, cf. T. Barker, *The Female Tatler* (1709), No. 15: 'She has a languishing Eye, a delicious soft Hand, and two pretty jiggeting Feet.' cf. *to gigit*. Note, Vol. II, p. 436. *fisking and gigiting*. *The City Heiress*, ii, II (p. 262).

p. 223 *we'll toss the Stocking*. This merry old matrimonial custom in use at the bedding of the happy pair is often alluded to. cf. Pepys, 8 February, 1663: 'Another story was how Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stewart to an entertainment, and at night begun a frolique that they two must be married; and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribbands, and a sack posset in bed and flinging the stocking; but in the close it is said my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King come and take her place.'

p. 224 *the Entry*. In the Restoration theatre it was the usual practice for the curtain to rise at the commencement and fall at the end of the play, so that the close of each intermediate act was only marked by a clear stage. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, more particularly when some elaborate set or Tableau began a new act. A striking example is Act ii, *The Forc'd Marriage*.

p. 224 *Mr. Cheek*. Thomas Cheek was a well-known wit and songwriter of the day. His name not infrequently occurs to the graceful lyrics with which he supplied the theatre. There are some pretty lines of his, 'Corinna, I excuse thy face', in Act v of Southerne's *The Wives Excuse; or, Cuckolds make Themselves* (1692); and a still better song, 'Bright Cynthia's pow'r divinely great,' which was sung by Leveridge in the second act of Southerne's *Oroonoko* (1699), came from his prolific pen.

p. 225 *Bandstrings*. Strings for fastening his bands or collar which were in the seventeenth century frequently ornamented with tassels, cf. Selden, *Table-Talk* (1689): 'If a man twirls his Bandstrings'; and Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* (1691): 'He [wore] snakebone bandstrings (or bandstrings with huge tassels).'

p. 225 *yare*. Eager; ready; prepared from A.-S. *gearo*. cf. *Measure for Measure*, iv, II: 'You shall find me yare'; and *The Tempest*, i, I: 'Cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare!'; also Act v, sc. I: 'Our ship ... is tight and yare.' Also *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, II: 'yare, yare, good Iras; quick.' Ray gives it as a Suffolk word, and the 'hear, hear' of Lowestoft boatmen of to-day is probably a disguised 'yare, yare'.

p. 226 *Livery and Seisin*. A very common error for the legal term 'livery of seisin' which signifies the delivery of property into the corporal possession of a person.

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p. 251 *Song. Oh! Love.* Mr. Bullen, who includes this 'impassioned song' in his *Musa Proterva: Love-Poems of the Restoration* (1889), has the following note: 'Did Mrs. Behn write these fine verses?... Henry Playford, a well-known publisher of music, issued in the same year [1687] the Fourth Book of *The Theatre of Music*, where "O Love, that stronger art" appeared with the heading "The Song in Madam Bhen's last New Play, sung by Mr. Bowman, set by Dr. John Blow." At the end of the song Playford adds, "These words by Mr. Ousley." ... Mrs. Behn usually acknowledged her obligations; but she may have been neglectful on the present occasion. Ousley's claim cannot be lightly set aside.' There is nothing to add to this, and we can only say that Aphra Behn had such true lyric genius that 'Oh! Love that stronger art' is in no way beyond her. A statement which neither disposes of nor invalidates Ousley's claim based, as this is, upon such strong and definite evidence.

John Bowman (or Boman) who acted Bredwel had 'as a boy' joined the Duke's Company about 1673. He was, says Cibber, in the days of Charles II 'a Youth fam'd for his Voice', and he often sang before the King, no indifferent judge of music. Bowman's name appears as Peter Santlow in *The Counterfeit Bridegroom; or, the Defeated Widow* (1677). He soon became an actor of considerable merit, and created Tattle in *Love for Love* (1695). He is said to have remained on the stage for the extraordinary period of sixty-five years, and to have played within a few months of his death. Davies speaks highly of his acting, even in extreme old age. Oldys (MS. note on Langbaine) refers to him as 'old Mr. John Bowman'. Cibber, in his *Apology* (1740), speaks of 'Boman the late Actor of venerable Memory'.

