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OXFORD WORLD'S CLASSICS

APHRA BEHN

The Rover
The Feigned Courtesans
The Lucky Chance
The Emperor of the Moon

Edited with an Introduction by
JANE SPENCER

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THE LUCKY CHANGE

For being so they well deserve the shame,
'Tis the worst scandal to have borne that name.
At poetry of late, and such whose skill
Excels your own, you dart a feeble quill;
Well may you rail at what you ape so ill.
With virtuous women, and all men of worth,
You're in a state of mortal war by birth.
Nature in all her atom-fights ne'er knew°
Two things so opposite as them and you.
On such your muse her utmost fury spends,
They're slandered worse than any but your friends.
More years may teach you better; the meanwhile,
If you can't mend your morals, mend your style.

*See the late
satire on
poetry°*

40

45

THE EMPEROR OF
THE MOON:

A Farce

The play was first performed at the Dorset Garden Theatre in
March or April 1687, with the following cast:

Doctor Baliardo ^o	<i>Mr Underhill</i>
Scaramouch ^o (his man)	<i>Mr Leigh</i>
Pedro (his boy)	
Don Cinthio ^o	<i>Young Mr Powell</i>
Don Charmante	<i>Mr Mountfort</i>
(both nephews to the viceroy, and lovers of Elaria and Bellemante)	
Harlequin ^o (Cinthio's man)	<i>Mr Jevon</i>
Officer and Clerk	
[Page]	
Elaria ^o (daughter to the doctor)	<i>Mrs Cooke</i>
Bellemante (niece to the doctor)	<i>Mrs Mountfort</i>
Mopsophil (governante to the young ladies)	<i>Mrs Corey</i>
[Florinda]	
The persons in the moon are Don Cinthio (Emperor); Don Char- mante (Prince of Thunderland); their attendants (persons that represent the court cards)	
Kepler and Galileus ^o (two philosophers)	
Twelve persons representing the figures of the twelve signs of the zodiac	
Negroes, and persons that dance	
Music, kettledrums, and trumpets	

THE SCENE

Naples

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To the Lord Marquess of Worcester, &c.^o

My Lord,

It is a common notion, that gathers as it goes, and is almost become
a vulgar error, that dedications in our age, are only the effects of
flattery, a form of compliment, and no more; so that the great, to
whom they are only due, decline those noble patronages that were so
generally allowed the ancient poets, since the awful custom has
been so scandalized by mistaken addresses; and many a worthy
piece is lost for want of some honourable protection, and sometimes
many indifferent ones traverse the world with that advantageous
passport only.

This humble offering, which I presume to lay at your lordship's
feet, is of that critical nature, that it does not only require the
patronage of a great title, but of a great man too, and there is often
times a vast difference between those two great things; and amongst
all the most elevated, there are but very few in whom an illustrious
birth and equal parts complete the hero; but among those, your
lordship bears the first rank, from a just claim, both of the glories of
your race and virtues. Nor need we look back into long past ages, to
bring down to ours the magnanimous deeds of your ancestors: we
need no more than to behold (what we have so often done with
wonder) those of the great Duke of Beauford,^o your illustrious father,
whose every single action is a glorious and lasting precedent to all the
future great ones; whose unshaken loyalty, and all other eminent
virtues, have rendered him to us, something more than man, and
which alone deserving a whole volume, would be here but to lessen
his fame, to mix his grandeurs with those of any other; and while I
am addressing to the son, who is only worthy of that noble blood he
boasts, and who gives the world a prospect of those coming gallantries
that will equal those of his glorious father; already, my lord, all you
say and do is admired, and every touch of your pen revered; the
excellency and quickness of your wit, is the subject that fills the world
most agreeably. For my own part, I never presume to contemplate
your lordship, but my soul bows with a perfect veneration to your
mighty mind; and while I have adored the delicate effects of your
uncommon wit, I have wished for nothing more than an opportunity

of expressing my infinite sense of it; and this ambition, my lord, was one motive of my present presumption, in the dedicating this farce to your lordship.

I am sensible, my lord, how far the word farce might have offended some, whose titles of honour, a knack in dressing, or his art in writing a billet doux, had been his chiefest talent, and who, without considering the intent, character, or nature of the thing, would have cried out upon the language, and have damned it (because the persons in it did not all talk like heroes) as too debased and vulgar to entertain a man of quality; but I am secure from this censure, when your lordship shall be its judge, whose refined sense, and delicacy of judgement, will, through all the humble actions and trivialness of business, find nature there, and that diversion which was not meant for the numbers, who comprehend nothing beyond the show and buffoonery.

A very barren and thin hint of the plot I had from the Italian, and which, even as it was, was acted in France eighty-odd times without intermission.^o 'Tis now much altered, and adapted to our English theatre and genius, who cannot find an entertainment at so cheap a rate as the French will, who are content with almost any incoherences, howsoever shuffled together under the name of a farce;^o which I have endeavoured as much as the thing would bear, to bring within the compass of possibility and nature, that I might as little impose upon the audience as I could; all the words are wholly new,^o without one from the original. 'Twas calculated for his late majesty^o of sacred memory, that great patron of noble poetry, and the stage, for whom the muses must for ever mourn, and whose loss, only the blessing of so illustrious a successor can ever repair; and 'tis a great pity to see that best and most useful diversion of mankind, whose magnificence of old was the most certain sign of a flourishing state, now quite undone by the misapprehension of the ignorant, and misrepresentings of the envious, which evidently shows the world is improved in nothing but pride, ill nature, and affected nicety; and the only diversion of the town now, is high dispute, and public controversies in taverns, coffee-houses, &c., and those things which ought to be the greatest mysteries in religion, and so rarely the business of discourse, are turned into ridicule, and look but like so many fanatical^o stratagems to ruin the pulpit as well as the stage. The defence of the first is left to the reverend gown, but the departing stage can be no otherwise restored, but by some leading spirits so generous, so public, and so indefatigable as that of your lordship, whose patronages are sufficient to support it, whose wit and judgement to defend it, and

whose goodness and quality to justify it; such encouragement would inspire the poets with new arts to please, and the actors with industry. 'Twas this that occasioned so many admirable plays heretofore, as Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, and Jonson's, and 'twas this alone that made the town able to keep so many play-houses alive, who now cannot supply one.^o However, my lord, I, for my part, will no longer complain, if this piece find but favour in your lordship's eyes, and that it be so happy to give your lordship one hour's diversion, which is the only honour and fame is wished to crown all the endeavours of,

my lord, your lordship's most humble, and
most obedient servant,
A. Behn.

Prologue

spoken by Mr Jevon°

[JEVON] Long, and at vast expense, the industrious stage

Has strove to please a dull ungrateful age:
With heroes and with gods we first began,
And thundered to you in heroic strain:
Some dying love-sick queen each night you enjoyed,
And with magnificence, at last were cloyed:
Our drums and trumpets frightened all the women;
Our fighting scared the beaux and billet-doux men.
So spark, in an intrigue of quality,
Grows weary of his splendid drudgery;
Hates the fatigue, and cries, 'a pox upon her,
What a damned bustle's here with love and honour?'

In humbler comedy we next appear,
No fop or cuckold, but slap-dash we had him here;
We showed you all, but you, malicious grown,
Friends' vices to expose, and hide your own,
Cry, 'damn it—this is such or such a one'.
Yet, nettled: 'plague, what does the scribbler mean,
With his damned characters, and plot obscene?
No woman without vizard in the nation,
Can see it twice, and keep her reputation—that's certain.'

Forgetting—
That he himself, in every gross lampoon,
Her lewder secrets spreads about the town;
Whilst their feigned niceness is but cautious fear
Their own intrigues should be unravelled here.

Our next recourse was dwindling down to farce,
Then: 'zounds, what stuff's here? 'tis all o'er my—'
Well, gentlemen, since none of these has sped,
'Gad, we have bought a share i'th' speaking head.
So there you'll save a sice,
You love good husbandry in all but vice;
Whoring and drinking only bears a price.

The head rises upon a twisted post, on a bench, from under the stage. After [this] Jevon speaks to its mouth

Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

STENTOR Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

After this it sings 'Sawny',° laughs, [and] cries 'God bless the king' in order. [Jevon speaks to its mouth again]

STENTOR (answers) Speak louder, Jevon, if you'd have me repeat—
[JEVON]° Plague of this rogue, he will betray the cheat.

[Jevon] speaks louder, [the head] answers indirectly°

—Hum—There 'tis again,
Pox of your echo with a northern strain.
Well—this will be but a nine days' wonder too;
There's nothing lasting but the puppets' show.
What lady's heart so hard, but it would move,
To hear Philander and Irene's love?
Those sisters too, the scandalous wits do say,
Two nameless, keeping beaux have made so gay;
But those amours are perfect sympathy,
Their gallants being as mere machines as they.
Oh! how the city wife, with her nown ninny,
Is charmed with, 'come into my coach, Miss Jinny, Miss Jinny.'
But, overturning, Fribble cries, 'Adznigs,
The juggling rogue has murdered all his kids.'
The men of war cry, 'pox on't, this is dull,
We are for rough sports: Dog Hector, and the Bull.'
Thus each in his degree diversion finds,
Your sports are suited to your mighty minds;
Whilst so much judgement in your choice you show,
The puppets have more sense than some of you.

1.1

*A Chamber**Enter Elaria and Mopsophil*

[ELARIA sings]° *A curse upon that faithless maid,
Who first her sex's liberty betrayed;
Born free as man to love and range,
Till nobler nature did to custom change:
Custom, that dull excuse for fools,
Who think all virtue to consist in rules.*

*From Love our fetters never sprung,
That smiling god, all wanton, gay, and young,
Shows by his wings he cannot be
Confined to a restless slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fixed to glittering courts or shady groves.*

*Then she that constancy professed,
Was but a well dissembler at the best;
And that imaginary sway
She feigned to give, in seeming to obey,
Was but the height of prudent art,
To deal with greater liberty her heart.*

After the song Elaria gives her lute to Mopsophil

This does not divert me:

Nor nothing will, till Scaramouch return,

And bring me news of Cinthio.

MOPSOPHIL Truly I was so sleepy last night, I know nothing of the adventure, for which you are kept so close a prisoner today, and more strictly guarded than usual.

ELARIA Cinthio came with music last night under my window, which my father hearing, sallied out with his myrmidons upon him; and clashing of swords I heard, but what hurt was done, or whether Cinthio were discovered to him, I know not; but the billet I sent him now by Scaramouch, will occasion me soon intelligence.

MOPSOPHIL And see, madam, where your trusty Roger° comes.

Enter Scaramouch peeping on all sides before he enters

[To Scaramouch] You may advance, and fear none but your friends.

SCARAMOUCH Away, and keep the door.

ELARIA Oh, dear Scaramouch! hast thou been at the viceroy's?

SCARAMOUCH (*in heat*) Yes, yes.

ELARIA And hast thou delivered my letter to his nephew Don Cinthio? 35

SCARAMOUCH Yes, yes, what should I deliver else?

ELARIA Well, and how does he?

SCARAMOUCH (*fanning himself with his cap*) Lord, how should he do?

Why, what a laborious thing it is to be a pimp! 40

ELARIA Why, well he should do.

SCARAMOUCH So he is, as well as a night-adventuring lover can be: he has got but one wound, madam.

ELARIA How! Wounded, say you? Oh heavens! 'Tis not mortal?

SCARAMOUCH Why, I have no great skill; but they say it may be dangerous. 45

ELARIA I die with fear; where is he wounded?

SCARAMOUCH Why, madam, he is run—quite through the—heart; but the man may live, if I please.

ELARIA Thou please! Torment me not with riddles. 50

SCARAMOUCH Why, madam, there is a certain cordial balsam, called a fair lady—which, outwardly applied to his bosom, will prove a better cure than all your weapon-salve,° or sympathetic powder°—meaning your ladyship.

ELARIA Is Cinthio then not wounded? 55

SCARAMOUCH No otherwise than by your fair eyes, madam; he got away unseen and unknown.

ELARIA Dost know how precious time is, and dost thou fool it away thus? What said he to my letter?

SCARAMOUCH What should he say? 60

ELARIA Why, a hundred dear soft things of love, kiss it as often, and bless me for my goodness.

SCARAMOUCH Why, so he did.

ELARIA Ask thee a thousand questions of my health after my last night's fright. 65

SCARAMOUCH So he did.

ELARIA Expressing all the kind concern love could inspire, for the punishment my father has inflicted on me, for entertaining him at my window last night.

SCARAMOUCH All this he did. 70

ELARIA And for my being confined a prisoner to my apartment, without the hope or almost possibility of seeing him any more.

SCARAMOUCHE There I think you are a little mistaken; for (besides the plot that I have laid to bring you together all this night) there are such stratagems a-brewing, not only to bring you together, but with your father's consent, too; such a plot, madam! 75

ELARIA Aye, that would be worthy of thy brain; prithee what?

SCARAMOUCHE Such a device!

ELARIA I'm impatient.

SCARAMOUCHE Such a conundrum! Well, if there be wise men and conjurers in the world, they are intriguing lovers. 80

ELARIA Out with it.

SCARAMOUCHE You must know, madam, your father, (my master the doctor) is a little whimsical, romantic, or Don Quick-sottish,^o or so. 85

ELARIA Or rather mad.

SCARAMOUCHE That were uncivil to be supposed by me; but lunatic we may call him without breaking the decorum of good manners, for he is always travelling to the moon.

ELARIA And so religiously believes there is a world there, that he discourses as gravely of the people, their government, institutions, laws, manners, religion and constitution, as if he had been bred a Machiavel^o there. 90

SCARAMOUCHE How came he thus infected first?

ELARIA With reading foolish books, Lucian's *Dialogue of Icaromenippus*,^o who flew up to the moon, and thence to heaven; an heroic business called *The Man in the Moon*,^o if you'll believe a Spaniard, who was carried thither, upon an engine drawn by wild geese; with another philosophical piece, *A Discourse of the World in the Moon*,^o with a thousand other ridiculous volumes too hard to name. 95 100

SCARAMOUCHE Aye, this reading of books is a pernicious thing. I was like to have run mad once, reading Sir John Mandeville;^o but to the business. I went, as you know, to Don Cinthio's lodgings, where I found him with his dear friend Charmante, laying their heads together for a farce. 105

ELARIA A farce!

SCARAMOUCHE Aye, a farce, which shall be called *The World in the Moon*: wherein your father shall be so imposed on, as shall bring matters most magnificently about.

ELARIA I cannot conceive thee, but the design must be good since Cinthio and Charmante own it. 110

SCARAMOUCHE In order to this, Charmante is dressing himself like one of the cabalists^o of the Rosicrucian order,^o and is coming to

prepare my credulous master for the greater imposition. I have his trinkets here to play upon him, which shall be ready. 115

ELARIA But the farce, where is it to be acted?

SCARAMOUCHE Here, here, in this very house; I am to order the decoration, adorn a stage, and place scenes proper.

ELARIA How can this be done without my father's knowledge?

SCARAMOUCHE You know the old apartment next the great orchard, and the worm-eaten gallery, that opens to the river; which place for several years nobody has frequented; there all things shall be acted proper for our purpose. 120

Enter Mopsophil, running

MOPSA Run, run, Scaramouch; my master's conjuring^o for you like mad below: he calls up all his little devils with horrid names, his microscope, his horoscope, his telescope, and all his scopes.^o 125

SCARAMOUCHE Here, here: I had almost forgot the letters; here's one for you, and one for Mrs Bellemante.

[Scaramouch gives Elaria two letters, and] runs out. Enter Bellemante, with a book

BELLEMANTE Here, take my prayer book, oh *ma très chère*.^o

[Bellemante] embraces [Elaria]

ELARIA Thy eyes are always laughing, Bellemante. 130

BELLEMANTE And so would yours, had they been so well employed as mine this morning. I have been at the chapel, and seen so many beaux, such a number of *plumés*,^o I could not tell which I should look on most; sometimes my heart was charmed with the gay blonding, then with the melancholy *noir*, anon the amiable brunette;^o sometimes the bashful, then again the bold; the little now, anon the lovely tall! In fine, my dear, I was embarrassed on all sides, I did nothing but deal my heart *tout autour*.^o 135

ELARIA Oh, there was then no danger, cousin.

BELLEMANTE No, but abundance of pleasure. 140

ELARIA Why, this is better than sighing for Charmante.

BELLEMANTE That's when he's present only, and makes his court to me; I can sigh to a lover, but will never sigh after him; but oh, the beaux, the beaux, cousin, that I saw at church!

ELARIA Oh, you had great devotion to heaven, then! 145

BELLEMANTE And so I had, for I did nothing but admire its handiwork; but I could not have prayed heartily if I had been dying; but a deuce on't, who should come in and spoil all but my lover Charmante, so dressed, so gallant, that he drew together all the scattered fragments of my heart, confined my wandering 150

thoughts, and fixed 'em all on him: oh, how he looked, how he was dressed! (*Sings*)

*Chevalier, à cheveux blonds,
Plus de mouche, plus de poudre,
Plus de ribbons et canons.*°

Oh, what a dear ravishing thing is the beginning of an amour!
ELARIA Thou'rt still in tune; when wilt thou be tame, Bellemante?
BELLEMANTE When I am weary of loving, Elaria.
ELARIA To keep up your humour, here's a letter from your Char-
mante.

[*Elaria gives Bellemante a letter*]

BELLEMANTE (*reads*) 'Malicious creature, when wilt thou cease to torment me, and either appear less charming, or more kind? I languish when from you, and am wounded when I see you, and yet I am eternally courting my pain. Cinthio and I are contriving how we shall see you tonight. Let us not toil in vain; we ask but your consent: the pleasure will all be ours, 'tis therefore fit we suffer all the fatigue. Grant this, and love me, if you will save the life of your Charmante.'—Live, then, Charmante! Live as long as love can last!

ELARIA Well, cousin, Scaramouch tells me of rare designs a-hatching, to relieve us from this captivity; here are we mew'd up, to be espoused to two moon-calves° for aught I know; for the devil of any human thing is suffered to come near us without our governante, and keeper,° Mr Scaramouch.

BELLEMANTE Who, if he had no more honesty and conscience than my uncle, would let us pine for want of lovers; but heaven be praised, the generosity of our cavaliers has opened their obdurate hearts with a golden key, that lets 'em in at all opportunities. Come, come, let's in, and answer their billets doux.°

Exeunt

1.2

A garden

Enter Doctor, with all manner of mathematical instruments hanging at his girdle; Scaramouch bearing a telescope twenty (or more) foot long°

DOCTOR Set down the telescope. Let me see, what hour is it?

SCARAMOUCH About six o'clock, sir.

DOCTOR Then 'tis about the hour that the great monarch of the upper world enters into his closet. Mount, mount the telescope.

SCARAMOUCH What to do, sir?

DOCTOR I understand, of certain moments critical,° one may be snatched of such a mighty consequence to let the sight into the secret closet.

SCARAMOUCH How, sir, peep into the king's closet? Under favour, sir, that will be something uncivil.

DOCTOR Uncivil? It were flat treason if it should be known; but thus unseen, and as wise politicians should, I take survey of all: this is the statesman's peeping-hole, through which he steals the secrets of his king, and seems to wink at distance.°

SCARAMOUCH The very key-hole, sir, through which, with half an eye, he sees him even at his devotion, sir.

A knocking at the garden gate

DOCTOR Take care none enter.

Scaramouch goes to the door°

SCARAMOUCH Oh, sir, sir, here's some strange great man come to wait on you.

DOCTOR Great man! from whence?

SCARAMOUCH Nay, from the moon world, for aught I know, for he looks not like the people of the lower orb.

DOCTOR Ha! and that may be: wait on him in.

Exit Scaramouch. [Re-]enter Scaramouch bare,° bowing before Charmante, dressed in a strange fantastical habit,° with Harlequin.° [Charmante] salutes the doctor. [Exit Scaramouch]

CHARMANTE Doctor Baliardo, most learned sir, all hail; hail from the great cabala°—of Eutopia.°

DOCTOR Most reverend bard, thrice welcome. (*Salutes him low*)°

CHARMANTE The fame° of your great learning, sir, and virtue, is known with joy to the renowned society.°

DOCTOR Fame, sir, has done me too much honour, to bear my name to the renowned cabala.

