

The Feigned Courtesans [Feign'd Curtizans]; or, A Night's Intrigue. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Duke's Theatre. Written by Mrs. A. Behn. Licensed March 27, 1679. ROGER L'ESTRANGE. London: Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judges Head in Chancery-Lane near Fleet-street. 1679.

This modernised text is based on that produced by Elaine Hobby in 2020 for Rebecca Paterson and the Queen's Company, New York, working from her forthcoming edition for Volume III of *The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Aphra Behn*. In modernising it, Elaine largely updated spelling and punctuation, but also occasionally substituted modern words for 1679 ones. As long as this origin is acknowledged, anyone is welcome to use this script for any purpose, but a 1679 copy must be checked if accuracy is essential.

Dedication of the Play to Mrs Ellen Gwyn.

Madam,

'Tis no wonder that hitherto I followed not the good example of the believing poets, since less faith and zeal than you alone can inspire, had wanted power to have reduced me to the true worship. Your permission,¹ madam, has enlightened me, and I with shame look back on my past ignorance, which suffered me not to pay an adoration long since, where there was so very much due; yet even now, though secure in my opinion, I make this sacrifice with infinite fear and trembling; well knowing that so excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the divine powers in this: the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone. And how, madam, would your altars be loaded, if, like heaven, you gave permission to all that had a will and desire to approach 'em, who now at distance can only wish and admire, which all mankind agree to do? As if, madam, you alone had the patent from heaven to engross all hearts. And even those distant slaves, whom you conquer with your fame, pay an equal tribute to those that have the blessing of being wounded by your eyes, and boast the happiness of beholding you daily. Insomuch that succeeding ages, who shall with joy survey your history, shall envy us who lived in this, and saw those charming wonders which they can only read of; and whom we ought in charity to pity, since all the pictures, pens or pencils can draw, will give give 'em but a faint idea of what we have the honour to see in such absolute perfection. They can only guess she was infinitely fair, witty, and deserving, but to what vast degrees in all, they can only judge who lived to gaze and listen. For besides, madam, all the charms and attractions and powers of your sex, you have beauties peculiar to yourself: an eternal sweetness, youth and air, which never dwelt in any face but yours, of which not one unimitable grace could be ever borrowed, or assumed, though with never so much industry, to adorn another; they cannot steal a look or smile from you to enhance their own beauty's price, but all the world will know it yours. So natural and so fitted are all your charms and excellencies to one another, so entirely designed and created to make up in you alone the most perfect lovely thing in the world, you never appear but you glad the hearts of all that have the happy fortune to see you, as

¹ **Your permission:** i.e., your allowing me to dedicate this play to you.

if you were made on purpose to put the whole world into good humour whenever you look abroad; and when you speak, men crowd to listen with that awful reverence as to holy oracles or divine prophecies, and bear away the precious words to tell at home to all the attentive family the graceful things you uttered, and cry, 'But oh, she spoke with such an air, so gay, that half the beauty's lost in the repetition'. 'Tis this that ought to make your sex vain enough to despise the malicious world that will allow a woman no wit, and bless ourselves for living in an age that can produce so wondrous an argument as your undeniable self, to shame those boasting talkers who are judges of nothing but faults.

But how much in vain, madam, I endeavour to tell you the sense of all mankind with mine, since to the utmost limits of the universe your mighty conquests are made known. And who can doubt the power of that illustrious beauty, the charms of that tongue, and the greatness of that mind, who has subdued the most powerful and glorious monarch of the world? And so well you bear the honours you were born for, with a greatness so unaffected, an affability so easy, an humor so soft, so far from pride or vanity, that the most envious and most disaffected can find no cause or reason to wish you less. Nor can heaven give you more, who has expressed a particular care of you every way, and above all in bestowing on the world, and you, two noble branches, who have all the greatness and sweetness of their royal and beautiful stock;² and who give us too a hopeful prospect of what their future braveries will perform, when they shall shoot up and spread themselves to that degree, that all the lesser world may find repose beneath their shades; and whom you have permitted to wear those glorious titles which you yourself generously neglected, well knowing with the noble poet: 'tis better far to merit titles than to wear 'em.

Can you then blame my ambition, madam, that lays this at your feet, and begs a sanctuary where all pay so great a veneration? 'Twas dedicated yours before it had a being,³ and, overbusy⁴ to render it worthy of the honour, made it less grateful.⁵ And poetry, like lovers, often fares the worse by taking too much pains to please; but, under so gracious an influence, my tender laurels may thrive, till they become fit wreaths to offer to the rays that improve their growth: which, madam, I humbly implore, you still permit her ever to do, who is, madam, Your most humble, and most obedient servant. *A. Behn.*

² **two noble branches...stock:** Nell Gwyn's two sons with Charles II, Charles (born 1670), and James (born 1671), both of whom were given noble titles by the king.

³ **'Twas dedicated yours before it had a being:** Behn indicates that she had promised Gwyn to dedicate a play to her before she had begun to write this one.

⁴ **overbusy:** i.e., my working overly hard.

⁵ **grateful:** agreeable.

The PROLOGUE, spoken by Mrs. Currer (playing Marcella)

*The devil take this cursed plotting age,
'T has ruin'd all our plots upon the stage;⁶
Suspicious, new elections, jealousies,
Fresh informations, new discoveries,
Do so employ the busy, fearful town,
Our honest calling here is useless grown.
Each fool turns politician now, and wears
A formal face, and talks of State-affairs;
Makes Acts, decrees, and a new model draws
For regulation both of Church and laws;
Tires out his empty noddle to invent
What rule and method's best in government;
But wit, as if 'twere Jesuitical,
Is an abomination to ye all.
To what a wretched pass will poor plays come.
This must be damned, the plot is laid in Rome.
'Tis hard ... yet ...
Not one amongst ye all, I'll undertake,
E'er thought that we should suffer for religion's sake:⁷
Who would have thought that would have been th' occasion
Of any contest in our hopeful nation?
For my own principles, faith, let me tell ye
I'm still of the religion of my cull.⁸
And till these dangerous times, they'd none to fix on,
But now are something in mere contradiction,
And piously pretend, these are not days
For keeping mistresses and seeing plays.
Who says this age a reformation wants,*

⁶ **The devil take...stage:** accusations that there was a Catholic plot to remove Charles II from the throne and replace him with his heir apparent, the Catholic James II, were stopping the usual theatre audience from coming to see plays because they were embroiled in politics. Many plays from 1679-82 refer to this, and the fall-off in audience led by 1682 to the failure of the King's Company, which was taken over by the Duke's Company (the one Behn worked for), resulting in there being just one London theatre company, the United Company, for the rest of Behn's life.

⁷ **E'er thought...religion's sake:** a very arch comment; the civil wars of the 1640s, which were fuelled by religious differences and led to thousands of deaths including that of Charles I, were very much in public consciousness, and were often alluded to in the current arguments.

⁸ **my cully:** the fool who is supporting me financially.

*When Betty Curren's lovers all turn saints?
 In vain, alas, I flatter, swear, and vow,
 You'll scarce do anything for charity now:
 Yet I am handsome still, still young and mad, }
 Can wheedle, lie, dissemble, jilt ... egad, }
 As well and artfully as e'er I did, }
 Yet not one conquest can I gain or hope,
 No prentice, not a foreman of a shop,
 So that I want extremely new supplies.
 Of my last coxcomb, faith, these⁹ were the prize.
 And by the tattered ensigns you may know,
 These spoils were of a victory long ago.
 Who would have thought such hellish times to've seen,
 When I should be neglected at eighteen?
 That youth and beauty should be quite undone?
 A pox upon the Whore of Babylon.¹⁰*

The Characters' Names

Italians

Morisini	an old count, uncle to Julio.
Julio.	his nephew, a young Count, engaged to Laura Lucretia.
Octavio	a young count, contracted to Marcella, deformed, revengeful.
Crapine	Morisini's servant.
Petro	supposed pimp to the two courtesans.

Englishmen

Sir Harry Fillamour	in love with Marcella.
Mr Galliard	in love with Cornelia.
Sir Signal Buffoon.	A fool.
Mr. Tickletext,	His governor.
Jack	Sir Signal's servant.

Women

Laura Lucretia	a young lady of quality, engaged to Julio; in love with Galliard; Octavio's sister
Marcella }	sisters to Julio, and nieces to Morosini;
and }	pass for courtesans by the names of
Cornelia }	Euphemia and Silvanetta
Phillipa	their woman.
Sabina	confidante to Laura Lucretia.

Pages, musicians, footmen, and hired thugs.

Setting: Rome.

⁹ *these*: her clothes.

¹⁰ *Whore of Babylon*: anti-Catholics often referred to Catholicism as the biblical Whore of Babylon, an anti-Christ.

Act I, scene 1

Enter Laura Lucretia and Silvio, richly dressed; Antonio attending; coming all in in haste.

SILVIO Madam, you need not make such haste away. The stranger that followed us from St Peter's Church pursues us no longer, and we have now lost sight of him. Lord, who would have thought the approach of a handsome cavalier should have possessed Donna Laura Lucretia with fear?

LAURA LUCRETIA I do not fear, my Silvio, but I would have this new habitation, which I've designed for love, known to none but him to whom I've destined my heart: ... *(Aside)* Ah, I wish he know the conquest he has made. *(Aloud)* Nor went I this evening to church with any other devotion, but that which warms my heart for my young English cavalier, whom I hoped to have seen there; and I must find some way to let him know my passion, which is too high for souls like mine to hide.

SILVIO Madam, the cavalier's in view again, and hot in the pursuit.

LAURA LUCRETIA Let's haste away then, and, Silvio, do you lag behind. 'Twill give him an opportunity of enquiring, whilst I get out of sight ... Be sure you conceal my name and quality, and tell him ... anything but truth ... Tell him I am La Silvanetta, the young Roman courtesan, or what you please, to hide me from his knowledge. *(Exit Laura Lucretia and Antonio.*

Enter Julio and his page, in pursuit.

JULIO Boy, fall you into discourse with that page, and learn his lady's name ... whilst I pursue her farther.

(Exit Julio.

(The page greets Silvio, who responds. They go out as talking to each other.

Enter Sir Harry Fillamour and Galliard.

FILLAMOUR He follows her close, whoe'er they be. I see this trade of love goes forward still.

GALLIARD And will, whilst there's difference in sexes. But Harry, the women, the delicate women I was speaking of?

FILLAMOUR Prithee, tell me no more of thy fine women, Frank. Yhou hast not been in Rome above a month, and thou'ast been a dozen times 'in love', as thou callst it. To me there is no pleasure like constancy.

GALLIARD Constancy! And wouldst thou have me one of those dull lovers who believe it their duty to love a woman till her hair and eyes change colour for fear of the scandalous name of an inconstant? No, my passion, like great victors, hates the lazy waiting, but having vanquished, prepares for new conquests.

FILLAMOUR Which you gain as they do towns by fire, lose 'em even in the taking. Thou won't grow penitent and weary of these dangerous follies.

GALLIARD But I am yet too young for both. Let old age and infirmity bring repentanc, ... There's her feeble province, and even then, too, we find no plague like being deprived of dear womankind.

FILLAMOUR I hate playing about a flame that will consume me.

GALLIARD Away with your antiquated notions, and let's once hear sense from thee. Examine but the whole world, Harry, and thou wilt find a beautiful woman the desire of the noblest, and the reward of the bravest.

FILLAMOUR And the common prize of coxcombs. Times are altered now, Frank. Why else should the virtuous be cornuted,¹¹ the coward be caressed, the villain rotate between six, and the fool lie with her ladyship?

GALLIARD Mere accident, sir ... and the kindness of fortune. But a pretty, witty, young creature, such as this Silvanetta and Euphemia, is certainly the greatest blessing this wicked world can afford us.

FILLAMOUR I believe the lawful enjoyment of such a woman, and virtuous too, would be a blessing.

GALLIARD Lawful enjoyment! Prithee, what's lawful enjoyment, but to enjoy 'em according to the generous indulgent Law of Nature? Enjoy 'em as we do meat, drink, air and light, and all the rest of her common blessings ... Therefore, prithee, dear knight, let me govern thee but for a day, and I will show thee such a *signiora*, such a beauty, another manner of piece than your so admired Viterboan, Donna Marcella, of whom you boast so much.

FILLAMOUR And yet this rare piece is but a courtesan, in coarse, plain English, a very whore! ... who filthily exposes all her beauties to him can give her most, not love her best.

GALLIARD Whe, faith, to thy comfort be it spoken, she does distribute her charms at that easy rate.

FILLAMOUR Oh, the vast distance between an innocent passion, and a poor, faithless lust.

GALLIARD Innocent passion at Rome! Oh, 'tis not to be named but in some northern climate. To be an anchoret here, is to be an epicure in Greenland. Impossibilities, Harry!

GALLIARD Sure, thou hast been advising with Sir Signal Buffoon's tutor, that formal piece of nonsense and hypocrisy.

FILLAMOUR No, faith, I brought the humour along with me to Rome; and as for your governor, I have not seen him yet, though he lodge in this same house with us. And you promised to bring me acquainted with long since.

GALLIARD I'll do't this very minute!

FILLAMOUR No, I'm obliged not to engage myself this evening, because I expect the arrival of Count Julio, whose last letters assured me would be tonight.

GALLIARD Julio! What, the young Italian Count you made me acquainted with last summer in England?

FILLAMOUR The same. The ambassador's nephew, a good youth, and one I esteem.

Enter Julio.

JULIO I hope my page will bring news who this beauty is.

FILLAMOUR Hah, Julio! Welcome, dear friend. *(embraces him.)*

¹¹ **cornuted:** horned, i.e. cuckolded.

JULIO Sir Harry Fillamour! How glad am I to meet you in a country where I have power to repay you all those friendships I received when I was a stranger to yours. Monsieur Galliard too! Nay, then, I'm sure to want no diversion whilst I stay in Rome. *(Greets Galliard.)*

FILLAMOUR But, pray, what made you leave England so soon?

JULIO E'en the great business of mankind, matrimony. I have an uncle here who has provided me fetters which I must put on. He says they will be easy. I liked the description of my intended well enough, a brave, masculine lady, a Roman of quality, Donna Laura Lucretia, till, as luck would have it, at my arrival this evening, stepping into St Peter's church, I saw a woman there that fired my heart, and whom I followed to her house. But meeting none that could inform me who she was, I left my page to make the discovery, whilst I, with equal impatience, came to look out you; whose sight I prefer even to a new amour, resolving not to visit home, to which I have been a stranger this seven years, till I had kissed your hands, and gained your promise to accompany me to Viterbo.

FILLAMOUR Viterbo! is that your place of residence?

JULIO Yes. 'Tis a pretty town, and many noble families inhabit there. Stored, too, with beauties. At least, 'twas wont to be. Have you not seen it?

GALLIARD Yes! And a beauty there too lately for his repose, who has made him sigh and look so like an ass ever since he came to Rome.

JULIO I'm glad you have so powerful an argument to invite you back. I know she must be rare, and of quality, that could engage your heart.

FILLAMOUR She's both. It most unluckily fell out, that I was recommended by a person of quality in England to a nobleman at Viterbo, who, being a man of a temper frank and gallant, received me with less ceremony than is usual in Italy. I had the freedom of the house, one of the finest villas belonging to Viterbo, and the pleasure to see and converse at a distance with one of the loveliest persons in the world, a niece of this old count's.

JULIO Very well. And could you see her only at distance, sir?

FILLAMOUR Oh, no. 'Twas all I durst desire, or she durst give. I came too late to hope, she being before promised in marriage to a more happy man, the consummation of which waits only the arrival of a brother of hers, who is now at the court of France, and every day expected.

Enter Petro, dressed like a barber

GALLIARD Hah! Signior Petro.

FILLAMOUR Come, sir, we'll take a turn in the in the gallery, for this pimp never appears, but Francis desires to be in private.

GALLIARD Thou wrong'st an honest, ingenious fellow to call him pimp.

PETRO Ah signior, what his worship pleases!

GALLIARD That thou art, I'll be sworn, or what any man's worship pleases. For let me tell ye, Harry, he is capacitated to oblige in any quality. For, sir, he's your brokering Jew, your fencing, dancing and civility-master, your linguist, your antiquary, your bravo, your rent-boy, your whore, your pimp, and a thousand more excellencies he has to supply the necessities of the wanting stranger. ... Well, sirrah ... What design now upon Sir Signal and his wise governor? ... What do you represent now?

PETRO A barber, sir.

GALLIARD And why a barber, good signior Petro?

PETRO Oh, sir, the sooner to take the heights of their judgments. It gives handsome opportunities to commend their faces. For if they are pleased with flattery ... the certain sign of a fool's to be most tickled when most commended ... I conclude 'em the fitter for my purpose. They already put great confidence in me, will have no masters but of my recommending. All which I supply myself, by the help of my several disguises. By which, and my industry, I doubt not but to pick up a good honest painful livelihood, by cheating these two reverend coxcombs.

GALLIARD How the devil gotst thou this credit with 'em?

PETRO Oh, easily, sir, as knaves get estates, or fools employments.

FILLAMOUR I hope, amongst all your good qualities, you forgot not your more natural one of pimping?

PETRO No, I assure you, sir. I have told Sir Signal Buffoon that no man lives here without his inamorata, which very word has so fired him that he's resolved to have an inamorata, whatever it cost him. And, as in all things else, I have in that, too, promised my assistance.

GALLIARD If you assist him no better than you have done me, he may stay long enough for his inamorata.

PETRO Why, faith, sir, I lie at my young lady's night and day, but she is so loathe to part with that same maidenhead of hers yet ... But tomorrow night, sir, there's hopes. ...

GALLIARD Tomorrow night! Oh, 'tis an age in love! Desire knows no time but the present. 'Tis now I wish, and now I would enjoy. A new day ought to bring a new desire.

PETRO Alas, sir, I'm but an humble hireling.

GALLIARD Yes, thou'rt a pimp. Yet want'st the art to procure a longing lover the woman he adores, though but a common courtesan ... Oh, confound her maidenhead ... She understands her trade too well to have that badge of innocence.

PETRO I offered her her price, sir ...

GALLIARD Double it, give anything, for that's the best recipe I ever found to soften women's hearts.

PETRO Well, sir, she will be, this evening, in the garden of Medicis' villa. There you may get an opportunity to advance your interest ... I must step and trim Mr Tickletext, and then am at your service! *(Exit Petro.*

JULIO What is this knight and his governor who have the blessed fortune to be managed by this squire?

FILLAMOUR Certain fools Galliard makes use of when he has a mind to laugh: and whom I never thought worth a visit since I came to Rome. And he's like to profit much by his travels, who keeps company with all the English, especially the fops.

GALLIARD Faith, sir, I came not abroad to return with the formality of a judge. And these are such antidotes against melancholy as would make thee fond of fooling. ... Our knight's father is even the first gentleman of his house, a fellow who, having the good fortune to be much a fool and knave, had the attendant blessing of getting an estate of some eight thousand a year, with this coxcomb to inherit it; who (to aggrandize the name and family of the Buffoons) was made a knight; but to refine throughout and make a complete fop, was sent abroad, under the tutoring of one Mr Tickletext, his zealous father's chaplain, as errant a blockhead as a man would wish to hear preach, the father wisely foreseeing the great danger that young travellers are in, of being perverted to Popery.

JULIO 'Twas well considered.

GALLIARD But for the young spark,¹² there is no description can reach him. 'Tis only to be done by himself. Let it suffice, 'tis a pert, saucy, conceited animal, whom you shall just now go see, and admire, for he lodges in the house with us.

JULIO With all my heart. I never longed more for a new acquaintance.

FILLAMOUR And in all probability shall sooner desire to be rid of it soon. ... (Exeunt.)

Act I, scene II. *The scenery draws off, and discovers Mr Tickletext a-trimming, his hair under a cap, a cloth before him; and Petro snaps his fingers, takes away the basin, and goes to wiping his face.*

PETRO Ah, *che bella! Bella!* I swear, by these sparkling eyes, and these soft, plump, dimpled cheeks, there's not a signiora in all Rome, could she behold 'em, were able to stand their temptations; and for La Silvietta, my life on't, she's your own.

TICKLETEXT *Teze, teze,* speak softly! ... But, honest *barberacho*, do I, do I indeed look plump, and young, and fresh and ... hah!

PETRO Aye sir, as the rosy morn. Young, as Old Father Time in his infancy, and plump as the pale-faced moon.

TICKLETEXT Hey ... Whe, this travelling must needs improve a man. ... (*Aside*) Whe, how admirably well-spoken your very barbers are here. ... (*Aloud*) ... But *barberacho*, did the young gentlewoman say she liked me? Did she, rogue? Did she?

PETRO She doted on you, signior, doted on you.

TICKLETEXT (*Aside*) Whe, and that's strange, now, in the autumn of my age, too, when nature began to be impertinent, as a man may say, that a young lady should fall in love with me ... (*Aloud*) ... Whe, *barberacho*, I do not conceive any great matter of sin only in visiting a lady that loves a man, hah.

PETRO Sin, sir? 'Tis a frequent thing nowadays in persons of your constitution.

TICKLETEXT Especially here at Rome, too, where 'tis no scandal.

PETRO Aye, signior, where the ladies are privileged, and fornication licensed.

¹² **spark**: elegant young man (usually used with depreciatory implication).

TICKLETEXT Right! And when 'tis licensed, 'tis lawful. And when 'tis lawful, it can be no sin. Besides,
barberacho, I may chance to turn her, who knows!

PETRO Turn her, signior? Alas, any way which way you please.

TICKLETEXT He he he! There thou wert knavish, I suspect ... But I mean, convert her ... Nothing else, I profess,
barberacho.

PETRO True, signior, true. She's a lady of an easy nature, and an indifferent argument well handled will do it
... Ha ... (*combing out Tickletext's hair*) Here's your head of hair ... Here's your natural frizz! And such
an air it gives the face! ... So, signior ... Now you have the utmost my art can do.

(takes away the cloth, and bows.

TICKLETEXT Well, signior. ... And where's your looking-glass?

PETRO My looking-glass?

TICKLETEXT Yes, signior, your looking-glass! An English barber would as soon have forgotten to have snapped
his fingers, bowed respectfully, or taken his money, as have neglected his looking-glass.

PETRO Aye, signior, in your country the laity have so little honesty, they are not to be trusted with the
taking off your beard unless you see it done ... But here's a glass, sir. (*gives him the glass.*

*(Tickletext sets himself and smirks in the glass. Petro, standing behind him, making horns and
grimaces. Which Tickletext sees in the glass, gravely rises, turns towards Petro.*

TICKLETEXT Whe, how now, *barberacho*, what monstrous faces are you making there?

PETRO Ah, my belly, my belly, signior. Ah, this wind-colic! This trouble with my liver does so torment me! Ah
...

TICKLETEXT Alas, poor knave. *Certo*, I thought thou hadst been somewhat uncivil with me, I profess I did.

PETRO Who I, sir, uncivil? ... I abuse my *patrone*? ... I that have almost made myself a pimp to serve you?

