

# *The Rover*

*or*

*The Banish'd Cavaliers*

by Aphra Behn



adapted for Theatre Erindale  
by Nancy Copeland and Patrick Young

# The Rover, by Aphra Behn

Adapted by Nancy Copeland and Patrick Young

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“Aphra Behn’s satire still carries both message and humour for today’s audience; ...We laughed, we applauded the actors; we appreciated the clever dialogue and even participated in the on-stage shenanigans.... A super comedy with complexities ‘up the wazoo’. Fun to see and fast-paced.... We found it easier to follow and grasp than a lot of Shakespeare’s.”

– Danny Gaisin, *Ontario Arts Review*

“*The Rover* has guts. In this latest adaptation by Nancy Copeland and Patrick Young, Restoration playwright Aphra Behn tells a story that pretty much everyone can relate to.... The jokes land and the violence gave me shivers. I understood what everyone said and wanted and was fighting for. ... a risky, funny, brave ending to Theatre Erindale’s season.”

– Kate Cattell-Daniels, *The Medium*

“Theatre Erindale’s production ... demonstrates what a vital work it still is. At first glance the play would seem to be merely a Restoration sex farce, albeit a very skillfully plotted one.... What is so unusual about the play is how clearly it focusses on sexual politics from a female perspective.... In fact, the question of how to value love, sex, money or marriage would seem to be the main theme of the play.... Again we owe our thanks to Theatre Erindale not only for bringing another rarity from an earlier century to light, but for reminding us ...that there were female writers in English before Jane Austen.”

– Christopher Hoile, *Stage Door*



This version of *The Rover* was first produced by Theatre Erindale at the Erindale Studio Theatre on the campus of the University of Toronto Mississauga from March 13 to 23, 2014.

In addition to the original company, the adaptors would like to thank the participants in the reading of a previous draft: Kaitlyn Alexander, Adrian Beattie, Madeleine Brown, Kate Cattell-Daniels, Hannah Ehman, Jaime Hernandez Lujan, Courtney Keir, Brittany Miranda, Mark Palinski, Natasha Ramondino, Aaron Schaefer, Claire Sherwood, Mark Snetzko, Maria Torriano, Samuel Turner, Evan Williams, and especially Marcus Haccius.

Our goal in the adaptation was simple: to pare away excess that is no longer meaningful to today’s audience, and expose the saucy and dynamic bones of Behn’s action comedy cum romantic melodrama. Spelling and punctuation have occasionally been altered for clarity, and clearly iambic passages have been versified, but 99.9% of the dialogue and stage directions are Behn’s. The running time of this edit, including two intermissions, is two hours and thirty minutes.

-- Patrick Young



## About the Author ...

**APHRA BEHN (1640?-1689).** Almost nothing is known for certain about Aphra Behn's early life, including her date of birth. It is thought that she was born Eaffrey Johnson, the daughter of a barber and a wet-nurse, near Canterbury in 1640. By 1663, it seems that she was in Surinam in South America, at that time an English colony, where she set her most famous and influential work, the novel *Oronooko* (1688). After her return to England in 1664, she may have married a Johann Behn, who may have died by 1666. Between 1666



and 1667 she worked briefly as a spy for the English government in Antwerp. Her career in the theatre began in 1670, with the performance of *The Forc'd Marriage* by the Duke's Company in London. She was not the first Englishwoman to have a play staged professionally, but she was the first to become a professional playwright. She eventually had at least nineteen plays produced. She was also a successful poet, novelist, and translator. She was also a Tory propagandist, and her politics are evident in the royalist nostalgia of *The Rover*, set among cavalier exiles during the interregnum.

*The Rover; or, The Banish't Cavaliers* was first performed in 1677 by the Duke's Company, with some of the company's most important actors in the leading roles. Belvile was performed by Thomas Betterton, the company's manager and leading actor, while Florinda was played by his wife, Mary. Willmore was played by

William Smith and Hellena by Elizabeth Barry, who went on to become the greatest actress of her time. Blunt was played by a leading performer of broad, farcical comedy, Cave Underhill. *The Rover's* popularity led to a sequel, *The Second Part of the Rover* (1681), which took Willmore and Blunt to Madrid for further adventures. *The Rover* itself remained part of the repertoire until 1760, although with some toning down of the play's explicit sexuality. It was revived in 1790 at Drury Lane Theatre as *Love in Many Masks*, sanitized by John Philip Kemble, the company's manager, who played Willmore. The company's star comic actress, Dorothy Jordan, was featured as Hellena.

*The Rover* was introduced to the twentieth-century repertoire by the Royal Shakespeare Company's 1986 production, adapted and directed by John Barton. Barton extensively altered Behn's text, changing the setting from Naples to a Caribbean "colony of Spain," adding dialogue, and introducing race as a theme by making Belvile "a black soldier of fortune" and Lucetta a slave. This production, which starred Jeremy Irons as Willmore, led to the renewed popularity of Behn's play, which has become a frequently staged part of the Restoration canon. Our adaptation trims *The Rover* to reduce its length, resulting in an action-packed, character-focused comedy that reveals Behn's expert stagecraft.

—Nancy Copeland

# The Rover

*Or, The Banished Cavaliers*

by APHRA BEHN

Directed by Melee Hutton\*

Adapted by Nancy Copeland and Patrick Young

Fight Direction by Daniel Levinson\*

Set by Patrick Young

Costumes by Joanne Massingham

Lighting by James W. Smagata

Properties by Sarah Scroggie

Stage Management by Kathryn Phillips\*

## THE CAST

### *Spanish Ladies of Quality, and their attendants*

HELLENA ..... Eliza Martin  
FLORINDA, *her sister* ..... Eilish Waller  
VALERIA, *their cousin* ..... Cornelia Audrey  
CALLIS, *governess to Hellena and Florinda* ..... Courtney Keir

### *English Cavaliers and their attendants*

WILLMORE, *a ship Captain (the Rover)* ..... Nicholas Potter  
BELVILLE, *a Colonel in love with Florinda* ..... Adrian Beattie  
FREDERICK, *friend to Belville and Blunt* ..... Roberto Estevez  
BLUNT, *a country gentleman* ..... Evan Williams  
BLUNT'S BOY ..... Dominique Corsino  
BOY, *page to Belville* ..... Paige Falardeau

### *Courtesans and their attendants*

ANGELLICA BIANCA, *a famous Paduan Courtesan* ..... Chiamaka G. Ugwu  
MORETTA, *her woman* ..... Megan O'Kelly  
BISKEY, *bravo to Angellica* ..... Isaac Giles  
SEBASTIAN, *bravo to Angellica* ..... Ari Nusbaum  
PRETTY LADY ..... Angelica Appelman  
LUCETTA, *a Neapolitan wench* ..... Brittany Miranda  
PHILLIPPO, *gallant to Lucetta* ..... Gevvy Sidhu  
SANCHO, *pimp to Lucetta* ..... Anthony Yu

### *Spanish Nobles and their attendants*

DON PEDRO, *brother to Hellena and Florinda* ..... Zachary Zulauf  
STEPHANO, *servant to Don Pedro* ..... Jaime Hernandez Lujan  
DON ANTONIO, *son of the Viceroy* ..... Gevvy Sidhu  
DIEGO, *page to Don Antonio* ..... Paige Falardeau

### *Various other roles played by members of the Company*

Assistant Director ..... Ali Richardson  
Fight Captains ..... Eliza Martin, Cornelia Audrey, Alex Spyropoulos  
Music Captains ..... Paige Falardeau, Angelica Appelman  
Assistant Stage Managers ..... Larissa Crawley, Isaac Giles, Laura Payne  
Voice & Test Coach ..... Denise Norman  
Movement & Dance Coach ..... Sarah Jane Burton  
Scenic Artists ..... Lisa Burke, Sarah Scroggie

### FOR THEATRE ERINDALE:

Artistic Director ..... Patrick Young  
Executive Producer ..... Bruce Barton  
Manager of Theatre Operations ..... Peter Urbanek  
Technical Director ..... Jim Smagata

\*Courtesy of Canadian Actors' Equity Association

## **DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

### *MEN.*

*Don Antonio, the Viceroy's Son,*  
*Don Pedro, a Noble Spaniard, his Friend,*  
*Belvile, an English Colonel in love with Florinda,*  
*Willmore, the ROVER,*  
*Frederick, an English Gentleman, and Friend to Belvile and Blunt,*  
*Blunt, an English Country Gentleman,*  
*Stephano, Servant to Don Pedro,*  
*Philippo, Lucetta's Gallant,*  
*Sancho, Pimp to Lucetta,*  
*Bisky and Sebastian, two Bravoes to Angelica.*  
*Diego, Page to Don Antonio.*  
*Page to Hellena.*  
*Boy, Page to Belvile.*  
*Blunt's Man.*  
*Officers and Soldiers.*

### *WOMEN.*

*Florinda, Sister to Don Pedro,*  
*Hellena, a gay young Woman design'd for a Nun, and Sister to Florinda,*  
*Valeria, a Kinswoman to Florinda,*  
*Angelica Bianca, a famous Courtesan,*  
*Moretta, her Woman,*  
*Callis, Governess to Florinda and Hellena,*  
*Lucetta, a jilting Wench,*  
  
*Servants, other Masqueraders, Men and Women.*

*SCENE: Carnival-time in the Spanish-ruled Kingdom of Naples in the 1650s .*

## ACT I.

### SCENE 1. A CHAMBER.

*Enter Florinda and Hellena.*

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

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

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

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

FLORINDA. Fie, Hellena.

