

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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T H E

D R A M A T I C K   W O R K S

O F

B E A U M O N T   a n d   F L E T C H E R .

V O L .   I I .

THE LITTLE WORKS

THE LITTLE WORKS

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS  
THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;*

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

*With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,*

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

*And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.*

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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VOLUME THE SECOND;

CONTAINING,

*CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY;*

*ELDER BROTHER;*

*SPANISH CURATE;*

*WIT WITHOUT MONEY;*

*BEGGARS' BUSH.*

---

L O N D O N,

*Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;*

For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand;

J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,

Fleet-Street; and W. Fox, Holborn.

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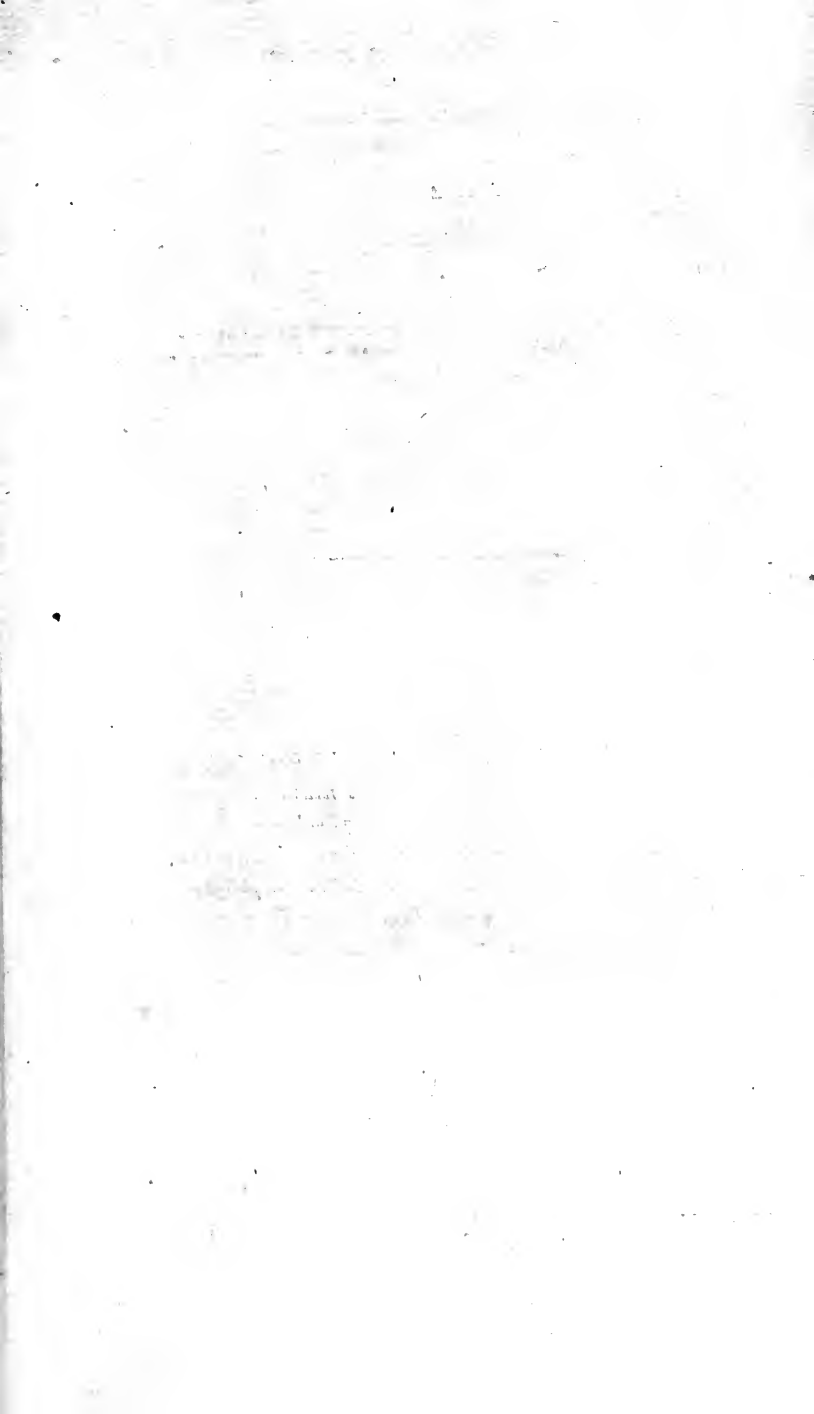
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T H E

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

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*The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Lowells speak singly of Fletcher, as Author of this Play; other writers speak of Beaumont as sharer in it. It was first printed in 1647, when ten of the then-principal performers collected into a folio volume thirty-five dramatic pieces of our Poets, which had never before been published. Colley Cibber has founded his comedy of Love Makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, on this play and the Elder Brother of our Authors.*





## THE PROLOGUE.

**S**O free this work is, gentlemen, from offence,  
That, we are confident, it needs no defence  
From us, or from the Poets. We dare look  
On any man, that brings his table-book  
To write down what again he may repeat  
At some great table, to deserve his meat.  
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply  
What is mirth here, there for an injury,  
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor state,  
Nor any private person; their poor hate  
Will be starv'd here; for envy shall not find  
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.  
And yet despair not, gentlemen; the play  
Is quick and witty; so the Poets say,  
And we believe them; the plot neat and new;  
Fashion'd like those that are approv'd by you:  
Only 'twill crave attention in the most;  
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.  
Hear first then, and judge after, and be free;  
And, as our cause is, let our censure be.

## ANOTHER PROLOGUE.

**W**E wish, if it were possible, you knew  
What we would give for this night's luck, if new.  
It being our ambition to delight  
Our kind spectators with what's good and right.  
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made  
By such as were held workmen in their trade;  
As a time too, when they, as I divine,  
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine,  
The nectar of the muses. Some are here,  
I dare presume, to whom it did appear  
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth  
To passionate scenes, mix'd with no vulgar mirth,  
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame  
From others, perhaps, only by the name,  
I am a suitor, that they would prepare  
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.  
It were injustice to decry this now,  
For being lik'd before: You may allow  
(Your candour safe) what's taught in the old schools,  
All such as liv'd before you were not fools.'

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

## M E N.

Count Clodio, governor, and a dishonourable pursuer of Zenocia.

Manuel du Sôsa, governor of Lisbon, and brother to Guiomar.

Arnoldo, a gentleman contracted to Zenocia.

Rutilio, a merry gentleman, brother to Arnoldo.

Charino, father to Zenocia.

Duarte, son to Guiomar; a gentleman well qualified, but vainglorious.

Alonzo, a young Portugal gentleman, enemy to Duarte.

Leopold, a sea-captain, enamour'd on Hippolyta.

Zabulon, a Jew, servant to Hippolyta.

Jaques, servant to Sulpitia.

## W O M E N.

Zenocia, mistress to Arnoldo, and a chaste wife.

Guiomar, a virtuous lady, mother to Duarte.

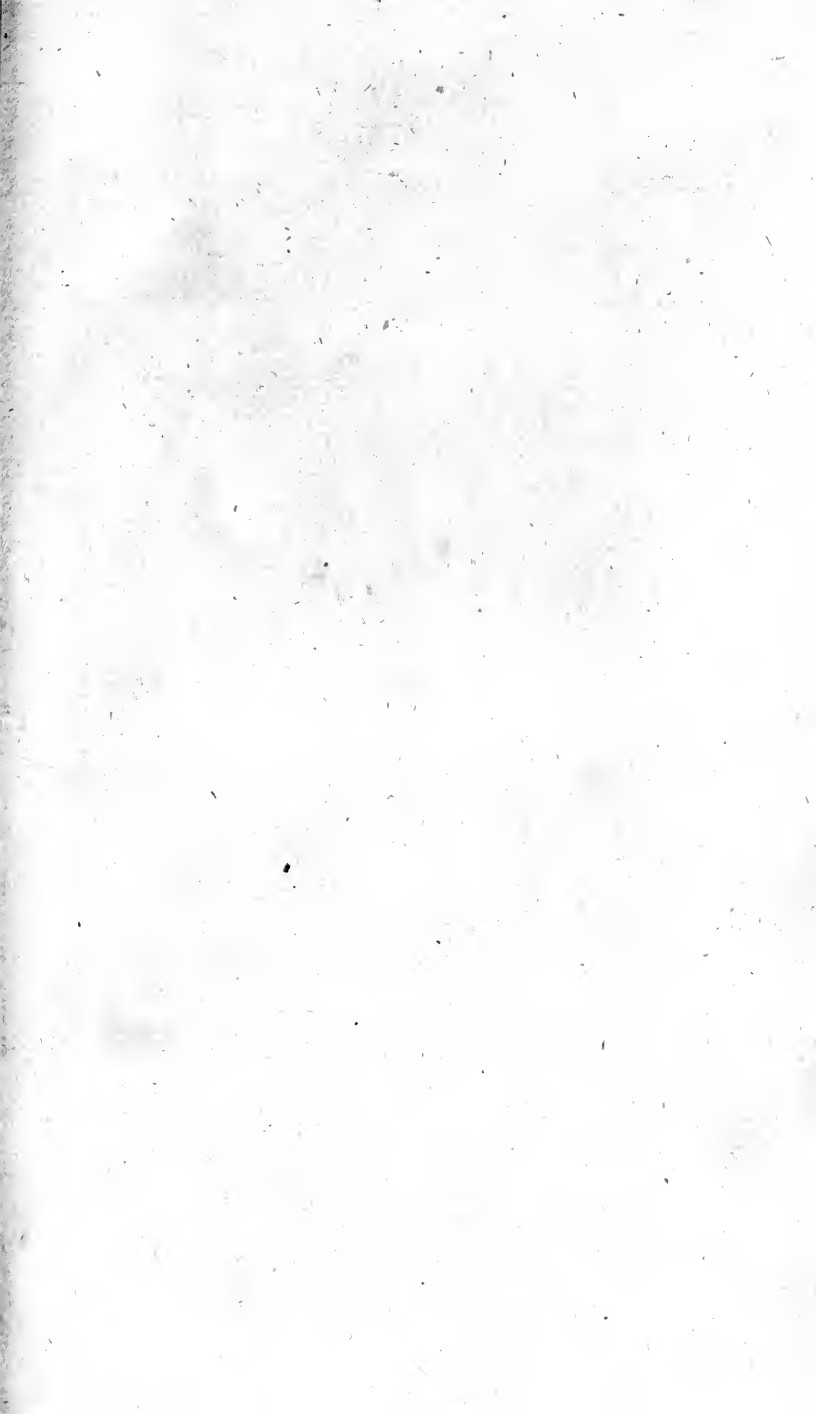
Hippolyta, a rich lady, wantonly in love with Arnoldo.

Sulpitia, a bawd, mistress of the male-stews.

Doctor, Chirurgcon, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves of the male-stews, Servants.

The SCENE, sometimes LISBON; sometimes ITALY.

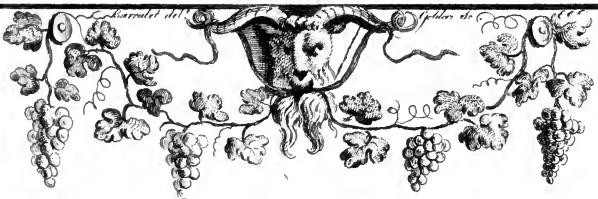
THE



THE COURT OF THE COUNTRESS.



*Repent, and Speedily,  
Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless Virgins;  
Their innocent betray'd to thy embraces.* Act I.



T H E

# CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY<sup>1</sup>.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Rutilio and Arnaldo.*

*Rutilio.* **W**H Y do you grieve thus still?  
*Arn.* 'Twould melt a marble,  
And tame a savage man, to feel  
my fortune.

*Rut.* What fortune? I have liv'd this thirty years,  
And run thro' all these follies you call fortunes,

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<sup>1</sup> The Custom, on which a main part of the plot of this comedy is built, prevailed at one time, as Monf. Bayle tells us, in Italy; till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious cardinal. It is likewise generally imagined to have obtained in Scotland for a long time; and the received opinion hath hitherto been, that Eugenius III. king of Scotland (who began his reign A. D. 535) ordained, that the lord, or master, should have the first night's lodging with every woman married to his tenant or bondman. This obscene ordinance is supposed to have been abrogated by Malcolm III. who began his reign A. D. 1061, about five years before the Norman conquest; having lasted in force somewhat above five hundred years. See Blount in his Dictionary of Law-Terms, under the word *Mercheta*.

*Theobald.*

This account hath received the sanction of several eminent antiquarians; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, hath undertaken to contravert the fact, and deny the actual existence of the Custom. See Annals of Scotland. The excellent Commentator on the Laws of England is of opinion, this Custom never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland.

R.

## 6 THE CUSTOM OF

Yet never fix'd on any good and constant,  
But what I made myself: Why should I grieve, then,  
At that I may mould any way?

*Arn.* You are wide still.

*Rut.* You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman;

I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.

*Arn.* You are dispos'd——

*Rut.* You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful calling,  
And prettily esteem'd of; but take heed then,  
Take heed, dear brother<sup>2</sup>, of a stranger fortune  
Than e'er you felt yet: Fortune my foe's a friend to it.

*Arn.* 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,  
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid;  
And am belov'd again.

*Rut.* That's too much o' conscience,  
To love all these, would run me out o' my wits.

*Arn.* Prithee, give ear. I am to marry her.

*Rut.* Dispatch it, then, and I'll go call the piper.

*Arn.* But, oh, the wicked custom of this country!  
The barbarous, most inhuman, damned custom!

*Rut.* 'Tis true<sup>3</sup>, to marry is the most inhuman

<sup>2</sup> *Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune*

*Than e'er you felt yet; Fortune my foe's a friend to it.]*

*i. e.* Take heed of the consequences of marriage, the chance of cuckoldom. But still this passage must be obscure to the most attentive reader, who is not informed of this circumstance. 'Fortune my foe' was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of Fortune. This ballad is again mentioned in our Authors' Knight of the Burning Pestle:

*Old Mer. Sing, I say, or by the merry heart you come not in.*

*Merch. Well, Sir, I'll sing. Fortune my foe, &c.*

And it is likewise mentioned in a comedy of more recent date, called the Rump, or Mirrour of the Times (by John Tatham, printed in 1660). A Frenchman is introduced at the bonfires made for the burning of the Rumps; and, catching hold of Priscilla, Mrs. Lambert's waiting-woman, will oblige her to dance, and orders the music to play 'Fortune my foe.'

*Theobald.*

<sup>3</sup> *'Tis true, to marry is a custom*

*P the world; for, look you, brother.] i. e.* It is a custom to marry; for who would be such a fool as to marry? Besides the de-  
fect

Damn'd custom in the world; for, look you, brother,  
Would any man stand plucking for the ace of hearts,  
With one pack of cards, all day's on's life?

*Arn.* You do not;

Or else you purpose not to, understand me.

*Rut.* Proceed; I will give ear.

*Arn.* They have a Custom

In this most beastly country—out upon't!

*Rut.* Let's hear it first.

*Arn.* That when a maid's contracted;

And ready for the tie o'th' church, the governor;  
He that commands in chief, must have her maiden-  
head,

Or ransom it for money at his pleasure.

*Rut.* How might a man atchieve that place? A rare  
Custom!

An admirable rare Custom! And none excepted?

*Arn.* None, none.

*Rut.* The rarer still! How could I lay about me,  
In this rare office! Are they born to it, or chosen?

*Arn.* Both equal damnable.

*Rut.* Methinks both excellent:

'Would I were the next heir.

*Arn.* To this mad fortune

Am I now come; my marriage is proclaim'd,  
And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.

*Rut.* She's very young.

*Arn.* Yes.

fect in the metre, this is flagrant nonsense. Nothing is more common in printing than to reprint the words of a foregoing line in a subsequent one; and when the same words are really to be repeated, the printer, by not attending to the sense, might naturally think it an error of the transcriber, and so omit them. This latter has undoubtedly happened in the place above, which therefore, I believe, I have restored; and the passage gains much humour by it.

*Seward.*

There is certainly some defect in the text; and though, as Mr. Theobald observes, 'there is an uncommon liberty taken in this 'emendation,' yet we do not think a cure can be effected with less violence.

*Rut.* And fair, I dare proclaim her ;  
Else mine eyes fail.

*Arn.* Fair as the bud unblasted.

*Rut.* I cannot blame him then : If 'twere mine own  
case,  
I would not go an ace less<sup>4</sup>.

*Arn.* Fie, Rutilio,  
Why do you make your brother's misery  
Your sport and game ?

*Rut.* There is no pastime like it.

*Arn.* I look'd for your advice, your timely counsel,  
How to avoid this blow, not to be mock'd at,  
And my afflictions jeer'd.

*Rut.* I tell thee, Arnoldo,  
An thou wert my father, as thou art but my brother,  
My younger brother too, I must be merry.  
And where there is a wench i' th' case, a young wench<sup>5</sup>,  
A handsome wench, and so near a good turn too,  
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.  
But you shall see, Sir, I can change this habit  
To do you any service ; advise what you please,  
And see with what devotion I'll attend it.  
But yet, methinks, I am taken with this Custom,

*Enter Charino and Zenocia.*

And could pretend to th' place.

*Arn.* Draw off a little ;  
Here come my mistress and her father.

*Rut.* A dainty wench !  
Would I might farm this Custom !

<sup>4</sup> *I would not go an ace less.*] *i. e.* As we now say, I would not bate an ace of it. *Theobald.*

<sup>5</sup> *And where there is a wench yet can, a young wench, a handsome wench, and sooner a good turn too.*] The oldest folio exhibits *is can*, which led the latter editors to this corrupted reading, and will lead us back again to the true one. I think I may venture to say, that I have both retrieved the metre and the meaning of the Authors. Mr. Seward likewise saw with me, that *i' th' case* was necessary in the first part of the emendation.



*Char.* My dear daughter,  
 Now to bethink yourself of new advice,  
 Will be too late; later, this timelefs sorrow;  
 No price; nor prayers; can infringe the fate  
 Your beauty hath cast on you. My best Zenocia,  
 Be rul'd by me; a father's care directs you:  
 Look on the count, look chearfully and sweetly.  
 What though he have the power to possess you,  
 To pluck your maiden honour, and then slight you,  
 By Custom unresistible to enjoy you;  
 Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and goodness,  
 The beauty of your soul, and faint-like modesty,  
 Have won upon his wild mind, so much charm'd him,  
 That, all pow'r laid aside, what law allows him,  
 Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,  
 He vnes to be your servant, fairly, nobly;  
 For ever to be ty'd your faithful husband.  
 Consider, my best child.

*Zen.* I have consider'd.

*Char.* The blessedness, that this breeds too, consider:  
 Besides your father's honour, your own peace,  
 The banishment for ever of this Custom,  
 This base and barbarous use: For, after once  
 He has found the happiness of holy marriage,  
 And what it is to grow up with one beauty,  
 How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage,  
 Left him by lust, and lewd progenitors.  
 All virgins too shall bless your name, shall faint it,  
 And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,  
 When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,  
 Fill'd with your pious memory.

*Zen.* Good father,  
 Hide not that bitter pill I loath to swallow,  
 In such sweet words.

*Char.* The count's a handsome gentleman;  
 And, having him, you're certain of a fortune,  
 A high and noble fortune, to attend you.  
 Where, if you sling your love upon this stranger,  
 This young Arnolde, not knowing from what place

Or

Or honourable strain he's sprung, you venture  
 All your own sweets, and my long cares, to nothing;  
 Nor are you certain of his faith: Why may not that  
 Wander, as he does, every where?

*Zen.* No more, Sir;

I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus:  
 Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer<sup>6</sup>.

'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,  
 To judge thus weakly, and believe yourself too;  
 A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter  
 To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild embraces,  
 She hates as Heav'n hates falsehood.

*Rut.* A good wench!

She sticks close to you, Sir.

*Zen.* His faith uncertain?

The nobleness his virtue springs from doubted?  
 D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your body's perfect,  
 Your stomach well dispos'd, your pulses temperate,  
 D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, father,  
 One hour of this man's goodness, this man's nobleness,  
 Put in the scale against the count's whole being,  
 (Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life)  
 He could no more endure to hold weight with him.  
 Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples;  
 His common and indifferent actions,  
 Rules and strong ties of virtue. He has my first love;  
 To him in sacred vow I have giv'n this body;  
 In him my mind inhabits.

*Rut.* Good wench still!

*Zen.* And, 'till he fling me off, as undeserving,  
 Which I confess I am of such a blessing,  
 But would be loth to find it so——

*Arn.* Oh, never,

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<sup>6</sup> *Virtue is never wounded but I suffer.*] This glorious sentiment, which, as the ingenious Mr. Sympson says, is more worthy of a philosopher than a woman, we have met with before, somewhat differently clothed, in Philaster:

*When any falls from virtue, I am distracted;  
 I have an int'rest in't.*

*Theobald.*

Never,

Never, my happy mistress, never, never!  
 When your poor servant lives but in your favour,  
 One foot i' th' grave, the other shall not linger.  
 What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,  
 What danger of more dreadful look than death,  
 What willing martyrdom to crown me constant,  
 May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?  
 A love so nobly great no pow'r can ruin!  
 Most blessed maid, go on: The gods that gave this,  
 This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,  
 In their own goodness must preserve and save it,  
 And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.

*Zen.* I ask but, you a pure maid to possess,  
 And then they have crown'd my wishes: If I fall then,  
 Go seek some better love; mine will debase you.

*Rut.* A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,  
 Though I think well of your Custom, and could  
 wish myself

For this night in your place, heartily wish it;  
 Yet if you play not fair play, and above-board too,  
 I have a foolish engine here<sup>7</sup>——I say no more:  
 I'll tell you what, and, if your honour's guts are not  
 enchanted——

*Arn.* I should now chide you, Sir, for so declining  
 The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd me,  
 And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly  
 To violate that love Heaven has appointed,  
 To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that affection  
 That both our hearts have tied, and seek to give it——

*Rut.* To a wild fellow, that would worry her<sup>8</sup>;  
 A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,  
 Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.  
 Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle

<sup>7</sup> *I have a foolish gin here.*] The verse halts in its emphasis; and besides, *gin*, I think, is always used to signify a trap, or snare, never, a sword, or pistol, which carry open violence. *Theobald.*

<sup>8</sup> *To a wild fellow, that would weary her.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson concur in reading *worry*; which certainly agrees better with the sense of what follows than *weary*.

To the rude claws of such a cat o' mountain?  
 You'd better tear her 'tween two oaks<sup>9</sup>! A town-bull  
 Is a meer stoick to this fellow, a grave philosopher;  
 And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gentleman<sup>10</sup>.

*Arn.* Does this seem handsome, Sir?

*Rut.* Though I confess

Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,  
 At any rate too, yet that this common hang-man,  
 That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids  
 already,

That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach!  
 This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the fiddle,  
 And teaches them to stumble ever after;

That he should have her! For my brother, now<sup>11</sup>,  
 That

<sup>9</sup> You had better tear her between two oaks.] I have cured the metre, and now must explain the allusion of our Poets. Sinis, or Sinnis, was a tyrant of a gigantic stature and strength, haunting the isthmus of the Peloponnese; and was called Πίνοςκάμπης, or the Pine-bender. When any unhappy passenger fell into the clutches of this merciless man, he would bend down by main force two pines till he had brought them to meet together, and having fastened an arm and a leg to each of them, tore asunder the limbs of his wretched captives. Pausanias tells us, that one of those pines was to be seen on the banks of a river even in his time, under the reign of Adrian. This Sinnis was put to death by Theseus in the same manner that he had exercised his cruelty upon others; as Plutarch informs us in the life of that hero.

— Nec lex est justior ulla,  
 Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.

Theobald.

<sup>10</sup> A town-bull, &c.] Mr. Theobald recommends the following transposition in this passage:

— A town bull  
 Is a mere stoick to this fellow; and  
 A Spanish jennet, a grave philosopher;  
 A most virtuous gentleman.—

But this is not only unnecessary, but would hurt the sense, and rob us of the Poets' meaning, which evidently is, 'A town-bull, compared to Clodio, is a stoick, a very philosopher, devoid of sensuality; and a Spanish jennet is virtuous.'

<sup>11</sup> That he should have her 'fore my brother now,  
 That is a handsome young fellow; and well thought on,  
 And will deal tenderly in the business?

Or 'fore myself, that have a reputation,

Have studied the conclusions, &c.] This is Mr. Theobald's reading,

That is a handsome young fellow, and well thought on,  
And will deal tenderly in the business:

Or for myself, that have a reputation,  
And have studied the conclusions of these causes,

And know the perfect manage—I'll tell you, old Sir,  
(If I should call you 'wise Sir,' I should bely you)

This thing you study to betray your child to,  
This maiden-monger, when you have done your best,

And think you have fix'd her in the point of honour,  
Who do you think you have tied her to? A surgeon!

I must confess, an excellent dissector;  
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-pies—

*Char.* What I spake, gentlemen, was mere compulsion,

No father's free-will; nor did I touch your person  
With any edge of spite, or strain your loves

With any base or hired persuasions <sup>12</sup>.

Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your fortunes!

[*Exit.*

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ing, upon which he says, 'This passage, till reformed in the point-  
'ing, and the change of two monosyllables, as I have regulated the  
' text, I think, I may venture to pronounce was stark nonsense.'

These *regulations* (both in punctuation and change of words) injure the Poets, disgrace the annotator, and mislead the reader.—  
Rutilio is angry *such a man* as Clodio should have the privilege here mentioned: 'Indeed, were it my brother now, says he, or myself, that know how to conduct ourselves—it might be allowable and proper.' Thus understood, which it certainly ought to be, this speech contains much humour, and is finely depictive of Rutilio's whimsical character.

<sup>12</sup> ——— or strain your loves

*With any base or hir'd persuasions.*] Mr. Symphon saw with me, that the word here should be *stain*. *Theobald.*

This is another of the multitudinous arbitrary and mischievous alterations, which the Editors of 1750 are continually obtruding on us. How had Charino *stain'd* their loves? Had he hinted, that they entertained a shameful passion, or sought a faulty connection? No such thing. His meaning is clearly and beautifully expressed to be, 'What I spake was from compulsion: I did not mean, with any persuasions I was hired to, to *thwart* you, *torture* or *torment* you.' Shakepeare has the same idea in *Romeo and Juliet*, expressed in a manner not dissimilar:

'Why do you *pull* our heart-strings thus?'

*Rut.*

*Rut.* There's some grace in thee yet.—You are determined

To marry this count, lady?

*Zen.* Marry him, Rutilio?

*Rut.* Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.

*Zen.* You cannot mean that;

If you be a true gentleman, you dare not;  
The brother to this man, and one that loves him.  
I'll marry the devil first.

*Rut.* A better choice;

And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bedfellow;  
A cooler, o' my conscience.

*Arn.* Pray let me ask you;

And, my dear mistress, be not angry with me  
For what I shall propound. I am confident  
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,  
I mean in way of marriage, never stir you;  
Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win you.  
But, for this Custom, which this wretched country  
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied;  
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd at,  
And modesty regarded as a may-game;  
What shall be here consider'd? Power we have none  
To make resistance, nor policy to cross it;  
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty,

*Zen.* I'll die an atheist then.

*Arn.* My noblest mistress,

Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,  
Say you did render up part of your honour,  
(For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish)  
Say, for one night you entertain'd this monster;  
Should I esteem you worse, forc'd to this render?  
Your mind I know is pure, and full as beauteous:  
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,  
And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre.

*Zen.* Who made you witty, to undo yourself, Sir?  
Or, are you loaden with the love I bring you,  
And fain would sling that burden on another?  
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnoldo?

Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?  
 D'ye think, because a woman, I must err;  
 And therefore, rather wish that fall before-hand,  
 Colour'd with Custom not to be resisted?  
 D'ye love, as painters do, only some pieces,  
 Some certain handsome touches of your mistress,  
 And let the mind pass by you, unexamined?  
 Be not abus'd. With what the maiden vessel<sup>13</sup>  
 Is season'd first——You understand the proverb.

*Rut.* I am afraid this thing will make me virtuous.

*Zen.* Should you lay by the least part of that love  
 You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have  
 giv'n me,

To entertain another, nay, a fairer,  
 And, make the case thus desp'rate, she must die else;  
 D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?  
 Be not deceiv'd; these eyes should never see you more,  
 This tongue forget to name you, and this heart  
 Hate you, as if you were born my full antipathy.  
 Empire and more imperious love alone<sup>14</sup>

Rule, and admit no rivals. The purest springs,  
 When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,  
 Their maiden pureness and their coolness perish;  
 And tho' they purge again, to their first beauty,  
 The sweetness of their taste is clean departed:  
 I must have all or none; and am not worthy  
 Longer the noble name of wife, Arnolde,  
 Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and handsome.

*Arn.* I never shall deserve you; not to thank you!  
 You are so heav'nly good, no man can reach you.

<sup>13</sup> —— *With what the maiden vessel*

*Is season'd first—You understand the proverb.]* The Poets here had evidently Horace in their eye.

*Quò semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem  
 Testa diu.*

*Theobald.*

<sup>14</sup> *Empire and more imperious love alone*

*Rule, and admit no rivals.]* This is a fine translation of a sentiment in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

*Non bene conveniunt; nec in unâ sede morantur  
 Majestas & Amor.*

*Theobald.*

I am

I am sorry I spake so rashly ; 'twas but to try you.

*Rut.* You might have try'd a thousand women so,  
And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should have  
follow'd your counsel,

Take heed o' clapping spurs to such free cattle.

*Arn.* We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,  
And wisely too ; we expect no common danger.

*Zen.* Be most assur'd I'll die first.

*Enter Clodio and Guard,*

*Rut.* An't come to that once,  
The devil pick his bones that dies a coward !  
I'll jog along with you. Here comes the stallion ;  
How smug he looks upon the imagination  
Of what he hopes to act ? Pox o' your kidneys !  
How they begin to melt ! How big he bears !  
Sure, he will leap before us all. What a sweet com-  
pany

Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness ?  
Plague o' your chaps ! you ha' more handsome bits  
Than a hundred honest men, and more deserving.  
How the dog leers !

*Clod.* You need not now be jealous ;  
I speak at distance to your wife ; but, when the priest  
has done,

We shall grow nearer then, and more familiar.

*Rut.* I'll watch you for that trick, baboon ; I'll  
smoke you.

The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains ; he broils !  
If I do come to the basting of you——

*Arn.* Your lordship  
May happily speak this to fright a stranger ;  
But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.  
The Custom of this place, if such there be,  
At best most damnable, may urge you to it ;  
But, if you be an honest man, you hate it.  
However, I will presently prepare

To make her mine ; and most undoubtedly  
Believe you are abus'd ; this Custom feign'd too ;

And



And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous.

*Clod.* Go, and believe; a good belief does well,  
Sir.

And you, Sir, clear the place; but leave her here.

*Arn.* Your lordship's pleasure!

*Clod.* That anon, Arnaldo;

This is but talk.

*Rut.* Shall we go off;

*Arn.* By any means:

I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her;  
Besides, here's nothing due to him 'till the tie be done,  
Nor dare he offer.

*Rut.* Now do I long to worry him!

Pray have a care to the main chance.

*Zen.* Pray, Sir, fear not. [*Exeunt Arn. and Rut.*]

*Clod.* Now, what say you to me?

*Zen.* Sir, it becomes

The modesty, that maids are ever born with,  
To use few words.

*Clod.* Do you see nothing in me?

Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder,  
The common mould of men come short, and want in?  
Do you read no future fortune for yourself here?

And what a happiness it may be to you,  
To have him honour you, all women aim at?

To have him love you, lady, that man love you,  
The best, and the most beauteous, have run mad for?

Look, and be wise; you have a favour offer'd you  
I do not every day propound to women.

You are a pretty one; and, though each hour  
I am glutted with the sacrifice of beauty,

I may be brought, as you may handle it,  
To cast so good a grace and liking on you——

You understand. Come, kiss me, and be joyful:  
I give you leave.

*Zen.* Faith, Sir, 'twill not shew handsome;  
Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskill'd too  
In these alarms.

*Clod.* Learn then, and be perfect.

*Zen.* I do beseech your honour pardon me,  
And take some skilful one can hold you play;  
I am a fool.

*Clod.* I tell thee, maid, I love thee;  
Let that word make thee happy; so far love thee;  
That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,  
I will descend so low, to marry thee.  
Methinks, I see the race that shall spring from us;  
Some, princes; some great soldiers.

*Zen.* I am afraid  
Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;  
For, certain, I shall ne'er have child by you.

*Clod.* Why?

*Zen.* 'Cause I must not think to marry you.  
I dare not, Sir: The step betwixt your honour  
And my poor humble state——

*Clod.* I will descend to thee,  
And buoy thee up.

*Zen.* I'll sink to th' centre first.  
Why would your lordship marry, and confine that  
pleasure  
You ever have had freely cast upon you?  
Take heed, my lord; this marrying is a mad matter:  
Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,  
And quieter a quartane fever find you.  
If you wed me, I must enjoy you only:  
Your eyes must be call'd home; your thoughts in  
cages,  
To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart bound;  
The Custom, that your youth was ever nurs'd in,  
Must be forgot; I shall forget my duty else,  
And how that will appear——

*Clod.* We'll talk of that more.

*Zen.* Besides, I tell ye, I am naturally,  
As all young women are, that shew like handsome,  
Exceeding proud; being commended, monstrous.  
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleas'd,  
Unless it be with infinite observance;  
Which you were never bred to. Once well angered,

As every cross in us provokes that passion,  
 Like a sea, I roll, tofs, chafe a whole week after:  
 And then, all mischief I can think upon;  
 Abusing of your bed the least and poorest.  
 I tell you what you'll find: And, in these fits,  
 This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,  
 Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,  
 To such a vizard——Ten to one, I die too;  
 Take't then upon my death, you murder'd me.

*Clod.* Away, away, fool! why dost thou proclaim  
 these,

To prevent that in me thou hast chosen in another?

*Zen.* Him I have chosen I can rule and master,  
 Temper to what I please; you are a great one,  
 Of too strong will to bend; I dare not venture.  
 Be wise, my lord; and say you were well counsel'd;  
 Take money for my ransom, and forget me;  
 'Twill be both safe and noble for your honour:  
 And, wherefoe'er my fortunes shall conduct me,  
 So worthy mentions I shall render of you,  
 So virtuous and so fair——

*Clod.* You will not marry me?

*Zen.* I do beseech your honour be not angry  
 At what I say; I cannot love ye, dare not;  
 But set a ransom for the flower you covet.

*Clod.* No money, nor no prayers, shall redeem that,  
 Not all the art you have.

*Zen.* Set your own price, Sir.

*Clod.* Go to your wedding; never kneel to me!  
 When that's done, you are mine; I will enjoy you.  
 Your tears do nothing; I will not lose my Custom,  
 To cast upon myself an empire's fortune.

*Zen.* My mind shall not pay this Custom<sup>15</sup>, cruel  
 man! [Exit.

*Clod.* Your body will content me: I'll look for  
 you. [Exit,

<sup>15</sup> *Zen.* My mind shall not pay this Custom——

*Clod.* Your body will content me.] Congreve says,

'I take her body, you her mind,

'Which hath the better bargain?'

*Enter Charino and servants, in black; covering the place with blacks.*

*Char.* Strew all your wither'd flowers, your autumn sweets,  
By the hot sun ravished of bud and beauty;  
Thus round about her bride-bed! hang those blacks there,  
The emblems of her honour lost! All joy,  
That leads a virgin to receive her lover,  
Keep from this place: All fellow-maids that bless her,  
And blushing do unloose her zone, keep from her:  
No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here,  
Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy:  
This is no masque of mirth, but murder'd honour!  
Sing mournfully that sad epithalamion  
I gave thee now; and, prithee, let thy lute weep.

*Song and dance. Enter Rutilio.*

*Rut.* How now? what livery's this? do you call this a wedding?  
This is more like a funeral.

*Char.* It is one,  
And my poor daughter going to her grave;  
To his most loath'd embraces, that gapes for her.  
Make the earl's bed ready. Is the marriage done, Sir?

*Rut.* Yes, they are knit. But must this stubberdegullion  
Have her maidenhead now?

*Char.* There's no avoiding it<sup>16</sup>.

*Rut.* And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?

*Char.* The bed, Sir.

*Rut.* No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?

*Char.* That we know.

<sup>16</sup> Arn. *There's no avoiding it.*

*Rut.* *And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?*

Arn. *The bed, Sir.*] Arnoldo's name is here put to two speeches, when we do not find him on the stage, and which come with more propriety from Charino, to whom we have placed them.

*Rut.* To any honest well-deserving fellow,  
An 'twere but to a merry cobbler, I could sit still now,  
I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,  
This universal rutter——Fare ye well, Sir;  
And if you have any good pray'rs, put 'em forward,  
There may be yet a remedy.

*Char.* I wish it; [Exit *Rut.*  
And all my best devotions offer to it.

*Enter Clodio and Guard.*

*Clod.* Now, is this tie dispatch'd?

*Char.* I think it be, Sir.

*Clod.* And my bed ready?

*Char.* There you may quickly find, Sir,  
Such a loath'd preparation.

*Clod.* Never grumble,  
Nor sling a discontent upon my pleasure:  
It must and shall be done. Give me some wine,  
And fill it till it leap upon my lips!  
Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,  
The toy I must take pains for!

*Char.* I beseech your lordship,  
Load not a father's love.

*Clod.* Pledge it, Charino;  
Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy last:  
And be sure she be a maid, a perfect virgin,  
(I will not have my expectation dull'd)  
Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,  
And my blood beats alarums through my body,  
And fancy, high. You of my guard retire,  
And let me hear no noise about the lodging,  
But music and sweet airs. Now fetch your daughter;  
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,  
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,  
And dim the breaking East with her bright crystals.  
I'm all on fire; away!

*Char.* And I am frozen. [Exit.

Making with all main speed to the port.

*Clod.* Away, villains!

[*Ex. Guard.*]

Recover her, or I shall die. Deal truly;

Didst not thou know?

*Char.* By all that's good, I did not.

If your honour mean their flight, to say I grieve for  
that,

Will be to lie: You may handle me as you please.

*Clod.* Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigor;  
For thou hast robb'd me, villain, of a treasure——

*Enter Guard.*

How now?

*Guard.* They're all aboard; a bark rode ready for'em,  
And now are under sail, and past recovery.

*Clod.* Rig me a ship with all the speed that may be;  
I will not lose her! Thou, her most false father,  
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,  
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.

*Char.* I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Manuel du Sofa and Guiomar.*

*Manuel.* I Hear and see too much of him, and that  
Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,  
To wish I had no uncle's part in him;  
And, much I fear, the comfort of a son  
You will not long enjoy.

*Gui.* 'Tis not my fault,  
And therefore from his guilt my innocence  
Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,  
(Peace to his soul!) a mother's pray'rs and care  
Were never wanting in his education.

His childhood I pass o'er, as being brought up

Under

Under my wing; and, growing ripe for study,  
 I overcame the tendernets and joy  
 I had to look upon him, and provided  
 The choicest masters, and of greatest name,  
 Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts<sup>19</sup>—

*Man.* To train his youth up;  
 I must witness that.

*Gui.* How there he prosper'd, to the admiration  
 Of all that knew him, for a general scholar,  
 Being one of note before he was a man,  
 Is still remembered in that academy.  
 From thence I sent him to the emperor's court,  
 Attended like his father's son, and there  
 Maintain'd him in such bravery and height,  
 As did become a courtier.

*Man.* 'Twas that spoil'd him;  
 My nephew had been happy, but for that.  
 The court's a school, indeed, in which some few  
 Learn virtuous principles; but most forget  
 Whatever they brought thither good and honest.  
 Trifling is there in practice; serious actions  
 Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew  
 Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known  
 What's there in grace and fashion.

*Gui.* I have heard, yet,  
 That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor  
 Took notice of his carriage and good parts;  
 The grandees did not scorn his company;  
 And of the greatest ladies he was held  
 A complete gentleman.

*Man.* He, indeed, danc'd well:  
 A turn-o'th' toe, with a lofty trick or two

---

<sup>19</sup> *Of Salamanca in all liberal arts,*

*Man. To train his youth up—*

*I must witness that.]* Manuel is here made to speak before his time. The first hemistich is the close of Guimar's speech, as Mr. Seward likewise observ'd to me.

*Theobald.*

This transposition is impertinent. It is very common for the person spoke to, to take the latter words of a sentence; and generally has a pleasing effect.

*Enter Zenocia with bow and quiver, an arrow bent ;  
Arnoldo and Rutilio after her, arm'd.*

*Zen.* Come fearless on.

*Rut.* Nay, an I budge from thee,  
Beat me with dirty sticks.

*Clod.* What masque is this ?  
What pretty fancy to provoke me high ?  
The beauteous huntress, fairer far and sweeter <sup>17</sup>,  
Diana, shews an Ethiop to this beauty,  
Protected by two virgin knights.

*Rut.* That's a lie,  
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.  
The guard's dispers'd.

*Arn.* Fortune, I hope, invites us.

*Clod.* I can no longer hold ; she pulls my heart  
from me.

*Zen.* Stand, and stand fix'd ; move not a foot, nor  
speak not ;

For, if thou dost, upon this point thy death fits.  
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher,  
Thou scum of noble blood, repent, and speedily ;  
Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless virgins,  
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces !

*Arn.* The base dishonour that thou dost to strangers,  
In glorying to abuse the laws of marriage ;  
The infamy thou hast flung upon thy country,  
In nourishing this black and barbarous Custom.

*Clod.* My guard !

*Arn.* One word more, and thou diest.

*Rut.* One syllable

That tends to any thing, but ' I beseech you,'  
And, ' as you're gentlemen, tender my case,'

<sup>17</sup> *Diana shews an Ethiop to this beauty,*

*This beauteous huntress, fairer far, and sweeter ;*] This is Mr. Theobald's reading ; who says he has ' ruminated over this passage ' an hundred times, and can find no sense in it but by this transposition, and altering *the* to *this*. Without alteration, we think the sense clear: Clodio addresses himself to Zenocia, by the title of ' fairer far and sweeter ' than Diana.



And I will thrust my javelin down thy throat.  
 Thou dog-whelp, thou!  
 Pox upon thee, what should I call thee, pompion?  
 Thou kifs my lady? thou scour her chamber-pot.  
 Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat,  
 You great blind fool. Farewell, and be hang'd to you.  
 Lose no time, lady.

*Arn.* Pray take your pleasure, Sir;  
 And so we'll take our leaves.

*Zen.* We are determin'd,  
 Die, before yield.

*Arn.* Honour, and a fair grave——

*Zen.* Before a lustful bed! So for our fortunes.

*Rut.* *Du cat a whee*<sup>18</sup>, good count! Cry, prithee,  
 cry.

Oh, what a wench hast thou lost! Cry, you great  
 booby. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Charino.*

*Clod.* And is she gone then? am I dishonour'd thus,  
 Cozen'd and baffled? My guard there! No man  
 answer?

My guard, I say! Sirrah, you knew of this plot.  
 Where are my guard? I'll have your life, you villain,  
 You politic old thief!

*Char.* Heaven send her far enough,

*Enter Guard.*

And let me pay the ransom!

*Guard.* Did your honour call us?

*Clod.* Post every way, and presently recover  
 The two strange gentlemen, and the fair lady.

*Guard.* This day was married, Sir?

*Clod.* The same.

*Guard.* We saw 'em

---

<sup>18</sup> *Du cat a whee, good count*;] 'Tis very much out of character,  
 that an Italian to an Italian should talk Welch, in his merriment;  
 neither of whom in all probability ever heard a syllable of that lan-  
 guage. *Theobald.*

To argue nimbleness, and a strong back,  
Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true,  
That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows it;  
An exact courtier, and he knows that too;  
He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,  
Which he forgets not.

*Gui.* Nor have I much reason  
To grieve his fortune that way.

*Man.* You are mistaken.

Prosperity does search a gentleman's temper,  
More than his adverse fortune. I have known  
Many, and of rare parts, from their success  
In private duels, rais'd up to such a pride,  
And so transform'd from what they were, that all  
That lov'd them truly wish'd they had fallen in them,  
I need not write examples; in your son  
'Tis too apparent; for ere don Duarte  
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was  
Admir'd for civil courtesy; but now  
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance  
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,  
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,  
Ever to be in quarrels, and this makes him  
Shunn'd of all fair societies.

*Gui.* 'Would it were  
In my weak pow'r to help it! I will use,  
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,  
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it  
With your command, as being a governor  
To the great king in Lisbon.

*Enter Duarte and his Page,*

*Man.* Here he comes:  
We are unseen; observe him.

*Dua.* Boy.

*Page.* My lord.

*Dua.* What saith the Spanish captain that I struck,  
To my bold challenge?

*Page.* He refus'd to read it.

*Dua.*

*Dua.* Why didst not leave it there?

*Page.* I did, my lord;

But to no purpose; for he seems more willing  
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair  
His honour by the sword. He knows too well,  
That from your lordship nothing can be got  
But more blows and disgraces,

*Dua.* He's a wretch,  
A miserable wretch, and all my fury  
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed  
I th' honour of Hippolyta?

*Page.* 'Tis broke off.

*Dua.* The reason?

*Page.* This was one; they heard your lordship  
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;  
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far  
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said  
They would not serve for foils to set you off.

*Dua.* They at their best are such, and ever shall be,  
Where I appear.

*Man.* Do you note his modesty?

*Dua.* But was there nothing else pretended?

*Page.* Yes;

Young don Alonzo, the great captain's nephew,  
Stood on comparisons.

*Dua.* With whom?

*Page.* With you;

And openly profess'd that all precedence,  
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;  
Nor were your lordship to contend with one  
So far above you.

*Dua.* I look down upon him  
With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave;  
He's a name only, and all good in him  
He must derive from his great grandfire's ashes;  
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd  
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,  
'This is a lord,' he had liv'd unobserv'd  
By any man of mark, and died as one

Amongst the common rout. Compare with me?  
 'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,  
 And know myself: That man is truly noble,  
 And he may justly call that worth his own<sup>20</sup>,  
 Which his deserts have purchas'd. I could wish  
 My birth were more obscure, my friends and kinsmen  
 Of lesser pow'r, or that my provident father  
 Had been like to that riotous emperor  
 That chose his belly for his only heir;  
 For, being of no family then, and poor,  
 My virtues, wheresoe'er I liv'd, should make  
 That kingdom my inheritance.

*Gui.* Strange self-love!

*Dug.* For if I studied the country's laws,  
 I should so easily found all their depth,  
 And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,  
 That now are in most practice and esteem,  
 Should starve for want of clients. If I travell'd,  
 Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,  
 I would return in act more knowing, than  
 Homer could fancy him. If a physician,  
 So oft I would restore death-wounded men,  
 That, where I liv'd, Galen should not be nam'd;  
 And he, that join'd again the scatter'd limbs  
 Of torn Hippolytus, should be forgotten.  
 I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win  
 A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dow'r  
 Were all the sun gives light to: And for arms  
 Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers, added  
 To the Turks present pow'rs, I could direct,  
 Command, and marshal them.

*Man.* And yet you know not  
 To rule yourself; you would not to a boy else,  
 Like Plautus' braggart, boast thus.

---

<sup>20</sup> *And he may justly call that worth his own,  
 Which his deserts have purchas'd;*] This sentiment is evidently  
 founded on Horace.

---

*Summe superbiam  
 Quæsitam meritis.*

*Theobald.*

*Dug.*

*Dua.* All I speak,  
In act I can make good.

*Gui.* Why then, being master  
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them  
With self-opinion; or, like a rich miser,  
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting  
Nor to yourself, nor others, the use of them?  
They are to you but like enchanted viands,  
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger;  
And those so-rare perfections in my son,  
Which would make others happy, render me  
A wretched mother.

*Man.* You are too insolent;  
And those too-many excellencies, that feed  
Your pride, turn to a pleurisy, and kill  
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think,  
All blessings are conferr'd on you alone?  
You're grossly cozen'd; there's no good in you,  
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? so  
Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant?  
Waste not that courage then in brawls, but spend it  
I' th' wars, in service of your king and country.

*Dua.* Yes, so I might be general: No man lives  
That's worthy to command me.

*Man.* Sir, in Lisbon,  
I am; and you shall know it. Every hour  
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour  
From men of all conditions<sup>21</sup>, and all sects.  
And my authority, which you presume  
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,  
No longer shall protect you; for I vow,  
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish  
The next fault with as much severity  
As if you were a stranger; rest assur'd on't.

*Gui.* And by that love you should bear, or that duty  
You owe a mother, once more I command you

<sup>21</sup> *From men of all conditions, and all sexes.*] Mr. Symphon proposes reading *sects*; which we think the proper word, and therefore have inserted.

To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,  
 All that is mine is yours: If not, expect  
 My pray'rs and vows for your conversion only,  
 But never means nor favour. [Ex. Man. and Guiz

*Dua.* I am tutor'd

As if I were a child still! The base peasants  
 That fear and envy my great worth, have done this;  
 But I will find them out; I will abroad<sup>22</sup>.  
 Get my disguise. I have too long been idle;  
 Nor will I curb my spirit; I was born free,  
 And will pursue the course best liketh me. [Exeunt

*Enter Leopold, sailors, and Zenocia.*

*Leop.* Divide the spoil amongst you; this fair captive  
 I only challenge for myself.

*Sail.* You have won her,  
 And well deserve her. Twenty years I have liv'd  
 A burges of the sea, and have been present  
 At many a desperate fight, but never saw  
 So small a bark with such incredible valour  
 So long defended, and against such odds;  
 And by two men scarce arm'd too.

*Leop.* 'Twas a wonder.  
 And yet the courage they express'd, being taken,  
 And their contempt of death, wan more upon me  
 Than all they did when they were free. Methinks  
 I see them yet, when they were brought aboard us,  
 Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;  
 How on the sudden, as if they had sworn  
 Never to taste the bread of servitude,  
 Both snatching up their swords, and from this virgin  
 Taking a farewell only with their eyes,  
 They leap'd into the sea.

*Sail.* Indeed, 'twas rare.

*Leop.* It wrought so much on me, that, but I fear'd

<sup>22</sup> *I will o' board;*] But he has not been talking of any vessel provided for his passage. I suspect, the poets intended no more than (on his being *tutor'd* so, as he calls it) that he should express a resolution of quitting his country and going *abroad*.

The great ship that pursu'd us, our own safety  
Hind'ring my charitable purpose to 'em,  
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives  
They should have had their liberties.

*Zen.* Oh, too late;  
For they are lost, for ever lost!

*Leop.* Take comfort;  
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet;  
For, when they left the ships, they were within  
A league o' th' shore, and with such strength and  
cunning

They, swimming, did delude the rising billows,  
With one hand making way, and with the other  
Their bloody swords advanc'd, threat'ning the sea-gods  
With war, unless they brought them safely off;  
That I am almost confident they live,  
And you again may see them.

