

The Rover testbed

PROLOGUE.

Witts, like Physicians never can agree,
When of a different Societie.
And **Rabels 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 discenting Few,
Than those with an Insulting Pride, do raile
At all who are not of their own Caball:
If a Young Poet hitt your Humour right,
You judg him then out of Revenge and Spight.
So amongst men there are Ridiculous Elves,
Who Monkeys hate for being too like themselves.
So that the reason of the grand debate,
Why Witt 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,
Catholique 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 Erre.
Some write Coract 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 Gentile and fine,
But then they do so Toyl for every line,
[page]

That what to you does Easie seem, and Plain,
Is the hard Issue of their labouring Brain.
And some th' Effects of all their pains we see,
Is but to Mimick good Extemporie.
Others by long Converse about the Town,
Have Witt enough to write a Lew'd **Lampoon**,
But their chief skill lyes in a Bawdy Song.
In short, the only Witt that's now in Fashion,
Is but the gleenings of good Conversation.

As for the Author of this Coming **Play**,
I ask't him what he thought fit I shou'd 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 stuff'd with Witts, and with Deboches,
That Crowd and sweat like **Citts**, in **May-Day** Coaches.
Written by a Person of Quality.[page]Some Books printed this
Year 1677. For John Amery, at the Peacock; against St.
Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. Advice to Grand Jurors in
cases of Blood, Asserting from Law and Reason, That at the
Kings Suit in all cases (where a Person by Law is to be
indicted for killing of another person) that the Indictment
ought to be drawn for **Murther**, and that the **Grand Jury** ought
to find it **Murther**, where the Evidence is, that the party
intended to be indicted had his hands in Blood, and did kill
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of the Peace, in and out of their Sessions, with an Abridgment
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according to the Sentiments of **Seneca**, written Originally in
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Introduction to the History of **England**, comprising the
principal Affairs of this Land, from its first planting, to
the comeing of the **English Saxons**. Together with a Catalogue
of the 76 **British** and **Pictish** Kings, by D. D. **Langhorne**.

Printed 8o. price 2 s.[page]The Actors Names.Mr. **Jevorne, Don Antonio**, The Vice-Roy's Son.Mr. **Medburne, Don Pedro**, A Noble **Spaniard**, his Friend.Mr. **Betterton, Belvile**, An **English** Colonel in Love with **Florinda**.Mr. **Smith, Willmore**, The ROVER.Mr. **Crosbie, Frederick**, An **English** Gentleman, and Friend to **Bel.** and **Fred**.Mr. **Underhill, Blunt**, An **English** Country Gentleman.Mr. **Richards, Stephano**, Servant to **Don Pedro**.Mr. **Percivall, Philippo**, **Lucetta's** Gallant.Mr. **John Lee, Sancho**, Pimp to **Lucetta.Biskey**, and **Sebastian, Two Bravo's** to Angellica.Officers and Souldiers.Page To **Don Antonio**.Women.Mrs. **Betterton, Florinda**, Sister to **Don Pedro**.Mrs. **Barrer, Hellena**, A gay Young Woman design'd for a Nun, and Sister to **Florinda**.Mrs. **Hughs, Valeria**, A Kinswoman to **Florinda**.Mrs. **Gwin, Angellica Bianca**, A Famous Courtizan.Mrs. **Leigh, Moretta**, Her Woman.Mrs. **Norris, Callis**, Governess to **Florinda** and **Hellena**.Mrs. **Gillo, Lucetta**, A Jilting Wench.Servants, Other **Masqueraders** Men and Women.The Scene **NAPLES**, in Carnival time.

The Rover, or, The Banished Cavaliers

Aphra Behn

[page 1]THE **ROVER**: OR, The Banish't **Cavaliers**.ACT the First.Scene the First. A Chamber.**Enter** Florinda **and** Hellena.Flor.What an Impertinent thing is a Young Girl bred in a Nunnery? How full of Questions? **Prithee** no more **Hellena**, I have told thee more than thou understand'st already.

Hell.The more's my grief, I wou'd **fain** know as much as you, which makes me so Inquisitive; nor is't enough I know you'r a Lover, unless you tell me too, who 'tis you sigh for.Flor.When you'r a Lover, I'le think you fit for a Secret of that Nature.Hell.'Tis true, I never was a Lover yet—but I begin to have a shrew'd 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 Belvill**. Flor. **FyeHellen**. Hell. That blush betrays you.—I am sure 'tis so—or is it **Don Antonio** the Vice-Roy's Son?—or perhaps the Rich Old **Don Vincentio** whom my Father designs you for a Husband?— why do you blush again? [page 2] Flor. With Indignation, and how near soever my Father thinks I am to Marrying that hated Object, I shall let him see, I understand better, what's due to my Beauty, Birth and Fortune, and more to my Soul, than to obey those unjust Commands. Hell. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear disobedience. I love mischief strangely, as most of our Sex do, who are come to Love nothing else—but tell me dear **Florinda**, don't you love that fine **Anglese**?—for I vow next to loving him my self, 'twill please me most that you do so, for he is so **gay** and so handsome. Flor. **Hellen**, a Maid **design'd** for a Nun, ought not to be so Curious in a discourse of Love. Hell. And dost thou think that ever I'll be a Nun? or at least till I'm so Old, I'm fit for nothing else—Faith no Sister; and that which makes me long to know whether you love **Belvile**, is because I hope he has some mad Companion or other, that will spoil my devotion, nay I'm resolv'd to provide my self this **Carnival**, if there be ere a handsome proper fellow of my **humour** above ground, tho I ask first. Flor. **Prithee** be not so wild. Hell. Now you have provided your self of a Man, you take no care for poor me—prithree tell me, what dost thou see about me that is unfit for Love—have I not a World of Youth? a humour **gay**? a Beauty passable? a Vigour desirable? well Shap't? **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 Devote, and tell me how you came acquainted with this **Belvile**? for I perceive you knew him before he came to **Naples**. Flor. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of **Pampulona**, he was then a Colonel of **FrenchHorse**, who when the Town was Ransack't, Nobly treated my Brother and my self, preserving us from all Insolences; and I must own, (besides

great Obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will suffer no other to enter.—But see my Brother. Enter Don Pedro Stephano **with a Masquing habitand** Callis. Pedro. Good morrow Sister.—Pray when saw you your Lover **Don Vincentio?** Flor. I know not Sir—**Callis** when was he here? for I consider it so little, I know not when it was. [page 3] Pedro. I have a Command from my Father here to tell you, you ought not to despise him, a Man of so vast a Fortune, and such a Passion for you—**Stephano** my things. [Puts on his Masquing habit. Flor. A Passion for me, 'tis more than e're I saw, or he had a desire should be known—I hate **Vincentio**, Sir, and I wou'd not have a Man so dear to me as my Brother, follow the ill Customes of our Countrey, 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 **ranckt** in your esteem, equal with the English Coll. **Belvile**— why do you frown and blush? is there any guilt belongs to the Name of that Cavalier. Flor. I'll not deny I value **Belvile**, when I was expos'd to such dangers as the Licenc'd Lust of common Souldiers threatned, when Rage and Conquest flew through the City—then **Belvile** this Criminal for my sake, through 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 **Joynture** he'll make you. Flor. Let him consider my Youth, Beauty and Fortune; which ought not to be thrown away on his Age and Joynture. Pedro. 'Tis true, he's not so young and fine a Gentleman, as that **Belvile**,—but what Jewels will that Cavalier present you with? those of his Eyes and Heart? Hell. And are not those better than any **Don Vincentio** has brought from the **Indies**. Pedro. Why how now! has your Nunnery breeding taught you to understand the value of Hearts and Eyes? Hell. Better than to believe **Vincentio's** deserve value from any Woman—he may perhaps encrease her **Baggs**,, **but not her Family**. Pedro. This is fine—go—up to your Devotion, you are not design'd for the conversation of Lovers. Hell. Nor Saints, yet a while I hope [Aside. I'st not enough you make a Nun of me, but

you must cast my Sister away too? exposing her to a worse confinement than a Religious life. Pedro. The Girl's mad—it is a confinement to be carry'd into the Countrey, to an Antient Villa belonging to the Family of [page 4] 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 Ayr, large Fields and Gardens, where she may walk and gather Flowers. Hell. When by Moon Light? For I am sure she dares not encounter with the heat of the Sun, that were a task only for **Don Vincentio** and his Indian breeding, who loves it in the **Dog dayes**.—and if these be her daily divertisements, what are those of the Night, to lye in a wide Moth-eaten Bed Chamber, with furniture in Fashion in the Reign of **King Sancho the First**; The Bed, that which his Fore-fathers liv'd and dy'd in. Pedro. Very well. Hell. This Appartment (new furbrusht and fitted out for the young Wife) he (out of freedom) makes his dressing Room, and being a Frugal and a Jealous **Coxcomb**, instead of a **Valet** to uncase his feeble Carcass, he desires you to do that Office—signs of favour I'll assure you, and such as you must not hope for, unless your Woman be out of the way. Pedro. Have you done yet? Hell. That Honour being past, the Gyant stretches it self; yawns and sighs a Belch or two, loud as a Musket, throws himself into Bed, and expects you in his foul sheets, and e're you can get your self undrest, call's you with a snore or Two—and are not these fine Blessings to a young Lady? Pedro. Have you done yet? Hell. And this Man you must kiss, nay you must kiss none but him too—and nuzel through his Beard to find his Lips.—And this you must submit to for Threescore years, and all for a Joynture. Pedro. For all your **Character** of **Don Vincentio**, she is as like to Marry him, as she was before. Hell. Marry **Don Vincentio!** hang me such a Wedlock would be worse than Adultery with another Man. I had rather see her in the **Hostel de Dieu**, to wast her Youth there in Vowes, and be a hand-Maid to **Lazers** and Cripples, than to lose it in such a Marriage. Pedro. You have consider'd Sister, that **Belvile** has no Fortune to bring you to, banisht his Countrey, despis'd at home, and pittiy'd abroad. Hel. What then?

the Vice-Roy's Son is better than that Old Sir Fisty. **Don Vincentio! Don Indian!** he thinks he's trading to [page 5] **Gambo** still, and wou'd **Barter** himself (**that Bell and Bawble**) for your Youth and Fortune. Pedro. **Callis** take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at **Lent** she shall begin her everlasting Pennance in a Monastery. Hell. I care not, I had rather be a Nun, than be oblig'd to Marry as you wou'd have me, if I were design'd for't. Pedro. Do not fear the blessing of that choice—you shall be a Nun. Hell. Shall I so? you may chance to be mistaken in my way of devotion:—a Nun! yes I am like to make a fine Nun! I have an excellent humour for a **Grate**: no, I'll have a **Saint** of my own to pray to shortly, if I like any that dares venture on me. [Aside. Pedro. **Callis**, make it your business to watch this Wild Cat. As for you **Florinda**, I've only try'd you all this while and urg'd my Fathers will; but mine is, that you wou'd love **Antonio**, he is Brave and young, and all that can compleat the happiness of a Gallant Maid—this absence of my Father will give us opportunity, to free you from **Vincentio**, by Marrying here, which you must do to Morrow. Flor. To Morrow! Pedro. To Morrow, or 'twill be too late—tis not my Friendship to **Antonio**, which makes me urge this, but Love to thee, and hatred to **Vincentio**—therefore resolve upon to Morrow. Flor. Sir, I shall strive to do, as shall become your Sister. Pedro. I'll both believe and trust you—Adieu. Ex. **Ped.** and **Steph.** Hell. As becomes his Sister!—that is to be as resolv'd your way, as he is his—[**Hell.** goes to **Callis** Flor.

I ne're till now perceiv'd my Ruine near,
I've no defence against **Antonio's** Love,
For he has all the Advantages of Nature,
The moving Arguments of Youth and Fortune.
Hell. But heark you **Callis**, you will not be so cruel to lock me up indeed, will you. Call. I must obey the Commands I have—besides, do you consider what a life you are going to lead? Hell. Yes, **Callis**, that of a Nun: and till then I'll be indebted [page 6] a world of Prayers to you, if you'll let me

now see, what I never did, the Divertisements of a **Carnival**. Call. What, go in Masquerade? 'twill be a fine farewell to the World I take it—pray what wou'd you do there? Hell. That which all the World does, as I am told, be as mad as the rest, and take all Innocent freedoms—Sister you'll go too, will you not? come prithee be not sad.—We'll out-wit Twenty Brothers, if you'll be rul'd by me—come put off this dull humour with your Cloths, and Assume one as gay, and as fantastick, as the Dress my Couzen **Valeria**, and I have provided, and let's Ramble. Flor. **Callis**, will you give us leave to go? Call. I have a Youthful itch of going my self. [Aside. —Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you; for by my troth I'll not trust Young Girles alone. Flor. Thou see'st my Brother's gone already, and thou shalt attend, and watch us. Enter **Stephano**. Steph. Mad? the Habits are come, and your **Couzen Valeria** is drest, and staves for you. Flor. 'Tis well.—I'll write a Note, and if I chance to see **Belvile**, and want an opportunity to speak to him, that shall let him know, what I've resolv'd in favour of him. Hell. Come, let's in and dress us. [Exeunt. SCENE II. A Long Street. Enter **Belvile Melancholy**, Blunt **and** Frederick. Fred. Whe what the Devil ails the **Coll**. In a time when all the World is gay, to look like meer **Lent** thus? Had'st thou been long enough in **Naples** to have been in Love, I shou'd have sworn some such Judgment had befall'n thee. Belv. No, I have made no new Amours since I came to **Naples**? Fred. You have left none behind you in **Paris**? Belv. Neither. [page 7] Fred. I cannot divine the Cause then, unless the Old Cause, the want of Money. Blunt. And another Old Cause, the want of a Wench— Wou'd not that revive you? Blev. You are mistaken, **Ned**. Blunt. Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou'rt past Cure. Fred. I have found it out; thou hast renew'd thy acquaintance with the Lady that cost thee so many sighs at the Siege of **Pampulona**— Pox on't, what d'e you 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 lovest in spight too, because thou seest little or no

possibility of gaining her. Belv. Thou art mistaken, I have **Int'rest** enough in that lovely Virgins heart, to make me proud and vain, were it not abated by the severity of a Brother, who perceiving my happiness—Fred. Has civilly forbid thee the House? Belv. 'Tis so, to make way for a Pow'rful 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. Heyday! 'Sheartlikins, simile! by this Light the Man is quite spoild.—Fred. What the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concern'd for a Wench—'Sheartlikins our Cupids are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can Roast or Boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine tricks to set 'em off, no **Hogoes** to make the Sawce pleasant and the Stomach sharp. Fred. I dare swear I have had a hundred as young kind and handsom as this **Florinda**; and Dogs eat me, if they were not as troublesom to me i'th Morning, as they were welcome o're Night. Blunt. And yet I warrant, he wou'd not touch another Woman, if he might have her for nothing. Belv. That's thy joy, a cheap Whore. Blunt. Whe I 'Sheartlikins I love a Franck Soul—when did you ever hear of an honest Woman that took a Man's Money? I warrant [page 8] 'em good ones—but Gentlemen, You may be free, you have been kept so poor with Parliaments and Protectors, that the little Stock you have is not worth preserving—but I thank my Stars, I had more Grace than to forfeit my Estate by Cavaliering. Belv. Methinks only following the Court, shou'd be sufficient to entitle 'em to that. Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unless they **pick a hole in my Coat** for lending you Money now and then, which is a greater Crime to my Conscience, Gentlemen, than to the Common-Wealth. Enter **Willmore**. Will. Ha! dear **Belvile!** noble Colonel! Belv. **Willmore!** welcom ashore, my dear Rover!—what happy wind blew us this good Fortune? Will. Let me salute my dear **Fred.** and then Command me.—How is't honest Lad? Fred. Faith, Sir, the Old Complement, infinitely the better

to see my dear mad **Willmore** again.—Prithee why camest thou ashore? and where's the **Prince**? Will. He's well, and Reigns still Lord of the watry Element. —I must aboard again within a day or two, and my business ashore was only to enjoy my self a little this Carnival. Belv. Pray know our new Friend, Sir, he's but bashful, a raw Traveller, but honest, stout, and one of us. [**Embraces** Blunt. Will. That you esteem him, gives him an Intr'est here. Blunt. Your Servant, Sir. Will. But well,—Faith I'm glad to meet you again in a warm Climate, where the kind Sun has its God-like Pow'r still over the Wine and Women—Love and Mirth! are my bus'ness in **Naples**, and if I mistake not the place, here's an Excellent Market for **Chapmen** of my humour. Belv. See, here be those kind Merchants of Love you look for. Enter several Men in Masquing Habits, some playing on Musique, others dancing after, Women drest like Courtizans, with Papers pinn'd on their Breasts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands. Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here? [page 9] Fred. Now the game begins. Will. Fine pretty creatures! May a stranger have leave to look and love?—What's here—**Roses for every moneth**? [Reads the Papers. Blunt. Roses for every moneth? What means that? Belv. They are, or wou'd have you think they're courtizans, who here in **Naples**, are to be hir'd by the moneth. Will. Kind, and obliging to inform us—Pray where do these roses grow? I wou'd fain plant some of 'em in a bed of mine. Wom. Beware such roses, Sir. Will. A pox of fear: I'll be bak't with thee between a pair of sheets, and that's they proper still; so I might but strew such roses over me, and under me—fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me leave to gather at your **bush** this idle moneth; I wou'd go near to make some body smell of it all the year after. Belv. And thou hast need of such a remedy, for thou stink'st of tar and ropes ends, like a dock or **pest-house**. [The Woman puts herself into the Hands of a Man, and Exits. Will. Nay, nay, you shall not leave me so. Belv. By all means use no violence here. Will. Death! Just as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that rose out of his hand, and even kiss the bed, the bush grew in. Fred. No friend to love, like a long voyage at

