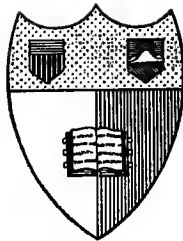


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# Double Falsehood

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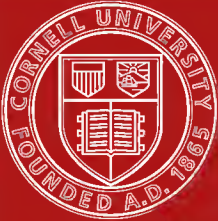
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WESTERN RESERVE STUDIES, VOL. I, NO. 6

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Double Falsehood

A New Edition by

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CLEVELAND, O.

A 489324

## PREFACE

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Among the plays attributed to Shakespeare on unsubstantial grounds, *Double Falsehood* has peculiar claims to interest. Altho it has received less attention in the past than many dramas much less worthy, the *Fair Em*, the *Birth of Merlin*, and the *Puritan*, for example, several well known scholars are now regarding it with great favor. Because the problems connected with this play are, and may be for a long time to come, unsettled ones, I have reproduced the dedication, preface, and text of the first edition, as faithfully as possible. Reissued thus, in very nearly the form of its original printing, it should be convenient for the work of seminar students and the reading of lovers of the Elizabethan drama.

I must acknowledge my profound obligation to Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, who in a letter of 1916 first suggested to me the task of editing *Double Falsehood* in a new edition, and has since given me counsel and help. Professor A. H. Thorndike gave me assistance in my first study of the subject. And I make with pleasure acknowledgments also to Professors W. H. Hulme, R. F. Jones, R. S. Forsythe, and Mr. Mark Van Doren, for various services in connection with this work.

WALTER GRAHAM.

1920.

# INTRODUCTION

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## I. THE PLAY

*Double Falsehood* has occupied an important, tho not always well recognized, place in Shakespeare controversy, since the day in 1727 when Lewis Theobald announced his possession of an unpublished play by the great dramatist. Theobald himself "revised and adapted" it for the stage; and the piece was brought out at Drury Lane on the 13th of December, after the curiosity of the public had been excited by rather unusual methods of advertising—preliminary newspaper notices directing attention to the question of its alleged authorship, and calling upon the people to render a decision. The acted play met with distinct success. One writer in the *Weekly Journal or British Gazetteer* said, "By the unanimous applause with which this play was received by considerable audiences for ten nights, the true friends of the drama had the satisfaction of seeing that author (i. e., Shakespeare) restored to his rightful possession of the stage."<sup>1</sup> Ten nights was a good run in those days. *Double Falsehood* seems to have been performed at least twice more during that season.<sup>2</sup> A revival took place at Covent Garden, April 24, 1776, as a benefit for Gibson. The piece was played at Hull's benefit on May 6 of the same year.<sup>3</sup> And before the end of the century, at least three other benefit performances in which the play was used are recorded. As a reading play it also met with favor. In 1728 two editions were printed in London and one in Dublin. Later editions are those of 1740 (no copy of which has come to my notice in the British Museum or in this country) and 1767. The libraries of America today report less than a dozen copies of the old editions—a fact which justifies the printing of a new edition based on that of 1728. A final detail of interest is the royal license, issued in 1727, which gave Theobald the sole right of printing and publishing the piece for a term of fourteen years (see p. 2). For the sum of

<sup>1</sup>No. 142, Feb. 10, 1728. For the success of *Double Falsehood* on the stage, see also *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1824, p. 223, and Genest's *Some Account of the English Stage*, Bath, 1832, III, pp. 203-4.

<sup>2</sup>*Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. II, 173.

<sup>3</sup>Genest, V, 136. Cf. VI, 210; VII, 117; and VII, 34.

one hundred guineas, however, Theobald sold his right in July of the next year.<sup>4</sup>

## II. SOURCES OF *DOUBLE FALSEHOOD*

Much of the renewed interest in *Double Falsehood* is the result of attempts which have been made to connect it with *History of Cardenio*, a non-extant play, which appears to have been acted by Shakespeare's company in 1613, and was credited in the *Stationer's Register* to "Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare." The question whether *Double Falsehood* and the *History of Cardenio* are identical is, indeed, the crux of the whole problem, as it stands today. But before we approach the discussion from this angle, it is necessary to consider the sources from which the author or authors derived the plot.

Altho it has been generally taken for granted that the main source of *Double Falsehood* was—as Theobald asserted—the story of Cardenio related in *Don Quixote* (Part I, Chapters xxiv, xxvii, xxviii, xxix, xxxvi, of which it is a close dramatization), yet Professor Rudolph Schevill in 1911 attempted to show conclusively that it was not taken from Cervantes's novel at all, but from *Adventures on the Black Mountains*, a version of the Cardenio story, published in a collection of "novels" by Samuel Croxall in 1729.<sup>5</sup> Unless it can be shown definitely that *Double Falsehood* is based upon Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote* or some other early version of the famous work of Cervantes, there can be little reasonable probability of Elizabethan authorship. Upon this matter, I shall take the liberty to review my own recent paper in *Modern Philology*.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup>See E. Hood, *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mar. 1824, Vol. XCIV, p. 223.

There are no variant readings among the three copies of the first edition, but in the "Preface of the Editor" in the second edition, the following paragraph was inserted (as also without further change, in the third edition):

"I had once designed a Dissertation to prove this Play to be Shakespeare's writing, from some of its remarkable Peculiarities in the Language, and Nature of the Thoughts; but as I could not be sure but that the Play might be attacked, I found it advisable, upon second consideration, to reserve that part of my Defense. That Danger, I think, is now over; so I must look out for a better Occasion. I am honored with so many powerful solicitations, pressing unto the prosecution of an Attempt, which I have begun with some little success, of restoring Shakespeare from the numerous Corruptions of his Text: that I can neither in Gratitude, nor good Manners, longer resist them. I therefore think it not amiss here to promise, that, tho' private Property should so far stand in my way, as to prevent me from putting out an Edition of Shakespeare, yet, some way or other, if I live, the Publick shall receive from my Hand his whole works corrected, with my best Care and Ability. This may furnish an Occasion for speaking more at large concerning the present Play; For which Reason I shall now drop it for another Subject."

<sup>5</sup>*Modern Philology*, IX, 285 ff. "Select Collection of Novels and Histories in Six Volumes. \* \* \* All New Translated from the Originals, by several eminent Hands, Second Edition. Lon., 1729," Vol. I, 313-338.

<sup>6</sup>Vol. XIV, Sept. 1916, pp. 79-81.



In the course of his argument, Professor Schevill showed that the novel and play parallel each other in the order of events much more closely than either does the original story in Shelton, that the novel contains details of the story common to itself and *Don Quixote* which are not found in the play, and that there seem to be no details common to the original and *Double Falsehood* which are not in *Adventures* also. From these evidences he concluded that the novel and not Shelton's translation was the source of the play. The apparent chronological difficulty, he overcame by reasoning that since both play and novel were printed by John Watts, Theobald probably saw the manuscript of the latter early enough to base the play upon it. In summary, Professor Schevill said.

Either the play is neither by Fletcher nor Shakespeare, or the play is not taken from *The Adventures on the Black Mountains*. But I have shown that there is a definite relation between the novel and the play, namely, that the latter is based upon the former, and thus belongs to the eighteenth century. . . . If it can be asserted that *Double Falsehood* is a slavish dramatization of the novel, it has become unnecessary to insist that there is not the remotest possibility that Theobald had a lost *History of Cardenio* either by Shakespeare or Fletcher as basis for his play, *Double Falsehood*.

Before making any further attempts to connect *Double Falsehood* with the lost *Cardenio*, it becomes necessary to show that the former does *not* depend on *Adventures on the Black Mountains*; for Schevill's case, if sound, seems to preclude any possibility of Elizabethan authorship. As he pointed out, there are some passages common to the novel and *Don Quixote* which are not found in the play. This is evidence beyond doubt that the "translator" of Croxall's version went to Shelton for his main story. But he has overlooked some verbal and phrasal parallels between Shelton and *Double Falsehood* which indicate the author or authors of the play also went directly to this early translation of Cervantes. For the excerpts given below, notice that the novel has either no parallel passage or one which does not follow Shelton as closely as that from the play.

1. Shelton, IV, i, 2.

"How much more grateful companions will these craggés and thickets prove to my designs, by affording me leisure to communicate my mishaps to heaven with plaints; then that if any mortale man living since there is none upon earth from whom I may expect counsell in doubts, ease in complaints or in harmes remedie."

*Double Falsehood*, IV, ii.

"How much more grateful are these craggy Mountains,  
 And these wild Trees, than things of nobler Natures,  
 For these receive my plaints and mourn again  
 In many Echoes to me. All good People  
 Are fain asleep forever. None are I fit,  
 That have the sense, and Touch of Tenderness  
 For Virtue's sake: No, scarce their Memory:  
 From whom I may expect Counsel in Fears,  
 Ease to Complaining, or Redress of Wrongs."

*Adventures* contains nothing at all.

## 2. Shelton, IV, i, 3.

*Double Falsehood*, IV, ii.

"This bodie, since it is not Lucinda, can be no human creature, but  
 a divine."

*Double Falsehood*, IV, ii.

"Since she is not Leonora, she is heavenly."

*Adventures* contains nothing of this.

## 3. Shelton, IV, i, 5 and 11.

"Lady, whatsoever you be, stay and fear nothing \* \* \*"  
 "\* \* \* is it possible that you are named Dorothea?"

*Double Falsehood*, IV, ii.

"Stay, Lady, stay: can it be possible  
 That you are Violante?"

*Adventures*, p. 334.

The story teller whom he now recollected to be Dorothea \* \* \*

## 4. Shelton, III, xi, 267.

(Messenger to Cardenio) \* \* \* "For, Sir, I know you very  
 well."

*Double Falsehood*, II, iv.

Leon. "Know you Julio, Sir?"

Mess. "Yes, very well; and love him, too, as well."

Nothing in *Adventures*.

## 5. Shelton, III, xi, 269.

"I carry about with me a poniard secretly, which may hinder more  
 resolute forces by giving an end to my life."

*Double Falsehood*, III, ii.

Stage direction, *Shows a dagger*. Leonora then threatens to  
 kill herself if Julio does not hide while the wedding takes place.

*Adventures* contains no mention of dagger until the episode of  
 Leonora's fainting later, details of which are common to all three.

6. The song of Cardenio (Shelton, III, 250) may have suggested a similar lament sung by Violante in *Double Falsehood*. There is no song in the novel.

7. Shelton, IV, i, 1.

"I esteem it better to find Don Fernando unmarried than married, presuming that yet the gates of my remedy were not wholly shut \* \* \* heaven had peradventure set that impediment on the second marriage, to make him understand what he ought to the first:"

*Double Falsehood*, III, iii.

"Yet there remains a little Spark of Hope  
That lights me to some Comfort. The Match is crossed;  
The Parties separate: and I again  
May come to see this Man that has betrayed me;  
And wound his Conscience for it;"

This motive for her following him is not given in *Adventures*. She leaves home "to be lost to her friends."

It must be clear from a comparison of these passages that the original author or authors of *Double Falsehood* not only followed Shelton's translation but followed it closely in some details of the story. Some of the excerpts of the play, notably the first three listed, are little more than paraphrases of the original. We must conclude, then, that both the translator of *Adventures* and the authors of *Double Falsehood* went to Shelton for the story of Cardenio.

Verbal and phrasal parallels, such as those listed above from *Don Quixote* and *Double Falsehood*, are common between plays and their sources in Elizabethan times. Similar parallels may be seen in *Two Noble Kinsmen* and the *Knights Tale*, in *Henry VIII* and Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in *Love's Pilgrimage* and *The Two Damsels* and in *The Chances* and *The Lady Cornelia*. The bear's trick (invading the convent by means of a fake funeral procession, and abducting Leonora) probably needs no other sources than the suggestions furnished by two incidents in other parts of *Don Quixote*, one in book II, chap. v, and another near the end of the first part.

But how are we going to account for the obvious parity of the two in details not found in Shelton?

The first edition of Croxall's novels and histories (1720) was so well received by the public that a second was brought out in 1729 with ten additional selections, one of which was *Adventures on the Black Mountains*. Of the new tales, this was the only one from Cervantes or a Spanish source, although the first edition probably contained a good number. The three volumes I have seen of the six-volume set contain four, all derived from the *Novelas Exemplares*.<sup>7</sup> These stories from the *novelas* actually are what

<sup>7</sup>*The Jealous Estremaduran*, vol. i, 243 ff; *The Little Gipsy*, v, 1; *The Spanish Lady of England*, vi, 189; *The Lady Cornelia*, vi, 239.

Croxall professes the entire collection to be—mere translations. The story of Cardenio in *Adventures*, on the contrary, is considerably changed from the original in Shelton. It is shortened to two-thirds, the order of events is changed, and some details are added, as Schevill himself shows. This is hardly "New Translated from the Original." Such a change in the original Cardenio story would be made rather for a dramatic purpose than any other.

In view of the similarity in general outlines of *Adventures* and the play, it seems plausible that while Croxall was planning his second edition he perceived the popularity of *Double Falsehood* as an acted play, recognized its source in Cervantes, and determined to take advantage of the public interest in the story by including it in his new work. Consequently, he (or the "translator," whoever he was) furbished up Shelton, as Schevill says, but did so under the conscious or unconscious influence of the play with which he was familiar. The result of this process, Croxall calls on the title page of the story, "A Tale upon which the Plan of a Posthumous Play, called *Double Falsehood*, was written originally by W. Shakespeare." Schevill quotes the statement in the preface, which is, "This is the novel from which the *Plan of a Posthumous Play*, written originally by Shakespeare, called *Double Falsehood*, was taken," and assumes that the novel referred to is the *Adventures*. Is it not more likely that by "novel" or "tale" Croxall merely referred to the story of Cardenio in *Don Quixote*, of which his version purported to be a translation? I find no allusion to any intimacy between Theobald and Croxall such as we should expect if the former was in the habit of looking over the other's manuscripts more than a year before their publication.

There can be little doubt, then, about the immediate source of *Double Falsehood*. But whether it was written, in its original form, soon after the publication of Shelton's translation (1612), as must have been the case with the *History of Cardenio*, or was composed at a much later period, is harder to determine.

### III. COULD THEOBALD HAVE WRITTEN IT HIMSELF?

Settling thus the matter of the source beyond a reasonable doubt gives a fresh interest to the claims of Theobald, who in his answer to objectors (See Preface of the Editor) showed not only

that he believed the play derived directly from Cervantes, but also that he knew nothing of the previous existence of a play on the Cardenio theme, attributed to Shakespeare.

Theobald asserted that he had in his possession three manuscript copies of the play. We may infer that all were more or less defective in sense, so that some revision and addition was necessary. They were probably acting versions. One copy, said to be over sixty years old, was in the handwriting of Mr. Downes, the prompter. It had been previously "in the possession of the celebrated Mr. Betterton, and by him designed to have been ushered into the world." Another was obtained from a "noble person," who acquainted Theobald with a tradition that it had been written in the time of Shakespeare's retirement from the stage and given by him to a natural daughter. The third was purchased "at a good rate." These statements regarding the manuscripts leave much to be desired. Yet it is quite possible, if Theobald had such manuscripts in his hands, that he could give little account of their history. None of his critics seems to have been refuted by sight of the manuscripts; but there seems to be no evidence that any of them demanded an inspection.

Nevertheless, from the first, Theobald's integrity was questioned. Some in his own time, more because of personal animosity than any exercise of critical judgment, accused him of forging the play. The insinuation became so common that Theobald felt himself under necessity of repelling the charge (in spite of his statement in the addition to the Preface noted above). He did so in the dedication to George Dodington, where he referred to the doubt expressed by many that a manuscript of one of Shakespeare's plays could have remained so long unknown and unnoticed, and to the further intimation that he had more than an editor's interest in it. Yet the play, he added, had been received with general applause. These doubters, therefore, while admitting that they were pleased, and yet implying that they were imposed upon, were paying him a greater compliment than they designed or he deserved.

In spite of his denial, however, the belief that *Double Falsehood* was a forgery from Theobald's own pen continued to exist in the minds of many. Both at the time of publication and later, direct charges were made to that effect. Adherents of Pope were especially out-spoken in their skepticism; and the less they knew about

it the more positive they were on the point. A fragment of poetry quoted by Lounsbury illustrates the vigor of assaults not infrequently made. The lines were written by "a young gentleman of Cambridge."

"See Theobald leaves the lawyer's gainful train,  
To wrack with poetry his tortured brain;  
Fired or not fired, to write resolves with rage,  
And constant pores o'er S'akespeare's sacred page;  
—Then starting cries, I something will be thought,  
I'll write—then—boldly swear 'twas Shakespeare wrote.  
Strange! he in poetry no forgery fears,  
That knows so well in law he'd lose his ears."<sup>8</sup>

Pope, in a note in the *Dunciad*, ridiculed Theobald's reasons for ascribing the play to Shakespeare, and recorded his belief that the Editor himself was the author. Yet ten years later, in a letter to Aaron Hill, he declared he never supposed the play to be Theobald's, but took it to be of the age of Shakespeare.<sup>9</sup>

It was only natural that the claims of Theobald were doubted by many of his contemporaries. Literary forgeries were not uncommon in that period. Theobald was not tactful in claiming as his own the passage—

—Strike up, my Masters;  
But touch the Strings with a religious Softness:  
Teach sound to languish on thro' the Night's dull Ear,  
Till Melancholy start from her lazy Couch,  
And Carelessness grow Convert to Attention."

This can hardly be said to damn him, altho critics had picked out this passage as the best in the play. Other eighteenth century redactors took pride in their revisions and additions. Again, it was unfortunate that another play, *The Perfidious Brother*, produced as his work in 1715, had been claimed by an man named Meystayer, with the result that Theobald had been accused of literary theft. Apparently it was unactable as originally written, and Theobald, in "revising and adapting" it for Meystayer, had so changed the text that he felt justified in considering it his own work.<sup>10</sup> As E. H. C. Oliphant has noted, claiming another's work is hardly the same as giving another credit for work that is one's own.<sup>11</sup> Theobald seems to have easily cleared himself of Mey-

<sup>8</sup>See *Text of Shakespeare*, N. Y., 1906, p. 148. Lines quoted from *Grub-Street Journal*, No. 98, Nov. 18, 1731.

<sup>9</sup>*Works*, Edition of Elwin and Courthope, X, p. 53.

<sup>10</sup>Jones, *Lewis Theobald*, N. Y., 1919, p. 21.

<sup>11</sup>*Notes and Queries*, 12th Series, No. 89, Feb. 1919, p. 30.

stayer's accusation, even his confessed enemies making little of it. There is no doubt, however, that these two matters weighed against Theobald's word when he produced an alleged Shakespeare manuscript.

But with the passage of time and the working over of the problem by various scholars, in the light of new facts, the tendency to regard *Double Falsehood* as Theobald's own has gradually died. To the objection that Theobald would not be likely to have in his possession three manuscripts of the play, Oliphant has answered well.<sup>12</sup> Theobald, if preparing to revise the play and fit for the stage, would probably try to secure all the copies of the manuscript he could, since the value of his copyright would be seriously impaired if some one else published the play as it stood in the original. The disappearance of the manuscripts has caused much skepticism, but as an argument may be over-estimated. Plenty of other cases are on record of old plays thus disappearing. Manuscripts were not valued then as they are today. One possible explanation, which has been brought forward, is that of the sale shortly after his death,<sup>13</sup> of Theobald's library, containing a number of old plays. The sale took place in 1744. In or about 1750 Warburton's infamous cook destroyed in a memorable holocaust a number of plays by Shakespeare. Fleay seems inclined to identify one of the burned plays with the *History of Cardenio*, with no thought of *Double Falsehood*. It is not impossible that Warburton had come into possession of one or more of Theobald's manuscript copies. Again, the omission of *Double Falsehood* from his edition of Shakespeare's works subsequently issued, should be no great cause for disbelief in Theobald's honesty. To have included the play would presumably have interfered with Theobald's copyright of it, or at least with the profits of the owner of this copyright, which still had eight years to run. Under these circumstances, Theobald, or those holding the copyright, would not wish to have it disturbed. It is surely worthy of note that Theobald makes a deliberate reference to *Double Falsehood* in the notes. Most modern scholars who have investigated the matter see no real reason for attributing the authorship of the piece to Theobald, altho on his own testimony it is known that he made revisions and additions. Indeed, many of Theobald's

<sup>12</sup>Notes and Queries, Feb. 1919, p. 31.

