

M/F SS, SmS, R&D, Kn, QS

298 THE ROVER

guard, lest Don Pedro's sudden return interrupt the ceremony. 220

WILLMORE Content; I'll secure this pass.

[*Exeunt* BELVILE, FLORINDA, FREDERICK and VALERIA]

(*Enter* BOY)

BOY (*to* WILLMORE) Sir, there's a lady without would speak to you.

WILLMORE Conduct her in, I dare not quit my post. 225

BOY <*to* BLUNT> And, sir, your tailor waits you in your chamber.

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

[*Exit* BLUNT and BOY]

(*Enter again the* BOY, *conducting in* ANGELICA *in a masquing habit and a vizard.* WILLMORE *runs to her*)

WILLMORE This can be none but my pretty gypsy – oh, I see you can follow as well as fly. Come, confess thyself the most malicious devil in nature, you think you have done my business with Angellica. 230

ANGELLICA Stand off, base villain –

(*She draws a pistol, and holds it to his breast*)

WILLMORE Ha, 'tis not she! – Who art thou, and what's thy business? 235

ANGELLICA One thou hast injured, and who comes to kill thee for it.

WILLMORE What the devil canst thou mean?

ANGELLICA By all my hopes to kill thee – 240

(*Holds still the pistol to his breast, he going back, she following still*)

WILLMORE Prithee, on what acquaintance? For I know thee not.

ANGELLICA (*pulls off her vizard*) Behold this face – so lost to thy remembrance,
And then call all thy sins about thy soul,

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And let 'em die with thee. 245

WILLMORE Angellica!

ANGELLICA Yes, traitor,

Does not thy guilty blood run shivering through thy veins?

Hast thou no horror at this sight, that tells thee

Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful conquest? 250

WILLMORE Faith, no, child, my blood keeps its old ebbs and flows still, and that usual heat too, that could oblige thee with a kindness, had I but opportunity.

ANGELLICA Devil! Dost wanton with my pain? Have at thy heart! 255

WILLMORE Hold, dear virago!* Hold thy hand a little, I am not now at leisure to be killed –
Hold and hear me – (*aside*) – Death, I think she's in earnest.

ANGELLICA (*aside, turning from him*) Oh, if I take not heed, 260

My coward heart will leave me to his mercy.

What have you, sir, to say? But should I hear thee, Thou'dst talk away all that is brave about me:

(*Follows him with the pistol to his breast*)

And I have vowed thy death, by all that's sacred.

WILLMORE Why then, there's an end of a proper handsome fellow, that might 'a lived to have done good service yet; that's all I can say to 't. 265

ANGELLICA (*pausingly*) Yet – I would give thee – time for – penitence.

WILLMORE Faith, child, I thank God, I have ever took care to lead a good sober, hopeful life, and am of a religion that teaches me to believe I shall depart in peace. 270

ANGELLICA So will the devil! Tell me,

How many poor believing fools thou hast undone?

How many hearts thou hast betrayed to ruin? 275

Yet these are little mischiefs to the ills

Thou'st taught mine to commit: thou taught'st it love!

WILLMORE Egad, 'twas shrewdly hurt the while.

ANGELICA Love, that has robbed it of its unconcern,
 Of all that pride that taught me how to value it. 280
 And in its room
 A mean submissive passion was conveyed,
 That made me humbly bow, which I ne'er did
 To anything but heaven.
 Thou, perjured man, didst this, and with thy oaths, 285
 Which on thy knees thou didst devoutly make,
 Softened my yielding heart – and then, I was a slave –
 – Yet still had been content to've worn my chains;
 Worn 'em with vanity and joy for ever,
 Hadst thou not broke those vows that put them on. 290
 'Twas then I was undone.

(All this while follows him with the pistol to his breast)

WILLMORE Broke my vows! Why, where hast thou lived?
 Amongst the gods? For I never heard of mortal man that
 has not broke a thousand vows.

ANGELICA Oh impudence! 295

WILLMORE Angelica! That beauty has been too long
 tempting, not to have made a thousand lovers languish,
 who in the amorous fever,* no doubt have sworn like me:
 did they all die in that faith? Still adoring? I do not think
 they did. 300

ANGELICA No, faithless man: had I repaid their vows, as I
 did thine, I would have killed the ungrateful that had
 abandoned me.