*Zen.* In that hope  
I brook a wretched being, till I am  
Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead,  
Death hath so many doors to let out life<sup>23</sup>,  
I will not long survive them.

*Leop.* Hope the best;  
And let the courteous usage you have found,  
Not usual in men of war, persuade you  
To tell me your condition.

*Zen.* You know it;  
A captive my fate and your pow'r have made me,  
Such I am now; but, what I was, it skills not;  
For, they being dead, in whom I only live,  
I dare not challenge family, or country;  
And therefore, Sir, enquire not: Let it suffice,  
I am your servant, and a thankful servant  
(If you will call that so, which is but duty)  
I ever will be; and, my honour safe,

---

<sup>23</sup> *Death hath so many doors to let out life.*]

*Mille via mortis,*

As Virgil says in his *Æneis*.

*Theobald.*

(Which

(Which nobly hitherto you have preserv'd)  
 No slavery can appear in such a form,  
 Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not  
 Boldly look on and suffer.

*Leop.* You mistake me :

That you are made my prisoner, may prove  
 The birth of your good fortune. I do find  
 A winning language in your tongue and looks ;  
 Nor can a suit by you mov'd be deny'd ;  
 And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be  
 The victor's advocate.

*Zen.* To whom ?

*Leop.* A lady ;

In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,  
 Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair ;  
 And, had I not seen her before, perhaps,  
 I might have fought to you.

*Zen.* This I hear gladly.

*Leop.* To this incomparable lady I will give you  
 (Yet, being mine, you are already hers) ;  
 And to serve her is more than to be free,  
 At least, I think so. And when you live with her,  
 If you will please to think on him that brought you  
 To such a happiness, for so her bounty  
 Will make you think her service, you shall ever  
 Make me at your devotion.

*Zen.* All I can do,  
 Rest you assur'd of.

*Leop.* At night I'll present you ;  
 Till when, I am your guard.

*Zen.* Ever your servant !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Arnolde and Rutilio.*

*Arn.* To what are we reserv'd ?

*Rut.* Troth, 'tis uncertain.

Drowning we have 'scap'd miraculously, and  
 Stand fair, for ought I know, for hanging : Money  
 We've none, nor like to have, 'tis to be doubted.  
 Besides, we're strangers, wondrous hungry strangers ;  
 And



And charity growing cold, and miracles ceasing,  
Without a conjurer's help, I cannot find  
When we shall eat again.

*Arn.* These are no wants,  
If put in balance with Zenocia's loss:  
In that alone all miseries are spoken!  
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,  
And that which she may suffer, being a captive,  
Then I could curse myself; almost those powers  
That send me from the fury of the ocean<sup>24</sup>.

*Rut.* You've lost a wife, indeed, a fair and chaste one,  
Two blessings, not found often in one woman.  
But she may be recover'd: Questionless,  
The ship that took us was of Portugal;  
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,  
We may hear of her.

*Arn.* In that hope I live.

*Rut.* And so do I: But hope is a poor fallad  
To dine and sup with, after a two-days' fast too.  
Have you no money left?

*Arn.* Not a denier.

*Rut.* Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in fashion,  
Having a mistress, sure you should not be  
Without a neat historical shirt<sup>25</sup>.

*Arn.*

<sup>24</sup> *Then I could curse myself, almost those powers*

*That send me from the fury of the ocean*] Mr. Theobald alters  
*send to fenc'd*; Mr. Seward proposes *sav'd*, and Mr. Sympton *serv'd*.  
The first of these gentlemen says; 'The powers did not *send* Arnoido  
' from the fury of the ocean, but *protected* him from it.' A strange  
assertion: They *protected* him from this fury, by *sending* him to land.  
We have not disturbed the text, but believe the alteration of one let-  
ter would restore the original lection; an *r* for an *s*;

*almost those powers*

*That send me from the fury of the ocean*;

this being, at the same time that it is perfect sense, much more poeti-  
cal than *send*, or either of the other words proposed.

<sup>25</sup> *Having a mistress, sure you should not be*

*Without a neat historical shirt.*] This is an obscure epithet to  
us at this time of day. Mr. Sympton conjectured to me, that it  
might possibly have been a *neat* rhetorical shirt, i. e. a moving, per-  
suasive

*Arn.* For shame,  
Talk not so poorly.

*Rut.* I must talk of that  
Necessity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;  
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,  
To filch to feed me. Something must be done,  
And suddenly, resolve on't.

*Enter Zabulon and a Servant.*

*Arn.* What are these?

*Rut.* One, by his habit, is a Jew.

*Zab.* No more:

Thou'rt sure that's he?

*Ser.* Most certain.

*Zab.* How long is it  
Since first she saw him?

*Ser.* Some two hours.

*Zab.* Be gone;

Let me alone to work him.

[*Exit Ser.*]

suasive one; neatness being a main recommendation to the ladies. I have not presum'd to alter the text. The Poets, perhaps, might mean no more than a shirt neatly wrought, with some story express'd in it; as we have at this day damask table-cloths with sieges, encampments, cannons, &c. by way of decoration. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald's explanation of this passage is very right; and I praise his judgment for retaining the old reading, tho' it be at the expence of my own correction. Jasper Maine, in his *City Match*, act ii. scene ii. is full to this purpose. Aurelia, speaking of her waiting-woman, says,

- She works religious petticoats; for flowers
- She'll make church-histories; her needle doth
- So sanctify my cushionets, besides,
- My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
- And are so learned, that I fear in time
- All my apparel will be quoted by
- Some pure instructor.

'Tis true, the person here mention'd is an high-flown Puritan, but that is no objection; what the passage is brought to prove (and it proves it sufficiently) is, that historical shirts were then in very high fashion; the only difference was, that the *saints* adorn'd theirs only with religious stories, while the *wicked* flourish'd theirs with either sacred or profane ones.

*Symphon.*

*Rut.*

*Rut.* How he eyes you!

Now he moves towards us: In the devil's name,  
What would he with us?

*Arn.* Innocence is bold;  
Nor can I fear.

*Zab.* That you are poor, and strangers,  
I easily perceive.

*Rut.* But that you'll help us,  
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, Sir;

*Zab.* Why think you so?

*Rut.* Because you are a Jew, Sir;  
And courtesies come sooner from the devil  
Than any of your nation.

*Zab.* We are men,  
And have, like you, compassion; when we find  
Fit subjects for our bounty; and, for proof  
That we dare give, and freely, (not to you, Sir;  
Pray spare your pains) there's gold: Stand not amaz'd;  
'Tis current, I assure you.

*Rut.* Take it, man!  
Sure thy good angel is a Jew, and comes  
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish now,  
Mine would appear too, like a Turk:

*Arn.* I thank you;  
But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue  
To any bad act you would have me practise,  
I must not take it.

*Zab.* This is but the earnest  
Of that which is to follow; and the bond,  
Which you must seal to for't, is your advancement,  
Fortune, with all that's in her pow'r to give,  
Offers herself up to you: Entertain her,  
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,  
Presents itself to you.

*Arn.* 'Tis above wonder.

*Zab.* But far beneath the truth, in my relation  
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.  
There is an hour in each man's life appointed

To make his happiness, if then he seize it<sup>26</sup>;  
 And this (in which, beyond all expectation,  
 You are invited to your good) is yours.  
 If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter  
 Expect not the like offer.

[Exit.

*Arn.* 'Tis no vision.

*Rut.* 'Tis gold, I'm sure.

*Arn.* We must, like brothers, share;  
 There's for you.

*Rut.* By this light, I'm glad I have it:  
 There are few gallants (for men may be such,  
 And yet want gold; yea, and sometimes silver)  
 But would receive such favours from the devil,  
 Though he appeared like a broker, and demanded  
 Sixty i' th' hundred.

*Arn.* Wherefore should I fear  
 Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me  
 Not worth the keeping. I will follow him:  
 Farewell! Wish me good fortune; we shall meet  
 Again, I doubt not.

*Rut.* Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more, [Exit Arnoldo.  
 Nor Christian, for his sake. Plague o' my stars!  
 How long might I have walk'd without a cloak,  
 Before I should have met with such a fortune?  
 We elder brothers, though we are proper men,  
 Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard, that spoils us;  
 The smooth chin carries all. What's here to do now?

*Enter Duarte, Alonzo, and a Page.*

*Dua.* I'll take you as I find you.

*Alon.* That were base;

<sup>26</sup> *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*

*To make his happiness, if then he seize it.]* How much more nobly, and more poetically, is this sentiment expressed by Shakespeare in his *Julius Cæsar*!

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,

'Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

'Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

'Is bound in shallows and in misery.'

*Theobald.*

You see I am unarm'd.

*Dua.* Out with your bodkin <sup>27</sup>,  
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto; out with it,  
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you are  
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers,  
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:  
You carry poniards to murder men,  
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your honour.

*Rut.* That's true, indeed. Upon my life this gallant  
Is brib'd to repeal banish'd swords.

*Dua.* I'll shew you  
The difference now between a Spanish rapier  
And your pure Pifa <sup>28</sup>.

*Alon.* Let me fetch a sword;  
Upon mine honour I'll return,

*Dua.* Not so, Sir.

*Alon.* Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this.

<sup>27</sup> *Out with your bodkin.*] A *bodkin* was the antient term, it is imagined, for a *small dagger*. Gascoigne, speaking of Julius Cæsar, says,

- ' At last, with *bodkins* dub'd and doust to death,
- ' All, all his glory vanish'd with his breath.'

In the margin of Stowe's *Chronicle*, ed. 1614, it is said, that Cæsar was slain with *bodkins*; and in the *Muse's Looking Glass*, by Randolph, 1638,

- ' *Apbo.* A rapier's but a *bodkin*.
- ' *Deil.* And a *bodkin*
- ' Is a most dang'rous weapon: Since I read
- ' Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
- ' Into a taylor's shop, for fear of *bodkins*.'

Again, Hamlet says,

- ' When he himself might his quietus make
- ' With a bare *bodkin*.'

*Steevens.*

<sup>28</sup> *And your pure Pifa.*] The Pifa and Provent sword-blades never were in any estimation. Those of Turkey, Toledo, and the steel tempered in the water of the Ebro, were eminent for their goodness, and consequently bore a price. The epithet I have substituted [*poor*] for the corrupted one, shews that contempt which Duarte would express for a Pifa rapier.

*Theobald.*

*Pure* is right, and means a *mere Pifa*. Duarte's speech explains *bodkin*, and confirms Mr. Steevens's note. Indeed, the whole scene turns upon it.

*Rut.* To be disgrac'd as you are? no, I thank you; Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis For you, that are a man, to put yourself Into your enemy's mercy.

*Dua.* Yield it quickly,  
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace you;  
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this,  
You may again prefer complaints against me  
To my uncle and my mother, and then think  
To make it good with a poniard.

*Alon.* I am paid  
For being of the fashion.

*Dua.* Get a sword  
Then, if you dare redeem your reputation;  
You know I am easily found. I'll add this to it,  
To put you in mind.

*Rut.* You are too insolent,  
And do insult too much on the advantage  
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,  
More than your valour.

*Dua.* This to me, you peasant?  
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;  
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:  
Kneel down and thank me for't. How! do you stare?

*Rut.* I have a sword, Sir, you shall find; a good one;  
This is no stabbing guard.

*Dua.* Wert thou thrice arm'd,  
Thus yet I durst attempt thee.

*Rut.* Then have at you; [Fight.  
I scorn to take blows.

*Dua.* Oh! I'm slain. [Falls.

*Page.* Help! murder! murder!

*Alon.* Shift for yourself; you are dead else;  
You've kill'd the governor's nephew.

*Page.* Raise the streets there.

*Alon.* If once you are beset, you cannot 'scape.  
Will you betray yourself?

*Rut.* Undone for ever! [Exeunt Rut. and Alonzo.

Enter

*Enter Officers.*

1 *Off.* Who makes this outcry?

*Page.* Oh, my lord is murder'd!

This way he took; make after him. Help, help  
there! [*Exit Page.*]

2 *Off.* 'Tis don Duarte.

1 *Off.* Pride has got a fall!

He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-makers,  
And all our bill-authority; now h'as paid for't;  
You ha' met with your match, Sir, now. Bring off  
his body,

And bear it to the governor. Some pursue  
The murderer; yet if he 'scape, it skills not;  
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't:  
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast;  
There's few will pity him: But for his mother  
I truly grieve, indeed; she's a good lady. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Guiomar and Servants.*

*Gui.* He's not i'th' house?

*Ser.* No, madam.

*Gui.* Haste and seek him;

Go all, and every where; I'll not to-bed,  
'Till you return him. Take away the lights too;  
The moon lends me too much, to find my fears;  
And those devotions I am to pay,  
Are written in my heart, not in this book; [*Kneels.*]  
And I shall read them there, without a taper. [*Ex. Ser.*]

*Enter Rutilio.*

*Rut.* I am pursued; all the ports are stopt too;  
Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,  
On either side, I am beset. Curs'd fortune!  
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too;  
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!  
'Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,  
And died obscure and innocent; not as Nero,  
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears  
brought me?

I am got into a house; the doors all open;  
 This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,  
 And other rich adornments, glistering through  
 The fable mask of night, says it belongs  
 To one of means and rank. No servant stirring?  
 Murmur, nor whisper?

*Gui.* Who's that?

*Rut.* By the voice,  
 This is a woman.

*Gui.* Stephano, Jasper, Julia!  
 Who waits there?

*Rut.* 'Tis the lady of the house;  
 I'll fly to her protection.

*Gui.* Speak, what are you?

*Rut.* Of all that ever breath'd, a man most wretched,

*Gui.* I'm sure you are a man of most ill manners;  
 You could not with so little reverence else  
 Press to my private chamber. Whither would you?  
 Or what do you seek for?

*Rut.* Gracious woman, hear me!  
 I am a stranger, and in that I answer  
 All your demands, a most unfortunate stranger,  
 That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,  
 Have left him dead i'th' streets. Justice pursues me,  
 And, for that life I took unwillingly,  
 And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,  
 Unless you in your charity protect me.  
 Your house is now my sanctuary; and the altar  
 I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.  
 By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,  
 And by your innocence, that needs no forgiveness,  
 Take pity on me!

*Gui.* Are you a Castilian?

*Rut.* No, madam; Italy claims my birth.

*Gui.* I ask not

With purpose to betray you; if you were  
 Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation  
 We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,  
 If it lay in my pow'r. Lift up these hangings;

Behind



Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,  
 Into which enter. So; but from this stir not,  
 If th' officers come, as you expect they will do:  
 I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings,  
 That they will easily give credit to me,  
 And search no further.

*Rut.* The bless'd saints pay for me  
 The infinite debt I owe you!

*Gui.* How he quakes?  
 Thus far I feel his heart beat. Be of comfort;  
 Once more I give my promise for your safety.  
 All men are subject to such accidents,  
 Especially, the valiant; and who knows not,  
 But that the charity I afford this stranger  
 My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

*Enter Officers and Servants with the body of Duarte.*

*1 Ser.* Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could  
 Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,  
 That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of  
 Your great discretion.

*2 Ser.* Your only son,  
 My lord Duarte, 's slain.

*1 Offi.* His murderer,  
 Pursu'd by us, was by a boy discover'd  
 Ent'ring your house, and that induced us  
 To press into it for his apprehension.

*Gui.* Oh!

*1 Ser.* Sure her heart is broke,

*Offi.* Madam!

*Gui.* Stand off!

My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,  
 That you must not partake it; suffer it,  
 Like wounds that do bleed inward, to dispatch me!  
 Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this  
 Thy pride long since did prophesy; thou art dead,  
 And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother  
 Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,  
 Or thou fall unreveng'd. My soul's divided;

And

And piety to a son, and true performance  
 Of hospitable duties to my guest,  
 That are to others angels, are my furies.  
 Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word giv'n  
 Denies the entrance: Is no medium left,  
 But that I must protect the murderer,  
 Or suffer in that faith he made his altar?  
 Motherly love, give place; the fault made this way,  
 To keep a vow, to which high Heav'n is witness,  
 Heav'n may be pleas'd to pardon!

*Enter Manuel, Doctors and Surgeons.*

*Man.* 'Tis too late;  
 He's gone, past all recovery: Now reproof  
 Were but unseasonable, when I should give comfort!  
 And yet remember, sister.—

*Gui.* Oh, forbear!  
 Search for the murderer, and remove the body,  
 And, as you think fit, give it burial.  
 Wretch that I am, incapable of all comfort!  
 And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,  
 And you, my lord, for some space to forbear  
 Your courteous visitations.

*Man.* We obey you. [Exeunt with the body,

*Manet Guiomar.*

*Rut.* My spirits come back; and now Despair resigns  
 Her place again to Hope.

*Gui.* Whate'er thou art,  
 To whom I have giv'n means of life, to witness  
 With what religion I have kept my promise,  
 Come fearless forth; but let thy face be cover'd,  
 That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;  
 For motherly affection may return,  
 My vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou hast taken  
 from me  
 The respiration of my heart, the light  
 Of my swol'n eyes, in his life that sustain'd me.  
 Yet, my word giv'n to save you, I make good,  
 Because

Because what you did was not done with malice.  
 You are not known; there is no mark about you  
 That can discover you; let not fear betray you.  
 With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,  
 That I may never see you; and that want  
 Of means may be no let unto your journey,  
 There are a hundred crowns, You're at the door now,  
 And so farewell for ever.

*Rut.* Let me first fall

Before your feet, and on them pay the duty  
 I owe your goodness; Next, all blessings on you,  
 And Heav'n restore the joys I have bereft you,  
 With full encrease hereafter! Living, be  
 The goddess's styl'd of hospitality.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Leopold and Zenocia.*

*Leop.* **F**LING off these sullen clouds; you are enter'd now  
 Into a house of joy and happiness;  
 I have prepar'd a blessing for you.

*Zen.* Thank you:

My state would rather ask a curse!

*Leop.* You're peevish,

And know not when you are friended. I've us'd those  
 means,

The lady of this house, the noble lady,  
 Will take you as her own, and use you graciously.  
 Make much of what you're mistress of, that beauty;  
 Expose it not to such betraying sorrows:  
 When you are old, and all those sweets hang wither'd,

*Enter Servant.*

Then sit and sigh.

*Zen.* My autumn's not far off.

*Leop.*

*Leop.* Have you told your lady ?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir ; I have told her

Both of your noble service, and your present,  
Which she accepts.

*Leop.* I should be blest to see her.

*Ser.* That now you cannot do : She keeps her  
chamber,

Not well dispos'd, and has deny'd all visits.

The maid I have in charge to receive from you,  
So please you render her.

*Leop.* With all my service.

But fain I would have seen——

*Ser.* 'Tis but your patience ;

No doubt, she cannot but remember nobly.

*Leop.* These three years I have lov'd this scornful  
lady,

And follow'd her with all the truth of service ;

In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me

With sight of her blest beauty. When you please, Sir,

You may receive your charge ; and tell your lady,

A gentleman whose life is only dedicated

To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands.

And, fair one, now, your help : You may remember

The honest courtesies, since you were mine,

I ever did your modesty. You shall be near her ;

And if sometimes you name my service to her,

And tell her with what nobleness I love her,

'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.

*Zen.* What in my pow'r lies, so it be honest——

*Leop.* I ask no more.

*Ser.* You must along with me, fair.

*Leop.* And so I leave you two ; but to a fortune

Too happy for my fate : You shall enjoy her<sup>29</sup>.

<sup>29</sup> *And so I leave you two : but to a fortune*

*Too happy for my fate : you shall enjoy her.*] Mr. Sympson, with his usual tenderness for alteration, cavils at this passage, and for *her* reads *here*. Till this gentleman made Leopold talk downright non-sense he said, sensibly enough, 'I leave you to a better fortune than 'tate allows me ; the enjoyment of Hippolyta's presence.'

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Zabulon and Servants.*

*Zab.* Be quick, be quick; out with the banquet there <sup>30</sup>!

These scents are dull; cast richer on, and fuller;  
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd the music?

*Ser.* Here they stand ready, Sir.

*Zab.* 'Tis well. Be sure

The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,  
And amber'd all.

*Ser.* They are.

*Zab.* Give fair attendance.

In the best trim and state make ready all.

I shall come presently again. [*Banquet set forth.*

*2 Ser.* We shall, Sir. [*Exit Zab.*

What preparation's this? Some new device  
My lady has in hand.

*1 Ser.* Oh, prosper it,

As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,  
And good meat with it! Where are all the rest?

*2 Ser.* They are ready to attend. [*Music.*

*1 Ser.* Sure, some great person;

They would not make this hurry else.

*2 Ser.* Hark, the music.

*Enter Zabulon and Arnolde.*

It will appear now, certain; here it comes.

Now to our places.

*Arn.* Whither will he lead me?

What invitation's this? to what new end

---

<sup>30</sup> *Out with the banquet there.*] A banquet is set out in about eight lines after this, as we find by the marginal direction. The oldest folio in 1647, when this play was first printed, has it, *out with the bucket there*; and then it must relate to the vessel that held the perfumes. I only mention the variations of the copies; for as the sense of the text is not affected, 'tis no matter which of the words we espouse.

Are these fair preparations? a rich banquet,  
 Music, and every place stuck with adornment;  
 Fit for a prince's welcome! What new game  
 Has Fortune now prepar'd; to shew me happy,  
 And then again to sink me? 'Tis no illusion;  
 Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real.  
 What wealth and state!

*Zab.* Will you sit down and eat, Sir?  
 These carry little wonder, they are usual;  
 But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,  
 That that will strike indeed, strike with amazement;  
 Then, if you be a man!—This fair health to you.

*Arn.* What shall I see? I pledge you, Sir. I was never  
 So bury'd in amazement!

*Zab.* You are so still:  
 Drink freely.

*Arn.* The very wines are admirable!  
 Good Sir, give me but leave to ask this question,  
 For what great worthy man are these prepar'd?  
 And why do you bring me hither?

*Zab.* They are for you, Sir;  
 And under-value not the worth you carry,  
 You are that worthy man: Think well of these,  
 They shall be more, and greater.

*Arn.* Well, blind Fortune,  
 Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou'rt pleas'd  
 To play thy game out wantonly——

*Zab.* Come, be lusty,  
 And awake your spirits.

*Arn.* Good Sir, do not wake me,  
 For willingly I'd die in this dream. Pray whose servants  
 Are all these that attend here?

*Zab.* They are yours;  
 They wait on you.

*Arn.* I never yet remember  
 I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able  
 To maintain so many.

*Zab.* Now you are, and shall be.

*Arn.* You'll say this house is mine too?

Zab. Say it? swear it.

Arn. And all this wealth?

Zab. This is the least you see, Sir.

Arn. Why, where has this been hid these thirty years?  
For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy  
'Till this hour; never dream'd of house, and servants:  
I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poor  
gentleman.

I may eat boldly then?

Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for you.

Arn. The taste is perfect, and most delicate:  
But why for me? Give me some wine: I do drink;  
I feel it sensibly, and I am here,  
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely us'd too.  
Good gentle Sir, give me leave to think a little;  
For either I am much abus'd——

Zab. Strike, music;

And sing that lusty song<sup>31</sup>. [Music, song.

Arn. Bewitching harmony!

Sure, I am turn'd into another creature,

*Enter Hippolyta.*

Happy and blest; Arnaldo was unfortunate.  
Ha, bless mine eyes! what precious piece of nature  
To poze the world?

<sup>31</sup> *And sing that lusty song.] Lusty, at first view, may seem an odd epithet appropriated to music; but it means that wanton, invigorating song, inciting to amorous pleasures. So, before, in this very play,*

*No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here;*  
So, again;

————— *Come, be lusty,  
And wake your spirits.*

So, towards the conclusion of Wit without Money;

————— *Come, boy, sing the song I taught you,  
And sing it lustily.*

And, in the Mad Lover, songs in this free strain are expressed by another, but equivalent; term:

Fool. — *What new songs, firrah?*

St:re. *A thousand, man, a thousand.*

Fool. ————— *Itching airs,*

*Alluding to the old sport.*

*Theobald.*

*Zab.*

*Zab.* I told you, you would see that  
Would darken these poor preparations.  
What think you now? Nay, rise not; 'tis no vision.

*Arn.* 'Tis more; 'tis miracle.

*Hip.* You are welcome, Sir.

*Arn.* It speaks, and entertains me; still more glorious!

She is warm, and this is flesh here: How she stirs me!  
Bless me, what stars are there?

*Hip.* May I sit near you?

*Arn.* No, you're too pure an object to behold,  
Too excellent to look upon and live;  
I must remove.

*Zab.* She is a woman, Sir.

Fie, what faint heart is this?

*Arn.* The house of wonder!

*Zab.* Do not you think yourself now truly happy?  
You have the abstract of all sweetness by you,  
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at.  
Nor is she less in honour, than in beauty;  
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her  
His best, his noblest, and most happy sister;  
Fortune has made her mistress of herself;  
Wealthy, and wise, without a pow'r to sway her;  
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress.

*Arn.* And all this is——

*Zab.* Hippolyta, the beautiful.

*Hip.* You are a poor relater of my fortunes,  
Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings,  
And leave out that essential part of story  
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,  
The acquaintance, and the noble fellowship  
Of this fair gentleman. Pray you, do not wonder,  
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady  
Speak freely to you. With your fair leave and courtesy,  
I will sit by you.

*Arn.* I know not what to answer,  
Nor where I am, nor to what end; consider,  
Why do you use me thus?

*Hip.*



*Hip.* Are you angry, Sir,  
Because you're entertain'd with all humanity?  
Freely and nobly us'd?

*Arn.* No, gentle lady,  
That were uncivil; but it much amazes me,  
A stranger, and a man of no desert,  
Should find such floods of courtesy.

*Hip.* I love you,  
I honour you, the first and best of all men;  
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual  
These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.  
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful;  
Because I say I love you, though I swear it;  
Nor think it a stale favour I fling on you.  
Though you be handsome, and the only man,  
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,  
And bring along all promises that please us,  
Yet I should hate you then, despise you, scorn you;  
And with as much contempt pursue your person,  
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,  
At least, I think, more master of your fortune;  
And so I drink your health.

*Arn.* Hold fast, good honesty;  
I am a lost man else!

*Hip.* Now you may kiss me;  
'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to you.

*Arn.* That I dare do, sweet lady.

*Hip.* You do it well too;  
You are a master, Sir; that makes you coy.

*Arn.* 'Would you would send your people off.

*Hip.* Well thought on.  
Wait all without.

*Zab.* I hope she is pleas'd throughly.

[*Ex. Zab. and Servants.*]

*Hip.* Why stand you still? here's no man to detect  
you;  
My people are gone off. Come, come, leave conjuring;  
The spirit you would raise is here already;  
Look boldly on me.

*Arn.* What would you have me do?

*Hip.* Oh, most unmanly question! have you do?  
Is't possible your ears should want a tutor?  
I'll teach you: Come, embrace me.

*Arn.* Fy, stand off;

And give me leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,  
A building of so goodly a proportion,  
Outwardly all exact, the frame of Heaven,  
Should hide within so base inhabitants.

You are as fair as if the morning bare you;  
Imagination never made a sweet'er;  
Can it be possible, this frame should suffer<sup>32</sup>,  
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?  
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,

The worthy mistress of those many blessings  
Heav'n has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler,  
Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper<sup>33</sup>.

Would you have me love you?

*Hip.* Yes.

*Arn.* Not for your beauty;  
Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us;  
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle.

<sup>32</sup> *Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,*

*And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?]* Tho' the word *suffer* be not absolute nonsense, yet it carries on the fine metaphor of the following line so ill, that, I am persuaded, it is a corrupt reading; and that the original word was *totter*; which perfectly corresponds with the rest of the metaphor. *Seward.*

*Totter* is certainly best, but is unauthorized; and we think the alteration too bold to be followed.

<sup>33</sup> ———— *make 'em appear still nobler,*

*Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.]* Mr. Seward thinks this passage erroneous, and that for *weaker* we should read *wealthy*; because, he urges, Hippolyta's *wealth* is one of the principal objects of Arnolde's admiration. The deficiency of poetic idea, and poverty of argument, in this reading, assure us it never came from Beaumont or Fletcher. Mr. Theobald adheres to the old copy, and supposes, we think with reason, that the Poets 'had the words of the Sacred  
' Writ in view, of woman being *the weaker vessel*;' and then, says he, 'the comment will run thus: "Be the worthy mistress of those  
" blessings which Heaven has bestowed; and make them still nobler  
" by preserving them, as they are entrusted to the *frailty* and *weak-*  
" *ness* of a woman."

Nor for your wealth; altho' the world kneel to it,  
 And make it all addition to a woman;  
 Fortune, that ruins all, make that his conquest.  
 Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you;  
 At least, be wise; and where you lay these nets,  
 Strow over 'em a little modesty;  
 'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.

*Hip.* Could any one that lov'd this wholesome  
 counsel,

But love the giver more? You make me fonder.  
 You have a virtuous mind; I want that ornament.  
 Is it a sin I covet to enjoy you?  
 If you imagine I'm too free a lover,  
 And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:  
 Mine eyes shall speak my blushes, parley with you;  
 I will not touch your hand, but with a tremble  
 Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kifs you<sup>34</sup>,  
 But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,  
 I'll steal it thus: I'll walk your shadow by you,  
 So still and silent, that it shall be equal  
 To put me off as that; and when I covet  
 To give such toys as these——

*Arn.* A new temptation!

*Hip.* Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I drop 'em,  
 Which past once are forgotten.

*Arn.* Excellent vice!

*Hip.* Will you be won? Look stedfastly upon me,  
 Look manly, take a man's affections to you;  
 Young women, in the old world, were not wont, Sir,  
 To hang out gaudy bushes for their beauties,  
 To talk themselves into young mens' affections.  
 How cold and dull you are!

*Arn.* How do I stagger!

She's wise, as fair; but 'tis a wicked wisdom;  
 I'll choke before I yield.

*Hip.* Who waits within there?

<sup>34</sup> *But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too.*] Were it not depart-  
 ing from authority, we could wish to change *and* into *as*, and read,

*But gently as the air, as undiscern'd too;*

which surely would be both more easy and more elegant.

Make ready the green chamber.

*Zab.* [*within.*] It shall be, madam.

*Arn.* I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed.

*Hip.* What music do you love?

*Arn.* A modest tongue.

*Hip.* We'll have enough of that. Fy, fy, how lumpish?

In a young lady's arms thus dull?

*Arn.* For Heaven's sake,

Profess a little goodness.

*Hip.* Of what country?

*Arn.* I am of Rome.

*Hip.* Nay then, I know you mock me;

The italians are not frightened with such bug-bears.

Prithee, go in.

*Arn.* I am not well.

*Hip.* I'll make thee;

I'll kiss thee well.

*Arn.* I am not sick of that sore.

*Hip.* Upon my conscience, I must ravish thee;

I shall be famous for the first example:

With this I'll tie you first, then try your strength, Sir.

*Arn.* My strength? Away, base woman, I abhor thee!

I am not caught with tales. Disease dwell with thee!

[*Exit.*]

*Hip.* Are you so quick? and have I lost my wishes?

Ho, Zabulon! my servants!

*Enter Zabulon and Servants.*

*Zab.* Called you, madam?

*Hip.* Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many sued for?

So many princes? By a stranger too?

Must I endure this?

*Zab.* Where's the gentleman?

*Hip.* Go presently, pursue the stranger, Zabulon;

He has broke from me. Jewels I have giv'n him:

Charge him with theft. He has stol'n my love, my freedom:

Draw him before the governor, imprison him!

Why

Why dost thou stay?

*Zab.* I'll teach him a new dance,  
For playing fast and loose with such a lady.  
Come, fellows, come! I'll execute your anger,  
And to the full.

*Hip.* His scorn shall feel my vengeance! [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.*

*Sul.* Shall I never see a lusty man again?

*Ja.* Faith, mistress,  
You do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em,  
And so dry-foundèr 'em, they cannot last.

*Sul.* Where's the Frenchman?

*Ja.* Alas, he's all to fitters<sup>35</sup>;  
And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a  
syringe.

He's chin'd, he's chin'd, good man; he is a mourner.

*Sul.* What is become o' th' Dane?

*Ja.* Who, goldly-locks?  
He's foul i'th' touch-hole, and recoils again;  
The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock;  
He lies at the sign of the Sun, to be new-breech'd.

*Sul.* The rutter, too, is gone<sup>36</sup>.

*Ja.* Oh, that was a brave rascal;  
He would labour like a thresher. But alas,  
What thing can ever last? He has been ill-mew'd,  
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the hospital.

*Sul.* There was an Englishman.

<sup>35</sup> *He's all to fitters.*] *Fitter* is an old word for a *small piece, a morsel, a fragment.* We still say, *All to pieces.*

<sup>36</sup> *The rutter, too, is gone.*] I suspect this word should be *ruttier*, which in French signifies an old beaten soldier. And they have a phrase, *C'est une vieux ruttier*, He's an old dog at it; meaning, I suppose, at the game that is here discours'd of. *Theobald.*

*Rutter*, we do not doubt, is the right word, alluding to *deer*; the *rutting-time*, &c. This man, by a cant term, to denote his superiority, was nicknamed *the Rutter*, which is humorous. The alteration, imported from the French, and unprecedented in our language, is hard and forced.

*Ja.* Ay, there was an Englishman ;  
 You'll scant find any now, to make that name good,  
 There were those English, that were men indeed,  
 And would perform like men ; but now they are  
 vanish'd :

They are so taken up in their own country,  
 And so beaten off their speed by their own women,  
 When they come here they draw their legs like hack-  
 nies.

Drink, and their own devices have undone 'em.

*Sul.* I must have one that's strong ; no life in Lisbon  
 else ;

Perfect and young : My custom with young ladies,  
 And high-fed city-dames, will fall and break else.

I want myself too, in mine age to nourish me.

They are all sunk I maintain'd, Now, what's this  
 business ?

What goodly fellow's that ?

*Enter Rutilio and Officers.*

*Rut.* Why do you drag me ?

Pox o' your justice ! let me loose.

*1 Offi.* Not so, Sir.

*Rut.* Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken  
 cellars,

And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors  
 open,

But he must be us'd thus rascally ?

*1 Offi.* What made you wand'ring

So late i'th' night ? You know, that is imprisonment,

*Rut.* May be, I walk in my sleep.

*Offi.* May be, we'll wake you.

What made you wand'ring, Sir, into that vault,  
 Where all the city-store, and the munition lay ?

*Rut.* I fell into't by chance ; I broke my shins for't ;  
 Your worships feel not that. I knock'd my head  
 Against a hundred posts ; 'would you had had it !

Cannot I break my neck in my own defence ?

*2 Offi.* This will not serve ; you cannot put it off so ;  
 Your

Your coming thither was to play the villain,  
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o'th' city.

*Rut.* Yes, with my nose. Why were the trap-  
doors open?

Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way?  
I thought your city had funk.

*1 Offi.* You did your best, Sir,  
We must presume, to help it into the air,  
If you call that sinking. We have told you what's  
the law;

He that is taken there, unless a magistrate,  
And have command in that place, presently,  
If there be nothing found apparent near him  
Worthy his torture, or his present death,  
Must either pay his fine for his presumption  
(Which is six hundred ducats) or for six years  
Tug at an oar i'th' gallies. Will you walk, Sir?  
For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.

*Rut.* Row in the gallies, after all this mischief?

*2 Offi.* May be, you were drunk; they'll keep you  
sober there.

*Rut.* Tug at an oar? You are not arrant rascals,  
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?

*Sul.* A lusty-minded man.

*Ja.* A wondrous able.

*Sul.* Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that liberty  
To speak a few words with your prisoner,  
And I shall thank you.

*1 Offi.* Take your pleasure, lady.

*Sul.* What would you give that woman, should  
redeem you,  
Redeem you from this slavery?

*Rut.* Besides my service,  
I'd give her my whole self; I'd be her vassal.

*Sul.* She has reason to expect as much, considering  
The great sum she pays for it; yet take comfort:  
What you shall do to merit this, is easy,  
And I will be the woman shall befriend you;  
'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies,

And young fair gentlewomen: You guess the way:  
But giving of your mind——

*Rut.* I am excellent at it;  
You cannot pick out such another living.  
I understand you: Is't not thus?

*Sul.* You have it.

*Rut.* Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll dispatch 'em,  
I will be none but yours: Should another offer,  
Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.  
What women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty;  
Not to be taken down: Would you have children?  
I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.

*Sul.* I admire him, wonder at him!

*Rut.* Hark you, lady,  
You may require sometimes?

*Sul.* Ay, by my faith.

*Rut.* And you shall have it, by my faith, and  
handsomely.

This old cat will suck shrewdly! You have no  
daughters?

I fly at all. Now am I in my kingdom.

Tug at an oar? No; tug in a feather-bed,  
With good warm caudles; hang your bread and water,  
I'll make you young again, believe that, lady;  
I will so frubbish you!

*Sul.* Come, follow, officers;

This gentleman is free: I'll pay the ducats.

*Rut.* And when you catch me in your city-powder-  
ing-tub

Again, boil me with cabbage.

*I Offi.* You are both warn'd and arm'd, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Leopold, Hippolyta, and Zenocia.*

*Zen.* Will your ladyship wear this dressing?

*Hip.* Leave thy prating;

I care not what I wear.

*Zen.* Yet 'tis my duty



To know your pleasure, and my worst affliction  
To see you discontented.

*Hip.* Weeping too?

Prithee, forgive me; I am much distemper'd,  
And speak I know not what. To make thee amends,  
The gown that I wore yesterday is thine.  
Let it alone a while.

*Leop.* Now you perceive,  
And taste her bounty.

*Zen.* Much above my merit.

*Leop.* But have you not yet found a happy time  
To move for me?

*Zen.* I have watch'd all occasions;  
But, hitherto, without success: Yet, doubt not  
But I'll embrace the first means.

*Leop.* Do, and prosper,  
Excellent creature, whose perfections make  
Even sorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me,  
What would your smiles do?

*Hip.* Pox o' this stale courtship<sup>37</sup>!  
If I have any power——

*Leop.* I am commanded;  
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,  
Which I pay gladly.

*Hip.* To be forc'd to woo,  
Being a woman, could not but torment me:  
But bringing, for my advocates, youth and beauty,  
Set off with wealth, and then to be deny'd too,

---

<sup>37</sup> Pox o' this stale courtship!] To modern ears this expression will appear exceedingly gross and vulgar; but that it conveyed no such meaning in the days of our Authors, may be proved from several instances. In Shakespeare's *Love's Labour Lost*, act v. scene ii. the princess exclaims, 'Pox of that jest!' a mode of speech that Mr. Theobald was much offended at. But, as a judicious critic, Mr. Farmer, observes, there needs no alarm; the *small-pox* only is alluded to. Davison has a canzonet on his Lady's Sicknesse of the *Poxe*; and Dr. Donne writes to his sister, 'At my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *poxe*. I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her.' It may be added, that the *small-pox* is still spoken of in the same manner, to this day, in many parts of the North of England.

Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me  
 That said my looks were charms, my touches fetters,  
 My locks soft chains to bind the arms of princes,  
 And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage, happy.  
 I am, like others of a coarser feature,  
 As weak t' allure, but in my dotage stronger.  
 I am no Circe; he, more than Ulysses,  
 Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slight's my favours;  
 And, as I were some new Egyptian<sup>38</sup>, flies me,  
 Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.  
 But he shall find, that, in my fell revenge,  
 I am a woman; one, that never pardons  
 The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness,

*Enter Zabulon,*

*Zab.* Madam, 'tis done.

*Hip.* What's done?

*Zab.* Th' uncivil stranger  
 Is at your suit arrested.

*Hip.* 'Tis well handled,

*Zab.* And under guard sent to the governor;  
 With whom my testimony, and the favour  
 He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd,  
 That he is sentenc'd——

*Hip.* How?

*Zab.* To lose his head.

*Hip.* Is that the means to quench the scorching heat  
 Of my enrag'd desires? Must innocence suffer,  
 'Cause I am faulty? Or is my love so fatal,  
 That of necessity it must destroy  
 The object it most longs for? Dull Hippolyta,  
 To think that injuries could make way for love,  
 When courtesies were despis'd! that by his death  
 Thou should'st gain that, which only thou canst hope  
 for

<sup>38</sup> *And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me.*] This alludes to the story of Potiphar's wife tempting the patriarch Joseph. The circumstances in the following lines prove it; for Potiphar's wife, 'tis well known, failing in her design of seducing Joseph to wantonness with her, accused him to her husband of an attempt upon her chastity.

While he is living! My honour's at the stake now,  
 And cannot be preserv'd, unless he perish.  
 The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever  
 Have priz'd above my fame: Why doubt I now then?  
 One only way is left me, to redeem all.  
 Make ready my caroch!

*Leop.* What will you, madam?

*Hip.* And yet I am impatient of such stay,  
 Bind up my hair! Fy, fy, while that is doing,  
 The law may seize his life! Thus as I am then,  
 Not like Hippolyta, but a Bacchanal.  
 My frantic love transports me. [Exit.

*Leop.* Sure, she's distracted.

*Zab.* Pray you follow her; I will along with you:  
 I more than guess the cause. Women that love  
 Are most uncertain; and one minute crave,  
 What in another they refuse to have. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Clodio and Charino.*

*Clod.* Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd  
 From what I was: The tempests we have met with  
 In our uncertain voyage were smooth gales,  
 Compar'd to those the memory of my lusts  
 Rais'd in my conscience: And if e'er again  
 I live to see Zenocia, I will sue  
 And seek t' her as a lover, and a servant;  
 And not command affection, like a tyrant.

*Char.* In hearing this, you make me young again;  
 And Heav'n, it seems, favouring this good change  
 in you,

In setting of a period to our dangers,  
 Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lisbon  
 Which hitherto in vain we long have sought for.  
 I have receiv'd assur'd intelligence,  
 Such strangers have been seen here; and though yet  
 I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place  
 Of their abode, I have a soul presages

A fortunate

A fortunate event here.

*Clod.* There have pass'd  
A mutual interchange of courtesies  
Between me and the governor; therefore, boldly  
We may presume of him, and of his pow'r,  
If we find cause to use them; otherwise,  
I would not be known here; and these disguises  
Will keep us from discovery.

*Enter Manuel, Doctor, Arnolde, and Guard.*

*Char.* What are these?

*Clod.* The governor; with him my rival, bound.

*Char.* For certain, 'tis Arnolde.

*Clod.* Let's attend  
What the success will be.

*Man.* Is't possible,  
There should be hope of his recovery,  
His wounds so many and so deadly?

*Doct.* So they appear'd at first; but, the blood  
stopp'd,  
His trance forsook him, and, on better search,  
We found they were not mortal.

*Man.* Use all care  
To perfect this unhop'd-for cure; that done,  
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall  
Hear further from me, for some ends I have,  
Conceal it from his mother.

*Doct.* We'll not fail, Sir. [Exit.

*Man.* You still stand confident on your innocence.

*Arn.* It is my best and last guard, which I will not  
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy.

*Enter Hippolyta, Zabulon, Leopold, Zenocia, and two  
Servants.*

*Hip.* Who bad you follow me? Go home! and  
you, Sir,  
As you respect me, go with her!

*Arn.* Zenocia!  
And in her house a servant!

*Char.*

*Char.* 'Tis my daughter. [*Zen. passes.*]

*Clod.* My love. Contain your joy; observe the sequel.

*Man.* *Fy, madam, how indecent 'tis for you, So far unlike yourself, to be seen thus In th' open streets? Why do you kneel? pray you, rise. I am acquainted with the wrong and loss You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now Stands ready for his punishment.*

*Hip.* Let it fall, Sir,  
On the offender: He is innocent,  
And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;  
But I made up of guilt.

*Man.* What strange turn's this?

*Leop.* This was my prisoner once.

*Hip.* If chastity

In a young man, and tempted to the height too,  
Did e'er deserve reward, or admiration,  
He justly may claim both. Love to his person  
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)  
Compell'd me first to train him to my house;  
All engines I rais'd there to shake his virtue,  
Which in th' assault were useles; he, unmov'd still,  
As if he had no part of human frailty,  
Against the nature of my sex, almost  
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,  
In our contention, young Apollo fly,  
And lovesick Daphne follow: All arts failing,  
By flight he won the victory, breaking from  
My scorn'd embraces. The repulse (in women  
Un sufferable) invited me to practise  
A means to be reveng'd; and from this grew  
His accusation, and the abuse  
Of your still-equal justice. My rage over,  
(Thank Heav'n) though wanton, I found not myself  
So far engag'd to hell, to prosecute  
To th' death what I had plotted; for that love,  
That made me first desire him, then accuse him,  
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,

First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.

*Man.* Whate'er you are, so much I love your virtue,  
That I desire your friendship. Do you unloose  
Him from those bonds you are worthy of: Your re-  
pentance

Makes part of satisfaction; yet I must  
Severely reprehend you.

*Leop.* I am made

A stale on all parts! But this fellow shall  
Pay dearly for her favour.

*Arn.* My life's so full

Of various changes, that I now despair  
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,  
A new, and worse, succeeds it: What should Zenocia  
Do in this woman's house? Can chastity  
And hot lust dwell together, without infection?  
I would not be or jealous, or secure;  
Yet something must be done, to sound the depth on't.  
That she lives is my bliss; but living there,  
A hell of torments! There's no way to her  
In whom I live, but by this door, thro' which  
To me 'tis death to enter; yet I must  
And will make trial.

*Man.* Let me hear no more

Of these devices, lady: This I pardon,  
And, at your intercession, I forgive  
Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.  
The hundred thousand crowns you lent the city,  
Towards the setting forth of the last navy  
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which  
I balance with your ill now.

*Char.* Now, Sir, to him;

You know my daughter needs it.

*Hip.* Let me take

A farewell with mine eye, Sir, though my lip  
Be barr'd the ceremony courtesy,  
And custom too, allows of.

*Arn.* Gentle madam,

I neither am so cold, nor so ill-bred,

But

But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded ;  
 And let me tell you, that I am aſham'd  
 Of my late rudeneſs, and would gladly therefore,  
 If you pleaſe to accept my ready ſervice,  
 Wait on you to your houſe.

*Hip.* Above my hope !

Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,  
 He ſhould not be more welcome. [*Ex. Arn. and Hip.*]

*Clod.* Now you know me.

*Man.* Yes, Sir, and honour you; ever rememb'ring  
 Your many bounties, being ambitious only  
 To give you cauſe to ſay, by ſome one ſervice,  
 That I am not ungrateful.

*Clod.* 'Tis now offer'd :

I have a ſuit to you, and an eaſy one,  
 Which ere long you ſhall know.

*Man.* When you think fit, Sir ;  
 And then as a command I will receive it ;  
 Till when, moſt welcome. You are welcome too, Sir ;  
 'Tis ſpoken from the heart, and therefore needs not  
 Much proteſtation. At your better leiſure  
 I will enquire the cauſe that brought you hither ;  
 I' th' mean time ſerve you.

*Clod.* You out-do me, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Duarte and Doct̄r.*

*Dua.* **Y**OU have beſtow'd on me a ſecond life,  
 For which I live your creature; and have  
 better'd

What Nature fram'd unperfect: My firſt being,  
 Inſolent pride made monſtrous; but this latter,  
 In learning me to know myſelf, hath taught me  
 Not to wrong others.

*Doct̄r.* Then we live indeed,

When

When we can go to rest without alarm  
 Giv'n ev'ry minute to a guilt-sick conscience,  
 To keep us waking, and rise in the morning  
 Secure in being innocent: But when,  
 In the remembrance of our worser actions,  
 We ever bear about us whips and furies,  
 To make the day a night of sorrow to us,  
 Even life's a burden.

*Dua.* I have found and felt it;  
 But will endeavour, having first made peace  
 With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,  
 To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor,  
 Pray, if you can, resolve me, was the gentleman,  
 That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?

*Doct.* Nor known, nor apprehended.

*Dua.* That's my grief.

*Doct.* Why, do you wish he had been punish'd?

*Dua.* No;

The stream of my swol'n sorrow runs not that way:  
 For could I find him, as I vow to Heav'n  
 It shall be my first care to seek him out,  
 I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword,  
 In opening my veins, which proud blood poison'd,  
 Gave the first symptoms of true health.

*Doct.* 'Tis in you

A christian resolution. That you live  
 Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge  
 As yet conceal'd; and though a son's loss never  
 Was solemniz'd with more tears of true sorrow,  
 Than have been paid by your unequal'd mother  
 For your supposed death, she's not acquainted  
 With your recovery.

*Dua.* For some few days,  
 Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguis'd,  
 I may abroad unknown.

*Doct.* Without suspicion  
 Of being discover'd.

*Dua.* I am confident,



No moisture sooner dies than womens' tears<sup>39</sup>;  
 And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,  
 Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose  
 Her further trial.

*Doct.* That as you think fit;  
 I'll not betray you.

*Dua.* To find out this stranger,  
 This true physician of my mind and manners,  
 Were such a blessing—He seem'd poor; and may,  
 Perhaps, be now in want: 'Would I could find him!  
 The inns I'll search first, then the public stews:  
 He was of Italy, and that country breeds not  
 Precisians that way, but hot libertines;  
 And such the most are. 'Tis but a little travel.  
 I am unfurnish'd too: Pray, Mr. Doctor,  
 Can you supply me?

*Doct.* With what sum you please.

*Dua.* I will not be long absent.

*Doct.* That I wish too;  
 For, till you have more strength, I would not have you  
 To be too bold.

*Dua.* Fear not; I will be careful. [Exeunt.

*Enter Leopold, Zabulon, and Bravo.*

*Zab.* I have brought him, Sir; a fellow that will  
 do it,  
 Though hell stood in his way; ever provided,  
 You pay him for't.

*Leop.* He has a strange aspect,  
 And looks much like the figure of a hang-man  
 In a table of the Passion.

*Zab.* He transcends  
 All precedents, believe it; a flesh'd ruffian,

<sup>39</sup> ————— *I am confident,*

*No moisture sooner dies than womens' tears;*] Moisture *dying* is stark nonsense; the insertion of a single letter gives the true sense, *dries*. *Symphon.*

*Dies* is not 'nonsense;' but rather more poetical here than *dries*; the *evaporation* or *drying-up* of moisture being, metaphorically, the *death* of it. *Dries*, however, it must be confessed, is more obvious, and probably the word used by our Authors.

That hath so often taken the strappado,  
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick  
Is to a tumbler. He hath perus'd too  
All dungeons in Portugal; thrice sev'n years  
Row'd in the gallies, for three several murders;  
Though I presume that he has done a hundred,  
And scap'd unpunish'd.

*Leop.* He is much in debt to you,  
You set him off so well. What will you take, Sir,  
To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me <sup>40</sup>?

*Bra.* To beat him, say you?

*Leop.* Yes, beat him to lameness;  
To cut his lips or nose off; any thing,  
That may disfigure him.

*Bra.* Let me consider:

Five hundred pistolets for such a service,  
I think, were no dear pennyworth.

*Zab.* Five hundred!

Why, there are of your brotherhood in the city,  
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.

