

A CHRONOLOGY OF APHRA BEHN

- 1640? Aphra Johnson born in Kent.
 1663 Travels to Surinam.
 1664 Returns to England; probably marries Mr Behn.
 1665 Probable death of or separation from husband.
 1666 Travels to Holland as spy for English government; returns home, threatened with debtors' prison.
 1670 *The Forced Marriage*, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
 1671 *The Amorous Prince*, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
 1673 *The Dutch Lover*, Dorset Garden.
 1676 *Abdelazer or The Moor's Revenge*, Dorset Garden.
The Town Fop or Sir Timothy Tawdry, Dorset Garden.
 1677 *The Rover*, Dorset Garden.
 1678 *Sir Patient Fancy*, Dorset Garden.
 1679 *The Feigned Courtisans*, Dorset Garden.
 Probable performance of *The Young King*, Dorset Garden.
 1681 *The Rover, Part II*, Dorset Garden.
The Roundheads, or the Good Old Cause, Dorset Garden.
The False Count, Dorset Garden.
 1682 Duke's Company takes over King's Company; United Company formed.
Like Father, Like Son, Dorset Garden.
The City Heiress, Dorset Garden.
 Warrant for Behn's arrest after attack on Monmouth in epilogue to *Romulus and Hersilia*. Behn possibly leaves England until late 1683.
 1683-5 Works on poetry, translations, and novels.
 1684 *Love-Letters Between a Nobleman and His Sister, Part I.*
Poems Upon Several Occasions, with A Voyage to the Isle of Love.
 1685 *Love-Letters, Part II.*
 1686 *The Lucky Chance*, Drury Lane.
 1687 *The Emperor of the Moon*, Dorset Garden.
Love-Letters, Part III.
 1688 *The Fair Jilt.*
Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave.
 1689 16 April, Behn dies. Buried in Westminster Abbey.
The Widow Ranter, Drury Lane.
 1696 *The Younger Brother*, Drury Lane.

THE ROVER, OR The Banished Cavaliers

The earliest recorded performance of the play was at the Dorset Garden Theatre on 24 March 1677, with the following cast:

MEN

Don Antonio (the viceroy's son)
Don Pedro (a noble Spaniard, his friend)
Belvile (an English colonel in love with Florinda)
Willmore (the rover)
Frederick (an English gentleman, and friend to Belvile and Blunt)
Blunt (an English country gentleman)
Stephano (servant to Don Pedro)
Philippo (Lucetta's gallant)
Sancho (pimp to Lucetta)
Biskey, and Sebastian (two bravos to Angellica)
Officers and Soldiers
[Diego,] Page (to Don Antonio)

WOMEN

Florinda (sister to Don Pedro)
Hellena (a gay young woman designed for a nun, and sister to Florinda)
Valeria (a kinswoman to Florinda)
Angellica Bianca (a famous courtesan)
Moretta (her woman)
Callis (governess to Florinda and Hellena)
Lucetta (a jilting wench)
Servants, other Masqueraders (men and women)

THE SCENE

Naples, in Carnival time

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 cried down^o
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.^o
If a young poet hit your humour right,^o
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 damned when good plays take,^o
Is that you censure as you love or hate.^o
Thus, like a learned conclave, poets sit,
Catholic 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 honeydew,
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 mimic good extempore.^o
Others, by long converse about the town,
Have wit enough to write a lewd lampoon,
But their chief skill lies in a bawdy 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 asked him what he thought fit I should say^o
 In thanks for your good company today:
 He called 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 crowd and sweat like cits in May-day coaches.^o

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1.1

*A chamber**Enter Florinda and Hellena*

FLORINDA What an impertinent thing is a young girl bred in a nunnery! How full of questions! Prithce, no more, Hellena, I have told thee more than thou understand'st already.

HELLENA The more's my grief; I would fain know as much as you, which makes me so inquisitive; nor is't enough I know you're a lover, unless you tell me too who 'tis you sigh for.

FLORINDA When you're a lover, I'll think you fit for a secret of that nature.

HELLENA 'Tis true, I never was a lover yet; but I begin to have a shrewd 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.

FLORINDA Fie, Hellena.

HELLENA That blush betrays you. I am sure 'tis so; or is it Don Antonio, the viceroy's son? Or perhaps the rich old Don Vincentio, whom my father designs you for a husband? Why do you blush again?

FLORINDA 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.

HELLENA 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 *Inglesse*?^o For I vow, next to loving him myself, 'twill please me most that you do so, for he is so gay and so handsome.

FLORINDA Hellena, a maid designed for a nun ought not to be so curious in a discourse of love.

HELLENA 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 resolved to provide myself this Carnival,^o if there be e'er

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a handsome proper^o fellow of my humour above ground, though I ask first.

FLORINDA Prithee be not so wild.

HELLENA Now you have provided yourself of a man, you take no care for poor me. Prithee tell me, what dost thou see about me that is unfit for love? Have I not a world of youth? A humour gay? A beauty passable? A vigour desirable? Well-shaped? Clean-limbed? Sweet-breathed? And sense enough to know how all these ought to be employed to the best advantage? Yes, I do, and will; therefore lay aside your hopes of my fortune by my being a devotee,^o and tell me how you came acquainted with this Belville; for I perceive you knew him before he came to Naples.

FLORINDA Yes, I knew him at the siege of Pamplona:^o he was then a colonel of French horse, who, when the town was ransacked, nobly treated my brother and myself, preserving us from all insolences; 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 masking habit,^o and Callis
PEDRO Good morrow, sister. Pray when saw you your lover Don Vincentio?

FLORINDA 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.

[Don Pedro] puts on his masking habit

FLORINDA A passion for me? 'Tis more than e'er I saw, or he had a desire should be known. I hate Vincentio, sir, 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;^o 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 ranked in your esteem equal with the English colonel Belville. Why do you frown and blush? Is there any guilt belongs to the name of that cavalier?

FLORINDA I'll not deny I value Belville. When I was exposed to such dangers as the licensed lust of common soldiers threatened, when rage and conquest flew through the city, then Belville, this criminal for my sake,^o 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.

FLORINDA 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 Belville; but what jewels will that cavalier present you with? Those of his eyes and heart?^o

HELLENA And are not those better than any Don Vincentio has brought from the Indies?^o

PEDRO Why how now! has your nursery breeding taught you to understand the value of hearts and eyes?

HELLENA Better than to believe Vincentio's deserve value from any woman: he may perhaps increase her bags, but not her family.^o

PEDRO This is fine! Go, up to your devotion: you are not designed for the conversation of lovers.

HELLENA *(aside)* Nor saints, yet awhile, I hope.—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! It is a confinement to be carried into the country, to an ancient villa belonging to the family of the Vincentios 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!

HELLENA When, by moonlight? For I am sure she dares not encounter with the heat of the sun; that were a task only for Don Vincentio and his Indian breeding,^o who loves it in the dog days.^o And if these be her daily diversions, what are those of the night? To lie in a wide moth-eaten bedchamber, with furniture in fashion in the reign of King Sancho the First,^o the bed, that which his forefathers lived and died in.

PEDRO Very well.

HELLENA This apartment, new furnished^o 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 carcass, 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?

HELLENA That honour being past, the giant stretches itself, yawns and sighs a belch or two, loud as a musket, throws himself into

bed, and expects you in his foul sheets;° and ere you can get yourself undressed, calls you with a snore or two: and are not these fine blessings to a young lady?

PEDRO Have you done yet?

HELLENA And this man you must kiss: nay, you must kiss none but him, too—and nuzzle through 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.

HELLENA Mary Don Vincentio! Hang me, such a wedlock would be worse than adultery° with another man. I had rather see her in the *Hôtel de Dieu*,° to waste her youth there in vows, and be a handmaid to lazars and cripples, than to lose it in such a marriage.

PEDRO [*to Florinda*] You have considered, sister, that Belvile has no fortune to bring you to; banished his country, despised at home, and pitied abroad.

HELLENA What then? The viceroy's son is better than that old Sir Fifty. Don Vincentio!° Don Indian! He thinks he's trading to Gambo° still, and would barter himself (that bell and bauble)° 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.

HELLENA I care not; I had rather be a nun than be obliged to marry as you would have me, if I were designed for't.

PEDRO Do not fear the blessing of that choice; you shall be a nun. HELLENA 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. (*Aside*) No, I'll have a saint of my own to pray to shortly, if I like any that dares venture on me.°

PEDRO Callis, make it your business to watch this wildcat.—As for you, Florinda, I've only tried you all this while, and urged my father's will; but mine is, that you would love Antonio: he is brave and young, and all that can complete 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 tomorrow.

FLORINDA Tomorrow!

PEDRO Tomorrow, 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 tomorrow.

FLORINDA Sir, I shall strive to do as shall become your sister.

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PEDRO I'll both believe and trust you. Adieu.

Exeunt Pedro and Stephano

HELLENA As becomes his sister! That is, to be as resolved your way as he is his.

Hellena goes to Callis

FLORINDA [*aside*] I ne'er till now perceived 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.

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

CALLIS I must obey the commands I have; besides, do you consider what a life you are going to lead?

HELLENA Yes, Callis, that of a nun: and till then I'll be indebted a world of prayers to you, if you'll let me now see, what I never did, the diversements of a Carnival.

CALLIS What, go in masquerade? 'Twill be a fine farewell to the world, I take it; pray, what would you do there?

HELLENA That which all the world does, as I am told: be as mad as the rest, and take all innocent freedoms. Sister, you'll go too, will you not? Come, prithee be not sad. We'll outwit 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 fantastic, as the dress my cousin Valeria and I have provided, and let's ramble.°

FLORINDA Callis, will you give us leave to go?

CALLIS [*aside*] I have a youthful itch of going myself.—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.

FLORINDA Thou seest my brother's gone already, and thou shalt attend and watch us.

Enter Stephano

STEPHANO Madam, the habits are come, and your cousin Valeria is dressed and stays for you.

FLORINDA '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 resolved in favour of him.

HELLENA Come, let's in and dress us.

Exeunt

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1.2

A long street

Enter Belvile melancholy, Blunt, and Frederick

FREDERICK Why, what the devil ails the colonel, in a time when all the world is gay, to look like mere Lent^o thus? Hadst thou been long enough in Naples to have been in love, I should have sworn some such judgement had befallen thee.

BELVILE No, I have made no new amours since I came to Naples.

FREDERICK You have left none behind you in Paris?

BELVILE Neither.

FREDERICK I cannot divine the cause then, unless the old cause, the want of money.

BLUNT And another old cause, the want of a wench; would not that revive you?

BELVILE You are mistaken, Ned.

BLUNT Nay, 'adshheartlikins, then thou'rt past cure.

FREDERICK I have found it out: thou hast renewed thy acquaintance with the lady that cost thee so many sighs at the siege of Pamplona; pox on't, what d'ye call her—her brother's a noble Spaniard, nephew to the dead general—Florinda. Aye, Florinda: and will nothing serve thy turn but that damned virtuous woman? Whom on my conscience thou lovest in spite, too, because thou seeest little or no possibility of gaining her.

BELVILE 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—

FREDERICK Has civilly forbid thee the house?

BELVILE 'Tis so, to make way for a powerful rival, the viceroy'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 heaven sends down on penitents.

BLUNT Heyday! 'Adshheartlikins, smile! By this light the man is quite spoiled.—Fred, what the devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concerned for a wench? 'Adshheartlikins, 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.

FREDERICK I dare swear I have had a hundred as young, kind and handsome as this Florinda; and dogs eat me if they were not as troublesome to me i'th' morning as they were welcome o'er night.

BLUNT And yet I warrant he would not touch another woman, if he might have her for nothing.

BELVILE That's thy joy, a cheap whore.

BLUNT Why, 'adshheartlikins, I love a frank soul: when did you ever hear of an honest woman that took a man's money? I warrant 'em good ones. But, gentlemen, you may be free: you have been kept so poor with parliaments and protectors^o that the little stock you have is not worth preserving; but I thank my stars, I had more grace than to forfeit my estate by cavalierring.

BELVILE Methinks only following the court should be sufficient to entitle 'em to that.

BLUNT 'Adshheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unless they pick a hole in my coat^o for lending you money now and then, which is a greater crime to my conscience, gentlemen, than to the Commonwealth.

Enter Willmore

WILLMORE Ha! Dear Belvile! Noble colonel!

BELVILE Willmore! Welcome ashore, my dear rover! What happy wind blew us this good fortune?

WILLMORE Let me salute my dear Fred, and then command me. [*To Frederick*] How is't, honest lad?

FREDERICK Faith, sir, the old compliment, infinitely the better to see my dear mad Willmore again. Prithee, why cam'st thou ashore? And where's the prince?

WILLMORE 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 myself a little this Carnival.

BELVILE Pray know our new friend, sir; he's but bashful, a raw traveller, but honest, stout, and one of us.

WILLMORE (*embraces Blunt*) That you esteem him gives him an interest here.

BLUNT Your servant, sir.

WILLMORE 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 women. 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.

BELVILE See, here be those kind merchants of love you look for.

Enter several men in masking habits, some playing on music, others dancing after, women dressed like courtesans, with papers pinned on their breasts, and baskets of flowers in their hands
BLUNT 'Adsheartilkins, what have we here?
FREDERICK Now the game begins.

WILLMORE Fine pretty creatures! May a stranger have leave to look and love? (*Reads the papers*) What's here: 'Roses for every month'?

BLUNT Roses for every month? What means that?

BELVILLE They are, or would have you think they're courtesans, who here in Naples are to be hired by the month.

WILLMORE Kind; and obliging to inform us. [*To a woman*] Pray, where do these roses grow? I would fain plant some of 'em in a bed of mine.

WOMAN Beware such roses, sir.

WILLMORE A pox of fear: I'll be baked with thee between a pair of sheets (and that's thy proper still),^o so I might but strew such roses over me, and under me. Fair one, would you would give me leave to gather at your bush this idle month; I would go near to make somebody smell of it all the year after.

BELVILLE And thou hast need of such a remedy, for thou stink'st of tar and ropes' ends, like a dock or pest-house.

The woman puts herself into the hands of a man, and [both begin to leave]

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

BELVILLE By all means use no violence here.

[*Exeunt man and woman*]

WILLMORE 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 grew in.^o

FREDERICK No friend to love like a long voyage at sea.

BLUNT Except a nunnery, Fred.

WILLMORE 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.

Advances, from the farther end of the scenes, two men dressed all over with horns^o of several sorts, making grimaces at one another, with papers pinned on their backs

BELVILLE Oh the fantastical rogues, how they're dressed! 'Tis a satire against the whole sex.

WILLMORE Is this a fruit that grows in this warm country?

BELVILLE Yes: 'tis pretty to see these Italians start, swell and stab, at the word cuckold, and yet stumble at horns on every threshold.

WILLMORE See what's on their back. (*Reads*) 'Flowers of every night': ah, rogue, and more sweet than roses of every month! This is a gardener of Adam's own breeding.^o

[*The two men dressed in horns dance*]

BELVILLE What think you of those grave people? Is a wake in Essex^o half so mad or extravagant?

WILLMORE I like their sober grave way: 'tis a kind of legal authorized fornication, where the men are not chid for't, nor the women despised, as amongst our dull English; even the monsieurs want that part of good manners.^o

BELVILLE But here in Italy, a monsieur is the humblest best-bred gentleman: duels are so baffled by bravos,^o that an age shows not one but between a Frenchman and a hangman, who is as much too hard for him on the Piazza, as they are for a Dutchman on the New Bridge.^o But see, another crew.

