

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

By Aphra Behn

PART I

PROLOGUE

Written by a Person of Quality.

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

If a Young Poet hit your Humour right,
 You judge him then out of Revenge and Spite;
 So amongst Men there are ridiculous Elves,
 Who Monkeys hate for being too like themselves:
 So that the Reason of the Grand Debate,
 Why Wit so oft is damn'd, when good Plays take,
 Is, that you censure as you love or hate.
 Thus, like a learned Conclave, Poets sit
 Catholick Judges both of Sense and Wit,
 And damn or save, as they themselves think fit.
 Yet those who to others Faults are so severe,
 Are not so perfect, but themselves may err.
 Some write correct indeed, but then the whole
 (Bating their own dull Stuff i'th' Play) is stole:
 As Bees do suck from Flowers their Honey-dew,
 So they rob others, striving to please you.

Some write their Characters genteel and fine,
 But then they do so toil for every Line,
 That what to you does easy seem, and plain,
 Is the hard issue of their labouring Brain.
 And some th' Effects of all their Pains we see,

Others by long Converse about the Town,
 Have Wit enough to write a leud Lampon,
 But their chief Skill lies in a Baudy Song.
 In short, the only Wit that's now in Fashion
 Is but the Gleanings of good Conversation.
 As for the Author of this coming Play,
 I ask'd him what he thought fit I should say,
 In thanks for your good Company to day:
 He call'd me Fool, and said it was well known,
 You came not here for our sakes, but your own.
 New Plays are stuffed with Wits, and with Debauches,
 That croud and sweat like Cits in May-day Coaches.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MEN:

DON ANTONIO, the Vice-Roy's Son
DON PEDRO, a Noble Spainard, his Friend
BELVILE, an English Colonel in love with Florinda
WILLMORE, the ROVER
FREDERICK, an English Gentleman, and Friend to Belvile and Blunt
BLUNT, an English Country Gentleman
STEPHANO, Servant to Don Pedro
PHILIPPO, Lucetta's Gallant
SANCHO, Pimp to Lucetta
BISKY and SEBASTIAN, two Bravoes to Angelica
DIEGO, Page to Don Antonio
PAGE to HELLENA
BOY, Page to Belvile
BLUNT's MAN
OFFICERS and SOLDIERS

WOMEN:

FLORINDA, Sister to Don Pedro
HELLENA, a gay young Woman design'd for a Nun, and Sister to Florinda
VALERIA, a Kinswoman to Florinda
ANGELICA BIANCA, a famous Curtezan
MORETTA, her Woman
CALLIS, Governess to Florinda and Hellena
LUCETTA, a jilting Wench

SERVANTS, OTHER MASQUERADERS, Men and Women.

ACT I
SCENE 1

Naples, in **Carnival-time. A chamber.**

[Enter Florinda and Hellena.]

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

Fie, Hellena.

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

Prithee be not so wild.

HELLENA

Now you have provided your self with a Man, you take no Care for poor me -- Prithee tell me, what dost thou see about me that is unfit for Love -- have not I a world of Youth? a Humor gay? a Beauty passable? a Vigour desirable? well shap'd? clean limb'd? sweet breath'd? and Sense enough to know how all these ought to be employ'd to the best Advantage: yes, I do and will. Therefore lay aside your Hopes of my Fortune, by my being a Devotee, and tell me how you came acquainted with this Belvile; for I perceive you knew Him before he came to Naples.

FLORINDA

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

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

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

[Puts on his Masquing Habit.]

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

[Aside.] Nor Saints yet a while I hope.

Is't not enough you make a Nun of me, but you must cast my Sister away too, exposing her to a worse confinement than a religious Life?

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

And if these be her daily Divertisements, what are those of the Night? to lie in a wide Moth-eaten Bed-Chamber with Furniture in Fashion in the Reign of King Sancho the First; the Bed that which his Forefathers liv'd and dy'd in.

PEDRO

Very well.

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

Have you done yet?

HELLENA

That Honour being past, the Giant stretches it self, yawns and sighs a Belch or two as loud as a Musket, throws himself into Bed, and expects you in his foul Sheets, and e'er you can get your self undrest, calls

you with a Snore or two -- And are not these fine Blessings to a young Lady?

PEDRO

Have you done yet?

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

What then? the Vice-Roy's Son is better than that Old Sir Fisty. Don Vincentio

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

Do not fear the Blessing of that Choice -- you shall be a Nun.

HELLENA

[Aside.] Shall I so? you may chance to be mistaken in my way of Devotion -- A Nun! yes I am like to make a fine Nun! I have an excellent Humour for a Grate: No, I'll have a Saint of my own to pray to shortly, if I like any that dares venture on me.

PEDRO

[Aside.] Callis, make it your Business to watch this wild Cat.

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

FLORINDA

To morrow!

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

[Exit Ped. and Steph.]

HELLENA

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

[Hellena goes to Callis.]

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

CALLIS

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

HELLENA

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

CALLIS

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

Callis, will you give us leave to go?

CALLIS

I have a youthful Itch of going my self.

[Aside.] Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you, for by my troth I'll not trust young Girls alone.

FLORINDA

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

[Enter Stephano.]

STEPHANO

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

Come, let's in and dress us.

[Exeunt.]

ACT I
SCENE 2

A Long Street.

[Enter Belvile, melancholy, Blunt and Frederick.]

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

You have left none behind you in Paris.

BELVILE

Neither.

FREDERICK

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

You're mistaken, Ned.

BLUNT

Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou art past Cure.

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

Has civilly forbid thee the House?

BELVILE

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

BLUNT

Hey day! 'Sheartlikins, Simile! by this Light the Man is quite spoil'd -- Frederick, what the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concerned for a Wench?

FREDERICK

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

That's thy joy, a cheap Whore.

BLUNT

Why, 'dsheartlikins, I love a frank Soul -- When did you ever hear of an honest Woman that took a Man's Mony? I warrant 'em good ones -- But, Gentlemen, you may be free, you have been kept so poor with Parliaments and Protectors, that the little Stock you have is not worth preserving

[Enter Willmore.]

WILLMORE

Ha! dear Belvile! noble Colonel!

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

[Embraces Blunt.]

WILLMORE

That you esteem him, gives him an interest here.

BLUNT

Your Servant, Sir.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

[Enter several Men in masquing Habits, some playing on Musick, others dancing after; Women drest like

Curtezans, with Papers pinn'd to their Breasts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands.]

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, what have we here!

FREDERICK

Now the Game begins.

WILLMORE

Fine pretty Creatures! may a stranger have leave to look and love? -- What's here -- Roses for every Month!

[Reads the Paper.]

BLUNT

Roses for every Month! what means that?

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

WOMAN

Beware such Roses, Sir.

WILLMORE

A Pox of fear: I'll be bak'd with thee between a pair of Sheets, and that's thy proper Still, so I might but strow such Roses over me and under me

The masquers Exit.]

WILLMORE

Nay, nay, you shall not leave me so.

BELVILE

By all means use no Violence here.

WILLMORE

Death! just as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off!

FREDERICK

No Friend to Love like a long Voyage at Sea.

BLUNT

Except a Nunnery, Fred.

WILLMORE

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

[Two Men drest all over with Horns of several sorts, with Papers pinn'd on their Backs, advance from the farther end of the Scene.]

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

Is this a Fruit that grows in this warm Country?

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

See what's on their Back -- Flowers for every Night.

[Reads.]

-- Ah Rogue! And more sweet than Roses of ev'ry Month! This is a Gardiner of Adam's own breeding.

[They dance.]

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

I like their sober grave way, 'tis a kind of legal authoriz'd Fornication, where the Men are not chid for't, nor the Women despis'd, as amongst our dull English;

BELVILE

But see another Crew.

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

Gipsies, on my Life -- Sure these will prattle if a Man cross their Hands.

[Goes to Hellena.]

-- Dear pretty (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he's like to have?

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

Can you storm?

WILLMORE

Oh, most furiously.

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

If she be young and handsom.

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

Faith, Child, they were made to go together.

LUCETTA

Are you sure this is the Man?

[Pointing to Blunt.]

SANCHO

When did I mistake our Game?

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

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

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

FLORINDA

This Woman watches me so, I shall get no Opportunity to discover my self to him, and so miss the intent of my coming --

[Looking in his Hand.]

But as I was saying, Sir -- by this Line you should be a Lover.

BELVILE

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

[Walks away.]

FLORINDA

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

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

BELVILE

Florinda!

[Turns quick towards her.]

FLORINDA

Softly.

BELVILE

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

FLORINDA

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

[Looks on Callis, who observes 'em.]

BELVILE

What canst thou mean?

FLORINDA

That which I say -- Farewel.

[Offers to go.]

BELVILE

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

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

CALLIS

Madam, your Brother's here.

FLORINDA

Take this to instruct you farther.

[Gives him a Letter, and goes off.]

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

Do not disturb my Happiness with Doubts.

[Opens the Letter.]

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

[Exeunt all the Women except Lucetta.]

FREDERICK

Do you know the Hand?

BELVILE

'Tis Florinda's. All Blessings fall upon the virtuous Maid.

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

The Reason of this mighty Joy.

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

How mean you?

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Read here this Postscript.

[Gives him a Letter.]

WILLMORE

[Reads.]

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

FREDERICK

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

[Ex. Blunt and Lucet.]

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

Prithce what Humor is he of, that you wish him so well?

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

What, the Mistress of the dead Spanish General?

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

What Gallant has she?

BELVILE

None, she's exposed to Sale, and four Days in the Week she's yours -- for so much a Month.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

I will not fail you.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II
SCENE 1

The Long Street.

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

WILLMORE

But why thus disguis'd and muzzl'd?

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

[Enter Blunt.]

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

What the Devil's the matter with thee Ned?

BLUNT

Oh such a Mistress,

FREDERICK

Such a Girl!

WILLMORE

Ha! where?

FREDERICK

Ay where!

BLUNT

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

[Kisses him.]

BELVILE

Ha, ha, ha!

WILLMORE

Death Man, where is she?

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

Dost know her Name?

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

Didst give her anything?

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

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

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

Pox 'tis some common Whore upon my Life.

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Dost thou perceive any such tempting things about him, should make a fine Woman, and of Quality, pick him out from all Mankind, to throw away her Youth and Beauty upon, nay, and her dear Heart too? -- no, no, Angelica has rais'd the Price too high.

