

Two Eighteenth-Century English Adaptations  
of the Celestina. Celestina: or, The Spanish Bawd. A Tragi-Comedy, and  
The Bawd of Madrid.

by

Jeremy Newton

Westfield College

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VOLUME II

Appendix 2 : Prefatory material to The Life of Guzman and the text of A Tragi-Comedy

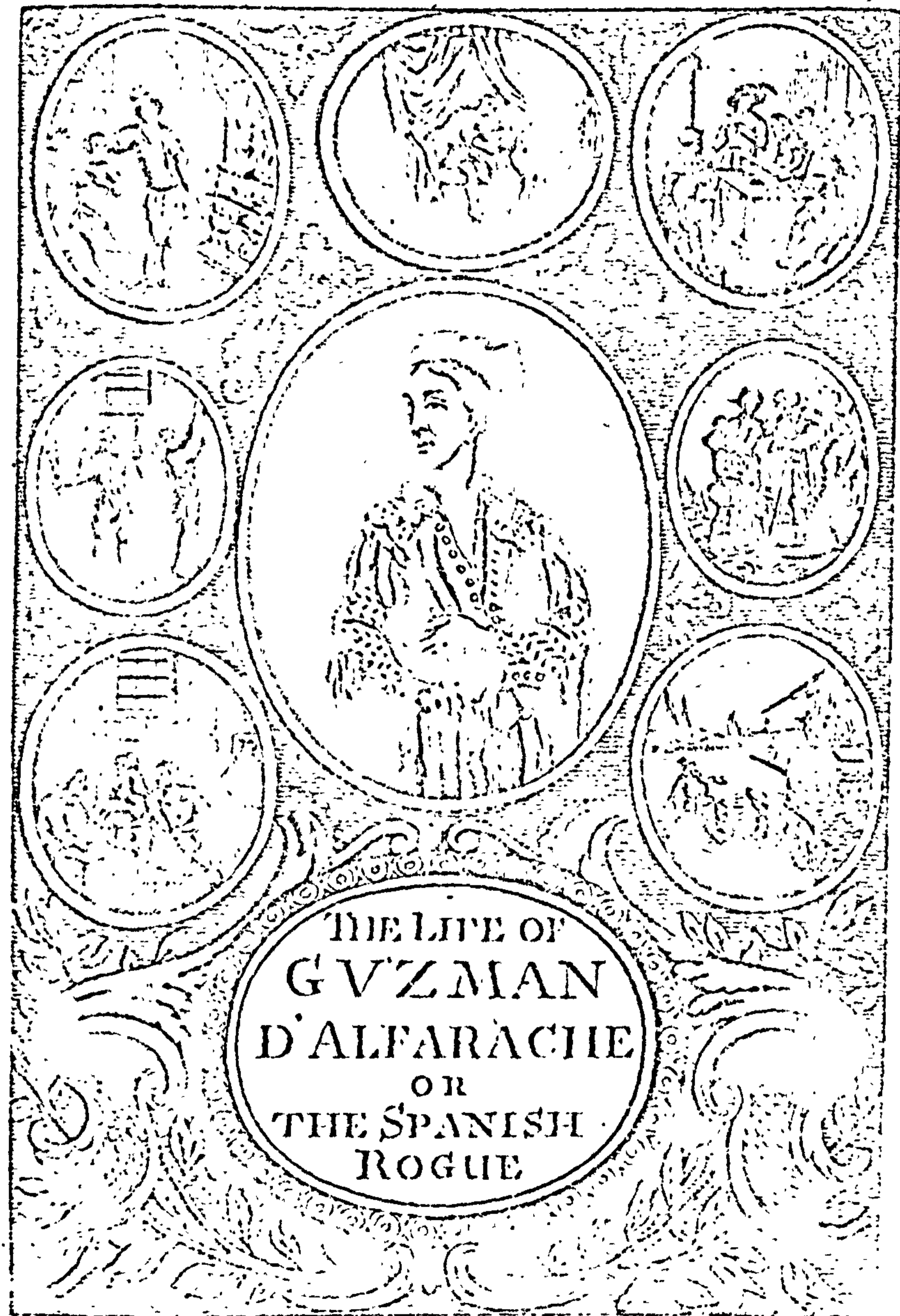
Appendix 3 : Prefatory material to The Spanish Libertines and the text of The Bawd of Madrid



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THE  
L I F E  
OF  
*Guzman d'Alfarache:*  
OR, THE  
SPANISH ROGUE.  
To which is added,  
The Celebrated Tragi-Comedy,  
*C E L E S T I N A.*

In Two Volumes.

Written in *Spanish*  
By MATEO ALEMAN.

Done into *English* from the *New French Version*,  
and compar'd with the Original.

By several Hands.

*Adorn'd with Sculptures* by Gaspar Bourgaes.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Berrick, W. Freeman, T. Galswin,  
J. Walcher, M. Water, J. Nicholson, S. M. 1723.  
R. Parker, B. Tooke, and R. Smith.

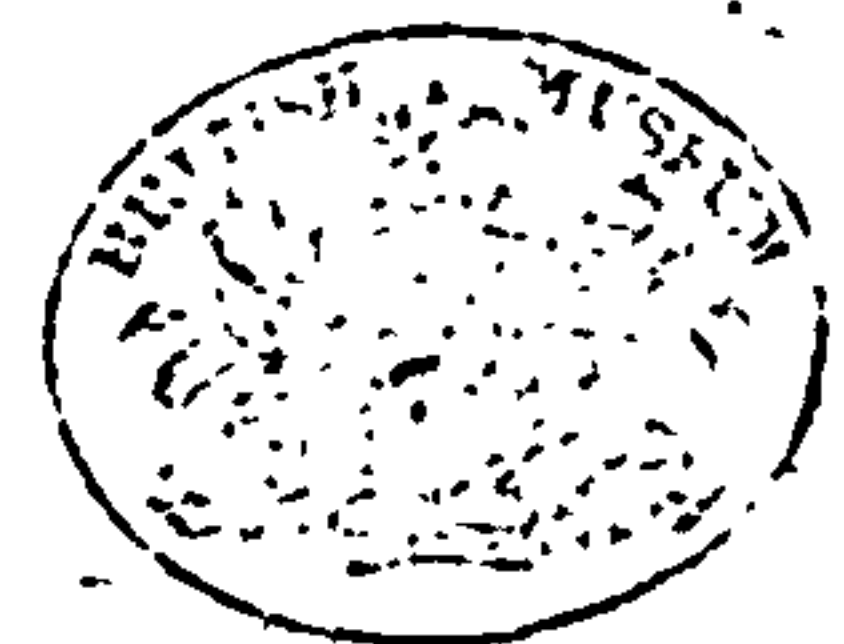
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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE  
Lord Marquess  
OF  
MOUNT-HERMERS

My LORD,

There's no need of acquainting Your Lordship with the Character of the following Treatise, which seems at first View to be design'd



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9  
1166 4

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

ed only for the Diversion of the *People*. But whoever looks into it, will find the Author intended it for the Instruction, as well as the Pleasure, of all Mankind.

Your *Lordship* is too well read, in both Ancient and Modern Learning, to receive any Light from us, in what concerns the *Belles Lettres*. And we shall be proud of the Honour of Entertaining You in some of Your Gayer Minutes, when You relieve Your Serious Studies with Things pleasant and amusing. Though we must be so Just to our Author, as to declare, That, besides the Pleasantry of the Story, there are as many useful Reflections,

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

Reflections, with as much Ingenious Satyr, applicable to the Common Errors of Humane Life, in this, as in any Book whatsoever; notwithstanding its Air is not so Solemn and Severe, as that of some of our *Moral Essays*.

The Reputation it is in Abroad, where it has found Admittance into the Cabinets of the most Learned and most Curious of the Politer Nations, ever since it was publish'd, shews, 'tis something more than the Mean History of a Vulgar *Sharper*; and that the Name of *Gazman* is only made use of, to describe the *Manners* of several

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

Persons of much better Condition than *d'Alfarache*. But Your *Lordship* will soon discover all this, without any Intimation from us; and 'tis sufficient that we are forgiven for approaching You in this Way, without presuming to interrupt You with a tedious Discourse of the Goodness of our Author, whose Merit and Fame speak more for him, than we can say in his Vindication.

Your *Lordship* will, we hope, find we are not too Partial in our Judgment; and though we cannot pretend to have preserv'd all the Beauties of the *Original*, we may venture to affirm, there's  
enough

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

enough left to divert a Man, who is willing to be diverted.

Your *Lordship's* High Birth, and Illustrious Alliance, place You in the First Rank of the *British Nobility*; and Your Inclination to *Letters* and *Arts*, gives us the Promise, that You will be their *Protector*: They cannot hope for a more powerful One, and they never stood more in need of Protection.

If You are pleas'd to allow it to the *Translation* of this Treatise, it will raise its Fortune above that of the *Original*: And whatever Cause *Don Aleman* had to complain of his Fate, the *Translation*  
A †

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

station will have as much Reason  
to boast of theirs, and be as  
Happy as he was Unfortunate.  
I am, with all imaginable Re-  
spect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Humble,

most Obedient, and

most Devoted Servant,

J. Savage.

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THE  
English Translators  
PREFACE.

**T**HERE is hardly any Language in Eu-  
rope that knows not Guzman; and the  
Spanish Rogue is as much talk'd of, as  
if there was no other in the World: But,  
Alas! Don Alfarache is only an Allegory for all  
Mankind to learn by, or, at least, in his Time  
'twas a General Character for Particulars to see  
their own Pictures in; and there were few of the  
Saints of these Days, but one Part or another of  
his Cloathing would fit them. We have the Happi-  
ness to live in another Age; Rogues, thank our  
Stars, are as scarce now, as honest Men were in  
Guzman's Time. 'Tis a terrible Thing to think of  
so great a Rascal as this Alfarache. How like a  
Monster he would look at the Royal-Exchange,  
Westminster-Hall, St. James's Park? People would  
be frighted at the Sight of him, as Children are  
with

## The *English* Translators Preface.

with Raw-head and Bloody-bones. But, however, we will venture a little. 'Tis but to make them Start at first, they'll grow Familiar with him afterwards, and Ten to One, before they have read the Book out, they cry, I see no Harm in him, 'tis the Way of the World. Every Body lives by his Wits, who would not be Rich and Happy if he could? Where's the Hurt if a Man can raise himself from a Dunghill to ride in his Coach, and be carried about in his Chair by better Men than himself. No Man's a Rogue that has Money in his Pocket. *These are fine Morals, are they not? They are common enough we own; hardly a Gamester, a Usurer, a—* But 'tis to no purpose to enter upon Particulars; hardly a Thriving Fellow in any Business but has these Ethicks by Heart; yet, as fine as they are, they brought Guzman to the Gallies, and we wonder his Disciples escape so well as they do. As to this Translation of him, 'tis not from the Spanish only, as our old dry English Guzman was, but faithfully done from a New Version in French: In which, all that was tedious in the Spanish is left out, and all that was Pleasant kept in. But let the French Translator justify himself in this Case: He says in his Preface, with an Assurance, as if he could command Applause: I dare say there are many good Things in this Translation, because they are none of my own, and some bad Ones, which I am not bound to vindicate. And whoever lays them to my Charge, will do me Wrong: For, without Vanity be it spoken, there

## The *English* Translators Preface.

there would have been many more of the Latter, if I had not Abridg'd and Clipt them. I have also added several new Turns of Thought and Expression, that the Whole might look with a Modern Air. 'Tis no easy Thing to make a *Spanish* Suit fit a *French-man*, especially an old One. The *Antipathy* between the Two Nations appears in every Thing. Though this Book is not proper for Lent and Holidays, it will do well in Carnival-time. 'Tis fitted to all Shapes and Sizes. A Saddle for every Horse: A Man need but try it, and several Men, who believe 'twas made for others, will find the Coat fits as well upon them, as if the Taylor had cut it out by their own Measure. The Misfortune is, every one believes he is Tall and Well-shap'd, and yet there are hardly any but Crooked and Hump-back'd Men in the World. There is no Man but looks on himself with Pleasure and Admiration, and on others, only to Laugh and Rail at them. This is the Truth of the Matter. We can't Correct it; and he that would set up for a Reformer, will find he has a hard Task on't. I do not think my Author could hope for Success, he knew Mankind too well, and was himself too wise to fancy he could make others so. Wherefore following his Example, I am, dear Reader, your most Humble and most Obedient, &c. What can we add to the French Translator herein? We have given the World a just



## The English Translators Preface.

and hope a new entertaining Translation. We found as much good Sense and more Pleasantry, as much Reflection and more Wit, in his Guzman, than in the Original Spanish. True, his Reflections are not spun out to so much Length, but they comprise as much Reason in fewer Words; and the Book, as he has manag'd it, is both more agreeable and more instructive. For whoever reads the Life of Alfarache, should not do it as an Amusement only; but consider all along, that 'tis rather a Fable than a History. Under the Person of Guzman, is meant several sorts of Rogues whom we meet with in the World; and the Author having set a Mark by which we should know them, we may the better avoid them. The Great, especially, may see the Inconvenience of such sort of Servants as flatter them in their Pleasures, make Vice easy, and bring Ruin on those that trust them.

The Novels that are intermix'd with the Story, were intended by the Spanish Author to relieve its Tedioufness, which, however, wants no Relief: For 'tis equally Useful and Diverting. We shall say no more of the Original, having this fair Recommendation of his Work from Gentlemen of his own Country, That the Author Don Aleman was a Person who had distinguish'd himself by his Merit. Don Luys de Valdes tells us in his Elogium, printed before the Spanish Edition of Guzman, There never was a poorer Scholar, a richer Mind, nor a more perplex'd Life than his. He preferr'd being a poor Philosopher, before the Character

## The English Translators Preface.

Reader before he comes at it: For which Reason, we omit much more than has been said already, and leave the Work to speak for itself.

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T H E

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A Catalogue of BOOKS.

THE Life and Adventures of *Lazarillo de Tormes*: Written by himself. Translated from the Original *Spanish*, and illustrated with Twenty curious Copper Cuts. In Two Parts, in Twelve.

The *Gentleman's Dictionary*. In Three Parts, viz:  
I. The Art of Riding the Great Horse: Containing the Terms and Phrases us'd in the Manage, and the Diseases and Accidents of Horses. II. The Military Art; explaining the Terms and Phrases us'd in Field, or Garrison: The Terms relating to Artillery: The Works and Motions of Attack and Defence, and the Post and Duty of Sea-Officers, &c. With Historical Examples, taken from the Actions of our Armies. III. The Art of Navigation; explaining the Terms of Naval Affairs; as Building, Rigging, Working, and Fighting of Ships; the Post and Duty of Sea-Officers, &c. With Historical Examples, taken from the Actions of our Fleet; each Part done Alphabetically, from the Sixteenth Edition of the Original *French*, publish'd by the *Sieur Guillot*, and Dedicated to the *Dauphin*: With large Additions, Alterations and Improvements. Adapted to the Customs and Actions of the *English*: And above Forty curious Cuts that were not in the Original. In *Octavo*.

*Of Wisdom*. In Three Books. Written originally in *French*, by the *Sieur de Charon*: With an Account of the Author. Made *English* from the best Edition. Corrected and Enlarged by the Author, a little before his Death. By *George Stanhope*, D. D. Dean of *Canterbury*, and Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty. The Second Edition: To which is added, a large Index to the whole. In Two Volumes, in *Octavo*.

A New Voyage to the *Levant*: Containing an Account of the most remarkable Curiosities in *Germany*, *France*, *Italy*, *Malta* and *Turkey*: With Historical Observations relating to the Present and Ancient State of those Countries. By the *Sieur de Mont*. Done into *English*; and adorn'd with Figures. The Fourth Edition. In *Octavo*.

The *English* Translators Preface.

Character of a wealthy Flatterer. He serv'd *Philip* the Second in several considerable Employments, and left his Service, because he could not conform himself to the evil Practices by which he saw others enrich themselves. He behav'd himself so uprightly in all the Places he enjoy'd, that he got nothing but Esteem by it. He ruin'd his Health by his great Application to his Studies. His Fame was as much celebrated in *Italy*, *France*, *Germany*, and *Flanders*, as in his own Country. His Name was hardly ever mention'd without some pompous Epithet, and many stil'd him the *Spanish Divine*. In less than Three Years Time he saw his Works translated into several Languages. I have heard, continues he, of Twenty six Impressions of his Book, which in all contain'd Fifty thousand Copies. The University of *Salamanca* might boast of *Mateo Aleman*, as *Athens* of *Demosthenes*, or *Rome* of *Cicero*; and an *Augustine* Fryer at a Publick Act in that Academy declar'd, There never was a Book of greater Use, both for its Morality and Delight, than the Life of *Guzman*. One *Mateo Lujan*, tempted by the Applause given the True *Mateo Aleman*, publish'd a Second Part to it; but 'twas soon discover'd to be written by another Hand, and it accordingly met with different Success. *Aleman* was then busy'd in writing the Life of *St. Anthony* of *Padua*, which he did, in Performance of a Vow made to write it on his Recovery from a Fit of Sickness. We find

The *English* Translators Preface:

find another Elogium in Spanish, before the *Life* of Guzman, written by Don Alphonso de Barros; who, after very great Commendations of the Work, both as to its Pleasure and Profit, writes thus: The Life of our Historian, Mateo Aleman, was as Instructive as his Book. For he was very far from being such a sort of Person, as he insinuates in his History. He was bred up in the Study of the *Belles Lettres* from his Youth, and, while a Boy, was never out of some Employment or other; so that his Life can by no means be charg'd with Idleness in any Part of it. When he left the Court, and the last Place he held there, which he said related to State Affairs and the Ministry, 'twas that he might have more Time to follow his Studies; and having afterwards Leisure for such a Work, he undertook this. He has follow'd *Horace's* Rule, in mingling the *Utile* and the *Dulce* together. His main Design was to Instruct; and all the Reward he expected for his Labour, was the Pleasure of having been serviceable to the Pubrick: Children have the same Obligation to him, as they have to their Fathers who take care of their Education, and shew them how to live in the World; and Fathers may learn here how to instruct their Children, and teach them to avoid those Rocks which lie in their Way, and threaten them with Destruction. But if we should say all that has been said of this Author, and his Book, by his Country-men and others, we might tire the Reader

THE  
CONTENTS  
OF THE  
First BOOK.

- Chap. I. GUZMAN tells who and what his Father was; discoursing by the by, of Detractors and Backbiters; of unconfessionable Traders; of unjust Judges; of nicked Notaries; and at length takes Notice, That over-nice Dressing is ill in a Woman, but worse in a Man. Page 1
- Chap. II. Guzman goes on with an Account of his Parents, and tells who his Mother was; describing, for our better Information, the evil Condition and bad Qualities of a lewd Woman; of Bawds; of a Sensual and Lascivious Man; and concludes, that dishonest Love is the Ruin of a Man's Honour, Estate and Life. 24
- Chap. III. Guzman leaves his Mother's House, and, by the way, discourses on the Torments of Hunger: Afterwards he tells you what befel him with an Hostess, recounting many notable Instances of ill Government. 45
- Chap. IV. Guzman tells the Master what had befallen him with his Hostess, and reflects upon unnecessary Laughter. Then he tells you Two short Tales; One of a Covetous Physician, and the other how Two Soldiers sold his Hostess; and, at last, falls into a Learned Discourse about phrening of Injuries. 57
- Chap. V. Guzman tells how he and the Master see several Parts of a young Adule, having it imposed upon them by his Hostess at Camillana for Wood: And afterwards proceeds to shew the many Rascally Tricks that nicked Hosts put upon poor Travellers. 63
- Chap. VI. Guzman goes on, and tells how the Villany of his Hostess at Camillana came to be discover'd; and what afterwards befall him and the said Hostess. 70
- Chap. VII.

I discover'd the whole Mystery to him, told him where the Arms lay conceal'd, and nam'd the principal Conspirators. He saw then I did not rally with him; however, he resolv'd to proceed warily, and not to engage with desperate Men before he was provided for't. He order'd all the Soldiers to their Arms, from one end of the Galley to the other; commanded Search to be made, and more Arms were found than I either told him of, or knew of; the most Criminal of the Conspirators were seiz'd, as well *Turks* as Christians, who being put to the Torture, confess'd all. *Sara* and one of his Comrades were condemn'd to be drawn in four Quarters, by four Gallies; the rest were decimated, of whom 5 were hang'd, and the others had their Noses cut off. *Sara*, before he dy'd, own'd, 'twas by his Contrivance the Salver was taken away, and that I was innocent of it, as also of the Hatband; which was found as the Sails were hoisted to make way for the Fellows that were hang'd. Thus my Innocence appear'd fully: The Captain commended highly my Zeal and Fidelity, after the cruel and unjust Usage I had met with: He ask'd my Pardon publickly, order'd my Irons to be taken off, gave me the Liberty of the Galley like a Freeman; and he and all the Officers Sign'd a Letter, in testimony of the considerable Service I had render'd the King, in saving the Galley, and so many Officers and Soldiers Lives; a Representation of which was transmitted to Court, to procure an Order from his Majesty for my Enlargement. You may imagine how I rejoyc'd at this Revolution, and with what a grateful Heart I thank'd Heaven for his Mercy and Goodness to me, promising to amend and live better for the future. Thus, Dear Friend, I have giv'n you an Account of the principal Adventures of my Life. What follow'd after the King was graciously pleas'd to command I should have my Liberty, you may expect if I live long enough to tell you.

F I N I S.

# CELESTINA:

OR, THE

*Spanish Bawd.*

A Tragi-Comedy.

Taken from the *Spanish Play* of *Mateo Aleman*, Author of *GUZMAN*.

Reduc'd from 21, as it is in the Original, to 5 Acts; and adapted to the *English Stage*.

*Neve minor quinto, neu sit productior Actus Fabula.*

Hor. ad Piso.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Bonwick, W. Freeman, T. Geelwin, J. Walpole, M. Weston, S. Manship, J. Nicholson, R. Parker, B. Tooke, and R. Smith. 1707.

# P R E F A C E.

Whoever will give themselves the Trouble to read over Mateo Aleman's Celebrated Dramatick Poem, call'd *Celestina*, or, the Spanish Bawd, will, we hope, find the English Play as diverting at least as the Spanish, which is a Monster as to the Conduct, unworthy the Name of a Tragedy, Comedy, Tragicomedy, or any thing relating to the Theatre, it having no less than 21 Acts. The Action however seems to be regular, the Design being to show the Fatal Consequences of Unlawful Love, in the Examples of Calisto and Melibœo: To whose Characters all the rest are subordinate, as their Intrigues are to their Loves. As for the other Unities of Time and Place, our Criticasters and Criticks have a long while ago given 'em up to the Admirable Taste of the Town, and that will excuse us for taking some Liberties with them, tho' far from the License we find in Don Aleman's *Celestina*: In which Play the Action lasts as many Days as it does Hours in this. Indeed his Work is properly Dramatick Dialogues, wherein there are some Moral Reflections, with some Humour scatter'd up and down, and so little Wit, that all the other Qualities cannot save it from the Scandal of being ridiculous. How it is improv'd by the Alterations now made in it, let those judge that will compare the one with the other. They will soon see his Contrivance was bad, let ours be what it will. We have adapted his Tragicomedy to the Stage, which we had no Thoughts of doing at first, not imagining Mateo Aleman's Spanish Bawd could ever be fitted for a Representation; but now seeing the whole together, we have chang'd our Opinion. If any of the Sentiments are a little too free, they are the Spaniard's, from whom, tho' he is very discreet in the main, we have rather taken than added to him in this Particular. We have made the Humour Modern as well as the Expression, and where any Antique Phrases are preserv'd, they are in the Mouth of Persons in whom we thought they were pleasant, and consequently proper. DRA-



# Dramatis Personæ.

*Calisto*, A Young Lord violently in Love with *Melibæa*.

*Parmeno*,  
*Sempronio*,  
*Tristan*,  
*Sofio*, } His Servants.

*Centurio*, A Bully.

*Tbraso*, A Ruffian.

*Melibæa*, A Young Lady in love with *Calisto*.

*Alisa*, Her Mother.

*Celestina*, The Bawd.

*Arensæ*,  
*Elicia*, } Two Whores.

*Lucretia*, Maid to *Melibæa*.

Bullies, &c.

Scene, The City of *Valentia*.

ACT

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## ACT I.

Scene, A *Mirtle-Grove* near *Calisto's*  
*House*.

*Melibæa* and *Calisto* walking.

*Calisto*. Now, *Melibæa*, you are kind indeed,  
Like Heav'n that form'd you, so divinely  
fair,

As good as you are great.

*Melib*. In what, *Calisto*?

*Cal*. In suffering me to see you thus alone,  
To tell you that I love you more than Life,  
And wish and sigh, and sigh and wish in vain.

*Melib*. To see me then, is that so great a Blessing?

*Cal*. Nothing but to possess you can be more ;  
And I, like *Tantalus*, behold the Fruit  
Fresh, fair, and tempting to the Touch, but when  
I reach my Hand, it straight dissolves like Shade,  
And leaves me in Despair.

*Mel*. Audacious Youth!

Despair be thy Reward.  
How durst thou with thy Wishes wound my Virtue?  
Since thus to meet me pleases thee, before  
Thou ne'er shalt meet me more. If Chance, as now,  
Does ne'er again befriend thee, from this Minute,  
I'll fly thee as I wou'd a Plague. [Exit.

*Cal*. *Sempronio*, ho! *Sempronio*?

*Semp*. What wants my Lord? [Enter *Sempronio*.

*Cal*. Haste, Let my Bed be ready, I wou'd rest,

*Cal.* Suppose Fire and Water shou'd meet lovingly, Earth and Heav'n, *Artick* and *Antar-tick*, any thing that's wild and impossible.

*Semp.* Come, my Lord, you know I am wise, you know I am politick, and as nimble and cunning as *Mercury*: Did your Lordship never read that Ancient Philosopher who said, *As Matter desires Form, so Woman desires Man.*

*Cal.* I tell thee again, thou may'st as soon reconcile Impossibilities to Reason, as bring *Melibæa* to return my Passion.

*Semp.* Well then, if I compass it, you will allow there's no Man like me; and —

*Cal.* I know what thou wou'dst say, I must fill thy Pockets with Duckats. 'Tis done, make her but mine, and this Purse shall pass from my Property to thine.

*Semp.* It has great Efficacy indeed in an Argument, and I will do what is within my Weak Capacity out of hand, for fear you shou'd set your Mind on something else, and change your Religion; for 'tis possible this same Fire may be put out, that you may even hate her one Day as much as you love her now. Enjoyment has a strange Effect on weak Mortals, and when you come to look on her with clear Eyes, free from that Error which now blinds your Judgment.

*Cal.* With what Eyes?

*Semp.* Clear Eyes.

*Cal.* Why what Eyes do I see her with now?

*Semp.* False Eyes, Eyes, which like some Spectacles, make little Things seem great, and great little. Courage my Lord; I have help'd a Man to his Wits again, which has been as far gone as your Lordship.

*Cal.* Pray *Cupid* thou may'st: Thou flatter'st me, and I am pleas'd to hear thee, tho' I despair of thy Success and mine.

*Semp.*

*Semp.* There's no fear on't: What — your Lordship is as handsome for a Man as she for for a Woman; you are both Flesh and Blood; and if she's a little obstreperous at present, there must be Ways and Means us'd to bring her to her self; for when a Woman is not inclin'd to Love, she's no more her self than a Lawyer that refuses Money, or a Priest Preferment; 'tis the most unnatural thing in the World: What does your Honour think those Pretty Leering Eyes, those White Round Breasts, with two little Cherries budding out upon them; that Soft Snowy Skin, that Shape made to curl like the Vine; those Lips that breathe sweeter Perfumes than Myrrh or Roses: In a word, those thousand Beauties that we don't see, but may guess at them by what we do: What were they all made for, to wither away in a Convent? No, no, they are for use, and — if I am not the most mistaken Dog in the World, they shall all be within the Circle of those Arms before I am many Days older.

*Cal.* How the Rogue pleases and deceives me: There's Money for thee, *Semprenio*, to encourage thy Industry; make me happy in my *Melibæa*, and I'll enrich thee beyond thy Wishes. Tell me how thou canst effect it: Speak, speak quickly, or I shall think thou hast impos'd upon me.

*Semp.* Come, I'll bring you off your Speed, I'll warrant you. You must know, my Lord, that 'twas my good Fortune some time ago to make an Acquaintance with a very Civil Gentlewoman, one Madam *Celestina*, a Lady of great Parts and Experience, who can outdo a Witch in Tricks and Devices: She has not been idle in her Days, but has marr'd and made up again a Hundred thousand Maidenheads in this City. She has a Tongue that would charm a Saint, move Rocks, melt Flint, and make the most cruel Virgin in *Spain* as kind as a Young Widow who has been tantaliz'd by an Old Husband.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* What dost thou say? 'Tis such a Woman I want.

*Semp.* I'll fetch her, my Lord; when you are with her, tell her what you wou'd have done, and if she does not do it, never take me again for a Man of Business.

*Calist.* Be thou, O Love, propitious to thy Slave, Inspire me with the Means to win this Maid; Give me this Joy, and I am thine for ever. [Exit.

S C E N E, *Celestina's House.*

*Enter Celestina, Elicia.*

*Elicia.* What shall us do now, Dear Mother? We are undone without some sudden Expedient.

*Celest.* What's the matter, Child?

*Elicia.* *Sempronio* is below Stairs, and *Clito* in my Bed-chamber: If he sees him here, we lose one good Friend, if not two. How shall I come off?

*Celest.* Shut *Clito* up in the dark Closet, and tell him a Relation of mine and yours is come to visit us. [Enter *Sempronio*.

*Elicia.* He comes: I'll fly to do what you advise me: In the mean while keep him here, that he may not surprize us.

*Semp.* How dost thou do, Dear Mother *Celestina*? 'Tis an Age since I saw thee, thou Joy of Mankind. For tho' thou'rt too old to give it thy self, thy Friendship makes both Sexes happy.

*Celest.* I am very glad, Son, you are satisfy'd with my poor Endeavours. I must confess I love to keep up a good Correspondence between Man and Woman; they were made for Company, and 'tis pity they should be parted. But, Dear Rogue, where hast thou been these Three Days? There's my Daughter, I'll swear she has not had a dry Eye ever since you left her.

*Semp.* 'Tis a sweet Creature, and there's no Love  
lost

lost between us. Where is she? I am impatient to take her into my Arms, and tell her how I have sigh'd for her, dy'd for her, and what I will do to be Friends with her.

*Celest.* What, you are so vain as to think you have a Mediator always at hand to heal up the Breach between you. I believe you'll find the Interest of your Debt run up so high, that you won't be able to pay it. You are like some poor Fellows, that can pay a small Sum, and keep a sort of running Trade from hand to mouth, as they say; but if you let 'em go two or three Days behind-hand, they're gone.

*Semp.* Come, come, Mother, thou know'st better things: For Love's a Trade, where the longer you give Credit, the better you are able to pay Principal and Interest.

*Celest.* I'll call the young Baggage; I wonder what makes her stay so: She wou'd not willingly be out of her Chamber, when you are not with her. — *Elicia, Elicia.*

*Semp.* Nor when I am, I'll stay that for her. [Enter *Elicia*.

*Celest.* Here Daughter, here's a Stranger who has been long look'd for, and is come at last. Is he not welcome to thee? Run and embrace him, or I'll have the first Kiss of him, and the first Cut too.

*Elicia.* As much as he and you think fit. I don't care who has him, he's not worth my Acceptance.

*Semp.* I am an Offender, 'tis true, but I know how to obtain Pardon. Come, we'll go into the next Room, and adjust all our Accounts; I'll promise thee not to come out thy Debtor.

*Elicia.* Stand off, Traytor; dost think to rally me into Good Humour, after three such terrible Days and Nights as I have endur'd in thy Absence? I may cry my self blind for thee; thou carest not  
what



what becomes of me : Oh that I cou'd do like other Women ; think of thee no more, when thou art out of my Sight ! Cou'd I, like them, entertain another Lover, it might have made the Time pass more easily ; but I am curst with the Plague of Constancy, and thus I'm rewarded by thee.

*Semp.* Nay, now you drive the Jest too far : A little of this do's well ; but too much looks like Grimace. I love thee as I do my Life ; and if thou do'st love me better, 'twill do me no Service, for thou'lt hang thy self. Hark ! what Noise is that within ?

[A Rumbling in the dark Closet.

*Elicia.* What shou'd it it be but a Lover ? Do you think I have been such a Fool, whatever I say, as to live so long like a Nun : I'm young, and if thou hast not told a thousand Lies, handsome. There's Men enough, Thanks to *Cupid* ; and she's a Fool that will be true to a Lover that boasts of his Inconstancy.

*Semp.* If 'tis a Lover there, rost him. I suppose he has left enough for me, and I'm no Niggard.

*Elicia.* Go see else ; Seeing is Believing ; and I wou'd by all means have you satisfy'd.

*Semp.* Well, and to satisfy you I will see then.

*Celest.* Hold, you Fool you ; wou'dst thou be impos'd upon by a silly Girl, who says any thing that comes uppermost ? Since she's humourfome and peevish, let her have her Way ; you shall have yours, don't fear, before you leave us.

*Semp.* But who is it you have got within ?

*Celest.* Wou'd you know who ?

*Semp.* I wou'd.

*Celest.* Why then, you Rogue you, 'tis a Maidenhead, put into my Hands by a Fryar.

*Semp.* A very likely Story : A Maidenhead, and put into your Hands by a Fryar too !

*Celest.* You're a Bant'ring Rascal, you are so. What d'y' think a Fryar mayn't have a Maidenhead as well as another ?

*Semp.*

*Semp.* Yes, a great deal better ; but there's few of them will part with that, before they have had a Taste of it.

*Celest.* Well, well, she's a good Girl, and Meat for a Marquis.

*Semp.* Pray who is this Fryar, that has been so much your Friend ?

*Celest.* Lord, you will know all. The fat Priest that is Confessor to our Convent here.

*Semp.* The Rogue has a good Eye, and I doubt not has chosen well ; where did he light of her ?

*Celest.* 'Twas not my Business to ask him : He has lodg'd her here, and I must take care of her.

*Semp.* That is, he has had his Surfeit of her, and now turns her loose on the Common.

*Celest.* Impudence ! You'll find she is not common to you, I assure you.

*Semp.* I pity the poor Girl, she has a heavy Weight lying on her—Conscience, I wou'd say ; but, Dear Mother, I wou'd by no means put you of Countenance.

*Celest.* Do if you can : She has a Load—that's true, and we Women must bear all. You have, however, seen but few Murders committed on a Woman in private.

*Semp.* Few Murders, Mother ; but Tumors and Wounds in abundance.

*Celest.* Well, thou'rt a filthy Fellow, but thou'rt a pretty Fellow too, and who can be angry with thee ?

*Semp.* Let her be what she will, I must see her.

*Elicia.* Thou see her ; No, Thy Eyes shall drop out of thy Head first, thou unfaithful Wretch : 'Tis below me to trouble my self about thee ; Go see her, if thou wilt, but let me never see thee afterwards.

*Semp.* Nay, *Elicia*, if you are in earnest, I am so too ; and rather than offend you further, if she were

were as fair as Helen, I would never look upon her.

*Elicia.* Yes, yes, pray satisfy your Curiosity; and instead of three Days, thou may'st stay three Years before I'll send for thee.

*Celest.* Let her alone: Go *Lissy*, get into your Chamber——I'll send him to thee, when we have finish'd a Matter of Consequence, and a Ducat will make all well again. [Exit *Elicia*.

These young Girls, like Colts, are freakish, but you must run down their Mettle, and they're as gentle as an Old Priest's Pacer. Now *Sempronio*, you and I must confer together, and pray answer me these Interrogatories; suddenly and sincerely: Have not I often in time of Need help'd you out of great Streights?

*Semp.* Most certainly.

*Celest.* Have not the prettiest Wenches in Town been thine; and sometimes Money in thy Pocket?

*Semp.* When I have brought you Cullies that you cou'd afford it; otherwise it has been frequently out of mine.

*Celest.* Faithfully reply'd. And hast not thou often promis'd to recommend me to thy Master, my Lord *Calisto*? He's a brisk young Gentleman, a great Trader in my Way; and thou know'st I have as good Goods as ever came to Market.

*Semp.* He's too nice, or rather too tim'rous to trade with such bold Dealers as thou art; thy Commodity is too much blown upon. However, as I promis'd thee, I will be true to my Word: One good Turn requires another; and my Master and you shall be better acquainted before Night.

*Celest.* Shall we, my Boy? Then there's a Kiss worth a Crown-piece for thee.

*Semp.* I wish thou hadst given me my Choice: Hearken, Mother, to what I have to say to thee; Listen with Attention; for if thou wert more a

Witch

Witch than 'tis said thou art, all thy Magick is necessary in this Affair.

*Celest.* What a Preamble here is, as if I had not been employ'd in more important Negotiations. There's the Duke *de Medina Celi*, the Duke *de Infantado*, the Duke and Dutchess of *Popoli*; pray ask them whether I am out, when I set about a Thing——What! the Business, I suppose, is but a Woman——I have——

*Semp.* Ruin'd a Hundred in a Day thou wou'dst say; very well: The Business is indeed a Woman; but such a Woman, that if the Devil do's not help thee, thou wilt never be able to get the better of her Virtue.

*Celest.* Virtue——ha, ha, ha,——I have been too hard for it so often, that now it will hardly look me in the Face.

*Semp.* Know then——my Master is damnably in Love.

*Celest.* Alas! is he indeed? Well, he shall be oblig'd; but——

*Semp.* No interrupting, Mother, with your But's, &c. Thou shalt be paid; he's Rich, Liberal and Amorous, what wou'dst thou have more?

*Celest.* Nothing, dear Rogue! But when I can serve any Friend of thine, it do's me so much good, that I'm always transported to think of it.

*Semp.* My Master, as I was saying, is damnably in Love with *Melibea*, *Plaberio's* Daughter; and being deny'd, stands in need of thy Help and mine: We must do what we can for him, and take him while he is in this Humour. Opportunity is the Round by which the Wisest of our Politicians climb to Preferment.

*Celest.* A Hint to me is sufficient; and Old as I am, I can see Day at a little Hole. Thy News, dear Dog, is the-welcomest in the World: I love such Chapmen; they are always in haste, and pay

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well

well for what they have: But we must do like some Rascally Surgeons, who when they can cure a Wound in a Week, keep it back 6 or 7 Months, if their Patient's Purse is strong, and never consider the Constitution of his Body.

*Semp.* I understand you, Good Mother: Thou shalt share the whole Profits of this Adventure with me, and something may be made of it.

*Celest.* Oh enough, enough, Rogue; I have not had such a Cull this Twelve-month. Well drain his Pockets, and by that time *Malibza* has done with him, he'll be worth no body's looking after.

*Semp.* Come, Mother, put on your Tackle; I'll be ready for you in a Minute, you must go with me. I'll in, and take my leave of *Elicia*, and we'll together to *Calisto's*.

S C E N E, *Calisto's House.*

*Enter Calisto and Parmenio.*

*Cal.* Sitrah, why don't you [*Knocking at the Door.* run to the Door? Don't you hear they knock as if they wou'd beat it down?

*Parm.* My Lord, I have seen who they are, and I don't like their Phizzes.

*Cal.* You Rascal, who made you an Examiner of my Visitors Faces?

*Parm.* An't please you my Lord, 'tis *Sempronio* with an Old Weather-beaten Bawd, that stinks of Brandy and Sweet Powder enough to strike you down.

*Cal.* You deserve to have your Bones broke, you Villain, for abusing my Aunt thus.

*Parm.* My Lord, if you beat me to Mummy, I say again she's a Bawd; and as Times go, were she not so scandalous in her Profession, there's no Name more like to gain Admittance into a Person  
of

of Quality's House: She's as proud of it, as if you call'd her my Lady. She can't go along the Street, but the People point at her, and cry, There's the *Old Bawd*. She tosses up her Head, and walks on, as if she valu'd her self on her Occupation. In short, my Lord, she's as well known ev'ry Inch of her, as a Church-yard Stile, over which all the Parish goes twice a Week; and I was resolv'd she shou'dn't come in here, without your Lordship's particular Commands.

*Cal.* Pray Sir, how came you to know her so well?

*Parm.* When I was a Boy, an't please your Honour, and her Fame was not quite so stinking as it is now; my Mother, who liv'd in her Neighbourhood, wou'd have me serve her as her Lacquey. I stay'd with her too long, tho' 'twas not above a Month in all; in which time, she put me upon Drudgeries above my Strength, or any Man's. She has been a Laundress, a Perfumers, a Face-mender, and a Botcher of torn Maiden-heads, a Bawd, and had a Smatch of a Witch too. Her first Trade was that of a Sempitress, and it serv'd a long time as a Cloak to all the rest. Under pretence of Working for her, her House was always full of Wenches, and they drew after them a Crowd of Students, Noblemen's Servants, and young Citizens. To these she sold their Virginities; and sometimes wou'd sell the same to one Bubble three or four times over, as she serv'd a French Ambassador by her Artifices. She had Access to the very Nuns, and never left them till she did her Business with them, which she wou'd do even at the time of the Celebration of their most mysterious Ceremonies; where 'tis Death for Men to be seen. Then, for Receipts to cure Ricketty Children, for Scandal, for Perfumes and Ointments for the Face and Body, for Baths, for restoring

lost Maidenheads, and all the several Appurtenances to her Trade, she's a *non Parelia*.

*Cal.* Enough, Sirrah, you make her stay too long.

*Parm.* Let her cool her Heels, if she will; there's no need of Ceremony, an't please your Lordship, with such a Beldam: Tho' the truth is, she has reliev'd many a poor Girl, and been Charitable to distress'd Female Orphans: Her House was always open to young Wenches that wou'd turn a Penny in her way.

*Cal.* Thou hast describ'd her sufficiently to me, ruin however and open the Door, she comes hither by Request: And pray do you take care not to let your Envy to *Sempronio* prejudice my Affairs, by Quarrels between you two; he serves me in my Pleasure, thou in my Business; he has his Talent, thou thine; and if he has one Coat, thou hast another.

*Parm.* My Lord, 'tis my Zeal for your Lordship's Welfare that makes me have Differences with one, who, I fear, is not so faithful to you as he ought to be, and you deserve from him.

*Cal.* Thou'rt honest, *Parmeno*, and thy Honesty excuses thy Freedom.— To the Door, Man, they have been there too long.

Now Love assist us, if this Agent fail,  
Death or, what's worse, Despair will be my Lot.

*Enter Celestina and Sempronio.*

They come.

Welcome, Dear Mother, to your longing Friend;  
I've heard by Fame so much of your Desert,  
I'm glad that Fortune puts it in my Pow'r  
To know you better, and reward your Merit.

*Celest.* Ah my Lord, that's something; that last Word of yours weighs down a thousand; for what signifies Merit without Reward? Wit indeed often goes without it; 'tis Air it self, and 'tis fit it shou'd  
live

live upon Air; but Industry, Industry is worth Gold; and all the World know I have been, and am still a pains-taking Woman in my Calling. Fair Words can't make me fatter; those that deal with me may shut their Mouths, but they must open their Purse; and such as wou'd go beyond me, must rise early.