Enter Florinda, Hellena, and Valeria, dressed like gipsies; Callis and Stephano, Lucetta, Philipppo, and Sancho in masquerade

HELLENA Sister, there's your Englishman, and with him a handsome proper fellow. I'll to him, and instead of telling him his fortune, try my own.

WILLMORE Gipsies, on my life; sure these will prattle if a man cross their hands.^o

[*Willmore goes to Hellena*]

Dear, pretty, and I hope young, devil, will you tell an amorous stranger what luck he's like to have?

HELLENA 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.

WILLMORE How the devil cam'st thou to know my country and humour?

HELLENA 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^o you have but very little to lose.

WILLMORE 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?

HELLENA 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^o guess 'tis some foolish heart you mean, an inconstant English heart, as little worth stealing as your purse.

WILLMORE Nay, then thou dost deal with the devil, that's certain: thou hast guessed as right, as if thou hadst been one of that number it has languished 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. Would you would be good-natured and take some on't off my hands.

HELLENA Why, I could be inclined that way, but for a foolish vow I am going to make—to die a maid.

WILLMORE Then thou art damned 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.

HELLENA 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.

WILLMORE Faith, child, I have been bred in dangers, and wear a sword that has been employed in a worse cause than for a hand-some kind woman. Name the danger; let it be anything but a long siege, and I'll undertake it.

HELLENA Can you storm?

WILLMORE Oh, most furiously.

HELLENA What think you of a nunnery wall? For he that wins me, must gain that first.

WILLMORE 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.°

HELLENA A very good text this, if well handled; and I perceive, Father Captain, you would impose no severe penance on her who were inclined to console herself before she took orders.

WILLMORE If she be young and handsome.

HELLENA Aye, there's it: but if she be not—

WILLMORE 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 proved the pleasure on't. Then 'twill be a virtue in thee, which now will be pure ignorance.

HELLENA 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 anything; I never tried yet.

WILLMORE 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 swingeing appetite I bring! Oh, I'm impatient. Thy lodging, sweetheart, thy lodging, or I'm a dead man!

HELLENA 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?

WILLMORE Faith, child, they were made to go together.

LUCETTA (*Aside to Sancho,*) pointing to Blunt) Are you sure this is the man?

SANCHO When did I mistake your game?

LUCETTA 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-natured 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.

[*Lucetta*] often passes by Blunt, and gazes on him; he struts and cocks, and walks and gazes on her

BLUNT [*aside*] 'Tis so, she is taken: I have beauties which my false glass at home did not discover.

FLORENDA [*aside*] This woman watches me so, I shall get no opportunity to discover myself to him, and so miss the intent of my coming. ([*To Belvile,*] looking in his hand) But as I was saying, sir, by this line you should be a lover.

BELVILE I thought how right you guessed: all men are in love, or pretend to be so. Come, let me go, I'm weary of this fooling.

[*Belvile*] walks away. [*Florinda*] holds him, he strives to get from her

FLORENDA I will not, till you have confessed whether the passion that you have vowed Florinda, be true or false.

BELVILE (*turning*) quick towards her) Florinda!

FLORENDA Softly.

BELVILE Thou hast named one will fix me here for ever.

FLORENDA She'll be disappointed, then, who expects you this night at the garden gate; and if you fail not, as—(*looks on Callis, who observes them*) let me see the other hand—you will go near to do, she vows to die or make you happy.

BELVILLE What canst thou mean?

FLORINDA That which I say, farewell.

[*Florinda* offers to go

BELVILLE Oh, charming sibil,^o 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 maskers, and pass over the stage

CALLIS Madam, your brother's here.

FLORINDA Take this to instruct you farther.

[*Florinda* gives *Belville* a letter, and goes off

FREDERICK Have a care, sir, what you promise; this may be a trap laid by her brother to ruin you.

BELVILLE Do not disturb my happiness with doubts.

[*Belville* opens the letter

WILLMORE [*to Hellena*] My dear pretty creature, a thousand blessings on thee! Still in this habit, you say? And after dinner at this place.

HELLENA Yes, if you will swear to keep your heart, and not bestow it between this and that.

WILLMORE 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.

Exit all the women [except Lucetta]

FREDERICK Do you know the hand?

BELVILLE 'Tis Florinda's.

All blessings fall upon the virtuous maid.

FREDERICK Nay, no idolatry: a sober sacrifice I'll allow you.

BELVILLE Oh, friends, the welcom'st news! The softest letter! Nay, you shall all see it; and could you now be serious, I might be made the happiest man the sun shines on!

WILLMORE The reason of this mighty joy?

BELVILLE See how kindly she invites me to deliver her from the threatened violence of her brother: will you not assist me?

WILLMORE I know not what thou mean'st, but I'll make one at any mischief where a woman's concerned. But she'll be grateful to us for the favour, will she not?

BELVILLE How mean you?

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

BELVILLE Do not profane; the maid is nicely virtuous.

WILLMORE Ho,^o pox, then she's fit for nothing but a husband: let her e'en go, colonel.

FREDERICK Peace, she's the colonel's mistress, sir.

WILLMORE Let her be the devil, if she be thy mistress, I'll serve her. Name the way.

BELVILLE Read here this postscript.

[*Belville* gives *Willmore* a letter

WILLMORE (*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.

FREDERICK Let her alone for that.^o Your woman's wit, your fair kind woman, will out-trick a broker or a Jew, and contrive like a Jesuit in chains.^o But see, Ned Blunt is stolen out after the lure of a damsel.

Exit Ned Blunt and Lucetta

BELVILLE So, he'll scarce find his way home again, unless we get him cried by the bellman in the market-place, and 'twould sound prettily: 'a lost English boy^o of thirty'.

FREDERICK I hope 'tis some common crafty sinner, one that will fit him. It may be she'll sell him for Peru;^o the rogue's sturdy,^o 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-favouredly banged, and turned out naked at midnight.

WILLMORE Prithee, what humour is he of, that you wish him so well?

BELVILLE Why, of an English elder brother's humour. Educated in a nursery, with a maid to tend him till fifteen, and lies with his grandmother 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 laundry-maid, or 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.

FREDERICK Oh, let him alone for that matter: he's of a damned 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.

BELVILLE 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.

WILLMORE 'Tis a lucky devil to light upon so kind a wench!
FREDERICK Thou hadst a great deal of talk with thy little gipsy, couldst thou do no good upon her? For mine was hard-hearted.

WILLMORE Hang her, she was some damned 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 meantime, have you made no kind acquaintance since you came to town? You do not use to be honest so long, gentlemen.

FREDERICK Faith, love has kept us honest: we have been all fired with a beauty newly come to town, the famous Paduana, ° Angellica Bianca.

WILLMORE What, the mistress of the dead Spanish general?

BELVILE Yes, she's now the only adored 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 birthday, ° to attract the eyes of this fair charmer, while she has the pleasure to behold all languish for her that see her.

FREDERICK 'Tis pretty to see with how much love the men regard her, and how much envy the women.

WILLMORE What gallant has she?

BELVILE None: she's exposed to sale, and four days in the week she's yours—for so much a month.

WILLMORE The very thought of it quenches all manner of fire in me; yet prithee, let's see her.

BELVILE 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.

WILLMORE I will not fail you.
[*Exeunt*]

2.1

The long street

Enter Belvoile and Frederick in masking habits, and Willmore in his own clothes, with a vizard in his hand

WILLMORE But why thus disguised and muzzled?

BELVILE Because whatever extravagances we commit in these faces, our own may not be obliged to answer 'em.

WILLMORE I should have changed my eternal buff too; but no matter, my little gipsy would 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 damnably ugly, that I may fortify myself against her tongue.

BELVILE Have a care of love, for o' my conscience she was not of a quality to give thee any hopes. °

WILLMORE Pox on 'em, why do they draw a man in then? She has played 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 Angellica.

BELVILE This is her house, if you were but in stock to get admittance. They have not dined yet: I perceive the picture is not out.
Enter Blunt

WILLMORE 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.

BELVILE What the devil's the matter with thee, Ned?

[BLUNT] Oh, such a mistress, Fred, such a girl!

WILLMORE Ha! Where?

FREDERICK Aye, where?

[BLUNT] So fond, so amorous, so toying and so fine; and all for sheer love, ye rogue! Oh, how she looked and kissed, and soothed 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.
[*Blunt*] kisses [*Frederick*]

BELVILLE Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WILLMORE Death, man, where is she?

[BLUNT] What a dog was I to stay in dull England so long! How have I laughed at the colonel when he sighed for love! But now the little archer has revenged him, and by this one 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 forever.

BELVILLE What a blessing 'tis, thou hast a mistress thou dar'st boast of; for I know thy humour is rather to have a proclaimed clap, than a secret amour.

WILLMORE Dost thou know her name?

BLUNT Her name? No, 'adsheartlikins, 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 any other title?

WILLMORE Didst thou give her anything?

BLUNT Give her! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Why, she's a person of quality; that's a good one, give her! 'Adsheartlikins, dost thou 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 used to wear. No, gentlemen, Ned Blunt is not everybody.° She expects me again tonight.

WILLMORE Egad, that's well; we'll all go.

BLUNT Not a soul: no, gentlemen, you are wits; I am a dull country rogue, I.

FREDERICK 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, unlade.

BLUNT Take the necessary trifle, useless now to me, that am beloved by such a gentlewoman. 'Adsheartlikins, money! Here, take mine too.

FREDERICK No, keep that to be cozened, that we may laugh.

WILLMORE Cozened! Death! Would I could meet with one that would cozen me of all the love I could spare tonight.

FREDERICK 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!

BELVILLE Why yes,° sir, they are whores, though they'll neither entertain you with drinking, swearing, or bawdry; are whores in all those gay clothes, and right jewels; are whores with those great houses richly furnished with velvet beds, store of plate, handsome attendance, and fine coaches; are whores, and arrant ones.

WILLMORE Pox on't, where do these fine whores live?

BELVILLE Where no rogues in office, ycleped constables, dare give 'em laws, nor the wine-inspired bullies of the town break their windows; yet they are whores, though this Essex calf° believe 'em persons of quality.

BLUNT 'Adsheartlikins, y'are all fools; there are things about this Essex calf, that shall take with the ladies, beyond all your wit and parts. This shape and size, gentlemen, are not to be despised; my waist too, tolerably long, with other inviting signs that shall be nameless.

WILLMORE Egad, I believe he may have met with some person of quality that may be kind to him.

BELVILLE Dost thou perceive any such tempting things about him, that 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, Angellica has raised the price too high. WILLMORE May she languish for mankind till she die, and be damned for that one sin alone.

Enter two bravos [Biskey and Sebastian], and hang up a great picture of Angellica's against the balcony, and two little ones at each side of the door

BELVILLE See there the fair sign to the inn where a man may lodge that's fool enough to give her price.

Willmore gazes on the picture

BLUNT 'Adsheartlikins, gentlemen, what's this?

BELVILLE A famous courtesan, that's to be sold.

BLUNT How, to be sold! Nay then, I have nothing to say to her. Sold! What impudence is practised in this country! With what order and decency whoring's established here by virtue of the Inquisition! Come, let's begone, I'm sure we're no chapmen for this commodity.

FREDERICK Thou art none, I'm sure, unless thou couldst have her in thy bed at a price of a coach in the street.

WILLMORE 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.

[Willmore turns from the picture

BLUNT What's this?° *(Reads)* 'A thousand crowns a month!' 'Adsheartlikins, here's a sum! Sure 'tis a mistake. *[To bravo]* Hark you, friend, does she take or give so much by the month?

FREDERICK A thousand crowns! Why, 'tis a portion for the Infanta.^o 110
BLUNT Hark'ee, friends, won't she trust?^o

BRavo This is a trade, sir, that cannot live by credit.^o

Enter Don Pedro in masquerade, followed by Stephano

BELVILLE See, here's more company; let's walk off awhile.

Exit *[Belville, Willmore, Frederick, and Blunt]*; Pedro reads
PEDRO Fetch me a thousand crowns, I never wished to buy this
beauty at an easier rate. 115

*[Pedro] passes off [the stage]. Enter Angellica and Moretta in
the balcony, and draw a silk curtain*

ANGELLICA Prithce, what said those fellows to thee?

BRavo Madam, the first were admirers of beauty only, but no
purchasers; they were merry with your price and picture, laughed
at the sum, and so passed off.

ANGELLICA No matter, I'm not displeas'd with their rallying;
their wonder feeds my vanity, and he that wishes but to buy
gives me more pride, than he that gives my price can make my
pleasure. 120

BRavo Madam, the last I knew through all his disguises to be Don
Pedro, nephew to the general, and who was with him in Pamplona.

ANGELLICA Don Pedro, my old gallant's nephew! When his uncle
died he left him a vast sum of money; it is he who was so in love
with me at Padua, and who used to make the general so jealous. 125

MORETTA Is this he that used to prance before our window, and take
such care to show himself an amorous ass? If I am not mistaken,
he is the likeliest man to give your price. 130

ANGELLICA 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. 135

MORETTA I'm glad on't: 'tis only interest that women of our
profession ought to consider, though I wonder what has kept you
from that general disease of our sex so long, I mean that of being
in love. 140

ANGELLICA 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 purchased 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
viceroy's son, that I have spread my nets. 145

*Enter at one door Don Pedro, Stephano; Don Antonio and
Diego [his page] at the other door with people following him
in masquerade, antickly attired, some with music. [Angellica
closes the curtain. Pedro and Antonio] both go up to the
picture*

ANTONIO A thousand crowns! Had not the painter flattered her, I
should not think it dear.

PEDRO Flattered her! By heaven, he cannot. I have seen the original,
nor is there one charm here more than adorns her face and eyes; 150
all this soft and sweet, with a certain languishing air, that no artist
can represent.

ANTONIO What I heard of her beauty before had fired my soul, but
this confirmation of it has blown it to a flame.

PEDRO Ha! 155

PAGE *[to Antonio]* Sir, I have known you throw away a thousand
crowns on a worse face, and though you're near your marriage, you
may venture a little love here; Florinda will not miss it.

PEDRO *[aside]* Ha! Florinda! Sure 'tis Antonio.

ANTONIO Florinda! name not those distant joys; there's not one 160
thought of her will check my passion here.

PEDRO *[aside]* Florinda scorn'd! And all my hopes defeated, of the
possession of Angellica!

A noise of a lute above. Antonio gazes up

Her injuries, by heaven, he shall not boast of.

SONG *(to a lute above)*^o

When Damon first began to love

He languish'd in a soft desire,

And knew not how the gods to move,

To lessen or increase his fire:

For Celia in her charming eyes

Wore all Love's sweets, and all his cruelties. 170

But as beneath a shade he lay,

Weaving of flowers for Celia's hair,

She chanced to lead her flock that way;

And saw the amorous 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 dress'd her face.

At this the bashful youth all transport grew. 175

*And with kind force he taught the virgin how
To yield what all his sighs could never do.*

*Angellica 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. [The curtains close]*

ANTONIO 'Tis he, the false Antonio!

ANTONIO *(to the bravo)* Friend, where must I pay my offering of love?
My thousand crowns I mean.

PEDRO That offering I have designed to make,
And yours will come too late.

ANTONIO Prithee begone: 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. °

ANTONIO I know not who thou art, but I am sure thou'rt worth my
killing, for aiming at Angellica.

