

**The Rover (1675)<sup>1</sup>**

**By Aphra Behn**

**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I. A FINE ROOM.**

*Discovers Belvile, as by Dark alone.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANTONIO. No, Sir, I'll make you fit for a Defence with this. [*Gives him the Sword.*]

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

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

BELVILE. How shall I pay this Generosity?

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

BELVILE. The Vice-Roy's Son! Death and Confusion! was this Plague reserved To compleat all the rest? — oblig'd by him! The Man of all the World I would destroy. *[Aside.]*

ANTONIO. You seem disorder'd, Sir.

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

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

BELVILE. Then I am well — kind Heaven! but set us even, That I may fight with him, and keep my Honour safe. *[Aside.]* — Oh, I'm impatient, Sir, to be discounting The mighty Debt I owe you; command me quickly —

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANTONIO. Sir, do you know her?

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

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

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

ANTONIO. You say too much to my Advantage. Come, Sir, the Day appears that calls you forth. Within, Sir, is the Habit. *[Exit Antonio.]*

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

*[Exit.]*

**SCENE II. THE MOLO.**

*Enter Florinda and Callis in Masques, with Stephano.*

FLORINDA. I'm dying with my fears; Belvile's not coming, As I expected, underneath my Window, Makes me believe that all those Fears are true. *[Aside.]* — Canst thou not tell with whom my Brother fights?

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

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

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

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

*[Exit. Steph.]*

*Enter Don Pedro in his Masquing Habit.*

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

FLORINDA. Antonio! sure I heard amiss. *[Aside.]*

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

*Enter Belvile drest in Antonio's Clothes.*

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

PEDRO. Antonio! —

BELVILE. This must be he. *[Aside.]* You're early, Sir — I do not use to be out-done this way.

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

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

PEDRO. Come, Sir, you know our terms —

BELVILE. By Heaven, not I. *[Aside.]* — No talking, I am ready, Sir.

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

FLORINDA. Oh, hold! whoe'er you be, I do conjure you bold. If you strike here — I die — *[To Belv.]*

PEDRO. Florinda!

BELVILE. Florinda imploring for my Rival!

PEDRO. Away, this Kindness is unseasonable.

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

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

BELVILE. Thy Prayers destroy him; if thou wouldst preserve him. Do that thou'rt unacquainted with, and curse him. *[She holds him.]*

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

BELVILE. By her I love! See — I obey — and at your Feet resign The useless Trophy of my Victory. *[Lays his sword at her Feet.]*

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

BELVILE. Love Florinda! Does Heaven love Adoration, Pray'r, or Penitence? Love her! here Sir — your Sword again. *[Snatches up the Sword, and gives it him.]* Upon this Truth I'll fight my Life away.

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

BELVILE. Don Pedro!

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

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

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

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

FLORINDA. Oh Heavens! this Minute!

*[Enter Masqueraders, and pass over.]*

BELVILE. Oh, do not ruin me!

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

BELVILE. I'll meet you there — if there be no more Saints Churches in Naples. *[Aside.]*

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

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

BELVILE. Heaven, Madam! what do you do?

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

BELVILE. You do not know me — move a little this way. *[Draws her aside.]*

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

*[Pedro talks to Callis this while.]*

BELVILE. Oh do not lose so blest an opportunity! See — 'tis your Belvile — not Antonio, Whom your mistaken Scorn and Anger ruins. *[Pulls off his Vizard.]*

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

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

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

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

BELVILE. Hell and Confusion seize thee!

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

*[Takes Flor. from him.]*

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

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

*[Draws on Pedro, Belv. goes between.]*

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

WILLMORE. Nay, an you be so hot, my Valour's coy, And shall be courted when you want it next. *[Puts up his Sword.]*

BELVILE. You know I ought to claim a Victor's Right, [*To Pedro.*] But you're the Brother to divine Florinda, To whom I'm such a Slave — to purchase her, I durst not hurt the Man she holds so dear.

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

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

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

BELVILE. Do not speak to me.

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

BELVILE. Will you, Sir?

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

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

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

BELVILE. Death, I'll tell you, Sir —

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

*Enter Angelica, Moretta, and Sebastian.*

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

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

[*Exit.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stay gentle Shadow of my Dove, [*Sings.*]

And tell me e'er I go,

Whether the Substance may not prove

A fleeting Thing like you. There's a soft kind Look remaining yet. [*As she turns she looks on him.*]

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Hellena, drest in Man's Clothes.*

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

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

*[Goes to Angelica.]*

HELLENA. Well, something I'll do to vex him for this. *[Aside.]*

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

WILLMORE. Not speak with him! why I'll be gone — and wait your idler minutes — Can I shew less Obedience to the thing I love so fondly? *[Offers to go.]*

ANGELICA. A fine Excuse this — stay —

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

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

WILLMORE. Oh, you destroy me with this Endearment. *[Impatient to be gone.]* — Death, how shall I get away? — Madam, 'twill not be fit I should be seen with you — besides, it will not be convenient and I've a Friend — that's dangerously sick.