<sup>13</sup>Variorum Shakespeare, I, 178.

claims and assertions could easily have been disposed of at the time, if he had not been acting in good faith.

Finally, the stock objection that *Double Falsehood* cannot be an Elizabethan play because it is so short, seems to be answered by comparing it with Theobald's versions of *Richard II.* (1720) and the *Duchess of Malfi* (1736). The former was by his revision reduced from 2500 lines to 1575, while the number of blank verse lines in the latter was diminished from approximately 2000 to 1590. *Double Falsehood* has 1447 lines. Theobald apparently regarded a play of about 1500 lines the right length for the stage of his day. Thus, in revising for the stage, he would undoubtedly have cut down any Elizabethan manuscript in his possession to about the number of lines found in *Double Falsehood*.

In this connection, it occurred to me a few years ago to try simple verse tests on *Double Falsehood* and Theobald's acknowledged work.<sup>14</sup> The results seem to show, as decisively as such internal evidences can, that the critic could not have written the play himself without departing considerably from his accustomed manner. I applied the tests for feminine endings, run-on lines, and weak and light endings—all of which proved of value in determining Elizabethan authorship—as well as an additional test, with results which appear at least significant. For this purpose, *The Persian Princess*, *Electra* (a translation), and *Orestes* were most available, works perhaps as representative as any of Theobald's style in blank verse. The first two were written some time before the publication of *Double Falsehood*, the last, two or three years after. Yet note that the three conform to one another more closely in the peculiarities of style I have tabulated than any one of them does to *Double Falsehood*.

	lines	f. e.	r. o. l.	w. & l. ends	fem. caes. line pause
<i>P. Princess</i> (1711)	1278	20.5	15.	.08(10)	12.
<i>Electra</i> (1714)	1376	16.	9.	.06(8)	11.
<i>Double Falsehood</i> (1728)	1447	38.1	18.3	.15(22)	19.6
<i>Orestes</i> (1731)	1606	22.6	10.	.025(4)	8. 15

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford has pointed out the frequency in *Double Falsehood* of feminine endings composed of two mono-

<sup>14</sup>*Modern Philology*, XIV, No. 5, Sept. 1916, 82 ff.

<sup>15</sup>I adopted the definitions of the run-on line and the weak and light endings which are found in the report of the St. Petersburg Shakespeare Circle (*Englische Studien*, III, 473 ff.). Only the blank verse was considered, and full lines were counted in every case.

*The Perfidious Brother* (1715) was not examined because of the uncertainty as to its authorship.



syllabic words—a very remarkable characteristic of Fletcher's style. There are in all 137 such endings in *Double Falsehood*, whereas *Electra* and *Orestes* have 20 and 27 respectively. In the first, 30 different words are given the final unemphatic position, while in *Electra* only 6 and in *Orestes* 7 are thus used. Theobald's range is apparently limited to *it, me, them, him, you, and us*, only three other words being found in the two plays. In *Double Falsehood*, not only is there a suggestive variety, but *Sir* and *not* are found 11 and 10 times used in this way. Now Fletcher was noticeably fond of these words as endings, and his use of them is exemplified in *The Chances*, written about 1615, where *Sir* is found 22 times and *not* 11 times. In this play, Fletcher uses 39 different final words, with a total of 234 cases. Since a discussion of Fletcherian authorship belongs to another part of this Introduction, let it suffice here to note that all our figures seem to refute the accusation that Theobald forged the play himself.

Whatever the sources of the manuscripts he possessed, Theobald stoutly asserted his belief that Shakespeare was the original author. Theobald's contemporaries and later scholars, however, whether they considered Theobald honest or not, were not so confident regarding the origin of the play. The fact that *Double Falsehood* was ascribed to Shakespeare in the manuscript had little weight. In that peculiarity it had many companions. Some of Theobald's contemporaries assigned it to Fletcher, as the critic himself notes in his Preface. Farmer reached very positive conclusions on this point. He declared it could not be by Shakespeare, because *aspect* was accented on the first syllable instead of the final one. Farmer attributed the play to Shirley, doing so partly because of Langbaine's statement regarding the plays Shirley left in manuscript. Dyce agreed with Farmer, and said he would have included the play in Gifford's and his edition of Shirley, had he possessed one of the manuscripts.<sup>18</sup> Internal evidence—we are told—convinced Malone it was the work of Massinger. Gifford, who had a high opinion of the play, denied Theobald's authorship on that ground alone. He connected it with Elizabethan drama, because of the use of *comparison* for *caparison*. O. G. Gilchrist, reviewing the *Biographia Dramatica* in the *Quarterly Review*, was of the opinion that *Double Falsehood* was Shirley's, as Farmer conjectured. Gilchrist remarks, "And the internal evidence of that

<sup>18</sup>*Works of Shirley*, Lon. 1833, vol. I, p. lix.

play strongly confirms his decision."<sup>17</sup> Baker said he believed few gave credit to Theobald's assertion, altho the play met with considerable success, and was the last in which Booth ever appeared.<sup>18</sup> Ward, in his *English Dramatic Literature* in 1899, merely gave his belief that the attribution of the play to Shakespeare had been generally rejected.<sup>19</sup> Theobald is discredited by Halliwell-Phillips, but merely because the history of the manuscript as given by the editor was not satisfactory.<sup>20</sup> Churton Collins thought *Double Falsehood* might be founded on some old play, but is for the most part from Theobald's own pen.<sup>21</sup> Jaggard considers Reed's conjecture the "shrewdest"—that Theobald was the author. But he seems to believe that the play was actually based on Croxall's version of the Cardenio story.<sup>22</sup> D. Nichol Smith, in order to illustrate how a very little matter reveals a forgery, cites two cases of the wrong pronunciation of *aspect* (as if Theobald, among other emendations, would not certainly have changed any words having an accent not current in 1727), but says, "After all, *Double Falsehood* is superior to Theobald."<sup>23</sup> He assigns it unreservedly to Shirley.

Sir Sidney Lee sees nothing in the play to suggest Shakespeare's pen, but advances a theory, *i.e.*, Theobald "took advantage of a tradition that Shakespeare and Fletcher had combined to dramatize the Cervantic theme." Schelling agrees with Lee. But there is no proof of such a tradition as Lee refers to. In fact, there is the strongest reason for saying that Theobald had never heard the slightest hint of collaboration between these two Elizabethans. If he had not been ignorant of the fact that the names of Shakespeare and Fletcher had ever been connected with a play on the subject, would he not have used it to reinforce his case? The enemies of Theobald—also ignorant of the tradition—regarded the coloring, diction, and characters as nearer to the style and manner of Fletcher. This view Theobald denied. He would certainly have welcomed it heartily if he had known of any Shakespeare and Fletcher collaboration.

At one time in his life Oliphant made the statement that nothing in the play could have been written by Shakespeare or Fletcher

<sup>17</sup>*Quarterly Review*, VII, 290. Authorship obtained from Murray's Register.

<sup>18</sup>*Biographia Dramatica*, Lon. 1728, II, 92.

<sup>19</sup>Lon. 1899, II, 212.

<sup>20</sup>*Outlines*, Lon. 1882, 194.

<sup>21</sup>*Essays and Studies*, Lon. 1895, p. 312.

<sup>22</sup>*Shakespeare Bibliography*, p. 304.

<sup>23</sup>*Eighteenth Century Essays*, 179-181.

either. Last year he confessed his early reading to have been hasty and superficial. He convinced himself, on closer examination, that Fletcher's hand is apparent in many lines, and that others are at least suggestive of Shakespeare. Oliphant's complete conversion leads one to note the weakness of most of the critical comments I have quoted. With two or three exceptions, the scholars cited made no careful study of *Double Falsehood* before passing judgment on it.

## V. THE HISTORY OF CARDENIO

The important bearing of the *History of Cardenio* on the problem of the authorship of *Double Falsehood* is now evident, and it will be to our advantage to review what is known concerning this non-extant play. In 1653 there was entered on the *Stationer's Register* for Humphrey Moseley a play described as "The History of Cardenio by Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare." We learn from the accounts of Lord Stanhope of Harrington that forty years before this, on May 20, 1613—*shortly after the publication of Shelton's translation of Don Quixote*—John Heminge was paid on behalf of the King's men, for presenting at Court six several plays, among which was one called *Cardenno* or *Cardano*.<sup>24</sup> On June 8 Heminge again presented this play, which the later entry called *Cardema* and *Cardenna*. Undoubtedly, this was a play on the Cardenio story, the very story which forms the plot of *Double Falsehood*. Like many another early drama, it dropped out of sight after these performances, and the next we hear of the name is the entry of Moseley in 1653.

Of course it may be objected here that the attribution of a play to Shakespeare and Fletcher after forty years is not of much value, especially when made by a man who assigned several other very doubtful plays to Shakespeare, and who was in the habit of securing the registration of two separate plays as one by entering one of them under both titles, the two titles being given as alternatives. Nevertheless, as Oliphant points out, here are some very good reasons for thinking Moseley's entry in 1653 genuine. He never, so far as is known, deliberately ascribed a play to an author who had no hand in it. The names of Shakespeare and Fletcher were probably on the manuscripts he possessed. Besides, we now know

<sup>24</sup>For full text of the Lord Stanhope item, see W. E. Henley's introduction to the Tudor Edition of *Don Quixote*, xlvii. (Lon. 1896.)

that a play on this subject was presented by the company with which Shakespeare and Fletcher were most prominently connected—the only company, so far as we know, that Shakespeare was ever connected with. And, moreover, this play was produced on the stage at a time when these two dramatists were collaborating on the *Two Noble Kinsmen* (1613) and *Henry VIII* (1613). The fact that Moseley did not include the play in the Beaumont and Fletcher folio of 1647 probably indicates that he had not secured it then (since he did not register it until six years later); and the folio of 1679—again we are indebted to Oliphant—alho it contained an additional eighteen plays, including one for which neither author was in any way responsible, does not contain one which had not already appeared in print. Similar facts explain its absence from the Shakespeare folios. It was too late for inclusion in the first two. From the folio of 1664, its omission seems unimportant when we consider that the seven additional plays included therein (most of them now rejected by critics) had all of them been published earlier in quarto. The publishers may have been ignorant of the existence of Moseley's manuscripts.

Supposing Moseley's entry to be genuine, then the new aspect of the problem is obvious. Since Shakespeare and Fletcher are known to have been collaborating about 1613 or shortly before, and since a play based on the tale in *Don Quixote* was evidently on the stage at that time and seems to have been later registered as by "Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare," may it not be possible to connect *Double Falsehood* with the early drama (which must have had a similar plot), and prove Theobald's assertion of Shakespearean authorship, in part at least, true?

## VI. MR. BRADFORD'S THEORY

Such was the question raised by Gamaliel Bradford in an admirable article in *Modern Language Notes* in 1910, in which he reviewed the whole controversy over the authorship of *Double Falsehood*.<sup>25</sup> He quoted Theobald's Preface of the Editor:—

Others again, to depreciate the *Affair*, as they thought, have been pleased to urge, that tho' the Play may have some Resemblance of *Shakespeare*, yet the *Colouring*, *Diction*, and *Characters*, come nearer to the Style and Manner of Fletcher. This, I think, is far from

<sup>25</sup>Vol. XXV, No. 2, pp. 51-56.

deserving any Answer; I submit it to the Determination of better Judges: tho' my Partiality for *Shakespeare* makes me wish, that Everything which is good, or pleasing, in our Tongue, had been owing to his Pen.—<sup>26</sup>

and then went on to point out convincing indications of Fletcher's handiwork. But Bradford did not stop there. He demonstrated in a manner so convincing as to make other scholars agree with him, that the lines of *Double Falsehood* reveal evidences of the work of two hands, one undeniably like Fletcher's, the other with a "firm, vivid, masculine, high-wrought, imaginative touch." The parts he assigns to Fletcher are II, iii; IV (except about fifty lines near the beginning; and V (except a small portion which he does not define). In an examination quite independent of Bradford's, Oliphant made the same division of the play. The hand which wrote the remainder of *Double Falsehood*, Bradford declares, is either that of an Elizabethan, or a very clever imitator. But what Elizabethan's? Dulled and obscured by the revisions of Theobald, may it not be the hand of Shakespeare?

Only a faint idea can be given here of the weight of Mr. Bradford's carefully prepared case, but I shall attempt to summarize it by reviewing his main points.

(1) He points out that act V is largely varied from the Cardenio story, and is developed in a series of climaxes, exactly such as were dear to Fletcher's heart. This is most notable when taken in connection with what is generally known regarding the dénouements of Beaumont and Fletcher's romances.

(2) Betrayal of friendship forms the subject of *Double Falsehood*, as of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and the madness of the jailor's daughter in that play has a counterpart in the madness of Julio.<sup>27</sup>

(3) Of course the girl dressed in boy's clothes is too common in Elizabethan drama to be of importance; but it is significant that the old fathers, Camillo and Don Bernard, are not even hinted at in the original story, and they are exactly the types of garrulous,

<sup>26</sup>R. F. Jones believes Theobald himself saw signs of Fletcher in the play, since he changed the phrase "in our Tongue" to read "in that other Great Poet," in the second edition (*Lewis Theobald*, N. Y. 1919, p. 103.)

<sup>27</sup>A study of Fletcher's sources has an important bearing on this point. Ten of the plays in which he had a hand were taken from stories of Cervantes. A comparison of these with their sources show that the originals were used in much the same way the story of Cardenio is used here. Fletcher was using material from Cervantes at about the time the *History of Cardenio* must have been written. *Love's Pilgrimage* (1614?), *The Chances* (1613), and possibly *The Coxcomb* (1609-13) are examples of this fact. See O. L. Hatcher, *John Fletcher*, Chicago 1905, p. 48.

waspish, fretful, pompous old men, which Fletcher so greatly loved.

(4) In *Double Falsehood* we have frequent double endings formed of two words, such as are common in Fletcher's plays.

"Yes, I am that Lord Roderick, and I lie not"—III, iii.

"She's stol'n away; and whither gone, I know not"—II, iii.

Even more characteristic of Fletcher is a line ending in a "now", or a "too", or a "yet"—

"Make up your Malice, and dispatch his Life too."—III, iii.

"I hope I see that Day before I dye yet."—III, iii.

And finally, a peculiarly Fletcherian trick is that of ending a line with a word which should be emphasized but rhythmically cannot be—

"Pr'thee, be gone, and bid the Bell knoll for me;"—III, iii.

(5) Alliteration and parenthesis are abundant in the portions of the play assigned by Bradford to Fletcher, and there are frequent examples of his marked mannerism—repeating words again and again. For instance—

*Master.* "Come, come, all this is not sufficient, Child,  
To make a Fool of me. *This is a fine Hand,*  
*A delicate fine Hand,*—Never change Colour;  
You understand me,—*and a Woman's Hand.*"—IV, i.

(6) The adverb *extremely*, occurring twice in this play, is a favorite with Fletcher. It occurs only five times in all Shakespeare, against twenty-eight in Fletcher's acknowledged work.

These points presented by Bradford, are reinforced by other examples from *Double Falsehood*, in which Oliphant sees the manner of Fletcher ("the Fletcher of the period of *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII*"):

*Cam.* "She has a fair blessing in being from you, Sir.  
I was too poor a Brother for your Greatness:  
You must be grafted into noble Stocks  
And have your Titles raised. My State was laughed at  
And my Alliance scorned. I've lost a Son, too,  
Which must not be put up so."

—III, iii.

"The Ewes want Water, Sir: shall I go drive 'em  
Down to the Cisterns" Shall I make haste, Sir?—  
Would I were five Miles from him! How he gripes me!"

—IV, i.

"And dare you lose these to be Advocate  
 For such a Brother, *such a sinful Brother,*  
*Such an unfaithful, treacherous, brutal Brother?*"<sup>28</sup>  
 —V, i

Fletcher's hand is regarded as the most individual and most easily detected in Elizabethan drama. It can hardly be mistaken here, especially since two eminent Fletcher authorities have agreed on assigning these sections of *Double Falsehood* to him. To identify the hand which wrote the other parts of the play, however, is a more difficult matter. Bradford himself only goes so far as to say many lines and phrases in the non-Fletcherian parts have to his ear something of a Shakespearean turn, as distinguished from Beaumont or Massinger, the writers most likely to have collaborated with Fletcher. In 1910 he pointed out the following passages:

"You deal unkindly; misbecomingly,  
 I'm loth to say: For All that waits on you,  
 Is graced and graces."—I, ii.

"—Such a Villany  
 A Writer could not put down in his Scene  
 Withou Tax tion of his Auditory  
 For Fiction most enormous."—III, i.

"—Young Lords, like you,  
 Have thus *besung* mean V'indows, rhymed their Sufferings  
 Even to the Abuse of Things Divine."—I, iii.

"What you can say, is most unseasonable, what sing  
 Most *absonant* and harsh."—I, iii.

Writing to me a few years later, Mr. Bradford said, "Every time I return to the play, I am more struck with the presence of Elizabethan remnants in the first two acts and a half. These are certainly not Fletcher. Neither are they Beaumont, nor, in my opinion, Massinger. In fact, I cannot resist the conviction that they are Shakespeare. It is not a question of fine passages. It is a question of that peculiar elaboration and intricacy of style, of the invention and distortion of words, which is at once the charm and the danger of Shakespeare's later manner." He gives, as instances,

"Why he hath late  
 By Importunity and strained Petition,  
 Wrested our Leave of Absence from the Court?"  
 —I, i.

<sup>28</sup>Notes and Queries, 12th Series, No. 90, Mar. 1919, p. 61.

"What Fortune soever my going shall encounter, cannot be good Fortune; What I part withal unseasons any other Goodness."

—I, ii.

"Stinting our Farewell-kisses, cutting off  
The forms of Parting, and the Interchange  
Of thousand precious Vows, with Haste too rude."

—I, ii.

Again, Oliphant joins Bradford in pointing out striking evidences of Shakespeare's "bold, vigorous touch." He finds such in the use of *heirs* as a verb in I, i, and such lines as

"As if she there sev'n Reigns had slander'd Time."

—I, iii.

(With this compare "a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns"—*A Winter's Tale*, V, ii, 60).

Those that subtly make their Words their Ward.  
Keeping Address at distance."

—I, ii.

"My Flames are in the Flint.  
Haply, to lose a Husband I may weep;  
Never to get one."

—I, ii.

He calls the lines—"What you can say is most unseasonable; what sing, Most absonant and harsh" (I, iii)—a Shakespearean coinage set in a Shakespearean construction; and he regards the prose line—"Not Love, but brutal Violence prevail'd; to which the Time and Place and Opportunity were Accessories most dishonorable;" (II, i)—more like Shakespeare than anyone else.<sup>29</sup> Yet Oliphant sees also parts which seem to be entirely the work of the reviser,—parts of I, i, and I, ii, the whole of II, iii, and II, iv, some of the lines in III, ii, and part of IV, i (from the fifth speech succeeding Julio's entry to the re-entry of Violante).

If anyone urges that not even Theobald could have obliterated the magic language of Shakespeare so successfully as the reviser seems to have done in most of the lines in *Double Falsehood*, it is only necessary to point out the famous revisions and adaptations of Elizabethan plays by D'Avenant (*Macbeth*), Dennis (*Coriolanus*), and Theobald himself (*Richard II* and Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*). Mr. Bradford says very suggestively, "The fact that Theobald's revision is much less evident in Fletcher's part of the play than in the other, would be easily accounted for if he had in one case to deal with the rugged, vigorous, difficult thought of Shakespeare's later period, and in the other with Fletcher's fluent

<sup>29</sup>*Notes and Queries*, 12th Series, No. 90, March 1919, P. 62.



theatrical rhetoric, and if we remember that the revision was intended for the stage."

