

THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON: A FARCE.

Written by Mrs. A. Behn. London, 1687.

This modernised text was produced by Elaine Hobby from her and Alan Hogarth's edition for Volume IV of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Aphra Behn*, and used by the Canterbury Commemoration Society as the basis for a script Stewart Ross made for a public reading in St Peter's Anglican Church, Canterbury in 2022. In modernising it, Elaine largely updated spelling and punctuation, but also occasionally substituted modern words for 1687 ones. As long as this origin is acknowledged, anyone is welcome to use this script for any purpose, but a 1687 copy must be checked if accuracy is essential.

PROLOGUE, spoken by Mr Jevon (*Harlequin*)

Long, and at vast expense, the hard-working stage
Has strove to please a dull, ungrateful age.
With heroes and with gods we first began,
And thundered to you in heroic strain.
Some dying, love-sick queen each night you enjoyed,
And with magnificence at last were cloyed:
Our drums and trumpets frightened all the women,
Our fighting scared the beaus and billet doux men.¹
So, spark in an intrigue of quality²
Grows weary of his splendid drudgery;
Hates the fatigue, and cries, 'A pox upon her,
What a damned bustle's here with love and honour?'
 In humbler comedy we next appear.
No fop or cuckold, but, slap-dash, we had him here.
We showed you all, but you, malicious grown, }
Friends' vices to expose, and hide your own, }
Cry, 'Damn it ... This is such or such a one.'³ }
Yet nettled, 'Plague, what does the scribbler mean
With his damned characters, and plot obscene?
No woman, unless masked, in the nation
Can see it twice and keep her reputation ... that's certain' ...
Forgetting ...

¹ **beaus and billet doux men:** lovers and love-letter writers.

² **spark in an intrigue of quality:** an elegant young man in an affair with a wealthy woman.

³ **This is such or such a one:** this character represents this or that person.

That he himself, in every gross lampoon,
Her lewder secrets spread about the town;
Whilst their feigned coyness is but cautious fear
Their own intrigues should be unravelled here.

Our next recourse was dwindling down to farce,
Then ... 'Zounds, what stuff's here? it's all o'er my ...'
Well, gentlemen, since none of these has sped*, *succeeded
God, we have bought a share in the speaking head.
So, there you'll save sixpence;
You love good husbandry in all but vice;
Whoring and drinking only bears a price.

A wooden head rises upon a twisted post from under the stage.

Jevon speaks into its mouth.

Oh! ... Oh! ... Oh!

SPEAKING HEAD Oh! ... Oh! ... Oh! *After this it sings a song, then laughs, and cries*
'God bless the King'.

SPEAKING HEAD Speak louder, Jevon, if you'd have me repeat.
Plague of this rogue, he will betray the cheat.

Jevon speaks louder, the head echoes him with distortions.

JEVON ... Hum ... There it is again.

Pox of your echo with a Northern strain*. * accent
Well, ... This will be but a nine days' wonder too;
There's nothing lasting but the puppet-show.
What lady's heart so hard, but it would move
To hear Philander and Irene's love?⁴
Those sisters,⁵ too, the scandalous wits do say,
Two nameless, keeping beaus⁶ have made so gay;⁷
But those amours are in perfect harmony,
Their gallants being as mere machines⁸ as they.
Oh! How the city wife, with her own kiddy,

⁴ **Philander and Irene's love:** presumably a story told by a popular puppet show.

⁵ **Those sisters:** presumably a love story told by mechanized puppets.

⁶ **keeping beaus:** men who financially support their lovers.

⁷ **gay:** finely dressed.

⁸ **as mere machines:** as completely mechanical (as opposed to human).

Is charmed with, 'Come into my coach ... Miss Jinny, Miss Jinny!'
 But, the coach tipping over ... Frible cries ... 'Adznigs,
 The jerking rogue has murdered all his kids.'
 The men of war⁹ cry, 'Pox on it, this is dull,
 We are for rough sports, ... dog-fights and the bull.'
 Thus, each in his own way diversion finds.
 Your sports are suited to your mighty minds;
 Whilst so much judgement in your choice you show,
 The puppets have more sense than some of you.

Characters.

Doctor Baliardo.

Scaramouch Doctor Baliardo's man-servant.

Pedro Doctor Baliardo's boy servant.

Don Cinthio viceroy's nephew, loves Elaria; Emperor of the Moon.

Don Charmante viceroy's nephew, loves Bellemante; Prince of Thunderland.

Harlequin Cinthio's man-servant.

Police officer

Clerk

Elaria Doctor Baliardo's daughter.

Bellemante Doctor Baliardo's niece.

Mopsophil governess to the young ladies.

Attendants of the moon-emperor and -prince.

Persons that represent the court playing-cards.

Kepler and Galileo, two scientists.

Twelve persons representing the figures of the twelve signs of the zodiac.

Black people and other persons that dance.

Musicians, some playing kettle-drums and trumpets.

SETTING: NAPLES.

⁹ **men of war:** soldiers in the audience.

FARCE.

Act I, scene 1. A Chamber.

Enter Elaria and Mopsophil. Elaria sings:

A curse upon that faithless maid
Who first her sex's liberty betrayed;
Born free as man to love and range
Till nobler nature did to custom change.
Custom, that dull excuse for fools,
Who think all virtue to consist in rules.

From love our fetters never sprung,
That smiling god, all playful, gay and young,
Shows by his wings he cannot be
Confined to a restless slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fixed to glittering courts or shady groves.

Then, she that constancy professed,
Was but a good deceiver at the best;
And that imaginary sway
She feigned to give, in seeming to obey,
Was but the height of prudent art
To deal with greater liberty her heart.

(After the song, Elaria gives her lute to Mopsophil.)

ELARIA This does not divert me.

Nor nothing will, till Scaramouch return

And bring me news of Cinthio.

MOPSOPHIL Truly, I was so sleepy last night I know nothing of the adventure for which you are kept
so close a prisoner today, and more strictly guarded than usual.

ELARIA Cinthio came with music last night under my window, which my father hearing, sallied out
with his bodyguards upon him. And clashing of swords I heard, but what hurt was done, or whether
Cinthio was discovered to him, I know not. But the note I sent him now by Scaramouch will occasion
me soon intelligence*.

*news

MOPSOPHIL And see, madam, where yon trusty Roger comes.

Enter Scaramouch, peeping on all sides before he enters.

... You may advance, and fear none but your friends.

SCARAMOUCH Away, and guard the door. *(Exit Mopsophil.*

ELARIA Oh, dear Scaramouch! Have you been at the viceroy's?

SCARAMOUCH *(In heat)* Yes, yes. ...

ELARIA And have you delivered my letter to his nephew, Don Cinthio?

SCARAMOUCH Yes, yes. What should I deliver else?

ELARIA Well ... and how is he? *(Scaramouch fanning himself with his cap.*

SCARAMOUCH Lord, how should he be? Why, what a laborious thing it is to be a pimp!

ELARIA Why, he should be well.

SCARAMOUCH So he is, as well as a night-adventuring lover can be ... He has got but one wound, madam.

ELARIA What! Wounded, say you? Oh, heavens! It's not mortal?

SCARAMOUCH Why, I have no great skill ... but they say it may be dangerous.

ELARIA I die with fear. Where is he wounded?

SCARAMOUCH Why, madam, he is run ... quite through the ... heart, ... but the man may live if I please.

ELARIA You please! Torment me not with riddles.

SCARAMOUCH Why, madam, there is a certain cordial balsam called a fair lady; which, outwardly applied to his bosom, will prove a better cure than all your weapon-salve or sympathetic powder. Meaning, your ladyship.

ELARIA Is Cinthio, then, not wounded?

SCARAMOUCH No otherwise than by your fair eyes, madam. He got away unseen and unknown.

ELARIA Do you know how precious time is, and do you fool it away thus? What said he to my letter?

SCARAMOUCH What should he say?

ELARIA Why, a hundred dear soft things of love, kiss it as often, and bless me for my goodness.

SCARAMOUCH Why, so he did.

ELARIA Ask you a thousand questions of my health after my last night's fright.

SCARAMOUCH So he did.

ELARIA Expressing all the kind concern love could inspire for the punishment my father has inflicted on me for entertaining him at my window last night.

SCARAMOUCH All this he did.

ELARIA And for my being confined a prisoner to my apartment, without the hope or almost possibility of seeing him any more.

SCARAMOUCHE There I think you are a little mistaken. For besides the plot that I have laid to bring you together all this night ... there are such stratagems a-brewing, not only to bring you together, but with your father's consent too. Such a plot, madam.

ELARIA Aye, that would be worthy of your brain. Prithee, what ...

SCARAMOUCHE Such a device ...

ELARIA I'm impatient.

SCARAMOUCHE Such a conundrum ... Well, if there be wise men and conjurers in the world, they are plotting lovers.

ELARIA Out with it.

SCARAMOUCHE You must know, madam, your father (my master, the doctor) is a little whimsical, romantic, or Don Quix-ottish, or so. ...

ELARIA Or rather, mad.

SCARAMOUCHE That were uncivil to be supposed by me. But lunatic we may call him without breaking the decorum of good manners. For he is always travelling to the moon.

ELARIA And so religiously believes there is a world there, that he discourses as gravely of the people, their government, institutions, laws, manners, religion and constitution, as if he had been bred a Machiavel there.

SCARAMOUCHE How came he thus infected first?

ELARIA With reading foolish books: Lucian's *Dialogue of Icaromenippus*, who flew up to the moon and thence to heaven; an heroic business called *The Man in the Moon*, if you'll believe a Spaniard who was carried thither upon a contraption drawn by wild geese; with another philosophical piece, *A Discourse of the World in the Moon*; with a thousand other ridiculous volumes too hard to name.

SCARAMOUCHE Aye, this reading of books is a pernicious thing. I was likely to have run mad, once, reading Sir John Mandeville. ... But to the business ... I went, as you know, to Don Cinthio's lodgings, where I found him with his dear friend Charmante, laying their heads together for a farce.

ELARIA A farce. ...

SCARAMOUCHE Aye, a farce, which shall be called ... *The World in the Moon*. Wherein your father shall be so imposed on, as shall bring matters most magnificently about. ...

ELARIA I cannot understand you. But the design must be good, since Cinthio and Charmante own it.

SCARAMOUCHE In order to this, Charmante is dressing himself like one of the caballists of the Rosicrucian order, and is coming to prepare my credulous master for the greater imposition. I have his trinkets here to play upon him, which shall be ready.

ELARIA But the farce, where is it to be acted?

SCARAMOUCHE Here, here, in this very house. I am to order the decoration, adorn a stage, and place appropriate scenery.

ELARIA How can this be done without my father's knowledge?

SCARAMOUCHE You know the old apartment next to the great orchard, and the worm-eaten gallery that opens to the river? Which place for several years nobody has frequented? There all things shall be acted proper for our purpose.

Enter Mopsophil, running.

MOPSOPHIL Run, run, Scaramouch. My master's calling for you like mad below. He calls up all his little devils with horrid names: his microscope, his horoscope, his telescope, and all his scopes.

SCARAMOUCHE Here, here, ... I had almost forgotten the letters. Here's one for you, and one for mistress Bellemante. *(runs out.*

Enter Bellemante with a book.

BELLEMANTE Here, take my prayer book. Oh, *ma très chère!* *(Embraces her.*

ELARIA Your eyes are always laughing, Bellemante.

BELLEMANTE And so would yours, had they been so well employed as mine this morning. I have been at the chapel; and seen so many beaus, such a number of plumeys,¹⁰ I could not tell which I should look on most. Sometimes my heart was charmed with the gay blonding, then with the melancholy noir, anon the amiable brunette; sometimes the bashful, then again the bold; the little now, anon the lovely tall! In the end, my dear, I was overwhelmed on all sides. I did nothing but deal my heart *tout autour* *. * all around (French)

ELARIA Oh, there was then no danger, cousin?

BELLEMANTE No, but abundance of pleasure.

ELARIA Why, this is better than sighing for Charmante.

BELLEMANTE That's when he's present only, and makes his court to me. I can sigh to a lover, but will never sigh after him ... But, oh, the beaus, the beaus, cousin, that I saw at church.

ELARIA Oh, you had great devotion to heaven, then!

BELLEMANTE And so I had. For I did nothing but admire its handiwork. But I could not have prayed heartily if I had been dying. But a deuce on it, who should come in and spoil all, but my lover, Charmante? So dressed, so gallant, that he drew together all the scattered fragments of my heart, confined my wandering thoughts, and fixed them all on him. Oh, how he looked. How he was dressed!

¹⁰ **plumeys:** young men in feathered hats.

*(she sings.) Chevalier, à cheveux blancs,
Plus de mouche, plus de poudre
Plus de ribons et canous.¹¹*

... Oh, what a dear, ravishing thing is the beginning of an amour!

ELARIA You're always tuneful. When will you be tame, Bellemante?

BELLEMANTE When I am weary of loving, Elaria.

ELARIA To keep up your spirits, here's a letter from your Charmante.

BELLEMANTE *(reads.)* 'Malicious creature, when will you cease to torment me, and either appear less charming or more kind? I languish when from you, and am wounded when I see you, and yet I am eternally courting my pain. Cinthio and I are contriving how we shall see you tonight. Let us not toil in vain. We ask but your consent. The pleasure will be all ours; it's therefore fit we suffer all the fatigue. Grant this, and love me, if you will save the life of Your Charmante.'

... Live then, Charmante! Live, as long as love can last!

ELARIA Well, cousin, Scaramouch tells me of a rare design's a-hatching to relieve us from this captivity. Here are we mew'd up¹² to be espoused to two moon-calves¹³ for all I know. For not a single human thing is suffered to come near us without our governess, and our warden Mr Scaramouch.

BELLEMANTE Who, if he had no more honesty and conscience than my uncle, would let us pine for lack of lovers. But, thanks be praised, the generosity of our cavaliers has opened their obdurate hearts with a golden key that lets them in at all opportunities. Come come, let's in, and answer their billets-doux. *(Exeunt.)*

Act I, scene 2. A garden.

Enter the doctor with all manner of mathematical instruments hanging at his belt, and Scaramouch bearing a telescope twenty (or more) foot long.

DOCTOR Set down the telescope. ... Let me see, what hour is it?

SCARAMOUCH About six o'clock, sir.

DOCTOR Then it's about the hour that the great monarch of the upper world enters into his closet. Mount, mount the telescope.

SCARAMOUCH What to do, sir?

DOCTOR I understand at certain moments critical, one may be seized by such a mighty consequence to let the sight into the secret closet.

¹¹ *chevalier...canous*: 'Blonde-haired Cavalier, | More beauty-patches, more powder, | More ribbons and frills' (French).

¹² *mew'd up*: confined.