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

WILLMORE. And miss my Assignation with my Gipsy. *[Aside, and walks about impatiently.]*

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLMORE. Nay, then I'm sure 'twas me he spoke of, this cannot be the Effects of Kindness in her. [*Aside.*] — No, Madam, I've consider'd better on't, And will not give you cause of Jealousy.

ANGELICA. But, Sir, I've — business, that —

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

ANGELICA. Well, to your Story, Boy — tho 'twill undo me. [*Aside.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HELLENA. Yes, Madam, he us'd to be in Buff and Scarlet. Ang.  
Thou, false as Hell, what canst thou say to this? *[To Will.]*

WILLMORE. By Heaven —

ANGELICA. Hold, do not damn thy self —

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

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

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

ANGELICA. And use me so inhumanly?

HELLENA. A Maid so young so innocent —

WILLMORE. Ah, young Devil!

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

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

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

ANGELICA. Now thou art silent, Guilt has struck thee dumb.  
Oh, hadst thou still been so, I'd liv'd in safety. *[She turns  
away and weeps.]*

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

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

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

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

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

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

HELLENA. Have you forgot it, Sir?

WILLMORE.Oh, I perceive he's not to know I am a Stranger to his Lady.[*Aside.*] — Yes, yes, I do know — but — I have forgot the — [*Angel. turns.*] — By Heaven, such early confidence I never saw.

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

WILLMORE.So, you have made sweet work here, my little mischief; Look your Lady be kind and good-natur'd now, or I shall have but a cursed Bargain on't. [*Ang. turns towards them.*] — The Rogue's bred up to Mischief, Art thou so great a Fool to credit him?

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

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

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

WILLMORE.Hah! do not I know that Face? — By Heaven, my little Gipsy! what a dull Dog was I? Had I but lookt that way,

I'd known her. Are all my hopes of a new Woman banisht? [*Aside.*] — Egad, if I don't fit thee for this, hang me. — Madam, I have found out the Plot.

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

WILLMORE.Do you see this young Spark here?

HELLENA.He'll tell her who I am.

WILLMORE.Who do you think this is?

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

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

HELLENA.Will you be such a Devil?

WILLMORE.Nay, nay, I'll teach you to spoil sport you will not make. — This small Ambassador comes not from a Person of Quality, as you imagine, and he says; but from a very errant Gipsy, the talkingst, pratingst, cantingst little Animal thou ever saw'st.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HELLENA. Unreasonable Man, do you think so? *[Aside to him.]*

WILLMORE. You may Return, my little Brazen Head, and tell your Lady, that till she be handsom enough to be belov'd, or I dull enough to be religious, there will be small hopes of me.

ANGELICA. Did you not promise then to marry her?

WILLMORE. Not I, by Heaven.

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

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

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

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

HELLENA. Oh, no swearing, dear Captain — *[Aside to him.]*

WILLMORE. If it were possible I should ever be inclin'd to marry, it should be some kind young Sinner, one that has Generosity enough to give a favour handsomely to one that can ask it discreetly, one that has Wit enough to manage an

Intrigue of Love — oh, how civil such a Wench is, to a Man than does her the Honour to marry her.

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

*Enter Sebastian.*

SEBASTIAN. Madam, Don Antonio —

ANGELICA. Come hither.

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

*[Exit Hellenia.]*

ANGELICA. I'll see him, get my Coach ready.

SEBASTIAN. It waits you, Madam.

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

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

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

*[Ex. Will.]*

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

**SCENE III. A STREET.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

VALERIA. That's according as the young Stranger and I shall agree — But to our business — I deliver'd your Letter, your Note to Belvile, when I got out under pretence of going to

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

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

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

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

*[They put on their Vizards.]*

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

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

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



PEDRO. She throws a kind look back on you.

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

BELVILE. Prithee do not.

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

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

BELVILE. 'Tis a mad Fellow for a Wench.

*Enter Fred.*

FREDERICK. Oh Colonel, such News.

BELVILE. Prithee what?

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

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

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

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

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

PEDRO. Who is he?

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

*[Exeunt.]*

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

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

*[She goes off.]*

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

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

*[He goes out, Valeria following.]*

*Enter Hellena, just as he goes out, with a Page.*

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

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

*Scene changes to another Street. Enter Florinda.*

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

*Enter Valeria, and Hellena's Page Peeping after Florinda.*

PAGE. Here she went in, I shall remember this House. *[Exit Boy.]*

VALERIA. This is Belvile's Lodgings; she's gone in as readily as if she knew it — hah — here's that mad Fellow again, I dare not venture in — I'll watch my Opportunity. *[Goes aside.]*

*Enter Willmore, gazing about him.*

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

*[Goes out.]*

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

BLUNT. So, now my Mind's a little at Peace, since I have resolv'd Revenge — A Pox on this Taylor tho, for not bringing home the Clothes I bespoke; and a Pox of all poor Cavaliers, a Man can never keep a spare Suit for 'em; and I shall have these Rogues come in and find me naked; and then I'm undone; but I'm resolv'd to arm my self — the Rascals shall not insult over me too much. [*Puts on an old rusty Sword and Buff-Belt.*]— Now, how like a Morrice-Dancer I am equipt — a fine Lady-like Whore to cheat me thus, without affording me a Kindness for my Money, a Pox light on her, I shall never be reconciled to the Sex more, she has made me as faithless as a Physician, as uncharitable as a Churchman, and as ill-natur'd as a Poet. O how I'll use all Women-kind hereafter! what wou'd I give to have one of 'em within my reach now! any Mortal thing in Petticoats, kind Fortune, send me; and I'll forgive thy last Night's Malice — Here's a cursed Book too, (a Warning to all young Travellers) that can instruct me how to prevent such Mischiefs now 'tis too late. Well 'tis a rare convenient thing to read a little now and then, as well as hawk and hunt. [*Sits down again and reads.*]

*Enter to him Florinda.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

FLORINDA. Dare you be so cruel?