TICKLETEXT *Teze, teze*, honest *barberacho*! No, no, no, all's well, all's well: ... but hark ye ... You will be discreet
and secret in this business now, and above all things conceal the fact of this gentlewoman from Sir
Signal and Mr Galliard?

PETRO The rack, signior, the rack shall not extort it.

TICKLETEXT Hold thy hand ... There's somewhat for thee (*gives him money*) But shall I, rogue ... shall I see her
tonight? ...

PETRO Tonight, sir, meet me in the *piazza d'Espagne*, about 10 o'clock ... I'll meet you there ... But 'tis fit,
signior ... that I should provide a snack ... 'Tis the custom here, sir. ...

TICKLETEXT Well, well, what will it come to? ... Here's a gold coin ...

PETRO Whe, sir 'twill come to ... about ... for you would do't handsomely ... some twenty crowns. ...

TICKLETEXT How man, twenty crowns?

PETRO Aye, signior, thereabouts.

TICKLETEXT Twenty crowns ... Whe, 'tis a sum, a dowry, a revenue.

PETRO Alas, signior, 'tis nothing with her ... She'll repay it in an hour ... Ah, such an eye! So sparkling, with an amorous twire ... Thus, sir ... Then she'll kiss it out in a moment ... Such a lip, so red, so round, and so plump, so soft, and so ...

TICKLETEXT Why, has she, has she, sirrah? ... Hah ... Here, here, prithee, take money, here, and make no words on't ... Go, go your way, go ... But to entertain Sir Signal with other matter, pray send his masters to him. If thou canst help him to masters, and me to mistresses, thou shalt be the good genius of us both. But see, here he comes. ...

Enter Sir Signal.

SIR SIGNAL Hah! *Signior illustrissimo barberacho*, let me hug thee my little *Mephistophiloucho* ... Do ye see, here, how fine your brokering Jew has made me, signior rabbi Manaseth-Ben-Nebiton, and so forth. Hah ... View me round ... *(turns on the spot.*

TICKLETEXT I profess, 'tis as fit as if it had been made for you.

SIR SIGNAL Made for me ... Whe, sir, he swore to me by the Old Testament, that 'twas never worn but once, and that but by one high-German prince ... I have forgot his name ... For the devil can never remember these damned *hogen-mogen*¹ titles. *(a fart.*

TICKLETEXT No matter, sir.

SIR SIGNAL Aye, but I should be loath to be in any man's clothes, were he never so high a German Prince, except I knew his name, though.

TICKLETEXT Sir, I hold his name unnecessary to be remembered, so long as 'twas a princely penniworth. ... *Barberacho*, get you gone, and send the masters. *(Exit Petro.*

SIR SIGNAL Why, how now, tutor! How now, signior Tickletext! Prithee, how camest thou so transmogrified, ha? Whe, thou lookst like any new-fledged Cupid.

TICKLETEXT Do I? Away, you flatter. Do I?

SIR SIGNAL As I hope to breathe, your face shines through your powdered hairs like you-know-what on a barn-door in a frosty morning.

TICKLETEXT What a filthy comparison's there for a man of my profession.

SIR SIGNAL What, angry ... *Corpo di me*, I meant no harm ... Come, shall us to a *bona-roba*,² where thou shalt part with thy pusillage,³ and that of thy beard, together.

TICKLETEXT How mean you, sir? A courtesan, and a Romish courtesan?

SIR SIGNAL Now my tutor's up, ha ha ha ... And ever is, when one names a whore. Be pacified man, be pacified. I know thou hatest 'em worse than beads or holy-water.

¹ *hogen-mogen*: mighty high (Dutch); usually used mockingly.

² *bona-roba*: wench (English word formed from Italian *buona roba*, 'good stuff').

³ *pusillage*: insignificance, punyness (implicitly, perhaps virginity).

TICKLETEXT Away, you are such another knight ... But leave this naughty discourse, and prepare for your fencing and civility-masters, who are coming ...

SIR SIGNAL Aye, when, governor, when? Oh, how I long for my civility-master, that I may learn to out-compliment all the dull knights and squires in Kent, with a *servitore hulichimo ... No signiora bellissima, base le mane, de vos signiora scusa mia illustrissimo, caspeto de bacco*; and so I'll run on. Hah governor, hah! Won't this be pure?

TICKLETEXT Notably ingenious, I profess!

SIR SIGNAL Well, I'll send my *staffiera* for him *incontinente*. ... Hey, Jack ... a ... *Cazo*, what a damned English name is Jack? Let me see ... I will call him ... Giovanni, which is as much as to say John! ... Hey, Giovanni.

Enter Jack.

TICKLETEXT Sir, by your favour, his English Protestant name is John Pepper. Snd I'll call him by ne'er a Popish name in Christiandom.

SIR SIGNAL I'll call my own man, sir, by what name I please, sir. And let me tell you, Reverend Mr Tickletext, I scorn to be served by any man whose name has not an *-acho*, or an *-oucho*, or some *Italiano* at the end on't ... (*To Jack*) Therefore, Giovanni Peperacho is the name by which you shall be distinguished and dignified hereafter.

TICKLETEXT Sir Signal, Sir Signal, let me tell you, that to call a man out of his name is unwarrantable. For Peter is called Peter, and John, John, and I'll not see the poor fellow wronged of his name for ne'er a Giovanni in Rome.

SIR SIGNAL Sir, I tell you that one Italian name is worth any two English names in Europe, and I'll be judged by my civility-master.

TICKLETEXT Who shall end the dispute, if he be of my opinion.

SIR SIGNAL *Multo vollentiero*, which is as much as to say, with all my heart.

JACK But, sir, my grandmother would never own me if I should change the Christian name she gave me with her own hands, please, your worship.

SIR SIGNAL Hey, *bestia!* I'll have no more of 'your worship', sirrah, that old English sir-reverence.⁴ Let me have you call me *signior Illustrissimo, or patrona mea ... or ...*

TICKLETEXT Aye, that I like well enough, now. ... But hold, sure, this is one of your masters.

Enter Petro dressed like a French fencing-master.

PETRO Signior *barberacho* has sent me to teach you de art of fencing.

SIR SIGNAL *Illustrissimo signior monsieur*, I am the person who am to learn.

⁴ **sir-reverence**: i.e., 'save your reverence', a polite form of address to a superior; the phrase was also used to mean 'shit', because it was by this period old-fashioned.

TICKLETEXT Stay sir, stay ... Let me ask him some few questions first, for, sir, I have played at back-sword⁵ and could have handled ye a weapon as well as any man of my time in the university.

SIR SIGNAL Say you so, Mr Tickletext? And i'faith you shall have a bout with him.

(Tickletext gravely goes to Petro.

TICKLETEXT Hum ... hum ... Mr Monsieur ... Pray, what are the guards that you like best?

PETRO *Monsieur, eder de quart or de terse.*⁶ Dey be both French and Italian. Den for your parades,⁷ degagements,⁸ your advancements, your eloignements,⁹ and retirements,¹⁰ dey be de same.

TICKLETEXT Cart and horse?¹¹ What new-found inventions and words have we here? ... Sir, I would know whether you like St George's Guard, or not.

PETRO *Alons ... Monsieur, mette vous en guard!* Take de fleuret.* *fencing foil

SIR SIGNAL Nay, faith and troth, governor, thou shalt have a set of bouts with him. *(Tickletext, smiling refuses.*

TICKLETEXT Nay, *certo*, Sir Signal ... And yet you shall prevail; ... well, sir, come your ways. *(Takes the fleuret.*

PETRO Set your right foot forward, turn up your hand so ... Sat be *de quart* ... Now turn it dus ... And dat be *de terse*.

TICKLETEXT Hocus, pocus, hicksius, doxius ... ~Here be de cart, and here be de horse ... Why, what's all this for, hah, sir? ... And where's your guard all this while?

SIR SIGNAL Aye, sir, where's your guard, sir, as my governor says, sir, hah?

TICKLETEXT Come, come, sir, I must instruct you, I see ... Come your ways, sir. ...

PETRO *Attendez, attendez un peu*, ... Trust¹² de right hand and de right leg forward together. ...

TICKLETEXT Aye, marry, sir, that's a good one indeed! what shall become of my head then, sir? what guard have I left for that, good Mr Monsieur, hah?

PETRO Ah *morbleu*, is not dis for everyting?

TICKLETEXT No, marry, is it not, sir; St George's guard is the best for your head whilst you live ... As thus, sir. ...

PETRO Dat sir, ha ha ... Dat be guard for de back-sword.

TICKLETEXT Back-sword, sir. Yes, back-sword. What should it be else?

PETRO And dis be de single-rapier.

TICKLETEXT Single-rapier, with a vengeance. There's a weapon for a gentleman, indeed! Is all this stir about single-rapier?

PETRO Single-rapier! What will you have for de gentleman; de cudgel for de gentleman?

⁵ **back-sword:** old, one-edged sword.

⁶ **eder de quart or de terse:** either by the quart fencing position or the terce fencing position. Throughout these exchanges, Petro uses a mock-French accent.

⁷ **parades:** parrying.

⁸ **degagements:** separating weapons (French).

⁹ **eloignements:** moving to a distance (French).

¹⁰ **retirements:** retreating.

¹¹ **cart and horse:** Tickletext assumes that 'quart et terse' means 'cart and horse'.

¹² **Trust:** i.e., thrust.

TICKLETEXT No, sir, but I would have it for de rascally Frenchman who comes to abuse persons of quality with paltry single-rapier. ... single rapier! Come, sir, come ... Put yourself in your cart and your horse, as you call it, and I'll show you the difference. *(Undresses himself till he appears in a ridiculous posture.*

PETRO Ah *monsieur*, me sall run you two three times through de body, and den you break-a me head, what care I for dat? ... *(Aside)* Pox on his ignorance!

TICKLETEXT Oh ho, sir, do your worst, sir, do your worst, sir.

(They put themselves into several guards, and Tickletext beats Petro about the stage ...

Enter Galliard, Fillamour and Julio.

PETRO Ah *monsieur, monsieur*, will you kill-a me?

TICKLETEXT Ah *monsieur*, where be your carts, now, and your horse, Mr Monsieur, hah! ... And your single-
rapier Mr Monsieur, hah! ...

GALLIARD Why, how now, Mr Tickletext, what mortal wars are these? Ajax and Ulysses contending for Achilles' armour?

PETRO *(Aside)* If I be not revenged on him, hang me.

SIR SIGNAL Aye, why, who the devil would have taken my governor for such a stout man-of-arms? But, *corpo de me*, Mr Galliard, I have not seen his like.

TICKLETEXT Ah sir, time was, I would have played ye a match at cudgels with e'er a student in the college. But verily I have forgotten it. But here's an impudent Frenchman that would have duped us with single-
rapier.

GALLIARD What? Nay, by my word, then he deserved to be chastised for it. ... But now all's at peace again. Pray know my kinsman, Sir Harry Fillamour.

SIR SIGNAL *Io baco les manos, signior illustrissimo cavaliero* ... And yours, signiors, who are *multo bien venito*.

TICKLETEXT Oh Lord, sir, you take me, sir ... In such a posture, sir ... as I protest I have not been seen in this many years. *(Dressing himself whilst he talks.*

FILLAMOUR Exercise is good for health, sir.

GALLIARD Sir Signal, you are grown a perfect Italian? Well, Mr Tickletext, you will carry him home a most accomplished gentleman, I see!

TICKLETEXT Hm, verily, sir, though I say it. For a man that never travelled before, I think I have done reasonably well ... I'll tell you, sir ... It was by my directions and advice that he brought over with him ... two English knives, a thousand of English pins, four pair of Jersey stockings, and as many pair of buckskin gloves.

SIR SIGNAL Aye, sir, for good gloves, you know, are very scarce commodities in this country.

JULIO Here, sir, at Rome, as you say, above all other places.

TICKLETEXT *Certo* mere hedging-gloves, sir, and the most cobbled-together seams. ...

FILLAMOUR Very right, sir ... (*aside*) And now he talks of Rome ... (*aloud*) Pray, sir, give me your opinion of the place ... Are there not noble buildings here? Rare statues, and admirable fountains?

TICKLETEXT Your buildings are pretty buildings, but not comparable to our university-buildings. Your fountains, I confess, are pretty springs ... and your statues reasonably well carved ... But, sir, they are so ancient they are of no value! Then, your churches are the worst that ever I saw ... that ever I saw.

GALLIARD What, sir, the churches? Why, I thought Rome had been famous throughout all Europe for fine churches.

FILLAMOUR What think you of St Peter's church, sir? Is it not a glorious structure?

TICKLETEXT St Peter's church, sir? You may as well call it St Peter's Hall, sir. It has neither pew, pulpit, desk, steeple, nor ring of bells, and call you this a church, sir? No, sir, I'll say that for little England, and a fig for it, for churches, easy pulpits and sleeping pews, they are as well (*Sir Signal speaks* ordered as any churches in Christiandom. And finer rings of bells, sir, I'm sure were never heard.

JULIO Oh, sir, there's much in what you say.

FILLAMOUR But then, sir, your rich altars, and excellent pictures of the greatest masters of the world, your delicate music, and voices, make some amends for the other wants.

TICKLETEXT What, sir! Tell me of your rich altars, your gewgaws and trinkets, and Popish fopperies! With a deal of sing-song ... When I say, give me, sir, five hundred close changes rung by a set of good ringers, and I'll not exchange 'em for all the anthems in Europe. And for the pictures, sir, they are superstition, idolatrous, and flat Popery.

FILLAMOUR I'll convince you of that error that persuades you harmless pictures are idolatrous.

TICKLETEXT What, sir? How, sir, convince me? Talk to me of being convinced, and that in favour of Popery? No, sir, by your favour I shall not be convinced. Convinced, quotha! ... No, sir, fare you well if you be for convincing. Come away, Sir Signal, fare you well, sir, fare you well ... Convinced! (*goes out*.)

SIR SIGNAL Ha, ha, ha. So now is my governor gone in a fustian-fume. Well, he is ever thus when one talks of whoring and religion. But come, sir, walk in, and I'll undertake my tutor shall beg your pardon and renounce his English ill-bred opinion. Nay, his English churches too ... All but his own vicarage.

FILLAMOUR I have better diversion, sir, I thank you ... Come, Julio, are you for a walk in the garden of Medicis' villa? 'Tis nearby ...

JULIO I'll accompany you ... (*Exeunt Fillamour and Julio.*)

SIR SIGNAL What, in the garden of Medicis' villa? ... But harkye, Galliard, will the ladies be there, the courtesans? The *bona robas*, the *inamoratas*, and the *bell ingratos*, hah?

GALLIARD Oh doubtless, sir. (*Exit Galliard.*)

SIR SIGNAL I'll certainly bring my governor thither to beg his pardon, on purpose to get an opportunity to see the fine women. It may be I may get a sight of my new mistress, Donna Silvanetta, whom Petro is to bring me acquainted with. (*Exit.*)

Act II, scene 1.

Enter Morisini and Octavio.

OCTAVIO By heaven, I will not eat, nor sleep, nor pray for anything but swift and sure revenge, till I have found Marcella, that false deceiving beauty, or her lover, my hated rival Fillamour! Who, wanton in the arms of the fair fugitive, laughs at my shameful easiness, and cries, 'These joys were never meant for tame Octavio!'

Enter Crapine.

MORISINI How now, Crapine! What, no news, no news of my nieces yet, Marcella nor Cornelia?

CRAPINI None, sir.

OCTAVIO That's wondrous strange. Rome's a place of that general gossip, methinks thou might'st have news of such trivial things as women, amongst the cardinals' pages. I'll undertake to learn the *ragion de stato*, and present juncture of all affairs in Italy of a common courtesan.

MORISINI Sirrah, sirrah, let be it your care to examine all the nunneries. For my own part, not a petticoat shall escape me. ...

OCTAVIO *(Aside)* My task shall be for Fillamour.

MORISINI I'll only make a visit to your sister Donna Laura Lucretia, and deliver her a letter from my nephew Julio, and return to you presently. ... *(Going out, is stopped by Octavio.)*

OCTAVIO Stay, sir. Defer your visit to my sister Laura. She is not yet to know of my being in town. 'Tis why I have taken a lodging in an obscure street, and am resolved never to be myself again till I've redeemed my honour. Come, sir, let's walk. ...

Enter to them, as they are going out, Marcella and Cornelia, dressed like courtesans, Philipa, and attendants.

MORISINI Stay, stay, what women are these?

OCTAVIO Whores, sir. And so, 'tis ten to one, are all the kind. Only these differ from the rest in this: they generously own their trade of sin, which others deal by stealth in. They are courtesans. *(Exeunt.)*

MARCELLA The evening's soft and calm, as happy lovers' thoughts:

And here are groves where the kind meeting trees
Will hide us from the amorous gazing crowd.

CORNELIA What should we do there? Sigh till our wandering breath

Has raised a gentle gale amongst the boughs?
To whose dull melancholy music, we,
Laid on a bed of moss and new fallen leaves,
Will read the dismal tale of Echo's love!

... No, I can make better use of famous Ovid!

(Snatches a little book from Marcella.)

And, prithee, what a pox have we to do with trees,
Flowers, fountains, or naked statues?

MARCELLA But prithee, mad Cornelia, let's be grave and wise, at least enough to think a little.

CORNELIA On what? Your English cavalier, Fillamour, of whom you tell so many dull stories of his making love?
Oh, how I hate a civil, whining coxcomb.

MARCELLA And so do I. I'll therefore think of him no more.

CORNELIA Good Lord, what a damnable wicked thing is a virgin grown up to woman.

MARCELLA Why, art thou such a fool to think I love this Fillamour?

CORNELIA It may be not at Rome, but at Viterbo, where men are scarce, you did. And did you follow him to
Rome, to tell him you could love no more?

MARCELLA A too forward maid, Cornelia, hurts her own reputation, and that of all her sex.

CORNELIA Her sex, a pretty consideration, by my youth. An oath I shall not violate this dozen year. My sex
should excuse me, if, to preserve their fame, they expected I should ruin my own quiet in choosing an
ill-favoured husband such as Octavio, before a young handsome lover, such as you say Fillamour is.

MARCELLA I would fain persuade myself to be of thy mind ... But the world, Cornelia ...

CORNELIA Hang the malicious world ...

MARCELLA And there's such charms in wealth and honour, too!

CORNELIA None half so powerful as love, in my opinion. 'Life, sister, thou art beautiful, and hast a fortune too,
which, before I would lay out upon so shameful a purchase as such a bedfellow for life as Octavio, I
would turn absolute, keeping courtesan, and buy my better fortune.

MARCELLA That word, too, startles me.

CORNELIA What, courtesan? Why, 'tis a noble title, and has more votaries than religion. There's no
merchandise like ours, that of love, my sister! ... And can you be frightened with the vizer which you
yourself put on?

MARCELLA 'Twas the only disguise that could secure us from the search of my uncle and Octavio. Our brother,
Julio, is by this time, too, arrived, and I know they'll all be diligent ... And some honour I was content
to sacrifice to my eternal repose.

CORNELIA Spoke like my sister. A little, impertinent honour we may chance to lose, 'tis true; but our right down
virginity, I perceive, you are resolved we shall maintain through all the dangers of love and gallantry.
... Though to say truth, I find enough to do, to defend my heart against some of those members that
nightly serenade us, and daily show themselves before our window, gay as young bridegrooms and as
full of expectation.

MARCELLA But is it not wondrous, that amongst all these crowds we should not once see Fillamour? I thought
the charms of a fair young courtesan might have obliged him to some curiosity, at least.

CORNELIA Aye! And an English cavalier, too, a nation so fond of all new faces.

MARCELLA Heaven, if I should never see him, and I frequent all public places to meet him! Or, if he be gone from Rome. If he have forgot me, or some other beauty have employed his thoughts! ...

CORNELIA Whe, if all these ifs and ors come to pass, we have no more to do than to advance in this same glorious profession of which now we only seem to be: ... In which, to give it its due, there are a thousand satisfactions to be found, more than in a dull virtuous life! Oh, the world of dark-lantern men we should have. The serenades, the songs, the sighs, the vows, the presents, the quarrels, and all for a look or a smile. Which you have been, hitherto, so covetous of, that Petro swears our lovers begin to suspect us for some honest jilts. Which by some is accounted much the lewder scandal of the two ... Therefore, I think, faith, we must just be kind a little, to redeem our reputations.

MARCELLA However we may teasse, certainly there's nothing so hard to woman as to expose herself to villainous man.

CORNELIA Faith, sister, if 'twere but as easy to satisfy the nice scruples of religion and honour, I should find no great difficulty in the rest ... Besides, another argument I have: our money's all gone, and, without a miracle, can hold out no longer honestly. ...

MARCELLA Then we must sell our jewels!

CORNELIA When they are gone, what jewel will you part with next?

MARCELLA Then we must ...

CORNELIA What, go home to Viterbo, ask the old gentleman pardon, and be received to grace again? You to the embraces of the amiable Octavio; and I to St Teretia's, to whistle through a grate like a bird in a cage ... For I shall have little heart to sing ... But come, let's leave this sad talk. Here's men ... Let's walk and gain new conquest. I love it dearly. ... *(They walk down the garden.)*

Enter Galliard, Fillamour and Julio. They see the women.

GALLIARD Women! And, by their garb, for our purpose, too ... They're courtesans. Let's follow 'em.

FILLAMOUR What shall we get by gazing, but disquiet? If they are fair and honest, we look and perhaps may sigh in vain. If beautiful and loose, they are not worth regarding.

GALLIARD Dear, notional knight, leave your satirical fopperies, and be at least good humoured, and let's follow 'em.

JULIO I'll leave you in the pursuit, and take this opportunity to write my uncle word of my arrival. And wait on you here anon.

FILLAMOUR Prithee, do so. Hah, who's that with such a retinue? *(Exit Julio, Fillamour and Galliard following.)*

As they exit, Marcella and Cornelia meet Laura Lucretia, dressed like a man, just entering with her attendants.

GALLIARD Pox, let the tradesmen ask, who cringe for such gay customers, and let us follow the women!

(Exit Fillamour and Galliard, Laura Lucretia watching them.)

LAURA LUCRETIA 'Tis he, my cavalier! My conqueror. Antonio, let the coaches wait ... and stand at distance all!
 Now, Silvio, on thy life, forget my sex and quality, forget my useless name of Laura Lucretia, and call me Count of ...

SILVIO What, madam?

LAURA LUCRETIA Madam! Ah, foolish boy, thy feminine courage will betray us all. ... But ... call me ... Count ... *sans Coeur* ... And tell me, Silvio, how is it I appear?
 How dost thou like my shape ... My face and clothes?
 My mien and equipage?¹ May I not pass for man?
 Looks it *en prince*, and masculine?

SILVIO Now, as I live, you look all over what you wish. And such as will beget a reverence and envy in the men, and passion in the women. But what's the cause of all this transformation?

LAURA LUCRETIA Love! Love! Dull boy, couldst thou not guess 'twas love? That dear *Inglese* I must enjoy, my Silvio.