sea. Blunt. Except a nunnery, **Fred**. Will. Death! But will they not be kind? Quickly be kind? Thou know'st I'm no tame sisher, but a rampant lion of the forrest. Advances from the farther end of the Scenes, two Men drest all over with horns of several sorts, making grimaces at one another, with papers pinn'd on their backs. Belv. Oh the fantastical rogues, how they'r drest! 'Tis a satyre against the whole sex. Will. 'Is this a fruit that grows in this warm countrey? Belv. Yes: 'Tis pretty to see these **Italians** start, swell and stab, at the word **cuckold**; and yet stumble at horns on every threshold. Will. See what's on their back—**Flowers of every Night**. [Reads. —Ah Rogue! and more sweet than roses of ev'ry moneth! This is a gardiner of **Adam**'s own breeding. [They dance. [page 10] Belv. What think you of those grave People?—is a wake in **Essex** half so mad or extravagant? Will. I like their sober grave way, 'tis a kind of legal authoriz'd fornication, where the men are not chid for't, nor the women despis'd, as amongst our dull English, even the monsieurs want that part of good manners. Belv. But here in **Italy**, a monsieur is the humblest best bred gentleman—duels are so bafled by **Bravo**'s, that an age shews not one but between a **French-man**, and a hang-man, who is as much too hard for him on the **Piazza**, as they are for a **Dutchman** on **the New Bridge**—but see another crew. **Enter** Florinda, Hellena and Valeria, **drest like Gipsies**; Callis and Stephano, Lucetta, Philipo and Sancho **in Masquerade**. Hell. Sister, there's your **English Man**, and with him a handsome proper fellow—I'le to him, and instead of telling him his Fortune, try my own. Will. **Gipsies** on my life—sure these will prattle if a man crosse their hands. [**Goes to** Hellena. —dear, pretty, (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous stranger, what luck he's like to have? Hell. Have a care how you venture with me Sir, least I pick your pocket, which will more vex your **English humour**, than an **Italian** fortune will please you. Will. How the Devil cam'st thou to know my countrey and humour? Hell. The first I guess by a certain forward impudence, which does not displease me at this time, and the loss of your money will vex you, because I hope you have but very little to

lose. Will. Egad child thou'rt ith' 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 wou'd more willingly part with. Hell. Indeed no, that's the bus'ness of a witch, and I am but a gipsie yet.—Yet without looking in your hand, I have a parlous guess, 'tis some foolish heart you mean, an inconstant **English** heart, as little worth stealing as your purse. Will. Nay, then thou dost deal with the Devil, that's certain.—thou hast guest as right, as if thou had'st been one of that number it has languisht for.—I find you'l 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 wou'd be good natur'd and take some on't off my hands. Hell. Whe—I cou'd be inclin'd that way—but for a foolish vow I am going to make—to dye a maid. Will. Then thou art damn'd without redemption, and as I am a good Christian, I ought in charity to divert so wicked a design —therefore prithee dear creature let me know quickly when, and where I shall begin to set a helping hand to so good a work. Hell. If you shou'd 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'l hardly undergo for my sake. Will. Faith child I have been bred in dangers, and wear a sword, that has been employ'd in a worse cause, than for a handsome kind woman—name the danger—let it be any thing but a long siege—and I'le undertake it. Hell. Can you storm? Will. Oh most furiously. Hell. What think you of a Nunnery Wall? For he that wins me, must gain that first. Will. A nun! Oh how I love thee for't! There's no sinner like a young Saint—nay now there's no denying me, the **Old Law** had no curse (to a woman) like dying a maid; witness **Ieptha's daughter**. Hell. A very good text this, if well handled, and I perceive Father Captain, you wou'd impose no severe penance on her who were inclin'd to console her self, before she took orders. Will. If she be young and handsome. Hell. Ay there's it—but if she be not—Will. By this hand, child, I have an implicit faith, and dare venture on

thee with all faults—besides, 'tis more meritorious to leave the world, when thou hast tasted and prov'd the pleasure on't. Then 'twill be a virtue in thee, which now will be pure ignorance. Hell. I perceive good Father Captain, you design only to make me fit for Heaven—but if on the contrary, you shou'd quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the world again, I shou'd have a new man to seek I find; and what a grief that will be—for when I begin, I fancy I shall love like any thing, I never try'd yet. Will. Egad and that's kind—prithee dear creature, give me credit for a heart, for faith I'm a very honest fellow—Oh, I long to come first to the Banquet of Love! And such a swinging appetite I bring—Oh I'm impatient.—thy lodging sweetheart, thy lodging! or I'm a dead man! Hell. Why must we be either guilty of fornication or murder if we converse with you men—and is there no difference between leave to love me, and leave to lie with me? Will. Faith child they were made to go together. Lucett. Are you sure this is the man? [**Pointing to** Blunt. Sancho. When did I mistake your game? Lucett. 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 e'm into any sort of fool she pleases. Blunt. 'Tis so—she is taken— I have Beauties which my false Glass at home did not discover. She often passes by **Blunt**, and gazes on him, he struts and Cocks, and walks and gazes on her. Flor. This Woman watches me so, I shall get no opportunity to discover my self to him, and so miss the intent of my coming —but as I was saying, Sir,—by this Line you shou'd be a Lover. [**Looking in his hand.** Belv. I thought how right you guessed, all men are in Love, or pretend to be so—come let me go, I'm weary of this fooling. [**Walks away.** Flor. I will not, till you have confest whether the passion that you have vow'd **Florinda**, be true or false? She holds him, he strives to get from her. Belv. Florinda! [**Turns quick towards her.** Flor. Softly. Belv. Thou hast nam'd one will fix me here for

ever.Flor.She'll be disappointed then, who expects you this night at the Garden-gate, and if you fail not—as let me see the other hand—you will go near to do—she vows to dye or make you happy.[Looks on **Callis** who observes 'em.[page 13]Belv.What canst thou mean?Flor.That which I say—Farewel.[Offers to go.Belv.Oh charming Sybil stay, complete that joy which as it is will turn into distraction!—where must I be? at the Garden-gate? I know it—at Night you say?—I'll sooner forfeit Heav'n than disobey.Enter **Don Pedro** and other Masquers, and pass over the Stage.Call.Madam, your Brother's here.Flor.Take this to instruct you farther.[Gives him a Letter, and goes off.Fred.Have a care, Sir, what you promise; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruine you.Belv.Do not disturb my happiness with doubts.[Opens the Letter.Will.My dear pretty Creature, a Thousand Blessings on thee! still in this habit you say?—and after Dinner at this place.Hell.Yes, if you will swear to keep your heart, and not bestow it between this and that.Will.By all the little Gods of Love I swear, I'll leave it with you, and if you run away with it, those Deities of Justice will revenge me.[Ex. all the Women.Fred.Do you know the hand?Belv.

'Tis **Florinda**'s.

All Blessings fall upon the virtuous Maid.

Fred.Nay, no Idolatry, a sober Sacrifice I'll allow you.Belv.Oh Friends, the welcom'st News! the softest Letter!— nay—you shall all see it! and cou'd you now be serious, I might be made the happiest Man the Sun shines on!Will.The reason of this mighty joy?Belv.See how kindly she invites me to deliver her from the threatned violence of her Brother—will you not assist me?Will.I know not what thou mean'st, but I'll make one at any mischief where a Woman's concerned—but she'll be grateful to us for the favour, will she not?Belv.How mean you?Will.How shou'd I mean? thou know'st there's but one way for a Woman to oblige me.Belv.Do not prophane—the Maid is nicely virtuous.[page 14]Will.Who Pox, then she's fit for nothing but a husband, let her e'n go, Colonel.Fred.Peace,

she's the Colonel's Mistris, Sir. Will. Let her be the Devil, if she be thy Mistris, I'll serve her— name the way. Belv. Read here this Postscript. [Gives him a Letter. Will. [Reads.] —Kind Heart, if we Three cannot weave a string to let her down a Garden-Wall, 'twere pity but the Hang-man wove one for us all. 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. Fred. Let her alone for that, your Womans wit! your fair kind Woman! will out-trick a Broker or a Jew: and contrive like a Jesuit in Chains—but see, **Ned Blunt** is stolen out after the Lure of a Damsel. [Ex. Blunt and Lucetta. Belv. So, he'll scarce find his way home again, unless we get him cry'd by the Bell-man in the Market-place, and 'twou'd sound prettily—a lost English Boy of Thirty. Fred. I hope 'tis some Common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him; it may be she'll sell him for **Perue**, the Rogue's sturdy, and wou'd work well in a Mine; at least I hope she'll dress him for our Mirth, cheat him of all, then have him well-favour'dly bang'd, and turn'd out Naked at Midnight. Will. Prithee what humour is he of, that you wish him so well? Belv. Why of an **English** Elder Brother's humour, Educated in a Nursery, with a Maid to tend him till Fifteen, and lyes with his Grand-Mother till he's of Age: one that knowes no pleasure beyond riding to the next Fair, or going up to **London** with his right Worshipful Father in Parliament-time; wearing gay Cloths, or making honourable Love to his Lady Mothers **Landry-Maid**: gets drunk at a Hunting-Match, and ten to one then gives some proofs of his Prowess.—A Pox upon him, he's our **Banker**, and has all our Cash about him, and if he fail, we are all Broke. Fred. Oh let him alone for that matter, he's of a damn'd stingey quality, that will secure our stock; I know not in what danger it were indeed if the Jilt shou'd pretend she's in Love with him, for 'tis a kind believing Coxcomb; otherwise if he part with more than a piece of Eight—**guelde** him: for which offer he may chance to be beaten, if she be a Whore of the First Rank. [page] Belv. Nay the Rogue will not be easily beaten, he's stout enough; perhaps if they talk beyond his capacity, he may chance to

exercise his Courage upon some of them, else I'm sure they'll find it as difficult to beat as to please him. Will. 'Tis a lucky Devil to light upon so kind a Wench! Fred. Thou had'st a great deal of talk with thy little Gipsie, could'st thou do no good upon her? for mine was hard-hearted. Will. Hang her, she was some damn'd honest Person of Quality I'm sure, she was so very free and witty. If her face be but answerable to her Witt, and humour, I wou'd be bound to Constancy this Moneth to gain her—in the mean time, have you made no kind acquaintance since you came to Town?—you do not use to be honest so long, Gentlemen. Fred. Faith Love has kept us honest, we have been all fir'd with a Beauty newly come to Town, the Famous **Paduana Angellica Bianca**. Will. What the Mistris of the dead **Spanish General**? Belv. Yes, she's now the only ador'd Beauty of all the Youth in **Naples**, who put on all their Charms to appear lovely in her sight, their Coaches, Liveries, and themselves, all gay, as on a Monarch's Birth-Day, to attract the Eyes of this fair Charmer, while she has the pleasure to behold all languish for her that see her. Fred. 'Tis pretty to see with how much Love the Men regard her, and how much Envy the Women. Will. What Gallant has she? Belv. None, she's expos'd to Sail, and Four days in the Week she's yours—for so much a Month. Will. The very thought of it quenches all manner of Fire in me—yet prithee let's see her. Belv. Let's first to Dinner, and after that wee'l pass the day as you please—but at Night yee must all be at my Devotion. Will. I will not fail you. The End of the First Act. [page 16] ACT II. Scene I. The Long Street. Enter **Belvile** and **Frederick** in Masquing Habits, and **Willmore** in his own Cloaths, with a **Vizard** in his Hand. Will. But why thus disguis'd and muzzel'd? Belv. Because whatever Extravagances we commit in these Faces, our own may not be oblig'd to answer 'em. Will. I shou'd have chang'd my Eternal Buffe too; but no matter, my little Gipsie wou'd not have found me out then; for if she shou'd change hers, it is impossible I should know her, unless I should hear her prattle.—A Pox on't, I cannot get her out of my Head: Pray Heaven, if ever I do see her again, she prove damnably ugly,

that I may fortifie my self against her Tongue. Belv. Have a care of Love, for o' my conscience she was not of a quality to give thee any hopes. Will. Pox on 'em, why do they draw a Man in then? She has play'd with my Heart so, that 'twill never lye still, till I have met with some kind Wench, that will play the Game out with me— Oh for my Arms full of soft, white, kind—Woman! such as I fancy **Angelica**. Belv. This is her House, if you were but in stock to get admittance; they have not din'd yet; I perceive the Picture is not out. **Enter** Blunt. Will. I long to see the Shadow of the fair Substance; a Man may gaze on that for nothing. Blunt. Coll. Thy Hand—and thine Fred. I have been an Ass, a deluded Fool, a very Coxcomb from my Birth till this hour, and heartily repent my little Faith. Belv.

What the Devil's the matter with thee **Ned?**

—Oh such a Mrs.

Fred.

such a Girl!

Will. Ha! where. Fred. Ay where! So fond, so amorous, so toying and so fine! and all for sheer Love ye Rogue! Oh how she lookt and kist! and sooth'd my [page 17] 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 Balmey Kisses upon my Lips—[Kisses him. Belv. Ha! Ha! Ha! Will. Death Man where is she?—What a Dog was I to stay in dull **England** so long,—How have I laught at the Coll. When he sigh'd for Love! but now the little Archer has reveng'd him! and by this one Dart, I can guess at all his joys, which then I took for Fancies, meer Dreams and Fables.—Well, I'm resolv'd to sell all in **Essex**, and plant here for ever. Belv. What a Blessing 'tis, thou hast a Mistris thou dar'st boast of; for I know thy Humour is, rather to have a proclaim'd Clap, than a secret Amour. Will. Dost know her Name? Bluns. 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 any other Title. Will. Didst give her any

thing? Blunt. Give her!—Ha, ha, ha! whe 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** is not every Body—She expects me again to Night. Will. Egad that's well; we'll all go. Blunt. Not a Soul: No, Gentlemen, you are Wits; I am a dull Countrey Rogue, I. Fred. Well, Sir, for all your Person of Quality, I shall be very glad to understand your Purse be secure; 'tis our whole Estate at present, which we are loth to **hazard in one Bottom**; come, Sir, unlade. Blunt. Take the necessary Trifle useless now to me, that am belov'd by such a Gentlewoman—'sheartlikins Money! Here take mine too. Fred. No, keep that to be couzen'd, that we may laugh. Will. Couzen'd!—Death! wou'd I cou'd meet with one, that wou'd couzen me of all the Love I cou'd spare to Night. Fred. Pox, 'tis some common Whore upon my life. [page 18] Blunt. A Whore!—yes with such Cloths! such Jewels! such a House! such Furniture, and so Attended! a Whore! Belv. Why yes Sir, they are Whores, tho' they'll neither entertain you with Drinking, Swearing, or Bawdry; are Whores in all those gay Cloths, and right Jewels, are Whores with those great Houses richly furnisht with Velvet Beds, Store of Plate, handsome Attendance, and fine Coaches, are Whores and Errant ones. Will. Pox on't, where do these fine Whores live? Belv. Where no Rogues in Office Eclipsed Constables, dare give 'em Laws, nor the Wine Inspir'd Bullies of the Town, break their Windows; yet they are Whores tho this **Essex** Calf believe 'em Persons of Quality. Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, y'are all Fools, there are things about this **Essex** Calf, that shall take with the Ladies, beyond all your Witt and Parts—this Shape and Size Gentlemen are not to be despis'd— my Waste too tolerably long, with other inviting signs, that shall be nameless. Will. Egad I believe he may have met with some Person of Quality that may be kind to him. Belv. Dost thou perceive any such tempting things about him, that shou'd make a fine Woman, and of Quality, pick him out from all Mankind, to throw away her

Youth and Beauty upon, nay and her dear heart too!—no, no, **Angellica** has rais'd the Price too high. Will. May she languish for Mankind till she dye, and be damn'd for that one sin alone. Enter **Two Bravo's**, and hang up a great Picture of **Angellica's**, against the Balcone, and Two little ones at each side of the Door. Belv. See there the fair Sign to the Inn where a Man may Lodg that's Fool enough to give her price. [Will. gazes on the Picture. Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this! Belv. A Famous **Courtizan**, that's to be sold. Blunt. How? to be sold! nay then I have nothing to say to her—sold! what Impudence is practic'd in this Countrey? —with what Order and decency Whoring's Establisht here by Virtue of the Inquisition—come let's begone, I'm sure wee're no Chapmen for this Commodity. Fred. Thou art none I'm sure, unless thou coud'st have her in thy Bed at a price of a Coach in the Street. [page 19] Will. How wondrous fair she is—a Thousand Crowns a Month—by Heaven as many Kingdoms were too little, a plague of this Poverty—of which I ne're complain, but when it hinders my approach to Beauty: which Virtue ne're cou'd purchase. [Turns from the Picture. Blunt. What's this?— [Reads.] **A Thousand Crowns a Month!**—'Sheartlikins here's a Sum! sure 'tis a mistake.—Heark you Friend, does she take or give so much by the Month? Fred. A Thousand Crowns! why 'tis a Portion for the **Infanta**. Blunt. Heark ye Friends, won't she trust? Brav. This is a Trade, Sir, that cannot live by Credit. Enter **Don Pedro** in Masquerade, follow'd by **Stephano**. Belv. See, here's more Company, let's walk off a while. [Ex. English. [Pedro Reads. Enter **Angellica** and **Moretta** in the Balcone, and draw a Silk Curtain. Ped. Fetch me a thousand Crowns, I never wisht to buy this Beauty at an easier rate. [passes off. Ang. Prithee what said those Fellows to thee? Brav. Madam, the first were admirers of Beauty only, but no purchasers, they were merry with your Price and Picture, laught at the Sum, and so past off. Ang. No Matter, I'm not displeas'd with their rallying; their wonder feeds my vanity, and he that wishes but to buy, gives me more Pride, than he that gives my Price, can make my pleasure. Brav. Madam, the last I knew through all his disguises

to be **Don Pedro**, Nephew to the General, and who was with him in **Pampalona**. Ang. **Don Pedro!** my old Gallant's Nephew, when his Uncle dy'd he left him a vast Sum of Money; it is he who was so in love with me at **Padua**, and who us'd to make the General so Jealous. Morett. 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. [page 20] Ang. The Man is brave and generous, but of an humour so uneasie 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 Conquerour, but Inconstancy's the sin of all Mankind, therefore I'm resolv'd that nothing but Gold, shall charm my heart. Moret. I'm glad on't; 'tis only Interest that Women of our profession ought to consider: tho' I wonder what has kept you from that general Disease of our Sex so long, I mean that of being in Love. Ang. A kind, but sullen Star under which I had the happiness to be born; yet I have had no time for Love; the bravest and noblest of Mankind have purchast my favours at so dear a rate, as if no Coin but Gold were currant with our Trade— but here's **Don Pedro** again, fetch me my Lute—for 'tis for him or **Don Antonio** the Vice-Roys Son, that I have spread my Nets. Enter at one Door **Don Pedro, Stephano; Don Antonio** and **Diego** at the other Door with People following him in Masquerade, antickly attir'd, some with Musick, they both go up to the Picture. Ant. A Thousand Crowns! had not the Painter flatter'd her, I shou'd not think it dear. Pedro. Flatter'd her! by Heav'n he cannot, I have seen the Original, nor is there one Charm here more than Adorns her Face and Eyes; all this soft and sweet, with a certain languishing Air, that no Artist can represent. Ant. What I heard of her Beauty before had fir'd my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it to 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. Ha! **Florinda!**—sure 'tis **Antonio**. [aside. Ant. **Florinda!** name not those distant joyes, there's not one thought of her will check my Passion

here. Pedro. **Florinda** scorn'd! and all my [A noise of a Lute above. hopes defeated, of the Possession of **Angelica**. [Ant. gazes up. Her Injuries! by Heaven he shall not boast of. [Song to a Lute above. Ant. By Heav'n she's charming fair! **Angellica** throws open the Curtains, and bows to **Antonio**, who pulls off his Vizard and bows and blows up kisses. **Pedro** unseen looks in's face. Pedro. 'Tis he; the false **Antonio**! Ant.