HELLENA. That Blush betrays you; I am sure 'tis so! Or is it Don Antonio the Viceroy's Son? Or perhaps the rich Don Vincentio, whom our father designs for your Husband? — Why do you blush again?

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

HELLENA. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear Disobedience. But tell me, dear Florinda, don't you love that fine Inglese?

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

HELLENA. And dost thou think that ever I'll be a Nun? 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 a handsome Fellow for myself this Carnival, if there be one of my Humour above Ground.

FLORINDA. Prithee be not so wild.

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

FLORINDA. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of Pampelona,<sup>1</sup> when the Town was ransack'd. He nobly treated my Brother and myself, preserving us from all Insolencies; and I must own, I have I know not what that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will suffer no other to enter. — But see, our Brother.

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

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

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

PEDRO. I have a Command from our Father here to tell you you ought not to despise him: a Man of so vast a Fortune, and such a Passion for you. — Stephano, my things — [*Puts on his Masquing Habit*]

FLORINDA. A Passion for me! 'tis more than e'er I saw, or had a desire should be shown. I hate Vincentio, and I would not have a Man so dear to me as my Brother follow the ill Customs of our Country, and make a Slave of his Sister.

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

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<sup>1</sup> Spain and France were at war in the 1650s, while the Cavaliers were still exiled with the English court to France. Pamplona is a fortified border town in northern Spain, capital of the ancient Kingdom of Navarre, and under siege on numerous occasions over the centuries. Clearly Belvile behaved gallantly to Spanish captives as a member of the conquering French forces. (Note that the sisters were apart at that time.)

FLORINDA. I'll not deny I value Belvile: when I was expos'd to the Lust of common Soldiers, then Belvile threw himself into all Dangers to save my Honour. And will you not allow him my Esteem?

PEDRO. Yes, pay him what you will in Honour, but you must consider Don Vincentio's Fortune.

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

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

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

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

HELLENA. Better than to believe Vincentio deserves Value from any woman! He may perhaps increase her wealth, but not her Family.

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

HELLENA. [*Aside*] Nor Saints yet a while I hope. — Is't not enough you make a Nun of me, but you must cast my Sister away too, exposing her to a worse confinement than a religious Life?

PEDRO. The Girl's mad! — Callis, take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent she shall begin her everlasting Penance in a Monastery.

HELLENA. I care not. I had rather be a Nun than be oblig'd to marry as you would have me.

PEDRO. Do not fear the Blessing of that Choice; — you shall be a Nun.

HELLENA. Shall I so? You may chance to be mistaken in my way of Devotion! — [*Aside*] I'll have a Saint of my own to pray to shortly, if I like any that dares venture on me.

PEDRO. Callis, make it your Business to watch this wild Cat. As for you, Florinda, I've only try'd you all this while, and urg'd my Father's Will; but mine is, that

you would love Antonio instead of Vincentio. He is brave and young, and all that can complete the Happiness of a gallant Maid. This Absence of our Father will give us opportunity to free you from the old man, by marrying the young one — which you must do tomorrow.

FLORINDA. Tomorrow!

PEDRO. Tomorrow, or 'twill be too late. 'Tis not my Friendship to Antonio which makes me urge this, but Love to thee and Hatred to Vincentio. Therefore resolve upon't tomorrow.

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

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

*Exeunt Pedro and Stephano*

HELLENA. 'As shall become his Sister!' — That is, to be as resolved your way as he is his!

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

*[Hellena goes to Callis]*

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

CALLIS. I must obey the Commands I hate. Besides, do you consider what a Life you are going to lead?

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

CALLIS. What, go in Masquerade? 'Twill be a fine farewell to the World, I take it. Pray, what would you do there?

HELLENA. That which all the World does, as I am told: be as mad as the rest, and take all innocent Freedom. — Sister, you'll go too, will you not? Come, prithee be not sad. We'll outwit twenty Brothers, if you'll be ruled by me. Come put off

this dull Humour with your Clothes, and assume one as gay and as fantastick as the Dress our Cousin Valeria and I have provided, and let's ramble.

FLORINDA. Callis, will you give us leave to go?

CALLIS. [*Aside*] I have a youthful Itch of going myself. — Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you; — for by my troth, I'll not trust young Girls alone.

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

*Enter Stephano, followed by Valeria in masquing habit*

STEPHANO. Madam, the Habits are come, and your Cousin Valeria as well; she is drest and stays for you.

FLORINDA. 'Tis well. — Valeria!

VALERIA. Florinda, Hellena —

*[The cousins greet each other]*

FLORINDA. [*To Hellena*] I'll write a Note, and if I chance to see Belvile, but have no opportunity to speak to him, that shall let him know what I've resolv'd in favour of him.

HELLENA. Come, let's in and dress us.

*Exeunt*

## **SCENE II. A LONG STREET.**

*Enter Belvile, melancholy, Blunt and Frederick.*

FREDERICK. Why, what the Devil ails the Colonel, in a time when all the World is gay, to look like mere Lent thus? — unless the old Cause, the want of Money.

BLUNT. And another old Cause, the want of a Wench! Would not that revive you?

BELVILE. You are mistaken, both.

BLUNT. Nay, 'adsheartlikins,<sup>2</sup> then thou'rt past cure.

FREDERICK. I have found it out: thou hast renew'd thy Acquaintance with the Lady that cost thee so many Sighs at the Siege of Pampelona, Florinda! And will nothing serve thy turn but that damn'd virtuous Woman? — whom on my Conscience thou lov'st in spite, because thou seest little or no possibility of gaining her?

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

FREDERICK. — Has civilly forbid thee the House?

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

BLUNT. Hey day! 'Sheartlikins, *Simile*!<sup>3</sup> By this Light the Man is quite spoil'd!

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

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

BELVILE. That's thy joy, a cheap Whore.

BLUNT. Why, 'dsheartlikins, I love a frank Soul. When did you ever hear of an honest Woman that took a Man's Money?

*Enter Willmore.*

WILLMORE. Ha! Dear Belvile! Noble Colonel!

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<sup>2</sup> = God's little heart. (Such slang adaptations were thought to sidestep the sin of profanity — and the censor!) Blunt often elides the first syllable, depending on the context.

<sup>3</sup> Italian: a word used in music to mean 'play as before' (particularly if repeating the notation of intricate phrasing etc. would clutter a score). A contemporary translation here would be "Been there, done that!" or "What else is new?"

BELVILE. Willmore! Welcome ashore, my dear Rover! What happy Wind blew us this good Fortune?

WILLMORE. Let me salute<sup>4</sup> my dear Fred, and then command me. — [*To Frederick*]  
How is't, honest Lad?

FREDERICK. Faith, Sir, infinitely the better to see my dear mad Willmore again.  
Prithee, why camst thou ashore?

WILLMORE. To enjoy myself a little this Carnival; I must aboard again within a day or two.

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

WILLMORE. That you esteem him, gives him an interest here. [*Embraces Blunt*]

BLUNT. Your Servant, Sir.

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

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

*Enter several Men in masquing Habits, some playing on Musick, others dancing after; Women drest like Courtesans, with Papers pinn'd to their Breasts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands.*

BLUNT. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here!

FREDERICK. Now the Game begins.

WILLMORE. Fine pretty Creatures! may a stranger have leave to look and love?—  
What's here — [*Reads the Paper*] Roses for every Month?

BLUNT. Roses for every Month? What means that?

BELVILE. They are — or would have you think they are — Courtesans, who here in Naples are to be hir'd by the Month.

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<sup>4</sup> Salute = a kiss of greeting.

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

WOMAN. Beware such Roses, Sir.

WILLMORE. A Pox of fear! — *[To one of the Women]* Fair one, would you would give me leave to gather at your Bush this idle Month; I would go near to make somebody smell of it all the Year after.

BELVILE. And thou hast need of such a Remedy, for thou stinkest of Tar and Rope-ends like a Dock.

*[The Woman puts herself into the Hands of a Man, and Exit]*

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

BELVILE. By all means use no Violence here.

WILLMORE. Death! Just as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that Rose out of his Hand, and even kiss the Bed, the Bush, it grew in.

FREDERICK. No Friend to Love like a long Voyage at Sea.

BLUNT. Except a Nunnery, Fred.

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

BELVILE. But see: another Crew.

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

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

WILLMORE. Gipsies, on my Life! Sure these will prattle if a Man cross their Hands. *[Goes to Hellena]* — Dear pretty (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he's like to have?

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

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

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

WILLMORE. Egad Child, thou'rt i'th' right; it is so little, I dare not offer it thee for a Kindness.<sup>5</sup> But cannot you divine what other things of more value I have about me that I would more willingly part with?

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

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

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

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

HELLENA. If you should prevail with my tender Heart, there will be difficulty in't that you'll hardly undergo for my sake.

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

HELLENA. Can you storm?

WILLMORE. Oh, most furiously.

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

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<sup>5</sup> = Sexual favour.

WILLMORE. A Nun! Oh how I love thee for't! There's no Sinner like a young Saint. —  
Nay, now there's no denying me.

HELLENA. I perceive, Father Captain, you would impose no severe Penance on her  
who was inclin'd to console herself before she took Orders.

WILLMORE. If she be young and handsome.