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

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

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

*Enter Frederick.*

FREDERICK. Hah, what's here to do?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BLUNT.For no goodness I'll warrant her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FLORINDA. Sir, If you find me not worth Belvile's Care, use me as you please; and that you may think I merit better treatment than you threaten — pray take this Present — [*Gives him a Ring: He looks on it.*]

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

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

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

FREDERICK. However let it reprieve her till we see Belvile.

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

*Enter a Servant.*

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

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

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

*[Ex. Fred. and Flor.]*

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

*[Locks the Door and Exeunt.]*

**ACT V.  
SCENE I. BLUNT'S CHAMBER.**

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

BLUNT.The Rogues are up in Arms, 'dsheartlikins, this villainous Frederick has betray'd me, they have heard of my blessed Fortune. Ned Blunt, Ned, Ned — *[and knocking within.]*

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

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

BELVILE.Boy, bring something to force the Door.

*[A great noise within at the Door again.]*

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

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

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

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

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

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

BLUNT.This won't do — Why, hark ye, Colonel; to tell you the plain Truth, I am about a necessary Affair of Life. — I

have a Wench with me — you apprehend me? the Devil's in't if they be so uncivil as to disturb me now.

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

BLUNT.So, the Business is out.

WILLMORE.Come, come, lend more hands to the Door — now heave altogether — so, well done, my Boys — *[Breaks open the Door.]*

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

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

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

BLUNT.Are you so, Sir? keep't to your self then, Sir, I advise you, d'ye hear? for I can as little endure your Pity as his Mirth. *[Lays his Hand on's Sword.]*

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

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

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

BLUNT.Or the Devil, Sir — d'ye laugh? *[They laugh.]* Look ye, settle me a good sober Countenance, and that quickly too, or you shall know Ned Blunt is not —

BELVILE.Not every Body, we know that.

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



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

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

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

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

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

*[Blunt shews the Ring.]*

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

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

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

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

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

BLUNT. She's in Fred's Custody.

WILLMORE.Come, come, the Key.

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

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

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

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

WILLMORE.Damn Property — then we'll draw Cuts. *[Belv. goes to whisper Will.]* Nay, no Corruption, good Colonel: come, the longest Sword carries her. —

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

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

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

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

*[Ex. Fred. and Ped.]*

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

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

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

BELVILE.Oh intolerable Sot!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FLORINDA. Good Heaven! I fear he does indeed — *[Aside.]*

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

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

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

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

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

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

VALERIA. Oh! have I found you, Sir — *[To Pedro, running to  
him.]* — The strangest Accident — if I had breath — to tell it.

PEDRO. Speak — is Florinda safe? Hellena well?

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

PEDRO. Why, where's Florinda? — speak.

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

FLORINDA. Oh, what will she say! *[Aside.]*

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

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

BELVILE. I shall consult my Love and Honour, Sir.

*[Ex Ped.]*

FLORINDA. My dear Preserver let me embrace thee. *[To Val.]*

WILLMORE. What the Devil's all this?

BLUNT. Mystery by this Light.

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

BELVILE. I am so surpriz'd with Fears and Joys, so amaz'd to find you here in safety, I can scarce persuade my Heart into a Faith of what I see —

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

BELVILE. It is — Pray give him the Honour of your Hand. *[To Flor.]*

WILLMORE. Thus it must be receiv'd then. *[Kneels and kisses her Hand.]* And with give your Pardon too.

FLORINDA. The Friend to Belvile may command me anything.

WILLMORE. Death, wou'd I might, 'tis a surprizing Beauty. *[Aside.]*

BELVILE. Boy, run and fetch a Father instantly.

*[Ex. Boy.]*

FREDERICK. So, now do I stand like a Dog, and have not a Syllable to plead my own Cause with: by this Hand, Madam, I was never thorowly confounded before, nor shall I ever more dare look up with Confidence, till you are pleased to pardon me.

FLORINDA. Sir, I'll be reconcil'd to you on one Condition, that you'll follow the Example of your Friend, in marrying, a Maid that does not hate you, and whose Fortune (I believe) will not be unwelcome to you.

FREDERICK. Madam, had I no Inclinations that way, I shou'd obey your kind Commands.

BELVILE. Who, Fred. marry; he has so few Inclinations for Womankind, that had he been possess'd of Paradise, he might have continu'd there to this Day, if no Crime but Love cou'd have disinherited him.