[Antonio and Pedro] draw and fight. Enter Willmore and Blunt
BLUNT 'Adsheartlikins, here's fine doings.

WILLMORE Titing° for the wench, I'm sure.—Nay gad, if that
would win her, I have as good a sword as the best of ye.

[Blunt and Willmore] draw and part [Antonio and Pedro]
Put up, put up, and take another time and place, for this is
designed for lovers only.

They all put up [their swords]

PEDRO We are prevented; dare you meet me tomorrow on the Molo? °

For I've a title to a better quarrel,

That of Florida, in whose creditous heart,

Thou'st made an interest, and destroyed my hopes.

ANTONIO Dare!

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

PEDRO We will come thus disguised, that whosoever chance to get
the better, he may escape unknown.

ANTONIO It shall be so.

Exeunt Pedro and Stephano

Who should 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 gazed all this while on the picture, pulls
down a little one*

WILLMORE This posture's loose and negligent,
The sight on't would beget a warm desire
In souls whom impotence and age had chilled.
This must along with me.

BRAVO What means this rudeness, sir? Restore the picture.

ANTONIO *[aside]* Ha! Rudeness committed to the fair Angellica!—
Restore the picture, sir.

WILLMORE Indeed I will not, sir.

ANTONIO By heaven, but you shall.

WILLMORE Nay, do not show your sword: if you do, by this dear
beauty, I will show mine too.

ANTONIO What right can you pretend to't?

WILLMORE That of possession, which I will maintain. You, perhaps,
have a thousand crowns to give for the original.

ANTONIO No matter, sir, you shall restore the picture—

[The curtains open;] Angellica and Moretta [appear] above
ANGELLICA Oh, Moretta! What's the matter?

ANTONIO —Or leave your life behind.

WILLMORE Death! you lie; I will do neither.

[Willmore and Antonio] fight; the Spaniards join with

Antonio, Blunt [joins with Willmore,] laying on like mad

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

They leave off and bow

WILLMORE *[aside]* How heavenly fair she is! Ah, plague of her price.

ANGELLICA You, sir, in buff, you that appear a soldier, that first
began this insolence—

WILLMORE '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 through 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.

ANGELLICA No, you may keep the trifle.

ANTONIO You shall first ask me leave, and *[flourishing his sword]*

this.

*[They] fight again as before. Enter Belvile and Frederick,
who join with the English*

ANGELLICA Hold! Will you ruin me?—Biskey, Sebastian, part 'em.

The Spaniards are beaten off. [Exeunt all the men]

MORETTA 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 galleys.

Enter Belville, Blunt, Frederick, and Willmore with his shirt bloody

BLUNT 'Adsheartikins, beat me at this sport, and I'll ne'er wear sword more. 245

BELVILLE (*to Willmore*) The devil's in thee for a mad fellow, thou art always one at an unlucky adventure. Come, let's begone whilst we're safe, and remember these are Spaniards, a sort of people that know how to revenge an affront.

FREDERICK [*to Willmore*] You bleed! I hope you are not wounded. 250

WILLMORE Not much: a plague on 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! 'Adsheartikins, we'll have the great one too; 'tis ours by conquest. Prithee, help me up, and I'll pull it down. 255

ANGELICA [*to Willmore*] Stay, sir, and ere you affront me farther, let me know how you durst commit this outrage. To you I speak sir, for you appear a gentleman.

WILLMORE To me, madam? [*To his companions, taking leave of them*] 260
Gentlemen, your servant.

Belville stays [Willmore]

BELVILLE Is the devil in thee? Dost know the danger of entering the house of an incensed courtesan?

WILLMORE I thank you for your care, but there are other matters in hand, there are, though we have no great temptation. Death! let me go. 265

FREDERICK 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 patacon. Death, man, she'll murder thee.

WILLMORE 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. 270

FREDERICK ° Therefore 'tis loss of time, unless you had the thousand crowns to pay.

WILLMORE 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. 275

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

ANGELICA Fear not, sir, all I have to wound with is my eyes.

BLUNT Let him go: 'adsheartikins, I believe the gentlewoman means well.

BELVILLE Well, take thy fortune; we'll expect you in the next street. 280
Farewell, fool, farewell.

WILLMORE 'Bye, colonel.

[*Willmore*] goes in

FREDERICK The rogue's stark mad for a wench.
Exeunt

[2.2]

A fine chamber

Enter Willmore, Angellica, and Moretta °

ANGELICA Insolent sir, how durst you pull down my picture?
WILLMORE 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 shown to move despair in those that cannot buy? and can you think th'effects of that despair should be less extravagant than I have shown?

ANGELICA I sent for you to ask my pardon, sir, not to aggravate your crime: I thought I should have seen you at my feet imploring it. 5

WILLMORE You are deceived; I came to rail at you, and rail such truths too, as shall let you see
The vanity of that pride, which taught you how
To set such price on sin. ° 10

For such it is whilst that which is love's due
Is meanly bartered for.

ANGELICA Ha, ha, ha! Alas, good captain, what pity 'tis your edifying doctrine will do no good upon me.—Moretta! fetch the gentleman a glass, and let him survey himself, to see what charms he has—(*aside, in a soft tone*) and guess my business. 15

MORETTA He knows himself of old: I believe those breeches and he have been acquainted ever since he was beaten at Worcester. °
ANGELICA Nay, do not abuse the poor creature. 20

MORETTA Good weather-beaten corporal, ° will you march off? We have no need of your doctrine, though 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. 25

WILLMORE [*offering money to Moretta*] Here, good forewoman of the shop, serve me, ° and I'll be gone. 30

MORETTA Keep it to pay your laundress (your linen stinks of the gun room),^o for here's no selling by retail.

WILLMORE Thou hast sold plenty of thy stale ware at a cheap rate.
MORETTA Aye, the more silly kind heart I, but this is an age wherein beauty is at higher rates. In fine, you know the price of this.

WILLMORE I grant you 'tis here set down, a thousand crowns a month: pray, how much may come to my share for a pistole? Bawd, take your black lead and sum it up, that I may have a pistole's worth of this vain gay thing, and I'll trouble you no more.
MORETTA [*aside*] Pox on him, he'll fret me to death.—Abominable fellow, I tell thee, we only sell by the whole piece.

WILLMORE 'Tis very hard, the whole cargo or nothing. [*To Angellica*] 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'll put in 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, though at present I am unprovided of money.

ANGELLICA [*aside*] Sure, this from any other man would anger me; nor shall he know the conquest he has made. [*To Willmore*] Poor angry man, how I despise this railing.

WILLMORE Yes, I am poor; but I'm a gentleman,^o
And one that scorns this baseness which you practise.

Poor as I am, I would not sell myself,
No, not to gain your charming high-prized person.

Though I admire you strangely for your beauty,
Yet I contemn your mind.

And yet I would 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're to be bought,
And would 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

ANGELLICA [*aside*] His words go through me to the very soul.

[*To Willmore*] If you have nothing else to say to me—
WILLMORE 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 pined and languished at your feet,

Ere found the impudence to have discovered it.
I now dare stand your scorn, and your denial.

MORETTA [*aside*] Sure she's bewitched, that she can stand thus
tamely and hear his saucy railing.—Sirrah, will you be gone?
ANGELLICA [*to Moretta*] How dare you take this liberty? With-
draw.^o—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, though she languish for you. Say, is not this as
poor?

WILLMORE It is a barbarous custom, which I will scorn to defend in
our sex, and do despise in yours.

ANGELLICA Thou'rt 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.^o
Canst thou believe they'll be entirely thine,
Without considering they were mercenary?

WILLMORE I cannot tell, I must bethink me first. (*Aside*) Ha, death,
I'm going to believe her.

ANGELLICA Prithee, confirm that faith; or if thou canst not, flatter
me a little, 'twill please me from thy mouth.

WILLMORE (*aside*) Curse on thy charming tongue! dost thou return
My feigned contempt with so much subtlety?

110

[*To Angellica*] Thou'st found the easiest way into my heart,
Though I yet know, that all thou say'st is false.

[*Willmore*] turn[s] from her in rage

ANGELLICA By all that's good, 'tis real;
I never loved before, though oft a mistress.
Shall my first vows be slighted?

WILLMORE (*aside*) What can she mean?

ANGELLICA (*in an angry tone*) I find you cannot credit me.

WILLMORE I know you take me for an arrant ass,

An ass that may be soothed into belief,
And then be used at pleasure;

But, madam, I have been so often cheated

By perjured, soft, deluding hypocrites,

That I've no faith left for the cozening sex,

Especially for women of your trade.

ANGELLICA 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

WILLMORE Throw off this pride, this enemy to bliss,

And show the power of love: 'tis with those arms

I can be only vanquished, made a slave.

ANGELLICA Is all my mighty expectation vanished?

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 designed,

Thou hast undone. Why art thou soft?

Thy looks are bravely rough, and meant for war.

Couldst thou not storm on still?

I then perhaps had been as free as thou.

WILLMORE (*aside*) Death, how she throws her fire about my soul!

—Take heed, fair creature, how you raise my hopes,

Which once assumed pretends 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!

ANGELLICA And will you pay me then the price I ask?

WILLMORE Oh, why dost thou draw me from an awful worship,

By showing thou art no divinity?

Conceal the fiend, and show 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

ANGELLICA The pay I mean, is but thy love for mine.
Can you give that?

WILLMORE: Entirely; come, let's withdraw, where I'll renew my
vows, and breathe 'em with such ardour thou shalt not doubt my
zeal.

ANGELLICA Thou hast a power too strong to be resisted.
Exeunt Willmore and Angellica

MORETTA 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, and
English picaroon; 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.
[Exit]

FLORINDA Art thou mad to talk so? Who will like thee well enough
to have thee, that hears what a mad wench thou art? 35

HELLENA Like me! I don't intend every he that likes me shall have
me, but he that I like: I should have stayed in the nunnery still, if
I had liked my lady abbess as well as she liked me. No, I came
thence not, as my wise brother imagines, to take an eternal farewell
of the world, but to love, and to be beloved; and I will be beloved,
or I'll get one of your men, so I will. 40

VALERIA Am I put into the number of lovers?

HELLENA You? why, coz, I know thou'rt too good-natured to leave
us in any design: thou wouldst venture a cast,^o though thou comest
off a loser, especially with such a gamester. I observed^o your man,
and your willing ear incline that way; and if you are not a lover,
'tis an art soon learnt, that I find. (*Sighs*) 45

FLORINDA I wonder how you learned to love so easily. I had a
thousand charms to meet my eyes and ears, ere I could 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. 50

HELLENA Hang your considering lover; I never thought beyond the
fancy that 'twas a very pretty, idle, silly kind of pleasure to pass one's
time with: to write little soft nonsensical billets, and with great
difficulty and danger receive answers, in which I shall have my beauty
praised, my wit admired (though 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 resolved'; but not a word^o of man. 60

FLORINDA What a mad creature's this!

HELLENA 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-winged god in your
hearts, or broke the bird's nest. 65

Enter Belvile, Frederick, and Blunt

But see, here comes your lover; but where's my inconstant? Let's
step aside, and we may learn something. 70

[*Hellena, Florinda, Valeria, and Callis*] *go aside*

BELVILE What means this? The picture's taken in.

BLUNT It may be the wench is good-natured, and will be kind gratis.
Your friend's a proper handsome fellow.

A street^o

*Enter Florinda, Valeria, [and] Hellena, in antic, different
dresses, from what they were in before; [and] Callis, attending*

FLORINDA I wonder what should make my brother in so ill a
humour? I hope he has not found out our ramble this morning.

HELLENA 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 happened. Hey ho, I'm as sad as a lover's lute.
VALERIA Well, methinks we have learnt this trade of gipsies as
readily as if we had been bred upon the road to Loretto;^o 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. 5

FLORINDA I would give my garters she were in love, to be revenged
upon her for abusing me.—How is't, Hellena? 10

HELLENA 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. 15

VALERIA 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.

HELLENA 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 deuce
should this be now, that I feel? 20

VALERIA What is't like?

HELLENA Nay, the lord knows; but if I should be hanged, I cannot
choose but be angry and afraid, when I think that mad fellow
should be in love with anybody but me. What to think of myself
I know not: would I could meet with some true damned gipsy, that
I might know my fortune. 25

VALERIA Know it! why there's nothing so easy: thou wilt love this
wandering inconstant, till thou find'st thyself hanged about his
neck, and then be as mad to get free again.

FLORINDA Yes, Valeria, we shall see her bestride his baggage horse,
and follow him to the campaign. 30

HELLENA 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 resolved
to know for what; I will not die of the pip,^o so I will not.

BELVILLE 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, too, at night. Let's knock and ask for him.
HELLENA My heart goes a pit-a-pat, for fear 'tis my man they talk of.

[*The men knock; Moretta [appears] above*]

MORETTA What would you have?

BELVILLE Tell the stranger that entered here about two hours ago, that his friends stay here for him.

MORETTA A curse upon him for Moretta: would he were at the devil; but he's coming to you.

[*Enter Willmore, from Angellica's house*]

HELLENA [*aside*] Aye, aye, 'tis he! Oh, how this vexes me.

BELVILLE And how and how, dear lad, has fortune smited? Are we to break her windows, or raise up altars to her, ha?

WILLMORE 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 crowd of common lovers? By heaven, Cupid's quiver has not half so many darts as her eyes! Oh, such a bona roba! to sleep in her arms in lying in fresco, all perfumed air about me.

HELLENA [*aside*] Here's fine encouragement for me to fool on.

WILLMORE Hark'ee, where didst thou purchase that rich canary we drank today? 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.

BELVILLE Well, sir, let's go take a bottle, and hear the story of your success.

FREDERICK Would not French wine do better?
WILLMORE 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 completed 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. [*Jingles gold*] Hark! what a charming^o sound they make: 'tis he and she gold^o whilst here, and shall beget new pleasures every moment.

BLUNT But hark'ee, sir, you are not married, are you?

WILLMORE All the honey of matrimony, but none of the sting,^o friend.

BLUNT 'Adsheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate rogue!
WILLMORE 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 'Adsheartlikins, 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.

FREDERICK By this light, y'are happy men.

BLUNT Fortune is pleased to smile on us, gentlemen, to smile on us.

BLUNT *Enter Sancho and pulls down Blunt by the sleeve. They go aside*

SANCHO Sir, my lady expects you. She has removed all that might oppose your will and pleasure, and is impatient till you come.

BLUNT Sir, I'll attend you. [*Aside*] Oh, the happiest rogue! I'll take no leave, lest they either dog me, or stay me.

Exit [Blunt] with Sancho

BELVILLE But then the little gipsy is forgot?

WILLMORE 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.

HELLENA Had it so, good captain!

[*Hellena claps [Willmore] on the back*]

WILLMORE [*aside*] Ha! I hope she did not hear me.

HELLENA What, afraid of such a champion?

WILLMORE Oh, you're a fine lady of your word, are you not? To make a man languish a whole day—

HELLENA In tedious search of me.

WILLMORE 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 walked the streets like a capuchin,^o with my hands in my sleeves, faith, sweetheart, thou wouldst pity me.

HELLENA [*aside*] Now, if I should be hanged, I can't be angry with him, he dissembles so heartily. [*To Willmore*] Alas, good captain, what pains you have taken: now were I ungrateful not to reward so true a servant.

WILLMORE Poor soul, that's kindly said, I see thou bearest a conscience. Come then, for a beginning show me thy dear face.