In an attempt to test the value of Bradford's case, I in 1916 applied verse tests to *Double Falsehood*, to see how much difference in manner I could detect in the two parts of the play which he distinguished. A graphic representation with one line to indicate the number of feminine endings in each ten verses and another to show the run-on lines, reveals such a perceptible change of manner as he has suggested at the beginning of act III, scene iii. Feminine endings are more frequent after this point and run-on lines noticeably less common. Whatever evidence is thus furnished of a dual authorship receives support from the other tests I made:

	Parts possibly by Fletcher	By another
Lines	754	693
Feminine endings	44.2	32.
Run-on lines	15.2	21.5
Weak and light endings	.39(3)	2.7(19)
Feminine caesural line pauses	16.	23.3
Mid-stopt speeches	30.	44.5

Bradford finds 47 per cent of feminine endings in the Fletcher part. Since he does not state definitely how much of Act V he considers Fletcher's, I have been able to follow his division only approximately.

The parts by Fletcher show a larger percentage of feminine endings. In the other peculiarities of style, the remaining parts predominate, especially in the weak and light endings. Nineteen to three is a very significant difference.

If these figures make it evident that there is a real difference of style in the two parts of *Double Falsehood* as not only Bradford but Oliphant also has distinguished them, they serve to demonstrate even more clearly and effectively the difference between Theobald's acknowledged work and the play under discussion. It seems hardly possible that the portion of the latter which contains 44.2 per cent. of feminine endings was composed in 1727 by the same hand that wrote *Orestes* three years later with only 22.6 per cent. Nor does it appear any more likely that the first part of *Double Falsehood*, which contains 19 weak and light endings, was written by the same author as the play of 1731, in which there are only 4 altogether. In the same way we may compare the 10 per cent. of run-on lines in Theobald's *Orestes* with the 21.5 per cent. in *Double*

*Falsehood*. Perhaps other figures are unnecessary to show that the latter is not like the avowed works of Theobald.

Oliphant has observed another fact, which, taken with what we already know of *Double Falsehood*, seems very significant. In his collaboration on *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII*, Fletcher had nothing to do with the opening scenes. A similar apportionment of tasks was apparently made by the co-authors of *Double Falsehood*. And because a drama based on the Cardenio story was played about the time *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII* were written, I am impelled to include in this Introduction the results of other verse tests which I made four years ago.

I made a comparison of the parts assigned each author with the parts of *Double Falsehood*, using for this purpose the division of *Two Noble Kinsmen* which is to be found in *The Facts About Shakespeare*<sup>30</sup> and the partition of *Henry VIII* employed by Thorndike in his *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare*.<sup>31</sup> The results appear in the following table:

	<i>Double Falsehood</i>	<i>T.N.K.</i>	<i>Henry VIII</i>
		Parts assigned to Shakespeare	
Lines	693	883	1077
Feminine endings	32	21.5	28
Run-on lines	21.5	52.	54.6
W. and light endings	2.7	8.15	10.8
Mid-stopt speeches	44.5	64	68.5
	<i>Double Falsehood</i>	<i>T.N.K.</i>	<i>Henry VIII</i>
		Parts assigned to Fletcher	
Lines	754	1510	1447
Feminine endings	44.2	62.	58.
Run-on lines	15.2	25.8	26.
W. and light endings	.39	.23	.22
Mid-stopt speeches	30.	48.	51.

It will be noticed that the three columns of figures correspond in a general way. That is, the three percentages of feminine endings in the upper half of the table are smaller than the three in the lower half, and the percentages representing the frequency of run-on lines in the lower half are in each case smaller than those

<sup>30</sup>N. Y., 1915, p. 160.

<sup>31</sup>The division of Neilson and Thorndike is based upon that of Littledale (*Two Noble Kinsmen*, N. S. S. Trans., series 2, part 15), and assigns I (28ff), II, III, iii —, IV, and V, i (1-17), ii, iii (104) ff to Fletcher. Thorndike's division of *Henry VIII* is adapted from that of James Spedding (N. S. S. Trans., 1874; appendix, p. 14) and gives to Shakespeare I, i-iv, 28; III, i, ii; V, i, 17-73; V, iii, 1-104; V, iv and perhaps the prose II, i and IV, iii.

above. The difference is always in the right direction. The percentages of weak and light endings correspond most noticeably. In *Double Falsehood*, the proportion of feminine endings for the second part has more significance than would appear from the figure 44.2, for in several individual scenes this rises to 50 per cent. To be sure, we should reasonably expect a percentage of more than 21.5 of run-on lines in the former part of *Double Falsehood* if Shakespeare wrote it, but since Theobald's own average—as far as I can learn from his plays—was between 10 and 15 per cent, this reduction in the number of unstopped lines would be a natural consequence of his revision. A consistent levelling such as the figures in the table indicate is just what we should expect to find in a play which had survived the revisions of Theobald.

## VII. THE PROBLEM AS IT STANDS TODAY

The question is now being asked: Should *Double Falsehood* be added to the doubtful plays of the Shakespeare canon, such as *Edward III*, and *Two Noble Kinsmen*?

The presence of Fletcher's hand in the play seems clearly evident, and there may also be sufficient proof to warrant our attributing parts of the drama to him. Two eminent Fletcher scholars, who have given *Double Falsehood* their careful attention, agree on this point. The external evidence confirms this view, and on the whole, may be said to establish a sound case for Fletcher. Since this external evidence makes Shakespeare Fletcher's collaborator, it renders probable the supposition that the other original writer, whose work is still perceptible in the lines, is our great master-dramatist. Yet in spite of the evidence, internal and external, which has been accumulated, no scholar is yet ready to declare unreservedly his belief in Shakespeare's participation. The shortness of the play (altho' it is nearly as long as Theobald's version of the *Duchess of Malfi*), the lifeless verse (which may be only the result of Theobald's revisions, of course), some of the language (altho I have found only half a dozen words in *Double Falsehood* which are too modern in sense to be used in an Elizabethan play), are arguments raised against assigning it to Shakespeare and his contemporary. Such objections seem weak and superficial, when the problem is viewed from all sides; yet the hesitation of students today to see Shakespeare's work in anything

outside the recognized canon, gives even the most enthusiastic pause. New evidence will be needed to stir many scholars from what Oliphant calls their "dead set" on *Double Falsehood*; and the whole matter may forever remain what it is at the present time—one of the most fascinating and baffling of literary problems.

In conclusion, it is clear that the problem is far from solution. Much still remains to be done. One scholar has suggested that II, ii, III, iii, and V, ii, have something reminiscent of Beaumont, but not so strongly as to warrant him in supposing Beaumont to have been concerned in the work. The use of verse tests on the respective non-Fletcherian parts both of *Double Falsehood* and the Beaumont and Fletcher plays, might lead to illuminating results. Several have suggested an examination of Theobald's *Cave of Poverty* (1715), his avowed imitation of Shakespeare's early narrative style. Such an examination could in no conclusive way demonstrate his ability to copy the dramatist's later work, tho' it might indicate to some extent his ingenuity as an imitator. Professor Jones, author of *Lewis Theobald*, believes *Double Falsehood* should be studied, first of all, in connection with the critic's adaptations of *Richard II* and the *Duchess of Malfi*. While Professor Forsythe, who has given the play lengthy consideration, believes an attempt should be made to associate it with the work of minor writers such as Daborne, Davenport, and William Rowley. These and other lines of inquiry are open to students attracted to the problem.

The accompanying edition of the play—following Theobald's text as closely as possible—will perhaps encourage interest in it, by making it more accessible to university students and lovers of Elizabethan drama.

Double Falshood;  
O R,  
*The* DISTREST LOVERS.  
A  
P L A Y,

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL  
I N  
D R U R Y - L A N E.

---

Written Originally by *W. SHAKESPEARE*;  
And now Revised and Adapted to the Stage  
By Mr. THEOBALD, the Author of *Shakespeare Restor'd*.

---

——— *Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo  
Auderet, volvenda Dies, en! attulit ultro.*

Virg.

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L O N D O N:  
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M DCC XXVIII.

# GEORGE R.



GEORGE THE SECOND, by the Grace of God, King of *Great-Britain, France and Ireland*: Defender of the Faith, etc. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas our Trusty, and Well-beloved *Lewis Theobald*, of our City of *London*, Gent. hath, by his Petition, humbly represented to Us, That He having, at considerable Expense, Purchased the Manuscript Copy of an Original Play of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, called, *Double Falsehood*; Or, the *Distrest Lovers*; and, with great Labour and Pains, Revised, and Adapted the same to the Stage; has humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege, and Licence, for the Sole Printing and Publishing thereof, for the Term of Fourteen Years: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to this his Undertaking, are graciously pleased to condescend to his Request: and do therefore, by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs, and Successors, grant unto Him, the said *Lewis Theobald*, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, Our Royal Licence, for the sole Printing and Publishing the said Play, in such Size and Manner, as He and They shall think fit, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the date hereof; strictly forbidding all our Subjects within our Kingdom and Dominions, to Reprint the same, either in the like, or in any other Size, or Manner whatsoever; or to Import, Buy, Vend, Utter or Distribute any Copies thereof, Reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent, or Approbation of the said *Lewis Theobald*, his Heirs, Executors, and Assigns, under his, or their Hands and Seals first had, and obtained; as they will answer the Contrary at their Peril:—Whereof the Commissioners, and other officers of our Customs, the Master, Warden, and Company of Stationers, are to take Notice, that the same may be entered in the Register of the said Company, and that due Obedience be rendered thereunto. Given at Our Court at *St. James's*, the Fifth Day of *December*, 1727; in the First Year of Our Reign.

*By His Majesty's Command,*

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

To the Right HONOURABLE  
*George Dodington, Esq;*

SIR,



NOTHING can more strongly second the Pleasure I feel, from the Universal Applause which crowns this *Orphan* Play, than this Other which I take in presuming to shelter it under Your Name. I bear so dear an Affection to the Writings and Memory of SHAKESPEARE, that, as it is my good Fortune to retrieve this Remnant of his Pen from Obscurity, so it is my greatest Ambition that this Piece should be received into the Protection of such a Patron: And, I hope, Future Times, when they mean to pay *Shakespeare* the best Compliment, will remember to say, Mr. DODINGTON was that Friend to his *Remains*, which his own SOUTHAMPTON was to his *living Merit*.

It is from the *fine Discernment* of our Patrons, that we can generally best promise Ourselves the good Opinion of the Publick. You are not only a distinguish'd *Friend* of the *Muses*, but most intimately *allied* to them: And from hence it is I flatter Myself, that if You shall think fit to pronounce this Piece genuine, it will silence the Censures of those *Unbelievers*, who think it impossible a Manuscript of *Shakespeare* could so long have lain dormant; and who are blindly paying Me a greater Compliment than either They design, or I can merit, while they cannot but confess Themselves *pleased*, yet would fain insinuate that they are *imposed upon*. I should esteem it some Sort of *Virtue*, were I able to commit so agreeable a *Cheat*.

But pardon Me, Sir, for a Digression that perverts the very Rule of Dedications. I own, I have my Reasons for it. As, Sir, your known Integrity, and Honour engages the warmest Wishes of all good Men for your Prosperity, so your known Distinction in polite Letters, and your generous Encouragement of Those who pretend to them, obliges us to consider your Advancement, as our own personal Interest, and as a good Omen, at least, if not as the surest Means of the future flourishing Condition of those *Humane Arts*

amongst us, which We *profess*, and which You *adorn*. But neither Your Modesty, nor my Inability will suffer me to enter upon that Subject. Permit me therefore, SIR, to convert *Panegyrick* into a most ardent Wish, that You would look with a Tender Eye on this *dear Relick*, and that you would believe me, with the most unfeigned Zeal and Respect,

SIR,

*Your most Devoted  
and Obedient Humble Servant,*

LEW. THEOBALD.

*Great Russell-street,  
21st December,  
1727.*



# P R E F A C E

## O F T H E

### E D I T O R .



THE Success, which this Play has met with from the Town in the Representation, (to say nothing of the Reception it found from those Great Judges, to whom I have had the Honour of communicating it in Manuscript;) has almost made the Purpose of a Preface unnecessary: And therefore what I have to say, is design'd rather to wipe out a flying Objection or two, than to labour at proving it the Production of *Shakespeare*. It has been alledg'd as incredible, that such a Curiosity should be stifled and lost to the World for above a Century. To This my Answer is short; that tho' it never till now made its Appearance on the Stage, yet one of the Manuscript Copies, which I have, is of above Sixty Years Standing, in the Handwriting of Mr. *Downes*, the famous Old Prompter; and, as I am credibly inform'd, was early in the Possession of the celebrated Mr. *Betterton*, and by Him design'd to have been usher'd into the World. What Accident prevented This Purpose of his, I do not pretend to know: Or thro' what hands it had successively pass'd before that Period of Time. There is a Tradition (which I have from the Noble Person, who supply'd me with One of my Copies) that it was given by our Author, as a Present of Value, to a Natural Daughter of his, for whose Sake he wrote it, in the Time of his Retirement from the Stage. Two other Copies I have, (one of which I was glad to purchase at a very good Rate,) which may not, perhaps, be quite so Old as the Former; but One of Them is much more perfect, and has fewer Flaws and Interruptions in the Sense.

Another Objection has been started, (which would carry much more Weight with it, were it Fact;) that the Tale of this Play, being built upon a Novel in *Don Quixot*, Chronology is against Us, and *Shakespeare* could not be the Author. But it happens, that *Don Quixot* was publish'd in the Year 1611, and *Shakespeare* did not dye till *April* 1616, a sufficient Interval of Time for All that We want granted.

Others again, to depreciate the Affair, as they thought, have been pleased to urge, that tho' the Play may have some Resem-

blances of *Shakespeare*, yet the *Colouring, Diction, and Characters*, come nearer to the Style and Manner of FLETCHER. This, I think, is far from deserving any Answer; I submit it to the Determination of better Judgments; tho' my Partiality for *Shakespeare* makes me wish, that Every Thing which is good, or pleasing, in our Tongue, had been owing to his Pen.

As to the Performance of the respective *Actors* concern'd in this Play, my applauding It here would be altogether superfluous. The Publick has distinguish'd and given them a Praise, much beyond Any that can flow from my Pen. But I have some particular Acknowledgments to make to the *Managers* of this Company, for which I am glad to embrace so fair an Opportunity.

I came to Them at this Juncture as an *Editor*, not an *Author*, and have met with so much Candour, and handsome Treatment from Them, that I am willing to believe, the Complaint, which has so commonly obtain'd, of their Disregard and ill Behaviour to Writers, has been more severely urg'd, than it is justly grounded. They must certainly be too good Judges of their own Interest, not to know that a Theatre cannot always subsist on old Stock, but that the Town requires Novelty at their Hands. On the other Hand, they must be so far Judges of their own Art and Profession, as to know that all the Compositions, which are offer'd them, would never go down with Audiences of so nice and delicate a Taste, as in this Age frequent the Theatres. It would be very hard upon such a Community, where so many Interests are concern'd, and so much Merit in their Business allow'd, if they had not a Privilege of refusing some crude Pieces, too imperfect for the Entertainment of the Publick. I would not be thought to infer, that they have never discourag'd what They might, perhaps, afterwards wish they had receiv'd. They do not, I believe, set up for such a Constant Infallibility. But if We do but fairly consider out of above Four Thousand Plays extant, how small a Number will now stand the Test: if We do but consider too, how often a raw Performance has been extoll'd by the Partiality of private Friendship; and what a Clamour of Injury has been rais'd from that Quarter, upon such Performance meeting a Repulse; we may pretty easily account for the Grounds upon which they proceeded in discountenancing some Plays, and the harsh Things that are thrown out upon their giving a Repulse to others.

But I should beg Pardon for interfering in this Question, in which I am properly neither Party, nor Judge. I am only throwing out a private Opinion, without Interest or Prejudice, and if I am right in the Notion, *Valeat quantum valere potest*.

# PROLOGUE.

Written by *PHILIP FROWDE*, Esq;

And spoken by Mr. WILKS.

*A* S in some Region, where indulgent Skies  
Enrich the Soil, a thousand Plants arise  
Frequent and bold; a thousand Landskips meet  
Our ravisht View, irregularly sweet:  
We gaze, divided, now on These, now Those;  
While All one beauteous Wilderness compose.

Such SHAKESPEARE'S Genius was:—Let Britons boast

*The Glorious Birth, and, eager, strive who most  
Shall celebrate his Verse; for while we raise  
Trophies of Fame to him, ourselves we praise:  
Display the Talents of a British Mind,  
Where All is great, free, open, unconfin'd.  
Be it our Pride, to reach his daring Flight;  
And relish Beauties, he alone could write.*

*Most modern Authors, fearful to aspire,  
With Imitation cramp their genial Fire;  
The well-schemed Plan kept strict before their Eyes,  
Dwell on Proportions, trifling Decencies;  
While noble Nature all neglected lies.  
Nature, that claims Precedency of Place,  
Perfection's Basis, and essential Grace!  
Nature so intimately SHAKESPEARE knew,  
From her first Springs his Sentiments he drew;  
Most greatly wild they flow; and, when most wild, yet  
true.*

*While These, secure in what the Criticks teach,  
Of servile Laws still dread the dangerous Breach;  
His vast, unbounded, Soul disdain'd their Rule,  
Above the Precepts of the Pedant School!*

*Oh! could the Bard, revisiting our Light,*

*Receive these Honours done his Shade To-night,  
How would he bless the Scene this Age displays,  
Transcending his Eliza's golden Days!  
When great AUGUSTUS fills the British Throne,  
And his lov'd Consort makes the Muse her own.  
How would he joy, to see fair Merit's Claim  
Thus answer'd in his own reviving Fame!  
How cry with Pride——“Oblivion I forgive;  
“This my last Child to latest Times shall live:  
“Lost to the World, well for the Birth it stay'd;  
“To this auspicious Æra well delay'd.*

# EPILOGUE.

Written by a Friend.

Spoken by Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

**W**ELL, Heaven defend us from these ancient Plays,  
These Moral Bards of Good Queen Bess's Days!  
They write from Virtue's Laws, and think no further;  
But draw a Rape as dreadful as a Murder.

You modern Wits, more deeply vers'd in Nature,  
Can tip the wink, to tell us, you know better;  
As who should say—" 'Tis no such killing Matter—  
" We've heard old Stories told, and yet ne'er wonder'd,  
" Of many a Prude, that has endur'd a Hundred:  
" And Violante grieves, or we're mistaken,  
" Not, because ravisht; but because — forsaken.—

Had this been written to the modern Stage,  
Her Manners had been copy'd from the Age.  
Then, tho' she had been once a little wrong,  
She still had had the Grace to've held her Tongue;  
And after all, with downcast Looks, been led  
Like any Virgin to the Bridal Bed.  
There, if the good Man question'd her Mis-doing,  
She'd stop him short—" Pray, who made you so knowing?  
" What, doubt my Virtue! — What's your base Intention?  
" Sir, that's a Point above your Comprehension.—

Well, Heav'n be prais'd, the Virtue of our Times  
Secures us from our Gothick Grandsires Crimes.  
Rapes, Magick, new Opinions, which before  
Have fill'd our Chronicles, are now no more:  
And this reforming Age may justly boast,  
That dreadful Sin Polygamy is lost.  
So far from multiplying Wives, 'tis known  
Our Husbands find, they've Work enough with one.—  
Then, as for Rapes, those dangerous days are past;  
Our Dapper Sparks are seldom in such haste.

In SHAKESPEARE's Age the English Youth inspir'd,  
Low'd, as they fought, by him and Beauty fir'd.  
'Tis yours to crown the Bard, whose Magick Strain  
Cou'd charm the Heroes of that glorious Reign.  
Which humbled to the Dust the Pride of Spain.

## Dramatis Personae.

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### MEN.

Duke <i>Angelo</i> .	Mr. <i>Corey</i> .
<i>Roderick</i> , his Elder Son.	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Henriquez</i> , his Younger Son.	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Don Bernard</i> , Father to <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Harper</i> .
<i>Camillo</i> , Father to <i>Julio</i> .	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .
<i>Julio</i> , in Love with <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
Citizen.	Mr. <i>Oates</i> .
Master of the Flocks.	Mr. <i>Bridgewater</i> .
First Shepherd.	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
Second Shepherd.	Mr. <i>Ray</i> .