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

BELVILE.Boast! why thou do'st nothing but boast; and I dare swear, wer't thou as innocent from the Sin of the Grape, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'st yet claim that right in Eden which our first Parents lost by too much loving.

FREDERICK.I wish this Lady would think me so modest a Man.

VALERIA.She shou'd be sorry then, and not like you half so well, and I shou'd be loth to break my Word with you; which was, That if your Friend and mine are agreed, it shou'd be a Match between you and I.*[She gives him her Hand.]*

FREDERICK.Bear witness, Colonel, 'tis a Bargain. *[Kisses her Hand.]*

BLUNT.I have a Pardon to beg too; but adsheartlikins I am so out of Countenance, that I am a Dog if I can say any thing to purpose. *[To Florinda.]*

FLORINDA.Sir, I heartily forgive you all.

BLUNT.That's nobly said, sweet Lady — Belvile, pritheer present her her Ring again, for I find I have not Courage to approach her my self. *[Gives him the Ring, he gives it to Florinda.]*

*Enter Boy.*

BOY.Sir, I have brought the Father that you sent for.

BELVILE.'Tis well, and now my dear Florinda, let's fly to compleat that mighty Joy we have so long wish'd and sigh'd for. — Come, Fred. you'll follow?

FREDERICK.Your Example, Sir, 'twas ever my Ambition in War, and must be so in Love.

WILLMORE.And must not I see this juggling Knot ty'd?

BELVILE.No, thou shalt do us better Service, and be our Guard, lest Don Pedro's sudden Return interrupt the Ceremony.

WILLMORE.Content; I'll secure this Pass.

*[Ex. Bel. Flor. Fred. and Val.]*

*Enter Boy.*

BOY.Sir, there's a Lady without wou'd speak to you. *[To Will.]*

WILLMORE. Conduct her in, I dare not quit my Post.

BOY. And, Sir, your Taylor waits you in your Chamber.

BLUNT. Some comfort yet, I shall not dance naked at the Wedding.

*[Ex. Blunt and Boy]*

*Enter again the Boy, conducting in Angelica in a masquing Habit and a Vizard, Will. runs to her.*

WILLMORE. This can be none but my pretty Gipsy — Oh, I see you can follow as well as fly — Come, confess thy self the most malicious Devil in Nature, you think you have done my Bus'ness with Angelica —

ANGELICA. Stand off, base Villain — *[She draws a Pistol and holds to his Breast.]*

WILLMORE. Hah, 'tis not she: who art thou? and what's thy Business?

ANGELICA. One thou hast injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.

WILLMORE. What the Devil canst thou mean?

ANGELICA. By all my Hopes to kill thee —

*[Holds still the Pistol to his Breast, he going back, she following still.]*

WILLMORE. Prithee on what Acquaintance? for I know thee not.

ANGELICA. Behold this Face! — so lost to thy Remembrance! And then call all thy Sins about thy Soul, *[Pulls off her Vizard.]* And let them die with thee.

WILLMORE. Angelica!

ANGELICA. Yes, Traitor. Does not thy guilty Blood run shivering thro thy Veins? Hast thou no Horrour at this Sight, that tells thee, Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful Conquest?

WILLMORE. Faith, no Child, my Blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows still, and that usual Heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a Kindness, had I but opportunity.

ANGELICA. Devil! dost wanton with my Pain — have at thy Heart.

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

ANGELICA. Oh if I take not heed, My coward Heart will leave me to his Mercy. *[Aside, turning from him.]* — What have you, Sir, to say? — but should I hear thee, Thoud'st talk away all that is brave about me: *[Follows him with the Pistol to his Breast.]* And I have vow'd thy Death, by all that's sacred.

WILLMORE. Why, then there's an end of a proper handsom Fellow, that might have liv'd to have done good Service yet:— That's all I can say to't.

ANGELICA. Yet — I wou'd give thee time for Penitence. *[Pausingly.]*

WILLMORE. Faith, I thank God, I have ever took care to lead a good, sober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion that teaches me to believe, I shall depart in Peace.

ANGELICA. So will the Devil: tell me How many poor believing Fools thou hast undone; How many Hearts thou hast

betray'd to ruin! — Yet these are little Mischiefs to the Ills Thou'st taught mine to commit: thou'st taught it Love.

WILLMORE. Egad, 'twas shreudly hurt the while.

ANGELICA.—Love, that has robb'd it of its Unconcern, Of all that Pride that taught me how to value it, And in its room a mean submissive Passion was convey'd, That made me humbly bow, which I ne'er did To any thing but Heaven. — Thou, perjur'd Man, didst this, and with thy Oaths, Which on thy Knees thou didst devoutly make, Soften'd my yielding Heart — And then, I was a Slave — Yet still had been content to've worn my Chains, Worn 'em with Vanity and Joy for ever, Hadst thou not broke those Vows that put them on. — 'Twas then I was undone. *[All this while follows him with a Pistol to his Breast.]*

WILLMORE. Broke my Vows! why, where hast thou lived? Amongst the Gods! For I never heard of mortal Man, That has not broke a thousand Vows.

ANGELICA. Oh, Impudence!