SILVIO What, he that adores the fair young courtesan?

LAURA LUCRETIA That very he.
 My window joins to hers, and 'twas with charms
 Which he'd prepared for her, he took this heart,
 Which met the welcome arrows in their flight,
 And saved her from their dangers.
 Oft I've returned the vows he's made to her
 And sent him pleased away,
 When, through the errors of the night, and distance,
 He has mistook me for that happy wanton,
 And gave me language of so soft a power,
 As ne'er was breathed in vain to listening maids*. *virgins

SILVIO But, with permission, madam, how does this change of petticoat for britches, and shifting houses too, advance that love?

LAURA LUCRETIA This costume, besides many opportunities 'twill give me of getting into his acquaintance, secures me, too, from being known by any of my relations in Rome. Then, I have changed my house for one so near to that of Silvanetta's, and so like it too, that even you and I have oft mistook the entrance. By which means love, fortune, or chance, may, with my industry, contrive some kind mistake that may make me happier than the rest of womankind.

SILVIO But what shall be reserved, then, for Count Julio, whose last letters promise his arrival within a day or two, and whom you're then to marry?

¹ **mien and equipage:** appearance and the way I am turned out.

LAURA LUCRETIA Reserved for him? A wife! A wife, my Silvio,
That unconcerned, domestic necessary,
Who rarely brings a heart, or takes it soon away.

SILVIO But then your brother, Count Octavio. Do you not fear his jealousy?

LAURA LUCRETIA Octavio! Oh, Nature has set his soul and mine at odds,
And I can know no fear, but where I love.

SILVIO And then that thing that ladies call their honour ...

LAURA LUCRETIA Honour, that hated idol, even by those
That set it up to worship. No,
I have a soul, my boy, and that's all love!
And I'll the talent which heaven lent, improve.

As she begins to go out, Laura Lucretia meets Marcella and Cornelia, followed by Galliard and Fillamour.

SILVIO Here be the courtesans, my lord.

LAURA LUCRETIA Hah, Silvianetta and Euphemia! pursued too by my cavalier.

I'll round the garden, and mix myself amongst 'em. *(Exit with her train.*

MARCELLA Prithee, sister, let's retire into the grove, to avoid the pursuit of these cavaliers.

CORNELIA Not I, by these killing eyes! I'll stand my ground were there a thousand, all arm'd with conquering
beauty.

MARCELLA Hah ... Now, on my conscience, yonder's Fillamour!

CORNELIA Ha! Fillamour!

MARCELLA My courage fails me at the sight of him ... I must retire.

CORNELIA And I'll to my *Art of Love!*² *(Marcella retires and leans against a tree; Cornelia walks
about reading.*

GALLIARD 'Tis she, 'tis Silvianetta! Prithee, advance, that thou mayst behold her and renounce all honest
women. Since in that one young sinner there are charms that would excuse even to thee all frailty.

FILLAMOUR The forms of angels could not reconcile me
To women of her trade.

GALLIARD This is too happy an opportunity to be lost in convincing thy singularity ... *(Galliard goes bowing
by the side of Cornelia. Fillamour walks about upstage)* ... If creatures so fair and charming as yourself
had any need of prayer, I should believe, by your profound attention, you were at your evening's
devotion.

CORNELIA That you may find your mistake in the opinion of my charms, pray believe I am so, and ought not
to be interrupted.

GALLIARD I hope a man may have leave to make his devotions by you, at least, without danger or offence?

² **Art of Love:** Ovid's famous book, *Ars Amatoria*.

CORNELIA I know not that. I have reason to fear your devotion may be ominous, like a blazing star. It comes but seldom ... but ever threatens mischief ... Pray heaven I share not in the calamity.

GALLIARD Whe, I confess, madam, my fit of zeal does not take me often, but when it does, 'tis very harmless and wondrous hearty. ...

CORNELIA You may begin, then. I shall not be so wicked as to disturb your orisons.

GALLIARD I wish I could be well assured of that, for mine's devotion of great necessity, and the blessing I pray infinitely for, conserves me. Therefore, in Christian charity, keep down your eyes, and do not ruin a young man's good intentions. Unless they would agree to send kind looks, and save me the expense of prayer.

CORNELIA Which would be better laid out, you think, upon some other blessing?

GALLIARD Whe, faith, 'tis good to have a little bank upon occasion, though I hope I shall have no great need hereafter ... If the charming Silvanetta be but kind, 'tis all I ask of heaven.

CORNELIA You're very well acquainted with my name, I find.

GALLIARD Your name! 'Tis all I have to live on.

Like cheerful birds, 'tis the first tune I sing

To welcome in the day:

The groves repeat it, and the fountains purl it,

And every pretty sound that fills my ear

Turns all to Silvanetta!

(Fillamour looks a while on Marcella.

FILLAMOUR Galliard, look there ... Look on that lovely woman. 'Tis Marcella! The beautiful Marcella!

(Offers to run to her; Galliard holds him back.

GALLIARD Hold! Marcella? Where?

FILLAMOUR That lady there. Didst ever see her equal?

GALLIARD ... Whe, faith, as you say, Harry, that lady is beautiful ... And, make us thankful ... kind. Whe, 'tis Euphemia, sir, the very courtesan I would have showed you. ...

FILLAMOUR Forbear. I am not fit for mirth.

GALLIARD Nor I in humour to make you merry;

I tell ye ... yonder woman ... is a courtesan.

FILLAMOUR Do not prophane, nor rob heaven of a saint!

GALLIARD Nor you rob mankind of such a blessing by giving it to heaven before its time. ... I tell thee, 'tis a whore! A fine, desirable, expensive whore.

FILLAMOUR By heaven, it cannot be! I'll speak to her, and call her my Marcella, and undeceive thy lewd opinion.

(Offers to go; Galliard holds him back.

GALLIARD Do, greet her in good company for an honest woman ... Do ... And spoil her markets: ... 'Twill be a pretty civil spiteful compliment, and no doubt well taken; ... Come, I'll convince ye, sir *(Goes and pulls Philipa)* ... *(To Philipa)* Harkye, thou kind helpmeet for man ... Thou gentle child of night ... What

is the price of a night or two of pleasure with yonder lady? ... Euphemia, I mean, that Roman courtesan. ...

FILLAMOUR Oh heavens! A courtesan!

PHILIPA Sure, you're a great stranger in Rome, that cannot tell her price.

GALLIARD I am so ... Name it, prithee. Here's a young English purchaser ... *(To Fillamour)* Come forward, man, and bargain for your self, ... *(Pulls him.*

PHILIPA Oh, spare your pains, she lacks no customers. ... *(flings away.*

FILLAMOUR No, no, it cannot, must not be Marcella!

She has too much divinity about her
Not to defend her from all imputation;
Scandal would die to hear her name pronounced.

PHILIPA *(aside to Marcella)* Believe me, madam, he knows you not. I overheard all he said to that cavalier, and find he's much in love.

MARCELLA Not know me, and in love! Punish him, heaven, for falsehood. But I'll deceive him on, and ruin him with perjury.

FILLAMOUR I am not yet convinced, I'll try her farther. *(Goes to Marcella, bowing.*

... But, madam, is that heavenly beauty purchasable? I'll pay a heart rich with such wounds and flames ...

GALLIARD Not forgetting the money too, good lad, or your wounds and flames will be of little use!
(Galliard goes to Cornelia.

MARCELLA *(To Fillamour)* He tells you truth, sir. We are not like the ladies of your country, who tire out their men with loving upon the square, heart for heart, till it becomes as dull as matrimony. To women of our profession there's no rhetoric like ready money, nor love-letter like bill of exchange.

FILLAMOUR Oh! Yhat heaven should make two persons so resembling,
And yet such different souls *(Looks at her.*

... 'S death how she darts me through with every look,
But if she speak she heals the wound again.

Enter Octavio, with followers.

OCTAVIO Hah, my rival, Fillamour, here! Fall on ... Draw, sir ... and say I gave you one advantage more and fought thee fairly.

Octavio draws on Fillamour. Fillamour fights him out. The ladies run off. Galliard falls on the followers. Whilst he is engaged with them, enters Julio, draws and assists him, and the cross-dressed Laura Lucretia at the same time on the other side. Enter Petro, dressed like a civility-master, Sir Signal and Tickletext. Sir Signal climbs a tree. Tickletext runs his head in a bush, and lies on his hands and knees. Petro assists Galliard and fights out the bravos. Petro re-enters.

LAURA LUCRETIA *(aside)* Hah, my cavalier engaged amongst the slaves.

PETRO (*aside*) My ladies' lovers! and set upon by *Octavio*! we must be diligent in our affairs. [*aloud.*] Sir Signal, where are ye? Signior Tickletext! I hope they have not miscarried in the fray.

SIR SIGNAL Oh, *vot Servitor vos Signoria*, miscarried, no, the fool has wit enough to keep out of harm's way.
(Comes down from the tree.

PETRO Oh, very discreetly done, signior. ...
(Sees Tickletext in a bush, pulls him out by the heels.

SIR SIGNAL Whe, how now, governor; what, afraid of swords?

TICKLETEXT No, sir, I am not afraid of swords, but I am afraid of danger.

Enter Galliard embracing Laura Lucretia; after them, Julio and Fillamour. Fillamour looks about.

GALLIARD This bravery, sir, was wondrous!

LAURA LUCRETIA 'Twas only justice, sir, you being oppressed with odds.

FILLAMOUR She's gone! She's gone in triumph with my soul.

JULIO What was the matter, sir. How came this mischief?

FILLAMOUR Oh easily, sir. I did but look, and infinitely loved.

JULIO And for that were you drawn upon, or was it some old pique?

FILLAMOUR I know not, sir. Oh, tell not me of quarrels.

The woman, friend, the woman has undone me!

GALLIARD Oh, a blessed hearing! I'm glad of the reformation, sir. You were so squeamish, forsooth, that you would not swallow the idea of a whore! No, 'twould spoil your reputation. ...

FILLAMOUR A whore! I wish I could be convinced she were so. 'Twould call my virtue home, and make me man again.

GALLIARD Thou liest ... thou'rt as weak a brother as the best of us. And believe me, Harry, these sort of damsels are like witches. If they once get hold of a man, he's their own till the charm be ended. You guess what that is, sir?

FILLAMOUR Oh Frank, hadst thou then felt how tenderly she pressed my hand in hers, as if she would have kept there for ever, it would have made thee mad, stark mad in love! ... (*Aside*) And nothing but Marcella could have charmed me.

GALLIARD Ay, Gad, I'll warrant thee ... Well, thou shalt this night enjoy her.

FILLAMOUR How!

GALLIARD How? Whe, faith, Harry, e'en the old way, I know no other. Whe, thou shalt lie with her, man! Come, let's to her.

FILLAMOUR Away, let's follow her instantly. *(Going out, stopped by Sir Signal.*

Enter Sir Signal, Tickletext, and Petro.

SIR SIGNAL Signior, I have brought Mr Tickletext to beg your pardon ... sir.

FILLAMOUR I've other business, sir. *(Goes out.*

GALLIARD Come, let's follow him. And you, my generous cavalier, must give me leave to beg the honour of your friendship.

LAURA LUCRETIA My inclinations, sir, have given you more ... Pray, let me wait on you to your lodgings, lest a farther insolence should be offered you.

GALLIARD Sir, you oblige too fast. *(They go out.)*

SIR SIGNAL Ah, *che diavolo* ails these hot-brained fellows? Sure they're drunk.

PETRO Oh *si*, signior, drunk, for a man of quality ... 'Tis intolerable.

SIR SIGNAL Aye. Whe, how so, signior *Morigoroso*?

PETRO *Imbriaco* had made it a fine speech indeed.

SIR SIGNAL Whe, faith, and so it had, as thus, ... *Ach diavolo* ails these hot-brained fellows, sure they are *imbriaco* ... Now would not I be drunk for a thousand crowns: *imbriacho* sounds *cinquat par cent* better ... Come, noble signior, let's *andiamo a casa*, which is as much as to say, let's amble home. ...

TICKLETEXT In troth, wondrous expert ... *Certo*, signior, he's an apt scholar.

SIR SIGNAL Ah, sir, you shall see, when I come to my civilities ...

PETRO Where the first lesson you shall learn, is, how to give, and how to receive, with a *bon-grace*!

TICKLETEXT That receiving lesson I will learn myself.

PETRO This unfrequented part of the garden, signior, will fit our purpose as well as your lodgings, ... first then ... signiors your address, *(Puts himself in the middle of Tickletext and Sir Signal.)*

(Petro bows on both sides. They do the like.)

... Very well! that's at the approach of any person of quality, after which you must take out your snuff-box.

SIR SIGNAL Snuff-box. Whe, we take no snuff, signior.

PETRO Then, sir, by all means you must learn. For besides the mode and gravity of it, it invivates the *pericranium*; that is, sapientiates the brain ... That is, inspires wit, thought, invention, understanding, and the like ... You conceive me signiors ... *(Bowing.)*

SIR SIGNAL Most profoundly, signior. ... *(Bowing.)*

PETRO ... Then, signiors, it keeps you in confidence, and countenance. And whilst you gravely seem to take a snush, you gain time to answer to the purpose (and in a politic posture ... as thus) ... to any intricate question.

TICKLETEXT Hm ... *certo*, I like that well. And 'twere admirable if a man were allowed to take it when he's out in his sermon.

PETRO Doubtless, signior, you might. It helps the memory better than rosemary, therefore I have brought each of you a snuff-box.

SIR SIGNAL By no means. Excuse me signior. *(Refuses to take them.)*

PETRO Ah, bagatelles, signior, bagatelles. And now, signiors, I'll teach you how to take it with a handsome grace. Signior your hand ... And yours, signior. *(Lays snuff on their hands.)*

... So, now draw your hand to and fro under your noses, and snuff it hard up: ... Excellent well.

(They daub all their noses, and make grimaces and sneeze.)

SIR SIGNAL Methinks, signior, this snuff stinks most damnably. Pray, what scent do you call this?

PETRO *Cackamarda orangate*, a rare perfume, I'll assure ye, sir.

SIR SIGNAL *Cackamarda orangate*. If 'twere not for the name of *Cackamarda*, and so forth, a man had as good have a sir-reverence³ at his nose. *(Sneezes; often he cries 'bonprovache'.*

PETRO *Bonprovache* ... Signior, you do not understand it yet, *bonprovache*.

SIR SIGNAL Whe, sir, 'tis impossible to endure this same *cackamarda*. Whe, *assafoetida* is odoriferous to it. *(Sneezing.)*

PETRO 'Tis your right *dulce piquante*, believe me ... But come, signiors, wipe your noses and proceed to your giving lesson.

SIR SIGNAL As how, signior?

PETRO Whe ... Present me with something ... that ... diamond on your finger, to show the manner of giving handsomely. *(Sir Signal gives it him)* ... Oh fie, signior ... Between your finger and thumb ... thus ... with your other fingers at a distance ... With a speech, and a bow. ...

SIR SIGNAL *Illustrissimo* signior, the manifold obligations ...

PETRO Now, a fine turn of your hand ... thus ... Oh, that sets off the present, and makes it sparkle in the eyes of the receiver. ... *(Sir Signal turns his hand.)*

SIR SIGNAL ... Which you have heaped upon me, ...

PETRO There flourish again. *(He flourishes.)*

SIR SIGNAL Obliges me to beg your acceptance of this small present, which will receive a double lustre from your fair hand. *(Gives it him.)*

PETRO Now, kiss your fingers' ends, and retire back with a bow.

TICKLETEXT ... Most admirably performed.

SIR SIGNAL Nay, sir, I have docity in me, though I say it. Come, tutor, let's see how you can out-do me in the art of presenting.

TICKLETEXT Well, sir, come. Your snuff-box will serve instead of my ring, will it not?

PETRO By no means, sir. There is such a certain relation between a finger and a ring, that no present becomes either the giving or the receiving hand half so well.

SIR SIGNAL Whe, 'twill be restor'd again. 'Tis but to practise by.

PETRO Ay, signior. The next thing you are to learn is to receive.

TICKLETEXT Most worthy signior, I have so exhausted the *cornucopia* of your favours... *(Flourishes)* and tasted so plenteously of the fullness of your bounteous liberality, that to retaliate with this small gem ... is but to offer a spark, where I have received a beam of superabundant sunshine. ... *(Gives it.)*

³ **sir-reverence:** i.e., 'save your reverence', a polite form of address to a superior; the phrase was also used to mean 'shit', because it was by this period old-fashioned.

SIR SIGNAL Most rhetorically performed, as I hope to breathe. Tropes and figures all over.

TICKLETEXT Oh Lord, Sir Signal.

PETRO Excellent ... Now let's see if you can refuse as civilly as you gave, which is by an obstinate denial. Stand both together ... Illustrious signiors, upon my honour, my little merit has not entitled me to the glory of so splendid an offering. Trophies worthy to be laid only at your magnanimous feet.

SIR SIGNAL Ah, signior. No, no ...

PETRO Signior Tickletext. *(Petro offers. They refuse, going backward.)*

TICKLETEXT Nay *certo* signior! ...

PETRO With what confidence can I receive so rich a present? Signior Tickletext, ah ... signior ...

SIR SIGNAL I vow, signior ... I'm ashamed you should offer it.

TICKLETEXT In verity, and so am I. *(still going back. Petro follows.)*

PETRO *Pardio! Bacchus*, most incomparable. ...

TICKLETEXT But when, signior, are we to learn to receive again? ...

PETRO Oh, sir, that's always a lesson of itself ... But now, signiors, I'll teach you how to act a story.

SIR SIGNAL What! How, signior, to act a story?

PETRO Aye, sir. No matter for words or sense, so the body perform its part well.

SIR SIGNAL How, tell a story without words? Whe, this were an excellent device for Mr Tickletext, when he's to hold forth to the congregation, and has lost his sermon-notes ... Whe, this is wonderful. ...

PETRO Oh, sir, I have taught it men born deaf, and blind ... Look ye, stand close together, and observe ... Closer yet: *(Gets between them)* ... A certain *ecclesiastico*, plump, and rich ... *(Makes a sign of being fat)* riding along the road ... *(Gallop about the stage)* meets a *pavero strapiao*, ... *un pavero strapiao*, *paure strapiao*: ... *strapiao* ... *strapiao* ... *strapiao*: ... *(Puts himself into the posture of a lean beggar; his hands right down by his sides, ... and picks both their pockets)* *Elemosuna per un paure strapiao, par a moure de dievos* ... At last he begs a *julio* ... *(Makes the fat bishop)* *Neinte!* ... *(lean)* Then the *paure strapiao* begs a *mezzo julio* ... *(fat)* *Neinte* ... *(lean)* *Une bacio* ... *(fat)* *Niente* ... At last he begs his blessing ... and see how willingly the *ecclesiastico* gave his benediction *(Opening his arms, hits them both in the face)* ... *Scusa scusa mea patronas* ... *(Begs their pardon.)*

SIR SIGNAL Yes, very willingly. Which, by the way, he had never done had it been worth a farthing.

TICKLETEXT Marry, I would he had been a little sparing of that too, at this time ... *(sneezes)* A shame on't, it has stirred this same *cackamerda* again most foully.

PETRO Your pardon, signior ... But come, Sir Signal ... Let's see how you will make this silent relation ... Come stand between us two ...

SIR SIGNAL Nay, let me trust my memory ... Come.

PETRO *(aside)* I think I have revenged my backword-beating. *(goes off.)*

SIR SIGNAL *Un paureo strapado* ... plump and rich ... No, no, the *ecclesiastico* meets *un paureo strapado* ... and begs a *julio*.

TICKLETEXT Oh no, sir, the *strapado* begs the *julio*.

SIR SIGNAL Aye, aye, and the *ecclesiastico* cries *niente ... (snaps his nail) Un meze julio! ... Niente ... Un bacio. Niente*. Your blessing, then, signior *ecclesiastico*

(spreads out his arms to give his blessing ... and hits Tickletext.

TICKLETEXT Ads me, you are all a little too liberal of this same benediction.

SIR SIGNAL Hah ... But where's signior *Morigoroso*? What, is he gone? ... But now I think on't, 'tis a point of good manners to go without taking leave.

TICKLETEXT It may be so, but I wish I had my ring again. I do not like the giving lesson without the taking one. Whe, this is picking a man's pocket, *certo*.

SIR SIGNAL Not so, tutor, for then I had had a considerable loss. Look ye here ... What? ... *(feeling in his pocket)* What? ... *(in another)* What? ... Gone? Gone, as I live! My money, tutor! All the gold *barberacho* received of my merchant today ... All gone. ...

TICKLETEXT Hah ... and mine ... *(aside)* All my stock, the money which I thought to have made a present to the gentlewoman *barberacho* was to bring me to ... *(aloud)* ... Undone, undone ... Villains, cutpurses ... cheats. Oh, run after him.

SIR SIGNAL A pox of all silent stories: rogue, thief ... undone. ...

ACT III, SCENE I.

Enter Julio and his page.

JULIO What! The lady whom I followed from St Peter's church a courtesan?

PAGE A courtesan, my lord, fair as the morning, and as young.

JULIO I know she's fair and young, but is she to be had, boy?

PAGE My lord she is ... Her footman told me she was a *zittella*.

JULIO How, a *zittella*! ... A virgin. 'Tis impossible.

PAGE I cannot swear it, sir, but so he told me. He said she had a world of people in love with her. Her name is Silvanetta, sir, and her lodgings ...

JULIO I know, are on the Corso. A courtesan! And a *zittella* too? A pretty contradiction! But I'll let her off the last, if I might enjoy her as the first. Whate'er the price be, I'm resolved upon the adventure; and will this minute prepare myself.

As Julio is going off, enter Morisini and Octavio.

... *(aside)* Hah ... Does the light deceive me, or is that indeed my uncle, in earnest conference with a cavalier? ... 'Tis he ... I'll step aside till he's passed, lest he hinders this night's diversion. *(Goes aside)*

MORISINI I say 'twas rashly done, to fight him unexamined.

OCTAVIO I need not ask. My reason has informed me. And I'm convinced, where'er he has concealed her, that she is fled with Fillamour.

JULIO (*aside*) Who is it they speak of?

MORISINI Well well, sure my ancestors committed some horrid crime against Nature, that she sent this pest of womankind into our family ... Two nieces for my share ... By heaven, a proportion sufficient to undo six generations.

JULIO (*aside*) Hah! Two nieces. What of them?

MORISINI I am like to give a blessed account of them to their brother, Julio, my nephew, at his return.

There's a new plague, now ... But my comfort is, I shall be mad, and there's an end on't. (*Weeps.*)

JULIO (*aside*) My curiosity must be satisfied ... (*aloud*) Have patience, noble sir ...

MORISINI Patience is a flatterer sir, ... and an ass sir, and I'll have none on't ... Hah, what art thou?

JULIO Has five or six years made ye lose the remembrance of your nephew ... Julio!

MORISINI Julio! I wish I had met thee going to thy grave. (*Weeps.*)

JULIO Why so, sir?