WILLMORE

May she languish for Mankind till she die, and be damn'd for that one Sin alone.

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

BELVILE

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

[Will. gazes on the Picture.]

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this?

BELVILE

A famous Curtezan that's to be sold.

BLUNT

How! to be sold! nay then I have nothing to say to her -- sold! what Impudence is practis'd in this Country? Come let's be gone, I'm sure we're no Chapmen for this Commodity.

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

[Turns from the Picture.]

BLUNT

What's this? --*[Reads.]* A Thousand Crowns a Month! -'Sheartlikins, here's a Sum! sure 'tis a mistake. - Hark you, Friend, does she take or give so much by the Month!

FREDERICK

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

BLUNT

Hark ye, Friends, won't she trust?

BRAVO

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

[Enter Don Pedro in Masquerade, follow'd Stephano.]

BELVILE

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

[Pedro Reads.]

[Exeunt English.]

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

PEDRO

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

[Passes off.]

ANGELICA

Prithee what said those Fellows?

BRAVO

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

ANGELICA

No matter, their Wonder feeds my Vanity, and he that wishes to buy, gives me more Pride, than he that gives my Price can make me Pleasure.

BRAVO

Madam, the last I knew thro' all his disguises to be Don Pedro, Nephew to the General, and who was with him in Pampelona.

ANGELICA

Don Pedro! my old Gallant's Nephew! When his Uncle dy'd, he left him a vast Sum of Money; it is he who was so in love with me at Padua, and who us'd to make the General so jealous.

MORETTA

Is this he that us'd to prance before our Window and take such care to shew himself an amorous Ass? if I am not mistaken, he is the likeliest Man to give your Price.

ANGELICA

The Man is brave and generous, but of an Humour so uneasy and inconstant that the victory over his Heart is as soon lost as won; a Slave that can add little to the Triumph of the Conqueror: but inconstancy's the Sin of all Mankind, therefore I'm resolv'd that nothing but Gold shall charm my Heart.

MORETTA

I'm glad on't; 'tis only interest that Women of our Profession ought to consider: tho I wonder what has kept you from that general Disease of our Sex so long, I mean that of being in love.

ANGELICA

A kind, but sullen Star, under which I had the Happiness to be born; yet I have had no time for Love; the bravest and noblest of Mankind have purchas'd my Favours at so dear a Rate, as if no Coin but Gold were current with our Trade -- But here's Don Pedro again, fetch me my Lute -- for 'tis for him or Don Antonio the Vice-Roy's Son, that I have spread my Nets.

Enter at one Door Don Pedro, and Stephano; Don Antonio and Diego[his page.], at the other Door, they both go up to the Picture.

DON ANTONIO

A thousand Crowns! had not the Painter flatter'd her, I should not think it dear.

PEDRO

Flatter'd her! by Heaven he cannot. I have seen the Original, nor is there one Charm here more than adorns her Face and Eyes; all this soft and sweet, with a certain languishing Air, that no Artist can represent.

DON ANTONIO

What I heard of her Beauty before had fir'd my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it into a flame.

PEDRO

Ha!

PAGE

Sir, I have known you throw away a Thousand Crowns on a worse Face, and tho y'are near your Marriage, you may venture a little Love here; Florinda -- will not miss it.

PEDRO

[Aside.] Ha! Florinda! Sure 'tis Antonio.

DON ANTONIO

Florinda! name not those distant Joys, there's not one thought of her will check my Passion here.

PEDRO

Florinda scorn'd! and all my Hopes defeated of the Possession of Angelica!

[A noise of a Lute above. Ant. gazes up.]

Her Injuries by Heaven he shall not boast of.

[Song to a Lute above.]

SONG

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

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

DON ANTONIO

By Heav'n she's charming fair!

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

PEDRO

'Tis he, the false Antonio!

DON ANTONIO

Friend, where must I pay my offering of Love?

[To the Bravo.]

My Thousand Crowns I mean.

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

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

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

I know not who thou art, but I am sure thou'rt worth my killing.

[They draw and fight.]

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

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

WILLMORE

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

[They all put up.]

PEDRO

We are prevented; dare you meet me to morrow on the Molo? For I've a Title to a better quarrel, That of Florinda, in whose credulous Heart Thou'st made an Int'rest, and destroy'd my Hopes.

DON ANTONIO

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

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

It shall be so.

[Ex. Pedro and Stephano.]

Who shou'd this Rival be? unless the English Colonel, of whom I've often heard Don Pedro speak; it must

be he, and time he were removed, who lays a Claim to all my Happiness.

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

WILLMORE

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

BRAVO

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

DON ANTONIO

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

WILLMORE

Indeed I will not, Sir.

DON ANTONIO

By Heav'n but you shall.

WILLMORE

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

DON ANTONIO

What right can you pretend to't?

WILLMORE

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

DON ANTONIO

No matter, Sir, you shall restore the Picture.

ANGELICA

Oh, Moretta! what's the matter?

[Ang. and Moret. Appear at the window]

DON ANTONIO

Or leave your Life behind.

WILLMORE

You lye -- I will do neither.

[They fight, the Spaniards join with Antonio, Blunt laying on like mad.]

ANGELICA

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

[They leave off and bow.]

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

No, you may keep the Trifle.

DON ANTONIO

You shall first ask my leave, and this.

[Fight again as before.]

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

ANGELICA

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

MORETTA

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

[To Will.]

You bleed; I hope you are not wounded.

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

To me, Madam? -- Gentlemen, your Servant.

[Belv. stays him.]

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

I thank you for your care -- but there are other matters in hand, there are, tho we have no great Temptation.

-- Death! let me go.

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

ANGELICA

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

B'ye Colonel --

[Goes in.]

FREDERICK

The Rogue's stark mad for a Wench.

ACT II
SCENE 2

A Fine Chamber.

[Enter Willmore, Angelica, and Moretta.]

ANGELICA

Insolent Sir, how durst you pull down my Picture?

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

Ha, ha, ha, alas, good Captain, what pity 'tis your edifying Doctrine will do too good upon me --

[Aside in a soft tone.]

Moretta, fetch the Gentleman a Glass, and let him survey himself, to see what Charms he has, -- and guess my Business.

MORETTA

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

ANGELICA

Nay, do not abuse the poor Creature. --

MORETTA

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

WILLMORE

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

MORETTA

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

WILLMORE

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

MORETTA

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

WILLMORE

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

MORETTA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

Yes, I am poor -- but I'm a Gentleman, And one that scorns this Baseness which you practise. Poor as I am, I would not sell my self, No, not to gain your charming high-priz'd Person. Tho I admire you strangely for your Beauty, Yet I contemn your Mind. -And yet I wou'd at any rate enjoy you; At your own rate -- but cannot -- See here The only Sum I can command on Earth; I know not where to eat when this is gone: Yet such a Slave I am to Love and Beauty, This last reserve I'll sacrifice to enjoy you. -- Nay, do not frown, I know you are to be bought, And wou'd be bought by me, by me, -- And yet -- there's something so divinely powerful there -- Nay, I will gaze -- to let you see my Strength.

[Holds her, looks on her, and pauses and sighs.]

By Heaven, bright Creature -- I would not for the World Thy Fame were half so fair as is thy Face.

[Turns her away from him.]

ANGELICA

[Aside.] His word go thro me to the very Soul.

If you have nothing else to say to me.

WILLMORE

Yes, you shall hear how infamous you are -- For which I do not hate thee: But that secures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels Are but so many Lusts, I know it by their sudden bold intrusion. The Fire's impatient and betrays, 'tis false -- For had it been the purer Flame of Love, I should have pin'd and languish'd at your Feet, E'er found the Impudence to have discover'd it. I now dare stand your Scorn, and your Denial.

MORETTA

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

ANGELICA

How dare you take this liberty? --

[To Moret.] Withdraw.

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know, That were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul, Thou shouldst not buy my Love, Couldst thou forget those mean Effects of Vanity, Which set me out to sale; and as a Lover, prize My yielding Joys. Canst thou believe they'l be entirely thine, Without considering they were mercenary?

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

Curse on thy charming Tongue! dost thou return My feign'd Contempt with so much subtilty?

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

[Turning from her in a Rage.]

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

[Aside.] What can she mean?

ANGELICA

[In an angry tone.]

I find you cannot credit me.

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

The low esteem you have of me, perhaps May bring my Heart again: For I have Pride that yet surmounts my Love.

[She turns with Pride, he holds her.]

WILLMORE

Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliss, And shew the Power of Love.

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

[Aside.] Death! how she throws her Fire about my Soul!

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

ANGELICA

And will you pay me then the Price I ask?

WILLMORE

Oh, why dost thou draw me from an awful Worship, By shewing thou art no Divinity? Conceal the Fiend, and shew me all the Angel; Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout, And pay my Vows for ever at this Shrine.

[Kneels, and kisses her Hand.]

ANGELICA

The Pay I mean is but thy love for mine. -- Can you give that?

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

Thou hast a Power too strong to be resisted.

[Ex. Will. and Angelica.]

MORETTA

Is all our Project fallen to this? To love such a Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pirate-Beggar, whose Business is to rifle and be gone, a No-Purchase, No-Pay Tatterdemalion, an English Piccaroon; a Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally lousy -- Oh, I could curse now, if I durst -- This is the Fate of most Whores. Trophies, which from believing Fops we win, Are Spoils to those who cozen us again.

ACT III
SCENE 1

A Street.

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

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

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

What is't like?

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

Am I put into the Number of Lovers?

HELLENA

You! my Couz, I know thou art too good natur'd to leave us in any Design: I observ'd your Man, and your

willing Ears incline that way; and if you are not a Lover, 'tis an Art soon learnt -- that I find.

[Sighs.]

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

Hang your considering Lover; I ne'er thought beyond the Fancy, that 'twas a very pretty, idle, silly kind of Pleasure to pass ones time with, to write little, soft, nonsensical Billets, and with great difficulty and danger receive Answers; in which I shall have my Beauty prais'd, my Wit admir'd (tho little or none) and have the Vanity and Power to know I am desirable.

FLORINDA

What a mad Creature's this!

HELLENA

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

[Go aside.]

[Enter Belvile, Fred. and Blunt.]

