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D'Urfey, Thomas (?1653-1723)

***Madam Fickle, or the Witty False One* (1677)**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord *Bellamore*

Mr. *Betterton*.

Manley Friend to *Bellam*.

Mr. *Smith*.

Sir Arthur Oldlove, an
Antiquary

Mr. *Sandford*.

Captain *Tilbury*, an old
fashion'd blunt Fellow

Mr. *Medbourn*.

Zechiel: Son to *Tilbury*

Mr. *Anthony Leigh*.

Toby: Son to *Tilbury*

Mr. *James Nokes*.

Old Jollyman

Mr. *Underhill*.

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Harry, Son to *Jollyman* Mr. *Jevan*.
Flaile, Servant to *Tilbury* Mr. *Richards*.
Dorrel, alias *Friendlove* Mr. *Norrice*.

WOMEN

Madam Fickle Mrs. *Mary Lee*.
Constatia, Daughter to
Sir Arthur Mrs. *Barrer*.
Arbella Mrs. *Gibbs*.
Silvia, Attendant to *Fickle* Mrs. *Napper*.
Three Wenches

Constable, Watch, Footmen, Maskers,
Musitioners and Attendants.

SCENE
Covent-Garden.

Prologue by Mr. *Smith*.

*Fancy and Sence the glorious Twins of Wit,
That us'd t'imbellish what a Poet writ,
Are now as poor and despicable grown,
As an old wrinkled Trader of the Town,
With hollow Eyes, no Teeth, and tatter'd Gown;
Like her they are neglected by you Wits,
And forc'd to trade with Country Squires and Cits,
Who with their Eighteen-pence uphold the Stage,
Which you would ruine with your Critick Rage,
By Heaven, Sirs, it is a Cursed Age.
Too late 'tis now for Poets to get Fame,
Their works are only fit for you to Dam.
They toil, 'tis true, but gain, instead of Praise,
Malignant Censures; Thorns, instead of Bayes.
The great Cabal so partial do appear,
An Authors Wit lies buried in his Fear.*

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*And as a Painter in his skill grown nice,
Still mends and mends till he has spoil'd the Piece;
So too much care in striving to essay
New Scenes of Wit, oft ruins a good Play.
The Factious Club are Merciless of late,
Carping, Ill-nature'd, and Degenerate;
Safting so much to find each little Fault,
They lose their best diversion in their Thought.
And though facetious Playes, and th' learned Pit,
When Colledges have fail'd, have taught them Wit;
The Stages Ruine unconcern'd you see,
And Dam th' Original of Gallantry.
Shou'd we leave off then, we shou'd hear you say,
Dam 'em, what Drones are these, why don't they Play?
'Sblud I shall never leave this Wenching vein,
Jack, my last swinging Clap's broke out agen.
And if we do Play — then you Censure raise,
And to encourage us, Dam all our Playes;
Nothing will please, I wonder what a Devil
Makes Men of Wit so formally uncivil.
But since 'tis so, and you thus Cruel prove,
We must appeal t' our Friends that sit above,
Whose wise indifferent Censures grace a Play,
As Squibs and Crackers do— a Lord Mayors Day.*

[1]

MADAME FICKLE,
OR THE
Witty False One.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Enter Jollyman and Harry

Joll. Sirra! Not a Penny: I say 'tis lost upon thee.

Harr. I say — How Sir!

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Joll. How Sir: I'll tell you Sir—First thou art a Melancholly Fellow, a kind of Hypochondriack, as I am told, and instead of making, spoilst good Company.

Harr. Pish: Good Sir believe it not.

Joll. Secondly: Sirra, thou hast quite forgot to sing a Quality that was Hereditary, a Benefit that has Grac'd our Family for abobe these 20 years, and like a Varlet thou hast neglected it.

Harr. Not I i' faith Sir! You are mis-inform'd. I am not melancholly, nor any thing of that which you imagine. I can sing too, loudly, and for the Benefit of Company. 'Tis true Sir, want of Money—

Joll. Sirra, Sirra, a lye deserves a Cudgel. Do not vex me. Udsbores. Did I not see you yesterday at Sir *Arthur Oldloves*, holding your hands up thus—cunning your Lesson? What business can you have with Antiquaries, except it be to practice disobedience, or turn Precisian to disgrace thy Family?

Harr. Why Sir. I'll tell you what.

Joll. No Sir: You need not;
I know the trick already. Speed the Plough Sir.
Alas! What shou'd you do with Money? To you that neglect the

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World—Money's a Torment. I have consider'd it—and will not tempt you—Money was made for those that laugh, and drink with appetite, whose merry Souls—put Padlocks on dull Conscience, and live the life of sence *cum Privilegio*.

Harr. I will excel in Mirth Sir. Every day shall give you proof, each hour variety, your House shall ring with shouts of Joy and Musick: I long have wish'd it so: But still the Duty, the reserved Reverence that I bore you Sir made me forbear—But since you'll have it otherwise, it meets my wishes fully.

Joll. And mine too Sir. And a pox on Reverence I say, an Ounce of true *English* Mirth it worth a Pound on't: But this Antiquary—What Business had you there Sir? answer me that.

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Harr. Sir, there is a rich Widow lodges at his House, one to whom my private inclinations have been long devoted; and by feigning an Austerity yesterday in Sir *Arthur's* Company, I got access to her.

Joll. Is she merry, can she sing?

Harr. To a Miracle Sir. She's extreamly Musical: Plays o'th' Guittar, and tells a Story with the best Grace I ever saw.

Joll. 'Sbut a fine Woman: I warrant her. Hang pinching, *Harry* thou shalt have her.

Harr. She's very reserv'd; but withall uses a modest freedom that's infinitely taking.

Joll. Udsbores! I like it well, a merry Modesty, and an unstain:d Integrity add much to Feminine Capacities: Let the World rub, *Harry*—I say thou shalt have her. There, there's Money for thee—Nay if thou wer't there upon design, 'tis another matter. I must allow that. When I was a young Man I was the best at a design: Ah, I could ha' gone through stitch i'faith: But come, hang pinching—*Harry* thou shalt have her.

SONG.

*Away with the Causes of Riches and Cares,
That poison our Spirits, and shorten our Years:
No pleasure can be,
In state or degree,
But 'tis mingl'd with trouble and frears.
Then perish all Fops by a Sobriety dull'd,
Whilst he that is merry reigns Prince of the World.
The Querks of the Zealous of Beauty or Wit,
Tho' supported by Power, at last must submit.
For he that is sad
Grows wretched or mad,
Whilst Mirth like a Monarch does sit:
It cherishes life in the Old and the Young,
And makes every day be both happy and long.*

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Joll. By Heav'n a rare Woman, a most Divine Creature. Sirra there's more Money, and do but wheedle dexterously. Do but get this Woman, and then hang pinching, let the World rub.

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Harr. I'll warrant you Sir, So, I have open'd his Purse at last! How now, who's this?

Enter Tilbury and Toby.

Joll. Hoh! My old Friend and Fellow-Collegian Mr. *Tilbury*: I'faith I am glad to see you. This was good luck to meet you here after so long absence. Pray how fare all our old Friends in *Salisbury*.

Tilb. In health Sir; hard labour, plain Diet, and Hearts Ease, are still the best Physicians. All well—all well—

Joll. Why, let the World rub: I am glad on't i'faith. This is you Son I think Mr. *Tilbury*.

Tilb. One of 'em Sir. *Toby*—your Hat. T'other hand Sirra! Well, this Boy will never learn breeding.

Joll. Oh I'll warrant you Sir, here he'll soon learn that, a very hopeful youth indeed—

Tilb. Ay, Ay. God send him Grace Sir, he may do well enough! What Mr. *Harry*! By Coxbodikins I did not know you. You are grown a lusty stripling since I saw you last: Ah—Lord, how time passes! I am heartily glad to see you, Good Mr. *Harry*. 'Sbud he sprouts up finely.— I hope you Mother's well Mr. *Harry*.

Harr. Very well Sir.

Tilb. Still twirling your Hat, and squeezing your Gloves [To *Toby*.
Sirra leave that trick, or by St. *Jago* I'll lame thee. I wonder when you see Mr. *Harry* in such a posture.—

Joll. Oh give him a little time Sir, he is not yet wean'd from the Country.

Tilb. No, no, my Cudgel shall wean him. Good Sir, let me go: Sirra, Sirra,— Have I not told you of this?

Joll. He'll mend it quickly Sir. Pray— have a little patience, and setting this apart, what business brought you to Town good Mr. *Tilbury*?

Tilb. Why Sir, I have a Suit of Law depending here ith' Chancery, which I am resolv'd to make an end of; and my next business is, I intend to marry both my Sons to two Fortunes, which are here provided for 'em.

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Joll. Both! Why have you another Son?

Tilb. Another! Yes Zechiel. Did you never hear of Zechiel? H'as been a Student in the Temple this three years, another gness fellow than this I assure you, all Air and Spirit he— 'Sbodikins, I am told in the Country there's not a true Wit in all the Fraternity but he.

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Joll. Why then hang pinching; he's a brave fellow. Come Sir, here's a Glass of excellent old Hock here at *Longs*. I'll give you your wellcome to Town.

Tilb. Old Hock! what a Dickins is that? Sir a Dish of Racy Canary if you please, I am for no Hocks! 'Sbodikins Wine was never good since it has been corrupted with such barbarous notions.

Joll. Well Sir, I'll warrant you I'll please you.

Tilb. Sirra, walk you yonder in the (what d'e call 'ems) the *Piazza's*, and if *Flaile* my Man come, direct him hither: And d'e hear, leave that sneaking Dog-look of yours, or by St. *Jago*—Well,— I say no more for this time. Do'nt provoke me.

[*Ex Till.* *Joll.*

Tob. What a peevish old fellow 'tis: Sure he has been stung with a Wasp to day— He's so fretful— But Udshash, I'll not be controul'd so; and so I'll tell him when time serves.

Harr. Faith Sir he's a little too severe: Why he uses you like a meer Child.

Tob. Ay — like an Infant—huh — because he's old, he thinks no body has breeding but himself; but Udshash— in *Salisbury* I assure you I pass for the more accomplish'd person.

Harr. Without doubt Sir he were an errant Coxcomb that wou'd dispute that — why, you have a good Presence.

Tob. Yes; thank a good Nurse: I am pretty well fortified by Nature, and yet every thing I do, he forsooth mislikes, as if I were a Fool, and knew not how to carry my self: Udshash, I wonder he has no more Civility—

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Harr. O Sir! Old Men that have the prerogative of being Fathers, think it but decent to use that liberty: But setting aside this Discourse; Mr. *Toby*, may not my Ambition desire the satisfaction of knowing the name of this excellent person you are to marry.

Tob. Why Sir — to tell you the Truth of the business, I don't know her name my self; for I never saw her yet. For the old Fool my Father carries matters so closely, that I can never know any thing: But by *Jeroboam* I'll fit him; For if I marry without good pre-meditation, I am the Son of an *East-India* Bagpiper; and so Udshash I'll tell him.

Harr. Marry a stranger, and one you never saw? By Heaven 'tis unreasonable.

Tob. Udshash! He's the most unreasonable Cormudgeon you ever knew—ith' Winter he will not let me come near the fire for fear of catching Chil-blains.

Harr. Not warm your self —

Tob. No: Did you ever hear the like: But Zooks I fitted him once; for I burnt a whole Stack of Hay down to the ground on that occasion, and warm'd my self in spight of him.

Harr. Ha, ha, ha— a Witty invention by my life; but Mr. *Toby*, I suppose you know what Quality she that must be your Wife is.

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Tob. Yes, yes: She's of very good Quality, and a Widow, and very rich I am told.

Harr. A Widow Sir? 'Sdeath if it should be my Mistress—

Tob. As to her Conditions, I am ignorant of 'em: but they had need be good; for I have miss'd many a Wealthy Match for her sake.

Harr. Certainly Sir I've the honour to know this Lady; pray where does she lodge?

Tob. D'e know her? I'm glad o'that i'faith: You may do me a great kindness in telling me some of her Conditions— Why Sir she lodges here in *Bridges-Street* at the House of Sir *Arthur Oldlove* the fam'd Antiquary.

Harr. The same by Heav'n, 'Sdeath was ever such luck. Sir I was involv'd in a mistake. I thought she had been a Lady of my acquaintance: But good Sir, how came this Match so forward, since you say she's a stranger to you?

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Tob. Why Sir! You must know this same Sir *Arthur* is my Father's intimate Friend, and this Widow lodging at his House, he presently gave notice of it: Telling him, he doubted not but he could make her a Match for me. But the main Cause of his kindness is, because he designs my Brother *Zechiel* to marry his Daughter.

Harr. Very good—now have I an itching mind to swing this [*Aside*
Rascall: But 'tis so notorious a Fool that a beating is lost upon him. Then you'r resolv'd to marry —

Tob. Yes! Hang't I will marry— I fancy there's a great deal of pleasure in't. First to command a Family, and sit at the upper end of the Table. Then to make my Wife serve instead of a *Vallet de Chambrè*, and never pay her no Wages neither: Then to command her this way; that way, t'other way, and every way; for this thing, that thing, t'other thing, and every thing: Udshash 'tis very pretty—

Harr. But Sir, you still miss the right end of Marriage.

Tob. That's all one Sir—why we must take our Fortune, 'Tis as the Fates decree—

Harr. Gad, the Fates are very uncivil to meddle in a matter that so nearly concerns you: But Sir! There's one thing more; there's a certain ill Fate attends Marriage—Horns Sir; are you not afraid of being a Cuckold?

Tob. A Cuckold! Ha, ha, ha— I see he's a little foolish— a Cuckold Sir, Udshash—in *Salisbury* they know not what it means. 'Tis you *London Air* that breeds Cuckolds: Here's your horny Forrest— But Udshash, they say here a Courtier can't walk the streets without being perpetually troubled in returning the Complements to some of his Cuckolds: Besides, they'r so general a Society here, that no body minds'em—but in *Salisbury*— if a man is suspected to be a Cuckold, he presently gets into Office, either of Constable, or head Churchwarden, that his degree may recover his disgrace— Nay for better security,

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some of 'em Padlock their Wives: And Udshash that is certainly the safest way; and I wonder the Citizens here don't take it into Consideration.

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Harr. Get one of the Common Council to petition the King for an Act of Parliament to that purpose.

Tob. 'Tmay be necessary as things stand sometimes— But see here comes *Flaile*: Udshash my Brother too, now for a peale of Wit.

Enter Zechiel and Flaile

Zech. Hah *Toby*—Beangarson touch Flesh, touch Flesh: Wellcome to Town i'faith— upon honour thou lookst well, only thy Clothes a little gisguise thee; but no matter, where's my Father, hah— *Bandog* and I have been seeking him this hour, prithee where is he?

Tob. Gone to the Tavern with an old Friend of his.

Zech. Come! Let us go thither too; Upon honour the Tavern's a sweet place, and next to the Play-house, the most becoming a Gentleman of any thing— Sir I kiss you hand, and beg your [To Harry.

Pardon forneglect in Salutation: But my Eyes being serenely fix'd upon my Brother, there happen'd an accedental Eclipse between my imprison'd Aspect, and Sir, your Person: But the Luminaries of my Soul being kindled by discretion, I have now liberty to acknowledge and amend my fault committed in point of Demeanour.

Tob. What! What's all this? Udshash *Zechiel's* mad —.

Harr. Sir! I am very unskilful in a Repartee of this Nature, and therefore beg your excuses, if all I can say is, that your wit had no occasion for half this Apology.

Zech. Sir, your very Servant. *Toby*, Come let's go to the Tavern, upon honour I'll make thee drunk to night, give me thy hand. What dull — flat —like a Poet in a Church, prithee hold up thy head and laugh Man, and let us sing, and roar, and drink away the night like Sons of Thunder, to morrow will be time enough to see my Father. Hey, come along Boy. *Bandog*, Sirra, you shell go too. You shall drink Bumpers out of your Custard-Cap you Rogue, and be drunk for the honour of your Country—

[*Strikes off Flailes Hat.*

Tob. Yes, yes ! He's mad —

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Flail. 'Slid! For ought I see you need no Wine: Prating will in a short time make you too drunk for any civil Maps company.

Zech. Well said *Ploughshare*: Why how now *Bully*! still in thy Dumps! not a word to save a Mans longing? [*To Toby.*

Prithee look up and speak like a Man of Worship: 'Sdeath I must new mould you e're we part: I perceive that you'l degenerate else: upon honour he's no kin to me that is not as brisk as a Dancing-Master. Give me the Spirit of Conversation, a Man that sings, that talks, and laughs, and stares — and comes a lost thus with agility, hah —

[*Vaults. Harry.*

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Harr. Like a Taylor ore' a Washing-block: Well, I must leave 'em: for the Disease of Folly is as catching as that of the Plague.— Gentlemen your Servant.

Zech. Ah Sir, you will not leave us: Shell we not break a jest together o're a Glass of *Burgundy*! Upon honour a Man of Wit is to me as welcome as a Beautiful Woman. *Toby*, address your self the Gentleman your Friend.