*Bra.* Kill him? I think so; I'll kill any man  
For half the money.

*Leop.* And will you ask more  
For a sound beating than a murder?

*Bra.* Ay, Sir,

And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,  
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite:  
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may  
Recover, and kill me.

*Leop.* A good conclusion.

The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender:  
I'll run some other course. There's your reward  
Without the employment.

*Bra.* For that, as you please, Sir.

<sup>40</sup> ————— *What will you take, Sir,*

*To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?*] Thus wrong'd me? The nature and quality of the wrong are not in one syllable pre-mis'd. The Poets certainly wrote, that *has* wrong'd me. *Sympson.*

The acute Mr. Sympson did not observe that *this* might refer to a supposed explanation by Zabulon, before the Bravo's interview with Leopold.

When you have need to kill a man, pray use me;  
But I am out at beating. [Exit.]

*Zab.* What's to be done then?

*Leop.* I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy  
To my most near designs. This stranger, which  
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner  
When the last virgin I bestow'd upon her  
Was made my prize; how he escap'd, hereafter  
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love  
He bears the servant makes him scorn the mistress.

*Zab.* 'Tis not unlike; for, the first time he saw her,  
His looks express'd so much; and, for more proof,  
Since he came to my lady's house, though yet  
He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me  
To help him to a conference, without  
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I promis'd.

*Leop.* And by all means perform it, for their meeting;  
But work it so, that my disdainful mistress  
(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,  
'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.

*Zab.* To what end, Sir?

*Leop.* This, Zabulon: When she sees  
Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness  
To leave a princess for her bond-woman,  
The fight will make her scorn what now she dotes on.  
I'll double thy reward.

*Zab.* You are like to speed then:  
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,  
We serve them best that are most apt to give.  
For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,  
And yet be unobserv'd.

*Leop.* That I desire too. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Arnoldo.*

*Arn.* I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts me,  
The poison of this place should mix itself  
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas she that was com-  
manded,  
Or my eyes fail'd me grossly; that youth, that face,

And all that noble sweetness. May she not live here,  
And yet be honest still?

*Enter Zenocia.*

*Zen.* It is Arnolde,  
From all his dangers free. Fortune, I bless thee!  
My noble husband! how my joy swells in me!  
But why in this place? what business hath he here?  
He cannot hear of me; I am not known here.  
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think now?  
And how that joy I had cools and forsakes me?

*Enter, above, Hippolyta and Zabulon.*

This lady is but fair; I have been thought so,  
Without compare admir'd. She has bewitch'd him;  
And he forgot——

*Arn.* 'Tis she again; the same,  
The same Zenocia.

*Zab.* There they are together;  
Now you may mark.

*Hip.* Peace; let 'em parley.

*Arn.* That you are well, Zenocia, and once more  
Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd presence,  
I thank the Gods! But that I meet you here——

*Hip.* They are acquainted.

*Zab.* I found that secret, madam,  
When you commanded her go home. Pray hear 'em.

*Zen.* That you meet me here! ne'er blush at that,  
Arnolde.

Your cunning comes too late<sup>41</sup>: I am a woman;  
And one woman with another may be trusted:  
Do you fear the house?

*Arn.* More than a fear, I know it;  
Know it not good, not honest.

*Zen.* What do you here then?

<sup>41</sup> *Your coming comes too late.*] Mr. Theobald proposes reading *coining*; which is preferable to the word we find in the text; but falls short of our Authors' strength of expression; who, we do not doubt, wrote *cunning*; a confirmation of which occurs afterwards, in her saying he deals *wisely* with her.

I th' name of virtue, why do you approach it?  
 Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it?  
 Where have your eyes been wand'ring, my Arnolde?  
 What constancy, what faith, do you call this? Fy,  
 Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another?  
 I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous,

[*Leopold places himself unseen below.*]

And able to betray a strong man's liberty;  
 But you, that have a love, a wife——You do well  
 To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnolde,  
 Since you are pleas'd to study a new beauty,  
 And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,  
 Study a nobler way, for shame, to leave me<sup>42</sup>:  
 Wrong not her honesty——

*Arn.* You have confirm'd me.

*Zen.* Who, though she be your wife, will never  
 hinder you;

So much I rest a servant to your wishes,  
 And love your loves, though they be my destructions.  
 No man shall know me, nor the share I have in thee;  
 No eye suspect I am able to prevent you:  
 For since I am a slave to this great lady,  
 Whom I perceive you follow——

*Arn.* Be not blinded,

*Zen.* Fortune shall make me useful to your service:  
 I will speak for you.

*Arn.* Speak for me? You wrong me.

*Zen.* I will endeavour, all the ways I am able,  
 To make her think well of you: Will that please?  
 To make her dote upon you, dote to madness.  
 So far, against myself, I will obey you.  
 But when that's done, and I have shew'd this duty,  
 This great obedience (few will buy't at my price)  
 Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well,  
 But never see you more, nor receive comfort

<sup>42</sup> *Study a nobler way for shame to love me* ] A nobler way to love her, when she suspected that he had ceas'd to love her at all? We must read, *to leave me*. The foregoing lines sufficiently evince the genuineness of this emendation.

From any thing, Arnoldo.

*Arn.* You are too tender;  
I neither doubt you, nor desire longer  
To be a man, and live, than I am honest,  
And only yours: Our infinite affections  
Abus'd us both,

*Zab.* Where are your favours now?  
The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, madam?

*Hip.* Have I now found the cause?

*Zab.* Attend it further.

*Zen.* Did she invite you, do you say?

*Arn.* Most cunningly;  
And with a preparation of that state  
I was brought in and welcom'd——

*Zen.* Seem'd to love you?

*Arn.* Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.

*Zen.* She is a goodly lady.

*Arn.* Wondrous handsome.

At first view, being taken unprepar'd,  
Your memory not present then to assist me,  
She seem'd so glorious, sweet; and so far stir'd me——  
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done.

*Zen.* Prithee,

Didst thou not kiss, Arnoldo?

*Arn.* Yes, faith, did I.

*Zen.* And then——

*Arn.* I durst not, did not,

*Zen.* I forgive you:

Come, tell the truth.

*Arn.* May be, I lay with her.

*Hip.* He mocks me too, most basely,

*Zen.* Did you, faith?

Did you forget so far?

*Arn.* Come, come, no weeping;

I would have lyen first in my grave; believe that.  
Why will you ask those things you would not hear?  
She's too intemperate to betray my virtues,  
Too openly lascivious. Had she dealt  
But with that seeming modesty she might,

And

And flung a little art upon her ardor—  
 But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,  
 And glad I was deceiv'd. No, my Zenocia,  
 My first love here begun, rests here unrecap'd yet,  
 And here for ever.

*Zen.* You have made me happy;  
 Even in the midst of bondage blest,

*Zab.* You see now,  
 What rubs are in your way.

*Hip.* And quickly, Zabulon,  
 I'll root 'em out. Be sure you do this presently.

*Zab.* Do not you alter then.

*Hip.* I'm resolute.

[*Exit Zabulon.*

*Arn.* To see you only I came hither last,  
 Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements;  
 For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.

*Leop.* I am glad of that; you have sav'd me so  
 much vengeance,  
 And so much fear. From this hour fair befall you!

*Arn.* Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you;  
 'Till when, observe her well, and fit her temper,  
 Only her lust contemn.

*Zen.* When shall I see you?

*Arn.* I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair still,  
 'Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.

*Hip.* Shut all the doors,

*Arn.* Who's that?

*Zen.* We are betray'd;  
 The lady of the house has heard our parley,  
 Seen us, and seen our loves.

*Hip.* You courteous gallant,  
 You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at  
 Th' afflictions and the groans I suffer for you,  
 That slight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune  
 My favours can fling on you, have I caught you?  
 Have I now found the cause you fool my wishes?  
 Is mine own slave my bane? I nourish that,  
 That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,  
 Nor woo no more; thou shalt see, foolish man,

And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on  
The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted;  
Redeem her then, and steal her hence. Ho, Zabulon!  
Now to your work.

*Enter Zabulon and Servants, some holding Arnolde, some ready with a cord to strangle Zenocia.*

*Arn.* Lady! But hear me speak first,  
As you have pity.

*Hip* I have none. You taught me:  
When I even hung about your neck, you scorn'd me.

*Zab.* Shall we pluck yet?

*Hip.* No, hold a little, Zabulon;  
I'll pluck his heart-strings first. Now am I worthy  
A little of your love?

*Arn.* I'll be your servant;  
Command me through what danger you shall aim at,  
Let it be death!

*Hip.* Be sure, Sir, I shall fit you.

*Arn.* But spare this virgin<sup>43</sup>!

*Hip.* I would spare that villain first,  
Had cut my father's throat.

*Arn.* Bounteous lady,  
If in your sex there be that noble softness,  
That tenderness of heart, women are crown'd for—

*Zen.* Kneel not, Arnolde; do her not that honour;  
She is not worthy such submission:

I scorn a life depends upon her pity.

Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy anger  
With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody!

I bring a patience here, shall make 'em blush,  
An innocence, shall outlook thee, and death too.

<sup>43</sup> *But spare this virgin. &c.]* Mr. Theobald reads,

*But spare this virgin.*

*Hip. I would spare that villain,*

*Had cut my father's throat, first;*

and says, 'The metre here is so defective, that the transposition, and  
' correction in the pointing, which I have made, seem absolutely  
' necessary.' But we apprehend, that, as the metre is so frequently  
licentious, the present defect does not warrant the change.



*Arn.* Make me your slave; I give my freedom to you,

For ever to be fetter'd to your service!

'Twas I offended; be not so unjust then,  
To strike the innocent. This gentle maid  
Never intended fear and doubt against you:

She is your servant; pay not her observance  
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.

*Hip.* Am I fair now? now am I worth your liking?

*Zen.* Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious devil!  
Thou varnish'd piece of lust, thou painted fury!

*Arn.* Speak gently, sweet, speak gently.

*Zen.* I'll speak nobly;

'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at.

Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,  
And then consider, how I weigh thy anger!

Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,  
Than useful to his honour I preserve it.

If thou hadst studied all the courtesies  
Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,  
Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit,  
Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for honour,  
As dying for his sake, to be his martyr.

'Tis such a grace——

*Hip.* You shall not want that favour;

Let your bones work miracles!

*Arn.* Dear lady,

By those fair eyes——

*Hip.* There is but this way left you  
To save her life——

*Arn.* Speak it, and I embrace it.

*Hip.* Come to my private chamber presently,  
And there, what love and I command——

*Arn.* I'll do it.

Be comforted, Zenocia.

*Zen.* Do not do this;

To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you!  
I charge you by your love, that love you bear me,  
That love, that constant love you have twin'd to me,

By

By all your promises (take heed you keep 'em)—  
 Now is your constant trial! If thou dost this,  
 Or mov'st one foot to guide thee to her lust,  
 My curses and eternal hate pursue thee!  
 Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?  
 Must my undoubted honesty be thy baw'd too?  
 Go, and intwine thyself about that body!  
 Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour,  
 Pull'd all thy vows from Heav'n; basely, most basely,  
 Stoop'd to the servile flames of that foul woman,  
 To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,  
 Know thee not again, nor name thee for a husband!

*Arn.* What shall I do to save her?

*Hip.* How now? what haste there?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The governor, attended with some gentlemen,  
 Are newly enter'd, to speak with your ladyship.

*Hip.* Pox o' their business! Reprieve her for this  
 hour;

I shall have other time.

*Arn.* Now, Fortune, help us!

*Hip.* I'll meet 'em presently. Retire awhile all. [*Ex.*]

*Zab.* You rise to-day upon your right side, lady.

You know the danger too, and may prevent it;  
 And if you suffer her to perish thus,  
 (As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,  
 Unless you stand her friend) you know the way on't;  
 I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.  
 Let her know nothing, and perform this matter;  
 There are hours ordain'd for several businesses.  
 You understand——

*Arn.* I understand you baw'd, Sir,  
 And such a counsellor I never car'd for.

*Enter the Governor, Clodio, Leopold, Charino and attendants at one door, Hippolyta at the other.*

*Hip.* Your lordship does me honour.

*Gov.* Fair Hippolyta,

I'm come to ease you of a charge.

*Hip.* I keep none

I count a burden, Sir.—And yet I lie too,

*Gov.* Which is the maid? Is she here?

*Clod.* Yes, Sir; this is she, this is Zenocia;  
The very same I sued to your lordship for.

*Zen.* Clodio again? More misery? more ruin?  
Under what angry star is my life govern'd?

*Gov.* Come hither, maid: You are once more a free  
woman;

Here I discharge your bonds.

*Arn.* Another smile,

Another trick of Fortune to betray us!

*Hip.* Why does your lordship use me so unnobly?  
Against my will, to take away my bond-woman?

*Gov.* She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-  
woman:

She's of that country we hold friendship with,  
And ever did; and, therefore, to be us'd  
With entertainment fair and courteous.

The breach of league in us gives foul example;  
Therefore, you must be pleas'd to think this honest.  
Did you know what she was?

*Leop.* Not 'till this instant;

For had I known her, she had been no prisoner.

*Gov.* There, take the maid; she's at her own dis-  
pose now:

And if there be ought else to do your honour  
Any poor service in——

*Clod.* I am vow'd your seryant.

*Arn.* Your father's here too, that's our only comfort;  
And in a country now, we stand free people,  
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.

*Zen.* I fear some trick yet.

*Arn.* Be not so dejected.

*Gov.* You must not be displeas'd; so, farewell, lady.  
Come, gentlemen. Captain, you must with me too;  
I have a little business.

*Leop.* I attend your lordship.

Now my way's free, and my hope's lord again <sup>44</sup>.

[*Exeunt all but Hip. and Zab.*]

*Hip.* D'ye jeer me now ye are going?  
I may live yet——to make you howl both.

*Zab.* You might have done; you had power then;  
But now the chains are off, the command lost;  
And such a story they will make of this,  
To laugh out lazy time——

*Hip.* No means yet left me?  
For now I burst with anger! None to satisfy me?  
No comfort? no revenge?

*Zab.* You speak too late;  
You might have had all these your useful servants,  
Had you been wise and sudden. What pow'r, or will,  
Over her beauty have you now, by violence  
To constrain his love? She is as free as you are,  
And no law can impeach her liberty;  
And, while she's so, Arnaldo will despise you.

*Hip.* Either my love or anger must be satisfied,  
Or I must die!

*Zab.* I have a way would do it,  
Would do it yet; protect me from the law.

*Hip.* From any thing! Thou know'st what power  
I have,  
What money, and what friends.

*Zab.* 'Tis a devilish one:  
But such must now be us'd. Walk in, I'll tell you;  
And if you like it, if the devil can do any thing——

*Hip.* Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.*

*Sul.* This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,  
And so bestirs himself——

*Ja.* Give him breath, mistress;  
You'll melt him else.

<sup>44</sup> *Now my way's free, and my hopes. Lords againe* ] This is the reading of the oldest edition; but as there is no making sense of the passage in this state, we have, with Mr. Theobald, followed the folio of 1679.

*Sul.* He does perform such wonders——  
The women are mad on him.

*Ja.* Give him breath, I say;  
The man is but a man; he must have breath.

*Sul.* How many had he yesterday?

*Ja.* About fourteen; and they paid bravely too<sup>45</sup>.  
But still I cry, give breath; spare him, and have him.

*Sul.* Five dames to-day: This was a small stage;  
He may endure five more.

*Ja.* Breath, breath, I cry still;  
Body o'me, give breath; the man's a lost man else:  
Feed him, and give him breath.

*Enter two Gentlewomen.*

*Sul.* Welcome; gentlewomen;  
You're very welcome.

*1 Gen.* We hear you have a lusty and well-com-  
plexion'd fellow,  
That does rare tricks. My sister and myself here  
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.

*Sul.* Jaques, conduct 'em in.

*Both.* There's for your courtesy. [*Ex. Ja. and Gent.*]

*Sul.* Good pay still, good round pay. This happy  
fellow

Will set me up again; he brings in gold  
Faster than I have leisure to receive it.

Oh, that his body were not flesh, and fading!

But I'll so pap him up——Nothing too dear for him.  
What a sweet scent he has? Now, what news, Jaques?

*Ja.* He cannot last; I pity the poor man,

<sup>45</sup> *How many had he yesterday?*

*And they paid bravely too.*

*Ja. About fourteen.]* The necessary transposition here is so self-evident, that it wants no note in confirmation. The metre is lame and defective; and Sulpitia is made to say what belongs to Jaques, which quite destroys the sense. I decline saying more upon this occasion, because, as the subject is not a little dissolute, *judet his nequitias immorari*. A proper regard to decency is a respect due to the readers; and an editor ever ought to blush, when he takes a voluntary liberty of offending them.

*Theobald.*

I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,  
 And they drive as the devil were in the wheels,  
 Are ready now to enter : And behind these,  
 An old dead-palsied lady, in a litter ;  
 And she makes all the haste she can. The man's lost !  
 You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-pins ;  
 But, for his flesh——

*Sul.* These are but easy labours ;  
 Yet, for I know he must have rest——

*Ja.* He must ;  
 You'll beat him off his legs else presently.

*Sul.* Go in, and bid him please himself ; I'm pleas'd  
 too.

To-morrow's a new day. But, if he can,  
 I would have him take pity o' th' old lady :  
 Alas, 'tis charity !

*Ja.* I'll tell him all this ;  
 And, if he be not too fool-hardy——

*Enter Zabulon.*

*Sul.* How now ?  
 What news with you ?

*Zab.* You must presently  
 Shew all the art you have, and for my lady.

*Sul.* She may command.

*Zab.* You must not dream nor trifle.

*Sul.* Which way ?

*Zab.* A spell you must prepare, a pow'ful one ;  
 Peruse but these directions, you shall find all ;  
 There is the picture too : Be quick and faithful,  
 And do it with that strength——When 'tis perform'd,  
 Pitch your reward at what you please, you have it.

*Sul.* I'll do my best, and suddenly. But, hark ye,  
 Will you never lie at home again ?

*Zab.* Excuse me ;  
 I have too much business yet.

*Sul.* I am right glad on't.

*Zab.* Think on your business ; so, farewell.

*Sul.* I'll do it.

*Zab.*

*Zab.* Within this hour I'll visit you again,  
And give you greater lights.

*Sul.* I shall observe you.

This brings a brave reward; bravely I'll do it,  
And all the hidden art I have, express in't.

[*Exeunt at both doors.*]

*Enter Rutilio with a night-cap.*

*Rut.* Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden!

Fy, how my hams shrink under me! Oh me,  
I am broken-winded too! Is this a life?

Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?

I had a body once; a handsome body,

And wholesome too: Now I appear like a rascal,

That had been hung a year or two in gibbets.

Fy, how I faint! Women! keep me from women!

Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure;

Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation;

But women! women! oh, the devil! women!

Curtius's gulf was never half so dangerous.

Is there no way to find the trap-door again,

And fall into the cellar, and be taken?

No lucky fortune to direct me that way?

No gallies to be got, nor yet no gallows?

For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,

But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women!

How devilishly my bones ache! Oh, the old lady!

I have a kind of waiting-woman lies cross my back too;

Oh, how she stings! No treason to deliver me?

Now, what are you? do you mock me?

*Enter three, with night-caps, very faintly.*

1. No, Sir, no;

We were your predecessors in this place.

2. And come to see how you bear up.

*Rut.* Good gentlemen!

You seem to have a snuffing in your head, Sir,

A parlous snuffing; but this same dampish air——

2. A dampish air, indeed.

*Rut.*

*Rut.* Blow your face tenderly,  
Your nose will ne'er endure it. Mercy o' me,  
What are men chang'd to here! Is my nose fait yet?  
Methinks it shiakes i' th' hilts. Pray tell me, gentlemen,  
How long is't since you flourish'd here?

3. Not long since.

*Rut.* Move yourself easily; I see you are tender;  
Nor long endured?

2. The labour was so much, Sir,  
And so few to perform it——

*Rut.* Must I come to this,  
And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?  
I cannot run away, I am too feeble.

Will you sue for this place again, gentlemen?

1. No truly, Sir, the place has been too warm for  
our complexions.

2. We have enough on't: Rest you merry, Sir!  
We came but to congratulate your fortune;  
You have abundance.

3. Bear your fortune soberly;  
And so we leave you to the next fair lady.

[*Exeunt the three.*]

*Rut.* Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gentlemen;  
At the next hospital. There's no living thus,  
Nor am I able to endure it longer:  
With all the help and heats that can be given me;  
I am at my trot already<sup>46</sup>. They are fair and young;  
Most of the women that repair unto me;  
But they stick on like burs, shake me like feathers.

*Enter Sulpitia.*

More women yet? 'Would I were honestly married

<sup>46</sup> *With all the helps and heats that can be given me*

*I'm at my trot already.*] The first line here would be very obscure, and the text to be very much suspected, but for the subsequent one; from which, I think, the allusion is plainly to the managery of horses. It is the duty of a groom to give his horses *heats*, (*i. e.* to pace 'em out in a morning) lest they should grow restive and short-winded. This Rutilio complains to be his case, he is quite broken-winded, beaten off his speed, is reduced to a *trot*, and past all power of *galloping*.

*Theobald.*



To any thing that had but half a face;  
 And not a groat to keep her, nor a smock;  
 That I might be civilly merry when I pleas'd,  
 Rather than labouring in these fulling-mills.

*Sul.* By this, the spell begins to work. You are lusty,  
 I see; you bear up bravely yet.

*Rut.* Do you hear, lady?

Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly,  
 And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold:  
 Play me with some discretion; to-day, one course,  
 And, two days hence, another.

*Sul.* If you be so angry,  
 Pay back the money I redeem'd you at;  
 And take your course; I can have men enough.  
 You have cost me a hundred crowns since you came  
 hither,

In broths and strength'ning caudles; till you do pay me,  
 If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour;  
 I'll chain you to't else.

*Rut.* Make me a dog-kennel,  
 I'll keep your house and bark, and feed on bare bones;  
 And be whipp'd out o' doors! Do you mark me, lady?  
 whipp'd!

I'll eat old shoes.

*Enter Duarte.*

*Dua.* In this house, I am told,  
 There is a stranger, of a goodly person;  
 And such a one there was——If I could see him,  
 I yet remember him.

*Sul.* Your business, Sir?  
 If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd;  
 I keep none here.

[*Exit.*

*Dua.* Certain, this is the gentleman:  
 The very same.

*Rut.* 'Death! if I had but money,  
 Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,  
 I'd thresh, set up a cobler's shop, keep hogs;  
 And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes  
 And knights of ginger-bread; thatch for three  
 Half-pence a day, and think it lordly;

From this base stallion-trade. Why does he eye me,  
Eye me so narrowly?

*Dua.* It seems, you are troubled, Sir;  
I heard you speak of want.

*Rut.* 'Tis better hearing  
Far, than relieving, Sir.

*Dua.* I do not think so;  
You know me not.

*Rut.* Not yet, that I remember.

*Dua.* You shall, and for your friend; I am beholden  
to you,

Greatly beholden, Sir. If you remember,  
You fought with such a man, they call'd Duarte,  
A proud distemper'd man: He was my enemy,  
My mortal foe; you slew him fairly, nobly.

*Rut.* Speak softly, Sir; you do not mean to be-  
tray me?

I wish'd the gallows; now they're coming fairly.

*Dua.* Be confident; for, as I live, I love you;  
And now you shall perceive it: For that service,  
Me and my purse command; there, take it to you;  
'Tis gold, and no small sum; a thousand ducats;  
Supply your want.

*Rut.* But do you do this faithfully?

*Dua.* If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick me.  
In what else may I serve you, Sir?

*Rut.* I thank you!

This is as strange to me as knights' adventures.  
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,  
And now I'll tempt my fortune.

*Dua.* Trust me with it.

*Rut.* You are so good and honest, I must trust you;  
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady,  
That sav'd my life once.

*Dua.* That will be most thankful;  
I will do't with all care.

*Rut.* Where are you, White-broth?

*Enter Sulpitia.*

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your money;

'Tis

'Tis ready here: No threats, nor no orations,  
Nor prayers now.

*Sul.* You do not mean to leave me?

*Rut.* I'll live in hell sooner than here, and cooler.  
Come quickly, come, dispatch! this air's unwholsome.  
Quickly, good lady, quickly to't!

*Sul.* Well, since it must be,  
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.

*Rut.* And pick his bones; as you've done mine, pox  
take you!

*Dua.* At my lodging, for a while; you shall be  
quarter'd,  
And there take physic for your health.

*Rut.* I thank you.

I have found my angel now too, if I can keep him!

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V, S C E N E I.

*Enter Rutilio and Duarte.*

*Rut.* YOU like the letter?

*Dua.* Yes; but I must tell you,  
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit  
The mother (and the griev'd one too, 'tis rumour'd)  
Of him you slew so lately.

*Rut.* I have told you  
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not  
A nearer way to make her satisfaction  
For a lost son, than speedily to help her  
To a good husband; one that will beget  
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.  
I have had a breathing now, and have recover'd  
What I lost in my late service; 'twas a hot one;  
It fired and fired me<sup>47</sup>; but, all thanks to you, Sir,

<sup>47</sup> *It fired and fired me; but, all thanks to you, Sir.*

*You have both freed and cool'd me.] I imagine, an antithesis  
was design'd by the poets in this passage, but half of it is quite lost.*

You have both freed and cool'd me.

*Dua.* What is done, Sir,  
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;  
And therefore spare your thanks.

*Rut.* I'll no more whoring;  
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more wears one  
Than all the exercise in the world besides.  
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,  
Or like gourd-water to it; twenty surfeits  
Come short of one night's work there. If I get this  
lady,

(As ten to one I shall; I was ne'er denied yet)  
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her  
Gravely and demurely,  
And then instruct my family. You are sad;  
What do you muse on, Sir?

*Dua.* Truth, I was thinking  
What course to take for the deliv'ry of your letter;  
And now I have it. But, faith, did this lady  
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know,  
You kill'd her son?

*Rut.* Give me a book, I'll swear't;  
Deny'd me to the officers that pursu'd me,  
Brought me herself to the door, then gave me gold  
To bear my charges; and shall I make doubt then  
But that she lov'd me? I am confident,  
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I shall be  
Most welcome to her: For then to have woo'd her,  
Had been unseasonable.

---

*Cool'd* stands very well in opposition to *fired*; but the contrast to *freed* is wanting. My conjecture supplies the other part of the *antithesis*: For Rutilio was not only *fired* in his hot service, but *fetter'd* to it; so confin'd, and watch'd, that he could not make an escape.

*Sympson.*

Mr. Sympson reads,

*It fired and fetter'd me; but, all thanks to you, Sir,  
You have both freed and cool'd me.*

This alteration, being unauthorized, we think unwarrantable, at the same time that it is injurious to the metre, and no great improvement of the sense. There seems to us, also, to be a vigor of expression in the repetition, *fired* and *fired*, which is enfeebled by Mr. Sympson's alteration.

*Dua.*

*Dua.* Well, Sir, there's more money,  
To make you handsome. I'll about your business:  
You know where you must stay?

*Rut.* There you shall find me.

'Would I could meet my brother now, to know  
Whether the Jew his genius, or my Christian,  
Has prov'd the better friend. [Exit.]

*Dua.* Oh, who would trust  
Deceiving woman<sup>48</sup>? or believe, that one  
The best, and most canoniz'd, ever was  
More than a seeming goodness? I could rail now  
Against the sex, and curse it; but the theme  
And way's too common. Yet that Guiomar  
My mother (nor let that forbid her to be  
The wonder of our nation), she that was  
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,  
Both wife and widow; she that in my breeding  
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care,  
And tenderness to a son; she that yet feigns  
Such sorrow for me; good God, that this mother,  
After all this, should give up to a stranger  
The wreak she ow'd her son<sup>49</sup>! I fear her honour.  
That he was sav'd, much joys me; I grieve only,  
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,  
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,  
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,  
Or us'd to cloke her base hypocrisy. [Exit.]

*Enter Hippolyta and Sulpitia,*

*Hip.* Are you assur'd the charm prevails?

*Sul.* Do I live?

<sup>48</sup> *Oh, who would trust*

*Deceiving woman?*] In writing this severe invective against the female sex, our Authors seem to have had the well-known speech of Pothumus in their contemplation. See *Cymbeline*, act ii. scene v. R.

<sup>49</sup> ————— *Good God, that this mother,*

*After all this, should give up to a stranger*

*The wreak she ow'd her son!*] *i. e.* That she should give up the right and duty of vengeance which she ow'd for her son's murder, by screening, protecting, and dismissing his murderer out of the pursuit and reach of justice. *Theobald.*

Or you speak to me? Now, this very instant,  
 Health takes its last leave of her; meagre paleness,  
 Like winter, nips the roses and the lillies,  
 The spring that youth and love adorn'd her face with.  
 To force affection is beyond our art;  
 For I have prov'd all means that hell has taught me,  
 Or th' malice of a woman, which exceeds it,  
 To change Arnaldo's love; but to no purpose.  
 But, for your bond-woman —

*Hip.* Let her pine and die!

She remov'd, which like a brighter sun  
 Obscures my beams, I may shine out again,  
 And, as I have been, be admir'd and sought to.  
 How long has she to live?

*Sul.* Lady, before

The sun twice rise and set, be confident,  
 She is but dead; I know my charm hath found her,  
 Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,  
 Her father's sorrow, or his pow'r that freed her,  
 Defend her from it.

*Enter Zabulon.*

*Zab.* All things have succeeded  
 As you could wish; I saw her brought sick home,  
 The image of pale death stamp'd on her forehead.  
 Let me adore this second Hecate,  
 This great commandress of the fatal sisters,  
 That, as she pleases, can shut short, or lengthen,  
 The thread of life!

*Hip.* Where was she when th' enchantment  
 First seiz'd upon her?

*Zab.* Taking the fresh air,  
 I'th' company of the governor and count Clodio;  
 Arnaldo too was present, with her father;  
 When, in a moment (so the servants told me)  
 As she was giving thanks to the governor  
 And Clodio, for her unexpected freedom,  
 As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,  
 To their amazement.

*Hip.*

*Hip.* 'Tis thy master-piece,  
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here<sup>50</sup>:  
And, with the hazard of thy life, no more  
Make trial of thy pow'rful art; which, known,  
Our laws call death? Off with this magical robe,  
And be thyself.

*Enter Governor, Clodio, and Charino.*

*Sul.* Stand close; you shall hear more.

*Man.* You must have patience; all rage is vain now,  
And piety forbids that we should question  
What is decreed above, or ask a reason,  
Why Heav'n determines this or that way of us.

*Clod.* Heav'n has no hand in't; 'tis a work of hell!  
Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions  
So free from the suspicion of a crime,  
As rather she deserves a faint's place here,  
Than to endure what now her sweetness suffers.

*Char.* Not for her fault, but mine, Zenocia suffers:  
The sin I made, when I sought to raze down  
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,  
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,  
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow  
He now expresses for her, does deserve her  
Above all kings, though such had been his rivals.

*Clod.* All ancient stories, of the love of husbands  
To virtuous wives, be now no more remember'd!

*Char.* The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,  
Or, for his sake, believ'd!

*Man.* I have heard, there has been  
Between some married pairs such sympathy,  
That the husband has felt really the throes  
His wife then teeming suffers: This true grief  
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.

*Clod.* We shall find

---

<sup>50</sup> Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here, &c.] i. e. I'll reward thee so liberally, as to set thee above all the necessities of life, and thou shalt rest in this last trial of thy pernicious destructive practices, which, once discover'd, are death by the laws. *Theobald.*

Fit time for this hereafter ; let's use now  
All possible means to help her.

*Man.* Care, nor cost,  
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting ;  
Make use of any means or men.

*Cbar.* You are noble. [*Ex. Man. Clod. and Cbar.*]

*Sul.* Ten colleges of doctors shall not save her.  
Her fate is in your hand.

*Hip.* Can I restore her ?

*Sul.* If you command my art.

*Hip.* I'll die myself first !

And yet I will go visit her, and see  
This miracle of sorrow in Arnoldo :  
An 'twere for me, I should change places with her,  
And die most happy ! Such a lover's tears  
Were a rich monument ; but too good for her,  
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,  
You shall along with me. Good Zabulon,  
Be not far off.

*Zab.* I will attend you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Duarte and a Servant.*

*Ser.* I have serv'd you from my youth, and ever you  
Have found me faithful. That you live's a treasure  
I'll lock up here ; nor shall it be let forth,  
But when you give me warrant.

*Dua.* I rely

Upon thy faith : Nay, no more protestations ;  
Too many of them will call that in question,  
Which now I doubt not. She is there ?

*Ser.* Alone too ;

But take it on my life, your entertainment,  
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.  
For the displeasure I shall undergo  
I am prepar'd.

*Dua.* Leave me ; I'll stand the hazard. [*Exit Servant.*]  
The silence that's observ'd, her close retirements,  
No visitants admitted, not the day,  
These fable colours, all signs of true sorrow,



Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;  
 Manners, give leave! She sits upon the ground;  
 By Heav'n, she weeps; my picture in her hand too;  
 She kisses it, and weeps again.

*Enter Guiomar.*

*Gui.* Who's there?

*Dua.* There is no starting back now, madam.

*Gui.* Ha!

Another murderer! I'll not protect thee,  
 Though I have no more sons.

*Dua.* Your pardon, lady;  
 There's no such foul fact taints me.

*Gui.* What mak'it thou here then?  
 Where are my servants? Do none but my sorrows  
 Attend upon me? Speak, what brought thee hither?

*Dua.* A will to give you comfort.

*Gui.* Thou'rt but a man,  
 And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.  
 If thou couldst raise the dead out of their graves,  
 Bid time run back, make me now what I was,  
 A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee!  
 But that's impossible.

*Dua.* Please you but to read this;  
 You shall know better there why I am sent,  
 Than if I should deliver it.

*Gui.* From whom comes it?

*Dua.* That will instruct you.—I suspect this stranger;  
 Yet she spake something that holds such alliance  
 With his reports, I know not what to think on't.  
 What a frown was there? She looks me thro' and thro',  
 Now reads again, now pauses, and now smiles;  
 And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth.  
 These are strange changes! Oh, I understand it!  
 She's full of serious thoughts.

*Gui.* You are just, you Heav'ns,  
 And never do forget to hear their pray'rs,  
 That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd vengeance,  
 For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,

Under

Under which as a mountain my heart groans yet,  
 When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;  
 And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.  
 The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me!  
 Come hither, friend; I am sure you know the gentleman  
 That sent these charms.

*Dua.* Charms, lady?

*Gui.* Ay, these charms;  
 I well may call them so; they've won upon me  
 More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,  
 (The confidence he has in thee confirms it)  
 And, therefore, I'll be open-breasted to thee:  
 To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,  
 Was most desir'd of all men! Let me blush,  
 And then I'll say I love him.

*Dua.* All men see,  
 In this, a woman's virtue!

*Gui.* I expected,  
 For the courtesy I did, long since to have seen him;  
 And though I then forbid it, you men know,  
 Between our hearts and tongues there's a large distance.  
 But I'll excuse him; may be, hitherto  
 He has forborne it, in respect my son  
 Fell by his hand.

*Dua.* And reason, lady.

*Gui.* No;  
 He did me a pleasure in't; a riotous fellow,  
 And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning!  
 I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,  
 For my friends' sake partly; but especially  
 For his long absence.

*Dua.* Oh, the devil!

*Gui.* Therefore,  
 Bid him be speedy; a priest shall be ready  
 To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him;  
 Deliver that, and bring him.

*Dua.* I am dumb:  
 A good cause I have now, and a good sword,  
 And something I shall do! I wait upon you.

[*Exe.*  
*Enter.*

*Enter Manuel, Charino, Arnoldo, Zenocia borne in a chair, two Doctors, and Clodio.*

*Doct.* Give her more air ; she dies else.

*Arn.* Oh, thou dread pow'r,  
That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship  
This virgin wife, the master-piece, look down on her !  
Let her mind's virtues, cloath'd in this fair garment,  
That worthily deserves a better name  
Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail for her !  
Or, if those are deny'd, let innocence,  
To which all passages in Heav'n stand open,  
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,  
And mediate for her ! Or, if this age of sin  
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun  
In his diurnal progress never saw  
So sweet a subject to employ it on !

*Man.* Wonders are ceas'd, Sir, we must work by means.

*Arn.* 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians are :  
To you thus low I fall then ! So may you ever  
Be styl'd the hands of Heav'n, Nature's restorers ;  
Get wealth and honours ; and by your success,  
In all your undertakings, propagate  
Your great opinion in the world, as now  
You use your saving art ! For know, good gentlemen,  
Besides the fame, and all that I possess,  
For a reward, posterity shall stand  
Indebted to you ; for (as Heav'n forbid it)  
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age  
Of all that's good or graceful, times succeeding,  
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,  
Will suffer in the want of her example.

*Doct.* Were all the world to perish with her, we  
Can do no more than what art and experience  
Give us assurance of. We have us'd all means  
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot :  
How should we then, promise the cure ?

*Arn.* Away !

I did belie you, when I charg'd you with  
 The pow'r of doing: Ye are mere names only,  
 And ev'n your best perfection accidental.  
 Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,  
 (As some hold all diseases that afflict us)  
 As love already makes me sensible  
 Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,  
 And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,  
 And I will swear thou'rt merciful!

*Doct.* Your hand, lady.

What a strange heat is here? Bring some warm water.  
*Arn.* She shall use nothing that is yours; my sorrow  
 Provides her of a better bath; my tears  
 Shall do that office.

*Zen.* Oh, my best Arnolde!  
 The truest of all lovers! I would live,  
 Were Heav'n so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow  
 With my true service; but since that's denied me,  
 May you live long and happy! Do not suffer  
 (By your affection to me, I conjure you)  
 My sickness to infect you; though much love  
 Makes you too subject to it.

*Arn.* In this only  
 Zenocia wrongs her servant: Can the body  
 Subsist, the soul departed? 'tis as easy,  
 As I to live without you! I am your husband,  
 And long have been so, though our adverse fortune,  
 Bandyng us from one hazard to another,  
 Would never grant me so much happiness  
 As to pay a husband's debt. Despite of fortune,  
 In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;  
 And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me!

*Clod.* So true a sorrow, and so feelingly  
 Express'd, I never read of.

*Man.* I am struck  
 With wonder to behold it, as with pity.

*Cbar.* If you, that are a stranger, suffer for them,  
 Being tied no further than humanity  
 Leads you to soft compassion; think, great Sir,

What

What of necessity I must endure,  
That am a father !

*Hippolyta, Zabulon, and Sulpitia at the door.*

*Hip.* Wait me there ; I hold it  
Unfit to have you seen. As I find cause,  
You shall proceed.

*Man.* You're welcome, lady.

*Hip.* Sir,  
I come to do a charitable office.  
How does the patient ?

*Clod.* You may enquire  
Of more than one ; for two are sick, and deadly :  
He languishes in her ; her health's despair'd of,  
And in hers, his.

*Hip.* 'Tis a strange spectacle :  
With what a patience they sit unmov'd ?  
Are they not dead already ?

*Doct.* By her pulse,  
She cannot last a day.

*Arn.* Oh, by that summons,  
I know my time too !

*Hip.* Look to the man !

*Clod.* Apply  
Your art to save the lady ; preserve her,  
A town is your reward <sup>51</sup> !

*Hip.* I'll treble it  
In ready gold, if you restore Arnol'do ;

<sup>51</sup> *A town is your reward.*

*Hip.* I'll treble it

*In ready gold.] I can't think, how a town should be trebled in ready money. Indeed, where it is made a guarantee, or hostage, it may be rated at a particular value ; or where it is simply mortgaged, another may be willing to advance three times the value. But Clodio had no town to give away ; and if he had, what should Sulpitia, or the Doctor, do with it ? It must be crown, or golden coronet, or nothing : Upon which Hippolyta replies, that she'll give thrice the value of such a coronet in ready money.*

*Sympson.*

A crown or town were equally out of Clodio's power to give. To think he meant merely a golden coronet is poor and childish. He speaks hyperbolically, not literally.

For in his death I die too.

*Clod.* Without her

I am no more.

*Arn.* Are you there, madam? Now

You may feast on my miseries. My coldness

In answering your affections, or hardness,

Give it what name you please, you are reveng'd of;

For now you may perceive, our thread of life

Was spun together, and the poor Arnolde

Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia;

And not to serve the use of any other;

And, in that, she may equal<sup>s2</sup>; my lord Clodio

Had long since else-enjoy'd her: Nor could I

Have been so blind, as not to see your great

And many excellencies, far, far beyond

Or my deservings, or my hopes. We are now

Going our latest journey, and together:

Our only comfort we desire; pray, give it;

Your charity to our ashes, such we must be,

And not to curse our memories.

*Hip.* I'm much mov'd.

*Clod.* I'm wholly overcome. All love to women,

Farewell for ever! Ere you die, your pardon;

And yours, Sir! Had she many years to live,

Perhaps I might look on her as a brother,

But as a lover never. And since all

Your sad misfortunes had original

From th' barb'rous Custom practis'd in my country,

Heav'n witness, for your sake, I here release it.

So, to your memory, chaste wives and virgins

Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you;

And wish she were so now, as when my lust

Forc'd you to quit the country.

*Hip.* It is in vain

To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends!

<sup>s2</sup> *And in that she may equal.]* ' Mr. Sympton and I both saw, ' says Mr. Theobald, that the Poets wrote "my equal." But the old reading seems to us very good sense; signifying, that ' in that ' respect, Zenocia may be said to equal his affection; which is proved ' by her having refused Clodio.'

Look up, Zenocia ! Health in me speaks to you ;  
 She gives him to you, that, by divers ways  
 So long has kept him from you ! And repent not,  
 That you were once my servant ; for which, health,  
 In recompence of what I made you suffer,  
 And th' hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,  
 Shall be your dower.

*Man.* 'Tis a magnificent gift,  
 Had it been timely given.

*Hip.* It is, believe it.  
 Sulpitia !

*Enter Sulpitia and a Servant*<sup>53</sup>.

*Sul.* Madam.

*Hip.* Quick, undo the charm !  
 Ask not a reason why ; let it suffice,  
 It is my will.

*Sul.* Which I obey, and gladly.

[*Exit.*

*Man.* Is to be married, say'st thou ?

*Ser.* So she says, Sir,  
 And does desire your presence.

*Man.* Tell her I'll come.

*Hip.* Pray carry them to their rest ; for tho' already  
 They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,  
 If they recover not. [*They are borne off in chairs.*

*Man.* What you have warranted,  
 Assure yourself, will be expected from you ;  
 Look to them carefully ; and till the trial——

*Hip.* Which shall not be above four hours.

*Man.* Let me

Entreat your companies : There now is something

<sup>53</sup> *Enter Sulpitia, and a Servant.*] Mr. Theobald informs us, Mr. Sympfon *sagaciously* hinted to him, that the Servant should not enter when Sulpitia does, but on her departure ; and therefore, when she is gone, he reads,

*Enter a Servant, who whispers Manuel.*

With all due deference to the *sagacity* of the one, and the *complaisance* of the other, we think this alteration arbitrary and hurtful ; for, if the Servant enters at the same time as Sulpitia, he has time to give the information, which Manuel appears to have acquired, while Hippolyta speaks to Sulpitia.

Of weight invites me hence.

*All.* We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Guiomar and Servants.*

*Gui.* You understand what my directions are,  
And what they guide you to; the faithful promise  
You've made me all.

*All.* We do, and will perform it.

*Gui.* The governor will not fail to be here presently.  
Retire a while, till you shall find occasion;  
And bring me word when they arrive.

*All.* We shall, madam.

*Gui.* Only stay you to entertain.

*1 Ser.* I am ready.

*Gui.* I wonder at the bold and practis'd malice,  
Men ever have o' foot against our honours;  
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,  
No shape put on so pious (no, not think  
What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,  
Never so laden with admir'd example)  
But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,  
Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded!  
Why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger,  
Whose life I sav'd at what dear price sticks here yet,  
Why should he hope? He was not here an hour;  
And certainly in that time, I may swear it,  
I gave him no loose look; I had no reason!  
Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships,  
The killing of my son a kindness to me,  
Why should he fend to me, or with what safety  
(Examining the ruin he had wrought me)  
Though at that time my pious pity fenc'd him,  
And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly troubled.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The gentlemen are come.

*Gui.* Then bid 'em welcome. I must retire [*Exit.*

*Enter*



*Enter Rutilio, and Duarte disguis'd.*

*Ser.* You are welcome, gentlemen.

*Rut.* I thank you, friend; I would speak with your lady.

*Ser.* I'll let her understand.

*Rut.* It shall besit you. [*Ex. Servant.*

How do I look, Sir, in this handsome trim?

Methinks, I am wondrous brave<sup>54</sup>.

*Dua.* You're very decent.

*Rut.* These by themselves, without more helps of nature,

Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,  
And where their first aims light. I'll lay my head on't,  
I'll take her eye, as soon as she looks on me;  
And if I come to speak once, woe be to her!  
I have her in a nooze, she cannot 'scape me;  
I have their several lasts.

*Dua.* You are thoroughly studied.

But tell me, Sir, being unacquainted with her,  
As you confess you are——

*Rut.* That's not an hour's work;

I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.

*Dua.* She being set in years; next, none of those  
lustres

Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy;  
Nor nothing in her face but handsome ruins——

*Rut.* I love old stories: Those live believ'd, au-  
thentic,

<sup>54</sup> *I am wondrous brave.*] *i. e.* As the word is used by our antient writers, *fine, handsome, magnificent.* So Shakespeare,

‘What think you, if he were convey'd to-bed,  
‘Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;  
‘A most delicious banquet by his bed;  
‘And *brave* attendants near him.’ *Taming of the Shrew.*

And Rowley, in the comedy of *A Match at Midnight*, makes the Welshman say, ‘Randall will be no serving-mans now; hur will  
‘buy hur *prave* parrels, *prave* swords, *prave* daggers, and *prave*  
‘feathers, and go a-wooing to *prave* comely pretty maid.’ In Phi-  
laster, where he says to Bellario, who is *new dress* by Arethusa,  
‘Why, boy, she has made thee *brave.*’

R.

When twenty of your modern faces are call'd in,  
 For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;  
 Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she fav'd me,  
 She fav'd my life; have I not cause to love her?  
 She's rich, and of a constant state, a fair one,  
 Have I not cause to woo her? I have tried sufficient  
 All your young fillies, I think, this back has try'd 'em,  
 And smarted for it too: They run away with me,  
 Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils;  
 A stay'd pace now becomes my years, a sure one,  
 Where I may sit and crack no girths.

*Dua.* How miserable,  
 If my mother should confirm what I suspect now,  
 Beyond all human cure, were my condition!  
 Then I shall wish this body had been so too.  
 Here comes the lady, Sir.

*Enter Guiomar.*

*Rut.* Excellent lady,  
 To shew I am a creature bound to your service,  
 And only yours——

*Gui.* Keep at that distance, Sir;  
 For if you stir——

*Rut.* I am obedient.  
 She has found already, I am for her turn:  
 With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds me?  
 Mark, how she musters all my parts.

*Gui.* A goodly gentleman,  
 Of a more manly set I never look'd on.

*Rut.* Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but the carriage of 'em!

*Gui.* How happy am I now, since my son fell,  
 He fell not by a base unnoble hand;  
 As that still troubled me? How far more happy  
 Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice  
 I offer to his grave, shall be both worthy  
 A son's untimely loss, and a mother's sorrow?

*Rut.* Sir, I am made, believe it; she is mine own;  
 I told you what a spell I carried with me.  
 All this time does she spend in contemplation

Of that unmatch'd delight—I shall be thankful to you;  
And if you please to know my house, to use it,  
To take it for your own——

*Gui.* Who waits without there?

*Enter Guard and Servants; they seize upon Rutilio, and bind him.*

*Rut.* How now? what means this, lady?

*Gui.* Bind him fast.

*Rut.* Are these the bride-laces you prepare for me?  
The colours that you give?

*Dua.* Fy, gentle lady;  
This is not noble dealing.

*Gui.* Be you satisfied;  
It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;  
You shall not be so long.

*Rut.* Do you call this wooing?  
Is there no end of womens' persecutions?  
Must I needs fool into mine own destruction<sup>55</sup>?  
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too?  
Still pick the devil's teeth? You are not mad, lady?  
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman,  
To offer you that honour——

*Gui.* You are deceiv'd, Sir;  
You come besotted, to your own destruction;  
I sent not for you. What honour can you add to me,  
That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd on?  
That robb'd me of that right made me a mother?  
Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with terror,  
And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul!  
Hear me pronounce thy death; that now hangs o'er  
thee;

---

<sup>55</sup> *Must I needs fool into my own destruction?*] I think verily, we ought to read,

*Must I needs fool it, to, &c.*

It appears to me much the more natural expression. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading may be more *natural*, in *b's* idea; but we think that of the old copies so expressive; that any variation would be unnecessary.

Thou desperate fool! Who had thee seek this ruin?  
 What mad unmanly fate made thee discover  
 Thy curfed face to me again? Was't not enough  
 'To have the fair protection of my house,  
 When misery and justice close pursued thee?  
 When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,  
 Hatch'd in the life of him<sup>56</sup>? Yet I forgave thee.  
 My hospitable word, even when I saw  
 The goodliest branch of all my blood lopp'd from me,  
 Did I not seal still to thee?

*Rut.* I am gone.

*Gui.* And when thou went'st, to imp thy misery,  
 Did I not give thee means<sup>57</sup>? But hark, ungrateful!  
 Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?  
 To keep thy name for ever from my memory?  
 Thy curfed blood and kindred? Did I not swear then,  
 If ever (in this wretched life thou hast left me,  
 Short and unfortunate) I saw thee again,  
 Or came but to the knowledge where thou wandrest,  
 To call my vow back, and pursue with vengeance,  
 With all the miseries a mother suffers?

*Rut.* I was born to be hang'd; there's no avoiding it.

*Gui.* And dar'st thou with this impudence appear  
 here?

Walk like the winding sheet my son was put in,  
 Stain'd with those wounds<sup>58</sup>!

*Dua.* I am happy now again!

Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother,  
 So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows!

---

<sup>56</sup> Hatch'd in the life of him? ] Hatch'd, among cutlers, is used to mean when the hilts of a sword are gilt: So she would say that Rutilio's bloody sword was hatch'd or gilt in the life of her son Duarte.

*Theobald.*

<sup>57</sup> ——— to imp thy misery,

Did I not give thee means? ] *i. e.* Did I not furnish thee with money, to assist thy flight? It is a term in falconry; to imp is said, when a fresh feather of a hawk is put to an old broken stump.

*Theobald.*

<sup>58</sup> Stand with those wounds! ] Thus say all the editions. We have ventured to substitute stain'd for stand.

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The governor's come in.

*Gui.* Oh, let him enter.

*Rut.* I have fool'd myself a fair thread! Of all my fortunes,

This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,  
But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me  
to it.