BELVILE

What means this? the Picture's taken in.

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

HELLENA

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

[Knock, Moretta at the window.]

MORETTA

What would you have?

BELVILE

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

MORETTA

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

[Enter Wilmore.]

HELLENA

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

BELVILE

And how, and how, dear Lad, has Fortune smil'd? Are we to break her Windows, or raise up Altars to her! hah!

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

Would not French Wine do better?

WILLMORE

Damn the hungry Balderdash; cheerful Sack has a generous Virtue in't, inspiring a successful Confidence, gives Eloquence to the Tongue, and Vigour to the Soul; and has in a few Hours compleated all my Hopes and Wishes.

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate Rogue.

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

By this light y're happy Men.

BLUNT

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

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

SANCHO

Sir, my Lady expects you -- she has remov'd all that might oppose your Will and Pleasure -- and is impatient till you come.

BLUNT

Sir, I'll attend you -- Oh the happiest Rogue! I'll take no leave, lest they either dog me, or stay me.

[Ex. with Sancho.]

BELVILE

But then the little Gipsy is forgot?

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

Had it so, good Captain?

[Claps him on the Back.]

WILLMORE

Ha! I hope she did not hear.

HELLENA

What, afraid of such a Champion!

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

In tedious search of me.

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

I'm afraid, my small Acquaintance, you have been staying that swinging stomach you boasted of this morning; Is your Stomach so quesey now?

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

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

ANGELICA

Heavens, is't he? and passionately fond to see another Woman?

MORETTA

What cou'd you expect less from such a Swaggerer?

ANGELICA

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

HELLENA

You see, Captain, how willing I am to be Friends with you, till Time and Ill-luck make us Lovers; and ask you the Question first, rather than put your Modesty to the blush, by asking me: for alas, I know you Captains are such strict Men, severe Observers of your Vows to Chastity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender Conscience to marry a young willing Maid.

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

O' my Conscience, that will be our Destiny, because we are both of one humour; I am as inconstant as you, for I have considered, Captain, that a handsom Woman has a great deal to do whilst her Face is good, for then is our Harvest-time to gather Friends; and should I in these days of my Youth, catch a fit of foolish Constancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great Journey: therefore declare, I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for Indifference, and one year for Hate -- and then -- go hang your self.

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

HELLENA

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

[Pulls up her Vizard; he starts.]

-- How do you like it, Captain?

WILLMORE

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

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

ANGELICA

I can endure no more -- nor is it fit to interrupt him; for if I do, my Jealousy has so destroy'd my Reason, -- I shall undo him -- Therefore I'll retire.

[To one of her Bravo'es.]

And you Sebastian, follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis;

[To the other Bravo.]

while you tell the Fugitive, I would speak to him instantly.

[Exit.]

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

VALERIA

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

FLORINDA

Sure he does but rally -- yet if it should be true -- I'll tempt him farther -- Believe me, noble Stranger, I'm no common Mistress -- and for a little proof on't -- wear this Jewel -- nay, take it, Sir, 'tis right, and Bills of Exchange may sometimes miscarry.

BELVILE

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

VALERIA

There's another civil Question askt.

FREDERICK

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

FLORINDA

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

FREDERICK

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

[Aside to Belv.]

-- Take the Jewel, Fool.

BELVILE

You tempt me strangely, Madam, every way.

FLORINDA

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

What a she, or a he Friend?

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

So --

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

So --

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

Oh!

HELLENA

To see your Face no more --

WILLMORE

Oh!

HELLENA

Till to morrow.

WILLMORE

Egad you frightened me.

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

Kneel, and swear.

[Kneels, she gives him her hand.]

HELLENA

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

HELLENA

Kiss the Book.

WILLMORE

Oh, most religiously.

[Kisses her Hand.]

HELLENA

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

CALLIS

[To Flor.]

Madam, I'll stay no longer, 'tis e'en dark.

FLORINDA

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

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

WILLMORE

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

[Ex. all the Women.]

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

All, all, and a thousand Charms besides.

WILLMORE

Why, dost thou know her?

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

The Colonel's Mistress, Sir.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

Agreed.

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

[Exeunt.]

ACT III
SCENE 2

Lucetta's House.

[Enter Blunt and Lucetta with a Light.]

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

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

[Aside.] 'Sheartlikins, sweet Soul, I am not us'd to complement, but I'm an honest Gentleman, and thy humble Servant.]

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

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

[Aside.]

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

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

LUCETTA

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

[Exit.]

BLUNT

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

[Enter Sancho.]

SANCHO

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

BLUNT

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

[Exeunt.]

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

SANCHO

Sir, my Commission reaches no farther.

BLUNT

What, in Bed, my sweet Mistress?

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

And thou shalt see what haste I'll make to quit scores -- oh the luckiest Rogue!

[Undresses himself.]

LUCETTA

Shou'd you be false or cruel now!

BLUNT

False, 'Sheartlikins,--A Pox of thy old jealous Husband: and he were dead, egad, sweet Soul, it shou'd be none of my fault, if I did not marry thee.

LUCETTA

Are you not undrest yet?

BLUNT

As much as my Impatience will permit.

[Goes towards the Bed in his Shirt and Drawers.]

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

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

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

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

[Lights on a Trap, and he slides down.]

[Enter Lucetta, Philippo, and Sancho with a Light.]

PHILIPPO

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

LUCETTA

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

PHILIPPO

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

LUCETTA

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

PHILIPPO

A rich Coat! -- Sword and Hat! -- these Breeches too -- are well lin'd! -- see here a Gold Watch! -- a Purse -- ha! Gold! -- at least two hundred Pistoles! a bunch of Diamond Rings; and one with the Family Arms! -- a Gold Box! -- with a Medal of his King! and his Lady Mother's Picture! -- these were sacred Reliques, believe me! -- see, the Wasteband of his Breeches have a Mind of Gold!

LUCETTA

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

PHILIPPO

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

LUCETTA

And art not thou an unmerciful Rogue, not to afford him one Night for all this?

PHILIPPO

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

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

[Exeunt.]

[The Scene changes, and discovers Blunt, creeping out of a pipe, his Face, &c., all dirty.]

BLUNT

Oh Lord!

[Climbing up.]

I am got out at last, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue. What a dog was I to believe in Women! Oh Coxcomb -- ignorant conceited Coxcomb! to fancy she cou'd be enamour'd with my Person, at the first sight enamour'd -- Oh, I'm a cursed Puppy, 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead, she perceiv'd it, -- saw the Essex Calf there -- for what Allurements could there be in this Countenance? Had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young Quean! but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms I am a dull believing English Country Fop. -- But my Comrades! Death and the Devil, there's the worst of all -- then a Ballad will be sung to Morrow on the Prado, to a lousy Tune of the enchanted Squire, and the annihilated Damsel -- But Fred. that Rogue, and the Colonel, will abuse me beyond all Christian Well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Consolation, that I am not the first kind believing Coxcomb.

ACT III SCENE 3

The Garden, in the Night.

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

FLORINDA

Well, thus far I'm in my way to Happiness; I have got my self free from Callis; my Brother too, I find by yonder light, is gone into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me: I have by good Fortune got the Key of the Garden Back-door, -- I'll open it, to prevent Belvile's knocking, -- a little noise will now alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief.

[Unlocks the Door.]

-- Hark -- what noise is that? -- Oh 'twas the Wind that plaid amongst the the Boughs. -- Belvile stays long, methinks -- its time -- stay for fear of a surprize, I'll hide these Jewels in yonder Jessamin.

[She goes to lay down the Box. Enter Willmore very, very drunk.]

WILLMORE

What the Devil is become of these Fellows, Belvile and Frederick? They promis'd to stay at the next corner for me, but who the Devil knows the corner of a full Moon? -- Now -- whereabouts am I? -- hah -- what have we here? a Garden! -- a very convenient place to sleep in -- hah -- what has God sent us here? --

a Female -- by this light, a Woman; I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench. --

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

Sweet Soul, let me salute thy Shoe-string.

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

Good Gods! what luck is mine?

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

Heavens! what a filthy beast is this!

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

Wicked! Egad, Child, a Judge, were he young and vigorous, and saw those Eyes of thine, would know

'twas they gave the first blow -- the first provocation. -- Come, prithee let's lose no time, I say -- this is a fine convenient place.

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

Sir, can you think --

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

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

[She struggles with him.]

[Enter Belvile and Frederick.]

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

FLORINDA

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

BELVILE

Ha, sure that's Florinda's Voice.

[Comes up to them.]

-- A Man! Villain, let go that Lady.

[A noise.]

[Will. turns and draws, Fred. interposes.]

FLORINDA

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

[Exit.]

WILLMORE

Belvile!

ACT III
SCENE 4

Changes to the Street.

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

WILLMORE

Why, how the Devil shou'd I know Florinda?

BELVILE

Ah plague of your ignorance! if it had not been Florinda, must you be a Beast ? -- a Brute, a senseles Swine?

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Ah curse upon the Star that rul'd my Birth! or whatsoever other Influence that makes me still so wretched.

WILLMORE

Thou break'st my Heart with these Complaints; there is no Star in fault, no Influence but Sack, the cursed Sack I drank.

FREDERICK

Why, how the Devil came you so drunk?

WILLMORE

Why, how the Devil came you so sober?

BELVILE

A curse upon his thin Skull, he was always before-hand that way.

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

He's always so after he has done a mischief -- a plague on all such Brutes.

WILLMORE

By this Light I took her for an errant Harlot.

BELVILE

Damn your debauch'd Opinion: tell me, Sot, hadst thou so much sense and light about thee to distinguish her to be a Woman, and could'st not see something about her Face and Person, to strike an awful Reverence into thy Soul?

WILLMORE

Faith no, I consider'd her as mere a Woman as I could wish.

BELVILE

'Sdeath I have no patience -- draw, or I'll kill you.

WILLMORE

Let that alone till to morrow, and if I set not all right again, use your Pleasure.

BELVILE

To morrow, damn it. The spiteful Light will lead me to no happiness. To morrow is Antonio's, and perhaps Guides him to my undoing; -- oh that I could meet This Rival, this powerful Fortunate.

WILLMORE

What then?

BELVILE

Let thy own Reason, or my Rage instruct thee.