Tob. Sir! the Truth is, my Brothers a little off oth' Hooks; but 'twill quickly away — 'Tis only the over-flows of Wit. You know the old saying, *Sine aliquis Dementis nulus Phæbus*! This Wit is plaguy troublesome.

Harr. Right Sir. Therefore to prevent. I'll tale my leave till some other time

[*Exit Harr.*

Is he gone? Dam him he has no Money now, not a sotise — I know it. Upon honour, in this age a Man knows not who to bestow his Gallantry upon: If he gets among Persons of Quality, they are so Critical, that he has not matter enough to work on: If amongst the Vulgar; 'tis lost upon 'em; for the sence of paying a Reckoning, makes them as dull as a *Cantabrigian* newly enter'd into Orders.

Flail. Ay, this *London's* a wicked place, that's the Truth on't. Che'have gone 3 mile about, and can hardly see a Church from a Tavern ought but Ale-housen and Taberns.

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Tob. Nay, the worst is, one can hardly know a Church from a Tavern, but only the Church has ne'r a Sign.

Zech. A good Observation! Gad I'll pinch thee for that. Pinch him *Bandog*, leave your Church you Dog, and execute my Mandates. Ha, ha, ha [kicks away his Staff, he falls down]

Tob. Ha, ha, ha, up again Flail; there's no harm done. Udshash! *Zechiel's* grown an arch wag.

Flail. Arch quoth a! 'Slid he has broke ma Nose — D'e laugh? Ah you may be ashamed

o' your Actions. Your Worshipful Father wou'd ne'r ha' serv'd me zo.

Flail. Nay! No anger *Flaile!* No anger! What's a fall to a Man o' thy parts; Upon honour, 'tis customary here to give or tale a fall from any Man, especially amongst Friends.

Lord Bellamore, Mr. Manly, and Footmen pass over the Stage

Bella. Sirra take this Letter, and do as I command you, away — you shall find me in the Mail — [Ex. Footmen.

Come *Manly*, lets away — how now? Who's here? My Fob of the *Temple Jack?* This is he I told thee of. I won 300 Guineys of him t' other night at Back-gammon.

Manl. 'Twas well you won 'em: They might else have been thrown away upon one of far less merit; for I see he has a kind of losing Face — he'l ne'r thrive at play.

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Zech. My Noble Lord! I kiss your Lordships great Toe. Worthy Sir your Adorer. Upon honour my Lord you had the most Victorious Chance t' other night I ever knew: But since it was my Fortune to lose, Fate did me a great honour in choosing your Lordship for my Conquerour.

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Bella. Sir! the most worthy are still more subject to ill chance, and 'tis as absolutely impossible for me to excuse my own good Fortune, as to enlarge upon your Merits.

Zech. Ah! Your Lordship o'whelms me in the deluge of your Gallantries. Be pleas'd to know my Brother my Lord. 'Tis true, he's meanly apparel'd, because newly come from the Blessing of 1500 a year in the Country, to spend a Month or two in Town — but else upon honour of a good stature, straight Back, and a Head of most hopeful expectation.

Bella. He seems no less Sir. I wish I had leisure to comment upon his Perfections.

Zech. Then here's my *Bandog*, a touch Rascal a Fellow of so strange a Constitution, that 'thas been often disputed which was the better bred, he or his Oxen! Upon honour a second *Hobson*; my Lord, an everlasting *Ploughshare* — do but view him! Stand forth O Man of *Motley*! Ha, ha, ha — he blushes upon honour, he changes Countenance.

Manl. Not for a worse I hope.

Bella. No not unless he should steal one off the Poles at *London Bridge*. But come, Prithce lets away: Such another description would induce me to beat this Fellow for spoiling my Stomach to my Dinner — [*Aside*].

Zech. What's that? Dinner! Will your Lordship dine with me? a dish of Partredges, and a Jowl of Salmon (my Lord.)

Bella. But your sawce is scurvy, and will doubtless corrode upon my Nature.

Zech. Gad! the best sawce in the World. This Fellow was Cook to the King of *France*, and upon honour is the most ingenious in his Function of any Man in Christendome.

Man. But Sir, our intrigue lies another way.

Bella. Sir, we are today Men of great Business, and there is a pressing Affair that requires instant performance: Therefore adieu. [*Ex. Bell. Man.*]

Zech. This is the bane of our Nobility. Pride — Sloth, and ill Manners undoes the Nation.

Tob. A Lord quoth a: If all Lords have no more breeding than this, the Nation is like to have a hopeful House of Peers. Udshash, I could have carried matters better than

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so my self — For with reverence be it spoken, and under the Rose, my Lord was as unmannerly a Fellow as I ever saw.

Flail. Ha, ha, ha — He a Noble Man, and punctilio no better.

Byth' Mass the Maior of our Town has more manners by half.

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Zech. Pshaw — what's matter? Let 'em go upon honour I scorn their Ignorance, and to let 'em see the Power of a Man of Wit: Thou and I will Lampoon 'em. I'll teach thee within this three days to be a Man of Mode; and thou shalt talk, and roar, and fight, and sing even with the best, nay Cocks of all the Bullies. I'll teach thee the most new and dextrous way of picking Wechnes up. Then thou shalt know their tempers, constitutions: Whether they are ith' Boat or may be Boarded. Thou shalt know every thing Boy. I'll be a true Brother to thee.

Tob. Hoy Boys, then I'll warrant I'll learn quickly: Nay Udshash — I'm very quick in any thing I give my mind to.

Zech. No more blowing of Noses on your sleeve, nor twirling of Band-strings, d'e hear? but when you are in Company, Cock your Hat, place your Arms thus, look like the Son of *Thunder*, and cry Hoh.

Tob. Hoh — Udshash! I'll warrant thee I'll do't.

Zech. Then we'll have our names alter'd: Let the old Prophets keep their Appellations; we'll be new Christned: Mine shall be — *Filloflorido*; thine *Rounsivell* — Hey *Rounsivell*: Upon honour it sounds rarely — and then for humour.

Tob. Ay, ay, I warrant thee Boy! If I can but get a little Wit into this Pate of mine, let me alone for humour.

Zech. Then my *Pithagoras*, shall thou and I make a Transmigration of Souls. Thou shall marry my Mistress, and thy Wife shall be my Gracious *Paramour*: 17 Punks shall be thy proportion, thou shalt sleep in the comfort of clean Linnen; Wench with a safe

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Conscience, and eat no more fresh Beef at Supper; but the Flesh-pots of Ægypt shall fatten thee, and the Grasshopper flourish in thy Summer.

Tob. Hoy! Rare, rare *Phillorolido!* Prithee give me a note o' thy Name; Udshash I shall ne'r hit on't else —

Zech. Come away then, we'l go presently and practice — And to the Tavern door make our Approaches, like Hect'ring Gallants rushing from Gilt Coaches.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

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ACT. II.

Scene: *The Mail.*

Enter Lord Bellamore and Manly

Bella. A Fool is a *Vacuum* in Nature; a Prolix story without Marginal Notes; in whose Company a Man neither gets credit nor profit: If he be Rich his greatest perfection is Avarice: If Poor, he is altogether despicable, and unfit for Society —

Manl. I am not of your mind, for if Profit turns the Scale, there's certainly most to be got by half witted people; and as to the disgrace, the Notion of a Fool is so general, and there's so many sorts of 'em, that a Man loses not an Inch of Reputation, but rather gets credit by their defect.

Enter Page.

Bella. Now Sirra! what news?

Page. I deliver'd your Letter as your Lordship directed; and she desires your Visit to be as speedily as you can; for she has a Kinsman that about an hour hence has ingag'd himself to wait on her; whose Company she fears may be very prejudicial.

Bella. I'll be with her presently, *Jack!* I must beg thy pardon.

Manl. What an assignation my! Lord! A Love-challenge I warrant.

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Bella. Even so i'faith; and I must thither instantly. Where shall we meet at night?

Manl. At *Lambs* with the *Fildes* and the *Talboy*.

Bella. Agreed: I will not fail thee — *Jack* farewell.

Sirra follow me — [*Exit Bella. and Page*

Manl. So! I am glad it happens thus; I should else have been put to the trouble of excusing my absence from him. Let me see, 'tis now five a Clock! at six I promis'd *Celia* to visit her, and his absence gives me a happy opportunity. To perform it, I'll take a walk around the *Park*, and by that time 't will be very near the hour.

[*Ex.*Man.

Enter Zechiel and Toby in a new Suit.

Zech. Splendid and Gent, upon honour thou art *Metamorphos'd*; a *Courtier* of the first Edition. Thou hast the *Town Air* already, and wearst thy *Clothes* with a boon mene. Walk a little! walk! ah —

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observe always to keep your *Toes* outward, and your *Elbows* as far back as you can; that's right! give me thy hand: Upon honour thou art a modish *Fellow* —

Tob. *Udshash* — I must quarrel. I shall not be a right *Gallant* till I have beaten some body, or am beaten, it's all one: Hah! *Phylloromine*. Plague on't I shall never hit of thy name.

Zech. Thou shalt beat a *Constable* to night, thou and I will scour through the *Flannel Mermidons*, and come off *Conquerors*; nay, rather than fail thou shalt beat me: But I'll ha' thee *flesh'd*. Stand here! Suppose me now a *Drawer*, and that I had been tardy in procuring a *Wench* according to your order: What wou'd oth' sudden?

Tob. Do! Why thus? a *Box* oth' *Ear* for a *Prologue*, you know that's but reasonable — [*Strikes him*

Zech. Right upon honour. 'Tis necessary — but forward!

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Tob. Hoy; *Scaramouchi, Rascal, Pultron, Popinjay* ! Son of 20 Fathers, besides out-liers, comers and goers; must a Man of honour wait your leisure, you Dog, and miss his necessary diversion, through the negligence of such a Scarab: Udsbores, I'll beat thee into a Tripe. No hast? No attendance? [*Beats Zechiel*

Zech. Hold, hold! ha, ha, ha; the right Town humour Ned, Flash to the life — ha, ha, ha. Let me kiss thee for this; if thou canst but get the art of gleaning from Plays, and remember'st but my Rules for picking up Wenches; upon honour in a short time not a Bully Rock of 'em all can come near thee for Gallantry.

Tob. Ay; but they say the best way of picking up Wenches is to speak Bawdy to 'em. and the Truth is, I am a little shame-fac'd at present; but I shall quickly come to't.

Enter Arbella, Constantia and Page.

Arb. So pleasant and so inconstant a Temper till now I never knew: Her Carriage is so graceful and obliging, that 'tis infinitely delightful to all Companies; and if she happens to speak of love, me thinks there flows a sweetness from her Language, that charms the Ear.

Const. And yet she's fals as Hell; so strangely wedded to inconstancy, that the Town begins to take notice of her, and speak the more loudly, as being ignorant of her quality: Sirra carry that Letter as I directed you —

Tob. Udshash! Here's Woman Brother; good Boy! I'll begone: My Heart fails me already. I shall never be able to speak to 'em.

Zech. Not speak to 'em! Upon honour thou shalt, bravely too. What slinch in thy first Charge.

Come back for shame; observe me, I'll begin — I'll introduce thee — Ladies! the Devil take me if it be not Maxime against Reason and Civility, for you to walk thus without

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Servants. But obliging Fortune, a particular Friend to your Sex, has sent hither for that Employment my Brother and my self; and if your pleasure —

Arb. Sir ! you will add very much to our pleasure to leave us; for we are in so ill a humour, that your Overtures of your Imaginary Wit will be lost upon us.

Zech. Leave you! Shall I leave a Lady to the Tyranny of Melancholly, that may be diverted with the pleasure my Company: Madam, I know more of the Punctilio's of Civility than so; therefore as I was saying, My Brother and my self —

Const. Oh Heavens Madam! This is the very Fool that my Father designs me to Marry.

Arb. It seems he knows you not.

Const. No; he never saw me but once, and then 'twas at a Window.

Zech. My Brother and my self Madam, two of the most accomplish'd Sparks ith' Town —

Arb. Two of the most conceited Fobs ith' Town —

Zech. That shall be punctual in observing your Commands.

Const. That shall be beaten most unmercifully; if you stay a little longer.

Zech. Beaten Madam! What rash Presumer, careless of his life, dares think a thought like that — Beaten!

Tob. Udshash, she has quell'd my Courage already, wou'd I were at home again.

Zech. But I see Madam you are disposed to rally: Beaten! There goes more to the beating of a Man of Parts, than you imagine. Upon honour I was my self once so well skill'd in beating people, that the Herald had like to have given me a Battoon for my Crest; thereby to have signaliz'd my Valour of Posterity.

Arb. I wonder you miss'd so decent an Honour: For I am of opinion 'twas an excellent Decive, and very suitable to your new-coin'd Gentility.

Zech. New-coin'd! Damme, this comes of walking without a Foot-boy: Brother prithee come and espouse my quarrel. These Eternal Talkers have made my Throat as dry as a Sponge already — Come! Address, Address — They tell me that ours is a new-coin'd Gentility.

Const. Well Sir, and what has your large quantity of Wit to say on this occasion?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Tob. I say! why I say — Say you what you will: the Family of the *Tilburies* is an Ancient Family, God bless the Royal Family, as any Family in Christendome, and he that says the contrary is the Son of a Whore, and my Brother here shall cut him into Steakes —

Zech. Well said Rounsival.

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Arb. 'Slight! Prithee let's away; this angry Fool will beat us.

Tob. So, so — now they begin to fear me: I shall do well enough; The Coat of the *Tilbury's* new-coin'd — Udshash 'tis as old as *Tilbury Camp*, and that was in the same year with *Noahs* Flood.

Const. Insufferable Impertinence ! They may well be Brothers; for their united Folly out-vies their Consanguinity.

Enter Manly.

Manl. Madam! the *Mail* may now boast of a Happiness unparallel'd, enjoying the sweetness of your Company.

Arb. Still your Rhetorical Vein Mr. *Manly*, you consider not the weak Capacities of Women.

Manl. Yes Madam: I may consider it; but am sufficiently satisfied in my knowledge of your Capacity to think it mean: But me thinks your looks are not so lively as 'tis usually: Your Eyes have lost part of their fire: No late lost I hope Madam has caus'd this alteration.

Arb. None Sir. only a little molested with the present heat, and the continual buzzing about of Flies that haunt me.

Manl. Flies; I understand you Madam.

Tob. Come; I think we had best go: Here's some mischief hatching.

Zech. I'll not stir upon honour, what a Pox he dares not draw in the *Mail*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Manl. Sir! I see your Present has the misfortune to be distastful to these Ladies, to whom I have the honour to be known: Therefore 't will become you and your Brother Fop there, to leave 'em, and retire to your better Conveniences.

Zech. Brother Fop Sir! Upon honour you licence your Tongue by the priviledge of the place; such an attribute should not have pass'd unreveng'd else — bur Sir a time will come —

Manl. When I shall cut your Throat Sir: Come Ladies, I'll be your Guardian; Let these Mushrumes stand if they dare. The respect I bear the Noble Company that usually walk here, ties up my Sword; but if they sleep on't hang me. [*Ex. Manl. and Ladies.*]

Tob. Udshash! I'll go hire a Coach, and into the Country immediately.

Zech. The Country! Such another word and I 'le renounce thee forever: Prithee think no more on't: He'll be hanged before he'll challenge us

Tob. I see he has a murd'rous intention, and 'tis an act of prudence to be careful.

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Enter Flaile.

Flail. Oh have I found you at last? I wonder where the Dickins you ramble! ch'have search'd all the Coffe-housen and Taberns 'twixt this and *Westminster* for you: What byth' Miss my young Mr. Toby turn'd Gallant too. Whoop! by Coxounty what a change is here. Come you must go to Sir *Arthur Oldloves* to your Father: Myth' Mass he's almost out on's wits for you.

Zech. Go *Bandog*; tell him we come, and Sirra bid him get a Bottle of Claret and a Neats Tongue ready — Go — Brother come, cheer up: Pox ont a Renouncer is nothing when thou art us'd to't — Prithee let's be marry —

Tob. If this Man had not come to disturb us, I could have been very merry — Udshash I could have beaten the Woman into a Jelly; but no matter, Time and Experience shall mend all.

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Scene 2.

Enter Madam Fickle and Silvia.

Fick. Is he come! give me the Glass.

Silv. Yes Madam, and I've led him into the Parler. I protest he's a handsome Man, and one of that in my opinion little deserves the Cruelty you intend him.

Fick. Call you Affection Cruelty?

Silv. Flattery in Affection is extreamest Cruelty, I know you love him not: I have heard you often confess it: and to posses him with a belief you do, and at last dash his hopes with a denial, is a horrid Torture.

Fick. I am glad he moves your Pity. Do you love him?

Silv. I commiserate his Fortune — his love is a Happiness too high for me; but good Madam, let me presume to ask the reason why you use all your Lovers thus?

Fick. Well, in hope to make thy diligence the further, I'll tell thee why.