WILLMORE. Angelica! that Beauty has been too long tempting, Not to have made a thousand Lovers languish, Who in the

amorous Favour, no doubt have sworn Like me; did they all die in that Faith? still adoring? I do not think they did.

ANGELICA.No, faithless Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did thine, I wou'd have kill'd the ungrateful that had abandon'd me.

WILLMORE.This old General has quite spoil'd thee, nothing makes a Woman so vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever supplies the Defects of Age, with intolerable Dotage, vast Charge, and that which you call Constancy; and attributing all this to your own Merits, you domineer, and throw your Favours in's Teeth, upbraiding him still with the Defects of Age, and cuckold him as often as he deceives your Expectations. But the gay, young, brisk Lover, that brings his equal Fires, and can give you Dart for Dart, he'll be as nice as you sometimes.

ANGELICA.All this thou'st made me know, for which I hate thee. Had I remain'd in innocent Security, I shou'd have thought all Men were born my Slaves; And worn my Pow'r like Lightning in my Eyes, To have destroy'd at Pleasure when offended. — But when Love held the Mirror, the undeceiving Glass Reflected all the Weakness of my Soul, and made me know, My richest Treasure being lost, my Honour, All the remaining Spoil cou'd not be worth The

Conqueror's Care or Value. — Oh how I fell like a long worship'd Idol, Discovering all the Cheat! Wou'd not the Incense and rich Sacrifice, Which blind Devotion offer'd at my Altars, Have fall'n to thee? Why woud'st thou then destroy my fancy'd Power?

WILLMORE.By Heaven thou art brave, and I admire the strangely. I wish I were that dull, that constant thing, Which thou woud'st have, and Nature never meant me: I must, like chearful Birds, sing in all Groves, And perch on every Bough, Billing the next kind She that flies to meet me; Yet after all cou'd build my Nest with thee, Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round, And still reserve a tributary Flame. — To gain your Credit, I'll pay you back your Charity, And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love. [*Offers her a Purse of Gold.*]

ANGELICA.Oh that thou wert in earnest! So mean a Thought of me, Wou'd turn my Rage to Scorn, and I shou'd pity thee, And give thee leave to live; Which for the publick Safety of our Sex, And my own private Injuries, I dare not do. Prepare — [*Follows still, as before.*] — I will no more be tempted with Replies.

WILLMORE.Sure —



ANGELICA. Another Word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long. [*She follows him with a Pistol ready to shoot: he retires still amaz'd.*]

*Enter Don Antonio, his Arm in a Scarf, and lays hold on the Pistol.*

ANTONIO. Hah! Angelica!

ANGELICA. Antonio! What Devil brought thee hither?

ANTONIO. Love and Curiosity, seeing your Coach at Door. Let me disarm you of this unbecoming Instrument of Death. — [*Takes away the Pistol.*] Amongst the Number of your Slaves, was there not one worthy the Honour to have fought your Quarrel? — Who are you, Sir, that are so very wretched To merit Death from her?

WILLMORE. One, Sir, that cou'd have made a better End of an amorous Quarrel without you, than with you.

ANTONIO. Sure 'tis some Rival — hah — the very Man took down her Picture yesterday — the very same that set on me last night — Blest opportunity — [*Offers to shoot him.*]

ANGELICA. Hold, you're mistaken, Sir.

ANTONIO. By Heaven the very same! — Sir, what pretensions have you to this Lady?

WILLMORE. Sir, I don't use to be examin'd, and am ill at all Disputes but this — [*Draws, Anton. offers to shoot.*]

ANGELICA. Oh, hold! you see he's arm'd with certain Death: [*To Will.*] — And you, Antonio, I command you hold, By all the Passion you've so lately vow'd me.

*Enter Don Pedro, sees Antonio, and stays.*

PEDRO. Hah, Antonio! and Angelica! [*Aside.*]

ANTONIO. When I refuse Obedience to your Will, May you destroy me with your mortal Hate. By all that's Holy I adore you so, That even my Rival, who has Charms enough To make him fall a Victim to my Jealousy, Shall live, nay, and have leave to love on still.

PEDRO. What's this I hear? [*Aside.*]

ANGELICA. Ah thus, 'twas thus he talk'd, and I believ'd. [*Pointing to Will.*] — Antonio, yesterday, I'd not have sold my Interest in his Heart For all the Sword has won and lost in Battle. — But now to show my utmost of

Contempt, I give thee Life — which if thou would'st preserve,  
Live where my Eyes may never see thee more, Live to undo  
some one, whose Soul may prove So bravely constant to  
revenge my Love.

*[Goes out, Ant. follows, but Ped. pulls him back.]*

PEDRO. Antonio — stay.

ANTONIO. Don Pedro —

PEDRO. What Coward Fear was that prevented thee From  
meeting me this Morning on the Molo?

ANTONIO. Meet thee?

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

ANTONIO. Hast thou so often seen me fight in War, To find no  
better Cause to excuse my Absence? — I sent my Sword and  
one to do thee Right, Finding my self incapable to use a  
Sword.

