

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Aphra Behn

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PART I

PROLOGUE

Written by a Person of Quality.

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

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

Some write their Characters genteel and fine,
But then they do so toil for every Line,
That what to you does easy seem, and plain,
Is the hard issue of their labouring Brain.
And some th' Effects of all their Pains we see,
Is but to mimick good Extempore.
Others by long Converse about the Town,
Have Wit enough to write a leud Lampoon,
But their chief Skill lies in a Baudy Song.
In short, the only Wit that's now in Fashion
Is but the Gleanings of good Conversation.
As for the Author of this coming Play,
I ask'd him what he thought fit I should say,
In thanks for your good Company to day:
He call'd me Fool, and said it was well known,
You came not here for our sakes, but your own.
New Plays are stuffed with Wits, and with Debauches,
That croud and sweat like Cits in May-day Coaches.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MEN:

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

WOMEN:

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

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ACT I
SCENE 1

Naples, in Carnival-time. A chamber.

[Enter Florinda and Hellena.]

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

Fie, Hellena.

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

Prithee be not so wild.

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

Yes, I knew him at the Siege of Pampelona, he was then a Colonel of French Horse, who when the Town was

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ransack'd, nobly treated my Brother and my self, preserving us from all Insolencies; and I must own, (besides great Obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will suffer no other to enter — But see my Brother.

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

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

[Puts on his Masquing Habit.]

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

When? By Moon-Light? For I'm sure she dares not encounter with the heat of the Sun; that were a Task only for Don Vincentio and his Indian Breeding, who loves it in the Dog-days — And if these be her daily

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

PEDRO

Very well.

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

Have you done yet?

HELLENA

That Honour being past, the Giant stretches it self, yawns and sighs a Belch or two as loud as a Musket, throws himself into Bed, and expects you in his foul Sheets, and e'er you can get your self undrest, calls you with a Snore or two — And are not these fine Blessings to a young Lady?

PEDRO

Have you done yet?

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

What then? the Vice-Roy's Son is better than that Old Sir Fisty. Don Vincentio! Don Indian! he thinks he's trading to Gambo still, and wou'd barter himself (that Bell and Bawble) for your Youth and Fortune.

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

HELLENA

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

PEDRO

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

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

FLORINDA

To-morrow!

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PEDRO

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

FLORINDA

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

PEDRO

I'll both believe and trust you — Adieu.

[Exit Ped. and Steph.]

HELLENA

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

[Hellena goes to Callis.]

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

CALLIS

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

HELLENA

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

CALLIS

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

Callis, will you give us leave to go?

CALLIS

I have a youthful Itch of going my self.

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

FLORINDA

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

[Enter Stephano.]

STEPHANO

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

Come, let's in and dress us.

[Exeunt.]

ACT I

SCENE 2

ACT ISCENE 1

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A Long Street.

[Enter Belvile, melancholy, Blunt and Frederick.]

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

You have left none behind you in Paris.

BELVILE

Neither.

FREDERICK

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

You're mistaken, Ned.

BLUNT

Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou art past Cure.

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

Has civilly forbid thee the House?

BELVILE

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

BLUNT

Hey day! 'Sheartlikins, Simile! by this Light the Man is quite spoil'd — Frederick, what the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concerned for a Wench? — 'Sheartlikins, our Cupids are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roast or boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine Tricks to set 'em off, no Hogoes to make the Sauce pleasant, and the Stomach sharp.

FREDERICK

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

That's thy joy, a cheap Whore.

BLUNT

Why, 'dsheartlikins, I love a frank Soul — When did you ever hear of an honest Woman that took a Man's Mony? I warrant 'em good ones — But, Gentlemen, you may be free, you have been kept so poor with Parliaments and Protectors, that the little Stock you have is not worth preserving — but I thank my Stars, I have more Grace than to forfeit my Estate by Cavaliering.

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BELVILE

Methinks only following the Court should be sufficient to entitle 'em to that.

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unless they pick a hole in my Coat for lending you Mony now and then; which is a greater Crime to my Conscience, Gentlemen, than to the Common-wealth.

[Enter Willmore.]

WILLMORE

Ha! dear Belvile! noble Colonel!

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

[Embraces Blunt.]

WILLMORE

That you esteem him, gives him an interest here.

BLUNT

Your Servant, Sir.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

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

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, what have we here!

FREDERICK

Now the Game begins.

WILLMORE

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

[Reads the Paper.]

BLUNT

Roses for every Month! what means that?

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

WOMAN

Beware such Roses, Sir.

WILLMORE

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

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such Roses over me and under me — Fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me leave to gather at your Bush this idle Month, I wou'd go near to make some Body 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 or Pesthouse.

[The Woman puts her self 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.

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

Is this a Fruit that grows in this warm Country?

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

[Reads.]

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

[They dance.]

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

But here in Italy a Monsieur is the humblest best—bred Gentleman — Duels are so baffled by Bravo's that an age shews not one, but between a Frenchman and a Hang—man, who is as much too hard for him on the Piazza, as they are for a Dutchman on the new Bridge — But see another Crew.

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

[Goes to Hellena.]

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

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HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

Can you storm?

WILLMORE

Oh, most furiously.

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

If she be young and handsom.

HELLENA

Ay, there's it — but if she be not —

WILLMORE

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

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which now will be pure Ignorance.

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

Faith, Child, they were made to go together.

LUCETTA

Are you sure this is the Man?

[Pointing to Blunt.]

SANCHO

When did I mistake your Game?

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

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

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

FLORINDA

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

[Looking in his Hand.]

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

BELVILE

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

[Walks away.]

FLORINDA

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

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

BELVILE

Florinda!

[Turns quick towards her.]

FLORINDA

Softly.

BELVILE

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

FLORINDA

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

[Looks on Callis, who observes 'em.]

BELVILE

What canst thou mean?

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

FLORINDA

That which I say — Farewel.

[Offers to go.]

BELVILE

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

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

CALLIS

Madam, your Brother's here.

FLORINDA

Take this to instruct you farther.

[Gives him a Letter, and goes off.]

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

Do not disturb my Happiness with Doubts.

[Opens the Letter.]

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

[Exeunt all the Women except Lucetta.]

FREDERICK

Do you know the Hand?

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

The Reason of this mighty Joy.

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

How mean you?

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Don't prophane — the Maid is nicely virtuous.

WILLMORE

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

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

Read here this Postscript.

[Gives him a Letter.]

WILLMORE

[Reads.]

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

FREDERICK

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

[Ex. Blunt and Lucet.]

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

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

WILLMORE

What, the Mistress of the dead Spanish General?

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

What Gallant has she?

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

I will not fail you.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II
SCENE 1

The Long Street.

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

WILLMORE

But why thus disguis'd and muzzl'd?

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

[Enter Blunt.]

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

What the Devil's the matter with thee Ned?

BLUNT

Oh such a Mistress,

FREDERICK

Such a Girl!

WILLMORE

Ha! where?

FREDERICK

Ay where!

BLUNT

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

[Kisses him.]

BELVILE

Ha, ha, ha!

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Death Man, where is she?

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

Dost know her Name?

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

Didst give her anything?

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

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

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

Pox 'tis some common Whore upon my Life.

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

Pox on't, where do these fine Whores live?

BELVILE

Where no Rogue in Office yclep'd Constables dare give 'em laws, nor the Wine-inspired Bullies of the Town break their Windows; yet they are Whores, tho 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, beyond all your Wits and Parts — This Shape and Size, Gentlemen, are not to be despis'd; my Waste tolerably long, with other inviting Signs, that shall be nameless.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

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

BELVILE

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

[Will. gazes on the Picture.]

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this?

BELVILE

A famous Curtezan that's to be sold.

BLUNT

How! to be sold! nay then I have nothing to say to her — sold! what Impudence is practis'd in this Country? — With Order and Decency Whoring's established here by virtue of the Inquisition — Come let's be gone, I'm sure we're no Chapmen for this Commodity.

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

[Turns from the Picture.]

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

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

BLUNT

Hark ye, Friends, won't she trust?

BRAVO

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

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

BELVILE

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

[Pedro Reads.]

[Exeunt English.]

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

PEDRO

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

[Passes off.]

ANGELICA

Prithee what said those Fellows 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.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

ANGELICA

No matter, I'm not displeas'd with their rallying; their Wonder feeds my Vanity, and he that wishes to buy, gives me more Pride, than he that gives my Price can make me Pleasure.

BRAVO

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

ANGELICA

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

MORETTA

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

ANGELICA

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

MORETTA

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

ANGELICA

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

Enter at one Door Don Pedro, and Stephano; Don Antonio and Diego[*his page.*], at the other Door, with People following him in Masquerade, antickly attir'd, some with Musick: they both go up to the Picture.

DON ANTONIO

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

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

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

PEDRO

Ha! **PAGE**

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

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

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

PEDRO

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

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

Her Injuries by Heaven he shall not boast of.

[*Song to a Lute above.*]

SONG

*When Damon first began to love,
He languisht in a soft Desire,*

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

*And knew not how the Gods to move,
To lessen or increase his Fire,
For Caelia in her charming Eyes
Wore all Love's Sweet, and all his Cruelties.
But as beneath a Shade he lay,
Weaving of Flow'rs for Caelia's Hair,
She chanc'd to lead her Flock that way,
And saw the am'rous Shepherd there.
She gaz'd around upon the Place,
And saw the Grove (resembling Night)
To all the Joys of Love invite,
Whilst guilty Smiles and Blushes drest her Face.
At this the bashful Youth all Transport grew,
And with kind Force he taught the Virgin how
To yield what all his Sighs cou'd never do.*

DON ANTONIO

By Heav'n she's charming fair!

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

PEDRO

'Tis he, the false Antonio!

DON ANTONIO

Friend, where must I pay my offering of Love?

[To the Bravo.]

My Thousand Crowns I mean.

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

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

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

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

[They draw and fight.]

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

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

WILLMORE

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

[They all put up.]

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

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

PEDRO

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

DON ANTONIO

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

It shall be so.

[Ex. Pedro and Stephano.]

Who shou'd this Rival be? unless the English Colonel, of whom I've often heard Don Pedro speak; it must be he, and time he were removed, who lays a Claim to all my Happiness.

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

WILLMORE

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

BRAVO

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

DON ANTONIO

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

WILLMORE

Indeed I will not, Sir.

DON ANTONIO

By Heav'n but you shall.

WILLMORE

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

DON ANTONIO

What right can you pretend to't?

WILLMORE

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

DON ANTONIO

No matter, Sir, you shall restore the Picture.

ANGELICA

Oh, Moretta! what's the matter?

[Ang. and Moret. above.]

DON ANTONIO

Or leave your Life behind.

WILLMORE

Death! you lye — I will do neither.

ANGELICA

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

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

No, you may keep the Trifle.

DON ANTONIO

You shall first ask my leave, and this.

[Fight again as before.]

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

ANGELICA

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

[The Spaniards are beaten off.]

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

MORETTA

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

[Enter Belvile, Blunt 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. — Come, let's be gone whilst we're safe, and remember these are Spaniards, a sort of People that know how to revenge an Affront.

FREDERICK

[To Will.]

You bleed; I hope you are not wounded.

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

To me, Madam? — Gentlemen, your Servant.

[Belv. stays him.]

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

I thank you for your care — but there are other matters in hand, there are, tho we have no great Temptation. — Death! let me go.

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

ANGELICA

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

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

B'ye Colonel —

[Goes in.]

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

FREDERICK

The Rogue's stark mad for a Wench.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE 2

A Fine Chamber.

[Enter Willmore, Angelica, and Moretta.]

ANGELICA

Insolent Sir, how durst you pull down my Picture?

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

[Aside in a soft tone.]

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

MORETTA

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

ANGELICA

Nay, do not abuse the poor Creature. --

MORETTA

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

WILLMORE

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

MORETTA

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

WILLMORE

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

MORETTA

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

WILLMORE

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

MORETTA

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

Yes, I am poor — but I'm a Gentleman, And one that scorns this Baseness which you practise. Poor as I am, I would not sell my self, No, not to gain your charming high-priz'd Person. Tho I admire you strangely for your Beauty, Yet I contemn your Mind. — And yet I wou'd at any rate enjoy you; At your own rate — but cannot — See here The only Sum I can command on Earth; I know not where to eat when this is gone: Yet such a Slave I am to Love and Beauty, This last reserve I'll sacrifice to enjoy you. — Nay, do not frown, I know you are to be bought, And wou'd be bought by me, by me, For a mean trifling Sum, if I could pay it down. Which happy knowledge I will still repeat, And lay it to my Heart, it has a Virtue in't, And soon will cure those Wounds your Eyes have made. — And yet — there's something so divinely powerful there — Nay, I will gaze — to let you see my Strength.

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

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

[Turns her away from him.]

ANGELICA

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

If you have nothing else to say to me.

WILLMORE

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

MORETTA

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

ANGELICA

How dare you take this liberty? —

[To Moret.] Withdraw.

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

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

[Turning from her in a Rage.]

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

[Aside.] What can she mean?

ANGELICA

[In an angry tone.]

I find you cannot credit me.

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

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

[She turns with Pride, he holds her.]

WILLMORE

Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliss, And shew the Power of Love: 'tis with those Arms I call 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. And all the thousand Trophies I design'd, Thou hast undone — Why art thou soft? Thy Looks are bravely rough, and meant for War. Could thou not storm on still? I then perhaps had been as free as thou.

WILLMORE

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

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

ANGELICA

And will you pay me then the Price I ask?

WILLMORE

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

[Kneels, and kisses her Hand.]

ANGELICA

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

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

Thou hast a Power too strong to be resisted.

[Ex. Will. and Angelica.]

MORETTA

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, a No-Purchase, No-Pay Tatterdemalion, an English Piccaroon; a Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally lousy — Oh, I could curse now, if I durst — This is the Fate of most Whores. Trophies, which from believing Fops we win, Are Spoils to those who cozen us again.

ACT III
SCENE 1

A Street.

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

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

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

What is't like?

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

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

VALERIA

Am I put into the Number of Lovers?

HELLENA

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

You! my Couz, I know thou art too good natur'd to leave us in any Design: Thou wou't venture a Cast, tho thou comest off a Loser, especially with such a Gamester — I observ'd your Man, and your willing Ears incline that way; and if you are not a Lover, 'tis an Art soon learnt — that I find.

[Sighs.]

FLORINDA

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

HELLENA

Hang your considering Lover; I ne'er thought beyond the Fancy, that 'twas a very pretty, idle, silly kind of Pleasure to pass ones time with, to write little, soft, nonsensical Billets, and with great difficulty and danger receive Answers; in which I shall have my Beauty prais'd, my Wit admir'd (tho little or none) and have the Vanity and Power to know I am desirable; then I have the more Inclination that way, because I am to be a Nun, and so shall not be suspected to have any such earthly Thoughts about me — But when I walk thus — and sigh thus — they'll think my Mind's upon my Monastery, and cry, how happy 'tis she's so resolv'd! — But not a Word of Man.

FLORINDA

What a mad Creature's this!

HELLENA

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

[Go aside.]

[Enter Belvile, Fred. and Blunt.]

BELVILE

What means this? the Picture's taken in.

BLUNT

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

BELVILE

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

HELLENA

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

[Knock, Moretta 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 Wilmore.]

HELLENA

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

Would not French Wine do better?

WILLMORE

Damn the hungry Balderdash; cheerful Sack has a generous Virtue in't, inspiring a successful Confidence, gives Eloquence to the Tongue, and Vigour to the Soul; and has in a few Hours compleated all my Hopes and Wishes. There's nothing left to raise a new Desire in me -- Come let's be gay and wanton -- and, Gentlemen, study, study what you want, for here are Friends, -- that will supply, Gentlemen, -- hark! what a charming sound they make -- 'tis he and she Gold whilst here, shall beget new Pleasures every moment.

BLUNT

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

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate Rogue.

WILLMORE

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

BLUNT

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

FREDERICK

By this light y're happy Men.

BLUNT

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

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

SANCHO

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

BLUNT

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

[Ex. with Sancho.]

BELVILE

But then the little Gipsy is forgot?

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

Had it so, good Captain?

[Claps him on the Back.]

WILLMORE

Ha! I hope she did not hear.

HELLENA

What, afraid of such a Champion!

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

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

HELLENA

In tedious search of me.

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

I'm afraid, my small Acquaintance, you have been staying that swinging stomach you boasted of this morning; I remember then my little Collation would have gone down with you, without the Sauce of a handsom Face — Is your Stomach so queasy now?

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

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

ANGELICA

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

MORETTA

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

ANGELICA

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

O' my Conscience, that will be our Destiny, because we are both of one humour; I am as inconstant as you, for I have considered, Captain, that a handsom Woman has a great deal to do whilst her Face is good, for then is our Harvest-time to gather Friends; and should I in these days of my Youth, catch a fit of foolish Constancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great Journey: therefore declare, I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for Indifference, and one year for Hate — and then — go hang your self — for I profess myself the gay, the kind, and the inconstant — the Devil's in't if this won't please you.

WILLMORE

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

ANGELICA

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

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

HELLENA

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

[Pulls off her Vizard; he starts.]

— How do you like it, Captain?

WILLMORE

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

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

ANGELICA

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

[To one of her 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.

[Exit.]

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

VALERIA

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

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

FLORINDA

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

BELVILE

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

VALERIA

There's another civil Question askt.

FREDERICK

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

FLORINDA

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

FREDERICK

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

—

[Aside to Belv.]

— Take the Jewel, Fool.

BELVILE

You tempt me strangely, Madam, every way.

FLORINDA

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

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

What a she, or a he Friend?

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

So --

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

So --

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

Oh!

HELLENA

To see your Face no more --

WILLMORE

Oh!

HELLENA

Till to morrow.

WILLMORE

Egad you frighted me.

HELLENA

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

WILLMORE

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

HELLENA

Kneel, and swear.

[Kneels, she gives him her hand.]

HELLENA

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

HELLENA

Kiss the Book.

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Oh, most religiously.

[Kisses her Hand.]

HELLENA

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

CALLIS

[To Flor.]

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

FLORINDA

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

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

WILLMORE

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

[Ex. all the Women.]

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

All, all, and a thousand Charms besides.

WILLMORE

Why, dost thou know her?

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

But hark ye, Friend of mine, are you my Rival? and have I been only beating the Bush all this while?

BELVILE

I understand thee not — I'm mad — 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 — I thought it had been another Prize — come, come, a Bottle will set thee right again.

[Gives the Picture back.]

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.]

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

ACT III
SCENE 2

Lucetta's House.

[Enter Blunt and Lucetta with a Light.]

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

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

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

LUCETTA

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

BLUNT

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

[Aside.] **LUCETTA**

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

BLUNT

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

LUCETTA

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

[Exit.]

BLUNT

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

[Enter Sancho.]

SANCHO

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

BLUNT

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

[Exeunt.]

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

SANCHO

Sir, my Commission reaches no farther.

BLUNT

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 — oh the luckiest Rogue!

[Undresses himself.]

LUCETTA

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Shou'd you be false or cruel now!

BLUNT

False, 'Sheartlikins, what dost thou take me for a Jew? an insensible Heathen, — A Pox of thy old jealous Husband: and he were dead, egad, sweet Soul, it shou'd be none of my fault, if I did not marry thee.

LUCETTA

It never shou'd 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

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

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

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

[Lights on a Trap, and is let down.]

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

PHILIPPO

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

LUCETTA

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

PHILIPPO

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

LUCETTA

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

PHILIPPO

A rich Coat! — Sword and Hat! — these Breeches too — are well lin'd! — see here a Gold Watch! — a Purse — ha! Gold! — at least two hundred Pistoles! a bunch of Diamond Rings; and one with the Family Arms! — a Gold Box! — with a Medal of his King! and his Lady Mother's Picture! — these were sacred Reliques, believe me! — see, the Wasteband of his Breeches have a Mind of Gold! — Old Queen Bess's. We have a Quarrel to her ever since Eighty Eight, and may therefore justify the Theft, the Inquisition might have committed it.

LUCETTA

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

PHILIPPO

That's our security; he is not only a Stranger to us, but to the Country too — the Common-Shore 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.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

LUCETTA

And art not thou an unmerciful Rogue, not to afford him one Night for all this? — I should not have been such a Jew.

PHILIPPO

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

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

[Exeunt.]

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

BLUNT

Oh Lord!

[Climbing up.]

I am got out at last, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue — and now to Damning and Cursing, — but if that would ease me, where shall I begin? with my Fortune, my self, or the Quean that cozen'd me — What a dog was I to believe in Women! Oh Coxcomb — ignorant conceited Coxcomb! to fancy she cou'd be enamour'd with my Person, at the first sight enamour'd — Oh, I'm a cursed Puppy, 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead, she perceiv'd it, — saw the Essex Calf there — for what Allurements could there be in this Countenance? which I can indure, because I'm acquainted with it — Oh, dull silly Dog! to be thus sooth'd into a Cozening! Had I been drunk, I might fondly have credited the young Quean! but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms I am a dull believing English Country Fop. — But my Comrades! Death and the Devil, there's the worst of all — then a Ballad will be sung to Morrow on the Prado, to a lousy Tune of the enchanted Squire, and the annihilated Damsel — But Fred. that Rogue, and the Colonel, will abuse me beyond all Christian patience — had she left me my Clothes, I have a Bill of Exchange at home wou'd have sav'd my Credit — but now all hope is taken from me — Well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Consolation, that I am not the first kind believing Coxcomb; but there are, Gallants, many such good Natures amongst ye.

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

ACT III SCENE 3

The Garden, in the Night.

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

FLORINDA

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

[Unlocks the Door.]

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

[She goes to lay down the Box. Enter Willmore 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

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

He's come! — hah — who's there?

WILLMORE

Sweet Soul, let me salute thy Shoe-string.

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

Good Gods! what luck is mine?

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

Heavens! what a filthy beast is this!

WILLMORE

I am so, and thou oughtst the sooner to lie with me for that reason, — for look you, Child, there will be no Sin in't, because 'twas neither design'd nor premeditated; 'tis pure Accident on both sides — that's a certain thing now — Indeed should I make love to you, and you vow Fidelity — and swear and lye till you believ'd and yielded — Thou art therefore (as thou art a good Christian) oblig'd in Conscience to deny me nothing. Now — come, be kind, without any more idle prating.

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

Sir, can you think —

WILLMORE

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

FLORINDA

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

WILLMORE

So — now — she would be wheedling me for more — what, you will not take it then — you're resolv'd you will not. — Come, come, take it, or I'll put it up again; for, look ye, I never give more. — Why, how now,

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Mistress, are you so high i'th' Mouth, a Pistole won't down with you? — hah — why, what a work's here — in good time — come, no struggling, be gone — But an y'are good at a dumb Wrestle, I'm for ye, — look ye, — I'm for ye. —

[She struggles with him.]

[Enter Belvile and Frederick.]

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

FLORINDA

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

BELVILE

Ha, sure that's Florinda's Voice.

[Comes up to them.]

— A Man! Villain, let go that Lady.

[A noise.]

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

FLORINDA

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

[Exit.]

WILLMORE

Belvile!

[Enter Pedro, Stephano, and other Servants with Lights.]

PEDRO

I'm betray'd; run, Stephano, and see if Florinda be safe.

[Exit Steph.]

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

[They fight, and Pedro's Party beats 'em out; going out, meets Stephano.]

STEPHANO

You need not, Sir, the poor Lady's fast asleep, and thinks no harm: I wou'd 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 leud Custom to debauch our Youth — there's something more in this than I imagine.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE 4

Changes to the Street.

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

WILLMORE

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

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

Well, Sir, you see I am endu'd with Patience — I can bear — tho' egad y're very free with me methinks, — I was in good hopes the Quarrel wou'd have been on my side, for so uncivilly interrupting me.

BELVILE

Peace, Brute, whilst thou'rt safe — oh, I'm distracted.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

FREDERICK

Why, how the Devil came you so drunk?

WILLMORE

Why, how the Devil came you so sober?

BELVILE

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

FREDERICK

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

By this Light I took her for an errant Harlot.

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

What then?

BELVILE

Let thy own Reason, or my Rage instruct thee.

WILLMORE

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

BELVILE

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

WILLMORE

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

[Offers to go in.]

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

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

DON ANTONIO

You paid the thousand Crowns I directed?

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

WILLMORE

Who the Devil have we here?

BELVILE

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

[Ex. Belv. and Fred.]

[Enter Moretta.]

MORETTA

Page!

PAGE

Here's my Lord.

WILLMORE

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

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

MORETTA

Oh, bless us, we are all undone!

[Runs in, and shuts the Door.]

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Help, Murder!

[Belvile returns at the noise of fighting.]

