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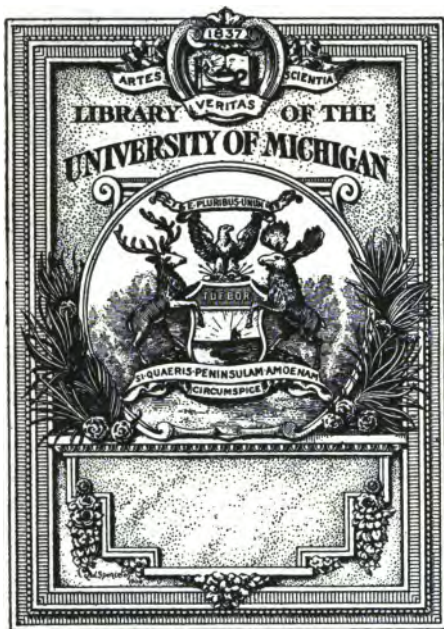
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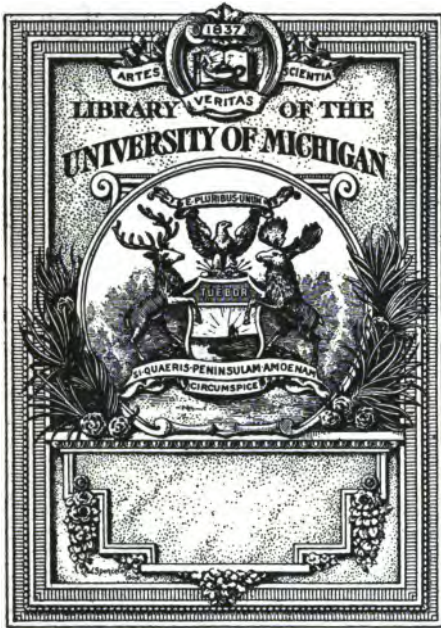
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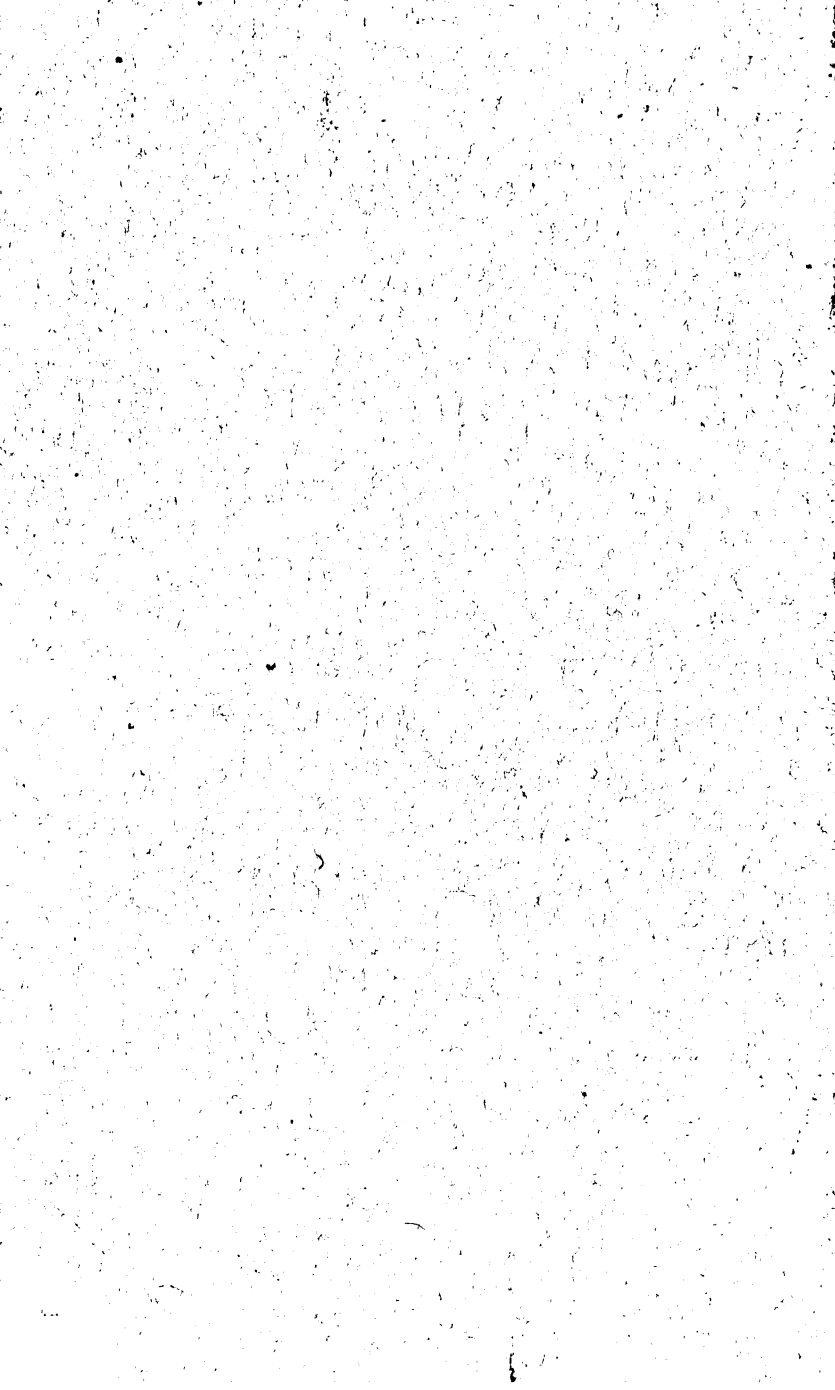
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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

CONTAINING

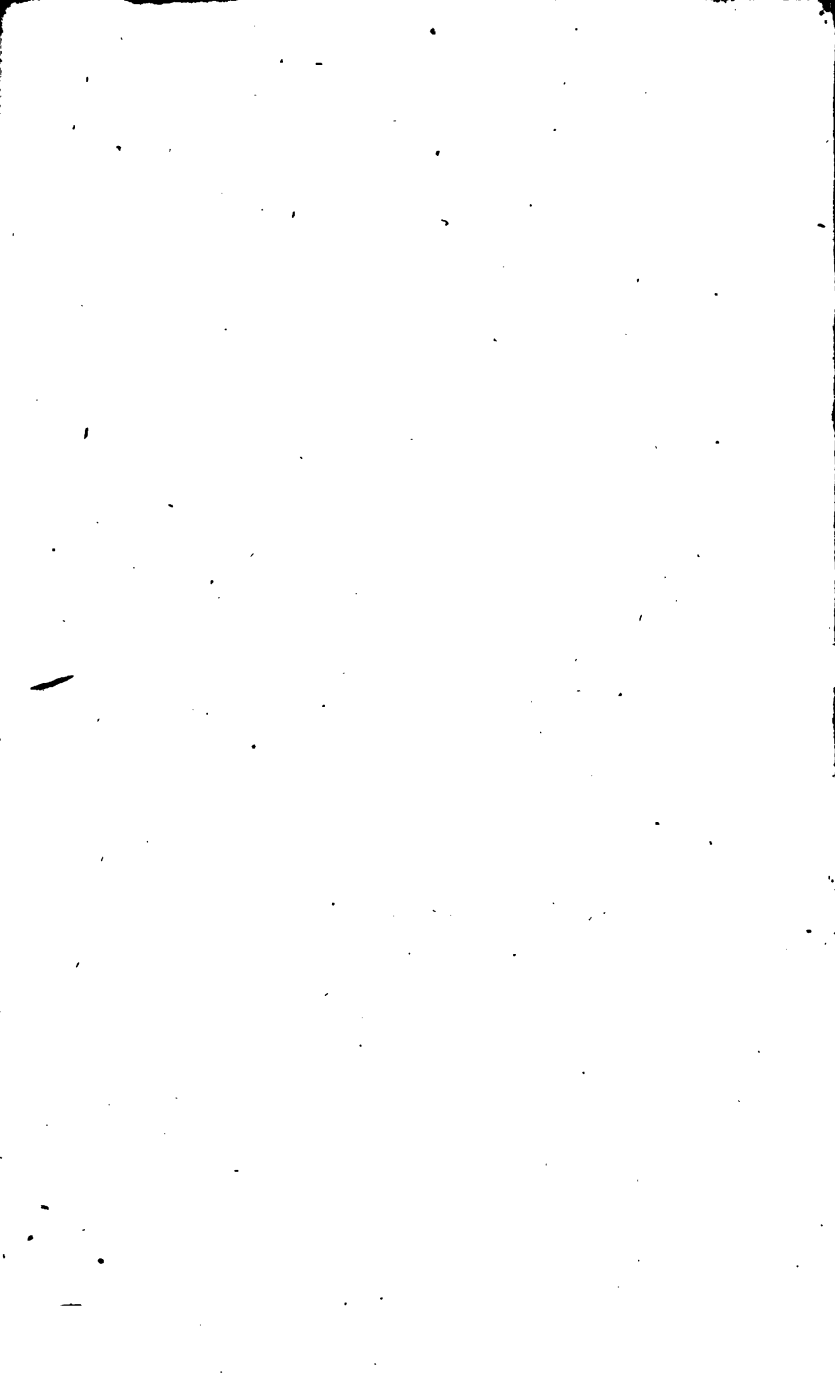
THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS, BY SIR
SAMUEL TUKE.

ELVIRA, BY GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL.
THE WIDOW, BY BEN JONSON, JOHN FLETCHER,
AND THOMAS MIDDLETON.
CHICHEVACHE AND BYCORNE.

HISTORIA HISTRIONICA, AN HISTORICAL
ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

INDEX.



Robert Dodsley



A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
OLD PLAYS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED AND COLLATED WITH THE OLD COPIES.

WITH

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

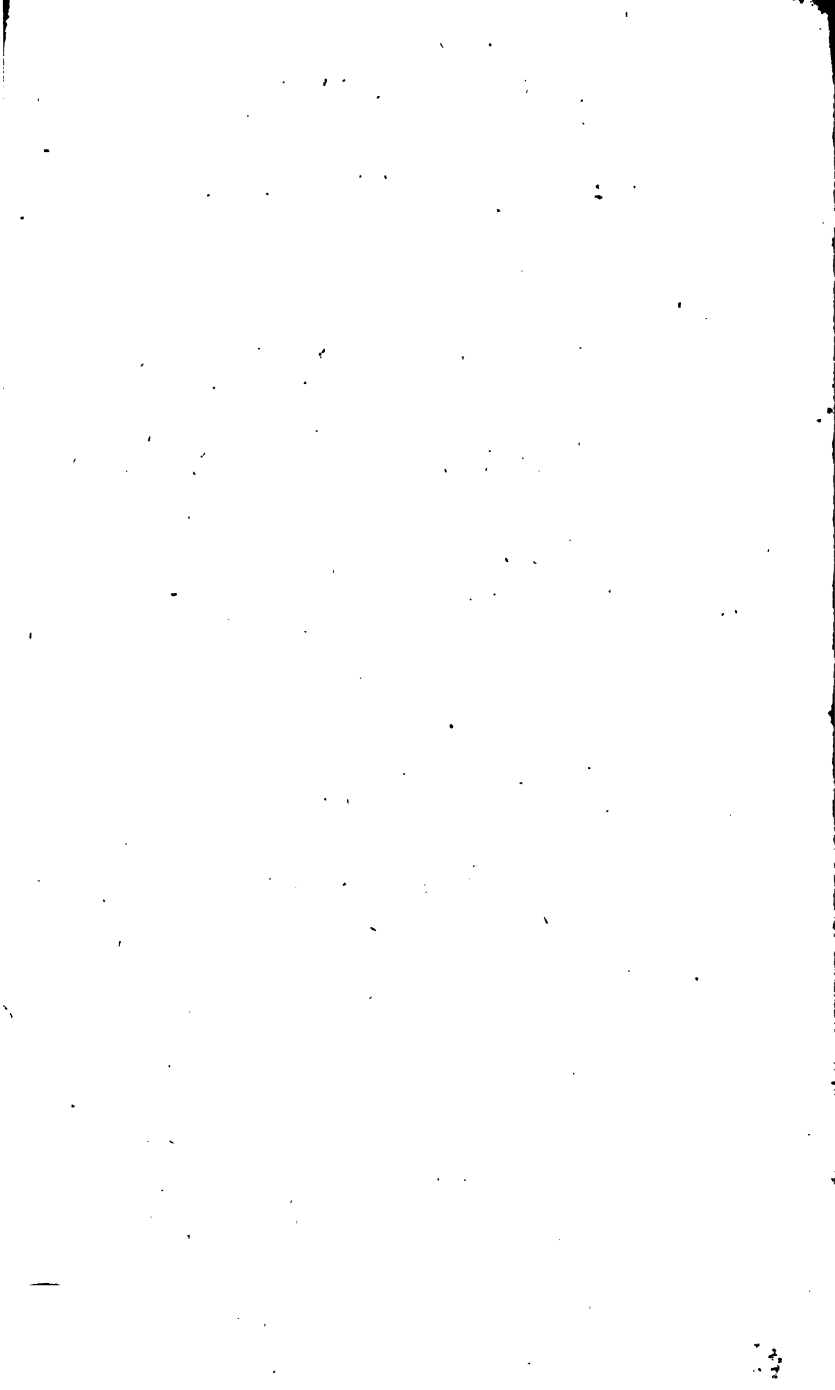
VOLUME XII.

LONDON,

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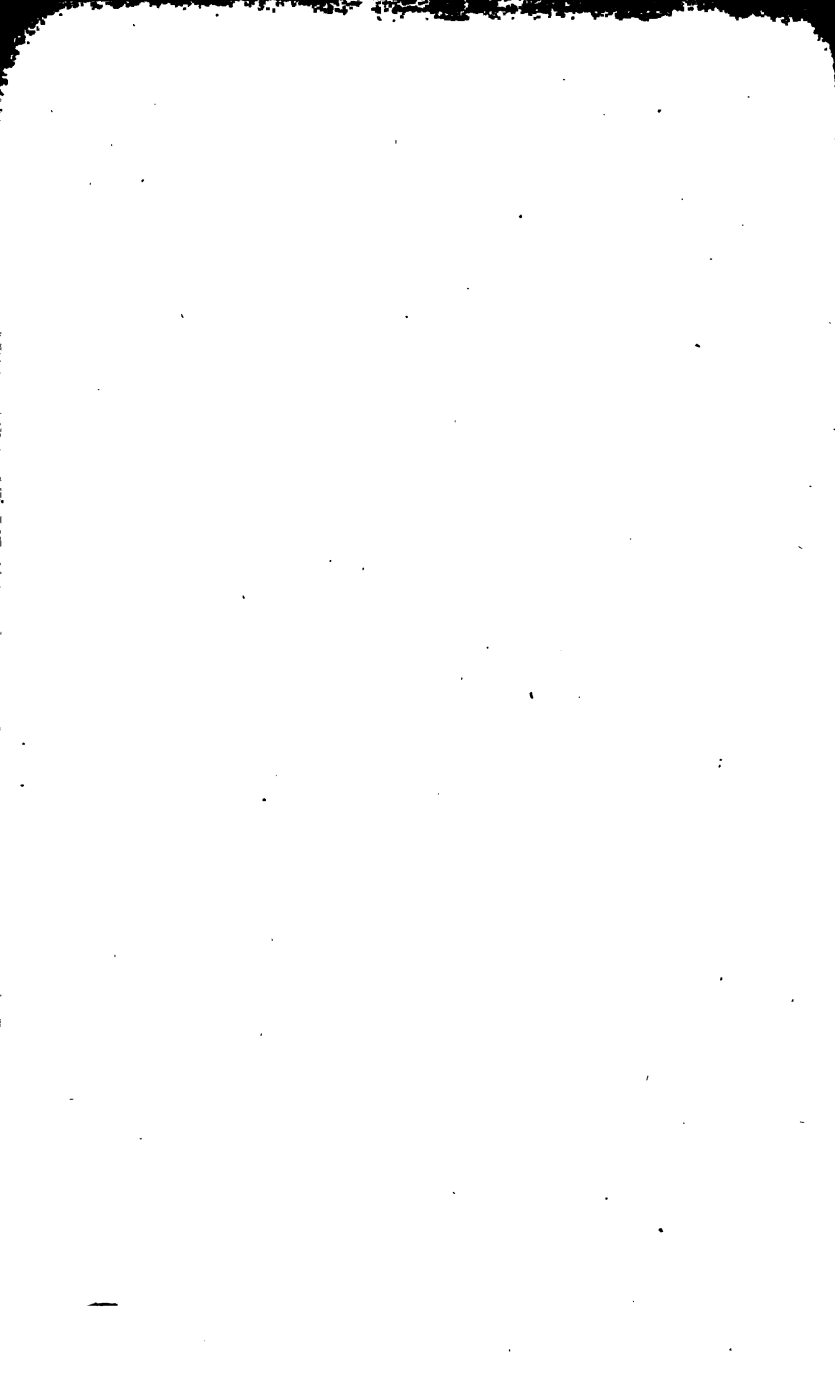


THE
ADVENTURES
OF
FIVE HOURS.

Vol. XII.

B

4.12.33 m. g. r. s. recd.



SIR SAMUEL TUKE, of Temple Cressy, in the County of Essex, was a Colonel of Horse in the King's army, and served against the Parliament, as long as the affairs of his master had any prospect of success. He was very active in that rising in the County of Essex, which ended fatally to some of the chief actors in it. From the prologue to the present play, spoken at Court, it appears that he intended to retire from business, soon after the Restoration, but was diverted from that design for some time, by his Majesty's recommending him to adapt a Spanish play to the English stage, which he executed with some degree of success. On the 31st * March, 1664, he was created a Baronet. He married Mary, the daughter of Edward Sheldon, a lady who was one of the dressers to Queen Mary, and probably a Roman Catholic, of which persuasion our author seems also to have been †. He died at Somerset House, on the 26th of January, 1673, and was buried in the vault under the chapel there. Langbaine, by mistake, says he was alive at the time he published his Lives of the Dramatick Poets.

Sir Samuel did not escape the censure of his brother poets †. One of them, speaking of Cowley, says, he

Writ verses unjustly in praise of Sam Tuke.

And in the same poem :

Sam Tuke sat, and formally smil'd at the rest ;
But Apollo, who well did his vanity know,
Call'd him to the bar to put him to the test,
But his Muse was so stiff, she scarcely could go.

* Heylin's Help to History.

† Wood's Ath. vol. 2. p. 802.

‡ Dryden's Miscellanies, vol. 2. p. 92.

She pleaded her age, desir'd a reward ;
 It seems in her age, she doated on praise :
 But Apollo resolv'd that such a bold bard
 Should never be grac'd with a per'wig of bays.

Sir Samuel was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and wrote a history of the ordering and generation of green Colchester oysters, printed in Spratt's history, p. 307.

The several editions of this play are—in Folio, 1663, and in 4to, 1664, 1671, and 1704.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 HENRY HOWARD,
 OF
 NORFOLK.

SINCE it is your pleasure, (noble Sir) that I should hold my fortune from you; like these tenants, who pay some inconsiderable trifle in lieu of a valuable rent, I humbly offer you this poem, in acknowledgment of my tenure: and I am well pleas'd with this occasion to publish my sense of your favours, since it seems to me a kind of ingratitude to be thankful in private.

It was bred upon the terrace-walks in your garden at Aldbury; and, if I mistake not, it resembles the place where it was brought up: the plot is delightful, the elevations natural, the ascents easy, without any great embellishments of art.

I design'd the character of Antonio, as a copy of your steady virtue; if it appear to those who have the honour to know you, short of the original, I take leave to inform them, that you have not sat to me long; 'tis possible, hereafter I may gratify my country, for their civility to this essay, with something more worthy of your patronage and their indulgence.

In the interim, I make it my glory to avow, that, had fortune been just to me, she could not have recompens'd the loyal industry of my life with a more illustrious title, than that which you have been pleas'd to confer upon me, of Your Friend. To which (as in gratitude I am bound) I subjoin that of,

Your most humble servant,

S. T U K E.

The first SCENE is the city of SEVILLE.

The Prologue enters, with a play-bill in his hand, and reads,

This day, being the 15th of December, shall be acted
a new play, never play'd before, call'd *The Adventures
of Five Hours.*

A NEW PLAY.

TH are i' the right, for I dare boldly say,
The English stage ne'er had so new a play;
The dress, the author, and the scenes are new.
This ye have seen before ye'll say; 'tis true;
But tell me, gentlemen, who ever saw,
A deep intrigue confin'd to five hours' law.
Such as for close contrivance yields to none:
A modest man may praise what's not his own.
'Tis true, the dress is his, which he submits
To those who are, and those who would be wits;
Ne'er spare him, gentlemen; for, to speak truth,
He has a per'lous cens'rer been in's youth;
And now grown bald with age, doating on praise,
He thinks to get a periwig of bays.
Teach him what 'tis, in this discerning age,
To bring his heavy genius on the stage;
Where you have seen such nimble wits appear,
That pass'd so soon, one scarce could say th' were here.
Yet, after our discoveries of late
Of their designs, who would subvert the state,
You'll wonder much, if it should prove his lot,
To take all England with a Spanish plot;
But if, through his ill conduct, or hard fate,
This foreign plot (like that of eighty-eight)
Should suffer shipwreck in your narrow seas,
You'll give your modern poet his writ of ease;
For, by th' example of the King of Spain,
He resolves ne'er to trouble you again.

THE
P R O L O G U E at C O U R T,

He addresses himself to the Pit.

*A*S to a dying lamp, one drop of oil
 Gives a new blaze, and makes it live a while ;
 So th' author, seeing his decaying light,
 And therefore thinking to retire from sight *,
 Was hinder'd by a ray from the upper sphere,
 Just at that time he thought to disappear.
 He chanc'd to hear his Majesty once say
 He lik'd this plot ; he stay'd, and writ the play :
 So should obsequious subjects catch the minds
 Of princes, as your seamen do the winds.
 If this attempt then shews more zeal than light,
 'T may teach you to obey, though not to write.
 Ah ! he is there himself †. Pardon my sight ‡,
 My eyes were dazzled with excess of light ;
 Even so the sun, who all things else displays,
 Is hid from us i' th' glory of his rays.
 Will you vouchsafe your presence ? You, that were given
 To be our Atlas, and support our heaven ?
 Will you (dread Sir) your precious moments lose
 To grace the first endeavours of our Muse ?
 This with your character most aptly suits,
 Even Heaven itself is pleas'd with the first-fruits.

* This refers to the author's purpose of retirement, at that time when his Majesty recommended this plot to him.

† He looking up and seeing the King, starts.

‡ He kneels. He rises.

PREFACE to the THIRD EDITION.

HAVING been desired by a lady, who has more than ordinary favour for this play (though in other things very judicious) to make a song, and insert it in that scene where you may now read it; I found it more difficult to disobey the commands of this excellent person, than to obtain of myself to write any more upon subjects of this nature.

This occasion'd the revising of this piece, upon which I had not cast my eyes since it was first printed; and finding there some very obvious faults (with respect to their judgments, who have been pleas'd to applaud it) I could not well imagine how they came to escape my last hand; unless poetic rage, or, in a more humble phrase, heat of fancy, will not, at the same time, admit the calm temper of judgment; or that, being importuned by those, for whose benefit this play was intended, I was even forc'd to expose it, before it was fit to be seen in such good company.

This refers only to the dress; for certainly the plot needs no apology; it was taken out of Don Pedro Calderon *, a celebrated Spanish author, the nation of the world who are the happiest in the force and delicacy of their inventions, and recommended to me by his sacred Majesty, as an excellent design; whose judgment is no more to be doubted, than his commands are to be disobey'd: and therefore it might seem a great presumption in me, to enter my sentiments, with his royal suffrage: But as secretaries of state subscribe their names to the mandates of their prince, so at the bottom of the leaf I take the boldness to sign my opinion, that this is incomparably the best plot that I ever met with: and yet, if I may be allowed to do myself justice, I might acquaint the readers, that there are several alterations in the copy, which do not disgrace the original.

* Calderon de la Barca was a Spanish officer, who, after having signalised himself in the military profession, quitted it for the ecclesiastical, and then commenced dramatic writer. His plays make 9 volumes in 4to, and several of them have been adapted to the English stage. He flourished about the year 1640.

I confess,

I confess, 'tis something new, that trifles of this nature should have a second edition; but if in truth this essay be at present more correct, I have then found an easy way to gratify their civility, who have been pleas'd to indulge the errors in the former impressions.

If they who have formerly seen or read this play, should not perceive the amendments, then I have touch'd the point; since the chiefest art in writing is the concealing of art; and they who discover 'em, and are pleas'd with them, are indebted only to themselves for their new satisfaction; since their former favour to our negligent Muses has occasion'd their appearing again in a more studied dress: and certainly those labours are not ungrateful, with which the writers and readers are both pleas'd.

And since I am upon the subject of novelties, I take the boldness to advertise the reader, that, tho' it be unusual, I have in a distinct column prefix'd the several characters of the most eminent persons in the play; that, being acquainted with them at his first setting out, he may the better judge how they are carried on in the whole composition; for plays being moral pictures, their chiefest perfections consist in the force and congruity of passions and humours, which are the features and complexion of our minds; and I cannot chuse but hope, that he will approve the ingenuity of this design, though possibly he may dislike the painting.

As for those who have been so angry with this innocent piece, not guilty of so much as that current wit, obscenity and profaneness: These are to let them know, that though the author converses but with few, he writes to all; and aiming as well at the delight as profit of his readers, if there be any amongst them, who are pleas'd to enter their haggard Muses at so mean a quarry, they may freely use their poetic licence; for he pretends not to any royalty on the mount of Parnassus: and I dare answer for him, that he will sing no more, till he comes into that choir, where there is room enough for all: and such, he presumes, is the good-breeding of these criticks, that they will not be so unmannerly as to crowd him there. FAREWELL.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE. Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

*If we could hit on't, gallants, there are due
 I Certain respects from writers, and from you ;
 Which, well observ'd, would celebrate this age,
 And both support, and vindicate the stage.
 If there were only candour on your part,
 And on the poet's judgment, fancy, art ;
 If they remember that their audience
 Are persons of the most exalted sense ;
 And you consider well the just respect
 Due to their poems, when they are correct :
 Our two houses, then, may have the fate,
 To help to form the manners of the state ;
 For there are crimes arraign'd a' th' poet's bar,
 Which cannot be redress'd at Westminster.
 Our ancient bards their morals did dispense
 In numbers, to insinuate the sense,
 Knowing that harmony affects the soul,
 And who our passions charm, our wills controul.
 'Tis our well-meaning author had in view,
 And tho' but faintly executed, you
 Indulg'd th' attempt with such benevolence,
 That he has been uneasy ever since ;
 For though his vanity you gratify'd,
 The obligation did provoke his pride.
 But he has now compounded with ambition,
 For that more solid greatness, self-fruition ;
 And, going to embrace a civil death,
 He's loath to die indebted to your breath ;
 Therefore he would be even w' you, but wants force ;
 The stream will rise no higher than the source.
 And they who treat such judges, should excell ;
 Here, 'tis to do ill, to do only well.
 He has, as other writers have, good-will,
 And only wants (like those) nature and skill ;
 But, since he cannot reach the envied height,
 H' has cast some grains in this to mend the weight ;
 And being to part w' you, prays you to accept
 'Tis review'd piece, as legacy or debt.*

D R A M A T I S

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERSONS.	RELATIONS.	CHARACTERS.
DON HENRIQUE,	<i>In love with Camilla,</i>	<i>Cholerick, jealous,</i>
	<i>but rejected.</i>	<i>revengeful.</i>
DON CARLOS,	<i>Near kinsman to Don A</i>	<i>well-natur'd mo-</i>
	<i>Henrique.</i>	<i>ral gentleman.</i>
DON OCTAVIO,	<i>In love with Porcia,</i>	<i>A valiant and ac-</i>
	<i>but feigning to be</i>	<i>complish'd caval-</i>
	<i>in love with Ca-</i>	<i>lier.</i>
	<i>milla.</i>	
DON ANTONIO,	<i>Contracted to Porcia,</i>	<i>A soldier, haughty,</i>
	<i>by proxy, before he</i>	<i>and of exact ho-</i>
	<i>saw her.</i>	<i>nour.</i>
PORCIA,	<i>Sister to Don Hen-</i>	<i>Ingenious, constant,</i>
	<i>rique.</i>	<i>and severely vir-</i>
		<i>tuous.</i>
CAMILLA,	<i>Sister to Don Carlos.</i>	<i>Susceptible of love,</i>
		<i>but cautious of</i>
		<i>her honour.</i>
DIEGO,	<i>Servant to Octavio,</i>	<i>A great coward and</i>
	<i>bred a scholar.</i>	<i>a pleasant droll.</i>
FLORA,	<i>Waiting-woman to</i>	<i>Witty, contriving,</i>
	<i>Porcia.</i>	<i>and faithful to</i>
		<i>her mistress.</i>
ERNESTO,	}	<i>Servants to Don Antonio.</i>
SANCHO,		
SILVIO,	}	<i>Servants to Don Henrique.</i>
GERALDO,		
PEDRO,		
BERNARDINO,		
JAGO,		

The Corridor and Attendants.

The SCENE, SEVILLE.

THE

THE
 A D V E N T U R E S
 O F
 F I V E H O U R S *.

ACT I. SCENE Don Antonio's house.

Enter Don Henrique.

Don Henrique.

HOW happy are the men of easy phlegm!
 Born on the confines of indifference,
 Holding from nature, the securest tenure,
 The peaceful empire o'er themselves; which we,
 Th' unhappy men of fire, without the aids
 Of mighty reason, or almighty grace,
 Are all our lives contending for in vain.
 'Tis evident, that solid happiness
 Is founded on the conquest of our passions;

But

* This play, in the third edition, from which it is here printed, received some additions and improvements. Downes says, the Earl of Bristol joined in writing it. The first performance of it was at court; and on its appearance on the stage at the Duke's theatre, it met with great applause, and was acted thirteen nights successively. Echard, in the preface to his translation of Terence, gives it this general character, that it "is one of the pleasantest stories that ever appeared upon our
 " stage,

But since they are the favourites of sense,
Self-love bribes reason still in their defence :
Thus, in a calm, I reason ; but when cross'd,
The pilot quits the helm, and I am tofs'd.

Enter Silvio.

Silvio.

Sir, Don Carlos is without.

Don Henriquez.

Wait on him in.

Enter Don Carlos.

Don Carlos.

Cousin, methinks this day hath longer seem'd
Than usual ; since 'tis so far advanc'd
Without our seeing one another.

Don Henriquez.

If I had not been hinder'd by some business,
I should, ere this, have seen you, t' have told you
Some pleasing news I lately have receiv'd ;
You have so often borne with my distempers,
'Tis fit that once, at least, you should partake
Of my good humour.

Don Carlos.

What cause soever has produc'd this change,
I heartily rejoice in the effect,
And may it long continue.

Don Henriquez.

I can inform you, by experience, now,
How great a satisfaction 'tis to find
A heart and head eas'd of a weighty care ;

“ stage, and has as much variety of plots and intrigues, without any
“ thing being precipitated, improper, or unnatural, as to the main
“ action.” In the year 1767, Mr. Hull made some alterations in it,
with which it was acted at Covent Garden theatre about nine nights,
under the title of *THE PERPLEXITIES*. To the 2d edition were pre-
fixed complimentary verses by James Long, J. Evelyn, A. Cowley,
Jasper Nedham, M. D. Lød. Carlile, Chr. Wale, William Joyner, and
one copy signed Melpomene. In Sir Wm. Davenant's Works, p. 339,
is a prologue written by him, addressed to the Lord Chancellor, on the
acting of this play at the Inner Temple.

For

For a gentleman of my warm temper,
 Jealous of the honour of his family,
 (As yet ne'er blemish'd) to be fairly freed
 From the tuition of an orphan sister,
 Rich, beautiful, and young.

Don Carlos.

You know, Don Henrique, for these thirteen years,
 That I have been with the like province charg'd ;
 An only sister, by our parents' will,
 (When they were called from their cares below)
 Committed to my trust ; much more expos'd
 To the great world than yours ; and, sir, unless
 Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few
 In those perfections which invite the gallants :
 Yet, thanks to my temper, cousin, as well
 As to her virtue, I have seen her grow,
 Even from her childhood to her dangerous age,
 Without the least disturbance to my rest ;
 And when with equal justice I reflect
 On the great modesty and circumspection
 Of lovely Porcia, I conclude, that you
 Might well have slept as undisturb'd as I.

Don Henrique.

Sir, I complain not of my sister's conduct ;
 But you know well, young maids are so expos'd
 To the invasion of audacious men,
 And to the malice of their envious sex ;
 You must confess the confines of their fame
 Are never safe, till guarded by a husband.
 'Tis true, discreet relations ought to use
 Preventions of all kinds ; but, dear Carlos,
 The blemish once receiv'd, no wash is good
 For stains of honour, but th' offender's blood.

Don Carlos.

Y' are too severe a judge of points of honour.

Don Henrique.

And therefore, having not long since receiv'd
 The news, that Don Antonio de Mendoza
 Is likely to be here this night, from Flanders ;

To

To whom my sifter, by th' intervention
 O' th' Marquiss D' Olivera, is contracted ;
 I will not close these eyes till I have seen
 Her, and my cares, safe lodg'd within his arms.

Don Carlos.

I find your travels, cousin, have not cur'd you
 Of that innate severity to women ;
 Urg'd justly as a national reproach
 To all of us abroad ; the rest o' th' world
 Lament that tender sex amongst us here,
 Born only to be honourable prisoners ;
 The greater quality, the closer kept ;
 Which cruelty is reveng'd upon ourselves,
 Whilst, by immuring those whom most we love,
 We sing, and sigh only to iron-grates.
 As cruel is that over-cautious custom,
 By proxy to contract parties unknown
 To one another ; this is only fit
 For sovereign princes, whose high qualities
 Will not allow of previous interviews ;
 They sacrifice their love to publick good,
 Consulting interest of state and blood :
 A custom, which as yet, I never knew
 Us'd amongst persons of a lower rank,
 Without a sequel of sad accidents.
 Sir, understand me right ; I speak not this
 By way of prophecy ; I am no stranger
 To Don Antonio's reputation,
 Which I believe so just, I no way doubt
 Your sifter's being happy in him.

Don Henrique.

Don Carlos, let us quit this argument ;
 I am now going to our noble friend
 And kinsman the Corrigidor, to see
 If he'll oblige us with his company
 At my sifter's wedding ; will you come along ?

Don Carlos.

Most willingly ; as soon as I have brought
 My sifter hither, who has given this evening
 To her cousin Porcia.

Don

Don Henrique.

I have some business, cousin, by the way,
I'll go before, and wait you i' th' piazza.
Your servant, sir.

[*Don Henrique waits on him to the door. Exit Don Carlos.*

Don Henrique.

This kinsman is my bosom friend; and yet,
Of all men living, I must hide from him
My deep resentments of his sister's scorn.
That cruel maid, to wound me to the heart,
Then close her ears against my just complaints!
But though as yet I cannot heal my wound,
I may, by my revenge upon my rival,
Divert the pain; and I will drive it home;
There's in revenge a balm, which will appease
The present grief, and time cure the disease.

[*Exit Don Henrique.*

Enter Porcia.

Porcia.

My heart is so oppress'd with fear and grief,
That it must break, unless it finds relief;
The man I love, is forc'd to fly my fight,
And like a Parthian¹ kills me in his flight;
One whom I never saw, I must embrace,
Or else destroy the honour of my race.
A brother's care, more cruel than his hate;
O how perplexed are the intrigues of fate!

Enter Don Carlos and Camilla.

Don Carlos.

Cousin, I thought my sister's company
Would not displease you, whilst I wait upon
Your brother in a visit.

¹ *And like a Parthian, &c.]* Prior has adopted this image.

“ So when the Parthian turn'd his speed,
“ And from the hostile camp withdrew,
“ He backward sent the fatal reed,
“ Secure of conquest as he flew.”

Poems, vol. 1. p. 40. edition 1778.

Porcia.

Porcia.

Sir, you oblige me with a welcome favour,
I rather should have stild it charity,
To bring a friend to her, whose cruel fate
Has robb'd her of herself.

[*Aside.*

Camilla.

Methinks, 'tis pity that a wall should make
The houses two, of friends so entirely one,
As you, and I, and our two brothers are.

Porcia.

If it be true, that lovers live much more
There where they love, than where they breathe, I'm sure
No walls can sever us, we're still together.

Don Carlos.

Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit
So sweet a conversation; but, sister,
At my return I'll wait upon you home.

Porcia.

For this night, cousin, pray let her be mine,
I beg it of you both.

Don Carlos.

You may command, we are both yours. [*Exit Don Carlos.*

Porcia.

My dear Camilla, how I long'd to have thee,

[*Porcia throws herself on Camilla's neck.*

Where, freely breathing out my grief, I might
Some mitigation from thy pity find!
But since there's no true pity without pain,
Why should I ease by thy affliction gain?

Camilla.

Ah, Porcia! if compassion suffering be,
And to condole be pain; my destiny
Will full revenge in the same kind afford,
Should I but my unequal'd griefs relate,
And you but equally participate.

Porcia.

If your's, as mine, from love-disasters rise,
Our fates are more ally'd than families.

Camilla.

What to our sex and blooming age can prove

18 THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

An anguish worthy of our sighs, but love?

Porcia.

'Tis true, Camilla, were your fate like mine,
Hopeless to hold, unable to resign.

Camilla.

Let's tell our stories, then we soon shall see
Which of us two excels in misery.

Porcia.

Cousin, agreed.

Camilla.

Do you begin then.

Porcia.

You know, Camilla, best, how generously,
How long, and how discreetly, Don Octavio
Has serv'd me; and what trials of his faith
And fervour I did make; ere I allow'd him
The least hope to sustain his noble love.

Cousin, all this you know; 'twas in your house
We had our interviews; where you were pleas'd
To suffer feign'd addresses to yourself,
To cover from my watchful brother's eyes
The passion which Octavio had for me.

Camilla.

My memory in this needs no refreshing.

Porcia.

And how one evening (O that fatal hour!)
My brother passing by Don Carlos' house,
With his great friend and confident Don Pedro,
Did chance to see the unfortunate Octavio
In your balcony, entertaining me:
Whom, not believing there, he took for you;
My back being towards him, and both dress'd alike;
Enrag'd with jealousy, this cruel man
(To whom all moderation is unknown)
Resolves to stamp all your neglects of him
In's suppos'd rival, poor Octavio's heart.
They take their stand i' th' corner of our street;
And after some little time, Octavio,
Free from suspicion, as design of ill,
Retires; they assault him, and in 's own defence

He

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He kills Don Pedro, and is forc'd to fly ;
My brother cruelly pursues him still,
With such insatiate thirst after revenge,
That nothing but Octavio's blood can quench ;
Covering his ill-nature and suspicion
With the resentment of Don Pedro's death.

Camilla.

Is this the sum of your sad story, Porcia ?
Is this all ?

Porcia.

No, no, Camilla, 'tis the prologue only,
The tragedy will follow—This brother,
'To whose impetuous will my deceas'd parents
(May their souls rest in peace) having condemn'd
Me and my fortune, treats me like a slave ;
So far from suff'ring me to make my choice,
That he denounces death if I refuse ;
And now, to frustrate all my hopes at once,
Has very lately made me sign a contract
To one in Flanders, whom I never saw ;
And is this night (they say) expected here.

Camilla.

Is such a rigour possible, dear Porcia ?

Porcia.

Was ever misery like mine, Camilla ?
Reduc'd to such extremes, past all relief ?
If I acquaint my brother with my love
T' Octavio, the man whom he most hates,
I must expect the worst effects of fury ;
If I endeavour to forget Octavio,
Even that attempt renews his memory,
And heightens my disquiet ; if I refuse
To marry, I am lost ; if I obey,
I cast Octavio and myself away.
Two such extremes of ill no choice admit,
Each seems the worst ; on which rock shall I split ?
Since, if I marry, I cannot survive ;
And not to marry, were to die alive.

Camilla.

Your story, I confess, is strangely moving ;

C 2

Yet,

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Yet, if you could my fortune weigh with your's,
 In scales of equal sensibility,
 You would not change your sufferings for mine.

Porcia.

What can there be in nature more afflicting,
 Than to be torn from th' object of my love,
 And forc'd to embrace a man whom I must hate?

Camilla.

Have you not known that object of your love,
 And entertain'd the person you esteem?
 Have you not heard, and answer'd to his sighs?
 Has he not borne his part in all your cares?
 Do not you live and reign within his heart?

Porcia.

I doubt no more his faith, than my hard fate.

Camilla.

Tell me, dearest Porcia, if I love one,
 Whom I shall never see, suff'ring as much,
 Without the means of e'er expressing it,
 As what I suffer is above expression;
 If all my sighs wander in fleeting air,
 And ne'er can reach his ears for whom they're form'd;
 If all my passion, all my killing cares,
 Must be for ever to their cause unknown;
 If their sad weight must sink me to my grave,
 Without one groan that he can ever hear,
 Or the least hope, that I should e'er obtain
 Ease by 's pity, or cure by his disdain;
 If this the state of my misfortune be,
 (As Heaven, that has decreed it, knows it is)
 Say, dearest Porcia, do you envy me?

Porcia.

What over-cruel laws of decency
 Have struck you dumb? have you misplac'd your love,
 On such a party as you dare not own?

Camilla.

No, no; the cause is worthy of th' effect;
 For, though I had no passion for this person,
 I were ungrateful if I should not give
 The first place in my heart to such high merit.

Porcia.

Porcia.

If he has been so happy to deserve
Your love, why are not you so just to let
Him know it?

Camilla.

'Tis impossible. Ah, that dismal word
Clearly states the difference of our fortunes!
You, in your first adventure have been cross'd;
But I, before I can set out, am lost.

Porcia.

Pray make me comprehend this mystery.

Camilla.

'Tis t' open my wounds afresh, dear Porcia,
But you must be obey'd— [After a little pause.]
His excellence the Conde d' Oniate
Being sent ambassador to th' emperor,
We, having the honour to be near ally'd
To 's lady, went with him; my brother
Was desir'd by her, to make that journey:
Whose tenderness for me, not suffering him
To let me stay behind, I was engag'd,
And treated by th' ambassadors, my cousin;
With more respect than I could ever merit.

Porcia.

She's a lady fam'd for great civility.

Camilla.

We had not pass'd much time i' th' emperor's court,
When my dear brother, unexpectedly,
By urgent business was call'd back to Seville;
In our return (passing too near a garrison
Of th' enemy's) our convoy was surpriz'd
And routed by a party of their horse—

Porcia.

Camilla; you begin to raise my fears.

Camilla.

We being pris'ners, were hurry'd strait away
To the enemy's quarters, where my ill fate
Made me appear too pleasing to the eyes
Of their commander; who, at first approach,
Pretends to parly in a lover's stile,

Protesting that my face had chang'd our fortunes,
 And him my captive made: but finding soon
 How little he advanc'd in his design,
 By flattery and his feign'd submission;
 He shifts his person, calls me his prisoner,
 And swears my virgin treasure was his prize:
 But yet protests he had much rather owe it
 To my indulgence, than his own good fortune;
 And so, through storms and calms, the villain still
 Pursues his course to his accursed end;
 But finding me inflexible to his threats
 As well as fawnings, he resolves to use
 The last, and uncontroled argument
 Of impious men in power, force.

Porcia.

Ah, poor Camilla! where was your brother,
 At a time of such distress?

Camilla.

My brother! he, alas, was long before
 Borne away from me in the first encounter;
 Where having certainly behav'd himself,
 As well became his nation and his name,
 Remain'd fore wounded in another house.

Porcia.

Pr'ythee make haste to free me from this fright.

Camilla.

The brute approaches, and by violence
 Endeavours to accomplish his intent;
 I invoke my guardian angel, and resist,
 But with unequal force, though rage supply'd
 Those spirits which my fear had put to flight;
 At length grown faint with crying out and striving,
 I spy'd a dagger by the villain's side,
 Which snatching boldly out, as my last refuge,
 With his own arms I wound the savage beast;
 He, at the stroke, unseiz'd me, and gave back;
 So guilt produces cowardice; then I,
 The dagger pointing to my breast, cry'd out,
 Villain, keep off, for if thou dost persist,
 I'll be myself both sacrifice and priest:

I boldly now defy thy lust and hate ;
She that dares chuse to die, may brave her fate.

Porcia.

How I love and envy thee, at once !

[Porcia starts to her and kisses her]

Go on, brave maid.

Camilla.

Immediately the drums and trumpets sound,
Pistols go off, and a great cry, To arms,
To arms: the lustful satyr flies ; I stand
Fix'd with amazement to the marble floor,
Holding my guardian dagger up aloft,
As if the ravisher had threaten'd still.

Porcia.

I fancy thee, Camilla, in that posture,
Like a noble statue, which I remember
To have seen, of the enraged Juno,
When she had robb'd Jove of his thunderbolt:

Camilla.

Freed from this fright, my spirits flow'd so fast
To the forsaken channels of my heart,
That they, who by their orderly access
Would have supported life, by throgs oppress :
O'ercharg'd with joy, I fell into a swoon,
And that which happen'd during this interval,
Is not within the circle of my knowledge.

Porcia.

Y' have rais'd me to a mighty expectation ;
Will the adventure answer it, Camilla ?

Camilla.

At my return to life, op'ning my eyes,
Think, dearest Porcia, how I was astonish'd,
To find there, kneeling by my side, a man
Of a most noble form, who bowing to me,
Madam (says he) y' are welcome to the world ;
Pardon, I pray, the boldness of a stranger,
Who humbly sues t' you to continue in it ;
Or, if you needs will leave us, stay at least
Until I have reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'll wait upon you to the other world.

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For you withdrawn, this will a desert seem,
And life a torment.

Porcia.

High gallantry, cousin, for the first address.

Camilla.

'Twas so surprizing, that my confusion
Check'd my reply ; but I suppose my looks
Did speak the grateful language of my heart ;
For I perceiv'd an air of joy enlighten
His manly face ; but, oh ! how soon 'twas clouded
By fresh alarms ! we heard the soldiers cry,
Where's Antonio ? the enemy is rally'd,
And coming on to give a second charge.
He started up, and, with a mien that mark'd
The conflict 'twixt his honour and his love,
Madam (says he) the soul was never yet
With such convulsion from the body torn,
As I from you ; but it must ne'er be said
That Don Antonio de Mendoza
Follows those in dangers, whom he ought to lead.
Thus the vanquish'd conqueror disappear'd,
Leaving that image stamp'd upon my heart,
To which I all the joys must sacrifice
Of the poor remnant of my wretched life ;
If properly to live I may be said,
When all my hopes of seeing him are dead.

[She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.]

Porcia.

Though you have kept this part of your adventure
Still from me —

Camilla.

And from every body living.

Porcia.

I have observ'd the signs of smother'd grief ;
I've often seen those lovely eyes much swoln.
Those are true tears, Camilla, which are stol'n.
But what said you was his name, Camilla ?

Camilla.

Antonio de Mendoza.

Porcia.

O heavens, Antonio de Mendoza !

Enter

Enter Don Henrique.

Don Henrique.

I'm pleas'd to find you speaking of your husband.

Camilla.

What's that I hear? her husband!

[*Afide.*]

Don Henrique.

Have you the letter ready, I desir'd you
To write to him? I'll send a servant with it,
To meet him on the way, 'twill shew respect.

Porcia.

You know my obedience, brother.

Don Henrique.

'Tis well, sifter.

Enter Silvio.

Silvio.

Sir, here's a servant of Don Antonio
Newly alighted at the gate; he's come
Post from his master, charg'd with letters for you.

Don Henrique.

I could not have receiv'd more welcome news.
Go, bring him in; sifter, you may withdraw.

[*Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.*]

Enter Ernesto and Silvio.

Ernesto.

Sir, Don Antonio kisses your hands,
And sends me to present this letter to you.

[*He gives a letter to Don Henrique.*]

[*Don Henrique opens it, and, having read it to himself, says:*]

Don Henrique.

I'm glad to find by 's letter he 's in health;
Yet methinks, friend, he writes but doubtfully
Of 's being here this night, as I expected.

Ernesto.

His letter, I suppose, fir, speaks his purpose.

Don Henrique.

I'll answer 't, and dispatch you presently;
In the mean while, go make him welcome, Silvio.

[*Exeunt Silvio and Ernesto.*]

I would to Heaven he were arriv'd; I grow

Each

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Each minute more impatient : as bodies
Near the centre move with more violence ;
So when we approach the ends of our designs,
Our expectations are the more intense,
And our fears greater, of all cross events. [*Exit Henrique.*]

*Enter Silvio, Ernesto, Geraldo, Pedro, Bernardino, Jago,
with some cups of chocolate.*

Silvio.

Methinks, camerade, a soup of chocolate
Is not amiss after a tedious journey —
Your master's health, fir. [*He drinks.*]

Ernesto.

I'll do you reason, fir².

Silvio.

Pray how long is 't, brother, since you left Spain ?

Ernesto.

'Tis now five years, and upwards, since I went
From Seville, with my master, into Flanders,
The king's fencing-school ; where all his subjects
Given to fighting, are taught the use of arms,
And notably kept in breath.

Silvio.

Your master, I am sure, has got the fame
To be a per'lous man in that rough trade.

Ernesto.

He's a brave soldier, envy must confess it.

Pedro.

It seems so, faith, since merely by the force
Of his great reputation, he can take
Our bright young mistress in without a siege.

Ernesto.

If I mistake not, she will be reveng'd
On him ere long, and take him too, by th' force
Of her rare wit and beauty.

Pedro.

Sh' as a fair portion, fir, of both, I dare
Assure you.

Silvio.

But pr'ythee, brother, instruct us a little ;

² *I'll do you reason.*] See note 23 to *The Widow's Tears*, vol. 6. p. 199.

Tell us, what kind of country is this Holland,
That's so much talk'd of, and so much fought for ?

Ernesto.

Why, friend, 'tis a huge ship at anchor, fraught
With a sort of creatures made up of turf
And butter.

Pedro.

Pray, sir, what do they drink in that country ?
'Tis said, there's neither fountains there
Nor vines.

Ernesto.

This is the butler, sure, by his apt question. [*Aside.*
Friend, they drink there a certain muddy liquor,
Made of that grain with which you feed your mules.

Pedro.

What, barley ? can that juice quench their thirst ?

Ernesto.

You'd scarce believe it could, did you but see
How oft they drink.

Pedro.

But methinks that should make them drunk, camerade—

Ernesto.

Indeed most strangers are of that opinion.
But they themselves believe it not, because
They are so often.

Geraldo.

A nation, sure, of walking tuns ! the world
Has not the like.

Ernesto.

Pardon me, friend ; there is but a great ditch
Betwixt them and such another nation ;
If these good fellows would but join, and drink
That dry, i' faith they might shake hands.

Geraldo.

Pr'ythee, friend, can these Dutch Borracios fight ?

Ernesto.

They can do even as well, for they can pay
Those that can fight.

Silvia.

But where, I pray, sir, do they get their money ?

Ernesto.

Ernesto.

Oh, fir, they have a thriving mystery ;
They cheat their neighb'ring princes of their trade,
And then they buy their subjects for their soldiers.

Silvio.

Methinks our armies should beat these butter-boxes
Out of the world.

Ernesto.

Trust me, brother, they'll sooner beat our armies
Out of their country ; why, ready money, friend,
Will do much more in camps, as well as courts,
Than a ready wit, I dare assure you.

Geraldo.

Methinks, camerade, our king should have more money,
Then these Dutch swabbers ; he's master o' th' Indies,
Where money grows.

Ernesto.

But they have herrings, friend, which, I assure you,
Are worth our master's mines.

Geraldo.

Herrings ! why, what a devil do they grow
In their country ?

Ernesto.

No, faith, they fish 'em on the English coast,
And fetch their salt from France, then they pickle 'em,
And sell 'em all o'er the world.

Geraldo.

'Slife, these rascals live by cookery.

Ernesto.

This is the coddled cook, I've found him out. [*Afide.*

Bernardino.

What kind of beds, fir, have they i' that country ?

Ernesto.

This, I dare swear 's the groom o' th' chamber. [*Afide.*
Sir, they have certain niches in their walls,
Where they climb up o' nights, and there they stew
In their own grease till morning.

Jago.

Pray, fir, give me leave to ask you one question ;
What

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What manner of women have they in that country ?

Ernesto.

The gentleman-usher, upon my life,
Pray excuse me, sir ; we gentlemen soldiers
Value ourselves upon our civility
To that soft sex ; and, in good faith, they are
The softest of that sex, I ever met with.

[*Aside.*

Fago.

Does any of our Spaniards ever marry
With 'em ?

Ernesto.

Yes, some lean families, that have a mind
To lard their progeny.

Silvia.

What, a god's name, could come into the heads
Of this people, to make them rebel ?

Ernesto.

Why, religion ; that came into their heads
A god's name.

Geraldo.

But what a devil made the noblemen
Rebel, they never mind religion ?

Ernesto.

Why, that which made the devil himself rebel,
Ambition.

Silvia.

This is a pleasant fellow.
I find you gentlemen soldiers want no wit.

[*Aside.*

Ernesto.

When we're well paid, sir ; but that's so seldom,
I find that gentleman wants wit that is
A soldier—Your company's very good,
But I have business which requires dispatch.

Pedro.

Will you not mend your draught before you go ?

Ernesto.

I thank you, sir, I have done very well.

All.

Your servant, your servant, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Porcia.

Was e'er disaster like to mine, Camilla ?

Camilla.

Was e'er misfortune, Porcia, like to mine ?

Porcia.

That I must never see Octavio more ?

Camilla.

That I again must Don Antonio see,
Yet never see him mine ?

Porcia.

I, to be marry'd to the man I hate.

Camilla.

And I, to have the man I love torn from me.

Porcia.

I am, by robbing of my friend, undone.

Camilla.

I, for not hind'ring of the theft, am lost.

Porcia.

Ye powers, who these entangled fortunes give,
Instruct us how to die, or how to live. [*She weeps.*]

Camilla.

Cousin, when we should act, then to complain
Is childishly to beat the air in vain.

These descants on our griefs only perplex ;

Let 's seek the remedy ; you know, our sex

This honour bears from men, in exigents

Of love, never to want expedients.

Porcia.

You have awaken'd me, give me your veil ;

[*Porcia takes off Camilla's veil and puts it on herself.*]

Quickly, dear cousin, quickly ; and you, Flora,

Run presently ; and see whether my brother

Be settled to dispatch Antonio's man. [*Exit Flora.*]

Camilla.

What mean you, Porcia ?

Porcia.

If once my brother be set down to write,

I may securely reckon one hour mine ;

For he is so extravagantly jealous,

That he distrusts the sense of his own words,

And

And will weigh a subscription to a scruple,
Lest he should wrong his family by his stile;
Therefore, I'll serve myself on this occasion
To see Octavio, and to let him know,
That all our hopes are ready to expire,
Unless he finds some prompt expedient
For our relief.

Camilla.

Pray how, and where d' you hope to speak with him?

Porcia.

At his own house, where he lies yet conceal'd;
'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.

Camilla.

D' you know the way?

Porcia.

Not very well, but Flora's a good guide.

Enter Flora hastily.

Flora.

O madam! he's coming already.

Porcia.

Ah, spiteful destiny! Come, let's retire
Into my chamber, cousin. [*Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.*]

Enter Don Henrique and Ernesto.

Don Henrique.

If you desire to see her, friend, you may.

Ernesto.

I should be glad to acquaint my master, sir,
That I have had the honour to see his bride.

Don Henrique.

Where's your lady, Flora?

Flora.

She's in her chamber, sir.

Don Henrique.

Tell her, Antonio's man attends her here,
To do his duty to her, ere he goes. [*Exit Flora.*]
Stay here; you'll find her with a kinswoman,
In her home-dress, without a veil, but you
Are privileg'd, by your relation, for this access;

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I'll go dispatch my letter.

[Exit Henrique.]

Enter Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.

[Ernesto addresses himself to Camilla,
seeing her without a veil.]

Ernesto.

Madam, I have been bold to beg the honour
Of seeing your ladyship, to make myself
More welcome to my lord, at my return.

Porcia.

A rare mistake! further it, dear Camilla,
Who knows what good this error may produce? [Aside.]

Camilla.

Friend, in what state left you your lord and mine?

Ernesto.

As happy as the hopes of being your's
Could make him, madam.

Camilla.

I wou'd the matter were as easily deceiv'd. [Aside.]

I pray, present my humble service to him;
And let him know, that I am very glad
He has pass'd his journey so successfully—
Give him the letter, Flora—farewel, friend.

[Exeunt Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.]

Ernesto.

Now, by my life, she is a lovely lady;
My master will be ravish'd with her form.
I hope this blind bargain, made by proxy,
May prove as happy a marriage as those
Made after th' old fashion, chiefly for love;
And that this unseen beauty may have charms
To bring him back to his right wits again,
From his wild ravings on an unknown dame,
Whom, as he fancies (once upon a time)
He recover'd from a trance, that's to say
From a sound sleep, which makes him dream e'er since,
I'll hasten to him with this pleasing news. [Exit Ernesto.]

Enter Camilla, Porcia, and Flora.

Camilla.

My melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the formal fool's mistake.

But

But tell me, did not I present your person
With rare assurance ? The way for both to thrive,
Is to make me your representative.

Porcia.

Most willingly ; and I am confident,
When you your charms shall to his heart apply,
You all your rivals safely may defy.

Camilla.

I wish I could be vain enough to hope it.
But, cousin, my despairs are so extreme,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a dream.

Flora.

Madam, do we go ; or what do you resolve on ?

Porcia.

I must resolve, but know not what to chuse.

Camilla.

Cousin, take heed, I am afraid you venture
Too much : your brother cannot tarry long ;
And if at his return he finds you missing——

Porcia.

Y' have reason, th' opportunity is lost.
What is 't a clock, Flora ?

Flora.

I think near seven, for the clock struck six
Just as Camilla enter'd the chamber.

Porcia.

Quick then, Flora, fetch your veil ; you shall carry
My tablets to Octavio ; there he'll find
The hour and place where I would have him meet.

[Exit Flora.]

Camilla.

'Tis well resolv'd ; but where do you design
Your meeting ?

Porcia.

In the remotest part of all the garden,
Which answers, as you know, to my apartment ;
And Flora has the key of the back-door.

Camilla.

As the case stands, you chuse the fittest place.

[Flora returns veiled.]

Porcia.

Cousin, I beg your patience whilst I write.

*[Porcia writes in her tablets.]**Camilla.*You, Mistress Flora, by this accident
May chance to see your faithful lover, Disgo.*Flora.*He is a faithful lover of himself,
Without a rival, Madam.*Camilla.*Damsel, your words and thoughts hardly agree ;
For could we see his image in your heart,
'Twould be a fairer far, than e'er his glass
Reflected.*Flora.*Madam, I am not yet so very old,
That I should dote.*Camilla.*Nor yet so very young but you may love ;
Dotage and love are cousin-germans, Flora.*Flora.*Yes, when we love and are not lov'd again ; *[Smiling.]*
For else, I think they 're not so near akin.*Camilla.*I have touch'd a nettle, and stung myself. *[Aside.]**Porcia.*

Make all the haste you can, pray, Flora.

Flora.

Madam, I'll fly.

Should I not play my part, I were to blame,
Since all my fortune's betted on her game. *[Aside.]*Madam, has Octavio the other key
Belonging to the tablets ?*Porcia.*Yes, yes ; I pray make haste. *[Exit Flora.]**Camilla.*Cousin, pray call for Mirabel, and let her
Divert us with a song.*Porcia.*

Who waits there ?

Enter Page.

Page, bid Mirabel come in, and Floridor
With his lute, and fend in somebody with chairs.

Camilla.

Pray, cousin, let her sing her newest air.

Porcia.

What you please.

Camilla.

Tell me, pr'ythee, whose composition was it?

Porcia.

Guess; and I'll tell you true. [*They bring in chairs.*]

Camilla.

O&avio's?

Porcia.

Y' are i' th' right,

Enter Mirabel and Floridor.

Porcia.

Mirabel, sing Mistaken Kindness,

The S O N G.

*Can Luciamira so mistake,
To persuade me to fly?
'Tis (cruel kind) for my own sake,
To counsel me to die.*

*Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath,
And die for fear of death.*

*Since love's the principle of life,
And you the object lov'd,
Let's, Luciamira, end this strife,
I cease to be remov'd.*

*We know not what they do, are gone from hence,
But here we love by sense.*

*If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without bodies love,
Had, with respect, well understood
The passions i' the blood,
Th' had suffer'd bodies to have had their part,
And seated love i' th' heart.*

D 2

Porcia.

Porcia.

What discord there's in music, when the heart,
Untun'd by trouble, cannot bear a part!

Camilla.

In vain we seek content in outward things,
'Tis only from within where quiet springs.

A C T II. SCENE the City of Seville.

*Enter Don Antonio and Sancho, in riding cloaths.**Sancho.*

SIR, we are arriv'd in very good time.

Don Antonio.

I did not think it would have been so soon
By an hour at least; but lovers ride apace.
Why smile you, Sancho?

Sancho.

Faith, at the novelty of your amours.
To fall in love with one you hardly saw,
And marry one you never saw; 'tis pretty,
But we poor mortals have another method.

Don Antonio.

Y' are very pleasant, friend; but is not this
The market-place, behind the Jacobins?

Sancho.

Yes, Sir.

Don Antonio.

'Tis here I charg'd Ernesto to expect me.

Sancho.

Since you are here, fir, earlier than you thought,
Why might you not go shift you at the post-house,
And be return'd before Ernesto come?
Howe'er, 'tis better that he wait for you
Than you for him, in the open street.

Don

Don Antonio.

'Tis well thought on ; come, let's go then. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don Othavio and Diego.

Don Othavio.

Come, Diego, 'tis now time to quit our dens,
And to begin our chase.

Diego.

Of what, fir, bats or owls, now the sun's set ?
Call you this making of love ? why, methinks
'Tis more like making of war ; marching all night
In arms, as if we design'd to beat up
The enemy's quarters.

Don Othavio.

Why, would not you venture as much for Flora ?

Diego.

No, in good faith, fir ; I shall venture enough
If e'er I marry her ; I'll run no hazard
(By my good-will) beforehand.

Don Othavio.

That's from your fear, not prudence, Diego.

Diego.

Sir, you may call it what you please ; but I
Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world
A more valiant man than I, whilst danger
Keeps its distance ; but when saucily
It presses on, then (I confess) 'tis true,
I have a certain tenderness for life,
Which checks my ardour, and inclines my prudence
Timely to withdraw.

Don Othavio.

Your stile is wond'rous civil to yourself ;
How you soften that harsh word call'd cowardice !
But the danger is not always evident,
When you are pleas'd, my friend, to run away.

Diego.

It may be so, fir, not to vulgar eyes ;
But I have such a piercing sight, that I
Discover perils out of others' ken ;
Which they not seeing soon enough to shun,

D 3

Are

Are forc'd t' encounter ; and then their struggling
Is, by th' unwary world, taken for courage.

Don Othavio.

Who's truly valiant, will be always so.

Diego.

Who's wisely valiant, will avoid the foe.

Don Othavio.

You have more light, Diego, I see, than heat ;
But I'll allow your wit and honesty
To come to composition for your want
Of courage.

Diego.

I have courage enough for the profession
To which my parents did design me.

Don Othavio.

Why, what was that ?

Diego.

An advocate, I could have acted choler
In my client's fight, and, when his back was turn'd,
Have hugg'd the lawyer of the adverse party ;
And, if I mistake not, they sell their breath
Much dearer than you soldiers do your blood.
'Tis true, you get honour, a fine light food
For delicate complexions ; but I have
Known some captains of plain stomachs starve upon 't.

Don Othavio.

The varlet 's i' the right. [*Afide.*] How came 't about
You were not of this thriving trade ?

Diego.

After I had spent seven years at Salamanca,
My father, a rich merchant of this city,
Was utterly undone, by that damn'd Englishman,
With whom we fright our children.

Don Othavio.

Who, Captain Drako ? Was he a pirate ?

Diego.

He had been so on this side of the line.

Don Othavio.

'Tis strange that war and peace should have degrees
Of latitude : one would have thought they should

Have

Have been the same all o'er the world—But what's this
To my amours? I trifle away my time.
Was ever lover's fate so rude as mine?
Condemn'd to darkness, forc'd to hide my head,
As well as love? and, to spite me the more,
Fortune has contradictions reconcil'd,
I am at once a pris'ner, and exil'd.

Enter Don Antonio and Sancho.

Don Antonio.

Methinks Ernesto should not tarry long,
If not already come. Sancho, how call you
The street there just before us, where you see
Yon gentleman with his cloak o'er his face?
I have lost all my measures of this town.

Sancho.

I am as much to seek as you, sir.

Don Antonio.

Let us go to him, Sancho, and enquire;
He has a notable good mien: I ne'er
Saw an air more like Octavio's

Don Octavio.

Unless my eyes do very much deceive me,
That's Don Antonio; if it be he, Diego,
There is no danger in his knowing us:
He was my comrade when I first bore arms.

[Don Octavio lets fall his cloak from before his face.]

'Tis he.

Don Antonio.

You injure me, Octavio, to be so long
A knowing one who's so entirely yours. *[They embrace.]*

Don Octavio.

Your presence in this place, noble Antonio,
Was so unexpected, I hardly durst
Believe my eyes; when came you to this town?

Don Antonio.

I am just now arrived.

Don Octavio.

My joy to see you here; but should have thought
It likelier to have heard of you at court,

Pursuing there the recompences due
To your great merit.

Don Antonio.

That is no place for men of morality :
I have been taught, Octavio, to deserve,
But not to seek reward ; that does profane
The dignity of virtue. If princes,
For their own interests, will not advance
Deserving subjects, they must raise themselves
By a brave contempt of fortune.

Don Octavio.

Rig'rous virtue ! which makes us to deserve,
Yet suffer the neglect of those we serve.

Don Antonio.

Virtue to interest has no regard ;
Nor is it virtue, if we expect reward.

Don Octavio.

If for their service kings our virtues press,
Is no pay due to valour and success ?

Don Antonio.

When we gave up our persons to their will,
We gave with those, our valour, fortune, skill.

Don Octavio.

But this condition tacitly was meant,
Kings should adjust reward and punishment.

Don Antonio.

Kings are the only judges of deserts,
And our tribunal 's seated in their hearts.

Don Octavio.

But if they judge and act amiss, what then ?

Don Antonio.

They must account to th' powers above, not men.

Don Octavio.

Then we must suffer.

Don Antonio.

Yes ; if we reject
Their power as too great, we must erect
A greater to controul them ; and thus we,
Instead of shrinking, swell the tyranny.

Don

Don Octavio.

W' obey for fear, then.

Don Antonio.

True; 'tis only above
Where power is justice, and obedience love.

Don Octavio.

I'm glad to find, in you, the seeds yet left
Of steady virtue; may they bring forth fruit
Fit to illustrate and instruct the age.

Let me once more embrace you; welcome, brave man.

[Embraces Don Antonio,

Both the delight and honour of your friends.

Don Antonio.

You will give me leave, sir, to distinguish
Betwixt your judgment and civility.

Don Octavio.

He has not liv'd i' th' reach of public fame,
Who is a stranger to your character.

This is my house, be pleas'd, sir, to go in,
And make it your's; though truly at present
I am but in an ill condition

To receive the honour of such a guest;

Having, by an unlucky accident,

Been forc'd of late to keep myself conceal'd.

Don Antonio.

I humbly thank you, sir, but cannot yet

Receive your favour; for I must stay here

Expecting the return of one I sent

Before me to my brother-in-law's.

Don Octavio.

Have you a brother-in-law in Seville?

You surprize me much.

Don Antonio.

It is most true, Octavio, I come hither

A married man, as much as friends can make me.

Don Octavio.

Since it imports you not to misa your servant,

Let us stay here without until he comes,

And then go in and rest yourself a while.

But how go our affairs in Flanders?

Don

Don Antonio.

I left our armies in a better state
Than formerly.

Don Othavio.

And your governor, the Duke of Alva,
I suppose in great reputation.

Don Antonio.

The honour of our country, and the terror
Of others; fortune consulted reason
When she bestow'd such favours upon him.

Don Othavio.

And yet 'tis said, he loses ground at court.

Don Antonio.

'Tis possible; under a jealous prince,
A great 's as prejudicial as an evil fame.

Don Othavio.

They say he's cruel, even to barbarity.

Don Antonio.

'Tis mercy, that which they call cruelty.
In a civil war, in fertile provinces,
(And the sun sees not richer than are these)
The soldier, especially th' auxiliary,
Whose trade it is to fight for salary,
Is brib'd by gain the rebels' lives to spare,
That mutual quarter may prolong the war;
Till this slow fever has consum'd their force,
And then they'll fall to our rival France of course.
War made in earnest, maketh war to cease,
And vigorous prosecution hastens peace.

Don Othavio.

Y' have made me comprehend his conduct; he's sure
As great a politician as a soldier.

Don Antonio.

Loyalty 's his centre, his circumf'rence glory;
And t' after ages he'll show great in story.

Don Othavio.

And is our good friend, the Marquis d'Olivera,
In high esteem?

Don Antonio.

The boast of our army; he has exceeded

Hope,

Hope, and made flattery impossible.

Don Othavio.

They say he did wonders at the siege of Mons³.

Don Antonio.

You mean (as I suppose) at the pursuit
O' th' German army led by the prince of Orange.
Indeed his courage, and his conduct there,
Were very signal.

Don Othavio.

You 'll much oblige me, if, whilst you expect
Your servant here, I might learn from yourself
Some few particulars of your own actions;
Fame speaks loudly of them, but not distinctly.

Don Antonio.

Fame, like water, bears up the lighter things,
And lets the weighty sink. I do not use
To speak in the first person; but, if you needs
Will have a story to fill up the time,
I'll tell you an adventure of my own,
Where you'll find love so intermix'd with arms,
That (I am confident) 'twill raise your wonder,
How, being prepossess'd with such a passion,
I should (upon prudential motives only)
Be engaged (as now you find me) to marry
A lady whom I never saw.

Don Othavio.

The person, and the subject, sir, both challenge
My best attention.

Don Antonio. [After a little pause.]

The following evening to that glorious day,
Wherein the Duke of Alva gain'd such fame
Against the cautelous Nassaw, some horse.

³ at the siege of Mons.] In the year 1572, the town of Mons, in Ne-nault, was surprized by Count Lodowicke, who fortified himself in it, intending to hold it against the power of Spain. It was soon after invested by the Duke of Alva, and surrendered to him after a long siege, though attempted to be succoured by the Prince of Orange, who came before it with an army with which he some time harrassed his enemy, but without effecting his principal design.

Were

Were sent from the army, under my command,
 To cover the Limbourg frontiers, much expos'd
 To th' enemy's inroads ; my troops scarce lodg'd,
 I receiv'd intelligence, that a party
 Of th' enemy (about two hundred horse)
 Were newly come t' a village three leagues off,
 Intending there to lodge ; immediately
 We founded to horse, and march to their surprize
 So luckily, that by the break of day
 Their quarters were on fire.

Don Octavio.