HELLENA. Ay, there's it; but if she be not —

WILLMORE. By this Hand, Child, I have an implicit Faith, and dare venture on thee  
with all Faults. Oh, I long to come first to the Banquet of Love; and such a  
swinging Appetite I bring — Oh, I'm impatient. Thy Lodging, Sweetheart, thy  
Lodging, or I'm a dead man.

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

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

*[They move out of focus while Lucetta and Sancho move in]*

LUCETTA. Are you sure this is the Man? *[Pointing to Blunt]*

SANCHO. When did I mistake your Game?

LUCETTA. 'This is a stranger, I know by his gazing; if he be brisk he'll venture to  
follow me. And then, he's English too; — a Woman with any Wit may flatter 'em  
into any sort of Fool she pleases. If I understand my Trade, he's mine!

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

BLUNT. *[Aside]* 'Tis so — she is taken. I have Beauties which my false Glass at home  
did not discover.

*[Florinda and Belvile move into focus]*

FLORINDA. *[Looking in his Hand]* But as I was saying, Sir — by this Line you should  
be a Lover.

BELVILE. How right you guess'd: all Men are in love, or pretend to be so. Come, let  
me go, I'm weary of this fooling. *[Walks away]*



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

*Exeunt all the Women except Lucetta*

FREDERICK. [*To Belvile*] Do you know the Hand?

BELVILE. 'Tis Florinda's. All Blessings fall upon the virtuous Maid. Oh Friends! the welcom'st News, the softest Letter! — Nay, you shall see it; and could you now be serious, I might be made the happiest Man the Sun shines on.

WILLMORE. The Reason of this mighty Joy?

BELVILE. See how kindly she invites me to deliver her from the threaten'd Violence of her Brother. — Will you not assist me?

WILLMORE. I'll make one at any Mischief where a Woman's concern'd. — But she'll be grateful to us for the Favour, will she not?

BELVILE. How mean you?

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

BELVILE. Don't prophane: the Maid is nicely virtuous.

WILLMORE. Ho pox, then she's fit for nothing but a Husband; let her go, Colonel.

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

WILLMORE. Let her be the Devil — if she be thy Mistress, I'll serve her! Name the way.

BELVILE. Read here this Postscript. [*Gives him a Letter*]

WILLMORE. [*Reads*] "At Ten at night — at the Garden-Gate — of which, if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall — come attended with a Friend or two." — Kind heart, if we three cannot weave a String to let her down a Garden-Wall, we're fit for nothing but a Noose!

*Exeunt Blunt and Lucetta*

FREDERICK. But see, Ned Blunt is stol'n out after the Lure of a Damsel. — I hope 'tis some common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him. 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.

BELVILE. A pox upon him. He's our Banker, and has all our Cash about him, and if he fail we are all broke.

FREDERICK. Nay, the Rogue will not be easily beaten, he's stout enough.

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

FREDERICK. Thou hadst a great deal of talk with thy little Gipsy; could'st thou do no good upon her?

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

FREDERICK. Faith, Love has kept us honest: we have been all fir'd with a Beauty newly come to Town, the famous Paduana<sup>6</sup> Angelica Bianca.

WILLMORE. What, the Mistress of the dead Spanish General?

BELVILE. Yes, she's now the only ador'd Beauty of all the Youth in Naples.

WILLMORE. What Gallant has she?

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

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

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

WILLMORE. I will not fail you.

*Exeunt*

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<sup>6</sup> Padua, in northern Italy, was part of the Venetian Republic at this time. Thus Angelica is an outsider.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. THE LONG STREET.

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

WILLMORE. But why thus disguis'd and muzzl'd?

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

WILLMORE. Then I should have chang'd my Eternal Buff<sup>7</sup> too. But no matter, my little Gipsy would not have found me out then; and if she should change, I should not know her. — A Pox on't, I cannot get her out of my Head! Pray Heaven, if ever I do see her again, she prove damnably ugly, that I may fortify myself against her Tongue.

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

WILLMORE. Pox on 'em; why do they draw a Man in, then? She has play'd with my Heart so, that it won't lie still till I have met with some kind Wench that will play the Game out with me. Oh for my Arms full of soft, kind — Woman! — such as I fancy Angelica.

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

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

*Enter Blunt.*

BLUNT. Colonel, thy Hand — and thine, Fred. I have been an Ass, a deluded Fool.

BELVILE. What the Devil's the matter with thee, Ned?

BLUNT. Oh such a Mistress, Fred, such a Girl!

WILLMORE. Ha! Where?

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<sup>7</sup> A soft, thick, undyed leather, or a military coat made of such leather.

FREDERICK. Ay, where?

BLUNT. So fond, so amorous, so toying and fine! And all for sheer Love, ye Rogue!  
Oh how she lookt and kiss'd! And sooth'd my Heart from my Bosom. Fred, Try  
if she have not left the Taste of her balmy Kisses upon my Lips — [*Kisses him*]

BELVILE. Ha, ha, ha!

WILLMORE. Death Man, where is she? Dost know her Name?

BLUNT. Her Name? No, 'sheartlikins: what care I for Names? She's fair, young,  
brisk, and kind<sup>8</sup> even to ravishment; and what a Pox care I for knowing her by  
another Title?

WILLMORE. Didst give her anything?

BLUNT. Give her! — Ha, ha, ha! Why, she's a Person of Quality! That's a good one,  
'give her!' 'Sheartlikins, dost think such Creatures are to be bought? Why, she  
presented me with this Bracelet for the Toy of a Diamond I us'd to wear. No,  
Gentlemen, Ned Blunt is not everybody. — She expects me again tonight.

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

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

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

WILLMORE. Cozen'd! — Death! Would I could meet with one that would cozen me of  
all the Love I could spare tonight.

FREDERICK. Pox, 'tis some common Whore, upon my Life.

BLUNT. A Whore! Yes, with such Clothes! such Jewels! such a House! such  
Furniture, and so attended! A Whore!

BELVILE. Why yes, Sir, they are Whores; are Whores in all those gay Clothes, and  
right Jewels; are Whores with great Houses richly furnisht with Velvet Beds,

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<sup>8</sup> = Willing (sexually).

handsome Attendance, and fine Coaches; are Whores and errant ones — though this Essex Calf believe them Persons of Quality.

BLUNT. 'Sheartlikins, y'are all Fools, there are things about this Essex Calf that shall take with the Ladies. This Shape and Size, Gentlemen, are not to be despis'd; my Waist tolerably long, with other inviting Signs that shall be nameless — !

*Enter two Bravoes (Bisky and Sebastian), and hang up a great Picture of Angelica's against the Balcony, and two little ones at each side of the Door.*

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

*[Willmore gazes on the Picture.]*

BLUNT. 'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this?

BELVILE. A famous Courtesan that's to be sold.

BLUNT. How? To be sold! Nay then, I have nothing to say to her. — Come, let's be gone; I'm sure we're no customers for this Commodity.

WILLMORE. How wondrous fair she is! — *[Reads]* 'A Thousand Crowns<sup>9</sup> a Month.' By Heaven, as many Kingdoms were too little! A plague of this Poverty — of which I ne'er complain, but when it hinders my Approach to Beauty, which Virtue ne'er could purchase. *[Turns from the Picture]*

BLUNT. What's this? — *[Reads]* 'A Thousand Crowns a Month'! — 'Sheartlikins, here's a Sum! Sure 'tis a mistake.

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

BLUNT. *[To the Bravoes]* Hark ye, Friends, won't she give credit?

BRAVO. This is a Trade, Sir, that cannot live on trust.

*Enter Don Pedro in Masquerade, follow'd by Stephano. Pedro Reads.*

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

*Exeunt English.*

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

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<sup>9</sup> In traditional English currency, a coin worth 5 shillings or ¼ pound. The amount is therefore £250, or roughly three times the annual income for a craftsman.

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

*Passes off*

ANGELICA. Prithee what said those Fellows to thee?

BRAVO. 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.

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

BRAVO. Madam, the last I knew through all his disguises to be Don Pedro, Nephew to the General.

ANGELICA. Don Pedro! My old Gallant's Nephew!

MORETTA. If I am not mistaken, he is the likeliest Man to give your Price.

ANGELICA. The Man is brave and generous, but of an Humour so uneasy and inconstant that the victory over his Heart is as soon lost as won. But inconstancy's the Sin of all Mankind; therefore I'm resolv'd that nothing but Gold shall charm my Heart.

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

ANGELICA. I have had no time for Love; the bravest and noblest of Mankind have purchas'd my Favours at so dear a Rate as if no Coin but Gold were current with our Trade. — But here's Don Pedro again; 'tis for him, or Don Antonio the Viceroy's Son, that I have spread my Nets.

*Enter at one Door Don Pedro, and Stephano; Don Antonio and Diego (his page), at the other Door, with People following him in Masquerade, anticly attir'd, some with Music. They both go up to the Picture.*

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

PEDRO. Flatter'd her? By Heaven, he cannot; I have seen the Original!

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

PEDRO. Ha!

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

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

ANTONIO. Florinda! Name not those distant Joys; there's not one thought of her will check my Passion here.

PEDRO. Florinda scorn'd! And all my Hopes defeated of the Possession of Angelica! Her Injuries, by Heaven, he shall not boast of.

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

ANTONIO. By Heav'n, she's charming fair!

PEDRO. 'Tis he: the false Antonio!

ANTONIO. *[To the Bravo]* Friend, where must I pay my offering of Love? My Thousand Crowns, I mean.