WILLMORE

I shall be finely inform'd then, no doubt; hear me, Colonel -- hear me -- shew me the Man and I'll do his Business.

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

This you say is Angelica's House, I promis'd the kind Baggage to lie with her to Night.

[Offers to go in.]

[Enter Antonio and his Page. Ant. knocks with the Hilt of his Sword.]

DON ANTONIO

You paid the thousand Crowns I directed?

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To the Lady's old Woman, Sir, I did.

WILLMORE

Who the Devil have we here?

BELVILE

I'll now plant my self under Florinda's Window, and if I find no comfort there, I'll die.

[Ex. Belv. and Fred.]

[Enter Moretta.]

MORETTA

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Here's my Lord.

WILLMORE

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

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

MORETTA

Oh, bless us, we are all undone!

[Runs in, and shuts the Door.]

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Help, Murder!

[Belvile returns at the noise of fighting.]

BELVILE

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

[Enter two or three Masqueraders.]

MASQUER

Ha, a Man kill'd!

WILLMORE

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

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

BELVILE

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

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

Who's there?

OFFICER

So, here's one dispatch -- secure the Murderer.

BELVILE

Do not mistake my Charity for Murder: I came to his Assistance.

[Soldiers seize on Belvile.]

OFFICER

That shall be tried, Sir. -- St. Jago, Swords drawn in the Carnival time!

[Goes to Antonio.]

DON ANTONIO

Thy Hand prithee.

OFFICER

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

DON ANTONIO

I'm hurt.

BELVILE

Has my Humanity made me a Criminal?

OFFICER

Away with him.

BELVILE

What a curst Chance is this!

[Ex. Soldiers with Bely.]

DON ANTONIO

[To the Officer.]

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

[Ex. Ant., led.]

ACT IV
SCENE 1

A fine Room.

[Discovers Belvile, as by Dark alone.]

BELVILE

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

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

[Gives him the Sword.]

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

How shall I pay this Generosity?

DON ANTONIO

It had been safer to have kill'd another, Than have attempted me: To shew your Danger, Sir, I'll let you know my Quality; And 'tis the Vice-Roy's Son whom you have wounded.

BELVILE

[Aside.] The Vice-Roy's Son! Death and Confusion! was this Plague reserved To compleat all the rest? --

oblig'd by him! The Man of all the World I would destroy.

DON ANTONIO

You seem disorder'd, Sir.

BELVILE

Yes, trust me, Sir, I am, and 'tis with pain That Man receives such Bounties, Who wants the pow'r to pay 'em back again.

DON ANTONIO

To gallant Spirits 'tis indeed uneasy; -- But you may quickly over-pay me, Sir.

BELVILE

-- Oh, I'm impatient, Sir, to be discounting The mighty Debt I owe you; command me quickly --

DON ANTONIO

I have a Quarrel with a Rival, Sir, About the Maid we love.

BELVILE

[Aside.] Death, tis Florinda he means -- That Thought destroys my Reason, and I shall kill him --

DON ANTONIO

My Rival, Sir. Is one has all the Virtues Man can boast of.

BELVILE

[Aside.] Death! who shou'd this be?

DON ANTONIO

He challeng'd me to meet him on the Molo, As soon as Day appear'd; but last Night's quarrel Has made my Arm unfit to guide a Sword.

BELVILE

I apprehend you, Sir, you'd have me kill the Man That lays a claim to the Maid you speak of. -- I'll do't -- I'll fly to do it.

DON ANTONIO

Sir, do you know her?

BELVILE

-- No, Sir, but 'tis enough she is admired by you.

DON ANTONIO

Sir, I shall rob you of the Glory on't, For you must fight under my Name and Dress.

BELVILE

That Opinion must be strangely obliging that makes You think I can personate the brave Antonio, Whom I can but strive to imitate.

DON ANTONIO

You say too much to my Advantage. Come, Sir, the Day appears that calls you forth. Within, Sir, is the Habit.

[Exit Antonio.]

BELVILE

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

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV
SCENE 2

The Molo.

[Enter Florinda and Callis in Masques, with Stephano.]

FLORINDA

I'm dying with my fears; Belvile's not coming, As I expected, underneath my Window, Makes me believe that all those Fears are true.

[Aside.] Canst thou not tell with whom my Brother fights?

STEPHANO

No, Madam, they were both in Masquerade, I was by when they challeng'd one another, and they had

decided the Quarrel then, but were prevented by some Cavaliers; which made 'em put it off till now -- but I am sure 'tis about you they fight.

FLORINDA

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

[Aside.]

STEPHANO

Madam, I must leave you; for if my Master see me, I shall be hang'd for being your Conductor.

FLORINDA

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

[Exit. Steph.]

[Enter Don Pedro in his Masquing Habit.]

PEDRO

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

[Walks about.]

FLORINDA

Antonio! sure I heard amiss.

[Aside.]

PEDRO

But who would not excuse a happy Lover. When soft fair Arms confine the yielding Neck; And the kind Whisper languishingly breathes, Must you be gone so soon? Sure I had dwelt for ever on her Bosom. -- But stay, he's here.

[Enter Belvile drest in Antonio's Clothes.]

FLORINDA

'Tis not Belvile, half my Fears are vanisht.

PEDRO

Antonio! --

BELVILE

This must be he.

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

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

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

PEDRO

Come, Sir, you know our terms --

BELVILE

[Aside.] By Heaven, not I.

-- No talking, I am ready, Sir.

[Offers to fight. Flor. runs in.]

FLORINDA

[To Belv.]

Oh, hold! whoe'er you be, I do conjure you bold. If you strike here -- I die --

PEDRO

Florinda!

BELVILE

Florinda imploring for my Rival!

PEDRO

Away, this Kindness is unseasonable.

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

FLORINDA

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

BELVILE

Thy Prayers destroy him; if thou wouldst preserve him. Do that thou'rt unacquainted with, and curse him.

[She holds him.]

FLORINDA

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

BELVILE

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

[Lays his sword at her Feet.]

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

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

[Snatches up the Sword, and gives it him.]

Upon this Truth I'll fight my Life away.

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

Don Pedro!

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

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

Intire, as dying Saints Confessions are. I can delay my happiness no longer. This minute let me make Florinda mine:

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

Oh Heavens! this Minute!

[Enter Masqueraders, and pass over.]

BELVILE

Oh, do not ruin me!

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

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

[Aside.]

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

Heaven, Madam! what do you do?

FLORINDA

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

BELVILE

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

[Draws her aside.]

FLORINDA

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

[Pedro talks to Callis this while.]

BELVILE

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

[Pulls off his Vizard.]

FLORINDA

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

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

WILLMORE

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

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

BELVILE

Hell and Confusion seize thee!

PEDRO

Ha! Belvile! I beg your Pardon, Sir.

[Takes Flor. from him.]

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

[Draws on Pedro, Belv. goes between.]

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

[Puts up his Sword.]

BELVILE

You know I ought to claim a Victor's Right,

[To Pedro.]

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

PEDRO

'Twas by Antonio's, not by Belvile's Sword, This Question should have been decided, Sir: I must confess much to your Bravery's due, Both now, and when I met you last in Arms. But I am nicely punctual in my word, As Men of Honour ought, and beg your Pardon. -- For this Mistake another Time shall clear. -- This was some Plot between you and Belvile: But I'll prevent you.

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Do not speak to me.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Will you, Sir?

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Leave me I say, and leave me instantly.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Death, I'll tell you, Sir --

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

[Enter Angelica, Moretta, and Sebastian.]

ANGELICA

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

FREDERICK

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

[Exit.]

ANGELICA

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

MORETTA

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

had any good from him.

ANGELICA

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

MORETTA

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

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

WILLMORE

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

Stay gentle Shadow of my Dove,

[Sings.]

And tell me e'er I go,
Whether the Substance may not prove
A fleeting Thing like you.
There's a soft kind Look remaining yet.

[As she turns she looks on him.]

ANGELICA

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

[Turns away in a Rage.]

WILLMORE

Pox o' this whining -- my Bus'ness is to laugh and love -- a pox on't; I hate your sullen Lover, a Man shall lose as much time to put you in Humour now, as would serve to gain a new Woman.

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

A virtuous Mistress! Death, what a thing thou hast found out for me! why what the Devil should I do with

a virtuous Woman? Virtue is but an Infirmity in Women, a Disease that renders even the handsom ungrateful; whilst the ill-favour'd, for want of Sollicitations and Address, only fancy themselves so. -- I have lain with a Woman of Quality, who has all the while been railing at Whores.

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

[Aside.]

ANGELICA

False Man, I see my Ruin in thy Face. How many vows you breath'd upon my Bosom, Never to be unjust - have you forgot so soon?

WILLMORE

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

[Aside.] [Enter Hellena, drest in Man's Clothes.]

HELLENA

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

MORETTA

My too young Sir, it is -- I hope 'tis one from Don Antonio.

[Goes to Angelica.]

HELLENA

Well, something I'll do to vex him for this.

[Aside.]

ANGELICA

I will not speak with him; am I in humour to receive a Lover?

WILLMORE

Not speak with him! why I'll be gone -- and wait your idler minutes -- Can I shew less Obedience to the thing I love so fondly?

[Offers to go.]

ANGELICA

A fine Excuse this -- stay --

WILLMORE

And hinder your Advantage: should I repay your Bounties so ungratefully?

ANGELICA

Come hither, Boy, -- that I may let you see How much above the Advantages you name I prize one Minute's Joy with you.

WILLMORE

Oh, you destroy me with this Endearment.

[Impatient to be gone.]

-- Death, how shall I get away? -- Madam, 'twill not be fit I should be seen with you -- besides, it will not be convenient and I've a Friend -- that's dangerously sick.

ANGELICA

I see you're impatient -- yet you shall stay.

WILLMORE

And miss my Assignation with my Gipsy.

[Aside, and walks about impatiently.]

HELLENA

[Moretta brings Hellena, who addresses her self to Angelica.]

Madam,

You'l hardly pardon my Intrusion,
When you shall know my Business
And I'm too young to tell my Tale with Art:
But there must be a wolidrous store of Goodness
Where so much Beauty dwells.

ANGELICA

A pretty Advocate, whoever sent thee, --
Prithee proceed --

[To Will. who is stealing off.]

Nay, Sir, you shall not go.