p. 234 *half Pike.* 'Now *Hist.* A small pike having a shaft of one half the length of the full-sized one. There were two kinds; one, also called a *spontoon*, formerly carried by infantry officers; the other, used on ships for repelling boarders, a boarding-pike,'—*N.E.D.* which quotes (inter alia) Massinger, &c., *Old Law* (4to, 1656), Act iii, II: 'Here's a half-pike'; and Froger, *Voyages* (1698): 'Their ordinary Arms are the Hanger, the Sagary (assagai), which is a very light Half-Pike.'

p. 245 *Geometry.* A colloquial term for magic.

p. 247 *a Sirreverence under your Girdle.* 'To have an M under (or by) the Girdle' was a proverbial expression = to have a courteous address by using the titles Mr., Mrs., Miss, &c. cf. Halliwell, *Dictionary Archaic and Proverhial Words*; 'M. ... to keep the term "Master" out of sight, to be wanting in proper respect.' cf. *Eastward Hoe* (1605), Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, iv, I: 'You might carry an M under your Girdle'; and not infrequently. Sir- (or Save-) Reverence is an old and very common colloquialism. It was the most usual form of apology when mentioning anything likely to offend, or naming a word for which excuse was thought proper or necessary. Wherefore it came to stand in place of various words of obscene sound or meaning. There are innumerable instances from Mandeville (1356); down to recent times, and even Devonshire dialect to-day.

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p. 248 *the George in White-Fryers*. The George tavern was situated in Dogwell Court, and some little time after the abolition of the vicious privileges of Alsatia by the Act 8 and 9 William III, c. 27 (1697), it was converted into the printing office of William Bowyer, the elder. These premises were destroyed by fire, 30 January, 1713. Scene II, Act i of Shadwell's *The Squire of Alsatia* (1688), is laid 'at the George in Whitefriars'.

p. 249 *he cullies*. To cully = to cheat; trick. Although the verb, which came into use circa 1670, and persisted for a full century, is rare, the substantive 'a cully' (= a fool) is very common. For the verb, cf. Pomfret, *Poems* (1699), *Divine Attributes*: 'Tricks to cully fools.'

p. 249 *he pads*. The substantive 'pad' = a path or highway. Bailey (1730-6) has 'to Pad ... to rob on the road on foot.' cf. Ford's *The Lady's Trial* (1639), v, l: 'One can ... pick a pocket, Pad for a cloak or hat'; and also Cotton Mather's *Discourse on Witchcraft* (1689), chap, vii: 'As if you or I should say: We never met with any robbers on the road, therefore there never was any Padding there.'

p. 250 *sport a Dye*. To play at dice. 'To sport', generic for 'to parade' or 'display' was, and is a very common phrase. It is especially found in public school and university slang. This is a very early example.

p. 250 *Teaster*. i.e. a tester—sixpence, cf. Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle*, (1698), i, l, where Brush says: 'Who throws away a Tester and a mistress loses sixpence.'

p. 251 *to top upon him*. To cheat him; to trick him; especially to cheat with dice. cf. *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (by B.E. gent., 1696): 'Top. What do you Top upon me? c. do you stick a little Wax to the Dice to keep them together, to get the Chance, you wou'd have? He thought to have Topt upon me. c. he design'd to have Put upon me, Sharpt me, Bullied me, or Affronted me.'

p. 251 *we are not half in kelter*. Kelter (or kilter) = order; condition; spirits. cf. Barrow, *Sermons*, I, Ser. 6: 'If the organs of prayer are out of Kelter, or out of time, how can we pray?' *Dictionary Canting Crew* (1690), has: 'Out of Kelter, out of sorts.' The phrase is by no means rare.

p. 251 *as Trincolo says*. Lady Fulbank mistakes. The remark is made by Stephano, not Trincalo. Dryden and Davenant's *The Tempest* (1667), Act ii, l: '*Ventoso*. My wife's a good old jade ... *Stephano*. Would you were both hanged, for putting me in thought of mine!'

p. 252 *Ladies of Quality in the Middle Gallery*. The jest lies in the fact that the middle gallery or eighteenpenny place in a Restoration theatre was greatly frequented by, if not almost entirely set aside for, women of the town. cf. Dryden's *Epilogue on the Union* (1682):—

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But stay; me thinks some Vizard-Mask I see
Cast out her Lure from the mid Gallery:
About her all the fluttering Sparks are rang'd;
The Noise continues, though the Scene is chang'd:
Now growling, sputt'ring, wauling, such a clutter!
'Tis just like Puss defendant in a Gutter.

