

The Rover; or, the Banish'd Cavaliers. Part I.

Aphra Behn

Note on the e-text: this [Renaissance Editions](#) text is that of the ERIS Project ASCII edition, from the mirror at the University of Adelaide. The text is in the public domain. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2000 The University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only. Send comments and corrections to the [Publisher](#).

The Rover; or, the Banish'd Cavaliers.

by Aphra Behn (1677)

1677

PART I.

PROLOGUE,
Written by a Person of Quality.

WITS, like Physicians, never can agree,
When of a different Society;
And Rabel's Drops were never more cry'd down
By all the Learned Doctors of the Town,
Than a new Play, whose author is unknown:
Nor can those Doctors with more Malice sue
(And powerful Purses) the dissenting Few,
Than those with an insulting Pride do rail
At all who are not of their own Cabal.

If a Young Poet hit your Humour right,
You judge him then out of Revenge and Spite;
So amongst Men there are ridiculous Elves,
Who Monkeys hate for being too like themselves:
So that the Reason of the Grand Debate,
Why Wit so oft is damn'd, when good Plays take,
Is, that you censure as you love or hate.
Thus, like a learned Conclave, Poets sit
Catholick Judges both of Sense and Wit,
And damn or save, as they themselves think fit.

Yet those who to others Faults are so severe,
 Are not so perfect, but themselves may err.
 Some write correct indeed, but then the whole
 (Bating their own dull Stuff i'th' Play) is stole:
 As Bees do suck from Flowers their Honey-dew,
 So they rob others, striving to please you.

Some write their Characters genteel and fine,
 But then they do so toil for every Line,
 That what to you does easy seem, and plain,
 Is the hard issue of their labouring Brain.
 And some th' Effects of all their Pains we see,
 Is but to mimick good Extempore.
 Others by long Converse about the Town,
 Have Wit enough to write a leud Lampoon,
 But their chief Skill lies in a Baudy Song.
 In short, the only Wit that's now in Fashion
 Is but the Gleanings of good Conversation.
 As for the Author of this coming Play,
 I ask'd him what he thought fit I should say,
 In thanks for your good Company to day:
 He call'd me Fool, and said it was well known,
 You came not here for our sakes, but your own.
 New Plays are stuffed with Wits, and with Debauches,
 That croud and sweat like Cits in May-day Coaches.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Don Antonio, the Vice-Roy's Son,	Mr. Jevorne.
Don Pedro, a Noble Spainard, his Friend,	Mr. Medburne.
Belvile, an English Colonel in love with Florinda,	Mr. Betterton.
Willmore, the ROVER,	Mr. Smith.
Frederick, an English Gentleman, and Friend to Belvile and Blunt,	Mr. Crosbie.
Blunt, an English Country Gentleman,	Mr. Underhill.
Stephano, Servant to Don Pedro,	Mr. Richards.
Philippo, Lucetta's Gallant,	Mr. Percival.
Sancho, Pimp to Lucetta,	Mr. John Lee.
Bisky and Sebastian, two Bravoes to Angelica.	
Diego, Page to Don Antonio.	

Page to Hellen.

Boy, Page to Belvile.

Blunt's Man.

Officers and Soldiers.

WOMEN.

Florinda, Sister to Don Pedro,	Mrs. Betterton.
Hellen, a gay young Woman design'd for a Nun, and Sister to Florinda,	Mrs. Barrey.
Valeria, a Kinswoman to Florinda,	Mrs. Hughes.
Angelica Bianca, a famous Curtezan,	Mrs. Gwin.
Moretta, her Woman,	Mrs. Leigh.
Callis, Governess to Florinda and Hellen,	Mrs. Norris.
Lucetta, a jilting Wench,	Mrs. Gillow.

Servants, other Masqueraders, Men and Women.

SCENE Naples, in Carnival-time.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. A chamber.

Enter Florinda and Hellena.

Flor. What an impertinent thing is a young Girl bred in a Nunnery! How full of Questions! Prithee no more, Hellena; I have told thee more than thou understand'st already.

Hell. The more's my Grief; I wou'd fain know as much as you, which makes me so inquisitive; nor is't enough to know you're a Lover, unless you tell me too, who 'tis you sigh for.

Flor. When you are a Lover, I'll think you fit for a Secret of that nature.

Hell. 'Tis true, I was never a Lover yet- but I begin to have a shreud Guess, what 'tis to be so, and fancy it very pretty to sigh, and sing, and blush and wish, and dream and wish, and long and wish to see the Man; and when I do, look pale and tremble; just as you did when my Brother brought home the fine English Colonel to see you- what do you call him? Don Belvile.

Flor. Fie, Hellena.

Hell. That Blush betrays you- I am sure 'tis so- or is it Don Antonio the Vice-Roy's Son?- or perhaps the rich Don Vincentio, whom my father designs for your Husband?- Why do you blush again?

Flor. With Indignation; and how near soever my Father thinks I am to marrying that hated Object, I shall let him see I understand better what's due to my beauty Birth and Fortune, and more to my Soul, than to obey those unjust Commands.

Hell. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear Disobedience. I love Mischief strangely, as most of our Sex do, who are come to love nothing else- But tell me, dear Florinda, don't you love that fine Anglese?- For I vow next to loving him my self, 'twill please me most that you do so, for he is so gay and so handsom.

Flor. Hellena, a Maid design'd for a Nun ought not to be so curious in a Discourse of Love.

Hell. And dost thou think that ever I'll be a Nun? Or at least till I'm so old, I'm fit for nothing else. Faith no, Sister; and that which makes me long to know whether you love Belvile, is because I hope he has some mad Companion or other, that will spoil my Devotion; nay I'm resolv'd to provide my self this Carnival, if there be e'er a handsom Fellow of my Humour above Ground, tho I ask first.

Flor. Prithee be not so wild.

Hell. Now you have provided your self with a Man, you take no Care for poor me- Prithee tell me, what dost thou see about me that is unfit for Love- have not I a world of Youth? a Humor gay? a Beauty passable? a Vigour desirable? well shap'd? clean limb'd? sweet breath'd? and Sense enough to know how all these ought to

be employ'd to the best Advantage: yes, I do and will. Therefore lay aside your Hopes of my Fortune, by my being a Devotee, and tell me how you came acquainted with this Belvile; for I perceive you knew Him before he came to Naples.

Flor. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of Pampelona, he was then a Colonel of French Horse, who when the Town was ransack'd, nobly treated my Brother and my self, preserving us from all Insolencies; and I must own, (besides great Obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will suffer no other to enter- But see my Brother.

Enter Don Pedro, Stephano, with a Masquing Habit,
and Callis.

Pedro. Good morrow, Sister. Pray, when saw you your Lover Don Vincentio?

Flor. I know not, Sir- Callis, when was he here? for I consider it so little, I know not when it was.

Pedro. I have a Command from my Father here to tell you, you ought not to despise him, a Man of so vast a Fortune, and such a Passion for you- Stephano, my things-

[Puts on his Masquing Habit.

Flor. A Passion for me! 'tis more than e'er I saw, or had a desire should be shown- I hate Vincentio, and I would not have a Man so dear to me as my Brother follow the ill Customs of our Country, and make a Slave of his Sister- And Sir, my Father's Will, I'm sure, you may divert.

Pedro. I know not how dear I am to you, but I wish only to be rank'd in your Esteem, equal with the English Colonel Belvile- Why do you frown and blush? Is there any Guilt belongs to the Name of that Cavalier?

Flor. I'll not deny I value Belvile: when I was expos'd to such Dangers as the licens'd Lust of common Soldiers threatned, when Rage and Conquest flew thro the City- then Belvile, this Criminal for my sake, threw himself into all Dangers to save my Honour, and will you not allow him my Esteem?

Pedro. Yes, pay him what you will in Honour- but you must consider Don Vincentio's Fortune, and the Jointure he'll make you.

Flor. Let him consider my Youth, Beauty and Fortune; which ought not to be thrown away on his Age and Jointure.

Pedro. 'Tis true, he's not so young and fine a Gentleman as that Belvile- but what jewels will that Cavalier present you with? those of his Eyes and Heart?

Hell. And are not those better than any Don Vincentio has brought from the Indies?

Pedro. Why how now! Has your Nunnery-breeding taught you to understand the Value of Hearts and Eyes?

Hell. Better than to believe Vincentio deserves Value from any woman- He may perhaps encrease her Bags, but not her Family.

Pedro. This is fine- Go up to your Devotion, you are not design'd for the Conversation of Lovers.

Hell. Nor Saints yet a while I hope. [Aside.
Is't not enough you make a Nun of me, but you must cast my

Sister away too, exposing her to a worse confinement than a religious Life?

Pedro. The Girl's mad- Is it a Confinement to be carry'd into the Country, to an ancient Villa belonging to the Family of the Vincentio's these five hundred Years, and have no other Prospect than that pleasing one of seeing all her own that meets her Eyes- a fine Air, large Fields and Gardens, where she may walk and gather Flowers?

Hell. When? By Moon-Light? For I'm sure she dares not encounter with the heat of the Sun; that were a Task only for Don Vincentio and his Indian Breeding, who loves it in the Dog-days- And if these be her daily Divertisements, what are those of the Night? to lie in a wide Moth-eaten Bed-Chamber with Furniture in Fashion in the Reign of King Sancho the First; the Bed that which his Forefathers liv'd and dy'd in.

Pedro. Very well.

Hell. This Apartment (new furbisht and fitted out for the young Wife) he (out of Freedom) makes his Dressing-room; and being a frugal and a jealous Coxcomb, instead of a Valet to uncase his feeble Carcase, he desires you to do that Office- Signs of Favour, I'll assure you, and such as you must not hope for, unless your Woman be out of the way.

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hell. That Honour being past, the Giant stretches it self, yawns and sighs a Belch or two as loud as a Musket, throws himself into Bed, and expects you in his foul Sheets, and e'er you can get your self undrest, calls you with a Snore or two- And are not these fine Blessings to a young Lady?

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hell. And this man you must kiss, nay, you must kiss nay but him too- and nuzzle thro his Beard to find his Lips- and this you must submit to for threescore Years, and all for a Jointure.

Pedro. For all your Character of Don Vincentio she is as like to marry him as she was before.

Hell. Marry Don Vincentio! hang me, such a Wedlock would be worse than Adultery with another Man: I had rather see her in the Hostel de Dieu, to waste her Youth there in Vows, and be a Handmaid to Lazers and Cripples, than to lose it in such a Marriage.

Pedro. You have consider'd, Sister, that Belvile has no Fortune to bring you to, is banisht his Country, despis'd at home, and pity'd abroad.

Hell. What then? the Vice-Roy's Son is better than that Old Sir Fisty. Don Vincentio! Don Indian! he thinks he's trading to Gambo still, and wou'd barter himself (that Bell and Bawble) for your Youth and Fortune.

Pedro. Callis, take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent she shall begin her everlasting Penance in a Monastery.

Hell. I care not, I had rather be a Nun, than be oblig'd to marry as you wou'd have me, if I were design'd for't.

Pedro. Do not fear the Blessing of that Choice- you shall be a Nun.
Hell. Shall I so? you may chance to be mistaken in my way of

Devotion- A Nun! yes I am like to make a fine Nun! I have an excellent Humour for a Grate: No, I'll have a Saint of my own to pray to shortly, if I like any that dares venture on me.

[Aside.]

Pedro. Callis, make it your Business to watch this wild Cat. As for you, Florinda, I've only try'd you all this while, and urg'd my Father's Will; but mine is, that you would love Antonio, he is brave and young, and all that can compleat the Happiness of a gallant Maid- This Absence of my Father will give us opportunity to free you from Vincentio, by marrying here, which you must do to morrow.

Flor. To morrow!

Pedro. To morrow, or 'twill be too late- 'tis not my Friendship to Antonio, which makes me urge this, but Love to thee, and Hatred to Vincentio- therefore resolve upon't to morrow.

Flor. Sir, I shall strive to do, as shall become your Sister.

Pedro. I'll both believe and trust you- Adieu.

[Ex. Ped. and Steph.

Hell. As become his Sister !- That is, to be as resolved your way, as he is his-

[Hell. goes to Callis.

Flor. I ne'er till now perceiv'd my Ruin near,
I've no Defence against Antonio's Love,
For he has all the Advantages of Nature,
The moving Arguments of Youth and Fortune.

Hell. But hark you, Callis, you will not be so cruel to lock me up indeed: will you?

Call. I must obey the Commands I hate- besides, do you consider what a Life you are going to lead?

Hell. Yes, Callis, that of a Nun: and till then I'll be indebted a World of Prayers to you, if you let me now see, what I never did, the Divertisements of a Carnival.

Call. What, go in Masquerade? 'twill be a fine farewell to the World I take it- pray what wou'd you do there?

Hell. That which all the World does, as I am told, be as mad as the rest, and take all innocent Freedom- Sister, you'll go too, will you not? come prithee be not sad- We'll out-wit twenty Brothers, if you'll be ruled by me- Come put off this dull Humour with your Clothes, and assume one as gay, and as fantastick as the Dress my Cousin Valeria and I have provided, and let's ramble.

Flor. Callis, will you give us leave to go?

Call. I have a youthful Itch of going my self. [Aside.]
-Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you, for by my troth I'll not trust young Girls alone.

Flor. Thou see'st my Brother's gone already and thou shalt attend and watch us.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Madam, the Habits are come, and your Cousin Valeria is drest, and stays for you.

Flor. 'Tis well- I'll write a Note, and if I chance to see Belvile, and want an opportunity to speak to him, that shall let him know what I've resolv'd in favour of him.

Hell. Come, let's in and dress us.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Long Street.

Enter Belvile, melancholy, Blunt and Frederick.

Fred. Why, what the Devil ails the Colonel, in a time when all the World is gay, to look like mere Lent thus? Hadst thou been long enough in Naples to have been in love, I should have sworn some such Judgment had befall'n thee.

Belv. No, I have made no new Amours since I came to Naples.

Fred. You have left none behind you in Paris.

Belv. Neither.

Fred. I can't divine the Cause then; unless the old Cause, the want of Mony.

Blunt. And another old Cause, the want of a Wench- Wou'd not that revive you?

Belv. You're mistaken, Ned.

Blunt. Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou art past Cure.

Fred. I have found it out; thou hast renew'd thy Acquaintance with the Lady that cost thee so many Sighs at the Siege of Pampelona-pox on't, what d'ye call her- her Brother's a noble Spaniard-Nephew to the dead General- Florinda- ay, Florinda- And will nothing serve thy turn but that damn'd virtuous Woman, whom on my Conscience thou lov'st in spite too, because thou seest little or no possibility of gaining her?

Belv. Thou art mistaken, I have Interest enough in that lovely Virgin's Heart, to make me proud and vain, were it not abated by the Severity of a Brother, who perceiving my Happiness-

Fred. Has civilly forbid thee the House?

Belv. 'Tis so, to make way for a powerful Rival, the Vice-Roy's Son, who has the advantage of me, in being a Man of Fortune, a Spaniard, and her Brother's Friend; which gives him liberty to make his Court, whilst I have recourse only to Letters, and distant Looks from her Window, which are as soft and kind as those which Heav'n sends down on Penitents.

Blunt. Hey day! 'Sheartlikins, Simile! by this Light the Man is quite spoil'd- Frederick, what the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concerned for a Wench?- 'Sheartlikins, our Cupids are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roast or boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine Tricks to set 'em off, no Hogoes to make the Sauce pleasant, and the Stomach sharp.

Fred. I dare swear I have had a hundred as young, kind and handsom as this Florinda; and Dogs eat me, if they were not as troublesom to me i'th' Morning, as they were welcome o'er night.

Blunt. And yet, I warrant, he wou'd not touch another Woman, if he might have her for nothing.

Belv. That's thy joy, a cheap Whore.

Blunt. Why, 'dsheartlikins, I love a frank Soul- When did you ever hear of an honest Woman that took a Man's Mony? I warrant 'em good ones- But, Gentlemen, you may be free, you have been kept so poor with Parliaments and Protectors, that the little Stock you have is not worth preserving- but I thank my Stars, I have more Grace than to forfeit my Estate by Cavaliering.

Belv. Methinks only following the Court should be sufficient to entitle 'em to that.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unless they pick a hole in my Coat for lending you Mony now and then; which is a greater Crime to my Conscience, Gentlemen, than to the Common-wealth.

Enter Willmore.

Will. Ha! dear Belvile! noble Colonel!

Belv. Willmore! welcome ashore, my dear Rover!- what happy Wind blew us this good Fortune?

Will. Let me salute you my dear Fred, and then command me- How is't honest Lad?

Fred. Faith, Sir, the old Complement, infinitely the better to see my dear mad Willmore again- Prithee why camest thou ashore? and where's the Prince?

Will. He's well, and reigns still Lord of the watery Element- I must aboard again within a Day or two, and my Business ashore was only to enjoy my self a little this Carnival.

Belv. Pray know our new Friend, Sir, he's but bashful, a raw Traveller, but honest, stout, and one of us. [Embraces Blunt.

Will. That you esteem him, gives him an interest here.

Blunt. Your Servant, Sir.

Will. But well- Faith I'm glad to meet you again in a warm Climate, where the kind Sun has its god-like Power still over the Wine and Woman.- Love and Mirth are my Business in Naples; and if I mistake not the Place, here's an excellent Market for Chapmen of my Humour.

Belv. See here be those kind Merchants of Love you look for.

Enter several Men in masquing Habits, some playing on Musick, others dancing after; Women drest like Curtezans, with Papers pinn'd to their Breasts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here!

Fred. Now the Game begins.

Will. Fine pretty Creatures! may a stranger have leave to look and love?- What's here- Roses for every Month! [Reads the Paper.

Blunt. Roses for every Month! what means that?

Belv. They are, or wou'd have you think they're Curtezans, who here in Naples are to be hir'd by the Month.

Will. Kind and obliging to inform us- Pray where do these Roses grow? I would fain plant some of 'em in a Bed of mine.

Wom. Beware such Roses, Sir.

Will. A Pox of fear: I'll be bak'd with thee between a pair of

Sheets, and that's thy proper Still, so I might but strow such
Roses over me and under me- Fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me
leave to gather at your Bush this idle Month, I wou'd go near to
make some Body smell of it all the Year after.

Belv. And thou hast need of such a Remedy, for thou stinkest of
Tar and Rope-ends, like a Dock or Pesthouse.

[The Woman puts her self into the Hands of a Man, and Exit.

Will. Nay, nay, you shall not leave me so.

Belv. By all means use no Violence here.

Will. Death! just as I was going to be damnably in love, to have
her led off! I could pluck that Rose out of his Hand, and even
kiss the Bed, the Bush it grew in.

Fred. No Friend to Love like a long Voyage at Sea.

Blunt. Except a Nunnery, Fred.

Will. Death! but will they not be kind, quickly be kind? Thou
know'st I'm no tame Sigher, but a rampant Lion of the Forest.

Two Men drest all over with Horns of several sorts, making
Grimaces at one another, with Papers pinn'd on their Backs,
advance from the farther end of the Scene.

Belv. Oh the fantastical Rogues, how they are dress'd! 'tis a Satir
against the whole Sex.

Will. Is this a Fruit that grows in this warm Country?

Belv. Yes: 'Tis pretty to see these Italian start, swell, and stab
at the Word Cuckold, and yet stumble at Horns on every
Threshold.

Will. See what's on their Back- Flowers for every Night. [Reads.
-Ah Rogue! And more sweet than Roses of ev'ry Month! This is a
Gardiner of Adam's own breeding. [They dance.

Belv. What think you of those grave People?- is a Wake in Essex
half so mad or extravagant?

Will. I like their sober grave way, 'tis a kind of legal authoriz'd
Fornication, where the Men are not chid for't, nor the Women
despis'd, as amongst our dull English; even the Monsieurs want
that part of good Manners.

Belv. But here in Italy a Monsieur is the humblest best-bred
Gentleman- Duels are so baffled by Bravo's that an age shews not
one, but between a Frenchman and a Hang-man, who is as much too
hard for him on the Piazza, as they are for a Dutchman on the
new Bridge- But see another Crew.

Enter Florinda, Hellena, and Valeria, drest like Gipsies; Callis
and Stephano, Lucetta, Philippo and Sancho in Masquerade.

Hell. Sister, there's your Englishman, and with him a handsom
proper Fellow- I'll to him, and instead of telling him his
Fortune, try my own.

Will. Gipsies, on my Life- Sure these will prattle if a Man cross
their Hands. [Goes to Hellena]- Dear pretty (and I hope) young
Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he's like to

have?

Hell. Have a care how you venture with me, Sir, lest I pick your Pocket, which will more vex your English Humour, than an Italian Fortune will please you.

Will. How the Devil cam'st thou to know my Country and Humour?

Hell. The first I guess by a certain forward Impudence, which does not displease me at this time; and the Loss of your Money will vex you, because I hope you have but very little to lose.

Will. Egad Child, thou'rt i'th' right; it is so little, I dare not offer it thee for a Kindness- But cannot you divine what other things of more value I have about me, that I would more willingly part with?

Hell. Indeed no, that's the Business of a Witch, and I am but a Gipsy yet- Yet, without looking in your Hand, I have a parlous Guess, 'tis some foolish Heart you mean, an inconstant English Heart, as little worth stealing as your Purse.

Will. Nay, then thou dost deal with the Devil, that's certain- Thou hast guess'd as right as if thou hadst been one of that Number it has languisht for- I find you'll be better acquainted with it; nor can you take it in a better time, for I am come from Sea, Child; and Venus not being propitious to me in her own Element, I have a world of Love in store- Wou'd you would be good-natur'd, and take some on't off my Hands.

Hell. Why- I could be inclin'd that way- but for a foolish Vow I am going to make- to die a Maid.

Will. Then thou art damn'd without Redemption; and as I am a good Christian, I ought in charity to divert so wicked a Design- therefore prithee, dear Creature, let me know quickly when and where I shall begin to set a helping hand to so good a Work.

Hell. If you should prevail with my tender Heart (as I begin to fear you will, for you have horrible loving Eyes) there will be difficulty in't that you'll hardly undergo for my sake.

Will. Faith, Child, I have been bred in Dangers, and wear a Sword that has been employ'd in a worse Cause, than for a handsom kind Woman- Name the Danger- let it be any thing but a long Siege, and I'll undertake it.

Hell. Can you storm?

Will. Oh, most furiously.

Hell. What think you of a Nunnery-wall? for he that wins me, must gain that first.

Will. A Nun! Oh how I love thee for't! there's no Sinner like a young Saint- Nay, now there's no denying me: the old Law had no Curse (to a Woman) like dying a Maid; witness Jephtha's Daughter.

Hell. A very good Text this, if well handled; and I perceive, Father Captain, you would impose no severe Penance on her who was inclin'd to console her self before she took Orders.

Will. If she be young and handsom.

Hell. Ay, there's it- but if she be not-

Will. By this Hand, Child, I have an implicit Faith, and dare venture on thee with all Faults- besides, 'tis more meritorious to leave the World when thou hast tasted and prov'd the Pleasure on't; then 'twill be a Virtue in thee, which now will

be pure Ignorance.

Hell. I perceive, good Father Captain, you design only to make me fit for Heaven- but if on the contrary you should quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the World again, I should have a new Man to seek I find; and what a grief that will be- for when I begin, I fancy I shall love like any thing: I never try'd yet.

Will. Egad, and that's kind- Prithee, dear Creature, give me Credit for a Heart, for faith, I'm a very honest Fellow- Oh, I long to come first to the Banquet of Love; and such a swinging Appetite I bring- Oh, I'm impatient. Thy Lodging, Sweetheart, thy Lodging, or I'm a dead man.

Hell. Why must we be either guilty of Fornication or Murder, if we converse With you Men?- And is there no difference between leave to love me, and leave to lie with me?

Will. Faith, Child, they were made to go together.

Lucet. Are you sure this is the Man? [Pointing to Blunt.

Sancho. When did I mistake your Game?

Lucet. 'This is a stranger, I know by his gazing; if he be brisk he'll venture to follow me; and then, if I understand my Trade, he's mine: he's English too, and they say that's a sort of good natur'd loving People, and have generally so kind an opinion of themselves, that a Woman with any Wit may flatter 'em into any sort of Fool she pleases.

Blunt. 'Tis so- she is taken- I have Beauties which my false Glass at home did not discover.

[She often passes by Blunt and gazes on him; he struts, and cocks, and walks, and gazes on her.

Flor. This Woman watches me so, I shall get no Opportunity to discover my self to him, and so miss the intent of my coming- But as I was saying, Sir- by this Line you should be a Lover. [Looking in his Hand.

Belv. I thought how right you guess'd, all Men are in love, or pretend to be so- Come, let me go, I'm weary of this fooling. [Walks away.

Flor. I will not, till you have confess'd whether the Passion that you have vow'd Florinda be true or false.

[She holds him, he strives to get from her.

Belv. Florinda! [Turns quick towards her.

Flor. Softly.

Belv. Thou hast nam'd one will fix me here for ever.

Flor. She'll be disappointed then, who expects you this Night at the Garden-gate, and if you'll fail not- as let me see the other Hand- you will go near to do- she vows to die or make you happy. [Looks on Callis, who observes 'em.

Belv. What canst thou mean?

Flor. That which I say- Farewel. [Offers to go.

Belv. Oh charming Sybil, stay, complete that Joy, which, as it is, will turn into Distraction!- Where must I be? at the Garden-gate? I know it- at night you say- I'll sooner forfeit Heaven than disobey.

Enter Don Pedro and other Masquers, and pass over the Stage.

Call. Madam, your Brother's here.

Flor. Take this to instruct you farther.

[Gives him a Letter, and goes off.

Fred. Have a care, Sir, what you promise; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruin you.

Belv. Do not disturb my Happiness with Doubts. [Opens the Letter.

Will. My dear pretty Creature, a Thousand Blessings on thee; still in this Habit, you say, and after Dinner at this Place.

Hell. Yes, if you will swear to keep your Heart, and not bestow it between this time and that.

Will. By all the little Gods of Love I swear, I'll leave it with you; and if you run away with it, those Deities of Justice will revenge me.

[Ex. all the Women except Lucetta.

Fred. Do you know the Hand?

Belv. 'Tis Florinda's.

All Blessings fall upon the virtuous Maid.

Fred. Nay, no Idolatry, a sober Sacrifice I'll allow you.

Belv. Oh Friends! the welcom'st News, the softest Letter!- nay, you shall see it; and could you now be serious, I might be made the happiest Man the Sun shines on.

Will. The Reason of this mighty Joy.

Belv. See how kindly she invites me to deliver her from the threaten'd Violence of her Brother- will you not assist me?

Will. I know not what thou mean'st, but I'll make one at any Mischief where a Woman's concern'd- but she'll be grateful to us for the Favour, will she not?

Belv. How mean you?

Will. How should I mean? Thou know'st there's but one way for a Woman to oblige me.

Belv. Don't prophane- the Maid is nicely virtuous.

Will. Who pox, then she's fit for nothing but a Husband; let her e'en go, Colonel.

Fred. Peace, she's the Colonel's Mistress, Sir.

Will. Let her be the Devil; if she be thy Mistress, I'll serve her-name the way.

Belv. Read here this Postscript. [Gives him a Letter.

Will. [Reads.] At Ten at night- at the Garden-Gate- of which, if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall- come attended with a Friend or two.- Kind heart, if we three cannot weave a String to let her down a Garden-Wall, 'twere pity but the Hangman wove one for us all.

Fred. Let her alone for that: your Woman's Wit, your fair kind Woman, will out-trick a Brother or a Jew, and contrive like a Jesuit in Chains- but see, Ned Blunt is stoln out after the Lure of a Damsel.

[Ex. Blunt and Lucet.

Belv. So he'll scarce find his way home again, unless we get him cry'd by the Bell-man in the Market-place, and 'twou'd sound prettily- a lost English Boy of Thirty.

Fred. I hope 'tis some common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him; it may be she'll sell him for Peru, the Rogue's sturdy and would work well in a Mine; at least I hope she'll dress him for our Mirth; cheat him of all, then have him well-favour'dly bang'd, and turn'd out naked at Midnight.

Will. Prithee what Humor is he of, that you wish him so well?

Belv. Why, of an English Elder Brother's Humour, educated in a Nursery, with a Maid to tend him till Fifteen, and lies with his Grand-mother till he's of Age; one that knows no Pleasure beyond riding to the next Fair, or going up to London with his right Worshipful Father in Parliament-time; wearing gay Clothes, or making honourable Love to his Lady Mother's Landry-Maid; gets drunk at a Hunting-Match, and ten to one then gives some Proofs of his Prowess- A pox upon him, he's our Banker, and has all our Cash about him, and if he fail we are all broke.

Fred. Oh let him alone for that matter, he's of a damn'd stingy Quality, that will secure our Stock. I know not in what Danger it were indeed, if the Jilt should pretend she's in love with him, for 'tis a kind believing Coxcomb; otherwise if he part with more than a Piece of Eight- geld him: for which offer he may chance to be beaten, if she be a Whore of the first Rank.

Belv. Nay the Rogue will not be easily beaten, he's stout enough; perhaps if they talk beyond his Capacity, he may chance to exercise his Courage upon some of them; else I'm sure they'll find it as difficult to beat as to please him.

Will. 'Tis a lucky Devil to light upon so kind a Wench!

Fred. Thou hadst a great deal of talk with thy little Gipsy, coud'st thou do no good upon her? for mine was hard-hearted.

Will. Hang her, she was some damn'd honest Person of Quality, I'm sure, she was so very free and witty. If her Face be but answerable to her Wit and Humour, I would be bound to Constancy this Month to gain her. In the mean time have you made no kind Acquaintance since you came to Town?- You do not use to be honest so long, Gentlemen.

Fred. Faith Love has kept us honest, we have been all fir'd with a Beauty newly come to Town, the famous Paduana Angelica Bianca.

Will. What, the Mistress of the dead Spanish General?

Belv. Yes, she's now the only ador'd Beauty of all the Youth in Naples, who put on all their Charms to appear lovely in her sight, their Coaches, Liveries, and themselves, all gay, as on a Monarch's Birth-Day, to attract the Eyes of this fair Charmer, while she has the Pleasure to behold all languish for her that see her.

Fred. 'Tis pretty to see with how much Love the Men regard her, and how much Envy the Women.

Will. What Gallant has she?

Belv. None, she's exposed to Sale, and four Days in the Week she's

yours- for so much a Month.

Will. The very Thought of it quenches all manner of Fire in me- yet
prithee let's see her.

Belv. Let's first to Dinner, and after that we'll pass the Day as
you please- but at Night ye must all be at my Devotion.

Will. I will not fail you.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Long Street.

Enter Belvile and Frederick in Masquing-Habits, and Willmore in his own Clothes, with a Vizard in his Hand.

Will. But why thus disguis'd and muzzl'd?

Belv. Because whatever Extravagances we commit in these Faces, our own may not be oblig'd to answer 'em.

Will. I should have chang'd my Eternal Buff too: but no matter, my little Gipsy wou'd not have found me out then: for if she should change hers, it is impossible I should know her, unless I should hear her prattle- A Pox on't, I cannot get her out of my Head: Pray Heaven, if ever I do see her again, she prove damnable ugly, that I may fortify my self against her Tongue.

Belv. Have a care of Love, for o' my conscience she was not of a
Quality to give thee any hopes.

Will. Pox on 'em, why do they draw a Man in then? She has play'd
with my Heart so, that 'twill never lie still till I have met
with some kind Wench, that will play the Game out with me- Oh
for my Arms full of soft, white, kind- Woman! such as I fancy
Angelica.

Belv. This is her House, if you were but in stock to get admittance; they have not din'd yet; I perceive the Picture is not out.

Enter Blunt.

Will. I long to see the Shadow of the fair Substance, a Man may gaze on that for nothing.

Blunt. Colonel, thy Hand- and thine, Fred. I have been an Ass, a deluded Fool, a very Coxcomb from my Birth till this Hour, and heartily repent my little Faith.

Belv. What the Devil's the matter with thee Ned?

Blunt. Oh such a Mistress, Fred. such a Girl!

Will. Ha! where? Fred. Ay where!

Blunt. So fond, so amorous, so toying and fine! and all for sheer
Love, ye Rogue! Oh how she lookt and kiss'd! and sooth'd my
Heart from my Bosom. I cannot think I was awake, and yet
methinks I see and feel her Charms still- Fred.- Try if she have
not left the Taste of her balmy Kisses upon my Lips-

[Kisses him.]

Belv. Ha, ha, ha!

Will. Death Man, where is she?

Blunt. What a Dog was I to stay in dull England so long- How have I

laught at the Colonel when he sigh'd for Love! but now the little Archer has reveng'd him, and by his own Dart, I can guess at all his Joys, which then I took for Fancies, mere Dreams and Fables- Well, I'm resolved to sell all in Essex, and plant here for ever.

Belv. What a Blessing 'tis, thou hast a Mistress thou dar'st boast of; for I know thy Humour is rather to have a proclaim'd Clap, than a secret Amour.

Will. Dost know her Name?

Blunt. Her Name? No, 'sheartlikins: what care I for Names?- She's fair, young, brisk and kind, even to ravishment: and what a Pox care I for knowing her by another Title?

Will. Didst give her anything?

Blunt. Give her!- Ha, ha, ha! why, she's a Person of Quality- That's a good one, give her! 'sheartlikins dost think such Creatures are to be bought? Or are we provided for such a Purchase? Give her, quoth ye? Why she presented me with this Bracelet, for the Toy of a Diamond I us'd to wear: No, Gentlemen, Ned Blunt not every Body- She expects me again to night.

Will. Egad that's well; we'll all go.

Blunt. Not a Soul: No, Gentlemen, you are Wits; I am a dull Country Rogue, I.

Fred. Well, Sir, for all your Person of Quality, I shall be very glad to understand your Purse be secure; 'tis our whole Estate at present, which we are loth to hazard in one Bottom: come, Sir, unload.

Blunt. Take the necessary Trifle, useless now to me, that am belov'd by such a Gentlewoman- 'sheartlikins Money! Here take mine too.

Fred. No, keep that to be cozen'd, that we may laugh.

Will. Cozen'd! - Death! wou'd I cou'd meet with one, that wou'd cozen me of all the Love I cou'd spare to night.

Fred. Pox 'tis some common Whore upon my Life.

Blunt. A Whore! yes with such Clothes! such Jewels! such a House! such Furniture, and so attended! a Whore!

Belv. Why yes, Sir, they are Whores, tho they'll neither entertain you with Drinking, Swearing, or Baudy; are Whores in all those gay Clothes, and right Jewels; are Whores with great Houses richly furnisht with Velvet Beds, Store of Plate, handsome Attendance, and fine Coaches, are Whores and errant ones.

Will. Pox on't, where do these fine Whores live?

Belv. Where no Rogue in Office yclep'd Constables dare give 'em laws, nor the Wine-inspired Bullies of the Town break their Windows; yet they are Whores, tho this Essex Calf believe them Persons of Quality.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, y'are all Fools, there are things about this Essex Calf, that shall take with the Ladies, beyond all your Wits and Parts- This Shape and Size, Gentlemen, are not to be despis'd; my Waste tolerably long, with other inviting Signs, that shall be nameless.

Will. Egad I believe he may have met with some Person of Quality that may be kind to him.

Belv. Dost thou perceive any such tempting things about him, should make a fine Woman, and of Quality, pick him out from all Mankind, to throw away her Youth and Beauty upon, nay, and her dear Heart too?- no, no, Angelica has rais'd the Price too high. Will. May she languish for Mankind till she die, and be damn'd for that one Sin alone.

Enter two Bravoes, and hang up a great Picture of Angelica's, against the Balcony, and two little ones at each side of the Door.

Belv. See there the fair Sign to the Inn, where a Man may lodge that's Fool enough to give her Price.

[Will. gazes on the Picture.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this?

Belv. A famous Curtezan that's to be sold.

Blunt. How! to be sold! nay then I have nothing to say to her-sold! what Impudence is practis'd in this Country?- With Order and Decency Whoring's established here by virtue of the Inquisition- Come let's be gone, I'm sure we're no Chapmen for this Commodity.

Fred. Thou art none, I'm sure, unless thou could'st have her in thy Bed at the Price of a Coach in the Street.

Will. How wondrous fair she is- a Thousand Crowns a Month- by Heaven as many Kingdoms were too little. A plague of this Poverty- of which I ne'er complain, but when it hinders my Approach to Beauty, which Virtue ne'er could purchase.

[Turns from the Picture.

Blunt. What's this?- [Reads] A Thousand Crowns a Month!

- 'Sheartlikins, here's a Sum! sure 'tis a mistake.

- Hark you, Friend, does she take or give so much by the Month!

Fred. A Thousand Crowns! Why, 'tis a Portion for the Infanta.

Blunt. Hark ye, Friends, won't she trust?

Brav. This is a Trade, Sir, that cannot live by Credit.

Enter Don Pedro in Masquerade, follow'd Stephano.

Belv. See, here's more Company, let's walk off a while.

[Pedro Reads.

[Exeunt English.

Enter Angelica and Moretta in the Balcony, and draw a Silk Curtain.

Ped. Fetch me a Thousand Crowns, I never wish to buy this Beauty at an easier Rate. [Passes off.

Ang. Prithee what said those Fellows to thee?

Brav. Madam, the first were Admirers of Beauty only, but no purchasers; they were merry with your Price and Picture, laught at the Sum, and so past off.

Ang. No matter, I'm not displeas'd with their rallying; their Wonder feeds my Vanity, and he that wishes to buy, gives me more

Pride, than he that gives my Price can make me Pleasure.
Brav. Madam, the last I knew thro all his disguises to be Don Pedro, Nephew to the General, and who was with him in Pampelona.
Ang. Don Pedro! my old Gallant's Nephew! When his Uncle dy'd, he left him a vast Sum of Money; it is he who was so in love with me at Padua, and who us'd to make the General so jealous.
Moret. Is this he that us'd to prance before our Window and take such care to shew himself an amorous Ass? if I am not mistaken, he is the likeliest Man to give your Price.
Ang. The Man is brave and generous, but of an Humour so uneasy and inconstant that the victory over his Heart is as soon lost as won; a Slave that can add little to the Triumph of the Conqueror: but inconstancy's the Sin of all Mankind, therefore I'm resolv'd that nothing but Gold shall charm my Heart.
Moret. I'm glad on't; 'tis only interest that Women of our Profession ought to consider: tho I wonder what has kept you from that general Disease of our Sex so long, I mean that of being in love.
Ang. A kind, but sullen Star, under which I had the Happiness to be born; yet I have had no time for Love; the bravest and noblest of Mankind have purchas'd my Favours at so dear a Rate, as if no Coin but Gold were current with our Trade- But here's Don Pedro again, fetch me my Lute- for 'tis for him or Don Antonio the Vice-Roy's Son, that I have spread my Nets.

Enter at one Door Don Pedro, and Stephano; Don Antonio and Diego [his page], at the other Door, with People following him in Masquerade, antickly attir'd, some with Musick: they both go up to the Picture.

Ant. A thousand Crowns! had not the Painter flatter'd her, I should not think it dear.
Pedro. Flatter'd her! by Heaven he cannot. I have seen the Original, nor is there one Charm here more than adorns her Face and Eyes; all this soft and sweet, with a certain languishing Air, that no Artist can represent.
Ant. What I heard of her Beauty before had fir'd my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it into a flame.
Pedro. Ha!
Pag. Sir, I have known you throw away a Thousand Crowns on a worse Face, and tho y're near your Marriage, you may venture a little Love here; Florinda- will not miss it.
Pedro. Ha! Florinda! Sure 'tis Antonio. [aside.
Ant. Florinda! name not those distant Joys, there's not one thought of her will check my Passion here.
Pedro. Florinda scorn'd! and all my Hopes defeated of the Possession of Angelica! [A noise of a Lute above. Ant. gazes up.] Her Injuries by Heaven he shall not boast of.

[Song to a Lute above.