CHARMANTE You must not attribute it all to fame, sir; they are too learned and wise to take up things from fame, sir. Our intelligence is by ways more secret and sublime: the stars, and little demons of the air, inform us all things, past, present, and to come.

DOCTOR I must confess the Count of Gabalis^o renders it plain, from writ divine and human, there are such friendly and intelligent demons.

CHARMANTE I hope you do not doubt that doctrine,^o sir, which holds that the four elements are peopled with persons of a form and species more divine than vulgar mortals. Those of the fiery regions we call the salamanders: they beget kings and heroes, with spirits like their deietical^o sires. The lovely inhabitants of the water, we call nymphs. Those of the earth are gnomes or fairies. Those of the air are sylphs.^o These, sir, when in conjunction with mortals, beget immortal races: such as the first-born man, which had continued so, had the first man ne'er doted on a woman.

DOCTOR I am of that opinion, sir; man was not made for woman.

CHARMANTE Most certain, sir, man was to have been immortalized by the love and conversation of these charming sylphs and nymphs, and woman by the gnomes and salamanders, and to have stocked the world with demi-gods, such as at this day inhabit the empire of the moon.

DOCTOR Most admirable philosophy and reason. But do these sylphs and nymphs appear in shapes?^o

CHARMANTE Of the most beautiful of all the sons and daughters of the universe. Imagination itself, imagination is not half so charming: and then so soft, so kind! But none but the cabala and their families are blessed with their divine addresses. Were you but once admitted into that society—

DOCTOR Aye, sir, what virtues or what merits can accomplish me for that great honour?

CHARMANTE An absolute abstinence from carnal thought,^o devout and pure of spirit; free from sin.

DOCTOR I dare not boast my virtues, sir; is there no way to try my purity?

CHARMANTE Are you very secret?

DOCTOR 'Tis my first principle, sir—

CHARMANTE And one the most material in our Rosicrucian order. Please you to make a trial?

DOCTOR As how, sir, I beseech you?

CHARMANTE If you be thoroughly purged from vice, the optics of your sight will be so illuminated, that glancing through this telescope, you may behold one of those lovely creatures, that people the vast region of the air.

DOCTOR Sir, you oblige profoundly.

CHARMANTE Kneel then, and try your strength of virtue, sir. Keep your eye fixed and open.

[Doctor Baliardo] looks in the telescope. While he is looking, Charmante goes to the door to Scaramouch, who waited on purpose without, and takes a glass with a picture of a nymph on it, and a light behind it,^o that as he brings it, it shows to the audience. [Charmante] goes to the end of the telescope

CHARMANTE Can you discern, sir?

DOCTOR Methinks I see a kind of glorious cloud drawn up—and now—'tis gone again.

CHARMANTE Saw you no figure?

DOCTOR None.

CHARMANTE Then make a short prayer to Alikin,^o the spirit of the east; shake off all earthly thoughts, and look again.

[Doctor] prays. Charmante puts the glass into the mouth of the telescope^o

DOCTOR Astonished, ravished with delight, I see a beauty young and angel-like, leaning upon a cloud.

CHARMANTE Seems she on a bed? Then she's reposing, and you must not gaze.

DOCTOR Now a cloud veils her from me.

CHARMANTE She saw you peeping then, and drew the curtain of the air between.

DOCTOR I am all rapture, sir, at this rare vision. Is't possible, sir, that I may ever hope the conversation of so divine a beauty?

CHARMANTE Most possible, sir; they will court you, their whole delight is to immortalize: Alexander^o was begot by a salamander, that visited his mother in the form of a serpent, because he would not make King Philip jealous; and that famous philosopher, Merlin,^o was begotten on a vestal nun, a certain king's daughter, by a most beautiful young salamander; as indeed all the heroes, and men of mighty minds are.

DOCTOR Most excellent!

CHARMANTE The nymph Egeria, enamoured on Numa Pompilius,^o came to him invisible to all eyes else, and gave him all his wisdom

and philosophy. Zoroaster,^o Trismegistus,^o Apuleius,^o Aquinas,^o Albertus Magnus,^o Socrates, and Virgil had their Zilphid,^o which foolish people called their demon or devil. But you are wise, sir.^o
DOCTOR But do you imagine, sir, they will fall in love with an old mortal?

CHARMANTE They love not like the vulgar; 'tis the immortal part they dote upon.

DOCTOR But, sir, I have a niece and daughter which I love equally; were it not possible they might be immortalized?

CHARMANTE No doubt on't, sir, if they be pure and chaste.

DOCTOR I think they are, and I'll take care to keep 'em so; for I confess, sir, I would fain have a hero to my grandson.

CHARMANTE You never saw the emperor of the moon, sir, the mighty Iredonozar?^o

DOCTOR Never, sir; his court I have, but 'twas confusedly too.

CHARMANTE Refine your thoughts, sir, by a moment's prayer, and try again.

[Doctor] prays. Charmante claps the glass with the emperor^o on it [onto the telescope. Doctor] looks in, and sees it

DOCTOR It is too much, too much for mortal eyes! I see a monarch seated on a throne; but seems most sad and pensive.

CHARMANTE Forbear then, sir, for now his love-fit's on, and then he would be private.

DOCTOR His love-fit, sir!

CHARMANTE Aye, sir, the emperor's in love with some fair mortal.

DOCTOR And can he not command her?

CHARMANTE Yes, but her quality being too mean, he struggles, though a king, 'twixt love and honour.

DOCTOR It were too much to know the mortal, sir?

CHARMANTE 'Tis yet unknown, sir, to the cabalists, who now are using all their arts to find her, and serve his majesty; but now my great affair deprives me of you. Tomorrow, sir, I'll wait on you again; and now I've tried your virtue, tell you wonders.

DOCTOR I humbly kiss your hands, most learned sir.

Charmante goes out. Doctor waits on him to the door, and returns; [enter] to him Scaramouch. All this while Harlequin was hid in the hedges,^o peeping now and then, and when his master went out he was left behind

SCARAMOUCH *[aside]* So, so, Don Charmante has played his part most exquisitely; I'll in and see how it works in his pericranium. *[To Doctor]* Did you call, sir?

DOCTOR Scaramouch, I have for thy singular wit and honesty, always had a tenderness for thee above that of a master to a servant.

SCARAMOUCH I must confess it, sir.

DOCTOR Thou hast virtue and merit that deserves much.

SCARAMOUCH Oh lord, sir!

DOCTOR And I may make thee great: all I require, is, that thou wilt double thy diligent care of my daughter and my niece, for there are mighty things designed for them, if we can keep 'em from the sight of man.

SCARAMOUCH The sight of man, sir!

DOCTOR Aye, and the very thoughts of man.

SCARAMOUCH What antidote is there to be given to a young wench, against the disease of love and longing?

DOCTOR Do you your part, and because I know thee discreet and very secret, I will hereafter discover wonders to thee. On pain of life, look to the girls; that's your charge.

SCARAMOUCH Doubt me not, sir, and I hope your reverence will reward my faithful service with Mopsophil, your daughter's governante, who is rich, and has long had my affection, sir.

HARLEQUIN *(peeping, cries)* Oh, traitor!

DOCTOR Set not thy heart on transitories, mortal,^o there are better things in store: besides, I have promised her to a farmer for his son. Come in with me, and bring the telescope.

Exeunt Doctor and Scaramouch. Harlequin comes out on the stage^o

HARLEQUIN My mistress Mopsophil to marry a farmer's son! What, am I then forsaken, abandoned by the false fair one! If I have honour, I must die with rage; Reproaching gently, and complaining madly. It is resolved, I'll hang myself. No: when did I ever hear of a hero that hanged himself? No, 'tis the death of rogues. What if I drown myself? No: useless dogs and puppies are drowned; a pistol or a caper on my own sword^o would look more nobly, but that I have a natural aversion to pain. Besides, it is as vulgar as rat's-bane, or the slicing of the weasand. No, I'll die a death uncommon, and leave behind me an eternal fame. I have somewhere read in an author, either ancient or modern, of a man that laughed to death. I am very ticklish, and am resolved to die that death. Oh Mopsophil, my cruel Mopsophil!

Pulls off his hat, sword, and shoes

—And now, farewell the world, fond love, and mortal cares.

[Harlequin] falls to tickle himself,° his head, his ears, his arm-pits, hands, sides, and soles of his feet; making ridiculous cries and noises of laughing several ways, with antic leaps and skips; at last falls down as dead. Enter Scaramouch

SCARAMOUCH Harlequin was left in the garden, I'll tell him the news of Mopsophil.

Going forward, [Scaramouch] tumbles over [Harlequin]

Ha, what's here? Harlequin dead!

[Scaramouch] heaving him up, [Harlequin] flies in a rage

HARLEQUIN Who is't that thus would rob me of my honour? 180

SCARAMOUCH Honour? Why, I thought thou'dst been dead.

HARLEQUIN Why so I was, and the most agreeably dead.

SCARAMOUCH I came to bemoan with thee the common° loss of our mistress.

HARLEQUIN I know it, sir, I know it, and that thou'rt as false as she: 185
was't not a covenant between us, that neither should take advantage of the other, but both should have fair play? And yet you basely went to undermine me, and ask her of the doctor! But since she's gone, I scorn to quarrel for her; but let's, like loving brothers, hand in hand, leap from some precipice into the sea. 190

SCARAMOUCH What, and spoil all my clothes? I thank you for that; no, I have a newer way: you know I lodge four pair of stairs high, let's ascend thither, and after saying our prayers—

HARLEQUIN Prayers! I never heard of a dying hero that ever prayed.

SCARAMOUCH Well, I'll not stand with you° for a trifle. Being come 195
up, I'll open the casement, take you by the heels, and fling you out into the street; after which, you have no more to do, but to come up and throw me down in my turn.

HARLEQUIN The achievement's great and new; but now I think on't, I'm resolved to hear my sentence from the mouth of the perfidious 200
trollup, for yet I cannot credit it.

I'll to the gipsy, though I venture banging,
To be undeceived, 'tis hardly worth the hanging.

Exeunt

[1.3]

The chamber of Bellemante

Enter Scaramouch, groping°

SCARAMOUCH So, I have got rid of my rival, and shall here get an opportunity to speak with Mopsophil, for hither she must come anon, to lay the young ladies' night-things in order; I'll hide myself in some corner till she come.

[Scaramouch] goes on to the further side of the stage.

Enter Harlequin, groping

HARLEQUIN So, I made my rival believe I was gone, and hid myself, 5
till I got this opportunity to steal to Mopsophil's apartment, which must be hereabouts, for from these windows she used to entertain my love.

[Harlequin] advances

SCARAMOUCH Ha, I hear a soft tread: if it were Mopsophil's, she 10
would not come by dark.

Harlequin, advancing, runs against a table and almost strikes himself backwards

HARLEQUIN What was that? A table: there I may obscure myself.—
(*Groping for the table*) What a devil, is it vanished?

SCARAMOUCH Devil—vanished—what can this mean? 'Tis a man's 15
voice. If it should be my master the doctor, now, I were a dead man! He can't see me; and I'll put myself into such a posture, that if he feel me, he shall as soon take me for a church spout as a man.

[Scaramouch] puts himself into a posture ridiculous, his arms akimbo, his knees wide open, his backside almost touching the ground, his mouth stretched wide, and his eyes staring. Harlequin, groping, thrusts his hand into [Scaramouch's] mouth. [Scaramouch] bites him. [Harlequin] dares not cry out

HARLEQUIN Ha, what's this? All mouth, with twenty rows of teeth. 20
Now dare not I cry out, lest the doctor should come, find me here, and kill me. I'll try if it be mortal.

Making damnable faces and signs of pain, [Harlequin] draws a dagger. Scaramouch feels the point of it, and shrinks back, letting go his hand.

SCARAMOUCH Who the devil can this be? I felt a poniard, and am glad I saved my skin from pinking.

[Scaramouch] steals out. Harlequin, groping about, finds the table, on which there is a carpet, and creeps under it, listening. Enter Bellemante, with a candle in one hand, and a book in the other

BELLEMANTE I am in a *belle* humour for poetry tonight. I'll make some boremes^o on love.

[Bellemante] writes and studies

'Out of a great curiosity,

A shepherd did demand of me.'

—No, no: 'A shepherd this implored of me'—

[She] scratches out [the words], and writes anew

Aye, aye, so it shall go.

'Tell me, said he, can you resign?'

—Resign, aye, what shall rhyme to resign? 'Tell me, said he'—

She lays down the tablets, and walks about. Harlequin peeps from under the table, takes the book, writes in it, and lays it up before she can turn. [She] reads

Aye, aye, so it shall be.—

'Tell me, said he, my Bellemante,

Will you be kind to your Charmante?'

[She] reads those two lines, and is amazed

—Ha! Heavens! what's this? I am amazed! And yet I'll venture once more.

[She] writes and studies, [and] writes [again]

'I blushed, and veiled my wishing eyes.'

[She] lays down the book, and walks as before

'Wishing eyes'—

Harlequin writes as before. She turns and takes the tablet^o

'And answered only with my sighs.'—Ha, what is this?

Witchcraft, or some divinity of love? Some cupid sure invisible.

Once more I'll try the charm.

Bellemante writes

'Could I a better way my love impart—'

[She] studies and walks

'Impart—'

He writes as before. [She reads]^o

'And, without speaking, tell him all my heart?'

—'Tis here again, but where's the hand that writ it?

[She] looks about

The little deity that will be seen

But only in his miracles. It cannot be a devil,

For here's no sin nor mischief in all this.

Enter Charmante. [Bellemante] hides the tablet; he steps to her and snatches it from her, and reads

CHARMANTE (reads) 'Out of a great curiosity,

A shepherd this implored of me:

Tell me, said he, my Bellemante,

Will you be kind to your Charmante?

I blushed, and veiled my wishing eyes,

And answered only with my sighs:

Could I a better way my love impart,

And, without speaking, tell him all my heart?'

—Whose is this different character?^o (Looks angry)

BELLEMANTE 'Tis yours, for aught I know.

CHARMANTE Away, my name was put here for a blind. What rhyming fop have you been clubbing wit withal?

BELLEMANTE Ah, *mon Dieu!* Charmante jealous!

CHARMANTE Have I not cause? Who writ these boremes?

BELLEMANTE Some kind assisting deity, for aught I know.

CHARMANTE Some kind assisting coxcomb, that I know.

The ink's yet wet, the spark is near I find.

BELLEMANTE Ah, *malheureuse!*^o How was I mistaken in this man!

CHARMANTE Mistaken! What, did you take me for an easy fool to be imposed upon? One that would be cuckolded by every feathered fool that you should call a *beau, un gallant homme?* 'Sdeath! Who would dote upon a fond she-fop? A vain conceited amorous coquette!

[Charmante] goes out, [Bellemante] pulls him back. Enter Scaramouch, running

SCARAMOUCH Oh, madam! hide your lover, or we are all undone.

CHARMANTE I will not hide, till I know the thing that made the verses.

DOCTOR (calling, as on the stairs) Bellemante, niece! Bellemante!

SCARAMOUCH She's coming, sir.—Where, where shall I hide him?

Oh, the closet's open!

[Scaramouch] thrusts [Charmante] into the closet^o by force.

[Enter Doctor]

DOCTOR Oh, niece! Ill luck, ill luck, I must leave you tonight; my brother the advocate is sick, and has sent for me; 'tis three long leagues, and dark as 'tis, I must go. They say he's dying.

[Doctor] pulls out his keys; one falls down

Here, take my keys, and go into my study, and look over all my papers, and bring me all those marked with a cross and figure of three: they concern my brother and me.

[Bellemante] looks on Scaramouch, and makes pitiful signs, and goes out

—Come, Scaramouch, and get me ready for my journey, and on your life let not a door be opened till my return.

Exeunt [Doctor and Scaramouch]. Enter Mopsophil.

Harlequin peeps from under the table

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] Ha! Mopsophil, and alone!

MOPSOPHIL Well, 'tis a delicious thing to be rich; what a world of lovers it invites: I have one for every hand, and the favourite for my lips.

HARLEQUIN [*aside*, *peeping*] Aye, him would I be glad to know.

MOPSOPHIL But of all my lovers, I am for the farmer's son, because he keeps a calash; and I'll swear a coach is the most agreeable thing about a man.

HARLEQUIN Ho, ho!

MOPSOPHIL Ah me! What's that?

HARLEQUIN [*answers in a shrill voice*] The ghost of a poor lover, dwindled into a hey-ho.

[*Harlequin rises from under the table and falls at [Mopsophil's] feet. Scaramouch enters. [Mopsophil] runs off squeaking*

SCARAMOUCH Ha, my rival and my mistress!—Is this done like a man of honour, Monsieur Harlequin, to take advantages to injure me?

[*Scaramouch draws*

HARLEQUIN All advantages are lawful in love and war.

SCARAMOUCH 'Twas contrary to our league and covenant;° therefore I defy thee as a traitor.

HARLEQUIN I scorn to fight with thee, because I once called thee brother.

SCARAMOUCH Then thou art a poltroon, that's to say, a coward.

HARLEQUIN Coward? Nay, then I am provoked: come on.

SCARAMOUCH Pardon me, sir, I gave the coward, and you ought to strike.

They go to fight ridiculously, and ever as Scaramouch passes, Harlequin leaps aside, and skips so nimbly about, he cannot touch him for his life; which after a while endeavouring in vain, [Scaramouch] lays down his sword

If you be for dancing, sir, I have my weapons for all occasions.

Scaramouch pulls out a flute doux,° and falls to playing.

Harlequin throws down his [sword], and falls a-dancing.

After the dance, they shake hands

HARLEQUIN Hey, my *bon ami*,° is not this better than duelling?

SCARAMOUCH But not altogether so heroic, sir. Well, for the future, let us have fair play; no tricks to undermine each other, but which of us is chosen to be the happy man, the other shall be content.

ELARIA [*within*] Cousin Bellemante, cousin.

SCARAMOUCH 'Slife, let's be gone, lest we be seen in the ladies' apartment.

Scaramouch slips Harlequin behind the door.° Enter Elaria

ELARIA [*to Scaramouch*] How now, how came you here?

[*Scaramouch signs to Harlequin to go out. [Exit Harlequin]*

SCARAMOUCH I came to tell you, madam, my master's just taking mule to go his journey tonight, and that Don Cinthio is in the street, for a lucky moment to enter in.

ELARIA But what if anyone by my father's order, or he himself, should by some chance surprise us?

SCARAMOUCH If we be, I have taken order against a discovery. I'll go see if the old gentleman be gone, and return with your lover.

[*Scaramouch goes out*

ELARIA I tremble, but know not whether 'tis with fear or joy.

Enter Cinthio

CINTHIO My dear Elaria!

[*Cinthio runs to embrace [Elaria]; she starts from him*

Ha; shun my arms, Elaria?

ELARIA Heavens! Why did you come so soon?

CINTHIO Is it too soon, when'er 'tis safe, Elaria?

ELARIA I die with fear. Met you not Scaramouch? He went to bid you wait awhile; what shall I do?

CINTHIO Why this concern? None of the house has seen me. I saw your father taking mule.

ELARIA Sure you mistake; methinks I hear his voice.

DOCTOR [*below*] My key, the key of my laboratory. Why, knave, Scaramouch, where are you?

ELARIA Do you hear that, sir? Oh, I'm undone! Where shall I hide you? He approaches!

[*Elaria searches where to hide [Cinthio]*

Ha, my cousin's closet's open:° step in a little.

[Cinthio] goes in; [Elaria] puts out the candle. Enter Doctor.
She gets round the chamber to the door,^o and as he advances
in, she steals out

DOCTOR Here I must have dropped it; a light, a light, there!

Enter Cinthio from the closet, pull[ing] Charmante out, they
not knowing each other

CINTHIO [aside] Oh, this perfidious woman! No marvel she was so
surprised and angry at my approach tonight.