*Parm.* The Devil begins to work; there's a Hundred Ducats gone for a retaining Fee. [*Aside.*]

*Cal.* I understand you Mother: Follow me *Sempronio*, we will fetch something that shall please you better than Compliments.

*Celest.* So, he has left me with this formal, scrupulous, canting, precise Rogue, who will spoil the Market, unless he's bought off; and since I have not Money to give, I'll try what Cunning can do; Cunning in some Cases will go as far as Cash. How now, *Parmeno*, not know your Old Friend? Not a Word to your dear Old Mistress? I've giv'n you many a good Bit, and many a good Sup in my time, and am not I worth speaking to?

*Parm.* I have no Business with you; I've had too much already.

*Celest.* How's that, my pretty little Fool? You mad Wag my Soul's Sweet Genius, my Pearl, my pretty Face, my little Monkey. Come hither, you dear dear Son of a ——— come, I say, give me a Bus. ——— How I pity him, he knows not much of the World; he's as shy, as if he was afraid I shou'd ravish him, or rather as stupid as a Gelating: What, hast thou nothing of a Man about thee?

*Parm.* Ha, ha, ha. [*Laughs.*]

*Celest.* The Rogue laughs at me.

*Parm.* Laugh at thee, I know thee, *Celestina*, and I am sorry to see thee within these Walls: I declare open War with thee; I will countermine thee to the utmost of my Pow'r, and if I can save

my Noble Lord from the Snares thou and thy Fellow Conspirators have laid for him, I'll be upon the Watch, and defend him against your wicked Machinations.

*Celest.* Thou'r a fine Fellow to make a Guardian: Don't strive against the Stream. Thy Master is sick, and I bring him a Remedy. A weak Old Woman as I am.

*Par.* Rather a weak Old Wh —

*Cel.* The Devil take thee for a young Impudent Rascal. What hast thou done to me, that I can't be angry with thee? Do, call me so again, and see if I don't —

*Par.* Don't what? you wither'd Witch you.

*Celest.* Hold, you Black-Eyd Dog, and have Reverence to me, as I was once thy Mistress, thy Lady, thy Domestick Sovereign, consider me as one to whom thou ow'st Homage: Come hither, come hither, you Little Water-Wag-Tail, many a good Jirk, and many a close Cuff have I given thee in my Time, and many a Bus, and many a Tap; Do'st not thou remember when thou lay'st at the Bed's Feet?

*Par.* On wondrous well! and how, as Silly a Boy as I was then, you wou'd make me creep up by you, and hug me, and keep such a touzing and rouzing, that I could not sleep for you —

*Celest.* You was very ill us'd, was not you, to be receiv'd into the Arms of your Mistress?

*Par.* If I had been a Dog, I would not have stir'd out of my Kennel for such a Favour.

*Celest.* The Rascal's insufferable! well, I know how to be reveng'd on thee, and thou shalt know it to thy cost, unless thou learn'st more Manners: Thy Father *Alberto* has said other things to me, and done otherwise by me; and I lov'd him so well, that I can't look in thy Face without crying, thou art so like him: Thy Mother too was so much my Friend,

Friend, that she did not think the worse of me for being civil to her Husband, who was a Man every inch of him: Thou hast heard, no doubt, that thy Parents left thee to me on their Death-Bed; thou art my Son, my Adoptive, and thy poor Mother gave thee to me in charge; but a Refractory Boy I have found thee, notwithstanding I wou'd have brought thee up in my Bosom.

*Par.* Yes, with a Murrain t'ye, you wou'd have brought me up in your Bosom, but you might as well have bred me in a Charnel-house.

*Celest.* Even this I will bear, to shew thee that I love thee as if thou wert my own Bowels.

*Par.* Indeed you have us'd mee as if you thought I were — but 'tis past, and I am wiser now.

*Celest.* Be as wise as thou canst, I love Wisdom: I have my self the Reputation of a Wise Woman: Lord, what cou'd I have done had I not been wise! and if thou wilt strive to oblige me, tho' it be at the Expence of thy Person, if I please I can make a Man of thee.

*Par.* I thank you, I am ready made to your hands.

*Celest.* But I mean something else now, I am serious — I am dispos'd to Gravity and Business — Thy Mother, Good Woman, told me a little before she dy'd, that she had hid a Bag of Money in such a Place, and if thou behav'st thy self dutifully towards me, thou shou'd'st have it; if not, I shou'd do what I pleas'd with it; thou art now of Age: I swore to perform the Will of the Deceas'd, and if thou art obedient, the Money is thine; otherwise — thou shalt never see a Meravid of it.

*Par.* E'n as thy Conscience works with thee, I've a good Master, and shall live as well to morrow as I did yesterday.

*Celest.* Sullen still — but Service is no Inheritance; thy Master leads thee along with fine sugar'd Words, but that won't fill thy Belly, when thy Stomach is gone, and the Marrow is out of thy Bones; he'll wear thee to the Stumps, and think then he does Wonders if he gets thee a Pension from the Parish — Son, Son, you must take Time by the Fore-lock, miss no Opportunity of getting: Thy Master has Money, don't stay to see how he'll dispose of it to thee; be thy own Carver. Hang Scruples — a Fat Rogue looks more like an Honest Man than a Lean Saint; if thou and *Sempronio* wou'd but set your Horses together, you might divide his Spoils between you.

*Parm.* Heav'n's! my Hair stands an end to hear her; Ill gotten Goods are Kankers that eat away themselves and their Owners; I wou'd not be rich on these Terms for a World.

*Celest.* Marry Sir, but I wou'd, right or wrong; what care I if my House is one Story higher, a Young Fellow shou'd push his Fortune, which always befriends the bold; and Man was born for Society: Why then shou'dst thou shun the Friendship of thy Fellow-Servant *Sempronio*? What might not you two do together with your joint Forces? Are there two more likely Lads in *Valentia*? Tall, Clean-limb'd, Strong, Nimble, Smooth-fac'd and Young, a Quality worth a thousand, and there wou'd not a Handsome Wench in *Spain* stand out against you, if you carry'd on your Attacks with Confederate Vigor; be Friends Man, and you shall live as merry as the Day is long: Thou lov'st one Cousin, and he loves another.

*Parm.* Whose Cousin?

*Celest.* *Arcusa's*.

*Parm.* He love *Arcusa's* Cousin!

*Celest.* Ay, and thou lov'st *Arcusa*.

*Parm.*

*Parm.* Nothing in the World is more certain.

*Celest.* Then thou shalt have her as he has her: Ay you are a couple of Happy Dogs. Why shou'd I be so kind to you? Why shou'd I labour, and sweat, and tear my Brains, and wast my Strength, to contrive and run about for your Happiness, ye Young Rascals, and be abus'd by you into the Bargain — But not a word more, unless thou do'st give me thy Corporal Oath to be Friends with *Sempronio*, then you may as you live together, love together, drink together, eat together, kist together, but not lie together; no you Rogues you, you shall have better Bedfellows, *Elicia* and *Arcusa*.

*Parm.* If thou shou'dst happen to speak the Truth, and be sincere now, 'tis the first time that ever thou wast so; Shall I trust thee?

*Celest.* No, by no means, I'm an Old, False, Ugly, Ill-contriv'd Hag, and thou a Wise, Sober, Modest, Handsome, Discreet Youth; no never trust me, I may perhaps bring thee to the Arms of *Arcusa*, But what's that, a Fancy not worth a Prudent Man's caring for; there are more Pretty Wenches about Town than one, and thou may'st meet with a Friend of Sincerity: As for me, I'm downright; if thou lov'st *Arcusa*, I love Money, thy Master has enough of it, thou and *Sempronio* may enrich yourselves and me, if you agree; if not, you'll act like Dogs in Couple, or Fools in Wedlock, one pull one way, and 'tether another, and so he'll escape us all. *Calisto's* coming, do as thou think'st fit, *Arcusa's* the Word.

Enter *Calisto*.

*Cal.* Dear Mother, a thousand Pardons; *Sempronio* had laid the Key of my Scrutore out of the way, and till I could come to that and the Treasure, I durst not appear before you — Go — there's Money

Money enough to bribe a Judge, and make a Pimp of a *Carthusian*.

*Celest.* It has wonderful Charms [Gives her Gold.] in it, it makes my Heart as light as if I had drunk three Bumpers of Brandy, and coming from so Noble, so Generous, so Lovely, so Engaging a Person as Lord *Cristo*, the Value of the Present is much heighten'd; well, I shall not be ungrateful — nor rest Day or Night till I have shown in a particular manner how much I am your most Dutiful and most Oblig'd — Humb. —

*Cal.* No more Words, Mother, *Sempronio* will tell you how it lies in your Power to serve me, and as you expect a further Reward, so I expect dispatch. Expedition is in such Cases as necessary as if you went for a Doctor.

[Exit *Sempronio* and *Celestino*.]

*Cal.* So *Parmeno*, thou look'st cloudy, Dost thou think the 100 Crowns I gave *Celestina* thrown away?

*Parm.* An' please you, my Lord, as much as if you had flung it on a Dunghill, and I doubt we shall fast for this Frankness; if your Lordship was in haste to get rid of your Gold, you had better have bestow'd it on *Melibæa* her self.

*Cal.* You Prophane Wretch you! Dost thou take that Divine Creature to be mercenary?

*Parm.* I take her to be a Woman, and if she's a Woman, she loves Money; but as for this Antiquated Sorceress, this old Debaucher of Men and Women's Chastity, you have only made your self her Slave.

*Cal.* How so, make it out, or the Cane shall chastize thy Insolence.

*Parm.* I have read somewhere, or heard somewhere, no matter where or how I had it, I'm sure

'tis

'tis true, To whom thou receiv'st thy Secret, to him dost thou give thy Liberty.

*Cal.* There's somewhat in what the Rogue says: But Sirrah, how cou'd I have come at *Melibæa* without her Intercession? Women can speak their Minds freely to one another; but there's so much Form, so much Affectation, Impatience and Delay in these Matters between a Man and a Woman, that 'tis enough to make such a hasty Lover as I am stark mad: Thou know'st this Fast'ness in Fornication is crafty.

*Parm.* I know she's a Musty-mouth'd Bawd, a Filthy Maidenhead-Monger, who for her Cheats and Wickedness has been thrice well lash'd in the House of Correction.

*Cal.* What she has, I'll warrant ye, help'd thee to Mortification, thou talk'st with Passion, *Parmeno*, as if thou wert smarting for the Evils she tempted thee to commit.

*Parm.* No, my Lord, if I were so mad as to be in Love, I would, however, be so discreet as to keep out of her Clutches; Your Lordship will pardon my Freedom, I know her, and you don't, and when you do, you'll have a better Opinion of my Intentions.

*Cal.* 'Tis all Envy, meer Envy to *Sempronio*'s Success, and Malice to thy Old Mistress; Dost not thou deserve to be cudgel'd for thy Impudence? I am in Love, thou saw'st it when I met *Melibæa* first, as I was seeking for a Hawk thou lost for me: If I am in a Fault, thou hast occasion'd it, and should'st rather endeavour to soothe me, than to enrage my Pain — But thou art a Cold Phlegmatick Merciless Fellow, and fitter to wait upon a Decrepid Impotent Jealouspated Alderman, than a Vigorous Lover — No more Morals, Sirrah: 'Tis the sawciest thing in the World for a Valet to pretend to more Wisdom than his Master. Pray do you learn

learn so much Discretion as not to disturb the House with your Quarrels with *Sempronio*, he is doing my Business, and by my Commands— go you and see my Horse got ready, I'll prance it before *Melibæa's* Window, and look up languishingly, and sigh, and let her see,

*I love, and by my Air and Actions shew  
That all which Celestina says is true.*

The End of the first Act.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. Celestina's House.

*Sempronio, Celestina, and Elicia.*

*Semp.* **W**HAT hast you make— now you have your Momey in your Pocket— I perceive, Mother, you will not hurt your self with too much speed; my Master's Patience will never hold out at this rate.

*Celest.* Lovers are alway hafty, and 'tis the better for us that *Calisto's* much like the rest; but for our own sakes we must see there's no Peril in the Way, or if there is, remove it.

*Semp.* Nay, if there's Danger in it, good by t'e, Lord *Calisto*; we can keep him on as long as Money comes, and when we find he's not to be impos'd on any longer, excuse our selves with railing at *Melibæa's* Contempt: Go your own way, Mother, this is not the first Business you have taken in hand.

*Celest.* The first, Son! Few Virgins, I thank my Stars, hast thou seen in this City that open'd their Shops and traded for themselves, who do not owe their

their Trade to my Brokerage, I help'd them to vend their Wares. As soon as I heard of any Girl born in this Town, I wrote her Name down in my Register, and kept a List of all, that I might know how many escap'd me: What do'st thou think of me, *Sempronio*? Can I live by Air? Have I House or Land of my own? Have I any other Means to subsist by? Here I was born, here I was bred, living, though I say it, in good Credit and Estimation, as all the World knows: And do'st thou imagine I have liv'd so long, and am unknown? I tell thee, he that knows not me and my House, must be a Stranger indeed.

*Semp.* How came you off with *Parmeno*?

*Celest.* O 'tis an Obstinate Hypocritical Coxcomb; but he has an hankering after *Arcusa*, and when I nam'd her to him, he snicker'd and smil'd, and came on as willingly as an Old Widow to a Lover of Four and Twenty: I told him what I would do in his behalf, what he might do in ours; how well I was acquainted with his Father and Mother, and that I would procure *Arcusa* for him, which made him hearken to me a little; but I fear he's not so much in our Interest as we would have him.

*Semp.* He's a cunning sly Blade; and I'm afraid you'll find you've a hard Task on't to bring *Melibæa* to.

*Celest.* The more Difficulty the more Honour. I expect she'll be on her Guard at first. Let her be so. If I ben't too many for her, I'm a Novice, a Fool, a Woman unworthy the Dignity of my Employment. Here Sirrah, here's a Box of Perfumes, here a Paper of Toys, here a Bundle of Lace and Ribbons, here Gloves and Fans: I'm in with all the Miliners in Town: These, you Rogue, make my way to her; and when I am in possession of one Gate, the Fort's my own.

*Semp.*



*Semp.* There's a Risque in it. We have undertaken the Business, and must go through with it, happen what will; I am resolv'd to act my Part.

*Celest.* And I'll do mine, never fear. I have tam'd many as wild Creatures as she, and made 'em as kind as Lambs. Oh there's nothing like Conduct. I glory in Acquisitions of this kind, as much as *Charles* the Fifth in the Conquest of *Barbary*.

*Elic.* Oh Sir, are you here again! Score it up. Twice in one day. — Our Lady of *Monserrat* has not work'd a greater Miracle this hundred years.

*Celest.* Hold you your Tongue; we have Matters of Importance in Agitation: Don't trouble us with your Fooleries. Is the Gentleman gone, that I sent up to the Fryar's Mistress?

*Elic.* Gone? Ay, and another come since that. Our House is like an Office of State, where every body is busy: The Officers get, and the rest are the Bubbles.

*Celest.* Did he drop any thing?

*Elic.* You may be sure on't, or he had not found Room here. A Man may as well sneak out of a Lawyer's Chamber without paying his Fees, as leave us without leaving his Money behind him.

*Celest.* Then all's well. Go you up in the Garret: I must now to my last Relief, and see if Old Nick has not forsaken me. — Fetch me the Bottle of Oyl of Serpents, the Bats-Blood, the Dragons Wing, and the *Muy-dew*. Art, *Sempronio*, is a wonderful thing: We cou'd not live in this World without it: None but Fools starve. — Stay *Lissy*; Don't forget the Black Cat's Skin, the She-Wolf's Eyes, the Blood of the He-Goat, and the piece of his Beard I brought in last Night at Midnight. — Go *Sempronio*, I have no more to say to thee. What I am about to do is mysterious, and thy unhallow'd Presence wou'd spoil the Charm.

*Semp.*

*Semp.* A very holy Operation, no doubt on't.

*Elic.* Come, come Bully, follow me. I'll conjure as well as she. Let's see who raises him first.

*Semp.* A Young Witch for my Money.

*Celest.* Yes; thou art like the rest of the World, and think'it there is as much Magick in a Wench of Eighteen, as in a *Lapland* Council. — Hussy, make haste: For there are others want to be serv'd as well as your Cully. [Exit *Sempronio* and *Elicia*. I must now try all the Secrets of my Art: And if my little Familiar has not abandon'd me, *Melissæa* will not be a Maid Four and twenty Hours.

[*Elicia* returns, gives her several things, and Exit.

Thee first, Infernal *Pluto*, I invoke,  
Sovereign of Hell, and Captain of the Damn'd,  
Lord of the Regions of those dreadful Fires  
Which *Ætna* from her flaming Nostrils breathes:  
Thou chief Director of the Eternal Torments  
Which those that howl in *Pblegaton* endure,  
Prince and sole Ruler of the Black Divan,  
Where the three Furies thy Commands attend,  
*Tesiphone*, *Megara* and *Alecto*,  
The Realm of *Styx*, and *Dis* the Pitchy Lake,  
*Chaos* and Shades of utter Night are thine;  
Harpies and *Hydra's* that with hideous Screams  
And baleful Looks the *Stygian* World torment,  
Obey thy Call: Hear *Celestina's* Voice,  
That Voice well-known to all the Pow'rs of Hell:  
By these dread Sacrifices I conjure thee  
The Blood of the detested Bird of Night,  
These Crimson Characters with which I sign'd  
The Lasting League between my Soul and thee;  
By the fell Poyson of those slaughter'd Snakes,  
From whence this Oyl with horrid Art was drawn,  
With which I thus this Round of Thread enchant,  
Assist me with thy Aid:

Let

Let *Melibæa* be prepar'd for Love,  
 Melt down her Virtue, and with burning Wishes  
 Enflame her Breast, and fill it with Desire;  
 Imprint *Calisto's* Image on her Heart,  
 And let her to his fierce Embraces fly.  
 Do this, and I'm at thy Command for ever,  
 Who soon among thy Slaves shall be enroll'd  
 A Dweller with the Fiends in endless Woe.  
 If now thou dost deny me, I'll renounce  
 Thy hated Sway, and strike thy wand'ring Sons  
 That haunt our Earth, with Light resistless, blind.  
 Again, I once, I twice, and thrice invoke thee;  
 Assist me with thy Aid.  
 I feel he steals into my Breast, and now  
 I'm fill'd with Hope, I see the Virgin yield,  
 And glad *Calisto's* Master of the Field.

S C E N E, *Pleberio's House.*

*Celestina* knocks, and then locks  
 thro' the Keyhole.

*Celest.* So -- 'tis as I wou'd have it; *Lucretia* her  
 Maid comes; she's *Arcusa's* Cousin, and not much  
 an Enemy to me and my Function, tho' she affects  
 the Shyness of a Vestal.

*Lucr.* Who knocks there? What Old Hag, have  
 we here, that comes thus trailing her Tail after her.

*Enter Celestina.*

*Celest.* By your Leave, Mrs. *Luky*.

*Lucr.* You're welcome, Mother: What Wind  
 drives you this way? I have not seen you here  
 this many a Day.

*Celest.* 'Tis out of pure Love and Kindness,  
 Mrs. *Luky*, to tell you your Cousin *Lissy* is in good  
 Health, and see my Old and Young Mistress,  
 whom I have not seen this two Twelvemonths.

*Lucr.* If this is all your Business, I'm much mi-  
 staken;

staken; you're not us'd to put your Stumps to it,  
 without some Affair or other requires it.

*Celest.* You know, Mrs. *Luky*, I have a great  
 many Girls always to take care of: They spin me  
 Thread, and I must sell it. Where then shou'd I  
 go to hope for a Market, but where there are so  
 many good Housewives in a House?

*Enter Alisa.*

*Alisa.* What Old Woman are you talking to,  
*Luky*?

*Luc.* She with the Scar on her Nose, that lives  
 in *Tanner-Row*: She's as well known as the Town-  
 Clock; she has sold Wenches by Wholesale and  
 Retail, and parted more Husbands and Wives than  
 ever were marry'd without Licences.

*Alisa.* What Trade, what Profession is she of?

*Luc.* She deals in Paint, Powder, Patches, Un-  
 guents, Tape, Thread, Needles, merry Books and  
 Ballads, and all the Haberdashery of Whoring.

*Alisa.* You Baggage you, tell me what Deno-  
 mination she goes by; thou talk'st mysteriously.

*Luc.* I'm asham'd to tell you, Madam, in plain

*Alisa.* Speak out.

*Luc.* Why there's none that knows what their  
 Christian Names are, but can tell her Occu-  
 pation.

*Alisa.* Pray, since you are so well acquainted  
 with it, let me know it also.

*Luc.* Her Name (saying your Reverence, Ma-  
 dam) is *Celestina*.

*Alisa.* What's the matter with the Wench; the  
 Name sounds well? *Celestina*, a very promising dis-  
 creet Name I assure you. — Oh, I remember  
 her; I have seen her walk Crippling along by our  
 House, and the Poor Woman is come to beg some-  
 thing of me, is she not?

*Celest.* An't please your Ladyship, tho' I am a  
 poor Old Woman, and stand in need of the Assi-

stance of all such Charitable Ladies as you are, yet I always lov'd Industry, and to get my Bread by the Sweat of my Brows. I keep a small Shop, and have some young Women who work for me the finest Thread in Spain; which I sell my self to such Noble Persons as your Ladiship, when I have not Custom at Home. Look upon it, Madam, 'tis as fine as the Hair on [Alisa pulls out her Spectacle] your Ladiship's Head, as [cles, and views it.] strong as Fiddle-strings, as white as Snow: I reel'd and wound it up my self; and 'tis not the first time that these Fingers have been employ'd in reeling and winding up Things; for I always took Delight in being a doing, and putting a good Commodity into my Friends Hands. Look upon the Skane, Madam, how sleek — Did you ever see better?

*Alisa.* Truly my Eyesight is not so good as it was fifty Years ago: Call my Daughter *Melibæa*, *Luby* — Walk in, Good Woman, and tho' I'm oblig'd to go and visit a Sister of mine who is sick, perhaps *Melby* may take a fancy to some of your Wares, and you may have Dealings together.

*Celest.* No doubt of it, Madam, an't please your Ladiship; if she do's not like this Bottom, I have another, and will give my young Mistress her Choice of ev'ry Thread I have. — This Sickness of her Sister's is certainly of *Pluto's* Contrivance: The Charm works — Oh Magick, Oh Witchcraft! Well, if Witches dye Beggars, 'tis because Fools only sell their Souls to the Devil.

*Alisa.* What did you say, Mother, my Hearing is not so ready as it has been?

*Celest.* I was saying, how unhappy it was, that my Lady shou'd be call'd out on so sad an Occasion: But when one's Friends or Relations are ill, 'tis Charity to give 'em as much as we can of our

Com-

Company; and your Ladiship is the most charitably dispos'd Person in the World.

*Alisa.* Alas, she is so troubl'd with the Cholick, you wou'd think she had something drumming within her, it do's so beat and rumble: Indeed, she's a miserable Woman, and deserves the Prayers of all Good Christians.

*Celest.* Well, as soon as my young Mistress and I have had a few Words about the Bargain, I'll go to *San Jago*, carry all my Vettals in Procession, and we'll offer up our Vows to the Patron of the City, for the Health of your good Sister's Belly.

Enter *Melibæa*.

*Alisa.* Here, *Melibæa*, our Neighbour has brought us some Thread, pray deal with her, if you can; I must go and see your Aunt; and at another time, *Celestina*, I may buy something of you my self — Fare-ye-well. [Exit.]

*Celest.* Thank your Ladiship for leaving me in such fair, such sweet Company; I never saw so Lovely so Angelick a Creature, since I was Flesh and Bone; and so Young: Heav'n always keep you so, my pretty Mistress, for Youth is the Age of Pleasure. As for me, I am Old, a very Spittal of Diseases, an Hospital of Infirmities, a Storehouse of melancholy Thoughts, of Strife and Quarrels, Ill-nature being an Attendant on Old Age. I'm a near Neighbour to Death, and a Cabin without a Covering, into which it rains on all sides; a Willow Staff, or rather a weak Oser, which bends double with the least Stress put to it.

*Melib.* How now, Mother, why are you so angry with your Years? Age, you know, is honourable, and desir'd by all People.

*Celest.* Then they desire the most grinning Honour in the World. Lord, what a Company of Evils attend Threescore and ten! What a Multitude of Joys wait upon Eighteen or Twenty!

E c 2

*Mel. And*

*Mel.* And you are sorry you are past your Time?

*Celest.* Yes, and so will you be too, sweet Lady, when your Prime is over; therefore like an experienc'd Person I advise you to make use of it. The Time will come, when those Cherry Lips, those Rosy Cheeks, those Sparkling Eyes, those Swelling Breasts, will change to wither'd Skin, to Languid, Pale, and Wan; and you will not know your self in a Glass.

*Mel.* Come, come; when it is my time, I must look like others. — Why all this Preamble? —

Where's the Bottom of Thread you were to sell me?

*Celest.* I am enchanted with you. Did ever my Eyes behold so much Beauty, so much Sweetness!

*Mel.* No more of your Flatteries, Mother. Give me your Thread, and here's the Money: Thou look'st as if thou had'st not eat a Bit to Day.

*Celest.* Then her Charity is as great as her Charms: How she pities, how she sympathizes with me! I am ravish'd to hear her speak. 'Tis true, I have not eat; but 'tis not eating or drinking only, that Man or Woman coveteth. The Young desire one thing, the Old another; and mine is to do good in my Generation. I ever prefer'd the Service of my Friend before my own Interest; and to please others as much as to please my self.

*Mel.* This Beldam's Tongue will never stand still, if I let her go on in her way. If thou hast any thing to say to me to the purpose, speak out, and don't trouble me with thy Impertinence.

*Cel.* Alas Good Lady! We live for one another, and not for our selves only; and as poor as I am, I had not been here at this time, had it not been to serve a Person whom I just now left at Death's door, and whom a Word from those Fair Lips wou'd cure.

*Mel.* What means the Woman?

*Cel.* Why

*Cel.* Why did Heav'n make one Body fairer than another, but to shew the Goodness of the Mind with which it is endow'd. For Sweetness of Look is almost always accompany'd with Sweetness of Temper. The Ugly are always Cross: The Handsome Good-humour'd. The Beautiful full of Pity and Compassion: The Deform'd Cruel and Malicious. The Brute Beasts themselves have among them something of a pitiful Nature; as your Unicorn, who will humble and prostrate himself at the Feet of a Virgin.

*Mel.* No: I cannot bear her any longer. Either give me the Thread, or be gone.

*Cel.* Old Folks have more Failings than Young, and are apt to talk most, when People are least dispos'd to hear them. But my Good Lady will have a little Patience with my Infirmities, and I shall soon have done: For as I was saying, the Unicorn, sweet Creature, humbles himself to a Virgin; and to a Virgin of so Divine a Form as your Ladiship, what Creature so fierce as wou'd not humble himself? Then again; A Dog, let him be never so wild, will not hurt another, if it throws himself at his feet; A Cock never scrapes the Dunghill, but he calls his Hens to share in the Grain he turns up: The Pelican tears up her own Breast with her Beak, to feed her young Ones; the Storks maintain their decay'd Parents: And if these, senseless and without Reason as they are, do so, what shou'd we Human Creatures do? Should we deny our Graces, nay even our Persons to the Afflicted; especially when Cure is there, where the Evil is caus'd? Ah poor Man! what a sad Condition art thou in; and how soon can this Lovely Physician give a Remedy to thy Disease?

*Melib.* I don't know what you mean by your long Preachment: If any one of thy Friends is sick, and wants a Cordial, my Closet is full of 'em.

Ec 3

*Celest.*

*Celest.* I doubt it not, Dear Madam, and therefore am I come hither. You cannot but know that there lives in this City a Young Gentleman nobly descended, whose Name's *Calisto* —

*Melib.* Thou wither'd Old Witch, how durst thou have the Impudence to come here on such a Lewd Errand? Cou'dst thou think I would be so great a Fool, as to listen to the Perswasion of such a filthy Carrion as thou art? I'll have thee duck'd, carted, and whipp'd, if thou dost not be gone in an Instant.

*Celest.* Now *Pluto*, now or never. You are angry, sweet Lady, before you know whether you have Reason — Can you imagine I wou'd attempt any thing that wou'd be displeasing to you? No not I, for a World: But I must needs say, the poor Gentleman is at the Point of Death, and —

*Melib.* Be dumb: Wou'dst thou have me turn Whore to recover him; for all thy Speeches tend to that? Wou'dst thou have me render my Name odious to all chaste Ears; to defile my Father's House, and become as detested as thou art? — No; thou false foul Trayt'ress; I abhor thy Errand and thee, and if ever I hear of it again from thee, I'll stab thee [Offers a Dagger to her Breast. to the Heart. How durst thou talk thus to me?

*Celest.* How can I speak when you look thus upon me? — Had you heard me out, my Innocence wou'd have appear'd; you would have found I meant nothing ill to you or yours, or to your fair Fame and House. — If the Patient's Case was not desperate, why shou'd I look out for a Physician? If you are the Person that can cure him, why shou'd you be so angry that I offer you an Opportunity of doing Good to another, without injuring your self?

*Melib.* If *Calisto's* this Patient; this Man in so desperate a Condition, let him dye, for he's not worth

worth Curing: His Distemper is that of *Bellum*; he has been bit by a mad Dog, and is out of his Wits: Let him be blooded and shav'd, a dark Room, Chains and Straw, is the best Physick you can give him. — I know him and thee too, tho' I did not think fit to tell thee so, being willing to see how far thy Impudence wou'd drive thee. He has courted me, and thou tempted; but be assur'd once for all, if either of you affront me so again, I will have your Blood, or you shall have mine.

*Celest.* Ha ha, ha ha —

*Melib.* Dost thou laugh at me?

*Celest.* Ay, and so wou'd you at your self, if you saw how ill this Passion becomes you. — She is stout, and so am I, and what I want of her Courage, I'll make up with Wisdom. *Troy* stood out ten Years, but was taken at last; and many a fiercer Lady have I brought to my Lure. [Aside.

*Melib.* What mutter you? Hast thou any thing to say for thy self?

*Celest.* What shall I say, when you turn all my Words against me, and put a bad Construction on my honest Meaning? I don't wonder you shou'd treat me thus; a little Heat sets young Blood a boiling.

*Melib.* A little Heat — Thou hast said enough to set any Virtuous Soul a-fire — What is't thou wou'dst have of me? Speak, and see if 'tis not to thy Confusion.

*Celest.* All I wanted, was, a certain Charm which he tells me your Ladship has for the Tooth-ach; and that wonderful Girdle of yours, brought from *Cuma*, and said to be worn by the Old Sybil who prophesy'd in the Cave there, which with a Touch cures any Pains whatsoever. This was all I came for, and about which you have made such a stir.

*Melib.* A likely Business indeed: I have heard so

many Tales of thy Tricks, that I durst not trust thee.

*Celest.* There's never a Saint in Heav'n but I cou'd swear by, to satisfy you, if that wou'd do; or did you rack me, you could draw nothing out of me.

*Melib.* I know very well, nor Oaths nor Tortures can make thee speak Truth; 'tis not in thy Pow'r.

*Celest.* You are my good Lady and Mistress, and may say what you please; 'tis my Duty to hold my Peace: You must command, and I obey; L<sup>sd</sup> your hard Words will, I hope, cost your Ladyship an old Petticoat.

*Melib.* We'll see what can be done for thee — Thou hast deserv'd it.

*Celest.* By my good meaning I am sure; though perhaps my Foolish Tongue may have offended.

*Melib.* Thou affectest Ignorance so well, that thou almost persuadest me to believe thee. Yet thou hast no cause to wonder at my Passion, since 'tis not long ago that the very Man whom thou nam'st to me, was so impudent as to offer Love to me; and thy speaking for him was en'ough to provoke any body — Come, all s'over — We are Friends — and 'tis well done of thee to mind the Sick.

*Celest.* Sick, ah did you but see him you'd say so, and not think he has any such Wicked Thoughts in his Head as cou'd offend you: Poor Gentleman, he's the Sweetest Natur'd Man upon *God's Earth*, and endow'd with a thousand Gifts and Graces: For Bounty he's an *Alexander*; for Strength a *Heitor*.

*Melib.* But what is this to his Ach?

*Celest.* Alack I am old, and have a Bad Memory, I was thinking what a loss it wou'd be if we shou'd lose such an Accomplish'd Person, he has the Pre-  
sence

sence of a Prince; a Genteel Carriage is Courteous, Witty, Good Humour'd, is brave; beautiful, young, active and generous; take him all together, you shall not find such another — my word for't —

*Melib.* And yet he's troubl'd with the Tooth-ach —

*Celest.* Ay — the Toothach — as I was saying, does so torment him, that he cries out as if he was in Labour — Oh he has it mightily upon him, and what is most extraordinary, is, that all his Pain comes from one poor Tooth.

*Melib.* Is it rotten?

*Celest.* No, no, 'tis as sound as that of an Elephant; but I don't know how it is, no Remedy can cure it, except your Girdle does it.

*Melib.* And the Charm too.

*Celest.* And the Charm too, by all means; Oh, 'tis a dreadful thing to be troubl'd with the Tooth-ach, and such a Toothach as his.

*Melib.* The Age?

*Celest.* His Age, Madam, marry, let me see, I think he's about some Three and Twenty, for here stands she who saw him born, and took him up at his Mother's Feet.

*Melib.* I don't ask thee how old he is, he may be as old as *Nessus* for me, I mean, how long has he been troubl'd with it.

*Celest.* Oh ever since he was born.

*Melib.* That's very probable truly, he was troubl'd with it before he bred it.

*Celest.* Excuse me, sweet Lady — I'm apt to blunder in my Sayings, he has been troubl'd by Intervals only, it does not trouble him always.

*Melib.* No, I suppose not, for he was very well not long since.

*Celest.* And it came upon him on a sudden; the Fit is now violent, and all the help he has is to take:  
his

his Viol and play it away : But Lard, how he tunes it ! so finely, so harmoniously, and sings to it with a Voice and a manner like an Angel.

*Melib.* Then the Pain is not violent at that time.

*Celest.* Not so violent as when he does not touch his Instrument ; he is an accomplish'd Person, that's certain, and no Woman that sees him, but commends his Beauty, his Shape, his Air ; and then he has a Tongue ——— so soft, so insinuating, that he wou'd thaw Ice, melt a Rock, and do more Wonders with it than the *Sirens* of old.

*Melib.* 'Tis pity it shou'd be incommoded with the Toothach : Well, Mother, you are not so fropish as some Old Folks wou'd be ——— I am apt to be passionate, but 'tis soon over with me : I'll make you amends for it if I can. Here ; take the Girdle now, and and call for the Charm to morrow morning ; I'll have it writ down ready against you come ; be sure let no body know of it.

*Luc.* So, so ; I see how things are going : she must come alone first, and bring the Man along with her next time.

*Mel.* What's that, *Luky* ?

*Luc.* Nothing, Madam ; only you and my Mother have worded it a good while methinks : I wou'd have bought all the Thread in *Valentia* in half the time.

*Mel.* You need not say any thing to the Gentleman how I us'd ye at first, Mother ; he may put a wrong construction upon it, and think me a Hypocrite, or a Shrew.

*Luc.* Ay, 'tis plain enough ; There's Mischief a-foot. [*Aside.*]

*Celest.* If I had not the Gift of Secrecy, I shou'd starve, Madam : and I hope, by the help of this Girdle, his Tooth will have a little Ease.

*Mel.*

*Mel.* If the Girdle won't do, I have something else that is Infallible on such an occasion ; and shou'd be necessary, may do more for your Patient.

*Celest.* So you must, if you'll cure him ; tho' perhaps you will not like of it at first ; but you'll thank us afterwards. [*Aside.*]

*Mel.* What's that, Mother ? you talk of Thanks.

*Celest.* Only that we both thank your Ladship, and are bound to pray for you.

*Luc.* Oh, the false, double-tongu'd Beldam.

*Celest.* *Luky* ; Hold you your peace ; Come to me to morrow, I'll give thee the rarest Teint for thy Hair in the World ; tho' 'twas as yellow as a *Danish* Witches, it shou'd turn it as black as a *Negro*. I will also present Thee with a Powder to sweeten thy Breath, which is a little of the strongest.

*Luc.* Thank you, Mother ; 'twill be very welcome.

*Celest.* And yet, you Fool, you're always Railing at me to your Mistress : Let's come to a Treaty— Thou know'st I can say something if I wou'd — Mum — I will have the Teint and the Powder ready — Not a Word of any thing.

*Mel.* What are you mumbling there between you ?

*Celest.* We were wond'ring that such a fine Lady as you are, shou'd have such an aversion to the World, and keep at home so — and I begg'd her to put you in mind of the Charm.

*Mel.* You had not need ; I shall remember it, and wish the Gentleman Ease —

*Celest.* That Wish will contribute more to it than all the Physick in *Spain*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *Celestina's House.**Celestina and Sempronio.*

*Celest.* So, *Sempronio*; thou'rt here still! Didst thou not want my Return to release thee?

*Semp.* I thought you were somewhat long indeed — But how came you off?

*Celest.* Oh, wonderfully — I cannot stay now to tell thee; come with me to *Calisto*, he shall have the Maidenhead of my Embassy.

*Semp.* Pish; Is that all the Maidenheads you have got for him? You have a mind to see him first to have all the Reward — I know your Cunning, you false Jade you — but I may be too hard for thee.

*Celest.* Don't trouble thy self; half is thine; or ask and have: Let's laugh and be merry, thy Master pays the Piper: What's Money? — Dross, meer Dirt — Should'st thou and I fall out, you Buxom young Rascal — Bus me, no, you shan't; your Breath Stinks of *Elicia*; as old as I am, I hate a Rival —

*Semp.* Mother, this won't do my business; Money I must have, and Money I will.

*Celest.* And Money thou shalt have, Boy: But don't quarrel about it before it comes to our hand; many a mischance happens between the Cup and the Lip. Follow me and my Councils, and all things will do well.

*Thou'rt Young and Foolish, I am Old and Wise;  
To prosper, thou must listen, I advise.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

## ACT III.

SCENE, *Calisto's House.**Calisto, Celestina, Parmeno and Sempronio.*

*Cal.* O H, Mother! Welcome as refreshing Showres —  
To the parch'd Earth. — What Tidings from my Love!

*Celest.* No Raptures, my Lord; I am a Woman of Business; I always come to the Point; and the nearer I bring you to it, the more I hope to share of your Bounty — I have run up and down, and beat my Brains, and spent my Spirits, and wasted my very Vitals for your Lordship's pleasure — Do's not this deserve consideration? I know Lord *Calisto* is a considerate Person, and do's not let his Faithful Servants go unrewarded.

*Par.* There's another 100 Crowns condemn'd.

*Cal.* Tell me — And do not Torure me with Words.

Kill me at once, and let me know my Doom.

*Celest.* No; your Lordship is to fall by fairer hands; by hands as white as the Virgin Snow, and as warm as Milk from the Cow — I bring you Joy, I bring you Life, I bring you Hope.

*Cal.* Hope; why, to hope is such Excess of Joy, That at the Sound my Soul begins to swim, And I'm transported —

*Celest.* Stay — save this Fury for another: Lord, I am a poor Woman in Rags and Tatters; 'twas a Wonder she wou'd admit me into her House — I'll warrant I have worn this Gown this dozen year — And truly 'tis high time I shou'd have another. Yet I'm as well receiv'd by my good Lady *Melitza*, as others in their Silks and Satins.

*Cal.*



*Cal.* She keeps me on the Rack — Say where you saw her.

What was she doing? How did you address her?

What did you say, and what did she reply?

How got you to her? Did you find her well?

And as you found her, did you leave her?

*Cal.* Hold! A True Lover o' my Conscience — Here are as many Interrogatories, as fairly manag'd by a Chancery-Clerk, wou'd not be answer'd under Fifty Crowns Cost, and I must do it for nothing, must I? Well, your Lordship's generous, I am poor; You want my Service, I want Money, or Cloaths, or any thing to keep this decrepid Carcass in the Land of the Living.

*Cal.* Heav'n's! to despair, is easier than to live in doubt —

*Cal.* Lord! you are in such haste — Let me see you a Twelvemonth hence, and you'll tell me another Tale. First, As to my Reception, 'twas with a Countenance as fierce as a Mad Bull throws at those that assail him; or as your Boars dart at the Dogs that hunt them.

*Cal.* Are these my Hopes? are these my promis'd You flatter'd me in bidding me expect them. [Joys? Why did you raise me to the Height of Pleasure, To sing me down a Precipice of Woe; For all I yet have heard is worse than Death?

*Celest.* Not so bad neither — Do you think I was frighten'd at her? No, no, she must be fiercer than Bears or Bulls, that *Celustina's* afraid of. I am us'd to such Looks, and have brought the wrinkl'd Frown to a pleasant Smile, as often as I have Hairs on my — Head. — I had a Sweet for her Sowre, a Soft for her Hard, and before I left her, she was as pliant as her Taffery Petticoat.

*Cal.* Now thou again hast list'd me to Extasy; Speak on, for if she spoke thee fair, my Heart

De

Deceives me, or she'll be as kind to me; And then —

*Celest.* What's more impertinent than the Transports of a hoping Lover? As to my getting to her, 'twas by means of a Bottom of Thread which I pretended to sell her. — I gave her to understand I came from you.

*Cal.* Ha — What said she then?

*Celest.* Why nothing, but that I was an Old Trayt'refs, an abominable Bawd, a false Witch, and such like Civilities.

*Cal.* You rally me, and laughing at my Madness, Impose upon a Lover's fond Credulity; Think —

*Parm.* He grows angry: Pray Heav'n he may continue so — Shall I turn her out of the House, my Lord?

*Semp.* Hear her, my Lord, she has almost done, and you'll be satisfy'd. This Rascal — [Exit.

*Cal.* Villains be gone — and wait till I'm at To tell you what I want. [Reisure

*Celest.* You shall know all — Come, Patience is a Virtue in Lovers, as well as other Men — Your Honour must consider, I'm a weak Woman, with one Foot in the Grave, and can't tell my Tale so eloquently, and spin it out as some will do, to tickle the Ears of their Auditors with a design to pick their Pockets. In short, I made her believe you were sick of a Distemper which she cou'd only cure; and by the help of a Charm which she has promis'd me.

*Cal.* Oh thou art wondrous in thy Art! Thy Head Was form'd for mighty Things, like those who rule The Fate of Empires: But our kinder Stars Have set thee to direct the Realms of Love.

*Cal.* Then I told her, the Girdle she had on was Sovereign in your Case; and presently she took it off, and here I bring it you.

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Where is it, where? Oh give it me to touch;  
And 'twill like Magick raise me from this State  
Of Sorrow, to unutterable Joy.

*Celest.* What, this for nothing too? (thine.)

*Cal.* Ask what thou wilt, and if 'tis mine, 'tis

*Celest.* All I ask, is a New Gown, that I may be  
in a Dress worthy the Person I am to visit; the Fair,  
the Young, the Charming, the Tall, the Slender,  
the Pretty-Face, White-neck'd *Melibæa*. — Shall  
I have it?