BELVILE

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

[Enter two or three Masqueraders.]

MASQUER

Ha, a Man kill'd!

WILLMORE

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

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

BELVILE

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

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

Sold. Who's there?

OFFICER

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

BELVILE

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

[Soldiers seize on Belvile.]

OFFICER

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

[Goes to Antonio.]

DON ANTONIO

Thy Hand prithee.

OFFICER

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

DON ANTONIO

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

I'm hurt.

BELVILE

Has my Humanity made me a Criminal?

OFFICER

Away with him.

BELVILE

What a curst Chance is this!

[Ex. Soldiers with Belv.]

DON ANTONIO

[To the Officer.]

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

[Ex. Ant., led.]

ACT IV
SCENE 1

A fine Room.

[Discovers Belvile, as by Dark alone.]

BELVILE

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

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

[Gives him the Sword.]

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

How shall I pay this Generosity?

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

You seem disorder'd, Sir.

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

[Aside.] Then I am well — kind Heaven! but set us even, That I may fight with him, and keep my Honour safe.

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

Sir, do you know her?

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

BELVILE

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

DON ANTONIO

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

[Exit Antonio.]

BELVILE

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE 2

The Molo.

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

FLORINDA

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

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

STEPHANO

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

FLORINDA

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

[Aside.] **STEPHANO**

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

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

FLORINDA

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

[Exit. Steph.]

[Enter Don Pedro in his Masquing Habit.]

PEDRO

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

[Walks about.]

FLORINDA

Antonio! sure I heard amiss.

[Aside.]

PART II

PROLOGUE

Written by a Person of Quality.

In vain we labour to reform the Stage,
Poets have caught too the Disease o' th' Age,
That Pest, of not being quiet when they're well,
That restless Fever, in the Brethren, Zeal;
In publick Spirits call'd, Good o'th' Commonweal.
Some for this Faction cry, others for that,
The pious Mobile for they know not what:
So tho by different ways the Fever seize,
In all 'tis one and the same mad Disease.
Our Author tool as all new Zealots do,
Full of Conceit and Contradiction too,
'Cause the first Project took, is now so vain,
T' attempt to play the old Game o'er again:
The Scene is only chang'd; for who wou'd lay
A Plot, so hopeful, just the same dull way?
Poets, like Statesmen, with a little change,
Pass off old Politicks for new and strange;
Tho the few Men of Sense decry't aloud,
The Cheat will pass with the unthinking Croud:
The Rabble 'tis we court, those powerful things,
Whose Voices can impose even Laws on Kings.
A Pox of Sense and Reason, or dull Rules,
Give us an Audience that declares for Fools;
Our Play will stand fair: we've Monsters too,
Which far exceed your City Pope for Show.

Almighty Rabble, 'tis to you this Day
Our humble Author dedicates the Play,
From those who in our lofty Tire sit,
Down to the dull Stage—Cullies of the Pit,
Who have much Money, and but little Wit:
Whose useful Purses, and whose empty Skulls
To private Int'rest make ye Publick Tools;
To work on Projects which the wiser frame,
And of fine Men of Business get the Name.
You who have left caballing here of late,
Imploy'd in matters of a mightier weight;
To you we make our humble Application,
You'd spare some time from your dear new Vocation,
Of drinking deep, then settling the Nation,
To countenance us, whom Commonwealths of old
Did the most politick Diversion hold.
Plays were so useful thought to Government,
That Laws were made for their Establishment;
Howe'er in Schools differing Opinions jar,
Yet all agree i' th' crouded Theatre,
Which none forsook in any Change or War.
That, like their Gods, unviolated stood,

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Equally needful to the publick Good.
Throw then, Great Sirs, some vacant hours away,
And your Petitioners shall humbly pray,

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MEN:

WILLMORE, The Rover, in love with La Nuche
BEAUMOND, the English Ambassador's Nephew, in love with La Nuche, contracted to Ariadne
NED BLUNT, an English Country Gentleman
NICHOLAS FETHERFOOL, an English Squire, his Friend
SHIFT, an English Lieutenant
FRIENDS AND OFFICERS to Hunt, an Ensign
HARLEQUIN, Willmore's Man
ABEVILE, Page to Beaumont
DON CARLO, an old Grandee, in love with La Nuche
SANCHO, Bravo to La Nuche
AN OLD JEW, Guardian to the two Monsters
PORTER at the English Ambassador's
RAG, Boy to Willmore
SCARAMOUCHE

WOMEN:

ARIADNE, the English Ambassador's Daughter-in-law, in love with Willmore
LUCIA, her Kinswoman, a Girl
LA NUCHE, a Spanish Curtezan, in love with the Rover
PETRONELLA ELENORA, her Baud
AURELIA, her Woman
A WOMAN GIANT
A DWARF, her Sister
FOOTMEN, SERVANTS, MUSICIANS, OPERATORS and **SPECTATORS**

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

ACT I

SCENE 1 Madrid, A Street.

[Enter Willmore, Blunt, Fetherfool, and Hunt, two more in Campaign Dresses, Rag the Captain's Boy.]

WILLMORE

Stay, this is the English Ambassador's. I'll inquire if Beaumont be return'd from Paris.

FETHERFOOL

Prithee, dear Captain, no more Delays, unless thou thinkest he will invite us to Dinner; for this fine thin sharp Air of Madrid has a most notable Faculty of provoking an Appetite: Prithee let's to the Ordinary.

WILLMORE

I will not stay —

[Knocks, enter a Porter.]

— Friend, is the Ambassador's Nephew, Mr. Beaumont, return'd to Madrid yet? If he be, I would speak with him.

PORTER

I'll let him know so much.

[Goes in, shuts the door.]

BLUNT

Why, how now, what's the Door shut upon us?

FETHERFOOL

And reason, Ned, 'tis Dinner-time in the Ambassador's Kitchen, and should they let the savoury Steam out, what a world of Castilians would there be at the Door feeding upon't. — Oh there's no living in Spain when the Pot's uncover'd.

BLUNT

Nay, 'tis a Nation of the finest clean Teeth —

FETHERFOOL

Teeth! Gad an they use their Swords no oftner, a Scabbard will last an Age.

[Enter Shift from the House.]

WILLMORE

Honest Lieutenant —

SHIFT

My noble Captain — Welcome to Madrid. What Mr. Blunt, and my honoured Friend Nicholas Fetherfool Esq.

FETHERFOOL

Thy Hand, honest Shift —

[They embrace him.]

WILLMORE

And how, Lieutenant, how stand Affairs in this unsanctify'd Town? — How does Love's great Artillery, the fair La Nuche, from whose bright Eyes the little wanton God throws Darts to wound Mankind?

SHIFT

Faith, she carries all before her still; undoes her Fellow –traders in Love's Art: and amongst the Number, old Carlo de Minalta Segosa pays high for two Nights in a Week.

WILLMORE

Hah — Carlo! Death, what a greeting's here! Carlo, the happy Man! a Dog! a Rascal, gain the bright La Nuche! Oh Fortune! Cursed blind mistaken Fortune! eternal Friend to Fools! Fortune! that takes the noble Rate from Man, to place it on her Idol Interest.

SHIFT

Why Faith, Captain, I should think her Heart might stand as fair for you as any, could you be less satirical — but by this Light, Captain, you return her Raillery a little too roughly.

WILLMORE

Her Raillery! By this Hand I had rather be handsomly abus'd than dully flatter'd; but when she touches on my

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Poverty, my honourable Poverty, she presses me too sensibly — for nothing is so nice as Poverty — But damn her, I'll think of her no more: for she's a Devil, tho her Form be Angel. Is Beaumont come from Paris yet?

SHIFT

He is, I came with him; he's impatient of your Return: I'll let him know you're here.

[Exit. Shift.]

FETHERFOOL

Why, what a Pox ails the Captain o'th' sudden? He looks as sullenly as a routed General, or a Lover after hard Service.

BLUNT

Oh — something the Lieutenant has told him about a Wench; and when Cupid's in his Breeches, the Devil's ever in's Head — how now — What a pox is the matter with you, you look so scurvily now? — What, is the Gentlewoman otherwise provided? has she cashier'd ye for want of Pay? or what other dire Mischance? — hah

—

WILLMORE

Do not trouble me —

BLUNT

Adsheartlikins, but I will, and beat thee too, but I'll know the Cause. I heard Shift tell thee something about La Nuچه, a Damsel I have often heard thee Fool enough to sigh for.

WILLMORE

Confound the mercenary Jilt!

BLUNT

Nay, adsheartlikins they are all so; tho I thought you had been Whore—proof; 'tis enough for us Fools, Country Gentlemen, Esquires, and Cullies, to miscarry in their amorous Adventures, you Men of Wit weather all Storms you.

WILLMORE

Oh, Sir, you're become a new Man, wise and wary, and can no more be cozen'd.

BLUNT

Not by Woman—kind; and for Man I think my Sword will secure me. Pox, I thought a two Months absence and a Siege would have put such Trifles out of thy Head: You do not use to be such a Miracle of Constancy.

WILLMORE

That Absence makes me think of her so much; and all the Passions thou find'st about me are to the Sex alone. Give me a Woman, Ned, a fine young amorous Wanton, who would allay this Fire that makes me rave thus, and thou shouldst find me no longer particular, but cold as Winter—Nights to this La Nuچه: Yet since I lost my little charming Gipsy, nothing has gone so near my Heart as this.

BLUNT

Ay, there was a Girl, the only she thing that could reconcile me to the Petticoats again after my Naples Adventure, when the Quean rob'd and stript me.

WILLMORE

Oh name not Hellena! She was a Saint to be ador'd on Holy—days.

[Enter Beaumont.]

BEAUMOND

[embracing.]

Willmore! my careless wild inconstant — how is't, my lucky Rover?

WILLMORE

My Life! my Soul! how glad am I to find thee in my Arms again — and well — When left you Paris? Paris, that City of Pottage and Crab—Wine swarming with Lacquies and Philies, whose Government is carried on by most Hands, not most Voices — And prithee how does Belville and his Lady?

BEAUMOND

I left 'em both in Health at St. Germans.

WILLMORE

Faith, I have wisht my self with ye at the old Temple of Bacchus at St. Clou, to sacrifice a Bottle and a Damsel

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

to his Deity.

BEAUMOND

My constant Place of Worship whilst there, tho for want of new Saints my Zeal grew something cold, which I was ever fain to supply with a Bottle, the old Remedy when Phyllis is sullen and absent.

WILLMORE

Now thou talk'st of Phillis, prithee, dear Harry, what Women hast in store?

BEAUMOND

I'll tell thee; but first inform me whom these two Sparks are.

WILLMORE

Egad, and so they are, Child: Salute 'em — They are my Friends — True Blades, Hal. highly guilty of the royal Crime, poor and brave, loyal Fugitives.

BEAUMOND

I love and honour 'em, Sir, as such —

[Bowing to Blunt.]

BLUNT

Sir, there's neither Love nor Honour lost.

FETHERFOOL

Sir, I scorn to be behind-hand in Civilities.

BEAUMOND

At first sight I find I am much yours, Sir.

[To Feth.]

FETHERFOOL

Sir, I love and honour any Man that's a Friend to Captain Willmore — and therefore I am yours —

[Enter Shift.]

— Well, honest Lieutenant, how does thy Body? — When shall Ned, and thou and I, crack a Bisket o'er a Glass of Wine, have a Slice of Treason and settle the Nation, hah?

SHIFT

You know, Squire, I am devotedly yours.

[They talk aside.]

BEAUMOND

Prithee who are these?

WILLMORE

Why, the first you saluted is the same Ned Blunt you have often heard Belville and I speak of: the other is a Rarity of another Nature, one Squire Fetherfool of Croydon, a tame Justice of Peace, who liv'd as innocently as Ale and Food could keep him, till for a mistaken Kindness to one of the Royal Party, he lost his Commission, and got the Reputation of a Sufferer: He's rich, but covetous as an Alderman.

BEAUMOND

What a Pox do'st keep 'em Company for, who have neither Wit enough to divert thee, nor Good-nature enough to serve thee?

WILLMORE

Faith, Harry, 'tis true, and if there were no more Charity than Profit in't, a Man would sooner keep a Cough o'th' Lungs than be troubled with 'em: but the Rascals have a blind side as all conceited Coxcombs have, which when I've nothing else to do, I shall expose to advance our Mirth; the Rogues must be cozen'd, because they're so positive they never can be so: but I am now for softer Joys, for Woman, for Woman in abundance — dear Hal. inform me where I may safely unlade my Heart.

BEAUMOND

The same Man still, wild and wanton!

WILLMORE

And would not change to be the Catholick King.

BEAUMOND

I perceive Marriage has not tam'd you, nor a Wife who had all the Charms of her Sex.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

WILLMORE

Ay — she was too good for Mortals.

[With a sham Sadness.]

BELVILE

I think thou hadst her but a Month, prithee how dy'd she?

WILLMORE

Faith, e'en with a fit of Kindness, poor Soul — she would to Sea with me, and in a Storm — far from Land, she gave up the Ghost — 'twas a Loss, but I must bear it with a christian Fortitude.

BEAUMOND

Short Happinesses vanish like to Dreams.

WILLMORE

Ay faith, and nothing remains with me but the sad Remembrance — not so much as the least Part of her hundred thousand Crowns; Brussels that enchanted Court has eas'd me of that Grief, where our Heroes act Tantalus better than ever Ovid describ'd him, condemn'd daily to see an Apparition of Meat, Food in Vision only. Faith, I had Bowels, was good-natur'd, and lent upon the publick Faith as far as 'twill go — But come, let's leave this mortifying Discourse, and tell me how the price of Pleasure goes.

BEAUMOND

At the old Rates still; he that gives most is happiest, some few there are for Love!

WILLMORE

Ah, one of the last, dear Beaumont; and if a Heart or Sword can purchase her, I'll bid as fair as the best. Damn it, I hate a Whore that asks me Mony.

BEAUMOND

Yet I have known thee venture all thy Stock for a new Woman.

WILLMORE

Ay, such a Fool I was in my dull Days of Constancy, but I am now for Change, (and should I pay as often, 'twould undo me) — for Change, my Dear, of Place, Clothes, Wine, and Women. Variety is the Soul of Pleasure, a Good unknown; and we want Faith to find it.

BEAUMOND

Thou wouldst renounce that fond Opinion, Willmore, didst thou see a Beauty here in Town, whose Charms have Power to fix inconstant Nature or Fortune were she tottering on her Wheel.

WILLMORE

Her Name, my Dear, her Name?

BEAUMOND

I would not breathe it even in my Complaints, lest amorous Winds should bear it o'er the World, and make Mankind her Slaves; But that it is a Name too cheaply known, And she that owns it may be as cheaply purchas'd.

WILLMORE

Hah! cheaply purchas'd too! I languish for her.

BEAUMOND

Ay, there's the Devil on't, she is — a Whore.

WILLMORE

Ah, what a charming Sound that mighty Word bears!

BEAUMOND

Damn her, she'll be thine or any body's.

WILLMORE

I die for her —

BEAUMOND

Then for her Qualities —

WILLMORE

No more—ye Gods, I ask no more, Be she but fair and much a Whore — Come let's to her.

BEAUMOND

Perhaps to morrow you may see this Woman.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

WILLMORE

Death, 'tis an Age.

FETHERFOOL

Oh, Captain, the strangest News, Captain.

WILLMORE

Prithee what?

FETHERFOOL

Why, Lieutenant Shift here tells us of two Monsters arriv'd from Mexico, Jews of vast Fortunes, with an old Jew Uncle their Guardian; they are worth a hundred thousand Pounds a piece — Marcy upon's, why, 'tis a Sum able to purchase all Flanders again from his most christian Majesty.

WILLMORE

Ha, ha, ha, Monsters!

BEAUMOND

He tells you Truth, Willmore.

BLUNT

But hark ye, Lieutenant, are you sure they are not married?

BEAUMOND

Who the Devil would venture on such formidable Ladies?

FETHERFOOL

How, venture on 'em! by the Lord Harry, and that would I, tho I'm a Justice of the Peace, and they be Jews, (which to a Christian is a thousand Reasons.)

BLUNT

Is the Devil in you to declare our Designs?

[Aside.]

FETHERFOOL

Mum, as close as a Jesuit.

BEAUMOND

I admire your Courage, Sir, but one of them is so little, and so deform'd, 'tis thought she is not capable of Marriage; and the other is so huge an overgrown Giant, no Man dares venture on her.

WILLMORE

Prithee let's go see 'em; what do they pay for going in?

FETHERFOOL

Pay — I'd have you to know they are Monsters of Quality.

SHIFT

And not to be seen but by particular Favour of their Guardian, whom I am got acquainted with, from the Friendship I have with the Merchant where they lay. The Giant, Sir, is in love with me, the Dwarf with Ensign Hunt, and as we manage Matters we may prove lucky.

BEAUMOND

And didst thou see the Show? the Elephant and the Mouse.

SHIFT

Yes, and pleased them wondrously with News I brought 'em of a famous Mountebank who is coming to Madrid, here are his Bills — who amongst other his marvellous Cures, pretends to restore Mistakes in Nature, to new-mould a Face and Body tho never so misshapen, to exact Proportion and Beauty. This News has made me gracious to the Ladies, and I am to bring 'em word of the Arrival of this famous Empirick, and to negotiate the Business of their Reformation.

WILLMORE

And do they think to be restor'd to moderate sizes?

SHIFT

Much pleas'd with the Hope, and are resolv'd to try at any Rate.

FETHERFOOL

Mum, Lieutenant — not too much of their Transformation; we shall have the Captain put in for a Share, and

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

the Devil would not have him his Rival: Ned and I are resolv'd to venture a Cast for 'em as they are — Hah, Ned.
[Will. and Beau. read the Bill.]

BLUNT

Yes, if there were any Hopes of your keeping a Secret.

FETHERFOOL

Nay, nay, Ned, the World knows I am a plaguy Fellow at your Secrets; that, and my Share of the Charge shall be my Part, for Shift says the Guardian must be brib'd for Consent: Now the other Moiety of the Mony and the Speeches shall be thy part, for thou hast a pretty Knack that way. Now Shift shall bring Matters neatly about, and we'll pay him by the Day, or in gross, when we married — hah, Shift.

SHIFT

Sir, I shall be reasonable.

WILLMORE

I am sure Fetherfool and Blunt have some wise Design upon these two Monsters — it must be so — and this Bill has put an extravagant Thought into my Head — hark ye, Shift.

[Whispers to him.]

BLUNT

The Devil's in't if this will not redeem my Reputation with the Captain, and give him to understand that all the Wit does not lie in the Family of the Willmores, but that this Noddle of mine can be fruitful too upon Occasion.

FETHERFOOL

Ay, and Lord, how we'll domineer, Ned, hah — over Willmore and the rest of the Renegado Officers, when we have married these Lady Monsters, hah, Ned.

BLUNT

— Then to return back to Essex worth a Million.

FETHERFOOL

And I to Croyden —

BLUNT

— Lolling in Coach and Six —

FETHERFOOL

— Be dub'd Right Worshipful —

BLUNT

And stand for Knight of the Shire.

WILLMORE

Enough — I must have my Share of this Jest, and for divers and sundry Reasons thereunto belonging, must be this very Mountebank expected.

SHIFT

Faith, Sir, and that were no hard matter, for a day or two the Town will believe it, the same they look for: and the Bank, Operators and Musick are all ready.

WILLMORE

Well enough, add but a Harlequin and Scaramouch, and I shall mount *in querpo*.

SHIFT

Take no care for that, Sir, your Man, and Ensign Hunt, are excellent at those two; I saw 'em act 'em the other day to a Wonder, they'll be glad of the Employment, my self will be an Operator.

WILLMORE

No more, get 'em ready, and give it out, the Man of Art's arriv'd: Be diligent and secret, for these two politick Asses must be cozen'd.

SHIFT

I will about the Business instantly.

[Ex. Shift.]

BEAUMOND

This Fellow will do Feats if he keeps his Word.

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

I'll give you mine he shall — But, dear Beaumont, where shall we meet anon?

BEAUMOND

I thank ye for that — 'Gad, ye shall dine with me.

FETHERFOOL

A good Motion —

WILLMORE

I beg your Pardon now, dear Beaumont — I having lately nothing else to do, took a Command of Horse from the General at the last Siege, from which I am just arriv'd, and my Baggage is behind, which I must take order for.

FETHERFOOL

Pox on't now there's a Dinner lost, 'twas ever an unlucky Rascal.

BEAUMOND

To tempt thee more, thou shalt see my Wife that is to be.

WILLMORE

Pox on't, I am the leudest Company in Christendom with your honest Women — but — What, art thou to be noos'd then?

BEAUMOND

'Tis so design'd by my Uncle, if an old Grandee my Rival prevent it not; the Wench is very pretty, young, and rich, and lives in the same House with me, for 'tis my Aunt's Daughter.

WILLMORE

Much good may it dye, Harry, I pity you, but 'tis common Grievance of you happy Men of Fortune.

[Goes towards the House-door with Beau.]

[Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Petronella, Sancho, Women veil'd a little.]

AURELIA

Heavens, Madam, is not that the English Captain?

[Looking on Will.]

LA NUCHE

'Tis, and with him Don Henrick the Ambassador's Nephew — how my Heart pants and heaves at sight of him! some Fire of the old Flames remaining, which I must strive to extinguish. For I'll not bate a Ducat of this Price I've set upon my self, for all the Pleasures Youth or Love can bring me — for see Aurelia — the sad Memento of a dacey'd poor old forsaken Whore in Petronella; consider her, and then commend my Prudence.

WILLMORE

Hah, Women! —

FETHERFOOL

Egad, and fine ones too. I'll tell you that.

WILLMORE

No matter, Kindness is better Sauce to Woman than Beauty! By this Hand she looks at me — Why dost hold me?

[Feth. holds him.]

FETHERFOOL

Why, what a Devil, art mad?

WILLMORE

Raging, as vigorous Youth kept long from Beauty; wild for the charming Sex, eager for Woman, I long to give a Loose to Love and Pleasure.

BLUNT

These are not Women, Sir, for you to ruffle —

WILLMORE

Have a care of your Persons of Quality, Ned.

[Goes to La Nuche.]

— Those lovely Eyes were never made to throw their Darts in vain.

LA NUCHE

The Conquest would be hardly worth the Pain.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

WILLMORE

Hah, La Nuche! with what a proud Disdain she flung away — stay, I will not part so with you —
[Holds her.]

[Enter Ariadne and Lucia with Footmen.]

ARIADNE

Who are these before us, Lucia?

LUCIA

I know not, Madam; but if you make not haste home, you'll be troubled with Carlo your importunate Lover, who is just behind us.

ARIADNE

Hang me, a lovely Man! what Lady's that? stay.

PETRONELLA

What Insolence is this! This Villain will spoil all —

FETHERFOOL

Why, Captain, are you quite distracted? — dost know where thou art? Prithee be civil —

WILLMORE

Go, proud and cruel!

[Turns her from him.]

[Enter Carlo, and two or three Spanish Servants following: Petronella goes to him.]

CARLO

Hah, affronted by a drunken Islander, a saucy Tramontane! — Draw —

[To his Servants whilst he takes La Nuche.]

whilst I lead her off — fear not, Lady, you have the Honour of my Sword to guard ye.

WILLMORE

Hah, Carlo — ye lye — it cannot guard the boasting Fool that wears it — be gone — and look not back upon this Woman. *[Snatches her from him]* One single Glance destroys thee —

[They draw and fight; Carlo getting hindmost of his Spaniards, the English beat 'em off. The Ladies run away, all but Ariadne and Lucia.]

LUCIA

Heav'ns, Madam, why do ye stay?

ARIADNE

To pray for that dear Stranger — And see, my Prayers are heard, and he's return'd in safety — this Door shall shelter me to o'er-hear the Quarrel.

[Steps aside.]

[Enter Will. Blunt, Feth. looking big, and putting up his Sword.]

FETHERFOOL

The noble Captain be affronted by a starch'd Ruff and Beard, a Coward in querpo, a walking Bunch of Garlick, a pickl'd Pilchard! abuse the noble Captain, and bear it off in State, like a Christmas Sweet-heart; these things must not be whilst Nicholas Fetherfool wears a Sword.

BLUNT

Pox o' these Women, I thought no good would come on't: besides, where's the Jest in affronting honest Women, if there be such a thing in the Nation?

FETHERFOOL

Hang't, 'twas the Devil and all —

WILLMORE

Ha, ha, ha! Why, good honest homespun Country Gentlemen, who do you think those were?

FETHERFOOL

Were! why, Ladies of Quality going to their Devotion; who should they be?

BLUNT

Why, faith, and so I thought too.