¹³ *moon-calves*: simpletons, whose births were thought to be governed by lunar influence.

SCARAMOUCHE What, sir, peep into the king's closet? With all submission, sir, that will be somewhat uncivil.

DOCTOR Uncivil? It would be flat treason if it were known. But thus unseen, and as wise politicians should, I take survey of all. This is the statesman's peeping-hole, through which he steals the secrets of his king, and seems to overcome distance.

SCARAMOUCHE The very keyhole, sir, through which, with half an eye, he sees him even at his prayers, sir. *(A knocking at the garden gate.)*

DOCTOR Take care no-one enter ... *(Scaramouch goes to the door.)*

SCARAMOUCHE Oh, sir, sir. Here's some strange great man come to visit you.

DOCTOR Great man! From where?

SCARAMOUCHE Nay, from the moon-world for all I know, for he looks not like the people of the lower orb.

DOCTOR Ha! And that may be. Escort him in. *(Exit Scaramouch.)*

Enter Scaramouch bare-headed, bowing before Charmante, who is dressed in strange eccentric clothing, with Harlequin. From here until the doctor exits, Harlequin is hidden in the hedges, peeping out now and then. Charmante bows to the doctor.

CHARMANTE Doctor Baliardo, most learned sir, all hail. Hail from the great caballa ... of Utopia.

DOCTOR Most reverend bard, thrice welcome. *(Bows lower than Charmante bowed to him.)*

CHARMANTE The fame of your great learning, sir, and virtue, is known with joy to the renowned Society.

DOCTOR Fame, sir, has done me too much honour to bear my name to the renowned caballa.

CHARMANTE You must not attribute it all to fame, sir. They are too learned and wise to take up things from fame, sir. Our information is by ways more secret and sublime: the stars and little demons of the air inform us of all things past, present, and to come.

DOCTOR I must confess the *Count of Gabalis*¹⁴ renders it plain from writ divine and human. There are such friendly and intelligent demons.

CHARMANTE I hope you do not doubt that doctrine, sir, which holds that the four elements are peopled with persons of a form and species more divine than vulgar mortals? Those of the fiery regions we call the salamanders. They beget kings and heroes with spirits like their godly sires, the lovely inhabitants of the water we call nymphs. Those of the earth are gnomes or fairies. Those of the air are sylphs. These, sir, when in sexual union with mortals, beget immortal races, such as the first-born man, which had continued so, had the first man never doted on a woman.

¹⁴ *Count of Gabalis*: a well-known French satire, in which a sceptical narrator debates with the Count of Gabalis about the influence of benevolent demons on the mortal world. The doctor's stupidity is shown in his taking the count's ridiculous ideas seriously while the disguised Charmante pretends to do so too.

DOCTOR I am of that opinion, sir: man was not made for woman.

CHARMANTE Most certain, sir. Man was to have been immortalised by the love and conversation of these charming sylphs and nymphs, and woman by the gnomes and salamanders. And to have stocked the world with demigods such as, at this day, inhabit the empire of the moon.

DOCTOR Most admirable philosophy and reason. ... But do these sylphs and nymphs appear as visible beings?

CHARMANTE As the most beautiful of all the sons and daughters of the universe: imagination itself, imagination is not half so charming. And then, so soft, so kind! But none but the caballa and their families are blessed with their divine approaches. Were you but once admitted to that Society ...

DOCTOR Aye, sir, what virtues or what merits can perfect me for that great honour?

CHARMANTE An absolute abstinence from carnal thought, devout and pure of spirit, free from sin.

DOCTOR I dare not boast my virtues, sir. Is there no way to test my purity?

CHARMANTE Are you very secret?

DOCTOR It's my first principle, sir ...

CHARMANTE And one the most material in our Rosicrucian order. Please you to make a trial.

DOCTOR As how, sir, I beseech you? ...

CHARMANTE If you be thoroughly purged from vice, the opticles of your sight will be so illuminated, that, glancing through this telescope, you may behold one of these lovely creatures that people the vast region of the air.

DOCTOR Sir, you oblige profoundly.

CHARMANTE Kneel, then, and try your strength of virtue, sir. ... Keep your eye fixed and open.

(The doctor looks in the telescope.)

(While he is looking, Charmante goes to the door to get Scaramouch, who has waited offstage, and brings with him a lens with a picture of a nymph on it; as he brings it, he shows it to the audience, and then takes it to the end of the telescope.)

... Can you discern, sir?

DOCTOR Methinks I see a kind of glorious cloud drawn up ... and now ... it's gone again.

CHARMANTE Saw you no figure?

DOCTOR None.

CHARMANTE Then make a short prayer to Alikin, the Spirit of the East. Shake off all earthly thoughts, and look again. *(The doctor prays. Charmante puts the glass into the mouth of the telescope.)*

DOCTOR ... Astonished, ravished with delight. I see a beauty young and angel-like, leaning upon a cloud

...

CHARMANTE Seems she on a bed? Then she's reposing, and you must not gaze ...

DOCTOR Now a cloud veils her from me.

CHARMANTE She saw you peeping, then, and drew the curtain of the air between.

DOCTOR I am all rapture, sir, at this rare vision ... is it possible, sir, that I may ever hope for intimacy with so divine a beauty?

CHARMANTE Most possible, sir. They will court you. Their whole delight is to immortalize. Alexander the Great was begot by a salamander that visited his mother in the form of a serpent, because he would not make King Philip jealous. And that famous philosopher Merlin was begotten on a virgin nun, a certain king's daughter, by a most beautiful young salamander. As, indeed, all the heroes and men of mighty minds are.

DOCTOR Most excellent!

CHARMANTE The nymph Egeria, enamoured of Numa Pompilius, came to him, invisible to all eyes else, and gave him all his wisdom and philosophy. Zoroaster, Trismegistus, Apuleius, Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, Socrates and Virgil had their zilphid, which foolish people called their demon or devil. But you are wise, sir. ...

DOCTOR But do you imagine, sir, they will fall in love with an old mortal?

CHARMANTE They love not like the vulgar. It's the immortal part they dote upon.

DOCTOR But, sir, I have a niece and daughter which I love equally. Is it possible they might be immortalised?

CHARMANTE No doubt of it, sir, if they be pure and chaste.

DOCTOR I think they are, and I'll take care to keep them so. For I confess, sir, I would gladly have a hero as my grandson.

CHARMANTE You never saw the Emperor of the Moon, sir, the mighty Iredonozar?

DOCTOR Never, sir. His court I have, but it was confusedly, too.

CHARMANTE Refine your thoughts, sir, by a moment's prayer, and try again.

(The doctor prays. Charmante claps the glass with the emperor on it on the end of the telescope. The doctor looks in and sees it.)

DOCTOR It is too much, too much for mortal eyes! I see a monarch seated on a throne ... But seems most sad and pensive.

CHARMANTE Forbear then, sir, for now his love-fit's on, and then he would be private.

DOCTOR His love-fit, sir!

CHARMANTE Aye, sir. The emperor's in love with some fair mortal.

DOCTOR And can he not command her?

CHARMANTE Yes, but her rank being too low, he struggles, though a king, between love and honour.

DOCTOR It were too much to know the mortal, sir?

CHARMANTE It's yet unknown, sir, to the caballists, who now are using all their arts to find her and serve his majesty. But now my great affair deprives me of you. Tomorrow, sir, I'll visit you again; and now I've tested your virtue, tell you wonders.

DOCTOR I humbly kiss your hands, most learned sir.

Charmante goes out. Doctor accompanies him to the door and returns; to him, Scaramouch. All this while Harlequin was hidden in the hedges, peeping now and then. When his master went out, he was left behind.

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside)* So, so, Don Charmante has played his part most exquisitely. I'll in, and see how it works in his pericranium. ... *(Aloud)* Did you call, sir?

DOCTOR Scaramouch, I have, for your singular wit and honesty, always had a tenderness for you above that of a master to a servant.

SCARAMOUCH I must confess it, sir.

DOCTOR You have virtue and merit that deserves much.

SCARAMOUCH Oh Lord, sir!

DOCTOR And I may make thee great ... All I require, is that you will double your diligent care of my daughter and my niece, for there are mighty things designed for them, if we can keep them from the sight of man.

SCARAMOUCH The sight of man, sir!

DOCTOR Aye, and the very thoughts of man.

SCARAMOUCH What antidote is there to be given to a young wench against the disease of love and longing?

DOCTOR You do your part, and because I know you are discreet and very secret, I will hereafter discover wonders to you. ... On pain of life, guard the girls. That's your charge.

SCARAMOUCH Doubt me not, sir. And I hope your reverence will reward my faithful service with Mopsophil, your daughter's governess, who is rich, and has long had my affection, sir.

(Harlequin, peeping, cries ... Oh Traitor!

DOCTOR Set not you heart on transitories, mortal. There's better things in store ... Besides, I have promised her to a farmer for his son. ... Come in with me, and bring the telescope.

(Exit doctor and Scaramouch.

Harlequin comes out onto the forestage.

HARLEQUIN My beloved Mopsophil to marry a farmer's son!

What, am I then forsaken, abandoned by the false fair one?

... If I have honour, I must die with rage;

Reproaching gently, and complaining madly.

... It is resolved, I'll hang myself ... No ... When did I ever hear of a hero that hanged himself? No ... it's the death of rogues. What if I drown myself? ... No, ... useless dogs and puppies are drowned. A pistol or a caper¹⁵ on my own sword would look more nobly, but that I have a natural aversion to pain. Besides, it is as vulgar as rat poison, or the slicing of the windpipe. No, I'll die a death uncommon, and leave behind me an eternal fame. I have somewhere read, in an author either ancient or modern, of a man that laughed to death. ... I am very ticklish and am resolved ... to die that death. ... Oh Mopsophil, my cruel Mopsophil! (*Harlequin pulls off his hat, sword and shoes.*) ... And now, farewell the world, fond love, and mortal cares.

(He sets about tickling himself: his head, his ears, his armpits, hands, sides, and soles of his feet. Making ridiculous cries and noises of laughing several ways, with bizarre leaps and skips, he at last falls down as dead.

Enter Scaramouch.

SCARAMOUCH Harlequin was left in the garden. I'll tell him the news of Mopsophil.

(Going forward, tumbles over him.

Ha, what's here? Harlequin dead! ... (*Scaramouch heaves Harlequin up. Harlequin flies into a rage.*

HARLEQUIN Who is it that thus would rob me of my honour?

SCARAMOUCH Honour? Why, I thought you'd been dead.

HARLEQUIN Why so I was, and the most agreeably dead. ...

SCARAMOUCH I came to bemoan with you the mutual loss of our beloved.

HARLEQUIN I know it, sir, I know it. And that you're as false as she. Wasn't it a covenant between us, that neither should take advantage of the other, but both should have fair play? And yet you basely went to undermine me and ask her of the doctor. But since she's gone, I scorn to quarrel for her ... But let's like loving brothers, hand in hand, leap from some precipice into the sea.

SCARAMOUCH What, and spoil all my clothes? I thank you for that. No, I have a newer way. You know I lodge four flights of stairs high? Let's ascend thither, and after saying our prayers ...

HARLEQUIN ... Prayers! I never heard of a dying hero that ever prayed.

SCARAMOUCH Well, I'll not argue with you about a trifle ... Being come up, I'll open the casement, take you by the heels, and fling you out into the street ... After which, you have no more to do, but to come up and throw me down in my turn.

HARLEQUIN The achievement's great and new. But now I think of it, I'm resolved to hear my sentence from the mouth of the perfidious trollop, for yet I cannot credit it.

I'll to the gypsy, though I venture banging,¹⁶

¹⁵ **caper:** frolicsome leap. In 1673, rehearsing the part of a soldier who was to commit suicide by falling on his sword, Jevon (here playing Harlequin) laid his weapon on the ground 'and fell upon't, saying, now I am Dead'.

¹⁶ **venture banging:** risk a beating.

To be undeceived, it's hardly worth the hanging.

(Exeunt.)

Act I, scene 3. *The chamber of Bellemante.*

Enter Scaramouch, groping in the dark.

SCARAMOUCHE *(Aside)* So, I've got rid of my rival, and shall here get an opportunity to speak with Mopsophil, for hither she must come anon to lay the young ladies' night-things in order. I'll hide myself in some corner till she come. *(Goes to the further side of the stage.)*

Enter Harlequin, groping to find his way in the dark.

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* So, I made my rival believe I was gone, and hid myself till I got this opportunity to steal to Mopsophil's apartment, which must be hereabouts. For from these windows she used to entertain my love. *(He advances.)*

SCARAMOUCHE *(Aside)* Ha, I hear a soft tread. ... If it were Mopsophil's, she would not come by dark. *(Harlequin, advancing, runs against a table, and almost strikes himself backwards.)*

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* What was that? ... a table ... There I may obscure myself. ... *(Groping for the table.)* ... What a devil, is it vanished?

SCARAMOUCHE *(Aside)* Devil, ... vanished ... What can this mean? That's a man's voice. ... If it should be my master the doctor, now I'd be a dead man. ... He can't see me ... and I'll put myself into such a posture that if he feel me, he shall as soon take me for a church-spout * as a man. *gargoyle

(Scaramouch puts himself into a posture ridiculous: his arms akimbo, his knees wide open, his backside almost touching the ground, his mouth stretched wide, and his eyes staring. Harlequin, groping, thrusts his hand into Scaramouch's mouth; Scaramouch bites him. Harlequin dares not cry out.)

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* Ha, what's this? all mouth, with twenty rows of teeth. ... Now dare not I cry out, lest the doctor should come, find me here, and kill me. ... I'll try if it be mortal. ...

(Making damnable faces and signs of pain, Harlequin draws a dagger.)

Scaramouch feels the point of it, and shrinks back, letting go of his hand.

SCARAMOUCHE *(Aside.)* Who the devil can this be? I felt a poniard, and am glad I saved my skin from pinking. *(Scaramouch steals out.)*

(Harlequin, groping about, finds the table on which there is a thick tablecloth, and creeps under it, listening.)

Enter Bellemante with a candle in one hand and a book in the other.

BELLEMANTE I am in a *belle* humour for poetry tonight. ... I'll make some verses on love.

(She writes and studies.)

'Out of a great curiosity, ... A shepherd did demand of me.' ... No, no. *(She scratches out, and writes anew, and reads.)* ... 'A shepherd this implored of me.' ...

Aye, aye, so it shall go. ... 'Tell me, said he, ... Can you resign?' ... Resign, aye, ... what shall rhyme with 'resign'? ... 'Tell me, said he,' ...

(She lays down the notebook and walks about.

(Harlequin peeps from under the table, takes the book, writes in it, and lays it up before she can turn.

Aye, Aye, ... So it shall be *(Reads.)* ... 'Tell me, said he, my Bellemante; ... Will you be kind to your Charmante?' *(Bellemante reads those two lines and is amazed.*

... Ha, ... heavens! What's this? I am amazed!