*Enter Governor, Clodio, and Charino.*

*Gov.* Are these fit preparations for a wedding, lady?  
I came prepar'd a guest.

*Gui.* Oh, give me justice!

As ever you will leave a virtuous name,  
Do justice, justice, Sir!

*Gov.* You need not ask it; I am bound to it.

*Gui.* Justice upon this man, that kill'd my son!

*Gov.* Do you confess the act?

*Rut.* Yes, Sir.

*Clod.* Rutilio?

*Cha.* 'Tis the same.

*Clod.* How fell he thus?

Here will be sorrow for the good Arnolde!

*Gov.* Take heed, Sir, what you say.

*Rut.* I have weigh'd it well;

I am the man! Nor is it life I start at;

Only I am unhappy I am poor,

Poor in expence of lives; there I am wretched,

That I've not two lives lent me for this sacrifice<sup>59</sup>;

One for her son, another for her sorrow!

Excellent lady, now rejoice again;

For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in blood,

Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance;

(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies that)

Yet let the world believe, you lov'd Duarte!

<sup>59</sup> *That I have not two lives lent me for his sacrifice;*] For whose sacrifice? Not for Duarte's; that the beginning of the subsequent verse contradicts. To make any sense, we must read, *this*.

The unmatched courtesies you have done my miseries,  
Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me  
To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.

*Gui.* Shall I have justice?

*Gov.* Yes.

*Rut.* I'll ask it for you;

I'll follow it myself, against myself.

Sir, 'tis most fit I die; dispatch it quickly:

The monstrous burden of that grief she labours with  
Will kill her else; then blood on blood lies on me!

Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,

Before I'd draw one tear more from that virtue.

*Gui.* Be not too cruel, Sir—and yet his bold word—  
But his life cannot restore that—he's a man too  
Of a fair promise—but, alas! my son's dead!—  
If I have justice, must it kill him?

*Gov.* Yes.

*Gui.* If I have not, it kills me; strong and goodly!  
Why should he perish too?

*Gov.* It lies in your pow'r;

You only may accuse him, or may quit him.

*Clod.* Be there no other witnesses?

*Gui.* Not any.

And, if I save him, will not the world proclaim,  
I have forgot a son, to save a murderer?

And yet he looks not like one; he looks manly.

*Clod.* Pity, so brave a gentleman should perish!  
She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.

*Gui.* Will you pronounce?—Yet, stay a little, Sir.

*Rut.* Rid yourself, lady, of this misery,

And let me go: I do but breed more tempests,  
With which you are already too much shaken.

*Gui.* Do, now pronounce! I will not hear.

*Dua.* You shall not!

[*Discovering himself.*

Yet turn and see, good madam.

*Gov.* Do not wonder:

'Tis he; restor'd again, thank the good doctor.

Pray, do not stand amaz'd; it is Duarte,

He's well, is safe again.

*Gui.*

*Gui.* Oh, my sweet son !

I will not press my wonder now with questions.

Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty

I urg'd against you.

*Rut.* Madam, it was but justice.

*Dua.* 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body again ;  
But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind perfect :  
The good sharp lessons his sword read to me, fav'd me ;  
For which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,  
Honour and love this man.

*Gui.* You sent this letter ?

*Rut.* My boldness makes me blush now.

*Gui.* I'll wipe off that ;

And, with this kiss, I take you for my husband.  
Your wooing's done, Sir ; I believe you love me,  
And that's the wealth I look for now.

*Rut.* You have it.

*Dua.* You have ended my desire to all my wishes.

*Gov.* Now 'tis a wedding again. And if Hippolyta  
Make good, what with the hazard of her life  
She undertook, the evening will set clear,  
After a stormy day.

*Enter Hippolyta, and Leopold leading Arnolde, and  
Zenocia, with Zabulon, and Sulpitia.*

*Char.* Here comes the lady.

*Clod.* With fair Zenocia, health with life again  
Restor'd unto her.

*Zen.* The gift of her goodness.

*Rut.* Let us embrace ; I am of your order too,  
And though I once despair'd of women, now  
I find they relish much of scorpions ;  
For both have stings, and both can hurt, and cure too.  
But what have been your fortunes ?

*Arn.* We'll defer  
Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.  
Now all that reverence virtue, and in that  
Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,  
Or for her sake Arnolde's, join with us

In th' honour of this lady.

*Char.* She deserves it.

*Hip.* Hippolyta's life shall make that good hereafter;  
Nor will I alone better myself, but others;  
For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made their actions  
Not altogether innocent<sup>60</sup>, shall from me  
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them  
To any course of life, but what the law  
Shall give allowance to.

*Zab. and Sulp.* Your ladyship's creatures.

*Rut.* Be so, and no more, you man-huckster!

*Hip.* And, worthy Leopold, you that with such  
fervour

So long have sought me, and in that deserv'd me,  
Shall now find full reward for all your travels,  
Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance.  
And though my violent dotage did transport me  
Beyond those bounds my modesty should have kept in,  
Though my desires were loose, from unchaste act,  
Heav'n knows, I am free<sup>61</sup>.

*Leop.* The thought of that's dead to me;  
I gladly take your offer.

*Rut.* Do so, Sir;

<sup>60</sup> *For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made their actions  
Not altogether innocent, &c.]* Hippolyta had obligations to the  
agency both of Zabulon and Sulpitia; and she shews a sort of ro-  
mantic generosity in requiting their services; but, indeed, in poeti-  
cal justice, they both ought to have been punish'd: Zabulon was a  
scoundrel pimp to a bawdy-house; and Sulpitia was not only a noto-  
rious bawd, but a dealer in magic and a poisoner. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald, we apprehend, has mistaken the Poets here: Hip-  
polyta does not mean to give Zabulon and Sulpitia a reward, instead  
of a punishment, *for their malversation*; she means to 'better' the  
community at large, by placing these vile instruments in such a state,  
as that 'need shall not compel them to any course of life, but what  
'the law shall give allowance to.' It must be confessed, however,  
that all this *MAGICAL episode* is both unpleasing and improbable.  
Hippolyta's character, too, is almost too vicious even for reformation  
sufficient to recommend her to the favour of the audience.

<sup>61</sup> ——— *from unchaste art.*

*Heav'n knows, I am free.]* The Editors of 1750 concur in  
altering, we think properly, *art to act.*



A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down  
Silver that's whole.

*Gov.* You shall be all my guests;  
I must not be deny'd.

*Arn.* Come, my Zenocia,  
Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour;  
And the unspotted progress of our loves  
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;  
To instruct others, by our fair example,  
That, though good purposes are long withstood,  
The hand of Heav'n still guides such as are good.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## THE EPILOGUE.

**W**HY there should be an Epilogue to a play,  
I know no cause. The old and usual way,  
For which they were made, was t' entreat the grace  
Of such as were spectators: In this place,  
And time, 'tis to no purpose; for, I know,  
What you resolve already to bestow  
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say  
In the behalf of us, and of the Play;  
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,  
You may or cry it up or silence it.

## ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

**I** SPAKE much in the Prologue for the Play,  
To its desert, I hope; yet you might say,  
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,  
Or in a syllable grow less confident,  
I were weak-hearted: I am still the same  
In my opinion, and forbear to frame  
Qualification, or excuse. If you  
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,  
Shew it with any sign, and from this place,  
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.

T H E

ELDER BROTHER.

A C O M E D Y.

---

*The Commendatory Verses by Hills speak of Fletcher as sole Author of this Comedy; and some of the old quartos have his name only in the title, while others have Beaumont's also. The Prologue, and the Epilogue, ascribe it totally to Fletcher. The first copy we have seen was printed in 1637; which we apprehend Mr. Theobald was not possessed of, as he speaks of an edition of 1640 as the oldest. We have heard of one bearing date 1629; but have not seen it, nor that of 1640; and that which is dated 1651, is said in the title to be 'the second edition.' Colley Cibber, as has been mentioned in our account of the Custom of the Country, has introduced parts of this Play into his Comedy of Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune.*

THE

ELDER BROTHER

A COMEDY

---

BY  
JAMES M. COLEMAN  
Author of "The  
Gentleman of the  
Road" and "The  
Gentleman of the  
Sea"

NEW YORK  
G. P. PUTNAM'S  
SONS  
1898

## THE PROLOGUE.

**B**UT that it would take from our modesty,  
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,  
Till your fair suffrage crown it; I should say,  
You're all most welcome to no vulgar Play;  
And so far we are confident. And if he  
That made it still live in your memory;  
You will expect what we present to-night  
Should be judg'd worthy of your ears and sight:  
You shall hear Fletcher in it; his true strain,  
And neat expressions. Living, he did gain  
Your good opinions; but, now dead, commends  
This orphan to the care of noble friends<sup>1</sup>:  
And may it raise in you content and mirth,  
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth!

Your grace erects new trophies to his fame,  
And shall to after-times preserve his name.

---

<sup>1</sup> ——— *But, now dead, commends*

*This orphan to the care of noble friends.]* By this passage it should seem, the Elder Brother was not given to the stage till after Fletcher's demise; a circumstance on which it is impossible for us to decide. All the information we can give is, that this prologue is printed to the edition of 1637; and, if the play *was* published in 1629, *that* was not till four years after Fletcher died.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Lewis, *a lord.*

Miramont, *a gentleman.*

Brisac, *a justice, brother to Miramont.*

Charles, *a scholar* } *sons to Brisac.*

Eustace, *a courtier* }

Egremont, } *two courtiers, friends to Eustace<sup>2</sup>.*

Cowfy, }

Andrew, *servant to Charles.*

Cook, } *servants to Brisac.*

Butler, }

Priest.

Notary.

Servants.

Officers.

## W O M E N.

Angellina, *daughter to Lewis.*

Sylvia, *her woman.*

Lilly, *wife to Andrew.*

*Ladies.*

---

<sup>2</sup> Friends to *Eustace.*] This is the reading of all the copies prior to 1750; when Mr. Theobald chose to substitute *dependants on Eustace*; which may, perhaps, be more characteristic of the persons: But an arbitrary variation should at least be mentioned.

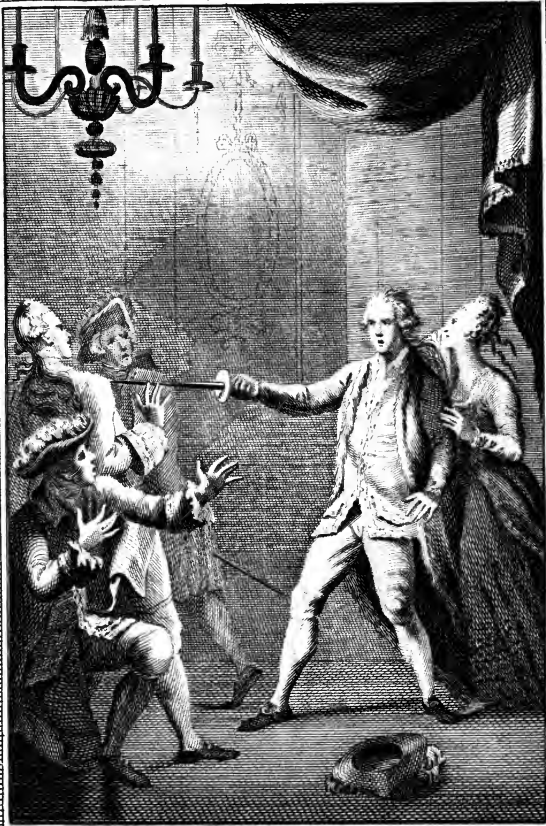
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## L E C T O R I.

Wouldst thou all wit, all comick art survey?  
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the play.



THE ELDER- BROTHER



Why stand ye gaping! Who now touches her?  
Who calls her his! Or, who dares name her to me,  
But name her as his own! ACT IV.

H. Bannett del.

Goldar sculp.



T H E

ELDER BROTHER.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Lewis, Angellina, and Sylvia.*

*Lewis.* **N**AY, I must walk you further.  
*Ang.* I am tir'd, Sir,  
And ne'er shall foot it home.

*Lew.* 'Tis for your health;  
The want of exercise takes from your beauties,  
And sloth dries up your sweetness. That you are  
My only daughter, and my heir, is granted;  
And you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge  
You ever find me an indulgent father,  
And open-handed.

*Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,  
I hope, for want of duty to deserve  
These favours from you.

*Lew.* No, my Angellina,  
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,  
Which my care to advance thee shall confirm.  
All that I aim at is, to win thee from  
The practice of an idle foolish state,  
Us'd by great women, who think any labour  
(Though in the service of themselves) a blemish  
To their fair fortunes.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* Make me understand, Sir,  
What 'tis you point at.

*Lew.* At the custom, how  
Virgins of wealthy families waste their youth:  
After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman  
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,  
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others' hands,  
You're led to dinner, and that ended, either  
To cards or to your couch (as if you were  
Borne without motion), after this to supper,  
And then to-bed: And so your life runs round  
Without variety, or action, daughter.

*Syl.* Here's a learn'd lecture!

*Lew.* From this idleness,  
Diseases, both of body and of mind,  
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature,  
With wholesome exercise, guards both from danger.  
I'd have thee rise wi' th' sun, walk, dance, or hunt,  
Visit the groves and springs, and learn the virtues  
Of plants and simples: Do this moderately,  
And thou shalt not, with eating chalk, or coals,  
Leather and oatmeal, and such other trash,  
Fall into the green-sickness.

*Syl.* With your pardon,  
(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could  
Prescribe a remedy for my lady's health,  
And her delight too, far transcending those  
Your lordship but now mention'd.

*Lew.* What is it, Sylvia?

*Syl.* What is't? a noble husband: In that word,  
'A noble husband,' all content of women  
Is wholly comprehended. He will rouse her,  
As you say, with the sun; and so pipe to her,  
As she will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with her,  
Upon occasion, until both be weary;  
And then the knowledge of your plants and simples,  
As I take it, were superfluous. A loving,  
And but add to it, a gamefome bedfellow,  
Being the sure physician!

*Lew.*

*Lew.* Well said, wench.

*Ang.* And who gave you commission to deliver  
Your verdict, minion?

*Syl.* I deserve a fee,  
And not a frown, dear madam. I but speak  
Her thoughts, my lord, and what her modesty  
Refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy  
To a maidenhead of fourteen, but off with 't.  
Let her lose no time, Sir: Fathers that deny  
Their daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for them,  
In some kind edge their appetites to taste of  
The fruit that is forbidden.

*Lew.* 'Tis well urg'd,  
And I approve it. No more blushing, girl;  
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented  
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us  
A gentleman of blood, monsieur Brisac,  
Of a fair state, six thousand crowns *per annum*;  
The happy father of two hopeful sons,  
Of different breeding; the elder, a mere scholar,  
The younger, a quaint courtier.

*Ang.* Sir, I know them  
By public fame, though yet I never saw them;  
And that oppos'd antipathy between  
Their various dispositions, renders them  
The general discourse and argument;  
One part inclining to the scholar Charles,  
The other side preferring Eustace, as  
A man complete in courtship.

*Lew.* And which way  
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)  
Doth your affection sway you?

*Ang.* To be plain, Sir,  
(Since you will teach me boldness) as they are,  
Simply themselves, to neither. Let a courtier  
Be never so exact, let him be bless'd with  
All parts that yield him to a virgin gracious,  
If he depend on others, and stand not  
On his own bottoms, though he have the means

To bring his mistress to a masque, or, by  
 Conveyance from some great one's lips, to taste  
 Such favour from the king's; or, grant he purchase  
 Precedency in the country, to be sworn  
 A servant-extraordinary to the queen;  
 Nay, though he live in expectation of  
 Some huge preferment in reversion; if  
 He want a present fortune, at the best  
 Those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him  
 A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*.

Nor can they fetch him silks from th' mercer; nor  
 Discharge a taylor's bill, nor in full plenty,  
 Which still preserves a quiet bed at home,  
 Maintain a family.

*Lew.* Aptly consider'd,  
 And to my wish. But what's thy censure of  
 The scholar?

*Ang.* Troth, if he be nothing else,  
 As of the courtier: All his songs, and sonnets,  
 His anagrams, acrosticks, epigrams,  
 His deep and philosophical discourse  
 Of nature's hidden secrets, make not up  
 A perfect husband. He can hardly borrow  
 The stars of the celestial crown to make me  
 A tire for my head; nor Charles's wane for a coach,  
 Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown  
 From Juno's wardrobe; nor would I lye-in,  
 For I despair not once to be a mother,  
 Under Heav'n's spangled canopy, or banquet  
 My guests and gossip with imagin'd nectar;  
 Pure Orleans would do better. No, no, father,  
 Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband  
 A courtier, and a scholar, young, and valiant,  
 These are but gaudy nothings, if there be not  
 Something to make up a substance.

*Lew.* And what's that?

*Ang.* A full estate; and, that said, I've said all:  
 And, get me such a one, with these additions,  
 Farewell, virginity! and welcome, wedlock!

*Lew.*

THE ELDER BROTHER. 115

*Lew.* But where is such one to be met with,  
daughter?

A black swan is more common<sup>3</sup>; you may wear  
Grey tresses ere we find him:

*Ang.* I am not

So punctual in all ceremonies; I will bate  
Two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell  
Too long upon the choice:

*Syl.* Only, my lord, remember  
That he be rich and active; for, without these,  
The others yield no relish: But, these perfect;  
You must bear with small faults, madam:

*Lew.* Merry wench;  
And it becomes you well! I'll to Brisac,  
And try what may be done. I th' mean time, home;  
And feast thy thoughts with th' pleasures of a bride.

*Syl.* Thoughts are but airy food, Sir; let her taste  
them. [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Andrew, Cook, and Butler.*

*And.* Unload part of the library, and make room  
For th' other dozen of carts; I'll strait be with you:

*Cook.* Why, hath he more books?

*And.* More than ten marts fend over:

*But.* And can he tell their names?

*And.* Their names! he has 'em

As perfect as his *Pater Noster*; but that's nothing;  
H'has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thousand  
times:

But here's the wonder; tho' their weight would sink  
A Spanish carrack<sup>4</sup>, without other ballast;

He

<sup>3</sup> *A black swan is more common.]* The Poets seem here to have had an eye to this Latin hexameter.

*Rara avis in terris; nigroque simillima tygno.*

*Theobald.*

<sup>4</sup> *A Spanish carrack.]* A *carrack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly

He carrieth them all in his head, and yet  
He walks upright.

*But.* Surely he has a strong brain.

*And.* If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,  
Made of the barks of trees, or myst'ries writ in  
Old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar  
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,  
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,  
Than there would be larks (tho' the sky should fall)  
Devour'd in a month in Paris: Yet fear not,  
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen! tho' his learn'd sto-  
mach

Cannot be pleas'd, he'll seldom trouble you;  
His knowing stomach contemns your black-jacks,  
Butler,  
And your flagons; and, Cook, thy boil'd, thy roast,  
thy bak'd!

*Cook.* How liveth he?

*And.* Not as other men do;  
Few princes fare like him: He breaks his fast  
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes  
His watering with the muses, sups with Livy,  
Then walks a turn or two in *Viâ Lactéâ*.  
And, after six hours' conference with the stars,  
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

*But.* This is admirable.

*And.* I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old  
master,  
And another old ignorant elder; I'll upon 'em.

commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*. So  
Shakespeare;

'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land *carrack*;

'If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.' *Othello*, act i.  
And in the *Coxcomb*, by our Authors,

'\_\_\_\_\_ they'll be freighted;

'They're made like *carracks*, all-for strength and stowage.' *R.*

<sup>5</sup> *He breaks his fast, &c.*] This passage seems to have been before  
Mr. Congreve, when he wrote the beginning of his play of *Love*  
for *Love*.

*R.*

*Enter*

*Enter Brisac and Lewis.*

*Bri.* What, Andrew? welcome! where's my Charles?  
 speak, Andrew;

Where didst thou leave thy master?

*And.* Contemplating

The number of the sands in the highway;  
 And, from that, purposes to make a judgment  
 Of the remainder in the sea. He is, Sir,  
 In serious study, and will lose no minute,  
 Nor out of's pace to knowledge<sup>6</sup>.

*Lew.* This is strange.

*And.* Yet he hath sent his duty, Sir, before him  
 In this fair manuscript.

*Bri.* What have we here?

Pot-hooks and andirons!

*And.* I much pity you!

It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic.  
 Would you have it said, so great and deep a scholar  
 As master Charles is, should ask blessing  
 In any Christian language? Were it Greek,  
 I could interpret for you; but, indeed,  
 I'm gone no further.

*Bri.* And in Greek you can  
 Lie with your smug wife Lilly<sup>7</sup>?

<sup>6</sup> ——— and will lose no minute,

*Nor out of's pace to knowledge.*] We do not thoroughly comprehend this passage, but suspect a corruption. Perhaps the Author wrote,

———— and will lose no minute,

*Nor ought of space to knowledge;*

the meaning of which is clear. *Time* and *space* are no uncommon association.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *And in Greek you can*

*Lie with your smug wife Lilly*] Brisac is here strangely out of character. He is represented as an old stupid justice of the peace, one of no polite literature, and read only in the old statutes, and in them no better learned than his clerk: Yet here, 'tis manifest, he is making an allusion to a passage in Juvenal's Satires.

*Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra?*

*Concumbunt Græcè.*

*Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald complains, that the country justice is here out of character, as he supposes him to refer to Juvenal's *Concumbunt Græcè*.

*And.* If I keep her  
From your French dialect (as I hope I shall, Sir,  
Howe'er she is your laundress) she shall put you  
To the charge of no more soper than usual  
For th' washing of your sheets.

*Bri.* Take in the knave,  
And let him eat.

*And.* And drink too, Sir?

*Bri.* And drink too, Sir:  
And see your master's chamber ready for him.

*But.* Come, doctor Andrew, without disputation,  
Thou shalt commence i'th' cellar,

*And.* I had rather  
Commence on a cold bak'd meat.

*Cook.* Thou shalt ha't, boy. [*Exeunt.*

*Bri.* Good monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself  
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join  
Our antient families, and make them one;  
And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live  
And see what you have purpos'd put in act,  
Of which your visit at this present is  
A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting  
Th' arrival of my sons. I have not wrong'd  
Their birth for want of means and education,  
To shape them to that course each was addicted;  
And therefore, that we may proceed discreetly,  
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,  
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,  
And then, from your allowance, your fair daughter  
May fashion her affection.

*Lew.* Monsieur Brisac,  
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you  
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,  
Being bless'd but with one daughter, I shall not

---

But supposing the Author took his hint from hence, he does not make the country justice refer to it. But Mr. Theobald does not seem to have observed the equivocation of the word *Lilly*, which refers to the old grammarian, as Andrew says after, *To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!* This is an allusion surely within the compass of a country squire, and therefore quite in character.

*Seward.*  
Appear



Appear impertinently curious,  
 Though, with my utmost vigilance and study,  
 I labour to bestow her to her worth.  
 Let others speak her form, and future fortune  
 From me descending to her; I in that  
 Sit down with silence.

*Bri.* You may, my lord, securely;  
 Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,  
 Commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises.  
 Should I say more, you well might censure me  
 (What yet I never was) a flatterer.  
 What trampling's that without of horses?

*Enter Butler.*

*But.* Sir, my young masters are newly alighted.

*Bri.* Sir, now observe their several dispositions.

*Enter Charles.*

*Char.* Bid my subsifer carry my hackney to  
 The butt'ry, and give him his bever; it is a civil  
 And sober beast, and will drink moderately;  
 And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.

*Bri.* He cannot out of his university tone.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowfy.*

*Eust.* Lackey, take care our coursers be well rubb'd  
 And cloath'd; they have outstripp'd the wind in speed.

*Lew.* Ay, marry, Sir, there's metal in this young  
 fellow!

What a sheep's look his Elder Brother has!

*Char.* Your blessing, Sir!

*Bri.* Rise, Charles; thou hast it.

*Eust.* Sir, though it be unusual in the court,  
 (Since 'tis the country's garb) I bend my knee,  
 And do expect what follows.

*Bri.* Courtly beg'd.  
 My blessing! take it.

*Eust.* (to *Lew.*) Your lordship's vow'd adorer.  
 What a thing this brother is! Yet I'll vouchsafe him  
 The new Italian shrug. How clownishly

The book-worm does return it.

*Char.* I am glad you're well. [Reads.]

*Eust.* Pray you be happy in the knowledge of  
This pair of accomplish'd monsieurs :

They are gallaunts that have seen both Tropicks.

*Bri.* I embrace their loves.

*Egre.* Which we'll repay with fervulating<sup>8</sup>...

*Cow.* And will report your bounty in the court.

*Bri.* I pray you, make deserving use on't first.

Eustace, give entertainment to your friends ;

What's in my house is theirs.

*Eust.* Which we'll make use of :

Let's warm our brains with half-a-dozen healths,  
And then, hang cold discourse ; for we'll speak fire-  
works. [Exeunt.]

*Lew.* What, at his book already ?

*Bri.* Fy, fy, Charles,  
No hour of interruption ?

*Char.* Plato differs from Socrates in this.

*Bri.* Come, lay them by ;  
Let them agree at leisure.

*Char.* Man's life, Sir, being  
So short<sup>9</sup>, and then the way that leads unto  
The knowledge of ourselves, so long and tedious,  
Each minute should be precious.

*Bri.* In our care  
To manage worldly business, you must part with  
This bookish contemplation, and prepare  
Yourself for action ; to thrive in this age,  
Is held the palm of learning. You must study  
To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,

<sup>8</sup> Which we'll repay with fervulating.] This is the reading of 1637. The edition of 1651, and all the subsequent, say, with service. The old reading is probably right, and meant to ridicule the conceit and affectation of Eustace's travelled companions.

<sup>9</sup> Man's life. Sir, being

So short, &c.] Charles is here immediately shewing his learning ; for if I am not very much mistaken, the Poets have given him this sentiment from the first Aphorism of Hippocrates. Ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἢ δὲ ἔτι μικρὸν, ὁ δὲ καιρὸς ἐξῆς, ἢ δὲ πῆμα σφαλῆς, ἢ δὲ κρίσις χαλεπή.

I beobald.

And what for pasture; how to buy and sell  
To the best advantage; how to cure my oxen<sup>10</sup>  
When they're o'ergone with labour.

*Char.* I may do this  
From what I've read, Sir. For what concerns tillage,  
Who better can deliver it than Virgil  
In his Georgicks? and to cure your herds,  
His Bucolicks is a master-piece<sup>11</sup>. But when  
He does describe the commonwealth of bees,  
Their industry, and knowledge of the herbs  
From which they gather honey, with their care  
To place it with *decorum* in the hive,  
Their government among themselves, their order  
In going forth and coming loaden home,  
Their obedience to their king, and his rewards  
To such as labour, with his punishments<sup>12</sup>  
Only inflicted on the slothful drone;  
I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my harvest,  
And there receive the gain my cattle bring me,  
And there find wax and honey.

*Bri.* And grow rich  
In your imagination. Heyday, heyday!  
Georgicks, and Bucolicks, and bees! Art mad?

*Char.* No, Sir, the knowledge of these guards me  
from it.

*Bri.* But can you find among your bundle of books,  
And put in all your dictionaries that speak all tongues,  
What pleasures they enjoy, that do embrace

<sup>10</sup> ————— *how to cure my oxen,*

*When they're o'ergrown with labour.] O'ergrown, we think with the editors of 1750, is erroneous. Those gentlemen read o'erdone; but as o'ergone, which conveys the same meaning, is nearer the trace of the old letters, we have chose to adopt that word.*

<sup>11</sup> *And to cure your herds*

*His Bucolicks is a master-piece.] This mistake, of mentioning those subjects, as occurring in the Bucolicks, which are treated of in the Georgicks, is noticed by Mr. Symphon.*

<sup>12</sup> ————— *with his punishments*

*Only inflicted on the slothful drone.] Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent, says Virgil. Theobald.*

A well-shap'd wealthy bride? Answer me that.

*Char.* 'Tis frequent, Sir, in story: There I read of  
All kind of virtuous and vicious women,  
The antient Spartan dames and Roman ladies,  
Their beauties and deformities. And when  
I light upon a Portia or Cornelia,  
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and  
goodness,

With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,  
As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted  
Their ravishing sweetness; at the present, loving  
The whole sex for their goodness and example.

But, on the contrary, when I look on  
A Clytemnestra or a Tullia,  
The first bath'd in her husband's blood; the latter,  
Without a touch of piety, driving on  
Her chariot o'er her father's breathless trunk,  
Horror invades my faculties; and comparing  
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few  
That did die innocents, I detest and loath 'em,  
As ignorance or atheism.

*Bri.* You resolve then,  
Ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me?

*Char.* What debt, good Sir?

*Bri.* A debt I paid my father  
When I begat thee, and made him a grandfire;  
Which I expect from you.

*Char.* The children, Sir,  
Which I will leave to all posterity,  
Begot and brought up by my painful studies,  
Shall be my living issue.

*Bri.* Very well; and I shall have a general collection  
Of all the quiddits<sup>13</sup> from Adam to this time  
To be my grandchild.

*Char.* And such a one, I hope, Sir,

<sup>13</sup> *All the quiddits.] Subtilties or equivocations.* The word occurs in Shakespeare's Hamlet: 'Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, and his tricks?'

As shall not shame the family.

*Bri.* Nor will you take care of my estate?

*Char.* But in my wishes;

For know, Sir, that the wings on which my soul  
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high  
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.  
Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth,  
In that gross element fix all their happiness;  
But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off  
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave  
T' enjoy myself; that place that does contain  
My books, the best companions, is to me  
A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
With the old sages and philosophers;  
And sometimes, for variety, I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;  
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,  
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then  
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care  
T' augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine  
T' encrease in knowledge. Lights there, for my study!  
[Exit.

*Bri.* Was ever man, that had reason, thus transported  
From all sense and feeling of his proper good?  
It vexes me; and if I found not comfort  
In my young Eustace, I might well conclude  
My name were at a period!

*Lew.* He's indeed, Sir,  
The surer base to build on.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowfy, and Andrew.*

*Bri.* Eustace!

*Eust.* Sir.

*Bri.* Your ear in private,

*And.* I suspect my master  
Has found harsh welcome; he's gone supperless  
Into his study. Could I find out the cause,

It may be borrowing of his books, or so,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Eust.* My duty shall, Sir,  
Take any form you please; and, in your motion  
To have me married, you cut off all dangers  
The violent heats of youth might bear me to.

*Lew.* It is well answer'd.

*Eust.* Nor shall you, my lord,  
Nor your fair daughter, ever find just cause  
To mourn your choice of me. The name of husband,  
Nor the authority it carries in it,  
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,  
As I am now, her servant, and your lordship's:  
And, but that modesty forbids that I  
Should sound the trumpet of my own deserts,  
I could say, my choice manners have been such,  
As render me lov'd and remarkable  
To the princes of the blood.

*Cow.* Nay, to the king.

*Egre.* Nay, to the king and council.

*And.* These are court-admirers,  
And ever echo him that bears the bag:  
Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this juggling.

*Eust.* Then for my hopes——

*Cow.* Nay, certainties.

*Eust.* They stand  
As fair as any man's. What can there fall  
In compass of her wishes, which she shall not  
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?  
By the grace and favour of my princely friends,  
I am what she would have me.

*Bri.* He speaks well,  
And I believe him.

*Lew.* I could wish I did so.  
Pray you a word, Sir. He's a proper gentleman,  
And promises nothing but what is possible;  
So far I will go with you: Nay, I add,  
He hath won much upon me; and, were he  
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain

Were

Were soon struck up.

*Bri.* What's that, my lord?

*Lew.* The heir.

*And.* Which he is not, and, I trust, never shall be.

*Bri.* Come, that shall breed no difference. You see, Charles has giv'n o'er the world; I'll undertake, And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him For a dry-fat of new books; nor shall my state Alone make way for him, but my elder brother's; Who, being issueless, t'advance our name, I doubt not, will add his. Your resolution?

*Lew.* I'll first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings:

On these terms, I am yours, as she shall be, Make you no scruple; get the writings ready, She shall be tractable. To-morrow we will hold A second conference. Farewell, noble Eustace, And you, brave gallants.

*Eust.* Full encrease of honour Wait ever on your lordship!

*And.* The gout, rather, and a perpetual megrim!

*Bri.* You see, Eustace, How I travail to possess you of a fortune You were not born to. Be you worthy of it: I'll furnish you for a suitor; visit her; And prosper in't.

*Eust.* She's mine, Sir, fear it not: In all my travels, I ne'er met a virgin That could resist my courtship.

*Cow.* If this take now, We're made for ever<sup>14</sup>, and will revel it! [*Exeunt.*

*And.*

<sup>14</sup> ———— *If this take now,*

*We're made for ever.*] Several of the editions old and modern continue this to Eustace's speech; others have nonsensically assigned it to Brifac. The oldest quarto of all has it thus.

*Eust. If this take now, &c.*

But Eustace was the last speaker, and nobody had interrupted him; therefore 'tis absurd, that his name should be put here only because he continues

*And.* In tough Welch parly, which, in our vulgar tongue, is  
 Strong hempen halters. My poor master cozen'd,  
 And I a looker-on! If we have studied  
 Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,  
 And consequents, to be concluded coxcombs,  
 We've made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I've found  
 Out all their plots, and their conspiracies.  
 This shall t' old monsieur Miramont; one, that tho'  
 He cannot read a proclamation,  
 Yet dotes on learning, and loves my master Charles  
 For being a scholar. I hear he's coming hither;  
 I shall meet him; and if he be that old  
 Rough testy blade he always us'd to be,  
 He'll ring 'em such a peal<sup>16</sup> as shall go near  
 To shake their bell-room; peradventure, beat 'em;  
 For he is fire and flax; and so have at him. [*Exit.*]

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Miramont and Brisac.*

*Mir.* **N**AY, brother, brother!  
*Bri.* Pray, Sir, be not mov'd;  
 I meddle with no business but mine own;

continues to speak. It must certainly be placed to one of his hangers-on, who hugs himself with the thought, that if this match takes place, they shall have it in their power to revel it with a vengeance. *Theobald.*

These words might be spoken by Euface, but the oldest quarto marking them as a new speech, gives force to Mr. Theobald's conjecture.

<sup>16</sup> *I'll ring him such a peal.*] *To ring a peal* is a metaphor for scolding, which Andrew would certainly not use: No more than he would beat Brisac and Euface: It is plain, Miramont was to do both; we must read therefore;

*He'll ring 'em such a peal*————

This will restore both the sense and grammar.

*Seward.*

And,



And, in mine own, 'tis reason I should govern.

*Mir.* But know to govern then, and understand, Sir,  
And be as wise as you're haſty. Though you be  
My brother, and from one blood ſprung, I muſt tell  
you,

Heartily and home too——

*Bri.* What, Sir?

*Mir.* What I grieve to find;  
You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

*Bri.* We'll part 'em, if you pleaſe.

*Mir.* No, they're entail'd to you.  
Seek to deprive an honeſt noble ſpirit,  
Your eldeſt ſon, Sir, and your very image,  
(But he's ſo like you, that he fares the worſe for't)  
Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,  
And only ſtudies how to know things excellent,  
Above the reach of ſuch coarſe brains as yours,  
Such muddy fancies, that never will know further  
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen merchants,  
And choke your hide-bound tenants with muſty  
harveſts!

*Bri.* You go too faſt.

*Mir.* I'm not come to my pace yet.  
Because h' has made his ſtudy all his pleaſure,  
And is retir'd into his contemplation,  
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,  
That makes the ſpirit of the mind mud too,  
Therefore muſt he be flung from his inheritance?  
Muſt he be diſpoſſeſ'd, and monſieur Gingle-boy<sup>17</sup>,  
His younger brother——

*Bri.* You forget yourſelf.

<sup>17</sup> ———— and monſieur Gingle-boy,

*His younger brother—*] We muſt read, *jingle boy*. *t. e.* A top,  
that fell into every upſtart faſhion. It was the cuſtom in the latter  
part of queen Elizabeth's reign, and alſo in that of king James the  
firſt, for the men to wear boots; as we may ſee by the pictures of  
 thoſe times, and their ſpurs were equipp'd with a ſort of bells, or  
looke ſowels, which *jingled* whenever they mov'd. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald's ſolution of this paſſage is a good one; but we ſee  
no cauſe why *jingle* may not be ſpelt with a *g*.

*Mir.* Because h' has been at court, and learn'd new  
tongues,

And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,  
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,  
To worship images of gold and silver,  
And fall before the she-calves of the season,  
Therefore must he jump into his brother's land ?

*Bri.* Have you done yet, and have you spake enough  
In praise of learning, Sir ?

*Mir.* Never enough.

*Bri.* But, brother, do you know what learning is ?

*Mir.* It is not to be a justice of peace, as you are,  
And <sup>18</sup> palter out your time i' th' penal statutes ;  
To hear the curious tenets controverted  
Between a Protestant constable and a Jesuit cobbler ;  
To pick natural philosophy out of bawdry,  
When your worship's pleas'd to correctify a lady ;  
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice,  
(Which is deep learning) when your worship's tenants  
Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you,  
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig ;  
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands  
Weighing indifferently the state o' th' question.  
These are your *quodlibets*, but no learning, brother.

*Bri.* You are so parlously in love with learning,  
That I'd be glad to know what you understand, bro-  
ther :

I'm sure you have read all Aristotle.

*Mir.* Faith, no :

But I believe ; I have a learned faith, Sir,  
And that's it makes a gentleman of my sort.  
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't ;  
It goes so thundering as it conjur'd devils :  
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,

<sup>18</sup> *And palter out your time.*] Shakespeare says, in his *Macbeth*,  
' And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
' That *palter* with us in a double sense ;  
' That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
' And break it to our hope —————'

Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,  
Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst run mad,  
And hang thyself for joy thou'dst such a gentleman  
To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things  
To me!

*Bri.* And you do understand 'em, brother?

*Mir.* I tell thee, no; that's not material; the sound's  
Sufficient to confirm an honest man.

Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,  
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent gen-  
tleman,

The traveller, the soldier, as you think too,  
Understand any other power than his taylor?  
Or know what motion is, more than an horse-race?  
What the moon means, but to light him home from  
taverns?

Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear flash'd  
clothes in?

And must this piece of ignorance be popp'd up,  
Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, 'sweet lady?'  
Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relicks,  
Drunk your Verdea wine<sup>19</sup>, and rid at Naples,  
Brought home a box of Venice treacle with it,  
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes:  
Must this thing therefore——

*Bri.* Yes, Sir, this thing must!

I will not trust my land to one so fotted,  
So grown like a disease unto his study.  
He that will sling off all occasions  
And cares, to make him understand what state is,  
And how to govern it, must, by that reason,  
Be slung himself aside from managing:  
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.

*Mir.* He is an ass, a piece of ginger-bread,

---

<sup>19</sup> *Drunk your Verdea wine.*] There is a river in Italy, that runs  
through the territory of Præneste, which of old was called Veresis:  
The more modern geographers tell us that now its name is Verdé.  
I doubt not, but our Authors allude to the wines made in that neigh-  
bourhood.

Gilt over to please foolish girls and puppets.

*Bri.* You are my elder brother.

*Mir.* So I had need,

And have an elder wit; thou'dst shame us all else:  
Go to! I say Charles shall inherit.

*Bri.* I say, no;

Unless Charles had a soul to understand it:  
Can he manage six thousand crowns a-year  
Out of the metaphysics? or can all  
His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards?  
Can the drunken old poets make up my vines?  
(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent hu-  
marists

Sell 'em the merchants for my best advantage?  
Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in?  
And can geometry vent it in the market?  
Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff now?  
I wonder you will magnify this mad-man;  
You that are old and should understand:

*Mir.* Should, say'st thou?

Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office!  
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk  
infuses,  
Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,  
And he no more than custom of his office<sup>20</sup>;  
Thou unreprieveable dunce! (that thy formal band-  
strings,  
Thy ring, nor pomander, cannot expiate for)  
Dost thou tell me I should? I'll poze thy worship  
In thine own library, an almanack;

<sup>20</sup> *And he no more than custom of offences.*] There is great humour in this passage, and 'tis pity that it should be hurt by so obscure an expression at the close. I can affix no idea to it, but that the justice's clerk's whole literature consists in the forms of commitment for common offences; and therefore thought that the original might have been, — *customary offences*: Which conveys this idea more clearly than the present reading, which is too obscure to be genuine. But by as small a change of the letters, I have, I think, hit upon a much clearer one, and which for that reason is most likely to have been the original one.

*And he no more than custom of his office.*

*Seward.*

Which

Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out  
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in,  
And full moons to cut cattle! Dost thou taint me,  
That have run over story, poetry,  
Humanity?

*Bri.* As a cold nipping shadow  
Does o'er the ears of corn, and leave 'em blasted,  
Put up your anger; what I'll do, I'll do.

*Mir.* Thou shalt not do.

*Bri.* I will:

*Mir.* Thou art an afs then,  
A dull old tedious afs; thou'rt ten times worse,  
And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshead  
The Englishman; that writes of shows and sheriffs<sup>21</sup>.

*Enter Lewis.*

*Bri.* Well, take your pleasure; here's one I must  
talk with.

*Lew.* Good day, Sir.

*Bri.* Fair to you, Sir.

*Lew.* May I speak wi' you?

*Bri.* With all my heart, I was waiting on your  
goodness.

*Lew.* Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.

*Mir.* Oh, sweet Sir,

Keep your good-morrow to cool your worship's pot-  
tage.

A couple of the world's fools met together  
To raise up dirt and dunghills!

*Lew.* Are they drawn?

*Bri.* They shall be ready, Sir, within these two hours,  
And Charles set his hand.

*Lew.* 'Tis necessary;

For he being a joint purchaser, though your state  
Was got by your own industry, unless

<sup>21</sup> *That writes of snows and sheriffs.*] The *quarto* in 1651, and the *folio* in 1679, have it *shows*; which I take to be the genuine word: Because Hollingshead is very prolix in describing tilts and tournaments, 'publick entries, masques, and other pieces of pageantry.

He seal to the conveyance, it can be  
Of no validity.

*Bri.* He shall be ready,  
And do it willingly.

*Mir.* He shall be hang'd first.

*Bri.* I hope your daughter likes.

*Lew.* She loves him well, Sir :

Young Eustace is a bait to catch a woman ;  
A budding sprightly fellow. You're resolv'd then,  
That all shall pass from Charles ?

*Bri.* All, all ; he's nothing ;  
A bunch of books shall be his patrimony,  
And more than he can manage too.

*Lew.* Will your brother  
Pass over his land too, to your son Eustace ?  
You know he has no heir.

*Mir.* He will be dead first,  
And horse-collars made of 's skin !

*Bri.* Let him alone ;  
A wilful man ; my state shall serve the turn, Sir.  
And how does your daughter ?

*Lew.* Ready for the hour ;  
And like a blushing rose, that stays the pulling.

*Bri.* To-morrow then's the day.

*Lew.* Why then to-morrow,  
I'll bring the girl ; get you the writings ready.

*Mir.* But hark you, monsieur, have you the vir-  
tuous conscience

To help to rob an heir, an Elder Brother,  
Of that which nature and the law flings on him ?  
You were your father's eldest son, I take it,  
And had his land ; 'would you had had his wit too,  
Or his discretion, to consider nobly  
What 'tis to deal unworthily in these things !  
You'll say, he's none of yours, he is his son ;  
And he will say, he is no son to inherit  
Above a shelf of books. Why did he get him ?  
Why was he brought up to write and read, and know  
things ?

Why

Why was he not like his father, a dumb justice?  
 A flat dull piece of phlegm, shap'd like a man?  
 A reverend idol in a piece of arras?  
 Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,  
 Or any capital crime to his charge?

*Lew.* I do not,  
 Nor do not weigh your words; they bite not me,  
 Sir;

This man must answer.

*Bri.* I have don't already,  
 And given sufficient reason to secure me.  
 And so, good-morrow, brother, to your patience.

*Lew.* Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.

*Mir.* Good night-caps [Exeunt *Bri.* and *Lew.*  
 Keep your brains warm, or maggots will breed in 'em!  
 Well, Charles, thou shalt not want to buy thee books  
 yet;

The fairest in thy study are my gift,  
 And the University Lovaine for thy sake  
 Hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex  
 Th' old doting fool thy father, and thy brother,  
 They shall not share a folz of mine between them:  
 Nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand crowns a-  
 year,  
 In some high strain to write my epitaph. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowfy.*

*Eust.* How do I look now to my Elder Brother?  
 Nay, 'tis a handsome suit.

*Cow.* All courtly, courtly.

*Eust.* I'll assure ye, gentlemen, my taylor has  
 travel'd,  
 And speaks as lofty language in his bills too.  
 The cover of an old book would not shew thus.  
 Fy, fy, what things these academicks are,  
 These book-worms, how they look!

*Egre.* They're mere images,  
 No genteel motion nor behaviour in 'em;  
 They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,  
 And tell a story of the state of Heav'n,  
 What lords and ladies govern in such houses,  
 And what wonders they do when they meet together,  
 And how they spit snow, fire, and hail, like a juggler,  
 And make a noise, when they're drunk, which we call  
 thunder.

*Cow.* They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest;  
 Such small-beer brains! But ask 'em any thing  
 Out of the element of their understanding,  
 And they stand gaping like a roasted pig,  
 Do they know what a court is, or a council,  
 Or how the affairs of Christendom are manag'd?  
 Do they know any thing but a tir'd hackney?  
 And then, they cry 'absurd,' as the horse understood  
 'em<sup>22</sup>.

They have made a fair youth of your Elder Brother;  
 A pretty piece of flesh!

*Eust.* I thank 'em for it;  
 Long may he study, to give me his state!  
 Saw you my mistress?

*Egre.* Yes, she's a sweet young woman;  
 But, be sure, you keep her from learning.

*Eust.* Songs she  
 May have, and read a little unbak'd poetry,  
 Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,  
 That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,  
 Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty sound;  
 She shall have clothes, but not made by geometry;  
 Horses and coach, but of no immortal race.  
 I will not have a scholar in mine house,

<sup>22</sup> *And then they cry absurd as the horse understood 'em.*] Mr. Theobald censures this passage as *stark nonsense*: Mr. Seward gives the following very proper explication of it: 'This is spoke of the college-students, whom the top makes such pedants, as to talk even to their horses in *scholastic terms*, calling it *absurd* in a tired hackney to hobble and stumble.'



Above a gentle reader; they corrupt  
The foolish women with their subtle problems:  
I'll have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright  
Prating philosophers from entertainment.

*Cow.* It will do well: Love those that love good  
fashions,

Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'em;  
That speak the lisp of court; oh! 'tis great learning  
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle courtly,  
They're rare endowments; that have seen far countries,  
And can speak strange things, tho' they speak no truths,  
For then they make things common. When are you  
married?

*Eust.* To-morrow, I think; we must have a masque,  
boys,

And of our own making.

*Egre.* 'Tis not half an hour's work;  
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.  
But let's be handsome; shall's be gods or nymphs?

*Eust.* What, nymphs with beards?

*Cow.* That's true; we will be knights then,  
Some wandring knights, that light here on a sudden.

*Eust.* Let's go, let's go; I must go visit, gentlemen,  
And mark what sweet lips I must kiss to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Cook, Andrew, and Butler.*

*Cook.* And how does my master?

*And.* Is at's book. Peace, coxcomb!  
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask  
for him!

*Cook.* Does he not study conjuring too?

*And.* Have you  
Lost any plate, Butler?

*But.* No, but I know  
I shall to-morrow at dinner.

*And.* Then to-morrow

You shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle  
 With no spirits o'th' butt'ry; they taste too small for us.  
 Keep me a pie in folio, I beseech thee,  
 And thou shalt see how learn'dly I'll translate him.  
 Shall's have good cheer to-morrow?

*Cook.* Excellent good cheer, Andrew.

*And.* The spite on't is, that, much about that time,  
 I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,  
 Which are the males and females of red herrings;  
 And whether they be taken in the Red Sea only;  
 A question found out by Copernicus,  
 The learned motion-maker.

*Cook.* Ay, marry, Butler,

Here are rare things! A man, that look'd upon him,  
 Would swear he understood no more than we do.

*But.* Certain, a learned Andrew.

*And.* I've so much on't,

And am so loaden with strong understanding,  
 I fear they'll run me mad. Here's a new instrument,  
 A mathematical glister, to purge the moon with,  
 When she is laden with cold phlegmatic humours;  
 And here's another, to remove the stars,  
 When they grow too thick in the firmament.

*Cook.* Oh, Heav'ns! why do I labour out my life  
 In a beef-pot? and only search the secrets  
 Of a fallad, and know no further?

*And.* They are not

Reveal'd to all heads; these are far above  
 Your element of fire, Cook! I could tell you  
 Of Archimedes' glass, to fire your coals with;  
 And of the philosophers turf, that ne'er goes out.  
 And, Gilbert Butler, I could ravish thee,  
 With two rare inventions.

*But.* What are they, Andrew?

*And.* The one, to blanch your bread from chip-  
 pings base,

And in a moment, as thou wouldst an almond;  
 The sect of the Epicureans invented that:

The other, for thy trenchers, that's a strong one,

To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,  
And no noise heard; which is the wonder, Gilbert!  
And this was out of Plato's New Ideas.

*But.* Why, what a learned master dost thou serve,  
Andrew?

*And.* These are but the scrapings of his understand-  
ing, Gilbert.

With gods and goddesses, and such strange people,  
He deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion,  
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink,  
Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and scalders.

*Cook.* But why should he not be familiar, and talk  
sometimes,

As other Christians do, of hearty matters?  
And come into th' kitchen, and there cut his breakfast?

*But.* And then retire to the butt'ry, and there eat it,  
And drink a lusty bowl? My younger master,  
That must be now the heir, will do all these,  
Ay, and be drunk too; these are mortal things.

*And.* My master studies immortality.

*Cook.* Now thou talk'st of immortality,  
How does thy wife, Andrew? My old master  
Did you no small pleasure when he procur'd her,  
And stock'd you in a farm. If he should love her now,  
As he hath a colt's tooth yet, what says your learning  
And your strange instruments to that, my Andrew?  
Can any of your learned clerks avoid it?  
Can you put by his mathematical engine?

*And.* Yes, or I'll break it. Thou awaken'st me;  
And I'll peep i' th' moon this month, but I'll watch  
for him!

My master rings; I must go make him a fire,  
And conjure o'er his books.

*Cook.* Adieu, good Andrew;  
And send thee manly patience with thy learning!

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Charles.*

*Char.* I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,  
 And all my faculties turn into study :  
 'Tis meat and sleep ! What need I outward garments,  
 When I can clothe myself with understanding ?  
 The stars and glorious planets have no taylor,  
 Yet ever new they are, and shine like courtiers ;  
 The seasons of the year find no fond parents,  
 Yet some are arm'd in silver ice that glisters,  
 And some in gaudy green come in like masquers ;  
 The silk-worm spins her own suit and her lodging,  
 And has no aid nor partner in her labours !  
 Why should we care for any thing but knowledge ?  
 Or look upon the world, but to contemn it ?