And again, in his Prologue to Southerne's *The Disappointment* (1684), he has:—

Last there are some, who take their first degrees
Of lewdness in our middle galleries:
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grabble one another's punk.

p. 257 *Hortensius*. Cato Uticensis is said in 56 B.C. to have ceded his wife Marcia to Q. Hortensius, and at the death of Hortensius in 50 B.C. to have taken her back again—Plutarch, *Cato Min.*, 25.

p. 258 *he has a Fly*. A fly = a familiar. From the common old belief that an attendant demon waited on warlocks and witches in the shape of a fly, or some similar insect. cf. Jonson's *The Alchemist*, I (1610):—

You are mistaken, doctor,
Why he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A rifling fly, none of your great familiars.

Also Massinger's *The Virgin Martyr*, ii, II:—

Courtiers have flies
That buzz all news unto them.

p. 271 *Snow-hill*. The old Snow Hill, a very narrow and steep highway between Holborn Bridge and Newgate, was cleared away when Holborn Viaduct was made in 1867. In the days of Charles II it was famous for its chapmen, vendors of ballads with rough woodcuts atop. Dorset, lampooning Edward Howard, has the following lines:

Whence

Does all this mighty mass of dullness spring,
Which in such loads thou to the stage dost bring?
Is't all thine own? Or hast thou from *Snow Hill*
The assistance of some ballad-making quill?

p. 271 *Cuckolds Haven*. This was the name given to a well-known point in the Thames. It is depicted by Hogarth, *Industry and Idleness*, No. 6. Nahum Tate has a farce,

borrowed from *Eastward Hoe* and *The Devil's an Ass*, entitled *Cuckold's Haven; or, An Alderman no Conjuror* (1685).

p. 278 *Nice and Flutter*. The two typical Fops of the day. Sir Courtly Nice, created by Mountford, is the hero of Crowne's excellent comedy, *Sir Courtly Nice* (1685). In Act v he sings a little song he has made on his Mistress: 'As I gaz'd unaware, On a face so fair—.' Sir Fopling Flutter is the hero of Etheredge's masterpiece, *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter* (1676). Sir Fopling, a portrait of Beau Hewitt, became proverbial. The role was created by Smith.

p. 278 *shatterhead*. A rare word for shatter-(scatter) brained. cf. The Countess of Winchilsea, *Miscellany Poems* (1713), 'Pri'thee shatter-headed Fop'.



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p. 278 *Craffey*. Craffy is the foolish son of the Podesta in Crowne's *City Politicks* (1683). He is described as 'an impudent, amorous, pragmatial fop, that pretends to wit and poetry.' He is engaged in writing *Husbai* an answer to *Absalom and Achitophel*.

p. 278 *whiffing*. Fickle; unsteady; uncertain. To whiffle = to hesitate; waver; prevaricate. cf. Tillotson, *Sermons*, xiv (1671-94): 'Everyman ought to be stedfast ... and not suffer himself to be whiffled ... by an insignificant noise.' 1724 mistakenly reads 'whistling' in this passage.

p. 279 *Bulkers*. Whores. cf. Shadwell, *Amorous Widow* (1690), Act iii: 'Her mother sells fish and she is little better than a bulker.' A bulker was the lowest class of prostitute. cf. Shadwell's *The Sowerers*, Act i, I: 'Every one in a petticoat is thy mistress, from humble bulker to haughty countess.' Bailey (1790) has: 'Bulker, one that would lie down on a bulk to any one. A common Jilt. A whore.' Swift, *A Tale of a Tub*, Section II, has: 'They went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks.'

p. 279 *Tubs*. A patient suffering from the *lues venerea* was disciplined by long and severe sweating in a heated tub, which combined with strict abstinence was formerly considered an excellent remedy for the disease. cf. *Measure for Measure*, Act iii, sc. II: 'Troth, sir, she has eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.' Also *Timon of Athens*, iv, III: 'Be a whore still' ...

p. 279 *Jack Ketch*. cf. *Dict. Canting Crew* (by B.E. Gent, 1690): 'Jack Kitch. The Hangman of that Name, but now all his Successors.' He exercised his office circa 1663-87. It was Ketch who bungled the execution of Monmouth. There are innumerable contemporary references to him. cf. Dryden's Epilogue to *The Duke of Guise* (1682):—

'Jack Ketch', says I, 's an excellent physician.'