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

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

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

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

*[They draw and fight]*

*Enter Willmore and Blunt*

BLUNT. 'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

WILLMORE. Tilting for the Wench, I'm sure. Nay, gad, if that would win her, I have  
as good a Sword as the best of ye —

*[They draw and part 'em.]*

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 tomorrow on the Molo?<sup>10</sup>

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

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

ANTONIO. It shall be so.

*Exeunt Pedro and Stephano*

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

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

BRAVO. What means this rudeness, Sir? Restore the Picture.

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

WILLMORE. Indeed I will not, Sir.

ANTONIO. By Heav'n, but you shall.

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

ANTONIO. What right can you pretend to't?

WILLMORE. That of Possession, which I will maintain. You, perhaps, have a  
thousand Crowns to give for the Original.

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<sup>10</sup> Italian: A massive stone wall or pier constructed in the sea, used as a breakwater and built to enclose or protect a harbour.

ANTONIO. No matter, Sir, you shall restore the Picture —

*[Angelica and Moretta above]*

ANGELICA. Oh, Moretta! What's the matter?

ANTONIO. — Or leave your Life behind!

WILLMORE. Death! You lie; I will do neither.

*[They fight. The Spaniards join with Antonio, Blunt joins with Willmore, laying on like mad]*

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

*[They leave off and bow]*

WILLMORE. *[Aside]* How heavenly fair she is! Ah, Plague of her Price.

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

WILLMORE. 'Tis true, I did so, if you call it Insolence for a Man to preserve himself. I saw your charming Picture, and was wounded; and, wanting a Thousand Crowns to procure my Remedy, I laid this little Picture to my Bosom — which if you cannot allow me, I'll resign.

ANGELICA. No, you may keep the Trifle.

ANTONIO. You shall first ask me leave, and *[Flourishing his sword]* this.

*[Fight again as before]*

*Enter Belvile and Frederick who join with the English.*

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

*[The Spaniards are beaten off.]*

*Exit the men*

MORETTA. Oh Madam, we're undone! A pox upon that rude Fellow, he's set on to ruin us:

*Re-enter Belvile, Blunt, Frederick, and Willmore with his shirt bloody.*

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

BELVILE. The Devil's in thee for a mad Fellow, thou art always one at an unlucky Adventure.

FREDERICK. [*To Willmore*] You bleed; I hope you are not wounded.

WILLMORE. Not much. A plague upon your Spanish Dons; what the Devil was't to them that I took down the Picture?

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

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

WILLMORE. To me, Madam?— [*leaving*] Gentlemen, your Servant.

[*Belvile stays him*]

BELVILE. Is the Devil in thee? Dost know the danger of entering the house of an incens'd Courtesan?

WILLMORE. I thank you for your care, but there are other matters in hand. — Death! Let me go!

FREDERICK. Yes, to your Lodging, if you will, but not in here. Death, Man, she'll murder thee!

WILLMORE. Oh, fear me not. Shall I not venture where a Beauty calls?

FREDERICK. 'Tis loss of time, unless you had the thousand Crowns to pay.

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

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

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

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

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

WILLMORE. Bye, Colonel. [*Goes in*]

FREDERICK. The Rogue's stark mad for a Wench.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. A FINE CHAMBER.**

*Enter Willmore, Angelica, and Moretta.*

ANGELICA. Insolent Sir, how durst you pull down my Picture?

WILLMORE. Rather, how durst you set it up, to tempt poor amorous Mortals with so much Excellence?

ANGELICA. I sent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir; I thought I should have seen you at my Feet imploring it.

WILLMORE. You are deceived; I came to rail at you.

MORETTA. Good Weather-beaten Corporal, will you march off? At present we have no Scraps, we can afford no kindness for Charity's sake. In fine, Sirrah, the Price is too high for you; therefore troop, I say.

WILLMORE. [*Offers a Pistole*<sup>11</sup>] Here, good Forewoman of the Shop, serve me, and I'll be gone.

MORETTA. Keep it to pay your Laundress — your Linen stinks of the Gun-Room — for here's no selling by Retail.

WILLMORE. Baud, take out your lead<sup>12</sup> and sum it up, that I may have a Pistole-worth of this vain gay thing, and I'll trouble you no more.

MORETTA. Abominable Fellow, I tell thee: we only sell by the whole Piece.

WILLMORE. 'Tis very hard, the whole Cargo or nothing. — [*To Angelica*] I am studying, Madam, how to purchase you, though at present I am unprovided of Money.

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<sup>11</sup> Gold Spanish coin equal to two escudoes, sometimes called a doubloon and worth close to one British pound. Rhymes with tadpole. Common until the nineteenth century.

<sup>12</sup> As in a pencil, for figuring and adding sums.

ANGELICA. Sure, this from any other Man would anger me —  
    *[Aside]* Nor shall he know the Conquest he has made. —  
    Poor angry Man, how I despise this railing.

WILLMORE. Yes, I am poor — but I'm a Gentleman,  
    And one that scorns this Baseness which you practise.  
    Poor as I am, I would not sell myself —  
    No, not to gain your charming high-prized person.  
    And yet I would at any rate enjoy you.  
    See here: *[Holds out the pistole]*  
    The only Sum I can command on Earth;  
    I know not where to eat when this is gone.  
    This last reserve I'll sacrifice to enjoy you. —  
    Nay, do not frown, I know you are to be bought,  
    And would be bought by me — by me!  
    By Heaven, bright Creature! I would not for the World  
    Thy Fame were half so fair as is thy Face. *[Turns her away from him]*

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

MORETTA. *[Aside]* Sure, she's bewicht. — Sirrah, will you be gone?

ANGELICA. *[To Moretta]* How dare you take this liberty? Withdraw. —  
    Pray, tell me, Sir, are not you guilty of the same mercenary Crime? When a Lady  
    is proposed to you for a Wife, you never ask how fair, discreet, or virtuous she  
    is, but what's her Fortune. Say, is not this as poor?

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

ANGELICA. Thou art a brave Fellow! Put up thy Gold, and know,  
    That were thy Fortune large as is thy Soul,  
    Thou shouldst not buy my Love, couldst thou forget  
    Those mean Effects which set me out to sale,  
    And, as a Lover, prize my yielding Joys.  
    Canst thou believe they'll be entirely thine  
    Without considering they were mercenary?

WILLMORE. Thou'st found the easiest way into my Heart,  
Though I yet know that all thou say'st is false. *[Turns from her in a Rage]*

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

WILLMORE. *[Aside]* What can she mean?

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

*[She turns with Pride, he holds her]*

WILLMORE. Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliss,  
And show the Power of Love: 'tis with those Arms  
I can be only vanquisht, made a Slave.

ANGELICA. Is all my mighty Expectation vanish? —  
No, I will not hear thee talk; thou hast a Charm  
In every word that draws my Heart away.

WILLMORE. *[Aside]* Death! How she throws her Fire about my Soul!  
Come, let's begin th' account this happy minute.

ANGELICA. And will you pay me then the Price I ask?

WILLMORE. Oh, why dost thou draw me from an awful Worship  
By showing thou art no Divinity? *[Kneels and kisses her hand]*  
Conceal the fiend and show me all the angel.<sup>13</sup>

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

WILLMORE. Entirely! Come, let's withdraw —  
Where I'll renew my Vows, and breathe 'em  
With such Ardour, thou shalt not doubt my Zeal.

ANGELICA. Thou hast a Power too strong to be resisted.

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<sup>13</sup> A play upon her name

*Exeunt Willmore and Angelica*

MORETTA. Now my Curse go with you. Is all our Project fallen to this? — to love, the only Enemy to our Trade? Nay, to love such a Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pirate-Beggar, whose Business is to rifle and be gone? Oh, I could curse now, if I durst!

*Exit*

**ACT III.**

**SCENE I. A STREET.**

*Enter Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, in Antic different Dresses from what they were in before, Callis attending.*

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

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

VALERIA. Methinks Hellena is very serious.

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

HELLENA. Ah! Would I had never seen my mad Monsieur!

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

HELLENA. Hum — he has not kept his Word with me here, and may be taken up. That thought is not very pleasant to me.

FLORINDA. I wonder how you learnt to love so easily. Thou art too rash — to give a Heart at first sight!

HELLENA. Hang your considering Lover! Because I am to be a Nun, I ne'er thought beyond the Fancy to have my Beauty prais'd, my Wit admir'd, the Vanity and Power to know I am desirable!

FLORINDA. What a mad Creature's this!

HELLENA. See, here comes your Lover; but where's my inconstant? Let's step aside, and we may learn something.

*[They go aside]*

*Enter Belvile, Frederick and Blunt.*

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

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

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

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

*[Knock, Moretta above]*

MORETTA. What would you have?

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

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

*Enter Willmore*

HELLENA. Aye, aye, 'tis he! Oh, how this vexes me.

BELVILE. And how, and how, dear Lad? Has Fortune smil'd? Are we to break her Windows, or raise up Altars to her? Hah!

WILLMORE. Does not my Fortune sit triumphant on my Brow? By Heav'n, Cupid's Quiver has not half so many Darts as her Eyes! Oh such a Bona Roba;<sup>14</sup> to sleep

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<sup>14</sup> Italian: literally "good stuff" – a showy wanton; a courtesan (Webster's)

in her Arms is lying in Fresco,<sup>15</sup> all perfum'd Air about me.