Friend, where must I pay my Offring of Love?
[**To the** Bravo.

My Thousand Crowns I mean.
Pedro.

That Offring I have design'd to make.
And yours will come too late.
Ant.

Prithee begone, I shall grow angry else.
And then thou art not safe.
Pedro.

My Anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours;
And he that enters here may prove this truth.
Ant. I know not who thou art, but I am sure thou'rt worth my killing, for aiming at **Angelica**. [They draw and fight. [page 22] Enter **Willmore** and **Blunt**, who draw and part 'em. Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings. Will. Tilting for the Wench I'm sure—nay gad, if that wou'd win her, I have as good a Sword as the best of ye.—Put up,— put up, and take another time and place, for this is design'd for Lovers only. [They all put up. Pedro.

We are prevented; dare you meet me to Morrow on the **Molo**?
For I've a Title to a better quarrel,
That of **Florinda** in whose credulous heart
Thou'st, made an Int'rest, and destroyd my hopes.
Ant.

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

Pedro. We will come thus disguised, that whosoever chance to get the better, he may escape unknown. Ant. It shall be so. [Ex. Pedro and Stephano. Who shou'd this Rival be? unless the English Colonel, of whom I've often heard Don Pedro speak; it must be he, and time he were remov'd, who lays a claim to all my happiness. Willmore having gaz'd all this while on the Picture, pulls down a little one. Will.

This Posture's loose and negligent,
The sight on't wou'd beget a warm desire,
In Souls whom Impotence and Age had chill'd.

—This must along with me.

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

Ha! Rudeness committed to the fair Angellica!

—Restore the Picture, Sir—

Will. Indeed I will not, Sir. Ant. By Heav'n but you shall. Will. Nay, do not shew your Sword, if you do, by this dear Beauty—I will shew mine too. Ant. What right can you pretend to't? Will. That of Possession which I will maintain—you perhaps have a 1000 Crowns to give for the Original. Ant. No matter, Sir, you shall restore the Picture. Ang. Oh Moretta! what's the matter? [Ang. and Morett. above. [page 23] Ant. Or leave your life behind, Will. Death! you lye—I will do neither. Ang. Hold, I command you, if for me you Fight. They Fight, the Spaniards joyn with Ant. Blunt laying on like mad. They leave off and bow. Will. How Heavenly fair she is!—ah Plague of her price. Ang. You Sir in Buffe, you that appear a Souldier, that first began this Insolence—Will. 'Tis true, I did so, if you call it Insolence for a Man to preserve himself; I saw your Charming Picture and was wounded; quite through my Soul each pointed Beauty ran; and wanting a Thousand Crowns to procure my remedy—I laid this little Picture to my Bosom—which if you cannot allow me, I'll resign. Ang. No you may keep the Trifle. Ant. You shall first ask me leave, and this. [Fight again as before. Enter Belv. and Fred. who joyn with the English. Ang. Hold! will you ruine me!—Beskey—Sebastian— part'em.—[The Spaniards are beaten

off. Morett. Oh Madam, we're undone, a pox upon that rude Fellow, low, he's set on to ruine us: we shall never see good days, till all these fighting poor Rogues are sent to the Gallies. **Enter** Belvile, Blunt Fred. **and** Wilmour **with's shirt bloody.** Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, beat me at this sport, and I'll ne'er wear Sword more. Belv. The Devil's in thee for a mad Fellow, thou art always one, at an unlucky Adventure—come let's begun whil'st wee're safe, and remember these are **Spaniards**, a sort of People that know how to revenge an Affront. [To will. Fred. You bleed! I hope you are not wounded. Will. Not much:—a plague on your **Dons**, if they fight no better they'll ne'er recover **Flanders**.—what the Devil was't to them that I took down the Picture? Blunt. Took it! 'Sheartlikins we'll have the great one too; 'tis ours by Conquest.—prithee help me up and I'll pull it down—[page 24] Ang. Stay Sir, and e're you Affront me farther, let me know how you durst commit this out-rage—to you I speak Sir, for you appear a Gentleman. Will. To me, Madam—Gentlemen your Servant. **Belv.** stays him. Belv. Is the Devil in thee? do'st know the danger of entering the house of an incens'd **Courtizan?** Will. I thank you for your care—but there are other matters in hand, there are, tho we have no great Temptation—Death! let me go. Fred. Yes to your Lodging if you will, but not in here.—Damn these Gay Harlots—by this hand I'll have as sound and handsome a Whore, for a Patacoone,—death Man, she'll Murder thee. Will. Oh! fear me not, shall I not venture where a Beauty calls? a lovely Charming Beauty! for fear of danger! when by Heav'n there's none so great, as to long for her, whil'st I want Moto purchase her. Pedro. Therefore 'tis loss of time unless you had the Thousand Crowns to pay. Will. It may be she may give a Favour, at least I shall have the pleasure of Saluting her when I enter, and when I depart. Belv. Pox, she'll as soon lye with thee, as kiss thee, and sooner stab than do either—you shall not go. Ang. Fear not Sir, all I have to wound with is my Eyes. Blunt. Let him go, 'Sheartlikins, I believe the Gentlewoman means well. Belv. Well take thy Fortune, we'll expect you in the next Street—farewell Fool—Farewell—Will. 'Buy

Colonel—[Goes in.Fred.The Rogue's stark mad for a Wench.[Exeunt.SCENE. A fine Chamber.**Enter** Willmore, Angelica **and** Moretta.Ang.Insolent Sir, how durst you pull down my Picture?Will.Rather, how durst you set it up, to tempt poor Am'rous Mortals with so much excellence? which I find you have but too well consulted by the unmerciful price you set upon't.— [page 25] Is all this Heaven of Beauty shewn to move despair in those that cannot buy? and can you think th' effects of that despair, shou'd be less extravagant than I have shewn?Ang.I sent for you to ask my Pardon Sir, not to Aggravate your Crime—I thought I shou'd have seen you at my Feet imploring it.Will.You are deceiv'd, I came to rail at you, and rail such truths too, as shall let you see, the vanity of that Pride, which taught you how, to set such Price on Sin. For such it is, whil'st that which is Loves due. is meanly barter'd for.Ang.Ha! ha! ha! alas good Captain, what pitty 'tis your edifying Doctrine will do no good upon me—**Moretta!** fetch the Gentleman a Glass, and let him surveigh himself. To see what Charms he has—and guess my business.[Aside, in a soft tone.Morett.He knows himself of Old, I believe those Breeches and he have been acquainted ever since he was beaten at **Worcester**.Ang.Nay do not abuse the poor Creature—Morett.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 'ith Mouth for you, therefore Troop I say.Will.Here good Fore-Woman of the Shop serve me, and I'll be gone.Morett.Keep it to pay your Landress, your Linnen stinks of the Gun Room; for here's no selling by Retail.Will.Thou hast sold plenty of thy Stale. Ware at a Cheap rate.Morett.Ay the more Silly kind Heart I, but this is an Age wherein Beauty is at higher rates—In fine you know the price of this.Will.Igrant you 'tis here—set down a Thousand Crowns a Month—pray how much may come to my Share for a Pistol. —Bawd take your black Lead and Sum it up, that I may have a Pistols worth of this vain gay things, and I'll trouble you no more.Morett.Pox on him he'll

fret me to death:—abominable Fellow, I tell thee, wee only sell by the whole piece. Will. 'Tis very hard, the whole Cargo or nothing—Faith [page 26] Madam, my Stock will not reach it, I cannot be your Chapman —Yet I have Country Men in Town, Merchants of Love like me; I'll see if they'll put in for a share, we cannot lose much by it, and what we have no use for, we'll sell upon the **Frydays** Mart at—**Who gives more?** I am studying Madam how to purchase you, tho' at present I am unprovided of Money. Ang. Sure this from any other Man would anger me—nor shall he know the Conquest he has made—poor angry Man, how I despise this railing. Will.

Yes, I am poor—but I'm a Gentleman,
And one that Scornes this **baseness** which you practice;
Poor as I am, I wou'd 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 gon.
Yet such a Slave I am to Love and Beauty
This last reserve I'll sacrifice to enjoy you.
—Nay do not frown, I know you're to be bought,
And wou'd be bought by me, by me,
For a mean triffling sum if I cou'd pay it down
Which happy knowledge I will still repeat,
And lay it to my Heart, it has a Virtue in't,
And soon will cure those Wounds your Eyes have made.
—And yet—there's something so Divinely powerful there—
Nay I will gaze—to let you see my strength.
[Holds her, looks on her, and pawses and sighs.

—By Heav'n bright Creature—I would not for the World
Thy Fame were half so fair, as is thy Face.
Turns her away from him. Ang.

His words go through me to the very Soul.
[Aside.

–If you have nothing else to say to me–
Will.

Yes, you shall hear how Infamous you are–
For which I do not hate thee–
But that secures my heart, and all the Flames it feels
Are but so many Lusts–
I know it by their sudden bold Intrusion.

[page 27] The Fire's impatient and betrays, 'tis false–
For had it been the purer flame of Love,
I shou'd have pin'd and languisht at your feet,
E're found the impudence to have discover'd it.
I now dare stand your scorn, and your denyal.

Monet. Sure she's bewitch, that she can stand thus tamely and
hear his sawcy railing–Sirrah, will you be gon? Ang. How dare
you take this Liberty?–withdraw. [To Mor. –Pray tell me, Sir,
are not you guilty of the same Mercenary Crime, When a Lady is
propos'd 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, thou she languish for you–say, is not this
as poor? Will. It is Barbarous Custome, which I will scorn to
defend in our Sex, and do despise in yours. Ang.

Thou'rt a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know,
That were thy Fortune large as is thy Soul,
Thou shoud'st not buy my Love,
Coudst 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'll be intirely thine,
Without considering they were Mercenary?

Will. I cannot tell, I must bethink me first–ha–death I'm going
to believe her. [Aside. Ang. Prithee confirm that faith–or if
thou canst not– flatter me a little, 'twill please me from thy
mouth. Will.

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

Thou'st found the easiest way into my heart,
Tho I yet know, that all thou say'st is false.
[Turning from her in Rage.Ang.

By all that's good 'tis real,
I never lov'd before, tho **ofta** Mistress.
-Shall my first Vows be slighted?
Will.What can she mean?[Aside.Ang.

I find you cannot credit me.-
[In an angry tone.Will.

I know you take me for an **errant**Ass,
An Ass that may be sooth'd into belief,
[page 28] 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 **couzening**Sex;
Especially for Women of your Trade.
Ang.

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

Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliss,
And shew the Pow'r of Love: 'tis with those Arms
I can be only vanquisht, made a Slave.
Ang.

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

Death, how she throws her Fire about my Soul!

[Aside.

–Take heed, fair Creature, how you raise my hopes,
Which once assum'd pretends to all dominion.

There's not a joy thou hast in store,
I shall not then Command.

–For which I'll pay thee back my Soul! my Life!

–Come, let's begin th' account this happy minute!
Ang.

And will you pay me then the price I ask?

Will.

Oh why dost thou draw me from an awful Worship,
By shewing thou art no Divinity.

Conceal the Fiend, and shew me all the Angel!

Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout

And pay my Vows for ever at this shrine.

[Kneels and kisses her hand.Ang.

The pay, I mean, is but thy Love for mine.

–Can you give that?

Will.Intirely–come, let's withdraw! where I'll renew my

Vows–and breath 'em with such Ardour thou shalt not doubt my

zeal.[page 29]Ang.Thou hast a Pow'r too strong to be

resisted.[Ex. Will. and Angellica.Moret.Now my Curse go with

you–is all our Project fallen to this? to love the only Enemy

to our Trade? nay, to love such a Shameroone, a very Beggar,

nay a Pyrate Beggar, whose business is to rifle, and be gone,

a no Purchase, no Pay Taterdemalion, and **EnglishPiccaroon**.A

Rogue that fights for daily drink, and takes a Pride in being

Loyally Lousie–Oh I cou'd curse now, if I durst.–This is the

Fate of most Whores.

Trophies, which from believing Fops we win,

Are Spoils to those who couzen us agen.

The End of the Second ACT.ACT III.Scene I. A Street.**Enter**

Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, **in Antickdifferent Dresses, from**

what they were in before–antick has a specific sense too.

Callis **attending**.Flor.I Wonder what shou'd make my Brother in

so ill a humour? I hope he has not found out our Ramble this Morning. Hell. No, if he had, we shou'd have heard on't at both Ears, and have been **Mew'd** up this Afternoon; which I wou'd not for the World shou'd have hapned—hey ho, I'm as sad as a Lover's Lute.—Vall. Well, methinks we have learnt this Trade of Gipsies as readily, as if we had been bred upon the Road to **Loretta**: and yet I did so fumble, when I told the stranger his Fortune, that I was [page 30] afraid I should have told my own and yours by mistake—but, methinks **Hellena** has been very serious ever since. Flor. I wou'd give my Garters she were in Love, to be reveng'd upon her, for abusing me—how is't, **Hellena**? Hell. Ah—wou'd I had never seen my mad Monsieur—and yet for all your laughing, I am not in Love—and yet this small acquaintance o' my Conscience will never out of my head. Val. Ha, ha, ha—I laugh to think how thou art fitted with a Lover, a fellow that I warrant loves every new Face he sees. Hell. Hum—he has not kept his word with me here—and may be taken up—that thought is not very pleasant to me— what the Deuce shou'd this be now, that I feel? Val. What is't like? Hell. Nay, the Lord knows—but if I shou'd be hang'd, I cannot choose, but be angry and afraid, when I think, that mad Fellow shou'd be in Love with any Body but me—what to think of my self, I know not—wou'd I cou'd meet with some true damn'd Gipsie, that I might know my Fortune. Val. Know it! why there's nothing so easie, thou wilt love this wandring Inconstant, till thou findest thy self hang'd about his Neck, and then be as mad to get free again. Flor. Yes, **Valeria**, we shall see her bestride his Baggage Horse, and follow him to the Campaigne. Hell. So, so, now you are provided for, there's no care taken of poor me—but since you have set my heart a wishing—I am resolv'd to know for what, I will not dye of the Pip, so I will not. Flor. Art thou mad to talk so? who will like thee well enough to have thee, that, hears what a mad Wench thou art? Hell. Like me! I don't intend every he that likes me shall have me, but he that I like; I shou'd have staid in the Nunnery still, if I had lik'd my Lady **Abbesse** as well as she lik'd me—no, I came thence not (as my wise Brother imagines)

to take an Eternal Farewel of the World, but to Love, and to be belov'd, and I will be belov'd, or I'll get one of your Men, so I will. Val. Am I put into the number of Lovers? Hell. You? why Couz, I know thou'rt too good natur'd to leave us in any design: thou wou't venture a Cast, tho thou comest off a loser, especially with such a Gamester.—I observe your Man, and your willing Ear incline that way; and if you are not [page 31] a Lover, 'tis an Art soon learnt—that I find. [Sighs. Flor. I wonder how you learnt to Love so easily, I had a 1000 Charms to meet my Eyes and Ears, e're I cou'd yield, and 'twas the knowledge of **Belvile**'s merit, not the surprizing Person took my Soul—thou art too rash to give a heart at first sight. Hell. Hang your considering Lover; I never thought beyond the fancy that 'twas a very pretty, idle, silly, kind of pleasure to pass ones time with, to write little soft. Nonsensical Billiets, 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 pow'r to know I am desirable; then I have the more inclination that way, because I am to be a Nun, and so shall not be suspected to have any such Earthly thoughts about me—but when I walk thus—and sigh thus— they'l think my mind's upon my Monastery, and cry how happy 'tis she's so resolv'd.—But not word of Man. Flor. What a mad Creature's this? Hell. I'll warrant, if my Brother hears either of you sigh, he cryes (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 wee may learn something. [Go aside. **Enter** Belvile Fred. **and** Blunt. Belv. What means this! the Picture's taken in. Blunt. It may be the Wench is good Natur'd, and will be kind Gratis. Your Friend's a proper handsome Fellow. Belv. I rather think she has cut his Throat and is fled: I am mad he shou'd throw himself into dangers—pox on't I shall want him too at Night—let's knock and ask for him. Hell. My Heart goes a