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Why, that very one Woman I spoke to is ten Whores in Surrey.

FETHERFOOL

Prithee speak softly, Man: 'Slife, we shall be poniarde for keeping thee company.

WILLMORE

Wise Mr. Justice, give me your Warrant, and if I do not prove 'em Whores, whip me.

FETHERFOOL

Prithee hold thy scandalous blasphemous Tongue, as if I did not know Whores from Persons of Quality.

WILLMORE

Will you believe me when you lie with her? for thou'rt a rich Ass, and may'st do it.

FETHERFOOL

Whores — ha, ha —

WILLMORE

'Tis strange Logick now, because your Band is better that mine, I must not know a Whore better than you.

BLUNT

If this be a Whore, as thou say'st, I understand nothing — by this Light such a Wench would pass for a Person of Quality in London.

FETHERFOOL

Few Ladies have I seen at a Sheriff's Feast have better Faces, or worn so good Clothes; and by the Lord Harry, if these be of the gentle Craft, I'd not give a Real for an honest Women for my use.

WILLMORE

Come follow me into the Church, for thither I am sure they're gone: And I will let you see what a wretched thing you had been had you lived seven Years longer in Surrey, stew'd in Ale and Beef-broth.

FETHERFOOL

O dear Willmore, name not those savory things, there's no jesting with my Stomach; it sleeps now, but if it wakes, wo be to your Shares at the Ordinary.

BLUNT

I'll say that for Fetherfool, if his Heart were but half so good as his Stomach, he were a brave Fellow.

[Aside, Exeunt.]

ARIADNE

I am resolv'd to follow — and learn, if possible, who 'tis has made this sudden Conquest o'er me.

[All go off.]

[Scene draws, and discovers a Church, a great many People at Devotion, soft Musick playing. Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Petron. and Sancho: To them Willmore, Feth. Blunt; then Ariadne, Lucia; Feth. bows to La Nuche and Petronella.]

FETHERFOOL

Now as I hope to be sav'd, Blunt, she's a most melodious Lady. Would I were worthy to purchase a Sin or so with her. Would not such a Beauty reconcile thy Quarrel to the Sex?

BLUNT

No, were she an Angel in that Shape.

FETHERFOOL

Why, what a pox couldst not lie with her if she'd let thee? By the Lord Harry, as errant a Dog as I am, I'd fain see any of Cupid's Cook-maids put me out of countenance with such a Shoulder of Mutton.

ARIADNE

See how he gazes on her — Lucia, go nearer, and o'er-hear 'em.

[Lucia listens.]

WILLMORE

Death, how the charming Hypocrite looks to day, with such a soft Devotion in her Eyes, as if even now she were praising Heav'n for all the Advantages it has blest her with.

BLUNT

Look how Willmore eyes her, the Rogue's smitten heart deep — Whores —

FETHERFOOL

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Only a Trick to keep her to himself — he thought the Name of a Spanish Harlot would fight us from attempting — I must divert him — how is't, Captain — Prithee mind this Musick — Is it not most Seraphical?

WILLMORE

Pox, let the Fiddlers mind and tune their Pipes, I've higher Pleasures now.

FETHERFOOL

[Aside]

Oh, have ye so;

what, with Whores, Captain? — 'Tis a most delicious Gentlewoman.

PETRONELLA

Pray, Madam, mind that Cavalier, who takes such pains to recommend himself to you.

LA NUCHE

Yes, for a fine conceited Fool —

PETRONELLA

Catso, a Fool, what else?

LA NUCHE

Right, they are our noblest Chapmen; a Fool, and a rich Fool, and an English rich Fool —

FETHERFOOL

'Sbud, she eyes me, Ned, I'll set my self in order, it may take — hah —

[Sets himself.]

PETRONELLA

Let me alone to manage him, I'll to him —

LA NUCHE

Or to the Devil, so I had one Minute's time to speak to Willmore.

PETRONELLA

And accosting him thus — tell him —

LA NUCHE

[in a hasty Tone.] — I am desperately in love with him, and am Daughter, Wife, or Mistress to some Grandee — bemoan the Condition of Women of Quality in Spain, who by too much Constraint are oblig'd to speak first — but were we blest like other Nations where Men and Women meet —

[Speaking so fast, she offering to put in her word, is still prevented by t'other's running on.]

PETRONELLA

What Herds of Cuckolds would Spain breed — 'Slife, I could find in my Heart to forswear your Service: Have I taught ye your Trade, to become my Instructor, how to cozen a dull phlegmatick greasy-brain'd Englishman? — go and expect your Wishes.

WILLMORE

So, she has sent her Matron to our Coxcomb; she saw he was a Cully fit for Game — who would not be a Rascal to be rich, a Dog, an Ass, a beaten, harden'd Coward — by Heaven, I will possess this gay Insensible, to make me hate her — most extremely curse her — See if she be not fallen to Pray'r again, from thence to Flattery, Jilting and Purse-taking, to make the Proverb good — My fair false Sybil, what Inspirations are you waiting for from Heaven, new Arts to cheat Mankind! — Tell me, with what Face canst thou be devout, or ask any thing from thence, who hast made so leud a use of what it has already lavish'd on thee?

LA NUCHE

Oh my careless Rover! I perceive all your hot Shot is not yet spent in Battel, you have a Volley in reserve for me still — Faith, Officer, the Town has wanted Mirth in your Absence.

WILLMORE

And so might all the wiser part for thee, who hast no Mirth, no Gaiety about thee, and when thou wouldst design some Coxcomb's ruin; to all the rest, a Soul thou hast so dull, that neither Love nor Mirth, nor Wit or Wine can wake it to good Nature — thou'rt one who lazily work'st in thy Trade, and sell'st for ready Mony so much Kindness; a tame cold Sufferer only, and no more.

LA NUCHE

What, you would have a Mistress like a Squirrel in a Cage, always in Action — one who is as free of her

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Favours as I am sparing of mine — Well, Captain, I have known the time when La Nuche was such a Wit, such a Humour, such a Shape, and such a Voice, (tho to say Truth I sing but scurvily) 'twas Comedy to see and hear me.

WILLMORE

Why, yes Faith for once thou wert, and for once mayst be again, till thou know'st thy Man, and knowest him to be poor. At first you lik'd me too, you saw me gay, no marks of Poverty dwelt in my Face or Dress, and then I was the dearest loveliest Man — all this was to my outside; Death, you made love to my Breeches, caress'd my Garniture and Feather, and English Fool of Quality you thought me — 'Sheart, I have known a Woman doat on Quality, tho he has stunk thro all his Perfumes; one who never went all to Bed to her, but left his Teeth, an Eye, false Back and Breast, sometimes his Palate too upon her Toilet, whilst her fair Arms hug'd the dismember'd Carcase, and swore him all Perfection, because of Quality.

LA NUCHE

But he was rich, good Captain, was he not?

WILLMORE

Oh most damnably, and a confounded Blockhead, two certain Remedies against your Pride and Scorn.

LA NUCHE

Have you done, Sir?

WILLMORE

With thee and all thy Sex, of which I've try'd an hundred, and found none true or honest.

LA NUCHE

Oh, I doubt not the number: for you are one of those healthy—stomacht Lovers, that can digest a Mistress in a Night, and hunger again next Morning: a Pox of your whining consumptive Constitution, who are only constant for want of Appetite: you have a swinging Stomach to Variety, and Want having set an edge upon your Invention, (with which you cut thro all Difficulties) you grow more impudent by Success.

WILLMORE

I am not always scorn'd then.

LA NUCHE

I have known you as confidently put your Hands into your Pockets for Money in a Morning, as if the Devil had been your Banker, when you knew you put 'em off at Night as empty as your Gloves.

WILLMORE

And it may be found Money there too.

LA NUCHE

Then with this Poverty so proud you are, you will not give the Wall to the Catholick King, unless his Picture hung upon't. No Servants, no Money, no Meat, always on foot, and yet undaunted still.

WILLMORE

Allow me that, Child.

LA NUCHE

I wonder what the Devil makes you so termagant on our Sex, 'tis not your high feeding, for your Grandees only dine, and that but when Fortune pleases — For your parts, who are the poor dependent, brown Bread and old Adam's Ale is only current amongst ye; yet if little Eve walk in the Garden, the starv'd lean Rogues neigh after her, as if they were in Paradise.

WILLMORE

Still true to Love you see —

LA NUCHE

I heard an English Capuchin swear, that if the King's Followers could be brought to pray as well as fast, there would be more Saints among 'em than the Church has ever canoniz'd.

WILLMORE

All this with Pride I own, since 'tis a royal Cause I suffer for; go pursue your Business your own way, insnare the Fool — I saw the Toils you set, and how that Face was ordered for the Conquest, your Eyes brimful of dying lying Love; and now and then a wishing Glance or Sigh thrown as by chance; which when the happy Coxcomb caught — you feign'd a Blush, as angry and asham'd of the Discovery: and all this Cunning's for a little mercenary Gain — fine Clothes, perhaps some Jewels too, whilst all the Finery cannot hide the Whore!

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

LA NUCHE

There's your eternal Quarrel to our Sex, 'twere a fine Trade indeed to keep a Shop and give your Ware for Love: would it turn to account think ye, Captain, to trick and dress, to receive all wou'd enter? faith, Captain, try the Trade.

PETRONELLA

What in Discourse with this Railer! — come away; Poverty's catching.

[Returns from Discourse with Feth. speaks to San.]

WILLMORE

So is the Pox, good Matron, of which you can afford good Penniworths.

LA NUCHE

He charms me even with his angry Looks, and will undo me yet.

PETRONELLA

Let's leave this Place, I'll tell you my Success as we go.

[Ex. all, some one way, some another, the Forepart of the Church shuts over, except Will. Blunt, Aria. and Lucia.]

WILLMORE

She's gone, and all the Plagues of Pride go with her.

BLUNT

Heartlikins, follow her — Pox on't, an I'd but as good a Hand at this Game as thou hast, I'll venture upon any Chance —

WILLMORE

Damn her, come, let's to Dinner. Where's Fetherfool?

BLUNT

Follow'd a good Woodman, who gave him the Sign: he'll lodge the Deer e'er night.

WILLMORE

Follow'd her — he durst not, the Fool wants Confidence enough to look on her.

BLUNT

Oh you know not how a Country Justice may be improved by Travel; the Rogue was hedg'd in at home with the Fear of his Neighbours and the Penal Statutes, now he's broke loose, he runs neighing like a Stone-Horse upon the Common.

WILLMORE

However, I'll not believe this — let's follow 'em.

[Ex. Will. and Blunt.]

ARIADNE

He is in love, but with a Courtezan — some Comfort that. We'll after him — 'Tis a faint-hearted Lover, Who for the first Discouragement gives over.

[Ex. Ariadne and Lucia.]

ACT II

SCENE 1 The Street.

[Enter Fetherfool and Sancho, passing over the Stage; after them Willmore and Blunt, follow'd by Ariadne and Lucia.]

WILLMORE

'Tis so, by Heaven, he's chaffering with her Pimp. I'll spare my Curses on him for having her, he has a Plague beyond 'em. — Harkye, I'll never love, nor lie with Women more, those Slaves to Lust, to Vanity and Interest.

BLUNT

Ha, Captain!

[Shaking his Head and smiling.]

WILLMORE

Come, let's go drink Damnation to 'em all.

BLUNT

Not all, good Captain.

WILLMORE

All, for I hate 'em all —

ARIADNE

Heavens! if he should indeed!

[Aside.]

BLUNT

But, Robert, I have found you most inclined to a Damsel when you had a Bottle in your Head.

WILLMORE

Give me thy Hand, Ned — Curse me, despise me, point me out for Cowardice if e'er thou see'st me court a Woman more: Nay, when thou knowest I ask any of the Sex a civil Question again — a Plague upon 'em, how they've handled me — come, let's go drink, I say — Confusion to the Race — A Woman! — no, I will be burnt with my own Fire to Cinders e'er any of the Brood shall lay my Flame —

ARIADNE

He cannot be so wicked to keep this Resolution sure —

[She passes by.]

Faith, I must be resolv'd — you've made a pious Resolution, Sir, had you the Grace to keep it —

[Passing on he pauses, and looks on her.]

WILLMORE

Hum — What's that?

BLUNT

That — O — nothing — but a Woman — come away.

WILLMORE

A Woman! Damn her, what Mischief made her cross my way just on the Point of Reformation!

BLUNT

I find the Devil will not lose so hopeful a Sinner. Hold, hold, Captain, have you no Regard to your own Soul? 'dsheartlikins, 'tis a Woman, a very errant Woman.

ARIADNE

Your Friend informs you right, Sir, I am a Woman.

WILLMORE

Ay, Child, or I were a lost Man — therefore, dear lovely Creature —

ARIADNE

How can you tell, Sir?

WILLMORE

Oh, I have naturally a large Faith, Child, and thou'st promising Form, a tempting Motion, clean Limbs, well drest, and a most damnable inviting Air.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

ARIADNE

I am not to be sold, nor fond of Praise I merit not.

WILLMORE

How, not to be sold too! By this light, Child, thou speakest like a Cherubim, I have not heard so obliging a Sound from the Mouth of Woman—kind this many a Day — I find we must be better acquainted, my Dear.

ARIADNE

Your Reason, good familiar Sir, I see no such Necessity.

WILLMORE

Child, you are mistaken, I am in great Necessity; for first I love thee — desperately — have I not damn'd my Soul already for thee, and wouldst thou be so wicked to refuse a little Consolation to my Body? Then secondly, I see thou art frank and good—natur'd, and wilt do Reason gratis.

ARIADNE

How prove ye that, good Mr. Philospher?

WILLMORE

Thou say'st thou'rt not to be sold, and I'm sure thou'rt to be had — that lovely Body of so divine a Form, those soft smooth Arms and Hands, were made t'embrace as well as be embrac'd; that delicate white rising Bosom to be prest, and all thy other Charms to be enjoy'd.

ARIADNE

By one that can esteem 'em to their worth, can set a Value and a Rate upon 'em.

WILLMORE

Name not those Words, they grate my Ears like Jointure, that dull conjugal Cant that frights the generous Lover. Rate — Death, let the old Dotards talk of Rates, and pay it t'atone for the Defects of Impotence. Let the sly Statesman, who jilts the Commonwealth with his grave Politicks, pay for the Sin, that he may doat in secret; let the brisk Fool inch out his scanted Sense with a large Purse more eloquent than he: But tell not me of Rates, who bring a Heart, Youth, Vigor, and a Tongue to sing the Praise of every single Pleasure thou shalt give me.

ARIADNE

Then if I should be kind, I perceive you would not keep the Secret.

WILLMORE

Secrecy is a damn'd ungrateful Sin, Child, known only where Religion and Small—beer are current, despis'd where Apollo and the Vine bless the Country: you find none of Jove's Mistresses hid in Roots and Plants, but fixt Stars in Heaven for all to gaze and wonder at — and tho I am no God, my Dear, I'll do a Mortal's Part, and generously tell the admiring World what hidden Charms thou hast: Come, lead me to some Place of Happiness —

BLUNT

Prithee, honest Damsel, be not so full of Questions; will a Pistole or two do thee any hurt?

LUCIA

None at all, Sir —

BLUNT

Thou speak'st like a hearty Wench — and I believe hast not been one of Venus' Hand—maids so long, but thou understand thy Trade — In short, fair Damsel, this honest Fellow here who is so termagant upon thy Lady, is my Friend, my particular Friend, and therefore I would have him handsomly, and well—favour'dly abus'd — you conceive me.

LUCIA

Truly, Sir, a friendly Request — but in what Nature abus'd?

BLUNT

Nature! — why any of your Tricks would serve — but if he could be conveniently strip'd and beaten, or tost in a Blanket, or any such trivial Business, thou wouldst do me a singular Kindness; as for Robbery he defies the Devil: an empty Pocket is an Antidote against that Ill.

LUCIA

Your Money, Sir: and if he be not cozen'd, say a Spanish Woman has neither Wit nor Invention upon Occasion.

BLUNT

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Sheartlikins, how I shall love and honour thee for't — here's earnest —

[Talks to her with Joy and Grimace.]

ARIADNE

But who was that you entertain'd at Church but now?

WILLMORE

Faith, one, who for her Beauty merits that glorious Title she wears, it was — a Whore, Child.

ARIADNE

That's but a scurvy Name; yet, if I'm not mistaken, in those false Eyes of yours, they look with longing Love upon that — Whore, Child.

WILLMORE

Thou are i'th' right, and by this hand, my Soul was full as wishing as my eyes: but a Pox on't, you Women have all a certain Jargon, or Gibberish, peculiar to your selves; of Value, Rate, Present, Interest, Settlement, Advantage, Price, Maintenance, and the Devil and all of Fopperies, which in plain Terms signify ready Money, by way of Fine before Entrance; so that an honest well-meaning Merchant of Love finds no Credit amongst ye, without his Bill of Lading.

ARIADNE

We are not all so cruel — but the Devil on't is, your good — natur'd Heart is likely accompanied with an ill Face and worse Wit.

WILLMORE

Faith, Child, a ready Dish when a Man's Stomach is up, is better than a tedious Feast. I never saw any Man yet cut my piece; some are for Beauty, some are for Wit, and some for the Secret, but I for all, so it be in a kind Girl: and for Wit in Woman, so she say pretty fond things, we understand; tho true or false, no matter.

ARIADNE

Give the Devil his due, you are a very conscientious Lover: I love a Man that scorns to impose dull Truth and Constancy on a Mistress.

WILLMORE

Constancy, that current Coin with Fools! No, Child, Heaven keep that Curse from our Doors.

ARIADNE

Hang it, it loses Time and Profit, new Lovers have new Vows and new Presents, whilst the old feed upon a dull repetition of what they did when they were Lovers; 'tis like eating the cold Meat ones self, after having given a Friend a Feast.

WILLMORE

Yes, that's the thrifty Food for the Family when the Guests are gone. Faith, Child, thou hast made a neat and a hearty Speech: But prithee, my Dear, for the future, leave out that same Profit and Present, for I have a natural Aversion to hard words; and for matter of quick Dispatch in the Business — give me thy Hand, Child — let us but start fair, and if thou outstripst me, thou'rt a nimble Racer.

[Lucia sees Shift.]

LUCIA

Oh, Madam, let's be gone: younder's Lieutenant Shift, who, if he sees us, will certainly give an Account of it to Mr. Beaumont. Let's get in thro the Garden, I have the Key.

ARIADNE

Here's Company coming, and for several reasons I would not be seen.

[Offers to go.]

WILLMORE

Gad, Child, nor I; Reputation is tender — therefore prithee let's retire.

[Offers to go with her.]

ARIADNE

You must not stir a step.

WILLMORE

Not stir! no Magick Circle can detain me if you go.

ARIADNE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Follow me then at a distance, and observe where I enter; and at night (if your Passion lasts so long) return, and you shall find Admittance into the Garden.

[Speaking hastily.]

[He runs out after her.]

[Enter Shift.]

SHIFT

Well, Sir, the Mountebank's come, and just going to begin in the Piazza; I have order'd Matters, that you shall have a Sight of the Monsters, and leave to court 'em, and when won, to give the Guardian a fourth part of the Portions.

BLUNT

Good: But Mum — here's the Captain, who must by no means know our good Fortune, till he see us in State.

[Enter Willmore, Shift goes to him.]

SHIFT

All things are ready, Sir, for our Design, the House prepar'd as you directed me, the Guardian wrought upon by the Persuasions of the two Monsters, to take a Lodging there, and try the Bath of Reformation: The Bank's preparing, and the Operators and Musick all ready, and the impatient Town flockt together to behold the Man of Wonders, and nothing wanting but your Donship and a proper Speech.

WILLMORE

'Tis well, I'll go fit my self with a Dress, and think of a Speech the while: In the mean time, go you and amuse the gaping Fools that expect my coming.

[Goes out.]

[Enter Fetherfool singing and dancing.]

FETHERFOOL

Have you heard of a Spanish Lady, How she woo'd an English Man?

BLUNT

Why, how now, Fetherfool?

FETHERFOOL

Garments gay, and rich as may be, Deckt with Jewels, had she on.

BLUNT

Why, how now, Justice, what run mad out of Dog-days?

FETHERFOOL

Of a comely Countenance and Grace is she, A sweeter Creature in the World there could not be.

SHIFT

Why, what the Devil's the matter, Sir?

BLUNT

Stark mad, 'dshartlikins.

FETHERFOOL

Of a Comely Countenance — well, Lieutenant, the most heroick and illustrious Madona! Thou saw'st her, Ned: And of a comely Counte — The most Magnetick Face — well — I knew the Charms of these Eyes of mine were not made in vain: I was design'd for great things, that's certain — And a sweeter Creature in the World there could not be.

[Singing.]

BLUNT

What then the two Lady Monsters are forgotten? the Design upon the Million of Money, the Coach and Six, and Patent for Right Worshipful, all drown'd in the Joy of this new Mistress? — But well, Lieutenant, since he is so well provided for, you may put in with me for a Monster; such a Jest, and such a Sum, is not to be lost.

SHIFT

Nor shall not, or I have lost my Aim.

[Aside.]

FETHERFOOL

[Putting off his Hat.] Your Pardons, good Gentlemen; and tho I perceive I shall have no great need for so

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

trifling a Sum as a hundred thousand Pound, or so, yet a Bargain's a Bargain, Gentlemen.

BLUNT

Nay, 'dsheartlikins, the Lieutenant scorns to do a foul thing, d'ye see, but we would not have the Monsters slighted.

FETHERFOOL

Slighted! no, Sir, I scorn your Words, I'd have ye to know, that I have as high a Respect for Madam Monster, as any Gentleman in Christendom, and so I desire she should understand.

BLUNT

Why, this is that that's handsom.

SHIFT

Well, the Mountebank's come, Lodgings are taken at his House, and the Guardian prepar'd to receive you on the aforesaid Terms, and some fifty Pistoles to the Mountebank to stand your Friend, and the Business is done.

FETHERFOOL

Which shall be perform'd accordingly, I have it ready about me.

BLUNT

And here's mine, put 'em together, and let's be speedy, lest some should bribe higher, and put in before us.

[Feth. takes the Money, and looks pitiful on't.]

FETHERFOOL

Tis a plaguy round Sum, Ned, pray God it turn to Account.

BLUNT

Account, 'dsheartlikins, tis not in the Power of mortal Man to cozen 'me.

SHIFT

Oh fie, Sir, cozen you, Sir! — well, you'll stay here and see the Mountebank, he's coming forth.

[A Hollowing. Enter from the Front a Bank, a Pageant, which they fix on the Stage at one side, a little Pavilion on't, Musick playing, and Operators round below, or Antickers.]

[Musick plays, and an Antick Dance.]

[Enter Willmore like a Mountebank, with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Viol in the other, Harlequin and Scaramouche; Carlo with other Spaniards below, and Rabble; Ariadne and Lucia above in the Balcony, others on the other side, Fetherfool and Blunt below.]

WILLMORE

(bowing) Behold this little Viol, which contains in its narrow Bounds what the whole Universe cannot purchase, if sold to its true Value; this admirable, this miraculous Elixir, drawn from the Hearts of Mandrakes, Phenix Livers, and Tongues of Maremaids, and distill'd by contracted Sun-Beams, has besides the unknown Virtue of curing all Distempers both of Mind and Body, that divine one of animating the Heart of Man to that Degree, that however remiss, cold and cowardly by Nature, he shall become vigorous and brave. Oh stupid and insensible Man, when Honour and secure Renown invites you, to treat it with Neglect, even when you need but passive Valour, to become the Heroes of the Age; receive a thousand Wounds, each of which wou'd let out fleeting Life: Here's that can snatch the parting Soul in its full Career, and bring it back to its native Mansion; baffles grim Death, and disappoints even Fate.

FETHERFOOL

Oh Pox, an a Man were sure of that now —

WILLMORE

Behold, here's Demonstration —

[Harlequin stabs himself, and falls as dead.]

FETHERFOOL

Hold, hold, why, what the Devil is the Fellow mad?

BLUNT

Why, do'st think he has hurt himself?

FETHERFOOL

Hurt himself! why, he's murder'd, Man; 'tis flat Felo de se, in any ground in England, if I understand Law, and I have been a Justice o'th' Peace.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

WILLMORE

See, Gentlemen, he's dead ---

FETHERFOOL

Look ye there now, I'll be gone lest I be taken as an Accessary.

[Going out.]

WILLMORE

Coffin him, inter him, yet after four and twenty Hours, as many Drops of this divine Elixir give him new Life again; this will recover whole Fields of slain, and all the Dead shall rise and fight again --- 'twas this that made the Roman Legions numerous, and now makes France so formidable, and this alone --- may be the Occasion of the loss of Germany.