SONG.

When Damon first began to love,
He languisht in a soft Desire,
And knew not how the Gods to move,
To lessen or increase his Fire,
For Caelia in her charming Eyes
Wore all Love's Sweet, and all his Cruelties.

II.

But as beneath a Shade he lay,
Weaving of Flow'rs for Caelia's Hair,
She chanc'd to lead her Flock that way,
And saw the am'rous Shepherd there.
She gaz'd around upon the Place,
And saw the Grove (resembling Night)
To all the Joys of Love invite,
Whilst guilty Smiles and Blushes drest her Face.
At this the bashful Youth all Transport grew,
And with kind Force he taught the Virgin how
To yield what all his Sighs cou'd never do.

Ant. By Heav'n she's charming fair!

[Angelica throws open the Curtains, and bows to Antonio, who pulls off his Vizard, and bows and blows up Kisses. Pedro unseen looks in his Face.

Pedro. 'Tis he, the false Antonio!

Ant. Friend, where must I pay my offering of Love? [To the Bravo.
My Thousand Crowns I mean.

Pedro. That Offering I have design'd to make,
And yours will come too late.

Ant. Prithee be gone, I shall grow angry else,
And then thou art not safe.

Pedro. My Anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours;
And he that enters here may prove this Truth.

Ant. I know not who thou art, but I am sure thou'rt worth my killing, and aiming at Angelica.

[They draw and fight.

Enter Willmore and Blunt, who draw and part 'em.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

Will. Tilting for the Wench I'm sure- nay gad, if that wou'd win her, I have as good a Sword as the best of ye- Put up- put up, and take another time and place, for this is design'd for Lovers only.

[They all put up.

Pedro. We are prevented; dare you meet me to morrow on the Molo?
For I've a Title to a better quarrel,

That of Florinda, in whose credulous Heart
Thou'st made an Int'rest, and destroy'd my Hopes.

Ant. Dare?

I'll meet thee there as early as the Day.

Pedro. We will come thus disguis'd, that whosoever chance to get
the better, he may escape unknown.

Ant. It shall be so.

[Ex. Pedro and Stephano.

Who shou'd this Rival be? unless the English Colonel, of whom
I've often heard Don Pedro speak; it must be he, and time he
were removed, who lays a Claim to all my Happiness.

[Willmore having gaz'd all this while on the Picture,
pulls down a little one.

Will. This posture's loose and negligent,
The sight on't wou'd beget a warm desire
In Souls, whom Impotence and Age had chill'd.
-This must along with me.

Brav. What means this rudeness, Sir ?- restore the Picture.

Ant. Ha! Rudeness committed to the fair Angelica!- Restore the
Picture, Sir.

Will. Indeed I will not, Sir.

Ant. By Heav'n but you shall.

Will. Nay, do not shew your Sword; if you do, by this dear Beauty-
I will shew mine too.

Ant. What right can you pretend to't?

Will. That of Possession which I will maintain- you perhaps have
1000 Crowns to give for the Original.

Ant. No matter, Sir, you shall restore the Picture..

Ang. Oh, Moretta! what's the matter? [Ang. and Moret. above.

Ant. Or leave your Life behind.

Will. Death! you lye- I will do neither.

Ang. Hold, I command you, if for me you fight.

[They fight, the Spaniards join with Antonio, Blunt
laying on like mad. They leave off and bow.

Will. How heavenly fair she is!- ah Plague of her Price.

Ang. You Sir in Buff, you that appear a Soldier, that first began
this Insolence.

Will. 'Tis true, I did so, if you call it Insolence for a Man to
preserve himself; I saw your charming Picture, and was wounded:
quite thro my Soul each pointed Beauty ran; and wanting a
Thousand Crowns to procure my Remedy, I laid this little Picture
to my Bosom- which if you cannot allow me, I'll resign.

Ang. No, you may keep the Trifle.

Ant. You shall first ask my leave, and this.

[Fight again as before.

Enter Belv. and Fred. who join with the English.

Ang. Hold; will you ruin me?- Biskey, Sebastian, part them.

[The Spaniards are beaten off.

Moret. Oh Madam, we're undone, a pox upon that rude Fellow, he's set on to ruin us: we shall never see good days, till all these fighting poor Rogues are sent to the Gallies.

Enter Belvile, Blunt and Willmore, with his shirt bloody.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, beat me at this Sport, and I'll ne'er wear Sword more.

Belv. The Devil's in thee for a mad Fellow, thou art always one at an unlucky Adventure.- Come, let's be gone whilst we're safe, and remember these are Spaniards, a sort of People that know how to revenge an Affront.

Fred. You bleed; I hope you are not wounded. [To Will

Will. Not much:- a plague upon your Dons, if they fight no better they'll ne'er recover Flanders.- What the Devil was't to them that I took down the Picture?

Blunt. Took it! 'Sheartlikins, we'll have the great one too; 'tis ours by Conquest.- Prithee, help me up, and I'll pull it down.-

Ang. Stay, Sir, and e'er you affront me further, let me know how you durst commit this Outrage- To you I speak, Sir, for you appear like a Gentleman.

Will. To me, Madam?- Gentlemen, your Servant. [Belv. stays him.

Belv. Is the Devil in thee? Do'st know the danger of entring the house of an incens'd Curtezan?

Will. I thank you for your care- but there are other matters in hand, there are, tho we have no great Temptation.- Death! let me go.

Fred. Yes, to your Lodging, if you will, but not in here.- Damn these gay Harlots- by this Hand I'll have as sound and handsome a Whore for a Pattcoone.- Death, Man, she'll murder thee.

Will. Oh! fear me not, shall I not venture where a Beauty calls? a lovely charming Beauty? for fear of danger! when by Heaven there's none so great as to long for her, whilst I want Money to purchase her.

Fred. Therefore 'tis loss of time, unless you had the thousand Crowns to pay.

Will. It may be she may give a Favour, at least I shall have the pleasure of saluting her when I enter, and when I depart.

Belv. Pox, she'll as soon lie with thee, as kiss thee, and sooner stab than do either- you shall not go.

Ang. Fear not, Sir, all I have to wound with, is my Eyes.

Blunt. Let him go, 'Sheartlikins, I believe the Gentlewomen means well.

Belv. Well, take thy Fortune, we'll expect you in the next Street.- Farewell Fool, - farewell-

Will. B'ye Colonel-

[Goes in.

Fred. The Rogue's stark mad for a Wench.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Fine Chamber.

Enter Willmore, Angelica, and Moretta.

Ang. Insolent Sir, how durst you pull down my Picture?

Will. Rather, how durst you set it up, to tempt poor amorous

Mortals with so much Excellence? which I find you have but too well consulted by the unmerciful price you set upon't.- Is all this Heaven of Beauty shewn to move Despair in those that cannot buy? and can you think the effects of that Despair shou'd be less extravagant than I have shewn?

Ang. I sent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir, not to aggravate your Crime.- I thought, I shou'd have seen you at my Feet imploring it.

Will. You are deceived, I came to rail at you, and talk such Truths, too, as shall let you see the Vanity of that Pride, which taught you how to set such a Price on Sin. For such it is, whilst that which is Love's due is meanly barter'd for.

Ang. Ha, ha, alas, good Captain, what pity 'tis your edifying Doctrine will do too good upon me- Moretta, fetch the Gentleman a Glass, and let him survey himself, to see what Charms he has,- and guess my Business. [Aside in a soft tone.]

Moret. He knows himself of old, I believe those Breeches and he have been acquainted ever since he was beaten at Worcester.

Ang. Nay, do not abuse the poor Creature.-

Moret. Good Weather-beaten Corporal, will you march off? we have no need of your Doctrine, tho' you have of our Charity; but at present we have no Scraps, we can afford no kindness for God's sake; in fine, Sirrah, the Price is too high i'th' Mouth for you, therefore troop, I say.

Will. Here, good Fore-Woman of the Shop, serve me, and I'll be gone.

Moret. Keep it to pay your Landress, your Linen stinks of the Gun-Room; for here's no selling by Retail.

Will. Thou hast sold plenty of thy stale Ware at a cheap Rate.

Moret. Ay, the more silly kind Heart I, but this is at an Age wherein Beauty is at higher Rates.- In fine, you know the price of this.

Will. I grant you 'tis here set down a thousand Crowns a Month-Baud, take your black Lead and sum it up, that I may have a Pistole-worth of these vain gay things, and I'll trouble you no more.

Moret. Pox on him, he'll fret me to Death:- abominable Fellow, I tell thee, we only sell by the whole Piece.

Will. 'Tis very hard, the whole Cargo or nothing- Faith, Madam, my Stock will not reach it, I cannot be your Chapman.- Yet I have Countrymen in Town, Merchants of Love, like me; I'll see if they'l put for a share, we cannot lose much by it, and what we have no use for, we'll sell upon the Friday's Mart, at- Who gives more? I am studying, Madam, how to purchase you, tho' at present I am unprovided of Money.

Ang. Sure, this from any other Man would anger me- nor shall he know the Conquest he has made- Poor angry Man, how I despise this railing.

Will. Yes, I am poor- but I'm a Gentleman,
And one that scorns this Baseness which you practise.
Poor as I am, I would not sell my self,
No, not to gain your charming high-priz'd Person.
Tho I admire you strangely for your Beauty,
Yet I contemn your Mind.

-And yet I wou'd at any rate enjoy you;
At your own rate- but cannot- See here
The only Sum I can command on Earth;
I know not where to eat when this is gone:
Yet such a Slave I am to Love and Beauty,
This last reserve I'll sacrifice to enjoy you.
-Nay, do not frown, I know you are to be bought,
And wou'd be bought by me, by me,
For a mean trifling Sum, if I could pay it down.
Which happy knowledge I will still repeat,
And lay it to my Heart, it has a Virtue in't,
And soon will cure those Wounds your Eyes have made.
-And yet- there's something so divinely powerful there-
Nay, I will gaze- to let you see my Strength.

[Holds her, looks on her, and pauses and sighs.
By Heaven, bright Creature- I would not for the World
Thy Fame were half so fair as is thy Face.

[Turns her away from him.

Ang. His word go thro me to the very Soul.

[Aside.

-If you have nothing else to say to me.

Will. Yes, you shall hear how infamous you are-

For which I do not hate thee:

But that secures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels
Are but so many Lusts,
I know it by their sudden bold intrusion.
The Fire's impatient and betrays, 'tis false-
For had it been the purer Flame of Love,
I should have pin'd and languish'd at your Feet,
E'er found the Impudence to have discover'd it.
I now dare stand your Scorn, and your Denial.

Moret. Sure she's bewitcht, that she can stand thus tamely, and
hear his saucy railing.- Sirrah, will you be gone?

Ang. How dare you take this liberty?- Withdraw. [To Moret

-Pray, tell me, Sir, are not you guilty of the same mercenary Crime? When a Lady is proposed to you for a Wife, you never ask, how fair, discreet, or virtuous she is; but what's her Fortune- which if but small, you cry- She will not do my business- and basely leave her, tho she languish for you.- Say, is not this as poor?

Will. It is a barbarous Custom, which I will scorn to defend in our Sex, and do despise in yours.

Ang. Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know,
That were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul,
Thou shouldst not buy my Love,

Couldst thou forget those mean Effects of Vanity,
Which set me out to sale; and as a Lover, prize
My yielding Joys.

Canst thou believe they'l be entirely thine,
Without considering they were mercenary?

Will. I cannot tell, I must bethink me first- ha, Death, I'm going
to believe her. [Aside.]

Ang. Prithee, confirm that Faith- or if thou canst not - flatter me
a little, 'twill please me from thy Mouth.

Will. Curse on thy charming Tongue! dost thou return
My feign'd Contempt with so much subtilty? [Aside.]

Thou'st found the easiest way into my Heart,
Tho I yet know that all thou say'st is false.

[Turning from her in a Rage.]

Ang. By all that's good 'tis real,
I never lov'd before, tho oft a Mistress.
-Shall my first Vows be slighted?

Will. What can she mean? [Aside.]

Ang. I find you cannot credit me. [In an angry tone.]

Will. I know you take me for an errant Ass,
An Ass that may be sooth'd into Belief,
And then be us'd at pleasure.
-But, Madam I have been so often cheated
By perjur'd, soft, deluding Hypocrites,
That I've no Faith left for the cozening Sex,
Especially for Women of your Trade.

Ang. The low esteem you have of me, perhaps
May bring my Heart again:
For I have Pride that yet surmounts my Love.
[She turns with Pride, he holds her.]

Will. Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliss,
And shew the Power of Love: 'tis with those Arms
I call be only vanquisht, made a Slave.

Ang. Is all my mighty Expectation vanisht?
-No, I will not hear thee talk,- thou hast a Charm
In every word, that draws my Heart away.
And all the thousand Trophies I design'd,
Thou hast undone- Why art thou soft?
Thy Looks are bravely rough, and meant for War.
Could thou not storm on still?
I then perhaps had been as free as thou.

Will. Death! how she throws her Fire about my Soul! [Aside.]
-Take heed, fair Creature, how you raise my Hopes,
Which once assum'd pretend to all Dominion.
There's not a Joy thou hast in store
I shall not then command:
For which I'll pay thee back my Soul, my Life.
Come, let's begin th' account this happy minute.

Ang. And will you pay me then the Price I ask?

Will. Oh, why dost thou draw me from an awful Worship,
By shewing thou art no Divinity?
Conceal the Fiend, and shew me all the Angel;
Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout,

And pay my Vows for ever at this Shrine.

[Kneels, and kisses her Hand.]

Ang. The Pay I mean is but thy love for mine.

-Can you give that?

Will. Intirely- come, let's withdraw: where I'll renew my Vows,-
and breathe 'em with such Ardour, thou shalt not doubt my Zeal.

Ang. Thou hast a Power too strong to be resisted.

[Ex. Will. and Angelica.]

Moret. Now my Curse go with you- Is all our Project fallen to this?
to love the only Enemy to our Trade? Nay, to love such a
Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pirate-Beggar, whose Business
is to rifle and be gone, a No-Purchase, No-Pay Tatterdemalion,
an English Piccaroon; a Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and
takes a Pride in being loyally lousy- Oh, I could curse now, if
I durst- This is the Fate of most Whores.

Trophies, which from believing Fops we win,
Are Spoils to those who cozen us again.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, in Antick different Dresses
from what they were in before, Callis attending.

Flor. I wonder what should make my Brother in so ill a Humour: I
hope he has not found out our Ramble this Morning.

Hell. No, if he had, we should have heard on't at both Ears, and
have been mew'd up this Afternoon; which I would not for the
World should have happen'd- Hey ho! I'm sad as a Lover's Lute.

Val. Well, methinks we have learnt this Trade of Gipsies as readily
as if we had been bred upon the Road to Loretto: and yet I did
so fumble, when I told the Stranger his Fortune, that I was
afraid I should have told my own and yours by mistake- But
methinks Hellena has been very serious ever since.

Flor. I would give my Garters she were in love, to be reveng'd upon
her, for abusing me- How is't, Hellena?

Hell. Ah!- would I had never seen my mad Monsieur- and yet for all
your laughing I am not in love- and yet this small Acquaintance,
o'my Conscience, will never out of my Head.

Val. Ha, ha, ha- I laugh to think how thou art fitted with a Lover,
a Fellow that, I warrant, loves every new Face he sees.

Hell. Hum- he has not kept his Word with me here- and may be taken
up- that thought is not very pleasant to me- what the Duce
should this be now that I feel?

Val. What is't like?

Hell. Nay, the Lord knows- but if I should be hanged, I cannot
chuse but be angry and afraid, when I think that mad Fellow
should be in love with any Body but me- What to think of my self
I know not- Would I could meet with some true damn'd Gipsy, that

I might know my Fortune.

Val. Know it! why there's nothing so easy; thou wilt love this wandring Inconstant till thou find'st thy self hanged about his Neck, and then be as mad to get free again.

Flor. Yes, Valeria; we shall see her bestride his Baggage-horse, and follow him to the Campaign.

Hell. So, so; now you are provided for, there's no care taken of poor me- But since you have set my Heart a wishing, I am resolv'd to know for what. I will not die of the Pip, so I will not.

Flor. Art thou mad to talk so? Who will like thee well enough to have thee, that hears what a mad Wench thou art?

Hell. Like me! I don't intend every he that likes me shall have me, but he that I like: I shou'd have staid in the Nunnery still, if I had lik'd my Lady Abbess as well as she lik'd me. No, I came thence, not (as my wise Brother imagines) to take an eternal Farewel of the World, but to love and to be belov'd; and I will be belov'd, or I'll get one of your Men, so I will.

Val. Am I put into the Number of Lovers?

Hell. You! my Couz, I know thou art too good natur'd to leave us in any Design: Thou wou't venture a Cast, tho thou comest off a Loser, especially with such a Gamester- I observ'd your Man, and your willing Ears incline that way; and if you are not a Lover, 'tis an Art soon learnt- that I find. [Sighs.]

Flor. I wonder how you learnt to love so easily, I had a thousand Charms to meet my Eyes and Ears, e'er I cou'd yield; and 'twas the knowledge of Belvile's Merit, not the surprising Person, took my Soul- Thou art too rash to give a Heart at first sight.

Hell. Hang your considering Lover; I ne'er thought beyond the Fancy, that 'twas a very pretty, idle, silly kind of Pleasure to pass ones time with, to write little, soft, nonsensical Billets, and with great difficulty and danger receive Answers; in which I shall have my Beauty prais'd, my Wit admir'd (tho little or none) and have the Vanity and Power to know I am desirable; then I have the more Inclination that way, because I am to be a Nun, and so shall not be suspected to have any such earthly Thoughts about me- But when I walk thus- and sigh thus- they'll think my Mind's upon my Monastery, and cry, how happy 'tis she's so resolv'd!- But not a Word of Man.

Flor. What a mad Creature's this!

Hell. I'll warrant, if my Brother hears either of you sigh, he cries (gravely)- I fear you have the Indiscretion to be in love, but take heed of the Honour of our House, and your own unspotted Fame; and so he conjures on till he has laid the soft-wing'd God in your Hearts, or broke the Birds-nest- But see here comes your Lover: but where's my inconstant? let's step aside, and we may learn something. [Go aside.]

Enter Belvile, Fred. and Blunt.

Belv. What means this? the Picture's taken in.

Blunt. It may be the Wench is good-natur'd, and will be kind gratis. Your Friend's a proper handsom Fellow.

Belv. I rather think she has cut his Throat and is fled: I am mad
he should throw himself into Dangers- Pox on't, I shall want him
to night- let's knock and ask for him.

Hell. My heart goes a-pit a-pat, for fear 'tis my Man they talk of.

[Knock, Moretta above.

Moret. What would you have?

Belv. Tell the Stranger that enter'd here about two Hours ago, that
his Friends stay here for him.

Moret. A Curse upon him for Moretta, would he were at the Devil-
but he's coming to you.

[Enter Wilmore.

Hell. I, I, 'tis he. Oh how this vexes me.

Belv. And how, and how, dear Lad, has Fortune smil'd?

Are we to break her Windows, or raise up Altars to her! hah!
Will. Does not my Fortune sit triumphant on my Brow? dost not
see the little wanton God there all gay and smiling? have I not
an Air about my Face and Eyes, that distinguish me from the
Croud of common Lovers? By Heav'n, Cupid's Quiver has not half
so many Darts as her Eyes- Oh such a Bona Roba, to sleep in her
Arms is lying in Fresco, all perfum'd Air about me.

Hell. Here's fine encouragement for me to fool on. [Aside.

Will. Hark ye, where didst thou purchase that rich Canary we drank
to-day? Tell me, that I may adore the Spigot, and sacrifice to
the Butt: the Juice was divine, into which I must dip my Rosary,
and then bless all things that I would have bold or fortunate.

Belv. Well, Sir, let's go take a Bottle, and hear the Story of
your Success.

Fred. Would not French Wine do better?

Will. Damn the hungry Balderdash; cheerful Sack has a generous
Virtue in't, inspiring a successful Confidence, gives Eloquence
to the Tongue, and Vigour to the Soul; and has in a few Hours
compleated all my Hopes and Wishes. There's nothing left to
raise a new Desire in me- Come let's be gay and wanton- and,
Gentlemen, study, study what you want, for here are Friends,-
that will supply, Gentlemen,- hark! what a charming sound they
make- 'tis he and she Gold whilst here, shall beget new
Pleasures every moment.

Blunt. But hark ye, Sir, you are not married, are you?

Will. All the Honey of Matrimony, but none of the Sting, Friend.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate Rogue.

Will. I am so, Sir, let these inform you.- Ha, how sweetly they
chime! Pox of Poverty, it makes a Man a Slave, makes Wit and
Honour sneak, my Soul grew lean and rusty for want of Credit.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, this I like well, it looks like my lucky
Bargain! Oh how I long for the Approach of my Squire, that is to
conduct me to her House again. Why! here's two provided for.

Fred. By this light y're happy Men.

Blunt. Fortune is pleased to smile on us, Gentlemen,- to smile on
us.

Enter Sancho, and pulls Blunt by the Sleeve. They go aside.

Sancho. Sir, my Lady expects you- she has remov'd all that might oppose your Will and Pleasure- and is impatient till you come. Blunt. Sir, I'll attend you- Oh the happiest Rogue! I'll take no leave, lest they either dog me, or stay me.

[Ex. with Sancho.]

Belv. But then the little Gipsy is forgot?

Will. A Mischief on thee for putting her into my thoughts; I had quite forgot her else, and this Night's Debauch had drunk her quite down.

Hell. Had it so, good Captain? [Claps him on the Back.]

Will. Ha! I hope she did not hear.

Hell. What, afraid of such a Champion!

Will. Oh! you're a fine Lady of your word, are you not? to make a Man languish a whole day-

Hell. In tedious search of me.

Will. Egad, Child, thou'rt in the right, hadst thou seen what a melancholy Dog I have been ever since I was a Lover, how I have walkt the Streets like a Capuchin, with my Hands in my Sleeves- Faith, Sweetheart, thou wouldest pity me.

Hell. Now, if I should be hang'd, I can't be angry with him, he dissembles so heartily- Alas, good Captain, what pains you have taken- Now were I ungrateful not to reward so true a Servant.

Will. Poor Soul! that's kindly said, I see thou bearest a Conscience- come then for a beginning shew me thy dear Face.

Hell. I'm afraid, my small Acquaintance, you have been staying that swinging stomach you boasted of this morning; I remember then my little Collation would have gone down with you, without the Sauce of a handsom Face- Is your Stomach so quesy now?

Will. Faith long fasting, Child, spoils a Man's Appetite- yet if you durst treat, I could so lay about me still.

Hell. And would you fall to, before a Priest says Grace.

Will. Oh fie, fie, what an old out-of-fashion'd thing hast thou nam'd? Thou could'st not dash me more out of Countenance, shouldst thou shew me an ugly Face.

Whilst he is seemingly courting Hellena, enter Angelica, Moretta, Biskey, and Sebastian, an in Masquerade:
Ang. sees Will. and starts.

Ang. Heavens, is't he? and passionately fond to see another Woman?
Moretta. What cou'd you expect less from such a Swaggerer?

Ang. Expect! as much as I paid him, a Heart intire,
Which I had pride enough to think when e'er I gave
It would have rais'd the Man above the Vulgar,
Made him all Soul, and that all soft and constant.

Hell. You see, Captain, how willing I am to be Friends with you, till Time and Ill-luck make us Lovers; and ask you the Question first, rather than put your Modesty to the blush, by asking me:

for alas, I know you Captains are such strict Men, severe Observers of your Vows to Chastity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender Conscience to marry a young willing Maid.

Will. Do not abuse me, for fear I should take thee at thy word, and marry thee indeed, which I'm sure will be Revenge sufficient.

Hell. O' my Conscience, that will be our Destiny, because we are both of one humour; I am as inconstant as you, for I have considered, Captain, that a handsom Woman has a great deal to do whilst her Face is good, for then is our Harvest-time to gather Friends; and should I in these days of my Youth, catch a fit of foolish Constancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great Journey: therefore declare, I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for Indifference, and one year for Hate- and then- go hang your self- for I profess myself the gay, the kind, and the inconstant- the Devil's in't if this won't please you.

Will. Oh most damnable!- I have a Heart with a hole quite thro it too, no Prison like mine to keep a Mistress in.

Ang. Perjur'd Man! how I believe thee now! [Aside.

Hell. Well, I see our Business as well as Humours are alike, yours to cozen as many Maids as will trust you, and I as many Men as have Faith- See if I have not as desperate a lying look, as you can have for the heart of you.

[Pulls off her Vizard; he starts.

-How do you like it, Captain?

Will. Like it! by Heav'n, I never saw so much Beauty. Oh the Charms of those sprightly black Eyes, that strangely fair Face, full of Smiles and Dimples! those soft round melting cherry Lips! and small even white Teeth! not to be exprest, but silently adored!- Oh one Look more, and strike me dumb, or I shall repeat nothing else till I am mad.

[He seems to court her to pull off her Vizard: she refuses.

Ang. I can endure no more- nor is it fit to interrupt him; for if I do, my Jealousy has so destroy'd my Reason,- I shall undo him- Therefore I'll retire. And you Sebastian [To one of her Bravoes] follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis; while you tell the Fugitive, I would speak to him instantly.

[To the other Bravo.

[Exit.

[This while Flor. is talking to Belvile, who stands sullenly. Fred. courting Valeria.

Val. Prithee, dear Stranger, be not so sullen; for tho you have lost your Love, you see my Friend frankly offers you hers, to play with in the mean time.

Belv. Faith, Madam I am sorry I can't play at her Game.

Fred. Pray leave your Intercession, and mind your own Affair, they'll better agree apart; he's a model Sigher in Company, but alone no Woman escapes him.

Flor. Sure he does but rally- yet if it should be true- I'll tempt him farther- Believe me, noble Stranger, I'm no common Mistress-

and for a little proof on't- wear this Jewel- nay, take it, Sir,
'tis right, and Bills of Exchange may sometimes miscarry.

Belv. Madam, why am I chose out of all Mankind to be the Object of
your Bounty?

Val. There's another civil Question askt.

Fred. Pox of's Modesty, it spoils his own Markets, and hinders
mine.

Flor. Sir, from my Window I have often seen you; and Women of
Quality have so few opportunities for Love, that we ought to
lose none.

Fred. Ay, this is something! here's a Woman!- When shall I be blest
with so much kindness from your fair Mouth?- Take the Jewel, Fool.

[Aside to Belv.

Belv. You tempt me strangely, Madam, every way.

Flor. So, if I find him false, my whole Repose is gone. [Aside.

Belv. And but for a Vow I've made to a very fine Lady, this
Goodness had subdu'd me.

Fred. Pox on't be kind, in pity to me be kind, for I am to thrive
here but as you treat her Friend.

Hell. Tell me what did you in yonder House, and I'll unmasque.

Will. Yonder House- oh- I went to- a- to- why, there's a Friend of
mine lives there.

Hell. What a she, or a he Friend?

Will. A Man upon my Honour! a Man- A She Friend! no, no, Madam, you
have done my Business, I thank you.

Hell. And was't your Man Friend, that had more Darts in's Eyes than
Cupid carries in a whole Budget of Arrows?

Will. So-

Hell. Ah such a Bona Roba: to be in her Arms is lying in Fresco,
all perfumed Air about me- Was this your Man Friend too?

Will. So-

Hell. That gave you the He, and the She- Gold, that begets young
Pleasures.

Will. Well, well, Madam, then you see there are Ladies in the
World, that will not be cruel- there are, Madam, there are-

Hell. And there be Men too as fine, wild, inconstant Fellows as
your self, there be, Captain, there be, if you go to that now-
therefore I'm resolv'd-

Will. Oh!

Hell. To see your Face no more-

Will. Oh!

Hell. Till to morrow.

Will. Egad you frightened me.

Hell. Nor then neither, unless you'l swear never to see that Lady
more.

Will. See her!- why! never to think of Womankind again?

Hell. Kneel, and swear. [Kneels, she gives him her hand.

Hell. I do, never to think- to see- to love- nor lie with any but
thy self.

Hell. Kiss the Book.

Will. Oh, most religiously. [Kisses her Hand.

Hell. Now what a wicked Creature am I, to damn a proper Fellow.

Call. Madam, I'll stay no longer, 'tis e'en dark. [To Flor.

Flor. However, Sir, I'll leave this with you- that when I'm gone,
you may repent the opportunity you have lost by your modesty.

[Gives him the Jewel, which is her
Picture, and Ex. he gazes after her.

Will. 'Twill be an Age till to morrow,- and till then I will most
impatiently expect you- Adieu, my dear pretty Angel.

[Ex. all the Women.

Belv. Ha! Florinda's Picture! 'twas she her self- what a dull Dog
was I? I would have given the World for one minute's discourse
with her.-

Fred. This comes of your Modesty,- ah pox on your Vow, 'twas ten to
one but we had lost the Jewel by't.

Belv. Willmore! the blessed'st Opportunity lost!- Florinda,
Friends, Florinda!

Will. Ah Rogue! such black Eyes, such a Face, such a Mouth, such
Teeth,- and so much Wit!

Belv. All, all, and a thousand Charms besides.

Will. Why, dost thou know her?

Belv. Know her! ay, ay, and a Pox take me with all my Heart for
being modest.

Will. But hark ye, Friend of mine, are you my Rival? and have I
been only beating the Bush all this while?

Belv. I understand thee not- I'm mad- see here-

[Shews the Picture.

Will. Ha! whose Picture is this?- 'tis a fine Wench.

Fred. The Colonel's Mistress, Sir.

Will. Oh, oh, here- I thought it had been another Prize- come,
come, a Bottle will set thee right again.

[Gives the Picture back.

Belv. I am content to try, and by that time 'twill be late enough
for our Design.

Will. Agreed.

Love does all day the Soul's great Empire keep,
But Wine at night lulls the soft God asleep.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Lucetta's House.

Enter Blunt and Lucetta with a Light.

Luc. Now we are safe and free, no fears of the coming home of my
old jealous Husband, which made me a little thoughtful when you
came in first- but now Love is all the business of my Soul.

Blunt. I am transported- Pox on't, that I had but some fine things
to say to her, such as Lovers use- I was a Fool not to learn of
Fred. a little by Heart before I came- something I must say.-

[Aside.

'Sheartlikins, sweet Soul, I am not us'd to complement, but I'm

an honest Gentleman, and thy humble Servant.

Luc. I have nothing to pay for so great a Favour, but such a Love as cannot but be great, since at first sight of that sweet Face and Shape it made me your absolute Captive.

Blunt. Kind heart, how prettily she talks! Egad I'll show her Husband a Spanish Trick; send him out of the World, and marry her: she's damnable in love with me, and will ne'er mind Settlements, and so there's that sav'd. [Aside.

Luc. Well, Sir, I'll go and undress me, and be with you instantly.

Blunt. Make haste then, for 'dsheartlikins, dear Soul, thou canst not guess at the pain of a longing Lover, when his Joys are drawn within the compass of a few minutes.

Luc. You speak my Sense, and I'll make haste to provide it.

[Exit.

Blunt. 'Tis a rare Girl, and this one night's enjoyment with her will be worth all the days I ever past in Essex.- Would she'd go with me into England, tho to say truth, there's plenty of Whores there already.- But a pox on 'em they are such mercenary prodigal Whores, that they want such a one as this, that's free and generous, to give 'em Good Examples:- Why, what a House she has! how rich and fine!

Enter Sancho.

Sancho. Sir, my Lady has sent me to conduct you to her Chamber.

Blunt. Sir, I shall be proud to follow- Here's one of her Servants too: 'dsheartlikins, by his Garb and Gravity he might be a Justice of Peace in Essex, and is but a Pimp here.

[Exeunt.

The Scene changes to a Chamber with an Alcove-Bed in it, a Table, &c. Lucetta in Bed. Enter Sancho and Blunt, who takes the Candle of Sancho at the Door.

Sanch. Sir, my Commission reaches no farther.

Blunt. Sir, I'll excuse your Complement:- what, in Bed, my sweet Mistress?

Luc. You see, I still out-do you in kindness.

Blunt. And thou shalt see what haste I'll make to quit scores- oh the luckiest Rogue! [Undresses himself

Luc. Shou'd you be false or cruel now!

Blunt. False, 'Sheartlikins, what dost thou take me for a Jew? an insensible Heathen,- A Pox of thy old jealous Husband: and he were dead, egad, sweet Soul, it shou'd be none of my fault, if I did not marry thee.

Luc. It never shou'd be mine.

Blunt. Good Soul, I'm the fortunatest Dog!

Luc. Are you not unrest yet?

Blunt. As much as my Impatience will permit.

[Goes towards the Bed in his Shirt and Drawers.

Luc. Hold, Sir, put out the Light, it may betray us else.

Blunt. Any thing, I need no other Light but that of thine Eyes!-
'sheartlikins, there I think I had it. [Aside.

[Puts out the Candle, the Bed descends,
he gropes about to find it.

-Why- why- where am I got? what, not yet?- where are you sweetest? - ah, the Rogue's silent now- a pretty Love-trick this- how she'll laugh at me anon!- you need not, my dear Rogue! you need not! I'm all on a fire already- come, come, now call me in for pity- Sure I'm enchanted! I have been round the Chamber, and can find neither Woman, nor Bed- I lockt the Door, I'm sure she cannot go that way; or if she cou'd, the Bed cou'd not- Enough, enough, my pretty Wanton, do not carry the Jest too far- Ha, betray'd! Dogs! Rogues! Pimps! help! help!

[Lights on a Trap, and is let down.

Enter Lucetta, Philippo, and Sancho with a Light.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha, he's dispatcht finely.

Luc. Now, Sir, had I been coy, we had mist of this Booty.

Phil. Nay when I saw 'twas a substantial Fool, I was mollified; but when you doat upon a Serenading Coxcomb, upon a Face, fine Clothes, and a Lute, it makes me rage.

Luc. You know I never was guilty of that Folly, my dear Philippo, but with your self- But come let's see what we have got by this.

Phil. A rich Coat!- Sword and Hat!- these Breeches too- are well lin'd!- see here a Gold Watch!- a Purse- ha! Gold!- at least two hundred Pistoles! a bunch of Diamond Rings; and one with the Family Arms!- a Gold Box!- with a Medal of his King! and his Lady Mother's Picture!- these were sacred Reliques, believe me!- see, the Wasteband of his Breeches have a Mind of Gold!- Old Queen Bess's. We have a Quarrel to her ever since Eighty Eight, and may therefore justify the Theft, the Inquisition might have committed it.

Luc. See, a Bracelet of bow'd Gold, these his Sister ty'd about his Arm at parting- but well- for all this, I fear his being a Stranger may make a noise, and hinder our Trade with them hereafter.

Phil. That's our security; he is not only a Stranger to us, but to the Country too- the Common-Shore into which he is descended, thou know'st, conducts him into another Street, which this Light will hinder him from ever finding again- he knows neither your Name, nor the Street where your House is, nay, nor the way to his own Lodgings.

Luc. And art not thou an unmerciful Rogue, not to afford him one Night for all this?- I should not have been such a Jew.

Phil. Blame me not, Lucetta, to keep as much of thee as I can to my self- come, that thought makes me wanton,- let's to Bed,-

Sancho, lock up these.

This is the Fleece which Fools do bear,
Design'd for witty Men to sheer.

[Exeunt.]

The Scene changes, and discovers Blunt, creeping out of a Common Shore, his Face, &c., all dirty.

Blunt. Oh Lord! [Climbing up.]

I am got out at last, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue-and now to Damning and Cursing,- but if that would ease me, where shall I begin? with my Fortune, my self, or the Quean that cozen'd me- What a dog was I to believe in Women! Oh Coxcomb-ignorant conceited Coxcomb! to fancy she cou'd be enamour'd with my Person, at the first sight enamour'd- Oh, I'm a cursed Puppy, 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead, she perceiv'd it,- saw the Essex Calf there- for what Allurements could there be in this Countenance? which I can indure, because I'm acquainted with it- Oh, dull silly Dog! to be thus sooth'd into a Cozening! Had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young Quean! but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms I am a dull believing English Country Fop.- But my Comrades! Death and the Devil, there's the worst of all- then a Ballad will be sung to Morrow on the Prado, to a lousy Tune of the enchanted Squire, and the annihilated Damsel- But Fred. that Rogue, and the Colonel, will abuse me beyond all Christian patience- had she left me my Clothes, I have a Bill of Exchange at home wou'd have sav'd my Credit- but now all hope is taken from me- Well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Consolation, that I am not the first kind believing Coxcomb; but there are, Gallants, many such good Natures amongst ye.

And tho you've better Arts to hide your Follies,
Adsheartlikins y'are all as errant Cullies.

SCENE III. The Garden, in the Night.

Enter Florinda undress'd, with a Key, and a little Box.

Flor. Well, thus far I'm in my way to Happiness; I have got my self free from Callis; my Brother too, I find by yonder light, is gone into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me: I have by good Fortune got the Key of the Garden Back-door,- I'll open it, to prevent Belvile's knocking,- a little noise will now alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief. [Unlocks the Door.]- Hark- what noise is that?- Oh 'twas the Wind that plaid amongst the the Boughs.- Belvile stays long, methinks- its time-stay for fear of a surprize, I'll hide these Jewels in yonder Jessamin. [She goes to lay down the Box.]

Enter Willmore drunk.

Will. What the Devil is become of these Fellows, Belvile and Frederick? They promis'd to stay at the next corner for me, but who the Devil knows the corner of a full Moon?- Now- whereabouts am I?- hah- what have we here? a Garden!- a very convenient place to sleep in- hah- what has God sent us here?- a Female- by this light, a Woman; I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench.-

Flor. He's come!- hah- who's there?

Will. Sweet Soul, let me salute thy Shoe-string.

Flor. 'Tis not my Belvile- good Heavens, I know him not.- Who are you, and from whence come you?

Will. Prithee- prithee, Child- not so many hard Questions- let it suffice I am here, Child- Come, come kiss me.

Flor. Good Gods! what luck is mine?

Will. Only good luck, Child, parlous good luck.- Come hither,- 'tis a delicate shining Wench,- by this Hand she's perfum'd, and smells like any Nosegay.- Prithee, dear Soul, let's not play the Fool, and lose time,- precious time- for as Gad shall save me, I'm as honest a Fellow as breathes, tho I am a little disguis'd at present.- Come, I say,- why, thou may'st be free with me, I'll be very secret. I'll not boast who 'twas oblig'd me, not I- for hang me if I know thy Name.

Flor. Heavens! what a filthy beast is this!

Will. I am so, and thou oughtst the sooner to lie with me for that reason,- for look you, Child, there will be no Sin in't, because 'twas neither design'd nor premeditated; 'tis pure Accident on both sides- that's a certain thing now- Indeed should I make love to you, and you vow Fidelity- and swear and lye till you believ'd and yielded- Thou art therefore (as thou art a good Christian) oblig'd in Conscience to deny me nothing. Now- come, be kind, without any more idle prating.

Flor. Oh, I am ruin'd- wicked Man, unhand me.

Will. Wicked! Egad, Child, a Judge, were he young and vigorous, and saw those Eyes of thine, would know 'twas they gave the first blow- the first provocation.- Come, prithee let's lose no time, I say- this is a fine convenient place.

Flor. Sir, let me go, I conjure you, or I'll call out.

Will. Ay, ay, you were best to call Witness to see how finely you treat me- do.-

Flor. I'll cry Murder, Rape, or any thing, if you do not instantly let me go.