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

WILLMORE. There's nothing left to raise a new Desire in me.

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

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

BLUNT. 'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate Rogue.

WILLMORE. I am so, Sir; let this Gold inform you. [*Jingles gold*] Ha, how sweetly it chimes! 'Tis he- and she-Gold, shall beget new Pleasures every moment.

BLUNT. 'Sheartlikins, this I like well: it looks like my lucky Bargain! Fortune is pleased to smile on us, Gentlemen —

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

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

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

*Exit with Sancho*

BELVILE. But then the little Gipsy is forgot?

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

HELLENA. [*Claps him on the Back*] Had it so, good Captain?

WILLMORE. Ha! I hope she did not hear.

HELLENA. What, afraid of such a Champion!

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

HELLENA. — In tedious search of me.

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<sup>15</sup> Italian: *al fresco*, in the fresh (air)

WILLMORE. Egad, Child, thou'rt in the right. Hadst thou seen what a melancholy Dog I have been ever since I was a Lover, Faith, Sweetheart, thou wouldst pity me.

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

WILLMORE. Poor Soul! That's kindly said, I see thou bearest a Conscience. Come then, for a beginning show me thy dear Face.

*Whilst he is seemingly courting Hellena, enter Angelica, Moretta, Biskey, and Sebastian, in Masquerade. Angelica sees Willmore and starts.*

ANGELICA. Heavens, is't he? And passionately fond to see another Woman?

MORETTA. What could you expect less from such a Swaggerer?

ANGELICA. Expect! As much as I paid him, a Heart entire.

HELLENA. You see, Captain, how willing I am to be Friends with you, till Time and Ill-luck make us Lovers; and ask you the Question first.

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

HELLENA. O' my Conscience, that will be our Destiny, because we are both of one humour: I am as inconstant as you. Therefore I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for Indifference, and one year for Hate, and then — go hang yourself! The Devil's in't if this won't please you.

WILLMORE. Oh most damnably! I have a Heart with a hole quite through it, too.

ANGELICA. *[Aside]* Perjur'd Man!

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

*[Pulls off her Vizard; he starts]*

How do you like it, Captain?

WILLMORE. Like it? By Heav'n, I never saw so much Beauty. Oh, one Look more and strike me dumb, or I shall repeat nothing else till I am mad.

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

ANGELICA. I can endure no more; therefore I'll retire. — *[To one of her Bravoes]*  
And you Sebastian, follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis; *[To the other Bravo]* while you tell the Fugitive I would speak to him instantly.

*Exeunt*

*[This while Florinda is talking to Belvile, who stands sullenly, Frederick courting Valeria]*

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

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

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

FLORINDA. Sure he does but rally; yet, if it should be true — I'll tempt him farther. — *[To Belvile]* Believe me, noble Stranger, I'm no common Mistress. And for a little proof on't, wear this Jewel. — Nay, take it, Sir.

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

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

FREDERICK. Ay, this is something! Here's a Woman! — *[To Valeria]* When shall I be blest with so much kindness from your fair Mouth? — *[Aside to Belvile]* Take the Jewel, Fool.

BELVILE. You tempt me strangely, Madam, every way.

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

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

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

*[Hellena and Wilmore come back into focus]*

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

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

HELLENA. What, a she- or a he-Friend?

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

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

WILLMORE. So —

HELLENA. 'Ah such a Bona Roba: to be in those Arms is lying in Fresco, all perfumed Air about me' — Was this your Man-Friend too?

WILLMORE. So —

HELLENA. That gave you the 'He and the She-Gold that begets young Pleasures'?

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

HELLENA. And there be Men too as fine, wild, inconstant Fellows as yourself. Therefore I'm resolv'd —

WILLMORE. Oh!

HELLENA. — to see your Face no more —

WILLMORE. Oh!

HELLENA. — till tomorrow.

WILLMORE. Egad, you frighted me.

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

WILLMORE. See her! — Why, never to think of Womankind again?

HELLENA. Kneel, and swear.

*[Kneels, she gives him her hand]*

WILLMORE. I do: never to think — to see — to love — nor lie with — any but thyself.

HELLENA. Kiss the Book.

WILLMORE. Oh, most religiously. *[Kisses her Hand]*

HELLENA. *[Aside]* Now what a wicked Creature am I, to damn a proper<sup>16</sup> Fellow.

CALLIS. *[To Florinda]* Madam, I'll stay no longer; 'tis e'en dark.

FLORINDA. *[To Belvile]* However, Sir, I'll leave this with you — that when I'm gone, you may repent the opportunity you have lost by your modesty. *[Gives him the Jewel, which is her Picture.]*

*Exit. He gazes after her*

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

*Exeunt all the Women*

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

BELVILE. Ha! Florinda's Picture! 'Twas she herself! What a dull Dog was I? I would have given the World for one minute's discourse with her.

FREDERICK. This comes of your Modesty.

BELVILE. Ay, ay — and a Pox take me with all my Heart for being modest. Willmore! The blessed'st Opportunity lost! — Florinda, Friends, Florinda! See here — *[Shows the Picture]*

WILLMORE. Ha! Whose Picture is this? 'Tis a fine Wench.

FREDERICK. The Colonel's Mistress, Sir.

WILLMORE. Oh, oh, here — *[Gives the Picture back]* — I thought it had been another Prize. Come, come, a Bottle will set thee right again.

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<sup>16</sup> = Good-looking, handsome. Hellena jokes that he will be damned because he has just forsworn himself at her urging.

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

WILLMORE. Agreed.

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

*Exeunt*

*INTERVAL*

**SCENE II. LUCETTA'S HOUSE.**

*Enter Blunt and Lucetta with a Light.*

LUCETTA. Now we are safe and free, no fears of the coming home of my old jealous Husband. Now Love is all the business of my Soul.

BLUNT. I am transported! — [*Aside*] Pox on't, that I had but some fine things to say to her, such as Lovers use. — 'Sheartlikins, sweet Soul, I am not us'd to complement, but I'm an honest Gentleman, and thy humble Servant.

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

BLUNT. [*Aside*] Kind heart, how prettily she talks!

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

BLUNT. Make haste then, for 'dsheartlikins, dear Soul, thou canst not guess at the pain of a longing Lover.

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

*Exit*

BLUNT. 'Tis a rare Girl, and this one night's enjoyment with her will be worth all the days I ever past in Essex. Would she'd go with me into England, though to say truth, there's plenty of Whores there already. Why, what a House she has! How rich and fine!

*Enter Sancho.*

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

BLUNT. Sir, I shall be proud to follow. —

*Exeunt*

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

SANCHO. Sir, my Commission reaches no farther.

BLUNT. Sir, I'll excuse your Complement. — What, in Bed, my sweet Mistress?

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

BLUNT. And thou shalt see what haste I'll make to quit scores! — *[Aside]* Oh, the luckiest Rogue! *[Undresses himself]*

LUCETTA. Should you be false or cruel now — !

BLUNT. False, 'Sheartlikins? A Pox of thy old jealous Husband; and he were dead, egad, sweet Soul, it should be none of my fault if I did not marry thee.

LUCETTA. It never should be mine.

BLUNT. Good Soul, I'm the fortunatest Dog!

LUCETTA. Are you not undrest yet?

BLUNT. As much as my Impatience will permit.

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

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

BLUNT. Anything. I need no other Light but that of thine Eyes! — *[Aside]*  
'Sheartlikins, there I think I had it.

*[Puts out the Candle. The Bed disappears, he gropes about to find it]*

Why — why — where are you, sweetest? — Sure I'm enchanted! I have been round the Chamber, and can find neither Woman, nor Bed! — Enough, enough, my pretty Wanton, do not carry the Jest too far —

*[Lights on a Trap, and is let down into it]*

Ha, betray'd! Dogs! Rogues! Pimps! Help! help!

*Enter Lucetta, Philippo, and Sancho with a Light.*

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

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

PHILIPPO. Nay, when I saw 'twas a substantial Fool, I was mollified.

LUCETTA. Come, let's see what we have got by this.

PHILIPPO. A rich Coat! — Sword and Hat! — These Breeches too are well lin'd! —  
See here: a Purse — ha! Gold! — at least two hundred Pistoles!

LUCETTA. I fear his being a Stranger may make a noise, and hinder our Trade with  
England hereafter.

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

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

PHILIPPO. Blame me not, Lucetta, to keep as much of thee as I can to myself. —  
Come, that thought makes me wanton; let's to Bed.

*Exeunt*

*The Scene changes, and discovers Blunt, creeping out of a sewer, his Face, &c., all  
dirty.*

BLUNT. Oh Lord! [*Climbing up*] I am got out at last — and now to Damning and  
Cursing. What a dog was I to believe in Women! Oh, Coxcomb — ignorant  
conceited Coxcomb! — to fancy she could be enamour'd with my Person, at the  
first sight enamour'd! Oh, I'm a cursed Puppy. 'Tis plain 'Fool' was writ upon  
my Forehead; she perceiv'd it — saw the Essex Calf there! But my Comrades! —  
Death and the Devil, there's the worst of all — they will abuse me beyond all  
Christian patience! — Well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this  
Consolation: that I am not the first kind believing Coxcomb.

