

Aphra Behn Oroonoko

THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLACK LADY

About the Beginning of last *June* (as near as I can remember) *Bellamora* came to Town from *Hampshire*, and was obliged to lodge the first Night at the same Inn where the Stage-Coach set up. The next Day she took Coach for *Covent-Garden*, where she thought to find Madam *Brightly*, a Relation of hers, with whom she design'd to continue for about half a Year undiscover'd, if possible, by her Friends in the Country: and order'd therefore her Trunk, with her Clothes, and most of her Money and Jewels, to be brought after her to Madame *Brightly's* by a strange Porter, whom she spoke to in the Street as she was taking Coach; being utterly unacquainted with the neat Practices of this fine City. When she came to *Bridges-Street*,¹ where indeed her Cousin had lodged

¹ *Bridges-Street*. Brydges Street lies between Russell Street and Catherine Street. Drury Lane Theatre is at its N.E. corner. It early acquired no very enviable repute, e.g. In the Epilogue to Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice* (1685) we have: 'Our Bridges Street is grown a strumpet fair'; and Dryden, in the Epilogue to *King Arthur* (1691), gave Mrs. Bracegirdle, who entered, her hands full of billets-doux, the following lines to speak:-

near three or four Years since, she was strangely surprized that she could not learn anything of her; no, nor so much as meet with anyone that had ever heard of her Cousin's Name: Till, at last, describing Madam *Brightly* to one of the House-keepers in that Place, he told her, that there was such a kind of Lady, whom he had sometimes seen there about a Year and a half ago; but that he believed she was married and remov'd towards *Soho* . In this Perplexity she quite forgot her Trunk and Money, &c , and wander'd in her Hackney-Coach all over St. *Anne's* Parish; inquiring for Madam *Brightly* , still describing her Person, but in vain; for no Soul could give her any Tale or Tidings of such a Lady. After she had thus fruitlessly rambled, till she, the Coachman, and the very Horses were even tired, 4by good Fortune for her, she happen'd on a private House, where lived a good, discreet, ancient Gentlewoman, who was fallen to Decay, and forc'd to let Lodgings for the best Part of her Livelihood: From whom she understood, that there was such a kind of

Here one desires my ladyship to meet [Pulls out one.

At the kind couch above in Bridges-Street.

Oh sharpening knave! that would have-you know what,

For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate.

Lady, who had lain there somewhat more than a Twelvemonth, being near three Months after she was married; but that she was now gone abroad with the Gentleman her Husband, either to the Play, or to take the fresh Air; and she believ'd would not return till Night. This Discourse of the Good Gentlewoman's so elevated *Bellamora's* drooping Spirits, that after she had beg'd the liberty of staying there till they came home, she discharg'd the Coachman in all haste, still forgetting her Trunk, and the more valuable Furniture of it.

When they were alone, *Bellamora* desired she might be permitted the Freedom to send for a Pint of Sack; which, with some little Difficulty, was at last allow'd her. They began then to chat for a matter of half an Hour of things indifferent: and at length the ancient Gentlewoman ask'd the fair Innocent (I must not say foolish) one, of what Country, and what her Name was: to both which she answer'd directly and truly, tho' it might have prov'd not discreetly. She then enquir'd of *Bellamora* if her Parents were living, and the Occasion of her coming to Town. The fair unthinking Creature reply'd, that her Father and Mother were both dead; and that she had escap'd from her Uncle, under the pretence of making a Visit to a young Lady, her Cousin, who was lately married, and liv'd above twenty Miles from her Uncle's, in the Road to *London*, and that the Cause of her quitting the Country,

was to avoid the hated Importunities of a Gentleman, whose pretended Love to her she fear'd had been her eternal Ruin. At which she wept and sigh'd most extravagantly. The discreet Gentlewoman endeavour'd to comfort her by all the softest and most powerful Arguments in her Capacity; promising her all the friendly Assistance that she could expect from her, during *Bellamora's* stay in Town: which she did with so much Earnestness, and visible Integrity, that the pretty innocent Creature was going to make her a full and real Discovery of her imaginary insupportable Misfortunes; and (doubtless) had done it, had she not been prevented by the Return of the Lady, whom she hop'd to have found her Cousin *Brightly*. The Gentleman, her Husband just saw her within Doors, and order'd the Coach to drive to some of his Bottle-Companions; which gave the Women the better Opportunity of entertaining one another, which happen'd to be with some Surprize on all Sides. As the Lady was going up into her Apartment, the Gentlewoman of the House told her there was a young Lady in the Parlour, who came out of the Country that very Day on purpose to visit her: The Lady stept immediately to see who it was, and *Bellamora* approaching to receive her hop'd-for Cousin, stop'd on the sudden just as she came to her; and sigh'd out aloud, Ah, Madam! I am lost-It is not your Ladyship I seek. No, Madam (return'd the other) I am apt to think

you did not intend me this Honour. But you are as welcome to me, as you could be to the dearest of your Acquaintance: Have you forgot me, Madame *Bellamora* ? (continued she.) That Name startled the other: However, it was with a kind of Joy. Alas! Madam, (replied the young one) I now remember that I have been so happy to have seen you; but where and when, my Memory can't tell me. 'Tis indeed some Years since, (return'd the Lady) But of that another time.-Mean while, if you are unprovided of a Lodging, I dare undertake, you shall be welcome to this Gentlewoman. The Unfortunate returned her Thanks; and whilst a Chamber was preparing for her, the Lady entertain'd her in her own. About Ten o'Clock they parted, *Bellamora* being conducted to her Lodging by the Mistress of the House, who then left her to take what Rest she could amidst her so many Misfortunes; returning to the other Lady, who desir'd her to search into the Cause of *Bellamora's* Retreat to Town.

The next Morning the good Gentlewoman of the House coming up to her, found *Bellamora* almost drown'd in Tears, which by many kind and sweet Words she at last stopp'd; and asking whence so great Signs of Sorrow should proceed, vow'd a most profound Secrecy if she would discover to her their Occasion; which, after some little Reluctancy, she did, in this manner.

I was courted (said she) above three Years ago,

when my Mother was yet living, by one Mr. *Fondlove* , a Gentleman of good Estate, and true Worth; and one who, I dare believe, did then really love me: He continu'd his Passion for me, with all the earnest and honest Sollicitations imaginable, till some Months before my Mother's Death; who, at that time, was most desirous to see me disposed of in Marriage to another Gentleman, of much better Estate than Mr. *Fondlove* ; but one whose Person and Humour did by no means hit with my Inclinations: And this gave *Fondlove* the unhappy Advantage over me. For, finding me one Day all alone in my Chamber, and lying on my Bed, in as mournful and wretched a Condition to my then foolish Apprehension, as now I am, he urged his Passion with such Violence, and accursed Success for me, with reiterated Promises of Marriage, whensoever I pleas'd to challenge 'em, which he bound with the most sacred Oaths, and most dreadful Execrations: that partly with my Aversion to the other, and partly with my Inclinations to pity him, I ruin'd my self.-Here she relaps'd into a greater Extravagance of Grief than before; which was so extreme that it did not continue long. When therefore she was pretty well come to herself, the antient Gentlewoman ask'd her, why she imagin'd herself ruin'd: To which she answer'd, I am great with Child by him, Madam, and wonder you did not perceive it last Night. Alas! I have not a Month to go: I am asham'd, ruin'd, and damn'd, I fear, for ever

lost. Oh! fie, Madam, think not so, (said the other) for the Gentleman may yet prove true, and marry you. Ay, Madam (replied *Bellamora*) I doubt not that he would marry me; for soon after my Mother's Death, when I came to be at my own Disposal, which happen'd about two Months after, he offer'd, nay most earnestly sollicited me to it, which still he perseveres to do. This is strange! (return'd the other) and it appears to me to be your own Fault, that you are yet miserable. Why did you not, or why will you not consent to your own Happiness? Alas! (cry'd *Bellamora*) 'tis the only Thing I dread in this World: For, I am certain, he can never love me after. Besides, ever since I have abhorr'd the Sight of him: and this is the only Cause that obliges me to forsake my Uncle, and all my Friends and Relations in the Country, hoping in this populous and publick Place to be most private, especially, Madam, in your House, and in your Fidelity and Discretion. Of the last you may assure yourself, Madam, (said the other:) but what Provision have you made for the Reception of the young Stranger that you carry about you? Ah, Madam! (cry'd *Bellamora*) you have brought to my Mind another Misfortune: Then she acquainted her with the suppos'd loss of her Money and Jewels, telling her withall, that she had but three Guineas and some Silver left, and the Rings she wore, in her present possession. The good Gentlewoman of the House told her, she would send to enquire at the Inn where she lay the first

Night she came to Town; for, haply, they might give some Account of the Porter to whom she had entrusted her Trunk; and withal repeated her Promise of all the Help in her Power, and for that time left her much more compos'd than she found her. The good Gentlewoman went directly to the other Lady, her Lodger, to whom she recounted *Bellamora's* mournful Confession; at which the Lady appear'd mightily concern'd: and at last she told her Landlady, that she would take Care that *Bellamora* should lie in according to her Quality: For, added she, the Child, it seems, is my own Brother's.

As soon as she had din'd, she went to the *Exchange* , and bought Child-bed Linen; but desired that *Bellamora* might not have the least Notice of it: And at her return dispatch'd a Letter to her Brother *Fondlove* in *Hampshire* , with an Account of every Particular; which soon brought him up to Town, without satisfying any of his or her Friends with the Reason of his sudden Departure. Mean while, the good Gentlewoman of the House had sent to the *Star Inn* on *Fish-street-Hill* ,² to demand the Trunk, which she

² *Star-Inn on Fish-street-Hill.* Fish Street Hill, or, New Fish Street, runs from Eastcheap to Lower Thames Street, and was the main thoroughfare to old London Bridge, cf. 2 *Henry VI* , iv, viii: 'Cade. Up Fish Street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into the Thames.'

rightly suppos'd to have been carried back thither: For by good Luck, it was a Fellow that ply'd thereabouts, who brought it to *Bellamora's* Lodgings that very Night, but unknown to her. *Fondlove* no sooner got to *London* , but he posts to his Sister's Lodgings, where he was advis'd not to be seen of *Bellamora* till they had work'd farther upon her, which the Landlady began in this manner; she told her that her Things were miscarried, and she fear'd, lost; that she had but a little Money her self, and if the Overseers of the Poor (justly so call'd from their over-looking 'em) should have the least Suspicion of a strange and unmarried Person, who was entertain'd in her House big with Child, and so near her Time as *Bellamora* was, she should be troubled, if they could not give Security to the Parish of twenty or thirty Pounds, that they should not suffer by her, which she could not; or otherwise she must be sent to the House of Correction, and her Child to a Parish-Nurse. This Discourse, one may imagine, was very dreadful to a Person of her Youth, Beauty, Education, Family and Estate: However, she resolutely protested, that she had rather undergo all this, than be expos'd to the Scorn of her Friends and Relations in the Country. The other told her then, that she must write down to her Uncle a Farewell-Letter, as if she were just going aboard the Pacquet-Boat for *Holland* , that he might not send to enquire for her in Town, when he should understand she was not at her new-married

Cousin's in the Country; which accordingly she did, keeping her self close Prisoner to her Chamber; where she was daily visited by *Fondlove's* Sister and the Landlady, but by no Soul else, the first dissembling the Knowledge she had of her Misfortunes. Thus she continued for above three Weeks, not a Servant being suffer'd to enter her Chamber, so much as to make her Bed, lest they should take Notice of her great Belly: but for all this Caution, the Secret had taken Wind, by the means of an Attendant of the other Lady below, who had over-heard her speaking of it to her Husband. This soon got out of Doors, and spread abroad, till it reach'd the long Ears of the Wolves of the Parish, who next Day design'd to pay her a Visit: But *Fondlove*, by good Providence, prevented it; who, the Night before, was usher'd into *Bellamora's* Chamber by his Sister, his Brother-in-Law, and the Landlady. At the Sight of him she had like to have swoon'd away: but he taking her in his Arms, began again, as he was wont to do, with Tears in his Eyes, to beg that she would marry him ere she was deliver'd; if not for his, nor her own, yet for the Child's Sake, which she hourly expected; that it might not be born out of Wedlock, and so be made incapable of inheriting either of their Estates; with a great many more pressing Arguments on all Sides: To which at last she consented; and an honest officious Gentleman, whom they had before provided, was call'd up, who made an End of the Dispute: So to Bed they

went together that Night; next Day to the *Exchange*,³ for several pretty Businesses that Ladies in her Condition want. Whilst they were abroad, came the Vermin of the Parish, (I mean, the Overseers of the Poor, who eat the Bread from 'em) to search for a young Blackhair'd Lady (for so was *Bellamora*) who was either brought to Bed, or just ready to lie down. The Landlady shew'd 'em all the Rooms in her House, but no such Lady could be found. At last she bethought her self, and led 'em into her Parlour, where she open'd a little Closet-door, and shew'd 'em a black Cat that had just kitten'd: assuring 'em, that she should never trouble the Parish as long as she had Rats or Mice in the House; and so dismiss'd 'em like Loggerheads as they came.

THE COURT OF THE KING OF BANTAM

This Money certainly is a most devilish Thing! I'm sure the Want of it had like to have ruin'd my dear

³ *the Exchange*. The New Exchange, a kind of bazaar on the South side of the Strand. It was an immensely popular resort, and continued so until the latter years of the reign of Queen Anne. There are innumerable references to its shops, its sempstresses and haberdashers. Thomas Duffet was a milliner here before he took to writing farces, prologues and poems.

Philibella , in her Love to *Valentine Goodland* ; who was really a pretty deserving Gentleman, Heir to about fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which, however, did not so much recommend him, as the Sweetness of his Temper, the Comeliness of his Person, and the Excellency of his Parts: In all which Circumstances my obliging Acquaintance equal'd him, unless in the Advantage of their Fortune. Old Sir *George Goodland* knew of his Son's Passion for *Philibella* ; and tho' he was generous, and of a Humour sufficiently complying, yet he could by no means think it convenient, that his only Son should marry with a young Lady of so slender a Fortune as my Friend, who had not above five hundred Pound, and that the Gift of her Uncle Sir *Philip Friendly* : tho' her Virtue and Beauty might have deserv'd, and have adorn'd the Throne of an *Alexander* or a *Cæsar* .

Sir *Philip* himself, indeed, was but a younger Brother, tho' of a good Family, and of a generous Education; which, with his Person, Bravery, and Wit, recommended him to his Lady *Philadelphia* , Widow of Sir *Bartholomew Banquier* , who left her possess'd of two thousand Pounds *per Annum* , besides twenty thousand Pounds in Money and Jewels; which oblig'd him to get himself dubb'd, that she might not descend to an inferior Quality. When he was in Town, he liv'd-let me see! in the *Strand* ; or, as near as I can remember, somewhere about *Charing-Cross* ; where

first of all Mr. *Would-be King* , a Gentleman of a large Estate in Houses, Land and Money, of a haughty, extravagant and profuse Humour, very fond of every new Face, had the Misfortune to fall passionately in love with *Philibella* , who then liv'd with her Uncle.