HELLENA I'm afraid, my small acquaintance, you have been staying that swingeing stomach^o you boasted of this morning: I then remember my little collation would have gone down with you, without the sauce of a handsome face; is your stomach so queasy now?

WILLMORE Faith, long fasting, child, spoils a man's appetite. Yet if you durst treat, I could so lay about me still—
HELLENA And would you fall to, before a priest says grace?
WILLMORE Oh fie, fie, what an old out-of-fashioned thing hast thou named? Thou couldst not dash me more out of countenance shouldst thou show me an ugly face.

Whilst he is seemingly courting Hellena, enter Angellica, Moretta, Biskey, and Sebastian, all in masquerade. Angellica sees Willmore and stares

ANGELLICA Heavens, 'tis he! and passionately fond to see another woman.

MORETTA What could you less expect from such a swaggerer?

ANGELLICA Expect? As much as I paid him: a heart entire,

Which I had pride enough to think whene'er I gave,

It would have raised the man above the vulgar,

Made him all soul and that all soft and constant.

HELLENA 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, and such severe observers of your vows to chastity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender conscience to marry a young willing maid.

WILLMORE 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.

HELLENA 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 handsome 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 daylight in our great journey. Therefore, I declare, I'll allow but one year for love, one year for indifference, and one year for hate; and then, go hang yourself: for I profess myself the gay, the kind, and the inconstant. The devil's in't if this won't please you.

WILLMORE Oh, most damnable. I have a heart with a hole quite through it too, no prison mine to keep a mistress in.

ANGELLICA (*aside*) Perjured man! how I believe thee now.

HELLENA 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.

[*Hellena pulls off her vizard: [Willmore] starts*

How do you like it, captain?

WILLMORE Like it! by heaven, 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 expressed, but silently adored! [*Hellena replaces her vizard*] Oh, one look more, and strike me dumb, or I shall repeat nothing else till I'm mad.

He seems to court her to pull off her vizard: she refuses

ANGELLICA I can endure no more; nor is it fit to interrupt him, for if I do, my jealousy has so destroyed my reason, I shall undo him; therefore I'll retire—(*to one of her bravos*) and you, Sebastian, follow that woman, and learn who 'tis—(*to the other bravo*) while you tell the fugitive I would speak to him instantly.

200

Exit [Angellica.] [During] this [time] Florinda is talking to

Belvile, who stands sullenly. Frederick [is] courting Valeria

VALERIA Prithce, dear stranger, be not so sullen, for though you have lost your love, you see my friend frankly offers you hers to play with in the meantime.

BELVILE Faith, madam, I am sorry I can't play at her game.

FREDERICK [*to Valeria*] Pray leave your intercession and mind your own affair, they'll better agree apart: he's a modest sigher in company, but alone no woman 'scapes him.

FLORINDA [*aside*] Sure, he does but rally; yet if it should be true—I'll tempt him farther. [*To Belvile*] 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^o may sometimes miscarry.

BELVILE Madam, why am I chose out of all mankind to be the object of your bounty?

VALERIA There's another civil question asked.

FREDERICK [*aside*] Pox of's modesty, it spoils his own markets and hinders mine.

FLORINDA Sir, from my window I have often seen you, and women of my quality have so few opportunities for love, that we ought to lose none.

FREDERICK Aye, this is something! Here's a woman! [*To Valeria*] When shall I be blessed with so much kindness from your fair mouth? (*Aside to Belvile*) Take the jewel, fool.

BELVILE You tempt me strangely, madam, every way—

FLORINDA (*aside*) So, if I find him false, my whole repose is gone.

BELVILE —And but for a vow I've made to a very fair lady, this goodness had subdued me.

FREDERICK [*aside to Belvile*] Pox on 't, be kind, in pity to me be kind, for I am to thrive here but as you treat her friend.

HELLENA Tell me what you did in yonder house, and I'll unmask. 230

WILLMORE Yonder house? Oh—I went to—a—to—why, there's a friend of mine lives there.

HELLENA What, a she or a he friend?

WILLMORE A man, upon honour! a man. A she friend? no, no, madam, you have done my business, I thank you. 235

HELLENA And was't your man friend, that had more darts in's eyes, than Cupid carries in's whole budget of arrows?

WILLMORE So—

HELLENA 'Ah, such a bona robal to be in her arms is lying in fresco, all perfumed air about me.' Was this your man friend too? 240

WILLMORE So—

HELLENA That gave you 'the he and the she gold, that begets young pleasures?'

WILLMORE Well, well, madam, then you see there are ladies in the world that will not be cruel; there are, madam, there are. 245

HELLENA And there be men too, as fine, wild, inconstant fellows as yourself; there be, captain, there be, if you go to that now: therefore I'm resolved—

WILLMORE Oh!

HELLENA —To see your face no more—

WILLMORE Oh!

HELLENA —Till tomorrow.

WILLMORE Egad, you frightened me.

HELLENA Nor then neither, unless you'll swear never to see that lady more. 255

WILLMORE See her! Why, never to think of womankind again.

HELLENA Kneel, and swear.

[*Willmore*] kneels; [*Hellena*] gives him her hand
WILLMORE I do, never to think, to see, to love, nor lie—with any but thyself. 260

HELLENA Kiss the book.

WILLMORE (*kisses her hand*) Oh, most religiously.

HELLENA [*aside*] Now, what a wicked creature am I, to damn a proper fellow.

CALLIS (*to Florinda*) Madam, I'll stay no longer, 'tis e'en dark. 265

FLORINDA [*to Belvile*] However, sir, I'll leave this with you, that when I'm gone, you may repent the opportunity you have lost by your modesty.

[*Florinda*] gives [*Belvile*] the jewel, which is her picture, and exit. He gazes after her

WILLMORE 'Twill be an age till tomorrow, and till then I will most impatiently expect you. Adieu, my dear pretty angel. 270
Exeunt all the women

BELVILE Hal Florinda's picture: 'twas she herself. What a dull dog was I I would have given the world for one minute's discourse with her.

FREDERICK This comes of your modesty! Ah, pox o' your vow, 'twas ten to one but we had lost the jewel by't.

BELVILE Willmore! The blessed'st opportunity lost! Florinda, friends, Florinda! 275

WILLMORE Ah, rogue! Such black eyes, such a face, such a mouth, such teeth—and so much wit!

BELVILE All, all, and a thousand charms besides.

WILLMORE Why, dost thou know her? 280

BELVILE Know her? Aye, aye, and a pox take me with all my heart for being modest.

WILLMORE But hark'ee, friend of mine, are you my rival? and have I been only beating the bush^o all this while?

BELVILE I understand thee not. I'm mad, see here— 285

[*Belvile*] shows the picture

WILLMORE Hal whose picture's this? 'Tis a fine wench!

FREDERICK The colonel's mistress, sir.

WILLMORE Oh, oh,—here. (*Goes the picture back*) I thought it had been another prize. Come, come, a bottle will set thee right again. 290
BELVILE I am content to try, and by that time 'twill be late enough for our design.

WILLMORE Agreed.

Love does all day the soul's great empire keep,
But wine at night lulls the soft god asleep.

Exeunt

3.2

Lucetta's house

Enter Blunt and Lucetta with a light

LUCETTA 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! *(Aside)* 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. [*To Lucetta*] 'Adsheartlikins, sweet soul! I am not used to compliment, but I'm an honest gentleman, and thy humble servant.

LUCETTA 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 *(aside)* 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 damnably in love with me, and will ne'er mind settlements, and so there's that saved.

LUCETTA Well, sir, I'll go and undress me, and be with you instantly.

BLUNT Make haste then, for 'adsheartlikins, 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.

LUCETTA You speak my sense, and I'll make haste to prove it.

Exit [Lucetta]

BLUNT 'Tis a rare girl, and this one night's enjoyment with her, will be worth all the days I ever passed in Essex. Would she would go with me into England; though to say truth, there's plenty of whores 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.

Exit Sancho

Here's one of her servants too! 'Adsheartlikins, by this garb and gravity, he might be a justice of peace in Essex, and is but a pimp here.

Exit

[3.3]

The scene changes to a chamber with an alcove bed in it, a table, etc. Lucetta in bed

Enter Sancho and Blunt, who takes the candle of Sancho at the door

SANCHO Sir, my commission reaches no farther.

BLUNT Sir, I'll excuse your compliment.

Exit Sancho

—What, in bed, my sweet mistress?

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

BLUNT And thou shalt see what haste I'll make to quit scores.

[Aside] Oh, the luckiest rogue!

[Blunt undresses himself]

LUCETTA Should you be false or cruel now!

BLUNT False! 'Adsheartlikins, what dost thou take me for? A Jew? An insensible heathen? A pox of thy old jealous husband; an he were dead, egad, sweet soul, it should be none of my fault, if I did not marry thee.

LUCETTA It never should be mine.

BLUNT Good soul! I'm the fortunatest dog!

LUCETTA Are you not undressed yet?

BLUNT As much as my impatience will permit.

Goes towards the bed in his shirt, drawers, etc.

LUCETTA Hold, sir, put out the light, it may betray us else.

BLUNT Anything; I need no other light, but that of thine eyes!

[Aside] 'Adsheartlikins, there I think I had it.

[Blunt puts out the candle; the bed descends [by means of a trap]; 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 fire already. Come, come, now call me in pity.—Sure I'm enchanted! I have been round the chamber, and can find neither woman, nor bed. I locked the door, I'm sure she cannot go that way; or if she could, the bed could not.—Enough, enough, my pretty wanton, do not carry the jest too far.—Ha, betrayed! Dogs! Rogues! Pimps! Help! help!

[Blunt lights on a trap, and is let down. Enter Lucetta, Philippo, and Sancho with a light

PHILIPPO Ha, ha, ha, he's dispatched finely.

LUCETTA Now, sir, had I been coy, we had missed of this booty.
PHILIPPO Nay, when I saw 'twas a substantial fool, I was mollified;
but when you dote upon a serenading coxcomb, upon a face, fine
clothes, and a lute, it makes me rage.

LUCETTA You know I was never guilty of that folly, my dear Philippo,
but with yourself. But come, let's see what we have got by this.
PHILIPPO A rich coat! Sword and hat; these breeches, too, are
well-lined! 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,^o and his lady
mother's picture! These were sacred relics, believe me! See, the
waistband of his breeches have a mine of gold: old Queen Bess's;
we have a quarrel to her ever since eighty-eight, and may therefore
justify the theft,^o the Inquisition might have committed it.

LUCETTA See, a bracelet of bowed gold!^o These his sisters tied 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.

PHILIPPO 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 that of
the street where your house is; nay, nor the way to his own lodgings.

LUCETTA And art not thou an unmerciful rogue, not to afford him
one night for all this? I should not have been such a Jew.

PHILIPPO Blame me not, Lucetta, to keep as much of thee as I can
to myself. Come, that thought makes me wanton: let's to bed!—
Sancho, lock up these.

This is the fleece which fools do bear,
Designed for witty men to shear.

Exeunt

[3.4]

*The scene changes, and discovers Blunt, creeping out of a
common-shore,^o his face, etc., all dirty*

BLUNT (*climbing up*) Oh lord! I am got out at last, and, which is a
miracle, without a clue,^o and now to damming and cursing! But if
that would ease me, where shall I begin? with my fortune, myself,

or the quean that cozened me? What a dog was I to believe in woman!
Oh, coxcomb! Ignorant conceited coxcomb! to fancy she could be
enamoured with my person, at first sight enamoured! Oh, I'm a
cursed puppy! 'tis plain, fool was writ upon my forehead! She
perceived it; saw the Essex calf there; for what allurements could there
be in this countenance, which I can endure because I'm acquainted
with it? Oh, dull silly dog, to be thus soothed 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 it: I am a dull
believing English country fop.^o But my comrades! Death and the
devil, there's the worst of all; then a ballad^o will be sung tomorrow
on the Prado,^o to a lousy tune, of the enchanted 'squire, and the
annihilated^o 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, would^o have saved 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 though you've better arts to hide your follies,
'Adsheartfinkins, y'are all as arrant cullies.
[Exit]

[3.5]

The garden in the night^o

Enter Florinda in an undress,^o with a key and a little box
FLORINDA Well, thus far I'm in my way to happiness: I have got
myself free from Callis; my brother too, I find by yonder light, is
got 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 Belville'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 played amongst the boughs. Belville stays
long, methinks; it's time. Stay, for fear of a surprise I'll hide these
jewels in yonder jessamine.

[*Florinda goes to lay down the box. Enter Willmore, drunk*
WILLMORE What the devil is become of these fellows, Belville and
Frederick? They promised to stay at the next corner for me, but
who the devil knows the corner of a full moon? Now, whereabouts

am I? Ha, what have we here, a garden! A very convenient place to sleep in. Ha, what has God sent us here? A female! By this light, a woman! I'm a dog if it be not a very wench!

FLORINDA [*aside*] He's come!—Ha, who's there?

WILLMORE Sweet soul! let me salute thy shoe-string.

FLORINDA [*aside*] 'Tis not my Belvile. Good heavens! I know him not.—Who are you, and from whence come you?

WILLMORE Prithee, prithee, child, not so many hard questions. Let it suffice I am here, child. Come, come kiss me.

FLORINDA Good gods! what luck is mine?

WILLMORE Only good luck child, parlous good luck. Come hither. [*Aside*] 'Tis a delicate shining wench; by this hand, she's perfumed, 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, though I'm a little disguised^o at present. Come, I say; why, thou mayst be free with me, I'll be very secret. I'll not boast who 'twas obliged me, not I: for hang me if I know thy name.

FLORINDA Heavens! what a filthy beast is this!

WILLMORE I am so, and thou ought'st the sooner to lie with me for that reason: for look you, child, there will be no sin in't, because 'twas neither designed nor premeditated; 'tis pure accident on both sides, that's a certain thing now. Indeed, should I make love to you, and vow you^o fidelity, and swear and lie till you believed and yielded, that were to make it wilful fornication, the crying sin of the nation. Thou art therefore, as thou art a good Christian, obliged in conscience to deny me nothing. Now, come, be kind without any more idle prating.

FLORINDA Oh, I am ruined!—Wicked man, unhand me.

WILLMORE 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.

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

WILLMORE Aye, aye, you were best to call witness to see how finely you treat me, do.

FLORINDA I'll cry murder, rape, or anything, if you do not instantly let me go.

WILLMORE A rape! Come, come, you lie, you baggage, you lie: 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? Ha, come, or I shall be damnable angry. Why, what a coil is here!

FLORINDA Sir, can you think—

WILLMORE —That you would do't for nothing? Oh, oh, I find what you would be at. Look here, here's a pistole for you. Here's a work indeed! Here, take it I say.

FLORINDA For heaven's sake, sir, as you're a gentleman—

WILLMORE So—now, now—she would be wheedling me for more.—What, you will not take it then, you are resolved 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? Ha, why, what a work's here! In good time! Come, no struggling to be gone; but an y'are good at a dumb wrestle, I'm for ye, look ye, I'm for ye.

[*Florinda struggles with Willmore.* Enter *Belvile and Frederick*

BELVILE The door is open. A pox of this mad fellow, I'm angry that we've lost him; I durst have sworn he had followed us.

FREDERICK But you were so hasty, colonel, to be gone.

FLORINDA Help, help! Murder! Help! Oh, I am ruined.

BELVILE Ha, sure that's Florinda's voice!

[*Belvile comes up to Florinda and Willmore*]

A man!—Villain, let go that lady.