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

'Tis my false Man, he means -- wou'd he were gone. This Praise will raise his Pride and ruin me --

[To Will.]

Well, Since you are so impatient to be gone, I will release you, Sir.

WILLMORE

[Aside.] Nay, then I'm sure 'twas me he spoke of, this cannot be the Effects of Kindness in her.

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

Well, to your Story, Boy,

[Aside.] -- tho 'twill undo me.

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

ANGELICA

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

[Aside.] Ah, Rogue, how finely he's instructed!

-- 'Tis plain some Woman that has seen *meen passant*.

ANGELICA

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

HELLENA

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

ANGELICA

[To Will.]

Thou, false as Hell, what canst thou say to this?

WILLMORE

By Heaven --

ANGELICA

Hold, do not damn thy self --

HELLENA

Nor hope to be believ'd.

[He walks about, they follow.]

ANGELICA

Oh, perjur'd Man! Is't thus you pay my generous Passion back?

HELLENA

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

ANGELICA

And use me so inhumanly?

HELLENA

A Maid so young so innocent --

WILLMORE

Ah, young Devil!

ANGELICA

Dost thou not know thy Life is in my Power?

HELLENA

Or think my Lady cannot be reveng'd?

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

Now thou art silent, Guilt has struck thee dumb. Oh, hadst thou still been so, I'd liv'd in safety.

[She turns away and weeps.]

WILLMORE

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

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

HELLENA

[Aside.] So now is he for another Woman.

WILLMORE

The impudent'st young thing in Nature! I cannot persuade him out of his Error, Madam.

ANGELICA

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

[In Rage walks away.]

WILLMORE

[Said softly to Hell.]

Her Name, her Name, dear Boy --

HELLENA

Have you forgot it, Sir?

WILLMORE

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

-- Yes, yes, I do know -- but -- I have forgot the --

[Angel. turns.]

-- By Heaven, such early confidence I never saw.

ANGELICA

Did I not charge you with this Mistress, Sir? Which you denied, tho I beheld your Perjury. This little Generosity of thine has render'd back my Heart.

[Walks away.]

WILLMORE

So, you have made sweet work here, my little mischief; Look your Lady be kind and good-natur'd now, or I shall have but a cursed Bargain on't.

[Ang. turns towards them.]

-- The Rogue's bred up to Mischief, Art thou so great a Fool to credit him?

ANGELICA

Yes, I do; and you in vain impose upon me. -- Come hither, Boy -- Is not this he you speak of?

HELLENA

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

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

WILLMORE

[Aside.] Hah! do not I know that Face? -- By Heaven, my little Gipsy! what a dull Dog was I? Had I but lookt that way, I'd known her. Are all my hopes of a new Woman banisht?

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

-- Madam, I have found out the Plot.

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

Do you see this young Spark here?

HELLENA

He'll tell her who I am.

WILLMORE

Who do you think this is?

HELLENA

Ay, ay, he does know me. --

Nay, dear Captain, I'm undone if you discover me.

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

Will you be such a Devil?

WILLMORE

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

This small Ambassador comes not from a Person of Quality, as you imagine, and he says; but from a very errant Gipsy, the talkingst, pratingst, cantingst little Animal thou ever saw'st.

ANGELICA

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

HELLENA

[Aside.] Wou'd I were well off the place. -- If ever I go a Captain-hunting again. --

WILLMORE

Mean that thing? that Gipsy thing? thou may'st as well be jealous of thy Monkey, or Parrot as her: a German Motion were worth a dozen of her, and a Dream were a better Enjoyment, a Creature of Constitution fitter for Heaven than Man.

HELLENA

[Aside.] Tho I'm sure he lyes, yet this vexes me.

ANGELICA

You are mistaken, she's a Spanish Woman Made up of no such dull Materials.

WILLMORE

Materials! Egad, and she be made of any that will either dispense, or admit of Love, I'll be bound to countenance.

HELLENA

[Aside to him.]

Unreasonable Man, do you think so?

WILLMORE

You may Return, my little Brazen Head, and tell your Lady, that till she be handsom enough to be belov'd,

or I dull enough to be religious, there will be small hopes of me.

ANGELICA

Did you not promise then to marry her?

WILLMORE

Not I, by Heaven.

ANGELICA

You cannot undeceive my fears and torments, till you have vow'd you will not marry her.

HELLENA

If he swears that, he'll be reveng'd on me indeed for all my Rogueries.

ANGELICA

I know what Arguments you'll bring against me, Fortune and Honour.

WILLMORE

Honour! I tell you, I hate it in your Sex; and those that fancy themselves possest of that Foppery, are the most impertinently troublesom of all Woman-kind, and will transgress nine Commandments to keep one: and to satisfy your Jealousy I swear --

HELLENA

[Aside to him.]

Oh, no swearing, dear Captain --

WILLMORE

If it were possible I should ever be inclin'd to marry, it should be some kind young Sinner, one that has Generosity enough to give a favour handsomely to one that can ask it discreetly, one that has Wit enough to manage an Intrigue of Love -- oh, how civil such a Wench is, to a Man than does her the Honour to marry her.

ANGELICA

By Heaven, there's no Faith in any thing he says.

[Enter Sebastian.]

SEBASTIAN

Madam, Don Antonio --

ANGELICA

Come hither.

HELLENA

Ha, Antonio! he may be coming hither, and he'll certainly discover me, I'll therefore retire without a Ceremony.

[Exit Hellena.]

ANGELICA

I'll see him, get my Coach ready.

SEBASTIAN

It waits you, Madam.

WILLMORE

This is lucky: what, Madam, now I may be gone and leave you to the enjoyment of my Rival?

ANGELICA

Dull Man, Be gone, And never let me see thy cozening Face again, Lest I relapse and kill thee.

WILLMORE

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

[Ex. Will.]

ANGELICA

He's gone, and in this Ague of My Soul
The shivering Fit returns;
Oh with what willing haste he took his leave,
As if the long'd for Minute were arriv'd,
Of some blest Assignment.
In vain I have consulted all my Charms,
In vain this Beauty priz'd, in vain believ'd
My eyes cou'd kindle any lasting Fires.

I had forgot my Name, my Infamy,
 And the Reproach that Honour lays on those
 That dare pretend a sober passion here.
 Nice Reputation, tho it leave behind
 More Virtues than inhabit where that dwells,
 Yet that once gone, those virtues shine no more. --
 Then since I am not fit to belov'd,
 I am resolv'd to think on a Revenge
 On him that sooth'd me thus to my undoing.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV
SCENE 3

A Street.

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

FLORINDA

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

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

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

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

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

VALERIA

That's according as the young Stranger and I shall agree -- But to our business -- I deliver'd your Letter, your Note to Belvile, when I got out under pretence of going to Mass, I found him at his Lodging, and believe me it came seasonably; for never was Man in so desperate a Condition. I told him of your Resolution of making your escape to day, if your Brother would be absent long enough to permit you; if not, die rather than be Antonio's.

FLORINDA

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

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

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

[They put on their Vizards.]

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

VALERIA

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

[She walks by them, and looks back on them.]

WILLMORE

Ha! A Woman! and of an excellent Mien!

PEDRO

She throws a kind look back on you.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Prithee do not.

WILLMORE

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

[She goes out, and Will. follows her.]

BELVILE

'Tis a mad Fellow for a Wench.

[Enter Fred.]

FREDERICK

Oh Colonel, such News.

BELVILE

Prithee what?

FREDERICK

News that will make you laugh in spite of Fortune.

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

A Friend of ours, whom you must see for Mirth's sake.

[Aside.] I'll employ him to give Florinda time for an escape.

PEDRO

Who is he?

BELVILE

A young Countryman of ours, one that has been educated at so plentiful a rate, he yet ne'er knew the want of Money, and 'twill be a great Jest to see how simply he'll look without it. For my part I'll lend him none, and the Rogue knows not how to put on a borrowing Face, and ask first. I'll let him see how good 'tis to play our parts whilst I play his -- Prithee, Fred. do go home and keep him in that posture till we come.

[Exeunt.]

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

FLORINDA

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

[She goes off.]

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

WILLMORE

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

[He goes out, Valeria following.]

[Enter Hellena, just as he goes out,

HELLENA

Hah, is not that my Captain that has a Woman in chase? -- 'tis not Angelica. I'll find his Haunts, and plague him every where. -- ha -- my Brother!

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

[Scene changes to another Street. Enter Florinda.]

FLORINDA

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

[She goes in.]

[Enter Valeria,

VALERIA

This is Belvile's Lodgings; she's gone in as readily as if she knew it -- hah -- here's that mad Fellow again, I dare not venture in -- I'll watch my Opportunity.

[Goes aside.]

[Enter Willmore, gazing about him.]

WILLMORE

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

[Goes out.]

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

BLUNT

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

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

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

[Sits down again and reads.]

[Enter to him Florinda.]

FLORINDA

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

[He starts up and gazes.]

BLUNT

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

FLORINDA

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

BLUNT

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

FLORINDA

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

BLUNT

Talk on, talk on, and weep too, till my faith return. Do flatter me out of my Senses again -- a harmless Virgin with a Pox, as much one as t'other, adsheartlikins. Why, what the Devil can I not be safe in my house for you? not in my Chamber? nay, even being naked too cannot secure me. This is an Impudence greater than has invaded me yet. -- Come, no Resistance.

[Pulls her rudely.]

FLORINDA

Dare you be so cruel?

BLUNT

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

FLORINDA

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

BLUNT

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

[Pulls her again.]

[Enter Frederick.]

FREDERICK

Hah, what's here to do?

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

What's this, a Person of Quality too.

BLUNT

No, this has another Pretence, some very unfortunate Accident brought her hither, to me of all Mankind for Protection? Is the Ass to be cajol'd again, think ye? No, young one, no Prayers or Tears shall mitigate my Rage; therefore prepare for both my Pleasure of Enjoyment and Revenge, for I am resolved to make up my Loss here on thy Body, I'll take it out in kindness and in beating.

FREDERICK

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

FLORINDA

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

FREDERICK

Have a care, Blunt, she fetch'd a deep Sigh, she is inamour'd with thy Shirt and Drawers, she'll strip thee even of that. There are of her Calling such unconscionable Baggages, and such dexterous Thieves, they'll flea a Man, and he shall ne'er miss his Skin, till he feels the Cold. There was a Country-man of ours robb'd of a Row off Teeth whilst he was sleeping, which the Jilt made him buy again when he wak'd -- You see, Lady, how little Reason we have to trust you.