CHARMANTE [aside] Who can this be? But I'll be prepared.

[Charmante] lays his hand on his sword. [Doctor] turns to the
door to call

DOCTOR Why, Scaramouch, knave, a light!

Enter Scaramouch with a light,^o and seeing the two lovers
there, runs against his master, puts out the candle, and flings
him down, and falls over him. At the entrance of the candle,
Charmante slipped from Cinthio into the closet. Cinthio gropes
to find him; when Mopsophil and Elaria, hearing a great
noise, enter with a light. Cinthio, finding he was discovered,
falls to acting a madman. Scaramouch helps up the doctor,
and bows

Ha, a man, and in my house! Oh dire misfortune!—Who are you, sir?

CINTHIO Men call me Gog Magog, the spirit of power;

My right hand riches holds, my left hand honour.

Is there a city wife would be a lady?

Bring her to me,

Her easy cuckold shall be dubbed a knight.^o

ELARIA Oh heavens! a madman, sir.

CINTHIO Is there a tawdry fop would have a title?

A rich mechanic that would be an alderman?

Bring 'em to me,

And I'll convert that coxcomb, and that blockhead,

Into your honour, and right worshipful.

DOCTOR Mad, stark mad!—Why, sirrah, rogue, Scaramouch: how
got this madman in?

While the doctor turns to Scaramouch, Cinthio speaks softly
to Elaria

CINTHIO (aside to [Elaria]) Oh, thou perfidious maid! Who hast thou
hid in yonder conscious closet?

SCARAMOUCH Why, sir, he was brought in a chair for your advice,
but how he rambed from the parlour to this chamber, I know not.

CINTHIO Upon a wingèd horse, ycleped Pegasus,

Swift as the fiery racers of the sun,

I fly, I fly;

See how I mount, and cut the liquid sky.

[Cinthio] runs out

DOCTOR Alas, poor gentleman, he's past all cure—but, sirrah, for the
future, take you care that no young mad patients be brought into
my house. 170

SCARAMOUCH I shall, sir; and see: [shows the key] here's your key you
looked for.

DOCTOR That's well; I must be gone. Bar up the doors, and upon
life or death let no man enter. 175

Ex[eunt] Doctor, and all [Elaria, Mopsophil, and

Scaramouch] with him, with the light. Charmante peeps out
[from the closet], and by degrees comes all out, listening every
step

CHARMANTE Who the devil could that be that pulled me from the
closet? But at last I'm free, and the doctor's gone. I'll to Cinthio,
and bring him to pass this night with our mistresses.

Exit [Charmante]. As he is gone off, enter Cinthio groping

CINTHIO Now for this lucky rival, if his stars will make this last part
of his adventure such. I hid myself in the next chamber, till I heard
the doctor go, only to return to be revenged. 180

[Cinthio] gropes his way into the closet, with his sword drawn.

Enter Elaria with a light

ELARIA Scaramouch tells me Charmante is concealed in the closet,
whom Cinthio surely has mistaken for some lover of mine, and is
jealous; but I'll send Charmante after him, to make my peace and
undecieve him. 185

[Elaria] goes to the door

—Sir, sir, where are you? they are all gone, you may adventure out.

Cinthio comes out

—Ha, Cinthio here!

CINTHIO Yes, madam, to your shame.

Now your perfidiousness is plain: false woman!

'Tis well your lover had the dexterity of escaping, I'd spoiled his
making love else. 190

[Cinthio] gets from [Elaria]; she holds him

ELARIA Prithee, hear me.

CINTHIO But since my ignorance of his person saves his life, live and
possess him, till I can discover him.

[Cinthio] goes out

ELARIA Go, peevish fool,
Whose jealousy believes me given to change,
Let thy own torments be my just revenge.
Exit

195

2.1

[*A room in the doctor's house*]^o

An antic dance.^o *After the music has played, enter Elaria;*

[*enter*] *to her Bellemante*

ELARIA Heavens, Bellemante! Where have you been?

BELLEMANTE Fatigued with the most disagreeable affair, for a person of my humour, in the world. Oh, how I hate business, which I do no more mind, than a spark does the sermon, who is ogling his mistress at church all the while: I have been ruffling over twenty reams of paper for my uncle's writings.

5

Enter Scaramouch

SCARAMOUCH So, so, the old gentleman is departed this wicked world, and the house is our own for this night. Where are the sparks? Where are the sparks?

ELARIA Nay, heaven knows.

10

BELLEMANTE How! I hope not so; I left Charmante confined to my closet, when my uncle had like to have surprised us together. Is he not here?

ELARIA No, he's escaped, but he has made sweet doings.

BELLEMANTE Heavens, cousin! What?

15

ELARIA My father was coming into the chamber, and had like to have taken Cinthio with me, when, to conceal him, I put him into your closet, not knowing of Charmante's being there, and which, in the dark, he took for a gallant of mine. Had not my father's presence hindered, I believe there had been murder committed; however, they both escaped unknown.

20

SCARAMOUCH Pshaw, is this all? Lovers' quarrels are soon adjusted: I'll to 'em, unfold the riddle, and bring 'em back. Take no care, but go in and dress you for the ball; Mopsophil has habits which your lovers sent to put on: the fiddles,^o treat,^o and all are prepared.

25

Exit Scaramouch. Enter Mopsophil

MOPSOPHIL Madam, your cousin Florinda, with a lady, is come to visit you.

BELLEMANTE I'm glad on't; 'tis a good wench, and we'll trust her with our mirth and secret.

They go out

[2.2]

The street

Enter page with a flambeau,^o followed by Cinthio; [Cinthio] passes over the stage. Scaramouch follows Cinthio in a campaign coat

SCARAMOUCH 'Tis Cinthio.—Don Cinthio!

Scaramouch calls: [Cinthio] turns

Well, what's the quarrel? How fell ye out?

CINTHIO You may inform yourself, I believe, for these close intrigues cannot be carried out without your knowledge.

SCARAMOUCH What intrigues, sir? Be quick, for I'm in haste.

CINTHIO Who was the lover I surprised i'th' closet?

SCARAMOUCH *Deceptio visus*,^o sir: the error of the eyes.

CINTHIO Thou dog, I felt him, too; but since the rascal escaped me, I'll be revenged on thee.

[Cinthio] goes to beat [Scaramouch]; he, running away, runs against Harlequin, who is entering with Charmante, and is like to throw them both down

CHARMANTE Ha, what's the matter here?

SCARAMOUCH Signor Don Charmante.

Then [Scaramouch] struts courageously in with [Charmante and Harlequin]

CHARMANTE What, Cinthio in a rage? Who's the unlucky object?

CINTHIO All man and womankind: Elaria's false.

CHARMANTE Elaria false! take heed, sure her nice virtue

Is proof against the vices of her sex.

Say rather Bellemante;

She who by nature's light and wavering.

The town contains not such a false impertinent.

This evening I surprised her in her chamber

Writing of verses, and between her lines,

Some spark had newly penned his proper stuff.^o

Curse of the jilt, I'll be her fool no more.

HARLEQUIN I doubt you are mistaken in that, sir, for 'twas I was the spark that writ the proper stuff—to do you service.

CHARMANTE Thou!

SCARAMOUCH Aye, we that spend our lives and fortunes here to serve you—to be used like pimps and scoundrels. *[To Cinthio]*

Come, sir, satisfy him who 'twas was hid i'th' closet when he came in and found you.

CINTHIO Ha, is't possible? Was it Charmante?

CHARMANTE Was it you, Cinthio? Pox on't, what fools are we, we could not know one another by instinct?

SCARAMOUCH Well, well, dispute no more this clear case, but let's hasten to your mistresses.

CINTHIO I'm ashamed to appear before Elaria.

CHARMANTE And I to Bellemante.

SCARAMOUCH Come, come, take heart of grace; pull your hats down over your eyes; put your arms across;^o sigh and look scurvily;^o your simple looks are ever a token of repentance. Come, come along.

Exeunt

[2.3]

The inside of the house. The front of the scene is only a curtain or hangings to be drawn up at pleasure^o

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopsophil, [Florinda], and ladies, dressed in masking habits

ELARIA I am extremely pleased with these habits, cousin.

HELLEMANTE They are *à la gothic*^o and *uncommune*.^o

FLORINDA Your lovers have a very good fancy, cousin, I long to see 'em.

ELARIA And so do I. I wonder Scaramouch stays so, and what success he has.

HELLEMANTE You have no cause to doubt, you can so easily acquit yourself; but I, what shall I do, who can no more imagine who should write those boremes, than who I shall love next, if I break off with Charmante?

FLORINDA If he be a man of honour, cousin, when a maid protests her innocence—

HELLEMANTE Aye, but he's a man of wit too, cousin, and knows when women protest most, they likely lie most.

ELARIA Most commonly, for truth needs no asseveration.

HELLEMANTE That's according to the disposition of your lover, for some believe you most, when you most abuse and cheat 'em; some are so obstinate, they would damn a woman with protesting, before she can convince 'em.

ELARIA Such a one is not worth convincing; I would not make the world wise at the expense of a virtue. 20

BELLEMANTE Nay, he shall e'en remain as heaven made him for me, since there are men enough for all uses.

Enter Charmante and Cinthio, dressed in their gothic habits, Scaramouch, Harlequin, and music.° Charmante and Cinthio kneel

CINTHIO Can you forgive us?

Elaria takes him up

BELLEMANTE That, Cinthio, you're convinced, I do not wonder; but how Charmante's goodness is inspired, I know not. 25

[Bellemante] takes [Charmante] up

CHARMANTE Let it suffice I'm satisfied, my Bellemante.

ELARIA Pray know my cousin Florinda.

[Cinthio and Charmante] salute [Florinda]

BELLEMANTE Come, let's not lose time, since we are all friends.

CHARMANTE The best use we can make of it, is to talk of love.

BELLEMANTE Oh, we shall have time enough for that hereafter. 30
Besides, you may make love in dancing as well as in sitting; you may gaze, sigh, and press the hand, and now and then receive a kiss; what would you more?

CHARMANTE Yes, wish a little more.

BELLEMANTE We were unreasonable to forbid you that cold joy; nor shall you wish long in vain, if you bring matters so about, to get us with my uncle's consent. 35

ELARIA Our fortunes depending solely on his pleasure, which is too considerable to lose.

CINTHIO All things are ordered as I have written you at large; our scenes and all our properties are ready; we have no more to do but to banter the old gentleman into a little more faith, which the next visit of our new cabalist, Charmante, will complete. 40

The music plays. Enter some antics,° and dance. [Elaria, Bellemante, Cinthio, and Charmante] all sit still the while

ELARIA Your dancers have performed well, but 'twere fit we knew whom we trusted with this evening's intrigue. 45

CINTHIO Those, madam, who are to assist us in carrying on a greater intrigue, the gaining of you. They are our kinsmen.

ELARIA Then they are doubly welcome.

Here is a song in dialogue, with flute doux and harpsicals,° [between a] shepherd and shepherdess; which ended, they all dance a figure dance°

CINTHIO Hark, what noise is that? sure 'tis in the next room.

DOCTOR *(within)* Scaramouch, Scaramouch! 50

Scaramouch runs to the door, and holds it fast

SCARAMOUCH Ha! The devil in the likeness of my old master's voice, for 'tis impossible it should be he himself.

CHARMANTE If it be he, how got he in? Did you not secure the doors?

ELARIA He always has a key to open 'em. Oh! what shall we do?

There's no escaping him; he's in the next room, through which you are to pass. 55

DOCTOR Scaramouch, knave, where are you?

SCARAMOUCH 'Tis he, 'tis he: follow me, all!

[Scaramouch] goes with all the company behind the front curtain

DOCTOR *(without)* I tell you, sirrah, I heard the noise of fiddles.

PETER *(without)* No, surely, sir, 'twas a mistake. 60

Knocking [is heard] at the door. Scaramouch, having placed them all in the hanging,° in which they make the figures, where they stand without motion in postures, comes out. He opens the door with a candle in his hand. Enter the doctor and Peter with a light

SCARAMOUCH Bless me, sir! Is it you or your ghost?

DOCTOR 'Twere good for you, sir, if I were a thing of air; but as I am a substantial mortal, I will lay it on as substantially!

[The doctor] comes [Scaramouch, who] cries

SCARAMOUCH What d'ye mean, sir? What d'ye mean?

DOCTOR Sirrah, must I stand waiting your leisure, while you are roguing here? I will reward ye. 65

[The doctor] beats [Scaramouch]

SCARAMOUCH Aye, and I shall deserve it richly, sir, when you know all.

DOCTOR I guess all, sirrah, and I heard all, and you shall be rewarded for all. Where have you hid the fiddles, you rogue? 70

SCARAMOUCH Fiddles, sir!

DOCTOR Aye, fiddles, knave.

SCARAMOUCH Fiddles, sir! Where?

DOCTOR Here; here I heard 'em, thou false steward of thy master's treasure. 75

SCARAMOUCH Fiddles, sir! Sure 'twas wind got into your head, and whistled in your ears, riding so late, sir.

DOCTOR Aye, thou false varlet, there's another debt I owe thee, for bringing me so damnable a lie: my brother's well; I met his valet but a league from town, and found thy roguery out. 80

[The doctor] beats [Scaramouch, who] cries

SCARAMOUCH Is this the reward I have for being so diligent since you went?

DOCTOR In what, thou villain? In what?

The curtain is drawn up, and discovers the hangings where all of them stand

SCARAMOUCH Why, look you, sir, I have, to surprise you with pleasure, against^o you came home, been putting up this piece of tapestry,^o the best in Italy, for the rareness of the figures, sir. 85

DOCTOR Ha! Hum, it is indeed a stately piece of work; how came I by 'em?

SCARAMOUCH 'Twas sent your reverence from the virtuoso,^o or some of the cabalists. 90

DOCTOR I must confess, the workmanship is excellent; but still I do insist I heard the music.

SCARAMOUCH 'Twas then the tuning of the spheres;^o some serenade, sir, from the inhabitants of the moon.

DOCTOR Hum, from the moon; and that may be. 95

SCARAMOUCH Lord, d'ye think I would deceive your reverence?

DOCTOR (*aside*) From the moon, a serenade. I see no signs on't here, indeed it must be so. I'll think on't more at leisure.

[Doctor] looks on the hangings

—Prithee, what story's this?^o

SCARAMOUCH Why, sir,—'tis— 100

DOCTOR Hold up the candles higher, and nearer.

Peter and Scaramouch hold candles near. [Doctor] takes a perspective^o and looks through it; and coming nearer, Harlequin, who is placed on a tree^o in the hangings, hits him on the head with his truncheon. [Doctor] starts, and looks about. [Harlequin] sits still

SCARAMOUCH Sir—

DOCTOR What was that struck me?

SCARAMOUCH Struck you, sir? Imagination.

DOCTOR Can my imagination feel, sirrah? 105

SCARAMOUCH Oh, the most tenderly of any part about one, sir!

DOCTOR Hum, that may be.

SCARAMOUCH Are you a great philosopher, and know not that, sir?

DOCTOR (*aside*) This fellow has a glimpse of profundity.

[Doctor] looks [at the hangings] again

—I like the figures well. 110

SCARAMOUCH You will, when you see 'em by daylight, sir.

Harlequin hits [doctor] again. The doctor sees him

DOCTOR Ha; is that imagination, too? Betrayed, betrayed, undone! Run for my pistols, call up my servants, Peter; a plot upon my daughter and my niece!

[Doctor] runs out with Peter. Scaramouch puts out the candle.

[The company] come[s] out of the hanging, which is drawn away. [Scaramouch] places [everyone] in a row just at the entrance^o

SCARAMOUCH Here, here, fear nothing; hold by each other, that 115 when I go out, all may go; that is, slip out when you hear the doctor is come in again, which he will certainly do, and all depart to your respective lodgings.

CINTHIO And leave thee to bear the brunt?

SCARAMOUCH Take you no care for that; I'll put it into my bill of 120 charges, and be paid all together.

Enter the doctor with pistols, and Peter

DOCTOR What, by dark? That shall not save you, villains, traitors to my glory and repose.—Peter, hold fast the door, let none escape.^o

They all slip out [except Mopsophil,^o who remains hiding]

PETER I'll warrant you, sir.

Doctor gropes about, then stamps and calls

DOCTOR Lights there, lights! I'm sure they could not 'scape. 125

PETER Impossible, sir.

Enter Scaramouch undressed in his shirt, with a light, [and] starts

SCARAMOUCH Bless me! What's here?

DOCTOR (*amazed to see him enter so*) Ha! Who art thou?

SCARAMOUCH I? Who the devil are you, an you go to that?

[Scaramouch] rubs his eyes, and brings the candle nearer.

Looks on [the doctor]

—Mercy upon us! Why, what, is't you, sir, returned so soon? 130

DOCTOR (*looking sometimes on [Scaramouch], sometimes about*) Returned!

SCARAMOUCH Aye, sir, did you not go out of town last night, to your brother the advocate?

DOCTOR Thou villain, thou question'st me, as if thou knew'st not that I was returned. 135

SCARAMOUCH I know, sir? how should I know? I'm sure I am but just waked from the sweetest dream—

DOCTOR You dream still, sirrah, but I shall wake your roguishness. Were you not here but now, showing me a piece of tapestry, you villain?

SCARAMOUCH Tapestry? 140

Mopsophil [is] listening all the while

DOCTOR (*offering a pistol*) Yes, rogue, yes, for which I'll have thy life!

SCARAMOUCH Are you stark mad, sir, or do I dream still?

DOCTOR Tell me, and tell me quickly, rogue, who were those traitors that were hid but now in the disguise of a piece of hangings?

[Doctor] holds the pistol to [Scaramouch's] breast

SCARAMOUCH Bless me! You amaze me, sir. What conformity has every word you say, to my rare dream! Pray let me feel you, sir; are you human? 145

DOCTOR You shall feel I am, sirrah, if thou confess not.

SCARAMOUCH Confess, sir! What should I confess? I understand not your cabalistical language, but in mine, I confess that you have waked me from the rarest dream: where methought the emperor of the moon world was in our house, dancing and revelling; and methoughts his grace was fallen desperately in love with Mistress Elaria, and that his brother, the prince, sir, of Thunderland, was also in love with Mistress Bellemante; and methoughts they descended to court 'em in your absence. And that at last you surprised 'em, and that they transformed themselves into a suit of hangings to deceive you. But at last, methought you grew angry at something, and they all fled to heaven again; and after a deal of thunder and lightning, I waked, sir, and hearing human voices here, came to see what the matter was. 150 155 160

This while the doctor lessens his signs of rage by degrees, and at last stands in deep contemplation

DOCTOR May I credit this?

SCARAMOUCH Credit it! By all the honour of your house, by my unseparable veneration for the mathematics, 'tis true, sir.

DOCTOR [*aside*] That famous Rosicrucian, who yesterday visited me, told me the emperor of the moon was in love with a fair mortal. This dream is inspiration in this fellow; he must have wondrous virtue in him, to be worthy of these divine intelligences. But if that mortal should be Elaria! but no more, I dare not yet suppose it. Perhaps the thing was real and no dream, for oftentimes the grosser part is hurried away in sleep, by the force of imagination, and is wonderfully agitated. This fellow might be present in his sleep; of this we've frequent instances. I'll to my daughter and my niece, and hear what knowledge they may have of this. 165 170 175

MOPSOPHIL [*aside*] Will you so? I'll secure you, the frolic shall go round.^o

[Exit Mopsophil]^o

DOCTOR Scaramouch, if you have not deceived me in this matter, time will convince me farther; if it rest here, I shall believe you false.

SCARAMOUCH Good sir, suspend your judgement and your anger, then. 180

DOCTOR I'll do't. Go back to bed.

SCARAMOUCH No, sir; 'tis morning now, and I'm up for all day.