WILLMORE This old general has quite spoiled thee; nothing
 makes a woman so vain as being flattered. Your old lover 305
 ever supplies the defects of age with intolerable dotage,
 vast charge, and that which you call constancy; and
 attributing all this to your own merits, you domineer, and
 throw your favours in's teeth, upbraiding him still with
 the defects of age, and cuckold him as often as he deceives 310
 your expectations. But the gay, young, brisk lover, that
 brings his equal fires, and can give you dart for dart,
 you'll <find> will be* as nice* as you sometimes.

ANGELICA All this thou'st made me know, for which I

hate thee.
 Had I remained in innocent security, 315
 I should have thought all men were born my slaves,
 And worn my power like lightning in my eyes,
 To have destroyed at pleasure when offended.
 But when love held the mirror, the undeceiving glass
 Reflected all the weakness of my soul, and made me
 know 320
 My richest treasure being lost, my honour,
 All the remaining spoil could not be worth
 The conqueror's care or value.
 Oh, how I fell, like a long-worshipped idol,
 Discovering all the cheat. 325
 Would not the incense and rich sacrifice,
 Which blind devotion offered at my altars,
 Have fallen to thee?

Why wouldst thou then destroy my fancied power?

WILLMORE By heaven, thou'rt brave, and I admire thee
 strangely. 330

I wish I were that dull, that constant thing
 Which thou wouldst have, and nature never meant me.
 I must, like cheerful birds, sing in all groves,
 And perch on every bough,
 Billing the next kind she that flies to meet me; 335
 Yet after all could build my nest with thee,
 Thither repairing when I'd loved my round,
 And still reserve a tributary flame.
 To gain your credit, I'll pay back your charity,
 And be obliged for nothing but for love. 340

(Offers her a purse of gold)

ANGELICA Oh, that thou wert in earnest!
 So mean a thought of me
 Would turn my rage to scorn, and I should pity thee, 345
 And give thee leave to live;
 Which for the public safety of our sex,
 And my own private injuries I dare not do,
 Prepare – *(follows still, as before)*

– I will no more be tempted with replies.

350

WILLMORE Sure –

ANGELICA Another word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long.

(She follows him with the pistol ready to shoot; he retires still amazed. Enter DON ANTONIO, his arm in a scarf, and lays hold on the pistol)

ANTONIO Ha! Angellica!

ANGELICA Antonio! What devil brought thee hither? 355

ANTONIO Love and curiosity, seeing your coach at the door. Let me disarm you of this unbecoming instrument of death. *(takes away the pistol)* Amongst the number of your slaves, was there not one worthy the honour to have fought your quarrel? <to WILLMORE> Who are you, sir, 360 that are so very wretched to merit death from her?

WILLMORE One, sir, that could have made a better end of an amorous quarrel without you, than with you.

ANTONIO Sure 'tis some rival. Ha! The very man took down her picture yesterday – the very same that set on me 365 last night. Blest opportunity!

(Offers to shoot him)

ANGELICA Hold, you're mistaken, sir.

ANTONIO By heaven, the very same!

Sir, what pretensions have you to this lady?

WILLMORE Sir, I do not use to be examined, and am ill at 370 all disputes but this –

(Draws; ANTONIO offers to shoot)

ANGELICA *(to WILLMORE)* Oh hold! You see he's armed with certain death;

– And you, Antonio, I command you hold,

By all the passion you've so lately vowed me. 375

(Enter DON PEDRO, sees ANTONIO, and stays)

PEDRO *(aside)* Ha, Antonio! And Angellica!

ANTONIO When I refuse obedience to your will,

May you destroy me with your mortal hate.

By all that's holy I adore you so,

That even my rival, who has charms enough 380

To make him fall a victim to my jealousy

Shall live, nay, and have leave to love on still.

PEDRO *(aside)* What's this I hear?