This Mr. *Would-be* it seems had often been told, when he was yet a Stripling, either by one of his Nurses, or his own Grandmother, or by some other Gypsy, that he should infallibly be what his Sirname imply'd, a King, by Providence or Chance, ere he dy'd, or never. This glorious Prophecy had so great an Influence on all his Thoughts and Actions, that he distributed and dispers'd his Wealth sometimes so largely, that one would have thought he had undoubtedly been King of some Part of the *Indies* ; to see a Present made to-day of a Diamond Ring, worth two or three hundred Pounds, to Madam *Flippant* ; to-morrow, a large Chest of the finest *China* to my Lady *Fleecewell* ; and next Day, perhaps, a rich Necklace of large Oriental Pearl, with a Locket to it of Sapphires, Emeralds, Rubies, &c., to pretty Miss *Ogle-me* , for an amorous Glance, for a Smile, and (it may be, tho' but rarely) for the mighty Blessing of one single Kiss. But such were his Largesses, not to reckon his Treats, his Balls, and Serenades besides, tho' at the same time he had marry'd a virtuous Lady, and of good Quality: But her Relation to him (it may be fear'd) made her very disagreeable: For a Man of his Humour

and Estate can no more be satisfy'd with one Woman, than with one Dish of Meat; and to say Truth, 'tis something unmodish. However, he might have dy'd a pure Celibate, and altogether unexpert of Women, had his good or bad Hopes only terminated in Sir *Philip's* Niece. But the brave and haughty Mr. *Would-be* was not to be baulk'd by Appearances of Virtue, which he thought all Womankind only did affect; besides, he promis'd himself the Victory over any Lady whom he attempted, by the Force of his damn'd Money, tho' her Virtue were ever so real and strict.

With *Philibella* he found another pretty young Creature, very like her, who had been a *quondam* Mistress to Sir *Philip* : He, with young *Goodland* , was then diverting his Mistress and Niece at a Game at Cards, when *Would-be* came to visit him; he found 'em very merry, with a Flask or two of Claret before 'em, and Oranges roasting by a large Fire, for it was *Christmas-time* . The Lady *Friendly* understanding that this extraordinary Man was with Sir *Philip* in the Parlour, came in to 'em, to make the number of both Sexes equal, as well as in Hopes to make up a Purse of Guineas toward the Purchase of some new fine Business that she had in her Head, from his accusom'd Design of losing at Play to her. Indeed, she had Part of her Wish, for she got twenty Guineas of him; *Philibella* ten; and *Lucy* , Sir *Philip's* *quondam*, five: Not but that *Would-be* intended better Fortune to the young

ones, than he did to Sir *Philip's* Lady; but her Ladyship was utterly unwilling to give him over to their Management, tho' at the last, when they were all tir'd with the Cards, after *Would-be* had said as many obliging things as his present Genius would give him leave, to *Philibella* and *Lucy*, especially to the first, not forgetting his Baisemains to the Lady *Friendly*, he bid the Knight and *Goodland* adieu; but with a Promise of repeating his Visit at six a-clock in the Evening on *Twelfth-Day*, to renew the famous and antient Solemnity of chusing King and Queen; to which Sir *Philip* before invited him, with a Design yet unknown to you, I hope.

As soon as he was gone, every one made their Remarks on him, but with very little or no Difference in all their Figures of him. In short, all Mankind, had they ever known him, would have universally agreed in this his Character, That he was an Original; since nothing in Humanity was ever so vain, so haughty, so profuse, so fond, and so ridiculously ambitious, as Mr. *Would-be King*. They laugh'd and talk'd about an Hour longer, and then young *Goodland* was oblig'd to see *Lucy* home in his Coach; tho' he had rather have sat up all Night in the same House with *Philibella*, I fancy, of whom he took but an unwilling Leave; which was visible enough to every one there, since they were all acquainted with his Passion for my fair Friend.

About twelve a-clock on the Day prefix'd, young

Goodland came to dine with *Sir Philip* , whom he found just return'd from Court, in a very good Humour. On the Sight of *Valentine* , the Knight ran to him, and embracing him, told him, That he had prevented his Wishes, in coming thither before he sent for him, as he had just then design'd. The other return'd, that he therefore hoped he might be of some Service to him, by so happy a Prevention of his intended Kindness. No doubt (reply'd *Sir Philip*) the Kindness, I hope, will be to us both; I am assur'd it will, if you will act according to my Measures. I desire no better Prescriptions for my Happiness (return'd *Valentine*) than what you shall please to set down to me: But is it necessary or convenient that I should know 'em first? It is, (answer'd *Sir Philip*) let us sit, and you shall understand 'em.-I am very sensible (continu'd he) of your sincere and honourable Affection and Pretension to my Niece, who, perhaps, is as dear to me as my own Child could be, had I one; nor am I ignorant how averse *Sir George* your Father is to your Marriage with her, insomuch that I am confident he would disinherit you immediately upon it, merely for want of a Fortune somewhat proportionable to your Estate: but I have now contrived the Means to add two or three thousand Pounds to the five hundred I have design'd to give with her; I mean, if you marry her, *Val* , not otherwise; for I will not labour so for any other Man. What inviolable Obligations you put upon me! (cry'd *Goodland* .) No

Return, by way of Compliments, good *Val* , (said the Knight:) Had I not engag'd to my Wife, before Marriage, that I would not dispose of any part of what she brought me, without her Consent, I would certainly make *Philibella's* Fortune answerable to your Estate: And besides, my Wife is not yet full eight and twenty, and we may therefore expect Children of our own, which hinders me from proposing any thing more for the Advantage of my Niece.-But now to my Instructions;-*King* will be here this Evening without fail, and, at some Time or other to-night, will shew the Haughtiness of his Temper to you, I doubt not, since you are in a manner a Stranger to him: Be sure therefore you seem to quarrel with him before you part, but suffer as much as you can first from his Tongue; for I know he will give you Occasions enough to exercise your passive Valour. I must appear his Friend, and you must retire Home, if you please, for this Night, but let me see you as early as your Convenience will permit to-morrow: my late Friend *Lucy* must be my Niece too. Observe this, and leave the rest to me. I shall most punctually, and will in all things be directed by you, (said *Valentine* .) I had forgot to tell you (said *Friendly*) that I have so order'd matters, that he must be King to-night, and *Lucy* Queen, by the Lots in the Cake. By all means (return'd *Goodland* ;) it must be Majesty.

Exactly at six a'clock came *Wou'd-be* in his Coach and six, and found Sir *Philip* , and his Lady,

Goodland, Philibella , and *Lucy* ready to receive him; *Lucy* as fine as a Dutchess, and almost as beautiful as she was before her Fall. All things were in ample Order for his Entertainment. They play'd till Supper was serv'd in, which was between eight and nine. The Treat was very seasonable and splendid. Just as the second Course was set on the Table, they were all on a sudden surpriz'd, except *Would-be* , with a Flourish of Violins, and other Instruments, which proceeded to entertain 'em with the best and newest *Airs* in the last new Plays, being then in the Year 1683.⁴ The Ladies were curious

⁴ *last new Plays, being then in the Year 1683* . The new plays acted at the Theatre Royal in 1682 were: Southerne's *The Loyal Brother; or, The Persian Prince* ; Tate's *Ingratitude of a Commonwealth; or, The Fall of Caius Marius Coriolanus* ; Settle's *The Heir of Morocco, with the Death of Gayland* ; Banks' *The Unhappy Favourite; or, the Earl of Essex* ; D'Urfey's *The Injur'd Princess; or, The Fatal Wager* . There were also an unusual number of revivals of the older plays at this house. At Dorset Garden the following were produced: Otway's *Venice Preserved; or, A Plot Discovered* ; Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress; or, Sir Timothy Treatall* ; D'Urfey's *The Royalist* ; Mrs. Behn's *The False Count; or, A New Way to Play an Old Game* ; Banks' *Virtue Betray'd; or, Anna Bullen* ; Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads; or, The Good Old Cause* ; Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds* ; and *Romulus and Hersilia; or, The Sabine War* , an anonymous tragedy. There were also notable revivals of Randolph's *The Jealous Lovers* , and Fletcher's *The Maid in the Mill* . The two Companies amalgamated in the autumn, opening at the Theatre Royal, 16 November, for which occasion a special Prologue and

to know to whom they ow'd the chearful part of their Entertainment: On which he call'd out, Hey! *Tom Farmer! Ale-worth! Eccles! Hall!* and the rest of you! Here's a Health to these Ladies, and all this honourable Company. They bow'd; he drank, and commanded another Glass to be fill'd, into which he put something yet better than the Wine, I mean, ten Guineas: Here, *Farmer* , (said he then) this for you and your Friends. We humbly thank the honourable Mr. *Would-be King* . They all return'd, and struck up with more Spriteliness than before. For Gold and Wine, doubtless, are the best Rosin for Musicians.

After Supper they took a hearty Glass or two to the King, Queen, Duke, &c. And then the mighty Cake, teeming with the Fate of this extraordinary Personage, was brought in, the Musicians playing an Overture at the Entrance of the *Alimental Oracle* ; which was then cut and consulted, and the royal Bean and Pea fell to those to whom Sir *Philip* had design'd

Epilogue were written by Dryden. 4 December, Dryden and Lee's famous tragedy, *The Duke of Guise* , had a triumphant first night. It will be remembered that Mrs. Behn is writing of incidents which took place on 6 January, 1683, Twelfth Night, so 'the last new plays' must refer to the productions of 1682. Of course, fresh songs, and probably musical entertainments, would be inserted at the different revivals of the older plays which were so frequent during that year.

'em. 'Twas then the Knight began a merry Bumper, with three Huzza's, and, *Long live King Would-be!* to *Goodland* , who echo'd and pledg'd him, putting the Glass about to the harmonious Attendants; while the Ladies drank their own Quantities among themselves, *To his aforesaid Majesty* . Then of course you may believe Queen *Lucy's* Health went merrily round, with the same Ceremony: After which he saluted his Royal Consort, and condescended to do the same Honour to the two other Ladies.

Then they fell a dancing, like Lightning; I mean, they mov'd as swift, and made almost as little Noise; But his Majesty was soon weary of that; for he long'd to be making love both to *Philibella* and *Lucy* , who (believe me) that Night might well enough have passed for a Queen.

They fell then to Questions and Commands; to cross Purposes: *I think a Thought, what is it like?* &c. In all which, his *Would-be* Majesty took the Opportunity of shewing the Excellency of his Parts, as, How fit he was to govern! How dextrous at mining and countermining! and, How he could reconcile the most contrary and distant Thoughts! The Musick, at last, good as it was, grew troublesome and too loud; which made him dismiss them: And then he began to this effect, addressing himself to *Philibella* : Madam, had Fortune been just, and were it possible that the World should be govern'd and influenc'd by two Suns,

undoubtedly we had all been Subjects to you, from this Night's Chance, as well as to that Lady, who indeed alone can equal you in the Empire of Beauty, which yet you share with her Majesty here present, who only could dispute it with you, and is only superior to you in Title. My Wife is infinitely oblig'd to your Majesty, (interrupted Sir *Philip*) who in my Opinion, has greater Charms, and more than both of them together. You ought to think so, Sir *Philip* (returned the new dubb'd King) however you should not liberally have express'd your self, in Opposition and Derogation to Majesty:-Let me tell you 'tis a saucy Boldness that thus has loos'd your Tongue! — What think you, young Kinsman and Counsellor? (said he to *Goodland* .) With all Respect due to your sacred Title, (return'd *Valentene* , rising and bowing) Sir *Philip* spoke as became a truly affectionate Husband; and it had been Presumption in him, unpardonable, to have seem'd to prefer her Majesty, or that other sweet Lady, in his Thoughts, since your Majesty has been pleas'd to say so much and so particularly of their Merits: 'Twould appear as if he durst lift up his Eyes, with Thoughts too near the Heaven you only would enjoy. And only can deserve, you should have added, (said *King* , no longer *Would-be* .) How! may it please your Majesty (cry'd *Friendly*) both my Nieces! tho' you deserve ten thousand more, and better, would your Majesty enjoy them both? Are they then both your Nieces? (asked

Chance's King). Yes, both, Sir (return'd the Knight,) her Majesty's the eldest, and in that Fortune has shewn some Justice. So she has (reply'd the titular Monarch): My Lot is fair (pursu'd he) tho' I can be bless'd but with one.

*Let Majesty with Majesty be join'd,
To get and leave a Race of Kings behind.*

Come, Madam (continued he, kissing *Lucy* ,) this, as an Earnest of our future Endeavours. I fear (return'd the pretty Queen) your Majesty will forget the unhappy *Statira* , when you return to the Embraces of your dear and beautiful *Roxana* .⁵ There is none beautiful but you (reply'd the titular King) unless this Lady, to whom I yet could pay my Vows most zealously, were't not that Fortune has thus pre-engaged me. But, Madam (continued he) to shew that still you hold our Royal

⁵ *Statira, ... Roxana*. In allusion to the two rival princesses for Alexander's love as they appear in Nat Lee's famous tragedy, *The Rival Queens; or, Alexander the Great* , produced at Drury Lane, 1677. It held the stage over a century and a half, longest of his plays, and is indeed an excellent piece. Originally, Hart played Alexander; Mrs. Marshall, the glowing Roxana; and Mrs. Boutell, Statira. Genest chronicles a performance at Drury Lane, 23 June, 1823, with Kean as Alexander; Mrs. W. West, Statira; Mrs. Glover, Roxana.