*Exit*

**SCENE III. THE GARDEN, IN THE NIGHT.**

*Enter Florinda in an undress, with a Key, and a little Box.*

FLORINDA. Well, thus far I'm in my way to Happiness; I have got myself free from Callis. My Brother, too, I find by yonder light, is gone into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me. I have by good Fortune got the Key of the Garden Back-door; I'll open it to prevent Belvile's knocking — a little noise will now alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief. [*Unlocks the Door*] — Hark, what noise is that? — Oh, 'twas the Wind that plaid amongst the Boughs. — Belvile stays long, methinks; it's time. — Stay: for fear of a surprize, I'll hide these Jewels in yonder Jessamin. [*She goes to lay down the Box*]

*Enter Willmore drunk.*

WILLMORE. What the Devil is become of these Fellows, Belvile and Frederick? They promis'd to stay at the next corner for me, but who the Devil knows the corner of a full Moon? — Now, whereabouts am I? — Hah! What have we here? a Garden! A very convenient place to sleep in. — Hah! What has God sent us here? — A Female! By this light, a Woman! I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench.

FLORINDA. He's come! — Hah! Who's there?

WILLMORE. Sweet Soul, let me salute thy Shoe-string.

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

WILLMORE. Prithee, prithee, Child — not so many hard Questions. Let it suffice I am here, Child. Come, come kiss me.

FLORINDA. Good Gods! What luck is mine?

WILLMORE. Only good luck, Child, parlous good luck. — Come hither, for as Gad shall save me, I'm as honest a Fellow as breathes, though I am a little disguis'd at present.

FLORINDA. Heavens! What a filthy beast is this!

WILLMORE. I am so, and thou oughtst the sooner to lie with me for that reason. For look you, Child, there will be no Sin in't, because 'twas neither design'd nor

premeditated; 'tis pure Accident on both sides. Now come, be kind, without any more idle prating.

FLORINDA. Oh, I am ruin'd! Wicked Man, unhand me.

WILLMORE. Wicked! Egad, Child, a Judge, were he young and vigorous, and saw those Eyes of thine, would know 'twas they gave the first blow — the first provocation. Come, prithee let's lose no time, I say; this is a fine convenient place.

FLORINDA. Sir, let me go, I conjure you, or I'll call out. I'll cry Murder, Rape, or anything, if you do not instantly let me go.

WILLMORE. A Rape! Come, come, you lye, you Baggage, you lye! Why at this time of Night was your Cobweb-door set open, dear Spider, but to catch Flies?

FLORINDA. Sir, can you think —

WILLMORE. That you'd do it for nothing? Oh, oh, I find what you'd be at: look here, here's a Pistole for you. — Here, take it, I say —

FLORINDA. For Heaven's sake, Sir, as you're a Gentleman —

WILLMORE. So — [*Aside*] now she would be wheedling me for more. — Come, come, take it, or I'll put it up again; for, look ye, I never give more. — Come, no struggling, but an y'are good at a dumb Wrestle, I'm for ye! — Look ye, I'm for ye. —

*[She struggles with him]*

*Enter Belvile and Frederick*

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

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

FLORINDA. Help, help! — Murder! — Help! — Oh, I'm ruin'd.

BELVILE. Ha, sure that's Florinda's Voice! [*Comes up to them*] — A Man! Villain, let go that Lady.

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

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

*Exit*

WILLMORE. Belvile!

*Enter Pedro, Stephano, and other Servants with Lights.*

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

*Exit Stephano*

*[They fight, and Pedro's Party beats Wilmore's out]*

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

*[Going out, meets Stephano]*

STEPHANO. You need not, Sir, the poor Lady's fast asleep, and thinks no harm: I would not wake her, Sir, for fear of frightening her with your danger.

PEDRO. I'm glad she's there. — Rascals, how came the Garden-Door open?

STEPHANO. That Question comes too late, Sir; some of my Fellow Servants Masquerading, I'll warrant.

PEDRO. Masquerading! A lewd Custom to debauch our Youth. There's something more in this than I imagine.

*Exeunt*

#### **SCENE IV. CHANGES TO THE STREET.**

*Enter Belvile in Rage, Frederick holding him, and Willmore melancholy.*

WILLMORE. Why, how the Devil should I know Florinda?

BELVILE. Ah plague of your ignorance! If it had not been Florinda, must you be a Beast? — a Brute, a senseless Swine?

WILLMORE. Egad, y're very free with me, methinks. I was in good hopes the Quarrel would have been on my side, for so uncivilly interrupting me.

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

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

FREDERICK. Why, how the Devil came you so drunk?

WILLMORE. Why, how the Devil came you so sober?

BELVILE. A curse upon his thin Skull, he was always beforehand that way.

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

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

WILLMORE. By this Light, I took her for an errant Harlot.

BELVILE. Damn your debauched Opinion! Could'st not see something about her Face and Person to strike an awful Reverence into thy Soul?

WILLMORE. Faith no, I consider'd her as mere<sup>17</sup> a Woman as I could wish.

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

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

BELVILE. Tomorrow, damn it, the spiteful Light will lead me to no happiness: tomorrow is Antonio's and my undoing. Oh, that I could meet This Rival, this powerful Fortunate.

WILLMORE. What then?

BELVILE. Let thy own Reason, or my Rage instruct thee.

WILLMORE. Show me the Man and I'll do his Business.

BELVILE. I know him no more than thou.

WILLMORE. This you say is Angelica's House, I promis'd the kind Baggage to lie with her tonight. *[Offers to go in]*

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<sup>17</sup> = "Nothing else than; only; simple" (*Dictionary of Canadian English*)

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

*Exeunt Belvile and Frederick*

*Enter Antonio and his Page, Diego. Antonio knocks on the Hilt of his Sword.*

ANTONIO. You paid the thousand Crowns I directed?

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

WILLMORE. Who the Devil have we here?

*Enter Moretta*

MORETTA. Page!

DIEGO. Here's my Lord.

WILLMORE. How is this, a Piccaroon going to board my Frigate!

*[Drawing his Sword, jostles Antonio who turns and draws. They fight; Antonio falls]*

MORETTA. Oh, bless us, we are all undone!

*[Runs in, and shuts the Door]*

DIEGO. Help! Murder!

*Belvile returns at the noise of fighting*

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

*Enter two or three Masqueraders.*

MASQUERADER. Ha, a Man kill'd!

WILLMORE. How? A Man kill'd? Then I'll go home to sleep.

*Puts up, and reels out. Exeunt Masquers another way*

BELVILE. Who should it be! — Pray Heaven the Rogue is safe, for all my Quarrel to him.

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

SOLDIER. Who's there?

OFFICER. So, here's one dispatch. — Secure the Murderer.

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

*[Soldiers seize on Belvile]*

OFFICER. That shall be tried, Sir. — *Santiago!*<sup>18</sup> Swords drawn in the Carnival time!

*[Goes to Antonio]*

ANTONIO. Thy Hand, prithee.

OFFICER. Ha, Don Antonio! Look well to the Villain, there. — How is't, Sir?

ANTONIO. I'm hurt.

BELVILE. Has my Humanity made me a Criminal?

OFFICER. Away with him.

BELVILE. What a curst Chance is this!

*Exeunt Soldiers with Belvile*

ANTONIO. This is the Man that has set upon me twice. — *[To the Officer]* Carry him to my Apartment till you have further Orders from me.

*Exit Antonio led*

## 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? 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! Now shall I die like a Dog, without defence.

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<sup>18</sup> Saint James, patron saint of Spain, was the apostle who first brought the gospel to ancient Iberia. By legend, his body miraculously migrated back to Spain after his martyrdom; he also rallied the troops against the Moors in a mythical battle eight centuries later, earning the title *Santiago Matamoros* (Moor-fighter).

*Enter Antonio in a Nightgown, 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 anything 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—

BELVILE. I own  
I fought today in the defence of a Friend of mine,  
With whom you 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*]

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 show your Danger,  
It is the Viceroy's Son whom you have wounded.

BELVILE. *[Aside]* The Viceroy's Son! Death and Confusion!  
Oblig'd by him! — The Man I would destroy!

ANTONIO. You seem disorder'd, Sir.

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

ANTONIO. But you may quickly over-pay me, Sir.

BELVILE. Then I'm impatient, Sir, to be discounting  
The mighty Debt I owe you; command me quickly.

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

BELVILE. *[Aside]* Death, tis Florinda!

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'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. Impersonate the brave Antonio?  
I can but strive to imitate.



PEDRO. Antonio! —

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

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

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

PEDRO. Come, Sir, you know our terms —

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

*[Offers to fight. Florinda runs in]*

FLORINDA. Oh, hold! Whoe'er you be, I do conjure you hold. *[To Belvile]* If you  
strike here, I die!

PEDRO. Florinda!

BELVILE. *[Aside.]* Florinda imploring for my Rival!

PEDRO. Away, this Kindness is unseasonable.

*[Puts her by, they fight; she intervenes just as Belvile disarms Pedro]*

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

BELVILE. Thy Prayers destroy him!

*[Lunges for Pedro but she holds him back]*

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]*



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

*[Belvile pulls off his Vizard]*

Belvile!  
Where was my Soul it could 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. Belvile's Vizard falls out on's Hand]*

BELVILE. Hell and Confusion seize thee!

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

*[Takes Florinda from him]*

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

WILLMORE. Did'st thou indeed? —  
And egad, Child, we'll keep her by the Sword.