'Twas my unhappy Fate some three years since to fall in love,
To give away my Heart, and throw my self into the Arms of
One of mean descent — and also selnder Fortune: Yet had Destiny
So link'd my Soul with his, that each kind glance
Shot from his darting Eye, me thought went through me.
I lov'd, nay and ador'd with so much zeal,
I cou'd have dy'd — nay willingly be tortur'd:
I thought he could not wrong my Innocence; for then I

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Swear I was so innocent I knew not was sin was;
Yet this deluding Wretch! this base Seducer, although
I slighted all for him, laught at my servant
Passion, scorn'd and left me, and when I thought his Heart
Was mine for ever, 'twas then most treacherous, and farrest

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

From me: Therefore I've made a strict and solemn
Vow, on the whole Sex to execute revenge — Flatter, and
Wheedle all I can, and ever.

To practice to ensnare — but to love — never —

Silv. The strangest revenge I ever heard; but I doubt not Madam in a short time
Love will alter your condition.

Fick. I'll venture that — Go and Conduct him hither, and fetch thy Lute and sing.

[Exit Silvia

SONG.

*Beneth a Shady Willow wear,
A Rivers purling Streams;
Astrea Careless of her Sheep
With folded Arms lay fast asleep,
Possess'd with Golden Dreams;
Her working faculties supply'd, with drowzy speel deny'd;
For oft she'd sigh, and smile, and grasp the Air,
Thinking her much-lov'd Celadon was there.*

*But as this sleeping harmless Maid,
Lay rap'd in silent Joy.
Possessing all that could be sought,
In setter'd sense or happy thought:
Her Swain came fishing by;
He eager of such rapting Bliss, awak'd her with a Kiss,
She Blushing rose, and cry'd, unhappy Fate!
Ah Celadon thou now art come too late.*

Enter Bellamore.

Bella. Mirror of Beauty! Abstract of perfection,
Sweeter than Banks of Roses and more
Glorious, than the Bight Empress of the Ruddy
Morn; when early *Titan* rises —

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Fick. So early in your florid Vein my Lord. I thought that 12 at night had been always your facctious hour: For Heavens sake no more of this. You'l lose your self in these Hyperboles.

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Bella. To lose my self in you—were to find Heaven—hah—Gad Me thinks I have express'd my self in as decent A whining Method, as 'tis possible for a Lover to do. Come! shall we abroad, my Coach is at door: Prithee let's to the Park, 'tis a fine Evening.

Fick. No, I am oblig'd to stay at home to receive the Visit of a Kinsman, that send word he would wait on me.

Bella. A Pox on Kinsmen! Gad we have other Business than to mind Relations; in these Cases an assignation disappointed with one of them, is no more than the telling of a Lye, or an ordinary Flailty; but to spoil an amorous Intrigue when persons are not at all times provided, i'gad 'tis a most inhumane offence, and merits condign punishment in the World to come.

Fick. Ay Sir —but this is such a Kinsman —

Bella. Such a Kinsman? Why the nearer he is related to you, the better he may stay: The cold Business of Consanguinity is seldom ty'd to an hour, once a week, or a month will serve the turn well enough; but the pressing affair of Love brooks no delay. The minute must be watch'd that guides our Souls to perfect Joys, and they who neglect are Fools.

Fick. Well, if Impudence be a Grace in a Lover, I swear, my Lord, you have as large a portion as any one I know: What man but you durst contradict his Mistress thus?

Bella. What Woman but you durst provoke a Lover thus? Nay one that is to marry you; and consequently to have power to Tyrannize over you; To lie with you but once a week, and then with an ill will too; To send you into the Country to look to your Diary; To keep a Mis in Town, and live three times beyond my Estate, according to Custom.

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Fick. Is it not also in my power to be false? Is my Beauty so mean think you. that no one wou'd make Addresses? Lies it not in my ability to wheedle you into a belief of Love, and at last to forsake you—assure your self it does—but Heaven knows I am too constant.

Bella. A Miracle in Nature! A Notion of so strange an extravagance, that the very sound is incredible! Constancy in Woman is a second Maidenhead: 'Tis lost e're they know they have it, and your Constitution Madam certainly tends that way, and the Truth were known—

Fick. He little thinks how right he guesses— [*Aside*

Bella. But since you are in so ill a humour, and are resolv'd to spend this Afternoon here like a Turtle, solitarily in you Cage, I'll leave you, and strive to divert my self with other Company: I have a Present here too which I intended to Dedicate to you; but to the Melancholly all things are distastful.

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Fick. A Neck-lace of Pearl! I must not lose that so — use your pleasure, my Lord. The Vertue of a Present seldom makes me fond of any Mans Company.

Bella. You think I warrant, this indifference becomes you extreamly. That modish turn of your head, and glance of your Eye, you imagine was infinitely taking: But Madam, I am now in a more serious humour, and not to be fool'd with such Dilatory motions; so begging your pardon for my obstructing you Kinsmans Visit—I take leave—

Fick. Well! I am the very'st Fool. I swear my fondness makes you insult over me; another Woman wou'd have made you comply, and be glad to ask her pardon; but my good Nature makes me slight me.

Bella. No, this action has indeer'd my Soul to thee, and I am faster thine than ever: Oh, I could live for ever in thy Arms—feed on thy Lips, and surfeit with thy Kisses.

Enter Silvia.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Silv. Madam the Gentleman is come:

Fick. Unlucky minute! Sweet my Lord away; I wou'd not have him see you for the World.

Bella. The Devil blow him hence in a Whirlwind: I will obey you; but by Heaven with as ill a will as ever Coward faught a Duel; but since it must be so — adieu: Nay do not smile upon me; by the Lord I shall tire your Kinsmans patience, and stay if you do. Farewell. A Pox upon him I say—Farewell Madam.

[*Exit.*

Fick. So, there's one dispatch'd. I was fain to tell him 'Twas a Kinsman, to get him gone the sooner — stay; this is my passionate Lover; one that Wooes by Method, and speaks blank Verse. Now must I change my temper suitable to his Tone, and speak in the same stile: Let me see; When Sapho *lov'd ! Oh Heaven ! What throngs of woes oppress'd her harmless Breast?* Very well — I have it rarely. Now to my Posture — This Book — Languishing Eyes — So — And necessary Handkerchief to wipe Imaginary Tears of — So — The Devil's in't if this is not Melancholly enough. Here he comes.

[*Sits at the Table.*

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Enter Manly.

Manl. Life of my Soul & bright Treasure of the World,
Queen of perfections, and the best
Of all thy Charming Sex — What Dismal Fate
Has caus'd this alteration? Why are thy Eyes
Late the extrems of Glorious Light, now clouded?
Adding more trouble to the frighted World,
Than when the sun Eclipsed threatens a Chaos.

Fick. Pardon my Frailty Sir: I have not learn'd the
Power to dissemble: Who cou'd read

The hapless Fate of wretched *Ariadne*?
Hear *Theseus* falshood, and the piercing Mones
Of a distress'd Maid? By Love undone,
Left all alone within a Desart Isle,
And not pay Tribute of a Tear or Two to grace the story.

Manl. 'Twas a horrid act,
And I confess deserves it; but in us
That Love and Glory in the Passion, 'tis
Not fit Despair should Tyrannize.

Fick. Let them despair that merit no return,
Ma passion has been permanent.

Man. And mine
The truest Heart that e're obey'd the Dicrates
Of Loves Imperial Power, from that hour
That first obtain'd my Eye the happy Object
Of your Perfections, my poor fetter'd Heart,
Proud of the Chains of such a Conquering Beauty,
Resolv'd to Grace the long wish'd Victory
With a perpetual Constancy.

Fick. And mine,
Bless'd with the Pleasure of your Loves Addresses,
Grew proud of such a Fortune: Happy *Celia*
Wou'd I oft cry; if thou canst purchase him,
Thy Race is finish'd, th'abstract of all Love,
Vertue and Valour: Then with my Minds Perspective
Wou'd I survey your Soul, and sigh, and covet:
Love to my sense such pleasing Motions brought.
That I was lost in my own various Thought.

Man. Sweet Creature! Oh my Soul how I adore thee!
The transport of whose touch has power to kill:

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

If I shou'd visit often, speak sweet Charmer,
Will you be always true? always thus Constant?

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Fick. Constant! Alas! What power have I to change when you possess my Heart.

Manl. My Soul!

Fick. My Heart!

Manl. My Life! My Vital Spirits! Oh Heave I fool my self in too much Love, and
dote on my own Happyness [Kneels and kisses her Hand.

Fick. He's finely caught! Wit, where art thou now?

Manl. Erring Philosophers that Knowledge prais'd

Above the Bliss of Women, Women, Delicious

Women, Women the

Quintessence of Nature: Heavens Treasures

Fram'd to enrich Mankind, and make 'em Deities:

Travel fond Cynick through the spacious Globe;

Dive through the Sea. Thence through the Airy Region

Soar, to find out new pleasures; and at last,

When thou hast known the Joys of Earth and Heaven

Believe with me it terminates in Women.

Enter Silvia.

Silv. Madam your Kinsman is below, and desires the favour of your Company.

Fick. Unfortunate Minute; for Heavens sake Sir begone: I am undone if he sees
you. Hark! he's coming up.

Manl. Was ever Fate like mine — Wear this sweet Creature, and remember me —

[A ring.

So! adieu Divinest, Sweetest, Kindest ! O Heaven! Must I begone?— [*Exit Manley.*

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Fick. Ha, ha, ha; I think I did it to the life! *Silvia* didst thou hear our Court?

Silv. Yes Madam and I swear I pitty the poor deceiv'd Gentleman.

Fick. Pitty him, prithee talk no more on't: but who is that below?

Silv. The Young Brisk Gentleman that fell in love with you yesterday; he that your Ladyship gave the Song to.

Fick. Tell him I'll come to him. [*Exit Silvia.*

Now for a Brisk Airy Humour to agree with the Temper of this Fool.

This is the most easie Fop of all my Pretenders.

There needs no Net for him; his own actions are

His best Betrayers. The other two I confess have

More wit: But what then? Love makes a Dunce of a

Councillor, and their fondest proves as prejudicial

As t'others folly. O Men! Silly Men! That fetter'd with

A Smile, forget the Business of their Creation; the Motives

Of their Honour; and the safety of their Country — Thus

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Far my revenge is prosperous; and I'll forward. My Panthers

Breath shall draw 'em to the Snare; my Tongue shall

Charm; my Smiles kindle Loves Fire in their amorous

Souls, till they'r scorch'd severely; then forsake 'em

Whilst in my Breast, my Heart obdurate Flint

Shall hear, and yet not pitty.

Thus all shall know that were like me refus'd.

No Serpent like a Woman when abus'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actum Secundi.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

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ACT. III.

Scene I.

Enter Sir Arthur Oldlove (ridiculously drest, hung with Medals) Tilbury, Jollyman, Dorell.

[A Table with Scull, Sword, Vial, Shooing-Horn, Box and Picktooth, cum caeteris.

Sir Arth. Sir, 'tis no matter what the World thinks. The World think? why let it think, I say once agen; 'tis such as we redeem lost time from its Chaos of Confusion; Is there any thing more pleasant than Antiquities? The knowledge of the distinction of Ages, or the deeds and manners of the Ancient, I say is there any thing more pleasant? — Oh happy *Romans* that took this into consideration, for my own part I am nothing, a man of Ignorance, a meer Reptile in these Rarities.

Joll. Every man in his humor, and let the World rub; Appetite and Fancy are two great Monarchs that sway Mortality, and hang pinching, udsbores 'tis fit they shou'd de satisfi'd; but good *Sir Arthur*, what are these? Doubtless these are Rarities too.

Sir Arth. Right Sir, and such Rarities, that were their worth valu'd, the *West-Indies* were too small to purchase them.

Tilb. I warrant this has been some Princes or great mans Scull, 'sbodikins he looks still with the face of Authority.

Sir Arth. Fie, fie, Sir, your Hat on: This Relique shou'd be toucht with reverence, but your ignorance must excuse all — Pray stand a little back and give attention — This Scull, this noble prudent politick Scull, once belong'd, or as I may more properly say, was pertinent

to the Body of *St Gawaine*, a Knight of the round Table.

Tilb. *St Gawaine!* A *Dutchman*, was he not? I believe I know some of his Relations.

Sir Arth. A *Dutchman!* oh insupportable — Sir, did you ever know a Relique made of the Scull of a *Dutchman*? No, he was a Britain Sir, a hardy Britain, and Nephew of the famous King Arthur of happy memory; and this Scull was late resident in *Dover*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Castle, brought thither by a fam'd Antiquary, whose mane time has outworn, and since purchas'd by

me, to illustrate this City, amongst the rest of my memorable Antiquities.

Joll. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Sir Arth. And this here is the fam'd Hero, *Sir Lancelot du Lake's* Sword.

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Tilb. I'll warrant this has been the death of many a Constable; but methinks, *Sir Arthur*, the Rust has been a little too bold with it.

Sir Arth. Ah Sir! Rust adds to an Antiquity, 'tis our Friend: And we that are skill'd in these matters, can by the Rust on a Sword tell how long it has been durable.

Joll. Hang pinching, 'twas well discover'd; I see a man may live and learn, tho' he be never so old, good Sir, forward.

Sir Arth. This here is a Shooing-horn, d'mark me — Hats off still — pray observe it — a Shooing horn —

Joll. 'Tis so — [*Call Servant.*]

Sir Arth. This Shooing-horn, Gentlemen, the first that ever was invented, was, with reverence be it spoken, the necessary implement of the Queen of *Sheba*, and left by her careless Chambermaid at *Jerusalem*, after her visit to King *Solomon*.

Tilb. By *St Jago* an admirable discovery, 'sbodikins who would have thought so much ancient Honour could depend upon a Shooing-horn.

Joll. Very strange! very strange! by *St. Jago*, as you say; but the stranger the merrier, the merrier the better company, and so hang pinching, let the World rub.

Sir Arth. This is the Silver-box that Nero's Beard was kept in; 'twas in the *Vatican* 300 Years, and lately presented to me by a Friend of mine, a man of great authority in *Rome*.

Tilb. Somewhat like a Tobacco-box —

Sir Arth. No comparisons, good Sir, but observe, this is the Rubbing-Brush of *Silvius Otho*, and this is the Picktooth of *Heliogabalus*.

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Joll. Carefully preserv'd from the ruins of time, to grace your Study *Sir Arthur*.

Sir Arth. Lastly, this last — tho' most precious and best of all my Reliques; this Vial is fall of the tears of *St. Jerom*, in former years pendant upon the Spire of *St. Sepulchres* Steeple; but by my indulgent care and great charge redeem'd from thence when the City was on fire.

Tilb. A thing of moment, Sir, and worth your diligence.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's two Gentlemen below desire admittance.

Tilb. Sbodikins my sons, my sons: *Sir Arthur*, I order'd them to come hither, that they might see the Ladies you writ me word of. Friend shew 'em the way up — [*Exit*

Serv. *Sir Arth.* You did well Sir; Dorell, go see if my Neece be at leisure, and bid my daughter come hither [*Exit Dor.*

Joll. Ay, ay, come, hang pinching, let's see the Lady, let Women make up the Consort, and then let the World rub, there's mirth and frolick in't; but without Women, udbores 'tis prolix, 'tis impertinent, 'tis

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every thing ill, and nothing well; hang pinching, Women, Women, I say.

Tilb. Well said 5-and-50, by *St. Jago* thou grow'st young agen, thou'rt a very Boy.

Joll. Not frozen, not frozen, heart whole, and warm enough to keep out Weather; udbores, when I was 1-and-20, I was the sprightly'st Fellow — I cou'd have sung and danc'd, and leapt and jumpt — hey troll — faith — but 'tis past now — however I am found — hem — not so old, but I am a jolly man still, and hang pinching, let the World rub.

Sir Arth. Well, I say still, there's nothing so becoming as Gravity.

Enter Zechiel, Toby and Flaile.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Tilb. Zechiel — my Boy — how dost thou — kiss me sirra — s'bud I am glad to see thee — they tell me y'are grown an arch Wag — hah — how now! what *Metamorphosis* sirra! Where got you them Cloaths? [*To Tob.*

Tob. Now must I give him a private Item, or this ignorant old Foolwill disgrace me before all the company. [*Takes him aside*

Tilb. Oh! Are they so Sir? Well, God give ye joy: But Zechiel,prithee, what News in Town? Dost thou thrive — hah —

Zech. Thrive! there's a *Salisbury* question already; upon Honour, 'tis pity my Father was no better bred: Sir, the nourishing facundity pertinent to our sphere, has bestow'd a better Talent on me than can be possibly acquir'd by Fortunes donation, and therefore — Noble *Sir Arthur*, I sue to kiss your hand — I was so bury'd in my Fathers Caresses, that I protest my eyes were Traytors —

Sir Arth. Sir! I hope you and I shall have a nearer affinity and know-ledge of one another ere long. [*Tob. surveys Sir Arth. Cloaths.*

Tilb. By St Jago my pains were ill employ'd else! Why I came to Town for that purpose —

Sir Arth. But where's your Brother Sir?

Zech. Here Sir — taking a particular view of your Habit — Upon Honour *Sir Arthur*, methinks your Cloaths are not made according to mode.