pit, a pat, for fear 'tis my Man they talk off.[Knock, **Moretta**
above. Morett. What wou'd you have! Bel. Tell the stranger that
enter'd here about two hours agoe, that his Friends stay here
for him. Morett. A Curse upon him for **Moretta**, wou'd he were at
the Devil—but he's coming to you.[page 32] Hell. I, I, 'tis he!
Oh how this vexes me. Bel. And how and how dear Lad, has Fortune
smil'd! are we to break her Windows! or raise up Alters to
her. hah! Will. Does not my Fortune sit Triumphant on my Brow!
dost not see the little wanton God there all gay and smiling.
Have I not an Air about my Face and Eyes, that distinguish me
from the Crow'd of common Lovers! By Heav'n **Cupids** Quiver has
not half so many Darts as her Eyes!—Oh such a **Bona Roba**! to
sleep in her Arms is lying in Fresco, all perfum'd Air about
me. Hell. Here's fine encouragement for me to fool
on.[Aside. Will. Hark'ey where didst thou purchase that rich
Canary we drank to day! tell me that I may Adore the **Spigot**,
and Sacrifice to the Butt! the Juice was Divine! into which I
must dip my Rosary, and then bless all things that I would
have bold or Fortunate. Belv. Well Sir, let's go take a Bottle,
and hear the story of your Success. Fred. Wou'd not **French** Wine
do better. Will. Damn the hungry **Balderdash**, chearful **Sack** has a
generous Virtue in't inspiring a successful confidence, gives
Eloquence to the Tongne! and vigour to the Soul! and has in a
few hours compleated all my hopes and wishes! There's nothing
left to raise a new desire in me—come let's be gay and
wanton—and Gentlemen study, study what you want, for here are
Friends,—that will supply Gentlemen,—heark! what a Charming
sound they make—'tis he and the Gold whil'st here, and shall
beget new pleasures every Moment. Blunt. But heark'ey Sir, you
are not Married are you? Will. All the honey of Matrimony, but
none of the sting Friend. Blunt. 'Sheartlikins thou'rt a
Fortunate Rogue! Will. I am so Sir, let these—inform you!—ha how
sweetly they Chime!—pox of Poverty it makes a Man a slave,
makes Wit and Honour sneak, my Soul grew lean and rusty for
want of credit. Blunt. 'Sheartlikins this I like well, it looks
like my lucky Bargain! Oh how I long for the approach of my
Squire, that is to conduct me to her House again whe—here's

two provided for. Fred. By this light y' are happy Men. Blunt. Fortune is pleas'd to smile on us Gentlemen—to smile on us. [page 33] Enter **Sancho** and pulls down **Blunt** by the sleeve. Sancho. Sir my Lady expects [They go aside. 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, least they either dog me, or stay me. [Ex. with **Sancho**. Belv. But then the little Gipsie is forgot? Will. A mischief on thee for putting her into my thoughts I had quite forgot her else, and this Nights debauch had drunk her quite down. Hell. Had it so good Captain! [Claps him on the Back. Will. Hah! I hope she did not hear me. [Aside. Hell. What afraid of such a Champion? Will. Oh! you're a fine Lady of your word, are you not? to make a Man languish a whole day—■ Hell. In tedious search of me. Will. Egad Child thou'rt in the right, had'st 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 sweet Heart thou would'st pittie me. Hell. Now if I shou'd be hang'd I can't be angry with him he dissembles so Heartily—alas good Captain what pains you have taken—now were I ungrateful not to reward so true a Servant. Will. Poor Soul! that's kindly said, I see thou barest a Conscience —come then for a beginning shew me thy dear Face. Hell. I'm afraid, my small acquaintance, you have been staying that swinging Stomach you boasted of this Morning; I then remember my little **Collation** wou'd have gone down with you, without the Sauce of a handsome Face—is your Stomach so queasiy now? Will. Faith long fasting Child, spoils a Mans Appetite—yet if you durst treat, I cou'd so lay about me still—Hell. And wou'd you fall to, before a Priest says Grace? Will. Oh □◇□, what an Old out of fashion'd thing hast thou nam'd? thou cou'st not dash me more out of Countenance shoud'st thou shew me an ugly Face. [Whilst he is seemingly Courting **Hellena**. [page 34] Enter Angellica Moretta Biskey and Sebastian **all in Masquerade**, Ang. **sees** Will. **and stares**. Ang. Heavens 'ts he! and passionately fond to see another Woman. Morett. What cou'd you less expect from such

a swaggerer?Ang.

Expect! as much as I paid him, a Heart intire
Which I had Pride enough to think when 'ere I gave,
It would have rais'd the Man above the Vulgar
Made him all Soul! and that all soft and constant.
Hell.You see Captain, how willing I am to be Friends with you,
till time and ill luck make us Lovers, and ask you the
Question first, rather than put your Modesty to the blush, by
asking me (for alas!) I know you Captains are such strict Men
and such severe observers of your Vows to Chastity, that
'twill be hard to prevail with your tender Conscience to Marry
a young willing Maid.Will.Do not abuse me, for fear I shou'd
take thee at thy word, and Marry thee indeed, which I'm sure
will be revenge sufficient.Hell.O' my Conscience, that will be
our Destiny, because we are both of one humour; I am as
inconstant as you, for I have consider'd, Captain, that a
handsome Woman has a great deal to do whilst her Face is good,
for then is our Harvest-time to gather Friends; and should I
in these dayes of my Youth, catch a fit of foolish Constancy,
I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great
Journey: therefore I declare, I'll allow but one year for
Love, one year for indifference, and one year for hate— and
then—go hang your self—for I profess my self the gay, the
kind, and the Inconstant—the Devil's in't if this won't please
you.Will.Oh most damnably—I have a heart with a hole quite
through it too, no Prison mine to keep a Mistress
in.Ang.Perjur'd Man! how I believe thee now.[aside.Hell.Well,
I see our business as well as humours are a like, yours to
couzen as many Maids as will trust you, and I as many Men as
have Faith—see if I have not as desperate a lying look, as you
can have for the heart of you.[Pulls off her Vizard: he
starts.—How do you like it Captain?[page 35]Will.Like it! by
Heav'n, I never saw so much beauty! Oh the Charms of those
sprightly black Eyes! that strangely fair Face! full of smiles
and dimples! those soft round melting Cherry Lips! and small
even white Teeth! not to be exprest, but silently ador'd!—oh

one look more! and strike me dumb, or I shall repeat nothing else till I'm mad.[He seems to Court her to pull off her **Vizar**: she refuses.Ang.I can endure no more—nor is it fit to interrupt him, for if I do, my Jealousie has so destroyed my Reason,—I shall undo him —therefore I'll retire—and you, **Sebastian**, [To one of her **Bravo**'s. follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis; while you tell the Fugitive, I would speak to him instantly.[To the other **Bravo**. [Exit.This while **Flor**. is talking to **Belvile**, who stands sullenly. **Fred**. courting **Valeria**.Val.Prithee, dear stranger, be not so sullen, for tho you have lost your Love, you see my Friend frankly offers you hers to play with in the mean time.Belv.Faith Madam, I am sorry I can't play at her Game.Fred.Pray leave your **Intercession**, and mind your own Affair, they'll better agree apart; he's a modest **sigher** in Company, but alone no Woman escapes him.Flor.Sure he does but rally—yet if it should be true— I'll tempt him farther—believe me, Noble Stranger, I'm no common Mistress—and for a little proof on't—wear this **Jewel**—nay, take it, Sir, 'tis right, and **Bills of Exchange may sometimes miscarry**.Belv.Madam, why am I chose out of all Mankind to be the Object of your Bounty?Val.There's another civil Question askt.Fr.Pox of's Modesty, it spoils his own Markets & hinders mine.Flor.Sir, from my Window I have often seen you, and Women of my Quality have so few opportunities for Love, that we ought to loose none.Fred.Ay, this is something! here's a Woman!—when shall I be blest with so much kindness from your fair Mouth?—take the Jewel, Fool.[aside to **Belv**.Belv.You tempt me strangely Madam every way—Flor.So, if I find him false, my whole **Repose**[Aside.Belv.And but for a Vow I've made to a very Lady, this goodness had subdu'd me.[page 36]Fred.Pox on't be kind, in pity to me be kind, for I am to thrive here but as you treat her Friend.Hell.Tell me what you did in yonder House, and I'll **unmasque**.Will.Yonder House—oh—I went to—a—to—why there's a Friend of mine lives there.Hell.What a **Shee, or a Hee Friend?**Will.A Man upon Honour! a Man—a Shee Friend—no, no Madam **you have done my business I thank you**.Hell.And wast your Man Friend, that had

more Darts in's Eyes, than **Cupid** carries in's whole **Budget** of Arrows. Will. So—Hell. Ah such a **Bona Roba!** to be in her Arms is lying in **Fresco**, all perfum'd Air about me—was this your Man Friend too? Will. So—Hell. That gave you the He, and the She Gold, that begets young pleasures? Will. Well, well Madam, then you see there are Ladies in the World, that will not be cruel—there are Madam there are—Hell. And there be Men too, as fine, wild Inconstant Fellowes as your self, there be Captain there be, if you go to that now— therefore I'm resolv'd—Will. Oh!—Hell. To see your Face no more—Will. Oh! Hell. Till to morrow. Will. Egad you frighted me. Hell. Nor then neither, unless you'll swear never to see that Lady more. Will. See her!—**she** never to think of Woman kind again. Hell. Kneel,—and swear—[Kneels, she gives him her hand. Will. I do never to think—to see—to Love—nor **Lye**— with any but thy self. Hell. Kiss the Book. Will. Oh most **Religiously**. [Kisses her hand. Hell. Now what a wicked Creature am I, to damn a proper Fellow. Call. Madam, I'll stay no longer, 'tis e'ne dark. [To Flor. Flor. How ever Sir, I'll leave this with you—that when [page 37] I'm gone, you may repent the opportunity you have lost, by your Modesty. Gives him the Jewel which is her Picture, and **Ex.** he gazes after her. Will. 'Twill be **an Age** till to Morrow,—and till then I will most impatiently expect you—Adieu my Dear pretty **Angell**. [Ex. all the Women. Belv. Ha! **Florinda's** Picture—'twas she her self—what a **dull** Dog was I? I wou'd have given the World for one minuts discourse with her—Fred. This comes of your modesty!—ah **pox** o' your vow, 'twas ten to one, but we had lost the Jewel by't. Belv. **Willmore!** the blessed'st opportunity lost! **Florinda!** Friends! **Florinda!** Will. Ah Rogue! such black Eyes! such a Face! such a Mouth! such Teeth—and so much Witt!—Belv. All, all, and a Thousand Charmes besides. Will. Why dost thou know her? Belv. Know her! Ay, Ay, and a **pox** take me with all my Heart for being Modest. Will. But **hearkey** Friend of mine, are you my Rival? and have I been only **beating the Bush** all this while? Belv. I understand thee not—I'm mad—see here—[Shews the Picture. Will. Ha! whose Picture's this!—'tis a fine

Wench! Fred. The Colonels Mrs. Sir. Will. Oh oh here—I thought 'thad been another prize— come, come, a Bottle will set thee right again. [Gives the Picture back. Belv. I am content to try, and by that time 'twill be late enough for our design. Will. Agreed.

Love does all day the Soules great Empire keep,
But **Wine at night Lulls the soft God asleep.**

Exeunt. SCENE the II. Lucetta's House. **Enter** Blunt **and** Lucetta **with a Light.** Luc. Now we are safe and free; no fears of the coming home of my Old Jealous Husband, which made me a little thoughtful [page 38] when you came in first—but now Love is all the business of my Soul. Blunt. I am transported!—pox on't, that I had but some fine things to say to her, such as Lovers use,—I was a Fool not to learn of **Fred.** a little by heart before I came—something I must say— [Aside. 'Sheartlikins sweet Soul! I am not us'd to Complement, but I'm an honest Gentleman, and thy humble Servant. Luc. I have nothing to pay for so great a Favour, but such a Love as cannot but be great, since at first sight of that sweet Face and Shape, it made me your absolute Captive. Blunt. Kind heart! how prettily she talks! Egad I'll shew her Husband a **Spanish** trick; send him out of the World and Marry her: she's damnably in Love with me, and will ne're mind Settlements, and so there's that sav'd. [Aside. Luc. Well Sir, I'll go and undress me, and be with you instantly. Blunt. Make hast then, for adshartilikins dear Soul thou canst not guess at the pain of a longing Lover; when his joys are drawn within the **compass of a few Minuts.** Luc. You speak my sense, and I'll make hast to prove it. [Ex. Blunt. 'Tis a rare Girl! and this one Nights enjoyment with her, will be worth all the days I ever past in **Essex.**—wou'd she wou'd go with me into **England;** tho' to say truth there's plenty of Whores already.—But a Pox on 'em they are such Mercenary—Prodigal Whores, that they want such a one as this, that's Free and Generous to give 'em good Examples—**Whe** what a house she has, how rich and fine! Sancho. Sir, my Lady has sent me to conduct you to her Chamber. [**Enter** Sancho. Blunt. Sir, I shall be

proud to follow—here's one of her Servants too! 'Sheartlikins by this 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't, 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.Sir I'll excuse your Complement—what in Bed my sweet Mistress.[page 39]Luc.You see, I still outdo you in kindness.Blunt.And thou shalt see what haste I'll make to quit scores —oh the luckiest Rogue![He undresses himself.Luc.Shou'd you be false or cruel now!—Blunt.False! 'Sheartlikins, what dost thou take me for? A **Jew?** an insensible heathen—a Pox of thy Old Jealous Husband, an he were dead, Egad, sweet Soul, it shou'd be none of my fault, if I did not Marry thee.Luc.It never shou'd be mine.Blunt.Good Soul! I'm the **fortunatest Dog!**Luc.Are you not undrest yet?Blunt.As much as my impatience will permit.[Goes towards the Bed in his shirt, Drawers.Luc.Hold, Sir, put out the Light, **it may betray us else.**Blunt.Any thing, I need no other Light, but that of thine Eyes!—'Sheartlikins, there I think I had it. [Puts out the Candle, the Bed descends, he groaps about to find it. —Whe—whe—where am I got? what not yet?—where are you sweetest?—ah, the Rogue's silent now—a pretty Love trick this—how she'l laugh at me **anon!**—you need not, my dear Rogue! you need not!—I'm all on fire already—come, come, now call me in pity.—Sure I'm Enchanted! I have been round the Chamber, and can find neither Woman, nor Bed—I 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, Betrayed! Dogs! Rogues! Pimps!—help! help![Lights on a Trap, and is let down.Enter **Lucetta**, **Phillippo**, and **Sancho** with a Light.Phill.Ha, ha, ha, he's dispatch finely.Luc.Now, Sir, had I been **Coy** we had mist of this Booty.Phill.Nay, when I saw 'twas a substantial Fool, I was **mollified**; but when you dote upon a Serenading Coxcomb, upon a Face, fine Cloaths, and a **Lute**, it makes me rage.Luc.You know I was never guilty of that Folly, my dear **Phillippo**; but

with your self—but come, let's see what we have got by this. Phill. A rich Coat!—Sword and Hat—these **Breeches** too—are well lin'd—see here, a **Gold Watch!**—[page 40] a Purse—ha!—Gold!—at least Two Hundred Pistols! —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 Relics, believe me!—see, the Wasteband of his Breeches have a Mine of Gold!—Old Queen **Besse's**, we have a quarrel to her ever since **Eighty Eight**, and may therefore justify the Theft, the Inquisition might have committed it. Luc.—See, a Bracelet of bowd Gold! these his Sisters tied about his Arm at parting—but well—for all this, I fear his being a Stranger, may make a noise and hinder our Trade with them hereafter. Phill. That's our security; he is not only a Stranger to us, but to the Country too—the Common **Shoar** into which he is descended, thou knowst conducts him into another Street, which this Light will hinder him from ever finding again—he knows neither your Name, nor that of the Street where you House is, nay nor the way to his own Lodgings. Luc. And art not thou an unmerciful Rogue! not to afford him one Night for all this?—I shou'd not have been such a **Jew**. Phill. 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 shear.

[Exeunt. The Scene changes, and discovers **Blunt**, creeping out of a Common-Shoar, his Face, **&c.** all dirty. Blunt. Oh Lord! [Climbing up. I am got out at last, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue— and now to Damning and Cursing!—but if that wou'd ease me, where shall I begin? with my Fortune, my self, or the Queen that couzen'd me—what a Dog was I to believe in Woman? oh Coxcomb!—Ignorant conceited Coxcomb! to fancy she could be enamoured with my Person! at first sight enamoured! —oh, I'm a cursed Puppy! 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead! she perceiv'd it!—saw the **Essex**-Calf there— [page

41] for what Allurements cou'd there be in this Countenance? which I can indure, because I'm acquainted with it—oh, dull silly Dog! to be thus sooth'd into a Couzening! had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young Quean!—but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms it I am a dull believing **English** Country Fop—but my Camrades! death and the Devil! there's the worst of all—then a Ballad will be Sung to Morrow on the **Prado**, to a Lousie Tune of the Enchanted 'Squire, and the Annihilated Damsel—but **Fred**. that Rogue! and the Colonel, will abuse me beyond all Christian patience— had she left me my Clothes, I have a Bill of Exchange at home, would have saved my Credit—but now all hope is taken from me—well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Consolation, that I am not the first kind believing Coxcomb; but there are Gallants many such good Natures amongst ye.