Will. A Rape! Come, come, you lye, you Baggage, you lye: What, I'll warrant you would fain have the World believe now that you are not so forward as I. No, not you,- why at this time of Night was your Cobweb-door set open, dear Spider- but to catch Flies?- Hah come- or I shall be damnable angry.- Why what a Coil is here.-

Flor. Sir, can you think-

Will. That you'd do it for nothing? oh, oh, I find what you'd be at- look here, here's a Pistole for you- here's a work indeed- here- take it, I say.-

Flor. For Heaven's sake, Sir, as you're a Gentleman-

Will. So- now- she would be wheedling me for more- what, you will not take it then- you're resolv'd you will not.- Come, come,

take it, or I'll put it up again; for, look ye, I never give more.- Why, how now, Mistress, are you so high i'th' Mouth, a Pistole won't down with you?- hah- why, what a work's here- in good time- come, no struggling, be gone- But an y'are good at a dumb Wrestle, I'm for ye,- look ye,- I'm for ye.-

[She struggles with him.

Enter Belvile and Frederick.

Bel. The Door is open a Pox of this mad fellow, I'm angry that we've lost him, I durst have sworn he had follow'd us.

Fred. But you were so hasty, Colonel, to be gone.

Flor. Help, help,- Murder!- help- oh, I'm ruin'd.

Belv. Ha, sure that's Florinda's Voice.

[Comes up to them.

-A Man! Villain, let go that Lady.

[A noise.

[Will. turns and draws, Fred. interposes.

Flor. Belvile! Heavens! my Brother too is coming, and 'twill be impossible to escape.- Belvile, I conjure you to walk under my Chamber-window, from whence I'll give you some instructions what to do- This rude Man has undone us.

[Exit.

Will. Belvile!

Enter Pedro, Stephano, and other Servants with Lights.

Ped. I'm betray'd; run, Stephano, and see if Florinda be safe.

[Exit Steph.

So whoe'er they be, all is not well, I'll to Florinda's Chamber.

[They fight, and Pedro's Party beats 'em out; going out, meets Stephano.

Steph. You need not, Sir, the poor Lady's fast asleep, and thinks no harm: I wou'd not wake her, Sir, for fear of frightening her with your danger.

Ped. I'm glad she's there- Rascals, how came the Garden- Door open?

Steph. That Question comes too late, Sir: some of my Fellow-Servants Masquerading I'll warrant.

Ped. Masquerading! a leud Custom to debauch our Youth- there's something more in this than I imagine.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Changes to the Street.

Enter Belvile in Rage, Fred. holding him, and Willmore melancholy.

Will. Why, how the Devil shou'd I know Florinda?
Belv. Ah plague of your ignorance! if it had not been Florinda,
 must you be a Beast ?- a Brute, a senseles Swine?
Will. Well, Sir, you see I am endu'd with Patience- I can bear- tho
 egad y're very free with me methinks,- I was in good hopes the
 Quarrel wou'd have been on my side, for so uncivilly
 interrupting me.
Belv. Peace, Brute, whilst thou'rt safe- oh, I'm distracted.
Will. Nay, nay, I'm an unlucky Dog, that's certain.
Belv. Ah curse upon the Star that rul'd my Birth! or whatsoever
 other Influence that makes me still so wretched.
Will. Thou break'st my Heart with these Complaints; there is no
 Star in fault, no Influence but Sack, the cursed Sack I drank.
Fred. Why, how the Devil came you so drunk?
Will. Why, how the Devil came you so sober?
Belv. A curse upon his thin Skull, he was always before-hand that
 way.
Fred. Prithee, dear Colonel, forgive him, he's sorry for his fault.
Belv. He's always so after he has done a mischief- a plague on all
 such Bruties.
Will. By this Light I took her for an errant Harlot.
Belv. Damn your debaucht Opinion: tell me, Sot, hadst thou so much
 sense and light about thee to distinguish her to be a Woman, and
 could'st not see something about her Face and Person, to strike
 an awful Reverence into thy Soul?
Will. Faith no, I consider'd her as mere a Woman as I could wish.
Belv. 'Sdeath I have no patience- draw, or I'll kill you.
Will. Let that alone till to morrow, and if I set not all right
 again, use your Pleasure.
Belv. To morrow, damn it.
 The spiteful Light will lead me to no happiness.
 To morrow is Antonio's, and perhaps
 Guides him to my undoing;- oh that I could meet
 This Rival, this powerful Fortunate.
Will. What then?
Belv. Let thy own Reason, or my Rage instruct thee.
Will. I shall be finely inform'd then, no doubt; hear me, Colonel-
 hear me- shew me the Man and I'll do his Business.
Belv. I know him no more than thou, or if I did, I should not need
 thy aid.
Will. This you say is Angelica's House, I promis'd the kind Baggage
 to lie with her to Night. [Offers to go in.]

Enter Antonio and his Page. Ant. knocks on the Hilt of his
 Sword.

Ant. You paid the thousand Crowns I directed?
Page. To the Lady's old Woman, Sir, I did.
Will. Who the Devil have we here?
Belv. I'll now plant my self under Florinda's Window, and if I find
 no comfort there, I'll die.

[Ex. Belv. and Fred.

Enter Moretta.

Moret. Page!

Page. Here's my Lord.

Will. How is this, a Piccaroon going to board my Frigate! here's one Chase-Gun for you.

[Drawing his Sword, justles Ant. who turns and draws. They fight, Ant. falls.

Moret. Oh, bless us, we are all undone!

[Runs in, and shuts the Door.

Page. Help, Murder!

[Belvile returns at the noise of fighting.

Belv. Ha, the mad Rogue's engag'd in some unlucky Adventure again.

Enter two or three Masqueraders.

Masq. Ha, a Man kill'd!

Will. How! a Man kill'd! then I'll go home to sleep.

[Puts up, and reels out. Ex. Masquers another way.

Belv. Who shou'd it be! pray Heaven the Rogue is safe, for all my Quarrel to him.

[As Belvile is groping about, enter an Officer and six Soldiers.

Sold. Who's there?

Offic. So, here's one dispatcht- secure the Murderer.

Belv. Do not mistake my Charity for Murder:

I came to his Assistance.

[Soldiers seize on Belvile.

Offic. That shall be tried, Sir.- St. Jago, Swords drawn in the Carnival time! [Goes to Antonio.

Ant. Thy Hand prithee.

Offic. Ha, Don Antonio! look well to the Villain there.- How is't Sir?

Ant. I'm hurt.

Belv. Has my Humanity made me a Criminal?

Offic. Away with him.

Belv. What a curst Chance is this!

[Ex. Soldiers with Belv.

Ant. This is the Man that has set upon me twice- carry him to my Apartment till you have further Orders from me.

[To the Officer. Ex. Ant. led.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A fine Room.

Discovers Belvile, as by Dark alone.

Belv. When shall I be weary of railing on Fortune, who is resolv'd never to turn with Smiles upon me?- Two such Defeats in one Night- none but the Devil and that mad Rogue could have contriv'd to have plagued me with- I am here a Prisoner- but where?- Heaven knows- and if there be Murder done, I can soon decide the Fate of a Stranger in a Nation without Mercy- Yet this is nothing to the Torture my Soul bows with, when I think of losing my fair, my dear Florinda.- Hark- my Door opens- a Light- a Man- and seems of Quality- arm'd too.- Now shall I die like a Do, without defence.

Enter Antonio in a Night-Gown, with a Light; his Arm in a Scarf, and a Sword under his Arm: He sets the Candle on the Table.

Ant. Sir, I come to know what Injuries I have done you, that could provoke you to so mean an Action, as to attack me basely, without allowing time for my Defence.

Belv. Sir, for a Man in my Circumstances to plead Innocence, would look like Fear- but view me well, and you will find no marks of a Coward on me, nor any thing that betrays that Brutality you accuse me of.

Ant. In vain, Sir, you impose upon my Sense, You are not only he who drew on me last Night, But yesterday before the same House, that of Angelica. Yet there is something in your Face and Mein-

Belv. I own I fought to day in the defence of a Friend of mine, with whom you (if you're the same) and your Party were first engag'd. Perhaps you think this Crime enough to kill me, But if you do, I cannot fear you'll do it basely.

Ant. No, Sir, I'll make you fit for a Defence with this.

[Gives him the Sword.

Belv. This Gallantry surprizes me- nor know I how to use this Present, Sir, against a Man so brave.

Ant. You shall not need;

For know, I come to snatch you from a Danger
That is decreed against you;
Perhaps your Life, or long Imprisonment:
And 'twas with so much Courage you offended,
I cannot see you punish't.

Belv. How shall I pay this Generosity?

Ant. It had been safer to have kill'd another,
Than have attempted me:

To shew your Danger, Sir, I'll let you know my Quality;
And 'tis the Vice-Roy's Son whom you have wounded.
Belv. The Vice-Roy's Son!
Death and Confusion! was this Plague reserved
To compleat all the rest?- oblig'd by him!
The Man of all the World I would destroy. [Aside.]

Ant. You seem disorder'd, Sir.
Belv. Yes, trust me, Sir, I am, and 'tis with pain
That Man receives such Bounties,
Who wants the pow'r to pay 'em back again.
Ant. To gallant Spirits 'tis indeed uneasy;
-But you may quickly over-pay me, Sir.
Belv. Then I am well- kind Heaven! but set us even,
That I may fight with him, and keep my Honour safe. [Aside.]
-Oh, I'm impatient, Sir, to be discounting
The mighty Debt I owe you; command me quickly-

Ant. I have a Quarrel with a Rival, Sir,
About the Maid we love.
Belv. Death, tis Florinda he means-
That Thought destroys my Reason, and I shall kill him- [Aside.]

Ant. My Rival, Sir.
Is one has all the Virtues Man can boast of.
Belv. Death! who shou'd this be? [Aside.]
Ant. He challeng'd me to meet him on the Molo,
As soon as Day appear'd; but last Night's quarrel
Has made my Arm unfit to guide a Sword.
Belv. I apprehend you, Sir, you'd have me kill the Man
That lays a claim to the Maid you speak of.
-I'll do't- I'll fly to do it.
Ant. Sir, do you know her?
Belv. -No, Sir, but 'tis enough she is admired by you.
Ant. Sir, I shall rob you of the Glory on't,
For you must fight under my Name and Dress.
Belv. That Opinion must be strangely obliging that makes
You think I can personate the brave Antonio,
Whom I can but strive to imitate.
Ant. You say too much to my Advantage.
Come, Sir, the Day appears that calls you forth.
Within, Sir, is the Habit. [Exit Antonio.]

Belv. Fantastick Fortune, thou deceitful Light,
That cheats the wearied Traveller by Night,
Tho on a Precipice each step you tread,
I am resolv'd to follow where you lead.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. The Molo.

Enter Florinda and Callis in Masques, with Stephano.

Flor. I'm dying with my fears; Belvile's not coming,
As I expected, underneath my Window,

Makes me believe that all those Fears are true. [Aside.

-Canst thou not tell with whom my Brother fights?

Steph. No, Madam, they were both in Masquerade, I was by when they challeng'd one another, and they had decided the Quarrel then, but were prevented by some Cavaliers; which made 'em put it off till now- but I am sure 'tis about you they fight.

Flor. Nay then 'tis with Belvile, for what other Lover have I that dares fight for me, except Antonio? and he is too much in favour with my Brother- If it be he, for whom shall I direct my Prayers to Heaven? [Aside.

Steph. Madam, I must leave you; for if my Master see me, I shall be hang'd for being your Conductor.- I escap'd narrowly for the Excuse I made for you last night i'th' Garden.

Flor. And I'll reward thee for't- prithee no more.

[Exit. Steph.

Enter Don Pedro in his Masquing Habit.

Pedro. Antonio's late to day, the place will fill, and we may be prevented. [Walks about.

Flor. Antonio! sure I heard amiss. [Aside.

Pedro. But who would not excuse a happy Lover.

When soft fair Arms confine the yielding Neck;

And the kind Whisper languishingly breathes,

Must you be gone so soon?

Sure I had dwelt for ever on her Bosom.

-But stay, he's here.

Enter Belvile drest in Antonio's Clothes.

Flor. 'Tis not Belvile, half my Fears are vanisht.

Pedro. Antonio!-

Belv. This must be he. [Aside.

You're early, Sir,- I do not use to be out-done this way.

Pedro. The wretched, Sir, are watchful, and' tis enough
You have the advantage of me in Angelica.

Belv. Angelica!

Or I've mistook my Man! Or else Antonio,
Can he forget his Interest in Florinda,
And fight for common Prize? [Aside.

Pedro. Come, Sir, you know our terms-

Belv. By Heaven, not I. [Aside.

-No talking, I am ready, Sir.

[Offers to fight. Flor. runs in.

Flor. Oh, hold! whoe'er you be, I do conjure you bold.

If you strike here- I die- [To Belv.

Pedro. Florinda!

Belv. Florinda imploring for my Rival!

Pedro. Away, this Kindness is unseasonable.

[Puts her by, they fight; she runs in just
as Belv. disarms Pedro.

Flor. Who are you, Sir, that dare deny my Prayers?

Belv. Thy Prayers destroy him; if thou wouldest
preserve him.

Do that thou'rt unacquainted with, and curse him.

[She holds him.

Flor. By all you hold most dear, by her you love,

I do conjure you, touch him not.

Belv. By her I love!

See- I obey- and at your Feet resign
The useless Trophy of my Victory.

[Lays his sword at her Feet.

Pedro. Antonio, you've done enough to prove you love Florinda.

Belv. Love Florinda!

Does Heaven love Adoration, Pray'r, or Penitence?
Love her! here Sir,- your Sword again.

[Snatches up the Sword, and gives it him.

Upon this Truth I'll fight my Life away.

Pedro. No, you've redeem'd my Sister, and my Friendship.

Belv. Don Pedro!

[He gives him Flor. and pulls off his Vizard to
shew his Face, and puts it on again.

Pedro. Can you resign your Claims to other Women,
And give your Heart intirely to Florinda?

Belv. Intire, as dying Saints Confessions are.
I can delay my happiness no longer.

This minute let me make Florinda mine:

Pedro. This minute let it be- no time so proper,
This Night my Father will arrive from Rome,
And possibly may hinder what we propose.

Flor. Oh Heavens! this Minute!

[Enter Masqueraders, and pass over.

Belv. Oh, do not ruin me!

Pedro. The place begins to fill; and that we may not be observ'd,
do you walk off to St. Peter's Church, where I will meet you,
and conclude your Happiness.

Belv. I'll meet you there- if there be no more Saints Churches in
Naples. [Aside.

Flor. Oh stay, Sir, and recall your hasty Doom:
Alas I have not yet prepar'd my Heart
To entertain so strange a Guest.

Pedro. Away, this silly Modesty is assum'd too late.

Belv. Heaven, Madam! what do you do?

Flor. Do! despise the Man that lays a Tyrant's Claim
To what he ought to conquer by Submission.

Belv. You do not know me- move a little this way.

[Draws her aside.

Flor. Yes, you may even force me to the Altar,
But not the holy Man that offers there
Shall force me to be thine.

[Pedro talks to Callis this while.

Belv. Oh do not lose so blest an opportunity!
See- 'tis your Belvile- not Antonio,
Whom your mistaken Scorn and Anger ruins.

[Pulls off his Vizard.

Flor. Belvile!

Where was my Soul it cou'd not meet thy Voice,
And take this knowledge in?

[As they are talking, enter Willmore finely drest,
and Frederick.

Will. No Intelligence! no News of Belvile yet- well I am the most
unlucky Rascal in Nature- ha!- am I deceiv'd- or is it he-
look, Fred.- 'tis he- my dear Belvile.

[Runs and embraces him. Belv. Vizard falls out on's Hand.

Belv. Hell and Confusion seize thee!

Pedro. Ha! Belvile! I beg your Pardon, Sir.

[Takes Flor. from him.

Belv. Nay, touch her not, she's mine by Conquest, Sir. I won her
by my Sword.

Will. Did'st thou so- and egad, Child, we'll keep her by the
by the Sword.

[Draws on Pedro, Belv. goes between.

Belv. Stand off.

Thou'rt so profanely leud, so curst by Heaven,
All Quarrels thou espousest must be fatal.

Will. Nay, an you he so hot, my Valour's coy,
And shall be courted when you want it next.

[Puts up his Sword.

Belv. You know I ought to claim a Victor's Right, [To Pedro.

But you're the Brother to divine Florinda,
To whom I'm such a Slave- to purchase her,
I durst not hurt the Man she holds so dear.

Pedro. 'Twas by Antonio's, not by Belvile's Sword,

This Question should have been decided, Sir:

I must confess much to your Bravery's due,
Both now, and when I met you last in Arms.

But I am nicely punctual in my word,
As Men of Honour ought, and beg your Pardon.

-For this Mistake another Time shall clear.

-This was some Plot between you and Belvile:

But I'll prevent you. [Aside to Flor. as they are going out.

[Belv. looks after her, and begins to walk up and down in a Rage.

Will. Do not be modest now, and lose the Woman: but if we shall fetch her back, so-

Belv. Do not speak to me.

Will. Not speak to you!- Egad, I'll speak to you, and will be answered too.

Belv. Will you, Sir?

Will. I know I've done some mischief, but I'm so dull a Puppy, that I am the Son of a Whore, if I know how, or where- prithee inform my Understanding.-

Belv. Leave me I say, and leave me instantly.

Will. I will not leave you in this humour, nor till I know my Crime.

Belv. Death, I'll tell you, Sir-

[Draws and runs at Will. he runs out; Belv. after him, Fred. interposes.

Enter Angelica, Moretta, and Sebastian.

Ang. Ha- Sebastian- Is not that Willmore? haste, haste and bring, him back.

Fred. The Colonel's mad- I never saw him thus before; I'll after 'em, lest he do some mischief, for I am sure Willmore will not draw on him.

[Exit.

Ang. I am all Rage! my first desires defeated
For one, for ought he knows, that has no
Other Merit than her Quality,-
Her being Don Pedro's Sister- He loves her:
I know 'tis so- dull, dull, insensible-
He will not see me now tho oft invited;
And broke his Word last night- false perjur'd Man!
-He that but yesterday fought for my Favours,
And would have made his Life a Sacrifice
To've gain'd one Night with me,
Must now be hired and courted to my Arms.

Moret. I told you what wou'd come on't, but Moretta's an old doating Fool- Why did you give him five hundred Crowns, but to set himself out for other Lovers? You shou'd have kept him poor, if you had meant to have had any good from him.

Ang. Oh, name not such mean Trifles.- Had I given him all
My Youth has earn'd from Sin,
I had not lost a Thought nor Sigh upon't.
But I have give him my eternal Rest,
My whole Repose, my future Joys, my Heart;
My Virgin Heart. Moretta! oh 'tis gone!

Moret. Curse on him, here he comes;
How fine she has made him too!

Enter Willmore and Sebast. Ang. turns and walks away.

Will. How now, turn'd Shadow?
Fly when I pursue, and follow when I fly!

Stay gentle Shadow of my Dove,
And tell me e'er I go,
Whether the Substance may not prove
A fleeting Thing like you.

[Sings.]

There's a soft kind Look remaining yet.

[As she turns she looks on him.]

Ang. Well, Sir, you may be gay; all Happiness, all Joys pursue you still, Fortune's your Slave, and gives you every hour choice of new Hearts and Beauties, till you are cloy'd with the repeated Bliss, which others vainly languish for- But know, false Man, that I shall be reveng'd. [Turns away in a Rage.]

Will. So, 'gad, there are of those faint-hearted Lovers, whom such a sharp Lesson next their Hearts would make as impotent as Fourscore- pox o' this whining- my Bus'ness is to laugh and love- a pox on't; I hate your sullen Lover, a Man shall lose as much time to put you in Humour now, as would serve to gain a new Woman.

Ang. I scorn to cool that Fire I cannot raise,
Or do the Drudgery of your virtuous Mistress.

Will. A virtuous Mistress! Death, what a thing thou hast found out for me! why what the Devil should I do with a virtuous Woman?- a fort of ill-natur'd Creatures, that take a Pride to torment a Lover. Virtue is but an Infirmitiy in Women, a Disease that renders even the handsom ungrateful; whilst the ill-favour'd, for want of Sollicitations and Address, only fancy themselves so.- I have lain with a Woman of Quality, who has all the while been railing at Whores.

Ang. I will not answer for your Mistress's Virtue,
Tho she be young enough to know no Guilt:
And I could wish you would persuade my Heart,
'Twas the two hundred thousand Crowns you courted.

Will. Two hundred thousand Crowns! what Story's this?- what Trick?- what Woman?- ha.

Ang. How strange you make it! have you forgot the Creature you entertain'd on the Piazza last night?

Will. Ha, my Gipsy worth two hundred thousand Crowns!- oh how I long to be with her- pox, I knew she was of Quality. [Aside.]

Ang. False Man, I see my Ruin in thy Face.

How many vows you breath'd upon my Bosom,
Never to be unjust- have you forgot so soon?

Will. Faith no, I was just coming to repeat 'em- but here's a Humour indeed- would make a Man a Saint- Wou'd she'd be angry enough to leave me, and command me not to wait on her. [Aside.]

Enter Hellena, drest in Man's Clothes.

Hell. This must be Angelica, I know it by her mumping Matron here-
 Ay, ay, 'tis she: my mad Captain's with her too, for all his
 swearing- how this unconstant Humour makes me love him:- pray,
 good grave Gentlewoman, is not this Angelica?
 Moret. My too young Sir, it is- I hope 'tis one from Don Antonio.

[Goes to Angelica.

Hell. Well, something I'll do to vex him for this. [Aside.
 Ang. I will not speak with him; am I in humour to receive a Lover?
 Will. Not speak with him! why I'll be gone- and wait your idler
 minutes- Can I shew less Obedience to the thing I love so
 fondly? [Offers to go.
 Ang. A fine Excuse this- stay-
 Will. And hinder your Advantage: should I repay your Bounties so
 ungratefully?
 Ang. Come hither, Boy,- that I may let you see
 How much above the Advantages you name
 I prize one Minute's Joy with you.
 Will. Oh, you destroy me with this Endearment.

[Impatient to be gone.

-Death, how shall I get away?- Madam, 'twill not be
 fit I should be seen with you- besides, it will not be
 convenient and I've a Friend- that's dangerously sick.
 Ang. I see you're impatient- yet you shall stay.
 Will. And miss my Assignation with my Gipsy.

[Aside, and walks about impatiently.

Hell. Madam, [Moretta brings Hellena, who addresses
 You'l hardly pardon my Intrusion, (her self to Angelica.
 When you shall know my Business;
 And I'm too young to tell my Tale with Art:
 But there must be a wolidrous store of Goodness
 Where so much Beauty dwells.

Ang. A pretty Advocate, whoever sent thee,
 -Prithee proceed- Nay, Sir, you shall not go.

[To Will. who is stealing off.

Will. Then shall I lose my dear Gipsy for ever.
 -Pox on't, she stays me out of spite. [Aside.

Hell. I am related to a Lady, Madam,
 Young, rich, and nobly born, but has the fate
 To be in love with a young English Gentleman.
 Strangely she loves him, at first sight she lov'd him,
 But did adore him when she heard him speak;
 For he, she said, had Charms in every word,
 That fail'd not to surprize, to wound, and conquer-

Will. Ha, Egad I hope this concerns me. [Aside

Ang. 'Tis my false Man, he means- wou'd he were gone.
 This Praise will raise his Pride and ruin me- Well,
 Since you are so impatient to be gone,
 I will release you, Sir. [To Will.

Will. Nay, then I'm sure 'twas me he spoke of, this cannot be the

Effects of Kindness in her. [Aside.]

-No, Madam, I've consider'd better on't,
And will not give you cause of Jealousy.

Ang. But, Sir, I've- business, that-

Will. This shall not do, I know 'tis but to try me.

Ang. Well, to your Story, Boy,- tho 'twill undo me. [Aside.]

Hell. With this Addition to his other Beauties,

He won her unresisting tender Heart,
He vow'd and sigh'd, and swore he lov'd her dearly;
And she believ'd the cunning Flatterer,
And thought her self the happiest Maid alive:
To day was the appointed time by both,
To consummate their Bliss;
The Virgin, Altar, and the Priest were drest,
And whilst she languish'd for the expected Bridegroom,
She heard, he paid his broken Vows to you.

Will. So, this is some dear Rogue that's in love with me, and this way lets me know it; or if it be not me, she means some one whose place I may supply. [Aside.]

Ang. Now I perceive The cause of thy Impatience to be gone,
And all the business of this glorious Dress.

Will. Damn the young Prater, I know not what he means.

Hell. Madam,

In your fair Eyes I read too much concern
To tell my farther Business.

Ang. Prithee, sweet youth, talk on, thou may'st perhaps Raise here a Storm that may undo my Passion,
And then I'll grant thee any thing.

Hell. Madam, 'tis to intreat you, (oh unreasonable!) You wou'd not see this Stranger; ;
For if you do, she vows you are undone,
Tho Nature never made a Man so excellent;
And sure he'ad been a God, but for Inconstancy.

Will. Ah, Rogue, how finely he's instructed! [Aside.] -'Tis plain some Woman that has seen me en passant.

Ang. Oh, I shall burst with Jealousy! do you know the Man you speak of? -

Hell. Yes, Madam, he us'd to be in Buff and Scarlet.

Ang. Thou, false as Hell, what canst thou say to this? [To Will.]

Will. By Heaven-

Ang. Hold, do not damn thy self-

Hell. Nor hope to be believ'd. [He walks about, they follow.]

Ang. Oh, perjur'd Man!

Is't thus you pay my generous Passion back?

Hell. Why wou'd you, Sir, abuse my Lady's Faith?

Ang. And use me so inhumanly?

Hell. A Maid so young so innocent-

Will. Ah, young Devil!

Ang. Dost thou not know thy Life is in my Power?

Hell. Or think my Lady cannot be reveng'd?

Will. So, so, the Storm comes finely on. [Aside.]

Ang. Now thou art silent, Guilt has struck thee dumb. Oh, hadst

thou still been so, I'd liv'd in safety.

[She turns away and weeps.

Will. Sweetheart, the Lady's Name and House- quickly: I'm impatient to be with her.-

[Aside to Hellena, looks towards Angel. to watch her turning; and as she comes towards them, he meets her.

Hell. So now is he for another Woman.

[Aside.

Will. The impudent'st young thing in Nature!

I cannot persuade him out of his Error, Madam.

Ang. I know he's in the right,- yet thou'st a Tongue That wou'd persuade him to deny his Faith. [In Rage walks away.

Will. Her Name, her Name, dear Boy- [Said softly to Hell.

Hell Have you forgot it, Sir?

Will. Oh, I perceive he's not to know I am a Stranger to his Lady. [Aside.

-Yes, yes, I do know- but- I have forgot the- [Angel. turns.

-By Heaven, such early confidence I never saw.

Ang. Did I not charge you with this Mistress, Sir?

Which you denied, tho I beheld your Perjury.

This little Generosity of thine has render'd back my Heart.

[Walks away.

Will. So, you have made sweet work here, my little mischief;

Look your Lady be kind and good-natur'd now, or

I shall have but a cursed Bargain on't.

[Ang. turns towards them.

-The Rogue's bred up to Mischief,

Art thou so great a Fool to credit him?

Ang. Yes, I do; and you in vain impose upon me.

-Come hither, Boy- Is not this he you speak of?

Hell. I think- it is; I cannot swear, but I vow he has just such another lying Lover's look.

[Hell. looks in his Face, he gazes on her.

Will. Hah! do not I know that Face?-

By Heaven, my little Gipsy! what a dull Dog was I?

Had I but lookt that way, I'd known her.

Are all my hopes of a new Woman banisht?

[Aside.

-Egad, if I don't fit thee for this, hang me.

-Madam, I have found out the Plot.

Hell. Oh Lord, what does he say? am I discover'd now?

Will. Do you see this young Spark here?

Hell. He'll tell her who I am.

Will. Who do you think this is?

Hell. Ay, ay, he does know me.- Nay, dear Captain, I'm undone if you discover me.

Will. Nay, nay, no cogging; she shall know what a precious Mistress I have.

Hell. Will you be such a Devil?

Will. Nay, nay, I'll teach you to spoil sport you will not make.-

This small Ambassador comes not from a Person of Quality, as you

imagine, and he says; but from a very errant Gipsy, the talkingst, pratingst, cantingst little Animal thou ever saw'st.
Ang. What news you tell me! that's the thing I mean.
Hell. Wou'd I were well off the place.- If ever I go a Captain-hunting again.- [Aside.]
Will. Mean that thing? that Gipsy thing? thou may'st as well be jealous of thy Monkey, or Parrot as her: a German Motion were worth a dozen of her, and a Dream were a better Enjoyment, a Creature of Constitution fitter for Heaven than Man.
Hell. Tho I'm sure he lies, yet this vexes me. [Aside.]
Ang. You are mistaken, she's a Spanish Woman
Made up of no such dull Materials.
Will. Materials! Egad, and she be made of any that will either dispense, or admit of Love, I'll be bound to countinence.
Hell. Unreasonable Man, do you think so? [Aside to him.]
Will. You may Return, my little Brazen Head, and tell your Lady, that till she be handsom enough to be belov'd, or I dull enough to be religious, there will be small hopes of me.
Ang. Did you not promise then to marry her?
Will. Not I, by Heaven.
Ang. You cannot undeceive my fears and torments, till you have vow'd you will not marry her.
Hell. If he swears that, he'll be reveng'd on me indeed for all my Rogueries.
Ang. I know what Arguments you'll bring against me, Fortune and Honour.
Will. Honour! I tell you, I hate it in your Sex; and those that fancy themselves possest of that Foppery, are the most impertinently troublesom of all Woman-kind, and will transgress nine Commandments to keep one: and to satisfy your Jealousy I swear-
Hell. Oh, no swearing, dear Captain- [Aside to him.]
Will. If it were possible I should ever be inclin'd to marry, it should be some kind young Sinner, one that has Generosity enough to give a favour handsomely to one that can ask it discreetly, one that has Wit enough to manage an Intrigue of Love- oh, how civil such a Wench is, to a Man than does her the Honour to marry her.
Ang. By Heaven, there's no Faith in any thing he says.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Madam, Don Antonio-
Ang. Come hither.
Hell. Ha, Antonio! he may be coming hither, and he'll certainly discover me, I'll therefore retire without a Ceremony.

[Exit Hellena.]

Ang. I'll see him, get my Coach ready.
Sebast. It waits you, Madam.
Will. This is lucky: what, Madam, now I may be gone and leave you to the enjoyment of my Rival?

Ang. Dull Man, that callst not see how ill, how poor
That false dissimulation looks- Be gone,
And never let me see thy cozening Face again,
Lest I relapse and kill thee.

Will. Yes, you can spare me now,- farewell till you are in a better
Humour- I'm glad of this release-
Now for my Gipsy:
For tho to worse we change, yet still we find
New Joys, New Charms, in a new Miss that's kind.

[Ex. Will.

Ang. He's gone, and in this Ague of My Soul
The shivering Fit returns;
Oh with what willing haste he took his leave,
As if the long'd for Minute were arriv'd,
Of some blest Assignation.
In vain I have consulted all my Charms,
In vain this Beauty priz'd, in vain believ'd
My eyes cou'd kindle any lasting Fires.
I had forgot my Name, my Infamy,
And the Reproach that Honour lays on those
That dare pretend a sober passion here.
Nice Reputation, tho it leave behind
More Virtues than inhabit where that dwells,
Yet that once gone, those virtues shine no more.
-Then since I am not fit to belov'd,
I am resolv'd to think on a Revenge
On him that sooth'd me thus to my undoing.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter Florinda and Valeria in Habits different from
what they have been seen in.

Flor. We're happily escap'd, yet I tremble still.

Val. A Lover and fear! why, I am but half a one, and yet I have
Courage for any Attempt. Would Hellena were here. I wou'd fain
have had her as deep in this Mischief as we, she'll fare but ill
else I doubt.

Flor. She pretended a Visit to the Augustine Nuns, but I believe
some other design carried her out, pray Heavens we light on her.
-Prithee what didst do with Callis?

Val. When I saw no Reason wou'd do good on her, I follow'd her into
the Wardrobe, and as she was looking for something in a great
Chest, I tumbled her in by the Heels, snatcht the Key of the
Apartment where you were confin'd, lockt her in, and left her
bauling for help.

Flor. 'Tis well you resolve to follow my Fortunes, for thou darest
never appear at home again after such an Action.

Val. That's according as the young Stranger and I shall agree- But
to our business- I deliver'd your Letter, your Note to Belvile,
when I got out under pretence of going to Mass, I found him at

his Lodging, and believe me it came seasonably; for never was Man in so desperate a Condition. I told him of your Resolution of making your escape to day, if your Brother would be absent long enough to permit you; if not, die rather than be Antonio's.

Flor. Thou shou'dst have told him I was confin'd to my Chamber upon my Brother's suspicion, that the Business on the Molo was a Plot laid between him and I.

Val. I said all this, and told him your Brother was now gone to his Devotion and he resolves to visit every Church till he find him; and not only undeceive him in that, but caress him so as shall delay his return home.

Flor. Oh Heavens! he's here, and Belvile with him too.

[They put on their Wizards.

Enter Don Pedro, Belvile, Willmore; Belvile and Don Pedro seeming in serious Discourse.

Val. Walk boldly by them, I'll come at a distance, lest he suspect us. [She walks by them, and looks back on them.

Will. Ha! A Woman! and of an excellent Mien!

Ped. She throws a kind look back on you.

Will. Death, tis a likely Wench, and that kind look shall not be cast away- I'll follow her.

Belv. Prithee do not.

Will. Do not! By Heavens to the Antipodes, with such an Invitation.

[She goes out, and Will. follows her.

Belv. 'Tis a mad Fellow for a Wench.

Enter Fred.

Fred. Oh Colonel, such News.

Belv. Prithee what?

Fred. News that will make you laugh in spite of Fortune.

Belv. What, Blunt has had some damn'd Trick put upon him, cheated, bang'd, or clapt?

Fred. Cheated, Sir, rarely cheated of all but his Shirt and Drawers; the unconscionable Whore too turn'd Him out before Consummation, so that traversing, the Streets at Midnight, the Watch found him in this Fresco, and conducted him home: By Heaven 'tis such a slight, and yet I durst as well have been hang'd as laugh at him, or pity him; he beats all that do but ask him a Question, and is in such an Humour-

Ped. Who is't has met with this ill usage, Sir?

Belv. A Friend of ours, whom you must see for Mirth's sake. I'll employ him to give Florinda time for an escape. [Aside.

Ped. Who is he?

Belv. A young Countryman of ours, one that has been educated at so plentiful a rate, he yet ne'er knew the want of Money, and 'twill be a great Jest to see how simply he'll look without it.

For my part I'll lend him none, and the Rogue knows not how to put on a borrowing Face, and ask first. I'll let him see how good 'tis to play our parts whilst I play his- Prithee, Fred. do go home and keep him in that posture till we come.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Florinda from the farther end of the Scene,
looking behind her.

Flor. I am follow'd still- hah- my Brother too advancing this way,
good Heavens defend me from being seen by him.

[She goes off.]

Enter Willmore, and after him Valeria, at a little distance.

Will. Ah! There she sails, she looks back as she were willing to be boarded, I'll warrant her Prize.

[He goes out, Valeria following.]

Enter Hellen, just as he goes out, with a Page.

Hell. Hah, is not that my Captain that has a Woman in chase?- 'tis not Angelica. Boy, follow those People at a distance, and bring me an Account where they go in.- I'll find his Haunts, and plague him every where.- ha- my Brother!

[Exit Page.]

[Bel. Wil. Ped. cross the Stage: Hell. runs off.]

Scene changes to another Street. Enter Florinda.

Flor. What shall I do, my Brother now pursues me. Will no kind Power protect me from his Tyranny? - Hah, here's a Door open, I'll venture in, since nothing can be worse than to fall into his Hands, my Life and Honour are at stake, and my Necessity has no choice. [She goes in.]

Enter Valeria, and Hellen's Page Peeping after Florinda.

Pag. Here she went in, I shall remember this House. [Exit Boy.]
Val. This is Belvile's Lodgings; she's gone in as readily as if she knew it- hah- here's that mad Fellow again, I dare not venture in- I'll watch my Opportunity. [Goes aside.]

Enter Willmore, gazing about him.

Will. I have lost her hereabouts- Pox on't she must not scape me so.

[Goes out.]

Scene changes to Blunt's Chamber, discovers him sitting on a Couch in his Shirt and Drawers, reading.

Blunt. So, now my Mind's a little at Peace, since I have resolv'd Revenge- A Pox on this Taylor tho, for not bringing home the Clothes I bespoke; and a Pox of all poor Cavaliers, a Man can never keep a spare Suit for 'em; and I shall have these Rogues come in and find me naked; and then I'm undone; but I'm resolv'd to arm my self- the Rascals shall not insult over me too much.

[Puts on an old rusty Sword and Buff-Belt.

-Now, how like a Morrice-Dancer I am equipt- a fine Lady-like Whore to cheat me thus, without affording me a Kindness for my Money, a Pox light on her, I shall never be reconciled to the Sex more, she has made me as faithless as a Physician, as uncharitable as a Churchman, and as ill-natur'd as a Poet. O how I'll use all Women-kind hereafter! what wou'd I give to have one of 'em within my reach now! any Mortal thing in Petticoats, kind Fortune, send me; and I'll forgive thy last Night's Malice- Here's a cursed Book too, (a Warning to all young Travellers) that can instruct me how to prevent such Mischiefs now 'tis too late. Well 'tis a rare convenient thing to read a little now and then, as well as hawk and hunt. [Sits down again and reads.

Enter to him Florinda.

Flor. This House is haunted sure 'tis is well furnish't and no living thing inhabits it- hah- a Man! Heavens how he's attir'd! sure 'tis some Rope-dancer, or Fencing-Master; I tremble now for fear, and yet I must venture now to speak to him- Sir, if I may not interrupt your Meditations- [He starts up and gazes.

Blunt. Hah- what's here? Are my wishes granted? and is not that a she Creature? Adsheartlikins 'tis! what wretched thing art thou- hah!

Flor. Charitable Sir, you've told your self already what I am; a very wretched Maid, forc'd by a strange unlucky Accident, to seek a safety here, and must be ruin'd, if you do not grant it.

Blunt. Ruin'd! Is there any Ruin so inevitable as that which now threatens thee? Dost thou, know, miserable Woman, into what Den of Mischiefs thou art fall'n? what a Bliss of Confusion?- hah- dost not see something in my looks that frights thy guilty Soul, and makes thee wish to change that Shape of Woman for any humble Animal or Devil? for those were safer for thee, and less mischievous.

Flor. Alas, what mean you, Sir? I must confess your Looks have something in 'em makes me fear; but I beseech you, as you seem a Gentleman, pity a harmless Virgin, that takes your House for Sanctuary.

Blunt. Talk on, talk on, and weep too, till my faith return. Do flatter me out of my Senses again- a harmless Virgin with a Pox, as much one as t'other, adsheartlikins. Why, what the Devil can I not be safe in my house for you? not in my Chamber? nay, even being naked too cannot secure me. This is an Impudence greater

than has invaded me yet.- Come, no Resistance.

[Pulls her rudely.

Flor. Dare you be so cruel?

Blunt. Cruel, adsheartlikins as a Gally-slave, or a Spanish Whore: Cruel, yes, I will kiss and beat thee all over; kiss, and see thee all over; thou shalt lie with me too, not that I care for the Injoyment, but to let you see I have ta'en deliberated Malice to thee, and will be revenged on one Whore for the Sins of another; I will smile and deceive thee, flatter thee, and beat thee, kiss and swear, and lye to thee, imbrace thee and rob thee, as she did me, fawn on thee, and strip thee stark naked, then hang thee out at my Window by the Heels, with a Paper of scurvey Verses fasten'd to thy Breast, in praise of damnable Women- Come, come along.

Flor. Alas, Sir, must I be sacrific'd for the Crimes of the most infamous of my Sex? I never understood the Sins you name.

Blunt. Do, persuade the Fool you love him, or that one of you can be just or honest; tell me I was not an easy Coxcomb, or any strange impossible Tale: it will be believ'd sooner than thy false Showers or Protestations. A Generation of damn'd Hypocrites, to flatter my very Clothes from my back! dissembling Witches! are these the Returns you make an honest Gentleman that trusts, believes, and loves you?- But if I be not even with you -Come along, or I shall-

[Pulls her again.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Hah, what's here to do?