Sir Arth. Mode — ah good Sir, no more o'that, no Modes I beseech you: my Habit is the Mirror of my Mind, little do you know the value of this outside: Sir, in brief, 'tis more than the Kings three Dominious can purchase.

Tob. Udshash! I'd like to have spoil'd all. I took him for a Morrice-Dancer.

Sir Arth. To display my meaning more plainly Sir, this Medal was the Badge of Peace 'twixt *Scanderberg* and *Tarks*; this was the Doublet

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

of *Gustavus Adolphus*; and these Breeches, renown'd be the tatter'd Linings, were the Breeches of Pompey the Great; he was call'd Pompey the Great, by reason of these great Breeches.

Joll. Peace be to the ancient Cobwebs betwixt the seams; Sir Arthur, your Servant, I must go seek my son: Odsbores here's the Lady — I'll stay a little longer now, and let the World rub —

Enter Constantia.

Sir Arth. How now, where's my Neece?

Const. Gone to the Park Sir, with my Lady *Arbella*.

Sir Arth. Park! What without my permission? Passion o'me, I shall have her stol'n. Huswife, this is your fault, you are still prating to her of the pleasure of Intrigues as you call 'em; Well, these new damnable Customs utterly undo the Nation.

Const. Sir, I am not her Guardian, tho' you are; nor do I think it a particular of my duty to pry into her actions.

Joll. This certainly the Lady Hurry told me of, udsbores a merry Mushroom I'll warrant her.

Sir Arth. Well, since 'tis so, we must practise patience, and Mr *Tilbury* it shall be my care hereafter to have her ready for your sons addresses — in the mean time, pray Daughter know this Gentleman, whom I have elected for your Husband [*Zech. hides his face, and goes backward.*]

And let it be a mark of your duty to use him kindly. Come, Sir, along, along — a young brisk Fellow, and so backward — fie.

Zech. The very same Woman I affronted in the *Mall*, what shall I do, she'll discover me.

Tilb. Why how now sirra, what stinch, recreant, dastard — Bodikins thou art a disgrace to th' Family; th' *Tilburies* have been good Holders-forth for above this 90 Years, and shall they now be dash'd like a Knight at a Bear-bating; for shame to her, to

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

her agen I say, by *St Jago* I'll cudgel thee forward if thou dost not.

[*Toby breaks the Vial.*

Sir Arth. Mercy a'me, what's that?

Tob. No harm, no harm, only a little Vinegar Bottle, an accidental Mischance, as I hope to be sav'd *Sir Arthur.*

Sir Arth. How! The Vial! oh Heav'n the Vial! What *St Jerom!* *St Jerom's* tears! oh Hell! Fate! Death! Destiny! I'm undone, lost, ruin'd for ever—the Vial! *St Jerom's* tears split, the Holy Relique spoil'd; oh I am miserable, oh insupportable loss. Out of my doors thou Varlet: away; I abominate thee, detest thee, and thy whole Race for this deed, away; I say, *St Jerom!* *St Jerom!* oh dismal accident!

Tilb. Good Sir have patience, I'll make restitution.

Sir Arth. Patience! Restitution! 'sbud both the Indies cannot do't: Hadst thou burnt my House, murder'd my Wife and Daughter, stol'n my Plate, any thing but this, I cou'd have forgiven, but to disoblige *St Jerom,*

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St. Jerom; O insufferable ! insufferable ! 'tis a capital crime, and not to be forgotten! —

[*Exit.*

Tilb. Sirra, this is your unlucky hand. Come, we must go and comfort him, he'l run mad else—
[*Ex. Tilb. Jollyman.*

Const. So I hope this accident, and my Fathers anger, will be a means to keep me from the future impertinences of this Fop. Lord ! how you look, Sir. What's the matter?

Zech. Nothing, Madam: onely a little troubled at my Brothers late Miscarriage, and the disturbance of the Company.

Const. You may repair that inconvenience in the *Mall* to night Sir — there will be variety.

Zech. A pox on her, she has discover'd us! Well, Madam, I guess your meaning; and, though my behaviour express'd a little too much the freedom of the age. That I can

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

give my self this satisfaction, That I did nothing but what was Courtly, and like a Gentleman.

Const. A Gentleman of the first rate I grant, Sir; that is, an insignnificant Squire, whose addresses are so formal and common, that your *Fleetstreet* Prentices have better, whose head, hands, and body are diversly imploy'd in fashioning a bow; and, when he speaks, he might be call'd a walking Bagpipe, being oblig'd to his nose for gracing his utterance.

Tob. Nay, if you talk of Noses, here's a Nose, ans udshash, under the Rose, another manner of Nose than yours is, if you go to that.

Const. Suitable to the owners person, I confess; and were my judgment askt in this particular, I shou'd guess you Nose and Understanding to be much of a length; onely there is this difference, your Nose is more visible, but both very equivalent to your person and behavi-
our.

Tob. Madam, let me entreat you to be so much your own friend, as not to question my behaviour. The shame will be yours, if you do, I assure you that—'Sbud, I knew how to behave my self, before you knew how to—(mum, I had like to have spoke it—) to discern behaviour.

Const. Your brisk air, bone Meine, and gentile garb expresses it, Sir. You are the exact picture of your Brother there: Nature drew you from this Copy. And, Sir, she has furnisht you, as the World may see, and you your self doubtless imagine, with all graces pertinent to your Sex: but we are seated in so relentless an Air, that I protest I am blind to your perfection, and you appear to me a very ordinary person, considering the advantages you have of Impertinence, Impudence and good Clothes. What your Brother may be in my Lady *Fickles* eyes I know not: but if she desires his Company as little as I yours, we shall both sleep without dreaming. *Call* Jollyman.

Zech. Damme, I'le be gone. This eternal fleerer will jear me to a Consumption — Come Toby, let's to the Tavern, and rore to night: I'le

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warrant thee I'll procure a Couple of Females, that shall be good Company, and glad of ours — This is the most everlasting Repertee — Ounds, she has given me the Gripping of the Guts in studying an Answer — Come, come away.

Tob. Will, I am certainly the unlucky'st fellow in the World: Why should not I be now as witty as thee? — but onely Natures a son of a Whore, Destiny's a Slut, and Fortunes a Bitch; or else Men had had predominance in talk, not Women: well, the Devil will have e'm for't one day, that's my comfort. [Exeunt.]

Const. Hard fate of Women, that bestow our hearts where is no return: and often hate such as love e'm. If *Manley* knew I lov'd him, I question the success, and yet without a hazard nothing is perfected. I wonder I have no Answer of my Letter. I'm sure he had it: but I must have patience, I expect th' event, as time gives opportunity.

Enter Jollyman

Joll. Your servant Lady. Your Father's in an extravagant rage yonder about breaking his Viniger Bottle. His Relique, as he calls it. Nothing can pacify him. He swears he will fill another with his own tears, and never stir abroad till 'tis finisht.

Const. 'Tis, what pleases his humour, Sir. I hope he has gain'd so much of time to satisfie himself in every particular, without disgracing his Quality, or reproaching his years.

Joll. Prettily exprest that: Udsbores, Madam, you speak well, pithy and to the purpose. My son *Harry* has a Love-intrigue with a Lady that lodges in his house, and pardon my presumption, at first I thought you to be the person.

Const. No Sir! I am not the person; and, because I am loath to see good Nature abus'd I'll tell you a secret. Therefore know, this person your Son loves is at this time engag'd to twenty besides this old Gentlemans son you saw here.

Joll. How! Twenty pretenders!

Const. At least, Sir: all which she wheedles for revenge or profit, without the least design of Love or Marriage: for to tell you the truth, Sir, (however secretly she carries it) she's marry'd already.

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Joll. Why then my son is wheadled.

Const. Very near the brink of a precipice assure your self.

Joll. Ile go instantly and disingage him: This was a lucky discovery, my Son gull'd :
no, my Caution shall secure him from the danger, and then let the World rub.

Const. Sir, li had not presum'd to so free a Relation, had I not known how nearly it
concerns you, who bear an estimable Character

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amongst the greatest Grantees. Sir, I beg your pardon, I must visit my Father.

[*Ex.* Constance.

Joll. Udsbores, a Woman of pretty parts, and methinks of an excellent humour —
hah — old Harry, not so old yet but such a Nut may be crackt: but more of this
hereafter. Now to my Son, I'll get his neck out of the Noose, and then follow my own
Designs as occasion serves. [Exit.

Scene 2. Covent-Garden, Letter.

Harr. Melancholly is either the dregs of Sickness or Love, and may properly be
term'd the poison of life, and the odium of Society; for a Man of Wit that is
melancholly, and says nothing, is in my opinion as unnecessary a Creature, as a man
that wants wit, and sayes everything.

Man. I have as few pretensions to Melancholly as to the wit you speak of: the one
disagreeing with my Constitution, and the oher surpassing my Capacity. 'Tis true, I am
somewhat troubled at the receipt of a Paper here, which is the reason my face is not
drest in my wonted aire: but I think 'twill hardly induce me to be very melancholly.

Harr. A Paper! prithee, What is't a Challenge?

Man. No, Sir, I have good fortune seldome to look on such Misfives as Challenges
with a clouded brow. 'Tis a Letter from a stranger, that knowes my Amours, and takes
the confidence upon her to call me here, my Mistress is the most inconstant of Women.

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Harr. I'll lay my life in a malicious design of some Jilt or other, that intends you for her particular use.

Man. The Letter discovers some affection in the Writer: but my thoughts can never carry me to a belief, it can come from any of my former Mistresses: for I know none of e'm is acquainted with my present Intrigue — here, prithee read it.

Harr. *If your Sex had a great a value for sincere affection, as for in-
reads. constancy, you wou'd not be so ignorant of your present condition,
nor cherish a Serpent that delights to sting ye: I mean your Mistriss, [a]h ,
to my knowledge hates ye, as much as another loves you, whom your self-
will'd indifference has made miserable.*

I confess this is Mystical: yet carries a greater resemblance of truth, then first I imagin'd.

Man. An Oracle by heaven: and the Devil is so cunning, that with imaginary doubts, it adds an intollerable addition to my misfortunes.

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Harr. 'Tis certainly a general plague, pertinent to all Mankind, for I have a Mistriss that I mistrust too, and were she not extremely obliging when I am with her I shou'd be more dubious: for I never come to visit her, but some Kinsman or other comes to interrupt us: so that certainly she must have a World of Relations, or else I have this Misfortune, to come just at their house for business —

Man. My fate to a tittle: by heaven just so I am tormented. I am scarce yet within dores — but I am molested with some Uncle or other.

Harr. She calls her self *Cleio*, one of the Muses; and, to pursue that humour, I went to visit her last night, and ingag'd three or four friend to entertain her with a Dance, where we were fain to stay an hour ere we cou'd get admittance.

Man. I hope at last your patience was well rewarded by her kind acceptance of your gallantry?

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Harr. Indifferently: she appear'd to be very merry, and express a gracefull thanks for the Diversion I gave her; for, the Truth is, I accosted her in this manner, the more to endear her to approve my passion: I having that very morning spoke with one, that ignorantly confest, his Father brought him to Town, upon Design to Marry her.

Man. That was a lucky discovery. I hope you was not idle in your endeavour of supplanting him —

Harr. No gad, I did make the best on't I cou'd: for I went instantly to her, and with the best Rhetorick I had, endeavour'd to weed the Fool out of her thoughts: 'Twas fortunes bounty also to me, to find her at leisure, and alone; for had her Guadian Uncle, Sir *Arthur*, been at home, it had been impossible to have had any access to her.

Man. Who, Sir! Who? pray that last again.

Harr. Sir *Arthur Oldlove*. The Antiquary here in *Bridges-Street*, she's his Niece, a Widow, an approv'd fortune.

Man. Hell and the Devil. The very same Woman I have so figh'd for: but I see he's ignorant that I am his Rival, and I'll get all I can out of him, that I may have the more to upbraid her with: Well, Sir, you made a happy conclusion, I doubt not she was kind without scruple afterwards, hah —

Harr. By Heav'n, kinder than I expected: she told me, I had the largest share in her heart, and spoke the sweetest, softest things, 'twould melt a man to hear. I presented her a pair of Diamond Pendants, which she unwillingly receiv'd; and, as a Crown of my Courtship, told me at parting, she had just before thrust away an impertinent Suitor, that came to make addresses, purposely to make room for me.

Man. Very well. Dam her, she entertains a Legion: I'll visit her instantly, and with the extremest sentiments of rage and jealousy, show'r my afflicted thoughts into her perfidious breast.

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Harr. What say'st thou, was it not pleasant? what a pox not a word? methinks thou dost not relish my discourse.

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Man. As well as a Rival can Sir: One that has the fate to follow the wheel of your Chariot, whilst you triumph in Loves Empire: Hark'ee, for your further satisfaction, this Woman you speak of is my Mistriss too, the very same person intimated in this Letter: one that I have

Courted this six Moneths, and was in hopes within a week more to have Marry'd.

Harr. How, Sir, Marry'd to my Mistriss?

Man. Ay, Sir, to our general Mistress; for, as far as reason imbellishes my judgment, I am apt to believe you, and I come but in the Reer of twenty more.

Harr. Now the plots unravell'd: I begin to have a knowledge of the visitant Kinsman that us'd to molest us.

Man. One of which I'm of opinion often usurp'd your shape: all will out at last, Sir: And, I'm resolv'd I'll not rest till I'm resolv'd that I may be in a capacity of revenging my self in the blood of him that dares usurp my right in her affection. [*Ex.* Manly.

Harr. Fortune was a damn'd Jilt to make me discover my intrigue, nay to my Rival: The onely man I shou'd conceal it from. Well, I must not sleep in this business: if she be false, my loss is the less: but, if constant,

My Sword my Rival's claimes must strait remove,

Bravely he dies that Victim falls to Love.

[*Exit*

Enter L. Fickle, Arbella, and Friendlove disguis'd.

Arb. So much Beauty, and so many attractive graces I know cannot want adorers: but, too many Lovers, Madam, in my opinion, is like too much Money, The abundance of enjoying takes away the pleasure of possession.

L.Fick. What you call much Beauty in Me, is so little, that this complement you make me, argues, Madam, a defect in your judgment: and as to my servants, which you call my adorers, they are so few, and those so meanly fetter'd, that I am beholden to fortune more than Beauty, for the credit I have got in the World.

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Arab. Fy, fy; I swear you wrong your self: your perfections are the general discourse of the Town.

Fick. The Impertinence of Fops and Citizens — a man of wit can find a better subject.

Arab. I hope you think my Lord *Bellamore* a Wit; and, to my knowledge, you are the onley Saint he adores: a pretty man by Heav'n, tall, strait, and well proportion'd, onely a little vain, an intollerable Talker, that's his worst fault.

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Fick. Now is this, to my knowledge, a Lye of her own invention, The monstrous effects of envy and jealousy — *Aside*

Arab. The happiness I wish you, you may guess in the contentment I shall receive in seeing you so well marry'd.

Fick. If constancy and immaculate affection may merit happiness, I doubt not but to have a large a portion as another, but want of desert makes me suspect th' event, although I know he loves me — This searches her —

Aside.

Arab. Insufferable! confession! Oh I cou'd kill her.

Aside.

Fick. Happy chance! see yonder he comes.

Arab. I'll take my leave.

Fick. Oh fy! By no means, Madam, pray stay a little longer.

Arab. I will not for the World. Some other time I'll give you a reason. Till when your humble Servant.

Enter Bellamore, as she goes out, meets her.

Bell. Madam! the Parks unhappy, so soon to lose the pleasure of your company.

Arab. Your car my Lord —

Whispers

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Fick. Here is certainly some plot contriving, her wheadling-me and whispering with him sufficiently declares it: and, by heaven, I'll search into the depth of Magick, but I'll find it out; I am already sufficiently prepar'd with arguments: and, the more difficulty lies in the matter,

the better 'tis often perform'd: hard shifts, and dangerous plots suit Womens Wits better than dull adventures; and, whilst in tedious search dull men run on, arm'd by our minutes thought, the thing is done.

Bell. To morrow, Madam, I will not fail — [*Ex. Arb*
now if you had so much Divinity in you, as you'd amount to a scruple of Conscience, you'd be in a continual fear of future ill, for drawing me from the innocent conversation of this Lady.

Fick. The innocent conversation!

Bell. Ay, Madam. She's a Soul-saving Creature, a female-Moralist, her discourse is a continual Sermon, and has the same influence than an Ague has upon me, I do so tremble.

Fick. I imagin'd it a kind of quaking Zeal, never durable an hour.

Enter Manley.

Man. What Melancholly! qualmish! The sting of a debauch last night I warrant.

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Fic. By heav'n my t'other Suitor. 'Twas happy I brought my Masque — This will disguise me —
Putson her Masque.

Man. In one sence you are right; for, Lovers grand influence consider'd nearly, is but a debauch, and we our selves the Parasites that sooth it.

Bell. 'Tis so: and therefore why shou'd men of honour, that practice the Distinction, and know better, resent its treachery: Prithee, What is it, Jack?