You had been taught, sir, by your wife general,
 That diligence in execution is
 (Even above fortune) mistress of success.

Don Antonio.

They made but faint resistance ; some were slain,
 Some perish'd in the fire, others escap'd,
 Giving the alarm, in quarters more remote,
 To their companions drown'd in sleep and wine ;
 Who, at the outcry, and the noise of trumpets,
 Methinks I fancy starting from their beds,
 As pale and wan, as from their dormitories
 Those the last trump shall rouse, differing in this,
 That those awake to live, but these to die.

Don Octavio.

Oh how unsafe it is to be secure !

Don Antonio.

Finding no more resistance, I made haste
 To a lofty structure, which, as I conceiv'd,
 Was the likeliest quarter for their officer ;
 Led thither by desire to rescue both,
 Him, from the soldiers' rage, that from the fire.

Don Octavio.

A care most worthy of a gallant leader.

Don Antonio.

But think, Octavio, how I was surpriz'd,
 When, entering a pavilion i' th' garden,
 I found a woman of a matchless form,
 Stretch'd all along upon the marble floor.

Don

Don Othavio.

I easily can divine how such a heart,
As harbours in the brave Antonio's breast,
May suffer at so sad a spectacle.

Don Antonio.

At the first sight, I did believe her dead ;
Yet in that state so awful she appear'd,
That I approach'd her with as much respect,
As if the soul had animated still
That body, which, though dead, scarce mortal seem'd.
But as the sun from our horizon gone,
His beams do leave a tincture on the skies,
Which shews it was not long since he withdrew ;
So in her lovely face there still appear'd
Some scatter'd streaks of those vermilion beams,
Which us'd t' irradiate that bright firmament.
Thus did I find that distress'd miracle,
Able to wound a heart as if alive,
Uncapable to cure it, as if dead.

Don Othavio.

I no more doubt your pity, than your wonder.

Don Antonio.

My admiration did suspend my aid,
Till passion join'd to pity made me bold ;
I kneel'd and took her in my arms, then bow'd
Her body gently forward ; at which instant,
A sigh stole from her ; Oh the ravishing sound !
Which, being a symptom of remaining life,
Made me forget that 'twas a sign of grief.
At length she faintly opens her bright eyes ;
So breaks the day, and so do all the creatures
Rejoice, as I did, at the new-born light :
But as the Indians, who adore the sun,
Are scorch'd by 's beam, ere half his race be run ;
So I, who did adore her rising eyes,
Found myself wounded by those deities.

Don Othavio.

I am big with expectation, pray
Deliver me.

Don

Don Antonio.

From her fair hand a bloody poniard fell,
Which she held fast during her trance, as if
Sh' had only needed arms whilst she did sleep,
And trusted to her eyes when she did wake.
What I said to her, being a production
Of mere extasy, I remember not ;
She made me no reply, yet I discern'd,
In a serener air of her pale face,
Some lines of satisfaction, mix'd with fear.

Don Othavio.

Such looks in silence have an eloquence.
But pray go on.

Don Antonio.

Rais'd from the ground, and to herself return'd,
I stept a fitting distance back ; as well
To gaze upon that lovely apparition,
As to express respect ; when at that instant
The trumpets sound a charge ; my soldiers cry,
Where is our leader ? Where's Antonio ?
My love a while disputed with honour,
But that, being the longer settled power,
O'ercame ; I join'd my troops, left in reserve,
As they were ready to receive a charge
From divers squadrons of fresh horse, who, being
Quarter'd in neighbouring villages, had taken
Hotly th' alarm, and came (though then too late)
In succour of their friends. Honour and love
Had so inflam'd my heart, that I advanc'd
Beyond the rules of conduct, and receiv'd
So many wounds, that I with faintness fell.

Don Othavio.

How can this story end ?

Don Antonio.

My soldiers beat the enemy, and brought me off,
Where surgeons quickly cur'd my outward wounds ;
But the remembrance of that heroine,
My inward hurts kept bleeding still afresh ;
Till, by the business of the war constrain'd

T' attend my charge i' th' army, my despair
 Of ever seeing her again, conspiring
 With the strong persuasions of Olivera,
 I was at length even forc'd to an engagement
 Of marriage with a lady of this city,
 Rich, noble, and, as they say, beautiful.
 And so you have me here, come to consummate
 Those nuptial rites, to which my interest,
 And the importunity of trusty friends
 O'er-rule my judgment, tho' against my heart.

Don Octavio.

A wonderful adventure! but pray, fir,
 May I not take the liberty to ask you,
 Who may this noble lady be, to whom
 The fates have destin'd so much happiness?

Don Antonio.

I have no reserves for you, Octavio,
 'Tis the sister of ———

Enter Ernesto, and Don Octavio retires hastily, and covers his face with his cloak.

Don Antonio nodding to Octavio.

It is my servant, fir.

Don Octavio.

Step to Antonio, Diego, and desire him
 To send him off. [*Diego goes to Antonio and whispers.*]

Don Antonio.

I will immediately — Well, Ernesto,
 What good news? speak freely.

Ernesto.

Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your brother-in-law,
 I thought you hardly could be there this night;
 He kisses your hands, and bade me tell you,
 That he expects your coming with impatience.
 This letter 's from Don Henrique, th' other 's from
 Your beauteous bride, the most accomplish'd person
 I ever saw; my being of your train
 Gave me the privilege of a domestick;
 To see her in her chamber dress, without
 A veil, either to cover faults, or hide
 Perfections.

Don

Don Antonio.

Tell me truly, is she so very handsome ?

Ernesto.

Handsome far, in my opinion, sir,
Than all those Brussels beauties, which you call
The finish'd pieces : but I say no more ;
Let your own eyes inform you ; here's a key
Of the apartment that 's made ready for you ;
A lower quarter, very nobly furnish'd,
That opens on St. Vincent's street.

Don Antonio,

Give it me ; and go to the post-house,
And take care that my things be brought from thence.

[*Exit Ernesto.*]

Ottavio, will you go along with me,
And be a witness of my first address ?

Don Ottavio.

Sir, you chuse in me an ill companion
Of lovers' interviews, or nuptial joys.
One whose misfortunes to such sad extremes
Are heighten'd, that the very mentioning
Of happy hours, serves only to imbitter
The memory of my lost joys.

Don Antonio.

So very deep a sense of your misfortunes,
Holds no proportion with Ottavio's mind.

Enter Flora in haste.

Flora.

Where's your master, Diego ?

Diego.

There's some ill towards, when this bird appears. [*Afide.*]
Do you not see him ? y' have liv'd too long a maid.

Flora.

Sir, I have something to say t' you in private,
That requires haste.

Don Ottavio.

What new accident brings you hither, Flora ?

Flora.

These tablets will inform you, sir.

[*Flora retires.*
Diego.]

Diego.
Will you not stay for an answer, damsel?

Flora.
'Tis a command, not a question, Diego.

Diego.
Short and sweet, Flora.

Don Osorio.
Good Flora, stay a minute; I much fear
It is some new misfortune.

Diego.

Nay, sir, you may be sure 'tis some disaster,
Else it would ne'er have come so easily,
And so unfought for.

Don Osorio.

Will you allow me for a moment, sir,
To step into my house, and read a letter?
[*Bowing to Antonio.*

Don Antonio.

I'll wait upon you in, and stay your leisure.

[*Exeunt all but Diego.*

Diego.

These little black books do more devils raise,
Than all the figures of the conjurers.
This is some missive from the heroine;
If it ends not in fighting I'll be hang'd;
It is the method of their dear romances,
And persons of their rank make love by book.
Curse of the inventor of that damn'd device
Of painting words, and speaking to our eyes!
Had I a hundred daughters, by this light,
Not one of 'em should ever read or write.

Enter Flora, and seems to go away in haste.
Here she comes again. 'Twas a quick dispatch.
A word, Flora, or a kind glance at least;
What, grown cruel? Diego, no body w' you.

Flora.

This is no time for fooling, friend.

Diego.

Nay, if you be so serious, fare you well;
But, now I think on't better, I'll do th' honours

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Of our street, and bring you to the end on't.

Flora.

I shall be well help'd up with such a 'squire.
If some wandering knight should chance to assault you,
To bear away your damsel, what would you do?

Diego.

I'd use no other weapon but a torch;
I'd put aside your veil, shew him your face.
That, I suppose, would guard us both.

Flora.

Why, d' you think 'twould fright him, Diego?

Diego.

Oh, no; 'twould charm him, Flora.

Flora.

Well, such as 'tis, I'll venture it without
Engaging your known valour; good-night. [*Exit Flora.*]

Enter Don Octavio and Don Antonio.

Don Octavio.

What may this be? I swear I cannot guess;
The warning's short, but she must be obey'd.
The hour draws near; I must go seek a friend,
Her words seem to imply need of a second;
'Twere barbarous to engage Antonio,
Newly arriv'd, and come on such an errand. [*Alto.*]
Noble Antonio, my confusion's great,

[*Addressing to Antonio.*]

To tell you thus abruptly, I must leave you;
Th' occasion's indispensable.

Don Antonio.

I must not quit you, sir, I know too well
The laws of honour, to desert you now:
When I perceive my friend in such disorder,
And all the marks that he is call'd to danger,
To leave him then—

Don Octavio.

It is a summons from a lady, sir,
Whom I have lov'd with passion and success,
To meet her in her garden presently:
All is propitious on her part and mine;

But

But she's so guarded by a tyrant brother,
 So naturally jealous, and so incens'd
 By a late accident which I shall tell you,
 That to assure you there would be no danger
 In this adventure, were, sir, to abuse you;
 But for that very reason I am bound
 Not to consent you should embark yourself
 In a business, so directly opposite
 To the occasion which has brought you hither.

Don Antonio.

I like the omen, at my first arrival
 To have the honour to serve so brave a friend.

Don Osavio.

You from a life of perils hither come
 To find a nuptial bed, not seek a tomb.

Don Antonio.

My friend engag'd, it never must be said
 Antonio left him so, to go to bed.

Don Osavio.

Y' are marry'd, and expose what's not your own.

Don Antonio.

Wedded to honour, that must yield to none.

Don Osavio.

Honour makes me refuse your aid; we must
 As well to friends, as to ourselves, be just.

Don Antonio.

He ought not to pretend to friendship's name,
 Who reckons not himself and friend the same.

Don Osavio.

Friendship with justice must not disagree,
 That were to break the virtue's harmony.

Don Antonio.

Friendship is justice; for whene'er we give,
 We then receive; so 'tis commutative.

Don Osavio.

So great 's your friendship, you your friend oppresses;
 To make it juster, you must make it less.

Don Antonio.

Friendship can never err in the extent;
 Like Nile, when 't overflows, 'tis most beneficent.

Don Orazio. I find, Antonio, you will still subdue.

Don Antonio. I owe my triumph to my cause, not you.
Come, we lose time; your mistress must not stay.

Don Orazio. Who's so accompany'd, needs not fear his way. [Exeunt]

ACT III. SCENE Don Henrique's House.

Camilla, Porcia, and Flora, appear as in a balcony.

Porcia.
COME, cousin, the hour assign'd approaches.

Camilla.
Nay, more than so, for 'tis already night.

Flora.
And, thanks to your stars, sufficiently dark.

Porcia.
To the clouds you would say, Flora; for stars,
In this occasion, would not much befriend us.
Pray, cousin, when Octavio shall arrive,
Do you and Flora watch above with care;
For if my cruel brother should surprize us—

Camilla.
Let us alone to play the centinels.

Flora.
I'm confident he's abroad, and will not
Suddenly return; for I heard him say,
He'd pass the evening at the Corrigidor's;
And thence, you know, he seldom comes home early.

*Enter Antonio, Orazio, and Diego, with their cloaks o'er
their faces, and their swords undrawn in their hands.*

Don Antonio.
Is it not something early for adventures
Of this nature?

Don

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Don Othavio.

'Tis the hour she appointed.

Don Antonio.

How dark 'tis grown o' th' sudden! there's not one
Star appears in all the firmament.

Diego.

So much the better; for, when I must fight,
I covet no spectators of my prowess.

[*Afide,*

Don Othavio.

Stay you here, Antonio, I'll step before,
And give the sign; when you hear the door open,
Then come on, and follow me in.

*Enter, at the other side of the stage, Don Henrique
and Don Carlos.*

Don Henrique.

The Corrigidor's is a sweet place.

Don Carlos.

The walks and fountains so entice me, I still
Weary myself before I can retire.

Don Henrique.

Indeed we have staid longer than we thought,
And therefore let's go home the shorter way;
The back-door of my garden's here at hand.

Don Carlos.

It will be better than to go about.

Porcia.

Would he were come, I fear the rising moon
Will give us little time.

[*Above in the balcony.*

[*Othavio knocks upon the hilt of his sword.*

I think I hear his usual knock; who's there?

Don Othavio.

'Tis I.

Porcia.

I hope y^e are not alone.

Don Othavio.

No; here's Diego with me, and a friend.

Porcia.

'Tis well; I'll open the door presently.

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Don Henrique.

Come, we are now hard by the garden-gate.

Don Octavio.

Let's to the door, sure she's there by this time ;
Be not afraid, Diego.

Diego.

You had as good command me not to breathe.

Don Octavio.

Come on ; what are you thinking on ?

Diego.

That I see company, or that my fear does.

Don Octavio.

Y' are i' th' right ; let 's, to avoid suspicion,
Walk on' at large, till they are out of distance.

[The noise of a lock.]

Don Carlos.

I think I heard your garden-door open.

Don Henrique.

I think so too ; ha, at this time of the night !
Why, what a devil can this mean ? 'Tis so,

Don Antonio.

They have open'd this door ; 'tis time for me
To follow, surely Octavio is gone in.

[Antonio goes towards the door.]

Porcia.

What stay you for ?

[Holding the door half open.]

Don Henrique.

What is 't I hear ? sure 'tis Porcia's voice.

Porcia.

What mean you to stand there ? come in, I say.

Don Henrique.

Hell and furies !

[He goes to draw his sword.]

Don Carlos.

Be patient, fir, and you will make a clearer
Discovery of your affront.

Porcia.

You may come in securely, Octavio, *[Setting open the door.]*
I have set those will watch my brother's coming.

Don

Don Antonio.

Madam, I am not Octavio.

Parcia.

Not Octavio! who are you then? and who's
That shadow there?

Don Henrique.

I can hold no longer—I'm thy destiny; [*Draws his sword.*]
Vile woman; and his mortal enemy.

Don Antonio.

Ha, my mortal enemy?

Don Henrique.

Yes, villain; whoe'er thou art, thou shalt pay
This treachery with thy life.

Don Antonio.

Vain man! whoe'er thou art, know, the life thou
Threaten'it is guarded by a trusty sword.

[*Don Carlos draws, and they all enter the garden
fighting.*]

Don Henrique.

Make fast the door. [*To Don Carlos.*]
Thou art some desperate villain, hir'd to murder.

[*Octavio and Diego come to the door.*]

Don Antonio.

Hir'd by friendship, and honour's my salary.

[*In the garden.*]

Don Octavio.

That's Antonio's voice within the garden;

[*Runs to the door, and finds it shut.*]

What, the door shut! my friend engag'd, and I

Excluded! cursed fate! this tree may help me

To climb o'er; if not, I'll fly t' him. [*He climbs up.*]

Diego.

You may do so; your sprightly love has wings,

And 's ever fledg'd; 'tis molting-time with mine;

Yet I'll up too; the hazard 's not in climbing;

[*Diego climbs the tree.*]

Here I will fit, and out of danger's reach

Expect the issue.

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SCENE changes to a garden, out of which they issue fighting.

Don Octavio.

Courage, brave friend; you have Octavio by you.

Don Antonio.

So seconded, a coward would grow firm.

Don Henrique.

What, is there more of your crew? then 'tis time
To call for help—ho, Silvio, Geraldo,
Pedro, come forth, and bring out torches with you.

Enter Silvio with his sword drawn.

Silvio.

Here am I, sir, my camerades will follow. [*They fight.*
As soon as they have lighted their torches.

Don Antonio.

How I despise these slaves, Octavio,
Having you by me!

Diego.

Their swords do clatter bravely in the dark. [*In the tree.*

Silvio.

I'm slain.

[*Silvio falls.*

[*Don Henrique stepping back, falls over Silvio, and loses his sword, and Carlos runs in to him.*

Don Carlos.

What, are you hurt?

Don Henrique.

No, I fell by chance: help me to find my sword.

Don Octavio.

What, do you give back? you do well to take breath,
Whilst you have any left; 'twill not be long,
Now that the rising moon lends us some light.

[*The rising moon appears behind the scene.*

[*Porcia runs out to Octavio.*

Porcia.

O Octavio, let not this moment slip
To free me from my cruel brother's fury,
Or never hope to see me any more
Amongst the living. [*Octavio leads her away by the arm.*

Don

Don Octavio.

Ah, noble maid! he that is once possess'd
Of such a treasure, and defends it not,
Let him live wretched, and detested die.
Where's my brave friend?

Don Antonio.

You have me by your side; lead off your mistress;
I'll secure your retreat.

Diego.

That, doubtless, is my master, who victorious,
[*In the tree, pointing to those who are going off.*]
Is bravely marching off with his fair prize;
I'll down and follow.

Don Carlos.

But whilst I was engag'd to succour you,
[*Having helped up Don Henrique.*]
Our enemies, I fear, are got away;
I heard the door open, and see none here;
Although the night's much brighter than 'twas,
I'll follow, and trace the villains, if I can,
To their dens: mean while take care of your sister;
And, pray, till my return be moderate.

Don Henrique.

How! moderation in this case?—what, ho!
Geraldo, Pedro, ah, ye cursed rogues!

Enter servants with torches.

Durst ye not shew your heads till they were gone?
Geraldo, light me in, whilst Pedro looks
To his hurt companion—ah, Porcia! Porcia!

[*Exeunt Don Henrique and Geraldo, Pedro carries
out Silvio fainting with his hurts.*]

SCENE changes to the city of Seville.

*Enter Don Octavio, Porcia, Don Antonio, and a little after
Diego, and after them Don Carlos.*

Diego.

Sure, that's Antonio bringing up the rear.

Sir,

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O unjust Heavens! why suffer you that they,
Who to our joys of life such bubbles are,
Should add such weight unto our griefs and care?
Ah Porcia, Porcia!

Enter Don Carlos.

Don Carlos.

Don Henrique, if I am not much mistaken,
I have in this short time made a great progress
Towards your redress; I come from harbouring
The villains, who have done you this affront.

Camilla.

It imports to be attentive now.

Don Henrique.

O you revive me! May I but once enjoy
The pleasure of my revenge, though the next
Moment were the last period of my life,
I should depart contented. Are the villains
Within our reach?

Don Carlos.

Be patient, sir, and I'll inform you fully.
You were no sooner up, but I pursu'd
Your flying enemies, hoping, the night
Grown somewhat lighter, might help me to discover
The place of their retreat—one of their party,
Who was behind the rest, mistaking me
For one of his camerades, bade me come on;
Saying, his master was but just before;
That he had borne his mistress bravely off,
And put her champion brother out of combat.

Don Henrique.

Insolent rascal!—

[*He stamps.*]

Don Carlos.

We had not pass'd above a street or two
Before he stopp'd, and at the second house
Beyond the church, in Saint Iago's street,
He enter'd, and desir'd me to follow him;
I, making a stand, he grew suspicious,
And, from my silence, guessing his mistake,
He slipp'd into the house and lock'd the door;
When I had well observ'd the street and house,

I came

I came with speed to give you this account.

Flora.

Oh, madam, this is Don Octavio's house ;
Without all doubt, they've carry'd Porcia thither.

Camilla.

Peace, Flora, and listen to the sequel.

Don Henrique.

Come, cousin, we lose time—Heigh, who waits there ?
I will besiege the house ; if they refuse
To render, I'll reduce that theatre
Of my shame to ashes, and make their fort
Both theirs and it's own sepulchre. There are
Such charms in vengeance, that I do not wonder,
It is reserv'd for him who form'd the thunder.

Don Carlos.

Have patience, cousin, and consult your reason ;
'Twill soon convince you how unpracticable
And vain your proposition is, t' attempt,
At this time of night, a house so guarded,
In a well-govern'd city ; that would prove
Very like thunder, which the cloud destroys
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing only noise.
What can the issue be, but to alarm
The town, expose your person and your fortune
To th' rigour of the law, publish your shame,
And frustrate your revenge for ever ?

Don Henrique.

What ! would you have me tarry till these villains,
Who have invaded my house, affronted
My person, murder'd my servant, and robb'd
Me of a sister, may evade my vengeance ? [*Spoken hastily.*]

Don Carlos.

No ; fear not that, let me alone to find
A certain way to hinder their escape ;
I'll instantly to the Corridor,
And beg the assistance of his authority
To secure these criminals for the present,
That afterwards the law may punish them.

Don Henrique.

A fine proposal ! Why, cousin, can you think

That

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That I'll submit a personal injury
To th' tame decision of the formal law ?
And having been affronted by the sword,
To pray the aid of the long robe, and take
An advocate for second ?—Reliev'd by law !

Don Carlos.

Since we all parties are in making laws,
We must not judges be in our own cause ;
We hold it infamous to break our words,
Yet cancel the great charter with our swords.

Don Henrique.

They, by their insolence, the laws invade.

Don Carlos.

But you, by your revenge, the laws degrade.

Don Henrique.

Honour obliges me to take revenge.

Don Carlos.

Honour is justice, rightly understood ;
Your idol honour 's only heat of blood.

Don Henrique.

Honour 's opinion, which rules all the world.

Don Carlos.

Opinion, Henrique, only governs fools ;
Reason, the wise and truly valiant rules.

Don Henrique.

Reason 's opinion; for every one
Stamps reason on his own opinion.

Don Carlos.

Then, by your argument, when people join
In making laws, because they all opine,
Laws are reasonable, and bind us all.

Don Henrique.

Curse on your sophistry, to treat a friend
With figures, that 's raging in a fever !
You may as well pretend to teach a man
To sing his part, that's stretch'd upon a rack.
No, sir, I'll sooner lose this irksome life,
Than e'er consent to publish my disgrace,
Before I have reveng'd it—to assist
At the funeral of my own honour !—

[He stamps.
Don

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Don Carlos.

What a wild creature is a choleric man ! [*Afide.*]
'Tis far from my intent ; all my design
Is only how we may conceal your shame,
Till we have got these villains in our power ;
Which can be brought about by no such means,
As by demanding justice against those
Who did assault your person, and have wounded :
Your servant, a very plausible pretence !
Will this content you ? Trust my conduct, cousin ;
Is not my interest the same with yours ?

Don Henrique.

Well, since it must be so, I pray make haste.

Don Carlos.

Doubt not my diligence ; by this I'll prove
Friendship has fire and wings, as well as love.

Don Henrique.

If you could fly, you 'd move with too much leisure ;
Ah, tedious minutes, which revenge does measure !

[*Exit Carlos.*]

Flora.

Madam, y' have heard their mischievous design ?

Camilla.

Yes, Flora, out of question Porcia 's there ;
And, if they find her, she is lost for ever.

Flora.

I'll try to hinder it, though I were certain
To perish in th' attempt ; I'm confident
The house at present is in such confusion,
I may run thither without being mis'd.

Camilla.

'Tis well thought on ; in the interim I'll retire
To Porcia's chamber. [*Exeunt from behind the door.*]

Enter Geraldo.

Geraldo.

Sir, Don Antonio is just arriv'd.

Don Henrique.

Ha ! what 's that you say, sirrah ?

Geraldo.

Geraldo:

That Don Antonio, fir, your brother-in-law,
Is without, walking i' th' hall, and bade me
Give you notice of it; shall he come in?

Don Henrique:

Antonio arriv'd! O heavens, this circumstance
Was only wanting to complet my shame!
When he desires to see his wife, shall I,
Myself, inform a person of his quality,
That she is run away? Where shall I find
A heart, a tongue, a voice, or breath, or face,
To utter this unparalell'd disgrace? [*Spoken hastily.*]
O this fantastick sense of honour
At my own tribunal stand assail'd,
Yet fearing others' censure am embroil'd.

Geraldo:

What is your pleasure, fir? 'tis possible
That Don Antonio may think it long.

Don Henrique:

Wait on him in, but at the same time tell him
You cannot find me—I will leave my house,
And the discovery of my shame, to fate,
And any censure rather undergo,
Than be the reporter of my own disgrace;
Till first I have my honour's ransom paid,
In the vile blood of this peridious maid. [*Exit Henrique.*]

Enter Don Antonio and Ernesto:

Don Antonio:

My friend and his fair mistress safely lodg'd,
And free from their adventure; 'tis now fit
To mind my own engagement—But, Ernesto,
What can the meaning be of this rude usage,
In suffering me to stay without thus long,
Upon my first arrival? Come, let's go on
Into the other rooms.

Ernesto:

I swear, fir, I'm amaz'd at this great change;

* *assail'd,*] *absolved, discharged.* Et. *absoudre.* Lat. *absolvere.*

JUNIUS.

'Tis

'Tis not above two hours, since I found here
 A numerous and well-order'd family,
 In all appearance; now I see the pages
 Bolt out of the doors, then start back again
 Into their holes, like rabbits in a warren;
 The maids lie peeping at the garret windows,
 Like th' upper tier of ordnance in a ship;
 All looks disorder'd now; nor can I guess
 What may have caus'd so great an alteration;
 But there I see the servant you sent in.

Enter Geraldo.

Don Antonio.

Friend, where's your master?

Geraldo.

I cannot tell, sir.

Don Antonio.

Where is his sister?

Geraldo.

In truth I know not, sir; we men-servants
 Have little to do in the ladies' quarters. *[Exit Geraldo.]*

Don Antonio.

This looks but oddly; are you sure, Ernesto,
 Y' have not misguided me to a wrong house?

Ernesto.

If you are sure, sir, that we are awake,
 Then I am certain this is the same house,
 Wherein this afternoon I saw and spoke with
 Don Henrique and your bride; by the same token
 There was a lady with her in a veil;
 And this very room is the anti-chamber
 To her apartment.

Don Antonio.

I should be finely serv'd, if, after all
 This negotiation, and a tedious journey,
 My pains and patience should be cast away
 On some such wither'd Sybil for a wife,
 As her own brother is ashamed to shew me.

Ernesto.

You 'll soon be freed from that fear, sir.

*[Ernesto goes toward the door.]**Don Antonio.*

How so?

Ernesto.

Because I see her in the inner-room,
Lying along upon her couch, and reading ;
Her face is turn'd the other way, but yet
Her shape and cloaths assure me 'tis the same.

Don Antonio.

Art certain that 'tis she ?

Ernesto.

There are not many like her.

Don Antonio.

If thou be'st sure 'tis she, I'll venture in,
Without her brother's presence t' introduce me.

Ernesto.

She's coming this way, sir.

*Enter Camilla, reading.**Camilla.*

Y' have reason, Dido, and 'tis well remark'd,—

[She shuts her book ; after a little pause.]

The woman who suffers herself to love,
Ought likewise to prepare herself to suffer ;
There was great power in your charms, Æneas,
T' enthrall a lady's heart at first approach,
And make such early and such deep impressions,
That nothing but her death could e'er deface.
Alas, poor Dido!—

Don Antonio.

O heavens ! what 's that I see?—or do I dream ?

[Antonio seeing her, starts, then stands as if amaz'd.]

Sure I am asleep, and 'tis a vision
Of her who 's always present to my thoughts ;
Who, fearing my revolt, does now appear
To prove and to confirm my constancy.
When first I saw that miracle, she seem'd
An apparition ; here it must be one,

Ernesto.

What fit of frenzy 's this?—Sir, 'tis Porcia,
A lovely, living woman, and your bride.

Don Antonio.

The blessing is too mighty for my faith.

Ernesto.

Faith! ne'er trouble your faith in this occasion;
Approach her boldly, sir, and trust your sense.

Don Antonio.

As when we dream of some transporting pleasure,
And, finding that we dream, we fear to wake,
Lest sense should rob us of our fancy's treasure,
And our delightful vision from us take;
Bless'd apparition, so it fares with me.
That very angel, now, once more appears,
To whose divinity, long since, I rais'd
An altar in my heart; where I have offer'd
The constant sacrifice of sighs and vows.
My eyes are open, yet I dare not trust 'em!
Bliss above faith must pass for an illusion;
If such it be, O let me sleep for ever,
Happily deceiv'd: But, celestial maid,
If this thy glorious presence real be,
O let one word of pity raise my soul
From visionary bliss, and make me die
With real joy instead of extasy.
Speak, speak, my destiny; for the same breath
May warm my heart, or cool it into death.

Ernesto.

'Slife! he 's in one of his old fits again—
Why, what d' you mean, sir? 'tis Porcia herself.

Camilla.

I am that maid, who to your virtue owes
Her honour then, and her disquiet since;
Yet in my pain, I cannot but be pleas'd
To find a passion, censur'd in our sex,
Justify'd by so great an obligation.
'Tis true, I blush, yet I must own the fire,
To which both love and gratitude conspire.

Don Antonio.

Incomparable creature! can it be,
That, having suffer'd all which mighty love
Did e'er inflict, I now should be repaid
With as full joys as love could ever give?
Fortune, to make my happiness compleat,
Has join'd her power, and made me find a bride
In a lost mistress; but with this allay,
Of leaving me no means my faith to prove,
Since chance anticipates the pains of love.

Camilla.

The servant's error has misled the master,
He takes me too for Porcia; blessed mistake!
Assist me now, artful dissimulation. [Aside.]
But how can that consist with so much passion?
'Tis possible the sense of my distress'd
Condition might dispose a noble heart
To take impressions then, which afterwards
Time, and your second thoughts, may have defac'd;
But can a constant passion be produc'd
From those ideas pity introduc'd?
Let your tongue speak your heart; for, should y' abuse me,
I shall in time discover the deceit:
You may paint fire, Antonio, but not heat.

Don Antonio.

Madam—

Camilla.

Hold; be not too scrupulous, Antonio;
Let me believe it, though it be not true;
For the chief happiness poor maids receive,
Is when themselves they happily deceive.

Don Antonio.

If, since those conquering eyes I first beheld,
You have not reign'd unrival'd in my heart,
May you despise me now you are my own;
Which is to me all curses summ'd in one.
But may your servant, madam, take the boldness
To ask, if you have ever thought of him?

Camilla.

A love so founded in a grateful heart,

Has

Has need of no remembrance, Antonio ;
You know yourself too well ; those of your trade
Have skill to hold, as well as to invade.

Don Antonio.

Fortune has lifted me to such a height
Of happiness, that it may turn my brain,
When I look down upon the world.
What have I now to wish but moderation,
To temper and to fix my joys ?

Camilla.

I yield as little t' you, noble Antonio,
In happiness, as affection ; but still
Porcia must do as may become your bride,
And sister to Don Henrique ; in whose absence
A longer conference must be excus'd ;
Therefore I take the freedom to withdraw.
Should I have staid until Don Henrique came,
His presence would have marr'd my whole design. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Camilla.*

Don Antonio.

Where beauty, virtue, and discretion join,
'Tis heaven, methinks, to find that treasure mine.

Enter Don Henrique.

Don Henrique.

Sure, Don Antonio, having long ere this
Found out th' infamous flight of my vile sister,
Will be retir'd to meditate revenge
Upon us both—Ah, curse ! he is there still ; [*He sees him.*
I'll slip away—But it is now too late,
He has perceiv'd me.

Don Antonio.

How, Don Henrique ! avoid your friend, that's come
So long a journey t' embrace you, and cast
Himself at the feet of your fair sister ?

Don Henrique.

Noble Antonio, you may well imagine
The trouble I am in, that you should find
My house in such disorder, so unfit
To receive th' honour of so brave a guest.

Don Antonio.

'Tis true, Don Henrique, I am much surpriz'd
With what I find ; I little did expect
Your sifter Porcia, should have been—

Don Henrique.

Oh heavens ! I'm lost, he has discover'd all. [*Afide.*
'Tis not, Antonio, in a brother's power
To make a sifter of a better paste
Than Heav'n has made her.

Don Antonio.

In your case 'specially ; for, without doubt,
Heaven never made a more accomplish'd creature.

Don Henrique.

What means the man ? [*Afide.*

Don Antonio.

I come just now from entertaining her ;
Whose wit and beauty so excel all those
Of her fair sex, whom I have ever known,
That my description of her would appear
Rather detraction than a just report
Of her perfections.

Don Henrique.

Certainly he mocks me ; he never could
Have chosen a worse sufferer of scorn ;
But I will yet contain myself a while,
To see how far he'll drive it. [*Afide.*]—Say you, fir,
That you have seen and entertain'd my sifter ?

Don Antonio.

Yes, Don Henrique ; and with such full contentment,
So rais'd above expression, that I think
The pains and care of all my former life
Rewarded with excess, in the delight
Of those few minutes of her conversation.
'Tis true, that satisfaction was abridg'd
By her well-weigh'd severity ; to give me
A greater pleasure in the contemplation
Of her discreet observance of the rules
Of decency ; not suffering me, though now
Her husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a happiness, you not being by.

Don

Don Henrique.

I am confounded ; but I must dissemble
My astonishment, till I can unfold
The mystery. [*Afide.*]—She might have spar'd that caution ;
But I suppose you 'll easily forgive
An error on the better side.

Don Antonio.

Sir, I have seen so much of her perfection
In that short visit, I shall sooner doubt
Our definitions in morality,
Than once suppose her capable of error.

Don Henrique.

This exposition makes it more obscure :
I must get him away. [*Afide.*]—Sir, is 't not time
To wait on you to your chamber ? It 's late,
And I believe you have need of rest.

Don Antonio.

I should accept your offer, sir, with thanks,
If I were not oblig'd, as late as 'tis,
To see a friend before I go to bed.

Don Henrique.

I'll bear you company, if you 'll give me leave.

Don Antonio.

I humbly thank you, sir ; but can't consent
To give you so much trouble ; I 'll return
Within an hour at farthest.

Don Henrique.

Whene'er you please ; y' are wholly master here.

Don Antonio.

I never saw a man so discompos'd,
Whate'er the matter is,—

[*Afide.*]

Ernesto, I must make a step to see
A friend near hand ; bid Sancho follow me,
And stay you in my chamber till I come.

[*Exeunt Antonio and Ernesto.*]

Don Henrique.

Your servant, sir. [*Don Henrique waits on him to the door.*]
This sudden fally hence
At this time of the night, newly arriv'd
From a long journey, and not to suffer me

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To wait upon him, does embroil me more.
But now I will not long be in suspence ;
I 'll to my fister's chamber.

Enter Don Carlos, as Don Henrique is going into Porcia's chamber.

Don Carlos.

Ho! Don Henrique ; come away, all 's prepar'd ;
Our kinsman the Corrigider is ready
With a strong band of serjeants, and stays for you.

Don Henrique.

Speak softly, Don Antonio is arriv'd,
And some of his may over-hear us.

Don Carlos.

That 's very unlucky ; but does he know
Your fister 's missing ?

Don Henrique.

I think not yet.

Don Carlos.

Come, let 's away ; we have no time to lose.

Don Henrique.

Pray stay a while ; I labour with a doubt
Will burst me, if not clear'd before I go.

Don Carlos.

What cousin ! will you lose an opportunity
Never to be recover'd ? Are you mad ?
Will you permit the villains to escape,
And laugh at us for ever ? Come away.

[He pulls him.]

Don Henrique.

Well, I must go ; and let him make it out ;
The worst estate of human life is doubt.

[Exeunt.]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE Don Octavio's House.

Enter Don Octavio angrily, pushing Diego, and Porcia following.

Don Octavio.

VILLAIN, thou hast undone us; cursed villain,
Where was thy soul? had fear quite banish'd it,
And left thee not one grain of common sense?

Porcia,

Was there ever so fatal an accident?

Don Octavio.

Why, traitor, didst thou not let me know it,
As soon as we were come into the house?

Diego.

What would y' have done, if you had known it then?

Don Octavio.

I would have sally'd out, and kill'd the rogue,
In whose power thou hast put it to destroy us.
Can it be doubted, but that long ere this
He has acquainted Henrique where we are?
From whose black rage we must immediately
Expect t' encounter all the worst extremes
Of malice, seconded by seeming justice;
For the unfortunate are still i' th' wrong.
Curse on all cowards! better far be serv'd
By fools and knaves: they make less dangerous faults.

Diego.

Am I in fault, because I'm not a cat?
How could I tell i' th' dark, whether that rascal
Were a knight-errant, or a recreant knight?
I thought him one of us, and true to love,
Were it not for such accidents as these,
That mock man's forecast, sure the destinies
Had ne'er been plac'd amongst the deities.

Don Octavio.

Peace, cowardly slave; having thus play'd the rogue,
Are you grown sententious? Did I not fear

To stain my sword with such base blood, I'd let
Thy soul out with it at a thousand wounds.

Diego.

Why then a thousand thanks to my base blood,
For saving my good flesh. [*Afide.*

Don Othavio.

Pardon, my dearest mistress, this excess
Of passion in your presence.

Porcia.

What shall we do, Othavio? if we stay here,
We are undone for ever: my brother
Will be instantly upon us. Alas!
My own life I value not, Othavio,
When your's, my better life, such hazard runs;
But O my honour! O my innocence!
Expos'd to scandal; there's my deepest sense.

Don Othavio.

Though the complexion of your brother's malice
Resemble hell, it is not black enough
To cast a stain upon your virgin innocence.
Sure two such different branches ne'er did spring
From the same stock: to me 't seems very strange,
Our middle natures, form'd of flesh and blood,
Should have such depths of ill, such heights of good,
An angel sister, and a devil brother.

Porcia.

He's my brother, and I know no defence
For injur'd innocence, but innocence.
Fly, fly, Othavio; leave me to my fate.

Don Othavio.

Your kindness, generous maid, confutes itself;
To save my life, you counsel me to fly,
Which is at once to bid me live and die.

Porcia.

What then, for Heaven's sake, d' you resolve to do?

Don Othavio.

I must resolve, and suddenly, but what,
I swear I know not; there have been such turns
In my misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

Porcia.

Portia.

You must determine ; time wastes, Octavio.

Don Octavio.

Madam, if I should lead you through the streets,
And chance to meet the officers of justice,
I not daring to avow my person,
For that unlucky accident you know of,
You might, I fear, by that means, be in danger ;
We must not venture 't—Run, rascal, and fetch
A chair immediately.

Diego.

A pretty errand at this time o' th' night !
These chairmen are exceedingly well-natur'd,
Th' are likely to obey a servant's orders
After nine o'clock.

[*Exit Diego.*]

Don Octavio.

Ye Pow'rs above, why do ye lay so great
A weight on human nature, and bestow
Such an unequal force to bear our loads ?
After a long pursuit, through all those stories
Which hell-bred malice, or the power of fate,
Could ever raise t' oppress a noble love ;
To be at length possess'd of a rich mine,
Where nature seem'd to have lodged all her treasure,
And in an instant have it ravish'd from me,
Is too rude a trial for my patience
To sustain ; I cannot bear it.

Portia.

My sense of this misfortune equals your's ;
But yet I must conjure you to submit
To the decrees of those who rule above ;
Such resignation may incline their justice
Th' impending mischief to divert ; besides,
In human things, there's such vicissitude,
Where hope should end, we hardly can conclude.

Don Octavio.

Weak hope the parent is of anxious care,
And more tormenting far, than fix'd despair :
This makes us turn to new expedients ;
That, languish 'twixt desire and diffidence.

Portia.

Porcia.

Fortune will blush for shame, when she shall find
Her best-aim'd darts can never touch your mind.

Don OZavio.

Ah, Porcia! though my mind be far above
The reach of fate, 'tis level unto love;
Urge it no more: I'll die a thousand deaths
Ere I'll consent to part with you. *[Strikes his breast.]*

Porcia.

I shall be always your's; for though we're ferc'd
To separate, yet we are not divorc'd.

Don OZavio.

Whilst our souls act by organs of the sense,
'Twixt death and parting there's no difference.

Porcia.

Consult your reason, then you will comply;
Making a virtue of necessity.

Don OZavio.

Ah, lovely maid! 'twas not allow'd to Jove,
To hold at once his reason and his love.

*Enter Diego.**Diego.*

The chair is come, sir, just as I expected.

Don OZavio.

Where is it?

Diego.

Even where it was; they are deeply engag'd
A las Pintas^s, and will not leave their game,
They swear, for all the Dons in Seville.

Don OZavio.

A curse upon these rogues! I'll make 'em come,
Or make their hearts ake. *[Don OZavio runs out.]*

Diego.

Madam, though I was never yet unkind
To my own person, I am so much troubled
At the disquiet my mistake has brought you,
That, could I do 't conveniently, i' faith,
I would even cudgel myself.

^s *A las Pintas,*] at cards. From *pinta*, a spot or mark. *Sp.*

Porcia.

Porcia.

Away, buffoon; is this a time for fooling?

Enter Don Antonio and Sancho.

Don Antonio.

Where is my noble friend, Octavio?

Diego.

Did you not meet him at the door, sir?

Don Antonio.

No.

Diego.

He went out, sir, just as you came in.

Don Antonio.

Madam, I might have gone to bed, but not

[Addresses himself to Porcia.]

To rest, without returning to enquire
Of your's, and of my noble friend's condition;
And once more to offer you my service.

Porcia.

I take the boldness, in Octavio's absence,
To return his, with my most humble thanks,
For your late generous assistance of us,
And for this new addition to our debt.

Don Antonio.

Tho' I have not th' honour to be known to you,
The service of your sex in their distresses
Is the first vow of those of our profession;
And my constant friendship for Octavio
Is of so old a date, that all occasions,
By which I may express the fervour of it,
Are most welcome to me.

Enter Flora in great haste.

Flora.

O madam—I'm out of breath with running.

Porcia.

What accident, Flora, brings you hither?

Flora.

A sad one, madam, and requiring haste,
To give you timely notice on't.—Don Carlos,

Assisted

Affited by the light o' th' rising moon,
 And by a mistake of some of your train,
 Has trac'd you to this house, and in my hearing
 Inform'd your brother of the place and manner
 Of your retreat ; who is now coming hither
 Accompany'd with the Corrigidor,
 To seize on whomsoever shall be found
 Within these walls, upon pretence of murder,

Porcia.

Oh, cruel accident !

Flora.

Madam, make haste ; get out of the back door,
 Or you will certainly be met with.

Porcia.

How vile a creature am I now become !
 For, though in my own innocence secure,
 To the censorious world, who, like false glasses
 Mingling their own irregular figures,
 Misreflect the object, I shall appear
 Some sinful woman, sold to infamy.

Don Antonio.

Your own clear mind 's the glass, which to yourself
 Reflects yourself ; and, trust me, madam,
 W' are only happy then, when all our joys
 Flow from ourselves, not from the people's voice.

Flora.

Madam, they 'll instantly be here.

Porcia.

Oh that Octavio should just now be absent !
 But to expect till he return were madness.

Don Antonio.

Y' have reason, madam ; and, if you dare trust
 Your person to the conduct of a stranger,
 Upon my honour, lady, I'll secure you,
 Or perish in th' attempt.

Porcia.

Generous sir, how shall a wretched maid,
 Abandon'd by her fate to the pursuit
 Of an inhuman brother, e'er be able
 Either to merit, or requite your favours ?

Don

Don Antonio.

I am th' oblig'd, if rightly understood,
Being o'erpaid by th' joy of doing good.

Porcia.

Sir, I resign myself to your protection,
With equal gratitude and confidence.

Don Antonio.

Come, madam, we must lose no time—
Diego, find out your matter presently,
And tell him, that the danger not allowing
Our stay till his return, I shall convey
His mistress safely to a nunnery.

Porcia.

And, Flora, stay you here to bring me word
What he resolves to do in this our desperate
Condition.

[*Exit Diego.*]

Flora.

Madam, I shall.

Don Antonio.

But stay—I swear I'd like to have committed

[*Going out, returns.*]

A foul mistake; the monastery gates
Will not be open'd at this time o' th' night,
Without a strict enquiry into the cause;
Besides, 'tis possible, that, once lodg'd there,
She may be out of my friend's power, or mine,
Ever to get her thence, if it be known.
It must not be—I have thought better on't:

[*He pauses, and thinks.*]

I will convey you to my brother-in-law's,
A person of such quality and honour,
As may protect and serve you with his credit;
And there my wife may have the happiness
T' accompany you, and pay the offices
Due to your virtue and distress'd condition:
And, going to a house that 's so much mine,
Make account, madam, 'tis to your own home.
Sancho, stay you here, to attend Octavio,

[*Turning to Sancho.*]

And guide him the next way to my apartment:

Here

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Here is the key, I shall have little use on't,
 Having Ernesto waiting for me there.
 One word more, Sancho; let Octavio know
 'Tis my advice, that he come in a chair;
 He, by that means may possibly escape.
 Examination, if he should be met with.

Porcia.

Flora, I pray do you continue here,
 And if by any accident Octavio
 Should be hinder'd from coming after us,
 Observe his motions well, and where he fixes;
 Then return home, and I shall find some way
 Of sending to you, to inform myself.

Flora.

I shall not fail t' observe your orders, madam.

Don Antonio.

Madam, I am ready to attend you.

Porcia.

Ah, cruel brother! ah, my dear Octavio!
 How am I tortur'd betwixt love and hate!

Don Antonio.

W' had better suffer than deserve our fate.

[*Exit Don Antonio and Porcia.*]

Sancho.

'Tis no small compliment my master makes
 Your lady and her gallant, at this time
 O' th' night, to quit his brother-in-law's, and leave
 So fair a bride as Porcia all alone.

Flora.

What, is his mistress's name Porcia too?

Sancho.

Yes; and if she has as fair a hand-maid
 As yourself, I shall soon forget my damsels
 In the Low-Countries.

Flora.

If your Low-Country damsels resemble us,
 You would not be put to 't to forget first.
 But I believe that you are safe enough;
 I have not heard such praises of their wit,
 But that we may suppose they have good memories.

Enter

Enter Diego.

Diego.
Is not my master yet return'd ?

Flora.

No.

Diego.

Well ; now have we an honourable cause
To wear the Beadle's livery : faith, Flora,
If your tender sex had not been privileg'd
From this harsh discipline, how prettily
Would the Beadle's crimson lace show upon
Your white back !

Flora.

'T won't do so well as on a darker ground ;
'Twill suit much better with your tawny hide.

Sancho.

I pray, camerade, is it the mode in Seville,
To be whipp'd for company ?

Diego.

Oh, fir, a well-bred foldier will ne'er refuse
Such a civility to an old friend ;
This is a new way of being a second,
To shew your passive courage.

Sancho.

We soldiers do not use to shew our backs.

Diego.

Not to your enemies ; but, fir, the Beadle
Will prove your friend ; for, your blood being heated
With riding post, the breathing of a vein
Is very requisite.

Sancho.

Would t' heaven that I were i' the camp again ;
There we are never stripp'd till we are dead.

Enter Don Othavio, and the Chairmen appear at the door.

Don Othavio.

Be sure you stir not thence till I return.

[To the Chairmen.]

Sirrah, where's Porcia ?

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Diego.

Diego.

She's fled away i' th' dark, with a young man
Of your acquaintance.

Don Octavio.

Rascal, leave your fooling.

Diego.

There 's none i' th' case, fir ; 'tis the wisest thing
She ever did ; had she staid your return,
She would have fallen into those very clutches,
In which you will immediately be grip'd,
Unless you make more haste. Flora is come
With all the speed she could, to let you know
Th' are coming with the justice, to lay hold
Of all within this house ; pray be quick, fir,
And save yourself. She's safe in a nunnery ;
Conducted thither by Antonio.

Don Octavio.

Peace, screech-owl ; fire consume that tongue of thine.
What say'st thou, villain ! in a nunnery ?
Porcia in a nunnery ? O heavens ! nothing
But this was wanting to make me desperate ;
What hope 's there left ever to get her thence,
After such accidents as these made publick ?
Ah, Flora, is it true that my dear Porcia
Is gone into a nunnery ?

Flora.

Once, fir, 'twas so resolv'd, and Diego sent
To give you notice on 't ; but afterwards,
He being gone, they chang'd their resolutions :
There's one can tell you more—

*[Pointing to Sancho.]**Sancho.*

My master bade me stay, to let you know
He has convey'd her to his own apartment,
In his brother-in-law's house, a person
So eminent in quality and credit,
That the imagining him in her and your
Protection, fir, may much avail ye both ;
Besides, she 'll have the satisfaction there
Of being treated by my master's bride.
There he 'll expect you, and advises you

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To come in a chair, to avoid questioning of his son's conduct
In case of any encounter.

Don Quixote.

I'll take his counsel, he's a generous friend.

Come, Chairmen, away: pray, friend, do you guide us.

[To Sancho.]

Diego.

Up with your burdens, heads, and fall forthwith

To your half-trot.

[The chair is carried over the stage; Diego, Sancho, and Flora follow.]

[A noise within.] Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Don Carlos, the Corrigidor, and Serjeants, pursuing Sancho, Flora, and Diego.

Diego.

This is one of Don Cupid's pretty jests
W' are struck upon a shield before we could

Put out to sea.

Don Carlos.

You find, fir, my conjecture's not ill-grounded.

[To the Corrigidor.]

Corrigidor.

What are you, firrah?

Diego.

A living creature, very like a man,
Only I want a heart.

Corrigidor.

Y' are pleasant, fir, pray heaven your mirth continue.
Who is that woman with the veil?

Diego.

Let her answer for herself, sh' has a tongue;
Set it but once a going, and she'll tell
All that she knows, and more.

Corrigidor.

Make her uncover her face.

[One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her veil.]

Don Carlos.

Hold friend—Cousin, if it should be Porcia,

[Turning to the Corrigidor.]

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It were not fit to expose her here as *Corrigidor.*

'Tis very well consider'd ; go you to her,
And speak to her in private. [*Don Carlos goes towards Flora.*

Flora.
'Tis I, fir, Flora ; who being commanded
By my lady——

Don Carlos
Speak softly pr'ythee, Flora, 'tis enough;
I understand the rest, and pity her;
Bid her sit still i' th' chair, I'll do my best
To save her from dishonour.

Flora.
He thinks 'tis Porcia there ; a good mistake ;
It may secure Octavio from the hands
Of this rude rabble. [*Afide.*

They take you for my mistress, and sit still.
Don Carlos
I'll follow the chair, and watch all occasions
To further your escape.

Don Carlos
We have found our wand'ring nymph, fir.
Corrigidor.

Was it Porcia ?
Don Carlos.

No, fir, 't was her waiting-woman, Flora ;
Following the chair, wherein they were conveying
Her lady to some other place.

Corrigidor.
We arriv'd luckily ; had we but staid
A moment longer, they had all been fled.

Serjeant.
Will you have us see, fir, who 's i' th' chair ?
Corrigidor.

Forbear, fellow !
Her own folly is punishment enough, [*To Don Carlos.*
'T' a woman of her quality, without
Our adding that of publick shame.

Don Carlos.
'Twas happily thought on, when you oblig'd

Don

Don Henrique to expect us at your house ;
 For had he come, and found his sifter here,
 'T had been impossible to have restrain'd
 His passion from some great extravagance.

Corrigidor.

I cou'd not think it fit to let him come ;
 For one of such a spirit would ne'er brook
 The fight of those had done him these affronts,
 And 's better that a business of this nature,
 Especially 'twixt persons of such quality,
 Should be compos'd, if it were possible,
 By th' mediation of some chosen friends,
 Than brought t' a publick trial of the law ;
 Or, which is worse, some barbarous revenge.

Don Carlos.

This fellow (if I am not mistaken) [*Looking upon Diego.*]
 Is Don Octavio's man.

Corrigidor.

Who do you belong to, friend ?

Diego.

To nobody, fir.

Corrigidor.

Do not you serve ?

Diego.

Yes, fir, but my master is not himself.

Corrigidor.

Take his sword from him, Serjeant.

[*The Serjeant goes to take away his sword.*]

Diego.

Diego disarm'd, by any other hand
 Than by his own ? Know, friend, it is a weapon
 Of such dire execution, that I dare not
 Give it up, but to the hands of justice.

[*The Corrigidor receives the sword, and gives it to
 the hands of his Serjeants.*]

Pray call for 't, fir, as soon as you come home,
 And hang 't up in your hall, then under-write,
 This is bold Diego's sword ; O may it be
 Ever from rust, as 'tis from slaughter, free.

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Corrigidor.

Corrigidor.

Thou art a fellow of a pleasant humour.

Diego.

Faith, fir, I never pain myself for love,
Or fame, or riches; nor do I pretend
To that great faculty of sense, to feel
Before I'm hurt; and for the most part
I keep myself out of harm's way.

Don Carlos.

The definition of a philosopher.

Corrigidor.

Come, leave your fooling, sirrah; where's your master?

Diego.

The only way to leave my fooling, fir,
Is to leave my master; for, without doubt,
Whoever has but the least grain of wit,
Would never serve a lover militant;
He had better wait upon a mountebank,
And be run through the body twice a week
To recommend his balsam.

Corrigidor.

This fellow is an original.

Diego.

But of so ill a hand, I am not worth
The hanging up, fir, in my master's room,
Amongst the worst of your collection.

Enter Serjeants with two Footmen, and two Maid-servants.

Serjeant.

An't please your worship, we have search'd the house,
From the cellars to the garrets, and these
Are all the living cattle we can find.

Corrigidor.

Friends, take a special care of that same varlet,
And the waiting-woman; we'll find a way
To make them tell the truth, I warrant you.

Flora.

O Diego! must we be prisoners together?

Diego.

Why, that's not so bad as the bands of wedlock, Flora.

Corrigidor.

Corrigidor.

Come, let's away; but whether to convey her —
To her own house, certainly were not fit,
Because of her incensed brother.

Don Carlos.

If you approve on't, cousin, I'll carry her
To mine; for since we seek (if possible)
To compose the business, she will be there
With much more decency and satisfaction,
Being in a kinsman's house; and where she'll have
My sister to accompany her.

Corrigidor.

This business cannot be in better hands
Than your's; and there I'll leave it, and bid you
Good-night.

Don Carlos.

Your servant, cousin; I wish you well at home.
You may be pleas'd to take your serjeants with you;

[As the Corrigidor goes out.]

There are without two servants of Don Henrique's,
They'll be enough to guard our prisoners,
And with less notice.

Corrigidor.

Come, Serjeants, follow me.

Don Carlos.

Well, ye may go about your business, friends.

[To the Footmen and Maids.]

I am glad we did not find Octavio here;
For, though I might justly pretend ignorance,
I would not have him suffer, though by chance.

[Exeunt Servants.]

Sancho.

Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,
And, since there is no notice ta'en of me,
I'll fairly steal away, and give my master
An account of this misfortune.

[Exit Sancho.]

Don Carlos.

Take up the chair and follow me. *[They take up the chair.]*

Diego.

A lovely dame they bear; 'tis true, she's something

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Hairy

Hairy about the chin, but that, they say, 's
 A sign of strength : it tickles me to think
 How like an ass he 'll look, when, op'ning the shell,
 His worship finds within so rough a kernel. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E changes to Don Antonio's apartment in
 Don Henrique's house.

Enter Don Antonio and Porcia.

Don Antonio.

Madam, banish your fear, you are now safe
 Within these walls ; be pleas'd to remain here,
 Till I shall bring some lights, and acquaint Porcia
 With th' honour she 'll receive, in entertaining
 So fair a guest.

Porcia.

Who is 't you say you will advertise, sir ?

Don Antonio.

My wife Porcia ; have but a little patience,
 And she 'll attend you, madam. [*Exit Antonio.*

Porcia.

Is her name Porcia too ? Pray Heaven send her
 A better fate than her distressed name's-sake.
 But whither am I brought ? What house is this ?
 What with my fears, and darkness of the night,
 I have lost all my measures, I can't guess
 What quarter of the town it is w' are in ;
 For to avoid the meeting with my brother,
 And his revengeful train, we have been forc'd
 To make so many turnings, I am giddy.
 But, thanks to providence, I have this comfort,
 That now I 'm in a place out of his reach.

*Enter Don Antonio with two lights, and sets them on the
 table.*

Don Antonio.

Madam, my wife will suddenly attend you ;
 Pardon, I pray, my absence for a moment. [*Exit Antonio.*

Porcia.

Now I begin to hope my sighs and tears
 Have in some measure with just Heaven prevail'd

At

At length to free me—But what do I see!

[Looking about her she starts.]

Am I awake, or is it an illusion?
 Bless me, is not this my brother's house? this
 The quarter joining to my own apartment?
 There is no room for doubt; and my misfortunes
 Are always certain, and without redress.
 Unerring Powers, arbiters of fate,
 Teach me my crimes, and how to expiate
 Your wrath: Alas, I know not what I have done,
 To merit this continued persecution!
 But how came I here? brought by Octavio's friend,
 One on whose virtue I did so rely,
 That I my brother's malice durst defy.
 Can he betray me? sure I'm in a dream.
 But if Octavio—O vile suspicion!
 Octavio false? No, truth and he are one.
 'Tis possible his friend may guilty be;
 But to what end so base a treachery?
 And, if perfidious, how could he be his friend?
 I am confounded with the various forms
 Of my misfortunes, heighten'd still the more,
 The less I can their hidden cause explore.
 This only's evident, that I must fly
 Immediately this fatal place. But why
 Struggle I thus with fate? since, go or stay,
 Death seems alike to wait me every way.

[She weeps.]

Enter Don Antonio and Camilla.

Camilla.

I wonder much what lady this can be
 Antonio mentions.

[Aside.]

Don Antonio.

Pardon, I beseech you, madam, the liberty
 Which I so early take; but I presume
 Such is your generous tenderness to those
 Whose spiteful fortunes, not their fault, has brought
 Into distress, that you will think yourself
 Oblig'd to him who gives you the occasion
 T' exercise those virtues which only visit

Others, but reside with you.—This fair lady—
 But she will best relate her own sad story,
 Whilst I seek out Don Henrique, and engage him
 To employ his power and int'rest for her service.

[Exit Don Antonio.

[Upon Camilla's approach Porcia takes the handkerchief from her eyes.

Camilla.

Ha; what 's that I see? Stay, stay, Antonio,

[She runs after Antonio.

It is not fit Don Henrique—but he's gone,
 And we are lost for ever.

Porcia.

O heavens! is this Antonio, the same man
 To whom I am betroth'd? then my destruction
 Is inevitable.

Camilla.

Are you an apparition; or are you
 Porcia herself? speak; that when y' have said it thrice,
 I may not yet believe you.

Porcia.

You well may doubt even what you see, Camilla,
 Since my disasters are so new and strange,
 They sever truth from credibility.

Camilla.

How is it possible you should be here?

Porcia.

I know not how; only of this I'm sure,
 I have not long to expect the dismal end
 Of my sad tragedy; since 'tis evident,
 The person that hath led me to this place,
 This fatal place, is the abus'd Antonio;
 Who has conspir'd with my unnatural brother
 To take away my wretched life, and chose
 This scene as fittest for their cruelty.
 And thus, strange fate! (through ignorance betray'd)
 I have sought protection from the same party
 Whom I have injur'd; and have made my husband
 Th' only confident of his own affront;
 Who, to accomplish his too just revenge,

As well upon my family as person,
Gives me up to be murder'd by my brother.
So, whilst I 'm branded as a faithless bride,
He 'll be detested as a parricide.

Camilla.

Prodigious accident! but wer't thou blind,
Not to know thine own house, unhappy Portia?

Portia.

Alas, how could I, in so dark a night,
In such confusion, and so full of fear?
Besides, he brought me in by the back way,
Through his own quarter, where was neither light,
Nor any creature of the family.

Camilla.

Although I cannot comprehend the steps
Of this your strange adventure, yet, dear cousin,
Your case, as I conceive, is not so desperate.

Portia.

We easily persuade ourselves to hope
The things we wish. But, cousin, my condition
Will not admit self-flattery, and what
Can you propose to temper my despair?

Camilla.

Don't you remember, how this afternoon
Antonio's man, finding me in your quarter
Without a veil, you having put on mine,
That he applied himself to me, and I,
By your command, assum'd your person?

Portia.

Yes, very well.

Camilla.

The master since has, by the man's mistake,
Been happily led into the same error:
I have not disabus'd him yet, in hopes
It might produce advantage to us both.

Portia.

Oh! he has spoken with my brother since,
Who sure has undeceiv'd him long ere this.
No, without doubt, they, having found themselves
Affronted both, have both conspir'd my death.

Camilla.

How, cousin, can that be, if Don Antonio
Has engag'd himself in your protection,
And is Octavio's friend?

Porcia.

Cousin, if you impartially reflect
On the affront which I have done Antonio,
You will not wonder much, if he recede
From the scarce-trodden path of rigid honour,
To meet with his revenge; and to that end
Proceeds thus cautelously; still pretending
He knows not me; that he may not disavow,
Both to Octavio and to all the world,
Th' infamy of betraying a poor maid
To loss of life and honour.

Camilla.

Misfortunes make you rave; this vile suspicion
Is inconsistent with Antonio's fame;
You may as well believe, that nature will
Reverse the order of the whole creation,
As that Antonio, a man whose soul
Is of so strong and perfect a complexion,
Should e'er descend to such a slavish sin. [*Spoken with heat.*
And if we had the leisure, I could give you
Such reasons to convince you of your error,
That you would both acknowledge and repent it.

Porcia.

Alas! I had forgot her near concerns
For Antonio. [*Aside.*] Pardon and pity me, Camilla;
My mind is so distracted by afflictions,
I know not what I shou'd, or shou'd not fear.

Camilla.

I pity thee with all my heart; but, cousin,
If Antonio, not knowing you, nor your
Relations, should chance to find your brother,
And tell him unawares all that has pass'd,
And that h'as brought the distress'd party hither,
He'll presently imagine it is you;
And then, I fear, 't will be impossible
(Though he should interpose with all his power)

To

To stop the torrent, or divert his rage
From breaking in, and executing on us
That horrid parricide, which, though too late,
It may be he himself would exacrate

Porcia.

There 's too much ground for what you fear, Camilla;
But if I could secure myself this night,
'Tis very possible, that to-morrow
We might engage Antonio and your brother
To find out some expedient to relieve me.

Camilla.

Were you only in pain for your security
This night, I know an easy remedy
For that.

Porcia.

Which way, my dearest?

Camilla.

Why, what does hinder us from making use,
On this occasion, of the secret door,
By which, you know, you have so often pass'd
Into your house, upon more pleasing errands?
By this we shall obtain these benefits,
Safety from your brother's present fury,
And time to try if Carlos and Antonio
May be engag'd to mediate in this business.
And I have cause to think you will not find
Antonio so implacable as you
Imagine.

Porcia.

I conceive you, cousin: fool that I was,
To think a heart once conquer'd by your eyes,
Should e'er become another virgin's prize!

Enter Don Antonio.

Don Antonio.

So late! a guest in 's house! that 's come so far!
On such a business! and not yet come home!
There 's something in 't I cannot comprehend.
Madam, I ha' n't as yet found out your brother,
But sure it will not be long ere he return;

[Aside.]

Then

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Then I'll acquaint him with the accident
Has made his house this lady's sanctuary

Portia.

Here is a glimpse of comfort, for I see
He takes my cousin for Don Henrique's sister. [*Aside.*
O bless'd mistake, so luckily continu'd!

Camilla.

I am, by his permission, mistress here;
And since that I am pleas'd, sir, 'tis enough,
Without our troubling him with the account
Of her sad story.

Don Antonio.

True, madam, as to her reception here;
But yet 't were very fit he knew it too,
That we might serve ourselves of his advice
And credit, for this lady's service.

Enter Don Henrique.

Don Henrique.

Though I did promise the Corrigidor
Not to stir from his house till his return,
Yet I could not obtain it of myself;
I'm so impatient to unfold the riddle
Of Don Antonio's seeing of my sister,
And entertaining her in her own lodgings,
I shall not now be long i' th' dark.—O heavens!

[*He sees her.*

'Tis she herself, and Camilla with her.
Were all my servants mad; or all agreed
T' abuse me in affirming she was fled?
But Don Carlos, was he mad too, to swear
That he had trac'd her to another house?
Certainly I or they must be possess'd;
Or some enchantment reigns within these walls.

Don Antonio.

O here comes Don Henrique, now I'll acquaint him
With your sad story, madam.

Camilla.

I fear we are undone.

Don

Don Antonio.

Don Henrique—

Porcia.

I'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder him—

Don Antonio.

Here 's a lady with your sister Porcia—

Don Henrique.

Yes, fir, I see who 'tis.

Don Antonio.

Since you know her, fir, you will the easier
Excuse my boldness.

Don Henrique.

Boldness! in what, fir?

Don Antonio.

To have been th' occasion of your finding her
Here, with your sister, at this time o' th' night.

Don Henrique.

Lord, fir, what do you mean?

Don Antonio.

There was in truth such a necessity in it,
That 't will, I hope, excuse my humble suit to you,
In her's and my behalf.

Porcia.

Now all comes out.

Don Henrique.

I understand you, fir; she does desire
To pass this night with Porcia, to assist her
In th' ordering of her nuptial ceremonies:
Let her stay a God's name.

Porcia.

If he does not dissemble, my condition
Is not so desperate as I imagin'd.

[*Aside.*

Don Antonio.

I hope you 'll pardon this great liberty;
So early a confidence will need it, fir.

Don Henrique.

'Tis more than enough, that you desire it;
Th' occasion too does justify her stay.

Don Antonio.

'Tis most true, fir, th' occasion did inforce me

Thus

Thus boldly to presume upon your friendship.

Don Henrique.

Ha' done, for Heaven's sake; is it a novelty,
Think you, for Porcia and her cousin-german
To pass a night together?

Don Antonio.

Is she so near a kinswoman of his?
Strange inadvertence in her, not to tell me
Her relation to him, when I nam'd him first.
I'd made fine work on 't, had I told him all.

Don Henrique.

She knows I owe her many a good turn
Upon Octavio's score, and hope ere long
To be able to repay her to the full.

*[Looking on the ladies, and spoken aside, that
Antonio might not hear him.]*

Porcia.

Can he declare his mind in plainer terms?

Camilla.

I cannot tell which of us two he means,
These words may be applied to either of us;
But I begin to fear that he knows all.

Don Henrique.

Since 'tis so late, pray give the ladies leave
To retire to their chambers; go in, sister.

Don Antonio.

My brother's words and his behaviour
Imply some mystery; but I must be silent:
Till I discover more.

[Aside.]

Porcia.

Let us be gone, w' are lost if we stay here;
I'm confident he counterfeits this calm
To cover his revenge, until Antonio
And the rest of the house are gone to bed.

Camilla.

But we shall ne'er be able to get out,
Whilst they continue in the outward rooms.

Porcia.

Yes, by the garden door, but I'm afraid
'Tis shut.

Camilla.

Camilla.

No, now I think on 't, Flora went that way,
And left it open.

Porcia.

Come, let 's be gone; I hope Heaven will ordain
Ease by that door, which first let in my pain.

[Exeunt Porcia and Camilla.]

Don Antonio.

I 'll only make a step, fir, to my chamber,
And then return to you immediately.

Don Henrique.

Pray, fir, give me leave to wait on you.

Don Antonio.

I humbly thank you, fir; I know the way,
And shall not stay above a moment from you.

Don Henrique.

What you please, fir; you command here.

Don Antonio.

I 'll now go see whether my servant Sancho
Has brought Octavio to my lodgings,
As I directed him.

[Exit Don Antonio.]

Don Henrique.

Heavens! was there ever so strange a mystery!
Don Carlos he affirm'd that those we fought with
Had convey'd Porcia away; and when I come
To seek her in the house, I find her missing;
To second this, her waiting-woman, Flora,
Tells me that she went down, about that time,
Into the garden; Antonio, not long after,
Affirms that he both saw and entertain'd her
In her own apartment, where I now find her,
And Camilla with her: What can this be?
These sure are riddles to pose an Oedipus;
But if, by my own sense, I am assur'd
My honour 's safe, which was so much in doubt,
What matter is it how 'tis brought about?

A C T V. S C E N E Don Carlos's house.

Enter Diego, Flora, and Pedro, accompanying the chair, groping as it's dark.

Pedro.

DAME Flora, and Signior Diego, go in there.
And you, my friends, set down the chair, and let
The lady out: go, there's money for you.
I'll go fetch a candle.

[Diego and Flora go in, and the chair being set in the door, Octavio goes out into the room; Pedro claps to the door, and goes away.]

Enter Don Octavio, Diego, Flora, at another door.

Don Octavio.

What! put in all alone here it's dark,
[Groping as in the dark.]
And the door shut upon me! Diego, Flora!

Diego.

Here am I, sir, and Mistress Flora too,
Unless my sense of feeling fails me.

Don Octavio.

I can't conjecture where we are; I durst not
So much as peep out of the chair, since Flora
Gave me the warning; but where'er I am,
'Tis better far than in the serjeants' hands.

Flora.

Though now it's dark, I know well where we are;
I have too often walk'd the streets, Octavio,
From your house hither, upon Cupid's errands,
Not to know the back-door of Carlos his
Apartment, 'tis there I am sure w'are now.

Don Octavio.

Curse on thee, Flora! had'st thou lost thy wits,
Not to let me know it sooner?

Diego.

A gypsy told me by my palm, long since,
A four-fac'd damsel should be my undoing.

Flora.

Flora.

Suspend a while your apprehensions, fir ;
You may escape before the candles come ;
The door was wont to open on this side ;
If not, I have another way in store.

[Octavio goes to the door.

Don Octavio.

Flora, I cannot make the lock go back.

[Pedro unlocks it on the other side, and coming in with a candle, meets with Octavio, and starting back and stumbling, lets the candle fall, then running out again, double-locks the door.

Diego.

Nay then, 'faith w' are fast ; I heard him give
The key a double turn. *[Diego takes up the candle.*
Here 's a fair trial for your maiden breath ;
Flora, blow 't in again, let 's owe your mouth
More light, than yet your eyes could e'er impart.

Flora.

Light 's cast away on such an owl as you ;
But yet I 'll try. *[Flora blows the candle in.*

Diego.

Thanks, gentle Flora, to your virgin puff ;
'Tis a strong breath that can o'ercome a snuff. *[Aside.*
But I had rather 't had been let alone :
If I must needs be kill'd, unless it were
Behind my back, I 'd have it i' the dark ;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own presence.

Don Octavio.

What must we do, Flora ? all my hope 's in you.

Flora.

W' have yet some room for hope ; there 's a back-stairs
Beyond that inner chamber, which goes down
Into the garden ; if the door be open,
As certainly it is, the way is easy.

Don Octavio.

Come, let 's lose no time ; pr'ythee guide us, Flora.
[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Don Henrique's house.

Enter Don Henrique.

Don Henrique.

As well pleas'd as I am, to find my honour
Less desperate than I thought, I cannot rest
Till I have drawn from Porcia a confession
Of the whole truth, before she goes to-bed ;
She 's in her chamber now, unless by new
Enchantments carried thence.

[*As he is going towards Porcia's chamber,*
Enter Don Carlos in haste.

Don Carlos.