PEDRO. But 'twas Florinda's Quarrel that we fought, And you  
to shew how little you esteem'd her, Sent me your Rival,  
giving him your Interest. — But I have found the Cause of

this Affront, But when I meet you fit for the Dispute, — I'll  
tell you my Resentment.

ANTONIO. I shall be ready, Sir, e'er long to do you Reason.

*[Exit Ant.]*

PEDRO. If I cou'd find Florinda, now whilst my Anger's high,  
I think I shou'd be kind, and give her to Belvile in Revenge.

WILLMORE. Faith, Sir, I know not what you wou'd do, but I  
believe the Priest within has been so kind.

PEDRO. How! my Sister married?

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

PEDRO. Dares he do thus? Does he not fear my Pow'r?

WILLMORE. Faith not at all. If you will go in, and thank him  
for the Favour he has done your Sister, so; if not, Sir, my  
Power's greater in this House than yours; I have a damn'd  
surly Crew here, that will keep you till the next Tide, and then  
clap you an board my Prize; my Ship lies but a League off the

Molo, and we shall show your Donship a damn'd Tramontana  
Rover's Trick.

*Enter Belvile.*

BELVILE. This Rogue's in some new Mischief — hah, Pedro  
return'd!

PEDRO. Colonel Belvile, I hear you have married my Sister.

BELVILE. You have heard truth then, Sir.

PEDRO. Have I so? then, Sir, I wish you joy.

BELVILE. How!

PEDRO. By this Embrace I do, and I glad on't.

BELVILE. Are you in earnest?

PEDRO. By our long Friendship and my Obligations to thee, I  
am. The sudden Change I'll give you Reasons for anon. Come  
lead me into my Sister, that she may know I now approve her  
Choice.

*[Exit Bel. with Ped.]*

*[Will. goes to follow them. Enter Hellena as before in Boy's  
Clothes, and pulls him back.]*

WILLMORE. Ha! my Gipsy — Now a thousand Blessings on  
thee for this Kindness. Egad, Child, I was e'en in despair of  
ever seeing thee again; my Friends are all provided for within,  
each Man his kind Woman.

HELLENA. Hah! I thought they had serv'd me some such Trick.

WILLMORE. And I was e'en resolv'd to go aboard, condemn  
my self to my lone Cabin, and the Thoughts of thee.

HELLENA. And cou'd you have left me behind? wou'd you  
have been so ill-natur'd?

WILLMORE. Why, 'twou'd have broke my Heart, Child — but  
since we are met again, I defy foul Weather to part us.

HELLENA. And wou'd you be a faithful Friend now, if a Maid  
shou'd trust you?

WILLMORE. For a Friend I cannot promise, thou art of a Form  
so excellent, a Face and Humour too good for cold dull

Friendship; I am parlously afraid of being in love, Child, and you have not forgot how severely you have us'd me.

HELLENA. That's all one, such Usage you must still look for, to find out all your Haunts, to rail at you to all that love you, till I have made you love only me in your own Defence, because no body else will love.

WILLMORE. But hast thou no better Quality to recommend thy self by?

HELLENA. Faith none, Captain — Why, 'twill be the greater Charity to take me for thy Mistress, I am a lone Child, a kind of Orphan Lover; and why I shou'd die a Maid, and in a Captain's Hands too, I do not understand.

WILLMORE. Egad, I was never claw'd away with Broad-Sides from any Female before, thou hast one Virtue I adore, good-Nature; I hate a coy demure Mistress, she's as troublesom as a Colt, I'll break none; no, give me a mad Mistress when mew'd, and in flying one I dare trust upon the Wing, that whilst she's kind will come to the Lure.

HELLENA. Nay, as kind as you will, good Captain, whilst it lasts, but let's lose no time.

WILLMORE. My time's as precious to me, as thine can be; therefore, dear Creature, since we are so well agreed, let's retire to my Chamber, and if ever thou were treated with such savory Love — Come — My Bed's prepar'd for such a Guest, all clean and sweet as thy fair self; I love to steal a Dish and a Bottle with a Friend, and hate long Graces — Come, let's retire and fall to

HELLENA. 'Tis but getting my Consent, and the Business is soon done; let but old Gaffer Hymen and his Priest say Amen to't, and I dare lay my Mother's Daughter by as proper a Fellow as your Father's Son, without fear or blushing.

WILLMORE. Hold, hold, no Bugg Words, Child, Priest and Hymen: prithee add Hangman to 'em to make up the Consort — No, no, we'll have no Vows but Love, Child, nor Witness but the Lover; the kind Diety enjoins naught but love and enjoy. Hymen and Priest wait still upon Portion, and Joynture; Love and Beauty have their own Ceremonies. Marriage is as certain a Bane to Love, as lending Money is to Friendship: I'll neither ask nor give a Vow, tho I could be content to turn Gipsy, and become a Left-hand Bridegroom, to have the Pleasure of working that great Miracle of making a Maid a Mother, if you durst venture; 'tis upse Gipsy that, and if I miss, I'll lose my Labour.

HELLENA.And if you do not lose, what shall I get? A Cradle full of Noise and Mischief, with a Pack of Repentance at my Back? Can you teach me to weave Incle to pass my time with? 'Tis upse Gipsy that too.