BLUNT

'Dsheartlikins, why, this is most abominable.

FLORINDA

Some such Devils there may be, but by all that's holy I am none such, I entered here to save a Life in danger.

BLUNT

For no goodness I'll warrant her.

FREDERICK

Faith, Damsel, you had e'en confess the plain Truth, for we are Fellows not to be caught twice in the same Trap: Look on that Wreck, a tight Vessel when he set out of Haven, well trim'd and laden, and see how a Female Piccaroon of this Island of Rogues has shatter'd him, and canst thou hope for any Mercy?

BLUNT

No, no, Gentlewoman, come along, adsheartlikins we must be better acquainted -- we'll both lie with her, and then let me alone to bang her.

FREDERICK

I am ready to serve you in matters of Revenge, that has a double Pleasure in't.

BLUNT

Well said. You hear, little one, how you are condemn'd by publick Vote to the Bed within, there's no resisting your Destiny, Sweetheart.

[Pulls her.]

FLORINDA

Stay, Sir, I have seen you with Belvile, an English Cavalier, for his sake use me kindly; you know how, Sir.

BLUNT

Belvile! why, yes, Sweeting, we do know Belvile, and wish he were with us now, he's a Cormorant at Whore and Bacon, he'd have a Limb or two of thee, my Virgin Pullet: but 'tis no matter, we'll leave him the Bones to pick.

FLORINDA

Sir, if you have any Esteem for that Belvile, I conjure you to treat me with more Gentleness; he'll thank

you for the Justice.

FREDERICK

Hark ye, Blunt--

FLORINDA

Sir, If you find me not worth Belvile's Care, use me as you please; and that you may think I merit better treatment than you threaten -- pray take this Present --

[Gives him a Ring: He looks on it.]

BLUNT

Hum -- A Diamond! why, 'tis a wonderful Virtue now that lies in this Ring, a mollifying Virtue; adsheartlikins there's more persuasive Rhetorick in't, than all her Sex can utter.

FREDERICK

I begin to suspect something; and 'twou'd anger us vilely to be truss'd up for a Rape upon a Maid of Quality, when we only believe we ruffle a Harlot.

BLUNT

Thou art a credulous Fellow, but adsheartlikins I have no Faith yet; why, my Saint prattled as parlously as this does, she gave me a Bracelet too, a Devil on her: but I sent my Man to sell it to day for Necessaries, and it prov'd as counterfeit as her Vows of Love.

FREDERICK

However let it reprieve her till we see Belvile.

BLUNT

That's hard, yet I will grant it.

[Enter a Servant.]

SERVANT/boy

Oh, Sir, the Colonel is just come with his new Friend and a Spaniard of Quality, and talks of having you to Dinner with 'em.

BLUNT

'Dsheartlikins, I'm undone -- I would not see 'em for the World: Harkye, Fred. lock up the Wench in your Chamber.

FREDERICK

Fear nothing, Madam, whate'er he threatens, you're safe whilst in my Hands.

[Ex. Fred. and Flor.]

BLUNT

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

[Locks the Door and Exeunt.]

ACT V
SCENE 1

Blunt's Chamber.

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

[Call within.]

Ned, Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt.

BLUNT

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

[and knocking within.]

Ned Blunt, Ned, Ned --

BELVILE

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

Boy, bring something to force the Door.

[A great noise within at the Door again.]

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

[within.]

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

[within.]

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

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

So, the Business is out.

WILLMORE

Come, come, lend more hands to the Door -- now heave altogether -- so, well done, my Boys --

[Breaks open the Door.]

[Enter Belvile, Willmore, Fred. Pedro and Belvile's Page: Blunt looks simply, they all laugh at him, he lays his hand on his Sword, and comes up to Willmore.]

BLUNT

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

[Aside.] a Plague upon my Taylor --

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

[Lays his Hand on's Sword.]

BELVILE

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

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Ah, Sir, a Mistress is a Trifle with Blunt he'll have a dozen the next time he looks abroad; his Eyes have

Charms not to be resisted: There needs no more than to expose that taking Person to the view of the Fair, and he leads 'em all in Triumph.

PEDRO

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

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

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

[Blunt shews the Ring.]

BELVILE

Hah! -- the Ring I gave Florinda when we exchang'd our Vows! -- hark ye, Blunt --

[Goes to whisper to him.]

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

PEDRO

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

BLUNT

She's in Fred's Custody.

WILLMORE

Come, come, the Key.

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

Damn Property -- then we'll draw Cuts.

[Belv. goes to whisper.]

WILLMORE

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

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

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

The Wench is yours --

[To Ped.]

Pox of his Toledo, I had forgot that.

FREDERICK

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

[Ex. Fred. and Ped.]

BELVILE

To hinder him will certainly discover --

[Aside.] Dost know, dull Beast, what Mischief thou hast done?

[Will. walking up and down out of Humour.]

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Oh intolerable Sot!

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

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

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

WILLMORE

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

PEDRO

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

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

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

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

VALERIA

Oh! have I found you, Sir --

[To Pedro, running to him.]

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

PEDRO

Speak -- is Florinda safe? Hellena well?

VALERIA

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

PEDRO

Why, where's Florinda? -- speak.

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

[Aside.] Oh, what will she say!

VALERIA

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

[Aside.] if you can find her out.

PEDRO

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

BELVILE

I shall consult my Love and Honour, Sir.

[Ex Ped.]

FLORINDA

[To Val.]

My dear Preserver let me embrace thee.

WILLMORE

What the Devil's all this?

BLUNT

Mystery by this Light.

VALERIA

Come, come, make haste and get your selves married quickly, for your Brother will return again.

BELVILE

I am so surpriz'd with Fears and Joys, so amaz'd to find you here in safety, I can scarce persuade my Heart

into a Faith of what I see-

WILLMORE

Harkye, Colonel, is this that Mistress who has cost you so many Sighs, and me so many Quarrels with you?

BELVILE

[To Flor.]

It is -- Pray give him the Honour of your Hand.

WILLMORE

Thus it must be receiv'd then.

[Kneels and kisses her Hand]

And with give your Pardon too.

FLORINDA

The Friend to Belvile may command me anything.

WILLMORE

Death, wou'd I might, 'tis a surprizing Beauty.

[Aside.]

BELVILE

Boy, run and fetch a Father instantly.

[Ex. Boy.]

FREDERICK

So, now do I stand like a Dog, and have not a Syllable to plead my own Cause with: by this Hand, Madam, I was never thorowly confounded before, nor shall I ever more dare look up with Confidence, till you are pleased to pardon me.

FLORINDA

Sir, I'll be reconcil'd to you on one Condition, that you'll follow the Example of your Friend, in marrying, a

Maid that does not hate you, and whose Fortune (I believe) will not be unwelcome to you.

FREDERICK

Madam, had I no Inclinations that way, I shou'd obey your kind Commands.

BELVILE

Who, Fred. marry; he has so few Inclinations for Womankind, that had he been possess'd of Paradise, he might have continu'd there to this Day, if no Crime but Love cou'd have disinherited him.

FREDERICK

Oh, I do not use to boast of my Intrigues.

BELVILE

Boast! why thou do'st nothing but boast; and I dare swear, wer't thou as innocent from the Sin of the Grape, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'st yet claim that right in Eden which our first Parents lost by too much loving.

FREDERICK

I wish this Lady would think me so modest a Man.

VALERIA

She shou'd be sorry then, and not like you half so well, and I shou'd be loth to break my Word with you; which was, That if your Friend and mine are agreed, it shou'd be a Match between you and I.

[She gives him her Hand.]

FREDERICK

Bear witness, Colonel, 'tis a Bargain.

[Kisses her Hand.]

BLUNT

[To Florinda.]

I have a Pardon to beg too; but adsheartlikins I am so out of Countenance, that I am a Dog if I can say any thing to purpose.

FLORINDA

Sir, I heartily forgive you all.

BLUNT

That's nobly said, sweet Lady -- Belvile, prithee present her her Ring again, for I find I have not Courage to approach her my self.

[Gives him the Ring, he gives it to Florinda.]

[Enter Boy.]

BOY

Sir, I have brought the Father that you sent for.

BELVILE

'Tis well, and now my dear Florinda, let's fly to compleat that mighty Joy we have so long wish'd and sigh'd for. -- Come, Fred. you'll follow?

FREDERICK

Your Example, Sir, 'twas ever my Ambition in War, and must be so in Love.

WILLMORE

And must not I see this juggling Knot ty'd?

ALL

No!

BELVILE

Thou shalt do us better Service, and be our Guard, lest Don Pedro's sudden Return interrupt the Ceremony.

WILLMORE

Content; I'll secure this Pass.

[Ex. Bel. Flor. Fred. and Val.]

[Enter Boy.]

BOY

Sir, there's a Lady without wou'd speak to you.

[To Will.]

WILLMORE

Conduct her in, I dare not quit my Post.

BOY

And, Sir, your Taylor waits you in your Chamber.

BLUNT

Some comfort yet, I shall not dance naked at the Wedding.

[Ex. Blunt and Boy.]

[Enter again the Boy, conducting in Angelica in a masquing Habit and a Vizard, Will. runs to her.]

WILLMORE

This can be none but my pretty Gipsy -- Oh, I see you can follow as well as fly -- Come, confess thy self the most malicious Devil in Nature, you think you have done my Bus'ness with Angelica --

ANGELICA

Stand off, base Villain --

[She draws a Pistol and holds to his Breast.]

WILLMORE

Hah, 'tis not she: who art thou? and what's thy Business?

ANGELICA

One thou hast injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.

WILLMORE

What the Devil canst thou mean?

ANGELICA

By all my Hopes to kill thee --

[Holds still the Pistol to his Breast, he going back, she fillwing still.]

WILLMORE

Prithee on what Acquaintance? for I know thee not.

ANGELICA

Behold this Face! -- so lost to thy Remembrance! And then call all thy Sins about thy Soul,

[Pulls off her Vizard.]

And let them die with thee.

WILLMORE

Angelica!