[Pours in Harlequin's Wound, he rises.]

FETHERFOOL

Why this Fellow's the Devil, Ned, that's for certain.

BLUNT

Oh plague, a damn'd Conjurer, this ---

WILLMORE

Come, buy this Coward's Comfort, quickly buy; what Fop would be abus'd, mimick'd and scorn'd, for fear of Wounds can be so easily cured? Who is't wou'd bear the Insolence and Pride of domineering great Men, proud Officers or Magistrates? or who wou'd cringe to Statesmen out of Fear? What Cully wou'd be cuckolded? What foolish Heir undone by cheating Gamesters? What Lord wou'd be lampoon'd? What Poet fear the Malice of his satirical Brother, or Atheist fear to fight for fear of Death? Come buy my Coward's Comfort, quickly buy.

FETHERFOOL

Egad, Ned, a very excellent thing this; I'll lay out ten Reals upon this Commodity.

[They buy, whilst another Part of the Dance is danc'd.]

WILLMORE

Behold this little Paper, which contains a Pouder, whose Value surmounts that of Rocks of Diamonds and Hills of Gold; 'twas this made Venus a Goddess, and was given her by Apollo, from her deriv'd to Helen, and in the Sack of Troy lost, till recover'd by me out of some Ruins of Asia. Come, buy it, Ladies, you that wou'd be fair and wear eternal Youth; and you in whom the amorous Fire remains, when all the Charms are fled: You that dress young and gay, and would be thought so, that patch and paint, to fill up sometimes old Furrows on your Brows, and set yourselves for Conquest, tho in vain; here's that will give you auburn Hair, white Teeth, red Lips, and Dimples on your Cheeks: Come, buy it all you that are past bewitching, and wou'd have handsom, young and active Lovers.

FETHERFOOL

Another good thing, Ned.

CARLO

I'll lay out a Pistole or two in this, if it have the same Effect on Men.

WILLMORE

Come, all you City Wives, that wou'd advance your Husbands to Lord Mayors, come, buy of me new Beauty; this will give it tho now decay'd, as are your Shop Commodities; this will retrieve your Customers, and vend your false and out of fashion'd Wares: cheat, lye, protest and cozen as you please, a handsom Wife makes all a lawful Gain. Come, City Wives, come, buy.

FETHERFOOL

A most prodigious Fellow!

[They buy, he sits, the other Part is danc'd.]

WILLMORE

But here, behold the Life and Soul of Man! this is the amorous Pouder, which Venus made and gave the God of Love, which made him first a Deity; you talk of Arrows, Bow, and killing Darts; Fables, poetical Fictions, and no more: 'tis this alone that wounds and fires the Heart, makes Women kind, and equals Men to Gods; 'tis this that makes your great Lady doat on the ill-favour'd Fop; your great Man be jilted by his little Mistress, the Judge cajol'd by his Semstress, and your Politican by his Comedian; your young lady doat on her decrepid Husband,

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

your Chaplain on my Lady's Waiting-Woman, and the young Squire on the Landry-Maid — In fine, Messieurs,
'Tis this that cures the Lover's Pain,
And Celia of her cold Disdain.

FETHERFOOL

A most devilish Fellow this!

BLUNT

Hold, shartlikins, Fetherfool, let's have a Dose or two of this Pouder for quick Dispatch with our Monsters.

FETHERFOOL

Why Pox, Man, Jugg my Giant would swallow a whole Cart-Load before 'twould operate.

BLUNT

No hurt in trying a Paper or two however.

CARLO

A most admirable Receipt, I shall have need on't.

WILLMORE

I need say nothing of my divine Baths of Reformation, nor the wonders of the old Oracle of the Box, which resolves all Questions, my Bills sufficiently declare their Virtue.

[Sits down. They buy.]

[Enter Petronella Elenora carried in a Chair, dress'd like a Girl of Fifteen.]

SHIFT

Room there, Gentlemen, room for a Patient.

BLUNT

Pray, Seignior, who may this be thus muzzl'd by old Gaffer Time?

CARLO

One Petronella Elenora, Sir, a famous outworn Curtezan.

BLUNT

Elenora! she may be that of Troy for her Antiquity, tho fitter for God Priapus to ravish than Paris.

SHIFT

Hunt, a word; dost thou see that same formal Politician yonder, on the Jennet, the nobler Animal of the two?

HUNT

What of him?

SHIFT

'Tis the same drew on the Captain this Morning, and I must revenge the Affront.

HUNT

Have a care of Revenges in Spain, upon Persons of his Quality.

SHIFT

Nay, I'll only steal his Horse from under him.

HUNT

Steal it! thou may'st take it by force perhaps; but how safely is a Question.

SHIFT

I'll warrant thee — shoulder you up one side of his great Saddle, I'll do the like on t'other; then heaving him gently up, Harlequin shall lead the Horse from between his Worship's Legs: All this in the Crowd will not be perceiv'd, where all Eyes are employ'd on the Mountebank.

HUNT

I apprehend you now —

[Whilst they are lifting Petronella on the Mountebank's Stage, they go into the Crowd, shoulder up Carlo's Saddle. Harlequin leads the Horse forward, whilst Carlo is gazing, and turning up his Mustachios; they hold him up a little while, then let him drop: he rises and stares about for his Horse.]

CARLO

This is flat Conjuration.

SHIFT

What's your Worship on foot?

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

HUNT

I never saw his Worship on foot before.

CARLO

Sirrah, none of your Jest, this must be by diabolical Art, and shall cost the Seignior dear — Men of my Garb affronted — my Jennet vanisht — most miraculous — by St. Jago, I'll be revenged — hah, what's here — La Nuche —

[Surveys her at a distance.]

[Enter La Nuche, Aurelia, Sancho.]

LA NUCHE

We are pursu'd by Beaumont, who will certainly hinder our speaking to Willmore, should we have the good fortune to see him in this Crowd — and yet there's no avoiding him.

BEAUMOND

'Tis she, how carefully she shuns me!

AURELIA

I'm satisfied he knows us by the jealous Concern which appears in that prying Countenance of his.

BEAUMOND

Stay, Cruel, is it Love or Curiosity, that wings those nimble Feet?

[Holds her.]

[Lucia above and Ariadne.]

ARIADNE

Beaumont with a Woman!

BEAUMOND

Have you forgot this is the glorious Day that ushers in the Night shall make you mine? the happiest Night that ever favour'd Love!

LA NUCHE

Or if I have, I find you'll take care to remember me.

BEAUMOND

Sooner I could forget the Aids of Life, sooner forget how first that Beauty charm'd me.

LA NUCHE

Well, since your Memory's so good, I need not doubt your coming.

BEAUMOND

Still cold and unconcern'd! How have I doated, and how sacrific'd, regardless of my Fame, lain idling here, when all the Youth of Spain were gaining Honour, valuing one Smile of thine above their Laurels!

LA NUCHE

And in return, I do submit to yield, preferring you above those fighting Fools, who safe in Multitudes reap Honour cheaper.

BEAUMOND

Yet there is one — one of those fighting Fools which should'st thou see, I fear I were undone; brave, handsome, gay, and all that Women doat on, unfortunate in every good of Life, but that one Blessing of obtaining Women: Be wise, for if thou seest him thou art lost — Why dost thou blush?

LA NUCHE

Because you doubt my Heart — 'tis Willmore that he means. *[Aside.]* We've Eyes upon us, Don Carlo may grow jealous, and he's a powerful Rival — at night I shall expect ye.

BEAUMOND

Whilst I prepare my self for such a Blessing.

[Ex. Beau.]

CARLO

Hah! a Cavalier in conference with La Nuche! and entertain'd without my knowledge! I must prevent this Lover, for he's young — and this Night will surprise her.

[Aside.]

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

And you would be restor'd?

[To Petro.]

PETRONELLA

Yes, if there be that Divinity in your Baths of Reformation.

WILLMORE

There are.

New Flames shall sparkle in those Eyes;

And these grey Hairs flowing and bright shall rise:

These Cheeks fresh Buds of Roses wear,

And all your wither'd Limbs so smooth and clear,

As shall a general Wonder move,

And wound a thousand Hearts with Love.

PETRONELLA

A Blessing on you, Sir, there's fifty Pistoles for you, and as I earn it you shall have more.

[They lift her down.]

[Exit Willmore bowing.]

SHIFT

Messieurs, 'tis late, and the Seignior's Patients stay for him at his Laboratory, to morrow you shall see the conclusion of this Experiment, and so I humbly take my leave at this time.

[Enter Willmore, below sees La Nuche, makes up to her, whilst the last part of the Dance is dancing.]

LA NUCHE

What makes you follow me, Sir?

[She goes from him, he pursues.]

WILLMORE

Madam, I see something in that lovely Face of yours, which if not timely prevented will be your ruin: I'm now in haste, but I have more to say --

[Goes off.]

LA NUCHE

Stay, Sir -- he's gone -- and fill'd me with a curiosity that will not let me rest till it be satisfied: Follow me, Aurelia, for I must know my Destiny.

[Goes out.]

[The Dance ended, the Bank removes, the People go off.]

FETHERFOOL

Come, Ned, now for our amorous Visit to the two Lady Monsters.

[Ex. Feth. and Blunt.]

ACT II

SCENE 2

Changes to a fine Chamber.

[Enter Ariadne and Lucia.]

ARIADNE

I'm thoughtful: Prithce, Cousin, sing some foolish Song --

SONG.

Phillis, whose Heart was unconfin'd

And free as Flowers on Meads and Plains,

None boasted of her being kind,

'Mongst all the languishing and amorous Swains:

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

No Sighs nor Tears the Nymph could move
[bis.]
To pity or return their Love.
Till on a time, the hapless Maid
Retir'd to shun the heat o'th' Day,
Into a Grove, beneath whose Shade
Strephon, the careless Shepherd, sleeping lay:
But oh such Charms the Youth adorn,
[bis.]
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.
Her Cheeks with Blushes covered were,
And tender Sighs her Bosom warm;
A softness in her Eyes appear,
Unusual Pains she feels from every Charm:
To Woods and Ecchoes now she cries,
[bis.]
For Modesty to speak denies.

ARIADNE

Come, help to undress me, for I'll to this Mountebank, to know what success I shall have with my Cavalier.
[Unpins her things before a great Glass that is fasten'd.]

LUCIA

You are resolv'd then to give him admittance?

ARIADNE

Where's the danger of a handsom young Fellow?

LUCIA

But you don't know him, Madam.

ARIADNE

But I desire to do, and time may bring it about without Miracle.

LUCIA

Your Cousin Beaumont will forbid the Banes.

ARIADNE

No, nor old Carlos neither, my Mother's precious Choice, who is as solicitous for the old Gentleman, as my Father-in-Law is for his Nephew. Therefore, Lucia, like a good and gracious Child, I'll end the Dispute between my Father and Mother, and please my self in the choice of this Stranger, if he be to be had.

LUCIA

I should as soon be enamour'd on the North Wind, a Tempest, or a Clap of Thunder. Bless me from such a Blast.

ARIADNE

I'd have a Lover rough as Seas in Storms, upon occasion; I hate your dull temperate Lover, 'tis such a husbandly quality, like Beaumont's Addresses to me, whom neither Joy nor Anger puts in motion; or if it do, 'tis visibly forc'd — I'm glad I saw him entertain a Woman to day, not that I care, but wou'd be fairly rid of him.

LUCIA

You'll hardly mend your self in this.

ARIADNE

What, because he held Discourse with a Curtezan?

LUCIA

Why, is there no danger in her Eyes, do ye think?

ARIADNE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

None that I fear, that Stranger's not such a fool to give his Heart to a common Woman; and she that's concern'd where her Lover bestows his Body, were I the Man, I should think she had a mind to't her self.

LUCIA

And reason, Madam: in a lawful way 'tis your due.

ARIADNE

What all? unconscionable Lucia! I am more merciful; but be he what he will, I'll to this cunning Man, to know whether ever any part of him shall be mine.

LUCIA

Lord, Madam, sure he's a Conjuror.

ARIADNE

Let him be the Devil, I'll try his Skill, and to that end will put on a Suit of my Cousin Endymion; there are two or three very pretty ones of his in the Wardrobe, go carry 'em to my Chamber, and we'll fit our selves and away — Go haste whilst I undress.

[Ex. Lucia.]

[Ariadne undressing before the Glass.]

[Enter Beaumont tricking himself, and looks on himself.]

BEAUMOND

Now for my charming Beauty, fair La Nuche — hah — Ariadne — damn the dull Property, how shall I free my self?

[She turns, sees him, and walks from the Glass, he takes no notice of her, but tricks himself the Glass, humming a Song.]

ARIADNE

Beaumont! What Devil brought him hither to prevent me? I hate the formal matrimonial Fop.

[He walks about and sings.]

Sommes nous pas trop heureux,

Belle Irise, que nous ensemble.

A Devil on him, he may chance to plague me till night, and hinder my dear Assigation.

[Sings again.]

La Nuit et le Sombre voiles

Coverie nos desires ardentes;

Et l' Amour et les Etoiles

Sont nos secrets confidents.

BEAUMOND

Pox on't, how dull am I at an excuse?

[Sets his Wig in the Glass, and sings.]

A Pox of Love and Woman-kind,

And all the Fops adore 'em.

[Puts on his Hat, cocks it, and goes to her.]

How is't, Cuz?

ARIADNE

So, here's the saucy freedom of a Husband Lover — a blest Invention this of marrying, whoe'er first found it out.

BEAUMOND

Damn this English Dog of a Perriwig-maker, what an ungainly Air it gives the Face, and for a Wedding Perriwig too — how dost thou like it, Ariadne?

[Uneasy.]

ARIADNE

As ill as the Man — I perceive you have taken more care for your Perriwig than your Bride.

BEAUMOND

And with reason, Ariadne, the Bride was never the care of the Lover, but the business of the Parents; 'tis a serious Affair, and ought to be manag'd by the grave and wise: Thy Mother and my Uncle have agreed the Matter,

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

and would it not look very sillily in me now to whine a tedious Tale of Love in your Ear, when the business is at an end? 'tis like saying a Grace when a Man should give Thanks.

ARIADNE

Why did you not begin sooner then?

BEAUMOND

Faith, Ariadne, because I know nothing of the Design in hand; had I had civil warning, thou shouldst have had as pretty smart Speeches from me, as any Coxcomb Lover of 'em all could have made thee.

ARIADNE

I shall never marry like a Jew in my own Tribe; I'll rather be possess'd by honest old doating Age, than by saucy conceited Youth, whose Inconstancy never leaves a Woman safe or quiet.

BEAUMOND

You know the Proverb of the half Loaf, Ariadne; a Husband that will deal thee some Love is better than one who can give thee none: you would have a blessed time on't with old Father Carlo.

ARIADNE

No matter, a Woman may with some lawful excuse cuckold him, and 'twould be scarce a Sin.

BEAUMOND

Not so much as lying with him, whose reverend Age wou'd make it look like Incest.

ARIADNE

But to marry thee -- would be a Tyranny from whence there's no Appeal: A drinking whoring Husband! 'tis the Devil --

BEAUMOND

You are deceiv'd, if you think Don Carlo more chaste than I; only duller, and more a Miser, one that fears his Flesh more, and loves his Money better. -- Then to be condemn'd to lie with him -- oh, who would not rejoice to meet a Woollen-Waistcoat, and knit Night-Cap without a Lining, a Shirt so nasty, a cleanly Ghost would not appear in't at the latter Day? then the compound of nasty Smells about him, stinking Breath, Mustachoes stuff'd with villainous snush, Tobacco, and hollow Teeth: thus prepar'd for Delight, you meet in Bed, where you may lie and sigh whole Nights away, he snores it out till Morning, and then rises to his sordid business.

ARIADNE

All this frights me not: 'tis still much better than a keeping Husband, whom neither Beauty nor Honour in a Wife can oblige.

BEAUMOND

Oh, you know not the good-nature of a Man of Wit, at least I shall bear a Conscience, and do thee reason, which Heaven denies to old Carlo, were he willing.

ARIADNE

Oh, he talks as high, and thinks as well of himself as any young Coxcomb of ye all.

BEAUMOND

He has reason, for if his Faith were no better than his Works, he'd be damn'd.

ARIADNE

Death, who wou'd marry, who wou'd be chaffer'd thus, and sold to Slavery? I'd rather buy a Friend at any Price that I could love and trust.

BEAUMOND

Ay, could we but drive on such a Bargain.

ARIADNE

You should not be the Man; You have a Mistress, Sir, that has your Heart, and all your softer Hours: I know't, and if I were so wretched as to marry thee, must see my Fortune lavisht out on her; her Coaches, Dress, and Equipage exceed mine by far: Possess she all the day thy Hours of Mirth, good Humour and Expencc, thy Smiles, thy Kisses, and thy Charms of Wit. Oh how you talk and look when in her Presence! but when with me, A Pox of Love and Woman-kind,

[Sings.]

And all the Fops adore 'em.

How it's, Cuz -- then slap, on goes the Beaver, which being cock'd, you bear up briskly, with the second Part

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

to the same Tune — Harkye, Sir, let me advise you to pack up your Trumpery and be gone, your honourable Love, your matrimonial Foppery, with your other Trinkets thereunto belonging; or I shall talk aloud, and let your Uncle hear you.

BEAUMOND

Sure she cannot know I love La Nuche.

[Aside.]

The Devil take me, spoil'd! What Rascal has inveigled thee? What lying fawning coward has abus'd thee? When fell you into this Leudness? Pox, thou art hardly worth the loving now, that canst be such a Fool, to wish me chaste, or love me for that Virtue; or that wouldst have me a ceremonious help, one that makes handsom Legs to Knights without laughing, or with a sneaking modest Squirish Countenance; assure you, I have my Maidenhead. A Curse upon thee, the very thought of Wife has made thee formal.

ARIADNE

I must dissemble, or he'll stay all day to make his peace again — why, have you ne'er — a Mistress then?

BEAUMOND

A hundred, by this day, as many as I like, they are my Mirth, the business of my loose and wanton Hours; but thou art my Devotion, the grave, the solemn Pleasure of my Soul — Pox, would I were handsomly rid of thee too.

[Aside.]

— Come, I have business — send me pleas'd away.

ARIADNE

Would to Heaven thou wert gone;

[Aside.]

You're going to some Woman now.

BEAUMOND

Oh damn the Sex, I hate 'em all — but thee — farewell, my pretty jealous — sullen — Fool.

[Goes out.]

ARIADNE

Farewel, believing Coxcomb.

[Enter Lucia.]

LUCIA

Madam, the Clothes are ready in your Chamber.

ARIADNE

Let's haste and put 'em on then.

[Runs out.]

ACT III
SCENE 1

A House.

[Enter Fetherfool and Blunt, staring about, after them Shift.]

SHIFT

Well, Gentlemen, this is the Doctor's House, and your fifty Pistoles has made him intirely yours; the Ladies too are here in safe Custody -- Come, draw Lots who shall have the Dwarf, and who the Giant.

[They draw.]

FETHERFOOL

I have the Giant.

BLUNT

And I the little tiny Gentlewoman.

SHIFT

Well, you shall first see the Ladies, and then prepare for your Uncle Moses, the old Jew Guardian, before whom you must be very grave and sententious: You know the old Law was full of Ceremony.

FETHERFOOL

Well, I long to see the Ladies, and to have the first Onset over.

SHIFT

I'll cause 'em to walk forth immediately.

[Goes out.]

FETHERFOOL

My Heart begins to fail me plaguily -- would I could see 'em a little at a Distance before they come slap dash upon a Man.

[Peeping.]

Hah! -- Mercy upon us! -- What's yonder! -- Ah, Ned my Monster is as big as the Whore of Babylon -- Oh I'm in a cold Sweat --

[Blunt pulls him to peep, and both do so.]

Oh Lord! she's as tall as the St. Christopher in Notre-dame at Paris, and the little one looks like the Christo upon his Shoulders -- I shall ne'er be able to stand the first Brunt.

BLUNT

'Dsheartlikins, whither art going?

[Pulls him back.]

FETHERFOOL

Why only -- to -- say my Prayers a little -- I'll be with thee presently.

[Offers to go, he pulls him.]

BLUNT

What a Pox, art thou afraid of a Woman --

FETHERFOOL

Not of a Woman, Ned, but of a She Gargantua, I am of a Hercules in Petticoats.

BLUNT

The less Resemblance the better. 'Shartlikins, I'd rather mine were a Centaur than a Woman: No, since my Naples Adventure, I am clearly for your Monster.

FETHERFOOL

Prithee, Ned, there's Reason in all things --

BLUNT

But villainous Woman -- 'Dshartlikins, stand your Ground, or I'll nail you to't: Why, what a Pox are you so quezy stomach'd, a Monster won't down with you, with a hundred thousand Pound to boot.

[Pulling him.]

FETHERFOOL

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Nay, Ned, that mollifies something; and I scorn it should be said of Nich. Fetherfool that he left his Friend in danger, or did an ill thing: therefore, as thou say'st, Ned, tho she were a Centaur, I'll not budg an Inch.

BLUNT

Why God a Mercy.

[Enter the Giant and Dwarf, with them Shift as an Operator, and Harlequin attending.]

FETHERFOOL

Oh -- they come -- Prithee, Ned, advance --

[Puts him forward.]

SHIFT

Most beautiful Ladies.

FETHERFOOL

Why, what a flattering Son of a Whore's this?

SHIFT

These are the illustrious Persons your Uncle designs your humble Servants, and who have so extraordinary a Passion for your Seigniorships.

FETHERFOOL

Oh yes, a most damnable one: Wou'd I were cleanlily off the Lay, and had my Money again.

BLUNT

Think of a Million, Rogue, and do not hang an Arse thus.

GIANT

What, does the Cavalier think I'll devour him?

[To Shift.]

FETHERFOOL

Something inclin'd to such a Fear.

BLUNT

Go and salute her, or, Adsheartlikins, I'll leave you to her Mercy.

FETHERFOOL

Oh, dear Ned, have pity on me -- but as for saluting her, you speak of more than may be done, dear Heart, without a Scaling Ladder.

[Exit Shift.]

DWARF

Sure, Seignior Harlequin, these Gentlemen are dumb.

BLUNT

No, my little diminutive Mistress, my small Epitomy of Woman-kind, we can prattle when our Hands are in, but we are raw and bashful, young Beginners; for this is the first time we ever were in love: we are something aukard, or so, but we shall come on in time, and mend upon Incouragement.

FETHERFOOL

Pox on him, what a delicate Speech has he made now -- 'Gad, I'd give a thousand Pounds a Year for Ned's concise Wit, but not a Groat for his Judgment in Womankind.

Enter Shift with a Ladder, sets it against the Giant, and bows to Fetherfool.

SHIFT

Here, Seignior, Don, approach, mount, and salute the Lady.

FETHERFOOL

Mount! why, 'twould turn my Brains to look down from her Shoulders -- But hang't, 'Gad, I will be brave and venture.

[Runs up the Ladder, salutes her, and runs down again. And Egad this was an Adventure and a bold one -- but since I am come off with a whole Skin, I am flesht for the next onset -- Madam -- has your Greatness any mind to marry?]

[Goes to her, speaks, and runs back; Blunt claps him on the Back.]

GIANT

What if have?

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

FETHERFOOL

Why then, Madam, without enchanted Sword or Buckler, I'm your Man.

GIANT

My Man? my Mouse. I'll marry none whose Person and Courage shall not bear some Proportion to mine.

FETHERFOOL

Your Mightiness I fear will die a Maid then.

GIANT

I doubt you'll scarce secure me from that Fear, who court my Fortune, not my Beauty.

FETHERFOOL

Hu, how scornful she is, I'll warrant you — why I must confess, your Person is something heroical and masculine, but I protest to your Highness, I love and honour ye.

DWARF

Prithee, Sister, be not so coy, I like my Lover well enough; and if Seignior Mountebank keep his Word in making us of reasonable Proportions, I think the Gentlemen may serve for Husbands.

SHIFT

Dissemble, or you betray your Love for us.

[Aside to the Giant.]

GIANT

And if he do keep his Word, I should make a better Choice, not that I would change this noble Frame of mine, cou'd I but meet my Match, and keep up the first Race of Man intire: But since this scanty World affords none such, I to be happy, must be new created, and then shall expect a wiser Lover.

FETHERFOOL

Why, what a peevish Titt's this; nay? look ye, Madam, as for that matter, your Extraordinariness may do what you please — but 'tis not done like a Monster of Honour, when a Man has set his Heart upon you, to cast him off — Therefore I hope you'll pity a despairing Lover, and cast down an Eye of Consolation upon me; for I vow, most Amazonian Princess, I love ye as if Heaven and Earth wou'd come together.