MORISINI Your sisters, sir, your sisters are both gone. ... (*Weeps.*)

JULIO How gone, sir?

MORISINI Run away, sir. Flown, sir.

JULIO Heavens! Which way?

MORISINI Nay, who can tell the ways of fickle women? ... In short, sir, your sister Marcella was to have been married to this noble gentleman ... Nay, was engaged to him, fairly engaged in my own chapel. But no sooner was his back turned ... but in a pernicious moonlight night she shows me a fair pair of heels, with the young baggage, your other sister Cornelia, who was just come from the monastery where I had her brought up, to see her sister married.

JULIO A curse upon the sex. Why must man's honour
Depend upon their frailty?
... Come ... give me but any clue which way they went,
And I will trace them with that careful vengeance. ...

OCTAVIO Spoke like a man that understands his honour,
And I can guess how we may find the fugitives.

JULIO Oh name it quickly, sir!

OCTAVIO There was a young cavalier ... some time at Viterbo,
Who, I confess, had charms heaven has denied to me,
That trifle beauty, which was made to please
Vain foolish woman, which the brave and wise
Lack leisure to design.

JULIO And what of him?

OCTAVIO This fine, gay thing came in your sister's way, and made that conquest Nature meant such fools for.
And, sir, she's fled with him.

JULIO Oh, show me the man, the daring, hardy villain.
Bring me but in the view of my revenge, ... and if I fail to take it,
Brand me with everlasting infamy.

OCTAVIO That, we must leave to Fortune, and our industry ... Come, sir, let's walk, and think best what to do. ...

As Julio and Octavio are going downstage, enter Fillamour, Galliard and a page.

FILLAMOUR Is not that Julio? ... Boy, run and call him back.

Exit the page, and re-enters with Julio.

JULIO Oh, Fillamour, I've heard such killing news since last I left thee.

FILLAMOUR What, prithee?

JULIO I had a sister, friend ... dear as my life,
And bred with all the virtues of her sex.
No vestals at the holy fire employed themselves
In innocenter business than this virgin,
Till love! the fatal fever of her heart,
Betrayed her harmless hours.
And just upon the point of being married,
The thief stole in, and robbed us of this treasure.
She's left her husband, parents, and her honour,
And's fled with the base ruiner of her virtue.

FILLAMOUR And lives the villain who durst affront ye thus?

JULIO He does!

GALLIARD Where, in what distant world?

JULIO I know not.

FILLAMOUR What is he called?

JULIO I know not neither ... Some god direct me to the ravisher!
And if he scape my rage,
May cowards point me out for one of their tame herd.

FILLAMOUR In all your quarrels I must join my sword.

GALLIARD And if you want, ... here's another sir, ... that though it be not often drawn in anger, nor cares to be, shall not be idle in good company.

JULIO I thank ye both, and if I have occasion, will borrow their assistance. But I must leave you for a minute.
I'll wait on you anon. ...

As they all three walk as down the street talking, enter Laura Lucretia, with her attendants

LAURA LUCRETIA Beyond my wish, I'm got into his friendship,

But oh, how distant friendship is from love!
That's all bestowed on the fair prostitute!
... Ah, Silvio, when he took me in his arms,
Pressing my willing bosom to his breast,
Kissing my cheek, calling me lovely youth,
And wondering how such beauty, and such bravery,
Met in a man so young! Ah then, my boy!
Then, in that happy minute,
How near was I to telling all my soul.
My blushes and my sighs were all prepared,
My eyes cast down, my trembling lips just parting, ...
But still, as I was ready to begin,
He cries out 'Silvianetta!'
And to prevent mine, tells me all his love!

... But see ... he's here. ...

(Fillamour and Galliard coming upstage.)

GALLIARD Come, lay by all sullen unresolves, for now the hour of the *berjère*¹ approaches, night, that was made for lovers! ... Hah! my dear Sans Coeur? My life, my soul, my joy! Thou art of my opinion?

LAURA LUCRETIA I'm sure I am, whate'er it be.

GALLIARD Whe, my friend here and I have sent and paid our fine for a small tenement of pleasure, and I'm for taking present possession. ... But hold ... If you should be a rival after all!

LAURA LUCRETIA Not in your Silvianetta. My love has a nice* appetite, *fastidious

And must be fed with high uncommon delicates.

I have a mistress, sir, of quality.

Fair, as imagination paints young angels,

Wanton and gay as was the first Corinna

That charmed our best of poets*.

*Ovid, who wrote poems to Corinna

Young as the spring, and cheerful as the birds

That welcome in the day.

Witty as fancy makes the revelling gods,

And equally as bounteous when she blesses.

GALLIARD Ah, for a fine young whore, with all these charms! but that same quality allays the joy. There's such a damned ado with the obligation, that half the pleasure's lost in ceremony,

... Here, for a thousand crowns I reign alone,

¹ *berjère*: shepherd (French); alluding to pastoral love-scenes.

Revel all day in love without control.

... But come, to our business. I have given order for music, lanterns, and pistols.

(This while Fillamour stands studying.

FILLAMOUR *(Pausing, aside)* ... Death! If it should not be Marcella now!

GALLIARD Prithee no more considering. ... Resolve, and let's about it.

FILLAMOUR I would not tempt my heart again. For love,

Whate'er it may be in another's breast,

In mine, 'twill turn to a religious fire.

And so to burn for her, a common mistress,

Would be an infamy below her practice.

GALLIARD Oh, if that be all, doubt not, Harry, but an hour's conversation with Euphemia will convert it to as lewd a flame as a man would wish.

LAURA LUCRETIA What a fuss is here about a courtesan! What ado to persuade a man to a blessing all Rome is languishing for in vain ... Come sir, we must deal with him as physicians do with peevish children: force him to take what will cure him.

FILLAMOUR And like those damned physicians, kill me, for want of method. No, I know my own sickness best, and your remedies will make me mad.

GALLIARD Pox on't, that one cannot love a woman like a man, but one must love like an ass.

LAURA LUCRETIA 'S heart, I'll be bound to lie with all the women in Rome with less ado than you are brought to one.

GALLIARD Hear ye that, Henry? 'S death, art not ashamed to be instructed by one so young? ... But see ... The star there appears ... The star that conducts thee to the shore of bliss ...

Marcella and Cornelia enter above.

She comes; let's feel thy heart! she comes!

So breaks the day on the glad eastern hills!

Or the bright god of rays from Thetis'² lap: ...

A rapture, now, dear lad, and then fall to, for thou art old dog at a long grace. ...

FILLAMOUR *(Aside)* Now I'm mere man again, with all his frailties ...

... *(Aloud)* Bright lovely creature! ...

GALLIARD Damn it, how like my lady's eldest son was that.

FILLAMOUR May I hope my sacrifice may be accepted by you? ... *(Aside)* By heaven it must be she! Still she appears more like ...

² **Thetis:** a sea-deity courted by Peleus. When she refused him, he captured her, tied her up, and kept her prisoner by shape-shifting himself. Recognising that she could not escape, she married him at a very public, grand ceremony.

MARCELLA I've only time to tell you night approaches,
And then I will expect you.

Enter Crapine; gazes on the ladies.

CRAPINE (*Aside*) 'Tis she, Donna Marcella, on my life, with the young wild Cornelia! ... Hah ... Yonder's the English cavalier, too. Nay then, by this hand, I'll be paid for all my fruitless jaunts for this good news ... Stay, let me note the house. ...

MARCELLA Now to my disguise! *(Exit Marcella.*

GALLIARD (*To Cornelia*) And have you no kind message to send to my heart? Cannot this good example instruct you how to make me happy?

CORNELIA Faith, stranger, I must consider first. She's skilful in the merchandise of hearts, and has dealt in love with so good success, hitherto, she may lose one venture, and never miss it in her stock. But this is my first, and should it prove to be a bad bargain, I were undone for ever.

GALLIARD I dare secure the goods sound ...

CORNELIA And, I believe, will not lie long upon my hands.

GALLIARD Faith, that's according as you'll dispose on't, madam ... For let me tell you ... gad, a good handsome proper fellow is as staple a commodity as any's in the nation ... But I would be reserved for your own use. Faith, take a sample tonight, and, as you like it, the whole piece. And that's fair and honest dealing I think, or the devil's in't.

CORNELIA Ah, stranger ... yYou have been so over-liberal of those same samples of yours, that I fear they have spoiled the sale of the rest ... Could you not afford, think ye, to throw in a little love and constancy, to inch out that want of honesty of yours?

GALLIARD Love! Oh, in abundance!
By those dear eyes, by that soft smiling mouth;
By every secret grace thou hast about thee,
I love thee with a vigorous, eager passion,
... Be kind, dear Silvanetta ... Prithee, do.
Say you believe, and make me blessed tonight.

CRAPINE (*Aside*) Silvanetta! So, that's the name she has rifled for Cornelia, I perceive.

CORNELIA If I should be so kind-hearted, what good use would you make of so obliging an opportunity?

GALLIARD That which the happy night was first ordained for.

CORNELIA Well, signior, 'tis coming on, and then I'll try what courage the darkness will inspire me with ... Till then ... farewell. ...

GALLIARD Till then, a thousand times adieu. ... *(Blowing up kisses to her.*

PHILIPA (*aside to Cornelia*) Ah madam, we're undone, ... yonder's Crapine, your uncle's valet. ...

CORNELIA (*aside to Philipa*) Now a curse on him; shall we not have one night with our cavaliers? ... Let's retire, and continue to outwit him, or never more aspire to it. (*To Galliard*) Adieu, signior cavalier ... remember night. ...

GALLIARD Or may I lose my sense,³ to all eternity. (*Kisses his fingers and bows. She returns it for a while.*)

LAURA LUCRETIA Gods, that all this that looks, at least, like love,
Should be dispensed to one insensible!
Whilst every syllable of that dear value,
Whispered to me, would make my soul all ecstasy.
... Oh, spare that treasure for a welcome purchase;
And buy that common ware with trading gold.
Love is too rich a price: ... (*Aside*) I shall betray myself. ...

GALLIARD Away, that's an heretical opinion and which this certain reason must convince thee of:
That love is love, where ever beauty is,
Nor can the name of whore make beauty less.

Enter Marcella dressed like a man, with a cloak around her.

MARCELLA Signior, is your name Fillamour?

FILLAMOUR It is. What do you want, sir? ...

MARCELLA I have a letter for you ... from Viterbo, and your Marcella, sir. (*gives it him.*)

FILLAMOUR Hah ... Viterbo! and Marcella!

It shocks me like the ghost of some forsaken mistress
That met me in the way to happiness,
With some new longed-for beauty! (*Opens it and reads.*)

MARCELLA (*Aside*) Now I shall try thy virtue, and my fate. ...

FILLAMOUR What is it that checks the joy that should surprize me at the receipt of this?

GALLIARD How now! What, is the cold fit coming on? (*Pauses.*)

FILLAMOUR I have no power to go ... where this ... invites me ...
By which I prove, 'tis no increase of flame that warms my heart,
But a new fire just kindled from those ... eyes ...
Whose rays I find more piercing than Marcella's.

GALLIARD ... Aye, Gad, a thousand times ... Prithee, what's the matter?

MARCELLA (*Aside*) Oh, this false-souled man ... I wish I had leisure
To be revenged for this inconstancy!

FILLAMOUR ... But still she lacks that virtue I admire!

³ **sense:** possibly, capacity to feel; possibly, ability to reason.

GALLIARD Virtue! 'S death, thou art always fumbling upon that dull string that makes no music: ... What letter's that? *(reads)* 'If the first confession I ever made of love be welcome to you, come armed tonight with a friend or two; and behind the garden of the fountains, you will receive' ... Hah, Marcella! ... Oh damn it, from your honest woman! ... Well, I see the devil's never so busy with a man, as when he has resolved upon any goodness! 'S death, what a rub's here in a fair cast ... What is it, man? ...*Alegremente!* Bear up, defy him and all of his works.

FILLAMOUR But I have sworn, sworn that I loved Marcella! And honour, friend, obliges me to go, take her away and marry her ... And I conjure thee to assist me too.

GALLIARD What, tonight? This night, that I have given to Silvianetta! And you have promised to the fair ... Euphemia!

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside)* If he should go, he ruins my plan. *(Aloud)* ... Nay, if your word, sir ... be already passed ...

FILLAMOUR 'Tis true, I gave my promise to Euphemia. But that, to women of her trade, is easily absolved.

GALLIARD Men keep not oaths for the sakes of the wise magistrates to whom they're made, but their own honour, Harry. And is it not much a greater crime to rob a gallant, hospitable man of his niece, who has treated you with confidence, and friendship, than to keep touch with a well-meaning whore, my conscientious friend?

LAURA LUCRETIA Infinite degrees, sir.

GALLIARD Besides, thou'st an hour or two good between this and the time required to meet Marcella.

LAURA LUCRETIA Which an industrious lover would manage to the best advantage.

GALLIARD That were not given over to virtue, and constancy ... Two the best excuses I know for idleness.

FILLAMOUR ... Yes ... I may see this woman.

GALLIARD Whe, God-a-mercy, lad!

FILLAMOUR ... And break my chains ... if possible.

GALLIARD Thou wilt give a good essay to that, I'll warrant thee,
Before she part with thee. Come, let's about it.

(They start to go out on either side of Fillamour, persuading him.)

MARCELLA *(Aside)* He's gone! the courtesan has got the day.

Vice gets ahead of virtue, every way;

And for one blessing honest wives obtain,

The happier mistress does a thousand gain.

I'll home ... and practise all their art to prove

That nothing is so cheaply gained as love.

(Exit.)

GALLIARD Stay, what farce is this? ... prithee let's see a little. *(offering to go.)*

Enter Sir Signal; Mr Tickletext with his cloak tied about him, a great ink-horn tied at his belt and a large-format book under his arm. Petro, dressed like an antiquary.

... How now, Mr Tickletext. What, dressed as if you were going a pilgrimage to Jerusalem?

TICKLETEXT I make no such prophane journeys, sir.

GALLIARD But where have you been, Mr Tickletext?

SIR SIGNAL Whe, sir, this most reverend and renowned antiquary has been showing us monumental rarities and antiquities.

GALLIARD (*Aside*) 'Tis Petro, that ... rogue!

FILLAMOUR ... But what large book have you gotten there, sir? Knox, or Cartwright?⁴

PETRO (*Aside*) Nay, if he be got into that heap of nonsense, I'll steal off and undress. (*Exit Petro.*)

TICKLETEXT (*opening the book*) A small volume, sir, into which I transcribe the most memorable and remarkable transactions of the day.

LAURA LUCRETIA That, doubtless, must be worth seeing.

FILLAMOUR (*Reads*) April the twentieth, arose a very great storm of wind, thunder, lightning, and rain ... which was a shrewd sign of foul weather.

FILLAMOUR The 22nd, nine of our twelve chickens getting loose, flew overboard, the other three miraculous escaping, by being eaten by me that morning for breakfast.

SIR SIGNAL Harkye, Galliard ... Thou art my friend, and 'tis not like a man of honour to conceal anything from one's friend ... Know, then, I am the most fortunate rascal that ever broke bread ... I am this night to visit, sirrah ... the finest, the most delicious young harlot, mum ... Secretly ... in all Rome! of *barberacho's* acquaintance.

GALLIARD (*Aside*) ... Hah ... my woman, on my life! (*Aloud*) And will she be kind?

SIR SIGNAL Kind? Hang kindness, man; I'm resolved upon conquest, by parley or by force.

GALLIARD Spoke like a Roman of the first race, when noble rapes, not whining courtship, did the lover's business.

SIR SIGNAL Pshaw, rapes, man! I mean by force of money, pure dint of gold, faith and troth. For I have given 500 crowns' entrance already, & *par Dios Bacchus 'tis tropo caro ... tropo caro*, Mr Galliard.

GALLIARD And what's this high-prized lady's name, sir?

SIR SIGNAL La Silvanetta ... and lodges on the Corso, not far from St James's of the Incurables ... Very well situated in case disaster ... Hah ...

GALLIARD Very well ... And did not your wise worship know this Silvanetta was my mistress?

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside*) What! His mistress? What a damned nobby was I to name her!

GALLIARD D' ye hear, fool? Renounce me this woman instantly, or I'll first discover it to your tuor, and then cut your throat, sir.

SIR SIGNAL Oh, *doucement* ... dear Galliard ... Renounce her, ... *Corpo de mi*, that I will, soul and body if she belong to thee, man. ...

⁴ Knox, or Cartwright: two Puritan writers.

GALLIARD No more ... look to't ... Look you forget her name ... or but to think of her ... farewell ...

(Nods at him.)

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Farewell, quoth ye ... 'Tis well I had the art of dissembling after all. Here had been a sweet broil upon the coast, else. ...

FILLAMOUR Very well, I'll trouble myself to read no more, since I know you'll be so kind to the world to make it public?

TICKLETEXT At my return, sir, for the good of the nation, I will print it, and I think it will deserve it.

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside to Fillamour)* This is a precious rogue to make a tutor of.

FILLAMOUR *(Aside to Laura Lucretia)* Yet these mooncalves⁵ dare pretend to the breeding of our youth. And the time will come, I fear, when none shall be reputed to travel like a man of quality, who has not the advantage of being imposed upon by one of these pedantic novices, who instruct the young heir in what himself is most profoundly ignorant of.

GALLIARD Come, 'tis dark and time for our design ... Your servant, signiors.

(Exeunt Fillamour, Galliard and Laura Lucretia.)

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside)* I'll home, and look out for the kind deceiving minute that may conduct him by mistake to me.

Enter Petro, like barberacho, just as Tickletext and Sir Signal are going out

SIR SIGNAL Oh *barberacho*! We are undone! Oh, the *diavillo* take that master you sent me.

PETRO Master, what master?

SIR SIGNAL Whe, signior Morigoroso!

PETRO Mor ... oso ... what should he be?

SIR SIGNAL A civility-master he should have been, to have taught us good manners ... But the cornuto cheated us most damnably, and by a willing mistake taught us nothing in the world but wit.

PETRO Oh abominable knavery! Whe, what kind of man was he? ...

SIR SIGNAL ... Whe ... much such another as yourself: ...

TICKLETEXT Taller, signior, taller!

SIR SIGNAL Aye, somewhat higher ... But just of his pitch.

PETRO Well, sir, and what of this man?

SIR SIGNAL Only picked our pockets, that's all.

TICKLETEXT Yes, and cozened us of our rings.

SIR SIGNAL Aye, and gave us *cackamarda orangata* for snuff.

TICKLETEXT And his blessing, to boot, when he had done.

SIR SIGNAL A vengeance on't, I feel it still.

⁵ **mooncalves**: congenital idiots.

PETRO Whe, this 'tis to do things of your own heads, for I sent no such signior Moroso ... But I'll see what I can do to retrieve 'm ... I am now a little in haste, farewell. ...

(Offers to go. Tickletext goes out by him and jogs him.)

TICKLETEXT *(Aside to Petro)* Remember to meet me ... Farewell, *barberacho*.

(As Petro is going out, Sir Signal pulls him.)

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside to Petro)* Barberacho ... Is the lady ready?

PETRO Is your money ready?

SIR SIGNAL *(aside)* Whe, now, though I am threatened, and killed, and beaten, and kicked about, this intrigue I must advance! ... *(aloud)* But dost think there's no danger?

PETRO What, in a delicate, young, amorous lady, signior?

SIR SIGNAL No, no, mum, I don't much fear the lady, but this same mad fellow Galliard, I hear, has a kind of a hankering after her ... *(Aside)* Now dare not I tell him what a discovery I have made.

PETRO Leave it to me to secure you. Meet me in the Piazza d'Espagne as soon as you can get yourself in order *(Aside)* where the two fools shall meet, and prevent either's coming.

SIR SIGNAL Enough ... Here's a bill for 500 crowns more upon my merchant. You know him by a good token: I lost the last sum you received for me, a pox of that first installment. Away, here's company.

(Exit Petro.)

Enter Octavio.

(Aside) Now will I disguise myself according to the mode of the Roman innamoratos, and deliver myself upon the place appointed.

(Exit Sir Signal.)

OCTAVIO On the Corso didst thou see 'em?

CRAPINE On the Corso, my lord, in discourse with three cavaliers, one of which has given me many a gold coin to let him into the garden a-nights at Viterbo to talk with Donna Marcella from her chamber window. I think I should remember him.

OCTAVIO *(Aside)* Oh, that thought fires me with anger fit for my revenge. *(Aloud)* And they're to serenade 'em, thou say'st?

CRAPINE I did, my lord. And if you can have patience till they come, you will find your rival in this very place, if he keep his word.

OCTAVIO I do believe thee, and have prepared my bravos to attack him. If I can act but my revenge tonight, how shall I worship Fortune! Keep out of sight, and when I give the word, be ready all. I hear someone coming. Let's walk off a little. ...

*Enter Marcella in man's clothes, and Philipa as a woman, with a lantern.
Octavio and Crapine go off the other way.*

MARCELLA Thou canst never convince me, but if Crapine saw us, and gazed so long upon us, he must know us too, and then what hinders, but by a diligent watch about the house they will surprise us before we have secured ourselves from 'em.

PHILIPA And how will this exposing yourself to danger prevent 'em?

MARCELLA My design now is to prevent Fillamour's coming into danger, by hindering his approach to this house. I would preserve the kind ingrate with any hazard of my own. And 'tis better to die than fall into the hands of Octavio. I'm desperate with that thought ... and fear no danger! However, be you ready at the door, and when I ring, admit me. ... Ha ... who comes here? ...

Enter Tickletext with a periwig and cravat of Sir Signal's, a sword by his side, and a lantern. Marcella points her lantern at him, looks at him, and goes out.

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* A man! Now am I though an old sinner, as timorous as a young thief. 'Tis a great inconvenience in these Popish countries that a man cannot have liberty to steal to a wench without danger. Not that I need fear who sees me except Galliard, who, suspecting my business, will go near to think I am wickedly inclined. Sir Signal I have left hard at his study, and Sir Henry is no nocturnal inamorato, unless, like me, he dissemble it ... Well, *certo*, 'tis a wonderful pleasure to deceive the world. And as a learned man well observed that 'the sin of wenching lay in the habit only'. I, having laid that aside, Timothy Tickletext, principal holder-forth of the Covent Garden conventicle,⁶ chaplain of Buffoon-Hall in the County of Kent, is free to recreate himself.

Enter Galliard with a lantern.

GALLIARD Where the devil is this Fillamour? And the musicians. Which way could he go to lose me thus?
(Looks towards the door) ... He is not yet come. ...

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* Not yet come. ... That must be *barberacho* ... *(Aloud)* Where are ye, honest *barberacho*?
Where are ye? *(Groping in the dark towards Galliard.)*

GALLIARD *(Aside)* Hah! *Barberacho*? That name, I am sure, is used by none but Sir Signal and his coxcomb tutor. It must be one of those ... *(Aloud)* Where are ye, signior? Where are ye? *(Goes towards him, and holds up the lantern ... and lowers it straight)* *(Aside)* ... Oh, 'tis the knight ... *(Aloud)* Are you there, signior?