... And yet I'll venture once more. ... *(Bellemante writes and studies.*

(Bellemante writes and reads) ... 'I blush'd, and veil'd my wishing eyes.'*(Bellemante lays down the book and walks as before.*

... 'Wishing eyes' ... *(Harlequin writes as before.*

HARLEQUIN *(writes and reads aside.)* ... 'And answer'd only with my sighs.'

(Bellemante turns and takes the notebook.

BELLEMANTE ... Ha, ... What is this? Witchcraft, or some divinity of love? some cupid, sure, invisible. ...

Once more I'll try the charm. ...

(Bellemante writes and reads) ... 'Could I a better way my love impart?' *(Bellemante studies and walks.*

... 'Impart' ... *(Harlequin writes as before.*

HARLEQUIN *(writes and reads aside)* ... 'And without speaking, tell him all my heart.'

BELLEMANTE ... It's here again, but where's the hand that wrote it? *(Looks about.*

... The little Cupid that will be seen

But only in his miracles. It cannot be a devil,

For here's no sin nor wickedness in all this.

Enter Charmante. Bellemante hides the notebook, he steps to her, and snatches it from her, and reads.

CHARMANTE *(Reads)* Out of a great curiosity,

A shepherd this implored of me:

'Tell me,' said he, 'my Bellemante,

Will you be kind to your Charmante?'

I blushed and veiled my wishing eyes,

And answered only with my sighs.

Could I a better way my love impart,

And without speaking, tell him all my heart?

CHARMANTE Whose is this different handwriting? *(Looks angry.*

BELLEMANTE It's yours, for all I know.

CHARMANTE Away, my name was put here for a blind.

What rhyming fop have you been clubbing* wit withal? * combining

BELLEMANTE Ah, *mon Dieu!* ... Charmante jealous!

CHARMANTE Have I not cause? ... Who wrote these rhymes?

BELLEMANTE Some kind assisting deity, for all I know.

CHARMANTE Some kind assisting coxcomb, that I know.

The ink's yet wet. The spark* is near, I find. ... * elegant young man

BELLEMANTE Ah, *malhereuse!* How was I mistaken in this man?

CHARMANTE Mistaken! What, did you take me for an easy fool to be imposed upon? ... One that wou'd be cuckolded by every feathered fool that you should call a ... *beau, un gallant homme.* 'S death!

Who would dote upon a fond¹⁷ she-fop? ... A vain conceited amorous coquet.

(He starts to go out, and she pulls him back.)

Enter Scaramouch, running.

SCARAMOUCH Oh, madam! Hide your lover, or we are all undone.

CHARMANTE I will not hide till I know the thing that made the verses.

DOCTOR *(calling as if on the stairs)* Bellemante, niece, ... Bellemante.

SCARAMOUCH She's coming, sir. ... Where, where shall I hide him? ... Oh, the closet's open!

(Thrusts him into the closet by force.)

DOCTOR Oh, niece! Ill luck, ill luck. I must leave you tonight. My brother the advocate is sick, and has sent for me. It's three long leagues, and, dark as it is, I must go. ... They say he's dying. *(He pulls out his keys; one falls down.)* Here, take my keys, and go into my study, and look over all my papers, and bring me all those marked with a cross and figure of three. They concern my brother and I.

(Bellemante looks at Scaramouch, and makes pitiful signs, and goes out.)

... Come, Scaramouch, and get me ready for my journey, and on your life, let not a door be opened till my return.

(Exit doctor.)

Enter Mopsophil. Harlequin peeps from under the table.

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* Ha! Mopsophil, and alone!

MOPSOPHIL Well, it's a delicious thing to be rich. What a world of lovers it invites: I have one for every hand, and the favourite for my lips.

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* Aye, him would I be glad to know. *(Peeping out.)*

MOPSOPHIL But of all my lovers, I am for the farmer's son, because he keeps a calash¹⁸ ... and I'll swear a coach is the most agreeable thing about a man.

¹⁷ **fond:** foolishly credulous; over-affectionate.

¹⁸ **calash:** small one-person coach.

HARLEQUIN Ho, ho!

MOPSOPHIL Ah me. ... What's that?

HARLEQUIN *(In a shrill voice)* The ghost of a poor lover, dwindled into a heigh-ho.

He rises from under the table and falls at her feet. Scaramouch enters. She runs off squeaking.

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside.)* Ha, my rival and my mistress! ...

(Aloud.) Is this done like a man of honour, Monsieur Harlequin,

To take advantages to injure me? *(Scaramouch draws.)*

HARLEQUIN All advantages are lawful in love and war.

SCARAMOUCH It's contrary to our league and covenant; therefore, I challenge you as a traitor.

HARLEQUIN I scorn to fight with you, because I once called you brother.

SCARAMOUCH Then you're a poltroon, that's to say, a coward.

HARLEQUIN Coward, nay, then I am provoked. Come on ...

SCARAMOUCH Pardon me, sir. I gave the 'Coward', and you ought to strike.

(They go to fight ridiculously, and ever as Scaramouch thrusts with his sword, Harlequin leaps aside, and skips so nimbly about Scaramouch cannot touch him for his life. Which after a while endeavouring in vain, Scaramouch lays down his sword.)

... If you be for dancing, sir, I have my weapons for all occasions.

(Scaramouch pulls out a small high-pitched flute and starts playing. Harlequin throws down his sword and falls a-dancing; after the dance they shake hands.)

HARLEQUIN Hey, my *bon ami* ... Is not this better than duelling?

SCARAMOUCH But not altogether so heroic, sir. Well, for the future, let us have fair play. No tricks to undermine each other, but which of us is chosen to be the happy man, the other shall be content.

ELARIA *(from offstage)* Cousin Bellemante, cousin.

SCARAMOUCH 'S life, let's be gone, lest we be seen in the ladies' apartment.

(Scaramouch slips Harlequin behind the door.)

Enter Elaria.

ELARIA How now, how came you here? ... *(Scaramouch signs to Harlequin to go out.)*

SCARAMOUCH I came to tell you, madam, my master's just taking mule to go his journey tonight, and that Don Cinthio is in the street, waiting for a lucky moment to enter in.

ELARIA But what if anyone by my father's order, or he himself, should by some chance surprise us?

SCARAMOUCH If we be, I have taken measures against a discovery. I'll go see if the old gentleman be gone, and return with your lover. *(Goes out.)*

ELARIA I tremble, but know not whether it's with fear or joy.

Enter Cinthio.

CINTHIO My dear Elaria ... *(He runs to embrace her. She starts from him.)*

... Ha ... Shun my arms, Elaria!

ELARIA Heavens! Why did you come so soon?

CINTHIO Is it too soon whenever it's safe, Elaria?

ELARIA I die with fear ... Met you not Scaramouch? He went to bid you wait a while. What shall I do?

CINTHIO Why this concern? None of the house has seen me. I saw your father taking mule.

ELARIA Sure you mistake. I think I hear his voice.

DOCTOR *(from below)* ... My key ... The key of my laboratory. ... Why, knave Scaramouch, where are you? ...

ELARIA Do you hear that, sir? ... Oh, I'm undone! ... Where shall I hide you? ... He approaches ... *(She searches where to hide Cinthio)* ... Ha, ... my cousin's closet's open ... Step in a little. ...

He goes in, she puts out the candle. Enter the doctor. She gets round the chamber to the door, and as the doctor advances in, she steals out.

DOCTOR Here I must have dropped it. A light, a light ... there ...

Enter Cinthio from the closet, pulls Charmante out, they not knowing one other.

CINTHIO *(Aside)* Oh, this perfidious woman! No marvel she was so surprised and angry at my approach tonight. ...

CHARMANTE *(Aside)* Who can this be? ... But I'll be prepared ... *(He lays his hand on his sword.)*

DOCTOR *(Turns to the door to call)* Why Scaramouch, knave, a light!

Enter Scaramouch with a light, and seeing the two lovers there, runs against his master, puts out the candle, flings the doctor down, and falls over him. At the entrance of the candle, Charmante slips from Cinthio into the closet. Cinthio gropes to find him, when Mopsophil and Elaria, hearing a great noise, enter with a light. Cinthio, finding he is discovered, falls to acting a madman. Scaramouch helps the doctor up, and bows.

... Ha, ... a man, ... and in my house, ... Oh dire misfortune! ... Who are you, sir?

CINTHIO Men call me Gogmagog, the Spirit of Power;
My right hand riches holds, my left hand, honour.

Is there a city wife would be a lady? ... Bring her to me,
Her easy cuckold shall be dubbed a knight.

ELARIA Oh heavens! a madman, sir.

CINTHIO Is there a tawdry fop would have a title?
A rich mechanic that wou'd be an alderman?
Bring them to me,

And I'll convert that coxcomb and that blockhead into Your Honour and Right Worshipful.

DOCTOR Mad, stark mad! Why, sirrah, rogue ... Scaramouch ... How got this madman in?

(While the doctor turns to Scaramouch, Cinthio speaks softly to Elaria.)

CINTHIO (*Aside to Elaria*) Oh, thou perfidious maid! Who have you hidden in yonder guilty closet?

SCARAMOUCH Why, sir, he was brought in a sedan-chair for your advice. But how he rambled from the parlour to this chamber I know not.

CINTHIO Upon a winged horse yclepèd Pegasus,
Swift as the fiery racers of the sun,
... I fly ... I fly ...

See how I mount and cut the liquid sky. *(Cinthio runs out.)*

DOCTOR Alas, poor gentleman, he's past all cure ... But, sirrah, for the future, take you care that no young mad patients be brought into my house.

SCARAMOUCH I shall, sir ... And see ... here's your key you looked for. ...

DOCTOR That's good; I must be gone ... Bar up the doors, and upon life or death let no man enter.
(Exit doctor, and all with him, with the light.)

Charmante peeps out ... and by degrees comes all out, listening every step.

CHARMANTE Who the devil could that be that pulled me from the closet? But at last I'm free, and the doctor's gone. I'll to Cinthio, and bring him to pass this night with our mistresses. *(Exit.)*

As he is gone off, enter Cinthio, groping in the dark.

CINTHIO Now for this lucky rival, if his stars will make this last part of his adventure such. I hid myself in the next chamber till I heard the doctor go, only to return to be revenged.

(He gropes his way into the closet with his sword drawn.)

Enter Elaria with a light.

ELARIA Scaramouch tells me Charmante is concealed in the closet, whom Cinthio surely has mistaken for some lover of mine and is jealous. But I'll send Charmante after him, to make my peace and undeceive him. *````(Elaria goes to the door.)*

... Sir, sir, where are you? They are all gone. You may venture out. *(Cinthio comes out.)*

... Ha, ... Cinthio here! ...

CINTHIO Yes, madam, to your shame ...

Now your perfidiousness is plain ... False woman,
It's well your lover had the dexterity of escaping, I'd've spoiled his making love else.

(Cinthio tries to get away from Elaria. She holds him.)

ELARIA Prithee, hear me.

CINTHIO ... But since my ignorance of his person saves his life, live and possess him till I can discover him. *(Cinthio goes out.)*

ELARIA (*Speaking while exiting.*) Go, peevish fool ...

Whose jealousy believes me given to change.

Let thy own torments be my just revenge.

ACT II, scene 1.

A bizarre, clownish dance. After the music has played, enter Elaria; to her, Bellemante.

ELARIA Heavens, Bellemante! Where have you been?

BELLEMANTE Fatigued with the most disagreeable affair for a person of my humour in the world. Oh, how I hate business, which I pay no more attention to than a spark does the sermon when he's ogling his mistress at church all the while. I have been ruffling over twenty reams of paper for my uncle's writings. ...

Enter Scaramouch.

SCARAMOUCH So, so, the old gentleman is departed this wicked world and the house is our own for this night. ... Where are the sparks? Where are the sparks?

ELARIA Nay, heaven knows.

BELLEMANTE What! I hope not so. I left Charmante confined to my closet when my uncle was likely to have surprised us together. Is he not here? ...

ELARIA No, he's escaped, but he has made a fine mess.

BELLEMANTE Heavens, cousin! What?

ELARIA My father was coming into the chamber, and was likely to have found Cinthio with me, when, to conceal him, I put him into your closet, not knowing of Charmante's being there, and whom, in the dark, he took for a gallant of mine. Had not my father's presence hindered, I believe there had been murder committed. However, they both escaped unknown.

SCARAMOUCH Pshaw, is this all? Lovers' quarrels are soon mended. I'll to them, unfold the riddle, and bring them back ... Take no care, but go in and dress you for the ball. Mopsophil has costumes which your lovers sent to put on: the music is playing, and all are prepared. ... *(Exit Scaramouch.*

Enter Mopsophil.

MOPSOPHIL Madam, your cousin Florinda, with a lady, are come to visit you.

BELLEMANTE I'm glad of it. She's a good wench, and we'll trust her with our mirth and secret.

(They go out.

Act 2, scene 2. Setting changes to the street.

Enter page with a lighted torch (indicating that it is dark), followed by Cinthio; they pass over the stage. Scaramouch, in a long, military-style coat, follows Cinthio.

SCARAMOUCHE It's Cinthio ... *(Calls.)* Don Cinthio ...

(Cinthio turns.)

... Well, what's the quarrel? ... How fell you out?

CINTHIO You may inform yourself, I believe. For these secret intrigues cannot be carried on without your knowledge.

SCARAMOUCHE What intrigues, sir? Be quick, for I'm in haste.

CINTHIO Who was the lover I surprised in the closet?

SCARAMOUCHE *Deceptio visus*, sir; the error of the eyes.

CINTHIO Thou dog ... I felt him too. But since the rascal escaped me ... I'll be revenged on you ...

Cinthio goes to beat Scaramouch; Scaramouch, running away, runs against Harlequin, who is entering with Charmante, and likely to have thrown them both down.

CHARMANTE Ha ... What's the matter here? ...

SCARAMOUCHE Signior Don Charmante ... *(Scaramouch struts courageously in with Charmante and Cinthio.)*

CHARMANTE What, Cinthio in a rage!

Who's the unlucky object?

CINTHIO All man- and womankind: Elaria's false.

CHARMANTE Elaria false! Take heed, surely her precise virtue is proof against the vices of her sex?

... Say, rather, Bellemante,

She who by nature's light and wavering.

The town contains not such a false impertinent *.

* silly person

This evening I surprised her in her chamber

Writing of verses, and between her lines

Some spark had newly penned his fine stuff.

Curse of the jilt, I'll be her fool no more.

HARLEQUIN I fear you are mistaken in that, sir, for I was the spark that wrote the fine stuff.

To do you service ...

CHARMANTE You!