DWARF

My Sister will do much, I'm sure, to save the Man that loves her so passionately — she has a Heart.

FETHERFOOL

And a swinger 'tis — 'Sbud — she moves like the Royal Sovereign, and is as long a tacking about.

[Aside.]

GIANT

Then your Religion, Sir.

FETHERFOOL

Nay, as for that, Madam, we are English, a Nation I thank God, that stand as little upon Religion as any Nation under the Sun, unless it be in Contradiction; and at this time have so many amongst us, a Man knows not which to turn his Hand to — neither will I stand with your Hugeness for a small matter of Faith or so — Religion shall break no squares.

DWARF

I hope, Sir, you are of your Friend's Opinion.

BLUNT

My little Spark of a Diamond, I am, I was born a Jew, with an Aversion to Swines Flesh.

DWARF

Well, Sir, I shall hasten Seignior Doctor to compleat my Beauty, by some small Addition, to appear the more grateful to you.

BLUNT

Lady, do not trouble yourself with transitory Parts, 'Dshartlikins thou'rt as handsom as needs be for a Wife.

DWARF

A little taller, Seignior, wou'd not do amiss, my younger Sister has got so much the Start of me.

BLUNT

In troth she has, and now I think on't, a little taller wou'd do well for Propagation; I should be loth the Posterity

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

of the antient Family of the Blunts of Essex should dwindle into Pigmies or Fairies.

GIANT

Well, Seigniors, since you come with our Uncle's liking, we give ye leave to hope, hope — and be happy —
[They go out with Harlequin.]

FETHERFOOL

Egad, and that's great and gracious —
[Enter Willmore and an Operator.]

WILLMORE

Well, Gentlemen, and how like you the Ladies?

BLUNT

Faith, well enough for the first Course, Sir.

WILLMORE

The Uncle, by my indeavour, is intirely yours — but whilst the Baths are preparing, 'twould be well if you would think of what Age, Shape, and Complexion you would have your Ladies form'd in.

FETHERFOOL

Why, may we chuse, Mr. Doctor?

WILLMORE

What Beauties you please.

FETHERFOOL

Then will I have my Giant, Ned, just such another Gentlewoman as I saw at Church to day — and about some fifteen.

BLUNT

Hum, fifteen — I begin to have a plaguy Itch about me too, towards a handsome Damsel of fifteen; but first let's marry, lest they should be boiled away in these Baths of Reformation.

FETHERFOOL

But, Doctor, can you do all this without the help of the Devil?

WILLMORE

Hum, some small Hand he has in the Business? we make an Exchange with him, give him the clippings of the Giant for so much of his Store as will serve to build the Dwarf.

BLUNT

Why, then mine will be more than three Parts Devil, Mr. Doctor.

WILLMORE

Not so, the Stock is only Devil, the Graft is your own little Wife inoculated.

BLUNT

Well, let the Devil and you agree about this matter as soon as you please.

Enter Shift as an Operator.

SHIFT

Sir, there is without a Person of an extraordinary Size wou'd speak with you.

WILLMORE

Admit him.

[Enter Harlequin, ushers in Hunt as a Giant.]

FETHERFOOL

Hah — some o'ergrown Rival, on my Life.

[Feth. gets from it.]

WILLMORE

What the Devil have we here?

[Aside.]

HUNT

Bezolos mano's, Seignior, I understand there is a Lady whose Beauty and Proportion can only merit me: I'll say no more — but shall be grateful to you for your Assistance.

FETHERFOOL

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

'Tis so.

HUNT

The Devil's in't if this does not fright 'em from a farther Courtship.

[Aside.]

WILLMORE

Fear nothing, Seignior — Seignior, you may try your Chance, and visit the Ladies.

[Talks to Hunt.]

FETHERFOOL

Why, where the Devil could this Monster conceal himself all this while, that we should neither see nor hear of him?

BLUNT

Oh — he lay disguis'd; I have heard of an Army that has done so.

FETHERFOOL

Pox, no single House cou'd hold him.

BLUNT

No — he dispos'd himself in several parcels up and down the Town, here a Leg, and there an Arm; and hearing of this proper Match for him, put himself together to court his fellow Monster.

FETHERFOOL

Good Lord! I wonder what Religion he's of.

BLUNT

Some heathen Papist, by his notable Plots and Contrivances.

WILLMORE

'Tis Hunt, that Rogue —

[Aside.]

Sir, I confess there is great Power in Sympathy — Conduct him to the Ladies —

[He tries to go in at the Door.]

— I am sorry you cannot enter at that low Door, Seignior, I'll have it broken down —

HUNT

No, Seignior, I can go in at twice.

FETHERFOOL

How, at twice! what a Pox can he mean?

WILLMORE

Oh, Sir, 'tis a frequent thing by way of Inchantment

[Hunt being all Doublet, leaps off from another Man who is all Breeches, and goes out; Breeches follows stalking.]

FETHERFOOL

Oh Pox, Mr. Doctor, this must be the Devil.

WILLMORE

Oh fie, Sir, the Devil! no 'tis all done enchanted Girdle — These damn'd Rascals will spoil all by too gross an Imposition on the Fools.

[Aside.]

FETHERFOOL

This is the Devil, Ned, that's certain — But hark ye, Mr. Doctor, I hope I shall not have my Mistress enchanted from me by this enchanted Rival, hah?

WILLMORE

Oh, no, Sir, the Inquisition will never let 'em marry, for fear of a Race of Giants, 'twill be worse than the Invasion of the Moors, or the French: but go — think of your Mistresses Names and Ages, here's Company, and you would not be seen.

[Ex. Blunt and Feth.]

[Enter La Nuche and Aurelia; Will. bows to her.]

LA NUCHE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Sir, the Fame of your excellent Knowledge, and what you said to me this day; has given me a Curiosity to learn my Fate, at least that Fate you threatened.

WILLMORE

Madam, from the Oracle in the Box you may be resolved any Question —

[Leads her to the Table, where stands a Box full of Balls; he stares on her.]

— How lovely every absent minute makes her — Madam, be pleas'd to draw from out this Box what Ball you will.

[She draws, he takes it, and gazes on her and on it.]

Madam, upon this little Globe is character'd your Fate and Fortune; the History of your Life to come and past — first, Madam — you're — a Whore.

LA NUCHE

A very plain beginning.

WILLMORE

My Art speaks simple Truth; the Moon is your Ascendent, that covetous Planet that borrows all her Light, and is in opposition still to Venus; and Interest more prevails with you than Love: yet here I find a cross — intruding Line — that does inform me — you have an Itch that way, but Interest still opposes: you are a slavish mercenary Prostitute.

LA NUCHE

Your Art is so, tho call'd divine, and all the Universe is sway'd by Interest: and would you wish this Beauty which adorns me, should be dispos'd about for Charity? Proceed and speak more Reason.

WILLMORE

But Venus here gets the Ascent again, and spite of — Interest, spite of all Aversion, will make you doat upon a Man —

[Still looking on, and turning the Ball.]

Wild, fickle, restless, faithless as the Winds! — a Man of Arms he is — and by this Line — a Captain —

[Looking on her.]

for Mars and Venus were in conjunction at his Birth — and Love and War's his business.

LA NUCHE

There thou hast toucht my Heart, and spoke so true, that all thou say'st I shall receive as Oracle. Well, grant I love, that shall not make me yield.

WILLMORE

I must confess you're ruin'd if you yield, and yet not all your Pride, not all your Vows, your Wit, your Resolution, or your Cunning, can hinder him from conquering absolutely: your Stars are fixt, and Fate irrevocable.

LA NUCHE

No, — I will controul my Stars and Inclinations; and tho I love him more than Power or Interest, I will be Mistress of my fixt Resolves — One Question more — Does this same Captain, this wild happy Man love me?

WILLMORE

I do not — find — it here — only a possibility encourag'd by your Love — Oh that you cou'd resist — but you are destin'd his, and to be ruin'd.

[Sighs, and looks on her, she grows in a Rage.]

LA NUCHE

Why do you tell me this? I am betray'd, and every caution blows my kindling Flame — hold — tell me no more — I might have guess'd my Fate, from my own Soul have guest it — but yet I will be brave, I will resist in spite of Inclinations, Stars, or Devils.

WILLMORE

Strive not, fair Creature, with the Net that holds you, you'll but intangle more. Alas! you must submit and be undone.

LA NUCHE

Damn your false Art — had he but lov'd me too, it had excus'd the Malice of my Stars.

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Indeed, his Love is doubtful; for here — I trace him in a new pursuit — which if you can this Night prevent, perhaps you fix him.

LA NUCHE

Hah, pursuing a new Mistress! there thou hast met the little Resolution I had left, and dasht it into nothing — but I have vow'd Allegiance to my Interest — Curse on my Stars, they cou'd not give me Love where that might be advanc'd — I'll hear no more.

[Gives him Money. Enter Shift.]

[Enter Shift.]

SHIFT

Sir, there are several Strangers arriv'd, who talk of the old Oracle. How will you receive 'em?

WILLMORE

I've business now, and must be excus'd a while. — Thus far — I'm well; but I may tell my Tale so often o'er, till, like the Trick of Love, I spoil the pleasure by the repetition. — Now I'll uncase, and see what Effects my Art has wrought on La Nuche, for she's the promis'd Good, the Philosophick Treasure that terminates my Toil and Industry. Wait you here.

[Ex. Will.]

[Enter Ariadne in Mens Clothes, with Lucia so drest, and other Strangers.]

ARIADNE

How now, Seignior Operator, where's this renowned Man of Arts and Sciences, this Don of Wonders? — hah! may a Man have a Pistole's Worth or two of his Tricks? will he shew, Seignor?

SHIFT

Whatever you dare see, Sir.

ARIADNE

And I dare see the greatest Bug–bear he can conjure up, my Mistress's Face in a Glass excepted.

SHIFT

That he can shew, Sir, but is now busied in weighty Affairs with a Grandee.

ARIADNE

Pox, must we wait the Leisure of formal Grandees and Statesmen — ha, who's this? — the lovely Conqueress of my Heart, La Nuche.

[Goes to her, she is talking with Aurel.]

LA NUCHE

What foolish thing art thou?

ARIADNE

Nay, do not frown, nor fly; for if you do, I must arrest you, fair one.

LA NUCHE

At whose Suit, pray?

ARIADNE

At Love's — you have stol'n a Heart of mine, and us'd it scurvily.

LA NUCHE

By what marks do you know the Toy, that I may be no longer troubled with it?

ARIADNE

By a fresh Wound, which toucht by her that gave it bleeds anew, a Heart all over kind and amorous.

LA NUCHE

When was this pretty Robbery committed?

ARIADNE

To day, most sacrilegiously, at Church, where you debauch'd my Zeal; and when I wou'd have pray'd, your Eyes had put the Change upon my Tongue, and made it utter Railings: Heav'n forgive ye!

LA NUCHE

You are the gayest thing without a Heart, I ever saw.

ARIADNE

I scorn to flinch for a bare Wound or two; nor is he routed that has lost the day, he may again rally, renew the

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Fight, and vanquish.

LA NUCHE

You have a good opinion of that Beauty, which I find not so forcible, nor that fond Prattle uttered with such Confidence.

ARIADNE

But I have Quality and Fortune too.

LA NUCHE

So had you need. I should have guest the first by your pertness; for your saucy thing of Quality acts the Man as impudently at fourteen, as another at thirty: nor is there any thing so hateful as to hear it talk of Love, Women and Drinking; nay, to see it marry too at that Age, and get itself a Play — fellow in its Son and Heir.

ARIADNE

This Satyr on my Youth shall never put me out of countenance, or make me think you wish me one day older; and egad, I'll warrant them that tries me, shall find me ne'er an hour too young.

LA NUCHE

You mistake my Humour, I hate the Person of a fair conceited Boy.

Enter Willmore drest, singing.

WILLMORE

Vole, vole dans cette Cage, Petite Oyseau dans cet bocage. —How now, Fool, where's the Doctor?

SHIFT

A little busy, Sir.

WILLMORE

Call him, I am in haste, and come to cheapen the Price of Monster.

SHIFT

As how, Sir?

WILLMORE

In an honourable way, I will lawfully marry one of 'em, and have pitcht upon the Giant; I'll bid as fair as any Man.

SHIFT

No doubt but you will speed, Sir: please you, Sir, to walk in.

WILLMORE

I'll follow — Vole, vole dans cette Cage, **LUCIA**

Why, 'tis the Captain, Madam —

[Aside to Aria.]

LA NUCHE

Hah — marry — harkye, Sir, — a word, pray.

[As he is going out she pulls him.]

WILLMORE

Your Servant, Madam, your Servant — Vole, vole, *[Puts his Hat off carelesly, and walks by, going out.]*

LUCIA

And to be marry'd, mark that.

ARIADNE

Then there's one doubt over, I'm glad he is not married.

LA NUCHE

Come back — Death, I shall burst with Anger — this Coldness blows my Flame, which if once visible, makes him a Tyrant —

WILLMORE

Fool, what's a Clock, fool? this noise hinders me from hearing it strike.

[Shakes his Pockets, and walks up and down.]

LA NUCHE

A blessed sound, if no Hue and Cry pursue it. —what — you are resolv'd then upon this notable Exploit?

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

What Exploit, good Madam?

LA NUCHE

Why, marrying of a Monster, and an ugly Monster.

WILLMORE

Yes faith, Child, here stands the bold Knight, that singly, and unarm'd, designs to enter the List with Thogogandiga the Giant; a good Sword will defend a worse cause than an ugly Wife. I know no danger worse than fighting for my Living, and I have don't this dozen years for Bread.

LA NUCHE

This is the common trick of all Rogues, when they have done an ill thing to face it out.

WILLMORE

An ill thing — your Pardon, Sweet-heart, compare it but to Banishment, a frozen Sentry with brown George and Spanish Pay; and if it be not better to be Master of a Monster, than Slave to a damn'd Commonwealth — I submit — and since my Fortune has thrown this good in my way —

LA NUCHE

You'll not be so ungrateful to refuse it; besides then you may hope to sleep again, without dreaming of Famine, or the Sword, two Plagues a Soldier of Fortune is subject to.

WILLMORE

Besides Cashiering, a third Plague.

LA NUCHE

Still unconcern'd! — you call me mercenary, but I would starve e'er suffer my self to be possess'd by a thing of Horror.

WILLMORE

You lye, you would by any thing of Horror: yet these things of Horror have Beauties too, Beauties thou canst not boast of, Beauties that will not fade; Diamonds to supply the lustre of their Eyes, and Gold the brightness of their Hair, a well-got Million to atone for Shape, and Orient Pearls, more white, more plump and smooth, than that fair Body Men so languish for, and thou hast set such Price on.

ARIADNE

I like not this so well, 'tis a trick to make her jealous.

WILLMORE

Their Hands too have their Beauties, whose very mark finds credit and respect, their Bills are current o'er the Universe; besides these, you shall see waiting at my Door, four Footmen, a Velvet Coach, with Six Flanders Beauties more: And are not these most comely Virtues in a Soldier's Wife, in this most wicked peaceable Age?

LUCIA

He's poor too, there's another comfort.

[Aside.]

ARIADNE

The most encouraging one I have met with yet.

WILLMORE

Pox on't, I grow weary of this virtuous Poverty. There goes a gallant Fellow, says one, but gives him not an Onion; the Women too, faith, 'tis a handsom Gentleman, but the Devil a Kiss he gets gratis.

ARIADNE

Oh, how I long to undeceive him of that Error.

LA NUCHE

He speaks not of me; sure he knows me not.

[Aside.]

WILLMORE

No, Child, Money speaks sense in a Language all Nations understand, 'tis Beauty, Wit, Courage, Honour, and undisputable Reason — see the virtue of a Wager, that new philosophical way lately found out of deciding all hard Questions — Socrates, without ready Money to lay down, must yield.

ARIADNE

Well, I must have this gallant Fellow.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

[Aside.]

La. Nu. Sure he has forgot this trival thing.

WILLMORE

-- Even thou -- who seest me dying unregarded, wou'd then be fond and kind, and flatter me.

[Soft tone.]

By Heaven, I'll hate thee then; nay, I will marry to be rich to hate thee: the worst of that, is but to suffer nine Days Wonderment. Is not that better than an Age of Scorn from a proud faithless Beauty? Lu. Nu. Oh, there's Resentment left -- why, yes faith, such a Wedding would give the Town diversion: we should have a lamentable Ditty made on it, it, entitled, The Captain's Wedding, with the doleful Relation of his being over-laid by an o'er-grown Monster.

WILLMORE

I'll warrant ye I escape that as sure as cuckolding; for I would fain see that hardy Wight that dares attempt my Lady Bright, either by Force or Flattery.

LA NUCHE

So, then you intend to bed her?

WILLMORE

Yes faith, and beget a Race of Heroes, the Mother's Form with all the Father's Qualities.

LA NUCHE

Faith, such a Brood may prove a pretty Livelihood for a poor decay'd Officer; you may chance to get a Patent to shew 'em in England, that Nation of Change and Novelty.

WILLMORE

A provision old Carlo cannot make for you against the abandon'd day.

LA NUCHE

He can supply the want of Issue a better way; and tho he be not so fine a fellow as your self, he's a better Friend, he can keep a Mistress: give me a Man can feed and clothe me, as well as hug and all to bekiss me, and tho his Sword be not so good as yours, his Bond's worth a thousand Captains. This will not do, I'll try what Jealousy will do.

[Aside.]

Your Servant, Captain -- your Hand, Sir.

[Takes Ariadne by the Hand.]

WILLMORE

Hah, what new Coxcomb's that -- hold, Sir --

[Takes her from him.]

ARIADNE

What would you, Sir, ought with this Lady?

WILLMORE

Yes, that which thy Youth will only let thee guess at -- this -- Child, is Man's Meat; there are other Toys for Children.

[Offers to lead her off.]

LA NUCHE

Oh insolent! and whither wou'd'st thou lead me?

WILLMORE

Only out of harm's way, Child, here are pretty near Conveniences within: the Doctor will be civil -- 'tis part of his Calling -- Your Servant, Sir --

[Going off with her.]

ARIADNE

I must huff now, tho I may chance to be beaten -- come back -- or I have something here that will oblige ye to't.

[Laying his hand on his Sword.]

WILLMORE

Yes faith, thou'rt a pretty Youth; but at this time I've more occasion for a thing in Petticoats -- go home, and

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

do not walk the Streets so much; that tempting Face of thine will debauch the grave men of business, and make the Magistrates lust after Wickedness.

ARIADNE

You are a scurvy Fellow, Sir.

[Going to draw.]

WILLMORE

Keep in your Sword, for fear it cut your Fingers, Child.

ARIADNE

So 'twill your Throat, Sir — here's Company coming that will part us, and I'll venture to draw.

[Draws, Will. draws.]

[Enter Beaumont.]

BEAUMOND

Hold, hold — hah, Willmore! thou Man of constant mischief, what's the matter?

LA NUCHE

Beaumont! undone!

ARIADNE

— Beaumont! —

WILLMORE

Why, here's a young Spark will take my Lady Bright from me; the unmanner'd Hot-spur would not have patience till I had finish'd my small Affair with her.

[Puts up his Sword.]

ARIADNE

Death, he'll know me — Sir, you see we are prevented.

[Draws him aside.]

— or —

[Seems to talk to him, Beau. gazes on La Nuche, who has pull'd down her Veil.]

BEAUMOND

'Tis she! Madam, this Veil's too thin to hide the perjur'd Beauty underneath. Oh, have I been searching thee, with all the diligence of impatient Love, and am I thus rewarded, to find thee here incompass'd round with Strangers, fighting, who first should take my right away? — Gods! take your Reason back, take all your Love; for easy Man's unworthy of the Blessings.

WILLMORE

Harkye, Harry — the — Woman — the almighty Whore — thou told'st me of to day.

BEAUMOND

Death, do'st thou mock my Grief — unhand me strait, for tho I cannot blame thee, I must hate thee.

[Goes out.]

WILLMORE

What the Devil ails he?

ARIADNE

You will be sure to come.

WILLMORE

At night in the Piazza; I have an Assignation with a Woman, that once dispatch'd, I will not fail ye, Sir.

LUCIA

And will you leave him with her?

ARIADNE

Oh, yes, he'll be ne'er the worse for my use when he has done with her.

[Ex. Luc. and Aria. Will. looks with scorn on La Nuche.]

WILLMORE

Now you may go o'ertake him, lie with him — and ruin him: the Fool was made for such a Destiny — if he escapes my Sword.

[He offers to go.]

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

LA NUCHE

I must prevent his visit to this Woman — but dare not tell him so.

[Aside. — I would not have ye meet this angry Youth.]

WILLMORE

Oh, you would preserve him for a farther use.

LA NUCHE

Stay — you must not fight — by Heaven, I cannot see — that Bosom — wounded.

[Turns and weeps.]

WILLMORE

Hah! weep'st thou? curse me when I refuse a faith to that obliging Language of thy Eyes — Oh give me one proof more, and after that, thou conquerest all my Soul; Thy Eyes speak Love — come, let us in, my Dear, e'er the bright Fire allays that warms my Heart.

[Goes to lead her out.]

LA NUCHE

Your Love grows rude, and saucily demands it.

[Flings away.]

WILLMORE

Love knows no Ceremony, no respect when once approacht so near the happy minute.

LA NUCHE

What desperate easiness have you seen in me, or what mistaken merit in your self, should make you so ridiculously vain, to think I'd give my self to such a Wretch, one fal'n even to the last degree of Poverty, whilst all the World is prostrate at my Feet, whence I might chuse the Brave, the Great, the Rich?

[He stands spitefully gazing at her.]

— Still as he fires, I find my Pride augment, and when he cools I burn.

[Aside.]

WILLMORE

Death, thou'rt a — vain, conceited, taudry Jilt, who wou'st draw me in as Rooks their Cullies do, to make me venture all my stock of Love, and then you turn me out despis'd and poor —

[Offers to go.]

LA NUCHE

You think you're gone now —

WILLMORE

Not all thy Arts nor Charms shall hold me longer.

LA NUCHE

I must submit — and can you part thus from me? —

[Pulls him.]

WILLMORE

I can — nay, by Heaven, I will not turn, nor look at thee. No, when I do, or trust that faithless Tongue again — may I be —

LA NUCHE

Oh do not swear —

WILLMORE

Ever curst —

[Breaks from her, she holds him.]

LA NUCHE

You shall not go — Plague of this needles Pride.

[Aside.]

— stay — and I'll follow all the dictates of my Love.

WILLMORE

Oh never hope to flatter me to faith again.

[His back to her, she holding him.]

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

LA NUCHE

I must, I will; what wou'd you have me do?

WILLMORE

[turning softly to her.] Never — deceive me more, it may be fatal to wind me up to an impatient height, then dash my eager Hopes.

[Sighing.]

Forgive my roughness — and be kind, La Nuche, I know thou wo't —

LA NUCHE

Will you then be ever kind and true?

WILLMORE

Ask thy own Charms, and to confirm thee more, yield and disarm me quite.

LA NUCHE

Will you not marry then? for tho you never can be mine that way, I cannot think that you should be another's.

WILLMORE

No more delays, by Heaven, 'twas but a trick.

LA NUCHE

And will you never see that Woman neither, whom you're this Night to visit?

WILLMORE

Damn all the rest of thy weak Sex, when thou look'st thus, and art so soft and charming.

[Offers to lead her out.]

LA NUCHE

Sancho — my Coach.

[Turns in scorn.]

WILLMORE

Take heed, what mean ye?

LA NUCHE

Not to be pointed at by all the envying Women of the Town, who'l laugh and cry, Is this the high-priz'd Lady, now fall'n so low, to doat upon a Captain? a poor disbanded Captain? defend me from that Infamy.

WILLMORE

Now all the Plagues — but yet I will not curse thee, 'tis lost on thee, for thou art destin'd damn'd.

[Going out.]

LA NUCHE

Whither so fast?

WILLMORE

Why, — I am so indifferent grown, that I can tell thee now — to a Woman, young, fair and honest; she'll be kind and thankful — farewell, Jilt — now should'st thou die for one sight more of me, thou should'st not ha't; nay, should'st thou sacrifice all thou hast couzen'd other Coxcombs of, to buy one single visit, I am so proud, by Heaven, thou shouldst not have it — To grieve thee more, see here, insatiate Woman *[Shews her a Purse or hands full of Gold]* the Charm that makes me lovely in thine Eyes: it had all been thine hadst thou not basely bargain'd with me, now 'tis the Prize of some well-meaning Whore, whose Modesty will trust my Generosity.