I can't imagine what should make Don Henrique
Quit the Corridor's till we return'd :
One of his servants tells me he 's come home.
O, here he is—Now shall I raise a storm,
Which (if we do not take a special care)
Will scarce b' allay'd without a shower of blood ;
Yet I must venture't, since it so imports
Our friendship and the honour of our house. [*Afide.*
Happiness is such a stranger to mankind,

[*Addressing to Henrique.*

That, like to forc'd motion, it is ever strongest
At the first setting out, then, languishing
With time, grows weary of our company ;
But to misfortunes we so subject are,
That like to natural motion they acquire
More force in their progression.

Don Henrique.

What means this philosophical preamble ?

Don Carlos.

You 'll know too soon, I fear.

Don Henrique.

Don Carlos, I am now so well recover'd
From all m' inquietudes, that for the future
I dare defy the malice of my stars

To caufe a new relapfe into diftemper.

Don Carlos.

Coufin, I 'm much surpriz'd with this great change :
 But fince y' are fuch a mafter of your paffions,
 I'll spare my ethicks, and proceed to give you
 In fhort the narrative of our fuccefs.
 Our worthy kinfman the Corrigidor,
 Forward to ferve you in th' affair I mention'd,
 Was pleas'd to go along with me in perfon,
 With a ftrong band of ferjeants, to the place
 Where I, attended by your fervants, led him.
 Coufin, 'twas there ;—(it wounds my heart to fpeak it ;
 And I conjure you fummon all your patience—)
 'Twas there I found——

Don Henrique.

Whom, coufin, did you find ? for, fince I'm fure
 You found no Porcia there, my concernments
 In your difcoveries are not very likely
 To difcompose me.

Don Carlos.

I would to Heaven we had not found her there.

Don Henrique.

What's that you fay, Don Carlos ? My fifter there !

Don Carlos.

Yes, fir, your fifter.

Don Henrique.

My fifter ? that's good, i'faith ; ha, ha, ha.

Don Carlos.

Why do you laugh ? Is the difhonour of
 Our family become a laughing matter ?
 This is a worfe extreme, methinks, than t' other.

Don Henrique.

How can I chufe but laugh, to fee you dream ?
 Awake, for Heaven's fake ; and recall your fenses.
 Porcia there, faid you ?

Don Carlos.

Yes, fir, Porcia, I fay ; your fifter Porcia ;
 And, which is more, 't was in Octavio's houfe.

Don Henrique.

Why fure, y' are not in earneft, coufin ?

Don Carlos.

As sure as y' are alive, I found her there.

Don Henrique.

Then you transport me, fir, beyond all patience :
Why, cousin, if she has been still at home,
Antonio seen and entertain'd her here,
Accompany'd by Camilla ; if even now
I left them there within ; is 't possible
You should have found her in Octavio's house ?
To be here and there too at the same time,
None sure but Janus with his double face
Can e'er unfold this mystery.

Don Carlos.

Let me advise you, abuse not yourself ;
I tell you positively, I found her there :
And, by the same token, her waiting-woman
Flora was there attending her.

Don Henrique.

Flora ! dear cousin, do not still persist
Thus to affirm impossibilities.

Don Carlos.

Sure you are making some experiment
Upon my temper ; and would fain provoke
My patience to some such high disorder,
'That I should ne'er hereafter have the face,
When you are in your fits, to play the stoick.

Don Henrique.

Cousin, I swear to you, upon my honour,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I did speak with Porcia and your sifter,
In that very apartment, and am now
Returning to them in my sifter's chamber.

Don Carlos.

And, fir, I swear to you, upon my honour,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I left Porcia carrying in a chair
From Don Octavio's house, and your man Pedro
Leading the chair-men to mine, and follow'd
By Flora ; whilst I came to find you out,
To acquaint you with this displeasing news,

But

But fit for you to know as soon as might be.

Don Henrique.

This question, cousin, may be soon decided ;
Pray come along, her chamber 's not far off.

Don Carlos.

And my house but the next door ; let 's go thither.

Don Henrique.

You 'll quickly find your error, cousin.

Don Carlos.

And you 'll as soon be undeceiv'd—but stay,
Here comes your servant, whom I left to guard her ;
He 'll instantly convince you of the truth.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro.

O fir !——

Don Henrique.

What brings you hither, Pedro ?

Pedro.

Give me my albricias ⁶ ; fir, I bring you
The rarest news, your enemy Octavio—
I'm quite out of breath——

Don Henrique.

What does the varlet mean ?

Pedro.

Sir, I suppose Don Carlos has inform'd you,
That he left me to see your sister Porcia,
With Flora and Diego, Octavio's man,
Safely convey'd t' his house.

Don Carlos.

See now, Don Henrique, who was i' the right.

Pedro.

I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into Don Carlos's anti-chamber,
Porcia in the same chair which brought her thither ;
And, for more safety, double-lock'd the door,
Whilst I went down in haste to fetch some candles.

⁶ *albricias,*] a reward or gratuity given to one that brings good news.
Stevens's Spanish Dictionary.

Don Henrique.

As sure as death this madness is infectious ;
My man is now in one of Carlos's fits.

Pedro.

Returning with some lights a moment after,
I no sooner open'd the door, but, heavens !
Who should I see there, standing just before me,
In the self-same place where I left Porcia,
But Octavio, your enemy Octavio.

Don Henrique.

Here is some witchcraft, sure ; what can this mean ?

Pedro.

Amaz'd at this sight, I let the candle fall ;
And clapp'd the door to, then double-lock'd it,
And brought away the key.

Don Carlos.

But how could he get in, if you be sure
You lock'd the door when you went out for lights ?

Pedro.

I know not whether he was there before,
Or got in after ; but of this I 'm sure,
That there I have him now, and safe enough.

Don Henrique.

Let 's not, Don Carlos, now perplex ourselves
With needless circumstances, when, and how ;
Those queries are too phlegmatic for me ;
If the beast be i' th' toil, it is enough ;
Let us go seize him ; for he must die,

Enter Don Antonio.

Don Antonio.

Pray, brother, what unhappy man is he,
Whom you so positively doom to death ?
I have a sword to serve you, in all occasions
Worthy of you and me.

Don Henrique.

His intervening, Carlos, is unlucky ;
How shall we behave ourselves towards him
In this business, so unfit for his knowledge ?

Don

Don Carlos.

Cousin, you should consider with yourself

[Carlos draws Henrique aside.]

What answer to return him ; he 's not a man
To be put off with any slight pretences ;
Nor yet to be engag'd in such an action,
As bears th' appearance rather of brutality
Than true honour : you know Antonio needs
No fresh occasions to support his name :
Who dangers seek, are indigent of fame.

Don Henrique.

I beg your patience, sir, but for one word
With this gentleman, my friend.

[Don Henrique addresses himself to Don Antonio.]

Don Antonio.

I 'll attend your leisure.

I find my coming has disorder'd 'em, *[Aside.]*
There's something they would 'fain conceal from me ;
All here is discompos'd, whate'er 's the matter.

Don Henrique.

I am a rogue if I know what to do.

Don Carlos.

Since the event 's so dangerous and doubtful,
'Tis best, in my opinion, sir, to temporize.

Don Henrique.

How easily men get the name of wife !
To fear t' engage, is call'd to temporize :
Sure fear and courage cannot be the same,
Yet th' are confounded by a specious name ;
And I must tamely suffer, because fools
Are rul'd by nice distinctions of the schools.
How I hate such cold complexions !

[He stamps.]

Don Carlos.

Why so transported ? as if vehemence
Were for your passion an approv'd defence.

Don Henrique.

Who condemns passions, nature he arraigns.

Don Carlos.

'Th' are useful succours, when they serve in chains ;
But he who throws the bridle on their necks,
From a good cause, will produce ill effects.

Don

Don Henrique.

Be th' effects what they will, I am resolv'd.
I doubt not of your kind concurrence, fir,

[*Addressing to Don Antonio.*

In all the near concernments of a person
Ally'd to you as I am; but, noble brother,
It were against the laws of hospitality
And civil breeding, to engage a guest
(Newly arriv'd after so long a journey)
In an occasion where there may be danger.

Don Antonio.

If such be the occasion, I must then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a sword,
Which must not be excluded from your service;
I'm sure you are too noble to employ your's
In any cause not justify'd by honour.

Don Henrique.

Though with regret, I see, fir, I must yield
To your excess of generosity,
This only I shall say, to satisfy
Your just reflections; that my resentments
Are grounded on affronts of such a nature,
That, as nothing but the offender's life
Can e'er repair 'em, so as to the forms
Of taking my revenge, they can't admit
Of the least scruple.

Don Antonio.

Honour's my standard, and 'tis true, that I
Had rather fall, than blush for victory;
But you are such a judge of honour's laws,
That 't were injurious to suspect your cause.
Allow me, fir, th' honour to lead the way.

[*Exeunt Don Antonio and Don Henrique.*

Don Carlos,

If Porcia be there too (as I believe)
'T will prove, I fear, a fatal tragedy;
But should she not be there, yet 'tis too much
For such a heart as mine, through ignorance
To have betray'd a gentleman, though faulty,
Into such cruel hands. I must go with them;

But

But so resolv'd, as in this bloody strife,
I'll save my honour, or I'll lose my life. [*Exit Carlos.*]

SCENE changes to Don Carlos's House.

Enter Don Othavio, Diego, and Flora with a candle.

Flora.

O th' unluckiness! I vow t' you, fir,
I have scarce known that door e'er lock'd before.

Don Othavio.

There 's no remedy, Flora; I am now
At the mercy of my enemies.

Diego.

Having broken into another's ground,
'Tis just, i' faith, you should be put i' th' pound.

Don Othavio.

The tide of my ill fate is swoln so high,
'T will not admit increase of misery;
Since, amongst all the curses, there is none
So wounds the spirit as privation:
For 'tis not where we lie, but whence we fell;
The loss of heav'n's the greatest pain in hell.
When I had fail'd the doubtful course of love,
Had safely gain'd my port, and, far above
My hopes, the precious treasure had secur'd,
For which so many storms I had endur'd,
To be so soon from this great blessing torn,
That 's hard to say, if 'twere first dead or born,
May doubtless seem such a transcendent curse,
That even the Fates themselves could do no worse;
Yet this I bore with an erected face,
Since fortune, not my fault, caus'd my disgrace;
But now my eyes unto the earth are bent,
Conscious of meriting this punishment:
For trusting a fond maid's officious care,
My life and honour 's taken in this snare;
And thus I perish on this unseen shelf,
Pursu'd by fate, and false unto myself.
Flora, when I am dead, I pray present [*He pulls out his tablets.*]
These tablets to your lady, there she 'll find

My

My last request, with reasons which I give,
That for my sake she would vouchsafe to live.
Give me the candle, Flora.

[*Osavio sets the candle on a table, and sits down
to write in his tablets.*

Diego.

A double curse upon all love in earnest,
All constant love; 'tis still accompany'd
With strange disasters; or else ends in that
Which is the worst of all disasters, marriage.

Flora.

Sure you could wish that every body living
Had such a soul of quicksilver as your's,
That can fix no where.

Diego.

Why, 't would not be the worse for you, dear Flora,
You then might hope in time to have your turn,
As well as those who have much better faces.

Flora.

You, I presume, sir, would be one o' th' latest
Which I should hear of; yet 'tis possible
That one might see you before you should be
Welcome.

Diego.

She has wit and good-humour, excellent
Ingredients to pass away the time;
And I have kindness for her person too;
But that will end with marriage, and possibly
Her good-humour; for I have seldom known
The husband and the wife make any musick,
Though when asunder they can play their parts.
Well, friend Diego, I advise you to look
Before you leap, for if you should be coupled
To a yoke, instead of a yoke-fellow,
'Tis likely you may wear it to your grave.
Yet, honest Diego, now I think on 't better,
Your dancing and your vaulting days are done;
Faith, all your pleasures are three stories high,
They are come up to your mouth; you are now

For

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For ease and eating, the only joys of life ;
And there 's no cook, nor dry-nurse, like a wife.

Don Octavio.

Here, take my tablets, Flora ; sure they 'll spare
Thy life for thy sex's fake. But for poor Diego—

Diego.

Why, sir, they 'll never offer to kill me,
There 's nothing in the world I hate like death.

Don Octavio.

Since death 's the passage to eternity,
To be for ever happy, we must die.

Diego.

'Tis very true ; but most that die would live,
If to themselves they could new leases give.

Don Octavio.

We must possess our souls with such indifference,
As not to wish nor fear to part from hence.

Diego.

The first I may pretend to, for I swear
I do not wish to part ; 'tis true, I fear.

Don Octavio.

Fear ! why, death 's only cruel when she flies,
And will not deign to close the weeping eyes.

Diego.

That is a cruelty I can forgive,
For I confess, I'm not afraid to live.

Don Octavio.

We shall still live, though 'tis by others' breath,
By our good fame, which is secur'd by death.

Diego.

But we shall catch such colds, sir, under ground,
That we shall never hear fame's trumpet sound.

Don Octavio.

'Tis but returning, when from hence we go,
As rivers to their mother-ocean flow.

Diego.

We know our names and channels whilst w' are here,
W' are swallow'd in that dark abyfs when there.

Don Octavio.

Ingulph'd in endless joys and perfect rest,
Unchangeable, i' th' center of the blest'd.

Diego.

Diego.
Hark, I hear a noise— [*The noise of the opening of a door.*
[*Diego runs to the door, looks into the next room,*
then comes running to Octavio.

Diego.
O fir, w' are lost; I see two female giants
Coming most terribly upon us.

Don Octavio.
Away, you fearful fool—
Enter Camilla and Porcia, the one with a key, the other
with a candle.

Porcia.
I 'm confident nobody saw us pass
From th' other house.

Camilla.
However, let us go through my brother's quarter,
And open the back-door into the street;
'Tis good in all events t' have a retreat
More ways than one.

[A door claps behind, and both look back.]

Porcia.
O heavens, our passage is cut off!
The wind has shut the door through which we came.

Camilla.
The accident 's unlucky; 'tis a spring lock,
That opens only on the other side.

Porcia.
Let 's on the faster, and make sure of th' other—
[Seeing Octavio, she starts.]
Octavio here!— *[Octavio hearing them, starts up.]*

Don Octavio,
Porcia in this place! may I trust my senses,
Or does my fancy form these chimeras?

Diego.
Either we sleep, and dream extravagantly,
Or else the fairies govern in this house.

[Flora runs to Porcia.]

Flora.
Ah, dearest mistress! you shall never make me

Quit

Quit you so again.

Porcia.

But can that be Octavio ?

Don Octavio.

I was Octavio, but I am at present
So much astonish'd, I am not myself.

Camilla.

What can the meaning of this vision be ?

[Don Octavio approaches Porcia.]

Don Octavio.

My dearest Porcia, how is 't possible
To find you in this place, my friend Antonio
Having so generously undertaken
Your protection ?

Porcia.

Did he not your's so too ? and yet I find
Octavio here, where he is more expos'd
Than I, to certain ruin ; I am loth
To say 'tis he who has betray'd us both.

Don Octavio.

Antonio false ? It is impossible.

Diego.

'Tis but too evident.

Don Octavio.

Peace, slave ; he is my noble friend, of noble blood,
Whose fame 's above the level of those tongues
That bark by custom at the brightest virtues,
As dogs do at the moon.

Porcia.

How hard it is for virtue to suspect !
Ah, Octavio ! we have been both deceiv'd ;
This vile Antonio is the very man
To whom my brother, without my consent
Or knowledge, has contracted me in Flanders.

Don Octavio.

Antonio the man to whom you are contracted ?
Porcia the bride whom he is come to marry ?

Porcia.

The very same.

Don Othavio.

Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner ?

Porcia.

Alas, I have not seen you since I knew it ;
But those few hours such wonders have produc'd,
As exceed all belief ; and ask more time
Than your unsafe condition, in this place,
Will allow me, to make you comprehend it.

Camilla.

Cousin, I cannot blame your apprehensions,
Nor your suspicion of Antonio's friendship ;
But I am so possess'd with the opinion
Of his virtue, I shall as soon believe
Impossibilities as his apostacy
From honour.

Don Othavio.

What's her concernment in Antonio, Porcia ?

Porcia.

O, that's the strangest part of our sad story,
And which requires most time to let you know it.

[A blaze of light appears at the window, and a noise without.]

See, Flora, at the window, what's that light
And noise we hear.

[Flora goes to the window.]

Flora.

O madam, we are all undone ; I see
Henrique, Carlos, and their servants, with torches,
All coming hither ; and, which is wonderful,
Antonio leading them with his sword drawn.

Camilla.

Thou dream'st, distracted wench ; Antonio false !
It is impossible —

[Camilla runs to the window, and turning back, says :
All she has said is in appearance true ;
There is some hidden mystery which thus
Abuses us ; for I shall ne'er believe
Antonio can transgress the rules of friendship.

Don Othavio.

Friendship's a specious name, made to deceive
Those whose good-nature tempts them to believe ;

The

The traffick of good offices 'mongst friends,
 Moves from ourselves, and in ourselves it ends.
 When competition brings us to the test,
 Then we find friendship is self-interest.

Porcia.

Ye Pow'rs above! what pleasure can ye take
 To persecute submitting innocence?

Don Octavio,

Retire, dear Porcia, to that inner room;
 For should thy cruel brother find thee here,
 He 's so revolted from humanity,
 He 'll mingle thine with my impurer blood:

Porcia.

That were a kind of contract; let him come;
 We 'll meet at once marriage and martyrdom.

Don Octavio.

Soul of my life, retire.

Porcia:

I will not leave you.

Don Octavio.

Thou preserv'st me by saving of thyself;
 For they can murder only half of me,
 Whilst that my better part survives in thee:

Porcia.

I will die too, Octavio, to maintain,
 That different causes form the same effects:
 'Tis courage in you men, love in our sex.

Don Octavio.

Though souls no sexes have, when w' are above,
 If we can know each other, we may love.

Porcia.

I'll meet you there above, here, take my word.

[Don Octavio takes her hand and kisses it.]

This Porcia knows the way of joining souls,
 As well as th' other when she swallow'd coals.

*[They retire to the other room, Porcia leaning on
 Camilla, and Octavio waits on them to the door.]*

Diego.

Nay if y' are good at that, the devil takes
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The hindmost ; 'tis for your sake, fair Flora,

[Taking Flora by the hand.]

I shun these honourable occasions.

Having no weapon, sir, 'tis fit that I

March off with the baggage.

[Turning to Don Octavio.]

[Exeunt Diego and Flora.]

Don Octavio.

I'm now upon the frontiers of this life,

There's but one step to immortality ;

And, since my cruel fortune has allow'd me

No other witness of my tragick end,

But a false friend and barbarous enemy,

I'll leave my genius to inform the world,

My life and death was uniform ; as I

Liv'd firm to love and honour, so I die. *[Draws his sword.]*

Look down, ye spirits above ; for if there be

A fight on earth worthy of you to see,

'Tis a brave man, pursu'd by unjust hate,

Bravely contending with his adverse fate.

[Waving his sword.]

Stay till this heaven-born soul puts off her earth,

And she'll attend ye to her place of birth.

Enter Don Antonio, Don Henrique, Don Carlos, and Pedro, their swords drawn, Don Antonio before the rest.

Don Antonio.

Where is the man whose insolence and folly

Has so misled him to affront my friend ?

Don Octavio.

Here is the man thou seek'st, and he whom thou
So basely hast betray'd.

Don Antonio.

Oh heavens ! what is 't I see ? it is Octavio,
My friend.

Don Octavio.

Not thy friend, Antonio, but 'tis Octavio,

Who by thy perfidy has been betray'd

To this forlorn condition ; but, vile man,

Thou now shalt pay thy treachery with thy life.

[Don Octavio makes at Don Antonio.]

Don

Don Antonio.

Hold Octavio, though thy injurious error
May transport thee, it shall not me, beyond
The bounds of honour; Heaven knows I thought
Of nothing less than what I find, Octavio
In this place.

Don Henrique.

What pause is this, Antonio? All your fervour
In the concernments of a brother-in-law,
Reduc'd to a tame party with our enemy?
Do all the promises you have made to me,
T' assist my just revenge, conclude in this?

Don Octavio.

Do all the promises you have made to me,
T' assist my virtuous love, conclude in this?

Don Henrique.

Where is your wonted bravery? where your kindness
To such a near ally?

Don Octavio.

Where is your former honour? where your firmness
To such an ancient friend?

Don Antonio.

What course shall my distracted honour steer,
Betwixt these equal opposite engagements? [Aside.]

Don Henrique.

What, demour still? nay then I'll right myself.

[Don Henrique makes at Don Octavio, Don Antonio
turns on Don Octavio's side.]

Don Antonio.

Who attacks Octavio must pass through me.

Don Carlos.

I must lay hold on this occasion. [Aside.]
Good cousin, I conjure you to restrain
Your passion for a while; there lies conceal'd
Some mystery in this, which, once unfolded,
May reconcile this difference.

Don Henrique.

Sweetly propos'd, sir; an accommodation!
Think'st thou my anger's like a fire of straw,
Only to blaze and then expire in smoke?

I 2

Think'st

Think'st thou I can forget my name and nation,
 And barter for revenge when honour bleeds ?
 His life must pay this insolence, or mine.

[He makes at Don Oſavio again, Don Antonio interpoſes.

Don Antonio.

Mine must protect his, or else perish with him.

Don Henrique.

Since neither faith nor friendship can prevail,
 'Tis time to try what proof you are, Antonio,
 Against your own near interest : know that the man,
 Whom you protect against my just revenge,
 Has seconded his insolence to me
 By foul attempts upon my sister's honour ;
 Your Porcia's, sir ; if this will not enflame you—

[Don Antonio turns from Don Oſavio, and beholds him with a stern countenance.

Don Oſavio.

How ! I attempt your sister's honour, Henrique ?

[Don Antonio turns, and looks sternly upon Don Henrique.

The parent of your black designs, the devil,
 Did ne'er invent a more malicious falsehood ;
 'Tis true, that I have serv'd the virtuous Porcia,
 With such devotion, and such spotless love,
 That, though unworthy, yet she has been pleas'd
 To recompense my passion with esteem ;

[Don Antonio turns, and looks sternly upon Don Oſavio.

By which she has so chain'd me to her service,
 That here I vow either to live her prize,
 Or else in death to fall love's sacrifice.

Don Antonio.

O heavens ! what's that I hear ? thou blessed angel,
 Guardian of my honour, I now implore
 Thy powerful assistance, to preserve
 That reputation, which I hitherto
 By virtuous actions have maintain'd unblemish'd.
 In vain, Don Henrique, you design to change

[He pauses a little, and rubs his forehead.

My resolutions : it must ne'er be said,
 That passion could return Antonio
 From the strict rules of honour. Sir, I tell you

Nothing

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Nothing can make me violate my first
Engagement.

Don Henrique.

Nay then, thou shalt die too, perfidious man ;
Ho ! Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido !

*Enter Geraldo, Pedro, and Leonido, with their swords
drawn ; they join with Don Henrique ; Don Carlos in-
terposes.*

Don Carlos.

For heaven's sake, cousin, draw not on yourself
The horrid infamy of assassinating
Persons of noble blood, by servile hands.

Don Henrique.

Do you defend them too ? Kill 'em I say.

Don Antonio.

Retire, Octavio, I 'll sustain their shock,

Don Octavio.

Octavio retire !

Don Antonio.

Trust me, you must, they will surround us else ;
Through that narrow passage they 'll assail us
With less advantage.

*[They retire, fighting, off the stage ; Don Henrique and
his men pursuing them, and Don Carlos endeavour-
ing to stop Don Henrique.]*

Don Henrique.

What d' ye give back, ye mighty men of fame ?

Don Antonio.

Don Henrique, you shall quickly find, 'tis honour,
Not fear, makes me retire. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter presently Don Antonio and Don Octavio at another door,
which Don Antonio bolts.*

Don Antonio.

Now we shall have a breathing-while at least,
Octavio, and time to look about us ;
Pray see yon other door be fast.

*[Don Octavio steps to the door where they went out, and
Don Henrique bounces at the door they came in at.]*

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Don Henriquez.

Geraldo, fetch an iron bar, to force
The door.

[*Within, aloud,*

[*Don Antonio goes to bath the doors, to see if they be fast.*

Don Antonio.

So, 'tis now as I could wish it.

Don Octavio.

What do you mean, generous Antonio?

Don Antonio.

To kill thee now myself:—having perform'd
What my engagement did exact from me,
In your defence 'gainst others, my love now
Requires its dues, as honour has had his;
There 's no protection for you from my sword,
But in your own, or in your frank renouncing
All claim to Porcia; she is so much mine,
That none must breathe, and have the vanity
Of a pretension to her, whilst I live.

Don Octavio.

I never will renounce my claims to Porcia;
But still assert them by all noble ways:
Yet, fir, this hand shall never use a sword
(Without the last compulsion) 'gainst that man
Who has so much oblig'd me; no, Antonio,
You are securely guarded by the favours
Which you so frankly have conferr'd upon me.

Don Antonio.

Pray, fir, let not your pretended gratitude
Enervate your defence; 'tis not my custom
To serve my friends with prospects of return.

Don Octavio.

And, fir, 'tis not my custom to receive
An obligation, but with a purpose,
And within the power of my return.
Friendship, Antonio, is reciprocal,
He that will only give, and not receive,
Enslaves the person whom he would relieve.

Don Antonio.

Your rule is right, but you apply it wrong;
It was Octavio, my camerade in arms,

And

And ancient friend, whom I design'd to serve;
 Not that disloyal man, who has invaded
 My honour and my love:—'Tis the intent
 Which fortis the obligation, not th' event.

Don Othavio.

I call those powers, which both discern and punish,
 To witness for me, that I never knew
 You e'er pretended to Don Henrique's sister,
 Before I came within these fatal walls:
 This I declare, only to clear myself
 From th' imputation of disloyalty,
 And to prevent the progrès of your error.

Don Antonio.

How can I think you should speak truth to me,
 Who am a witness y' have been false to her,
 To whom you now profess so high devotion?

Don Othavio.

I false to Porcia! take heed, Antonio,
 So foul an injury provokes too much.
 But, sir, I must confess I owe you more,
 Than the forgiveness of one gross mistake.

Don Antonio.

Rare impudence! I must not trust my senses.

Don Othavio.

If we cannot adjust this competition,
 Let's charge our envious fortunes, not our passions,
 With this fatal breach of friendship.

Don Antonio.

Leave your discourses, and defend yourself;
 Either immediately renounce all claims
 To Porcia, or this must speak the rest. [*Shaking his sword.*]

Don Othavio.

Nay then, I must reply. [*They fight.*]

[*A noise, as if the door were broken open.*]

*Enter Don Henrique, Don Carlos, Leonido, and Geraldo,
 with their swords drawn.*

Don Henrique.

What's this! Antonio fighting with Othavio?
 This bravery is excessive, gallant friend,

Not to allow a share in your revenge
To him who 's most concern'd ; he must not fall
Without some marks of mine.

[*Don Henrique makes at Don Othavio, and Don Antonio turns to Don Othavio's side.*

Don Antonio.

Nay, then my honour you invade anew,
And, by assaulting him, revive in me
My pre-engagements to protect and serve him
Against all others.

Don Henrique.

Why, were not you, Antonio, fighting with him ?
Were you not doing all you could to kill him ?

Don Antonio.

Henrique, 'tis true ; but finding in my breast
An equal strife 'twixt honour and revenge,
I do, in just compliance with them both,
Preserve him from your sword, to fall by mine.

Don Carlos.

Brave man, how nicely he does honour weigh !
Justice herself holds not the scales more even.

Don Henrique.

My honour suffers more, as yet, than your's,
And I must have a share in the revenge.

Don Antonio.

My honour, sir, is so sublim'd by love,
'Twill not admit comparison or rival.

Don Henrique.

Either he must renounce all claims to Porcia,
Or die immediately.

Don Antonio.

Y' are i' the right, that he must do, or die :
But by no other hand than mine.

Don Othavio.

Cease your contention, and turn all your swords
Against this breast ; whilst Porcia and I have breath,
She must be mine, there 's no divorce but death.

Don Henrique.

I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canst :

Kill

Kill the slave, kill him, I say.

[*Don Henrique makes at him, and Don Carlos endeavours to interpose.*

Don Carlos.

For Heaven's sake hold a moment; certainly
There's some mistake lies hidden here, which clear'd
Might hinder these extremes.

[*Don Henrique and his servants press Don Antonio and Don Octavio.*

[*Flora peeps out, and, seeing them fight, cries out Camilla! Porcia! Camilla and Porcia looking out, both shriek, and then run out upon the stage.*

Enter Porcia and Camilla from the inner-room.

Porcia.

Don Henrique!

Camilla.

Antonio! Carlos!

Porcia.

Octavio!

Camilla and Porcia together.

Hear us but speak, hear us but speak.

Don Henrique.

By heavens 'tis Porcia! why, how came she here?

Don Carlos.

Why, did not I tell you she was brought hither
By my directions? you would not believe me.

Don Henrique.

But how then could Octavio come hither?

Don Carlos.

Nay, that Heaven knows, you heard as well as I
Your man's relation.

Don Henrique.

Ah, thou vile woman; that I could destroy
Thy memory with thy life?

[*He offers to run at Porcia, Don Antonio interposes.*

Don Antonio.

Hold, fir, that must not be.

Don Henrique.

What, may not I do justice upon her
Neither?

Don

Don Antonio.

No, fir ; although I have not yet the honour
To know who this lady is, I have this night
Engag'd myself both to secure and serve her.

Don Carlos.

He knows not Porcia ; who was i' the right,
Don Henrique, you or I ?

Don Henrique.

He not know Porcia ! why, 'tis not an hour
Since I saw him entertaining her at home.
Sure w' are enchanted, and all we see 's illusion,

Camilla.

Allow me, Henrique, to unspél these charms ;
Who is 't, Octavio, you pretend to ? speak.

Don Octavio.

You might have spar'd that question, madam ; none
Knows, so well as you, 'tis Porcia I adore.

Don Antonio.

Porcia 's my wife ; disloyal mán, thou dy'ft.

[Offers to make at Don Octavio,

Camilla.

Hold, fir ; which is the Porcia you lay claim to ?

Don Antonio.

Can you doubt of that ? why, sure you know too well
The conquest that you made, some days ago,
Of my poor heart, in Flanders.

Don Carlos.

Conquest ! poor heart ! Flanders ! what can this mean !

Don Henrique.

New riddles every moment do arise,
And mysteries are born of mysteries.

Don Carlos.

Sure, 'tis the pastime of the destinies
To mock us, for pretending to be wise.

Camilla.

Thanks be to Heaven, our work draws near an end ;
Cousin, it belongs to you to finish it.

Porcia.

To free you from that labyrinth, Antonio,
In which a slight mistake, not rectify'd,

Involv'd

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Involv'd us all ; know, the suppos'd Porcia,
Whom you have lov'd, is the true Camilla.

Camilla.

And you, Don Henrique, know, that Don Octavio
Has always been your sister's faithful lover,
And only feign'd a gallantry to me,
To hide his real passion for my cousin
From your discerning eyes.

Don Antonio.

Generous Octavio !

Don Octavio.

Brave Antonio ! how happy are we both, [*They embrace.*
Both in our loves and friendships !

Don Antonio.

Ah, how the memory of our crosses past,
Heightens our joys, when we succeed at last !

Don Octavio.

Our pleasures in this world are always mix'd ;
'Tis in the next where all our joys are fix'd.

[*Camilla takes Don Antonio by the hand, and leads
him to Don Carlos.*

Camilla.

This, my dear brother, is that brave commander,
To whom you owe your life and liberty ;
And I much more, the safety of my honour.

Don Carlos.

Is this that gallant leader, who redeem'd us
With so much valour from the enemy ?

Camilla.

The very fame.

Don Carlos.

Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner ?
'Twas ill done, Camilla.

Camilla.

Alas, my dearest brother, gratitude,

[*Drawing Don Carlos aside.*

Conspiring with the graces of his person,
So soon possess'd him of my heart, that I,
Asham'd of such a visionary love,
Durst never trust my tongue with my own thoughts.

Don

Don Carlos.

'Tis enough ; here, fir, take from me her hand,

[*Addressing to Don Antonio.*

Whose heart your merit has long since made your's.

[*Don Antonio takes Camilla's hand and kisses it.*

Don Antonio.

Sir, with your leave, and her's, I seal the vows
Of my eternal faith unto you both.

Don Carlos.

But let's take heed, Antonio, lest, whilst we
Are joying in our mutual happiness,
Don Henrique's scarcely yet-compos'd distemper
Revive not, and disorder us afresh ;
I like not his grim posture.

Don Antonio.

'Tis well thought on, let's approach him.

[*Don Osavio, holding Porcia by the hand, advances
towards Don Henrique.*

Don Osavio.

Here, with respect, we wait your confirmation
Of that, which seems to be decreed above,
Though travers'd by unlucky accidents.
This lady, your incomparable sister,
Can witness, that I never did invade
Your passion for Camilla ; and Pedro's death
Happen'd by your mistaken jealousy ;
The causes of your hate being once remov'd,
'Tis just, Don Henrique, the effects should cease,

Don Henrique.

I shall consult my honour—

Don Carlos.

You cannot take a better counsellor
In this case, than your own sister's honour ;
What, to secure them both, could have been wish'd
Beyond what fate has of itself produc'd ?

Don Henrique.

How hard it is to act upon constraint !
That which I could have wish'd, I now would fly ;
Since 'tis obtruded by necessity.—

'Tis fit that I consent, but yet I must

Still

Still seem displéas'd, that m' anger may seem just. [*Aside.*]

Don Antonio.

Noble Don Henrique, you may reckon me
To be as truly your's, by this alliancé,
As if a brother's name subsist'd still.

Don Henrique.

Well, I must yield, I see, or worse will follow. [*Aside.*]
He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will :
Since fair Camilla is Antonio's lot,
I Porcia yield to Don Antonio's friend.
Our strength and wisdom must submit to fate :
Stripp'd of my love, I will put off my hate.
Here, take her hand, and may she make you, fir,

[*Don Henrique takes Porcia by the hand, and gives
her to Don Osavio.*]

Happier than she has done me.

Diego and Flora advance.

Flora.

Had e'er disorders such a rare come-off ?
Methinks 't would make a fine plot for a play.

Diego.

Faith, Flora, I should have the worst of that ;
For, by the laws of comedy, 't would be
My lot to marry you.

Don Osavio.

Well thought on, Diego, tho' 'tis spoke in jest ;
We cannot do a better thing in earnest
Than to join these, who seem to have been made
For one another ; what say'st thou to it, Flora ?

Flora.

Troth I have had so many frights this night,
That I am e'en afraid to lie alone.

[*Diego takes her by the hand.*]

Diego.

Give me thy hand, sweet Flora, 'tis a bargain ;
I promise thee, dear spouse, I 'll do my best
To make thee first repent this earnest jest,

Flora.

You may mistake ; we have a certain way,

By

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By going halves, to match your foulest play,

Don Carlos.

Since this last happy scene is in my house,
You 'll make collation with me ere you part.

Don Antonio and Don Othavio.

Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Don Antonio.

Thus end the strange Adventures of Five Hours,
As sometimes blust'ring storms, in gentle showers.

[*Addressing to the Pitt.*

Don Othavio.

Thus, noble gallants, after blust'ring lives,
You 'll end, as we have done, in taking wives.

Diega.

Hold, sirs, there 's not an end as yet; for then
Comes your own brats, and those of other men.

Don Henrique.

Besides the cares of th' honour of your race,
Which, as you know, is my accursed case,

[*Addressing to the Boxes.*

Camilla.

You, ladies, whilst unmarried, tread on snares;
Marry'd, y' are cumber'd with domestic cares.

Porcia.

If handsome, y' are by fools and fame attack'd;
If ugly, then, by your own envy rack'd.

Floza.

We, by unthrifty parents forc'd to serve,
When fed are slaves, and when w' are free we starve.

Don Carlos.

Which put together, we must needs confess,
This world is not the scene of happiness.

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

By Mr. S M I T H.

O U R poet, gentlemen, thought to steal away,
 Hoping those wretched rhimes, i' th' end o' th' play,
 Might serve for epilogue; for truly he
 Takes epilogues for arrant bribery;
 H' observes your poet, in our modern plays,
 Humbly sheweth,—and then as humbly prays:
 So that it can't be said, what they have writ
 Was without fear, though often without wit.
 He trusts (as ye say papists do) to merit;
 Leaves you (like quakers) to be mov'd by th' spirit,
 But since that epilogues are so much in vogue,
 Take this as prologue to the epilogue.

By

By Mr. HARRIS.

SOME, as soon as th' enter, we wish 'em gone;
 Taking their visit as a visitation:
 Yet when they go, there are certain grimaces
 (Which, in plain English, is but making faces)
 That we, for manners sake, to all allow.
 The poet's parting; don't rise, but smile and bow;
 And, 's back being turn'd, ye may take the liberty
 To turn him, and all b' as writ, to raillery.
 Now as I shall be sav'd, were I as you,
 I'd make no bones on 't—why, 'tis but his due.
 A fop! in this brave, licentious age,
 To bring his musty morals on the stage?
 Rhime us to reason? and our lives redress
 In metre, as Druids did the Savages?
 Affront the free-born vices of the nation?
 And bring dull virtue into reputation?
 Virtue! would any man of common sense
 Pretend to 't? why virtue now is impudence;
 And such another modest play would blast
 Our new stage, and put your palates out of taste.
 We told him, Sir, 'tis whisper'd in the pit,
 This may be common sense, but 'tis not wit;
 That has a flaming spirit, and stirs the blood.
 That's bawdery, said he, if rightly understood;
 Which our late poets make their chiefest tasks,
 As if they writ only to th' wizzard-masks.
 Nor that poetick rage, which bestors heaven,
 Your writer's stile, like 's temper, 's grown more even;
 And he's afraid to shock their tender ears,
 Whose God, say they, 's the fiction of their fears;
 Your moral's to no purpose. He reply'd,
 Some men talk'd idly just before they dy'd,
 And yet we heard them with respect:—'Twas all he said.
 Well, we may count him now as good as dead:
 And, since ghosts have left walking, if you please,
 We'll let our virtuous poet rest in peace.

ELVIRA:

E L V I R A:

O R,

The Worst not always True.

Vol. XII.

K

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL, was the author of the following play. He was, as Mr. Walpole * observes, " a singular person, whose life was " one contradiction. He wrote against Popery, and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the Court, and " a sacrifice for it; was conscientiously converted in the " midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was " most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. " With great parts, he always hurt himself and his " friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an " successful commander. He spoke for the Test Act, " though a Roman Catholic; and addicted himself to " astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy." The histories of England abound with the adventures of this inconsistent, and eccentric nobleman, who, amongst his other pursuits, esteemed the drama not unworthy of his attention. Downes the Prompter † asserts, that he wrote two plays, between the years 1662 and 1665, *made out of the Spanish*; one called *'Tis better than it was*, and the other entitled *Worse and Worse*. Whether either of these is the present performance cannot now be ascertained. It is however at least probable to be one of them with a new title. The same writer † says, he also joined with Sir Samuel Tuke in the composition of *The Adventures of Five Hours*. *Elvira* was printed in the year 1667, and Mr. Walpole imagines that it occasioned our author's being introduced into Sir John Suckling's Session of Poets: a conjecture which however will by no means correspond with the time in which Lord Bristol and Sir John Suckling are supposed to have written the respective works before mention-

* Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. 2. p. 25.

† Roscius Anglicanus, 1708, p. 26.

‡ P. 22.

ed. From the notice taken of him by Sir John Suckling as a poet, he seems to have been the author of some pieces which are now lost to the world. After a life, which at different periods of it commanded both the respect and contempt of mankind, and not unfrequently the same sentiments at one time, he died, neither loved nor regretted by any party, in the year 1676.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON JULIO ROCCA.

DON PEDRO DE MENDOZA.

DON FERNANDO SOLIS, *in love with Donna Elvira.*

DON ZANCHO DE MONEZES, *in love with Donna Blanca.*

FABIO, *servant to Don Fernando.*

FULVIO, *servant to Don Pedro.*

CHICHON, *servant to Don Zanchó.*

A PAGE.

Donna ELVIRA, *a beautiful lady, Don Pedro's daughter.*

Donna BLANCA, *a lady of high spirit, Don Julio's sister.*

FRANCISCA, *Donna Blanca's woman.*

SCENE, VALENCIA.

ELVIRA:

E L V I R A :

O R,

The Worst not always true.

A C T I.

SCENE I. The room in the inn.

Enter Don Fernando, and at another door his servant Fabio, both in riding-cloaths.

Don Fernando.

HA V E you not been with him, Fabio, and given
 him
 The note ?

Fabio.

I found him newly got out of his bed ;
 He seem'd much satisfy'd, though much surpriz'd,
 With your arrival ; and as soon as possibly
 He can get ready, he'll be with you here.
 He says, he hopes some good occasion brings you
 To Valencia, and that he shall not be
 At quiet till he know it. 'Twas not fit
 For me, without your orders, to give him
 Any more light than what your ticket did.

Don Fernando.

'Tis well : go now and see if Donna Elvira
 Be stirring yet, for I would gladly have her
 A witness, even at first, to what shall pass
 Betwixt my friend and me in her concernments :

If she be still asleep, Fabio, make bold
 To knock, and wake her, w' have no time to lose.
 O here she comes—Wait you, Don Julio. [Exit Fabio.

Enter Donna Elvira.

Elvira.

Ah, can you think my cares and sleep consistent?
 Slumber and tears, have sometimes met in dreams;
 But hearts with such a weight as mine oppress'd,
 Find still the heaviest sleep too light a guest.

Don Fernando.

Madam, though such least pity do deserve,
 Who by their own unsteadiness have drawn
 Misfortune on themselves; yet truly, Elvira,
 Such is my sense of your's, and my compassion,
 To see a lady of your quality
 Brought to such sad extremes in what is dearest,
 As makes me even forget my own resentments,
 Granting to pity the whole place of love,
 And at that rate I'll serve you. Yet thus far
 You must allow th' eruption of a heart
 So highly injur'd, as to tell you frankly,
 'Tis to comply with my own principles
 Of honour, now, without the least relation
 To former passion, or to former favours.

Elvira.

Those you have found a ready way to cancel;
 Your sullen silence, during all our journey,
 Might well have spar'd you these superfluous words;
 That had sufficiently instructed me
 What power mere appearances have had,
 Without examination, to destroy,
 With an umbrageous nature, all that love
 Was ever able on the solid'st grounds
 To found and to establish. Yet, methinks,
 A man that boasts such principles of honour,
 And of such force to sway him in his actions,
 In spite of all resentments, should reflect,
 That honour does oblige to a suspense,
 At least, of judgment, when surprising chances,

Yet

Yet unenquir'd into, tempt gallant men
 To prejudicial thoughts of these, with whom
 They had settled friendship upon virtuous grounds.
 But 'tis from Heav'n, I see, and not from you,
 Elvira must expect her vindication ;
 And until then submit to th' hardest fate,
 That ever can befall a generous spirit,
 Of being oblig'd by him that injures her.

Don Fernando.

Nay, speak, Elvira, speak, you have me attentive :

[With a kind of scornful accent.]

It were a wonder worthy of your wit,
 To make me trust my ears before my eyes.

Elvira.

Those are the witnesses indeed, Fernando,
 To whose true testimony's false inference
 You owe my moderation and my silence,
 And that I leave it to the Gods and time,
 To make appear both to the world and you,
 The maxim false, that still the worst proves true.

Enter Fabio,

Fabio.

Don Julio is without.

Don Fernando.

Wait on him in—

[Exit Fabio.]

And now, Elvira,

If you 'll be pleas'd to rest yourself awhile
 Within that closet, you may hear what passes
 Betwixt my friend and me, until such time
 As I by some discourse having prevented
 Too great surprize, you shall think fit t' appear.
 He is the man, (as I have often told you,
 During my happy days) for whom alone
 I have no reserves ; and 'tis to his assistance
 That I must owe the means of serving you,
 In the concernments of your safety and honour ;
 And therefore, madam, 't will be no offence,
 I hope, to trust him with the true occasion
 That brings me hither, to employ his friendship ;

K 4

Observing

Observing that respect in the relation,
Which I shall always pay you.

[*Elvira retiring as into the closet*]

Elvira.

There needs no management in the relation,
I am indifferent what others think,
Since those who ought to have thought the best, have fail'd
me :

Sir, I obey, resign'd up to your conduct,
Till mistress of my own. [Exit.]

Enter Don Julio ; Don Fernando and he embrace.

Don Julio.

My joy to have my dear Fernando here
So unexpectedly, as great as 'tis,
Cannot make Julio unsensible
Of th' injury you have done him, t' have alighted
And pass'd a night within Valencia,
At any other place than at his house ;
Donna Blanca herself will scarce forgive it,
When she shall know it.

Don Fernando.

I hope she 's well.

Don Julio.

She is so, thanks to Heaven ;
But I must bid you expect a chiding from her.

Don Fernando.

You both might well accuse me of a failure,
Did not th' occasion of my coming hither
Bring with it an excuse, alas ! too just,
As you will quickly find.

Don Julio.

Nay, then you raise disquiet ; ease me quickly,
By telling me what 'tis : of this be sure,
Heart, hand, and fortune, are entirely your's
At all essays.

Don Fernando.

It is not new t' ye, that I was a lover,
[*After pausing a while.*]
Engaged in all the passion that e'er beauty,

In

In height of it's perfection, could produce ;
 And that confirm'd by reason, from her wit,
 Her quality, and most unblemish'd conduct ;
 Nor was there more to justify my love,
 Than to persuade my happiness in her
 Just correspondence to it, by all the ways
 Of honourable admision, that might serve
 To make esteem transcend the pitch of love.

Don Julio.

Of all this I have not only had knowledge,
 But great participation in your joys ;
 Than which, I thought nothing more permanent,
 Since founded on such virtue as Elvira's.

Don Fernando.

Ah, Julio, how fond a creature is the man
 That founds his blifs upon a woman's firmness !
 Even that Elvira, when I thought myself
 Securest in my happiness, nothing wanting
 To make her mine, but those exterior forms,
 Without which, men of honour, that pretend
 In way of marriage, would be loth to find
 Greater concession, where the love is greatest :
 As I was sitting with her, late at night,
 By usual admittance to her chamber,
 As two whose hearts in wedlock-bands were join'd,
 And seem'd above all other care but how
 Best to disguise things to a wayward father,
 Till time and art might compass his consent ;
 A sudden noise was heard in th' inner room
 Belonging to her chamber: she starts up
 In manifest disorder, and runs in,
 Desiring me to stay till she had seen
 What caus'd it ; I impatient, follow,
 As fearing for her, had it been her father :
 My head no sooner was within the room,
 But strait I spy'd, behind a curtain shrinking,
 A goodly gallant, but not known to me.

Don Julio.

Heavens ! what can this be ?

Don Fernando.

You will not think that there, and at that hour,
I stay'd to ask his name; he, ready as I
To make his sword th' expresser of his mind,
We soon determin'd what we fought; I hurt
But slightly in the arm, he fell as slain,
Run through the body: what Elvira did,
My rage allow'd me not to mark; but strait
I got away, more wounded to the heart
Than he I left for dead.

Don Julio.

Prodigious accident! where can it end?

Don Fernando.

I got safe home, where carefully conceal'd,
I fought, by Fabio's diligence, to learn
Who my slain rival was, and what became
Of my unhappy mistress, and what course
Don Pedro de Mendoza took, to right
The honour of his house.

Don Julio.

You long'd not more to know it then, than I
Do now.

Don Fernando.

All could be learn'd was this: That my rival,
Whom I thought dead, was likely to recover,
And that he was a stranger lately come
Up to the court, to follow some pretensions;
His name he either learn'd not perfectly,
Or did not well retain. As for Elvira,
That none knew where she was; and that Don Pedro
Had set a stop to prosecution
In any publick way; with what reserves
Was not yet known.

Don Julio.

More and more intricate.

Don Fernando.

I must now come to that you least would look for:
I had but few days past in my concealment
(Resentment and revenge still boiling in me)

When

When late one evening, as I buried was
 In deepest thought, I suddenly was rous'd
 By a surprising apparition, Julio,
 Elvira in my chamber, speaking to me
 With rare assurance thus—Don Fernando,
 I come not here to justify myself,
 That were below Elvira, towards one
 Whose action in deserting me hath shown,
 So disobligingly, his rash judgment of me.
 I come to mind you of honour, not of love :
 Mine can protection seek from none but your's.
 I've hitherto been shelter'd from the fury
 Of my enrag'd father, by my cousin Camilla ;
 But that 's no place, you easily may judge,
 For longer stay ; I do expect from you
 To be convey'd, where, free from violence,
 And from new hazards of my wounded fame,
 I may attend my righting from the Gods.

Don Julio.

Can guilt maintain such confidence in a maid ?
 Yet how to think her innocent, I know not.

Don Fernando.

'T were loss of time to dwell on circumstances,
 Either of my wonder, or reply ; in short,
 What I found honour dictated, I did ;
 Within two hours I put her in a coach,
 And, favour'd by the night, convey'd her safe
 Out of Madrid to Ocana, and thence
 In three days hither to Valencia,
 The only place where, by your generous aid,
 I could have hopes to settle and secure
 Her person and her honour. That once done,
 Farewel to Spain : I'll to the wars of Milan,
 And there soon put a noble end to cares.

Don Julio.

Let us first think how to dispose of her,
 Since here you say she is ; that done, which presses,
 You will have time to weigh all other things.

Don Fernando.

My thoughts can pitch upon no other way

Decent or safe for her, but in a convent,
If you have any abbess here to friend.

Don Julio.

I have an aunt, ruling the Ursulins,
With whom I have full power, and she is wise,
In case that course were to be fix'd upon ;
But that 's not my opinion.

Don Fernando.

What can your reason be ?

Don Julio.

Last remedies, in my judgment,
Are not to be used till easier have been try'd ;
Had this strange accident been thoroughly
Examin'd in all its circumstances,
And that from thence she were convicted guilty,
Nought else were to be thought on but a cloister :
But, as things stand imperfectly discover'd,
Although appearances condemn her strongly,
I cannot yet conclude a person guilty
Of what throughout so contradictory seems
To the whole tenor of her former life,
As well as to her quality and wit ;
And therefore let 's avoid precipitation.
Let my house be her shelter for a while ;
You know my sister Blanca is discreet,
And may be trusted ; she shall there be serv'd
By her and me, with care and secrecy.

Don Fernando.

The offer 's kind, but no wise practicable,
And might prove hazardous to Blanca's honour,
When it should once break out (as needs it must)
From servants seeing such a guest so treated.

Don Julio.

That, I confess, I know not how to answer ;
But, could Elvira's mind submit unto it,
I could propose a course without objection.

Don Fernando.

That she can soon resolve ; what is it, Julio ?

Don Julio.

A gentlewoman who waited on my sister

Hath

Hath newly left her service for a husband,
 And it is known she means to take another;
 I have a ready way to recommend one,
 By Violante, of whose love and mine
 You are not ignorant, since that ere this
 We had been married, had not kindred forc'd us
 To wait a dispensation for 't from Rome.
 Blanca I'm sure will readily embrace
 Any occasion of obliging her.

Don Fernando.

That were a right expedient indeed,
 Could but Elvira's spirit brook it.

Enter Elvira as from the closet.

Elvira.

You have ill measures of Elvira's spirit,
 Mistaken Don Fernando. Till Heaven's justice
 Shall her entirely to herself restore,
 The lowlier shape her fate shall hide her under,
 The more 't will fit her humour.

[Don Julio starts back as it were amazed.

Don Julio. [Aside.]

O heavens! can guilt with such perfection dwell,
 And put on such assurance? It cannot be.

[Don Julio addressing himself to her, and beginning. She holding out her hand and interrupting him.

Don Julio.

Madam.

Elvira.

Spare compliments, and let your actions speak,
 Those may oblige both him and me; your words
 Cannot comply with both.

Don Julio. [Aside.]

—Did ever yet
 Such majesty with misery combine,
 But in this woman?

[To her.] —Madam, I obey,
 And, since you're pleas'd t' approve what I propos'd,

No

No moment shall be lost in th' execution.

[Exit Julio, Fernando accompanying him, and Fabio.

Elvira sola.

O how unkindly have the heavens dealt
 With womankind, above all other creatures !
 Our pleasure, and our glory, to have placed
 All on the brink of precipices, such
 As every breath can blow the least light of us
 Headlong into, past all hopes of redemption :
 Nor can our wit, or virtue, give exemption.
 'Tis true, I lov'd ; but, justify'd therein
 By spotless thoughts, and by the object's merit,
 I deem'd myself above the reach of malice ;
 When in an instant, by another's folly,
 I am more lost than any by my own.
 Accurs'd Don Zanchó, what occasion
 E'er gave Elvira to thy mad intrusion ?
 Unless disdain and scorn incentives are,
 To make men's passions more irregular.
 Ah, matchless rigour of the Powers above !
 Not only to submit our honour's fate
 Unto the vanity of those we love,
 But to the rashness even of those we hate.

[Exit.

Enter Donna Blanca at one door, reading a paper with great marks of passion and disturbance ; and her waiting-woman Francisca at another, observing her.

Blanca.

Ah, the traitor !

Francisca,

What can this mean ?

[Aside.

Blanca.

Was this thy sweet pretension at Madrid,
 Drawn out in length, and hind'ring thy return ?
 Thy fair pretence, thou should'st have said, false man.

Francisca.

For love's sake, madam, what can move you thus ?

Blanca.

For hate's sake, say, and for revenge, Francisca,
 And so thou may'st persuade me to discover

My

My shame unto thee. Read, read, that letter ;
 'Tis from your favourite, Chichon.

[Francisca takes the letter and reads it.]

Madam, to make good my engagements of concealing nothing from you during this absence of my master ; I am bound to tell you, that some ten days since, late at night, he was left for dead, run through the body by another unknown gallant, in the chamber of a famed beauty of the court. Whilst the danger continued, I thought it not fit to let you know either the accident, or the occasion ; which, now he is recovered, and thinking of his return to Valencia, I must no longer forbear. I hope you will have a care not to undo me for being more faithful to you, than to the master you gave me.

Your creature Chichon.

Blanca.

Have I not a worthy gallant, think you ?

Francisca.

Madam, this comes of being over-curious,
 And gaining servants to betray their masters.
 How quiet might you have slept, and never felt
 What pass'd with your Don Zañcho at Madrid !
 His pale and dismal looks at his return,
 Though caus'd by loss of blood in the hot service
 Of other dames, might fairly have been thought
 Effects of care, and want of sleep for you ;
 And, taken so, have pass'd for new endearments.
 Who ever pry'd into another's letter,
 Or slyly hearken'd to another's whisper,
 But saw or heard somewhat that did not please him ?
 'Twas Eve's curiosity undid us all.

Blanca.

Away with thy formalities, dull creature ;
 I'll make thee see, and false Don Zanchó feel,
 That Blanca's not a dame to be so treated.
 But who are those I hear without ; who'er
 'They be, they come at an unwelcome hour.

[Francisca looks out.]

Francisca.

Madam, it is a page of Violante's,
 Ushering a handsome maid.

Enter

Enter a page with a letter, and Elvira; the page presents the letter to Blanca, she addresses herself to Elvira, and she throws up her veil.

Blanca.

This letter is in your behalf, fair maid,

[Having read the letter.]

There's no denying such a recommender;
But such a face as your's is, needed none.
Page, tell your lady as much: and you, Silvia, *[Turning.]*
(For so she says you are call'd) be confident
Y' are fallen into the hands of one that knows
How to be kind, more as your-friend than mistress,
If your demeanour and good-nature answer
But what your looks do promise.

Elvira.

Madam, it is the noble charity
Of those you cast upon me, not mine own,
To which I must acknowledge any advantage
I ever can pretend to, more than what
Fair Violante's mediation gives me.

Blanca.

She's strangely handsome, and how well she speaks!

[Aside to Francisca.]

Francisca.

So, so, methinks: you know new comers, madam,
Set still the best foot forward.

Blanca.

And know as well, that you decaying stagers
Are always jealous of new comers, young
And handsome.

Francisca.

You may be as sharp upon me as you please,
I know to what t' attribute your ill-humour,

Blanca.

Francisca, entertain her; I'll go write
To Violante, and then rest a while,
In hopes to ease the head-ach that hath seiz'd me;
That done, sweet Silvia, we shall talk at leisure.

[Exit Blanca.]
Francisca.

Francisca.

Sweet Silvia! kind epithets are for new faces. [*Afide.*

Elvira.

* Now comes the hard part of my task indeed,
To act the fellow waiting-woman right.
But, since the Gods already have conform'd
My mind to my condition, I do hope,
They 'll teach me words and gestures suitable. [*Afide.*

[*Francisca embraces Elvira.*

Francisca.

Let me embrace thee, my sweet sifter, and beg you
To be no niggard of a little kindness;
A very little serves, with such a face,
To gain what heart you please.

Elvira.

If it can help to gain me your's, I'll take it
For the best office that it ever did me,
And love it much the better.

Francisca.

Make much on 't then, for that 't has done already.

Elvira.

If you will have me vain enough to think it,
You must confirm it, by the proof of being
My kind instructor how to please my lady,
For I am very raw in service.

Francisca.

— — — O that

I were so too, and had thy youth t' excuse it;
But my experience, sifter, shall be your's,
By free communication. Come, let's in
And rest us in my chamber; there I 'll give you
First handsel of the frankness of my nature.

[*Exeunt Elvira and Francisca.*

Enter Don Zanco and Chichon his man, in riding habits.

Don Zanco.

I must confess, Chichon, the very smell
Of sweet Valencia has even reviv'd my spirits.
There is no such pleasure, as to suck and breathe
One's native air.

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L

Chichon.

Chichon.

Chiefly after being in so fair a way
As you, of never breathing any more.

Don Zanco.

Pr'ythee no more of that ; since I have forgot it,
Methinks thou easily may'st.

Chichon.

Faith hardly, fir, whilst still your ghastly face
Doth bear such dismal memorandums of it,
Apter to raise inquisitiveness in those
Know nothing of the matter, than t' allay
Remembrance in partakers.

Don Zanco.

Heaven shield us from Donna Blanca's queries ;
No matter for the rest.

Chichon.

You would not wish to find her so unconcern'd,
I'm sure you would not ; faith I long to hear
Th' ingenious defeats, I make account,
You are prepar'd to give to her suspicions.

Don Zanco.

Let me alone for that : but on thy life
Be sure that nothing be screw'd out of thee,
Neither by her, nor by her sly Francisca.

Chichon.

Be you, fir, sure, that from your true Chichon,
They 'll know no more to-day, than yesterday
They did, nor thence more to the world's end,
Than what they did before we left Madrid.

Don Zanco,

Truly, Chichon, we needs must find the means
To get a sight of her this very night ;
I die if I should miss it.

Chichon.

Last week left gasping for Elvira's love,
And scarce reviv'd, when presently expiring
For Blanca's again !—I did not think Don Cupid
Had been a merchant of such quick returns.

Don Zanco.

Thou art an ass, and want'st distinctiveness

'Twixt love and love; that was a love of sport,
To keep the serious one in breath.

Chicbon.

Faith, fir, I must confess my ignorance.
That when I saw you groveling in your blood,
I thought your love had been in sober sadness.

Don Zancho.

Pr'ythee leave fooling, and let 's carefully
Gain the back way into my house unseen,
That none may know of my return, till Blanca
Find me at her feet: And be you industrious
T' observè Don Julio's going forth this evening;
Doubtless he 'll keep his usual hours abroad
At Violante's, since not married yet.

Chicbon.

I shall observe your orders punctually. [Exeunt.]

Enter Don Julio, and knocks as at Blanca's door.

Don Julio.

What, sister, at your Siesta ' already? if so,
You must have patience to be wak'd out of it,
For I have news to tell you.

Enter Blanca.

Blanca.

No, brother, I was much more pleasingly
Employ'd, in serving you; that is, making
My court to Violante, by receiving
To wait upon me, in Lucilla's place,
A gentlewoman of her recommending.

Don Julio.

Where is she? let me see her.

Blanca.

———'Twere not safe,
She is too handsome. You think now I jest;
But, without raillery, she is so lovely,
That, were not Violante very assur'd

¹ *Siesta.*] The heat of the day, from noon forwards. So called from
Hora Sexta, noon-day, a time when the Spanish ladies retire to sleep.

Of her own beauty, and the strong ideas
That still upholds within you, one might question
Her wit, to have set her in her gallant's way.
But what 's the news you mean?

Don Julio.

That our dear friend and kinsman, Don Fernando,
Is come to town, and going for Italy:
The secret of it doth so much import him,
It forc'd him to forbear alighting here,
And lodging with us, as he us'd to do;
But yet he says, nothing shall hinder him
From waiting on you in the dusk of th' evening:
I hope you 'll find wherewith to regale him.

Blanca.

As well as you have drain'd my cabinets
Of late, in presents to your mistress, some
Perfumes will yet be found, such as at Rome
Itself shall not disgrace Valencia.

Don Julio.

I know your humour, and that the best present
Can be given you, is to give you the occasion
Of presenting; but I am come in now
Only to advertise you, and must be gone;
Yet not, I hope, without a fight of one
So recommended, and commended so.

Blanca.

I should have thought you strangely chang'd in hu-
mour,
Should you have gone away so uncuriously.
Ho!

[*She knocks.*]

Enter Francisca.

Francisca.

What please you, madam?

Blanca.

Pr'ythee tell Silvia I would speak with her.
Well, clear your eyes, and say I have no skill,
If she appears not t'ye exceeding handsome.

Enter Francisca with Elvira; Don Julio salutes her.

Don Julio.

Welcome, fair maid, into this family,

Where,

Where, whilst you take a servant's name upon you,
To do my sister honour, you must allow
It's master to be your's, and that by strongest ties,
Knowing who plac'd you here, and having eyes.

Elvira.

I wish my service, fir, to her and you,
May merit such a happy introduction.

Don Julio.

Farewel, sister, till anon; accompanied
As now you are, I think you'll miss me little. [*Exit Julio.*]

Blanca.

I must confess I ne'er could better spare you
Than at this time, but not for any reason
That you, I hope, can guess at.
Francisca, you and Silvia may retire

[*Exeunt Elvira and Francisca.*]

And entertain yourselves; I'll to my closet
And try to rest.

————— Or rather, to vent freely
My restless thoughts. O the self-torturing part! [*Afide.*]
To force complacence from a jealous heart. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE changes to the room in
the inn.

Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando.

Don Julio.

Albricias², friend, for the good news I bring you;
All has fallen out as well as we could wish.
As to Elvira's settling with my sister,
So lucky a success, in our first aims

² *Albricias.*] See p. 103.

Of he
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10 11/11/11

Elvira's father?

Fabio.

Sir, the very same,
And he had scarcely set one foot to ground,
When he enquir'd, where lives Don Julio Rocca?

Don Julio.

For my house, Fabio? It cannot be,
I never knew the man.

Don Fernando.

The thing does speak itself, and my hard fate;
What else could bring him hither, but pursuit
Of me, and of his daughter, having learn'd
The way we took? and what so easy, Julio,
Here at Valencia, as to know our friendship;
And then of consequence, your house to be
My likeliest retreat?

Don Julio.

'Tis surely so;
Let us apply our thoughts to best preventives.

Don Fernando.

Whilst we retire into the inner room
T' advise together, Fabio, be you sure
(Since unknown to him) to observe his motions.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

*Enter Don Zanco and Chichon, as in the street near
Don Julio's house.*

Don Zanco.

Newly go you?
That is as I should have wish'd;
And see how gently the door
Stands open.

Chichon.

An lead to a face of wood—

[*Afide to Don Zanco.*]

But to go abruptly in
Without ceremony?

L 4

Don

Concerning her, I trust, does bode good fortune
Beyond our hopes ; yet, in the farther progress
Of this affair—

Don Fernando.

There 's no such thing in nature left as better,
Julio, the worst proves always true with me.
Yet pry'thee tell, how does that noble beauty
(Wherein high quality is so richly stamp'd)
Comport her servile metamorphosis ?

Don Julio.

As one, whose body, as divine as 'tis,
Seems bound to obey exactly such a mind,
And gently take whate'er shape that imposes.

Don Fernando.

Ah, let us mention her no more, my Julio ;
Ideas flow upon me too abstracted
From her unfaithfulness, and may corrupt
The firmest reason : above all, be sure
I do not see her so transform'd, lest that
Transform me too ; I'll rather pass with Blanca
Both for unkind and rude, and leave Valencia
Without seeing her.

Don Julio.

Leave that to me, Fernando ;
But if you intend the honour to my sister,
It will be time, the night draws on apace.

Don Fernando.

Come, let 's be gone then.

[As they are going out, enter Fabio hastily.]

Fabio.

Stay, fir, for Heaven's sake, stay—

Don Fernando.

Why, what 's the matter ?

Fabio.

That will surprize you both, as much as me :
Don Pedro de Mendoza is below,
Newly alighted.

Don Fernando.

Ha ! What say'st thou, firrah ?

Elvira's

Elvira's father?

Fabio.

Sir, the very same,
And he had scarcely set one foot to ground,
When he enquir'd, where lives Don Julio Rocca?

Don Julio.

For my house, Fabio? It cannot be,
I never knew the man.

Don Fernando.

The thing does speak itself, and my hard fate;
What else could bring him hither, but pursuit
Of me, and of his daughter, having learn'd
The way we took? and what so easy, Julio,
Here at Valencia, as to know our friendship;
And then of consequence, your house to be
My likeliest retreat?

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Let us apply our thoughts to best preventives.

Don Fernando.

Whilst we retire into the inner room
T' advise together, Fabio, be you sure
(Since unknown to him) to observe his motions.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

*Enter Don Zanco and Chicón, as in the street near
Don Julio's house.*

Don Zanco.

Newly gone out, say you?
That is as lucky as we could have wish'd;
And see but how invitingly the door
Stands open still!

Chicón.

An open door may lead to a face of wood—

[*Aside to Don Zanco.*]

But mean you, sir, to go abruptly in
Without more ceremony?

L 4

Don

Don Zaucho.

Surprize redoubles (fool) the joys of lovers.
But stay, Chichon, let's walk aside a while
Till yonder coach be past.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the room in the inn.

Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando.

Don Julio.

There is no safety in any other way ;
You must not stir from hence, until w' have got
Some farther light what course he means to steer.
Let Fabio be vigilant ; I 'll get home,
Down that back stairs, and take such order there
Not to be found, in case he comes to enquire,
As for this night at least shall break his measures ;
And in the morning we 'll resolve together
Whether you ought to quit Valencia or no,

Don Fernando.

Farewel then for to-night, I 'll be alert ;
But see y' excuse me fairly to my cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Blanca's anti-chamber.

Enter Donna Blanca and Francisca.

Blanca.

As well as Silvia pleases me, Francisca,
I 'm glad at present that she is not well,
She would constrain me else ; she has wit enough
To descant on my humour, and from thence
To make perhaps discoveries, not fit
For such new-comers.

Francisca.

If she has wit, she keeps it to herself,
At least from me ; of pride and melancholy
I see good store.

Blanca.

Still envious and detracting ?

Enter

Enter Don Zanchó and Chichon.

Francisca.

See who comes there, madam, to stop your mouth !

[Donna Blanca casting an eye that way, and Chichon clinging up close behind his master, and making a mouth.

Chichon.

Sh' has spy'd us; and it thickens in the clear.

I fear a storm; goes not your heart pit-a-pat ?

[To his master, aside,

Blanca.

Ah, the bold traitor !—but I must dissemble,
And give his impudence a little line,
The better to confound him.

[Advancing to him, and as it were embracing him with an affected cheerfulness.

Welcome, as unexpected, my Don Zanchó.

Don Zanchó.

Nay, then we are safe, Chichon. *[Aside to Chichon:*
Incomparable maid ! Heaven bless those eyes,
From which I find a new life springing in me ;
Having so long been banish'd from their rays,
How dark the court appear'd to me without them !
Could it have kept me from their influence,
As from their light, I had expir'd long since.

Blanca.

Y' express your love now in so courtly a stile,
I fear you have acted it in earnest there,
And but rehearse to me, your country mistress.

Don Zanchó.

Ah, let Chichon but tell you how he hath seen me
During my absence from you.

Chichon.

I vow I have seen him even dead for love ;
You might have found it in his very looks,
Before you brought the blood into his cheeks.

Blanca.

E'en dead you say for love ; but say of whom ?

Don Zanchó.

Can Blanca ask a question so injurious,

As



E L V I R A.

As well to her own perfections as my faith ?

Blanca.

I can hold no longer. *[Aside to Francisca.]*
 My faithful lover, then it is not you— *[To him scornfully.]*
Chichon.

She changes tone ; I like not, faith, the key,
 The musick will be jarring. *[Aside to his master.]*

Blanca.

'Tis not then you, Don Zanco, who, having chang'd
 His suit at court into a love pretension,
 And his concurrents into a gallant rival,
 Fell by his hand, a bloody sacrifice
 At his fair mistress' feet ; who was it then ?

[Don Zanco stands awhile as amaz'd, with folded arms. Chichon behind his master, holding up his hands, and making a pitiful face ; Francisca steals to him, and holding up her hand threatingly.]

Francisca.

A blab, Chichon, a pick-thank, peaching varlet !
 Ne'er think to look me in the face again. *[Aside to Chichon.]*

Chichon.

In what part shall I look thee, hast thou a worse ?
 It is the devil has discover'd it—
 Some witch dwells here, I've long suspected thee:

[Aside to Francisca.]

Francisca.

I never more shall think thee worth my charms.

Blanca.

What, struck dumb with guilt ? perfidious man !
 That happens most to the most impudent,
 When once detected. Well, get thee hence,
 And see thou ne'er presum'ft to come again
 Within these walls, or I shall let thee see
 'Tis not at court alone where hands are found,
 To let such madmen blood.

[She turns as going away, and Don Zanco holds her gently by the gown.]

Don Zanco.

Give me but hearing, madam, and then if—

Don

Don Julio.

What, ho, no lights below stairs? [*Aloud as below.*

Francisca.

O heavens! madam, hear you not your brother?
 Into the chamber quickly, and let them
 Retire behind that hanging; there's a place,
 Where usually we throw neglected things.
 I'll take the lights and meet him; certainly
 His stay will not be long from Violante,
 At this time of the night; besides, you know,
 He never was suspicious.

[*Don Zanco and Chicbon go behind the hanging,
 and Donna Blanca retiring to her chamber, says:*

Capricious fate! must I, who, whilst I lov'd him,
 Ne'er met with checking accident, fall now
 Into extremest hazards for a man
 Whom I begin to hate?

[*Exit; and Francisca at another door with the lights.*

Francisca re-enters with Don Julio.

Don Julio.

Where's my sister?

Francisca.

In her chamber, fir,
 Not very well; she's taken with a megrim.

Don Julio.

Light me in to her.

[*Exit Don Julio, Francisca lighting him with one of
 the lights. Chicbon peeping out from behind the
 hanging.*

Chicbon.

If this be Cupid's prison, 'tis no sweet one,
 Here are no chains of roses; yet I think
 Y' had rather b' in 't than in Elvira's chamber,
 As gay and as perfum'd as 'twas.

Don Zanco.

Hold your peace, puppy; is this a time for fooling?