THE FORC'D MARRIAGE.

p. 286 *The Nursery*. Vide note, *little Mrs. Ariell*, Vol. II, p. 430-1.

p. 287 *King*. *Mr. Westwood*. It has been quite mistakenly suggested that Westwood was Otway's theatrical name. Westwood was a professional actor of mediocre though useful attainments. He is cast for such roles as Tom Faithfull in Revet's *The Town Shifts* (April, 1671); Eumenes in Edward Howard's *The Woman's Conquest* (1671); and Battista in Crowne's *Juliana* (1671).

p. 300 *unsuit*. A rare form of 'unsuitable'.

p. 304 *devoir*. Endeavour; effort. This passage is quoted in the *N.E.D.*



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p. 305 *The Representation of the Wedding*. This curious tableau is a striking example of the Elizabethan 'Dumb Show' lingering on to Restoration days. Somewhat similar, though by no means such complete, examples may be seen in Orrery's *Henry the Fifth* (1664), at the commencement of Act iv, and again in the same author's *The Black Prince* (19 October, 1667), Act ii. It must be confessed that Mrs. Behn has made an excellent use of this technical contrivance. In the Restoration theatre it was the usual practice for the curtain to rise at the beginning and fall at the end of the play, so that the close of each intermediate act was only shown by a clear stage. Although I have marked Act ii, sc. I of *The Forc'd Marriage* 'The Palace', I have little doubt that as the drama was staged Smith and Mrs. Jennings advanced and the curtain fell behind them hiding the rest of the characters, only to rise again upon Scene II, 'The Court Gallery'. Philander and Galatea played upon the apron stage. If they, however, maintained their places in the tableau, they would have immediately after entered on to the apron, before the curtain, by way of the proscenium doors. In any case Scene I must have been acted well forward.

p. 312 *rencounter*. Meet.

p. 322 *Phi*. *Who's there*. The Duke of Buckingham, in *The Rehearsal* (1671), Actus ii, scaena V, has a fray burlesquing this passage.

p. 325 *Phi*. *Villain, thou ly'st*. cf. *The Rehearsal*, Actus v, scaena I: '*Lieutenant-General. Villain, thou lyest.*'

p. 330 *Campania*. The operations of an army in the field during a season. cf. Edmund Everard's *Discourses on the Present State of the Protestant Princes of Europe* (1679): 'Since the last campania the Three ... have entred into the entanglement of a War.'

p. 331 *Pattacoon*. A Spanish dollar value 4s. 8d; vide supra, Vol. I, *The Rover* (I), ii, I (p. 36) and note on that passage, p. 442.

p. 347 *in a dishabit*. This word is excessively rare, if this be not the unique example. The *N.E.D.* fails to include it. Dishabille had been introduced from France in the reign of Charles II, and (in its various forms) became exceedingly popular. It is noticeable that all other editions, save the first quarto (1671), in this passage read 'in an undress'.

p. 352 *or smothers her with a pillow*. This is only in the first quarto. Here in particular, and throughout the whole scene, Mrs. Behn's reminiscences of *Othello* are very patent.

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p. 358 *Enter Erminia veil'd*. In Sir William Barclay's *The Lost Lady* (folio 1639), a good, if intricate, tragi-comedy, which was received with applause after the Restoration [Pepys saw it 19 January, 1661, and again, rather more than a week later, on the 28th of the same month], and not forgotten by Buckingham when he penned *The Rehearsal*, Milesia (supposed dead), the wife of Lysicles, appears to her husband as a ghost — Act v, sc. 1. It is very possible that Mrs. Behn hence took her hint for the phantom of the living Erminia. It is noticeable that generations after Tobin borrowed not a few incidents from *The Lost Lady* for *The Curfew*, produced at Drury Lane, 19 February, 1807, a posthumous play. In Lodowick Carlell's *The Fool Would be a Favourite; or, The Discreet Lover* (12mo, 1657), we have Philantus confronting Lucinda as his own ghost — (Actus Quintus).

p. 358 *Tiffany*. A kind of thin silk gauze. cf. Philemon Holland's *Plinie*, Bk. XI, ch. xxii: 'The invention of that fine silke, tiffanie, sarcenet, and cypres, which instead of apparell to cover and hide, shew women naked through them.' All subsequent editions to 4to 1671, read 'taffety' in this passage.

THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON.

p. 390 *Lord Marquess of Worcester*. Charles, Marquis of Worcester (1661-1698), father of Henry Somerset, second Duke of Beaufort, was the second son [Henry, his elder brother, died young] of Henry Somerset, first Duke of Beaufort (1629-1700), by Mary, eldest daughter of Arthur, first Lord Capel. The first Duke of Beaufort, the staunchest of Tories, was high in favour with Charles I, Charles II, and James II. Charles, the son and heir, was killed through an accident to his coach in Wales, July, 1698, and the shock is said to have hastened the old Duke's end.

p. 391 *acted in France eighty odd times*. The original scenes were produced by the Italian comedians at the Hotel de Bourgogne, 5 March, 1684. Their popularity did not wane for many a decade. In the fifth edition (1721) of Gherardi's *Theatre Italien* there are far fuller excerpts from the farce than in the first edition (1695).

p. 392 *who now cannot supply one*. The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. If Mrs. Behn's complaint about the public is true, James II was, none the less, himself a good friend to the stage, and many excellent plays were produced during his reign. There is, however, considerable evidence that at this period of strife—religious and political, rebellion and revolt—things theatrical were very badly affected, and the play-house poorly attended.

p. 393 *No Woman without Vizard*. cf. Cibber in his *Apology* (1740), ch. viii: 'I remember the ladies were then observed to be decently afraid of venturing bare-faced to a new comedy, till they had been assured they might do it, without the risk of an insult to their modesty: or, if their curiosity were too strong for their patience, they took care, at least, to save appearances, and rarely came upon the first days of acting but in masks (then

daily worn, and admitted in the pit, the side-boxes, and gallery) which custom, however, had so many ill consequences attending it, that it has been abolished these many years.'

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p. 394 *Sice*. Six. The number six at dice.

p. 394 *it sings Sawny*. *Saunie's Neglect*. This popular old Scotch song is to be found, with a tune, on p. 317, Vol. I, D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719). It had previously been given in *Wit and Drollery* (1681). It commences thus:—

Sawney was tall and of noble race
And lov'd me better than any eane
But now he ligs by another lass
And Sawney will ne'er be my true love agen.

Ravenscroft, in *The London Cuckolds* (1682), Act iii, introduces a link-boy singing this verse as he passes down the street.

p. 394 *There's nothing lasting but the Puppets Show*. About this time there was a famous Puppet Show in Salisbury Change which was so frequented that the actors were reduced to petition against it. cf. The Epilogue (spoken by Jevon) to Mountfort's *The Injured Lovers* (1688), where the actor tells the audience they must be kind to the poet:—

Else to stand by him, every man has swore.
To Salisbury Court we'll hurry you next week
Where not for whores, but coaches you may seek;
And more to plague you, there shall be no Play,
But the Emperor of the Moon for every day.

Philander and Irene are the conventional names of lovers in the novels and puppet plays which were fashionable. It is interesting to note that less than a century after this prologue was first spoken, *The Emperor of the Moon* was itself being played at the puppet show in Exeter Change.

p. 395 *Doctor Baliardo*. The Doctor was one of the leading masks, stock characters, in Italian impromptu comedy. Doctor Graziano, or Baloardo Grazian, is a pedant, a philosopher, grammarian, rhetorician, astronomer, cabalist, a savant of the first water, boasting of his degree from Bologna, trailing the gown of that august university. Pompous in phrase and person, his speech is crammed with lawyer's jargon and quibbles, with distorted Latin and ridiculous metaphors. He is dressed in black with bands and a huge shovel hat. He wears a black vizard with wine-stained cheeks. From 1653 until his death at an advanced age in 1694 the representative of Dr. Baloardo was Angelo Augustino Lolli. The Doctor's speeches in *Arlequin Empereur dans la Lune* (1684), are a mixture of French and Italian.

p. 395 *Scaramouch*. In the original *Arlequin Empereur dans la Lune* Scaramouch is Pierrot. The make-up and costume of Pierrot (Pedrolino) circa 1673 is thus described:



'La figure blanchie. Serre-tete blanc. Chapeau blanc. Veste et culotte de toile blanche. Bas blancs. Souliers blancs a rubans blancs.' It will be seen that he differed little from his modern representative. Arlechino appeared in 1671 thus: 'Veste et pantalon a fond jaune clair. Triangles d'etoffes rouges et vertes. Boutons de cuivre. Bas blancs, Souliers de peau blanche a rubans rouges. Ceinture de cuir jaune a boucle de cuivre. Masque noir. Serre-tete noir. Mentonniere noire. Chapeau gris a queue de lievre. Batte. Colerette de mousseline.'