TICKLETEXT Oh, art thou come, honest rascal? ... Conduct me quickly, conduct me to the beautiful and fair Silvanetta!
(Gives him his hand.)

GALLIARD Yes, when your dogship's damned. Silvanetta! 'S death, is she a whore for fools? *(Draws.)*

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* Hah, Mr Galliard, as the devil would have it: ... I'm undone if he sees me!

(He retires hastily. Galliard gropes for him.)

GALLIARD Where are you, fop? Buffoon! Knight!

⁶ **conventicle:** Puritan religious meeting.

Tickletext, retiring hastily, runs against Octavio, who is just entering; almost beats him down. Octavio strikes him a good blow, beats him back and draws. Tickletext gets close up in a corner of the stage. Octavio gropes for him as Galliard does, and both meet and fight with each other.

... What, dare you draw? ... You have the impudence to be valiant, then, in the dark *(they pass)*

(Aside) I would not kill the rogue ... *(Aloud)* Death, you can fight, then, when there's a woman in the case!

OCTAVIO *(aside)* I hope 'tis Fillamour! *(aloud)* You'll find I can, and possibly may spoil your making love tonight!

GALLIARD Egad, sweetheart, and that may be; one civil thrust will do't: ... And 'twere a damned rude thing to disappoint so fine a woman, ... *(Aside)* therefore I'll withdraw whilst I'm well. *(He slips out.*

Enter Sir Signal, with a masquerading coat over his clothes, without a wig or cravat, with a lantern.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Well, I have most neatly escaped my tutor; and in this disguise defy the devil to claim his own, ... ah *caspeto de diavolo!* ... What's that?

(Advancing softly, and groping with his hands, meets the point of Octavio's sword, as he is groping for Galliard.

OCTAVIO Traitor, darest thou not stand my sword?

SIR SIGNAL Hah! swords! No, signior ... *Scusa mea*, signior, ...

Hops to the door: And feeling for his way with his out-streched arms, runs his lantern in Julio's face, who is just entering; finds he's opposed with a good push backward, and slips aside into a corner over against Tickletext. Julio meets Octavio and fights him; Octavio falls; Julio raises his lantern and sees his mistake.

JULIO Is it you, sir?

OCTAVIO Julio! From what mistake grew all this violence?

JULIO That I should ask of you, who meet you armed against me.

OCTAVIO I find the night has equally deceived us. And you are fitly come to share with me the hopes of dear revenge. *(Gropes for his lantern which is dropped.*

JULIO I'd rather have pursued my kinder passion, love, and desire, that brought me forth tonight.

OCTAVIO I've learnt where my false rival is to be this evening,
And if you'll join your sword, you'll find it well employed.

JULIO Lead on. I'm as impatient of revenge as you. ...

OCTAVIO Come this way, then; you'll find more aids to serve us. *(Go out.*

TICKLETEXT ... So! Thanks be praised, all's still again. This fright were enough to mortify any lover of less magnanimity than myself ... Well, of all sins, this itch of whoring is the most hardy ... The most impudent in repulses; the most vigilant in watching, most patient in waiting, most frequent in dangers. In all disasters but disappointment, a philosopher. Yet if *barberacho* come not quickly, my philosophy will be challenged, *certo*.

(This while, Sir Signal is venturing from his post, listening and slowly advancing towards the middle of the stage.

SIR SIGNAL [*Aside*] The coast is once more clear, and I may venture my carcass forth again ... Though such a salutation as the last would make me very unfit for the matter in hand ... The truncheon I could bear with the fortitude and courage of a hero, but these dangerous sharps I never loved. What different rencounters have I met withal tonight, *corpo de me*. A man may more safely pass the gulf of lions, than convey himself into a bawdy-house in Rome; but I hope all's past, and I will say with Alexander: ... *Vivat esperance en despetto del fatto.* (advances a little.)

TICKLETEXT [*Aside.*] Sure I heard a noise ... No, 'twas only my surmise.

(They both advance softly, meeting just in the middle of the stage. Coming close up to each other, both cautiously start back, and stand a-tiptoe in the posture of fear; then, gently feeling for each other (after listening and hearing no noise), draw back their hands at touching each others'; and, shrinking up their shoulders, make grimaces of more fear.

TICKLETEXT *Que equesto?*

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside*) Hah, a man's voice! ... I'll try if I can fright him hence! (*In a horrible tone*) *Una malladette spirito incarnate!*

TICKLETEXT Hah, *spirito incarnate!* (*aside*) That devil's voice I should know!

SIR SIGNAL (*In the same tone*) Si signior! *Una spirito!* Which is to say, *un spiritalo, imortallo incorporalla, inanimate, imateriale, philosophicale, invisible ... un intelligibile ... diavolo!*

TICKLETEXT (*Aside*) Aye, aye, 'tis my hopeful pupil, upon the same design with me, my life on't ... Cunning young whoremaster ... I'll cool your courage ... (*Aloud*) Good signior *diavolo!* If you be the *diavolo* I have *una certauna imateriale invisible conjuratione*, that will so neatly lay your *inanimate unintelligible diavoloship.* ... (*Pulls out his wooden sword.*

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside*) What! He must needs be valiant indeed that dares fight with the devil. (*Endeavours to get away; Tickletext beats him about the stage*) ... Ah signior, signior *mia*, ah ... *caspeto de baccus*, ... *he cornuto*, I am a damned silly devil that have no dexterity in vanishing.

Gropes and finds the door ... Going out, meets just entering Fillamour, Galliard with all the musicians ... Sir Signal retires and stands close.

... Hah ... What have we here, new mischief? ... (*Tickletext and Sir Signal stands opposite each other, on either side of the stage.*

FILLAMOUR Prithee, how came we to lose ye?

GALLIARD I thought I had followed ye, ... but 'tis well we are met again. Come, tune ...

They play a little. Enter Marcella, still dressed as a man.

MARCELLA (*Aside*) This must be he. (*Goes up to 'em.*

GALLIARD Come come, your song, boy, your song.

Whilst 'tis singing, enter Octavio, Julio, Crapine, and hired thugs.

The song.

Crudo Amore, Crudo Amore, } bis.
*Il mio core non fa per te }
 Suffrir non vo tormenti
 Senza mai sperar mar ce
 Belta che sia tiranna,
 Bolta che sia tiranna
 Dell meo offetto recetto non e
 Il tuo rigor singunna
 *Se le pene
 Le catene*
*Tenta auolgere al mio pie
 Si, si crudel Amore } bis.
 Il mio core non fa per te. }*

*Lusinghiero, Lusinghiero, } bis.
 Pui non Credo alta tua fe }
 L'incendio del tuo foce
 Nel mio core pui vivo none
 Belta che li die luoce
 Belta che li die luoce
 Ma il rigor L'ardore s'bande
 Io non sato tuo gioce
 *Ch'il veleno
 Del mio seno*
*Vergoroso faggito se n'e.
 Si si crudel Amore } bis.
 Il mio core non fa per te. }***

OCTAVIO 'Tis they we look for. Draw, and be ready. ...

TICKLETEXT (*Aside*) Hah, draw ... Then there's no safety here, *certo*.

(Octavio, Julio and their party draw, and fight with Fillamour and Galliard. Marcella engages on their side. All fight, the musicians confusedly amongst 'em. Galliard loses his sword, and in the hurry gets a base viol, and happens to strike Tickletext, who is getting away ... His head breaks its way quite through the base viol, and it hangs about his neck. They fight out.

Enter Petro with a lantern. Sir Signal stands close still.

TICKLETEXT Oh undone, undone. Where am I? Where am I?

PETRO (*Aside*) Hah ... That's the voice of my amorous Ananias, ... or I am mistaken ... What the devil's the matter? (*Raises his lantern*) ... (*Aloud*) Where are ye, sir? ... Hah, catso ... What new-found pillory have we here?

TICKLETEXT Oh, honest *barberacho*, undo me, undo me quickly.

PETRO So I design, sir, as fast as I can ... (*aside*) or lose my aim ... (*aloud*) There, sir, there. All's well ... I have set you free. Come, follow me the back way, into the house. (*Exeunt Petro and Tickletext.*)

Enter Fillamour and Marcella, with their swords drawn; Galliard after 'em.

GALLIARD A plague upon 'em, what a distrurbance here for a wench, as if there were no more i'th nation ... I wish I'd my sword again. (*Gropes for it.*)

MARCELLA (*Aside*) Which way shall I direct him to be safer? ... (*Aloud*) What is it, sir? I hope you are not hurt?

FILLAMOUR Not that I feel. What art thou, asked so kindly?

MARCELLA A servant to the Roman courtesan, who sent me forth to wait your coming, sir. But finding you in danger, shared it with you ... Come, let me lead you into safety, sir. ...

FILLAMOUR Thou'st been too kind to give me cause to doubt thee.

MARCELLA Follow me, sir; this key will give us entrance through the garden. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Octavio with his sword in his hand.

OCTAVIO (*Aside*) [censored expletive?]⁷ Oh, what damned luck had I so poorly to be vanquished? When all is hushed, I know he will return ... Therefore, I'll fix me here, till I become a furious statue ... but I'll reach his heart.

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside*) Oh, *lamentivolo fato* ... What bloody villains these Popish Italians are.

Enter Julio.

OCTAVIO (*Aside*) Hah ... I hear one coming this way ... Hah ... the door opens too, ... and he makes towards it ... Pray heaven he be the right, for this I'm sure's the house ... Now luck, if it be thy will ...

(Follows Julio towards the door softly.)

JULIO The rogues are fled, but how secure I know not ...

And I'll pursue my first design of love,

And if this Silvianetta will be kind ... (*Enter Laura Lucretia from the house in a dressing-gown.*)

LAURA LUCRETIA Whi'st ... Who is't names Silvianetta?

JULIO A lover, and her slave. ...

(She takes him by the hand.)

⁷ **censored expletive?:** all copies of the 1679 edition that we've seen have a word-long blank followed by an exclamation mark here. It is possible that the text was censored pre-printing (by the licenser), and that the printers left the blank space to indicate the fact of censorship.

LAURA LUCRETIA Oh, is it you? ... are you escaped unhurt?

Come to my bosom ... and be safe for ever. ...

JULIO 'Tis love that calls, and now revenge must wait ... This hour is thine, fond Cupid; the next that is my own, I'll give to anger. ...

OCTAVIO (*Aside*) Oh ye pernicious pair ... I'll quickly change the scene of love into a rougher and more unexpected entertainment.

(Laura Lucretia leads Julio in ... Octavio follows close. They shut the door upon 'em. Sir Signal thrusts out his head to harken, hears nobody, and advances.

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside*) Sure, the devil reigns tonight. I wish I were sheltered and let him rain fire and brimstone, for pass the streets I dare not ... This should be the house ... or hereabouts I'm sure 'tis ... Hah ... What's this? ... A string ... of a bell, I hope ... I'll try to enter. And if I am mistaken 'tis but crying *con licentia!* *(Rings.*

Enter Philipa.

PHILIPA Who's there?

SIR SIGNAL 'Tis I, 'tis I. Let me in quickly. ...

PHILIPA Who ... The English cavalier?

SIR SIGNAL The same ... (*Aside*) I am right ... I see I was expected.

PHILIPA I'm glad you're come ... Give me your hand. ...

SIR SIGNAL I am fortunate at last, ... and therefore will say with the famous poet:
... No happiness like that achieved with danger,
Which once o'ercome ... I'll lie at rack and manger. *(Exeunt.*

Act IV, scene 1.

Enter Fillamour and Galliard, as if in Silvanetta's apartment.

FILLAMOUR ... How splendidly these common women* live, * prostitutes
How rich is all we meet with in this palace,
And rather seems th' apartment of some prince,
Than a receptacle for lust and shame.

GALLIARD You see, Harry, all the fools who keep mistresses are not in our dominions. But this grave, this wise people, are mistress-ridden too.

FILLAMOUR I fear we have mistook the house, and the youth that brought us in may have deceived us on some other design. However, whilst I've this ... I cannot fear. ... *(Draws.*

GALLIARD A good caution, and I'll stand upon my guard with this. But see ... Here's one will put us out of doubt. *(Pulls a pistol out of his pocket.*

FILLAMOUR Hah! The fair enchantress!

Enter Marcella, richly and loosely dressed.

MARCELLA What, on your guard, my lovely cavalier! Lies there a danger

In this face and eyes that needs that rough resistance?

... Hide, hide that mark of anger from my sight,

And if thou wouldst be absolute conqueror here,

Put on soft looks, with eyes all languishing,

Words tender, gentle sighs, and kind desires.

GALLIARD Death! With what unconcern he hears all this. Art thou possessed? ... Pox, why dost not answer her?

MARCELLA (*Aside*) I hope he will not yield, ...

... (*Aloud*) He stands unmoved ...

Surely I was mistaken in this face,

And I believe in charms that have no power?

GALLIARD (*Aside*) 'S death, thou deservest not such a noble creature, ...

I'll have 'em both myself. ...

FILLAMOUR (*Pausingly.*) ... Yes! Thou hast wondrous power,

And I have felt it long.

MARCELLA What?

FILLAMOUR ... I've often seen that face ... But 'twas in dreams.

And sleeping, loved extremely!

And waking ... sighed to find it but a dream.

The lovely phantom vanished with my slumbers,

But left a strong idea¹ on my heart,

Of what I find in perfect beauty here.

... But with this difference: she was virtuous, too.

MARCELLA What silly she was that?

FILLAMOUR She whom I dreamed I loved.

MARCELLA You only dreamed that she was virtuous too.

Virtue itself's a dream of so slight force,

The very fluttering of love's wings destroys it.

Ambition, or the meaner hope of interest, wakes it to nothing.

In men, a feeble beauty shakes the dull slumber off ...

¹ **idea:** archetype or concept (from Platonic philosophy, in which a man's worshipping of a beautiful woman is part of his journey to perfection).

GALLIARD Egad, she argues like an angel, Harry!

FILLAMOUR ... What hast thou done, to damn thyself so young?

Hast thou been long thus wicked? Hast thou sinned past repentance?

Heaven may do much to save so fair a criminal.

Turn yet, and be forgiven!

GALLIARD What a pox dost thou mean by all this canting?

MARCELLA A very pretty sermon, and from a priest so gay,

It cannot choose but edify.

Do holy men of your religion, signior, all wear this habit?

Are they thus young and lovely? Sure, if they are,

Your congregation's all composed of ladies.

The laity must come abroad for mistresses.

FILLAMOUR Oh, that this charming woman were but honest*!

*virtuous

GALLIARD 'Twere better thou wert damned. Honest!

Pox, thou dost come out with things so *mal apropo* ...

MARCELLA Come, leave this mask of foolish modesty,

And let us haste where love and music calls.

Music, that heightens love, and makes the soul

Ready for soft impressions.

GALLIARD (*Aside*) So, she will do his business, with a vengeance.

FILLAMOUR Plague of this tempting woman, she will ruin me.

I find weak virtue melt from round my heart,

To give her tyrant image a possession.

So the warm sun thaws rivers' icy tops,

Till in the stream he sees his own bright face.

GALLIARD (*Aside*) Now he comes on apace ... (*Aloud*) How is it, my friend,

Thou standst as thouldst forgot thy business here?

... The woman, Harry, the fair courtesan.

Canst thou withstand her charms? I've business of my own;

Prithee, fall to ... and talk of love to her.

FILLAMOUR Oh, I could talk eternity away,

In nothing else but love. ... Couldst thou be honest*?

* virtuous

MARCELLA Honest! Was it for that you sent two thousand crowns,

Or did believe that trifling sum sufficient

To buy me to the slavery of honesty?

GALLIARD Hold there, my brave virago.

FILLAMOUR No, I would sacrifice a nobler fortune

To buy thy virtue home.

MARCELLA What should it do, idling there?

FILLAMOUR Whe ... Make thee constant to some happy man

That would adore thee for it.

MARCELLA Unconscionable! Constant, at my years?

... Oh, 'twere to cheat a thousand,

Who between this and my dull age of constancy

Expect the distribution of my beauty.

GALLIARD (*Aside*) 'Tis a brave wench ...

FILLAMOUR Yet, charming as thou art, the time will come

When all that beauty, like declining flowers,

Will wither on the stalk ... But with this difference:

The next kind spring brings youth to flowers again,

But faded beauty never more can bloom

... If interest make thee wicked, I can supply thy pride. ...

MARCELLA Curse on your necessary trash ... which I despise, but as 'tis useful to advance our love.

FILLAMOUR Is love thy business? Who is there born so high,

But love and beauty equals?

And thou mayst choose from all the wishing world.

This wealth together would enrich one man,

Which, dealt to all, would scarce be charity.

MARCELLA Together, 'tis a mass would ransom kings.

Was all this beauty given for one poor petty conquest?

... I might have made a hundred hearts my slaves

In this lost time of bringing one to reason. ...

Farewell, thou dull philosopher in love;

When age has made me wise ... I'll send for you again.

(Offers to go. Galliard holds her.

GALLIARD By this good light, a noble glorious whore!

FILLAMOUR Oh, stay ... I must not let such beauty fall,

... A whore ... Consider yet, the charms of reputation.

The ease, the quiet and content of innocence,

The awe-filled reverence all good men will pay thee,

Who, as thou art, will gaze without respect

... And cry ... what pity 'tis she is ... a whore ...

MARCELLA Oh, you may give it what coarse name you please.

But all this youth and beauty ne'er was given,

Like gold to misers, to be kept from use. *(Going out.)*

FILLAMOUR Lost, lost ... past all redemption.

GALLIARD Nay, Gad, thou shalt not lose her so ... I'll fetch her back,

And thou shalt ask her pardon. *(Runs out after her.)*

FILLAMOUR By heaven, 'twas all a dream, an airy dream.

The visionary pleasure disappears ... and I'm myself again,

... I'll fly, before the drowsy fit o'ertake me.

As Fillamour is going out, enter Galliard, and then Marcella.

GALLIARD Turn back ... She yields, she yields to pardon thee ... Gone ...

Nay hang me if ye part. *(Runs after him, still his pistol in his hand.)*

MARCELLA Gone ... I have no leisure now for more dissembling. *(Takes the candle and goes in.)*

Enter Petro, leading in Mr Tickletext, as by dark.

PETRO Remain here, signior, whilst I step and fetch a light.

TICKLETEXT Do so, do so, honest *barberacho!* ... *(Aside)* Well, my escape even now from Sir Signal was

miraculous, thanks to my prudence and prowess. Had he discovered me, my dominion had ended;

and my authority been of no effect, *certo.* *(Philipa at the door puts in Sir Signal.)*

PHILIPA Now, signior you're out of danger; I'll fetch a candle, and let my lady know of your being here.

(Exit Philipa. Sir Signal advances a little.)

Enter Petro with a light, goes between 'em, and starts.

TICKLETEXT Sir Signal! ...

SIR SIGNAL My tutor!

PETRO *(Aside)* The two fools met! A pox of all ill luck. Now shall I lose my credit with both my wise patrons.

My knight I could have put off, with a small harlot of my own. But my Levite, having seen my lady

Cornelia that is La Silvanetta ... None but that Susanna would satisfy his eldership.² But now they

have both saved me the labour of a farther invention to dispatch 'em.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* I perceive my governor's as much confounded as myself ... I'll take advantage by the

forelock, be very impudent, and saddle him with the blame, faith ... *(Aloud)* Ah, tutor, will you never

leave your whoring? Never be staid, sober and discreet, as I am?

² **Susanna would satisfy his eldership:** alluding to the story of Susanna and the Elders in the Apocrypha – well-known in Britain despite its having been removed from the Bible by Protestants. Susanna is threatened by some church elders that if she won't have sex with them, they will say that she offered them sex. She refuses, the case goes to court, and the judge believes Susanna.

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* So, so. Undone, undone. Just my warnings to him. ... *(Walks about. Sir Signal follows.*

SIR SIGNAL And must I neglect my precious studies, to follow you, in pure zeal and tender care of your person? Will you never consider where you are? In a lewd, Papish country! Amongst the Romish heathens ... And for you, a governor, a tutor, a director of unbridled youth, a gown-man, a politician, for you, I say, to be taken at this unrighteous time of the night, in a flaunting, cavaliero dress, an unlawful weapon by your side, going the high way to Satan to a courtesan! And to a Romish courtesan! Oh, abomination. Oh, *scandalum infiniti*.

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* Paid in my own coin.

PETRO *(Aside)* So, I'll leave the devil to rebuke sin, and to my young lady, for a little of her assistance in the management of this affair. *(Exit Petro.*

TICKLETEXT ... I do confess ... I grant ye, I am in the house of a courtesan, and that I came to visit a courtesan, and do intend to visit each night a different courtesan ... till I have finished my work. ...

SIR SIGNAL Every night one! Oh, glutton!

TICKLETEXT ... My great work of conversion ... upon the whole nation, generation, and vocation, of this , provoking sort of womankind, called courtesans ... I will turn 'em ... Yes, I will turn 'em ... For 'tis a shame that man ... should bow down to those that worship idols! ... And now I think, sir, I have sufficiently explained the business in hand, ... as honest *barberacho* is my witness! ... And for you ... to ... scandalize ... me ... with so wicked an interpretation ... afflicteth me wonderfully. ...

(Pulls out his handkerchief and weeps.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* ... Alas, poor Mr Tickletext, now, as I hope to be saved, it grieves my heart to see him weep ... *(Aloud)* Faith and troth, now, I thought thou hadst some carnal assignation ... But ne'er stir, I beg thy pardon and think thee as innocent as myself, that I do ... But see, the lady's here ...'S life, dry your eyes, man!

Enter Cornelia, Philipa and Petro.

CORNELIA *(To Philipa)* I could beat thee for being thus mistaken ... and am resolved to flatter him into some mischief, to be revenged on 'em for this disappointment. Go you and watch for my cavalier the while.

(Exit Philipa)

TICKLETEXT Is she come? ... Nay then, turn me loose to her. ...

CORNELIA *(To Sir Signal.)* My cavalier! *(Tickletext pulls Sir Signal by, and speaks.*

TICKLETEXT ... Lady ...

SIR SIGNAL *(To Tickletext)* You, sir? Whe, who the devil made you a cavalier? ... *(To Cornelia)* Most *potentissimo signiora*, I am the man of title, by name, Sir Signal Buffoon, sole son and heir to eight thousand pound a year. ...

TICKLETEXT Oh, sir, are you the man she looks for?

SIR SIGNAL I, sir? No, sir. I'd have ye to know, sir, I scorn any woman, be she never so fair, unless her design be honest and honourable!

CORNELIA The man of all the world I've chosen out from all the wits and beauties I have seen ... *(Aside)* to have most finely beaten!

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* What! In love with me already? ... She's damnable handsome, too. Now I wish my tutor were hanged a little for an hour or two, out of the way.

CORNELIA Why fly you not into my arms? *(she approaching, he shunning)*
These arms that were designed for soft embraces?

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Aye, and if my tutor were not here, the devil take him that would hinder 'em ... And I think that's civil, egad!