Blunt. Adsheartlikins, Fred. I am glad thou art come, to be a Witness of my dire Revenge.

Fred. What's this, a Person of Quality too, who is upon the Ramble to supply the Defects of some grave impotent Husband?

Blunt. No, this has another Pretence, some very unfortunate Accident brought her hither, to save a Life pursued by I know not who, or why, and forc'd to take Sanctuary here at Fools Haven. Adsheartlikins to me of all Mankind for Protection? Is the Ass to be cajol'd again, think ye? No, young one, no Prayers or Tears shall mitigate my Rage; therefore prepare for both my Pleasure of Enjoyment and Revenge, for I am resolved to make up my Loss here on thy Body, I'll take it out in kindness and in beating.

Fred. Now, Mistress of mine, what do you think of this?

Flor. I think he will not- dares not be so barbarous.

Fred. Have a care, Blunt, she fetch'd a deep Sigh, she is inamour'd with thy Shirt and Drawers, she'll strip thee even of that.

There are of her Calling such unconscionable Baggages, and such dexterous Thieves, they'll flea a Man, and he shall ne'er miss his Skin, till he feels the Cold. There was a Country-man of ours robb'd of a Row off Teeth whilst he was sleeping, which the Jilt made him buy again when he wak'd- You see, Lady, how little Reason we have to trust you.

Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, why, this is most abominable.

Flor. Some such Devils there may be, but by all that's holy I am

none such, I entered here to save a Life in danger.
Blunt. For no goodness I'll warrant her.
Fred. Faith, Damsel, you had e'en confess the plain Truth, for we
are Fellows not to be caught twice in the same Trap: Look on
that Wreck, a tight Vessel when he set out of Haven, well trim'd
and laden, and see how a Female Piccaroon of this Island of
Rogues has shatter'd him, and canst thou hope for any Mercy?
Blunt. No, no, Gentlewoman, come along, adsheartlikins we must be
better acquainted- we'll both lie with her, and then let me
alone to bang her.
Fred. I am ready to serve you in matters of Revenge, that has a
double Pleasure in't.
Blunt. Well said. You hear, little one, how you are condemn'd by
publick Vote to the Bed within, there's no resisting your
Destiny, Sweetheart. [Pulls her.
Flor. Stay, Sir, I have seen you with Belvile, an English Cavalier,
for his sake use me kindly; you know how, Sir.
Blunt. Belvile! why, yes, Sweeting, we do know Belvile, and wish he
were with us now, he's a Cormorant at Whore and Bacon, he'd have
a Limb or two of thee, my Virgin Pullet: but 'tis no matter,
we'll leave him the Bones to pick.
Flor. Sir, if you have any Esteem for that Belvile, I conjure you
to treat me with more Gentleness; he'll thank you for the
Justice.
Fred. Hark ye, Blunt, I doubt we are mistaken in this matter.
Flor. Sir, If you find me not worth Belvile's Care, use me as you
please; and that you may think I merit better treatment than you
threaten- pray take this Present- [Gives him a Ring: He looks on it.
Blunt. Hum- A Diamond! why, 'tis a wonderful Virtue now that lies
in this Ring, a mollifying Virtue; adsheartlikins there's more
persuasive Rhetorick in't, than all her Sex can utter.
Fred. I begin to suspect something; and 'twou'd anger us vilely to
be truss'd up for a Rape upon a Maid of Quality, when we only
believe we ruffle a Harlot.
Blunt. Thou art a credulous Fellow, but adsheartlikins I have no
Faith yet; why, my Saint prattled as parlously as this does, she
gave me a Bracelet too, a Devil on her: but I sent my Man to
sell it to day for Necessaries, and it prov'd as counterfeit as
her Vows of Love.
Fred. However let it reprieve her till we see Belvile.
Blunt. That's hard, yet I will grant it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the Colonel is just come with his new Friend and a
Spaniard of Quality, and talks of having you to Dinner with 'em.
Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, I'm undone- I would not see 'em for the
World: Harkye, Fred. lock up the Wench in your Chamber.
Fred. Fear nothing, Madam, whate'er he threatens, you're safe
whilst in my Hands.

[Ex. Fred. and Flor.

Blunt. And, Sirrah- upon your Life, say- I am not at home- or that I am asleep- or- or anything- away- I'll prevent them comming this way.

[Locks the Door and Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Blunt's Chamber.

After a great knocking as at his Chamber-door enter Blunt softly crossing the Stage in his Shirt and Drawers, as before.

Ned, Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt.

[Call within.

Blunt. The Rogues are up in Arms, 'dsheartlikins, this villainous Frederick has betray'd me, they have heard of my blessed Fortune.

Ned Blunt, Ned, Ned-

[and knocking within.

Belv. Why, he's dead, Sir, without dispute dead, he has not been seen to day; let's break open the Door- here- Boy-

Blunt. Ha, break open the Door! 'dsheartlikins that mad Fellow will be as good as his word.

Belv. Boy, bring something to force the Door.

[A great noise within at the Door again.

Blunt. So, now must I speak in my own Defence, I'll try what Rhetorick will do- hold- hold, what do you mean, Gentlemen, what do you mean?

Belv. Oh Rogue, art alive? prithee open the Door, and convince us.

Blunt. Yes, I am alive, Gentlemen- but at present a little busy.

Belv. How! Blunt grown a man of Business! come, come, open, and let's see this Miracle. [within.

Blunt. No, no, no, no, Gentlemen, 'tis no great Business- but- I am- at- my Devotion,- 'dsheartlikins, will you not allow a man time to pray?

Belv. Turn'd religious! a greater Wonder than the first, therefore open quickly, or we shall unhinge, we shall. [within.

Blunt. This won't do- Why, hark ye, Colonel; to tell you the plain Truth, I am about a necessary Affair of Life.- I have a Wench with me- you apprehend me? the Devil's in't if they be so uncivil as to disturb me now.

Will. How, a Wench! Nay, then we must enter and partake; no Resistance,- unless it be your Lady of Quality, and then we'll keep our distance.

Blunt. So, the Business is out.

Will. Come, come, lend more hands to the Door- now heave altogether- so, well done, my Boys- [Breaks open the Door.

Enter Belvile, Willmore, Fred. Pedro and Belvile's Page:

Blunt looks simply, they all laugh at him, he lays his hand on his Sword, and comes up to Willmore.

Blunt. Hark ye, Sir, laugh out your laugh quickly, d'ye hear, and be gone, I shall spoil your sport else; 'dsheartlikins, Sir, I shall- the Jest has been carried on too long,- a Plague upon my Taylor-

[Aside.]

Will. 'Sdeath, how the Whore has drest him! Faith, Sir, I'm sorry.

Blunt. Are you so, Sir? keep't to your self then, Sir, I advise you, d'ye hear? for I can as little endure your Pity as his Mirth.

[Lays his Hand on's Sword.]

Belv. Indeed, Willmore, thou wert a little too rough with Ned Blunt's Mistress; call a Person of Quality Whore, and one so young, so handsome, and so eloquent!- ha, ha, ha.

Blunt. Hark ye, Sir, you know me, and know I can be angry; have a care- for 'dsheartlikins I can fight too- I can, Sir,- do you mark me- no more.

Belv. Why so peevish, good Ned? some Disappointments, I'll warrant- What! did the jealous Count her Husband return just in the nick?

Blunt. Or the Devil, Sir,- d'ye laugh? [They laugh.]

Look ye, settle me a good sober Countenance, and that quickly too, or you shall know Ned Blunt is not-

Belv. Not every Body, we know that.

Blunt. Not an Ass, to be laught at, Sir.

Will. Unconscionable Sinner, to bring a Lover so near his Happiness, a vigorous passionate Lover, and then not only cheat him of his Moveables, but his Desires too.

Belv. Ah, Sir, a Mistress is a Trifle with Blunt he'll have a dozen the next time he looks abroad; his Eyes have Charms not to be resisted: There needs no more than to expose that taking Person to the view of the Fair, and he leads 'em all in Triumph.

Ped. Sir, tho I'm a stranger to you, I'm ashamed at the rudeness of my Nation; and could you learn who did it, would assist you to make an Example of 'em.

Blunt. Why, ay, there's one speaks sense now, and handsomly; and let me tell you Gentlemen, I should not have shew'd my self like a Jack-Pudding, thus to have made you Mirth, but that I have revenge within my power; for know, I have got into my possession a Female, who had better have fallen under any Curse, than the Ruin I design her: 'dsheartlikins, she assaulted me here in my own Lodgings, and had doubtless committed a Rape upon me, had not this Sword defended me.

Fred. I knew not that, but o'my Conscience thou hadst ravisht her, had she not redeem'd her self with a Ring- let's see't, Blunt.

[Blunt shews the Ring.]

Belv. Hah!- the Ring I gave Florinda when we exchang'd our Vows!- hark ye, Blunt- [Goes to whisper to him.]

Will. No whispering, good Colonel there's a Woman in the case, no whispering.

Belv. Hark ye, Fool, be advis'd, and conceal both the Ring and the

Story, for your Reputation's sake; don't let People know what despis'd Cullies we English are: to be cheated and abus'd by one Whore, and another rather bribe thee than be kind to thee, it is an Infamy to our Nation.

Will. Come, come, Where's the Wench? we'll see her, let her be what she will, we'll see her.

Ped. Ay, ay, let us see her, I can soon discover whether she be of Quality, or for your Diversion.

Blunt. She's in Fred's Custody.

Will. Come, come, the Key.

[To Fred. who gives him the Key, they are going.

Belv. Death! what shall I do?- stay, Gentlemen- yet if I hinder 'em, I shall discover all- hold, let's go one at once- give me the Key.

Will. Nay, hold there, Colonel, I'll go first.

Fred. Nay, no Dispute, Ned and I have the property of her.

Will. Damn Property- then we'll draw Cuts.

[Belv. goes to whisper Will.

Nay, no Corruption, good Colonel: come, the longest Sword carries her.-

[They all draw, forgetting Don Pedro, being a Spaniard, had the longest.

Blunt. I yield up my Interest to you Gentlemen, and that will be Revenge sufficient.

Will. The Wench is yours- (To Ped.) Pox of his Toledo, I had forgot that.

Fred. Come, Sir, I'll conduct you to the Lady

[Ex. Fred. and Ped.

Belv. To hinder him will certainly discover- [Aside.]
Dost know, dull Beast, what Mischief thou hast done?

[Will. walking up and down out of Humour.

Will. Ay, ay, to trust our Fortune to Lots, a Devil on't, 'twas madness, that's the Truth on't.

Belv. Oh intolerable Sot!

Enter Florinda, running masqu'd, Pedro after her, Will.
gazing round her.

Flor. Good Heaven, defend me from discovery. [Aside.

Pedro. 'Tis but in vain to fly me, you are fallen to my Lot.

Belv. Sure she is undiscover'd yet, but now I fear there is no way to bring her off.

Will. Why, what a Pox is not this my Woman, the same I follow'd but now?

[Ped. talking to Florinda, who walks up and down.

Ped. As if I did not know ye, and your Business here.

Flor. Good Heaven! I fear he does indeed- [Aside.

Ped. Come, pray be kind, I know you meant to be so when you enter'd here, for these are proper Gentlemen.

Will. But, Sir- perhaps the Lady will not be impos'd upon, she'll chuse her Man.

Ped. I am better bred, than not to leave her Choice free.

Enter Valeria, and is surpriz'd at the Sight of Don Pedro.

Val. Don Pedro here! there's no avoiding him. [Aside.

Flor. Valeria! then I'm undone- [Aside.

Val. Oh! have I found you, Sir-

[To Pedro, running to him.

-The strangest Accident- if I had breath- to tell it.

Ped. Speak- is Florinda safe? Hellena well?

Val. Ay, ay, Sir- Florinda- is safe- from any fears of you.

Ped. Why, where's Florinda?- speak.

Val. Ay, where indeed, Sir? I wish I could inform you,- But to hold you no longer in doubt-

Flor. Oh, what will she say! [Aside.

Val. She's fled away in the Habit of one of her Pages, Sir- but Callis thinks you may retrieve her yet, if you make haste away; she'll tell you, Sir, the rest- if you can find her out.

[Aside.

Ped. Dishonourable Girl, she has undone my Aim- Sir- you see my necessity in leaving you, and I hope you'll pardon it: my Sister, I know, will make her flight to you; and if she do, I shall expect she should be render'd back.

Belv. I shall consult my Love and Honour, Sir.

[Ex Ped.

Flor. My dear Preserver let me embrace thee. [To Val.

Will. What the Devil's all this?

Blunt. Mystery by this Light.

Val. Come, come, make haste and get your selves married quickly, for your Brother will return again.

Belv. I am so surpriz'd with Fears and Joys, so amaz'd to find you here in safety, I can scarce persuade my Heart into a Faith of what I see-

Will. Harkye, Colonel, is this that Mistress who has cost you so many Sighs, and me so many Quarrels with you?

Belv. It is- Pray give him the Honour of your Hand. [To Flor.

Will. Thus it must be receiv'd then. [Kneels and kisses her Hand. And with give your Pardon too.

Flor. The Friend to Belvile may command me anything.

Will. Death, wou'd I might, 'tis a surprizing Beauty. [Aside.

Belv. Boy, run and fetch a Father instantly.

[Ex. Boy.

Fred. So, now do I stand like a Dog, and have not a Syllable to plead my own Cause with: by this Hand, Madam, I was never thorowly confounded before, nor shall I ever more dare look up with Confidence, till you are pleased to pardon me.

Flor. Sir, I'll be reconcil'd to you on one Condition, that you'll follow the Example of your Friend, in marrying, a Maid that does not hate you, and whose Fortune (I believe) will not be unwelcome to you.

Fred. Madam, had I no Inclinations that way, I shou'd obey your kind Commands.

Belv. Who, Fred. marry; he has so few Inclinations for Womankind, that had he been possest of Paradise, he might have continu'd there to this Day, if no Crime but Love cou'd have disinherited him.

Fred. Oh, I do not use to boast of my Intrigues.

Belv. Boast! why thou do'st nothing but boast; and I dare swear, wer't thou as innocent from the Sin of the Grape, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'st yet claim that right in Eden which our first Parents lost by too much loving.

Fred. I wish this Lady would think me so modest a Man.

Val. She shou'd be sorry then, and not like you half so well, and I shou'd be loth to break my Word with you; which was, That if your Friend and mine are agreed, it shou'd be a Match between you and I. [She gives him her Hand.

Fred. Bear witness, Colonel, 'tis a Bargain. [Kisses her Hand.

Blunt. I have a Pardon to beg too; but adsheartlikins I am so out of Countenance, that I am a Dog if I can say any thing to purpose. [To Florinda.

Flor. Sir, I heartily forgive you all.

Blunt. That's nobly said, sweet Lady- Belvile, prithee present her her Ring again, for I find I have not Courage to approach her my self. [Gives him the Ring, he gives it to Florinda.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, I have brought the Father that you sent for.

Belv. 'Tis well, and now my dear Florinda, let's fly to compleat that mighty Joy we have so long wish'd and sigh'd for.- Come, Fred. you'll follow?

Fred. Your Example, Sir, 'twas ever my Ambition in War, and must be so in Love.

Will. And must not I see this juggling Knot ty'd?

Belv. No, thou shalt do us better Service, and be our Guard, lest Don Pedro's sudden Return interrupt the Ceremony.

Will. Content; I'll secure this Pass.

[Ex. Bel. Flor. Fred. and Val.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there's a Lady without wou'd speak to you. [To Will.

Will. Conduct her in, I dare not quit my Post.

Boy. And, Sir, your Taylor waits you in your Chamber.
Blunt. Some comfort yet, I shall not dance naked at the Wedding.

[Ex. Blunt and Boy

Enter again the Boy, conducting in Angelica in a masquing
Habit and a Vizard, Will. runs to her.

Will. This can be none but my pretty Gipsy- Oh, I see you can
follow as well as fly- Come, confess thy self the most malicious
Devil in Nature, you think you have done my Bus'ness with
Angelica-

Ang. Stand off, base Villain- [She draws a Pistol
and holds to his Breast.

Will. Hah, 'tis not she: who art thou? and what's thy Business?

Ang. One thou hast injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.

Will. What the Devil canst thou mean?

Ang. By all my Hopes to kill thee-

[Holds still the Pistol to his Breast, he
going back, she fillwing still.

Will. Prithee on what Acquaintance? for I know thee not.

Ang. Behold this Face!- so lost to thy Remembrance! And then call
all thy Sins about thy Soul, [Pulls off her Vizard.
And let them die with thee.

Will. Angelica!

Ang. Yes, Traitor.

Does not thy guilty Blood run shivering thro thy Veins?
Hast thou no Horror at this Sight, that tells thee,
Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful Conquest?
Will. Faith, no Child, my Blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows still,
and that usual Heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a Kindness,
had I but opportunity.

Ang. Devil! dost wanton with my Pain- have at thy Heart.

Will. Hold dear Virago! hold thy Hand a little, I am not now at
leisure to be kill'd- hold and hear me-
Death, I think she's in earnest. [Aside.

Ang. Oh if I take not heed,

My coward Heart will leave me to his Mercy. [Aside, turning from him.

-What have you, Sir, to say?- but should I hear thee, Thoud'st
talk away all that is brave about me:

[Follows him with the Pistol to his Breast.
And I have vow'd thy Death, by all that's sacred.
Will. Why, then there's an end of a proper handsom Fellow, that
might have liv'd to have done good Service yet:- That's all I
can say to't.

Ang. Yet- I wou'd give thee time for Penitence. [Pausingly.

Will. Faith, I thank God, I have ever took care to lead a good,
sober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion that teaches me to
believe, I shall depart in Peace.

Ang. So will the Devil: tell me

How many poor believing Fools thou hast undone;
How many Hearts thou hast betray'd to ruin!
-Yet these are little Mischiefs to the Ills
Thou'st taught mine to commit: thou'st taught it Love.
Will. Egad, 'twas shreudly hurt the while.

Ang. -Love, that has robb'd it of its Unconcern,
Of all that Pride that taught me how to value it,
And in its room a mean submissive Passion was convey'd,
That made me humbly bow, which I ne'er did
To any thing but Heaven.
-Thou, perjur'd Man, didst this, and with thy Oaths,
Which on thy Knees thou didst devoutly make,
Softn'd my yielding Heart- And then, I was a Slave-
Yet still had been content to've worn my Chains,
Worn 'em with Vanity and Joy for ever,
Hadst thou not broke those Vows that put them on.
-'Twas then I was undone.

[All this while follows him with a Pistol to his Breast.
Will. Broke my Vows! why, where hast thou lived?
Amongst the Gods! For I never heard of mortal Man,
That has not broke a thousand Vows.

Ang. Oh, Impudence!
Will. Angelica! that Beauty has been too long tempting,
Not to have made a thousand Lovers languish,
Who in the amorous Favour, no doubt have sworn
Like me; did they all die in that Faith? still adoring?
I do not think they did.

Ang. No, faithless Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did thine,
I wou'd have kill'd the ungrateful that had abandon'd me.

Will. This old General has quite spoil'd thee, nothing makes a
Woman so vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever supplies
the Defects of Age, with intolerable Dotage, vast Charge, and
that which you call Constancy; and attributing all this to your
own Merits, you domineer, and throw your Favours in's Teeth,
upbraiding him still with the Defects of Age, and cuckold him as
often as he deceives your Expectations. But the gay, young,
brisk Lover, that brings his equal Fires, and can give you Dart
for Dart, he'll be as nice as you sometimes.

Ang. All this thou'st made me know, for which I hate thee.

Had I remain'd in innocent Security,
I shou'd have thought all Men were born my Slaves;
And worn my Pow'r like Lightning in my Eyes,
To have destroy'd at Pleasure when offended.
-But when Love held the Mirror, the undeceiving Glass
Reflected all the Weakness of my Soul, and made me know,
My richest Treasure being lost, my Honour,
All the remaining Spoil cou'd not be worth
The Conqueror's Care or Value.

-Oh how I fell like a long worship'd Idol,
Discovering all the Cheat!
Wou'd not the Incense and rich Sacrifice,
Which blind Devotion offer'd at my Altars,
Have fall'n to thee?

Why woud'st thou then destroy my fancy'd Power?
Will. By Heaven thou art brave, and I admire the strangely.
I wish I were that dull, that constant thing,
Which thou woud'st have, and Nature never meant me:
I must, like chearful Birds, sing in all Groves,
And perch on every Bough,
Billing the next kind She that flies to meet me;
Yet after all cou'd build my Nest with thee,
Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round,
And still reserve a tributary Flame.
-To gain your Credit, I'll pay you back your Charity,
And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love.

[Offers her a Purse of Gold.

Ang. Oh that thou wert in earnest!

So mean a Thought of me,
Wou'd turn my Rage to Scorn, and I shou'd pity thee,
And give thee leave to live;
Which for the publick Safety of our Sex,
And my own private Injuries, I dare not do.
Prepare- [Follows still, as before.
-I will no more be tempted with Replies.

Will. Sure-

Ang. Another Word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long.
[She follows him with a Pistol ready
to shoot: he retires still amaz'd.

Enter Don Antonio, his Arm in a Scarf, and lays hold
on the Pistol.

Ant. Hah! Angelica!

Ang. Antonio! What Devil brought thee hither?

Ant. Love and Curiosity, seeing your Coach at Door.

Let me disarm you of this unbecoming Instrument of Death.- [Takes away the Pistol.

Amongst the Number of your Slaves, was there not one worthy the Honour to have fought your Quarrel?

-Who are you, Sir, that are so very wretched
To merit Death from her?

Will. One, Sir, that cou'd have made a better End of an amorous
Quarrel without you, than with you.

Ant. Sure 'tis some Rival- hah- the very Man took down her Picture
yesterday- the very same that set on me last night- Blest
opportunity- [Offers to shoot him.

Ang. Hold, you're mistaken, Sir.

Ant. By Heaven the very same!

-Sir, what pretensions have you to this Lady?
Will. Sir, I don't use to be examin'd, and am ill at all Disputes
but this- [Draws, Anton. offers to shoot.

Ang. Oh, hold! you see he's arm'd with certain Death: [To Will.

-And you, Antonio, I command you hold,
By all the Passion you've so lately vow'd me.

Enter Don Pedro, sees Antonio, and stays.

Ped. Hah, Antonio! and Angelica! [Aside.

Ant. When I refuse Obedience to your Will,
May you destroy me with your mortal Hate.
By all that's Holy I adore you so,
That even my Rival, who has Charms enough
To make him fall a Victim to my Jealousy,
Shall live, nay, and have leave to love on still.

Ped. What's this I hear? [Aside.

Ang. Ah thus, 'twas thus he talk'd, and I believ'd.

[Pointing to Will.

-Antonio, yesterday,
I'd not have sold my Interest in his Heart
For all the Sword has won and lost in Battle.
-But now to show my utmost of Contempt,
I give thee Life- which if thou would'st preserve,
Live where my Eyes may never see thee more,
Live to undo some one, whose Soul may prove
So bravely constant to revenge my Love.

[Goes out, Ant. follows, but Ped. pulls him back.

Ped. Antonio- stay.

Ant. Don Pedro-

Ped. What Coward Fear was that prevented thee From meeting me this
Morning on the Molo?

Ant. Meet thee?

Ped. Yes me; I was the Man that dar'd thee to't.

Ant. Hast thou so often seen me fight in War,
To find no better Cause to excuse my Absence?
-I sent my Sword and one to do thee Right,
Finding my self uncapable to use a Sword.

Ped. But 'twas Florinda's Quarrel that we fought,
And you to shew how little you esteem'd her,
Sent me your Rival, giving him your Interest.
-But I have found the Cause of this Affront,
But when I meet you fit for the Dispute,
-I'll tell you my Resentment.

Ant. I shall be ready, Sir, e'er long to do you Reason.

[Exit Ant.

Ped. If I cou'd find Florinda, now whilst my Anger's high,
I think I shou'd be kind, and give her to Belvile in Revenge.

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not what you wou'd do, but I believe the
Priest within has been so kind.

Ped. How! my Sister married?

Will. I hope by this time she is, and bedded too, or he has not my
longings about him.

Ped. Dares he do thus? Does he not fear my Pow'r?

Will. Faith not at all. If you will go in, and thank him for the
Favour he has done your Sister, so; if not, Sir, my Power's
greater in this House than yours; I have a damn'd surly Crew

here, that will keep you till the next Tide, and then clap you an board my Prize; my Ship lies but a League off the Molo, and we shall show your Donship a damn'd Tramontana Rover's Trick.

Enter Belvile.

Belv. This Rogue's in some new Mischief- hah, Pedro return'd!
Ped. Colonel Belvile, I hear you have married my Sister.

Belv. You have heard truth then, Sir.

Ped. Have I so? then, Sir, I wish you joy.

Belv. How!

Ped. By this Embrace I do, and I glad on't.

Belv. Are you in earnest?

Ped. By our long Friendship and my Obligations to thee, I am. The sudden Change I'll give you Reasons for anon. Come lead me into my Sister, that she may know I now approve her Choice.

[Exit Bel. with Ped.

[Will. goes to follow them. Enter Hellena as before
in Boy's Clothes, and pulls him back.

Will. Ha! my Gipsy- Now a thousand Blessings on thee for this Kindness. Egad, Child, I was e'en in despair of ever seeing thee again; my Friends are all provided for within, each Man his kind Woman.

Hell. Hah! I thought they had serv'd me some such Trick.

Will. And I was e'en resolv'd to go aboard, condemn my self to my lone Cabin, and the Thoughts of thee.

Hell. And cou'd you have left me behind? wou'd you have been so ill-natur'd?

Will. Why, 'twou'd have broke my Heart, Child- but since we are met again, I defy foul Weather to part us.

Hell. And wou'd you be a faithful Friend now, if a Maid shou'd trust you?

Will. For a Friend I cannot promise, thou art of a Form so excellent, a Face and Humour too good for cold dull Friendship; I am parlously afraid of being in love, Child, and you have not forgot how severely you have us'd me.

Hell. That's all one, such Usage you must still look for, to find out all your Haunts, to rail at you to all that love you, till I have made you love only me in your own Defence, because no body else will love.

Will. But hast thou no better Quality to recommend thy self by?

Hell. Faith none, Captain- Why, 'twill be the greater Charity to take me for thy Mistress, I am a lone Child, a kind of Orphan Lover; and why I shou'd die a Maid, and in a Captain's Hands too, I do not understand.

Will. Egad, I was never claw'd away with Broad-Sides from any Female before, thou hast one Virtue I adore, good-Nature; I hate a coy demure Mistress, she's as troublesom as a Colt, I'll break none; no, give me a mad Mistress when mew'd, and in flying on[e] I dare trust upon the Wing, that whilst she's kind

will come to the Lure.

Hell. Nay, as kind as you will, good Captain, whilst it lasts, but let's lose no time.

Will. My time's as precious to me, as thine can be; therefore, dear Creature, since we are so well agreed, let's retire to my Chamber, and if ever thou were treated with such savory Love-Come- My Bed's prepar'd for such a Guest, all clean and sweet as thy fair self; I love to steal a Dish and a Bottle with a Friend, and hate long Graces- Come, let's retire and fall to Hell. 'Tis but getting my Consent, and the Business is soon done; let but old Gaffer Hymen and his Priest say Amen to't, and I dare lay my Mother's Daughter by as proper a Fellow as your Father's Son, without fear or blushing.

Will. Hold, hold, no Bugg Words, Child, Priest and Hymen: prithee add Hangman to 'em to make up the Consort- No, no, we'll have no Vows but Love, Child, nor Witness but the Lover; the kind Diety enjoins naught but love and enjoy. Hymen and Priest wait still upon Portion, and Joynture; Love and Beauty have their own Ceremonies. Marriage is as certain a Bane to Love, as lending Money is to Friendship: I'll neither ask nor give a Vow, tho I could be content to turn Gipsy, and become a Left-hand Bridegroom, to have the Pleasure of working that great Miracle of making a Maid a Mother, if you durst venture; 'tis upse Gipsy that, and if I miss, I'll lose my Labour.

Hell. And if you do not lose, what shall I get? A Cradle full of Noise and Mischief, with a Pack of Repentance at my Back? Can you teach me to weave Inkle to pass my time with? 'Tis upse Gipsy that too.

Will. I can teach thee to weave a true Love's Knot better.

Hell. So can my Dog.

Will. Well, I see we are both upon our Guard, and I see there's no way to conquer good Nature, but by yielding- here- give me thy Hand- one Kiss and I am thine-

Hell. One Kiss! How like my Page he speaks; I am resolv'd you shall have none, for asking such a sneaking Sum- He that will be satisfied with one Kiss, will never die of that Longing; good Friend single-Kiss, is all your talking come to this? A Kiss, a Caudle! farewell, Captain single-Kiss.

[Going out he stays her.

Will. Nay, if we part so, let me die like a Bird upon a Bough, at the Sheriff's Charge. By Heaven, both the Indies shall not buy thee from me. I adore thy Humour and will marry thee, and we are so of one Humour, it must be a Bargain- give me thy Hand- [Kisses her hand.

And now let the blind ones (Love and Fortune) do their worst.

Hell. Why, God-a-mercy, Captain!

Will. But harkye- The Bargain is now made; but is it not fit we should know each other's Names? That when we have Reason to curse one another hereafter, and People ask me who 'tis I give to the Devil, I may at least be able to tell what Family you came of.

Hell. Good reason, Captain; and where I have cause, (as I doubt not but I shall have plentiful) that I may know at whom to throw my- Blessings- I beseech ye your Name.

Will. I am call'd Robert the Constant.

Hell. A very fine Name! pray was it your Faulkner or Butler that christen'd you? Do they not use to whistle when then call you?

Will. I hope you have a better, that a Man may name without crossing himself, you are so merry with mine.

Hell. I am call'd Hellena the Inconstant.

Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Fred. Valeria.

Ped. Hah! Hellena!

Flor. Hellena!

Hell. The very same- hah my Brother! now, Captain, shew your Love and Courage; stand to your Arms, and defend me bravely, or I am lost for ever.

Ped. What's this I bear? false Girl, how came you hither, and what's your Business? Speak. [Goes roughly to her.

Will. Hold off, Sir, you have leave to parly only.

[Puts himself between.

Hell. I had e'en as good tell it, as you guess it. Faith, Brother, my Business is the same with all living Creatures of my Age, to love, and be loved, and here's the Man.

Ped. Perfidious Maid, hast thou deceiv'd me too, deceiv'd thy self and Heaven?

Hell. 'Tis time enough to make my Peace with that: Be you but kind, let me alone with Heaven.

Ped. Belvile, I did not expect this false Play from you; was't not enough you'd gain Florinda (which I pardon'd) but your leud Friends too must be inrich'd with the Spoils of a noble Family?

Belv. Faith, Sir, I am as much surpriz'd at this as you can be: Yet, Sir, my Friends are Gentlemen, and ought to be esteem'd for their Misfortunes, since they have the Glory to suffer with the best of Men and Kings; 'tis true, he's a Rover of Fortune, yet a Prince aboard his little wooden World.

Ped. What's this to the maintenance of a Woman or her Birth and Quality?

Will. Faith, Sir, I can boast of nothing but a Sword which does me Right where-e'er I come, and has defended a worse Cause than a Woman's: and since I lov'd her before I either knew her Birth or Name, I must pursue my Resolution, and marry her.

Ped. And is all your holy Intent of becoming a Nun debauch'd into a Desire of Man?

Hell. Why- I have consider'd the matter, Brother, and find the Three hundred thousand Crowns my Uncle left me (and you cannot keep from me) will be better laid out in Love than in Religion, and turn to as good an Account- let most Voices carry it, for Heaven or the Captain?

All cry, a Captain, a Captain.

Hell. Look ye, Sir, 'tis a clear Case.

Ped. Oh I am mad- if I refuse, my Life's in Danger [Aside. -Come- There's one motive induces me- take her- I shall now be

free from the fear of her Honour; guard it you now, if you can,
I have been a Slave to't long enough. [Gives her to him.
Will. Faith, Sir, I am of a Nation, that are of opinion a Woman's
Honour is not worth guarding when she has a mind to part with
it.

Hell. Well said, Captain.

Ped. This was your Plot, Mistress, but I hope you have married one
that will revenge my Quarrel to you- [To Valeria.

Val. There's no altering Destiny, Sir.

Ped. Sooner than a Woman's Will, therefore I forgive you all- and
wish you may get my Father's Pardon as easily; which I fear.

Enter Blunt drest in a Spanish Habit, looking very
ridiculously; his Man adjusting his Band.

Man. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Blunt. Well, Sir, 'dsheartlikins I tell you 'tis damnable ill,
Sir- a Spanish Habit, good Lord! cou'd the Devil and
my Taylor devise no other Punishment for me, but the Mode of a
Nation I abominate?

Belv. What's the matter, Ned?

Blunt. Pray view me round, and judge- [Turns round.

Belv. I must confess thou art a kind of an odd Figure.

Blunt. In a Spanish Habit with a Vengeance! I had rather be in the
inquisition for Judaism, than in this Doublet and Breeches; a
Pillory were an easy Collar to this, three Handfuls high; and
these Shoes too are worse than the Stocks, with the Sole an Inch
shorter than my Foot: In fine, Gentlemen, methinks I look
altogether like a Bag of Bays stuff'd full of Fools Flesh.

Belv. Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look en Cavalier: Come,
Sir, settle your Face, and salute our Friends, Lady-

Blunt. Hah! Say'st thou so, my little Rover? [To Hell.
Lady- (if you be one) give me leave to kiss your Hand, and tell
you, adsheartlikins, for all I look so, I am your humble
Servant- A Pox of my Spanish Habit.

Will. Hark- what's this?

[Musick is heard to Play.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, as the Custom is, the gay People in Masquerade, who make
every Man's House their own, are coming up.

Enter several Men and Women in masquing Habits, with Musick,
they put themselves in order and dance.

Blunt. Adsheartlikins, wou'd 'twere lawful to pull off their false
Faces, that I might see if my Doxy were not amongst 'em.

Belv. Ladies and Gentlemen, since you are come so a propos, you
must take a small Collation with us. [To the Masquers.

Will. Whilst we'll to the Good Man within, who stays to give us a
Cast of his Office. [To Hell.

-Have you no trembling at the near approach?
Hell. No more than you have in an Engagement or a Tempest.
Will. Egad, thou'rt a brave Girl, and I admire thy Love and
Courage.
Lead on, no other Dangers they can dread,
Who venture in the Storms o'th' Marriage-Bed.

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

THE banisht Cavaliers! a Roving Blade!
A popish Carnival! a Masquerade!
The Devil's in't if this will please the Nation,
In these our blessed Times of Reformation,
When Conventicling is so much in Fashion.
And yet-
That mutinous Tribe less Factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in Wit;
Your Judgment's (as your Passions) a Disease:
Nor Muse nor Miss your Appetite can please;
You're grown as nice as queasy Consciences,
Whose each Convulsion, when the Spirit moves,
Damns every thing that Maggot disapproves
With canting Rule you wou'd the Stage refine,
And to dull Method all our Sense confine.
With th' Insolence of Common-wealths you rule,
Where each gay Fop, and politick brave Fool
On Monarch Wit impose without controul.
As for the last who seldom sees a Play,
Unless it be the old Black-Fryers way,
Shaking his empty Noddle o'er Bamboo,
He crys- Good Faith, these Plays will never do.
-Ah, Sir, in my young days, what lofty Wit,
What high-strain'd Scenes of Fighting there were writ:
These are slight airy Toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the House of Commons done to day?
Then shews his Politicks, to let you see
Of State Affairs he'll judge as notably,
As he can do of Wit and Poetry.
The younger Sparks, who hither do resort,
Cry-
Pox o' your gentle things, give us more Sport;
-Damn me, I'm sure 'twill never please the Court.
Such Fops are never pleas'd, unless the Play
Be stuff'd with Fools, as brisk and dull as they:
Such might the Half-Crown spare, and in a Glass
At home behold a more accomplisht Ass,
Where they may set their Cravats, Wigs and Faces,
And practice all their Buffoonry Grimaces;
See how this- Huff becomes- this Dammy- flare-
Which they at home may act, because they dare,
But- must with prudent Caution do elsewhere.
Oh that our Nokes, or Tony Lee could show

A Fop but half so much to th' Life as you.

POST-SCRIPT.

THIS Play had been sooner in Print, but for a Report about the Town (made by some either very Malitious or very Ignorant) that 'twas Thomaso alter'd; which made the Book-sellers fear some trouble from the Proprietor of that Admirable Play, which indeed has Wit enough to stock a Poet, and is not to be piec't or mended by any but the Excellent Author himself; That I have stol'n some hints from it may be a proof, that I valu'd it more than to pretend to alter it: had I had the Dexterity of some Poets who are not more expert in stealing than in the Art of Concealing, and who even that way out-do the Spartan-Boyes I might have appropriated all to myself, but I, vainly proud of my Judgment hang out the Sign of ANGELICA (the only Stol'n Object) to give Notice where a great part of the Wit dwelt; though if the Play of the Novella were as well worth rememb'ring as Thomaso, they might (bating the Name) have as well said, I took it from thence: I will only say the Plot and Bus'ness (not to boast on't) is my own: as for the Words and Characters, I leave the Reader to judge and compare 'em with Thomaso, to whom I recommend the great Entertainment of reading it, tho' had this succeeded ill, I shou'd have had no need of imploring that Justice from the Critics, who are naturally so kind to any that pretend to usurp their Dominion, they wou'd doubtless have given me the whole Honour on't. Therefore I will only say in English what the famous Virgil does in Latin: I make Verses and others have the Fame.

On to [Part II.](#)



The Rover; or, the Banish'd Cavaliers. Part II.

Aphra Behn

Note on the e-text: this [Renaissance Editions](#) text is that of the ERIS Project ASCII edition, from the mirror at the University of Adelaide. The text is in the public domain. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2000 The University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only. Send comments and corrections to the [Publisher](#).

The Rover; or, the Banish'd Cavaliers.

by Aphra Behn (1677)

1677

PART II.

PROLOGUE, Spoken by Mr. Smith.

IN vain we labour to reform the Stage,
Poets have caught too the Disease o' th' Age,
That Pest, of not being quiet when they're well,
That restless Fever, in the Brethren, Zeal;
In publick Spirits call'd, Good o'th' Commonweal.
Some for this Faction cry, others for that,
The pious Mobile for they know not what:
So tho by different ways the Fever seize,
In all 'tis one and the same mad Disease.
Our Author tool as all new Zealots do,
Full of Conceit and Contradiction too,
'Cause the first Project took, is now so vain,
T' attempt to play the old Game o'er again:
The Scene is only chang'd; for who wou'd lay
A Plot, so hopeful, just the same dull way?
Poets, like Statesmen, with a little change,
Pass off old Politicks for new and strange;

Tho the few Men of Sense decry't aloud,
 The Cheat will pass with the unthinking Croud:
 The Rabble 'tis we court, those powerful things,
 Whose Voices can impose even Laws on Kings.
 A Pox of Sense and Reason, or dull Rules,
 Give us an Audience that declares for Fools;
 Our Play will stand fair: we've Monsters too,
 Which far exceed your City Pope for Show.