WILLMORE.I can teach thee to weave a true Love's Knot better.

HELLENA.So can my Dog.

WILLMORE.Well, I see we are both upon our Guard, and I see there's no way to conquer good Nature, but by yielding — here — give me thy Hand — one Kiss and I am thine —

HELLENA.One Kiss! How like my Page he speaks; I am resolv'd you shall have none, for asking such a sneaking Sum — He that will be satisfied with one Kiss, will never die of that Longing; good Friend single-Kiss, is all your talking come to this? A Kiss, a Caudle! farewell, Captain single-Kiss.

*[Going out he stays her.]*

WILLMORE.Nay, if we part so, let me die like a Bird upon a Bough, at the Sheriff's Charge. By Heaven, both the Indies shall not buy thee from me. I adore thy Humour and will marry thee, and we are so of one Humour, it must be a Bargain

— give me thy Hand — *[Kisses her hand.]* And now let the blind ones (Love and Fortune) do their worst.

HELLENA.Why, God-a-mercy, Captain!

WILLMORE.But harkye — The Bargain is now made; but is it not fit we should know each other's Names? That when we have Reason to curse one another hereafter, and People ask me who 'tis I give to the Devil, I may at least be able to tell what Family you came of.

HELLENA.Good reason, Captain; and where I have cause, (as I doubt not but I shall have plentiful) that I may know at whom to throw my — Blessings — I beseech ye your Name.

WILLMORE.I am call'd Robert the Constant.

HELLENA.A very fine Name! pray was it your Faulkner or Butler that christen'd you? Do they not use to whistle when then call you?

WILLMORE.I hope you have a better, that a Man may name without crossing himself, you are so merry with mine.

HELLENA.I am call'd Hellena the Inconstant.

*Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Fred. Valeria.*

PEDRO.Hah! Hellena!

FLORINDA.Hellena!

HELLENA.The very same — hah my Brother! now, Captain, shew your Love and Courage; stand to your Arms, and defend me bravely, or I am lost for ever.

PEDRO.What's this I bear? false Girl, how came you hither, and what's your Business? Speak. [*Goes roughly to her.*]

WILLMORE.Hold off, Sir, you have leave to parly only. [*Puts himself between.*]

HELLENA.I had e'en as good tell it, as you guess it. Faith, Brother, my Business is the same with all living Creatures of my Age, to love, and be loved, and here's the Man.

PEDRO.Perfidious Maid, hast thou deceiv'd me too, deceiv'd thy self and Heaven?

HELLENA.'Tis time enough to make my Peace with that: Be you but kind, let me alone with Heaven.

PEDRO.Belvile, I did not expect this false Play from you; was't not enough you'd gain Florinda (which I pardon'd) but your leud Friends too must be inrich'd with the Spoils of a noble Family?

BELVILE.Faith, Sir, I am as much surpriz'd at this as you can be: Yet, Sir, my Friends are Gentlemen, 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.

PEDRO.What's this to the maintenance of a Woman or her Birth and Quality?

WILLMORE.Faith, Sir, I can boast of nothing but a Sword which does me Right where-e'er I come, and has defended a worse Cause than a Woman's: and since I lov'd her before I either knew her Birth or Name, I must pursue my Resolution, and marry her.

PEDRO.And is all your holy Intent of becoming a Nun debauch'd into a Desire of Man?

HELLENA.Why — I have consider'd the matter, Brother, and find the Three hundred thousand Crowns my Uncle left me (and you cannot keep from me) will be better laid out in Love

than in Religion, and turn to as good an Account — let most Voices carry it, for Heaven or the Captain?

*All cry, a Captain, a Captain.*

HELLENA. Look ye, Sir, 'tis a clear Case.

PEDRO. Oh I am mad — if I refuse, my Life's in Danger [*Aside.*] — Come — There's one motive induces me — take her — I shall now be free from the fear of her Honour; guard it you now, if you can, I have been a Slave to't long enough. [*Gives her to him.*]

WILLMORE. Faith, Sir, I am of a Nation, that are of opinion a Woman's Honour is not worth guarding when she has a mind to part with it.

HELLENA. Well said, Captain.

PEDRO. This was your Plot, Mistress, but I hope you have married one that will revenge my Quarrel to you — [*To Valeria.*]

VALERIA. There's no altering Destiny, Sir.

PEDRO. Sooner than a Woman's Will, therefore I forgive you all — and wish you may get my Father's Pardon as easily; which I fear.

*Enter Blunt drest in a Spanish Habit, looking very ridiculously; his Man adjusting his Band.*

MAN. 'Tis very well, Sir.

BLUNT. Well, Sir, 'dsheartlikins I tell you 'tis damnable ill, Sir — a Spanish Habit, good Lord! cou'd the Devil and my Taylor devise no other Punishment for me, but the Mode of a Nation I abominate?

BELVILE. What's the matter, Ned?

BLUNT. Pray view me round, and judge — [*Turns round.*]

BELVILE. I must confess thou art a kind of an odd Figure.