TICKLETEXT *(Aside to Petro)* Whe, how now, *barberacho*. What, am I cozened, then, and is Sir Signal the man in favour?

PETRO Lord, signior, that so wise a man as you cannot perceive her meaning *(Aside)* for the devil take me if I can ... *(Aloud)* ... Whe, this is done to take off all suspicion from you ... and lay it on him. ... Don't you conceive it, signior?

TICKLETEXT Yes, honest rogue ... *(Aside)* Oh, the witty wagtail ... I have a part to play, too, that shall confirm it ... *(To Cornelia)* Young gentlewoman ...

CORNELIA Ah, *bell ingrate*, is it thus you recompence my suffering love? To fly this beauty, so adored by all, that slights the ready conquest of the world to trust a heart with you? ... Ah ... *trahitor cruella*.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Poor heart. It goes to the very soul of me to be so coy and scornful to her, that it does. But a pox on't, her over-fondness will discover all.

TICKLETEXT Fly, fly, young man! Whilst yet thou hast a spark of virtue shining in thee, fly the temptations of this young hypocrite. The love that she pretends with so much zeal and ardour is indecent, unwarrantable, and unlawful! First, indecent as she is woman ... *(To Cornelia)* For thou art woman ... and beautiful woman ... Yes, very beautiful woman! On whom nature hath showed her height of excellence in the out-work, but left thee unfinished, imperfect and impure.

CORNELIA Heavens, what have we here?

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* A pox of my Sir Domine. Now is he beside his text, and will spoil all.

TICKLETEXT Secondly, unwarrantable. By what authority dost thou seduce with the allurements of thine eyes, and the conjurements of thy tongue, the waftings of thy hands, and the tinklings of thy feet,³ the young men in the villages?

CORNELIA Sirrah! How got this madman in? Seize him, and take him hence.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* *Corpo de mi*, my governor tickles her notably, i'faith ... But had he let the care of my soul alone tonight, and have let me take care of my body, 'twould have been more material at this time.

³ **allurements...tinklings of thy feet:** alluding to/quoting from the Bible, Isaiah 3:16, reproving vain women.

TICKLETEXT Thirdly, unlawful ...

CORNELIA Quite distracted! In pity, take him hence, and lead him into darkness. 'Twill suit his madness best.

TICKLETEXT How, distracted? Take him hence!

PETRO (*Aside*) This was lucky ... I knew she would come again ... (*To Tickletext*) Take him hence? ... Yes, into her bed-chamber ... Pretty device to get you to herself, signior.

TICKLETEXT Why, but is it? ... Nay, then I will facilitate my departure ... Therefore, I say ... oh most beautiful and tempting woman ...
(*Beginning to preach again.*)

CORNELIA Away with him, give him clean straw and darkness,
And chain him fast, for fear of further mischief.

PETRO (*To Tickletext*) She means, for fear of losing ye.

TICKLETEXT Ah baggage! As fast as she will in those pretty arms. (*Going to lead him off.*)

SIR SIGNAL Hold, hold. man. Mad, said ye? ... Ha, ha, ha ... mad! Whe, we have a thousand of these in England that go loose about the streets, and pass with us for as sober, discreet religious persons ... As a man shall wish to talk nonsense withal.

PETRO ... You are mistaken, signior, I say he is mad ... Stark mad.

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside to Petro*) Prithee, *barberacho*, what dost thou mean? ...

PETRO (*Aside to Sir Signal*) To rid him hence, that she may be alone with you ... (*Aloud*) 'S life, sir, you're madder than he ... Don't you conceive ...

SIR SIGNAL Aye, aye! Nay, I confess, *illustrissima signiora*, my governor has a fit that takes him now and then, a kind of a frenzy, ... an eccentricity ... a whimsey ... a maggot that bites always at naming of Popery. ... So ... he's gone. ...
(*Exit Tickletext.*)
Bellissimo signiora ... You have most artificially removed him ... And this extraordinary proof of your affection is a sign of some small kindness towards me. And though I was somewhat coy and reserved before my tutor, *excellentissimo signiora*, let me tell you, your love is not cast away.

CORNELIA Oh, sir, you bless too fast! But will you ever love me? ...

SIR SIGNAL Love thee! Aye, and lie with thee too, most magnanimous signiora, and beget a whole race of Roman Julius Caesars upon thee. Nay, now we're alone, turn me loose to impudence, i'faith.

He ruffles her; enter Philpa in haste, shutting the door after her.

PHILIPA Oh ,madam, here's the young, mad, English cavalier got into the house, and will not be denied seeing you.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) This was lucky!

SIR SIGNAL What, the mad English cavalier? If this should be our young Count Galliard, now ... I were in a sweet taking ... Oh, I know, by my fears, 'tis he. Oh, prithee, what kind of a manner of man is he?

PHILIPA A handsome ... resolute ... brave ... bold ...

SIR SIGNAL Oh, enough, enough ... Madam ... I'll take my leave ... I see you are ... somewhat busy at present, ... and I'll ...

CORNELIA Not for the world. ... Philipa ... bring in the cavalier ... that you may see there's none here fears him, signior.

SIR SIGNAL Oh hold, hold ... Madam, you are mistaken in that point. For to tell you the truth, I do fear, ... having ... a certain ... aversion or antipathy, ... to ... madam ... a gentleman ... Whe, madam, they're the very monsters of the nation. They devour every day a virgin. ...

CORNELIA Good heavens! And is he such a fury?

SIR SIGNAL O,h and the veriest Beelzebub ... Besides, madam, he vowed my death if ever he catch me near this house, and he always keeps his word in cases of this nature ... *(Knocking is heard at the door)* Oh, that's he, I know it by a certain trembling instinct about me ... Oh, what shall I do? ...

CORNELIA Whe ... I know not ... Can you leap out a high window?

SIR SIGNAL ... He knocks again ... I protest I'm the worst vaulter in Christendom ... Have ye no moderate danger ... between the two extremes of the window or the mad Count? No closet? ... Fear has dwindled me to the scantling of a mousehole.

CORNELIA ... Let me see ... *(Aside)* I have no leisure to pursue my revenge farther, and will rest satisfied with this, ... for this time ... *(Aloud)* ... Give me the candle ... and whilst Philipa is conducting the cavalier to the alcove by dark ... you may have an opportunity to slip out ... *(Aside)* Perhaps there may be danger in his being seen ... *(Aloud)* ... Farewell, fool. ...

Exit Cornelia with the candle. Philipa goes to the door, lets in Galliard, takes him by the hand.

GALLIARD *(Aside)* Pox on't, my knight's bound for Viterbo, and there's no persuading him into safe harbour again. ... He has given me but two hours to dispatch matters here ... and then I'm to embark with him upon this new discovery of honourable love, as he calls it, whose adventurers are fools, and the returning cargo, that dead commodity called a wife! A voyage very suitable to my humour ... *(Aloud)* Who's there? ...

PHILIPA A slave of Silvianetta's. Sir, give me your hand. ...

(Exeunt Galliard and Philipa over the stage. Sir Signal goes out softly.)

Act IV, scene 2. *The setting changes to a bed-chamber alcove, Petro leading in Tickletext.*

PETRO Now, signior, you're safe and happy in the bed-chamber of your mistress ... who will be here immediately, I'm sure. I'll fetch a light and put you to bed in the meantime. ...

TICKLETEXT Not before supper, I hope, honest *barberacho!*

PETRO Oh signior, that you shall do lying, after the manner of the ancient Romans.

TICKLETEXT *Certo*, and that was a marvellous good lazy custom. *(Exit Petro.)*

Enter Philipa with Galliard by dark.

PHILIPA My lady will be with you instantly. ... *(goes out.*

TICKLETEXT Hah, sure I heard somebody come softly in at the door. I hope 'tis the young gentlewoman!
(He advances forward.

GALLIARD *(In a soft tone)* Silence, and night, love, and dear opportunity,
Join all your aids to make my Silvia kind,
For I am filled with the expecting bliss, *(Tickletext thrusts his head out to listen.*
And much delay, or disappointment kills me.

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* Disappointment kills me, ... and me too, *certo.* ... 'tis she. ... *(Gropes about.*

GALLIARD Oh, haste, my fair. Haste to my longing arms, ...
Where are you, dear and loveliest of your sex?

TICKLETEXT *(Groping and speaking low)* That's I, that's I, *mi alma! Mea core, mea vita!* ...

GALLIARD Hah ... Art thou come, my life! my soul! my joy! ... *(Goes to embrace Tickletext. They meet and kiss)* ... 'S death, what's this, a bearded mistress? Lights, lights there. Quickly, lights ... Nay curse me if thou 'scap'st me. ...

Tickletext struggles to get away; Galliard holds him by the cravat and periwig. Enter Petro with a candle.

GALLIARD *Barberacho* ... Confound him, 'tis the fool whom I found this evening about the house,
hovering to roost him here! ... Hah ... What the devil have I caught ... A Tarter? Escaped again! the
devil's his confederate. ... *(Groping.*

(Petro puts out the candle, comes to Tickletext, unties his cravat behind, and Tickletext slips his head out of the periwig and gets away, leaving both in Galliard's hands.

PETRO *(To Tickletext)* Give me your hand. I'll lead you a back flight of stairs through the garden.

TICKLETEXT Oh, any way to save my reputation ... Oh ...

GALLIARD Let me but once more grasp thee, and thou shalt find more safety in the devil's clutches! None
but my mistress serve ye! *(Gropes out after him*

(Petro with Tickletext running over the stage, Galliard after 'em, with the Cravat and Periwig in one hand, his Pistol in t'other.

Enter Philipa with a light.

PHILIPA Mercy upon us, what's the matter? ... What noise is this ... *(A pistol goes off)* Hah, a pistol ... What can this mean?

Enter Sir Signal, running.

SIR SIGNAL Oh save me, gentle devil, save me. The stairs are fortified with cannons and double culverins. I'm pursued by a whole regiment of armed men! Here's gold, gold in abundance. Save me ...

PHILIPA What cannons? What armed men?

SIR SIGNAL Finding myself pursued as I was groping my way through the hall, and not being able to find the door, I made towards the stairs again, at the foot of which I was saluted with a great gun ... A pox of the courtesy.

GALLIARD (*From offstage*) Where are ye, knight, buffoon, dog of Egypt?

SIR SIGNAL Thunder and lightning, 'tis Galliard's voice ...

PHILIPA Here, step behind this wall-hanging ... There's a chimney which may shelter ye till the storm be over ... (*Aside*) if you be not smothered before.

Philipa puts Sir Signal behind the arras ... Enter Galliard as before, and Cornelia at the other door.

CORNELIA Heavens! what rude noise is this?

GALLIARD Where have you hid this fool, this lucky fool?
He whom blind chance, and more ill-judging woman
Has raised to that degree of happiness
That witty men must sigh and toil in vain for?

CORNELIA What fool? What happiness?

GALLIARD Cease, cunning false one, to excuse thyself.
See here the trophies of your shameful choice,
And of my ruin. Cruel ... fair ... deceiver.

CORNELIA Deceiver, sir? Of whom? ... In what despairing minute did I swear to be a constant mistress? To what dull, whining lover did I vow, and had the heart to break it?

GALLIARD Or if thou hadst, I know of no such dog as would believe thee. No, thou art false to thy own charms, and hast betrayed 'em
To the possession of the vilest wretch
That ever Fortune cursed with happiness.
False to thy joys, false to thy wit and youth,
All which thou'st damned with so much careful industry
To an eternal fool,
That all the arts of love can ne'er redeem thee!

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside*) Meaning me, meaning me. (*Peeping out of the Chimney, his face blacked.*)

CORNELIA A fool? what indiscretion have you seen in me, should make ye think I would choose a witty man for a lover, who perhaps loves out his month in pure good husbandry, and in that time does more mischief than a hundred fools? Ye conquer without resistance, ye make treaties without pity, and triumph without mercy. And when you're gone, the world cries ... 'She had not wit enough to keep him', when indeed you are not fool enough to be kept! Thus, we forfeit both our liberties and discretion with you villainous, witty men. For wisdom is but good success in things, and those that fail are fools.

GALLIARD Most gloriously disputed.

You're grown a Machiavellian in your art.

CORNELIA Oh, necessary maxims only, and the first politics we learn from observation ... I've known a courtesan grown infamous, despised, decayed, and ruined, in the possession of you witty men, who, when she had the luck to break her chains, and cast her net for fools, has lived in state, finer than brides upon their wedding-day, and more extravagant than the young amorous coxcomb that set her up an idol.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Well argued of my side. I see the baggage loves me! *(Peeping out with a face more smutted.*

GALLIARD And hast thou ... Oh, but prithee, jilt me on,
And say thou hast not ... destined all thy charms
To such a wicked use.
Is that dear face and mouth for slaves to kiss?
Shall those bright eyes be gazed upon, and serve
But to reflect the images of fools?

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* That's I still. *(Peeping, more black.*

GALLIARD Shall that soft, tender bosom be approached
By one who lacks a soul, to breathe in languishment
At every kiss that presses it?

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Soul? What a pox care I for soul? ... As long as my person is so amiable ...

GALLIARD ... No, renounce that dull discretion that undoes thee.
Cunning is cheaply to be wise. Leave it to those that have
No other powers to gain a conquest by.
It is below thy charms ...
... Come, swear ... and be forsworn most damnably ...
Thou hast not yielded yet. Say 'twas intended only,
And though thou liest, by heaven I must believe thee ...
... Say, ... hast thou ... given him ... all?

CORNELIA I've done as bad, we have discoursed the affair,
And 'tis concluded on. ...

GALLIARD As bad! By heaven much worse! Discoursed with him.
Wert thou so wretched, so deprived of sense,
To hold discourse with such an animal?
Damn it! The sin is ne'er to be forgiven!
... Hadst thou been wanton to that lewd degree,
By dark he might have been conducted to thee.
Where, silently, he might have served thy purpose,

And thou hadst had some poor excuse for that.

But bartering words with fools admits of none.

CORNELIA I grant ye ... Had I talked sense to him ... which had been enough to have lost him for ever.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Poor devil, how fearful 'tis of losing me.

GALLIARD That's some atonement for thy other sins ... Come, break thy word and wash it quite away.

SIR SIGNAL That cheating won't do, my good friend, that won't do.

GALLIARD Thou shalt be just and perjured, and pay my heart the debt of love you owe it?

CORNELIA And would you have the heart ... to make a whore of me?

GALLIARD With all my soul. And the devil's in it if I can give thee a greater proof of my passion.

CORNELIA I rather fear you would debauch me into that dull slave called a wife.

GALLIARD A wife! Have I no conscience, no honour in me?

Prithee, believe I would not be so wicked ...

No, ... my desires are generous, and noble.

To set thee up, that glorious insolent thing,

That makes mankind such slaves. Almighty courtesan!

... Come, to thy private chamber let us haste,

The sacred temple of the god of love,

And consecrate thy power.

(Offers to bear her off.)

CORNELIA Stop. Do you take me then for what I seem?

GALLIARD I'm sure I do! And would not be mistaken for a kingdom.

But if thou art not, I can soon mend that fault,

And make thee so ... Come ... I'm impatient to begin the experiment. *(Offers again to carry her off.)*

CORNELIA Nay then, I am in earnest ... Hold, mistaken stranger! ... I am of noble birth; and should I, in one hapless loving minute, destroy the honour of my house, ruin my youth and beauty, and all that virtuous education my hoping parents gave me?

GALLIARD Pretty, dissembled pride and innocence, and wounds no less than smiles ... Come, let us in ...

Where I will give thee leave to frown and jilt. Such pretty frauds advance the appetite. *(Offers again.)*

CORNELIA By all that's good, I am a maid of quality, blessed with a fortune equal to my birth.

GALLIARD I do not credit thee, or if I did,

For once I would dispense with quality,

And to express my love take thee with all these faults.

CORNELIA And being so, can you expect I'll yield?

GALLIARD The sooner for that reason, if thou art wise.

The quality will take away the scandal. ...

Do not torment me longer. ...

(Offers to lead her again.)

CORNELIA Stop, and be undeceived ... I do beseech ye. ...

GALLIARD Art thou no courtesan?

CORNELIA Not, on my life. Nor do intend to be.

GALLIARD No prostitute, nor dost intend to be?

CORNELIA By all that's good, I only feigned to be so.

GALLIARD No courtesan? Hast thou deceived me, then?

Tell me, thou wicked-honest, cozening beauty,
Why didst thou draw me in, with such a fair pretence?

Why such a tempting preface to invite,
And the whole piece so useless and unedifying?

... Heavens! Not a courtesan!

Why from thy window didst thou take my vows,
And make such kind returns? Oh damn your quality, what honest whore but would have scorned thy
cunning?

CORNELIA I make ye kind returns?

GALLIARD ... Persuade me out of that, too. 'Twill be like thee.

CORNELIA By all my wishes, I never held discourse with you ... but this evening, since I first saw your face.

GALLIARD (*in passion*) Oh, the impudence of honesty and quality in woman!

A plague upon 'em both, they have undone me.
Bear witness, oh thou gentle queen of night,
Goddess of shades, adored by lovers most,
How oft, under thy covert, she has damned herself,
With feigned love to me!

CORNELIA (*angry*) Heavens! This is impudence. That power I call to witness, too, how damnably thou injurest
me.

GALLIARD You never from your window talked of love to me?

CORNELIA Never.

GALLIARD So. Nor you're no courtesan?

CORNELIA No, by my life.

GALLIARD So. Nor do intend to be, by all that's good?

CORNELIA By all that's good, never.

GALLIARD So. ... And you are really honest, and of quality?

CORNELIA Or may I still be wretched.

GALLIARD So then, farewell, honesty and quality! ... (*Aside*) 'S death, what a night, what hopes, and what a
mistress. Have I all lost for honesty and quality? (*offers to go.*)

CORNELIA Stop. ...

GALLIARD I will be wrecked first ... (*in fury.*) Let go thy hold!

(in a soft tone) ... Unless thou wouldst repent. ...

CORNELIA I cannot, of my fixed resolves for virtue.

... But if you could but ... love me ... honourably ...

For I assumed this habit and this dress ...

GALLIARD To cheat me of my heart the readiest way.

And now like gaming rooks, unwilling to give o'er till you have hooked in my last stake, my body too, you cozen me with honesty ... Oh, damn the dice ... I'll have no more of it, I. The game's too deep for me, unless you played upon the square, or I could cheat like you ... Farewell, quality ... *(goes out.*

CORNELIA He's gone. Philipa, run and fetch him back.

I have but this short night allowed for liberty.

Perhaps tomorrow I may be a slave.

(Exit Philipa.

... Now, by my conscience, there never came good of this troublesome virtue ... Hang it, I was too serious. But, a devil on't, he looks so charmingly ... And was so very pressing, I durst trust my gay humour and good nature no farther!

(She walks about; Sir Signal peeps out, and then comes out.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* He's gone! ... So ... *(Aloud)* Ha ha ha ... As I hope to breathe, madam, you have most neatly dispatched him. Poor fool ... To compare his wit and his person to mine. ...

CORNELIA *(Aside)* Hah, the coxcomb here still. ...

SIR SIGNAL Well, this countenance of mine never failed me yet.

CORNELIA Ah ...

(Looking about at him sees his face black, squeaks, and runs away.

SIR SIGNAL Ah, whe, what the diavolo's that for? ... Whe, 'tis I, 'tis I, most *serenissimo signiora!*

Galliard returns, and Philipa.

GALLIARD What noise is that? Or is it some new design to fetch me back again?

SIR SIGNAL What! Galliard returned!

GALLIARD Hah! What art thou? A mortal, or a devil?

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* What! Not know me? Now might I pass upon him most daintily for a devil, but that I have been beaten out of one devilship already, and dare venture no more conjurationing.

GALLIARD Dog, what art thou? ... Not speak? Nay then, I'll inform myself, and try if you be flesh and blood.

(Kicks him. He avoids.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* No matter, for all this ... 'Tis better to be kicked than discovered, for then I shall be killed ... And I can sacrifice a limb or two to my reputation at any time.

GALLIARD *(Aside)* Death, 'tis the fool, the fool for whom I am abused and jilted. 'Tis some revenge to disappoint her cunning, and drive the slave before me ... *(Aloud)* Dog! were you her last reserve? ...

(kicks him; he keeps in his cry.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Still I say mum!

GALLIARD The ass will still appear through all disguises.

Nor can the devil's shape secure the fool ... (

Kicks him. Sir Signal runs out as Cornelia enters and holds Galliard.

CORNELIA Stop, tyrant ...

GALLIARD Oh women! Women! Fonder in your appetites

Than beasts. And more unnatural.

For they but couple with their kind, but you

Promiscuously shuffle your brutes together,

The fop of business with the lazy gown-man ...

The learned ass with the illiterate wit.

The empty coxcomb with the politician,

As dull and insignificant as he.

From the gay fool made more a beast by fortune

To all the loathed infirmities of age.

... Farewell ... I scorn to crowd with the dull herd,

Or graze upon the common where they batten ...

(Goes out.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* I know he loves, by this concern I know it,

And will not let him part dissatisfied.

Enter Marcella.

... By all that's good, I love him more each moment, and know he's destined to be mine. ...

... What hopes, Marcella? What is it we next shall do?

MARCELLA Fly to our last reserve. Come, let's haste and dress in that disguise we took our flight from Viterbo in ... And something ... I resolve ...

CORNELIA My soul informs me what ... I have it, a project worthy of us both ... Which whilst we dress I'll tell thee ... And by which,

My dear Marcella, we will stand or fall;

'Tis our last stake we set. And have at all.

Act V, scene 1.

Enter Petro, Tickletext, from the garden.

TICKLETEXT Haste, honest *barberacho*, before the day discover us to the wicked world, and that more wicked Galliard.

PETRO Well, signior, of a bad turn 'twas a good one, that he took you for Sir Signal! The scandal lies at his door now, sir, ... So, the ladder's fast. You may now mount, and away. ...

TICKLETEXT Very well, go your ways, and commend me, honest *barberacho*, to the young gentlewoman; and let her know, as soon as I may be certain to run no hazard in my reputation, I'll visit her again.

PETRO I'll warrant ye, signior, for the future.

TICKLETEXT So, now get you gone, lest we be discovered.

PETRO Farewell, signior; *à bon voyage*. *(Exit Petro. Tickletext descends.)*

TICKLETEXT 'Tis marvellous dark, and I have lost my lantern in the fray. *(Groping)* ... Hah ... whereabouts am I? ... Hm ... What have we here? ... Ah, help, help, help!

(stumbles at the well, gets hold of the rope and slides down in the bucket.)

I shall be drowned. Fire! Fire! Fire! For I have water enough! Oh for some house ... some street, nay, if only Rome itself were a second time in flames, that my deliverance might be wrought by the necessity for water ... But no human help is nigh ... Oh.

Enter Sir Signal as before.