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Colombine (Mopsophil) in 1683 wore a traditional costume: 'Casaquin rouge borde de noir. Jupe gris-perle. Souliers rouges bordes de noir. Manches et collerette de mousseline. Rayon de dentelle et touffe de rubans rose vif. Tablier blanc garni de dentelles.'

p. 397 *your trusty Roger*. cf. John Weever's *Ancient funerall monuments* (folio, 1631): 'The seruant obeyed and (like a good trusty Roger) performed his Master's commandment.' Roger stands as a generic name.

p. 399 *Lucian's Dialogue*. The famous [Greek: Ikaromenippos hae hypernepheles]—'Icaromenippus; or, up in the Clouds.' Mrs. Behn no doubt used the translation of Lucian by Ferrand Spence. 5 Vols. 1684-5. 'Icaromenippus' is given in Vol. III (1684).

p. 399 *The Man in the Moon*. *The Man in the Moone*, by Domingo Gonsales (i.e. Francis Godwin, Bishop of Llandaff, and later of Hereford), 8vo, 1638, and 12mo, 1657. This is a highly diverting work. The Second Edition (1657) has various cuts amongst which is a frontispiece, that occurs again at page 29 of the little volume, depicting Gonsales being drawn up to the lunar world in a machine, not unlike a primitive parachute, to which are harnessed his 'gansas ... 25 in number, a covey that carried him along lustily.'

p. 399 *A Discourse of the World in the Moon*. Cyrano de Bergerac's [Greek Selaenarchia] *or the Government of the World in the Moon: Done into English by Tho. St. Serf, Gent.* (16mo, 1659), and another version, *The Comical History of the States and Empires of the Worlds of the Moon and Sun, newly Englished by A. Lovell, A.M.* (8vo, 1687).

p. 400 *Plumeys*. Gallants; beaus. So termed, of course, from their feathered hats. cf. Dryden's *An Evening's Love* (1668), Act i, I, where Jacinta, referring to the two gallants, says: 'I guess 'em to be Feathers of the *English* Ambassador's train.' cf. Pope's Sir Plume in *The Rape of the Lock*. In one of the French scenes of *La Precaution inutile*, produced 5 March, 1692, by the Italian comedians, Gaufichon (Act i, I) cries to Leandre: 'Je destine ma soeur a Monsieur le Docteur Balouard, et trente Plumets comme vous ne la detourneroient pas d'un aussi bon rencontre.' The French word = a fop is, however, extremely rare. Plumet more often = un jeune militaire. cf. Panard (1694-1765); *Oeuvres* (1803), Tome III, p. 355:—

Que les plumets seraient aimables
Si leurs feux etaient plus constants!

p. 401 *Cannons*. Canons were the immense and exaggerated breeches, adorned with ribbons and richest lace, which were worn by the fops of the court of Louis XIV. There is more than one reference to them in Moliere. Ozell, in his translation of Moliere

(1714), writes 'cannions'. cf. *School for Husbands*, Vol. II, p. 32: 'those great cannions wherein the legs look as tho' they were in the stocks.'

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Ces grands canons ou, comme en des entraves,
On met tous les matins ses deux jambes esclaves.
—*Ecole des Maris*, i, l.

cf. Pepys, 24 May, 1660: 'Up, and made myself as fine as I could, with the linen stockings on and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague.'

p. 403 *The Count of Gabalis*. The Abbe Montfaucon de Villars (1635-73) had wittily satirized the philosophy of Paracelsus and the Rosicrucians and their belief in sylphs and elemental spirits in his *Le Comte de Gabalis ou Entretiens sur les sciences secretes* (Paris, 1670), which was 'done into English by P.A. Gent.' (P. Ayres), as *Count Gabalis, or the Extravagant Mysteries of the Cabalists, exposed in five pleasant discourses* (1680), and thus included in Vol. II of Bentley and Magnes, *Modern Novels* (1681-93), twelve volumes. It will be remembered that Pope was indebted to a hint from *Gabalis* for his aerial machinery in *The Rape of the Lock*.