### WOMEN.

<i>Leonora</i> .	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Violante</i> .	Mrs. <i>Booth</i> .

SCENE, *the Province of Andalusia in Spain.*

DOUBLE FALSHOOD;  
OR,  
*The* DISTREST LOVERS.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Royal Palace.*

*Duke Angelo, Roderick, and Courtiers.*

RODERICK.

MY gracious Father, this unwonted Strain  
Visits my Heart with Sadness.

*Duke.* ——— Why, my Son?

Making my Death familiar to my Tongue  
Digs not my Grave one Jot before the Date.  
I've worn the Garland of my Honours long,  
And would not leave it wither'd to thy Brow,  
But flourishing and green; worthy the Man,  
Who, with my Dukedoms, heirs my better Glories.

*Roder.* This Praise, which is my Pride, spreads me  
with Blushes.

*Duke.* Think not, that I can flatter thee, my *Roderick*;  
Or let the Scale of Love o'er-poize my Judgment.  
Like a fair Glass of Retrospection, Thou  
Reflect'st the Virtues of my early Youth;  
Making my old Blood mend its Pace with Transport:  
While fond *Henriquez*, thy irregular Brother,  
Sets the large Credit of his Name at Stake,

A Truant to my Wishes, and his Birth.  
His Taints of Wildness hurt our nicer Honour,  
And call for swift Reclaim.

*Roder.* ——I trust, my Brother  
Will, by the Vantage of his cooler Wisdom,  
E'er-while redeem the hot Escapes of Youth,  
And court Opinion with a golden Conduct.

*Duke.* Be Thou a Prophet in that kind Suggestion!  
But I, by Fears weighing his unweigh'd Course,  
Interpret for the Future from the Past.  
And strange Misgivings, why he hath of late  
By Importunity, the strain'd Petition,  
Wrested our Leave of Absence from the Court,  
Awake Suspicion. Thou art inward with him;  
And, haply, from the bosom'd Trust can'st shape  
Some formal cause to qualify my Doubts.

*Roder.* Why he hath press'd this Absence, Sir, I  
know not;  
But have his Letters of a modern Date,  
Wherein by *Julio*, good *Camillo's* Son,  
(Who, as he says, shall follow hard upon;  
And whom I with the growing Hour expect:)  
He doth sollicit the Return of Gold  
To purchase certain Horse, that like him well.  
This *Julio* he encounter'd first in *France*.  
And lovingly commends him to my Favour;  
Wishing, I would detain him some few Days,  
To know the Value of his well-placed Trust.

*Duke.* O, do it, *Roderick*; and assay to mould him  
An honest Spy upon thy Brother's Riots.  
Make us acquainted when the Youth arrives;  
We'll see this *Julio*, and he shall from Us  
Receive the secret Loan his Friend requires.  
Bring him to Court.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Prospect of a Village at a Distance.*

*Enters Camillo with a Letter.*

*Cam.* How comes the Duke to take such Notice of my Son, that  
he must needs have him in Court, and I must send him upon the



View of his Letter? ——— Horsemanship! What Horsemanship has *Julio*? I think, he can no more but gallop a Hackney, unless he practiced Riding in *France*. It may be, he did so; for he was there a good Continuance. But I have not heard him speak much of his Horsemanship. That's no Matter: if he be not a good Horseman, all's one in such a Case, he must bear. Princes are absolute; they may do what they will in any Thing, save what they cannot do.

*Enters Julio.*

O, come on, Sir; read this Paper; no more Ado, but read it: It must not be answer'd by my Hand, nor yours, but, in Gross, by your Person; your sole Person. Read aloud.

*Jul.* 'Please you, to let me first o'erlook it, Sir.

*Cam.* I was this other day in a Spleen against your new Suits: I do now think, some Fate was the Taylour that hath fitted them; for, this Hour, they are for the Palace of the Duke.—Your Father's House is too dusty.

*Jul.* Hem!—to Court? Which is the better, to serve a Mistress, or a Duke? I am sued to be his Slave, and I sue to be *Leonora's*.

[*Aside.*

*Cam.* You shall find your Horsemanship much praised there; Are you so good a Horseman?

*Jul.* I have been,  
E'er now, commended for my Seat, or mock'd.

*Cam.* Take one Commendation with another, every Third's a Mock.—Affect not therefore to be praised. Here's a deal of Command and Entreaty mixt; there's no denying; you must go, peremptorily he inforces That.

*Jul.* What Fortune soever my Going shall encounter, cannot be good Fortune; What I part withal unseasons any other Goodness.

[*Aside.*

*Cam.* You must needs go; he rather conjures, than importunes.

*Jul.* No moving of my Love-Suit to him now?— [*Aside.*

*Cam.* Great Fortunes have grown out of less Grounds.

*Jul.* What may her Father think of me, who expects to be solicited this very Night? [*Aside.*

*Cam.* Those scattered Pieces of Virtue, which are in him, the Court will solder together, varnish, and rectify.

*Jul.* He will surely think I deal too slightly, or unmannerly, or foolishly, indeed; nay, dishonestly; to bear him in hand with my

Father's Consent, who yet hath not been touch'd with so much as a Request to it. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* Well, Sir, have you read it over?

*Jul.* Yes, Sir.

*Cam.* And considered it?

*Jul.* As I can.

*Cam.* If you are counted by good Fortune, you must go.

*Jul.* So it please You, Sir.

*Cam.* By any means, and to morrow: Is it not there the Limit of his Request?

*Jul.* It is, Sir.

*Cam.* I must bethink me of some Necessaries, without which you might be unfurnish'd: And my Supplies shall at all Convenience follow You. Come to my Closet by and by; I would there speak with You.

[*Exit Camillo.*]

*Manet Julio solus.*

*Jul.* I do not see that Fervour in the Maid,  
Which Youth and Love should kindle. She consents,  
As 'twere to feed without an Appetite;  
Tells me, She is content; and plays the Coy one,  
Like Those that subtly make their Words their Ward,  
Keeping Address at Distance. This Affection  
Is such a feign'd One, as will break untouch'd;  
Dye frosty, e'er it can be thaw'd; while mine,  
Like to a Clime beneath *Hyperion's* Eye,  
Burns with one constant Heat. I'll strait go to her;  
Pray her to regard my Honour: but She greets me.—

*Enter Leonora, and Maid.*

See, how her Beauty doth enrich the Place!  
O, add the Musick of thy charming Tongue,  
Sweet as the Lark that wakens up the Morn,  
And make me think it Paradise indeed.  
I was about to seek thee, *Leonora*,  
And chide thy Coldness, Love.

*Leon.* ——What says your Father?

*Jul.* I have not mov'd him yet.

*Leon.* ——Then do not, *Julio*.

*Jul.* Not move him? Was it not your own Command,  
That his Consent should ratify our Loves?

*Leon.* Perhaps, it was: but now I've chang'd my Mind.

You purchase at too dear a Rate, that puts You  
To woo me and your Father too: Besides,  
As He, perchance, may say, you shall not have me;  
You, who are so obedient, must discharge me  
Out of your Fancy: Then, you know, 'twill prove  
My Shame and Sorrow, meeting such Repulse,  
To wear the Willow in my Prime of Youth.

*Jul.* Oh! do not rack me with these ill-placed Doubts;  
Nor think, tho' Age has in my Father's Breast  
Put out Love's Flame, he therefore has not Eyes,  
Or is in Judgment blind. You wrong your Beauties,  
*Venus* will frown if you disprize her Gifts,  
That have a Face would make a frozen Hermit  
Leap from his Cell, and burn his Beads to kiss it;  
Eyes, that are nothing but continual Births  
Of new Desires in Those that view their Beams.  
You cannot have a Cause to doubt.

*Leon.* ——Why, *Julio*?

When you that dare not chuse without your Father,  
And, where you love, you dare not vouch it; must not,  
Though you have Eyes, see with 'em;—can I, think  
you,

Somewhat, perhaps, infected with your Suit,  
Sit down content to say, You would, but dare not?

*Jul.* Urge not Suspicions of what cannot be;  
You deal unkindly, mis-becomingly,  
I'm loth to say: For All that waits on you,  
Is graced, and graces. ——No Impediment  
Shall bar my Wishes, but such grave Delays  
As Reason presses Patience with; which blunt not,  
But rather whet our Loves. Be patient, Sweet.

*Leon.* Patient! What else? My Flames are in the Flint.  
Haply, to lose a Husband I may weep;  
Never, to get One: When I cry for Bondage,  
Let Freedom quit me.

*Jul.* ——From what a Spirit comes This?  
I now perceive too plain, you care not for me.  
Duke, I obey thy Summons, be its Tenour

Whate'er it will: If War, I come thy Soldier.  
 Or if to waste my silken Hours at Court,  
 The Slave of Fashion, I with willing Soul  
 Embrace the lazy Banishment for Life;  
 Since *Leonora* has pronounced my Doom.

*Leon.* What do you mean? Why talk you of the  
 Duke?

Wherefore of War, or Court, or Banishment?

*Jul.* How this new Note is grown of me, I know  
 not;

But the Duke writes for Me. Coming to move  
 My Father in our Bus'ness, I did find him  
 Reading this Letter; whose Contents require  
 My instant Service, and Repair to Court.

*Leon.* Now I perceive the Birth of these Delays;  
 Why *Leonora* was not worth your Suit.  
 Repair to Court? Ay, there you shall, perhaps,  
 (Rather, pass Doubt;) behold some choicer Beauty,  
 Rich in her Charms, train'd to the Arts of Soothing,  
 Shall prompt you to a Spirit of Hardiness,  
 To say, So please you, Father, I have chosen  
 This Mistress for my own.—

*Jul.* ——Still you mistake me:  
 Ever your Servant I profess my self;  
 And will not blot me with a Change, for all  
 That Sea and Land inherit.

*Leon.* But when go you?

*Jul.* To morrow, Love; so runs the Duke's Com-  
 mand;

Stinting our Farewell-kisses, cutting off  
 The Forms of Parting, and the Interchange  
 Of thousand precious Vows, with Haste too rude.  
 Lovers have Things of Moment to debate,  
 More than a Prince, or dreaming Statesman, know:  
 Such Ceremonies wait on *Cupid's* Throne.  
 Why heav'd that Sigh?

*Leon.* O *Julio*, let me whisper  
 What, but for Parting, I should blush to tell thee:  
 My Heart beats thick with Fears, lest the gay Scene,  
 The Splendors of a Court, should from thy Breast

Banish my Image, kill my Int'rest in thee,  
And I be left, the Scoff of Maids, to drop  
A Widow's Tear for thy departed Faith.

*Jul.* O let Assurance, strong as Words can bind,  
Tell thy pleas'd Soul, I will be wond'rous faithful;  
True, as the Sun is to his Race of Light,  
As Shade to Darkness, as Desire to Beauty:  
And when I swerve, let Wretchedness o'ertake me,  
Great as e'er Falshood met, or Change can merit.

*Leon.* Enough; I'm satisfied: and will remain  
Yours, with a firm and untir'd Constancy.  
Make not your Absence long: Old Men are wav'ring;  
And sway'd by Int'rest more than Promise giv'n.  
Should some fresh Offer start, when you're away,  
I may be prest to Something, which must put  
My Faith, or my Obedience, to the Rack.

*Jul.* Fear not, but I with swiftest Wing of Time  
Will labour my Return. And in my Absence,  
My noble Friend, and now our honour'd Guest,  
The Lord *Henriquez*, will in my behalf  
Hang at your Father's Ear, and with kind Hints,  
Pour'd from a friendly Tongue, secure my Claim;  
And play the Lover for thy absent *Julio*.

*Leon.* Is there no Instance of a Friend turn'd false?  
Take Heed of That: No Love by Proxy, *Julio*.  
My Father——

*Enters Don Bernard.*

*D. Bern.* What, *Julio*, in publick? This Wooeing is too urgent.  
Is your Father yet moved in the Suit, who must be the prime Un-  
folder of this Business?

*Jul.* I have not yet, indeed, at full possess'd  
My Father, whom it is my Service follows;  
But only that I have a Wife in Chase.

*D. Bern.* Chase! ——Let Chase alone: No Matter for That.  
——You may halt after her, whom you profess to pursue, and  
catch her too; Marry, not unless your Father let you slip.——  
Briefly, I desire you, (for she tells me, my Instructions shall be both  
Eyes and Feet to her;) no farther to insist in your Requiring, 'till,  
as I have formerly said, *Camillo* make known to Me, that his good

Liking goes along with Us; which but once breath'd, all is done;  
'till when, the Business has no Life, and cannot find a Beginning.

*Jul.* Sir, I will know his Mind, e'er I taste Sleep:

At Morn, you shall be learn'd in his Desire.

I take my Leave.—O virtuous *Leonora*,

Repose, sweet as thy Beauties, seal thy Eyes;

Once more, adieu. I have thy Promise, Love;

Remember, and be faithful.

[*Ex.* *Julio.*

*D. Bern.* His Father is as unsettled, as he is wayward, in his Disposition. If I thought young *Julio's* Temper were not mended by the Mettal of his Mother, I should be something crazy in giving my Consent to this Match: And, to tell you true, if my Eyes might be the directors to your Mind, I could in this Town look upon Twenty Men of more delicate Choice. I speak not This altogether to unbend your Affections to him: But the Meaning of what I say is, that you set such Price upon yourself to him, as Many, and much his Betters, would buy you at; (and reckon those Virtues in you at the rate of their Scarcity;) to which if he come not up, you remain for a better Mart.

*Leon.* My Obedience, Sir, is chain'd to your Advice.

*D. Bern.* 'Tis well said, and wisely. I fear, your Lover is a little Folly-tainted; which, shortly after it proves so, you will repent.

*Leon.* Sir, I confess, I approve him of all the Men I know; but that Approbation is nothing, 'till season'd by your Consent.

*D. Bern.* We shall hear soon what his Father will do, and so proceed accordingly. I have no great Heart to the Business, neither will I with any Violence oppose it: But leave it to that Power which rules in these Conjunctions, and there's an End. Come; haste We homeward, Girl.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter Henriquez, and Servants with Lights.*

*Henr.* Bear the Lights close: —Where is the Musick, Sirs?

*Serv.* Coming, my Lord.

*Henr.* Let 'em not come too near. This Maid,  
For whom my Sighs ride on the Night's chill Vapour,  
Is born most humbly, tho' she be as fair  
As Nature's richest Mould and Skill can make her,

Mended with strong Imagination.  
 But what of 'That? 'Th' Obscureness of her Birth  
 Cannot eclipse the Lustre of her Eyes,  
 Which make her all One Light.— Strike up, my  
 Masters;

But touch the Strings with a religious Softness;  
 Teach Sound to languish thro' the Night's dull Ear,  
 'Till Melancholy start from her lazy Couch,  
 And Carelessness grow Convert to Attention.

[*Musick plays.*

She drives me into Wonder, when I sometimes  
 Hear her discourse; The Court, whereof Report,  
 And Guess alone inform her, she will rave at,  
 As if she there sev'n Reigns had slander'd Time.  
 Then, when she reasons on her Country State,  
 Health, Virtue, Plainness, and Simplicity,  
 On Beauties true in Title, scorning Art,  
 Freedom as well to do, as think, what's good;  
 My Heart grows sick of Birth and empty Rank,  
 And I become a Villager in Wish.

Play on;—She sleeps too sound:—Be still,  
 and vanish;

A Gleam of Day breaks sudden from her Window.  
 O Taper, graced by that midnight Hand!

*Violante appears above at her Window.*

*Viol.* Who, is't, that woos at this late Hour? What  
 are you?

*Henr.* One, who for your dear Sake——

*Viol.* Watches the starless Night!

My Lord *Henriquez*, or my Ear deceives me.  
 You've had my Answer, and 'tis more than strange  
 You'll combat these Repulses. Good my Lord,  
 Be Friend to your own Health; and give me Leave,  
 Securing my poor Fame, nothing to pity  
 What Pangs you swear you suffer. 'Tis impossible  
 To plant your choice Affections in my Shade;  
 At least, for them to grow there.

*Henr.* —— Why, *Violante*?

*Viol.* Alas! Sir, there are Reasons numberless  
 To bar your Aims. Be warn'd to Hours more wholesome;

For, These you watch in vain. I have read Stories,  
 (I fear, too true ones;) how young Lords, like you,  
 Have thus besung mean Windows, rhymed their Suf-  
 ferings

Ev'n to th' Abuse of Things Divine, set up  
 Plain Girls, like me, the Idols of their Worship,  
 Then left them to bewail their easie Faith,  
 And stand the World's Contempt.

*Henr.* ——Your Memory,  
 Too faithful to the Wrongs of few lost Maids,  
 Makes Fear too general.

*Viol.* ——Let us be homely,  
 And let us too be chaste, doing you Lords no Wrong;  
 But crediting your Oaths with such a Spirit,  
 As you profess them: so no Party trusted  
 Shall make a losing Bargain. Home, my Lord,  
 What you can say, is most unseasonable; what sing,  
 Most absonant and harsh: Nay, your Perfume,  
 Which I smell hither, cheers not my Sense  
 Like our Field-violet's Breath.

*Henr.* ——Why, this Dismission  
 Does more invite my Staying.

*Viol.* ——Men of your Temper  
 Make ev'ry Thing their Bramble. But I wrong  
 That which I am preserving, my Maid's Name,  
 To hold so long Discourse. Your Virtues guide you  
 T'effect some nobler Purpose! [Ex. Violante.

*Henr.* Stay, bright Maid!  
 Come back, and leave me with a fairer Hope.  
 She's gone:—— Who am I, that am thus contemn'd?  
 The second Son to a Prince?——Yes; well; What  
 then?

Why, your great Birth forbids you to descend  
 To a low Alliance:—— Her's is the self-same Stuff,  
 Whereof we Dukes are made; but Clay more pure!  
 And take away my Title, which is acquir'd  
 Not by my self, but thrown by Fortune on Me,  
 Or by the Merit of some Ancestour  
 Of singular Quality, She doth inherit  
 Deserts t'outweigh me.—I must stoop to gain her;



Throw all my gay Comparisons aside,  
 And turn my proud Additions out of Service,  
 Rather than keep them to become my Masters.  
 The Dignities we wear, are Gifts of Pride;  
 And laugh'd at by the Wise, as meer Outside.

[*Exit.*

*End of First Act.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Prospect of a Village.*

*Enter Fabian and Lopez; Henriquez on the Opposite Side.*

*Lop.*

**S**OFT, soft you, Neighbour; who comes here? Pray you,  
 slink aside.

*Henr.* Ha! Is it come to this? Oh the Devil, the Devil, the Devil!

*Fab.* Lo you now! for Want of the discreet Ladle of a cool Understanding, will this Fellow's Brains boil over.

*Henr.* To have enjoy'd her, I would have given—  
 What?

All that at present I could boast my own,  
 And the Reversion of the World to boot,  
 Had the Inheritance been mine:—And now,  
 (Just Doom of guilty Joys!) I grieve as much  
 That I have rifled all the Stores of Beauty,  
 Those Charms of Innocence and artless Love,  
 As just before I was devour'd with Sorrow,  
 That she refus'd my Vows, and shut the Door  
 Upon my ardent Longings.

*Lop.* Love! Love!—Downright Love! I see by the Foolishness of it.

*Henr.* Now then to Recollection—Was't not so? A Promise first of Marriage—Not a Promise only, for 'twas bound with Surety of a thousand Oaths;—and those not light ones neither.—Yet I remember too, those Oaths could not prevail; th' unpractis'd Maid trembled to meet my Love: By Force alone I snatch'd th' imperfect Joy, which now torments my Memory. Not Love, but

brutal Violence prevail'd; to which the Time, and Place, and Opportunity, were Accessaries most dishonourable. Shame, Shame upon it!

*Fab.* What a Heap of Stuff's this—I fancy, this Fellow's Head would make a good Pedlar's Pack, Neighbour.