SCARAMOUCHE Aye, we that spend our lives and fortunes here to serve you, ... to be used like pimps and scoundrels. ... *(To Cinthio)* Come sir, ... satisfy him who it was was hid in the closet when he came in and found you.

CINTHIO Ha, ... is it possible? Was it Charmante?

CHARMANTE Was it you, Cinthio? Pox on it, what fools are we, we could not know one another by instinct!

SCARAMOUCHE Well, well, dispute no more this clear case, but let's hasten to your mistresses.

CINTHIO I'm ashamed to appear before Elaria.

CHARMANTE And I to Bellemante.

SCARAMOUCHE Come, come, take heart. Pull your hats down over your eyes; put your arms across; sigh and look sorrily; your humble looks are always a token of repentance; come ... come along.

(Exeunt omnes.

~Act II, scene 3. Inside of the house.

Enter Elaria, Bellemante Mopsophil, and ladies including Florinda, dressed in masquing costumes.

ELARIA I am extremely pleased with these costumes, cousin.

BELLEMANTE They are *à la gothique* and *peu commun*.

FLORINDA Your lovers have a very good fancy, cousin. I long to see them.

ELARIA And so do I. I wonder Scaramouch is taking so long, and what success he has.

BELLEMANTE You have no cause to fear. You can so easily acquit yourself. But I, what shall I do? who can no more imagine who should write those rhymes than who I shall love next, if I break off with Charmante.

FLORINDA If he be a man of honour, cousin, when a maid protests her innocence ...-

BELLEMANTE Aye, but he's a man of wit too, cousin, and knows when women protest most, they likely lie most.

ELARIA Most commonly, for truth needs no asseveration.

BELLEMANTE That's according to the disposition of your lover. For some believe you most when you most abuse and cheat them; some are so obstinate, they would damn a woman with protesting before she can convince them.

ELARIA Such a one is not worth convincing. I would not make the world wise at the expence of a virtue.

BELLEMANTE Nay, he shall certainly remain as heaven made him as far as I'm concerned, since there are men enough for all uses.

Enter Charmante and Cinthio, dressed in their gothic costumes. Scaramouch, Harlequin and musicians. Charmante and Cinthio kneel.

CINTHIO Can you forgive us? *(Elaria raises him to his feet.*

BELLEMANTE That, Cinthio, you're convinced, I do not wonder. But how Charmante's goodness is inspired, I know not. *(Bellemante raises Charmante.*

CHARMANTE Let it suffice I'm satisfied, my Bellemante.

ELARIA I pray you, know my cousin Florinda. *(They greet the lady.*

BELLEMANTE Come, let us not lose time, since we are all friends.

CHARMANTE The best use we can make of it is to talk of love.

BELLEMANTE Oh, we shall have time enough for that hereafter. Besides, you may make love in dancing as well as in sitting; you may gaze, sigh, ... and press the hand, and now and then receive a kiss. What, would you want more?

CHARMANTE Yes, wish a little more.

BELLEMANTE We were unreasonable to forbid you that cold joy, nor shall you wish long in vain if you bring matters so about to get us with my uncle's consent.

ELARIA Our fortunes depending solely on his pleasure, which is too considerable to lose.

CINTHIO All things are ordered as I have written you at length. Our scenery and all our props are ready. We have no more to do but to delude the old gentleman into a little more faith, which the next visit of our new caballist Charmante will complete. *(The music plays.)*

Enter some people in bizarre costumes, and dance. They all sit the while.

ELARIA Your dancers have performed well, but it would be good to know who we have trusted with this evening's intrigue.

CINTHIO Those, madam, who are to assist us in carrying on a greater intrigue, the gaining of you. They are our kinsmen.

ELARIA Then they are doubly welcome.

Here is a shepherd and shepherdess's song in dialogue, with flûtes douces (wooden instruments akin to recorders) and harpsichords. Which ended, they all dance a formal French dance.

CINTHIO Hark, what noise is that? Sure it's in the next room.

DOCTOR *(from offstage)* Scaramouch, Scaramouch! *(Scaramouch runs to the door and holds it shut.)*

SCARAMOUCH Ha ... The devil in the likeness of my old master's voice, for it's impossible it should be he himself.

CHARMANTE If it be he, how got he in? Did you not secure the doors?

ELARIA He always has a key to open them. Oh! what shall we do? There's no escaping him. He's in the next room, through which you are to pass.

DOCTOR Scaramouch, knave, where are you?

SCARAMOUCH It's him, it's him, follow me all ... *(He goes upstage with all the company.)*

DOCTOR *(from offstage.)* I tell you, sirrah, I heard the noise of instruments.

PEDRO *(from offstage.)* No surely, sir, that's a mistake. *(Knocking at the door.)*

(Scaramouch having placed them all in their positions in a human tapestry, they stand without motion in their postures. He comes downstage, and a drop-curtain lowers. He opens the door with a candle in his hand.)

Enter the doctor and Pedro with a light (to indicate the scene is played indarkness).

SCARAMOUCH Bless me, sir! Is it you, ... or your ghost?

DOCTOR It'd be good for you, sir, if I were a thing of air. But as I am a corporeal mortal, I will beat you as substantially ... *(Canes Scaramouch, who cries.*

SCARAMOUCH What do you mean, sir? What do you mean?

DOCTOR Sirrah, must I stand waiting your leisure while you are roguing here? I will reward you.

(Beats him.

SCARAMOUCH Aye, and I shall deserve it richly, sir, when you know all.

DOCTOR I guess all, sirrah, and I heard all, and you shall be rewarded for all. Where have you hid the fiddles, you rogue?

SCARAMOUCH Fiddles, sir! ...

DOCTOR Ay, fiddles, knave.

SCARAMOUCH Fiddles, sir! ... Where?

DOCTOR Here, ... here I heard them, you false steward of thy master's treasure.

SCARAMOUCH Fiddles, sir! Surely a wind got into your head and whistled in your ears, riding so late, sir.

DOCTOR Aye, you false varlot, there's another debt I owe you, for bringing me so damnable a lie: my brother's well ... I met his valet but a league from town and found your roguery out.

(Beats him. He cries.

SCARAMOUCH Is this the reward I have for being so diligent since you went?

DOCTOR In what, you villain? in what? *(The drop-curtain is drawn up, revealing the human tapestry.*

SCARAMOUCH Why, look you, sir. I have, to surprise you with pleasure, in preparation for your coming home, been putting up this piece of tapestry, the best in Italy for the rareness of the figures, sir.

DOCTOR Ha ... hum ... It is indeed a stately piece of work. How came I by it?

SCARAMOUCH It was sent your reverence from the virtuoso, or some of the caballists.

DOCTOR I must confess, the workmanship is excellent ... But still I do insist I heard the music.

SCARAMOUCH It was, then, the tuning of the spheres. Some serenade, sir, from the inhabitants of the moon.

DOCTOR Hm, ... from the moon, ... and that may be so ...

SCARAMOUCH Lord, do you think I would deceive your reverence?

DOCTOR *(Aside)* From the moon, a serenade, ... I see no signs of it here. Indeed, it must be so ... I'll think more at leisure. ...

(Aloud) ... Prithee, what story's this?

(Looks at the tapestry.

SCARAMOUCH Why, sir, ... It's ...

DOCTOR Hold up the candles higher, and nearer.

(Pedro and Scaramouch hold candles near. The doctor takes a magnifying glass (or a telescope) and looks through it. And as he comes nearer, Harlequin, who is placed on a tree in the tapestry, hits him on the head with his club. The doctor starts, and looks about. Harlequin sits still.

SCARAMOUCH Sir ...

DOCTOR What was that struck me?

SCARAMOUCH Struck you, sir! Imagination.

DOCTOR Can my imagination feel, sirrah?

SCARAMOUCH Oh, the most tenderly of any part about one, sir!

DOCTOR Hum ... That may be ...

SCARAMOUCH Are you a great philosopher and know not that, sir?

DOCTOR *(Aside)* This fellow has a glimpse of profundity ... *(Looks again.*

(Aloud) ... I like the figures well.

SCARAMOUCH You will when you see them by daylight, sir.

(Harlequin hits the doctor again. The doctor sees him.

DOCTOR Ha ... Is that imagination too? ... Betrayed, betrayed, undone. Run for my pistols, call up my servants, Pedro. A plot upon my daughter and my niece. *(Runs out with Pedro.*

(Scaramouch puts out the candle. Everyone comes out of the hanging, which is drawn away. He places them in a row just near the door.

SCARAMOUCH Here, here, fear nothing. Stay by each other, so that when I go out, all may go. That is, slip out when you hear the doctor is come in again, which he will certainly do, and all depart to your respective lodgings.

CINTHIO And leave you to bear the brunt?

SCARAMOUCH Take you no care for that. I'll put it into my list of expenses and be paid all together.

Enter the doctor with pistols, and Pedro.

DOCTOR What, by dark? That shall not save you, villains, traitors to my glory and repose. ... Pedro, hold tight the door, let none escape. *(They all slip out.*

PEDRO I guarantee it, sir. *(Doctor gropes about, then stamps and calls.*

DOCTOR Lights there ... Lights ... I'm sure they could not escape.

PEDRO Impossible, sir.

Enter Scaramouch, not fully dressed but in his shirt, with a light. Starts.

SCARAMOUCH Bless me! ... What's here?

DOCTOR Ha, ... Who are you? *(Amazed to see him enter so.*

SCARAMOUCH I? Who the devil are you, if it comes to that? *(Scaramouch rubs his eyes and brings the candle nearer. Looks at the doctor.)* ... Mercy upon us! ... Why, what, is it you, sir, returned so soon?

DOCTOR Returned! *(Looking sometimes at Scaramouch, sometimes about.*

SCARAMOUCH Aye, sir. Did you not go out of town last night to your brother the advocate?

DOCTOR You villain, you question me as if you don't know I have returned.

SCARAMOUCH I know, sir! How should I know? I'm sure I am but just waked from the sweetest dream ...

DOCTOR You dream still, sirrah, but I shall wake your roguishness. ... Were you not here just now, showing me a piece of tapestry, you villain? ...

SCARAMOUCH Tapestry! ... *(Mopsophil listening all the while.¹)*

DOCTOR Yes, rogue, yes. For which I'll have your life ... *(Brandishing a pistol.)*

SCARAMOUCH Are you stark mad, sir? Or do I dream still?

DOCTOR Tell me, and tell me quickly, rogue, who were those traitors that were hid but now in the disguise of a piece of tapestry? *(Holds the pistol to Scaramouch's breast.)*

SCARAMOUCH Bless me! You amaze me, sir. What conformity has every word you say to my rare dream. Pray, let me feel you, sir. ... Are you human?

DOCTOR You shall feel I am, sirrah, if you confess not.

SCARAMOUCH Confess, sir! What should I confess? ... I understand not your caballistical language; but in mine, I confess that you have wakened me from the rarest dream ... Where methought the emperor of the moon world was in our house, dancing and revelling. And methought his grace was fallen desperately in love with Mistress Elaria, and that his brother, the Prince, sir, of Thunderland, was also in love with Mistress Bellemante. And methought they descended to court them in your absence. ... And that at last you surprised them, and that they transformed themselves into a set of wall-hangings to deceive you. But at last, methought you grew angry at something, and they all fled to heaven again. And after a deal of thunder and lightning, I wakened, sir, and hearing human voices here, came to see what the matter was.

(This while the doctor lessens his signs of rage by degrees, and at last stands in deep contemplation.)

DOCTOR May I credit this?

SCARAMOUCH Credit it! By all the honour of your house, by my unseparable veneration for the mathematics, it's true, sir.

DOCTOR *(Aside)* ... That famous Rosicrusian who yesterday visited me told me ... the Emperor of the Moon was in love with a fair mortal ... This dream is inspiration in this fellow ... He must have wondrous virtue in him to be worthy of these divine intelligences.

(Aloud.) ... But if that mortal should be Elaria! But no more, I dare not yet suppose it ... Perhaps the thing was real and no dream, for oftentimes the grosser part is hurried away in sleep by the force of imagination, and is wonderfully agitated ... This fellow might be present in his sleep, ...

¹ Mopsophil repeatedly makes her eavesdropping apparent (setting up the next scene).

of this we've frequent instances ... I'll to my daughter and my niece, and hear what knowledge they may have of this.

MOPSOPHIL (*Aside*) Will you so? I'll prevent you. The frolic shall go round.

DOCTOR Scaramouch, if you have not deceived me in this matter, time will convince me farther. If it rest here, I shall believe you false ...

SCARAMOUCH Good sir, suspend your judgement and your anger, then.

DOCTOR I'll do it. Go back to bed ... *(Exit doctor and Pedro.)*

SCARAMOUCH No, sir, it's morning now ... and I'm up for all day. ... This madness is a pretty sort of a pleasant disease when it tickles but in one mood ... Why here's my master now, as great a scholar, as grave and wise a man, in all argument and discourse, as can be met with. Yet name but the moon, and he runs into ridicule, and grows as mad as the wind.

Well, doctor, if you can be madder yet,

We'll find a medicine that shall cure your fit.

... Better than all Galenists. *(Goes out.)*

Act II, scene 4.

Scene opens and reveals Elaria, Bellemante, and Mopsophil in nightwear.

MOPSOPHIL You have your lessons.¹ Stand to it bravely, and the town's our own, madam.

(They put themselves in postures of sleeping, leaning on the table, Mopsophil lying at their feet.)

Enter doctor, softly.

DOCTOR Ha, not in bed! This gives me mortal fears.

BELLEMANTE (*She speaks as in her sleep*) Ah, prince ...

DOCTOR Ha, prince! *(He goes nearer and listens.)*

BELLEMANTE (*In a feigned voice*) How little faith I give to all your courtship, since you leave our orb so soon.

DOCTOR Ha, said she orb? *(Goes nearer.)*

BELLEMANTE But since you are of a celestial race,
And easily can penetrate
Into the utmost limits of thought,
Why should I fear to tell you of your conquest?
... And thus implore your aid. *(Bellemante rises and runs to the doctor, kneels, and holds him fast. He shows signs of joy.)*

DOCTOR I am ravished!

¹ **You have your lessons:** Mopsophil has told the others what she learned by eavesdropping.

BELLEMANTE Ah, prince divine, take pity on a mortal ...

DOCTOR I am rapt!

BELLEMANTE And take me with you to the world above.

DOCTOR The moon, the moon she means. I am transported, overjoyed, and ecstasied.

(Whilst he is leaping and jumping from her hands, Bellemante seems to wake.)

BELLEMANTE Ha, my uncle, come again to interrupt us!

DOCTOR Hide nothing from me, my dear Bellemante, since all already is revealed to me ... and more. ...

ELARIA Oh, why have you wakened me from the softest dream that ever maid was blest with?

DOCTOR *(With extreme joy)* What ... what, my best Elaria?