BLUNT. In a Spanish Habit with a Vengeance! I had rather be in the inquisition for Judaism, than in this Doublet and Breeches; a Pillory were an easy Collar to this, three Handfuls high; and these Shoes too are worse than the Stocks, with the Sole an Inch shorter than my Foot: In fine, Gentlemen,

methinks I look altogether like a Bag of Bays stuff'd full of Fools Flesh.

BELVILE.Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look en Cavalier: Come, Sir, settle your Face, and salute our Friends, Lady —

BLUNT.Hah! Say'st thou so, my little Rover? *[To Hell.]* Lady —(if you be one) give me leave to kiss your Hand, and tell you, adsheartlikins, for all I look so, I am your humble Servant — A Pox of my Spanish Habit.

WILLMORE.Hark — what's this?

*[Musick is heard to Play.]*

*Enter Boy.*

BOY.Sir, as the Custom is, the gay People in Masquerade, who make every Man's House their own, are coming up.

*Enter several Men and Women in masquing Habits, with Musick, they put themselves in order and dance.*

BLUNT.Adsheartlikins, wou'd 'twere lawful to pull off their false Faces, that I might see if my Doxy were not amongst 'em.

BELVILE.Ladies and Gentlemen, since you are come so a propos, you must take a small Collation with us. *[To the Masquers.]*

WILLMORE.Whilst we'll to the Good Man within, who stays to give us a Cast of his Office. *[To Hell.]* — Have you no trembling at the near approach?

HELLENA.No more than you have in an Engagement or a Tempest.

WILLMORE.Egad, thou'rt a brave Girl, and I admire thy Love and Courage.

Lead on, no other Dangers they can dread,  
Who venture in the Storms o'th' Marriage-Bed.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### EPILOGUE.

THE banisht Cavaliers! a Roving Blade!  
A popish Carnival! a Masquerade!  
The Devil's in't if this will please the Nation,  
In these our blessed Times of Reformation,  
When Conventicling is so much in Fashion.  
And yet—  
That mutinous Tribe less Factions do beget,



Than your continual differing in Wit;  
 Your Judgment's (as your Passions) a Disease:  
 Nor Muse nor Miss your Appetite can please;  
 You're grown as nice as queasy Consciences,  
 Whose each Convulsion, when the Spirit moves,  
 Damns every thing that Maggot disapproves  
 With canting Rule you wou'd the Stage refine,  
 And to dull Method all our Sense confine.  
 With th' Insolence of Common-wealths you rule,  
 Where each gay Fop, and politick brave Fool  
 On Monarch Wit impose without controul.  
 As for the last who seldom sees a Play,  
 Unless it be the old Black-Fryers way,  
 Shaking his empty Noddle o'er Bamboo,  
 He cries — Good Faith, these Plays will never do.  
 —Ah, Sir, in my young days, what lofty Wit,  
 What high-strain'd Scenes of Fighting there were writ:  
 These are slight airy Toys. But tell me, pray,  
 What has the House of Commons done to day?  
 Then shews his Politicks, to let you see  
 Of State Affairs he'll judge as notably,  
 As he can do of Wit and Poetry.  
 The younger Sparks, who hither do resort,  
 Cry—  
 Pox o' your gentle things, give us more Sport;  
 —Damn me, I'm sure 'twill never please the Court.

Such Fops are never pleas'd, unless the Play  
 Be stuff'd with Fools, as brisk and dull as they:  
 Such might the Half-Crown spare, and in a Glass  
 At home behold a more accomplit Ass,  
 Where they may set their Cravats, Wigs and Faces,  
 And practice all their Buffoonry Grimaces;  
 See how this — Huff becomes — this Dammy — flare—  
 Which they at home may act, because they dare,  
 But — must with prudent Caution do elsewhere.  
 Oh that our Nokes, or Tony Lee could show  
 A Fop but half so much to th' Life as you.

**POSTSCRIPT.**

THIS Play had been sooner in Print, but for a Report about the  
 Town (made by some either very Malitious or very Ignorant)  
 that 'twas Thomaso alter'd; which made the Book-sellers fear  
 some trouble from the Proprietor of that Admirable Play, which  
 indeed has Wit enough to stock a Poet, and is not to be piec't or  
 mended by any but the Excellent Author himself; That I have  
 stol'n some hints from it may be a proof, that I valu'd it more  
 than to pretend to alter it: had I had the Dexterity of some Poets  
 who are not more expert in stealing than in the Art of  
 Concealing, and who even that way out-do the Spartan-Boyes I  
 might have appropriated all to myself, but I, vainly proud of my  
 Judgment hang out the Sign of ANGELICA (the only Stol'n  
 Object) to give Notice where a great part of the Wit dwelt;

though if the Play of the Novella were as well worth remembering as Thomaso, they might (bating the Name) have as well said, I took it from thence: I will only say the Plot and Bus'ness (not to boast on't) is my own: as for the Words and Characters, I leave the Reader to judge and compare 'em with Thomaso, to whom I recommend the great Entertainment of reading it, tho' had this succeeded ill, I shou'd have had no need of imploring that Justice from the Critics, who are naturally so kind to any that pretend to usurp their Dominion, they wou'd doubtless have given me the whole Honour on't. Therefore I will only say in English what the famous Virgil does in Latin: I make Verses and others have the Fame.