*Henr.* Hold, let me be severe to my self, but not unjust.—Was it a Rape then? No. Her Shrieks, her Exclamations then had drove me from her. True, she did not consent; as true, she did resist; but still in Silence all.—'Twas but the Coyness of a modest Bride, not the Resentment of a ravisht Maid. And is the Man yet born, who would not risque the Guilt, to meet the Joy?—The Guilt! that's true—but then the Danger; the Tears, the Clamours of the ruin'd Maid, pursuing me to Court. That, that, I fear will (as it already does my Conscience) something shatter my Honour. What's to be done? But now I have no Choice. Fair *Leonora* reigns confest the Tyrant Queen of my revolted Heart, and *Violante* seems a short Usurper there.—*Julio's* already by my Arts remov'd.—O Friendship, how wilt thou answer That? Oh, that a Man could reason down this Feaver of the Blood, or sooth with Words the Tumult in his Heart! Then, *Julio*, I might be, indeed, thy Friend. They, they only should condemn me, who born devoid of Passion ne'er have prov'd the fierce Disputes 'twixt Virtue and Desire. While they, who have, like me,

The loose Escapes of youthful Nature known,  
Must wink at mine, indulgent to their own.

[*Exit Henriquez.*

*Lop.* This Man is certainly mad, and may be mischievous. Pr'ythee, Neighbour, let's follow him; but at some Distance, for fear of the worst.

[*Exeunt, after Henr.*

## SCENE II. *An Apartment.*

*Enters Violante alone.*

*Viol.* Whom shall I look upon without a Blush?  
There's not a Maid, whose Eye with Virgin Gaze  
Pierces not to my Guilt. What will't avail me,  
To say I was not willing;  
Nothing; but that I publish my Dishonour,  
And wound my Fame anew.—O Misery,

To seem to all one's Neighbours rich, yet know  
One's Self necessitous and wretched.

*Enter Maid, and afterwards Gerald with a Letter.*

*Maid.* Madam, here's *Gerald*, Lord *Henriquez*' Servant;  
He brings a Letter to you.

*Viol.* A Letter to me! How I tremble now!  
Your Lord's for Court, good *Gerald*, is he not?

*Ger.* Not so, Lady.

*Viol.* O my presaging Heart! When goes he then?

*Ger.* His Business now steers him some other Course.

*Viol.* Whither, I pray you?—How my Fears torment me!

*Ger.* Some two Months Progress.

*Viol.*——Whither, whither, sir,

I do beseech you? Good Heav'ns, I lose all Patience.

Did he deliberate this? or was the Business

But then conceiv'd, when it was born?

*Ger.* Lady, I know not That; nor is it in the Command I have  
to wait your Answer. For the perusing the Letter I commend you  
to your Leisure.

[*Exit Gerald.*

*Viol.* To Hearts like mine Suspence is Misery.

Wax, render up thy Trust: Be the Contents

Prosp'rous, or fatal, they are all my Due.

*Reads.] Our Prudence should now teach us to forget;  
what our Indiscretion has committed. I  
have already made one Step towards this  
Wisdom, by prevailing on Myself to bid you  
Farewell.*

O, Wretched and betray'd! Lost *Violante*!  
Heart-wounded with a thousand perjurd Vows,  
Poison'd with studied Language, and bequeath'd  
To Desperation. I am now become  
The Tomb of my own Honour: a dark Mansion,  
For Death alone to dwell in. I invite thee,  
Consuming Desolation, to this Temple,  
Now fit to be thy Spoil: the ruin'd Fabrick,  
Which cannot be repair'd, at once o'er-throw.  
What must I do?——But That's not worth my  
Thought:

I will commend to Hazard all the Time

That I shall spend hereafter: Farewel, my Father,  
 Whom I'll no more offend: and Men, adieu,  
 Whom I'll no more believe: and Maids, adieu,  
 Whom I'll no longer shame. The Way I go,  
 As yet I know not.—Sorrow be my Guide.

[*Exit Violante.*]

SCENE III. *Prospect of a Village, before  
 Don Bernard's House.*

*Enters Henriquez.*

*Henr.* Where were the Eyes, the Voice, the various  
 Charms,

Each beauteous Particle, each nameless Grace,  
 Parents of glowing Love? All These in Her,  
 It seems, were not: but a Disease in Me,  
 That fancied Graces in her.—Who ne'er beheld  
 More than a Hawthorne, shall have Cause to say  
 The Cedar's a tall Tree; and scorn the Shade,  
 The lov'd Bush once had lent him. Soft! mine Ho-  
 nour

Begins to sicken in this black Reflection.  
 How can it be, that with my Honour safe  
 I should pursue *Leonora* for my Wife?  
 That were accumulating Injuries,  
 To *Violante* first, and now to *Julio*;  
 To her a perjur'd Wretch, to him perfidious;  
 And to myself in strongest Terms accus'd  
 Of murth'ring Honour wilfully, without which  
 My Dog's the Creature of the nobler Kind.—  
 But Pleasure is too strong, for Reason's Curb;  
 And Conscience sinks o'er-power'd with Beauty's Sweets.  
 Come, *Leonora*, Authress of my Crime,  
 Appear, and vindicate thy Empire here;  
 Aid me to drive this ling'ring Honour hence,  
 And I am wholly thine.

*Enter to him, Don Bernard and Leonora.*

*D. Bern.* Fye, my good Lord; why would you wait  
 without?

If you suspect your Welcome, I have brought  
My *Leonora* to assure you of it. [Henr. salutes Leon.]

*Henr.* O Kiss, sweet as the Odours of the Spring,  
But cold as Dews that dwell on Morning Flow'rs!  
Say, *Leonora*, has your Father conquer'd?  
Shall Duty then at last obtain the Prize,  
Which you refus'd to Love? And shall *Henriquez*  
Owe all his Happiness to good *Bernardo*?  
Ah! no; I read my Ruin in your Eyes:  
That Sorrow, louder than a thousand Tongues,  
Pronounces my Despair.

*D. Bern.* ——Come, *Leonora*,  
You are not now to learn, this noble Lord,  
(Whom but to name, restores my failing Age,)  
Has with a Lover's Eye beheld your Beauty;  
Thro' which his Heart speaks more than Language can;  
It offers Joy and Happiness to You,  
And Honour to our House. Imagine then  
The Birth and Qualities of him that loves you;  
Which when you know, you cannot rate too dear.

*Leon.* My Father, on my Knees I do beseech you  
To pause one Moment on your Daughter's Ruin.  
I vow, my Heart ev'n bleeds, that I must thank you  
For your past Tenderness; and yet distrust  
That which is yet behind. Consider, Sir,  
Whoe'er's th' Occasion of another's Fault,  
Cannot himself be innocent. O, give not  
The censuring World Occasion to reproach  
Your harsh Commands; or to my Charge lay That  
Which most I fear, the Fault of Disobedience.

*D. Bern.* Pr'ythee, fear neither the One, nor the Other: I tell  
thee, Girl, there's more Fear than Danger. For my own part, as  
soon as Thou art married to this noble Lord, my Fears will be over.

*Leon.* Sir, I should be the vainest of my Sex,  
Not to esteem myself unworthy far  
Of this high Honour. Once there was a Time,  
When to have heard my Lord *Henriquez*' Vows,  
Might have subdued my unexperienc'd Heart,  
And made me wholly his.—But That's now past:

And my firm-plighted Faith by your Consent  
Was long since given to the injur'd *Julio*.

*D. Bern.* Why, then, by my Consent e'en take it back again.  
Thou, like a simple Wench, hast given thy Affections to a Fellow,  
that does not care a Farthing for them. One, that has left thee for a  
Jaunt to Court; as who should say, I'll get a Place now; 'tis Time  
enough to marry, when I'm turn'd out of it.

*Henr.* So, surely it should seem, most lovely Maid;

*Julio*, alas, feels nothing of my Passion.

His Love is but th' Amusement of an Hour,

A short Relief from Business, or Ambition,

The Sport of Youth, and Fashion of the Age.

O! had he known the Hopes, the Doubts, the Ardours,

Or half the fond Varieties of Passion,

That play the Tyrant with my tortur'd Soul;

He had not left Thee to pursue his Fortune:

To practice Cringes in a slavish Circle,

And barter real Bliss for unsure Honour.

*Leon.* Oh, the opposing Wind,

Should'ring the Tide, makes here a fearful Billow:

I needs must perish in it.—Oh, my Lord,

Is it then possible, you can forget

What's due to your great Name, and princely Birth,

To Friendship's holy Law, to Faith repos'd,

To Truth, to Honour, and poor injur'd *Julio*?

O think, my Lord, how much this *Julio* loves you;

Recall his Services, his well-try'd Faith;

Think too, this very Hour, where-e'er he be,

Your Favour is the Envy of the Court,

And secret Triumph of his grateful Heart.

Poor *Julio*, how securely thou depend'st

Upon the Faith and Honour of thy Master;

Mistaken Youth! this very Hour he robs thee

Of all thy Heart holds dear.—'Tis so *Henriques*

Repays the Merits of unhappy *Julio*.

[*Weeps.*]

*Henr.* My slumb'ring Honour catches the Alarm.

I was to blame to parley with her thus:

Sh'as shown me to myself. It troubles me.

[*Aside.*]

*D. Bern.* Mad; Mad. Stark mad, by this Light.

*Leon.* I but begin to be so.—I conjure you,

By all the tender Interests of Nature,  
 By the chaste Love 'twixt you, and my dear Mother,  
 (O holy Heav'n, that she were living now!)  
 Forgive and pity me.—Oh, Sir, remember,  
 I've heard my Mother say a thousand Times,  
 Her Father would have forced her Virgin Choice;  
 But when the Conflict was 'twixt Love and Duty,  
 Which should be first obey'd, my Mother quickly  
 Paid up her Vows to Love, and married You.  
 You thought this well, and she was praised for This;  
 For this her Name was honour'd, Disobedience  
 Was ne'er imputed to her, her firm Love  
 Conquer'd whate'er oppos'd it, and she prosper'd  
 Long Time your Wife. My Case is now the same;  
 You are the Father, which You then condemn'd;  
 I, what my Mother was; but not so happy.—

*D. Bern.* Go to, you're a Fool. No doubt, You have old Stories enough to undo you.—What, you can't throw yourself away but by Precedent, ha?—You will needs be married to One, that will None of You? You will be happy no Body's way but your own, forsooth.—But, d'ye mark me, spare your Tongue for the future; (and That's using you hardly too, to bid you spare what you have a great deal too much of :) Go, go your ways, and d'ye hear, get ready within these Two days to be married to a Husband you don't deserve;—Do it, or, by my dead Father's Soul, you are no Acquaintance of mine.

*Henr.* She weeps: Be gentler to her, good *Bernardo*.

*Leon.* Then Woe the Day.—I'm circled round with  
 Fire;

No Way for my Escape, but thro' the Flames.  
 Oh, can I e'er resolve to live without  
 A Father's Blessing, or abandon *Julio*?  
 With other Maids, the Choice were not so hard;  
 Int'rest, that rules the World, has made at last  
 A Merchandize of Hearts: and Virgins now  
 Chuse as they're bid, and wed without Esteem.  
 By nobler Springs shall my Affections move;  
 Nor own a Master, but the Man I love.

[*Exit Leonora.*]

*D. Bern.* Go thy ways, Contradiction.—Follow her, my Lord; follow her, in the very Heat. This Obstinacy must be combated by Impertunity as obstinate. *[Exit Henriquez after her.*

The Girl says right; her Mother was just such Another. I remember, Two of Us courted her at the same Time. She lov'd neither of Us, but She chose me purely to spight that surly Old Blockhead my Father-in-Law. Who comes here, *Camillo?* Now the refusing Part will lie on my Side.—

*Enters Camillo.*

*Cam.* My worthy Neighbour, I am much in Fortune's Favour to find You thus alone. I have a Suit to You.

*D. Bern.* Please to name it, Sir.

*Cam.* Sir, I have long held you in singular Esteem; and what I shall now say, will be a Proof of it. You know, Sir, I have but one Son.

*D. Bern.* Ay, Sir.

*Cam.* And the Fortune I am blest with, You pretty well know what it is.

*D. Bern.* 'Tis a fair One, Sir.

*Cam.* Such as it is, the whole Reversion is my Son's. He is now engaged in his Attendance on our Master, the Duke. But e'er he went, he left with me the Secret of his Heart, his Love for your fair Daughter. For your Consent, he said, 'twas ready: I took a Night, indeed, to think upon it, and now have brought you mine; and am come to bind the Contract with half my Fortune in present, the Whole some time hence, and, in the mean while, my hearty Blessing. Ha? What say You to't, *Don Bernard?*

*D. Bern.* Why, really, Neighbour,—I must own, I have heard Something of this Matter.—

*Cam.* Heard Something of it? No doubt, you have.

*D. Bern.* Yes, now I recollect it well.

*Cam.* Was it so long ago then?

*D. Bern.* Very long ago, Neighbour.—On *Tuesday* last.

*Cam.* What, am I mock'd in this Business, *Don Bernard?*

*D. Bern.* Not mock'd, good *Camillo*, not mock'd: But in Love-matters, you know, there are Abundance of Changes in half an Hour. Time, Time, Neighbour, plays Tricks with all of us.

*Cam.* Time, Sir! What tell you me of Time? Come, I see how this goes. Can a little Time take a Man by the Shoulder, and



shake off his Honour? Let me tell you, Neighbour, it must either be a strong Wind, or a very mellow Honesty that drops so easily. Time, quoth'a?

*D. Bern.* Look'ee, *Camillo*; will you please to put your Indignation in your Pocket for half a Moment, while I tell you the whole Truth of the Matter. My Daughter, you must know, is such a tender Soul, she cannot possibly see a Duke's youngest Son without falling desperately in Love with him. Now, you know, Neighbour, when Greatness rides Post after a Man of my Years, 'tis both Prudence, and good Breeding, to let one's self be overtaken by it. And who can help all This? I profess, it was not my seeking, Neighbour.

*Cam.* I profess, a Fox might earth in the Hollowness of your Heart, Neighbour, and there's an End. If I were to give a bad Conscience its true Likeness, it should be drawn after a very near Neighbour to a certain poor Neighbour of yours.—Neighbour! with a Pox.

*D. Bern.* Nay, you are so nimble with me, you will hear Nothing.

*Cam.* Sir, if I must speak Nothing, I will hear Nothing. As for what you have to say, if it comes from your Heart, 'tis a Lye before you speak it.—I'll to *Leonora*; and if I find her in the same Story, why, I shall believe your Wife was true to You, and your Daughter is your own. Fare you well. [*Exit, as into D. Bernard's House.*]

*D. Bern.* Ay, but two Words must go to that Bargain. It happens, that I am at present of Opinion my Daughter shall receive no more Company to day, at least, no such Visits as yours.

[*Exit D. Bernard, following him*]

SCENE IV. *Changes to another Prospect  
of Don Bernard's House.*

*Leonora, above.*

*Leon.* How tediously I've waited at the Window,  
Yet know not one that passes.— Should I trust  
My Letter to a Stranger, whom I think  
To bear and honest Face, (in which sometimes  
We fancy we are wond'rous skilful;) then  
I might be much deceiv'd. This late Example  
Of base *Henriquez*, bleeding in me now,  
From each good Aspect takes away my Trust.

For his Face seem'd to promise Truth and Honour.  
 Since Nature's Gifts in noblest Forms deceive,  
 Be happy You, that want 'em!— Here comes One;  
 I've seen him, tho' I know him not; He has  
 An honest Face too—that's no Matter.— Sir, ——

*Enters Citizen.*

*Citiz.* To me?

*Leon.* As You were of a virtuous Matron born,  
 (There is no Doubt, you are:) I do conjure you  
 Grant me one Boon. Say, do you know me, Sir?

*Citiz.* Ay, *Leonora*, and your worthy Father.

*Leon.* I have not Time to press the Suit I've to you  
 With many Words; nay, I should want the Words,  
 Tho' I had Leisure: but for Love of Justice,  
 And as you pity Misery——But I wander  
 Wide from my Subject. Know you *Julio*, Sir?

*Citiz.* Yes, very well; and love him too, as well.

*Leon.* Oh, there an Angel spake! Then I conjure  
 you,

Convey this Paper to him: and believe me,  
 You do Heav'n Service in't, and shall have Cause  
 Not to repent your Pains.—I know not what  
 Your Fortune is;—— Pardon me, gentle Sir,  
 That I am bold to offer This.

*[Throws down a Purse with Money.*

*D. Bern. within.] Leonora.* ——

*Leon.* I trust to you; Heav'n put it in your Heart  
 To work me some Relief.

*Citiz.* Doubt it not, Lady. You have mov'd me so,  
 That tho' a thousand Dangers barr'd by way,  
 I'd dare 'em all to serve you. *[Exit Citizen.*

*Leon.* Thanks from a richer hand than mine require  
 you!

*D. Bern, within]* Why, Daughter——

*Leon.* I come:—Oh, *Julio*, feel but half my Grief,  
 And thou wilt outfly Time to bring Relief.

*[Exit Leonora from the Window.*

*End of the Second Act.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Prospect of a Village.*

*Enter Julio with a Letter, and Citizen.*

*Citiz.* **W**HEN from the Window she did bow  
and call,

Her Passions shook her Voice; and from her Eyes  
Mistemper and Distraction, with strange Wildness  
Bespoke Concern above a common Sorrow.

*Jul.* Poor *Leonora!* Treacherous, damn'd *Henriquez!*  
She bids me fill my Memory with her Danger;  
I do, my *Leonora*; yes, I fill  
The Region of my Thought with nothing else;  
Lower, she tells me here, that this affair  
Shall yield a Testimony of her Love:  
And prays, her Letter may come safe and sudden.  
This Pray'r the Heav'ns have heard, and I beseech 'em,  
To hear all Pray'rs she makes.

*Citiz.* ————— Have Patience, Sir.

*Jul.* O my good Friend, methinks, I am too patient.  
Is there a Treachery, like This in Baseness,  
Recorded any where? It is the deepest:  
None but Itself can be its Parallel:  
And from a Friend, profess'd! ——— Friendship?  
Why, 'tis

A Word for ever maim'd; in human Nature  
It was a Thing the Noblest; and 'mong Beasts,  
It stood not in mean Place. Things of fierce Nature  
Hold Amity and Concordance.—Such a Villany  
A Writer could not put down in his Scene,  
Without Taxation of his Auditory  
For Fiction most enormous.

*Citiz.* ————— These Upbraidings  
Cool Time, while they are vented.

*Jul.* ————— I am counsel'd.  
For you, evermore, Thanks. You've done much for Us;  
So gently press'd to't, that I may perswade me  
You'll do a little more.

*Citiz.* ——— Put me t'Employment  
That's honest, tho' not safe, with my best Spirits  
I'll give 't Accomplishment.

*Jul.* No more but This ;  
For I must see *Leonora* : And to appear  
Like *Julio*, as I am, might, haply spoil  
Some good Event ensuing. Let me crave  
Th' Exchange of Habit with you : some Disguise,  
May bear Me to my Love, unmark'd, and secret.

*Citiz.* You shall not want. Yonder's the House be-  
fore us :  
Make Haste to reach it.

*Jul.* ——— Still I thank you, Sir.  
O *Leonora* ! stand but this rude Shock ;  
Hold out thy Faith against the dread Assault  
Of this base Lord, the Service of my Life  
Shall be devoted to repay thy Constancy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Don Bernard's House.