*Cal.* Ho, *Parmeno*, *Sempronio*. [Re-enter.

Run to the Taylor, bid him bring a Gown,  
Or get one ready in a moment. — Fly.

*Semp.* 'Tis late, my Lord, and nothing can be  
done to Night. To-morrow your Honour may  
have as many Gowns as will cover her whole  
Troop.

*Celest.* To-morrow will do as well as To-night.  
Here take the Girdle, make much of it, and think  
it has been about that Waste, where your Arms  
shall soon supply its place.

*Cal.* Oh Extasy! If this is so Extream,  
So Inconceivable, which neither Thought,  
With all its Imag'ry, can paint, nor Words  
Express. What must it be to Clasp that Fair,  
Which this has oft encircled? what to hold [Beauty.  
That World of Charms, that young and yielding

*Celest.* To-morrow I'll attend her again, and  
bring you her Answer: In the mean time — The  
Gown — [Gives her Money.

*Cal.* It shall be ready. There — Take that till then.  
Make me but Happy in my Charmer's Love  
Bring me to *Melibæa*'s Arms, and thou  
Shalt dig thy Grave in heaps of Gold. — Who waits?

*Semp.* My Lord.

*Cal.* *Parmeno*. See this Woman to her House.  
Guard her as one to whom I am oblig'd.  
As one, to whom I hope to be oblig'd . . . . So

So much, that *Crasus*'s prodigious Wealth  
Wou'd be but little to reward her Service.

*Sempronio*, follow me — [Exit.

*Cel.* You see, Sirrah, how well I am with your  
Master; and dost thou think to be too hard for  
him, and me and all of us? I tell thee, this Male-  
pertness of thine, will only procure thee a good  
Basting, and two or three Nights Lodging in the  
Street. Why must thou pretend to be wiser than  
all of us? Have not I gray Hairs on my Head?  
Has not *Sempronio* Money in his Purse? Who is it  
owing to? To me. I promis'd to take the same  
care of thee, if thou wou'dst be Friends with him;  
and leave off snarling, as thou saidst thou wou'dst.  
But I see thou art as bad as ever. There is no hope  
of thee; thou wilt live a Fool, and dye a Beggar,  
as most of you Hypocritical Rogues do.

*Parm.* I am peevish, that's true, and he is fro-  
ward; wou'd you have me clean his Shoes to sup  
of his Broth?

*Cel.* You wrong him, I know him well; he's  
a little cross sometimes; but give him a good word,  
and you may do what you will with him. Oh,  
how happy shou'd I be if I could see thee and *Sem-  
pronio* agree like two Friends, and sworn Brothers,  
in every thing, that you might come to my Cot-  
tage and be merry, and visit me sometimes, crack  
a Jest and a Cogue, and take your Pleasure each  
of you with his Wench.

*Parm.* His Wench, Mother?

*Cel.* Ay, his Wench, and a young one too. As  
for old Flesh, I am old enough, and such a Wench  
as *Sempronio* wou'd be glad of with all his Heart.  
Did I but love him half as well as I do thee — What  
I speak comes from my Entrails, from the very  
Bowels of me.

*Parm.* Yes, 'tis a sign of it; you promis'd me,  
*Arcusa*, and you have perform'd your Word, have

you not? Where is she? If you love me so well, why have I her not in my Arms?

*Cel.* I did promise thee, and have not forgot it; I have been with her, and lectur'd her, and prepar'd her to thy desire. We'll go to her immediately; and this is the least thing of a thousand that I will undertake to do for thee.

*Perm.* Say you so, Mother — Then I'll avouch for thee that hast an Art that *Old Nick* can't withstand; I have courted her this Six months, and cou'd never get so much as a Kiss of her.

*Cel.* A Kiss — What's that! not worth stooping for: Thou shalt have substantial Pleasures. — *Areusa* lyes this Night at my House; and there Boy thou shalt catch her — Napping, it may be, for it grows late — Come, lead the way — [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *Celestina's House.*

*Celestina* —

*Knocks at Areusa's Chamber-Door; she runs out in her Night-Gown.*

*Celest.* *Reusy, Reusy.*

*Areusa.* Who's here at this time of night — You, you Old Carrion, d'ye come stealing upon me like a Ghost, and at so late an hour? — I was just going into Bed, ye see I am all undress'd.

*Celest.* What, to Bed with the Hen, Daughter! So soon to Roost — Fye for shame: Come, let's chat a little, I've something to say to you — you must think I did not invite you hither for nothing. Oh, you are a little charming Rogue — How pretty she looks in her Night-Cloaths — If I were a Man, I shou'd have no patience — See here, what clean Linnen, what white Skin — you young Baggage you, you make me in love with you — Let me kiss thee, and rouse thee, and rouse thee —

*Areusa.* Lord, you won't Ravish me sure, will ye!

You

You hurt me, I have for these three Hours been troubled with Fits of the Mother, and that made me go to Bed the sooner.

*Celest.* Fits of the Mother — There's not a Soul in *Valentia* understands that Distemper better than I. Come hither; let me lay my Hand on thy Bosom, and assuage it.

*Areusa.* The Pain increases with your touching me — Put your hand higher; 'tis there.

*Celest.* Poor Creature! What Pity 'tis, one so Plump, so Fair, so Clear, so Fresh, so Delicate, so Dainty, with such Limbs, such Features, such Looks — shou'd be hurted if one touch her — 'Tis but Fancy; No Woman ever fell in pieces with touching. — *Reusy, Reusy*; To be plain with thee, thou art too much a Niggard of those Beauties which Nature has prodigally bestow'd on thee; don't lose the Flower of thy Youth under six Linings of Woollen and Linnen; have a care you be not too covetous of what cost you but little: Thou wast not born to lye alone. Oh, thou wer't made for Company; when thou wer't born, Man was born; when Man was born, Woman was born.

*Areusa.* Prithee don't stand teasing me with I don't know what Mysteries of Man and Woman; if you can give me Ease, do; if not, let me go to Bed.

*Celest.* I can tell twenty Med'cines that's good for thy Distemper; as, Penny-Royal, Rosemary, Rue, Wormwood; the Smoak of Partridge-Feathers, of the Soles of Shoes, of Musk-Roses, of Incense, of strong Perfumes, of Harts-horn, Sal-Almoniack; which all give Ease for the present, but the Mother returns again. Now, there's another thing which I have not nam'd, and which I have always found an Infallible Cure.

*Areusa.* What is it? Dear *Celestina* tell me, I'm t'por'd the Rack with Pain.

F f †

*Celest.*

*Celest.* What, you never try'd it, I'll warrant ye. No, not you; you don't know the difference between a Man and a Mouse.

*Arcusa.* Is that all? Why, you Old Filth, you; You know I'm in Keeping. My Friend is gone to the Army, and would you have me wrong him?

*Celest.* No, by no means. Wrong him — did you say? not for a World.

*Arcusa.* He's a very good Friend to me; and if I lose him, you'll hardly find me such another: He thinks me Constant, loves me, and carries himself rather like my Servant, than my Gallant.

*Celest.* Very good: but he's not here now to cure your Fits of the Mother; when my Doctor's out of the way, shall I dye, rather than make use of another?

*Arcusa.* What wouldst thou have me do? There's no arguing with thee.

*Celest.* You know *Parmeno* is as dear to me, as if he was my own Flesh; he complains you're so cruel, you won't so much as look on him; I can't imagine what shou'd be the Reason, unless 'tis because I wish him well — I don't deal so by you — Your Friends are as welcome to me as if they were my own, and thou thy self, as if thou wer't born of my Body. Is it not true?

*Arcusa.* I can't say but I have found you civil enough; what you mean by it is plain.

*Celest.* No harm to thee, I'm sure — Words are Wind — I'm for Works. Those that I oblige, must oblige me — There's *Lissy* and *Sempronio*, how happily do they live; take thou *Parmeno*, and you both will be Ladies of *Calisto's* Fortune; for they will be able together to do any thing with him. What is it he asks of thee? Will thy Friend miss it when he returns? Will you or he be the poorer for it? Lose no time; Youth and Occasion fly; make the most of thy Beauty while there's a Market for't —

for't — Shall I call him up, he's below?

[*Parmeno, Parmeno.*]

*Arcusa.* If you love me, let him stay there — What a duce, you would not have him come upon me naked. — I am ready to swoon to think on't — I never exchange'd two Words with the Man in all my life — Nay, if he comes, I'll fly for't — [*Celest. holds her.*]

*Celest.* No Faith shan't you — I understand better things: Son, here's a [*Enter Parm.*] young Lady that loves you; but she's so fearful, she's ready to drop down dead at the Sight of a Man —

*Parm.* Never fear, Madam; a Man of Honour will not hurt a Woman, and especially a pretty Woman; and all Lovers are Men of Honour.

*Celest.* Come up to her. Up to her, Man — Faint heart never won fair Lady; on my Life I think he's more afraid than she; get you both into that Chamber; I'll Lock the Door upon you.

*Arcusa.* What d'ye mean, Mother?

*Celest.* Oh, nothing: Nothing, Child, but what is very common and very natural; Let him go in with thee, and he'll soon shew thee my meaning. Boy, be kind to her; she's as good a Girl as ever made Man happy.

*Arcusa.* He won't be so uncivil sure, as to enter another Body's ground without leave.

*Celest.* So uncivil! do you stand upon Leave? would you have him come up t'ye with Cap in hand, and cry, With your Leave forsooth, every time he Kisses ye? Away with your Fiddle Faddles — *Parmeno*; For shame, Man — Is this thy way of attacking a Woman of her Youth and Beauty — Ads, if I were a Man, I shou'd have devour'd her by this time — So, now you do as you shou'd do —

*Arcusa.* Stand off, Sir; you're mistaken in me — I'm no such sort of a Woman; no Hack. for ev'ry

one's Use at so much a Side — If you touch me,  
I'll cry out —

*Celest.* Why, how now, *Arcus* — Nsy, now you  
carry it too far; a little Coyne's whets the Appetite,  
too much balks it. Why, Daughter, do you think  
I know not what this means? Have I never seen  
Man and Woman together before, and heard what  
they say, and seen what they do? I was once,  
let me tell you, as likely a Woman as your self, and  
thought my Penny as good Silver as yours — I had ra-  
ther thou woud'st give me a box of the Ear than pay  
the Fool thus — Do'st thou imagine I'm to be bab-  
bled with Airs and Grimaces — Art thou not Flesh  
and Blood — Prithee don't pretend to what do's  
not belong to thee: You woud discredit me in my  
Trade, to gain Credit your self. But the best on't  
is, there's nothing to be got between Pyrate and  
Pyrate, but Blows and empty Barrels.

*Arcus.* Why so angry, Mother; one can't say a  
word, but you presently fly out into a Passion —  
you're as touchy as a Wasp — Pray don't be out of  
humour.

*Celest.* Out of humour! No, not I: I'm not out  
of humour, but I hate Jestings when Business is to  
be done — Go, get you in, I hear *Lissy* coming,  
and I woud not have her yet see you together.

*Enter Elicia.* [*Pushes 'em in.*]

*Elicia.* What makes you here so late, Mother?  
you have been wanted ev'ry Minute since you went.  
'Tis your old Trade, to satisfy one you'll leave a  
hundred unsatisfy'd. Here has been the Old Lawyer  
in what dee'call Lane about his Daughter: He says  
she's to be marry'd to morrow; and if her Husband  
shoud find out that she has crackt her Pipkin, he'll  
cut your Throat.

*Celest.* I don't know what the Wench talks of.

*Elicia.* Sure your Memory is not so bad: You  
your self told me of it, and by the same token, that  
you

you had patch'd up her Maidenhead seven Times  
at least.

*Celest.* I have so much business on my hands, that  
one thing drives another out of my Head — He'll  
come again, I suppose.

*Elicia.* Yes, to be sure; he gave you a Gold Chain,  
which he had pawn'd to him by a Neighbour's Wife  
to spend on her Gallant, as a Fee, and I'll warrant  
he comes again.

*Celest.* I know where you are now. Why did  
you not get all things ready, and begin to do some-  
thing against I come home. You shoud practise  
your self in such things when I am absent, and try  
whether you can do that by your self, which you  
have often seen me do, otherwise you'll be a No-  
vice all your Life-time, and repent your Laziness  
when you come to my years. When your Grand-  
mother shew'd me her Trade, had I been as negli-  
gent as you are, I had now starv'd, or begg'd my  
Bread. Do you think to live always under my  
Wing, and never go from my Elbow? This will  
not do, *Lissy*; your own Trade will soon decay,  
and if thou do'st not turn to mine, thou'lt dye a  
Beggard.

*Elicia.* Now is now, and then is then — When I  
can't live by my own Parts, I must try what I can  
do by others; A short Life and a merry, say I.  
Little Work, and much Play — I'm young now —  
and as long as I can speak for my self, let others  
mind their own Markets for me.

*Celest.* You are very Malepert, Mrs. *Lissy*; we  
shall find you change your Note when your Cul-  
lies change theirs. These Fellows Flatteries make  
young Girls so proud, they think the ground is not  
good enough for 'em to go upon; but I've seen  
many as brisk a Wench as you be forc'd to lye on't  
before she was Thirty.

*Elicia.* No more of your Sermons, they put me  
in

in mind of my Sleeping-time : and so, Dear Aunt, Good-night-t'ye.

*Areusa and Parmeno.*

*Areusa.* It can never be Day-light yet — What makes you so hasty ?

*Parm.* If my Lord *Calisto* shou'd rise and find me missing, I'm undone past redemption.

*Areusa.* 'Tis not Six a Clock.

*Parm.* By *Venus* 'tis almost Ten.

*Areusa.* You say so, because you wou'd leave me. Well, 'tis always thus with ungrateful Man. — Methinks my Fit returns ; I had a little Ease for the present. The Pain comes again. I can't imagine what shou'd be the reason of it.

*Parm.* If I cou'd cure thee with the Expence of the last drop of my Blood, I wou'd part with it for thy sake. What wou'dst thou have me do ?

*Areusa.* Let's go in and talk a little of my Distemper. 'Tis so strange.

*Parm.* My Dear, we have talk't enough on't already ; enough in all Conscience : To morrow is a new day, and I may by that time find out some Secret to cure your Indisposition.

*Areusa.* And will you go then ? I shan't be able to live without seeing you ; when shall it be ?

*Parm.* At night.

*Areusa.* Not before ?

*Parm.* At Dinner.

*Areusa.* 'Tis an Age.

*Parm.* As soon as ever I have seen my Lord, and he has seen me, I'll fly to the Arms of my Love, my Angel, my Life, my Soul, *Areusa.* — Go in, Child, the Mornings are cold. [Exit. Well, 'tis a delicious Jade, but somewhat too unconscionable. An Age till Dinner ; one wou'd have thought she might have stay'd till Night, for her own sake. — [Enter *Sempronio*.

*Sempronio,* what makes you here so early ?

*Semp.*

*Semp.* So early d' y' call it ? My Lord has been up these three Hours. I suppose you're come to hear what News of *Melibza*, as well as I ?

*Parm.* Faith not I ; I have been otherwise employ'd. I have such News to tell thee, as will make thee burst with Envy. — *Areusa, Areusa* — I have had her, and all for thy sake : We are now Friends for ever. — Our Master is in Love, so are we ; and his Amour shall pay the Charge of ours. Hang old Quarrels — There's my Heart, and here's my Hand.

*Semp.* Now I like you, and something may come of it. The Terms agreed between us, I sign the League, and we are Friends for ever.

*Parm.* Pray what are the Articles ?

*Semp. Imprimis.* I keep my Girl, you keep yours ; and whoever breaks in upon his Friend's Female Property, breaks the League.

*Parm.* Agreed.

*Semp. Item.* If I lye to my Lord, you shall justify it ; and I do the same for you.

*Parm.* Agreed.

*Semp. Item.* If I cheat him, or pick his Pocket, you shall aid and assist me in executing or concealing it.

*Parm.* With all my Heart.

*Semp. Lastly.* All the Profits arising by the Intrigue between *Calisto* and *Celestina*, besides what she makes of it, shall be divided between us.

*Parm.* Most equally.

*Semp.* Who'd have thought that a little Whoring shou'd in so little a time have made an honest Man of a Knave, a wise Man of a Fool, and a Frank Fellow of an Hypocrite ? — Let 'em say what they will of Wenching — till they find out something that has so good an Effect on the Manners of Men — — a Wench for my Money — —

Now

Now to our Affairs: Hear you no News of *Melibza*?

*Parm.* Why the Old Bawd has not been with her yet. And how cou'd she go; she has not been a-bed above this three or four Hours; for I heard her up a long time after she left *Arcusa* and me.

*Semp.* I thought I cou'd hear nothing; but our Master is as impatient and restless as if he had a Fit of the Cholick: He lies where you left him, stretching himself along upon his Couch; but the Devil a Wink he sleeps, and the Devil a whit he wakes, lying between both like a Man in a Trance. If I go to him, he sleeps and snoars; if from him, he either sings or raves.

*Parm.* Did he not call for me? Did he not remember me when I was gone?

*Semp.* Remember thee? why he does not remember himself, Man.

*Parm.* So Fortune has favour'd me in this too. Well, let's go home, and see what he's doing. Get something for Dinner, and send it in hither for *Arcusa* and *Elicia*, with whom I have promis'd to dine: Thus for the future we'll spend our Days in Feasting, and our Nights in Love; Pleasure shall fill up all our Intervals of Time from our Service, and Mirth and Joy keep our Souls in continual Extasy.

*Semp.* D' y' see there now, what a Woman can do? He talks in the same Strain with my Master. Ours will be a fine House — that's certain — *Calisto* is in a fair way; his Cellar, Buttery, and Lardery will be fill'd for himself, but empty'd for us. — And if I'm not mistaken, we shall soon bring his Noble to Ninepence. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to *Calisto's House*.

*Parmeno and Sempronio.*

Instruments are heard.

*Parm. I*

*Parm.* I have spoken with *Trifon* and *Sofia*; they tell me, our Lord has not wanted us, and all Things go swimmingly.

*Semp.* He's at the old Trade, fiddling away his Evil Spirit. Hark, he sings!

'How hopeless my State, [Calisto sings.

'How hard is my Fate,

'To live thus inflam'd with Desire?

'To live in Despair

'Of an End to my Care,

'Still dying, and ne're to expire?

*Parm.* Stark mad; now there's no Hopes of him: If once he comes to Rhiming, he's past Recovery; 'tis as sure a Sign of Phrenzy, as Purple Spots are of the Plague.

*Semp.* Hark, you'll have him at it again presently. — You'll have more Tokens of Madness: For as People when they're out of their Wits are so fond of Talking, that, for want of Company, they'll talk to themselves; so Lovers and Poets can't let their Tongues, no more than their Brains, lye idle.

'How weak was my Heart, [Calisto sings.

'To be fond of the Smart,

'How silly to seek its own Ruin?

'But two such fine Eyes

'Will make Fools of the Wise,

'And flatter 'em to their Undoing.

*Parm.* Poor Man, I pity him. — 'Tis nor better nor worse. — If he continues so a Week longer, his Friends will beg him for a Fool.

Enter *Calisto*.

*Cal.* What Hour is it? 'tis almost Bed-time, is it not?

*Semp.* Yes, my Lord; and your Honour might have sav'd your self the Trouble of rising.

*Cal.* How's that? Is it Morning then?

*Parm.* No, an't please your Honour, 'tis Evening.

ing almost — if I had din'd, I shou'd believe it quite Night.

*Cal.* Is not this Fellow crazy, *Sempronio*?

*Semp.* He's in Love, my Lord. But sure 'tis high Noon, and my Stomach rings to Dinner.

*Cal.* Dress me immediately; I mu't to the Myrtle Grove, and address my Vows to *Cupid* for *Melibza's* Smiles.

Oh Love, look down upon thy faithful Slave,  
Be once propitious to my Vows, and warm  
My *Melibza* with Desire like mine;  
For now her Pride prevails, and cold Disdain  
Shuts out soft Wishes from her Heart. Oh  
Present thy Joys inviting to her View, [*Venus*  
And lead me to the Heav'n that I pursue.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE, *Celestina's House.*

*Parmeno and Sempronio.*

*Parm.* WON'T my Lord be angry that we leave him?

*Semp.* Angry; yes, if he had his Senses about him like other Men; but his Soul's out of order, his Understanding vitiated, and we may make him believe what we please. Tell him but that we have been attending *Celestina*, to get Tidings of his Mistress, and instead of Anger we shall meet Reward.

*Parm.* Have you sent in the Things?

*Semp.* Ay, enough for a Mayor's Feast. Three white Loaves, a Dozen Bottles of good *Monviedo*, a Ham and a Dozen of Chickens, which my Ma-  
ster's

ster's Tenants brought him the other day out of the Country: I'll make him believe he has eaten 'em himself. The Pigeons are also here; if he misses them, I'll say they stunk.

*Enter Celestina.*

*Celest.* My Hearts of Gold, my Bully Rocks, my Adopted, you are welcome: Come buss me, both of you; both together, here's a Cheek for both. The Cloth's a laying — and we will so sing and roar — I' Gad we'll be wondrous merry — Alas, I'm old — Mirth is gone by my Threshold, it never will enter my — Doors more. But you, ye young Rogues, have an Age of Pleasure before ye; Oh that I were Twenty for your sakes, I wou'd so — You want your Women, and truly the poor Things want you: They do both so pine, and sob and sigh when you are absent, that one wou'd think they wou'd never come to themselves again.

*Semp.* Yes, yes, we know, Mother, how to bring 'em to Life again, tho' they were as dead as *Queen Joan*?

*Celest.* *Lissy, Reussy; Reussy, Lissy;* where are  
*Enter Elicia.* [you?

*Elicia.* *Sempronio* — Thou art as fine a fashionable Lover, as one cou'd wish. 'Gad we live like marry'd Quality — see one another once a Week, perhaps, lye together once a Month, and eat together once a Year. One wou'd have thought, if you wou'd not have come hither for me, a good Dinner might have made you punctual.

*Semp.* Hang a good Dinner; dost think I live like an Inns-of-Court Blade, on fat Dabs, and musty Meat from the Cooks; so that when I dine well, I provide for it with as much Solemnity as if I was going to a Charge, and talk on't afterwards as if I had got a Victory? — To shew thee that I prefer a Woman before the best hollow Bits in the  
King's



King's Lardry, I'll retire with thee on the spot, and let the Roast drop off from the Spit. —

What care I for a Cramm'd Pullet? Give me a pretty plump Wench, like my little *Lissy* here, worth all the Partridges at *Buen retire*.

[The Cloth is laid, and Dinner brought.]  
*Parm.* We keep right Quality's Hours, dine when others sup, sup when others breakfast, go to Bed when others get up, and get up when others go to Bed. Dear *Aracisa*, now I [Enter *Aracisa*.] shall eat with Delight, but without thee ev'ry thing wou'd be insipid.

*Elicia.* How the Fool flatters her; 'tis Honey-Moon. Hear there, you Clown you, what a well spoken Man your Companion is — he's good for something.

*Semp.* By which you insinuate I am good for nothing. — Let me dine, *Lissy*, and then we'll argue out that Matter. Mother *Celestina*, take your Place. You Old Folks get the higher End of the Table by day-time, tho' you're turn'd up into the Garret at Night.

*Celest.* Let every one take their Place as they like; and sit next her he loves: As for me, I'll seat my self by this double Flask, and this stately Glass — for I can live no longer than while I talk to one of these two. I lov'd Drinking from a Child, and that was strange, you'll say; but they tell me my Father was drunk when he got me, and my Mother when she brought me forth. — Then I have a Bottle of rare *Barcelona*. — I will fill out: For he that handles Honey, shall feel some of it cling to his Fingers: Besides, in a cold Winter's Night, 'tis the best Warming-Pan in the World.

*Semp.* Mother, you preach over your Liquor — and indeed, an Old Woman is mightily put to't when she has a Bottle before her; for she's loth to hold her Tongue, or to let the Glass lye still.

Com<sup>d</sup>,

Come, Mother, I'll pledge ye; a Bumper to *Lissy's* and my next merry Meeting.

*Celest.* There cou'd not have any thing pleas'd me more than this Health; she's a good Girl, and thou'rt a brave Boy: And I so love you, I wou'd drink, were it a Mile to the bottom. [She drinks.] Oh, 'tis so comfortable, I feel it so warm within, so refreshing. Oh, 'tis like — 'Tis like. — I'll drink off the Glass, and then I'll tell you — 'Slife, I have forgot what 'tis like: but I'll rub up my Memory.

*Parm.* Or no body will do it for you. Well, what's this second Glass like, Mother?

*Celest.* The first, Boy — and there's nothing in Nature more like the first, than a brisk young Fellow of Five and twenty. — Oh the wonderful Effects, the admirable Efficacy of good Wine and Brandy! After I have got my Dose, I reel to Bed, and feel no Cold. I fur all my Cloaths with it at *Christmas*. It makes me look fresh and ruddy, as if my Blood were got into my Cheeks again. Give me Wine enough, and a Fig for a dear Year; 'tis Meat and Drink. It drives Care from the Heart, better than Gold or Coral: It gives Force to a Young Man, and Vigor to an Old. It comforts the Brain; it expels Cold from the Stomach; it cures a stinking Breath, and is infallible against the Tooth-ach. It has but one Fault — that what's Good, costs dear; what's Bad, poysons us. — I love Good Wine; a little serves my Turn, some twenty or thirty Glasses at a Meal: I drink with Moderation; and forty is my Stint at all times.

*Semp.* They are large ones, I hope.

*Celest.* I must confess, I hate Drams and Thimble-fulls: I am afraid of swallowing the Glass with the Liquor; and I must have a large Glass, tho I put never so little in the bottom of it.

*Semp.* Let us eat and talk, Mother, and talk and eat; or 'twill be Bed-time before we have manag'd the

the

the matter with *Melibæa*: The Fair *Melibæa*.—

*Elicia*. The Devil take thee: That word has set my Stomach against the Meat so much, I'm ready to bring it up again: The Fair! So's the Block! I dress my Heads on. The Fair *Melibæa*! Marry come up here: There are Persons in the Company that wou'd hang themselves, if they were not handsomer than she. All her Beauty and Charms may be bought at the Colour-shop and the Perfumers. Fine Feathers make Fine Birds. She dresses out, she patches and paints, has Pendants, Necklaces, Lockets, Head-Jewels, Tail-Jewels, and what not? Had I half her Finery, she'd look like a Dowdy to me: But to my Curse, I've a Poor Rogue to look after me, who can hardly buy me Stuff and Crape. I'm forc'd to hang Iron in my Ears instead of Gold, and tye a Bundle of White Glass Beads about my Neck for Pearl. Fair *Melibæa*! Another such a Rant, and I'll cram the Lye down thy Throat with the Flask here.

*Par*. I bar meddling with Bottles.

*Celest*. No, Daughter; touch not the precious Vessel, nor spill the gracious Liquor within it.

*Arcusa*. Mother, Mother, let me tell you, 'tis very rude and ill-bred of Don *Sempronio* to praise such a tawdry two-legg'd Thing as she, half eaten up with the Green-Sickness, before us whose Beauties, tho we say it, are very well known, are approv'd, and past doubting. She handsome! If I were like her, I might starve with all my Charms. She may well appear Fine when she comes abroad, for 'tis but once a Year, and so long she's preparing for her Publick Appearance, to set her self off to the best Advantage. Her Mother dresses her out as the Countrymen do their Colts for a Market. She anoints her Face with Gall and Honey, parch'd Figs, and other things that shall be nameless at this time. 'Tis her Money makes

makes her look fair; as for her Features, there's scarce a Tavern Kitchen-wench in Town but may compare with her. One wou'd think by her Dugs, she had had as many Children as your Reverence; her Breasts look like two great Pumpions; then she has no more Belly than an Old lean Woman of Seventy: And if *Calisto* was not bewitch'd, he wou'd not make such a fuzzle about her, when for less Expencc and Trouble, he might have those that are as fair as the fair *Melibæa*; and as he may come at them with more Ease, so he may enjoy 'em with more Pleasure.

*Semp*. Pray Ladies, either drink, or talk less, which you please; for while one talks, the other drinks, and thus we are like to be baited to Death. Besides, you'll never be able to perswade us, that *Melibæa* is not as handsome as ———

*Elicia*. As what, or who? ——— you unmannerly Blockhead ——— Let me never sip good Sherry more, if thou dost ever come nearer my ——— Bed than the Door, till thou hast recanted, and done Justice to my superior Beauty; with the Forfeit of two good Ducats of Lawful Money of *Spain*.

*Celest*. Come, no falling out, I [ *Elicia rises*. beseech you: Take a reconciling Glass; 'twill make a *Spaniard* and a *Moor*, a Christian and a Jew, a Catholick and a Heretick, the best Friends in the World. *Lissy*, sit down again; sit down by him, and eat heartily.

*Elicia*. I wou'd sooner sit by a Crocodile, and swallow a Toad.

*Semp*. Ha, ha, he.

*Elicia*. What, dost thou laugh at me? Dost thou make a Jest of my Fury? Let me come at him, I'll stab the Traytor to the Heart. Have I for this yielded up my self, my Honour, my spotless Honour to thy Pleasure? Have I for this rose many a cold rainy Night, and taken thee into my own

warm Bed, and into these neglected Arms, for this? — Oh Man ungrateful! insolent! —

Oh —

[Weeps.

*Semp.* Pardon me, dear dear *Lissy*; wipe Nixing, and I'll recant, swear, forswear, fine, forfeit, say, do any thing. — There, take that.

*Elicia.* No no, you false, you faithless Wretch, you; 'tis not your Money I want, I have refus'd many a fair Ducat since I knew thee — but I am such a Fool, that the least slighting Word from those dear but deceitful Lips, pierce me to the Heart.

*Celest.* Take the Gentleman's kind Offering: You are old Acquaintance, old Friends; you know one another full well, and you must bear with him, *Lissy* — and you *Sempronio* must bend to her; and you must humour one another. —

Here's a Cup of Reconciliation: Oh, with what Pleasure do I take this! in hopes 'twill have a good Effect, in bringing you to an Understanding together.

[Takes his Money.

*Elicia.* Well, if ever he serves me so again — But he knows I love him, and 'tis that makes him use me thus.

*Semp.* Thou art such a sort of a Girl, one don't know where to have thee, thou'lt fly out with a Word's speaking, and nothing but Money can make thee Good-natur'd again. — Give me thy Hand; all's well.

*Celest.* Ay, all's well, all's well: She has a sweet Temper of her own, that's the truth on't, *Sempronio*; and wou'd not have said an angry Word, had you not commended *Melibza*. — No more of it — Here's to ye all — 'tis a Bumper to crown the *Union*. Sit close by one another, you my Lads; closer still: Ads, I love to see young Couples, as it were, incorporated. Don't waste your Youth; you'll repent of your lost Time, as I do now with

Grief

Grief of Heart. I was once young; Men did love me much; and truly there was no Love lost between us, for I had a peculiar Faculty of Loving. I cou'd love twenty at a time, and so dearly, that each believ'd he had no Rival: But I am now a Chip; I am decay'd, I wax old, I wither, I'm wrinkled and neglected; but my Heart is whole, and I have the same Disposition as ever. Board 'em, my Boys; kiss and clasp. I can do nothing but please my Eyes; and you can't think what a Pleasure 'tis to me, to see you hug and buss, and tongue and twine — and all that. Never spare 'em; 'tis allowable to do any thing above the Girdle; all Play is fair above-board. If you get into a Corner — what's that to me? I wou't set a Fine upon your Heads, because the King lays no Tax upon Love; nor will these Girls indict you for Rapes. Do what you will — use no Ceremony, for my sake: I'll know the Napkin, and comfort my self with a Cogue.

*Elicia.* Fye Mother; d' y' think we wou'd —

[Knocking at the Door.

*Perm.* The Devil take the Messenger — [Exit *Elicia*.  
ger, be it who it will. Was there never a Minute in the Day wou'd do the Business, but this?

Re-enter *Elicia* with *Lucretia*.

*Lucr.* Cousins all, much good may do you: I see you are in a fair way of Living. You have a Jolly Company here.

*Celest.* D' y' call this a Jolly Company? Thou didst not know me, I find, in my good Days. — I tell thee, I have had nine brisk young Fellows, with each his Girl on his Knee, round this Table; the oldest of 'em not above twenty, and the youngest not under sixteen: But alas, the World has its Ups and Downs: My Time was — 'tis now others; tho' I thank my Stars, I have some Friends still to stand by me. — Mrs. *Luky*, here's a

good Health to my dear young Mistress, Madam *Melibea*; 'tis to the Top — pledge me, Girl.

*Lucr.* Lord, I wou'd not turn off such a Load for a new Gown and Petticoat.

*Elicia.* Not so nice, Cousin, I know the Tricks of you Waiting-women: There's hardly one of you that do's not get drunk with Drams before Breakfast. You have your *Fenouillette*, your *Retafia*, your *Aqua Mirabilis*, your Citron Water: All your Tipple is short and pithy. — We must be contented with humble Wine, and labour hard to get fuddled in an Afternoon: But your Ladies and you can with ease get your Dose before you are dress'd in a Morning.

*Celest.* Ay, Mrs. *Luky*, had you been acquainted with me twenty or thirty Years ago, you would have stood in Admiration. — I had seldom less than 15 or 16 Bonny Buxom Girls under my Tuition.

*Lucr.* 'Twas a great Charge; and certainly you must be at a great deal of Trouble to look after them all.

*Celest.* Not a Jot, by this Bumper; they were all at my Beck. My Government was like that of *France*, Tyrannick; and my Laws, my Will and Pleasure. They were pretty willing Tits, obedient and pains-taking. They wou'd come at a Call, and lye down as orderly as your well-bred Spaniel. They had no Wills of their own; whoever I recommended to them, were he lame or blind, crooked or cripple, 'twas all one. — And as I was reverenc'd at home, I was respected abroad. Many a Golden-Fleece Man, many a Duke and Count, many a Jolly Knight, Wealthy Cit, Country Squire, Cheating Lawyer, and Gouty Alderman; Students and old Standers; High and Low, Rich and Poor, have veil'd their Bonnets to me. I cou'd not stir out of Doors, but

up.

up came one Person of Quality, and then another, and then a third, with a How d' y', Madam *Celestina*? How do's Mrs. *Mary* do, cries this? How is it with my Black Beauty, quoth that? And the other; When did you see *Freshy Face*? Then my House was stor'd with Presents of all sorts, as if it had been a Customhouse-Warehouse, or a Parson's Barn: But tis over with me, Mrs. *Luky*; and I am now a poor, worthless, slighted Old Woman, without good Friend or Fortune; having only this solitary Bottle left to comfort me. [Sobs.]

*Arcusa.* Mother, pray don't turn Maudlin: We came here to be merry. Have a good Heart: The World while we are in it is bound to keep us, and no doubt we shall have enough.

*Par.* Yes, Girl, enough and enough, and more than enough.

*Arcusa.* Hold, hold, Spark; you threaten hard; but threaten'd Folks live longest.

*Par.* And if thou art kill'd with kindness, thou wilt be the first of thy Sex that dy'd so merrily.

*Arcusa.* I don't believe you'll murder me, with all your big words.

*Semp.* Mrs. *Luky* has Business with Mother *Celestina*, and we interrupt it.

*Parm.* We'll retire, Ladies, if you please: 'Tis rude to hearken to another's private Affairs.

*Arcusa.* Indeed I don't love to be serv'd so myself.

*Elicia.* And if we stay'd here, 'twou'd but be to hear the Old Woman tell us a long Story of a Cock and Bull, and I know not what, before our Heads were hot.

*Semp.* Let them mind their Business, we'll mind ours. — Steal out; they don't observe us.

*Celest.* 'Tis very strange, what you tell me.

*Luc.* Why she has not had a Wink's Sleep ever

ance; and one wou'd think she sent away her Heart with her Girdle. She has been so troubled in Mind, that unless you come and assist her with your Advice, I believe it will rob her of her Senses.

*Celest.* Alack, alack, poor Young Lady: 'Tis a thousand Pities. Well, there are few Womens Ails, but I have a certain Cure for 'em: 'Twas an old Receipt of my Mother's and Grandmother's before me. 'Tis as sure as a hot Trencher for the Belly-Ake. Is she troubled in Mind? I have been so my self, when I was of thy Mistress's Age: If I was left alone ever so little a while, I should be presently troubled in Mind; and then I wanted somebody to advise me: And truly I had those at that time who cou'd give as good Advice as any body in Spain. Oh they wou'd so handle an Argument, that let my Trouble be what it wou'd, they put it out of my Head in the twinkling of an Eye. I will take my Hood and Mantle, and go with thee immediately, Mrs. Luky. [ *Exeunt ambo.*

S C E N E, Pleberio's House.

*Melibeia alone.*

*Mel.* Oh miserable State of Love-sick Maids!  
To live in Flames, and always burn within;  
To wish with Passion, and with Scorn deny.  
Oh Torture! To be still upon the Rack,  
And yet not dare to murmur or complain.  
Why have I born the intolerable Pain  
So long, when with a Look I might have Ease!  
But Ease attended with Eternal Shame.  
Guardians of Chastity and Virgin-Youth,  
Defend me from the Tempter from without;  
Defend me from my Thoughts that tempt within,  
Or I am lost: For by my Heart I feel  
My Woman's Weakness is increas'd by Love.

A Name,

A Name, that shou'd be dreadful to my Ear:  
A Word a Maidens Tongue shou'd ne'er pronounce.  
But oh! no Sound's so pleasant; 'tis as sweet  
As Musick to my Soul; it lulls my Care,  
And like the *Syrns* Charms, makes Ruin fair.  
Well, where's the Woman? [ *Enter Lucr.*

*Luc.* I left her without, while I came in to see if the House was clear; and she might enter unobserv'd.

*Mel.* Yes, all is clear; there's nothing to observe But Conscience, and the Spies invisible, [ *Exit. Luc.* That watch the Guilty. Call her in, and see The Doors be fasten'd on us. Oh the Pow'r, The wond'rous Pow'r of such Desire as mine! How soon 't has chang'd me. Yester-Morn my Blood Had curdl'd with Horror of the Deed which now I act, resolv'd — and scarce have Virtue left Sufficient for a Blush. You're welcome Mother.

*Enter Lucretia and Celestina.*

*Celest.* Your Woman, Madam, tells me you are ill. What's my good Lady's Disease? Is it the Vapours, the Cholick, Fits of the Mother? Is it in your Head, your Stomach, your Back, your —

*Mel.* Oh, no; 'tis in my Heart; it throbs and burns As if my Blood was in a Flame.

*Celest.* Poor Lady — Is it so with you? you shall now pay for yesterday's Anger, or I'm no more a Witch than my Grandmother's Under-Petticoat.

*Mel.* What say you, *Celestina*? Has your Art A Cure for my Distemper?

*Celest.* Has a Quack a Cure for a — Consumption?

*Mel.* Oh, Find a Remedy for mine; E'en now It pains me; and my Fev'rish blood beats high.

*Celest.* The ready way for me to find a Remedy, is to be well inform'd of your Disease; you must tell the Truth, and the whole Truth, to your Physician, as much as to your Confessor. [ *know't*

*Mel.* Thou'rt Wise, and by thy long Experience

All Women's Sickneses : But best ar't vers'd  
 In this. 'Tis seated in my Heart; it there  
 Begins to work, and thence 'tis soon dispers'd  
 Through all my Veins. I freeze, and now I burn;  
 I'm hot and cold; I tremble— Now my Cheeks  
 Are pale, now redden'd with a glowing Blush;  
 In ev'ry part I feel it. When the Fit  
 Is on me, for the Time I lose, my Senses:  
 I Reason with my self, but all in vain;  
 The Violence of the Disease prevails.  
 Disarms my Reason, and I'm sick to Death;  
 Not Friends, Relations, Duty nor Discretion  
 Are Names of Weight — I'm deaf to ev'ry Sound  
 That is not Tun'd to flatter my Distemper,  
 And ev'ry Voice that is not like *Calisto's*  
 Sure when thou talk'st to me of him, thy Words  
 Were Charms, and by thy Magick I'm undone.

*Celest.* Madam, you only fancy such a thing.  
 What little Magick I had, I have lost this Thirty  
 year. And for Charms— Do's your Ladiship see  
 any in me? you wou'd make me proud of my self,  
 did not that Glass there put me in mind of my  
 Grave, to which I am hastning. You must be troubled  
 with some other Indisposition.

*Mel.* No, Mother; all my Sicknes, all my Pain  
 Is here; or hence it all proceeds.

*Celest.* Will you give me leave to tell you what I  
 take your Disease to be? You know, Madam, the  
 Art of Physick is but Conjecture at best. Doctors  
 go by Symptoms, and they may deceive them. I  
 have known Peoples Pulse beat as fast as if they  
 were in a Fever, and yet they've been all the while  
 in an Ague. I have known a Cold Fit come before  
 a Hot, and a Hot before a Cold. Constitution is  
 a great Matter; I must know your Ladiship's Con-  
 stitution; I must feel your Pulse: 'Tis high, 'tis on  
 the Gallop. Now let me see; Have you no Long-  
 ings after any thing? Do not you fancy some  
 one

one thing in the World more than another?

*Mel.* For Heav'n's sake do not vex me thus with  
 Jest's are as ill-tim'd now, as it wou'd be [Words;  
 To bring a Scaramouch before a Wretch  
 Extended on the Wheel. My Soul's in Torment;  
 My Body suffers, and my Frame entire  
 Is in disorder. Is it in thy Art  
 To set it right? Oh speak! For thy Delays  
 Enrage my Pains——

*Celest.* You are Sick, and wou'd be Cur'd; you  
 Wish, and yet fear a Remedy. Shall I touch you  
 to the Quick? Shall I Probe your Wound? Shall  
 I be free with you, sweet Lady, and open your  
 Bosom-Ills? Will you not be angry again? For  
 you young Ladies are very apt to be angry, if you  
 are not pleas'd in your own way.

*Mel.* Thou keep'st me on the Rack; do what thou  
 Practice thy Arts; no Remedy's so sharp [wilt;  
 As are the Torments I endure: Nor Fame,  
 Nor Honour, Limb or Life will I refuse  
 To venture, were I sure of Future Ease.

*Luc.* This Old Sorceress has bewitch'd her; she  
 talks as if she had been bred up in her Convent. [Aside.

*Cel.* The Wench mutters, and will spoil all if I  
 don't send her packing. [Aside.] In all great Cures,  
 the first thing requir'd by the Surgeon of his Pati-  
 ent, is Courage; and the next thing is, that he be  
 not crowded, that no-body may Jog his hand, and  
 make him direct his Instrument the wrong way.  
 In your Case, Madam, a good Heart and Secrecy  
 are necessary. There must be no Witness of the  
 Advice or Cure. Mrs. *Lucretia*, you'll pardon me,  
 I mean no harm, but 'tis necessary for your Lady's  
 good that you shou'd withdraw.

*Mel.* Be gone— Why Loyter you— Be gone—  
 Now, Mother,  
 Say boldly what I am to suffer.