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

SCENE, the Garden in the Night. Enter **Florinda** in an undress, with a Key and a little Box. Flor. Well, thus far I'm in my way to happiness; I have got my self free from **Callis**; my Brother too I find by yonder light is got into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me; I have by good Fortune, got the Key of the Garden back-door.—I'll open it to prevent **Belvile**'s knocking—a little noise will now Alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief. [Unlocks the door. —heark—what noise is that—oh, 'twas the Wind that played amongst the Boughs—**Belvile** stays long, methinks —it's time—stay—for fear of a surprise—I'll hide these Jewels in yonder Jessamin.[She goes to lay down the Box. Enter **Willmore**, drunk. Will. What the Devil is become of these fellows, **Belvile** and **Frederick**, they promised to stay at the next Corner for me, but who the Devil knows the Corner of a Full Moon—now—where—abouts am I!—hah—what have we here a Garden!— a very convenient place to sleep in—hah—what has God [page 42] sent us here!—a Female!—by this Light a Woman!— I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench!—Flor. He's come!—hah—who's there? Will. Sweet Soul! let me salute thy Shoe-string. Flor. 'Tis

not my **Belvile**.—good Heavens! I know him not —who are you, and from whence come you?Will.Prithee—prithree Child—not so many hard questions— let it suffice I am here Child—come, come kiss me.Flor.Good Gods! what luck is mine?Will.Only good luck Child, parlous good luck—come hither, —’tis a delicate shining Wench—by this hand she’s perfumed, and smells like any **Nosegay**—prithree dear Soul, let’s not play the Fool, and lose time—precious time—for as God shall save me I’m as honest a Fellow as breathes, tho’ I’m a little disguised at present—come I say—whe thou may’st be free with me, I’ll be very secret. I’ll not boast who ’twas obliged me, not I—for hang me if I know thy name.Flor.Heavens! what a filthy Beast is this?Will.I am so, and thou ought’st the sooner to lie with me for that reason—for look you Child, there will be no sin in’t, because ’twas neither designed nor premeditated. ’Tis pure Accident on both sides—that’s a certain thing now—indeed should I make Love to you, and you vow fidelity—and swear and lie till you believed and yielded—that were to make it wilful Fornication —the crying Sin of the Nation—thou art therefore (as thou art a good Christian) obliged in Conscience to deny me nothing. Now—come be kind without any more idle prating.Flor.Oh I am ruined—Wicked Man unhand me.Will.Wicked!—Egad Child a Judge were he young and vigorous, and saw those Eyes of thine, would know ’twas they gave the first blow—the first provocation—come prithree let’s lose no time, I say—this is a fine convenient place.Flor.Sir, let me go, I conjure you, or I’ll call out.Will.Ay, Ay, you were best to call Witness to see how finely you treat me—do—Flor.I’ll cry Murder! Rape! or anything! if you do not instantly let me go.Will.A Rape! Come, come, you lie you Baggage, you lie, what, I’ll warrant you would fain have the World believe now that you are not so forward as I. No, not you—why at this time [page 43] of Night was your Cobweb Door set open dear Spider—but to catch Flies?—Hah—come—or I shall be damnably angry. —Whe what a **Coyl** is here—Flor.Sir, can you think—Will.That you would do’t for nothing—oh, oh I find what you would be at—look here, here’s a Pistol for you—here’s a

work indeed—here—take it I say—Flor. For Heavens sake Sir, as you're a Gentleman—Will. So—now—now—she would be wheedling me for more —what, you will not take it then—you are resolved you will not—come—come take it, or I'll put it up again—for look ye, I never give more—whe how now Mistress, are you so high i'th' Mouth a **Pistol** won't down with you—hah—whe what a works' here—in good time—come, no struggling to be gone—but an y'are good at a dumb Wrestle I'm for ye—look ye—I'm for yee—[She struggles with him. **Enter** Belvile **and** Frederick. Belv. The Door is open, a pox of this mad Fellow, I'm angry that we've lost him, I durst have sworn he had followed us. Fred. But you were so hasty Colonel to be gone. Flor. Help! help!—Murder!—help—oh I am ruined. Belv.

Ha! sure that's **Florindas** voyce.
[Comes up to them.

—A Man! Villain let go that Lady.

[A Noise. [**Will.** turns and draws, **Fred.** interposes. Flor. **Belvile!** Heavens! my Brother too is coming, and 'twill be impossible to escape—**Belvile** I conjure you to walk under my Chamber Window, from whence I'll give you some Instructions what to do—this rude Man has undone us. [Exit. Will. Belvile! Enter **Pedro, Stephano,** and other Servants with Lights. Ped. I'm betrayed! run **Stephano** and see if **Florinda** be safe? [**Ex.** Steph. oSo, who e're they be, all is not well, I'll to **Florindas** Chamber. They Fight, and **Ped.** Party beats 'em out. Going out, meets **Steph.** Steph. You need not Sir, the poor Lady's fast asleep and thinks no harm. I would not awake her Sir, for fear of frightening her with your danger. [page 44] Red. I'm glad she's there—Rascals how came the Garden Door open? Steph. That Question comes too late Sir, some of my Fellow Servants Masquerading I'll warrant. Ped. Masquerading! a lewd Custome to debauch our youth, —there's something more in this than I imagine. [Exeunt. Scene changes to the Street. Enter **Belvile** in Rage. **Fred.** holding him, and **Wilmore** Melancholy. Will. Whe how the Devil shou'd I

know **Florinda?**Belv.Ah plague of your Ignorance! if it had not been **Florinda**, must you be a Beast?—a Brute? a Senseless Swine.Will.Well Sir, you see I am **endu'd** with patience—I can bear —tho Egad y'are very free with me, methinks.—I was in good hopes the Quarrel wou'd have been on my side, for so uncivilly interrupting me.Belv.Peace Brute! whilst thou'rt safe—oh I'm distracted.Will.Nay, nay, I'm an unlucky Dogg, that's certain.Belv.Ah Curse upon the Star that Rul'd my Birth! or whatsoever other Influence that makes me still so wretched.Will.Thou break'st my Heart with these complaints; there is no Star in fault, no Influence, but Sack, the cursed Sack I drunk.Fred.Whe how the Devil came you so drunk?Will.Whe how the Devil came you so sober?Belv.A Curse upon his **thin Skull**, he was always before hand that way.Fred.Prithee Dear Colonel forgive him, he's sorry for his Fault.Belv.He's always so after he has done a mischief—a plague on all such Brutes.Will.By this Light I took her for an Errant Harlot.Belv.Damn your debauched opinion! tell me Sot had'st thou so much sense and light about thee to distinguish her Woman, and coud st not see something about her Face and Person, to strike an awful Reverence into thy Soul?Will.Faith no, I consider'd her as meer a Woman as I cou'd wish.[page 45]Belv.'Sdeath, I have no patience—draw, or I'll kill you.Will.Let that alone till to Morrow, and if I set not all right again, use your pleasure.Belv.

To Morrow! damn it

The Spightful Light will lead me to no happiness.

To Morrow is **Antonio's**, and perhaps

Guides him to my undoing;—oh that I cou'd meet

This Rival! this pow'rfull Fortunate!

Will.What then?Belv.Let thy own Reason, or my Rage instruct thee.Will.I shall be finely inform'd then, no doubt, hear me

Colonel —hear me—shew me the Man and I'll do his Business.Belv.I know him no more than thou, or if I did I shou'd not need thy Aid.Will.This you say is **Angellicas** House,

I promis'd the kind Baggage to lye with her to Night.Offers to go in.Enter **Antonio** and his Page. **Ant.** knock on the Hilt of's

Sword. Ant. You paid the Thousand Crowns I directed? Page. To the Ladies Old Woman, Sir I did. Will. Who the Devil have we here! Belv. I'll now plant my self under **Florinda's** Window, and if I find no comfort there, I'll dye. [Ex. Belv. and Fred. Enter Moretta. Moret. Page! Page. Here's my Lord. Will. How is this! a **Pickroone** going to board my **Fregate**? here's one **Chase Gun** for you. Drawing his Sword, **justles Ant.** who turns and draws. They fight, **Ant.** falls. Moret. Oh bless us! we're all undone! [Runs in and shuts the Door. Page. Help! Murder! **Belvile** returns at the noise of fighting. Belv. Ha! the mad Rogue's engag'd in some unlucky Adventure again. [page 46] Enter two or three Masqueraders. Masq. Ha! a Man kill'd! Will. How! a Man kill'd! then I'll go home to sleep. [Puts up and reels out. Ex. Masq. que another way. Belv. Who shou'd it be! pray Heaven the Rogue is safe for all my Quarrel to him. [As **Belvile** is groping about, Enter an Officer and six Soldiers. Sold. Who's there? Offic. So, here's one dispatht—secure the Murderer. Belv. Do not mistake my Charity for Murder! I came to his Assistance. [Soldiers seise on **Belvile**. Offic. That shall be try'd, Sir—St. **Iago**, Swords drawn in the Carnival time! [Goes to **Antonio**. Ant. Thy hand prithee. Offic. Ha! **Don Antonio!** look well to the Villain there.— How is it, Sir? Ant. I'm hurt. Belv. Has my humanity made me a Criminal? Offic. Away with him. Belv. What a curst chance is this? [Ex. Soldiers with **Belv**. Ant. This is the Man, that has set upon me twice—carry him to my Apartment, till you have farther Orders from me. [To the Officer. Ex. **Ant.** led. The End of the Third ACT. ACT IV. Scene I. A fine Room. Discovers **Belvile** as by dark alone. Belv. VVhen 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 cou'd have contriv'd to have plagu'd me with [page 47] —I am here a Prisoner—but where—Heav'n 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**—heark—my door opens—a Light— a Man—and seems of Quality—arm'd too!—now shall I dye like a Dog without

defence. Enter **Antonio** in a Night-Gown, with a Light; his Arm in a Scarf, and a Sword under his Arm: he sets the Candle on the Table. Ant. Sir, I come to know what Injuries I have done you, that cou'd provoke you to so mean an Action, as to Attack me basely, without allowing time for my defence? Belv. Sir, for a Man in my circumstances to plead Innocence, wou'd look like fear—but view me well, and you will find no marks of Coward on me; nor any thing that betrays that Brutality you accuse me with. Ant.

In vain, Sir, you impose upon my sense.
You are not only he who drew on me last Night,
But yesterday before the same house, that of **Angellica**.
Yet there is something in your Face and Meine
That makes me wish I were mistaken.

Belv. I own I fought to day in the defence of a Friend of mine, with whom you (if you're the same) and your Party were first engag'd.

Perhaps you think this Crime enough to kill me,
But if you do; I cannot fear you'll do it basely.
Ant. No, Sir, I'll make you fit for a defence with this. [Gives him the Sword. Belv. This Gallantry surprizes me—nor know I how to use this Present, Sir, against a Man so brave. Ant.

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

How shall I pay this Generosity?
Ant.

It had been safer to have kill'd another
[page 48] 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.

Bel.

The Vice-Roy's Son!

Death and Confusion! was this Plague reserv'd

To compleat all the rest—oblig'd by him!

The Man of all the World I wou'd destroy.

aside.Ant.

You seem disorder'd, Sir.

Belv.

Yes, trust me, Sir, I am, and 'tis with pain

That Man receives such Bounties,

who wants the Pow'r to pay 'em back again■

Ant.

To gallant Spirits 'tis indeed uneasie;

—But you may quickly over pay me, Sir.

Belv.

Then I am well—kind Heav'n! but set us even,

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

[aside.

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

The mighty Debt I owe you, Command me quickly—

Ant.

I have a Quarrel with a Rival, Sir,

About the Maid we love.

Belv.

Death, 'tis **Florinda** he means—

That thought destroys my Reason,

And I shall kill him—

aside.Ant.

My Rival, Sir,

Is one has all the Virtues Man can boast of—

Belv.

Death! who shou'd this be?

[aside.

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

Belv.

I apprehend you, Sir, you'd have me kill the Man,
That lays a Claim to the Maid you speak of.

–I'll do't–I'll fly to do't!

Ant.

Sir, do you know her?

Belv.

–No, Sir, but 'tis enough she is admir'd by you.

Ant.

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

Belv.

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

Ant.

You say too much to my Advantage;

–Come, Sir, the day appears that calls you forth.

[page 49] –Within, Sir, is the habit.

[**Exit** Antonio.Belv.

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

[Exit.SCENE, the Mole.Enter **Florinda** and **Callis** in Masques
with **Stephano**.Flor.I'm dying with my fears, **Belvile**'s not
coming as I expected under my Window,

Makes me believe that all those fears are true.

aside.

–Canst thou not tell with whom my Brother fights?

Steph.No, Madam, they were both in Masquerade, I was by when they challeng'd one another, and they had decided the Quarrel then, but were prevented by some Cavaliers; which made 'em put it off till now—but I am sure 'tis about you they fight.Flor.Nay, then 'tis with **Belvile**, for what other Lover have I that dares fight for me, except **Antonio?** and he is too much in favour with my Brother—if it be he, for whom shall I direct my Prayers to Heav'n?aside.Steph.Madam, I must leave you, for if my Master see me, I shall be hang'd for being your Conductor—escapt narrowly for the excuse I made for you last Night i'th Garden.Flor.And I'll reward thee for't—prithee no more.[**Ex.** Steph.Enter **Don Pedro** in his Masquing Habit.Pedro.**Antonio**'s late to day, the place will fill, and we may be prevented.[Walks about.Flor.**Antonio** sure I heard amiss.[aside.Pedro.

But who will not excuse a happy Lover
When soft fair Arms confine the yielding Neck;
And the kind whisper languishingly breathes.

–Must you begone so soon?–

Sure I had dwelt for ever on her Bosome.

–But stay, he's here.

[page 50] Enter **Belvile** drest in **Antonio's** Clothes.Flor.

'Tis not **Belvile**, half my fears are vanisht.

Pedro.

Antonio!

Belv.

This must be he.

[aside.

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

Pedro.

The wretched, Sir, are watchful, and 'tis enough

You've the advantage of me in **Angellica**.

Belv.

Angellica! or I've mistook my Man! or else **Antonio.**

–Can he forget his Intrest in **Florinda,**

And fight for common Prize?

aside.Pedro.

Come, Sir, you know our terms–

Belv.

By Heav'n not I.

[aside.

–No talking, I am ready, Sir.

[Offers to fight, **Flor.** runs in.Flor.

Oh, hold! who e're you be, I do conjure you hold!

If you strike here–I dye–

[**To** Belv.Pedro.

Florinda!

Belv.

Florinda imploring for my Rival!

Pedro.

Away, this kindness is unseasonable.

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

Pedro.Flor.

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

Belv.

Thy Prayers destroy him, if thou would'st preserve him,

Do that thou'rt unacquainted with and Curse him.

[She holds him.Flor.

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

I do conjure you, touch him not.

Belv.

By her I love!

See–I obey–and at your feet resign

The useless Trophy of my Victory.

[Lays his Sword at her feet. Pedro. **Antonio**, you've done enough to prove you love **Florinda**. Belv. Love **Florinda**! Does Heav'n love Adoration! Pray'r! or Penitence! Love her! here, Sir,—your Sword again. [Snatches up the Sword and gives it him. Upon this truth I'll fight my life away. Pedro. No, you've redeem'd my Sister, and my Friendship! Belv.

Don Pedro!

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

Can you resign your Claims to other Women,
And give your heart intirely to **Florinda**?
[page 51] Belv.

Intire! as dying Saints Confessions are!
I can delay my happiness no longer.
This Minute! let me make **Florinda** mine.
Pedro.

This Minute let it be—no time so proper,
This Night my Father will arrive from **Rome**,
And possibly may hinder what wee purpose!
Flor.

Oh Heavens! this Minute!
Enter Masqueraders and pass over. Belv.

Oh, do not ruine me!
Pedro. The place begins to fill, and that we may not be observ'd, do you walk off to St. **Peters** Church, where I will meet you, and conclude your happiness. Belv. I'll meet you there.—If there be no more Saints Churches in **Naples**. [Aside. Flor.

Oh stay Sir, and recal your hasty doom!
alas I have not yet prepar'd my Heart
To entertain so strange a Guest.
Pedro.

Away this silly modesty is Assum'd too late.

Belv.

Heaven Madam! what do you do?

Flor.

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

Belv.

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

[Draws her aside.Flor.

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

[Pedro talks to **Callis** this while.Belv.

Oh do not loose so blest an opportunity!

—See—'tis your **Belvile**—not **Antonio**,

Whom your mistaken Scorn & Anger ruins.

[Pulls off his Vizard.Flor.

Belvile.

Where was my Soul it cou'd not meet thy Voyce!

And take this knowledge in.

As they are talking, Enter **Wilmore** finely drest, and
Frederick.Will.No Intelligence! no News of **Belvile** yet—well I
am the most unlucky Rascal in Nature—ha—am I deceiv'd —or is
it he—look **Ferd**.—'tis he—my dear **Belvile**.Runs and Embraces
him. **Belv**. Vizard falls out on's Hand.Belv.

Hell and confusion seize thee!

[page 52]Pedro.

Ha! **Belvile!** I beg your Pardon Sir.

[Takes **Flor**. from him.Belv.

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

Will.Did'st thou so—and Egad Child wee'l keep her by the
Sword.[Draws on **Pedro**. **Belv**. goes between.Belv.

Stand off

Thou'rt so profanely Lewd, so curst by Heaven,
All quarrels thou espousest must be Fatal.

Will. Nay an you be so hot, my Valour's Coy, and shall be
Courtied when you want it next. [Puts up his Sword. Belv.]

You know I ought to Claim a Victors right.

[To Pedro.]