Enter

Enter Francisca, and Chichon starts back.

Francisca [coming towards him.]

Chichon, look out; you may, the coast is clear.

[*Chichon looks out.*]

Could I my lady's near concerns but sever
From your's in this occasion, both of you
Should dearly pay your falsehood.

Chichon.

You are jealous too, I see; but help us out
This once, and if you catch me here again,
Let Chichon pay for all, faithful Chichon.

Francisca

Y' are both too lucky, in the likelihood
Of getting off so soon; stay but a moment,
Whilst I go down to see the wicket open,
And see that there be nobody in the way. [*Exit Francisca.*]

Chichon.

It is a cunning drab, and knows her trade.

Re-enter Francisca, and comes to the hanging.

Francisca.

There 's now some witch o' th' wing indeed, Chichon.
Julio, that never till this night forbore
To go to Violante's ere he slept,
And pass some hours there; Julio, who never
Inquired after the shutting of a door,
Hath lock'd the gate himself, at 's coming in,
And bid a servant wait below till midnight,
With charge to say, to any that should knock
And ask for him, that he 's gone sick to bed;
What it can mean I know not.

Chichon.

I would I did not; but I have too true
An almanack in my bones foretells a beating,
Far surer than foul weather. He has us, faith,
Fast in Job's-pond; Heaven send him a light hand,
To whom my fustigation shall belong:
As for my master, he may have the honour
To be rebuked at sharp.

Francisca.

Francisca.

May terror rack this varlet; but for you, fir,
Be not dismay'd, the hazard 's not so great:
Yonder balcony, at farther end o' th' room,
Opens into the street, and the descent is
Little beyond your height, hung by the arms:
When Julio is asleep, I shall not fail
To come and let you out; I keep the key;
In the mean while you must have patience.

Cbichon.

It were a nasty hole to stay in long,
Did not my fear correct its evil favour.
Dame, you say well for him, with whom I think
Y' have measur'd length, you speak so punctually
Of his dimensions; but I see no care
For me, your pretty, not your proper man,
Who does abhor feats of activity.

[*Afide.*

[*To her.*

Francisca.

I'll help you, with a halter.

[*Exit Francisca, and Cbichon retires.*

S C E N E changes to Blanca's bed-chamber.

*Enter Blanca and Elvira, and soon after Francisca, as in
Blanca's chamber, she sitting at her toilet undressing.*

Blanca.

My brother told me I should see him again,
Before he went to rest.

Francisca.

I think I hear him coming.

Blanca.

He 'll not stay long, I hope; for I am on thorns
Till I know they are out. I' th' mean while
We must persuade Silvia to go to bed,
Lest some odd chance should raise suspicion in her,
Before I know her fitness for such trusts.

Enter

Enter Don Julio. Elvira offers to unpin her gorget.

Blanca.

I pry'thee, Silvia, leave, and get thee gone
To bed; you ha'n't been well, nor are not yet;
Your heavy eyes betray indisposition.

Elvira.

Good madam, suffer me; 'twill make me well
To do you service.

Blanca.

Brother, I ask your help; *[To Julio.]*
Take Silvia hence, and see her in her chamber;
This night she must be treated as a stranger,
And you must do the honour of your house.

[Julio goes to Elvira, and taking her by the hand, leads her away.]

Elvira.

Since you will not let me begin to serve,
I will begin to obey. *[Making a low courtesy.]*

Francisca.

Quaint, in good faith. *[Bridling.]*

Don Julio.

My sister's kinder than she thinks, to give me
[To Elvira, as he leads her.]

This opportunity of telling Silvia,
How absolutely mistress, in this place,
Elvira is. *[Francisca subsists all this while with Blanca.]*

Elvira.

Good sir, forget that name. *[Exeunt Julio and Elvira.]*

Blanca.

If that be so, what shall we do, Francisca?
What way to get them out?

Francisca.

It is a thing so unusual with him,
It raises ominous thoughts, else I make sure
To get them off as well as you can wish;
But if already awaken'd by suspicion,
Nothing can then be sure.

Blanca.

O fear not that; what you have seen him do

Of unaccustom'd, I dare say relates
To quite another business.

Francisca.

Then set your heart at rest, from all disturbance
Arising from this accident.

Blanca.

If you are certain
To get them off so clear from observation,
'T will out of doubt be best; I'll tell my brother
Don Zancho is return'd, and had call'd here
This evening to have seen him; for my fears
Sprang only from the hour, and the surprize,
Warm'd as he then had found me, since you know
How little apt he is to jealousy.

Francisca.

Madam, y' have reason; that will make all sure,
In case he should be told of 's being here;
The time of 's stay can hardly have been noted.

Enter Don Julio.

Don Julio.

As an obedient brother I have perform'd
What you commanded me.

Blanca.

A hard injunction from a cruel sister,
To wait upon a handsome maid to her chamber.

Don Julio.

You see I' ve not abused your indulgence
By staying long, nor can I stay, indeed,
With you, I must be abroad so early
To-morrow morning; therefore, dear, good-night.

Blanca.

Stay brother, stay; I had forgot to tell you [*As he is going.*
Don Zancho de Monezes is return'd,
And call'd this evening here to have kiss'd your hands;
Francisca spake with him.

Don Julio.

I hope he 's come successful in his suit.
To-morrow I'll go see him.

[*Exit Don Julio.*

Blanca.

*as he lights, and rising, counterfeit laments.
Francisca retires, and locks the balcony.*

Chichon.

Curse on the drab, I think I've broke my leg.

Fabio.

The moon has turn'd my brains, or I've seen
That person somewhere, and that very lately—

[He pauses, scratching his head.]

But sure I'm mad, to think it can be he.

*[Exeunt Don Zancho and Chichon, as turning down
the next street.]*

Enter Don Pedro and Fulvio.

Fabio.

O, now I see my men, *[Retiring into the porch.]*

Don Pedro.

This is the street, you say; which is the house?

Fulvio.

That fair one, over-against the monastery;
Shall I go knock?

Don Pedro.

What else?

*[Fulvio knocks as at Don Julio's door, and
nobody answers.]*

Don Pedro.

Knock harder.

*[He knocks again, and one asks as from within,
Who's there?]*

Don Pedro.

A stranger, who must needs speak with Don Julio—
Although unknown to him, my business presses.

From within.

Who'er you be, and whatso'er your business,
You must have patience till to-morrow, sir;
Don Julio went sick to bed, and I dare not
Wake him.

Don Pedro.

Fortune takes pleasure, sure, in disappointing,
When men are press'd with most impatience;
But, since there is no remedy, guide, Fulvio,

A
of
U.L.

Unto the lodging y' have provided for me;
I hope 'tis near at hand.

Fulvio.

Not above three doors from Don Julio's,
There, where it makes the corner of the street. [*Pointing.*

Fabio.

Here I must follow till I 've harbour'd them.

[*Exeunt, Fabio stealing after them.*

SCENE changes to the room in the inn.

Enter Don Fernando alone, as in his chamber.

Don Fernando.

It cannot now be long, ere Fabio come,
And 't were in vain to go to bed before,
For rest I'm sure I should not—

[*He walks about the room pensively.*

Ah, my Elvira!—Mine? thou dost infect
My very words with falshood when I name thee:
Did ever mistress make a lover pay
So dear as I for the short bliss she gave?
What now I suffer in exchange of that,
May make mankind afraid of joys excessive.
But here he comes—

Enter Fabio.

Have you learn'd any thing
That 's worth the knowing?

[*To Fabio.*

Fabio.

Two things I think considerable, fir;
The one, that Julio hath found means to gain
This night to cast your business in, without
Admitting of Don Pedro, whose pressures
Might have been troublesome, and urged you
To hasty resolutions; whereas, now,
You 've time to take your measures. The other, fir,
Is, that Don Pedro lodges here no more,
And consequently hath eas'd you of constraint
Whilst you rest here, and left the way more free
For intercourse betwixt Don Julio and you.
his more I must observe t' ye, that Don Pedro

M 2

Took

Took special care to have his lodging near
Don Julio's house, whereby 'tis evident,
That there he makes account his business lies.

Don Fernando.

The news you bring me, hath been worth your pains,
And thanks t' ye for 't ; I suppose that is all.

Fabio.

Perhaps there 's something else.

Don Fernando.

Say, Fabio, what is 't?

Fabio.

Pray, sir, allow me
This night, to think whether it be fit or no
To tell it you ; since 'tis a thing relates not,
As I conceive, to you, nor to your business ;
And, yet in the concerns of another,
May trouble you.

Don Fernando.

Be not over wise, I pr'ythee ; I will know
What 'tis, since you have raised curiosity
By such grimaces.

Fabio.

You must be obey'd : but pray remember, sir,
If afterwards I am call'd fool for my pains,
Who made me so : but since I do not only
Expect the fool, but ready to be thought
A madman too, ere I have done my story,
In this I will be wilful, not to tell it
Till y' are a-bed, that I may run away—
So if you long to hear it, hasten thither.

[Exit Fabio, as to the chamber within.]

Don Fernando.

Content i' faith ; you ask no great compliance. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to the room in Zancho's house.

Enter Don Zancho, and Chichon, as at home, halting.

Don Zancho.

We 're well come off from danger, would we were
But half as well from Blanca's jealousy.

Chichon.

Chicbon.

Speak for yourself, I never came off worse ;
 A pox upon your venery, it has made me
 Another Vulcan. *[He balts about, grumbling.]*

Don Zanco.

Go rest to-night, or grumble, as you please ;
 But do not think limping will serve your turn
 To-morrow ; faith, I 'll make you stir your stumps ;
 Think you a lover of my temper likely
 To sit down by it so ?

Chicbon.

I 'm sure I am only fit to sit down by it,
 Since I can hardly stand.

*[He makes as if he would sit down, and Don Zanco
 giving him a kick on the breech.]*

Don Zanco.

Coxcomb, come away.

Chicbon.

To-night 's to-night, to-morrow 's a new day. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T III.

Enter Don Fernando and Fabio, as in the room in the Inn.

Don Fernando.

ARE all things ready, Fabio, in case
 Don Julio, when he comes, conclude with me
 That I should be gone presently ?

Fabio.

Horses stand ready for you at the Post-house.

Don Fernando.

'Tis well ; attend without.

*[Exit Fabio.]**Enter Don Julio.*

I see you sleep not in your friend's concerns,
 You are so early ; and since so, the sooner
 We fix a resolution, certainly
 'T will be the better. 'T was no small point gain'd,
 To frustrate for a night Don Pedro's aims,

As Fabio tells me you have done ; for he
Ne'er quitted him an inch last night, until
He had harboured him.

Don Julio.

What, has he left his lodging ?

Don Fernando.

That he has,

And, which is more considerable, taken one
Close by your house, which evidences clearly
Where his suspicions lie ; that being so,
I 'm confident you 'll be of my opinion
For my dislodging from Valencia
Immediately ; for, Elvira being
Already so well settled, nothing can
So much indanger her discovery,
As my remaining longer in these parts.

Don Julio.

Were I but free as yesterday, Fernando,
To think of nothing but Elvira and your
Concernments, I must confess your absence
From hence were to be wish'd : but, cousin,
There 's fallen out, this very night, a thing,
Which shews how little I beholden am
To fortune, that having so newly lent me
The means of serving handsomely my friend,
Calls back the debt already, and makes me
As needing of your aid, as you of mine.

Don Fernando.

Ho, Fabio, forbid the horses presently. [*Fabio looks in.*
The least appearance, Julio, of my being [*To Julio,*
Useful to you by staying, puts an end
To all deliberation for myself ;
Say, what's the accident ? you have me ready.

Don Julio.

Such, and of such a nature, my Fernando,
That, as to be communicated to none
But you, another self, so I am sure
It will astonish you with the rehearsal.
Ah ! could you think it possible, that Blanca
Should raise disturbance in the heart of Julio,
As to the honour of his family ?

Don

Don Fernando.

Heavens forbid.

Don Julio.

Never was brother so secure as I,
Or so unalterable in his persuasion,
Of having a sister of unmatch'd discretion,
Nor e'er could less than evidence itself
Have shaken such a confidence.

Don Fernando.

For God's sake, Julio,
Hold me no longer in such pain of mind.
But sure we shall be better there within,
Free from the noise of the street.

Don Julio.

You say well.

[*Exit Julio.*]

Don Fernando [*as he follows him, aside.*]

This is what Fabio told me he saw last night,
Discovered by some accident to Julio;
It can be nothing else—O women! women! [*Ex. Fernando.*]

Enter Don Pedro and Fulvio, as in their new lodgings.

Don Pedro.

I am glad you have lighted on so fit a place
For all I intend, as this is, Fulvio:
I shall repair the last night's disappointment
By early care this morning; in the mean while,
Fail not of your part in the discovery
Where my enemy dwells, and i' th' observation
Of all his motions; that's the important part.

Fulvio.

Rely, sir, on my care and vigilance.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Fulvio.*]

*Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando, as in the outward room
of the Inn.*

Don Julio.

It is a quarter
Always reserv'd to my own privacy;

There lying unsuspected, if whilst I
Continue late abroad, under pretence
Of being at Violante's, you keep watch
Carefully within, he cannot 'scape us:
So you be sure t' observe punctually
The sign agreed, and bolting of the doors
When he is once within.

Don Fernando.

Since you have so resolv'd and laid your business,
Dispose of me, and lead the way, whilst I
Give Fabio his instructions what to do
During my absence. *[Exeunt Fernando and Julia.*

Enter Donna Blanca and Francisca, as in Blanca's anti-chamber.

Francisca.

Since the black cloud that threaten'd you last night
With such a storm, is luckily blown over,
Without a sprinkling; I hope, madam, you
Will imitate the fates, and grow serene
From all those clouds which so much threaten'd others.

Blanca.

Ah! Francisca, can't thou—

[She stops, seeing Elvira coming.

Enter Elvira with a fine bason of flowers.

But here 's Silvia.

[Aside.

O the sharp thorns she brings me at this time,
With flowers in her hand, by the constraint
Her presence gives me!

Elvira.

Madam, I wish the ranging of these flowers
May be to your mind; but alas, I fear
I am too dull for works of fancy.

Blanca.

'Tis me you find too dull to relish them;
Anon they may be welcomer.

Elvira.

I 'll wait that happy hour.

————— She 's in ill humour. *[Aside. [Exit Elvira.*

Blanca.

But tell me now, didst ever see, Francisca,
So false and bold a creature? The impudence
He had, to clothe his treachery with new courtships,
Provokes me most of all.

Francisca.

Last night, indeed, incens'd as you were, madam,
I fain would know what air so soft and gentle
He could have breath'd, would not have blown the flame
Higher and higher; but methinks your pillow
Should in so many hours have had some power
T' allay and mollify: I then complied
(He present) with your anger; but now, madam,
You must allow me to speak reason t' you
In his behalf, before you go too far,
And put things, in your passion, past recall,
Which, that once over, you would give your life
To have again.

Blanca.

Pray think me not so tame.

Francisca.

So tame, say you? I think you wild, I swear,
To take so much to heart, what at the most
Deserves but some such sparkling brisk resentment,
As, once flash'd out in a few choleric words,
Ought to expire in a next visit's coyness.

Blanca.

Make you so slight of infidelity?

Francisca.

Cupid forbid! I'd have men true to love;
But I'd have women too, true to themselves,
And not rebuke their gallants, by requiring
More than the nature of frail flesh will bear.
I'd have men true as steel; but steel, you know,
(The purest and best-polish'd steel) will ply,
Urg'd from its rectitude, forsooth; but then,
With a smart spring, comes to its place again.

Blanca.

Come leave your fooling, and speak soberly.

Francisca.

Francisca.

Why then, in sober sadness, you 're in the wrong ;
I do not say in being angry with him,
And nettled at the thing, that 's natural.
We love no partners, even in what we know
We cannot keep all to ourselves ; but, madam,
To think the worse of him for it, or resolve
A breach of friendship for a slight excursion,
That were a greater fault than his, who has
For one excuse, long absence ; and in truth
Another, you 'd be sorry he wanted, youth.

Blanca.

You talk as if—

[*Francisca interrupting her,*

Francisca.

Stay, madam, I beseech you,
And let me make an end ; I have not yet
Touch'd the main point in his excuse, a suit
At court, enough I trow for any dog-trick.

Blanca.

How like a goose you talk ! a court pretension !
What has that to do, one way or other,
With his faith to me ?

Francisca.

So, one displeas'd to find his crawfishes
Shrivel'd within, and empty, said to his cook,
(Who laid the fault upon the wane o' th' moon)
What has the moon to do with crawfishes ?
Marry she has, 'tis she that governs shell-fish ;
And 'tis as true, in courts, that love rules business
By as preposterous an influence.

Blanca.

I pr'ythee make an end, or come to the point.

Francisca.

Why then I 'll tell you ; you may believe me,
(Having been train'd up in my youth, you know,
In the best school to learn court mysteries ;
An aunt of mine being mother of the maids)
Love holds the rudder, and steers in all courts.
How oft, when great affairs perplex the brains
Of mighty politicians, to conjecture

From

From whence sprung such designs, such revolutions,
 Such exaltations, madam, such depressions,
 Against the rules of their mysterious art ;
 And when, as in surprizing works of nature,
 Reason's confounded, men cry those are secrets
 Of thb high powers above, that govern all ;
 Grave lookers on, stroking their beards, would say,
 What a transcendant fetch of state is this !
 These are the things that wisdom hides and hatches
 Under black cap of weighty jobbernull ;
 I mean Count Olivarez. All the while,
 We female Machiavels would smile to think,
 How closely lurking lay the nick of all,
 Under our daughter Doll's white petticoat.

Blanca.

All this I grant you may be true, and yet
 Ne'er make a jot for his excuse, Francisca ;
 His suit had no relation to such matters.

Francisca.

Whate'er the thing be, 'tis all one : D' you think
 Suits, be they what they will, can be obtain'd
 By such as pass for fops, as all young men
 Without a mistress or a confidant,
 Are sure to do there ? A sharp-pointed hat,
 (Now that you see the gallants all flat-headed)
 Appears not so ridiculous, as a yonker,
 Without a love-intrigue, to introduce
 And sparkify him there. Madam, in short,
 Allow me once to be sententious ;
 It is a thing that always was, and is,
 And ever will be true, to the world's end :
 That, as in courts of justice, none can carry
 On business well without a procurator ;
 So none in princes' courts their suits make surer,
 Than those that work them by the best procurer.

[Smiling a little.]

Blanca.

Well, hast done, Francisca ?

Francisca.

Madam, I have.

Blanca.

Blanca.

Then letting pass
 Thy fine reflections politick, now vented
 To shew thy skill in courts, I'll tell thee freely,
 I'm not transported in my jealousy
 So far beyond the bounds of reason, as
 Not to know well the difference betwixt
 Such escapades of youth as only spring
 From warmth of blood, or gales of vanity,
 And such engagements as do carry with them
 Dishonour unto those, whose quality
 And love leave little to the serious part,
 Once embark'd by them in a gallantry.

Francisca.

I see the clouds disperse ;—there's no such art
 Of compassing one's ends with those above us,
 As that of working them into good-humour
 By things brought in by the bye. [Aside.]
 Why, surely, madam, unless anger lend you
 Its spectacles, to see things, I cannot think
 You judge Don Zanchó's fault to be any other
 Than of the first kind, so well stated by you,

Blanca.

Francisca, were I otherwise persuaded,
 I am not of an humour that could suffer
 Such parlies for him, much less intercession ;
 But since, upon reflection, I find cause
 To think what he has done a folly only
 Of youth and vanity, when I shall find him
 Sufficiently mortified, I may pardon him.

Francisca.

Heavens bless so sweet a temper ! but, madam,
 Have a care I beseech you of one thing.

Blanca.

What's that ?

Francisca.

That, whilst your pride of heart
 Prolongs his re-admission, his despair
 Urge him not to some precipitate attempt,
 That may expose your honour, safe as yet.

You

You see what danger the last night's distemper
Had like t' have brought you into: transported lovers,
Like angels fallen from their blifs, grow devils.

Blanca.

What, would you have me appear so flexible?
Is 't not enough
I tell you I may pardon him in due time?

Francisca.

Good madam, be advis'd; I do not press you
For his sake, but your own. Trust my experience,
To women nought 's so fatal as suspense;
Whose smartest actions ne'er did cast such blot
On honour, as this—Shall I? or shall I not?

Blanca.

I'd rather die, than have him think me easy.

Francisca.

Your spirit never can be liable
To that suspicion.—Madam, leave to me
The conduct of this matter, I beseech you:
If, ere you sleep, you do not see the gallant
Sufficiently humbled at your feet,
Ne'er trust Francisca more.

Blanca.

You are so troublesome, do what you will.

[Blanca turns away, and exit, as into her closet.]

Francisca.

—What, gone away?

I'll do what she would have, but dares not say. *[Exit.]*

Enter Don Julio, and Elvira, as in Blanca's chamber.

Don Julio.

Where 's my sister, Silvia?

[Looking about him.]

Elvira.

In her closet, sir,
As yet not ready.

Don Julio.

And where 's Francisca?

Elvira.

She 's with her, dressing her.

Don Julio.

Why then, Elvira,

Let

Let me not lose this opportunity
 Of telling you, how sad a man I am
 To see you in this posture, and to assure you
 How gladly I would lay down life and fortune
 To serve you, in Don Fernando's absence.

Elvira.

Your generosity I make no doubt of:
 But is Fernando gone?

Don Julio.

I cannot say
 That he is gone; for he was not himself,
 With the thought of leaving you, and yet less
 Himself, when'er he thought of staying near you;
 Tortur'd by two such contrary passions,
 As love and sharp resentment.

Elvira.

He is gone then?—

[She pauses.

Ah! generous Don Julio,

[Putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

You needs must be indulgent to a weakness,
 Which, whilst that he was present, indignation,
 And a just sense of what I am, had power
 To keep within myself; but now I find
 That check remov'd, nature will have its tribute,
 And you must pardon my withdrawing, where *[She weeps.*
 Such grief may pay it with unwitness'd tears. *[Ex. Elvira.*

Don Julio.

Can a demeanor so compos'd, so noble,
 And yet so tender, want true indignation?
 It cannot be. It grieves my heart, I swear,
 T' have given her new affliction; but the secret
 Of Don Fernando's close concealment here
 Is so important, it necessitated
 My saying what I did, since secrets are
 Ever kept best by those that know them least.

Enter Blanca and Francisca.

Now, high dissimulation, play thy part.
 Good-morrow, sister, have you rested well?
 And do you rise serene, as does the sun,
 Free from distemper, as the day from clouds?

Your

Your looks persuade it me, they are so clear
And fresh this morning.

Blanca.

The pleasure of seeing you, puts life into them,
Else they 'd be dull enough, this ugly head-ach
Having tormented me all night : you might
Have heard me call Francisca up at midnight.

Francisca.

That was well thought on, for 'tis possible
He may have heard some noise.

[*Afide.*

Don Julio.

How cunning she is !
Faith, now you put me in mind of it, I think,
'Twixt sleep and waking, I once heard some stirring.

[*Afide.*

Blanca.

The worst of my indisposition is,
That 't will, I fear, hinder me again to-day
From visiting Violante, to thank her
For Silvia.

Don Julio.

I charge myself with all your compliments ;
For this whole afternoon, till late at night,
I needs must pass with her, to make amends
For yesterday's failings, caus'd, as you know,
By Don Fernando's being in town.

Blanca.

I must not hope to see you then again
To-day, when once gone out ?

Don Julio.

Hardly, unless to wait on Violante,
In case she come to see you, as 'tis likely,
When I shall tell her you are indispos'd ;
And so farewell.

[*Exit Don Julio.*

Blanca.

All 's well I see, Francisca, as to him ;
I wish my heart were but as much at rest
In what concerns Don Zancho.

Francisca.

It shall be
Your own fault if it be not quickly so,
As I 'll order the matter.

Blanca.

Blanca.

Take heed you make him not grow insolent,
By discovering to him my facility.

Francisca.

I 'm too well vers'd to need instructions.

Blanca.

I leave all t' you—but how does Silvia
This morning ?

Francisca.

I think she has been crying,
She looks so dull and moped.

Blanca.

I'll in and see her.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to Don Zanchó's house.

Enter Don Zanchó, and Chichon limping.

Don Zanchó.

What, not yet gone, thou lazy, trifling rascal ?

Chichon.

What juster excuse, sir, for not going,
Than is a broken leg ?

Don Zanchó.

If you find not your own leg quickly, firrah,
I shall find you a wooden one.

Chichon.

Be as angry as you will, sir, I'll not go
Till I have made my conditions ; the true time
For servants to stand upon points, is, when
Their masters stand upon thorns.

Don Zanchó.

What are they, owl's-face ?

Chichon.

Affurance, sir, but of free air within,
With fair retreat upon an even floor ;
And that it shall not be in a slut's power,
After having kept me in a nasty place,
To empty me out at window.

Don Zanchó.

Pr'ythee, Chichon,

Ha'

Ha' done, and miss not th' opportunity
By fooling. Unless you take Francisca
Just as she comes from mass, this day is lost,
And I lost with it.

Chicbon.

Come, I'll hobble to her :
Expect a sorry account, but yet a true one ;
Truth always comes by the lame messenger.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a fine pleasant apartment.

Enter Don Julio, and knocks, as at the door of his private apartment ; Fernando opens the door and lets him in.

Don Fernando.

Y' have given me here a very pleasant prison :
But what news, my Julio ? are things disposed
For clearing of your doubts ? My own concerns
I cannot think on, during your disquiet.

Don Julio.

And I come now so strangely moved with your's,
I scarce have sense or memory of my own.
A heart of adamant could not be hinder'd,
I think, from liquefaction into tears,
To 've seen and heard Elvira, as I have done,
Upon th' occasion of my telling her
That you were gone ;
A sense so gallant, and so tender both,
I never saw in woman.

Don Fernando.

Can that high heart descend to tenderness ?

Don Julio.

Not whilst you present : noble pride upheld it ;
But nature once set free from that constraint,
O, how pathetick was her very silence !
And the restraint of tears in her swollen eyes,
More eloquent in grief than others' torrents :
If she be guilty, all her sex are devils.

Don Fernando.

O say no more ; for were there room but left
For self-deceit, I might be happy yet.

Ah evidence, too cruel to deny me that ! [*A noise without.*
Don Julio.

But what can be the noise I hear without,
 In the next room ? [*Fernando peeps through the key-hole.*
Don Fernando.

'Slife, I see Don Pedro,
 Elvira's father ; there 's no avoiding him ;
 He 'd not a come up fo, without being sure
 You are within.

Don Julio.

Farther put-off would be of little use,
 Since first or last he must be satisfy'd,
 Being come hither upon such an errand ;
 The sooner now we see what 'tis he drives at,
 The sooner we shall take from thence our measures ;
 I 'll therefore go out to him, and be sure
 To entertain him still so near the door,
 That you may hear what passes.

Don Fernando.

I shall be attentive, and expect the issue
 With much impatience. [*Exit Don Julio.*

SCENE changes to Don Julio's anti-chamber.

Enter Don Pedro and his servant, and Don Julio and a page.

Don Pedro.

My business, sir, is to Don Julio Rocca :

[*Addressing himself to Don Julio.*

If you be he, I shall desire the favour
 Of some few words with you in private.

Don Julio.

Sir, I am he to serve you. Page, set chairs.

[*He points to the page, and makes him set the chairs
 by the door where Don Fernando is, and then the
 page and Don Pedro's man retire. They sit down.*

Don Pedro.

Having not the honour to be known t' you, sir,
 'Tis fit this letter make my introduction ;
 'Tis from the Duke of Medina.

[*He gives Don Julio the letter, which he receives with
 great respect ; and going a little aside reads it.*

Don

Don Pedro de Mendoza, my kinsman, and most particular friend, goes to Valencia in pursuit of one who hath highly injur'd his family, whose righting I am so much concern'd in, as, could it have been done without too much publication of the thing, I would have accompanied him myself, but my presence will be needless in a place where you have power; I do therefore conjure you, and expect from your regard and kindness to me, that you employ it thoroughly in his behalf, and what service you shall do him, put it upon my account, whom you shall always find,

Your most affectionate cousin to serve you,

The Duke of Medina.

[*Don Julio giving the letter to Don Pedro, and taking it.*

Don Julio.

Sir, it is fit you see how heartily
The Duke hath recommended your concernments,
Whose will 's a law to me.

[*Don Pedro bowing read it, and restoring it.*

Don Pedro.

He told me indeed how very sure he was
Of your friendship and dependence.
I am proud to find he makes
So obliging use of it to my advantage.

Don Julio.

I do avow myself his creature, sir;
Therefore the sooner you shall let me know
In what I may be useful t' you, the sooner
You 'll see my readiness to serve you.

Don Pedro.

Your personal reputation, sir, as well
As your relation to the Duke, assured me
Beforehand of what I find; and therefore
As hard a part as it is for a gentleman
Of my blood and temper to become
Relater of his own shame, unreveng'd
On the author of it, I shall tell you in short:
I live under an affront of th' highest nature
To the honour of my family; and the person
Who did it, makes Valencia his retreat.

'Tis against him, Don Julio,
 That your assistance must support me here :
 I have already got some notice of him,
 And when I shall be ascertain'd I 'll repair
 Again unto you for your friendly aid,
 And for the present trouble you no farther.

[Don Pedro offers to rise, as going away.]

Don Julio.

A little patience, I beseech you, sir.
 I have express'd my readiness, and be sure
 I am a man never to fail where once
 I have engag'd my word ; but, sir, withall,
 You must consider with a fair reflection,
 That in this place are all my chief relations
 Of blood and friendship ; and though neither shall
 Have power t' exempt me from the serving you
 In any just pretension, yet you know
 That men of honour ever ought to seek
 How to comply with one duty, without
 Violating another.

Don Pedro.

I understand you, sir, and as 'tis that
 Which well becomes a person of your worth
 To have reflected on ; so it becomes me
 To satisfy before I engage you farther ;
 Then give me leave to ask you, whether or no
 Don Zanchó de Monezes be of the number
 Of those, towards whom y' are under obligation,
 Either of blood or friendship ?

[Don Julio shewing some little surprize, but presently recovering.]

Don Julio.

Don Zanchó de Monezes, say you ?

Don Pedro.

Sir, the same—

He startled at his name.

[Aside.]

Don Julio.

He is a person I have always liv'd
 In friendly correspondence with, without
 Any such tie upon me towards him,

As ought to hinder my frank serving you.

Don Pedro.

You have reviv'd me; and since I have now nam'd
My enemy, I can conceal no longer
The grounds on which he is so. That Don Zancho,
About a fortnight since, was late at night
Found in my house, run newly through the body,
And welt'ring in his blood, ready to expire;
I by the outcry brought upon the place,
Surpriz'd as you may imagine, and enrag'd,
Was yet so far master of my passion,
As to disdain the owing my revenge
To an unknown hand, perhaps as guilty
Towards me, as was the sufferer; I made
Him straight be carried to a surgeon, where
I thought it generous to give him life
Then dead, that living I might give him death;
Recover'd sooner than I thought, he fled,
And with him, as I have reason to believe,
My only daughter, who the very night
Of the accident was missing. O the curse
Of men, to have their honours subjected
To the extravagance of such vile creatures!

Don Julio [sighing.]

'Tis our hard fate indeed.

Don Pedro.

I presently employ'd all diligence
To know what way he took, and having learn'd
'Twas towards this place, hither I have pursued him;
Confirm'd in my pursuit, by information
Along the road, that an unknown gallant
Had, with his servant, guarded all the way
A conceal'd lady in a coach. And thus, sir,
You have the story of my injury,
Whereof I doubt not 'but your generous heart
Will wed the just revenge.

Don Julio.

You may rely on 't, sir, without reserves,
To th' utmost of my power.

Don Pedro.

May the Gods reward you,
The life that you renew to these grey hairs !
I'll take my leave at present, and return t' ye
As soon as from the diligences used
I shall have clearer lights.

Don Julio.

Here you shall find me waiting your commands.

[*Exit Don Pedro, Don Julio waiting on him out.*]

S C E N E changes.

Enter Don Julio and Don Fernando, as in the private apartment:

Don Julio.

I hope you overheard us.

Don Fernando.

All distinctly,
And with surprizing joy at his mistake.
Did ever bloodhound, in a hot pursuit,
Run on so readily upon the change ?

Don Julio.

I hope it bodes good fortune in the rest.

Don Fernando.

Were e'er two friends engag'd in an adventure
So intricate as we, and so capricious ?

Don Julio.

Sure never in this world ; methinks it merits
A special recapitulation.

You, at the height of all your happiness,
Supplanted with your mistress by a rival
You neither knew nor dreamt of ; evidence
Anticipating jealousy.

Don Fernando.

And when that rival, fallen by my sword
In her own presence, is by miracle
Revived, and fitter to serve her than I,
That faithless mistress, with the same assurance
She could have done had she been true as fair,
And for my sake expos'd to fatal hazards,
Flies to my arms for her protection.

Don

Don Julio.

And whilst that you, refining point of honour,
In spite of rage, expose yourself to serve her,
She asks, and takes, with a vowed indignation
To be beholden t' ye, new obligations.

Don Fernando.

I have recourse unto my only friend,
To help me in protecting my false mistress,
And he, at the same time, by highest powers
Impos'd upon, to be her persecutor.

Don Julio.

Whilst the same friend, and by the self-same powers,
Is urg'd to act, in their revenge, against
The man on whom you most desire to take it;
And then, to heighten all beyond invention,
That very friend is forc'd, even in that instant,
To a dependence on your only aid,
In his honour's nearest and most nice concerns.

Don Fernando.

Heaven sure delights t' involve us in a kind
Of labyrinth, will pose itself t' unwind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE changes to the room at
Don Zanco's.

*Enter Don Zanco, and Chicbon at another door balancing
still, with a staff.*

Don Zanco.

WHAT, here again already! have you sped?

Chicbon.

Lame as I am, you see I have made good speed
In my return, whate'er I have had in my errand.

Don Zanco.

Leave, fool, your quibbling, and deliver me
From the disquiet of uncertainty.

N 4

Chicbon.

Chichon.

That 's quickly done : set, fir, your heart at rest
From the vain hopes of ever seeing Blanca—
Now you are at ease, I trow.

Don Zanco.

You 'll be at little, unless you leave your jesting
With such edge-tools—Is banishment from her
Matter of raillery ? Say, firrah, and say
Quickly, what hopes ?
—Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me,
Hold me no longer in suspense, Chichon.

[*Kindly.*

Chichon.

Why then, for fear, the devil a bit for love,
I 'll tell you, fir, that luckily I met
The drab Francisca at the capuchin's
Lodging, behind her lady, I think on purpose ;
For I perceiv'd her eager sparrow-hawk's eye,
With her veil down (ne'er stirs a twinkling-while
From it's sly peeping-hole) had found me frait.
I took my time i' th' nick, but she out-nick'd me ;
For trudging on, her face another way,
With such a voice, as some you have seen have had
The trick to draw from caverns of their belly,
And make one think it came from a mile off,
She made me hear these words—About twilight
Fail not to pass by our door, and ask no more
At this time, varlet—And thus, fir, you see,
That neither she nor I have been prolix,
For this is all—You have leave to make your comment
On a brief text.

Don Zanco.

As sweet methinks as short ; such words imply
Little less than a demi-assignation.

Chichon.

All puddings have two ends, and most short sayings
Two handles to their meaning.

Don Zanco.

I 'm sure I 'll still lay hold upon the pleasing't,
Till it be wrested from me ; i' th' mean while,
If any visitants come this afternoon,

Be sure to tell them I am gone abroad,
That nothing else embark us at the time.
You shall not go alone.

Cbichon.

I thank you for it—
I cannot go alone.

[*Holding up his staff.*
[*Exit Cbichon, balking.*

S C E N E changes to Don Julio's private apartment.

Enter Don Fernando and Julio,

Don Julio.

All things are rightly laid, for Violante
Will pass the afternoon with Blanca, and then,
I waiting on her home in th' evening, Blanca,
Will be secure from me till late at night.
I shall be where I told you, in full view
Of those two windows: If the gallant come
Up the great stairs, he must pass through that room,
And cannot 'scape your knowledge; if up the back one,
You needs must see him passing through the entry
Close by that door. If this latter way,
Be sure to set the candle in that window— [Painting.
If up the other, in that—And in either case,
As soon as he 's within, fail not to bolt,
On th' inside, the entry-door, that so he may
Find no retreat that way, I coming up
The other.

Don Fernando.

Be assured I shall be punctual,
As you direct.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E changes to Don Pedro's lodging.

Enter Don Pedro, and his servant Fulvio.

Don Pedro.

Are you sure of what you say?

Fulvio.

As sure, sir,

As my own eyes can make me of what I saw;
You cannot doubt my knowing him, since 'twas I

(You

(You may remember) fetch'd the surgeon to him,
 And saw his wounds dress'd more than once or twice.
 The tavern where I was, looks into his garden,
 And there I left him walking, to come tell you.

Don Pedro.

We are well advanc'd then towards my just revenge.
 I found Don Julio as ready to comply
 With all the Duke's desires as I could wish;
 And my great fear is over, that Don Zancho
 Might possibly have been some near relation
 Of his own; so that now, Fulvio, if you
 Keep but a careful eye upon his motions,
 And give me notice, he can hardly 'scape us.

Fulvio.

Doubt not my diligence.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to the garden.

*Enter Blanca and Francisca as in a fine garden with
 orange-trees and fountains.*

Blanca.

You must have your will; but know, Francisca,
 If you expose me to his vanity,
 I never shall forgive you.

Francisca.

I tell you, madam; I will bring him t' ye
 So mortify'd, he shall an object be
 For pity, not for anger; you 'll need employ
 Kindness, to erect the poor dejected knight.

Blanca.

It fell out luckily that Violante
 Came hither; for, my brother now engag'd
 With her, we 're safe till ten o'clock at least.

Francisca.

But how shall we dispose of Silvia?
 It will be hard to 'scape her observation,
 For she has wit, and of the dangerous kind,
 A melancholy wit—O the unlucky star,
 That leads a lady, engaged in love-intrigues,
 To take a new attendant near her person!

Blanca.

Blanca.

'Twas an unluckiness; but Violante
 Could not be deny'd, I having told her
 So often that I wanted one; besides,
 Who could have thought sh' had one ready at hand?
 But we must make the best on 't for this night:
 'T will not be hard to busy her till 't be late,
 In the perfuming-room. This near occasion
 Well o'er, I think it will not be amiss,
 Against another, to say somewhat to her,
 That may, in case she have perceiv'd any thing,
 Persuade her she is not distrust'd.

Francisca.

Madam, take heed of that: whenc'er you find
 It necessary to say any thing,
 Be sure to say that, that she may think all.
 Take one rule more from my experience:
 Nothing so fatal as a confidence
 By halves in amorous transactions.
 But here she comes—

Enter Elvira.

Blanca.

Come, Silvia, and take your part of this sweet place;
 This is a day indeed to taste its freshness.

Elvira.

Madam, I needs must say, within a town
 I never saw so fine a one.

Blanca.

In truth
 I think not many sweeter—Those fountains,
 Playing among the orange-trees and myrtles,
 Have a fine mix'd effect on all the senses.
 But think not, Silvia, to enjoy the pleasure
 Without contributing to make it more.

Elvira.

How can I be so happy?

Blanca.

Francisca tells me she has over-heard you
 Warbling alone such notes unto yourself,

As have not only a good voice betray'd,
But skill to manage it.

Elvira.

It is Francisca
That has betray'd a very ill one, madam.

Blanca.

Under yon palm-tree's shade there is a seat
That yields to none, in the advantages
It lends to musick, let 's go sit down there ;
For this first time one song shall satisfy.

Elvira.

When you have heard that one, I shall not fear
Your asking me another.

[They go and sit down under the palm-tree, and Elvira sings.]

The S O N G.

SEE, O see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others' joys ;
Whilst that I,
Grief-stricken, lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet,
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures ?

Hear, O hear !
How sweet and clear
The nightingale,
And waters fall,
In concert join for others' ears ;
Whilst to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,

And

*And every drop provokes a tear.
What are the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?*

Blanca.

I thank you, Silvia; but I'll not allow
One of your youth to nourish melancholy
By tunes and words so flattering to that passion.

Elvira.

The happiness of serving you may fit me
In time for gayer things.

Blanca.

I will not ask another for the present,
Not for your reason, but because I'll be
More moderate in my pleasures. Now, Silvia,
I have a task to give you.

Elvira.

Whate'er it be, 't will be a pleasing one,
Of your imposing.

Blanca.

'Tis to gather store of
Fresh orange-flowers, and then carefully
To shift the oils in the perfuming-room,
As in the several ranges you shall see
The old begin to wither: To do it well
Will take you up some hours; but 'tis a work
I oft perform myself; and, that you may
Be sure not to mistake, I'll go thither
With you, and shew you the manner of it.

Elvira.

I hope I shall not fail, so well instructed.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to the room at Don Zancho's.

Enter Don Zancho and Chichon.

Chichon.

Y' are so impatient, sir, you will mar all!
I tell you that 'tis yet too light by half,
The sun is hardly set; pray fetch a turn
Or two more in the garden, ere you go.

Don

Don Zanco.

You must be governor, I see, to-night,
You are so proud o' th' service you have done;
Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E changes to the garden again.

Elvira appears in the garden, as gathering flowers from the orange-trees, and then with her apron full, going away, says :

Elvira.

The task enjoin'd me is a sweet one, truly,
But I smell somewhat more in the imperial.
So far I am happy yet in my misfortune,
That I am lighted into a lady's service
Of an obliging humour; but most of all
One that, as kind as she is, I see 's as glad
To leave me alone, as I to be it. Somewhat
There is mysterious in her looks and conduct.
Such motions just, such inequalities,
Such flatteries to those I trusted least,
Such pretty employments found to busy those
I would be rid of, and such arts as these
To single out her confident, un-noted,
I well remember would Elvira use,
Whilst the unquiet joys of love possess'd her,
How innocent soever. And besides,
Francisca's sitting up so late last night,
And going up and down so warily,
Whilst others slept, is evidence enough
What god reigns here, as well as at the court.
But I forget myself—Let descants cease,
Who serves, though she observes, must hold her peace.

[*Exit Elvira.*

S C E N E changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Enter Don Zanco, with his cloak over his face, and Chichon.

Don Zanco.

Advance, Chichon, I'll follow at a distance :

'Tis the right time, just light enough, you see,
For warn'd expecters to know one another.
I hope she will not fail you,

Chichon.

She fail us !

No centinel perdu is half so alert
As she, in these occasions.

*Enter Francisca veiled, peeping as out of the portal of Don
Julio's house.*

Francisca.

There comes the varlet, and I'm much deceiv'd
Or that 's his master lagging at a distance—
I 'll give them a go-by, cover'd with my veil.

[She passes by them heedlessly.]

Chichon.

By that light, as little as 'tis, 'tis she :
I 'll to her.

Don Zancho.

And I 'll stand close the while—
When you have broken the ice, I 'll take my time.

*[Chichon going to Francisca, lays hold of her veil,
and she turns about.]*

Chichon.

What signifies a veil to hide my doxy,
When every motion of a leg or wing
Darts round perfuming and informing airs ?
Thou art the very colliflower of women.

Francisca.

And thou the very cabbage-stalk of men,
That never stunk to me, as does a blab.

Chichon.

Curse on thee, hold thy tongue—Dost thou not see
Who stands against that wall ?

Francisca.

Away, sauce-box— *[She thrusting him off, goes on.]*

*[Don Zancho sets himself just in her way, and makes
as if he would lie down in it.]*

Don Zancho.

Pass, trample on me, do, trample—But hear me.

Francisca.

Francisca.

These shoes have been my lady's, and she 'd ne'er
Forgive it, should they do you so much honour.

'Tis thou hast caus'd all this. [*Shewing her foot.*
Afide, turning to Chicbon.
Chicbon.

Fire on thy tongue—

Don Zanco.

Ah, my Francisca, if there be no hopes
Of pardon, nor of pity—yet at least
Let Blanca, for her own sake, be so just
As not to give me cruel death unheard :
Do you your part at least, and do but give her
This letter from me—

[*He offers her a letter and she starting back.*

Francisca.

Guarda—That 's a thing
She has forbidden with such menaces,
I dare as well become another Porcia,
And eat red burning coals. I had much rather
Consent, that, now she 's all alone at home,
You should transportedly rush in upon her,
As following me ; so possibly you might
Attain your end, without exposing me ;
Who, in that case, know how to act my part
So smartly against you, as shall keep her clear
From all suspicion—But I am to blame
Thus to forget my duty ; I'll stay no longer.

[*He stops her, and, pulling out a purse of money, puts
it into her hand.*

Don Zanco.

Spoke like an angel.

[*Francisca offers to restore the purse, but yet holding
it fast.*

Francisca.

This is, you know, superfluous with me,
And shocks my humour—But any thing from you—
Be sure you follow boisterously.

[*She trudges away, and goes in hastily, as at Julio's house,
and Don Zanco follows her in. Chicbon stops at the door.*

Chicbon.

Chichon.

I'll bring you no ill-luck a second time ;
If for sport's sake you have projected me
Another somerset from the balcony,
Make your account that 'tis already done,
Here you will find me halting in the street. [*Exit Chichon.*]

S C E N E changes to Donna Blanca's anti-chamber.

Enter Blanca.

Blanca.

How true it is that nature cheats mankind,
And makes us think ourselves the only tasters
Of pure delight and bliss ; when as indeed,
Oppressing us with pains and griefs, she makes
Deliverance from them pass for solid pleasure !
Witness in me those images of joy
Wherewith she flatters now my expectation :
What will its highest satisfaction be ?
At most, but ease from what tormented me.

Enter Francisca hastily.

Francisca.

It now imports, you have affected rage
As ready at hand as usually you have
Anger in earnest—But above all, be sure
You discharge it smartly upon me, for here
He presses at my heels.

*Enter Don Zanco, and goes to cast himself at Donna
Blanca's feet, and she starting back from him.*

Blanca.

What insolence is this ?
—Think not, Francisca,
That I am to be fool'd—This is your work :
You shall not stay an hour within these walls,
By all that 's good you shall not.

Francisca.

For Heaven's sake, madam, be not so unjust [*Whining.*]
To an old servant, always full of duty.

But can I govern madmen ? would y' have had me
 Make all the street take notice ? There he attack'd me
 With such transportment, the whole town had rung on 't,
 Had I not run away. Could I imagine
 A man so wild as to pursue me hither
 Into your presence ?

Blanca.

It is well, Don Zancho, [*Severely and scornfully.*
 Blanca may be thus used ; but he that does it
 Shall find——

[*She turns away as going out, he holds her by the sleeve.*

Don Zancho.

Pardon this rudeness, madam ; but a man
 Made desperate hath nothing more to manage.
 Hither I come to give you satisfaction,
 And if my reasons can't, my heart blood shall ;
 But you must hear me, or here see me dead.

Blanca.

Since to be rid of him, Francisca, I see

[*Turning to Francisca.*

I must the penance undergo of hearing him,
 Keep careful watch to prevent accidents.

Francisca.

Madam, your closet will be much more proper
 For such a conference ; for in case your brother
 Should come, Don Zancho has a safe retreat
 From thence down the back stairs. I shall be sure
 To give you timely notice.

Don Zancho.

And I know perfectly the passage thorough
 Th' entry, I've come up more than once that way,
 During my happy days.

Blanca.

I think y' have reason ; since I must have patience,
 Light us in thither.

[*Francisca takes the lights, and going
 before them, exeat omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the prospect of Valencia.

Enter Don Julio, as in the portal of his own house.

Don Julio.

The light was in the farther window, therefore
He went up this way: now if Fernando
Have not forgot to bolt the entry-door,
He cannot 'scape us, sure, who'er he be.

— 'Tis the only comfort,
In such misfortunes, when a man hath means
To right his honour, without other help
Than such a friend, as is another self,
And that the shame 's even from domesticks hid
Until it be reveng'd.

[Exit Don Julio, as going into his own house.]

*Enter Chichon, as coming out of the porch before
Don Julio's house.*

Chichon.

'Slight! 'tis Don Julio, that I saw go in—
My master's like to pass his time but ill;
I'll steal in after and observe; although
My courage cannot steed him, my wit may,
As things may possibly fall out.

*[Exit Chichon, as stealing after Don Julio into
his house.]*

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's closet.

Enter Don Zancho and Donna Blanca, as in her closet.

Blanca.

As fine a story as may be—No, Don Zancho,
I Blanca Rocca am not charta blanca,
Fit to receive whate'er impression
Your art—

Enter Francisca hastily.

Francisca.

Your brother 's in the hall already;
Quick, quick, and let him find you in your chamber

Before your glass, I have set it ready there,
 Whilst he retires the way it was resolv'd.

[*Pointing to Don Zuebo.*
Francisca takes the candle, and exeunt she and
Donna Blanca; Don Zuebo another way.

SCENE changes to Donna Blanca's bed-chamber.

Re-enter Donna Blanca and Francisca, as in Blanca's
chamber; she newly seated at her toilet, and beginning
to unpin.

Enter Don Julio.

Don Julio.

Blanca, I thought you had been a-bed ere this ;
 Have you had company to entertain you,
 And keep you up beyond your usual hour ?

Blanca.

What company can I have, you abroad,
 At this time of the night ?

Don Julio.

I fain would find out some such as might please you :
 [*Ironically.*]

Francisca, take a candle and light me in
 To Blanca's closet.

Blanca.

Good brother, what's the matter ?
 You were not wont to be so curious
 As thus to pry into my privacies.

Don Julio.

That you shall know anon—Do as I bid you,
 Francisca.

[*Francisca takes one of the candles, and going before*
him stumbles, and falling puts out the light. Don
Julio taking it up, lights it again at the other on
the table, and going with it himself towards
Donna Blanca's closet.

Don Julio.

These tricks ² are lost on me. [*Exit.*]

Francisca.

Let him go, now we have gain'd time enough.

² *tricks.*] The 4to reads tropes. The alteration by Mr. Doddsley.

Blanca.

Blanca.

Thanks to thy timely fall.

Francisca.

Persons employ'd

In such trusts must have their wits about them :

'Tis clear that he suspects, but know he cannot.

When once you see all safe, 'twill then import you

To play the tyrant over him, with reproaches

For this his jealousy.

Blanca.

Let me alone for that ;

But let us follow him in, that we may mark

His whole demeanor.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Zanco in disorder.

Don Zanco.

Curse on 't, the entry door 's bolted within,

What shall I do ?

[*He pauses.*

—— I must seek a way

Through the perfuming-room, into the garden.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Don Julio with a candle in his hand, and passing
hastily over the stage.*

Don Julio.

He must be gone this way, there is no other,

The entry door was bolted.

*Enter Donna Blanca and Francisca, who pass over the stage,
as stealing after Don Julio.*

Francisca.

All 's safe, he takes that way ; let him a God's name

Follow his nose to the perfuming-room.

Blanca.

He 'll fright poor Silvia out of her wits ;

But I 'll come to her succour, with a peal

I 'll ring him.

[*Exeunt Donna Blanca and Francisca.*

S C E N E changes to the laboratory.

*Here is to open a curious scene of a laboratory in
perspective, with a fountain in it, some stills,*

many shelves, with pots of porcelain and glasses, with pictures above them; the room paved with black and white marble, with a prospect through pillars at the end, discovering the full moon, and by its light a perspective of orange-trees; and towards that farther end Elvira appears at a table, sipping flowers, her back turned.

Enter Don Zancho hastily; Elvira turning about, they both startle, and stand a while as if were amazed.

Don Zancho.

O heavens! what is 't I see? 'Tis mere illusion,
Or 'tis the devil in that angel's form,
Come here to finish, by another hand,
The fatal work that he begun upon me
By Don Fernando's.

Elvira.

Good Gods! Zancho here! it cannot be,
Or 'tis his ghost, come to revenge his death
On its occasioner; for were he alive,
He could not but have more humanity
Than (having been my ruin at Madrid,
And robb'd me of my home and honour there)
To envy me an obscure shelter here.

[Whilst they amazed step back from one another, enter Don Julio, who seeing Don Zancho with his back towards him, drawing his sword, says:]

Don Julio.

Think not (whoe'er thou art) by flying thus
From room to room, to 'scape my just revenge;
Shouldst thou retire to th' center of the earth,
This sword should find thee there, and pierce thy heart.

[Throwing down the candle, he makes towards Don Zancho, but upon his turning about towards him, he makes a little stop, and says:]

Nay then, if it be you, I'm happy yet
In my misfortune, since the Gods thus give me
The means at once, and by the self-same stroke,
To right my honour, and revenge my friend;

And,

And, by that action, fully to comply
With what the Duke requires in the behalf
Of wrong'd Don Pedro.

[Don Julio makes at Don Zancho; he draws, and they begin to fight; Elvira, crying out help! help! runs to part them, and they stop upon her interposing.]

Enter Don Fernando hastily over the stage, as coming from the private apartment.

Don Fernando.

I hear an out-cry and clattering of swords;
My friend engag'd, must find me by his side.

[Exit, and re-enters at another door.]

[As Fernando comes to the door of the perfuming-room, seeing them at a stand, he stops and stands close.]

Don Fernando.

They are parlying; let's hear. *{Aside.*

[Blanca and Francisca passing over the stage.]

Blanca.

'Twas Silvia's voice; my heart misgives me somewhat.

Francisca.

'Tis some new accident, or some mistake,
Don Zancho cannot but be safe long since.

Blanca.

However let us in and see.

[Exeunt Blanca and Francisca, and re-enter as at another door of the perfuming-room, and make a stand, as surpriz'd with what they see.]

Blanca.

We are all undone, I fear.

Francisca.

A little patience.

[Chichon stealing over the stage.]

Chichon.

The noise is towards the perfuming-room,
I know the back way to it through the garden.

[Exit Chichon, and re-enters at the farther end of the laboratory, and stands close.]

Don Zancho.

Wit must repair the disadvantages
I'm under here, and save my Blanca's honour;

That once secur'd, there will be time enough
To save Elvira's.

[*Aside,*
*Whilst this passes, Elvira holds Julio by the arm, be-
striving to get from her.*

Since, by this lady's interposing thus,
You have thought fit our swords should pause a while,
It may, I think, consist enough with honour,
So far to seek your satisfaction, sir,
As to remove mistakes. Know then, Don Julio,
That, though I have presum'd upon your house,
I have not wrong'd your honour; it is she
With whom you find me, that hath brought me hither;
Her I have long ador'd, and, having got
Intelligence that she was here conceal'd,
My passion, I confess, transported me
Beyond that circumspection and regard
Which men of quality use, and ought to observe
Towards one another's dwellings.

Don Julio.

Good Gods, what an adventure's here! Yet all
Is well, so Blanca's honour be but safe.
Sir, you surprize me much, can this be true?

[*Aside.*

[*To Don Zanco.*

Blanca.

Francisca, heard'st thou that? had ever man
So ready a wit, in such an exigent?

[*Aside.*

Don Julio to Elvira.

What say you, madam?

Francisca.

We're surer lost than ever, unless she
Have wit and heart to take the thing upon her.
Madam, make signs to her, and earnestly.

[*Aside,*

[*To Blanca.*

[*Blanca makes earnest signs to Elvira.*

Francisca [aside to Blanca.]

She looks this way, as if she comprehended
Your meaning.

Elvira.

I understand her, and I know as well
What mischief I may bring upon myself;

But

But let Elvira still do generously,
And leave the rest to fate.

— Sir, since you press me,

[*Aside.*
[*To Don Julio.*

My humour ne'er could disavow a truth—
Don Zancho's passion and transportments for me,
Beyond all rules of temper and discretion,
Have been the cause of all my sad misfortunes,
And still, I see, must be the cause of more.

Don Julio.

Unhappy creature ! how thou hast deceiv'd
My prone persuasion of thy innocence !

Don Zancho.

If that suffice not, sir, you have this ready
To give you satisfaction.

[*Holding out his sword.*

Don Fernando.

Hell and furies !—but I will yet contain
Myself, and see how far my friend will drive it.

[*Aside.*

Don Julio.

Stay, Don Zancho,
And answer me one question—Is this night
The first of your presuming thus to enter
My house by stealth ?

Don Zancho.

The quere is malicious ;
But I must thorough, as I have begun.

[*Aside.*

Blanca [*aside to Francisca.*]

There was a question makes me tremble still.

Don Zancho.

No, sir, it is not : I'll keep nothing from you ;
Last night upon the same occasion—

Don Julio.

Hold—it suffices.

Francisca [*aside hastily to Blanca.*]

All's safe, you see : for God's sake let's away
Ere Julio perceive us ;

Your presence here can serve for nothing, madam,
But to beget new chances and suspicions.

[*Exeunt Blanca and Francisca.*

[*Don Fernando rushes out, drawing his sword.*

Don

Don Fernando.

Yes, it suffices, Julio, to make
This hand strike surer than it did before.

Elvira.

Nothing was wanting to my misery,
But his being here to over-hear—But yet
I must not suffer the same hand to kill him
A second time, upon a greater error
Than was the first.

[*Aside.*

[*Don Fernando making at Don Zanco ; Elvira steps between, and Julio also offers to stay him.*

Don Fernando [*striving to come at Don Zanco.*]

Strive to protect your gallant from me, do ;
Strive, but in vain—The Gods themselves cannot—
What you, Don Julio, too ?

[*Chichon running out from the place where he lurk'd, strikes out both the lights with his bat.*

Chichon.

I have lov'd to see fighting ; but at present,
I love to hinder seeing how to fight.
Knights, brandish your blades, 't will make fine work
Among the gallipots ! [*Aloud.*
You have me by your side, sir, let them come ;
They are but two to two. [*As to his master.*
Sir, follow me, I 'll bring you to the door.

[*Aside to his master, and pulling him.*

Don Zanco.

There 's no dishonour in a wise retreat
From disadvantages, to meet again
One's enemy upon a fairer score.

[*Chichon pushing his master before him out of door.*

Chichon [*aside to his master.*]

There 'tis ; advance, sir, I 'll make good the rear.

[*Exit Don Zanco and Chichon.*

Don Julio.

Ho, who 's without ? bring lights. [*He stamps.*
—They cannot hear us,
The room is so remote from all the rest.—
What a confusion 's this ? recall, Fernando, [*To Fernando.*
Your

Your usual temper, and let 's leave this place,
And that unhappy maid, unto its darkness,
To hide her blushes, since her shame it cannot.

[Exit Don Julio groping, and drawing Don Fernando with him.]

Elvira sola.

Darkness and horror, welcome, since the Gods
Live in the dark themselves.—For had they light
Of what 's done here below, they would afford
Some ray to shine on injur'd innocence,
And not, instead thereof, thus multiply
Obscuring clouds upon it, such as the sun,
Should he with all his beams illuminate
Men's understandings, scarce could dissipate.
I now begin to pardon thee, Fernando,
Since what thou hast heard in this enchanted place
Carries conviction in 't against my firmness,
Above the power of nature to suspend
My condemnation: unless wrong'd virtue might
Expect in thee a justice so refin'd,
As ne'er was found in man to womankind.
'Tis now I must confess, the lost Elvira
Fit only for a cloister; where secure
In her own spotless mind, she may defy
All censures; and without impiety
Reproach her fate, even to the Deity.

[Exit, groping her way.]

A C T V.

Enter Don Julio talking to himself, and at another door Fernando, who perceiving it, stands close.

Don Julio.

BLEST be the Gods, that yet my honour 's safe,
Amidst such strange perplexities, from which
Fortune and wit, I think, together join'd
With all their strength, could hardly an issue find.

To temper, comfort, or to serve my friend
 What argument? what means? how to assist
 Don Pedro in his aims, and to comply
 With what I owe the Duke, I see as little;
 And less conceive, how to behave myself
 As ought a gentleman towards a lady,
 With whose protection he hath charg'd himself,
 And brought her to his house on that assurance;
 Whom to expose, cannot consist with honour,
 However she may have expos'd her own;
 And least of all, how to repair to Blanca
 The injury I have done her, whose high spirit
 I fear will be implacable. O heavens!
 What a condition's mine?

[He stands pausing, and startles seeing Don Fernando.]

Enter Don Fernando.

Don Fernando.

Pardon, dear cousin, if to avoid one rudeness
 I have another unawares committed,
 Whilst fearing to interrupt, I have overheard:
 Yet nothing, cousin, but the self-same things,
 My thoughts have been revolving all this night,
 Concern'd for you, much more than for myself;
 For I, upon reflection, find I am
 Much easier than I was; by certainty
 Freed from the sorest weight, perplexity.
 In the first place, you must forgive your friend
 The high distemper of last night's transports;
 I hope you 'll find me well recovered from them,
 And that my morning resolutions are
 Such as will make amends.

Don Julio.

Make no excuse, dear friend; such provocations
 Surprising are above philosophy;
 And 'tis no small experiment of your's,
 If after them you can have brought yourself
 So soon to fix a judgment what to do.

Don Fernando.

I have fix'd on that, which I am sure will serve

All

All interests but my own, as heretofore
I understood my happiness ; but now
I shall no longer place it in any thing
Dependent on the wild caprice of others.

— No, Julio,

I will be happy even in spite of fate,
By carrying generosity up to the height.
Elvira shall her dear bliss owe to me,
Not only by desisting, but by making
Her lov'd Don Zanchó marry her ; his refusal
Alone, can make me kill him o'er again.

Don Julio.

Since that unhappy maid, with all her beauty,
And that high quality, hath made herself
Unworthy of your marriage, certainly
None but Fernando ever could have pitch'd
Upon so noble a thought : but think withal
What difficulties are likely to obstruct it.

Don Fernando.

Say what occurs to you.

Don Julio.

Don Zanchó is a man of wit and courage ;
And though his passion out of doubt be great,
Since it hath made him do so wild an action,
As that of coming twice into my house
After so strange a manner ; yet, Fernando,
You cannot but imagine such a one
Likely to have quite different reflections
Upon Elvira's conduct for a wife,
From what he has upon it for a mistress :
They are two notions very differing.
Besides, should the proposal but appear
In the least kind to spring from your desire,
Whose former commerce with her's not unknown,
It were the only way to drive him off
Past all recall : I think, few have accepted
Wives recommended to them by their rival.

Don Fernando.

In that y' have reason, I confess, But, Julio,
Think of the way, for marry her he must,

Or die, and by no other hand but mine.
I am thinking of it, and I hope to purpose.

Don Julio [pausing.]

What interposer can be found so fit
As Blanca in this business? since Don Zancho
Has long been her particular acquaintance?
And what can be more natural, than for her
To take to heart Elvira's chief concernment,
Whom he finds here retir'd in her misfortune,
As to her surest friends?

Don Fernando.

Y' have lighted, cousin, on the only way;
And lose no time, I beg you.

Don Julio.

The least that may be; but you must consider
In what a predicament I am likely
To be with Blanca at present.

Don Fernando.

I understand you (since the jealousy
You express'd of her.) But 'tis to be hoped
The peace will not be long a making.

Don Julio.

You little know her spirit, once inflam'd.
But as I'll lose no time, so I'll omit
No art, to bring her to a temper fit
To hear and to advance the proposition.

Don Fernando.

Heaven give you good success!

Don Julio [turning back to Fernando.]

I had forgot to tell you, that I think
It will be necessary, that as soon
As I have weather'd Blanca's storm, I make
A visit to Don Pedro, to prevent
His coming hither to disorder us,
Before we have set things right.

Don Fernando.

'T was not ill thought on; and till your return
I shall keep close in your apartment;
For Blanca has not seen me, and Elvira

Has

Has too great cares upon her to be curious.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Blanca and Francisca; Blanca with a gay air,
as in her anti-chamber.*

Blanca.

Say, my Francisca, can romances equal
Our last night's adventure? was there ever
Such a come-off! Our sex has used to boast
Presence of mind in exigents of love;
But I believe none of us ever match'd
Don Zancho's readiness in an occasion
So sudden and so critical.

Francisca.

Ever give me the man of ready parts.

Blanca.

But pr'ythee, whilst we give Don Zancho his dues,
Let us be just too to poor Silvia's merit;
Was ever any thing so generous,
Or so obliging to a mistress?

Francisca.

So it appears, madam, I must confess;
But the excess of it makes it suspicious.

Blanca.

Fie; leave this humour of detracting still,
And call her to me, that I may embrace
And thank her; that done, consider how
To bring her off, who has brought us off so well.

[*Offers to go out.*]

Enter Don Julio.

Francisca.

Stay, I beseech you, and compose yourself
To act a part quite of another nature;
Here comes Don Julio, towards whom I hope
You'll tune yourself to a far differing key
From that of thanks and kindness.

Blanca.

Let me alone for that, I'll play the dragon.

[*As Don Julio advances, Blanca turns from him with
a furious countenance, and flies out of the room,
Don Julio following her.*]

Don

Don Julio.

Dear sister, stay, and hear me.

Blanca.

Detested brother, leave me.

[She makes as if she were going, and he holds her.]

Don Julio.

Hear me but, Blanca, and then vent your passion
Against a brother, that condemns himself
As much as you can do; but hear me speak.

Blanca.

Your actions, Julio, have spoke loud enough
To echo through the world your shame and mine.
Has all the tenor of my life been such,
With such exactness of unblemish'd conduct,
That malice might have stain'd the noon-day-sun
More easily than tarnish'd Blanca's honour;
And must that honour now be prostitute,
By the caprice of an unworthy brother?
Should any other have invaded it,
Had not you righted her, she has a heart
Would have found ways to right herself; but you,
Th' aggressor, what remedy but rage?

[She flings from him, and exit.]

Francisca.

She acts it rarely.

[Aside.]

Don Julio.

Was ever man so unfortunate as I?

[To Francisca.]

I must confess she has reason, and the sense
She thus expresses of my fault becomes her;
But it must be your work, my dear Francisca,
To pacify. When once you shall but know
All that has pass'd these nights, I am certain
You 'll say, no human confidence could e'er
Be proof against such circumstances.

Francisca.

Alas! my offices can signify
But little. But I'm sure the occasion
Gives me a sad heart—O my dear lady!

[As if she were crying.]

Don Julio.

I love good-nature; but I pr'ythee leave,

And

And come in with me, that I may tell thee all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don Pedro and Fulvio, as in his lodging.

Don Pedro.

A God's name, Fulvio, what has been thy meaning,
To make me sit up almost all last night
Expecting thee, when such impatience held me?
Thou wert not wont to be so negligent
In things of so great weight.

Fulvio.

Nor have I been it now; 'tis over-care
Of your commands hath held me so long from you.
You know the orders that you gave me, sir,
To watch Don Zancho's motions; accordingly,
I sat all day in my observing place,
Till about twilight I saw him and 's man
Steal as it were abroad; I as warily
Dogg'd them from street to street, till, sir, at length
He made a stand up close against a wall,
Whilst that his servant entertain'd a woman
Close veil'd, who was come out, I think, on purpose,
From an adjacent house; soon after he
Accosted her himself; their conference
Lasted but little; she made haste away
To th' house from whence she came, and he as much
To follow her in.

Don Pedro.

Where was 't? and why cam'st thou not presently,
To give me notice, as you were directed?

Fulvio.

At that you will not wonder, when you know
Whose house he enter'd; but at this you 'll wonder,
It was Don Julio's.

Don Pedro [startling.]

Ha! Don Julio's, say'st thou? [*He pauses.*]
But, now I think on 't, 'tis no marvel, Fulvio,
Since newly come to town; for I remember
Don Julio told me, that Don Zancho and he
Had always liv'd in friendly correspondence.

Fulvio.

Visits, fir, only of fair civility,
After long absence, are not usually
Begun by twilight, in such cautious manner;
Nor usher'd in by female veil'd conductors:
But pray, fir, hear the rest.

Don Pedro [afide.]

What can this be?—Say on then quickly. [*To Fulvio.*

Fulvio.

I presently concluded with myself,
That, since Don Julio was the friend on whose
Assistance you relied against Don Zancho,
You ne'er would think, fir, of attacking him
As he came out from thence; I judg'd it therefore
My wisest course to stay and mark the issue.
And stay I did, till it was after midnight;
About which time, walking from side to side,
That I might see both issues of the house,
It being as light almost as day, I saw
The gallant and his man leap from the wall
Of Julio's garden, and from thence in haste
Make home.

Don Pedro.

'Sdeath, man, thou dream'st! Don Zancho from Don
Julio's
In that manner?—Awake, fool, and speak sense.

Fulvio.

I say but what I saw, as I see you.

Don Pedro.

O the devil! what the same villain
Found the affronter of my friend too here
In the same kind? Give me my cloak and sword,
I must know the bottom of this. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Blanca and Francisca, as in her anti-chamber.

Blanca.

I come from seeing and caressing Silvia,
But with most strange surprize at her comportment
Towards me.

How, madam!

Francisca.

Blanca.

My words and actions both expressing to her,
 Not only highest gratitude and kindness,
 But a sollicitude in the concerns
 Of her honour, equal to what she had shown
 In mine; they were receiv'd with such a coldness,
 With such an air of melancholy pride,
 With half replies, and those not half to th' purpose,
 As make me with amazement to conclude,
 That either she has lost her understanding,
 Or that there's somewhat in 't we understand not.

Francisca.

She's a maid of an odd composition;
 And besides that, I needs must tell you, madam,
 That, having had my observation freer
 Than you, perhaps, during last night's adventure,
 I remark'd somewhat both in her demeanour,
 And in Don Zancho's, makes me confident
 They met not there strangers to one another,
 As you imagine—But there's time enough
 To think and talk of that: what presses now
 Is your right ordering of Don Julio:
 You have begun as well as can be wish'd.

Blanca.

Say, did I not do my part?

[*Jollily.*

Francisca.

———Beyond imagination;
 But take heed now of over-doing it,
 'Tis time to tack about to reconciliation,
 And thought of drawing those advantages
 From the embroilment, as may for the future
 Secure you from like accidents.

Blanca.

You say well, but how?

Francisca.

The first step must atonement be between you,
 Of which he hath so earnestly conjur'd me
 To be an instrument, that you consenting

To give him a hearing through my mediation;
 I am made for ever, and settled in the power
 Of serving you, by better cozening him :
 Besides, he tells me, he hath that to say,
 And to propose unto you, as shall not only
 Excuse him with you, but prevent all danger
 Of prejudicial rumours which might rise
 From last night's accident

Blanca.

Agreed; let's in
 And play the second part.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don Zancho and Chichon, as in his own house.

Don Zancho.

Were we not born with cauls upon our heads³; [*Jollily.*]
 Think'st thou, Chichon, to come off twice a row
 Thus rarely, from such dangerous adventures?

Chichon.

Rather I think with combs, so oft to venture.

Don Zancho.

Thou coxcomb, say, had I not my wits about me?

Chichon.