Exeunt Doctor and Peter

This madness is a pretty sort of a pleasant disease, when it tickles but in one vein. Why, here's my master now: as great a scholar, as grave and wise a man, in all argument and discourse, as can be met with; yet name but the moon, and he runs into ridicule, and grows as mad as the wind. 185

Well doctor, if thou canst be madder yet,

We'll find a medicine that shall cure your fit—

Better than all Galenists.^o 190

Exit

[2.4]

Scene draws off [to show Bellemante's chamber,^o and]

discovers Elaria, Bellemante, and Mopsophil in night-gowns

MOPSOPHIL You have your lessons; stand to it bravely, and the town's our own, madam.

[Elaria and Bellemante] put themselves in postures of sleeping, leaning on the table, Mopsophil lying at their feet. Enter

Doctor, softly

DOCTOR Ha, not in bed! This gives me mortal fears.

BELLEMANTE (*speak[ing] as in her sleep*) Ah, prince—

DOCTOR Ha, prince! 5

[Doctor] goes nearer and listens

BELLEMANTE (*in a feigned voice*) How little faith I give to all your courtship, who leaves our orb so soon.

DOCTOR Ha, said she orb?

[Doctor] goes nearer

BELLEMANTE But since you are of a celestial race,

And easily can penetrate

Into the utmost limits of the thought,

Why should I fear to tell you of your conquest?

—And thus implore your aid. 10

[Bellemante] rises and runs to the doctor. [She] kneels, and holds him fast. He shows signs of joy

DOCTOR I am ravished!

BELLEMANTE Ah, prince divine, take pity on a mortal—

DOCTOR I am rapt!

BELLEMANTE And take me with you to the world above.

DOCTOR (*leaping, and jumping from her hands*) The moon, the moon she means; I am transported, overjoyed, and ecstasied!

[Bellemante] seems to wake

BELLEMANTE Ha, my uncle come again to interrupt us!

DOCTOR Hide nothing from me, my dear Bellemante, since all already is discovered to me, and more.

[Elaria seems to wake]

ELARIA Oh, why have you waked me from the softest dream that ever maid was blessed with?

DOCTOR (*with over-joy*) What—what, my best Elaria?

ELARIA Methought I entertained a demi-god, one of the gay inhabitants of the moon.

BELLEMANTE I'm sure mine was no dream: I waked, I heard, I saw, I spoke; and danced to the music of the spheres; and methought my glorious lover tied a diamond chain about my arm—(*shows her arm*) and see, 'tis all substantial.

ELARIA And mine a ring, of more than mortal lustre.

DOCTOR (*[aside], stifling his joy*) Heaven keep me moderate, lest excess of joy should make my virtue less!

[*To Elaria and Bellemante*] There is a wondrous mystery in this.

A mighty blessing does attend your fates.

Go in, and pray to the chaste powers above

To give you virtue fit for such rewards.

[*Elaria, Bellemante, and Mopsophil*] go in

—How this agrees with what the learned cabalist informed me of last night! He said that great Iredonozar, the emperor of the moon, was enamoured on a fair mortal. It must be so; and either he descended to court my daughter personally, which, for the rareness of the novelty, she takes to be a dream, or else what they and I beheld was visionary, by way of a sublime intelligence.° And, possibly, 'tis only thus the people of that world converse with mortals. I must be satisfied in this main point of deep philosophy.

I'll to my study, for I cannot rest,

Till I this weighty mystery have discussed.

Exit very gravely

[2.5]

The garden

Enter Scaramouch with a ladder

SCARAMOUCHE Though I am come off *en cavalier*° with my master, I am not with my mistress, whom I promised to console this night, and 'tis° but just I should make good this morning; 'twill be rude to surprise her sleeping, and more gallant to wake her with a serenade at her window.

[*Scaramouch*] sets the ladder to [*Mopsophil's*] window,° fetches his lute, and goes up the ladder. He plays and sings this song

When maidens are young and in their spring

Of pleasure, of pleasure, let 'em take their full swing,

Full swing, full swing,

And love, and dance, and play, and sing.

For Silvia, believe it, when youth is done,

There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum;

There's nought but hum drum, hum drum, hum drum.

Then Silvia be wise, be wise, be wise,

Though painting and dressing, for a while, are supplies,

And may surprise;

But when the fire's going out in your eyes,

It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles, and dies.

And then to hear love, to hear love from you,

I'd as lief hear an owl cry, wit to woo,

Wit to woo, wit to woo.

Enter Mopsophil above

MOPSOPHIL What woeful ditty-making mortal's this,

That ere the lark her early note has sung,

Does doleful love beneath my casement thrum?

—Ah, Signor Scaramouch, is it you?

SCARAMOUCHE Who should it be, that takes such pains to sue?

MOPSOPHIL Ah, lover most true blue!°

Enter Harlequin in women's clothes

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] If I can now but get admittance, I shall not only deliver the young ladies their letters from their lovers, but get some opportunity, in this disguise, to slip this billet doux into Mopsophil's hand, and bob my comrade Scaramouch. Ha, what do I see? My mistress at the window, courting my rival! Ah, gipsy!

SCARAMOUCHE But we lose precious time, since you design me a kind hour in your chamber.

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] Ah, traitor!

MOPSOPHIL You'll be sure to keep it from Harlequin.

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] Ah yes; he, (hang him, fool), he takes you for a saint.

SCARAMOUCHE Harlequin! Hang him, shotten herring.^o

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] Aye, a cully, a noddy.

MOPSOPHIL A mere zany.^o

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] Ah, hard-hearted Turk!

MOPSOPHIL Fit for nothing but a cuckold.

HARLEQUIN Monster of ingratitude! How shall I be revenged?

[*As*] Scaramouch [*is*] going over the balcony, [*Harlequin*] cries out in a woman's voice

—Hold, hold, thou perjured traitor!

MOPSOPHIL Ha, discovered! A woman in the garden!

HARLEQUIN Come down, come down, thou false perfidious wretch!

SCARAMOUCHE Who, in the devil's name, art thou? And to whom dost thou speak?

HARLEQUIN (*bawling out*) To thee, thou false deceiver, that hast broke thy vows, thy lawful vows of wedlock; (*crying*) oh, oh, that I should live to see the day!

SCARAMOUCHE Who mean you, woman?

HARLEQUIN Whom should I mean, but thou—my lawful spouse?

MOPSOPHIL Oh, villain! Lawful spouse! Let me come to her.

Scaramouch comes down [the ladder], as Mopsophil flings out of the balcony^o

SCARAMOUCHE The woman's mad! [*To Harlequin*] Hark'ee, jade, how long have you been thus distracted?

HARLEQUIN E'er since I loved and trusted thee, false varlet. See here: the witness of my love and shame.

[*Harlequin bawls, and points to 'her' belly. Just then Mopsophil enters*

MOPSOPHIL How! with child! [*To Scaramouch*] Out, villain, was I made a property?^o

SCARAMOUCHE Hear me.

HARLEQUIN Oh, thou heathen Christian! Was not one woman enough?

MOPSOPHIL Aye, sirrah, answer to that!

SCARAMOUCHE [*aside*] I shall be sacrificed.

MOPSOPHIL I am resolved to marry tomorrow, either to the apothecary or the farmer, men I never saw, to be revenged on thee, thou termagant^o infidel.^o

Enter the doctor

DOCTOR What noise, what out-cry, what tumult's this?

HARLEQUIN Ha, the doctor! What shall I do?

[*Harlequin gets to the door. Scaramouch pulls 'her' in*

DOCTOR [*aside*] A woman! Some bawd, I am sure. [*To Harlequin*] Woman, what's your business here, ha?

HARLEQUIN I came, an't like your signorship, to madam the gover-nante here, to serve her in the quality of a *fille de chambre*,^o to the young ladies.

DOCTOR A *fille de chambre*! [*Aside*] 'Tis so, a she-pimp.

HARLEQUIN Ah, signor.

[*Harlequin makes his little dapper leg^o instead of a curtsy*

DOCTOR How now, what, do you mock me?

HARLEQUIN Oh, signor!

[*Harlequin gets nearer the door*

MOPSOPHIL Stay, stay, mistress; and what service are you able to do the signor's daughters?

HARLEQUIN Is this signor Doctor Baliardo, Madam?

MOPSOPHIL Yes.

HARLEQUIN Oh! He's a very handsome gentleman, indeed.

DOCTOR Aye, aye; what service can you do, mistress?

HARLEQUIN Why, signor, I can tie a cravat the best of any person in Naples, and I can comb a periwig—and I can—

DOCTOR Very proper service for young ladies; you, I believe, have been *fille de chambre* to some young cavaliers.

HARLEQUIN Most true, signor; why should not the cavaliers keep *filles de chambre*, as well as great ladies *valets de chambre*?

DOCTOR Indeed, 'tis equally reasonable. (*Aside*) 'Tis a bawd. [*To Harlequin*] But have you never served ladies?

HARLEQUIN Oh yes! I served a parson's wife.

DOCTOR Is that a great lady?

HARLEQUIN Aye, surely, sir, what is she else? for she wore her mantuas of *brocade d'or*, petticoats laced up to the gathers,^o her points, her patches, paints and perfumes, and sat in the uppermost place in the church too.

MOPSOPHIL But have you never served countesses and duchesses?

HARLEQUIN Oh, yes, madam! The last I served, was an alderman's wife in the city.

MOPSOPHIL Was that a countess or a duchess?

HARLEQUIN Aye, certainly, for they have all the money; and then for clothes, jewels, and rich furniture, and eating, they outdo the very vice-reine^o herself. 105

DOCTOR This is a very ignorant running bawd; therefore first search her for billets doux, and then have her pumped.

HARLEQUIN Ah, signor, signor! 110

Scaramouch searches [Harlequin, and] finds letters

SCARAMOUCH *[aside]* Ha, to Elaria—and Bellemante?

[Scaramouch] reads the outside [of the letters, which he] pops into his bosom

These are from their lovers. Ha, a note to Mopsophil! *[Aside to Harlequin]* Oh, rogue! have I found you?

HARLEQUIN *[aside to Scaramouch]* If you have, 'tis but trick for your trick, signor Scaramouch, and you may spare the pumping. 115

SCARAMOUCH *[aside to Harlequin]* For once, sirrah, I'll bring you off, and deliver your letters. *[To Doctor]* Sir, do you not know who this is? Why, 'tis a rival of mine, who put on this disguise to cheat me of mistress Mopsophil. See, here's a billet to her.

DOCTOR What is he? 120

SCARAMOUCH A mongrel^o dancing-master; therefore, sir, since all the injury's mine, I'll pardon him for a dance, and let the agility of his heels save his bones, with your permission, sir.

DOCTOR With all my heart, and am glad he comes off so comically. *Harlequin dances. A knocking at the gate. Scaramouch goes and returns*

SCARAMOUCH Sir, sir, here's the rare philosopher who was here yesterday. 125

DOCTOR Give him entrance, and all depart.

Enter Charmante. [Exeunt Scaramouch, Harlequin, and Mopsophil]

CHARMANTE Blessed be those stars, that first conducted me to so much worth and virtue; you are their darling, sir, for whom they wear their brightest lustre. Your fortune is established; you are made, sir. 130

DOCTOR *[aside]* Let me contain my joy! *[To Charmante, keeping in an impatient joy]* May I be worthy, sir, to apprehend you?

CHARMANTE After long searching, watching, fasting, praying, and using all the virtuous means in nature, whereby we solely do attain the highest knowledge in philosophy; it was resolved, by strong intelligence, you were the happy sire of that bright nymph, that 135

had effascinated, charmed and conquered the mighty emperor Iredonozar, the monarch of the moon.

DOCTOR *(aside)* I am undone with joy! Ruined with transport! *[To Charmante,] stifling his joy, which breaks out* 140

Can it—can it, sir—be possible—

CHARMANTE Receive the blessing, sir, with moderation.

DOCTOR I do, sir, I do.

CHARMANTE This very night, by their great art they find,

He will descend, and show himself in glory. 145

An honour, sir, no mortal has received

This sixty hundred years.

DOCTOR *(look[ing] sad)* Hum, say you so, sir? No emperor ever descend this sixty hundred years? *(Aside)* Was I deceived last night? 150

CHARMANTE Oh! yes, sir, often in disguise, in several shapes and forms, which did of old occasion so many fabulous tales of all the shapes of Jupiter;^o but never in their proper glory, sir, as emperors. This is an honour only designed to you.

DOCTOR *(joyful)* And will his grace be here in person, sir? 155

CHARMANTE In person; and with him, a man of mighty quality, sir: 'tis thought—the prince of Thunderland; but that's but whispered, sir, in the cabal, and that he loves your niece.

DOCTOR *[aside]* Miraculous! How this agrees with all I've seen and heard.—Tonight, say you, sir? 160

CHARMANTE So 'tis conjectured, sir. Some of the cabalists are of opinion that last night there was some sally from the moon.

DOCTOR About what hour, sir?

CHARMANTE The meridian of the night, sir, about the hours of twelve or one; but who descended, or in what shape, is yet uncertain. 165

DOCTOR This I believe, sir.

CHARMANTE Why, sir?

DOCTOR May I communicate a secret of that nature?

CHARMANTE To any of the cabalists,^o but none else. 170

DOCTOR Then know: last night, my daughter and my niece were entertained by those illustrious heroes.

CHARMANTE Who, sir? The emperor, and prince his cousin?

DOCTOR Most certain, sir. But whether they appeared in solid bodies, or fantomical, is yet a question, for at my unlucky approach, they all transformed themselves into a piece of hangings. 175

CHARMANTE 'Tis frequent, sir; their shapes are numerous, and 'tis also in their power to transform all they touch, by virtue of a certain stone they call the Ebula.^o

DOCTOR That wondrous Ebula, which Gonsales had?

CHARMANTE The same; by virtue of which, all weight was taken from him, and then with ease the lofty traveller flew from Parnassus^o Hill, and from Hymettus^o Mount, and high Gerania,^o and Acrocorinthus,^o thence to Taygetus,^o so to Olympus' top,^o from whence he had but one step to the moon. Dizzy he grants he was.

DOCTOR No wonder, sir; oh, happy great Gonsales!

CHARMANTE Your virtue, sir, will render you as happy; but I must haste. This night prepare your daughter and your niece, and let your house be dressed, perfumed, and clean.

DOCTOR It shall be all performed, sir.

CHARMANTE Be modest, sir, and humble in your elevation, for nothing shows the wit so poor, as wonder, nor birth so mean, as pride.

DOCTOR I humbly thank your admonition, sir, and shall, in all I can, struggle with human frailty.

[The doctor], bare, brings Charmante to the door. Exeunt

[Doctor and Charmante]. Enter Scaramouch, peeping, at the other door

SCARAMOUCH So, so, all things go gloriously forward but my own amour, and there is no convincing this obstinate woman that 'twas that rogue Harlequin in disguise that claimed me; so that I cannot so much as come to deliver the young ladies their letters from their lovers. I must get in with this damned mistress of mine, or all our plot will be spoiled for want of intelligence. Hum; the devil does not use to fail me at a dead lift.^o I must deliver these letters, and I must have this wench, though but to be revenged on her for abusing me. Let me see: she is resolved for the apothecary or the farmer. Well, say no more, honest Scaramouch, thou shalt find a friend at need of me: and if I do not fit you with a spouse, say that a woman has out-witted me.

Exit

3.1

The street, with the town gate, where an officer stands with a staff like a London constable

Enter Harlequin riding in a calash. [He] comes through the gate towards the stage,^o dressed like a gentleman sitting in [the calash]. The officer lays hold of his horse^o

OFFICER Hold, hold, sir; you, I suppose, know the customs that are due to this city of Naples, from all persons that pass the gates in coach, chariot, calash, or *siège volant*?^o

HARLEQUIN I am not ignorant of the custom, sir, but what's that to me?

OFFICER Not to you, sir! Why, what privilege have you above the rest?

HARLEQUIN Privilege, for what, sir?

OFFICER Why, for passing, sir, with any of the before-named carriages.

HARLEQUIN Art mad? Dost not see I am a plain baker, and this my cart, that comes to carry bread for the viceroy's, and the city's use? Ha!

OFFICER Are you mad, sir, to think I cannot see a gentleman farmer and a calash, from a baker and a cart?

HARLEQUIN Drunk, by this day; and so early, too? Oh, you're a special officer! Unhand my horse, sirrah, or you shall pay for all the damage you do me.

OFFICER Hey day! Here's a fine cheat upon the viceroy. Sir, pay me, or I'll seize your horse.

Harlequin strikes [the officer]. They scuffle a little

Nay, an you be so brisk, I'll call the clerk from his office.—*(Calls)* Mr Clerk, Mr Clerk!

[The officer] goes to the entrance to call the clerk; [in] the meantime Harlequin whips a frock over himself, and puts down the hind part of the chariot, and then 'tis a cart.^o Enter clerk

CLERK What's the matter here?

OFFICER Here's a fellow, sir, will persuade me his calash is a cart, and refuses the customs for passing the gate.

CLERK A calash—where? I see only a carter and his cart.

The officer looks on [Harlequin]

OFFICER Ha! What a devil, was I blind?

HARLEQUIN Mr Clerk, I am a baker, that come with bread to sell, and this fellow here has stopped me this hour, and made me lose the sale of my ware; and being drunk, will out-face me I am a farmer, and this cart a calash.

CLERK He's in an error, friend, pass on.

HARLEQUIN No, sir, I'll have satisfaction first, or the viceroy shall know how he's served by drunken officers, that nuisance to a civil government.

CLERK What do you demand, friend?

HARLEQUIN Demand? I demand a crown, sir.

OFFICER This is very hard, Mr Clerk: if ever I saw in my life, I thought I saw a gentleman and a calash.

CLERK Come, come, gratify him, and see better hereafter.

OFFICER Here, sir; if I must, I must.

[The officer gives [Harlequin] a crown]

CLERK Pass on, friend.

Exit clerk. Harlequin, unseen [by the officer], puts up the back of his calash, and whips off his frock, and goes to drive on. The officer looks on him, and stops him again

OFFICER Hum, I'll swear it is a calash.—Mr Clerk, Mr Clerk, come back, come back!

[The officer] runs out to call [the clerk]. [Harlequin] changes as before. Enter officer and clerk

OFFICER Come, sir, let your own eyes convince you, sir.

CLERK Convince me, of what, you sot?

OFFICER That this is a gentleman, and that a—ha!

[The officer] looks about on Harlequin

CLERK Stark drunk, sirrah! If you trouble me at every mistake of yours thus, you shall quit your office.

OFFICER I beg your pardon, sir; I am a little in drink, I confess, a little blind and mad, sir. *[Aside]* This must be the devil, that's certain.

The clerk goes out. Harlequin puts up his calash again, and pulls off his frock and drives out

Well, now to my thinking, 'tis as plain a calash again, as ever I saw in my life, and yet I'm satisfied 'tis nothing but a cart.

Exit

[3.2]

Scene changes to the doctor's house. The hall

Enter Scaramouch in a chair, which, set down and opened on all sides and on the top, represents an apothecary's shop,° the inside being painted with shelves and rows of pots and bottles; Scaramouch sitting in it dressed in black, with a short black cloak, a ruff, and little hat

SCARAMOUCH The devil's in't, if either the doctor, my master, or Mopsophil, know me in this disguise; and thus, I may not only gain my mistress, and out-wit Harlequin, but deliver the ladies those letters from their lovers, which I took out of his pocket this morning; and who would suspect an apothecary for a pimp? Nor can the jade Mopsophil, in honour, refuse a person of my gravity, and *(pointing to his shop)* so well set up. Hum, the doctor here first; this is not so well, but I'm prepared with impudence for all encounters.

Enter the doctor. Scaramouch salutes him gravely

—Most reverend Doctor Baliardo. *(Bows)*

DOCTOR Signor. *(Bows)*

SCARAMOUCH I might, through great pusillanimity,° blush to give you this anxiety, did I not opine you were as gracious as communitive° and eminent; and though you have no cognizance of me, your humble servant, yet I have of you, you being so greatly famed for your admirable skill, both in Galenical and Paracelsian phenomenas,° and other approved felicities in vulnerary emetics, and purgative experiences.