Favour, and that, next to our Royal Consort, we esteem you, we greet you thus (kissing *Philibella* ;) and as a Signal of our continued Love, wear this rich Diamond: (here he put a Diamond Ring on her Finger, worth three hundred Pounds.) Your Majesty (pursu'd he to *Lucy*) may please to wear this Necklace, with this Locket of Emeralds. Your Majesty is bounteous as a God! (said *Valentine* .) Art thou in Want, young Spark? (ask'd the King of *Bantam*) I'll give thee an Estate shall make thee merit the Mistress of thy Vows, be she who she will. That is my other Niece, Sir, (cry'd *Friendly* .) How! how! presumptuous Youth! How are thy Eyes and Thoughts exalted? ha! To Bliss your Majesty must never hope for, (reply'd *Goodland* .) How now! thou Creature of the basest Mold! Not hope for what thou dost aspire to! *Mock-King* ; thou canst not, dar'st not, shalt not hope it: (return'd *Valentine* in a heat.) Hold, *Val* , (cry'd Sir *Philip*) you grow warm, forget your Duty to their Majesties, and abuse your Friends, by making us suspected. Good-night, dear *Philibella* , and my Queen! Madam, I am your Ladyship's Servant (said *Goodland* :) Farewel, Sir *Philip* : Adieu, thou Pageant! thou Property-King! I shall see thy Brother on the Stage ere long; but first I'll visit thee: and in the meantime, by way of Return to thy proffer'd Estate, I shall add a real Territory to the rest of thy empty Titles; for from thy Education, barbarous manner of Conversation, and Complexion, I think I may justly proclaim thee, *King of*

Bantam-So, *Hail, King that Would-be! Hail thou King of Christmas! All-hail, Wou'd-be King of Bantam*-and so he left 'em.-They all seem'd amazed, and gaz'd on one another, without speaking a Syllable; 'till Sir *Philip* broke the Charm, and sigh'd out, Oh, the monstrous Effects of Passion! Say rather, Oh, the foolish Effects of a mean Education! (interrupted his Majesty of *Bantam* .) For Passions were given us for Use, Reason to govern and direct us in the Use, and Education to cultivate and refine that Reason. But (pursu'd he) for all his Impudence to me, which I shall take a time to correct, I am oblig'd to him, that at last he has found me out a Kingdom to my Title; and if I were Monarch of that Place (believe me, Ladies) I would make you all Princesses and Duchesses; and thou, my old Companion, *Friendly* , should rule the Roast with me. But these Ladies should be with us there, where we could erect Temples and Altars to 'em; build Golden Palaces of Love, and Castles-in the Air (interrupted her Majesty, *Lucy* I. smiling.) 'Gad take me (cry'd King *Wou'd-be*) thou dear Partner of my Greatness, and shalt be, of all my Pleasures! thy pretty satirical Observation has oblig'd me beyond Imitation.' I think your Majesty is got into a Vein of Rhiming to-night, (said *Philadelphia* .) Ay! Pox of that young insipid Fop, we could else have been as great as an Emperor of *China* , and as witty as *Horace* in his Wine; but let him go, like a pragmatial, captious,

giddy Fool as he is! I shall take a Time to see him. Nay, Sir, (said *Philibella*) he has promis'd your Majesty a Visit in our Hearing. Come, Sir, I beg your Majesty to pledge me this Glass to your long and happy Reign; laying aside all Thoughts of ungovern'd Youth: Besides, this Discourse must needs be ungrateful to her Majesty, to whom, I fear, he will be marry'd within this Month! How! (cry'd *King and no King*) married to my Queen! I must not, cannot suffer it! Pray restrain your self a little, Sir (said *Sir Philip*) and when once these Ladies have left us, I will discourse your Majesty further about this Business. Well, pray, *Sir Philip* , (said his Lady) let not your Worship be pleas'd to sit up too long for his Majesty: About five o'Clock I shall expect you; 'tis your old Hour. And yours, Madam, to wake to receive me coming to Bed-Your Ladyship understands me, (return'd *Friendly* .) You're merry, my Love, you're merry, (cry'd *Philadelphia* :) Come, Niece, to Bed! to Bed! Ay, (said the Knight) Go, both of you and sleep together, if you can, without the Thoughts of a Lover, or a Husband. His Majesty was pleas'd to wish them a good Repose; and so, with a Kiss, they parted for that time.

Now we're alone (said *Sir Philip*) let me assure you, Sir, I resent this Affront done to you by Mr. *Goodland* , almost as highly as you can: and tho' I can't wish that you should take such Satisfaction, as perhaps some other hotter Sparks would; yet let me say, his

Miscarriage ought not to go unpunish'd in him. Fear not (reply'd t'other) I shall give him a sharp Lesson. No, Sir (return'd *Friendly*) I would not have you think of a bloody Revenge; for 'tis that which possibly he designs on you: I know him brave as any Man. However, were it convenient that the Sword should determine betwixt you, you should not want mine: The Affront is partly to me, since done in my House; but I've already laid down safer Measures for us, tho' of more fatal Consequence to him: that is, I've form'd them in my Thoughts. Dismiss your Coach and Equipage, all but one Servant, and I will discourse it to you at large. 'Tis now past Twelve; and if you please, I would invite you to take up as easy a Lodging here, as my House will afford. (Accordingly they were dismiss'd, and he proceeded:)-As I hinted to you before, he is in love with my youngest Niece, *Philibella*; but her Fortune not exceeding five hundred Pound, his Father will assuredly disinherit him, if he marries her: tho' he has given his Consent that he should marry her eldest Sister, whose Father dying ere he knew his Wife was with child of the youngest, left *Lucy* three thousand Pounds, being as much as he thought convenient to match her handsomly; and accordingly the Nuptials of young *Goodland* and *Lucy* are to be celebrated next *Easter*. They shall not, if I can hinder them (interrupted his offended Majesty.) Never endeavour the Obstruction (said the Knight) for I'll

shew you the Way to a dearer Vengeance: Women are Women, your Majesty knows; she may be won to your Embraces before that time, and then you antedate him your Creature. A Cuckold, you mean (cry'd King in Fancy:) O exquisite Revenge! but can you consent that I should attempt it? What is't to me? We live not in *Spain* , where all the Relations of the Family are oblig'd to vindicate a Whore: No, I would wound him in his most tender Part. But how shall we compass it? (ask'd t'other.) Why thus, throw away three thousand Pounds on the youngest Sister, as a Portion, to make her as happy as she can be in her new Lover, Sir *Frederick Flygold* , an extravagant young Fop, and wholly given over to Gaming; so, ten to one, but you may retrieve your Money of him, and have the two Sisters at your Devotion. Oh, thou my better Genius than that which was given to me by Heaven at my Birth! What Thanks, what Praises shall I return and sing to thee for this! (cry'd King *Conundrum* .) No Thanks, no Praises, I beseech your Majesty, since in this I gratify my self-You think I am your Friend? and, you will agree to this? (said *Friendly* , by way of Question.) Most readily, (returned the Fop King:) Would it were broad Day, that I might send for the Money to my Banker's; for in all my Life, in all my Frolicks, Encounters and Extravagances, I never had one so grateful, and so pleasant as this will be, if you are in earnest, to gratify both my Love and Revenge!

That I am in earnest, you will not doubt, when you see with what Application I shall pursue my Design: In the mean Time, *My Duty to your Majesty; To our good Success in this Affair* . While he drank, t'other return'd, *With all my Heart* ; and pledg'd him. Then *Friendly* began afresh: Leave the whole Management of this to me; only one thing more I think necessary, that you make a Present of five hundred Guineas to her Majesty, the Bride that must be. By all means (return'd the wealthy King of *Bantam* ;) I had so design'd before. Well, Sir (said Sir *Philip*) what think you of a set Party or two at *Piquet* , to pass away a few Hours, till we can sleep? A seasonable and welcome Proposition (returned the King;) but I won't play above twenty Guineas the Game, and forty the Lurch.⁶ Agreed (said *Friendly* ;) first call in your Servant; mine is here already. The Slave came in, and they began, with unequal Fortune at first; for the Knight had lost a hundred Guineas to Majesty, which he paid in Specie; and then propos'd fifty Guineas the Game, and a hundred the Lurch. To

⁶ *forty the Lurch* . 'Lurch' is a very common old term (now rare) 'used in various games to denote a certain concluding state of the game in which one player is enormously ahead of the other; often a "maiden set" or love-game'-*N.E.D.* cf. Urquhart's *Rabelais* (1653), II, xii: 'By two of my table-men in the corner point I have gained the lurch.' Gouldman's *Latin Dictionary* (1674), gives: 'A lurch; *duplex palma, facilis victoria* .'

which t'other consented; and without winning more than three Games, and those not together, made shift to get three thousand two hundred Guineas in debt to Sir *Philip* ; for which Majesty was pleas'd to give him Bond, whether *Friendly* would or no,

Seal'd and deliver'd in the Presence of,
The Mark of (W.) Will. Watchful.
And, (S) Sim. Slyboots.

A couple of delicate Beagles, their mighty Attendants.

It was then about the Hour that Sir *Philip's* (and, it may be, other Ladies) began to yawn and stretch; when the Spirits refresh'd, troul'd about, and tickled the Blood with Desires of Action; which made Majesty and Worship think of a Retreat to Bed: where in less than half an Hour, or before ever he cou'd say his Prayers, I'm sure the first fell fast asleep; but the last, perhaps, paid his accustom'd Devotion, ere he begun his Progress to the Shadow of Death. However, he waked earlier than his Cully Majesty, and got up to receive young *Goodland* , who came according to his Word, with the first Opportunity. Sir *Philip* receiv'd him with more than usual Joy, tho' not with greater Kindness, and let him know every Syllable and Accident that had pass'd between them till they went to Bed: which you may believe was not a little pleasantly

surprizing to *Valentine* , who began then to have some Assurance of his Happiness with *Philibella* . His Friend told him, that he must now be reconcil'd to his *Mock-Majesty* , tho' with some Difficulty; and so taking one hearty Glass a-piece, he left *Valentine* in the Parlour to carry the ungrateful News of his Visit to him that Morning. King — was in an odd sort of taking, when he heard that *Valentine* was below; and had been, as Sir *Philip* inform'd *Majesty* , at *Majesty's* Palace, to enquire for him there: But when he told him, that he had already school'd him on his own Behalf, for the Affront done in his House, and that he believ'd he could bring his Majesty off without any loss of present Honour, his Countenance visibly discover'd his past Fear, and present Satisfaction; which was much encreas'd too, when *Friendly* shewing him his Bond for the Money he won of him at play, let him know, that if he paid three thousand Guineas to *Philibella* , he would immediately deliver him up his Bond, and not expect the two hundred Guineas overplus. His Majesty of *Bantam* was then in so good a Humour, that he could have made Love to Sir *Philip* ; nay, I believe he could have kiss'd *Valentine* , instead of seeming angry. Down they came, and saluted like Gentlemen: But after the Greeting was over, *Goodland* began to talk something of Affront, Satisfaction, Honour, &c. when immediately *Friendly* interpos'd, and after a little seeming Uneasiness and Reluctancy, reconcil'd

the hot and cholerick Youth to the cold phlegmatick King.

Peace was no sooner proclaim'd, than the King of *Bantam* took his Rival and late Antagonist with him in his own Coach, not excluding Sir *Philip* by any means, to *Locket's*, where they din'd:⁷ Thence he would have 'em to Court with him, where he met the Lady *Flippant*, the Lady *Harpy*, the Lady *Crocodile*, Madam *Tattlemore*, Miss *Medler*, Mrs. *Gingerly*, a rich Grocer's Wife, and some others, besides Knights and Gentlemen of as good Humours as the Ladies; all whom he invited to a Ball at his own House, the Night following; his own Lady being then in the Country.

⁷ to *Locket's*, where they din'd. This fashionable Ordinary stood on the site of Drummond's Bank, Charing Cross. It was named from Adam Locket, the landlord, who died in 1688. In 1702, however, we find an Edward Locket, probably a son, as proprietor. The reputation of the house was on the wane during the latter years of Anne, and in the reign of George I its vogue entirely ceased. There are very frequent references. In *The Country Wife* (1675), Horner tells Pinchwife: 'Thou art as shy of my kindness as a Lombard-street alderman of a courtier's civility at Locket's' (iv, iii). In Shadwell's *The Sowerers* (1691), old Tope, replying to a health, cries: 'I'll answer you in a couple of Brimmers of Claret at Locket's at Dinner' (i, i). In Vanbrugh's *The Relapse* (1696), Lord Foppington, when asked if he dines at home, surmises: 'tis passible I may dine with some of aur House at Lacket's,' which shows that it was then the very rendezvous of fashion and quality.

Madam *Tattlemore* , I think was the first he spoke to in Court, and whom first he surpriz'd with the happy News of his Advancement to the Title of King of *Bantam* . How wondrous hasty was she to be gone, as soon as she heard it! 'Twas not in her Power, because not in her Nature, to stay long enough to take a civil Leave of the Company; but away she flew, big with the empty Title of a fantastick King, proclaiming it to every one of her Acquaintance, as she passed through every Room, till she came to the *Presence-Chamber* , where she only whisper'd it; but her Whispers made above half the honourable Company quit the Presence of the King of *Great-Britain* , to go make their Court to his Majesty of *Bantam* : some cry'd, *God bless your Majesty!* Some *Long live the King of Bantam!* Others, *All Hail to your Sacred Majesty* ; In short, he was congratulated on all Sides. Indeed I don't hear that his Majesty King *Charles* II. ever sent an Ambassador to compliment him; tho' possibly, he saluted him by his Title the first time he saw him afterwards: For, you know, he is a wonderful good-natur'd and well-bred Gentleman.

After he thought the Court of *England* was universally acquainted with his mighty Honour, he was pleas'd to think fit to retire to his own more private Palace, with Sir *Philip* and *Goodland* , whom he entertain'd that Night very handsomly, till about seven o'Clock; when they went together to the Play, which

was that Night, *A King and no King* .⁸ His Attendant-Friends could not forbear smiling, to think how aptly the Title of the Play suited his Circumstances. Nor could he choose but take Notice of it behind the Scenes, between Jest and Earnest; telling the Players how kind Fortune had been the Night past, in disposing the Bean to him; and justifying what one of her Prophetesses had foretold some Years since. I shall now no more regard (said he) that old doating Fellow *Pythagoras's* Saying *Abstineto a Fabis* , That is, (added he, by way of Construction) *Abstain from Beans* : for I find the Excellency of 'em in Cakes and Dishes; from the first, they inspire the Soul with mighty Thoughts; and from the last our Bodies receive a strong and wholesom Nourishment. That is, (said a Wag among those sharp Youths, I think 'twas my Friend the

⁸ *A King and no King*. Langbaine testifies to the popularity of Beaumont and Fletcher's play both before and after the Restoration. Pepys saw it 14 March, 1661, and again, 26 September the same year. The 1676 quarto 'as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal by his Majestie's Servants' gives a full cast with Hart as Arbaces; Kynaston, Tigranes; Mohun, Mardonius; Lacy, Bessus; Mrs. Betty Cox, Panthea; Mrs. Marshall, Spaconia. In the earlier production Nell Gwynne had acted Panthea. The two Companies amalgamated in 1682, opening 16 November. Hart 'never Acted more' after this date. Mrs. Marshall had retired in 1677; and in 1683 Betterton was playing Arbaces with quite a new allotment of the other rôles.

Count) these puff you up in Mind, Sir, those in Body. They had some further Discourse among the Nymphs of the Stage, ere they went into the Pit; where Sir *Philip* spread the News of his Friend's Accession to the Title, tho' not yet to the Throne of *Bantam* ; upon which he was there again complimented on that Occasion. Several of the Ladies and Gentlemen who saluted him, he invited to the next Night's Ball at his Palace.

The Play done, they took each of them a Bottle at the *Rose* ,⁹ and parted till Seven the Night following;

⁹ *The Rose*. There are repeated references to this celebrated tavern which stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden. *vide The Younger Brother* , i, ii (Vol. IV), Motteux' Song: 'Thence to the Rose where he takes his three Flasks,' and the note on that passage. Cross-Reference: *The Younger Brother* .

...*vide The Younger Brother* , i, ii (Vol. IV), Motteux' Song: 'Thence to the Rose where he takes his three Flasks,' and the note on that passage.