*Celest.* Nothing, nothing in the World, Madam.  
 There's

There's more harm in the Imagination, than in the Physick it self. Well, to see how things will come about— But a day or two ago I fetch'd a Cure from your House for my Lord *Calisto*, and now I must fetch one from his for your Ladiship.

*Mel.* Oh name him not, the very Name renews My Anguish; adds to my Disease like Fuel; It feeds my Fire; you see it by my Looks.

*Celest.* As I said before, Madam; your Ladiship must have a good Heart; you must be Patient, or I prescribe in vain; your Wound is great, and so must your Remedy be— 'Tis a Maxim in Surgery, *A good Lance leaves a great Scar.* No Pains can be cur'd without Pain: You must bear a little, Madam, or you must bear more: One Nail drives out another; One Sorrow expels another. Don't be offended with Words, nor think ill of so worthy a Person as my Noble Lord *Calisto*. Ah, did you but know what is in that Man, you'd say there was not a more accomplish'd Gentleman in *Spain*.

*Mel.* You kill me with his Praise. Again I beg you Say nothing of him, either Good or Bad; But rather Bad than Good: For Praise is Poyson, 'Tis Dang'rous to a Stranger, but to me Intolerable. Oh, 'twill work to Phrenzy.

*Celest.* If you forbid me to name him, or any one else, you circumscribe your Physician, you set Bounds to my Art, and may as well tell your Doctor you are Sick, and wou'd be restor'd to your Health, but it shall not be by such or such Medicines. Your Doctor, shou'd he hear you say so, wou'd return you your Fee, and leave you to dye of an Old Distemper, tho' not very Mortal, call'd Folly. If you'll hear me, you shall have a Cure; if you will not, Heav'n's bless your Ladiship, and *San Jago* bestow a Miracle upon you; for you are past Recovery without one, unless your Patience reconciles you to my Experience and Good-will. And I must  
tell

tell you plainly, if my Noble Lord *Calisto* do's not assist me —

*Mel.* Again, She Sounds him in my Ears. Again, She wounds my Soul; I cannot bear it. Hold, My Pains are less Tormenting than thy Words. Say, how can he assist thee. If from him My Cure is fetch'd, before I'll use it, Beldam; Daggers or Poyson, Death shall be my Lot.

*Celest.* Come, come; this is not the way to be well, Lady. Without all this Bustle and Rhapsodies, Love is your Disease; and what cures Love, is not such a Mystery, but your Maid might have told you. Only I know who, as well as what; I know by your very dislike of the Name, that you like nothing in the World more. And wherefore all this Rout? Shall I go to him? Shall he come to you? When you are together; when he flies into your Arms, and you into his; when he clasps you so close, that you wou'd think you grew together; when he kisses, sighs, and you kiss and sigh —

*Mel.* Peace, thou hast done thy worst; my Soul's so Of Thoughts of different kinds, severe and sweet, [full It turns my Head — I sicken now to Death. [*She falls.*

*Celest.* Curse of my Forward, Babbling Tongue; she'll dye now perhaps, and I shall be hang'd for being in her Company; had a Man been here — he might have helpt me to bring her to Life again. But what can a Woman do? [*Aside, Luby, Luby.*

*Mel.* Softly; the House will hear you — I am well; My Strength returns, and I can Rise my self.

*Celest.* 'Twas a sudden Qualm; 'twill go over presently. I have had Qualms my self; but truly, sweet Lady, not on such an account; I always kept a good Heart within me.

*Mel.* Oh *Celestina*, think not, I with Ease Can bear the Name of one to whom I owe The Misery to which Ill Fortune drives me. Too well, I love to hear it, 'Tis a Sound,

That

That rather wou'd revive, than kill me: Yet  
Virtue had still some Hold; and while that stay'd,  
His Name brought Horror with it; 'Twas a Struggle  
That Love and Virtue long maintain'd within.  
Doubtful the War, till Reason leaves the Field:  
And Virtue thus betray'd, submits to Love.

*Celest.* Virtue, What is this Virtue? What  
Language is that word? Sure 'tis not our Mother  
Tongue: I have kept all sorts of Company, from  
the Great Lords and Ladies, down to your Attor-  
neys and Laundresses this Thirty years, and I don't  
remember I have met with that word Virtue in all  
that time: Sure 'tis some Old-fashion'd Thing,  
which went out when Fardingales came in. Virtue  
and Love; did they Fight within you, d' say? Well,  
let them Fight where and when they please; Love  
makes the best Sport I'll warrant ye — Two to One  
on Love's side — And Lord *Calisto* shall go my  
halves.

*Mel.* *Calisto!* Oh *Calisto!* 'tis a Name  
That with it brings a thousand Joys. *Calisto,*  
Lord; my Life — If thou do'st Love like me,  
How canst thou live in absence! If thy Heart  
Feels half what mine endures without thee, sure  
Thou wou'd'st find Wings to fly into my Arms.  
Ah Fond! Ah Fruitless Hope! I rave of Things  
That are Impossible!

*Celest.* Nothing is Impossible to a Willing Mind.

*Mel.* How can I see him? If 'tis in my Power:  
My Will consents with Rapture, Where and When.

*Celest.* Marry, sweet Lady, this very Night, in  
this very House — I never do Business by halves;  
I go through-stitch with what I undertake: It shall  
be at 12; get the Keys ready, and he shall be at  
the Door — Leave the rest to me.

*Mel.* What Pow'r can I invoke to give Success!  
No Saint that sits enthron'd above will own  
My Impious Wishes, and no God forgive!

Hah!

Hah! if I think of this, I shall grow mad:  
Love still will hear: Be thou O Love propitious.  
*Calisto* comes; To him I'll tell my Care;  
He'll pardon me, and with his sweet Deceit  
Indulge my Grief, and soothe me in my Shame.

*Enter Alisa, Lucretia following her.*

*Celest.* I hear some-body coming — Hah, 'tis your  
Mother; I must leave you; Remember the Hour  
is 12.

*Alisa.* How now, Daughter; what makes this  
Woman here to day again? *[Exit.*

*Luc.* An't please your Ladiship, her Thread did  
not hold out yesterday, and she came to make it up  
to day.

*Alisa.* Daughter, I charge you on my Blessing  
never to admit that Filthy Old Bear to your Pre-  
sence when I am out of the way; I have heard a  
wicked Character of her, and don't like her haunt-  
ing our House; I came on purpose to give you  
warning of her; and to find her here ev'n then  
troubles me.

*Mel.* Madam, my spotless Fame's above Reproach;  
Her Character will bring no Stain on mine,  
While Virtue is my Guard. I'll be advis'd,  
And always be directed by your Will.

*Alisa.* A good Child — Heav'n's bless thee; thou  
art the Joy of thy Father's Age and mine; and if  
any Evil shou'd come to thee, 'twou'd break our  
Hearts. Come, *Melley*, let's in to Supper; 'tis al-  
most the time. *[Exeunt.*

### SCENE, A Myrtle Grove.

*Calisto and Tristan.*

*Calisto.* Are they not yet return'd?

*Tristan.* They are gone to one Mrs. *Celestina's*.

*Cal.* Both of them? *Permeno* and *Semprenio* too?

*Trist.* Both, my Lord.

*Cal.*



*Cal.* Oh, may they bring me News to glad my Soul;  
News of my Love, and that she still is kind.

*Tris.* My Lord, I see *Sempronio* and *Parmeno* yonder; shall I call them? there's an Old Woman with them.

*Cal.* Fly, bring 'em to me; 'tis for them I wait,  
While wand'ring in the Mazes of this Wood, [*Exit Tr.*  
I sacrifice a thousand Vows to Love.

To Love and *Melibza*. Happy Shades!  
Where oft the Little God descends to see  
His faithful Slaves retire to secret Joy.

Or from the Altar of their flaming Hearts,  
Send up warm Wisnes, and implore his Aid.

Oh *Melibza*! wert thou here? This place  
Were Paradise, and *Venus* shou'd resign  
Her Sway to thee, for thou'rt the Queen of Love.

*Enter Celest.* *Sempronio* and *Parmeno*.  
Come near me, thou that to my Soul bring'st Ease;  
To see thee only, it exults with Joy:

My better Genius, thou. What says my Mistress?  
Am I to live? or of Despair to dye?

*Celest.* Dye! What shou'd the poor Lady do with  
a dead Lover? No, no, my Lord; you must live, and  
live well too; for you have a great Work upon your  
hand; I have been trudging it about all day, and  
have not put a Bit of Bread, nor Glass of Wine, with-  
in these Lips; and all to do you service. Many  
an Enemy have I made to get you one Friend;  
and if I had not succeeded —

*Cal.* Hast thou succeeded then? Thou wond'rous  
*Venus* is more indebted to thy Wisdom, [*Woman!*  
Than to her Son's resistless Darts. Say on.

Hast thou succeeded? Is my *Melibza*  
No longer Cruel? Will she hear my Moan,  
And at her Feet permit me to complain?

*Celest.* My Lord, what wou'd you complain of?  
She can do for you no more than she can do. What  
wou'd your Lordship have of the young Gentlewo-  
man?

man? wou'd you have more than all? — As much  
I'll answer for.

*Calisto.* Oh, welcome Messenger, not all, by *Venus*,  
The Thousandth part; the least, the smallest Sum  
Of the Vast Treasure: But a Look, a Sigh  
Will make me happier than I dare to hope.

*Celest.* A Look, a Sigh — Ads my life; you shall  
Hug and Kiss — and Clasp and Toy — A Look and  
Sigh — Light Food, I' faith; my Lovers formerly  
wou'd soon have starv'd with such Dyer. In short,  
my Lord, she's yours entirely.

*Calisto.* Oh! do not rally me in this? Beware,  
'Tis fatal to abuse my Heart in this.

*Celest.* I say again; she is, if you please, as much  
yours as ever your Father was your Mothers,  
Matrimony and Consummation only excepted: you  
may do what you will with her.

*Cal.* 'Tis wonderful! Thy Service is so great,  
My Fortune can't reward it as I wou'd.  
Take this, and from my Gratitude expect  
Still more; for I can never pay too much.

*Semp.* A Gold Chain worth 500 Crowns. Mark,  
that *Parmeno*; we'll have our Share anon Boy. [*Aside.*

*Celest.* Oh your Lordship has over-valu'd my poor  
Service — tho' to say the Truth, I have not been  
idle — I have not let Grass grow under my Feet.  
I have bestirr'd my self; I have plotted, and con-  
triv'd, and ly'd, and brib'd, and set a hundred En-  
gines to work; and, thank my Stars, Fortune has  
not disown'd my Merit. — The Effect, in a  
word, is, You must be at 12 a Clock at her Fa-  
ther's House, where she will wait for you at the  
Door; and you shall learn from her own Mouth,  
whether I am a Person of Sincerity; whether I  
am to be trusted — whether I understand my  
Trade, and can serve a Friend upon Occasion:  
In short, whether I am of Importance, and a use-  
ful Woman in my Generation. — I tell you  
once

once more, you shall find her there, and in as much Impatience to meet you, as you to meet her.

*Cal.* Am I awake? or is it all a Dream?

Oh sweet Delusion! If I sleep, sleep on,  
My Eyes, and never wake; for Life has nothing  
So Joyous, so Transporting. Can it be,  
That I, who thought my self of all Mankind  
Most wretched scarce a Moment since, shou'd now  
Be the most Envy'd Mortal in my Fate?  
Oh Night, drive on thy Sable Car! Oh Moon,  
Hide for a while thy Silver Beams! For Light,  
A Foe to Lovers, may disturb my Joy.

*Ceist.* If your Lordship has any more Commands  
to lay upon your most Obedient, most Humble,  
and most Devoted Servant, here I stand with my  
Ears open to receive, and my Heart willing to exe-  
cute whatever you shall require of me. If you  
dismiss me at this present, I'll to my Natural Rest;  
for I am tir'd, my Bones are stiff, my Feet sore,  
and I will retire to my Bed, and pray for your  
Lordship's Success. But I may save my Prayers;  
you'll be but too happy, and I shall so think of you,  
when I am between my Cold Comfortless Sheets.  
Well speed your good Lordship; the Hour draws  
on; you'll be punctual. [Exit]

*Cal.* As Day to Night are in Succession true,  
Or ev'ry thing that's certain in the World.  
Be punctual; Heav'n, to miss a Minute's! Death!  
Hence let us home, and Arm, 'tis Ten, or past;  
But Time flies always slow, when we're in haste.

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Street near Pleberio's House.*

*Parmeno and Sempronio in Armour.*

*Parm.* **B**Rother *Sempronio* — Ha, ha, ha, he — I  
can't speak for Laughing, to think what  
a Fool my Master wou'd have made of me: but  
Faith I was too hard for him, he wou'd have sent  
me before him, to see if she was come: But, quench  
I, my Lord, the Lady may take it ill that you let  
any body know of the Affignation. He takes the  
hint, and away he's gone by himself, to stand near  
the Door till she comes forth.

*Semp.* What was't thou afraid of?

*Parm.* What do I know who stands between or  
behind Doors? Or, whether Mrs. *Melilar* or  
Madam *Celestina* has not put a Trick upon our  
Lord; if so, better he have the Drubbing, or the  
Sword in his Guts, than I: I'll be no man's Target,  
and will solemnize this as my Birth-day, or Birth-  
night, as long as I have a Real in my Pocket to  
buy a Glas of Brandy.

*Semp.* I don't like this Business, nor this Post here  
one jot: Happen what will, be thou prepar'd, and  
like a Soldier, ready at the first Allarm to take thee  
to thy Heels.

*Parm.* I'm ready, and will start as soon as thou  
giv'st the Word; else we may make a bad Year of  
it, and bring our selves into a Peck of Troubles.

*Semp.* In an unfortunate Hour came we hither;  
and you'll find he'll be so engag'd with his Mistress,  
that he'll forget how the Night wears, or what Dan-  
ger we are in. If any of her Father's Men hear  
him, or the Alguazils shou'd meet with us here, we  
shall be taken and sent to the Gallies, unless our

Heels do us more service than our Hands. Hark! Methinks I hear some Noise about the House.

*Parm.* Fear nothing; we are far enough off— And the very first Alarm that's giv'n — Let him alone; let him take his Course; if he do's ill, let him pay for't.

*Semp.* 'Tis but reasonable; we don't desire to kill or be kill'd; we are young both, and our Lives are worth keeping — I'm, as one may say, cock'd and prim'd, and ready to go off, if you but pull the Trigger. Coud'st thou see how I stand prepar'd for Flight, thou'dst split with Laughter. My Posture's sideling, my Legs abroad, my left Foot foremost. The Skirts of my Cloak tuckt up under my Girdle; my Buckler clapt close to my Arms, that it may not hinder my speed — . Gad, I cou'd outrun a Buck.

*Parm.* I stand better, for I have ty'd my Sword and Buckler together, that they may not fall from me as I run, and have clapt my Head-piece in the Cape of my Cloak.

*Semp.* Hark! We are dead Men; [*A Noise of Watch.* the Alguazil's Men are about. Put on, put [*They run.* on — a Snail wou'd make more haste; home home, Man, as fast as thou canst.

*Parm.* Fly, fly; if we are overtaken, we are hang'd: Throw away thy Buckler, Cloak and all.

*Semp.* Have they kill'd our Master?

*Parm.* How the Devil shou'd I know? Let him look to that, he's the least of my Care.

*Semp.* Stop: Methinks the Noise goes another way. 'Tis Right; see there; the Enemy's turning down yonder Street; Let's return to our Post.

*Parm.* Take your Eyes in your hand, and besure; go you back for me — I feel a Stall here; 'tis broken, I'll creep into it. Come in Brother, here's Room for you; Our Master must come by this way; if we don't see him, we shall hear him. We'll follow

follow him, and tell him we were upon the Scout— if he misses us, fearing the Watch wou'd have set upon him.

*Semp.* We'll swear we drove as fast as our Fear of 'em drove us: Lye close —

*Parm.* Squeeze in, Man — Ev'ry place that's safe, is Honourable, say I — Tush — [*Calisto groping.*

*Calist.* Where are you? Speak *Sempromio, Parmeno*; They're gone, or else I miss 'em in the Dark. Sure Fortune has not jilted me, and thrown This Woman in my way, to make her sport. Yon House is certainly *Pleberio's* — Hark!

[*The Door opens, he walks up to it:*

The Door's unbarr'd; I hear a whisp'ring Noise: There's more than One. What then? is Love afraid? Who's there? Is't you, my Queen, my Goddess, speak?

[*Luc. Melib. hold the Door at jar, with a Chain between them and Calist.*

*Luc.* Or my Ears deceive me, or 'tis *Calisto's* Voice: however, to be sure, I'll go a little nearer. Who's there? Who's that speaks?

*Cal.* *Calisto* in Obedience to your pleasure.

*Luc.* Madam, 'tis he; 'tis, my Lord. Come hither; come hither.

*Mel.* Softly; ar't sure 'tis he?

*Luc.* I tell you, come hither; I'm sure of it; I know him by his Voice.

*Cal.* That is not *Melibaa*; there's another speaks. They whisper: I'm deluded and undone; But live or dye, I have not Pow'r to stir.

*Mel.* Retire *Lucretia*, while I call him to me. Who's he that Wanders in this lawless Hour? Who will'd ye to come hither?

*Cal.* One whose Worth Wou'd raise her to the Empire of the World; One whom I proudly covet to obey, And ev'n to please, ambitiously aspire. I need not ask you, Fair One, who you are:

The Joy my Ear has to my Soul convey'd,  
Discovers you're my Sov'reign, I your Slave.

*Mel.* Calisto, are you not?

*Cal.* The Fond, the Faithful?

*Mel.* Thus far, my Lord, I suffer you to shew  
How much I'm willing for your Ease to do.  
How much I of my Duty can forego.

To let you see — I'm not insensible,  
And have a Heart as conscious of your Worth  
As you can wish. Then Banish from your Soul  
All Thoughts of wronging my unspotted Honour;  
Nor give me up a Victim to the Tongue  
Of Slander, ever ready to detract  
And injure Virgin Innocence. Let this  
Content you — If you love me, you'll forbear  
Your fatal Suit, that must in Ruin end.  
In Endless Ruin dreadful to foresee.

*Cal.* Is this the kind inviting of my Fair?  
Was it for this that with Impatience rackt?  
I waited for the Moment we should meet.  
Is this the happy Hour? Are these the Joys  
I mockt my self to hope? 'Tis all Deceit;  
My Servants, *Celestina*, all deceiv'd me:  
Curse, Curse my vain Credulity; or else  
I now had been at Rest, if Death is Rest.  
For longer 'twas not possible to bear  
The Torments that were bred by your disdain.  
Curse, Curse, the Beldam's fatal pleasing Eyes.  
Didst thou not tell me, Trayt'ress, she wou'd hear  
My tender Vows, and Sigh for Sigh return?  
Ah Wretch! to live again to be disgrac'd  
Again, a Thousand Tortures to endure;  
No, Death shall give me Ease.

*Mel.* Oh name it not;

You melt my very Soul: 'Tis yours, my Lord,  
And you may mould it as you please. Oh Night,  
Hide, hide my Blushes from him: Yet, *Calisto*,

My

My Lips do Justice to my Heart, and own [Friends,  
I love, and love you more than Life, than Father,  
Than Honour, Fame, or Life itself. This Truth  
Your Merit forces from my falt'ring Tongue.  
And what can be too much, that is for you?

*Cal.* In vain, my Charmer, I to thank you strive;  
'Tis not in Eloquence, thou Heav'nly Maid!  
To tell thee what my grateful Soul wou'd say.  
To hear thee thus, transports me. But to see  
To touch thee, Gods! the Rapture is too fierce,  
And in Imagination turns my Brain.

What must it be to meet thee, when my Hands  
Can take thee to my Arms? Forbidden now  
By Doors and Chains, and shut out like a Thief.

*Mel.* Too true, my Lord; why else are you come  
To rob me of a Jewel I shou'd prize, [hither  
Far more than all the Treasures of the East?

*Cal.* Again you Stab me to the Heart; Again  
You Torture me with Cruel Causeless Fears.  
Can Love, like mine, that in its Object lives,  
Offend the Person it adores? 'Tis plain  
You hate me — and with sweet dissembled Smiles  
Abuse my Honest Passion —

*Mel.* Cease, my Lord.

I cannot bear to hear your hard Reproaches.  
What wants there to confirm that I am yours?  
I yield my self without Reserve, and hope  
You'll like a Gen'rous Conq'ror, use your Captive,  
Nor treat me ill, because I make no Terms.

*Cal.* How can I treat such matchless Beauty ill!  
Such matchless Tenderness, and gentle Youth!  
Oh *Melibza*, think what I endure  
To be so near thee, and no nearer — Curse,  
Curse on those Bars that keep thee from my Arms.  
Must we ne'er meet, but parted thus like Foes?  
These Chains, tho' made of Adamant, wou'd break  
Like Reeds, if Love against them sets its Force.  
Down then —

*Mel.* Hold, hold, my Lord, or you'll allarm  
The House, and I'm undone. The Morning dawns,  
At Night, at 12, you'll find me in our Garden  
With open Arms, and with my first Embrace  
To welcom him I love, my Lord *Calisto*.

*Cal.* At Night— Then I must live a long, long  
And ev'ry Moment is an Age without thee; [Day,  
And with thee Ages wou'd like Moments fly.

*Mel.* 'Tis light, and I must leave you. Heav'n de-  
From ev'ry Ill. Farewell. [send ye

*Cal.* Till then adieu,  
My Love, my Life, my Soul, my *Melibza*.

[*Parmeno and Sempronio*  
*creep out of their Hole.*

*Parm.* Make haste out, or he'll be here before  
we unkennel; I heard the Door shut; he's  
coming.

*Cal.* *Parmeno, Sempronio.*

*Semp.* We are at our Posts; True Centinels; we  
did not so much as once sit down, nor put one Leg  
over another, but watch'd for the Enemy as dili-  
gently as a Cat for a Mouse; that if we had heard  
but the least Noise, we might presently have leapt  
forth, and done as our poor strength wou'd per-  
mit us. And I must say that for *Parmeno*, and a  
Fig for him, tho' he did not espouse this Cause till  
now very warmly, he's as hearty in it as if it was  
his own. When he spy'd some Links advancing  
our way, he was as glad as a Wolf that spies the  
Dust of a Drove of Sheep. However, we were  
prudent -- and seeing the Enemy was Ten to One,  
we kept to our Post, and resolv'd to receive them  
there.

*Cal.* We are at home: Go you both to Bed:  
You have been long on the Watch — I see by that  
Light *Tristan* is up; he shall do your Duty — Be-  
gone, I say; you have serv'd me well, and I'll be  
kind to you. [Exit.

*Semp.*

*Semp.* How easy 'tis to make a Fool of a Lo-  
ver!

*Parm.* As easy as to make a Lover of a Fool.  
Are you for a Nap?

*Semp.* Not I. Didst thou not see my Lord give  
the Old Beldam *Celestina* a Gold Chain? She has  
receiv'd several other Presents, in all, I believe, to  
the Value of 900 Crowns; and by a private  
Article between us 'twas stipulated, She shou'd  
have one Third, I another, and thou another;  
provided thou didst not oppose us, but assist us in  
this Intrigue; which thou hast done notably: And  
I'm resolv'd not to sleep a Wink, till I have my Di-  
vidend; for the Property of Gold and Silver is so  
soon alter'd, that if we shou'd stay till Noon, the  
Devil a Sous shall we have. — I know the false  
Hag too well to trust her.

*Parm.* 'Tis wisely consider'd. She that will  
cheat the Master, will make no Scruple of Con-  
science to do the same by the Man. — Lead to  
her House — I'll be at thy Back. — These  
Arms will put Courage into me, if no Danger hap-  
pens in the way to drive it out again. [Exit.

### S C E N E, *Celestina's House.*

*Parmeno and Sempronio Knocking.*

*Semp.* The Old Bawd put the Gold Chain under  
her Pillow, and that makes her sleep so soundly.  
Gold, they say, is better than a Cordial: 'Tis  
mighty good for the Heart-sick at Night, and Sore  
Eyes in the Morning; for the Wind in the Sto-  
mach at Noon — for any Distemper, at any Time,  
in all Cases, and for all Constitutions.

*Parm.* Why, Mother *Celestina*, if you don't  
come presently, I'll break the Door down.

Enter *Celestina* half undress'd, and rubbing her Eyes,  
Elicia following her.

H h 4

*Celest.* What

*Celest.* What! A Murrain take ye, for a Couple of mad Scowlers; what do you here at this time of the Night?

*Semp.* Nay, faith 'tis Morning: There's never a Cock in Town, but has crow'd out his Crows by this time.

*Celest.* Well, How came my Lord off? Has he been with her? Has he seen her? Has he consummated? Has he, my Boys, — Oh, we shall live merrily after Consummation. — I never lov'd an Intrigue which was not consummated. — Is it so, Lads? — How stands it with him?

*Semp.* Stand with him — We can tell you little of that — — But if we had not stood by him, he had been a Dead Man before now. — 'Tis not all the Money in his Coffers can make us amends for the Peril we have pass'd.

*Celest.* Peril; What dost thou talk of? What Danger can you have been in, by staying in the Street a little?

*Semp.* Marry — for all you — in such Danger, that my Blood still boils in my Body to think on't. — Faith we deserve something.

*Parm.* And something we will have. Prithee let us out some Breakfast; when we have eaten, our Choler may abate; for as 'tis now with us, we desire to meet no man that desires Peace: We thirst after Enemies: Oh that I cou'd light upon some tall fierce-look'd Dog, to glut my Fury and Vengeance; for the Rogues fled from me so fast, I cou'd not revenge my self upon them.

*Celest.* Well; the Duce take me, if he do's not look terrible; if he do's not fright me so, that he makes my Back ache; and yet I cannot but think you are both in jest with me.

*Semp.* Jest, Woman; you'll find us in no jesting Humour. Prithee *Parmeno*, look less cholerick; if thou canst: For troth, 'tis a hard matter to bring

one's self to it, after such a Battel. Seven to One! — 'ds Death — it is not to be parallel'd in this Age. 'Tis true, before those that I knew cou'd do but little, I never made Shew of doing much. — You see, my Arms are all broken and batter'd, my Buckler without its Ring of Iron, the Plate's cut afunder, my Sword hack'd like a Saw, my Head-piece bruis'd and beaten as flat as a Pancake. — My Master is to meet his Mistress again at 12, in the Garden; and what the Devil shall I do for Arms and Armour.

*Celest.* In his Service you lost, or broke em; e'en let him get you more: He's a Generous Man; none suffers by him — He pays all his Servants their Wages.

*Semp.* Wages — Yes; but he is not bound to find us Arms, if we out of our Choler, or the Abundance of our Courage, break or lose them, when a little Moderation wou'd have sav'd all. — Mother, we must not ride a free Horse to Death. There's a hundred Crowns, a Gold Chain, and other Things: Let's come to account, according to Articles.

*Celest.* The Fellow's drunk, or his Wits with waking have taken up their Heels, and run from him. What's my Reward to thee? — Must I find Swords and Bucklers, Back-plates and Breast-plates, for you? — Thou hast taken hold of a foolish Word that slipp'd from me; but don't think to catch old Birds with Chaff. Am I a Chicken? Am I a Eubble? — No matter what I am, or am not. — The Gold was given to me; and little did I think thou wou'dst have been so base, as to have look'd for a Penny of it, after what I and mine have done for thee.

*Semp.* This will not do your Business; the Losers will speak and act too, when they have Right on their side. Where's the Chain? Produce, produce —

*Celest.* I

*Celest.* I have nothing to produce that you'll think worth having: For, as you may see by my Eyes, I've been crying all this live long Night for the Loss of my Chain. *Lissy* said, she'd put it under her Head, to dream of your Dogship; and the Baggage has mislaid it: We cannot find it, tho' we have hunted all the House over.

*Parm.* Ha, ha, he.

*Celest.* A thousand Devils take thee for a Son of a Wh—— Who sent for thee? What hast thou to do here? Hast thou any Covenant, any Articles, any Stipulations to pretend to? — Get thee out of my House, or I'll wash thy Face with my Chamberpot. —

*Parm.* You old Cheat, I am to have my Third, and my Third I am come for.

*Celest.* Hey day, this is fine — faith 'tis — Your Master shall know how I am bully'd and abus'd by you. —

*Semp.* Give us our Due, and 'tis Peace with us: We are one again.

*Celest.* What is your Due? Wenches? Wenches you have had, Wenches you shall have. — You think, it may be, I will tye you to Rack and Manger, and make you take up always with *Elicia* and *Arifsa*. — Come, come, you shall have fresh Goods; you shall each have his Leash; I will grudge you nothing in my way: But Money, you Rogues you, you Fools, you Sots; wou'd you have Money from a Bawd? Is there any refunding from a Money-Scrivener, a Lawyer, a Banker, a Proctor, a Priest, or a Pimp? Do these go Stakes? Wou'd you cly Halves with me, like a Couple of Sweetners? — Go to — I'm asham'd to see you have so little Wit.

*Semp.* We'll make short Work on't, since thou art about doing with us, as thou hast done by all that have dealt with thee. Make good what thou pro-

promis'dst us, or we'll have all thou hast: We'll plunder thy Camp for thee; we'll restore thy stolen Goods to their Owners. Whores—— did you cry? —— We defy thee and thy Whores; we have no more to say to them—— And let 'em be satisfy'd with that: —— 'Tis well we don't make them refund what they wheedled out of us. — But for thee, thou antiquated Beast, don't ——

*Celest.* Beast; call me no Beast — I'm as much a Woman as thy Mother, you insolent Rascal; better Words wou'd become you. — Learn to pay Reverence to these Grey Hairs here. I'm an Old Woman of Heav'n's making — no worse than all other Women are. — I live by my Occupation, as other Women do, very well and handsomely: I seek not after those who seek not after me; they that will have me, come to me, I go to no body. As for my Life, what it is Heaven knows: Good or bad, what's that to thee? There's Law for me as well as for others, and I'll make Examples of you.

*Parm.* Will you so —— Y' Gad it shall be for something then. —— We'll leave thy House as naked as a Parson's Barn before Harvest.

*Celest.* *Lissy*, run and fetch my Things presently; I'll to the Justice, and get a Warrant for them. I will have them both sent to *Bridewell*. You huff and hector an Old Woman, but dare not look a Man in the face, ye Cravens. Had it not been for *Lissy* and *Reusy*, who out of Love to your Loggerheads wou'd not agree to't, I had had a Man in my House who wou'd have taught you Manners. —— Gad you durst as well have taken a Lion by the Beard, as have come within reach of him: He wou'd have beat you to Mummy — and vindicated the Honour of my House from two such pitiful, noisy, blust'ring, impudent, cowardly Scoundrels as you are. —— Get you out of my Doors

Doors — both of you — Get you gone; I know you not. — You are Thieves, Robbers. I'll cry out: — Be gone, I say — Thieves.

*Semp.* Hold your Cackling, Beldam, or I'll throttle thee. Give us our Thirds, or —

*Celest.* Your Thirds? Thieves, Robbers.

*Elicia.* Thieves, Robbers.

*Semp.* The Devil — we shall be taken and hang'd, for hearing her rail at us, and call us Names. — Wilt thou give us our Thirds presently? Speak. [Both draw.

*Elicia.* They'll murder her. Oh *Sempronio*, put up; Oh *Parmeno*, for Heav'n's sake — You shall have all — Hold.

*Celest.* Thieves, Thieves; Ruffians, Robbers, Ruffians. —

*Semp.* Ruffians, you Witch, Bawd; Ruffians, you Sorcerers. Thou hast sold thy self to the Devil, and I'll send him his Bargain — Let him make the most on't. [He stabs her.

*Celest.* Murder: Oh I'm kill'd. Confession, Confession.

*Parm.* Kill her outright, that she may tell no Tales. I'll stop her prattling; a damn'd Old Hag. — [He again stabs her.

*Celest.* Oh, oh, oh. — [Dies.

*Elicia.* Ah Villains! They have murder'd her; She's dead. — *Centurio*, *Areusa*; Justice, Justice.

*Semp.* Cry out; we'll fly faster than Justice.

*Parm.* Which way? The Neighbours are knocking at the Door.

*Semp.* Out of the Window.

*Parm.* Is it high?

*Semp.* That way, or the Gallows, is only left us.

*Parm.* Jump then. They come: I follow thee. [They leap out of the Window.

Enter

*Enter Areusa and Centurio, as out of Bed.*

*Cent.* What's the matter? What's the matter? — I cou'd have wish'd you to Old Nick — I was in such a Nap —

*Areusa.* You're a sleepy Rascal, that's the truth on't. — Here's *Celestina* welt'ring in her Blood.

*Elicia.* Too true: Our Friend, our Mother! What are we?

Poor Orphans now, and left to the wide World. Oh that I cou'd my self revenge her Death:

*Parmeno* and *Sempronio*, Murderers both, Are fled from Justice, and our dire Revenge.

*Areusa.* Revenge we'll all of us consult, contrive, And ev'ry Arm assist to be reveng'd.

*Elicia.* *Calisto's* Pleasure was the Cause of all, And on *Calisto* let our Vengeance light:

Shall he and *Melibæa* swim in Joy, While we are drown'd in Floods of bitter Tears?

Shall he embracè his warm his wishing Fair, While we this cold cold Corps, to whom alive

They ow'd their Transports, in its Grave inter? Oh 'tis a Thought a Woman's Heart abhors!

*Areusa.* And Woman's Wit and Vengeance may When meet the Lovers? Where? [prevent.

*Elicia.* To night at Twelve, In *Melibæa's* Garden.

*Areusa.* Hear, *Centurio*, And as thou hop'st to pass another Night As joyous as the last: If e're these Arms Again in Height of Rapture shall enfold thee; Prepare to execute our Vow'd Revenge.

*Centurio.* Ladies, not that I matter a Murder or two — but I don't love to work without my Hire. What am I to have first? and then, who am I to dispatch? But I care not who it is, if you content me.

*Areusa.* Love, boundless Love shall be thy great And Gold, if thou art mercenary, Gold [Reward; Shall



Shall recompence the Danger, if there's any.

*Cent.* What, is *Melibza*, or *Calisto*, or both to be provided for?

*Arcusa.* Both — both: Or if you cannot kill them both; be sure *Calisto* don't escape thee.

*Cent.* He'll be alone — will he not? — For shou'd there be two of them, there must be six of us. Not that we're afraid — but we love to satisfy our Friends, and make sure of our Business.

*Elicia.* The Villains thou hast Reason most to fear, Perhaps have broke their Necks; or if they're living, They dare not to their Master's House return.

*Trifon* and *Sosio*, two tim'rous Slaves,  
Will then attend him. —

*Cent.* I have heard of them — and a hundred such Fellows shou'd not make me go out of my way. — This single Arm wou'd be too hard for them all. I afraid? — Thank *Jupiter*, Fear never enter'd into this Breast. — And when I kill'd the Conde *de* — what d' y' call it, I had a much harder Task on't: One poor Boy and I, against the Count, six Footmen, two Chairmen, and a Blunderbuss.

*Arcusa.* Thou'rt a Hero, a Hector — Kill *Calisto*, and I'll match thee with *Hercules*.

*Cent.* He's as dead as *Mahomet*, by Midnight. I have him here; I have him there, and there. Oh I long to be at him. — You little Grasshopper, you, — Cou'd this Sword of mine tell the Deeds it has done; your *St. Georges*, your *Don Bellianis's*, your *Almanzors*, and all the rest of 'em, wou'd appear to be Milkops to me. What peoples the Churchyards, but this? What makes Surgeons and Sword-Cutlers rich, but this? What Blade of *Bilboa*, Buckler of *Barcelona*, Helmet of *Colatagud*, can stand out against it? I cut a Head-piece of *Almazon* to pieces, as if it was a Cucumber. My Name *Centurio* came from my Father and Grandfather

father, we have all slain our Hundreds.

*Arcusa.* No more of your Pedigree: We must be gone; or else this Murder may be laid to us. Be sure dispatch him.

*Cent.* Be sure; why he's half dead already. The Man that I resolve to kill, has always one Foot in the Grave. I love to please all that employ me. What Death wou'd you have him put to? For I have a List of no less than 777 several sorts of Death in my Almanack; which, if you think fit, I will read to you.

*Elicia.* The Man is mad, *Arcusa*; and to trust Exposes us to suffer for his Crime. [him,

*Arcusa.* Who can we trust? And when shall we Have such an Opportunity? [again

*Cent.* I have been hir'd by all sorts of People, to teach them to cut a Throat, and the like: As your damn'd Poets, to revenge the Affronts offer'd the Memory of their departed *Scriptions*; the Criticks, to fight those that don't like their Writings, tho' they like no body's; your Actors, to vindicate the Honour of their own, or their Fellow-Actresses unspotted Characters; your Soldiers, to kill the Man that says their Swords don't hang right, or their Hats are uncock'd; and your Inns of Court Men, to pink the Rascals that take the Wall of 'em: Then your Cits, hang 'em, I have little of their Custom — They have something to lose, and they love to live by't; for, you must know, 'tis your poor Dog that has no reason to be fond of living; your Scoundrel, whose Reputation has no way to support it self but on the side of Valour, that comes to my School. And as I have all sorts of Punishments, I have all sorts of Nations there; as *French*, *Portuguese*, *Irish*. Oh, your true-bred *Irishman* makes a rare Pupil.

*Parm.* Pray, Sir, what do you call your Profession?

*Cent.* 'Tis

*Centurio.* 'Tis call'd, Madam, the Art of *Bullying*. When the Quarrel do's not come to Words, and 'tis only a shake of the Head, or a shrug of the Shoulder that gives offence, then we only bang a Man with a flat Sword in a Scabbard, or thump him on the Breast, or knock him on the Pate, or cuff or kick him, which we call *Dry Beating*. To pick a Quarrel, we tread upon his Toes, or jostle him to the Kennel, or the like, and draw before he's aware of it.

*Elic.* That's unfair you shou'd bid your Enemy draw always.

*Centurio.* Ay, so we do; but we take care to have our own Swords in his Guts first, and then we use him like a Sieve, and prick him like a Cullender. Thus you wou'd have me do by *Calisto*, wou'd you not?

*Elicia.* No, now my Anger is a little cool'd, give him only a *Dry Beating*.

*Cent.* Damn him, Dry Beat him — I'll not foul my Fingers about him.

*Arcusa.* No, no; he's not a Man to bear a kick. The Sword or Pistol must be here employ'd.

*Cent.* Ay, a good Pistol, Three Brace of Bullets and White Powder. Teach me my Trade; Teach my Grannam there, when she was living, to put a young Couple to bed.

*Elicia.* The Neighbours will come in presently. What shall we say? Let's remove the Corps into another Room, and give the Justice information of the Murder, and the Murd'ers.

*Arcusa.* We depend on you.

*Cent.* And I on thee, for another sweet Night on't.

*Arcusa.* Success is always Merit with me. Succeed and be happy — [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

S C E N E,

S C E N E, *Calisto's House.**Calisto.* Playing and Singing to his Vial.

*Sleep on, and take thy Rest,  
Let nothing now Torment thee,  
Since She whom thou lov'st best,  
Is willing to Content thee.*

*Banish Trouble from thy Mind;  
What hast thou to do with Care?  
Think what Pleasures thou wilt find,  
In the Lovely loving Fair.*

*Cal.* Why is my Heart so heavy, when the Time Which I so long have wish'd for, soon will come? Yet not so soon, but I e're then shall feel A thousand Pains by Hope and Fear produc'd: For Hope is mix'd with Fear, and that Ev'n now disturbs the Fulness of my Joy. Which Hopes so certain of such perfect Bliss, Wou'd else create — Hah, *Sofso*, why so hasty? Why with such wild Confusion in thy Looks! What Tidings hast thou of such dreadful Ills, As rob thee of thy Speech?

*Sofso.* Oh my Lord! What Heart cou'd bear the sight that these Eyes just now beheld! These Eyes, my good Lord, saw poor *Paraseno* lye dead in the Street, and *Sempronio* dying as he was, born away to Prison for Murder. [how?]

*Calist.* Hah; do'st thou not abuse me? where and Did all this happen? Speak: For if thy Story Has as much Truth as Trouble in't, I'm lost, Undone — What! Murder, Sirrah! If I find Thou'lt ruffled me so much, and told a Lye, Depend upon it, 'tis thy last. Go on —

*Sesto.* The Crowd, with the Officers, were at the Door of one *Celestina*, whose dead Body lay in the Hall of her House, and by it stood two young Women weeping; the one call'd *Arcuzo*, the other *Elicia*, who said *Sempronio* and *Parmeno* kill'd *Celestina*, because she would not give 'em a share of some Money, and a Gold Chain your Lordship had presented to her — The two Women are also sent to Prison as Accessaries to the Murder, for they were taken near the Corps — And *Sempronio* is so bruis'd, that he's Speechless, and 'tis thought will not live till Midnight. [Voice

*Cal.* Will nothing wake thee, Reason? Not the Of Heav'n, that in thy Faithful Servants Fate Bids thee behold the Ruin that surrounds thee. To sleep thou still art by soft Passions lull'd, And nothing which the Noble and the Wise Prefer to Life, can touch thee. Honour, Fame, The Treasures of a Great and Generous Soul, Thou slightest for a Momentary Bliss; And not contented with thy Shame, involv'st An Innocent, a Beauteous Maid in thine. A Virgin of illustrious Birth, a Mind That e're 'twas tainted by thy Fatal Arts, Was fair and spotless as her Heav'nly Form — Ha, if I think of this again; Oh Love, Nor all thy boasted Pow'rs will keep me firm, But I shall soon renounce thy Promis'd Joys.

*Sesto.* Wou'd Heav'n your Lordship wou'd think of it again and again: For if you kill me, I must be plain with you — The whole Town talks of you — They say you are lately turn'd so mopish, that they look upon you to be almost mad. Your Friends and Relations, whenever they hear you nam'd, hang down their Heads as if they were ashamed of you; and, what is worst of all, your Creditors haunt our Doors as if they were afraid of a Burying: Ev'ry thing goes awry with us — and this

this Intrigue of your Lordship's will bring us all to destruction.

*Cal.* Oh *Sesto*, shou'd I think again, thoud'st see 'Twou'd be too much; my Head's already hot, And Frenzy wou'd ensue. Outragious Madness! Oh, I shou'd rip this guilty Bosom ope; Tear out my Heart, and fling it to the Flames. It burns — And it shou'd burn till it consum'd.

*Sesto.* Oh, my Good Lord; Ill never speak again: I'm a Fool, a thoughtless, ignorant Creature, that knows not what I say. Your Lordship's Noble Wife, and Fam'd for Wit and Worth. If I can serve you in your Love, my Life's a Trifle, I shan't value it to please you.

*Cal.* I knew thee honest, and therefore did not blame For from another had I heard so much, [thee; The Tempest which it rais'd in me, my Rage Had another wreckt, tho' what thou said it Was Truth; thou meantst it well. But I am sick, And hate the very Thoughts of Health or Cure. Yet is't not pity, that my Name should serve For Gossips Tales? My Story be the Sport Of Slaves; the common Talk of Vulgar Moun: Shall I outlive this Infamy, and bear To see the Rabble point at me, and cry That was the Man for whom the Bawd was kill'd; That's he that lay with Lord *Pleberio's* Daughter; Who spent his Fortune on his Pimps and Panders, The Ministers of his Insatiate Lust. Gods — Dost thou say it! —

*Sesto.* Oh my dear Lord, I say they lye who said any such thing: Your Lordship is the most Noble, the most Generous Lord in Spain, and has Wealth enough to make Twenty such Lords as those that reflect on you.