A noise [*offstage*]. *Willmore turns and draws, Frederick interposes*

FLORINDA [*aside*] 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 [*Florinda*]

WILLMORE Belvile!

Enter *Pedro, Stephano, and other servants, with lights*

PEDRO I'm betrayed! Run, Stephano, and see if Florinda be safe.

Exit *Stephano.* [*The two groups of men fight, and Pedro's party beats Willmore's party out*]

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

Going out, [*Pedro meets Stephano re-entering*]

STEPHANO You need not, sir; the poor lady's fast asleep and thinks no harm. I would not awake her, sir, for fear of frightening her with your danger.

PEDRO I'm glad she's there.—Rascals, how came the garden door open?

STEPHANO That question comes too late, sir. Some of my fellow servants masquerading, I'll warrant.

PEDRO Masquerading! a Jew'd custom to debauch our youth. [*Aside*]
There's something more in this than I imagine.
Exeunt

[3.6]

The street

Enter Belville in rage, Frederick holding him, and Willmore melancholy

WILLMORE Why, how the devil should I know Florinda?
BELVILLE Ah, plague of your ignorance! If it had not been Florinda, must you be a beast, a brute, a senseless swine?
WILLMORE Well, sir, you see I am endued with patience; I can bear; though egad, y'are very free with me, methinks. I was in good hopes the quarrel would have been on my side, for so uncivilly interrupting me.

BELVILLE Peace, brute, whilst thou'rt safe. Oh, I'm distracted.

WILLMORE Nay, nay, I'm an unlucky dog, that's certain.

BELVILLE Ah, curse upon the star that ruled my birth, or whatsoever other influence that makes me still so wretched!

WILLMORE Thou break'st my heart with these complaints; there is no star in fault, no influence but sack, the cursed sack I drunk.

FREDERICK Why, how the devil came you so drunk?

WILLMORE Why, how the devil came you so sober?
BELVILLE A curse upon his thin skull, he was always beforehand that way.

FREDERICK Prithee, dear colonel, forgive him, he's sorry for his fault.

BELVILLE He's always so after he has done a mischief. A plague on all such brutes!

WILLMORE By this light, I took her for an arrant harlot.

BELVILLE Damn your debauched opinion! Tell me, sot, hadst thou so much sense and light about thee to distinguish her woman,° and couldst not see something about her face and person, to strike an awful reverence into thy soul?

WILLMORE Faith no, I considered her as mere° a woman as I could wish.

BELVILLE 'Sdeath, I have no patience.—Draw, or I'll kill you.

WILLMORE Let that alone till tomorrow, and if I set not all right again, use your pleasure.

BELVILLE Tomorrow! damn it,
The spiteful light will lead me to no happiness.

Tomorrow is Antonio's, and perhaps
Guides him to my undoing; oh, that I could meet
This rival, this powerful fortunate!

WILLMORE What then?

BELVILLE Let thy own reason, or my rage, instruct thee.

WILLMORE I shall be finely informed then, no doubt. Hear me, colonel, hear me: show me the man and I'll do his business.

BELVILLE I know him no more than thou, or if I did I should not need thy aid.

WILLMORE This you say is Angellica's house; I promised the kind baggage to lie with her tonight.

[*Willmore*] offers to go in.° *Enter Antonio and his page.*

Antonio knocks on [Angellica's door with] the hilt of his sword

ANTONIO You paid the thousand crowns I directed?

PAGE To the lady's old woman, sir, I did.

WILLMORE Who the devil have we here?

BELVILLE I'll now plant myself under Florinda's window, and if I find no comfort there, I'll die.

Exeunt Belville and Frederick. Enter Moretta

MORETTA Page!

PAGE Here's my lord.

WILLMORE How is this? A picaroon going to board my frigate?—Here's one chase gun for you.

Drawing his sword, [Willmore] jostles Antonio, who turns and draws. [Willmore and Antonio] fight. Antonio falls

MORETTA Oh bless us, we're all undone!

[*Moretta*] runs in and shuts the door

PAGE Help! Murder!

Belville returns at the noise of fighting

BELVILLE Ha, the mad rogue's engaged in some unlucky adventure again.

Enter two or three masqueraders

MASQUERADER Ha, a man killed!

WILLMORE How, a man killed? Then I'll go home to sleep.

[*Willmore*] puts up [*his sword*] and reels out. *Exeunt masqueraders another way*

BELVILLE Who should 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

SOLDIER Who's there?

OFFICER So, here's one dispatched. Secure the murderer.

BELVILE Do not mistake my charity for murder! I came to his assistance.

Soldiers seize on Belvile

OFFICER That shall be tried, sir.—St Jago,° swords drawn in the carnival time!

[Officer goes to Antonio

ANTONIO Thy hand, prithee.

OFFICER Ha, Don Antonio! *[To soldiers]* Look well to the villain there. *[To Antonio]* How is it, sir?

ANTONIO I'm hurt.

BELVILE Has my humanity made me a criminal?

OFFICER Away with him.

BELVILE What a cursed chance is this!

Exit soldiers with Belvile

ANTONIO *[aside]* This is the man that has set upon me twice. *(To the officer)* Carry him to my apartment, till you have farther orders from me.

Exit Antonio, led

4.1

A fine room

Discovers Belvile° as by dark, alone

BELVILE When shall I be weary of railing on fortune, who is resolved never to turn with smiles upon me? Two such defeats in one night none but the devil, and that mad rogue, could have contrived 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; armed, too! Now shall I die like a dog, 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

ANTONIO 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.

BELVILE 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 coward on me, nor anything that betrays that brutality you accuse me with.

ANTONIO 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 Angellica.°

Yet there is something in your face and mien

That makes me wish I were mistaken.

BELVILE I own I fought today, in the defence of a friend of mine, with whom you (if you're the same) and your party were first engaged. Perhaps you think this crime enough to kill me,

But if you do, I cannot fear you'll do it basely.

ANTONIO No, sir, I'll make you fit for a defence with this.

[Antonio gives Belvile the sword

BELVILE This gallantry surprises me; nor know I how to use this present, sir, against a man so brave.

ANTONIO 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 punished.°

4-1 THE ROVER

BELVILE How shall I pay this generosity?

ANTONIO It had been safer to have killed another, than have attempted me. To show your danger, sir, I'll let you know my quality: and 'tis the viceroy's son, whom you have wounded.

BELVILE The viceroy's son!

(*Aside*) Death and confusion! was this plague reserved To complete all the rest? Obligated by him!

The man of all the world I would destroy.

ANTONIO You seem disordered, sir.

BELVILE Yes, trust me, sir, I am, and 'tis with pain

That man receives such bounties,

Who wants the power to pay 'em back again.

ANTONIO To gallant spirits 'tis indeed uneasy;

But you may quickly overpay me, sir.

BELVILE Then I am well. (*Aside*) Kind heaven! but set us even,

That I may fight with him and keep my honour safe.

—Oh, I'm impatient, sir, to be discounting

The mighty debt I owe you. Command me quickly.

ANTONIO I have a quarrel with a rival, sir,

About the maid we love.

BELVILE (*aside*) Death, 'tis Florinda he means.

That thought destroys my reason,

And I shall kill him.

ANTONIO My rival, sir,

Is one has all the virtues man can boast of—

BELVILE (*aside*) Death, who should this be?

[ANTONIO] He challenged me to meet him on the Molo

As soon as day appeared, but last night's quarrel

Has made my arm unfit to guide a sword.

BELVILE 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't!

ANTONIO Sir, do you know her?

BELVILE No, sir, but 'tis enough she is admired by you.

ANTONIO Sir, I shall rob you of the glory on't,

For you must fight under my name and dress.

BELVILE That opinion must be strangely obliging that makes you think I can personate the brave Antonio, whom I can but strive to imitate.

ANTONIO You say too much to my advantage. Come, sir, the day appears that calls you forth. Within, sir, is the habit.

Exit Antonio

BELVILE Fantastic fortune, thou deceitful light,

That cheats the wearied traveller by night,

Though on a precipice each step you tread,

I am resolved to follow where you lead.

Exit

[4.2]

The Molo

Enter Florinda and Callis in masks, with Stephano

FLORINDA (*aside*) I'm dying with my fears; Belvile's not coming as I

expected under my window, makes me believe that all those fears

are true. [*To Stephano*] Canst thou not tell with whom my brother

fights?

STEPHANO No, madam, they were both in masquerade. I was by

when they challenged 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.

FLORINDA (*aside*) 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?

STEPHANO Madam, I must leave you, for if my master see me, I shall

be hanged for being your conductor. I escaped narrowly for the

excuse I made for you last night i'th' garden.

FLORINDA And I'll reward thee for't; prithee, no more.

Exit Stephano. Enter Don Pedro in his masking habit

PEDRO Antonio's late today; the place will fill, and we may be prevented.

[*Pedro*] walks about

FLORINDA (*aside*) Antonio? Sure I heard amiss.

PEDRO But who will 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 forever on her bosom.

Enter Belvile dressed in Antonio's clothes

But stay, he's here.

FLORINDA [*aside*] 'Tis not Belvile, half my fears are vanished.

PEDRO Antonio!

BELVILE (*aside*) This must be he. [*To Pedro*] You're early, sir; I do not use to be outdone this way.

PEDRO The wretched, sir, are watchful, and 'tis enough you've the advantage of me in Angellica.

BELVILE (*aside*) Angellica! Or° I've mistook my man, or else Antonio. Can he forget his interest in Florinda, and fight for common prize?°

PEDRO Come, sir, you know our terms.

BELVILE (*aside*) By heaven, not I.—No talking, I am ready, sir.

[*Belvile offers to fight. Florinda runs in [between the two men]*]
 FLORINDA (*to Belvile*) Oh, hold! Whoc'er you be, I do conjure you hold! If you strike here, I die.

PEDRO Florinda!

BELVILE Florinda imploring for my rival!

PEDRO Away, this kindness is unseasonable.

[*Pedro puts [Florinda] by. [Belvile and Pedro] fight; [Florinda] runs in just as Belvile disarms Pedro*]

FLORINDA Who are you, sir, that dares° deny my prayers?

BELVILE Thy prayers destroy him: if thou wouldst preserve him, Do that thou'rt unacquainted with, and curse him.

[*Florinda holds [Belvile]*]

FLORINDA By all you hold most dear, by her you love, I do conjure you, touch him not.

BELVILE By her I love!

See, I obey, and at your feet resign

The useless trophy of my victory.

[*Belvile lays his sword at [Florinda's] feet*]

PEDRO Antonio, you've done enough to prove you love Florinda. BELVILE Love Florinda! Does heaven love adoration, prayer, or penitence? Love her! Here, sir, your sword again.

[*Belvile snatches up the sword and gives it [to Pedro]*]
 UPON THIS TRUTH I'LL FIGHT MY LIFE AWAY.

PEDRO No, you've redeemed my sister, and my friendship.

[*Pedro gives Florinda [to Belvile]. [Pedro] pulls off his vizard to show his face, and puts it on again*]

BELVILE Don Pedro!

PEDRO Can you resign your claims to other women, And give your heart entirely to Florinda?

BELVILE Entire! 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 purpose.

FLORINDA Oh heavens! This minute! Enter masqueraders, and pass over

BELVILE [*to Florinda*] Oh, do not ruin me!

PEDRO The place begins to fill, and that we may not be observed, do you walk off to St Peter's church, where I will meet you, and conclude your happiness.

BELVILE I'll meet you there. (*Aside*) If there be no more saints' churches in Naples.

FLORINDA Oh stay, sir, and recall your hasty doom!

Alas, I have not yet prepared my heart To entertain so strange a guest.

PEDRO Away, this silly modesty is assumed too late.

BELVILE Heaven, madam! what do you do?

FLORINDA Do? Despise the man that lays a tyrant's claim To what he ought to conquer by submission.

BELVILE You do not know me; move a little this way. [*Belvile draws [Florinda] aside*]

FLORINDA Yes, you may force me even to the altar, But not the holy man that offers there

Shall force me to be thine.

[*Pedro talks to Callis this while*]

BELVILE Oh, do not lose so blest an opportunity!

See, 'tis your Belvile, not Antonio,

Whom your mistaken scorn and anger ruins. [*Belvile pulls off his vizard*]

FLORINDA Belvile!

Where was my soul it could not meet thy voice, And take this knowledge in?

[*As they are talking, enter Willmore, finely dressed, and Frederick*]

WILLMORE No intelligence! No news of Belvile yet. Well, I am the most unlucky rascal in nature. Ha, am I deceived, or is it he? Look, Fred, 'tis he, my dear Belvile.

[*Willmore runs and embraces [Belvile]. Belvile's vizard falls out [of his] hand*]

BELVILE Hell and confusion seize thee!

PEDRO Ha, Belvile! I beg your pardon, sir.

[*Pedro takes Florinda from [Belvile]*]

BELVILE Nay, touch her not; she's mine by conquest, sir,
I won her by my sword.

WILLMORE Didst thou so? and egad, child, we'll keep her by the sword.
[*Willmore* draws on *Pedro*. *Beloile* goes between [*Willmore*
and *Pedro*]

BELVILE Stand off!

Thou'rt so profanely lewd, so cursed by heaven,
All quarrels thou espouset must be fatal.

WILLMORE Nay, an you be so hot, my valour's coy, and shall be
courted when you want it next. (*Puts up his sword*)

BELVILE (*to Pedro*) You know I ought to claim a victor's right,

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,^o

As men of honour ought, and beg your pardon.
For this mistake another time shall clear.
(*Aside to Florinda as they are going out*)

This was some plot between you and *Belvile*,
But I'll prevent you.

[*Exeunt Pedro and Florinda.*] *Belvile* looks after [*Florinda*],
and begins to walk up and down in rage

WILLMORE Do not be modest now and lose the woman, but if we
shall fetch her back, so.

BELVILE Do not speak to me.

WILLMORE Not speak to you? Egad, I'll speak to you, and will be
answered, too.

BELVILE Will you, sir?

WILLMORE I know I've done some mischief, but I'm so dull a puppy,
that I'm the son of a whore if I know how, or where. Prithee
inform my understanding.

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

WILLMORE I will not leave you in this humour, nor till I know my crime.
BELVILE Death, I'll tell you, sir!

[*Belvile* draws and runs at *Willmore*. *Frederick* interposes.

[*Willmore* begins to run] out, *Beloile* after him. Enter
Angellica, *Moretta*, and *Sebastian*

ANGELLICA Ha! *Sebastian*, is not that *Willmore*? Haste, haste and
bring him back.

[*Exeunt Willmore and Beloile*]

FREDERICK 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 [*Frederick*]

ANGELLICA I am all rage! my first desires defeated!
For one, for aught he knows, that has
No other merit than her quality,^o

Her being *Don Pedro's* sister: he loves her!
I know 'tis so. Dull, dull, insensible;

He will not see me now, though oft invited,

And broke his word last night: false perjured man!

He that but yesterday fought for my favours,

And would have made his life a sacrifice
To've gained one night with me,

Must now be hired and courted to my arms.

MORETTA I told you what would come on't, but *Moretta's* an old
140
doting fool. Why did you give him five hundred crowns, but to set
himself out for other lovers? You should have kept him poor, if
you had meant to have had any good from him.

ANGELLICA Oh, name not such mean trifles; had I given
145
Him all my youth has earned from sin,^o
I had not lost a thought, nor sigh upon't.
But I have given him my eternal rest,
My whole repose, my future joys, my heart!
My virgin heart, *Moretta*! Oh, 'tis gone!