Almighty Rabble, 'tis to you this Day
 Our humble Author dedicates the Play,
 From those who in our lofty Tire sit,
 Down to the dull Stage-Cullies of the Pit,
 Who have much Money, and but little Wit:
 Whose useful Purses, and whose empty Skulls
 To private Int'rest make ye Publick Tools;
 To work on Projects which the wiser frame,
 And of fine Men of Business get the Name.
 You who have left caballing here of late,
 Employ'd in matters of a mightier weight;
 To you we make our humble Application,
 You'd spare some time from your dear new Vocation,
 Of drinking deep, then settling the Nation,
 To countenance us, whom Commonwealths of old
 Did the most politick Diversion hold.
 Plays were so useful thought to Government,
 That Laws were made for their Establishment;
 Howe'er in Schools differing Opinions jar,
 Yet all agree i' th' crowded Theatre,
 Which none forsook in any Change or War.
 That, like their Gods, unviolated stood,
 Equally needful to the publick Good.
 Throw then, Great Sirs, some vacant hours away,
 And your Petitioners shall humbly pray, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Willmore, The Rover, in love with La Nuche,	Mr. Smith.
Beaumont, the English Ambassador's Nephew, in love with La Nuche, contracted to Ariadne,	Mr. Williams.
Ned Blunt, an English Country Gentleman,	Mr. Underhill.
Nicholas Fetherfool, an English Squire, his Friend,	Mr. Nokes.
Shift, an English Lieutenant;:	Mr. Wiltshire.
Hunt, an Ensign:	Mr. Richards.
Friends and Officers to Willmore,	
Harlequin, Willmore's Man	
Abeville, Page to Beaumont	
Don Carlo, an old Grandee, in love with La Nuche,	Mr. Norris.
Sancho, Bravo to La Nuche.	
An old Jew, Guardian to the two Monsters,	Mr. Freeman.
Porter at the English Ambassador's.	
Rag, Boy to Willmore.	
Scaramouche.	

WOMEN.

Ariadne, the English Ambassador's Daughter-in-law, in love with Willmore,	Mrs. Corror.
Lucia, her Kinswoman, a Girl,	Mrs. Norris.
La Nuche, a Spanish Curtezan, in love with the Rover,	Mrs. Barry.
Petronella Elenora, her Baud,	Mrs. Norris.
Aurelia, her Woman,	Mrs. Crofts.
A Woman Giant.	
A Dwarf, her Sister.	
Footmen, Servants, Musicians, Operators and Spectators.	

SCENE, Madrid.

ACT I

Scene I. A Street.

Enter Willmore, Blunt, Fetherfool, and Hunt, two more in
Campain Dresses, Rag the Captain's Boy.

Will. Stay, this is the English Ambassador's. I'll inquire if
Beaumont be return'd from Paris.

Feth. Prithee, dear Captain, no more Delays, unless thou thinkest
he will invite us to Dinner; for this fine thin sharp Air of
Madrid has a most notable Faculty of provoking an Appetite:
Prithee let's to the Ordinary.

Will. I will not stay-

[Knocks, enter a Porter.

-Friend, is the Ambassador's Nephew, Mr. Beaumont, return'd to
Madrid yet? If he be, I would speak with him.
Port. I'll let him know so much.

[Goes in, shuts the door.

Blunt. Why, how now, what's the Door shut upon us?

Feth. And reason, Ned, 'tis Dinner-time in the Ambassador's
Kitchen, and should they let the savoury Steam out, what a world
of Castilians would there be at the Door feeding upon't.- Oh
there's no living in Spain when the Pot's uncover'd.

Blunt. Nay, 'tis a Nation of the finest clean Teeth-

Feth. Teeth! Gad an they use their Swords no oftner, a Scabbard
will last an Age.

Enter Shift from the House.

Will. Honest Lieutenant-

Shift. My noble Captain- Welcome to Madrid. What Mr. Blunt, and my
honoured Friend Nicholas Fetherfool Esq.

Feth. Thy Hand, honest Shift- [They embrace him.
Will. And how, Lieutenant, how stand Affairs in this unsanctify'd
Town?- How does Love's great Artillery, the fair La Nuche, from
whose bright Eyes the little wanton God throws Darts to wound
Mankind?
Shift. Faith, she carries all before her still; undoes her Fellow
-traders in Love's Art: and amongst the Number, old Carlo de
Minalta Segosa pays high for two Nights in a Week.
Will. Hah- Carlo! Death, what a greeting's here! Carlo, the happy
Man! a Dog! a Rascal, gain the bright La Nuche! Oh Fortune!
Cursed blind mistaken Fortune! eternal Friend to Fools!
Fortune! that takes the noble Rate from Man, to place it on her
Idol Interest.
Shift. Why Faith, Captain, I should think her Heart might stand as
fair for you as any, could you be less satirical- but by this
Light, Captain, you return her Raillery a little too roughly.
Will. Her Raillery! By this Hand I had rather be handsomly abus'd
than dully flatter'd; but when she touches on my Poverty, my
honourable Poverty, she presses me too sensibly- for nothing is
so nice as Poverty- But damn her, I'll think of her no more: for
she's a Devil, tho her Form be Angel. Is Beaumond come from
Paris yet?
Shift. He is, I came with him; he's impatient of your Return: I'll
let him know you're here.

[Exit. Shift.

Feth. Why, what a Pox ails the Captain o'th' sudden? He looks as
sullenly as a routed General, or a Lover after hard Service.
Blunt. Oh- something the Lieutenant has told him about a Wench; and
when Cupid's in his Breeches, the Devil's ever in's Head- how
now- What a pox is the matter with you, you look so scurvily
now?- What, is the Gentlewoman otherwise provided? has she
cashier'd ye for want of Pay? or what other dire Mischance?-
hah-
Will. Do not trouble me-
Blunt. Adsheartlikins, but I will, and beat thee too, but I'll know
the Cause. I heard Shift tell thee something about La Nuche, a
Damsel I have often heard thee Fool enough to sigh for.
Will. Confound the mercenary Jilt!
Blunt. Nay, adsheartlikins they are all so; tho I thought you had
been Whore-proof; 'tis enough for us Fools, Country Gentlemen,
Esquires, and Cullies, to miscarry in their amorous Adventures,
you Men of Wit weather all Storms you.
Will. Oh, Sir, you're become a new Man, wise and wary, and can no
more be cozen'd.
Blunt. Not by Woman-kind; and for Man I think my Sword will secure
me. Pox, I thought a two Months absence and a Siege would have
put such Trifles out of thy Head: You do not use to be such a
Miracle of Constancy.
Will. That Absence makes me think of her so much; and all the
Passions thou find'st about me are to the Sex alone. Give me a
Woman, Ned, a fine young amorous Wanton, who would allay this

Fire that makes me rave thus, and thou shouldst find me no longer particular, but cold as Winter-Nights to this La Nuche: Yet since I lost my little charming Gipsey, nothing has gone so near my Heart as this.

Blunt. Ay, there was a Girl, the only she thing that could reconcile me to the Petticoats again after my Naples Adventure, when the Quean rob'd and stript me.

Will. Oh name not Hellena! She was a Saint to be ador'd on Holy-days.

Enter Beaumond.

Beau. Willmore! my careless wild inconstant- how is't, my lucky Rover? [embracing.

Will. My Life! my Soul! how glad am I to find thee in my Arms again- and well- When left you Paris? Paris, that City of Pottage and Crab-Wine swarming with Lacquies and Philies, whose Government is carried on by most Hands, not most Voices- And prithee how does Belvile and his Lady?

Beau. I left 'em both in Health at St. Germain's.

Will. Faith, I have wisht my self with ye at the old Temple of Bacchus at St. Clou, to sacrifice a Bottle and a Damsel to his Deity.

Beau. My constant Place of Worship whilst there, tho for want of new Saints my Zeal grew something cold, which I was ever fain to supply with a Bottle, the old Remedy when Phyllis is sullen and absent.

Will. Now thou talk'st of Phillis, prithee, dear Harry, what Women hast in store?

Beau. I'll tell thee; but first inform me whom these two Sparks are.

Will. Egad, and so they are, Child: Salute 'em- They are my Friends- True Blades, Hal. highly guilty of the royal Crime, poor and brave, loyal Fugitives.

Beau. I love and honour 'em, Sir, as such- [Bowing to Blunt.

Blunt. Sir, there's neither Love nor Honour lost.

Feth. Sir, I scorn to be behind-hand in Civilities.

Beau. At first sight I find I am much yours, Sir. [To Feth.

Feth. Sir, I love and honour any Man that's a Friend to Captain Willmore- and therefore I am yours-

Enter Shift.

-Well, honest Lieutenant, how does thy Body?- When shall Ned, and thou and I, crack a Bisket o'er a Glass of Wine, have a Slice of Treason and settle the Nation, hah?

Shift. You know, Squire, I am devotedly yours.

[They talk aside.

Beau. Prithee who are these?

Will. Why, the first you saluted is the same Ned Blunt you have often heard Belvile and I speak of: the other is a Rarity of

another Nature, one Squire Fetherfool of Croydon, a tame Justice of Peace, who liv'd as innocently as Ale and Food could keep him, till for a mistaken Kindness to one of the Royal Party, he lost his Commission, and got the Reputation of a Sufferer: He's rich, but covetous as an Alderman.

Beau. What a Pox do'st keep 'em Company for, who have neither Wit enough to divert thee, nor Good-nature enough to serve thee?

Will. Faith, Harry, 'tis true, and if there were no more Charity than Profit in't, a Man would sooner keep a Cough o'th' Lungs than be troubled with 'em: but the Rascals have a blind side as all conceited Coxcombs have, which when I've nothing else to do, I shall expose to advance our Mirth; the Rogues must be cozen'd, because they're so positive they never can be so: but I am now for softer Joys, for Woman, for Woman in abundance-dear Hal. inform me where I may safely unlade my Heart.

Beau. The same Man still, wild and wanton!

Will. And would not change to be the Catholick King.

Beau. I perceive Marriage has not tam'd you, nor a Wife who had all the Charms of her Sex.

Will. Ay- she was too good for Mortals. [With a sham Sadness.

Belv. I think thou hadst her but a Month, prithee how dy'd she?

Will. Faith, e'en with a fit of Kindness, poor Soul- she would to Sea with me, and in a Storm- far from Land, she gave up the Ghost- 'twas a Loss, but I must bear it with a christian Fortitude.

Beau. Short Happinesses vanish like to Dreams.

Will. Ay faith, and nothing remains with me but the sad Remembrance- not so much as the least Part of her hundred thousand Crowns; Brussels that enchanted Court has eas'd me of that Grief, where our Heroes act Tantalus better than ever Ovid describ'd him, condemn'd daily to see an Apparition of Meat, Food in Vision only. Faith, I had Bowels, was good-natur'd, and lent upon the publick Faith as far as 'twill go- But come, let's leave this mortifying Discourse, and tell me how the price of Pleasure goes.

Beau. At the old Rates still; he that gives most is happiest, some few there are for Love!

Will. Ah, one of the last, dear Beaumont; and if a Heart or Sword can purchase her, I'll bid as fair as the best. Damn it, I hate a Whore that asks me Mony.

Beau. Yet I have known thee venture all thy Stock for a new Woman.

Will. Ay, such a Fool I was in my dull Days of Constancy, but I am now for Change, (and should I pay as often, 'twould undo me)- for Change, my Dear, of Place, Clothes, Wine, and Women. Variety is the Soul of Pleasure, a Good unknown; and we want Faith to find it.

Beau. Thou wouldest renounce that fond Opinion, Willmore, didst thou see a Beauty here in Town, whose Charms have Power to fix inconstant Nature or Fortune were she tottering on her Wheel.

Will. Her Name, my Dear, her Name?

Beau. I would not breathe it even in my Complaints, lest amorous Winds should bear it o'er the World, and make Mankind her Slaves;

But that it is a Name too cheaply known,
And she that owns it may be as cheaply purchas'd.
Will. Hah! cheaply purchas'd too! I languish for her.
Beau. Ay, there's the Devil on't, she is- a Whore.
Will. Ah, what a charming Sound that mighty Word bears!
Beau. Damn her, she'll be thine or any body's.
Will. I die for her-
Beau. Then for her Qualities-
Will. No more-ye Gods, I ask no more,
Be she but fair and much a Whore- Come let's to her.
Beau. Perhaps to morrow you may see this Woman.
Will. Death, 'tis an Age.
Feth. Oh, Captain, the strangest News, Captain.
Will. Prithee what?
Feth. Why, Lieutenant Shift here tells us of two Monsters arriv'd
from Mexico, Jews of vast Fortunes, with an old Jew Uncle their
Guardian; they are worth a hundred thousand Pounds a piece-
Marcy upon's, why, 'tis a Sum able to purchase all Flanders
again from his most christian Majesty.
Will. Ha, ha, ha, Monsters!
Beau. He tells you Truth, Willmore.
Blunt. But hark ye, Lieutenant, are you sure they are not married?
Beau. Who the Devil would venture on such formidable Ladies?
Feth. How, venture on 'em! by the Lord Harry, and that would I,
tho I'm a Justice of the Peace, and they be Jews, (which to a
Christian is a thousand Reasons.)
Blunt. Is the Devil in you to declare our Designs? [Aside.
Feth. Mum, as close as a Jesuit.
Beau. I admire your Courage, Sir, but one of them is so little,
and so deform'd, 'tis thought she is not capable of Marriage;
and the other is so huge an overgrown Giant, no Man dares
venture on her.
Will. Prithee let's go see 'em; what do they pay for going in?
Feth. Pay- I'd have you to know they are Monsters of Quality.
Shift. And not to be seen but by particular Favour of their
Guardian, whom I am got acquainted with, from the Friendship I
have with the Merchant where they lay. The Giant, Sir, is in
love with me, the Dwarf with Ensign Hunt, and as we manage
Matters we may prove lucky.
Beau. And didst thou see the Show? the Elephant and the Mouse.
Shift. Yes, and pleased them wondrously with News I brought 'em of
a famous Mountebank who is coming to Madrid, here are his Bills-
who amongst other his marvellous Cures, pretends to restore
Mistakes in Nature, to new-mould a Face and Body tho never so
misshapen, to exact Proportion and Beauty. This News has made
me gracious to the Ladies, and I am to bring 'em word of the
Arrival of this famous Empirick, and to negotiate the Business
of their Reformation.
Will. And do they think to be restor'd to moderate sizes?
Shift. Much pleas'd with the Hope, and are resolv'd to try at any
Rate.
Feth. Mum, Lieutenant- not too much of their Transformation; we
shall have the Captain put in for a Share, and the Devil would

not have him his Rival: Ned and I are resolv'd to venture a Cast
for 'em as they are- Hah, Ned.

[Will. and Beau. read the Bill.

Blunt. Yes, if there were any Hopes of your keeping a Secret.

Feth. Nay, nay, Ned, the World knows I am a plaguy Fellow at your
Secrets; that, and my Share of the Charge shall be my Part, for
Shift says the Guardian must be brib'd for Consent: Now the
other Moiety of the Mony and the Speeches shall be thy part, for
thou hast a pretty Knack that way. Now Shift shall bring Matters
neatly about, and we'll pay him by the Day, or in gross, when we
married- hah, Shift.

Shift. Sir, I shall be reasonable.

Will. I am sure Fetherfool and Blunt have some wise Design upon
these two Monsters- it must be so- and this Bill has put an
extravagant Thought into my Head- hark ye, Shift.

[Whispers to him.

Blunt. The Devil's in't if this will not redeem my Reputation with
the Captain, and give him to understand that all the Wit does
not lie in the Family of the Willmores, but that this Noddle of
mine can be fruitful too upon Occasion.

Feth. Ay, and Lord, how we'll domineer, Ned, hah- over Willmore
and the rest of the Renegado Officers, when we have married
these Lady Monsters, hah, Ned.

Blunt. -Then to return back to Essex worth a Million.

Feth. And I to Croyden-

Blunt. -Lolling in Coach and Six-

Feth. -Be dub'd Right Worshipful-

Blunt. And stand for Knight of the Shire.

Will. Enough- I must have my Share of this Jest, and for divers
and sundry Reasons thereunto belonging, must be this very
Mountebank expected.

Shift. Faith, Sir, and that were no hard matter, for a day or two
the Town will believe it, the same they look for: and the Bank,
Operators and Musick are all ready.

Will. Well enough, add but a Harlequin and Scaramouch, and I shall
mount in querpo.

Shift. Take no care for that, Sir, your Man, and Ensign Hunt, are
excellent at those two; I saw 'em act 'em the other day to a
Wonder, they'll be glad of the Employment, my self will be an
Operator.

Will. No more, get 'em ready, and give it out, the Man of Art's
arriv'd: Be diligent and secret, for these two politick Asses
must be cozen'd.

Shift. I will about the Business instantly.

[Ex. Shift.

Beau. This Fellow will do Feats if he keeps his Word.

Will. I'll give you mine he shall- But, dear Beaumont, where shall
we meet anon?

Beau. I thank ye for that- 'Gad, ye shall dine with me.

Feth. A good Motion-

Will. I beg your Pardon now, dear Beaumont- I having lately nothing else to do, took a Command of Horse from the General at the last Siege, from which I am just arriv'd, and my Baggage is behind, which I must take order for.

Feth. Pox on't now there's a Dinner lost, 'twas ever an unlucky Rascal.

Beau. To tempt thee more, thou shalt see my Wife that is to be.

Will. Pox on't, I am the leudest Company in Christendom with your honest Women- but- What, art thou to be noos'd then?

Beau. 'Tis so design'd by my Uncle, if an old Grandee my Rival prevent it not; the Wench is very pretty, young, and rich, and lives in the same House with me, for 'tis my Aunt's Daughter.

Will. Much good may it dye, Harry, I pity you, but 'tis common Grievance of you happy Men of Fortune.

[Goes towards the House-door with Beau.

Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Petronella, Sancho, Women
veil'd a little.

Aur. Heavens, Madam, is not that the English Captain?

[Looking on Will.

La Nu. 'Tis, and with him Don Henrick the Ambassador's Nephew- how my Heart pants and heaves at sight of him! some Fire of the old Flames remaining, which I must strive to extinguish. For I'll not bate a Ducat of this Price I've set upon my self, for all the Pleasures Youth or Love can bring me- for see Aurelia- the sad Memento of a dacay'd poor old forsaken Whore in Petronella; consider her, and then commend my Prudence.

Will. Hah, Women!-

Feth. Egad, and fine ones too. I'll tell you that.

Will. No matter, Kindness is better Sauce to Woman than Beauty! By this Hand she looks at me- Why dost hold me? [Feth. holds him.

Feth. Why, what a Devil, art mad?

Will. Raging, as vigorous Youth kept long from Beauty; wild for the charming Sex, eager for Woman, I long to give a Loose to Love and Pleasure.

Blunt. These are not Women, Sir, for you to ruffle-

Will. Have a care of your Persons of Quality, Ned.

[Goes to La Nuche.

-Those lovely Eyes were never made to throw their Darts in vain.

La Nu. The Conquest would be hardly worth the Pain.

Will. Hah, La Nuche! with what a proud Disdain she flung away- stay, I will not part so with you- [Holds her.

Enter Ariadne and Lucia with Footmen.

Aria. Who are these before us, Lucia?

Luc. I know not, Madam; but if you make not haste home, you'll be troubled with Carlo your importunate Lover, who is just behind us.

Aria. Hang me, a lovely Man! what Lady's that? stay.

Pet. What Insolence is this! This Villain will spoil all-
Feth. Why, Captain, are you quite distracted?- dost know where
 thou art? Prithee be civil-
Will. Go, proud and cruel! [Turns her from him.]

Enter Carlo, and two or three Spanish Servants following:
Petronella goes to him.

Car. Hah, affronted by a drunken Islander, a saucy Tramontane! -
Draw- [To his Servants whilst he takes La Nuche.
whilst I lead her off- fear not, Lady, you have the Honour of
my Sword to guard ye.

Will. Hah, Carlo- ye lye- it cannot guard the boasting Fool that wears it- be gone- and look not back upon this Woman. [Snatches her from him] One single Glance destroys thee-

[They draw and fight; Carlo getting hindmost of his Spaniards, the English beat 'em off. The Ladies run away, all but Ariadne and Lucia.

Luc. Heav'ns, Madam, why do ye stay?

Aria. To pray for that dear Stranger- And see, my Prayers are
heard, and he's return'd in safety- this Door shall shelter me
to o'er-hear the Quarrel. [Steps aside.

Enter Will. Blunt, Feth. looking big, and putting up his Sword.

Feth. The noble Captain be affronted by a starch'd Ruff and Beard,
a Coward in querpo, a walking Bunch of Garlick, a pickl'd
Pilchard! abuse the noble Captain, and bear it off in State,
like a Christmas Sweet-heart; these things must not be whilst
Nicholas Fetherfool wears a Sword.

Blunt. Pox o' these Women, I thought no good would come on't: besides, where's the Jest in affronting honest Women, if there be such a thing in the Nation?

Feth. Hang't, 'twas the Devil and all-

Will. Ha, ha, ha! Why, good honest homespun Country Gentlemen, who do you think those were?

Feth. Were! why, Ladies of Quality going to their Devotion; who should they be?

Blunt. Why, faith, and so I thought too.

Will. Why, that very one Woman I spoke to is ten Whores in Surrey.

Feth. Prithee speak softly, Man: 'Slife, we shall be poniarde for keeping thee company.

Will. Wise Mr. Justice, give me your Warrant, and if I do not prove
'em Whores, whip me.

Feth. Prithee hold thy scandalous blasphemous Tongue, as if I did not know Whores from Persons of Quality.

Will. Will you believe me when you lie with her? for thou'rt a rich Ass, and may'st do it.

Feth. Whores- ha, ha-

Will. 'Tis strange Logick now, because your Band is better than
mine, I must not know a Whore better than you.

Blunt. If this be a Whore, as thou say'st, I understand nothing-
by this Light such a Wench would pass for a Person of Quality
in London.

Feth. Few Ladies have I seen at a Sheriff's Feast have better
Faces, or worn so good Clothes; and by the Lord Harry, if these
be of the gentle Craft, I'd not give a Real for an honest Women
for my use.

Will. Come follow me into the Church, for thither I am sure
they're gone: And I will let you see what a wretched thing you
had been had you lived seven Years longer in Surrey, stew'd in
Ale and Beef-broth.

Feth. O dear Willmore, name not those savory things, there's no
jesting with my Stomach; it sleeps now, but if it wakes, wo be
to your Shares at the Ordinary.

Blunt. I'll say that for Fetherfool, if his Heart were but half so
good as his Stomach, he were a brave Fellow.

[Aside, Exeunt.

Aria. I am resolv'd to follow- and learn, if possible, who 'tis
has made this sudden Conquest o'er me.

[All go off.

[Scene draws, and discovers a Church, a great many People at
Devotion, soft Musick playing. Enter La Nuche,
Aurelia, Petron. and Sancho: To them Willmore, Feth.
Blunt; then Ariadne, Lucia; Feth. bows to La Nuche and
Petronella.

Feth. Now as I hope to be sav'd, Blunt, she's a most melodious
Lady. Would I were worthy to purchase a Sin or so with her.
Would not such a Beauty reconcile thy Quarrel to the Sex?

Blunt. No, were she an Angel in that Shape.

Feth. Why, what a pox couldst not lie with her if she'd let thee?
By the Lord Harry, as errant a Dog as I am, I'd fain see any of
Cupid's Cook-maids put me out of countenance with such a
Shoulder of Mutton.

Aria. See how he gazes on her- Lucia, go nearer, and o'er-hear 'em.
[Lucia listens.

Will. Death, how the charming Hypocrite looks to day, with such a
soft Devotion in her Eyes, as if even now she were praising
Heav'n for all the Advantages it has blest her with.

Blunt. Look how Willmore eyes her, the Rogue's smitten heart deep-
Whores-

Feth. Only a Trick to keep her to himself- he thought the Name of
a Spanish Harlot would fight us from attempting- I must divert
him- how is't, Captain- Prithee mind this Musick- Is it not
most Seraphical?

Will. Pox, let the Fidlers mind and tune their Pipes, I've higher
Pleasures now.

Feth. Oh, have ye so; what, with Whores, Captain?- 'Tis a most
delicious Gentlewoman.
[Aside.

Pet. Pray, Madam, mind that Cavalier, who takes such pains to recommend himself to you.

La Nu. Yes, for a fine conceited Fool-

Pet. Catso, a Fool, what else?

La Nu. Right, they are our noblest Chapmen; a Fool, and a rich Fool, and an English rich Fool-

Feth. 'Sbud, she eyes me, Ned, I'll set my self in order, it may take- hah- [Sets himself.]

Pet. Let me alone to manage him, I'll to him-

La Nu. Or to the Devil, so I had one Minute's time to speak to Willmore.

Pet. And accosting him thus- tell him-

La Nu. [in a hasty Tone.]- I am desperately in love with him, and am Daughter, Wife, or Mistress to some Grandee- bemoan the Condition of Women of Quality in Spain, who by too much Constraint are oblig'd to speak first- but were we blest like other Nations where Men and Women meet-

[Speaking so fast, she offering to put in her word, is still prevented by t'other's running on.]

Pet. What Herds of Cuckolds would Spain breed- 'Slife, I could find in my Heart to forswear your Service: Have I taught ye your Trade, to become my Instructor, how to cozen a dull phlegmatick greasy-brain'd Englishman?- go and expect your Wishes.

Will. So, she has sent her Matron to our Coxcomb; she saw he was a Cully fit for Game- who would not be a Rascal to be rich, a Dog, an Ass, a beaten, harden'd Coward- by Heaven, I will possess this gay Insensible, to make me hate her- most extremely curse her- See if she be not fallen to Pray'r again, from thence to Flattery, Jilting and Purse-taking, to make the Proverb good- My fair false Sybil, what Inspirations are you waiting for from Heaven, new Arts to cheat Mankind!- Tell me, with what Face canst thou be devout, or ask any thing from thence, who hast made so leud a use of what it has already lavish'd on thee?

La Nu. Oh my careless Rover! I perceive all your hot Shot is not yet spent in Battel, you have a Volley in reserve for me still- Faith, Officer, the Town has wanted Mirth in your Absence.

Will. And so might all the wiser part for thee, who hast no Mirth, no Gaiety about thee, and when thou wouldest design some Coxcomb's ruin; to all the rest, a Soul thou hast so dull, that neither Love nor Mirth, nor Wit or Wine can wake it to good Nature- thou'rt one who lazily work'st in thy Trade, and sell'st for ready Mony so much Kindness; a tame cold Sufferer only, and no more.

La Nu. What, you would have a Mistress like a Squirrel in a Cage, always in Action- one who is as free of her Favours as I am sparing of mine- Well, Captain, I have known the time when La Nuche was such a Wit, such a Humour, such a Shape, and such a Voice, (tho to say Truth I sing but scurvily) 'twas Comedy to see and hear me.

Will. Why, yes Faith for once thou wert, and for once mayst be

again, till thou know'st thy Man, and knowest him to be poor.
At first you lik'd me too, you saw me gay, no marks of Poverty
dwelt in my Face or Dress, and then I was the dearest loveliest
Man- all this was to my outside; Death, you made love to my
Breeches, caress'd my Garniture and Feather, and English Fool
of Quality you thought me- 'Sheart, I have known a Woman doat
on Quality, tho he has stunk thro all his Perfumes; one who
never went all to Bed to her, but left his Teeth, an Eye, false
Back and Breast, sometimes his Palate too upon her Toilet,
whilst her fair Arms hug'd the dismember'd Carcase, and swore
him all Perfection, because of Quality.

La Nu. But he was rich, good Captain, was he not?

Will. Oh most damnably, and a confounded Blockhead, two certain
Remedies against your Pride and Scorn.

La Nu. Have you done, Sir?

Will. With thee and all thy Sex, of which I've try'd an hundred,
and found none true or honest.

La Nu. Oh, I doubt not the number: for you are one of those
healthy-stomacht Lovers, that can digest a Mistress in a Night,
and hunger again next Morning: a Pox of your whining consumptive
Constitution, who are only constant for want of Appetite: you
have a swinging Stomach to Variety, and Want having set an edge
upon your Invention, (with which you cut thro all Difficulties)
you grow more impudent by Success.

Will. I am not always scorn'd then.

La Nu. I have known you as confidently put your Hands into your
Pockets for Money in a Morning, as if the Devil had been your
Banker, when you knew you put 'em off at Night as empty as your
Gloves.

Will. And it may be found Money there too.

La Nu. Then with this Poverty so proud you are, you will not give
the Wall to the Catholick King, unless his Picture hung upon't.
No Servants, no Money, no Meat, always on foot, and yet
undaunted still.

Will. Allow me that, Child.

La Nu. I wonder what the Devil makes you so termagant on our Sex,
'tis not your high feeding, for your Grandees only dine, and
that but when Fortune pleases- For your parts, who are the poor
dependent, brown Bread and old Adam's Ale is only current
amongst ye; yet if little Eve walk in the Garden, the starv'd
lean Rogues neigh after her, as if they were in Paradise.

Will. Still true to Love you see-

La Nu. I heard an English Capuchin swear, that if the King's
Followers could be brought to pray as well as fast, there
would be more Saints among 'em than the Church has ever
canoniz'd.

Will. All this with Pride I own, since 'tis a royal Cause I suffer
for; go pursue your Business your own way, insnare the Fool- I
saw the Toils you set, and how that Face was ordered for the
Conquest, your Eyes brimful of dying lying Love; and now and
then a wishing Glance or Sigh thrown as by chance; which when
the happy Coxcomb caught- you feign'd a Blush, as angry and
asham'd of the Discovery: and all this Cunning's for a little

mercenary Gain- fine Clothes, perhaps some Jewels too, whilst
all the Finery cannot hide the Whore!

La Nu. There's your eternal Quarrel to our Sex, 'twere a fine Trade
indeed to keep a Shop and give your Ware for Love: would it turn
to account think ye, Captain, to trick and dress, to receive all
wou'd enter? faith, Captain, try the Trade.

Pet. What in Discourse with this Railer!- come away; Poverty's
catching. [Returns from Discourse with Feth. speaks to San.

Will. So is the Pox, good Matron, of which you can afford good
Penniworths.

La Nu. He charms me even with his angry Looks, and will undo me
yet.

Pet. Let's leave this Place, I'll tell you my Success as we go.

[Ex. all, some one way, some another, the Forepart of the
Church shuts over, except Will. Blunt, Aria. and Lucia.

Will. She's gone, and all the Plagues of Pride go with her.

Blunt. Heartlikins, follow her- Pox on't, an I'd but as good a Hand
at this Game as thou hast, I'll venture upon any Chance-

Will. Damn her, come, let's to Dinner. Where's Fetherfool?

Blunt. Follow'd a good Woodman, who gave him the Sign: he'll lodge
the Deer e'er night.

Will. Follow'd her- he durst not, the Fool wants Confidence enough
to look on her.

Blunt. Oh you know not how a Country Justice may be improved by
Travel; the Rogue was hedg'd in at home with the Fear of his
Neighbours and the Penal Statutes, now he's broke loose, he
runs neighing like a Stone-Horse upon the Common.

Will. However, I'll not believe this- let's follow 'em.

[Ex. Will. and Blunt.

Aria. He is in love, but with a Courtezan- some Comfort that.

We'll after him- 'Tis a faint-hearted Lover,
Who for the first Discouragement gives over.

[Ex. Ariadne and Lucia.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Street.

Enter Fetherfool and Sancho, passing over the Stage; after
them Willmore and Blunt, follow'd by Ariadne and Lucia.

Will. 'Tis so, by Heaven, he's chaffering with her Pimp. I'll spare
my Curses on him for having her, he has a Plague beyond 'em.
-Harkye, I'll never love, nor lie with Women more, those Slaves
to Lust, to Vanity and Interest.

Blunt. Ha, Captain! [Shaking his Head and smiling.

Will. Come, let's go drink Damnation to 'em all.

Blunt. Not all, good Captain.

Will. All, for I hate 'em all-

Aria. Heavens! if he should indeed!

[Aside.

Blunt. But, Robert, I have found you most inclined to a Damsel when
you had a Bottle in your Head.

Will. Give me thy Hand, Ned- Curse me, despise me, point me out for
Cowardice if e'er thou see'st me court a Woman more: Nay, when
thou knowest I ask any of the Sex a civil Question again- a
Plague upon 'em, how they've handled me- come, let's go drink, I
say- Confusion to the Race- A Woman!- no, I will be burnt with
my own Fire to Cinders e'er any of the Brood shall lay my
Flame-

Aria. He cannot be so wicked to keep this Resolution sure-

[She passes by.

Faith, I must be resolv'd- you've made a pious Resolution, Sir,
had you the Grace to keep it-

[Passing on he pauses, and looks on her.

Will. Hum- What's that?

Blunt. That- O- nothing- but a Woman- come away.

Will. A Woman! Damn her, what Mischief made her cross my way just
on the Point of Reformation!

Blunt. I find the Devil will not lose so hopeful a Sinner. Hold,
hold, Captain, have you no Regard to your own Soul?
'dsheartlikins, 'tis a Woman, a very errant Woman.

Aria. Your Friend informs you right, Sir, I am a Woman.

Will. Ay, Child, or I were a lost Man- therefore, dear lovely
Creature-

Aria. How can you tell, Sir?

Will. Oh, I have naturally a large Faith, Child, and thou'st
promising Form, a tempting Motion, clean Limbs, well drest, and
a most damnable inviting Air.

Aria. I am not to be sold, nor fond of Praise I merit not.

Will. How, not to be sold too! By this light, Child, thou speakest
like a Cherubim, I have not heard so obliging a Sound from the
Mouth of Woman-kind this many a Day- I find we must be better
acquainted, my Dear.

Aria. Your Reason, good familiar Sir, I see no such Necessity.

Will. Child, you are mistaken, I am in great Necessity; for first
I love thee- desperately- have I not damn'd my Soul already
for thee, and wouldst thou be so wicked to refuse a little
Consolation to my Body? Then secondly, I see thou art frank
and good-natur'd, and wilt do Reason gratis.

Aria. How prove ye that, good Mr. Philosopher?

Will. Thou say'st thou'rt not to be sold, and I'm sure thou'rt to
be had- that lovely Body of so divine a Form, those soft smooth
Arms and Hands, were made t'embrace as well as be embrac'd;
that delicate white rising Bosom to be prest, and all thy other
Charms to be enjoy'd.

Aria. By one that can esteem 'em to their worth, can set a Value
and a Rate upon 'em.

Will. Name not those Words, they grate my Ears like Jointure,
that dull conjugal Cant that frights the generous Lover. Rate-
Death, let the old Dotards talk of Rates, and pay it t'atone
for the Defects of Impotence. Let the sly Statesman, who jilts

the Commonwealth with his grave Politicks, pay for the Sin, that he may doat in secret; let the brisk Fool inch out his scantled Sense with a large Purse more eloquent than he: But tell not me of Rates, who bring a Heart, Youth, Vigor, and a Tongue to sing the Praise of every single Pleasure thou shalt give me.

Aria. Then if I should be kind, I perceive you would not keep the Secret.

Will. Secrecy is a damn'd ungrateful Sin, Child, known only where Religion and Small-beer are current, despis'd where Apollo and the Vine bless the Country: you find none of Jove's Mistresses hid in Roots and Plants, but fixt Stars in Heaven for all to gaze and wonder at- and tho I am no God, my Dear, I'll do a Mortal's Part, and generously tell the admiring World what hidden Charms thou hast: Come, lead me to some Place of Happiness-

Blunt. Prithee, honest Damsel, be not so full of Questions; will a Pistole or two do thee any hurt?

Luc. None at all, Sir-

Blunt. Thou speak'st like a hearty Wench- and I believe hast not been one of Venus' Hand-maids so long, but thou understand thy Trade- In short, fair Damsel, this honest Fellow here who is so termagant upon thy Lady, is my Friend, my particular Friend, and therefore I would have him handsomly, and well-favour'dly abus'd- you conceive me.

Luc. Truly, Sir, a friendly Request- but in what Nature abus'd?

Blunt. Nature!- why any of your Tricks would serve- but if he could be conveniently strip'd and beaten, or tost in a Blanket, or any such trivial Business, thou wouldest do me a singular Kindness; as for Robbery he defies the Devil: an empty Pocket is an Antidote against that Ill.

Luc. Your Money, Sir: and if he be not cozen'd, say a Spanish Woman has neither Wit nor Invention upon Occasion.

Blunt. Sheartlikins, how I shall love and honour thee for't- here's earnest- [Talks to her with Joy and Grimace.]

Aria. But who was that you entertain'd at Church but now?

Will. Faith, one, who for her Beauty merits that glorious Title she wears, it was- a Whore, Child.

Aria. That's but a scurvy Name; yet, if I'm not mistaken, in those false Eyes of yours, they look with longing Love upon that- Whore, Child.

Will. Thou are i'th' right, and by this hand, my Soul was full as wishing as my eyes: but a Pox on't, you Women have all a certain Jargon, or Gibberish, peculiar to your selves; of Value, Rate, Present, Interest, Settlement, Advantage, Price, Maintenance, and the Devil and all of Fopperies, which in plain Terms signify ready Money, by way of Fine before Entrance; so that an honest well-meaning Merchant of Love finds no Credit amongst ye, without his Bill of Lading.

Aria. We are not all so cruel- but the Devil on't is, your good-natur'd Heart is likely accompanied with an ill Face and worse Wit.

Will. Faith, Child, a ready Dish when a Man's Stomach is up, is

better than a tedious Feast. I never saw any Man yet cut my piece; some are for Beauty, some are for Wit, and some for the Secret, but I for all, so it be in a kind Girl: and for Wit in Woman, so she say pretty fond things, we understand; tho' true or false, no matter.

Aria. Give the Devil his due, you are a very conscientious Lover: I love a Man that scorns to impose dull Truth and Constancy on a Mistress.

Will. Constancy, that current Coin with Fools! No, Child, Heaven keep that Curse from our Doors.

Aria. Hang it, it loses Time and Profit, new Lovers have new Vows and new Presents, whilst the old feed upon a dull repetition of what they did when they were Lovers; 'tis like eating the cold Meat ones self, after having given a Friend a Feast.

Will. Yes, that's the thrifty Food for the Family when the Guests are gone. Faith, Child, thou hast made a neat and a hearty Speech: But prithee, my Dear, for the future, leave out that same Profit and Present, for I have a natural Aversion to hard words; and for matter of quick Dispatch in the Business- give me thy Hand, Child- let us but start fair, and if thou outstripst me, thou'rt a nimble Racer.

[Lucia sees Shift.

Luc. Oh, Madam, let's be gone: younder's Lieutenant Shift, who, if he sees us, will certainly give an Account of it to Mr.

Beaumond. Let's get in thro' the Garden, I have the Key.

Aria. Here's Company coming, and for several reasons I would not be seen. [Offers to go.

Will. Gad, Child, nor I; Reputation is tender- therefore prithee let's retire. [Offers to go with her.

Aria. You must not stir a step.

Will. Not stir! no Magick Circle can detain me if you go.

Aria. Follow me then at a distance, and observe where I enter; and at night (if your Passion lasts so long) return, and you shall find Admittance into the Garden. [Speaking hastily.

[He runs out after her.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Well, Sir, the Mountebank's come, and just going to begin in the Piazza; I have order'd Matters, that you shall have a Sight of the Monsters, and leave to court 'em, and when won, to give the Guardian a fourth part of the Portions.

Blunt. Good: But Mum- here's the Captain, who must by no means know our good Fortune, till he see us in State.

Enter Willmore, Shift goes to him.

Shift. All things are ready, Sir, for our Design, the House prepar'd as you directed me, the Guardian wrought upon by the Persuasions of the two Monsters, to take a Lodging there, and try the Bath of Reformation: The Bank's preparing, and the Operators and Musick all ready, and the impatient Town flockt together to behold the Man of Wonders, and nothing wanting but

your Donship and a proper Speech.
Will. 'Tis well, I'll go fit my self with a Dress, and think of a
Speech the while: In the mean time, go you and amuse the gaping
Fools that expect my coming. [Goes out.

Enter Fetherfool singing and dancing.

Feth. Have you heard of a Spanish Lady,
How she woo'd an English Man?

Blunt. Why, how now, Fetherfool?

Feth. Garments gay, and rich as may be,
Deckt with Jewels, had she on.

Blunt. Why, how now, Justice, what run mad out of Dog-days?

Feth. Of a comely Countenance and Grace is she,

A sweeter Creature in the World there could not be.

Shift. Why, what the Devil's the matter, Sir?

Blunt. Stark mad, 'dsheartlikins.