*Cal.* Forgive me, *Sesto*; Thou e're this hast seen That I'm distemper'd, that my Mind's disorder'd, And all things are not well within. Didst thou

E're see my *Meliba*? Hast thou heard  
Her Voice? But if thou hast, 'twas but in common  
With others.

*Sesto*. Yes, my Lord, I have seen her, and all  
that see her say, there's not a lovelier Lady under  
the Copes of Heav'n. I have heard her speak too,  
and she talks as she looks, like an Angel.

*Cal.* But oh thou never saw'st those piercing Eyes,  
When of their Native Fierceness they're disarm'd;  
When Love adds other Graces to her own,  
And raises her from Mortal to Divine:  
That I shall see; and should I then avoid it?

*Sesto*. There's never a King in *Europe*, but wou'd  
give half his Dominions for such a sight.

*Cal.* Thou hast ne'er heard her when her haughty  
Descends, and Pity tunes her Voice to Love. [Soul  
What Musick can compare! what Sighing Air  
Can charm like hers! Oh Nature's Rich, and Art  
But poor in all things that affect the Heart.  
This I have heard, and shall I hear no more?  
Forbid it *Cupid*; *Sesto*, be prepar'd  
To follow me, where Love and Fortune lead.

*Sesto*. My Lord; Must *Tristan* wait upon you  
too?

*Cal.* Ay, Both; be ready Both, and wait my Call,  
And you, ye Hours, that lagging in your Course,  
As if you Envy'd me the Bliss you bring.  
Delay the Raptures I expect: Make haste;  
Fly swift as I, when we at Night shall meet;  
Will fly into my *Meliba's* Arms;  
And rise, not unwelcome, all her Charms.

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Walk before the Garden.*

Centurio, *Thraso*, and *Ruffians*.

*Centurio*. *Thraso*, there's Silver for thee, my Lad;  
a good Ducat, Boy: I will do more for thee than  
all the Friends thou hast in the World. Mind me,  
my Heart of Oak, when *Sesto* and *Tristan* come.

*Thraso*. Why, don't you design to tarry with us?

*Cent.* Pox take it, they would know me; and  
*Calisto* is the Devil of a Fellow.

*Thraso*. Say you so? Then I have no Business  
here. Farewell Sir. — The Devil of a Fellow. —  
I have no mind to have my Bones broke. You are  
always cunning enough to sleep in a whole Skin.  
I love Blows as little as you. A Ducat for the De-  
vil of a Fellow.

*Cent.* Pshaw, pshaw. And what hurt d'ye think  
is intended you? Don't you and I know one ano-  
ther? We are never to fight, but where we are  
sure not to be resisted. 'Tis the first Principle in the  
Science of Bullying: We are like Privateers, who  
never care to engage, where there's nothing but  
Blows to be got. All I desire of you, is, When you  
see *Sesto* and *Tristan*, to make a clattering with your  
Swords and Bucklers as though you were fighting.  
They are a Couple of poor silly Fellows. Stand off  
as far as you will: And if they don't run, do you.  
That's all.

*Thraso*. Now you talk something reasonably;  
and we will do what you desire, for half a Ducat  
more.

*Cent.* Fye, Man: Thou know'st better things.  
I'll have a Man to run away for half a Ducat, in  
any City in *Spain*: Only I know thy Merit, and  
that thy Head is as nimble as thy Heels. I have  
greaz'd thee with a whole Ducat: Lord, 'tis an

I i 3

Estate.

Estate. For half a Ducat more, I wou'd have a Priest's Throat cut at the Altar.

*Teraso.* Well, I won't stand with you. You say we must only clatter and run.

*Con.* Nothing else in the World. — Pugh, here are so many Difficulties. If I was not to meet a Pretty Wench my self at the time, I'd no more value it, than I wou'd a Kick on my Posteriors.

*Teraso.* Which thou hast been pretty well us'd to. [ *Aside.*

*Con.* There, d'ye see. — Post your selves behind that Garden-Wall; you may perceive a Glimmering of Light through the Key-hole of the Gate. Go; the Enemy will be here suddenly. This is the Signal. What if the [ *Exeunt Teraso and Ruffians.* Jades should ask me if I have been there? I can now swear, Yes: And by the Report of *Teraso* tell how many in number came against me, what Cloaths they had on, by what Marks I knew 'em to be such and such. — And shou'd they not believe me, 'tis but an Oath or two the more: And what does that cost? We Bullies throw 'em in always in to the Bargain like Paper and Packthread. I see Persons coming this way: *Sosio* with a Dark Lantern, and *Tristan*, and my Lord, all arm'd. — Oors, I wou'd not stop a minute within a Furlong of 'em, for a Night's Lodging with my Lady. [ *Exit.*

*Calisto, Sosio, and Tristan come forward.*

*Calisto.* Stay you here, after you have plac'd the Ladder, and I'm descended on the other side.

*Sosio.* There's no great Danger, my Lord?

*Cal.* None. What can hurt you? All is private here. No Watchmen come this way. But if I find You give me the least Token you're attack'd, I'll hasten to your Aid: Depend on that.

*They go on and place the Ladder with Calisto.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Garden.*

*Melibza, Lucretia.*

*Mel.* Think'st thou, *Lucretia*, I wou'd leave *Calisto*, To Wed the Monarch of the World? My Heart Is his, and can endure no other Lord.

Another must To-morrow have my Hand: My Father thus commands, my Mother prays; But Mother, Father, all must yield to Love. This Night at least is mine, and this I'll give To my *Calisto*, —

*Luc.* Indeed he's another sort of a Man than that Old Miserly Count your Father has pickt out for you: But he wou'd serve to make a Husband of: He's Richer than my Lord *Calisto*, and a bad Husband is better than a good Gallant.

*Mel.* He Richer than *Calisto*! Thou art blind: *Calisto's* Rich in ev'ry Manly Grace; His Presence Noble, but his Air as sweet As is the God of Love, when pleas'd he lies In the soft Lap of *Venus*. Oh his Looks Wou'd charm *Diana*, and corrupt a Vestal. His Wealth! What's Wealth to Lovers? Love is Rich In Friendship, Tenderness, and Joy. Besides, His Want of Wealth he owes to me alone; For me he has neglected his Estate; For me a thousand needless Sums expended; Been prodigal of Presents to his Servants, And *Celestine*, who all are dead. For me: And shall I leave this Dear, this Faithful Man. Why comes he not? Hah! my Heart, he's here:

[ *Calisto comes down the Garden-Wall with a Dark Lantern.*

Why am not I in Raptures! Oh I feel A chilling Cold; a rising Qualm of Guilt. Is it not cold, *Lucretia*?

I i 4

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Oh my Charmer!

Come to my Arms, and warm thee on my Breast:  
Feel how it burns with fierce and constant Fires.

*Mel.* My Lord, my Life: Believe not I'm lukewarm.  
Think not I meet you with Indifference. See  
If this is or a Place or Time to meet

A Man to whom I wish not well. Excuse  
The Terrors of my Innocence, my Shame.  
This Darkness and this Midnight Hour beget  
A Thousand Fears: And when I ask my self,  
Why am I here? I tremble.

*Cal.* So do I:

I tremble, but with Transport, with Desire:  
And while I clasp thee thus, my Soul's in doubt,  
If 'tis Delusion, if I dream or wake;  
For Joy like this I never felt. 'Tis Heav'n.

*Mel.* 'Tis Heav'n: But Oh! it cannot last us long.  
Sure 'tis not possible for Human Strength,  
This sweet Excess of Rapture to support.

*Cal.* What says my lovely Fair, my Life's sole Hope!  
If thus to hold thee is so sweet, what Joy  
To hear the Murmurs of accomplish'd Love,  
And dye together in extreme Delight! [ *ther*

*Mel.* Thus far with Pleasure I have gone; but far-  
Is Torture; 'tis Despair and Death: My Honour.  
Forbear, my Lord. — I beg you, as you love me,  
As ever you took Pleasure in the Hopes  
Of this dear Minute, as I now am pleas'd  
To see you, to embrace you, ask no more.

*Cal.* 'Twas better than I ne'er had known so much.  
D'ye think 'tis possible to love like me,  
Like me to wish; and what I wish, to have  
And not possess. Bid, bid the Sun be still,  
And Tides their flowing cease; and Streams their  
Forsake. — [Springs

*Mel.* Enough. That thus we talk together,  
And mingle Sighs, and hear our mutual Cares,  
And mutual Pity bring, and intermix

Such

Such Chast Embraces; Is not this enough?

*Cal.* 'Tis worse than nothing. If you set me Bounds,  
You keep me on a Rack. Love knows no Limits,  
It roves at random: Sometimes it ascends,  
And on these swelling Hills of Virgin Snow  
It plays—And then again, — My Life, my Dear.

*Mel.* You ruin me. Oh Cruel!

*Cal.* Yonder Bower  
Invites us to its darker Gloom.

*Mel.* My Lord —

[*Ex.*

*Luc.* Very fine: My Mistress sure believes I am  
not Flesh and Blood. — Do's she think that I  
can bear all this? Here's a Life, indeed. Oh how  
I feel my self melt within, like Snow against the  
Sun; and how squeamish my Mistress seems, be-  
cause, forsooth, she wou'd fain be forc'd a little!  
Had the Case been mine, I shou'd not have lost  
so much time; if I had, I shou'd have thought the  
worse of my self as long as I liv'd.

*Re-enter Calisto and Melibcea.*

*Mel.* Oh let me never leave that black Retreat,  
The Scene of my Dishonour: Keep Light from me,  
My Eyes are sick, and cannot bear it. Hah,  
Is there a Darkness that can hide my Shame?  
Is there a Gloom that can conceal my Guilt?  
Did not High Heav'n, and you appearing Stars,  
Behold us? And was Conscience so asleep?  
'Twill never wake us with its Terrors.

*Cal.* Now?

You give your melancholy Fancy I leave  
To form a thousand Visionary Ills;  
Which, did you love me, you'd with Rage repel,  
And give a Loose to Pleasure. —

*Mel.* Was it well,  
To rob me of a Jewel, which nor Crowns,  
Nor Worlds can purchase, or restore? Oh Torment!  
It stings — and ne'er shall I know Quiet more.  
My Father — and the Glory of his House

Are

Are sunk:— My Mother's Tenderness repaid  
With Shame and Horror. Gods! Can I outlive  
This fatal Night? For what's to come of Life  
Is Grief unutterable, vain Repentance,  
Despair, and all her Hellish Train of Woe.

*Cal.* If thus you mean to kill me with your Fears,  
Tell me, and let me hasten with my Sword  
The Death, to which you've doom'd me.

*Mel.* 'T had been kind,  
If when we met, you'd sheath'd it in my Heart,  
And stab'd your Image there. Thou dear Ingrate,  
I'm ruin'd by my Love — but love thee still. —  
What Noise is that? [Noise of Swords without.

*Cal.* My Servants at the Gate  
Are certainly attack'd. I bad them stay,  
And promis'd to assist them, if they met  
With any one that offer'd to molest 'em.

*Mel.* 'Tis Night; and you may fall by bloody  
Hands:

What then shall I do? I've no other Friend,  
No other Comfort: I shall soon be thrown  
To Scorn; for ev'ry Virtuous Mind abhors  
My Sin, and will the Guilty Wretch despise.

[Cry without, Follow 'em, Sosio.

*Cal.* The Noise continues. I'll but see from  
It comes, and hasten back to bid my Love [whence  
Good Night.

[He mounts the Ladder in haste, falls down  
from the Top headlong, and breaks his Neck.

*Mel.* He's gone, *Lucretia*; sure I heard  
A Person fall. Oh Heav'n! I fear 'tis he:  
Speak, speak, *Calisto*.

*Cal.* Oh —

*Mel.* 'Tis he, indeed. [light,  
Speak, speak again. — No more? He's dead. Here  
*Lucretia*, light me to the Place, from whence  
I heard that Groan.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Stay, Madam, for your Life;  
'Tis Lord *Calisto*. — Speak, my Noble Lord.  
He tumb'd headlong from the Wall; his Neck  
Hangs loose: Alas, he's dead!

*Mel.* Oh Wretch!

'Tis just, 'tis just, ye Pow'rs, that I should know  
The worst 'tis possible for Human Mind  
To feel, the last Extremity of Woe.

Fly, fly, *Lucretia*; Call my Mother to me;  
Bring Help, and let us bear the Body in:  
Tell her, her Son is dead, my dear *Calisto*;  
For he's my Husband; Oh! he was, for now  
He's nothing but a Lifeless Lovely Form:  
And I'll be with him, e're his Soul has reach'd  
The last Bright Mansions of Eternal Rest.

Thou faithful Friend of thy departed Lord,  
Serve him in this last Office; Reach my Heart,

[She stabs her self with his Sword.

And let out all the Blood that feeds my Veins,  
To mix with his, and make one friendly Stream.

Enter *Alisa*, *Pieb. Servants*, *Lights*.

*Alisa.* O Daughter, what hast thou been doing,  
Oh look upon thy Dear thy Tender Mother; [Speak?  
Look on thy Ancient Father's Reverend Tears;  
We cannot bear to see thee thus.

*Mel.* Forgive me:

I lov'd this Noble Lord; I let him see  
I lov'd him: To my Love I sacrific'd  
My Duty and my Honour. Fate decreed  
This Hand should do strict Justice on my Heart.  
Forgive me — All that I have time to ask,  
Is, Pardon my Request, You'll see this Corps  
Interr'd with his, that we may sleep together.

*Alisa.* She dyes: Run, run for Help.

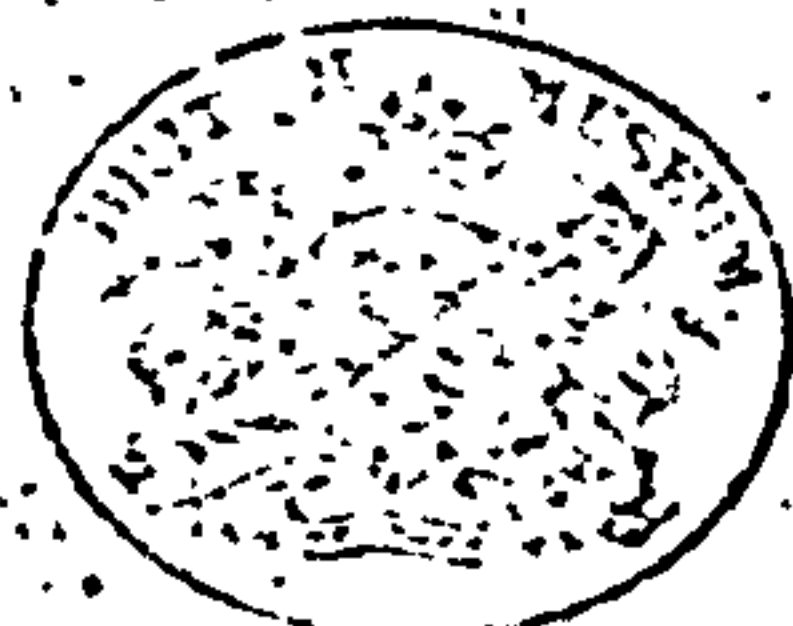
*Mel.* It comes too late,  
For all my Store of Life's already spent. [Dyes.

*Luc.* Madam, I'll see the Corps brought in; re-  
'll tell you this sad Story, when your Grief [tire:

Is

Is fit to hear it ; for 'twould now so strike  
 My Good Old Lord and you, 'twould break your  
 Let's all by their severe Example learn. [Hearts.  
 How closely Guilt by Justice is pursu'd ;  
 The dreadful Consequence of Loose Desires,  
 Which end in Ruin, Poverty or Blood.  
 Here may the Wasteful Gallant see his Wealth  
 Leads to Destruction ; and the Am'rous Youth  
 Behold to what his Tempting Pleasures tend.  
 The Fraudful Pander in a faithful Glass,  
 His Vices and their Punishment may view.  
 Those Servants who abuse their Bounteous Lords,  
 May in *Simpromio* and his Fellow's Fate,  
 Behold their own. The Chast and Charming Maid  
 With Terror looks on *Melba's* Guilt,  
 And cries, Just Heav'n defend me from her Shame.  
 Defend her, Heav'n ; from Wrong her Sex secure,  
 And let her Wishes, like her Form, be pure.

*The End of the Fifth and last Act.*



FINIS.

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THE  
Spanish Libertines:

OR, THE  
LIVES

OF

JUSTINA, The Country Jilt;  
CELESTINA, The Bawd of Madrid;

AND

ESTE VANILLO GONZALEZ,

The most Arch and Comical of

SCENES

...To which is added, a PLAY, call'd,  
An EVENING'S ADVENTURES.

All four written by William SHAKESPEARE;  
and now first with English  
Captions JOHN STEVENS.

LONDON

Printed, and Sold by Samuel Baskin, at the ...  
... in ...

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THE  
PREFACE.

WERE it not that most Men find Fault to turn directly from the Title Page to the Work it self this Preface should have been spar'd, the Translator being nothing fond of his Performances, or willing to persuade others into a good Conceit of them, but to let them take their chance, and allow all Men to judge as they please.

The Originals have a good Reputation among all that are Masters enough of the Spanish Tongue to understand them, and have been well receiv'd in their own Country. The Titles, indeed, are odd; a Jilt, a Bawd, and a Scoundrel, and such as, perhaps, cannot easily be out-done. They are Pieces full of Diversions, being a continual Interchange of Variety, and surprizing Accidents. The Design of them is not to Teach those vile Practices they contain, but rather to expose Vice, and the base Contrivances of Scandalous Persons.



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They at once Delight and Instruct, leading the Reader insensibly along, with the pleasure of the Adventures, to reap the Advantage of the Information they give him, for the avoiding the danger of ill Courses and dishonourable Company. Men differ so much in their Tempers, that they must be drawn several ways to the same End, because the same Methods will not prevail upon all. There are very few that can bear to be told bluntly of their Faults, and yet even those, who are most averse to it, may sometimes be reclaim'd, by hearing that blam'd in others, which they are Guilty of themselves. Some cannot endure to Read any thing that is serious; however, these will sometimes spare an Hour to look into a Book that pleases them with variety of Accidents, ingenious Contrivances, and witty Expressions. Youth, naturally averse to solid Studies, as easily drawn away by Delight, are thus, sometimes, pleasingly dissuaded from those Follies they see have prov'd fatal to others. It is a receiv'd Custom to assign Profound Morals to the most Nonsensical Fables. These Stories, whether true or false, may well deserve the same use to be made of them, since they have a far greater secret of Wit in them, and must afford much more Satisfaction. If this be not allow'd them, still they will serve to unbenumb the Mind after more serious Exercises, or

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to engage some in Reading of them, who might, perhaps, spend their time worse. This may suffice in general; one word more as to each Piece in particular.

The Country Jilt, in Spanish, call'd La Picara Justina, is not a Translation, but rather an Extract of all that is Diverting and Good in the Original, which is sack'd up with so much Cant and Reflection, as really renders it tedious and unpleasant; for which reason all that unfavoury part is omitted, and only so much render'd into English as may be Diverting and Instructing. Her Pranks may, perhaps, to some, seem too Vulgar, or Mean, but they will do well to consider she is yet but a Country Girl, and as such, and therefore promises, in the second part of her Life, to rise higher, when better Instructed and Improv'd in her Profession. She has hitherto kept herself honest as to her Body: What she will do afterwards must be seen in the second Part of her Life. It was Written by the Licentiate Francisco de Ubeda, a Native of Toledo.

The Second Piece, which is The Dowd of Madrid, goes in Spanish by the Name of Celestina, Tragicomedia de Celestina y Melibea; being in the nature of a P. O. and therefore call'd a Tragicomedy, but

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has too many Acts, so that it would never appear well in its Natural Dress, which prevail'd with me to alter the Method, retaining still the whole Intrigue, without Deviating from it in the least, but only making a Tale of it, and therefore the Dialogue is kept up in a great measure: The Book is well known and esteem'd in the Original, and the Author's Name is discover'd by a Copy of Verses prefix'd before the Work, and is made out of the first Letter of every Verse, being El Bachiller Fernando de Roxas, de la Puebla de Montalvan.

Some do vouch for the Truth of the whole Story, which I dare not undertake to stand by, tho' it is all Natural; but as the Italian Proverb says, If it be not true it is well invented; for it discovers abundance of the vile Practices of that sort of Women; shows how much all People are impos'd upon, that have do with them, and the fatal Consequences of such wicked Courses. The whole is a continual Contrivance of Lewdness, dexterously manag'd, with such an intermixture of superstitious Follies as renders it pleasing; discovers the Ignorance of those who believe in such Absurdities, and gives a good caution for the shunning all Women of Scandalous Reputation, by the Example of Melibea.

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## The Preface.

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The Author of the Play, was Don John de Avila, a very Modern Writer, long since the famous Poets, Lope de Vega, Don Rodrigo Calderon, and others, whose Names are well known among us; and therefore, contrary to what is usual in other Spanish Plays, which generally have but three Acts, this has five; and the humour of it is more suitable to the present Times, nothing being alter'd in it, except the Names, and removing the Scene out of Spain into England, and consequently substituting our own Customs, in some places, for those of that Country, where they might not be perhaps so Intelligible to such as are not acquainted with the Conversation of that Kingdom.

Lastly, Estevanillo Gonzales; or, The Comical Scoundrel, was Writ by himself; who tells us he really run thro' all that variety of Extravagancy the Reader will see in his Life, bringing many Witnesses, Living at the time when it was Printed to Evidence the Truth of it, and in the Opinion of many, he seems to have out-done Lazarillo de Tormes, Guzman de Alfarache, and all other Rogues that have hitherto appear'd in Print.

He should have had the first place in the Book, but that the Original did not come

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to hand till the other three Pieces were Printed, which was the occasion of inverting the Order, and placing him after the Play; but wheresoever he is it is hop'd the Reader will find his End in him, which is Diversion.

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T H E

Spanish Jilt, &c.

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CHAP. I.

*She gives an Account of her Pedigree.*

**M**Y Father was Born in a Town they call *Casillo de Lora*, in the Earldom of *Lana*; and my Mother at *Zar*; but in case you know not where *Zar* is, I will inform you. *Zar* is near *Salgua*, a Town where there is a most Magnificent Inn, not unlike the famous one of *Widelsberg*. This Inn being always empty, is very Loud and Noisy, and seems to cry for *Whet and Lye*: For ever since it grew Lecherish has never held any Liquor, but these two sort of Grain. That last unfortunate Year it was fill'd with *New Wine*, and held as much as drove a Mill, when it was let Out; a glorious Sight. But if you do not know *Zar* by the Neighbourhood of this curious Well; it is a place that resembles a *Widelsberg*; for at both ends of it there are several Houses crowded together, and in the middle a Bridge that join them together. But that I may not lose any part of my Genealogy, I will begin with my Ancestors, both Male and Female, and then descend to my Parents. The Truth is, my Father, as well as my Mother, for all my Pedigrees were of *Talkative*, *Prating* Progeny; but he thought fit to give me the Name of *Jilt*.

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THE  
B A W D  
OF  
M A D R I D.

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C H A P. I.

*A Description of Madrid. The Bawd's Character and Practices.*

THE Renowned Town of Madrid, which has ever refused to admit of the Title of a City, lest any other should contend with it for *Supremacy*; chusing rather to be the first Town, than the second City in the World, is seated on the Banks of the much Celebrated River Manzanares, which, tho' not deep, traverses it self abroad, forming several small *Islands*, and Watering the pleasant *Parks* and *Alameda's*, where all sorts of Persons are Diverted in the Cool Summer Evenings. This is the Capital, or Court of the mighty Monarchy of Spain; the Residence of its Kings; the Center, or Heart of the Kingdom; the Seat of *Golden Age*; the Assembly of *Princely Estates*; and Mirror of *Wit*, of *Discretion*, and of *Graces*. The Season Temperature of the Air is fresh, that, not feeling the Scorching Heats,

nor the Rigid Colds of other parts, it produces all the Noble Qualities belonging to the *Male*, and all the Charming Perfections in the *Female* Sex. The Soil is so Rich, that it seems to be the Garden of *Ceres*; the Store-House of *Bacchus*, and the Granary of *Flora*. This Delicious Place contains 400 Streets, 14 Squares, or Market Places, 18 Parishes, 58 Monasteries of *Friars* and *Nuns*, besides a vast Number of *Chappels*, which, elsewhere, for their Wealth, might be reckon'd as *Churches*; 20 Hospitals, and among them, that they call the *General Hospital*, which commonly entertains 500 Sick Persons, and sometimes 1000; attended by near 100 Servants; and its constant Revenue 30000 *Ducats*, besides all *Charities* bestow'd on it. The Houses in *Madrid* are about 12000 of the better sort, without reckoning the meaner in *Suburbs* and *By-Parts*, not worthy to be mention'd with these. The Bridge call'd *Segovia* is Majestick, Built by King *Philip* the Second, and cost 200000 *Ducats*. The Great Market-Place abounding in all that the Appetite can wish, is Square, 436 Foot in length, and 334 in breadth, all the sides of it exactly Uniform, with Walks all about under the Houses, supported by Stately Pillars, those being in Number 136, Inhabited by 3700 Persons, with 615 Windows, adorn'd with the same Number of Curious *Balconies*. This is the Place for all *Publick Shows* and *Sports*, and capable of containing 50000 Spectators. The King's Palace Built without the Town, which has now follow'd and almost join'd it, is one of the Noble Structures of the Universe, scarce yielding to any but the *Islerial*; and adorn'd with *Delicious Gardens*, Water'd by *Fresh Ponds* and *Delightful Canals*. Next it is the *Parade*, the usual *Walking-Place* of the Common-Sort, and where all the *Water-Sport* in their *Coaches* take the Air. The Common Yearly Expence of *Plash* in this Town, taken from the Books of the

Duty

Duty paid at *Entrance* is 70000 *Stags*, 120000 *Stags* yearly, 60000 *Kilts*, 10000 *Calves*, 13000 *Swine*; besides all that Steals the *Racquet*, and an infinite Quantity of *Will* and *Tare Fowl*.

This Great, tho' Beautiful, this *Magnificent* Place, cannot be exempt from that which is Inherent to all Great Cities and Courts, to which, not only the *Great and Just* resort, but the *Vicious and Wicked* of every and of every Nation. Amidst such Multitudes there must infallibly be many *Debauch* and *Triflers*; many, who being blest with *Wealth*, Lavishly spend it, pleasing their *Vicious Inclinations*; and many more whom *Poverty* and *Want* put up, committing the most *Excessive Offences*, either for the support of *Life*, or to supply their *Extraneous*. These places are the safest *Sanctuary* for all sorts of *Offenders*, who are better conceal'd amongst the immense Numbers of *Inhabitants*, than in the *Wildernesses*, or *Deserted*. To them the *Christians* come to repair to exercise their *Prayers*; the *Hypocrites*, *Deceivers*, and *Pick-Pockets*, find constant Employment; there the *Pyromane* meets with all the *Materials* that can please his *Rabid*; there *Wits* and *Deceivers* exert themselves; there *Illness* is laid upon *Chairs*; there *Disolute* *Boths* find all that they are inclin'd to; and there *Plagues* and *Distempers* live upon the *Bliss* and *Wiles* of others. *Madrid* has its share of the *Views*, as well as of the *Fortunes* and *Perfections* of other Places.

How was *Born*, and here liv'd the most *Famous* *Baron*, *Clifford*, a *Woman* *Eighty* *Years*, *Highly* *Educated*, and of a *Singular* *Placid* *Temper*. Her more *Youthful* *Days* were spent in *France* of *Lambeth*, under the Conduct of an *Old* *Promoter* of *Sin*, who Carefully instructed her in all her *arts*, and she was so good a *Whore*, that she succeeded her *Master*, and all others that had preceded her. Being thus grown *Old* *and* *Wise*, she

was scarce a Boy in the Town but knew her; and when any of them follow'd her in the Street, and cry'd *Old Whore*, she was as well pleas'd as if they had Dignify'd her with some Title of Honour. Her Face was Rugged, Deform'd, and Bearded; her Body bow'd with Age and Distempers; and her Soul was the very Source of *Hellish* Contrivances. She Liv'd in the *Suburbs*, just at the end of the *Town*, in an Old Tatter'd House, ready to fall, and ill-Furnish'd with Goods, tho' sufficiently Stor'd with Young Wenches for her Turn. Under Colour of being a *Sempstress*, and making *Washes* for the Face, she follow'd the Trade of Patching up *Crack'd* *Mis-Jonheads*, downright *Bawling*, and some Smattering of *Witchcraft*. That pretence of *Sempstry* Work drew to her House abundance of *Servant-Wenches*, who instead of Learning to *Work*, had their *Work* done for them. They never came but they brought good Rashers of *Bacon*, *Meat*, *Wine*, or any such Provisions as they could Pilfer from their *Mistresses*; nor did she refuse to conceal any Stolen Goods of greater Value. Young *Scholars*, and *Noblemen's* *Domestic* *Servants* were her best Customers, for to them she Sold the Bodies of those poor *Wenches*, who seldom refus'd, upon her Promise to set all right again. But this was not all, for by the help of those *Wenches* so *Debauch'd*, she crept into the Acquaintance of the most *Reverend* and *Modest* *Gentlemen*, whom she never left till they had fallen into her Snare. For the better compassing of these Designs, she drew them Abroad on pretence of little Pilgrimages Visiting of *Churches*, and other Exterior Acts of *Devotion*; and when Ripe, they went Veil'd to her House. The Men repair'd to it Masqued up in their Cloaks by Day, and bare Fac'd by Night, and many of them in such Habits and Dignities, as rather represent'd *Femine* and *Austerity*, than the *Delights* of that Place. Where

Devotion

*Devotion* would not gain admittance, first t up for *Quick-Dollars* to Cure Childrens *Distempers*, or else took Work in one House, and carry'd it to be done to another, only to have an Excuse to frequent them all. One cry'd, *Here comes our Grandame*; another, *There is Old Nurse*; a third, *Well come Aunt*; so every one gave her a several Name, and every Body was her Acquaintance. Yet for all this Multiplicity of Business, she never fail'd going to *Church* Morning and Evening; and the Reason of it was, because there she struck her Bargains; and then went Home and made *Washes* for the Face, *Poments*, *Powders* for the Teeth, and *Perfumes*; *Told Fortunes*; and *Distill'd* *Cordial Waters*. She had a *Garret* full of *Linbeckes*, *Glasses*, *Pots*, *Pans*, and Ten Thousand sorts of *Ussels* for her several Cheating uses, and for *Extracting* *Waters* from all the *Herbs* and *Plants* in the *Univers*. No Skin was so coarse but she would undertake to make it fine and delicate with the Juice of *Liverwort*, *Turbit*, *Dans* *Grasse*, *Illions* *Fat*, and a Thousand other Ingredients. The worst Colour'd *Skins* she promis'd to make fair and bright with a Wash of *Vine* *Branches*, of *Heath*, of *Rye*, of *Blue* *Wool*, with some *Salt-Peter*, some *Alum*, and *Hill-falls*. Scarce any Creature escap'd her, having Pots of *Beans*, of *Mashes*, of *Combs*, of *Sashes*, of *Dares*, of *Squirrels*, and of *Hedgehogs* *Crocks*, and so of all the rest. The whole House was hung round with dry'd *Herbs* for *Baths*, as *Cassia*, *Isidore*, *Black* *Mallows*, *Golden-Hair*, *Black* *Hell*, *White* *Hell*, *Almond*, *Lemon*, *Rays*, *Dry'd* *Roses*, *Orange*, *Ground-Hey*, *Golden-Cups*, and a long *Series*. It is incredible what an Infinite Variety of *Oils* she Extracted from *Stones*, *Lemons*, all *Sorts* of *Peppars*, *Benjamin*, *Pine-apples*, *Kernels*, *Yuccas*, *Cocks*, *Apples*, *Wax* and *Beans*; and even old *Wine* *Bottles* in a small Vial for a *Sore* *Throat* *Wash*.

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on her Nose. Then for Restoring of Maidenheads she was wonderful, being furnish'd with all the Instruments in a Curious Painted-Box, which *Moby* will not suffer us to Particularize for fear of Offending; but certain it is, by this *Art* she put off a *Servant* she had three times among the *French Ambassadors Servants* for a *Maid*, and she pass'd Current, without the least mistrust. Then to force *Love*, and for other such *Superstitious* and *Diabolical Uses*, she had a Closet stor'd with *Bones* found in the *Hearts of Stags*, *Vipers Tongues*, *Heads of Quails*, *Asses Brains*, *After-births of Mares*, *Cauls Children* had been Born in, *Barbary Beams*, *Sea Flags*, *Halters* Men had been Hang'd in, *Flowers of Icy*, *Hedgogs Bristles*, *Badgers Claws*, *Seed of Fern*, *Hag's Stones*, and many more things too tedious to enumerate. Abundance of Men and Women of all sorts repair'd to her on these Foolish Errands; some were to give her the Bread they had bit of; others pieces of their Coats; others some of their Hair. For some of them she made Characters on the Palms of their Hands with *Saffron*; for others with *Vermilion*; to some she gave *Wax-Hearts* stuck with broken *Needles*; or else strange Figures made of *Clay*, or cast in *Lead*, most hideous to behold. But it is impossible to describe all her Practices; yet this is certain, That there was nothing in them but *Falseness* and *Deceit*.

C H A P.

## C H A P. II.

Who Calisto and Melibea were; he falls in Love with her; advises with his Servants Scamponio and Parmeno, and sends the King to Melibea.

Calisto was the Perfection; the best of his kind; and this the Life of Calisto. Who, Calisto, a Young Nobleman, Rich, Courteous, Amiable, and Witty, fell desperately in Love with the Beautiful Melibea, Daughter to Phebeo, a Gentleman of the first Rank for Birth, Endowments of the Mind, Fortune, and all other Qualifications that make Men Great in the Eyes of the World. Melibea was Modest, and so closely observ'd of her Parents, that there was little hope of making any Advantage of her; much less of succeeding if they were made. But as *Love* is never check'd by any Difficulties, or deterr'd by Dangers; so Calisto could see no Prospect of obtaining his Desire, but frequently walk'd her Street by Night, and surrounded her Windows by Night; his Eyes still bearing the Mirror, the less Notice he could be taken of his *Amorous Toils*. He liv'd some Months in this Exercise without being able to compel the Signifying of his Passion to her, either by Word or Writing, till at length Calisto gave him the Opportunity he had so long sought after in vain. Seeking to divert his *Amorous Thoughts*, he left the Town one Evening to walk in the many Delightful Gardens there are about it. In one of these, when he least expected it, he met the Charming Melibea, whom Phebeo had conducted thither to pass away some few hours of

those Solitary Pleasant Walks. The unexpected sight of the Object on which he had fix'd his Heart, had such a violent Effect upon him, that it ty'd up his Tongue for a while, and he was forc'd to withdraw a few Steps to recover himself from the Surpriza. Violent were the Strugglings in his Breast between Fear and Joy; Fear lest his first Addresse should be Scornfully reject'd, and Joy that he had now the Opportunity, at least of making his Passion known. Having settled the Storm that distracted his Mind, and Submissively approaching the Lady, after the usual first Salutes, he began to Praise the Power and Goodness of God. *Melibeza*, not conceiving what Motive induc'd him to fall into that sudden Rapture, desir'd to know what he had seen that might produce such Flights of seeming Zeal and Devotion. *Madam*, answer'd *Calisto*, what greater Sign of that immense Power than that he has made Nature capable of forming a Creature so Bright, so Beautiful, and so Absolutely Perfect as your self; and what greater Token of Goodness than to grant Unworthy me the Bliss of seeing you, and that in this Happy Place, where I have the opportunity of acquainting you with that Passion, which has so long consum'd and wasted me without hope of Relief. I have now the Effect of all my Vows and Prayers, and have obtain'd the highest Bliss Frail Man is capable of in your Sight; and only so much left of Mortal Man, that I am capable of losing the Happiness I enjoy, by being again separated from you. Do you place so great a Happiness, reply'd *Melibeza*, in this Accident of meeting me here? So great, said *Calisto*, that all the Wealth, the Power, and the Pleasures of the World compar'd with this, are to me of no Value. Then, if you persist, answer'd *Melibeza*, I will certainly make you such a return as you deserve. *Calisto* hearing these Words, and imagining that Love had wrought some Wonder upon the Heart of his admir'd Object, cry'd out, O Blessed

Man, that has liv'd to be so Just Delightful! *Melibeza*! But *Melibeza* taking him up short, reply'd, *Tammy*, with better reason exclaim, most unhappy Creature, when you have heard me out; for the return I shall make will be suitable to the base Pre-sumption of your Desires, manifested by your Audacious Expressions. How could a Person of your Worth be so far deluded as to aspire to attack my Vertue? Be gone, fly, base Man; for I shall ever blush to think that it could enter into your thoughts to make known so Vile a Passion to me. *Calisto*, as it were Thunder-struck with this Cruel Answer, had not a Word to say, but stood gazing beside himself, till *Melibeza* absenting herself, as if she had fled from some Savage Creature; his Spirits return'd to him, tho' in such Disorder, that he scarce knew what he said or did. Thus Pale and Trembling he return'd to his Servants, who were amaz'd at the sudden change in their Master, and mounting his Horse, made hastily Home. There he threw himself on his Bed, Cursing the Hour he was Born, calling upon Death to relieve him, and refusing to admit of any Comfort.

*Calisto* among his other Servants, had one call'd *Symphonio*, who, in his turn, waited on him in his Chamber. This Fellow was excessive Lame, given to Women, without any Principle of Honesty, and therefore neither valu'd his Master's Interest nor his Credit. Having seen him cast himself on the Bed in that desperate Condition, he consider'd whether it were better to go in and endeavour to Divert, or to leave him to himself. Whilst he was thus debating with himself, *Calisto*, who found no ease in any Posture, call'd, he went in, and heard him Raving of Pains, of Torments, and of Plagues; he press'd to know the cause of his Complaints, and after many Wild Flights, and Extraneous Exclamations, heard him often repeat the Name of *Melibeza*. Her Beauty was so much Celebrated at that time, that

*Symphonio*

Sempronio easily guess'd at his Master's Diltemper, and encourag'd by the discovery he made, began first to Reprove, and then to Rally at his *Despair*; asking him, *Whether he thought he had some Invincible Monster to deal with, or some Fierce Hyena to encounter, wherein he thought lay the Difficulty of Conquering a frail Woman, when so many of the Highest Rank had yielded to their very Grooms and Footmen; since Pasiphax had fallen in Love with a Bull, and Minerva with a Dog?* Telling him, *He need but consult the Historians, Philosophers, and Poets, where he would find Infinite Instances of the Frailties of that Sex, of their Falschood, their Arts, their Contrivances, their Inconstancy, their Pride, their Lewdness, and all other Vices. That he would have him be one of those that Bravely subdu'd, not of those who were conquer'd by them. That it was their Nature to receive those with open Arms in their Chambers, whom they most revild in the Street; to Dismiss, and to Invite; to Refuse, and to call Back; to express Hatred, and appoint an Intrigue; to be soon Enrag'd, and soon Pacify'd; and to carry themselves so in their Actions, as if Men were bound to Divine at their Meanings. That, as Men, he ought to look upon himself as Superior to Woman; and to consider, that he stood possess'd of all the Advantages which Nature and Fortune could bestow to make him Amiable in the sight of all Persons; for as such, there was no doubt but Melibea would be Lord of him, or of another much his Inferiour in Merit; and therefore, he would undertake, in a short time, to bring her to his Peck. To which purpose he inform'd him, He had been long acquainted with a Wicked Old Woman, whose Name was Celestina, perfectly Skill'd in all the Arts of Bawding and Sorcery, who had repair'd above 5000 decay'd Maidenheads, and contriv'd the losing of twice that Number. Calisto was overjoy'd at the Proposal, and impatient to see her, promising Mountains if she could bring about his Design.*

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The wicked Servant was not *Slothful*, but hasted away immediately to conduct this Instrument of *Lewdness*, doubly prompted by the Reward he expected from his Master, and the desire of seeing a little *Strumpet* he had in the Old *Procurer's* House. He presently acquainted her with his Master's Love to *Melibea*, whom she was to contrive to *Delude*, that they might both reap the Advantage of that Intrigue.

*Parmeno*, another Servant of *Calisto's*, having discover'd his Master's *Infirmity*, and the Errand *Sempronio* was gone upon, endeavour'd, by all means, to dissuade him from proceeding in that Enterprize, giving him an ample Account of all the Wicked Practices of that Old *Bawd*, and the Danger of engaging with her; but *Love*, or *Lust*, had taken such entire Possession of *Calisto's* Heart, that he was Deaf to all good *Advice*, and would hear of nothing but the compassing of his *Pleasure*. *Celestina* came with *Sempronio*; undertook; to reduce *Melibea*, receiv'd 100 pieces of *Gold* in Hand towards her Reward, and promis'd certain and speedy Success. The *Hug* easily perceiv'd that *Parmeno* would rather oppose, than forward her Interest, and therefore taking him aside before she left the House, she began to sooth him with fair Words, till perceiving he seem'd not to be prevail'd upon, pleading the Duty he ow'd to his Master, and much of *Honesty* and *Vertue*; she alter'd her Method, and began to tickle his Ears with *Lewdness* and *Immorality*, with promis'd *Pleasure*, and the hopes of *Wealth*, attacking him after this manner, *I perceive you are a young Beardless Ignoramus, you know nothing of the World, you have been bred in Ignorance, but come to me, and I will show you what Pleasure is. I don't Question but you have a Months mind to a fresh Girl. And what a Dainty one I have in Store for you? Do not call me Old Whore and Bawd, for your Mother and I follow'd*

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the same Trade, and she gave me Charge of you at her Death, tho' you like a Graceless Imp, ran away from me. But I must be Just, she told me where she had hid a considerable Sum of Money for you, obliging me to conceal it till you were of Age, and settled in the World; and now I have found you I will soon discharge my Trust. Leave off your Rambling Humour, take my Advice, be not ever fluttering like a Bird, from one place to another; for, believe me, A rowling Stone never gathers Mo'st. Be rul'd by me, that you may not incur the Curse your Mother laid on you in case you were Refractory; please this Master without attending to that foolish Honesty, for Service is no Inheritance, and an Old Servant makes a Young Beggar. Endeavour to gain Friends that will stand by you in time of Need, without regarding the false Promises of Great Men, who, when they have consum'd the best of your Life, will turn you off to Starve. They forget past Services, are the most Ingrateful of Humane Creatures, and fancying in their Pride that all is due to them, never think of a Reward. They are too fond of themselves, to have any kindness for their Servants; and therefore Servants ought to be like them, and to take care of themselves. This Master of yours is like the rest, there is nothing to be expected from him, do you then make Hay while the Sun shines, you have now a good opportunity to make your self. Sempronio and you, I hear, are at Variance, it is better to be Friends, and we will share all the Advantage we can make of your Master's Follies among us. Do not plead Honesty, for that, with Beggary, is not regarded; and a Rich Knave is Company for the Best. But this is not all, if you are rul'd by me you shall live in Delight, no Day shall pass without Pleasure, and you shall enjoy all the Satisfaction the Great Ones of the World pine after. O what Delicate Girls will I bring you to, that will make your Teeth water! There is no Pleasure in this World without Love, no Conversation without telling how she Prattles, how she Sings, how she

she Kisses, and how she Wantons; no Passions like watching her Motions, walking Abroad with her, reading her Billets Doux, and enjoying the favourable opportunities which Fortune offers. Be not led away by your own Ignorance, and want of Experience, but trust to me, who have try'd all, who know Good and Evil, who am of Age to inform your raw Youth, and will guide you like a Mother in such a way that you shall grudge all the Moments you did not know me.