Younger Brother text:

*Then jogs to the Play-house, and chats with the
Masks,
And thence to the Rose, where he takes his three
Flasks.*

Younger Brother note:

the Rose . This celebrated house stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and adjoined Drury Lane. There are innumerable references to it. The greater portion of the 'Rose' was demolished in 1776, when a new front was being built to the theatre.

which came not sooner than desired: for he had taken such Care, that all things were in readiness before Eight, only he was not to expect the Musick till the End of the Play. About Nine, Sir *Philip* , his Lady, *Goodland*, *Philibella* , and *Lucy* came. Sir *Philip* return'd him *Rabelais* , which he had borrow'd of him, wherein the Knight had written, in an old odd sort of a Character, this Prophecy of his own making; with which he surpriz'd the Majesty of *Bantam* , who vow'd he had never taken Notice of it before; but he said, he perceiv'd it had been long written by the Character; and here it follows, as near as I can remember:

*When M. D. C. come L. before,
Three XXX's, two II's and one I. more;
Then KING, tho' now but Name to thee,
Shall both thy Name and Title be.*

They had hardly made an End of reading it, ere the whole Company, and more than he had invited, came in, and were receiv'd with a great deal of Formality and Magnificence. *Lucy* was there attended as his Queen; and *Philibella* , as the Princess her Sister. They danc'd then till they were weary; and afterwards retired to another large Room, where they found the Tables spread and furnished with all the most

seasonable cold Meat; which was succeeded by the choicest Fruits, and the richest Desert of Sweetmeats that Luxury could think on, or at least that this Town could afford. The Wines were all most excellent in their Kind; and their Spirits flew about thro' every Corner of the House: There was scarce a Spark sober in the whole Company, with drinking repeated Glasses to the Health of the King of *Bantam* , and his Royal Consort, with the Princess *Philibella's* who sat together under a Royal Canopy of State, his Majesty between the two beautiful Sisters: only *Friendly* and *Goodland* wisely manag'd that part of the Engagement where they were concern'd, and preserv'd themselves from the Heat of the Debauch.

Between Three and Four most of them began to draw off, laden with Fruit and Sweetmeats, and rich Favours compos'd of Yellow, Green, Red and White, the Colours of his new Majesty of *Bantam* . Before Five they were left to themselves; when the Lady *Friendly* was discompos'd, for want of Sleep, and her usual Cordial, which obliged Sir *Philip* to wait on her Home, with his two Nieces: But his Majesty would by no means part with *Goodland* ; whom, before Nine that Morning, he made as drunk as a Lord, and by Consequence, one of his Peers; for Majesty was then, indeed, as great as an Emperor: He fancy'd himself *Alexander* , and young *Valentine* his *Hephestion* ; and did so be-buss him, that the young Gentleman fear'd he

was fallen into the Hands of an *Italian* . However, by the kind Persuasions of his condescending and dissembling Majesty, he ventur'd to go into Bed with him; where King *Would-be* fell asleep, hand-over-head: and not long after, *Goodland* , his new-made Peer, follow'd him to the cool Retreats of *Morpheus* .

About Three the next Afternoon they both wak'd, as by consent, and called to dress. And after that Business was over, I think they swallow'd each of 'em a Pint of *Old-Hock* , with a little Sugar, by the way of healing. Their Coaches were got ready in the mean time; but the Peer was forced to accept of the Honour of being carried in his Majesty's to Sir *Philip's* , whom they found just risen from Dinner, with *Philadelphia* and his two Nieces. They sat down, and ask'd for something to relish a Glass of Wine, and Sir *Philip* order'd a cold Chine to be set before 'em, of which they eat about an Ounce a-piece; but they drank more by half, I dare say.

After their little Repast, *Friendly* call'd the *Would-be-Monarch* aside, and told him, that he would have him go to the Play that Night, which was *The London-Cuckolds* ;¹⁰ promising to meet him there in

¹⁰ *The London-Cuckolds*. Ravenscroft's rollicking comedy, which had been produced with great success at the Duke's House in 1682 (4to, 1682), long kept the boards with undiminished

less than half an Hour after his Departure: telling him withal, that he would surprize him with a much better Entertainment than the Stage afforded. *Majesty* took the Hint, imagining, and that rightly, that the Knight had some Intrigue in his Head, for the Promotion of the Commonwealth of Cuckoldom: In order therefore to his Advice, he took his leave about a quarter of an Hour after.

When he was gone, Sir *Philip* thus bespoke his

favour, being very frequently given each season. Genest has the following true and pertinent remark: 'If it be the province of Comedy not to retail morality to a yawning pit but to make the audience laugh and to keep them in good humour this play must be allowed to be one of the best Comedies in the English language.' 29 October (the old Lord Mayor's Day), 1751, Garrick substituted *Eastward Hoe* at Drury Lane for the annual performance of *The London Cuckolds*, a change not approved by the audience, who promptly damned their new fare. Ravenscroft's comedy was given that evening at Covent Garden, and on 9 November, the following year. It was also performed there in 1753. 9 November, 1754, George II ordered *The Provoked Husband*. It has often been stated (e.g. by Professor A. W. Ward-'Ravenscroft'-*Dictionary of National Biography*) that this royal command gave *The London Cuckolds* its final *congé*, but such was neither the intent nor the case. The play is billed at Covent Garden, 10 November, 1755; in 1757; and 9 November, 1758. Shuter excelled as Dashwell. A two act version was played at Covent Garden, 10 April, 1782, and repeated on the 12th. This was for the benefit of Quick, who acted Doodle.

pretended Niece: Madam, I hope your Majesty will not refuse me the Honour of waiting on you to a Place where you will meet with better Entertainment than your Majesty can expect from the best Comedy in Christendom. *Val* , (continued he) you must go with us, to secure me against the Jealousy of my Wife. That, indeed (return'd his Lady) is very material; and you are mightily concern'd not to give me Occasion, I must own. You see I am now, (replied he:) But-come! on with Hoods and Scarf! (pursued he, to *Lucy* .) Then addressing himself again to his Lady; Madam, (said he) we'll wait on you. In less Time than I could have drank a Bottle to my Share, the Coach was got ready, and on they drove to the Play-House. By the way, said *Friendly* to *Val*. - Your Honour, noble Peer, must be set down at *Long's* ;¹¹ for only *Lucy* and I must be

¹¹ *Your Honour... must be set down at Long's*. Long's was a famous Ordinary in the Haymarket. It was here that in 1678 Lord Pembroke killed Mr. Coney with his fist. He was tried by his Peers and acquitted. There was at the same period a second tavern in Covent Garden kept by Ben Long, Long's brother. In Dryden's *Mr. Limberham* (1678), Brainsick cries: 'I have won a wager to be spent luxuriously at Long's.' In Etheredge's *The Man of Mode* (1676), the following conversation occurs:-

Bellair . Where do you dine?

Dorimant . At Long's or Locket's.

Medley . At Long's let it be.

seen to his Majesty of *Bantam* : And now, I doubt not, you understand what you must trust to.-To be robb'd of her Majesty's Company, I warrant (return'd the other) for these long three Hours. Why (cry'd *Lucy*) you don't mean, I hope, to leave me with his Majesty of *Bantam* ? 'Tis for thy Good, Child! 'Tis for thy Good (return'd *Friendly* .) To the *Rose* they got then; where *Goodland* alighted, and expected Sir *Philip* ; who led *Lucy* into the King's Box,¹² to his new Majesty;

¹² *the King's Box* . The seats in the boxes of the Restoration Theatre were let out severally to separate persons, and although the King had, of course, his own private box when he saw a play, yet when he was not present even the royal box was apportioned to individuals as the rest. There are many allusions to this which prove, moreover, that the front row of the King's box was the most conspicuous and highly coveted position in the house. In Etheredge's *The Man of Mode* (1676), Dorimant, hearing of a young gentlewoman lately come to town and being taken with his own handsome face, wagers that she must be 'some awkward, ill-fashioned, country toad, who, not having above four dozen of black hairs on her head, has adorned her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the forefront of the King's box at an old play.' In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living* This actual letter was written by Boyer, together with the reply which is dated 5 November, 1701. Julian was a well-known journalistic scribbler and ribald ballader of the time. William Peer [Pierre], a young actor of little account, is only cast for such walk-on rôles as Jasper, a valet, in Shadwell's *The Sowerers* (1691); the Parson in D'Urfey's *Love for Money* (1696). we have one from Julian, 'late Secretary to the Muses,' to

where, after the first Scene, he left them together. The over-joy'd fantastick Monarch would fain have said some fine obliging Things to the Knight, as he was going out; but *Friendly's* Haste prevented 'em, who went directly to *Valentine*, took one Glass, call'd a Reckoning, mounted his Chariot, and away Home they came: where I believe he was welcome to his Lady; for I never heard any thing to the contrary.

In the mean Time, his Majesty had not the Patience to stay out half the Play, at which he was saluted by above twenty Gentlemen and Ladies by his new and mighty Title: but out he led Miss Majesty ere the third Act was half done; pretending, that it was so damn'd a bawdy Play, that he knew her Modesty had been already but too much offended at it; so into his Coach he got her. When they were seated, she told him she would go to no Place with him, but to the Lodgings her Mother had taken for her, when she first came to Town, and which still she kept. Your Mother, Madam, (cry'd he) why, is Sir *Philip's* Sister living then? His Brother's Widow is, Sir, (she reply'd.) Is she there? (he ask'd.) No, Sir, (she return'd;) she is in the Country.

Will. Pierre of Lincoln's Inn Fields Playhouse, wherein, recalling how in his lampoons whilst he lived characters about town were shown in no very enviable light, he particularizes that 'the antiquated Coquet was told of her age and ugliness, tho' her vanity plac'd her in the first row in the King's box at the playhouse.'

Oh, then we will go thither to chuse. The Coach-man was then order'd to drive to *Jermain-Street* ;¹³ where, when he came in to the Lodgings, he found 'em very rich and modishly furnish'd. He presently call'd one of his Slaves, and whisper'd him to get three or four pretty Dishes for Supper; and then getting a Pen, Ink and Paper, writ a Note to *C -d* the Goldsmith with *Temple-Bar* , for five hundred guineas; which *Watchful* brought him, in less than an Hour's time, when they were just in the Height of Supper; *Lucy* having invited her Landlady, for the better Colour of the Matter. His *Bantamite* Majesty took the Gold from his Slave, and threw it by him in the Window, that *Lucy* might take

¹³ *Jermain-Street*. Jermyn Street runs parallel with Piccadilly from the Haymarket to St. James. It was built *circa* 1667, and derives its name from Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans. Shadwell spells it Germin Street, and it was in a house here that old Snarl was wont to receive amorous castigation at the hands of Mrs. Figgup.-*The Virtuoso* (1676), iii, ii. It was a fashionable quarter. From 1675 to 1681 the Duke of Marlborough, then Colonel Churchill, lived here. La Belle Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, had a house near Eagle Passage, 1681-3, and was succeeded therein by the Countess of Northumberland. Next door dwelt Henry Saville, Rochester's friend, 1681-3. Three doors from the Duchess again was living in 1683 Simon Verelest, the painter. In 1684 Sir William Soames followed him. In after years also there have been a large number of famous residents connected with this favourite street.

Notice of it; (which you may assure yourself she did, and after Supper wink'd on the goodly Matron of the House to retire, which she immediately obey'd.) Then his Majesty began his Court very earnestly and hotly, throwing the naked Guineas into her Lap: which she seemed to refuse with much Disdain; but upon his repeated Promises, confirm'd by unheard of Oaths and Imprecations, that he would give her Sister three thousand Guineas to her Portion, she began by Degrees to mollify, and let the Gold lie quietly in her Lap: And the next Night, after he had drawn Notes on two or three of his Bankers, for the Payment of three thousand Guineas to Sir *Philip* , or Order, and received his own Bond, made for what he had lost at Play, from *Friendly* , she made no great Difficulty to admit his Majesty to her Bed. Where I think fit to leave 'em for the present; for (perhaps) they had some private Business.

The next Morning before the Titular King was (I won't say up, or stirring, but) out of Bed, young *Goodland* and *Philibella* were privately marry'd; the Bills being all accepted and paid in two Days Time. As soon as ever the fantastick Monarch could find in his Heart to divorce himself from the dear and charming Embraces of his beautiful Bedfellow, he came flying to Sir *Philip* , with all the Haste that Imagination big with Pleasure could inspire him with, to discharge it self to a suppos'd Friend. The Knight told him, that he was really much troubled to find that his Niece had yielded

so soon and easily to him; however, he wish'd him Joy: To which the other return'd, that he could never want it, whilst he had the Command of so much Beauty, and that without the ungrateful Obligations of Matrimony, which certainly are the most nauseous, hateful, pernicious and destructive of Love imaginable. Think you so, Sir? (ask'd the Knight;) we shall hear what a Friend of mine will say on such an Occasion, to-morrow about this Time: but I beseech your Majesty to conceal your Sentiments of it to him, lest you make him as uneasy as you seem to be in that Circumstance. Be assur'd I will, (return'd the other:) But when shall I see the sweet, the dear, the blooming, the charming *Philibella* ? She will be with us at Dinner. Where's her Majesty? (ask'd Sir *Philip*) Had you enquir'd before, she had been here; for, look, she comes! *Friendly* seems to regard her with a Kind of Displeasure, and whisper'd Majesty, that he should express no particular Symptoms of Familiarity with *Lucy* in his House, at any Time, especially when *Goodland* was there, as then he was above with his Lady and *Philibella* , who came down presently after to Dinner.

About Four o'Clock, as his Majesty had intrigu'd with her, *Lucy* took a Hackney-Coach, and went to her Lodgings; whither about an Hour after, he follow'd her, Next Morning, at nine, he came to *Friendly's* , who carry'd him up to see his new-married Friends-But (O Damnation to Thoughts!) what Torments did he feel,

when he saw young *Goodland* and *Philibella* in bed together; the last of which return'd him humble and hearty Thanks for her Portion and Husband, as the first did for his Wife. He shook his Head at Sir *Philip* , and without speaking one Word, left 'em, and hurry'd to *Lucy* , to lament the ill Treatment he had met with from *Friendly* . They coo'd and bill'd as long as he was able; she (sweet Hypocrite) seeming to bemoan his Misfortunes; which he took so kindly, that when he left her, which was about three in the Afternoon, he caus'd a Scrivener to draw up an Instrument, wherein he settled a hundred Pounds a Year on *Lucy* for her Life, and gave her a hundred Guineas more against her Lying-in: (For she told him, and indeed 'twas true, that she was with child, and knew her self to be so from a very good Reason-) And indeed she was so-by the *Friendly* Knight. When he return'd to her, he threw the obliging Instrument into her Lap; (it seems he had a particular Kindness for that Place-) then call'd for Wine, and something to eat; for he had not drank a Pint to his Share all the Day, (tho' he had ply'd it at the Chocolate-House.-) The Landlady, who was invited to sup with 'em, bid 'em good-night, about eleven; when they went to bed, and partly slept till about six; when they were entertain'd by some Gentleman of their Acquaintance, who play'd and sung very finely, by way of *Epithalamium* , these Words and more:

Joy to great Bantam!
Live long, love and wanton!
And thy Royal Consort!
For both are of one Sort, &c.

The rest I have forgot. He took some Offence at the Words; but more at the Visit that Sir *Philip* , and *Goodland* , made him, about an Hour after, who found him in Bed with his Royal Consort; and after having wish'd 'em Joy, and thrown their Majesties own Shoes and Stockings ¹⁴ at their Head, retir'd. This gave

¹⁴ *after having... thrown their Majesties own Shoes and Stockings* . For this old bridal custom see *ante* , Vol. III (p. 223), *The Lucky Chance* , ii, ii: 'we'll toss the Stocking'; and the note on that passage. Cross-Reference: *The Lucky Chance* .

For this old bridal custom see *ante* , Vol. III (p. 223), *The Lucky Chance* , ii, ii: 'we'll toss the Stocking'; and the note on that passage.

Lucky Chance text:

Come, Gentlemen, one Bottle, and then-we'll toss the Stocking.