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

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

Aside to **Flor.** as they are going out **Belv.** looks after her and
begins to walk up and down in Rage. Will. Do not be Modest now
and loose the Woman, but if wee shall fetch her back
so—Belv. Do not speak to me—Will. Not speak to you—Egad I'll
speak to you, and will be answer'd too. Belv. Will you
Sir—Will. I know I've done some mischief, but I'm so dull a
Puppey, that I'm the Son of a Whore, if I know how, or where—
prithee inform my understanding—Belv. Leave me I say, and leave
me instantly. Will. I will not leave you in this humour, nor
till I know my Crime. [page 53] Belv. Death I'll tell you
Sir—Draws and runs at **Will.** he runs out, **Belv.** after him,
Fred. interposes. **Enter** Angellica, Moretta **and** Sebastian. Ang.

Ha—**Sebastian**—

Is not that **Willmore?**—hast—hast and bring him back.

Fred' The Colonel's mad—I never saw him thus before, I'll after
'em least he do some mischief, for I am sure **Wilmore** will not

draw on him.[Exit.Ang.

I am all Rage! my first desires defeated!
For one for ought he knows that has no
Other Merit than her Quality.

–Her being **Don Pedro's** Sister—he loves her!

I know 'tis so—dull, dull, Insensible—

He will not see me now tho oft invited;

And broke his word last Night—false **perjur'd** Man!

–He that but Yesterday fought for my Favours,

And wou'd have made his Life a Sacrifice

To've gain'd one Night with me,

Must now be hir'd and Courted to my Arms.

Morett.I told you what wou'd come ou't, but **Moretta's** an old
doating Fool—why did you give him five Hundred Crowns, but to
set himself out for other Lovers! you shou'd have kept him
Poor, if you had meant to have had any good from him.Ang.

Oh, name not such mean trifles;—had I given him all

My Youth has earn'd from Sin,

I had not lost a thought, nor sigh upon't.

But I have given him my Eternal rest,

My whole repose, my future joys, my Heart!

My Virgin heart **Moretta!** Oh 'tis gone!

Morett.

Curse on him here he comes;

How fine she has made him too.

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

How now turn'd shaddow!

Fly when I pursue! and follow when I fly!

[page 54] [Sings.]

Stay gentle shadow of my Dove

And tell me e're 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.Ang.Well Sir, you may be gay,
all happiness, all joyes pursue you still, Fortune's your

Slave, and gives you every hour choyce 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 Rage.Will.So gad there are of those faint hearted Lovers, whom such a sharp Lesson next their hearts, wou'd make as Impotent as Fourscore-pox o' this whining.—My bus'ness is to laugh and love—a pox on't, I hate your sullen Lover, a Man shall lose as much time to put you in humour now, as wou'd serve to gain a new Woman.Ang.

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

Will.A virtuous Mistress! death, what a thing thou hast found out for me! why what the Devil, shou'd I do with a virtuous Woman? —a sort of ill-natur'd Creatures, that take a Pride to torment a Lover, Virtue is but an infirmity in Woman; a Disease that renders even the handsome ungrateful; whilst the ill-favour'd for want of Solicitations and Address, only fancy themselves so.—I have layn with a Woman of Quality, who has all the while been railing at Whores.Ang.

I will not answer for your Mistres's Virtue,
Though she be Young enough to know no Guilt;
And I cou'd wish you wou'd perswade my heart
'Twas the Two hundred Thousand Crowns you Courted.

Will.Two Hundred Thousand Crowns! what Story's this? —what Trick?—what Woman?—ha!Ang.How strange you make it, have you forgot the Creature you entertain'd on the **Prazo** last Night?Will.Ha! my Gipsie worth Two Hundred Thousand Crowns! —oh how I long to be with her—pox, I knew she was of Quality.[Aside.[page 55]Ang.

False Man! I see my ruine in thy face.
How many Vows you breath'd upon my Bosome,
Never to be unjust—have you forgot so soon?

Will.Faith no, I was just coming to repeat 'em—but here's a humour indeed—wou'd make a Man a Saint—wou'd she wou'd be angry enough to leave me, and Command me not to wait on her.[Aside.Enter **Hellena** drest in Man's Cloths.Hell.This must

be **Angellica!** 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 Gentle woman is not this **Angellica?** Moret. My too young Sir, it is—I hope 'tis one from **Don Antonio.** [Goes to **Angellica.** Hell. Well, something I'll do to vex him for this. [aside. Ang. I will not speak with him; am I in humour to receive a Lover. Will. Not speak with him! whe I'll begon—and wait your idler Minutes—can I shew less obedience to the thing I love so fondly? Offers to go. Ang. A fine excuse, this!—stay—Will. And hinder your advantage! shou'd I repay your Bounties so ungratefully? Ang.

Come hither, Boy—that I may let you see
How much adove the advanges you name
I prize one Minutes joy with you.
Will. Oh, you destroy me with this indearment. [Impatient to be gone. —Death! how shall I get away—Madam, 'twill not be fit I shou'd be seen with you—besides, it will not be convenient—and I've a Friend—that's dangerously sick. Ang. I see you're impatient—yet you shall stay. Will. And miss my Assignation with my Gipsie. [Aside, and walks about impatiently. Hell.

Madam,

Moretta brings **Hellena**, who addresses her self to **Angellica.**

You'll hardly pardon my Intrusion,
When you shall know my business!

[page 56] And I'm too young to tell my Tale with Art:
But there must be a wondrous store of goodness,
Where so much Beauty dwells.

Ang.

A pretty Advocate whoever sent thee.
—Prithee proceed—Nay, Sir, you shall not go.
[To **Will.** who is stealing off. Will.

Then I shall lose my dear Gipsie for ever
—Pox on't, she stays me out of spite.
aside. Ang.

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 faild not to surprize, to Wound and Conquer.
Will.

Ha! Egad I hope this concerns me.
[aside.Ang.

'Tis my false man, he means—wou'd he were gone.
This Praise will raise his Pride, and ruin me—well
Since you are so impatient to be gon
I will release you, Sir.

[**To** Will.Will.Nay, then I'm sure 'twas me he spoke off, this
cannot be the effects of kindness in her.aside.

—No, Madam, I've consider'd better on't,
And will not give you Cause of Jealousie.
Ang.

But, Sir, I've—bus'ness, that—
Will.

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

Well, to your story, Boy,—tho 'twill undo me.
[aside.Hell.

With this addition to his other Beauties,
He won her unresisting tender heart,
He vow'd, and sigh't, 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 th' expected Bridegroom,
She heard, he paid his broken Vows to you.

Will. So, this is some dear Rogue that's in Love with me, And this way lets me know it; or if it be not me, she means some one whose place I may supply. [page 57] Ang.

Now I perceive
The cause of thy impatience to be gone,
And all the business of this Glorious Dress.
Will.

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

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

Prithee, sweet Youth, talk on, thou maist perhaps
Raise here a storm that may undo my passion,
And then I'll grant thee any thing.
Hell.

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

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

-'Tis plain; some woman that has seen me e'n passant.
Ang. Oh, I shall burst with Jealousie! do you know the Man you speak off?—Hell.

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

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

By Heaven—

Ang.

Hold, do not Damn thy self—

Hell.

Nor hope to be believ'd.—

[He walks about, they follow.Ang.

Oh perjur'd Man!

Is't thus you pay my generous Passion back?

Hell.

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

Ang.

And use me so unhumanely.

Hell.

A Maid so young, so innocent—

Will.

Ah, young Divel.

Ang.

Dost thou not know thy life is my pow'r?

Hell.

Or think my Lady cannot be reveng'd.

Will.

So, so, the storm comes finely on.

[aside.Ang.

Now thou art silent, guilt has struck thee dumb.

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

[She turns away and weeps.Will.Sweet heart, the Lady's Name and House,—quickly: I'm impatient to be with her.—Aside to **Hellena**, looks towards **Angell**. to watch her turning, and as she comes towards them he meets her.[page 58]Hell.

So, now is he for another Woman.

[aside.Will.

The impudents young thing in nature,
I cannot perswade him out of his Error, Madam.
Ang.

I know he's in the right,—yet thou'st a tongue
That wou'd perswade him to deny his Faith.
[In rage walks away.Will.

Her Name, her Name, dear Boy.—
[Said softly to **Hell**.Hell.

Have you forgot it, Sir?
Will.

Oh, I perceive he's not to know I am a stranger to his Lady.
[aside.

—Yes, yes I do know—but—I have forgot the—
[Angell. **turns**.

—By Heaven such early confidence I never saw.
Ang.

Did I not charge you with this Mistris, Sir?
Which you deny'd, tho' I beheld your, Perjury.
This little generosity of thine, has render'd back my heart.
[Walks away.Will.

So, you have made sweet work here, my little mischief;
Look your Lady be kind and good natur'd now, or
I shall have but a Cursed Bargain on't.
[**Ang**. turns towards them.

—The Rogue's bred up to mischief,
Art thou so great a Fool to credit him?
Ang.

Yes, I do, and you in vain impose upon me.
—Come hither, Boy,—is not this he you spake of.
Hell.I think—it is, I cannot swear, but I vow he has just such

another lying Lovers look.[Hell. looks in his face, he gazes on her.Will.

Hah! do not I know that face—

By Heaven my little Gipsie, what a dull Dog was I,

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

Are all my hopes of a new Woman banisht?

aside.

—Egad if I do not fit thee for this, hang me.

—Madam, I have found out the Plot.

Hell.

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

Will.

Do you see this young Spark here?—

Hell.

He'l tell her who I am.

Will.

—Who do you think this is?

Hell.Ay, ay, he does know me—Nay, dear Captain! I am undone if

you discover me.Will.Nay, nay, no eogging, she shall know what

a pretious Mistris I have.Hell.Will you be such a

Devil?Will.Nay, nay, I'l teach you to spoil sport you will not

make. [page 59] — this small Ambassador comes not from a

Person of Quality as you Imagine, and he says: but from a very

Errant Gipsie, the talking'st, prating'st, canting'st little

Animal thou ever saw'st.Ang.What news you tell me, that's the

thing I mean.Hell.Wou'd I were well off the place, if ever I

go a Captain, Hunting again— AsideWill.Mean that thing? that

Gipsie thing, thou may'st as well be Jealous of thy Monkey or

Parrot, as of her, a **German** Motion were worth a duzen of her,

and a Dream were a better enjoyment, a Creature of a

Constitution fitter for Heaven than Man.Hell.Tho I'm sure he

lyes, yet this vexes me. Aside.Ang.You are mistaken, she's a

Spanish Woman Made up of no such dull

Materials.Will.Materials, Egad an shee be made of any that

will either dispence or admit of Love, I'le be bound to
continence. Hell. Unreasonable Man, do you think so? Aside to
him. – you may return my little Brazen Head, and tell your
Lady, that till she be handsom enough to be belov'd, or I dull
enough to be Religious, there will be small hopes of
me. Ang. Did you not promise then to marry her? Will. Not I by
heaven. Ang. You cannot undeceive my fears and torments, till
you have vow'd you will not marry her. Hel. If he Swears, that
he'le be reveng'd on me indeed for all my Rogueries.
Aside. Ang. I know what Arguments you'll bring against me,
Fortune, and Honour. – Will. Honour, I tell you, I hate it in
your Sex, and those that fancy themselves possest of that
Foppery, are the most impertinently troublesome of all Woman
kind, and will transgress Nine Commandments to keep one, and
to satisfie your Jealousie I swear. Hell. Oh, no swearing dear
Captain. Aside to him. Will. If it were possible, I should ever
be inclin'd to marry, it shou'd 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 Witt enough to Manage
an intrigue of Love – oh, how civil such a Wench is, to a Man
that does her the Honour to marry her. Ang. By Heaven there's no
Faith in any thing he says. [page 60] Enter
Sebastian. Sebas. **Madam**, Don Antonio – Ang. Come hither. Hell. Ha!
Antonio, he may be coming hither and he'l certainly discover
me, I'le therefore retire without a Ceremony. [**Exit**
Hellena. Ang. I'le see him, get my Coach ready. Seba. It waits you
Madam, Will. This is luckey: what Madam, now I may be gone and
leave you to the injoyment of my Rival? Ang.

Dull man, that can't not see how Ill, how poor,
That false dissimulation looks – begon
And never let me see thy Couzening Face again,
Least I relaps and kill thee.

Will. Yes, you can spare me now, – farewel, till you're in better
Humour – I'm glad of this release –

Now for my Gipsie:

For tho' to worse we change, yet still we find

New Joys, new Charms, in a New Miss that's kind.

[Ex. Wilmore.Ang.

He's gone, and in this Ague of my Soul
The Shivering fit returns;
Oh with what willing haste, he took his leave,
As if the long'd-for Minute, were arriv'd
Of some blest assignation.
In vain **I** have Consulted all my Charms,
In vain this Beauty priz'd, in vain believ'd,
My Eyes cou'd kindle any lasting fires;
I had forgot my Name, my Infamie,
And the reproach that Honour lays on those
That dare pretend a sober passion here.
Nice reputation, tho' it leave behind
More Vertues than inhabit where that dwells;
Yet that once gone, those Vertues shine no more.
—Then since I am not fit to be belov'd,
I am resolv'd to think on a revenge
On him that sooth'd me thus to my undoing.

[Exeunt.[page 61]SCENE the Third. A Street.Enter **Florinda** and
Valeria in Habits different from what they have been seen
in.Flor.We're happily Escap't, and yet I tremble still.Val.A
Lover and fear! whe I am but half an one, and yet I have
Courage for any attempt, wou'd **Hellena** were here , I wou'd
fain have had her as deep in this Mischief as we, she'le fare
but in else I doubt.Flor.She pretended a Visit to the
Augustine Nuns, but I believe some other design carried her
out, pray Heaven we light on her.—Prithee what did'st do with
Callis?Val.When I saw no reason wou'd do good on her, I
follow'd her into the Wardrobe, and as she was looking for
something in a great Chest, I topled her in by the heels,
snatch't the Key of the Appartment where you were confin'd,
lock't her in, and left her bawling for help.Flor.'Tis well
you resolve to follow my Fortunes, for thou darest never
appear at home again after such an action.Val.That's according
as the young Stranger and I shall agree. —but to our
bus'ness—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, to die rather than be **Antonio's**. Flor. Thou should'st have told him I was confin'd to my Chamber upon my Brothers suspition, that the bus'ness on the **Molo** was a Plott laid between him and I. Val. I said all this, and told him your Brother was now gone to his Devotion, and he resolves to visit every Church till he find him; and not only undeceive him in that, but carress him so as shall delay his return home. Flor. Oh Heavens! he's here, and **Belvile** with him too. They put on their Vizards. **Enter** Don Pedro, Belvile, Willmore. Bel. **and** Don Pedro **seeming in serious discourse**. Val. Walk boldly by them, and I'll come at distance, least he suspect us. She walks by them, and looks back on them. [page 62] Will. Hah! a Woman, and of an Excellent Mien. Ped. She throws a kind look back on you. Will. Death, tis a likely Wench, and that kind look shall not be cast away—I'll follow her. Bell. Prithee do not. Will. Do not, by Heavens to the Antipodies, with such an invitation. [She goes out, and **Will.** follows her. Bell. 'Tis a mad Fellow for a Wench. **Enter** Fred. Fred. Oh Col. such News! Belv. Prithee what? Fred. News that will make you laugh in spite of Fortune. Bel. What, **Blunt** has had some Damn'd Trick put upon him, Cheated, Bang'd or Clapt. Fred. Cheated Sir, rarely Cheated of all but his Shirt & 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 sight, and yet I durst as well been hang'd as laught at him, or pity him; he beats all that do but ask him a question, and is in such an Humour. Ped. Who is't has met with this Ill usage, Sir? Bell. A Friend of ours whom you must see for mirths sake. I'll imploy him to give **Florinda** time for an escape. [Aside. Ped. What is he? Bell. A Young Countryman of ours, one that has been Educated at so plentiful a rate, he yet ne're knew the want of Money, and 'twill be a great Jeast to see how simply he'll look without it, for my part I'll lend

him none, and the Rogue know 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 you go home and keep him in that posture till we come.[Exeunt.**Enter Florinda from the farther end of the Scene, looking behind her.**Flor.I am follow'd still—hah.—my Brother too advancing this way, good Heavens defend me from being seen by him.[She goes off.[page 63] Enter **Willmore,** and after him **Valeria,** at a little distance.Will.Ah! There she sailes, 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, with a Page:Hell.Hah, is not that my Captain that has a Woman in chase? —'tis not **Angellica;** Boy, follow those people at a distance, and bring me an account where they go in,—I'll find his haunts, and plague him every where,—ha—my Brother—[Ex. Page.[Bel. **Wil. Ped.** cross the Stage: **Hell.** runs off.**Scene** changes to another Street. Enter **Florinda.**Flor.