ELARIA Methought I entertained a demi-god, one of the gay inhabitants of the moon.

BELLEMANTE I'm sure mine was no dream ... I woke, I heard, I saw, I spoke ... and danced to the music of the spheres. And methought my glorious lover tied a diamond chain about my arm ... And see, it's all substantial. *(Shows her arm.)*

ELARIA And mine a ring of more than mortal lustre.

DOCTOR Heaven keep me moderate! Lest excess of joy should make my virtue less. *(Stifling his joy.)*

... There is a wondrous mystery in this.

A mighty blessing does attend your fates.

Go in, and pray to the chaste powers above

To give you virtue fit for such rewards. *(The women go in.)*

... How this agrees with what the learned caballist informed me of last night! He said that great Iredonozor, the Emperor of the Moon, was enamoured of a fair mortal. It must be so ... and either he descended to court my daughter personally, which, for the rareness of the novelty, she takes to be a dream; or else, what they and I beheld was visionary, through the agency of a sublime intelligence. ... And possibly ... it's only thus ... the people of that world converse with mortals. ... I must be satisfied in this main point of deep philosophy.

I'll to my study, ... for I cannot rest

Till I this weighty mystery have examined. *(Exit very gravely.)*

Act II, scene 5. The garden.

Enter Scaramouch with a ladder.

SCARAMOUCHE Though I am come off *en cavalier* with my master, I am not with my mistress, whom I promised to console this night. It is but just I should make good this morning. It'd be rude to surprise her sleeping, and more gallant to wake her with a serenade at her window.

(He sets the ladder to her window, fetches his lute, and goes up the ladder.)

He plays and sings this song.

When maidens are young and in their spring,
Of pleasure, of pleasure, let them take their full swing,
Full swing, ... full swing, ...
And love, and dance, and play, and sing.
For Silvia, believe it, when youth is done,
There's nought but humdrum, humdrum, humdrum;
There's nought but humdrum, humdrum, humdrum.

Then Silvia be wise ... be wise ... be wise,
Though painting and dressing for a while are supplies,
And may ... surprise ...
But when the fire's going out in your eyes,
It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles, and dies.
And then to hear love, to hear love from you,
I'd as lief hear an owl cry ... Wit-to-woo,
Wit-to-woo, wit-to-woo.

Enter Mopsophil above in the balcony.

MOPSOPHIL What woeful ditty-making mortal's this?
That, before the lark her early note has sung,
Does doleful love beneath my casement thrum? ...
... Ah, Signior Scaramouch, is it you?

SCARAMOUCH Who should it be, that takes such pains to sue?

MOPSOPHIL Ah, lover most true blue.

Enter Harlequin on the main stage in women's clothes.

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) If I can now but get admittance, I shall not only deliver the young ladies their letters from their lovers, but get some opportunity in this disguise to slip this billet-doux into Mopsophil's hand, and cheat my comrade Scaramouch. ... Ha, ... What do I see? ... My mistress at the window courting my rival! Ah, gypsy! ...

SCARAMOUCH (*To Mopsophil*) But we lose precious time, since you design me a kind hour in your chamber.

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) Oh, traitor! ...

MOPSOPHIL (*To Scaramouch*) You'll be sure to keep it from Harlequin.

HARLEQUIN Ah, yes, he, hang him fool, he takes you for a saint.

SCARAMOUCH Harlequin! ... Hang him, shotten herring.

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) Aye, a simpleton, a fool.

MOPSOPHIL A meer zany.

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) Ah, hard-hearted Turk.

MOPSOPHIL Fit for nothing but a cuckold.

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) Monster of ingratitude! How shall I be revenged?

(Scaramouch climbs into the balcony.

(Harlequin cries out in a woman's voice) ... Hold, hold, you perjured traitor.

MOPSOPHIL Ha, ... discovered! ... A woman in the garden!

HARLEQUIN (*To Scaramouch*) Come down, come down, you false perfidious wretch.

SCARAMOUCH Who in the devil's name are you?

And to whom do you speak?

HARLEQUIN (*Bawling out*) To you, you false deceiver, that have broken your vows, your lawful vows of wedlock ... (*Crying*) Oh, oh, that I should live to see the day! ...

SCARAMOUCH (*To Harlequin*) Who mean you, woman?

HARLEQUIN Whom should I mean but you ... my lawful spouse?

MOPSOPHIL (*To Scaramouch.*) Oh villain! ... Lawful spouse! ... Let me come to her.

(Scaramouch comes down the ladder as Mopsophil flings out of the balcony to come down to the main stage.

SCARAMOUCH The woman's mad ... (*To Harlequin*) Hark you, hussy ... How long have you been thus distracted?

HARLEQUIN Ever since I loved and trusted you, false varlot.

... See here, ... the witness of my love and shame. *(Bawls, and points to 'her' belly.*

Just then Mopsophil enters on the main stage.

MOPSOPHIL What! With child! ... Out, villain, was I made a property?¹

SCARAMOUCH Hear me.

HARLEQUIN Oh, you heathen Christian! ... Was not one woman enough?

MOPSOPHIL Aye, sirrah, answer to that.

SCARAMOUCH I shall be sacrificed. ...

MOPSOPHIL I am resolved to marry tomorrow ... either to the apothecary or the farmer, men I never saw, to be revenged on you, you tarmagant² infidel.

¹ **property:** thing to be used.

² **tarmagant:** unruly.

Enter the doctor.

DOCTOR What noise, what outcry, what tumult's this?

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) Ha, ... the doctor! ... What shall I do? ...

(Harlequin gets to the door. Scaramouch pulls 'her' back on to the stage.

DOCTOR A woman! ... Some bawd, I am sure ... Woman, what's your business here? ... Ha ...

HARLEQUIN I came, if it please your signiorship, to madam the governess here, to serve her in the quality of a *fille de chambre* to the young ladies.

DOCTOR A *fille de chambre*! It's so, a she-pimp ...

HARLEQUIN Ah, signior ... *(Makes his characteristic smart bow instead of a curtsy.*

DOCTOR How now, what, do you mock me?

HARLEQUIN Oh signior! ... *(Gets nearer the door.*

MOPSOPHIL Stay, stay, mistress; and what service are you able to do the signior's daughters?

HARLEQUIN Is this signior Doctor Baliardo, madam?

MOPSOPHIL Yes.

HARLEQUIN Oh! He's a very handsome gentleman ... indeed ...

DOCTOR Aye, aye, what service can you do, mistress?

HARLEQUIN Why, signior, I can tie a cravat the best of any person in Naples, and I can comb a periwig ... and I can ...

DOCTOR Very proper service for young ladies. You, I believe, have been *fille de chambre* to some young cavaliers?

HARLEQUIN Most true, signior. Why should not the cavaliers keep *filles de chambre* as well as great ladies *valets de chambre*?

DOCTOR Indeed, it's equally reasonable. ... (*Aside*) It's a bawd. ...
(Aloud) ... But have you never served ladies?

HARLEQUIN Oh yes! I served a parson's wife.

DOCTOR Is that a great lady?

HARLEQUIN Aye, surely, sir, what else is she? For she wore her fashionable silk gowns, petticoats covered with lace up to her stays, her lace, her patches, paints and perfumes, and sat in the uppermost place in the church, too.

MOPSOPHIL But have you never served countesses and duchesses?

HARLEQUIN Oh, yes, madam! the last I served was an alderman's wife in the city.

MOPSOPHIL Was that a countess or a duchess?

HARLEQUIN Aye, certainly ... For they have all the money; and then for clothes, jewels, and rich furniture, and eating, they outdo the very vice-reine herself.

DOCTOR This is a very ignorant, flighty bawd. ... Therefore, first search her for billets-doux, and then hold her under the water-pump.

HARLEQUIN Ah, signior, ... signior. ... *(Scaramouch searches 'her', finds letters.*

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside)* ... Ha, ... to Elaria ... and Bellemante? ...

(Reads the outside, pops them into his bosom.

... These are from their lovers ...

... Ha, ... a note to Mopsophil ... *(Aside to Harlequin)* Oh, rogue! have I found you out? ...

HARLEQUIN *(Aside to Scaramouch)* If you have, it's but trick for your trick, signior Scaramouch, and you may spare the pumping.

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside to Harlequin)* For once, sirrah, I'll bring you off, and deliver your letters. ... *(To the doctor)* Sir, do you not know who this is? ... Why, it's a rival of mine, who put on this disguise to cheat me of Mistress Mopsophil. ... See, here's a note to her. ...

DOCTOR What is he?

SCARAMOUCH A mongrel dancing-master. Therefore, sir, since all the injury's mine, I'll pardon him for a dance, and let the agility of his heels save his bones. With your permission, sir.

DOCTOR With all my heart, and am glad he comes off so comically. *(Harlequin dances.*

(A knocking at the gate. Scaramouch goes and returns.

SCARAMOUCH Sir, sir, here's the rare philosopher who was here yesterday.

DOCTOR Give him entrance, and all depart. *(Exit all except the doctor.*

Enter Charmante (in his costume from I.2).

CHARMANTE Blest be those stars that first conducted me to so much worth and virtue! You are their darling, sir, for whom they wear their brightest lustre. Your fortune is established, you are made, sir.

DOCTOR *(Keeping in an impatient joy)* Let me contain my joy ...

... May I be worthy, sir, to comprehend you?

CHARMANTE After long searching, watching, fasting, praying, and using all the virtuous means in nature, whereby we solely do attain the highest knowledge in philosophy, it was resolved, on the basis of good information ... you are the happy sire of that bright nymph that has effascinated, charmed and conquered the mighty emperor Iredonozor ... the monarch of the moon.

DOCTOR *(Aside)* I am ... undone with joy! Ruined with transport ...

(Stifling his joy, which breaks out) ... Can it ... can it, sir, ... be possible ...

CHARMANTE Receive the blessing, sir, with moderation.

DOCTOR I do, sir, I do.

CHARMANTE This very night, by their great art they find

He will descend, and show himself in glory.

An honour, sir, no mortal has received

This sixty hundred years.

DOCTOR Hum ... say you so, sir? no emperor ever descend this sixty hundred years? *(Looks sad.*

(Aside) ... Was I deceived last night?

CHARMANTE Oh! Yes, sir, often in disguise, in several shapes and forms, which did, of old, occasion so many mythical tales of all the shapes of Jupiter ... But never in their proper glory, sir, as emperors. This is an honour only designed to you.

DOCTOR *(Joyful)* And will his grace ... be here in person, sir?

CHARMANTE In person ... And with him, a man of mighty quality, sir ... It's thought ... the Prince of Thunderland ... But that's but whispered, sir, in the cabal, and that he loves your niece.

DOCTOR Miraculous! How this agrees with all I've seen and heard ... Tonight, say you sir?

CHARMANTE So it's conjectured, sir, ... Some of the caballists ... are of opinion ... that last night there was some foray from the moon.

DOCTOR About what hour, sir?

CHARMANTE The meridian of the night, sir; about the hours of twelve or one. But who descended, or in what shape, is yet uncertain.

DOCTOR This I believe, sir.

CHARMANTE Why, sir?

DOCTOR May I communicate a secret of that nature?

CHARMANTE To any of the caballists, but no-one else.

DOCTOR Then know ... Last night, my daughter and my niece were entertained by those illustrious heroes.

CHARMANTE Who, sir? The emperor and prince his cousin?

DOCTOR Most certain, sir.

But whether they appeared in solid bodies or phantomical is yet a question. For at my unlucky approach, they all transformed themselves into a piece of tapestry.

CHARMANTE It's frequent, sir. Their shapes are numerous, and it's also in their power to transform all they touch by virtue of a certain stone ... they call the ebula.

DOCTOR That wondrous ebula which Gonzales had?

CHARMANTE The same ... By virtue of which, all weight was taken from him, and then, with ease, the lofty traveller flew from Parnassus Hill, and from Hymethus Mount, and high Gerania, and

Acrocorinthus, thence to Taygetus, so to Olympus' top. From whence he had but one step to the moon.³ Dizzy, he grants he was.

DOCTOR No wonder, sir. Oh, happy great Gonzales!

CHARMANTE Your virtue, sir, will render you as happy ... But I must haste ... This night prepare your daughter and your niece, and let your house be dressed, perfumed, and clean.

DOCTOR It shall be all performed, sir.

CHARMANTE Be modest, sir, and humble in your elevation. For nothing shows the wit so poor as wonder, nor birth so mean as pride.

DOCTOR I humbly thank your admonition, sir, and shall, in all I can, struggle with human frailty.

(Doctor escorts Charmante to the door bare-headed. Exit.)

Enter Scaramouch, peeping at the other door.

SCARAMOUCH So, so, all things go gloriously forward but my own amour. And there is no convincing this obstinate woman that it was that rogue Harlequin in disguise that claimed me. So that I cannot so much as come to deliver the young ladies their letters from their lovers. I must get in with this damned mistress of mine, or all our plot will be spoiled for lack of information.

... Hum, ... The devil does not usually let me down when it comes to it. I must deliver these letters, and I must have this wench ... even if only to be revenged on her for abusing me. ... Let me see ... She is resolved for the apothecary or the farmer. Well, say no more, honest Scaramouch, you shall find a friend when needed in me ... And if I do not provide you with a spouse, say that a woman has outwitted me.

Act III, scene 1.

The street, with the town gate, where an officer stands with a staff, like a London constable.

Enter Harlequin, dressed like a gentleman, riding in a one-person coach. He comes through the gate towards the forestage. The officer lays hold of his horse.

OFFICER Hold, hold, sir. You, I suppose, know the customs that are due to this city of Naples from all persons that pass the gates in coach, chariot, calash, or *siège volant*.

HARLEQUIN I am not ignorant of the custom, sir. But what's that to me?

OFFICER Not to you, sir! Why, what privilege have you above the rest?

HARLEQUIN Privilege? For what, sir?

OFFICER Why, for passing, sir, with any of the before-named carriages.

³ **lofty traveller ... moon:** in Lucian's 'Icaromenippus, or the Loftie Traveller', Icaromenippus practises flying by stopping at the peak of each these mountains on his way to the moon.

HARLEQUIN Are you mad? ... Don't you see I am a plain baker, and this my cart that comes to carry bread for the viceroy's and the city's use? ... Ha ...

OFFICER Are you mad, sir, to think I cannot distinguish a gentleman farmer and a calash, from a baker and a cart?

HARLEQUIN Drunk, by this day ... And so early, too? Oh, you're a special officer. Unhand my horse, sirrah, or you shall pay for all the damage you do me.

OFFICER Hey day! Here's a fine cheat upon the viceroy. Sir, pay me, or I'll seize your horse. ...

(Harlequin strikes him. They scuffle a little.

... Nay, if you be so pert, I'll call the clerk from his office.

(Calls) ... Mr Clerk! Mr Clerk!