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Man. A thing of nothing, and yet every thing that cou'd torment me! Oh that dull appetite shou'd make a Monarch of the slave of Nature, to tyranize over that noble Soul that gave it first its being.

Bell. Dangerous resentments, by heav'n, Jack: but, prithee discover, come, be genuine.

Man. I receiv'd a Letter this morning from a stranger, skill'd it seems in my Amour, full of invectives against my Celia, especially of her inconstancy. This I confess troubled me, for the reason urg'd: it had some appearance of Truth, and afterward conferring with young *Jollyman*, whose misfortune seem'd to suite with mine; he made to ample a discovery, that I found we were Rivals, and that this false one Carest him more than me: and, in all probability, entertains several others. This put me into so extravagant a rage, that had not my curiosity of knowing the truth, ty'd my hand, my Sword had pleaded my interest; I am going now to her Lodging to be resolv'd —

Fick. If he had seen me now, here had been fine work! How near are my plots to discovery? — *Aside.*

Bell. Gad 'tis a business of importance.

Man. So much, that by heaven I am resolv'd to search it through. *Exit.*

Fick. So! now will I instantly home, and perswade him, that all is false, and onely the motions of envy. Come my Lord, shall we go— *Dore!* bid the Coachman come round to St. *James's* Gate.

Bell. What is that Fellow? I never saw him before.

Fick. Sir Arthur entertain'd him in his service to day to look to his accompt.

Bell. And, brush his antiquities — ha, ha, ha.

Fick. Never was man so besotted: he dares not sleep o' nights for fear of Thieves.

Bell. Dam him and his old Imaginations: Let us mind our own business: Come, let's to the Mulberry Garden; I ha' not treated you this week: methinks we live already as we were Marry'd, not a word of Love in a whole Scene of Discourse.

Fick. 'Tis better i' th' Heart than in the Tongue; besides, from a Man of quality, Love has so strange sound and, in my opinion, the Eyes are the best Orator, and now and then the Serious Look, with a short sigh for a Prologue.

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Bell. Thus ! ha !

Fick. And sometimes the exalting the band to the lip, with a short Kiss and away.

Bell. Thus.

Kisses her.

Enter Manley.

Man. Now I consider better, I shall have occasion to be punctual to an hour: My Lord, prithee lend me your Watch: hah — blood and death, What do I see?

Fick. Return'd agen! this was a Curs'd trick of fate.

Man. Ungrateful Traitress! now I plainly see (all I have heard is true.) Perfidious Celia: more false than Crocodills, that mourn the slain, and yet delight to kill 'em: Do you not blush? Are you so arm'd with impudence, this object cannot startle? yea, this beguil'd object,

that bath'd his passion in warm Tears of blood, and laid it at your feet, deceitful Celia.

Bell. Celia! What a mistake is this, by heaven my Friend's mad.

Fick. Now Wit assist me, or I'm lost. Mad—Why d'ee not see't? look, look how his eyes rowle; how pale his lips are; see how his Perriwig stares with his wild passion; his hands and body tremble. Oh this Celia's a cruel Wretch.

Man. Ah, perfection of ill: wou'd you convert your infamy? Disguise your falshood in my shroud of madness? No, no; it shall not do. Madam, all shall out, assure your self it shall.

Fick. So handsome, so well compos'd a man: Oh heavens what pity 'tis: run, my Lord, run to the Gate, and call your Footman to fetch a Doctor ! two hours in such a fit will kill him.

Man. Stay, my Lord, and hear me—I'll discover all—This Lady—

Fick. Ah, delay not a minute, as you love his life!

Shreeks out

My Lord—away, away.

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Bell. Poor Manley, thou shalt not dye for want of so small a Courtesie.

Exit.

Man. Well, Madam, What's your design in this? What new plot is contriving?

Fick. Oh heav'n! Am I thus requited? Sir, I never expected such an action from you:

Was there no way to augment my misery but this?

Weeps.

Man. Your misery! Ha, ha, ha. Your misery! —

Fick. You know well enough that this is the person my Uncle designs to Marry me, and that 'tis impossible for me ever to see you, if he knows you are his Rival.

Man. Hah, this may be true; for he has formerly told me something of

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an Intrigue like this: Well, suppose this true Madam, I am sure Mr *Jollyman* is a person not interested in your Uncles favour, though in yours.

Fick. In mine! That an impertinent Serenader, only accepted for the Company's sake he brought with him, should have the impudence to talk thus. [*Call Bellamore Footman.*]

Man. He protested it to me a truth, and swore your extravagant favour exceeded his hopes.

Fick. And you believ'd it: Well, I'll take care with whom I trust my heart agen —

[*Weeps.*]

Man. Ugh, I can hardly believe this; yet sure this tears are real, it must be so--- Come, I do believe thee, forgive me Celia; and consider how insupportable is Jealousie lodg'd in a Lovers breast.

Fick. If I had not hit of this plot, what shou'd we have done then? I warrant you won't believe I love you yet.

Man. By this I do, thou hast confirm'd it in me.

Fick. He'll come back immediately, and I wou'd not have him see you for the World; therefore be gone, I'll expect you this Evening at my Uncles.

Man. I will not fail you Sweet, I am glad it happens thus.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Fick. Ha, ha, ha!

Thus with he snowy Veil of Innocence,
Contriving Women cover their pretence,
When Women weep, look, Gallants, for surprize,
For all deceit lies drencht in wat'ry eyes.

Enter Bellamore *and* Footman.

Bell. There's a Coach ready at the Park Gate, how now, where is he?

Fick. Ah! gone, gone, all my entreaties could not stay him, frighted, I believe, at my naming a Doctor; I saw him cross the *Mall*, but in such a strange posture, that caus'd both pity and admiration in all that beheld him.

Bell. Poor *Jack*. I see the fits of Madness are as sudden, as those of Love, and commonly work the same effects, Fate keep me from the tryal of it; for Excess in any thing is a perfect torment, especially this Modish Passion we Men so hunt after, and which is so generally admir'd, though conducing to Madness. —

*He that of Loves ripe Joyes takes over measure,
Abates his Bliss, and loses half the pleasure.*

[*Ex.*

The End of the Third Act.

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ACT IV.

Scene I.

Enter Sir Arthur, Tilbury, Jollyman *and* Friendlove, *al.* Dorel.

Sir Arth. Urge me no more, Sir, you have my answer, my final and my punctual answer, I will proceed no further in this business; nor shall my Neece join issue with a man so wild, and so unfortunate: *St Jerom's* tears spilt, my treasure, my chiefest treasure

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

lost, a blessing with this forty Years we cherish'd, snatcht from me in an instant! oh unparalleled misfortune! I say, let him forbear my house.

Tilb. Well, of a Knight, and a Justice of Peace, this is the simplest man of Worship I ever saw; good Sir, let it not so nearly concern you, you shall have restitution, by *St Jago* I'll sell half my Estate, but I'll make you amends; What a Pox, d'ee think I ll be ungrateful?

Sir Arth. Half your Estate! a pretty proposition; 'sbud, Sir, the Grand Signiors Revenue would not purchase a drop on't.

Joll. A very costly Liquor by *Mahomet*, I think that *Turkish* Oath sounds well—hah—

Sir Arth. Old Oaths are not to be despis'd, Sir, therefore by *Melchizedech*, which, I conceive, was well thought on my resolution s fixt, your son shall be a stranger to my house my daughter is not for him, tell him so; 'zlit shou'd he come here, within a Week I should have my ancient Medals of the *Romans* plaid off at Gaming-houses.

Tilb. Sir, upon my Reputation, he knows not what belongs to a Gaming-house; alas Sir! You are ignorant of his Principles, he's Countrey bred, Sir — Countrey Learning, Countrey Manners, and Countrey Wit; 'sbodikins he knows nothing of the Town.

Sir Arth. But he may know every thing in time, Sir; and I'll harbour no person within my doors, whose future knowledge is more dangerous than his present.

Joll. Udsbores a necessary Maxim.

Sir Arth. Trouble your self no more, Sir, my Will is my Law; and tho' I am a Justice of the Peace and *Quorum*, I think my proceedings in this both necessary and judicial — My Neece is an Heiress, and there is great care requir'd in her bestowing; nor shall my Daughter match into

a Family, when I give such evident proofs of my dislike. Mr *Tilbury*, you, as being my old acquaintance, shall be welcome to my house; but give me leave to tell you, my eyes are open'd to your sons folly, you understand me, I do not like their tricks, Sir.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Tilb. Tricks Sir! — I find 'tis you have your tricks Sir — But by *St Jago* I'll go Fee my Lawyer immediately, force shall compel what good words cannot persuade, and I've a Bag of old *Harry-Groats* have lay'n by me these twenty Years, which I'll scatter amongst the Grownmen, rather than be thus abus'd. [Ex. *Tilb.*

Sir Arth. Old *Harry Groats*! What pity 'tis so meritorious an Antiquity should be so ill employ'd is he gone?

Dorr. Yes Sir — just turn'd the corner of the street in so hasty and discompos'd a manner, that it argues him plotting some business of importance.

Sir Arth. Wou'd he were here agen. Now wou'l I rather his son should have my daughter, than that he should waste any of that precious money.

Joll. Let it go, let it go, there's enough to be had in *Lumberstrees*: But, Sir Arthur, to my present affair; since you have been so generous to deny him your daughter, I hope my address may be successful.

Sir Arth. Troth, Sir, Hope is very necessary in this affair; and if you can but hope my daughter will like your Person and Years, as well as I like your Estate, your Hope will have as ample a Field to range in, as any mans I know.

Joll. My Person and Years—Why, Sir, 'tis impossible she shou'd dislike it; whatever my Years are, I assure you my Imagination is but One-and-twenty.

Sir Arth. But, Sir, in the space of a Week, the strength of your Imagination will be worn away, and your Person will be left to the deliberate age of Eight-and-fifty a month or two over.

Joll. No, 'tis three month under by my faith, *Sir Arthur*, and what then? With me 'tis an age of 21; Look in my face, Sir, observe how the blood mounts; here, here's your Complexion, without art, fucus, or any thing—Then, Sir, peruse my Person—Hah—I think I am well set—Hem—And as found as another man—Besides, I can talk well, walk well, and make Water well—which, udsbores, is as provoking a quality as any man is Master of.

Sir Arth. Sir, in a young man I confess these are additions; but a man that has the misfortune to decline into the vail of Years, were he really Master of all this, wou'd not get credit with the World, he wou'd not be believ'd.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Joll. Not believ'd! Sir, my actions shall give continual demonstration, I am not in the Catalogue of your infirm person; my Back, Sir, is strong, by Body active; nor has my infirmity been so much my Foe, to abate any part of my vigour: But I can Run, Wrestle, Fight, or Play a Game at Tennis with any Spark i' th' City, and let the World rub. To confirm you, you shall see me do't — (Not believ'd!) Udsbores you shall see me Ride the Great Horse, or jump over a stick for the King of England.

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Sir Arth. Well Sir, I will consider on't — in the mean time address your self to my daughter; come, you shall sup with me: *Dorrel*, if any one ask for me — I am not at leisure — be careful, and let no eye be Spectator of my Rarities without my knowledge, come Sir —

[*Ex.*

Dorrell manet.

Dorell. The uncertain Dice of Fate thus far runs well, and my designs are prosperous — My disguise, shrowd to my troubled mind as well as person, secures me yet from knowledge; and my eye attains the liberty to gaze at all her actions, and yet pass undiscover'd — Oh curs'd Jealousie, how crooked are thy paths!

Enter Bellamore and Arbella.

Bell. Unconstant, and to me! by Heav'n 'tis so strange a Notion, that methinks 'tis incredible.

Arb. And why incredible? Lord how you Men are deceiv'd in your opinion! You term your selves Princes and Lords of Nature, imagining the easie tempers of Women slaves to your nobler quality; and yet for all your pretences, to my knowledge some of you are often mistaken.

Bell. Well, if she be false —

Arb. What then?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Bell. Why then she's damn'd, that's one comfort however; but Madam, this extraordinary favour in you, obliges me in gratitude to a return. Shall I wait on you to your Lodging, by Heav'n I hate ingratitude? Come, Madam, what satisfaction?

Arb. Such a question to a mercenary Spirit, might perhaps be accepted under the Notion of gratitude, but you having a perfect knowledge of my quality, and obliging temper, give me leave to tell you, my Lord, 'twas very unbecoming, especially from the mouth of a Man of Honour.

Bell. I gad I mean it cordially, and if my service —

Arb. Hold, Sir, y'are observ'd, yonder's *Sir Arthur's* Man from him, you may doubtless learn the truth of all, my presence will be unnecessary, therefore I'll withdraw — So, I hope this will wean him — [Ex.]

Dor. This is one of her Suitors, now for a new discovery, and I'm resolv'd to be prepar'd for him — Your Lordships humble Servant —

Bell. *Dorel*, come hither, I've some business with thee.

Dor. 'Tis too much Honour, my Lord.

Bell. I long have lookt on thee as on a Man above the common Pile of Menial Servants; and since I know thee such, I dare request a secret from thy tongue to me of great importance; Come, I'll bind thee to me in golden Fetters; shall I trust to thee? — [Gives a Purse.]

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Dor. I am your Lordships Creature, and if my ability extend to serve your Lordship, I am proud on't. Sure he has not discover'd me. [Aside.]

Bell. I'll try thee instantly. The truth is, *Dorell*, I am grown jealous of my Mistriss, several Reports declare she is unconstant; and tho' I do not positively believe 'em, yet Gad I must confess they trouble me; now I know thou hast a Catalogue of all her Suitors, and know'st all her intrigues, prithee disclose 'em, am I the Man or no, or has she others?

Dor. This is so dangerous a point, my Lord, I know not how to answer.

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Bell. Fear nothing, but speak to th' purpose, I'll be so much thy friend, thou shalt not need to fear the frowns of any.

Dor. My Lord, there is one Mr *Manley* comes hither often.

Bell. So, who else?

Dor. And one Mr *Jollyman*, I heard her swear one night she'd marry him.

Bell. Very good, prithee proceed — oh perfidious Traytress. [*Aside.*

Dor. Now has he a fretting Feaver on him. Several others there are my Lord that visit her as Pretenders, but with what success I know not, one of 'em I heard her appoint to visit her to night; and because your Lordship shall see how willing I am to serve a person of so much worth — Follow me, and I'll place you, where you shall, unseen, hear all their Courtship.

Bell. Do that, I am thine for ever.

Dor. More than that, owed Tribute to your Bounty; Come my Lord —
[*Ex.*

Enter Manley and Constantia.

Man. Can this be real, Madam?

Const. True as Heav'n;

I swear she is the falsest of her Sex,
Designing Love upon fallacious terms,
Without a spark of passion or desire
To possess him that Courts her —

Man. Perjur'd Creature,

Oh Heav'n that Providence gave Man a heart

To lose in such Abyss of Treachery;

But, Madam, is there no ocular proof to be given of this?

Const. There is Sir, and to that purpose I brought you hither;

My Chamber joins to hers, whence from a private Closet door you may hear all, one of her Suitors is now with her, and by their discourse you may soon guess the truth of her

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

treachery; for doubtless 'twill be amorous enough, and very sutable to such an adventure.

Man. O Dam her! Dam her! Is this her Constancy! Madam, the

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Debt of Gratitude I owe you for this discovery, is so far above my present ability —

Const. Good Sir, no more of that — but follow me —

Man. All her feign'd Caresses come to this! a Curse upon the Sex —

Madam, I wait your leisure. [*Ex. Ambo*

Scene discovers L. Fickle in a Morning Gown, and Harry sitting.

L.Fick. And cou'd you credit so ridiculous an Asseveration, knowing how tender my Caresses have been to ye, I thought my actions might have given you sufficient demonstration of my constancy.

Har. By Heav'n I never doubted it, I confess I was a little surpriz'd to hear him say he was at the expence of a six months Courtship, and within a Week more it was to terminate in Marriage. But now you have told me his intrigue with Madam *Constantia*, I am very sensible of the mistake. —

L.Fick. Had I not told you, I'll lay my life you wou'd ha' been jealous.

Har. No, no, Faith I shou'd not — jealous! — I know I have no cause, thou art the Heav'n of truth, and in thy breast *Astrea* reigns and triumphs. Suspect thy Faith, what Fiend cou'd be so envious? I'll prove thy Constancy as firm as Fate, and against all defend it.

L.Fick. So, I think I have carry'd matters rarely. [*Aside.*

Har. But, Madam, pardon me, if I presume to ask you why our interview is to be thus i' th' dark?

L.Fick. 'Tis because *Sir Arthur's* coming often into the next Room, seeing a Light here, will be very apt to come and disturb us.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Har. 'Sdeath — I've ignorantly left my Sword and Gloves upon the Table there, which shou'd he come in, would infallibly discover my being here — I'll go fetch 'em immediately. [Ex. *Har.*

Enter Nurse (with a Light) in a Morning Gown.

L.Fick. How now, what's the matter?