*[Draws on Pedro, Belvile goes between]*

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

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

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

PEDRO. 'Twas by Antonio's, not by Belvile's Sword,  
This Question should have been decided, Sir;  
For this Mistake another Time shall clear. —  
*[Aside to Florinda as they are going out]*  
This was some Plot between you and Belvile,  
But I'll prevent you.

*Exeunt Pedro and Florinda*

*[Belvile looks after 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 Willmore; Frederick interposes.]*

*Willmore runs out; Belvile after him.*

*Enter Angelica, Moretta, and Sebastian.*

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

FREDERICK. The Colonel's mad. I'll after 'em, lest he do some mischief.

*Exit Sebastian, and after him Frederick*

ANGELICA. I am all Rage! My first desires defeated  
For one, for ought he knows, that has  
No other Merit than her Quality —  
Don Pedro's Sister. He loves her, I know 'tis so! —

He will not see me now, though oft invited;  
And broke his Word last night — false perjur'd Man!  
He that but yesterday fought for my Favours,  
And would have made his Life a Sacrifice  
To've gain'd one Night with me,  
Must now be hired and courted to my Arms.

MORETTA. I told you what would come on't. — Why did you give him five hundred Crowns, but to set himself out for other Lovers? You should have kept him poor 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 given 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 Sebastian. Angelica turns and walks away.*

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

*[As she turns she looks on him]*

There's a soft kind Look remaining yet.

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

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

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

WILLMORE. A virtuous Mistress! Why, what the Devil should I do with a virtuous  
Woman?

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

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. *[Aside]* Ha! My Gipsy worth two hundred thousand Crowns? Oh, how I  
long to be with her!

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. — *[Aside]* Would she'd be  
angry enough to leave me, and command me not to wait on her.

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

HELLENA. *[Aside]* 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! — *[to Moretta]* Pray, good grave  
Gentlewoman, is not this Angelica?

MORETTA. My too young Sir, it is.

WILLMORE. I'll be gone, and wait your idler minutes. Can I show less Obedience to  
the thing I love so fondly? *[Offers to go]*

ANGELICA. Stay! — Come hither, Boy.

WILLMORE. *[Aside, impatient to be gone]* Death, how shall I get away? — Madam, 'twill not be fit I should be seen with you. — Besides — I've a Friend — that's — dangerously sick.

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

WILLMORE. *[Aside]* And miss my Assignation with my Gipsy! *[Walks about impatiently]*

*[Moretta brings Hellena, who addresses herself to Angelica]*

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

ANGELICA. A pretty Advocate, whoever sent thee.

Prithee proceed. — *[To Willmore who is stealing off]* Nay, Sir, you shall not go.

WILLMORE. *[Aside]* Then shall I lose my dear Gipsy for ever.

Pox on't, she stays me out of spite.

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

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

ANGELICA. *[Aside]* 'Tis my false Man, he means. Would he were gone.

This Praise will raise his Pride and ruin me —  
*[To Willmore]* Well, Since you are so impatient to be gone,  
I will release you, Sir.

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

ANGELICA. But, Sir, I've —

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

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

HELLENA. With this Addition to his other Beauties,

He won her unresisting tender Heart.

He vow'd and sigh'd, and swore he lov'd her dearly,

And she believ'd the cunning Flatterer,

And thought herself the happiest Maid alive.

Today was the appointed time by both

To consummate their Bliss;

The Virgin, Altar, and the Priest were drest,

And whilst she languisht for the expected Bridegroom,

She heard he paid his broken Vows to you.

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.

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 anything.

HELLENA. Madam, 'tis to intreat you (oh unreasonable!)

You would not see this Stranger;

For if you do, she vows you are undone,

Though Nature never made a Man so excellent; —

And sure he'ad been a God, but for Inconstancy.

WILLMORE. *[Aside]* 'Tis plain some Woman 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.

ANGELICA. *[To Willmore]* Thou, false as Hell: what canst thou say to this?

WILLMORE. By Heaven —

ANGELICA. Hold, and do not damn thyself!

HELLENA. Nor hope to be believ'd.

*[Willmore walks about, the women follow]*

ANGELICA. Oh, perjur'd Man!

Is't thus you pay my generous Passion back?

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

ANGELICA. And use me so inhumanly?

HELLENA. A Maid so young, so innocent —

WILLMORE. Ah, young Devil!

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

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

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

ANGELICA. Now thou art silent; Guilt has struck thee dumb.

Oh, hadst thou still been so, I'd liv'd in safety. *[She turns away and weeps]*

WILLMORE. *[Aside to Hellena]* Sweetheart, the Lady's Name and House — quickly!

I'm impatient to be with her.

*[Looks towards Angelica to watch her turning; and as she comes towards them, he meets her]*

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

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

ANGELICA. I know he's in the right! — *[In Rage walks away]*

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

HELLENA. Have you forgot it, Sir?

WILLMORE. *[Aside]* Oh, I perceive

He's not to know I'm a Stranger to his Lady. —

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

*[Angelica turns]*

— By Heaven, such early confidence I never saw.

ANGELICA. Did I not charge you with this Mistress, Sir?

Which you denied, though 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. —

*[Angelica turns towards them]*

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.

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

WILLMORE. *[Aside]* Hah! Do not I know that Face? — By Heaven,

My little Gipsy! What a dull Dog was I!

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

Are all my hopes of a new Woman banisht? —

Madam, I have found out the Plot.

HELLENA. *[Aside]* Oh Lord,

What does he say? Am I discover'd now?

WILLMORE. Do you see this young Spark here?

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

WILLMORE. Who do you think this is?

HELLENA. *[Aside]* Ay, ay, he does know me. — *[To Willmore]* 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. — [*To Angelica*] This small Ambassador comes not from a Person of Quality, as you imagine, and he says, but from a very errant Gipsy — the talkingst, pratingst, cantingst little Animal thou ever saw'st.

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

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

WILLMORE. Mean that thing? that Gipsy thing? Thou may'st as well be jealous of thy Monkey or Parrot as her!

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. [*Aside*] 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 to satisfy your Jealousy, I swear —

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

WILLMORE. If it were possible I should ever be inclin'd to marry, it should be some kind young Sinner, one that has Wit enough to manage an Intrigue of Love.

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

*Enter Sebastian.*

SEBASTIAN. Madam, Don Antonio —

ANGELICA. Come hither.

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

*Exit Hellena*

ANGELICA. I'll see him. Get my Coach ready.

SEBASTIAN. It waits you, Madam.

WILLMORE. What, Madam, now I may be gone and leave you  
To the enjoyment of my Rival?

ANGELICA. Dull Man, be gone —  
And never let me see thy cozening Face  
Again lest I relapse and kill thee.

WILLMORE. Farewell till you are in a better Humour. —  
*[Aside]* I'm glad of this release; now for my Gipsy!

*Exit Willmore*

ANGELICA. He's gone, and in this Ague of My Soul  
The shivering Fit returns.  
Oh, with what willing haste he took his leave.  
In vain I have consulted all my Charms,  
In vain this Beauty priz'd, in vain believ'd  
My eyes could kindle any lasting Fires.  
I had forgot my Name, my Infamy!  
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.

*Exit*

*INTERVAL*

**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 afeared! Why, I am but half a one, and yet I have Courage for  
any Attempt. — But to our business: I deliver'd your Note to Belvile when I got  
out under pretence of going to Mass; never was Man in so desperate a

Condition. I told him of your Resolution of making your escape today if your Brother would be absent long enough to permit you; if not, to die rather than be Antonio's.

FLORINDA. Thou shouldst have told him I was 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 resolves to search St. Peter's and every other Church in Naples till he find him.

FLORINDA. Oh Heavens! He's here — and Belvile with him!

*[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!

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<sup>19</sup> with such an Invitation!

*She goes out, and Willmore follows her*

BELVILE. 'Tis a mad Fellow for a Wench.

*Enter Frederick*

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?

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<sup>19</sup> "A place on the opposite side of the earth" (*Dictionary of Canadian English*)

FREDERICK. Cheated, Sir, rarely cheated of all but his Shirt and Drawers; the Watch found him in this Fresco<sup>20</sup>, and conducted him home. He beats all that do but ask him a Question, and is in such an Humour —

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

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

*Exit Page*

*[Aside]* I'll find his Haunts, and plague him every where. — Ha! my Brother!

*Belvile, Willmore, and Pedro cross the Stage; Hellena 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. *[She goes in]*

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<sup>20</sup> Italian: *al fresco*, in the fresh (air) — therefore in this context 'exposed'.

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

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

*Exit Page*

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.*

BLUNT. A Pox on this Taylor though, for not bringing home the Clothes I bespoke; I  
shall have these Rogues come in and find me naked. But I'm resolv'd to arm  
myself — the Rascals shall not insult over me too much. [*Puts on an old rusty  
Sword and Buff-Belt*] — 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; O, how I'll use all Women-kind hereafter! What  
would I give to have one of 'em within my reach now! Any Mortal thing in  
Petticoats, kind Fortune, send me — and I'll forgive thy last Night's Malice!

*Enter to him Florinda.*

FLORINDA. 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 yourself 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?

FLORINDA. Alas, what mean you, Sir? 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, 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 Spanish Whore; cruel, yes — I 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, embrace thee and rob thee, fawn on thee and strip thee stark naked as she did me, 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! Thou shalt lie with me, too. — Come, come along.

FLORINDA. Alas, Sir, must I be sacrific’d for the Crimes of the most infamous of my Sex?