(The officer goes to the entrance to call the clerk. In the meantime, Harlequin whips a workman's garment over his head, and puts down the hind part of the chariot, and then it's a cart.

Enter Clerk.

CLERK What's the matter here? ...

OFFICER Here's a fellow, sir, wants to persuade me his calash is a cart, and refuses the customs for passing the gate.

CLERK A calash ... Where? ... I see only a carter and his cart. *(The officer looks at him.*

OFFICER Ha ... *(Aside)* What a devil. Was I blind?

HARLEQUIN Mr Clerk, I am a baker that comes with bread to sell, and this fellow here has stopped me this hour, and made me lose the sale of my goods ... And being drunk, will boldly assert to me that I am a farmer, and this cart a calash. ...

CLERK He's in error, friend. Pass on ...

HARLEQUIN No, sir, I'll have satisfaction first, or the viceroy shall know how he's served by drunken officers, that nuisance to a civil government.

CLERK What do you demand, friend?

HARLEQUIN Demand? ... I demand a crown*, sir. * gold coin

OFFICER This is very hard ... Mr Clerk ... if ever I saw in my life, I thought I saw a gentleman and a calash.

CLERK Come, come, satisfy him, and see better hereafter.

OFFICER Here sir, ... If I must, I must ... *(Gives him a crown.*

CLERK Pass on, friend ... *(Exit Clerk. Harlequin, unseen, puts up the back of his calash and whips off his workman's garment, and goes to drive on. The officer looks at him, and stops him again.*

OFFICER Hum, I'll swear it is a calash ... Mr Clerk, Mr Clerk, come back, come back ...

(Runs out to call him. Harlequin changes as before.

Enter officer and clerk.

... Come, sir. Let your own eyes convince you, sir. ...

CLERK Convince me, of what, you sot?

OFFICER That this is a gentleman and that a ... ha, ... *(Looks about at Harlequin.*

CLERK Stark drunk, sirrah! If you trouble me at every mistake of yours thus, you shall quit your office.

...

OFFICER I beg your pardon, sir. I am a little in drink I confess, a little blind and mad ... sir, ... This must be the devil, that's certain. *(The clerk goes out, Harlequin puts up his calash again, and*

pulls off his workman's garment and drives out.

... Well now. To my thinking, it's as plain a calash again as ever I saw in my life. And yet I'm satisfied it's nothing but a cart. *(Exit.*

Act III, scene 2. Setting changes to the large public room in the doctor's house.

Enter Scaramouch in a sedan-chair, which is set down and opened on all sides. The top part represents an apothecary's shop, the inside being painted with shelves and rows of pots and bottles. Scaramouch sits in it dressed in black, with a short black cloak, a ruff, and a little hat.

SCARAMOUCHE The devil's in it if either the doctor my master or Mopsophil know me in this disguise ...

And thus I may not only gain my mistress and outwit Harlequin, but deliver the ladies those letters from their lovers which I took out of his pocket this morning. And who would suspect an apothecary for a pimp? ... Nor can the jade Mopsophil, in honour, refuse a person of my gravity, and so well set up. ... *(Pointing to his shop.*

... Hum, the doctor here first. This is not so well, but I'm prepared with impudence for all encounters.

Enter the doctor. Scaramouch greets him gravely.

... Most reverend Doctor Baliardo. ... *(Bows.*

DOCTOR Signior ... *(Bows.*

SCARAMOUCHE I might, through great pusillanimity,¹ blush ... to give you this anxiety. Did I not opine you were as gracious, as communicative and eminent. And though you have no cognisance of me, your humble servant, ... yet I have of you ... You being so greatly famed for your admirable skill, both in Galenical and Paracelsian phenomena, and other approved felicities in vulnerary emetics, and purgative experiments.

DOCTOR Signior, ... your opinion honours me ... *(Aside)* A rare man this.

¹ **pusillanimity:** cowardice. Scaramouch's exaggeratedly Latinate language mocks Restoration learned rhetoric.

SCARAMOUCH And though I am at present busied in writing ... those few observations I have accumulated in my peregrinations, sir, yet the ambition I aspired to of being an ocular and aural witness of your singularity made me trespass on your sublimer affairs.

DOCTOR Signior. ...

SCARAMOUCH ... Besides a violent inclination, sir, of being initiated into the denomination of your learned family by the conjugal circumference of a matrimonial tie with that singularly accomplished person ... madam the governess of your mansion.

DOCTOR (*Aside.*) Hum ... A sweetheart for Mopsophil!

SCARAMOUCH And if I may obtain your condescension to my hymeneal propositions, I doubt not my operation with the fair one.

DOCTOR Signior, she is much honoured in the overture, and my abilities shall not be wanting to fix the concord.

... But have you been a traveller, sir?

SCARAMOUCH Without circumlocutions, sir, I have seen all the regions beneath the sun and moon.

DOCTOR Moon, sir! You never travelled thither, sir?

SCARAMOUCH Not *in propria persona*, signior, but by speculation I have. And made most considerable remarks on that incomparable *terra firma*, of which I have the completest map in Christendom ... and which Gonsales² himself omitted in his *cosmographia* of the *lunar mundus*.

DOCTOR A map of the *lunar mundus*, sir! May I crave the honour of seeing it?

SCARAMOUCH You shall, sir, together with a map of *terra incognita*, a great rarity indeed, sir.

Enter Bellemante.

DOCTOR Jewels, sir, worth a king's ransom.

BELLEMANTE (*Aside*) Ha, ... What likeness of a thing have we here ... bantering my credulous uncle? ...

This must be some scout sent from our front line to discover the enemy and bring in fresh intelligence. ... Hum ... That wink tipped me some tidings, and she deserves not a good look who understands not the language of the eyes. ... (*To the doctor*) Sir, dinner's on the table.

DOCTOR Let it wait. I am employed ...

(Bellemante creeps to the other side of Scaramouch, who makes signs with his hand to her.)

BELLEMANTE (*Aside*) Ha, ... so, ... this fellow has some news for us, some letters or instructions. But how to get it ... ``(*As Scaramouch talks to the doctor, he takes the letters by degrees out of his pocket, and, unseen, gives them to Bellemante behind him.*)

DOCTOR But this map, signior; I protest you have filled me with curiosity. Has it signified all things so exactly, say you?

² **Gonsales:** Domingo Gonsales, in Godwin's *Man in the Moon*, which contains images of the fanciful lunar landscapes he describes.

SCARAMOUCHE Omitted nothing, signior. No city, town, village or villa; no castle, river, bridge, lake, spring or mineral.

DOCTOR Are any, sir, of those admirable mineral waters there that are so frequent in our world?

SCARAMOUCHE In abundance, sir. The famous Garamanteen, a young Italian, sir, lately come from thence, gives an account of an excellent *scaturigo*,³ that has lately made an ebullition⁴ there, in great reputation with the lunary ladies.

DOCTOR Indeed, sir! Be pleased, signior, to solve me some queries that may enode⁵ some appearances of the healing power of the water you speak of.

SCARAMOUCHE (*Aside*) Pox upon him, what questions he asks ... But I must on ... (*Aloud*) Why, sir, you must know ... the tincture of this water upon stagnation ceruleates,⁶ and the *crocus*⁷ upon the stones *flavesces*.⁸ This he observes ... to be, sir, the indication of a rich and copious water.

DOCTOR Hm ... (*Gravely nodding.*)

SCARAMOUCHE Now, sir, be pleased to observe the three regions.⁹ If they be bright, without doubt Mars is powerful.¹⁰ If the middle region or *camera*¹¹ be pallid, *filia solis*¹² is breeding.

DOCTOR Hm.

SCARAMOUCHE And then the third region, if the *faeces*¹³ be volatile, the birth¹⁴ will soon come *in balneo*.¹⁵ This I observed also in the laboratory of that ingenious chemist Lysidono, and with much pleasure animadverted that mineral of the same zenith and nadir of that now so famous water in England near that famous metropolis called Islington.

DOCTOR Signior ...

SCARAMOUCHE For, sir, upon the infusion, the black amalgam immediately procures the hermetic seal, and had not *lac virginis*¹⁶ been too soon sucked up, I believe we might have seen the consummation of *amalgena*.¹⁷

(*Bellemante, having got her letters, goes off. She makes signs to Scaramouch to stay a little. He nods.*)

³ **scaturigo**: bubbling spring (Latin).

⁴ **ebullition**: boiling water eruption.

⁵ **enode**: unravel.

⁶ **ceruleates**: turns blue.

⁷ **crocus**: powder (Latin).

⁸ **flavesces**: turns yellow (Latin-ish).

⁹ **three regions**: the three chambers of a glass distillation vessel. Scaramouch demonstrates with an alembic prop, or with a painted image on his shop's interior.

¹⁰ **Mars is powerful**: iron is dominant.

¹¹ **camera**: chamber.

¹² **filia solis**: the daughter of the sun (Latin); the liquid produced during distillation.

¹³ **faeces**: chemical residue (but also setting up the constipation joke that follows).

¹⁴ **birth**: final product of the experiment.

¹⁵ **in balneo**: in the container of water (Latin).

¹⁶ **lac virginis**: mercury (literally, the virgin's milk (Latin)).

¹⁷ **consummation of amalgena**: perfecting of the amalgam.

DOCTOR Most likely, sir.

SCARAMOUCHE But, sir, this Garamanteen relates the strangest operation of a mineral in the lunar world that ever I heard of.

DOCTOR As how, I pray, sir?

SCARAMOUCHE Why, sir, a water impregnated to a continuous distillation with *fema materia*; upon my honour, sir, the strongest I ever drank of.

DOCTOR What, sir! Did you drink of it?

SCARAMOUCHE I only speak the words of Garamanteen, sir.

(Aside) ... Pox on him, I shall be trapped.

DOCTOR Beg pardon, sir. ... *(Bows.*

SCARAMOUCHE The lunary physicians, sir, call it *urinam Vulcani*. It impregnates every one's excrements with iron, more or less according to the *gradus* of the natural *calor*.¹⁸ ... To my knowledge, sir, a blacksmith of a very fiery constitution is grown very opulent by drinking these waters.

DOCTOR What, sir? Grown rich by drinking the waters, and to your knowledge?

SCARAMOUCHE *(Aside)* The devil's in my tongue. *(Aloud)* To my knowledge, sir, for what a man of honour relates, I may safely affirm.

DOCTOR Excuse me, signior ... *(Puts off his hat again gravely.*

SCARAMOUCHE For, sir, understand me how he grew rich. Since he drank those waters he never buys any iron, but hammers it out of *stercus proprius*.¹⁹

Enter Bellemante with a letter.

BELLEMANTE Sir, it's three o'clock, and dinner will be cold. ...

(Goes behind Scaramouch and gives him the note, and goes out.

DOCTOR I come, sweetheart. But this is wonderful.

SCARAMOUCHE Aye, sir. And if at any time nature be too infirm, and he prove constipated, he only has to apply a magnet *ad anum*.²⁰

DOCTOR Is it possible?

SCARAMOUCHE Most true, sir. And that facilitates the journey *per viscera*.²¹ ... But I detain you, sir, another time ... Sir, ... I will now only beg the honour of a word or two with the governess before I go. ...

¹⁸ **gradus...calor:** degree of its natural heat (Latin terminology). Drinking Vulcan's urine puts iron in the faeces; how much depends on the patient's humoral balance.

¹⁹ **stercus proprius:** his own faeces (Latin).

²⁰ **ad anum:** to the anus (Latin).

²¹ **per viscera:** through the bowels (Latin).

DOCTOR Sir, she shall wait on you, and I shall be proud of the honour of your conversation. ...

(They bow. Exit Doctor.)

Enter to Scaramouch, Harlequin, dressed like a farmer, as before.

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* Hum ... What have we here, a tailor or a swindler?

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside)* Ha ... Who's this? ... Hm ... What if it should be the farmer that the doctor has promised Mopsophil to? My heart misgives me. *(They look at each other a while. (Aloud)* Who would you speak with, friend?

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* This is, perhaps, my rival, the apothecary. ... *(Aloud)* Speak with, sir? Why, what's that to you?

SCARAMOUCH Have you business with signior doctor, sir?

HARLEQUIN It may be I have, it may be I have not. What then, sir? ...

While they seem in angry dispute, enter Mopsophil.

MOPSOPHIL *(Aside)* Signior doctor tells me I have a lover awaits me. Sure it must be the farmer or the apothecary. No matter which, if it's a lover, that welcomest man alive. I am resolved to take the first good offer, if only in revenge of Harlequin and Scaramouch for putting tricks upon me. ... Ha, ... Two of them!

SCARAMOUCH My mistress here! *(They both bow and advance, each putting the other by.)*

MOPSOPHIL Hold, gentlemen ... Do not harass me.
Which of you would speak with me?

BOTH I, I, I, madam ...

MOPSOPHIL Both of you?

BOTH No, madam. I, I.

MOPSOPHIL If both lovers, you are both welcome, but let's have fair play, and take your turns to speak.

HARLEQUIN Aye, signior, it's most uncivil to interrupt me.

SCARAMOUCH And disingenious, sir, to intrude on me. *(Putting one another by.)*

MOPSOPHIL Let me then speak first.

HARLEQUIN I'm dumb.

SCARAMOUCH I acquiesce.

MOPSOPHIL I was informed there was a person here had propositions of marriage to make me.

HARLEQUIN That's I, that's I ... *(He shoves Scaramouch away.)*

SCARAMOUCH And I attend to that consequential *finis*.²² *(Shoves Harlequin away.)*

²² **attend to...consequential *finis***: apply myself to that logical end.

HARLEQUIN I know not what you mean by your *finis*, signior, but I am come to offer myself as this gentlewoman's servant. Her lover, her husband, her dog in a halter, or anything.

SCARAMOUCH (*In rage*) Him I pronounce a poltroon, and an ignominious utensil,²³ that dares lay claim to the renowned lady of my *primum mobile*;²⁴ that is, my best affections. ...

HARLEQUIN I fear not your hard words, sir, but dare aloud pronounce that if donna Mopsophil like me, the farmer, as well as I like her, it's a match, and my chariot is ready at the gate to bear her off, you see. ...

MOPSOPHIL (*Aside*) Ah, how that chariot pleads. ...

SCARAMOUCH And I pronounce that, being intoxicated with the sweet eyes of this refulgent lady, I come to tender her my noblest particulars, being already most advantageously set up with the circumstantial implements of my occupation. (*Points to the shop.*)

MOPSOPHIL A city apothecary, a most genteel calling ... (*Aside*) Which shall I choose? ... (*Aloud*) Signior apothecary, I'll not expostulate the circumstantial reasons that have occasioned me this honour ...

SCARAMOUCH Incomparable lady, the elegancy of your repartee most excellently denotes the profundity of your capacity.