[Goes out.]

LA NUCHE

Now I cou'd rave, t'have lost an opportunity which industry nor chance can give again — when on the yielding point, a cursed fit of Pride comes cross my Soul, and stops the kind Career — I'll follow him, yes I'll follow him, even to the Arms of her to whom he's gone.

AURELIA

Madam, tis dark, and we may meet with Insolence.

LA NUCHE

No matter: Sancho, let the Coach go home, and do you follow me —

Women may boast their Honour and their Pride,

But Love soon lays those feebler Powr's aside.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV
SCENE 1

The Street, or Backside of the Piazza dark.

[Enter Willmore alone.]

WILLMORE

A Pox upon this Woman that has jilted me, and I for being a fond believing Puppy to be in earnest with so great a Devil. Where be these Coxcombs too? this Blunt and Fetherfool? when a Man needs 'em not, they are plaguing him with their unseasonable Jests — could I but light on them, I would be very drunk to night — but first I'll try my Fortune with this Woman — let me see — hereabouts is the Door.

[Gropes about for the Door.]

[Enter Beaumont, follow'd by La Nuche, and Sancho.]

LA NUCHE

'Tis he, I know it by his often and uneasy pauses —

BEAUMOND

And shall I home and sleep upon my injury, whilst this more happy Rover takes my right away? — no, damn me then for a cold senseless Coward.

[Pauses and pulls out a Key.]

WILLMORE

This Damsel, by the part o'th' Town she lives in, shou'd be of Quality, and therefore can have no dishonest design on me, it must be right down substantial Love, that's certain.

BEAUMOND

Yet I'll in and arm my self for the Encounter, for 'twill be rough between us, tho we're Friends.

[Groping about, finds the Door.]

WILLMORE

Oh, 'tis this I'm sure, because the Door is open.

BEAUMOND

Hah — who's there? —

[Beau. advances to unlock the Door, runs against Will. draws.]

WILLMORE

That Voice is of Authority, some Husband, Lover, or a Brother, on my Life — this is a Nation of a word and a blow, therefore I'll betake me to Toledo —

[Draws.]

[Willmore in drawing hits his Sword against that of Beaumont, who turns and fights, La Nuche runs into the Garden frightened.]

BEAUMOND

Hah, are you there? **SANCHO**

I'll draw in defence of the Captain —

[Sancho fights for Beau. and beats out Will.]

WILLMORE

Hah, two to one?

[Turns and goes in.]

BEAUMOND

The Garden Door clapt to; sure he's got in; nay, then I have him sure.

[The Scene changes to a Garden, La Nuche in it; to her Beau. who takes hold of her sleeve.]

LA NUCHE

Heavens, where am I?

BEAUMOND

Hah — a Woman! and by these Jewels — should be Ariadne.

[feels.]

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

'Tis so! Death, are all Women false?

[She struggles to get away, he holds her.]

— Oh, tis in vain thou fly'st, thy Infamy will stay behind thee still.

LA NUCHE

Hah, 'tis Beaumont's Voice! — Now for an Art to turn the trick upon him; I must not lose his Friendship.

[Aside.]

[Enter Willmore softly, peeping behind.]

WILLMORE

What a Devil have we here, more Mischief yet; — hah — my Woman with a Man — I shall spoil all — I ever had an excellent knack of doing so.

BEAUMOND

Oh Modesty, where art thou? Is this the effect of all your put on Jealousy, that Mask to hide your own new falshood in? New! — by Heaven, I believe thou'rt old in cunning, that couldst contrive, so near thy Wedding-night, this, to deprive me of the Rites of Love.

LA NUCHE

Hah, what says he?

[Aside.]

WILLMORE

How, a Maid, and young, and to be marry'd too! a rare Wench this to contrive Matters so conveniently: Oh, for some Mischief now to send him neatly off.

[Aside.]

BEAUMOND

Now you are silent; but you could talk to day loudly of Virtue, and upbraid my Vice: oh how you hated a young keeping Husband, whom neither Beauty nor Honour in a Wife cou'd oblige to reason — oh, damn your Honour, 'tis that's the sly pretence of all your domineering insolent Wives — Death — what thou see in me, should make thee think that I would be a tame contented Cuckold?

[Going, she holds him.]

LA NUCHE

I must not lose this lavish loving Fool —

[Aside.]

WILLMORE

So, I hope he will be civil and withdraw, and leave me in possession —

BEAUMOND

No, tho my Fortune should depend on thee; nay, all my hope of future happiness — by Heaven, I scorn to marry thee, unless thou couldst convince me thou wer't honest — a Whore! — Death, how it cools my Blood —

WILLMORE

And fires mine extremely —

LA NUCHE

Nay, then I am provok'd tho I spoil all —

[Aside.]

And is a Whore a thing so much despis'd? Turn back, thou false forsworn — turn back, and blush at thy mistaken folly.

[He stands amaz'd.]

BEAUMOND

La Nuche! *[Enter Aria. peeping, advancing cautiously undrest, Luc. following.]*

ARIADNE

Oh, he is here — Lucia, attend me in the Orange-grove —

[Ex. Lucia.]

Hah, a Woman with him!

WILLMORE

Hum — what have we here? another Damsel? — she's gay too, and seems young and handsom — sure one of

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

these will fall to my share; no matter which, so I am sure of one.

LA NUCHE

Who's silent now? are you struck dumb with Guilt? thou shame to noble Love; thou scandal to all brave Debauchery, thou Fop of Fortune; thou slavish Heir to Estate and Wife, born rich and damn'd to Matrimony.

WILLMORE

Egad, a noble Wench — I am divided yet.

LA NUCHE

Thou formal Ass disguis'd in generous Leudness, see — when the Vizer's off, how sneakingly that empty form appears — Nay 'tis thy own — Make much on't, marry with it, and be damn'd.

[Offers to go.]

WILLMORE

I hope she'll beat him for suspecting her.

[He holds her, she turns.]

ARIADNE

Hah — who the Devil can these be?

LA NUCHE

What silly honest Fool did you mistake me for? what senseless modest thing? Death, am I grown so despicable? have I deserv'd no better from thy Love than to be taken for a virtuous Changeling?

WILLMORE

Egad, 'twas an Affront.

[Aside.]

LA NUCHE

I'm glad I've found thee out to be an errant Coxcomb, one that esteems a Woman for being chaste forsooth! 'Sheart, I shall have thee call me pious shortly, a most — religious Matron!

WILLMORE

Egad, she has reason —

[Aside.]

BEAUMOND

Forgive me — for I took ye — for another.

[Sighing.]

LA NUCHE

Oh did you so? it seems you keep fine Company the while — Death, that I should e'er be seen with such a vile Dissembler, with one so vain, so dull and so impertinent, as can be entertain'd by honest Women!

WILLMORE

A Heavenly Soul, and to my Wish, were I but sure of her.

BEAUMOND

Oh you do wondrous well t'accuse me first! yes, I am a Coxcomb — a confounded one, to doat upon so false a Prostitute; nay to love seriously, and tell it too: yet such an amorous Coxcomb I was born, to hate the Enjoyment of the loveliest Woman, without I have the Heart: the fond soft Prattle, and the lolling Dalliance, the Frowns, the little Quarrels, and the kind Degrees of making Peace again, are Joys which I prefer to all the sensual, whilst I endeavour to forget the Whore, and pay my Vows to Wit, to Youth and Beauty.

ARIADNE

Now hang me, if it be not Beaumont.

BEAUMOND

Would any Devil less than common Woman have serv'd me as thou didst? say, was not this my Night? my paid for Night? my own by right of Bargain, and by Love? and hast not thou deceiv'd me for a Stranger?

WILLMORE

So — make me thankful, then she will be kind.

[Hugs himself.]

BEAUMOND

— Was this done like a Whore of Honour think ye? and would not such an Injury make me forswear all Joys

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

of Womankind, and marry in mere spite?

LA NUCHE

Why where had been the Crime had I been kind?

BEAUMOND

Thou dost confess it then.

LA NUCHE

Why not?

BEAUMOND

Those Bills of Love the oftner paid and drawn, make Women better Merchants than Lovers.

LA NUCHE

And 'tis the better Trade.

WILLMORE

Oh Pox, there she dasht all again. I find they calm upon't, and will agree, therefore I'll bear up to this small Frigate and lay her aboard.

[Goes to Ariadne.]

LA NUCHE

However I'm glad the Vizor's off; you might have fool'd me on, and sworn I was the only Conqueror of your Heart, had not Good-nature made me follow you, to undeceive your false Suspicions of me: How have you sworn never to marry? how rail'd at Wives, and satir'd Fools oblig'd to Wedlock? And now at last, to thy eternal Shame, thou hast betray'd thy self to be a most pernicious honourable Lover, a perjur'd — honest — nay, a very Husband.

[Turns away, he holds her.]

ARIADNE

Hah, sure 'tis the Captain.

WILLMORE

Prithee, Child, let's leave 'em to themselves, they'l agree matters I'll warrant them when they are alone; and let us try how Love and Good-nature will provide for us.

ARIADNE

Sure he cannot know me? — Us! — pray who are you, and who am I?

WILLMORE

Why look ye, Child, I am a very honest civil Fellow, for my part, and thou'rt a Woman for thine; and I desire to know no more at present.

ARIADNE

'Tis he, and knows not me to be the same he appointed to day — Sir, pursue that Path on your right Hand, that Grove of Orange — Trees, and I'll follow you immediately.

WILLMORE

Kind and civil — prithee make haste, dear Child.

[Exit. Will.]

BEAUMOND

And did you come to call me back again?

[Lovingly.]

LA NUCHE

No matter, you are to be marry'd, Sir —

BEAUMOND

No more, 'tis true, to please my Uncle, I have talk'd of some such thing; but I'll pursue it no farther, so thou wilt yet be mine, and mine intirely — I hate this Ariadne — for a Wife — by Heaven I do.

ARIADNE

A very plain Confession.

[Claps him on the back.]

BEAUMOND

Ariadne!

LA NUCHE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

I'm glad of this, now I shall be rid of him.

[Aside.]

— How is't, Sir? I see you struggle hard 'twixt Love and Honour, and I'll resign my Place —

[Offers to go, Ariadne pulls her back.]

ARIADNE

Hold, if she take him not away, I shall disappoint my Man — faith, I'll not be out-done in Generosity.

[Gives him to La Nuche.]

Here — Love deserves him best — and I resign him — Pox on't I'm honest, tho that's no fault of mine; 'twas Fortune who has made a worse Exchange, and you and I should suit most damnably together.

[To Beau.]

BEAUMOND

I am sure there's something in the Wind, she being in the Garden, and the Door left open.

[Aside.]

— Yes, I believe you are willing enough to part with me, when you expect another you like better.

ARIADNE

I'm glad I was before-hand with you then.

BEAUMOND

Very good, and the Door was left open to give admittance to a Lover.

ARIADNE

'Tis visible it was to let one in to you, false as you are.

LA NUCHE

Faith, Madam, you mistake my Constitution, my Beauty and my Business is only to be belov'd not to love; I leave that Slavery for you Women of Quality, who must invite, or die without the Blessing; for likely the Fool you make choice of wants Wit or Confidence to ask first; you are fain to whistle before the Dogs will fetch and carry, and then too they approach by stealth: and having done the Drudgery, the submissive Curs are turn'd out for fear of dirtying your Apartment, or that the Mungrils should scandalize ye; whilst all my Lovers of the noble kind throng to adore and fill my Presence daily, gay as if each were triumphing for Victory.

ARIADNE

Ay this is something; what a poor sneaking thing an honest Woman is!

LA NUCHE

And if we chance to love still, there's a difference, your Hours of Love are like the Deeds of Darkness, and mine like cheerful Birds in open Day.

ARIADNE

You may, you have no Honour to lose.

LA NUCHE

Or if I had, why should I double the Sin by Hypocrisy?

[Lucia squeaks within, crying, help, help.]

ARIADNE

Heavens, that's Lucia's Voice.

BEAUMOND

Hah, more caterwauling?

[Enter Lucia in haste.]

LUCIA

Oh, Madam, we're undone; and, Sir, for Heaven's sake do you retire.

BEAUMOND

What's the matter?

LUCIA

Oh you have brought the most villainous mad Friend with you — he found me sitting on a Bank — and did so ruffle me.

ARIADNE

Death, she takes Beaumond for the Stranger, and will ruin me.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

LUCIA

Nay, made love so loud, that my Lord your Father-in-law, who was in his Cabinet, heard us from the Orange-Grove, and has sent to search the Garden — and should he find a Stranger with you — do but you retire, Sir, and all's well yet.

[To Beaumont.]

ARIADNE

The Devil's in her Tongue.

[Aside.]

LUCIA

For if Mr. Beaumont be in the House, we shall have the Devil to do with his Jealousy.

ARIADNE

So, there 'tis out.

BEAUMOND

She takes me for another — I am jilted every where — what Friend? — I brought none with me. — Madam, do you retire —

[To La Nuche.]

LA NUCHE

Glad of my Freedom too —

[Goes out.]

[A clashing of Swords within. Enter Willm. fighting, prest back by three or four Men, and Abeville, Aria. and Luc. run out.]

BEAUMOND

Hah, set on by odds; hold, tho thou be'st my Rival, I will free thee, on condition thou wilt meet me to morrow morning in the Piazza by day break.

[Puts himself between their Swords, and speaks to Will. aside.]

WILLMORE

By Heaven I'll do it.

BEAUMOND

Retire in safety then, you have your pass.

ABEVILE

Fall on, fall on, the number is increas'd.

[Fall on Beau.]

BEAUMOND

Rascals, do you not know me? *[Falls in with 'em and heats them back, and goes out with them.]*

WILLMORE

Nay, and you be so well acquainted, I'll leave you — unfortunate still I am; my own well meaning, but ill Management, is my eternal Foe: Plague on 'em, they have wounded me — yet not one drop of Blood's departed from me that warm'd my Heart for Woman, and I'm not willing to quit this Fairy-ground till some kind Devil have been civil to me.

[Enter Ariadne and Lucia.]

ARIADNE

I say, 'tis he: thou'st made so many dull Mistakes to Night, thou darrest not trust thy Senses when they're true — How do you, Sir?

WILLMORE

That Voice has Comfort in't, for 'tis a Woman's: hah, more Interruption?

ARIADNE

A little this way, Sir.

[Ex. Aria. and Will. into the Garden.]

[Enter Beaumont, Abeville in a submissive Posture.]

BEAUMOND

No more excuses — By all these Circumstances, I know this Ariadne is a Gipsy. What difference then

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

between a money-taking Mistress and her that gives her Love? only perhaps this sins the closer by't, and talks of Honour more: What Fool wou'd be a Slave to empty Name, or value Woman for dissembling well? I'll to La Nuche --- the honester o'th' two --- Abevile --- get me my Musick ready, and attend me at La Nuche's.

[Ex. severally.]

LUCIA

He's gone, and to his Mistress too.

[Enter Ariadne pursu'd by Willmore.]

WILLMORE

My little Daphne, 'tis in vain to fly, unless like her, you cou'd be chang'd into a Tree: Apollo's self pursu'd not with more eager Fire than I.

[Holds her.]

ARIADNE

Will you not grant a Parly e'er I yield?

WILLMORE

I'm better at a Storm.

ARIADNE

Besides, you're wounded too.

WILLMORE

Oh leave those Wounds of Honour to my Surgeon, thy Business is to cure those of Love. Your true bred Soldier ever fights with the more heat for a Wound or two.

ARIADNE

Hardly in Venus' Wars.

WILLMORE

Her self ne'er thought so when she snatcht her Joys between the rough Encounters of the God of War. Come, let's pursue the Business we came for: See the kind Night invites, and all the ruffling Winds are husht and still, only the Zephirs spread their tender Wings, courting in gentle Murmurs the gay Boughs; 'twas in a Night like this, Diana taught the Mysteries of Love to the fair Boy Endymion. I am plaguy full of History and Simile tonight.

ARIADNE

You see how well he far'd for being modest.

WILLMORE

He might be modest, but 'twas not over-civil to put her Goddessship to asking first; thou seest I'm better bred --- Come let's haste to silent Grots that attend us, dark Groves where none can see, and murmuring Fountains.

ARIADNE

Stay, let me consider first, you are a Stranger, inconstant too as Island Winds, and every day are fighting for your Mistresses, of which you've had at least four since I saw you first, which is not a whole day.

WILLMORE

I grant ye, before I was a Lover I ran at random, but I'll take up now, be a patient Man, and keep to one Woman a Month.

ARIADNE

A Month!

WILLMORE

And a fair Reason, Child; time was, I wou'd have worn one Shirt, or one pair of Shoos so long as have let the Sun set twice upon the same Sin: but see the Power of Love; thou hast bewitched me, that's certain.

ARIADNE

Have a care of giving me the ascendent over ye, for fear I make ye marry me.

WILLMORE

Hold, I bar that cast, Child; no, I'm none of those Spirits that can be conjur'd into a Wedding-ring, and dance in the dull matrimonial Circle all my Days.

ARIADNE

But what think you of a hundred thousand Crowns, and a Beauty of sixteen?

WILLMORE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

As of most admirable Blessings: but harkye, Child, I am plaguily afraid thou'rt, some scurvy honest thing of Quality by these odd Questions of thine, and hast some wicked Design upon my Body.

ARIADNE

What, to have and to hold I'll warrant. — No Faith, Sir, Maids of my Quality expect better Jointures than a Buff-coat, Scarf and Feather: such Portions as mine are better Ornaments in a Family than a Captain and his Commission.

WILLMORE

Why well said, now thou hast explain'd thy self like a Woman of Honour — Come, come, let's away.

ARIADNE

Explain my self! How mean ye?

WILLMORE

— Thou say'st I am not fit to marry thee — and I believe this Assignation was not made to tell me so, nor yet to hear me whistle to the Birds.

ARIADNE

Faith no. I saw you, lik'd ye, and had a mind to ye.

WILLMORE

Ay, Child —

ARIADNE

In short, I took ye for a Man of Honour.

WILLMORE

Nay, if I tell the Devil take me.

ARIADNE

I am a Virgin in Distress.

WILLMORE

Poor Heart.

ARIADNE

To be marry'd within a Day or two to one I like not.

WILLMORE

Hum — and therefore wouldst dispose of a small Virgin Treasure (too good for silly Husbands) in a Friend's Hands: faith, Child — I was ever a good religious charitable Christian, and shall acquit my self as honestly and piously in this Affair as becomes a Gentleman.

[Enter Abevile with Musick.]

ABEVILE

Come away, are ye all arm'd for the Business?

ARIADNE

Hah, arm'd! we are surpriz'd again.

WILLMORE

Fear not.

[Draws.]

ARIADNE

Oh God, Sir, haste away, you are already wounded: but I conjure you, as a Man of Honour, be here at the Garden Gate to night again, and bring a Friend, in case of Danger, with you; and if possible I'll put my self into your Hands, for this Night's Work has ruin'd me —

[Speaking quick, and pushing him forwards runs off.]

ABEVILE

My Master sure not gone yet —

[Peeping advancing.]

WILLMORE

Rascals, tho you are odds, you'll find hot Work in vanquishing.

[Falls on 'em.]

ABEVILE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Hold, Sir, I am your Page. Do you not know me? and these the Musick you commanded — shall I carry em where you order'd, Sir?

WILLMORE

They take me for some other, this was lucky.

[Aside.]

O, aye — 'tis well — I'll follow — but whither? — Plague of my dull Mistakes, the Woman's gone — yet stay —

[Calls 'em.]

For now I think on't, this Mistake may help me to another — stay — I must dispose of this mad Fire about me, which all these Disappointments cannot lay — Oh for some young kind Sinner in the nick — How I cou'd souse upon her like a Bird of Prey, and worry her with Kindness.

[Aside.]

— Go on, I follow.

[Exeunt.]

Scene changes to La Nuche's House.

Enter Petronella and Aurelia with Light.

AURELIA

Well, the Stranger is in Bed, and most impatiently expects our Patrona, who is not yet returned.

PETRONELLA

Curse of this Love! I know she's in pursuit of this Rover, this English Piece of Impudence; Pox on 'em, I know nothing good in the whole Race of 'em, but giving all to their Shirts when they're drunk. What shall we do, Aurelia? This Stranger must not be put off, nor Carlo neither, who has fin'd again as if for a new Maidenhead.

AURELIA

You are so covetous, you might have put 'em off, but now 'tis too late.

PETRONELLA

Put off! Are these Fools to be put off think ye? a fine Fop Englishman, and an old doating Grandee? — No, I cou'd put the old trick on 'em still, had she been here but to have entertain'd 'em: but hark, one knocks, 'tis Carlo on my Life —

[Enter Carlo, gives Petronella Gold.]

CARLO

Let this plead for me.

PETRONELLA

Sweet Don, you are the most eloquent Person.

CARLO

I would regale to night — I know it is not mine, but I've sent five hundred Crowns to purchase it, because I saw another bargaining for't; and Persons of my Quality must not be refus'd: you apprehend me.

PETRONELLA

Most rightly — that was the Reason then she came so out of Humour home — and is gone to Bed in such a sullen Fit.

CARLO

To Bed, and all alone! I would surprize her there. Oh how it pleases me to think of stealing into her Arms like a fine Dream, Wench, hah.

AURELIA

'Twill be a pleasant one, no doubt.

PETRONELLA

He lays the way out how he'll be cozen'd.

[Aside.]

— The Signiora perhaps may be angry, Sir, but I'll venture that to accommodate you; and that you may surprize her the more readily, be pleased to stay in my Chamber, till you think she may be asleep.

CARLO

Thou art a perfect Mistress of thy Trade.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

PETRONELLA

So, now will I to the Seigniora's Bed my self, drest and perfum'd, and finish two good Works at once; earn five hundred Crowns, and keep up the Honour of the House. *[Aside.]* — Softly, sweet Don.

[Lights him out.]

AURELIA

And I will do two more good things, and disappoint your Expectations; jilt the young English Fool, and have old Carlo well bang'd, if t'other have any Courage.

[Enter La Nuche in Rage, and Sancho.]

LA NUCHE

Aurelia, help, help me to be reveng'd upon this wretched unconsidering Heart.

AURELIA

Heavens, have you made the Rover happy, Madam?

LA NUCHE

Oh wou'd I had! or that or any Sin wou'd change this Rage into some easier Passion: Sickness and Poverty, Disgrace and Pity, all met iii one, were kinder than this Love, this raging Fire of a proud amorous Heart.

[Enter Petronella.]

PETRONELLA

Heavens, what's the matter?

AURELIA

Here's Petronella, dissemble but your Rage a little.

LA NUCHE

Damn all dissembling now, it is too late — The Tyrant Love reigns absolute within, And I am lost, Aurelia.

PETRONELLA

How, Love! forbid it Heaven! will Love maintain ye?

LA NUCHE

Curse on your Maxims, will they ease my Heart? Can your wise Counsel fetch me back my Rover?

PETRONELLA

Hah, your Rover, a Pox upon him.

LA NUCHE

He's gone — gone to the Arms of some gay generous Maid, who nobly follows Love's diviner Dictates, whilst I 'gainst Nature studying thy dull Precepts, and to be base and infamously rich, have barter'd all the Joys of human Life — Oh give me Love: I will be poor and love.

PETRONELLA

She's lost — but hear me —

LA NUCHE

I won't, from Childhood thou hast trained me up in Cunning, read Lectures to me of the use of Man, but kept me from the knowledge of the Right; taught me to jilt, to flatter and deceive: and hard it was to learn th' ungrateful Lessons. But oh how soon plain Nature taught me Love, and shew'd me all the cheat of thy false Tenents — No — give me Love with any other Curse.

PETRONELLA

But who will give you that when you are poor? when you are wretchedly despis'd and poor?

LA NUCHE

Hah!

PETRONELLA

Do you not daily see fine Clothes, rich Furniture, Jewels and Plate are more inviting than Beauty unadorn'd? be old, diseas'd, deform'd, be any thing, so you be rich and splendidly attended, you'll find your self lov'd and ador'd by all — But I'm an old fool still — Well, Petronella, had'st thou been half as industrious in thy Youth as in thy Age — thou hadst not come to this.

[Weeps.]

LA NUCHE

She's in the right.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

PETRONELLA

What can this mad poor Captain do for you, love you whilst you can buy him Breeches, and then leave you? A Woman has a sweet time on't with any Soldier-Lover of 'em all, with their Iron Minds, and Buff Hearts; feather'd Inamorato's have nothing that belongs to Love but his Wings, the Devil clip 'em for Petronella.

LA NUCHE

True — he can ne'er be constant.

[Pausing.]