Enter *Willmore* and *Sebastian*

MORETTA Curse on him, here he comes. How fine she has made him
150
too.

Angellica turns and walks away

WILLMORE How now, turned shadow?

Fly when I pursue, and follow when I fly? (*Sings*)

Stay, gentle shadow of my dove,
And tell me ere I go,
Whether the substance may not prove
A fleeting thing like you.

As [*Angellica*] turns, she looks on [*Willmore*]
There's a soft kind look remaining yet.

160 ANGELICA 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 cloyed with the repeated bliss, which others vainly languish for.

But know, false man, that I shall be revenged.

[*Angelica turns away in rage*]

165 WILLMORE So, gad, there are of those^c faint-hearted lovers, whom such a sharp lesson next their hearts, would make as impotent as fourscore. Pox o' this whining! My business 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.

ANGELICA I scorn to cool that fire I cannot raise,

Or do the drudgery of your virtuous mistress.

170 WILLMORE 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 sort of ill-natured creatures, that take a pride to torment a lover. Virtue is but an infirmity in woman; a disease that renders even the handsome ungrateful; whilst the ill-favoured, for want of solicitations and address, only fancy themselves so. I have lain with a woman of quality, who has all the while been railing at whores.

ANGELICA I will not answer for your mistress's virtue,

Though 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.

175 WILLMORE Two hundred thousand crowns! What story's this, what trick? What woman? Ha!

ANGELICA How strange you make it. Have you forgot the creature you entertained on the Piazza last night?

180 WILLMORE (*aside*) Ha, my gipsy worth two hundred thousand crowns? Oh, how I long to be with her. Pox, I knew she was of quality.

ANGELICA False man! I see my ruin in your face.

How many vows you breathed upon my bosom,

Never to be unjust: have you forgot so soon?

185 WILLMORE Faith no, I was just coming to repeat 'em. But here's a humour, indeed, would make a man a saint. (*Aside*) Would she would be angry enough to leave me, and command me not to wait on her.

Enter Hellena, dressed in man's clothes

HELLENA [*aside*] This must be Angelica, I know it by her mumping matron here; aye, aye, 'tis shel! My mad captain's with her too, for

all his swearing. How this unconstant humour makes me love him! [*To Moretta*] Pray, good grave gentlewoman, is not this Angelica? MORETTA My too young sir, it is. [*Aside*] I hope 'tis one from Don Antonio.

[*Moretta goes to Angelica*]

HELLENA (*aside*) Well, something I'll do to vex him for this.

ANGELICA [*to Moretta*] I will not speak with him; am I in humour to receive a lover?

200 WILLMORE Not speak with him! Why, I'll begone, and wait your idler minutes. Can I show less obedience to the thing I love so fondly?

[*Willmore offers to go*]

ANGELICA A fine excuse, this! Stay.

205 WILLMORE And hinder your advantage? Should I repay your bounties so ungratefully?

ANGELICA [*to Hellena*] Come hither, boy—[*to Willmore*] that I may let you see

How much above the advantages you name

I prize one minute's joy with you.

210 WILLMORE Oh, you destroy me with this endearment. [*Aside,* 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.

ANGELICA I see you're impatient; yet you shall stay.

215 WILLMORE (*aside*) And miss my assignment with my gipsy.

[*Willmore walks about impatiently. Moretta brings Hellena, who addresses herself to Angelica*]

HELLENA Madam,

You'll hardly pardon my intrusion

When you shall know my business,

And I'm too young to tell my tale with art;

220 But there must be a wondrous store of goodness,

Where so much beauty dwells.

ANGELICA A pretty advocate, whoever sent thee.

225 Prithce proceed. (*To Willmore, who is stealing off*) Nay, sir, you shall not go.

WILLMORE (*aside*) Then I shall lose my dear gipsy forever. Pox on't, she stays me out of spite.

[*HELLENA*] 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 loved him,
 But did adore him when she heard him speak;
 For he, she said, had charms in every word,
 That failed not to surprise, to wound and conquer.

WILLMORE (*aside*) Ha! Egad, I hope this concerns me.
 ANGELICA 'Tis my false man he means: would he were gone.
 This praise will raise his pride, and ruin me. (*To Willmore*) Well,
 Since you are so impatient to be gone,
 I will release you, sir.

WILLMORE (*aside*) Nay, then I'm sure 'twas me he spoke of: this
 cannot be the effects of kindness in her.
 —No, madam, I've considered better on't,
 And will not give you cause of jealousy.

ANGELICA But, sir, I've—business, that—
 WILLMORE This shall not do; I know 'tis but to try me.
 ANGELICA Well, to your story, boy—(*aside*) though 'twill undo me.
 HELLENA With this addition to his other beauties,
 He won her unresisting tender heart:
 He vowed, and sighed, and swore he loved her dearly;
 And she believed the cunning flatterer,
 And thought herself the happiest maid alive.
 Today was the appointed time by both
 To consummate their bliss;

The virgin, altar, and the priest were dressed;
 And whilst she languished for th'expected bridegroom,
 She heard, he paid his broken vows to you.

WILLMORE [*aside*] 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^d means
 someone whose place I may supply.

ANGELICA Now I perceive
 The cause of thy impatience to be gone,
 And all the business of this glorious dress.

WILLMORE Damn the young prater, I know not what he means.
 HELLENA Madam,
 In your fair eyes I read too much concern,
 To tell my farther business.

ANGELICA Prithee, sweet youth, talk on: thou mayst perhaps
 Raise here a storm that may undo my passion,
 And then I'll grant thee anything.

HELLENA Madam, 'tis to entreat you (oh unreasonable)
 You would not see this stranger;

For if you do, she vows you are undone,
 Though nature never made a man so excellent,
 And sure he'd been a god, but for inconstancy.

WILLMORE (*aside*) Ah, rogue, how finely he's instructed! 'Tis plain:
 some woman that has seen me *en passant*.

ANGELICA Oh, I shall burst with jealousy! Do you know the man
 you speak of?

HELLENA Yes, madam, he used to be in buff and scarlet.
 ANGELICA (*to Willmore*) Thou, false as hell, what canst thou say to
 this?

WILLMORE By heaven—
 ANGELICA Hold, do not damn thyself—
 ANGELICA —Nor hope to be believed.
 HELLENA [*Willmore*] walks about, [*Angelica and Hellea*] follow

ANGELICA Oh, perjured man!
 Is't thus you pay my generous passion back?

HELLENA Why would you, sir, abuse my lady's faith?
 ANGELICA And use me so inhumanly?^d
 HELLENA A maid so young, so innocent—
 WILLMORE Ah, young devil.

ANGELICA Dost thou not know thy life is in my power?
 HELLENA Or think my lady cannot be revenged?
 WILLMORE (*aside*) So, so, the storm comes finely on.
 ANGELICA Now thou art silent; guilt has struck thee dumb.
 Oh, hadst thou still been so, I'd lived in safety.

[*Angelica*] turns away and weeps

WILLMORE (*aside to Hellea*) Sweetheart, the lady's name and house,
 quickly: I'm impatient to be with her.
 [*Willmore*] looks towards *Angelica* to watch her turning, and
 as she comes towards them he meets her

HELLENA (*aside*) So, now is he for another woman.
 WILLMORE The impudent young thing in nature; I cannot per-
 suade him out of his error, madam.

ANGELICA I know he's in the right, yet thou'st a tongue
 That would persuade him to deny his faith.

In rage, [*Angelica*] walks away

WILLMORE (*said softly to Hellea*) Her name, her name, dear boy.
 HELLENA Have you forgot it, sir?
 WILLMORE (*aside*) Oh, I perceive he's not to know I am a stranger
 to his lady. [*To Hellea*] Yes, yes, I do know, but—I have forgot
 the—

Angellica turns. [Willmore addresses her]

By heaven, such early confidence I never saw.

ANGELLICA Did I not charge you with this mistress, sir? Which you denied, though I beheld your perjury.

This little generosity of thine has rendered back my heart.

[Angellica walks away]

WILLMORE *[aside to Hellena]* So, you have made sweet work here, my little mischief; look your lady be kind and good-natured now, or I shall have but a cursed bargain on't.

Angellica turns towards them. [He addresses her]

The rogue's bred up to mischief; art thou so great a fool to credit him?

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

—Come hither, boy, is not this he you spake of?

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

Hellena looks in [Willmore's] face; he gazes on her

WILLMORE *[aside]* Ha, do not I know that face? By heaven, my little gipsy. What a dull dog was I! Had I but looked that way I'd known her. Are all my hopes of a new woman banished? *[To Hellena]* Egad, if I do not fit thee for this, hang me. *[To Angellica]* Madam, I have found out the plot.

HELLENA *[aside]* Oh lord, what does he say? Am I discovered now?

WILLMORE Do you see this young spark here?

HELLENA *[aside]* He'll tell her who I am.

WILLMORE Who do you think this is?

HELLENA *[aside]* Aye, aye, he does know me. *[To Willmore]* Nay, dear captain! I am undone if you discover me.

WILLMORE *[aside to Hellena]* Nay, nay, no cogging; she shall know what a precious mistress I have.

HELLENA *[aside to Willmore]* Will you be such a devil?

WILLMORE *[aside to Hellena]* Nay, nay, I'll teach you to spoil sport you will not make. *[To Angellica]* This small ambassador comes not from a person of quality, as you imagine, and he says; but from a very arrant gipsy, the talking'st, prating'st, canting'st little animal thou ever saw'st.

ANGELLICA What news you tell me: that's the thing I mean.

HELLENA *[aside]* Would I were well off the place! If ever I go a-captain-hunting again—

WILLMORE Mean that thing, that gipsy thing? Thou mayst as well be jealous of thy monkey or parrot as of her: a German motion^o

were worth a dozen of her, and a dream were a better enjoyment; a creature of a constitution fitter for heaven than man.

HELLENA *[aside]* Though I'm sure he lies, yet this vexes me.

ANGELLICA You are mistaken: she's a Spanish woman Made up of no such dull materials.

WILLMORE Materials! Egad, an she be made of any that will either dispense or admit of love, I'll be bound to continence.

HELLENA *[aside to [Willmore]]* Unreasonable man, do you think so?

[WILLMORE] You may return, my little brazen head, and tell your lady, that till she be handsome enough to be beloved, or I dull enough to be religious, there will be small hopes of me.

ANGELLICA Did you not promise, then, to marry her?

WILLMORE Not I, by heaven.

ANGELLICA You cannot undeceive my fears and torments, Till you have vowed you will not marry her.^o

HELLENA *[aside]* If he swears that, he'll be revenged on me indeed for all my rogueries.

ANGELLICA I know what arguments you'll bring against me, fortune, and honour.

WILLMORE Honour? I tell you, I hate it in your sex; and those that fancy themselves possessed of that foppery,^o are the most impatiently troublesome of all womankind, and will transgress nine commandments to keep one: and to satisfy your jealousy, I swear—

HELLENA *[aside to him]* Oh, no swearing, dear captain.

WILLMORE —If it were possible I should ever be inclined 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 that does her the honour to marry her!

ANGELLICA By heaven, there's no faith in anything he says.

Enter Sebastian

SEBASTIAN Madam, Don Antonio—

ANGELLICA Come hither.

HELLENA *[aside]* Ha, Antonio! He may be coming hither, and he'll certainly discover me. I'll therefore retire without a ceremony.

Exit Hellena

ANGELLICA I'll see him; get my coach ready.

SEBASTIAN It waits you, madam.

WILLMORE *[aside]* This is lucky. *[To Angellica]* What, madam, now I may be gone, and leave you to the enjoyment of my rival?

ANGELICA Dull man, that canst not see how ill, how poor,
That false dissimulation looks: begone,
And never let me see thy cozening face again,
Lest I relapse and kill thee.

WILLMORE Yes, you can spare me now. Farewell, till you're in better
humour. [*Aside*] I'm glad of this release; now for my gipsy:
For though to worse we change, yet still we find
New joys, new charms, in a new miss that's kind.^o

Exit Willmore

ANGELICA 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 longed-for minute were arrived
Of some blessed assignation.

In vain I have consulted all my charms,
In vain this beauty prized, in vain believed
My eyes could kindle any lasting fires;
I had forgot my name, my infamy,^o

And the reproach that honour lays on those
That dare pretend a sober passion here.
Nice reputation, though 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 be beloved,
I am resolved to think on a revenge
On him that soothed me thus to my undoing.

Exeunt

4.3

A street^o

*Enter Florinda and Valeria, in habits different from what
they have been seen in*

FLORINDA We're happily escaped, and yet I tremble still.

VALERIA A lover and fear! Why, I am but half an one, and yet I have
courage for any attempt. Would Hellena were here; I would fain have
had her as deep in this mischief as we: she'll fare but ill else, I doubt.
FLORINDA She pretended a visit to the Augustine nuns, but I believe
some other design carried her out; pray heaven we light on her.
Prithee, what didst do with Callis?

VALERIA When I saw no reason would do good on her, I followed
her into the wardrobe, and as she was looking for something in a
great chest, I toppled her in by the heels, snatched the key of the
apartment where you were confined, locked her in, and left her
bawling for help.

FLORINDA 'Tis well you resolve to follow my fortunes, for thou
darest never appear at home again after such an action.

VALERIA That's according as the young stranger and I shall agree.
But to our business: I delivered 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 today, if your brother would be absent long enough to
permit you; if not, to die rather than be Antonio's.

FLORINDA Thou shouldst have told him I was confined to my
chamber, upon my brother's suspicion that the business on the
Molo was a plot laid between him and I.

VALERIA 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.

FLORINDA Oh heavens, he's here, and Belvile with him too.

[*Florinda and Valeria*] *put on their vizards. Enter Don
Pedro, Belvile, [and] Willmore; Belvile and Don Pedro
seeming in serious discourse*

VALERIA Walk boldly by them, and I'll come at distance, lest he
suspect us.

[*Florinda*] *walks by [Don Pedro, Belvile, and Willmore], and
looks back on them*

WILLMORE Ha! A woman, and of an excellent mien.

PEDRO She throws a kind look back on you.

WILLMORE Death, 'tis a likely wench, and that kind look shall not
be cast away: I'll follow her.

BELVILE Prithee, do not.

WILLMORE Do not? By heavens, to the antipodes, with such an
invitation.

[*Florinda*] *goes out, and Willmore follows her*

BELVILE 'Tis a mad fellow for a wench.

[*Exit Valeria, following Willmore and Florinda.*] *Enter
Frederick*

FREDERICK Oh colonel, such news!

BELVILLE Prithee, what?
 FREDERICK News that will make you laugh in spite of fortune.
 BELVILLE What, Blunt has had some damned trick put upon him: cheated, banged or clapped?

FREDERICK Cheated, sir; rarely cheated of all but his shirt and drawers. The unconscionable whore, too, turned him out before consummation, so that, traversing the streets at midnight, the watch found him in this fresco,^o and conducted him home. By heaven, 'tis such a sight, and yet I durst as well been hanged as laughed at him, or pity him; he beats all that do but ask him a question, and is in such an humour!

PEDRO Who is't has met with this ill usage, sir?

BELVILLE A friend of ours, whom you must see for mirth's sake.
 (*Aside*) I'll employ him to give Florinda time for an escape.

PEDRO What is he?

BELVILLE 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^o he'll look without it; for my part I'll lend him none, an the rogue know not how to put on a borrowing face, and ask first;^o I'll let him see how good 'tis to play our parts whilst I play his.—Prithee, Fred, do you go home and keep him in that posture till we come.