HARLEQUIN What the devil's all this? Good Mr Conjurer stand by ... and don't fright the gentlewoman with your elegant profundities. (*Puts Scaramouch by.*)

SCARAMOUCH (*In rage*) How, a conjurer! I will chastise thy vulgar ignorance that yclepes* a philosopher a conjurer. * calls (archaic in Behn's time)

HARLEQUIN Losophers! ... Prithee, if you're a man, speak like a man ... then.

SCARAMOUCH Why, what do I speak like? What do I speak like?

HARLEQUIN What do you speak like? ... Why, you speak like a wheelbarrow.

SCARAMOUCH What! ...

HARLEQUIN And how. (*They come up close together at half-sword parry; stare on each other for a while, then put up their swords and bow to each other civilly.*)

MOPSOPHIL That's well, gentlemen. Let's have all peace while I survey you both and see which pleases me best. (*She goes between them and surveys them both, they meanwhile making ridiculous bows and grimaces.*)
(Aside) ... Ha, ... now, on my conscience, my two foolish lovers, ... Harlequin and Scaramouch; how are my hopes defeated! ... But faith, I'll punish you both. (*She views 'em both.*)

SCARAMOUCH (*Aside*) So, she's considering still. I shall be the happy dog.

HARLEQUIN (*Aside.*) She's taking aim, she cannot choose but like me best.

SCARAMOUCH Well, madam. How does my person propagate? (*Bowing and smiling.*)

²³ **utensil:** (farmer's) tool.

²⁴ **primum mobile:** first mover (Latin).

MOPSOPHIL Faith, signior. Now I look better on you, I do not like your physiognomy so well as your intellects; you revealing some circumstantial symptoms that ever denote a villainous inconstancy.

SCARAMOUCHE Ah, you are pleased, madam. ...

MOPSOPHIL You are mistaken, signior. I am displeas'd at your grey eyes and black eyebrows and beard. I never knew a man with those signs true to his mistress or his friend. And I would sooner wed that scoundrel Scaramouch, that very civil pimp, that mere pair of chemical bellows that blow the doctor's transmuting fires, that deputy urinal-shaker, that very Guzman of Salamanca,²⁵ than a fellow of your infallible *signum mallis*.²⁶

HARLEQUIN Ha, ha, ha! ... You have your answer, signior Frolic ... and may shut up your shop and be gone. ... Ha, ha, ha. ...

SCARAMOUCHE (*Aside*) Hm, sure the jade knows me ...

MOPSOPHIL And as for you, signior.

HARLEQUIN Ha, madam ... (*Bowing and smiling.*)

MOPSOPHIL Those lantern jaws of yours, with that most villainous sneer and grin, and a certain fierce air of your eyes, looks altogether most fanatically ... Which, with your notorious whey beard, are certain signs of knavery and cowardice. Therefore, I'd rather wed that spider Harlequin, that skeletal buffoon, that ape of man, that Jack of Lent,²⁷ that very spinning-top, that's of no use till it's whipped and lashed, that piteous tool I'd rather wed than you.

HARLEQUIN A very fair declaration ...

MOPSOPHIL You understand me ... and so adieu sweet enema-pipe and signior dirty boots, Ha, ha, ha.

... (*She runs out.*)

(*They stand looking simply at each other, without speaking a while.*)

SCARAMOUCHE (*Aside*) That I should not know that rogue Harlequin.

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) That I should take this fool for a physician.

... How long have you been an apothecary, signior?

SCARAMOUCHE Ever since you turned farmer. ... Are not you a damned rogue to put these tricks upon me and most dishonorably break all agreed terms between us?

HARLEQUIN And aren't you a damn'd son of a ... something ... to break terms with me?

SCARAMOUCHE No more words, sir, no more words. I find it must come to action ... Draw. ...

(*Draws his sword.*)

HARLEQUIN Draw, ... so I can draw, sir. ...

(*Draws.*)

²⁵ **Guzman of Salamanca:** titular character of Alemán's romance, *The Spanish Rogue* (1685).

²⁶ ***signum mallis*:** pseudo-Latin for sign of evil.

²⁷ **Jack of Lent:** insignificant or contemptible person.

They make a ridiculous cowardly fight. Enter the doctor, which they seeing, they come on with more courage. The doctor runs between them, and with his cane beats the swords down.

DOCTOR Hold ... hold ... What mean you, gentlemen?

SCARAMOUCH Let me go, sir. I am provoked beyond measure, sir.

DOCTOR You must excuse me, signior ... *(Parleys with Harlequin.*

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside)* I dare not betray the fool for his master's sake, and it may spoil our intrigue anon. Besides, he'll then betray me, and I shall be discarded for tricking the doctor.

(Aloud) ... A man of honour to be so basely affronted here ...

(The doctor comes to appease Scaramouch.

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* If I betray this rascal, he'll tell the old gentleman I was the one that attempted his house today in women's clothes, and I'll be kicked and beaten most insatiably.

SCARAMOUCH What, signior, for a man of distinction to be imposed upon, ... and whipped through the lungs here ... like a mountebank's zany for sham cures ... Mr Doctor, I must tell you, it's not civil.

DOCTOR I am extremely sorry for it, sir ... And you shall see how I will have this fellow handled for the affront to a person of your gravity, and in my house ... Here, Pedro ...

Enter Pedro.

... Take this intruder, or bring some of your fellows hither, and toss him in a blanket ...

(Exit Pedro. Harlequin going to creep away, Scaramouch holds him.

HARLEQUIN *(Aside to Scaramouch)* Listen ... Get me out of this, or I'll reveal all your intrigue.

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside)* Leave it to me ...

DOCTOR *(To Scaramouch)* I'll warrant you, some rogue that has some plot on my niece and daughter.

...

SCARAMOUCH No, no, sir. He comes to impose the grossest lie upon you that ever was heard of.

Enter Pedro with others, with a blanket. They put Harlequin into it and toss him.

HARLEQUIN Hold, hold, ... I'll confess all, rather than endure it.

DOCTOR Hold, ... What will you confess, sir? *(Harlequin comes out. Makes sick faces.*

SCARAMOUCH ... That he's the greatest imposter in nature. Would you think it, sir? He pretends to be no less than an ambassador from the Emperor of the Moon, sir ...

DOCTOR Ha ... ambassador from the Emperor of the Moon ... *(Pulls off his hat.*

SCARAMOUCH Aye, sir. Thereupon I laughed, thereupon he grew angry ... I laughed at his resentment, and thereupon we drew ... and this was the high quarrel, sir.

DOCTOR Hm, ... ambassador from the moon. *(Pauses.*

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside to Harlequin)* I have brought you off, manage him as well as you can.

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* Brought me off, yes, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Why, how the devil shall I act an ambassador?

DOCTOR *(Aside)* It must be so, for how should either of these know I expected that honour?

(He addresses him with profound civility to Harlequin.)

Sir, if the appearance you have, approaching so near ours of this world, have made us commit any indecent indignity to your high character, you ought to pardon the frailty of our mortal education and ignorance, having never before been blessed with the descent of any from your world. ...

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* What the devil shall I say now?

(Aloud) ... I confess I am as you see by my garb, sir, a little incognito, because the public message I bring is very private ... Which is, that the mighty Iredonozor, Emperor of the Moon ... with his most worthy brother, the Prince of Thunderland, intend to sup with you tonight ... Therefore, be sure you get good wine. ... Though, by the way, let me tell you, it's for the sake of your fair daughter.

SCARAMOUCH *(Aside)* I'll leave the rogue to his own management. ... *(Aloud)* I presume by your whispering, sir, you would be private, and humbly begging pardon, take my leave. *(Exit.)*

HARLEQUIN You have it, friend. Does your niece and daughter drink, sir?

DOCTOR Drink, sir?

HARLEQUIN Aye sir. Drink hard.

DOCTOR Do the women of your world drink hard, sir?

HARLEQUIN According to their quality, sir, more or less. The greater the quality, the more profuse the quantity.

DOCTOR Why, that's just as it is here. But your men of quality, your statesmen, sir. I presume they are sober, learned and wise?

HARLEQUIN Faith, no, sir. But they are, for the most part, what's as good, very proud and promising, sir. Most liberal of their word to every fawning suitor to purchase the state of long attendance, and cringing as they pass; but the devil of a performance, unless you get the knack of bribing in the right place and time; but yet they all defy it, sir. ...

DOCTOR Just, just as it is here.

... But pray, sir. How do these great men live with their wives?

HARLEQUIN Most nobly, sir: my lord keeps his coach, my lady, hers; my lord his bed, my lady hers. And very rarely see one another, unless they chance to meet in an excursion in the park, the Mall, the Hyde Park tour, or at the card-table, where they civilly greet and part, he to his mistress, she to play.

DOCTOR Good luck! just as it is here.

HARLEQUIN ... Where, if she chance to lose her money, rather than pay up, she borrows of the next amorous coxcomb, who, from that minute, hopes and is sure to be paid back one way or other, the next kind opportunity.

DOCTOR ... Just as it is here.

HARLEQUIN As for the young fellows that have money, they have no mercy upon their own persons, but, damaging their constitution as fast as they can, swear and whore and drink, and borrow as long as any cheating citizen will lend. Till, having dearly purchased the heroic title of a bully or a card-sharp, they live pitied by their friends and despised by their whores, and depart this transitory world diverse and sundry ways.

DOCTOR Just, just, as it is here!

HARLEQUIN As for the citizen, sir, the courtier lies with his wife. He, in revenge, cheats him of his estate, till rich enough to marry his daughter to a courtier, again gives him it all back in a dowry ... Unless his wife's over-gallantry bankrupt him. And thus the world runs round. ...

DOCTOR The very same as here. ... Is there no advancement, sir, for men of ability and merit?

HARLEQUIN Ability and merit! What's that? A uniform, or the handsome tying of a cravat? For the great men favour none but their footmen and valets.

DOCTOR By my troth, just as it is here.

... Sir, I find you are a person of most profound intelligence ... With respect, sir ... Are you a native of the moon, or this world? ...

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) The devil's in him for hard questions.

... (*Aloud*) I am a Neapolitan, sir.

DOCTOR Sir, I honour you; good luck, my countryman! How got you to the region of the moon, sir?

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) ... A plaguey, inquisitive old fool ...

(*Aloud*) ... Why, sir, ... (*Aside*) Pox on it, what shall I say? ... (*Aloud*) I being ... one day in a musing melancholy walking by the seaside ... there arose, sir, a great mist, by the sun's exhaling of the vapours of the earth, sir.

DOCTOR Right, sir.

HARLEQUIN In this fog or mist, sir, I was exhaled.

DOCTOR The exhalations of the sun draw you to the moon, sir?

HARLEQUIN (*Aside*) I am condemned to the blanket again. ... (*Aloud*) I say, sir, I was exhaled up, but on my way ... being too heavy, was dropped into the sea.

DOCTOR What, sir, into the sea?

HARLEQUIN The sea, sir. Where the emperor's fisherman casting his nets, drew me up, and took me for a strange and monstrous fish, sir, ... and as such, presented me to His Mightiness, ... who, going to have me spitchcocked for his own eating ...

DOCTOR What, sir, eating? ...

HARLEQUIN What did I do, sir (life being sweet), but fall on my knees, and besought His Gloriousness not to eat me, for I was no fish but a man. He asked me from what country, I told him from Naples. Whereupon the emperor, overjoyed, asked me if I knew that most reverend and most learned Doctor Baliardo and his fair daughter. I told him I did: whereupon he made me his bedfellow, and the confidant to his amour to signiora Elaria.

DOCTOR Bless me, sir! How came the emperor to know my daughter?

HARLEQUIN *(Aside)* ... There he is again with his damned hard questions. ... *(Aloud)* Knew her, sir? ... Why ... you were walking out one day. ...

DOCTOR My daughter never goes out, sir, farther than our garden. ...

HARLEQUIN Aye, there it was indeed, sir, ... and as his highness was taking a survey of this lower world ... through a long telescope, sir ... He saw you and your daughter and niece, and from that very moment fell most desperately in love. ... But, hark ... The sound of tambourines, kettle-drums and trumpets. ... The emperor, sir, is on his way ... Prepare for his reception.

(A strange noise is heard of brass kettles and pans and bells and many tinkling things.)

DOCTOR I'm in a rapture ... How shall I pay my gratitude for this great negotiation? ... But as I may, I humbly offer, sir ... *(Presents him with a rich ring and a purse of gold.)*

HARLEQUIN Sir, as an honour done the emperor, I take your ring and gold. I must go meet His Highness. ... *(Harlequin takes his leave.)*

Enter to the doctor Scaramouch, as himself.

SCARAMOUCH Oh, sir! We are astonished with the dreadful sound of the sweetest music that ever mortal heard, but know not whence it comes. Have you not heard it, sir?

DOCTOR Heard it? Yes, fool ... It's the music of the spheres. The Emperor of the Moon world is descending.

SCARAMOUCH What, sir? No marvel then, that looking towards the south I saw such splendid glories in the air.

DOCTOR Ha ... Did you see anything descending in the air?

SCARAMOUCH Oh, yes, sir, wonders! Haste to the old gallery, whence, with the help of your telescope, you may discover all. ...

DOCTOR I would not lose a moment for all the lower universe.

Enter Elaria, Bellemante, Mopsophil, dressed in rich bizarre costumes.

ELARIA Sir, we are dressed as you commanded us. What is your farther pleasure?

DOCTOR ... It well becomes the honour you're designed for, this night to wed two princes ... Come with me, and know your happy fates. *(Exit the doctor and Scaramouch.*

ELARIA Bless me! My father in all the rest of his discourse shows so much sense and reason, I cannot think him mad. Maybe he feigns all this to test us.

BELLEMANTE Not mad! Marry heaven forbid, you are always creating fears to startle one. Why, if he be not mad, his lack of sleep this eight-and-forty hours, the noise of strange unheard-of instruments, with the fantastic splendor of the unusual sight will so turn his brain and dazzle him, that in grace of goodness, he may be mad. If he be not ... Come, let's after him to the gallery, for I long to see in what showy costume our princely lovers will address to us. *(Exeunt.*

Act III, scene 3. *The gallery, richly adorned with scenery and lights.
Enter the doctor, Elaria, Bellemante, and Mopsophil. Soft music is heard.*

BELLEMANTE Ha ... Heavens! What's here? ... What palace is this? ... No part of our house, I'm sure. ...

ELARIA It's rather the apartment of some monarch.

DOCTOR *(Aside)* I'm all amazement too, but must not show my ignorance. ... *(Aloud.)* Yes, Elaria, this is prepared to entertain two princes.

BELLEMANTE Are you sure, sir? Are we not, think you, in that world above I often heard you speak of? In the moon, sir?

DOCTOR *(Aside)* How shall I answer her? ... For all I know, we are.