*Enters Leonora.*

*Leon.* I've hoped to th' latest Minute Hope can give :  
He will not come : H'as not receiv'd my Letter :  
May be, some other View has from our Home  
Repeal'd his chang'd Eye : for what Business can  
Excuse a Tardiness thus willful ? None.  
Well then, it is not Business. ——— Oh ! that let-  
ter, ———

I say, is not deliver'd ; or He's sick ;  
Or, O Suggestion, wherefore wilt Thou fright me ?  
*Julio* does to *Henriquez* on meer Purpose,  
On plotted Purpose, yield me up ; and He  
Hath chose another Mistress. All Presumptions  
Make pow'rful to this Point. His own Protraction,  
*Henriquez* left behind ; ——— That Strain lack'd Jeal-  
ousie,  
Therefore lack'd Love. ——— So sure as Life shall  
empty

It self in Death, this new Surmise of mine  
Is a bold Certainty. 'Tis plain, and obvious,

*Henriquez* would not, durst not, thus infringe  
 The Law of Friendship; thus provoke a Man,  
 That bears a Sword, and wears his Flag of Youth  
 As fresh as He: He durst not: 'Tis Contrivance,  
 Gross-dawbing 'twixt them Both.—But I'm o'er-  
 heard.

[*Going.*

*Enters Julio, disguised.*

*Jul.* Stay, *Leonora*; Has this outward Veil  
 Quite lost me to thy Knowledge?

*Leon.* ————— O my *Julio!*  
 Thy Presence ends the stern Debate of Doubt,  
 And cures me of a thousand heartsick Fears,  
 Sprung from thy Absence: yet awakes a Train  
 Of other sleeping Terrors. Do you weep?

*Jul.* No, *Leonora*; when I weep, it must be  
 The Substance of mine Eye. 'Would I could weep;  
 For then mine Eye would drop upon my Heart,  
 And swage the Fire there.

*Leon.* ————— You are full possess'd  
 How things go here. First, welcome heartily;  
 Welcome to th'Ending of my last good Hour:  
 Now Summer Bliss and gawdy Days are gone,  
 My Lease in 'em 's expir'd.

*Jul.* ————— Not so, *Leonora*.

*Leon.* Yes, *Julio*, yes; an everlasting Storm  
 Is come upon me, which I can't bear out.  
 I cannot stay much Talk; we have lost Leisure;  
 And thus it is: Your Absence hath giv'n Breeding  
 To what my Letter hath declar'd, and is  
 This Instant on th'effecting, Hark! the Music

[*Flourish within,*

Is now on tuning, which must celebrate  
 This Bus'ness so discordant.—Tell me then,  
 What you will do.

*Jul.* ————— I know not what: Advise me:  
 I'll kill the Traytor.

*Leon.* ————— O! take Heed. his Death  
 Beters our Cause no whit. No killing, *Julio*.

*Jul.* My Blood stands still; and all my Faculties

Are by Enchantment dull'd. You gracious Pow'rs,  
 The Guardians of sworn Faith, and suff'ring Virtue,  
 Inspire Prévention of this dreaded Mischief!  
 This Moment is our own; Let's use it, Love,  
 And fly o'th' Instant from this House of Woe.

*Leon.* Alas! Impossible: My Steps are watch'd;  
 There's no Escape for Me. You must stay too.

*Jul.* What! stay, and see thee ravish'd from my Arms?  
 I'll force thy Passage. Wear I not a Sword?  
 Ne'er on Man's Thigh rode better. ——— If I suffer  
 The Traytor play his Part; if I not do  
 Manhood and Justice, Honour; let me be deem'd  
 A tame, pale, Coward, whom the Night-Owl's Hoot  
 May turn to Aspen-leaf: Some Man take This,  
 Give Me a Distaff for it.

*Leon.* ——— Patience, *Julio*;  
 And trust to Me: I have fore-thought the Means  
 To disappoint these Nuptials.——Hark! again;

[*Musick within.*

These are the Bells knoll for Us.—See, the Lights  
 Move this Way, *Julio*. Quick, behind yon Arras,  
 And take thy secret Stand.——Dispute it not;  
 I have my Reasons, you anon shall know them:—  
 There you may mark the Passage of the Night.  
 Yet, more: — I charge you by the dearest Tyes,  
 What-e'er you see, or hear, what-e'er shall hap,  
 In your Concealment rest a silent Statue.

Nay, hide thee strait, — or, — see, I'm arm'd, and  
 vow

[*Shows a dagger.*

To fall a bleeding Sacrifice before Thee.

[*Thrusts him out, to the Arras.*

I dare not tell thee of my Purpose, *Julio*,  
 Lest it should wrap thee in such Agonies,  
 Which my Love could not look on.——

SCENE opens to a large Hall: An Altar prepared with  
 Tapers. Enter at one Door Servants with Lights,  
 Henriquez, Don Bernard, and Churchmen. At an-  
 other, Attendants to Leonora. Henriquez runs to her.

*Henr.* Why, *Leonora*, wilt Thou with this Gloom  
 Darken my Triumph; suff'ring Discontent,

And wan Displeasure, to subdue that Cheek  
 Where Love should sit inthron'd? Behold your Slave;  
 Nay, frown not; for each Hour of growing Time  
 Shall task me to thy Service, 'till by Merit  
 Of dearest Love I blot the low-born *Julio*  
 From thy fair Mind.

*Leon.* ————— So I shall make it foul;  
 This Counsel is corrupt.

*Henr.* ————— Come, you will change.—

*Leon.* Why would you make a Wife of such a One,  
 That is so apt to change? This foul proceeding  
 Still speaks against itself, and vilifies  
 The purest of your Judgment. — For your Birth's  
 Sake

I will not dart my hoarded Curses at you,  
 Nor give my Meanings Language: For the Love  
 Of all good Things together, yet take heed,  
 And spurn the Tempter back.

*D. Bern.* I think, you're mad. — Perverse, and  
 foolish, Wretch!

*Leon.* How may I be obedient, and wife too?  
 Of my Obedience, Sir, I cannot strip me;  
 Nor can I then be wife: Grace against Grace!  
 Ungracious, if I not obey a Father;  
 Most perjurd, if I do. — Yet, Lord, consider,  
 Or e'er too late, or e'er that Knot be ty'd,  
 Which may with Violence damnable be broken,  
 No other way dissever'd. Yet consider,  
 You wed my Body, not my Heart, my Lord,  
 No Part of my Affection. Sounds it well,  
 That *Julio's* Love is Lord *Henriquez'* Wife;  
 Have you an Ear for this harsh Sound?

*Henr.* No Shot of Reason can come near the Place,  
 Where my Love's fortified. The Day shall come,  
 Wherein you'll chide this Backwardness, and bless  
 Our Fervour in this Course.

*Leon.* ————— No, no, *Henriquez,*  
 When you shall find what Prophet you are prov'd,  
 You'll prophesie no more.

*D. Bern.* ————— Have done this Talking,

If you will cleave to your Obedience, do't;  
 If not, unbolt the Portal, and be gone;  
 My Blessing stay behind you.

*Leon.* ————— Sir, your Pardon:  
 I will not swerve a Hair's Breadth from my Duty;  
 It shall first cost me dear.

*D. Bern.* ————— Well then, to th' Point:  
 Give me your Hand. ——— My honour'd Lord, re-  
 ceive  
 My Daughter of Me. — (nay, no dragging back,  
 But with my Curses;) — whom I frankly give you,  
 And with you Joy and Honour.

[*As Don Bernard goes to give Leonora to Henriquez, Julio  
 advances from the Arras, and steps between.*]

*Jul.* ————— Hold, *Don Bernard*,  
 Mine is the elder Claim.

*D. Bern.* ————— What are you, Sir?

*Jul.* A Wretch, that's almost lost to his own Knowledge,  
 Struck thro' with Injuries. ———

*Henr.* ————— Ha! *Julio?* ————— Hear you,  
 Were you not sent on our Command to Court?  
 Order'd to wait your fair Dismission thence?  
 And have you dared, knowing you are our Vassal,  
 To steal away unprivileg'd, and leave  
 My Business and your Duty unaccomplish'd?

*Jul.* Ungen'rous Lord! The Circumstance of Things  
 Should stop the Tongue of Question. ——— You have  
 wrong'd me;

Wrong'd me so basely, in so dear a Point,  
 As stains the Cheek of Honour with a Blush;  
 Cancels the Bonds of Service; bids Allegiance  
 Throw to the Wind all high Respects of Birth,  
 Title, and Eminence; and, in their Stead,  
 Fills up the panting Heart with just Defiance.  
 If you have Sense of Shame, or Justice, Lord,  
 Forego this bad Intent; or with your Sword  
 Answer me like a Man, and I shall thank you.  
*Julio* once dead, *Leonora* may be thine,  
 But, living, She's a Prize too rich to part with.



*Henr.* Vain Man! the present Hour is fraught with  
Business  
Of richer Moment. Love shall first be serv'd:  
Then, if your Courage hold to claim it of me,  
I may have Leisure to chastise this Boldness.

*Jul.* Nay, then I'll seize my Right.

*Henr.* ————— What, here, a Brawl?  
My Servants, — turn this boist'rous Sworder forth;  
And see he come not to disturb our Joys.

*Jul.* Hold, Dogs! ——— *Leonora*, — Coward, base,  
*Henriquez!*

[*Julio is seiz'd, and drag'd out by the Servants.*

*Henr.* She dies upon Me; help!

[*Leonora swoons; as they endeavor to recover her,  
a Paper drops from her.*

*D. Bern.* ——— Throng not about her;  
But give her Air.

*Henr.* ——— What Paper's That? let's see it.  
It is her own Hand-Writing.

*D. Bern.* ————— Bow her Head:  
'Tis but her Fright; she will recover soon.  
What learn you by that Paper, good my Lord?

*Henr.* That she would do the Violence to herself,  
Which Nature hath anticipated on her.  
What Dagger means she? Search her well, I pray you.

*D. Bern.* Here is the Dagger. ——— Oh, the stub-  
born Sex,  
Rash ev'n to Madness! ———

*Henr.* ————— Bear her to her Chamber:  
Life flows in her again. ——— Pray, bear her hence:  
And tend her, as you would the World's best Treasure.

[*Women carry Leonora off.*

*Don Bernard*, this wild Tumult soon will cease,  
The Cause remov'd; and all return to Calmness.  
Passions in Women are as short in Working,  
As strong in their Effect. Let the Priest wait:  
Come, go we in: My Soul is all on Fire;  
And burns impatient of this forc'd Delay.

*Exeunt; and the Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *Prospect of a Villaae at  
a Distance.*

*Enters Roderick.*

*Rod.* *Julio's* Departure thus in secret from Me.  
With the long doubtful Absence of my Brother,  
(Who cannot suffer, but my Father feels it;)   
Have trusted me with strong Suspicions,  
And Dreams, that will not let me sleep, nor eat,  
Nor taste those Recreations Health demands:  
But, like a Whirlwind, hither have they snatch'd me,  
Perforce, to be resolv'd. I know my Brother  
Had *Julio's* Father for his Host: from him  
Enquiry may befriend me.

*Enters Camillo.*

Old Sir, I'm glad  
To've met you thus: What ails the Man? *Camillo,—*

*Cam.* Ha?

*Rod.* Is't possible, you should forget your Friends?

*Cam.* Friends! What are Those?

*Rod.* ———Why, Those that love you, Sir.

*Cam.* You're None of Those, sure, if you be Lord  
*Roderick.*

*Rod.* Yes, I am that Lord *Roderick*, and I lie not,  
If I protest, I love you passing well.

*Cam.* You lov'd my Son too passing well, I take it:  
One, that believ'd too suddenly his Court-Creed.

*Rod.* All is not well [*aside.*]——Good old Man,  
do not rail.

*Cam.* My Lord, my Lord, you've dealt dishonourably.

*Rod.* Good Sir, I am so far from doing Wrongs  
Of that base Strain, I understand you not.

*Cam.* Indeed! —— You know not neither, o' my  
Conscience,

How your most virtuous Brother, noble *Henriquez*,  
(You look so like him, Lord, you are the worse for't;  
Rots upon such Dissemblers!) under colour  
Of buying Coursers, and I know not what,  
Bought my poor Boy out of Possession  
Ev'n of his plighted Faith.——Was not this Honour?

And This a constant Friend?

*Rod.* ————— I dare not say so.

*Cam.* Now you have robb'd him of his Love,  
take all;

Make up your Malice, and Dispatch his Life too.

*Rod.* If you would hear me, Sir, ———

*Cam.* ——— Your brave old Father

Would have been torn in Pieces with wild Horses,  
E'er he had done this Treachery. On my Conscience,

Had he but dreamt you Two durst have committed  
This base, unmanly Crime, ———

*Rod.* Why, this is Madness. ———

*Cam.* I've done; I've eas'd my Heart; now you may  
talk.

*Rod.* Then as I am a Gentleman, believe me,  
(For I will lie for no Man;) I'm so far  
From being guilty of the least Suspicion  
Of Sin that way, that fearing the long Absence  
Of *Julio* and my Brother might beget  
Something to start at, hither have I travell'd  
To know the Truth of you.

*Enters Violante behind.*

*Viol.* My Servant loiters; sure, he means me well;

*Camillo*, and a Stranger? These may give me  
Some Comfort from their Talk. I'll step aside:

And hear what Fame is stirring. [Violante retires.]

*Rod.* ——— Why this Wond'ring?

*Cam.* Can there be one so near in Blood as you are  
To that *Henriquez*, and an honest Man?

*Rod.* While he was good, I do confess my Nearness;  
But, since his Fall from Honour, he's to me  
As a strange Face I saw but Yesterday,  
And as soon lost.

*Cam.* ——— I ask your Pardon, Lord;  
I was too rash and bold.

*Rod.* ——— No Harm done, Sir.

*Cam.* But is it possible, you should not hear  
The Passage 'twixt *Leonora* and your Brother?

*Rod.* None of All This.

*Enters Citizen.*

*Cam.* How now?

*Citiz.* I bear you Tidings, Sir, which I could wish  
Some other Tongue deliver'd.

*Cam.* ——— Whence, I pray you?

*Citiz.* From your Son, Sir.

*Cam.* Pr'ythee, where is he?

*Citiz.* That's more than I know now, Sir.

But This I can assure you, he has left  
The City raging mad; Heav'n comfort him!  
He came to that curst Marriage——The Fiends  
take it!——

*Cam.* Pr'ythee, be gone, and bid the Bell knoll  
for me:

I have had one Foot in the Grave some Time.  
Nay, go, good Friend; thy News deserve no Thanks.  
How does your Lordship? [*Exit Citizen.*]

*Rod.* ——— That's well said, Old Man.

I hope, all shall be well yet.

*Cam.* ——— It had need;

For 'tis a crooked World. Farewell, poor Boy!——

*Enters Don Bernard.*

*D. Bern.* This comes of forcing Women where they  
hate:

It was my own Sin; and I am rewarded.  
Now I am like an aged Oak, alone,  
Left for all Tempests.— I would cry, but cannot:  
I'm dry'd to Death almost with these Vexations.  
Lord! what a heavy Load I have within me!  
My Heart,—my Heart,—my Heart—

*Cam.* —Has this ill Weather  
Met with Thee too?

*D. Bern.* —O Wench, that I were with thee!

*Cam.* You do not come to mock at me now?

*D. Bern.* Ha?——

*Cam.* Do not dissemble; Thou may'st find a Knave  
As bad as thou art, to undo thee too:  
I hope to see that Day before I dye yet.

*D. Bern.* It needeth not, *Camillo*; I am Knave  
Sufficient to my self. If thou wilt rail,

Do it as bitterly as thou canst think of ;  
 For I deserve it. Draw thy Sword, and strike me ;  
 And I will thank thee for't.—I've lost my Daughter ;  
 She's stol'n away ; and whither gone, I know not.

*Cam.* She has a fair Blessing in being from you,  
 Sir.

I was too poor a Brother for your Greatness ;  
 You must be grafted into noble Stocks,  
 And have your Titles rais'd. My State was laugh'd at :  
 And my Alliance scorn'd. I've lost a Son too ;  
 Which must not be put up so. [*Offers to draw.*]

*Rod.* ——— Hold ; be counsel'd.  
 You've equal Losses ; urge no farther Anger.  
 Heav'n, pleas'd now at your Love, may bring again,  
 And, no Doubt, will, your Children to your Comforts :  
 In which Adventure my Foot shall be foremost.  
 And One more will I add, my Honour'd Father ;  
 Who has a Son to grieve for too, tho' tainted.  
 Let your joint Sorrow be as Balm to heal  
 These Wounds of adverse Fortune.

*D. Bern.* Come, *Camillo*,  
 Do not deny your Love, for Charity ;  
 I ask it of you. Let this noble Lord  
 Make brothers of Us, whom our own cross Fates  
 Could never join. What I have been, forget ;  
 What I intend to be, believe and nourish :  
 I do confess my Wrongs ; give me your Hand.

*Cam.* Heav'n make thee honest ;——there.

*Rod.* ——— 'Tis done like good Men.  
 Now there rests Nought, but that we part, and each  
 Take sev'ral Ways in Quest of our lost Friends :  
 Some of my Train o'er the wild Rocks shall wait  
 you.

Our best Search ended, heré we'll meet again,  
 And tell the Fortunes of our separate Travels. [*Exeunt.*]

*Violante comes forward.*

*Viol.* I would, your Brother had but half your  
 Virtue !  
 Yet there remains a little Spark of Hope.

That lights me to some Comfort. The Match is  
 cross'd;  
 The Parties separate; and I again  
 May come to see this Man that has betray'd me;  
 And wound his Conscience for it: Home again  
 I will not go, whatever Fortune guides me;  
 Tho' ev'ry Step I went, I trod upon  
 Dangers as fearful and as pale as Death.  
 No, no, *Henriquez*; I will follow thee  
 Where there is Day. Time may beget a Wonder.

*Enters Servant.*

O, are you come? What News?

*Serv.* None, but the worst. Your Father makes mighty  
 Offers yonder by a Cryer, to any One can bring you home  
 again.

*Viol.* Art Thou corrupted?

*Serv.* No.

*Viol.* Wilt thou be honest?

*Serv.* I hope, you do not fear me.

*Viol.* Indeed, I do not. Thou hast an honest Face;  
 And such a Face, when it deceives, take heed,  
 Is curst of all Heav'n's Creatures.

*Serv.* I'll hang first.

*Viol.* Heav'n bless thee from that End!—I've heard  
 a Man

Say more than This; and yet that Man was false.  
 Thou'lt not be so, I hope.

*Serv.* By my Life, Mistress,——— ,

*Viol.* Swear not; I credit Thee. But pry'thee tho'  
 Take Heed, thou dost not fail: I do not doubt Thee;  
 Yet I have trusted such a serious Face,  
 And been abused too.

*Serv.* If I fail your Trust;———

*Viol.* I do thee Wrong to hold thy Honesty  
 At Distance thus. Thou shalt know all my Fortunes.  
 Get me a Shepherd's Habit.

*Serv.* Well; what else?

*Viol.* And wait me in the Evening, where I told thee;  
 There Thou shalt know my farther Ends. Take heed——

*Serv.* D'ye fear me still?

*Viol.* ————— No; This is only Counsel;  
My Life and Death I have put equally  
Into thy Hand; Let not Rewards, nor Hopes,  
Be cast into the Scale to turn thy Faith.

Be honest but for Virtue's sake, that's all;  
He, that has such a Treasure, cannot fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the Third Act.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Wide Plain, with a Prospect of Mountains at a Distance*

*Enter Master of the Flocks, three or four Shepherds, and Violante in Boy's Clothes.*

1 *Shep.* WELL, he's as sweet a Man, Heav'n comfort him!  
as ever these Eyes look'd on.

2 *Shep.* If he have a Mother, I believe, Neighbours, she's a Woe-woman for him at this Hour.

*Mast.* Why should he haunt these wild unpeopled Mountains,  
Where nothing dwells but Hunger, and sharp Winds?

1 *Shep.* His Melancholy, Sir, that's the main Devil does it. Go to, I fear he has had too much foul Play offer'd him.

*Mast.* How gets he Meat?

2 *Shep.* Why, now and then he takes our Victuals from us, tho' we desire him to eat; and instead of a short Grace, beats us well and soundly, and then falls to.

*Mast.* Where lies He?

1 *Shep.* Ev'n where the Night o'ertakes him.

2 *Shep.* Now will I be hang'd, and some fair-snouted skittish Woman, or other, be not at the End of his Madness.

1 *Shep.* Well, if he lodg'd within the Sound of us, I knew our Musick would allure him. How attentively he stood, and how he fix't his Eyes, when your Boy sung his Love-Ditty. Oh, here he comes again.