Nur. Oh sweet Madam — uhg — I am so out of breath, there's the basest Plot contriving —

L.Fick. A Plot! prithee what Plot?

Nur. Where's the Gentleman? get him into another Room, or you'll both be discover'd immediately.

L.Fick. How prithee? by what means?

Nur. Madam *Constantia* has watch'd you all this night, with an intent to betray you; I saw her bring Mr *Manley* into her Chamber, I'm confident with design to place him where he may hear the discourse 'twixt you and the Gentleman.

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L.Fick. *Manley* brought hither by *Constantia*! her envy now is apparent — What shall I do *Nurse*?

Nur. Alas! I know not — Fire the House, I think, and say you call'd him in for help.

L.Fick. No, so dangerous a Remedy must not be try'd — Humm — I have it — Sit you down, and personate me, our Gowns are alike — and in the dark there can be no differences in Faces — He's in the next Room, looking for his Sword, when he comes, feign my voyce, and Caress him like a Lover; in the mean time I'll go, and with a Counterplot deceive both *Manley* and *Constantia*.

Prosper designs, and by this Act I'll try

Which is the *Witty'st False One* She or I —

[Exit with the light.]

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Nurse sits in the Chair.

Nur. Well, I've known the time when I've employ'd my self in such an Adventure with a better Will —But however I'll warrant I'll fit him with a Repertee — I am not so old, but I can Repertee as well as another, if occasion serve.

Enter Harry with a Sword.

Har. 'Tis so dark, that igad I could hardly find the Table. Where art thou my Dear?

Nur. Here my Dear.

Har. I have been often thinking on the products of time, and have often wonder'd how they employ'd themselves before the Deluge — When Love was like a storming of Castle attain'd by violence, not as now, with fair words, address, insinuation; Men were not then such Fools to kiss a Glove — fall on their knees and fight — igad they were wiser in those dayes — [*Kisses and embraces her.*]

Nur. Fie, fie, I protest you are not civil — D'ee know who I am —

Enter Manley (peeping) and Constantia.

Const. D'ee hear 'em Sir — They're yonder in th' Alcove.

Man. I do Madam, and am sufficiently confirm'd in her treachery; but hush — let's observe.

Const. Sir, I'll go and get a Coach to the Garden gate, that you may get away undiscover'd — I think — [*Ex. Constan.*]

This was well plotted —

Nur. I protest! methinks your carriage is too Licentious, and in my opinion you treat me ill — Your Love shou'd still be cloath'd with a re-

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spect due to my Youth and Beauty — But I vow you'r so wanton —

Man. Very well — she'll deny this anon — [*Aside.*

Harr. Can any ill arrive from so much Love, I swear there cannot, Madam; your charms are engraven in my heart, and in my soul your virtues — I die when you are absent, and 'tis your influence that raises me from death to new-born life, and makes me currant from the dross of Nature.

Nur. Give me no cause to doubt what you have said, I then shall be contented; but I protest you Men are so subject to flatter, and we poor tender young creatures are so apt to believe, that it often proves very prejudicial —

Man. She doubts his Love — oh death — I shall want patience —

Harr. To flatter thee — by Heav'n 'tis a thing so far from me, I hardly know its meaning: Let Parasites, such as get Bread by fawning, flatter their Patrons: Let the empty Fopp, that's sensible of some defect in Nature, and sees the little beauty in his Mistriss, flatter her to exalt it, but in me it wou'd appear a Crime unpardonable, your Lustre wants no foiles; but like a Diamond in his Native Rock, you shine without the aid of Art or Flattery.

Nur. Now by my quondam Maidenhead this is very pretty, well Sir, you shall find my heart — [*Coughs.*

Man. And Lungs pray Heaven — wou'd she might Cough 'em out — she has catch'd cold with sitting up so late. Oh damn'd Incendiary.

[*Aside.*

Harr. Could I live out Methusalah's long Age, or number Years with the old Patriarchs, and every day study new Themes of Virtue, I could not merit half so great a blessing; brightest of Women, fresher than the Dew that early sits on Roses — oh I'm rapt with my own happiness!

Nur. Well, as I'm Virtuous this is fine — I see I shall not be able to hold out long — I shall grow bold with him — I hope, Sir, my Love deserves this from you, you have

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

entire possession of my heart — and tho' I have broke my faith with all my other Suitors, I've kept it firm for you.

Enter L. Fickle behind him.

L.Fick. Sir, Sir!

[Pulls him.

Man. Limb of the Devil — I hear her Madam, I hear her.

L.Fick. You should not hear 'em Sir, pray come back, they are Lovers —

Man. Lovers, Dam 'em — Have a little patience, I'll wait on you immediately —

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L.Fick. I Swear you're uncivil, Sir, thus to disturb e'm — for heaven's sake come away —

He turns back, sees her, and starts.

Man. Wonder of wonders — it there two Celia's — or, Am I in a Dream?

Nurse. Yonder's a Light — Let's step in here — I fear, Sir Arthur's coming —

[Ex. Harry and Nurse.

L.Fick. What ailes you, Sir? For heav'ns sake why d'ee stare so! Dee yee not know me!

Man. By Heav'n I know not: Are you *Celia*?

L.Fick. What strange questions are these, You know I am?

Man. And, Is that yonder *Celia* too?

L.Fick. Heav'n! What a hunour's this? That *Celia*? No: 'tis a Lady that lodges here, one that Mr. Jollyman Courts.

Man. Young *Jollyman*!

L.Fick. *Jollyman*? yes — What d'ee wonder at? if this humour hold, you need not counterfeit a Madness.

Man. By heav'n you are right — I am mad! stupid, insensible mad: and have been so these three hours — 'Sdeath, Was ever any thing so strange as this? sure I've been

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

enchanted; pray Madam give me leave to question yee, Where have you been all this night?

L.Fick. In my Chamber — Sir — expecting you.

Man. Who told you I was here?

L.Fick. Constantia; I met her coming up stairs; and, seeing me, she brake into a violent laughter; and asking her the reason, she told me, she had put a pleasant trick upon you; and then fell a Laughing till she shook agen.

Man. I'gad I have been trickt, that's the truth on't — Oh the Devil. Am I thus abus'd?

L.Fick. This from a Woman that lov'd yee, is very strange — Who did you expect to find?

Man. You — she told me you was in that Alcove, and plac'd me to hear you — where I have stood this half hour in the most insufferable Torture! the Agony of jealousy and dispair, that 'tis impossible to express it.

L.Fick. Me! Did you expect me there? and after all my actions, to declare my unspotted constancy ; Are you still jealous, ingrateful man? — Was ever woman so unhappy? Will nothing, *Weeps*, make you credit me! I Swear I am the most unfortunate of Women! How has my Soul and Heart be fetter'd to you? How have I dreamt of you, and thought a look to any other man was an offence to Love? slighted the Oaths of Gallants — shun'd their presents! despis'd their persons, and refus'd their guifts all — all for you, and so you still suspect me? — Would I could be unconstant! wou'd I had the power to be so, that I might revenge my self — Oh misery ! still suspected !

Weeps.

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Man. If she be false, there's no such thing as truth: I'll credit it no more — Madam, I see my error, and thus low sue for pardon — 'Tis my last tryal: and I will henceforth more adore thy vertues than ere I did suspect e'm; Thou art the soul of Truth, so excellently good: Nature is proud of her great work; nor will I ever be betray'd agen into

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

the gulf of jealousie, but live blest in thy love, the Prince of all content, and dye old in thy Armes.

Fick. You will relapse agen.

Man. Never by Heav'n — by this kiss I'll never —

Enter Constantia.

Const. Come, Sir ! the Coach —

Sees Fick. and starts.

Man. May return agen if it please, Madam — your servant, you see your plot han't took —

Ex. Man. and Fick.

Const. The Devil has outwitted me — nay, in this plot, which I thought so securely laid, it was impossible to break it: Her cunning is so prosperous, that I believe Hell designs her for the onely person to wheadle Souls with:

I'll try once more —

And if my next plot hit not right, give o're.

Ex. Const.

Enter Harry and Nurse — Bellamore *after.*

Bell. Here they are. I have from yonder dore, now too late, resented her treachery — Dam her ! was mine a heart to play with? Was there not Fools enow to feed with hope, but she must flye me? — but I ll revenge my self immediately —

Harr. Here's some body coming towards, let's retire my Dear.

Bell. Sir ! I have a Message first —

Strikes him.

Harr. Such Messages are thus to be return'd.

Drawes and fights.

Nurse. Ah help, help ! Murder, murder — help, help —

Enter L.Fickle with a Candle.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

L.Fick. What's the matter Nurse? Oh heav'ns my Lord *Bellamore!* and Mr. *Jollyman*!
! How came you hither at this time of night?

Bell. 'Sdeath! What a mistake is this — Have I fought for this pippin?

Looking amazedly at Nurse.

Harr. Zounds! Have I bestow'd all my Caresses and Courtship to night upon this
Beldam?

Nurse. Well, Sir; I shall find a time to requite your favours for all your jesting.

Ex. Nurse.

Bell. Gad, I thought it had been you Madam —

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Harr. And so I did by Heav'n. I durst have sworn 'twas here voice.

Bell. Your thoughts were ill employ'd, Sir, in a thing that so little concerns you: I
hope you have no pretences here.

Harr. How, Sir, no preteces! Ha's any man? —

Fick. 'Buz: 'Sdeath are you mad! why this [*stops his mouth.*

is the person my Uncle designs me to marry — [*To Harry.*

Bell. Nor is this boldness pleasing, Sir.

L.Fick. My Lord! for heav'ns sake what d'ee mean? Will you ruine all — This is the
very Gentleman my Uncle designs for my Huband — and if he knows you are his Rival
— I'm undone.

Enter Manley.

Man. Come, Madam, Whither do you run? by heav'n I'm so me-
lancholly — without you — ha', my Lord *Bellamore* and *Jollyman*!
'Sdeath ! What new intrigue's this?

L.Fick. O Fate ! Is he come too? What a spiteful minute is this? [*Aside.*
Why Sir ! What d'ee mean? D'ee not see my Lord there, unknown:
To be he supt with Sir Arthur to night, and has chosen this

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Minute to accost me — Stare, stare ! counterfeit your self

Mad, or we are lost: Then leave the rest to me.

Pray, Sir, to bed.

(Aloud this.)

To Bed. Fye, What mean you by this unseasonable rambling? Sir Arthur will be very angry if he knowes it. Stare ! stare !

Bell. Jack Manley here at this time of night — Hark'ee Madam, What makes him here?

L.Fick. Sir Arthur seeing him in his mad fit, brought him hither to night, with intent to administer a potion, which he had made for Lunatick persons; and, it seems, they left his Chamber dore open, and he is got out. Look! look how he stares!

Harr. Gad, 'tis a miracle to me to see him thus — I have often heard him say, Love is the Parent of Dullness, and Wine of Madness. Madam, how came this misfortune?

L.Fick. Love, Sir, Love. Passion for one Celia, a Lady i' th' Town here, an obdurate, inconstant person I have heard — and it seems she has wheadled him into this condition.

Man. She shall be drest in Flames! Pendants of Ice shall hang at either eare, and cool her as she burnes — whiz — buz — shugh Bough — she's gone, ha, ha, ha — Ah *Celia!* How sweet were thy amours? Dam her! she eates Onions — and her blew veines are all but colour'd. Lute-strings, in which she hangs her Cupids, Sir — Sir, I would have your Nose par'd less — adieu, adieu pop — let me hear no more on't —
Ex. Manley.

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Bell. Had I not seen this, I should have thought it incredible, a man of the Town, and run mad for Love — by heaven 'tis above the common rate of wonders, and doubtless portends some visible Calamity that threatens the Nation —

Harr. Madam, a word with you.

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

L.Fick. No whispering, Sir; 'twill cause him to suspect us — you know my promise — visit me to morrow morning, and then by an unexpected choice, I shall declare the man I think most worthy of my Love,

Harr. Enough, I will not fail. I guess the night far spent, and in staying longer I may obstruct your rest: I'll take my leave, Madam, your faithful servant — my Lord, your Lordships devoted. He little thinks what pollicy's in this — *Aside.* *Ex.* Harry.

L.Fick. Now, Am not I extreamly kind, thus to send him away, that I may have the freer discourse with you? I hope you will say this is very obliging.

Bell. I confess it weighs somewhat more then a common favour; but, Madam, I am not yet satisfied in his proceedings; his coming hither so late must be upon some design: and, how that old Woman shou'd interpose, is to me a Mistery —

L.Fick. Oh dull, dull man! Why d'ee not see 'twas by my plot? I order'd the light to be taken away, and laid her a Bait for him, purposely to keep my self free from his troublesome Impertinences —

Bell. Was that it — by heav'n 'twas a Witty one —

L.Fick. Was that it? What else cou'd it be — I wonder what recompence I shall have for this care, in preserving my Love intire, I Swear my Lord you'll be ungrateful.

Bell. No: by heav'n I'll heap together as much Love, and strong Imagination, as wou'd serve forty men: But, I'll be out of thy debt — prithee do not censure till the tryal is made: I'gad I'm sure I never fail'd yet — But, When shall be the day?

L.Fick. To morrow, Sir! a sudden thought has so ordain'd it. Visit me in the morning, where I suppose will be the rest of my Amoretto's; and you shall see what sentiments of private passion my heart retains for you.

Bell. To morrow! I am rapt with the thought on't ! To morrow.

Call up the Sun ! black shades away;

Bid Phosporus go fetch the Day.

As my friend *Cowley* has it: Madam, I'll be as early as the Lark; nay, by heav'n, I'm very passionate! You see your Beautie's pow'r, Madam—And, I'll go and prepare my self—

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L.Fick. And I'll go and think of my purpose.

Bell. Think on to morrow night — A pox on purposes, *Ex.* Bell.

L.Fick. You shall have reason to curse it when you know what purpose I mean.

Enter Manley.

Man. Are they gone, Madam.

L.Fick. Both gone, Sir, and full of different hopes—I Swear the love I bear you makes me commit strange frailties.

Man. Oh my Dearest; my heav'n of love; How shall I recompence thee? My life's service as nothing, if consider'd. When, when my Sweet?

Fick. To morrow, Sir.

Man. Happy accent!

L.Fick. You carry'd the plot so well, in counterfeiting madness, That I were ingrateful, should I not recompence to visit Me to morrow morning, Sir; and, by a happy choice, Receive what you have so long figh'd for.

Man. Oh Transport of Delight!

By heav'n I fear I shall not live till then:

Excess of joy will kill me — Best of Women:

Best, 'twas too vilely said, thou art so good;

By heav'n thou art a Miracle — and I

The happy man elected to possess it:

Till the morning comes I will employ my self,

In thinking on thy Beauties — and the dy,

In the possession of so sweet a Joy —

[Exit.

L.Fick. Ha, ha, ha, ha —

That Heav'n shou'd give man so proud a heart,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

And yet so little Knowledge — Silly Creature,
That talkes, and laughs, and kisses oft that hand,
That steals away its reason; As if Nature —
Had play'd the Traytor, and seduc'd the Sex,
Without the aid of Destiny, or Women.
Ah! with what pleasant ease
The Bird might be ensnar'd — Set but a wanton look
You catch whole Covytes: Nay, there is a Magick
Pertaining to our Sex, that drawes e'm in,
Tho' in the Long Vacation — And, by Heav'n,
I'm resolv'd to work my sly deceipts,
Till my revenge is perfect. Thus farr I've done well,
And I'll persevere in the Mistery.
Wheadle e'm to the snare with cunning plots;
Then bring it off with quick designing Wit;

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And quirks of dubious meaning. Turn and wind
Like Foxes in a storme; To prey on all,
And yet be thought a Saint — Thus Queen I'll fie,
And Hell shall laugh to see a Womans Wit. [Ex.L.Fickle.]

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ACT. V.

Scene, The Street.

*Enter Zechiel, Toby, Flaile, Jollyman, Linkboyes, and
Musicians playing and singing.*

Zech. Hey! rare Boyes! rare Boyes. Done like sons of Thunder:
True heirs of mirth and jollity, upon honour we have out —
Example in our frolick to night, the Town shall talk of us, [done.
With admiration, and call us Children of the night; The night,
The happy night. 'Pox o' your day-debauches, the dull and insipid
Common-way of frolick. Give me the night to roar in —

Joll. 'Sbud, well said:
The night or nothing, I say — Give me thy hand,
I love thee, Thou art a merry Wagg: I am pleas'd with't,

Udsbores I am. I thought I had a son here too,
But I see now he's grown a serious Rascal,
He never seeks good Company, such as thine is —
No matter, pinching, I'll be even with him,
And let the World rub.

Zech. Banter him, banter him Toby. 'Tis a conceited old Scarab,
and will yield us excellent sport — go play upon him a little — ex-
ercise thy Wit —

Tob. Not I udshash — I had like to have had my head broke
with his Halbert just now, for going about to exercise my wit.

Joll. Come, another Song, another Song my merry Wags,
And hang pinching, I'll make a third man — hem —

SINGS.