Thus did Celestina impose upon the Unexperienc'd Youth, with the promis'd Charms of Wealth and Delight, two such Powerful Attractives that he could not withstand them, but was blindly led away, Embrac'd the Old Deceiver, return'd thanks for her pretended Kindness, and promis'd entirely to submit himself to her Will, and to contract an inviolable Friendship with his Base Fellow Servant Sempronio. Thus easily did she draw 100 pieces of Gold from the Master, and so soon did she, with a few flattering Words, Debauch the Honesty of the Weak Unthinking Servant; which done she went away to concert the Management of her Undertaking. No sooner was she gone, but Calisto, restless with his Passion, sent his Servant Sempronio after to hasten and encourage her, keeping Parmeno with him to Divert his Melancholy, asking, *What he thought of his manner of proceeding, and of the Event of his Enterprize.* Parmeno, who had still some struggling of Vertue left, did not spare to represent to him the Difficulty of his Undertaking, the Scandal of employing a Woman of such an Inferiour Life, and the Improbability of succeeding that way; her Design being only to get of him what she could, whereas that Expence were better laid out on Presents to Melibea herself. Calisto could not relish these Words, for few Men will hear of Opposition where their Pleasure is concern'd, but are generally positive in their ways, and easily guided.

guided by those who Flatter them, and Subscribe to all their Sentiments, tho' never so Extravagant. With this Disgust he took *Horse* to ride Abroad and show himself in the Street where his Ador'd Mistress liv'd. In the mean time, the hitherto Faithful Servant discourag'd by his Master, and deluded by the soothing Promises of *Celestina*, resolv'd with himself not to struggle any longer against the Stream, but rather to make his Advantage of *Calisto's* Follies, and devote himself to the Pleasures promis'd by *Celestina*.

*Sempronio* was now gon to hasten her, but being more intent upon his own Safety and Interest than the Business he was sent upon, rather took Pains to dissuade her from attempting any thing upon *Melibea*, than to encourage her to proceed. It was not out of any Principle of *Honesty*, or Shame of being concern'd in so foul an Undertaking, but out of fear that *Pleberio* should discover it, and being Powerful make an Example of them both, or that his Master's Eyes should be open'd, and he dismiss'd his Service. He thought it better to entertain him with fair Words and Promises, still bleeding his Purse, without hazarding any thing, till Time, which consumes all things, should quench the Fire of his *Raging Love*, since nothing that is Violent can be lasting. *Celestina* did not altogether disapprove of his Advice, yet she concluded something must be hazarded, looking upon it as a Scandal to her Profession to receive the Reward and not attempt the Cure of the Benefactor. She was not Ignorant of the Difficulty of the Undertaking, nor Dissident of the wonderful Effects of her Art. She consider'd that scarce a Young Maid had been Debauch'd in the Town since her Reign without her Assistance and Contrivance; that it was her Profession, and to be daunted in the Execution of it would be Dishonourable; and that she had  
never

never miss'd of Success. She call'd to mind her Old Friend and Mistress *Claudina*. Mother to *Ferrero*, who had taught her the Trade, and Blu'd to be out-done by her, and therefore resolv'd to leave no Means untry'd, nor from any Dangers to compass her Design, concluding that the greater the Difficulties, the greater the Glory of the Conquest. Thus Arm'd and Prepar'd, she left *Sempronio* with his Mistress *Eliza*, and went away to *Pleberio's* House. For a pretence to gain Admittance, she took with her *Paint* and *Masks* for the Face, *Pins* and *Needles*, *Laces*, and *Toys* to sell, and that the *Infernal Powers* might not fail to be assisting, according to the vain Superstition of *Witches* and *Sorcerers*, she carry'd about her a small Pot of Oyl of Snakes, a piece of a *Halter* a Man had been Hang'd in, a Paper with several strange Characters on it made with *Bats* Blood, a bit of a *Dragon's* Wing part of a Cole-black Cats Skin, the Eyes of a *She-Wolf*, and some *Goats* Blood, mix'd with the Hair of his Beard. Then she call'd upon all the Powers of *Hell*, Invok'd *Pluto*, the Infernal King, and Summon'd the *Furies* to be all Aiding to her, to Fire the Heart of *Melibea*, to Inspire her with *Lasciviousness*, and to expell Thoughts of *Majesty* and *Vertue*, that so prepar'd she might blindly submit to the Will of *Calisto*, and comply with his Desires. If they granted her Request, she vow'd Eternal Fidelity to them; and Perpetual Submission to their Commands. Threatning on the other Hand, if they prov'd Refractory, to declare their Mortal Enemy; to turn *Vertues* in spite; to Renounce all their Works of *Darkness*; and to expose to the Eyes of the World all the *Tricks* and *Illusions*, wherewith they draw Unthinking Mortals into their Snares.

## C H A P I I I .

*Celstina, the Bard, goes to Melibea; the Discourse between them; her way of Insinuating; and practices to Cheat Calisto and Sempronio.*

HAVING made all the Necessary Dispositions she sets forward, yet not without some Apprehensions of what might happen; reflecting by the way on the Caution *Sempronio* had given her, and that all Actions of Concern and Hazard ought to be maturely weigh'd. For should Fortune prove so unkind as to Discover her Designs, it might cost no less than her Life, to attempt the *Debauching* a *Virgin* of that Rank and Quality; and should they prove more Merciful, yet the least Punishment to be expected was *Tossing in a Blanket*, or a severe *Flogging at the Carts-Tail*. To go on, seem'd to have somewhat of Rashness; and to return without attempting any thing, favour'd too much of Cowardice. *Cudgels, Lashes, Pillories*, and all sorts of Vexations, seem'd to appear in proceeding; and in desisting, there was the Shame of *Sempronio's* Scoffs and Reproaches; and above all, the dread of *Calisto's* Indignation, who would easily see into her *Frauds*; and, being Powerful, Execute some severe Revenge for having been so foully impos'd on. Courage, and the prospect of future Gain, prevail'd, and drew her on, hoping still, that at the worst, *Calisto* might protect her against *Pleberio*. And observing that since her sitting out upon this Errand no unhappy Omens had fallen in the way, but rather all things seem'd to Prognosticate and Forebode Success; as,

that

that of Four Men she met, Two were *Cuckolds*; the first Words she heard in the Street were Amorous; she never stumbled as at other times; nor was tir'd, or encumber'd with her Coats; all Persons Saluted, and no Dogs Bark'd at her; no unlucky Birds, as *Crows* or *Jack-Daws*, had appear'd; and what was best of all, the spy'd *Lucretia*, *Melibea's* Maid, and Cousin to *Elicia*, at the Door.

They Saluted, and *Celstina* being ask'd, *What brought her thither*; she pretended it was to visit her Lady, having been formerly her Neighbour; but that she had also some small things to Sell, and hop'd the Ladies might have occasion for them. *Lucretia* acquainted her Old Mistress, who bid her come in; but being call'd away, as they were Bargaining, to visit a Sister that lay Sick, left her Daughter *Melibea* to Buy what she had occasion for of the Old Bard, and went away. *Celstina* was over-joy'd to see what a favourable opportunity the Devil had furnish'd her with; and to begin her Game, accosted the Young Lady with a Prayer, willing she might enjoy her Youthful Years, and improve her Tender Age, which is the time when *Pleasure* and *Delight* is to be had: For Old Age was but the Resort of *Diseases*; the Habitation of *Care*; the Mansion of *Pecuniaryness*; a continual *Anguish*; an incurable *Sore*; a sad remembrance of what was past; a present *Pain*; and a dismal fear of what was to come: The Brink of *Death*; a House Until'd, where the Rain beats in at every Corner; and a broken Reed which tails, and runs into the Hand that relies on it.

*Melibea* ask'd her, *Why she spoke so Scandalously of that which all Mortals wish'd, and desir'd to attain to*. She reply'd, *They wish themselves harm enough; they wish for Toil and Trouble; they wish it, because, by attaining to it, they Live, and Life is sweet, tho' by Living they grow Old*;

so that the Child desires to be a Youth, the Youth to be Man, and the Old Man to be Older, tho' it be with Pain, because all is for the sake of Living; and A Living Dog is better than a Dead Lyon. And yet, who is able to enumerate the Miseries of Old Age, its Cares and Troubles, its Diseases, Discontents, Heats, Colds, and Peevishness; the wrinkling of the Face; the change of the Hair from its first Lustre and Gaity; the weakness of the Eyes; the thickness of Hearing; the sinking in of the Mouth; the dropping out of the Teeth; the weakness of the Limbs, and the difficulty in Eating? But, alas! If, to add to all this, it be attended with Poverty, that compleats and perfects all its Calamities and Distresses.

I perceive you speak as you find, said Melibea, for the Rich will tell us another Story.

There is no Conveniency, Dear Child, answer'd Celestina, without some Inconveniency. The Rich have other ways to be Robb'd of their Ease and Satisfaction, which are not so visible because they are set off with Attendance and Flattery. Only he is Rich who has a good Conscience. It is safer to be Despis'd than Fear'd. The Poor Man Sleeps sounder than he who Anxiously must guard what he gain'd with much Toil, and must leave behind him with Sorrow. My Friend will not Dissemble with me; but a Rich Man's will. I am Belov'd for my own Sake; and a Rich Man for his Wealth: He never hears the Truth; all Persons Flatter, and all Envy him; there are few of them but will own it were better for them to be tolerably Poor, or enjoy a moderate Competency. Wealth does not make a Man Rich, but Anxious; not a Lord, but a Steward. More are possess'd by Riches, than possess them. Every Rich Man has a numerous Train of Hairs, who offer up no other Prayer to Heaven but for his Death; and are never pleas'd till they have laid him in his Grave, the Cheapest way they can.

Melibea.

Melibea. No Question, Mother, but you are troubled when you think of your past Youthful Days. Would you willingly be Young again?

Celestina. Madam, that Traveller were Mad, who being tir'd with his Days Journey, would turn back to begin it again. It is much better to be in possession of those things which do not please us, than to expect them; because the farther they are remov'd from their beginning, the nearer they are to their end. Nothing is more pleasing to the Tir'd Traveller than his Inn; so that tho' Youth be Delightful, true Age does not Court it; because only those who want Sense and Reason, are ever fondest of that which they lost.

Melibea. Youth ought to be Cousted, tho' it were only to Live the longer.

Celestina. As for that, Madam, there is no Security in any Age; no Person is so Old but he may live a Year, nor any so Young but he may dye to Day; so that the odds is not great.

Melibea. By your Discourse, I guess you are Celestina, our former Neighbour; but Age has made a strange alteration in you.

Celestina. Could you stop Time in its Career, I could have hindered the alteration of my Countenance, remember that, The Day will come, when, looking in the Glass, you will not know your self. For my part, I soon grew Grey, and look twice as Old as I am; for, as I hope for Mercy, I am the Youngest of four Daughters my Mother had.

Melibea. Well, Friend, I am glad to see you, take your Money and go your way, for it is Dinner time.

Celestina. My Jewel, my pretty Creature, how Dearly I love to hear you talk; but don't you know it is said by Truth it self, That Man shall not live by Bread alone. Why so it is that we do not live by flattery only; and it is so particularly with me, who am us'd to be a Day or two without eating a morsel, to follow the Business I am Intrusted with; for it is all

my Study to serve good People, and to dye for them if need be; and therefore, if you will give me leave, I'll tell you the true cause of my coming hither.

Melibea. Tell me all your Wants, Mother, and I will do all that lies in my Power to assist you.

Celestina. I have no Wants of my own to trouble you with, Madam, for I make the best shift I can with mine, Eat what I can, and Drink all I get, and never wanted a Morsel of Bread and a good Pot of Wine since I was a Widow. When I had a Husband he provided one good Case under another, and I took care to moisten my Clay with a Dozen good Glasses to keep down the Mother; but now I have only a half Gallon Pot, and am fain to walk five or six times a Day to the Tavern to fill it; so that where there is no Man every thing is wanting. In short, I am come, Madam, as I am telling you, to relieve the Wants of others, not my own.

Melibea. Ask what you will, and for whom you will.

Celestina. Sweet Lady; your Loving Words, and the Goodness you show towards this poor Old Wretch, encourages me to speak. I come from one that is Sick to Death, and has that Faith in you, that he questions not but one Word of your Mouth will Cure him.

Melibea. I prithee speak plain, for I do not understand you, but could be Angry on one Hand, whilst you move to Compassion on the other. If I can, I am bound, as a Christian, to do Good; so that you may let me hear it.

Celestina. I can no longer fear, Madam, when I behold your Beauty, nor can I believe that God ever endow'd some Faces with greater Perfections, more Noble Features, and more Exquisite Graces than others, but in order to make them Mansions of Vertue, of Mercy, of Compassion, and Distributers of his Blessings and Favours; and this more particularly in you, who enjoy these Gifts in a higher Degree than any other: Now it cannot be suppos'd that we receive much

to

to keep it all to our selves, without distributing some part to our Neighbours, especially when they labour under secret Distempers, and such as have no other Cure but in the part from whence they proceeded.

Melibea. Have done, and tell me who this Patient is, whose Cure and Disease proceed from the same Source.

Celestina. You must needs know, a Young Gentleman in this Town, of good Quality, whose Name is Calisto.

Melibea. Enough, enough, good Woman, not one Word more. Is that the Patient you have been so long hammering about? For whose sake you come to meet your Death? For whom you Study mischief, you Old Shameless Wretch. What would that Mad-Man be at? And how dare you presume to attempt me after this manner? Away with her, Lucretia; turn out that designing Bawd; that false Hag; that declar'd Enemy to Modesty. Good God, what a Passion she has put me into? Were it not for Shame, I would make you an Example to all your Infamous Profession. Do you matter still? Would you Ruin me, and Dishonour my Family to please a Mad-Man? But you shall not go without your Desert. Tell me, how durst you have the Face to come on such an Errand?

Celestina. Madam, your Anger offends, tho' my Innocence encourages me. Let me beg of you to bear me out, and you will find that I have no ill meaning, but to Cure a Sick Person. Could I have imagin'd you would have so easily taken things in a bad Sense, I would not, for the World, have Nam'd Calisto, or any other Man.

Melibea. Out upon it; let me never more hear the Name of that Extravagant Person; that Night-Walker; that Scurvy Figure; that Scare-Crow. I am ready to sink at the thoughts of him; it is he that made so many Formal Speeches the other Day. Does he think he has gain'd a Conquest, because I bore with his Folly? But let him desist, or his Presumption may cost him Dear. And do you pack off, and

G A

thank



thank God you escap'd so well. Do not mutter, but speak out, if you can say any thing in your Defence.

Celestina. Your Anger daunts me so much that I cannot Vindicate my self; and yet I do not wonder at your Passion, for Young Blood is soon Hot.

Melibea. Soon but, do you say? It is a Sign the Heat was not much, since you are still alive after such a Presumption. However, tell me, because you would pretend to be Excusable; what could you ask for that Man which would not be Dishonourable to me?

Celestina. A Preyer, Madam, or a Charm, or some other thing he was told you had against the Tooth-Ach, and a Girdle he has heard is of wonderful Vertue against that Dissemper; this was the Motive of my coming; but since I had the ill Fortune to Offend you, let him bear his Pain; yet remember that the Pleasure of Revenge lasts but a Moment; and the Satisfaction of doing Good continues for ever.

Melibea. If that was all you wanted, why did you not tell me so at first, and not express it as you did?

Celestina. Because I believ'd you would not think any harm of my plain way of Speaking. If I made no long Preamble, it was because the Truth does not stand in need of Ornaments to set it off. Compassion for his Sufferings put me beside my self; therefore pray do not blame me. If he committed a Fault, let him suffer for it; let not his Presumption be my Ruin; tho', considering his Worth, no wonder if he be the Criminal, and I undergo the Punishment; for it is my Business to serve such Persons; it is my Livelihood; and I never design'd to Offend one side by Picaing the other. In short, Ill Tongues ought not to make me the worse in your Sight. I am singular in my Honest Calling. There are very few in this Town that have any cause to complain of me. I serve all that employ me, as if I had twenty pair of Hands and Feet.

Melibea. No wonder, for One Scabby Sheep, they say, spoils a whole Flock; and I have heard so much,  
Celestina,

Celestina, of your Base Contrivances, that I know not how to believe you.

Celestina. My I never Pray, or if I do, may I never be heard, if I came for any thing but the Prayer I told you of; nor would the Wrack extort any other from me.

Melibea. I am satisfy'd that neither Oaths nor Wracks will make you speak the Truth.

Celestina. You are my Sovereign Lady, it is my part to hold my Peace; it belongs to you to Command, and me to Obey; an ill Word from you will be a Leading Card to a good Coat.

Melibea. Well, I will endeavour to believe you, and forgive what is past, considering it is a Work of Piety to Heal the Sick and Dissemper'd.

Celestina. Especially such a Sick Person, Madam. Did you but know him, by my Troth you would not think of him as you have spoken in your Passion. As I hope for Mercy he has no Gaul, but a thousand Perfections. He is as Generous as Alexander the Great; as Brave as Hector; has a Presence like a King, Comely, Pleasant, free from all Heaviness; Nobly Born, as you well know; an Expert Horseman; in Armour looks like St. George; as Strong as Hercules; his Countenance, Mein, Behaviour, and Shape, require an abler Tongue than mine; but all together he looks like an Angel; and yet this Lovely, this Amiable Creature now Languishes under the Pain of one single Tooth.

Melibea. How long has he had it?

Celestina. He is about 23 Years of Age, for I saw him Born, and receiv'd him into my Arms.

Melibea. I do not ask his Age, but how long he has had the Tooth-Ach?

Celestina. Eight Days, Madam, and yet he looks as if he had been Sick a Year. All the Comfort he has is taking up his Lute and Singing to it, as many Dismal Songs as would lie between this Place and his House; and, to say the Truth, he makes his

Lute

Lute speak. But when he Sings, so Charming is his Musick, that Orpheus was but an Ass to him. Do you now consider, whether such a Poor Old Woman as I am, will not be Proud to relieve a Person of this Worth, whom all Women admire at first sight? And if once they Talk to him, they have no longer any Command of themselves. Thus you will have reason to conclude I had no ill-Design in the Pains I took for him.

Melibea. I am very sorry I was so hasty, since you have both suffer'd by my Tongue, tho' you were Innocent, and he knew nothing of the matter. But I am excusable, because you did not explain your self; and therefore to requite your Patience, I will comply with your Request, and give you my Girdle; but as for the Prayer, since it cannot be Writ out before my Mother comes Home, do you call for it Privately to Morrow, if there be need.

Lucretia. Nay, then my Mistress is a Lost Woman; she bids Celestina come Privately; there is something in it; she will give more than her Girdle.

Melibea. What is that you say, Lucretia?

Lucretia. Madam, I say it is late, 'tis time to have done.

Melibea. Then, Mother, do not say any thing of what has happen'd to the Gentleman, lest he think me Cruel, Hasty, and Immodest.

Celestina. I wonder, Madam, you should question my Secrecy; I can bear with and conceal all things. I am so pleas'd with your Girdle, that I fancy I shall find him better with the meer Conceit of it.

Melibea. I will do more for your Patient, if requisite, to requite your Patience. Take care of the Gentleman.

This was the Sly Discourse the Deceitful Old Bard us'd to ensnare the Innocent Melibea, whose Natural Modesty, and Vertuous Education, at first blew her into a Flame; but we see how soon it was quell'd by the False Arts of that Insinuating Procurer. In fine she took Leave, and at Parting, that she might not fail of Intelligence, invited

Lucretia

Lucretia, the Maid, to her House, promising to give her a most exquisite Water to Embellish her Hair, and a wonderful Powder to Cure her of a Stinking Breath. Having seen'd her Intelligence, she hasten'd Home to carry the News, Meditating on the Dangers she had escap'd, the Arts she had us'd, the readiness of the Infernal Imps to assist her at a Pinch, and the advantage she conceiv'd her Charms and Filthy Drags had been to her. Impatience made her think the way long, till Simonio, who was upon the Watch, met her, full of Expectation to know the Event. He press'd her to tell it, but she held back, refusing to make any acquainted with her good Fortune before Calisto himself, who was most concern'd. They went to his House together, and Discoursing of their Interest by the way, were not far from falling at Variance about dividing the Booty already got, and what they hop'd to take. Such is the Power of Avarice, that it not only breeds Discord among these Viler Souls, but Blesses the Actions of the Great Ones, and often destroys all the good effects Vertue would produce in those who are Seemingly, without this Vice, would be Truly Commendable. Most uneasy was Calisto, expecting the coming of Celestina, and knew not at first sight, whether to Rejoyce, or to Grieve, as being doubtful of the Sentence she was to Pronounce. He Saluted her with the Title of Mother, Embrac'd, Courted, and Fawn'd, as if she had been some Coy Mistress, to be speedily eas'd of his Pain; whilst she Entertain'd him with the Relation of the Dangers she had been in, of the Reproaches she had endur'd, and of the Toils she had undergone. As he press'd, she drew back, representing Melibea's Anger, and all the Furious effects of it. At length, with much Preamble, and abundance of Circumlocation, she told him all the Particulars of her Embassy; how Melibea was Enrag'd; how she

Calm'd

Calm'd her; how she grew Compassionate; how she gave her the Girdle; and what a good Disposition she had left her in. *Calisto* was distracted with Joy at this News, he perfectly Rav'd, interrupted her a Thousand times with Impertinent Questions, and could never be satisfy'd with hearing the same things repeated over and over again. His Servants, *Sempronio* and *Parmeno*, who were present, and heard all the Discourse, sometimes Laughed at his Folly, sometimes grew weary of his Impertinent Tedioufness. One while they Admir'd the Crafty Insinuations of the Old Woman; and then again Curs'd her Greedy Temper, which extoll'd every Particular to make a merit, and claim a fresh Reward. But that which most incens'd them was, that still she represented the Poverty of her Habit, and at last openly begg'd a Gown, Petticoat and Veil, which *Calisto* immediately order'd should be given her. Nor was their Concern to see their Masters Wealth lavish'd, but that she should beg those things which were not capable of being divided, whereas they had propos'd to make *Calisto* their Common Prey, and to share the Booty equally among them all. Night came on to put an end to their Discourse; *Celestina* departed, and *Parmeno* with her, by his Masters Order.

## C H A P.

## C H A P. I V.

*Rare Qualities of Parmeno's Mother; Celestina Debauches him with Arcusa, a Common Harlot; the Discourse between them.*

THESE two being thus by themselves, the Hag took the Young Fellow to Talk, schooling him, for, that after Acquaintance renew'd, and a fresh Reconciliation made, he still mutter'd at all she said to his Master, and seem'd to disapprove of all her Proceedings; and advising him to be truly Friends with *Sempronio*. As to what he had offended against her he begg'd Pardon, but still express'd a great Reluctancy as to being Sincerely intimate with his Fellow Servant; but happening to Name his Mother, *Celestina* took occasion to pretend to shed Tears for her, alledging she never had such a real Friend, such a Companion, and such a Fellow Sufferer in Adversity, who reliev'd her Wants, knew all her Secrets, and was diligent in all her Affairs. 'Never; said she, was there such a Pleasant, such a Gay, such a Sprightly, and such a Masculine Creature; she made no more of Searching all the Church-Yards at Midnight, than at Noonday, to find out Necessaries for our Trade; never sparing the Graves of *Christians, Moors, or Jews*, she watch'd them by Day, and took them up by Night. 'The most dismal Night was as pleasant to her as a Fair Day is to you; saying, it was fit for Beds of Darkness. I will tell you one thing of her that you may be Sensible what a Mother you left, tho' it is not fit every Body should know it, but you may be trusted with any thing; she drew down both of a Fellow that was Hang'd, with

' no better Instrument than a pair of Nippers,  
 ' whilst I pull'd off his Shoes. Then for making  
 ' a Circle, and standing in it, without the least  
 ' Concern, she quite out-did me, tho' I was then  
 ' Famous enough, but since her Death have forgot  
 ' all. The Devils themselves dreaded her, she had  
 ' such a hank over them; they all knew her as  
 ' well as if she had been one of their Family; came  
 ' tumbling over one another at her first call, and  
 ' never durst tell her a Lye, and yet I could never  
 ' get one Word of Truth out of them, since I lost  
 ' her. Do not think it strange, that tho' we us'd  
 ' the same Words and Charms, they should not  
 ' have the same effect; all Workmen are not alike,  
 ' tho' they use the same Tools. Your Mother was  
 ' a Topper at our Trade; she was known to be  
 ' such; and as such respected by Gentle and Sim-  
 ' ple; by Marry'd Men and Batchelors; by Old  
 ' and Young: And as for Young Wenches and  
 ' Maids, they Pray'd for her Life more than for  
 ' their Parents; every Body spoke to, and every  
 ' Body had Business with her. When we went  
 ' Abroad, all we met were her Children; because  
 ' she had been a *Midwife* Sixteen Years. When  
 ' you was very little, we were both Discover'd; both  
 ' Apprehended; both Try'd; and both Punish'd to-  
 ' gether; which I think was the first time. Your  
 ' Mother was taken up four times after that, and  
 ' accus'd of being a *Witch*, because they found her  
 ' gathering Earth in a cross way, with I know not  
 ' how many little Candles about her. For this  
 ' they kept her half a Day standing in the Mar-  
 ' ket-Place on a Ladder, with a Pasteboard-Cap on  
 ' her Head, like a *Miter*, all Painted with Flames.  
 ' But that signify'd nothing, something must be  
 ' endur'd in this World to support Life and Repu-  
 ' tation; for her part she valu'd it so little, that  
 ' she never forbore following of her Trade. There  
 ' is

' is nothing like Perseverance, and every thing be-  
 ' came her so well, that even standing upon that  
 ' Ladder, she did not seem to value all below her  
 ' at one Cross; for I have heard her say a thou-  
 ' sand times, That all her Trouble was for the bet-  
 ' ter, since she was more known than before.

This, and much more she said of his Mother,  
 which the Young Fellow, who had still some Mo-  
 desty, was nothing pleas'd with, and would often  
 endeavour to put her out of that ungrateful Rela-  
 tion, so pleasing to her, that when she once enter'd  
 upon the Subject, there was no Diverting her from  
 it. She had before fir'd him with Promises of Plea-  
 sure, and his thoughts were bent upon that; he  
 had more mind to please his Appetite, than to hear  
 the Praises of all his Family, and therefore put  
 her in mind that she had engag'd to bring him to  
*Arensa*, *Elicia's* Kinswoman, and a Beautiful Tra-  
 der, for whom he had an extraordinary Passion.  
*Celestina* was a Woman of her Word, as far as  
 related to her Trade, which she took such a De-  
 light in, that rather than be Idle, she would pro-  
 mote *Laziness* for *Laziness's* Sake, tho' there were  
 little or no Profit to be made by it. Whether it  
 were, that tho' grown Old and past it, she yet lov'd  
 the Sport; or that she did it to keep her Hand in  
 use, and still improve in her Calling by Constant  
 Practice. True it is, the Case was not so now, for  
 her Design was entirely to gain *Parmeno*, who she  
 fear'd might have some Influence over his Master,  
 and perhaps draw him away from her, which  
 would have been the greatest Loss she ever sustain'd.  
 This was the Motive of her using all Arts to secure  
*Parmeno*, whom she told, *She was not a Woman that*  
*w'd to forget her Promises, or ever made any that she*  
*could not perform, but would immediately put him into*  
*Possession of what he so earnestly desir'd.* His Expecta-  
 tion was so great, that he could scarce Credit the  
 Old

Old Woman, because *Arcusa* had been so unkind, that he could never so much as obtain an Opportunity of speaking to her, for whensoever he attempted it she fled, and would not so much as hear him. These Difficulties were nothing to *Celestina*, she was us'd to overcome greater, and in this Case every thing was easie, *Arcusa* already Debauch'd, Bred up and practic'd in it by herself, but Subordinate to her Jurisdiction, so that nothing could obstruct her Success. She took *Parmeno* with her, went directly to *Arcusa's* Lodging, and leaving him below, enter'd alone to dispose her for the receiving of her new *Gallant*; but that we may not lose any part of this Womans Perfections, we will deliver the whole Discourse that pass'd between them, where the Reader will better see the Arts and Wiles of those sort of Creatures, than in a bare Relation; for in their Words lies the Poison they convey, which is the Reason we are so exact in setting them down, and delivering Conferences entire, since they are the Life of this Story, and the Methods us'd by all those who profess this Employment; and therefore none ought to find Fault that this Account, is so much taken up with Dialogues, since those are the main Subject Matter of it, as inducing to those Actions which are too well known, and Modesty forbids speaking of any other way, than as the Consequences of such Discourses. Let this suffice to show the reason of the frequent Dialogues, and so we proceed. *Celestina* having left *Parmeno* below, as was said, enter'd *Arcusa's* Chamber, where what pass'd between them was to this Effect.

' *Arcusa*, My Dear Aunt, what brings you hither at this time of Night? I was just Undressing in order to go to Bed.

' *Celestina*. What, go to Bed with the Chickens? That is a good way to do Business; but no matter,

' matter, another is to look to the main Chance. This is well for you; any Body would be glad to lead such a Life.

' *Arcusa*. Bless me! I'll Dress again, for I am Cold.

' *Celestina*. You shall not, as I hope for Mercy; get you to Bed, and then we will talk.

' *Arcusa*. By my Troth I had need, for I have not been well all this Day; so, that to say the Truth, it is rather Necessity than Laziness made me go to Bed so soon.

' *Celestina*. Do not sit there then, but get into Bed and cover your self warm! For you look like a

' *Mermaid*. How Sweet your Linnen smells? What Order all things are in? I ever lov'd you

' way; your Neatness and your Cleanliness. How Delicately you look? Heavens Bless you. What

' curious Sheets? What a Quilt? What Pillows here are? How white? May my Old Age be like it:

' My Jewel, you may Judge whether the Loves who Visits you at this time of Night. Let me view

' you all over at my Leisure; it is a great Pleasure to me.

' *Arcusa*. Gently, Mother, do not touch me; you Tickle me, and I shall Laugh, and Laughing increases my Pain.

' *Celestina*. What Pain, Dear Child? Do you Jest?

' *Arcusa*. May I dye it I Jest; but have been these four Hours in Fits of the Mother. It is got up to my Throat, and almost kills me, for I am not so wanton as you imagine.

' *Celestina*. Let me feel then; for I am no Stranger to that Diltemper, to my Sorrow; there is none of us without the Mother, and the Pains of it.

' *Arcusa*. I feel it higher, above my Stomach.

' *Celestina*. God Bless you, and his Angels Protect you. How Fat and Fair you are? What De-

licate Breasts? What Shape? I always thought you Handsome, when I saw only what is expos'd to Publick view; but now, let me tell you, there are scarce three like you in this Town, as much as I have seen of it. You don't look to be above Fifteen. O that I were but a Man, and so much in your Favour, as to be allow'd such a Sight! Hang me if you are not much to blame for not letting all that Love you partake of these Beauties; they were not certainly given you to be lost in your Blooming Youth, under Garments and Linnen. Be not Covetous of that which cost you nothing; do not make a Treasure of your Perfections, which are Naturally to be communicated like Money; be not like a Dog in a Manger, who neither eats Oats, nor let's the Horse eat them; but since you cannot Enjoy your self, let those Enjoy you that can. You were not Born in vain; for when a Woman is Born, a Man comes into the World. There is nothing Superfluous in Nature; every thing has another to answer it. It is a Sin to Vex and Torment Men, when it is in your Power to make them Ease.

*Arensa.* By my Troth, Mother, no Body cares for me now. Tell me something that is good for my Distemper, and leave your Jestings.

*Celestina.* We are all skill'd in this Disease to our Sorrow. I'll tell you what I have seen practic'd by many, and always does good; for as there are different Constitutions, so the Medicines have various and sundry Operations. All strong Scents are good, as *Penniroyal*, *Rue*, *Frankincense*, *Partridge Feathers* burnt, the Smoke of *Rosmary*, of *Musc-Flowers*, and of *Frankincense*, close to the Nose, and Snuff'd up, cures the Pain, and restores the Mother to its place; but there is another thing I always found better  
than

than any of these, which I will not tell you since you are so Sanctify'd.

*Arensa.* Pray, Mother, what is it? You see me in Pain and refuse to ease me.

*Celestina.* Go, go, you understand me well enough. Don't pretend to so much Ignorance.

*Arensa.* I conceive you now; let me never stir if I did at first: But what would you have me do? You know my Spark went away Yesterday with his Captain to the Wars; would you have me be False to him?

*Celestina.* Bless us, and where is the harm? What is it you call *Falseness*?

*Arensa.* It would be very base indeed; for he gives me all I want, keeps me handsomely, stands by me, and uses me like a Lady.

*Celestina.* What of all that? Till you have a Child, you'll never be rid of this Distemper; and doubtless the Fault is his. Yet if you will not believe your Pain, your Colour should convince you, that shows the Effect of having to do only with him.

*Arensa.* It is no such thing, but my Misfortune, and a Curse my Parents laid on me; for that Experiment has not been untry'd till now. But let us talk no more of that, for it grows late, and therefore tell me what brought you hither?

*Celestina.* You know what I told you before concerning *Parmeno*. He complains you will not so much as look upon him; I cannot imagine why, unless it be because you know I love him, and look upon him as my Son. I am sure I have another sort of regard for any thing that concerns you, insomuch that I have a Kindness for your very Neighbours, and it rejoices me to see them, because I know they are your Acquaintance.

*Arcusa.* You mistake me very much, Dear Aunt.

*Celestina.* I know not whether I do or not, I mind Actions; for fair Words are to be had every where. Love is repaid with Love, and good turns with the like. You know you are *Elicia's* Kinswoman; she has *Sempronio* at my House; *Parmeno* and he are Fellow Servants; they wait upon that Great Man you well know; and who may do you great Service. Do not refuse that which costs you so little. You Women are *Kindred*, and the Men *Comrades*; nothing could be more Part to our Purpose. He came along with me, and shall come up if you think fit.

*Arcusa.* How shall I look if he has overheard us?

*Celestina.* He could not, for I left him below. I'll call him up. Be so kind as to be acquainted with him, speak Friendly, and show him a good Countenance; and if you like, let him Enjoy you, and do you Enjoy him; for tho' he will be a great Gainer, you'll be no Loser.

*Arcusa.* I am very Sensible that all you have, and do say, is for my Advantage; but how can you persuade me to do so, when you know I have one I must be accountable to, as I have told you, and if it be found out I shall be Murder'd? Besides, I have some Envious Neighbours, who will tell; so that tho' there were no other harm but the losing of him, that will be more than the pleasing of him you advise me to would counter-vail.

*Celestina.* I foresaw all you say before, and providet against it; for we came in very softly.

*Arcusa.* I do not mean for this Night, but for many others.

*Celestina.* Why, are you one of those? Is that your way of Living? Take my Word, you'll never purchase Land. Do you stand in awe of  
him

him now he is gone? What would you do were he in Town? It is my Luck to be always Instructing of *Fools*, and they are full in the wrong; but no Wonder, the World is Wide, and there are few that know it. Alas! My Dear Child, did you but see how Cunning your Cousin is; how much she is improv'd by my Education and Advice; how great a Mistress she is at her Trade; and yet she does not think much to be Corrected by me. She values herself upon having one in the Bed, and another at the Door, and a third who pines for her at Home; yet she pleases them all, looks Easie, they all think she is wonderful Fond of them, and every one that he is the only Favourite, and no other has any part in her, and that he alone keeps her; and you think if you have but a couple that the very Bed will discover it. Have you but one String to your Bow? You are not like to keep a good Table; I would give but little for your Leavings. For my part I was never satisfy'd with one, nor would I place my Affection on one; two are better, and four better still; and they have more, and give more, and there is better Choice. A *Mouse* that has but one Hole is Miserable if that is stop'd; he has no way left to escape the Cat. Consider what Danger he is in who has but one Eye; no Single Creature has any Enjoyment; one single Act does not make a Habit; you'll seldom meet one *Fly* alone in the Street; you'll seldom see a *Partridge* fly alone; the same sort of Meat always eaten grows Nauseous; One *Smell* makes no *Summer*; a single *Evidence* is no *Conviction*; and they that have but one Garment soon wear it out. What more shall I say of this *Unity*? I could tell you more Inconveniencies that attend it than I am Years Old. Keep two *Galants* at least, for that is something like Company; as  
you

' you have two Ears, two Hands, two Feet, two  
 ' Sheets on the Bed, and two Smocks to shift you,  
 ' and if you like more it will be better for you,  
 ' for the more the Merrier, and the greater Profit.  
 ' Honour without Profit is like a Ring on the  
 ' Finger, and since you cannot have both together,  
 ' do you make choice of Profit. Come up my Son  
 ' *Parmeno*.

' *Arensa*. Do not let him come up, the Venga-  
 ' ance take me, I am quite out of Countenance, be-  
 ' cause I am not acquainted with him, and I al-  
 ' ways Blush'd when I saw him.

' *Celestina*. Here am I who will hide your  
 ' Blushes, and speak for you both, for he is such  
 ' another Bashful Piece.

' *Parmeno*. All Joys attend you, Madam.

' *Arensa*. You are Welcome. Sir.

' *Celestina*. Draw near, thou Lobby; whether  
 ' are you going into the Corner? Be not Shame-  
 ' fac'd, for the Devil carry'd the Modest Man to  
 ' Court to Shame him: Mind what I say, both of  
 ' you. You know, Son *Parmeno*, what I promis'd  
 ' you; and you, Daughter, what I have desir'd of  
 ' you. Not to mention the difficulty you made of  
 ' Granting my Request; there needs no more to be  
 ' said; this is no time for talking. He has always  
 ' suffer'd for your sake, and since you are satisfy'd  
 ' of it, I know you will not be the Death of him,  
 ' and perceive you like him so well, that you will  
 ' not find fault if he stays all Night.

' *Arensa*. Nay, pray Mother, let not that be;  
 ' Good God! You must not desire it of me.

' *Parmeno*. I conjure you, Mother, by all that is  
 ' Good, not to suffer me to go Home without reap-  
 ' ing some Advantage; the sight of her has fir'd  
 ' me. Offer her all my Mother left in your Caste-  
 ' dy for me; tell her you will give her all I have.  
 ' Tell her so, for methinks she will not vouchsafe  
 ' to look at me.

' *Arensa*.

' *Arensa*. What does the Gentleman say to you?  
 ' Does he think I will do any thing of what you  
 ' desire?

' *Celestina*. No, Child, he says, he is very glad  
 ' of your Acquaintance, being satisfy'd you are  
 ' a Person of such Worth, that any Present may  
 ' be well employ'd on you. Come hither you  
 ' backward Shame-fac'd *Ignoramus*, I am resolv'd  
 ' to see what Metal you are made of, before I go.  
 ' Touze her in the Bed.

' *Arensa*. He will not be so Unmannerly sure,  
 ' as to touch the Forbidden Fruit without leave.

' *Celestina*. What do you stand upon Manners  
 ' and Leave? I'll stay no longer here. I'll be  
 ' bound for it you will be eas'd of your Pain by  
 ' Morning; and his Courage will be cool'd: But  
 ' being a young Cock of the Game, and never en-  
 ' ter'd, perhaps he may Crow three Nights toge-  
 ' ther. The Physicians in my Country advis'd  
 ' me to feed upon such young Cocks as these,  
 ' when I had better Teeth than I have now.

' *Arensa*. Good Sir, do not use me thus, have  
 ' a little regard to Good Manners; look upon  
 ' that Honest Womans Grey Hairs. Stand away.  
 ' I am none of those you take me for. I am none  
 ' of those who Publickly expose their Bodies for  
 ' Gain. May I never Prosper, if I will not run  
 ' out of Doors, if you pretend to touch a Rag about  
 ' me till my Aunt *Celestina* is gone.

' *Celestina*. What is the matter *Arensa*? What  
 ' means all this Coyness, this unusual and reserv'd  
 ' Temper? Do you think, Child, I am a Stranger to  
 ' these Affairs? That I never saw a Man and a Wo-  
 ' man a Bed together? Or that I never did the same,  
 ' and enjoy'd what you enjoy? And that I know  
 ' not all that passes between them? Alas! What  
 ' do I live to hear? Now let me tell you I have  
 ' been in the wrong as well as you; and I had

H 4

Friends



Friends but I never endeavour'd, either in Publick, or in Private, to remove an Old Man, or an Old Woman from my Side, nor did I refuse their Advice. As I hope to live, I had rather you had given me a Cuff on the Ear; you are as Shy, as if I had been Born but Yesterday; to make yourself Modest, you make me a Fool, and Bashful, Un-experienc'd, and a Blab; and you make me look less in my Calling to appear the more skilful in your own. Believe me, this is Diamant to Diamant, and Sharp to Sharp; and yet I cry you up more in your Absence than you can Commend your self.

*Arcusa.* If I have been in a Fault, Mother, forgive me, and draw nearer, and let him do what he will; for I had rather please you than my self. I would rather lose an Eye than disoblige you.

*Celestina.* I am not Angry; but I tell you this as a Warning. Fare you well, I will go my way all alone; you make my Mouth water to see you Kiss and Wanton; for tho' I have lost my Teeth, yet I have a feeling in my Gums.

*Arcusa.* Adieu, Mother.

*Parmeno.* Shall I see you Home, Mother?

*Celestina.* That would be Robbing of Peter to Pay Paul. Rest you Merry, I am an Old Woman, and need not fear to go along the Street.

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C H A P.

C H A P. V.