PETRONELLA

Heaven forbid he should! No, if you are so unhappy as that you must have him, give him a Night or two and pay him for't, and send him to feed again: But for your Heart, 'Sdeath, I would as soon part with my Beauty, or Youth, and as necessary a Tool 'tis for your Trade — A Curtezan and love! but all my Counsel's thrown away upon ye.

[Weeps.]

LA NUCHE

No more, I will be rul'd — I will be wise, be rich; and since I must yield somewhere, and some time, Beaumond shall be the Man, and this the Night; he's handsom, young, and lavishly profuse: This Night he comes, and I'll submit to Interest. Let the gilded Apartment be made ready, and strew it o'er with Flowers, adorn my Bed of State; let all be fine; perfume my Chamber like the Phoenix's Nest, I'll be luxurious in my Pride to Night, and make the amorous prodigal Youth my Slave.

PETRONELLA

Nobly resolv'd! and for these other two who wait your coming, let me alone to manage.

[Goes out.]

[Scene changes to a Chamber, discovers Fetherfool in Bed.]

FETHERFOOL

This Gentlewoman is plaguy long in coming: — some Nicety now, some perfum'd Smock, or Point Night-Clothes to make her more lovely in my Eyes: Well, these Women are right City Cooks, they stay so long to garnish the Dish, till the Meat be cold — but hark, the Door opens.

[Enter Carlo softly, half undrest.]

CARLO

This Wench stays long, and Love's impatient; this is the Chamber of La Nuche, I take it: If she be awake, I'll let her know who I am; if not, I'll steal a Joy before she thinks of it.

FETHERFOOL

Sure 'tis she, pretty modest Rogue, she comes i'th' dark to hide her Blushes — hum, I'm plaguy eloquent o'th' sudden — who's there?

[Whispering.]

CARLO

'Tis I, my Love.

FETHERFOOL

Hah, sweet Soul, make haste. — There 'twas again.

CARLO

So kind, sure she takes me for some other, or has some inkling of my Design —

[To himself.]

Where are you, Sweetest?

FETHERFOOL

Here, my Love, give me your Hand —

[Puts out his Hand; Carlo kneels and kisses it.]

CARLO

Here let me worship the fair Shrine before I dare approach so fair a Saint.

[Kisses the Hand.]

FETHERFOOL

Hah, what a Pox have we here? — wou'd I were well out o' t'other side — perhaps 'tis her Husband, and then

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

I'm a dead Man, if I'm discover'd.

[Removes to t'other side, Carlo holds his Hand.]

CARLO

Nay, do not fly — I know you took me for some happier Person.

[Feth. struggles, Car. rises and takes him in his Arms, and kisses him.]

FETHERFOOL

What, will you ravish me?

[In a shrill Voice.]

CARLO

Hah, that Voice is not La Nuche's — Lights there, Lights.

FETHERFOOL

Nay, I can hold a bearded Venus, Sir, as well as any Man.

[Holds Carlo.]

CARLO

What art thou, Rogue, Villain, Slave?

[They fall to Cuffs, and fight till they are bloody, fall from the Bed and fight on the Floor.]

[Enter Petronella, Sancho, and Aurelia.]

PETRONELLA

Heaven, what noise is this? — we are undone, part 'em, Sancho.

[They part 'em.]

FETHERFOOL

Give me my Sword; nay, give me but a Knife, that I may cut yon Fellow's Throat —

CARLO

Sirrah, I'm a Grandee, and a Spaniard, and will be reveng'd.

FETHERFOOL

And I'm an English-man, and a Justice, and will have Law, Sir.

PETRONELLA

Say 'tis her Husband, or any thing to get him hence.

[Aside to Sancho, who whispers him.]

These English, Sir, are Devils, and on my Life 'tis unknown to the Seigniora that he's i'th' House.

[To Carlo aside.]

CARLO

Come, I'm abus'd but I must put it up for fear of my Honour; a Statesman's Reputation is a tender thing: Convey me out the back way. I'll be reveng'd.

[Goes out.]

FETHERFOOL

(Aurelia whispers to him aside.) How, her Husband! Prithee convey me out; my Clothes, my Clothes, quickly

—

AURELIA

Out, Sir! he has lock'd the Door, and designs to have ye murder'd.

FETHERFOOL

Oh, gentle Soul — take pity on me — where, oh what shall I do? — my Clothes, my Sword and Money.

AURELIA

Quickly, Sancho, tie a Sheet to the Window, and let him slide down by that — Be speedy, and we'll throw your Clothes out after ye. Here, follow me to the Window.

FETHERFOOL

Oh, any whither, any whither. That I could not be warn'd from whoring in a strange Country, by my Friend Ned Blunt's Example — if I can but keep it secret now, I care not.

[Exeunt.]

[Scene, the Street, a Sheet ty'd to the Balcony, and Feth. sitting cross to slide down.]

FETHERFOOL

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

So — now your Neck, or your Throat, chuse ye either, wise Mr. Nicholas Fetherfool — But stay, I hear Company. Now dare not I budg an Inch.

[Enter Beaumont alone.]

BEAUMOND

Where can this Rascal, my Page, be all this while? I waited in the Piazza so long, that I believed he had mistook my Order, and gone directly to La Nuche's House — but here's no sign of him —

FETHERFOOL

Hah — I hear no noise, I'll venture down.

[Goes halfway down and stops.]

[Enter Abevile, Harlequin, Musick and Willmore.]

WILLMORE

Whither will this Boy conduct me? — but since to a Woman, no matter whither 'tis.

FETHERFOOL

Hah, more Company; now dare not I stir up nor down, they may be Bravoës to cut my Throat.

BEAUMOND

Oh sure these are they —

WILLMORE

Come, my Heart, lose no time, but tune your Pipes.

[Harlequin plays on his Guittar, and sings.]

BEAUMOND

How, sure this is some Rival.

[Goes near and listens.]

WILLMORE

Harkye, Child, hast thou ne'er an amorous Ditty, short and sweet, hah —

ABEVILE

Shall I not sing that you gave me, Sir?

WILLMORE

I shall spoil all with hard Questions — Ay, Child — that.

[Abev. sings, Beau. listens, and seems angry the while.]

SONG.

A Pox upon this needless Scorn!
Silvia, for shame the Cheat give o'er;
The end to which the fair are born,
Is not to keep their Charms in store,
But lavishly dispose in haste,
Of Joys which none but Youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's past:
And who when Beauty's past will love?
When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenging all your cold Disdain,
And Silvia shall neglected pass,
By every once admiring Swain;
And we can only Pity pay,
When you in vain too late shall burn:
If Love increase, and Youth delay,
Ah, Silvia, who will make return?
Then haste, my Silvia, to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of May conspire,
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher;
Where, whilst imbracing we should lie

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

Loosely in Shades, on Banks of Flowers:
The duller World whilst we defy,
Years will be Minutes, Ages Hours.

BEAUMOND

'Sdeath, that's my Page's Voice: Who the Devil is't that ploughs with my Heifer!

AURELIA

Don Henrick, Don Henrick —

[The Door opens, Beau. goes up to't; Will. puts him by, and offers to go in, he pulls him back.]

WILLMORE

How now, what intruding Slave art thou?

BEAUMOND

What Thief art thou that basely, and by dark, rob'st me of all my Rights?

[Strikes him, they fight, and Blows light on Fetherfool who hangs down.]

[Sancho throws Fetherfool's Clothes out, Harlequin takes 'em up in confusion; they fight out Beaumont, all go off, but Will. gets into the House: Harlequin and Feth. remain. Feth. gets down, runs against Harlequin in the dark, both seem frighted.]

HARLEQUIN

Que questo.

FETHERFOOL

Ay, *un pouer* dead *Home*, murder'd, kill'd.

HARLEQUIN

(In Italian.) You are the first dead Man I ever saw walk.

FETHERFOOL

Hah, Seignior Harlequin!

HARLEQUIN

Seignior Nicholas!

FETHERFOOL

A Pox Nicholas ye, I have been mall'd and beaten within doors, and hang'd and bastinado'd without doors, lost my Clothes, my Money, and all my Moveables; but this is nothing to the Secret taking Air. Ah, dear Seignior, convey me to the Mountebanks, there I may have Recruit and Cure under one.

ACT V

SCENE 1A Chamber.

[La Nuche on a Couch in an Undress, Willmore at her Feet, on his Knees, all unbrac'd: his Hat, Sword, on the Table, at which she is dressing her Head.]

WILLMORE

Oh Gods! no more! I see a yielding in thy charming Eyes; The Blushes on thy Face, thy trembling Arms, Thy panting Breast, and short-breath'd Sighs confess, Thou wo't be mine, in spite of all thy Art.

LA NUCHE

What need you urge my Tongue then to repeat What from my Eyes you can so well interpret?

[Bowing down her Head to him and sighing.]

— Or if it must — dispose me as you please —

WILLMORE

Heaven, I thank thee!

[Rises with Joy.]

Who wou'd not plough an Age in Winter Seas, Or wade full seven long Years in ruder Camps, To find out this Rest at last? —

[Leans on, and kisses her Bosom.]

Upon thy tender Bosom to repose; To gaze upon thy Eyes, and taste thy Balmy Kisses,

[Kisses her.]

— Sweeter than everlasting Groves of Spices, When the soft Winds display the opening Buds: — Come, haste, my Soul, to Bed —

LA NUCHE

You can be soft I find, when you wou'd conquer absolutely.

WILLMORE

Not infant Angels, not young sighing Cupids Can be more; this ravishing Joy that thou hast promis'd me, Has form'd my Soul to such a Calm of Love, It melts e'en at my Eyes.

LA NUCHE

What have I done? that Promise will undo me. — This Chamber was prepar'd, and I was drest, To give Admittance to another Lover.

WILLMORE

But Love and Fortune both were on my side — Come, come to Bed — consider nought but Love —

[They going out, one knocks.]

LA NUCHE

Hark!

BEAUMOND

(without.)

By Heav'n I will have entrance.

LA NUCHE

'Tis he whom I expect; as thou lov'st Life And me, retire a little into this Closet.

WILLMORE

Hah, retire!

LA NUCHE

He's the most fiercely jealous of his Sex, And Disappointment will inrage him more.

WILLMORE

Death: let him rage whoe'er he be; dost think I'll hide me from him, and leave thee to his Love? Shall I, pent up, thro the thin Wainscot hear Your Sighs, your amorous Words, and sound of Kisses? No, if thou canst cozen me, do't, but discreetly, And I shall think thee true: I have thee now, and when I tamely part With the, may Cowards huff and bully me.

[Knocks again.]

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

LA NUCHE

And must I be undone because I love ye? This is the Mine from whence I fetcht my Gold.

WILLMORE

Damn the base Trash: I'll have thee poor, and mine; 'Tis nobler far, to starve with him thou lov'st Than gay without, and pining all within.

[Knocking, breaking the Door, Will. snatches up his Sword.]

LA NUCHE

Heavens, here will be murder done -- he must not see him.

[As Beau. breaks open the Door, she runs away with the Candle, they are by dark, Beau. enters with his Sword drawn.]

WILLMORE

What art thou?

BEAUMOND

A Man.

[They fight.]

[Enter Petron. with Light, La Nuche following, Beau. runs to her.]

Oh thou false Woman, falser than thy Smiles, Which serve but to delude good-natur'd Man, And when thou hast him fast, betray'st his Heart!

WILLMORE

Beaumont!

BEAUMOND

Willmore! Is it with thee I must tug for Empire? For I lay claim to all this World of Beauty.

[Takes La Nuche, looking with scorn on Willmore.]

LA NUCHE

Heavens, how got this Ruffian in?

WILLMORE

Hold, hold, dear Harry, lay no Hands on her till thou can'st make thy Claim good.

BEAUMOND

She's mine, by Bargain mine, and that's sufficient.

WILLMORE

In Law perhaps, it may for ought I know, but 'tis not so in Love: but thou'rt my Friend, and I'll therefore give thee fair Play -- if thou canst win her take her: But a Sword and a Mistress are not to be lost, if a Man can keep 'em.

BEAUMOND

I cannot blame thee, thou but acts thy self -- But thou fair Hypocrite, to whom I gave my Heart, And this exception made of all Mankind, Why would'st thou, as in Malice to my Love, Give it the only Wound that cou'd destroy it?

WILLMORE

Nay, if thou didst forbid her loving me, I have her sure.

BEAUMOND

I yield him many Charms; he's nobly born, Has Wit, Youth, Courage, all that takes the Heart, And only wants what pleases Women's Vanity, Estate, the only good that I can boast: And that I sacrifice to buy thy Smiles.

LA NUCHE

See, Sir -- here's a much fairer Chapman -- you may be gone --

[To Will.]

WILLMORE

Faith, and so there is, Child, for me, I carry all about me, and that by Heaven is thine: I'll settle all upon thee, but my Sword, and that will buy us Bread. I've two led Horses too, one thou shalt manage, and follow me thro Dangers.

LA NUCHE

A very hopeful comfortable Life; No, I was made for better Exercises.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

WILLMORE

Why, every thing in its turn, Child, yet a Man's but a Man.

BEAUMOND

No more, but if thou valu'st her, Leave her to Ease and Plenty.

WILLMORE

Leave her to Love, my Dear; one hour of right-down Love, Is worth an Age of living dully on: What is't to be adorn'd and shine with Gold, Drest like a God, but never know the Pleasure? —No, no, I have much finer things in store for thee.

[Hugs her.]

LA NUCHE

What shall I do? Here's powerful Interest prostrate at my Feet,

[Pointing to Beau.]

Glory, and all than Vanity can boast; — But there — Love unadorn'd, no covering but his Wings,

[To Will.]

No Wealth, but a full Quiver to do mischiefs, Laughs at those meaner Trifles —

BEAUMOND

Mute as thou art, are not these Minutes mine? But thou — ah false — hast dealt 'em out already, With all thy Charms of Love, to this unknown — Silence and guilty Blushes say thou hast: He all disorder'd too, loose and undrest, With Love and Pleasure dancing in his Eyes, Tell me too plainly how thou hast deceiv'd me.

LA NUCHE

Or if I have not, 'tis a Trick soon done, And this ungrateful Jealousy wou'd put it in my Head.

[Angrily.]

BEAUMOND

Wou'd! by Heaven, thou hast — he is not to be fool'd, Or sooth'd into belief of distant Joys, As easy as I have been: I've lost so kind An Opportunity, where Night and Silence both Conspire with Love, had made him rage like Waves Blown up by Storms: — no more — I know he has —Oh what, La Nuche! robb'd me of all that I Have languish'd for —

LA NUCHE

If it were so, you should not dare believe it —

[Angrily turns away, he kneels and holds her.]

BEAUMOND

Forgive me; oh so very well I love, Did I not know that thou hadst been a Whore, I'd give thee the last proof of Love — and marry thee.

WILLMORE

The last indeed — for there's an end of Loving; Do, marry him, and be curst by all his Family: Marry him, and ruin him, that he may curse thee too. —But hark ye, Friend, this is not fair; 'tis drawing Sharps on a Man that's only arm'd with the defensive Cudgel, I'm for no such dead doing Arguments; if thou art for me, Child, it must be without the folly, for better for worse; there's a kind of Nonsense in that Vow Fools only swallow.

LA NUCHE

But when I've worn out all my Youth and Beauty, and suffer'd every ill of Poverty, I shall be compell'd to begin the World again without a Stock to set up with. No faith, I'm for a substantial Merchant in Love, who can repay the loss of Time and Beauty; with whom to make one thriving Voyage sets me up for ever, and I need never put to Sea again.

[Comes to Beau.]

BEAUMOND

Nor be expos'd to Storms of Poverty, the Indies shall come to thee — See here — this is the Merchandize my Love affords.

[Gives her a Pearl, and Pendants of Diamond.]

LA NUCHE

Look ye, Sir, will not these Pearls do better round my Neck, than those kind Arms of yours? these Pendants in my Ears, than all the Tales of Love you can whisper there?

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

WILLMORE

So — I am deceiv'd — deal on for Trash — and barter all thy Joys of Life for Baubles — this Night presents me one Adventure more — I'll try thee once again, inconstant Fortune; and if thou fail'st me then — I will forswear thee [*Aside.*] Death, hadst thou lov'd my Friend for his own Value, I had esteem'd thee; but when his Youth and Beauty cou'd not plead, to be the mercenary Conquest of his Presents, was poor, below thy Wit: I cou'd have conquer'd so, but I scorn thee at that rate — my Purse shall never be my Pimp — Farewel, Harry.

BEAUMOND

Thou'st sham'd me out of Folly — stay —

WILLMORE

Faith — I have an Assignation with a Woman — a Woman Friend! young as the infant-day, and sweet as Roses e'er the Morning Sun have kiss'd their Dew away. She will not ask me Money neither.

LA NUCHE

Hah! stay —

[Holds him, and looks on him.]

BEAUMOND

She loves him, and her Eyes betray her Heart.

WILLMORE

I am not for your turn, Child — Death I shall lose my Mistress fooling here — I must be gone.

[She holds him, he shakes his Head and sings.]

No, no, I will not hire your Bed,

Nor Tenant to your Favours be;

I will not farm your White and Red,

You shall not let your Love to me:

I court a Mistress — not a Landlady.

[bis.]

BEAUMOND

He's in the right; and shall I waste my Youth and powerful Fortune on one who all this while has jilted me, seeing I was a lavish loving Fool? — No — this Soul and Body shall not be divided —

[Gives her to Will.]

WILLMORE

I am so much thy Friend, another time I might be drawn to take a bad Bargain off thy Hands — but I have other Business at present: wo't do a kind thing, Harry, — lend me thy Aid to carry off my Woman to night? 'tis hard by in the Piazza, perhaps we may find Resistance.

BEAUMOND

My self and Sword are yours. I have a Chair waits below too, may do you Service.

WILLMORE

I thank ye — Madam — your Servant.

LA NUCHE

Left by both!

BEAUMOND

You see our Affairs are pressing.

[Bows, and smiles carelessly. Ex. Will. singing, and Beau.]

LA NUCHE

Gone! where's all your Power, ye poor deluded Eyes? Curse on your feeble Fires, that cannot warm a Heart which every common Beauty kindles. Oh — he is gone for ever.

[Enter Petronella.]

PETRONELLA

Yes, he is gone, to your eternal Ruin: not all the Race of Men cou'd have produc'd so bountiful and credulous a Fool.

LA NUCHE

No, never; fetch him back, my Petronella: Bring me my wild Inconstant, or I die —

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

[Puts her out.]

PETRONELLA

The Devil fetch him back for Petronella, is't he you mean? you've had too much of him; a Curse upon him, he's ruin'd you.

LA NUCHE

He has, he shall, he must compleat my ruin.

PETRONELLA

She raves, the Rogue has given her a Spanish Philtre.

LA NUCHE

My Coach, my Veil — or let 'em all alone; undrest thus loosely to the Winds commit me to darkness, and no Guide but pitying Cupid.

[Going out, Pet. holds her.]

PETRONELLA

What, are you mad?

LA NUCHE

As Winds let loose, or Storms when they rage high.

[Goes out.]

PETRONELLA

She's lost, and I'll shift for my self, seize all her Money and Jewels, of which I have the Keys; and if Seignior Mountebank keeps his Word, be transform'd to Youth and Beauty again, and undo this La Nuche at her own Trade —

[Goes in.]

SCENE II. The Street.

Enter Willmore, Beaumont, Chair following.

WILLMORE

Set down the Chair; you're now within call, I'll to the Garden-Door, and see if any Lady Bright appear — Dear Beaumont, stay here a minute, and if I find occasion, I'll give you the Word.

BEAUMOND

'Tis hard by my Lodgings; if you want Conveniences, I have the Key of the Back-way through the Garden, whither you may carry your Mistress.

WILLMORE

I thank thee — let me first secure my Woman.

[Goes out.]

BEAUMOND

I thought I'd lov'd this false, this jilting Fair, even above my Friendship; but I find I can forgive this Rogue, tho I am sure he has rob'd me of my Joys.

[Enter Ariadne with a Casket of Jewels.]

ARIADNE

Not yet! a Devil on him, he's Dear-hearting it with some other kind Damsel — Faith, 'tis most wickedly done of me to venture my Body with a mad unknown Fellow. Thus a little more Delay will put me into a serious Consideration, and I shall e'en go home again, sleep and be sober.

[She walks about.]

BEAUMOND

Hah, a Woman! Perhaps the same he looks for — I'll counterfeit his Voice and try my Chance — Fortune may set us even.

ARIADNE

Hah, is not that a Man? Yes — and a Chair waiting.

[She peeps.]

BEAUMOND

Who's there?

ARIADNE

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

A Maid.

BEAUMOND

A Miracle — Oh art thou come, Child?

ARIADNE

'Tis he, you are a civil Captain, are you not, to make a longing Maid expect thus? What Woman has detain'd you?

BEAUMOND

Faith, my Dear, tho Flesh and Blood be frail, yet the dear Hopes of thee has made me hold out with a Herculean Courage — Stay, where shall I carry her? not to my own Apartment; Ariadne may surprize me: I'll to the Mountebank here i'th' Piazza, he has a Cure for all things, even for longing Love, and for a Pistole or two will do Reason. — Hah, Company: Here, step into this Chair.

[She goes in, they go off just as Will. enters.]

WILLMORE

Hum, a Woman of Quality and jilt me — Egad, that's strange now — Well, who shall a Man trust in this wicked World? *[Enter La Nuche as before.]*

LA NUCHE

This should be he, he saunters about like an expecting Lover.

[Will. peeping and approaching.]

WILLMORE

By this Light a Woman, if she be the right — but right or wrong so she be Feminine: harkye, Child, I fancy thee some kind thing that belongs to me.

LA NUCHE

Who are you?

[In a low tone.]

WILLMORE

A wandering Lover that has lost his Heart, and I have shreud Guess 'tis in thy dear Bosom, Child.

LA NUCHE

Oh you're a pretty Lover, a Woman's like to have a sweet time on't, if you're always so tedious.

WILLMORE

By yon bright Star—light, Child, I walk'd here in short turns like a Centinel, all this live—long Evening, and was just going (Gad forgive me) to kill my self.

LA NUCHE

I rather think some Beauty has detain'd you: Have you not seen La Nuche?

WILLMORE

La Nuche! — Why, she's a Whore — I hope you take me for a civiller Person, than to throw my self away on Whores — No, Child, I lie with none but honest Women I: but no disputing now, come — to my Lodging, my dear — here's a Chair waits hard by.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Willmore's Lodging.

[Enter Harlequin with Fetherfool's Clothes on his Shoulder, leading him halting by one Hand, Blunt (drunk) by the other in the dark; Fetherfool bloody, his Coat put over his Shoulders.]

FETHERFOOL

Peano, Peano, Seignior, gently, good Edward — for I'll not halt before a Cripple; I have lost a great part of my agil Faculties.

BLUNT

Ah, see the Inconstancy of fickle Fortune, Nicholas — A Man to day, and beaten to morrow: but take comfort, there's many a proper fellow has been robb'd and beaten on this Highway of whoring.

FETHERFOOL

Ay, Ned, thou speak'st by woful Experience — but that I should miscarry after thy wholesom Documents — but we are all mortal, as thou say'st, Ned — Would I had never crost the Ferry from Croydon; a few such Nights as these wou'd learn a Man Experience enough to be a Wizard, if he have but the ill luck to escape hanging.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

BLUNT

'Dsheartlikins, I wonder in what Country our kinder Stars rule: In England plunder'd, sequester'd, imprison'd and banish'd; in France, starv'd, walking like the Sign of the naked Boy, with Plymouth Cloaks in our Hands; in Italy and Spain robb'd, beaten, and thrown out at Windows.

FETHERFOOL

Well, how happy am I, in having so true a Friend to condole me in Affliction — [*Weeps.*] I am oblig'd to Seignior Harlequin too, for bringing me hither to the Mountebank's, where I shall not only conceal this Catastrophe from those fortunate Rogues our Comrades, but procure a little Album Graecum for my Backside. Come, Seignior, my Clothes — but, Seignior — un Portavera Poco palanea.

[*Dresses himself.*]

HARLEQUIN

Seignior.

FETHERFOOL

Entende vos Signoria Englesa?

HARLEQUIN

Em Poco, em Poco, Seignior.

FETHERFOOL

Per quelq arts, did your Seigniorship escape Cudgeling?

HARLEQUIN

La art de transformatio.

FETHERFOOL

Transformatio — Why, wert thou not born a Man?

HARLEQUIN

No, Seignior, un vieule Femme.

FETHERFOOL

How, born an old Woman?

BLUNT

Good Lord! born an old Woman! And so by transformation became invulnerable.