*And underneath the Greenwood Tree
This Youngster laid her down a,
And there he Kist her once or twice,
Sing hey derry, derry, derry, down, a.*

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Zech. Oh brave old Signior — *Flail!* Sirra, Bimdog, what a pox dreaming. Sing Sirra to entertain the Company.

Flail. I Sing, Zing, What d'ee mean, Sir! I Sing! Lord save us: alas I canno Sing, Sir, Ich was ne'r so well bred.

Zech. Whistle then you Dog, do something for Diversion —

Flail. Whistle! by Coxbones I cannot whistle neither. Bless us, Must I never go to bed — Bless me from London, if this be the Trade.

Zech. Trade! Thou son of Assafætida! call the Gentlemans divertive Custome a Trade. Come, all hands, wee'll go Pump the Rogue.

Jolly. Ay, ay; a dull drowsy Rascal: Pump him I say —

Enter three Wenches.

Zech. A prize ! a prize ! Petticoats upon honour;
Stand there ! come before a man Authority — And why
Thus early my Lady of the Lake? Whither are you going.

1. Wench. To Hell! Will you follow me?

Zech. Not I, upon honour: There I'll leave you —

Tob. By your favour, Madam, What's a Clock? [*To 2 Wench.*

2. Wench. I am sorry the pawning your Watch, Sir, forces you to
Ask so necessary a Question —

Tob. Now will this damn'd bulking Quean be too witty for me;
'O my Conscience if I shall ask her any more Questions!
Uds hash! I'll ee'n proceed to the Business, and say nothing.

Joll. goes to the other, and she slights him.

3. Wench. Fy, fy, Sir! an old man and talk thus!

Joll. An old Man! 'Sbud ! You'r a Whore, an old man! Call a
Gentleman, in the midst of a night Debauch old — Hem,

Hem — Sound Lungs and Heart-whole — old quoth a !

Zech. Come, upon honour, ye shall all to the Tavern with us, and
Wee'l compleat the nights debauch with a Credit: But first
A Song. I know you have your parts in the last new Verses,
Made of the Nights Ramble. 'Tis a part of your Function, a
New Song is as necessary for a Town Woman, as a Sute of Knots,
Or a new Gown — Hey ! strike up there!

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SONG.

*Happy the Man that takes delight,
In Banqueting the Sences;
That drinks all day, and then at night,
The height of Joy commences.
With Bottles arm'd, we stand our ground,
Full Bumpers crown our Bliss;
They rore and sing the Streets around,
In Serenading Misses.*

Chor. *With Bottles arm'd, &c.*

*Pleasures thus free and unconfin'd,
No drowzy Crime reproaches;
No Heav'n to frolick mind,
No pleasure like Debauches.*

*Whilst rambling thus, new Joys we reap,
In charmes of Love and Drinking,
Inspid Fops lye drown'd in sleep,
And the Cuckold he lies thinking.*

Chor. *Whil'st rambling, &c.*

Zech. Rarely done of all hands: come, now let's to the Tavern, I am resolv'd to make
a night on't.

Joll. Well said, agen, Boy. Toth' Tavern! toth' Tavern — hah— Merry Rascal —
hang pinching. 'Sbud 'thou'rt a brave fellow —

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Tob. Come my little pignies, you and I will go and be drunk together: Hey — you shall see me performe rare exploits, i'faith.

Tob. Nay, Gad, now my hands in, I shall pepper you with wit, I feel it growing in my head like a Bunch Parsenips.

Zech. Agen! Igad pinch him ages; but come, of this at the Tavern, We lose time — Strike up there — Sing. *Whilst rambling.*

[*Ex.singing.*

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Enter L. Fickle in Mans Cloaths, and Silvia, Dorel at a distance.

L.Fick. So, is all fit? prithee how do I look? may I pass for a Bully of the first Rate amongst Dablers in the Mystery? how sit my Cloaths?

Silv. Decently I swear, and well become you; you have as masculine as Air as any Man, I mean any Man that has no more Beard than you.

Dor. This gives an end to my suspition; the Plot's unravel'd, and my late doubts have now their period — [*Aside.*

L.Fick. Away then, and be sure you miss not a tittle in the charge I've given you, but with a feign'd sigh, and a tear or two, tell *Sir Arthur* I went away unknown to you, and supposing it to be discontent, relating to his designs of Marriage; do this handsomly, and I'll come in person, and prosecute the rest: This Rabit will, I am sure, disguise me, and I intend to invite my self to another Banquet of Wit with the Suitors, ere I have done with 'em — away — a day or two's time will make all quiet — and I shall be in readiness for as many more.

Silv. Madam, I have my Lesson perfectly, and am so much your Creature, as not to dispute your Commands. [*Ex. Silv.*

L.Fick. Now am I in my opinion a second *Machiavil*, my Wit has finish'd Works as strong and great as *Hercules* 12 labours! Oh I cou'd hug my self for my inventions — they are so prosperous, as if Fate meant to make my Wit a Miracle for Men to wonder

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

at. To betray in me's a Virtue, being first betray'd. The thought of which does like an eating Canker prey on my heart vitals. Therefore sweet Revenge Thou art my Darling. Thus I'll blind their eyes,
'Tis on the neck of Wit Revenge must rise. — [Exit.

Enter Dorel.

Dor. Can this be true! oh Heav'ns what have I heard!
Is't possible she shou'd be thus affected
To him that basely so deserted her?
If so I am a Devil, and my jealousy
The sin of all Corruption — I'll redeem it,
Watch all her actions, and discover all,
Lest she shou'd lose her self in her Revenge.

'Twas well I overheard her — Happy day!
That does all former fears with Bliss repay. [Ex. *Dor.*

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Scene 2. The Street, a Tavern Bush hung out.

*Enter Bellamore, Zechiel, Toby, Jollyman, Three Wenches
and Musicians drinking.*

Zech. 'Twas well my Lord your Valour interpos'd betwixt me and the danger, by Heav'n I had been stockado'd else.

Bell. I am glad Sir, Fate guided me that way, and made me capable of doing you so good an office, pray how came your quarrel?

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Zech. Why one of the Rascals would needs take the wall of me, nay, tho' I told him in *French* I was drunk, and had a Whore with me — Was ever such an incivility? But I think I am reveng'd, for if I may believe my eyes, my last full Pass pierc'd his *Diaphragma* — I'm sure I kill'd him.

Joll. How, kill'd him! Not so, I hope, my merry Wag, not so —

Zech. Not so, upon Honour I am sure it is so —

Who — Pox 'tis accounted nothing now in Term-time.

The killing a Man's no more lookt on in a Nights Debauch,

Than getting a Clap in a Mornings Ramble.

The Town's full, the Town's full.

Tob. I hope the consequences are no worse than he makes 'em;
But udshash — my heart goes a-pit-to-pat.

Bell. Tho' I hate this Fellows impertinence, yet for diversion sake I'll make one in the Debauch to Night: Sirra, bid the Coach go home, tell Raines I have no occasion for him to Night. — [*To his Footman.*]

Zech. Come Musick strike up there, Damme' you sleepy Dogs, Come, we'll have a Song and a Dance, hey — Drawer.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Will you not be pleas'd to take a private Room Sir?

Zech. A private Pox Sir. [*Strikes him.*]

What I warrant you take us now for some of your serious brood of Aldermen, d'ee Sirra? But such another word, and I shall make a private Room in your Guts for this Engine here.

Tob. Sirra, you shall be husst and cusst, and slip'd and kick'd, Sirra, if you talk of private Rooms — Now am I as valiant as a Hector, methinks I cou'd beat this Drawer into a Wicker Bottle —

Zech. Sirra, as a Reprieve for Life, bring out the Butt, we'll have the triumph of *Bacchus* to Night, my Lord you shall be Spectator; now of one of my Frolicks, I invented it in Paris, for the benefit of all Lovers of the Grape, and cherishers of

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Burgundy, and I hope you'll speak it a facetious one; 'tis call'd a triumph to *Bacchus*, my Lord.

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Bell. A good Theme Sir—worthy of your Wits invention; no doubt a great piece of ingenuity.—[*Aside.*

Zech. Come my witty Devottees of Venus, you must be assistant here. [To three *Wenches.*

Hey, Drawer, where are you Sirra?

Enter Drawers with an empty Butt.

Come hither *Toby*, thou shalt personate god *Bacchus* —

Give him Wreath there — and Bumper —

Come, up, up, advance into the Throne — [Tob. gets on the Butt.

So, now Ladies kneel, and pay obedience to our Emperor —

My Lord, I must beg your Lordship to bear part in the Ceremony —

There on that side, my Lord —

Drawer give every one a Glass —

Flourish Musick and drink —

Hey — [Flourish, all drink.

Tob. How do I present it, ha! methinks it becomes me very well.

Zech. Look big, look a little bigger, you know the Effigie.

Joll. By the Lord *Harry* I'll kiss thee for this, my Darling of the dark — Well, I am resolv'd to disinherit my Son, and adopt thee — hang pinching, I'll do't Boy, and let the World rub.

Zech. Come, now to the Song — and let all parts be ready for the *Chorus.*

SONG.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Bacchus *thou mighty Power Divine,
Great God of Mirth, and sprightly Wine,
Behold us here that Kneeling show
The Duty that we owe —
We through thy influence rejoyce,
And thus with free and chearful voyce,
The Fame and Praises sing
Of Bacchus our great God and King.*

Chor. ' *Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, tha still controuls,*

*And Fame and Love must both strike Sail;
There lies such vigor in full Bowls,
The Fate of Princes can't prevail.*

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*The Wreaths of great Heroes his Altar shall Crown,
Whil'st the Grave and the Prudent bow down.*

*When Beauty darts a smiling Beam,
Our Souls are by Loves extreme;
But one brisk Glass takes Care away,
And yields us back the Prey:
No Fate of Love or piercing Dart
Can wound when Wine surrounds the heart;
Still guarding in from Care,
It baffles Fate, and slights the Fair.*

Chor. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, &c.*

[Dance.]

Joll. Spark, let me embrace thee, 'udsbore thou art the Mirror of our Age, and hast the best principles of *English Gallantry* I ever saw — Ah would I were but 5-and-twenty for thy sake — but come — hang pinching — 'tis well it's no worse, as my friend *Hearty* sayes —

Zech. What think you my Lord? is it now Modish? — by Heav'n 'tis new, that's one good property, and I believe 'twill take very well.

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Bell. Sir, if you will take my opinion in this business, I think it an excellent Invention, and were I you, I wou'd have Books printed, that the World may not be ignorant; 'igad you have this encouragement, the Press has been troubled with matters of less consequence.

Tob. I tell you I have 200 l. a Year, I've my Lands free and unmorgag'd, and am resolv'd to keep a Miss, according to the Mode, therefore speak now, or for ever hold your peace.

1 Wench. But which of us would you have Sir?

Tob. Either of you — Udshash I'm a right Countrey Squire, any thing will serve my turn, if the properties be not wanting — What's your price? —

1 Wench. Why in truth Sir, I have had 40 s. a Week, but in kindness to a Man of your Complexion, I'll abate a Crown.

Tob. My Complexion! ah wheadling Queen —

Joll. Come Sirra, Drawer fill each his Glass. Hey — Let the World rub, and let's have t' other Song.

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Enter *Flaile*.

Fla. Zong quoth a — Lord zave us a Zong — pray, pray good folks — pray — oh, oh —

Zech. How now Bandog, what makes you howl thus? ha!

Fla. Howl! by Coxnowns you'll howl too, if you stay longer; y'have kill'd a Mon yonder, he that you quarrel'd with about your Crack there, 'slid she have a good mind to crack er for't, and God save his Soul they think he's dead: The Constable and a Regiment of Beggars, I mean Bilbo's, are searching for you, and just coming up the street, uds-diggers up you go, if they can catch ye. Oh that ever the ancient Family of the *Tilburies* should come to such disgrace!

2 Wench. Nay then, this is no time for Merchandizing.

[*Exeunt Wenches.*]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Zech. Malicious Fortune, Heav'n what shall I do, if I am taken, I shall certainly be hang'd?

Bell. Pox, not for killing a Man in Term-time, Sir, you know the Towns full.

Joll. Hang'd! Heav'n defend, my merry Wag, is't come to that? Hang'd! Gentlemen your Servant, I've a little earnest business —

Bell. Nay, Sir, leave not your Friends in adversity, for my part I'm resolv'd to stick to't, if we are hang'd. —

Tob. If we are hang'd quoth a? Ah Lord! the very word had put me into an Ague.

Bell. If we do miscarry Sir — why let the World rub as you say.

Tob. Ay, ay, you need not fear, you are a Lord, you'll come off well enough, 'tis we shall stretch for't; udshash nothing vexes me, but that I cannot stay to perform my bargain with Mrs Juniper there [*A noise without.* Hark, they come, the Devil take the hindmost. [*Runs into the Tavern.*

Zech. And so say I.

Bell. Dam'em! Are they gone? What Scarabs are these, to trust a Tavern security beyond a Sword — What Sirra are you creeping away too? turn back, and help to defend you Dog — or — [*Noise within, follow, follow.*

Fla. O Lord Sir! I defend Sir! —

Bell. Fight Sirra, and fight valiantly too, or by this Steel —

Fla. Well Sir, I will, I will, oh what will become of me!

Joll. Come my Lord, have at 'em, since it must be so, here's old Madge has not seen Sun these 20 Years, shall be scowr'd in some of their Guts, rather than I'll be taken; udsores I have been valiant in my time.

Bell. I must quickly dispatch, for fear of a disappointment with my *Corinna*.

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Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Oh here they are Caitiffs, Rogues, Murderers, down, down with 'em my Men o' Midnight, fall on the Kings name, fall on —

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

[They fight, Constable and Watch are beaten off.]

Enter Toby.

Tob. No hole, ne'r a corner to creep into? This is the worst contriv'd house I ever saw. Hang'd did he say? Marry heav'n defend, I am too raw a Bully to venture hanging yet — oh well remember'd ifaith — here's the Butt, the Throne of *Bacchus*, as *Zechiel* calls it; this will be a rare place to secure my self in [*gets into the Butt*] the Devil's in 'em if they search here — I'll stay till the Cry is over, and then home to my Lodging; I love Debauch, till it comes to Fighting; but then, methinks, it grows troublesom — Hark, here they come, now close like a Coney in a Burrow.

Re-enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Why Neighbours we were mistaken, these were none of those that hurt the Man. I am told, 'twas two Brothers, and that they were dog'd to this Tavern. Come, come — they must be here still — lets in, and see — [*Ex.*

Enter Zechiel above in a Baloon.

Zech. Was ever poor Night-walker in such distress? What shall I do? They are searching within, and the damn'd Rogues are so curious in the discovery, that they miss nor an Anger-hole; I found this Ladder of Ropes upon a Shelf, but dare not venture down yet, for fear some prying Rascal shall snap me between Earth and Heav'n — 'sdeath I'll creep into this Bush, it may be this may secure me — [*Gets upon the Tavern Bush.* Hah! upon Honour I grow chearful, this is so Modish a Device, that I've great hopes of good success —

Tob. They're all gone in, and now I'm in a Tub of Troubles about vent'ring out; if some of 'em should watch at the Gate, I shou'd be snapt — if snapt — hang'd —

The Salamanca Corpus: Madam Fickle (1677)

Udshash, my stomach cannot relish that word — Yet I'll couch a little longer, and see what will come on't —

Enter Tilbury drunk, with a Torch.

Zech. Here comes a Man with a Light — now sit close —

Tilb. A Son of a Whore to question a Man of 1500 *l.* a Year, and

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dispute the Family of the *Tilburies*, by *St Jago* he deserves to be mortifi'd — Constable — What's a Constable, to a Man of Worship! a Man of drunken reeling Worship! a Woman! a Scarab! 'tis fit he should be Carbonado'd. Let's see, where am I? What Tavern's this? oh 'tis the *Rose*, I'll take another dose of Sack here, and then — home— ho —within there Drawer, gives a Cup o' Sack here —

Zech. Ah Lord! 'tis my Father — and drunk as a Wheel-barrow, I shall be found out, for he holds his Torch so high, that any one that comes by must needs see me.

[Takes Orange-peels out of his Pocket and throws at Tilbury.]

Tilb. Why Rascals, Poltroons — Sons of Popinjays, what d'ee mean, hah Dare you affront a Man of Quality — I mean a Man of Countrey Quality — Hah Puppies, by *St Jago* I'll break all the Windows--- I'll teach you to be civil - now, now — cannot I find e'r a stone. This is the great enornance of this City---here's Wenches in abundance, but not a stone to throw at a Dog---no matter---I'll set fire on your Bush, 'tis all one---I'll mortifie your Owls Nest by *St Jago*.

Zech. Oh! I shall be burnt!

[Offers to burn the Bush.]

Why Father, Father, I'm here! I'm here! Your Son! Your hopeful Son — Oh Lord if I cry out too, I shall be hang'd — What shall I do? Fire! Fire! Fire! —

Enter the Constable and Watch.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Const. How now! What's here one going to fire the house? Away, away with him to the Lodge; here's fine work indeed! Come bring him away, stay some of you here and watch, the rest must be hereabouts — [*Ex. Constable with Tilb.*

1 Watch. But isn't possible Neighbours this house should be haunted, and yet Folks live in't!

2 Watch. Possible? as sure as you are there Neighbours. They say the Devil appear'd to 'em every Night in the likeness of a Hog.