*Celestina's Instructions to Elicia.* *Parmeno's Joy for having lain with Arcusa; he is Reconcil'd to Sempronio.* *Calisto's Song, and Extravagancy.* *The Servants, Band, and Whores Dine together; their Pleasant Entertainment at Dinner.*

LET us leave them together, and follow *Celestina* Home. *Elicia* Rebuk'd her severely for staying out so long, urging that she lost much Business at Home, to follow some little insignificant Intrigue Abroad; for the Father of the Wench she had patch'd up seven times before, had call'd to have her set right again, because she was to be Marry'd within three Days, and care must be taken that the Husband should not discover the Failing; and the Father had left a Gold Bracelet in Pawn to satisfy her for her Pains. The Old Woman was in a Passion with *Elicia*, for not having undertaken that Affair herself, which she had seen done so often; asking, *What she thought to do with herself when she grew Old, since she would not Learn and Practice in her Youth.* Her Admonitions were all lost; *Elicia* had an Aversion to that Art, she could not endure to take any Pains; all she aim'd at was Pleasure and Diversion; and hated to think of to Morrow, when she had Provision for the Day. It was her Notion, That the present time was the best; that those who heap'd up Riches dy'd as soon as those who liv'd in Poverty; the Physician as soon as the Shepherd; the Pope as soon as the Meanest Clerk; the Lord as the Slave; the Noble as the Base; and those who had good

Tricks

*Trades* as those that had none. She was for a Merry Life and a Short One, because few live to be Old, and scarce any of those that do, dye for *Want*. All her Thoughts were for to Day, and let to Morrow look to it self, and for the next World she hop'd to find a good share in it; tho' it was her Opinion, That the *Rich* had a better Opportunity of purchasing Heaven than the *Poor*; but that, however, none were satisfy'd in this World, or thought they had enough, and therefore she was resolv'd she would not part with her Pleasure for all the Money in the Universe. Thus did the two Friends differ in Humour, tho' they agreed in the main; and therefore having adjusted all Differences, they went to Bed.

The two Lovers, *Parmeno* and *Arcusa*, were so taken up with their Joys, that they felt not the Night pass away; and having scarce compos'd themselves to Sleep, the light that came into the Room wak'd him; but she would scarce be perswaded it was Day, till he open'd a Window to convince her. He was in great care for fear of being miss'd by his Master; and she could hardly be prevail'd with to part with him; sometimes pretending it was not so late as he imagin'd; and then that she was not yet Cur'd of her Diltemper. Such are the Insinuating ways of that sort of Women; much Coyness at first, to make Possession dear; all Endearments after it, to protract Enjoyment for ever. Poor *Parmeno* was forc'd to excuse himself and seem Rude, lest he should be miss'd at Home. He promis'd to return the next Day, and every Day after, and engag'd her to Dine with him at *Celissima's* House. He was not able to contain himself for Joy, thinking himself the Happiest Man in the World, in having compass'd such a delicate Young Girl with so little trouble. Nothing was wanting but some Friend to acquaint with

with his Satisfaction; thinking that was no perfect Happiness which was not Communicated. He spy'd *Sempromio* at the Door: him he accosted with all the Transports of a Ravish'd Soul; telling him, *He had Enjoy'd Arcusa*: Extolling her Perfections, and Applauding his own Happiness. *Sempromio* now took his turn to mortifie him, threatening to discover his Intrigue, Upbraiding him with his former Unkindness to himself and *Celissima*; and appearing all together averse to any Reconciliation; till *Parmeno* gain'd him with Protestations of future Fidelity; and invited him to Dine at *Celissima's*, with his new Mistress *Arcusa*. Thus were they made perfect Friends to conceal one anothers Faults, and to encourage the Follies of their Master, that they might have the greater Liberty to follow their own Inclinations, and make him their Gully to Support their Extravagancies; for *Vice* makes Friends as well as *Vertue*, and Society in *Leisure* is more sought after than in *Ser-vice*; because the latter is its own Support and Companion, whereas the other is nothing without Foreign helps and Society. From this Hour they became perfect Brothers in Iniquity, and whatever one said the other Subscrib'd to. The next thing was to enquire after their Master; but he lay upon his Couch Raving on *Melibea*, in such distracted manner, that he had not been in Bed all that Night. That the *Entertainment* might be Complete, *Parmeno* sent all things from his Masters House, *Marchet-Bread*, the Best *Wine*, a Choice *Ham*, a Dozen of Fat *Chickens*, half a Dozen of *Partridges*, and as many *Woodcocks*; for the House abounded in Plenty, and those small things could not be miss'd in it, especially in the Condition the Master was in; both of them concluding he must either Dye, or run Mad. They went up to his Door to listen whether he were Stirring, and heard him Singing to his *Lute* as follows.

SONG.

## S O N G.

## I.

*I*N Sullen Thoughts I spend the Tiresome Day,  
 And pass the Nights in Dismal Dreams away.  
 Minutes are Hours, Hours Days to me,  
 Each Day's an Age, my Age Eternity.  
 Some Fatal Planet Rul'd that Day above,  
 When I was Doom'd to Live, to Pine, and Love.  
 For Life to one Unfortunate as I  
 Is but a Burden, and an Ease to Dye.

## I I.

Wanting Content, I waste my Youth in Care,  
 Fain would have Hopes, and strive against Despair:  
 Fierce Love has Robb'd me of my Bliss and Rest;  
 With empty Wishes my poor Heart's distress'd.  
 No Ease my Tortur'd Soul can think to find,  
 Till either Death, or Melibea prove kind.  
 But why Repine? These Sufferings are my due,  
 Since one Soft Look could thus Weak Man subdue.

The Scoundrels could not forbear Ridiculing their Unhappy Master; who hearing a Noise came a little to himself, call'd, and enquir'd whether it were time to go to Bed, being insensible that he had pass'd the whole Night in Raving; and could hardly be perswaded that what they told him was true, and the Day far advanc'd. Being at length convinc'd, he Dress'd himself, saying. *He would go to Church to Pray for the Success of Celestina.* Such is the Infatuation of Man, when he has suffer'd his Senses to become Slaves to his Passions, that he can think of Offering up those as Prayers, which are no better than Blasphemies; and to make Vows

to Heaven for the Advancement of Sin. He protested, *He would not return Home till they had brought him the Happy News that Celestina was come; nor would he eat a bit till she had Comforted him.* Sempronio, who had a good ready Wit, did not omit to put him in mind of the Absurdities he committed, and advis'd more Moderation: Bidding him have Patience, and not expect that should be done in a Day, which might well prove the Work of a Year. Telling him how unreasonable it was to think Melibea could be immediately brought to his Beck, as if she were to be bought in the Market, and brought Home that Moment. The Servants prevail'd on him to eat a bit before he went out, and let him go by himself, that they might attend their own Assignment, and Treat Their Wenches at His Cost. As soon as they were rid of him, they made to Celestina's, where they found the Cloth laid; the Wenches expecting them; the Old Woman Contriving; the Dinner Dress'd; and all things in Order. Elicia was Jealous and Peevish, always Fretful, and finding Fault; but Sempronio would not take Notice, tho' she Rail'd at him for staying. They all sat down; and because there is something of Variety in their Discourse, and many Notable Remarks may be made upon it, we will set it down at large.

*Celestina.* Sit about my Children; there is room enough for us all; I with we may have so much in Heaven. Every Man Seat himself by his Mate; for my part I am left alone; and therefore I'll take this Pot and Glass for my Companion, for I have no other Delight in this World. Since I grow Old my best Employment is sitting about Wine at Table; because the Cook always licks his Fingers. In Winter there is no Warning-Pan like this, for if I drink but two of these Pots, going to Bed, I never feel any Cold  
 all

all Night. With this I line all my Cloaths at  
*Christmas*; this warms my Blood; this keeps me  
 up; this Cheers my Heart; this makes me look  
 Lively: May I always see enough of this in my  
 House, and I shall never fear any Want; for a  
 bit of old Mouldy Bread will serve me three  
 Days. This drives *Melancholy* from the Heart  
 better than *Gold* or *Coral*. This Encourages the  
 Young Man, and Strengthens the Old; gives the  
 Pale a good Colour; Resolution to the Coward;  
 Diligence to the Slothful; it Cheers the *Brain*;  
 Expels the Cold out of the Stomach; Cures a *Stin-*  
*king Breath*; makes the *Impotent* Vigorous; Re-  
 freshes the *Wearied*; Heartens the *Labourer*; Cures  
 Colds and the *Tooth-Ach*; and swims upon *Water*.  
 I could tell you more of its good Qualities than  
 there are Hairs on your Head; so that I wonder  
 any Body should not be reviv'd at the very Na-  
 ming of it. The only Fault of it is, that the  
 Good is Dear, and the Bad does Harm; so that  
 what Cures the *Liver*, Distempers the *Purse*:  
 However, I take pains to get the best for that  
 little I drink; a Dozen Bumpers at a Meal serve  
 my turn, and I never exceed, unless I happen to  
 be Invited, as I am now.

*Permsno*. The common Saying is Three Glasses,  
 and that is the most I ever heard of.

*Celestina*. That is a Mistake, Child, it ought to  
 be Thirteen.

*Sempronio*. We all like it well enough, Aunt,  
 when we Eat and Chat, but lest we should fall  
 short in our time, let us now talk of our Mad  
 Master's Love for the Charming *Melibea*.

*Elicia*. Away, you unmannerly troublesome  
 Fellow, I wish you were Choak'd, for you have  
 spoil'd my Dinner. I am ready to Puke to hear  
 you call her Charming. What a pretty Creature  
 you found out? I am Sick of your Impudence.  
 Good,

Good God! What a Lovely Creature? May I  
 perish if she is any thing like it: But some Men  
 fall in Love with *Deformity*. I am amaz'd at  
 your Ignorance. *Melibea* Charming! Why all  
 her Beauty may be had in the Shops for a Groat.  
 I know four Young Maids in the same Street  
 that are far beyond *Melibea*: All her Charms are  
 in fine Cloaths. Dress up a *Broom-Staff* and you'll  
 say it is Charming. By my Truth, without  
 much Vanity, I think my self as Handsome as  
*Melibea*.

*Arcusa*. You don't know her so well as I do,  
 Sister. As I hope for Mercy, did you but see  
 her in a Morning as she comes out of Bed, it  
 would turn your Stomach for that Day. Her  
 whole Study is to find out Nasty Washes; and  
 the few times she goes abroad to be seen, she dawbs  
 herself with *Honey* and *Gum*, with *Figs*, and  
 other Filthy things I am ashamed to Name at  
 Table. *Wealth* makes that sort of People admir'd;  
 not their Curious *Features* or *Shape*. Hang me, if  
 she has not a pair of Dugs that look as if she had  
 Suckled several Children; they are like two  
 great *Pumpkins*. I never saw her Belly, but by  
 the rest I guess it is as Lank as an Old Womans  
 at Fifty. I cannot imagine what *Calisto* has seen  
 that he should be so Fond of her, when he might  
 easily compass others that would afford him more  
 Pleasure: But there are deprav'd Appetites, which  
 delight in unfavoury things.

*Sempronio*. I find every Trader will commend  
 his own Ware; but I am sure all the Town talks  
 otherwise.

*Arcusa*. Take it for a Rule, That the Multitude  
 is never in the right; their Thoughts are vain,  
 their Words false, they Condemn the Best, and  
 Approve the Worst; and therefore you have no  
 reason

reason to conclude *Melibez* so Beautiful and Vertuous upon that Account.

*Sempronio*. I am satisfy'd the Multitude spares no Body, which convinces me that were there any Fault to be found with *Melibez*, those who are better acquainted with her than we, would have discover'd it before now. However, granting all you say, *Calisto* is a Man of Quality, and *Melibez* well Born; and People of Rank and Distinction Love to Herd together; therefore no wonder he should be Fonder of her than of another.

*Arensa*. They are Base that think themselves so; Honourable Actions make a Family Honourable; for we are all *Adam* and *Eve's* Children. Let every one mend one, and not seek for Nobility from the Vertues of their Ancestors.

*Celestina*. Pray, Children, let us have no more Words: And do you, *Elicia*, sit down again, and be not Peevish.

*Elicia*. May I be Choak'd if I do. Would you have me sit down with that Scoundrel, who says his Drab *Melibez* is Handsomer than I?

*Sempronio*. Peace, my Dear, Comparisons are odious; and it was you that made it, not I.

*Arensa*. Eat your Dinner, Sister, don't Humour these Positive Coxcombs, or I'll rise from Table too.

*Elicia*. In Complaisance to you I'll please that Ungrateful Fellow. What do you Laugh at, Scoundrel? The Canker eat your Beaulty Mouth.

*Celestina*. Take no Notice of her, we shall ne'er have done else; let us mind our Business. Tell me, How did you leave *Calisto*? How could you both give him the Slip?

*Parmeno*. He is gone with a Vengeance, like a Mad Man, to Church, to Pray for your Success; and

and Swearing, He will never return Home till he hears you are come from *Melibez*. Your Gown and Petticoat are safe, and so is my Sute; but when the rest will come, I know not.

*Celestina*. Whensoever it comes it will be Welcome. Every thing is acceptable that is easily come by, especially from such a Rich Man; the very Office of whose House would make me easier. Such Men value not what they Spend, when it is to please themselves; Love makes them insensible; they neither see nor hear. I have seen others, not so deep in Love as *Calisto*, who would neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Laugh, nor Weep, nor Wake, nor Sleep, nor Talk, nor hold their Peace, nor be Satisfy'd, nor Complain, the Pain they endure is so sweet. If you Talk to them, they never Answer to the purpose. Love is so Powerful it Distracts them, and crosses Sense as well as Land. It equally Dominers over all Men; overcomes all Difficulties; is Anxious, Fearful, and Solicitous; so that if you have been truly in Love, you will allow that what I say is true.

*Sempronio*. You are much in the right: Here is she that once made me as Frantick as *Calisto*; I knew not what I did; was ever Restless; Slept little by Day; Wak'd all Night; Scream'd; made Faces; skipp'd over Walls; Ventur'd my Neck every Day; Encounter'd with Bulls; Pitch'd the Bar; was always in Quarrels, and Troublesome to my Friends, and playing a Thousand other Wild Pranks; but I think all was little enough, since I obtain'd such a Jewel.

*Elicia*. How you Fancy you have pleas'd me? But take my Word for it, that as soon as ever your Back is turn'd I have another with me, whom I Love much better than you, and who

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does

does not contrive to Vex me as you do, after staying away half a Year.

*Celestina.* My Son, let her Talk; she Raves; the more she Says, the more she Loves you; and all this is only in Spite, because you Commended *Melibea*; and she Longs till Dinner is over; I know for what. And as for her Cousin there, I know her well enough: But make much of your Youthful Years; for when the Time is past, 'tis too late to Repent, as I do for some Hours I lost when I was Young, and Admir'd; now I'm grown Old no Body cares for me, and yet I am a Well-wisher. Kiss and Embrace; for all the Pleasure I have now is to see it. Any thing may be allow'd at Table from the Waste upwards; when you are by your selves I will not stint you, since the King does not. I know the Girls will never complain you are too kind; and Old *Celestina's* Mouth will Water; and she'll gnaw the Corners of the Cloth. God Bless you; how you Wanton, you Unlucky Whoring Young Dogs? I thought your Quarrelling would come to this. Take heed you do not over-turn the Table.

*Elicia.* Our Sport is spoil'd; some Body knocks at the Door. It is my Cousin *Lucretia*.

*Arcusa.* As I hope to live, these Maids, who wait upon Ladies, have no Enjoyment of themselves; nor can they Taste the Sweets of Love. They can never be free and familiar with their Equals, but must always be ty'd to have *Madam* and *Your Ladiship* in their Mouths. For this Reason I ever chose to be my own Mistress, and never under Subjection, especially to such Ladies as we have now-a-days. A Maid Spends the best of her Life under them, and at last, eight or ten Years Service is requited with an old Gown. They always keep them under, that they scarce dare

say

say their Soul is their own; and when they ought to Marry them off, instead of that they invent some Story of them: That they lie with the *Man*; or with the *Son*; or have to do with the *Husband*; or have *Fellows* that follow them: That they have Stolen *Plate*; or Lost a *Jewel*; and so turn them out with *Shame* and *Disgrace*. Thus they expect a Reward, and lose their Reputation; hope to be Marry'd, and forfeit their Good Name; wait for fine Cloaths, and are turn'd off Naked. These are their *Vales* and *Profits*. They are in continual motion from one Room to another; from the *Garret* into the *Cellar*. They are never call'd by their own Name, but *Jake*, and *Slut*, and *Slattern*, and *Drone*, *Giddy-Brains*, *Pickthark*, *Fool*, *Impudence*, and such Phrases; and at every Turn a Cuff on the Ear, or a Slipper at her Head. There is no pleasing or enduring of them. They delight in making a Noise; are ever Quarrelling; and always worst pleas'd when Things are done best. This has made me chuse to Live, and be Mistress in my own little Apartment, rather than be a Slave in their Palaces.

*Celestina.* You are much in the right; For a Morsel of Bread with Content, is better than a Houseful with Uneasiness: But here comes *Lucretia*.

*Lucretia.* Much good may it do you, Aunt: God Bless all this Good Company.

*Celestina.* All this Company, Child; do you think this much? It is a Sign you knew me not in my Prosperity, Twenty Years ago. It is enough to break ones Heart to think how it was then, and what a Condition I am in now: At this very Table your Kinswomen sit at, I have had Nine Girls like your self; the Eldest not above Eighteen; and the Youngest not under

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fourteens

Fourteen: But this is the way of the World; it  
 will go round; Some Up, and some Down; no  
 Favours of Fortune can be lasting. I cannot  
 think, without Weeping, in what Reputation I  
 Liv'd then, tho' it has since declin'd; and as my  
 Life wasted, so my Profit grew less. All things  
 in this World have their Ups and their Downs.  
 My Honour was at the highest; so that of Course  
 it must decrease: This shows that I have not  
 long to Live; but I am sensible I Ascended to  
 Fall; I Flourish'd to Wither; I Enjoy'd to Suf-  
 fer; I was Born to Live; I Liv'd to grow up;  
 I grew up to be Old; and grow Old to Dye. It  
 is some Comfort that I knew all this before;  
 and yet, as *Flesh and Blood*, I cannot but re-  
 sent it.

*Lucretia.* You had enough to do sure, Mother,  
 with so many Young Girls? Who are a Trouble-  
 some sort of Cattle to keep.

*Celestina.* Enough to do, my Dear Child?  
 They were a Comfort and Satisfaction to me:  
 They all Honour'd, Obey'd, and Respected me;  
 my Word was a Law. I took care of every one  
 of them; they never pick'd and chose, but took  
 up with what I allotted them; they found no  
 fault with the *Lame*, or the *Halt*, or the *Blind*,  
 but lik'd him best, who gave me most Money;  
 they took the Pains, and I reap'd the Benefit.  
 For their Sakes I had *Servants* of all sorts, *Gentle-*  
*men, Tradesmen, Old and Young, Laity and*  
*Clergy*, from the *Bishop* to the *Sexton*. When I  
 came into the *Church*, I had as many Bows, as  
 if I were a *Dutchess*. He valu'd himself but lit-  
 tle, who had least Interest in me. They would  
 all leave their Business, if they spy'd me half a  
 Mile off, to come and ask whether I had any  
 Service to Command them; and to enquire after  
 their

their Girls. Some call'd me *Madam*; others *Aunt*;  
 others *My Dear*; and others *Reverend Old Gentle-*  
*woman*. One agreed to come to my House; ano-  
 ther Bargain'd I should go to his; another offer'd  
 me Money; another made me a Promise; ano-  
 ther sent a Present; some Kissing my Veil, and  
 some my Cheeks to please me. I am now come  
 to such a pass, that you may wish me Joy of an  
 old Pair of Shoes.

*Sempronio.* We are amaz'd at what you tell us  
 of those Godly People; but we cannot think they  
 were all alike.

*Celestina.* No, Child, God forbid I should  
 wrong any Body; there were abundance of  
 Pious Old People, who were not for my Turn,  
 nor could they endure me; but I believe it  
 was meerly out of *Envy*: But there were of  
 all sorts; some *Chaste*, and others who made  
 it their Business to maintain such as I. They  
 sent their Servants to see me Home; and I  
 was no sooner there, but in came *Chickens*,  
*Parl, Geese, Ducks, Partridges, Pidgeons, Hens*  
*of Bacon, Pigs, Rich Cakes*, or such things as  
 they had at Hand; which they presently  
 sent to me and their Beloved Girls. As for  
 Wine I had plenty of all the best sorts Spain  
 affords; and tho' I cannot now call to mind  
 all their Names, I very well remember their  
 Tastes; and it is enough for an Old Woman,  
 as I am, still to be able to tell what sort of  
 Wine it is, as soon as I put it to my  
 Lips. My Door was never free from Boys  
 bringing in of Provisions; and I wonder I  
 Live after falling from such a Happy Condi-  
 tion.

*Arcusa.* Pray, since we are come to be Merry,  
 do not Weep, Mother; for God will Provide.

I ?

Celestina.

*Celestina.* I have sufficient cause to Weep,  
Child, when I remember how I Liv'd; when  
I had the first of all sorts of Fruit, before others  
had seen it.

*Sempronio.* Mother it avails nothing to think  
on what cannot be recall'd; but on the con-  
trary, has disturb'd our Mirth: Let the Table  
be taken away; we will Divert our selves;  
and you may Talk to this Fair Maid,

## C H A P.

## C H A P V I.

*Celestina sent for by Melibea, already Tainted  
by her first Visit; goes to her; over-throws  
her Vertue, and gets an Assignation for Ca-  
listo; who meets her at the appointed Place,  
and they agree to meet again in a Garden.*

THE Men withdrew with their Wenches;  
*Celestina* enquir'd of *Lucretia* what brought  
her thither; who answer'd, *She had been so  
Intent upon her Relation, that it almost made her for-  
get her Errand. She was pleas'd with the Life she had  
heard those Girls led; but that she was come for her  
Mistresses Girdle, and to desire she would see her, because  
she was much troubled with Fainting Fits and Inward  
Pains. The Old Woman made slight of it, tho' the  
Maid concluded it was some piece of Witchcraft.  
They both went away together to Visit Melibea,  
who was full of Anguish and Trouble; Vertue mak-  
ing its last Efforts, and Love driving it from all  
its Intrenchments one after another. She blam'd  
herself for not having at first consented to the Pro-  
posals *Celestina* would have made to her from *Calis-  
to*; for rejecting his Addresses; for showing such  
Unkindness to him; and being so Cruel to herself;  
since Love had now taken Possession of her Heart,  
and she must Discover with Shame what she might  
have been Coarted to with Modesty. Jealousy start-  
ed up in the next place, and made her consider  
whether her Disdain might not occasion him to fix  
his Affection in another place. Then it occur'd  
what her Maid *Lucretia* must think, when she  
heard her reveal the Secret, till then smother'd in  
her Breast. How she must be Scandaliz'd to see*



her cast off all *Modesty*, and Blemish her *Unspotted Reputation*: Yet in the midst of these *Distractions*, some small Efforts of *Virtus* appear'd, sending up some Vows to Heaven to preserve her *Chastity*; but this soon vanish'd; *Calisto's* Accomplishments representing themselves to the Eyes of her *Imagination*, and her *Eager Desires* blaming the Female Sex for that it is not allow'd them to be as open in discovering their *Passion* as Men are. Thus was she Employ'd, when her Maid *Lucretia* return'd with *Celestina*, whom *Melibea* receiv'd with open Arms, and most tender Expressions of *Affection*; extolling her *Knowledge*; and begging some Cure for a *Distemper* that afflicted her, in return for her lending her Girdle to Cure the Gentleman she had su'd for: The Old *Beldam*, with a seeming *Ignorance*, ask'd, *What her Distemper was?* Declaring her *Countenance* show'd sufficient Marks of some inward *Indisposition*. The more she press'd to be inform'd, the backward *Melibea* was in explaining herself; the one said there was no applying a Cure till the Disease were perfectly known; the other would have it discover'd and known without the help of the Tongue to utter it. The one drew near; the other held back; *Celestina* came towards the Point; *Melibea* then began to yield, as if she was willing to have that extorted which she thought so cautiously to conceal. Her Maid *Lucretia* discover'd by her *Mistress's* wild Expressions what *Distemper* affected her; she began to Mutter and Curse the Old *Contriver* of *Mischief*, and to dread the *Consequence*, of their *Familiarity*. *Celestina* hearing her Mutter, concluded she had met with another *Obstacle* like *Parreno* at *Calisto's*; and therefore, to remove all that might be a hindrance to her *Practice*, she desir'd *Melibea* to order her away; *Melibea* comply'd, and *Lucretia* obey'd, tho' with much *Reluctancy*; concluding all was lost. Being left to themselves,

they

they began to deal more plainly; *Celestina* telling her, *That her Medicine must come from Calisto, as he had receiv'd his Cure from her; that she must show Patience and Resolution; for Desperate Diseases must have Desperate Cures; and Tender Hearted Surgeons rather Harm'd, than Cur'd their Patients: And in the first place, she must not show such Aversion to Calisto, whom she would find to be a Gentleman of great Worth, if she were once well acquainted with him.* Still *Melibea* press'd she should not Commend, nor so much as Name him on any Account: The *Cunning Procurer* still urg'd there was no Cure without him, which, by his Assistance, would be *Ease*; *Pleasing* to him; and *Agreeable* to her; and perceiving the Fort was Surrendering, began to be plain, declaring her *Distemper* was *Love*; a *Hidden Flame*; a *Pleasing Wound*; a *Savoury Poison*; an *Agreeable Bitterness*; a *Delightful Disease*; a *Sweet Torment*; and an *Ease Death*. She added that all these seeming *Contradictions* were easily reconcil'd, and this *Complication* of different *Maladies* soon Cur'd by only *Calisto*. The last *Convulsions* of departing *Virtus* were so strong, that *Melibea* Fainted away; *Celestina* was in a *Consternation*, believing her Dead, and fearing the just Reward she deserv'd, she call'd in *Lucretia*, and both us'd all possible means to recover her; as after a while they did. She open'd her Eyes; look'd about; Comforted the Old Woman, who made dismal Moan; and at the same time began to Lament her lost *Modesty*; owning it was in vain for her Tongue to endeavour to conceal what her Heart and Countenance betray'd. She confess'd her *Displeasure* when *Calisto* first made his *Passion* known to her; and her *Satisfaction* at the second Motion made by *Celestina*. Nothing now pleas'd her but the Name of *Calisto*; his Signat was the *Blessing* she wish'd for. The *Generous Bard* was Applauded; her *Patience*, *Boldness*,

ness, and Diligence Commended; her Artful Words; her Discreet Management; her Prevailing Importunity Extol'd; and the Debt both her Lover and she were in, Magnify'd. *Celestina* rejoyc'd at her Success, seeing the greatest Difficulties overcome; and Earnestly press'd to proceed, and put the Despairing *Calisto* into Possession. All Opposition had now ceas'd; *Melibea* was lost; she was eagerly bent upon her Ruin; and often repeated the Name of *Calisto*; calling him her Life, her Joy, her Delight, and wondering how she could live so long without seeing him; and wishing she might at any Rate Enjoy his Presence. This is what the Promoter of Love drove at; she represented every thing Easie; and appointed the Interview to be about Midnight, at a low Window. This could not be manag'd without the Privacy of *Lucretia*, who was therefore admitted to the Consultation; her Mistress begging she would conceal her Frailties, since it was now in vain to think of retiring; and promising highly to Reward her Fidelity. *Lucretia* declar'd she had long since been Sensible of her Love, and dreaded her Ruin; for the more she endeavour'd to smother the Flame that consum'd her, the more it appear'd in the Paleness of her Countenance; the Restlessness of her Behaviour; the Uneasiness of her Looks; the loss of her Stomach; and her not Sleeping at Night. Tho' she observ'd all these Infallible Tokens, yet she thought fit not to take Notice of what she saw; or to meddle where she was not Employ'd; but since she was intrusted, and it was too late to go back, she would prove a most Faithful Servant; keep all her Secrets; and forward her Pleasures. Thus was the Young Maiden's Ruin contriv'd. When her Mother came in, and disliking to see her Daughter in such Company, ask'd the occasion; they made some Frivilous Excuses, she dismiss'd the Procurer, when it was too late;

late; Charging *Melibea* ever to avoid her for the future as the most dangerous Plague; discovering all her Base Qualities; and the Dishonour of her Acquaintance. The Mischief was now done, and it was Locking the Stable Door when the Steed was Stolen. However, *Melibea* Dissembled; seem'd to comply with her Mother; to be pleas'd with her Advice; and promis'd entire Submission to her Will.

*Celestina* was so full of this Success, that she could not contain herself as she went along the Street; and thought every Minute an Age till she discharg'd some part of her Joy in *Calisto*'s Breast. By the way she discover'd his Servants *Sempino* and *Parmeno* going to the Church, where he had been all the Afternoon. She follow'd them, but they came sooner to him, and us'd all the Arguments they could think on to draw him from that Place. Whilst they were thus Discoursing she came up with them; her Looks expressing the Satisfaction of her Heart before she open'd her Lips. He was impatient to hear his Doom; she advis'd him to return Home, and by the way she would satisfy him, as she did; saying, Sir, I was so impatient to bring you the happy News, that I have run all the way; and am quite out of breath. I have spent the whole Day in your Affair; neglecting other Business that would have been worth my Attendance. There is a great Clew against you, because I put others off to please you; you little think how much I have a share by it; but spare it well, since I have been so Successful for you. Observe me, I'll tell you all in few Words, for I love Brevity. I have left *Melibea* at your Service. Do not make Exclamations, or seem Surpriz'd, or Dubious; she is more yours than her own; and desires rather to please you than her own Father. You have been Generous to me, but I have recover'd your lost Health; restor'd your wandering Heart; and establish'd your decaying Reason.

son. Melibea suffers more for you than you do for her. Melibea Loves, and presses to see you. Melibea thinks on you more than on herself. Melibea calls herself yours, and reckons that her greatest Happiness. Do not gaze as if you were beside your self; what I tell you is most certain; but if you will not believe me, go your self this Night, as has been agreed between us, and speak to her at a low Window by her Fathers Gate; she will fully inform you of my Care and Indultry; she will own the Love she bears you; and by whom it was first caus'd. You wonder at the sudden Change, but consider who has had the Management of this Affair. Cestina is for you; and be satisfy'd that tho' you had wanted all the Noble Qualities which set off a Lover, she would have represented you as the most Accomplish'd Person in the World; she would have made the most rugged way ease to you, and have carry'd you thro' the deepest Water dry-shod. You do not know me yet. All the while Calisto behav'd himself like a Distracted Person, sometimes listening Attentively; sometimes Exclaiming; and sometimes making Extravagant Gestures; and crying up the Old Band. His Servant Sempronio advis'd him to moderate those Irregular Sallies, and instead of crying up, and admiring the Procurer, to give her something for her Pains; and Calisto at the first Word presented her with a Rich Gold Chain, in lieu of the promis'd Gown and Petticoat; that no Strangers might be let into the Secret. Sempronio and Parmeno were not so Zealous for her Sake, but in hopes to share with her in the Extravagancies of their Master; yet were they not so well pleas'd with the News, fearing there might be a Snake in the Grass; and all that Formal Invitation to meet the Lady at Midnight, might prove no other but a Contrivance to cut their Throats, as having a Numerous Family; much Kindred; and abundance of Servants; who would, perhaps, be Summon'd to Revenge the Wrong

Wrong design'd in attempting Melibea's Honour; but happen what would, they resolv'd to shift for themselves, and leave their Master in the Lurch. They could not but observe how nimbly the Old Bellum Trotted away as soon as she had seiz'd the Gold Chain, and computed how many Links of it would fall to each of their Shares. She, indeed, trudg'd Home with all speed, and a full Resolution not to part with the least Grain of it.

Calisto could not rest with the thoughts of his Assignment; every Hour seem'd an Age to him, and he fancy'd it would never be Twelve. At length the Clock struck Eleven, at which time he resolv'd to set out towards the appointed Place; but first, by the Advice of his Servants, Arm'd himself and them, to provide against all Accidents. They made choice of all the By-Streets to be the less observ'd in their way, if any People were Abroad; and came to the appointed Place as the Clock struck Twelve. Calisto would have had his Man Parmeno go up first to the Window to observe whether any Body was about it; but he excus'd himself, and to Palliate his Fear, alledg'd, *It might be of ill Consequence, lest the Lady should be frighted, seeing he was not the Person she expected; and offended, that what ought to be so secret, was communicated to many.* His Master highly approv'd of his Caution, whilst both the Men laugh'd at his Folly; believing his Design was to make them bear the Brunt, if there was any Danger as they imagin'd; that instead of the Young Lady, there might be half a Score Men in compleat Armour at the Door, ready to hew them in pieces. Fear put these, and many more Chimera's into their Heads; so that they skipp'd for Joy of having escap'd that imagin'd Danger with such Dexterity; and seriously consulting together, resolv'd, upon the first Alarm, to trust to their Heels rather than their Hands, believing their Master would never come

come off alive to blame them. Whilst the Servants were thus concerting to forsake him, *Calisto* drew near to the Door; and hearing some Noise, ask'd, *Who was there?* *Lucretia* answer'd; they ask'd one anothers Names, and both sides being satisfy'd they were right, they Entertain'd one another after this manner.

*Melibea.* *Who appointed you, Sir, to come to this Place?*

*Calisto.* She who has Worth enough to command all the World; whom I am not worthy to serve; be not afraid, Madam, to speak your Mind to your Slave; for the Harmonious sound of your Voice, which is always in my Ears, assures me that you are my Lady *Melibea*; and I am your Creature *Calisto*.

*Melibea.* Your great Presumption in sending Messages has oblig'd me to speak to you, *Calisto*; for having given you such an answer as I did in the Garden, I cannot imagine why you should hope to gain any farther upon my Affection. Leave those Vain and Frantick Designs, for my Honour is Untainted; and above all Blemish. The Design of my coming hither was to discard you, and rescue my self from your Importunity. Do not go about to expose my Reputation to the Liberty of ill Tongues.

*Calisto.* When a Heart is fore-arm'd against the strokes of Adversity, none can fall so heavy as to bear it down; but if you pour such unexpected Affliction on my Soul, before Charm'd with the Joy of this Summons, it must certainly sink under the Weight. Unhappy *Calisto*, how much have you been impos'd upon by Servants? O thou Deceitful *Celestina*! Would to God you had let me dye, and not reviv'd my hopes; that my Torment might be more lasting. Why did you falsify this Ladies Words? Why have you thus put me into the way to Despair? Why did you bid me come hither, unless

unless to receive my Sentence from the Mouth of her in whom all my Happiness consists? Wicked Woman! Did not you tell me that this Lady was kind? Did not you assure me she, of her own accord, Commanded her Slave to this Place? Not to Banish me her Presence again, but to Revoke the Judgment, by her given against me before. Where shall I find Truth? Who will deal Ingeniously by me? What is become of Sincerity? What Place is free from Falshood? Who is a Generous Barefac'd Enemy? Who a Real Friend?

*Melibea.* Cease your Dismal Complaints, Dear Sir; my Heart can no longer bear them, nor my Eyes dissemble. You Weep for Grief, believing me Cruel; and I Weep for Joy to find you so Sincere. My only Happiness and Delight, how much more pleasing were it to me to see your Face, than barely to hear your Voice? But since no more can be done at present, receive the Confirmation of all the kind Expressions I sent you by your Careful Messenger. I raise all she said; I stand to it all; dry up your Tears; and dispose of me at Pleasure.

*Calisto.* Sweet Lady; Hope of my Life; Joy of my Heart; Comfort of my Sorrows; what Tongue can express my Gratitude, for the Incomparable Favours bestow'd on me at this time of Anguish? In granting your Love to one so very Unworthy. I ever wish'd, but scarce durst aspire to such Bliss, considering your Worth, your Dignity, your Beauty, your Perfections; and your Merit; and looking back upon my little Worth. What Returns can I make for such unspeakable Goodness? How often have I thought of this Blessing, and then look'd upon it again as impossible? Till now the Bright Rays of your Countenance have given Light to my Eyes; Inflam'd my Heart; let Loose my Tongue; Rais'd my Merit; Dispell'd my Backwardness; Redoubled my Strength; and, in fine, Rais'd me to the Happy

Happy Condition I am now in, hearing your Harmonious Voice; which is such, that tho' I had been a Stranger to it before, yet could I not suspect any Fraud in your Words; but being Sensible of your Integrity, I Consider whether I am Calisto that receive such Blessings.

Melibea. Calisto, your Great Worth, your Excellent Qualifications, and your High Birth, have wrought such Effects upon me, that my Heart has never been without you since I had full Information of what you were; and tho' I long strove to conceal it, yet could I not forbear, when that Woman mention'd but your Name, to Betray my self, and Consent to come to this Place, where I am wholly at your Disposal. These Gates obstruct our Happiness, for which I Curse them; for were they remov'd, you should have no cause to complain, and I should be better pleas'd.

Calisto. And shall a few Boards, Madam, obstruct our Joy? I never believ'd that any thing could do that but your Will. Accursed Gates, would to God the Fire I feel in my Breast did seize on, and consume them in a Moment. But give me leave; I'll call my Servants, and force them in an Instant.

Melibea. My Life, would you utterly Undo me at once, and destroy my Reputation. Let not your Passion over-Rule your Reason. Hope well; the time shall be at your disposal; be satisfy'd to come to Morrow over my Garden Wall; for should we now force the Gates, tho' we were not presently heard, it would, to Morrow, give some foul cause of Suspicion against me; and since the Greater the Persons, the greater the Offence; you may be assur'd that this would be common Town Talk to Morrow.

Calisto. Why do you call that an Offence, Madam, which I obtain'd by Prayer? I was at Church when that Diligent Woman brought me your Pleasing Message.

Melibea.

Melibea. What Disturbance is that in the Street, Calisto? I hear a Noise as of People Ranning. Look to your self, you are in Danger.

Calisto. Fear nothing, Madam, they are my Servants, who are Wild Fellows, and Disarm all that pass by, and some Body has escap'd them.

Melibea. Are there many with you?

Calisto. But Two; yet if they meet with half a Dozen, they are so Bold, they will make nothing to Disarm them. They are Choice Lads; I do not put my self into ill Hands. Were it not for your Honour they would Tear these Gates in pieces, and Rescue me and you from all your Fathers Servants.

Melibea. For Gods sake do not mention it; I am glad you have such Faithful Servants; they well deserve their Bread who are so Brave. Let me beg of you, Sir, to make much of them, that they may be Secret; and when you Chide them for Fighting, show them some Favour at the same time.

Calisto. Madam, there are People coming: All the Terrors of Death should not remove me from you, but your Honour prevails. I will come as you appointed, over the Garden-Wall.

K

C H A P.

## C H A P. V I I.

*Ridiculous Base Behaviour of Sempronio and Parmeno. They Conduct their Master Home; then repair to Celestina; Quarrel with her about Dividing their Gains; Murder her; and are themselves Executed.*

WHILST Calisto and Melibea were thus confirming their mutual Love, and appointing the next Meeting to devote themselves wholly to it, his two Servants, Sempronio and Parmeno, being made Friends by Celestina, as was said before, and firmly United in the Bonds of Loyalty, had stood close Listening to all their Masters Discourse with his Mistress, Cursing their Intrigue, and Railing at every Word they said, as is the Custom of Wicked Servants. They were both Rank Cowards, notwithstanding Calisto's Conceit of their Valour; and both False Treacherous Knaves, tho' their Master imagin'd their Fidelity inviolable. Parmeno had been for Running, when Calisto mention'd breaking open the Gates, but that his Companion stopp'd him, upon Melibea's Opposing it, for fear of her Honour; yet that did not Check his Fear; he thought every Minute an Hour; and imagin'd all Pleberio's Servants, and the Neighbourhood, were in Arms to Seize and Destroy them; wishing himself in Turkey, or Japan; or that he could Fly over the Tops of the Houses. Sempronio observ'd his Master said, *He was at Church when Celestina brought him the Welcome Message, which he had obtain'd by his Prayers; call'd him Heretick, for ascribing that to be the Act of Heaven, which had been Compass'd by the Old*

*Witches*

*Witches Arts and Sorceries. Fear made them remove at a distance, where they Consulted with their Apprehensions. Sempronio bid Parmeno Not be Concern'd, for the first Noise they heard they would Trust to their Heels, and let Calisto take what follow'd. The Proposal was pleasing to Parmeno, who applauded it as the wisest part, alledging, They were both Young; and it was rather good Nature than Cowardice, to avoid Killing, or being Killed; that Pleberio's Servants were a parcel of Desperate Bullies, who lov'd Fighting and Quarrels better than Meat or Sleep; and, therefore, it were a Madness to engage with him, who took more delight in Hacking and Cutting, than even in Conquest it self. He did not spare to boast of his Activity; what a Pleasure it would be to see him Scour; what Excellent Heels he had; and would venture to out-Run a good Spanish Horse: nor did his Companion value himself less upon his Fleetness; but it troubled him, that the weight of his Buckler, and other Armour, would be no small Lt to him. In the height of this Consultation they heard a Noise, and being in that Disposition, without Examining the Danger, betook them to their Heels with such precipitation, that they threw away every thing that might retard their Flight. This was the Running Melibea heard, when she desir'd Calisto to provide for his Safety, whilst he so highly Magnify'd the Bravery and Fidelity of those Heartless Scoundrels, who thus forsook him without any Sense of Courage or Honesty. In their Run they look'd back every Moment, as if Troops of Arm'd Men had been pursuing them, tho' it was more their own fear than any other thing. Sempronio could not but fancy his Master was already Kill'd; but Parmeno bid him fly, for that was the least of his Concern. When they had Run themselves out of Breath, they made a Stand, panting, and perceiv'd all was fate; for the Noise*

K 2

they

they heard was only the *Watch* passing thro' another Street; but every *Mole-Hill* look'd like a *Mountain* to them; and they would have Sworn a Couple of *Dogs* had been a Regiment of *Horse*. They own'd they had never been in such a Fright; the one Boasting that he had serv'd the *Friers* at *Guz-Zaluzo*, where he had a Thousand Boxing Bouts, but never thought himself in such Danger. The other Valu'd himself upon having Liv'd with a *Curate*; then with an *Inkeeper*; and afterwards with a *Gardiner*; where he had many Encounters with the Boys, who threw Stones at the Birds that sat on the Trees; but nothing was like being in Armour, for it is an old Saying, and a true one, *That he who Arms himself most, is most afraid*. Being thus recover'd of their Fright, they return'd to *Calisto*, telling him, *There were abundance of People coming with Lights*; which oblig'd him to withdraw, and return Home. *Melibeas* retiring again to her Chamber, was over-heard by her Father and Mother, who call'd to know what was the cause of the Disturbance; but she soon satisfy'd them, answering, *It was only her Maid Lucretia had been to fetch her some Water, because she was Thirsty*. So ready is Innocence it self to find Excuses, when Love begins to take Place, and Modesty decays. She had Consented to Discourse *Calisto*; she had appointed a closer Meeting, at which her Honour was to be Sacrific'd; and now nothing Daunted her; she impos'd on her Parents; and every thing occur'd that might forward her Designs.