SIR SIGNAL Did ever any knight adventurer run through so many disasters in one night? My worshipful carcass has been cudgelled most plentifully,. First banged for a coward ... which, by the way, was none of my fault. I cannot help Nature ... Then clawed away for a *diavolo*. There I was the fool, but who can help that too? Frighted with Galliard's coming into a shiver, then chimneyed into a fever, where I had a fine regale of soot, a perfume which nothing but my *cacamarda orangate* could excel, and which I find by ... *(snuffs)* my smelling, has defaced Nature's image, and a second time made me be suspected for a devil! ... Let me see ... *(Raises his lantern and looks on his hands)* ... 'Tis so ... I am in a cleanly pickle! if my face be of the same piece, I am fit to scare away old Beelzebub himself, 'ifaith. *(Wipes his face)* ... Aye ... 'Tis so ... Like to like, quoth the devil to the collier! Well, I'll home, scrub my self clean if possible, get me to bed, devise a handsome lie to excuse my long stay to my tutor, and all's well, and the man has his mare again. *(shuts his lantern and gropes away. Runs against the well)* ... *Que questo (feels gently)* Make me thankful 'tis substantial wood! By your leave ... *(Raises his lantern)* What? A well! Sent by providence that I may wash myself, lest people smoke me by the scent, and beat me anew for stinking. *(sets down his lantern, pulls of his masquerad coat, and goes to draw water)* 'Tis a damnable heavy bucket. Now do I fancy I shall look, when I am washing myself, like the pub-sign of the labour in vain.

TICKLETEXT So, my cry is gone forth, and I am delivered by miracle from this dungeon of death and darkness, this cold element of destruction. ...

SIR SIGNAL Hah ... Sure I heard a dismal hollow voice. ... *(Tickletext appears in the bucket, above the well.)*

TICKLETEXT What, art thou come in charity? ...

SIR SIGNAL Ah, *le diavolo! Le diavillo! le diavolo*. ... *(Lets go the bucket, and is running frightened away.)*

Enter Fillamour and a page. Sir Signal returns.

... What? A man? was ever wretched wise man so miserable? The devil at one hand, and a Roman night-walker at the other! Which danger shall I choose? ... *(Gets to the door of the house.*

TICKLETEXT So, I am got up at last ... Thanks to my knight, for I am sure 'twas he. Hah, he's here ... I'll hear his business. *(Goes near to Fillamour.*

FILLAMOUR Confound this woman, this bewitching woman,
I cannot shake her from my sullen heart;
Spite of my soul, I linger hereabouts
And cannot to Viterbo.

TICKLETEXT Very good! a dainty rascal this.

Enter Galliard with a lantern, as from Silvanetta's house, held back by Philipa.

FILLAMOUR *(Aside)* ... Hah. Who's this coming from her house? Perhaps 'tis Galliard.

GALLIARD *(To Philipa)* No argument shall fetch me back, by heaven.

FILLAMOUR *(Aside)* 'Tis the mad rogue.

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* Oh Lord, 'tis Galliard, and angry, too. Now could I but get off and leave Sir Signal to be beaten, 'twere a rare project ... But 'tis impossible without discovery.

PHILIPA But will you hear her, signior?

GALLIARD That is, will I lose more time about her? Plague on it, I have thrown away already such songs and sonnets, such madrigals and posies, such night-walks, sighs, and direful lover's looks, as would have mollified any woman of conscience and religion. And now to be popped in the mouth with quality! Well, if ever you catch me lying with any but honest well-meaning damsels hereafter, hang me: ... Farewell, old secret. Farewell. *(Exit Philipa.*

... Now am I ashamed of being cozened so damnably. Fillamour, that virtuous rascal, will so laugh at me! 'S heart, could I but have debauched him, we had been on equal terms ... But I must help myself with lying, and swear I have ... a ...

FILLAMOUR You shall not need. I'll keep your counsel, sir!

GALLIARD Hah ... *Este vous la?* ...

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* What, Fillamour all this while? Some comfort yet. I am not the only professor that dissembles. But how to get away? ...

GALLIARD Oh, Harry, the most damnably defeated! *(A noise of swords.*

FILLAMOUR Stop! What noise is that? Two men coming this way as from the house of the courtesans.

Enter Julio backwards, fighting Octavio and hired thugs, and cross the stage.

GALLIARD Hah, one retreating, ... 'S death, I've no sword!

Enter Julio and Octavio fighting.

FILLAMOUR Here's one. I'll take my page's. *(Takes the boy's sword.*

GALLIARD Now am I mad for mischief. Here, hold my lantern, boy.

They fight on Julio's side, and fight Octavio out at 'tother side. Enter Laura Lucretia and Sabina at the fore-door ... which is the same door as where Sir Signal stands. Tickletext, groping up that way, finds Sir Signal just entering in. Laura Lucretia and Sabina pass over the stage.

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside)* Hah, a door open! I care not who it belongs to. 'Tis better dying indoors like a man, than in the street like a dog. *(As Sir Signal is going in, Tickletext in great fear comes up and pulls him.*

TICKLETEXT Signior! A gentle signior, whoe'er ye are that owns this mansion. I beseech you to give protection to a wretched man, half dead with fear and injury.

SIR SIGNAL Nay, I defy the devil to be more dead with fear than I. ... Signior, you may enter. *~(Aside)* Perhaps 'tis somebody that will make an excuse for us both, ... but hark, they return!

And both go in: just after, Laura Lucretia and Sabina enter.

LAURA LUCRETIA He's gone. He's gone, perhaps for ever gone ... Tell me, thou silly manager of love, how got this ruffian in? How was it possible, without thy knowledge, he could get admittance?

SABINA Now, as I hope to live and learn, I know not, madam, unless he followed you when you let in the cavalier, which being by dark, he easily concealed himself. No doubt some lover of the Silvanetta's, who, mistaking you for her, took him, too, for a rival.

LAURA LUCRETIA 'Tis likely, and my Fortune is to blame. My cursed Fortune, who, like misers, deals her scanty bounties with so slow a hand,
That or we die before the blessing falls,
Or have it snatched 'fore we can call it ours.

(Raving) To have him in my house, to have him kind!

Kind as young lovers when they meet by stealth.

As fond as age to beauty, and as soft

As love and wit could make impatient youth,

Anticipating my wishes and desires.

... Oh gods! And then, even then to be defeated.

Then from my o'er-joyed arms to have him snatched.

Then, when our vows had made our freedom lawful!

What maid* could suffer a surprise so cruel?

* virgin

... The day begins to break ... Go search the streets,

And bring me news he's safe, or I am lost.

(Exit Sabina.

Enter Galliard, Fillamour and Julio.

FILLAMOUR Galliard! Where art thou?

GALLIARD Here, safe and by thy side. ...

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside)* 'Tis he.

JULIO Whoe'er he were, the rogue fought like a fury, and but for your timely aid I'd been in some danger.

FILLAMOUR But, Galliard, thou wert telling me thy adventure with Silvianetta. There may be comfort in't.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) So, now I shall hear with what concern he speaks of me.

GALLIARD Oh damn her, damn her!

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) Hah!

GALLIARD The very'st jilt that ever learnt the art.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) Heavens!

GALLIARD Death, the whore took me for some amorous English elder brother, and was for matrimony, in the devil's name. Thought me a loving fool, that ne'er had seen so glorious a sight before, and would, at any rate, enjoy.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) Oh heavens, I am amazed. How much he differs from the thing he was but a few minutes since.

GALLIARD And to advance her price, set up for quality. Nay, swore she was a virgin, and that she did but act the courtesan.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) Which then he seemed to give a credit to ... Oh, the forsworn dissembler.

GALLIARD But when I came to the matter then in debate, she was for honourable love, forsooth, and would not yield. No, marry, would she, not under a licence from the parson of the parish.

JULIO Who was it, prithee? 'Twere a good deed to be so revenged on her.

GALLIARD Pox on her, no, I'm sure she's a damned gipsy. For at the same time, she had her lovers in reserve, lay hid in her bed-chamber.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) 'Twas that he took unkindly,
And makes me guilty of that rude address.

FILLAMOUR Another lover, had she?

GALLIARD Yes, our coxcomb knight Buffoon, laid by for a relishing bit, in case I proved not seasoned to her mind.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) Hah! He knew him, then.

GALLIARD But, damn her, she passes with the night. The day will bring new objects.

FILLAMOUR Oh, I do not doubt it, Frank.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside to Silvio*) False and inconstant! Oh, I shall rave, Silvio. ...

Enter Cornelia in men's clothes, with a letter.

CORNELIA ~(*Aside*) Here be the cavaliers. Give me, kind heaven, but hold of him, and if I keep him not, I here renounce my charms of wit and beauty. ... (*Aloud*) Signiors, is there a cavalier amongst ye called Fillamour?

FILLAMOUR I own that name. What would you, sir?

CORNELIA Only to deliver this, signior.

(Fillamour goes aside, raises his lantern, and reads. Julio and Galliard talk aside.)

FILLAMOUR *(Reads)* 'I'll only tell you I am brother to that Marcella whom you have injured, to oblige you to meet me an hour hence, in the Piazza D'Espagne. I need not say with your sword in your hand, since you will there meet ... Julio Sebastiano Morisini.'

(Aside) ... Hah! Her brother, sure ... returned from travel *(To Cornelia.)* ... Signior ... I will not fail to answer it as he desires. *(Aside, going out.)* I'll take this opportunity to steal off undiscovered. *(Exit)*

CORNELIA *(Aside)* So, I've done my sister's business. Now for my own.

GALLIARD But, my good friend, pray what adventure have you been on tonight?

JULIO Faith, sir, 'twas like to have proved a pleasant one. I came just now from the Silvianetta ... the fair young courtesan.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* Hah! What said the man ... Came from me?

GALLIARD What, sir? You with Silvianetta? When?

JULIO Now, all the dear, live-long night.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* A pox take him. Who can this be? ...

GALLIARD This night? This night that is not yet departed?

JULIO This very happy night ... I told you I saw a lovely woman at St Peter's church.

GALLIARD You did so.

JULIO I told you, too, I followed her home, but could learn neither her name nor quality. But my page, getting into the acquaintance of one of hers, brought me news of both. Her name, Silvianetta; her quality, a courtesan.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* I at church yesterday? Now hang me if I had any such devout thoughts about me. Whe, what a damned scandalous rascal, this.

JULIO Filled with hopes of success, at night I made her a visit, and under her window had a skirmish with some rival, who was then serenading her.

GALLIARD *(Aside)* Was it he that fought us, then? ... *(Aloud)* ... But it seems you were not mistaken in the house ... On with your story, pray ... *(Aside)* Death, I grow jealous now ... *(Aloud)* You came at night, you said? ...

JULIO Yes, and was received at the door by the kind Silvianetta, who softly whispered me, 'Come to my bosom and be safe for ever!' and doubtless took me for some happier man.

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside, raving)* Confusion on him, 'twas my very language!

JULIO Then led me by dark into her chamber.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* Oh, this damn'd lying rascal. I, do this?

JULIO But, oh, the things, the dear obliging things the kind the fair young charmer said and did.

GALLIARD To thee!

JULIO To me.

GALLIARD Did Silvianetta do this, Silvianetta the courtesan?

JULIO That passes, sir, for such, but is, indeed, of quality.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* This stranger is the devil! How should he know that secret, else?

JULIO She told me, too, 'twas for my sake alone, whom from the first minute she saw, she loved. She had assumed that name and that disguise the sooner to invite me.

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside)* 'Tis plain, the things I uttered ... Oh, my heart!

GALLIARD *(Aside)* Curse on the public jilt. The very flattery she would have passed on me.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* Pox take him, I must draw on him. I cannot hold.

GALLIARD Was ever such a whore?

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside)* Oh, that I knew this man, whom by mistake I lavished all the secrets of my soul to.

JULIO I pressed for something more than dear expressions,
And found her yield apace,
But sighing, told me of a fatal contract
She was obliged to make to one she never saw;
And yet, if I would vow to marry her when she could prove to
Merit it, she would deny me nothing.

LAURA LUCRETIA *[(Aside)* 'Twas I, by heaven, that heedless fool was I.

JULIO Which I, with lovers' eager joy performed,
And on my knees uttered the hasty words,
Which she repeated o'er and gave me back.

GALLIARD *(Aside)* So, he has swallowed with a vengeance the very bait she had prepared for me, or anybody that would bite.

JULIO But 'fore I could receive the dear reward of all my vows,
I was drawn upon by a man that lay hid in her chamber ...
Whether by chance or design I know not ... who fought me out,
And was the same you found me engaged with.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* A pleasant rascal this as e'er the devil taught his lesson to.

GALLIARD *(Aside)* So, my comfort is, she has jilted him too, most damnably.

CORNELIA *(Aside)* 'S life, I have anger enough to make me valiant. Why should I not make use of it, and beat this lying villain whilst the fit holds?

GALLIARD And you design to keep these vows, though you're contracted to another woman?

JULIO I neither thought of breaking those, or keeping these. My soul was all employed another way.

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside)* ... It shall be so ... *(Takes Silvio and whispers to him)* Silvio ... I've thought upon a way that must redeem all ... Hark, and observe me. ...

JULIO But I'm impatient to pursue my adventure, which I must endeavour to do before the light discover the mistake ... Farewell, sir. *(Exit Julio.)*

GALLIARD Go, and be ruined quite. She has the knack of doing it.

SILVIO (*Aside to Laura Lucretia*) I'll warrant ye, madam, for my part. *(Exit Laura Lucretia.*

GALLIARD (*Aside*) ... I have a damned hankering after this woman. Why could not I have put the cheat on her, as Julio has? I stand as little on my word as he! A good round oath or two had done the business, ... But a pox on't, I loved too well to be so wise. *(Silvio comes up to him.*

SILVIO *Con licentia*, signior! Is your name Galliard?

GALLIARD I am the man, sweetheart ... Let me behold thee ... Hah ... *Sans Coeur's* page.

SILVIO (*Aside*) A deuce of his lantern. What shall I say now?

... Softly, signior; I am that page whose chiefest business is to attend my lord's mistress, sir.

CORNELIA (*Aside, listening close.*) His mistress? Whose mistress? What mistress? 'S life, how that little word has nettled me.

GALLIARD (*Aside, hugging himself*) Upon my life, the woman that he boasted of. ... a fair young amorous ... noble ... wanton, a ... (*Aloud*) And she would speak with me, my lovely boy?

SILVIO You have anticipated the commands I had. But should my Lord know of it ...

GALLIARD Thou wert undone. I understand thee ...

And will be as secret as a confessor ...

As lonely shades, or everlasting night ... Come, lead the way. ...

CORNELIA (*Aside*) Where I will follow thee, though to the bed of her thou art going to, and even prevent thy very business there. ... *(Exeunt.*

Act V, scene .2. Setting, a chamber.

Enter Laura Lucretia as before in a dressing-gown.

LAURA LUCRETIA Now for a power that never yet was known,

To charm this stranger quickly into love.

Assist my eyes, thou god of kind desires.

Inspire my language with a moving force

That may at once gain and secure the victory.

Enter Sabina.

SABINA Madam, your lover's here. Your time's but short. Consider, too, Count Julio may arrive!

LAURA LUCRETIA Let him arrive! Having secured myself of what I love,

I'll leave him to complain his unknown loss

To careless winds as pitiless as I. Sabina, see the rooms

Be filled with lights, whilst I prepare myself to entertain him.

Darkness shall ne'er deceive me more ...

Enter, to Sabina, Galliard gazing about him. Cornelia peeping at the door.

GALLIARD All's wondrous rich ... Gay as the court of love,
But still and silent as the shades of death; *(Soft music whilst they speak.*
... Hah ... Music! And excellent! Pox on't ... But where's the woman? ... I need no preparation. ...

CORNELIA *(Aside)* No, you are always ready for such encounters, and can fall to, sans ceremony ... But I may
spoil your appetite. *(A song tuning.*

GALLIARD A voice, too. By heaven, and 'tis a sweet one.
Grant she be young, and I'll excuse the rest,
Yet vie for pleasure with the happiest Roman.

(The song as if sung by Laura Lucretia. After which, soft music till she enters.

The song, by a person of quality.

Farewell the world and mortal cares,
The ravished Strephon cried,
As, full of joy and tender tears,
He lay by Phillis' side:
Let others toil for wealth and fame,
Whilst not one thought of mine
At any other bliss shall aim,
But those dear arms, but those dear arms of thine.

Still let me gaze on thy bright eyes,
And hear thy charming tongue,
I nothing ask to increase my joys
But thus to feel 'em long;
In close embraces let us lie,
And spend our lives to come,
Then let us both together die,
And be each other's, be each other's tomb.

GALLIARD ... Death, I am fired already with her voice. ...

CORNELIA *(Aside)* So, I am like to thrive ...

Enter Julio.

JULIO *(Aside)* What mean these lights in every room, as if to make the day without the sun, and quite
destroy my hopes? ... Hah, Galliard here.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) A man. Grant it some lover, or some husband, heaven,
Or anything that will but spoil the sport.
The lady! Oh, blast her, how fair she is.

*Enter Laura Lucretia with her lute, dressed in a careless rich dress,
followed by Sabina, to whom she gives her lute; and Silvio.*

JULIO (*Aside*) Hah! 'tis the same woman! *(Laura Lucretia sees Julio, and starts.*

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) A stranger here! What art can help me now? ... *(She pauses.*

GALLIARD (*Aside*) By all my joys, a lovely woman 'tis.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) Help me, deceit, dissembling, all that's woman ...

(She starts, and gazes on Galliard, pulling Silvio.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) Sure, I should know that face. ...

LAURA LUCRETIA Ah look, my Silvio, is't not he? ...(*Aside*) It is.

That smile, that air, that mien, that bow is his.

'Tis he, by all my hopes, by all my wishes.

GALLIARD He, yes, yes, I am a he, I thank my stars

And never blessed them half so much for being so,

As for the dear variety of woman.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) Curse on her charms. She'll make him love in earnest.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Going towards Galliard*) It is my brother. And report was false!

GALLIARD (*Aside*) What, her brother? Gad, I'm sorry we're so near akin with all my soul; for I am damnably pleased with her.

LAURA LUCRETIA Ah, why do ye shun my arms? ... Or are ye air,

And not to be enclosed in human twines? ...

Perhaps you are the ghost of that dead Lord

That comes to whisper vengeance to my soul.

GALLIARD (*Aside*) 'S heart! A ghost. This is an odd preparative to love.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) 'Tis Laura, my brother Julio's mistress, and sister to Octavio.

GALLIARD Death, madam, do not scare away my love with tales of ghosts and fancies of the dead. I'll give ye proofs I'm living, loving man. As absolute and amorous a mortal as heart can wish ... (*Aside*) I hope she will not jilt me, too.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) So! He's at his common proof for all arguments.

If she should take him at his word now ... and she'll be sure to do't ...

LAURA LUCRETIA Amiable stranger, pardon the mistake,

And charge it on my passion for a brother.

Devotion was not more retired than I.

Vestals, or widowed matrons when they weep.

Till by a fatal chance I saw in you

The dear resemblance of a murdered brother. *(Weeps.*

JULIO *(Aside)* What the devil can she mean by this?

LAURA LUCRETIA I durst not trust my eyes, yet still I gazed,

And that increased my faith you were my brother.

But since they erred, and he indeed is dead,

Oh, give me leave to pay you all that love,

That tenderness and passion that was his. *(Weeping.*

CORNELIA *(Aside)* So, I knew she would bring matters about some way or other. Oh, mischief, mischief help me! 'S life, I can be wicked enough when I have no use for it, and now I have, I'm as harmless as a fool. *(As Galliard is earnestly talking to Laura Lucretia, Julio pulls him by the sleeve.*

LAURA LUCRETIA Oh, save me, save me from the murderer!

JULIO Hah!

GALLIARD A murderer? Where?

LAURA LUCRETIA I faint, I die with horror of the sight.

GALLIARD Hah ... My friend a murderer! Sure, you mistake him madam. He saw not Rome till yesterday ... An honest youth, madam, and one that knows his distance upon occasion ... *(To Julio)* 'S life, how camest thou here? ... Prithee, be gone and leave us.

JULIO Why, do you know this lady, sir?

GALLIARD Know her! ... A ... Aye, aye ... man ... and all her relations. She's of quality ... Withdraw, withdraw ... madam ... a ... He is my friend, and shall be civil. ...

LAURA LUCRETIA I have an easy faith for all you say ... But yet, however innocent he be, or dear to you, I beg he would depart ... He is so like my brother's murtherer, that one look more would kill me ...

JULIO A murtherer! Charge me with cowardice, with rapes or treasons ... Gods, a murtherer!

CORNELIA *(Aside)* A devil on her! She has robbed the sex of all their arts of cunning.

GALLIARD Pox on't, thou art rude. Go, in good manners, go ...

LAURA LUCRETIA *(To Julio)* I do beseech ye, torture me no more.

If you would have me think you're not that murtherer,

Be gone ... And leave your friend to calm my heart

Into some kinder thoughts.

GALLIARD Aye, aye, prithee go. I'll be sure to do thy business for thee.

CORNELIA Yes, yes, you will not fail to do a friendly part, no doubt ...

JULIO *(Aside)* 'Tis but in vain to stay ... I see she did mistake her man last night, and 'twas to chance I am in debt for that good fortune ... *(Aloud)* I will retire to show my obedience, madam.

(Exit Julio, Galliard going to the door with him.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) He's gone, and left me mistress of my wish.

Descend ye little wingèd gods of love,

Descend and hover round our bower of bliss,

Play all in various forms about the youth,

And empty all our quivers at his heart.

(Galliard returns. She takes him by the hand.)

... Advance thou dearer to my soul than kindred,

Thou more than friend or brother,

Let meaner souls, born base, conceal the god.

Love owns his monarchy within my heart.

So, kings, that deign to visit humble roofs,

Enter disguised, but in a noble palace

Own their great power, and show themselves in glory.

GALLIARD I am all transport with this sudden bliss,

And want some kind allay to fit my soul for recompence.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) Yes, yes, my forward friend, you shall have an allay, if all my art can do it, to damp thee even to disappointment.

GALLIARD My soul's all wonder now. Let us retire,

And gaze till I have softened it to love.

(Going out, they are met by Cornelia.)

CORNELIA Madam.

LAURA LUCRETIA More interruption. ... (*Turns*) Hah. ...

CORNELIA My master, the young Count Julio ...

LAURA LUCRETIA Julio!

GALLIARD (*Aside*) What of him?

CORNELIA Being just now arrived at Rome ...

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) Heavens! Arrived!

CORNELIA Sent me to beg the honour of waiting on you.

LAURA LUCRETIA Sure, stranger, you mistake ...

CORNELIA If, madam, you are Laura Lucretia ...

GALLIARD (*Aside*) Laura Lucretia! By heaven, the very woman he's to marry.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) This would surprise a virgin less resolved,

But what have I to do with aught but love?

(Aloud) ... And can your Lord imagine this an hour

To make a ceremonious visit in?

GALLIARD (*Aside*) Riddles, by love! Or is it some trick again?

CORNELIA Madam, where vows are passed, the lack of ceremony may be pardoned.¹

LAURA LUCRETIA I am not used to have my will disputed.