'Twere too uncomplaisant to deny that,
 You know I love not to talk seriously;
 But tell me now in earnest, are you satisfied
 To have come off so? is there no qualm remaining
 Upon your gentle heart, for leaving i' th' suds
 A poor distressed virgin? Who she is,
 I neither know nor care; but I am sure
 Had generous Chichon, to save his life,
 Play'd a sweet innocent lady such a trick,

³ *Were we not born with cauls upon our heads?*] *Cauls* are little membranes, found on some children, encompassing the head, when born. The vulgar opinion has generally been, that every person possessed of one of these *cauls*, whether originally belonging to him, or obtained by purchase, would be fortunate, and escape dangers. "Lampridius tells us, that the midwives sold *cauls* at a good price, to the advocates and pleaders of his time; it being an opinion, that while they had this about them, they should carry with them a force of persuasion which no judge could withstand: the canons forbid the use of it, because some witches and sorcerers, it seems, had abused it." See *Chambers's Dictionary*.

He would have pass'd but for a recreant knight ;
 And much the more, she having shown herself
 So gallant, as, to save her lady's honour,
 T' expose her own : Say, true Don Galor, say,
 Were your part found in a romance or play,
 Whose character would it not dislustre ?

Don Zanco.

'How soon a fool's bolt's shot, without distinction
 Of what's the mark ! Thou censur'st without knowing
 Who th' exposed lady is. Know then, Chichon,
 And wonder, 'tis Elvira ; that Elvira
 For whom I sigh'd, like to have sigh'd my last,
 On her score at Madrid ; Don Pedro's daughter.

Chichon.

You raise enchanted castles in the air ;
 But were it as you say, that makes the thing
 More inexcusable : You had been to blame
 To have us'd a stranger to ; but so t' have serv'd
 A lady whom you had once profess'd to love,
 Raises the fault above all heightning.

Don Zanco.

Nay then, I see I must once play the fool,
 In answering a fool seriously.
 The things thou say'st are heightnings indeed,
 Not of my fault, but merit in the action,
 Towards my Blanca ; since, to save her honour,
 I did not only sacrifice Elvira's ;
 But thus expose mine own : time may recover
 Elvira's fame, and mine this quickly shall :

[Clapping his hand on his sword.]

Here, take this letter, and employ your wit
 In finding out the means with secrecy
 To give it Don Fernando unobserv'd ;
 I shall not stir from home till I have his answer.

Chichon.

You found him, sir, a man of quick dispatch,
 In your last business with him at Madrid.

[Exit Don Zanco.]

How honourable 'tis to serve a Don !

What petit Basque on t'other side the mountains
 Durst have aspir'd to the high dignity
 Of carrying a cartel? A Monsieur
 Would sooner have put up a twinge by the nose,
 Than sent a challenge by a serving-man. [Exit.]

*Enter Blanca furiously, and running to the cabinet, takes out
 thence a filetto; and Francisca earnestly after her, as in
 Blanca's closet.*

Blanca.

Villains shall find; I am not unprovided
 Wrongs to revenge, that cannot be forgiven.

Francisca.

I thought the strange constraint upon herself,
 Wherewith she heard her brother, would serve in the end
 But to make rage break out with greater fury;
 Yet it is well she kept it in so long
 As to get rid of him.

Good madam, moderate yourself a little.

[*Aside.*
 To Blanca.]

Blanca.

Preach temper to the damned souls in hell,
 That they may teach the traitor moderation,
 When I have sent him thither with his devil.

Francisca.

I do confess the provocation such,
 As more than justifies all these transports;
 And therefore I beseech you think not, madam,
 In what I say, I can the least aim have
 Of saving him from the extremest fury
 Of your resentment; or preserving her,
 Who has had the impudence to abuse you so,
 Under the pretence of serving—May they perish;
 But let it be in such a way, as may not
 Draw a more dismal ruin on yourself:
 Let swift destruction seize them; yet let not,
 Madam, your hand, but head, dispense their fate.
 What can the issue be of such an action,
 As that of which I see that shining steel

And

And flaming eyes of your's, the threaten'g comets;
I beg but the reflection of a moment.

[Blanca walking upon the stage with enraged gestures pauses, at length sheathing and putting her filetto in her sleeve with a sober composed tone:]

Blanca.

Francisca, I thank you for recalling me
Thus to myself; I will be temperate—
But it shall be to make revenge the surer.

[Aside.]

Francisca.

Her tone, nor gestures cannot cozen me,
They both seem to disguise a black design;
But I shall watch you; 'tis a half-gain'd cause
In fury's course, to have begot a pause.

[Aside.]

Blanca.

Do what I bid you presently, Francisca;
Send to Don Zanchó, and let him know from me,
I earnestly desire to speak with him.

Francisca.

Lord, madam, what d' ye mean?

Blanca.

To make the pleasing proposition to him,
As I told my brother I would.

—Say, am I not moderate?

But do, without reply, what I command.

Francisca.

Madam, I shall obey—

But observe you so withall,

As to prevent the mischief if I can.

[Aside.]

[Exit Francisca.]

Blanca.

Ye Gods, assist me in my just revenge,
Or you will make an atheist—My first work
Must be, before Don Zanchó comes, to speak
With his sweet mistress, and with words and looks
As false as her's have been, so to delude her
With hopes of what she wishes, that they both
May jointly fall my honour's sacrifice.

[Exit.]

Enter Don Fernando, as in Don Julio's private apartment.

Don Fernando.

Since generosity hath so far got
The mastery, as to have made me fix
Upon a resolution so unheard of,
I long to see it executed.

—But stay,

I think I hear Elvira's voice without,
And Blanca's too—Here curiosity
To overhear is pardonable.

[He makes as if he bearken'd, and then exit, as to go where he may better hear.]

Enter Elvira and Blanca, as in the anti-chamber, and Fernando peeping as from behind a door.

Don Fernando.

Here not a word can 'scape me.

Elvira.

Madam, you wrong my zeal in serving you,
Whilst you attribute to any other motive
My yesterday's behaviour.

Blanca.

Such niceties, Elvira, are out of season.

[In a tone that may shew what she says to be forc'd.]

I seek your satisfaction in a love,
Wherein it seems you have been long engag'd.

[Elvira looking round, and Fernando starting back.]

Don Fernando.

I hope she did not see me.

[Aside.]

Elvira.

My satisfaction, say you, in my love?
Of whom, for Heaven's sake? If you mean Don Zancho,
Y' are very far from guessing at my thoughts.

Don Fernando.

By Heaven sh' has seen me, and plays the devil still.

[Aside.]

Elvira.

By all that 's good, I am far from loving him—
I say not worse, because I know she loves him.

[Aside.]

Don

E L V I R A.

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Don Fernando.

Ah, Elvira ! this is too much, yet not enough
To change in me a noble resolution. [*Afide.*]

[A noise is heard, as of people coming up stairs.]

Blanca.

I hear some coming up stairs ; should it be
Don Zancho, I am not yet ready for him— [*Afide.*]
I see we are likely to be interrupted here, [*To Elvira.*]
Elvira, we shall be better in my closet. [*Exit Blanca.*]

Elvira.

Madam, I 'll follow you.

What can she mean ? since that she needs must think
I know the passion she has for him.

[Elvira having staid a while behind, as she is going to follow Blanca, enter her father Don Pedro, and Fulvio ; she starts, and stands confounded ; he, seeing her, draws out his dagger and makes at her.]

Don Pedro.

Vile stainer of my blood, have I here found thee ?

[Elvira perceiving the door a little open where Don Fernando is, flies thither, and gets in.]

Don Fernando.

This makes it clear she saw me.

[Afide, as Elvira thrusts in.]

[Don Pedro seizes the door before it be quite shut, and they struggle, he to pull it open, and Don Fernando to shut it : after some contest, Don Fernando gets it close, and bolts it within : Don Pedro, as an enraged person, pulls and bounces at the door.]

Don Pedro.

In vain should mountains interpose between
Her and her punishment.

[He bounces still, as to break down the door.]

Enter Blanca.

Blanca.

What Bedlam have we here ? and where 's Elvira ?

Don Pedro.

You have one here, will know how to revenge
Conspiracies to affront him : and you, lady,

Whoe'er

Whoe'er you are, that seem to take upon you,
Y' had best produce the wicked thing you have nam'd,
Or by this steel— *[Blanca cries out.*

Blanca.

Ho! brother, brother! help against a madman!

Enter Don Julio.

Don Julio.

Peace, Blanca, peace, you know not what you say;
Don Pedro is master here.

Blanca.

I know not your Don Pedro; but I'm sure
One to be ty'd in chains could do no more
Than he has done.

Don Julio.

Have patience, sister; 'tis Elvira's father,
With cares enough upon him to justify
Any distemper.

Blanca.

Precious! Elvira's father?—
Nay, then I leave you. *[Blanca flings out of the room.*

Don Julio.

O the unluckiness of his coming
So unseasonably!—'Twas to prevent that,
I went abroad to seek him. *[Aside.*

Don Pedro.

What's this, Don Julio? can a gentleman
Of blood and honour use another thus?
What, after such engagements to the Duke,
And to myself, to be my friend and helper,
To prove the shelterer of my shame's chief author?
I do not wonder now, Don Zanchó himself
Should have been here at midnight.

Don Julio.

I am hard put to 't; help, wit, to bring us off. *[Aside.*
Be as distemper'd as you please, Don Pedro, *[To him.*
It shall not alter me. But yet methinks
It would not ill become your gravity,
To think a while, before you make a judgment,

And

And rashly frame injurious conclusions,
 From things wherein a friend has merited from you:
 Do but consider, and then say, what Julio
 Could do of more advance to what you wish,
 Than, having found your daughter, to have brought her
 To his own house, where she might be with honour
 Accompanied, and serv'd as such by Blanca,
 Until such time as, things maturely weigh'd,
 You should a final resolution take.
 And, since Don Zancho's being here last night,
 I see, 's no secret t' ye, methinks you ought
 T' have been so just to me, as to believe
 That since I admitted him within these walls,
 It was in order to the serving you.

Don Pedro.

Noble Don Julio, you must pity have
 Of an old man's distemper in affliction;
 I see I was in the wrong, pray pardon it.

Don Julio.

O this is more than needs; and now, good sir,
 If you'll be pleas'd to walk a turn or two
 I' the garden, I'll there give you a full account
 How I have laid things for your satisfaction.

Don Pedro.

I'll wait on you.

Don Julia.

Go, sir, there lies your way—
 And you, boy, fail not, when Don Zancho comes,

[Turning to the page.

To give me notice of it in the garden.

[Exit.

*Enter Don Zancho, and passes over the stage with Chichon
 after him, and enter Francisca, and pulling Chichon stays
 him.*

Francisca.

Stay, stay, Chichon, a word w' ye; it imports—

[She whispers with him.

Chichon.

I hope you are not in earnest.

Francisca.

Francisca.

By my soul I am—
There is no other way, but for us both
To get up the back way, and there to watch
The time to interpose.

Chibon.

Can she be such a fury? her looks are
All milk and honey.

Francisca.

You cannot fancy any thing so tragick,
But she is capable of executing,
When once provok'd in point of love and honour,
Beyond her bounds of temper.

Chibon.

Lead the way—

I'll have the pleasure to hold up the fright
She's in, since I am sure there is no danger,
Knowing, as I do, my master's mind towards Blanca;
Besides, 'tis to be hop'd, that these disorders
May produce somewhat that may put an end
To my master's quarrel, or afford me means
To give Fernando his letter.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Fernando, Elvira lying upon the couch in the private apartment.

Don Fernando.

This last dissimulation moves me more
Than all the rest, but yet it must not alter
What honour hath inspir'd. See how she lies,
And how, scarce brought to life from her dismay,
She resumes scorn, to have been sav'd by me!
But multiply what injuries thou wilt,
Perfidious maid, thou shalt not disappoint
Fernando of the glory that he aims at,
Of making thy proud heart, Elvira, owe
It's happiness to him.

— But I hear again

A noise without—

'Tis Don Zanchó,

And I see Blanca coming towards him.

[*He peeps.*

This

This falls out luckily, that I may hear
 What passes; for certainly their meeting
 Avowedly thus, can be no other subject,
 But what Don Julio has propos'd to Blanca.

[Exit, as to hearken.

Enter Don Julio and Don Pedro, as in the garden.

Don Julio.

That's all the remedy, that in these cases
 The wisest can propose unto themselves;
 His fortune's strait, 'tis true.

Don Pedro.

That's what I least regard in this occasion,
 So honour be but safe; the less they have,
 The more will be her penance for her folly.
 But should Don Zancho, upon any umbrage
 From what has pass'd between them, prove so insolent
 As to reject the marriage, then I trust—

Don Julio.

O say no more of that, rely upon 't,
 Should he be guilty of that horrid outrage,
 This sword should pierce his heart, tho' th' only friend
 I have i' the world should interpose his own;
 And, fir, to let you see my frank proceeding,
 Come along with me, I'll bring you to a place
 Where, jointly overhearing all that passes
 'Twixt him and Blanca, should he play the villain,
 His life may pay for 't, ere he stir from thence.

Don Pedro.

May Heaven repay such generous acts of friendship.

[Exit.

Enter Don Zancho, and Fernando appears as behind the door.

Don Zancho.

For her so suddenly, and so avowedly
 To send for me hither, is very strange,
 What can it mean?

Enter Blanca.

Blanca.

Now lend me temper, Heaven, but for a moment,

Till

Till calmly I have drawn him to pronounce
The sentence of his own too noble death
For such a traitor—

[*Aside.*]

I think you come not without some surprize,

[*To him, with an affected cheerfulness.*]

Don Zancho, at my sending for you so:

But let 's sit down, for I have much to say t^e ye.

[*She takes him by the hand and seats him in one chair, and she sits herself in the other close to him on his right hand, and fumbles in her sleeve.*]

I 'm so well plac'd I cannot miss the mark.

[*Aside.*]

Don Zancho.

Good madam, what 's the matter? for I see
Disorder in you; put me out of pain.

Blanca.

That I shall quickly do—

Know then, Don Zancho,

In the first place, you must not interrupt me,

Whatever you shall hear; I 'll take it ill else;

When I have done, then speak your mind at leisure;

I come not to argue, but conclude.

Don Zancho.

Your will 's a law to me—

But whither tends all this?

[*Aside.*]

Blanca.

I do for once allow you to remember

All that has pass'd between us;

The folly of my love, the faithhood of your's;

That done and never to be thought on more—

Don Zancho.

For Heaven's sake, madam—

Blanca.

Break not the rule was set—

Know, I instructed am in all your story,

And am so far grown mistress of myself,

That I who th' other day could scarce o'ercome

The sense of a slight failure at Madrid,

Can here at home suffer indignities,

And tell you calmly, and with unconcern'dness,

Be you Elvira's, and Elvira your's;

I come to do a part you little look'd for

From

From Blanca's spirit ; I must make the marriage :
 All things are ready, and her father here.
 Now you may speak, Don Zanco, but the thing
 Admits of no delay.

Don Zanco.

But can this be in earnest ? sure it cannot ;
 What need these trials of so firm a faith ? [*Pausing a while.*]

Blanca.

Leave trifling, 'tis no longer time for tricks ;
 It is not in the power of fate to alter
 The resolutions taken.

[*Don Zanco pauses.*]

Don Fernando.

She has put it home.

[*Afide.*]

Don Zanco.

Madam, you use me hardly ; this demeanour
 Passes my skill, to judge from whence it springs.
 You say it is not in the power of fate
 To change your resolutions ; but I'm sure
 If they be such, 't will less be in its power
 To alter mine ; but yet before I die
 You must be left without excuse, by knowing
 The truth of all.

Don Fernando.

Here it imports indeed to be attentive.

[*Afide.*]

Don Zanco.

Madam, 'tis true, that absent at Madrid,
 The custom of the court, and vanity,
 Embark'd me lightly in a gallantry
 With the most fam'd of beauties there, Elvira ;
 Those, and no other, the true motives were,
 To all my first addresses, till her scorns,
 Which should have stopp'd them, had engag'd me more,
 And made a love in jest a point of honour :
 I bore all her disdain without transportment,
 Till, having gain'd her waiting-woman's kindness,
 I learn'd from her, that all Elvira's slights,
 She would have thought had sprung from severe maxims,
 And preciousness of humour, were th' effects
 Of deep engagement in another love
 With a young gallant, Don Fernando Solis,

With

With whom the cruel dame was so far gone,
As to admit him every night
Into her chamber.

Don Fernando.

Blest Gods, what do I hear?

[*Aside.*]

Don Zanco [continuing.]

I, scarce believing the thing possible,
Urged my intelligencer to do for me
That which her lady for another did,
And to admit me to her chamber, where,
By being eye-witness of her lady's actions,
I might transfer my entire love to herself—
She granted my request, and late one night,
Somewhat before the gallant's usual hour,
She brought me a back way up into her chamber,
Within Elvira's; my stay had not been long,
When, having found the truth of what she had told me,
Converting rage into appearing kindness
To my informer, and expressing it
Uncautiously, we made a sudden noise,
With which, Elvira alarm'd, and coming in,
Followed by Don Fernando, that fell out
Which you have heard before.

[*Don Julio beckoning Don Pedro after him, passing
over one corner of the stage.*]

Don Julio.

By this time, I suppose, she will have made
The proposition to the full, and we
Shall come at the just time to hear his answer.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Don Julio.*]

Don Zanco [continuing.]

If since that hour I have ever seen
Or thought upon her, till last night's surprize,
May I for ever perish; and methinks
The use of that, to your advantage,
Might challenge from you a more just construction.

Blanca.

I told you at first, I came not here to argue,
But to conclude— Say, will you marry her?

[*Don Julio and Don Pedro peep out as from behind
the hanging.*]

Don

Don Julio.

W' are comè, you see, just as we could have wish'd.

Don Pedro.

His fate hangs on his lips.

Don Zanco.

You are mistress of your words and actions, madam,
And may use me as you please; but this hand
Shall sooner pierce this heart, than e'er be given
In marriage to Elvira.

*[Don Pedro and Don Julio rush in with their swords
and daggers drawn, and Don Zanco draws too.]*

Don Pedro.

Then, villain, die, Heav'n is too weak to save thee
By any other means. *[Don Fernando draws, and rushing out.]*

Don Fernando.

But here is one that shall—
Or fall by his side.

Don Pedro.

O heavens! what 's this?
Don Fernando Solis protecting him!
Nay, then the whole world conspires against my honour.

Blanca.

For Heaven's sake, gentlemen!

[Blanca runs in between.]

Cbichon.

Now by my grandame's pantable 'tis pretty!

[From behind.]

I'll brush their coats, if once it come to fighting,
Fernando 's of our side.

*[Francisca, and Cbichon with a long broom, run out
also from behind the hanging.]*

Don Julio.

What frenzy 's this, Fernando? was 't not you
Engaged me to effect the marriage? sure w' are all
Bewitch'd.

Don Fernando.

Stay, my Don Julio, stay,
And let Don Pedro have patience but to hear me—
'Tis true, but you know well upon what grounds:
Those are quite chang'd, by my having overheard
All that hath pass'd; for my Elvira, Julio,

Proves spotless in her faith, as in her beauty,
 And I the ~~only~~ guilty; to have doubted :
 What have I then to do, but here to prostrate
 Myself at her offended father's feet,
 And beg his pardon ? that obtain'd, t' implore
 His help to gain the hers, as to a person
 In whom respect for him hath always held
 Proportion with my passion for his daughter.

Don Pedro.

You know, Don Julio, when I spake with you,
 The terms of estimation and respect
 Wherewith I mention'd t' ye this gentleman ;
 And therefore, since in his address t' Elvira
 There was no other fault, but making it
 Unknown to me, and that I see his thoughts
 Are truly noble ; honour thus engaged,
 That ought to be forgot, and I to think
 Myself most happy in such a son-in-law.
 But where 's Elvira ?

Don Fernando.

She 's there within, where I dare not appear
 Before her, knowing now such guilt upon me.
 If Blanca would employ her interest
 And eloquence, perhaps she might prevail
 To get her hither, when she shall have told her
 What changes a few minutes' time have wrought

Blanca.

I never went on a more pleasing errand.

[*Exeunt Blanca and Francisca.*

Francisca.

I am struck dumb with wonder.

[*As she goes out.*

Don Fernando.

Now Blanca is away, I 'll take this time
 To spare her blushes, Julio, and tell you,
 Though I have broke one marriage for Don Zancho,
 You needs must give me leave to make another ;
 To which, unless I 'm very much deceiv'd,
 You 'll find on neither party repugnancy.

Don Julio.

I understand you ; and I thank the Gods
 They did not make me understand the wrong,

Till

Till they have made it none; since I observe
Don Zancho's looks joining in your desires.

Don Zancho.

A heart so full of love as mine for Blanca,
Does best express itself when it speaks least.

Enter Donna Blanca, Donna Elvira, and Francisca.

[Elvira casts herself at her father's feet.]

Elvira.

Now that the justice of the Gods, at length
Hath clear'd me from suspicions derogatory
To the honour of your blood, I hope that Heaven
May expiate my fault as to a father.

Don Pedro.

Rise, child; the inclosure I consent you to
Is Don Fernando's arms; give him your hand.

Elvira.

'Tis your's, sir, to dispense of, I confess;
And if it be your will, I must submit;
But let him know, who could suspect Elvira,
She never could be his, but by obedience.

Don Fernando.

I am thunder-struck, *[Elvira giving him her hand.]*

Elvira.

Be not dismay'd, Fernando;
Since I profess this a mere act of duty;
Another duty may Elvira move,
To re-inflame on better grounds her love.

Don Julio [ironically.]

Blanca, I fear you 'll hardly be persuaded
To give your's to Don Zancho; but a brother
For once may play the tyrant—Give it him,
It must be so.

[They join hands.]

Don Fernando.

I now renounce old maxims: having you,
Elvira, I am sure the very best proves true.

Chibon.

Hold there, I beg you, sir; that will appear
By that time you have married been a year.

EDITION.

ELVIRA:

OR,

The Worst not always true.

A COMEDY,

Written by a Person of QUALITY.

L O N D O N :

Printed by E. COTES, for HENRY BROOM,
in *Little Britain*. 1667.

4to.

T H E
W I D O W .

THIS comedy, produced by the joint labours of three eminent poets, was acted with much applause at the Black-Fryars stage, in the reign of Charles the First: but it was never printed till the year 1652, when it fell into the hands of Mr. Alexander Gough, who sent it to the press.

D R A M A T I S

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRANDINO, *an old justice.*

MARTINO, *his clerk.*

FRANCISCO, } *Two gentlemen.*

ATTILIO, } *Two old men, suitors to the widow.*

RICARDO, *a decayed young gentleman, and suitor to the widow.*

ANSALDO, MARTIA *disguised.*

LATROCINIO, } *Thieves.*

OCCULTO, }

SILVIO, }

STRATIO, }

FIDUCIO, }

W O M E N.

VALERIA, *the Widow.*

MARTIA, *daughter to one of the old suitors, and supposed a man.*

PHILIPPA *Justice BRANDINO's wife.*

VIOLETTA, *her waiting-maid.*

Officers, Servants.

P R O L O G U E.

*A Sport, only for Christmas, is the play
 This hour presents to you; to make you merry
 Is all th' ambition 't has; and fullest aim,
 Bent at your smiles, to win itself a name:
 And if your edge be not quite taken off,
 Wearied with sports, I hope 't will make you laugh.*

THE
W I D O W.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Signior Martino and Francisco.

Francisco.

MARTINO!

Martino.

Signior Francisco! you're the luckiest gentleman to
meet

Or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet,
But I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

Francisco.

I bring you the same luck still.

Martino.

What, you do not?

I hope, fir, you are not come for another warrant?

Francisco.

Yes, faith, for another warrant.

Martino.

Why there's my dream come out then; I never dream'd
of a buttock, but I was sure to have money for a warrant.
It is the luckiest part of all the body to me: Let every
man speak as he finds. Now your usurer is of opinion,
that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream; and
I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to
the

the devil, 'tis as good; and has all one smatch indeed; for if one be the flesh, the other 's the broth: so 'tis in all his members, and we mark it; if gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge; they 're both boil'd together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, tho' it conclude in the two-penny chop: Why fir, Signior Francisco.

Francisco.

'Twas her voice sure,
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a sound like her's.

Martino.

Sir, I beseech you.

Francisco.

It is the prettiest contriv'd building, this:
What poesy 's that, I pr'ythee?

Martino.

Which, fir; that
Under the great brafs squirt?

Francisco.

Aye, that, fir, that.

Martino.

From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice.

Francisco.

There 's like to be a good house kept then, when fire
and water 's forbidden to come into the kitchen.
Not yet a fight of her? This hour 's unfortunate.
And what 's that yonder, pr'ythee? O love's famine,
There 's no affliction like thee. Aye, I hear you, fir.

Martino.

You 're quicker ear'd than I then: you hear me
Before I heard myself.

Francisco.

A gift in friendship;
Some call it an instinct.

Martino.

It may be,
Th' other 's the sweeter phrase though: Look you, fir,
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle;

A goose.

A goose-quill and a clerk, a constable and a lantern,
Bring many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a thief
to one turn.

Francisco.

That one turn help'd you well.

Martino.

It has help'd me to money indeed for many a warrant,
I am forty dollars the better for that one turn; and 't would
come off quicker 't were ne'er a whit the worse for me.
But indeed when thieves are taken, and break away twice
or thrice one after another, there 's my gains; then go
out more warrants to fetch 'em again; one fine nimble
villain may be worth a man ten dollars, in and out o'
that fashion; I love such a one with my heart. Aye, and
will help him to 'scape too, and I can; hear you me
that: I 'll have him in at all times at a month's warning;
nay, say I let him run like a summer nag all the vacation;
see you these blanks, I 'll send him but one of these
bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a ven-
geance: nothing kills my heart, but when one of 'em dies,
fir, then there's no hope of more money: I had rather
lose at all times two of my best kindred than an excellent
thief; for he 's a gentleman I 'm more beholden to.

Francisco.

You betray your mystery too much, fir. Yet no comfort?
'Tis but her fight that I waste precious time for;
For more I cannot hope for, she 's so strict;
Yet that I cannot have.

Martino.

I am ready now, signior.
Here are blank warrants of all dispositions; give me but
the name and nature of your malefactor, and I 'll bestow
him according to his merits.

Francisco.

This only is th' excuse that bears me out,
And keeps off impudence and suspicion
From my too frequent coming: what name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?
This coxcomb will be prating.—One Attilio,
His offence wilful murder.

Martino.

Martino.

Wilful murder? Oh I love o' life to have such a fellow come under my fingers; like a beggar that's long a taking leave of a fat louse, I'm loth to part with him, I must look upon him over and over first: Are you wilful? i'faith I'll be as wilful as you then.

[*Philippa and Violetta at a window.*
Philippa.

Martino!

Martino.

Mistress.

Philippa.

Make haste, your master's going.

Martino.

I'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth; I'll dispatch that presently.

Philippa.

Good-morrow, sir; oh that I durst say more:

Francisco.

'Tis gone again; since such are all life's pleasures,
No sooner known but lost, he that enjoys 'em
The length of life, has but a longer dream;
He wakes to this at th' end, and sees all nothing.

Philippa.

He cannot see me now; I'll mark him better
Before I be too rash: Sweetly compos'd he is;
Now as he stands, he's worth a woman's love,
That loves only for shape, as most of 's do:
But I must have him wise, as well as proper,
He comes not in my books else¹, and indeed
I have thought upon a course to try his wit. Violetta!

Violetta.

Mistress.

Philippa.

Yonder's the gentleman again.

Violetta.

Oh sweet mistress,

Pray give me leave to see him.

¹ He comes not in my books else. See Mr. Stevens's note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. I. S. 1.

Philippa.

Nay, take heed,
Open not the window, an' you love me.

Violetta.

No, I've the view of his whole body here, mistress,
At this poor little slit: oh enough, enough;
In troth 'tis a fine outside.

Philippa.

I see that.

Violetta.

H' as curl'd his hair most judiciously well.

Philippa.

Aye, there 's thy love now, it begins in barbarism:
she buys a goose with feathers, that loves a gentleman
for 's hair; she may be cozen'd to her face, wench.
Away: he takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither;
quick, quick, wench.

Martino.

Nay, look upon 't, and spare not: every one cannot
get that kind of warrant from me, signior. Do you see
this prick i' th' bottom, it betokens power and speed; it
is a privy mark, that runs between the constables and my
master. Those that cannot read, when they see this,
know 'tis for lechery or murder; and this being away,
the warrant comes gelded, and insufficient.

Francisco.

I thank you, fir.

Martino.

Look you; all these are nihils;
They want the punction.

Francisco.

Yes, I see they do, fir;
There 's for thy pains; mine must go unrewarded:
The better love, the worse by fate regarded. [Exit.

Martino.

Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever
penman was blest'd withal: now will he come for ano-
ther to-morrow again; if he hold on this course, he will
leave never a knave i' th' town within this twelvemonth:
no matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

Philippa.

Martino!

Martino.

Say you, forsooth ?
Martino.

What paper 's that the gentleman let fall there ?
Philippa.

Paper ? 'Tis the warrant, I hope : if it be I 'll hide it, and make him pay for 't again. No, pox ; 'tis not so happy.
Martino.

What is 't, firrah ?
Philippa.

'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.
Martino.

Is that nothing ?
Philippa.

Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.
Martino.

A letter ? Why, 't has been many a man's undoing, fir.
Philippa.

So has a warrant, an' you go to that, mistress.
Martino.

Read but the superscription, and away with 't.
Philippa.
Alas it may concern the gentleman nearly.

Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.
Martino.

At home, how mean you fir ?
Philippa.

You shall hear, mistress. *To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Mrs. Philippa Brandino.*
Martino.

How, fir, to me ?
Philippa.

To you, mistress.
Martino.

Run, as thou lov'st my honour, and thy life,
Philippa.
Call him again, I 'll not endure this injury :
But stay, stay, now I think on 't, 'tis my credit ;
I 'll have your master's counsel. Ah, base fellow,

To leave his loose lines thus; 'tis even as much
 As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing;
 Had I not a grave wise man to my husband;
 And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
 Thou car'st not whom.

Martino.

Alas, 'tis my office, mistress.
 You know you have a kirtle every year,
 And 'tis within two months of the time now,
 The velvet's coming over: pray be milder; a man that
 has a place must take money of any body: please you to
 throw me down but half a dollar, and I 'll make you a
 warrant for him now, that's all I care for him.

Philippa.

Well, look you be clear now from this foul conspiracy
 Against mine honour; or your master's love to you,
 That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here;
 It shall not: trust to 't.—

[*Exit.*

Martino.

This is strange to me now:
 Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide?
 A man that had his blood as hot as her's now; would fit
 her with French velvet: I 'll go near it.

Enter Brandino and Philippa.

Philippa:

If this be a wrong to modest reputation,
 Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master
 Both of your fame and mine.

Brandino.

Signior Francisco?
 I 'll make him fly the land.

Martino.

That will be hard, sir;
 I think he be not so well feather'd, master;
 H' as spent the best part of his patrimony.

Philippa.

Hark of his bold confederate.

Brandino.

There thou 'rt bitter;

And

And I must chide thee now.

Philippa.

What should I think, fir ?

He comes to your man for warrants.

Brandino.

There it goes then.

Come hither knave : Comes he to you for warrants ?

Martino.

Why, what of that, fir ?

You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds ;

That comes by fortune, and by nature, fir,

Brandino.

True, that comes by fortune, and by nature.

Wife, why dost thou wrong this man ?

Martino.

He needs no warrant, master, that goes about such business ; a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.

Brandino.

La ; has he answer'd well now, to the full ?

What cause hast thou to abuse him ?

Philippa.

Hear me out, I pray :

Through his admittance, he has had an opportunity

To come into the house, and court me boldly.

Brandino.

Sirrah, you 're foul again, methinks.

Martino.

Who I, fir ?

Brandino.

You gave this man admittance into th' house.

Martino.

That 's true, fir ; you never gave me any order yet,

To write my warrants i' th' street.

Brandino.

Why sure thou tak'st delight to wrong this fellow, wife : ha, cause I love him.

Philippa.

Pray, see the fruits ; see what he has left behind here :

Be angry where you should be : there 's few wives

Would do as I do.

Brandino.

Brandino.

Nay, I 'll say that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honest.

Philippa.

She 's a beast
That ever was found otherways.

Brandino.

Read, Martino ;
Mine eyes are fore already, and such a business
Would put 'em out quite.

Martino.

“ Fair, dear, and incomparable mistress, ”——

Brandino.

Oh ! every letter draws a tooth, methinks

Martino.

And it leads mine to watering.

Philippa.

Here 's no villainy (¹) ?

Martino.

“ My love being so violent, and the opportunity so
“ precious in your husband's absence to-night, who, as
“ I understand, takes a journey this morning —— ”

Brandino.

“ Oh plot of villainy ! ”

Philippa.

Am I honest, think you, sir ?

Brandino.

Exactly honest, perfectly improved. On, on,
Martino.

Martino.

“ I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity
“ has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessing
“ of this long-desired opportunity, at the back gate,
“ between nine and ten this night —— ”

Brandino.

I feel this inns-a-court man in my temples.

(¹) *Here 's no villainy ?*] See note 11 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*,
vol. II. p. 127.

Martino.

“ Where if your affection be pleas'd to receive me, you
“ receive the faithfullest that ever vow'd service to wo-
“ man,——Francisco.”

Brandino.

I will make Francisco smart for 't.

Philippa.

Shew him the letter ; let him know you know him ;
That will torment him : all your other courses
Are nothing, fir, to that : that breaks his heart.

Brandino.

The strings shall not hold long then. Come, Martino.

Philippa.

Now if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night ; if not, he never shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E . . . H . .

Enter Francisco, Ricardo, and Attilio.

Ricardo.

NA Y, mark, mark it, Francisco : it was the natu-
rallest curtesie that ever was ordained ; a young
gentleman being spent, to have a rich widow set him up
again : to see how fortune has provided for all mortali-
ty's ruins ; your college for your old-standing scholar ;
your hospital for your lame creeping soldier ; your bawd
for your mangled roarer ; your open house for your
beggar ; and your widow for your gentleman : Ha, Fran-
cisco !

Francisco.

Aye, fir, you may be merry, you 're in hope of a rich
widow.

Ricardo.

And why should'st not thou be in hope of another, if
there were any spirit in thee ; thou art as likely a fellow
as any in the company. I'll be hang'd now if I do not hit
the true cause of thy sadness ; and confes truly, i'faith ;
thou hast some land unfold yet, I hold my life.

Francisco.

Marry, I hope so, fir.

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Ricardo.

Ricardo.

A pox on 't, have I found it? 'Slight, away with it with all speed, man. I was never merry at heart while I had a foot: why, man, fortune never minds us, till we are left alone to ourselves: for what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have look'd after a rich widow? Alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five-and-twenty children, and undone myself.

Francisco.

I protest, fir, I should not have the face tho' to come to a rich widow with nothing.

Ricardo.

Why, art thou so simple as thou mak'st thyself? Dost think y' faith I come to a rich widow with nothing?

Francisco.

I mean with state not answerable to her's.

Ricardo.

Why there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on; She knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

Francisco.

Aye, that's strange, fir.

Ricardo.

Nay more, to pierce thy hard heart, and make thee sell thy land, if thou'st any grace: she has, amongst others, two substantial suitors;

Oae, in good time be't spoke, I owe much money to, She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her, Nor dares the unconscionable rascal trouble me; Sh' as told him thus, those that profess love to her Shall have the liberty to come and go,

Or else get him gone first; she knows not yet Where fortune may bestow her, she's her gift, Therefore to all will shew a kind respect.

Francisco.

Why this is like a woman: I ha' no luck in 't.

Ricardo.

And as at a sheriff's table, O blest custom! A poor indebted gentleman may dine,

Feed

Feed well, and without fear, and depart so ;
So to her lips fearless I come and go.

Francisco.

You may well boast, y' are much the happier man, fir.

Ricardo.

So you would be, and you would sell your land, fir.

Francisco.

I have heard the circumstance of your sweet fortune ;
Pr'ythee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ricardo.

That 's an ill hearing ; but come, for once, fir.

Francisco.

I never yet lov'd but one woman.

Ricardo.

Right, I begun so too ; but I have lov'd a thousand
since.

Francisco.

Pray hear me, fir ; but this is a man's wife.

Ricardo.

So has five hundred of my thousand been.

Francisco.

Nay see, and you 'll regard me.

Ricardo.

No ? you see I do,
I bring you an example in for every thing.

Francisco.

This man's wife—

Ricardo.

So you said.

Francisco.

Seems very strict.

Ricardo.

Ha, humph !

Francisco.

Do you laugh at that ?

Ricardo.

Seems very strict you said ;

I hear you, man ; aye faith, you are so jealous still.

Francisco.

But why should that make you laugh ?

R 2

Ricardo.

Ricardo.

Because she seems so: you're such another.

Francisco.

Nay, sir, I think she is.

Ricardo.

You cannot tell then.

Francisco.

I dare not ask the question, I protest;
For fear of a repulse, which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.

Ricardo.

Ha, hum! This 'tis to be a landed man. Come, I perceive I must shew you a little of my fortune, and instruct you: Not ask the question?

Francisco.

Methought still she frown'd, sir.

Ricardo.

Why that's the cause, fool, that she look'd so sturvily. Come, come, make me your woman, you'll ne'er do't else; I'll shew you her condition presently. I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get up at horse-tail, before you get into the saddle: have you the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being but in hose and doublet? I think, if I should put on a farthingale, thou would'st never have the heart to do't.

Francisco.

Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you, sir.

Ricardo.

In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee without one.

Francisco.

Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak to a woman.

Ricardo.

You shall pardon me for that, friend; I will not think it, till I see't.

Francisco.

Why you shall then: I shall be glad to learn too,
Of one so deep as you are.

Ricardo.

So you may, sir. Now 'tis my best course to look mildly,
I shall

I shall put him out at first elfe.

Francisco.

A word, sweet lady.

Ricardo.

With me, fir? say your pleasure.

Francisco.

O Ricardo,

Thou art too good to be a woman long.

Ricardo.

Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove
Too scornful; be content when you 're well us'd.

Francisco.

You say well, fir.—Lady, I have lov'd you long.

Ricardo.

'Tis a good hearing, fir.—If he be not out now, I'll be
hang'd.

Francisco.

You play a scornful woman! I perceive, Ricardo, you
have not been us'd to 'em. why, I'll come in at my plea-
sure with you. Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk, when a
woman gives way to 't: one shall seldom meet with a lady
so kind, as thou playd'st her.

Ricardo.

Not altogether, perhaps: he that draws their pictures
must flatter 'em a little; they 'll look he that plays 'em
should do 't a great deal then.

Francisco.

Come, come, I 'll play the woman, that I 'm us'd to;
I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet, all your
things come on easy.

Ricardo.

Say you so, fir?

I 'll try your ladyship 'faith.—I ady, well met.

Francisco.

I do not think so, fir.

Ricardo.

A scornful gom²! And at the first dash too: my wi-

² gom [] Junius, in his Etymologicon, says, that gom or gome, signifies
a man.—Ricardo therefore means, that Francisco, in his assumed charac-
ter of a woman, acts not with the softness and delicacy of a female, but
with the scorn and haughtiness of a male.

dow never gave me such an answer. I'll to you again, fir, Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely.

Francisco.

There's no body bids you, fir.

Ricardo.

Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest crossfest baggage that ever man met withal; but I'll see thee hang'd, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this. Why, thou 'rt too awkward, firrah.

Francisco.

Hang thee, base fellow.

Ricardo.

Now, by this light, he thinks he does 't indeed. Nay, then, have at your plumb-tree; faith, I'll not be foil'd. — Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will love you.

Francisco.

Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman.

Ricardo.

What a pestilent quean's this! I shall have much ado with her, I see that. Tell me, as you 're a woman, lady, what serve kisses for, but to stop all your mouths?

Francisco.

Hold, hold, Ricardo.

Ricardo.

Disgrace me, widow.

Francisco.

Art mad, I'm Francisco.

Attilio.

Signior Ricardo, up, up.

Ricardo.

Who is 't, Francisco?

Francisco.

Francisco, quotha? What, are you mad, fir?

Ricardo.

A bots on thee, thou dost not know what injury thou hast done me; I was i' th' fairest dream. This is your way now, and you can follow it.

Francisco.

Francisco.

'Tis a strange way, methinks.

Ricardo.

Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully then,
For I am like the actor that you spoke on,
I must have the part that overcomes the lady,
I never like the play else.—Now your friendship,
But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,
And the rich widow's mine within these three hours.

Attilio and Francisco.

We should be proud of that, sir.

Ricardo.

Lift to me then.

I'll place you two—I can do 't handsomely.
I know the house so well—to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I: she's a most affable one;
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract,
Then shall you both step in as witnesses,
And take her in the snare.

Francisco.

But do you love her?
And then 't will prosper.

Ricardo.

By this hand I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her person too.

Francisco.

It shall be done, then.

Ricardo.

But stay, stay, Francisco;
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence,
now?

Francisco.

Why, hark you, sir.

Ricardo.

Enough, command my life,
Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife.

[*Exeunt Ricardo and Attilio.*

Francisco.

Oh that's now with me past hope; yet I must love her.

R 4

I would

I would I could not do 't.

Enter Brandino and Martino.

Martino.

Yonder 's the villain, master.

Brandino.

Francisco ? I am happy.

Martino.

Let 's both draw, master, for there's nobody with him ;
stay, stay, master,
Do not you draw till I be ready too,
Let 's draw just both together, and keep ev'n,

Brandino.

What and we kill'd him now, before he saw us ?

Martino.

No, then he will hardly see to read the letter.

Brandino.

That 's true : good counsel, marry.

Martino.

Marry thus much, fir ; you may kill him lawfully, all
the while he 's a reading on 't, as an anabaptist may lie
with a brother's wife, all the while he 's asleep.

Brandino.

He turns ; he looks : Come on, fir, you, Francisco ;
I lov'd your father well, but you 're a villain :
He lov'd me well too : But you love my wife, fir ;
After whom take you that ? I will not say
Your mother play'd false.

Francisco.

No, fir, you were not best.

Brandino.

But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife 's honest.

Martino.

And I, my mistress.

Francisco.

You may, I 'll give you leave.

Brandino.

Leave, or leave not ; there she defies you, fir ;
Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,
Or cover your forbidden parts at least,

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For fear you want one ; many a letcher may,
That sins in cambrick now.

Martino.

And in lawn too, master.

Brandino.

Nay, read, and tremble, fir.

Martino.

Now shall I do 't, master? I see a piece of an open seam
in his shirt, shall I run him in there ? for my sword has
ne'er a point.

Brandino.

No, let him foam a while.

Martino.

If your sword be no better than mine, we shall not kill
him by day-light ; we had need have a lanthorn.

Brandino.

Talk not of lanthorns, he 's a sturdy letcher ;
He would make the horns fly about my ears.

Francisco.

I apprehend thee : Admirable woman !
Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty.

Brandino.

Now, fir, have you well view'd your bastard there,
Got of your lustful brain ? 'Give you joy on 't.

Francisco.

I thank you, fir ; altho' you speak in jest,
I must confess, I sent your wife this letter,
And often courted, tempted, and urg'd her.

Brandino.

Did you so, fir ?
Then first, before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my house.

Martino.

And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my office :
die to-morrow ; next thou never get'st warrant of me
more, for love or money.

Francisco.

Remember but again, from whence I came, fir,
And then I know you cannot think amiss of me.

Brandino.

How 's this ?

Martino.

Pray, hear him ; it may grow to a peace :
For, master, though we have carried the business nobly,
we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.

Brandino.

Peace, thou say'st true in that : what is 't you 'd say, sir ?

Francisco.

Was not my father (quietness be with him)
And you sworn brothers ?

Brandino.

Why, right ; that 's it urges me.

Francisco.

And cou'd you have a thought that I could wrong you,
As far as the deed goes ?

Brandino.

You took the course, sir.

Francisco.

To make you happy, if you rightly weigh'd it.

Martino.

Troth I 'll put up at all adventures, master ;
It comes off very fair yet.

Francisco.

You in years
Married a young maid : What does the world judge, think
you ?

Martino.

By 'r lady, master, knavishly enough, I warrant you ;
I should do so myself.

Francisco.

Now to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspicious brood,
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being son to him you lov'd ; that now confirm'd,
I might advance my sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

Martino.

Oh, master, let me weep, while you embrace him.

Brandino.

Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee ?
Lives he here still ? What, will he shew himself

In his male seed to me? Give me thy hand,
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me:
Pr'ythee forgive me.

Martino.

And me too, pr'ythee.

Brandino.

Come to my house, thy father never mis'd it.

Martino.

Fetch now as many warrants as you please, fir,
And welcome too,

Francisco.

To see how soon man's goodness
May be abused.

Brandino.

But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have.

Francisco.

Sir, I take it:
A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it. [Exit.

Brandino.

Martino, I applaud my fortune, and thy counsel.

Martino.

You never have ill fortune when you follow it.
Here were things carry'd now in the true nature of a
quiet duello;
A great strife ended, without the rough soldier, or the—
And now you may take your journey.

Brandino.

Thou art my glee, Martino. [Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Valeria and a Servant.

Valeria.

Servellio.
Mistress.

Servant.

Valeria.

If that fellow come again,
Answer him without me : I'll not speak with him.

Servant.

He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forfooth ?

Valeria.

Aye, that spic'd coxcomb, fir : Never may I marry
again

If his right worshipful idolatrous face
Be not most fearfully painted ; so hope comfort me,
I might perceive it peel in many places,
And under 's eye lay a betraying foulness,
As maids sweep dust o' th' house all to one corner ;
It shew'd me enough there, prodigious pride,
That cannot but fall scornfully. I 'm a woman,
Yet, I praise Heaven, I never had the ambition
To go about to mend a better workman :
She ever shames herself i' th' end that does it.
He that likes me not now, as Heaven made me,
I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure ;
Nor lie ev'ry night like a woodcock in paste
To please some gaudy goose i' th' morning.
A wise man likes that best, that is itself,
Not that which only seems, tho' it look fairer.
Heaven send me one that loves me, and I 'm happy,
Of whom I ll make great trial ere I have him.
Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly,
I learn that of my suitors, 'tis their own,
Therefore injustice 't were to keep it from 'em.

*Enter Ricardo.**Ricardo.*

And so as I said, sweet widow.

Valeria.

Do you begin where you left, fir ?

Ricardo.

I always desire, when I come to a widow, to begin i'
th' middle of a sentence ; for I presume she has a bad
memory of a woman, that cannot remember what goes
before.

Valeria.

Valeria.

Stay, stay, fir; let me look upon you well;
Are not you painted too?

Ricardo.

How, painted, widow?

Valeria.

Not painted widow, I do not use it, trust me, fir.

Ricardo.

That makes me love thee.

Valeria.

I mean painted gentleman,
Or if you please to give him a greater file, fir;
Blame me not, fir, it's a dangerous age I tell you,
Poor simple-dealing women had need look about 'em.

Ricardo.

But is there such a fellow in the world, widow,
As you are pleas'd to talk on?

Valeria.

Nay, here lately, fir.

Ricardo.

Here? a pox, I think I smell him, 'tis vermilion sare,
ha: oil of ben³. Do but shew him me, widow, and let
me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld
him, and grind his face upon one o' th' stones.

Valeria.

Suffices you have express'd me your love and valour,
and manly hate against that unmanly pride: but, fir,
I 'll save you that labour; he never comes within my
door again.

Ricardo.

I 'll love your door the better while I know 't, widow;
a pair of such brothers were fitter for posts⁴ without door,

³ oil of ben.] "*Ben* or *B ben*, in pharmacy, denotes a medicinal root, celebrated, especially among the Arabs, for its aromatic, cardiac, "and alexiterial virtues." *Chambers's Dictionary*. The same writer says, there are two kinds of *Ben*, white and red, and that they are both brought from the Levant, and have the same virtues, being substituted for each other.

⁴ fitter for posts, &c.] See note 44 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. 3. p. 203.

indeed,

indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be us'd in a woman's chamber. No, sweet widow, having me, you 've the truth of a man; all that you see of me is full of mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be your's: I ever hated to be beholden to art, or to borrow any thing but money.

[*Francisco and Attilio stand unseen.*

Valeria.

True; and that you never use to pay again.

Ricardo.

What matter is 't? If you be pleas'd to do 't for me, I hold it as good.

Valeria.

Oh, soft you, fir, I pray.

Ricardo.

Why, i' faith, you may an' you will.

Valeria.

I know that, fir.

Ricardo.

Troth, and I would have my will then, if I were as you;

There 's few women else but have.

Valeria.

But since I cannot have it in all, signior, I care not to have it in any thing.

Ricardo.

Why, you may have it in all, an' you will, widow.

Valeria.

Pish; I would have one that loves me for myself, fir, not for my wealth; and that I cannot have.

Ricardo.

What say you to him that does the thing you wish for?

Valeria.

Why, here 's my hand, I 'll marry none but him then.

Ricardo.

Your hand and faith.

Valeria.

My hand and faith.

Ricardo.

'Tis I, then,

Valeria.

Valeria.

I shall be glad on 't, trust me ; 'shrew my heart else.

Ricardo.

A match.

Enter Francisco and Attilio.

Francisco.

Give you joy, sweet widow.

Attilio,

Joy to you both.

Valeria.

How ?

Ricardo.

Nay, there 's no starting now ; I have you fast, widow.
You 're witness, gentlemen.

Francisco, and Attilio.

We 'll be depos'd on it.

Valeria.

Am I betray'd to this, then ? Then I see
'Tis for my wealth ; a woman's wealth 's her traitor,

Ricardo.

'Tis for love chiefly, I protest sweet widow ;
I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.

Valeria.

Hence !

Ricardo.

Why, thou 'rt mine.

Valeria.

I do renounce it utterly.

Ricardo.

Have I not hand and faith ?

Valeria.

Sir, take your course.

Ricardo.

With all my heart ; ten courses an' you will, widow.

Valeria.

Sir, sir, I 'm not so gamesome as you think me ;
I 'll stand you out by law.

Ricardo.

By law ! O cruel, merciless woman,
To talk of law, and know I have no money.

Valeria.

Valeria.

I will consume myself to the last stamp³,
Before thou gett'st me.

Ricardo.

'Life, I'll be as wilful, then, too; I'll rob all the
carriers in Christendom, but I'll have thee, and find my
lawyers money :
I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis* ;
I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.

Valeria.

As for you, gentlemen, I'll take course against you ;
You came into my house without my leave ;
Your practices are cunning and deceitful ;
I know you not, and I hope law will right me.

Ricardo.

It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em,
'Tis not your business to know every man,
An honest wife contents herself with one.

Valeria.

You know what you shall trust to, pray depart, fir,
And take your rude confederates along with you,
Or I will send for those shall force your absence :
I'm glad I found your purpose out so soon.
How quickly may poor women be undone !

Ricardo.

Lose thee ! by this hand I'll see fifteen counsellors first,
tho' I undo a hundred poor men for 'em ; and I'll make
'em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee.

Valeria.

Me !

Ricardo.

Thee.

Valeria.

Aye, fret thy heart out.

[*Exit Ricardo.*

Francisco.

Were I he now,
I'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.

Valeria.

Pray counsel him to that, fir, and I'll pay you well.

³ stamp,] i. e. halfpenny.

Francisco.

Francisco.

Pay me ! pay your next husband.

Valeria.

Do not scorn 't, gallant ; a worse woman than I
Has paid a better man than you. [*Exeunt Attilio and Francisco.*]

Enter two old Suitors.

1st. Suitor.

Why, how now, sweet widow ?

Valeria.

Oh, kind gentlemen,
I 'm so abused here.

Ambo.

Abus'd !

Valeria.

What will you do, firs ? Put up your weapons.

2d. Suitor.

Nay, they 're not so easily drawn, that I must tell you ;
mine has not been out these three years ; marry, in your
cause, widow, 't would not be long a drawing. Abus'd !
by whom, widow ?

Valeria.

Nay, by a beggar.

2d. Suitor.

A beggar ! I 'll have him whipt then, and sent to the
house of correction.

Valeria.

Ricardo, fir.

2d. Suitor.

Ricardo ! Nay, by the mass, he 's a gentleman beggar ;
he 'll be hang'd before he be whipt. Why, you 'll give
me leave to clap him up, I hope ?

Valeria.

'Tis too good for him ; that 's the thing he wou'd have.
He would be clapt up whether I would or no, methinks ;
Plac'd two of his companions privately,
Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
In my kind answers, and at last stole from me,
That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
A kind of verbal curtesy, which his witnesses
And he, forsooth, call by the name of contract.

2d. Suitor.

Pray let me hear 't; I've a shrewd guess o' th' law.

Valeria.

Faith, fir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.

2d. Suitor.

Indeed!

Valeria.

Aye, trust me, fir.

2d. Suitor.

I'm very glad on 't; I'm another witness,
And he shall have you now.

Valeria.

What said you, fir?

2d. Suitor.

He shall not want money in an honest cause, widow;
I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Valeria.

Are all the world betrayers?

2d. Suitor.

Pish, pish, widow,
Y' have borne me in hand⁶ this three months, and now
fobb'd me:

I've known the time when I could please a woman,
I'll not be laugh'd at now; when I'm croft, I'm a
tyger;

I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Valeria.

This only shews your malice to me, fir;
The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
So much is your debt already.

2d. Suitor.

Therefore I do 't,
I have no way but that to help myself;
Though I lose you, I will not lose all, widow;
He marrying you, as I will follow 't for him,
I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.

Valeria.

I look'd for this from you.

[Exit.

⁶ Y' have borne me in hand, &c.] See note 20 to *Ram Alley*, vol. 5. p. 441.

2d. Suitor.

2d. Suitor.

I ha' not deceiv'd you then :
 Fret, vex, and chafe, I 'm obstinate where I take.
 I 'll seek him out, and cheer him up against her ;
 I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
 But two I got once of a scowering woman,
 And they 're both well provided for, they 're i' th' hos-
 pital :
 I have ten thousand pound to bury me, and I will have
 my humour. [Exit,

S C E N E II.

*Enter Francisco.**Francisco.*

A M A N must have a time to serve his pleasure,
 As well as his dear friend. I 'm forc'd to steal from
 'em,

To get this night of sport for mine own use.
 What says her amiable witty letter here ?
 'Twixt nine and ten—now 'tis 'twixt six and seven,
 As fit as can be ; he that follows lechery
 Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I methinks :
 Sun sets at eight, it 's 'bove an hour high yet ;
 Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
 But I 've an excellent horse ; and a good gallop
 Helps man as much as a provoking banquet.

*Enter 1st. Suitor, with Officers.**1st. Suitor.*

Here 's one of 'em, begin with him first, officers.

Officer.

By virtue of this writ we attach your body, sir.

Francisco.

My body ? 'life, for what ?

1st. Suitor.

Hold him fast, officers.

Officer.

The least of us can do 't, now his sword 's off, sir ;

S 3

We

We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never lose a man.

Francisco.

O treacherous fortune!
Why what 's the cause?

1st. Suitor.

The widow's business, fir;
I hope you know me?

Francisco.

For a busy coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it.

1st. Suitor.

Oh y're mad, fir;
Simple though you make me, I stand for the widow.

Francisco.

She 's simply stodd for then. What 's this to me, fir,
Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?

1st. Suitor.

Y' are like to find good bail before you leave us,
Or lie till the suit 's try'd.

Francisco.

O my love 's misery.

1st. Suitor.

I 'm put in trust to follow 't, and I 'll do 't with all
severity; build upon that, fir.

Enter Ricardo and Attilio.

Francisco.

How I could curse myself!

Ricardo.

Look, here 's Francisco,
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?

Attilio.

'Tis strange to me.

Ricardo.

I tell you 'tis his fashion,
He never stole away in 's life from me;
But still I found him in such scurvy company.
A pox on thee, Francisco, wilt never leave thy old
Tricks; are these lousy companions for thee?

Francisco.

Pish, pish, pish.

Francisco.

1st. Suitor.

Here they be all three now : 'prehend 'em, officers.

Ricardo.

What 's this ?

Francisco.

I gave you warning enough to make away.

I 'm in for the widow's business, so are you now.

Ricardo.

What, all three in a noose ? this is like a widow's business indeed.

1st. Suitor.

Sh' as catch'd you, gentlemen, as you catch'd her ;
The widow means now to begin with you, fir.

Ricardo.

I thank her heartily, sh' as taught me wit : for had I been any but an afs, I should ha' begun with her indeed. By this light, the widow 's a notable housewife, she be-firs herself. I have a greater mind to her now than e'er I had : I cannot go to prison for one I love better, I protest, that 's one good comfort. And what are you, I pray fir, for a coxcomb ?

1st. Suitor.

It seems you know me, by your anger, fir.

Ricardo.

I 've a near guess at you, fir,

1st. Suitor.

Guess what you please, fir,
I 'm he ordained to trounce you ; and indeed
I am the man must carry her.

Ricardo.

Aye, to me ;

But I 'll swear she 's a beast, and she carry thee.

1st. Suitor.

Come, where 's your bail, fir ? quickly, or away.

Ricardo.

Sir, I 'm held wrongfully, my bail 's taken already.

1st. Suitor.

Where is it, fir, where ?

S 4

Enter

Enter 2d. Suitor.

Ricardo.

Here they be both : pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of them. And you be honest officers, let's bail one another ; for by this hand, I do not know who will else—'Od's light, is he come too ? I'm in for mid-night then, I shall never find the way out again : my debts, my debts : I'm like to die i' th' hole now.

1st. Suitor.

We have him fast, old signior, and his comforts, Now you may lay action on action on him.

2d. Suitor.

That may I, fir, i' faith.

1st. Suitor.

And I'll not spare him, fir.

2d. Suitor.

Know you me, officers ?

Officer.

Your bounteous worship, fir.

Ricardo.

I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him.

2d. Suitor.

Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.

Francisco.

Which gentleman ?

2d. Suitor.

Not you, fir, y' re too hasty ;
No, nor you neither, fir : pray stay your time.

Ricardo.

There 's all but I now, and I dare not think he means me.

2d. Suitor.

Deliver me Ricardo.

Ricardo.

O sure he lyes,
Or else I do not hear well.

Officer.

Signior Ricardo.

Ricardo.

Well, what 's the matter ?

Officer.

Officer.

You may go, who lets you? It is his worship's pleasure, fir, to bail you.

Ricardo.

Bail me?

2d. Suitor.

Aye will I, fir. Look in my face, man, Thou 'st a good cause, thou 'lt pay me when thou 'rt able?

Ricardo.

Aye, every penny, as I am a gentleman.

2d. Suitor.

No matter if thou do'st not, then I 'll make thee, And that 's as good at all times.

1st. Suitor.

But I pray, fir, You go against the hair there?

2d. Suitor.

Against the widow, you mean, fir: Why 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too. I saw your politick combination, I was thrust out between you. Here stands one Shall do as much for you; and he stands rightest, His cause is strong and fair, nor shall he want Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her: I 've enough, and I will have my humour.

1st. Suitor.

Hang thee; I have a purse as good as thine.

Ricardo.

I think they 're much alike, they 're rich knaves both. 'Heart, an' I take you railing at my patron, fir, I 'll cramp your joints.

2d. Suitor.

Let him alone, sweet honey, I thank thee for thy love, though.

Ricardo.

This is wonderful.

⁷ You go against the hair there.] See note 42 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. 2. p. 149.

Francisco.

Oh Ricardo,

'Tis seven struck in my pocket : I lose time now.

Ricardo.

What say'st, Francisco ?

Francisco.

I ha' mighty business,

That I ne'er thought on : get me bail'd, I 'm spoil'd else.

Ricardo.

Why you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous courtesy,
I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again.

Francisco.

Do somewhat, and you love me.

Ricardo.

I 'll make trial, i' faith.

May 't please you, fir :—'life, if I should spoil all now ?

2d. Suitor.

What say'st, Ricardo ?

Ricardo.

Only a thing by th' way, fir ;
Use your own pleasure.

2d. Suitor.

That I like well from thee.

Ricardo.

'T were good, and those two gentlemen were bail'd too,
They 're both my witnesses.

2d. Suitor.

They 're well, they 're well :

And they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em.
Let 'em go to prison, they 'll be forth-coming the better ;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Ricardo.

I knew there was no more good to be done upon him,
'Tis well I 've this, Heaven knows I never look'd for 't.

Francisco.

What plaguy luck had I to be ensnar'd thus ?

Officer.

O, patience.

Enter

Enter Brandino and Martino.

Francisco.

Pox on your comfortable ignorance.

Brandino.

Martino, we ride slow.

Martino.

But we ride sure, fir;

Your hasty riders often come short home, master.

Brandino.

'Bless this fair company.

Francisco.

Here he 's again too,

I am both asham'd and cross'd.

Brandino.

See'st thou who 's yonder, Martino?

Martino.

We ride slow, I 'll be sworn now, master.

Brandino.

How now, Francisco, art thou got before me?

Francisco.

Yes, thank my fortune; I am got before you.

Brandino.

What now? in hold?

Ricardo.

Aye, o' my troth, poor gentleman;

Your worship, fir, may do a good deed to bail him.

Brandino.

Why do not you do 't then?

Martino.

La you fir now, my master has that honesty,

He 's loth to take a good deed from you, fir.

Ricardo.

I'll tell you why I cannot, else I would, fir.

Francisco.

Luck, I beseech thee!

If he should be wrought to bail me now, to go to
His wife, 't were happiness beyond expression.

Brandino.

A matter but of controversy?

Ricardo.

Ricardo.

That 's all, trust me, fir.

Brandino.

Francisco shall ne'er lie for 't; he 's my friend,
And I will bail him.

Martino.

He 's your secret friend, master;
Think upon that.

Brandino.

Give him his liberty, officers;
Upon my peril, he shall be forth-coming.

Francisco.

How I am bound to you!

1st. Suitor.

Know you whom you cross, fir?
'Tis at your sifter's suit; be well advis'd, fir.

Brandino.

How, at my sifter's suit? take him again then.

Francisco.

Why, fir, do you refuse me?

Brandino.

I 'll not hear thee.

Ricardo.

This is unkindly done, fir.

1st. Suitor.

'Tis wisely done, fir.

2d. Suitor.

Well shot, foul malice.

1st. Suitor.

Flattery stinks worse, fir.

Ricardo.

You 'll never leave till I make you stink as bad, fir.

Francisco.

Oh Martino, have I this for my late kindness?

Martino.

Alas, poor gentleman, do'tt complain to me?
Thou shalt not fare the worse for 't: Hark you, master,
Your sifter's suit, said you?

Brandino.

Aye, fir, my wife's sifter.

Martino.

And shall that daunt you, master? think again.
 Why, wer't your mother's suit; your mother's suit,
 Mark what I say, the dearest suit of all suits,
 You're bound in conscience, fir, to bail this gentleman.

Brandino.

Yea, am I so? how provest thou that, Martino?

Martino.

Have you forgot so soon, what he did lately?
 Has he not try'd your wife to your hand, master,
 To cut the throat of slander and suspicion?
 And can you do too much for such a man?
 Shall it be said, I serve an ungrateful master?

Brandino.

Never, Martino; I will bail him now,
 An' 'twere at my wife's suit.

Francisco.

'Tis like to be so.

Martino.

And I his friend, to follow your example, master.

Francisco.

Precious Martino!

1st. Suitor.

Y' ave done wondrous well, fir;
 Your sifter shall give you thanks.

Ricardo.

This makes him mad, fir.

2d. Suitor.

We 'll follow 't now to th' proof.

1st. Suitor.

Follow your humour out,
 The widow shall find friends.

2d. Suitor.

And so shall he, fir,
 Money and means.

Ricardo.

Hear you me that, old huddle?

2d. Suitor.

Mind him not, follow me, and I 'll supply thee;
 Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees:

I've

I've buried money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour.

[Exit.

Brandino.

Fare thee well once again, my dear Francisco;
I pr'ythee use my house.

Francisco.

It is my purpose, sir.

Brandino.

Nay, you must do't then; tho' I'm old, I'm free. [Exit.

Martino.

And, when you want a warrant, come to me. [Exit.

Francisco.

That will be shortly now, within these few hours.
This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse,
I shall be nighted; but an hour or two
Never breaks square in love; he comes in time
That comes at all; absence is all love's crime. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Occulto, Silvio, and two or three other thieves.

Occulto.

COME, come, let's watch th' event on yonder hill;
If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.

Silvio.

Aye, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd, sir.

Occulto.

Have you the blue-coats and the beards?

Silvio.

They're here, sir.

Occulto.

Come, come away then, a fine cock shoot^s evening.

[Exeunt.

^s cock shoot.] cock shoot is twilight. See the notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet to *King Richard the Third*, A. 5. S. 3.

Enter

T H E W I D O W.

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Enter Latrocinio the chief thief, and Ansaldo.

Latrocinio sings.

Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.

Ansaldo.

Troth you 're the merriest, and delightfulest com-
pany, fir,

That ever traveller was blest withal ;
I praise my fortune that I overtook you, fir.

Latrocinio.

Pish, I 've hundred of 'em.

Ansaldo.

And, believe me, fir,
I 'm infinitely taken with such things.

Latrocinio.

I see there 's music in you ; you kept time, methought,
Pretty handsomely with your little hand there.

Ansaldo.

It only shews desire, but troth no skill, fir.

Latrocinio.

Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill,
I 'll have another for you.

Ansaldo.

It rids way pleasantly.

Latrocinio.

Let me see now :—one confounds another, fir ;
You 've heard this certainly, *Come my dainty doxies —*

Ansaldo.

Oh, that 's all the country over, fir ;
There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.

Latrocinio.

Well, here comes one I 'm sure you never heard, then.

S O N G.

*I keep my horse, I keep my whore,
I take no rents, yet am not poor ;
I traverse all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot :
With partridge plump, with woodcock fins,
I do at midnight often dine ;*

1

And

*And if my whore be not in case,
My hostess' daughter has her place ;
The maids sit up, and watch their turns,
If I stay long, the tapster mourns ;
The cookmaid has no mind to sin,
Tho' tempted by the chamberlain ;
But when I knock, oh how they bustle,
The hostler yawns, the geldings justle.
If maid but sleep, oh how they curse her.
And all this comes of, Deliver your purse, fir.*

Ansaldo.

How, fir ?

Latrocinio.

Few words : Quickly, come, deliver your purse, fir.

Ansaldo.

You 're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, fir,
To sing me out of my money ?

Latrocinio.

'Tis most fit
Art should be rewarded : you must pay your music, fir,
Where'er you come.

Ansaldo.

But not at your own carving.

Latrocinio.

Nor am I common in it : Come, come, your purse, fir.

Ansaldo.

Say it should prove the undoing of a gentleman ?

Latrocinio.

Why, fir, do you look for more conscience in usurers &
young gentleman, you 've small reason for that, i'faith.

Ansaldo.

There 'tis, and all I have ; and, so truth comfort me,
All I know where to have.

Latrocinio.

Sir, that 's not written
In my belief yet ; search, 'tis a fine evening,
Your horse can take no harm : I must have more, fir.

Ansaldo.

May my hopes perish, if you have not all, fir,

And

And more I know than your compassionate charity
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.

Latrocinio.

Search, and that speedily : if I take you in hand,
You 'll find me rough ; methinks men should be rul'd,
When they 're so kindly spoke to ; fie upon 't.

Ansaldo.

Good fortune and my wit assist me then !
A thing I took in haste, and never thought on 't.
Look, fir, I 've search'd ; here 's all that I can find,
And you 're so covetous, you will have all you say,
And I 'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.

Latrocinio.

A pox o' that young devil of a handful long ;
That has fraid many a tall thief⁹ from a rich purchase¹⁰.

Ansaldo.

This, and my money, fir, keeps company ;
Where one goes, the other must ; assure your soul
They vow'd never to part.

Latrocinio.

Hold, I beseech you, fir.

Ansaldo.

You rob a prisoner's box, if you rob me, fir.

Latrocinio.

There 'tis again.

Ansaldo.

I knew 't would never prosper with you ;
Fie, rob a younger brother ! oh, take heed, fir ;
'Tis against nature that : perhaps your father
Was one, fir, or your uncle, it should seem so
By the small means was left you, and less manners.
Go, keep you still before me ; and, do you hear me,
To pass away the time to the next town,
I charge you, fir, sing all your songs for nothing.

Latrocinio.

Oh horrible punishment.—*A Song.*

⁹ tall thief.] See note 28 to *The Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. 3. p. 46.

¹⁰ purchase.] See note 33 to *The Second Part of The Honest Whore*,
vol. 3, p. 443.

*Enter Stratio.**Stratio.*

Honest gentleman.

Ansaldo.

How now, what art thou?

Stratio.

Stand you in need of help?

I made all haste I could, my master charg'd me,
A knight of worship; he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.

Ansaldo.

Thanks, honest friend.

Latrocínio.

I taste this trick already.

[Exit.

Stratio.

Look, he's gone, fir;
Shall he be stopp'd? What is he?

Ansaldo.

Let him go, fir;
He can rejoice in nothing; that's the comfort.

Stratio.

You have your purse still then?

Ansaldo.

Aye, thanks fair fortune,
And this grim handful.

Stratio.

We were all so 'fraid of you:
How my good lady cry'd, O help the gentleman!
'Tis a good woman that: But you're too mild, fir,
You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, 'faith,
Before he had gone, having so found a means too.

Ansaldo.

Why, there's the jest, man; he had once my purse.

Stratio.

Oh villain, would you let him 'scape unmassacred?

Ansaldo.

Nay, hear me, fir, I made him yield it straight again,
And, so hope bless me, with an uncharg'd pistol.

Stratio.

'Troth I should laugh at that.

Ansaldo.
It was discharg'd, fir,
Before I meddled with it.

Stratio.
I'm glad to hear it.

Ansaldo.
Why how now, what's your will?

Stratio.
Ho, Latrocinio, Occulto, Silvio!

Enter Latrocinio, and the rest; Occulto, Silvio, Fiducio:

Latrocinio.
What, are you caught, fir?

Stratio.
The pistol cannot speak.

Latrocinio.
He was too young,
I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.

Ansaldo.
You've found out ways too mercilefs to betray
Under the veil of friendship, and of charity.

Latrocinio.
Away, firs, bear him in to the next copse, and strip him.

Stratio.
Brandino's copse, the justice?

Latrocinio.
Best of all, fir, a man of law;
A spider lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckram-bag,
man.

Ansaldo.
What seek you, firs? Take all, and use no cruelty.

Latrocinio.
You shall have songs enough.

S O N G.

*How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute:
From the usurer to his sons, there a current swiftly runs;
From the sons to queans in chief, from the gallant to the thief;*

*From the thief unto his host, from the host to husbandmen ;
From the country to the court, and so it comes to us again.
How round the world goes, and every thing that 's in it,
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philippa and Violetta above at the window.

Philippa.

What time of night is 't ?

Violetta.

Time of night, do you call 't ?

It 's so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.

Philippa.

Fie on him, there 's no looking for him then ;
Why sure this gentleman apprehends me not,

Violetta.

'Tis happy then you 're rid of such a fool, mistress.

Philippa.

Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wife man,
I 'll never trust him with my reputation ;
Therefore I made this trial of his wit ;
If he cannot conceive what 's good for himself,
He will worse understand what 's good for me.

Violetta.

But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely,
He never saw your letter ?

Philippa.

How thou pleyest me
With suppositions ! Why, I tell thee, wench,
'Tis equally as impossible for my husband
To keep it from him, as to be young again ;
Or as his first wife knew him, which he brags on,
For bearing children by him.

Violetta.