Feth. Of a Comely Countenance- well, Lieutenant, the most heroick
and illustrious Madona! Thou saw'st her, Ned: And of a comely
Counte- The most Magnetick Face- well- I knew the Charms of
these Eyes of mine were not made in vain: I was design'd for
great things, that's certain- And a sweeter Creature in the
World there could not be. [Singing.

Blunt. What then the two Lady Monsters are forgotten? the Design
upon the Million of Money, the Coach and Six, and Patent for
Right Worshipful, all drown'd in the Joy of this new Mistress?-
But well, Lieutenant, since he is so well provided for, you may
put in with me for a Monster; such a Jest, and such a Sum, is
not to be lost.

Shift. Nor shall not, or I have lost my Aim. [Aside.

Feth. [Putting off his Hat.] Your Pardons, good Gentlemen; and tho
I perceive I shall have no great need for so trifling a Sum as a
hundred thousand Pound, or so, yet a Bargain's a Bargain,
Gentlemen.

Blunt. Nay, 'dsheartlikins, the Lieutenant scorns to do a foul
thing, d'ye see, but we would not have the Monsters slighted.

Feth. Slighted! no, Sir, I scorn your Words, I'd have ye to know,
that I have as high a Respect for Madam Monster, as any
Gentleman in Christendom, and so I desire she should
understand.

Blunt. Why, this is that that's handsom.

Shift. Well, the Mountebank's come, Lodgings are taken at his
House, and the Guardian prepar'd to receive you on the aforesaid
Terms, and some fifty Pistoles to the Mountebank to stand your
Friend, and the Business is done.

Feth. Which shall be perform'd accordingly, I have it ready about
me.

Blunt. And here's mine, put 'em together, and let's be speedy, lest
some should bribe higher, and put in before us.

[Feth. takes the Money, and looks pitiful on't.

Feth. Tis a plaguy round Sum, Ned, pray God it turn to Account.

Blunt. Account, 'dsheartlikins, tis not in the Power of mortal Man
to cozen 'me.

Shift. Oh fie, Sir, cozen you, Sir! - well, you'll stay here and see the Mountebank, he's coming forth.

[A Hollowing. Enter from the Front a Bank, a Pageant, which they fix on the Stage at one side, a little Pavilion on't, Musick playing, and Operators round below, or Antickers.

[Musick plays, and an Antick Dance.

Enter Willmore like a Mountebank, with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Viol in the other, Harlequin and Scaramouche; Carlo with other Spaniards below, and Rabble; Ariadne and Lucia above in the Balcony, others on the other side, Fetherfool and Blunt below.

Will. (bowing) Behold this little Viol, which contains in its narrow Bounds what the whole Universe cannot purchase, if sold to its true Value; this admirable, this miraculous Elixir, drawn from the Hearts of Mandrakes, Phenix Livers, and Tongues of Maremaids, and distill'd by contracted Sun-Beams, has besides the unknown Virtue of curing all Distempers both of Mind and Body, that divine one of animating the Heart of Man to that Degree, that however remiss, cold and cowardly by Nature, he shall become vigorous and brave. Oh stupid and insensible Man, when Honour and secure Renown invites you, to treat it with Neglect, even when you need but passive Valour, to become the Heroes of the Age; receive a thousand Wounds, each of which wou'd let out fleeting Life: Here's that can snatch the parting Soul in its full Career, and bring it back to its native Mansion; baffles grim Death, and disappoints even Fate.

Feth. Oh Pox, an a Man were sure of that now-

Will. Behold, here's Demonstration-

[Harlequin stabs himself, and falls as dead.

Feth. Hold, hold, why, what the Devil is the Fellow mad?

Blunt. Why, do'st think he has hurt himself?

Feth. Hurt himself! why, he's murder'd, Man; 'tis flat Felo de se, in any ground in England, if I understand Law, and I have been a Justice o'th' Peace.

Will. See, Gentlemen, he's dead-

Feth. Look ye there now, I'll be gone lest I be taken as an Accessary. [Going out.

Will. Coffin him, inter him, yet after four and twenty Hours, as many Drops of this divine Elixir give him new Life again; this will recover whole Fields of slain, and all the Dead shall rise and fight again- 'twas this that made the Roman Legions numerous, and now makes France so formidable, and this alone- may be the Occasion of the loss of Germany.

[Pours in Harlequin's Wound, he rises.

Feth. Why this Fellow's the Devil, Ned, that's for certain.

Blunt. Oh plague, a damn'd Conjurer, this-

Will. Come, buy this Coward's Comfort, quickly buy; what Fop would be abus'd, mimick'd and scorn'd, for fear of Wounds can be so easily cured? Who is't wou'd bear the Insolence and Pride of domineering great Men, proud Officers or Magistrates? or who wou'd cringe to Statesmen out of Fear? What Cully wou'd be cuckolded? What foolish Heir undone by cheating Gamesters? What Lord wou'd be lampoon'd? What Poet fear the Malice of his satirical Brother, or Atheist fear to fight for fear of Death? Come buy my Coward's Comfort, quickly buy.

Feth. Egad, Ned, a very excellent thing this; I'll lay out ten Reals upon this Commodity.

[They buy, whilst another Part of the Dance is danc'd.]

Will. Behold this little Paper, which contains a Pouder, whose Value surmounts that of Rocks of Diamonds and Hills of Gold; 'twas this made Venus a Goddess, and was given her by Apollo, from her deriv'd to Helen, and in the Sack of Troy lost, till recover'd by me out of some Ruins of Asia. Come, buy it, Ladies, you that wou'd be fair and wear eternal Youth; and you in whom the amorous Fire remains, when all the Charms are fled: You that dress young and gay, and would be thought so, that patch and paint, to fill up sometimes old Furrows on your Brows, and set yourselves for Conquest, tho in vain; here's that will give you aubern Hair, white Teeth, red Lips, and Dimples on your Cheeks: Come, buy it all you that are past bewitching, and wou'd have handsom, young and active Lovers.

Feth. Another good thing, Ned.

Car. I'll lay out a Pistole or two in this, if it have the same Effect on Men.

Will. Come, all you City Wives, that wou'd advance your Husbands to Lord Mayors, come, buy of me new Beauty; this will give it tho now decay'd, as are your Shop Commodities; this will retrieve your Customers, and vend your false and out of fashion'd Wares: cheat, lye, protest and cozen as you please, a handsom Wife makes all a lawful Gain. Come, City Wives, come, buy.

Feth. A most prodigious Fellow!

[They buy, he sits, the other Part is danc'd.]

Will. But here, behold the Life and Soul of Man! this is the amorous Pouder, which Venus made and gave the God of Love, which made him first a Deity; you talk of Arrows, Bow, and killing Darts; Fables, poetical Fictions, and no more: 'tis this alone that wounds and fires the Heart, makes Women kind, and equals Men to Gods; 'tis this that makes your great Lady doat on the ill-favour'd Fop; your great Man be jilted by his little Mistress, the Judge cajol'd by his Semstress, and your Politican by his Comedian; your young lady doat on her decrepid Husband, your Chaplain on my Lady's Waiting-Woman, and the young Squire on the Landry-Maid- In fine, Messieurs,

'Tis this that cures the Lover's Pain,
And Celia of her cold Disdain.

Feth. A most devilish Fellow this!

Blunt. Hold, shartlikins, Fetherfool, let's have a Dose or two of
this Pouder for quick Dispatch with our Monsters.

Feth. Why Pox, Man, Jugg my Giant would swallow a whole Cart-Load
before 'twould operate.

Blunt. No hurt in trying a Paper or two however.

Car. A most admirable Receit, I shall have need on't.

Will. I need say nothing of my divine Baths of Reformation, nor the
wonders of the old Oracle of the Box, which resolves all
Questions, my Bills sufficiently declare their Virtue.

[Sits down. They buy.

Enter Petronella Elenora carried in a Chair, dress'd
like a Girl of Fifteen.

Shift. Room there, Gentlemen, room for a Patient.

Blunt. Pray, Seignior, who may this be thus muzzl'd by old Gaffer
Time?

Car. One Petronella Elenora, Sir, a famous outworn Curtezan.

Blunt. Elenora! she may be that of Troy for her Antiquity, tho
fitter for God Priapus to ravish than Paris.

Shift. Hunt, a word; dost thou see that same formal Politician
yonder, on the Jennet, the nobler Animal of the two?

Hunt. What of him?

Shift. 'Tis the same drew on the Captain this Morning, and I must
revenge the Affront.

Hunt. Have a care of Revenges in Spain, upon Persons of his
Quality.

Shift. Nay, I'll only steal his Horse from under him.

Hunt. Steal it! thou may'st take it by force perhaps; but how
safely is a Question.

Shift. I'll warrant thee- shoulder you up one side of his great
Saddle, I'll do the like on t'other; then heaving him gently
up, Harlequin shall lead the Horse from between his Worship's
Legs: All this in the Crowd will not be perceiv'd, where all
Eyes are employ'd on the Mountebank.

Hunt. I apprehend you now-

[Whilst they are lifting Petronella on the Mountebank's Stage,
they go into the Crowd, shoulder up Carlo's Saddle.
Harlequin leads the Horse forward, whilst Carlo is gazing,
and turning up his Mustachios; they hold him up a little
while, then let him drop: he rises and stares about for his
Horse.

Car. This is flat Conjuration.

Shift. What's your Worship on foot?

Hunt. I never saw his Worship on foot before.

Car. Sirrah, none of your Jests, this must be by diabolical Art,
and shall cost the Seignior dear- Men of my Garb affronted- my

Jennet vanisht- most miraculous- by St. Jago, I'll be revenged-
hah, what's here- La Nuche-

[Surveys her at a distance.

Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Sancho.

La Nu. We are pursu'd by Beaumond, who will certainly hinder our
speaking to Willmore, should we have the good fortune to see him
in this Crowd- and yet there's no avoiding him.

Beau. 'Tis she, how carefully she shuns me!

Aur. I'm satisfied he knows us by the jealous Concern which appears
in that prying Countenance of his.

Beau. Stay, Cruel, is it Love or Curiosity, that wings those nimble
Feet? [Holds her.

[Lucia above and Ariadne.]

Aria. Beaumond with a Woman!

Beau. Have you forgot this is the glorious Day that ushers in the
Night shall make you mine? the happiest Night that ever
favour'd Love!

La Nu. Or if I have, I find you'll take care to remember me.

Beau. Sooner I could forget the Aids of Life, sooner forget how
first that Beauty charm'd me.

La Nu. Well, since your Memory's so good, I need not doubt your
coming.

Beau. Still cold and unconcern'd! How have I doated, and how
sacrific'd, regardless of my Fame, lain idling here, when all
the Youth of Spain were gaining Honour, valuing one Smile of
thine above their Laurels!

La Nu. And in return, I do submit to yield, preferring you above
those fighting Fools, who safe in Multitudes reap Honour
cheaper.

Beau. Yet there is one- one of those fighting Fools which should'st
thou see, I fear I were undone; brave, handsome, gay, and all
that Women doat on, unfortunate in every good of Life, but that
one Blessing of obtaining Women: Be wise, for if thou seest him
thou art lost- Why dost thou blush?

La Nu. Because you doubt my Heart- 'tis Willmore that he means.
[Aside.] We've Eyes upon us, Don Carlo may grow jealous, and
he's a powerful Rival- at night I shall expect ye.

Beau. Whilst I prepare my self for such a Blessing.

[Ex. Beau.

Car. Hah! a Cavalier in conference with La Nuche! and entertain'd
without my knowledge! I must prevent this Lover, for he's young-
and this Night will surprise her. [Aside.

Will. And you would be restor'd? [To Petro.

Pet. Yes, if there be that Divinity in your Baths of Reformation.

Will. There are.

New Flames shall sparkle in those Eyes;

And these grey Hairs flowing and bright shall rise:
These Cheeks fresh Buds of Roses wear,
And all your wither'd Limbs so smooth and clear,
As shall a general Wonder move,
And wound a thousand Hearts with Love.

Pet. A Blessing on you, Sir, there's fifty Pistoles for you, and as I earn it you shall have more.

[They lift her down.

[Exit Willmore bowing.

Shift. Messieurs, 'tis late, and the Seignior's Patients stay for him at his Laboratory, to morrow you shall see the conclusion of this Experiment, and so I humbly take my leave at this time.

Enter Willmore, below sees La Nuche, makes up to her, whilst the last part of the Dance is dancing.

La Nu. What makes you follow me, Sir?

[She goes from him, he pursues.

Will. Madam, I see something in that lovely Face of yours, which if not timely prevented will be your ruin: I'm now in haste, but I have more to say-

[Goes off.

La Nu. Stay, Sir- he's gone- and fill'd me with a curiosity that will not let me rest till it be satisfied: Follow me, Aurelia, for I must know my Destiny.

[Goes out.

[The Dance ended, the Bank removes, the People go off.

Feth. Come, Ned, now for our amorous Visit to the two Lady Monsters.

[Ex. Feth. and Blunt.

SCENE II. Changes to a fine Chamber.

Enter Ariadne and Lucia.

Aria. I'm thoughtful: Prithee, Cousin, sing some foolish Song-

SONG.

Phillis, whose Heart was unconfin'd
And free as Flowers on Meads and Plains,
None boasted of her being kind,
'Mongst all the languishing and amorous Swains:
 No Sighs nor Tears the Nymph could move [bis.
 To pity or return their Love.

Till on a time, the hapless Maid
Retir'd to shun the heat o'th' Day,

Into a Grove, beneath whose Shade
Strephon, the careless Shepherd, sleeping lay:
 But oh such Charms the Youth adorn, [bis.
 Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

Her Cheeks with Blushes covered were,
And tender Sighs her Bosom warm;
A softness in her Eyes appear,
Unusual Pains she feels from every Charm:
 To Woods and Ecchoes now she cries, [bis.
 For Modesty to speak denies.

Aria. Come, help to undress me, for I'll to this Mountebank, to
know what success I shall have with my Cavalier.

[Unpins her things before a great Glass that is fasten'd.

Luc. You are resolv'd then to give him admittance?

Aria. Where's the danger of a handsom young Fellow?

Luc. But you don't know him, Madam.

Aria. But I desire to do, and time may bring it about without
Miracle.

Luc. Your Cousin Beaumond will forbid the Banes.

Aria. No, nor old Carlos neither, my Mother's precious Choice, who
is as sollicitous for the old Gentleman, as my Father-in-Law is
for his Nephew. Therefore, Lucia, like a good and gracious
Child, I'll end the Dispute between my Father and Mother, and
please my self in the choice of this Stranger, if he be to be
had.

Luc. I should as soon be enamour'd on the North Wind, a Tempest, or
a Clap of Thunder. Bless me from such a Blast.

Aria. I'd have a Lover rough as Seas in Storms, upon occasion; I
hate your dull temperate Lover, 'tis such a husbandly quality,
like Beaumond's Addresses to me, whom neither Joy nor Anger puts
in motion; or if it do, 'tis visibly forc'd- I'm glad I saw him
entertain a Woman to day, not that I care, but wou'd be fairly
rid of him.

Luc. You'll hardly mend your self in this.

Aria. What, because he held Discourse with a Curtezan?

Luc. Why, is there no danger in her Eyes, do ye think?

Aria. None that I fear, that Stranger's not such a fool to give his
Heart to a common Woman; and she that's concern'd where her
Lover bestows his Body, were I the Man, I should think she had a
mind to't her self.

Luc. And reason, Madam: in a lawful way 'tis your due.

Aria. What all? unconscionable Lucia! I am more merciful; but be he
what he will, I'll to this cunning Man, to know whether ever any
part of him shall be mine.

Luc. Lord, Madam, sure he's a Conjuror.

Aria. Let him be the Devil, I'll try his Skill, and to that end
will put on a Suit of my Cousin Endymion; there are two or three
very pretty ones of his in the Wardrobe, go carry 'em to my
Chamber, and we'll fit our selves and away- Go haste whilst I
undress.

[Ex. Lucia.

[Ariadne undressing before the Glass.

Enter Beaumond tricking himself, and looks on himself.

Beau. Now for my charming Beauty, fair La Nuche- hah- Ariadne- damn the dull Property, how shall I free my self?

[She turns, sees him, and walks from the Glass,
he takes no notice of her, but tricks himself
the Glass, humming a Song.

Aria. Beaumond! What Devil brought him hither to prevent me? I hate the formal matrimonial Fop. [He walks about and sings.

Sommes nous pas trop heureux,
Belle Irise, que nous ensemble.

A Devil on him, he may chance to plague me till night, and hinder my dear Assignation. [Sings again.

La Nuit et le Sombre voiles
Coverie nos desires ardentes;
Et l' Amour et les Etoiles
Sont nos secrets confidents.

Beau. Pox on't, how dull am I at an excuse?

[Sets his Wig in the Glass, and sings.

A Pox of Love and Woman-kind,
And all the Fops adore 'em.

[Puts on his Hat, cocks it, and goes to her.

How is't, Cuz?

Aria. So, here's the saucy freedom of a Husband Lover- a blest Invention this of marrying, whoe'er first found it out.

Beau. Damn this English Dog of a Perriwig-maker, what an ungainly Air it gives the Face, and for a Wedding Perriwig too- how dost thou like it, Ariadne? [Uneasy.

Aria. As ill as the Man- I perceive you have taken more care for your Perriwig than your Bride.

Beau. And with reason, Ariadne, the Bride was never the care of the Lover, but the business of the Parents; 'tis a serious Affair, and ought to be manag'd by the grave and wise: Thy Mother and my Uncle have agreed the Matter, and would it not look very sillily in me now to whine a tedious Tale of Love in your Ear, when the business is at an end? 'tis like saying a Grace when a Man should give Thanks.

Aria. Why did you not begin sooner then?

Beau. Faith, Ariadne, because I know nothing of the Design in hand; had I had civil warning, thou shouldst have had as pretty smart Speeches from me, as any Coxcomb Lover of 'em all could have

made thee.

Aria. I shall never marry like a Jew in my own Tribe; I'll rather be possesst by honest old doating Age, than by saucy conceited Youth, whose Inconstancy never leaves a Woman safe or quiet.

Beau. You know the Proverb of the half Loaf, Ariadne; a Husband that will deal thee some Love is better than one who can give thee none: you would have a blessed time on't with old Father Carlo.

Aria. No matter, a Woman may with some lawful excuse cuckold him, and 'twould be scarce a Sin.

Beau. Not so much as lying with him, whose reverend Age wou'd make it look like Incest.

Aria. But to marry thee- would be a Tyranny from whence there's no Appeal: A drinking whoring Husband! 'tis the Devil-

Beau. You are deceiv'd, if you think Don Carlo more chaste than I; only duller, and more a Miser, one that fears his Flesh more, and loves his Money better.- Then to be condemn'd to lie with him- oh, who would not rejoice to meet a Woollen-Waistcoat, and knit Night-Cap without a Lining, a Shirt so nasty, a cleanly Ghost would not appear in't at the latter Day? then the compound of nasty Smells about him, stinking Breath, Mustachoes stuff with villainous snush, Tobacco, and hollow Teeth: thus prepar'd for Delight, you meet in Bed, where you may lie and sigh whole Nights away, he snores it out till Morning, and then rises to his sordid business.

Aria. All this frights me not: 'tis still much better than a keeping Husband, whom neither Beauty nor Honour in a Wife can oblige.

Beau. Oh, you know not the good-nature of a Man of Wit, at least I shall bear a Conscience, and do thee reason, which Heaven denies to old Carlo, were he willing.

Aria. Oh, he talks as high, and thinks as well of himself as any young Coxcomb of ye all.

Beau. He has reason, for if his Faith were no better than his Works, he'd be damn'd.

Aria. Death, who wou'd marry, who wou'd be chaffer'd thus, and sold to Slavery? I'd rather buy a Friend at any Price that I could love and trust.

Beau. Ay, could we but drive on such a Bargain.

Aria. You should not be the Man; You have a Mistress, Sir, that has your Heart, and all your softer Hours: I know't, and if I were so wretched as to marry thee, must see my Fortune lavisht out on her; her Coaches, Dress, and Equipage exceed mine by far: Possess she all the day thy Hours of Mirth, good Humour and Expence, thy Smiles, thy Kisses, and thy Charms of Wit. Oh how you talk and look when in her Presence! but when with me,

A Pox of Love and Woman-kind,
And all the Fops adore 'em.

[Sings.]

How it's, Cuz- then slap, on goes the Beaver, which being cock'd, you bear up briskly, with the second Part to the same Tune- Harkye, Sir, let me advise you to pack up your Trumpery

and be gone, your honourable Love, your matrimonial Foppery, with your other Trinkets thereunto belonging; or I shall talk aloud, and let your Uncle hear you.

Beau. Sure she cannot know I love La Nuche.

[Aside.]

The Devil take me, spoil'd! What Rascal has inveigled thee? What lying fawning coward has abus'd thee? When fell you into this Leudness? Pox, thou art hardly worth the loving now, that canst be such a Fool, to wish me chaste, or love me for that Virtue; or that wouldst have me a ceremonious help, one that makes handsom Legs to Knights without laughing, or with a sneaking modest Squirish Countenance; assure you, I have my Maidenhead. A Curse upon thee, the very thought of Wife has made thee formal.

Aria. I must dissemble, or he'll stay all day to make his peace again- why, have you ne'er- a Mistress then?

Beau. A hundred, by this day, as many as I like, they are my Mirth, the business of my loose and wanton Hours; but thou art my Devotion, the grave, the solemn Pleasure of my Soul- Pox, would I were handsomly rid of thee too.

[Aside.]

-Come, I have business- send me pleas'd away.

Aria. Would to Heaven thou wert gone;

[Aside.]

You're going to some Woman now.

Beau. Oh damn the Sex, I hate 'em all- but thee- farewell, my pretty jealous- sullen- Fool.

[Goes out.]

Aria. Farewel, believing Coxcomb.

[Enter Lucia.]

Lucia. Madam, the Clothes are ready in your Chamber.

Aria. Let's haste and put 'em on then.

[Runs out.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A House.

Enter Fetherfool and Blunt, staring about, after them Shift.

Shift. Well, Gentlemen, this is the Doctor's House, and your fifty Pistoles has made him intirely yours; the Ladies too are here in safe Custody- Come, draw Lots who shall have the Dwarf, and who the Giant.

[They draw.]

Feth. I have the Giant.

Blunt. And I the little tiny Gentlewoman.

Shift. Well, you shall first see the Ladies, and then prepare for your Uncle Moses, the old Jew Guardian, before whom you must be very grave and sententious: You know the old Law was full of Ceremony.

Feth. Well, I long to see the Ladies, and to have the first Onset over.

Shift. I'll cause 'em to walk forth immediately.

[Goes out.]

Feth. My Heart begins to fail me plaguily- would I could see 'em a little at a Distance before they come slap dash upon a Man.

[Peeping.

Hah!- Mercy upon us!- What's yonder!- Ah, Ned my Monster is as big as the Whore of Babylon- Oh I'm in a cold Sweat-

[Blunt pulls him to peep, and both do so.

Oh Lord! she's as tall as the St. Christopher in Notre-dame at Paris, and the little one looks like the Christo upon his Shoulders- I shall ne'er be able to stand the first Brunt.

Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, whither art going? [Pulls him back.

Feth. Why only- to- say my Prayers a little- I'll be with thee presently. [Offers to go, he pulls him.

Blunt. What a Pox, art thou afraid of a Woman-

Feth. Not of a Woman, Ned, but of a She Gargantua, I am of a Hercules in Petticoats.

Blunt. The less Resemblance the better. 'Shartlikins, I'd rather mine were a Centaur than a Woman: No, since my Naples Adventure, I am clearly for your Monster.

Feth. Prithee, Ned, there's Reason in all things-

Blunt. But villainous Woman- 'Dshartlikins, stand your Ground, or I'll nail you to't: Why, what a Pox are you so quezy stomach'd, a Monster won't down with you, with a hundred thousand Pound to boot. [Pulling him.

Feth. Nay, Ned, that mollifies something; and I scorn it should be said of Nich. Fetherfool that he left his Friend in danger, or did an ill thing: therefore, as thou say'st, Ned, tho' she were a Centaur, I'll not budg an Inch.

Blunt. Why God a Mercy.

Enter the Giant and Dwarf, with them Shift as an Operator, and Harlequin attending.

Feth. Oh- they come- Prithee, Ned, advance-

[Puts him forward.

Shift. Most beautiful Ladies.

Feth. Why, what a flattering Son of a Whore's this?

Shift. These are the illustrious Persons your Uncle designs your humble Servants, and who have so extraordinary a Passion for your Seignioraships.

Feth. Oh yes, a most damnable one: Wou'd I were cleanly off the Lay, and had my Money again.

Blunt. Think of a Million, Rogue, and do not hang an Arse thus.

Giant. What, does the Cavalier think I'll devour him? [To Shift.

Feth. Something inclin'd to such a Fear.

Blunt. Go and salute her, or, Adsheartlikins, I'll leave you to her Mercy.

Feth. Oh, dear Ned, have pity on me- but as for saluting her, you speak of more than may be done, dear Heart, without a Scaling Ladder.

[Exit Shift.

Dwarf. Sure, Seignior Harlequin, these Gentlemen are dumb.

Blunt. No, my little diminutive Mistress, my small Epitome of Woman-kind, we can prattle when our Hands are in, but we are raw and bashful, young Beginners; for this is the first time we ever were in love: we are something aukard, or so, but we shall come on in time, and mend upon Incouragement.

Feth. Pox on him, what a delicate Speech has he made now- 'Gad, I'd give a thousand Pounds a Year for Ned's concise Wit, but not a Groat for his Judgment in Womankind.

Enter Shift with a Ladder, sets it against the Giant, and bows to Fetherfool.

Shift. Here, Seignior, Don, approach, mount, and salute the Lady.

Feth. Mount! why, 'twould turn my Brains to look down from her Shoulders- But hang't, 'Gad, I will be brave and venture.

[Runs up the Ladder, salutes her, and runs down again. And Egad this was an Adventure and a bold one- but since I am come off with a whole Skin, I am flesht for the next onset- Madam- has your Greatness any mind to marry?

[Goes to her, speaks, and runs back;
Blunt claps him on the Back.

Giant. What if have?

Feth. Why then, Madam, without enchanted Sword or Buckler, I'm your Man.

Giant. My Man? my Mouse. I'll marry none whose Person and Courage shall not bear some Proportion to mine.

Feth. Your Mightiness I fear will die a Maid then.

Giant. I doubt you'll scarce secure me from that Fear, who court my Fortune, not my Beauty.

Feth. Hu, how scornful she is, I'll warrant you- why I must confess, your Person is something heroical and masculine, but I protest to your Highness, I love and honour ye.

Dwarf. Prithee, Sister, be not so coy, I like my Lover well enough; and if Seignior Mountebank keep his Word in making us of reasonable Proportions, I think the Gentlemen may serve for Husbands.

Shift. Dissemble, or you betray your Love for us.

[Aside to the Giant.

Giant. And if he do keep his Word, I should make a better Choice, not that I would change this noble Frame of mine, cou'd I but meet my Match, and keep up the first Race of Man intire: But since this scanty World affords none such, I to be happy, must be new created, and then shall expect a wiser Lover.

Feth. Why, what a peevish Titt's this; nay? look ye, Madam, as for that matter, your Extraordinariness may do what you please- but 'tis not done like a Monster of Honour, when a Man has set his Heart upon you, to cast him off- Therefore I hope you'll pity a despairing Lover, and cast down an Eye of Consolation upon me; for I vow, most Amazonian Princess, I love ye as if Heaven and Earth wou'd come together.

Dwarf. My Sister will do much, I'm sure, to save the Man that loves

her so passionately- she has a Heart.

Feth. And a swinger 'tis- 'Sbud- she moves like the Royal
Sovereign, and is as long a tacking about. [Aside.

Giant. Then your Religion, Sir.

Feth. Nay, as for that, Madam, we are English, a Nation I thank
God, that stand as little upon Religion as any Nation under the
Sun, unless it be in Contradiction; and at this time have so
many amongst us, a Man knows not which to turn his Hand to-
neither will I stand with your Hugeness for a small matter of
Faith or so- Religion shall break no squares.

Dwarf. I hope, Sir, you are of your Friend's Opinion.

Blunt. My little Spark of a Diamond, I am, I was born a Jew, with
an Aversion to Swines Flesh.

Dwarf. Well, Sir, I shall hasten Seignior Doctor to compleat my
Beauty, by some small Addition, to appear the more grateful to
you.

Blunt. Lady, do not trouble yourself with transitory Parts,
'Dshartlikins thou'rt as handsom as needs be for a Wife.

Dwarf. A little taller, Seignior, wou'd not do amiss, my younger
Sister has got so much the Start of me.

Blunt. In troth she has, and now I think on't, a little taller
wou'd do well for Propagation; I should be loth the Posterity of
the antient Family of the Blunts of Essex should dwindle into
Pigmies or Fairies.

Giant. Well, Seigniors, since you come with our Uncle's liking, we
give ye leave to hope, hope- and be happy-

[They go out with Harlequin.

Feth. Egad, and that's great and gracious-

Enter Willmore and an Operator.

Will. Well, Gentlemen, and how like you the Ladies?

Blunt. Faith, well enough for the first Course, Sir.

Will. The Uncle, by my indeavour, is intirely yours- but whilst
the Baths are preparing, 'twould be well if you would think of
what Age, Shape, and Complexion you would have your Ladies
form'd in.

Feth. Why, may we chuse, Mr. Doctor?

Will. What Beauties you please.

Feth. Then will I have my Giant, Ned, just such another Gentlewoman
as I saw at Church to day- and about some fifteen.

Blunt. Hum, fifteen- I begin to have a plaguy Itch about me too,
towards a handsome Damsel of fifteen; but first let's marry,
lest they should be boiled away in these Baths of Reformation.

Feth. But, Doctor, can you do all this without the help of the
Devil?

Will. Hum, some small Hand he has in the Business? we make an
Exchange with him, give him the clippings of the Giant for so
much of his Store as will serve to build the Dwarf.

Blunt. Why, then mine will be more than three Parts Devil, Mr.
Doctor.

Will. Not so, the Stock is only Devil, the Graft is your own little Wife inoculated.

Blunt. Well, let the Devil and you agree about this matter as soon as you please.

Enter Shift as an Operator.

Shift. Sir, there is without a Person of an extraordinary Size wou'd speak with you.

Will. Admit him.

Enter Harlequin, ushers in Hunt as a Giant.

Feth. Hah- some o'ergrown Rival, on my Life.

[Feth. gets from it.

Will. What the Devil have we here? [Aside.

Hunt. Bezolos mano's, Seignior, I understand there is a Lady whose Beauty and Proportion can only merit me: I'll say no more- but shall be grateful to you for your Assistance.

Feth. 'Tis so.

Hunt. The Devil's in't if this does not fright 'em from a farther Courtship. [Aside.

Will. Fear nothing, Seignior- Seignior, you may try your Chance, and visit the Ladies. [Talks to Hunt.

Feth. Why, where the Devil could this Monster conceal himself all this while, that we should neither see nor hear of him?

Blunt. Oh- he lay disguis'd; I have heard of an Army that has done so.

Feth. Pox, no single House cou'd hold him.

Blunt. No- he dispos'd himself in several parcels up and down the Town, here a Leg, and there an Arm; and hearing of this proper Match for him, put himself together to court his fellow Monster.

Feth. Good Lord! I wonder what Religion he's of.

Blunt. Some heathen Papist, by his notable Plots and Contrivances.

Will. 'Tis Hunt, that Rogue- [Aside.

Sir, I confess there is great Power in Sympathy- Conduct him to the Ladies- [He tries to go in at the Door.

-I am sorry you cannot enter at that low Door, Seignior, I'll have it broken down-

Hunt. No, Seignior, I can go in at twice.

Feth. How, at twice! what a Pox can he mean?

Will. Oh, Sir, 'tis a frequent thing by way of Inchantment

[Hunt being all Doublet, leaps off from another Man who is all Breeches, and goes out; Breeches follows stalking.

Feth. Oh Pox, Mr. Doctor, this must be the Devil.

Will. Oh fie, Sir, the Devil! no 'tis all done enchanted Girdle- These damn'd Rascals will spoil all by too gross an Imposition on the Fools. [Aside.

Feth. This is the Devil, Ned, that's certain- But hark ye, Mr.

Doctor, I hope I shall not have my Mistress enchanted from me by
this enchanted Rival, hah?

Will. Oh, no, Sir, the Inquisition will never let 'em marry, for
fear of a Race of Giants, 'twill be worse than the Invasion of
the Moors, or the French: but go- think of your Mistresses Names
and Ages, here's Company, and you would not be seen.

[Ex. Blunt and Feth.

Enter La Nuche and Aurelia; Will. bows to her.

La Nu. Sir, the Fame of your excellent Knowledge, and what you said
to me this day; has given me a Curiosity to learn my Fate, at
least that Fate you threatened.

Will. Madam, from the Oracle in the Box you may be resolved any
Question- [Leads her to the Table,

where stands a Box full of Balls; he stares on her.
-How lovely every absent minute makes her- Madam, be pleas'd to
draw from out this Box what Ball you will.

[She draws, he takes it, and gazes on her and on it.
Madam, upon this little Globe is character'd your Fate and
Fortune; the History of your Life to come and past- first,
Madam- you're- a Whore.

La Nu. A very plain beginning.

Will. My Art speaks simple Truth; the Moon is your Ascendent, that
covetous Planet that borrows all her Light, and is in opposition
still to Venus; and Interest more prevails with you than Love:
yet here I find a cross- intruding Line- that does inform me-
you have an Itch that way, but Interest still opposes: you are a
slavish mercenary Prostitute.

La Nu. Your Art is so, tho call'd divine, and all the Universe is
sway'd by Interest: and would you wish this Beauty which adorns
me, should be dispos'd about for Charity? Proceed and speak more
Reason.

Will. But Venus here gets the Ascent again, and spite of- Interest,
spite of all Aversion, will make you doat upon a Man-

[Still looking on, and turning the Ball.
Wild, fickle, restless, faithless as the Winds!- a Man of Arms
he is- and by this Line- a Captain- [Looking on her.
for Mars and Venus were in conjunction at his Birth- and Love
and War's his business.

La Nu. There thou hast toucht my Heart, and spoke so true, that
all thou say'st I shall receive as Oracle. Well, grant I love,
that shall not make me yield.

Will. I must confess you're ruin'd if you yield, and yet not all
your Pride, not all your Vows, your Wit, your Resolution, or
your Cunning, can hinder him from conquering absolutely: your
Stars are fixt, and Fate irrevocable.

La Nu. No,- I will controul my Stars and Inclinations; and tho I
love him more than Power or Interest, I will be Mistress of my
fixt Resolves- One Question more- Does this same Captain, this
wild happy Man love me?

Will. I do not- find- it here- only a possibility incourag'd by your Love- Oh that you cou'd resist- but you are destin'd his, and to be ruin'd.

[Sighs, and looks on her, she grows in a Rage.

La Nu. Why do you tell me this? I am betray'd, and every caution blows my kindling Flame- hold- tell me no more- I might have guess'd my Fate, from my own Soul have guest it- but yet I will be brave, I will resist in spite of Inclinations, Stars, or Devils.

Will. Strive not, fair Creature, with the Net that holds you, you'll but intangle more. Alas! you must submit and be undone.

La Nu. Damn your false Art- had he but lov'd me too, it had excus'd the Malice of my Stars.

Will. Indeed, his Love is doubtful; for here- I trace him in a new pursuit- which if you can this Night prevent, perhaps you fix him.

La Nu. Hah, pursuing a new Mistress! there thou hast met the little Resolution I had left, and dasht it into nothing- but I have vow'd Allegiance to my Interest- Curse on my Stars, they cou'd not give me Love where that might be advanc'd- I'll hear no more.

[Gives him Money. Enter Shift.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, there are several Strangers arriv'd, who talk of the old Oracle. How will you receive 'em?

Will. I've business now, and must be excus'd a while.- Thus far- I'm well; but I may tell my Tale so often o'er, till, like the Trick of Love, I spoil the pleasure by the repetition.- Now I'll uncase, and see what Effects my Art has wrought on La Nuche, for she's the promis'd Good, the Philosophick Treasure that terminates my Toil and Industry. Wait you here.

[Ex. Will.

Enter Ariadne in Mens Clothes, with Lucia so drest, and other Strangers.

Aria. How now, Seignior Operator, where's this renowned Man of Arts and Sciences, this Don of Wonders?- hah! may a Man have a Pistole's Worth or two of his Tricks? will he shew, Seignor?

Shift. Whatever you dare see, Sir.

Aria. And I dare see the greatest Bug-bear he can conjure up, my Mistress's Face in a Glass excepted.

Shift. That he can shew, Sir, but is now busied in weighty Affairs with a Grandee.

Aria. Pox, must we wait the Leisure of formal Grandees and Statesmen- ha, who's this?- the lovely Conqueress of my Heart, La Nuche. [Goes to her, she is talking with Aurel.

La Nu. What foolish thing art thou?

Aria. Nay, do not frown, nor fly; for if you do, I must arrest you, fair one.

La Nu. At whose Suit, pray?

Aria. At Love's- you have stol'n a Heart of mine, and us'd it
scurvily.

La Nu. By what marks do you know the Toy, that I may be no longer
troubled with it?

Aria. By a fresh Wound, which toucht by her that gave it bleeds
anew, a Heart all over kind and amorous.

La Nu. When was this pretty Robbery committed?

Aria. To day, most sacrilegiously, at Church, where you debauch'd
my Zeal; and when I wou'd have pray'd, your Eyes had put the
Change upon my Tongue, and made it utter Railings: Heav'n
forgive ye!

La Nu. You are the gayest thing without a Heart, I ever saw.

Aria. I scorn to flinch for a bare Wound or two; nor is he routed
that has lost the day, he may again rally, renew the Fight, and
vanquish.

La Nu. You have a good opinion of that Beauty, which I find not so
forcible, nor that fond Prattle uttered with such Confidence.

Aria. But I have Quality and Fortune too.

La Nu. So had you need. I should have guest the first by your
pertness; for your saucy thing of Quality acts the Man as
impudently at fourteen, as another at thirty: nor is there any
thing so hateful as to hear it talk of Love, Women and Drinking;
nay, to see it marry too at that Age, and get itself a Play-
fellow in its Son and Heir.

Aria. This Satyr on my Youth shall never put me out of countenance,
or make me think you wish me one day older; and egad, I'll
warrant them that tries me, shall find me ne'er an hour too
young.

La Nu. You mistake my Humour, I hate the Person of a fair conceited
Boy.

Enter Willmore drest, singing.

Will. Vole, vole dans cette Cage,
Petite Oyseau dans cet bocage.

-How now, Fool, where's the Doctor?

Shift. A little busy, Sir.

Will. Call him, I am in haste, and come to cheapen the Price of
Monster.

Shift. As how, Sir?

Will. In an honourable way, I will lawfully marry one of 'em, and
have pitcht upon the Giant; I'll bid as fair as any Man.

Shift. No doubt but you will speed, Sir: please you, Sir, to walk
in.

Will. I'll follow- Vole, vole dans cette Cage, &c.

Luc. Why, 'tis the Captain, Madam- [Aside to Aria.

La Nu. Hah- marry- harkye, Sir,- a word, pray.

[As he is going out she pulls him.

Will. Your Servant, Madam, your Servant- Vole, vole, &c.

[Puts his Hat off carelesly, and walks by, going out.

Luc. And to be marry'd, mark that.

Aria. Then there's one doubt over, I'm glad he is not married.

La Nu. Come back- Death, I shall burst with Anger- this Coldness
blows my Flame, which if once visible, makes him a Tyrant-
Will. Fool, what's a Clock, fool? this noise hinders me from
hearing it strike.

[Shakes his Pockets, and walks up and down.

La Nu. A blessed sound, if no Hue and Cry pursue it.

-what- you are resolv'd then upon this notable Exploit?