*Mast.* Let him alone; he wonders strangely at us.

1 *Shep.* Not a Word, Sirs, to cross him, as you love your Shoulders.

2 *Shep.* He seems much disturb'd: I believe the mad Fit is upon him.

*Enters Julio.*

*Jul.* Horsemanship! — Hell — Riding shall be abolish'd:  
Turn the barb'd Steed loose to his native Wildness;  
It is a Beast too noble to be made  
The Property of Man's Baseness.—What a Letter  
Wrote he to's Brother? What a Man was I?  
Why, *Perseus* did not know his Seat like me;  
The *Parthian*, that rides swift without the Rein,  
Match'd not my Grace and Firmness.—Shall this Lord  
Dye, when Men pray for him? Think you 'tis meet?

1 *Shep.* I don't know what to say: Neither I, nor  
all the Confessors in *Spain*, can unriddle this wild Stuff.

*Jul.* I must to Court! be usher'd into Grace,  
By a large List of Praises ready penn'd!  
O Devil! What a venomous World is this,  
When Commendations are the Baits to Ruin!  
All these good Words were Gyves and Fetters, Sir,  
To keep me bolted there: while the false Sender  
Play'd out the Game of Treach'ry. — Hold; come hither;  
You have an Aspect, Sir, of wond'rous Wisdom,  
And, as it seems, are travell'd deep in Knowledge;  
Have you e'er seen the *Phoenix* of the Earth,  
The Bird of Paradise?

2 *Shep.* ————— In Troth, Not I, Sir.

*Jul.* I have; and known her Haunts, and where she built  
Her spicy Nest: 'till, like a credulous Fool,  
I shew'd the Treasure to a Friend in Trust,  
And he hath robb'd me of her.—Trust no Friend:  
Keep thy Heart's Counsels close.—Hast thou a Mistress?  
Give her not out in Words; nor let thy Pride  
Be wanton to display her Charms to View;  
Love is contagious. and a Breath of Praise,  
Or a slight Glance, has kindled up its Flame,  
And turn'd a Friend a Traytor.—'Tis in Proof;  
And it has hurt my Brain.

1 *Shep.* Marry, now there is some Moral in his Madness,  
and we may profit by it.

*Mast.* See, he grows cool, and pensive.



Go towards him, Boy, but do not look that way.

*Viol.* Alas! I tremble ———

*Jul.* ———— Oh, my pretty Youth!  
Come hither, Child; Did not your Song imply  
Something of Love?

1 *Shep.* Ha—ha—goes it there? Now if the Boy be witty,  
we shall trace something.

*Viol.* Yes Sir, it was the Subject.

*Jul.* Sit here then: Come, shake not, good pretty Soul,  
Nor do not fear me; I'll not do thee Wrong.

*Viol.* Why do you look so on me?

*Jul.* ———— I have Reasons.

It puzzles my Philosophy, to think  
That the rude Blast, hot Sun, and dashing Rains  
Have made no fiercer War upon thy Youth;  
Nor hurt the Bloom of that Vermilion Cheek.  
You weep too, do you not?

*Viol.* ———— Sometimes, I do.

*Jul.* I weep sometimes too. You're extremely young.

*Viol.* Indeed, I've seen more Sorrow far than Years.

*Jul.* Yet all these have not broken your Complexion.  
You have a strong Heart, and you are the happier.  
I warrant, you're a very loving Woman.

*Viol.* A Woman, Sir? — I fear, h'as found me out.

[*Aside.*

2 *Shep.* He takes the Boy for a Woman.—Mad, again!

*Jul.* You've met some Disappointment; some foul Play  
Has cross'd your Love.—I read it in your Face.

*Viol.* You read a Truth then.

*Jul.* ———— Where can lie the Fault?  
Is't in the Man, or some dissembling Knave,  
He put in Trust? Ho! have I hit the Cause?

*Viol.* You're not far off.

*Jul.* This World is full of Coz'ners, very full;  
Young Virgins must be wary in their Ways.  
I've known a Duke's Son do as great a Knavery.  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Viol.* ———— Yes.

*Jul.* ———— Kill Yourself.

'Twill be a Terror to the Villain's Conscience,

The longest Day he lives.

*Viol.* ————— By No Means. What?  
Commit Self-murder!

*Jul.* ————— Yes; I'll have it so.

1 *Shep.* I fear, his Fit is returning. Take heed of all hands. — Sir,—do you want any thing?

*Jul.* Thou ly'st; thou can'st not hurt me: I am proof 'Gainst farther Wrongs.—Steal close behind me, Lady. I will avenge Thee.

*Viol.* ————— Thank the Heav'ns, I'm free.

*Jul.* O treach'rous, base *Henriquez!* have I caught thee?

2 *Shep.* Help! help! good Neighbours; he will kill me else. [Julio seizes on the Shepherd;  
Violante runs out.

*Jul.* Here Thou shalt pay thy Heart-blood for the Wrongs Thou'st heap'd upon this Head. Faith-breaker! Villain! I'll suck thy Life-blood.

1 *Shep.* Good Sir, have Patience; this is no *Henriquez.*  
[They rescue the Shepherd.

*Jul.* Well; let him slink to Court, and hide a Coward; Not all his Father's Guards shall shield him there. Or if he prove too strong for Mortal Arm, I will solicit ev'ry Saint in Heav'n To lend me Vengeance.— I'll about it strait.— The wrathful Elements shall wage this War; Furies shall haunt him; Vultures gnaw his Heart; And Nature pour forth all her Stores of Plagues, To join in Punishment of Truth betray'd. [Exit Julio.

2 *Shep.* Go thy Ways, and a Vengeance go with Thee! — Pray, feel my nose; is it fast, Neighbours?

1 *Shep.* 'Tis as well as may be.

2 *Shep.* He pull'd at it, as he would have drag'd a bullock backward by the Tail. — An't had been some Men's Nose that I know, Neighbours, who knows where it had been now? He has given me such a devilish Dash o'er the Mouth, that I feel, I shall never whistle to my Sheep again: Then they'll make Holy-day.

1 *Shep.* Come, shall we go? for, I fear, if the Youth return, our second Course will be much more against our Stomachs.

*Mast.* Walk you afore; I will give my Boy Some short Instructions, and I'll follow strait, We'll crash a Cup together.

1 *Shep.* Pray, do not linger.

*Mast.* I will not, Sirs; — This must not be a Boy; His Voice, Mein, Gesture, ev'ry Thing he does, Savors of soft and female Delicacy. He but puts on this Seeming, and his Garb Speaks him of such a Rank, as well perswades me, He plays the Swain, rather to cloak some Purpose, Than forced to't by a Need: I've waited long To mark the End he has in his Disguise; But am not perfect in't. The Madman's Coil Has driv'n him shaking hence. These Fears betray him. If he prove right, I'm happy. O, he's here.

*Enters Violante.*

Come hither, Boy; where did you leave the Flock, Child?

*Viol.* Grazing below, Sir — What does he mean, to stroke One o'the Cheek so? I hope, I'm not betray'd.

*Mast.* Have you learnt the Whistle yet, and when to Fold? And how to make the Dog bring in the Strayers?

*Viol.* Time, Sir, will furnish me with all these Rules; My Will is able, but my Knowledge weak, Sir.

*Mast.* That's a good Child: Why dost thou blush, my Boy? 'Tis certainly a Woman. [*Aside.*] Speak, my Boy.

*Viol.* Heav'n! how I tremble. — 'Tis unusual to me To find such Kindness at a Master's hand, That am a poor Boy, ev'ry way unable, Unless it be in Pray'rs, to merit it. Besides, I've often heard old People say, Too much Indulgence makes Boys rude and sawcy.

*Mast.* Are you so cunning! —

*Viol.* ————— How his Eyes shake Fire, And measure ev'ry Piece of Youth about me! The Ewes want Water, Sir: Shall I go drive 'em Down to the Cisterns? Shall I make haste, Sir?

[*Aside.*]

'Would I were five Miles from him—How he gripes me!

[*Aside.*]

*Mast.* Come, come, all this is not sufficient, Child, To make a Fool of me.— This is a fine Hand, A delicate fine Hand,—Never change Colour; You understand me,—and a Woman's Hand.

*Viol.* You're strangely out: Yet if I were a Woman, I know, you are so honest and so good, That tho' I wore Disguises for some Ends, You would not wrong me.—

*Mast.* ——— Come, you're made for Love; Will you comply? I'm madder with this Talk. There's Nothing you can say, can take my Edge off.

*Viol.* Oh, do but quench these foul Affections in you, That, like base Thieves, have rob'd you of your Reason, And I will be a Woman; and begin So sad a Story, that if there be aught Of humane in you, or a Soul that's gentle, You cannot chuse but pity my lost Youth.

*Mast.* No stories now.—

*Viol.* ————— Kill me directly, Sir; As you have any Goodness, take my Life.

*Rod. within.* Hoa! Shepherd, will you hear, Sir?

*Mast.* What bawling Rogue is that, i'th' Devil's Name?

*Viol.* Blessings upon him, whatsoe'er he be! *Runs out.*

*Enters Roderick.*

*Rod.* Good Even, my Friend; I thought, you all had been asleep in this Country.

*Mast.* You had lied then; for you were waking; when you thought so.

*Rod.* I thank you, Sir.

*Mast.* I pray, be cover'd; 'tis not so much worth, Sir.

*Rod.* Was that thy Boy ran crying?

*Mast.* Yes; what then?

*Rod.* Why dost thou beat him so?

*Mast.* To make him grow.

*Rod.* A pretty Med'cine! Thou can'st not tell me the Way to the next Nunnery?—

*Mast.* How do you know That?— Yes, I can tell you; but

the Question is, whether I will or no; and, indeed I will not. Fare you well. *Exit Master.*

*Rod.* What a brute Fellow's this! Are they all thus?  
My Brother *Henriquez* tells me by his Letters,  
The Mistress of his Soul not far' from hence  
Hath taken Sanctuary: from which he prays  
My Aid to bring her back.—From what Camillo  
Hinted, I wear some Doubts.—Here 'tis appointed  
That we should meet; it must be here; 'tis so.  
He comes.

*Enters Henriquez.*

Now, Brother, what's this post-haste Business  
You hurry me about?—— Some wenching Matter—

*Henr.* My Letter told you, Sir.

*Rod.* 'Tis true, it tells me, that you've lost a Mistress  
Whom your Heart bleeds for; but the Means to win her  
From her close Life, I take it, is not mention'd.  
You're ever in these Troubles.——

*Henr.*——— Noble Brother,  
I own, I have too freely giv'n Scope  
To Youth's intemp'rate Heat, and rash Desires.  
But think not, that I would engage your Virtues.  
To any Cause, wherein my constant Heart  
Attended not my Eye. 'Till now my Passions  
Reign'd in my Blood; ne'er pierc'd into my Mind;  
But I'm a Convert grown to purest Thoughts:  
And must in Anguish spend my Days to come,  
If I possess not her: So much I love.

*Rod.* The Means?— She's in a Cloyster, is she not?  
Within whose Walls to enter as We are,  
Will never be: Few Men, but Fryars, come there;  
Which we shall never make.

*Henr.*——— If That would do it,  
I would make Any thing.

*Rod.*——— Are you so hot?  
I'll serve him, be it but to save his Honour. *[Aside.*  
To feign a Corpse—— By th' Mass, it shall be so.  
We must pretend, we do transport a Body  
As 'twere to's Funeral: and coming late by,  
Crave a Night's Leave to rest the Herse i'th' Convent.

That be our Course; for to such Charity  
 Strict Zeal and Custom of the House give Way.

*Henr.* And, opportune, a vacant Herse pass'd by  
 From Rites but new perform'd: This for a Price  
 We'll hire, to put our Scheme in Act. Ho! *Gerald*—

*Enter Gerald, to whom Henriquez whispers; then Gerald goes out.*

*Rod.* When we're once lodg'd, the Means of her  
 Conveyance,  
 By safe and secret Force, with Ease we'll compass.  
 But, Brother, know my Terms.— If that your Mistress  
 Will to the World come back, and she appear  
 An Object worthy in our Father's Eye,  
 Wooe her, and win her; but if his Consent  
 Keep not Pace with your Purpose——

*Henr.* Doubt it not.

I've look'd not with a common Eye; but chose  
 A noble Virgin, who to make her so,  
 Has all the Gifts of Heav'n and Earth upon her.  
 If ever Woman yet could be an Angel,  
 She is the nearest.

*Rod.* —— Well; a Lover's Praise  
 Feasts not a Common Ear. —— Now to our Plot;  
 We shall bring Night in with Us. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Julio, and Two Gentlemen.*

*Gent.* Good Sir, compose yourself.

*Jul.* —— O *Leonora*,  
 That Heav'n had made Thee stronger than a Woman,  
 How happy had I been!

*Gent.* —— He's calm again:  
 I'll take this Interval to work upon Him.  
 These wild and solitary Places, Sir,  
 But feed your Pain; let better Reason guide you;  
 And quit this forlorn State, that yields no Comfort.

[*Lute sounds within.*

*Jul.* Ha! hark, a Sound from Heav'n! Do you hear  
 Nothing?

*Gent.* Yes, Sir; the Touch of some sweet Instrument:  
Here's no Inhabitant.

*Jul.* ————— No, no, the better.

*Gent.* This is a strange Place to hear Musick in.

*Jul.* I'm often visited with these sweet Airs.

The Spirit of some hapless Man that dy'd,  
And left his Love hid in a faithless Woman,  
Sure haunts these Mountains. [Violante sings within.

*Fond Echo!* forego thy light Strain,  
And heedfully hear a lost Maid;  
Go, tell the false Ear of the Swain  
How deeply his Vows have betray'd.  
Go, tell him, what Sorrows I bear;  
See, yet if his Heart feel my Woe:  
'Tis now he must heal my Despair,  
Or Death will make Pity too slow.

*Gent.* See, how his Soul strives in him! This sad Strain  
Has search'd him to the Heart.

*Jul.* Excellent Sorrow!

You never lov'd?

*Gent.* No.

*Jul.* ——— Peace; and learn to grieve then.

[Violante sings within.

*Go, tell him, what Sorrows I bear;  
See, yet if his heart feels my Woe:  
'Tis now he must heal my Despair,  
Or Death will make Pity too slow.*

Is not this heav'nly?

*Gent.* I never heard the Like, Sir.

*Jul.* I'll tell you, my good Friends; but pray, say Nothing;  
I'm strangely touch'd with This. The heav'nly Sound  
Diffuses a sweet Peace thro' all my Soul.  
But yet I wonder, what new, sad, Companion  
Grief has brought hither to out-bid my Sorrows.  
Stand off, stand off, stand off—Friends, it appears.

*Enters Violante.*

*Viol.* How much more grateful are these craggy  
Mountains,  
And these wild Trees, than things of nobler Natures;

For These receive my Plaints, and mourn again  
 In many Echoes to Me. All good People  
 Are faln asleep for ever. None are left,  
 That have the Sense, and Touch of Tenderness  
 For Virtue's sake: No, scarce their Memory:  
 From whom I may expect Counsel in Fears,  
 Ease to Complainings, or Redress of Wrongs.

*Jul.* This is a moving Sorrow, but say nothing.

*Viol.* What Dangers have I run, and to what Insults  
 Expos'd this Ruin of my self? Oh! Mischief  
 On that Soul-spotted Hind, my vicious Master!  
 Who would have thought, that such poor Worms as  
 They,

(Whose best Feed is coarse Bread; whose Bev'rage, Water;)   
 Should have so much rank Blood? I shake all over,  
 And blush to think what had become of me,  
 If that good Man had not reliev'd me from him.

*Jul.* Since she is not *Leonora*, she is heav'nly.  
 When she speaks next, listen as seriously.  
 As Women do that have their Loves at Sea,  
 What Wind blows ev'ry Morning.——

*Viol.* I cannot get this false Man's Memory  
 Out of my Mind. Yon Maidens, that shall live  
 To hear my mournful Tale, when I am Ashes,  
 Be wise; and to an Oath no more give Credit,  
 To Tears, to Vows, (false Both!) or any Thing  
 A Man shall promise, than to Clouds, that now  
 Bear such a pleasing Shape, and now are nothing.  
 For they will cozen, (if They may be cozen'd,)  
 The very Gods they worship. —— Valour, Justice,  
 Discretion, Honesty, and all they covet,  
 To make them seeming Saints, are but the Wiles  
 By which these *Syrens* lure us to Destruction.

*Jul.* Do not you weep now? I could drop myself  
 Into a Fountain for her.

*Gent.* She weeps extremely.

*Jul.* —— Let her weep; 'tis well:  
 Her Heart will break else. Great Sorrows live in Tears.

*Viol.* O false *Henriquez!* ——

*Jul.* —— Ha!



*Viol.* ————— And Oh, thou Fool,  
 Forsaken *Violante!* whose Belief  
 And childish Love have made Thee so ——— go, dye;  
 For there is nothing left Thee now to look for,  
 That can bring Comfort, but a quiet Grave.  
 There all the Miseries I long have felt,  
 And Those to come, shall sweetly sleep together.  
 Fortune may guide that false *Henriquez* hither,  
 To weep Repentance o'er my pale, dead Corse,  
 And cheer my wand'ring Spirit with these lov'd Obse-  
 quies. [*Going.*

*Jul.* Stay, Lady, stay: Can it be possible,  
 That you are *Violante?*

*Viol.* ————— That lost Name,  
 Spoken by One, that needs must know my Fortunes,  
 Has taken much Fear from me. Who are you, Sir?  
 For, sure, I am that hopeless *Violante.*

*Jul.* And I, as far from any earthly Comfort  
 That I know yet, the much-wrong'd *Julio!*

*Viol.* ————— *Julio!*

*Jul.* I once was thought so. ——— If the curst  
*Henriquez*

Had Pow'r to change you to a Boy, why, Lady,  
 Should not that Mischief make me any thing,  
 That have an equal Share in all the Miseries  
 His Crimes have flung upon Us?

*Viol.* ————— Well I know it:  
 And pardon Me, I could not know your Virtues,  
 Before your Griefs. Methought, when last we met,  
 The Accent of your Voice struck on my Ear  
 Like something I had known, but Floods of Sorrow  
 Drown'd the Remembrance. If you'll please to sit,  
 (Since I have found a suff'ring true Companion,)  
 And give me Hearing, I will tell you something  
 Of *Leonora*, that may comfort you.

*Jul.* Blessing upon Thee! Henceforth, I protest  
 Never to leave Thee, if Heav'n say *Amen.*  
 But, soft! let's shift our Ground, guide our sad Steps  
 To some remoter Gloom, where, undisturb'd,  
 We may compare our Woes; dwell on the Tale

Of mutual Injuries, 'till our Eyes run o'er,  
 And we infect each other, with fresh Sorrows.—  
 Talk'd you of Comfort? 'Tis the Food of Fools,  
 And We will None on't; but indulge Despair:  
 So, worn with Grievs, steal to the Cave of Death,  
 And in a Sigh give up our latest Breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Prospect of the Mountains continued.*

*Enter Roderick, Leonora veil'd, Henriquez, Attendants as Mourners.*

*Rod.* **R**EST certain, Lady, Nothing shall betide  
 you,

But fair, and noble Usage. Pardon me,  
 That hitherto a Course of Violence  
 Has snatch'd you from that Seat of Contemplation  
 To which you gave your After-Life.

*Leon.* Where am I?

*Rod.* Not in the Nunnery; never blush, nor tremble;  
 Your Honour has as fair a Guard, as when  
 Within a Cloyster. Know then, what is done,  
 (Which, I presume, you understand not truly,)  
 Has this Use, to preserve the Life of One  
 Dying for Love of You: my Brother, and your Friend:  
 Under which Colour we desir'd to rest  
 Our Herse one Night within your hallow'd Walls,  
 Where we surpriz'd you.

*Leon.* ——— Are you that Lord *Roderick*,  
 So spoken of for Virtue, and fair Life,  
 And dare you lose these to be Advocate  
 For such a Brother, such a sinful Brother,  
 Such an unfaithful, treacherous, brutal Brother?