Lucky Chance note:

we'll toss the Stocking . This merry old matrimonial custom in use at the bedding of the happy pair is often alluded to. cf. Pepys, 8 February, 1663: 'Another story was how Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stewart to an entertainment, and at night begun a frolique that they two must be married; and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribbands, and a sack posset in bed and flinging the stocking; but in the close it is said my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King come and take her place.'

Monarch in Fancy so great a Caution that he took his Royal Consort into the Country, (but above forty Miles off the Place where his own Lady was) where, in less than eight Months, she was deliver'd of a Princely Babe, who was Christen'd by the Heathenish Name of *Hayoumorecake Bantam* , while her Majesty lay in like a pretty Queen.

THE UNFORTUNATE HAPPY LADY: A TRUE HISTORY

I cannot omit giving the World an account, of the uncommon Villany of a Gentleman of a good Family in *England* practis'd upon his Sister, which was attested to me by one who liv'd in the Family, and from whom I had the whole Truth of the Story. I shall conceal the unhappy Gentleman's own, under the borrow'd Names of *Sir William Wilding* , who succeeded his Father *Sir Edward* , in an Estate of near 4000*l.* a Year, inheriting all that belong'd to him, except his Virtues. 'Tis true, he was oblig'd to pay his only Sister a Portion of 6000*l.* which he might very easily have done out of his Patrimony in a little Time, the Estate being not in the least incumbred. But the Death of his good Father gave a loose to the Extravagancy of his Inclinations, which till then was hardly observable. The first Discovery he

made of his Humour, was in the extraordinary rich Equipage he prepar'd for his Journey to *London* , which was much greater than his fair and plentiful Fortune cou'd maintain, nor were his Expences any way inferior to the Figure he made here in Town; insomuch, that in less than a Twelve-Month, he was forc'd to return to his Seat in the Country, to Mortgage a part of his Estate of a Thousand Pounds a Year, to satisfy the Debts he had already contracted in his profuse Treats, Gaming and Women, which in a few Weeks he effected, to the great Affliction of his Sister *Philadelphia* , a young Lady of excellent Beauty, Education, and Virtue; who, fore-seeing the utter Ruin of the Estate, if not timely prevented, daily begg'd of him, with Prayers and Tears, that might have mov'd a *Scythian* or wild *Arab* , or indeed any thing but him, to pay her her Portion. To which, however, he seemingly consented, and promis'd to take her to Town with him, and there give her all the Satisfaction she cou'd expect: And having dipp'd some paltry Acres of Land, deeper than ever Heaven dipp'd 'em in Rain, he was as good as his Word, and brought her to Town with him, where he told her he would place her with an ancient Lady, with whom he had contracted a Friendship at his first coming to *London* ; adding, that she was a Lady of incomparable Morals, and of a matchless Life and Conversation. *Philadelphia* took him in the best Sense, and was very desirous to be planted in the same House with her, hoping she might

grow to as great a Perfection in such excellent Qualifications, as she imagined 'em. About four Days therefore after they had been in Town, she solicits her Brother to wait on that Lady with her: He reply'd, that it is absolutely Necessary and Convenient that I should first acquaint her with my Design, and beg that she will be pleas'd to take you into her Care, and this shall be my chief Business to Day: Accordingly, that very Hour he went to the Lady *Beldams*, his reverend and honourable Acquaintance, whom he prepar'd for the Reception of his Sister, who he told her was a Cast-Mistress of his, and desir'd her Assistance to prevent the Trouble and Charge, which she knew such Cattle would bring upon young Gentlemen of plentiful Estates. To morrow Morning about Eleven, I'll leave her with your Ladyship, who, I doubt not, will give her a wholesome Lesson or two before Night, and your Reward is certain. My Son, (return'd she) I know the Greatness of your Spirit, the Heat of your Temper has both warm'd and inflam'd me! I joy to see you in Town again—Ah! That I could but recal one twenty Years for your Sake! — Well—no matter.—I won't forget your Instructions, nor my Duty to Morrow: In the mean time, I'll drink your Health in a Bottle of *Sherry* or two, O! Cry your Mercy, good my Lady *Beldam*, (said the young Debauchee) I had like to have forfeited my Title to your Care, in not remembering to leave you an Obligation. There are three Guinea's, which, I hope,

will plead for me till to Morrow.-So-Your Ladyship's Servant humbly kisses your Hand. Your Honours most Obedient Servant, most gratefully Acknowledges your Favours.-Your humble Servant, Good Sir *William* , added she, seeing him leave her in haste.

Never were three Persons better pleas'd for a Time than this unnatural Man, his sweet innocent Sister, and the Lady *Beldam* ; upon his return to *Philadelphia* , who could not rest that Night, for thinking on the Happiness she was going to enjoy in the Conversation of so virtuous a Lady as her Brother's Acquaintance, to whom she was in Hopes that she might discover her dearest Thoughts, and complain of Sir *William's* Extravagance and Unkindness, without running the Hazzard of being betray'd; and at the same Time, reasonably expect from so pious a Lady all the Assistance within her Capacity. On the other side, her Brother hugg'd himself in the Prospect he had of getting rid of his own Sister, and the Payment of 6000*l.* for the Sum of forty or fifty Guineas, by the Help and Discretion of this sage Matron; who, for her part, by this Time, had reckon'd up, and promis'd to herself an Advantage of at least three hundred Pounds, one way or other by this bargain.

About Ten the next Morning, Sir *William* took Coach with his Sister, for the old Lady's Enchanted Castle, taking only one Trunk of hers with them for the present, promising her to send her other Things to her

the next Day. The young Lady was very joyfully and respectfully received by her Brother's venerable Acquaintance, who was mightily charm'd with her Youth and Beauty. A Bottle of the Best was then strait brought in, and not long after a very splendid Entertainment for Breakfast: The Furniture was all very modish and rich, and the Attendance was suitable. Nor was the Lady *Beldam's* Conversation less obliging and modest, than Sir *William's* Discourse had given *Philadelphia* occasion to expect. After they had eaten and drank what they thought Convenient, the reverend old Lady led 'em out of the Parlour to shew 'em the House, every Room of which they found answerably furnish'd to that whence they came. At last she led 'em into a very pleasant Chamber, richly hung, and curiously adorn'd with the Pictures of several beautiful young Ladies, wherein there was a Bed which might have been worthy the Reception of a Dutchess: This, Madam, (said she) is your Apartment, with the Anti-chamber, and little Withdrawing-Room. Alas, Madam! (returned the dear innocent unthinking Lady) you set too great a Value on your Servant; but I rather think your Ladyship designs me this Honour for the sake of Sir *William* , who has had the Happiness of your Acquaintance for some Months: Something for Sir *William* , (returned the venerable Lady *Beldam*) but much more for your Ladyship's own, as you will have Occasion to find hereafter. I shall Study to deserve your

Favours and Friendship, Madam, reply'd *Philadelphia* : I hope you will, Madam, said the barbarous Man. But my Business now calls me hence; to Morrow at Dinner I will return to you, and Order the rest of your Things to be brought with me. In the mean while (pursu'd the Traitor, kissing his Sister, as he thought and hop'd the last time) be as chearful as you can, my Dear! and expect all you can wish from me. A thousand Thanks, my dearest Brother, return'd she, with Tears in her Eyes: And Madam, (said he to his old mischievous Confederate, giving her a very rich Purse which held Guineas) be pleas'd to accept this Trifle, as an humble Acknowledgment of the great Favour you do this Lady, and the Care of her, which you promise; and I'm sure she cannot want. -So, once more, (added he) my Dear! and, Madam! I am your humble Servant *Jusqu' a Revoir* , and went out bowing. Heavens bless my dear Brother! (cry'd *Philadelphia*) your Honour's most Faithful and obedient Servant, said the venerable *Beldam* .

No sooner was the treacherous Brother gone, than the old Lady taking *Philadelphia* by the Hand, led her into the Parlour; where she began to her to this Effect: *If I mistake not, Madam, you were pleas'd to call Sir William Brother once or twice of late in Conversation: Pray be pleas'd to satisfy my Curiosity so far as to inform me in the Truth of this Matter? Is it really so or not? Philadelphia* reply'd, blushing, your Ladyship

strangely surprizes me with this Question: For, I thought it had been past your Doubt that it is so. Did not he let you know so much himself? I humbly beg your Pardon, Madam, (returned the true Offspring of old Mother *Eve*) that I have so visibly disturb'd you by my Curiosity: But, indeed, Madam, Sir *William* did not say your Ladyship was his Sister, when he gave me the Charge of you, as of the nearest and dearest Friend he had in the World. Now our Father and Mother are dead, (said the sweet Innocent) who never had more Children than us two, who can be a nearer or dearer Friend unto me, than my Brother Sir *William* , or than I his Sister to him? None? Certainly, you'll excuse me, Madam, (answer'd t'other) a Wife or Mistress may. A Wife indeed, (return'd the beautiful Innocent) has the Pre-eminence, and perhaps, a Mistress too, if honourably lov'd and sought for in Marriage: But, (she continu'd) I can assure your Ladyship that he has not a Wife, nor did I ever hear he had a Mistress yet. Love in Youth (said old Venerable) is very fearful of Discovery. I have known, Madam, a great many fine young Gentlemen and Ladies, who have conceal'd their violent Passions and greater Affection, under the Notion and Appellation of Brother and Sister. And your Ladyship imagines, Sir *William* and I do so? reply'd *Philadelphia* , by way of Question. 'Twere no imprudence, if you did, Madam, return'd old Lady *Beldam* , with all the Subtlety she had learn'd from the

Serpent. Alas! Madam, (reply'd she) there is nothing like Secrecy in Love: 'Tis the very Life and Soul of it! I have been young myself, and have known it by Experience. But, all this, Madam, (interrupted *Philadelphia*, something nettl'd at her Discourse) all this can't convince me, that I am not the true and only Sister both by Father and Mother of Sir *William Wilding*; however, he wou'd impose upon your Ladyship, for what Ends, indeed, I know not, unless (unhappily, which Heaven forbid!) he designs to gain your Ladyship's Assistance in defeating me of the Portion left me by my Father: But, (she continued with Tears) I have too great an Assurance of your Virtue, to Fear that you will consent to so wicked a Practise. You may be confident, Madam, (said t'other) I never will. And, supposing that he were capable of perpetrating so base an Act of himself, yet if your Ladyship will be guided and directed by me, I will shew you the Means of living Happy and Great, without your Portion, or your Brother's Help; so much I am charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence.

But, pray, Madam, (pursu'd she) what is your Portion? And what makes you doubt your Brother's Kindness? *Philadelphia* then told her, how much her Brother was to pay her, and gave her an Account of his Extravagancies, as far as she knew 'em; to which t'other was no Stranger; and (doubtless) cou'd have put a Period to her Sorrows with her Life, had she given her

as perfect a Relation of his riotous and vicious Practices, as she was capable of: But she had farther Business with her Life, and, in short, bid her be of good Comfort, and lay all her Care on her, and then she cou'd not miss of continual Happiness. The sweet Lady took all her Promises for sterling, and kissing her Impious Hand, humbly return'd her Thanks. Not long after they went to Dinner; and in the Afternoon, three or four young Ladies came to visit the Right Reverend the Lady *Beldam* ; who told her new Guest, that these were all her Relations, and no less than her own Sister's Children. The Discourse among 'em was general and very modest, which lasted for some Hours: For, our Sex seldom wants matter of Tattle. But, whether their Tongues were then miraculously wearied, or that they were tir'd with one continued Scene of Place, I won't pretend to determine: But they left the Parlour for the Garden, where after about half an Hour's Walk, there was a very fine Desert of Sweetmeats and Fruits brought into one of the Arbours. *Cherbetts, Ros Solis*,¹⁵ rich and small Wines, with Tea, Chocolate,

¹⁵ *Ros Solis.* A potent and well-liked tipples.

*We abandon all ale
And beer that is stale
Rosa-solis and damnable hum,
But we will rack
In the praise of sack*

&c. completed the old Lady's Treat; the Pleasure of which was much heighten'd by the Voices of two of her Ladyship's Sham-Nieces, who sung very charmingly. The Dear, sweet Creature, thought she had happily got into the Company of Angels: But (alas!) they were Angels that had fallen more than once. She heard talk of Nunneries, and having never been out of her own Country till within four or five Days, she had certainly concluded she had been in one of those Religious-Houses now, had she but heard a Bell ring, and seen 'em kneel to Prayers, and make use of their Beads, as she had been told those happy people do. However it was, she was extremely pleas'd with the Place and Company. So nearly do's Hell counterfeit

'Gainst Omne quod exit in um.

— *Witts Recreation* (1654).

The Accomplished Female Instructor gives the following recipe: 'Rossa Solis; Take of clean spirits, not too strong, two quarts and a quart of spring-water; let them seethe gently over a soft fire till about a pint is evaporated; then put in four spoonfuls of orange-flower-water, and as much of very good cinnamon-water; crush 3 eggs in pieces, and throw them in shell and all; stir it well, and when it boiles up a little take it off.' This drink was so great a favourite with Louis XIV that a particular sort was named Rossolis du Roi.

Heaven sometimes. At last, said one of the white Devils, wou'd my dear *Tommy* were here! O Sister! (cry'd another) you won't be long without your wish: For my Husband and he went out together, and both promis'd to be here after the Play. Is my Brother Sir *Francis* with him there? (ask'd the first) yes, (answer'd the third) Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Francis* took Coach from St. *James's* , about two Hours since: We shall be excellent Company when they come, (said a fourth); I hope they'll bring the Fiddlers with 'em, added the first: Don't you love Musick, Madam? (ask'd the old Lady *Beldam*) Sometimes, Madam, (reply'd *Philadelphia*) but now I am out o'tune myself. A little harmless Mirth will chear your drooping Spirits, my dear, (return'd t'other, taking her by the Hand) come! These are all my Relations, as I told you, Madam; and so consequently are their Husbands. Are these Ladies all marry'd, Madam? *Philadelphia* ask'd. All, all, my dear Soul! (reply'd the insinuating Mother of Iniquity;) and thou shalt have a Husband too, e're long. Alas, Madam! (return'd the fair Innocent) I have no Merit, nor Money: Besides, I never yet could Love so well as to make Choice of one Man before another.