Will. What Exploit, good Madam?

La Nu. Why, marrying of a Monster, and an ugly Monster.

Will. Yes faith, Child, here stands the bold Knight, that singly,
and unarm'd, designs to enter the List with Thogogandiga the
Giant; a good Sword will defend a worse cause than an ugly Wife.
I know no danger worse than fighting for my Living, and I have
don't this dozen years for Bread.

La Nu. This is the common trick of all Rogues, when they have done
an ill thing to face it out.

Will. An ill thing- your Pardon, Sweet-heart, compare it but to
Banishment, a frozen Sentry with brown George and Spanish Pay;
and if it be not better to be Master of a Monster, than Slave to
a damn'd Commonwealth- I submit- and since my Fortune has thrown
this good in my way-

La Nu. You'll not be so ungrateful to refuse it; besides then you
may hope to sleep again, without dreaming of Famine, or the
Sword, two Plagues a Soldier of Fortune is subject to.

Will. Besides Cashiering, a third Plague.

La Nu. Still unconcern'd!- you call me mercenary, but I would
starve e'er suffer my self to be possest by a thing of Horror.

Will. You lye, you would by any thing of Horror: yet these things
of Horror have Beauties too, Beauties thou canst not boast of,
Beauties that will not fade; Diamonds to supply the lustre of
their Eyes, and Gold the brightness of their Hair, a well-got
Million to atone for Shape, and Orient Pearls, more white, more
plump and smooth, than that fair Body Men so languish for, and
thou hast set such Price on.

Aria. I like not this so well, 'tis a trick to make her jealous.

Will. Their Hands too have their Beauties, whose very mark finds
credit and respect, their Bills are current o'er the Universe;
besides these, you shall see waiting at my Door, four Footmen, a
Velvet Coach, with Six Flanders Beauties more: And are not these
most comely Virtues in a Soldier's Wife, in this most wicked
peaceable Age?

Luc. He's poor too, there's another comfort.

[Aside.

Aria. The most encouraging one I have met with yet.

Will. Pox on't, I grow weary of this virtuous Poverty. There goes a
gallant Fellow, says one, but gives him not an Onion; the Women
too, faith, 'tis a handsom Gentleman, but the Devil a Kiss he
gets gratis.

Aria. Oh, how I long to undeceive him of that Error.

La Nu. He speaks not of me; sure he knows me not. [Aside.

Will. No, Child, Money speaks sense in a Language all Nations understand, 'tis Beauty, Wit, Courage, Honour, and undisputable Reason- see the virtue of a Wager, that new philosophical way lately found out of deciding all hard Questions- Socrates, without ready Money to lay down, must yield.

Aria. Well, I must have this gallant Fellow. [Aside.

La. Nu. Sure he has forgot this trivial thing.

Will. -Even thou- who seest me dying unregarded, wou'd then be fond and kind, and flatter me. [Soft tone.
By Heaven, I'll hate thee then; nay, I will marry to be rich to hate thee: the worst of that, is but to suffer nine Days Wonderment. Is not that better than an Age of Scorn from a proud faithless Beauty?

Lu. Nu. Oh, there's Resentment left- why, yes faith, such a Wedding would give the Town diversion: we should have a lamentable Ditty made on it, it, entitled, The Captain's Wedding, with the doleful Relation of his being over-laid by an o'er-grown Monster.

Will. I'll warrant ye I escape that as sure as cuckolding; for I would fain see that hardy Wight that dares attempt my Lady Bright, either by Force or Flattery.

La Nu. So, then you intend to bed her?

Will. Yes faith, and beget a Race of Heroes, the Mother's Form with all the Father's Qualities.

La Nu. Faith, such a Brood may prove a pretty Livelihood for a poor decay'd Officer; you may chance to get a Patent to shew 'em in England, that Nation of Change and Novelty.

Will. A provision old Carlo cannot make for you against the abandon'd day.

La Nu. He can supply the want of Issue a better way; and tho he be not so fine a fellow as your self, he's a better Friend, he can keep a Mistress: give me a Man can feed and clothe me, as well as hug and all to bekiss me, and tho his Sword be not so good as yours, his Bond's worth a thousand Captains. This will not do, I'll try what Jealousy will do. [Aside.

Your Servant, Captain- your Hand, Sir.

[Takes Ariadne by the Hand.

Will. Hah, what new Coxcomb's that- hold, Sir-

[Takes her from him.

Aria. What would you, Sir, ought with this Lady?

Will. Yes, that which thy Youth will only let thee guess at- this- Child, is Man's Meat; there are other Toys for Children. [Offers to lead her off.

La Nu. Oh insolent! and whither would'st thou lead me?

Will. Only out of harm's way, Child, here are pretty near Conveniences within: the Doctor will be civil- 'tis part of his Calling- Your Servant, Sir- [Going off with her.

Aria. I must huff now, tho I may chance to be beaten- come back- or I have something here that will oblige ye to't.

[Laying his hand on his Sword.

Will. Yes faith, thou'rt a pretty Youth; but at this time I've more occasion for a thing in Petticoats- go home, and do not walk the

Streets so much; that tempting Face of thine will debauch the grave men of business, and make the Magistrates lust after Wickedness.

Aria. You are a scurvy Fellow, Sir. [Going to draw.

Will. Keep in your Sword, for fear it cut your Fingers, Child.

Aria. So 'twill your Throat, Sir- here's Company coming that will part us, and I'll venture to draw.

[Draws, Will. draws.

Enter Beaumond.

Beau. Hold, hold- hah, Willmore! thou Man of constant mischief, what's the matter?

La Nu. Beaumond! undone!

Aria. -Beaumond!-

Will. Why, here's a young Spark will take my Lady Bright from me; the unmanner'd Hot-spur would not have patience till I had finish'd my small Affair with her. [Puts up his Sword.

Aria. Death, he'll know me- Sir, you see we are prevented.

[Draws him aside.

-or- [Seems to talk to him, Beau. gazes on La Nuche, who has pull'd down her Veil.

Beau. 'Tis she! Madam, this Veil's too thin to hide the perjur'd Beauty underneath. Oh, have I been searching thee, with all the diligence of impatient Love, and am I thus rewarded, to find thee here incompass'd round with Strangers, fighting, who first should take my right away?- Gods! take your Reason back, take all your Love; for easy Man's unworthy of the Blessings.

Will. Harkye, Harry- the- Woman- the almighty Whore- thou told'st me of to day.

Beau. Death, do'st thou mock my Grief- unhand me strait, for tho I cannot blame thee, I must hate thee.

[Goes out.

Will. What the Devil ails he?

Aria. You will be sure to come.

Will. At night in the Piazza; I have an Assignment with a Woman, that once dispatch'd, I will not fail ye, Sir.

Luc. And will you leave him with her?

Aria. Oh, yes, he'll be ne'er the worse for my use when he has done with her.

[Ex. Luc. and Aria. Will. looks with scorn on La Nuche.

Will. Now you may go o'ertake him, lie with him- and ruin him: the Fool was made for such a Destiny- if he escapes my Sword.

[He offers to go.

La Nu. I must prevent his visit to this Woman- but dare not tell him so. [Aside.

-I would not have ye meet this angry Youth.

Will. Oh, you would preserve him for a farther use.

La Nu. Stay- you must not fight- by Heaven, I cannot see- that

Bosom- wounded. [Turns and weeps.]

Will. Hah! weep'st thou? curse me when I refuse a faith to that obliging Language of thy Eyes- Oh give me one proof more, and after that, thou conquerest all my Soul; Thy Eyes speak Love-come, let us in, my Dear, e'er the bright Fire allays that warms my Heart. [Goes to lead her out.]

La Nu. Your Love grows rude, and saucily demands it. [Flings away.]

Will. Love knows no Ceremony, no respect when once approacht so near the happy minute.

La Nu. What desperate easiness have you seen in me, or what mistaken merit in your self, should make you so ridiculously vain, to think I'd give my self to such a Wretch, one fal'n even to the last degree of Poverty, whilst all the World is prostrate at my Feet, whence I might chuse the Brave, the Great, the Rich? [He stands spitefully gazing at her.]

-Still as he fires, I find my Pride augment, and when he cools I burn. [Aside.]

Will. Death, thou'rt a- vain, conceited, taudry Jilt, who wou'st draw me in as Rooks their Cullies do, to make me venture all my stock of Love, and then you turn me out despis'd and poor- [Offers to go.]

La Nu. You think you're gone now-

Will. Not all thy Arts nor Charms shall hold me longer.

La Nu. I must submit- and can you part thus from me?- [Pulls him.]

Will. I can- nay, by Heaven, I will not turn, nor look at thee. No, when I do, or trust that faithless Tongue again- may I be-

La Nu. Oh do not swear-

Will. Ever curst- [Breaks from her, she holds him.]

La Nu. You shall not go- Plague of this needles Pride. [Aside.] -stay- and I'll follow all the dictates of my Love.

Will. Oh never hope to flatter me to faith again. [His back to her, she holding him.]

La Nu. I must, I will; what wou'd you have me do?

Will. [turning softly to her.] Never- deceive me more, it may be fatal to wind me up to an impatient height, then dash my eager Hopes. [Sighing.]

Forgive my roughness- and be kind, La Nuche, I know thou wo't-

La Nu. Will you then be ever kind and true?

Will. Ask thy own Charms, and to confirm thee more, yield and disarm me quite.

La Nu. Will you not marry then? for tho you never can be mine that way, I cannot think that you should be another's.

Will. No more delays, by Heaven, 'twas but a trick.

La Nu. And will you never see that Woman neither, whom you're this Night to visit?

Will. Damn all the rest of thy weak Sex, when thou look'st thus, and art so soft and charming. [Offers to lead her out.]

La Nu. Sancho- my Coach. [Turns in scorn.]

Will. Take heed, what mean ye?

La Nu. Not to be pointed at by all the envying Women of the Town, who'l laugh and cry, Is this the high-priz'd Lady, now fall'n so low, to doat upon a Captain? a poor disbanded Captain? defend me

from that Infamy.

Will. Now all the Plagues- but yet I will not curse thee, 'tis lost
on thee, for thou art destin'd damn'd. [Going out.

La Nu. Whither so fast?

Will. Why,- I am so indifferent grown, that I can tell thee now-
to a Woman, young, fair and honest; she'll be kind and thankful-
farewel, Jilt- now should'st thou die for one sight more of me,
thou should'st not ha't; nay, should'st thou sacrifice all thou
hast couzen'd other Coxcombs of, to buy one single visit, I am
so proud, by Heaven, thou shouldst not have it- To grieve thee
more, see here, insatiate Woman [Shews her a Purse or hands full
of Gold] the Charm that makes me lovely in thine Eyes: it had
all been thine hadst thou not basely bargain'd with me, now 'tis
the Prize of some well-meaning Whore, whose Modesty will trust
my Generosity.

[Goes out.

La Nu. Now I cou'd rave, t'have lost an opportunity which industry
nor chance can give again- when on the yielding point, a cursed
fit of Pride comes cross my Soul, and stops the kind Career-
I'll follow him, yes I'll follow him, even to the Arms of her to
whom he's gone.

Aur. Madam, tis dark, and we may meet with Insolence.

La Nu. No matter: Sancho, let the Coach go home, and do you follow
me-

Women may boast their Honour and their Pride,
But Love soon lays those feebler Powr's aside.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street, or Backside of the Piazza dark.

Enter Willmore alone.

Will. A Pox upon this Woman that has jilted me, and I for being a
fond believing Puppy to be in earnest with so great a Devil.
Where be these Coxcombs too? this Blunt and Fetherfool? when a
Man needs 'em not, they are plaguing him with their unseasonable
Jests- could I but light on them, I would be very drunk to
night- but first I'll try my Fortune with this Woman- let me
see- hereabouts is the Door. [Gropes about for the Door.

Enter Beaumond, follow'd by La Nuche, and Sancho.

La Nu. 'Tis he, I know it by his often and uneasy pauses-

Beau. And shall I home and sleep upon my injury, whilst this more
happy Rover takes my right away?- no, damn me then for a cold
senseless Coward. [Pauses and pulls out a Key.

Will. This Damsel, by the part o'th' Town she lives in, shou'd be

of Quality, and therefore can have no dishonest design on me,
it must be right down substantial Love, that's certain.

Beau. Yet I'll in and arm my self for the Encounter, for 'twill be
rough between us, tho we're Friends.

[Groping about, finds the Door.

Will. Oh, 'tis this I'm sure, because the Door is open.

Beau. Hah- who's there?-

[Beau. advances to unlock the Door, runs against Will. draws.

Will. That Voice is of Authority, some Husband, Lover, or a
Brother, on my Life- this is a Nation of a word and a blow,
therefore I'll betake me to Toledo- [Draws.

[Willmore in drawing hits his Sword against that of
Beaumond, who turns and fights, La Nuche runs
into the Garden frighted.

Beau. Hah, are you there?

Sanc. I'll draw in defence of the Captain-

[Sancho fights for Beau. and beats out Will.

Will. Hah, two to one?

[Turns and goes in.

Beau. The Garden Door clapt to; sure he's got in; nay, then I have
him sure.

The Scene changes to a Garden, La Nuche in it; to her Beau.
who takes hold of her sleeve.

La Nu. Heavens, where am I?

Beau. Hah-a Woman! and by these Jewels- should be Ariadne.

[feels.]'Tis so! Death, are all Women false?

[She struggles to get away, he holds her.

-Oh, tis in vain thou fly'st, thy Infamy will stay behind thee
still.

La Nu. Hah, 'tis Beaumond's Voice!-

Now for an Art to turn the trick upon him; I must not lose his
Friendship. [Aside.

Enter Willmore softly, peeping behind.

Will. What a Devil have we here, more Mischief yet;- hah- my Woman
with a Man- I shall spoil all- I ever had an excellent knack of
doing so.

Beau. Oh Modesty, where art thou? Is this the effect of all your
put on Jealousy, that Mask to hide your own new falsehood in?
New!- by Heaven, I believe thou'rt old in cunning, that couldst
contrive, so near thy Wedding-night, this, to deprive me of the
Rites of Love.

La Nu. Hah, what says he? [Aside.

Will. How, a Maid, and young, and to be marry'd too! a rare Wench
this to contrive Matters so conveniently: Oh, for some Mischief

now to send him neatly off. [Aside.]

Beau. Now you are silent; but you could talk to day loudly of Virtue, and upbraid my Vice: oh how you hated a young keeping Husband, whom neither Beauty nor Honour in a Wife cou'd oblige to reason- oh, damn your Honour, 'tis that's the sly pretence of all your domineering insolent Wives- Death- what thou see in me, should make thee think that I would be a tame contented Cuckold? [Going, she holds him.]

La Nu. I must not lose this lavish loving Fool- [Aside.]

Will. So, I hope he will be civil and withdraw, and leave me in possession-

Beau. No, tho my Fortune should depend on thee; nay, all my hope of future happiness- by Heaven, I scorn to marry thee, unless thou couldst convince me thou wer't honest- a Whore!- Death, how it cools my Blood-

Will. And fires mine extremely-

La Nu. Nay, then I am provok'd tho I spoil all- [Aside.] And is a Whore a thing so much despis'd? Turn back, thou false forsworn- turn back, and blush at thy mistaken folly. [He stands amaz'd.]

Beau. La Nuche!

Enter Aria. peeping, advancing cautiously undrest, Luc. following.

Aria. Oh, he is here- Lucia, attend me in the Orange-grove-

[Ex. Lucia.]

Hah, a Woman with him!

Will. Hum- what have we here? another Damsel?- she's gay too, and seems young and handsom- sure one of these will fall to my share; no matter which, so I am sure of one.

La Nu. Who's silent now? are you struck dumb with Guilt? thou shame to noble Love; thou scandal to all brave Debauchery, thou Fop of Fortune; thou slavish Heir to Estate and Wife, born rich and damn'd to Matrimony.

Will. Egad, a noble Wench- I am divided yet.

La Nu. Thou formal Ass disguis'd in generous Leudness, see- when the Vizor's off, how sneakingly that empty form appears- Nay 'tis thy own- Make much on't, marry with it, and be damn'd. [Offers to go.]

Will. I hope she'll beat him for suspecting her. [He holds her, she turns.]

Aria. Hah- who the Devil can these be?

La Nu. What silly honest Fool did you mistake me for? what senseless modest thing? Death, am I grown so despicable? have I deserv'd no better from thy Love than to be taken for a virtuous Changeling?

Will. Egad, 'twas an Affront. [Aside.]

La Nu. I'm glad I've found thee out to be an errant Coxcomb, one that esteems a Woman for being chaste forsooth! 'Sheart, I shall have thee call me pious shortly, a most- religious Matron!

Will. Egad, she has reason- [aside.
 Beau. Forgive me- for I took ye- for another. [Sighing.
 La Nu. Oh did you so? it seems you keep fine Company the while-
 Death, that I should e'er be seen with such a vile Dissembler,
 with one so vain, so dull and so impertinent, as can be
 entertain'd by honest Women!

Will. A Heavenly Soul, and to my Wish, were I but sure of her.
 Beau. Oh you do wondrous well t'accuse me first! yes, I am a
 Coxcomb- a confounded one, to doat upon so false a Prostitute;
 nay to love seriously, and tell it too: yet such an amorous
 Coxcomb I was born, to hate the Enjoyment of the loveliest
 Woman, without I have the Heart: the fond soft Prattle, and the
 lolling Dalliance, the Frowns, the little Quarrels, and the kind
 Degrees of making Peace again, are Joys which I prefer to all
 the sensual, whilst I endeavour to forget the Whore, and pay my
 Vows to Wit, to Youth and Beauty.

Aria. Now hang me, if it be not Beaumond.

Beau. Would any Devil less than common Woman have serv'd me as thou
 didst? say, was not this my Night? my paid for Night? my own by
 right of Bargain, and by Love? and hast not thou deceiv'd me for
 a Stranger?

Will. So- make me thankful, then she will be kind. [Hugs himself.
 Beau. -Was this done like a Whore of Honour think ye? and would not
 such an Injury make me forswear all Joys of Womankind, and marry
 in mere spite?

La Nu. Why where had been the Crime had I been kind?
 Beau. Thou dost confess it then.
 La Nu. Why not?
 Beau. Those Bills of Love the oftner paid and drawn, make Women
 better Merchants than Lovers.
 La Nu. And 'tis the better Trade.
 Will. Oh Pox, there she dasht all again. I find they calm upon't,
 and will agree, therefore I'll bear up to this small Frigate and
 lay her aboard. [Goes to Ariadne.
 La Nu. However I'm glad the Vizor's off; you might have fool'd me
 on, and sworn I was the only Conqueror of your Heart, had not
 Good-nature made me follow you, to undeceive your false
 Suspicions of me: How have you sworn never to marry? how rail'd
 at Wives, and satir'd Fools oblig'd to Wedlock? And now at last,
 to thy eternal Shame, thou hast betray'd thy self to be a most
 pernicious honourable Lover, a perjur'd- honest- nay, a very
 Husband. [Turns away, he holds her.
 Aria. Hah, sure 'tis the Captain.
 Will. Prithee, Child, let's leave 'em to themselves, they'l agree
 matters I'll warrant them when they are alone; and let us try
 how Love and Good-nature will provide for us.
 Aria. Sure he cannot know me?- Us!- pray who are you, and who am I?
 Will. Why look ye, Child, I am a very honest civil Fellow, for my
 part, and thou'rt a Woman for thine; and I desire to know no
 more at present.
 Aria. 'Tis he, and knows not me to be the same he appointed to day-
 Sir, pursue that Path on your right Hand, that Grove of Orange-
 Trees, and I'll follow you immediately.

Will. Kind and civil- prithee make haste, dear Child.

[Exit. Will.

Beau. And did you come to call me back again? [Lovingly.

La Nu. No matter, you are to be marry'd, Sir-

Beau. No more, 'tis true, to please my Uncle, I have talk'd of some such thing; but I'll pursue it no farther, so thou wilt yet be mine, and mine intirely- I hate this Ariadne- for a Wife- by Heaven I do.

Aria. A very plain Confession. [Claps him on the back.

Beau. Ariadne!

La Nu. I'm glad of this, now I shall be rid of him. [Aside.

-How is't, Sir? I see you struggle hard 'twixt Love and Honour, and I'll resign my Place-

[Offers to go, Ariadne pulls her back.

Aria. Hold, if she take him not away, I shall disappoint my Man-faith, I'll not be out-done in Generosity.

[Gives him to La Nuche.

Here- Love deserves him best- and I resign him- Pox on't I'm honest, tho that's no fault of mine; 'twas Fortune who has made a worse Exchange, and you and I should suit most damnably together.

[To Beau.

Beau. I am sure there's something in the Wind, she being in the Garden, and the Door left open. [Aside.

-Yes, I believe you are willing enough to part with me, when you expect another you like better.

Aria. I'm glad I was before-hand with you then.

Beau. Very good, and the Door was left open to give admittance to a Lover.

Aria. 'Tis visible it was to let one in to you, false as you are.

La Nu. Faith, Madam, you mistake my Constitution, my Beauty and my Business is only to be belov'd not to love; I leave that Slavery for you Women of Quality, who must invite, or die without the Blessing; for likely the Fool you make choice of wants Wit or Confidence to ask first; you are fain to whistle before the Dogs will fetch and carry, and then too they approach by stealth: and having done the Drudgery, the submissive Curs are turn'd out for fear of dirtying your Apartment, or that the Mungrils should scandalize ye; whilst all my Lovers of the noble kind throng to adore and fill my Presence daily, gay as if each were triumphing for Victory.

Aria. Ay this is something; what a poor sneaking thing an honest Woman is!

La Nu. And if we chance to love still, there's a difference, your Hours of Love are like the Deeds of Darkness, and mine like cheerful Birds in open Day.

Aria. You may, you have no Honour to lose.

La Nu. Or if I had, why should I double the Sin by Hypocrisy?

[Lucia squeaks within, crying, help, help.

Aria. Heavens, that's Lucia's Voice.

Beau. Hah, more caterwauling?

Enter Lucia in haste.

Luc. Oh, Madam, we're undone; and, Sir, for Heaven's sake do you retire.

Beau. What's the matter?

Luc. Oh you have brought the most villainous mad Friend with you- he found me sitting on a Bank- and did so ruffle me.

Aria. Death, she takes Beaumont for the Stranger, and will ruin me.

Luc. Nay, made love so loud, that my Lord your Father-in-law, who was in his Cabinet, heard us from the Orange-Grove, and has sent to search the Garden- and should he find a Stranger with you- do but you retire, Sir, and all's well yet. [To Beaumont.

Aria. The Devil's in her Tongue. [Aside.

Luc. For if Mr. Beaumont be in the House, we shall have the Devil to do with his Jealousy.

Aria. So, there 'tis out.

Beau. She takes me for another- I am jilted every where- what Friend?- I brought none with me.

-Madam, do you retire-

[To La Nuche.

La Nu. Glad of my Freedom too-

[Goes out.

[A clashing of Swords within. Enter Willm. fighting, prest back by three or four Men, and Abevile, Aria. and Luc. run out.

Beau. Hah, set on by odds; hold, tho thou be'st my Rival, I will free thee, on condition thou wilt meet me to morrow morning in the Piazza by day break.

[Puts himself between their Swords, and speaks to Will. aside.

Will. By Heaven I'll do it.

Beau. Retire in safety then, you have your pass.

Abev. Fall on, fall on, the number is increas'd. [Fall on Beau.

Beau. Rascals, do you not know me?

[Falls in with 'em and beats them back, and goes out with them.

Will. Nay, and you be so well acquainted, I'll leave you- unfortunate still I am; my own well meaning, but ill Management, is my eternal Foe: Plague on 'em, they have wounded me- yet not one drop of Blood's departed from me that warm'd my Heart for Woman, and I'm not willing to quit this Fairy-ground till some kind Devil have been civil to me.

Enter Ariadne and Lucia.

Aria. I say, 'tis he: thou'st made so many dull Mistakes to Night, thou darest not trust thy Senses when they're true- How do you, Sir?

Will. That Voice has Comfort in't, for 'tis a Woman's: hah, more Interruption?

Aria. A little this way, Sir.

[Ex. Aria. and Will. into the Garden.

Enter Beaumond, Abevile in a submissive Posture.

Beau. No more excuses- By all these Circumstances, I know this Ariadne is a Gipsy. What difference then between a money-taking Mistress and her that gives her Love? only perhaps this sins the closer by't, and talks of Honour more: What Fool wou'd be a Slave to empty Name, or value Woman for dissembling well? I'll to La Nuche- the honester o'th' two- Abevile- get me my Musick ready, and attend me at La Nuche's.

[Ex. severally.

Luc. He's gone, and to his Mistress too.

Enter Ariadne pursu'd by Willmore.

Will. My little Daphne, 'tis in vain to fly, unless like her, you cou'd be chang'd into a Tree: Apollo's self pursu'd not with more eager Fire than I. [Holds her.

Aria. Will you not grant a Parly e'er I yield?

Will. I'm better at a Storm.

Aria. Besides, you're wounded too.

Will. Oh leave those Wounds of Honour to my Surgeon, thy Business is to cure those of Love. Your true bred Soldier ever fights with the more heat for a Wound or two.

Aria. Hardly in Venus' Wars.

Will. Her self ne'er thought so when she snatched her Joys between the rough Encounters of the God of War. Come, let's pursue the Business we came for: See the kind Night invites, and all the ruffling Winds are husht and still, only the Zephirs spread their tender Wings, courting in gentle Murmurs the gay Boughs; 'twas in a Night like this, Diana taught the Mysteries of Love to the fair Boy Endymion. I am plaguy full of History and Simile tonight.

Aria. You see how well he far'd for being modest.

Will. He might be modest, but 'twas not over-civil to put her Goddesship to asking first; thou seest I'm better bred- Come let's haste to silent Grots that attend us, dark Groves where none can see, and murmuring Fountains.

Aria. Stay, let me consider first, you are a Stranger, inconstant too as Island Winds, and every day are fighting for your Mistresses, of which you've had at least four since I saw you first, which is not a whole day.

Will. I grant ye, before I was a Lover I ran at random, but I'll take up now, be a patient Man, and keep to one Woman a Month.

Aria. A Month!

Will. And a fair Reason, Child; time was, I wou'd have worn one Shirt, or one pair of Shoos so long as have let the Sun set twice upon the same Sin: but see the Power of Love; thou hast bewitched me, that's certain.

Aria. Have a care of giving me the ascendent over ye, for fear I make ye marry me.

Will. Hold, I bar that cast, Child; no, I'm none of those Spirits that can be conjur'd into a Wedding-ring, and dance in the dull matrimonial Circle all my Days.

Aria. But what think you of a hundred thousand Crowns, and a Beauty of sixteen?

Will. As of most admirable Blessings: but harkye, Child, I am plaguily afraid thou'rt, some scurvy honest thing of Quality by these odd Questions of thine, and hast some wicked Design upon my Body.

Aria. What, to have and to hold I'll warrant.- No Faith, Sir, Maids of my Quality expect better Jointures than a Buff-coat, Scarf and Feather: such Portions as mine are better Ornaments in a Family than a Captain and his Commission.

Will. Why well said, now thou hast explain'd thy self like a Woman of Honour- Come, come, let's away.

Aria. Explain my self! How mean ye?

Will. -Thou say'st I am not fit to marry thee- and I believe this Assignment was not made to tell me so, nor yet to hear me whistle to the Birds.

Aria. Faith no. I saw you, lik'd ye, and had a mind to ye.

Will. Ay, Child-

Aria. In short, I took ye for a Man of Honour.

Will. Nay, if I tell the Devil take me.

Aria. I am a Virgin in Distress.

Will. Poor Heart.

Aria. To be marry'd within a Day or two to one I like not.

Will. Hum- and therefore wouldest dispose of a small Virgin Treasure (too good for silly Husbands) in a Friend's Hands: faith, Child- I was ever a good religious charitable Christian, and shall acquit my self as honestly and piously in this Affair as becomes a Gentleman.

Enter Abevile with Musick.

Abev. Come away, are ye all arm'd for the Business?

Aria. Hah, arm'd! we are surpriz'd again.

Will. Fear not. [Draws.

Aria. Oh God, Sir, haste away, you are already wounded: but I conjure you, as a Man of Honour, be here at the Garden Gate to night again, and bring a Friend, in case of Danger, with you; and if possible I'll put my self into your Hands, for this Night's Work has ruin'd me-

[Speaking quick, and pushing him forwards runs off.

Abev. My Master sure not gone yet- [Peeping advancing.

Will. Rascals, tho you are odds, you'll find hot Work in vanquishing. [Falls on 'em.

Abev. Hold, Sir, I am your Page. Do you not know me? and these the Musick you commanded- shall I carry em where you order'd, Sir?

Will. They take me for some other, this was lucky. [Aside.

O, aye- 'tis well- I'll follow- but whither?- Plague of my dull Mistakes, the Woman's gone- yet stay- [Calls 'em.
For now I think on't, this Mistake may help me to another- stay-
I must dispose of this mad Fire about me, which all these Disappointments cannot lay- Oh for some young kind Sinner in the nick- How I cou'd souse upon her like a Bird of Prey, and worry her with Kindness. [Aside.-
Go on, I follow.

[Exeunt.

Scene changes to La Nuche's House.

Enter Petronella and Aurelia with Light.

Aur. Well, the Stranger is in Bed, and most impatiently expects our Patrona, who is not yet returned.

Pet. Curse of this Love! I know she's in pursuit of this Rover, this English Piece of Impudence; Pox on 'em, I know nothing good in the whole Race of 'em, but giving all to their Shirts when they're drunk. What shall we do, Aurelia? This Stranger must not be put off, nor Carlo neither, who has fin'd again as if for a new Maidenhead.

Aur. You are so covetous, you might have put 'em off, but now 'tis too late.

Pet. Put off! Are these Fools to be put off think ye? a fine Fop Englishman, and an old doating Grandee?- No, I cou'd put the old trick on 'em still, had she been here but to have entertain'd 'em: but hark, one knocks, 'tis Carlo on my Life-

Enter Carlo, gives Petronella Gold.

Car. Let this plead for me.

Pet. Sweet Don, you are the most eloquent Person.

Car. I would regale to night- I know it is not mine, but I've sent five hundred Crowns to purchase it, because I saw another bargaining for't; and Persons of my Quality must not be refus'd: you apprehend me.

Pet. Most rightly- that was the Reason then she came so out of Humour home- and is gone to Bed in such a sullen Fit.

Car. To Bed, and all alone! I would surprize her there. Oh how it pleases me to think of stealing into her Arms like a fine Dream, Wench, hah.

Aur. 'Twill be a pleasant one, no doubt.

Pet. He lays the way out how he'll be cozen'd. [Aside.
-The Seigniora perhaps may be angry, Sir, but I'll venture that to accommodate you; and that you may surprize her the more readily, be pleased to stay in my Chamber, till you think she may be asleep.

Car. Thou art a perfect Mistress of thy Trade.

Pet. So, now will I to the Seigniora's Bed my self, drest and perfum'd, and finish two good Works at once; earn five hundred Crowns, and keep up the Honour of the House. [Aside.]- Softly,

sweet Don.

[Lights him out.]

Aur. And I will do two more good things, and disappoint your Expectations; jilt the young English Fool, and have old Carlo well bang'd, if t'other have any Courage.

Enter La Nuche in Rage, and Sancho.

La Nu. Aurelia, help, help me to be reveng'd upon this wretched unconsidering Heart.

Aur. Heavens, have you made the Rover happy, Madam?

La Nu. Oh wou'd I had! or that or any Sin wou'd change this Rage into some easier Passion: Sickness and Poverty, Disgrace and Pity, all met iii one, were kinder than this Love, this raging Fire of a proud amorous Heart.

Enter Petronella.

Pet. Heavens, what's the matter?

Aur. Here's Petronella, dissemble but your Rage a little.

La Nu. Damn all dissembling now, it is too late-

The Tyrant Love reigns absolute within,
And I am lost, Aurelia.

Pet. How, Love! forbid it Heaven! will Love maintain ye?

La Nu. Curse on your Maxims, will they ease my Heart? Can your wise Counsel fetch me back my Rover?

Pet. Hah, your Rover, a Pox upon him.

La Nu. He's gone- gone to the Arms of some gay generous Maid, who nobly follows Love's diviner Dictates, whilst I 'gainst Nature studying thy dull Precepts, and to be base and infamously rich, have barter'd all the Joys of human Life- Oh give me Love: I will be poor and love.

Pet. She's lost- but hear me-

La Nu. I won't, from Childhood thou hast trained me up in Cunning, read Lectures to me of the use of Man, but kept me from the knowledge of the Right; taught me to jilt, to flatter and deceive: and hard it was to learn th' ungrateful Lessons. But oh how soon plain Nature taught me Love, and shew'd me all the cheat of thy false Tenents- No- give me Love with any other Curse.

Pet. But who will give you that when you are poor? when you are wretchedly despis'd and poor?

La Nu. Hah!

Pet. Do you not daily see fine Clothes, rich Furniture, Jewels and Plate are more inviting than Beauty unadorn'd? be old, diseas'd, deform'd, be any thing, so you be rich and splendidly attended, you'll find your self lov'd and ador'd by all- But I'm an old fool still- Well, Petronella, had'st thou been half as industrious in thy Youth as in thy Age- thou hadst not come to this.

[Weeps.]

La Nu. She's in the right.

Pet. What can this mad poor Captain do for you, love you whilst you can buy him Breeches, and then leave you? A Woman has a sweet time on't with any Soldier-Lover of 'em all, with their Iron

Minds, and Buff Hearts; feather'd Inamorato's have nothing that belongs to Love but his Wings, the Devil clip 'em for Petronella.

La Nu. True- he can ne'er be constant. [Pausing.

Pet. Heaven forbid he should! No, if you are so unhappy as that you must have him, give him a Night or two and pay him for't, and send him to feed again: But for your Heart, 'Sdeath, I would as soon part with my Beauty, or Youth, and as necessary a Tool 'tis for your Trade- A Curtezan and love! but all my Counsel's thrown away upon ye. [Weeps.

La Nu. No more, I will be rul'd- I will be wise, be rich; and since I must yield somewhere, and some time, Beaumont shall be the Man, and this the Night; he's handsom, young, and lavishly profuse: This Night he comes, and I'll submit to Interest. Let the gilded Apartment be made ready, and strew it o'er with Flowers, adorn my Bed of State; let all be fine; perfume my Chamber like the Phoenix's Nest, I'll be luxurious in my Pride to Night, and make the amorous prodigal Youth my Slave.

Pet. Nobly resolv'd! and for these other two who wait your coming, let me alone to manage. [Goes out.

Scene changes to a Chamber, discovers Fetherfool in Bed.

Feth. This Gentlewoman is plaguy long in coming:- some Nicety now, some perfum'd Smock, or Point Night-Clothes to make her more lovely in my Eyes: Well, these Women are right City Cooks, they stay so long to garnish the Dish, till the Meat be cold- but hark, the Door opens.

Enter Carlo softly, half undrest.

Car. This Wench stays long, and Love's impatient; this is the Chamber of La Nuche, I take it: If she be awake, I'll let her know who I am; if not, I'll steal a Joy before she thinks of it.

Feth. Sure 'tis she, pretty modest Rogue, she comes i'th' dark to hide her Blushes- hum, I'm plaguy eloquent o'th' sudden- who's there? [Whispering.

Car. 'Tis I, my Love.

Feth. Hah, sweet Soul, make haste.- There 'twas again.

Car. So kind, sure she takes me for some other, or has some inkling of my Design- [To himself.

Where are you, Sweetest?

Feth. Here, my Love, give me your Hand-

[Puts out his Hand; Carlo kneels and kisses it.

Car. Here let me worship the fair Shrine before I dare approach so fair a Saint. [Kisses the Hand.

Feth. Hah, what a Pox have we here?- wou'd I were well out o' t'other side- perhaps 'tis her Husband, and then I'm a dead Man, if I'm discover'd.

[Removes to t'other side, Carlo holds his Hand.

Car. Nay, do not fly- I know you took me for some happier Person.

[Feth. struggles, Car. rises and takes him
in his Arms, and kisses him.

Feth. What, will you ravish me? [In a shrill Voice.

Car. Hah, that Voice is not La Nuche's- Lights there, Lights.

Feth. Nay, I can hold a bearded Venus, Sir, as well as any Man.

[Holds Carlo.

Car. What art thou, Rogue, Villain, Slave?

[They fall to Cuffs, and fight till they are bloody, fall
from the Bed and fight on the Floor.

Enter Petronella, Sancho, and Aurelia.

Pet. Heaven, what noise is this?- we are undone, part 'em, Sancho.

[They part 'em.

Feth. Give me my Sword; nay, give me but a Knife, that I may cut
yon Fellow's Throat-

Car. Sirrah, I'm a Grandee, and a Spaniard, and will be reveng'd.

Feth. And I'm an English-man, and a Justice, and will have Law,
Sir.

Pet. Say 'tis her Husband, or any thing to get him hence.

[Aside to Sancho, who whispers him.

These English, Sir, are Devils, and on my Life 'tis unknown to
the Seigniora that he's i'th' House. [To Carlo aside.

Car. Come, I'm abus'd but I must put it up for fear of my Honour;
a Statesman's Reputation is a tender thing: Convey me out the
back way. I'll be reveng'd. [Goes out.

Feth. (Aurelia whispers to him aside.) How, her Husband! Prithee
convey me out; my Clothes, my Clothes, quickly-

Aur. Out, Sir! he has lock'd the Door, and designs to have ye
murder'd.

Feth. Oh, gentle Soul- take pity on me- where, oh what shall I do?-
my Clothes, my Sword and Money.

Aur. Quickly, Sancho, tie a Sheet to the Window, and let him slide
down by that- Be speedy, and we'll throw your Clothes out after
ye. Here, follow me to the Window.

Feth. Oh, any whither, any whither. That I could not be warn'd from
whoring in a strange Country, by my Friend Ned Blunt's Example-
if I can but keep it secret now, I care not.

[Exeunt.

Scene, the Street, a Sheet ty'd to the Balcony, and Feth.
sitting cross to slide down.

Feth. So- now your Neck, or your Throat, chuse ye either, wise Mr.
Nicholas Fetherfool- But stay, I hear Company. Now dare not I

budg an Inch.

Enter Beaumond alone.

Beau. Where can this Rascal, my Page, be all this while? I waited in the Piazza so long, that I believed he had mistook my Order, and gone directly to La Nuche's House- but here's no sign of him-

Feth. Hah- I hear no noise, I'll venture down.

[Goes halfway down and stops.

Enter Abevile, Harlequin, Musick and Willmore.

Will. Whither will this Boy conduct me?- but since to a Woman, no matter whither 'tis.

Feth. Hah, more Company; now dare not I stir up nor down, they may be Bravoes to cut my Throat.

Beau. Oh sure these are they-

Will. Come, my Heart, lose no time, but tune your Pipes.

[Harlequin plays on his Guittar, and sings.

Beau. How, sure this is some Rival. [Goes near and listens.

Will. Harkye, Child, hast thou ne'er an amorous Ditty, short and sweet, hah-

Abev. Shall I not sing that you gave me, Sir?

Will. I shall spoil all with hard Questions- Ay, Child- that.

[Abev. sings, Beau. listens, and seems angry the while.

SONG.

A Pox upon this needless Scorn!
Silvia, for shame the Cheat give o'er;
The end to which the fair are born,
Is not to keep their Charms in store,
But lavishly dispose in haste,
Of Joys which none but Youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's past:
And who when Beauty's past will love?

When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenging all your cold Disdain,
And Silvia shall neglected pass,
By every once admiring Swain;
And we can only Pity pay,
When you in vain too late shall burn:
If Love increase, and Youth delay,
Ah, Silvia, who will make return?

Then haste, my Silvia, to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of May conspire,
To teach us every Art of Love,

And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher;
Where, whilst imbracing we should lie
Loosely in Shades, on Banks of Flowers:
The duller World whilst we defy,
Years will be Minutes, Ages Hours.