DOCTOR Signor, your opinion honours me. *[Aside]* A rare man this.

SCARAMOUCH And though I am at present busied in writing (those few observations I have accumulated in my peregrinations, sir), yet the ambition I aspired to, of being an ocular and aural° witness of your singularity, made me trespass on your sublimer affairs.

DOCTOR Signor—

SCARAMOUCH Besides a violent inclination, sir, of being initiated into the denomination of your learned family, by the conjugal circumference of a matrimonial tie, with that singularly accomplished person, madam the governante of your hostel.°

DOCTOR *(aside)* Hum, a sweetheart for Mopsophil!

SCARAMOUCH And, if I may obtain your condescension to my hymenaeal propositions, I doubt not my operation with the fair one.

DOCTOR Signor, she is much honoured in the overture, and my abilities shall not be wanting to fix the concord. But have you been a traveller, sir?

SCARAMOUCH Without circumlocution, sir, I have seen all the regions beneath the sun and moon. 35

DOCTOR Moon, sir! You never travelled thither, sir?

SCARAMOUCH Not *in propria persona*,^o signor, but by speculation^o I have, and made most considerable remarks on that incomparable *terra firma*,^o of which I have the completest map in Christendom; and which Gonsales himself omitted in his *Cosmographia of the Lunar Mundus*.^o 40

DOCTOR A map of the *Lunar Mundus*, sir! May I crave the honour of seeing it?

SCARAMOUCH You shall, sir, together with the map of *Terra Incognita*:^o a great rarity, indeed, sir. 45

Enter Bellemante

DOCTOR Jewels, sir, worth a king's ransom!

BELLEMANTE [*aside*] Ha, what figure of a thing have we here, bantering my credulous uncle? This must be some scout sent from our forlorn hope,^o to discover the enemy, and bring in fresh intelligence. 50

[*Scaramouch winks at Bellemante*]

Hum, that wink tipped me some tidings, and she deserves not a good look, who understands not the language of the eyes. [*To the doctor*] Sir, dinner's on the table.

DOCTOR Let it wait, I am employed. 55

[*Bellemante creeps to the other side of Scaramouch, who makes signs with his hand to her*]

BELLEMANTE [*aside*] Ha, 'tis so: this fellow has some novel^o for us, some letters or instructions, but how to get it?

As Scaramouch talks to the doctor, he takes the letters by degrees out of his pocket, and unseen [by the doctor], gives them to Bellemante, behind him

DOCTOR But this map, signor; I protest you have filled me with curiosity. Has it signified all things so exactly, say you?

SCARAMOUCH Omitted nothing, signor: no city, town, village or villa; no castle, river, bridge, lake, spring or mineral. 60

DOCTOR Are any, sir, of those admirable mineral waters there, so frequent in our world?

SCARAMOUCH In abundance, sir: the famous Garamanteen,^o a young Italian, sir, lately come from thence, gives us an account of an 65

excellent scaturrigo,^o that has lately made an ebullition^o there, in great reputation with the lunar ladies.

DOCTOR Indeed, sir! Be pleased, signor, to solve me some queries that may enode^o some appearances^o of the virtue of the water you speak of. 70

SCARAMOUCH [*aside*] Pox upon him, what questions he asks; but I must on.—Why, sir, you must know—the tincture^o of this water, upon stagnation, ceruleates,^o and the crocus upon the stones flaveces; this he observes—to be, sir, the indication of a generous^o water.^o 75

DOCTOR [*gravely nodding*] Hum.

SCARAMOUCH Now, sir, be pleased to observe the three regions: if they be bright, without doubt Mars is powerful; if the middle region or camera be pallid, *Filia Solis* is breeding.

DOCTOR Hum. 80

SCARAMOUCH And then the third region: if the faeces be volatile, the birth will soon come in *Balneo*.^o This I observed also in the laboratory of that ingenious chemist Lysidono,^o and with much pleasure animadverted that mineral of the same zenith and nadir,^o of that now so famous water in England, near that famous metropolis, called Islington.^o 85

DOCTOR Signor.

SCARAMOUCH For, sir, upon the infusion, the crow's head immediately procures the seal of Hermes; and had not *Lac Virginis* been too soon sucked up, I believe we might have seen the consummation of *Amalgama*.^o 90

Bellemante, having got her letters, goes off. She makes signs to [Scaramouch] to stay^o a little. He nods

DOCTOR Most likely, sir.

SCARAMOUCH But, sir, this Garamanteen relates the strangest operation of a mineral in the lunar world; that ever I heard of.

DOCTOR As how, I pray, sir? 95

SCARAMOUCH Why, sir, a water impregnated to a circulation with *prima materia*,^o upon my honour, sir, the strongest I ever drank of.

DOCTOR How, sir! Did you drink of it?

SCARAMOUCH I only speak the words of Garamanteen, sir. (*Aside*) Pox on him, I shall be trapped. 100

DOCTOR Cry mercy, sir. (*Bows*)

SCARAMOUCH The lunar physicians, sir, call it *urinam vulcani*,^o it calybeates everyone's excrements more or less according to the gradus of the natural calor.^o To my knowledge, sir, a smith of a

very fiery constitution is grown very opulent by drinking these waters. 105

DOCTOR How, sir, grown rich by drinking the waters, and to your knowledge?

SCARAMOUC [aside] The devil's in my tongue. [To the doctor] To my knowledge, sir: for what a man of honour relates, I may safely affirm. 110

DOCTOR Excuse me, signor.

[The doctor] puts off his hat again, gravely

SCARAMOUC For, sir, conceive me how he grew rich: since he drank those waters he never buys any iron, but hammers it out of *stercus proprius*.°

Enter Bellemante with a billet

BELLEMANTE Sir, 'tis three o'clock, and dinner will be cold. 115

[Bellemante] goes behind Scaramouch, and gives him the note, and goes out

DOCTOR [to Bellemante as she goes out] I come, sweetheart. [To Scaramouch] But this is wonderful.

SCARAMOUC Aye, sir, and if at any time nature be too infirm, and he prove costive,° he has no more to do, but to apply a loadstone *ad anum*.° 120

DOCTOR Is't possible?

SCARAMOUC Most true, sir, and that facilitates the journey *per viscera*.° But I detain you, sir; another time, sir; I will now only beg the honour of a word or two with the governante, before I go.

DOCTOR Sir, she shall wait on you, and I shall be proud of the honour of your conversation. 125

[Scaramouch and doctor] bow. Exit doctor. Enter to

[Scaramouch] Harlequin, dressed like a farmer, as before

HARLEQUIN [aside] Hum, what have we here, a tailor, or a tumbler?

SCARAMOUC [aside] Ha, who's this? Hum, what if it should be the farmer that the doctor has promised Mopsophil to? My heart misgives me. 130

[Harlequin and Scaramouch] look at each other a while

—Who would you speak with, friend?

HARLEQUIN [aside] This is, perhaps, my rival, the apothecary. [To Scaramouch] Speak with, sir, why, what's that to you?

SCARAMOUC Have you affairs with Signor Doctor, sir?

HARLEQUIN It may be I have, it may be I have not. What then, sir? 135

While they seem in angry dispute, enter Mopsophil

MOPSOPHIL [aside] Signor Doctor tells me I have a lover waits me; sure it must be the farmer or the apothecary. No matter which, so

a lover, that welcomest man alive. I am resolved to take the first good offer, though but in revenge of Harlequin and Scaramouch, for putting tricks upon me. [Mopsophil looks at Harlequin and Scaramouch] Ha, two of 'em! 140

SCARAMOUC [aside] My mistress here!

[Harlequin and Scaramouch] bow and advance, both putting the other by

MOPSOPHIL Hold, gentlemen; do not worry me. Which of you would speak with me?

[HARLEQUIN AND SCARAMOUC] I, I, I, madam— 145

MOPSOPHIL Both of you?

[HARLEQUIN AND SCARAMOUC] No, madam, I, I.

MOPSOPHIL If both lovers, you are both welcome; but let's have fair play, and take your turns to speak.

HARLEQUIN [to Scaramouch] Aye, signor, 'tis most uncivil to interrupt me. 150

SCARAMOUC [to Harlequin] And disingenuous, sir, to intrude on me.

[Harlequin and Scaramouch continue] putting one another by

MOPSOPHIL Let me then speak first.

HARLEQUIN I'm dumb. 155

SCARAMOUC I acquiesce.

MOPSOPHIL I was informed there was a person here had propositions of marriage to make me.

HARLEQUIN That's I, that's I.

[Harlequin] shoves Scaramouch away

SCARAMOUC And I attend to that consequential *finis*. 160

[Scaramouch] shoves Harlequin away

HARLEQUIN I know not what you mean by your *finis*, signor, but I am come to offer myself this gentlewoman's servant, her lover, her husband, her dog in a halter,° or anything.

SCARAMOUC (in rage) Him I pronounce a poltroon, and an ignominious utensil, that dares lay claim to the renowned lady of my *primum mobile*;° that is, my best affections. 165

HARLEQUIN I fear not your hard words, sir; but dare aloud pronounce, if Donna Mopsophil like me, the farmer, as well as I like her, 'tis a match, and my chariot is ready at the gate to bear her off, d'ye see. 170

MOPSOPHIL (aside) Ah, how that chariot pleads.

SCARAMOUC And I pronounce, that being intoxicated with the sweet eyes of this refulgent lady, I come to tender her my noblest

particulars, being already most advantageously set up with the circumstantial implements of my occupation.

[*Scaramouch*] *points to the shop*

MOPSOPHIL [*aside*] A city apothecary: a most genteel calling. Which shall I choose? [*To Scaramouch*] Signor Apothecary, I'll not expostulate the circumstantial reasons that have occasioned me this honour.

SCARAMOUCH Incomparable lady, the elegancy of your repartees most excellently denote the profundity of your capacity.

HARLEQUIN What the devil's all this? Good Mr Conjuror, stand by, and don't fright the gentlewoman with your elegant profundities.

[*Harlequin*] *puts* [*Scaramouch*] *by*

SCARAMOUCH [*in rage*] How, a conjurer! I will chastise thy vulgar ignorance, that yclepes a philosopher a conjurer.

HARLEQUIN 'Losophers! Prithee, if thou be'st a man, speak like a man, then.

SCARAMOUCH Why, what do I speak like? What do I speak like?

HARLEQUIN What do you speak like? Why, you speak like a wheelbarrow.

SCARAMOUCH How!

HARLEQUIN And how!

[*Harlequin and Scaramouch*] *come up close together at half sword.*° [*They*] *parry,*° *stare on each other for a while; then put up* [*their swords*] *and bow to each other civilly*

MOPSOPHIL That's well, gentlemen; let's have all peace, while I survey you both, and see which likes me best.

She goes between them, and surveys them both, they making ridiculous bows on both sides, and grimaces, the while

[*Aside*] Ha: now, on my conscience, my two foolish lovers, Harlequin and Scaramouch; how, are my hopes defeated? But faith, I'll fit you° both.

She views 'em both

SCARAMOUCH [*aside*] So, she's considering still; I shall be the happy dog.

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] She's taking aim; she cannot choose but like me best.

SCARAMOUCH [*bowing and smiling*] Well, madam, how does my person propagate?

MOPSOPHIL Faith, signor, now I look better on you, I do not like your phisnomy° so well as your intellects; you discovering some circumstantial symptoms that ever denote a villainous inconstancy.

SCARAMOUCH Ah, you are pleased, madam.

MOPSOPHIL You are mistaken, signor: I am displeased at your grey eyes, and black eye-brows and beard; I never knew a man with those signs, true to his mistress or his friend. And I would sooner wed that scoundrel Scaramouch, that very civil pimp, that mere pair of chemical bellows° that blow the doctor's projecting fires,° that deputy urinal-shaker,° that very Guzman of Salamanca,° than a fellow of your infallible *signum mallis*.°

HARLEQUIN Ha, ha, ha. [*To Scaramouch*] You have your answer, Signor Friskin,° and may shut up your shop and be gone.—Ha, ha, ha.

SCARAMOUCH [*aside*] Hum, sure the jade knows me.

MOPSOPHIL And as for you, signor—

HARLEQUIN [*bowing and smiling*] Ha, madam—

MOPSOPHIL Those lantern-jaws° of yours, with that most villainous sneer and grin, and a certain fierce air of your eyes, looks altogether most fanatically, which, with your notorious whey beard, are certain signs of knavery and cowardice; therefore I'd rather wed that spider Harlequin, that skeleton buffoon,° that ape of man, that Jack of Lent,° that very top that's of no use but when 'tis whipped and lashed, that piteous property I'd rather wed than thee.

HARLEQUIN A very fair declaration.

MOPSOPHIL You understand me; and so, adieu, sweet glister-pipe, and Signor dirty-boots,° ha, ha, ha.

[*Mopsophil*] *runs out.* [*Harlequin and Scaramouch*] *stand looking simply on each other, without speaking awhile*

SCARAMOUCH [*aside*] That I should not know that rogue Harlequin!

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] That I should take this fool for a physician!—How long have you commenced apothecary, signor?

SCARAMOUCH Ever since you turned farmer. Are not you a damned rogue to put these tricks upon me, and most dishonourably break all articles between us?

HARLEQUIN Are not you a damned son of a—something—to break articles with me?

SCARAMOUCH No more words, sir, no more words, I find it must come to action: draw. (*Draws* [*his sword*])

HARLEQUIN Draw, so I can draw, sir.

[*Harlequin*] *draws* [*his sword*]. *They make a ridiculous cowardly fight. Enter the doctor, which they seeing, come on with more courage. He runs between 'em and with his cane beats the swords down*

DOCTOR Hold, hold! What mean you, gentlemen?

SCARAMOUCHE Let me go, sir; I am provoked beyond measure, sir.

DOCTOR You must excuse me, signor.

[The doctor] parleys with Harlequin

SCARAMOUCHE *(aside)* I dare not discover the fool for his master's sake, and it may spoil our intrigue anon; besides, he'll then discover me, and I shall be discarded for bantering the doctor. *[To the doctor]* A man of honour to be so basely affronted here! 245

The doctor comes to appease Scaramouch

HARLEQUIN *(aside)* Should I discover this rascal, he would tell the old gentleman I was the same that attempted his house today in women's clothes, and I should be kicked and beaten most insatiably.° 250

SCARAMOUCHE What, signor, for a man of parts to be imposed upon, and *[holding his chest, as if wounded]* whipped through the lungs here, like a mountebank's zany for sham cures! Mr Doctor, I must tell you 'tis not civil. 255

DOCTOR I am extremely sorry for it, sir, and you shall see how I will have this fellow handled for the affront to a person of your gravity, and in my house.—*[Calls]* Here, Pedro!

Enter Pedro

Take this intruder, or bring some of your fellows hither, and toss him in a blanket. 260

Exit Pedro. Harlequin going to creep away, Scaramouch holds him

HARLEQUIN *(aside to [Scaramouch])* Hark'ee, bring me off, or I'll discover all your intrigue.

SCARAMOUCHE Let me alone.°

DOCTOR I'll warrant you, some rogue that has some plot on my niece and daughter. 265

SCARAMOUCHE No, no, sir, he comes to impose the grossest lie upon you that ever was heard of.

Enter Pedro with others, with a blanket. They put Harlequin in it, and toss him

HARLEQUIN Hold, hold; I'll confess all, rather than endure it.

DOCTOR *[to Pedro]* Hold. *[To Harlequin]* What will you confess, sir? 270

[Harlequin] comes out [of the blanket]. [He] makes sick faces

SCARAMOUCHE That he's the greatest impostor in nature. Would you think it, sir? He pretends to be no less than an ambassador from the emperor of the moon, sir.

DOCTOR Ha! Ambassador from the emperor of the moon!

[The doctor] pulls off his hat

SCARAMOUCHE Aye, sir; thereupon I laughed, thereupon he grew angry; I laughed at his resentment, and thereupon we drew; and this was the high quarrel, sir. 275

DOCTOR Hum, ambassador from the moon. *(Pauses)*

SCARAMOUCHE *[to Harlequin]* I have brought you off; manage him as well as you can. 280

HARLEQUIN *(aside)* Brought me off, yes, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Why, how the devil shall I act an ambassador?

DOCTOR *(aside)* It must be so, for how should either of these know I expected that honour?

He addresses him with profound civility to Harlequin

Sir, if the figure you make, approaching so near ours of this world, have made us commit any indecent indignity to your high character, you ought to pardon the frailty of our mortal education and ignorance, having never before been blessed with the descension of any from your world. 285

HARLEQUIN *(aside)* What the devil shall I say now? *[To the doctor]* I confess, I am as you see by my garb, sir, a little incognito, because the public message I bring, is very private: which is, that the mighty Iredonozar, emperor of the moon, with his most worthy brother, the prince of Thunderland, intend to sup with you tonight. Therefore be sure you get good wine—though, by the way, let me tell you, 'tis for the sake of your fair daughter. 290 295

SCARAMOUCHE *(aside)* I'll leave the rogue to his own management.—I presume by your whispering, sir, you would be private, and humbly begging pardon, take my leave.

HARLEQUIN You have it, friend. 300

Exit Scaramouch

—Does your niece and daughter drink,° sir?

DOCTOR Drink, sir?

HARLEQUIN Aye, sir, drink hard.

DOCTOR Do the women of your world drink hard, sir?

HARLEQUIN According to their quality, sir, more or less; the greater the quality, the more profuse the quantity. 305

DOCTOR Why, that's just as 'tis here;° but your men of quality, your statesmen, sir, I presume they are sober, learned and wise.

HARLEQUIN Faith, no, sir, but they are, for the most part, what's as good, very proud, and promising, sir, most liberal of their word to every fawning suitor, to purchase the state of long attendance, and cringing as they pass; but the devil of a performance, without you 310

get the knack of bribing in the right place and time; but yet they all defy it, sir.

DOCTOR Just, just as 'tis here. But pray, sir, how do these great men live with their wives? 315

HARLEQUIN Most nobly, sir: my lord keeps his coach, my lady hers; my lord his bed, my lady hers; and very rarely see one another, unless they chance to meet in a visit, in the park, the Mall,^o the tour,^o or at the basset-table, where they civilly salute and part, he to his mistress, she to play—^o 320

DOCTOR Good lack! Just as 'tis here.

HARLEQUIN —Where, if she chance to lose her money, rather than give out, she borrows of the next amorous coxcomb, who, from that minute, hopes, and is sure to be paid again one way or other, the next kind opportunity. 325

DOCTOR Just as 'tis here.

HARLEQUIN As for the young fellows that have money, they have no mercy upon their own persons, but wearing nature off as fast as they can, swear, and whore, and drink, and borrow as long as any rooking citizen will lend; till having dearly purchased the heroic title of a bully or a sharper, they live pitied of their friends, and despised by their whores, and depart this transitory world diverse and sundry ways. 330

DOCTOR Just, just as 'tis here. 335

HARLEQUIN As for the citizen, sir, the courtier lies with his wife; he, in revenge, cheats him of his estate, till rich enough to marry his daughter to a courtier, again give him all—unless his wife's over-gallantry break him;^o and thus the world runs round.

DOCTOR The very same 'tis here. Is there no preferment, sir, for men of parts and merit? 340

HARLEQUIN Parts and merit! What's that? A livery, or the handsome tying a cravat; for the great men prefer none but their footmen and valets.

DOCTOR By my troth, just as 'tis here. Sir, I find you are a person of most profound intelligence: under favour, sir, are you a native of the moon or this world? 345

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] The devil's in him for hard questions.—I am a Neapolitan, sir.

DOCTOR Sir, I honour you. [*Aside*] Good luck, my countryman!—How got you to the region of the moon, sir? 350

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] A plaguy inquisitive old fool.—Why, sir, [*aside*] pox on't, what shall I say?—I being—one day in a musing

melancholy, walking by the seaside—there arose, sir, a great mist, by the sun's exhaling^o of the vapours of the earth, sir. 355

DOCTOR Right, sir.

HARLEQUIN In this fog or mist, sir, I was exhaled.

DOCTOR The exhalations of the sun, draw you to the moon, sir?