*Enter Andrew.**And.* Would you have any thing ?*Char.* Andrew, I find

There is a stie grown o'er the eye o'th' bull<sup>23</sup>,  
 Which will go near to blind the constellation.

*And.* Put a gold ring in's nose, and that will cure him.*Char.* Ariadne's crown's awry too ; two main stars,  
 That held it fast, are slipp'd out.*And.* Send it presently

To Gallilæo, the Italian star-wright<sup>24</sup> ;  
 He'll set it right again, with little labour.

*Char.* Thou art a pretty scholar.

<sup>23</sup> *There is a stie grown o'er the eye o'th' bull* ] Charles is speaking of the Bull, or sign *Taurus*, upon the cœlestial globe. A piece of dirt was fall'n on the Bull's eye, which look'd like that inflammation which is called a *stie*.  
*Theobald.*

<sup>24</sup> *To Gallatæo, the Italian star-wright.* ] But *Gallilæo* was his true name, as I had several years ago mark'd in the margin of my book ; and as Mr. Symption likewise lately observed to me.

*Theobald.**And.*

*And.* I hope I shall be :

Have I swept your books so often to know nothing ?

*Char.* I hear thou'rt married.

*And.* It hath pleas'd your father

To match me to a maid of his own choosing <sup>25</sup> :

(I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants nailing)

And a sweet farm he has giv'n us, a mile off, Sir.

*Char.* Marry thyself to understanding, Andrew :  
These women are *errata* in all authors !

They're fair to see to, and bound up in vellum,  
Smooth, white, and clear ; but their contents are  
monstrous ;

They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases.

Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is  
On those shelves, Andrew.

*And.* I think I have not, Sir.

*Char.* No, if thou hadst

Thou'dst ne'er have warm'd a woman in thy bosom <sup>26</sup> :

They're cataplasms, made o'th' deadly sins.

I ne'er saw any yet but mine own mother,

Or, if I did, I did regard them but

As shadows that pass by of under creatures.

*And.* Shall I bring you one ? I'll trust you with my  
own wife.

I would not have your brother go beyond you,

They're the prettiest natural philosophers to play with !

*Char.* No, no ; they're opticks to delude mens' eyes  
with.

Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet,  
Andrew ?

*And.* No, but he speaks High Dutch ; and that  
goes as daintily.

*Char.* Reach me the books down I read yesterday,  
And make a little fire, and get a manchet ;

<sup>25</sup> *To match me to a maid of his own choosing ;* ] Mr. Sympson alters *maid to mate* ; which is certainly as unnecessary as it is unwarranted.

<sup>26</sup> *Thou'dst ne'er have warm'd a woman in thy bosom ;* ] The allusion, I take it, is to the silly countryman, in the fable, who cherished a frozen snake in his bosom, till it recovered and stung him. *Thobald.*

Make clean those instruments of brass I shew'd you,  
And set the great sphere by; then take the fox-tail,  
And purge the books from dust; last, take your Lilly,  
And get your part ready.

*And.* Shall I go home, Sir?

My wife's name is Lilly; there my best part lies, Sir.

*Coar.* I mean your grammar. Oh, thou dunderhead!  
Wouldst thou be ever in thy wife's Syntaxis?

Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me;  
I am to find a secret.

*And.* So am I too;

Which, if I do find, I shall make some smart for't.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, and Notary.*

*Lew.* **T**HIS is the day, my daughter Angellina,  
The happy day, that must make you a  
fortune,

A large and full one; my great care has wrought it,  
And yours must be as great to entertain it.

Young Eustace is a gentleman at all points,  
And his behaviour affable and courtly,

His person excellent; I know you find that,  
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth.

Young handsome people should be match'd together,  
Then follow handsome children, handsome fortunes.

The most part of his father's state, my wench,  
Is tied in jointure; that makes up the harmony;

And, when ye are married, he's of that soft temper,  
And so far will be chain'd to your observance,

That you may rule and turn him as you please.

What, are the writings drawn on our side, Sir?

*Not.* They are; and here I have so fetter'd him,  
That, if the Elder Brother set his hand to,  
Not all the pow'r of law shall e'er release him.

*Lew.*

*Lew.* These notaries are notable confident knaves,  
And able to do more mischief than an army.  
Are all your clauses sure?

*Not.* Sure as proportion;  
They may turn rivers sooner than these writings.  
Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?

*Lew.* 'Twas not condition'd.

*Not.* If it had been found,  
It had been but a fault made in the writing;  
If not found, all the land.

*Lew.* These are small devils,  
That care not who has mischief, so they make it;  
They live upon the mere scent of dissention:  
'Tis well, 'tis well. Are you contented, girl?  
For your will must be known.

*Ang.* A husband's welcome,  
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:  
No sovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, Sir;  
For she that seeks it kills her husband's honour.  
The gentleman I have seen, and well observ'd him,  
Yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise;  
A pretty gentleman, and he may please too;  
And some few flashes I have heard come from him,  
But not to admiration, as to others;  
He's young, and may be good, yet he must make it;  
And I may help, and, help'd too, thank him also <sup>27</sup>.

It

<sup>27</sup> *He's young and may be good, yet he must make it,*

*And I may help, and help to thank him also.*] I can make no sort of sense of the latter part of the last line; but as the foregoing lines point out the intention of the author, so that will direct us to the true reading. The sense I take to be this. He's yet too young to be fix'd to either good or evil, but he may hereafter make himself good, and I may help to make him so: And, as I am young, he, in return, may help to fix me in goodness. The slight reformation, that I have offered, entirely gives this sense.

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

*He's young, and may be good, yet he must make him so,*

*And I may help, and for help thank him also.*

We think Mr. Seward's explanation of the *sense* of this passage just; but the *words* we have introduced to the text are nearer those of the old

It is your pleasure I should make him mine,  
And 't has been still my duty to observe you.

*Lew* Why then let's go, and I shall love your modesty:  
To horse, and bring the coach out. *Angellina*,  
To-morrow you will look more womanly.

*Ang.* So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, Sir. [*Exe.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, and Lilly.*

*Bri.* Wait on your master; he shall have that befits  
him.

*And.* No inheritance, Sir?

*Bri.* You speak like a fool, a coxcomb!  
He shall have annual means to buy him books,  
And find him clothes and meat; what would he more?  
Trouble him with land? 'tis flat against his nature;  
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

*And.* Shall master Eustace have all?

*Bri.* All; all; he knows how  
To use it; he's a man bred in the world,  
T'other i' th' heav'ns. My masters, pray be wary  
And serviceable; and, Cook, see all your sauces  
Be sharp and poignant in the palate, that they may  
Commend you; look to your roast and bak'd meats  
handsomely,

And what new kickshaws and delicate made things—  
Is th' musick come?

*But.* Yes, Sir, they're here at breakfast.

*Bri.* There will be a masque too. You must see this  
room clean,

And, Butler, your door open to all good fellows:  
But have an eye to your plate, for there be furies—  
My Lilly, welcome! you are for the linen;  
Sort it, and set it ready for the table;

---

old copies, while they convey the same meaning: 'Each giving *help*,  
' and each giving *thanks*.' The alteration in the first line seems totally  
unnecessary.



And see the bride-bed made, and look the cords be  
Not cut afunder by the gallants too;  
There be fuch knacks abroad. Hark hither, Lilly!  
To-morrow night, at twelve o' clock, I'll fup w'ye:  
Your husband fhall be fafe; I'll fend you meat too:  
Before, I cannot well flip from my company.

*And.* Will you fo; will you fo, Sir? I'll make one to  
eat it;

I may chance to make you stagger too:

*Bri.* No answer; Lilly?

*Lil.* One word about the linen. I'll be ready;  
And reft your worfhip's ftill:

*And.* And I'll reft w'ye;

You fhall fee what reft 'twill be. Are you fo nimble?  
A man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.

*Bri.* Wait on your mafter, for I know he wants you;  
And keep him in his ftudy, that the noife  
Do not moleft him. I will not fail; my Lilly!

Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their feveral duties. [*Ex.*

*And.* Are you kissing-ripe, Sir? Double but my farm,  
And kifs her 'till thy heart ake. Thefe fmock-vermin!  
How eagerly they leap at old mens' kifles!

They lick their lips at profit, not at pleafure.

And if 'twere not for the fcurvy name of cuckold,  
He fhould lie with her. I know, fh'e'll labour at length  
With a good lordfhip. If he had a wife now!

But that's all one; I'll fit him. I muft up  
Unto my mafter; he'll be mad with ftudy. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Charles.*

*Char.* What noife is this? My head is broken! In  
ev'ry corner<sup>28</sup>,

As

<sup>28</sup> *What noife is in this houfe, my head is broken.*] The old editions  
have handed down to us as ridiculous a blunder upon this paffage, as  
ever pafs'd the prefs. They read;

————— *my head is broken,*  
Within a parenthesis in ev'ry corner:

As if the earth were shaken with some strange cholic,  
There are stirs and motions. What planet rules this  
house?

*Enter*

Our learned and ingenious Mr. Cibber, who jumbled the Custom of the Country and this play into one comedy, sagaciously saw, that *within a parenthesis* did not so harmoniously begin a verse; he has therefore alter'd it thus.

————— *my head is broken*

With a parenthesis *in ev'ry corner*;

This gentleman, I suppose, might have met with this scrap of Latin, which is said to those who make false grammar, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*: You break Priscian's head. Now if a little false grammar would break Priscian's head, he naturally concluded, a common man's head might be broken with a *parenthesis*: and so he very judiciously adopted the expression. ——— But may it not be asked, how did this nonsense slip at first into the old books? I believe, I can give a solution for that. Some careful reader had written in the margin of his book at the words,

————— *My head is broken*

Within a *parenthesis*.

But forgetting to make the two half-moons, which form a *parenthesis*, it was mistook at press for a part of the text, and thence we derive this wonderful interpolation.

*Theobald.*

As this passage has been most strangely treated, we hope our readers will allow us to lay before them the lessons of the several editions which have come to our hands, together with a few remarks on the different variations: But which, as it may be censured as a species of *verbal criticism*, we should not have done, had we not imagined it would afford entertainment to the curious and discerning.

Quarto, 1637, says,

*What noise is in this house, my head is broken,*

*Within a parenthesis, in every corner*

*As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Quarto, 1651,

*What noise is this, my head is broken,*

*Within a parenthesis, in every corner*

*As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Folio, 1679 (wherein the whole of this beautiful poem is degraded into prose), except saying, *What a noise*, copies the words of 1637.

Octavo, 1711,

*What noise is in this house, my head is broken,*

With several noises; and *in every corner*,

*As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Here we find that the rejection of the words, *within a parenthesis*, was concluded on near forty years before Mr. Theobald's edition

*Enter Andrew.*

Who's there ?

*And.* 'Tis I, Sir, faithful Andrew.

*Char.* Come near,

And lay thine ear down ; hear'st no noise ?

*And.* The cooks

Are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make pies,  
And breaking marrow-bones.

*Char.* Can they set them again ?

*And.* Yes, yes, in broths and puddings ; and they  
grow stronger,

was published ; a circumstance he ought to have mentioned, as well as the interpolation of the words, *with several noises ; and—* ? Octavo, 1750,

*What noise is in this house, (my head is broken !)*

*With several noises ; and in every corner ;*

*As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

We will give Mr. Theobald credit for the rejected words having been meant as a direction ; but surely, then, the *parenthesis* should have extended further than he has made it ; it should have gone on to the word *corner* ; otherwise, assisted by his alteration of the points, the whole passage is (to use that gentleman's favourite expression) *stark nonsense*. It is beyond the power of human ingenuity, we believe, to make any sense of, *What noise is in this house, with several noises ; and in every corner ; as if the earth were shaken, &c.* A plain proof this is, among innumerable others, that the deservedly-most-admired Editor of Shakespeare undertook the revival of the next-best English dramatists, when his faculties were debilitated and his fancy extinguished, if not his understanding impaired. Of the quartos, the oldest are, generally, most to be depended on ; but the Elder Brother is an exception to this rule. The copy of 1651 corrects various passages which appear nonsense in that of 1637, as well as enables us to rectify several new errors in the more modern editions : Not that that is immaculate : Without the first copy (aided by the same infinite drudgery of comparison necessary for the other sixteen plays printed in quarto) we should not be enabled to furnish our readers with such a copy of the Elder Brother as would give ourselves satisfaction.

With respect to *parentheses*, our ancestors were unreasonably fond of them ; in the present instance, to put the words, *my head is broken*, between a *parenthesis*, though allowable, is totally unnecessary. We have (except in punctuation) followed our favourite quarto ; and flatter ourselves, the reading here exhibited will be allowed to be, more than any prior to it, sensible, poetical, and nervous.

The interpolated words, *with several noises*, we apprehend to have been originally a direction for the representation at the theatre.

For th' use of any man.

*Char.* What squeaking's that?  
Sure, there is a massacre.

*And.* Of pigs and geese, Sir,  
And turkeys, for the spit. The cooks are angry, Sir,  
And that makes up the medley.

*Char.* Do they thus  
At every dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet,  
Nor know who is a cook.

*And.* They're sometimes sober,  
And then they beat as gently as a taber.

*Char.* What loads are these?

*And.* Meat, meat, Sir, for the kitchen;  
And stinking fowls the tenants have sent in:  
They'll ne'er be found out at a general eating.  
And there's fat venison, Sir.

*Char.* What's that?

*And.* Why, deer;  
Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,  
And let their tenants starve upon the commons.

*Char.* I've read of deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.

*And.* There's a fishmonger's boy with caviare<sup>29</sup>, Sir;  
Anchovies, and potargo<sup>30</sup>, to make you drink.

*Char.* Sure, these are modern, very modern meats,  
For I understand 'em not.

*And.* No more does any man  
From *caca-merda*<sup>31</sup>, or a substance worse,  
'Till they be greas'd with oil, and rubb'd with onions,  
And then flung out of doors, they are rare fallads.

*Char.* And why is all this, prithee, tell me, Andrew?  
Are there any princes to dine here to-day?  
By this abundance, sure, there should be princes.  
I've read of entertainment for the gods,  
At half this charge. Will not six dishes serve 'em?

<sup>29</sup> *Caviare.*] The eggs of a sturgeon.

<sup>30</sup> *Potargo.*] A pickle, prepared in the West-Indies.

<sup>31</sup> *Caca-merda.*] This expression, too gross for an English audience, or an English reader, will be understood by every person conversant in the Spanish and Portuguese languages.

I never had but one, and that a small one.

*And.* Your brother's married this day; he's married;  
Your younger brother, Eustace!

*Char.* What of that?

*And.* And all the friends about are bidden hither;  
There's not a dog that knows the house but comes too.

*Char.* Married? to whom?

*And.* Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,  
Young, sweet, and modest.

*Char.* Are there modest women?  
How do they look?

*And.* Oh, you'd bless yourself to see them.  
He parts with's book! He ne'er did so before yet!

*Char.* What does my father for 'em?

*And.* Gives all his land,  
And makes your brother heir.

*Char.* Must I have nothing?

*And.* Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain  
you.

*Char.* I am his Elder Brother.

*And.* True, you were so;  
But he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, Sir.

*Char.* 'Tis well;  
He'll not inherit my understanding too?

*And.* I think not; he'll scarce find tenants to let it  
Out to.

*Char.* Hark, hark!

*And.* The coach that brings the fair lady.

*Enter Lewis, Angellina, Ladies, Notary, &c.*

Now you may see her.

*Char.* Sure, this should be modest;  
But I do not truly know what women make of it,  
Andrew! She has a face looks like a story<sup>32</sup>;

The

<sup>32</sup> ——— *She has a face looks like a story*;

*The story of the Heav'ns looks very like her.*] Mr. Seward,  
out of kindness to Charles, and that he may 'not talk nonsense,'  
would alter *story* to *glory* in both places: But, says Mr. Theobald,

The story of the Heav'n's looks very like her.

*And.* She has a wide face then.

*Cbar.* She has a cherubin's,  
Cover'd and veil'd with modest blushes.

Eustace, be happy, whilst poor Charles is patient !

Get me my book again, and come in with me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowfy and Miramont.*

*Bri.* Welcome, sweet daughter ; welcome, noble  
brother ;

And you are welcome, Sir, with all your writings ;  
Ladies, most welcome ! What, my angry brother !  
You must be welcome too ; the feast is flat else.

*Mir.* I come not for your welcome, I expect none ;  
I bring no joys to bless the bed withal ;  
Nor songs, nor masques, to glorify the nuptials.  
I bring an angry mind, to see your folly,  
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

*Bri.* You'll stay and dine though ?

*Mir.* All your meat smells musty ;  
Your table will shew nothing to content me.

*Bri.* I'll assure you, here's good meat.

*Mir.* But your sauce is scurvy ;  
It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.

*Eust.* It seems your anger is at me, dear uncle.

*Mir.* Thee ! Thou art not worth my anger ; thou'rt  
a boy ;

A lump o' thy father's likeness, made of nothing -  
But antick clothes and cringes ! Look in thy head,  
And 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes  
And rotten smoke ! Lady, I pity you ;

‘ I have preserv'd the word *story*, because our Authors have used the  
‘ same image in their Philaster ;

—————*How that foolish man,  
That reads the story of a woman's face,  
And dies believing it, is lost for ever !*

wherein he certainly is very right ; which is still stronger proved,  
by Eustace afterwards saying,

*How do you, brother, with your curious story ?  
Have you not read her yet sufficiently ?*

You are a handsome and a sweet young lady,  
And ought to have a handsome man yok'd t'ye,  
An understanding too; this is a gincrack,  
That can get nothing but new fashions on you;  
For say, he have a thing shap'd like a child,  
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a taylor.

*Eust.* These are but harsh words, uncle.

*Mir.* So I mean 'em.

Sir, you play harsher play w'your Elder Brother.

*Eust.* I would be loth to give you——

*Mir.* Do not venture;

I'll make your wedding-clothes fit closer t'ye then.  
I but disturb you; I'll go see my nephew.

*Lew.* Pray take a piece of rosemary<sup>33</sup>.

*Mir.* I'll wear it;

But for the lady's sake, and none of yours!  
May be, I'll see your table too.

*Bri.* Pray do, Sir.

[*Exit Mir.*]

*Ang.* A mad old gentleman.

*Bri.* Yes, faith, sweet daughter,

He has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge.  
He has made Charles his heir, I know that certainly;  
Then why should he grudge Eustace any thing?

*Ang.* I would not have a light head, nor one laden  
With too much learning, as, they say, this Charles is,  
That makes his book his mistress. Sure, there's  
something

Hid in this old man's anger, that declares him  
Not a mere sot.

*Bri.* Come, shall we go and seal, brother?

All things are ready, and the priest is here.  
When Charles has set his hand unto the writings,  
As he shall instantly, then to the wedding,  
And so to dinner.

*Lew.* Come, let's seal the book first,

<sup>33</sup> *Pray take a piece of rosemary.*] It has been observed, that  
*rosemary* was antiently supposed to strengthen the memory, and that  
it was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. See  
Hamlet, act iv. sc. v.

For my daughter's jointure.

*Bri.* Let's be private in't, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Charles, Miramont, and Andrew.*

*Mir.* Nay, you're undone!

*Char.* Hum!

*Mir.* Ha'ye no greater feeling?

*And.* You were sensible of the great book, Sir,  
When it fell on your head; and, now the house  
Is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?

*Char.* Will he have my books too?

*Mir.* No; he has a book,  
A fair one too, to read on, and read wonders.  
I would thou hadst her in thy study, nephew,  
An 'twere but to new-string her.

*Char.* Yes, I saw her;  
And, methought, 'twas a curious piece of learning;  
Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.

*And.* He flung away his book.

*Mir.* I like that in him:  
'Would he had flung away his dullness too,  
And spake to her.

*Char.* And must my brother have all?

*Mir.* All that your father has.

*Char.* And that fair woman too?

*Mir.* That woman also.

*Char.* He has enough then.

May I not see her sometimes, and call her sister?  
I will do him no wrong.

*Mir.* This makes me mad;  
I could now cry for anger! These old fools  
Are the most stubborn and the wilfull'st coxcombs!  
Farewell, and fall to your book; forget your brother;  
You are my heir, and I'll provide y' a wife.  
I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it. [*Exit.*]

*Enter*



*Enter Brisac.*

*Bri.* Where is my son?

*And.* There, Sir; casting a figure  
What chopping children his brother shall have.

*Bri.* He does well. How do'st, Charles? Still at thy  
book?

*And.* He's studying now, Sir, who shall be his father.

*Bri.* Peace, you rude knave! Come hither, Charles;  
be merry.

*Char.* I thank you; I am busy at my book, Sir.

*Bri.* You must put your hand, my Charles, as I  
would have you,

Unto a little piece of parchment here;  
Only your name. You write a reasonable hand.

*Char.* But I may do unreasonably to write it.  
What is it, Sir?

*Bri.* To pass the land I have, Sir,  
Unto your younger brother.

*Char.* Is't no more?

*Bri.* No, no, 'tis nothing: You shall be provided for;  
And new books you shall have still, and new studies;  
And have your means brought in without thy care, boy;  
And one still to attend you.

*Char.* This shews your love, father.

*Bri.* I'm tender to you.

*And.* Like a stone, I take it.

*Char.* Why, father, I'll go down, an't please you let  
me,

Because I'd see the thing they call *the gentlewoman*.  
I see no women, but through contemplation,  
And there I'll do't before the company,  
And wish my brother fortune.

*Bri.* Do, I prithee.

*Char.* I must not stay; for I have things above,  
Require my study.

*Bri.* No, thou shalt not stay;  
Thou shalt have a brave dinner too.

*And.* Now has he  
O'erthrown himself for ever. I will down  
Into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger! [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Lewis, Angellina, Eustace, Priest, Ladies, Cowfy, Notary, and Miramont.*

*Not.* Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done.  
Is yours ready?

*Priest.* Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently,  
Immediately; for, in truth, I am a-hungry.

*Eust.* Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly.  
Do not we stay long, mistress?

*Ang.* I find no fault;  
Better things well done, than want time to do them.  
Uncle, why are you sad?

*Mir.* Sweet-smelling blossom!  
'Would I were thine uncle to thine own content;  
I'd make thy husband's state a thousand better,  
A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man  
(But that he is addicted to his study,  
And knows no other mistress than his mind)  
Would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.

*Ang.* Can he speak, Sir?

*Mir.* 'Faith, yes; but not to women:  
His language is to Heav'n, and heav'nly wonder,  
To nature, and her dark and secret causes.

*Ang.* And does he speak well there?

*Mir.* Oh, admirably!  
But he's too bashful to behold a woman;  
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

*Ang.* He is a man.

*Mir.* Yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

*Ang.* Then conversation, methinks——

*Mir.* So think I too;  
But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

*Ang.* I like thy nobleness.

*Eust.* See, my mad uncle  
Is courting my fair mistress.

*Lew.* Let him alone;  
There's nothing that allays an angry mind  
So soon as a sweet beauty. He'll come to us.

*Enter*

*Enter Brisac and Charles.*

*Eust.* My father's here, my brother too, that's a wonder ;

Broke like a spirit from his cell.

*Bri.* Come hither,

Come nearer, Charles ; 'twas your desire to see

My noble daughter, and the company,

And give your brother joy, and then to seal, boy.

You do like a good brother.

*Lew.* Marry, does he,

And he shall have my love for ever for't.

Put to your hand now.

*Not.* Here's the deed, Sir, ready.

*Char.* No, you must pardon me a while : I tell you, I am in contemplation ; do not trouble me.

*Bri.* Come, leave thy study, Charles.

*Char.* I'll leave my life first :

I study now to be a man ; I've found it.

Before, what man was, was but my argument.

*Mir.* I like this best of all ; he has taken fire ; His dull mist flies away.

*Eust.* Will you write, brother ?

*Char.* No, brother, no ; I have no time for poor things ;

I'm taking th' height of that bright constellation.

*Bri.* I say you trifle time, son.

*Char.* I will not seal, Sir :

I am your Eldest, and I'll keep my birth-right ;

For, Heav'n forbid I should become example.

Had y'only shew'd me land, I had deliver'd it,

And been a proud man to have parted with it ;

'Tis dirt, and labour. Do I speak right, uncle ?

*Mir.* Bravely, my boy ; and bless thy tongue !

*Char.* I'll forward.

But you have open'd to me such a treasure,

(I find my mind free ; Heav'n direct my fortune !)

*Mir.* Can he speak now ? Is this a son to sacrifice ?

*Char.* Such an inimitable piece of beauty,

That

That I have studied long, and now found only,  
 That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,  
 And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,  
 And only make the number of things up,  
 Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to't !

*Lew.* He speaks unhappily.

*Ang.* And, methinks, bravely.

This the mere scholar ?

*Eust.* You but vex yourself, brother,  
 And vex your study too.

*Char.* Go you and study ;

For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man and  
 manners ;

I've study'd both, although I made no show on't.  
 Go, turn the volumes over I have read,  
 Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee :  
 Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamps,  
 And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt :  
 Distil the sweetness from the poets' spring,  
 And learn to love ; thou know'st not what fair is :  
 Traverse the stories of the great heroes,  
 The wise and civil lives of good men walk through :  
 Thou hast seen nothing but the face of countries,  
 And brought home nothing but their empty words !  
 Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,  
 That hast no worth within thee to preserve her ?

Beauty clear and fair,

Where the air

Rather like a perfume dwells ;

Where the violet and the rose

Their blue veins in blush disclose,

And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,

And planted there,

Is to live, and still live new ;

Where to gain a favour is

More than light, perpetual bliss,

Make me live by serving you.

Dear,

Dear, again back recall  
 To this light,  
 A stranger to himself and all;  
 Both the wonder and the story  
 Shall be yours, and eke the glory:  
 I am your servant, and your thrall.

*Mir.* Speak such another ode, and take all yet!  
 What say you to the scholar now?

*Ang.* I wonder!

Is he your brother, Sir?

*Eust.* Yes. 'Would he were buried!

I fear he'll make an ass of me; a younker<sup>34</sup>.

*Ang.* Speak not so softly, Sir; 'tis very likely.

*Bri.* Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch,  
 Charles.

*Char.* Dispatch! what?

*Bri.* Why, the land.

*Char.* You are deceiv'd, Sir:

Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a woman,  
 And what maintain's her when she's woo'd. I'll stop  
 here.

A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,  
 Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously.  
 Though land and monies be no happiness,  
 Yet they are counted good additions.  
 That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing,  
 Though he want present knowledge how to use it,  
 Neglects himself. May be, I have done you wrong, lady,  
 Whose love and hope went hand in hand together;

<sup>34</sup> I fear, he'll make an ass of me, a younger.] A younger what? He was already his younger brother. I hope, I may venture to say, that I have retrieved the original word. A younker, among the sailors, is a lad employ'd in the most servile offices belonging to the ship; such as swabbing the deck, taking in the top-fails, flinging the yards, taking their turns at the helm, &c. *Theobald*

This contemptuous distinction is very common in the old plays. So, Falstaff says, 'What, will you make a younker of me?' 1st Part Hen. iv. act iii. *R.*

And yet, probably, after all, *younger* is the right word; since the whole play turns on an attempt to make the Younger Brother the Elder, which the Elder Brother defeats.

May be, my brother, that has long expected  
 The happy hour, and blest'd my ignorance.  
 (Pray, give me leave, Sir, I shall clear all doubts.)  
 Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me that.

(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.)

*Cbar.* You, happy you! why did you break unto  
 me?

The rosy-finger'd morn ne'er broke so sweetly.  
 I am a man, and have desires within me,  
 Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,  
 And lay dead, till the spring of beauty rais'd them:  
 Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,  
 A chaos of confus'dness dwelt in me;  
 Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd,  
 And into form he drew my faculties;  
 And now I know my land, and now I love too.

*Bri.* We had best remove the maid.

*Cbar.* It is too late, Sir;

I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Eustace,  
 There are leis worthy souls for younger brothers:  
 'Tis no form of silk, but sanctity,  
 Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignify.  
 Remove her where you will, I walk along still,  
 For, like the light, we make no separation.  
 You may sooner part the billows of the sea,  
 And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,  
 Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut  
 Old Time into a den, and stay his motion;  
 Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,  
 Or steal Eternity to stop his glass,  
 That shut the sweet idea I have in me.

Room for an Elder Brother! Pray give place, Sir!

*Mir.* H'as studied duel too; take heed, he'll beat  
 thee;

H'as frighted the old justice into a fever!  
 I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an ass;  
 For, though he be grave with years, he's a great baby.

*Cbar.* Do not you think me mad?

*Ang.* No, certain, Sir:

I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

*Char.* You look upon my clothes, and laugh at me; My scurvy clothes!

*Ang.* They have rich linings, Sir.

I would your brother——

*Char.* His are gold, and gaudy.

*Ang.* But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of copper.

*Char.* Can you love me? I am an heir, sweet lady, However I appear a poor dependant.

Can you love with honour? I shall love so ever.

Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.

Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must die.

*Mir.* That was well put in; I hope he'll take it deeply.

*Char.* Old men are not immortal, as I take it.

Is it you look for youth and handfomeness?

I do confess my brother's a handsome gentleman;

But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.

Can you love for love<sup>35</sup>, and make that the reward?

The old man shall not love his heaps of gold

With a more doting superstition,

Than I'll love you; the young man, his delights;

The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,

And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,

As if all elements, and all their angers,

Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,

Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.

We'll live together like two wanton vines,

Circling our souls and loves in one another;

We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;

One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,

One age go with us, and one hour of death

Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

*Ang.* And one hand seal the match: I'm yours forever!

---

<sup>35</sup> *Love for Love.*] These words are the title of Congreve's comedy, in which he has palpably copied our Authors, particularly in endeavouring to make the Elder Brother forego his birthright, in favour of the Younger. The very name of Angelica; Valentine's mistress, is perhaps borrowed from Angellina.

*Lew.* Nay, stay, stay, stay!

*Ang.* Nay, certainly, 'tis done, Sir.

*Bri.* There was a contract.

*Ang.* Only conditional,

That if he had the land, he had my love too :  
 This gentleman's the heir, and he'll maintain it.  
 Pray be not angry, Sir, at what I say ;  
 Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure.  
 You have the outside of a pretty gentleman,  
 But, by my troth, your inside is but barren.  
 'Tis not a face I only am in love with ;  
 Nor will I say, your face is excellent ;  
 A reasonable hunting face, to court the wind with ;  
 Nor they're not words, unless they be well plac'd too,  
 Nor your sweet *dam-mee's*, nor your hired verses,  
 Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and horses,  
 No, nor your visits each day in new suits,  
 Nor your black patches you wear variously,  
 Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lo-  
 zenges <sup>36</sup>.

All which but shew you still a younger brother !

*Mir.* Gra'mercy, wench, thou hast a noble soul too.

*Ang.* Nor your long travels, nor your little know-  
 ledge,

Can make me dote upon you. Faith, go study,  
 And glean some goodness, that you may shew manly ;  
 (Your brother at my suit, I'm sure, will teach you.)  
 Or only study how to get a wife, Sir.  
 You're cast behind; 'tis good you should bemelancholy,  
 It shews like a gamester that had lost his money,  
 And 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a scarf, Sir,  
 For you have had a shrewd cut o'er the fingers.

<sup>36</sup> *Nor your black patches you wear variously,*

*Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges.*

*All which but shew you still a younger brother.]* The custom of wearing black patches on the face began amongst the men, being made of black velvet, and cut in various shapes. It was a foppish imitation of the officers of the army, who, in one place of our Authors, are said, after a campaign, to be oblig'd from their wounds, to wear their faces in velvet scabbards.

*Seward.*

*Lew.*



*Lew.* But are you in earnest?

*Ang.* Yes, believe me, father;  
You shall ne'er chuse for me; you're old and dim, Sir,  
And th' shadow of the earth eclips'd your judgment.  
You've had your time without controul, dear father,  
And you must give me leave to take mine now, Sir.

*Bri.* This is the last time of asking; will you set  
your hand to?

*Char.* This is the last time of answering; I will never!

*Bri.* Out of my doors!

*Char.* Most willingly.

*Mir.* He shall, Jew;

Thou of the tribe of *Man-y-asses!* coxcomb!  
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.

*Ang.* Must I be gone too?

*Lew.* I will never know thee.

*Ang.* Then this man will: What fortune he shall  
run, father,  
Be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

*Enter Egremont.*

*Egre.* When shall the masque begin?

*Eust.* 'Tis done already:

All, all, is broken off; I am undone, friend!  
My brother's wife again, and has spoil'd all,  
Will not release the land; has won the wench too.

*Egre.* Could he not stay till th' masque was past?  
We're ready.

What a scurvy trick is this?

*Mir.* Oh, you may vanish!

Perform it at some hall, where the citizens' wives  
May see't for six-pence a-piece, and a cold supper.  
Come, let's go, Charles! And now, my noble daughter,  
I'll sell the tiles of my house ere thou shalt want, wench.  
Rate up your dinner, Sir, and sell it cheap.  
Some younger brother will take't up in commodities.  
Send you joy, nephew Eustace! If you study the law,  
Keep your great pippin-pies; they'll go far with you.

*Char.* I'd have your blessing.

*Bri.*

*Bri.* No, no; meet me no more!  
Farewell! thou wilt blast mine eyes else.

*Cbar.* I will not.

*Lew.* Nor send not you for gowns!

*Ang.* I'll wear coarse flannel first.

*Bri.* Come, let's go take some counsel.

*Lew.* 'Tis too late.

*Bri.* Then stay and dine; it may be, we shall vex  
'em. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, and Cowfy.*

*Brisac.* **N**E'ER talk to me! You are no men, but  
masquers;  
Shapes, shadows, and the signs of men; court-  
bubbles,

That every breath or breaks or blows away!  
You have no souls, no mettle in your bloods,  
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion!  
Frozen dull things, that must be turn'd with leavers!  
Are you the courtiers, and the travell'd gallants?  
The sprightly fellows, that the people talk of?  
You've no more spirit than three sleepy fots!

*Eust.* What would you have me do, Sir?

*Bri.* Follow your brother,  
And get you out of doors, and seek your fortune!  
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged dotard,  
A hair-brain'd puppy, and a bookish boy,  
That never knew a blade above a penknife,  
And how to cut his meat in characters,  
Cross my design, and take thy own wench from thee?  
In mine own house too? Thou despis'd, poor fellow!

*Eust.* The reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir,  
Then to my uncle, with whom 't had been but sauciness  
T' have been so rough——

*Egre.*

*Egre.* And we not seeing him  
Strive in his own cause, that was principal,  
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners  
To begin a quarrel here.

*Bri.* You dare do nothing.  
Do ye make your care th' excuse of your cowardliness?  
Three boys on hobby-horses, with three-penny halberts,  
Would beat you all.

*Cow.* You must not say so.

*Bri.* Yes,  
And sing it too.

*Cow.* You are a man of peace,  
Therefore we must give way.

*Bri.* I'll make my way ;  
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you ;  
And, having first torn off your flaunting feathers,  
I'll trample on 'em ; and if that cannot teach you  
To quit my house, I'll kick you out of my gates,  
You gaudy glow-worms, carrying seeming fire,  
Yet have no heat within you !

*Cow.* Oh, bless'd travel !  
How much we owe thee for our pow'r to suffer ?

*Egre.* Some splenitive youths now, that had never  
seen  
More than their country smoke, would grow in choler:  
It would shew fine in us!

*Eust.* Yes, marry, would it,  
That are prime courtiers, and must know no angers ;  
But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose  
To hold our places.

*Bri.* Will you find the door,  
And find it suddenly ? You shall lead the way, Sir,  
With your perfum'd retinue, and recover  
The now-lost Angellina ; or, build on it,  
I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue,  
Before thou shalt inherit.

*Eust.* We'll to counsel ;  
And what may be done by man's wit or valour

We'll put in execution.

*Bri.* Do, or never  
Hope I shall know thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lewis.*

*Lew.* Oh, Sir, have I found you?

*Bri.* I never hid myself. Whence flows this fury,  
With which, as it appears, you come to fright me?

*Lew.* I smell a plot, a mere conspiracy,  
Among ye all, to defeat me of my daughter;  
And if she be not suddenly deliver'd,  
Untainted in her reputation too,  
The best of France shall know how I am juggled  
with.

She is my heir, and if she may be ravish'd  
Thus from my care, farewell, nobility!  
Honour and blood are mere neglected nothings.

*Bri.* Nay, then, my lord, you go too far, and tax  
him

Whose innocency understands not what fear is.  
If your unconstant daughter will not dwell  
On certainties, must you thenceforth conclude  
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,  
To make good my integrity and truth?  
Nor can her lightness, nor your supposition,  
Cast an aspersion on me.

*Lew.* I am wounded  
In fact, nor can words cure it. Do not trifle;  
But speedily, once more I do repeat it,  
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,  
Or you shall hear from me in such a kind  
As you will blush to answer! [Exit Lewis.]

*Bri.* All the world,  
I think, conspires to vex me; yet I will not  
Torment myself; some sprightly mirth must banish  
The rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd  
me:

T' a knowing man 'tis physic, and 'tis thought one.

One

One merry hour I'll have, in spite of fortune,  
 To cheer my heart, and this is that appointed:  
 This night I'll hug my Lilly in my arms;  
 Provocatives are sent before to cheer me;  
 We old men need 'em; and though we pay dear  
 For our stol'n pleasures, so it be done securely,  
 The charge, much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em relish.  
 Well, honest Andrew, I gave you a farm,  
 And it shall have a beacon, to give warning  
 To my other tenants when the foe approaches;  
 And presently, you being bestow'd elsewhere,  
 I'll graft it with dexterity on your forehead;  
 Indeed, I will. Lilly, I come! poor Andrew! [*Ex.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Miramont and Andrew.*

*Mir.* Do they chafe roundly?

*And.* As they were rubb'd with sope, Sir.  
 And now they swear aloud, now calm again,  
 Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind still alters;  
 And then they sit in council what to do,  
 And then they jar again, what shall be done.  
 They talk of warrants from the parliament,  
 Complaints to the king, and forces from the province;  
 They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes,  
 Yet ne'er a one head worth a head of garlick.

*Mir.* Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh  
 at 'em,  
 A couple of pure puppies yoak'd together!  
 But what says the young courtier, master Eustace,  
 And his two warlike friends?

*And.* They say but little;  
 How much they think, I know not. They look rue-  
 fully,  
 As if they had newly come from a vaulting-house,  
 And had been quite shot thro' 'tween wind and water  
 By a she Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, Sir.

Certain, my master was to blame.

*Mir.* Why, Andrew?

*And.* To take away the wench o' th' sudden from him,

And give him no lawful warning; he is tender,  
And of a young girl's constitution, Sir,

Ready to get the green-sickness with conceit.

Had he but ta'en his leave in travelling language,

Or bought an elegy of his condolment <sup>37</sup>,

That th' world might have ta'en notice he had been

An afs, 't had been some favour.

*Mir.* Thou say'st true,

Wife Andrew; but those scholars are such things

When they can prattle!

*And.* Very parlous things, Sir.

*Mir.* And when they gain the liberty to distinguish

The difference 'twixt a father and a fool,

To look below and spy a younger brother,

Pruning and dressing up his expectations

In a rare glass of beauty, too good for him;

Those dreaming scholars then turn tyrants, Andrew,

And shew no mercy.

*And.* The more the pity, Sir.

*Mir.* Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my  
brother,

And anger him a little further, Andrew.

It shall be only anger, I assure thee,

And a little shame.

*And.* And I can fit you, Sir.

Hark in your ear.

*Mir.* Thy wife?

*And.* So, I assure you:

This night at twelve o'clock.

*Mir.* 'Tis neat and handsome;

There are twenty crowns due to thy project, Andrew.

<sup>37</sup> Or bought an elegy of his condolment] This is spoke of Eustace, whom Angellina before attacks for hiring verses; but Mr. Theobald unaccountably mistook it to be spoke of the scholar Charles, and therefore reads, *brought an elegy.* *Seward.*

I've time to visit Charles, and see what lecture  
He reads to his mistress. That done, I'll not fail  
To be with you.

*And.* Nor I to watch my master. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Angellina, and Sylvia with a taper.*

*Ang.* I'm worse than e'er I was, for now I fear  
That that I love, that that I only dote on.  
He follows me through every room I pass,  
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,  
As if a spark of innocence were blown  
Into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me!  
His uncle too is absent, and 'tis night;  
And what these opportunities may teach him——  
What fear and endless care 'tis, to be honest!  
To be a maid, what misery, what mischief!  
'Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly!

*Syl.* You need not fear that; will you be a child still?  
He follows you, but still to look upon you.  
Or, if he did desire to lie with you,  
'Tis but your own desire; you love for that end.  
I'll lay my life, if he were now a-bed w' you,  
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.

*Ang.* Dare you venture that?

*Syl.* Let him consent, and have at you.  
I fear him not; he knows not what a woman is,  
Nor how to find the mystery men aim at.  
Are you afraid of your own shadow, madam?

*And.* He follows still, yet with a sober face.  
'Would I might know the worst, and then I were  
satisfied.

*Syl.* You may both<sup>38</sup>, let him but go with you.

*Enter Charles.*

*Char.* Why do you fly me? What have I so ill

<sup>38</sup> *You may both.*] Mr. Theobald's edition reads, *You may know both*; which interpolation, we think, destroys the Poets' meaning. Sylvia is designed to say, BOTH you and Charles may know the worst.

About me, or within me, to deserve it?

*Ang.* I am going to-bed, Sir.

*Char.* And I am come to light you ;  
I am a maid, and 'tis a maiden's office.

You may have me to-bed without a scruple ;  
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.  
Two innocents should not fear one another.

*Syl.* The gentleman says true. Pluck up your heart,  
madam.

*Char.* The glorious fun, both rising and declining,  
We boldly look upon ; even then, sweet lady,  
When, like a modest bride, he draws night's curtains ;  
Even then he blushes, that men should behold him.

*Ang.* I fear he will persuade me to mistake him.

*Syl.* 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind to't.

*Ang.* Pray you, to your bed.

*Char.* Why not to yours, dear mistress ?  
One heart and one bed.

*Ang.* True, Sir, when 'tis lawful ;  
But yet, you know——

*Char.* I would not know ; forget it.  
Those are but sickly loves that hang on ceremony,  
Nurs'd up with doubts and fears ; ours high and  
healthful,

Full of belief, and fit to teach the priest.  
Love should seal first, then hands confirm the bargain.

*Ang.* I shall be an heretic, if this continue.

What would you do a-bed ? You make me blush, Sir.

*Char.* I'd see you sleep, for, sure, your sleeps are  
excellent :

You, that are waking such a noted wonder,  
Must in your slumbers prove an admiration.  
I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere possible ;  
Those were rich shows.

*Ang.* I am becoming traitor.

*Char.* Then, like blue Neptune, courting of an  
island,  
Where all the perfumes and the precious things  
That wait upon great nature are laid up,



I'd clip you in mine arms, and chaftefully kifs you ;  
Dwell in your bofom like your deareft thoughts,  
And figh and weep.

*Ang.* I've too much woman in me.

*Cbar.* And thofe true tears, falling on your pure  
cryftals,

Should turn to armlets for great queens to wear <sup>39</sup>.

*Ang.* I muft be gone.

*Cbar.* Do not ; I will not hurt you.

This is to let you know, my worthieft lady,  
You've clear'd my mind, and I can fpeak of love too.  
Fear not my manners ; though I never knew,  
Before thefe few hours, what a beauty was,  
And fuch a one that fires all hearts that feel it ;  
Yet I have read of virtuous temperance,  
And ftudied it among my other fecrets :  
And fooner would I force a feparation  
Betwixt this fpirit and the cafe of flefh,  
Than but conceive one rudeneff againft chafteity.

*Ang.* Then, we may walk.

*Cbar.* And talk of any thing,  
Any thing fit for your ears, and my language.  
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil.  
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,  
And not defire ; 'twill prove a wife man's talk ;  
Yet thofe defires I have fo mingled, miftrefs,  
And temper'd with the quality of honour,  
That, if you fhould yield, I fhould hate you for't.  
I am no courtier, of a light condition,

---

<sup>39</sup> *Should turn to armlets for great queens t' adore.*] But why fhould a queen, or lady of any other rank, *adore* her bracelets? They might be very rich and finely made, and fo far to be admired and efteem'd: But to make them the fubject of devotion, is a rapture a little above the pitch of common fenfe. *For great queens to wear,* is, I think, a fufficient compliment ; and fo I have ventur'd to reform the text. *Theobald.*

Is it not aftonifhing, that, after this parade and this *reforming the text*, thefe words, *to wear*, appear in the edition of 1651, which Mr. Theobald often quotes, and therefore muft have feen? Neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Sympfon, as appears by their Poftfcript and Addenda, knew that this authority exifted.

Apt to take fire at every beauteous face,  
 That only serves his will and wantonness;  
 And lets the serious part of life run by,  
 As thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name<sup>40</sup>,  
 You must be mine! why should I rob myself  
 Of that that lawfully must make me happy?  
 Why should I seek to cuckold my delights,  
 And widow all those sweets I aim at in you?  
 We'll lose ourselves in Venus' groves of myrtle,  
 Where every little bird shall be a Cupid,  
 And sing of love and youth; each wind that blows,  
 And curls the velvet leaves, shall breed delights;  
 The wanton springs shall call us to their banks,  
 And on the perfum'd flow'rs wooe us to tumble;  
 Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their pleasures,  
 And, as they were pure temples, we'll talk in them.

*Ang.* To-bed, and pray then, we may have a fair  
 end

Of our fair loves. 'Would I were worthy of you,  
 Or of such parents that might give you thanks!  
 But I am poor in all but your affections.  
 Once more, good night!

*Char.* A good night t'ye, and may  
 The dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one,  
 And lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers!  
 No dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy!

<sup>40</sup> *As thin neglected sand.* Whiteness of name, &c.] Mr. Theobald totally misunderstood this passage; and therefore pointed it thus:

*And lets the serious part of life run by,  
 As thin neglected sand, whiteness of name.  
 You must be mine, &c.*

'The relative *you*, says Mr. Seward, misled him; he thought it related to Angellina, whereas, with infinite poetic beauty, it relates to *whiteness of name*: The meaning of the passage being evidently this—If you should yield, I should hate you; for I am no courtier, that gives the rein to all his wanton appetites. No; *whiteness of name*, *i. e.* the character and consciousness of chastity and innocence, *you must be always mine*; which I should forfeit eternally, should I debauch my mistress before marriage, for

*Why should I seek to cuckold my delights?  
 And widow all those sweets I aim at in you?*

And

And break betimes, sweet morn! I've lost my light  
 else.

*Ang.* Let it be ever night, when I lose you<sup>41</sup>.

*Syl.* This scholar never went to a free-school, he's so  
 simple.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Your brother, with two gallants, is at the door,  
 Sir;

And they're so violent, they'll take no denial.

*Ang.* This is no time of night——

*Char.* Let 'em in, mistress.

*Ser.* They stay no leave. Shall I raise the house on 'em?

*Char.* Not a man, nor make no murmur of 't, I  
 charge you.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowfey.*

*Eust.* They're here; my uncle absent; stand close  
 to me.

How do you, brother, with your curious story?  
 Have you not read her yet sufficiently?

*Char.* No, brother, no; I stay yet in the preface;  
 The style's too hard for you.

*Eust.* I must entreat her;  
 She's parcel of my goods.

*Char.* She's all, when you have her.

*Ang.* Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir;  
 Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.

*Char.* Do, let her alone; she gives good counsel.  
 Do not

Trouble yourself with ladies; they are too light;  
 Let out your land, and get a provident steward.

*Ang.* I cannot love you, let that satisfy you!  
 Such vanities as you, are to be laugh'd at.

*Eust.* Nay then, you must go, I must claim mine own.

*Both.* Away, away with her!

*Char.* Let her alone, [*She strikes off Eustace's hat.*]

<sup>41</sup> We think the Poets have not paid due regard to the delicacy of female character, in this scene of Angellina: The behaviour of Charles is admirable.

Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up.

Let me talk civilly awhile with you, brother :

It may be, on some terms, I may part with her.

*Eust.* Oh, is your heart come down ? What are your terms, Sir ?

Put up, put up.

*Char.* This is the first and chiefest.

Let's walk a turn. Now stand off, fools, I advise ye.

[*Snatches away his sword.*]

Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy.

This is the first sword yet I ever handled,

And a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon,

And, if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence !

'Tis sharp, I'm sure ; and, if I put it home,

'Tis ten to one I shall new pink your sattins.

I find, I have spirit enough to dispose of it,

And will enough to make ye all examples !

Let me tofs it round ; I have the full command on't :

Fetch me a native fencer, I defy him !

I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me.

Do you watch me when my uncle is absent ?

This is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on cowards !

Teach me to fight ; I willing am to learn.

Are ye all gilded flies ? nothing but show in ye ?

Why stand ye gaping ? Who now touches her ?

Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me,

But name her, as his own ? who dares look on her ?

That shall be mortal too ; to think is dangerous !

Art thou a fit man to inherit land,

And hast no wit, nor spirit, to maintain it ?

Stand still, thou sign of man, and pray for thy friends ;

Pray heartily ; good prayers may restore ye.

*Ang.* Do not kill 'em, Sir.

*Char.* You speak too late, dear :

It is my first fight, and I must do bravely ;

I must not look with partial eyes on any ;

I cannot spare a button of these gentlemen :

Did life lie in their heel, Achilles-like,

I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill 'em.

Who

Who waits within ?

*Ser.* Sir !

*Char.* View all these ; view 'em well ;  
Go round about 'em, and still view their faces.  
Round about yet ; see how death waits upon 'em ;  
For thou shalt never view 'em more.

*Eust.* Pray hold, Sir.

*Char.* I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me ;  
I must not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.  
Go to my uncle, bid him post to the king,  
And get my pardon instantly ; I have need on't.

*Eust.* Are you so unnatural ?

*Char.* You shall die last, Sir ;  
I'll talk thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.  
Come ; will ye come ? Methinks I have fought whole  
battles !

*Cow.* We have no quarrel to you, that we know on,  
Sir.

*Egre.* We'll quit the house, and ask you mercy too.  
Good lady, let no murder be done here ;  
We came but to parly.

*Char.* How my sword  
Thirsts after them ? Stand away, sweet.

*Eust.* Pray, Sir,

Take my submission, and I disclaim for ever——

*Char.* Away, ye poor, flight, despicable creatures !  
Do you come post to fetch a lady from me,  
From a poor school-boy, that ye scorn'd of late,  
And grow lame in your hearts, when you should ex-  
cute ?

Pray, take her, take her ; I am weary of her ;  
What did ye bring to carry her ?

*Egre.* A coach and four horses.

*Char.* But are they good ?

*Egre.* As good as France can shew, Sir.

*Char.* Are you willing to leave those, and take your  
safeties ?

Speak quickly.

*Eust.* Yes, with all our hearts.

*Char.*

*Char.* 'Tis done then.