ELARIA Sure, sir, it's some enchantment.

DOCTOR Let not your female ignorance profane the highest mysteries of natural philosophy. To fools it seems enchantment ... But I've an intellect that can reach it ... Sit and await what follows. ... Hark ... *(Aside)* I am amazed, but must conceal my wonder ... that joy of fools ... and appear wise in gravity.

BELLEMANTE Whence comes this charming sound, sir?

DOCTOR From the spheres ... It is familiar to me.

*The scenery in the front draws off, and shows the Hill of Parnassus, a noble large walk of trees leading to it, with eight or ten Black people upon columns ranged on each side of the walks.
Next, Kepler and Galileo fly down on each side in chariots, opposite to each other, with telescopes in their hands, as if viewing the next flying machine, which contains the zodiac. Soft music plays still.*

DOCTOR Methought I saw the figure of two men descend from yonder cloud on yonder hill.

ELARIA I thought so too, but they have disappeared, and the winged chariot's fled.

Enter Kepler and Galileo.

BELLEMANTE See, sir, they approach. ... *(The doctor rises and bows.*

KEPLER Most reverend sir, we from the upper world thus low greet you. *(Kepler and Galileo bow low) ...*
Kepler and Galileo we are called, sent as interpreters to great Iredonozor, the Emperor of the
Moon, who is descending.

DOCTOR Most reverend bards ... profound philosophers ... thus low I bow to pay my humble gratitude.

KEPLER The emperor, sir, greets you, and your fair daughter.

GALILEO And, sir, the Prince of Thunderland greets you, and your fair niece.

DOCTOR Thus low I fall to thank their royal goodness. *(He kneels. They raise him.*

BELLEMANTE Came you, most reverend bards, from the moon world?

KEPLER Most lovely maid, we did.

DOCTOR May I presume to ask how?

KEPLER By cloud, sir, through the regions of the air, down to the famed Parnassus; thence by water,
along the river Helicon. The rest at speed upon two eagles.

DOCTOR Sir, are there many of our world inhabiting the moon?

KEPLER Oh, of all nations, sir, that lie beneath it in the emperor's retinue! Sir, you will behold
abundance. Look up and see the orbal world descending; observe the zodiac, sir, with her
twelve signs.

*Next the zodiac descends, instrumental music playing all the while; when it is landed, it delivers
the twelve signs: Then a song, the persons of the zodiac being the singers. After which, the Black
people dance and mingle in the chorus.*

A song for the zodiac.

Let murmuring lovers no longer repine
But their hearts and their voices advance;
Let the nymphs and the swains in the kind chorus join
And the satyrs and fawns in a dance.
Let nature put on her beauty of May
And the fields and the meadows adorn;
Let the woods and the mountains resound with the joy
And the echoes their triumph return.

Chorus.

For since love wore his darts,
And virgins grew coy;
Since these wounded hearts,
And those could destroy,

There ne'er was more cause for your triumphs and joy.

Hark, hark, the music of the spheres

Some wonder approaching declares;

Such, such, as has not blessed your eyes and ears

This thousand, thousand, thousand years.

See, see what the force of love can make,

Who rules in heaven, in earth and sea;

Behold how he commands the zodiac

While the fixed signs unhingeing all obey.

Not one of which but represents

The attributes of love,

Who governs all the elements

In harmony above.

Chorus.

For since love wore his darts

And virgins grew coy;

Since these wounded hearts

And those could destroy,

There ne'er was more cause for your triumphs and joy.

The wanton Aries first descends

To show the vigor and the play

Beginning love, beginning love attends,

When the young passion is all over joy,

He bleats his soft pain to the fair curled throng

And he leaps, and he bounds, and loves all the day long.

At once love's courage and his slavery

In Taurus is expressed,

Though o'er the plains he conqueror be,

The generous beast

Does to the yoke submit his noble breast.

While Gemini smiling and twining of arms,

Shows love's soft endearments and charms.

And Cancer's slow motion the degrees do express,

Respectful love arrives to happiness.

Leo love's strength and majesty, }

Virgo his blushing modesty, }

And Libra all his equity. }

Love's subtlety does Scorpio show,

And Sagittarius all his loose desire,

By Capricorn love's forward humour know,

And Aqua. lovers' tears that raise his fire,

While Pisces, which entwined do move,

Show the soft play and wanton arts of love.

Chorus.

For since love wore his darts

And virgins grew coy;

Since these wounded hearts

And those could destroy,

There ne'er was more cause for triumphs and joy.

... See how she turns and sends her signs to earth. ... Behold the ram ... Aries ... See Taurus next descends; then Gemini ... See how the boys embrace. ... Next Cancer, then Leo, then the Virgin; next to her Libra ... Scorpio, Sagittary, Capricorn, Aquarius, ... Pisces. These eight thousand years, no emperor has descended but incognito. But when he does, to make his journey more magnificent, the zodiac, sir, attends him.

DOCTOR It's all amazing, sir.

KEPLER Now, sir, behold. The globic world descends two thousand leagues below its usual station to show obedience to its proper monarch.

After which the flying machine shaped like the moon appears, first like a new moon; as it moves forward it increases, till it comes to the full. When it is descended it opens and shows the emperor and the prince. They come forth with all their train, the flutes playing a symphony before him, which prepares the song. Which ended, the dancers mingle as before.

A SONG.

All joy to mortals, joy and mirth

Eternal lös sing;

The gods of love descend to earth,

Their darts have lost the sting.
The youth shall now complain no more
 Of Sylvia's needless scorn,
But she shall love, if he adore,
 And melt when he shall burn.

The nymph no longer shall be shy,
 But leave the jilting road;
And Daphne now no more shall fly
 The wounded panting god;
But all shall be serene and fair,
 No sad complaints of love
Shall fill the gentle whispering air,
 No echoing sighs the grove.

Beneath the shades young Strephon lies,
 Of all his wish possessed;
Gazing on Sylvia's charming eyes,
 Whose soul is there confessed.
All soft and sweet the maid appears
 With looks that know no art,
And though she yields with trembling fears,
 She yields with all her heart.

... See, sir, the cloud of foreigners appears: French, English, Spaniards, Danes, Turks, Russians, Indians, and the nearer climes of Christendom. And lastly, sir, behold the mighty emperor. ...

A flying chariot appears, made like a half-moon, in which is Cinthio as the emperor, richly dressed, and Charmante as the prince, with a good many heroes attending. Cinthio's train borne by four Cupids. The song continues while they descend and land. They address themselves to Elaria and Bellemante. ... The doctor falls on his face, the rest bow very low as they pass, and make signs to Kepler.

KEPLER The emperor would have you rise, sir. He will expect no ceremony from the father of his mistress.
(Kepler helps the doctor up.)

DOCTOR I cannot, sir, behold His Mightiness ... The splendor of his majesty confounds me ...

KEPLER You must be moderate, sir. It is expected.

*(The two lovers make all the signs of love in dumb show to the ladies,
while the soft music plays again from the end of the song.)*

DOCTOR Shall I not have the joy to hear their heavenly voices, sir?

KEPLER They never speak to any subject, sir, when they appear in royalty, except through interpreters,
and through a stentraphon, like the Delphic oracles.

DOCTOR Any way, so I may hear the sense of what they would say.

KEPLER No doubt you will ... But see the emperor commands by signs his foreigners to dance ...

(Soft music changes.)

(A very bizarre dance. The dance ended, the front scenery draws off, and reveals a temple with an altar, someone speaking through a stentraphon from behind it. Soft music plays the while.)

KEPLER Most learned sir, the emperor now is going to declare himself, according to his custom, to his subjects. Listen. ...

STENTOR Most reverend sir, whose virtue did incite us,

Whose daughter's charms did more invite us;

We come to grace her with that honour

That never mortal yet had done her,

Once only Jove was known in story

To visit Semele in glory.

But fatal it was he so enjoyed her:

Her own ambitious flame destroyed her.

His charms too fierce for flesh and blood,

She died embracing of her god.¹

We gentler marks of passion give,

The maid we love shall love and live;

Whom visibly we thus will grace

Above the rest of human race.

Say, is it your will that we should wed her

And nightly in disguises bed her?

DOCTOR The glory is too great for mortal wife.

(Kneels with transport.)

STENTOR What then remains but that we consummate

This happy marriage in our splendid state?

DOCTOR Thus low I kneel in thanks for this great blessing.

¹ **Jove...her god:** pregnant by the god Zeus (Jove, Jupiter), Semele begged him to appear to her; he came as a thunderbolt, killing her.

Cinthio takes Elaria by the hand; Charmante, Bellemante; two of the singers in white being priests, they lead them to the altar, the whole company dividing on either side. Where, while a wedding song is sung, the priest joins their hands. The song ended and, they married, they come forth; but before they come forward ... two flying chariots descend, one on one side above, and the other on the other side; in which is Harlequin dressed like a mock-hero; and Scaramouch in the other, dressed so in helmets.

SCARAMOUCH Stay, mighty emperor, and vouchsafe to be the umpire of our difference.

(Cinthio signs to Kepler.

KEPLER What are you?

SCARAMOUCH Two neighbouring princes to your vast dominion.

HARLEQUIN Knights of the Sun, our honourable titles.

And fight for that fair mortal, Mopsophil.

MOPSOPHIL Bless us! ... *(Aside)* My two precious lovers, I'll warrant. Well, I had better settle for one of them than lie alone tonight.

SCARAMOUCH Long as two rivals we have loved and hoped,

Both equally endeavoured, and both failed.

At last by joint consent we both agreed

To test our titles by the dint of lance,

And chose your mightiness for arbitrator.

KEPLER The emperor gives consent. ...

(Harlequin and Scaramouch, armed with gilded lances and black shields with painted golden suns. The music plays a fighting tune. They fight at barriers² to the tune. ... Harlequin is often foiled, but advances still. At last Scaramouch throws him, and is conqueror. All give judgement for him.

KEPLER *(To Scaramouch)* The emperor pronounces you are victor. ...

DOCTOR Receive your mistress, sir, as the reward of your undoubted valour ...

(The doctor presents Mopsophil to Scaramouch.

SCARAMOUCH Your humble servant, sir, and Scaramouch returns you humble thanks. ...

(Scaramouch pulls off his helmet.

DOCTOR Ha, ... Scaramouch ...

(Bawls out and falls in a chair. They all go to him.

My heart misgives me ... *(Bawling out)* Oh, I am undone and cheated every way. ...

KEPLER Be patient, sir, and call up all your virtue.

You're only cured, sir, of a disease

² **fight at barriers:** engage in combat from either side of a low fence. Perhaps they ride hobby-horses, as Dryden describes happened in an entertainment at court in 1673.

That long has reigned over your nobler faculties.

Sir, I am your physician, friend and counsellor.

It was not in the power of herbs or minerals,

Of reason, common sense, and right religion

To draw you from an error that unmanned you.

DOCTOR I will be patient, gentlemen, and hear you.

... Are not you Ferdinand?

KEPLER I am ... And these are gentlemen of quality

That long have loved your daughter and your niece.

Don Cinthio this, and this Don Charmante,

The viceroy's nephews both ...

Who found, as men ... it was impossible to enjoy them,

And therefore tried this stratagem. ...

CINTHIO Sir, I beseech you, mitigate your grief.

Although, indeed, we are but mortal men,

Yet we shall love you, ... serve you, and obey you ...

DOCTOR Are you not, then, the Emperor of the Moon?

And you the Prince of Thunderland?

CINTHIO There's no such person, sir.

These stories are the phantoms of mad brains

To puzzle fools with ... The wise laugh at them ...

... Come, sir, you shall no longer be imposed upon.

DOCTOR No Emperor of the Moon, ... and no moon world!

CHARMANTE Ridiculous inventions.

If we'd not loved you, you'd been still imposed on;

We'd have brought a scandal on your learned name,

And all succeeding ages had despised it. *(The doctor leaps up.)*

DOCTOR Burn all my books, and let my study blaze,

Burn all to ashes, and be sure the wind

Scatter the vile contagious monstrous lies.

... Most noble youths ... you've honoured me with your alliance and you, and all your friends,

assistants in this glorious miracle, I invite tonight to revel with me. ... Come, all, and see my

happy recantation of all the follies that fables have inspired till now. Be pleasant to repeat your

story to tell me by what kind degrees you cozened me ...

(Gravely to himself) I see there's nothing in philosophy ...

Of all that writ, he was the wisest bard who spoke this mighty truth: ...

'He that knew all that ever learning writ,
Knew only this ... that he knew nothing yet.'

EPILOGUE, spoken by Mrs Cooke (Elaria)

With our old plays, as with dull wife it fares,
To whom you have been married tedious years.
You cry ... She's wondrous good, it is confess'd,
But still it's *chapon bouillé*³ at the best.
That constant dish can never make a feast.
Yet the palled pleasure you must still pursue,
You give so small encouragement for new.
And who would drudge for such a wretched age
That lacks the bravery to support one stage?
The wiser wits have now new measures set,
And taken up new trades⁴ that they may eat.
No more your nice fantastic pleasures serve,
Your pimps you pay, but let your poets starve.
They long in vain for better usage hoped,
Till quite undone and tired, they dropped and dropped;
Not one is left will write for thin third day,
Like desperate pickeroons, no prize, no pay.
And when they've done their best, the recompence
Is, 'Damn the sot, his play lacks common sense'.
Ill-natured wits, who can so ill requite
The drudging slaves who for your pleasure write.
Look back on flourishing Rome, you proud ingrates,
And see how she her thriving poets treats:
Wisely she prized them at the noblest rate,

³ *chapon bouillé*: boiled cockerel (French).

⁴ **new trades**: Elkanah Settle had joined the army; Thomas D'Urfey, after several unsuccessful plays, was probably living with his patron, the Duke of Albemarle; Edward Ravenscroft, after the failure of *Dame Dobson* (1683) did not write another play for a decade; Nathaniel Lee, following a glittering earlier career, had little success from his final two plays and was in Bethlam Hospital, apparently insane; Thomas Otway had turned to translation before his death in April 1685.

As necessary ministers of state,
And contributions raised to make them great.
They from the public bank she did maintain,
And freed from want, they only writ for fame
And were as useful in a city held
As formidable armies in the field.
Armies but a conquest over men pursued,
While poets by gentler force the soul subdued.
Not Rome in all her happiest pomp could show
A greater Caesar than we boast of now;
Augustus reigns,⁵ but poets still are low.

 May Caesar live, and while his mighty hand
Is scattering plenty over all the land
With godlike bounty recompensing all,
Some fruitful drops may on the Muses fall;
Since honest pens do his just cause afford
Equal advantage with the useful sword.

FINIS.

⁵ **Augustus reigns:** James II is now on the throne, bringing the peace achieved in the Roman Empire by emperor Augustus after civil war.