FETHERFOOL

Ay — in — invulnerable — what would I give to be invulnerable? and egad, I am almost weary of being a Man, and subject to beating: wou'd I were a Woman, a Man has but an ill time on't: if he has a mind to a Wench, the making Love is so plaguy tedious — then paying is to my Soul insupportable. But to be a Woman, to be courted with Presents, and have both the Pleasure and the Profit — to be without a Beard, and sing a fine Treble — and squeak if the Men but kiss me — 'twere fine — and what's better, am sure never to be beaten again.

BLUNT

Pox on't, do not use an old Friend so scurvily; consider the Misery thou'lt indure to have the Heart and Mind of a jilting Whore possess thee: What a Fit of the Devil must he suffer who acts her Part from fourteen to fourscore! No, 'tis resolv'd thou remain Nicholas Fetherfool still, shalt marry the Monster, and laugh at Fortune.

FETHERFOOL

'Tis true, should I turn Whore to the Disgrace of my Family — what would the World say? who wou'd have thought it, cries one? I cou'd never have believ'd it, cries another. No, as thou say'st, I'll remain as I am — marry and live honestly.

BLUNT

Well resolv'd, I'll leave you, for I was just going to serenade my Fairy Queen, when I met thee at the Door — some Deeds of Gallantry must be perform'd, Seignior, Bonus Nochus.

[*Ex. Blunt.*]

[*Enter Shift with Light.*]

FETHERFOOL

Hah, a Light, undone!

HARLEQUIN

Patientia, Patientia, Seignior.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

SHIFT

Where the Devil can this Rogue Hunt be? Just now all things are ready for marrying these two Monsters; they wait, the House is husht, and in the lucky Minute to have him out of the way: sure the Devil owes me a spite.

[Runs against Harlequin, puts out his Candle.]

HARLEQUIN

Qui est la?

SHIFT

'Tis Harlequin: Pox on't, is't you?

HARLEQUIN

Peace, here's Fetherfool, I'll secure him, whilst you go about your Affair.

[Ex. Shift.]

FETHERFOOL

Oh, I hear a Noise, dear Harlequin secure me; if I am discover'd I am undone — hold, hold — here's a Door

—

[They both go in.]

[Scene changes to a Chamber, discovers the She-Giant asleep in a great Chair.]

[Enter Fetherfool and Harlequin.]

FETHERFOOL

Hah — my Lady Monster! have I to avoid Scylla run upon Carybdis? — hah, she sleeps; now wou'd some magnanimous Lover make good Use of this Opportunity, take Fortune by the Fore — lock, put her to't, and make sure Work — but Egad, he must have a better Heart, or a better Mistress than I.

HARLEQUIN

Try your Strength, I'll be civil and leave you.

[In Italian he still speaks.]

FETHERFOOL

Excuse me, Seignior, I should crackle like a wicker Bottle in her Arms — no, Seignior, there's no venturing without a Grate between us: the Devil wou'd not give her due Benevolence — No, when I'm marry'd, I'll e'en show her a fair pair of Heels, her Portion will pay Postage — But what if the Giant should carry her? that's to be fear'd, then I have cock'd and drest, and fed, and ventur'd all this while for nothing.

HARLEQUIN

Faith, Seignior, if I were you, I wou'd make sure of something, see how rich she is in Gems.

FETHERFOOL

Right, as thou say'st, I ought to make sure of something, and she is rich in Gems: How amiable looks that Neck with that delicious row of Pearls about it.

HARLEQUIN

She sleeps.

FETHERFOOL

Ay, she sleeps as 'twere her last. What if I made bold to unrig her? So if I miss the Lady, I have at least my Charges paid: what vigorous Lover can resist her Charms? —

[Looks on her.]

But shou'd she wake and miss it, and find it about me, I shou'd be hang'd —

[Turns away.]

— So then, I lose my Lady too — but Flesh and Blood cannot resist — What if I left the Town? then I lose my Lady still; and who wou'd lose a Hog for the rest of the Proverb? — And yet a Bird in Hand, Friend Nicholas — Yet sweet Meat may have sour Sauce — And yet refuse when Fortune offers — Yet Honesty's a Jewel — But a Pox upon Pride, when Folks go naked —

HARLEQUIN

Well said.

[Incouraging him by Signs.]

FETHERFOOL

Ay — I'll do't — but what Remedy now against Discovery and Restitution?

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

HARLEQUIN

Oh, Sir, take no care, you shall — swallow 'em.

FETHERFOOL

How, swallow 'em! I shall ne'er be able to do't.

HARLEQUIN

I'll shew you, Seignior, 'tis easy.

FETHERFOOL

'Gad that may be, 'twere excellent if I cou'd do't; but first — by your leave.

[Unties the Necklace, breaks the String, and Harl. swallows one to shew him.]

HARLEQUIN

Look ye, that's all —

FETHERFOOL

Hold, hold, Seignior, an you be so nimble, I shall pay dear for my Learning — let me see — Friend Nicholas, thou hast swallow'd many a Pill for the Disease of the Body, let's see what thou canst perform for that of the Purse.

[Swallows 'em.]

— so — a comfortable business this — three or four thousand pound in Cordial–Pearl: 'Sbud, Mark Anthony was never so treated by his Egyptian Crocodile — hah, what noise is that?

HARLEQUIN

Operator, Operator, Seignior.

FETHERFOOL

How, an Operator! why, what the Devil makes he here? some Plot upon my Lady's Chastity; were I given to be jealous now, Danger wou'd ensue — Oh, he's entring, I would not be seen for all the World. Oh, some place of Refuge —

[Looking about.]

HARLEQUIN

I know of none.

FETHERFOOL

Hah, what's this — a Clock Case?

HARLEQUIN

Good, good — look you, Sir, do you do thus, and 'tis impossible to discover ye.

[Goes into the Case, and shews him how to stand; then Fetherfool goes in, pulls off his Periwig, his Head out, turning for the Minutes o'th' top: his Hand out, and his Fingers pointing to a Figure.]

[Enter Shift and Hunt.]

FETHERFOOL

Oh Heaven, he's here.

SHIFT

See where she sleeps; get you about your business, see your own little Marmoset and the Priest be ready, that we may marry and consummate before Day; and in the Morning our Friends shall see us abed together, give us the good morrow, and the Work's done.

[Ex. Hunt.]

FETHERFOOL

Oh Traytor to my Bed, what a Hellish Plot's here discover'd!

[Shift wakes the Giant.]

GIANT

Oh, are you come, my Sweetest?

FETHERFOOL

Hah, the Mistress of my Bosom false too! ah, who wou'd trust faithless Beauty — oh that I durst speak.

SHIFT

Come let's away, your Uncle and the rest of the House are fast asleep, let's away e'er the two Fools, Blunt and Fetherfool, arrive.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

GIANT

Hang 'em, Pigeon-hearted Slaves —

SHIFT

A Clock — let's see what hour 'tis —

[Lifts up the Light to see, Feth. blows it out.]

— How! betray'd — I'll kill the Villain.

[Draws.]

FETHERFOOL

Say you so, then 'tis time for me to uncase.

SHIFT

Have you your Lovers hid?

[Gets out, all groping in the dark, Feth. gets the Giant by the Hand.]

GIANT

Softly, or we're undone; give me your Hand, and be undeceiv'd.

FETHERFOOL

'Tis she, now shall I be reveng'd.

[Leads her out.]

SHIFT

What, gone! Death, has this Monster got the Arts of Woman?

[Harl. meets him in the dark, and plays tricks with him.]

[Ex. all.]

[Enter Willmore and La Nuche by dark.]

WILLMORE

Now we are safe and free, let's in, my Soul, and gratefully first sacrifice to Love, then to the Gods of Mirth and Wine, my Dear.

[Ex. passing over the Stage.]

[Enter Blunt with Petronella, embracing her, his Sword in his Hand, and a Box of Jewels.]

PETRONELLA

I was damnably afraid I was pursu'd.

[Aside.]

BLUNT

Something in the Fray I've got, pray Heaven it prove a Prize, after my cursed ill luck of losing my Lady Dwarf: Why do you tremble, fair one? — you're in the Hands of an honest Gentleman, Adshartlikins.

PETRONELLA

Alas, Sir, just as I approacht Seignior Doctor's Door, to have my self surrounded with naked Weapons, then to drop with the fear my Casket of Jewels, which had not you by chance stumbled on and taken up, I had lost a hundred thousand Crowns with it.

BLUNT

Ha um — a hundred thousand Crowns — a pretty trifling Sum — I'll marry her out of hand.

[Aside.]

PETRONELLA

This is an Englishman, of a dull honest Nation, and might be manag'd to advantage, were but I transform'd now.

[Aside.]

I hope you are a Man of Honour; Sir, I am a Virgin, fled from the rage of an incens'd Brother; cou'd you but secure me with my Treasure, I wou'd be devoted yours.

BLUNT

Secure thee! by this Light, sweet Soul, I'll marry thee; — Beivile's Lady ran just so away with him — this must be a Prize —

[Aside.]

But hark — prithee, my Dear, step in a little, I'll keep my good Fortune to my self.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

PETRONELLA

See what trust I repose in your Hands, those Jewels, Sir.

BLUNT

So — there can be no jilting here, I am secur'd from being cozen'd however.

[Ex. Pet.]

[Enter Fetherfool.]

FETHERFOOL

A Pox on all Fools, I say, and a double Pox on all fighting Fools; just when I had miraculously got my Monster by a mistake in the dark, convey'd her out, and within a moment of marrying her, to have my Friend set upon me, and occasion my losing her, was a Catastrophe which none but thy termagant Courage (which never did any Man good) cou'd have procur'd.

BLUNT

'Dshartlikins, I cou'd kill my self.

FETHERFOOL

To fight away a couple of such hopeful Monsters, and two Millions — 'owns, was ever Valour so improvident?

BLUNT

Your fighting made me mistake: for who the Pox wou'd have look'd for Nicholas Fetherfool in the person of a Hero?

FETHERFOOL

Fight, 'Sbud, a Million of Money wou'd have provok'd a Bully; besides, I took you for the damn'd Rogue my Rival.

BLUNT

Just as I had finish'd my Serenade, and had put up my Pipes to be gone, out stalk'd me your two-handed Lady, with a Man at her Girdle like a bunch of Keys, whom I taking for nothing less than some one who had some foul design upon the Gentlewoman, like a true Knight-Errant, did my best to rescue her.

FETHERFOOL

Yes, yes, I feel you did, a Pox of your heavy hand.

BLUNT

So whilst we two were lovingly cuffing each other, comes the Rival, I suppose, and carries off the Prize.

FETHERFOOL

Who must be Seignior Lucifer himself, he cou'd never have vanisht with that Celerity else with such a Carriage — But come, all we have to do is to raise the Mountebank and the Guardian, pursue the Rogues, have 'em hang'd by Law, for a Rape, and Theft, and then we stand fair again.

BLUNT

Faith, you may, if you please, but Fortune has provided otherwise for me.

[Aside.]

[Ex. Blu. and Feth. Enter Beaumont and Ariadne.]

BEAUMOND

Sure none lives here, or Thieves are broken in, the Doors are all left open.

ARIADNE

Pray Heaven this Stranger prove but honest now.

[Aside.]

BEAUMOND

Now, my dear Creature, every thing conspires to make us happy, let us not defer it.

ARIADNE

Hold, dear Captain, I yield but on Conditions, which are these — I give you up a Maid of Youth and Beauty, ten thousand Pound in ready Jewels here — three times the value in Estate to come, of which here be the Writings, you delivering me a handsom proper fellow, Heart-whole and sound, that's all — your Name I ask not till the Priest declare it, who is to seal the Bargain. I cannot deceive, for I let you know I am Daughter-in-law to the English Ambassador.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

BEAUMOND

Ariadne! — How vain is all Man's Industry and Care To make himself accomplish'd; When the gay fluttering Fool, or the half-witted rough unmanner'd Brute, Who in plain terms comes right down to the business, Out-rivals him in all his Love and Fortunes.

[Aside.]

ARIADNE

Methinks you cool upon't, Captain.

BEAUMOND

Yes, Ariadne.

ARIADNE

Beaumont!

BEAUMOND

Oh what a World of Time have I mispent for want of being a Blockhead — 'Sdeath and Hell, Wou'd I had been some brawny ruffling Fool, Some forward impudent unthinking Sloven, A Woman's Tool; for all besides unmanageable. Come, swear that all this while you thought 'twas I. The Devil has taught ye Tricks to bring your Falshood off.

ARIADNE

Know 'twas you! no, Faith, I took you for as errant a right — down Captain as ever Woman wisht for; and 'twas uncivil egad, to undeceive me, I tell you that now.

[Enter Willmore and La Nuche by dark.]

WILLMORE

Thou art all Charms, a Heaven of Sweets all over, plump smooth round Limbs, small rising Breasts, a Bosom soft and panting — I long to wound each Sense. Lights there — who waits? — there yet remains a Pleasure unpossest, the sight of that dear Face — Lights there — where are my Vermin?

[Ex. Will.]

ARIADNE

My Captain with a Woman — and is it so —

[Enter Will. with Lights, sees Aria. and goes to her.]

WILLMORE

By Heaven, a glorious Beauty! now a Blessing on thee for shewing me so dear a Face — Come, Child, let's retire and begin where we left off.

LA NUCHE

A Woman!

ARIADNE

Where we left off! pray, where was that, good Captain?

WILLMORE

Within upon the Bed, Child — come — I'll show thee.

BEAUMOND

Hold, Sir.

WILLMORE

Beaumont! come fit to celebrate my Happiness; ah such a Woman-friend!

BEAUMOND

Do ye know her?

WILLMORE

All o'er, to be the softest sweetest Creature —

BEAUMOND

I mean, do ye know who she is?

WILLMORE

Nor care; 'tis the last Question I ever ask a fine Woman.

BEAUMOND

And you are sure you are thus well acquainted.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

WILLMORE

I cannot boast of much acquaintance — but I have pluckt a Rose from her Bosom — or so — and given it her again — we've past the hour of the Berjere together, that's all —

BEAUMOND

And do you know — this Lady is my — Wife?

[Draw.]

WILLMORE

Hah! hum, hum, hum, hum —

[Turns and sings, sees La Nuche, and returns quick with an uneasy Grimace.]

BEAUMOND

Did you not hear me? Draw.

WILLMORE

Draw, Sir — what on my Friend?

BEAUMOND

On your Cuckold, Sir, for so you've doubly made me: Draw, or I'll kill thee —

[Passes at him, he fences with his Hat, La Nu. holds Beau.]

WILLMORE

Hold, prithee hold.

LA NUCHE

Put up your Sword, this Lady's innocent, at least in what concerns this Evening's business; I own — with Pride I own I am the Woman that pleas'd so well to Night.

WILLMORE

La Nuche! kind Soul to bring me off with so handsom a lye: How lucky 'twas she happen'd to be here!

BEAUMOND

False as thou art, why shou'd I credit thee?

LA NUCHE

By Heaven, 'tis true, I will not lose the glory on't.

WILLMORE

Oh the dear perjurd Creature, how I love thee for this dear lying Virtue — Harkye, Child, hast thou nothing to say for thy self, to help us out withal? —

[To Aria. aside.]

ARIADNE

I! I renounce ye — false Man.

BEAUMOND

Yes, yes, I know she's innocent of this, for which I owe no thanks to either of you, but to my self who mistook her in the dark.

LA NUCHE

And you it seems mistook me for this Lady; I favour'd your Design to gain your Heart, for I was told, that if this Night I lost you, I shou'd never regain you: now I am yours, and o'er the habitable World will follow you, and live and starve by turns, as Fortune pleases.

WILLMORE

Nay, by this Light, Child, I knew when once thou'dst try'd me, thou'dst ne'er part with me — give me thy Hand, no Poverty shall part us.

[Kisses her. — so — now here's a Bargain made without the formal Foppery of Marriage.]

LA NUCHE

Nay, faith Captain, she that will not take thy word as soon as the Parson's of the Parish, deserves not the Blessing.

WILLMORE

Thou art reform'd, and I adore the Change.

[Enter the Guardian, Blunt, and Fetherfool.]

GUARDIAN

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

My Nieces stol'n, and by a couple of the Seignior's Men! the Seignior fled too! undone, undone!

WILLMORE

Hah, now's my Cue, I must finish this Jest.

[Goes out. Enter Shift and Giant, Hunt and Dwarf.]

GUARDIAN

Oh impudence, my Nieces, and the Villains with 'em! I charge ye, Gentlemen, to lay hold on 'em.

DWARF

For what, good Uncle, for being so courageous to marry us?

GUARDIAN

How, married to Rogues, Rascals, John Potages!

BLUNT

Who the Devil wou'd have look'd for jilting in such Hobgoblins?

FETHERFOOL

And hast thou deceiv'd me, thou foul filthy Synagogue? *[Enter Willmore like a Mountebank as before.]*

BLUNT

The Mountebank! oh thou cheating Quack, thou sophisticated adulterated Villain.

FETHERFOOL

Thou cozening, lying, Fortune-telling, Fee-taking Rascal.

BLUNT

Thou jugling, conjuring, canting Rogue!

WILLMORE

What's the matter, Gentlemen?

BLUNT

Hast thou the Impudence to ask, who took my Money to marry me to this ill-favour'd Baboon?

FETHERFOOL

And me to this foul filthy o'ergrown Chronicle?

BLUNT

And hast suffered Rogues, thy Servants, to marry 'em: Sirrah, I will beat thee past Cure of all thy hard-nam'd Drugs, thy Guzman Medicines.

FETHERFOOL

Nay, I'll peach him in the Inquisition for a Wizard, and have him hang'd for a Witch.

SHIFT

Sir, we are Gentlemen, and you shall have the thirds of their Portion, what wou'd you more?

[Aside to the Guar.]

Look ye, Sir.

[Pulls off their Disguise.]

BLUNT

Hunt!

FETHERFOOL

Shift! We are betray'd: all will out to the captain.

WILLMORE

He shall know no more of it than he does already for me, Gentlemen.

[Pulls off his Disguise.]

BLUNT

Willmore!

FETHERFOOL

Ay, ay, 'tis he.

BLUNT

Draw, Sir — you know me —

WILLMORE

— For one that 'tis impossible to cozen.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

[All laugh.]

BEAUMOND

Have a care, Sir, we are all for the Captain.

FETHERFOOL

As for that, Sir, we fear ye not, d'ye see, were you Hercules and all his Myrmidons.

[Draws, but gets behind.]

WILLMORE

Fools, put up your Swords, Fools, and do not publish the Jest; your Money you shall have again, on condition you never pretend to be wiser than your other Men, but modestly believe you may be cozen'd as well as your Neighbours.

[The Guardian talking with Hunt and Shift and Giant this while.]

FETHERFOOL

La you, Ned, why shou'd Friends fall out?

BLUNT

Cozen'd! it may be not, Sir; the Essex Fool, the cozen'd dull Rogue can shew Moveables or so — nay, they are right too —

[Shows his Jewels.]

This is no Naples Adventure, Gentlemen, no Copper Chains; all substantial Diamonds, Pearls and Rubies —

[Will. takes the Casket, and looks in it.]

LA NUCHE

Hah, do not I know that Casket, and those Jewels!

FETHERFOOL

How the Pox came this Rogue by these?

WILLMORE

Hum, Edward, I confess you have redeem'd your Reputation, and shall hereafter pass for a Wit — by what good fortune came you by this Treasure? — what Lady —

BLUNT

Lady, Sir! alas no, I'm a Fool, a Country Fop, an Ass, I; but that you may perceive your selves mistaken, Gentlemen, this is but an earnest of what's to come, a small token of remembrance, or so — and yet I have no Charms, I; the fine Captain has all the Wit and Beauty — but thou'rt my Friend, and I'll impart.

[Brings out Petronella veil'd.]

Enter Aurelia and Sancho.]

AURELIA

Hither we trac'd her, and see she's yonder.

SANCHO

Sir, in the King's Name lay hold of this old Cheat, she has this Night robb'd our Patrona of a hundred thousand Crowns in Money and Jewels.

BLUNT

Hah!

[Gets from her.]

LA NUCHE

You are mistaken, Friend Sancho, she only seiz'd 'em for my use, and has deliver'd 'em in trust to my Friend the Captain.

PETRONELLA

Hah, La Nuche!

BLUNT

How! cozen'd again!

WILLMORE

Look ye, Sir, she's so beautiful, you need no Portion, that alone's sufficient for Wit.

FETHERFOOL

Much good may do you with your rich Lady, Edward.

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

BLUNT

Death, this Fool laugh at me too — well, I am an errant right-down Loggerhead, a dull conceited cozen'd silly Fool; and he that ever takes me for any other, 'Dshartlikins, I'll beat him. I forgive you all, and will henceforth be good-natur'd; wo't borrow any Money? Pox on't, I'll lend as far as e'er 'twill go, for I am now reclaim'd.

GUARDIAN

Here is a Necklace of Pearl lost, which, Sir, I lay to your Charge.

[To Fetherfool.]

FETHERFOOL

Hum, I was bewicht I did not rub off with it when it was mine — who, I? if e'er I saw a Necklace of Pearl, I wish 'twere in my Belly.

BLUNT

How a Necklace! unconscionable Rogue, not to let me share: well, there is no Friendship in the World; I hope they'l hang him.

SHIFT

He'll ne'er confess without the Rack — come, we'll toss him in a Blanket.

FETHERFOOL

Hah, toss me in a Blanket, that will turn my Stomach most villainously, and I shall disimbogue and discover all.

SHIFT

Come, come, the Blanket.

[They lay hold on him.]

FETHERFOOL

Hold, hold, I do confess, I do confess —

SHIFT

Restore, and have your Pardon.

FETHERFOOL

That is not in Nature at present, for Gentlemen, I have eat 'em.

SHIFT

'Sdeath, I'll dissect ye.

[Goes to draw.]

WILLMORE

Let me redeem him; here Boy, take him to my Chamber, and let the Doctor glyster him soundly, and I'll warrant you your Pearl again.

FETHERFOOL

If this be the end of travelling, I'll e'en to old England again, take the Covenant, get a Sequestrator's Place, grow rich, and defy all Cavaliering.

BEAUMOND

'Tis Morning, let's home, Ariadne, and try, if possible, to love so well to be content to marry; if we find that amendment in our Hearts, to say we dare believe and trust each other, then let it be a Match.

ARIADNE

With all my Heart.

WILLMORE

You have a hankering after Marriage still, but I am for Love and Gallantry. So tho by several ways we gain our End, Love still, like Death, does to one Center tend,

EPILOGUE

POETS are Kings of Wit, and you appear
A Parliament, by Play-Bill, summon'd here;

The Rover; or, The Banish'd Cavaliers

When e'er in want, to you for aid they fly,
And a new Play's the Speech that begs supply:
But now --
The scant'd Tribute is so slowly paid,
Our Poets must find out another Trade;
They've tried all ways th' insatiate Clan to please,
Have parted with their old Prerogatives,
Their Birth-right Satiring, and their just pretence
Of judging even their own Wit and Sense;
And write against their Consciences, to show
How dull they can be to comply with you.
They've flatter'd all the Mutineers i'th' Nation,
Grosser than e'er was done in Dedication;
Pleas'd your sick Palates with Fantastick Wit,
Such as was ne'er a treat before to th' Pit;
Giants, fat Cardinals, Pope Joans and Fryers,
To entertain Right Worshipfuls and Squires:
Who laugh and cry Ads Nigs, 'tis woundy good,
When the fuger's all the Jest that's understood.
And yet you'll come but once, unless by stealth,
Except the Author be for Commonwealth;
Then half Crown more you nobly throw away,
And tho my Lady seldom see a Play,
She, with her eldest Daughter, shall be boxt that day.
Then Prologue comes, Ads-lightikins, crys Sir John,
You shall hear notable Conceits anon:
How neatly, Sir, he'll bob the Court and French King,
And tickle away -- you know who -- for Wenching.
All this won't do, they e'en may spare their Speeches,
For all their greasing will not buy 'em Britches;
To get a penny new found ways must take,
As forming Popes, and Squibs and Crackers make.
In Coffee-Houses some their talent vent,
Rail for the Cause against the Government,
And make a pretty thriving living on't,
For who would let a useful Member want.
Things being brought to this distressed Estate,
'Twere fit you took the matter in Debate.
There was a time, when Loyally by you,
True Wit and Sense received Allegiance due,
Our King of Poets had his Tribute pay'd,
His Peers secur'd beneath his Laurel's shade.
What Crimes have they committed, they must be
Driven to the last and worst Extremity?
Oh, let it not be said of English Men,
Who have to Wit so just and noble been,
They should their Loyal Principles recant,
And let the glorious Monarch of it want.

THE END