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] I am condemned to the blanket again.—I say, sir, I was exhaled up, but in my way, being too heavy, was dropped into the sea.^o 360

DOCTOR How, sir, into the sea?

HARLEQUIN The sea, sir, where the emperor's fisherman casting his nets, drew me up, and took me for a strange and monstrous fish, sir, and as such, presented me to his mightiness, who, going to have me spitchcocked for his own eating— 365

DOCTOR How, sir, eating?

HARLEQUIN What did me I, sir (life being sweet), but fell on my knees, and besought his gloriousness not to eat me, for I was no fish but a man; he asked me of what country, I told him of Naples; whereupon the emperor, overjoyed, asked me if I knew that most reverend and most learned Doctor Baliardo, and his fair daughter. I told him I did; whereupon he made me his bed-fellow, and the confidant to his amour to Signora Elaria. 370

DOCTOR Bless me, sir! how came the emperor to know my daughter? 375

HARLEQUIN [*aside*] There he is again with his damned hard questions.—Know her, sir? Why, you were walking abroad one day—

DOCTOR My daughter never goes abroad, sir, farther than our garden.

HARLEQUIN Aye, there it was indeed, sir; and as his highness was taking a survey of this lower world—through a long perspective, sir—he saw you and your daughter and niece, and from that very moment, fell most desperately in love. But hark: the sound of timbrels, kettle-drums and trumpets! The emperor, sir, is on his way: prepare for his reception. 380

A strange noise is heard of brass kettles, and pans, and bells, and many tinkling things

DOCTOR I'm in a rapture. How shall I pay my gratitude for this great negotiation? But as I may, I humbly offer, sir. 385

[The doctor] presents [Harlequin] with a rich ring and a purse of gold

HARLEQUIN Sir, as an honour done the emperor, I take your ring and gold. I must go meet his highness.

[Harlequin] takes leave. Enter to [the doctor] Scaramouch, as himself

SCARAMOUCHE Oh, sir! we are astonished with the dreadful sound of the sweetest music that ever mortal heard, but know not whence it comes. Have you not heard it, sir? 390

DOCTOR Heard it, yes, fool! 'Tis the music of the spheres: the emperor of the moon world is descending.

SCARAMOUCHE How, sir? No marvel then, that looking towards the south, I saw such splendid glories in the air. 395

DOCTOR Ha, saw'st thou aught descending in the air?

SCARAMOUCHE Oh, yes, sir, wonders! Haste to the old gallery, whence, with the help of your telescope, you may discover all.

DOCTOR I would not lose a moment for the lower universe.
Enter Elaria, Bellemante, [and] Mopsophil, dressed in rich, antic habits

ELARIA Sir, we are dressed as you commanded us; what is your farther pleasure? 400

DOCTOR It well becomes the honour you're designed for, this night, to wed two princes. Come with me and know your happy fates.
Exeunt doctor and Scaramouch

ELARIA Bless me! My father, in all the rest of his discourse, shows so much sense and reason, I cannot think him mad, but feigns all this to try us. 405

BELLEMANTE Not mad! Marry, heaven forbid, thou art always creating fears to startle one; why, if he be not mad, his want of sleep this eight-and-forty hours, the noise of strange unheard-of instruments, with the fantastic splendour of the unusual sight, will so turn his brain and dazzle him, that in grace of goodness, he may be mad. If he be not—come, let's after him to the gallery, for I long to see in what showing equipage our princely lovers will address to us. 410

Exeunt

[3.3]

The gallery,° richly adorned, with scenes and lights°

Enter doctor, Elaria, Bellemante, and Mopsophil. Soft music is heard

BELLEMANTE Ha; heavens! What's here? What palace is this? No part of our house, I'm sure.

ELARIA 'Tis rather the apartment of some monarch.

DOCTOR [*aside*] I'm all amazement too, but must not show my ignorance.—Yes, Elaria, this is prepared to entertain two princes. 5

BELLEMANTE Are you sure on't, sir? Are we not, think you, in that world above I often heard you speak of? In the moon, sir?

DOCTOR [*aside*] How shall I resolve her? For aught I know, we are.

ELARIA Sure, sir, 'tis some enchantment.

DOCTOR Let not thy female ignorance profane the highest mysteries of natural philosophy. To fools it seems enchantment, but I've a sense can reach it: sit, and expect the event. Hark! [*Aside*] I am amazed, but must conceal my wonder, that joy of fools, and appear wise in gravity. 10

BELLEMANTE Whence comes this charming sound, sir?

DOCTOR From the spheres: it is familiar to me. 15
The scene in the front draws off, and shows the hill of Parnassus; a noble large walk of trees leading to it, with eight or ten negroes upon pedestals, ranged on each side of the walks.° Next Kepler and Galileus descend on each side, opposite to each other, in chariots, with perspectives in their hands, as viewing the machine of the zodiac.° Soft music plays still

DOCTOR Methought I saw the figure of two men descend from yonder cloud, on yonder hill.

ELARIA I thought so too, but they are disappeared,° and the winged chariots fled.

Enter Kepler and Galileus

BELLEMANTE See, sir, they approach. 20
The doctor rises, and bows

KEPLER Most reverend sir, we from the upper world thus low salute you. Kepler and Galileus we are called, sent as interpreters to great Iredonozar, the emperor of the moon, who is descending.

DOCTOR [*bowing*] Most reverend bards, profound philosophers, thus low I bow to pay my humble gratitude. 25

KEPLER The emperor, sir, salutes you, and your fair daughter.

GALILEUS And, sir, the prince of Thunderland salutes you and your fair niece.

DOCTOR Thus low I fall to thank their royal goodness.
[The doctor] kneels. They take him up

BELLEMANTE Came you, most reverend bards, from the moon world? 30

KEPLER Most lovely maid, we did.

DOCTOR May I presume to ask the manner how?

KEPLER By cloud, sir, through the regions of the air, down to the famed Parnassus; thence by water, along the river Helicon;° the rest by post,° upon two winged eagles.° 35

DOCTOR Sir, are there store of our world^o inhabiting the moon?
 KEPLER Oh, of all nations, sir, that lie beneath it; in the emperor's
 train, sir, you will behold abundance. Look up and see the orbal
 world descending; observe the zodiac, sir, with her twelve signs.
*Next the zodiac descends, a symphony playing all the while;
 when it is landed, it delivers the twelve signs.^o Then the song,
 the persons of the zodiac being the singers; after which the
 negroes dance and mingle in the chorus*

A SONG FOR THE ZODIAC

*Let murmuring lovers no longer repine,
 But their hearts and their voices advance;
 Let the nymphs and the swains in the kind chorus join,
 And the satyrs and fauns in a dance.
 Let nature put on her beauty of May,
 And the fields and the meadows adorn;
 Let the woods and the mountains resound with the joy,
 And the echoes their triumph return.*

CHORUS

*For since Love wore his darts,
 And virgins grew coy;
 Since these wounded hearts,
 And those could destroy,
 There ne'er was more cause for your triumphs and joy.
 Hark, hark, the music of the spheres,
 Some wonder approaching declares;
 Such, such as has not blessed your eyes and ears
 This thousand, thousand, thousand years.
 See, see what the force of Love can make,
 Who rules in heaven, in earth and sea;
 Behold how he commands the zodiac,
 While the fixed signs unhinging all obey.^o
 Not one of which, but represents
 The attributes of Love,
 Who governs all the elements
 In harmony above.*

CHORUS

For since Love wore his darts,

*And virgins grew coy;
 Since these wounded hearts,
 And those could destroy,
 There ne'er was more cause for your triumphs and joy.*

*The wanton Aries first descends,
 To show the vigour and the play
 Beginning Love, beginning Love attends—^o
 When the young passion is all over joy;
 He bleats his soft pain to the fair curlèd throng,
 And he leaps, and he bounds, and loves all the day long.*

*At once Love's courage and his slavery
 In Taurus is expressed,
 Though o'er the plains he conqueror be,
 The generous beast
 Does to the yoke submit his noble breast;
 While Gemini, smiling and twining of arms,
 Shows Love's soft endearments and charms.
 And Cancer's slow motion the degrees do express,
 Respectful Love arrives to happiness.^o*

*Leo his strength and majesty,
 Virgo his blushing modesty,
 And Libra all his equity.
 His subtlety does Scorpio show,
 And Sagittarius all his loose desire,
 By Capricorn his forward humour know,
 And Aqua, lovers' tears that raise his fire,
 While Pisces, which intertwined do move,
 Show the soft play, and wanton arts of Love.*

CHORUS

*For since Love wore his darts,
 And virgins grew coy;
 Since these wounded hearts,
 And those could destroy,
 There ne'er was more cause for your triumphs and joy.*

[KEPLER] See how she turns, and sends her signs to earth.^o Behold
 the ram, Aries; see, Taurus next descends; then Gemini: see how
 the boys embrace. Next Cancer, then Leo, then the virgin; next to
 her Libra; Scorpio, Sagittary, Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces. This
 eight thousand years no emperor has descended but incognito; but

when he does, to make his journey more magnificent, the zodiac, sir, attends him.

DOCTOR 'Tis all amazing, sir.

KEPLER Now, sir, behold, the globic world descends two thousand leagues below its wonted station, to show obedience to its proper monarch.

After which, the globe of the moon^o appears, first, like a new moon; as it moves forward it increases, till it comes to the full. When it is descended, it opens, and shows the emperor and the prince. They come forth with all their train, the flutes playing a symphony before [the emperor], which prepares the song; which ended, the dancers mingle as before

SONG

*All joy to mortals, joy and mirth,
Eternal IOs sing;^o
The gods of love descend to earth,
Their darts have lost the sting.
The youth shall now complain no more
On Silvia's needless scorn,
But she shall love, if he adore,
And melt when he shall burn.*

*The nymph no longer shall be shy,
But leave the jilting road;
And Daphne now no more shall fly
The wounded panting god;
But all shall be serene and fair;
No sad complaints of love
Shall fill the gentle whispering air,
No echoing sighs the grove.*

*Beneath the shades young Strephon lies,
Of all his wish possessed;
Gazing on Silvia's charming eyes,
Whose soul is there confessed.
All soft and sweet the maid appears,
With looks that know no art,
And though she yields with trembling fears,
She yields with all her heart.*

[KEPLER] See, sir, the cloud of foreigners appears: French, English, Spaniards, Danes, Turks, Russians, Indians, and the nearer climes of Christendom; and lastly, sir, behold the mighty emperor.

A chariot appears, made like a half moon, in which is Cinthio for the emperor, richly dressed, and Charmante for the prince, rich, with a good many heroes attending. Cinthio's train [is] borne by four cupids. The song continues while they descend and land.^o They address themselves to Elaria and Bellemante. Doctor falls on his face, the rest bow very low as they pass. They make signs to Kepler

KEPLER The emperor would have you rise, sir; he will expect no ceremony from the father of his mistress.

[Kepler] takes [the doctor] up

DOCTOR I cannot, sir, behold his mightiness; the splendour of his majesty confounds me.

KEPLER You must be moderate, sir, it is expected.

The two lovers make all the signs of love in dumb show to the ladies, while the soft music plays again from the end of the song

DOCTOR Shall I not have the joy to hear their heavenly voices, sir?

KEPLER They never speak to any subject, sir, when they appear in royalty, but by interpreters, and that by way of stentraphon,^o in manner of the Delphic oracles.^o

DOCTOR Any way, so I may hear the sense of what they would say.

KEPLER No doubt you will. But see, the emperor commands, by signs, his foreigners to dance.

Soft music changes. A very antic dance. The dance ended, the front scene draws off, and shows a temple,^o with an altar, one speaking through a stentraphon from behind it. Soft music plays the while

KEPLER Most learned sir, the emperor now is going to declare himself, according to his custom, to his subjects. Listen.

STENTRAPHON Most reverend sir, whose virtue did incite us,

Whose daughter's charms did more invite us;

We come to grace her with that honour,

That never mortal yet had done her.

Once only, Jove was known in story

To visit Semele in glory.^o

But fatal 'twas; he so enjoyed her,

Her own ambitious flame destroyed her.

His charms too fierce for flesh and blood,

She died embracing of her god.
 We gentler marks of passion give;
 The maid we love, shall love and live,
 Whom visibly we thus will grace,
 Above the rest of human race.
 Say, is't your will that we should wed her,
 And nightly in disguises bed her?
 DOCTOR The glory is too great for mortal wife.
[The doctor] kneels in transport
 STENTRAPHON What then remains, but that we consummate
 This happy marriage in our splendid state?
 DOCTOR Thus low I kneel, in thanks for this great blessing.
*Cinthio takes Elaria by the hand; Charmante [takes]
 Bellemante; two of the singers in white being priests, they lead
 'em to the altar, the whole company dividing on either side.
 Where, while a hymeneal song is sung, the priest joins their
 hands. The song ended, and they married, they come forth;
 but before they come forward, two chariots descend,° one on
 one side above, and the other on the other side; in which is
 Harlequin dressed like a mock hero, with others, and
 Scaramouch in the other, dressed so in helmets*
 SCARAMOUCH Stay, mighty emperor, and vouchsafe to be the um-
 pire of our difference.
Cinthio makes signs to Kepler
 KEPLER What are you?
 SCARAMOUCH Two neighbouring princes to your vast dominion.
 HARLEQUIN Knights of the sun,° our honourable titles,
 And fight for that fair mortal, Mopsophil.
 MOPSOPHIL *[aside]* Bless us! My two precious lovers, I'll warrant;
 well, I had better take up with one of them, than lie alone tonight.
 SCARAMOUCH Long as two rivals have we loved and hoped,
 Both equally endeavoured, and both failed;
 At last by joint consent, we both agreed
 To try our titles by the dint of lance,
 And chose your mightiness for arbitrator.
 KEPLER The emperor gives consent.
*They both [are] all armed with gilded lances and shields of
 black, with golden suns painted. The music plays a fighting
 tune. They fight at barriers,° to the tune. Harlequin is often
 foiled, but advances still; at last Scaramouch throws him, and
 is conqueror; all give judgement for him*

KEPLER *(to Scaramouch)* The emperor pronounces you are victor.
 DOCTOR Receive your mistress, sir, as the reward of your undoubted
 valour.
[The doctor] presents Mopsophil [to Scaramouch]
 SCARAMOUCH Your humble servant, sir, and Scaramouch, returns
 you humble thanks.
[Scaramouch] puts off his helmet
 DOCTOR Ha, Scaramouch!
*[The doctor] bawls out, and falls in a chair. They all go to
 him*
 My heart misgives me. *(Bawling out)* Oh, I am undone and cheated
 every way!
 KEPLER Be patient, sir, and call up all your virtue;
 You're only cured, sir, of a disease
 That long has reigned over your nobler faculties.
 Sir, I am your physician, friend and counsellor;
 It was not in the power of herbs or minerals,
 Of reason, common sense, and right religion,
 To draw you from an error that unmanned you.
 DOCTOR I will be patient, gentlemen, and hear you.
 —Are not you Ferdinand?
 KEPLER I am; and these are gentlemen of quality,
 That long have loved your daughter and your niece.
 Don Cinthio this, and this, Don Charmante,
 The viceroy's nephews, both;
 Who found, as men, 'twas impossible to enjoy 'em,
 And therefore tried this stratagem.
 CINTHIO Sir, I beseech you, mitigate your grief;
 Although indeed we are but mortal men,
 Yet we shall love you, serve you, and obey you.
 DOCTOR Are not you then the emperor of the moon?
 And you the prince of Thunderland?
 CINTHIO There's no such person, sir.
 These stories are the phantoms of mad brains,
 To puzzle fools withal; the wise laugh at 'em.
 Come sir, you shall no longer be imposed upon.
 DOCTOR No emperor of the moon; and no moon world!
 CHARMANTE Ridiculous inventions.
 If we'd not loved you, you'd been still imposed on;
 We had brought a scandal on your learned name,
 And all succeeding ages had despised it.

DOCTOR (*leap[ing] up*) Burn all my books, and let my study blaze;^o
 Burn all to ashes, and be sure the wind
 Scatter the vile contagious monstrous lies.
 —Most noble youths, you've honoured me with your alliance, and
 you, and all your friends, assistances^o in this glorious miracle, I
 invite tonight to revel with me.—Come, all, and see my happy
 recantation of all the follies fables have inspired till now. Be
 pleasant to repeat your story, to tell me by what kind degrees you
 cozened me. (*Gravely to himself*) I see there's nothing in philo-
 sophy.—Of all that writ, he was the wisest bard, who spoke this
 mighty truth:

He that knew all that ever learning writ,
 Knew only this: that he knew nothing yet.^o

Epilogue

To be spoken by Mrs Cooke

With our old plays, as with dull wife it fares,
 To whom you have been married tedious years.
 You cry, 'she's wondrous good, it is confessed,
 But still 'tis *chapon bouillé* at the best;^o
 That constant dish can never make a feast.'
 Yet the palled pleasure you must still pursue,
 You give so small encouragement for new;
 And who would drudge for such a wretched age,
 Who want the bravery to support one stage?^o
 The wiser wits have now new measures set,
 And taken up new trades, that they may eat;
 No more your nice fantastic pleasures serve;
 Your pimps you pay, but let your poets starve.
 They long in vain for better usage hoped,
 Till quite undone and tired, they dropped and dropped;
 Not one is left will write for thin third day—
 Like desperate picaroons, no-prize no-pay,
 And when they've done their best, the recompense
 Is, 'damn the sot, his play wants common sense.'
 Ill-natured wits, who can so ill requite
 The drudging slaves who for your pleasure write!
 Look back on flourishing Rome, ye proud ingrates,

And see how she her thriving poets treats:
 Wisely she prized 'em at the noblest rate,
 As necessary ministers of state,
 And contributions raised to make 'em great.
 They from the public bank she did maintain,
 And freed from want, they only writ for fame;
 And were as useful in a city held,
 As formidable armies in the field.
 They but a conquest over men pursued,
 While these, by gentler force, the soul subdued.
 Not Rome in all her happiest pomp could show
 A greater Caesar than we boast of now;
 Augustus reigns—but poets still are low.
 May Caesar live; and while his mighty hand^o
 Is scattering plenty over all the land,
 With god-like bounty recompensing all,
 Some fruitful drops may on the muses fall—
 Since honest pens do his just cause afford
 Equal advantage with the useful sword.

Emperor of the Moon

Cast *Baliardo*: a name derived from *balordo*, 'stupid', and often used in *commedia dell'arte*. The character of the pedantic old doctor is a stock one.

Scaramouch: one of the most famous stock characters of *commedia dell'arte*, often seen in combat with Harlequin.

Cinthio: name often used for a young lover in *commedia dell'arte*.

Harlequin: one of the most famous *commedia dell'arte* characters, and the hero of Behn's source, *Arlequin empereur dans la lune*.

Elaria: Eularia is a name often used for a young lady in *commedia dell'arte*.

Kepler and Galileus: Johannes Kepler (1571-1630) and Galileo Galilei (1564-1642) both furthered the new science of astronomy with their use of telescopes, invented early in the seventeenth century, and described the heavenly bodies in ways that were imitated and burlesqued by writers of fantastic moon-voyages. Kepler also had associations with Rosicrucianism.

Epistle Dedicatory To the Lord Marquess of Worcester, &c.: Charles, Marquis of Worcester, 1661-98.

20 *Duke of Beauford*: Henry Somerset, first Duke of Beaufort, 1629-1700; a supporter of both Charles II and James II.

49-51 *barren . . . intermission*: *Arlequin empereur dans la lune*, Behn's main source, was a performance by Italian comedians incorporating French scenes, first put on in Paris in March 1684.

51-4 *altered . . . farce*: Behn's play has a narrative unity not evident in the printed French scenes of *Arlequin empereur*. As the Italian scenes were not printed it isn't known how they fitted with the French ones, but the Italian tradition was one of improvisation, and Behn is probably right to claim that her play has a coherence lacking in its source.

57 *all the words . . . new*: not strictly true: there are a few verbal echoes from *Arlequin empereur*. On the whole, though, the dialogue is Behn's own.