*Rod.* This is a fearful Charge. ———

[*Looks at Henriquez.*]

*Leon.* ——— If you would have me  
 Think, you still bear Respect for Virtue's Name;

As you would wish, your Daughters, thus distress'd,  
Might find a Guard, protect me from *Henriquez*;  
And I am happy.

*Rod.* ——— Come, Sir, make your Answer;  
For as I have a Soul, I am asham'd on't.

*Henr.* O *Leonora*, see! thus self-condemn'd,  
I throw me at your Feet, and sue for Mercy.  
If I have err'd, impute it to my Love;  
The Tyrant God that bows us to his Sway,  
Rebellious to the Laws of reas'ning Men;  
That will not have his Vot'ries Actions scann'd,  
But calls it Justice, when we most obey him.  
He but commanded, what your Eyes inspir'd;  
Whose sacred Beams, darted into my Soul,  
Have purg'd the Mansion from impure Desires,  
And kindled in my heart a Vestal's Flame.

*Leon.* Rise, rise, my Lord; this well-dissembled  
Passion  
Has gain'd you nothing but a deeper Hate.  
Should I imagine, he can truly love me,  
That, like a Villain, murders my Desires?  
Or should I drink that Wine, and think it Cordial,  
When I see Poyson in't?

*Rod.* ——— Draw this way, Lady;  
I am not perfect in your Story yet;  
But see you've had some Wrongs, that want Redress.  
Only you must have Patience to go with us  
To yon small Lodge, which meets the Sight from hence,  
Where your Distress shall find the due Respect:  
'Till when, your Griefs shall govern me as much,  
As Nearness and Affection to my Brother.  
Call my Attendants yours; and use them freely;  
For as I am a Gentleman, no Pow'r,  
Above your own Will, shall come near your Person.

[*As they are going out, Violante enters, and plucks  
Roderick by the Sleeve; the rest go out.*]

*Viol.* Your Ear a Moment: Scorn not my tender Youth.

*Rod.* Look to the Lady there. — I follow strait.  
What ails this Boy? Why dost thou single me?

*Viol.* The due Observance of your noble Virtue,  
Vow'd to this mourning Virgin, makes me bold  
To give it more Employment.

*Rod.* ————— Art not Thou  
The surly Shepherd's Boy, that, when I call'd  
To know the Way, ran crying by me?

*Viol.* Yes, Sir.

And I thank Heav'n and you for helping me.

*Rod.* How did I help thee, Boy?

*Viol.* I do but seem so, Sir; and am indeed.  
A Woman; one your Brother once has lov'd;  
Or, Heav'n forgive him else, he ly'd extremely.

*Rod.* Weep not, Good Maid; O this licentious Brother!  
But how came you a Wand'rer on these Mountains?

*Viol.* That, as we pass, an't please you, I'll discover.  
I will assure you, Sir, these barren Mountains  
Hold many Wonders of your Brother's making.  
Here wanders hapless *Julio*, worthy Man!  
Besides himself with Wrongs ———

*Rod.* That once again ———

*Viol.* Sir, I said, *Julio*. ——— Sleep weigh'd down his  
Eyelids,  
Oppress'd with Watching, just as you approach'd us.

*Rod.* O Brother! We shall sound the Depths of  
Falshood.

If this be true; no more, but guide me to him.  
I hope, a fair End will succeed all yet.  
If it be He, by your Leave, gentle Brother,  
I'll see him serv'd first. — Maid, you have o'erjoyed me.  
Thou shalt have Right too: Make thy fair Appeal  
To the good Duke, and doubt not but thy Tears  
Shall be repaid with Interest from his Justice.  
Lead me to *Julio*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An apartment in the Lodge.*

*Enter Duke, Don Bernard, and Camillo.*

*Cam.* Ay, then your Grace had had a Son more; He, a  
Daughter; and I, an Heir: But let it be as 'tis, I cannot  
mend it; one way or other, I shall rub it over, with rub-  
bing to my Grave, and there's an End on't.

*Duke.* Our Sorrows cannot help us, Gentlemen.

*Cam.* Hang me, Sir, if I shed one Tear more. By *Jove*, I've wept so long, I'm as blind as Justice. When I come to see my Hawks (which I held a Toy next to my Son;) if they be but House-high, I must stand aiming at them like a Gunner.

*Duke.* Why, he mourns like a Man. *Don Bernard*, you Are still like *April*, full of Show'rs and Dews: And yet I blame you not: for I myself Feel the self-same Affections. — Let them go; They're disobedient Children.

*D. Bern.* ————— Aye, my Lord; Yet they may turn again.

*Cam.* Let them e'en have their Swing: they're young and wanton; the next Storm we shall have them gallop homeward, whining as Pigs do in the Wind.

*D. Bern.* Would I had my Daughter any way.

*Cam.* Would'st thou have her with Bearn, Man, tell me that?

*D. Bern.* I care not, if an honest Father got it.

*Cam.* You might have had her so in this good Time, Had my Son had her: Now you may seek Your Fool to stop a Gap with.

*Duke.* You say, that Rod'rick charg'd you here should wait him: He has o'erslip'd the Time, at which his Letters Of Speed request that I should also meet him. I fear, some bad Event is usher'd in By this Delay: — How now?

*Enters Gentleman.*

*Gent.* — So please your Grace, Lord Rod'rick makes Approach.

*Duke.* — I thank thee, Fellow, For thy so timely News: Comes he alone?

*Gent.* No, Sir, attended well. and in his Train Follows a Herse with all due Rites of Mourning.

[*Exit Gent.*

*Duke.* Heav'n send, *Henriquez* live!

*Cam.* — 'Tis my poor *Julio*.

*Enters Roderick, hastily.*

*Duke.* O welcome, welcome, Welcome, good Rod'rick! Say, what News?

*Cam.* Do you bring Joy or Grief, my Lord? For me,  
Come what can come, I'll live a Month or two  
If the Gout please; curse my Physician once more,  
And then, ——

*Under this Stone  
Lies Sev'nty One.*

*Rod.* Signior, you do express a manly Patience.  
My noble Father, something I have brought  
To ease your Sorrows. My Endeavours have not  
Been altogether barren in my Journey.

*Duke.* It comes at need, Boy; but I hop'd it from thee.

*Enter Leonora veil'd, Henriquez behind, and At-  
tendants.*

*Rod.* The Company I bring, will bear me Witness  
The busiest of my Time has been employ'd  
On this good Task. *Don Bernard* finds beneath  
This Veil his Daughter: You, my Royal Father,  
Behind that Lady find a wand'ring Son.  
How I met with them, and how brought them hither,  
More Leisure must unfold.

*Henr.* —— My Father here!  
And *Julio's!* O Confusion! —— Low as Earth  
I bow me for your Pardon. [*To the Duke.*]

*D. Bern.* O my Girl!  
Thou bring'st new Life. —— [*Embraces Leonora.*]

*Duke.* And you, my Son, restore me [*To Roderick*]  
One Comfort here that has been missing long.  
I hope, thy Follies thou hast left abroad. [*To Henriq.*]

*Cam.* Ay, ay; you've all Comforts but I; you have ruin'd  
me; kill'd my poor Boy; cheated and ruin'd him; and I  
have no Comfort.

*Rod.* Be patient; Signior; Time may guide my Hand  
To work you Comfort too.

*Cam.* I thank your Lordship;  
'Would Grandsire Time had been so kind to 've done it;  
We might have joy'd together like good Fellows.  
But he's so full of Business, good Old Man,  
'Tis Wonder, he could do the Good he has done.

*D. Bern.* Nay, Child, be Comforted. These Tears distract  
me.

*Duke.* Hear your good Father, Lady.

*Leon.* —— Willingly.

*Duke.* The Voice of Parents is the Voice of Gods:  
For to their Children they are Heav'n's Lieutenants:  
Made Fathers, not for common Uses meerly  
Of Procreation; (Beasts and Birds would be  
As noble then as we are) but to steer  
The wanton Freight of Youth thro' Storms and Dangers,  
Which with full Sails they bear upon: and streighten  
The moral Line of Life, they bend so often.  
For These are We made Fathers; and for These,  
May challenge Duty on our Children's Part.  
Obedience is the Sacrifice of Angels,  
Whose Form you carry.

*D. Bern.* Hear the Duke, good Wench.

*Leon.* I do most heedfully. My gracious Lord,

[*To the Duke.*

Let me be so unmanner'd to request,  
He would not farther press me with Persuasions  
O'th' instant Hour: but have the gentle Patience  
To bury this keen Suit, 'till I shake Hands  
With my old Sorrows, ——

*Cam.* —— Why dost look at me?  
Alas! I cannot help thee.

*Leon.* —— And but weep  
A Farewell to my murther'd *Julio*, ——

*Cam.* Blessing be with thy Soul, whene're it leaves Thee!

*Leon.* For such sad Rites must be perform'd, my Lord,  
E'er I can love again. Maids, that have lov'd,  
If they be worth that noble Testimony,  
Wear their Loves here, my Lord; here, in their Hearts;  
Deep, deep within; not in their Eyes, or Accents;  
Such may be slip'd away; or with two Tears  
Wash'd out of all Remembrance: Mine, no Physick,  
But Time, or Death, can cure.

*Henr.* You make your own Conditions, and I seal them  
Thus to your virtuous Hand.

[*Aside.*

*Cam.* Well, Wench, thy Equal  
Shall not be found in haste; I give thee That:  
Thou art a right one, ev'ry Inch. —— Thy Father

(For, without Doubt, that Snuff never begot Thee,)  
 Was some choice Fellow, some true Gentleman;  
 I give thy Mother Thanks for't—— there's no Harm  
 done.——

Would I were young again, and had but thee,  
 A good Horse under me, and a good Sword,  
 And thus much for Inheritance. ——

[*Violante offers, once or twice, to shew  
 herself, but goes back.*

*Duke.* What Boy's That,  
 Has offer'd twice or thrice to break upon us?  
 I've noted him, and still he falls back fearful.

*Rod.* A little Boy, Sir, like a Shepherd?

*Duke.* Yes.

*Rod.* 'Tis your Page, Brother; —— One that was so,  
 late.

*Henr.* My Page, What Page?

*Rod.* —— Ev'n so he says, your Page;  
 And more, and worse, you stole him from his Friends,  
 And promis'd him Preferment.

*Henr.* I, Preferment!—

*Rod.* And on some slight Occasion let him slip  
 Here on these Mountains, where he had been starv'd,  
 Had not my People found him, as we travell'd.  
 T'his was not handsome, Brother.

*Henr.* —— You are merry.

*Rod.* You'll find it sober Truth.

*Duke.* —— If so, 'tis ill.

*Henr.* 'Tis Fiction, all, Sir; —— Brother you must please  
 To look some other Fool to put these Tricks on;  
 They are too obvious: —— Please your grace, give Leave  
 T' admit the Boy; If he knows me, and say,  
 I stole him from his Friends, and cast him off,  
 Know me no more. —— Brother, pray do not wrong me.

*Enters Violante.*

*Rod.* Here is the Boy. If he deny this to you  
 Then I have wrong'd you.

*Duke.* —— Hear me; What's thy Name, Boy?

*Viol.* Florio, an't like your Grace.

*Duke.* —— A pretty Child.



Where wast thou born?

*Viol.* ——— On t'other Side the Mountains.

*Duke.* What are thy Friends?

*Viol.* ——— A Father, Sir; but poor.

*Duke.* How camest thou hither? how, to leave thy Father?

*Viol.* That noble Gentleman pleas'd once to like  
me,

[*Pointing to Henriquez.*]

And, not to lye, so much to doat upon me,  
That with his Promises he won my Youth,  
And Duty, from my Father: Him I follow'd.

*Rod.* How say you now, Brother?

*Cam.* ——— Ay, my Lord, how say You?

*Hen.* As I have a Life and Soul, 'tis all a Trick, Sir.  
I never saw the Boy before.

*Viol.* ——— O Sir,

Call not your Soul to witness in a Wrong:  
And 'tis not noble in you, to despise  
What you have made thus. If I lye, let Justice  
Turn all her Rods upon me.

*Duke.* ——— Fye, *Henriquez*;

There is no Trace of Cunning in this Boy.

*Cam.* A good Boy! ——— Be not fearful: Speak thy  
Mind, Child.

Nature, sure, meant thou should'st have been a Wench;  
And then't had been no Marvel he had bobb'd thee.

*Duke.* Why did he put thee from him?

*Viol.* ——— That to me

Is yet unknown, Sir; for my Faith, he could not;  
I never did deceive him: for my Service,  
He had no just Cause; what my Youth was able,  
My Will still put in Act, to please my Master:  
I cannot steal; therefore that can be nothing  
To my Undoing: no, nor lye; my Breeding,  
Tho, it be plain, is honest.

*Duke.* ——— Weep not, Child.

*Cam.* This Lord has abused Men, Women and Children  
already: What farther Plot he has, the Devil knows.

*Duke.* If thou can'st bring a Witness of thy Wrong,  
(Else it would be injustice to believe thee,  
He having sworn against it;) thou shalt have,

I bind it with my Honour, Satisfaction  
To thine own Wishes.

*Viol.* ————— I desire no more, Sir.

I have a Witness, and a noble one,  
For Truth and Honesty.

*Rod.* ——— Go, bring him hither. [Exit Violante.

*Henr.* This lying Boy will take him to his Heels,  
And leave me slander'd.

*Rod.* ————— No; I'll be his Voucher.

*Henr.* Nay then 'tis plain, this is Confederacy.

*Rod.* That he has been an Agent in your Service,  
Appears from this. Here is a Letter, Brother,  
(Produc'd, perforce, to give him Credit with me;)  
The Writing, yours; the Matter, Love; for so,  
He says, he can explain it.

*Cam.* ————— Then, belike,  
A young He-bawd.

*Henr.* ————— This Forgery confounds me!

*Duke.* Read it, *Roderick*.

*Rod.* Reads] *Our Prudence should now teach us to forget,  
what our Indiscretion has committed. I  
have already made one Step towards this  
Wisdom* —————

*Henr.* Hold, Sir.— My very Words to *Violante!*

[*Aside.*

*Duke.* Go on.

*Henr.* — My gracious Father, give me Pardon;  
I do confess, I some such Letter wrote  
(The Purport all too trivial for your Ear,)  
But how it reach'd this young Dissembler's Hands,  
Is what I cannot solve. For on my Soul,  
And by the Honours of my Birth and House,  
The Minion's Face 'till now I never saw.

*Rod.* Run not too far in Debt on Protestation.—  
Why should you do a Child this Wrong?

*Henr.* ————— Go to;  
Your Friendships past warrant not this Abuse:  
If you provoke me thus, I shall forget  
What you are to me. This is a meer Practice,  
And Villany to draw me into Scandal.

*Rod.* No more; you are a Boy. — Here comes a Witness,  
Shall prove you so: No more. —

*Enter Julio, disguis'd; Violante, as a Woman.*

*Henr.* ————— Another Rascal!

*Duke.* Hold: —

*Henr.* Ha!

[*Seeing Violante.*]

*Duke.* What's here?

*Henr.* By all my Sins, the Injur'd *Violante*. [Aside.]

*Rod.* Now, Sir, whose Practice breaks?

*Cam.* ————— Is this a Page? [To *Henr.*]

*Rod.* One that has done him Service,  
And he has paid her for't; but broke his Covenant.

*Viol.* My Lord, I come not now to wound your Spirit.  
Your pure Affection dead, which first betray'd me.  
My Claim dye with it! Only let me not  
Shrink to the Grave with Infamy upon me:  
Protect my Virtue, tho' it hurt your Faith;  
And my last Breath shall speak *Henriquez* noble.

*Henr.* What a fierce Conflict Shame, and wounded  
Honour,

Raise in my Breast! — but Honour shall o'ercome.—  
She looks as beauteous, and as innocent,  
As when I wrong'd her. — Virtuous *Violante*!  
Too good for me! dare you still love a Man,  
So faithless as I am? — I know you love me.  
Thus, thus, and thus, I print my vow'd Repentance:  
Let all Men read it here. — My gracious Father,  
Forgive, and make me rich with your Consent,  
This is my Wife; no other would I chuse,  
Were she a Queen.

*Cam.* Here's a new Change. *Bernard* looks dull upon't.

*Henr.* And fair *Leonora*, from whose Virgin Arms  
I forc'd my wrong'd Friend *Julio*, O forgive me,  
Take home your holy Vows, and let him have 'em  
That has deserv'd them. O that he were here!  
That I might own the Baseness of my Wrong,  
And purpos'd Recompence. My *Violante*,  
You must again be widow'd: for I vow  
A ceaseless Pilgrimage, ne'er to know Joy,  
'Till I can give it to the injur'd *Julio*.

*Cam.* This almost melts me. — But my poor lost Boy —

*Rod.* I'll stop that Voyage, Brother. — Gentle Lady, What think you of this honest Man?

*Leon.* Alas!

My Thoughts, my Lord, were all employ'd within!  
He has a Face makes me remember something  
I have thought well of; how he looks upon me!  
Poor Man, he weeps. — Ha! stay; it cannot be —  
He has his Eye, his Features, Shape, and Gesture. —  
'Would, he would speak.

*Jul.* ————— *Leonora*, — [*Throws off his Disguise.*

*Leon.* ————— Yes, 'tis He.

O Ecstasy of Joy! —

[*They embrace.*

*Cam.* Now, what's the Matter?

*Rod.* Let 'em alone; they're almost starv'd for Kisses.

*Cam.* Stand forty Foot off; no Man trouble' em.

Much Good may't do your Hearts! — What is he, Lord,  
What is he?

*Rod.* A certain Son of yours.

*Cam.* ————— The Devil he is.

*Rod.* If he be the Devil, that Devil must call you Father.

*Cam.* By your Leave a little, ho, — Are you my *Julio*?

*Jul.* My Duty tells me so, Sir, ,

Still on my Knees. — But Love engross'd me all;

O *Leonora*, do I once more hold thee?

*Cam.* Nay, to't again: I will not hinder you a Kiss,

'Tis he —

[*Leaps.*

*Leon.* The righteous Pow'rs at length have crown'd  
our Loves.

Think, *Julio*, from the Storm that's now o'erblown,  
Tho' sour Affliction combat Hope awhile,  
When Lovers swear true Faith, the list'ning Angels  
Stand on the golden Battlements of Heav'n,  
And waft their Vows to the Eternal Throne.  
Such were our Vows, and so are they repaid.

*Duke.* E'en as you are, we'll join your Hands together.

A Providence above our Pow'r rules all.

Ask him Forgiveness, Boy.

[*To Henriquez.*

*Jul.* ————— He has it, Sir:  
The Fault was Love's, not his.

*Henr.* ————— Brave, gen'rous *Julio!*  
I knew thy Nobleness of old, and priz'd it,  
'Till Passion made me blind — Once more, my Friend,  
Share in a Heart, that ne'er shall wrong thee more.  
And, Brother, ———

*Rod.* ————— This Embrace cuts off Excuses.

*Duke.* I must, in part, repair my Son's offense:  
At your best Leisure, *Julio*, know our Court.  
And, *Violante*, (for I know you now;)   
I have a Debt to pay: Your good old Father,  
Once, when I chas'd the Boar, preserv'd my Life:  
For that good Deed, and for your Virtue's Sake,  
Tho' your Descent be low, call me your Father.  
A Match drawn out of Honesty, and Goodness,  
Is Pedigree enough. ——— Are you all pleas'd?

[Gives her to Henriquez.

*Cam.* All.

*D. Bern.*

*Henr.*

*Jul.* All.

} ——— All, Sir.

*Duke.* And I not least. We'll now return to Court:  
(And that short Travel, and your Loves compleated,  
Shall, as I trust, for Life restrain these Wand'rings.)  
There, the Solemnity, and Grace, I'll do  
Your sev'ral Nuptials, shall approve my Joy;  
And make griev'd Lovers, that your Story read,  
With, true Love's Wand'rings may like yours succeed.

[Curtain falls.

FINIS.