There's no remedy then ;
I must conclude Francisco is an ass.

Philippa.

I would my letter, wench, were here again,
I 'd know him wiser ere I sent him one ;

And travel some five year first.

Violetta,

So he had need, methinks,
To understand the words; methinks the words
Themselves should make him do 't, had he but the perse-
verance

Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip ¹¹,
And cannot write nor read, poor fool; this coxcomb
He can do both, and your name's but Philippa,
And yet to see, if he can come when 's call'd.

Philippa.

He never shall be call'd again for me, firrah.
Well, as hard as the world goes, we'll have a song, wench;
We 'll not fit up for nothing.

Violetta.

That 's poor comfort, tho'.

Philippa.

Better than any 's brought, for aught I see, yet,
So set to your lute.

S O N G.

1 *If in this question I propound to thee,
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.*

2 *You shall most free.*

1 *Which hadst thou rather be,
If thou might choose thy life,
A fool's, a fool's mistress,
Or an old man's wife?*

2 *The choice is hard, I know not which is best,
One ill you 're bound to, and I think that 's least,*

1 *But being not bound, my dearest sweet,
I could shake off the other.*

2 *Then as you lose your sport by one,
You lose your name by i' other.*

1 *You counsel well, but love refuses
What good counsel often chooses.*

[*Exeunt.*]

¹¹ *Philip.*] A Sparrow is called *Philip*. See the notes of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, and Sir John Hawkins, to *King John*, A. 1. S. 1.

Enter Ansaldo in his shirt.

Ansaldo.

I ha' got myself unbound yet : merciless villains !
 I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me ;
 'Tis for my sins. That light in yonder window,
 That was my only comfort in the woods,
 Which oft' the trembling of a leaf would lose me,
 Has brought me thus far ; yet I cannot hope
 For succour in this plight, the world 's so pitiless,
 And every one will fear or doubt me now :
 To knock will be too bold ; I 'll to the gate,
 And listen if I can hear any stirring.

Enter Francisco.

Francisco.

Was ever man so cross'd ? No, 'tis but sweat, sure,
 Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me ;
 I thought 't had bled again. These wenching businesses
 Are strange unlucky things, and fatal fooleries ;
 No mar'l so many gallants die ere thirty ;
 'Tis able to vex out a man's heart in five year,
 The crosses that belong to 't : First arrested,
 That set me back two mangle hours at least ;
 Yet that 's a thing my heat could have forgotten,
 Because arresting, in what kind soever,
 Is a most gentleman-like affliction :
 But here, within a mile o' th' town, forsooth,
 And two mile off this place, when a man's oath
 Might ha' been taken for his own security,
 And his thoughts brisk, and set upon the business,
 To light upon a roguish flight of thieves !
 Pox on 'em, here 's the length of one of their whistles.
 But one of my dear rascals I pursued so,
 The gaol has him, and he shall bring out 's fellows.
 Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune ?
 I 'm glad I 'm so near yet ; the surgeon bad me to
 Have a great care ; I shall never think of that now,

Ansaldo.

One of the thieves come back again ? I 'll stand close ;
 He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,

And

And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer 't.

Francisco.

'Life, what should that be? a prodigious thing
 Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too
 Which always appears terrible.
 Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me
 By my ill purpose: for 'tis man's own sins
 That put on armour upon all his evils,
 And give them strength to strike him. Were it less
 Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve;
 A wicked man's own shadow has distract'd him.
 Were this a business now to save an honour,
 As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then
 Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee: now I dare not.
 Why may 't not be the spirit of my father,
 That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste
 Now to abuse? and I have been cross'd about it
 Most fearfully hitherto, if I think well on 't;
 Scap'd death but lately too, nay most miraculously.
 And what does fond man venture all these ills for,
 That may so sweetly rest in honest peace?
 For that which being obtain'd, is as he was
 To his own sense, but remov'd nearer still
 To death eternal. What delight has man
 Now at this present, for his pleasant sin
 Of yesterday's committing? Alas, 'tis vanish'd,
 And nothing but the sting remains within him.
 The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do 't now
 And 'twere but only that. How blest were man,
 Might he but have his end appear still to him,
 That he might read his actions i' th' event!
 'Twould make him write true, though he never meant.
 Whose check so'er thou art, father's, or friend's,
 Or enemy's, I thank thee; peace requite thee.
 Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewell;
 He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell. [Exit.

Ansaldo.

He's gone to call the rest, and makes all speed;
 I'll knock, whate'er befalls, to please my fears,
 For no compassion can be less than theirs.

T 4

Philippa.

Philippa, above.

He 's come, he 's come : Oh, are you come at last, fir ?
Make little noise, away, he 'll knock again else.

Ansaldo.

I should have been at Itria by day-break too,
Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy widow's,
There waits one purposely to do me good.
What will become of me ?

Enter Violetta.

Violetta.

Oh, you 're a sweet gallant ! this your hour ?
Give me your hand ; come, come, fir, follow me,
I 'll bring you to light presently : softly, softly, fir. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philippa below.

Philippa.

I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts
The dullest young man, if he had not found it ;
So short of apprehension, and so worthless,
He were not fit for woman's fellowship,
I 've been at cost too for a banquet for him ;
Why, 't would ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit ;
I should ha' thought the worse on 's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardness.

Enter Violetta.

Violetta.

Oh mistress, mistress.

Philippa.

How now, what 's the news ?

Violetta.

Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half.

Philippa.

Hah ?

Violetta.

They are scarce settled yet, mistress.

Philippa.

What 's the matter ?

Violetta.

T H E W I D O W .

Violetta.

Do you ask me that question seriously ?
Did you not hear me squeak ?

Philippa.

How ? sure thou 'rt out of thy wits indeed.

Violetta.

Oh, I 'm well now,
To what I was, mistress.

Philippa.

Why, where 's the gentleman ?

Violetta.

The gentleman's forth-coming, and a lovely one,
But not Francisco.

Philippa.

What say'st ! not Francisco ?

Violetta.

Pish, he 's a coxcomb, think not on him, mistress.

Philippa.

What 's all this ?

Violetta.

I 've often heard you say, you 'd rather have
A wise man in his shirt, than a fool feather'd ;
And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentleman,
Robb'd even to nothing, but what first he brought with
him :

The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mistress,
I think it was a shirt, I know not well,
For gallants wear both now-a-days.

Philippa.

This is strange.

Violetta.

But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, he 's a most sweet one ;
Francisco is a child of Egypt to him :
I could not but in pity to the poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.

Philippa.

'Twas charitably done.

Violetta.

You 'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as I did.

Sweet

Sweet youth, I'll be sworn, mistress, he's the loveliest
 Proper't young gentleman, and so you'll say yourself,
 If my master's cloaths do not spoil him, that's all the fear

now;
 I would 't had been your luck to have seen him
 Without 'em, but for scaring of you.

Philippa.

Go, pry'thee fetch him in, whom thou commend'st so.

[*Exit Violetta.*]

Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much of him;
 And better he deserves our love and welcome,
 Than the respectless fellow 't was prepar'd for;
 Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,
 I will have trial of his wit, and faith,
 Before I make him partner with my honour.
 'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceiv'd me;
 I'll take more heed o' th' next for 't; perhaps now,
 To furnish his distress, he will appear
 Full of fair promising courtship; but I'll prove him then
 For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
 And see what he performs then when the storm
 Of his so rude misfortune is blown over,
 And he himself again: A distressed man's flatteries
 Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison;
 There's poor assurance in 'em: when he's from me,
 And in 's own pow'r, then I shall see his love.

Enter Ansaldo and Violetta.

'Mafs, here he comes.

Ansaldo.

Never was star-cross'd gentleman
 More happy in a courteous virgin's love,
 Than I in your's,

Violetta.

I am sorry they're no better for you,
 I wish'd them handsomer, and more in fashion,
 But truly, sir, our house affords it not:
 There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' th' garret;
 But that's far worse than this, if I may judge
 With modesty of men's matters.

Ansaldo.

I deserve not

This,

This, dear, kind gentlewoman. Is yond' your mistress ?

Philippa.

Why trust me, here 's my husband young again ;
It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.

Ansaldo.

I am so much indebted, courteous lady,
To the unmatched charity of your house,
My thanks are such poor things, they would but shame me ;

Philippa.

Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him : I fear me
I have found wit enough already in him.
If I could truly but resolve myself,
My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
'Troth I should think the better of him at fourscore now.

Violetta.

Nay, mistress, what would he be were he in fashion ?
A hempen curse on those that put him out on't,
That now appears so handsome and so comely in cloaths
Able to make a man an unbeliever,
And good for nothing but for shift, or so,
If a man chance to fall i' th' ditch with better ?
This is the best that ever I mark'd in 'em ;
A man may make him ready in such cloaths
Without a candle.

Philippa.

Aye, for shame of himself, wench.

Violetta.

My master does it oft in winter mornings,
And never sees himself till he be ready.

Philippa.

No, nor then neither, as he should do, wench.
I am sorry, gentle sir, we cannot shew you
A courtesy, in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth. Your name, I crave, sir.

Ansaldo.

Ansaldo, lady.

Philippa.

'Tis a noble name, sir.

Ansaldo.

The most unfortunate now.

Violetta.

Violetta,

So do I think, truly,
As long as that fruit 's on.

Philippa,

The most unfitting,
And unprovided't, fir, of all our courtesies,
I do presume, is that you 've past already ;
Your pardon but for that, and we 're encourag'd.

Ansaldo.

My faithful service, lady.

Philippa.

Please you, fir,
To taste the next, a poor slight banquet ; for sure I think
you were

Unluckily prevented of your supper, fir,

Ansaldo.

My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you ;
I am this morning, that with clearness now
So cheerfully hastens me, to meet a friend
Upon my state's establishing, and the place
Ten miles from hence : Oh, I 'm forc'd unwillingly
To crave your leave for 't ; which done, I return
In service plentiful.

Philippa,

Is 't so important ?

Ansaldo,

If I should fail, as much as my undoing.

Philippa.

I think too well of you, to undo you, fir,
Upon this small acquaintance.

Ansaldo.

My great happiness.

Philippa.

But when should I be sure of you here again, fir ?

Ansaldo.

As fast as speed can possibly return me.

Philippa.

You will not fail ?

Ansaldo.

May never wish go well with me then.

Philippa.

Philippa.

'There 's to bear charges, fir.

Ansaldo.

Courtesy dwells in you.

I brought my horse up with me from the woods,
That 's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills too.
May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,
But still supply'd, as liberally as you give!

Philippa.

Farewel, fir, and be faithful.

Ansaldo.

Time shall prove me.

[*Exit Ansaldo.*]

Philippa.

In my opinion now, this young man 's likeliest
To keep his word; he 's modest, wise, and courteous;
He has the language of an honest soul in him:
A woman's reputation may lie false there,
I 'm much deceiv'd else; h' as a faithful eye,
If it be well observ'd.

Violetta.

Good speed be with thee, fir.

He puts him to 't i' faith.

Philippa.

Violetta!

Violetta.

Mistress.

Philippa.

Alas, what have we done, wench?

Violetta.

What 's the matter, mistress?

Philippa.

Run, run, call him again; he must stay, tell him,
Though it be upon 's undoing, we 're undone else;
Your master's cloaths, they 're known the country over.

Violetta.

Now by this light that 's true, and well remember'd,
But there 's no calling of him; he 's out of sight now.

Philippa.

Oh, what will people think?

Violetta.

What can they think, mistress?

The gentleman has the worst on 't: were I he now
I 'd make this ten mile forty mile about
Before I 'd ride through any market town with 'em:

Philippa.

Will he be careful, think'st?

Violetta.

My life for your 's, mistress.

Philippa.

I shall long mightily to see him again.

Violetta.

And so shall I, I shall never laugh till then. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Ricardo and 2d. Suitor at one door, and Valeria and
1st. Suitor at another door.*

Ricardo.

IT goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.

2d. Suitor.

Aye, and shall still to th' end, my honey:
Wherefore have I enough, but to have 't go well, fir?

1st. Suitor.

My whole 'state on 't, thou overthrow'st him, widow.

Valeria.

I hope well still, fir.

1st. Suitor.

Hope? be certain, wench:

I make no question now, but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-geer.

Valeria.

By 'r lady, that I doubt, fir.

1st. Suitor.

Oh 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I mark'd.

Valeria.

What 's that, good sweet fir?

1st. Suitor.

A thing that never fail'd me.

Valeria.

T H E W I D O W;

Valeria.

Good fir, what ?

1st. Suitor.

I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort,
Invita voluntate, ha, that 's he, wench,
'The word of words, the precious chief, i' faith.

Valeria.

Invita voluntate, what 's the meaning, fir ?

1st. Suitor.

Nay there I leave you, but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on 's side, that I mark'd ever.

2d. Suitor.

Do, do, and spare not : thou would'st talk with her.

Ricardo.

Yes, with your leave and liking.

2d. Suitor.

Do, my adoption.

My chosen child, and thou hold'st so obedient,
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.

Ricardo.

A child's part in your love, that 's my ambition, fir.

2d. Suitor.

Go, and deserve it then : please me well now ;
I love a wrangling life, boy ; there 's my delight ;
I have no other ventry but vexation,
That 's all my honey now : smartly now to her ;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Ricardo.

This need not ha' been, widow.

Valeria.

You say right, fir.

No, not your treachery, your close conspiracy
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.

Ricardo.

I had you fairly ; I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you whom I reserv'd for wife.

Valeria.

How ! wife ?

Ricardo.

Ricardo.

Aye, wife, wife, widow, be not ashamed on 't,
It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace, indeed, brag as you list.

2d. Suitor.

Ha, ha.

Valeria.

I grant you, fir, but not to be your wife.

1st. Suitor.

Oh, oh.

Ricardo.

Not mine † I think 'tis the best bargain
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid: but that 's not yet this threescore
year,
Let 's talk of nearer matters.

Valeria.

You're as near, fir,
As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me.

Ricardo.

Now, before conscience, you're a wilful housewife.

Valeria.

How?

Ricardo.

Aye, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.

Valeria.

Your goods?

Ricardo.

I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.

Valeria.

I'll give you my word you shall, fir.

Ricardo.

Look to 't, widow,
A night may come will call you to account for 't.

Valeria.

Oh if you had me now, fir, in this heat,
I do but think how you'll be reveng'd on me.

Ricardo.

Aye, may I perish else; if I would not get

Th

Three children at a birth, an' I could, of thee,

1st. Suitor.

Take off your youngster there.

2^d. Suitor.

Take off your widow first.

He shall have the last word, I pay for 't dearly ;
To her again, sweet boy, that side 's the weaker.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Enter Brandino and Martino.

Valeria.

Oh, brother ! see I 'm up to th' ears in law here ;
Look, copy upon copy.

Brandino.

'Twere grief enough, if a man did but hear on 't,
But I 'm in pain to see 't.

Valeria.

What, sore eyes still, brother ?

Brandino.

Worse and worse, sifter ; the old woman's water does
me no good.

Valeria.

Why, it has help'd many, fir.

Brandino.

It helps not me, I 'm sure.

Martino.

Oh, oh.

Valeria.

What ails Martino too ?

Martino.

Oh, oh, the tooth-ach, the tooth-ach !

Brandino.

Ah poor worm, this he endures for me now.
here beats not a more mutual pulse of passion
a kind husband, when his wife breeds child,
than in Martino ; I have mark'd it ever ;
he breeds all my pains in 's teeth still ; and to quit me,
his is his eye-tooth too.

Martino.

Aye, aye, aye, aye.

Valeria.

Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? True, true, fir;
His flag hangs out in town here, i' th' Cross Inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions;
It shews him a great travelling and learned empirick.

Brandino.

We 'll both to him, Martino.

Valeria.

Hark you, brother,
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.

1st. Suitor.

Aye, about that, sweet widow.

Valeria.

True; speak low, fir.

Brandino.

Well, what 's the business, say, say,

Valeria.

Marry this, brother.

Call the young man aside, from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars,
If he will vanish and let fall the suit,
And never put 's to no more cost and trouble.

1st. Suitor.

Say me those words, good fir, I 'll make 'em worth
A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.

Enter Violetta.

Brandino.

I shall do much for that.

Valeria.

Welcome, sweetheart,
Thou com'st most happily; I 'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.

Violetta.

I take delight, forsooth,
In any such employment.

1st. Suitor.

Good wench, trust me.

Ricardo.

How, fir, let fall the suit? 'Life; I 'll go naked first.

Brandino.

Brandino.

A thousand dollars, fir, think upon them.

Ricardo.

Why, they 're but a thousand dollars, when they 're thought on.

Brandino.

A good round fum.

Ricardo.

A good round widow 's better ;
There 's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded, but, fir, scorn
To be bought out of my affection.

Brandino.

Why, here 's even just my univerfity spirit ;
I priz'd a piece of red deer above gold then.

Ricardo.

My patron would be mad, and he should hear on 't.

Martino.

I pray what 's good, fir, for a wicked tooth ?

Ricardo.

Hang'd, drawn, and quartering ; is 't a hollow one ?

Martino.

Aye, 'tis a hollow one.

Ricardo.

Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.

Martino.

Why fure you mock me.

Ricardo.

'Troth I think I do, fir.

2d. Suitor.

Come hither, honey ; what 's the news in whispers

Brandino.

He will not be bought out.

Valeria.

No ? That 's strange, brother.
Pray take a little pains about this project then,
And try what that effects.

Brandino.

I like this better.

U 2

Look

Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here,
 For amity's sake, and peace, to end all controversy ;
 This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,
 Whom for her person and her portion
 I could bestow most richly, but in pity
 To her affection, which lies bent at you, fir,
 I am content to yield to her desire.

Ricardo.

At me ?

Brandino.

But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.
 I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,
 And a maid too, and that 's a thing worth thanks, fir :
 Nay, one that has rid fifteen miles this morning
 For your love only.

2d. Suitor.

Honey, hearken after her ;
 Being rich, I can have all my money there :
 Ease my purse well, and never wage law further ;
 I have enough, yet I will have my humour.

Ricardo.

Do you love me, forsooth ?

Violetta.

Oh, infinitely.

Ricardo.

I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee ;
 But only to know what came in thy head to love me.

Violetta.

My time was come, fir ; that 's all I can say.

Ricardo.

Alas, poor soul, where didst thou love me, pr'ythee ?

Violetta.

In happy hour be 't spoke, out at a window, fir.

Ricardo.

A window ! pr'ythee clap it to, and call it in again :
 What was I doing then, should make thee love me ?

Violetta.

Twirling your hand-kerchief, which, methought, became
 you so generously well.

Ricardo.

'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for : that
 love

love was likely to be ty'd in matrimony, that began in a band-string : yet I ha' known as much come to pass ere now upon a tassel. Fare you well, sister : I may be cozen'd in a maid, I cannot in a widow.

2d. Suitor.

Art thou come home again; stick'st thou there still?
I will defend thee still then.

1st. Suitor.

Sir, your malice
Will have enough on't.

2d. Suitor.

I will have my honour.

1st. Suitor.

Beggary will prove the sponge.

2d. Suitor.

Sponge, i' thy gascoyns,
Thy gally-gascoyns ^{is} there.

Ricardo.

Ha! brave protector.

Brandino.

I thought 't would come to open wars again.
Let 'em agree as they will, two teary fops;
I'll have a care of mine eyes.

Martino.

I of my chops.

[Exit.

¹² *gally-gascoyns]* " or wide hose or floss, q. d. Caligæ Gallo-vasconicæ, sic dictæ quia Vascones istiusmodi caligæ utuntur."

Skinner's Etymologicon.

So in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. p. 8.

" —of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies and apes
" coates, others straight traffers and diuells breeches & some *gally gascoyns*
" or a shipmans hose, like the Anabaptists," &c.

S C E N E II.

Enter Latrocinio and Occulto (a banner of cures and diseases hung out.)

Latrocinio.

AWAY: out with the banner; send 's good luck to-day.

Occulto.

I warrant you; your name 's spread, fir, for an empirick.

There 's an old mason, troubled with the stone,
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel,
He would have ease fain.

Latrocinio.

Marry, I cannot blame him, fir.
But how he will come by 't, there lies the question.

Occulto.

You must do somewhat, fir, for he 's swol'n most piteously;
H' as urine in him now was brew'd last March.

Latrocinio.

'Twill be rich geer for dyers.

Occulto.

I would 't were come to that, fir.

Latrocinio.

Let me see, I 'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder.

Occulto.

Gunpowder! What, fir, to break the stone?

Latrocinio.

Aye, by my faith, fir,
It is the likeliest thing I know to do it;
I 'm sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down,
I see no reason but 't should break the stone,

Occulto.

Nay, use your pleasure, fir.

Latrocinio.

Troth if that do not,
I ha' nothing else that will,

Occulto.

Occulto.

I know that too.

Latrocinio.

Why then thou 'rt a coxcomb to make question on 't.
Go call in all the rest, I have employment for them.

[Exit Occulto.]

When the highways grow thin with travellers,
And few portmanteaus stirring, (as all trades
Have their dead time we see, thievery poor takings,
And lechery cold doings, and so forwards still ;)
Then do I take my inn, and those cutmudgeons,
Whose purses I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,
And make 'em come to me; it 's more state-like too :
Hang him that has but one way to his trade ;
He 's like the mouth that eats but on one side,
And half cozens his belly, 'specially if he dine among
shavers,

And both-handed feeders. *Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio,*

Enter Silvio, Stratio, Fiducio.

I will have none left out, there 's parts for you.

Silvio.

For us ? Pray let us have 'em.

Latrocinio.

Change yourselves
With all speed possible into several shapes,
Far from your own ; as you a farmer, fir ;
A grazier you ; and you may be a miller.

Fiducio.

Oh no, a miller comes too near a thief ;
That may spoil all again.

Latrocinio.

Some country taylor then.

Fiducio.

That 's near enough, by 'r lady, yet I 'll venture that ;
The miller 's a white devil, he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges most apparently
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips ;
The taylor modestly between his legs.

Latrocinio.

Why, pray, do you 'present that modest thief, then ;

And, hark you, for the purpose.

Silvio.

'T will improve you, fir.

Latrocinio.

'T will get believers; believe that, my masters;
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer;
When you see any come, repair you to me,
As samples of my skill. There are few arts
But have their shadows, firs, to set 'em off;
Then, where the art itself is but a shadow,
What need is there, my friends? Make haste, away, firs.

Enter Occulto.

Occulto,

Where are you, fir?

Latrocinio.

Not far, man: What's the news?

Occulto.

The old justice, fir, whom we robb'd once by moon-
light,

And bound his man and he, in haycock time,
With a rope made of horse meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which I think, ere midnight,
Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty—

Latrocinio.

'Life, what of him, man?

Occulto.

He's enquiring earnestly

For the great man of art; indeed for you, fir:
Therefore withdraw, sweet fir; make yourself dainty now,
And that's three parts of any profession.

Latrocinio.

I have enough on 't.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ansaldo.

Occulto.

How now, what thing 's this?
Now, by this light, the second part o' th' justice
Newly reviv'd, with ne'er a hair on 's face.
It should be the first rather by his smoothness,

But

But I ha' known the first part written last:
'Tis he, or let me perish, the young gentleman
We robb'd and stript; but I am far from knowledge now.

Ansaldo.

One word, I pray, fir,

Occulto.

With me, gentle fir?

Ansaldo.

Was there not lately seen about these parts, fir,
A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?

Occulto.

Why do you ask, fir?

Ansaldo.

There was a poor young gentleman robb'd last night.

Occulto.

Robb'd?

Ansaldo.

Stript of all, i' faith.

Occulto.

Oh beastly rascals.

Alas, what was he?

Ansaldo.

Look o' me, and know him, fir.

Occulto.

Hard-hearted villains, strip? 'Troth when I saw you,
Methought those cloaths were never made for you, fir.

Ansaldo.

Want made me glad of 'em,

Occulto.

'Send you better fortune, fir;

That we may have a bout with you once again. [*Afido.*

Ansaldo.

I thank you for your wish of love, kind fir.

Occulto.

'Tis with my heart, i' faith; now store of coin
And better cloaths be with you.

Ansaldo.

There 's some honest yet,
And charitably minded. How, what 's here to do?

Here

*Here within this place is cur'd
All the griefs that were ev'r endur'd.*

[*Roach.*]

Nay there thou lyest : I endur'd one last night
Thou can't not cure this morning ; a strange promiser.

*Palsy, gout, hydropick humour,
Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,
Fistula in ano, ulcer, megrim,
Or what disease so'er beleaguer 'em,
Stones, rupture, squinancy, imposthume,
Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.*

That 's conscionably said, i' faith.

*In brief, you cannot, I assure you,
Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.*

By 'r lady, you shall pardon me, I 'll not try 't, fir.

Enter Brandino and Martino.

Brandino.

Martino, is not yond' my hinder parts ?

Martino.

Yes, and your fore-parts too, fir.

Brandino.

I tro' so ;

I never saw my hind parts in my life else,

No, nor my fore-ones neither. What are you, fir ?

Are you a justice, pray ?

Ansaldo.

A justice ? No, truly.

Brandino.

How came this suit to you, then ?

Ansaldo.

How this suit ?

Why, must he needs be a justice, fir, that wears it ?

Brandino.

You 'll find it so ; 'twas made for nobody else ;

I paid for 't.

Ansaldo.

Oh strange fortune, I have undone
The charitable woman.

Brandino.

He 'll be gone.
Martino, hold him fast, I 'll call for aid.

Ansaldo.

Hold me? Oh curse of fate!

Martino.

Oh, master, master,

Brandino.

What ails Martino?

Martino.

In my conscience
H' as beat out the wrong tooth, I feel it now,
Three degrees off.

Brandino.

Oh slave, spoil'd a fine penman.

Ansaldo.

He lack'd good manners tho' ; lay hands o' me !
I scorn all the deserts that belong to 't.

Enter Latrocinio.

Latrocinio.

Why, how now? What 's the broil?

Brandino.

The man of art,
I take you, fir, to be.

Latrocinio.

I 'm the professor
Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.

Brandino.

Our business was to you, most skilful fir ;
But in the way to you, right worshipful,
I met a thief.

Latrocinio.

A thief?

Brandino.

With my cloaths on, fir ;
Let but the coat be search'd, I 'll pawn my life

There

There 's yet the taylor's bill in one o' th' pockets;
And a white thimble, that I found i' th' moon-light;
Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino.

Martino.

Aye, aye.

Brandino.

Oh, he has spoil'd the worthless clerk that e'er
Drew warrant here.

Latrocino.

Sir, you 're a stranger, but I must deal plain with you,
That suit of cloaths must needs come oddly to you.

Ansaldo.

I dare not say which way, that 's my affliction.

Latrocino.

Is not your worship's name Signior Brandino, fir?

Brandino.

It has been so, these threescore years and upwards.

Latrocino.

I heard there was a robbery done last night,
Near to your house:

Ansaldo.

You heard a truth then, fir,
And I the man was robb'd.

Latrocino.

Ah, that 's too gross.
Send him away for fear of farther mischief;
I do not like him, he 's a cunning knave.

Brandino.

I want but aid.

Latrocino.

Within there!

Enter two or three servants.

Brandino.

Seize upon that impudent thief.

Ansaldo.

Then hear me speak.

Brandino.

Away;
I 'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those cloaths again.

To prison with the varlet.

Ansaldo.
How am I punish'd !

Brandino.
I 'll make thee bring out all, before I leave thee.

[Exeunt servants with Ansaldo.]

Latrocinio.
You 've took an excellent course with this bold villain,
fir.

Brandino.

I am sworn for service to the commonwealth, fir.
What are these, learned fir ?

Enter Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducia.

Latrocinio.

Oh, they 're my patients.
Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy,

Stratio.

'Tis farewell gout, almost, I thank your worship.

Latrocinio.

What now, you cannot part so soon, I hope ?
You came but lately to me.

Stratio.

But most happily ;
I can go near to leap, fir.

Latrocinio.

What ! you cannot.
Away, I say : take heed, be not too vent'rous though ;
I 've had you but three days, remember that.

Stratio.

Those three are better than three hundred, fir.

Latrocinio.

Yet again !

Stratio.

Ease takes pleasure to be known, fir.

Latrocinio.

You with the rupture there, *breach in scrotum*,
Pray let me see your pace this morning ; walk, fir,
I 'll take your distance strait ; 'twas F. O. yesterday ;
Ah, firrah, here 's a simple alteration,

Secundo

Secundo gradu ; you 're *F. U.* already :
Here 's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, fir,
Your knees are come within three inches now
Of one another ; by to-morrow noon
I 'll make 'em kiss and jostle.

Silvia.

Bless your worship.

Brandino.

You 've a hundred prayers in a morning, fir.

Latrocínio.

'Faith we have a few to pass away the day with.
Taylor, you had a stitch.

Fiducio.

Oh good your worship,
I have had none since Easter : were I rid
But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy ;
I cannot thread my needle.

Latrocínio.

No ! that 's hard,
I never mark'd so much.

Fiducio.

It comes by fits, fir.

Latrocínio.

Alas, poor man ! What would your worship say now
To see me help this fellow at an instant ?

Brandino.

And make him firm from shaking ?

Latrocínio.

As a sceptle
From the disease on 't.

Brandino.

'Tis to me miraculous.

Latrocínio.

You, with your whoremaster disease, come hither ;
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it steadfast,
Yet more, fir, yet, I say ; so.

Brandino.

Admirable !

Latrocínio.

Go, live, and thread thy needle.

Brandino.

Brandino.

Here, Martino :
'Las, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,
And cannot utter 'em,

Latrocinio.

No, what 's the malady ?

Brandino.

The fury of a tooth.

Latrocinio.

A tooth ? ha, ha ;
I thought 't had been some gangrene, fistula,
Canker, or rames.

Brandino.

— No, it 's enough as 'tis, fir.

Latrocinio.

My man shall ease that straight : sit you down there, fir ;
Take the tooth, firrah, daintily, insensibly.
But what 's your worship's malady, that 's for me, fir ?

Brandino.

Marry, pray look you fir : your worship's counsel
About mine eyes.

Latrocinio.

Sore eyes ? that 's nothing too, fir.

Brandino.

By 'r lady, I that feel it think it somewhat,

Latrocinio.

Have you no convulsions ? pricking aches, fir, rup-
tures, or apostemates ?

Brandino.

No, by my faith, fir,
Nor do I desire to have 'em.

Latrocinio.

Those are cures ;
There do I win my fame, fir. Quickly, firrah,
Reach me the eye-cup hither. Do you make water well,
fir ?

Brandino.

I 'm all well there.

Latrocinio.

You feel no grief i' th' kidney ?

Brandino.

Brandino.

Sound, found, found, fir.

*Latrocinio.*Oh, here 's a breath, fir, I must talk withal,
One of these mornings.*Brandino.*There I think, i' faith,
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words
Are come to pass, fir.*Martino.*Oh, oh, 'tis not that, 'tis not that;
It is the next beyond it; there, there.*Occulto.*

The best have their mistakings; now I 'll fit you, fir.

*Brandino.*What 's that, sweet fir; that comforts with his cool-
ness?*Latrocinio.*

Oh sovereign geer: wink hard, and keep it in, fir.

Martino.

Oh, oh, oh.

Occulto.

Nay, here he goes; one twitch more, and he comes, fir.

Martino.

Auh, ho.

Occulto.

Spit out: I told you he was gone, fir.

Brandino.

How cheers Martino?

*Martino.*Oh, I can answer you now, master;
I feel great ease, fir.*Brandino.*

So do I, Martino!

*Martino.*I'm rid of a fore burden, for my part, master,
Of a scal'd little one.*Latrocinio.*

Please but your worship, now,

To take three drops of the rich water with you,
I 'll undertake your man shall cure you, fir,
At twice i' your own chamber.

Brandino.

Shall he so, fir ?

Latrocinio.

I will uphold him in 't.

Martino.

Then will I do 't, fir.

Latrocinio.

How lively your man 's now !

Martino.

Oh, I 'm so light, methinks,
Over I was.

Brandino.

What is it contents your worship ?

Latrocinio.

Ev'n what your worship please, I am not mercenary.

Brandino.

My purse is gone, Martino !

Latrocinio.

How, your purse, fir ?

Brandino.

'Tis gone, i' faith : I 've been among some rascals.

Martino.

And that 's a thing

I ever gave you warning of, master ; you care not
What company you run into.

Brandino.

Lend me some money : chide me anon, I pr'ythee.
A pox on 'em for vipers, they ha' suck'd blood o' me.

Martino.

Oh, master !

Brandino.

How now, man ?

Martino.

My purse is gone too.

Brandino.

How ? I 'll never take warning more of thee while I live
then ; thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit to give good

counsel to thy master, that can't not keep from ill company thyself.

Latrocinio.

This is most strange, fir: both your purses gone!

Martino.

Sir, I'd my hand on mine, when I came in.

Latrocinio.

Are you but sure of that? Oh would you were!

Martino.

As I'm of ease.

Latrocinio.

Then, they're both gone one way; be that your comfort.

Brandino.

Aye, but what way? that, fir?

Latrocinio.

That close knave in your cloaths has got 'em both,
'Tis well you've clapt him fast.

Brandino.

Why that's impossible.

Latrocinio.

Oh tell me, fir: I ha' known purses gone,
And the thief stand, and look one full i' th' face,
As I may do your worship, and your man, now.

Martino.

Nay, that's most certain, master.

Brandino.

I will make

That rascal in my cloaths answer all this then,
And all the robberies that have been done
Since the moon chang'd. Get you home first, Martino,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine: tell her he's taken,
And by that token he has took both our purses.

Martino.

That's an ill token, master.

Brandino.

That's all one, fir,

She must have that or nothing; for I'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.

Begone,

Begone, make haste again ; and meet me part o' th' way.

Martino.

I'll hang the villain,
And 't were for nothing but the sowse he gave me. [*Exit.*

Brandino.

Sir, I depart aham'd of my requital,
And leave this seal-ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness.

Latrocinio.

No, I beseech you, sir.

Brandino.

Indeed you shall, sir.

Latrocinio.

Oh, your worship's word, sir.

Brandino.

You shall have my word too, for a rare gentleman
As e'er I met withal. [*Exit.*

Latrocinio.

Clear fight be with you, sir ;
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it.
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villainous toothdrawer.'

Occulto.

There was no fear of me ; I've often told you
I was bound 'prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i' th' second year.

Latrocinio.

Aye, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,
And me afraid of thee. What have we there, sirs ?

Occulto.

Some threescore dollars i' th' master's purse,
And sixteen in the clerk's, a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.

Latrocinio.

Warrants ! where be they ? The best news came yet.
'Mafs, here 's his hand, and here 's his seal : I thank him ;
This comes most luckily : one of our fellows
Was took last night, we 'll set him first at liberty,
And other good boys after him : and if he

In th' old justice's suit, whom he robb'd lately,
Will come off ²³ roundly, we 'll set him free too.

Occulto.

That were a good deed, 'faith, we may in pity.

Lutrocinio.

There's nothing done merely for pity now-a-days,
Money or ware must help too.

SONG, in parts, by the Thieves.

*Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth.*

*Who complains his fate's amiss,
When he has the wide world his?*

*He that has the devil in fee,
Can have but all, and so have we.*

*Give us fortune, give us health,
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.*

*In every hamlet, town, and city,
He has lands that was born witty. [Exeunt.*

A C T V. SCENE I.

Enter Philippa and Violetta.

Philippa.

HOW well this gentleman keeps his promise too
Sure there 's no trust in man.

Violetta.

They 're all Franciscos,
That 's my opinion, mistress: fools, or false ones.
He might have had the honesty yet, i' faith,
To send my master's cloaths home.

Philippa.

Aye, those cloaths.

Violetta.

Colliers come by the door every day, mistress;

²³ come off.] See note 65 to *The Wits*, vol. 2. p. 512.

Nay, this is market-day too, poulterers, butchers;
They would have lain most daintily in a pannier,
And kept veal from the wind.

Philippa.

Those cloaths much trouble me.

Violetta.

'Faith, and he were a gentleman, as he seem'd to be,
They would trouble him too, I think;
Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.

Philippa.

'Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should think,
wench,

Unless he kept 'em as a testimony
For after-times, to shew what misery
He past in his young days, and then weep over 'em.

Enter Martino.

Violetta.

Weep, mistress? nay sure, methinks, he should not
weep for laughing.

Philippa.

Martino? Oh, we're spoil'd, wench. Are they come
then?

Martino.

Mistress, be of good cheer, I have excellent news for
you; comfort your heart, what have you to breakfast,
mistress; you shall have all again, I warrant you.

Philippa.

What says he, wench?

Violetta:

I'm loth to understand him.

Martino.

Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress;
You shall not lose a hair, take 't of my word;
We have him safe enough.

Philippa.

Alas, sweet wench,
This man talks fearfully.

Violetta.

And I know not what yet;

X 3

That's

That 's the worst, mistress.

Martina.

Can you tell me, pray,
Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no ;
There 's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons
Would have serv'd me this seven year ; oh, and my fig-
cheefe,

The fig of everlasting obloquy
Go with him, if he have eat it ; I 'll make haste,
He cannot eat it all yet. He was taken, mistress,
Grossly, and beastly ; how do you think, i' faith ?

Philippa.

I know not, fir.

Martina.

Troth, in my master's cloaths :
Would any thief but a beast been taken so ?

Philippa.

Wench, wench.

Violetta.

I have grief enough of mine own to tend, mistress.

Philippa.

Did he confes the robbery ?

Martina.

O no, no, mistress ;

He 's a young cunning rascal, he confes'd nothing ;
While we were examining on him, he took away
My master's purse and mine, but confes'd nothing still.

Philippa.

That 's but some slanderous injury rais'd against him.
Came not your master with you ?

Martina.

No, sweet mistress ;

I must make haste and meet him ; pray dispatch me then.

Philippa.

I have look'd over all with special heedfulness ;
There's nothing mis'd, I can assure you, fir,
But that suit of your master's.

Martina.

I 'm right glad on 't,
That suit would hang him, yet I would not have him
hanged

hanged in that suit though ; it will disgrace my master's fashion for ever, and make it as hateful as yellow bands *4.

[Exit.

Philippa.

O what shall 's do, wench ?

Violetta.

'Tis no marvel, mistress,
The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise.

Philippa.

Alas, sweet man, he 's confess'd nothing yet, wench.

Violetta.

That shews his constancy and love to you, mistress :
But you must do 't of force, there is no help for 't,
The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much,
Let 'em make what they can on 't : 't were sin and pity,
i' faith,

To cast away so sweet a gentleman,
For such a pair of infidel hose and doublet ;

Enter Ansaldo.

I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.

Philippa.

Thou say'st true, wench.

Violetta.

Oh, oh, they 're come again, mistress.

Philippa.

Signior Ansaldo ?

Ansaldo.

The same ; mightily cross'd, lady,
But, past hope, free'd again by a doctor's means,
A man of art : I know not justly what indeed,
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
Wrought my release between 'em.

Philippa,

Met you not
My husband's man ?

Ansaldo.

I took such strange ways, lady,
I hardly met a creature.

*4 yellow bands.] See note 25 to *Alhambra*, vol. 7. p. 136.

Philippa.

Oh, most welcome.

Violetta.

But how shall we bestow him now we have him, mistress?

Philippa.

Alas, that 's true.

Violetta.

Martino may come back again.

Philippa.

Step you into that little chamber speedily, fir;
And dress him up in one of my gowns and head-tires,
His youth will well endure it.

Violetta.

That will be admirable.

Philippa.

Nay do 't, do 't, quickly then; and cut that suit
Into an hundred pieces, that it may never be known again.

Violetta.

A hundred? nay, ten thousand at the least, mistress;
For if there be a piece of that suit left as big as my nail,
The deed will come out, 'tis worse than a murder,
I fear 't will never be hid.

Philippa.

Away, do your endeavour, and dispatch, wench.

[*Exeunt Violetta and Ansaldo.*]

I've thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him, too,
Without suspicion now: I've heard o' th' like:
A gentleman, that for a lady's love
Was thought six months her woman, tended on her
In her own garments, and, she being a widow,
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort;
Marry, in conclusion, match they did together,

Enter Brandino with a writing.

Would I 'd a copy of the same conclusion,
He's come himself now; if thou be 'st a happy wench,
Be fortunate in thy speed, I'll delay time
With all the means I can.—Oh, welcome, fir.

Brandino.

I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly, I'm

I 'm very bufy yet : *Cocksey-down, memberry,*
Her manor-houfe at *Well-dun.*

Philippa.

What 's that, good fir ?

Brandino.

The widow's, your sweet fiter's deed of gift ;
She 's made all her estate over to me, wench :
She 'll be too hard for 'em all : and now come bufi me ;
Good luck after thieves' handfel.

Philippa.

Oh 'tis happy, fir,
You have him faft.

Brandino.

I ha' laid him fafe enough, wench.

Philippa.

I was fo loft in joy at the report on 't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.

Brandino.

What 's that, sweet blood ?

Philippa.

He, and his villains, fir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman laft night.

Brandino.

A gentlewoman ?

Philippa.

Nay, moft uncivilly, and bafely ftript her, fir.

Brandino.

Oh, barbarous flaves !

Philippa.

I was ev'n fain for woman-hood's fake,
(Alas) and charity's, to receive her in,
And clothe her poor wants in a fuit of mine.

Brandino.

'T was moft religiously done : I long for her.
Who have I brought to fee thee, think 'ft thou, woman ?

Philippa.

Nay, fir, I know not.

Brandino.

Guess, I pr'ythee heartily :
An enemy of thine.

Philippa.

Philippa.

That I hope you have not, fir.

Brandino.

But all was done in jest : he cries thee mercy.
Francisco, firrah.

Philippa.

Oh, I think not on him.

Brandino.

That letter was but writ to try thy constancy :
He confes'd all to me.

Philippa.

Joy on him, fir,

Enter Francisco.

So far am I from malice, look you, fir.
Welcome, sweet signior ; but I'll never trust you, fir.

Brandino.

Faith, I'm beholden to thee, wife, for this.

Francisco.

Methinks, I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience ;
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek,
For a sin stamp't last midnight : I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly,
With any scornful thought made of his shame.

Enter Martino.

What a sweet being is an honest mind !
It speaks peace to itself, and all mankind.

Brandino.

Martino !

Martino.

Master !

Brandino.

There's another robbery done, firrah,
By the same party.

Martino.

What ? your worship's mocks,
Under correction.

Philippa.

I forgot to tell thee ;
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman,

Martino.

Martino.

O pagan !

This fellow will be ston'd to death with pipkins ;
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him
With broken cruses, and pitchers without ears ;
He will never die alive, that 's my opinion.

Enter Ansaldo (as Martia) and Violetta.

Philippa.

Look you, your judgments, gentlemen; your's especially,
Signior Francisco, whose mere object now
Is woman at these years ; that 's the eye-faint, I know,
Amongst young gallants ; husband, you have a glimpse too ;
You offer half an eye, as old as you are.

Brandino.

By 'r lady, better, wench : an eye and a half, I trow,
I should be sorry else.

Philippa.

What think you now, sirs,
Is 't not a goodly manly gentlewoman ?

Brandino.

Beshrew my heart else, wife.
Pray soft a little, signior, you 're but my guest ; remember
I 'm master of the house, I 'll have the first buss.

Philippa.

But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit.

Brandino.

In woodcock or so ; but there 's no heed to be taken in
mutton :
We commonly fall so roundly to that, we forget ourselves,
I 'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou 'rt welcome, lady.

Martino.

My master kisses, as I 've heard a hackney-coachman
Chear up his mare ; chap, chap.

Brandino.

I have him fast, lady, and he shall lie by 't close.

Ansaldo.

You cannot do me a greater pleasure, sir,

Brandino.

Brandino.

I 'm happily glad on 't.

Francisco.

Methinks, there 's somewhat whispers in my soul,
This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts ;
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet gentlewoman.

Philippa.

Wench, wench !

Violetta.

Pish, hold in your breath, mistress ;
If you be seen to laugh, you 'll spoil all presently ;
I keep it in with all the might I have—— puh.

Ansaldo.

Pray what young gentleman 's that, sir ?

Brandino.

An honest boy, i' faith,
And came of a good kind : do 'st like him, lady ?
I would thou hadst him, and thou beest not promis'd ;
He 's worth ten thousand dollars.

Violetta.

By this light, mistress, my master will go near to make
a match anon ; methinks I dream of admirable sport,
mistress.

Philippa.

Peace ; thou art a drab.

Brandino.

Come hither now, Francisco :
I 've known the time I 've had a better stomach ;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.

Francisco.

That face deserv'd a better fortune, lady,
Than last night's rudeness shew'd.

Ansaldo.

We cannot be
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.

Francisco.

I return better pleas'd, than when I went.

Martino.

Martino.

And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth?

Ansaldo.

Most true, forsooth.

I will not altogether, fir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a gentleman.

Martino.

And that 's the mother's half.

Ansaldo.

There's my hand for you.

Martino.

I swear you could not give me any thing
I love better, a hand gets me my living ;
Oh sweet lemon-peel.

Francisco.

May I request a modest word or two, lady,
In private with you ?

Ansaldo.

With me, fir ?

Francisco.

To make it sure from all suspect of injury,
Or unbeseeming privacy, which Heaven knows
Is not my aim now, I 'll intreat this gentleman
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.

Ansaldo.

Why so ; I am content, fir. [*Exeunt Francisco and Ansaldo.*]

Brandino.

So am I, lady.

Martino.

Oh, master, here 's a rare bedfellow for my mistress to-
night ;
For you know we must both out of town again.

Brandino.

That 's true, Martino.

Martino.

I do but think how they 'll lie telling of tales together,
The prettiest !

Brandino.

The prettiest, indeed.

Martino.

Martino.

Their tongues will never lin¹⁵ wagging, master.

Brandino.

Never, Martino, never.

[*Exeunt.*]*Philippa.*

Take heed you be not heard.

Violetta.

I fear you most, mistress.

Philippa.

Me, fool ? ha, ha.

Violetta.

Why look you, mistress: faith you 're faulty, ha, ha.

Philippa.

Well said, i' faith; where lies the fault now, gossip ?

Violetta.

Oh, for a husband; I shall burst with laughing else:
This house is able to spoil any maid.

Philippa.

I 'll be reveng'd now soundly of Francisco,
For failing me when time was.

Violetta.

Are you there, mistress ? I thought you would not forget that;

However, a good turn disappointed is ever the last thing
That a woman forgives; she 'll scarce do 't when she 's
speechless;

Nay, though she hold up her whole hand for all other injuries,

She 'll forgive that but with one finger.

Philippa.

I 'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.

Violetta.

But that may marr your hopes too, if our gentlewoman
be known to be a man.

Philippa.

Not as I 'll work it;
I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,
For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this.

¹⁵ *lin.*] See Note 27 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, Vol. xi. p. 241.

Enter

Enter Ansaldo.

Why how now, fir, what courſe take you for laughing?
We are undone for one.

Ansaldo.

Faith with great pain
Stifle it, and keep it in : I ha' no receipt for it.
But, pray, in ſadneſs, ſay, what is the gentleman?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings;
He will receive no answer.

Philippa.

Would he would not, fir.

Ansaldo.

Says I 'm ordain'd for him ; merely for him ;
And that his wiving fate ſpeaks in me to him ;
Will force on me a jointure ſpeedily
Of ſome ſeven thouſand dollars.

Philippa.

Would thou had'ſt 'em, fir : I know he can if he will.

Ansaldo.

For wond'rous pity, what is this gentleman ?

Philippa.

'Faith, ſhall I tell you, fir ?

One that would make an excellent honeſt huſband
For her that 's a juſt maid at one-and-twenty ;
For on my conſcience he has his maidenhead yet.

Ansaldo.

Fie, out upon him, beaſt.

Philippa.

Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I ſhall requeſt of you.

Ansaldo.

Your courteſies, you know, may lay commands on me.

Philippa.

Then, at his next ſollicitings, let a conſent
Seem to come from you ; 't will make noble ſport, fir :
We 'll get jointure and all ; but you muſt bear
Yourſelf moſt affable to all his purpoſes.

Ansaldo.

I can do that.

Philippa.

Philippa.

Aye, and take heed of laughing.

*Enter Francisco.**Ansaldo.*

I've 'bide the worst of that already, lady.

Philippa.

Peace, set your countenance then ; for here he comes.

Francisco.

There is no middle continent in this passion ;
 I feel it here, it must be love or death ;
 It was ordain'd for one.

Philippa.

Signior Francisco,

I'm sorry 't was your fortune, in my house, fir,
 To have so violent a stroke come to you :
 The gentlewoman 's a stranger ; pray be counsell'd, fir,
 'Till you hear further of her friends and portion.

Francisco.

'Tis only but her love that I desire ;
 She comes most rich in that.

Philippa.

But be advis'd though ;
 I think she 's a rich heir, but see the proof, fir,
 Before you make her such a generous jointure.

Francisco.

'Tis mine, and I will do it.

Philippa.

She shall be your's too,
 If I may rule her, then.

Francisco.

You speak all sweetness.

Philippa.

She likes your person well, I tell you so much,
 But take no note I said so.

Francisco.

Not a word.

Philippa.

Come, lady, come, the gentleman's desertful,

And, o' my conscience, honest.

Ansaldo.

Blame me not; I am a maid, and fearful.

Francisco.

Never truth came perfecter from man.

Philippa.

Give her a lip-taste,

Enter Brandino and Martino.

That she herself may praise it.

Brandino.

Yea, a match; i' faith: My house is lucky for 'em.
Now, Martino.

Martino.

Master, the widow has the day.

Brandino.

The day!

Martino.

She's overthrown my youngster.

Brandino.

Precious tidings.

Clap down four woodcocks more.

Martino.

They're all at hand, fir.

Brandino.

What, both her adversaries too?

Enter Valeria, Ricardo, and two Suitors.

Martino.

They're come, fir.

Brandino.

Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.

Martino.

I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance:

Brandino.

Welcome, sweet sifter; which is the man must have you?
I'd welcome no body else.

1st. Suitor.

Come to me then, fir.

Brandino.

Are you he; i' faith, my chain of gold? I'm glad on 't.

Vol. XII.

Y

Valeria.

Valeria.

I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have so prosecuted things against me.
But I ha' resolv'd myself, 'tis done to spight me.

Ricardo.

O dearth of truth!

2d. Suitor.

Nay, do not spoil thy hair;
Hold, hold I say, I'll get thee a widow somewhere.

Ricardo.

If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?

2d. Suitor.

'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning amongst widows;
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd
A contract without gifts to bind it fast;
Every thing now must have a selling first:
Do I come near you, widow?

Valeria.

No, indeed, fir,
Nor ever shall, I hope: and, for your comfort, fir,
That sought all means t' entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You had lost your labour, all your aims and hopes, fir:
Here stands the honest gentleman my brother,
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.

Brandsch.

Aye, that she has, i'faith, I thank her gentlemen;
Look you here, firs.

Valeria.

I must not look for pleasures,
That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.

1st. Suitor.

Have you serv'd me so, widow?

2d. Suitor.

I'm glad thou hast her not; laugh at him, honey; ha, ha.

Valeria.

I must take one that loves me for myself;

Here's

Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions.

1st. Suitor.

Yes, by my faith: I must have lordships too, widow!

Valeria.

How, fir?

1st. Suitor.

Your manners, virtue, and conditions, widow;
Are pretty things within doors; I like well on 'em:
But I must have somewhat without, 'lying, or being'
In the tenure or occupation of Mr. such-a-one: ha!
Those are fine things indeed.

Valeria.

Why, fir, you swore to me it was for love.

1st. Suitor.

True; but there's two words to a bargain, ever,
All the world over; and if love be one,
I'm sure money's the other; 'tis no bargain else:
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, widow.

Valeria.

Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, fir;
It was this antient gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.

2d. Suitor.

What of me, widow?

Valeria.

Alas, I have wronged you, fir; 'twas you that swore
You lov'd me for myself!

2d. Suitor.

By my troth, but I did not:
Come, father, not your eyes upon me, widow:
I love you for yourself! spit at me, gentlemen,
If ever I'd such a thought: fetch me in widow!
You'll find your reach too short.

Valeria.

Why, you have enough, you say.

2d. Suitor.

Aye, but I will have my humour too; you never think
of that; they're coach-horses, they go together still.

Y 2

Valeria.

Valeria.

Whom should a widow trust ? I 'll swear 'twas one of
you

That made me believe so : 'mas, think 'twas you, fir,
Now I remember me.

Ricardo.

I swore too much,
To be believ'd so little.

Valeria.

Was it you then ?
Beswore my heart for wronging of you.

Ricardo.

Welcome blessing ;
Are you mine faithfully now ?

Valeria.

As love can make me.

1st. Suitor.

Why, this fills the commonwealth so full of beggars,
Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do.

Valeria.

But, now I think on 't, we must part again, fir.

Ricardo.

Again ?

Valeria.

Your 're in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too ; we must not hold ;
Want on both sides makes all affection cold :
I shall not keep you from that gentleman ;
You 'll be his more than mine ; and, when he list,
He 'll make you lie from me in some sour prison ;
Then let him take you now for altogether, fir ;
For he that 's mine, shall be all mine, or nothing.

Ricardo.

I never felt the evil of my debts,
'Till this afflicting minute.

2d. Suitor.

I 'll be mad once in my days : I have enough to cure me,
and I will have my humour ; they 're now but desperate
debts again, I never look for 'em.
And ever since I knew what malice was,

I always

I always held it sweeter to sow mischief,
 Than to receive money; 'tis the finer pleasure.
 I'll give him in his bonds as 't were in pity
 To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary:
 Then will they never agree; that's a sure point.
 He'll give her a black eye within these three days,
 Beat half her teeth out by Alhallontide,
 And break the little household-stuff they have,
 With throwing at one another: O, sweet sport!
 Come, widow, come, I'll try your honesty,
 Here to my honey y' have made many proffers,
 I fear they're all but tricks: here are his debts, gentle-
 men:

How I came by 'em I know best myself.
 Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
 And he shall tear 'em all before your face, widow.

Valeria.

Else may all faith refuse me.

2d. Suitor.

Tear 'em, honey,
 'Tis firm in law, a consideration given:
 What with thy teeth? thou'lt shortly tear her so,
 That's all my hope, thou'd'st never had 'em else.
 I've enough, and I will have my humour.

Ricardo.

I'm now at liberty, widow.

Valeria.

I'll be so too,
 And then I come to thee: give me this from you, bro-
 ther.

Brandino.

Hold sister: sister.

Valeria.

Look you, the deed of gift, fir; I'm as free:
 He that has me, has all, and thou art he.

Both Suitors.

How's that?

Valeria.

You're bob'd, 'twas but a deed in trust,
 And all to prove thee, whom I have found most just.

Y 3

Brandino.

Brandino.

I'm bob'd among the rest too; I'd have sworn
T' had been a thing for me and my heirs for ever;
If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
I had been past redemption.

1st. Suitor.

How am I cheated?

2d. Suitor.

I hope you'll have the conscience now to pay me, fir.

Ricardo.

Oh, wicked man, sower of strife and envy, open not thy
lips.

2d. Suitor.

How, how 's this?

Ricardo.

Thou hast no charge at all, no child of thine own.
But two thou got't once of a scouring-woman,
And they are both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital:
Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee,
Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee.

2d. Suitor.

I'm gone, my goodness comes all out together.
I have enough, but I have not my humour.

Enter Violetta.

Violetta.

O master, gentlemen: and you, sweet widow,
I think you are no forwarder yet, I know not.
If ever you be sure to laugh again,
Now is the time.

Valeria.

Why, what 's the matter, wench?

Violetta.

Ha, ha, ha.

Brandino.

Speak, speak.

Violetta.

Ha, a marriage, a marriage; I cannot tell 't for laugh-
ing: ha, he.

Brandino.

Brandino.

A marriage ; do you make that a laughing matter ?

*Enter Francisco and Ansaldo.**Violetta.*

Ha : aye, and you 'll make it so when you know all.
Here they come, here they come, one man married to
another.

Valeria.

How ! man to man ?

Violetta.

Aye, man to man, i' faith.
There 'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed ;
Do you see 'em now, ha, ha, ha !

1st. Suitor.

My daughter Martia !

Ansaldo.

Oh, my father : your love and pardon, sir,

Valeria.

'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.

Ansaldo.

I have been disobedient, I confess,
Unto your mind, and heaven has punish'd me
With much affliction since I fled your fight ;
But finding reconciliation from above
In peace of heart ; the next I hope 's your love.

1st. Suitor.

I cannot but forgive thee, now I see thee.
Thou fled'st a happy fortune of an old man ;
But Francisco 's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent.

Francisco.

I lov'd her not, sir,
As she was your's, for I protest I knew 't not,
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,
Which had you been as foul, as you 've been spiteful,
I should have lov'd in her.

1st. Suitor.

Well, hold your prating, sir,
You 're not like to lose by 't.

Y 4

Philippa.

Philippa.

Oh, Violetta, who shall laugh at us now?

Violetta.

The child unborn, mistress.

Ansaldo.

Be good.

Francisco.

Be honest.

Ansaldo.

Heaven will not let you sin, and you 'd be careful.

*Francisco.*What means it sends to help you ! think and mend,
You 're as much bound as we, to praise that friend.*Philippa.*

I am so, and I will so.

*Ansaldo.*Marry you speedily,
Children tame you, you 'll die like a wild beast else.*Violetta.*Aye, by my troth should I. I 've much ado to forbear
Laughing now, more 's my hard fortune.*Enter Martina.**Martino.*O, master, mistress, and you gentles all ;
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do your
country any service.*Brandino.*Art not a sham'd, Martino, to talk of horsing so openly,
Before young married couples, thus.*Martino.*It does concern the common-wealth and me,
And you, master, and all : the thieves are taken.*Ansaldo.*

What say'st, Martino ?

*Martino.*Law, here 's common-wealth's-men,
The man of art, master, that capt your eyes,
Is prov'd an arrant rascal : and his man
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer ;

I felt

I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly.
Such notable villanies are confest !

Brandino.

Stop there, fir :

We 'll have time for them : Come, gentle-folks,
Take a slight meal with us : but the best cheer
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here.——

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

*Stay, stay, fir ; I'm as hungry of my widow,
As you can be upon your maid, believe it ;
But we must come to our desires in order,
There's duties to be paid, ere we go further ;
He that without your likings leaves this place,
Is like one falls to meat, and forgets grace.
And that 's not handsome, trust me, no,
Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
My widow, and my meat, then does me good ;
I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true,
For my report, pray let her hear 't from you.*

E D I T I O N.

T H E

W I D D O W,

A

C O M E D I E.

As it was acted at the private House in Black Fryers, with
great applause, by his late Majesties Servants.

Written by { BEN JOHNSON,
JOHN FLETCHER, } Gents.
THO. MIDDLETON, }

Printed by the Originall Copy.

L O N D O N :

Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be
sold at his Shop at the Sign of the *Prince's Arms*,
in *St. Paul's Church Yard*. 1652. 4to.

Chichevache and Bycorne.

THIS ancient piece by Lydgate *, though rude, appears to be of a dramatic cast, having a kind of scenery annexed to its dialogue. In this scenery there is somewhat pantomimical; and the performance itself appears to have been represented by a speaker, with assistants, in the manner described by Lydgate himself in his *Trois Boks*, B. 2. Ch. 12. There is no apparent reason why such stage directions should have been set down by the poet, unless they could be followed on the stage. S.

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Notes on Chaucer, vol. 4. p. 281, says, " In Stowe's Catalogue of Lydgate's works, at the end of Speght's Edition of Chaucer, there is one entitled, *Of two monstrous beasts, Bicerne and Chicbesache*. It is not improbable that Lydgate translated the Ballad now extant from some older French Poem, to which Chaucer alludes. The name of *Chicbesache* is French; *vacca parca*."

* MS. Harl. 2251. fol. 170. b.

Chichevache and Bycorne.

First ther shal fonde an ymage in poete wise seyeng
these iij. balades.

O Prudent folkes takith heede,
And remembrith in youre lyves,
How this story doth procede,
Of the husbandes and theyr wyfes :
Of theyr accorde, and theyr stryves,
With lyf, or deth, whiche to derayne,
Is graunted to these bestes twayne,

For this BYCORNE of his nature
Wil non other maner feede *
But pacient husbandis in his pasture ;
And CHICHEVACHE etith wymmen goode :
And both these bestis, by the roode,
Be fatte, or leene, it may nat faile,
Like lak, or plente, of theyr vitaile.

Than shall be
portreyed two
bestis oon fatte
anothyr leene.

Of Chichevache, and of Bycorne,
Tretith holy this matere ;
Whos story hath taught us befora,
Howe these bestes, bothe in feere,
Have ther pasture, as ye shal here,
Of men, and wymmen, in sentence,
Thurgh suffraunce, or thurgh impaciencie.

Of Bycornoye I am Bycorne,
Fal fatte and rounde here as I fonde ;
And in mariage bounde and sworne
To Chichevache as hir husbonde :
Whiche wil nateete, on see, nor londe,
But pacient wyfes debonayre,
Whiche to her husbondes be nat con-
trayre.

Than shall be
portrayed a fatte
beste called By-
corne, of the
cuntrye of By-
cornoye, and feyn
these thre ba-
ladis followyng.

* Q. feeds.

Eul scarce Gbd wote is hit vitaille,
 Humble wyfes the fynds so fewe ;
 For alweys atte the cowntre taile,
 Theyr tunge clappith and doth hewe.
 Such meke wyfes I beshrewe,
 That neyther can at bedde, ne boord,
 Theyr husbondes nat forbete oon woord.

But my foods, and my cheriffhyng,
 To telle plainly, and nat to varye,
 Is of fuche folke whiche theyr livyng
 Dare to theyr wyfes be nat contrarye ;
 Ne from theyr lastis dare not varye :
 Now with hem holde no champartye,
 Al such my stomach wil desye.

Felawes, taketh heede, and ye may see Than shal be
 How Bycorne castith hym to devoure portrayd a com-
 Alle humble men, both yow and me, pany of men
 There is no gayne may us secoure. comyngtowardis
 Woo be therfor in halle and boure this beste By-
 To at these husbondes, whiche, theyr corne, and sey
 wyfes, these foure ba-
lades.

Maken maystresses of theyr lives.

Who that so doth, this is the lawe,
 That this Bycorne wil hym oppresse
 And devouren in his mawe,
 That of his wife makith his maystresse ;
 This wil us bryng in grete distresse :
 For we, for oure humylite,
 Of Bycorne shall devoured be.

We stondea plainly in fuche case
 That they to us maystresses be :
 We may wele fyng and seyn, allas,
 That we gaf hem the sovrante ;
 For we ben thralle and they be free :
 Wherfor Bycorn this cruel beste,
 Wil us devcuren at the left.

But

But who that can be soveraine,
 And his wif teach and chastise,
 That she dare nat a worde gayn feyn,
 Nor difobeye in no maner wile;
 Of fuche a man I can devise
 He stant under protectiouns
 From Bycornes jurisdiction.

O noble wyves beth wele ware,
 Takith ensamble now by me;
 Or ellys afferme wele I dare
 Ye shal be tled, ye shal nat fise:
 Beth crabbed voydith humylite;
 Or Chichevache ne wil nat faile
 Yow for to swblow in his entraile.

Thish shal ther
 be a womman
 devoured in the
 mowth of Chi-
 chevache, cry-
 ing to alle wyfes
 and sey these
 balades.

Chichevache this is my name;
 Hungry, megre, sklendre, and leene,
 To shewe my body I have grete shame,
 For hunger I feele so grete teene:
 On me no fatnesse wil be seene;
 By cause that pasture I synde none
 Therfor I am but skyn and boon.

Then shal there
 be portrayed a
 long horned
 beste, sklendre
 and leene, with
 sharp teth, and
 on his body no-
 thyng sauf skyn
 and boon.

For my feding in existence,
 Is of wymmen that ben meke,
 And liche Grefield in pacience,
 Or more theyr bounte for to eeke:
 But I ful longe may gon and seeke
 Or I can synde a good repast,
 A morwe to breke with my fast.

I trow ther be a deere yeere
 Of pacient wymmen now these dayes,
 Who grevith hem with words or chere
 Lete hym be ware of such assayes:
 For it is more than thirty mayes
 That I have fought from lond to lond,
 But yit oon Grefield nev' I fond.

I fond but oon in al my lyve,
 And she was ded ago ful yoore ;
 For more pasture I wil nat stryve
 Nor lethe for my foode ne more,
 Ne for vitaile me to enfore :
 Wymmen been woxen so prudent
 They wil no more be pacient.

My wif, alas; devoured is
 Most pacient and most pesible ;
 She nevr sayde to me amyffe,
 Whom hath nowe slayn this best horrible.
 And for it is an impossible,
 To fynde evr such a wyf,
 I wil live sqwle duryng my lyf.

Then shal be
 portrayed af-
 ter Chiche-
 vache, an old
 man, with a
 baston on his
 bak, manaf-
 yng the best
 for devouring
 of his wyf.

For now of newe, for theyr prow,
 The wifes of ful high prudence
 Have of assent made ther avow
 For to exile for ev' patience ;
 And cryed wolfes hede obedience ;
 To make Chichevache faile,
 Of hem to fynde more vitaile.

Now Chichevache may fast longe,
 And dye for al her crueltee ;
 Wymmen han made hemself so stronge;
 For to outraye humylite :
 O cely husbandes wo been ye
 Suche as can have no pacience,
 Ageyns yowre wyfes violence.

If that ye suffre, ye be but dede,
 This Bycorne awaiteth yow so fore :
 Eeke of yowre wyfes ye stand in drede
 Yif ye geyn seyne hem any more :
 And thus ye stonde and have don yore
 Of lyf and deth betwixt coveyne,
 Lynkeld in a double cheyne.

Historia Histrionica:

A N

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

O F

The ENGLISH STAGE;

SHEWING

The ancient Use, Improvement, and Perfection
of Dramatic Representations in this Nation.

I N

A DIALOGUE

O F

PLAYS and PLAYERS.

THIS tract, of which I have not been able to obtain the first edition, was originally printed in 1699. It is said to have been the production of James Wright of New Inn, afterwards of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. He was the author of *The Antiquities of Rutlandshire*; and some poems; particularly, (1.) "An Essay on the present Ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral." To which is annexed, "The Misfortunes of St. Paul's Cathedral," in heroic verse, 4to. 1668; re-printed with two other poems, under the title of, (2.) "Three poems of St. Paul's Cathedral; viz. The Ruins, The Rebuilding, The Choir", Fo. 1697. and (3.) "Phoenix Paulina, a Poem on St. Paul's Cathedral, 4to. 1709 †." He was alive in 1710, being mentioned by Mr. Hearne in his preface to Leland's Itinerary, in this manner; "I could have supply'd more Lacunæ, and in all likelyhood have render'd this performance more perfect, if I had had the use of a very good transcript of Mr. Leland's Itinerary, taken about the time of Queen Elizabeth (before the originals took wet, as is suppos'd) and was formerly in possession of James Wright, of the Middle Temple, Esq; the worthy author of the Antiquities of Rutlandshire; but this, with a multitude of other valuable curiosities, was unhappily burnt in the fire at the Middle Temple, in the year 1698, as Mr. Wright has been pleas'd to inform me." Anthony Wood says, he wrote an elegy on the death of Mr. John Goad, Master of Merchant Taylor's School, who died 1689. (See Wood's Athens, vol. 1. p. 839.)

* British Topography, vol. 1. p. 610.

† Catalogue of pamphlets in the Harleian Library, p. 146.

A

DIALOGUE, &c.

*Loverwit, Trueman.**Loverwit.*

HONEST old Cavalier! well met, 'faith I'm glad to see thee.

Trueman. Have a care what you call me; old is a word of disgrace among the ladies; to be honest is to be poor, and foolish, (as some think;) and Cavalier is a word as much out of fashion as any of 'em.

Loverwit. The more's the pity; but what said the fortune-teller in Ben Jonson's mask of Gypsies, to the then Lord Privy Seal?

*Honest and old!**In those the good part of a fortune is told.*

Trueman. Ben Jonson! how dare you name Ben Jonson in these times; when we have such a crowd of poets of a quite different genius; the least of which thinks himself as well able to correct Ben Jonson, as he could a country school-mistress that taught to spell?

Loverwit. We have, indeed, poets of a different genius; so are the plays; but, in my opinion, they are all of 'em (some few excepted) as much inferior to those of former times, as the actors now in being (generally speaking) are, compared to Hart, Mohun, Burt, Lacy, Clun, and Shatterel; for I can reach no farther backward.

Trueman. I can; and dare assure you, if my fancy and memory are not partial (for men of my age are apt to be

over indulgent to the thoughts of their youthful days) I say the actors that I have seen before the wars, Lowin, Tayler, Pollard, and some others, were almost as far beyond Hart and his company, as those were beyond these now in being.

Lowew. I am willing to believe it, but cannot readily; because I have been told, that those whom I mention'd, were bred up under the others of your acquaintance, and follow'd their manner of action, which is now lost: So far, that when the question has been ask'd, Why these players do not revive the Silent Woman, and some other of Jonson's plays? (once of highest esteem) they have answered, Truly, because there are none now living who can rightly humour those parts; for all who related to the Black-friers, (where they were acted in perfection) are now dead and almost forgotten.

Truem. 'Tis very true, Hart and Clun were bred up boys at the Black-friers, and acted women's parts; Hart was Robinson's boy, or apprentice; he acted the Dutchess, in the Tragedy of the Cardinal, which was the first part that gave him reputation. Cartwright and Wintershal belong'd to the Private House, in Salisbury-court; Burt was a boy, first under Shank at the Black-friers, then under Beeston at the Cock-pit; and Mohun and Shatterel were in the same condition with him, at the last place. There Burt used to play the principal women's parts, in particular Clarissa, in Love's Cruelty; and at the same time Mohun acted Belhamente, which part he retained after the restoration.

Lowew. That I have seen, and can well remember. I wish they had printed in the last age (so I call the times before the rebellion) the actors' names over against the parts they acted, as they have done since the restoration: and thus one might have guess'd at the action of the men, by the parts which we now read in the old plays.

Truem. It was not the custom and usage of those days, as it hath been since. Yet some few old plays there are that have the names set against the parts, as, The Dutchess of Malfy; the Picture; the Roman Actor; the

the Deserving Favourite; the Wild-Goose Chase, (at the Black-friers); the Wedding; the Renegado; the Fair Maid of the West; Hannibal and Scipio; King John and Matilda, (at the Cock-pit); and Holland's Leaguer, (at Salisbury Court.)

Lowew. These are but few indeed: but pray, fir, what master-parts can you remember the old Black-friers men to act in Jonson, Shakspeare, and Fletcher's plays?

Truem. What I can at present recollect I'll tell you; Shakspeare, (who, as I have heard, was a much better poet than player) Burbage, Hemmings, and others of the older sort, were dead before I knew the town; but in my time, before the wars, Lowin used to act, with mighty applause, Falstaffe, Morose, Volpone, and Mammon, in the Alchymist; Melantius, in the Maid's Tragedy; and at the same time Amyntor was play'd by Stephen Hamerton, (who was at first a most noted and beautiful woman actor, but afterwards he acted, with equal grace and applause, a young lover's part); Taylor acted Hamlet incomparably well, Jago, Truewit in the Silent Woman, and Face in the Alchymist; Swanston us'd to play Othello; Pollard and Robinson were comedians; so was Shank, who us'd to act Sir Roger, in the Scornful Lady: these were of the Black-friers. Those of principal note at the Cock-pit, were, Perkins, Michael Bowyer, Sumner, William Allen, and Bird, eminent actors, and Robins, a comedian. Of the other companies I took little notice.