How long have you liv'd then, Madam? (ask'd the Lady *Beldam*) too long by almost sixteen Years, (reply'd *Philadelphia*) had Heaven seen good. This Conversation lasted till Word was brought that Sir *Francis* and Sir *Thomas* , with Two other Gentlemen

were just lighted at the Gate: Which so discompos'd the fair Innocent, that trembling, she begg'd leave to retire to her Chamber. To which, after some Perswasion to the contrary, the venerable *Beldam* waited on her. For, these were none of the Sparks to whom *Philadelphia* was design'd to be Sacrific'd. In her Retirement, the Beautiful dear Creature had the Satisfaction of venting her Grief in Tears, and addressing herself to Heaven, on which only she trusted, notwithstanding all the fair Promises of her reverend Hostess; she had not been retir'd above an Hour, e're a She-attendant waited on her, to know if she wanted any thing, and what she wou'd please to have for her Supper; if she wou'd not give her Lady the Honour of her Company below? To which she return'd, that she wou'd not Sup, and that she wanted nothing but Rest, which she wou'd presently seek in Bed. This Answer brought up the Officious old Lady herself; who, by all Means wou'd needs see her undress'd, for other Reasons more than a bare Compliment; which she perform'd with a great deal of Ceremony, and a Diligence that seem'd more than double. For she had then the Opportunity of observing the Delicacy of her Skin, the fine turn of her Limbs, and the richness of her Night-dress, part of the Furniture of her Trunk. As soon as she had cover'd herself, she kiss'd and wish'd her a good Repose. The dear Soul, as Innocent and White as her Linen, return'd her Thanks, and address'd herself to Sleep; out of

which she was waken'd by a loud Consort of Musick, in less than two Hours time, which continu'd till long after Midnight. This occasion'd strange and doubtful Thoughts in her, tho' she was altogether so unskill'd in these Mysteries, that she cou'd not guess the right Meaning. She apprehended, that (possibly) her Brother had a Mistress, from the Lady *Beldam's* Discourse, and that this was their Place of Assignation: Suspecting too, that either Sir *Francis* , or Sir *Thomas* , of whom she had heard not long before, was Sir *William* , her Brother. The Musick and all the Noise in the House ceas'd about four a Clock in the Morning; when she again fell into a Sleep, that took away the Sense of her Sorrows, and Doubts 'till Nine; when she was again visited from her Lady, by the same She-attendant, to know how she had rested, and if she wou'd Please to Command her any Service. *Philadelphia* reply'd, That she had rested very well most Part of the Morning, and that she wanted nothing, but to know how her Lady had Slept, and whether she were in Health, unless it were the Sight of her Brother. The Servant return'd with this Answer to her Lady, while *Philadelphia* made shift to rise, and begin to Dress without an Assistant; but she had hardly put on anything more than her Night-gown, e're the Lady *Beldam* herself came in her *Dishabille* , to assure her of her Brother's Company with 'em at Dinner, exactly at One a Clock; and finding *Philadelphia* doing the Office of a Waiting-woman to

herself, call'd up the same Servant, and in a great Heat (in which however she took Care to make Use of none of her familiar develish Dialect) ask'd the Reason that she durst leave the Lady when she was Rising. The Wench trembling, reply'd, That indeed the Lady did not let her know that she had any Thoughts of Rising. Well then (said her seeming offended Lady) stir not from her now, I charge you, 'till she shall think fit to dismiss you, and Command your Absence. Dear Madam, Good Morrow to you, (said she to *Philadelphia*) I'll make haste and Dress too. Good Morrow to your Ladyship (return'd the design'd Victim) when she was *Habille* , she desir'd the Servant to withdraw; after which she betook herself to her Devotion; at the end of which the Lady *Beldam* return'd, attended by a Servant, who brought some Bread and Wine for her Breakfast; which might then be seasonable enough to *Philadelphia* ; who cou'd not forbear discovering the Apprehensions she had of her Brother's Unkindness, still entertaining her *Reverence* , with the Fear she had of his Disappointment that Day at Dinner; which t'other oppos'd with all the seeming Reasons her Art cou'd suggest, 'till the Clock had struck Twelve; when a Servant came to tell the Lady *Beldam* , that one Sir *William Wilding* wou'd certainly wait on her precisely at One, and desir'd that he might Dine in the young Lady's Apartment, to avoid being seen by any Visitants that might come; and besides, that he had invited a

Gentleman, his particular Friend, to Dinner with him there. This Message being deliver'd aloud by the Servant, was no little Satisfaction to the poor desponding young Lady, who discours'd very chearfully of indifferent Matters, 'till the Clock gave 'em Notice that the Hour was come; within three Minutes after which, Word was brought to the Lady *Beldam*, that a Gentleman below enquir'd for Sir *William Wilding*, whom she immediately went down to receive, and led up to *Philadelphia*. Madam, (cry'd the great Mistress of her Art) this is the Gentleman whom Sir *William* has invited to Dinner with us; and I am very Happy to see him, for he is my worthy Friend, and of a long Acquaintance. Trust me, Madam, he is a Man of Honour, and has a very large Estate: I doubt not (added she) that you will find his Merits in his Conversation. Here *Gracelove*, for that was the Gentleman's Name, saluted *Philadelphia*, and acquitted himself like a Person of good Sense and Education, in his first Address to her; which she return'd with all the Modesty and ingenuous Simplicity that was still proper to her. At last she ask'd him how long he thought it wou'd be e're Sir *William* came? To which he reply'd, that Sir *William* told him, unless he were there exactly at half an Hour after One, they shou'd not stay Dinner for him; that he had not parted with him much above a Quarter of an Hour, when he left him engag'd with particular Company, about some

weighty Business: But however, that, if he shou'd be so unhappy as to lose their Conversation at Dinner, he wou'd not fail to wait on 'em by Four at farthest. The young Lady seem'd a little uneasie at this; but the Gentleman appearing so very Modest, and speaking it with such an assur'd Gravity, took away all Thoughts of Suspicion. To say Truth, *Gracelove* was a very honest, modest, worthy and handsome Person; and had the Command, at present, of a many Thousand Pounds, he was by Profession a *Turkey* Merchant: He had Travell'd much, for his Age, not having then reach'd Thirty, and had seen most of the Courts in *Christendom* : He was a Man of a sweet Temper, of just Principles, and of inviolable Friendship, where he promis'd; which was no where, but where 'twas merited. The Minute came then at length, but without any *Sir William* ; so Dinner was serv'd up in the Room next to *Philadelphia's* Bed-chamber. What they had was Nice and Seasonable; and they were all Three as Pleasant as cou'd be expected, without *Sir William* ; to whose Health the Glass went round once or twice. Dinner over, and the Table clear'd, the old Lady *Beldam* entreated Mr. *Gracelove* to entertain the young Lady with a Discourse of his Travels, and of the most remarkable Passages and Encounters of 'em, which he perform'd with a Modesty and Gravity peculiar to himself; and in some part of his Discourse mov'd the innocent Passions of the beauteous and compassionate

Philadelphia ; who was as attentive as she us'd to be in Church at Divine Service. When the old Lady perceiv'd that he had made an end, or at least, that he desir'd to proceed no farther, she took Occasion to leave 'em together, in haste; pretending, that she had forgotten to give Orders to one of her Servants, about a Business of Moment, and that she wou'd return to 'em in a very little Time. The Gentleman, you may believe, was very well pleas'd with her Retreat, since he had a Discourse to make to *Philadelphia* of a quite contrary Nature to the Preceding, which requir'd Privacy: But how grateful her Absence was to *Philadelphia* , we may judge by the Sequel. Madam, (said *Gracelove*) how do you like the Town? Have you yet seen any Man here whom you cou'd Love? Alas, Sir! (she reply'd) I have not seen the Town, only in a Coach, as I pass'd along, nor ever was in any House, except this and another, where my Brother lodg'd: And to your other Question I must Answer, that I Love all Men. That's generous, indeed, Madam! (cry'd he) there is then some hope that I am one of the Number. No doubt, Sir, (she return'd) that I Love you as well as any, except Sir *William* . Is he the happy Man then, Madam? (said *Gracelove* .) If to be loved best by me, may make any Man happy, doubtless it must be he, for he is my own Brother. I fancy, Madam, (return'd he) that you may make me as dear a Relation to you, as Sir *William* . How is that possible, Sir? she ask'd. Thus, Madam, (replied he,

drawing closer to her) by our nearer Approaches to one another. O, Heaven defend me! (cried she aloud) what do you mean? Take away your Hand; you uncivil Man! Help! Madam! my Lady! O, (said *Gracelove*) she's gone purposely out of hearing. Am I betray'd then? She cried. Betray'd! as if your pretty innocent Ladyship did not know where you were lodged. Ah, Lady, (said he) this Faint will never do. Come, Child, (pursued he) here are an hundred Guineas for you; and I promise you Yearly as much, and Two Hundred with every Child that I shall get on thy sweet Body: Faith I love thee, thou pretty Creature. Come! let's be better acquainted! you know my Meaning. Hell does, no doubt of (she return'd!) O Monster a Man! I hate the Sight of you. With that she flung from him, and ran into the Bed-chamber, where she thought to have locked herself in; but the Key was conveyed into his Pocket. Thither, therefore, he pursued her, crying, Ah, Madam, this is the proper Field for our Dispute. Perceiving her Error, and animated by Despair, she rushed between him and the Door, into the outward Room again, he still following, and dodging her from Chair to Chair, she still Shrieking. At last (cried he) a Parley, Madam, with you. Let me ask you one Question, and will you Answer me directly and truly to it? Indeed, I will, (said she) if it be Civil. Don't you know then, that you are in a naughty House, and that old *Beldam* is a rank Procuress, to whom I am to give Two hundred Guineas

for your Maidenhead? O Heaven (cried she, kneeling with Tears gushing out from her dear Eyes) thou Asserter and Guardian of Innocence! protect me from the impious Practices intended against me! Then looking steadfastly on him, Sir, (pursued she) I can but Difficultly guess what you mean: But I find, that unless you prove what at first you seemed to me, I would say, an honest worthy Gentleman, I shall be in danger of eternal Ruin. You, Sir, are the only Person that may yet Preserve me. Therefore I beseech you, Sir, hear my Story, with the Injuries and Afflictions that so dreadfully torment me; of which, I am sure, none of those *Barbarians*, of which you had Occasion to speak but now, would have been guilty! O hear, and help me! for Heaven's Sake, hear and help me! I will, poor Creature, (return'd he) methinks I now begin to see my Crime and thy Innocence in thy Words and Looks. Here she recounted to him all the Accidents of her Life, since her Father's Decease, to that very Day, e're *Gracelove* came to Dinner. And now (cry'd she, sobbing and weeping) how dare I trust this naughty Brother again? Can I be safe with him, think you, Sir? O! no; thou dear sweet Creature! by no Means. O infernal Monsters, Brother and Bawd! If you distrust that I am yet his Sister, here, Sir, take this Key, (said she) and open that Trunk within, where you will find Letters from him to me in his own Hand; and from my own dear dead Father too, Sir *Edward*, that gracious, that good Man!

He shew'd us both the Paths of Virtue: which I have not yet forsaken. Pray satisfy me, Sir, and see the Truth! For your Satisfaction I will, Madam, (said he) but I am now fully convinc'd that you have greater Beauties within, than those I admire without. Saying this, he open'd the Trunk, where he read a Line or two from her Father, and as many from her Brother, which having again laid down, return'd to her, with this Advice: I see, Madam, (said he) that you have Money there, and several Things of Value, which I desire you to secure about you this Moment; for I mean to deliver you out of this cursed Place, if you dare put any Confidence in a Stranger, after your own Brother has acted the Part of so great a Villain; if you dare trust a Stranger too, Madam, who had himself a Design upon you; Heaven forgive me for it! but by all Things sacred, I find my Error: I pity you, and I fear I shall love you. Do you fear that, Sir? (said she) Why I love you dearly now, because I see you are going to be good again; that is, you are going to be yourself again. I hope, nay, I resolve I will, tho' it cost me my Life (said he.) Can you submit, Madam, to attend on a young Lady of my Acquaintance here in Town, 'till I can provide better for you? O I can be any Thing; a Chamber-Maid, a Cook-Maid, a Scullion, what you shall think fit, tho' never so mean, that is not naughty. Well, Madam, (said he) compose your self then, and seem a little pleasant when I bring up that old Factoress of Hell. I will

endeavour it, Sir, she return'd; and he went down to the Devil's chief Agent, to whom he said, that the poor Thing was at first very uneasy, but that now she had consented to go along with him for an Hour or two to some other Place, doubting your Secrecy; for she would not have her Brother know it, as she calls him, for a thousand Worlds, and more Money. Well, my Son, (reply'd old *Beldam*) you may take her with you: But you remember your Bargain. O fie, Mother! (cry'd he) did you ever know me false to you? No, no, you smock'd-fac'd Wag, (said she) but be sure you bring her again to Night, for fear Sir *William* should come. Never doubt it! Come up with me, (cry'd he) you'll see a strange Alteration, I believe. To *Philadelphia* they came then, whom they found walking about the Room, and looking something more pleasantly than she had ever done since she came thither. After she had taken her Money, and other Things of Value, so, Madam, (said *Beldam*) how does your Ladship now? I find, the Sight of a young handsome Gentleman has work'd Wonders with you in a little Time: I understand you are going to take a Walk with my worthy Friend here, and 'tis well done: I dare trust you with him, but with no other Man living, except Sir *William* . Madam, (return'd the fair afflicted Lady) I am strangely oblig'd to you for your Care of me, and am sure I shall never be able to return your Obligations as I ought, and as I could wish. You won't stay late, Mr. *Gracelove* ? (said

the Mother of Mischief.) No, no, (reply'd he) I will only shew the Lady a Play, and return to Supper. What is play'd to Night? (ask'd the old One) *The Cheats*, Mother, *the Cheats*. ¹⁶ (answer'd *Gracelove* .) Ha, (said *Beldam* , laughing) a very pretty Comedy, indeed! Ay, if well play'd, return'd he. At these Words, they went down, where a Coach was call'd; which carry'd 'em to Counsellor *Fairlaw's* House, in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields* , whom they found accidentally at Home; but his Lady and Daughter were just gone to Chapel, being then turn'd of Five. *Gracelove* began his Apology to the good old Counsellor, who was his Relation, for bringing a strange Lady thither, with a Design to place her in his Family: But Sir, continu'd he, if you knew her sorrowful Story, you would be as ambitious of entertaining her, as I am earnest to entreat it of you. A very beautiful Lady 'tis, (return'd the Counsellor) and very modest, I believe. That I can witness (reply'd t'other.) Alas, Sir! (said the fair

¹⁶ *The Cheats, Mother, the Cheats*. John Wilson's excellent comedy, *The Cheats* , which was written and produced in 1662, attained great popularity. It ran into four editions ('imprimatur, 5 November, 1663'); 4to, 1664; 1671; 1684; 1693. Caustically satirizing the Puritans, it became a stock piece, and was acted as late as May, 1721, when Griffin, Harper, Diggs, and Mrs. Gifford sustained the parts which had been created by Lacy, Mohun, Hart, and Mrs. Corey.