Many have got one horse; I've got four by th' bargain.

*Enter Miramont.*

*Mir.* How now? who's here?

*Ser.* Nay, now you're gone without bail.

*Mir.* What, drawn, my friends? Fetch me my two-hand sword!

I will not leave a head on your shoulders, wretches!

*Eust.* In truth, Sir, I came but to do my duty.

*Both.* And we to renew our loves.

*Mir.* Bring me a blanket.

What came they for?

*Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir:

But one, who never fought yet, has so frightened 'em,  
So bastinado'd them with manly carriage,

They stand like things Gorgon had turn'd to stone.

They watch'd your being absent, and then thought

They might do wonders here, and they have done so:

For, by my troth, I wonder at their coldness;

The nipping North, or frosts, never came near them;

St. George upon a sign would grow more sensible:

If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,

These were the most sufficient men to do it

In all the world, and yet they are but young.

What will they rise to? They're as full of fire

As a frozen glow-worm's tail, and shine as goodly;

Nobility and patience are match'd rarely

In these three gentlemen; they have right use on't;

They'll stand still for an hour, and be beaten.

These are the anagrams of three great worthies.

*Mir.* They will infect my house with cowardice,

If they breathe longer in it; my roof covers

No baffled monsieurs; walk and air yourselves!

As I live, they stay not here, white-liver'd wretches!

Without one word to ask a reason why,

Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed!

For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect ye,

And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses.

[*Exeunt Eustace, Egremont, and Cowfey.*

My

My horse again there! I have other business,  
Which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.  
Good night, Charles; fair goodness to you, dear lady.  
'Tis late, 'tis late.

*Ang.* Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

*Mir.* It is enough; my best care shall attend ye.

*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Andrew.*

*And.* Are you come, old master? Very good, your horse

Is well set up; but ere ye part, I'll ride you,  
And spur your reverend justiceship such a question<sup>42</sup>,  
As I shall make the sides o' your reputation bleed;  
Truly, I will. Now must I play at bo-peep.  
A banquet? Well! Potatoes<sup>43</sup>, and eringoes,  
And, as I take it, cantharides. Excellent!  
A priapism follows; and, as I'll handle it,  
It shall, old lecherous goat in authority.  
Now they begin to bill. How he flavers her!  
Gra'mercy, Lilly! she spits his kisses out;  
And, now he offers to fumble, she falls of,  
(That's a good wench) and cries, 'fair play, above-board.'

Who are they in the corner? As I live,  
A covey of fidlers; I shall have some music yet

---

<sup>42</sup> *And spur your reverend justiceship such a question.*] To spur such a question, I think, is downright nonsense. The word, that I have ventured to substitute, gives a meaning and humour into the bargain; *i. e.* such an *inquest*, such an *enquiry* into what you are about; and the term is the more peculiarly proper, as connected with *justiceship*.  
*Theobald.*

This gentleman says, *such a quest* on't; but to us this alteration seems puerile; for if *quest* means *inquest* or *enquiry*, surely *question* conveys the same sense.

<sup>43</sup> *Potatoes.*] If the reader should be desirous of any information why this vegetable is introduced on the present occasion, he may see the subject very learnedly discussed in the Appendix to the last edition of Shakespeare.

At my making free o'th' company of horners<sup>44</sup>.  
There's the comfort; and a song too! He beckons  
for one.

Sure, 'tis no anthem, nor no borrowed rhymes  
Out of the School of Virtue. I will listen. [*A song.*  
This was never penn'd at Geneva; the note's too  
sprightly.

So, so, the music's paid for; and now what follows?  
Oh, that monsieur Miramont would but keep his word,  
Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter!  
At the most, 'tis not six minutes riding from his house;  
Nor will he break, I hope. Oh, are you come, Sir?

*Enter Miramont.*

The prey is in the net<sup>45</sup>; and we'll break in  
Upon occasion.

*Mir.* Thou shalt rule me, Andrew.

Oh, th' infinite fright that will assail this gentleman!  
The quartans, tertians, and quotidians  
That will hang, like serjeants, on his worship's shoulders!  
The humiliation of the flesh of this man,  
This grave austere man, will be wonder'd at!  
How will those solemn looks appear to me,  
And that severe face, that spake chains and shackles,  
Now I take him in the nick, ere I have done with him?  
He'd better have stood between two panes<sup>46</sup> of  
wainscot,

<sup>44</sup> *My making free o'th' company of horners.*] This word must signify planters of horns, cuckold-makers; but this was not Andrew's case, he was to be dubb'd a cuckold; and therefore, consequently, to be made free of the company of horn'd ones. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald reads, *horn'd ones*. This is one of the finest strokes of verbal criticism we recollect. If Andrew had any kind of dealing with horns, he commenced *horner*.

<sup>45</sup> *The prey is in the net, and will break in*

*Upon occasion.*] If the prey was already in the net, where was it to break into? Andrew means, that he and Miramont would break in, and surprize it. Mr. Seward saw with me, that the slight alteration made, was quite necessary to the sense. *Theobald.*

<sup>46</sup> *Two panes of wainscot.*] Some of the old writers use *pane* and *pannel* indiscriminately; both are deduced from the French word *panneau*. We still say, 'pane of glafs.'



And made his recantation in the market,  
Than hear me conjure him.

*And.* He must pass this way,  
To th' only bed I have. He comes; stand close.

*Enter Brisac and Lilly.*

*Bri.* Well done, well done; give me my night-  
cap. So!

Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee!  
Come, wench, a kiss between each point; kiss close;  
It is a sweet parenthesis.

*Lil.* You're merry, Sir.

*Bri.* Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel it,  
Thou shalt, my Lilly.

*Lil.* Shall I air your bed, Sir?

*Bri.* No, no, I'll use no warming-pan but thine,  
girl;

That's all. Come, kiss me again.

*Lil.* Ha' you done yet?

*Bri.* No; but I will do, and do wonders, Lilly.  
Shew me the way.

*Lil.* You cannot miss it, Sir.

You shall have a caudle in the morning, for  
Your worship's breakfast.

*Bri.* How? i'th' morning, Lilly?

Thou'rt such a witty thing, to draw me on.

Leave fooling, Lilly; I am hungry now,  
And th' hast another kickshaw; I must taste it.

*Lil.* 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you;  
You've all you're like to have.

*And.* Can this be earnest?

*Mir.* It seems so, and she honest.

*Bri.* Have I not

Thy promise, Lilly?

*Lil.* Yes; and I've perform'd

Enough to a man of your years: This is truth,  
And you shall find, Sir. You have kiss'd and tous'd  
me,

Handled my leg and foot: What would you more, Sir?

As

As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,  
 And the labour in an old man would breed aches<sup>47</sup>,  
 Sciaticas, and cramps; you shall not curse me,  
 For taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir.  
 Be good unto yourself; you've ta'en already  
 All you can take with ease; you are past threshing,  
 It is a work too boisterous for you; leave  
 Such drudgery to Andrew.

*Mir.* How she jeers him?

*Lil.* Let Andrew alone with his own tillage;  
 He's tough, and can manure it.

*Bri.* You're a quean,  
 A scoffing jeering quean!

*Lil.* It may be so, but,  
 I'm sure, I'll ne'er be yours.

*Bri.* Do not provoke me;  
 If thou dost, I'll have my farm again, and turn  
 Thee out a-begging.

*Lil.* Though you have the will,  
 And want of honesty, to deny your deed, Sir,  
 Yet, I hope, Andrew has got so much learning  
 From my young master, as to keep his own.

*And.* I warrant thee, wench.

*Lil.* At the worst, I'll tell a short tale to the judges,  
 For what grave ends you sign'd your lease, and on  
 What terms you would revoke it.

*Bri.* Whore, thou dar'st not!  
 Yield, or I'll have thee whipp'd. How my blood boils,  
 As if 'twere o'er a furnace!

*Mir.* I shall cool it.

*Bri.* Yet, gentle Lilly, pity and forgive me!  
 I'll be a friend to you, such a loving bountiful friend—

*Lil.* To avoid suits in law, I would grant a little;

---

<sup>47</sup> *And the labour in an old man would breed agues.*] But will labour in any case breed agues, unless a man gets a violent cold after it? *Aches*, which I have substituted, corresponds with the attendant words, *sciaticas*, and *cramps*. So, in the Knight of Malta;

---

—Share her among ye;  
 And may she give you as many hurts as I have,  
 And twice as many aches!

But should fierce Andrew know it, what would become  
Of me?

*And.* A whore, a whore!

*Bri.* Nothing but well, wench:  
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,  
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my Lilly:  
Nay, he shall hold the door, as I will, work him,  
And thank thee for the office.

*Mir.* Take heed, Andrew;  
These are shrewd temptations.

*And.* Pray you, know  
Your cue, and second me, Sir.—By your worship's  
favour!

*Bri.* Andrew!

*And.* I come in time to take possession  
Of th' office you assign me; hold the door!  
Alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man  
To stay without, when a deep, understanding  
Holds conference within; say, with his wife:  
A trifle, Sir. I know I hold my farm  
In cuckold's tenure; you are lord o'th' soil, Sir:  
Lilly is a weft, a stray; she's yours to use, Sir,  
I claim no interest in her.

*Bri.* Art thou serious?  
Speak, honest Andrew, since thou hast o'erheard us,  
And wink at small faults, man; I'm but a pidler,  
A little will serve my turn; thou'lt find enough,  
When I've my belly full: Wilt thou be private  
And silent?

*And.* By all means; I'll only have  
A ballad made of 't, sung to some lewd tune,  
And the name of it shall be the Justice Trap:  
It will sell rarely with your worship's name,  
And Lilly's, on the top.

*Bri.* Seek not the ruin  
O' my reputation, Andrew.

*And.* 'Tis for your credit;  
Monsieur Brisac, printed in capital letters,  
Then pasted upon all the posts in Paris.

*Bri.* No mercy, Andrew?

*And.* Oh, it will proclaim you  
From th' city to the court, and prove sport-royal.

*Bri.* Thou shalt keep thy farm.

*Mir.* He does afflict him rarely.

*And.* You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,  
The vizard of his hypocrisy pull'd off  
To the judge criminal——

*Bri.* Oh, I am undone.

*And.* He's put out of commission with disgrace,  
And held incapable of bearing office  
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,  
And this I'll put in practice.

*Bri.* Do but hear me.

*And.* To bring me back from my grammar to my  
horn-book!

It is unpardonable.

*Bri.* Do not play the tyrant;  
Accept of composition.

*Lil.* Hear him, Andrew.

*And.* What composition?

*Bri.* I'll confirm thy farm,  
And add unto't an hundred acres more,  
Adjoining to it.

*And.* Hum! this mollifies.

But you're so fickle, and will again deny this,  
There being no witness by.

*Bri.* Call any witness,  
I'll presently assure it.

*And.* Say you so?

Troth, there's a friend of mine, Sir, within hearing,  
That is familiar with all that's past;  
His testimony will be authentical.

*Bri.* Will he be secret?

*And.* You may tie his tongue up,  
As you would do your purse-strings.

*Bri.* Miramont!

*Mir.* Ha, ha, ha!

*And.* This is my witness. Lord, how you are  
troubled!

Sure you've an ague, you shake so with choler.  
 He's your loving brother, Sir, and will tell nobody,  
 But all he meets, that you have eat a snake,  
 And are grown young, gamefome, and rampant.

*Bri.* Caught thus?

*And.* If he were one that would make jests of you,  
 Or plague you with making your religious gravity  
 Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had  
 Some cause to be perplex'd.

*Bri.* I shall become  
 Discourse for clowns and tapsters.

*And.* Quick, Lilly, quick!  
 He's now past kissing between point and point;  
 He swoons, fetch him some cordial. Now put in, Sir.

*Mir.* Who may this be? Sure, this is some mistake.  
 Let me see his face; wears he not a false beard?  
 It cannot be Brisac, that worthy gentleman,  
 The pillar, and the patron, of his country;  
 He is too prudent, and too cautelous;  
 Experience hath taught him to avoid these fooleries.  
 He is the punisher, and not the doer;  
 Besides he's old and cold, unfit for women:  
 This is some counterfeit; he shall be whipp'd for't;  
 Some base abuser of my worthy brother.

*Bri.* Open the doors! will y' imprison me? Are  
 ye my judges?

*Mir.* The man raves! This is not judicious Brisac.  
 Yet, now I think on't, a' has a kind of dog-look  
 Like my brother; a guilty hanging face.

*Bri.* I'll suffer bravely; do your worst, do, do!

*Mir.* Why, it's manly in you.

*Bri.* Nor will I rail, nor curse.

You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you;  
 But all the torments that e'er fell on men  
 That fed on mischief, fall heavily on you all! [*Exit.*

*Lil.* You have giv'n him a heat, Sir.

*Mir.* He will ride you the better, Lilly.

*And.* We'll teach him to meddle with us scholars.

*Mir.* He shall make good his promise t' encrease  
 thy farm, Andrew,

Or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, Lilly;  
I am thy champion. This jest goes to Charles;  
And then I'll hunt him out, and monsieur Eustace,  
The gallant courtier, and laugh heartily  
To see 'em mourn together.

*And.* 'Twill be rare, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowfey.*

*Eust.* **T**URN'D out of doors, and baffled!  
*Egre.* We share with you  
In the affront.

*Cow.* Yet bear it not like you,  
With such dejection.

*Eust.* My coach and horses made  
The ransom of our cowardice!

*Cow.* Pish, that's nothing;  
'Tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.

*Egre.* It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,  
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oaths,  
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remember'd.

*Eust.* And does the court, that should be the example  
And oracle of the kingdom, read to us  
No other doctrine?

*Egre.* None that thrives so well  
As that, within my knowledge.

*Cow.* Flatt'ry rubs on<sup>48</sup>;  
But since great men learn to admire themselves,  
'Tis something crest-fallen.

*Egre.* To be of no religion

<sup>48</sup> ——— [*Flatt'ry rubs out*]; This is a slight typographical error, which turns into obscurity a passage of great wit and humour. We must read, *on*; Flattery makes a shift to rub on at court; tho' it is somewhat crest-fallen, since great men have learned to admire themselves.

*Seward.*

Argues

Argues a subtile moral understanding,  
And it is often cherish'd.

*Eust.* Piety then,  
And valour, nor to do nor suffer wrong,  
Are there no virtues ?

*Egre.* Rather vices, Eustace.  
Fighting ! what's fighting ? It may be in fashion  
Among Provant swords, and buff-jerkin men :  
But w' us, that swim in choice of silks and tissues,  
Though in defence of that word *reputation*,  
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious nothing,  
To lose a drachm of blood must needs appear  
As coarse as to be honest.

*Eust.* And all this you seriously believe ?

*Cow.* It is a faith  
That we will die in ; since, from the blackguard  
To the grim Sir in office, there are few  
Hold other tenets.

*Eust.* Now my eyes are open ;  
And I behold a strong necessity,  
That keeps me knave and coward.

*Cow.* You're the wiser.

*Eust.* Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose  
To be of your society ?

*Egre.* By no means.

*Eust.* Honour is nothing with you ?

*Cow.* A meer bubble ;  
For, what's grown common is no more regarded.  
*Eust.* My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd,  
You think, 's no blemish ?

*Egre.* Get me a battoon ;  
'Tis twenty times more court-like, and less trouble.

*Eust.* And yet you wear a sword.

*Cow.* Yes, and a good one,  
A Milan hilt, and a Damasco blade ;  
For ornament, not use ; the court allows it.

*Eust.* Will't not fight of itself ?

*Cow.* I ne'er try'd this.  
Yet I have worn as fair as any man ;

I'm sure, I've made my cutler rich, and paid  
 For several weapons, Turkish and Toledos,  
 Two thousand crowns; and yet could never light  
 Upon a fighting one.

*Eust.* I'll borrow this;  
 I like it well.

*Cow.* 'Tis at your service, Sir;  
 A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turn.

*Eust.* And now I have it, leave me! Ye're infectious,  
 The plague and leprosy of your baseness spreading  
 On all that do come near you; such as you  
 Render the throne of majesty, the court,  
 Suspected and contemptible! You are scarabes<sup>49</sup>,  
 That batten in her dung, and have no palates  
 To taste her curious viands; and, like owls,  
 Can only see her night-deformities,  
 But, with the glorious splendor of her beauties,  
 You are struck blind as moles, that undermine  
 The sumptuous building that allow'd you shelter!  
 You stick, like running ulcers, on her face,  
 And taint the pureness of her native candor;  
 And, being bad servants, cause your master's goodness  
 To be disputed of! Make you the court,  
 That is the abstract of all academies  
 To teach and practise noble undertakings,  
 (Where Courage sits triumphant, crown'd with laurel,  
 And Wisdom, loaded with the weight of honour)  
 A school of vices?

*Egre.* What sudden rapture's this?

*Eust.* A heav'nly one,  
 That, raising me from sloth and ignorance,  
 (In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)  
 Carries me up into the air of action,  
 And knowledge of myself. Even now I feel,  
 But pleading only in the court's defence,

<sup>49</sup> ——— *You are scarabes.*] A species of *beetles*, bred in dung and corrupted filth. Subtle, in the Alchymist, quarreling with Face, calls him *scarabe*; which he afterwards explains, by adding, 'Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of *dung*.'

R.

Though



Though far short of her merits and bright lustre,  
A happy alteration, and full strength  
To stand her champion against all the world  
That throw aspersions on her.

*Cow.* Sure, he'll beat us ;  
I see it in his eyes.

*Egre.* A second Charles !  
Pray look not, Sir, so furiously.

*Eust.* Recant  
What you have said, ye mungrils ! and lick up  
The vomit you have cast upon the court,  
Where you, unworthily, have had warmth and breed-  
ing ;

And swear that you, like spiders, have made poison  
Of that which was a saving antidote !

*Egre.* We will swear any thing.

*Cow.* We honour the court  
As a most sacred place.

*Egre.* And will make oath,  
If you enjoin us to't, nor knave, nor fool,  
Nor coward, living in it.

*Eust.* Except you two,  
You rascals !

*Cow.* Yes ; we are all these, and more,  
If you will have it so.

*Eust.* And that, until  
You are again reform'd, and grown new men,  
You ne'er presume to name the court, or press  
Into the porter's lodge, but for a penance,  
To be disciplin'd for your roguery ; and, this done,  
With true contrition——

*Both.* Yes, Sir.

*Eust.* You again  
May eat scraps, and be thankful.

*Cow.* Here's a cold breakfast,  
After a sharp night's walking !

*Eust.* Keep your oaths,  
And without grumbling vanish.

*Both.* We are gone, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*  
*Eust.*

*Eust.* May all the poorness of my spirit go with you!  
 The fetters of my thralldom are fil'd off,  
 And I at liberty to right myself;  
 And though my hope in Angellina's little,  
 My honour, unto which compar'd she's nothing,  
 Shall, like the sun, disperse those low'ring clouds,  
 That yet obscure and dim it. Not the name  
 Of Brother shall divert me, but from him,  
 That in the world's opinion ruin'd me,  
 I will seek reparation, and call him  
 Unto a strict account. Ha! 'tis near day;  
 And if the muse's friend, rose-cheek'd Aurora,  
 Invite him to this solitary grove,  
 As I much hope she will, he seldom missing  
 To pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard  
 To hinder his devotions. The door opens.

*Enter Charles.*

'Tis he, most certain; and by's side my sword.  
 Blest opportunity!

*Char.* I have o'er slept myself,  
 And lost part of the morn; but I'll recover it.  
 Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes  
 Within my table-book, which I'll now consider.  
 Ha! what means this? what do I with a sword?  
 Learn'd Mercury needs not th' aid of Mars, and in-  
 nocence

Is to itself a guard: Yet, since arms ever  
 Protect arts, I may justly wear and use it;  
 For, since 'twas made my prize, I know not how,  
 I'm grown in love with't, and cannot eat, nor study,  
 And much less walk, without it. But I trifle;  
 Matters of more weight ask my judgment.

*Eust.* None, Sir:  
 Treat of no other theme; I'll keep you to it;  
 And see y' expound it well.

*Char.* Eustace!

*Eust.* The same, Sir;  
 Your younger brother, who, as duty binds him,

Hath

Hath all this night (turn'd out of doors) attended,  
To bid good-morrow t' you.

*Char.* This, not in scorn,  
Commands me to return it. Would you aught else?

*Eust.* Oh, much, Sir; here I end not, but begin.  
I must speak to you in another strain  
Than yet I ever us'd; and if the language  
Appear in the delivery rough and harsh,  
You, being my tutor, must condemn yourself,  
From whom I learn'd it.

*Char.* When I understand,  
Be't in what style you please, what's your demand  
I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase,  
To make an answer to the point.

*Eust.* I come not  
To lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own,  
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you  
Your learning and deep knowledge: Tho' I am not  
A scholar, as you are, I know them diamonds,  
By your sole industry, patience, and labour,  
Forc'd from steep rocks, and with much toil attain'd,  
And but to few, that prize their value, granted;  
And therefore, without rival, freely wear them.

*Char.* These not repin'd at, as you seem t' inform me,  
The motion must be of a strange condition,  
If I refuse to yield to't; therefore, Eustace,  
Without this tempest in your looks, propound it,  
And fear not a denial.

*Eust.* I require then,  
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)  
The reputation of a man, the honour,  
Not by a fair war won when I was waking,  
But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me!  
With these, the restitution of my sword,  
With large acknowledgment of satisfaction,  
My coach, my horses; I will part with life,  
Ere lose one hair of them; and, what concludes all,  
My mistress Angellina, as she was  
Before the musical magic of thy tongue

Enchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd,  
 And with submission, and done publicly,  
 At my father's and my uncle's intercession,  
 (That I put in too) I, perhaps, may listen  
 To terms of reconcilment; but if these  
 In every circumstance are not subscrib'd to,  
 To th' last gasp I defy thee.

*Char.* These are strict  
 Conditions to a brother.

*Eust.* My rest is up<sup>50</sup>,  
 Nor will I give less.

*Char.* I'm no gamester, Eustace;  
 Yet I can guess, your resolution stands  
 To win or lose all; I rejoice to find you  
 Thus tender of your honour, and that at length  
 You understand what a wretched thing you were;  
 How deeply wounded by yourself, and made  
 Almost incurable, in your own hopes;  
 The dead flesh of pale cowardice grown over  
 Your fester'd reputation, which no balm  
 Or gentle unguent ever could make way to.  
 And I am happy, that I was the surgeon,  
 That did apply those burning corrosives,  
 That render you already sensible  
 O' th' danger you were plung'd in; teaching you,  
 And by a fair gradation, how far,  
 And with what curious respect and care  
 The peace and credit of a man within

---

<sup>50</sup> *My rest is up.*] The word *rest* is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, and is commonly an allusion to the manner of firing the *barquebuss*. This, says Mr. Steevens, was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter, called a *rest*, which they fixed on the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600. 'Set your heart at rest; for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you run swifter than a hart, home you go not.' See also *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. v. R.

*Rest*, in this place, seems to allude to some game, like the modern *hazard*. The speech of Eustace and answer of Charles cannot well bear any other sense: *Nor will I give less—I'm no gamester—Your resolution stands to win or lose all.* Some copies read, *Nor will I go less.*

(Which you ne'er thought 'till now) should be pre-  
ferr'd

Before a gaudy outside. Pray you, fix here ;  
For so far I go with you.

*Eust.* This discourse  
Is from the subject.

*Char.* I'll come to it, brother ;  
But if you think to build upon my ruins,  
You'll find a false foundation : Your high offers,  
Taught by the masters of dependencies<sup>51</sup>,  
That, by compounding diff'rences 'tween others,  
Supply their own necessities, with me  
Will never carry't. As you are my brother,  
I would dispense a little, but no more  
Than honour can give way to ; nor must I  
Destroy that in myself I love in you :  
And therefore let not hopes nor threats persuade you  
I will descend to any composition,  
For which I may be censur'd.

*Eust.* You shall fight then.

*Char.* With much unwillingness with you ; but if  
There's no evasion——

*Eust.* None.

*Char.* Hear yet a word :  
As for the sword, and other fripperies,  
In a fair way fend for them, you shall have 'em ;  
But rather than surrender Angellina,  
Or hear it again mention'd, I oppose  
My breast unto loud thunder ; cast behind me  
All ties of nature !

*Eust.* She detain'd, I'm deaf  
To all persuasion.

*Char.* Guard thyself then, Eustace !  
I use no other rhetoric.

---

<sup>51</sup> *Taught by the masters of dependencies.*] Mr. Whalley, in his notes on Ben Jonson, says, 'dependance, when the fighting system was in vogue, signified the ground or cause of quarrel. The reader may see the doctrine humourously explain'd in the Devil is an Als, act iii.' It is also mentioned in the New Inn, and Every Man in his Humour, by the same author ; and is fully explained by Caranza, in his Treatise on Duelling.

*Enter Miramont.*

*Mir.* Clashing of swords  
So near my house! Brother oppos'd to brother!  
Here is no fencing at half sword. Hold, hold!  
Charles! Eustace!

*Eust.* Second him, or call in more help.  
Come not between us; I'll not know, nor spare you!  
D'ye fight by th' book?

*Char.* 'Tis you that wrong me. Off, Sir!  
And suddenly I'll conjure down the spirit  
That I have raised in him.

*Eust.* Never, Charles,  
'Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.

*Mir.* I'm out of breath; yet trust not too much  
to't, boys;  
For if you pause not suddenly, and hear reason——  
Do, kill your uncle, do! But that I'm patient,  
And not a choleric old testy fool,  
Like your father, I'd dance a mattachin with you<sup>52</sup>,  
Should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would,  
And it may be I will. Charles, I command thee;  
And, Eustace, I entreat thee! thou'rt a brave spark,  
A true tough-metal'd blade, and I begin  
To love thee heartily. Give me a fighting courtier,  
I'll cherish him for example; in our age  
They're not born every day.

*Char.* You of late, Sir,  
In me lov'd learning.

*Mir.* True; but take me w'ye, Charles;  
'Twas when young Eustace wore his heart in's breeches,  
And fought his battles in compliments and cringes;  
When's understanding wav'd in a flaunting feather,  
And his best contemplation look'd no further  
Than a new-fashion'd doublet. I confess, then,

<sup>52</sup> *I'd dance a mattachin with you.*] This was a dance, as Skinner tells us in his *Etymologicum*, of great rapidity, so call'd from the Italian word *matto*, a fool or madman: because the performers of it used many frantic gesticulations: And Ferrarius, in his *Origines Linguae Italicae*, gives us much the same description of it. *Theobald.*



Thou art made up again.

*Eust.* All this is lip-falve.

*Mir.* It shall be heart's-ease, Eustace, ere I have done.

As for thy father's anger, now thou dar'ft fight,  
Ne'er fear't; for I've the dowcets of his gravity  
Fast in a string, and will so pinch and wring him,  
That, spite of his authority, thou shalt make  
Thine own conditions with him.

*Eust.* I'll take leave  
A little to consider.

*Char.* Here comes Andrew.

*Enter Andrew.*

*Mir.* But without his comical and learned face.  
What sad difaster, Andrew?

*And.* You may read, Sir,  
A tragedy in my face.

*Mir.* Art thou in earnest?

*And.* Yes, by my life, Sir; and if now you help not,  
And speedily, by force or by persuasion,  
My good old master (for now I pity him)  
Is ruin'd for ever.

*Char.* Ha! my father?

*And.* He, Sir.

*Mir.* By what means? speak.

*And.* At the suit of monsieur Lewis,  
His house is seiz'd upon, and he in person

to defend themselves with? The meaning undoubtedly is, who wear swords for ornament, and not for use, as Cowfy above says, he does; and that the court allows it. Put *not* for *no*, and it will give this sense: Only it will still remain capable of the former. I would therefore read,

*That wear swords not to guard them, &c.*

*Seward.*

We believe Mr. *Seward* perfectly right in altering *no* to *not*; but why transpose? He seems desirous of establishing a *double entendre*; which his transposition entirely destroys. Our reading is nearer the old text; while, taken in either sense, the meaning may be said to be void of ambiguity:

*That wear not swords to guard them.*



Is under guard (I saw it with these eyes, Sir)  
To be convey'd to Paris, and there sentenc'd.

*Mir.* Nay, then there is no jesting.

*Char.* Do I live,  
And know my father injur'd?

*And.* And what's worse, Sir,  
My lady Angellina——

*Eust.* What of her?

*And.* She's carried away too.

*Mir.* How?

*And.* While you were absent,  
A crew of monsieur Lewis's friends and kinsmen  
By force brake in at th' back part of the house,  
And took her away by violence. Faithful Andrew  
(As this can witness for him) did his best  
In her defence; but 'twould not do.

*Mir.* Away,  
And see our horses faddled! 'tis no time  
To talk, but do. Eustace, you now are offer'd  
A spacious field, and in a pious war,  
To exercise your valour; here's a cause,  
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,  
Your duty and reverence due to a father's name  
Commanding it: But these unnatural jars,  
Arising between brothers, should you prosper,  
Would shame your victory.

*Eust.* I would do much, Sir;  
But still, my reputation——

*Mir.* Charles shall give you  
All decent satisfaction; nay, join hands,  
And heartily. Why, this is done like brothers;  
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns  
The honour of our family, monsieur Lewis,  
If reason cannot work, shall find and feel  
There's hot blood in this arm; I'll lead you bravely.

*Eust.* And if I follow not, a coward's name  
Be branded on my forehead!

*Char.* This spirit makes you  
A sharer in my fortunes.

*Mir.* And in mine ;  
Of which (Brisac once freed, and Angellina  
Again in our possession) you shall know  
My heart speaks in my tongue.

*Eust.* I dare not doubt it, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Lewis, Brisac, Angellina, Sylvia, and officers.*

*Lew.* I'm deaf to all persuasion.

*Bri.* I use none ;

Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,  
But, when the king shall understand how falsely  
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice  
Must set me right again.

*Ang.* Sir, let not passion

So far transport you as to think in reason,  
This violent course repairs, but rather ruins,  
That honour you would build up : You destroy  
What you would seem to nourish. If respect  
Of my preferment, or my reputation,  
May challenge your paternal love and care,  
Why do you, now good fortune has provided  
A better husband for me than your hopes  
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him ?  
In what is my love Charles defective, Sir ?  
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,  
Or well-proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature,  
Or, what you only aim'd at, large revenues,  
Are on the sudden grown distasteful to you,  
Of what can you accuse him ?

*Lew.* Of a rape

Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust  
Made thee consent to.

*Syl.* Her lust ! You are her father.

*Lew.* And you her bawd.

*Syl.* Were you ten lords, 'tis false ;  
The pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not  
Such spotted instruments.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* As I have a soul, Sir——

*Lew.* I am not to be alter'd! To sit down  
With this disgrace would argue me a peasant,  
And not born noble: All rigour that the law,  
And that encrease of pow'r by favour yields,  
Shall be with all severity inflicted;  
You have the king's hand for't; no bail will serve,  
And therefore at your perils, officers, away with 'em.

*Bri.* This is madness.

*Lew.* Tell me so in open court,  
And there I'll answer you.

*Enter Miramont, Charles, Eustace, and Andrew.*

*Mir.* Well overtaken.

*Char.* Kill, if they dare resist!

*Eust.* He that advances  
But one step forward, dies.

*Lew.* Shew the king's writ.

*Mir.* Shew your discretion; 'twill become you better.

*Char.* You're once more in my power; and if again  
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee! [*To Angel.*

*Eust.* Force will not do't, nor threats; accept this  
service

From your despair'd-of Eustace.

*And.* And beware,  
Your reverend worship never more attempt  
To search my lilly-pot; you see what follows.

*Lew.* Is the king's pow'r contemn'd?

*Mir.* No, but the torrent  
Of your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir,  
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish,  
But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,  
That is not tender'd to you; rather than  
Be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo  
Your daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment,  
And your old foolish neighbour! make your states,  
And in a suit not worth a cardecue<sup>54</sup>,  
A prey to advocates, and their buckram scribes;

<sup>54</sup> ——— not worth a cardecue ] We have made an English word of this from a corruption of the French, *un quart d'écu*, i. e. the fourth part of a French crown. *Theobald.*

And after they have plum'd ye, return home,  
Like a couple of naked fowls, without a feather.

*Char.* This is a most strong truth, Sir.

*Mir.* No, no, monsieur,

Let us be right Frenchmen; violent to charge,  
But, when our follies are repell'd by reason,  
'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more.  
Observe my learn'd Charles; he'll get thee a nephew  
On Angellina, shall dispute in her belly,  
And suck the nurse by logick. And here's Eustace;  
He was an afs, but now is grown an Amadis;  
Nor shall he want a wife, if all my land  
For a jointure can effect it. You're a good lord,  
And of a gentle nature; in your looks  
I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely.  
And, do you hear, old fool?

*Bri.* Your brother, Sir.

*Mir.* But I'll not chide;

Hereafter, like me, ever dote on learning;  
The mere belief is excellent, 'twill save you.  
And next, love valour; though you dare not fight  
Yourself, or fright a foolish officer, young Eustace  
Can do it to a hair. And to conclude,  
Let Andrew's farm b' increas'd, that is your penance,  
You know for what; and see you rut no more,  
You understand me. So, embrace on all sides.  
I'll pay those billmen, and make large amends;  
Provided we preserve you still our friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## T H E E P I L O G U E.

'TIS not the hands, or smiles, or common way  
Of approbation to a well-lik'd play,  
We only hope; but that you freely would,  
To th' Author's memory, so far unfold,  
And shew your loves and liking to his wit,  
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;  
That being the grand assurance, that can give  
The poet and the player means to live.

T H E

SPANISH CURATE.

A C O M E D Y.

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*The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Lovelace attribute this Comedy wholly to Fletcher; but we see no more reason for assigning this Play to him exclusively, than any other published in the joint names of him and Beaumont. The folio of 1647 contains the first printed copy. The Spanish Curate was revived at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1749; but it has not been performed for many years past. Dryden (in his Spanish Fryar) and Congreve (in his Old Batchelor) are greatly indebted to the Comedy now before us; and it seems very evident, that it afforded some material hints towards framing a musical entertainment, of a modern date, called the Padlock.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

1954

## T H E P R O L O G U E .

**T**O tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,  
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to-day,  
The name ye know, that's nothing to my story ;  
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,  
Of state, of bitterness—of wit, you'll say,  
For that is now held wit that tends that way,  
Which we avoid. To tell ye too, 'tis merry,  
And meant to make you pleasant, and not weary :  
The streams that guide ye, easy to attend :  
To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no end,  
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,  
To swear it, if you swear against, is war.  
To assure you any thing, unless you see,  
And so conceive, is vanity in me ;  
Therefore I leave it to itself ; and pray,  
Like a good bark, it may work out to day,  
And stem all doubts ; 'twas built for such a proof,  
And we hope highly : If she lie aloof  
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,  
Why, let her work, only be you but still,  
And sweet-opinion'd ; and we are bound to say,  
You're worthy judges, and you crown the play.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

*Don Henrique, an uxorious lord, cruel to his brother.*

*Don Jamie, younger brother to don Henrique.*

*Bartolus, a covetous lawyer, husband to Amaranta.*

*Leandro, a gentleman who wantonly loves the lawyer's wife.*

Angelo<sup>1</sup>,

Milanes, } *three gentlemen, friends to Leandro.*

Arfenio,

*Afcanio, son to don Henrique.*

*Octavio, supposed husband to Jacintha.*

*Lopez, the Spanish Curate.*

*Diego, his sexton.*

*Affistant, which we call a judge.*

*Algaziers, whom we call serjeants.*

*Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.*

W O M E N.

*Violante, supposed wife to don Henrique.*

*Jacintha, formerly contracted to don Henrique.*

*Amaranta, wife to Bartolus.*

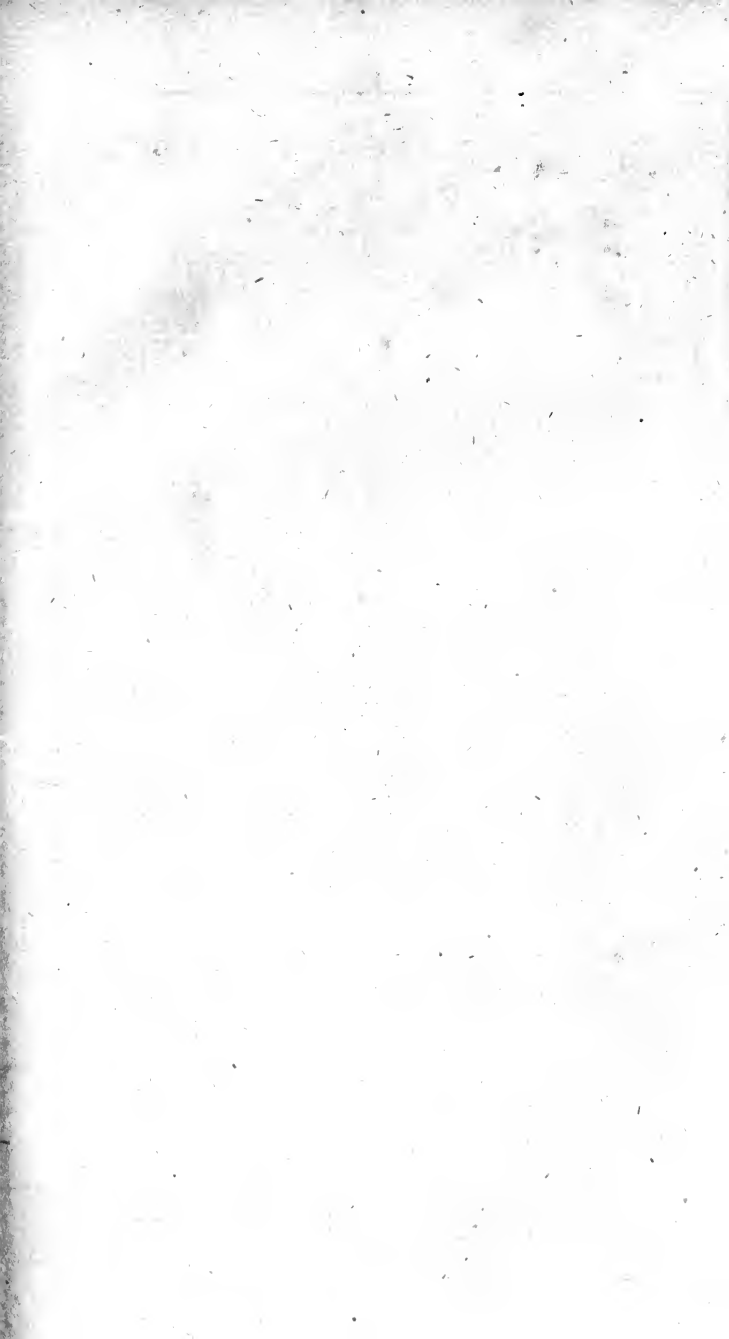
*A Woman Moor, servant to Amaranta.*

· S C E N E, S P A I N.

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<sup>1</sup> *Angelo.*] This character, Mr. Theobald, with a freedom unknown to any Editors but those of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works in 1750, expunges from the drama; and yet he suffers the name *Angelo* to remain to those speeches which are allotted to him in the play.





THE SPANISH CURATE.



J. Barralot del.

J. Colver sc.

*Before the world, I justify her goodness!  
And turn that man, that dares but taunt her virtues,  
To my sword's point (that lying man, that base man)  
Turn him but face to face, that I may know him!* ACT V.

T H E

SPANISH CURATE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.*

*Arsenio.* **L**EANDRO paid all.  
*Mil.* 'Tis his usual custom,  
 And requisite he should. He has now  
 put off

The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy,  
 When he pretends to weep for his dead father<sup>2</sup>.  
 Your gathering fires so long heap muck together,  
 That their kind sons, to rid them of their care,  
 Wish them in Heav'n; or, if they take a taste  
 Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,  
 Provided they remove hence. What is befall'n  
 To his father in the other world, I ask not;

<sup>2</sup> ————— *He has now put off*

*The funeral black (your rich heir wears with joy,  
 When he pretends to weep for his dead father.)* This sen-  
 timent is shadow'd out from one of the select sentences of Seneca,  
 and Publ. Syrus.

*Hæredis fletus sub personâ rifus est.*

Which Ben Jonson has thus very closely translated, in his Fox.

————— *Tut! forget, Sir.*

*The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,  
 Under a viſor.*

*Theobald.*

I am sure his prayer is heard. 'Would I could use  
one

For mine, in the same method.

*Arf.* Fy upon thee!

This is profane.

*Mil.* Good doctor, do not school me

For a fault you are not free from. On my life,  
Were all heirs in Corduba put to their oaths,  
They would confess, with me, 'tis a sound tenet:  
I'm sure Leandro does.

*Arf.* He is the owner

Of a fair estate.

*Mil.* And fairly he deserves it;

He's a royal fellow; yet observes a mean  
In all his courses, careful too on whom  
He showers his bounties. He that's liberal  
To all alike, may do a good by chance,  
But never out of judgment. This invites  
The prime men of the city to frequent  
All places he resorts to, and are happy  
In his sweet converse.

*Arf.* Don Jamie, the brother

To the grandee don Henrique, appears much taken  
With his behaviour.

*Mil.* There is something more in't:

He needs his purse, and knows how to make use on't.  
'Tis now in fashion for your Don, that's poor,  
To vow all leagues of friendship with a merchant  
That can supply his wants; and, howsoe'er  
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder brother  
Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long since  
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy heir,  
Call'd madam Violante, he yet holds  
A hard hand over Jamie, allowing him  
A bare annuity only.

*Arf.* Yet, 'tis said,

He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,  
If he die without issue, don Jamie  
Inherits his estate.

*Mil.* Why, that's the reason  
Of their so many jars. Though the young lord  
Be sick of th' elder brother, and in reason  
Should flatter and observe him; he's of a nature  
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,  
Presuming on his hopes.

*Arf.* What's the young lad  
That all of 'em make so much of?

*Mil.* 'Tis a sweet one,  
And the best-condition'd youth I ever saw yet;  
So humble, and so affable, that he wins  
The love of all that know him; and so modest,  
That, in despite of poverty, he would starve  
Rather than ask a courtesy. He's the son  
Of a poor cast captain, one Octavio;  
And she, that once was call'd the fair Jacintha,  
Is happy in being his mother. For his sake,

*Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Ascanio.*

Though in their fortunes fal'n, they are esteem'd of  
And cherish'd by the best. Oh, here they come.  
I now may spare his character; but observe him,  
He'll justify my report.

*Jam.* My good Ascanio,  
Repair more often to me; above women  
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

*Asc.* My lord, your favours  
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd youth  
To be both rude and faucy.

*Lean.* You cannot be  
Too frequent, where you are so much desir'd.  
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your rival  
In part of his affection; I will buy it  
At any rate.

*Jam.* Stood I but now possess'd  
Of what my future hope presages to me,  
I then would make it clear thou hadst a patron,  
That would not say, but do. Yet, as I am,  
Be mine; I'll not receive thee as a servant,

But as my son ; and, though I want myself,  
No page attending in the court of Spain  
Shall find a kinder master.

*Afc.* I beseech you,  
That my refusal of so great an offer  
May make no ill construction ; 'tis not pride  
(That common vice is far from my condition)  
That makes you a denial to receive  
A favour I should sue for ; nor the fashion  
Which the country follows, in which to be a servant  
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight  
Of poverty, is held an argument  
Of a base and abject mind. I wish my years  
Were fit to do you service in a nature  
That might become a gentleman (give me leave  
To think myself one). My father serv'd the king,  
As a captain in the field ; and though his fortune  
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich  
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken ;  
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd ;  
I rather feel a strong desire, that sways me  
To follow his profession ; and if Heav'n  
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,  
I' th' service of my country, should I be,  
To trail a pike under your brave command !  
There, I would follow you as a guide to honour,  
Though all the horrors of the war made up  
To stop my passage.

*Jam.* Thou'rt a hopeful boy,  
And it was bravely spoken : For this answer,  
I love thee more than ever.

*Mil.* Pity, such feeds  
Of promising courage should not grow and prosper !

*Ang.* Whatever his reputed parents be,  
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.

*Lean.* You make him blush. It needs not, sweet  
Afcanio ;  
We may hear praises when they are deserv'd,  
Our modesty unwounded. By my life,

I would

I would add something to the building up  
 So fair a mind ; and if, till you are fit  
 To bear arms in the field, you'll spend some years  
 In Salamanca, I'll supply your studies  
 With all conveniences.

*Asc.* Your goodness, Signiors,  
 And charitable favours, overwhelm me.  
 If I were of your blood, you could not be  
 More tender of me : What then can I pay,  
 A poor boy and a stranger, but a heart  
 Bound to your service ? With what willingness  
 I would receive, good Sir, your noble offer,  
 Heav'n can bear witness for me ; but, alas,  
 Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,  
 I must destroy the lives of my poor parents,  
 To whom I owe my being ; they in me  
 Place all their comforts, and, as if I were  
 The light of their dim eyes, are so indulgent,  
 They cannot brook one short day's absence from me ;  
 And, what will hardly win belief, though young,  
 I am their steward and their nurse : The bounties  
 Which others bestow on me, serve to sustain 'em ;  
 And to forsake them in their age, in me  
 Were more than murder.

*Enter Henrique.*

*Ang.* This is a kind of begging  
 Would make a broker charitable.

*Mil.* Here, sweetheart,  
 I wish that it were more.

*Lean.* When this is spent,  
 Seek for supply from me.

*Jam.* Thy piety  
 For ever be remember'd ! Nay, take all,  
 Though 'twere my exhibition to a ryal  
 For one whole year.

*Asc.* High Heav'ns reward your goodness !

*Hen.* So, Sir, is this a slip of your own grafting,  
 You are so prodigal ?

*Jam.*

*Jam.* A slip, Sir?

*Hen.* Yes,

A slip; or call it by the proper name,  
Your bastard.

*Jam.* You're foul-mouth'd. Do not provoke me:  
I shall forget your birth if you proceed,  
And use you, as your manners do deserve,  
Uncivilly.

*Hen.* So brave! Pray you, give me hearing:  
Who am I, Sir?

*Jam.* My elder brother: One,  
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,  
But that you had the luck to creep into  
The world a year before me.

*Lean.* Be more temperate.

*Jam.* I neither can nor will, unless I learn it  
By his example. Let him use his harsh  
Unfavoury reprehensions upon those  
That are his hinds, and not on me. The land  
Our father left to him alone, rewards him  
For being twelve months elder: Let that be  
Forgotten, and let his parasites remember  
One quality of worth or virtue in him,  
That may authorize him to be a censurer  
Of me, or of my manners, and I will  
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then, never.

*Hen.* From whom have you your means, Sir?

*Jam.* From the will

Of my dead father; I am sure I spend not,  
Nor give't, upon your purse.

*Hen.* But will it hold out  
Without my help?

*Jam.* I am sure it shall; I'll sink else;  
For sooner I will seek aid from a whore,  
Than a courtesy from you.

*Hen.* 'Tis well; you are proud of  
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated him,  
And worn him to the quick, I may be found  
In the list of your acquaintance.

*Lean.*



*Lean.* Pray you, hold;  
 And give me leave, my lord, to say thus much,  
 And in mine own defence; I am no gull  
 To be wrought on by persuasion, nor no coward  
 To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom  
 And why I give or lend, and will do nothing  
 But what my reason warrants. You may be  
 As sparing as you please; I must be bold  
 To make use of my own, without your licence.

*Jam.* 'Pray thee let him alone; he's not worth thy  
 anger.

All that he does, Leandro, 's for my good:  
 I think, there's not a gentleman of Spain  
 That has a better steward, than I have of him.

*Hen.* Your steward, Sir?

*Jam.* Yes, and a provident one.  
 Why, he knows I'm giv'n to large expence,  
 And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe else,  
 That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke  
 Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue,  
 His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruitful,  
 Could be so sold to base and fordid thrift,  
 As almost to deny himself the means  
 And necessaries of life? Alas, he knows  
 The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir;  
 That all must come to me, if I outlive him,  
 Which sure I must do, by the course of nature,  
 And the assistance of good mirth and sack,  
 However you prove melancholy.

*Hen.* If I live,  
 Thou dearly shalt repent this.

*Jam.* When thou'rt dead,  
 I am sure, I shall not.

*Mil.* Now they begin to burn  
 Like oppos'd meteors.

*Ars.* Give them line and way;  
 My life for don Jamie.

*Jam.* Continue still  
 The excellent husband, and join farm to farm;

Suffer no lordship, that in a clear day  
 Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye,  
 To be another's; forget you are a grandee;  
 Take use upon use, and cut the throats of heirs  
 With coz'ning mortgages; rack your poor tenants,  
 Till they look like so many skeletons  
 For want of food; and when that widows' curses,  
 The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,  
 Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember  
 All was rak'd up for me, your thankful brother,  
 That will dance merrily upon your grave,  
 And, perhaps, give a double pistolet  
 To some poor needy friar, to say a mass  
 To keep your ghost from walking.

*Hen.* That the law  
 Should force me to endure this!

*Jam.* Verily,  
 When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,  
 If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell,  
 To look on my behaviour, you shall see me  
 Ransack your iron chests; and, once again,  
 Pluto's flame-colour'd daughter shall be free  
 To domineer in taverns, masques, and revels,  
 As she was us'd, before she was your captive.  
 Methinks; the mere conceit of it should make you  
 Go home sick and distemper'd; if it does,  
 I'll send you a doctor of mine own, and after  
 Take order for your funeral.

*Hen.* You have said, Sir:  
 I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame you;  
 Rest confident, I will; and thou shalt wish,  
 This day thou hadst been dumb! [Exit.

*Mil.* You have giv'n him a heat,  
 But with your own distemper.

*Jam.* Not a whit;  
 Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,  
 Forget the cause and him: All plagues go with him!  
 Let's talk of something else. What news is stirring?  
 Nothing to pass the time?

*Mil.*

*Mil.* 'Faith, it is said,  
That the next summer will determine much  
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the wars.

*Lean.* What have we to do with them? Let us dis-  
course  
Of what concerns ourselves. 'Tis now in fashion,  
To have your gallants fet down, 'in a tavern,  
What the arch-duke's purpose is the next spring, and  
what

Defence my lords the States prepare, what course  
The emperor takes against the encroaching Turk,  
And whether his moony standards are design'd  
For Persia or Polonia: And all this  
The wiser sort of state-worms seem to know  
Better than their own affairs. This is discourse  
Fit for the council it concerns: We are young,  
And if that I might give the theme, 'twere better  
To talk of handsome women.

*Mil.* And that's one  
Almost as general.

*Arf.* Yet none agree  
Who are the fairest.

*Lean.* Some prefer the French,  
For their conceited dressings; some the plump  
Italian *bona-roba's*; some the state  
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear,  
A merry friend of mine, that once in London  
He did enjoy the company of a gamester,  
A common gamester too, that in one night  
Met him th' Italian, French, and Spanish ways,  
And ended in the Dutch; for, to cool herself,  
She kiss'd him drunk i'th' morning.