BLUNT. Do, persuade the Fool you love him! 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, — [*Pulls her again*]

*Enter Frederick.*

FREDERICK. Hah, what’s here to do?

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

FREDERICK. What’s this, a ‘Person of Quality’ too?

BLUNT. No, this has another Pretence, some ‘very unfortunate Accident’ brought her hither. 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.

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

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

FREDERICK. Have a care, Blunt, she is inamour'd with thy Shirt and Drawers; she'll strip thee even of that. There are of her Calling such dexterous Thieves, they'll flay a Man, and he shall ne'er miss his Skin till he feels the Cold.

FLORINDA. Some such Devils there may be, but by all that's holy I am none such.

FREDERICK. Faith, Damsel, we are Fellows not to be caught twice in the same Trap. Look on that Wreck, 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. — We'll both lie with her, and then let me alone to bang her.

FREDERICK. I am ready to serve you.

BLUNT. Well said. You hear, little one, how you are condemn'd by public 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.

BLUNT. Belvile! Why, yes, Sweeting, we do know Belvile, and wish he were with us now. 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 'twould 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.

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

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

*Enter a Servant (Blunt's Man)*

BLUNT'S MAN. 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.

*[Exeunt Frederick and Florinda]*

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

*[Locks the Door]*

## **ACT V.**

### **SCENE I. BLUNT'S CHAMBER STILL.**

*After a great knocking as at his Chamber-door, Call within: "Ned, Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt."*

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

VOICES. Ned Blunt! Ned! Ned! — *[and knocking within]*

BELVILE. *[within]* Why, he's dead, Sir, without dispute dead, he has not been seen today. Let's break open the Door. — Here, Boy —

BLUNT. Ha, break open the Door! '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. *[within]* Oh, Rogue, art alive? Prithee open the Door, and convince us.

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

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

BLUNT. *[Aside]* This won't do! — Why, hark ye, Colonel: to tell you the plain Truth  
— I have a Wench with me. You apprehend me? — *[Aside]* 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, Frederick, Pedro and a Boy (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!

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

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

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

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.

PEDRO. Sir, though 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 handsomely. And let me tell you Gentlemen, I should not have show'd myself like a Jack-Pudding thus to have made you Mirth but that I have revenge within my power. For know, I have got into my possession a Female — who 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 herself with a Ring. Let's see't, Blunt.

*[Blunt shows the Ring]*

BELVILE. *[Aside]* Hah! The Ring I gave Florinda when we exchange'd our Vows! — 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 Frederick who gives him the Key; they are going]*

BELVILE. *[Aside]* Death! what shall I do? — Stay, Gentlemen! — Yet if I hinder 'em, I shall discover all! — Hold, let's go one at a time; 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.

*[Belvile goes to whisper Willmore]*

Nay, no Corruption, good Colonel. Come, the longest Sword carries her.

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

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

WILLMORE. *[To Pedro]* The Wench is yours. — *[Aside]* Pox of his Toledo<sup>21</sup>, I had forgot that.

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

*Exeunt Frederick and Pedro*

BELVILE. — *[Aside to Willmore]* Dost know, dull Beast, what Mischief thou hast done?

*[Willmore 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, Willmore gazing round her.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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<sup>21</sup> "A fine sword or sword blade made in Toledo, a city in central Spain." (*Dictionary of Canadian English*)

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEDRO. Speak — is Florinda safe? Hellena well?

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

PEDRO. Why, where's Florinda? Speak!

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

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

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

PEDRO. *[Aside]* Dishonourable Girl, she has undone my Aim. — *[To Belvile]* 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.

*Exit Pedro*

FLORINDA. *[To Valeria]* My dear Preserver, let me embrace thee!

WILLMORE. What the Devil's all this?

BLUNT. Mystery, by this Light.

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

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. — [*To Florinda*] Pray give him the Honour of your Hand.

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

FLORINDA. The Friend to Belvile may command me anything.

WILLMORE. [*Aside*] Death, would I might; 'tis a surprising Beauty.

BELVILE. Boy, run and fetch a Father instantly.

*Exit Boy*

FREDERICK. So, now do I stand like a Dog, and have not a Syllable to plead my own  
Cause with; 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 should obey your kind  
Commands.

BELVILE. Who, Fred, Marry? 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 should be sorry then, and not like you half so well, and I should be  
loath to break my Word with you; — which was, that if your Friend and mine  
are agreed, it should be a Match between you and I. [*She gives him her Hand*]

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

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

FLORINDA. Sir, I heartily forgive you all.

BLUNT. That's nobly said, sweet Lady. — Belvile, prithee present her her Ring again, for I find I have not Courage to approach her myself.

*[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 complete 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.

*Exeunt Belvile, Florinda, Page, Frederick and Valeria*

*Enter Blunt's Man.*

BLUNT'S MAN. *[To Willmore]* Sir, there's a Lady without would speak to you.

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

BLUNT'S MAN. *[To Blunt]* And, Sir, your Taylor waits you in your Chamber.

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

*Exeunt severally Blunt and his Man*

*Enter again Blunt's Man, conducting in Angelica in a masquing Habit and a Vizard, then exit. Willmore runs to her.*

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

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



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 shrewdly 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 anything 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.

*[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 Fever, no doubt have sworn  
Like me. Did they all die in that Faith? still adoring?  
I do not think they did.



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]*

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 could have made a better End of an amorous Quarrel without you.

ANTONIO. 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 —  
*[Willmore draws; Antonio offers to shoot]*

ANGELICA. *[To Willmore]* Oh, hold! You see he's arm'd with certain Death. —  
*Enter Don Pedro, sees Antonio, and stays.*

And you, Antonio, I command you hold,  
By all the Passion you've so lately vow'd me.

ANTONIO. When I refuse Obedience to your Will,  
May you destroy me with your mortal Hate.

ANGELICA. [*to Willmore*] To show my utmost of Contempt, I give thee Life.  
Live to undo someone whose Soul may prove  
So bravely constant to revenge my Love.

*Goes out*

[*Antonio follows, but Pedro pulls him back*]

PEDRO. Antonio, stay.

ANTONIO. Don Pedro!

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

ANTONIO. Meet thee?

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

ANTONIO. I sent my Sword and one to do thee Right,  
Finding myself incapable.

PEDRO. But 'twas Florinda's Quarrel that we fought,  
And you, to show how little you esteem'd her,  
Sent me your Rival.  
But I have found the Cause of this Affront,  
And when I meet you fit for the Dispute,  
I'll tell you my Resentment.

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

*Exit Antonio*

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

WILLMORE. Faith, Sir, I 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.

*Enter Belvile*

BELVILE. 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. Come lead me in to my Sister,  
That she may know I now approve her Choice.

*Exit Belvile with Pedro; Willmore goes to follow them.*

*Enter Hellena as before in Boy's Clothes, and pulls him back*

WILLMORE. Ha! My Gipsy! — 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 myself to my lone Cabin, and the Thoughts of thee.

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

WILLMORE. Why, 'twould have broke my Heart, Child. But since we are met again, I defy foul Weather to part us.

HELLENA. And would you be a faithful Friend now, if a Maid should trust you?

WILLMORE. For a Friend, I cannot promise; thou art of a Form so excellent, a Face and Humour too good for cold dull Friendship. I am 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 nobody else will love you.

WILLMORE. Egad, I was never claw'd away with Broad-Sides from any Female before. Thou hast one Virtue I adore — good-Nature!

HELLENA. Nay, good Captain, 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.

HELLENA. 'Tis but getting my Consent, and the Business is soon done. Let but old Gaffer Hymen<sup>22</sup> 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. Marriage is as certain a Bane to Love, as lending Money is to Friendship. I'll neither ask nor give a Vow — though I could be content to turn Gipsy to have the Pleasure of working that great Miracle of making a Maid a Mother; 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?

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! I am resolv'd you shall have none, for asking such a sneaking Sum. Good Friend single-Kiss, is all your talking come to this? Farewell, Captain single-Kiss.

*[Going out he stays her]*

WILLMORE. By Heaven, 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 Love and Fortune do their worst.

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<sup>22</sup> = Greek god of marriage

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. 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! I am call'd Hellena the Inconstant.

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

PEDRO. Hah! Hellena!

FLORINDA. Hellena!

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEDRO. Belvile, was't not enough you'd gain Florinda but your lewd Friends, too, must be enrich'd with the Spoils of a noble Family?

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

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

WILLMORE. Faith, Sir, I can boast of nothing but a Sword which does me Right where-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. The Captain, the Captain!

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

PEDRO. Come, take her. —

*[Gives her to him]*

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.

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

HELLENA. Well said, Captain.

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

VALERIA. There's no altering Destiny, Sir.

PEDRO. No more a woman's will! Therefore I forgive you all — and wish you may get our Father's Pardon as easily.

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

BLUNT. A Spanish Habit, good Lord! Could 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. ALL laugh again]*

BELVILE. Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look *en Cavalier*<sup>23</sup>. Come, Sir, and salute our Friends. *[To Hellena]* Lady —

BLUNT. Hah! *[To Hellena]* Say'st thou so, my little Rover? 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.

*[Musick is heard to Play]*

WILLMORE. Hark — what's this?

*Enter Boy (Belvile's Page)*

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.*

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

WILLMORE. Whilst we'll to the Good Man within, who stays to give us a Cast of his Office. — *[To Hellena]* 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*

FINIS

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<sup>23</sup> French: Like (or in the fashion of) a Cavalier