58 *calculated for his late majesty*: since Charles II died in 1685, Behn must have been working on the play before then; probably she wrote it in 1684 intending to have it performed in 1685.

70 *fanatical*: of or pertaining to the Nonconformist sects.

80-1 *town . . . one*: Behn compares the flourishing state of patronage and theatres in the period before 1642 with the circumstances of the Restoration. Only one theatre company, the United Company, operated from 1682 to 1695, and though it had two theatres, Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens, at its disposal, only one was used at a time, and Behn complains that audiences were too sparse properly to support even this level of theatrical activity.

Prologue *Jevon*: *Jevon* Q1-2, C1-2, S, HS. Thomas Jevon (1652-88), actor, dancer, singer, and playwright; a popular comedian who often spoke prologues and epilogues. He played Harlequin in the original production of the play.

20 *No woman without vizard*: i.e. no modest woman. Many women wore vizard masks to protect their modesty while attending comedies, but as prostitutes also attended the play masked the vizard was a very ambiguous signal. The sense here may be that no woman can risk twice attending such an obscene play without a vizard to conceal her identity, or, more likely, that no modest woman, that is a woman who does not wear the (prostitute's) vizard, dare attend a second time (when she would not have the excuse that she did not know about the obscenity).

30 *th' speaking head*: this recalls numerous legends about heads that could speak. The most famous was the Brazen Head said to have been made by Roger Bacon; Albertus Magnus, mentioned in r.2.105 below, was said to have made an earthen head that spoke and moved. Little is known about the head used in the first performances of the farce. From the stage-directions it is clear that it was manipulated through the trapdoor from under the forestage. Its voice, which from the name 'Stentor' was presumably loud and booming, may have been provided by actors under the stage. The illusion aimed for is that it magically repeats Jevon's words. It is usually linked with the device mentioned in the *Newdigate Newsletter* of 26 March 1687: 'A Country man haveing invented a head & soe contrived it that whatever language or tune you speak in the Mouth of it it Repeated distinctly and Audibly.' This is probably the speaking head which the Prologue claims the company has bought a share in; the head actually used in the play is likely to have been one contrived by the actors in competition with this. The promise to the audience that they will save a sice (= sixpence) by watching the play (l. 31) suggests the existence of a rival speaking head which they would have to pay to see elsewhere.

35 S.D. 'Sawny': a popular Scots song, beginning 'Sawny was tall, and of noble race', which was printed in John Playford's *Choice Ayres and Songs . . .* (London, 1681).

37 [*Jevon*]: all previous editions give this line to Stentor, the speaking head; but the action makes more sense if Jevon completes the couplet. He is complaining that the actor speaking for the head has broken the illusion by asking him to speak louder instead of repeating his words.

S.D. [*the head*] *answers indirectly*: it answers obliquely, not properly repeating Jevon's words or sounds (which are not specified at this point).

39 *echo . . . northern strain*: the *echo* is the speaking head; *northern strain* refers to the song 'Sawny', subtitled 'A Northern Song' in printed sources.

41 *nothing . . . show*: a scornful remark on the popularity of a rival entertainment to the licensed theatre. There were numerous puppet shows in

- Restoration London, at fairs, and at Charing Cross and Salisbury Change. In the rest of the prologue various sections of the audience are mocked for their supposed behaviour at puppet shows.
- 43 *Philander and Irene's love*: presumably a love-scene acted by the puppets. Philander was a common name for a lover.
- 44-7 *sisters . . . they*: perhaps draws a satirical parallel between puppet-show love-scenes and some amours current in contemporary gossip.
- 48 *her own*: Q1, C1-2, S; *her noon* Q2, HS; her own.
ninny: foolish companion (i.e. 'Fribble', l. 50).
- 48-51 *city . . . kids*: the action described here is not clear. It could be that the city wife, watching the puppet show, is charmed by some stage-business involving a puppet getting into a model coach, which then overturns, giving rise to the cry from 'Fribble' (the city wife's husband, whose name implies foolishness and sexual impotence).
- 53 *Dog Hector, and the Bull*: refers to the bull-baiting and dog-fighting satirically supposed to be preferred as entertainments by rough men who fancy themselves as 'men of war'.
- 1.1 S.D. [*Elaria sings*]: previous editions do not specify the singer, but it is likely that Elaria both plays the lute and sings.
- 1 *A curse . . . maid*: this song, with music by Purcell, was printed as a song sheet by Thomas Cross in 1700, and said to be 'sung by Mrs Cross'. See *British Union-Catalogue of Early Music*, ed. Edith Schnapper (London, 1975), ii. 855. This was probably the actress, singer, and dancer Leticia Cross, who was on the stage in the 1690s.
- 30 *Roger*: a generic name for a servant.
- 53 *weapon-salve*: an ointment supposed to cure wounds when applied to the weapon that caused them.
sympathetic powder: a powder supposed to heal wounds through the power of correspondence or affinity, by being applied to the bloodstained garments or to the weapon.
- 84 *Don Quick-sottish*: like Don Quixote, with a pun on Quixote/Quick-sot. Like Cervantes's hero, famous for being taken in by chivalric romance, Dr Baliardo has taken fiction for truth; in his case books of fantastic travels have deceived him.
- 93 *Machiavel*: artful statesman; from the famous Florentine statesman Machiavelli, whose *Il principe* expounded the principles of statecraft.
- 96 *Dialogue of Icaromenippus*: Q2, HS; *Dialogue of the Lofty Traveller* Q1, C1-2, S. A Dialogue by Lucian in which Menippus tells of his trip to the moon. Various ideas mooted in later fantastic voyages, including the possibility of the moon being inhabited, are aired here. The name *Icaromenippus* indicates that Menippus is like Icarus in flying up into the

- heavens. The Dialogue had recently been translated by Ferrand Spence in the third volume of his edition of Lucian's works (1684).
- 97 *The Man in the Moon*: title of a fantastic voyage by the supposed Spaniard 'Domingo Gonsales, the Speedy Messenger' (really Francis Godwin, Bishop of Llandaff), published in 1629. Gonsales describes travelling to the moon in a flying machine drawn by large geese called 'gansas'.
- 99 *A Discourse of the World in the Moon*: a moon-voyage written by Cyrano de Bergerac, English versions of which were published in 1659 and 1687.
- 102 *Sir John Mandeville*: the supposed author of a famous book mingling travel and romance, dating from the fourteenth century.
- 113 *cabalists*: (1) scholars of mystic arts; (2) members of a secret society or cabal; see *cabala* below, 1.2.25.
the Rosicrucian order: a legendary secret society whose members were thought to lay claim to secret and magical knowledge, and to knowledge of the spirit world. Behn's source for her treatment of them is the satirical work *The Count of Gabalis* (see below, 1.2.35).
- 124 *conjuring*: calling up spirits.
- 126 *all his scopes*: two of the doctor's scopes, the microscope and telescope, are inventions of the seventeenth century and instruments of the new science. The horoscope, by contrast, is ancient. The reference may be to a more modern, mathematical instrument, a kind of planisphere called a horoscope (*OED* 2c).
- 129 *ma très chère*: my very dear.
- 133 *plumés*: *plumees* Q2, HS; *plumeys* Q1, C1-2, S. Young gallants, named after their plumed hats.
- 135-6 *blonding . . . noir . . . brunette*: refers to the different colours—blond, black, brown—either of the young men's hair or of their plumes.
- 138 *tout autour*: all around.
- 153-5 *Chevalier . . . cannons*: 'Fair-haired cavalier, | No more patches, no more powder | No more ribbons and lace.' Bellemante is reciting a list of young men's ornaments. Mouches were black face-patches; powder was used for face and hair; ribbons and cannons, or pieces of lace, were used to trim the wide breeches then fashionable.
- 172 *moon-calfs*: idiots, so called because their birth was once thought to have been affected by the moon; in this context, also anticipates the suitors' later pretence to have been born on the moon.
- 173-4 *our governante, and keeper*: Elaria is referring to two people here: Mopsophil, the 'governante' (governess or chaperone), and Scaramouch, the 'keeper'.

- 179 *billets doux*: *billet doux* Q1-2, C1-2, S, HS. Scaramouch left two letters, one to Bellemante from Charmante, and one to Elaria, presumably from Cinthio.
- 1.2 S.D. *a telescope twenty (or more) foot long*: inspired by the 'Scène de la prothase' in *Arlequin empereur*, which features a large mounted telescope.
- 6 *moments critical*: times of decisive astrological influence.
- 14 *seems to wink at distance*: appears from a distance to have his eyes closed.
- 17 S.D. *Scaramouch goes to the door*: this suggests that one of the proscenium doors was being used to represent the garden gate.
- 23 S.D. *Scaramouch bare*: i.e. bare-headed, having taken off his hat to greet Charmante.
- S.D. *in a strange fantastical habit*: exact details of such costumes are unclear, but the point is that they look strange and are sharply differentiated from the contemporary attire which is the basis for 'normal' dress in comedies of the period.
- S.D. *with Harlequin*: Harlequin enters with Charmante as his servant, but immediately hides behind a bush (see below, l. 135 S.D.). Intermittently during the following scene he peeps out, allowing for added comic point; he might, for instance, make comic faces at some of Charmante's learned rhetoric, or attempt to see the nymph painted on the glass.
- 25 *cabala*: (1) a secret, esoteric doctrine; originally referring to Jewish tradition, here referring to Rosicrucian ideas; (2) *cabal*, a secret group or council (for its political connotations in this period, see note to *Rover*, Prologue l. 9). The members of the imaginary cabala of *EM* are the Emperor's ministers and guardians of the Rosicrucian doctrines.
- Eutopia*: place of ideal happiness, with a pun on the *utopia* (no place) of Sir Thomas More's famous work. With this one word, probably emphasized after a pause, Charmante can both play on the doctor's belief in the moon world, and share a joke with the audience about that world's non-existence.
- 26 S.D. *Salutes him low*: makes a low bow, expressing deep respect.
- 27 *fame*: rumour, reputation; with a reference to the early seventeenth-century pamphlet *Fama* which purported to announce the existence of the Rosicrucian brotherhood.
- 28 *the renowned society*: the Rosicrucians; perhaps with a satirical glance at the Royal Society.
- 35 *Count of Gabalis*: character in a work by Montfaucon de Villars, translated as *The Count of Gabalis: Or, The Extravagant Mysteries of the Cabalists, Exposed in Five Pleasant Discourses on the Secret Sciences* in 1680. Count Gabalis tries to convert a sceptical narrator to Rosicrucianism. Doctor Baliardo, unlike the work's narrator, has been taken in by the Count's arguments.

- 38 *that doctrine*: Charmante's following speeches detail Rosicrucian doctrines as described in *The Count of Gabalis*. The central idea, that mortals should copulate not with each other but with spirits of the opposite sex, provides the occasion in this scene to mock the doctor's misogyny and to prepare for the play's main trick, the pretence that godlike spirits are courting Elaria and Bellemante.
- 42 *deictical*: divine. Charmante's use of this nonce-word emphasizes his role as expounder of esoteric doctrines.
- 41-4 *salamanders . . . nymphs . . . gnomes . . . sylphs*: the four kinds of spirits in Rosicrucian doctrine.
- 54 *appear in shapes*: take on visible bodies.
- 62 *abstinence from carnal thought*: purity was traditionally necessary for performing magic, and is emphasized in the Rosicrucian doctrines found in *The Count of Gabalis*. Rosicrucian ideas of sexual abstinence are easily satirized because desire is not so much banished as transferred to imaginary spirits. The joke here is that as soon as the doctor has renounced carnal thought he is to be excited by a picture of a nymph.
- 77 S.D. *a glass . . . behind it*: the light, perhaps a candle, allows the picture to be shown to the audience before it is put into the telescope.
- 83 *Alikin*: possibly a diminutive corruption of Alif, title of the great father spirit in Arabic tradition.
- 84 S.D. *puts . . . telescope*: the telescope is probably pointed towards the audience.
- 95 *Alexander . . . salamander*: in *The Count of Gabalis* Alexander the Great (the son of Philip of Macedon, the 'King Philip' mentioned in this passage) is said to have been fathered by a sylph.
- 97-8 *famous philosopher, Merlin*: mentioned in *Gabalis*. The necromancer of Arthurian legend; perhaps with a reference to William Lilly, an astrologer who published as 'Merlinus Anglicus', and died in 1681.
- 102 *Egeria . . . Numa Pompilius*: the love of Numa Pompilius for Egeria is related in *Gabalis*.
- 104 *Zoroaster* [or Zarathustra]: founder of a religion of ancient Persia. He is mentioned in *Gabalis* as the son of Noah's wife by a salamander.
- Trismegistus*: Hermes Trismegistus, mythical founder of the Hermetic art of alchemy; mentioned in *Gabalis*.
- Apuleius*: author of second-century satirical romance, *The Golden Ass*, and of *De Deo Socrates*, in which Socrates is said to have had a private demon. He was accused of performing magic.
- Aquinas*: Thomas Aquinas, referred to by Count Gabalis as an authority on the intimacy between mortals and spirits.

- 105 *Albertus Magnus*: a scholastic philosopher of the thirteenth century.
Zilphid: a version of *sylphid* (sylph), mentioned in *Gabalus*.
- 94-106 *Most possible . . . wise, sir*: in these speeches Charmante imitates *The Count of Gabalis*, in which the count tells of various classical, biblical, and historical persons who were begotten by, or had commerce with, the Rosicrucian spirits. Most of the ones Charmante lists are mentioned in *Gabalus*, and many are famous authorities in magic and alchemy.
- 117 *Iredonozar*: the name is taken from Irdonozur, the prince of the world in the moon in Godwin's *The Man in the Moone*.
- 120 S.D. *the glass with the emperor*: this second picture is perhaps collected from Scaramouch at the same time as the first, but not shown until now. Probably Charmante holds this up to the audience's view for a moment as he puts it in the telescope.
- 135 S.D. *in the hedges*: in the scenery behind the proscenium and in front of the painted shutters: probably wings painted with hedges for the garden scene, or perhaps separate bushes cut out in silhouette. Harlequin probably peeps out at this point, both to add interest to the business of Charmante's exit and Scaramouch's re-entrance, and to remind the audience that he is present and will overhear the following dialogue.
- 159 *transitories, mortal*: the doctor addresses Scaramouch as a mortal and admonishes him to think of spiritual things rather than transitory ones like Mopsophil and her wealth. Alternative readings are the tautological *transitories mortal Q1*; and *transitory Mortal C2, S*, replacing *transitories* with an adjective and making *mortal* refer to Mopsophil.
- 161 S.D. *comes out on the stage*: i.e. from behind the proscenium arch onto the forestage, closer to the audience for his important tickling scene.
- 169 *a caper on my own sword*: a humorous reference to stabbing himself. A caper is a frolicsome dance.
- 176 S.D. [*Harlequin*] *falls to tickle himself*: this action is taken from the 'Scène du désespoir' in *Arlequin empereur*, praised as one of the funniest of Harlequin's scenes. In Behn's version Harlequin's monologue is much shorter.
- 183 *common: Q2; mutual Q1*. The emendation may record a joke arising from the casting of Katherine Corey, who was well known in the part of Doll Common in *The Alchemist*, as Mopsophil.
- 195 *stand with you*: dispute with you.
- 1.3 S.D. *Enter Scaramouch, groping*: the groping action indicates that it is meant to be dark, though the stage is not darkened; the audience is able to watch the characters blundering as if they can't see.
- 24 *boremes*: a form of *bouts-rimés*, rhymed endings. *Bouts-rimés* are mentioned in the 'Scène d'Isabelle et Colombine' in *Arlequin empereur*, from which the idea for this scene comes. Behn expands into an action on

- stage the trick with the tablets and the lover's jealousy, which are merely briefly reported in the French scene.
- 37 S.D. *She turns and takes the tablet*: following Summers, I have changed the order of the stage-directions to show Bellemante taking up the tablet before reading Harlequin's writing, 'And answered only with my sighs'. The quarto stage-directions are ambiguous here, introducing Harlequin's line with 'Harlequin writes' and placing Bellemante's taking the tablet after it.
- 42 S.D. [*She reads*]: S.D. altered, as at l. 37 above, to give speech clearly to Bellemante.
- 56 *character*: handwriting.
- 65 *malheureuse*: miserable [me]! A verbal echo from the 'Scène d'Isabelle et Colombine'.
- 71 S.D. *into the closet*: this begins a series of comic actions making use of the proscenium doors. One door represents the entrance to the chamber; another, on the opposite side of the stage, is the entrance to the closet (i.e. a small, private room). Charmante disappears through one door as the doctor enters opposite. (See also l. 117 S.D. and l. 141 S.D. below.)
- 102 *league and covenant*: formal agreement. A satirical reference to the Solemn League and Covenant of the Scots and English Presbyterians in 1643.
- 110 S.D. *flute doux*: a high-pitched flute.
- 111 *bon ami*: good friend.
- 117 S.D. *behind the door*: i.e. the same proscenium door through which Elaria is entering. She does not see him and he slips out behind her back (l. 118 S.D.).
- 141 *my cousin's closet's open*: i.e. the same door which Charmante used earlier. The audience sees Cinthio go through the same door and knows it is only a matter of time before the two men discover they are sharing a closet.
- S.D. *gets round . . . door*: Elaria has to cross the stage from the 'closet' to the 'chamber door' through which the doctor has just entered.
- 146 S.D. *Scaramouch with a light*: the comic business with light and darkness quickens in pace from here on, as the repeated loss and reappearance of light means that characters have to make quick changes between 'blind' and 'seeing' actions. The obvious artificiality of the convention makes the joke: at the entrance of one candle, making no real difference to the stage-lighting, Cinthio stops groping and starts acting like a madman, while the doctor can suddenly see him after being blind to his presence.
- 148-52 *Gog Magog . . . dubbed a knight*: Cinthio conflates Gog and Magog, legendary giants whose statues had stood at the Guildhall till the Great Fire of 1666. Cinthio is mocking the supposed venality of the City governors by personifying the famous Guildhall statues as a god they worship in return for money and title.