ANGELICA

Yes, Traitor. Does not thy guilty Blood run shivering thro thy Veins? Hast thou no Horrour at this Sight, that tells thee, Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful Conquest?

WILLMORE

Faith, no Child, my Blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows still, and that usual Heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a Kindness, had I but opportunity.

ANGELICA

Devil! dost wanton with my Pain -- have at thy Heart.

WILLMORE

Hold dear Virago! hold thy Hand a little, I am not now at leisure to be kill'd -- hold and hear me -- Death, I think she's in earnest.

[Aside.]

ANGELICA

Oh if I take not heed, My coward Heart will leave me to his Mercy.

[Aside, turning from him.]

What have you, Sir, to say? -- but should I hear thee, Thoud'st talk away all that is brave about me:

[Follows him with the Pistol to his Breast.]

And I have vow'd thy Death, by all that's sacred.

WILLMORE

Why, then there's an end of a proper handsom Fellow, that might have liv'd to have done good Service yet:
-- That's all I can say to't.

ANGELICA

Yet -- I wou'd give thee time for Penitence.

[Pausingly.]

WILLMORE

Faith, I thank God, I have ever took care to lead a good, sober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion that teaches me to believe, I shall depart in Peace.

ANGELICA

So will the Devil: tell me How many poor believing Fools thou hast undone; How many Hearts thou hast betray'd to ruin! -- Yet these are little Mischiefs to the Ills Thou'st taught mine to commit: thou'st taught it Love.

WILLMORE

Egad, 'twas shreudly hurt the while.

ANGELICA

Love, that has robb'd it of its Unconcern, Of all that Pride that taught me how to value it, And in its room a mean submissive Passion was convey'd, That made me humbly bow, which I ne'er did To any thing but Heaven. -- Thou, perjur'd Man, didst this, and with thy Oaths, Which on thy Knees thou didst devoutly make, Soften'd my yielding Heart -- And then, I was a Slave -- Yet still had been content to've worn my Chains, Worn 'em with Vanity and Joy for ever, Hadst thou not broke those Vows that put them on. -- 'Twas then I was undone.

[All this while follows him with a Pistol to his Breast.]

WILLMORE

Broke my Vows! why, where hast thou lived? Amongst the Gods! For I never heard of mortal Man, That has not broke a thousand Vows.

ANGELICA

Oh, Impudence!

WILLMORE

Angelica! that Beauty has been too long tempting, Not to have made a thousand Lovers languish, Who in

the amorous Favour, no doubt have sworn Like me; did they all die in that Faith? still adoring? I do not think they did.

ANGELICA

No, faithless Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did thine, I wou'd have kill'd the ungrateful that had abandon'd me.

WILLMORE

This old General has quite spoil'd thee, nothing makes a Woman so vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever supplies the Defects of Age, with intolerable Dotage, vast Charge, and that which you call Constancy; and attributing all this to your own Merits, you domineer, and throw your Favours in's Teeth, upbraiding him still with the Defects of Age, and cuckold him as often as he deceives your Expectations. But the gay, young, brisk Lover, that brings his equal Fires, and can give you Dart for Dart, he'll be as nice as you sometimes.

ANGELICA

All this thou'st made me know, for which I hate thee. Had I remain'd in innocent Security, I shou'd have thought all Men were born my Slaves; And worn my Pow'r like Lightning in my Eyes, To have destroy'd at Pleasure when offended. -- But when Love held the Mirror, the undeceiving Glass Reflected all the Weakness of my Soul, and made me know, My richest Treasure being lost, my Honour, All the remaining Spoil cou'd not be worth The Conqueror's Care or Value. -- Oh how I fell like a long worship'd Idol, Discovering all the Cheat!

WILLMORE

By Heaven thou art brave, and I admire thee strangely. I wish I were that dull, that constant thing, Which thou wou'd'st have, and Nature never meant me: I must, like chearful Birds, sing in all Groves, And perch on every Bough, Billing the next kind She that flies to meet me; Yet after all cou'd build my Nest with thee, Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round, And still reserve a tributary Flame. -- To gain your Credit, I'll pay you back your Charity, And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love.

[Offers her a Purse of Gold.]

ANGELICA

Oh that thou wert in earnest! So mean a Thought of me, Wou'd turn my Rage to Scorn, and I shou'd pity thee, And give thee leave to live; Which for the publick Safety of our Sex, And my own private Injuries, I dare not do. Prepare --

[Follows still, as before.]

I will no more be tempted with Replies.

WILLMORE

Sure --

ANGELICA

Another Word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long.

[She follows him with a Pistol ready to shoot: he retires still amaz'd.]

Enter Don Antonio, his Arm in a Scarf, and lays hold on the Pistol.

DON ANTONIO

Hah! Angelica!

ANGELICA

Antonio! What Devil brought thee hither?

DON ANTONIO

Love and Curiosity, seeing your Coach at Door. Let me disarm you of this unbecoming Instrument of Death. --

[Takes away the Pistol.]

Amongst the Number of your Slaves, was there not one worthy the Honour to have fought your Quarrel? -- Who are you, Sir, that are so very wretched To merit Death from her?

WILLMORE

One, Sir, that cou'd have made a better End of an amorous Quarrel without you, than with you.

DON ANTONIO

Sure 'tis some Rival -- hah -- the very Man took down her Picture yesterday -- the very same that set on me last night -- Blest opportunity --

[Offers to shoot him.]

ANGELICA

Hold, you're mistaken, Sir.

DON ANTONIO

By Heaven the very same! -- Sir, what pretensions have you to this Lady?

WILLMORE

Sir, I don't use to be examin'd, and am ill at all Disputes but this --

[Draws on Antonion.]

ANGELICA

Oh, hold! you see he's arm'd with certain Death:

[To Will.]

-- And you, Antonio, I command you hold, By all the Passion you've so lately vow'd me.

[Enter Don Pedro, sees Antonio, and stays.]

PEDRO

Hah, Antonio! and Angelica!

[Aside.]

DON ANTONIO

When I refuse Obedience to your Will, May you destroy me with your mortal Hate. By all that's Holy I adore you so, That even my Rival, who has Charms enough To make him fall a Victim to my Jealousy, Shall live, nay, and have leave to love on still.

PEDRO

What's this I hear?

[Aside.]

ANGELICA

Ah thus, 'twas thus he talk'd, and I believ'd.

[Pointing to Will.]

Antonio, yesterday, I'd not have sold my Interest in his Heart For all the Sword has won and lost in Battle. -- But now to show my utmost of Contempt, I give thee Life -- which if thou would'st preserve, Live where my Eyes may never see thee more, Live to undo some one, whose Soul may prove So bravely constant to revenge my Love.

[Goes out, Ant. follows, but Ped. pulls him back.]

PEDRO

Antonio -- stay.

DON ANTONIO

Don Pedro --

PEDRO

What Coward Fear was that prevented thee From meeting me this Morning on the Molo?

DON ANTONIO

Meet thee?

PEDRO

Yes me; I was the Man that dar'd thee to't.

DON ANTONIO

Hast thou so often seen me fight in War, To find no better Cause to excuse my Absence? -- I sent my Sword and one to do thee Right, Finding my self incapable to use a Sword.

PEDRO

But 'twas Florinda's Quarrel that we fought, And you to shew how little you esteem'd her, Sent me your Rival, giving him your Interest. -- But I have found the Cause of this Affront, But when I meet you fit for the Dispute, -I'll tell you my Resentment.

DON ANTONIO

I shall be ready, Sir, e'er long to do you Reason.

[Exit Ant.]

PEDRO

If I cou'd find Florinda, now whilst my Anger's high, I think I shou'd be kind, and give her to Belvile in Revenge.

WILLMORE

Faith, Sir, I know not what you wou'd do, but I believe the Priest within has been so kind.

PEDRO

How! my Sister married?

WILLMORE

I hope by this time she is, and bedded too, or he has not my longings about him.

PEDRO

Dares he do thus? Does he not fear my Pow'r?

WILLMORE

Faith not at all. If you will go in, and thank him for the Favour he has done your Sister, so; if not, Sir, my Power's greater in this House than yours; I have a damn'd surly Crew here, that will keep you till the next Tide, and then clap you on board my Prize; my Ship lies but a League off the Molo, and we shall show your Donship a damned Rover's Trick.

[Enter Belvile.]

BELVILE

This Rogue's in some new Mischief -- hah, Pedro return'd!

PEDRO

Colonel Belvile, I hear you have married my Sister.

BELVILE

You have heard truth then, Sir.

PEDRO

Have I so? then, Sir, I wish you joy.

BELVILE

How!

PEDRO

By this Embrace I do, and I glad on't.

BELVILE

Are you in earnest?

PEDRO

By our long Friendship and my Obligations to thee, I am. The sudden Change I'll give you Reasons for anon. Come lead me into my Sister, that she may know I now approve her Choice.

[Exit Bel. with Ped.]

[Will. goes to follow them. Enter Hellena as before in Boy's Clothes, and pulls him back.]

WILLMORE

Ha! my Gipsy -- Now a thousand Blessings on thee for this Kindness. Egad, Child, I was e'en in despair of ever seeing thee again; my Friends are all provided for within, each Man his kind Woman.

HELLENA

Hah! I thought they had serv'd me some such Trick.

WILLMORE

And I was e'en resolv'd to go aboard, condemn my self to my lone Cabin, and the Thoughts of thee.

HELLENA

And cou'd you have left me behind? wou'd you have been so ill-natur'd?

WILLMORE

Why, 'twou'd have broke my Heart, Child -- but since we are met again, I defy foul Weather to part us.

HELLENA

And wou'd you be a faithful Friend now, if a Maid shou'd trust you?

WILLMORE

For a Friend I cannot promise, thou art of a Form so excellent, a Face and Humour too good for cold dull Friendship; I am parlously afraid of being in love, Child, and you have not forgot how severely you have us'd me.

HELLENA

That's all one, such Usage you must still look for, to find out all your Haunts, to rail at you to all that love

you, till I have made you love only me in your own Defence, because no body else will love.

WILLMORE

But hast thou no better Quality to recommend thy self by?

HELLENA

Faith none, Captain.

WILLMORE

Egad, I was never claw'd away with Broad-Sides from any Female before, thou hast one Virtue I adore, good-Nature; I hate a coy demure Mistress, she's as troublesom as a Colt, I'll break none; no, give me a mad Mistress.