Lowew. Were there so many companies?

Truem. Before the wars there were in being all these play-houses at the same time. The Black-friers, and Globe on the Bank-side, a winter and summer house, belonging to the same company, called the King's Servants; the Cock-pit or Phoenix, in Drury-lane, called the Queen's Servants; the Private House in Salisbury-court, called the Prince's Servants; the Fortune near Whitecross Street¹; and the Red Bull, at the upper end of St.

¹ *The Fortune near Whitecross Street.*] This is afterwards said to be a large round brick building. Mr. Steevens supposes, from the extent of it,

St. John's Street : the two last were mostly frequented by citizens, and the meaner sort of people. All these companies got money, and liv'd in reputation, especially those of the Black-friers, who were men of grave and sober behaviour.

Louew. Which I admire at, that the town, much less than at present, could then maintain five companies, and yet now two can hardly subsist.

Truem. Do not wonder, but consider, that tho' the town was then, perhaps, not much more than half so populous as now, yet then the prices were small (there being no scenes) and better order kept among the company that came ; which made very good people think a play an innocent diversion for an idle hour or two, the plays themselves being then, for the most part, more instructive and moral, Whereas, of late, the play-houses are so extremely pestered with vizard-masks and their trade, (occasioning continual quarrels and abuses) that many of the more civiliz'd part of the town are uneasy in the company, and shun the Theatre as they would a house of scandal. It is an argument of the worth of the plays and actors of the last age, and easily inferred, that they were much beyond ours in this, to consider that they could support themselves merely from their own merit, the weight of the matter, and goodness of the action, without scenes and machines ; whereas the present plays with all that shew can hardly draw an audience, unless there be

it, that all the actors resided within its precincts. It was pulled down about the time of the restoration, soon after the appearance of the following advertisement, in the *Mercurius Politicus*, Tuesday, Feb. 14, to Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1661. "The Fortune Playhouse, situate between Whitecross Street and Golding Square, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, with the ground thereunto belonging, is to be let to be built upon ; where 23 tenements may be erected, with gardens ; and a street may be cut through for the better accommodation of the buildings." (See edition of *Shakspeare*, 1778, vol. 1. p. 267.) From the following passage of *The English Traveller*, by Heywood, 1633. Sign. I 3. we find there was a picture or Statue of Fortune before the building.

" ——— I'll rather stand heere

" Like a Statue in the For:front of your house

" For ever ; Like the picture of Dame Fortune

" Before the Fortune Playhouse."

the additional invitation of a Signior Fideli, a Monsieur l'Abbe, or some such foreign regale express'd in the bottom of the bill.

Lovew. To wave this digression, I have read of one Edward Alleyn, a man so famed for excellent action, that among Ben Jonson's epigrams, I find one directed to him, full of encomium, and concluding thus :

*Wear this renown, 'tis just that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.*

Was he one of the Black-friers ?

Truem. Never, as I have heard ; (for he was dead before my time). He was master of a company of his own, for whom he built the Fortune play-house from the ground, a large, round, brick building. This is he that grew so rich ; that he purchased a great estate in Surry and elsewhere ; and having no issue, he built and largely endowed Dulwich college, in the year 1619², for a master, a warden, four fellows, twelve aged poor people, and twelve poor boys, &c. A noble charity.

Lovew. What kind of play-houses had they before the wars ?

Truem. The Black-friers, Cock-pit, and Salisbury-court, were called private houses ; and were very small to what we see now. The Cock-pit was standing since the restoration, and Rhodes's company acted there for some time.

Lovew. I have seen that.

Truem. Then you have seen the other two, in effect ; for they were all three built almost exactly alike, for form and bigness. Here they had pits for the gentry, and acted by candle-light. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull, were large houses, and lay partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by day-light.

Lovew. But, pr'ythee, Trueman, what became of these players when the stage was put down, and the rebellion rais'd ?

² The letters patent under the great seal, bear date the 21st June, 1619.

Tragem. Most of 'em, except Lowin, Tayler and Pollard (who were superannuated) went into the king's army, and, like good men and true, serv'd their old master, tho' in a different, yet more honourable capacity. Robinson was kill'd at the taking of a place, (I think Basing-house) by Harrison, he that was after hang'd at Charing-cross, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head when he had laid down his arms; abusing scripture at the same time, in saying, *Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently.* Mohun was a captain (and after the wars were ended here, served in *Flanders*, where he received pay as a major.) Hart was a lieutenant of horse under sir Thomas Dallison, in prince Rupert's regiment; Burt was cornet in the same troop, and Shatterel quarter-master; Allen of the Cock-pit was a major, and quarter-master-general at Oxford. I have not heard of one of these players of any note that sided with the other party, but only Swanston, and he profess'd himself a presbyterian, took up the trade of a jeweller, and liv'd in Aldermanbury, within the territory of father Calamy; the rest either lost, or expos'd their lives for their king. When the wars were over, and the royalists totally subdu'd, most of 'em who were left alive gather'd to London, and for a subsistence endeavour'd to revive their old trade privately. They made up one company out of all the scatter'd members of several; and in the winter before the king's murder, 1648, they ventured to act some plays, with as much caution and privacy as could be, at the Cock-pit. They continued undisturbed for three or four days; but at last, as they were presenting the tragedy of the Bloody Brother (in which Lowin acted Aubrey; Tayler, Rollo; Pollard, the Cook; Burt, Latorch; and I think Hart, Otto) a party of foot soldiers beset the house, surpriz'd 'em about the middle of the play³, and carried

³ This is confirmed by Kirkman; who, in his Preface to *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*, 1692, says, the small compositions of which his work was made up, being scenes and parts of plays, were at this period "liked and approved by all, and they were the fittest for the actors to represent, there being little cost in cloaths, which often were in great danger to be seized by the then souldiers; who, as the poet says,

"Enter

carried 'em away in their habits, not admitting them to shift, to Hatton-house, then a prison, where, having detain'd them some time, they plundered them of their cloaths, and let 'em loose again. Afterwards, in Oliver's time, they used to act privately, three or four miles or more out of town, now here, now there, sometimes in noblemen's houses, in particular, Holland-house at Kensington, where the nobility and gentry who met (but in no great numbers) used to make a sum for them, each giving a broad piece, or the like. And Alexander Goffe, the woman actor at Black-friers (who had made himself known to persons of quality) used to be the jackall, and give notice of time and place. At Christmas and Bartholomew-fair, they used to bribe the officer who commanded the guard at Whitehall, and were thereupon connived at to act for a few days, at the Red Bull⁴; but were sometimes, notwithstanding, disturb'd by soldiers. Some pick'd up a little money by publishing the copies of plays

“ *Enter the Red Coat, Exit Hat and Cloak*, was very true, not only in the audience but the actors too, who were commonly not only stripp'd, but many times imprisoned till they paid such ransom as the soldiers would impose upon them; so that it was hazardous to act any thing that required any good cloaths; instead of which, painted cloath many times served the turn to represent rich habits.”

4 “ When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest; and comedies, because the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert ourselves with, were these humours and pieces of plays, which, passing under the name of a merry conceited fellow, called Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of rope-dancing, or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the auditors; and these small things were as profitable and as great get-pennies to the actors as any of our late famed plays. I have seen *the Red Bull Playhouse*, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered; and as meanly as you may now think of these drols, they were then acted by the best comedians then and now in being; and I may say by some that then exceeded all now living, by name, the incomparable Robert Cox, who was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces.” *Kirkman's Preface to The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, 1672.*

never before printed, but kept up in manuscript. For instance, in the year 1652, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild-Goose Chase* was printed in folio, for the public use of all the ingenious, as the title-page says, and private benefit of John Lowin and Joseph Tayler, servants to his late majesty; and by them dedicated to the honoured few lovers of dramatick poesy: wherein they modestly intimate their wants, and that with sufficient cause; for whatever they were before the wars, they were after reduced to a necessitous condition. Lowin, in his latter days, kept an inn, the Three Pigeons, at Brentford, where he died very old, for he was an actor of eminent note in the reign of King James I. and his poverty was as great as his age. Tayler died at Richmond, and was there buried. Pollard, who lived single, and had a competent estate, retired to some relations he had in the country, and there ended his life. Perkins and Sumner of the Cock-pit, kept house together at Clerkenwell, and were there buried. These all died some years before the restoration; what followed after, I need not tell you; you can easily remember.

Lowin. Yes; presently after the restoration, the king's players acted publicly at the Red Bull for some time, and then removed to a new-built playhouse in Vere-street, by Clare-market. There they continued for a year or two, and then removed to the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, where they first made use of scenes, which had been a little before introduced upon the publick stage by Sir William Davenant, at the duke's Old Theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, but afterwards very much improved, with the addition of curious machines, by Mr. Betterton, at the New Theatre in Dorset-garden, to the great expence and continual charge of the players. This much impaired their profit o'er what it was before; for I have been inform'd by one of 'em, that for several years next after the restoration, every whole sharer in Mr. Hart's company, got 1000 *l. per ann.* About the same time that scenes first entered upon the stage at London, women were taught to act their own parts; since when, we have seen at both houses several actresses, justly famed, as well for beauty, as perfect good action. And some plays,

in particular the Parson's Wedding, have been presented all by women, as formerly all by men. Thus it continued for about 20 years, when Mr. Hart, and some of the old men, began to grow weary, and were minded to leave off; then the two companies thought fit to unite; but of late you see, they have thought it no less fit to divide again, though both companies keep the same name of his majesty's servants. . . . All this while the playhouse musick improved yearly, and is now arrived to greater perfection than ever I knew it. Yet for all these advantages, the reputation of the stage, and people's affection to it, are much decayed. Some were lately severe against it, and would hardly allow stage-plays fit to be longer permitted. Have you seen Mr. Collier's book?

Truem. Yes, and his opposers'.

Lovew. And what think you?

Truem. In my mind, Mr. Collier's reflections are pertinent, and true in the main; the book ingeniously wrote, and well intended; but he has overshot himself in some places, and his respondents perhaps in more. My affection inclines me not to engage on either side, but rather mediate. If there be abuses relating to the stage, which I think is too apparent, let the abuse be reformed, and not the use, for that reason only, abolished. 'Twas an old saying, when I was a boy,

Abfit abusus, non desit totaliter usus.

I shall not run through Mr. Collier's book; I will only touch a little on two or three general notions, in which, I think, he may be mistaken. What he urges out of the primitive councils and fathers of the church, seems to me to be directed against the heathen plays, which were a sort of religious worship with them, to the honour of Ceres, Flora, or some of their false deities. They had always a little altar on their stages, as appears plain enough from some places in Plautus. And Mr. Collier himself, p. 235. tells us out of Livy, that plays were brought in upon the score of religion, to pacify the gods. No wonder then, they forbid christians to be present at them, for it

was

was almost the same as to be present at their sacrifices. We must also observe, that this was in the infancy of christianity, when the church was under severe, and almost continual persecutions, and when all its true members were of most strict and exemplary lives, not knowing when they should be called to the stake, or thrown to wild beasts. They communicated daily, and expected death hourly; as their thoughts were intent upon the next world, they abstain'd almost wholly from all diversions and pleasures (though lawful and innocent) in this. Afterwards, when persecution ceased, and the church flourish'd, christians being then freed from their former terrors, allow'd themselves, at proper times, the lawful recreations of conversation, and among other, no doubt, this of shews and representations. After this time, the censures of the church indeed might be continued, or revived upon occasion, against plays and players; tho', in my opinion, it cannot be understood generally, but only against such players who were of vicious and licentious lives, and represented profane subjects, inconsistent with the morals and probity of manners requisite to christians; and frequented chiefly by such loose and debauch'd people, as were much more apt to corrupt than divert those who associated with them. I say, I cannot think the canons and censures of the fathers can be applied to all players, *quatenus* players; for if so, how could plays be continued among the christians, as they were, of divine subjects, and scriptural stories? A late French author, speaking of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, a play-house in Paris, says, that the ancient dukes of that name gave it to the brotherhood of the Passion, established in the church of Trinity-hospital, in the Rue S. Denis, on condition that they should represent here interludes of devotion; and adds, that there have been public shews in this place six hundred years ago. The Spanish and Portugueze continue still to have, for the most part, such ecclesiastical stories for the subject of their plays: and, if we may believe Gage, they are acted in their churches in Mexico, and the Spanish West-Indies.

Lovew. That's a great way off, Trueman; I had rather you would come nearer home, and confine your discourse to Old England.

Truem.

Truem. So I intend. The same has been done here in England; for otherwise how comes it to be prohibited in the 88th canon, among those pass'd in convocation, 1603? Certain it is, that our ancient plays were of religious subjects, and had for their actors, if not priests, yet men relating to the church.

Lovew. How does that appear?

Truem. Nothing clearer. Stow, in his survey of London, has one chapter of the sports and pastimes of old time used in this city; and there he tells us, that in the year 1391, which was 15 Richard II. a stage-play was play'd by the parish-clerks of London, at the Skinner's well beside Smithfield, which play continued three days together, the king, queen, and nobles of the realm being present. And another was play'd in the year 1409, 11 Henry IV. which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world; whereat were present most part of the nobility and gentry of England. Sir William Dugdale, in his antiquities of Warwickshire, p. 116. speaking of the Gray-friars, or Franciscans, at Coventry, says, Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon Corpus-christi day; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friers of this house, had theatres for the several scenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of the spectators; and contained the story of the New Testament, composed in old English rhyme. An ancient manuscript of the same is now to be seen in the Cottonian library, *Sub Effig. Vesp. D. 8.* Since the reformation, in queen Elizabeth's time, plays were frequently acted by quirksters and singing-boys; and several of our old comedies have printed in the title-page, "acted by the children of Paul's," (not the school, but the church) others, "by the children of her majesty's chapel;" in particular, *Cinthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaster*, were play'd by them; who were at that time famous for good action. Among Ben Jonson's epigrams you may find an epitaph on S. P. (*Sal. Pavy*) one of the children of queen Elizabeth's chapel; part of which runs thus,

Years

*Years be counted scarce thirteen,
 When fates turn'd cruel,
 Yet three fill'd xodjacks he had been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act (what now we mean)
 Old man so duly,
 As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
 His play'd so truly.*

Some of these chapel boys, when they grew men, became actors at the Black-friers; such were Nath. Field⁵ and John Underwood. Now I can hardly imagine that such plays and players as these, are included in the severe censure of the councils and fathers; but such only who are truly within the character given by Didacus de Tapia, cited by Mr. Collier, p. 276. viz. *The infamous play-house; a place of contradiction to the strictness and sobriety*

⁵ Nathaniel Field, on the authority of Roberts the player (See his answer to Mr. Pope's preface to Shakspeare) has been considered as the author of two plays; *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612, and *Amends for Ladies*, 1618. He is also supposed to be the same person who assisted Massinger in *The Fatal Dowry*. I suspect that Roberts was mistaken in these assertions, as I do not find any contemporary writer speak of Field as an author; nor is it mentioned by Langbaine, who would have noticed it, had he known the fact. It seems more probable, that the writer of these plays was Nathaniel Field, M. A. Fellow of New College, Oxford, who wrote some Latin verses, printed in "Oxonienfis Academiae Parentalia, 1625," and who, being of the same university with Massinger, might join with him while there, in the composition of the play ascribed to them. Nathaniel Field above mentioned, was celebrated in the part of *Buffy Dambois*, first printed in 1607. On the republication of that play, in 1641, he is thus spoken of in the Prologue:

"Field is gone,
 " Whose action first did give it name, and one
 " Who came the nearest to him, is denied
 " By his gray beard to shew the height and pride
 " Of D'Ambois youth and braverie; yet to hold
 " Our title still a foot, and not grow cold
 " By giving it o're, a third man with his best
 " Of care and pains defends our interest;
 " As Richard he was lik'd, nor doe wee feare,
 " In personating Dambois, hee'le appear
 " To faint, or goe lesse, so your free consent
 " As heretofore give him encouragement."

of religion; a place, bated by God, and haunted by the devils.
And for such I have as great an abhorrence as any man.

Loquemur. Can you guess of what antiquity the representing of religious matters on the stage hath been in England?

Truem. How long before the conquest I know not, but that it was used in London not long after, appears by Fitz-stevens, an author who wrote, in the reign of king Henry the Second ^o. His words are, *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, quæ sancti confessores operati sunt, seu representationes passionum quibus claruit constantia martyrum.* Of this, the manuscript which I lately mentioned, in the Cottonian library; is a notable instance. Sir William Dugdale cites this manuscript, by the title of *Ludus Coventriæ*; but in the printed catalogue of that library, p. 113, it is named thus, A collection of plays in old English metre; h. e. *Dramata sacra, in quibus exhibentur historiae Veteris & N. Testamenti, introductis quasi in scenam personis illic memoratis, quas secum invicem colloquentes pro ingenio fingit poeta. Videntur olim coram populo, sive ad instruendum, sive ad placendum, a fratribus mendicantibus representata.* It appears by the latter end of the prologue, that these plays or interludes were not only play'd at Coventry, but in other towns and places upon occasion. And possibly this may be the same play which Stow tells us was play'd in the reign of king Henry IV. which lasted for eight days. The book seems by the character and language to be at least 300 years old. It begins with a general prologue, giving the arguments of 40 pageants or gesticulations (which were as so many several acts or scenes) representing all the histories of both testaments, from the creation to the choosing of St. *Matthias* to be an apostle. The stories of the New Testament are more largely expres'd, *viz.* the annunciation, nativity, visitation; but more especially all matters relating to the passion, very particularly, the resurrection, ascension, the choice of St. *Matthias*. After which is also represented the

^o P. 73, 4to. Edition 1772.

assumption,

assumption, and last judgment. All these things were treated of in a very homely stile, as we now think, infinitely below the dignity of the subject: But it seems the goust of that age was not so nice and delicate in these matters; the plain and incurious judgment of our ancestors, being prepared with favour, and taking every thing by the right and easiest handle: For example, in the scene relating to the visitation:

MARIA.

*But husband of as thyng pray you most makeley,
I have knowing that our cosyn Elizabeth with childe is,
That it please you to go to her hastyly,
If ought we myth comfort her, it wer to me blys.*

JOSEPH.

*A Gods sake, is she with child, seche?
Than will her husband Zachary be mery.
In Montana they dwelle, for hence, so mety the,
In the city of Juda, I know it verily;
It is hence, I trowe, myles two a fifty,
We ar like to be wery or we come at the same.
I wole with a good will, blyssyd wyff Mary;
Now go we forth then in Goddys name, &c.*

A little before the Resurrection.

*Nunc dormient milites, & veniet anima Christi de inferis,
cum Adam & Eva, Abraham, John Baptist, & aliis.*

Anima Christi.

*Come forth Adam, and Eve with the,
And all my fryndes that beerein be,
In paradys come forth with me
In blysse for to dwelle.
The fende of hell that is your foe
He shall be wrappyd and woundyn in woos:
Fro wo to welth now shall ye go,
With myrth ever mor to melle.*

ADAM.

A D A M.

*I thank the Lord of thy grete grace
That now is forgiven my gret trespass,
Now shall we dwellyn in blyssful place, &c.*

The last scene or pageant, which represents the day of judgment, begins thus :

M I C H A E L.

*Surgite, All men aryse,
Venite ad iudicium,
For now is set the High Justice,
And hath assignyd the day of dome :
Kepe you redyly to this grett assyse,
Both gret and small, all and sum,
And of yowr answer you now advise,
What you shall say when that yow com, &c.*

These and such like were the plays, which in former ages were presented publickly : Whether they had any settled and constant houses for that purpose, does not appear ; I suppose not. But it is notorious that in former times there was hardly ever any solemn reception of princes, or noble persons, but pageants, that is, stages erected in the open street, were part of the entertainment. On which there were speeches by one or more persons, in the nature of scenes ; and be sure one of the speakers must be some faint of the same name with the party to whom the honour is intended. For instance, there is an ancient manuscript at Coventry, call'd the Old Leet Book, wherein is set down in a very particular manner, p. 168, the reception of queen Margaret, wife of Henry VI. who came to Coventry ; and, I think, with her, her young son prince Edward, on the feast of the exaltation of the holy-crofs, 35 Hen. VI. 1456. Many pageants and speeches were made for her welcome ; out of all which, I shall observe but two or three, in the old English, as it is recorded.

St. EDWARD.

*Moder of mekenes, dame Margarete, princes most excellent,
I king Edward wellcome you with affection cordial,
Testefying to your highnes mekely myn entent.
For the wele of the king and you hertily pray I shall,
And for prince Edward my gostly chyld, who I love prin-
cipal,
Praying the, John Evangelist, my help therein to be,
On that condition right humbly I give this ring to the.*

JOHN Evangelist.

*Holy Edward, crowned king, brother in verginity,
My power plainly I will prefer thy will to amplefy.
Most excellent princes of wymen mortal, your bedeman will
I be.
I know your life so vertuous that God is pleased thereby.
The birth of you unto this reme shall cause great melody:
The vertuous voice of prince Edward shall dayly well ex-
crease,
St. Edward his Godfader, and I shall prey therefore doubtles.*

St. MARGARET.

*Most notabul princes of wymen earthle,
Dame Margarete, the chefe myrth of this empyre,
Ye be hertely welcome to this cyte.
To the plesure of your highnesse I wyll set my desyre;
Both nature and gentlenesse doth me require,
Seth we be both of one name, to shew you kindnesse;
Wherfore by my power ye shall have no distresse.*

*I shall pray to the prince that is endlese
To socour you with solas of his high grace;
He will here my petition, this is doubtlesse,
For I wrought all my life that his will wace.
Therefore, lady, when you be in any dredfull case,
Call on me boldly, thereof I pray you,
And trust in me feythfully, I will do that may pay you.*

In the next reign, as appears in the same book, fol. 221, another prince Edward, son of king Edward IV. came to Coventry on the 28th of April, 14 Edward IV. 1474, and was entertained with many pageants and speeches, among which I shall observe only two; one was of St. Edward again, who was then made to speak thus:

*Noble prince Edward, my cousin and my knight,
And very prince of our line com yn dissent,
I St. Edward have pursued for your fader's imperial right,
Whereof he was excluded by full furious intent.
Unto this your chamber, as prince full excellent,
Ye be right welcome. Thanked be Crist of his sonde,
For that that was ours is now in your fader's honde.*

The other speech was from St. George, and thus saith the book.

*“ ——— Also upon the condite in the Croschepeing wa^s
“ St. George armed, and a king's daughter kneeling afore him
“ with a lamb, and the fader and the moder being in a
“ towre aboven beholding St. George sawing their daughter
“ from the dragon, and the condite renning wine in four
“ places, and minstrelcy of organ playing, and St. George
“ having this speech underwritten.*

*O mighty God our all succour celestially,
Which this royme hast given in dowre
To thi moder, and to me George protection perpetuall
It to defend from enemys fer and nere,
And as this mayden defended was here
By thy grace from this dragon's devour,
So, Lord, preserve this noble prince, and ever be his socour.*

Lowew. I perceive these holy matters consisted very much of praying; but I pity poor St. Edward the confessor, who, in the compass of a few years, was made to promise his favour and assistance to two young princes, of the same name indeed, but of as different and oppo-

site interests as the two poles. I know not how he could perform to both.

Truem. Alas! they were both unhappy, notwithstanding these fine shews and seeming careffes of fortune, being both murder'd, one by the hand, the other by the procurement of Richard duke of Gloucester. I will produce but one example more of this sort of action, or representations, and that is of later time, and an instance of much higher nature than any yet mentioned; it was at the marriage of prince Arthur, eldest son of king Henry VII. to the princess Catharine of Spain, ann. 1501. Her passage through London was very magnificent, as I have read it described in an old MS. Chronicle of that time. The pageants and speeches were many; the persons represented, St. Catharine, St. Ursula, a senator, nobleffe, virtue, an angel, king Alphonse, Job, Boetius, &c. among others one is thus described. — “ *When this spech was ended, she held on her way tyll she came unto the standard in Chope, where was ordeyned the fifth pageant made like an heuyn, therein sytting a personage representing the fader of heuyn, beyng all formyde of gold, and brassyng befor his throne viii candylis of wax standing in viii candylstykis of gold, the said personage beyng environed wyth sundry hyrarchies off angelis, and sytting in a cope of most rich cloth of tyssu, garnisht wyth ston and perle in most sumptuous wyse. For again which said pageant upon the south syde of the strete stood at that tyme, in a hows wheryn that tyme dwelhyd William Geffrey babyrdaster, the king, the queene, my lady the kingys moder, my lord of Oxynfford, wyth many other lordys and ladys, and perys of this realm, wyth also certayn ambassadors of France lately sent from the French king: and so passyng the said estays, eyther gyyving to other due and conveyent saluts and countenances, so sone as hyr grace was approachid unto the sayd pageant, the sadyr began his spech as folowyth:*

Hunc veneram locum, septeno lumine septum.
Dignumque Arthuri totidem astram micant.

I am

I am begynnyng and made, that made eith creature
 My selfe, and for my selfe, but man especially
 Both male and female, made aftyр myne awn fygure,
 Whom I joynd togdyr in matrimony,
 And that in paradise, dectaryng opynly
 That men shall weddyng in my chyrch solempnize,
 Fygurid and signifyed by the evyly paradyse.

In thys my chyrch I am alway recydent
 As my chyeff tabernacle, and most chosyn place,
 Among these goldyn candylstykkes, which represent
 My catholyk chyrch shynyng asfor my face,
 With lyght of feyth, wysdom, doctryne, and grace,
 And mervelously eke enflamyd toward me
 With the extyngawible fyre of charyte.

Wherefore, my welbelovyd do-wybyr Katharyn,
 Syth I have made you to myne awn semblance
 In my chyrch to be married, and your noble childryn
 To regn in this land as in their embeytance,
 Se that ye have me in speciall remembrance:
 Love me and my chyrch your spiritual maydyr.
 For ye dyspyssyng that oon, dyspyse that othyr.

Look that ye walk in my precepts, and obey them well:
 And here I give you the same blyssyng that I
 Gave my well beloved chylder of Israell;
 Blyssyd be the fruyt of your bely;
 Your substance and frutys I shall encrease and multiply;
 Your rebellious enemyes I shall put in your hand,
 Encreasing in honour both you and your land.

Lowew. This would be censured now-a-days as profane to the highest degree.

Truem. No doubt on't: yet you see there was a time when people were not so nicely censorious in these matters, but were willing to take things in the best sense; and then this was thought a noble entertainment for the greatest king in Europe (such I esteem king Henry VII. at that time) and proper for that day of mighty

joy and triumph. And I must farther observe out of Lord Bacon's history of Henry VII. that the chief man who had the care of that day's proceedings was bishop Fox, a grave counsellor for war or peace, and also a good surveyor of works, and a good master of ceremonies, and it seems he approv'd it. The said lord Bacon tells us farther, That whosoever had those toys in compiling, they were not altogether pedantical.

Loveu. These things however are far from that which we understand by the name of a play.

Truem. It may be so; but these were the plays of those times. Afterwards in the reign of king Henry VIII. both the subject and form of these plays began to alter, and have since varied more and more. I have by me, a thing called *A merry play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neybour Pratte*. Printed the 5th of April 1533, which was 24 Henry VIII. (a few years before the dissolution of monasteries.) The design of this play was to ridicule Friars and Pardoners. Of which I'll give you a taste. To begin it, the Frier enters with these words :

Deus hic ; the holy trynyte

Preserve all that now here be.

Dere bretherne, yf ye will confyder

The cause why I am com hyder,

Ye wolde be glad to knowe my entent ;

For I com not hyther for mony nor for rent,

I com not hyther for meat nor for meate,

But I com hyther for your soules beate, &c.

After a long preamble he addressses himself to preach, when the Pardoner enters with these words.

God and St. Leonards send ye all his grace,

As many as ben assembled in this place, &c.

And makes a long speech, shewing his bulls and his reliques, in order to sell his pardons, for the raising some money towards the rebuilding

*Of the holy chappell of sweet saynt Leonarde,
Which late by fyre was destroyed and marde.*

Both these speaking together, with continual interruption,
at last they fall together by the ears. Here the curate en-
ters (for you must know the scene lies in the church)

*Hold your hands ; a vengeance on ye both two,
That ever ye came hyther to make this ado,
To polute my chyrche, &c.*

*Fri. Mayster parson, I marvaill ye will give lycence
To this false knave in this audience
To publish his ragman rolles with lyes.
I desyred hym ywys more than ones or twyse
To hold his peas tyll that I had done,
But he would here no more than the man in the mans.*

*Pard. Why sholde I suffre the, more than thou me ?
Mayster parson gave me lycence before the.
And I wolde thou knowest it I have relykes here,
Other maner stufte than thou dost here :
I wyll edesy more with the syght of it,
Than will all thy pratynge of holy wryt ;
For that except that the precher himselse lyve well,
His predycacyon wyll helpe never a dell, &c.*

*Parf. No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch :
I shrewe yowr hertys bothe for this lurch.
Is there any blood shed here between these knaves ?
Thanked be god they had no stavys,
Nor egotoles, for then it had ben wronge.
Well, ye shall synge another songe.*

Here he calls his neighbour Prat, the Constable, with
design to apprehend 'em, and set 'em in the stocks. But
the Frier and Pardoner prove sturdy, and will not be
stock'd, but fall upon the poor Parson and Constable, and
bang them both so well-favour'dly, that at last they are
glad to let 'em go at liberty : and so the farce ends with

a drawn battle. Such as this were the plays of that age, acted in gentlemen's halls at Christmas, or such like festival times, by the servants of the family, or strollers, who went about and made it a trade. It is not unlikely that the ⁷ lords in those days, and persons of eminent quality had their several gangs of players, as some have now of fiddlers, to whom they give cloaks and badges. The first comedy that I have seen, that looks like regular, is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, writ⁸, I think, in the reign of king Edward VI. This is composed of five acts, the scenes unbroken, and the unities of time and place duly observed. It was acted at Christ's College in Cambridge; there not being as yet any settled and publick theatres.

Levee. I observe, Trueman, from what you have said, that plays in England had a beginning much like those of Greece; the Monologues and the Pageants drawn from place to place on wheels, answer exactly to the cart of Thespis, and the improvements have been by such little steps and degrees as among the ancients, till at last, to use the words of sir George Buck (in his Third University of England) "Dramatick poesy is so lively expressed and represented upon the publick stages and theatres of this city, as Rome in the auge (the highest pitch) of her pomp and glory, never saw it better performed, I mean (says he) in respect of the action and art, and not of the cost and sumptuousness." This he writ about the year 1631. But can you inform me, Trueman, when the publick theatres were first erected for this purpose in London?

Truem. Not certainly; but, I presume, about the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign. For Stow, in his survey of London (which book was first printed in the year 1598) says, "Of late years, in place of these stage-

⁷ Till the 25th year of queen Elizabeth, the queen had not any players; but in that year twelve of the best of all those who belonged to several lords, were chosen, and sworn her servants. Stow's Annals, p. 698.

D.

⁸ See vol. 2. p. 25, where a reason is assigned for supposing that this play was written later.

“ plays (*i. e.* those of religious matters) have been used
 “ comedies, tragedies, interludes, and histories, both
 “ true and feigned ; for the acting whereof certain pub-
 “ lick places, as the Theatre, the Curtine, &c. have been
 “ erected.” And the continuator of Stow’s annals, p.
 1004. says, that in sixty years before the publication of
 that book, (which was Ann. Dom. 1629) no less than se-
 venteen publick stages, or common play-houses, had been
 built in and about London. In which number he reckons
 five inns or common osteries, to have been in his time
 turned into play-houses, one Cock-pit, Saint Paul’s sing-
 ing-school, one in the Black-friers, one in the White-
 friers, and one in former time at Newington-Butts ; and
 adds, before the space of sixty years past, I never knew,
 heard, or read of any such theatres, stages, or play-
 houses, as have been purposely built within man’s me-
 mory.

Love. After all, I have been told, that stage-plays
 are inconsistent with the laws of this kingdom, and players
 made rogues by statute.

True. He that told you so, strain’d a point of truth.
 I never met with any law wholly to suppress them : some-
 times, indeed, they have been prohibited for a season ; as
 in times of Lent, general mourning, or publick calami-
 ties, or upon other occasions, when the government saw
 fit. Thus by proclamation, 7 of April, in the first year
 of queen Elizabeth, plays and interludes were forbid till
 Alhallow-tide next following. Hollinshed, p. 1184. Some
 statutes have been made for their regulation or reforma-
 tion, not general suppression. By the stat. 39 Eliz. cap. 4.
 (which was made for the suppressing of rogues, vagabonds,
 and sturdy beggars) it is enacted, s. 2, “ That all per-
 “ sons that be, or utter themselves to be, proctors, procur-
 “ ers, patent gatherers, or collectors for goals, prisons, or
 “ hospitals, or fencers, bearwards, common players of in-
 “ terludes and minstrels, wandring abroad, (other than
 “ players of interludes belonging to any baron of this realm,
 “ or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be
 “ authoriz’d to play under the band and seal of arms of
 “ such baron or personage) all juglers, tinkers, pedlars,
 “ and

“ and petty chapmen, wand’ring abroad, all wand’ring
 “ persons, &c. able in body, using loytering, and refusing to
 “ work for such reasonable wages as is commonly given,
 “ &c. These shall be adjudged and deemed rogues, vaga-
 “ bonds, and sturdy beggars, and punished as such.”

Lowew. But this privilege of authorising or licensing, is taken away by the stat. Jac. I. ch. 7. s. 1. and therefore all of them, as Mr. Collier says, p. 242, are expressly brought under the aforesaid penalty, without distinction.

Truem. If he means all players, without distinction, ’tis a great mistake. For the force of the queen’s statute extends only to wandering players, and not to such as are the king or queen’s servants, and establish’d in settled houses, by royal authority. On such, the ill character of vagrant players (or, as they are now called, strollers) can cast no more aspersion, than the wandering proctors, in the same statute mentioned, on those of Doctors-Commons. By a stat. made 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. it was enacted, “ That if any person shall, in any stage-play, interlude,
 “ shew, may-game or pageant, jestingly or prophanely speak
 “ or use the holy name of God, Christ Jesus, or of the Tri-
 “ nity, he shall forfeit for every such offence 10 l.” The
 stat. 1 Charles I. ch. 1. enacts, “ That no meetings, as-
 “ semblies, or concourse of people shall be out of their own
 “ parishes, on the Lord’s-day, for any sports or pastimes
 “ whatsoever, nor any bear-baiting, bull-baiting, inter-
 “ ludes, common plays, or other unlawful exercises and pas-
 “ times, used by any person or persons within their own
 “ parishes.” These are all the statutes that I can think
 of, relating to the stage and players; but nothing to suppress them totally, till the two ordinances of the long parliament, one of the 22d of October 1647, the other of the 11th of Feb. 1647: by which all stage-plays and interludes are absolutely forbid; the stages, seats, galleries, &c. to be pulled down; all players, tho’ calling themselves the king or queen’s servants, if convicted of acting within two months before such conviction, to be punished as rogues according to law; the money received by them to go to the poor of the parish; and every spectator to pay five shillings to the use of the
 poor,

poor. Also cock-fighting was prohibited by one of Oliver's acts of 31 March, 1644. But I suppose no body pretends these things to be laws. I could say more on this subject, but I must break off here, and leave you, Lovewit; my occasions require it.

Lovew. Farewell, old Cavalier.

Truem. 'Tis properly said; we are almost all of us, now, gone and forgotten.

15 January,

15 January, 14 Car. II. 1662.

A Copy of the LETTERS PATENTS then granted by King Charles II. under the Great Seal of England, to Sir. William D'avenant, Knt. his Heirs and Assigns, for erecting a new Theatre, and establishing of a company of actors in any place within London or Westminster, or the Suburbs of the same: And that no other but this company, and one other company, by virtue of a like Patent, to Thomas Killigrew, Esq; should be permitted within the said liberties.

CHARLES the second, by the Grace of God, king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. to all to whom all these presents shall come, greeting,

Recites former patents, 14 Car. I. ann. 1639. to Sir Will. D'avenant.

Whereas our royal father of glorious memory, by his letters patents under his great seal of England, bearing date at Westminster the 26th day of March, in the 14th year of his reign, did give and grant unto Sir William D'avenant (by the name of William D'avenant, gent.) his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, full power, licence, and authority, That he, they, and every of them, by him and themselves, and by all and every such person and persons as he or they should depute or appoint, and his and their laborers, servants, and workmen, should and might, lawfully, quietly, and peaceably, frame, erect,
new

new build, and set up, upon a parcel of ground, lying near unto or behind the Three Kings ordinary in Fleetstreet, in the parishes of St. Dunstan's, in the west, London; or in St. Bride's, London; or in either of them, or in any other ground, in or about that place, or in the whole street aforesaid, then allotted to him for that use; or in any other place that was, or then after should be assigned or allotted out to the said Sir William D'avenant by Thomas earl of Arundel and Surry, then Earl Marshal of England, or any other commissioner for building, for the time being in that behalf, a theatre or play-house, with necessary tiring and retiring rooms, and other places convenient, containing in the whole forty yards square at the most, wherein plays, musical entertainments, scenes, or other the like presentations might be presented: And our said royal father did grant unto the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, and administrators and assigns, that it should and might be lawful to and for him the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, from time to time, to gather together, entertain, govern, privilege, and keep, such and so many players and persons to exercise actions, musical presentations, scenes, dancing, and the like, as he the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, should think fit and approve for the said house. And such persons to permit and continue, at and during the pleasure of the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, from time to time, to act plays in such house so to be by him or them erected, and exercise musick, musical presentations, scenes, dancing, or other the like, at the same or other houses or times, or after plays are ended, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever, for the honest-recreation of such as should desire to see the same; and that it should and might be lawful to and for the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to take and receive of such as should resort to see or hear any such plays, scenes, and entertainments whatsoever, such sum or sums of money as

was

was or then after, from time to time, should be accustomed to be given or taken in other play-houses and places for the like plays, scenes, presentments, and entertainments, as in and by the said letters patents, relation being thereunto had, more at large may appear.

13 C. r. II. exemplification of said letters patents.

And whereas we did, by our letters patents under the great seal of England, bearing date the 16th day of May, in the 13th year of our reign, exemplifie the said recited letters patents granted by our royal father, as in and by the same, relation being thereunto had, at large may appear.

Surrender of both to the king in the court of Chancery.

And whereas the said Sir William D'avenant hath surrendered our letters patents of exemplification, and also the said recited letters patents granted by our royal father, into our Court of Chancery, to be cancelled; which surrender we have accepted, and do accept by these presents.

New grant to Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns.

Know ye that we of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and meer motion, and upon the humble petition of the said Sir William D'avenant, and in consideration of the good and faithful service which he the said Sir William D'avenant hath done unto us, and doth intend to do for the future; and in consideration of the said surrender, have given and granted, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, do give and grant, unto the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, full power, licence, and authority, that he, they, and every one of them, by him and themselves, and by all and every such person and persons as he or they should depute or appoint, and his or their labourers, servants, and workmen, shall and may lawfully, peaceably, and quietly, frame, erect, new build, and set up, in any place within our cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, where he or they shall find best accommodation for that purpose; to be assigned and allotted out by the surveyor of our works; one theatre or play-house, with necessary tiring and retiring rooms, and other places convenient, of such extent and dimension

tion as the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs or assigns shall think fitting; wherein tragedies, comedies, plays, operas, musick, scenes, and all other entertainments of the stage whatsoever, may be shewed and presented.

And we do hereby, for us, our heirs and successors, grant unto the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns, full power, licence, and authority, from time to time, to gather together, entertain, govern, privilege and keep, such and so many players and persons to exercise and act tragedies, comedies, plays, operas, and other performances of the stage, within the house to be built as aforesaid, or within the house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, wherein the said Sir William D'avenant doth now exercise the premises; or within any other house, where he or they can best be fitted for that purpose, within our cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof; *which said company shall be the servants of our dearly beloved brother, James Duke of York, and shall consist of such number as the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs or assigns, shall from time to time think meet.* And such persons to permit and continue at and during the pleasure of the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs or assigns, from time to time, to act plays and entertainments of the stage, of all sorts, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever, for the honest recreation of such as shall desire to see the same.

And to entertain players, &c. to act, without the impeachment of any person.

And that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns, to take and receive of such our subjects as shall resort to see or hear any such plays, scenes and entertainments whatsoever, such sum or sums of money, as either have accustomedly been given and taken in the like kind, or as shall be thought reasonable by him or them, in regard of the great expences of scenes, musick, and such new decorations, as have not been formerly used.

And further, for us, our heirs and successors, we do hereby give and grant unto the said Sir William D'avenant,

nant, his heirs and assigns, full power to make such allowances out of that which he shall so receive, by the acting of plays and entertainments of the stage, as aforesaid, to the actors and other persons employed in acting, representing, or in any quality whatsoever, about the said theatre, as he or they shall think fit; *and that the said company shall be under the sole government and authority of the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns.* And all scandalous and mutinous persons shall from time to time be by him and them ejected and disabled from playing in the said theatre.

That no other company but this, and one other under Mr. Killigrew, be permitted to act within London or Westminster, or the suburbs

And for that we are informed that divers companies of players have taken upon them to act plays publickly in our said cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, without any authority for that purpose; we do hereby declare our dislike of the same, and will and grant that only the said company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up by the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns, by virtue of these presents, and one other company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up by Thomas Killigrew, esq; his heirs or assigns, and none other, shall from henceforth act or represent comedies, tragedies, plays, or entertainments of the stage, within our said cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof; which said company to be erected by the said Thomas Killigrew, his heirs or assigns, shall be subject to his and their government and authority, and shall be *stiled the Company of Us and our Royal Consort.*

And the better to preserve amity and correspondency betwixt the said companies, and that the one may not in-croach upon the other by any indirect means, we will and ordain, That no actor or other person employed about either of the said theatres, erected by the said Sir William D'avenant and Thomas Killigrew, or either of them, or deserting his company, shall be received by the governor or any of the said other company, or any other person or persons

sdns; to be employd in acting, or in any matter relating to the stage, without the consent and approbation of the governor of the company, whereof the said person so ejected or deserting was a member, signified under his hand and seal. And we do by these presents declare on all other company and companies, saving the two companies before mentioned, to be silenced and suppressed.

And forasmuch as many plays, formerly acted, do contain several prophane, obscene, and scurrilous passages, and the womens parts therein have been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence; for the preventing of these abuses for the future, we do hereby straitly charge and command and enjoyn, that from henceforth no new play shall be acted by either of the said companies, containing any passages offensive to piety and good manners, nor any old or revived play, containing any such offensive passages as aforesaid, until the same shall be corrected and purged, by the said masters or governors of the said respective companies, from all such offensive and scandalous passages, as aforesaid. And we do likewise permit and give leave that all the womens parts to be acted in either of the said two companies for the time to come, may be performed by women, so long as these recreations, which, by reason of the abuses aforesaid, were scandalous and offensive, may by such reformation be esteemed, not only harmless delights, but useful and instructive representations of humane life, to such of our good subjects as shall resort to see the same.

To correct plays, &c.

And these our letters patents, or the inrollment thereof, shall be in all things good and effectual in the law, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, any thing in these presents contained, or any law, statute, act, ordinance, proclamation, provision, restriction, or any other matter, cause, or thing whatsoever, to the contrary, in any wise notwithstanding; although expres mention of the true yearly value, or certainty of the premises, or of any of them, or of any other gifts or grants by us, or by

These letters patent to be good and effectual in the law, according to the true meaning of the same, although, &c.

Any of our progenitors or predecessors, heretofore made to the
 said Sir William D'avenant in these presents, is not made,
 or any other statute, act, ordinance, provision, proclamation,
 or restriction heretofore had, made, enacted, ordained, or
 provided, or any other matter, cause, or thing whatso-
 ever to the contrary thereof, in any wise notwithstanding.
 In witness whereof, we have caused these our letters to be
 made patents. Witness our self at Westminster, the fif-
 teenth day of January, in the fourteenth year of our
 reign.

By the King.

HOWARD.

ADDITIONAL

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

GOD'S PROMISES.

P. 3.

IT is said by Mr. Wallis, in "The Natural History and Antiquities of Northumberland," 4to. vol. 2. p. 390, that John Bale lived and studied at the abbey of Hulme in that county, of which society he was a member.

THE FOUR P'S.

P. 44.

Acolastus.] Here is a mistake, which has likewise been fallen into in a note on *Cymbeline*, edit. 1778, vol. ix. p. 317. *Acolastus* was not printed so early as 1529. The original Latin was, I think, produced in that year. Not having the play by me, I cannot exactly account for the misinformation given in that note; but, if my memory is to be trusted, the original Latin is in verse, the translation in prose; and the title runs thus: *Comedia Acolastus dicta, cum ecphrasi Anglica, per Johannem Palsgravium, Lond. per Thomam Bertoletum, 4to. 1540.* S.

Ames, whose authority is quoted to prove the existence of the early edition of *Acolastus*, mentions both that and the later one, as though he had seen each. How far his accuracy is to be relied on must be left to the reader's judgment.

P. 50. Add to note 8.

In Dr. Andrew Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542, Sign. N 3, that writer, who had been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, says, "and that there is a great confluence of
 " pylgrims to the holy sepulchre, and to many holy
 " places, I will *saye* somewhat that I doo know, and
 " have sene in the place. Whosoever that dothe *pretende*
 " to go to Jerufalem, let him prepare himselfe to set forth
 " of England after Easter 7 or 8 dayes," &c. He then directs the route a traveller ought to take, and adds, "when
 " you come to Jerufalem, the friers which be called
 " cordaline, they be of saynct Fraunces, othes they wyl
 " receave you with devocion and brynge you to the sepulchre: the holy sepulchre is wythin the church, and so
 " is the mount of Calvery, where Jesu Chryst did suffer his passions. The church is rounde lyke a temple,
 " it is more larger than anye temple that I have sene amonges the Jues. The sepulchre is grated rounde about
 " wyth yrone, than no man shall great or pycke out any stones. The sepulchre is lyke a lytle house, the which
 " by masons was dydged out of a rocke of stone. There maye stonde wythin the sepulchre a x or a xii parsons,
 " but few or none dothe go into the sepulchre, except they be singulerly beloved, and then they go in by
 " night wyth great feare and reverence."

Ibid. Add to note 10.

In Borde's *Introduction* it is said, "and forasmuch
 " as ther be many that hath wrytten of the holy lande,
 " of *the stacyens*, and of the *journey* or way, I doo passe
 " over to speake forther of this matter," &c.

P. 54. Add to note 27.

Enough hath already been said on the subject of *Saint Patrick's Purgatory*. I shall therefore only add, that it is often mentioned in *Froissard's Chronicle*, and that Sir James Melvil, who visited it in 1545, describes it as looking "like an old Coal-pit, which had taken fire
 " by reason of the smoke that came out of the hole."
Melvil's Memoirs, p. 9. edit. 1683.

P. 82. Add to note 174.

Our antiquary writes like one unacquainted with his subject. No man, I believe, ever talk'd of *charging* a gun with a *tampion*; neither would the said *tampion* (consisting of a piece of hard oak) have done much less mischief than a stone, if pointed from the Thames at the Queen's Palace at Greenwich. S.

DAMON AND PITHIAS.

P. 176.

— *Morum similitudo consultat amicitias.*] I think we should read *conciliat*. *Conciliat & conjungit inter se homines.* Cic. Off. 1. 16. S.

P. 184.

— *in utranque aurem.*] Read *utramque*. So in Terence's *Heautontimorumenos*—*in aurem utramvis dormire.* S.

P. 190. l. 17.

— *Dapsila cœnas gemalis lectes & auro Fulgentii turgmani zonam.*] Instead of this corrupted nonsense, I suppose we should read,

— *dapsiles cœnas, genioles lectes, & auro Fulgentem tyranni zonam.*

i. e. plentiful suppers, luxurious couches, and the king's purse full of gold at command.

Aristippus was not intended for a blunderer. S.

P. 221. Add to note 68.

Perhaps these lines are a translation of some song or catch, dialogue wise, between Robin Hood and *Little John*.

L. J. I drink to you, my companion.

R. H. And I have pledged you, *Little John*.

Zawne must then be received as a mispronunciation or corruption, as the reader pleases, of *John*. S.

P. 222. Add to note 70.

hare coppe, may be a corruption of *beark up*, a phrase in use among our ancient sportsmen. *Hare cup* is likewise one of the names of the spring-flower called the *hare bell*. S.

P. 226. 1.

[*A right Croydon sanguine.*] From the manner in which this expression is used by Sir John Harrington, in *The Anatomie of the Metamorphosis of Ajax*, Sig. L. 7. it seems as though it was intended for a fallow hue. "Both of a
" complexion inclining to the orientall colour of a Croy-
" don *sanguine.*"

NEW CUSTOM.

P. 256. Add to note 3, signed S.

My conjecture requires a little explanation. The speaker means to say, "If the New Testament is fit for the use
" of boys, so likewise is it adapted equally to the con-
" ception of *Coll my dog.* The one will understand and
" make a proper use of it as soon as the other." S.

P. 269. Add to note 17.

Makes is the true reading. *Make* is used for *mats* throughout the works of Gower. *Shakspeare* likewise, if I am not mistaken, employs it in one of his sonnets. S.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE.

THIS performance (which is entitled to regard only because it is the first attempt in our language to produce a regular comedy) is chiefly written in the western dialect, like that spoken by Edgar towards the latter end of *Shakspeare's King Lear.* That *Gammer Gurton* should have been a work of a member of a university, may excite some astonishment; the incidents, manners, and language of the piece being perhaps as gross as could be discovered among those who reside at present within the precincts of Wapping or St. Giles. S.

P. 8. Add to note 6.

Again in Nash's *Lenten Stuff, 1599,* "— which be-
" ing double roasted, and dried as it is, not only fucks
" up

“ up all the rheumatick inundations, but is a floating
 “ born for a pint of wine overplus.”

P. 9. l.

Is to *plancher* on a piece as broad as [thy cap.]... A *plancher*
 is a plank of wood. To *plancher* therefore is a verb formed
 from it. See *Measure for Measure*, vol. 2, edit. 1778.
 p. 106. S.

Ibid. Add to note 9.

They *coure* so over the coles.] So in Shakspeare's *King*
Henry VI. Part 2. vol. 6. p. 362. edit. 1778.

“ The splitting rocks *coure*'d in the sinking sands.” S.

P. 10. l. 21.

His *balse* *aker*.] I believe we should read *halse* *anchor*,
 or *anker*, as it was anciently spelt; a naval phrase. The
balse or *halser* was a particular kind of cable. Shakspeare,
 in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, has an image similar to this.

“ The brize upon her, like a cow in June,”

“ Hoists sail and flies.” S.

P. 12. l. 21.

For *bursting*.] *i. e.* breaking. See note on *King Henry*
IV. Part 2d, edit. 1778. vol. 5. p. 537. S.

From the following passage, in a letter from Mr. Sterne,
 dated August 11, 1767, it appears that the word is still
 used in the same sense among the common people in the
 north of England. “ My postilion has set me a-ground
 “ for a week, by one of my pistols bursting in his hand,
 “ which he taking for granted to be quite shot off — he
 “ instantly fell upon his knees, and said, ‘ Our Fa-
 “ ther which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,’
 “ at which, like a good christian, he stopped, not re-
 “ membering any more of it — the affair was not so bad
 “ as he at first thought, for it has only *bursten* two of his
 “ fingers, he says.”

Ibid. l. 38.

— on her *pes* —] I know not what word *pes* can sig-
 nify, unless it be derived from the old French *paiffe* or
paiffeau, a perch, or feat. It may however mean the *pes*
 of cloth, with which, as the prologue says, she was

“— *Myngs* and patching of Hodge her man’s
“ briche.” S.

P. 15. l. 3.

— *Saint Sitch.*] Perhaps a corruption of Saint Swi-
shan. S.

P. 17. l. 15.

Tyll ich make a curtesie of water.] Ut mulieres solent ad
mingendum. S.

P. 29. l. 19.

— *in counsell.*] i. e. in secrecy. See note to *The
Merry Wives of Windsor*, edit. 1778, vol. 1. p. 228. S.

P. 30. l. 6.

Saint Donnyke.] i. e. Saint Dominick. S.

P. 31. l. 8.

crowded.] A *crowd* is a small fiddle. Hence the name
of *Crowderoy* in *Hudibras*. *Crowded* means—made a
musical noise. See note on *Alexander and Campaspe*,
p. 103. S.

Ibid. l. 10.

begars brawle.] I suppose she means beggars *brawling*
or squalling infant. S.

See note 22 to *The Jovial Crew*, vol. 10. p. 357.

P. 33. l. 10.

lets see ye.] *Ye* is an unnecessary addition. The con-
struction is—Then let us see to the queane, &c. S.

P. 36. l. 10.

— *a little ramth.*] I suppose he means to say—a lit-
tle *room*; and therefore retires till Gammer Gurton has
inter’d her complaint. S.

Ibid. l. 25.

toffing.] I imagine this word was formerly used to fig-
nify *sharp*. So in *The Woman’s Prize*, by Beaumont and
Fletcher, A. 2. S. 5.

“ They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main pot-lids
“ Like massy rocks, dart ladles, toffing irons,
“ And

“ And tongs like thunder-bolts, till overlaid

“ They fall beneath the weight.”

In the two last editions of these authors, the word *toasting* is, I think very improperly, altered by Mr. Symphon, to *toasting*.

P. 36. l. 25.

Spuriars neele.] The ancient spurs were fixed into straps of leather. Spurriers of course would be obliged to use very strong needles. S.

P. 39. l. 14.

coble stones.] *i. e.* pebble stones. A *cobble*, in the north, signifies a *pebble*: To *cobble*, is to throw stones. See Ray. S.

Ibid. l. 16.

of kynde.] *i. e.* by nature. S.

P. 40. l. 5.

— *to set the gyb forward.*] A naval phrase. The *gib* is the *gib* fail. To *set* a fail, is also the technical term. S.

P. 41. l. 10.

— *bonable.*] I suppose he means to say *banable*, from *to ban*, to curse; a rogue that ought to be executed. S.

P. 43. l. 3.

oft was thine.] *i. e.* aught, any thing. S.

Ibid. l. 11.

— *thou ryg.*] *i. e.* thou strumpet. See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1778. vol. 8. p. 175. S.

Again in *Davies's Scourge of Folly*. 12mo.

“ Or wanton Rigg, or letcher dissolute

“ Do stand at Powles Cross in a sheeten sute.”

Ibid. l. 28.

a bag and a wallet.] *i. e.* the accoutrements of an itinerant trull. S.

P. 44. l. 9.

thou roten.] *i. e.* rat. So in one of the Chester Whit-fun plays,

“ Here is a rotten, there a mouse.”

S.

P. 45. l. 3.

strong stued bore.] *i. e.* rank strumpet from the
S.
stews.

Ibid. l. 8.

sbou boddypeke.] *i. e.* hodmandod. S.

I find this word used in *Nashe's Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589. Sig. B. where it seems intended as synonymous to *cuckold*. "But women, through want of wisedome, are growne to such wantonneffe, that uppon no occasion they will crosse the streete, to have a glaunce of some gal-lant, deeming that men by one looke of them shoulde be in love with them, and will not stick to make an errant over the way, to purchase a paramour to help at a pinche, who, under hur husband's, that *boddy peakes* nose, must have all the destilling dew of his delicate rose, leaving him onely a sweet sent, good inough for such a fencelesse sotte."

P. 48. l. 6.

this gloming.] *i. e.* fulky, gloomy looks. It is still said, in vulgar language, that a discontented person looks
S.
glum.

P. 54. l. 20.

I defy it.] *i. e.* I refuse, deny the charge. See note 17 to *The Four Prentices of London*, vol. 6. p. 475. S.

P. 55. l. 14.

— *of your gentlenes.*] *i. e.* pro solita humanitate
S.
tute.

P. 56. l. 15.

— *any moyling.*] To *moil* signifies both to dawb with dirt and to weary. The reader must explain the word standing in the passage before us as well as he can. S.

P. 64. l. 9.

God dylde you.] *i. e.* reward you. See note on *Macbeth*, edit. of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 4. p. 482. S.

P. 66. l. 25.

— *either pild or bald.*] See note on *King Henry VI.* Part 1, edit. of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 6. p. 192. S.

P. 67.

P. 67. l. 13.

ber washical.] A corruption of *what do you call it.* S.

Ibid. l. 22.

— *as true — as skin betwene thy browes.*] A proverbial phrase, used also by Dogberry in *Much ado about Nothing.* See edit. of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 2. p. 326. S.

P. 70. l. 33.

to mel.] *i. e.* to meddle. S.

P. 72. l.

The cat was not, &c.] See the *History of Reynard the Fox*, chap. 7. edit. 1701. S.

P. 78.

The edition of this play, in 1575, from which the present was printed, is now in the valuable collection of old plays, belonging to Mr. Henderson of Covent Garden theatre.

ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE.

P. 81.

— *had expectations of being preferred to the post of master of the revels; which after many years attendance he was disappointed of.*] The following petitions from Lilly to Queen Elizabeth, are copied from the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, N^o 1877, p. 71. I believe they have not been published heretofore.

A Petition of John Lilly to the Queenes majestie.

Tempora si numeres quæ nos numeramus

Non venit ante suam nostra querela diem.

Most gracious and dread soueraigne, I dare not pester your highnes with many words, and want witt to wrapp upp much matter in fewe. This age epitomies the pater noster thruff into the compasse of a penny; the world into the modell of a tennis ball; all science malted into sentence. I would I were so compendious as to expresse my hopes, my fortunes, *my ouerbirts*, in two sillables, as marchants do riches in fewe ciphers, but I feare to comitt the error I discomend, Tedioufnes; like one that
vowed

vowed to search out what tyme was, spent all his, and knewe yt not. I was enterteyned your majesty's servan^t by your owne gracious fauour, strengthened with condicions, that I should ayme all my courses at the reuells (I dare not saye with a promise, but a hopefull Item to the reuer-
cion) for which these ten yeres I have attended with an unwearied patience, and nowe I knowe not what Crabb tooke me for an Oyster, that in the midst of your sun-
shine of your most gracious aspect, hath thrust a stone betweene the shells to rate me aliuie that onely liue on dead hopes. If your sacred majestie thinke me unworthy, and that, after x yeares tempest, I must att the court suffer shipwrack of my tyme, my wittes, my hopes, vouch-
safe in your neuer-erring judgment, some plank or refter to wASTE me into a country, wherein my sadd and settled devocion I may, in euery corner of a thatcht cottage, write prayers in stead of plaies; prayer for your longe and prof-
perous life, and a repentaunce that I haue played the foole so longe, and yett like

*Quod petimus pœna est, nec etiam miser esse recusô,
Sed precor ut possim mitius esse miser.*

John Lillies second Peticion to the Queene.

Most gracious and dread soueraigne, tyme cannot worke my petitions, nor my petitions the tyme. After many yeares seruice yt pleased your majestie to except against tents and toyles: I wish that for tenants I might putt in tenements, so should I be eased of some toyles, some lands, some good fines or forfeitures, that should fall by the just fall of these most false traiters; that seeing nothing will come by the revells, I may pray uppon the rebells. Thirteene yeres your highnes seruant, but yet nothing; twenty freinds, that though they saye theye wil be sure, I finde them sure to be slowe; a thousand hopes, but all nothing; a hundred promises, but yet nothing. Thus casting upp the inventory of my freinds, hopes, promises, and tymes, the summa totalis amounteth to just nothing. My last will is shorter then myne invencion, but three legacies, patience

to my creditors, melancholie without measure to my freinds,
and beggerie without shame to my familie.

*Si placet hoc merui quod ô tuâ fulmina cessent
Virgo parens princeps.*

In all humilitie I entreate that I may dedicate to your
sacred majestie, Lillie de tristibus, wherein shal be sene
patience, labours, and misfortunes.

*Quorum si singula nostrum
Frangere non poterant, poterant tamen omnia mentem.*

The last and the least, that if I bee borne to haue nothing,
I may haue a proteccion to pay nothings, which suite is
like his, that haveing followed the court tenn yeares for
recompence of his servïce, comitted a robberie, and tooke
it out in a pardon.

P. 81. l. 19.

That heroe for numbers, and for prose.] A word seems
to be lost out of this line. For the sake of metre, read,

That heroe *both* for numbers and for prose. S.

P. 94. l. 7.

Semper animus meus est in patinis.] An expression in
one of the plays of Terence. S.

P. 95. l. 7.

Juno's darry.] I suppose Granicus means Juno's dairy. S.

P. 106. l. 20.

barbed steeds.] See note 41 to *The Four Prentices of
London*, vol. 6. p. 514. S.

Ibid. l. 35.

that mugil of all fishes.] The *mugil* is the mullet.

“*Quosdam mæchos et mugilis intrat.*” Juv. Sat. 10. S.

P. 113. l. 17.

We great girders.] i. e. We who are much addicted to
satirical reflections. Falstaff complains of being *girded* at ;
and Lucentio, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, last scene,
says,

“ I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio. S.

P. 121.

P. 121. l. 7.

most delicate consent.] *i. e.* union of sounds. See note on *King Henry VI.* p. 1, edit. of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 6. p. 176. S.

P. 124. Add to note 28.

callifes.] *Coulis*, Fr. strained gravy or strong broth. S.

P. 131. l.

foot cloths.] Housings of horses, such as were worn in times of peace, but not adapted to the purposes of war. Lord Hastings, in *King Richard III.* observes, that his *foot cloth* horse did stumble. S.

P. 134. l. 16.

The love of kings, &c.] The author, whether accidentally or on purpose, has given no faint portrait of the conduct of *King Henry VIII.* in this speech. S.

P. 137. Add to note 37.

Mr. Coventry might have been indebted either to a song in Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*, or to a passage in his 29 sonnet.

“Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.”

Again,

“Like to the lark at break of day arising

“From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.”

Again, to *Milton's Paradise Lost.* B. 5.

“———— ye birds,

“That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.” S.

P. 140. l. 12.

pelting words.] *i. e.* paltry. See note on *The Midsummer Night Dream*, edit. of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 3.

P. 33.

S.

P. 141. Add to note 38.

A volly of shot may mean only a flight of arrows. S.

P. 146. l. 26.

I guess unhappily.] *i. e.* mischievously. We still call a mischievous boy an *unlucky* rogue. See note on *Hamlet*, edit. of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 10. p. 344. S.

P. 147. l. 20.

— no, no, it is children's game, a life for sempsters
and

and scholars: the one pricking in clouts, have nothing else to think on, &c.] Pricking in clouts was a term formerly used for sewing. So in *Sir John Harrington's Treatise on Plays*.
 " For 't is (be yt spoken under correction) an unfittyng
 " fyght to see a presence chamber empty more that
 " haulfe the day, and men cannot bee alwayes discowrf-
 " ing, nor women always pricking in clouts; and there-
 " fore I say, it is not amisse to play at some sociable
 " game," &c.

P. 149. l. 10.

allowable, allow'd.] i. e. praise-worthy, praised. See note on *King Lear*, edit. of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 9. p. 441. S.

P. 150. l. 21.

elder for a disgrace.] Because Judas is said to have hung himself on an elder-tree. S.

TANCRED AND GISMUNDA.

P. 168. l. 9.

The marble seas.] An epithet adopted from Virgil's *Aeneid*, lib. 6. v. 729.

Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.

Ibid. lib. 7. v. 28.

— lento luctantur marmore tonæ.

Again, *Georg.* 1. v. 254.

— infidum remis impellere marmor. S.

P. 171. l.

Quæ mihi cantio nondum occurrit.] These omissions are frequent in our old Plays. See note on *Love's Labour Lost*, edit. of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 2. p. 410. S.

P. 179. Add to note 21.

In *Lancbam's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, we find that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. " Monday was hot, and there-
 " fore her highness kept in till five a clock in the evening;
 " what time it pleaz'd to ryde forth into the chase too
 " hunt the hart of fors: which found anon, and after
 " fore chased," &c. Again, " Munday the 18 of this
 " July, the weather being hot, her highness kept the
 " castle

“ castle for coolness, till about *five a clock*, her majesty in
“ the chase, hunted the hart (as before) of forz,” &c.

P. 182. l. 21.

— *the law of kind.*] *i. e.* of nature. S.

P. 196. Add to note 31.

For Titius, read Tityus. The allusion is rather to the
vulture of *Prometheus*. S.

P. 197. l. 7.

she throweth her snake.] *Vipeream inspirans animam.*
The image is from Virgil. Rowe likewise adopts it in his
Ambitious Stepmother.

“ And sends a *snake* to every vulgar breast.” S.

P. 198. l. 10.

— *she miser glad of death.*] *i. e.* the wretch. The
word *miser* was antiently used without comprehending any
idea of avarice. See note on *King Henry VI.* p. 1, edit.
of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 6. p. 279. S.

P. 217. l. 21.

— *all too reeked, &c.*] Read, all to reeked. See note on
The Merry Wives of Windsor, edit. of Shakspeare, 1778,
vol. 1. p. 342. S.

P. 220. l. 4.

barborough.] *i. e.* harbour. S.

P. 221. Add to note 44.

But shall I then unwreaken, &c.]

— *moriatur inultæ?* Virgil's *Æn.* lib. iv. S.

CORNELIA.

P. 263. l. 9. Add to note 18.

— *Porters.*] S. P. would read *booters*; but he ought
to have known that the *Scythians* were contemptuously
styled *porters*, because they *carried* their huts and families
about with them in wains; *omnia sua secum portantes.*

So Lucan, lib. ii. v. 641.

Pigra palus Scythici patiens Mæotica plaustris.

Again, Horace Carm. lib. iii. Od. 24.

Campestres melius Scythæ,

Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos.

After

After all, what could *booters* mean? unless S.P. designed to characterize the *Scythians*, as Homer does his countrymen, *ἄνακτες ἄνακτων*, the well-booted Greeks. Free-booters, indeed, is a fee for plunderers; but I know not that *booters* is ever employed, unless in conjunction with some epithet that fixes its meaning.

EDWARD II.

Since the account of Marlow was written, I have seen the information of Richard Baine against him, now in the *British Museum*, Harl. MSS. N^o 6853, in which he is charged with the offences mentioned by Beard and many others. In a marginal note it is said to have been delivered on Whitsun-eve, and that in three days after Marlow came to a sudden and fearful end of his life. This event probably occasioned there being no proceedings carried on in consequence of the accusation.

In the list of Marlow's dramatic works it should be mentioned that *Tamberlaine the Greate* was originally printed in 1590.

P. 309. l. 3.

For *sublunary*, read *translunary*. See Drayton's epistle to Mr. Henry Reynolds, edit. 1627. M.

P. 310. l. 13.

Marlow's translation of the first book of Luçan was printed in the year 1600, by P. Short. It is in blank verse. M.

P. 317. l. 15.

— *let their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.*] I rather think we should read,
Perch upon poles, &c.

Their tongues might trespass again, if they had the liberty of preaching. S.

P. 374. l. 28.

— *the subtle queen
Long leuied at.*] I think we ought to read, *leuel'd at*, *i. e.* aimed at. So Shakspeare,
"Ambitious York did *leuel* at thy crown." S.

P. 390. l. 17. *hic creta.*
*Haec est tunc ita a blasphe of gaueblest. see F.] Alluding to the crew presented by Medea to Creusa; whose dreadful exit is elaborately described by Euripides. See his *Medea*, act 3.*

P. 391. Add to note 49.

The old copies concur in reading *conspire*, and yet S. P. would change it to *confirm*. Was the creation of bishops all the mischief that the enraged monarch had to dread from his opposers? Would a king, during the height of his resentment, give himself the trouble to marshal a set of forms, with which, perhaps, none but the underfrappers of episcopacy are regularly acquainted? I have no doubt but that the ancient reading is the true one. Go, says Edward, *elect* another prince, *conspire* against the present one, and *install* his enemies in those high honours, which he has already bestowed on his friends. There are surely other *elections* and other *installations* besides those of *bishops*. S.

P. 401.

The equivocal line must be pointed thus in the first instance:

Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,

In the second,

Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est. S.

P. 411. l. 12.

I humbly thank your honour.] This speech belongs to Matreuis. The elder Mortimer is absent. S.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

P. 22. Add to note 10.

FROM the following passage in "*A compendious and brief examination of certayne ordinary complaints of divers of our countrymen in these our dayes, 1581,*" by William Stafford; absurdly re-printed in 1751; with the name

name of Shakspeare as the author; I find *Coventry* was famous for blue thread. "I have heard say, that the
 "chiefe trade of *Coventry*, was heretofore in making *blue*
 "threads, and then the towne was riche even upon that
 "trade, in maner onely, and now our thredde comes all
 "from beyonde sea. Wherefore that trade of *Coventry*
 "is decayed, and thereby the towne likewise."

THE FIRST PART OF JERONIMO.

P. 81. Add to note 10.

In the character of an old college-butler by Dr. Earle, *Micro-cosmographie*, 1628, it is said, "Hee domincoers
 "over freshmen when they first come to the hatch, and
 "puzzles them with strange language of *cuers* and *cees*,
 "and some broken Latin, which he has learnt at his bin."

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

P. 140. l. 25.

*In time the savage bull sustains the yoke;
 In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure;
 In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak;
 In time the flint is pierc'd with softest blow'r;
 No she is wilder, and more hard withal,
 Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.]*

These lines, as my learned friend Mr. Tyrwhitt observed to me, are found, with little variation, among a MS. collection of sonnets, in the British Museum, intituled, *A Looking Glasse for Lovers. Wherein are conteyned two sortes of amorous passions: the one expressing the true estate and perturbations of hym that is overgon with love: the other, a flat defiance to love and all his lawes.* MSS. Harl. 3277. They are dedicated, in no inelegant copy of Latin verses, to the celebrated Vere earl of Oxford, who died at an advanced age in the second year of James I. The following is part of the author's address to his book.

*Ergo etiam timidus Veri perdocta subito
 Scrinia, qua musis area lata patet.
 Dic, te xeniolum non divitis esse clientis,
 Confectum Dryadis arte manque rudi.*

Ille serenato te fronte tuebatur; ille
 Apposita nexos elidit arte tuos
 Et fortasse piis nymphis dabit ille legendum,
 Cum de Cyprigeno verba jocosa serent.

I shall now transcribe that particular sonnet, to which the author of the *Spanish Tragedy* has been indebted, together with its introduction.

“ Amorous Passions.”

46.

“ The oftener this passion is redd of hym that is no great clerk, the more pleasure he shall have in it. And this posse a scholler hath applyed to this sonet, when he had considered well of it, *Tam casu quam arte et industria*. The two first verses are borrowed from owt Seraphine, sonetto 103.” [The author means Aquilano (Serafino) an Italian poet, whose works, consisting of sonnets, eclogues, epistles, &c. were first published at Rome in 1503.]