What shall I do, my Brother now pursues me,
Will no kind Pow'r protect me from his tyranny? —hah, here's a door open, I'll venture in, since nothing can be worse then to fall into his hands, my life and honour are at stake, and my Necessity has no choyce.[She goes in.**Enter Valeria** and **Hellena's** Page peeping after **Florinda.**Page.Here she went in, I shall remember this house.[Ex. Boy.Val.This is **Belvil's** Lodging; she's gone in as readily as if she knew it,—hah—here's that Mad Fellow again, I dare not venture in,—I'll watch my opportunity.[Goes aside.**Enter Willmore,** gazing about him.Will.I have lost her hereabouts—Pox on't, she must not scape me so.[Goes out.Scene changes to **Blunts** 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 Tayler 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
[page 64] Lady like Whore to Cheat me thus, without affording me a kindness for my Money, a Pox light on her, I shall never be reconcil'd to the Sex more, she has made me as faithless as a Phisitian, as uncharitable as a Church-man, and as ill natur'd as a Poet. Oh how I'll use all woman-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 nights Malice—here's a Cursed Book too, (a warning to all young Travellers) that can instruct me how to prevent such Mischiefs now 'tis too late, well 'tis a rare convenient thing to read a little now and then, as well as Hawk and Hunt.[Sits down again and Reads.Enter to him
Florinda. Flor.This House is haunted sure, 'tis 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—[She starts up and gazes.Blunt.Hah—what's here! are my wishes granted? and is not that a she Creature? ads heartlikins 'tis! what wretched thing art thou—hah!Flor.Charitable Sir, you've told your self already what I am; a very wretched Maid, forc't 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 abiss of Confusion— hah!—dost not see something in my looks that frights thy guilty Soul, and makes thee wish to change that shape of Woman for any humble Animal, or Devil? for those were safer for thee, and less mischievous.Flor.Alas, what mean you, Sir? I must confess, your looks have something in 'em, makes me fear, but I beseech you, as you seem a Gentleman, pity a harmless Virgin, that takes your house for Sanctuary.Blunt.Talk on, talk on, and weep too, till my Faith-return Do, flatter me out of my Senses again—a harmless Virgin
[page 65] with a Pox, as much one as 'tother, adsheartlikins.

When what the Devil can I not be safe in my House for you, not in my Chamber, nay, even being naked too cannot secure me: this is an Impudence greater than has invaded me yet—Come, no resistance. [Pulls her rudely. Flor. Dare you be so cruel? Blunt. Cruel, as sheartlikins as a Galley slave, or a **Spanish** Whore: Cruel, yes I will kiss and beat thee all over; kiss, and see thee all over; thou shalt lye with me too, not that I care for the injoyment, but to let thee see I have tain deliberated Malice to thee, and will be reveng'd 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 scurvy Verses fasten'd to thy breast, in praise of damnable women—Come come along. Flor. Alas, Sir, must I be sacrific'd for the Crimes of the most infamous of my Sex, I never understood the fins you name. Blunt. Do, perswade the Fool you Love him, or that one of you can be just or honest, tell me I was not an easie Coxcomb, or any strange impossible tale: it will be believ'd sooner than thy false Showres 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** Fredrick. Fred. Hah! what's here to do? Blunt. As sheartlikins, **Fred**. I am glad thou art come, to be a witness of my dire revenge. Fred. What's this, a Person of Quality too, who is upon the ramble to supply the defects of some grave impotent Husband? Blunt. No, this has another pretence, some very unfortunate accident, brought her hither, to save a life pursu'd by I know not who, or why, and forc't to take sanctuary here at Fools Haven. As sheartlikins to me of all Mankind for protection? is the Ass to be Cajold again, think ye? No, young one, no Prayers or Tears shall mitigate my rage; therefore prepare for both my [page 66] pleasures of injoyment and revenge, for I am resolv'd to make up my loss here on thy body, I'll take it out in kindness and

in beating. Fred. Now Mistress of mine, what do you think of this? Flor. I think he will not—dares not be so barbarous. Fred. Have a care, **Blunt**, she fetch't a deep sigh, she is inamour'd with thy Shirt and Drawers, she'l strip thee even of that, there are of her calling such unconscionable Baggages, and such dexterous Thieves, they'l flea a man and he shall ne're miss his skin, till he feels the cold. There was a Country-man of ours Rob'd of a Row of Teeth whilst he was a sleeping, which the Jilt made him buy again when he wak't—you see Lady how little reason we have to trust you. Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, whe this is most abominable. Flor. Some such Devils there may be, but by all that's Holy, I am none such, I enter'd here to save a Life in danger. Blunt. For no goodness, I'l warrant her. Fred. Faith, Damsel, you had e'en confest the plain truth, for we are fellows not to be caught twice in the same Trap: look on that Wreck, a tite 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'l both lye with her, and then let me alone to bang her. Fred. I'm ready to serve you in matters of Revenge that has a double pleasure in't. Blunt. Well said. You hear, little one, how you are condemn'd by publick Vote to the Bed within, there's no resisting your Destiny, sweet heart. [Pulls her. Flor. Stay, Sir, I have seen you with **Belvile**, an **English** Cavalier, for his sake use me kindly; you know him, Sir. Blunt. **Belvile**, whe 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'l leave him the bones to pick. Flor. Sir, if you have any Esteem for that **Belvile**, I conjure you to treat me with more gentleness; he'l thank you for the justice. [page 67] Fred. Harkey, **Blunt**, I doubt we are mistaken in this Matter. Flor. Sir, if you find me not worth **Belvile**'s care, use me as you please, and that you may think I merit better treatment than you threaten—pray take this present—[Gives him

a Ring: he looks on it. Blunt. Hum—a Diamond! whe 'tis a wonderful Virtue now that lies in this Ring, a mollifying Virtue; adsheartlikins there's more perswasive Rhetorick in't, than all her Sex can utter. Fred. I begin to suspect something; and 'twould anger us vilely to be trust 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, whe my Saint prattled as parlously as this does, she gave me a Bracelet too, a Devil on her, but I sent my Man to fell it to day for Necessaries, and it prov'd as counterfeit as her Vows of Love. Fred. However let it reprieve her till we see **Belvile**. Blunt. That's hard, yet I will grant it. Enter a Servant. Serv. Oh, Sir, the Colonel is just come in 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. Harkey, **Fred**. lock up the Wench in your Chamber. Fred. Fear nothing, Madam, what e're he threatens, you are 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 any thing—away— I'll prevent their coming this way. [Locks the Door, and Exeunt. The End of the Fourth ACT. [page 68] ACT V. Scene I. Blunt's Chamber. After a great knocking as at his Chamber Door, Enter **Blunt** softly crossing the Stage, in his Shirt and Drawers as before. Ned, Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt. [call within. Blunt. The Rogues are up in Arms, 'Sheartlikins this Villainous **Frederick** has betray'd me, they have heard of my blessed Fortune, Ned **Blunt**, Ned, Ned—[and knocking within. Bell. Whe 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. d'sheartlikins that mad Fellow will be as good as his word. Bell. 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? Bell. Oh Rogue art a live, prithee open the door and convince us. [within. Blunt. Yes, I am alive Gentlemen,—but at present a little busie. Bell. How, **Blunt** grown

a Man of business, come, come, open and let's see this Miracle.[within.Blunt.No, no, no, no, Gentlemen 'tis no great business—but –I am—at–my Devotion–d'sheartlikins will you not allow a Man time to Pray.Bell.Turn'd Religious! a greater wonder than the first, therefore open quickly, or we shall unhinge, we shall.[within.Blunt.This won't do–whe hearkey Col. to tell you the plain truth, I am about a necessary affair of life–I have a wench with me–you apprehend me? the Devils in't if they be so uncivil as to disturb me now,Will.How a Wench! Nay then we must enter and partake no resistance–unless it be your Lady of Quality, and then we'll keep our distance,[page 69]Blunt.So, the bus'ness is out.Will.Come, come lends more hands to the Door–now heave altogether–so well done my Boyes–[breaks open the Door.Enter **Belvile, Willmore, Fred.** and **Pedro. Blunt** looks simply, they all laugh at him, he lays his hand on his Sword, and comes up to **Wilmore**.Blunt.Hearkey Sir, laugh out your laugh quickly, de ye hear, and begone. I shall spoil your sport else, 'adsheartlikins Sir, I shall the jeast has been carryed on too long–a plague upon my Tayler.–[aside.Will.'Sdeath, how the Whore has drest him, Faith Sir I'm sorry.Blunt.Are you so Sir, keep't to your self then Sir, I advise you, de'ye hear, for I can as little endure your pittty as his Mirth.[lays his hand on's Sword.Belv.Indeed **Willmore**, thou wer't a little too rough with **Ned Blunts** Mistress, call a Person of Quality whore? and one so young, so sandsome, and so Eloquent–ha, ha, he.–Blunt.Harkey Sir, you know me, and know I can be angry, have a care–for adsheartlikins I can fight too–I can Sir,–do you mark me–no more–Belv.Why so peevish good **Ned**, some disappointments I'll warrant–what? did the Jealous Count her Husband return just in the nick?Blunt.Or the Devil Sir–de'ye laugh– [they laugh. Look ye settle me a good sober countenance, and that quickly too, or you shall know **Ned Blunt** is not–Belv,Not every Body, we know that.Blunt.Not an Ass to be laught at Sir,Will.Unconscionable sinner, to bring a Lover so neer his happiness, a vigorous passionate Lover, and then not only cheat him of his moveables, but his very desires to.Belv.Ah!

Sir a Mistress, is a trifle with Blunt. he'll have a duzen the next time he looks abroad, his Eyes have Charms, not to be resisted, there needs no more then to expose that taking Person, to the view of the Fair, and he leads 'em all in Triumph. Ped. Sir, tho 'I'me a stranger to you, I am asham'd at the rudeness of my Nation; and cou'd you learn who did it, wou'd assist you to make an Example of 'em. [page 70] Blunt. Whe aye, there's one speaks Sense now, and han'somly; and let me tell you Gentlemen, I shou'd not have shew'd my self like a Jack Puding, thus to have made you Mirth, but that I have revenge within my power, for know, I have got into my possession a Femal, who had better have fallen under any Curse, then the ruine I design her: 'adsheartlikins she assaulted me here in my own Lodgings, and had doubtless committed a Rape upon me, had not this Sword defended me. Fred. I know not that, but O my conscience thou had Ravisht her, had shee not redeem'd her self with a Ring—let's see't **Blunt.** [**Blunt** shews the Ring. Belv. Hah!—the Ring I gave **Florinda**, when we Exchange our Vows—harkey **Blunt**,—[Goes to whisper to him. Will. No whispering good Col. there's a Woman in the case, no whispering. Belv. Harkey Fool, be advis'd, and conceal both the Ring and the story for your Reputations sake, do not 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 is an Infamy to our Nation. Will. Come, come where's the Wench, we'll see her, let her be what she will, wee'll see her. Ped. Ay, ay, let us see her, I can soon discover whether she be of quality, or for your diversion. Blunt. She's in **Freds** Custody. Will. Come, come the Key, [To **Fred**. who gives him the Key, they are going. Belv. Death, what shall I do—Stay Gentlemen—yet if I hinder 'em I shall discover all,—hold —lets go one at once—give me the Key. Will. Nay hold there Col. I'le go first. Fred. Nay no dispute, **Ned** and I have the gropropriety of her. Will. Damn propriety—then we'll draw cuts, —nay no corruption good Col. come the longest Sword carries her—**Belv.** goes to whisper **Will**. They all draw forgetting **Don Pedro** being

as a Spaniard had the longest. Blunt. I yield up my int'rest to you Gentlemen, and that will be; revenge sufficient. Will. The Wench is yours— [to Pedro.] Pox of his **Tolledo**, I had forgot that. [page 71] Fred. Come Sir, I'll Conduct you to the Lady [Ex. Fred. & Ped. Belv.

To hinder him will certainly discover her—
[Aside.

Do'st know Dull beast what mischief thou hast done?

Will. walking up and down out of Humour. Will. Aye, Aye, to trust our Fortune to Lotts, a Devil on't, 'twas madness that's the truth on't. Belv. Oh intollerable Sott—Enter **Florinda** running mask't, **Pedro** after her: **Will.** gazing round her. Flor. Good Heaven defend me from discovery. [aside. Pedro. 'Tis but in vain to fly me, you're fallen to my Lot. Belv. Sure she's undiscovered yet, but now I fear there is no way to bring her off: Will. Whe what a Pox is not this my woman, the same I follow'd but now? [Ped. talking to **Florinda**, who walks up and down. Ped. As if I did not know yee, and your business here. Flor. Good Heaven, I fear he does indeed—[aside. Ped. Come, pray be kind, I know you meant to be so when you enter'd here, for these are proper Gentlemen. Will. But Sir—perhaps the Lady will not be impos'd upon, She'll chuse her Man. Ped. I am better bred, then not to leave her choice free. Enter **Valeria**, and is surpriz'd at sight of **Don Pedro**. Val. **Don Pedro** here! there's no avoiding him. [aside. Flor. **Valeria!** then I'm undone,—[aside, Val. Oh! have I found you Sir— [To **Pedro** running to him. —the strangest accident—if I had breath—to tell it. Ped. Speak—is **Florinda** safe? **Hellena** well? Val. Ay, Ay Sir—**Florinda**—is safe—from any fears of you. Ped. Why where's **Florinda?**—speak—Val. Aye, where indeed Sir, I wish I cou'd inform you, —but to hold you no longer in doubt—Flor. Oh what will she say—[Aside. Val.—She's fled away in the habit—of one of her Pages Sir— but **Callis** thinks you may retrieve her yet, if you make haste away, she'll tell you, Sir, the rest—if you can find her

out. [Aside. Ped. Dishonourable Girle, she has undone my Aime—Sir—you see my necessity of leaving you, and hope you'l Pardon it; my [page 72] Sister I know will make her flight to you; and if she do, I shall Expect she shou'd be render'd back. Belv. I shall consult my Love and Honour Sir. [Ex. Ped. Flor. My dear Preserver, let me imbrace thee. [To Val. Will. What the Devil's all this? Blunt. Mysterie by this light. Val. Come, come, make haste and get your selves married quickly, for your Brother will return again. Belv. I'm so surpriz'd with fears and joyes, so amaz'd to find you here in safety, I can scarce perswade my heart into a faith of what I see—Will. Harkey Colonel, is this that Mistress who has cost you so many sighs, and me so many quarrels with you? Bel. It is—pray give him the honour of your hand. [To Flor. Will. Thus it must be receiv'd then [Kneels and kisses her hand. And with it give your Pardon too. Flor. The Friend to **Belvile** may command me any thing. Will. Death, wou'd I might, 'tis a surprizing Beauty. [Aside. Bel. Boy, run and fetch a Father instantly. [Ex. Boy. Fred. So, now do I stand like a Dog, and have not a syllable to plead my own Cause with: by this hand, Madam, I was never throughly confounded before, nor shall I ever more dare look up with confidence, till you are pleas'd to Pardon me. Flor. Sir, I'le be reconcil'd to you on one condition, that you'l follow the Example of your Friend, in Marrying a Maid that does not hate you, and whose fortune (I believe) will not be unwelcome to you. Fred. Madam, had I no Inclinations that way, I shou'd obey your kind Commands. Bell. Who **Fred.** marry, he has so few inclinations for Woman kind, that had he been possest of Paradice, he might have continu'd there to this day, if no Crime but Love cou'd have dis-inherited him. Fred. Oh, I do not use to boast of my intregues. Bell. Boast, when thou dost nothing but boast; and I dare swear, wer't thou as Innocent from the sin of the Grape, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'st yet claim that right in **Eden** which our first Parents lost by too much Loving. Fred. I wish this Lady would think me so modest a man. Val. She wou'd be sorry then, and not like you half so well, and [page 73] I should be loath

to break my word with you, which was, That if your Friend and mine agreed, it shou'd be a Match between you and I.[She gives him her hand.Bred.Bear witness, Colonel, 'tis a Bargain.[Kisses her hand.Blunt.I have a Pardon to beg too, but adsheartlikins I am so out of Countenance, that I'm a Dog if I can say any thing to Purpose.[To Florinda.Flor.Sir, I heartily forgive you all.Blunt.That's nobly said, sweet Lady,—**Belvile**, prithee present her her Ring again; for I find I have not Courage to approach her my self.[Gives him the Ring he gives to **Florinda**.Enter Boy.Boy.Sir, I have brought the Father that you sent for.Bell.'Tis well, and now my dear **Florinda**, let's fly to compleat that mighty joy we have so long wish't and sigh'd for: —Come **Fred**.—you'l follow?Fred.Your Example Sir, 'twas ever my ambition in War, and must be so in Love.Will.And must not I see this juggling knot ty'd?Belv.No, thou shalt do us better service, and be our guard, least **Don Pedro**'s suddain return interrupt the Ceremony.Will.Content—I'll secure this pass.[Ex. Bel. Flor. Fred. **and** Vall.Enter Boy.Boy.Sir, there's a Lady without wou'd speak to you.[To Will.Will.Conduct her in, I dare not quit my Post.Boy.And Sir, your Taylor waits you in your Chamber.Blunt.Some comfort yet, I shall not dance naked at the Wedding.[Ex. **Blunt** and Boy.Enter again the Boy, conducting in **Angellica** in a Masquing Habit and a Vizard.**Will.** runs to her.Will.This can be none but my pretty Gipsie—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 **Angellica**.—Ang.Stand off, base Villain—[She draws a Pistol, and holds to his Brest.[page 74]Will.Hah, 'tis not she, who art thou? and what's thy business?Ang.One thou hast injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.Will.What the Devil canst thou mean?Ang.By all my hopes to kill thee—[Holds still the Pistol to his Brest, he going back, she following still.Will.Prithee on, what acquaintance? for I know thee not.Ang.

Behold this face!—so lost to thy remembrance,
And then call all thy sins about thy Soul,

[Pulls off her Vizard.

And let 'em dye with thee.
Will. Angellica! Ang.

Yes, Taylor,
Does not thy guilty blood run shivering through thy Veins?
Hast thou no horror at this sight, that tells thee,
Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful Conquest?
Will. Faith, no Child, my blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows
still, and that usual heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a
kindness, had I but opportunity. Ang. Devil! dost wanton with my
pain—have at thy heart. Will.

Hold, dear Virago! hold thy hand a little,
I am not now at leisure to be kill'd—hold and hear me—
—Death, I think she's in earnest.
[aside. Ang.

Oh if I take not heed,
My coward heart will leave me to his mercy.
[Aside, turning from him.

—What have you, Sir, to say?—but shou'd I hear thee,
Thoud'st talk away all that is brave about me:
[Follows him with the Pistol to his Brest.

And I have vow'd thy death, by all that's Sacred.
Will.