HELLENA

Nay, as kind as you will, good Captain, whilst it lasts, but let's lose no time.

WILLMORE

My time's as precious to me, as thine can be; therefore, dear Creature, since we are so well agreed, let's retire to my Chamber, and if ever thou were treated with such savory Love -- Come -- My Bed's prepar'd for such a Guest, all clean and sweet as thy fair self; I love to steal a Dish and a Bottle with a Friend, and hate long Graces -- Come, let's retire and fall to

HELLENA

'Tis but getting my Consent, and the Business is soon done; let but old Gaffer Hymen and his Priest say Amen to't, and I dare lay my Mother's Daughter by as proper a Fellow as your Father's Son, without fear or blushing.

WILLMORE

Hold, hold, no Bugg Words, Child, Priest and Hymen: prithee add Hangman to 'em to make up the Consort -- No, no, we'll have no Vows but Love, Child, nor Witness but the Lover; the kind Diety injoins naught but love and enjoy. Hymen and Priest wait still upon Portion, and Joynture; Love and Beauty have their own Ceremonies. Marriage is as certain a Bane to Love, as lending Money is to Friendship: I'll neither ask nor give a Vow, tho I could be content to turn Gipsy, and become a Left-hand Bridegroom, to have the Pleasure of working that great Miracle of making a Maid a Mother, if you durst venture, and if I miss, I'll lose my Labour.

HELLENA

And if you do not lose, what shall I get? A Cradle full of Noise and Mischief, with a Pack of Repentance at my Back? Can you teach me to weave Inkle to pass my time with?

WILLMORE

I can teach thee to weave a true Love's Knot better.

HELLENA

So can my Dog.

WILLMORE

Well, I see we are both upon our Guard, and I see there's no way to conquer good Nature, but by yielding -
- here -- give me thy Hand -- one Kiss and I am thine --

HELLENA

One Kiss! How like my Page he speaks; I am resolv'd you shall have none, for asking such a sneaking
Sum -- He that will be satisfied with one Kiss, will never die of that Longing; good Friend single-Kiss, is
all your talking come to this? A Kiss, a Caudle! farewell, Captain single-Kiss.

[Going out he stays her.]

WILLMORE

Nay, if we part so, let me die like a Bird upon a Bough, at the Sheriff's Charge. By Heaven, both the Indies
shall not buy thee from me. I adore thy Humour and will marry thee, and we are so of one Humour, it must
be a Bargain -- give me thy Hand --

[Kisses her hand.]

And now let the blind ones (Love and Fortune) do their worst.

HELLENA

Why, God-a-mercy, Captain!

WILLMORE

But harkye -- The Bargain is now made; but is it not fit we should know each other's Names? That when
we have Reason to curse one another hereafter, and People ask me who 'tis I give to the Devil, I may at
least be able to tell what Family you came of.

HELLENA

Good reason, Captain; and where I have cause, (as I doubt not but I shall have plentiful) that I may know
at whom to throw my -- Blessings -- I beseech ye your Name.

WILLMORE

I am call'd Robert the Constant.

HELLENA

A very fine Name! pray was it your Faulkner or Butler that christen'd you? Do they not use to whistle when then call you?

WILLMORE

I hope you have a better, that a Man may name without crossing himself, you are so merry with mine.

HELLENA

I am call'd Hellena the Inconstant.

[Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Fred. Valeria.]

PEDRO

Hah! Hellena!

FLORINDA

Hellena!

HELLENA

The very same -- hah my Brother! now, Captain, shew your Love and Courage; stand to your Arms, and defend me bravely, or I am lost for ever.

PEDRO

What's this I hear? false Girl, how came you hither, and what's your Business? Speak.

[Goes roughly to her.]

WILLMORE

Hold off, Sir, you have leave to parly only.

[Puts himself between.]

HELLENA

I had e'en as good tell it, as you guess it. Faith, Brother, my Business is the same with all living Creatures

of my Age, to love, and be loved, and here's the Man.

PEDRO

Perfidious Maid, hast thou deceiv'd me too, deceiv'd thy self and Heaven?

HELLENA

'Tis time enough to make my Peace with that: Be you but kind, let me alone with Heaven.

PEDRO

Belvile, I did not expect this false Play from you; was't not enough you'd gain Florinda (which I pardon'd) but your leud Friends too must be enrich'd with the Spoils of a noble Family?

BELVILE

Faith, Sir, I am as much surpriz'd at this as you can be: Yet, Sir, my Friends are Gentlemen, 'tis true, he's a Rover of Fortune, yet a Prince aboard his little wooden World.

PEDRO

What's this to the maintenance of a Woman or her Birth and Quality?

WILLMORE

Faith, Sir, I can boast of nothing but a Sword which does me Right where-e'er I come, and has defended a worse Cause than a Woman's: and since I lov'd her before I either knew her Birth or Name, I must pursue my Resolution, and marry her.

PEDRO

And is all your holy Intent of becoming a Nun debauch'd into a Desire of Man?

HELLENA

Why -- I have consider'd the matter, Brother, and find the Three hundred thousand Crowns my Uncle left me (and you cannot keep from me) will be better laid out in Love than in Religion, and turn to as good an Account -- let most Voices carry it, for Heaven or the Captain?

All

A Captain! a Captain!

HELLENA

Look ye, Sir, 'tis a clear Case.

PEDRO

Oh I am mad -- if I refuse, my Life's in Danger.

[Aside.] -- Come -- There's one motive induces me -- take her -- I shall now be free from the fear of her Honour; guard it you now, if you can, I have been a Slave to't long enough.

[Gives her to him.]

WILLMORE

Faith, Sir, I am of a Nation, that are of opinion a Woman's Honour is not worth guarding when she has a mind to part with it.

HELLENA

Well said, Captain.

PEDRO

This was your Plot, Mistress, but I hope you have married one that will revenge my Quarrel to you --

[To Valeria.]

VALERIA

There's no altering Destiny, Sir.

PEDRO

Sooner than a Woman's Will, therefore I forgive you all -- and wish you may get my Father's Pardon as easily; which I fear.

[Enter Blunt drest in a Spanish Habit, looking very ridiculously; the boy adjusting his Band.]

boy

'Tis very well, Sir.

BLUNT

Well, Sir, 'dsheartlikins I tell you 'tis damnable ill, Sir -- a Spanish Habit, good Lord! cou'd the Devil and my Taylor devise no other Punishment for me, but the Mode of a Nation I abominate?

BELVILE

What's the matter, Ned?

BLUNT

Pray view me round, and judge --

[Turns round.]

BELVILE

I must confess thou art a kind of an odd Figure.

BLUNT

In a Spanish Habit with a Vengeance! I had rather be in the inquisition for Judaism, than in this Doublet and Breeches; a Pillory were an easy Collar to this, three Handfuls high; and these Shoes too are worse than the Stocks, with the Sole an Inch shorter than my Foot: In fine, Gentlemen, methinks I look altogether like a Bag of Bays stuff'd full of Fools Flesh.

BELVILE

Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look en Cavalier: Come, Sir, settle your Face, and salute our Friends, Lady-

BLUNT

Hah! Say'st thou so, my little Rover?

[To Hell.]

Lady -- (if you be one) give me leave to kiss your Hand, and tell you, adsheartlikins, for all I look so, I am your humble Servant -- A Pox of my Spanish Habit.

WILLMORE

Hark -- what's this?

[Musick is heard to Play

BOY

Boy. Sir, as the Custom is, the gay People in Masquerade, who make every Man's House their own, are coming up.

[Enter several Men and Women in masquing Habits, with Musick, they put themselves in order and dance.]

BLUNT

Adsheartlikins, wou'd 'twere lawful to pull off their false Faces, that I might see if my Doxy were not

amongst 'em.

BELVILE

Ladies and Gentlemen, since you are come so a propos, you must take a small Collation with us.

[To the Masquers.]

WILLMORE

Whilst we'll to the Good Man within, who stays to give us a Cast of his Office.

[To Hell.]

-- Have you no trembling at the near approach?

HELLENA

No more than you have in an Engagement or a Tempest.

WILLMORE

Egad, thou'rt a brave Girl, and I admire thy Love and Courage. Lead on, no other Dangers they can dread,
Who venture in the Storms o'th' Marriage-Bed.

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE

THE banisht Cavaliers! a Roving Blade!
A popish Carnival! a Masquerade!
The Devil's in't if this will please the Nation,
In these our blessed Times of Reformation,
When Conventicling is so much in Fashion.
And yet --

That mutinous Tribe less Factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in Wit;
Your Judgment's (as your Passions) a Disease:
Nor Muse nor Miss your Appetite can please;
You're grown as nice as queasy Consciences,
Whose each Convulsion, when the Spirit moves,
Damns every thing that Maggot disapproves
With canting Rule you wou'd the Stage refine,
And to dull Method all our Sense confine.
With th' Insolence of Common-wealths you rule,

Where each gay Fop, and politick brave Fool
 On Monarch Wit impose without controul.
 As for the last who seldom sees a Play,
 Unless it be the old Black-Fryers way,
 Shaking his empty Noddle o'er Bamboo,
 He crys -- Good Faith, these Plays will never do.
 -- Ah, Sir, in my young days, what lofty Wit,
 What high-strain'd Scenes of Fighting there were writ:
 These are slight airy Toys. But tell me, pray,
 What has the House of Commons done to day?
 Then shews his Politicks, to let you see
 Of State Affairs he'll judge as notably,
 As he can do of Wit and Poetry.
 The younger Sparks, who hither do resort,
 Cry --

Pox o' your gentle things, give us more Sport;
 Damn me, I'm sure 'twill never please the Court.
 Such Fops are never pleas'd, unless the Play
 Be stuff'd with Fools, as brisk and dull as they:
 Such might the Half-Crown spare, and in a Glass
 At home behold a more accomplisht Ass,
 Where they may set their Cravats, Wigs and Faces,
 And practice all their Buffoonry Grimaces;
 See how this -- Huff becomes -- this Dammy -- flare --
 Which they at home may act, because they dare,
 But -- must with prudent Caution do elsewhere.
 Oh that our Nokes, or Tony Lee could show
 A Fop but half so much to th' Life as you.