*Jam.* We may spare  
The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,  
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit  
To my report (for I have seen her, gallants)  
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,  
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling form  
Disdains comparison with any she

That

That puts in for a fair one; and tho' you<sup>3</sup> borrow  
From every country of the earth the best  
Of those perfections which the climate yields,  
To help to make her up, if put in balance,  
This will weigh down the scale.

*Lean.* You talk of wonders.

*Jam.* She is, indeed, a wonder, and so kept;  
And, as the world deserv'd not to behold  
What curious Nature made without a pattern,  
Whose copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,  
Sequester'd from the world.

*Lean.* Who is the owner  
Of such a gem? I am fir'd.

*Jam.* One Bartolus;  
A wrangling advocate.

*Arf.* A knave on record.

*Mil.* I am sure, he cheated me of the best part  
Of my estate.

*Jam.* Some business calls me hence,  
And of importance, which denies me leisure  
To give you his full character: In few words,  
Though rich, he's covetous beyond expression;  
And to increase his heap will dare the devil,  
And all the plagues of darkness; and, to these,  
So jealous, as, if you would parallel  
Old Argus to him, you must multiply

---

<sup>3</sup> ————— and tho' you borrow, &c.] This description comes in very strongly in support of a parallel one of Shakespeare in his *Cymbeline*, which has been unnecessarily tamper'd with.

*And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outfells them all.*

I cannot see any impenetrable nonsense in this, unless o'er-weaning critics will labour to expound it into such. The poet's text is a just climax; *scil.* 'She hath all courtly parts more exquisite than any single lady whoever; ay, than many ladies; nay, than the whole sex put together.' Ferdinand speaking of his mistress Miranda, says almost the same thing in the *Tempest*:

————— *But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of ev'ry creature's best.*

*Theobald.*  
His

His eyes an hundred times : Of these none sleep :  
He, that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire  
A better Mercury than Jove made use of.

Bless yourselves from the thought of him and her,  
For 'twill be labour lost ! So, farewell, Signiors. [*Exit.*]

*Arf.* Leandro ! In a dream ? Wake man, for shame.

*Mil.* Trained into a fool's paradise, with a tale  
Of an imagin'd form ?

*Lean.* Jamie is noble,  
And with a forg'd tale would not wrong his friend ;  
Nor am I so much fir'd with lust as envy,  
That such a churl as Bartolus should reap  
So sweet a harvest : Half my state to any,  
To help me to a share !

*Arf.* Tush, do not hope for  
Impossibilities.

*Lean.* I must enjoy her ;  
And my prophetic love tells me I shall,  
Lend me but your assistance.

*Arf.* Give it o'er.

*Mil.* I would not have thee fool'd.

*Lean.* I have strange engines  
Fashioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil ;  
Dissuade me not, but help me.

*Mil.* Take your fortune ;  
If you come off well, praise your wit ; if not,  
Expect to be the subject of our laughter. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Octavio and Jacintha.*

*Jac.* You met don Henrique ?

*Oct.* Yes.

*Jac.* What comfort bring you ?

Speak chearfully : How did my letter work  
On his hard temper ? I am sure, I wrote it  
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,  
That it must force compunction.

*Oct.* You are cozen'd :

## 210 THE SPANISH CURATE.

Can you with one hand prop a falling tower,  
 Or with the other stop the raging main,  
 When it breaks in on the usurped shore,  
 Or any thing that is impossible?  
 And then conclude, that there is some way left  
 To move him to compassion.

*Jac.* Is there a justice,  
 Or thunder, my Octavio, and he  
 Not sunk unto the centre?

*Oct.* Good Jacintha,  
 With your long-practis'd patience bear afflictions;  
 And, by provoking, call not on Heav'n's anger.  
 He did not only scorn to read your letter,  
 But, most inhuman as he is, he curs'd you,  
 Curs'd you most bitterly.

*Jac.* The bad man's charity!  
 Oh, that I could forget there were a tie  
 In me upon him! or the relief I seek,  
 If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,  
 Debt of a dear account!

*Oct.* Touch not that string,  
 'Twill but encrease your sorrow; and tame silence,  
 The balm of the oppress'd, which hitherto  
 Hath eas'd your griev'd soul, and preserv'd your fame,  
 Must be your surgeon still.

*Jac.* If the contagion  
 Of my misfortunes had not spread itself  
 Upon my son Ascanio, though my wants  
 Were centuplied upon myself, I could be patient:  
 But he is so good, I so miserable,  
 His pious care, his duty, and obedience,  
 And all that can be wish'd for from a son,  
 Discharg'd to me, and I barr'd of all means  
 To return any scruple of the debt  
 I owe him as a mother, is a torment  
 Too painful to be borne.

*Oct.* I suffer with you  
 In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,  
 High Heav'n ordains, whose purposes cannot alter,  
 Children,

Children, that pay obedience to their parents,  
Shall never beg their bread.

*Enter Ascanio.*

*Jac.* Here comes our joy.  
Where has my dearest been?

*Asc.* I have made, mother,  
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich prize,  
In a few hours: The owners too contented,  
From whom I took it. See, here's gold; good store  
too;

Nay, pray you take it.

*Jac.* Mens' charities are so cold,  
That, if I knew not thou wert made of goodness,  
'Twould breed a jealousy in me, by what means  
Thou cam'st by such a sum.

*Asc.* Were it ill got,  
I am sure, it could not be employ'd so well  
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,  
Rais'd by Heav'n's mercy to me, not my merits,  
Bestow'd it on me.

*Of.* It were a sacrilege  
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it  
To thy use only.

*Jac.* Buy thee brave clothes with it,  
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us  
To our necessities. Why dost thou weep?

*Asc.* Out of my fear I have offended you;  
For, had I not, I'm sure you are too kind  
Not to accept the offer of my service,  
In which I am a gainer. I have heard  
My tutor say, of all aerial fowl  
The stork's the emblem of true piety;  
Because, when age hath seiz'd upon his dam,  
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one  
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,  
Repaying so her tender care of him  
Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.  
Shall I then, that have reason and discourse,

## 212 THE SPANISH CURATE.

That tell me, all I can do is too little,  
 Be more unnatural than a silly bird?  
 Or feed or clothe myself superfluously,  
 And know, nay, see you want? Holy saints keep me<sup>4</sup>!

*Jac.* Can I be wretched,  
 And know myself the mother to such goodness?

*Oct.* Come, let us dry our eyes; we'll have a feast,  
 Thanks to our little steward.

*Jac.* And, in him,  
 Believe that we are rich.

*Asc.* I'm sure I am,  
 While I have power to comfort you, and serve you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Henrique and Violante.*

*Viol.* Is it my fault, don Henrique, or my fate?  
 What's my offence? I came young to your bed,  
 I had a fruitful mother, and you met me  
 With equal ardour in your May of blood;  
 And why then am I barren?

*Hen.* 'Tis not in man  
 To yield a reason for the will of Heav'n,  
 Which is inscrutable.

*Viol.* To what use serve  
 Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,  
 When that, which is the crown of all our wishes,  
 The period of human happiness,  
 One only child, that may possess what's ours,  
 Is cruelly deny'd us?

---

<sup>4</sup> *Holy Saints keep me.*] Ascanio's speech ends with an imperfect sentence, and the natural sense which supplies it, exactly fills up the hemistich which follows. So that it is very probable it was an accidental omission, which one may venture to fill up without danger of adding what is not our Author's. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

————— *Holy saints keep me*

From such impiety!

but the sense is so perfect as the passage stands, and the diction so nervous, that we think any addition totally unnecessary.

*Hen.*



*Hen.* 'Tis the curse  
 Of great estates, to want those pledges, which  
 The poor are happy in: They in a cottage,  
 With joy, behold the models of their youth;  
 And, as their root decays, those budding branches  
 Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age.  
 But this is the beginning, not the end  
 Of misery to me, that, 'gainst my will,  
 Since Heav'n denies us issue of our own,  
 Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel  
 To an unthankful brother, that insults  
 On my calamity.

*Viol.* I will rather choose  
 A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him,  
 And nourish him as mine own.

*Hen.* Such an evasion,  
 My Violante, is forbid to us.  
 Happy the Roman state, where it was lawful,  
 If our own sons were vicious, to choose one  
 Out of a virtuous stock, though of poor parents,  
 And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,  
 Intending to preserve all ancient houses,  
 Prevent such free elections; with this my brother's  
 Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold  
 To reign o'er me, as a master.

*Viol.* I will fire  
 The portion I brought with me, ere he spend  
 A ryal of it! No quirk left, no quiddit,  
 That may defeat him?

*Hen.* Were I but confirm'd  
 That you would take the means I use with patience,  
 As I must practise it with my dishonour,  
 I could lay level with the earth his hopes,  
 That soar above the clouds with expectation  
 To see me in my grave.

*Viol.* Effect but this,  
 And our revenge shall be to us a son,  
 That shall inherit for us.

*Hen.* Do not repent,

When 'tis too late.

*Viol.* I fear not what may fall,  
He dispossess'd, that does usurp on all. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Leandro*<sup>5</sup>, *Milanes*, and *Arsenio*.

*Mil.* Can any thing but wonder——

*Lean.* Wonder on ;

I am as ye see ; and what will follow, gentlemen——

*Arsf.* Why dost thou put on this form ? what can  
this do ?

Thou look'st most fillily.

*Mil.* Like a young clerk,

A half-pin'd puppy, that would write for a ryal.

Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty ?

To what use, what occasion ?

*Lean.* Peace ! ye are fools,

More silly than my out-side seems ; ye are ignorant,  
They that pretend to wonders, must weave cunningly.

*Arsf.* What manner of access can this get ? or, if  
gotten,

What credit in her eyes ?

*Lean.* Will ye but leave me ?

*Mil.* Methinks, a young man, and a handsome  
gentleman,

(But, sure, thou art lunatic) methinks, a brave man,

That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,

And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,

Should like himself appear, young, high, and buxom,

And in the brightest form.

*Lean.* Ye are cozen'd, gentlemen ;

Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it :

Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Leandro*, with a letter writ out.] This is a stage direction, transcrib'd from the Prompter's book ; and a memorandum to him only, that Leandro should go on furnish'd with such a letter, to deliver to Lopez the Curate.

When you love, launch it out in filks and velvets ;  
 I'll love in serge, and will out-go your fattins.  
 To get upon my great horse, and appear  
 The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,  
 Or fiddle out whole frosty nights, my friends,  
 Under the window, while my teeth keep tune<sup>6</sup>,  
 I hold no handsomeness. Let me get in,  
 There trot, and fiddle, where I may have fair play.

*Arf.* But how get in ?

*Lean.* Leave that to me ; your patience ;  
 I have some toys here that I dare well trust to :  
 I have smelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.  
 You are ne'er the nearer now.

*Mil.* We do confess it.

*Lean.* Weak simple men ! this vicar to this lawyer  
 Is the most inward Damon.

*Arf.* What can this do ?

*Mil.* We know the fellow, and he dwells there.

*Lean.* So.

*Arf.* A poor, thin thief. He help ? he ? hang the  
 vicar !

Can reading of an homily prefer thee<sup>7</sup> ?  
 Thou art dead sick in love, and he'll pray for thee.

*Lean.* Have patience, gentlemen. I say, this vicar,  
 This thing, I say, is all one with the close Bartolus,  
 For so they call the lawyer ! on his nature<sup>8</sup>,  
 (Which I have studied by relation,  
 And make no doubt I shall hit handsomely)  
 Will I work cunningly, and home : Understand me.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *whilst my teeth keep tune.*] Mr. Theobald, we think very unnecessarily, alters *tune* to *time*.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *hang the vicar ;*

*Can reading of an ——— prefer thee ?*] 'Tis strange, that none of all the editions should be able to furnish out the intermediate word to fill up the *hiatus* of this verse. As they are talking of the vicar, it is demonstrable it must have been, *homily* ; which makes both the metre and sense complete. *Theobald.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *or his nature, &c.*] Mr. Theobald's edition says, on *his nature*, which reading we have adopted. Probably, however, the original lection was, o'er *his nature*.

*Enter Lopez and Diego.*

Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortune ;  
*Difficilia pulchra*, that's my motto, gentlemen :  
 I'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear her,  
 Or ———

*Mil.* Peace ; the vicar. Send you a full sail, Sir.

*Arf.* There's your confessor ; but what shall be  
 your penance ?

*Lean.* A fool's head, if I fail ; and so forsake me.  
 You shall hear from me daily.

*Mil.* We will be ready. [ *Exeunt Mil. Arf.*

*Lop.* Thin world, indeed.

*Lean.* I'll let him breath, and mark him.  
 No man would think, a stranger, as I am,  
 Should reap any great commodity from his pigbelly.

*Lop.* Poor stirring for poor vicars,

*Die.* And poor sextons.

*Lop.* We pray, and pray, but to no purpose ;  
 Those, that enjoy our lands, choke our devotions ;  
 Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.

*Die.* If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,  
 That are fed only with the sound of prayers ?  
 We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,  
 And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.

*Lop.* When was there a christ'ning, Diego ?

*Die.* Not this ten weeks :

Alas, they have forgot to get children, master.  
 The wars, the seas, and usury undo us ;  
 Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our plough-  
 shares.

They eat nothing here, but herbs, and get nothing  
 but green sauce :

There are some poor labourers, that, perhaps,  
 Once in seven years, with helping one another,  
 Produce some few pin'd butter-prints, that scarce hold  
 The christ'ning neither.

*Lop.* Your gallants, they get honour,  
 A strange fantastical birth, to defraud the vicar ;

And

And the camp christens their issues, or the courtezans;  
'Tis a lewd time.

*Die.* They are so hard-hearted here too,  
They will not die; there's nothing got by burials.

*Lop.* Diego, the air's too pure; they cannot perish.  
To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish,  
Lord, what a torment 'tis!

*Die.* Good sensible master,  
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,  
Both foul, and fair, as you shall find occasion;  
Why not against all airs?

*Lop.* That's not i' th' canons:  
I would it had; 'tis out of our way forty pence.

*Die.* 'Tis strange; they are starv'd too, yet they  
will not die here,

They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst 'em,  
Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers,  
That would turn up their heels by whole-sale, master,  
And take the doctors too, in their grave counsels,  
That there might be no natural help for money,  
How merrily would my bells go then?

*Lop.* Peace, Diego;  
The doctors are our friends; let's please them well;  
For, though they kill but slow, they are certain, Diego.  
We must remove into a muddy air,  
A most contagious climate.

*Die.* We must, certain;  
An air that is the nursery of agues;  
Such agues, master, that will shake mens' souls out,  
Ne'er stay for possets, nor good old wives' plaisters.

*Lop.* Gouts and dead pallies.

*Die.* The dead does well at all times,  
Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.  
The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em;  
Those are rich marle, they make a church-yard fat;  
And make the sexton sing; they never miss, Sir.

*Lop.* Then wills and funeral sermons come in season,  
And feasts that make us frolick.

*Die.* Would I could see 'em.

*Lop.*

*Lop.* And tho' I weep i' th' pulpit for my brother,  
Yet, Diego, here I laugh.

*Die.* The cause requires it.

*Lop.* Since people left to die, I am a dunce, Diego.

*Die.* 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.

*Lean.* A precious pair of youths! I must make to-  
ward 'em.

*Lop.* Who's that? Look out; it seems, he would  
speak to us.

I hope a marriage, or some will to make, Diego.

*Die.* My friend, your business?

*Lean.* 'Tis to that grave gentleman.

Bless your good learning, Sir!

*Lop.* And bless you also!

He bears a promising face; there's some hope toward.

*Lean.* I have a letter to your worship.

*Lop.* Well, Sir,

From whence, I pray you?

*Lean.* From Nova Hispania, Sir,  
And from an ancient friend of yours.

*Lop.* 'Tis well, Sir;

'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there.

*Die.* Take heed of a snap, Sir; h' has a cozening  
countenance.

I do not like his way.

*Lop.* Let him go forward.

*Cantabit vacuus*<sup>9</sup>; they that have nothing, fear nothing.

All I have to lose, Diego, is my learning;

And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a  
nut-shell<sup>10</sup>. [Reads the letter.]

<sup>9</sup> *Cantabit vacuus* —] This hemistich is the beginning of a  
verse in Juvenal's Satyres.

*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*

*Theobald.*

<sup>10</sup> *And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell.*] Mr.  
Seward prescribes taking these words from Lopez, and giving them to  
Diego; because he thinks it 'out of character for Lopez to joke  
upon himself in this place.' But as Lopez is merry with himself  
through the whole scene, we have no doubt of the old copies being  
right.—If this line was not intended for him, it would come with  
more propriety from Leandro than Diego; he making several satiri-  
cal remarks, *aside*, upon the conversation of the Curate and Sexton.

*Signior Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet receiv'd no answer of any—Good, and very good—And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me—Better and better: 'The devil a man know I yet—and therefore, with the present occasion offer'd, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore receiv'd from you, and do recommend my son Leandro, the bearer, to you; with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: And so, Heaven keep you. Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.*

Alonzo Tiveria! Very well.

A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;

For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.

*Lean.* You look, Sir, as if you had forgot my father.

*Lop.* No, no, I look, as I would remember him; For that I never remember'd I cannot forget, Sir.

Alonzo Tiveria?

*Lean.* The same, Sir.

*Lop.* And now i' th' Indies?

*Lean.* Yes.

*Lop.* He may be any where,  
For aught that I consider.

*Lean.* Think again, Sir;  
You were students both at one time in Salamanca,  
And, as I take it, chamber-fellows.

*Lop.* Ha?

*Lean.* Nay, sure, you must remember.

*Lop.* 'Would I could!

*Lean.* I have heard him say, you were gossips too.

*Lop.* Very likely;

You did not hear him say to whom? for we students  
May oft-times over-reach our memories.

Dost thou remember, Diego, this same Signior?

Thou hast been mine these twenty years.

*Die.* Remember?  
 Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova Hispania?  
 And Signior Tiveria? What are these?  
 He may as well name ye friends out of Cataya.  
 Take heed, I beseech your worship. Do you hear, my  
 friend,  
 You have no letters for me?

*Lean.* Not any letter;  
 But I was charg'd to do my father's love  
 To the old honest sexton Diego. Are you he, Sir?

*Die.* Ha! have I friends, and know 'em not? My  
 name is Diego;  
 But if either I remember you or your father,  
 Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, Sir,)  
 Or any kindred that you have—For heav'n-sake, master,  
 Let's cast about a little, and consider;  
 We may dream out our time.

*Lean.* It seems I am deceiv'd, Sir:  
 Yet, that you are don Lopez all men tell me,  
 The curate here, and have been some time, Sir;  
 And you the sexton Diego, such I am sent to,  
 The letter tells as much. May be, they are dead,  
 And you of the like names succeed. I thank ye, gen-  
 tlemen;

Ye have done honestly in telling truth;  
 I might have been forward else; for to that Lopez,  
 That was my father's friend, I had a charge,  
 A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen;  
 Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity.  
 But since you are not he——

*Lop.* Good Sir, let me think;  
 I pray ye be patient; pray ye, stay a little:  
 Nay, let me remember; I beseech you stay, Sir.

*Die.* An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly;  
 An old friend too; I shall remember, sure, Sir<sup>11</sup>.

*Lop.* Thou say'st true, Diego.

<sup>11</sup> I shall *remember, sure, Sir.*] Mr. Theobald's edition robs this passage of great part of its humour, by reading, you will *remember*; but without noticing the variation.



*Die.* 'Pray ye consider quickly;  
Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already,  
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.

*Lean.* He's old indeed, Sir.

*Die.* With a goodly white beard  
(For now he must be so; I know he must be)  
Signior Alonzo, master.

*Lop.* I begin to have him.

*Die.* H' has been from hence about some twenty  
years, Sir.

*Lean.* Some five and twenty, Sir.

*Die.* You say most true, Sir;  
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five and twenty.  
A fine straight-timber'd man, and a brave foldier.  
He married—let me see——

*Lean.* De Castro's daughter.

*Die.* The very fame.

*Lean.* Thou art a very rascal! [*Afide.*

De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing.  
The money rubs 'em into strange remembrances;  
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.

*Lop.* Give me your hand; you are welcome to your  
country;

Now I remember plainly, manifestly,  
As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.  
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,  
Most sinful man! why should I lose this gentleman?  
This loving old companion? We had all one soul, Sir.  
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome——

*Lean.* Farm, Sir:

You say most true.

*Lop.* Alonzo Tiveria!

Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous  
knave thus!

Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, Sir.  
I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman;  
She was married very young: I married 'em.  
I do remember now the masques and sports then,  
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, Sir,

Now

Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego? Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture——

*Lean.* Lord, how I blush for these two impudents!  
[*Aside.*

*Die.* Well, gentleman, I think your name's Leandro.

*Lean.* It is, indeed, Sir.

Gra'+mercy, letter; thou hadst never known else. [*Aside.*

*Die.* I have dandled you, and kifs'd you, and play'd with you,

A hundred and a hundred times, and danc'd you,  
And swung you in my bell-ropes—you lov'd swinging.

*Lop.* A sweet boy.

*Lean.* Sweet lying knaves!

What would these do for thousands? [*Aside.*

*Lop.* A wondrous sweet boy then it was. See now,  
Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.  
How does the noble gentleman? how fares he?

When shall we see him? when will he bless his country?

*Lean.* Oh, very shortly, Sir. 'Till his return,  
He has sent me over to your charge.

*Lop.* And welcome;

Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend,  
Sir.

*Lean.* And to my study, Sir, which must be the law.  
To further which, he would entreat your care

To plant me in the favour of some man

That's expert in that knowledge: For his pains

I have three hundred ducats more; for my diet,

Enough, Sir, to defray me; which I am charged

To take still, as I use it, from your custody:

I have the money ready, and I am weary.

*Lop.* Sit down, sit down; and, once more, you're  
most welcome.

The law you have hit upon most happily;

Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,

A neighbour by; to him I will prefer you;

A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.

I'll do you faithful service, Sir.

*Die.* He's an afs,

And

And so we'll use him ; he shall be a lawyer !

*Lop.* But, if ever he recover this money again——  
Before, Diego,

And get some pretty pittance ; my pupil's hungry.

*Lean.* Pray you, Sir, unlade me.

*Lop.* I'll refresh you, Sir :

When you want, you know your exchequer.

*Lean.* If all this get me but access, I am happy.

*Lop.* Come ; I am tender of you.

*Lean.* I'll go with ye.

To have this fort betray'd, these fools must fleece me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Bartolus and Amaranta.*

*Bar.* My Amaranta, a retir'd sweet life,  
Private, and close, and still, and housewifely,  
Becomes a wife, sets off the grace of woman.  
At home to be believ'd both young and handsome,  
As lillies that are cas'd in crystal glasses,  
Makes up the wonder ; shew it abroad, 'tis stale,  
And still, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more flubber'd.  
And what need windows open to inviting,  
Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions<sup>12</sup>,  
When the most wholesome air, my wife, blows inward,  
When good thoughts are the noblest companions,  
And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses ?  
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature ?

*Ama.* You know your own disease, distrust and  
jealousy !

<sup>12</sup> *And what need windows open to inviting,*

*Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions ?*] Mr. Sympfon reads, to take in minions. To take opinions, is very good sense, and, rightly understood, not an inelegant expression. It does not signify, as in the present style of conversation, and as Mr. Sympfon seems to construe it, to take a person's opinion on any thing, but to captivate their fancies, and (as he explains his unauthorized reading) to attract admirers. To take in (meaning to deceive) also is a mere modern barbarism ; and the whole of this variation from the old copies is, we think, as weak as it is unprecedented.

And those two give these lessons, not good meaning.  
 What trial is there of my honesty,  
 When I am mew'd at home? To what end, husband,  
 Serve all the virtuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours,  
 Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent,

When by their contraries they are set off and burnish'd.  
 If you both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous<sup>13</sup>,  
 Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness:  
 These seeds grow not in shades, and conceal'd places:  
 Set 'em i' th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.

*Bar.* Peace; you are too loud.

*Ama.* You are too covetous;

If that be rank'd a virtue, you have a rich one.  
 Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off handsomely,  
 Attended as I ought; and, as they have it,  
 My coach, my people, and my handsome women,  
 My will in honest things.

*Bar.* Peace, Amaranta!

*Ama.* They have content, rich clothes, and that  
 secures 'em;

Binds to their careful husbands their observance;  
 They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

*Bar.* Thou shalt too.

*Ama.* And freely may converse with proper gentlemen,

Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

*Enter Woman Moor.*

*Bar.* You are now too far again: Thou shalt have  
 any thing,  
 Let me but lay up for a handsome office,  
 And then, my Amaranta——

<sup>13</sup> *If you both hold me fair, &c.]* Mr. Seward reads,  
*If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,*  
*Let me go fearless out, and win that chasteness.*

We shall not comment upon the impropriety, and consequent tautology, of this alteration; they are too glaring to escape the notice of the most inattentive.

*Ama.*

*Ama.* Here's a thing now,  
 You place as pleasure to me; all my retinue,  
 My chambermaid, my kitchenmaid, my friend;  
 And what she fails in I must do myself.  
 A foil to set my beauty off; I thank you.  
 You will place the devil next for a companion.

*Bar.* No more such words, good wife. What would  
 you have, maid?

*Moor.* Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a stran-  
 ger, Sir,  
 Attend to speak with your worship.

*Bar.* A stranger?

*Ama.* You had best to be jealous of the man you  
 know not.

*Bar.* 'Pray thee, no more of that.

*Ama.* 'Pray you, go out to 'em;  
 That will be safest for you, I am well here;  
 I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.

*Bar.* No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest client,  
 Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me.  
 Prithee, go in, my duck; I'll but speak to 'em,  
 And return instantly.

*Ama.* I am commanded.  
 One day you will know my sufferance. [Exit.

*Bar.* And reward it.  
 So, so; fast bind, fast find. Come in, my neighbours;  
 My loving neighbours, pray ye come in; ye are  
 welcome.

*Enter Lopez, Leandro, and Diego.*

*Lop.* Bless your good reverence!

*Bar.* Good day, good master Curate,  
 And neighbour Diego, welcome. What's your business?  
 And, 'pray ye, be short, good friends; the time is  
 precious.

Welcome, good Sir.

*Lop.* To be short then with your mastership,  
 For, I know, your several hours are full of business,  
 We have brought you this young man, of honest pa-  
 rents,

And of an honest face——

*Bar.* It seems so, neighbours :  
But to what end ?

*Lop.* To be your pupil, Sir ;  
Your servant, if you please.

*Lean.* I have travell'd far, Sir,  
To seek a worthy man.

*Bar.* Alas, good gentleman,  
I am a poor man, and a private too,  
Unfit to keep a servant of your reckoning ;  
My house a little cottage, and scarce able  
To hold myself, and those poor few live under it.  
Besides, you must not blame me, gentlemen,  
If I were able to receive a servant,  
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing ;  
For in these times——

*Lop.* Pray let me answer that, Sir :  
Here are five hundred ducats, to secure him ;  
He cannot want, Sir, to make good his credit,  
Good gold, and coin.

*Bar.* And that's an honest pledge ;  
Yet, sure, that needs not, for his face and carriage  
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.

*Lean.* And (for I have a ripe mind to the law,  
Sir,  
In which, I understand, you live a master)  
The least poor corner in your house, poor bed, Sir,  
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)  
With some books to instruct me, and your counsel,  
Shall I rest most content with : Other acquaintance  
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of  
law,

I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, Sir ;  
For, surely, mine own nature desires privacy.  
Next, for your monthly pains, to shew my thanks,  
I do proportion out some twenty ducats ;  
As I grow riper, more : Three hundred now, Sir,  
To shew my love to learning, and my master ;  
My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.

*Lop.*

*Lop.* Note but his mind to learning<sup>14</sup>.

*Bar.* I do strangely ;

Yes, and I like it too—Thanks to his money.

*Die.* 'Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too.

*Lop.* A wondrous modest man, Sir.

*Bar.* So it seems:

His dear love to his study must be nourish'd,  
Neighbour : He's like to prove——

*Lop.* With your good counsel,  
And with your diligence, as you will ply him.

His parents, when they know your care——

*Bar.* Come hither.

*Die.* An honest young man your worship ne'er kept;  
But he is so bashful——

*Bar.* Oh, I like him better.

Say, I should undertake you, which, indeed, Sir,  
Will be no little straitness to my living,

Considering my affairs, and my small house, Sir,  
(For I see some promises, that pull me to you)

Could you content yourself, at first thus meanly,  
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, Sir ?

For I have not many lodgings to allow you,

And study should be still remote from company ;

A little fire sometimes too, to refresh you,

A student must be frugal ; sometimes lights too,

According to your labour.

*Lean.* Any thing, Sir,

<sup>14</sup> Note but his mind to learning.

*Bar.* I do strangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his money.

*Die.* Wou'd, he wou'd live with me, and learn to dig too.]

Both the measure and humour are greatly injur'd by this corrupt reading. I doubt not, but the original run thus.

*Lop.* Note but his mind to learning.

*Bar.* —— I do strangely ;

Yes, and I like it too.

*Die.* —— Thanks to his money.—

'Would, he wou'd live with me, &c.

Seward.

Mr. Seward's regulation of the measure is obviously right ; but his varying the interlocutors is, in our opinion, as erroneous as it is arbitrary.

That's dry, and wholesome. I am no bred wanton.

*Bar.* Then I receive you : But I must desire you  
To keep within your confines.

*Lean.* Ever, Sir ;  
(There's the gold) and ever be your servant.

(Take it, and give me books) May I but prove, Sir,  
According to my wish, and these shall multiply !

*Lop.* Do, study hard. Pray you take him in, and  
settle him ;

He's only fit for you. Shew him his cell, Sir.

*Die.* Take a good heart ; and, when you are a cun-  
ning lawyer,

I'll sell my bells, and you shall prove it lawful.

*Bar.* Come, Sir, with me. Neighbours, I thank  
your diligence.

*Lop.* I'll come sometimes, and crack a case with you.

*Bar.* Welcome. [*Exeunt Bart. and Leandro.*]

*Lop.* Here's money got with ease ! here, spend that  
jovially,

And pray for the fool, the founder.

*Die.* Many more fools,

I heartily pray, may follow his example !

Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,

And many such sweet friends in Nova Hispania !

*Lop.* It will do well : Let 'em but send their monies,

Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,

I'll know 'em instantly ; nay, I'll be akin to 'em ;

I cannot miss a man that sends me money.

Let him law there ! 'Long as his ducats last, boy,

I'll grace him, and prefer him.

[*Die.* I'll turn trade, master,

And now live by the living ; let the dead stink,

'Tis a poor stinking trade.

*Lop.* If the young fool now

Should chance to chop upon his fair wife, Diego ?

*Die.* And handle her case, master ; that's a law-point,

A point would make him start, and put on his spectacles ;

A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.

*Lop.* Now, surely, surely, I should love him, Diego,

And



And love him heartily : Nay, I should love myself,  
Or any thing that had but that good fortune ;  
For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,  
An arrant worm ; and though I call him worshipful,  
I wish him a canoniz'd cuckold, Diego.

Now, if my youth do dub him——

*Die.* He is too demure, Sir.

*Lop.* If he do sting her home——

*Die.* There's no such matter,

The woman was not born to so much blessedness,  
He has no heat ; study consumes his oil, master.

*Lop.* Let's leave it to the will of fate, and presently,  
Over a cup of lusty sack, let's prophecy.

I am like a man that dream'd he was an emperor.

Come, Diego, hope ! and, while he lasts, we'll lay it on.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Jamie, Milanes, Arsenio, and Angelo.*

*Jam.* Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder<sup>15</sup>?

*Mil.*

---

<sup>15</sup> *Jam.* Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder ?

*Mil.* Yes, yes. *Jam.* And you, Arsenio ?

*Arf.* Yes, he's gone, Sir,

*Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his voyage.*

Love guide his thoughts ! &c.] *Angelo* makes his appearance in the first scene of the first act, but he speaks but four lines there ; and nothing but what *Arsenio* might full as well have said : And he has nothing to do here, but to spoil the verse. As he is quite an unnecessary person in the play, I fancy, he has intruded into it by some error of the players. However, it is necessary to strike him out from this passage. The latter part of *Arsenio's* speech ought, I believe, to be given to *Jamie* ; it is perfectly in his character. I would read therefore ;

*Jam.* Milanes, did you see this wonder ? - *Mil.* Yes, yes.

*Jam.* And you, Arsenio ? *Arf.* Yes, he is gone, Sir,

*Strangely disguis'd ; He's set upon his voyage.*

*Jam.* Love guide his thoughts ! &c.

*Seward.*

I will only add to Mr. Seward's observation, that as *Angelo* is no where else spoke of, or to, throughout the whole play ; as he is no manner of a character, nor any ways conducive to carrying on the plot ;

*Mil.* Yes, yes.

*Jam.* And you, Arsenio?

*Arf.* Yes; he's gone, Sir,  
Strangely disguis'd! he's set upon his voyage.

*Jam.* Love guide his thoughts! He's a brave honest fellow.

Sit close, don lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave now,  
How he will stink, will smoke again, will burst!  
He's the most arrant beast——

*Mil.* He may be more beast.

*Jam.* Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him!  
The villany he has sowed into my brother,  
And, from his state, the revenue he has reach'd at!  
Pay him, my good Leandro! Take my prayers!

*Arf.* And all our wishes! Plough with his fine white  
heifer!

*Jam.* Mark him, my dear friend, for a famous  
cuckold!

Let it out-live his books, his pains, and, hear me,  
The more he seeks to smother it with justice,

*Enter a Servant.*

Let it blaze out the more! What news, Andrea?

*And.* News I am loth to tell you; but I am charg'd,  
Sir.

Your brother lays a strict command upon you,

no ways assistant in making Diego's will, nor comprehended in Bartolus's resentment, I have ventured to expunge him quite out of the drama.

*Theobald.*

It is true, the character of *Angelo* is very inconsiderable; but that could not give these gentlemen authority to drive *him* out of this play, as they did the *old crone* out of *Philaster*. Mr. Seward says, the insertion of *Angelo's* name in this place, spoils the verse; but it is just the contrary; since, notwithstanding Mr. Seward alters *he's* to *he is*, in the second line, the verse halts shockingly;

*And you, Ar-se-ni-O—Yes, he is gone, Sir.*

That the players should add a character is a strange supposition; their companies, formerly, we believe, seldom were so numerous, that they should think it necessary to create employment. It is much more probable, that *Angelo's* part was at first more considerable, and that the players, for want of hands, intended striking it wholly out; but casually overlooked the speeches still remaining to his name.

No more to know his house, upon your danger.  
I am sorry, Sir.

*Fam.* Faith, never be: I am glad on't.  
He keeps the house of pride and foolery:  
I mean to shun it; so return my answer:  
'Twill shortly spew him out. Come, let's be merry,  
And lay our heads together carefully,  
How we may help our friend; and let's lodge near him,  
Be still at hand. I would not for my patrimony,  
But he should crown his lawyer a learn'd monster!  
Come, let's away; I'm stark mad 'till I see him. [*Exe.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bartolus and Amaranta.*

*Ama.* Why will you bring men in, and yet be jealous?  
Why will you lodge a young man, a man able,  
And yet repine?

*Bar.* He shall not trouble thee, sweet;  
A modest poor slight thing! Did I not tell thee  
He was only given to the book, and for that  
How royally he pays? finds his own meat too.

*Ama.* I will not have him here: I know your courses,  
And what fits you will fall into of madness,

*Bar.* 'Faith, I will not, wife.

*Ama.* I will not try you.

*Bar.* He comes not near thee, shall not dare to tread  
Within thy lodgings: In an old out-room,  
Where logs and coals were laid——

*Ama.* Now you lay fire;  
Fire to consume your quiet.

*Bar.* Didst thou know him,  
Thou wouldst think as I do. He disquiet thee!  
Thou may'st wear him next thy heart, and yet not  
warm him.

His mind, poor man, 's o'th' law; how to live after,  
And not on, lewdness. On my conscience,  
He knows not how to look upon a woman,  
More than by reading, of what sex she is.

*Ama.* I do not like it, Sir.

*Bar.* Dost thou not see, fool,  
What presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness?  
What delicate meats?

*Ama.* You had best trust him at your table;  
Do, and repent it, do!

*Bar.* If thou be'st willing,  
By my troth, I think he might come; he's so modest,  
He never speaks. There's part of that he gave me;  
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately;  
Ev'n as he eats, he studies; he'll not disquiet thee.  
Do as thou pleasest, wife.

*Ama.* What means this woodcock? [*Knock within.*]

*Bar.* Retire, sweet; there's one knocks! Come in.  
Your business?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord don Henrique would entreat you, Sir,  
To come immediately, and speak with him;  
He has business of some moment.

*Bar.* I'll attend him.

I must be gone: I prithee, think the best, wife;  
At my return, I'll tell thee more. Good morrow!  
Sir, keep you close, and study hard: An hour hence  
I'll read a new case to you. [*Exit.*]

*Lean.* (*within*) I'll be ready.

*Ama.* So many hundred ducats, to lie scurvily,  
And learn the pelting law? This sounds but slenderly,  
But very poorly. I would see this fellow,  
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find  
To what end, and what study—There's the place:  
I'll go o' th' other side, and take my fortune.  
I think there is a window. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Leandro.*

*Lean.* He's gone out.

Now, if I could but see her! She is not this way.  
How nastily he keeps his house? My chamber,  
If I continue long, will choke me up,

It is so damp. I shall be mortified  
 For any woman, if I stay a month here.  
 I'll in, and strike my lute; that sound may call her. [*Ex.*]

*Enter Amaranta.*

*Ama.* He keeps very close, Lord, how I long to see  
 him!

A lute struck handsomely! a voice too! I'll hear that.

[*Lute and song* <sup>16</sup>.

These verses are no law, they sound too sweetly.

Now I am more desirous.

[*Leandro peeping.*]

*Lean.* 'Tis she, certain.

*Ama.* What's that, that peeps?

*Lean.* Oh, admirable face!

*Ama.* Sure, 'tis the man.

*Lean.* I will go out a little.

*Ama.* He looks not like a fool; his face is noble.  
 How still he stands!

*Lean.* I am stricken dumb with wonder:

Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here!

*Ama.* How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes, like  
 torches,

Fling their beams round! How manly his face shews!  
 He comes on: Surely, he will speak. He is made  
 most handsomely.

This is no clerk behaviour. Now I have seen you,

<sup>16</sup> *Song.*] The following song not appearing in the first copy of this  
 Comedy, we do not look upon it as the production of our Poets, and  
 have therefore removed it from the text.

I. Dearest, do not you delay me,  
 Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;  
 Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,  
 But 'tis wind that must be blown  
 From that breath, whose native smell  
 Indian odours doth excel.

II. Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,  
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee;  
 But perfume this neighbouring air,  
 Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:  
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,  
 Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken,

I'll take my time! Husband, you have brought home  
tinder. *[Exit. She drops her glove.]*

*Lean.* Sure she has transform'd me; I had forgot my  
tongue clean.

I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,  
But I was able boldly to encounter it,

And speak my mind; my lips were lock'd up here;  
This is divine, and only serv'd with reverence!

Oh, most fair cover of a hand far fairer,  
Thou blessed innocence, that guards that whiteness,

Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a relick;  
A relick, when I pray to it, may work wonders.

*[A noise within.]*

Hark, there's some noise! I must retire again.

This blessed apparition makes me happy:

I'll suffer, and I'll sacrifice my substance,

But I'll enjoy. Now, softly to my kennel. *[Exit.]*

### A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Henrique and Bartolus.*

*Hen.* YOU know my cause sufficiently?  
*Bar.* I do, Sir.

*Hen.* And though it will impair my honesty,  
And strike deep at my credit, yet, my Bartolus,  
There being no other evasion left to free me  
From the vexation of my spiteful brother,  
That most insultingly reigns over me,  
I must and will go forward.

*Bar.* Do, my lord,

And look not after credit; we shall cure that;  
Your bended honesty we shall set right, Sir;  
We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, Sir;  
And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it:  
Mark, how I'll knock it home. Be of good cheer, Sir;  
You give good fees, and those beget good causes;  
The prerogative of your crowns will carry the matter,  
Carry

Carry it sheer. The assistant sits to-morrow,  
And he's your friend. Your monied men love naturally,

And as your loves are clear, so are your causes.

*Hen.* He shall not want for that.

*Bar.* No, no, he must not;

Line your cause warmly, Sir; (the times are aguish)  
That holds a plea in heart. Hang the penurious!  
Their causes, like their purses, have poor issues.

*Hen.* That way, I was ever bountiful.

*Bar.* 'Tis true, Sir;

That makes you fear'd, forces the snakes to kneel to you<sup>17</sup>.

Live full of money, and supply the lawyer,  
And take your choice of what man's lands you please,  
Sir,

What pleasures, or what profits, what revenges;  
They are all your own. I must have witnesses  
Enough, and ready.

*Hen.* You shall not want, my Bartolus.

*Bar.* Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear suddenly,

That will swear any thing.

*Hen.* They shall swear truth too.

*Bar.* That's no great matter: For variety,  
They may swear truth; else 'tis not much look'd after.  
I will serve process, presently, and strongly,

<sup>17</sup> ——— forces the snakes to kneel to you.] *Snakes* seems evidently a corrupted reading. For if by *snakes* we might understand the pettyfoggers of the law, or don Henrique's enemies, or any other set of men, yet our Authors would hardly use so ill-jointed a metaphor as that of *snakes kneeling*. The words, that seem most like it, are *rakes*, *jacks*, and *knaves*; the latter bids fairest to have been the original. *Seward.*

I have not disturb'd the text, because our Authors, perhaps, by a bold metaphor may mean poor servile wretches that creep like *snakes*: And when the snake erects its crest a little, and trails its hinder parts on the ground, it in some sort resembles the posture of kneeling.

*Theobald.*

After all, we cannot help suspecting a corruption of the text, tho' we are entirely at a loss how to remedy it.

Upon your brother, and Octavio,  
 Jacintha, and the boy. Provide your proofs, Sir,  
 And set 'em fairly off; be sure of witnessess;  
 Tho' they cost money, want no store of witnessess:  
 I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost, Sir,  
 So beastly cast away, for want of witnessess——

*Hen.* There shall want nothing.

*Bar.* Then begone, be provident,  
 Send to the judge a secret way: You have me?  
 And let him understand the heart——

*Hen.* I shall, Sir.

*Bar.* And feel the pulses strongly beat. I'll study,  
 And at my hour, but mark me! Go; be happy;  
 Go, and believe i' th' law!

*Hen.* I hope 'twill help me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Lopez, Diego, four Parishioners, and Singers.*

*Lop.* Ne'er talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye;  
 Debauch'd and ignorant lazy knaves I found ye,  
 And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,  
 Preach'd spoon-meat to ye, that a child might swallow;  
 Yet ye are blockheads still. What should I say to ye?  
 Ye have neither faith, nor money, left to save ye:  
 Am I a fit companion for such beggars?

*1 Par.* If the shepherd will suffer the sheep to be  
 scabb'd, Sir——

*Lop.* No, no, ye are rotten.

*Die.* 'Would they were, for my sake!

*Lop.* I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with my  
 doctrine,

And yet the murrain sticks to ye, yet ye are mangy!  
 I will avoid ye.

*2 Par.* Pray you, Sir, be not angry,  
 In the pride of your new cassock; do not part with us.  
 We do acknowledge you a careful Curate,  
 And one that seldom troubles us with sermons:

A short



A short slice of a reading serves us, Sir.  
 We do acknowledge you a quiet teacher ;  
 Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep with 'em,  
 And that's a loving thing.

3 *Par.* We grant you, Sir,  
 The only benefactor to our bowling,  
 To all our merry sports the first provoker ;  
 And, at our feasts, we know there is no reason  
 But you, that edify us most, should eat most.

*Lop.* I will not stay, for all this ; ye shall know me  
 A man born to a more befeeming fortune,  
 Than ringing all-in to a rout of dunces.

4 *Par.* We will encrease your tithes ; you shall have  
 eggs too,  
 Tho' they may prove most dangerous to our issues.

1 *Par.* I am a smith ; yet thus far, out of my love,  
 You shall have the tenth horse I prick, to pray for :  
 I am sure, I prick five hundred in a year, Sir.

2 *Par.* I am a cook, a man of a dry'd conscience,  
 Yet thus far I relent : You shall have tithe pottage.

3 *Par.* Your stipend shall be rais'd too, good neigh-  
 bour Diego.

*Die.* Would ye have me speak for ye ? I am more  
 angry,

Ten times more vex'd ; not to be pacified !  
 No, there be other places for poor sextons,  
 Places of profit, friends, fine stirring places,  
 And people that know how to use our offices,  
 Know what they were made for. I speak for such  
 capons !

Ye shall find the key o' th' church under the door,  
 neighbours ;

Ye may go in, and drive away the daws.

*Lop.* My surplice, with one sleeve, ye shall find there,  
 For to that dearth of linen ye have driven me ;  
 And the old cutwork cope, that hangs by geometry :  
 'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender.  
 The remnant of the books lie where they did, neigh-  
 bours,

238 THE SPANISH CURATE.

Half puff'd away with the church-wardens' pipings,  
Such smoky zeals they have against hard places.  
The poor-man's box is there too: If ye find any thing  
Beside the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,  
For fear it should awake too much charity,  
Give it to pious uses; that is, spend it.

*Die.* The bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang  
ye,

So we bequeath ye to your destiny.

*1 Par.* 'Pray ye be not so hasty.

*Die.* I'll speak a proud word to ye:

Would ye have us stay?

*2 Par.* We do most heartily pray ye.

*3 Par.* I'll draw as mighty drink, Sir——

*Lop.* A strong motive;

The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.

*3 Par.* And I'll send for my daughter.

*Lop.* This may stir too:

The maiden is of age, and must be edified.

*4 Par.* You shall have any thing. Lose our learned  
vicar?

And our most constant friend, honest, dear Diego?

*Die.* Yet all this will not do. I'll tell ye, neigh-  
bours,

And tell ye true: If ye will have us stay,

If ye will have the comforts of our companies,

Ye shall be bound to do us right in these points;

Ye shall be bound, and this the obligation:

Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties<sup>18</sup>,

And do not seek to draw out our undoings.

Marry try'd women, that are free, and fruitful;

Get children in abundance, for your christ'nings,

Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.

*Lop.* Let weddings, christ'nings, churchings, fu-  
nerals,

And merry gossipings, go round, go round still;

Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.

<sup>18</sup> *Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties.*] Mr. Symphon alters *duties* to *dues*, we think injudiciously; certainly, arbitrarily.

*Die.* And let your old men fall sick handsomely,  
 And die immediately; their sons may shoot up.  
 Let women die o' th' fullens too; 'tis natural:  
 But be sure their daughters be of age first,  
 That they may stock us still. Your queazy young wives,  
 That perish undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,  
 And vex'd abundantly; it much concerns me;  
 There's a child's burial lost; look that be mended.

*Lop.* Let 'em be brought to-bed, then die when  
 they please.

These things consider'd, countrymen, and sworn to——

*2 Par.* All these, and all our sports again, and gambols.

*3 Par.* We must die, and we must live, and we'll  
 be merry;

Every man shall be rich by one another.

*2 Par.* We are here to-morrow, and gone to-day.  
 For my part,

If getting children can befriend my neighbours,  
 I'll labour hard but I will fill your font, Sir.

*1 Par.* I have a mother now, and an old father;  
 They are as sure your own, within these two months——

*4 Par.* My sister must be pray'd for too; she is  
 desperate,

Desperate in love.

*Die.* Keep desperate men far from her,  
 Then 'twill go hard. Do ye see how melancholy?  
 Do ye mark the man? Do ye profess ye love him,  
 And would do any thing to stay his fury,  
 And are ye unprovided to refresh him?  
 To make him know your loves? Fy, neighbours!

*2 Par.* We'll do any thing.

We have brought music to appease his spirit;  
 And the best song we'll give him.

*Die.* Pray you sit down, Sir;  
 They know their duties now, and they stand ready  
 To tender their best mirth.

*Lop.* 'Tis well. Proceed, neighbours!  
 I am glad I have brought ye to understand good  
 manners;

Ye had Puritan hearts awhile, spurn'd at all pastimes;  
But I see some hope now.

*Die.* We are set. Proceed, neighbours! [*Song* <sup>19</sup>.

*Enter Arsenio and Milanes.*

*Arf.* What ails this priest? how highly the thing  
takes it?

*Mil.* Lord, how it looks? Has he not bought some  
prebend?

Leandro's money makes the rascal merry,  
Merry at heart. He spies us.

*Lop.* Begone, neighbours;  
Here are some gentlemen. Begone, good neighbours,  
Begone, and labour to redeem my favour.  
No more words, but begone. These two are gentle-  
men;

No company for crusty-handed fellows.

*Die.* We will stay for a year or two, and try ye.

*Lop.* Fill all your hearts with joy; we will stay  
with ye.

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<sup>19</sup> *Song.*] For the same reason as is urg'd in p. 233, we have removed the following song from the text.

- I. Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,  
The young lasses skip and play;  
Let the cups go round, 'till round goes the ground,  
Our learned old vicar will stay.
- II. Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,  
And let the fat goose swim;  
For verily, verily, verily, ah,  
Our vicar this day shall be trim.
- III. The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,  
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;  
'The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake  
Of onions and claret below.
- IV. Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat  
To thee our most noble adviser;  
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,  
And we ourselves will be wiser.
- V. We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,  
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;  
We'll fall to our plow, and get children enow,  
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

Begone;

Begone; no more! I take your pastimes graciously.  
 [Exeunt Parishioners.]

Would ye with me, my friends?

*Ars.* We would look upon you;  
 For, methinks, you look lovely.

*Lop.* You have no letters?  
 Nor any kind remembrances?

*Mil.* Remembrances?

*Lop.* From Nova Hispania, or some part remote, Sir;  
 You look like travel'd men. May be, some old friends,  
 That happily I have forgot; some signiors  
 In China or Cataya; some companions——

*Die.* In the Mogul's court, or elsewhere.

*Ars.* They are mad, sure.

*Lop.* You came not from Peru? Do they look, Diego,  
 As if they had some mystery about 'em?  
 Another don Alonzo now!

*Die.* Ay, marry,  
 And so much money, Sir, from one you know not;  
 Let it be who it will!

*Lop.* They have gracious favours.  
 Would ye be private?

*Mil.* There's no need on't, Sir;  
 We come to bring you a remembrance from a mer-  
 chant.

*Lop.* 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.

*Ars.* No, Sir,  
 I do not think you do.

*Lop.* A new mistake, Diego;  
 Let's carry it decently.

*Ars.* We come to tell you,  
 You have receiv'd great sums from a young factor  
 They call Leandro, that has robb'd his master,  
 Robb'd him and run away.

*Die.* Let's keep close, master;  
 This news comes from a cold country.

*Lop.* By my faith, it freezes.