Exeunt [Frederick, Don Pedro, and Belville]. *Enter Florinda from the farther end of the scene, looking behind her*

FLORENDA I am followed still. Ha, my brother, too, advancing this way: good heavens defend me from being seen by him.

[Florinda] goes off. *Enter Willmore, and after him Valeria, at a little distance*

WILLMORE Ah, there she sails! She looks back as she were willing to be boarded; I'll warrant her prize.^o

[Willmore] goes out, Valeria following. *Enter Hellena, just as he goes out, with a page*

HELLENA Ha, is not that my captain that has a woman in chase? 'Tis not Angellica.—Boy, follow those people at a distance, and bring me an account where they go in.

Exit page

—I'll find his haunts, and plague him everywhere. Ha, my brother.
Belville, Willmore, [and] Pedro cross the stage. Hellena runs off

[4.4]

Another street^o

Enter Florinda

FLORENDA What shall I do? My brother now pursues me; will no kind power protect me from his tyranny? Ha, 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.
 [Florinda] goes in. *Enter Valeria, and Hellena's page peeping after Florinda*

PAGE Here she went in; I shall remember this house.

Exit page

VALERIA This is Belville's lodging; she's gone in as readily as if she knew it. Ha, here's that mad fellow again. I dare not venture in; I'll watch my opportunity.

[Exit Valeria.] *Enter Willmore, gazing about him*

WILLMORE I have lost her whereabouts. Pox on't, she must not 'scape me so.

Goes out

[4.5]

Scene changes to Blunt's chamber;^o 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 resolved revenge. A pox on this tailor, though, 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 resolved to arm myself; the rascals shall not insult over me too much.

Puts on an old rusty sword, and buff belt

Now, how like a morris dancer I am equipped! A fine ladylike 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,^o as uncharitable as a churchman, and as ill-natured as a poet. Oh, how I'll use all womankind hereafter! What would 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.

[*Blunt*] *sits down again and reads. Enter to him Florinda*

FLORINDA This house is haunted, sure; 'tis well furnished and no living thing inhabits it. Ha, a man; heavens, how he's attired! 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—

[*Blunt*] *starts up and gazes*

BLUNT Ha, what's here? Are my wishes granted? And is not that a she creature? 'Adsheartlikins, 'tis!—What wretched thing art thou, ha?

FLORINDA Charitable sir, you've told yourself already what I am: a very wretched maid, forced by a strange unlucky accident, to seek a safety here, and must be ruined, if you do not grant it.

BLUNT Ruined! Is there any ruin so inevitable as that which now threatens thee? Dost thou know, miserable woman, into what den of mischiefs thou art fallen, what abyss of confusion, ha? 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.

FLORINDA 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.

[*Blunt*] *pulls [Florinda] rudely*

FLORINDA Dare you be so cruel?

BLUNT Cruel? 'Adsheartlikins, as a galley-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 enjoyment, but to let thee 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 lie to

thee, embrace 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 scurvy verses fastened to thy breast, in praise of damnable women. Come, come along.

FLORINDA Alas, sir, must I be sacrificed 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 believed sooner than thy false showings or protestations. A generation of damned 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—

Enter Frederick

FREDERICK Ha, what's here to do?

BLUNT 'Adsheartlikins, Fred, I am glad thou art come, to be a witness of my dire revenge.

FREDERICK 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 forced to take sanctuary here at fools' haven. 'Adsheartlikins, to me, of all mankind, for protection? Is the ass to be cajoled again, think ye?—No, young one, no prayers or tears shall mitigate my rage; therefore prepare for both my pleasures 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.

FREDERICK Now, mistress of mine, what do you think of this?

FLORINDA I think he will not, dares not be so barbarous.

FREDERICK Have a care, Blunt: she fetched a deep sigh; she is enamoured 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 flay a man and he shall ne'er miss his skin, till he feels the cold. There was a countryman of ours robbed of a row of teeth while he was a-sleeping, which the jilt made him buy again when he waked.—You see, lady, how little reason we have to trust you.

BLUNT 'Adsheartlikins, why this is most abominable.

FLORINDA 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.

FREDERICK Faith, damsel, you had e'en confessed^o 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 trimmed and laden; and see how a female picaroon of this island of rogues has shattered 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.

FREDERICK I'm 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 condemned by public vote to the bed within; there's no resisting your destiny, sweetheart.

[*Blunt*] pulls [*Florinda*]

FLORINDA Stay, sir; I have seen you with Belvile, an English cavalier: for his sake use me kindly; you know him, 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,^o he'd have a limb or two of thee, my virgin pullet; but 'tis no matter, we'll leave him the bones to pick.

FLORINDA 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.

FREDERICK Hark'ee, Blunt, I doubt we are mistaken in this matter.

FLORINDA 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.

[*Florinda*] gives [*Blunt*] 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 rhetoric in't, than all her sex can utter.

FREDERICK I begin to suspect something; and 'twould anger us vilely to be trussed 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 pariously as this does; she gave me a bracelet too, a devil on her, but I sent my man to sell it today for necessaries, and it proved as counterfeit as her vows of love.

FREDERICK However, let it reprove her till we see Belvile.

BLUNT That's hard, yet I will grant it.

Enter a servant

SERVANT Oh, sir, the colonel is just come in with his new friend and a Spaniard of quality, and talks of having you to dinner with 'em.

BLUNT 'Adsheartlikins, I'm undone; I would not see 'em for the world. Hark'ee, Fred, lock up the wench in your chamber.

FREDERICK Fear nothing, madam; whate'er he threatens, you are safe whilst in my hands.

Exeunt Frederick and Florinda

BLUNT And, sirrah, upon your life, say I am not at home, or that I am asleep, or—or anything: away, I'll prevent their coming this way.

[*Blunt*] locks the door,^o and exeunt

5.1

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

[VOICES] (call within) Ned, Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt!

Frederick The rogues are up in arms: 'adsheartlikins, this villainous fortune. Frederick has betrayed me; they have heard of my blessed

[VOICES] (calling and knocking within) Ned Blunt, Ned, Ned!

BELVILLE [within] Why, he's dead sir, without dispute dead, he has not been seen today: let's break open the door.—Here, boy—

BLUNT Ha, break open the door? 'Adsheartlikins, that mad fellow will be as good as his word.

BELVILLE [within] 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 rhetoric will do.—Hold, hold, what do you mean, gentlemen, what do you mean?

BELVILLE (within) Oh, rogue, art alive? Prithee open the door and convince us.

BLUNT Yes, I am alive, gentlemen; but at present a little busy.

BELVILLE (within) How, Blunt grown a man of business? Come, come, open and let's see this miracle.

BLUNT No, no, no, gentlemen, 'tis no great business, but—I am—at—my devotion; 'adsheartlikins, will you not allow a man time to pray?

BELVILLE (within) Turned religious! A greater wonder than the first; therefore open quickly, or we shall unbinge, we shall.

BLUNT This won't do.—Why, hark'ee, 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.

WILLMORE (within) 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.

WILLMORE (within) Come, come, lend's more hands to the door; now heave altogether; so, well done my boys.

[Willmore] breaks open the door. Enter Belville, Willmore, Frederick, and Pedro. Blunt looks simply: ° they all laugh at him; he lays his hand on his sword, and comes up to Willmore

BLUNT Hark'ee, sir, laugh out your laugh quickly, d'ye hear, and begone. I shall spoil your sport else, 'adsheartlikins, sir, I shall, the jest has been carried on too long. (Aside) A plague upon my tailor.

WILLMORE 'Sdeath, how the whore has dressed him!—Faith sir, I'm sorry.

BLUNT Are you so, sir? Keep't to yourself 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)

BELVILLE 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, he.

BLUNT Hark'ee, sir, you know me, and know I can be angry; have a care, for 'adsheartlikins, I can fight too, I can, sir, do you mark me; no more.

BELVILLE 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. (They laugh) D'ye laugh? Look ye settle me a good sober countenance, and that quickly too, or you shall know Ned Blunt is not—

BELVILLE —Not everybody, we know that.

BLUNT Not an ass to be laughed at, sir.

WILLMORE 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 very desires too.

BELVILLE 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.

PEDRO Sir, though I'm a stranger to you, I am 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 aye, there's one speaks sense now, and handsomely; and let me tell you, gentlemen, I should not have showed myself 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. 'Adsheartlikins, she assaulted me here in my own

lodgings, and had doubtless committed a rape upon me, had not this sword defended me.

FREDERICK I know not that, but o' my conscience thou hadst ravished her, had she not redeemed herself with a ring; let's see it, Blunt.

Blunt shows the ring

BELVILLE [*aside*] Ha, the ring I gave Florinda, when we exchanged our vows.—Hark'ee, Blunt—

[Belville goes to whisper to Blunt]

WILLMORE No whispering, good colonel, there's a woman in the case; no whispering.

BELVILLE [*aside to Blunt*] Hark'ee, fool, be advised, and conceal both the ring and the story for your reputation's sake; do not let people know what despised cullies we English are: to be cheated and abused by one whore, and another rather bribe thee than be kind to thee, is an infamy to our nation.

WILLMORE Come, come, where's the wench? We'll see her; let her be what she will, we'll see her.

PEDRO Aye, aye, let us see her; I can soon discover whether she be of quality, or for your diversion.

BLUNT She's in Fred's custody.

WILLMORE [*to Frederick*] Come, come, the key.

[Frederick gives Willmore the key; Willmore, Frederick,

Blunt, and Don Pedro are going

BELVILLE [*aside*] Death, what shall I do?—Stay, gentlemen.—*[Aside]*

Yet if I hinder 'em I shall discover all.—Hold, let's go one at once, give me the key.

WILLMORE Nay, hold there, colonel; I'll go first.

FREDERICK Nay, no dispute; Ned and I have the propriety of her.

WILLMORE Damn propriety; then we'll draw cuts.

Belville goes to whisper to Willmore

—Nay, no corruption, good colonel; come, the longest sword carries her.

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

BLUNT I yield up my interest to you, gentlemen, and that will be revenge sufficient.

WILLMORE [*to Pedro*] The wench is yours. *[Aside]* Pox of his toledo, I had forgot that.

FREDERICK Come, sir, I'll conduct you to the lady.

Exeunt Frederick and Pedro

BELVILLE [*aside*] To hinder him will certainly discover her. *[To Willmore, who is walking up and down out of humour]* Dost know, dull beast, what mischief thou hast done?

WILLMORE Aye, aye; to trust our fortune to lots! A devil on't, 'twas madness, that's the truth on't.

BELVILLE Oh, intolerable sot!

Enter Florinda, running, masked, Pedro after her: Willmore gazing round her

FLORINDA [*aside*] Good heaven, defend me from discovery.

PEDRO 'Tis but in vain to fly me; you're fallen to my lot.

BELVILLE [*aside*] Sure she's undiscovered yet, but now I fear there is no way to bring her off.

WILLMORE Why, what a pox, is not this my woman, the same I followed but now?

PEDRO [*talking to Florinda, who walks up and down*] As if I did not know ye, and your business here.

FLORINDA [*aside*] Good heaven, I fear he does indeed.

PEDRO Come, pray be kind; I know you meant to be so when you entered here, for these are proper gentlemen.

WILLMORE But, sir, perhaps the lady will not be imposed upon; she'll choose her man.

PEDRO I am better bred, than not to leave her choice free.

Enter Valeria, and is surprised at sight of Don Pedro

VALERIA [*aside*] Don Pedro here! There's no avoiding him.

FLORINDA [*aside*] Valeria! then I'm undone.

VALERIA [*to Pedro, running to him*] Oh, have I found you, sir? The strangest accident—if I had breath—to tell it.

PEDRO Speak: is Florinda safe? Hellena well?

VALERIA Aye, aye, sir; Florinda—is safe—*[aside]* from any fears of you.

PEDRO Why, where's Florinda? Speak.

VALERIA Aye, where indeed sir, I wish I could inform you; but to hold you no longer in doubt—

FLORINDA [*aside*] Oh, what will she say?

VALERIA —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—*(aside)* if you can find her out.

PEDRO Dishonourable girl, she has undone my aim. *[To Belville]* Sir, you see my necessity of leaving you, and 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 rendered back.

BELVILLE I shall consult my love and honour, sir.

Exit Pedro

FLORINDA (*to Valeria*) My dear preserver, let me embrace thee.

WILLMORE What the devil's all this?

BLUNT Mystery, by this light.

VALERIA Come, come, make haste and get yourselves married quickly, for your brother will return again.

BELVILLE I'm so surprised with fears and joys, so amazed to find you here in safety, I can scarce persuade my heart into a faith of what I see.

WILLMORE Hark'ee, colonel, is this that mistress who has cost you so many sighs, and me so many quarrels with you?

BELVILLE It is. (*To Florinda*) Pray give him the honour of your hand.

WILLMORE (*kneels and kisses her hand*) Thus it must be received then; and with it give your pardon too.

FLORINDA The friend to Belville may command me anything.

WILLMORE (*aside*) Death, would I might; 'tis a surprising beauty.

BELVILLE Boy, run and fetch a father^o instantly.

Exit page

FREDERICK 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 thoroughly confounded before, nor shall I ever more dare look up with confidence, till you are pleased to pardon me.

FLORINDA Sir, I'll be reconciled 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.

FREDERICK Madam, had I no inclinations that way, I should obey your kind commands.

BELVILLE Who, Fred marry? He has so few inclinations for woman-kind, that had he been possessed of paradise, he might have continued there to this day, if no crime but love could have disinherited him.

FREDERICK Oh, I do not use to boast of my intrigues.

BELVILLE Boast? Why, thou dost nothing but boast; and I dare swear, wert 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.

FREDERICK I wish this lady would think me so modest a man.

VALERIA She would be sorry then, and not like you half so well; and I should be loth to break my word with you, which was that if your

friend and mine agreed, it should be a match between you and I. (*Gives him her hand*)

FREDERICK (*kisses her hand*) Bear witness, colonel, 'tis a bargain.

BLUNT (*to Florinda*) I have a pardon to beg too, but 'adshheartfinkins, I am so out of countenance, that I'm a dog if I can say anything to purpose.

FLORINDA Sir, I heartily forgive you all.

BLUNT That's nobly said, sweet lady.—Belville, prithee present her her ring again; for I find I have not courage to approach her myself.

[*Blunt gives Belville the ring; Belville gives it to Florinda. Enter page*]

PAGE Sir, I have brought the father that you sent for.

BELVILLE 'Tis well.—And now, my dear Florinda, let's fly to complete that mighty joy we have so long wished and sighed for.—Come, Fred, you'll follow?

FREDERICK —Your example, sir: 'twas ever my ambition in war, and must be so in love.

WILLMORE And must not I see this juggling knof^o tied?

BELVILLE No, thou shalt do us better service, and be our guard, lest Don Pedro's sudden return interrupt the ceremony.

WILLMORE Content; I'll secure this pass.

Exeunt Belville, Florinda, Frederick, and Valeria. Enter page

WILLMORE Conduct her in; I dare not quit my post.

PAGE [*to Blunt*] And sir, your tailor waits you in your chamber.

BLUNT Some comfort yet; I shall not dance naked at the wedding.

Exeunt Blunt and page. Enter again the page, conducting in Angellica in a masking habit and a vizard. Willmore runs to her

WILLMORE [*aside*] This can be none but my pretty gipsy. [*To Angellica*] Oh, I see you can follow as well as fly. Come, confess thyself the most malicious devil in nature; you think you have done my business with Angellica.