- 2.1 S.D. [*A room . . . house*]: no scenery is specified for this short scene, but from the dialogue the location is evidently somewhere in the house.
S.D. *An antic dance*: the dance marks an interval before the act proper opens. 'Antic' suggests that the dancers wear bizarre costumes.
- 25 *fiddles*: fiddlers.
treat: food.
- 2.2 S.D. *flambeau*: lit torch or candlestick.
- 7 *Deceptio visus*: Scaramouch translates the Latin in his next phrase, 'the error of the eyes'.
- 21 *his proper stuff*: (1) his own written matter; (2) his rubbish.
- 38 *put your arms across*: cross your arms. A traditional pose for woeful lovers in pictorial art.
look scurvily: look abashed and silly. While Scaramouch is speaking, the two lovers might adopt the different postures as he recommends them.
- 2.3 S.D. *The inside . . . pleasure*: the staging for this scene is quite elaborate. The scene opens with the actors in front of a curtain (perhaps the main curtain, perhaps a specially designed drop curtain) to be drawn up later; behind that is another curtain, the 'hanging' to be mentioned later (l. 60 S.D.); behind that a 'scene', i.e. a painted pair of shutters representing the inside of the house, which will be revealed later.
- 2 *à la gothic*: in the gothic manner. Exactly what a 'gothic habit' (see also l. 22 S.D.) consists of is not clear, but in general terms it seems to be a colourful masquerade dress very unlike the normal costume then fashionable. The connotations of *gothic* at this time are likely to be Teutonic rather than medieval.
- uncommune*: Bellemante's affected, pseudo-French pronunciation for *uncommon*.
- 22 S.D. *music*: the company of musicians.
- 43 S.D. *antics*: players dressed in bizarre costumes, perhaps as clowns.
- 48 S.D. *harpsicals*: harpsichord. An unusual instrument in plays, being very large to be carried on stage. It was probably played in the music-room or the pit.
S.D. *they all dance a figure dance*: i.e. a set-dance; more appropriate for the ladies and gentlemen than the presumably less decorous dance of antics earlier. It is possible 'all' is meant to be confined to 'all the dancers', but more likely that it indicates the dramatic characters. Their joining in this dance after sitting still for the first one reflects the greater trust Elaria feels once she knows the dancers are Cinthio's kinsmen.
- 60 S.D. *having placed them . . . hanging*: the short interval of empty fore-stage, while the doctor and Peter call from without, and the actors arrange themselves behind the front curtain, arouses audience anticipa-

- tion of a spectacular tableau later in the scene. The 'tapestry' tableau is not in *Arlequin empereur*, but Behn probably took ideas from another play in the Italian repertoire, *Arlequin Jason ou la Toison d'or*, which has one scene where actors stand on pedestals, apparently turned to stone.
- 85 *against*: in preparation for when.
- 86 *tapestry*: i.e. the hanging. The characters standing in the hanging are pretending to be embroidered onto it.
- 89 *virtuoso*: i.e. Charmante, who in 1.2 posed as a virtuoso (an adept in Rosicrucian mysteries).
- 93 *tuning of the spheres*: the heavenly bodies were supposed to make music as they moved.
- 99 *what story's this*: what story is the tapestry illustrating? Wall-hangings were embroidered with scenes from well-known narratives.
- 101 S.D. *perspective*: magnifying glass.
S.D. *placed on a tree*: perhaps a wooden cut-out tree with a ladder at the back. Harlequin needs to be placed higher than the doctor so that the audience can watch him hitting him.
- 114 S.D. *the entrance*: one of the proscenium doors, now to be used again for the comically surreptitious exit.
- 123 *let none escape*: Peter's signal failure to prevent the escape could be played either as bumbling (in the 'dark' he cannot find the door and fails to notice the long queue of people) or as silent complicity with the escapers.
S.D. *except Mopsophil*: Mopsophil needs to be onstage listening at l. 140 below.
- 175-6 *I'll . . . round*: I promise you, this joke will be told to everyone.
S.D. *Exit Mopsophil*: Mopsophil needs to leave here to warn Elaria and Bellemante, and to take up her position in the scene about to be revealed.
- 190 *Better than all Galenists*: Q2; *Gallanicus* Q1. Better than all [the remedies of] physicians. Galenists were healers who followed the teachings of the Greek physician and author of medical treatises Galen (c. AD 130-c.200), especially by using herbal remedies.
- 2.4 S.D. *Scene draws off [to show Bellemante's chamber]*: the shutters representing the 'inside of the house' for 2.3 part to reveal the women behind; another set of shutters representing a chamber is in place behind them. Summers inserts 'Bellemante's Chamber'; earlier editions do not specify location.
- 44 *intelligence*: communication.
- 2.5.1 *en cavalier*: (1) neatly, gracefully; (2) like a gallant lover. Scaramouch has cleverly pacified the doctor but failed to meet Mopsophil as he promised.
- 3 *'tis*: S; is Q1-2, C1-2, HS.

- 5 S.D. *sets . . . window*: the balcony above one of the proscenium doors serves as the window.
- 26 *true blue*: steadfast; perhaps with a satirical reference to the Whigs. The Scottish Presbyterians were known as true blues.
- 38 *shotten herring*: term for a herring that has spawned; figuratively, thin and worn-out. Thomas Jevon, for whom Behn designed her Harlequin, was a very thin man.
- 40 *zany*: (1) servant character in the *commedia dell'arte*, which of course is precisely what both Harlequin and Scaramouch are; (2) contemptuous word for a hanger-on or someone who plays the fool.
- 55 S.D. *flings . . . balcony*: Mopsophil angrily sweeps out of the balcony, and climbs down to reappear a few moments later (l. 59 S.D.) through the door underneath the balcony.
- 61 *made a property*: made a mere tool. Mopsophil thinks Scaramouch's courtship of her has been just a means to get away from his real wife.
- 69 *termagant*: violent, bullying.
infidel: one who cannot keep faith.
- 75 *fille de chambre*: Harlequin's impersonation recalls the 'Scène de la fille de chambre' in *Arlequin empereur*, in which Harlequin applies to be a chambermaid and Pierrot, impersonating the doctor's wife, questions him in the way the doctor does in Behn's scene. The joke about ladies having valets de chambre (see below, ll. 91-2) is in the French source. The social satire about Harlequin's supposed previous employers is much more extensive in Behn's scene.
- 78 S.D. *makes his little dapper leg*: makes a neat little bow (appropriate to a man, not the woman he is pretending to be).
- 98 *laced up to the gathers*: decorated with lace all the way to where the material is gathered (at the waist); another example of the parson's wife's extravagance in dress.
- 106-7 *outdo the very vice-reine*: Russell (p. 270) suggests a reference to the luxury indulged in by the Duchess of Portsmouth, politically powerful mistress of Charles II.
- 121 *mongrel*: (1) of mixed breed, referring to Harlequin's acting both man and woman; (2) general term of abuse.
- 153 *shapes of Jupiter*: Jupiter adopted various animal bodies in order to pursue mortal women.
- 170 *cabalists*: C2, S; cabalist Q1-2, C1, HS.
- 180 *the Ebula*: in Godwin's *The Man in the Moone*, Gonsales is given various magic stones; one, the Ebula, helps him rise and descend through the air at will.

- 184 *from Parnassus . . .*: Charmante describes a journey over the mountains of Greece, all with classical or mythological associations, ascending to Olympus, the highest mountain, and then to the moon.
Parnassus: legendary mountain of the poets.
Hymettus: a mountain in Attica famous for honey.
Gerania: a mountain near Corinth.
- 185 *Acrocorinthus*: the top of the city of Corinth.
Taygetus: high mountain.
Olympus' top: home of the gods in Greek myth.
- 204 *at a dead lift*: in a crisis.
- 3.1 S.D. *through the gate towards the stage*: Harlequin probably enters from the wings and drives towards the forestage. It is not clear how the town gate would be represented; possibly the guard's post would be enough to suggest that Harlequin is coming through a gate.
S.D. *his horse*: probably a real one. Real horses were occasionally brought on stage in the Restoration; the comedian Joe Haines delivered an epilogue while riding a donkey at Drury Lane in 1697.
- 3 *siège volant*: S; *siege voglant* Q1-2, C1-2, HS. Light, two-wheeled carriage.
- 21 S.D. *Harlequin . . . 'tis a cart*: this trick is taken from the 'Scène du fermier de Donfront' in *Arlequin empereur*.
- 3.2 S.D. *a chair . . . apothecary's shop*: the chair is a sedan, a small carriage with poles for bearers to carry. The trick sedan which becomes an apothecary's shop comes from the 'Scène de l'apotiquaire' in *Arlequin empereur*, in which Harlequin poses as an apothecary.
- 11 *I might . . . pusillanimity*: Scaramouch's pretentious language, here and later in the scene, adds to the amusement of his apothecary disguise and continues the mockery of the doctor's obsessions. Some of the alchemical vocabulary is taken from Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, 2.3.
- 13 *communitive*: here, 'full of good fellowship'. A very rare word, not recorded in *OED* (as 'of or belonging to a community') till the 1800s. Its use here is one of many examples of Scaramouch's outlandish Latinate speech in this scene.
- 15-16 *Galenical and Paracelsian phenomenas*: phenomena as described by Galen and Paracelsus, both famous for their work in medicine. Paracelsus (1493-1541) established the role of chemistry in medicine. He was the most important exponent of Renaissance alchemy and influenced Rosicrucian ideas.
- 21 *aurial*: probably a version of 'auricular', by the ear.
- 27 *hostel*: mansion, residence.
- 38 *in propria persona*: in person.

- 38 *by speculation*: by observation (through a telescope); the later sense of 'conjecture' is probably not present here.
- 40 *terra firma*: firm ground or earth, a designation comically applied to the moon here.
- 41-2 *Cosmographia of the Lunar Mundus*: map of the lunar world. Many works called *Cosmographia* were published in the seventeenth century.
- 45-6 *the map of Terra Incognita*: map of the unknown territory.
- 50 *forlorn hope*: group of soldiers sent out in front to begin an attack.
- 56 *novel*: news.
- 64 *Garamanteen*: not traced.
- 66 *scaturigo*: *scaturigo* Q1-2, C1-2, S, HS. Latin for 'a spring of boiling water'.
ebullition: *ebullition* Q1-2, C1-2, S; HS. Bubbling or fizzing up. The bubbling up of the lunar mineral waters supposedly produces a medicinal infusion or 'water'.
- 69 *enode*: solve, explain.
appearances: S, C2; *apparances* Q2, C1, HS; *apparences* Q1; visible manifestations.
- 72 *the tincture . . .*: a rough and ready parody of the alchemical process, in which liquids went through a series of stages marked by colour-change. 'tincture' = colour; 'ceruleates' = turns blue; 'flaveces', Scaramouch's coinage from Latin, = turns yellow; 'crocus' is the alchemical term for the yellow stage in the process. Scaramouch correctly describes the yellow stage following the blue.
- 73 *ceruleates*: C2, S; *ceruberates* Q1-2, C1, HS.
- 74 *generous*: (1) richly coloured; (2) invigorating; (3) copious.
- 75 *water*: Scaramouch changes from using 'water' for medicinal infusion, to 'water' as urine, which was examined by doctors for indications of a patient's state of health.
- 77-82 *be pleased to observe . . . Balneo*: Scaramouch (in order to distract attention from his action with the letters) directs the doctor's gaze to the apothecary's shop, where a suitable large, round glass flask might be placed or painted. He then describes an alchemical experiment, using, as is customary, the language of conception and birth for the attainment of the philosopher's stone. The alchemical flask was divided into 'three regions' after the three regions of the universe. 'Pallid' probably refers to white colour in the flask. White is the penultimate stage in alchemy, and the white elixir was supposed to transform metals to silver; in symbolic terms this elixir was female, hence its activity is expressed in the 'breeding of Filia Solis', the daughter of the sun. The 'faeces' is the sediment left in the lowest 'third region' of the flask, here supposedly

- indicating the 'birth', or final achievement of the philosopher's stone. The 'balneo' was a bath of water in which a flask would be stood for gentle heating.
- 83 *Lysidono*: not traced; Scaramouch may be making the name up.
- 84-5 *zenith and nadir*: astronomical terms for the highest point of the sky, and its opposite, the point beneath the observer: loosely, 'height and depth'.
- 86 *Islington*: at this time a resort north of London, popular for its medicinal springs and pleasure gardens.
- 88-91 *upon the infusion . . . Amalgama*: Scaramouch is still using alchemical terms, but rather nonsensically here; this speech makes less sense than the last one, indicating that he is running out of ideas. The 'crow's head' is the black stage in alchemy, but it does not procure the 'seal of Hermes', or hermetic seal, as Scaramouch claims. 'Lac Virginis', literally virgin's milk, is an alchemical term for mercury. 'Amalgama' is an alchemical term for a mixture of mercury with other metals. These four terms occur in *The Alchemist*, 2.3.
- 91 *Amalgama*: C2, S; *Amalgama* Q1-2, C1, HS.
S.D. *signs to . . . stay*: Scaramouch has to wait for an answer to the letters; his following speeches show him increasingly desperate in his assumed role, improvising, talking nonsense, and almost being caught out by the doctor.
- 97 *prima materia*: C2, S; *fema materia* Q1-2, C1. The original matter, to which substances were supposedly reduced in alchemy.
- 102 *urinam vulcani*: the urine of Vulcan, the god of fire and metal-working, who is frequently mentioned in alchemy.
- 103-4 *calybeates . . . calor*: 'calybeates' (C2, S; *calibrates* Q1-2, C1) comes from Greek 'chalybeate', impregnated with iron; 'gradus' = degree; 'calor' = heat; hence, drinking the water known as Vulcan's urine puts iron in the faeces, to an extent governed by a person's body-heat.
- 114 *stercus proprius*: his own dung.
- 119 *costive*: constipated. See *The Alchemist*, 1.1.28.
- 120 *ad anum*: to the anus. Scaramouch continues the joke about Vulcan's urine turning the smith's faeces to iron: if he gets constipated he can be cured by a magnet to the anus.
- 122-3 *per viscera*: through the entrails.
- 163 *in a halter*: on a lead.
- 166 *primum mobile*: first mover; in Ptolemaic astronomy, the sphere that moves all the others. Figuratively applied to Mopsophil as the machine that moves Scaramouch's feelings.
- 192 S.D. *at half sword*: fighting with swords very close together.

- 192 S.D. [*They*] *parry*: they cross swords, each trying to ward off the other's blow rather than make an attack.
- 197 *I'll fit you*: I'll have my revenge on you.
- 205 *phisnomy*: Mopsophil's pronunciation of 'physiognomy'; the countenance, considered as an indication of character.
- 212 *chemical bellows*: bellows to blow the alchemist's fires.
projecting fires: projection was the last stage in the alchemical process. May also refer figuratively to the doctor's enthusiasm for (alchemical and scientific) projects.
- 213 *deputy urinal-shaker*: Mopsophil claims that as the doctor's assistant, Scaramouch has to shake the glass jars containing urine for diagnosis.
Guzman of Salamanca: rogue of Salamanca (university), where scientific experimentation flourished; perhaps with a reference to Titus Oates, who claimed to have a doctorate from Salamanca.
- 214 *signum mallis*: possibly a mistake for 'signum mali', sign of evil.
- 216 *Friskin*: lively, frisky person.
- 221 *lantern-jaws*: long thin jaws.
- 225 *spider . . . skeleton buffoon*: further references to the thin actor Jevon, Behn's original Harlequin.
- 226 *Jack of Lent*: a target set up to be thrown at.
- 229-30 *sweet glister-pipe, and Signor dirty-boots*: Scaramouch, the supposed apothecary, is named for the clyster-pipe used to administer enemas; Harlequin, dressed as a farmer, is 'dirty-boots'.
- 251-2 *insatiably*: C2, S; *unsatiably* Q1-2, C1, HS.
- 264 *Let me alone*: leave it to me.
- 301 *Does . . . drink*: the following exchange echoes a discussion of women's drinking habits in the 'Scène de la fille de chambre' in *Arlequin empereur*.
- 307 *just as 'tis here*: this echoes the 'Scène dernière' of *Arlequin empereur*, in which Arlequin impersonates the emperor of the moon and describes the moon world, while Colombine and the doctor interject the refrain, 'c'est tout comme ici'.
- 319 *the Mall*: a fashionable place to walk in St James's Park. Harlequin's satirical account of the 'moon world' relates to London.
- 320 *the tour*: the circuit of Hyde Park, a fashionable excursion.
- 321 *play*: gaming.
- 338-9 *unless . . . break him*: unless his wife's excessive finery should ruin his fortune.

- 355 *exhaling*: drawing up. The idea that the force of the sun acting on the earth's atmosphere could be harnessed for air travel is found in Cyrano de Bergerac's *Voyage to the Moon*, where the narrator flies by tying bottles full of dew around himself.
- 360-1 *dropped into the sea*: Harlequin's story echoes one told by Arlequin in the 'Scène de l'ambassade', in which he describes falling into a lake, and being fished out and served up to the emperor.
- 3-3 S.D. *The gallery*: this scene contains elements from the 'Scène dernière' of *Arlequin empereur*, and is named 'Scene the Last' in the quartos. Its staging is much more elaborate than anything in the French scenes, though. The flying machines, and the progressive use of discoveries until the whole depth of the stage is used and a large cast is assembled, make this a spectacular scene on a par with the most elaborate operas of the day.
scenes and lights: 'scenes' refers to representations of the paintings that hang in the gallery. The 'lights' may have been sconces of candles fixed to the wing-shutters, backed by reflector plates.
- 15 S.D. *The scene . . . walks*: the first pair of shutters, showing the gallery, slides away to reveal shutters painted to represent Parnassus, at the second shutter position. The trees are painted wings, interspersed with pedestals for the blacked-up actors.
Next . . . zodiac: the chariots are small decorated platforms which can be moved up and down. The actors train their 'perspectives' (telescopes) upstage, where the zodiac machine, a large platform, is hanging high up ready to appear.
- 18 *they are disappeared*: the chariots have probably moved down into the wings, and are invisible when the characters get out of them. Kepler and Galileus leave via the wings ready to re-enter further downstage.
- 34 *Helicon*: a legendary stream on Parnassus.
- 35 *by post*: very quickly, like messengers using post-horses.
two winged eagles: i.e. the chariots.
- 36 *store of our world*: many people from our world.
- 39 S.D. *the zodiac . . . signs*: the zodiac is a large flying platform, backed by a disc painted with the zodiac signs. It carries actors dressed as the signs of the zodiac, who climb out onto the stage when the machine descends.
- 60 *unhinging*: detaching themselves (from their fixed orbit).
- 72 *beginning Love attends*: that accompanies new love.
- 83-4 *the degrees . . . happiness*: show the slow degrees by which respectful love reaches happiness.

- 99 *she turns . . . earth*: possibly the disc is turned by a person standing behind it, and the zodiac characters move in the same direction as they descend, to give the impression that the zodiac machine is disgorging them.
- 109 S.D. *the globe of the moon*: this could be the same machine, which has been drawn back up to the flies and the zodiac disc changed for a disc representing the moon. New actors get in and the machine descends. It is not clear how the effect of the moon's waxing was obtained: perhaps by a shutter arrangement operated by someone standing behind the disc. A black shutter could be drawn back to reveal a white disc behind.
- 111 *IOs*: exultant shouts or songs.
- 136 S.D. *chariot . . . descend and land*: Quarto layout of stage-directions causes some difficulty with this complex sequence of effects. I have followed Q2's layout, but it is important to understand that this involves some repetition: the directions at ll. 109 and 136 describe one continuous action happening during song and dialogue, not two discrete events separated by song and dialogue. The first stage-direction describes the coming action in general terms while the second elaborates the details. The 'chariot' here is the same as the globe on the moon at l. 109 S.D. The emperor and prince do not descend twice, from two separate machines: their descent is indicated at l. 109 and elaborated at l. 136. The 'song continues' during this. The machine is then lifted up to leave the sight-lines clear for the subsequent spectacles. For a different interpretation of this scene, involving a chariot coming out of the moon machine, see Russell, p. 148.
- 144 *stentraphon*: a speaking trumpet.
- 145 *Delphic oracles*: in ancient Greece, the gods were supposed to speak through oracles; the most famous of these is the one at Delphi.
- 148 S.D. *front scene . . . temple*: in the second discovery of the scene, the shutters representing Parnassus are drawn off to reveal a third set of shutters, or a backcloth, further upstage. There is now a long vista leading to the altar. The altar may be a set piece rather than a painted representation, and the person with the stentraphon could stand inside it.
- 156 *Semele*: one of the mortal lovers of Jove or Zeus, killed by lightning when, in response to her own wish or 'ambitious flame' (l. 158), he visited her in his true shape.
- 170 S.D. *two chariots descend*: the solemn tableau of the lovers' marriage is suddenly invaded by the entrance of Harlequin and Scaramouch, using the chariots earlier used by Kepler and Galileus.
- 175 *Knights of the sun*: there is an echo here of the last scene in *Arlequin empereur*, in which 'Les Chevaliers du Soleil' overcome Arlequin.
- 184 S.D. *fight at barriers*: fight in the manner of knights at a tournament, tilting at each other with lances. An actual barrier onstage is not necessarily implied.

- 222 *Burn all my books*: like Don Quixote, the doctor rejects his books when he learns how they have deceived him.
- 226 *assistances*: (1) body of helpers; (2) persons present, audience.
- 233-4 *He . . . yet*: from a saying attributed to the Greek philosopher Socrates (469-399 BC): 'I know nothing except the fact of my ignorance.'

Epilogue 4 *chapon bouillé*: boiled capon.

- 9 *want . . . support one stage*: another complaint about small audiences: see above, Epistle Dedicatory, ll. 79-81.
- 36 *May Caesar live*: the epilogue's eulogy of James II as Caesar is mixed with strong hints that he should patronize the stage more. Royal patronage had been declining since the later part of Charles II's reign.