ANGELICA *(pointing to WILLMORE)*

Ah thus, 'twas thus he talked, and I believed. 385

Antonio, yesterday,

I'd not have sold my interest in his heart

For all the sword has lost and won in battle.

(to WILLMORE) But now to show my utmost of contempt,

I give thee life – which, if thou wouldst preserve, 390

Live where my eyes may never see thee more,

Live to undo someone whose soul may prove

So bravely constant to revenge my love.

(Goes out, ANTONIO follows, but PEDRO pulls back)

PEDRO Antonio – stay.

ANTONIO Don Pedro – 395

PEDRO What coward fear was that prevented thee

From meeting me this morning on the Molo?

ANTONIO Meet thee?

PEDRO Yes me; I was the man that dared thee to't.

ANTONIO Hast thou so often seen me fight in war, 400

To find no better case to excuse my absence?

I sent my sword and one to do thee right,

Finding myself incapable to use a sword.

PEDRO But 'twas Florinda's quarrel that we fought,

And you to show how little you esteemed her, 405

Sent me your rival, giving him your interest.

But I have found the cause of this affront,

And when I meet you fit for the dispute,

I'll tell you my resentment.

ANTONIO I shall be ready, sir, ere long to do you 410 reason.

[Exit ANTONIO]

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

WILLMORE Faith, sir, I know not what you would do, but I 415 believe the priest within has been so kind.

PEDRO How! My sister married?

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

PEDRO Dares he do this? Does he not fear my power? 420

WILLMORE Faith, not at all. If you will go in and thank him for the favour he has done your sister, so; if not, sir, my power's greater in this house than yours. I have a damned surly crew here that will keep you till the next tide, and then clap you on board for prize. My ship lies 425 but a league off the Molo, and we shall show your donship a damned tramontana* rover's trick.

(Enter BELVILE)

BELVILE This rogue's in some new mischief. Ha! Pedro returned!

PEDRO Colonel Belvile, I hear you have married my sister? 430

BELVILE You have heard truth then, sir.

PEDRO Have I so? Then, sir, I wish you joy.

BELVILE How!

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

BELVILE Are you in earnest? 435

PEDRO By our long friendship and my obligations to thee, I am; the sudden change I'll give you reasons for anon. Come, lead me to my sister, that she may know I now approve her choice.

[Exit BELVILE with PEDRO]

(WILLMORE goes to follow them. Enter HELLENA, as before in boy's clothes, and pulls him back)

WILLMORE Ha! My gypsy – now a thousand blessings on 440 thee for this kindness. Egad, child, I was e'en in despair of ever seeing thee again; my friends are all provided for within, each man has his kind woman.

HELLENA Ha! I thought they had served me some such 445 trick!

WILLMORE And I was e'en resolved to go aboard, and condemn myself to my lone cabin, and the thoughts of thee.

HELLENA And could you have left me behind? Would you have been so ill-natured? 450

WILLMORE Why, 'twould have broke my heart, child; but since we are met again, I defy foul weather to part us.

HELLENA And would you be a faithful friend now, if a maid should trust you?

WILLMORE For a friend I cannot promise; thou art of a 455 form so excellent, a face and humour too good for cold dull friendship. I am parlously afraid of being in love, child; and you have not forgot how severely you have used me?

HELLENA That's all one; such usage you must still look for: 460 to find out all your haunts, to rail at you to all that love you, till I have made you love only me in your own defence, because nobody else will love you.*

WILLMORE But hast thou no better quality to recommend thyself by? 465

HELLENA Faith, none, captain. Why, 'twill be the greater charity to take me for thy mistress. I am a lone child, a kind of orphan lover; and why I should die a maid, and in a captain's hands too, I do not understand.

WILLMORE Egad, I was never clawed away with broad- 470 sides from any female before. Thou hast one virtue I adore – good nature. I hate a coy demure mistress, she's as troublesome as a colt; I'll break none. No, give me a mad mistress when mewed,* and in flying, one* I dare trust upon the wing, that whilst she's kind will come to 475 the lure.*

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

WILLMORE My time's as precious to me as thine can be. Therefore, dear creature, since we are so well agreed, let's 480 retire to my chamber, and if ever thou wert treated with