Beau. 'Sdeath, that's my Page's Voice: Who the Devil is't that ploughs with my Heifer!

Aur. Don Henrick, Don Henrick-

[The Door opens, Beau. goes up to't; Will. puts him by, and offers to go in, he pulls him back.

Will. How now, what intruding Slave art thou?

Beau. What Thief art thou that basely, and by dark, rob'st me of all my Rights?

[Strikes him, they fight, and Blows light on Fetherfool who hangs down.

[Sancho throws Fetherfool's Clothes out, Harlequin takes 'em up in confusion; they fight out Beaumont, all go off, but Will. gets into the House: Harlequin and Feth. remain. Feth. gets down, runs against Harlequin in the dark, both seem frightened.

Harl. Que questo.

Feth. Ay, un pouer dead Home, murder'd, kill'd.

Harl. (In Italian.) You are the first dead Man I ever saw walk.

Feth. Hah, Seignior Harlequin!

Harl. Seignior Nicholas!

Feth. A Pox Nicholas ye, I have been mall'd and beaten within doors, and hang'd and bastinado'd without doors, lost my Clothes, my Money, and all my Moveables; but this is nothing to the Secret taking Air. Ah, dear Seignior, convey me to the Mountebanks, there I may have Recruit and Cure under one.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Chamber.

La Nuche on a Couch in an Undress, Willmore at her Feet, on his Knees, all unbrac'd: his Hat, Sword, &c. on the Table, at which she is dressing her Head.

Will. Oh Gods! no more!

I see a yielding in thy charming Eyes;
The Blushes on thy Face, thy trembling Arms,
Thy panting Breast, and short-breath'd Sighs confess,
Thou wo't be mine, in spite of all thy Art.

La Nu. What need you urge my Tongue then to repeat What from my Eyes you can so well interpret?

[Bowing down her Head to him and sighing.
-Or if it must- dispose me as you please-
Will. Heaven, I thank thee! [Rises with Joy.
Who wou'd not plough an Age in Winter Seas,
Or wade full seven long Years in ruder Camps,
To find out this Rest at last?- [Leans on, and kisses her Bosom.
Upon thy tender Bosom to repose;
To gaze upon thy Eyes, and taste thy Balmy Kisses, [Kisses her.
-Sweeter than everlasting Groves of Spices,
When the soft Winds display the opening Buds:
-Come, haste, my Soul, to Bed-
La Nu. You can be soft I find, when you wou'd conquer absolutely.
Will. Not infant Angels, not young sighing Cupids
Can be more; this ravishing Joy that thou hast promis'd me,
Has form'd my Soul to such a Calm of Love,
It melts e'en at my Eyes.
La Nu. What have I done? that Promise will undo me.
-This Chamber was prepar'd, and I was drest,
To give Admittance to another Lover.
Will. But Love and Fortune both were on my side-
Come, come to Bed- consider nought but Love-

[They going out, one knocks.

La Nu. Hark!
Beau. (without.) By Heav'n I will have entrance.
La Nu. 'Tis he whom I expect; as thou lov'st Life
And me, retire a little into this Closet.
Will. Hah, retire!
La Nu. He's the most fiercely jealous of his Sex,
And Disappointment will inrage him more.
Will. Death: let him rage whoe'er he be; dost think
I'll hide me from him, and leave thee to his Love?
Shall I, pent up, thro the thin Wainscot hear
Your Sighs, your amorous Words, and sound of Kisses?
No, if thou canst cozen me, do't, but discreetly,
And I shall think thee true:
I have thee now, and when I tamely part
With the, may Cowards huff and bully me. [Knocks again.
La Nu. And must I be undone because I love ye?
This is the Mine from whence I fetcht my Gold.
Will. Damn the base Trash: I'll have thee poor, and mine;
'Tis nobler far, to starve with him thou lov'st
Than gay without, and pining all within.

[Knocking, breaking the Door, Will. snatches up his Sword.

La Nu. Heavens, here will be murder done- he must not see him.

[As Beau. breaks open the Door, she runs
away with the Candle, they are by dark,
Beau. enters with his Sword drawn.

Will. What art thou?

Beau. A Man.

[They fight.

Enter Petron. with Light, La Nuche following,
Beau. runs to her.

Oh thou false Woman, falser than thy Smiles,
Which serve but to delude good-natur'd Man,
And when thou hast him fast, betray'st his Heart!
Will. Beaumond!

Beau. Willmore! Is it with thee I must tug for Empire?
For I lay claim to all this World of Beauty.

[Takes La Nuche, looking with scorn on Willmore.
La Nu. Heavens, how got this Ruffian in?

Will. Hold, hold, dear Harry, lay no Hands on her till thou can'st
make thy Claim good.

Beau. She's mine, by Bargain mine, and that's sufficient.

Will. In Law perhaps, it may for ought I know, but 'tis not so in
Love: but thou'rt my Friend, and I'll therefore give thee fair
Play- if thou canst win her take her: But a Sword and a Mistress
are not to be lost, if a Man can keep 'em.

Beau. I cannot blame thee, thou but acts thy self-
But thou fair Hypocrite, to whom I gave my Heart,
And this exception made of all Mankind,
Why would'st thou, as in Malice to my Love,
Give it the only Wound that cou'd destroy it?

Will. Nay, if thou didst forbid her loving me, I have her sure.

Beau. I yield him many Charms; he's nobly born,
Has Wit, Youth, Courage, all that takes the Heart,
And only wants what pleases Women's Vanity,
Estate, the only good that I can boast:
And that I sacrifice to buy thy Smiles.

La Nu. See, Sir- here's a much fairer Chapman- you may be gone-
[To Will.

Will. Faith, and so there is, Child, for me, I carry all about me,
and that by Heaven is thine: I'll settle all upon thee, but my
Sword, and that will buy us Bread. I've two led Horses too, one
thou shalt manage, and follow me thro Dangers.

La Nu. A very hopeful comfortable Life;
No, I was made for better Exercises.

Will. Why, every thing in its turn, Child, yet a Man's but a Man.

Beau. No more, but if thou valuest her,
Leave her to Ease and Plenty.

Will. Leave her to Love, my Dear; one hour of right-down Love,
Is worth an Age of living dully on:
What is't to be adorn'd and shine with Gold,
Drest like a God, but never know the Pleasure?
-No, no, I have much finer things in store for thee. [Hugs her.

La Nu. What shall I do?
Here's powerful Interest prostrate at my Feet,
[Pointing to Beau.
Glory, and all than Vanity can boast;

-But there- Love unadorn'd, no covering but his Wings,

[To Will.

No Wealth, but a full Quiver to do mischiefs,
Laughs at those meaner Trifles-

Beau. Mute as thou art, are not these Minutes mine?

But thou- ah false- hast dealt 'em out already,
With all thy Charms of Love, to this unknown-
Silence and guilty Blushes say thou hast:
He all disorder'd too, loose and undrest,
With Love and Pleasure dancing in his Eyes,
Tell me too plainly how thou hast deceiv'd me.

La Nu. Or if I have not, 'tis a Trick soon done, And this
ungrateful Jealousy wou'd put it in my Head. [Angrily.

Beau. Wou'd! by Heaven, thou hast- he is not to be fool'd,
Or sooth'd into belief of distant Joys,
As easy as I have been: I've lost so kind
An Opportunity, where Night and Silence both
Conspire with Love, had made him rage like Waves
Blown up by Storms:- no more- I know he has
-Oh what, La Nuche! robb'd me of all that I
Have languish'd for-

La Nu. If it were so, you should not dare believe it-

[Angrily turns away, he kneels and holds her.

Beau. Forgive me; oh so very well I love,
Did I not know that thou hadst been a Whore,
I'd give thee the last proof of Love- and marry thee.

Will. The last indeed- for there's an end of Loving;
Do, marry him, and be curst by all his Family:
Marry him, and ruin him, that he may curse thee too.
-But hark ye, Friend, this is not fair; 'tis drawing Sharps
on a Man that's only arm'd with the defensive Cudgel,
I'm for no such dead doing Arguments; if thou art for me,
Child, it must be without the folly, for better for worse;
there's a kind of Nonsense in that Vow Fools only swallow.

La Nu. But when I've worn out all my Youth and Beauty, and suffer'd
every ill of Poverty, I shall be compell'd to begin the World
again without a Stock to set up with. No faith, I'm for a
substantial Merchant in Love, who can repay the loss of Time and
Beauty; with whom to make one thriving Voyage sets me up for
ever, and I need never put to Sea again. [Comes to Beau.

Beau. Nor be expos'd to Storms of Poverty, the Indies shall come to
thee- See here- this is the Merchandise my Love affords.

[Gives her a Pearl, and Pendants of Diamond.

La Nu. Look ye, Sir, will not these Pearls do better round my Neck,
than those kind Arms of yours? these Pendants in my Ears, than
all the Tales of Love you can whisper there?

Will. So- I am deceiv'd- deal on for Trash- and barter all thy Joys
of Life for Baubles- this Night presents me one Adventure more-
I'll try thee once again, inconstant Fortune; and if thou
fail'st me then- I will forswear thee [Aside.] Death, hadst
thou lov'd my Friend for his own Value, I had esteem'd thee;

but when his Youth and Beauty cou'd not plead, to be the
mercenary Conquest of his Presents, was poor, below thy Wit: I
cou'd have conquer'd so, but I scorn thee at that rate- my
Purse shall never be my Pimp- Farewel, Harry.

Beau. Thou'st sham'd me out of Folly- stay-

Will. Faith- I have an Assignment with a Woman- a Woman Friend!

young as the infant-day, and sweet as Roses e'er the Morning Sun
have kiss'd their Dew away. She will not ask me Money neither.

La Nu. Hah! stay- [Holds him, and looks on him.

Beau. She loves him, and her Eyes betray her Heart.

Will. I am not for your turn, Child- Death I shall lose my Mistress
fooling here- I must be gone.

[She holds him, he shakes his Head and sings.

No, no, I will not hire your Bed,
Nor Tenant to your Favours be;
I will not farm your White and Red,
You shall not let your Love to me:
I court a Mistress- not a Landlady.

[bis.

Beau. He's in the right; and shall I waste my Youth and powerful
Fortune on one who all this while has jilted me, seeing I was a
lavish loving Fool?- No- this Soul and Body shall not be
divided- [Gives her to Will.

Will. I am so much thy Friend, another time I might be drawn to
take a bad Bargain off thy Hands- but I have other Business at
present: wo't do a kind thing, Harry,- lend me thy Aid to carry
off my Woman to night? 'tis hard by in the Piazza, perhaps we
may find Resistance.

Beau. My self and Sword are yours. I have a Chair waits below too,
may do you Service.

Will. I thank ye- Madam- your Servant.

La Nu. Left by both!

Beau. You see our Affairs are pressing.

[Bows, and smiles carelesly. Ex. Will. singing, and Beau.

La Nu. Gone! where's all your Power, ye poor deluded Eyes? Curse on
your feeble Fires, that cannot warm a Heart which every common
Beauty kindles. Oh- he is gone for ever.

Enter Petronella.

Pet. Yes, he is gone, to your eternal Ruin: not all the Race of Men
cou'd have produc'd so bountiful and credulous a Fool.

La Nu. No, never; fetch him back, my Petronella: Bring me my wild
Inconstant, or I die- [Puts her out.

Pet. The Devil fetch him back for Petronella, is't he you mean?
you've had too much of him; a Curse upon him, he'as ruin'd you.

La Nu. He has, he shall, he must compleat my ruin.

Pet. She raves, the Rogue has given her a Spanish Philtre.

La Nu. My Coach, my Veil- or let 'em all alone; undrest thus

loosely to the Winds commit me to darkness, and no Guide but
pitying Cupid. [Going out, Pet. holds her.

Pet. What, are you mad?

La Nu. As Winds let loose, or Storms when they rage high.

[Goes out.]

Pet. She's lost, and I'll shift for my self, seize all her Money
and Jewels, of which I have the Keys; and if Seignior Mountebank
keeps his Word, be transform'd to Youth and Beauty again, and
undo this La Nuche at her own Trade-

[Goes in.]

SCENE II. The Street.

Enter Willmore, Beaumond, Chair following.

Will. Set down the Chair; you're now within call, I'll to the
Garden-Door, and see if any Lady Bright appear- Dear Beaumond,
stay here a minute, and if I find occasion, I'll give you the
Word.

Beau. 'Tis hard by my Lodgings; if you want Conveniences, I have
the Key of the Back-way through the Garden, whither you may
carry your Mistress.

Will. I thank thee- let me first secure my Woman.

[Goes out.]

Beau. I thought I'd lov'd this false, this jilting Fair, even above
my Friendship; but I find I can forgive this Rogue, tho I am
sure he has rob'd me of my Joys.

Enter Ariadne with a Casket of Jewels.

Aria. Not yet! a Devil on him, he's Dear-hearting it with some
other kind Damsel- Faith, 'tis most wickedly done of me to
venture my Body with a mad unknown Fellow. Thus a little more
Delay will put me into a serious Consideration, and I shall e'en
go home again, sleep and be sober. [She walks about.]

Beau. Hah, a Woman! Perhaps the same he looks for- I'll counterfeit
his Voice and try my Chance- Fortune may set us even.

Aria. Hah, is not that a Man? Yes- and a Chair waiting.

[She peeps.]

Beau. Who's there?

Aria. A Maid.

Beau. A Miracle- Oh art thou come, Child?

Aria. 'Tis he, you are a civil Captain, are you not, to make a
longing Maid expect thus? What Woman has detain'd you?

Beau. Faith, my Dear, tho Flesh and Blood be frail, yet the dear
Hopes of thee has made me hold out with a Herculean Courage-
Stay, where shall I carry her? not to my own Apartment; Ariadne
may surprize me: I'll to the Mountebank here i'th' Piazza, he
has a Cure for all things, even for longing Love, and for a

Pistole or two will do Reason.- Hah, Company: Here, step into this Chair.

[She goes in, they go off just as Will. enters.

Will. Hum, a Woman of Quality and jilt me- Egad, that's strange now- Well, who shall a Man trust in this wicked World?

Enter La Nuche as before.

La Nu. This should be he, he saunters about like an expecting Lover. [Will. peeping and approaching.

Will. By this Light a Woman, if she be the right- but right or wrong so she be Feminine: harkye, Child, I fancy thee some kind thing that belongs to me.

La Nu. Who are you? [In a low tone.

Will. A wandering Lover that has lost his Heart, and I have shreud Guess 'tis in thy dear Bosom, Child.

La Nu. Oh you're a pretty Lover, a Woman's like to have a sweet time on't, if you're always so tedious.

Will. By yon bright Star-light, Child, I walk'd here in short turns like a Centinel, all this live-long Evening, and was just going (Gad forgive me) to kill my self.

La Nu. I rather think some Beauty has detain'd you:
Have you not seen La Nuche?

Will. La Nuche!- Why, she's a Whore- I hope you take me for a civiller Person, than to throw my self away on Whores- No, Child, I lie with none but honest Women I: but no disputing now, come- to my Lodging, my dear- here's a Chair waits hard by.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Willmore's Lodging.

Enter Harlequin with Fetherfool's Clothes on his Shoulder, leading him halting by one Hand, Blunt (drunk) by the other in the dark; Fetherfool bloody, his Coat put over his Shoulders.

Feth. Peano, Peano, Seignior, gently, good Edward- for I'll not halt before a Cripple; I have lost a great part of my agil Faculties.

Blunt. Ah, see the Inconstancy of fickle Fortune, Nicholas- A Man to day, and beaten to morrow: but take comfort, there's many a proper fellow has been robb'd and beaten on this Highway of whoring.

Feth. Ay, Ned, thou speak'st by woful Experience- but that I should miscarry after thy wholesom Documents- but we are all mortal, as thou say'st, Ned- Would I had never crost the Ferry from Croydon; a few such Nights as these wou'd learn a Man Experience enough to be a Wizard, if he have but the ill luck to escape hanging.

Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, I wonder in what Country our kinder Stars rule: In England plunder'd, sequester'd, imprison'd and

banish'd; in France, starv'd, walking like the Sign of the naked Boy, with Plymouth Cloaks in our Hands; in Italy and Spain robb'd, beaten, and thrown out at Windows.

Feth. Well, how happy am I, in having so true a Friend to condole me in Affliction- [Weeps.] I am oblig'd to Seignior Harlequin too, for bringing me hither to the Mountebank's, where I shall not only conceal this Catastrophe from those fortunate Rogues our Comrades, but procure a little Album Graecum for my Backside. Come, Seignior, my Clothes- but, Seignior- un Portavera Poco palanea. [Dresses himself.]

Harl. Seignior.

Feth. Entende vos Signoria Englesa?

Harl. Em Poco, em Poco, Seignior.

Feth. Per quelq arts, did your Seigniorship escape Cudgeling?

Harl. La art de transformatio.

Feth. Transformatio- Why, wert thou not born a Man?

Harl. No, Seignior, un vieule Femme.

Feth. How, born an old Woman?

Blunt. Good Lord! born an old Woman! And so by transformation became invulnerable.

Feth. Ay- in- invulnerable- what would I give to be invulnerable? and egad, I am almost weary of being a Man, and subject to beating: wou'd I were a Woman, a Man has but an ill time on't: if he has a mind to a Wench, the making Love is so plaguy tedious- then paying is to my Soul insupportable. But to be a Woman, to be courted with Presents, and have both the Pleasure and the Profit- to be without a Beard, and sing a fine Treble- and squeak if the Men but kiss me- 'twere fine- and what's better, am sure never to be beaten again.

Blunt. Pox on't, do not use an old Friend so scurvily; consider the Misery thou'l't indure to have the Heart and Mind of a jilting Whore possess thee: What a Fit of the Devil must he suffer who acts her Part from fourteen to fourscore! No, 'tis resolv'd thou remain Nicholas Fetherfool still, shalt marry the Monster, and laugh at Fortune.

Feth. 'Tis true, should I turn Whore to the Disgrace of my Family- what would the World say? who wou'd have thought it, cries one? I cou'd never have believ'd it, cries another. No, as thou say'st, I'll remain as I am- marry and live honestly.

Blunt. Well resolv'd, I'll leave you, for I was just going to serenade my Fairy Queen, when I met thee at the Door- some Deeds of Gallantry must be perform'd, Seignior, Bonus Nochus.

[Ex. Blunt.]

Enter Shift with Light.

Feth. Hah, a Light, undone!

Harl. Patientia, Patientia, Seignior.

Shift. Where the Devil can this Rogue Hunt be? Just now all things are ready for marrying these two Monsters; they wait, the House is husht, and in the lucky Minute to have him out of the way: sure the Devil owes me a spite.

[Runs against Harlequin, puts out his Candle.

Harl. Qui est la?

Shift. 'Tis Harlequin: Pox on't, is't you?

Harl. Peace, here's Fetherfool, I'll secure him, whilst you go about your Affair.

[Ex. Shift.

Feth. Oh, I hear a Noise, dear Harlequin secure me; if I am discover'd I am undone- hold, hold- here's a Door-

[They both go in.

Scene changes to a Chamber, discovers the She-Giant asleep in a great Chair.

Enter Fetherfool and Harlequin.

Feth. Hah- my Lady Monster! have I to avoid Scylla run upon Carybdis?- hah, she sleeps; now wou'd some magnanimous Lover make good Use of this Opportunity, take Fortune by the Fore-lock, put her to't, and make sure Work- but Egad, he must have a better Heart, or a better Mistress than I.

Harl. Try your Strength, I'll be civil and leave you.

[In Italian he still speaks.

Feth. Excuse me, Seignior, I should crackle like a wicker Bottle in her Arms- no, Seignior, there's no venturing without a Grate between us: the Devil wou'd not give her due Benevolence- No, when I'm marry'd, I'll e'en show her a fair pair of Heels, her Portion will pay Postage- But what if the Giant should carry her? that's to be fear'd, then I have cock'd and drest, and fed, and ventur'd all this while for nothing.

Harl. Faith, Seignior, if I were you, I wou'd make sure of something, see how rich she is in Gems.

Feth. Right, as thou say'st, I ought to make sure of something, and she is rich in Gems: How amiable looks that Neck with that delicious row of Pearls about it.

Harl. She sleeps.

Feth. Ay, she sleeps as 'twere her last. What if I made bold to unrig her? So if I miss the Lady, I have at least my Charges paid: what vigorous Lover can resist her Charms?-

[Looks on her.

But shou'd she wake and miss it, and find it about me, I shou'd be hang'd- [Turns away.

-So then, I lose my Lady too- but Flesh and Blood cannot resist- What if I left the Town? then I lose my Lady still; and who wou'd lose a Hog for the rest of the Proverb?- And yet a Bird in Hand, Friend Nicholas- Yet sweet Meat may have sour Sauce- And yet refuse when Fortune offers- Yet Honesty's a Jewel- But a Pox upon Pride, when Folks go naked-

Harl. Well said.

[Incouraging him by Signs.

Feth. Ay- I'll do't- but what Remedy now against Discovery and Restitution?

Harl. Oh, Sir, take no care, you shall- swallow 'em.

Feth. How, swallow 'em! I shall ne'er be able to do't.

Harl. I'll shew you, Seignior, 'tis easy.

Feth. 'Gad that may be, 'twere excellent if I cou'd do't; but first- by your leave.

[Unties the Necklace, breaks the String, and Harl.
swallows one to shew him.

Harl. Look ye, that's all-

Feth. Hold, hold, Seignior, an you be so nimble, I shall pay dear for my Learning- let me see- Friend Nicholas, thou hast swallow'd many a Pill for the Disease of the Body, let's see what thou canst perform for that of the Purse. [Swallows 'em.-so- a comfortable business this- three or four thousand pound in Cordial-Pearl: 'Sbud, Mark Anthony was never so treated by his Egyptian Crocodile- hah, what noise is that?

Harl. Operator, Operator, Seignior.

Feth. How, an Operator! why, what the Devil makes he here? some Plot upon my Lady's Chastity; were I given to be jealous now, Danger wou'd ensue- Oh, he's entring, I would not be seen for all the World. Oh, some place of Refuge- [Looking about.

Harl. I know of none.

Feth. Hah, what's this- a Clock Case?

Harl. Good, good- look you, Sir, do you do thus, and 'tis impossible to discover ye.

[Goes into the Case, and shews him how to stand; then Fetherfool goes in, pulls off his Periwig, his Head out, turning for the Minutes o'th' top: his Hand out, and his Fingers pointing to a Figure.

Enter Shift and Hunt.

Feth. Oh Heaven, he's here.

Shift. See where she sleeps; get you about your business, see your own little Marmoset and the Priest be ready, that we may marry and consummate before Day; and in the Morning our Friends shall see us abed together, give us the good morrow, and the Work's done.

[Ex. Hunt.

Feth. Oh Traytor to my Bed, what a Hellish Plot's here discover'd!

[Shift wakes the Giant.

Giant. Oh, are you come, my Sweetest?

Feth. Hah, the Mistress of my Bosom false too! ah, who wou'd trust faithless Beauty- oh that I durst speak.

Shift. Come let's away, your Uncle and the rest of the House are fast asleep, let's away e'er the two Fools, Blunt and Fetherfool, arrive.

Giant. Hang 'em, Pigeon-hearted Slaves-
Shift. A Clock- let's see what hour 'tis-
[Lifts up the Light to see, Feth. blows it out.
-How! betray'd- I'll kill the Villain. [Draws.
Feth. Say you so, then 'tis time for me to uncase.
Shift. Have you your Lovers hid?

[Gets out, all groping in the dark, Feth. gets the
Giant by the Hand.

Giant. Softly, or we're undone; give me your Hand, and be
undeceiv'd.

Feth. 'Tis she, now shall I be reveng'd. [Leads her out.
Shift. What, gone! Death, has this Monster got the Arts of Woman?

[Harl. meets him in the dark, and plays
tricks with him.

[Ex. all.

Enter Willmore and La Nuche by dark.

Will. Now we are safe and free, let's in, my Soul, and gratefully
first sacrifice to Love, then to the Gods of Mirth and Wine, my
Dear.

[Ex. passing over the Stage.

Enter Blunt with Petronella, embracing her, his Sword
in his Hand, and a Box of Jewels.

Pet. I was damnably afraid I was pursu'd. [Aside.
Blunt. Something in the Fray I've got, pray Heaven it prove a
Prize, after my cursed ill luck of losing my Lady Dwarf: Why do
you tremble, fair one?- you're in the Hands of an honest
Gentleman, Adshartlikins.

Pet. Alas, Sir, just as I approacht Seignior Doctor's Door, to have
my self surrounded with naked Weapons, then to drop with the
fear my Casket of Jewels, which had not you by chance stumbled
on and taken up, I had lost a hundred thousand Crowns with it.

Blunt. Ha um- a hundred thousand Crowns- a pretty trifling Sum-
I'll marry her out of hand. [Aside.

Pet. This is an Englishman, of a dull honest Nation, and might be
manag'd to advantage, were but I transform'd now. [Aside.
I hope you are a Man of Honour; Sir, I am a Virgin, fled from
the rage of an incens'd Brother; cou'd you but secure me with my
Treasure, I wou'd be devoted yours.

Blunt. Secure thee! by this Light, sweet Soul, I'll marry thee;-
Beivile's Lady ran just so away with him- this must be a Prize-
[Aside.
But hark- prithee, my Dear, step in a little, I'll keep my good
Fortune to my self.

Pet. See what trust I repose in your Hands, those Jewels, Sir.

Blunt. So- there can be no jilting here, I am secur'd from being cozen'd however. [Ex. Pet.

Enter Fetherfool.

Feth. A Pox on all Fools, I say, and a double Pox on all fighting Fools; just when I had miraculously got my Monster by a mistake in the dark, convey'd her out, and within a moment of marrying her, to have my Friend set upon me, and occasion my losing her, was a Catastrophe which none but thy termagant Courage (which never did any Man good) cou'd have procur'd.

Blunt. 'Dshartlikins, I cou'd kill my self.

Feth. To fight away a couple of such hopeful Monsters, and two Millions- 'owns, was ever Valour so improvident?

Blunt. Your fighting made me mistake: for who the Pox wou'd have look'd for Nicholas Fetherfool in the person of a Hero?

Feth. Fight, 'Sbud, a Million of Money wou'd have provok'd a Bully; besides, I took you for the damn'd Rogue my Rival.

Blunt. Just as I had finish'd my Serenade, and had put up my Pipes to be gone, out stalk'd me your two-handed Lady, with a Man at her Girdle like a bunch of Keys, whom I taking for nothing less than some one who had some foul design upon the Gentlewoman, like a true Knight-Errant, did my best to rescue her.

Feth. Yes, yes, I feel you did, a Pox of your heavy hand.

Blunt. So whilst we two were lovingly cuffing each other, comes the Rival, I suppose, and carries off the Prize.

Feth. Who must be Seignior Lucifer himself, he cou'd never have vanish't with that Celerity else with such a Carriage- But come, all we have to do is to raise the Mountebank and the Guardian, pursue the Rogues, have 'em hang'd by Law, for a Rape, and Theft, and then we stand fair again.

Blunt. Faith, you may, if you please, but Fortune has provided otherwise for me. [Aside.]

[Ex. Blu. and Feth.

Enter Beaumond and Ariadne.

Beau. Sure none lives here, or Thieves are broken in, the Doors are all left open.

Aria. Pray Heaven this Stranger prove but honest now. [Aside.

Beau. Now, my dear Creature, every thing conspires to make us happy, let us not defer it.

Aria. Hold, dear Captain, I yield but on Conditions, which are these- I give you up a Maid of Youth and Beauty, ten thousand Pound in ready Jewels here- three times the value in Estate to come, of which here be the Writings, you delivering me a handsom proper fellow, Heart-whole and sound, that's all- your Name I ask not till the Priest declare it, who is to seal the Bargain. I cannot deceive, for I let you know I am Daughter-in-law to the English Ambassador.

Beau. Ariadne!- How vain is all Man's Industry and Care To make himself accomplish'd;

When the gay fluttering Fool, or the half-witted rough
unmanner'd Brute,
Who in plain terms comes right down to the business,
Out-rivals him in all his Love and Fortunes. [Aside.
Aria. Methinks you cool upon't, Captain.
Beau. Yes, Ariadne.
Aria. Beaumond!
Beau. Oh what a World of Time have I mispent for want of being a
Blockhead- 'Sdeath and Hell,
Wou'd I had been some brawny ruffling Fool,
Some forward impudent unthinking Sloven,
A Woman's Tool; for all besides unmanageable.
Come, swear that all this while you thought 'twas I.
The Devil has taught ye Tricks to bring your Falshood off.
Aria. Know 'twas you! no, Faith, I took you for as errant a right-down Captain as ever Woman wisht for; and 'twas uncivil egad, to undeceive me, I tell you that now.

Enter Willmore and La Nuche by dark.

Will. Thou art all Charms, a Heaven of Sweets all over, plump smooth round Limbs, small rising Breasts, a Bosom soft and panting- I long to wound each Sense. Lights there- who waits?- there yet remains a Pleasure unpossest, the sight of that dear Face- Lights there- where are my Vermin?

[Ex. Will.

Aria. My Captain with a Woman- and is it so-

Enter Will. with Lights, sees Aria. and goes to her.

Will. By Heaven, a glorious Beauty! now a Blessing on thee for shewing me so dear a Face- Come, Child, let's retire and begin where we left off.

La Nu. A Woman!

Aria. Where we left off! pray, where was that, good Captain?

Will. Within upon the Bed, Child- come- I'll show thee.

Beau. Hold, Sir.

Will. Beaumond! come fit to celebrate my Happiness; ah such a Woman-friend!

Beau. Do ye know her?

Will. All o'er, to be the softest sweetest Creature-

Beau. I mean, do ye know who she is?

Will. Nor care; 'tis the last Question I ever ask a fine Woman.

Beau. And you are sure you are thus well acquainted.

Will. I cannot boast of much acquaintance- but I have pluckt a Rose from her Bosom- or so- and given it her again- we've past the hour of the Berjere together, that's all-

Beau. And do you know- this Lady is my- Wife? [Draw.

Will. Hah! hum, hum, hum-

[Turns and sings, sees La Nuche, and returns

quick with an uneasy Grimace.

Beau. Did you not hear me? Draw.

Will. Draw, Sir- what on my Friend?

Beau. On your Cuckold, Sir, for so you've doubly made me: Draw, or I'll kill thee-

[Passes at him, he fences with his Hat, La Nu. holds Beau.

Will. Hold, prithee hold.

La Nu. Put up your Sword, this Lady's innocent, at least in what concerns this Evening's business; I own- with Pride I own I am the Woman that pleas'd so well to Night.

Will. La Nuche! kind Soul to bring me off with so handsom a lye:
How lucky 'twas she happen'd to be here!

Beau. False as thou art, why shou'd I credit thee?

La Nu. By Heaven, 'tis true, I will not lose the glory on't.

Will. Oh the dear perjur'd Creature, how I love thee for this dear lying Virtue- Harkye, Child, hast thou nothing to say for thy self, to help us out withal?- [To Aria. aside.

Aria. I! I renounce ye- false Man.

Beau. Yes, yes, I know she's innocent of this, for which I owe no thanks to either of you, but to my self who mistook her in the dark.

La Nu. And you it seems mistook me for this Lady; I favour'd your Design to gain your Heart, for I was told, that if this Night I lost you, I shou'd never regain you: now I am yours, and o'er the habitable World will follow you, and live and starve by turns, as Fortune pleases.

Will. Nay, by this Light, Child, I knew when once thou'dst try'd me, thou'dst ne'er part with me- give me thy Hand, no Poverty shall part us. [Kisses her.

-so- now here's a Bargain made without the formal Foppery of Marriage.

La Nu. Nay, faith Captain, she that will not take thy word as soon as the Parson's of the Parish, deserves not the Blessing.

Will. Thou art reform'd, and I adore the Change.

Enter the Guardian, Blunt, and Fetherfool.

Guar. My Nieces stol'n, and by a couple of the Seignior's Men! the Seignior fled too! undone, undone!

Will. Hah, now's my Cue, I must finish this Jest.

[Goes out.

Enter Shift and Giant, Hunt and Dwarf.

Guar. Oh impudence, my Nieces, and the Villains with 'em! I charge ye, Gentlemen, to lay hold on 'em.

Dwarf. For what, good Uncle, for being so courageous to marry us?

Guar. How, married to Rogues, Rascals, John Potages!

Blunt. Who the Devil wou'd have look'd for jilting in such Hobgoblins?

Feth. And hast thou deceiv'd me, thou foul filthy Synagogue?

Enter Willmore like a Mountebank as before.

Blunt. The Mountebank! oh thou cheating Quack, thou sophisticated adulterated Villain.

Feth. Thou cozening, lying, Fortune-telling, Fee-taking Rascal.

Blunt. Thou jugling, conjuring, canting Rogue!

Will. What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Blunt. Hast thou the Impudence to ask, who took my Money to marry me to this ill-favour'd Baboon?

Feth. And me to this foul filthy o'ergrown Chronicle?

Blunt. And hast suffered Rogues, thy Servants, to marry 'em:

Sirrah, I will beat thee past Cure of all thy hard-nam'd Drugs, thy Guzman Medicines.

Feth. Nay, I'll peach him in the Inquisition for a Wizard, and have him hang'd for a Witch.

Shift. Sir, we are Gentlemen, and you shall have the thirds of their Portion, what wou'd you more? [Aside to the Guar.

Look ye, Sir. [Pulls off their Disguise.

Blunt. Hunt!

Feth. Shift! We are betray'd: all will out to the captain.

Will. He shall know no more of it than he does already for me, Gentlemen. [Pulls off his Disguise.

Blunt. Willmore!

Feth. Ay, ay, 'tis he.

Blunt. Draw, Sir- you know me-

Will. -For one that 'tis impossible to cozen. [All laugh.

Beau. Have a care, Sir, we are all for the Captain.

Feth. As for that, Sir, we fear ye not, d'ye see, were you Hercules and all his Myrmidons. [Draws, but gets behind.

Will. Fools, put up your Swords, Fools, and do not publish the Jest; your Money you shall have again, on condition you never pretend to be wiser than your other Men, but modestly believe you may be cozen'd as well as your Neighbours.

[The Guardian talking with Hunt and Shift and Giant this while.

Feth. La you, Ned, why shou'd Friends fall out?

Blunt. Cozen'd! it may be not, Sir; the Essex Fool, the cozen'd dull Rogue can shew Moveables or so- nay, they are right too- [Shews his Jewels.

This is no Naples Adventure, Gentlemen, no Copper Chains; all substantial Diamonds, Pearls and Rubies-

[Will. takes the Casket, and looks in it.

La Nu. Hah, do not I know that Casket, and those Jewels!

Feth. How the Pox came this Rogue by these?

Will. Hum, Edward, I confess you have redeem'd your Reputation, and shall hereafter pass for a Wit- by what good fortune came you by this Treasure?- what Lady-

Blunt. Lady, Sir! alas no, I'm a Fool, a Country Fop, an Ass, I;

but that you may perceive your selves mistaken, Gentlemen, this is but an earnest of what's to come, a small token of remembrance, or so- and yet I have no Charms, I; the fine Captain has all the Wit and Beauty- but thou'rt my Friend, and I'll impart. [Brings out Petronella veil'd.

Enter Aurelia and Sancho.

Aur. Hither we trac'd her, and see she's yonder.

San. Sir, in the King's Name lay hold of this old Cheat, she has this Night robb'd our Patrona of a hundred thousand Crowns in Money and Jewels.

Blunt. Hah!

[Gets from her.

La Nu. You are mistaken, Friend Sancho, she only seiz'd 'em for my use, and has deliver'd 'em in trust to my Friend the Captain.

Pet. Hah, La Nuche!

Blunt. How! cozen'd again!

Will. Look ye, Sir, she's so beautiful, you need no Portion, that alone's sufficient for Wit.

Feth. Much good may do you with your rich Lady, Edward.

Blunt. Death, this Fool laugh at me too- well, I am an errant right-down Loggerhead, a dull conceited cozen'd silly Fool; and he that ever takes me for any other, 'Dshartlikins, I'll beat him. I forgive you all, and will henceforth be good-natur'd; wo't borrow any Money? Pox on't, I'll lend as far as e'er 'twill go, for I am now reclaim'd.

Guar. Here is a Necklace of Pearl lost, which, Sir, I lay to your Charge. [To Fetherfool.

Feth. Hum, I was bewitcht I did not rub off with it when it was mine- who, I? if e'er I saw a Necklace of Pearl, I wish 'twere in my Belly.

Blunt. How a Necklace! unconscionable Rogue, not to let me share: well, there is no Friendship in the World; I hope they'l hang him.

Shift. He'll ne'er confess without the Rack- come, we'll toss him in a Blanket.

Feth. Hah, toss me in a Blanket, that will turn my Stomach most villainously, and I shall disimboque and discover all.

Shift. Come, come, the Blanket. [They lay hold on him.

Feth. Hold, hold, I do confess, I do confess-

Shift. Restore, and have your Pardon.

Feth. That is not in Nature at present, for Gentlemen, I have eat 'em.

Shift. 'Sdeath, I'll dissect ye. [Goes to draw.

Will. Let me redeem him; here Boy, take him to my Chamber, and let the Doctor glyster him soundly, and I'll warrant you your Pearl again.

Feth. If this be the end of travelling, I'll e'en to old England again, take the Covenant, get a Sequestrator's Place, grow rich, and defy all Cavaliering.

Beau. 'Tis Morning, let's home, Ariadne, and try, if possible, to love so well to be content to marry; if we find that amendment in our Hearts, to say we dare believe and trust each other, then

let it be a Match.
Aria. With all my Heart.
Will. You have a hankering after Marriage still, but I am for Love
and Gallantry.
So tho by several ways we gain our End,
Love still, like Death, does to one Center tend,

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

POETS are Kings of Wit, and you appear
A Parliament, by Play-Bill, summon'd here;
When e'er in want, to you for aid they fly,
And a new Play's the Speech that begs supply:
But now-
The scanty Tribute is so slowly paid,
Our Poets must find out another Trade;
They've tried all ways th' insatiate Clan to please,
Have parted with their old Prerogatives,
Their Birth-right Satiring, and their just pretence
Of judging even their own Wit and Sense;
And write against their Consciences, to show
How dull they can be to comply with you.
They've flatter'd all the Mutineers i'th' Nation,
Grosser than e'er was done in Dedication;
Pleas'd your sick Palates with Fantastick Wit,
Such as was ne'er a treat before to th' Pit;
Giants, fat Cardinals, Pope Joans and Fryers,
To entertain Right Worshipfuls and Squires:
Who laugh and cry Ads Nigs, 'tis woundy good,
When the fuber's all the Jest that's understood.
And yet you'll come but once, unless by stealth,
Except the Author be for Commonwealth;
Then half Crown more you nobly throw away,
And tho my Lady seldom see a Play,
She, with her eldest Daughter, shall be boxt that day.
Then Prologue comes, Ads-lightikins, crys Sir John,
You shall hear notable Conceits anon:
How neatly, Sir, he'll bob the Court and French King,
And tickle away- you know who- for Wenching.
All this won't do, they e'en may spare their Speeches,
For all their greasing will not buy 'em Britches;
To get a penny new found ways must take,
As forming Popes, and Squibs and Crackers make.
In Coffee-Houses some their talent vent,
Rail for the Cause against the Government,
And make a pretty thriving living on't,
For who would let a useful Member want.
Things being brought to this distressed Estate,
'Twere fit you took the matter in Debate.
There was a time, when Loyally by you,
True Wit and Sense received Allegiance due,

Our King of Poets had his Tribute pay'd,
His Peers secur'd beneath his Laurel's shade.
What Crimes have they committed, they must be
Driven to the last and worst Extremity?
Oh, let it not be said of English Men,
Who have to Wit so just and noble been,
They should their Loyal Principles recant,
And let the glorious Monarch of it want.

THE END