Unfortunate) I have nothing but my Modesty and honest Education to recommend me to your Regard. I am wrong'd and forsaken by my nearest Relation; then she wept extravagantly: That Gentleman can give you an Account of my Misfortunes, if he pleases, with greater Ease and less Trouble than my self. Not with less Trouble, believe me, Madam; (return'd *Gracelove*) and then began to inform *Fairlaw* in every Point of her unhappy Circumstances. The good old Gentleman heard 'em with Amazement and Horror; but told her, however, that she need not despond, for he would take Care to right her against her Brother; and, that in the mean Time she should be as welcome to him as any of his nearest Kindred, except his Wife and Daughter. *Philadelphia* would have knelt to thank him; but he told her, that humble Posture was due to none but Heaven, and the King sometimes. In a little While after, the Lady *Fairlaw* and her Daughter came Home, who were surpriz'd at the Sight of a Stranger, but more at her Beauty, and most of all at her Story, which the good old Gentleman himself could not forbear relating to 'em: Which ended, the Mother and Daughter both kindly and tenderly embrac'd her, promising her all the Assistance within their Power, and bid her a thousand Welcomes. *Gracelove* stay'd there 'till after Supper, and left her extremely satisfy'd with her new Station. 'Twas here she fix'd then; and her Department was so obliging, that they would not part with her for any

Consideration. About three Days after her coming from that lewd Woman's House, *Gracelove* took a Constable and some other Assistants, and went to *Beldam's* to demand the Trunk, and what was in it, which at first her Reverence deny'd to return, 'till Mr. Constable produc'd the Emblem of his Authority, upon which it was deliver'd, without so much as re-minding *Gracelove* of his Bargain; who then pretended he would search the House for *Sir William Wilding* ; but her graceless Reverence swore most devoutly that he had never been there, and that she had neither seen nor heard from him since the Day he left *Philadelphia* with her. With these Things, and this Account he return'd to Counsellor *Fairlaw's* , who desir'd *Gracelove* , if possible, to find out *Sir William* , and employ'd several others on the same Account. In less than a Month's Time *Gracelove* had the good Fortune to find him at his Lodgings in *Soho-Square* , where he discours'd him about his Sister's Portion, and desir'd *Sir William* to take some speedy Care for the Payment of it; otherwise she had Friends that would oblige him to it, tho' never so contrary to his Intentions. *Wilding* ask'd where she was? t'other enquir'd where he left her? *Sir William* reply'd, that he had plac'd her with an old grave Gentlewoman of his Acquaintance, and that he thought she was there still. No, Sir, (return'd *Gracelove*) I have deliver'd her out of the Jaws of Perdition and Hell. Come, *Sir William* , (answer'd he)

'twas impiously done, to leave your beautiful, young, and virtuous Sister, to the Management of that pernicious Woman. I found her at old *Beldam's*, who would have prostituted her to me for two hundred Guineas; but her heavenly Virtues might have secur'd and guarded her from more violent Attempts than mine. Blush, if you can, Sir! and repent of this! It will become you. If not, Sir, you will hear farther from your Servant, added he, and left him staring after him. This Discourse was a great Mortification to the Knight, whose Conscience, harden'd as it was, felt yet some Pain by it. He found he was not like to continue safe or at Ease there, where he immediately retreated into a Place of Sanctuary, call'd the *Savoy*, whither his whole Equipage was remov'd as soon as possible, he having left Order with his Servants, to report that he went out of Town that very Afternoon for his own Country. *Gracelove* in the mean Time return'd to the Counsellor's, with a great deal of Joy, for having discover'd Sir *William* at his Lodgings, which was likewise no little Satisfaction to *Fairlaw*, his Lady and Daughter; *Philadelphia* only was disturb'd when she heard the good old Gentleman threaten to lay her Brother fast enough: But, alas! he was too cunning for 'em; for in a whole Twelvemonth after, all which Time they made Enquiry, and narrowly search'd for him, they could not see him, nor any one that could give an Account of him, for he had chang'd his true Name and

Title, for that of 'Squire *Sportman* . The farther Pursuit of him then seem'd fruitless to 'em, and they were forc'd to be contented with their Wishes to find him.

Gracelove by this Time had entertain'd the sincerest Affections and noblest Passion that Man can be capable of, for *Philadelphia* ; of which he had made her sensible, who had at that Time comply'd with his honourable Demands, had she not entreated him to expect a kind Turn of Providence, which might, (happily) e're long, put her in Possession of her Right; without which, she told him, she could not consent to marry him, who had so plentiful a Fortune, and she nothing but her Person and Innocence. How, Madam! (cry'd he) have you no Love in Store for me! Yes, Sir, (return'd she) as much as you can wish I have in Store for you, and so I beg it may be kept 'till a better Opportunity. Well, Madam, (said he) I must leave you for some Months, perhaps for a whole Year; I have receiv'd Letters of Advice that urge the Necessity of my going to *Turkey* ; I have not a Week's Time to endeavour so dreaded a Separation as I must suffer; therefore, thou beautiful, thou dear, thou virtuous Creature, let me begin now! Here, thou tenderest Part of my Soul! (continu'd he, giving her a rich Diamond Ring) wear this 'till my Return! I hope the Sight of it may sometimes re-call the dying Memory of *Gracelove* to your better-busy'd Thoughts. Ah, *Gracelove* ! (said she) nothing can so well, nothing I am sure can better

employ my Thoughts, than thy dear self: Heaven only excepted. They enlarg'd a great deal more on this Subject at that Time; but the Night before his Departure was entirely spent in Sighs, Vows, and Tears, on both Sides. In the Morning, after he had again entreated his Cousin's, and the Lady's, and her Daughter's Care and Kindness to *Philadelphia*, the remaining and best Part of his Soul, with one hearty Kiss, accompany'd with Tears, he took a long Farewel of his dear Mistress, who pursu'd him with her Eyes, 'till they could give her no farther Intelligence of him; and they help'd her Kindness to him, and eas'd her Grief for his Absence in weeping for above a Week together, when in private. He never omitted writing to her and his Cousin by every Opportunity, for near nine Months, as he touch'd at any Port; but afterwards they could not hear from him for above half a Year; when, by Accident, the Counsellor met a Gentleman of *Gracelove's* Acquaintance at a Coffee-House, who gave him an Account, that the Ship and he were both cast away, near five Months since; that most if not all of the Ship's Company perish'd; of which, 'twas fear'd, *Gracelove* was one, having never since been heard of. That his Loss in that Ship amounted to above twelve thousand Pounds: With this dreadful and amazing News the good old Gentleman returns Home, afflicts his poor sorrowful Lady and Daughter, and almost kills unhappy *Philadelphia*; who the next Day, by mere Chance, and

from a Stranger, who came on Business to the Counsellor, heard, that one Sir *William Wilding* , an extravagant, mad, young Spark of such a County, who lately went by the borrow'd Name and Title of 'Squire *Sportman* , had mortgag'd all his Estate, which was near four thousand a Year, and carry'd the Money over with him into *France* on Saturday last. This, added to the former News, put so great a Check on her Spirits, that she immediately dropp'd down in a Swoon; whence she only recover'd, to fall into what was of a much more dangerous Consequence, a violent Fever, which held her for near six Weeks, e're she could get Strength enough to go down Stairs: In all which Time, Madam *Fairlaw* and *Eugenia* , her Daughter, attended her as carefully and constantly, as if they had been her own Mother and Sister: The good old Counsellor still commending and encouraging their Care. The Roses and Lillies at last took their Places again; but the Clouds of her Sorrow were still but too visible. Two Years more past, without one Word of Advice from *Gracelove* or any Account of him from any one else; insomuch, that they all concluded he was certainly dead: And, 'twas true, indeed, that his Ship and he were cast away, much about that Time that the Gentleman gave *Fairlaw* a Relation: That 'twas certain he had lost above 12000*l.* and had like to have lost his Life; but being very expert in Swimming, he got to Shoar upon the Coast of *Barbary* , the Wreck happening not to be

above three Leagues thence; he was in almost as bad a Condition as if he had been drown'd, for here he was made a Prisoner to one of the Natives; in which miserable Circumstance he languish'd for above six Years, for Want of a Ransom; which he had often endeavour'd to raise by Letters, that he sent hither to his Friends (in *England* ;) amongst which Counsellor *Fairlaw* was one of his most particular and assur'd. But however Providence or Accident, if you please, order'd it, not a Line came to the Hands of any of his Friends; so that had not Heaven had yet a future Blessing in Store for him, he had certainly have better perish'd in the Sea, than to have fall'n into the Power of a People less merciful than Seas, Winds, or hungry wild Beasts in Pursuit of their Prey. But this could not be learn'd (it seems) from any Man but himself, upon his Return, after his Redemption.

Two Years more pass'd on; towards the latter of which the old Lady *Fairlaw* took her Bed, desperately sick, insomuch that she was given over by all her Physicians; she continu'd in great Misery for near two Months; in all which Time *Philadelphia* was constantly with her all the Day, or all the Night; much about that Time she dy'd; and, dying, told her Husband, that she had observ'd he had a particular Esteem or Kindness for *Philadelphia* ; which was now a great Satisfaction to her; since she was assur'd, that if he marry'd her, she would prove an excellent Nurse to

him, and prolong his Life by some Years. As for *Eugenia* , (added she) you need not be concern'd; I'm sure she will consent to any Thing that you shall propose, having already so plentifully provided for her. The good old Gentleman answer'd, that he would fulfil her Will as far as lay in his Power: And not long after, she departed this Life. Her Burial was very handsome and honourable. Half a Year was now expir'd since her Interment, when the old Counsellor began to plead his own Cause to young *Philadelphia* , reminding her that now the Death of *Gracelove* was out of Question; and that therefore she was as much at her Liberty to make her own Choice of an Husband as he was of a Wife; not forgetting, at the same Time, to let her know, that his Widow, (whoever had the good Fortune to be so) would be worth above thirty thousand Pounds in ready Money, besides a thousand a Year. But, above all, he urg'd his dying Lady's last Advice to him, that he would marry her; and hop'd she would see the Will of the Dead satisfy'd. The young Lady being broken in Sorrows, and having mortify'd all her Appetites to the Enjoyments of this World, and not knowing where to meet with so fair an Overture, tho' at first, in Modesty, she seem'd to refuse it as too great an Honour, yet yielded to less than a Quarter of an Hour's Courtship. And the next Sunday marry'd they were, with the Consent, and to the perfect Satisfaction of, his Daughter, Madam *Eugenia* ; who lov'd *Philadelphia*

sincerely. They kept their Wedding very nobly for a Month, at their own House in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields* ; but the Memory of the old Lady was still so fresh with the young Lady *Fairlaw* , that she prevail'd with him to remove to another, more convenient as she fancy'd, in *Covent-Garden* . They had dwelt there not much more than four Months, e're the good old Gentleman fell sick and dy'd. Whether it were the Change of an old House for a new, or an old Wife for a young, is yet uncertain, tho' his Physicians said, and are still of Opinion, that, doubtless, it was the last. 'Tis past all Doubt, that she did really mourn for and lament his Death; for she lov'd him perfectly, and pay'd him all the dutiful respect of a virtuous Wife, while she liv'd within that State with him; which he rewarded as I have said before. His Funeral was very sumptuous and honourable indeed! and as soon as it was over, *Eugenia* desir'd her young beautiful Mother-in-Law to retreat a little with her into the Country, to a pleasant House she had, not twenty Miles distant from Town; urging, That she could by no Means enjoy her self under that Roof, where her dear Father dy'd. The obliging Step-mother, who might more properly have been call'd her Sister, being exactly of the same Age with her, readily comply'd, and she pass'd away all that Summer with *Eugenia* , at their Country-Seat, and most Part of the Winter too; for *Eugenia* could by no Means be prevail'd on to lie one

Night in her Mother's House; 'twas with some Reluctancy that she consented to dine there sometimes. At length the whole Year of *Philadelphia's* Widowhood was expir'd; during which, you can't but imagine that she was solicited and address'd to by as many Lovers, or pretended Lovers, as our dear King *Charles* , whom God grant long to reign, was lately by the Presbyterians, Independants, Anabaptists, and all those canting whiggish Brethren! But she had never lik'd any Man so well as to make him her Husband, by Inclination, unless it was *Gracelove* , devour'd by the greedy Inhabitants of the Sea.

Whilst her Fortune began to mend thus, her Brother's grew worse; but that was indeed the Effect of his Extravagancy: In less than two Years Time, he had spent eight thousand Pounds in *France* , whence he return'd to *England* , and pursuing his old profuse Manner of Living, contracted above 100*l.* Debts here, in less than four Months Time; which not being able to satisfy, he was arrested, and thrown into a Goal, whence he remov'd himself into the *King's Bench* , on that very Day that old *Fairlaw* dy'd. There, at first, for about a Month, he was entertain'd like a Gentleman; but finding no Money coming, nor having a Prospect of any, the Marshal and his Instruments turn'd him to the Common Side, where he learnt the Art of Peg-making, a Mystery to which he had been a Stranger all his Life long 'till then. 'Twas then he wish'd he might see his

Sister, hoping that she was in a Condition to relieve him; which he was apt to believe, from the Discourse he had with *Gracelove* some Years past. Often he wish'd to see her, but in vain; however, the next *Easter* after the old Counsellor's Death, *Philadelphia*, according to his Custom, sent her Steward to relieve all the poor Prisoners about Town; among the rest he visited those in the common Side of the *King's Bench*, where he heard 'em call *Sir William Wilding* to partake of his Lady's Charity. The poor Prodigal was then feeding on the Relief of the Basket, not being yet able to get his Bread at his new Trade: To him the Steward gave a Crown, whereas the other had but Half a Crown apiece. Then he enquir'd of some of the unhappy Gentlemen, *Sir William's* Fellow-Collegians, of what Country *Sir William* was? How long he had been there? And how much his Debts were? All of which he receiv'd a satisfactory Account. Upon his Return to his Lady, he repeated the dismal News of her Brother's Misfortunes to her; who immediately dispatch'd him back again to the Prison, with Orders to give him twenty Shillings more at present, and to get him remov'd to the Master's Side, into a convenient Chamber, for the Rent of which the Steward engag'd to pay; and promis'd him, as she had commanded, twenty Shillings a Week, as long as he stay'd there, on Condition that he would give the Names of all his Creditors, and of all those to whom he had engag'd any

Part of his Estate; which the poor Gentleman did most readily and faithfully: After which, the Steward enquir'd for a Taylor, who came and took Measure of *Philadelphia's* unkind Brother, and was order'd to provide him Linnen, a Hat, Shoes, Stockings, and all such Necessaries, not so much as omitting a Sword: With all which he acquainted his Lady at his Return; who was very much griev'd at her Brother's unhappy Circumstances, and at the same Time extremely well pleas'd to find her self in a Condition to relieve him. The Steward went constantly once a Week to pay him his Money; and Sir *William* was continually very curious to know to whom he was oblig'd for so many and great Favours; But he was answer'd, That they came from a Lady who desir'd to have her Name conceal'd. In less than a Year, *Philadelphia* had paid 25000*l.* and taken off the Mortgages on 2500*l. per Annum* of her Brother's Estate; and coming to Town from *Eugenia's* Country-House one Day, to make the last Payment of two thousand Pounds, looking out of her Coach on the Road, near *Dartford*, she saw a Traveller on Foot, who seem'd to be tir'd with his Journey, whose Face, she thought, she had formerly known: This Thought invited her to look on him so long, that she, at last, perswaded her self it was *Gracelove*, or his Ghost: For, to say Truth, he was very pale and thin, his Complexion swarthy, and his Cloaths (perhaps) as rotten as if he had been bury'd in 'em.

However, unpleasant as it was, she could not forbear gazing after this miserable Spectacle; and the more she beheld it, the more she was confirm'd it was *Gracelove*, or something that had usurp'd his Figure. In short, she could not rest 'till she call'd to one of her Servants, who rode by the Coach, whom she strictly charg'd to go to that poor Traveller, and mount him on his Horse, 'till they came to *Dartford*; where she order'd him to take him to the same Inn where she baited, and refresh him with any Thing that he would eat or drink; and after that, to hire a Horse for him, to come to Town with them: That then he should be brought Home to her own House, and be carefully look'd after, 'till farther Orders from her. All which was most duly and punctually perform'd.