Be gone, and let him know I'll be obeyed.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) 'Slife, she'll outwit me yet ...

(*Aloud*) Madam, I see this coyness is not general.

... You can except some lovers.

GALLIARD My pert young confidant, depart, and let your master know he'll find a better welcome from the fair vain courtesan, La Silvianetta, where he has passed the night and given his vows.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside, smiling*) Dearly devised, and I must take the hint.

CORNELIA (*Aside.*) He knows me, sure, and says all this to plague me. (*Aloud*) My lord, my master with a courtesan? He's but just now arrived.

GALLIARD (*Aside*) A pretty, forward, saucy, lying boy this, and may do well in time ... (*To Laura Lucretia*)

Madam, believe him not. I saw his master yesterday ... Conversed with him,... I know him, he's my friend ... 'Twas he that parted hence but now ... He told me all his passion for a courtesan scarce half an hour since.

CORNELIA So.

LAURA LUCRETIA I do not doubt it. (*Aside*) Oh, how I love him for this seasonable lie,

... (*To Cornelia*) And can you think I'll see a perjured man,

Who gives my interest in him to another?

... (*And laughing to Galliard*) Do I not help ye out most artfully? ...

CORNELIA (*Aside*) I see they are resolved to out-face me.

GALLIARD Nay, vowed to marry her!

LAURA LUCRETIA Heavens, to marry her?

CORNELIA (*Aside*) To be conquered at my own weapon, too ... lying. 'Tis a hard case ...

GALLIARD (*To Cornelia*) Go, boy, you may be gone. You have your answer, child, and may depart ... (*To Laura Lucretia*) Come, madam, let us leave him.

CORNELIA (*Aside*) Gone! No help. Death, I'll quarrel with him ... nay fight him ... Damn him ... Rather than lose him thus,... (*Pulls Galliard*) Stay, signior ... You call me boy ... but you may find yourself mistaken, sir, ... And know ... I've that about me may convince ye (*Showing his sword*) ... 'T has done some execution.

GALLIARD Prithee, on whom, or what? Small village curs? The barking of a mastiff would unman thee.

(*Offers to go.*)

¹ **where vows are passed, the want of ceremony may be pardoned:** although the church wanted a church ceremony to be compulsory for a marriage to exist, legally, a marriage contract was made by an exchange of vows between the two parties involved.

CORNELIA Stop ... Follow me from the refuge of her arms.

As thou'rt a man, I do beseech thee, do it.

... *(Aside)* 'Hope he will. I'll venture beating for it.

GALLIARD Yes, my brisk ... little rascal ... I will ... A ...

LAURA LUCRETIA By all that's good, you shall not stir from hence. Ho, who waits there? Antonio, Silvio, Gaspero ...

Enter Antonio, Silvio, and Gaspero.

... take that fierce youth, and bear him from my sight.

CORNELIA You shall not need *(Aside)* 'S life, these rough rogues will be too hard for me ... I've one prevention left ... *(Aloud to Galliard)* Farewell.

Mayst thou supply her with as feeble art

As I should do, were I to play thy part. *(Cornelia goes out with the servants.)*

GALLIARD He's gone! Now let's redeem our blessed minutes lost. *(Going.)*

Act V, scene 3. Setting changes to the street -- Piazza D'Espagne

Enter Julio alone.

JULIO Now, by this breaking daylight, I could rave. I knew she mistook me last night, which made me so eager to improve my lucky minutes ... Sure, Galliard is not the man. I long to know the mystery ... Hah, ... who's here? ... Fillamour.

Enter Fillamour, met by Marcella in men's clothes. They pass by each other ... cock and jostle.

MARCELLA I take it ... you are he I look for, sir.

FILLAMOUR My name is Fillamour.

MARCELLA Mine ... Julio Sebastiano Morisini.

JULIO *(Aside)* Hah, my name, by heaven.

FILLAMOUR I doubt it not, since in that lovely face

I see the charming image of Marcella.

JULIO Hah. ...

MARCELLA *(Aside)* You might, before travel, ruffled me to man

... *(Aloud)* I would return thy praise whilst I survey thee,

But that I came not here for compliment ... Draw. ...

(Draws.)

FILLAMOUR Why, 'cause thou'rt like Marcella?

MARCELLA That were sufficient reason for thy hate,

But mine's because thou hast betrayed her basely;

... She told me all the story of her love,

How well you meant, how honestly you swore,
And with a thousand tears employed my aid
To break the contract she was forced to make
T' Octavio, and give her to your arms.
I did, and brought you word of our design,
... I need not tell ye what returns you made.
Let it suffice, my sister was neglected,
Neglected for a courtesan, ... a whore!
I watched and saw each circumstance of falsehood.

JULIO *(Aside)* Damnation! What means this?

FILLAMOUR I scorn to save my life by lies or flatteries,
But credit me, the visit that I made,
I durst have sworn had been to my Marcella.
Her face, her eyes, her beauty was the same.
Only the business of her language differed,
And undeceived my hope.

MARCELLA In vain thou thinkst to flatter me to faith, ...
When thou'dst my sister's letter in thy hand,
Which ended that dispute ...
Even then I saw with what regret you read it:
What care you took to disobey it, too ...
The shivering virgin, half dead with fears and terrors of the night,
In vain expected a relief from love or thee.
Draw, that I may return her the glad news I have revenged her.

JULIO Hold, much mistaken youth! 'Tis I am Julio; thou, Fillamour, know'st my name, knows I arrived but
yesterday at Rome, and heard the killing news of both my sisters' flights, Marcella and Cornelia ... *(To
Marcella)* And thou art some imposture.

MARCELLA *(Aside)* If this now should be true, I were in a fine condition. ...

FILLAMOUR Fled! Marcella fled?

JULIO 'Twas she I told thee yesterday was lost.
But why art thou concerned? ... Explain the mystery.

FILLAMOUR I loved her more than life. Nay, even than heaven.
And dost thou question my concern for her?
Say how, and why, and whither is she fled?

JULIO Oh, I wish I knew, that I might kill her in her lover's arms.
Or if I found her innocent, restore her to Octavio.

FILLAMOUR To Octavio! And is my friendship of so little worth,
You cannot think I merit her?

JULIO (*Aside*) This is some trick between 'em. (*Aloud*) But I have sworn most solemnly, have sworn by heaven
and my honour to resign her, and I will do't or die ... (*To Marcella*) Therefore, declare quickly, declare
where she is, or I will leave thee dead upon the place.

MARCELLA (*Aside*) So, death or Octavio. A pretty hopeful choice, this.

FILLAMOUR Stop! By Heaven you shall not touch a single hair, thus ... (*Puts himself between 'em; draws*) will I
guard the secret in his bosom.

JULIO 'Tis plain thou'st injured me ... and to my honour I'll sacrifice my friendship; follow me. (*Exit Julio.*)

Enter Petro and Cornelia.

MARCELLA Ah Petro, fly, fly swift and rescue him. ... (*Exit Petro with his sword in his hand.*)

CORNELIA Oh, have I found thee fit for my purpose too? Come, haste along with me ... Thou must present
my brother Julio instantly, or I am lost, and my projects lost, and my man's lost, and all's lost.

Enter Petro.

PETRO *Victoria, victoria*, your cavalier's the conqueror! The other, wounded in his sword hand, was easily
disarmed.

MARCELLA Then let's retire. If I am seen, I'm lost ... Petro, stay here for the cavalier, and conduct him to me
to this house ... I must be speedy, now. ...

CORNELIA (*Pointing to Marcella*) Remember this is Julio.

PETRO I know your design, and warrant ye my part ... Hah, Octavio.

Enter Octavio, Morisini, and Crapine.

OCTAVIO Now cowardice, that everlasting infamy, dwell ever on my face, that men may point me out that
hated lover that saw his mistress false, stood tamely by whilst she repeated vows. Nay, was so
infamous, so dully tame, to hear her swear her hatred and aversion, yet still I calmly listened, though
my sword were ready, and did not cut his throat for it.

MORISINI I thought you'd said you'd fought.

OCTAVIO Yes, I did rouse at last, and waked my wrongs.

But, like an ass, a patient fool of honour,
I gave him friendly notice I would kill him,
And fought like priziers, not as angry rivals.

MORISINI Why, that was handsome ... I love fair play. What would you else have done?

OCTAVIO Have fallen upon him like a sudden storm,

Enter Petro and Fillamour.

Quick, unexpected in his height of love: ... See ... See yonder! Or I'm mistaken by this glimmering day, or that is Fillamour now entering at her door. 'Tis he, by my revenge! ... What say you, sir?

MORISINI By the mass, I think it was he ...

Enter Julio.

OCTAVIO Julio, I've caught the wantons in their toil.

I have 'em fast, thy sister and her lover. *(Embraces him.*

JULIO Eternal shame light on me if they 'scape, then.

OCTAVIO Follow me quick ... whilst we can get admittance.

JULIO Where ... Here?

OCTAVIO Here ... Come all and see her shame and my revenge.

JULIO And are you not mistaken in the house?

OCTAVIO Mistaken? I saw the ravisher enter just now; thy uncle saw it too. Oh, my excessive joy, come, if I lie ... Say I'm a dog, a villain! *(Exeunt as if going into the house.*

Act V, scene 4. *Setting changes to a chamber.*

Enter Sir Signal, groping a little in the dark.

SIR SIGNAL There's no finding my way out ... And now does fear make me fancy ... this some enchanted castle¹ ...

Enter Tickletext, listening.

TICKLETEXT Hah, an enchanted castle!

SIR SIGNAL Belonging to a monstrous giant, who, having spirited away the king of Tropicopican's daughter, keeps her here enclosed. And that I, wandering knight, am by fickle Fortune sent to her deliverance.

(Tickletext listens.

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* What's that? Spirited away the king of Tropicopican's daughter? Bless me, what unlawful wickedness is practised in this Romish, heathenish country.

SIR SIGNAL And yet the devil of any dwarf squire or damsel have I met with yet ... I wish I were cleanlily off o' this business ... Hah, lights, as I live! And people coming this way! ... Bless me from the giant ... Oh Lord, what shall I do? ... *(Falls on his knees.*

YICKLETEXT *(Aside)* I fear no giants, having justice on my side, but reputation makes me tender of my person ... Hah ... what's this? A curtain. I'll wind myself in this. It may secure me.

(Winds himself in a window curtain.

¹ **some enchanted Castle:** the exchanges that follow will remind the audience of a very similar scene in the hugely popular *Don Quixote*, which had been translated into English.

SIR SIGNAL *[Aside.]* ... They're entering, what shall I do? ... hah ... here's a corner; defend me from a chimney.

(Creeps to the corner of the window, and feels a space between Tickletext's legs and the corner. Creeps in, and stands up just behind Tickletext.

Enter Galliard. leading Laura Lucretia. Sabina with lights just after 'em. Julio, Octavio, Morisini, and Crapine.

OCTAVIO *(To Julio)* Just in the happy minute.

GALLIARD *(To Laura Lucretia)* I've sworn by every god, by every power divine, to marry thee, and save thee from the tyranny of a forced marriage ... *(Aside)* Nay, Gad, if I lose a fine wench for want of oaths this bout, the devil's in me.

OCTAVIO What think ye now, sir?

JULIO Damnation on her, set my rage at liberty! *(Morisini holds him)* that I may kill 'em both!

MORISINI *(To Julio)* I see no cause for that. She may be virtuous yet.

OCTAVIO *(To Morisini)* De ye think as such to pass her off on me,
Or that I'll bear the infamy of your family?

No, I scorn her now, but can revenge my honour on a rival.

MORISINI Nay, then I'll see fair play ... Turn and defend thy life. *(goes to Galliard, who turns.*

JULIO Whilst I do justice on the prostitute ... Hah ...

Defend me, 'tis the woman that I love. *(He gazes. Laura Lucretia runs to Galliard.*

LAURA LUCRETIA Octavio!

OCTAVIO Laura! My sister! Perfidious, shameful ... *(Offers to kill her.*

JULIO Stop! Thy sister, this? That sister I'm to marry?

LAURA LUCRETIA *(Aside)* Is this, then, Julio? And do all the powers conspire to make me wretched?

OCTAVIO May I be dumb for ever. *(Holds his sword down and looks sadly. Julio holds Laura Lucretia by one hand, pleads with Octavio with the other.*

Enter Fillamour and Petro.

FILLAMOUR ... Hah, Galliard! in danger too. *(Draws. Steps to 'em; Morisini puts himself between them.*

OCTAVIO Fillamour here. How now, what's the matter, friend?

Fillamour and Octavio talk, whilst enter Marcella and Cornelia.

MARCELLA *(Aside)* And Octavio; where shall we fly for safety?

CORNELIA *(Aside)* I'll just trust to my breeches. 'Tis too late to retreat ... 'Slife, here be our cavaliers too. Nay then, ne'er fear falling into the enemy's hands.

FILLAMOUR *(To Octavio)* I, I fled with Marcella? Had I been blessed with so much love from her, I would have boasted of it in the face of heaven.

MORISINI *(To Octavio)* La ye, sir.

FILLAMOUR The lovely maid I own I have a passion for.

But, by the powers above, the flame was sacred,

And would no more have passed the bounds of honour,
Or hospitality, than I would basely murder. And were she free,
I would from all the world make her for ever mine.

MORISINI Look ye, sir, a plain case this.

GALLIARD He tells ye simple truth, Sir.

OCTAVIO (*To Fillamour*) Was it not you, this scarce-past night, I fought with here, in the house by dark? Just
when you had exchanged your vows with her?

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) Heavens! Was it he?

FILLAMOUR This minute was the first I ever entered here.

JULIO 'Twas I, sir, was that interrupted lover ... and this the lady.

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside*) And must I yield at last?

OCTAVIO Wonders and riddles!

GALLIARD (*To Julio, slyly.*) And was this the Silvianetta, sir, you told the story of?

JULIO The same whom inclination, friends and destiny
Conspire to make me blessed with.

GALLIARD So many disappointments in one night would make a man turn honest in spite of Nature.

(Sir Signal peeps from behind.

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside*) Some comfort yet that I am not the only fool defeated. Hah! Galliard.

OCTAVIO (*To Fillamour*) I'm satisfied ... (*To Galliard*) But what could move you, sir ... to injure me, one of my
birth and quality?

GALLIARD Faith, sir, I never stand upon ceremony when there's a woman in the case ... Nor knew I 'twas
your sister. Or if I had, I should've liked her ne'er the worse for that, had she been kind.

JULIO It is my business to account with him,
And I am satisfied he has not injured me. He is my friend.

GALLIARD That's frankly said, and, uncompelled, I swear she's innocent.

OCTAVIO (*To Julio*) If you're convinced, I too am satisfied,
And give her to you whilst that faith continues. *(Octavio gives Laura Lucretia to Julio.*

LAURA LUCRETIA (*Aside.*) And must I, must I force my heart to yield?
And yet his generous confidence obliges me.

OCTAVIO (*Kneels*) And here I vow, by all the sacred powers that punish perjury, never to set my heart on
faithless woman. ... Never to love nor marry. *(Rises)* Travel shall be my business ...*(To Julio)* Thou, my
heir.

SIR SIGNAL (*Aside*) So, poor soul, I warrant he has been defeated too.

MARCELLA Marcella, sir, will take ye at your word!

FILLAMOUR Marcella!

MARCELLA Who owns with blushes, truths should be concealed; but to prevent more mischief ... *(To Octavio)* that I was yours, sir, was against my will. My soul was Fillamour's before you claimed a right in me. Though I ne'er saw or held discourse with him, but at an awful distance ... Nor knew he of my flight.

OCTAVIO I do believe, and give thee back my claim. I scorn the brutal part of love, the noblest body where the heart is wanting. *(They all talk aside; Cornelia comes up to Galliard.)*

CORNELIA Whe, how now, cavalier! How like a discarded favourite do you look now, who, whilst your authority lasted, laid about ye; domineered, huffed and blustered, as if there had been no end to it. Now a man may approach ye without terror ... You see the meat's snatched out of your mouth, sir. The lady's disposed of, whose friends and relations you were so well acquainted with.

GALLIARD Peace, boy, I shall be angry else. ...

CORNELIA Have you never a cast mistress that will take compassion on you? Faith, what think you of the little courtesan, now?

GALLIARD As ill as e'er I did. What's that to thee?

CORNELIA Much more than you're aware of, sir ... And faith, to tell you truth, I'm no servant to Count Julio, but just a little, michievous instrument she sent hither to prevent your courting Donna Laura.

GALLIARD *(Aside)* 'Tis she herself ... How could that beauty hide itself so long from being known? *(Aloud)* ... Malicious little dog in a manger, that would neither eat, nor suffer the hungry to feed themselves! What spiteful devil could move thee to treat a lover thus? But I am pretty well revenged on ye.

CORNELIA On me?

GALLIARD You think I did not know those pretty eyes, that lovely mouth I have so often kissed in cold imagination?

CORNELIA Softly, tormentor! *(They talk aside.)*

MARCELLA In this disguise we parted from Viterbo, attended only by Petro and Philipa. At Rome, we took the title and habit of two courtesans, both to shelter us from being known, and to oblige Fillamour to visit us, which we believed he would in curiosity. And yesterday, it so fell out as we desired.

FILLAMOUR Howe'er my eyes might be imposed upon, you see my heart was firm to its first object. Can you forget and pardon the mistake?

JULIO She shall. And with Octavio's ... and my uncle's ... leave, thus make your title good. ...
(Julio gives Marcella to Fillamour.)

OCTAVIO 'Tis vain to strive with destiny! *(Gives her.)*

MORISINI With all my heart ... But where's Cornelia all this while?

GALLIARD Here's the fair straggler, sir. *(Leads Cornelia to Morisini. He holds his cane up at her.)*

MORISINI Why, thou baggage, thou wicked contriver of mischief, what excuse hadst thou for running away? Thou hadst no lover.

CORNELIA 'Twas for that reason, sir, I went to find one. And if I am not mistaken in the mark, 'tis this cavalier I pitch upon for that use and purpose.

GALLIARD Gad, I thank ye for that ... I hope you'll ask my leave first. I'm finely drawn in, i'faith! ... Have I been dreaming all this night of the possession of a new-gotten mistress, to wake and find myself noosed to a dull wife in the morning?

FILLAMOUR Thou talkst like a man that never knew the pleasures thou despises. Faith, try it, Frank, and thou wilt hate thy past loose way of living.

CORNELIA And to encourage a young setter-up, I do here promise to be the most mistress-like wife ... You know, signior, I have learned the trade, though I had not stock to practise, and will be as expensive, insolent, vain, extravagant, and inconstant as if you only had the keeping part, and another the amorous asignations. What think ye, sir?

FILLAMOUR Faith, she pleads well; and ought to carry the cause.

GALLIARD She speaks reason, and I'm resolved to trust good mature ... Give me thy dear hand. ...
(They all join to give Cornelia's hand to him. He kisses it.)

MORISINI And now you are both sped, pray give me leave to ask ye a civil question: are you sure you have been virtuous? if you have, I know not by what miracle you have lived.

PETRO Oh, sir, as for that, I had a small stock of cash in the hands of a couple of English bankers, on Sir Signal Buffoon. ...

SIR SIGNAL *(Aside, peeping)* Sir Signal Buffoon! what a pox, does he mean me, trow?

PETRO ... And one Mr Tickletext.

TICKLETEXT *(Aside)* What was that? ... *Certo*, my name. *(Peeps out, and he and Sir Signal see each others' faces, being close together, one at one side the curtain, and 'tother at 'tother.)*

GALLIARD and FILLAMOUR Ha ha ha!

SIR SIGNAL And have I caught you, i'faith, Mr Tutor? Nay, ne'er put in your head for the matter. Here's none but friends, mun!

GALLIARD How now, what have we here?

SIR SIGNAL Speak of the devil and he appears. *(Pulls his tutor forward.)*

TICKLETEXT I am undone! ... But good Sir Signal, do not cry whore first, as the old proverb says.

SIR SIGNAL And good Mr Tutor, as another old proverb says, do not let the kettle call the pot black-arse. ...

FILLAMOUR How came you hither, gentlemen?

SIR SIGNAL Whe, faith, sir, divining of a wedding or two forward, I brought Mr Chaplain to give you a cast of his office, as the saying is.

FILLAMOUR What, without book, Mr Tickletext?

CORNELIA How now? Sure you mistake. These are two lovers of mine.

SIR SIGNAL What sir, your lovers? We are none of those, sir. We are Englishmen.

GALLIARD You mistake, Sir Signal. This is Silvianetta.

SIR SIGNAL and TICKLETEXT (*Aside*) What?

GALLIARD ~(*Pointing to Petro*) Here's another spark of your acquaintance ... Do you know him?

TICKLETEXT How, *barberacho*! Nay then, all will out. ...

GALLIARD Yes, and your fencing and civility-master.

SIR SIGNAL Aye ... Whe, what, was it you that picked our pockets then? ... And cheated us?

GALLIARD Most damnably ... But since 'twas for the supply of two fair ladies, all shall be restored again.

TICKLETEXT Some comfort that.

FILLAMOUR Come, let's in, and forgive all. 'Twas but one night's intrigue, in which all were a little faulty.

SIR SIGNAL And, tutor, pray let me have no more domineering and usurpation. But, as we have hitherto been

honest brothers in iniquity, so let's wink hereafter at each other's frailties.

Since love and women easily betray man,

From the grave gown-man to the busy layman.

The Epilogue, spoken by Mr. Smith (Fillamour).

So hard the times are, and so thin the town,

Though but one playhouse, that must, too, lie down.

And when we fail, what will the poets do?

They live by us, as we are kept by you.

When we disband, they no more plays will write,

But make lampoons, and libel ye in spight.

Uncover each false heart that lies within,

Nor man nor woman shall, in private, sin.

The precise, whoring husbands, haunts betray,

Which the demurer lady, to repay

In his own coin, does the just debt defray.

The brisk young beauty, linked to lands and age,

Shuns the dull property, and strokes the youthful page.

And if the stripling apprehend not soon,

Turns him aside, and takes the brawny groom.

Whilst the kind man, so true a husband proves,

To think all's well done by the thing he loves.

Knows he's a cuckold, yet content to bear

Whate'er heaven sends, or horns, or lusty heir.

Fops of all sorts he draws more artfully

Than ever on the stage did Nokes or Leigh.

And, heaven be praised, when these are scarce, each brother

Of the pen, contrive to set on one another.
These are the effects of angry poets' rage,
Driven from their winter-quarters on the stage,
And when we go, our women vanish too,
What will the well-fledged keeping gallant do?
And where but here can he expect to find
A gay young damsel managed to his mind,
Who ruins him, and yet seems wondrous kind.
One, insolent and false, and, what is worse,
Governs his heart and manages his purse,
Makes him whate'er she'd have him to believe,
Spends his estate, then learns him how to live.
I hope these weighty considerations will
Move ye to keep us all together still;
To treat us equal to our great desert,
And pay your tributes with a franker heart;
If not, th'aforesaid ills will come, and we must part.

FINIS.