“ *Col tempo el Vilanello al giogo mena*

“ *El Tor si fiero, e si crudo animale,*

“ *Col tempo el Falcon s'usa à menar l'ale,*

“ *E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.*”

“ In tyme y^e bull is brought to beare the yoake ;
 “ In tyme all haggerd hawkes will stoope y^e lewres ;
 “ In tyme small wedge will cleave y^e sturdieft oake ;
 “ In tyme the marble weares with weakeft shewres ;
 “ More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withall
 “ Then beast, or bird, then tree, or stoany wall.

“ Noe yoake prevailes, she will not yeeld to might ;
 “ No lure will cawse her stoope, she beares full gorge ;
 “ No wedge of woes make print, she reakes no right ;
 “ No shew'r of teares can move, she thinks I forge ;
 “ Healp therfore heav'nlie boy, come perce her brest
 “ With that same shaft which robbd me of my rest.

“ So lett her feele thy force, y^e she relent ;
 “ So keepe her lowe, y^e she voutsafe a praye ;
 “ So frame her will to right, y^e pride be spent ;
 “ So forge, y^e I may speed without delaye ;

“ Which

“Which yf thou doe, He sweare and sing with joye
 “That Love no longer is a blynded boye.”

Since I transcribed these lines, I have discovered that the MS. which contains them, is only the presentation copy of Thomas Watson's sonnets. They were published soon after the year 1580. My edition of them is imperfect, both at beginning and end; so that I cannot speak of its date with certainty. It agrees, however, in all but the merest trifles (*weare* for *beare* in the first line, and *tune* for *time* in the second) with the manuscript poem before us; except that the following addition to the introductory prose, is found in the printed copy. “This passion containeth a relation through out from line to line; as, from every line of the first stasse, as it standeth in order, unto every line of the second stasse; and from the second stasse unto the third.” The following variations likewise occur.—Instead of *hatb applied to this*, it reads—*set down over this*; and for—*the two first verses are borrowed from owr Seraphine*,—the two first lines are an imitation of Seraphine. I may add also, that in the one this sonnet is numbered 46, in the other 47.

For some account of Thomas Watson, see Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. 1. p. 262. S.

THE HONEST WHORE.

P. 247. Add to the list of Dekkar's pieces the following.

“The Artillery Garden. A poem, dedicated to the honour of those gentlemen who (there) practize military discipline, 4to. 1616.”

P. 365. Add to note 81.

This ballad is printed in “An antidote against melancholy, made up in pills, 4to. 1661.” It is alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 2. “Brave master; old Arthur of Bradley, how do you?”

THE SECOND PART OF THE HONEST WHORE.

P. 378. Dele the reference to vol. 8th, and add the following note:

Yellow stockings were at this time commonly worn. They are mentioned in *Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub*, A. 2. S. 2.

- “ ——— now I remember me,
 “ There was one busie fellow was their leader ;
 “ A blunt squat swad, but lower than yourself ;
 “ He had on a leather doublet with long points,
 “ And a pair of pinn'd-up breeches, like padding-
 “ bags ;
 “ With *yellow stockings*, and his hat turn'd up
 “ With a silver clasp on his loer side.”

The mention of *yellow stockings* in the text, is in reference to the passion of jealousy. So in *The Duke of Milan*, A. 4. S. 2. Stephano says :

- “ ——— If I were
 “ The Duke (I freely must confesse my weakness)
 “ I should wear *yellow breeches*.”

See also Mr. Staevens's note on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 5.

P. 423. Add to note 25.

The explanation given by Ray of a *Plymouth cloak*, may be confirmed from the following line in D'avenant's works, fo. p. 299.

“ Whose *cloak* (at *Plymouth spun*) was *crab-tree wood*.”
 A *Plymouth cloak* is also mentioned in Denham's works :

P. 437. Add to note 29.

In Dekkar's *Belman of London*, 1616, Sig. E. 4. are enumerated the names of false dice, amongst which is a bale of *bard eater trias*.

P. 464. Add to note 46.

Again, in a poem called “*I would and would not*,” 4to. 1614. Sign. D, the writer, after recounting the advantages of a courtesan's life, says,

- “ And yet I would not : for then doe I doubt,
 “ Some cunstable, or beadle of Bridewell :
 “ By some olde bawde, would surely find me out,
 “ When for his silence I should pay full well.
 “ Or cart it to the place of youthes correction,
 “ Where *chopping chalke*, would quite spoile my com-
 “ plexion.”

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

THE MALE CONTENT.

P. 21. l. 17.

— *Marquerelle*
 — doth ever tell me.} If the word *me* be retained, the rhyme, I think, is destroyed. S.

P. 37. Delete note 34; and add,

From the passage in the text, this play appears to have been written in the year 1606. In the books of the Stationers company, I find the following entry, on the 28th October 1588: "Allowed unto them for their copie of
 " a booke, intytuled, A miraculouse and monstrouse, but
 " mooste true and certen discourse of a woman (new to be
 " seene in London of th' age of 60 yeres, in the midst
 " of whose forehead, by the wonderfull worke of God,
 " there groweth out a crooked horne of 4 ynches longe: allowed under Dr. Heton's hande, and entred by warrant from Mr. Warden Coldock.)"

P. 38. Add to note 39.

Muscovy glass is also mentioned in the prologue to *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson.

" Would we could stand due north, or had no south
 " If that offend; or were *Muscovy glass*,
 " That you might look our scenes thro' as they pass.
 " We know not how to affect you."

P. 41. l. 17.

The close strock.] Read *stoc*, i. e. *staccata*. See note on *Twelfth Night*, edit. of Shakespeare, 1778, vol. 4. p. 248. S.

Ibid. l. 30 and 32.

— in good deed law.] Perhaps we should read in both places—indeed-*la*. So *Slender*, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, " Truly I will not go first, truly-*la*," S.

P. 51. l. 17.

“ — in court my faction

“ Not meanly strengthful; the duke then dead;

“ We well prepar'd for change;” —] I would recommend the following regulation, &c. of this speech.

“ — in court, my faction

“ Not meanly strengthen'd (the duke then *being* dead)

“ Were well prepar'd for change.” S.

P. 63. l. 27.

fatuona gratis.] Here is one of those corruptions which should have been fileatly remedied. *Fateor* is a verb passive, and can have no such participle as *fatuens*. S.

P. 77. l. 19.

To the gallows say he?] I suppose we should either read;

— say you? or says he? S.

ALL FOOLS.

P. 120. l. 29.

But like a couzening picture, which one way

Shews like a crow, another like a swan:] See Mr. Tollet's note on *Twelfth Night*, A. 5. S. 1. S.

P. 198. l. 12.

— set you stools,

And to our best cheer say, you all are () welcome.]

Perhaps by the marks prefixed to the last word of this verse, the author design'd the reader to supply a rhyme, which he did not dare to set down. The judgment of a Lord Mayor's fool in all matters relative to good eating, was unquestionable even to a proverb. S.

EASTWARD HOE.

P. 205. l. 21.

I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes.] So in *King Henry IV.* P. 2. “ He may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance,” &c. S.

P. 222. l. 18.

*Via the curtain that shadow'd Borgia!] This alludes to a scene in the tragedy of *Mulleasses the Turke*, by Mason, 1610, where Borgias appears as a ghost, and is addressed by Mulleasses in these words. “ Illusive*

His five ayre, false shape of Borgias,
 " Could thy vaine shadow worke a feare in him
 " That like an Atlas under weite the earth,
 " When with a firme and constant eye he saw
 " Hell's fifty-headed porter: thus I'de prove
 " Thy apparition idle. — [*Runnes at Borgias.*
 " *Borg.* Treason: I live."

P. 229. l. 301
 [*There speaks an angel!*] This was, perhaps, designed as
 a threat on the Dauphin's speech in *King John*.
 " And even there, methinks, an angel spake." S.

P. 240. Add to note 31.

Again in *Good Newes and Bad Newes*, by S. R. 4to.
 1622. Sign. B.

" Friends, kinsfolkes, neighbours, are inferiour all,
 " She much disdaines, *What lacke ye at a stall?*"

This is said of a citizen's widow, who had married a
 knight.

P. 265. l. 31.

— *hurl away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps, or so.*
Monmouth caps were formerly much worn. They are men-
 tioned in an old ballad of the caps; printed in *The Anti-*
dotte against Melancholy, 1661. p. 31.

" *The Monmouth cap, the saylors thrumbe,*
 " And that wherein the tradesmen come." &c.

From another stanza it appears they were worn by
 soldiers.

" The fouldiers that *the Monmoth* wear,
 " On castles tops their ensigs rear;
 " The seaman with his ththumb doth stand
 " On higher parts then all the land." &c.

P. 268. l. 3.

— *and thy deeds play'd i' thy life-time by the best company*
of actors, be called their get-penny.] A *get-penny* was the
 term for a theatrical performance which met with success.
 So in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 5. S. 1.; "but
 " the Gunpowder Plot there was a *get-penny*! I have pre-
 " sented that to an eighteen or twenty pence audience,
 " nine

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“ nine times in an afternoon. Your home-borne projects
 “ prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar; they
 “ put too much learning i' their things now o' days.”

P. 294. l. 24.

*It is in imitation of Mannington's; he that was hang'd at
 Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head or a blow.*] The
 ballad here alluded to, is entered in the books of the Sta-
 tioners company in the following manner: “ 7 Novem-
 “ ber, 1576, licensed unto him [*i. e.* Richard Jones] a
 “ ballad, intituled, A Woeful Ballad; made by Mr.
 “ George Mannynston, an houre before he suffered at Cam-
 “ bridge castell.”

P. 294. Add to note 69.

This tune is likewise in *Good Newes and Bad Newes*, by
 S. R. 1622, 4to. Sign. B.

“ And she doth on her virginals complaine,
 “ *I waile in mee, my knight doth plauge in paine.*”

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

P. 383. Add to note 29.

The eye, would not endure him.] I believe here is some
 corruption. I do not understand the passage. Perhaps
 we should read,

As that plant, which scarce suffers to be touch'd
 By the eye.

“ *Touch him but with thine eye,*” is a threat in some
 dramattick performance that has passed through my hands:
 I think in one of Shakspeare's. S.

P. 389. l. 11.

quarled poison.] Perhaps we should read *quarel'd poi-*
 son; *i. e.* such poison as arrows are imbued with. *Quarels*
 are square arrows. So in the *Romant of the Rafe*, v. 1823.

“ *Ground quarelis, sharpe of stele.*” S.

THE DUMB KNIGHT.

P. 414. Add to the account of Lewes Machin.

He was the author of “ *Three Eglogs.*” The first is of
 “ *Menalcas,*

“ Menalcas and Daphnis”: The other two is of “Apollo and Hyacinth,” subjoined to “Mirrha the mother of Adonis, or Lustes Prodegies.” By William Barksfed. 8vo. 1607.

P. 421. Add to note 4.

In Maffinger's *Duke of Milan*, A. 4. S. 3. is a line nearly resembling that so much ridiculed by Mr. Pope.

“ And, but herself admits no parallel.”

P. 457. l. 10.

For *veloups*, read *velours*. As *drap* is the French word for cloth, so is *velours* for *velvet*. S.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

THE MISERIES OF INFORCED MARRIAGE.

P. 26. Add to note 18.

A GAIN in Wilson's *Discourse upon Usury*, 1572, p. 101.

“ Thus master merchant, when he hath robbed the
 “ poore gentleman, and furnisht him in this maner to
 “ get a litle apparel upon his back, girdeth hym with
 “ this frompe in the taile. Lo, sayethe hee, yonder goeth a
 “ very strong stowt gentleman, for he *carrieth upon his backe;*
 “ *a faire manour, land and all*, and maye therefore wel be
 “ stander bearer to any prince, christian or heathen.”

L I N G U A.

P. 119. Add to note 1.

Again, Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, p. 129.

“ And Ganimædes we are quoth one, and thou a pro-
 “ phet trew :
 “ And hidden *skines* from underneath their forged gar-
 “ ments drew,
 “ Wherewith the tyrant and his bawds, with safe ef-
 “ cape, they slew.”

P. 130.

P. 130. Add to note 13.

I find that Winstanley was not the first who asserted that Oliver Cromwell performed in this play. Simon Miller, in a list of books printed for him, and prefixed to Heath's *England's New Book of Loyal Martyrs*, 8vo. no date, but published soon after the protector's death, mentions, "Lingua, or the Combate of the Tongue and five Senies for superiority; a serious Comedy, acted by Oliver Cromwell, the late usurper."

P. 136. Add to note 18.

Bidden harms are invited misfortunes. In ancient language, to *bid* a guest was to invite him. So in *Titus Andronicus* :

"I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride." S.

P. 168. Add to note 49.

Minshieu thus explains PRIMERO. "*Primerò* and *Primawisa*, two games at cards. *Primum & primum visum*, that is, first and first seene, because he that can shew such an order of cards first, winnes the game."

P. 172. Add to note 54.

Among the Harleian MSS. now in the British Museum, is one, N^o 6395, entitled, "*Merry Passages and Feasts*," written in the last century, in which is the following story of Shakspeare, which seems entitled to as much credit as any of the anecdotes which now pass current about him. "Shake-speare was god-father to one of Ben Johnson's children, and after the christning being in a deepe study, Johnson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? No, faith, Ben (sayes he) not I, but I have beene considering a great while, what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last; I pry'the what, sayes he? I faith, Ben, Ile e'en give him a douzen good *Lattin* spoones, and thou shalt translate them."

P. 182. Add to note 60.

Barnacle in this place certainly means a *goose*. It would be odd indeed to find a farrier's instrument enumerated with animals, real or fabulous, such as a centaur, a chimaera, a crocodile, and a hippopotamus. S.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

P. 277. Add to note 31.

Creeping to the crosse, is mentioned in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, p. 115.

" We offer tapers, pay our tythes and voyes; we pilgrims
goe.

" To every saint, at every shrine we offerings doe, bestow;

" We kiss the pix, we creepe the crosse, our heades we
" over-runne,

" The covent hath a legacie, who so is left undone."

A MAD WORLD BY MASTERS.

P. 382. Add to note 51.

Curious is certainly the true reading. It means *scrupulous*.
See note 68 to *Eastward hoe*, vol. 4, p. 293. S.

RAM ALLEY.

P. 447. l. 33.

Bell, Book, or Candle.] These words refer to the mode of excommunication in the Romish church. In *King John*, A. 3. S: 3. the Bastard says,

" *Bell, book, and candle* shall not drive me back,

" When gold and silver becks me to come on."

Dr. Grey, in his notes on Shakspeare, vol. 1. p. 284. has given the ceremonial on pronouncing an excommunication, by which it appears, that in the performance of this office three candles were to be extinguished in the different parts of it. In Archbishop Winchelsea's sentences of excommunication, anno 1208. (See Johnson's Ecclesiastical Laws, vol. 2.) it is directed, that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be " through-
" out explain'd, in order in *English*, with *bells tolling*, and
" *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread;
" for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than
" to the effect of such sentences."

P. 460. Add to note 31.

I have heard it doubted whether Dr. Percy might not be mistaken in his assertion, that *Ternagant*, the Saracen deity, was to be found in some of the old moralities. My reading in these kind of pieces, is not sufficient to confirm or refute the observation. Mr. Tyrwhitt says, the character is to be met with in an old romance, MSS. Bod. 1624, where it is constantly spelt *Tervagan*. (See notes to Chaucer, v. 13741.)

P. 486. l. 24.

*Do you handy trespas? by Dis I will be knight,
Wear a blue coat on great St. George's day, &c.]* I find blue coats used to be worn on St. George's day, but what order of people the fashion was confined to, I have not been able to discover. It is mentioned in epigram 33 of *Rune and a great cast. The second bowle, by Thomas Freeman,* 4to. 1614.

“ With's coram nomine keeping greater sway,
“ Then a court blow-coat on Saint George's day.”

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

THE ROARING GIRL.

P. 3.

MR. Mary Frith, alias Moll Cutpurse, born in Barbican, the daughter of a shoemaker, died at her house in Fleet-street, next the Globe Tavern, July 26, 1659, and was buried in the church of Saint Bridget's. She left twenty pounds by her will, for the conduit to rub with wine when King Charles the 2d returned, which happened in a short time after. *From a MS. in the British Museum.* N.

P. 20. l. 6,

A naughty pack.] A pack was formerly a name given to a lewd woman. So in “ *The apprehension and confession of three notorious witches, arraigned, and by justice condemned and executed at Chelmsforde, in the countie of Essex,* “ the

“ the 5 day of July last past, 1589,” 4to. “ This Joane
 “ Cunny living, very lewdly, having two lewde daugh-
 “ ters, no better than *naughty packs*, had two bastard
 “ children, being both boyes.” &c.

It was also sometimes applied to the male sex. As in
Rowley's Shoemaker a gentleman, 1638. Sign. G 4.

“ Hence, you whore master knave,
 “ God's my passion, got a wench with childe,
 “ Thou *naughty packs*, thou hast undone thyselfe for ever.”

P. 23. l. 25.

[I will fist all the taverns in the city, and drink half pots
 with all the watermen at the Bankside.] Taylor the water-
 poet asserts, that at this time, between Windsor and
 Gravesend, there were not fewer than forty thousand wa-
 termen.

P. 37. l. 9.

[Sb' has a tongue will be heard further in a still morn-
 ing than Saint Antling's bell.] At Saint Antholin's
 church there used to be a lecture early in the morning,
 which was much frequented by the puritans of the times.
 So in *Newes from Plymouth*, by D'avenant, A. 1. S. 1.

“ And these two disciples of St. Tanslin,
 “ That rise to long exercise before day,
 “ And coulen'd soundly before noon; these shall
 “ Grow old,” &c.

Again, Timothy says, in *The City Match*, vol. 9. p. 289.

“ D' you think, I'll all days of my life frequent
 “ Saint Antlins, like my sifter?”

P. 50. Add to note 24.

The sign, *The three pigeons at Brentford*; is mentioned in
The Alchymist, A. 5. S. 4.

P. 99. l. 23.

[Husband, lay bold on yonder tawny coat.] Tawny was
 the usual dress of a summoner or apparitor. See *King
 Henry VI.* P. 1. vol. 6. p. 192. edit. of Shakspeare,
 1778. S.

THE WIDOW'S TITLES.

P. 157. Add to note 9.

Or such as prowls about at late hours, for the purposes of debauchery.

P. 194. Add to note 22.

By the "brain of the West" may be meant parliamentary wisdom, which is usually displayed at Westminster.

P. 230. Add to note 34.

Tressel legs, I believe, means one who walks wide. The legs of *tressels* are at a considerable distance from each other. So Falstaff, speaking of his recruits—
"The villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on."

THE WHITE DEVIL.

P. 283. note 33.

I retract my former observation on this passage, having lately met with several country *palterers* asleep over the baskets, which they carried on horseback before them, a position sufficiently commodious to solicit repose, and safe enough to allow of it.

P. 306. Add to note 44.

In the books of the Stationers company, in the year 1567, is the following entry: "Rec. of Henry Denham, for his lycense for the pryntinge of a booke intituled Pleasaunte Tayles of the lyf of Rychard Wolner, &c."

P. 305. Add to note 47.

Upon looking into the play of *Injured Love, or The Cruel Husband*, which the title-page says, was written by Mr. N. Tate, Author of the Tragedy of King Lear, I find it to be no other than our author's play of *The White Devil*, with a different name. It appears never to have been acted, though designed for representation at the Theatre Royal.

P. 367.

P. 367. Note 79.

For *Linus*, read *Lynceus*. See Ovid's Epistle *Hypermetra Lynceo*. In some editions it is printed *Lino*, an original abbreviation in the MS. not being properly attended to. Neither name occurs in the epistle itself. S.

THE HOG HATH LOST HIS PEARL.

P. 382. Add to note 3. signed S.

Niters, however, may be a corruption of *niflers*. Chaucer uses *nifles* for *trifles*. See *Sompnours Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edition, v. 7342.

“ He served him with *nifles* and with fables.” S.

P. 385. l. 37.

— you'll find it worth *Meg of Westminster*.] A ballad of *Long Meg of Westminster*, was entered on the Stationers books in the year 1594.

P. 398. Add after note 9.

I cannot discover that the head of *Hector* is any way typical of a *Saracen's Head*. *Hector* is one of the seven worthies. He appears as such in *Love's Labour Lost*. Nothing was once more common than the portraits of these heroes; and therefore they might have found their way occasionally into shops, which we know to have been anciently decorated with pictures, for the amusement of some customers whilst others were served. Of the Seven Worthies, the Ten Sibyls, and the Twelve Cæsars, I have seen many complete sets in old halls and on old stair-cases.
S.

P. 436. Add to note 17.

Since this note was written, I find nothing was more common than these answers of echoes, in the works of contemporary and earlier writers. Many instances might be produced. Amongst others, those who can be pleased with such kind of performances, may be referred to *Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia*, or *Lodge's Wounds of Civil War*, 1594, act 3d. The folly of them is admirably ridiculed by the author of *Hudibras*.

THE FOUR PRENTICES OF LONDON.

P. 459. Add to note 2.

My conjecture concerning the duty of apprentices, will receive confirmation from the following extract from *Stow's Survey of London*, Strype's edit. 1720, vol. 2. p. 329. "Anciently it was the use and custom of *all apprentices* in London (mercers only excepted, being commonly merchants, and of better rank as it seems) *to carry water-tankards to serve their masters houses with water*, fetched either from the Thames, or the common conduits of London." Again, Quicksilver, in *Eastward hoe*. (See vol. 4. p. 207.) says to his fellow apprentice Golding, "Wilt thou cry, What is't ye lack? stand with a bare pate and a dropping nose under a wooden penthouse, and art a gentleman? *Wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms?*"

P. 511. Add after note 41:

I do not perceive why this phrase should seem to deserve ridicule in any greater proportion than a thousand others. Shakspeare has it in *Cymbeline*, where Imogen says,

"*Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion.*" S.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

GREENE'S TU QUOQUE.

P. 4.

THE following are the epitaphs mentioned by Oldys, from *Braithwayt's Remains*.

"Upon an actor now of late deceased: and upon his
"action *Tu Quoque*: and first upon his travel.

"Hee whom this mouldered clod of earth doth hide,

"New come from sea, made but one face and dide.

"Upon his creditors.

"His debtors now, no fault with him can finde,

"Sith he has paid to nature all's behinde.

"Upon

“ Upon his fellow actors.

“ What can you crave of your poore fellow more ?

“ He does but what Tu Quoque did before :

“ Then give him dying, actions second wreath,

“ That second'd him in action and in death.”

In actorem Mimicum cui vix parem cernimus super-
sitam.

Quæcumque orta sunt occidunt.

Salust.

Ver vireat quod te peperit (viridissima proles)

Quæque tegit cineres, ipsa virescat humus.

Transis ab exiguis nunquam periture theatris

Ut repetas sacri pulchra theatra Jovis.

Remains after Death, 8vo. 1618. Sign. G 5.

P. 15.

— have the grace of Wapping before your eyes ; remem-
ber a high tide.] Pirates are always hanged at Execution
Dock, Wapping ; and at the moment when the tide is at
the height. S.

The following passage is from Stow's Survey, vol. 2.
B. 4. p. 37. edit. 1720.

“ From this precinct of Saint Katherine to Wapping in
“ the Wose, and Wapping itself, the usual place of exe-
“ cution for hanging of pirates and sea rovers, at the
“ low water mark, there to remain till three tides had
“ overflowed them, was never a house standing within
“ these forty years [*i. e.* from the year 1598] but (since
“ the, gallows being after removed further off) is
“ now a continual street, or rather a filthy straight pas-
“ sage with lanes and alleys of small tenements or cot-
“ tages, inhabited by saylors and victuallers along by the
“ river of Thames, almost to Radcliff, a good mile from
“ the Tower.”

P. 22. Add to note 7.

On *Sbrove Tuesday*, in the county of Suffex (and I sup-
pose in many others) apprentices are always permitted to
visit their families or friends, to eat pancakes, &c. This
practice is called *sbroving*. *Apollo sbroving* is the name of
an old comedy, written by a schoolmaster in Suffolk, to be

performed by his scholars on *Sbrove Tuesday*, February, 6, 1626. S.

See vol. 6. p. 387. The custom in London is, I believe, almost abolished. It is, however, still retained in many parts of the kingdom. Mr. Brand, in his *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 1777, p. 331, says, that “ at Newcastle upon Tyne, the great bell of St. Nicholas church is tolled at twelve o'clock at noon on this day; shops are immediately shut up, offices closed, and all kind of business ceases; a sort of little *carnival* ensuing for the remaining part of the day.”—Again, “ The custom of frying pancakes (in turning of which in the pan, there is usually a good deal of pleasantry in the kitchen) is still retained in many families in the north, but seems, if the present fashionable contempt of old customs continues, not likely to last another century. *The apprentices, whose particular holiday* this day is now called, and who are on several accounts so much interested in the observation of it, ought, with that watchful jealousy of their antient rights and liberties (typified here by pudding and play) which becomes young Englishmen, to guard against every infringement of its ceremonies, and transmit them entire and unadulterated to posterity !”

P. 35. Add to note 15.

Of this kind of charity we have yet some remains, particularly, as Dr. Ducarel observes, “ at Lambeth palace, where thirty poor persons are relieved by an alms called the *DOLE*, which is given three times a week to ten persons at a time, alternately; each person then receiving upwards of two pounds weight of beef, a pitcher of broth, a half quartern loaf, and two pence in money. Besides this *dole*, there are always, on the days it is given, at least thirty other pitchers, called by-pitchers, brought by other neighbouring poor, who partake of the remaining broth, and the broken victuals that is at that time distributed. Likewise, at Queen's College in Oxford, provisions are to this day frequently distributed to the poor, at the door

“ of their hall, under the denomination of a DOLE.”
*Anglo-Norman Antiquities considered, in a Tour through part
of Normandy.* fol. p. 81.

P. 63. Add to note. 26.

By the following passage in *The Alchemist*, A. 5. S. 2.
it seems as though *Pymlico* had been the name of a per-
son, famous as a feller of ale.

“ Gallants, men, and women,

“ And of all sorts, tag rag, been seen to flock here

“ In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a *second Hogsdén*,

“ In days of *Pimlico* and Eye-bright.”

A place near Chelsea is still called *Pimlico*, and was
resorted to within these few years on the same account as
the former at *Hogsdén*.

Ibid.

— to fetch a draught of Derby ale.] Derby ale has
ever been celebrated for its excellence. Camden, speak-
ing of the town of Derby, observes, that “ its present
reputation is for the assizes for the county, which are
“ held here, and from the excellent ale brewed in it.” In
1698, Ned Ward published a poem, entitled, *Soth's Para-
dise, or the Humours of a Derby Ale-house; with a Satyr
upon the ale*, fol.

P. 72. l. 8.

— I am out o' the vein.] So in *King Richard III.*

“ Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.” S.

P. 114. l. 17.

To run and wind about for circumstance.] This line very
strongly resembles another in *The Merchant of Venice*.

“ you spend but time,

“ To wind about my love with circumstance.” S.

ALBUMAZAR.

P. 125.

MR. TOMKINS.] This is the name given to the author
of *Albumazar* in the MS. of Sir Edward Deering. I
am, however, of opinion, that it should be written

TOMKINS, and that he is the same person who is addressed by Phineas Fletcher, by the name of Mr. Jo. Tomkins, in a copy of verses, wherein he says,

“ To thee I here bequeath the courtly joyes,
 “ Seeing to court my Thomalin is bent :
 “ Take from thy Thirfil these his idle toyes ;
 “ Here I will end my looser merriment.”

Poetical Miscellanies, printed at the end of *The Purple Island*, 1633, p. 69.

If this conjecture is allowed to be founded in probability, the author of *Albion* may have been John Tomkins, batchelor of musick, who, Wood says, “ was one of the organists of St. Paul’s cathedral, and afterwards gentleman of the Chapel Royal, then in high esteem for his admirable knowledge in the theoretical and practical part of his faculty. At length, being translated to the celestial choir of angels, on the 27 Sept^r an. 1616, aged 52, was buried in the said cathedral.” It may be added, that Phineas Fletcher, who wrote a play to be exhibited in the same week with *Albion*, celebrates his friend Tomkins’s skill in musick as well as poetry.

P. 132. l. 6.

Your patron, Mercury, in his mysterious character,

Holds all the marks of the other wanderers, &c.] The wanderers are the planets, called by the Greeks *Planetae*, from their moving or wandering, and by the Latins, from the same notion, *Stellæ errantes*; as on the contrary the fixed stars are termed by them *Stellæ inerrantes*. — The character appropriated by Astronomers and Astrologers to the planet Mercury, is this ☿, which may be imagined to contain in it something of the characters of all the other planets ♃ ♄ ♀ ☽ ♆ ♁. — The history of the Heathen deities, whose names were assigned to the several planets, is full of tricks and robberies, to say no worse, as is remarked by the apologetical fathers, who are perpetually inveighing against them on that account; and to this mythological history the poet here alludes. S. P.

Ibid. l. 10.

and Homer steals all from an Egyptian priestess.] Phantasia

tusia of Memphis, as Ptolemaeus Hephestion tells us, in Photius, Cod. 190. See Fabricius Biblioth. Gr. i. p. 152. This comes excellently well out of the mouth of such a consummate villain as Albumazar. S. P.

See also Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, 1736, p. 135.

P. 134. l. 24.

— *whose smoothest brow.*] We should certainly read *smooth*. The verification of this play is in general regular, and without hemistichs, were the measure properly attended to. I would read in the next speech,

On my life

He has learnt out all; I know it by his musick. S.

P. 135. l. 4.

Which I filcht closely from him.] *Closely*, is privately, as in Act 3. S. 1.

“ I'll entertain him here, mean while, steal you

“ *Closely* into the room, &c.”

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. 3. p. 171.

“ Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano,

“ Thou know'st the prison, *closely* give it him.”

Ibid. p. 200.

“ Wise men will take their opportunity

“ *Closely*, and safely, fitting things to time.” S. P.

P. 136. l. 13.

Love's harbinger bath chalkt upon my heart,

And with a coal writ on my brain, for Flavia.] Alluding to the custom of the Harbingers, who in the royal progresses were wont to mark the lodgings of the several officers of the court. *For Flavia* should therefore be in Italics. We now commonly write the word Harbinger with the first vowel; but the antients applied the second, which is more agreeable to the etymology. See Junius voce Harbour. S. P.

To this explanation I shall only add, that the office of harbinger remains to this day, and that the part of his duty above alluded to was performed in the latter part of the last century. Serjeant Hawkins, in his life of bishop

Ken, observes, that when, on the removal of the court to pass the summer at Winchester, that prelate's house, which he held in the right of his prebend, *was marked by the barbing* for the use of Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, he refused to grant her admittance; and she was forced to seek for lodgings in another place.

P. 137. l. 36.

A good ascendent.] A term of Astrology. S. P.
 "Ascendant, in Astrology, denotes the horoscope; or the degree of the ecliptic which rises upon the horizon, at the time of the birth of any one. This is supposed to have an influence on his life and fortune, by giving him a bent to one thing more than another." *Chambers's Dictionary*.

P. 139. Add to note 6.

Apollonius was born at Tyana about the time our Saviour appeared in the world. He died at the age of near or quite 100 years, in the reign of Nerva. By the enemies of Christianity, he was reported to have worked miracles, in the same manner as the founder of our religion, and in the works of Dr. Henry More is inserted a parallel between them. The degree of credit which the pagan miracles are entitled to, is very clearly shewn in Dr. Douglas's learned work, intitled, "*The Criterion, or Miracles examined*," 8vo. 1757. p. 53. See a further account of Apollonius in Blount's Translation of *The two first books of Philostratus, concerning the life of Apollonius Tyaneus*, fol. 1680, and Tillemont's account of the life of *Apollonius Tyaneus*, translated by Dr. Jenkin, 8vo. 1702.

P. 140. l. 41.

bravely brancht.] A stroke of satire in regard to cuckoldom; there are others afterwards in this act. S. P.

P. 142. l. 28.

As at Jove's amorous will.] Alluding to the following passage in the *Amphitryo* of Plautus, where the night is lengthened, that Jupiter may continue the longer with Alcmena. Mercury says,

Et

Et meus pater nunc intus hic cum illa cubat ;

Et hæc ob eam rem nox est facta longior,

Dum ille, quacum volt, voluptatem capit.

Prolog. Amphitr. 112. S. P.

P. 143. l. 5.

A coufficon!] Read *Otaoufficon*. A repetition, by way of admiration, of the word in the preceding line : for it is plain it was not intended by the poet, that Pandolfo should blunder through ignorance, because he has it right in the next scene, and that Ronça has never repeated the word in the interim. S. P.

Ibid. Add to note 11.

Ronça here blunders *comice*, and on purpose; for the *epiglottis* is the cover or lid of the larynx, and has no connection with the ear. S. P.

P. 146. l. 16.

— *Voyage of the Magores.*] To the Great Mogul's country, who was then called *Magboore*. Howe's Continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, p. 1003, where he esteems it a corruption to call him *Mogul*.

Ibid. l. 24.

Mahomet's return.] There was an opinion pretty current among Christians, that the Mahammedans were in expectation of their prophet's return : and what gave occasion to that report was the 16th sign of the resurrection, the coming of the *mobdi*, or *director* ; concerning whom Mahommed prophesied, that the world should not have an end till one of his own family should govern the *Arabs*; whose name should be the same with his own name, and whose father's name should also be the same with his father's name, and who should fill the earth with righteousness. Sale's Prelim. Discourse to the Koran, 4to edit. 82. S. P.

Ibid. l. 33.

— *at his Gorgon.*] So both the editions. Perhaps we should read, *at this Gorgon*. S. P.

If any alteration is necessary, I should propose to read *at his jargon*, i. e. the astrological nonsense which Albu-mazar had been speaking. P. 147.

P. 147. l. 17.

— *fortitades and fortunates.*] Terms of Astrology, meaning, be they inhabited by the best and most fortunate planets. S. P.

P. 152. l. 33.

This chain is yours; &c.] People of rank and condition generally wore chains of gold at this time. Hence Trincálo says, that, when he was a gentleman he would

“Wear a gold chain at every quarter sessions.” S. P.

Many instances of this fashion are to be met with in these volumes. Some of the magistrates of London, the aldermen, wear chains of gold on publick days at this time.

P. 155. l. 2.

A stone dropt from the moon, &c.] See Bishop Wilkins's Voyage to the Moon, p. 110. S. P.

P. 157. Add to note 26.

When the court made those excursions, which were called *Progresses*, to the seats of the nobility and gentry, waggons and other carriages were impressed for the purpose of conveying the king's baggage, &c. S. P.

This privilege in the crown was continued until the civil wars in the reign of Charles the first, and had been exercised in a manner very oppressive to the subject, in so much that it frequently became the object of Parliamentary complaint and regulation. During the suspension of monarchy it fell into disuse, and King Charles II. at the restoration consented, for a consideration, to relinquish this as well as all other powers of purveyance and pre-emption. Accordingly, by stat. 12 Car. II. c. 24. s. 12. it was declared, that no officer should in future take any cart, carriage, or other thing, nor summon or require any person to furnish any horses, oxen, or other cattle, carts, ploughs, wains, or other carriages, for any of the royal family, without the full consent of the owner. An alteration of this act was made the next year, wherein the rates were fixed, which should be paid on these occasions, and other regulations were made for preventing the abuse of this prerogative.

P. 160. l. 38.

— *these three means.*] *i. e.* the camp, the law, and the court.
S. P.

P. 161. l. 27.

speck and span.] This is thought a phrase of some difficulty. It occurs in *Fuller's Worthies*, Herefordshire, p. 40, where we read of *spick and span new money*. A late friend of mine was willing to deduce it from spinning, as if it were a phrase borrowed from the clothing art, quasi new spun from the spike or brooche. It is here written *speck and span*, and in all cases means *entire*; I deem it tantamount to every *speck and every span*, *i. e.* all over.

S. P.

In the MS. of a person who fell a victim to public justice in the year 1759, Eugene Aram; I am informed is the following explanation of this phrase: "*Spick and span new*, ex Ital. *Spiccata de la Spanna*, *i. e.* snatched from the hand, *opus ablatum incude*. Fresh from the mint.

In Hudibras, Part 1. c. 3. l. 397, are these lines:

"Then, while the honour thou hast got

"Is *spick and span new*, piping hot." &c.

Upon which Dr. Grey hath this note. "Mr. Ray observes, *English Proverbs*, 2d edit. p. 270. that this proverbial phrase, according to Mr. Howel, comes from *spica*, an ear of corn: but rather (says he) as I am informed from a better author, *spike* is a sort of *nail*, and *span* the *chip* of a boat; so that it is all one as to say, every *chip* and *nail* is new. But I am humbly of opinion, that it rather comes from *spike*, which signifies a *nail*, and a *nail* in measure is the 16th part of a yard: and *span*, which is in measure a quarter of a yard; or nine inches; and all that is meant by it, when applied to a new suit of cloaths, is, that it has been just measured from the piece by the *nail* and *span*." See the expression, Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, A. 3. S. 5.

P. 162. Add to note 31.

For *Halic*, read *belic*, from ἑλίκη.

S. P.

P. 163. l. 30.

Budda Babylonicus.] A famous Indian philosopher. *Fabricius*,

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bricius, p. 281; but why he terms him a Babylonian, I cannot conceive. S. P.

P. 164. l. 24.

Artenosaria.] I believe this word should be *Antenosoria*, the doctrine of Antidotes; unless we should read *Artenosaria*, in allusion to Talicotius, and his method of making supplemental noses, referred to by Butler in *Hudibras*.

S. P.

Ibid. l. 34.

And, since the moon's the only planet changing.] It was not known then, I presume, that Venus had her increase and decrease. S. P.

Add to note 34.

Pauselinum.] Read *Panfelinum*.

S. P.

P. 165. l. 32.

bands.] All people then wore bands.

S. P.

P. 168. l. 7.

new these flags.] These and what follows are terms of falconry; *flags*, in particular, are the second or baser order of feathers in the hawk's wing. *Chambers's Dictionary*.

S. P.

Gild in the fear.] The *fear* is the yellow part between the beak and the eyes of a hawk.

S. P.

P. 169.

— *key at's parse-strings*.] They usually carried the keys of their cabinets there.

S. P.

P. 181. l. 11.

— *a hundred pounds*.] In A. i. S. 7. p. 152. he says, *it cost two hundred pound*.

S. P.

P. 199. l. 10.

two wings.] The two stanzas decrease and then increase, after the manner of wings. See the Greek poet Simmias Rhodius.

S. P.

P. 203. l. 35.

Threatens.] So both editions. Probably we should read *sweetens*.

S. P.

P. 218. Add to note 66.

This custom is mentioned in an epigram, in Samuel Rowland's

Rowland's *Good Newes and Bad Newes*, 1622, Sign. F 2.

" Gilbert, this glove I fend thee from my hand,
 " And challenge thee to meet on *Callis sand*,
 " On this day moneth resolve I will be there,
 " Where thou shalt finde my flesh, I will not feare.
 " My cutler is at work," &c.

P. 230. l. 24.

Italian motti.] Shrewd or witty sayings. See *Florio's Dictionary*.

Ibid. l. 25.

Spanish refranes.] *i. e.* proverbs; a *referendo*, because it is often repeated. See Stevens's Dictionary.

P. 232. l. 5.

a trencher salt.] See vol. 3. p. 285. The salt-feller which used to be set on tables was generally large. Sometimes, however, a smaller fort would be used; and then several were employed, which were set nearer the trenchers, and are therefore called *trencher-salts*, as here. S. P.

P. 240. l. 17.

dispose.] *i. e.* disposal. This substantive occurs in the *Hist. of Cardinals*, p. 45. - *Spelman's Life of King Ælfred*, p. 158. *The Mirrour of Magistrates*, and elsewhere. S. P.

P. 251. l. 22.

Cargo!] A cant word, meaning a good round sum of money. *Canting Dictionary*, in voce. S. P.

A WOMAN KILL'D WITH KINDNESS.

P. 255. Add to note *.

The majority of plays and romances given by W. Cartwright to Dulwich College, were long ago exchanged for pondrous tomes of controversial divinity, &c. at the repeated solicitations of our most early modern collectors of dramatic entertainments. The few remaining pieces relative to the theatre have, by degrees, been fetched away, under pretence of borrowing, by members of the same conscientious fraternity. A complete list of these
 dissipated

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dissipated curiosities was, however, visible in the collegiate library no later than the year 1778. It appears likewise, from another antient catalogue in the same place, that Mr. Alleyn's pictures have been preserved with as little fidelity, most of them being carried away, and their places supplied with such as would disgrace the walls of an ale-house. Nay, even his only manuscript (his Diary, often quoted in the Biographia Britannica) has been lost through the carelessness of the society, which his beneficence had founded. So injudicious is it to entrust any article allied to taste and literature, under the guardianship of mere mechanicks; who prefer quantity in books to quality, glare of colours to propriety of design, and the news-paper of the day to the most curious memoir of a remoter age.

T. B.

P. 267. Add to note 3.

I think *a crash* is a musical term, employed to express the noise made when all the instruments in a concert exert themselves together.

S.

From the manner it is used in G. A. Stevens's Burletta of *The Court of Alexander*, it seems to be a cant term in musick. The meaning of it agreeable to the above conjecture.

A MATCH AT MIDNIGHT.

P. 348. Add to note 7.

To explain the phrase — *May my girdle break* — it should be remembered, that the *purse* was antiently worn hanging at the girdle. Hence the propriety of Trincalo's complaint, that while Ronca embraced him, his "purse" "shook dangerously." See *Albumazar*, p. 194.

S.

P. 359. Add to note 18.

To what excess gaming was carried on in the inns of Court at this period, may be judged from the following circumstance; that in taking up the floor of one of the Temple Halls, about 1764, near one hundred pair of dice were found, which had dropt at times through the chinks or joints of the boards. They were very small, scarce
more

more than two thirds as large as our modern ones. The hall was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

P. 369. Add to note 24.

Copesmate, I believe, means only *companion*, a word which was used both in a bad and good sense by our ancestors. To *cope* is to meet with, to encounter. Thus Hamlet,

“ As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.” S.

Again in Withers's *Abuses whipt and stript*, B 2. S. 1. 1622.

“ Nay, be advised (quoth his *copefmate*) harke,

“ Let's stay all night, for it growes pestilence darke,”

FUIMUS TRORS.

P. 462. Add to note 26.

The same sentiment is in Dr. Andrew Borde's *fyrrt boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, B. L. Printed for Copland, Sign. A 4.

“ They (*i. e.* the English) fare sumptuously, God is served in their churches devoutli, but treason and deceyt amonge them is used craftyly, y^e more pitie, for yf they were true wythin themselves, they nede not to feare, although al nacions were set against them, specialli now, confydering our noble prince (*i. e.* Henry 8th) hath, and dayly dothe make noble defences, as castels,” &c.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

P. 23. Add to note 7.

IT hath been suggested to me, by the same gentleman to whom I am obliged for this note, that by the word *parmesant* may be understood *drinking*, it being then used as a cant term, with that meaning annexed to it. So in Dekkar's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, 4to. p. 3-

“ — and for that purpose swarmed about him like
“ bees

“ bees about comfit-makers, and were drunke according
 ” to all the learned rules of drunkennes, as upfy freeze,
 “ crambo, *parmizant*, &c.”

P. 38. Add to note 12.

The word *bourd* is also used in the following character of a Scotchman, written in the reign of King Henry 8th.

“ I am a Scotyshe man, and trew I am to Fraunce,
 “ In every countrey, myselfe I do avaunce.
 “ I wyll boost myselfe, I wyll crake and face,
 “ I love to be exalted, here and in every place.
 “ An Englysheman I cannot naturally love,
 “ Wherefore I offend them, and my lorde above.
 “ He that wyll double with any man,
 “ He may spede wel, but I cannot tell whan.
 “ I am a Scotyshe man; and have diffymbled muche,
 “ And in my promyse I have not kept touche;
 “ Great morder and theft in tymes past I have used,
 “ I trust to God hereafter, such thynges shal be refused;
 “ And what worde I do speake, be it in myrth or in
 “ *borde*,
 “ The foul evyll shal be at the ende of my worde;
 “ Yet wyl I not chaunge my apparell nor aray,
 “ Although the Frenchman go never so gay.”

Borde's Introduction of Knowledge, Sig. D 1.

P. 90. l. 7.

— *he will be sharp set on his old bit: give him time enough.*] I suspect that we should read—he will be sharp set on his old *bait*: give him *line* enough, &c. S.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

P. 195. Add to N^o 9.

In a MS. catalogue of plays by Oldys, that writer says, that the alterations made in *The Traitor*, on its revival in 1718, were by Christopher Bullock.

P. 203. Add to note 1.

The love-lock was worn on the left side, and was considerably longer than the rest of the hair. King Charles and many of his courtiers wore them. The king cut off his in 1646. See *Granger*, vol. 2. p. 411. N.

P. 267.

P. 264. Add to note 19.

In a poem describing the tombs in Westminster Abbey in the last century (preserved in *Nichols's Select Collection of Poems*, vol. 4. p. 169) mention is made of *the master of the shew*. It there also appears, that the price of admission was *one penny*; it was afterwards raised to *three pence*; and, in 1779 (since the Earl of Chatham's effigies have been placed there) still further advanced to *six pence*. As a large sum must annually arise from the curiosity of individuals, it is to be lamented that the tombs in general are suffered to remain in so disgracefully dirty a condition. N.

P. 267. l. 19.

Which being sent unto an English lady,

Was ta'en at sea by Dunkirkers.] Dunkirk was as terrible to its enemy formerly by the vessels which were fitted out from thence, as it has been in late times on the same account. The depredations made by them are often mentioned or alluded to. Among others, in *Dekkar's Belman of London*, Sign. I 1.

" — which when they have well fraughted, these
 " *Dunkirks* hoyft sayle and to sea againe; they goe in
 " another vessell, to finde another Brazeleman," &c.

Second Part of the Honest Whore, vol. 3. p. 375.

" — if he were put to 't, would fight more desperate-
 " ly than sixteen *Dunkirks*."

THE JEW OF MALTA.

P. 339. Add to note 23.

Again, Turberville's *Songes and Sonets*, p. 37.

" *Of the straunge countenance of an aged gentlewoman.*

" It makes mee laugh a good to see the lowre,

" And long to looken sad :

" For when thy crabbed countnance is so sowre,

" Thou art so seeming glad.

" I blame not thee, but nature in this case,

" That mought betowde on thee a better grace."

P. 362. Add to note 33.

The solarium, among the old Romans, was a level place
 VOL. XII. E c at

at top of their houses, sometimes covered and sometimes not, for the purpose of sunning themselves. In Greece likewise, and the greatest part of the East, most of the private houses were built after the same fashion; their temples, in general, with a pinnacle, or spire. At Rome there was a *solarium* in some part of almost every public edifice; it being esteemed an essential requisite for health as well as pleasure. N.

P. 368. Add to note 35.

The ceremony of reading, on the occasion mentioned in this note, was abolished by 5th of Queen Anne. See *Foster's Crown Law*, fo. edit. p. 306.

P. 393. Add to note 48.

Again, *The English Traveller*, by Heywood, 1633, Sign. I 4.

“ I impute my wrongs rather to knavish cunning
“ Than least pretended malice.”

And in *Dr. Borde's Introduction*, 1542. Sign. H 3.

“ I have spokyn of Grece, one of the endes or poynts
“ of Europ, wherfore I *pretend* to returne and come
“ round about thorow other regyons of Europ, unto the
“ tyme I do come to Calas agayne,” &c.

THE WILTS.

P. 409. Add to note 1.

The treasure of Saint Mark's, here referred to, was that secured in the mint at Venice. Coriat, who visited that place in the year 1608, says, “ I was in one higher
“ roome of this mint, where I saw fourteene marvailous
“ strong chests hooped with yron, and wrought full of
“ great massy yron nailes, in which is kept nothing but
“ money, which consisteth of these three mettals, gold,
“ silver, and brasse. Two of these chests were about
“ some foure yardes high, and a yard and more thicke,
“ having seven locks upon them. Which chests are said
“ to be full of chiquineys. In the outward gallery, at
“ the entrance of the chamber, I told sevanteene more of
“ such yron chests, which are likewise full of money.
“ So

“ So that the number of all the money chests, which I
 “ saw at the mint, is one and thirty. Also in two cham-
 “ bers, at the Rialto, I saw two and forty more of such
 “ chests full of coyne, the totall summe whereof is three-
 “ score and thirteene. So that it is thought, all the quan-
 “ tity of money contained in these threescore and thir-
 “ teene chests doth not amount to so little as forty mil-
 “ lions of duckats.” *Crudities*, p. 191.

P. 409. l. 25.

— *apple-wines*

[*That wrangle for a sieve.*] A *sieve*, in this instance,
 does not mean the utensil by which flour is separated
 from bran, but a particular kind of basket brought by
 fruiterers to market. There are *sieves* and *half sieves*. S.

P. 448. l. 27.

— *the stalls of Lombard Street pour'd into a purse.*]

Lombard Street was the place where the Lombards or
 Bankers then dwelt.

P. 451. l. 15.

She left you at Saint Peter's fair, where you

Long'd for pig.]

Formerly the chief entertainments at
 fairs were *pigs* roasted in booths erected for that purpose.
 The practice continued until the beginning of the present
 century, if not later. It is mentioned in Ned Ward's
London Spy, 1697; and when, about the year 1708, some
 propositions were made to limit the duration of Bartholo-
 mew Fair to three days, a poem was printed, intitled,
 “ *The Pigs Petition against Bartholomew Fair, with their*
 “ *humble thanks to those unworthy preservers of so much inno-*
 “ *cent blood.*” In Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*,
 Mrs. Urfula, the *Pig-woman*, is no inconsiderable character.

Again, *D'avenant's poem on the long vacation in London*,
 fo. edit. 290.

“ Now London's chief, on saddle new,
 “ Rides into Fare of Bartholemew :
 “ He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
 “ As if to fright the head of *pig*,
 “ That gaping lies on greasy stall,
 “ Till female with great belly call.

P. 501. l. 25.

— a solitary ape,

Led captive thus by th' Hollander, because

He came aloft for Spain, and would not for the States.]

These sort of tricks are still taught to horses, dogs, and monkeys, and are publickly exhibited. So in *Ram Alley*, vol. 5. p. 487, Will Small-shanks says to Captain Face :

“ ——— Now, fir,

“ What can you do for the great Turk ?

“ What can you do for the pope of Rome ?

“ Hark, he stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth
“ not ;

“ What can you do for the town of Geneva, firrah ?”

Again, *D'avenant's poem on the long vacation*, describing the diversions of Bartholomew Fair, he mentions the

“ Ape, led captive still in chaine,

“ Till he renounce the Pope and Spaine.”

Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*.

“ ——— nor a jugler with a well educated ape, to come
“ over the chain for a king of England, and back again
“ for the prince, and sit still — for the pope and the king
“ of Spain !”

VOLUME THE NINTH.

THE GAMESTER.

P. 61. l. 31.

— *'TIS extraordinary fine news, in black and white, from Terra incognita.*] In 1617 was published a pamphlet, which is probably here alluded to, called “ *Terra Australis Incognita*, or a new Southern Discovery ; containing a fifth part of the world, lately found out by Ferdinaand de Quir, a Spanish captain.”

MICROCOSMUS.

MICROCOSMUS.

P. 134. Add to note 8.

With what part of Sir Harrington's work Queen Elizabeth was so highly offended, it is difficult to determine. Delicacy was by no means her characteristic. She who could visit Essex, and condescend to "order his broths and things," would not, we may suppose, have been shock'd at the sportive mention of a convenience she was almost sure to have met with in the apartment of the diseas'd earl. As her majesty also would now and then enforce her resolutions with an oath, she could not with the best grace have pointed her censure at our author's more distant approaches to profaneness. Perhaps his disgrace is to be ascribed solely to his remark on the noxious effluvia within her royal palace at Greenwich. She might have wished her subjects to suppose her breath, like that of Shakspeare's Imogen, perfumed the place in which she slept: at least, the poet who had told her so, would not have been reprehended by her for the grossness of his adulation.

But though the humour of Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis* may still be thought insufficient to apologize for its frequent offence to delicacy, yet has he a right to lasting praise on account of one invention exhibited in his book; I mean his plan of a *water-closet*, which is form'd on the truest principles, and such as are followed without variation, by the most skilful of our modern architects. On this occasion his genius has pursued

Things unattempted then in prose or rhyme;

and he may therefore assert his claim to the fairest laurels the votaries of Cloacina can bestow. — The proprietor of the *patent water-closets* (so repeatedly advertised, with an invitation to the nobility and gentry to come and make trial of them) out of mere gratitude, ought to display the head of Sir John as a sign before his manufactory. S.

P. 312. Add to note 22.

Batchelors whifflers are not the children who *carry the flags*, but should properly be *young men* free of the company. They attend on the Lord Mayor's Day, and are supposed to be out of their apprenticeships the preceding year. They are not, as Mr. Warton says, "a light trivial character, a fellow hired to pipe at processions," but are considered, by the company they belong to, pretty nearly in the same point of view as a gentleman considers the upper servants he keeps *out of livery*. N.

It appears to me, that the term is now used so licentiously as not to have any particular appropriate meaning. In some companies, I am well informed, the children are named *The Whifflers*.

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

P. 402.

Habington's Topographical MSS. are now in the hands of Dr. Nash, and will be made use of in the composition of his History of Worcestershire. N.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

THE ANTIQUARY.

P. 1.

MR. Samuel Gale told Dr. Ducarrel, that this comedy was acted two nights in 1718, immediately after the revival of the Society of Antiquaries; and that therein had been introduced a ticket of a turnpike (then new) which was called a *Tessera*. N.

P. 25. Add to note 10.

The lines in the text, as well as those quoted in the notes, were all written subsequent to the publication of *The Complaint of Rosamond*, by Samuel Daniel, from whence the following stanza is extracted:

“ Ah

“ Ah beauty fyren, faire enchanting good,
 “ Sweet *filent rethorique of perswading eyes,*
 “ *Dombe eloquence,* whose power doth move the blood
 “ More than the words or wisedome of the wise ;
 “ Still harmonie, whose diapason lies
 “ Within a brow, the key which passions move
 “ To ravish fence, and play a world in love.”

P. 78. note 38.

Instead of “ *concert* for a banquet,” I suppose we should read *conceit*, unless *concert* means *contrivance*, the result of *concert* or union in many culinary judges. S.

THE GOBLINS.

P. 154. note 14.

— *one of fortune's fools.*] This is a plain allusion to the *fool* in the antient moralities. See note on *Measure for Measure*, last edit. vol. 2. p. 72. S.

P. 172. l. 6.

— *bold Beauchamp.*] The *three Bold Beauchamps* was an old Play. It is mentioned in the first act of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1613. M.

Ibid. l. 7.

England's Joy.] In *A cast over the water to William Fennor*, by John Taylor, fo. edit. p. 162. is the following proof of *England's Joy*, being a dramattick performance.

“ And poore old Vennor, that plaine dealing man,
 “ Who acted *England's Joy* first at the Swan,
 “ Paid eight crownes for the writings of these things,
 “ Besides the covers, and the silken strings.”

P. 173. end of note 20.

It is not easy to determine, from intrinsic evidence, what kind of verses might or might not have been written by Shakspeare during the minority of his genius ; yet I cannot think that his turn of poetry is discoverable in these, as it most certainly is in his *sonnets*, &c. On the faith of the letters W. S. only, I am unwilling to receive the pieces in this collection as his productions ; for other initials remain to tell us that we are unacquainted with the names

names of several of the lesser writers, who scribbled during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The author of a long, and by no means a bad poem, prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, is still undiscovered, though the letters J. M. S. are subjoined to it. It should be remember'd likewise, that Langbaine, Oldys, and more antiquaries, have often confessed their inability to point out the true appellations of those, whose initials only are to be found in the title-pages to several of our early dramatic pieces. There are also instances, in which we find those very initials inverted; so that W. S. might have been the signature of one whose christian and surname began with S. W. — To this may be added, that as Shakspeare's poems were collected; published, and republished so many times, even during his life, it is strange that these alone should have been so long resigned to obscurity, as if Nicholas Breton was the only confidant of their author. For the sake of our great dramattick writer, I wish these modest gentlemen, who have left us so much guess-work, had profited by Shallow's observation to Pistol——“ if you come with news, I “ take it there it but two ways; either to utter, or to “ conceal them.” S.

The assertion that there was no contemporary writer, whose name would agree with the initials W. S. except Shakspeare, I find to be not well founded. There were two poets whose names began with these letters, William Smith and W. Strachey, by one of whom the verses to Breton might have been written.

P. 212. Add to note 4.

Johannes Trithemius, abbe of the order of St. Benedict, and one of the most learned men of the 15th century, was born at Tritenheim, in the diocese of Treves, the 1st Feb. 1462. After having studied some time, he became a Benedictine friar, and abbot of Spanheim, in the diocese of Mayance, in 1483. He governed this abbey until the year 1506, when he quitted it for the abbey of St. James at Witsbourg. He was learned in all sciences, divine and human, and died the 13 Dec. 1516.

Thevet

Thevet calls him *a subtle philosopher, an ingenious mathematician, a famous poet, an accomplish'd historian, a very eloquent orator, and eminent divine*. Naudius says, that those who would make him a magician, ground their right on a little book of three or four sheets, printed in 1612, intitled, *Veterum Sophorum sigilla & imagines magicæ, sive sculptura lapidum aut gemmarum ex nomine Tetragrammaton cum signatura planetarum auctoribus Zoroastre, Salomone Raphaelæ, Chæle Hermete Thelete, ex Joan Kitbemii manuscripto crutæ*. 2dly, his speaking so pertinently of magick, and giving himself the title of magician in some of his epistles. 3dly, his writing the book of Steganography, a treatise stuffed with the names of Devils, and full of invocations, and as very pernicious condemned by Boville as worse than Agrippa. To these Naudius answers, that the pamphlet of making images and characters upon stones, under certain constellations, is a pure imposture and cheat of booksellers, it being printed above 120 years before by Camillus Lienard, as the 3 book of his *Mirroure of Precious Stones*, by Ludovicus Dulcis and Rodolphus Goeliquus, in his book *De Unguento Armario*. From a letter then to a Carmelite of Gaunt, *Arnoldus Bostius*, the suspicion of his being a magician must be collected, wherein he specified many miraculous and extraordinary effects performed in his treatise of Steganography. This, however, is defended by several writers, only as the means to decypher.

Naudius' History of Magick, translated by Davies, p. 237, &c.

P. 240. Note 49.

Perhaps the original reading is the true one, and the corruption lies in the former line. I would read,

It works upon that which is not as yet :
The little Æthiop infant *would have* been
Black in his cradle, had he not been first
White in the mother's strong imagination.

The compositor's eye might have caught *had not* from the following line ; a very common accident. Without this emendation, we have too much of *not* and *had not* in the course of three verses. S.

THE ORDINARY.

P. 250. Add to note 62.

Andrew Borde, in the book already quoted says, "The
 " Kynges of Englande doth halowe every yere *crampe*
 " *rynges*, the whyche rynges worne on ones fynger dothe
 " helpe them the whyche hath the *crampe*." Dr.
 Percy, in his notes on the Northumberland Household
 Book, speaking of these rings, observes. "that our an-
 " cient kings, even in those dark times of superstition,
 " do not seem to have affected to cure the King's Evil ;
 " at least in the MSS. above quoted, there is no mention
 " or hint of any power of that sort. This miraculous
 " gift was left to be claimed by the STUARTS : our an-
 " cient PLANTAGENETS were humbly content to cure
 " the *cramp*." I cite this passage merely to remark,
 that the learned editor of the above curious volume has
 been betrayed into a mistake by the manner in which
the cramp rings are mentioned in Mr. Anstis's MSS. The
 power of curing the King's Evil was certainly claimed by
 many of the PLANTAGENETS. The above Dr. Borde,
 who wrote in the time of Henry the Eighth says, "The
 " kynges of England, by the power that God hath given
 " to them, dothe make sicke men whole of a fycknes
 " called *the Kynges Ewyll*." In *Laneham's Account of the*
Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, it is said,—"and also
 " by her highness accustomed mercy and charitee, nyne
 " cured of the peynful and dangerous diseaz called *the*
 " *King's Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm,
 " without oother medfin (save only by handling and
 " prayer) only doo cure it." Polydore Virgil asserts the
 same, and William Tooker, in the reign of Queen Eli-
 zabeth, published a book on this subject. For the know-
 ledge of this last book, I am obliged to Dr. Douglas's
 excellent treatise already mentioned, called *The Criterion*,
 p. 191, &c.

P. 268. Add to note 70.

The book mentioned in this note was entitled, "Chry-
 " stall

“fall Glasse for Christian women; contayninge a discourse of the life and death of Mistres Katherine Stubs. Printed by Richard Jones, 4to. 1592.” It was written by her brother Philip Stubs, gent. the author of *The Anatomie of Abuses*. 4to. 1595; concerning whom, see Wood’s *Ath. Oxon.* vol. 1. p. 282.

P. 281. note 81.

Intermete can hardly signify *intermeddle*, which affords no very apparent meaning—The sense of the line may be best given in a paraphrase. Why *in the mean time* (*i. e.* in the *interim*) *mete*, (or measure) what thou hast to do. S.

P. 282. l. 13.

—*thylke art is now compleat.*] *i. e.* now complete. The passage requires this explanation, or poor Moth’s argument seems to want force; his present hopes being founded on a supposition, that all possible discoveries to be made by *beating*, have been *already* made.

P. 309. l. 15.

His visage foul, yfrounc’d with glowing eyn.] We should read,

His visage foul-yfrounc’d, with, &c.

As the passage stands at present it is unintelligible. To be “*yfrounc’d* with glowing eyn,” if *yfrounc’d* should mean *wrinkled*, is little better than unmeaning jargon. *Yfrounc’d*, however, does never signify *wrinkled*, but *decorated*, *adorn’d*. So in Milton’s *Penseroso*:

“Not trick’d and *frounc’d*, as she was wont

“With the Attic boy to hunt,

“But kerchief’d in a comely cloud —”

Foul-yfrounc’d is therefore grossly or ill-covered, *i. e.* in a slovenly manner. S.

THE JOVIAL CREW.

P. 408. Add to note 31.

The custom of knocking on the dresser was continued in Lord Fairfax’s family after the civil wars. Amongst that

that nobleman's orders for the servants of his household, is the following to the usher, "*Then must he warn to the dresser,*" *Gentlemen and yeomen to dresser.*

Northumberland Household Book, p. 423.

P. 413. note 33.

I believe that no wanton allusion was intended. This couplet does not necessarily join to the preceding song, and therefore might not be meant to rhyme. Had it been printed in the Roman type, as a speech, no one would have suspected obscenity to have been couched under it. The writers of this age were not very industrious either to exclude or palliate the grossness of their ideas; nor was this poet (the speaker) designed for a licentious character. S.

P. 420. l. 36.

" — *bold your own peace, or, as I am a justice of the king's, I will unsay what I said before, and set a currat lex at you, firrab, that shall course you up the heavy bill.*" } Justice Clack is here probably made to allude to the print placed before the play of *Ignoramus*, published 1631; in which the principal character, which gives name to the drama, is represented with a label issuing out of his mouth, on which is written the words *currat rex*.

THE OLD COUPLE.

P. 461. end of note 3.

I know not why we should suppose that Pope borrowed from Prior, or that either of them was indebted to Beaumont and Fletcher on this occasion. *Sit tibi terra levis!* is a wish expressed in many of the ancient Roman inscriptions. So in that on Pylades:

*Dicite qui legitis, solito de more, sepulto,
Pro meritis, Pylade, sit tibi terra levis!*

Again in the sepulchral dialogue, supposed to pass between Atimetus and Homonœa:

Sit tibi terra levis, mulier dignissima vita!

Again in Propertius, El. 17. lib. 1.

Et mihi non ullo pondere terra foret.

Again

Again in Ovid :

Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo!

Thus also, Juvenal, Sat. 7.

*Di majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,
Spirantefque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver!*

Again in Persius, Sat. 1.

— Non *levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?*

— nunc non e manibus illis,

Nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla

Nascentur violæ?

On the contrary—*Sit tibi terra gravis! Urgeat ossa lapis!* were usual maledictions; the ancients supposing that the soul remained for some time after death with the body, and was partner in its confinement. The latter of these wishes is ludicrously adopted by Dr. Evans, in his epitaph on Sir J. Vanbrugh:

Lie heavy on him earth! for he

Laid many a heavy weight on thee.

It may be observed, that such ideas, however poetical, have no great degree of propriety, when introduced into Christian elegies; as we have no belief, that the soul is in danger of being oppress'd by a monument, or stifled in a grave. S.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

ANDROMANA.

P. 6. l. 23.

'TIS *strange a man, &c.*]

These lines should be regulated thus:

“ 'Tis strange a man adorn'd with so much wisdom

“ Should on the sudden fall off from the care

“ Of his own fame. I am his friend, and so

“ I know are you, &c.” M.

P. 6.

P. 6 l. 40.

He's melancholy now, &c.] These lines should be regulated thus:

“ He's melancholy now, and hath thrown off
 “ The spirit which so well became him; and all
 “ That sweetness which bewitch'd men's hearts, is grown
 “ So rugged, so incompas'd to all commerce, &c.” M.

P. 18. l. 24.

And attempt a doubting father's crown.] Should we not read *doating*? M.

Ibid. l. 27.

It brings forth acts great as themselves and it;] Read,
 It brings forth acts great as themselves; and it, &c.
 M.

THE MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH.

P. 133. note 13. dele the reference to vol. 12.

The cittern began to be disused about the beginning of this century. In one of Dr. King's *Useful Transactions*, he speaks of the *Cassenets* used in dances, and says, “ They
 “ might keep time with the snap of a barber's fingers,
 “ though at present they, turning themselves to perri-
 “ wig-making, have forgot *their cittern* and their mu-
 “ sick.”—I had almost said to the shame of their profes-
 sion. *King's Works*, vol. II. p. 79. N.

GRIM THE COLLIER OF CROYDON.

P. 195. Add to note 8.

“ In the same yeare of our Lord 1532 there was an
 “ Idoll named *The Rood of Dowercourt*, whereunto was
 “ much and great resort of people. For at that time
 “ there was a great rumour blown abroad amongst the ig-
 “ norant sort, that the power of *the Idoll of Dowercourt*
 “ was so great that no man had power to shut the church
 “ doore where he stood, and therefore they let the church
 “ dore, both night and day continually stand open, for
 “ the more credit unto their blinde rumour.” *Fox's Mar-*
tyrs,

tyrs, vol. 2. p. 302. This is the account given by Fox of this celebrated image; who adds, that four men determining to destroy it, travelled ten miles from Dedham, where they resided, took away the Rood and burnt it, for which act three of them afterwards suffered death.

P. 239. Note 25, dele the whole reference.

Tricksey girl.] Pretty or clever. So in *Warner's Albion's England*, B 6. C 31. 1602.

There was a *tricksey* girl, I wot albeit clad in gray.

The word is also used by Shakspeare in *The Tempest*, A. 5. S. 1. See Mr. Steevens's note thereon.

P. 342. l. 2.

— *plays fast and loose.*] “Fast and loose,” says Sir John Hawkins (note to Antony and Cleopatra, A. 4. S. 10.) “is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edge-wise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. The trick is now known to the common people by the name of pricking at the belt or girdle.” The Gipsies, so early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were great adepts in these kind of practices. See *Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584. p. 336; where in the 29th chapter is described the manner of playing at *fast and loose* with handkerchiefs, &c.

THE PARSON'S WEDDING.

P. 389. Add to note 10.

To the instances already produced may be added the following, which will shew that the fashion mentioned in the text kept its ground a considerable length of time.

Epilogue to *The Wrangling Lovers*, 1677.

- “ How we rejoic’d to see ’em in our pit!
 “ What difference methoughts there was
 “ Betwixt a country gallant and a wit.
 “ When you did order perriwig with comb,
 “ They only us’d four fingers and a thumb.”

The Fortune Hunters, A. 1. S. 2. 1689.

- “ — he look’d indeed and sigh’d, and set his cravat-
 “ string, and sigh’d agen, and comb’d his perriwig: sigh’d
 “ a third time, and then took sauff, I guess to shew the
 “ whiteness of his hand.”

Prologue to *The Relapse*, 1697.

- “ How have I shook, and trembling stood with awe,
 “ When here behind the scenes, I’ve seen ’em draw
 “ — a comb; that dead-doing weapon to the heart,
 “ And turn each powder’d hair into a dart.”

P. 499. l. 38.

— *there’s an old shoe after you.*] To sling an old shoe after a person to produce good luck, is a custom still spoken of, and hardly yet disused. It is mentioned in many ancient writers; as in *The Wild Goose Chase*, A. 2. S. 1.

- “ ——— If ye see us close once,
 “ Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly,
 “ For I am then determin’d to do wonders.
 “ Farewell, and sling an old shoe.”

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

P. 49. l. 28.

CURSE of the inventor of that damn’d device,
 Of painting words, and speaking to our eyes!] Not having seen the Spanish play upon which the present is founded, I am unable to point out where Sir Samuel Tuke hath departed from his original, or where he hath adhered

adhered to it. If the above thought is not borrowed from the Spanish author, I suspect it was taken from the following lines of *Brebeuf*, a French poet, who died in the year 1661, aged 43 years.

- “ C'est de luy, que nos vient cet art ingenieux
 “ De peindre la parole, & de parler aux yeux,
 “ Et par des traits divers des figures tracées
 “ Donner la couleur & du corps aux pensées.”

Thus translated by Mrs. Monk :

- “ The noble art from Cadmus took its rise
 “ Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes :
 “ He first in wondrous magick fetters bound
 “ The airy voice, and stopt the flying sound :
 “ The various figures by his pencil wrought,
 “ Gave colour, and a body to the thought.”

Marinda, 8vo, 1716. p. 41.

HISTORIA HISTRIONICA.

P. 342. Add to note 1.

Among Dr. Birch's MSS. in The British Museum, N^o 15, are the following extracts, formerly taken from Mr. Allyn's lost book of accounts.

What the Bear Garden cost me for my owne part.

First to Mr. Barnabye	—	—	200
Then for the patten	—	—	250
			<hr/>
Sum is	—	—	450
			<hr/>

I held it 16 year, and paid £. 60 *per Ann.* which is 960.

Sold it to my father Hinchloe, in Februarie 1610, for 580.

What the Fortune cost me, Nov^r 1599.

First for the Leas to Brest [Crest]	—	—	240
Then for building the play hous	—	—	520
For other privat buildings of myn owne	—	—	120
So that it hath cost me for the lease	—	—	880
			<hr/>
F f 2			On

436 ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOL. XII.

On 3 Oct. 1617, he says, he went to the Red Bull, and received for the Younger Brother but £. 3. 6. 4-

P. 343.

Signior Fideli.] He is mentioned in the epilogue to *Love and a Bottle*, 1609, and a note says, his performance was paid for after the rate of £. 20 a time.

- “ An Italian now we’ve got of mighty fame,
- “ Don Sigismondo Fideli—There’s musick in his name ;
- “ His voice is like the musick of the spheres,
- “ It shoud be heavenly for the price it bears.”

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