The next Morning early she sent for the Steward, whom she order'd to take the Stranger to a Sale-shop, and fit him with a Suit of good Cloaths, to buy him Shirts, and other Linnen, and all Necessaries, as he had provided for her Brother; and gave him Charge to use him as her particular Friend, during his Stay there, bidding him, withal, learn his Name and Circumstances, if possible, and to supply him with Money for his Pocket Expences: All which he most faithfully and discreetly perform'd, and brought his Lady an Account of his Sufferings by Sea, and Slavery among the *Turks*, as I have before related; adding, that his Name was *Gracelove*. This was the greatest

Happiness, certainly, that ever yet the dear beautiful Creature was sensible of. On t'other Side, *Gracelove* could not but admire and praise his good Fortune, that had so miraculously and bountifully reliev'd him; and one Day having some private Discourse with the Steward, he could not forbear expressing the Sense he had of it; declaring, That he could not have expected such kind Treatment from any Body breathing, but from his Cousin, Counsellor *Fairlaw* , his Lady, or another young Lady, whom he plac'd and left with his Cousins. Counsellor *Fairlaw* ! (cry'd the Steward) why, Sir, my Lady is the old Counsellor's Widow; she is very beautiful and young too. What was her Name, Sir, before she marry'd the Counsellor? (ask'd *Gracelove*) That I know not, (reply'd t'other) for the old Steward dy'd presently after the old Lady, which is not a Year and a Half since; in whose Place I succeed; and I have never been so curious or inquisitive, as to pry into former Passages of the Family. Do you know, Sir, (said *Gracelove*) whereabouts in Town they liv'd before? Yes, Sir, (return'd the Steward, who was taught how to answer) in *Great Lincolns-Inn-Fields* , I think, Alas! (cry'd *Gracelove*) 'twas the same Gentleman to whom I design'd to apply my self when I came to *England* . You need not despair now, Sir, (said t'other) I dare say my Lady will supply your Wants. O wonderful Goodness of a Stranger! (cry'd *Gracelove*) uncommon and rare amongst Relations and Friends! How have I, or

how can I ever merit this? Upon the End of their Conference, the Steward went to *Philadelphia* , and repeated it almost *verbatim* to her; who order'd *Gracelove* should be taken Measure of by the best Taylor in *Covent-Garden* ; that he should have three of the most modish rich Suits made, that might become a private Gentleman of a Thousand Pounds a Year, and Hats, Perukes, Linnen, Swords, and all Things suitable to 'em, all to be got ready in less than a Month; in which Time, she took all the Opportunity she could either find or make to see him, and not to be seen by him: She oblig'd her Steward to invite him to a Play, whither she follow'd 'em, and sate next to *Gracelove* , and talk'd with him; but all the while masq'd. In this Month's Time she was daily pester'd with the Visits of her Addressors; several there were of 'em; but the chief were only a Lord of a very small Estate, tho' of a pretty great Age; a young blustering Knight, who had a Place of 500*l.* a Year at Court; and a County Gentleman, of a very plentiful Estate, a Widower, and of a middle Age. These three only of her Lovers she invited to Dinner, on the first Day of the next Month: In the mean while she sent a rich Suit, and Equipage proportionable, to her Brother, with an Invitation to dine with her on the same Day. Then she writ to *Eugenia* to come and stay in Town, if not in the same House with her, for two or three Days before; which her affectionate Daughter obey'd; to whom *Philadelphia* related all her

Brother's past Extravagancies and what she had done for him in redeeming most Part of his Estate; begging of her, that if she could fancy his Person, she would take him into her Mercy and marry him. Being assur'd, that such a virtuous Wife as she would prove, must necessarily reclaim him, if yet he were not perfectly convinc'd of his Follies; which, she doubted not, his late long Sufferings had done. *Eugenia* return'd, That she would wholly be directed and advis'd by her in all Things; and that certainly she could not but like the Brother, since she lov'd the Sister so perfectly and truly.

The Day came, and just at Twelve, *Gracelove* , meeting the Steward on the Stairs coming from his Lady, *Gracelove* then told him, that he believ'd he might take the Opportunity of that Afternoon to go over to *Putney* , and take a Game or two at Bowls. The Steward return'd, Very well, Sir, I shall let my Lady know it, if she enquires for you. *Philadelphia* , who overheard what they said, call'd the Steward in Haste, and bid him call *Gracelove* back, and tell him, she expected his Company at her Table to Day, and that she desir'd he would appear like himself. The Steward soon overtook him at the Door, just going out as *Eugenia* came in, who look'd back on *Gracelove* : The poor Gentleman was strangely surpriz'd at the Sight of her, as she was at his; but the Steward's Message did more amaze and confound him. He went directly to his

Chamber, to dress himself in one of those rich Suits lately made for him; but, the Distraction he was in, made him mistake his Coat for his Wastcoat, and put the Coat on first; but, recalling his straggling Thoughts, he made Shift to get ready time enough to make his Appearance without a second Summons. *Philadelphia* was as pleasant at Dinner, as ever she had been all her Life; she look'd very obligingly on all the Sparks, and drank to every one of 'em particularly, beginning to the Lord-and ending to the Stranger, who durst hardly lift up his Eyes a second Time to her's, to confirm him that he knew her. Her Brother was so confounded, that he bow'd and continu'd his Head down 'till she had done drinking, not daring to encounter her Eyes, that would then have reproach'd him with his Villany to her.

After Dinner the Cloth was taken away; She began thus to her Lovers: My Lord! Sir *Thomas* ! and Mr. *Fat-acres* ! I doubt not, that it will be of some Satisfaction to you, to know whom I have made Choice for my next Husband; which now I am resolv'd no longer to defer.

The Person to whom I shall next drink, must be the Man who shall ever command me and my Fortune, were it ten times greater than it is; which I wish only for his Sake, since he deserves much more.-Here, (said she to one that waited) put Wine into two Glasses: Then she took the Diamond Ring from her Finger, and put it into one of 'em. My dear *Gracelove* , (cry'd she) I

drank to thee; and send thee back thy own Ring, with *Philadelphia's* Heart. He startl'd, blush'd, and looked wildly; whilst all the Company stared on him. Nay, pledge me, (persu'd she) and return me the Ring: for it shall make us both one the next Morning. He bow'd, kiss'd, and return'd it, after he had taken off his Wine. The defeated Lovers knew not how to resent it? The Lord and Knight were for going, but the Country Gentleman oppos'd it, and told 'em, 'twas the greatest Argument of Folly, to be disturb'd at the Caprice of a Woman's Humour. They sate down again therefore, and she invited 'em to her Wedding on the Morrow.

And now, Brother, (said she) I have not quite forgotten you, tho' you have not been pleas'd to take Notice of me: I have a Dish in Reserve for you, which will be more grateful to your Fancy than all you have tasted to Day. Here! (cry'd she to the Steward) Mr. *Rightman* , do you serve up that Dish your self. *Rightman* then set a cover'd Dish on the Table. What! more Tricks yet? (cry'd my Lord and Sir *Thomas*) Come, Sir *William* ! (said his Sister) uncover it! he did so; and cry'd out, O matchless Goodness of a virtuous Sister! here are the Mortgages of the best Part of my Estate! O! what a Villain! what a Monster have I been! no more, dear Brother; (said she, with Tears in her Eyes) I have yet a greater Happiness in Store for you: This Lady, this beautiful virtuous Lady, with twenty thousand Pounds, will make you happy in her Love.

Saying this, she join'd their Hands; Sir *William* eagerly kiss'd *Eugenia's*, who blush'd, and said, Thus, Madam, I hope to shew how much I love and honour you. My Cousin *Eugenia* ! (cry'd *Gracelove* !) The same, my dear lost dead Cousin *Gracelove* ! (reply'd she) O! (said he in a Transport) my present Joys are greater than all my past Miseries! my Mistress and my Friend are found, and still are mine. Nay, (faith, said my Lord) this is pleasant enough to me, tho' I have been defeated of the Enjoyment of the Lady. The whole Company in general went away very well that Night, who return'd the next Morning, and saw the two happy Pair firmly united.

THE FAIR JILT. INTRODUCTION

Although *The Fair Jilt* was published in 1688, it is interesting to note that ten years earlier, Michaelmas Term, 1678, there is advertised for R. Tonson *The Amorous Convert; being a true Relation of what happened in Holland*, which may very well be the first sketch of Mrs. Behn's maturer novel. The fact that she does not 'pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd story,' but on the contrary, 'every circumstance to a tittle is truth', and that she expressly asserts, 'To a great part of the main I myself was an eye-witness', aroused considerable suspicion in Bernbaum as to the veracity of her narration, a suspicion which, when he gravely

discovers history to know no such person as her 'Prince Tarquin of the race of the last Kings of Rome', is resolved into a certainty that she is romancing fully and freely throughout. It is surely obvious that such a point does not so much demonstrate Mrs. Behn's untruthfulness as her consummate art. With all the nice skill of a born novelist she has so mingled fact and fancy, what did occur and what might have been, that any attempt to disentangle the twain would be idle indeed. The passages where she is most insistent upon the due sequence of events, most detailed in observation are not impossibly purely fictional, the incidents related without stress or emphatic assertions are probably enough the plain unvarnished happenings as she witnessed them. That the history is mainly true admits of little question; that Mrs. Behn has heightened and coloured the interest is equally certain.

The Fair Jilt must be allowed to stand in the very first rank amongst her novels. It has been aptly compared to a novella by Bandello, and is indeed more than worthy of the pen of the good Dominican Bishop of Agen. In all its incidents and motives the story is eternally true. The fateful beauty, playing now the part of Potiphar's wife, and now the yet commoner rôle of an enchantress whose charms drive men to madness and crime, men who adore her even from their prison cell and are glad to go to a shameful death for her sake, appears in all history, in all literature, nay, in the very

newspaper scandals and police courts of to-day. As a picture of untrammelled passion, culpable and corrupt, but yet terribly fascinating in her very recklessness and abandon, Miranda is indeed a powerful study. Always guilty, she is always excused, or if punished but sparingly and little, whilst the friar languishes in a foul dungeon, the page-boy is hanged, her husband stands upon the public scaffold. And then in the end, 'very penitent for her life past', she is received with open arms by Tarquin's old father, who looks upon her as a very angel, and retiring to the tranquility of a country-house she passes her days in 'as perfect a state of happiness as this troublesome world can afford'.

TO HENRY PAIN¹⁷, ESQ;

¹⁷ *To Henry Pain, Esq.* Henry Neville Payne, politician and author, was a thorough Tory and an ardent partisan of James II. Downes ascribes to him three plays: *The Fatal Jealousy*, produced at Dorset Garden in the winter of 1672, a good, if somewhat vehement, tragedy (4to, 1673); *Morning Ramble; or, Town Humours*, produced at the same theatre in 1673 (4to, 1673), which, though lacking in plot and quick incident, is far from a bad comedy; and *The Siege of Constantinople*, acted by the Duke's company in 1674 (4to, 1675), a tragedy which very sharply lashes Shaftesbury as the Chancellor, especially in Act II, when Lorenzo, upon his patron designing a frolic, says:-

*My Lord, you know your old house, Mother
Somelie's,*

Sir,

Dedications are like Love, and no Man of Wit or Eminence escapes them; early or late, the Affliction of the Poet's Complement falls upon him; and Men are oblig'd to receive 'em as they do their Wives; *For better, for worse* ; at least with a feign'd Civility.

It was not Want of Respect, but Fear, that has hitherto made us keep clear of your Judgment, too piercing to be favourable to what is not nicely valuable. We durst not awaken your Criticism; and by begging your Protection in the Front of a Book, give you an Occasion to find nothing to deserve it. Nor can this little History lay a better Claim to

You know she always fits you with fresh girls.

Mother Somelie is, of course, the notorious Mother

Mosely.

Henry Payne wrote several loyal pamphlets, and after the Revolution he became, according to Burnet, 'the most active and determined of all King James' agents.' He is said to have been the chief instigator of the Montgomery plot in 1690, and whilst in Scotland was arrested. 10 and 11 December of that year he was severely tortured under a special order of William III, but nothing could be extracted from him. This is the last occasion on which torture was applied in Scotland. After being treated with harshest cruelty by William III, Payne was finally released from prison in December, 1700, or January, 1701, as the Duke of Queensbury, recognizing the serious illegalities of the whole business, urgently advised his liberation. Payne died in 1710. As Macaulay consistently confounds him with a certain Edward Neville, S.J., the statements of this historian with reference to Henry Neville Payne must be entirely disregarded.

that Honour, than those that have not pretended to it; which has but this Merit to recommend it, That it is Truth: Truth, which you so much admire. But 'tis a Truth that entertains you with so many Accidents diverting and moving, that they will need both a Patron, and an Assertor in this incredulous World. For however it may be imagin'd that Poetry (my Talent) has so greatly the Ascendant over me, that all I write must pass for Fiction, I now desire to have it understood that this is Reality, and Matter of Fact, and acted in this our latter Age: And that in the person of *Tarquin*, I bring a Prince to kiss your Hands, who own'd himself, and was receiv'd, as the last of the Race of the *Roman* Kings; whom I have often seen, and you have heard of; and whose Story is so well known to your self, and many Hundreds more: Part of which I had from the Mouth of this unhappy great Man, and was an Eye-Witness to the rest.

'Tis true, Sir, I present you with a Prince unfortunate, but still the more noble Object for your Goodness and Pity; who never valu'd a brave Man the less for being unhappy. And whither shou'd the Afflicted flee for Refuge but to the Generous? Amongst all the Race, he cannot find a better Man, or more certain Friend: Nor amongst all his Ancestors, match your greater Soul, and Magnificence of Mind. He will behold in one *English* Subject, a Spirit as illustrious, a Heart as fearless, a Wit and Eloquence as excellent, as *Rome* it self cou'd produce. Its Senate scarce boasted of a better States-man, nor Augustus of a more faithful Subject; as your Imprisonment and Sufferings, through all the Course of our late National Distractions, have sufficiently manifested; But nothing cou'd press or deject your great Heart; you were the

same Man still, unmov'd in all Turns, easie and innocent; no Persecution being able to abate your constant good Humour, or wonted Gallantry.

If, Sir, you find here a Prince of less Fortitude and Vertue than your self, charge his Miscarriages on Love: a Weakness of that Nature you will easily excuse, (being so great a Friend to the Fair;) though possibly, he gave a Proof of it too Fatal to his Honour. Had I been to have form'd his Character, perhaps I had made him something more worthy of the Honour of your Protection: But I was oblig'd to pursue the Matter of Fact, and give a just Relation of that part of his Life which, possibly, was the only reproachful part of it. If he be so happy, as to entertain a Man of Wit and Business, I shall not fear his Welcome to the rest of the World: And 'tis only with your Passport he can hope to be so.

The particular Obligations I have to your Bounty and Goodness, O Noble Friend, and Patron of the *Muses* ! I do not so much as pretend to acknowledge in this little Present; those being above the Poet's Pay, which is a sort of Coin, not currant in this Age: though perhaps may be esteem'd as Medals in the Cabinets of Men of Wit. If this be so happy to be of that Number, I desire no more lasting a Fame, that it may bear this Inscription, that I am,

SIR,

Your most Obliged, and

Most Humble Servant,

A. BEHN.