ANGELLICA Stand off, base villain.

[*Angellica draws a pistol, and holds it to Willmore's breast*]

WILLMORE [*aside*] Ha, 'tis not she.—Who art thou? and what's thy business?

ANGELLICA One thou hast injured, and who comes to kill thee for't.

WILLMORE What the devil canst thou mean?

ANGELLICA By all my hopes, to kill thee.

[*Angellica*] holds still the pistol to [*Willmore's*] breast, he going back, she following still

WILLMORE Prithce, on what acquaintance? For I know thee not.

ANGELICA (*pulls off her vizard*) Behold this face, so lost to thy remembrance,

And then call all thy sins about thy soul,
And let 'em die with thee.

WILLMORE Angellica!

ANGELICA Yes, traitor,

Does not thy guilty blood run shivering through thy veins?

Hast thou no horror at this sight, that tells thee,

Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful conquest?

WILLMORE Faith, no, child; my blood keeps its old ebbs and flows still, and that usual heat too, that could oblige thee with a kindness, had I but opportunity.

ANGELICA Devil! dost wanton with my pain? Have at thy heart.

WILLMORE Hold, dear virago! Hold thy hand a little; I am not now at leisure to be killed; hold and hear me. (*Aside*) Death, I think she's in earnest.

ANGELICA (*aside, turning from him*) Oh, if I take not heed,
My coward heart will leave me to his mercy.

—What have you, sir, to say? But should I hear thee,

Thou'dst talk away all that is brave about me:

(*Follows him with the pistol to his breast*)

And I have vowed thy death, by all that's sacred.

WILLMORE Why then, there's an end of a proper handsome fellow, that might 'a lived to have done good service yet; that's all I can say to't.

ANGELICA (*passingly*) Yet, I would give thee—time for—penitence.
WILLMORE Faith, child, 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.

ANGELICA So will the devil! tell me,

How many poor believing fools thou hast undone?

How many hearts thou hast betrayed to ruin?

Yet these are little mischiefs to the ills

Thou'st taught mine to commit: thou'st taught it love.

WILLMORE Egad, 'twas shrewdly hurt the while.

ANGELICA Love, that has robbed it of its unconcern,

Of all that pride that taught me how to value it.

And in its room

A mean submissive passion was conveyed,
That made me humbly bow, which I ne'er did
To anything but heaven.

Thou, perjured man, didst this, and with thy oaths,
Which on thy knees thou didst devoutly make,
Softened 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 forever,
Hadst thou not broke those vows that put them on.
'T was then I was undone.

All this while follows him with the pistol to his breast

WILLMORE 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.

ANGELICA Oh, impudence!

WILLMORE Angellica, that beauty has been too long tempting, not to have made a thousand lovers languish, who, in the amorous fever, no doubt have sworn like me: did they all die in that faith, still adoring? I do not think they did.

ANGELICA No, faithless man: had I repaid their vows, as I did thine, I would have killed the ingrateful that had abandoned me.

WILLMORE This old general has quite spoiled thee: nothing makes a woman so vain as being flattered; your old lover ever supplies the defects of age with intolerable dottage, 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, you'll find will be° as nice as you sometimes.

ANGELICA All this thou'st made me know, for which I hate thee.

Had I remained in innocent security,

I should have thought all men were born my slaves,

And worn my power like lightning in my eyes,

To have destroyed at pleasure when offended:

But when love held the mirror, the undecieving glass,

Reflected all the weakness of my soul, and made me know

My richest treasure being lost, my honour,

All the remaining spoil could not be worth

The conqueror's care or value.

Oh, how I fell, like a long worshipped idol,

Discovering all the cheat.
 Would not the incense and rich sacrifice,
 Which blind devotion offered at my altars,
 Have fallen to thee?

Why wouldst thou then destroy my fancied power?
 WILLMORE By heaven thou'rt brave, and I admire thee strangely.
 I wish I were that dull, that constant thing

Which thou wouldst have, and nature never meant me:
 I must, like cheerful birds, sing in all groves,
 And perch on every bough,

Billing the next kind she that flies to meet me;
 Yet, after all, could build my nest with thee,
 Thither repairing when I'd loved my round,
 And still reserve a tributary flame.

To gain your credit, I'll pay you back your charity,
 And be obliged for nothing but for love.

Offers her a purse of gold.

ANGELICA Oh, that thou wert in earnest!
 So mean a thought of me

Would turn my rage to scorn, and I should pity thee,
 And give thee leave to live;

Which for the public 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.

WILLMORE Sure—

ANGELICA Another word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long.

She follows him with the pistol ready to shoot; he retires still amazed. Enter Don Antonio, his arm in a scarf, and lays hold on the pistol

ANTONIO Ha, Angelical

ANGELICA Antonio! What devil brought thee hither?

ANTONIO 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? [*To Willmore*]
 Who are you, sir, that are so very wretched to merit death from her?

WILLMORE One, sir, that could have made a better end of an amorous quarrel without you, than with you.

ANTONIO Sure 'tis some rival. Ha! The very man took down her picture yesterday; the very same that set on me last night; blest opportunity!

[*Antonio offers to shoot [Willmore]*]

ANGELICA Hold, you're mistaken, sir.

ANTONIO By heaven, the very same!—Sir, what pretensions have you to this lady?

WILLMORE Sir, I do not use to be° examined, and am ill at all disputes but this.

[*Willmore draws; Antonio offers to shoot*]

ANGELICA (*to Willmore*) Oh, hold! you see he's armed with certain death;

—And you, Antonio, I command you hold,

By all the passion you've so lately vowed me.

Enter Don Pedro, sees Antonio, and stays

PEDRO (*aside*) Ha, Antonio! and Angelical

ANTONIO 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.

PEDRO (*aside*) What's this I hear?

ANGELICA (*pointing to Willmore*) Ah thus, 'twas thus, he talked, and I believed.

Antonio, yesterday,

I'd not have sold my interest in his heart,

For all the sword has won and lost in battle.

[*To Willmore*] But now to show my utmost of contempt,

I give thee life, which if thou wouldst preserve,

Live where my eyes may never see thee more;

Live to undo someone whose soul may prove

So bravely constant to revenge my love.

[*Angelica goes out. Antonio follows, but Pedro pulls him back*]

PEDRO Antonio, stay.

ANTONIO Don Pedro!

PEDRO What coward fear was that prevented thee

From meeting me this morning on the Molo?

ANTONIO Meet thee?

PEDRO Yes, me; I was the man that dared thee to't.

ANTONIO 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 myself incapable to use a sword.

PEDRO But 'twas Florinda's quarrel that we fought,
And you, to show how little you esteemed her,
Sent me your rival, giving him your interest.

But I have found the cause of this affront,
And when I meet you fit for the dispute,
I'll tell you my resentment.

ANTONIO I shall be ready, sir, ere long to do you reason.
Exit Antonio

PEDRO If I could find Florinda, now whilst my anger's high, I think
I should be kind, and give her to Belvile in revenge.

WILLMORE Faith, sir, I know not what you would do, but I believe
the priest within has been so kind.

PEDRO How! My sister married?

WILLMORE I hope by this time he is, and bedded too, or he has not
my longings about him.

PEDRO Dares he do this? Does he not fear my power?

WILLMORE 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 damned surly crew here, that
will keep you till the next tide, and then clap you on board for
prize.^o My ship lies but a league off the Molo, and we shall show
your donship a damned Tramontana rover's trick.

Enter Belvile

BELVILE [*aside*] This rogue's in some new mischief. Ha, Pedro
returned!

PEDRO Colonel Belvile, I hear you have married my sister?

BELVILE You have heard truth, then, sir.

PEDRO Have I so; then, sir, I wish you joy.

BELVILE How!

PEDRO By this embrace I do, and I am glad on't.

BELVILE Are you in earnest?

PEDRO By our long friendship, and my obligations to thee, I am: the
sudden change I'll give you reasons for anon. Come, lead me to
my sister, that she may know I now approve her choice.

Exit Belvile with Pedro. Willmore goes to follow them. Enter

Hellena, as before in boy's clothes, and pulls him back

WILLMORE [*aside*] Ha, my gipsy! [*To Hellena*] 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.

HELLENA [*aside*] Ha! I thought they had served me some such trick!
WILLMORE And I was e'en resolved to go aboard, and condemn
myself to my lone cabin, and the thoughts of thee.

HELLENA And could you have left me behind? Would you have been
so ill-natured?

WILLMORE Why, 'twould have broke my heart, child; but since we
are met again, I defy foul weather to part us.

HELLENA And would you be a faithful friend, now, if a maid should
trust you?

WILLMORE 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 pariously afraid of being in love, child, and you have not forgot
how severely you have used me?

HELLENA That's all one; such usage you must still look for: to find
out all our haunts, to rail at you to all that love you, till I have
made you love only me in your own defence, because nobody else
will love.

WILLMORE But hast thou no better quality, to recommend thyself
by?

HELLENA 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 should die a maid, and in a captain's hands too, I do
not understand.

WILLMORE Egad, I was never clawed away with broadsides^o from
any female before. Thou hast one virtue I adore, good nature. I
hate a coy demure mistress, she's as troublesome as a colt; I'll
break none: no, give me a mad mistress when mewed, and in flying
one^o I dare trust upon the wing, that whilst she's kind will come
to the lure.

HELLENA Nay, as kind as you will, good captain, whilst it lasts, but
let's lose no time.

WILLMORE 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 wert treated with such savoury love!

Come, my bed's prepared 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.

HELLENA '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.

WILLMORE Hold, hold, no bug words, child. Priest and Hymen? Prithce add a 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 deity enjoin naught but love and enjoy! Hymen and priest wait still upon portion, and jointure; 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; though I could be content to turn gipsy, and become a left-handed 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.

HELLENA 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.

WILLMORE I can teach thee to weave a true love's knot better.

HELLENA So can my dog.

WILLMORE Well, I see we are both upon our guards, 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.

HELLENA One kiss! How like my page he speaks. I am resolved 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.

[*Hellena is going out; [Willmore] stays her*

WILLMORE 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.

HELLENA Why, God-a-mercy, captain! WILLMORE But hark'ee: 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.

HELLENA 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.

WILLMORE I am called Robert the constant.

HELLENA A very fine name; pray was it your faultner or butler that christened you? Do they not use to whistle when they call you?

WILLMORE I hope you have a better, that a man may name without crossing himself; you are so merry with mine.

HELLENA I am called Hellena the inconstant.

Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Frederick, [and] Valeria

PEDRO Ha, Hellena!

FLORINDA Hellena!

HELLENA The very same. Ha, my brother! Now, captain, show your love and courage; stand to your arms, and defend me bravely, or I am lost forever.

PEDRO What's this I hear? False girl, how came you hither, and what's your business? Speak.

[*Pedro goes roughly to [Hellena]. [Willmore] puts himself between [them]*]

WILLMORE Hold off, sir, you have leave to parley only.

HELLENA 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 beloved; and here's the man.

PEDRO Perfidious maid, hast thou deceived me too, deceived thyself and heaven?

HELLENA 'Tis time enough to make my peace with that;

Be you but kind, let me alone with heaven.

PEDRO Belvile, I did not expect this false play from you. Was't not enough you'd gain Florinda (which I pardoned) but your lewd friends too must be enriched with the spoils of a noble family?

BELVILE Faith, sir, I am as much surprised at this as you can be. Yet, sir, my friends are gentlemen, and ought to be esteemed 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.

PEDRO What's this to the maintenance of a woman of her birth and quality?

WILLMORE Faith, sir, I can boast of nothing but a sword which does me right where'er I come, and has defended a worse cause than a woman's; and since I loved her before I either knew her birth or name, I must pursue my resolution, and marry her.

PEDRO And is all your holy intent of becoming a nun, debauched into a desire of man?

HELLENA Why, I have considered the matter, brother, and find, the three hundred thousand crowns^o my uncle left me, and you cannot keep from me,^o will be better laid out in love than in religion, and turn to as good an account. [*To the others*] Let most voices carry it: for heaven or the captain?

ALL. (*cry*) A captain! a captain!

HELLENA Look ye sir, 'tis a clear case.

PEDRO Oh, I am mad! (*Aside*) If I refuse, my life's in danger. [*To Willmore*] Come, there's one motive induces me.

[*Don Pedro*] gives [*Hellena*] to [*Willmore*]

Take her: I shall now be free from fears of her honour; guard it you now, if you can; I have been a slave to 't long enough.

WILLMORE 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.

HELLENA Well said, captain.

PEDRO (*to Valeria*) This was your plot, mistress, but I hope you have married one that will revenge my quarrel to you.

VALERIA There's no altering destiny, sir.

PEDRO Sooner get 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 dressed in a Spanish habit, looking very ridiculously; his man adjusting his band

MAN 'Tis very well, sir.

BLUNT Well, sir? 'Adsheartlikins, I tell you 'tis damnable ill, sir. A Spanish habit, good lord! Could the devil and my tailor devise no other punishment for me, but the mode of a nation I abominate?

BELVILE What's the matter, Ned?

BLUNT (*turns round*) Pray view me round, and judge.

BELVILE 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,^o 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^o stuffed full of fool's flesh.

BELVILE Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look *en cavalier*. Come, sir, settle your face, and salute our friends. [*Turns to Hellena*] Lady—

BLUNT Ha! (*To Hellena*) Say'st thou so, my little rover?^o 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. [*Aside*] A pox of my Spanish habit.

Music is heard to play
WILLMORE Hark, what's this?

Enter page

PAGE 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 masking habits, with music; they put themselves in order and dance

BLUNT 'Adsheartlikins, would 'twere lawful to pull off their false faces, that I might see if my doxy were not amongst 'em.

BELVILE (*to the maskers*) Ladies and gentlemen, since you are come so apropos, you must take a small collation with us.

WILLMORE (*to Hellena*) Whilst we'll to the good man within, who stays to give us a cast of his office.^o Have you no trembling at the near approach?

HELLENA No more than you have in an engagement or a tempest.

WILLMORE 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 banished 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.^o
 And yet:
 That mutinous tribe less factions do beget,^o
 Than your continual differing in wit;
 Your judgement's (as your passion's) 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,^o
 Damns everything that maggots disapproves.^o
 With canting rule you would the stage refine,
 And to dull method all our sense confine.
 With th'insolence of commonwealths you rule,
 Where each gay fop, and politic grave fool
 On monarch wit impose, without control.
 As for the last, who seldom sees a play,
 Unless it be the old Blackfriars way,^o
 Shaking his empty noddle o'er bamboo,^o
 He cries, 'Good faith, these plays will never do.
 Ah, sir, in my young days, what lofty wit,
 What high strained scenes of fighting there were writ:
 These are slight airy toys. But tell me, pray,
 What has the House of Commons done today?'
 Then shows his politics, 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 genteel things, give us more sport;
 Damn me, I'm sure 'twill never please the court.'
 Such fops are never pleased, unless the play
 Be stuffed with fools, as brisk and dull as they:
 Such might the half-crown spare, and in a glass^o
 At home, behold a more accomplished ass,
 Where they may set their cravats, wigs and faces,

And practise all their buffoonry grimaces;
 See how this huff becomes, this dammee stare,^o
 Which they at home may act, because they dare,
 But must with prudent caution do elsewhere.
 Oh, that our Nokes, or Tony Leigh, could show^o
 A fop but half so much to th'life as you.