1 Watch. Lord bless us Sirs! a Hog! but see what the Devil can do.

2 Watch. Set down the Lanthorn *Patch*, and come let's sit down on this Butt — I'll tell you the Story —

3 Watch. Ay come, silence, ho, let's hear Neighbour *Cobble* — [*They sit.*

2 Watch. Why look you Sirs, one Winter-night the maid here sitting up late in the Kitchen, and busie about her Houshold affairs — who should come in at the Window but this Hog —

Omn. So!

2 Watch. And you must know the Devil's a cunning Hog, when occasion serves kept such — such a grunting and shuffling, and jumping, that the poor Wench was even out of her wits; she wou'd have pray'd

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bet her memory being very short, and her Prayer-book out of the way, she could not. In short, Sir, this Hog, or this Devil, or this Devil of a Hog, for'ts all — having thrown down several Pewter Dishes, and swallow'd a whole Porridge-pot of Brewis — takes me his way into the Cellar — there makes such a wrack among the Butts and Bottles — such havock among the Glasses — [*Tob. puts out the Candle in the Lanthorn*

How now, who puts out the Candle there?

1 Watch. Not I

2 Watch. Nor I

Tob. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! —

[*Grunts like a Hog.*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Omn. Oh it comes! it comes! the Devil! the Devil! [*Ex.*

Tob. Udshash! this Ugh, Ugh, was a rare invention [*Tob. comes out.* I think I have outwitted the Rogues: Now give me a Man that can help a danger at a pinch, for tho' I say it, Machiavil was an Ass to me at a nightsintrigue; but I'll away, for fear of insurrections — [*Ex.*

Zech. That was *Toby's* voice, I believe he's gone; what the Devil was't fear'd the Watchmen so — No matter now, the Coast is clear — I'll venture down — so —

[*Gets down the Ladder.* Upon honour I have been severely frighted to Night: But the uncertain Fate of a Night-walker seldom meets better success — I have escap'd two eminent dangers, Burning and Hanging, The thought of which has made me as dull as a rifl'd Cully.

Thus with the Brawny Crew of Suburb Roches,

We swim the Brackish Ocean Deboches,

Without the Sense of Honour or Reproches.

[*Ex.*

Scene 3.

Enter Sir Arthur, Silvia, Arbella, Constantia.

Sir Arth. Come, come, I say, there's a trick in't, some cunning scurvy lewd design, I know it; have I nor foster'd her with tenderness? and before she could write Woman, bred her carefully! What cause has she then to desert my house? Answer me that, what cause?

Silv. Only fear Sir, you should match her against her Will, Heav'n knows I know no other cause.

Sir Arth. No, no, there must be more in't, 'twas your pleasure Mistriss often to quarrel with her, it caus'd your envy to see her so belov'd — hah — But bring her agen, and quickly too, or see my face no more, out of my doors, by *Jacobs* Pantible — a Relique of Renown'd memory: Thou art no more my daughter, unless my Neece return —

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Arb. Indeed *Sir Arthur* you are a little too severe in this, for I am confident *Madam Constantia* knows nothing of her going, she alwayes kept her intrigues from her knowledge, and consequently this, being, it seems, of more importance than any of the rest; what her design is Heav'n knows, but a day or two's time will doubtless discover all.

Sir Arth. *Madam Arbella*, you are one I respect, you *Father Sir Andrew Swipplethrop* is my intimate good Friend, a Man I love and honour; and by *St Augustines* Night-cap — *Madam Arbella* you are welcome to my house, but seek not to defend an ill Argument—I say once more there's a trick in't—and give me leave, *Madam*, I will persevere in my justice—therefore *Minion* look to't.

Enter Dorel.

Dor. Sir, there is three Gentlemen below, Suitors to *Madam Fickle*, that desire admittance —

Sir Arth. Conduct 'em up, I hope there's some discovery.

Enter Bellamore, Manely and Harry.

Bell. Though I was ignorant, Sir, you were my Rival, I thought I had known you for a Gentleman, one that wou'd not have carry'd a design under the disguise of counterfeit madness; but assure your self, Sir, such an injury shall require satisfaction.

Man. And have it, my Lord, when you dare demand it: all falshood I deny; nor can I condemn my self with carrying on a Love intrigue with policy.

Har. 'sDeath! I see I am bassled at last, these are two of her Suitors — I, it seems, the third; but I hope her choice will dissipate all doubts —

Sir Arth. My Lord and Gentlemen, your humble Servant, may I request to know what business brings you hither so early?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Bell. I suppose my business is not unknown, I come *Sir Arthur*, to pay my devotion to the charming *Corinna*.

Har. And I mine to the glorious *Cleio*.

Man. And I the particular tender of my heart to the adorable *Celia*.

Sir Arth. *Corinna ! Cleio ! Celia !* They are names of Antiquity, I confess — But for Heav'ns sake express your selves more largely Gentlemen, I know none of the persons.

Arb. Now the Plot begins to be discover'd, now we shall know all.

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Const. Prithee do but observe the alteration of countenances, oh this was a subtle Devil!

Bell. Your Neece, *Sir Arthur*, the rich Widow — I have had the honour to be long interest'd in her favour, and she commanded me to wait on her this morning, and promis'd publickly to make choice of me.

Man. By Heav'n she promis'd to make choice of me.

Har. Nay gad she promis'd to make choice of me.

Bell. Was ever such insufferable impertinence? *Sir Arthur*, I protest by my honour, all I say is true; and by virtue of her premeditated choice and election, I am the Man.

Man. Death! What impudence is this? I say, by virtue of her choice, I am the Man.

Har. Hell and Furies! I say I am the Man.

Sir Arth. Hey day! What are all of ye the Men? By the Threshold of *Mahomet's* Temple, this is very fine! Has she a tripartite Husband, a threefold Father of Children? But hark ye Gentlemen, let us come nearer to the business; for as far as I can perceive, you have mistook the house — Here are no *Chio's*, nor *Celia's*, nor *Corinna's* under my roof, I can assure ye. 'Tis true, I had a Neece, a Widow, and such a Fortune as you describe — who is this day gone, I think, to seek her Fortune — her name is *Fickle* — sure she cannot be the person you seek after?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Bell. 'Tis so! We are all most finely gull'd, I find it! oh! 'sdeath, now could I eat my flesh for madness, dull Blockhead, not to perceive her Wheadling.

Man. *Fickle* is her name; Dam her, she has been fickle enough I see — oh Hell! Hell! Were ever hopes so frustrated? 'Tis plain now she has entertain'd us all with equal Caresses, and by taking a several name, has thus long kept us ignorant! —

Har. Sure there must be some Plot in this, *Sir Arthur*, pray be particular in the Narration — is she certainly gone Sir?

Sir Arth. Why, Sir, upon my Honour, and the Honour of your Family, I protest Sir — she is certainly gone Sir.

Har. The Devil go with her Sir — oh confusion seize her, after all my hopes, and fears, and doubts, am I thus abus'd?

Arb. Oh Heav'n! Was it possible your Lordship shou'd be so deceiv'd? Nay, by a person that shou'd ha' been proud of the honour she receiv'd in the Amours of a Man of Quality, who was unsensible of any beauty but the charms of *Corinna*, nothing cou'd penetrate but the eyes of *Corinna*! Nor nothing appear attractive, but the Person and Mein of *Corinna*! —

Const. I protest Sir I pity you, Heav'n knows how constant you have been — how ador'd *Celia* dreamt of *Celia*, sigh'd for *Celia*! Mourn'd

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out the tedious Night in meditations, and visited the light with thoughts of *Celia*, and now to have so strange a Metamorphosis an ungrateful *Fickle* instead of a constant *Celia*, by Heav'n 'tis great Tyranny in Fortune —

Man. Well Madam, well!

Enter Lady Fickle.

L.Fick. *Sir Arthur*, your Servant, permit a stranger somewhat interest'd in your present affair, the liberty of speaking a word or two.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Sir Arth. Sir, any Man that wears the presence of Gent. has liberty to express himself here —

L.Fick. Then briefly and boldly thus — My Lord and Gentleman — I know you better than you imagine, you are all Pretenders to my *Lady Fickle*, a person to whom my private inclinations have been long devoted, and having last Night the honour of kissing her hand, she in tears told me, she had deserted *Sir Arthur's* house, only to be rid of your troublesome impertinences; she also did me the favour to desire me to give you this assurance, That she hated you all three, and her former proceedings with you, have been only to divert herself with your ceremonious Addresses.

Bell. Sure 'tis impossible a Woman shou'd be such a Devil? Dare you prove this?

Man. Dam him — this is the impudentst young Hector I ever met with.

Har. Hark ye, dare you fight Sir?

L.Fick. Yes Sir, with you if you dare Sir! Fight! Blood of the Heroes, d'ee question it — There's my Glove — I'll fight you all three, appoint your place and time.

Man. The Soul of a Gyant by Heav'n, a very Devil in *decimo sexto*.

L.Fick. I scorn to win a Lady of her perfections, with the loss but of a drop of blood, a River full I say, my veins drawn dry, and on the active gore fierce atoms darting to win my Love through streams of Death and Horror. I'll bathe my Lips in gore, kiss bleeding Wounds, cleave Helmets, stand a Breach, and dare a Cannon, divide a Heart in two, hah! hah! — 'tis done. Soul of *Belona*, I exhaust a Flood, turn Earth to Chaos, Oceans into Blood. Consume your timorous cringing Amorists, that would possess their Heav'n, but dare not bleed for't. Blood is my Province, therefore with you all am I resolv'd to fight — A single Man's too poor for my Revenge; All, all I say, and all at once, 'tis base else.

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Bell. This is the daringst young Rogue I ever saw, I must dash his hopes — Hark'ee young Huffing Sir, no more of this here, follow me, you shall find one of us sufficient to cut your Throat.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

L.Fick. All or none by Heav'n, I will not fight else —

Dor. Now is the time, and this mysterious Plot shall be no longer hid — fie, fie my Lord — I thought your Lordship cherish'd too much honour ever to draw your Sword against a Woman!

Qmn. A Woman!

Dor. Look on her well, *Sir Arthur*, My Lord and Gentlemen, d'ee not know her? Nay, Madam, blush not, all must out — You must be discover'd. This is the very person you are speaking of, my *Lady Fickle* ! your *Cleio* Sir! your *Celia* ! and your *Corinna*, my Lord!

Sir Arth. By *Pharoah* 'tis the same, I know her now. Why how Neece!

L.Fick. Discover'd! and i'th' end of all my Plots: what Devil told this Fellow my designs — Well Uncle — 'tis I.

Bell. What in your Masquerading habit, Madam? if a may presume, what intrigue to night are you designing for?

L.Fick. 'Tis frustrated my Lord, you might have known else.

Man. Ungrateful Creature! Was I so desertless? Was my hearts passion so far wanting merit, to deserve this return?

Bell. Was I not worthy of your favour?

Har. And was my heart too base to be your slave?

L.Fick. By Heav'n, no; all your deserts are boundless, and I am far unworthy your addresses; and since I am discover'd, you shall know why I have us'd you thus. I lov'd, and was betray'd, and for this cause swore a Revenge on all that should love me. To make it plainer to ye I am marry'd. My husband fir'd with jealousy, forsook me to spend his time in Travel; since I have liv'd a Widow in opinion, and wheedled many Suitors, bud lov'd none.

Sir Arth. Why then your Husband lives!

L.Fickle. I know not Sir, I have not seen him since.

Dor. Yes Sir, he lives, and lives to bless the hour he took up this disguise — oh my Sweet — Consider humane frailty, and forgive my Crime of too much Jealousie.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

[Pulls of his Beard. *L.Fick.* My dear *Friendlove!* Can this be true? Am I then once more blest with thy Caresses?

Sir Arth. Hey Dorel metamorphiz'd to Mr *Friendlove*, by *Melchizedech* this is strange!

Bell. Marry'd Gad I have spent my time very finely well! if ever I trust a Widow agen, may I wear Horns like *Acteon*, and seek for a Patrimony *in terra incognita*.

Dor. I swear I have been cruel to thy Virtue, but my whole life shall sue to make amends; and my noble Lord, and you Gentlemen, whatever

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Presents on this Ladies behalf have been receiv'd, shall be return'd with ample satisfaction, and since espousing her perfections, I am bound to have a particular interest in her actions: If any one here holds himself wrong'd, my person shall give him the acknowledgment he demands, and my Sword the satisfaction of a Gentleman —

Bell. Sir! I hope you think I dare fight — and refuse not through fear — but since I see she had some reason for what she did, my particular resentments are not worth a quarrel: My thoughts now bowing down to this shrine of beauty. [To *Arb.*

Man. And mine to this, Madam! Can you forgive — [To *Const.*

Arb. 'Twere an excellent revenge to use you as my Lady *Fickle* did, I swear my Lord you have deserv'd it.

Bell. We have all fallings, Madam, you must pardon.

Sir Arth. I like this well. I like this well: win her and wear her: Mr. *Manly*, I like your Person and Estate well. By King *Pharoah* I 'em very merry, come, wee'll have a Dance.

Enter Constable and Watch with Jollyman. Tilbury, Zechiel, Toby.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

How now, What's here Mr *Jollyman*, and my old Friend *Tilbury* in durance — How came this Friend? hah!

Constab. An't please your Worship! these are the Gentlemen that wounded the Man last night, and they got from us once, but we catcht um again; and we took this other firing a house.

Sir Arth. Well, leave 'em with me, I'll be Ball for their appearance to morrow — I am resolv'd nothing shall hinder my mirth to day — Mr. *Tilbury* and Mr *Jollyman*, I have heard of all your frolicks last night, both yours and your Sons. Let it be so no more: for the present all shall be well — But there is no hopes for my daughter now — she's bestow'd —

Joll. Since she's bestow'd; God give her Joy. I'll cherish my self with a merry Song and a Fidle, and hang pinching, let the World rub.

Tilb. My Son's unmarry'd, and the Family of the *Tilburies* thus disgrac'd — By St. *Jago*, I'll take post and away for *Salisbury* immediately —

Tob. And so will I. Udshah — if these distasters belong to Men of parts, as yee call 'em — give me a Country life — for though there's less wit, there's more security.

Zech. Infamous, impertinent! Canst thou repugne the pleasures of a Debauchee! through the apprehension of a walking Nightrap, and a guilded Truncheon, with the City Armes on't — upon honour thou art a Libel to my Fame, and unworthy to break a Glass in my society.

Tob. Udshash, I might ha bin hang'd in your society for all that, but

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that Fortune was my Friend, and reserv'd me for the future benefit of my Family —

Zech. Hang'd! A man of parts! An honest Nightwalker hang'd! Intollerable Impudence! no Sir — assure your self no such Fate attends us Brothers of the Bottles — a Stockado, a Gentile thrust through the Lungs or so, might have Happen'd — but no hanging, Brother Bullfinch: no hanging.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

Tob. Come, come, a word to the wise is sufficient — I have resolv'd a reformation — I relish not your Stockado's not I, nor is a gentile thrust through the Lungs, as you terme it, so agreeable with my Nature to persevere. In brief, Sir, I am converted: I will into the Country immediately.

Sir Arth. Come, come, embrace and be friends, I am in a good humour, and by *Melchizedech* — strife shall be a stranger to my house, to day: so, so; all, all well — and though you are not partners in this Wedding, you shall be merry at it — and let the World rub, as my old Friend here says — go call in the Fidlers there —

[*Dance.*

Dor. Come, my dear sweet, and let us loose our selves In Loves Embraces. This is a happy day

L. Fick. Through crooked paths, dark plots, and wayes obscure,
Revenge still roves, to make it's action sure.

I have been false to night, and purchase hate,

But Ladies, on your smiles depends my fate:

Let me then gain one happy glance from you,

And th' *Witty False One* shall be ever True.

[*Ex. nenes.*

Epilogue.

*And now to you Gallants that smiling sit,
And with insipid Votes infest the Pit,
Because the Play was by a Stranger Writ;
The Poet sayes, he knowes his Merit's small,
And trembles at the thought of a Caball;
But since a Bully in his Play I was,
I am resolv'd a Champion in his Cause:
Therefore let him that boasts of too much strength,
Appoint the place, and send his Rapiers length:
A barb'rous Critick shall not walk the Street,
Nor from this moment dare to censure Wit,
By Heav'n I'll pepper you if once we meet.
You smile, and perhaps doubt my want of skill,
But I'll revenge it, Blood and Death I will.
I must confess there is a safer way,*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Madam Fickle* (1677)

*You may walk safely if you'll like the Play;
But else, if you your Censures raise anew,
Fate sends his Darts abroad, Blood must ensue.
Let him that on that Basis honour builds,
Meet me to morrow in Lambs-Conduit-Fields,
There he shall find a Woman now turn'd Bully,
Has power to turn a Critck to a Cully.*

FINIS