Whe then there's an end of a proper handsome Fellow,
That might a liv'd to have done good service yet;
—That's all I can say to't.
Ang.

yet—I wou'd give thee—time for—penitence.
[Pausingly. Will.

Faith Child, I thank God, I have ever took
Care to lead a good sober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion
That teaches me to believe, I shall depart in peace.
Ang.

So will the Devil! tell me,
How many poor believing Fools thou hast undone?
How many hearts thou hast betray'd to ruin?
—Yet these are little mischiefs to the Ills
[page 75] Thoust taught mine to commit▪ thoust taught it Love?
Will.

Egad 'twas shrewdly hurt the while.
Ang.

—Love, that has rob'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 nere did
To any thing but Heaven.

—Thou, Perjur'd Man, didst this, and with thy Oaths,
Which on thy Knees, thou didst devoutly make,
Softened my yielding heart—And then, I was a slave—
—Yet still had been content to've worn my Chains:
Worn 'em with vanity and joy for ever,
Hadst thou not broke those Vows that put them on.
—'Twas then I was undone.

[All this while follows him with the Pistol to his
Breast. Will.

Broke my Vows! whe where hast thou liv'd?
Amongst the Gods? for I never heard of mortal Man,
That has not broke a thousand Vows.
Ang.

Oh Impudence!
Will.

Angellica! 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 dye in that Faith? still Adoring?
I do not think they did.
Ang. No, faithless Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did
thine, I wou'd have kill'd the ingrateful that had abandon'd

me. Will. This Old General has quite spoil'd thee, nothing makes a Woman so vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever supplies the defects of Age, with intollerable 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, you'll will be as nice as you sometimes. Ang.

All this thou'st made me know, for which I hate thee.
Had I remain'd in innocent security,
I shou'd have thought all men were born my slaves,
[page 76] And worn my pow'r like lightening 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't Idol
Discovering all the Cheat.
Wou'd not the Insence and rich Sacrifice,
Which blind Devotion offer'd at my Alters,
Have fall'n to thee?
Why wou'dst thou then destroy my fancy'd pow'r.
Will.

By Heaven thou'rt brave, and I admire thee strangely
I wish I were that dull, that constant thing
Which thou wou'dst have, and Nature never meant me:
I must, like cheerful Birds, sing in all Groves,
And perch on every Bough,
Billing the next kind she that flies to meet me;
Yet after all cou'd build my Nest with thee,
Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round,
And still reserve a tributary Flame.
-To gain your credit, I'll pay you back your Charity,
And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love.

[Offers her a Purse of Gold.Ang.

Oh that thou wert in earnest!
So mean a thought of me,
Wou'd turn my rage to scorn, and I shou'd pity thee,
And give thee leave to live;
Which for the publick safety of our Sex,
And my own private Injuries, I dare not do■
Prepare
[Follows still, as before.

–I will no more be tempted with replies.

Will.Sure–Ang.Another word will damn thee! I've heard thee
talk too long.Anto.Hah! **Angellica!**[She follows him with the
Pistol ready to shoot; he retires still amaz'd. Enter **Don
Antonio**, his Arm in a Scarf, and layes hold on the
Pistol.[page 77]Ang.**Antonio!** what Devil brought thee
hither?Anto.Love and Curiosity, seeing your Coach at door.Let
me disarm you of this unbecoming instrument of death–amongst
the Number of your slaves, was there not one, worthy the
Honour to have fought your quarrel?Takes away the Pistol.

–Who are you Sir, that are so very wretched
To merit death from her?

Will.One Sir, that cou'd have made a better End of an Amorous
quarrel without you, than with you.Anto.Sure 'tis some
Rival,–hah–the very Man took down her Picture yesterday–the
very same that set on me last night –blest opportunity–[Offers
to shoot him.Ang.

Hold, you're mistaken Sir.
Anto.

By Heaven the very same!

–Sir, what pretensions have you to this Lady?

Will.Sir, I do not use to be Examin'd, and am Ill at all
disputes but this–[Draws: **Anton.** offers to shoot.Ang.

Oh hold! you see he's Arm'd with certain death;
[**To** Will.

—And you **Antonio**, I command you hold,
By all the Passion you've so lately vow'd me.
Enter **Don Pedro**, sees **Antonio**, and stays.Ped.

Hah, **Antonio!** and **Angellica!**

[Aside.Anto.

When I refuse obedience to your Will,
May you destroy me with your Mortal hate.
By all that's Holy I Adore you so,
That even my Rival, who has Charms enough
To make him fall a Victim to my jealousy
Shall live, nay and have leave to love on still.
Ped.

What's this I hear?

[aside.Ang.

Ah thus! 'twas thus! he talkt, and I believ'd.

[Pointing to **Will**.

—(**Antonio**,) yesterday,
I'd not have sold my Intrest in his heart,
For all the Sword has won and lost in Battail.
—But now to show my utmost of contempt,
I give thee Life—which if thou wou'dst preserve,
Live where my Eyes may never see thee more,
Live to undo some one, whose Soul may prove,
[page 78]So bravely constant to revenge my Love.
[Goes out, **Ant.** follows, but **Ped.** pulls him back.Ped.

Antonio—stay.

Ant.

Don Pedro—

Ped.

What Coward fear was that prevented thee
From meeting me this morning on the **Molo?**

Anto.

Meet thee?

Ped.

Yes me; I was the Man that dar'd thee to't.

Anto.

Hast thou so often seen me fight in War,
To find no better Cause to excuse my absence?

–I sent my Sword and one to do thee right,
Finding my self uncapable to use a Sword.

Ped.

But 'twas **Florinda**'s Quarrel that we fought,
And you to shew how little you esteem'd her,
Sent me your Rival, giving him your Intrest.

–But I have found the cause of this affront,
And when I meet you fit for the dispute,

–I'll tell you my resentment.

Ant.

I shall be ready, Sir, e're long to do you reason.

[Ex. Anto.Ped.

If I cou'd find **Florinda**, now whilst my angers high,
I think I shou'd be kind, and give her to **Belvile** in revenge.
Will.Faith, Sir, I know not what you wou'd do, but I believe
the Priest within has been so kind.Ped.

How! my Sister Married?

Will.

I hope by this time he is, and bedded too, or he has not
My longings about him.

Ped.

Dares he do this! does he not fear my Pow'r?

Will.Faith not at all, if you will 'go in, and thank him for
the favour he has done your Sister, so, if not, Sir, my Pow'rs
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 bord for Prise; my Ship lies but a League off the **Molo**, and
we shall show your Donship a damn'd **Tramontana** Rovers

Trick.**Enter** Belvile.Belv.

This Rogue's in some new Mischief—hah **Pedro** return'd!

Ped.

Colonel **Belvile**, I hear you have Married my Sister?
Bell.

You have heard truth then, Sir.

Ped.

Have I so; then, Sir, I wish you Joy.

Bel.

How!

[page 79]Ped.

By this imbrace I do, and I am glad on't.

Bel.

Are you in earnest?

Ped.

By our long Friendship and my obligations to thee, I am,
The sudain change, I'll give you reasons for anon,
Come lead me to my Sister,
That she may know, I now approve her choice.

[Ex. Bel. with Ped. Will. goes to follow them. Enter Hellena as before in Boys Clothes, and pulls him back. Will. Ha! my Gipsie:—now a thousand blessings on thee for this kindness, Egad Child I was e'en in despair of ever seeing thee again; my Friends are all provided for within, each Man his kind Woman. Hell. Hah! I thought they had serv'd me some such trick! Will. And I was e'en resolv'd to go aboard, and condemn my self to my lone Cabin, and the thoughts of thee. Hell. And cou'd you have left me behind, wou'd you have been so ill natur'd? Will. Whe twou'd have broke my Heart Child:—but since we are met again, I defie foul weather to part us. Hell. And wou'd you be a Faithful Friend, now if a Maid shou'd trust you? Will. For a Friend I cannot promise, thou art of a form so

Excellent a Face and Humour, too good for cold dull Friendship; I am **parlously** afraid of being in Love Child, and you have not forgot how severely you have us'd me?Hell. That's all one, such usage you must still look for, to find out all your Haunts, to raile at you to all that Love you, till I have made you love only me in your own defence, because no body else will love. Will. But hast thou no better quality, to recommend thy self by. Hell. Faith none Captain:—whe 'twill be the greater Charity to take me for thy Mistress. I am alone Child, a kind of Orphan Lover, and why I shou'd dye a Maid, and in a Captains hands too, I do not understand, Will. Egad, I was never claw'd away with Broad-sides from any Female before, thou hast one Vertue I Adore, good Nature; I hate a Coy demure Mistress, she's as troublesome as a Colt, I'll break none; no give me a mad Mistress when Mew'd, and in [page 80] flying on I dare trust upon the wing, that whil'st she's kind will come to the Lure. Hell. Nay as kind as you will good Capt. whil'st it lasts, but let's lose no time, Will. My time's as precious to me, as thine can be, therefore dear creature, since we are so well agreed, let's retire to my Chamber, and if ever thou wert treated with such Savory Love!— come—my beds 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 too. Hell. 'Tis but getting my consent, and the bus'ness is soon done, let but old **GafferHimen** and his Priest, say amen to't, and I dare lay my Mothers daughter by as proper a Fellow as your Father's Son, without fear or blushing, Will. Hold, hold, no **Bugg** words Child, Priest and **Hymen**, prithee add a Hang-man to 'em to make up the consort,—no, no, we'll have no Vows but Love, Child, nor witness but the Lover, the kind Deity injoyn naught but Love! and enjoy! **Himen** 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 cou'd be content to turn Gipsie, and become a left-handed bride-groom, to have the pleasure of working that great Miracle of making a

Maid a Mother, if you durst venture; 'tis upse Gipsie that, and if I miss, I'll lose my Labour.Hell.And if you do not lose, what shall I get? a cradle full of noise and mischief, with a pack of repentance at my back? can you teach me to weave **Incle** to pass my time with? 'tis upse Gipsie that too.Will.I can teach thee to Weave a true loves knot better.Hell.So can my dog.Will.Well, I see we are both upon our Guards, and I see there's no way to conquer good Nature, but by yielding,—here—give me thy hand—one kiss and I am thine—Hell.One kiss! how like my Page he speaks; I am resolv'd you shall have none, for asking such a sneaking sum,—he that will be satisfied with one kiss, will never dye of that longing; good Friend, single kiss, is all your talking come to this?—a kiss, a caudle! farewell Captain, single kiss.[Going out he stays her.Will.May if we part so, let me dye like a bird upon a bough, [page 81] at the Sheriffs charge, by Heaven both the **Indies**, shall not buy thee from me. I adore thy Humour and will marry thee, and we are so of one Humour, it must be a bargain—give me thy hand.— [Kisses her Hand. And now let the blind ones (Love and Fortune) do their worst.Hell.Whe God-a-mercy Captain!Will.But harkey—the bargain is now made; but is it not fit we shou'd know each others Names? that when we have reason to curse one another hereafter (and People ask me who 'tis I give to the Devil) I may at least be able to tell, what Family you came of.Hell.Good reason, Captain; and where I have cause, (as I doubt not but I shall have plentiful) that I may know at whom to throw my—blessings—I beseech ye your Name.Will.I am call'd **Robert the Constant**.Hell.A very fine name; pray was it your Faulkner or Butler that Chisten'd you? do they not use to Whistle when they call you?Will.I hope you have a better, that a man may name without crossing himself, you are so merry with mine.Hell.I am call'd **Hellena the Inconstant**.Enter Pedro, Belville, Florinda, Fred. Valleria.Ped.Hah! **Hellena!**Florin.Hellenah!Hell.The very same—hah my Brother! now Captain shew your Love and Courage; stand to your Arms, and defend me bravely, or I am lost for Ever.Ped.What's this I hear! false Girle, how came you hither, and what's your

bus'ness? Speak.[Goes roughly to her.Will.Hold off Sir, you have leave to parly only.Puts himself between.Hell.I had e'en as good tell it, as you guess it; Faith Brother my bus'ness, is the same with all living Creatures of my Age, to love, and be beloved, and here's the Man.Ped.Perfidious Maid, hast thou deceiv'd me too, deceiv'd thy self and Heaven;Hell.

'Tis time enough to make my peace with that,
Be you but kind let me alone with Heaven,
Ped.**Belvile**, I did not expect this false play from you; was't
[page 82] not enough you'd gain **Florinda** (which I pardon'd)
but your lewd Friends too must be inricht with the spoyls of a Noble Family?Bell.Faith Sir, I am as much surpriz'd at this as you can be: Yet Sir, my Friends are Gentlemen, and ought to be Esteem'd for their Misfortunes, since they have the Glory to suffer with the best of Men and Kings; 'tis true, he's a Rover of Fortune, Yet a Prince, aboard his little wooden World.Ped.What's this to the maintenance of a Woman of her Birth and Quality.Will.Faith Sir, I can boast of nothing but a Sword which does me right where e're I come, and has defended a worse Cause then a Womans; and since I lov'd her before I either knew her Birth or Name, I must pursue my resolution, and marry her.Ped.And is all your holy intent of becoming a Nun, debauch't into a desire of Man?Hell.Whe—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 voyces carry it, for Heaven or the Captain?**All cry**, a Captain? a Captain?Hell.Look yee Sir, 'tis a clear case.Ped.Oh I am mad—if I refuse, my lifes in danger—[aside. —Come—there's one motive induces me—take her— I shall now be free from fears of her Honour, guard it you now, if you can, I have been a slave to't long enough,[gives her to him.Will.Faith Sir, I am of a Nation, that are of opinion a womans Honour is not worth guarding when she has a mind to part with it.Hell.Well said Captain.Ped.This was your Plot Mistress, but I hope you have married one that will revenge my

quarrel to you—[**To** Valleria.Val.There's no altering Destinie,
Sir.Ped.Sooner than a Womans Will, therefore I forgive you
all—and wish you may get my Father's Pardon as Easily; which I
fear.Enter **Blunt** drest in a **Spanish** Habit, looking very
ridiculously; his Man a justing his Band.Man.'Tis very well
Sir—Blunt.Well Sir, 'dshearlikins I tell you 'tis damnable Ill
Sir, —a **Spanish** habit good Lord! Cou'd the Devil and my Taylor
[page 83] devise no other punishment for me, but the Mode of a
Nation I abominate?Bell.What's the matter **Ned?**Blunt.Pray view
me round, and judge,—[Turns round.Bell.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 Judaisme,
than in this Doublet and Breeches, a Pillory were an easie
Coller, to this three handfuls high; and these Shoes too, are
worse, then the stocks with the sole an Inch shorter than my
Foot: In fine, Gentlemen, methinks I look altogether like a
Bag of **Bayes** stufft full of Fooles flesh.Bell.Methinks 'tis
well, and makes thee look e'n 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 adshearlikins for all I look
so, I am your humble Servant,— a Pox of my **Spanish**
habit.Will.Hark—what's this?[Musick is heard to play.**Enter**
Boy.Boy.Sir, as the Custome is, the gay people in Masquerade
who make every mans 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 Doxie were not amongst e'm.Bell.Ladies and Gentlemen,
since you are come so **apropo**, you must take a small Collation
with us.[**To** the Masquero's.Will.Whilst we'le to the Good Man
within, who stayes to give us a **Cast** of his Office. [**To** Hell.
—Have you no trembling at the near approach?Hell.No more than
you have in an Engagement or a Tempest.Will.Egad thou'rt a
brave Girle, 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.THE END.[page]EPILOGUE.

The Banisht Cavaliers! a Roving Blade!

A Popish Carnival! a Masquerade!

The Devel's in't if this will please the Nation,

In these our blessed times of Reformation,

When **Conventickling** is so much in fashon.

And yet—

That Mutinous Tribe less Factions do beget,

Than your continual differing in Wit;

Your Judgment's (as your Passion's) a disease:

Nor Muse nor Miss your Appetite can please;

Your grown as Nice as queasie Consciences,

Who's 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 grave 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're **Bamboo**,

He Crys,—Good Faith, these Playes 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'l judge as notably,

As he can do of Wit and Poetry.

The younger **Sparks**, who hither do resort,

Cry,—

Pox o' your gentile 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 stufft with Fools, as brisk and dull as they:

[page] 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 Buffonry Grimasses:

See how this—Huff becomes,—this Damny,—stare,—
Which they at home may act, because they dare,
But—must with prudent caution do elsewhere.

Oh that our **Nokes, or Tony Lee** cou'd show
A Fop but half so much to th' life as you.

Post-script. This Play had been sooner in Print, but for a Report about the Town (made by some either very Malitious or very Ignorant) that 'twas **Thomaso** alter'd; which made the Book-sellers fear some trouble from the Proprietor of that Admirable Play, which indeed has Wit enough to stock a Poet, and is not to be peec't or mended by any but the Excellent Author himself; That I have stoln some hints from it, may be a proof, that I valu'd it more than to pretend to alter it; had I had the Dexterity of some Poets, who are not more Expert in stealing than in the Art of Concealing, and who even that way out-do the **Spartan**-Boyes. I might have appropriated all to my self, but I, vainly proud of my Iudgment, hang out the Sign of **Angellica**, (the only stoln Object) to give Notice where a great part of the Wit dwelt; tho if the Play of the **Novella** were as well worth remembring as **Thomaso**, they might (bating the Name) have as well said, I took it from thence: I will only say the Plot and Bus'ness (not to boast on't) is my own: as for the Words and Characters, I leave the Reader to judge and compare 'em with **Thomaso**, to whom I recommend the great Entertainment of reading it, tho had this succeeded ill, I shou'd have had no need of imploring that Justice from the Criticks, who are naturally so kind to any that pretend to usurp their Dominion, they wou'd doubtless have given me the whole Honour on't. Therefore I will only say in **English** what the famous **Virgil** does in **Latin; I make Verses, and others have the Fame.** FINIS.