*Calisto* went Home with his Servants, who advis'd him to take his Rest, since the best part of the Night was spent; but, whilst he Undress'd, could not forbear Extolling *Celestina's* Management, and Admiring her Conduct; Upbraiding *Parmeno* with what he had formerly urg'd against her. The now *Debauch'd* and *Corrupted* Young Fellow endeavour'd

your'd to Justifie himself, by owning his Ignorance of what his Master suffer'd, and the high Merit of *Melibeas*; but that he was thoroughly acquainted with *Celestina's* Arts, and therefore gave him a Caution, as a Good Servant ought to do; yet he believ'd the Old Woman was alter'd for the better, which he could scarce have imagin'd, had he not been an Eye Witness to all that had happen'd. *Calisto* ask them next, *Whether they had heard the Discourse that pass between him and Melibeas; and whether they were afraid, or had Slept?* They pretended to be Concern'd he should think them capable of Fear; protesting, *They did not value all the Town, but were all the while in Readiness, with their Weapons in their Hands; and as for Sleeping, that they never sat down, or forbore looking every way, to fall on immediately, if any Body had appear'd, and do their utmost; and tho', perhaps, he had not that Opinion of their Courage, it Rejoic'd their Hearts when they saw the Lights, thinking to take them from all that Company; yet, upon Second Thoughts, they had forbore, out of regard to him, and to the Lady's Reputation*. Thus did they impose upon their Credulous Master, who could not forbear owning himself most Fortunate in such Faithful and Resolute Servants; telling them, *He had read as much known to Melibeas; and promising, They should not go Unrewarded in due time*. Being laid in Bed, he dismiss'd them to take their Rest: But they had other Thoughts; the Gold Chain given to *Celestina* disturb'd them; they could not think of Sleeping till they had secur'd their part of it; knowing the Old Woman was a *Shrewper*; and it would be hard to get any thing out of her Clutches. Therefore, tho' it was not Day, and they had been Abroad all Night, they agreed, instead of going to Bed, to repair to her House, and by fair or foul Means extort their share of that which they look'd upon as their due. They

Knock'd her up; and being admitted, had the following Discourse.

*Celestina.* Come in, you Unlucky Birds; what makes you here at this time? It is now break of Day; where have you been? Has Calisto lost all Hopes; or does it still survive in him? How is he?

*Sempronio.* How is he, Mother? Were it not for us his Soul had been seeking for a Lodging in the other World. All his Estate were too little to requite the Service we did him there, if it be true as they say, *That a Man's Life is more Valuable than all the rest.*

*Celestina.* Bless me! have you been in such Danger? Prithce tell me how it was?

*Sempronio.* It was such a Bout, that my very Blood boils in me to think of it.

*Celestina.* Let me beg of you to be Calm; and tell me the whole.

*Parmeno.* That is a long Story; we are so Disturb'd and Weary with the trouble of the Night, you had better get us something for Breakfast, which, perhaps, may allay the Passion we are in; for, let me tell you, I would be glad to meet with a Man that would Quarrel with me; I desire nothing so much now, as to vent my Passion upon any Body, since I could not be Reveng'd of those who ran away from us.

*Celestina.* Let me Dye, if I am not Surpriz'd to see you in such a Rage; I fancy you Jest; Good Sempronio, do you tell me what this was?

*Sempronio.* By the Lord, I am quite Distracted with Vexation; but what does it signifie to be Passionate here with you? Our Anger is for Men; and I hate to look Big where there is no Body to oppose me. Mother, my Armour is all hew'd in picces; my Buckler mangled; my Sword like a Saw; and my Steel-Cap is all batter'd like an Old Kettle; so that I am unfit to go Abroad with  
my

my Master when he shall have occasion; and the Assignation is made for him to go this Night over the Garden-Wall, and I have not one Cross to buy New; tho' I were to be Hang'd for it.

*Celestina.* Ask it of your Master, since all was spoilt in his Service; you know he will make all good at the first Word; for he is none of those that pretend to keep Servants to Starve them. He is so Generous, he will bestow that and much more on you.

*Sempronio.* Aye, but Parmeno is in as bad a Condition, all Shatter'd; and after that Rate he might spend all his Estate in resitting us. How can I be so troublesome as to ask any more of him than what he does Voluntarily? He is free enough; and I do not love to Spar a Free Horse to Death; or to have it said, that when they Give me an Inch I take an Ell. He gave us the Hundred pieces of Gold first, and then the Gold Chain; a few such pulls will bring him low. This would prove a Dear Business to him after that Rate. Let us be satisfy'd with what is reasonable, and not lose all to covet all; for they never hold fast who grasp at too much.

*Celestina.* A pleasant Coxcomb, by my Troth; had this happen'd after Dinner I should have sworn the Cups had gone about too plentifully. Are you in your Wits, Sempronio? What is your Reward to my Wages? Or your Wages to my Presents? Am I bound to make good your Amour? Or to supply your Wants? I'll be Hang'd if you did not lay hold of a Foolish Word I let slip the other Day in the Street, That all I had was yours, and that I would never forsake you to the utmost of my Power; and you should be no loser if I had good Luck with your Master. You are sensible, Sempronio, that these fair Words, and Offers of course, are not binding: All is not Gold that glitters; for if so, it would be much Cheaper. Observe me, Child, you cannot imagine what trouble I am in; for as soon as I can



from your House, I gave that Mad Wench Elicia, the little Trifling Chain to please her; and she cannot remember what she did with it. We have not Slept all this Night for Vexation, not for the value of the Chain, which was inconsiderable, but because she is so careless; and, to mend the matter, some of my Acquaintance came in at that time, and I fear they took it in Earnest; tho', if any Body had seen them, it would have been in Jest. Observe me, my Children, for I speak to you both; if your Master gave me any thing you may be assur'd it is my own; as you see I never ask, nor desire any part of what he gives you. Let us all do his Will, and he will Reward us all according to our Deserts. I have twice put my Life in Jeopardy for what he has given me; I have spoil'd more Tools, and spent more Materials in his Service than you have done; and you must consider, that every thing costs Money; nor did I come by my Art without Industry and Pains taking; Parmeno's Mother knew this very well. This Labour was all mine; what you have done you are to be requited for. This is my Trade and Profession; to you it is Sport and Pastime; and therefore you cannot expect to be paid for Playing as I am for Working. Yet, notwithstanding all I have said, if I find my Chain again, you may expect each of you a pair of Scarlet Stockings, which are very becoming upon Young Men; if I do not, you must accept of the Will for the Deed; and I will sit contented with my Loss. All this I offer out of sincer Kindness; because you were willing I should have the Advantage of this Trouble rather than another; and if you are not satisfy'd, it will be the worse for you.

Sempronio. This is not the first time I have observ'd how Natural Covetousness is to Old Folks. When Poor, you were Generous; when Rich, you are never Satisfy'd; so that Wealth promotes Avarice, and Avarice makes Poverty; for it is nothing but Riches that makes the Covetous Poor. Good God! How Want follows Plenty? How easily this Old  
Jade

Jade bid me make the most of all would be got by this Affair, believing it would be inconsiderable; and now she finds it is of Value, she will give nothing to make good the Saying of Children, Of a little a little; and of a great deal nothing.

Parmeno. Let her give what she promis'd, or we will take all; I told you what an Old Devil she was, if you would have believ'd me.

Celestina. If you are out of Humour with your selves, or your Master, or your Quarrel, pray do not vent your Spleen upon me? I know the meaning of all this well enough, and can guess what you aim at. It is not that you have any need of what you demand, nor that you are over Covetous; but that you think I will confine you all the Days of your Lives to Elicia and Areuse; and find you no fresh Girls, and therefore you threaten me for Money; and talk Big about sharing with you. Give over; she who provided you these two, will furnish a Dozen more; now we are better acquainted there is more Reason for it; and you deserve better. Parmeno knows whether I am as good as my Word in this Case. Speak, speak, and be not ashamed to tell what happen'd, when you know who was troubled with Fits of the Mether.

Sempronio. Let him go and down with his Breaches. That is not the Business I came about; do not pretend to make a Jest of our Demand; that Whoodle said not take any longer; make no more Words of the matter; Old Birds are not catch'd with Chaff: Give us two Thinks of what you got by Calisto, or we will expose you to the World. Keep those swarming Words for others, you Old Bard.

Celestina. Why, what am I, Sempronio? Did you take me off the Dughill? Hold your Peace; do not undervalue my Grey Hairs; for I am an Old Woman, as God made me, none of the worst; I live by my Trade, as Honestly as another. I Court no  
Body

Body that does not care for me; they all come to my House to Court me; whether I live well or ill, God knows my Heart; do not think to abuse me, because you are in a Passion, for the Law is open to every Body, and I can have Justice done me: Tho' an Old Woman I can be heard as well as you Young Fellows; leave me to my self as I am. Do not think, *Parmeno*, that I will be your Slave, because you know some of my Secrets, my past Life, and what happen'd to me and your Unfortunate Mother.

*Parmeno*. Do not stop my Mouth with those Stories, unless you would have me send you after her to make your Complaints.

*Celestina*. *Elicia*, *Elicia*, get up immediately; give me my Veil, for by Heavens I will go before a Justice roaring like a Mad Woman. What is all this for? What mean these Threats in my House? Are you so Brave and Bold with a poor harmless Creature? With an Old Woman of Three-score? Go try your Valour upon Men like yourselves; upon those that wear Swords; not upon me poor Wretch. It is a Sign of Cowardice to assault the Weak and Feeble; the Filthy Flies Torment the Leanest Cattle; and little Snarling Curs Bark at the Poor and Distressed. Had she, who lies in this Bed, been rul'd by me, the House had never been without a Man at Night, or we unguarded; but we are left thus Solitary to please you; now you see none but Women you talk and make Extravagant Demands, which you durst not do if you saw the Face of a Man; for, as the Proverb says, *A powerful Adversary cools Passion and Anger*.

*Sempronio*. *Thou Covetous Insatiable piece of Antiquity, cannot you be satisfy'd with the third part of what you have got?*

*Celestina*. What third part? Get you out of my House both of you, lest I set up the Cry and call in  
the

the Neighbours; for if once you put me upon the Fret, I shall out with all *Caiisto's* Intrigues and yours.

*Sempronio*. Cry or Roar, for you shall either perform what you promis'd, or I will put an end to your Wicked Days.

*Elicia*. For the Love of God put up your Sword. Hold him, *Parmeno*, hold him; lest this Mad Man kill her.

*Celestina*. Help, help, Neighbours; these Russians will kill me in my own House.

*Sempronio*. Russians, you Old Hag! I'll send you with an Express to the Devil.

*Celestina*. He has kill'd me! I am a Dead Woman! Help! Help!

*Parmeno*. Stick her again; since you have begun, make an end of her; kill her quickly; a good Riddance.

*Elicia*. O Wicked Hell-Hounds! A thousand Curses light on you; was this your Bravery? My Mother, and all my Comfort is gone.

*Sempronio*. Fly, fly, *Parmeno*; the People gather apace. Take heed, the Officers are coming.

*Parmeno*. A Curse on it; there is no way to escape; they have secur'd the Door.

*Sempronio*. Let us leap out at the Windows to escape the Gallows.

*Parmeno*. Do you leap, I follow you.

Thus ended her Days; the Wicked *Celestina* run thro' in above twenty Places; and so Cruelly mangled, that she was scarce to be known; a just Reward of her Villainous Practices; having spent so many Years in promoting of Lewdness, and Debauching of Youth; and, for a Conclusion deluded, the before Chaste, *Melibrea*. But the Effects of her Actions ceas'd not with her Death; her Cries alarm'd all the Neighbourhood, who beset the House; the Officers flock'd to it, and secur'd the  
Door:

Door: The Murderers seeing themselves thus Besieg'd ran up; and their Case being Desperate, ventur'd to leap out at a high Window, on that side where they saw the fewest People; hoping to make their escape thro' them. *Fortune* did not favour their Design; for it was decreed that *Justice* should overtake them, and they receive the Reward of their many *Villanies*. The first that leap'd fell upon his Head, which was so Batter'd, that his Brains appear'd thro' the Breaches of his Skull: The other broke his Arms, and was otherwise so maim'd that he could not stir. In this Condition they were taken up by the Officious Multitude, still alive; tho' scarce sensible. The *Courts of Justice* were then sitting, whither they hurry'd them in that Miserable Condition. The *Judges* seeing them in such Danger, resolv'd to prevent their Death by a speedy Execution; that they might serve for an Example to others. Besides, they consider'd the Power and Interest of their Master *Cassia*; who, if time were allow'd him, might find means to Obstruct *Justice*; which would be an Encouragement to other *Malefactors* to proceed in their base Courses, under the Protection of mighty Men. It is a good Saying, *That Laws are like Cobwebs; which catch only the Flies; whilst Birds, or other stronger Creatures, break thro' them.* So we see the *Common Offenders*; the *Poor Thieves*; the *Hireling Murderers*; and such mean and wretched *Criminals* are brought to Condign Punishment; but the *Great*, the *Rich*, the *Mighty*, commit all sorts of *Enormities*, and are above the reach of *Justice*. Nay, they are not so themselves alone; but protect and defend those vile Favourites, who have gain'd their Affections by complying with, and executing the most horrid *Enormities* they can invent. To Obviate these Inconveniencies, the *Court* resolv'd to proceed to speedy *Judgment* and *Execution*. The Fact was  
fresh,

fresh; the *Witnesses* present; no difficulty occur'd towards *Conviction*; the *Offenders* being taken in the Fact; nor was there any *Defence* to be made; the *Infamy* of the Person Murder'd did not alleviate, but rather aggravated the Crime; because it was an Offence to have to do with such a one; besides that, the *Motive* was *Infamous*; as being no other than sharing the Reward of *Sin*; and to add to all, a poor *Defenceless* Wretch was Inhumanely Butcher'd by two *Bloody Ruffians*. In short, the *Judges* proceeded to Sentence of Death; and awarded immediate Execution, for the Reasons aforesaid. The *Criminals* were conducted directly from the *Court* to the *Market-Place*, with a *Cryer* before them, Proclaiming their Offence, as is the Custom in *Spain*; and their Heads struck off.

## C H A P. V I I I.

*Tristan and Sofia tell Calisto the unhappy Death of their Fellow-Servants. He resents it; but forgets not his Assassination. Takes them with him; Enjoys Melibea; and continues it several Nights. Areusa and Elicia contrive to Revenge the Death of Celestina upon Calisto and Melibea.*

**W**HILST these things were Transacting, Calisto, pleas'd with his past Nights Reception by Melibea, and the hopes of a better that Night; and tir'd with being up so late, had betaken himself to his Bed, as was said before; where he Slept undisturb'd; not so much as Dreaming of the Disaster of his two Favourite Servants. Day was well advanc'd, when he awak'd full of the Satisfaction of his Success and Hopes, and after delighting himself a while with his imagin'd Happiness; call'd up a Page, who always lay in a Closet by him. The Youth, whose Name was *Tristan*, came readily at his call; and being order'd to bid *Semprenio* and *Parmeno* come to him, after Searching the whole House, and hearing no News of them, return'd to his Master to acquaint him they were not to be found. *Calisto*, unwilling to find fault with those he entrusted with his Secrets, directed *Tristan* to let him Sleep till Noon, and take care that no Body should Disturb him. The Lad going to the Street-Door, to give order that his Master should be deny'd in case of any Visits, heard a mighty Noise in the Market-Place, which was at a small distance; and imagin'd it might be some Execution. He had not been long there

there before he spy'd *Sofia*, one of the *Guards* of the House, come Running in great Disorder and Confusion, tearing his Hair, and making Dismal Moan. Enquiring after the cause of his Distraction; the Fellow told him, *He had been in the Market-Place, and seen their Fellow Servants, Semprenio and Parmeno, Beheaded.* *Tristan* believing he had been Mad, or Drunk, could scarce give any Credit to him, till he assur'd him he had seen them, and they had taken Notice of him. They both ran with this Dismal News to their Master, Waking him out of his Sleep, at which he was much Offended, till they told him the occasion of their Disturbing him. *Calisto* was wonderfully Surpriz'd at this unexpected Account, thinking it almost impossible, considering they had been with him the last Night; but being convinc'd by the Asseverations of his Servant, began to examine all the Particulars, which *Sofia* told him; and amongst the rest, *That the Person they had Murther'd was an Old Woman call'd Celestina, whom he had seen all Mangled, and run thro' in many places; and the motive of committing that Inhuman Act was for refusing to give them their shares of a Gold Chain he himself had bestow'd on her, as he was inform'd by a Young Woman that Liv'd in her House.* This Disaster, and its Consequences, touch'd *Calisto* to the quick; he complain'd bitterly against Fortune, which had but the Night before rais'd him to the highest pitch of Happiness; and now, on a sudden, threw so great an Affliction upon him; he lamented the Misfortune of those Wretches whom he had trusted with all his Secrets, and imagin'd the Faithfullest and Bravest of Men; he Rail'd at the Judges who had precipitated the Execution; looking upon it as done in Contempt of his Person, and a great Diminution of his Honour; and above all, he dread-ed being disappointed of his Assassination that Night, the two Criminals being the only Persons

Privy

Privy to it, and in whom alone he thought he could confide, and put all his Trust. After a short Struggle with this variety of *Anxious Thoughts*, *Love* prevail'd, and drew him back from the Reflection of what was past, or might be the Consequence of it; and he concluded with himself that Crosses and Disappointments were the only Trial of Great Souls. Thus he cheer'd himself up, resolving, whatever might follow, not to fail of the Assignment; which had been the cause of so much Mischief; concluding the Bliss he expected was far above the Loss of his Servants; that sooner, or later they must come to an Untimely End; and that the Old Hag could expect no better Reward for her Base Courses. Having thus decreed with himself, he order'd *Tristan* and *Sofia* to provide themselves for a Night-Ramble with him, and take a Ladder along with them, because the Garden-Walls he was to go over were high; concluding the next Day he would take such Measures as should be most for his Honour, and the Prosecution of his Designs.

The expected Night came, *Melibea* secur'd her Parents in Bed; and then, with her Confident *Lucretia*, went down into the Garden to wait the coming of her Lover. Expectation made the time seem tedious, and she began to think with herself what might detain him; what Accidents, and what Misfortunes might befall him by the way; whether, being met at that unseasonable Hour, he might be attack'd by the *Watch* unknown, and receive any Harm, or do some among them, that might bring him into Danger; whether he might not light into the Hands of *Ruffians*, who stroul about at Nights to make a Prey of those they meet; or whether, in the Dark, he might not fall into some other Misfortune. Again, she blam'd herself for these uneasy Thoughts, reflecting it was *Love* that suggested

suggested them, and offering her Prayers for his Safety. But it was not long before she heard a Noise, which convinc'd her of her Lover's Approach. *Calisto* came, apply'd the Ladder to the Wall, and mounted. *Sofia* would have gone over with him for fear of Danger; to which he did not consent, being satisfy'd that he heard his Mistress's Voice. She receiv'd him with all the Tenderness of a *Passionate Lover*; and he flew to her Embraces with all the eagerness of a *Justful Ravisher*. It was then no time for *Dalliance*; the long Sigh'd for Opportunity was come, Nature prompted, and the opposition was small. *Virtue* was before fled, and only a little seeming *Baseness* remain'd in her Place. She coldly Pray'd, That since she had trusted herself in his Hands, and so far comply'd with his Desires, he would not reduce her to a worse Condition than if she had been *Coy* and *Umbind*. That he would not Ruin her for so short a *Pleasure*, but be satisfy'd, as she was, with Looking and Discoursing; and not take that which was not in his Power to restore, or all the Treasure in the World make amends for. She beg'd he would Discourse, but that his Hands might be still; and since she was entirely his, not to deprive her of that irrecoverable Gift of *Nature*. It was now too late, *Calisto* could not hearken to, or at least grant her Request. The way not to be deny'd, had been to put it out of his Power to refuse. To deliver herself up; to say she was his own; to give an opportunity; to fire his Blood; and then to sue for *Moderation*; for *Abstinence*; for *Mody*; was like laying *Meat* before the *Hungry*; *Drink* before the *Thirsty*; and *Treasure* before the *Covetous*; and then bidding them not to *Eat*; not to *Drink*; not to *Touch*; or not to *Covet*. He fail'd not to make Excuses; to plead his long Services and Sufferings, and

to urge the Shame it would be to let slip the Happiness he had put into his Hands; which would be despising what he had so eagerly sought for; a thing no Mortal could be guilty of; and splitting upon the Rocks, when he had his choice of entering the Harbour. He ask'd her Pardon, that his Rude Hands, which scarce ever hop'd to touch her Garments, did now so freely make bold with all parts of her Tender Flesh. In fine, *Melibea* was willing, *Calisto* urgent; *Lucretia* step'd aside, and the two Lovers reap'd all the Joys they had run so many hazards for. When Enjoyment was over, and the Fire of Love allay'd, the unhappy Maid began to reflect on what she had done, blaming *Calisto* for having depriv'd her of her Virgin-Treasure; bewailing her Mother's, and her own Untimely Death, if what she had done were known; Lamenting the Dishonour she had brought upon her Father's Grey Hairs; and condemning herself for having so easily consented to her Shame. *Calisto*, on his side, having, for the present, satisfy'd his Appetite, observ'd the Night was far advanc'd, and took his Leave, promising to return the next Night.

He call'd to his Servants, who fix'd the Ladder, receiv'd him on the other side; *Melibea* retir'd to her Chamber, and *Calisto* return'd Home, full of Joy and Rapture, for having Enjoy'd so Delicate a Creature; and being now in a Method of possessing her as often as he pleas'd. Thus easie in his Mind, and full of Satisfaction, he betook him to his Bed; where Sleep finding him in that apt Disposition, seiz'd, and confin'd him till the next Evening: The two Lovers continu'd their Interviews, after the aforesaid manner, for the space of a Month, without any interruption; *Calisto* never missing a Night to repair to the Garden, nor *Melibea* to meet him in it; *Lucretia* always attending her, and *Tristan* and

and *Sofia* their Master. In the mean time, *Elicia* put herself into Mourning for her Reputed Mother, *Celestina*, and her Gallant, *Scipronio*; being much concern'd for the Loss of two such Friends at once. In this Garb, and full of Sorrow, she went to Visit her Kinswoman *Areusa*; and coming to her Door, heard such loud Talking, as oblig'd her to make a full stop, believing it had been the Lamentation she made for *Celestina* and her *Parmeno*; but listening with Attention, heard her in a Passion, crying out, Get you out of my House you Base, Lying, and Deceitful Ruffian; You make a meer Fool of me with your empty Talk, and get all I have by Fawning and Hectoring. Did not I, you Scoundrel, Cloath you from Head to Foot? Did not I buy you a Sword and a Buckler? Did not I find you Curious Shirts? Did not I buy a good Horse, and put you into a better Masters Service than you deserv'd? And now I ask but one thing of you, and you refuse it. The Bully answer'd, My Dear, you may, if you please, command me to Murder half a Score Men, and I'll obey you; but as for going one League & Foot, I cannot do it. *Areusa* reply'd, Why did you lose your Horse at Play then, you Scoundrel? Were it not for me you had been Hang'd before now. Three times have I sav'd you out of the Hands of Justice; and four times have paid your Debts. Why have I done so? Why am I such a Fool? Why do I rely upon a Coward? Why do I give Credit to his Lies? Why do I admit him within my Doors? What has he to recommend him? His Grizly Hair; the Gash on his Face; his being twice Whipp'd at the Carts-Tail; his Lame Hand; or thirty Wrenches he has in the Bawdy-House? Be gone immediately; let me see you no more; do not talk to or spy you know me; or, by the Father that got, and the Mother that bore me, I'll have that broad Back of yours Thrash'd to Mummy; for you know I have those that can do it, and stand by it. You Rave, you little Fool,

said he, *but should I be in a Passion, some Body would shed Tears; however, I will bear with you and be gone, for some Body is coming.* This said, he went his way, and *Elicia* came into the Room. *Arensa* was surpriz'd to see her in *Mourning*, having yet heard nothing of the Murder of *Celestina*, or the Execution of *Sempronio* and *Parmeno*. It was a doleful greeting; *Arensa* earnestly examining into the cause of her Grief, and *Elicia* Weeping, Tearing her Hair; and Wringing her Hands; at last she acquainted her with all the Circumstances of the Disaster; the Unfortunate End of their common Mother; and the Untimely Death of both their Lovers; but when she came to mention the cause of these Disasters, occasion'd by the Loves of *Calisto* and *Melibea*, she vented all her *Spleen* in *Curses* and *Exclamations*; wishing their *Amours* might have a Wretched End; their *Delights* be turn'd into *Sorrow*; their *Joy* into *Tears*; their *Repose* into *Toil*; the *Flowers* of the *Garden* where they met into *Adders*; their *Songs* into *Lamentations*; and that the *Green-Trees* that shaded them, might wither at their Approach. *Arensa* bid her be of good Heart; to dry up her Tears; to look to herself; since she must live by the *Living*, and not by the *Dead*; and tho' what was past could not be Recall'd, yet it might be Reveng'd; which would be a considerable Satisfaction. This she undertook to bring about herself, and since *Calisto* and *Melibea* had been the cause of the Misfortune, decreed that *Vengeance* should light upon them, by the means of *Centurio*, that Russian, who was newly gone from her, as *Elicia* came in; who, she was satisfy'd, would be glad to be reconcil'd on any Account; and think it a Happiness that she would employ him in her Service. They consulted how they might get Intelligence concerning the Lover's Hours, and Place of Meeting; and agreed

agreed it should be done by means of *Sofia*, who attended *Calisto* every Night. To which purpose *Arensa* desir'd *Elicia* would find him to her, and she would speak to him so Sweetly, that he should not be able to conceal the least part of the Secret. At the same time she advis'd her to remove to her House, where they would live together, shake off *Melancholy*, and get *New Lovers*, who should soon make them forget the Old. *Elicia* did much question whether *Sofia* might be prevail'd upon to reveal what he was Instructed with, the Misfortune of his Fellow-Servants being yet so fresh in his Memory; and return'd Thanks for the offer'd Kindness of joyning their Habitations; but alledg'd her being settled in a way of Trade at *Celestina's* House, because it was well known; and the common Resort of all the Young Wenches the Old Bard was acquainted with, who drove their Bargains there, which she made an Advantage of; and all her own Cullies knew where to find her, for which reason she could not resolve to comply with her in that particular, but would send *Sofia* as soon as possible.

*Elicia* being at Home, began to think better on the Advice given her; observing that the *Mourning Garb* did not become her *Profession*; the Street was little *Haunted*; there was less *Serenading*; no *Quarrelling* for her Sake; nor the least *Presents* sent her. These Considerations made her soon resolve to alter her Dress; dismiss all *Sorrow*; walk *Abroad*; and Visit her Loving Kinswoman. Persons of that sort are easily perswaded to make themselves easie; their Inclinations tend to nothing but *Pleasure*; and the Prospect of *Gain* obliges them to cast off all Rules of *Decency*; and devote themselves to *Liberty* and *Leisure*. She was not tedious in Executing her Resolves, but being Dress'd, repair'd to her Kind-

woman *Arensa*, who receiv'd her with open Arms, applauding her *Discretion*; and acquainting her she had not yet seen *Sofia*. But as they were talking, he knock'd at the Door, and *Arensa* seeing it was he, made *Elicia* hide herself in a Closet to hear the Discourse that pass'd between them; and how dexterously she would Flatter, and Manage him, till she had Pump'd all he had within him. *Elicia* being hid, she let *Sofia* in; the Dialogue that pass'd between them, was as follows.

## C H A P.

## C H A P. LX.

*Arcusa* gets *Calisto's* Secret out of *Sofia*; and Engages a Russian to Murder him. *Calisto* Kill'd by a fall from the Garden-Wall. *Melibea* discovers all the Intrigues to her Father; and Kills herself.

*Arcusa.* MY *Sofia*; my Private Friend; whom I Love, unknown to him; whom I desire to be acquainted with for his good Name; the Faithful Servant; the Real Friend to his Companions; let me Embrace you; for methinks I see more in you than Fame Reports. Draw near; let us sit down; I am pleas'd to see you. Methinks I see my Dear *Parmeno*; what a happy Day is this? Did you know me before, Sweet Sir?

*Sofia.* Madam, the Fame of your Beauty and Perfections is so great, that many more must needs know you, than you know; for whenever Beautiful Women are spoken of, you are always in the first Rank.

*Arcusa.* You would make me Blush if any Body were here; but I do not wonder at you, because all Men are full of that sort of Language, but you need not use such Flattery; for I Love you without your Commending me; I need not be gain'd, since I am yours already. Two things mov'd me to send for you, which, tho' they are for your Advantage, I will forbear to speak of, if you use me with such Flattery.

*Sofia.* I am far from any Double Meaning; nor has I the least Thoughts of the Favour you do me, as thinking my self unworthy to clean your Shoes. Do you sit, and answer your self, and I will stand by it.



*Arcusa.* My Dear, you know I Lov'd *Farmeno*, and as the Saying is, *Love me, and Love my Dog*; so I was Fond of all that belong'd to him, and Concern'd for *Calisto's* Service. For this Reason I resolv'd, in the first place, to acquaint you with the great Love I have for you, and how glad I shall always be to see you; which may be for your Advantage, as being Master of my Affections: And next, to advise you to shun Dangers, or making known your Secrets to any Body, being Sensible of the Misfortune *Sempronio* and *Parmeno* fell into by Confiding in *Celestina*. I should be sorry to see you come to such an untimely Death as they did. It is enough for me to have lost one; therefore I must tell you, that a certain Person came to me, and said you had acquainted them with the Loves of *Calisto* and *Melibea*; with your bearing him Company thither every Night; and much more to this purpose. Not to keep Counsel is proper to Foolish Women and Children, and may prove Prejudicial; and, therefore, God gave you two Eyes, and two Ears, and but one Mouth; that you may hear and see twice as much as you speak. Do not think your Friend will keep your Secret, if you cannot keep it your self. When you are to go with *Calisto* to that Ladies House, make no Noise of it; let it never be known; for others have told me, That you went every Night Skipping for Joy.

*Sofia.* What Prating Fools are those who tell you such Tidings. Whoever said it, spoke false; others because they see me carry my Horses to Water at Night, Singing by the way to Divert me, tell you what they imagine for a Truth. *Calisto* is no such Mad Man, as to go at that time about an Affair of that Consequence, but stays till all is lull'd; nor will that Employment bear going every Night. And to convince you of this Falsehood, we have not gone above eight times in a Month.

*Arcusa.*

*Arcusa.* It so, let me beg of you, my Jewel, to let me know when you have appointed to go, that I may catch them in a Lye; and if I do, it will satisfy me that they invent it, and I shall be in less dread for your Life; for I hope we may Enjoy a long time.

*Sofia.* Madam, in short, we are to go the Garden way this Night at Twelve of the Clock: To Morrow you may enquire what they know of it; and if they have heard the least Word, let me be Hang'd for it.

*Arcusa.* And which way, my Love? That I may more positively Contradict them, if they mistake.

*Sofia.* Thro' the Fat Vicar's-Street, behind *Pleberio's* House.

*Arcusa.* Friend *Sofia*, this may suffice to Vindicate your Innocence; and show the Malice of your Enemies: Leave me now, for I have some other Business, and have been long with you.

*Sofia.* Pardon me, Sweet Lady, if I have taken up too much of your time; whilst I can please you, no Man shall Venture his Life more freely in your Service. Farewel.

Thus ended their Discourse; the Ignorant *Greene* went his way; *Arcusa* call'd *Elicia* out of the Closet, and began to applaud her own Art, in drawing the Secret from him; assuring her she had many Sly Tricks beyond *Celestina*, tho' she had before Conceal'd them, for fear of Disobliging the Old Woman. Having found what they desir'd, it remain'd now to put their Revenge in Execution; to which intent, it was agreed, They should go together to the House of *Centurio*, the Russian, with whom *Arcusa* was so lately fallen out; that *Elicia* should pretend to bring her thither against her Will, and then the Mischief they design'd should be left to his Charge. They went accordingly; *Arcusa* made all Outward shew of Refusing to go in; *Elicia* Dragg'd her; and *Centurio* Intreated. All of them

Acted

Acted their Parts to the Life; the one Relisting; the other offering Violence; and the third making feign'd Submissions. He desir'd her to lay any Commands on him that were proper to his Profession; to Challenge any three Men together, or more; to Kill any one; to Cut off an Arm, or a Leg; to Gash a Face; or any such piece of Mischief; but as for Travelling, or giving her Money, she must never expect it; for never any stay'd with him; and she might shake his Breeches without finding a Cross; and all the Furniture of his House was not worth a Groat. But as for any thing that depended on his Hands, he long'd to be at; design'd to do Wonders for her; and his whole Study was to please her, tho' he had not the Good Fortune to succeed; for but the last Night he Dream'd he was Fighting four Men she very well knew, one of whom he Kill'd, and he that escap'd best of the other three, who ran away, left an Arm behind him. All which he could perform much better awake, if any Man presum'd to Offend her. *Arensa* took him at his Word, promising to receive him again into Favour, provided he would Revenge her on *Calisto*; and she would put him in the way, for he had but two Servants with him. The *Russian* would scarce hear her out; telling her, *He knew all the Intrigue; which way it was manag'd; and how far she was Concern'd; but that he was engag'd that Night, yet would lay aside all Business to Oblige her; for his Sword was us'd to Fatten the Church-Yards; to Enrich the Surgeons; and to find Work for the Armourers; That he had Liv'd by it Twenty Years; ever Fear'd by the Men, and Belov'd by the Women; and from it his Grandfather was call'd Centurio, as having been Bully to an Hundred Whores.* He bid her chuse what Death she would have *Calisto* put to; and he would show her a Catalogue of Seven Hundred and Seventy several sorts. In fine, he offer'd

offer'd to perform more than ever was Written in the Books of *Knight-Errantry*, tho' he was the Rankest Coward in Nature; and all his Valour lay in his Tongue; for a Lad of Fourteen, with a Cudgel, would have drove him the length of a Street. However they believ'd him; took Leave; and left him Cursing and Laughing at them, for imagining he should ever perform the least Tittle of what he promis'd. His next Thought was how to come off without Hazarding any thing, or being discover'd to have fail'd of his promise. To pretend Sickness would not avail, because they would expect it when he was Well; and to say *Calisto* and his Men Fled, would be found out by some Questions, or Tokens. At last he concluded, That one *Traso*, a Companion of his, with others of his Gang, should undertake the giving an Alarm to the Lovers and their Servants, which should be in full Discharge for the Enterprize; which he engag'd them to do that very Night, Pleading other Affairs of Moment that prevented his performing it himself. *Traso*, and the others, who were all of a Gang, *Talkative Bullies*, without one Grain of Courage, undertook the performance, and what they did we shall soon see. *Calisto*, little thinking how Ignorantly his *Groom's* Folly had Betray'd him to *Arensa's* Craft, or what was Projected against him, about Midnight set out to his Assignment, attended by his two Servants. *Sofia* was so full of *Arensa's* Decentful Words, believing all had been real, that he could not forbear, by the way, acquainting his Companion *Triso* with his good Fortune; how Fond *Arensa* was of him; what kind Words had pass'd between them; and how he was Tempted to fall foul of her; but that he was out of Countenance, to see her so Curiously Dress'd, and himself in such a Dirty Pickle; her Smelling of *Musk* of *Ambergrease*, and himself Stinking of the Stable; her Hands as White as Curds,

and

and his own like Dirty Puddings: But the next Bout he would not spare her. *Tristan*, tho' Young, was Cunning, and told him, *He well enough knew that Woman was a Common Strumpet; and therefore he might conclude she had some Design in all she said; for what could move her to Love him, since he was neither Handsome, Rich, nor well Born?* He bid him, *Consider whether all she did was not directed to draw from him the Secret of the Intrigue they were going upon, to Embroil Calisto and Pleberio, out of Envy to Melibea's Happiness.* And, therefore, advis'd him, *To Sharp the Sharper, and cut Diamant with Diamant.* *Sofia* now, too late, found his mistake, when it was past retrieving. They came to the Garden-Wall, which *Calisto* mounted, and hearing his Mistress below, Descended to her, where they Embrac'd with all the Transport of perfect Lovers. *Calisto* was Boisterous, and would not lose time, being eagerly intent upon reaping those Joys he came for. *Lucretia's* Mouth Water'd; she grudg'd their Satisfaction; and wish'd *Calisto's* Servants did come over with him, that she might have some Body to divert herself with: Whilst *Melibea* still play'd the Modest One, blaming him for making so bold with her Linnen and Body. In fine, they devoted themselves to Pleasure; and tho' they had so often before Enjoy'd, every time they met seem'd to be the first. Whilst they were thus Entranc'd in Love, the Russian *Trozo*, with his Companions, by the Appointment of *Centurio*, as was said before, came to the Garden-Wall, to Alarm them in their Delights. *Sofia* had more Courage than Wit, and knowing them, fell on so Furiously, that he soon clear'd the Street twice of them; for they durst return once, when they saw him gone back to his Post. *Calisto* hearing the clattering of Swords, hasted to the relief of his Servants, tho' *Melibea* endeavour'd to stop him; and was so precipitate in Descending from the Top

of the Wall, that he miss'd the first Round of the Ladder, and having no hold with his Hands, dropt down into the Street, where, the Wall being high, and his Head coming to the Stones first, he broke his Skull in pieces, so that his Brains dash'd all about the Street. *Sofia* and *Tristan* made a Disfmal Lamentation for their Beloved Master; which *Melibea* hearing on the other side, she caus'd *Lucretia* to enquire into the cause of it: They inform'd her what had happen'd; and taking up the Body the best they could, convey'd it Home, that it might not be found in that Place so Miserably Batter'd. Thus ended the Unfortunate *Calisto*, snatch'd away, so Deplorably in the midst of his Pleasure and Satisfaction, thro' the Wicked Contrivance of two Lewd Strumpets, who, as was said before, had design'd against his Life, out of Revenge for the Death of *Sempronio* and *Parmeno*, and in meer spite because he Enjoy'd *Melibea*.

So Disfmal was this sudden Disaster to her, that she burst out into a Thousand Exclamations and Complaints; Rending her Garments; Tearing her Hair; and Fainting away several times with excess of Grief, before she could be remov'd from the Place. *Lucretia* us'd all her Rhetorick to exhort her to moderate her Sorrow; representing the Shame of being found in the Garden; and advising to take her Bed, where some other Distemper might be pretended. Importunity at length prevail'd; she retir'd to her Chamber, in a Distracted manner, and *Pleberio* was call'd: He enquir'd into her Distemper; endeavour'd to Comfort her; offer'd to bring the ablest Physicians; and lastly advis'd her to get up, to go take the Air with her Mother, and try to Divert herself. *Melibea* seem'd to comply, and desir'd to go up to a high Tower there was on the top of the House, where she might Breath on open Air, and have a full Prospect of the Country about.

about. He consented, and she again desir'd to be Diverted with some agreeable *Musick*. Whilst *Plaberio* was gone to order it, she went up with *Lucretia*, whom she sent away to tell her Father she would desire him to hear her at the Foot of the *Turret*. The Maid being gone, she made fast the Door, and her Father *Plaberio* coming, as she desir'd, to the Foot of the *Turret*, she spoke to him in this manner.

Do not attempt, Dear Father, to come, or send any Body up to me, unless you will cut off what I am going to deliver. The Death of your only Daughter, will soon fill the Remainder of your Life with Sorrow; my End is at Hand; I shall soon be at Rest, and you in Pain. You will need no Musical Instruments to alleviate my Grief; but of Bells to ring at the Funeral of my Body. If you will give Attention, without shedding Tears, you shall hear the cause of my sudden and unexpected Departure. Do not interrupt me with Weeping, or fair Words, lest I leave you in as much Confusion for not knowing the Motive, as Trouble for my Death. Ask no Question, nor do you answer me, but be satisfy'd with what I tell you; for when an Unruly Passion has seiz'd the Heart, the Ears are shut to all Advice; and then Discreet Words rather lighten, than divert the Frenzy. Hear my last Words, Dear Father; and if you take them as I expect, you will not blame my Folly. You cannot but hear this dismal ringing of Bells, and the doleful Lamentations of the People; I am the unhappy cause of it. I have put all the best of the Gentry into Mourning; I have depriv'd many Faithful Servants of their Master; I have rebb'd abundance of Poor of Bountiful Alms; I have sent the most Accomplish'd Man that ever was born, to keep Company with the Dead; I have taken from the Living the very Pattern of Gallantry, Wit, and Dilcretion; I have enrich'd the Grave with the Noblest Body ever Nature produc'd. But that you may no longer stand amaz'd at the unintelligible sound of

of my unusual Crimes; I must inform you, Dear Father, that *Calisto*, a Gentleman you well know, as you did his Parents, Birth and Excellent Qualities, long since fell Desperately in Love with me: So violent was his Passion, and so little opportunity of making it known to me, that he discover'd the Secret to a Crafty Subtile Woman call'd *Celestina*, who coming hither drew from me the Secret that lay bury'd in my Heart, and which I conceal'd from my Dear Mother. She contriv'd the means to bring us together; for if his Love was great, mine was nothing Inferior; she order'd it so, that he might compass his Designs. I gave him admittance into your House; he climb'd your Garden-Walls, and gather'd the wish'd for Fruit of my Virginity. These Joys lasted about a Month, till this last Night, having been with me as usual, and bearing some disturbance with his Servants in the Street; the Walls being high; the Night dark; and the Ladder small; in going down hastily his Foot miss'd the first round of it, and falling, he dash'd out his Brains against the Stones. There ended my Support, my Consort, and all my Happiness. Were it not then Inhumane, since he Dy'd for me, that I should Live Comfortless without him? His Death calls for mine, and that speedily; and it is requisite that I should follow him in the manner of it, that so I may accompany him in the Grave, since I could not in the Marriage-Bed. O my Beloved *Calisto*! Expect me, for I come. Blame me not for this delay, which is only to give my Ancient Father this short Account. Let me beseech you, Dear Father, if ever you Lov'd me Living, that we may be Bury'd together; I would willingly afford you some Words of Comfort, but that my present Distraction has blotted out of my Memory, all that ever I read in those many choice Books you advis'd me to for my Instruction. and the Tears I see run down from your Aged Face, deprive me of my Speech. Recommend me to my Dearest Mother, and let her know the occasion of my Death; for it is a Satisfaction to me that she is not here present.

Receive the Attendant of great Age, which is much Sorrow and Affliction; receive your much Lov'd and Unhappy Daughter, and take care of this Wretched Body, which is coming to you.

No sooner were these last Words out of her Mouth, but she cast herself Headlong from the Turret, and fell at her Father's Feet Batter'd to pieces, and without the least Sense of Pain, or Symptom of Life. *Plebeio*, at this sight committed all the Extravagancies of a *Distraught Parent*, and his Wife *Alisa* coming out to see the cause of her Husband's *Distraction*, fell into all the Transports of an *Unbridled Sorrow*. They were not so Happy as to End their Days at that time, but liv'd some Years after in continual *Affliction*, and *Anguish of Mind*, for the Dishonour of their Family, and Miserable Death of their only Daughter. We have here a sad Prospect of the fatal Consequences of *Lewdness*, and the Vile Practices of *Vile Bawds*, *Strumpets*, and *Faithless Servants*. *Celestina* is Murdered by the Hands of those she most confided in, each coveting what had been so basely Earn'd: *Sempronio* and *Parmeno* are Executed for the Murder, tho' half Dead before; *Calisto* falls and dashes out his Brains, in the height of his Enjoyment, without time allow'd him to think of another World; and *Melibea*, in *Despair*, casts herself Headlong from a *Tower*, for the Loss of her Lover, leaving her Unhappy Parents a Miserable Old Age.

A

# Spanish Play,

CALL'D

## An Evenings Intrigue.

Translated from the Original; and  
the Scene remov'd into

# ENGLAND,

A