p. 406 *Iredonozar*. This name is from Gonsales' (Bishop Godwin) *The Man in the Moone*: 'The first ancestor of this great monarch [the Emperor of the Moon] came out of the earth ... and his name being Irdonozur, his heirs, unto this day, do all assume unto themselves that name.'

p. 407 *Harlequin comes out on the Stage*. This comic scene, *Du Desespoir*, which affords such opportunity for the mime, although not given in the first edition of *Le Theatre Italien*, finds a place in the best edition (1721). The editor has appended the following note: 'Ceux qui ont vu cette Scene, conviendront que c'est une des plus plaisantes qu'on ait jamais jouee sur le *Theatre Italien*.'

p. 408 *a Man that laugh'd to death*. This is the traditional end of l'unico Aretino. On hearing some ribald jest he is said to have flung himself back in a chair and expired of sheer merriment. Later days elucidate his fate by declaring that overbalancing himself he broke his neck on the marble pavement. Sir Thomas Urquhart, the glorious translator of Rabelais, is reported to have died of laughter on hearing of the Restoration of Charles II.

p. 410 *Boremes*. A corrupt form (perhaps only in these passages) of bouts-rimes. 'They were a List of Words that rhyme to one another drawn up by another Hand and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the same Order that they were placed on the List.' —Addison, *Spectator*, No. 60 (1711).

p. 413 *Flute Doux*. Should be flute-douce. 'The highest pitched variety of the old flute with a mouthpiece.'—Murray, *N.E.D.* cf. Etheredge, *The Man of Mode* (1676), ii, II: 'Nothing but flute doux and French hoyboys.'



p. 420 *a Curtain or Hangings*. When several scenes had to be set one behind another the device of using a curtain or tapestries was common. cf. Dryden and Lee's *The Duke of Guise* (1682), Act v, where after four or five sets 'the scene draws, behind it a traverse'. We then have the Duke's assassination—he shrieks out some four lines and dies, whereon 'the traverse is drawn'. The traverse was merely a pair of curtains on a rod. All the grooves were in use for the scenes already set.

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p. 422 *Harpsicals*. A common corruption of harpsicords on the analogy of virginals. The two 4tos, 1687 and 1688, and the 1711 edition all read 'harpsicals'. 1724 gives 'Harpsicords'.

p. 435 *Ebula*. The Ebelus was a jewel of great price bestowed upon Gonzales by Irdonozur. He tells us that: 'to say nothing of the colour (the Lunar whereof I made mention before, which notwithstanding is so incredibly beautiful, as a man should travel 1000 Leagues to behold it), the shape is somewhat flat of the breadth of a *Pistolett*, and twice the thickness. The one side of this, which is somewhat more Orient of Colour than the other, being clapt to the bare skin of a man, in any part of his body, it taketh away from it all weight or ponderousness; whereas turning the other side it addeth force unto the attractive beams of the Earth, either in this world or that, and maketh the body to weigh half so much again as it did before.'

p. 446 *Guzman of Salamanca*. A Guzman was a common term of abuse. The first English translation (by James Mabbe) of Aleman's famous romance is, indeed, entitled *The Rogue*, and it had as running title *The Spanish Rogue*. There is a novel by George Fidge entitled *The English Gusman; or, The History of that Unparalleled Thief James Hind* (1652, 4to). Salamanca had an unsavoury reputation owing to the fictions of Titus Gates. cf. *The Rover* (II), Act v: 'Guzman Medicines.'

p. 446 *Signum Mallis*. This curious phrase, which is both distorted cant and canine, would appear to mean 'your rogue's phiz'.

p. 446 *Friskin*. 'A gay lively person.'—Halliwell.

p. 446 *Jack of Lent*. A puppet set up to be thrown at; in modern parlance, 'Aunt Sally'. Hence a butt for all.

p. 451 *Spitchcock'd*. To spitchcock is to split lengthwise, as an eel, and then broil.

p. 458 *Stentraphon*. A megaphone.

p. 460 *They fight at Barriers*. A comic combat between Harlequin and Scaramouch forms one of the traditional incidents (*Lazzi*), which occur repeatedly in the Italian and Franco-Italian farces. cf. Dryden's Epilogue spoken by Hart when *The Silent Woman* was played before the University of Oxford in 1673:—

Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace:
Instead of Wit and Humours, your Delight
Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight,
Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.