*Mil.* Is not this true? Do you shrink now, good-  
 man Curate?

Do I not touch you ?

*Lop.* We have a hundred ducats  
Yet left ; we do beseech you, Sir——

*Mil.* You'll hang, both !

*Lop.* One may suffice.

*Die.* I will not hang alone, master ;  
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.  
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter !  
The devil sent it post, to pepper us,  
From Nova Hispania ! we shall hang at home now.

*Arf.* I see ye are penitent, and I have compassion ;  
Ye are secure both, do but what we charge ye ;  
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give it,  
Yet ne'er endanger ye.

*Lop.* Command us, master,  
Command us presently, and see how nimbly——

*Die.* And if we do not handsomely endeavour——

*Arf.* Go home, and, 'till ye hear more, keep ye  
private ;

'Till we appear again, no words, good vicar !  
There's something added.

*Mil.* For you too.

*Lop.* We are ready.

*Mil.* Go, and expect us hourly : If ye falter,  
Though ye had twenty lives——

*Die.* We are fit to lose 'em.

*Lop.* 'Tis most expedient, that we should hang both.

*Die.* If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.

*Mil.* Farewell, and be your own friends.

*Lop.* We expect ye. [*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Abar :* A table-book, two chairs, paper, and standish set out.

*Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.*

*Oct.* We cited to the court !

*Jac.* It is my wonder.

*Oct.* But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy men,  
That

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That have estates to lose, whose conscious thoughts  
 Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror  
 To have their actions sifted, or appear  
 Before the judge: But we, that know ourselves  
 As innocent as poor, that have no fleece  
 On which the talons of the griping law  
 Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all  
 That can be urg'd against us,

*Jac.* I am confident,  
 There is no man so covetous, that desires  
 To ravish our wants from us; and less hope,  
 There can be so much justice left on earth,  
 Though sued, and call'd upon, to ease us of  
 The burden of our wrongs.

*Off.* What thinks Ascanio?  
 Should we be call'd in question, or accus'd  
 Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us  
 From tyrannous oppression?

*Asc.* I could pray  
 To him that ever has an open ear  
 To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;  
 Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead  
 An advocate, and sweat as much as he  
 Does for a double fee, ere you should suffer  
 In an honest cause.

*Enter Jamie and Bartolus.*

*Off.* Happy simplicity!

*Jac.* My dearest and my best one! Don Jamie!

*Off.* And the advocate, that caus'd us to be sum-  
 mon'd.

*Asc.* My lord is mov'd; I see it in his looks;  
 And that man, in the gown, in my opinion  
 Looks like a proggng knave<sup>20</sup>.

*Jac.*

<sup>20</sup> *Looks like a proaguing knave.*] I never knew, nor am acquainted  
 with this word: It must certainly be, *proggng*; i. e. an hungry,  
 scraping, hoarding up rascal. *Prog* is a cant word for *provisions*  
*Theobald.*

*Jac.* Peace, give them leave.

*Jam.* Serve me with process?

*Bar.* My lord, you are not lawless.

*Jam.* Nor thou honest;

One, that not long since was the buckram scribe,  
That would run on mens' errands for an asper<sup>21</sup>;  
And from such baseness, having rais'd a stock  
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar.  
So poor in practice too, that you would plead  
A needy client's cause, for a starv'd hen,  
Or half a little loin of veal, tho' fly-blown;  
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at  
For just proceedings: But, since you turn'd rascal—

*Bar.* Good words, my lord.

*Jam.* And grew my brother's bawd  
In all his vicious courses, soothing him  
In his dishonest practices, you are grown  
The rich and eminent knave! In the devil's name,  
What am I cited for?

*Bar.* You shall know anon;  
And then too late repent this bitter language,  
Or I'll miss of my ends.

*Jam.* Were't not in court,  
I would beat that fat of thine, rais'd by the food  
Snatch'd from poor clients' mouths, into a jelly;  
I would, my man of law, but I am patient,  
And would obey the judge.

*Bar.* 'Tis your best course.  
'Would every enemy I have would beat me;  
I would wish no better action.

*Off.* 'Save your lordship.

*Asc.* My humble service.

*Jam.* My good boy, how dost thou?  
Why art thou call'd into the court?

In the song of Autolycus, *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. ii. the words *pugging tooth* occur; which both Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton alter to *proggings tooth*; and Dr. Thirlby observed, that this was the cant of gypsies.

*Theobald.*

<sup>21</sup> ——— on mens' errands for an asper.] An *asper* is a Turkish coin, in value about three farthings.

R.

*Enter*



*Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, and Witnesses.*

*Asc.* I know not,  
But 'tis my lord the assistant's pleasure  
I should attend here:

*Jam.* He will soon resolve us.

*Offi.* Make way there for the judge.

*Jam.* How? my kind brother?

Nay, then, 'tis rank, there is some villany towards.

*Assist.* This sessions, purchas'd at your suit, don  
Henrique,  
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine  
Of what you can prefer.

*Hen.* I do beseech  
The honourable court, I may be heard  
In my advocate.

*Assist.* 'Tis granted.

*Bar.* Hum! hum!

*Jam.* That preface,  
If left out in a lawyer, spoils the cause,  
Tho' ne'er so good and honest.

*Bar.* If I stood here  
To plead in the defence of an ill man,  
Most equal judge, or to accuse the innocent,  
(To both which I profess myself a stranger)  
It would be requisite I should deck my language  
With tropes and figures, and all flourishes  
That grace a rhetorician; 'tis confess'd,  
Adulterate metals need the goldsmith's art  
To set 'em off; what in itself is perfect  
Contemns a borrow'd gloss. This lord, my client,  
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,  
Will challenge justice, finding in his conscience  
A tender scruple of a fault long since  
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient  
To be absolv'd of't by his confessor,  
If that in open court he publish not  
What was so long conceal'd.

*Jam.* To what tends this?

*Bar.* In his young years (it is no miracle  
That youth and heat of blood should mix together)  
He look'd upon this woman, on whose face  
The ruins yet remain of excellent form;  
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.

*Fac.* Ye good angels,  
What an impudence is this?

*Bar.* And us'd all means  
Of service, courtship, presents, that might win her  
To be at his devotion: But in vain;  
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out  
Until he promis'd marriage; and before  
These witnesses a solemn contract pass'd,  
To take her as his wife.

*Assist.* Give them their oath.

*Jam.* They are incompetent witnesses; his own  
creatures,  
And will swear any thing for half a ryal.

*Off.* Silence!

*Assist.* Proceed.

*Bar.* Upon this strong assurance,  
He did enjoy his wishes to the full;  
Which satisfied, and then, with eyes of judgment,  
Hood-wink'd with lust before, considering duly  
The inequality of the match, he being  
Nobly descended and allied, but she  
Without a name, or family, secretly  
He purchas'd a divorce, to disannul  
His former contract, marrying openly  
The lady Violante.

*Fac.* As you sit here  
The deputy of the great king, who is  
The substitute of that impartial judge,  
With whom, or wealth, or titles, prevail nothing,  
Grant to a much-wrong'd widow, or a wife,  
Your patience, with liberty to speak  
In her own cause; and let me, face to face  
To this bad man, deliver what he is:  
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude balanc'd,

Move

Move not compassion, let me die unpitied!  
 His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I pass o'er;  
 To think of them is a disease; but death,  
 Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,  
 (For innocence cannot justify what's false)  
 But all the advocate hath alledg'd concerning  
 His falshood, and my shame, in my consent,  
 To be most true. But now I turn to thee,  
 To thee, don Henrique! and, if impious acts  
 Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,  
 I'll paint it on thy cheeks! Was not the wrong  
 Sufficient, to defeat me of mine honour,  
 To leave me full of sorrow as of want,  
 The witness of thy lust left in my womb,  
 To testify thy falshood, and my shame?  
 But, now so many years I had conceal'd  
 Thy most inhuman wickedness, and won  
 This gentleman to hide it from the world,  
 To father what was thine (for yet, by Heav'n,  
 Though in the city he pass'd for my husband,  
 He never knew me as his wife)——

*Assist.* 'Tis strange!

Give him an oath.

*Oz.* I gladly swear, and truly.

*Jac.* After all this, I say, when I had borne  
 These wrongs with faint-like patience, saw another  
 Freely enjoy what was in justice mine,  
 Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,  
 I never would divulge it, to disturb  
 Thy peace at home; yet thou, most barbarous,  
 To be so careless of me, and my fame,  
 (For all respect of thine, in the first step  
 To thy base lust, was lost) in open court  
 To publish my disgrace; and, on record,  
 To write me up an easy-yielding wanton,  
 I think, can find no precedent! In my extremes,  
 One comfort yet is left, that though the law  
 Divorce me from thy bed, and made free way  
 To the unjust embraces of another,

It cannot yet deny that this my son  
(Look up, Ascanio, since it is come out)  
Is thy legitimate heir.

*Jam.* Confederacy!

A trick, my lord, to cheat me! Ere you give  
Your sentence, grant me hearing.

*Assist.* New chimeras?

*Jam.* I am, my lord, since he is without issue,  
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:  
And this, forg'd by the advocate, to defeat me  
Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,  
A meie imposture, and conspiracy  
Against my future fortunes.

*Assist.* You are too bold.

Speak to the cause, don Henrique.

*Hen.* I confess

(Tho' the acknowledgment must wound my honour)  
That all the court hath heard touching this cause,  
Or with me, or against me, is most true;  
The latter part, my brother urg'd, excepted.  
For what I now do is not out of spleen,  
As he pretends, but from remorse of conscience,  
And to repair the wrong that I have done  
To this poor woman: And I beseech your lordship  
To think, I have not so far lost my reason,  
To bring into my family, to succeed me,  
The stranger issue of another's bed<sup>22</sup>.  
By proof, this is my son; I challenge him,  
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,  
By a definitive sentence of the court,  
He may be so recorded; and full pow'r  
To me, to take him home.

*Jac.* A second rape

To the poor remnant of content that's left me,

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<sup>22</sup> *The stranger*—*issue of another's bed*;] It is very frequent both with Shakespeare and our Poets to use the substantive *stranger* adjectively, prefix'd to another substantive: In the acceptation of, *foreign*. In confirmation of which it would be needless to amass instances.

If this be granted; and all my former wrongs  
 Were but beginnings to my miseries,  
 But this the height of all! Rather than part  
 With my Ascanio, I'll deny my oath,  
 Profess myself a strumpet, and endure  
 What punishment so'er the court decrees  
 Against a wretch that hath forsworn herself,  
 Or play'd the impudent whore!

*Assist.* This tastes of passion,  
 And that must not divert the course of justice.  
 Don Henrique, take your son, with this condition,  
 You give him maintenance as becomes his birth;  
 And 'twill stand with your honour to do something  
 For this wrong'd woman: I will compel nothing,  
 But leave it to your will. Break up the court!  
 It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,  
 And cannot be revok'd. [Exit.]

*Hen.* There's your reward.

*Bar.* More causes, and such fees. Now to my wife;  
 I have too long been absent. Health to your lordship.  
[Exit.]

*Asc.* You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe  
 This unexpected fortune makes me proud;  
 Indeed, it does not: I shall ever pay you  
 The duty of a son, and honour you  
 Next to my father. Good my lord, for yet  
 I dare not call you uncle, be not sad:  
 I never shall forget those noble favours  
 You did me, being a stranger; and if ever  
 I live to be the master of a fortune,  
 You shall command it.

*Jam.* Since it was determin'd  
 I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit  
 Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;  
 But something I will do.

*Hen.* 'Pray you, take leave  
 O' your steward, gentle brother, the good husband  
 That takes up all for you.

*Jam.* Very well, mock on!  
 It is your turn: I may have mine. [Exit.]  
O'f.

*Oct.* But do not  
Forget us, dear Ascanio.

*Asc.* Do not fear it:  
I ev'ry day will see you; ev'ry hout  
Remember you in my pray'rs.

*Jac.* My grief's too great  
To be exprefs'd in words!

*Hen.* Take that, and leave us; [*Gives money to Jac.*  
Leave us without reply. Nay, come back, firrah;

[*Exit Jac. Asc. offers to follow.*

And study to forget such things as these,  
As are not worth the knowledge.

*Asc.* Oh, good Sir,  
These are bad principles!

*Hen.* Such as you must learn  
Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty  
Can hold no friendship: And what is my will  
You must observe and do, tho' good or ill. [*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bartolus.*

*Bar.* Where is my wife? 'Fore Heav'n, I have done  
wonders,  
Done mighty things to-day. My Amaranta!  
My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings.  
A rich litigious lord I love to follow,  
A lord that builds his happiness on brawlings:  
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to have rich clients.  
Why, wife, I say! How fares my studious pupil?  
Hard at it still? You are too violent;  
All things must have their rests, they will not last else;  
Come out and breathe:

*Lean.* (*within*) I do beseech you, pardon me;  
I am deeply in a sweet point, Sir.

*Bar.* I'll instruct you:

*Enter Amaranta.*

I say, take breath; seek health first, then your study.  
Oh,

Oh, my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden birds  
home,

Birds in abundance : I have done strange wonders !  
There's more a-hatching too.

*Ama.* Have you done good, husband ?

Then 'tis a good day spent.

*Bar.* Good enough, chicken.

I have spread the nets o' th' law, to catch rich booties,  
And they come fluttering in. How does my pupil,  
My modest thing ? Hast thou yet spoken to him ?

*Ama.* As I pass'd by his chamber, I might see him ;  
But he's so bookish——

*Bar.* And so bashful too ;

I'faith, he is ; before he'll speak, he'll starve there.

*Ama.* I pity him a little.

*Bar.* So do I too.

*Ama.* And if he please to take the air o' th' gardens,  
Or walk i' th' inward rooms, so he molest not——

*Bar.* He shall not trouble thee ; he dare not speak  
to thee.

Bring out the chess-board ! Come, let's have a game,  
wife ;

*Enter Moor, with a chess-board.*

I'll try your mastery ; you say you're cunning.

*Ama.* As learned as you are, Sir, I shall beat you.

*Enter Leandro.*

*Bar.* Here he steals out ; put him not out of coun-  
tenance ;

Prithee, look another way, he will be gone else.

Walk and refresh yourself ; I'll be with you presently.

*Lean.* I'll take the air a little. [*Play at chess.*]

*Bar.* 'Twill be healthful.

*Ama.* Will you be there ? Then, here, I'll spare  
you that man.

*Lean.* 'Would I were so near too, and a mate fitting.

*Ama.* What think you, Sir, to this ? Have at your  
knight now.

*Bar.*

*Bar.* 'Twas subtly play'd. Your queen lies at my service.

Prithee, look off, he is ready to pop in again ;  
Look off, I fay ; dost thou not see how he blushes ?

*Ama.* I do not blast him.

*Lean.* But you do, and burn too !  
What killing looks she steals ?

*Bar.* I have you now close ;  
Now for a mate.

*Lean.* You are a blessed man, that may so have her.  
Oh, that I might play with her ! [Knock within.

*Bar.* Who's there ? I come. You cannot scape me now, wife.

I come, I come. [Knock.

*Lean.* Most blessed hand, that calls him.

*Bar.* Play quickly, wife.

*Ama.* 'Pray ye, give leave to think, Sir.

*Enter Moor.*

*Moor.* An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir,  
Would fain speak with your worship about business.

*Lean.* The devil blow him off.

*Bar.* Play.

*Ama.* I will study :  
For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me.  
[Knock.

*Bar.* He knocks again ; I cannot stay. Leandro,  
'Pray thee come near.

*Lean.* I am well, Sir, here.

*Bar.* Come hither :

Be not afraid, but come.

*Ama.* Here's none will bite, Sir.

*Lean.* God forbid, lady !

*Ama.* 'Pray, come nearer.

*Lean.* Yes, forsooth.

*Bar.* 'Prithee observe these men, just as they stand  
here,  
And see this lady do not alter 'em ;  
And be not partial, pupil.

*Lean.*



*Lean.* No, indeed, Sir.

*Bar.* Let her not move a pawn; I'll come back presently.

Nay, you shall know I am a conqueror.

Have an eye, pupil!

[*Exit.*

*Ama.* Can you play at chess, Sir?

*Lean.* A little, lady.

*Ama.* But you cannot tell me

How to avoid this mate, and win the game too?

(H' has noble eyes!) You dare not friend me so far?

*Lean.* I dare do any thing that's in man's pow'r, lady,

To be a friend to such a noble beauty.

*Ama.* This is no lawyer's language! I pray you tell me

Whither may I remove (you see I am set round)

T'avoid my husband?

*Lean.* I shall tell you happily;

But happily you will not be instructed.

*Ama.* Yes, and I'll thank you too; shall I move this man?

*Lean.* Those are unseemly: Move one can serve you, Can honour you, can love you,

*Ama.* 'Pray you tell quickly;

He will return, and then——

*Lean.* I'll tell you instantly:

Move me, and I'll move any way to serve you;

Move your heart this way, lady.

*Ama.* How?

*Lean.* 'Pray you hear me.

Behold the sport of love, when he's imperious;

Behold the slave of love!

*Ama.* Move my queen this way?

(Sure he's some worthy man) Then, if he hedge me,

Or here to open him——

*Lean.* Do but behold me;

If there be pity in you, do but view me!

But view the misery I have undertaken

For you, the poverty——

*Ama.*

*Ama.* He will come presently.  
Now play your best, Sir: Tho' I lose this rook here,  
Yet I get liberty.

*Lean.* I'll seize your fair hand,  
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses!  
The god of love warm your desires but equal!  
That shall play my game now.

*Ama.* What do you mean, Sir?  
Why do you stop me?

*Lean.* That you may intend me.  
The time has blest us both: Love bids us use it,  
I am a gentleman nobly descended,  
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.  
I bring a whole heart to you; thus I give it,  
And to those burning altars thus I offer,  
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual spring grows—

*Ama.* Take that; you are too faucy!

[*Strikes him with the chess-board, and throws down  
the men.*]

*Lean.* How, proud lady?  
Strike my deserts?

*Ama.* I was to blame.

*Enter Bartolus.*

*Bar.* What, wife, there!  
Heav'n keep my house from thieves!

*Lean.* I am wretched!  
Open'd, discover'd, lost to all my wishes!  
I shall be hooted at.

*Bar.* What noise was this, wife?  
Why dost thou smile?

*Lean.* This proud thing will betray me.

*Bar.* Why these lie here? What anger, dear?

*Ama.* Why, none Sir,  
Only a chance; your pupil said he play'd well,  
And so, indeed, he does; he undertook for you,  
Because I would not sit so long time idle:  
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,  
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me;

Indeed,

Indeed, he put me strangely to't. When presently,  
Hearing you come, and having broke his ambush too,  
Having the second time brought off my queen fair,  
I rose o' th' sudden smilingly to shew you;  
My apron caught the chess-board and the men,  
And there the noise was.

*Bar.* Thou art grown a master;  
For all this I shall beat you.

*Lean.* Or I you, lawyer;  
For now I love her more! 'Twas a neat answer,  
And by it hangs a mighty hope; I thank her;  
She gave my pate a sound knock, that it rings yet,  
But you shall have a foundler if I live, lawyer!  
My heart akes yet; I would not be in that fear——

*Bar.* I am glad you are a gamester, Sir; sometimes,  
For recreation, we two shall fight hard at it.

*Ama.* He will prove too hard for me.

*Lean.* I hope he shall do;  
But your chess-board is too hard for my head; line  
that, good lady.

*Bar.* I have been atoning two most wrangling neigh-  
bours;  
They had no money, therefore I made even.

Come, let's go in and eat; truly, I'm hungry.

*Lean.* I have eaten already; I must entreat your  
pardon.

*Bar.* Do as you please, we shall expect y' at supper.  
He has got a little heart now; it seems handsomely.

*Ama.* You'll get no little head, if I don't look to you.

*Lean.* If ever I do catch thee again, thou vanity—

*Ama.* I was to blame to be so rash; I'm sorry! [*Exe.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter don Henrique, Violante, and Ascanio.*

*Hen.* **H**EAR but my reasons!

*Vio.* Oh, my patience! hear 'em?  
Can cunning falshood colour an excuse

With

With any seeming shape of borrow'd truth,  
T' extenuate this wilful wrong, not error<sup>24</sup>?

*Hen.* You gave consent, that, to defeat my brother,  
I should take any course.

*Vio.* But not to make

The cure more loathsome than the foul disease.  
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,  
Tir'd with loose dalliance, and with empty veins,  
All those abilities spent before and wasted,  
That could confer the name of mother on me,  
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow  
For my long barrenness) you must heighten it  
By shewing to my face, that you were fruitful,  
Hugg'd in the base embraces of another?  
If solitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,  
And want of children, was a torment to me,  
What end of my vexation, to behold  
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants,  
And hear the name of father paid to you,  
Yet know myself no mother? What can you say<sup>25</sup>?

*Hen.* Shall I confess my fault, and ask your pardon?  
Will that content you?

*Vio.* If it could make void

What is confirm'd in court. No, no, don Henrique,  
You shall know; that I find myself abus'd;  
And add to that, I have a woman's anger;  
And, while I look upon this basilisk,  
Whose envious<sup>26</sup> eyes have blasted all my comforts,

<sup>24</sup> *Extenuate this wofull wrong, not error?*] The poets are robb'd, I dare say, of the *antitbesis* here required to support the vivacity of their meaning. Henrique has most plainly been excusing his conduct, and calling the steps he has taken erroneous: Upon which Violante would say, *Do you think to colour out an excuse with cunning falsehood, and extenuate the guilt of your proceedings by calling that error, which is a wilful wrong?* And to this tenour I have ventured to amend the text. *Theobald.*

<sup>25</sup> *What can I say?*] The answer plainly shews that it should be *you.* *Seward.*

<sup>26</sup> *Whose envious eyes.*] For *envious*, Mr. Seward substitutes *venomous*; but we see no need of alteration, *envious* being both sense and poetry.

Rest confident, I'll study my dark ends,  
And not your pleasures.

*Afc.* Noble lady, hear me;  
Not as my father's son, but as your servant,  
Vouchsafe to hear me; for such in my duty  
I ever will appear: And far be it from  
My poor ambition ever to look on you,  
But with that reverence which a slave stands bound  
To pay a worthy mistress. I have heard  
That dames of highest place, nay queens themselves,  
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are  
Of meanest birth; and I shall be most happy,  
To be employ'd when you please to command me,  
Even in the coarsest office? As your page  
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,  
Carry your pantofles, and be sometimes blest'd  
In all humility to touch your feet:  
Or if that you esteem that too much grace,  
I can run by your coach, observe your looks,  
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,  
With your good favour; which now, as a son,  
I dare not challenge.

*Vio.* As a son?

*Afc.* Forgive me!

I will forget the name; let it be death  
For me to call you mother.

*Vio.* Still upbraided?

*Hen.* No way left t' appease you?

*Vio.* None. Now hear me;

Hear what I vow before the face of Heav'n,  
And, if I break it, all plagues in this life,  
And those that after death are fear'd, fall on me!  
While that this bastard stays under my roof,  
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce  
All offices of a wife.

*Hen.* What am I fall'n to?

*Vio.* I will not eat, nor sleep with you; and those  
hours

Which I should spend in prayers for your health

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Shall be employ'd in curses!

*Hen.* Terrible!

*Vio.* All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you  
As ling'ring fevers, and I'll watch the nights,  
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps;  
Or, if you do but slumber, I'll appear  
I'th' shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury  
Fright you to madness: And, if all this fail  
To work out my revenge, I've friends and kinsmen,  
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace  
That's offer'd to our noble family  
In what I suffer.

*Hen.* How am I divided:  
Between the duties I owe as a husband,  
And piety of a parent?

*Asc.* I am taught, Sir,  
By the instinct of nature, that obedience  
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind  
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me:  
Be wholly hers, my lord; I quit all parts  
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,  
And no distaste e'er find you; and before  
The characters of age are printed on you,  
May you see many images of yourselves,  
Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd in,  
Am cast aside and broken! From this hour,  
Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,  
I never will set my forbidden feet  
Over your threshold; only give me leave,  
Though cast off to the world, to mention you  
In my devotions, it is all I sue for;  
And so I take my last leave!

*Hen.* Though I am  
Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold  
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot  
So part with all humanity, but I must  
Shew something of a father; thou shalt not go  
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: Take that  
To guard thee from necessities. May thy goodness

Meet

Meet many favours, and thine innocence  
 Deserve to be the heir<sup>27</sup> of greater fortunes  
 Than thou wert born to! Scorn me not, Violante;  
 This banishment is a kind of civil death;  
 And now, as it were at his funeral,  
 To shed a tear or two is not unmanly;  
 And so, farewell for ever! One word more;  
 Though I must never see thee, my Ascanio,  
 When this is spent, for so the judge decreed;  
 Send to me for supply. Are you pleas'd now?

[Exit Ascanio.]

*Vio.* Yes; I have cause, to see you howl and blubber  
 At th' parting of my torment, and your shame.  
 'Tis well! proceed; supply his wants; do, do!  
 Let the great dow'r I brought, serve to maintain  
 Your bastard's riots; send my clothes and jewels  
 T' your old acquaintance, your dear dame, his mother:  
 Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

*Hen.* Is all I do misconstru'd?

*Vio.* I will take

A course to right myself, a speeding one;  
 By the bless'd saints, I will! If I prove cruel,  
 The shame to see thy foolish pity, taught me  
 To lose my natural softness. Keep off from me!  
 Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee  
 As I would do a leper.

*Hen.* Let not fury

<sup>27</sup> ——— and thine innocence

[Deserve to be the heir.] Ascanio has shew'd so many instances of innocence, that the occasion here seems only to require a prayer that his innocence may be rewarded. It should seem therefore that either the word *deserve* should be chang'd to *arrive*, or the whole be turn'd into an affirmation, as I have ventured to make it. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— may thy goodness

Meet many favours, for thine innocence

Deserves to be the heir, &c.

which alterations surely are unnecessary; the meaning being obviously, 'May your goodness be rewarded, and a continuance in your present innocent state render you deserving of greater fortunes than your birth entitles you to.'

Transport you so; you know I am your creature;  
All love, but to yourself, with him, hath left me.  
I'll join with you in any thing.

*Vio.* In vain;

I'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.

*Hen.* I will not cross you.

*Vio.* Do not! They shall find,  
That, to a woman of her hopes beguil'd,  
A viper trod on, or an aspick, 's mild. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Lopez, Milanese, and Arsenio.*

*Lop.* Sits the game there? I have you. By mine  
order,

I love Leandro for't.

*Mil.* But you must shew it

In lending him your help, to gain him means  
And opportunity.

*Lop.* He shall want nothing.

I know my advocate to a hair, and what

Will fetch him from his pray'rs, if he use any.

I am honey'd with the project! I would have him horn'd  
For a most precious beast.

*Ars.* But you lose time.

*Lop.* I am gone. Instruct you Diego; you will  
find him

A sharp and subtle knave; give him but hints,

And he will amplify. See all things ready.

I'll fetch him with a vengeance! [Exit.

*Ars.* If he fail now,

We'll give him over too.

*Mil.* Tush, he is flesh'd,

And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.

*Ars.* All things are ready.

*Mil.* Then we shall have a merry scene, ne'er fear  
it. [Exeunt.



## S C E N E III.

*Enter Amaranta, with a note, and Moor.*

*Ama.* Is thy master gone out?

*Moor.* Even now; the Curate fetch'd him,  
About a serious business, as it seem'd,  
For he snatch'd up his cloak, and brush'd his hat  
straight,  
Set his band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.

*Ama.* 'Tis well, 'tis very well; he went out, Egla,  
As luckily as one would say, 'go, husband!'  
He was call'd by providence. Fling this short paper  
Into Leandro's cell, and waken him;  
He is monstrous vex'd, and musty, at my chess-play;  
But this shall supple him, when he has read it.  
Take your own recreation for two hours,  
And hinder nothing.

*Moor.* If I do, I'll hang for't. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Octavio and Jacintha.*

*Oct.* If that you lov'd Ascanio for himself,  
And not your private ends, you rather should  
Bless the fair opportunity, that restores him  
To his birth-right, and the honours he was born to,  
Than grieve at his good fortune.

*Jac.* Grieve, Octavio?

I would resign my essence, that he were  
As happy as my love could fashion him,  
Though every blessing that should fall on him  
Might prove a curse to me! My sorrow springs  
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.

I am acquainted with don Henrique's nature,  
And I have heard too much the fiery temper  
Of madam Violante: Can you think  
That she, that almost is at war with Heav'n

For being barren, will with equal eyes  
Behold a son of mine ?

*Off.* His father's care,  
That, for the want of issue, took him home,  
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,  
Will look unto his safety.

*Jac.* Stepmothers  
Have many eyes, to find a way to mischief,  
Though blind to goodness.

*Enter Jamie and Ascanio.*

*Off.* Here comes don Jamie,  
And with him our Ascanio.

*Jam.* Good youth, leave me ;  
I know thou art forbid my company,  
And, only to be seen with me, will call on  
Thy father's anger.

*Asc.* Sir, if that to serve you  
Could lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot,  
I still would follow you. Alas, I was born  
To do you hurt, but not to help myself !  
I was, for some particular end, took home,  
But am cast off again.

*Jam.* Is't possible ?

*Asc.* The lady, whom my father calls his wife,  
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forc'd him  
To turn me out of doors.

*Jac.* By my best hopes,  
I thank her cruelty ; for it comes near  
A saving charity !

*Asc.* I am only happy  
That yet I can relieve you ; 'pray you, share  
My father's wondrous kind, and promises  
That I should be supplied : But sure the lady  
Is a malicious woman, and I fear  
Means me no good.

*Enter Servant.*

*Jam.* I am turn'd a stone with wonder,  
And know not what to think.

*Ser.* From my lady, Your private ear, and this——

*Jam.* New miracles?

*Ser.* She says, if you dare make yourself a fortune, She will propose the means. My lord don Henrique Is now from home, and she alone expects you: If you dare trust her, so; if not, despair of A second offer. [Exit.

*Jam.* Though there were an ambush Laid for my life, I'll on, and sound this secret. Retire thee, my Ascanio, with thy mother; But stir not forth; some great design's on foot. Fall what can fall, if, ere the sun be set, I see you not, give me for dead.

*Asc.* We will expect you, And those bless'd angels that love goodness guard you! [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Lopez and Bartolus.*

*Bar.* Is't possible he should be rich?

*Lop.* Most possible; He hath been long, though he'd but little gettings, Drawing together, Sir.

*Bar.* Accounted a poor sexton; Honest, poor Diego.

*Lop.* I assure you, a close fellow; Both close and scraping, and that fills the bags, Sir.

*Bar.* A notable good-fellow too<sup>23</sup>.

*Lop.* Sometimes, Sir; When he hop'd to drink a man into a surfeit, That he might gain by his grave.

*Bar.* So many thousands?

*Lop.* Heav'n knows what.

*Bar.* 'Tis strange,

<sup>23</sup> A notable Good-fellow too.] Good-fellow, in this place, means a boon companion, a bottle-friend, as the answer demonstrates,

'Tis very strange. But, we see, by endeavour,  
And honest labour——

*Lop.* Milo, by continuance,  
Grew, from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence)  
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, Sir,  
And from a pound to many: 'Tis the progress.

*Bar.* You say true; but he lov'd to feed well also,  
And that, methinks——

*Lop.* From another man's trencher, Sir,  
And there he found it season'd with small charge;  
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour you  
More than the graves he made: At home he liv'd  
Like a cameleon, suck'd the air of misery,

*[Table set out, standish, paper, and stools.*

And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell;  
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and surfeit,  
And be a month in fasting out that fever.

*Bar.* These are good symptoms. Does he lie so  
sick, say you?

*Lop.* Oh, very sick.

*Bar.* And chosen me executor?

*Lop.* Only your worship.

*Bar.* No hope of his amendment?

*Lop.* None, that we find.

*Bar.* He hath no kinsmen neither?

*Lop.* 'Truth, very few.

*Bar.* His mind will be the quieter.

What doctors has he?

*Lop.* There's none, Sir, he believes in.

*Bar.* They are but needless things, in such extre-  
mities.

Who draws the good man's will?

*Lop.* Marry that do I, Sir;

And to my grief.

*Bar.* Grief will do little now, Sir;

Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel you.

An honest man; but such men live not always.

Who are about him?

*Lop.* Many, now he is passing,

That

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That would pretend t' his love, yes, and some gentlemen

That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred ;  
Rich men can want no heirs, Sir.

*Bar.* They do ill,  
Indeed they do, to trouble him ; very ill, Sir.  
But we shall take a care.

*Enter, with Diego in a bed, Milanes, Arsenio, and Parishioners.*

*Lop.* Will you come near, Sir ?  
'Pray you bring him out. Now you may see in what  
state——  
Give him fresh air.

*Bar.* I am sorry, neighbour Diego,  
To find you in so weak a state.

*Die.* You're welcome ;  
But I am fleeting, Sir.

*Bar.* Methinks he looks well ;  
His colour fresh, and strong ; his eyes are chearful.

*Lop.* A glimmering before death ; 'tis nothing else,  
Sir,

Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet<sup>29</sup> ? do you  
note that ?

*Die.* My learned Sir, 'pray you sit. I am bold to  
send for you,  
To take a care of what I leave.

*Lop.* Do you hear that ?

*Arf.* Play the knave finely !

*Die.* So I will, I warrant you,  
And carefully.

} *Apart.*

*Bar.* 'Pray ye do not trouble him ;  
You see he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.

*Die.* My honest neighbours, weep not ; I must  
leave ye,  
I cannot always bear ye company.

<sup>29</sup> *Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet.*] This appears to be an impotent attack on the description of Falstaffe's death, in Shakespeare's Henry V.

We must drop still; there is no remedy. 10  
 'Pray ye, master Curate, will you write my testament,  
 And write it largely, it may be remember'd?  
 And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.  
 Your worship I do make my full executor;

[To Bartolus.

You are a man of wit and understanding.  
 Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,  
 For I speak low. I would, before these neighbours,  
 Have you to swear, Sir, that you'll see it executed,  
 And what I give let equally be render'd,  
 For my soul's health.

*Bar.* I vow it truly, neighbours;  
 Let not that trouble you; before all these,  
 Once more I give my oath.

*Die.* Then set me higher,  
 And pray ye come near me all.

*Lop.* We're ready for you.

*Mil.* Now spur the ass, and get our friend time!

[Apart.

*Die.* First then,  
 After I have given my body to the worms  
 (For they must be serv'd first, they're seldom co-  
 zen'd)—

*Lop.* Remember your parish, neighbour.

*Die.* You speak truly;  
 I do remember it, a lewd vile parish,  
 And pray it may be mended: To the poor of it,  
 Which is to all the parish, I give nothing;  
 For nothing unto nothing is most natural;  
 Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital,  
 Their children may pray for me.

*Bar.* What do you give to it?

*Die.* Set down two thousand ducats.

*Bar.* 'Tis a good gift,  
 And will be long remember'd.

*Die.* To your worship,  
 Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,  
 I give two thousand more—it may be three, Sir—

A poor

A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.

*Bar.* These are large fums.

*Lop.* Nothing to him that has 'em.

*Die.* To my old master Vicar I give five hundred;  
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, Sir,  
But there be more to serve.

*Bar.* This fellow coins sure.

*Die.* Give me some more drink. Pray ye buy books,  
buy books,

You have a learned head, stuff it with libraries,  
And understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis justice.  
Run not the parish mad with controversies,  
Nor preach up abstinence to longing women,  
'Twill purge the bottoms of their consciences.

I'd give the church new organs, but I prophesy  
The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em out o' th'  
parish.

Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel,  
And to paint true orthography, as many

They write *sunt* with a *c*, which is abominable:

Pray you set that down. To poor maidens' mar-  
riages——

*Lop.* Ay, that's well thought of; what's your will  
in that point?

A meritorious thing.

*Bar.* No end of this will?

*Die.* I give *per annum* two hundred ells of lockram<sup>30</sup>,  
That there be no strait dealings in their linens,  
But the sails cut according to their burdens.

To all bell-ringers I bequeath new ropes,  
And let them use 'em at their own discretions.

*Arf.* You may remember us.

<sup>30</sup> Two hundred ells of lockram.] *Lockram* was a kind of linen. It is mentioned by Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*, act ii. and, in confirmation of this explanation, the last Editor of that Author hath produced the following examples: Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says, 'His ruffe was of fine *lockram*, stiched very fair with Coventry blue.' And in *Glaphorne's Wit in a Constable*, 1639, 'Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts, I had no wit.'

R.

*Die.*

*Die.* I do, good gentlemen ;  
And I bequeath ye both good careful surgeons,  
A legacy ye have need of more than money ;  
I know ye want good diets, and good lotions,  
And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.

*Lop.* He raves now ;  
But 'twill be quickly off.

*Die.* I do bequeath ye  
Commodities of pins, brown papers, packthreads,  
Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and jews-  
trumps,  
Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper, take 'em,  
Take 'em even where you please, and be cozen'd with  
'em ;

I should bequeath ye executions also,  
But those I'll leave to th' law.

*Lop.* Now he grows temperate.

*Bar.* You'll give no more ?

*Die.* I am loth to give more from you,  
Because I know you'll have a care to execute.  
Only, to pious uses, Sir, a little.

*Bar.* If he be worth all these, I'm made for ever.

*Die.* I give to fatal dames, that spin mens' threads  
out,

And poor distressed damsels, that are militant  
As members of our own afflictions,  
A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs to work in.  
I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,  
A spacious church-yard, to lay thieves and knaves in ;  
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

*Lop.* Are you not weary ?

*Die.* Never of well-doing.

*Bar.* These are mad legacies.

*Die.* They were got as madly ;

My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,  
My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres ;  
I have no heirs.

*Bar.* This cannot be ; 'tis monstrous.

*Die.* Three ships at sea too.



*Bar.* You have made me full executor ?

*Die.* Full, full, and total; would I had more to give you;

But these may serve an honest mind.

*Bar.* You say true,

A very honest mind, and make it rich too;

Rich, wondrous rich! But, where shall I raise these monies?

About your house, I see no such great promises<sup>31</sup>.

Where shall I find these fums?

*Die.* Ev'n where you please, Sir;

You're wise and provident, and know business.

Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good; I'm reasonable.

*Bar.* Think good? will that raise thousands?

What do you make me?

*Die.* You have sworn to see it done; that's all my comfort.

*Bar.* Where I please? This is pack'd sure to disgrace me!

*Die.* You're just, and honest, and I know you'll do it;

Ev'n where you please, for you know where the wealth is.

*Bar.* I am abus'd, betray'd! I'm laugh'd at, scorn'd, baffled, and boor'd, it seems!

*Arf.* No, no; you are fool'd.

*Lop.* Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly;

Such cunning matters must be fool'd sometimes, Sir,

And have their worships' noses wip'd; 'tis healthful.

We are but quit: You fool us of our monies,

In every cause, in every quiddit wipe us.

*Die.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! some more drink, for my heart, gentlemen.

This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha! this scholar—

I think this fit will cure me! This executor—

I shall laugh out my lungs!

<sup>31</sup> — — *Such great promises;*] Mr. Sympson conjectures that the lawyer would naturally use the word *promises*, but seems unwilling to disturb the text.

*Bar.* This is derision above suff'rance; villany  
Plotted and set against me!

*Die.* Faith, 'tis knavery;  
In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed, lawyer?

*Mil.* Did you think, had this man been rich——

*Bar.* 'Tis well, Sir.

*Mil.* He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,  
A maggot, rat, to be his whole executor<sup>32</sup>?

*Lop.* A lawyer, that entangles all mens' honesties,  
Lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,  
And catching at all flies that pass his pit-falls,  
Puts powder to all states, to make 'em caper,  
Would he trust you? Do you deserve——

*Die.* I find, gentlemen,  
This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer  
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:  
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little:

*Bar.* I am ashamed to feel how flat I'm cheated;  
How grossly, and maliciously, made a may-game!  
A damned trick! My wife, my wife! Some rascal——  
My credit, and my wife! Some lustful villain,  
Some bawd, some rogue——

*Arf.* Some craftsman, fool, has found you<sup>33</sup>:  
This 'tis, Sir, to teach you to be too busy,  
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,  
To have a stirring oar in all mens' actions.

*Lop.* We did this but to vex your fine officiousness.

*Bar.* Good yield you, and good thank you! I am  
fool'd, gentlemen!

<sup>32</sup> *A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor?*] Whimsical idle shatter-brain'd people are frequently called *maggot-pated*: but this is by no means the lawyer's character, nor does it suit with the two former titles, which both imply villany and eating into other mens' estates. My conjecture is near the trace of the letters, and will, I hope, be allow'd. *Seward.*

<sup>33</sup> *Some crafty fool has found you:*] It cannot be supposed that Arsenio would call Leandro a *fool*, and the reading therefore is probably corrupt; mine is very near it, and is not liable to the same objection; and tho' I do not remember the word *craftsman* in our Authors, yet it is used in the same sense by Fairfax in his excellent translation of Tasso. *Seward.*

The lawyer is an afs, I do confefs it,  
A weak, dull, shallow afs! Good even to your wor-  
ships!

Vicar, remember, vicar! Rascal, remember,  
Thou notable rich rascal!

*Die.* I do remember, Sir.

'Pray you stay a little; I have ev'n two legacies,  
To make your mouth up, Sir.

*Bar.* Remember, varlets,  
Quake, and remember, rogues, I have brine for your  
buttocks! [Exit.

*Lop.* Oh, how he frets, and fumes now, like a  
dunghill!

*Die.* His gall contains fine stuff now to make poisons,  
Rare damned stuff!

*Arf.* Let's after him, and still vex him,  
And take my friend off. By this time he has prosper'd;  
He cannot lose this dear time, 'tis impossible.

*Mil.* Well, Diego, thou hast done.

*Lop.* Hast done it daintily.

*Mil.* And shalt be as well paid, boy.

*Arf.* Go; let's crucify him. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Amaranta and Leandro.*

*Lean.* I've told you all my story, and how despe-  
rately——

*Ama.* I do believe. Let's walk on; time is precious,  
Not to be spent in words; here no more wooing,  
The open air's an enemy to lovers.  
Do as I tell you.

*Lean.* I'll do any thing:  
I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve you.

*Ama.* Take your joy moderately, as 'tis minister'd,  
And as the cause invites: That man's a fool,  
That, at the sight o' th' bond, dances and leaps;  
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.

*Lean.*

*Lean.* You cannot now deny me.

*Ama.* Nay, you know not;  
Women have crotchets, and strange fits.

*Lean.* You shall not.

*Ama.* Hold you to that, and swear it confidently,  
Then I shall make a scruple to deny you.

'Pray you let's step in, and see a friend of mine;  
The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an hour,  
We may be mis'd else: A private fine house 'tis, Sir,  
And we may find many good welcomes.

*Lean.* Do, lady;  
Do, happy lady!

*Ama.* All your mind's of doing!  
You must be modest.

*Lean.* I will be any thing.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Bartolus.*

*Bar.* Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in,  
Mine own room, and my liberty! Why, maid, there!  
Open I say, and do not anger me!  
I'm subject to much fury. When, you dish-clout,  
When do you come? Asleep, you lazy hell-hound?  
Nothing intended but your ease, and eating?  
Nobody here? Why, wife! why, wife! why, jewel!  
No tongue to answer me? Prithee, good pupil,  
Dispense a little with thy careful study,  
And step to th' door, and let me in. Nor he neither?  
Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor nobody?  
I'll make ye hear! The house of ignorance!  
No sound inhabits here. I have a key yet,  
That commands all. I fear I'm metamorphos'd! [*Exit.*]

*Enter Lopez, Arsenio, Milanes, and Diego.*

*Lop.* He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.

*Mil.* He shall be hang'd first; we'll be sticklers  
there, boys.

*Die.*

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*Die.* The hundred thousand dreams now that possess him,

Of jealousy, and frailty; of revenge,  
Of drawing bills against us, and petitions!

*Lop.* And casting what his credit shall recover.

*Mil.* Let him cast 'till his maw come up; we care not.  
You shall be still secur'd. [*A great noise within.*]

*Die.* We'll pay him home then.

Hark, what a noise he keeps within.

*Lop.* Certain,

H' has fet his chimnies o' fire, or the devil roars there.

*Die.* The codixes o' th' law are broke loose, gentlemen.

*Arf.* He's fighting, sure.

*Die.* I'll tell you that immediately. [*Exit.*]

*Mil.* Or doing some strange outrage on himself.

*Arf.* Hang him, he dares not be so valiant.

*Enter Diego.*

*Die.* There's nobody at home, and he chafes like a lion,

And stinks withal!

[*Noise still.*]

*Lop.* Nobody?

*Die.* Not a creature;

Nothing within, but he and his law-tempest!

The ladles, dishes, kettles, how they fly all!

And how the glasses through the rooms.

*Enter Bartolus.*

*Arf.* My friend sure

Has got her out, and now h' has made an end on't.

*Lop.* See where the sea comes! how it foams and  
brustles<sup>34</sup>?

The

<sup>34</sup> —*brustles?*] Not knowing this word, I have ventured to strike out the *r*; *bristles* would make an inconsistent metaphor with the sea.

*Seward.*

I suppose the line once to have run in this manner,

*See where the seal comes.*

The seal, i. e. *sea-calf*, an appellation severe enough in all conscience

The great leviathan o' th' law, how it tumbles ?

*Bar.* Made ev'ry way an afs ? abus'd on all sides ?  
And from all quarters people come to laugh at me ?  
Rise like a comet, to be wonder'd at ?  
A horrid comet, for boys' tongues, and ballads ?  
I will run from my wits !

*Enter Amaranta and Leandro.*

*Ars.* Do, do, good lawyer,  
And from thy money too ; then thou wilt be quiet.

*Mil.* Here she comes home ! Now mark the salu-  
tations.

How like an afs my friend goes ?

*Ars.* She has pull'd his ears down.

*Bar.* Now, what sweet voyage ? to what garden, lady ?  
Or to what cousin's house ?

*Ama.* Is this my welcome ?

I cannot go to church, but thus I am scandal'd ;  
Use no devotion for my soul, but, gentlemen——

*Bar.* To church ?

*Ama.* Yes ; and you keep sweet youths to wait upon  
me,

Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me !  
There's your delight again ; pray take him to you ;  
He never comes near me more to debase me.

*Bar.* How's this ? how's this ? Good wife, how has  
he wrong'd you ?

*Ama.* I was fain to drive him like a sheep before me :  
I blush to think how people fleer'd, and scorn'd me.  
Others have handsome men, that know behaviour,  
Place, and observance ; this silly thing knows nothing,  
Cannot tell ten, let every rascal juggle me ;

---

and reason ; and how clearly does the remaining part of the line estab-  
lish this reading,

*See where the seal comes, how he fomes and bristles.*

*i. e.* bristles.

*Symphon.*

We do not think the word *seal* so proper as *sea*, nor so likely to  
be the right reading as the old and received one. *Bristles* might,  
however, be *genuine* ; it is expressive, tho', perhaps, in no dictionary.

And

And still I push'd him on, as he had been coming<sup>35</sup>.

*Bar.* Ha! did you push him on? is he so stupid?

*Ama.* When others were attentive to the priest,  
Good devout gentleman, then fell he fast,  
Fast, sound asleep: Then first began the bagpipes,  
The several stops on's nose made a rare musick,  
A rare and loud, and those play'd many an anthem.  
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.

*Arf.* As cunning as she's sweet! I like this carriage.

*Bar.* What did he then?

*Ama.* Why, then he talk'd in's sleep too.

Nay, I'll divulge your moral virtues, sheeps-face!  
And talk'd aloud, that ev'ry ear was fix'd to him:  
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this time?  
Talk of your bawling law, of appellations,  
Of declarations, and excommunications,  
Warrants, and executions, and such devils,  
That drove all th' gentlemen out o' th' church, by  
hurries,

With execrable oaths they'd ne'er come there again.  
Thus am I serv'd and man'd!

*Lean.* I pray you forgive me;  
I must confess I am not fit to wait upon you.

---

<sup>35</sup> *As he had been coming.*] As neither Mr. Sympson nor I can affix any idea to this reading, I have been forc'd to take an unusual liberty, rather than leave nonsense in the text. I have, however, known several corrupt readings that have departed more from what was demonstrably the original, than my correction supposes this to have done; and as the sense I give seems perfectly natural, it is probable it might have been the Authors'. It must be observed that in most countries abroad, it is the custom for servants to walk before, not after their mistresses; it is, I know, in Italy, and I suppose our Authors knew it to be so in Spain. She says therefore, instead of clearing the way for me, I was forc'd to push him forwards, or he would have lag'd behind me, as if he had been the woman. Since I wrote this note, a friend to whom I shew'd it, hit off another reading which I think full as probable as my own. He would read, *And still I push'd him on. Was that becoming?* Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, *And still I push'd him on as he'd been the woman.* We have followed the old reading, because we confess ourselves utterly at a loss what word to substitute in the place of *coming*, which is probably a corruption.

Alas, I was brought up——

*Ama.* To be an afs,

A lawyer's afs, to carry books, and buckrams!

*Bar.* But what did you at church?

*Lop.* At church, did you ask her?

Do you hear, gentlemen? do you mark that question?

Because you're half an heretic yourself, Sir,

Would you breed her too? This shall to th' Inquisition.

A pious gentlewoman reprov'd for praying!

I'll see this fil'd; and you shall hear further, Sir.

*Arf.* You have an ill heart.

*Lop.* It shall be found out, gentlemen;

There be those youths will search it.

*Die.* You are warm, signior,

But a faggot will warm you better: We are witnesses.

*Lop.* Enough to hang him, do not doubt.

*Mil.* Nay certain,

I do believe h'has rather no religion.

*Lop.* That must be known too. Because she goes  
to church, Sir!

*O, monstrum informe ingens!*

*Die.* Let him go on, Sir;

His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,

And this good lady, when he's hang'd and rotten,

May there be abbess.

*Bar.* You are cozen'd, honest gentlemen!

I do not forbid the use, but the form, mark me.

*Lop.* Form? what do you make of form?

*Bar.* They will undo me;

Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me!

I must make fair way, and hereafter—Wife,

You're welcome home, and henceforth take your  
pleasure;

Go when you shall think fit, I will not hinder you;

My eyes are open now, and I see my error—

My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it:

The whole conveyance now I smell; but, *bastá*<sup>36</sup>!

Another time must serve—You see us friends now,

<sup>36</sup> *Basta.*] *It is enough.* Spanish.



Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentlemen ;  
I have been too foolish, I confess ; no more words,  
No more, sweet wife.

*Ama.* You know my easy nature.

*Bar.* Go, get you in : You see she has been angry :  
Forbear her fight a while, and time will pacify ;  
And learn to be more bold.

*Lean.* I would I could ;  
I will do all I am able.

[*Exit.*

*Bar.* Do, Leandro.  
We will not part, but friends of all hands.

*Lop.* Well said ;  
Now you are reasonable, we can look on you.

*Bar.* Ye have jerkt me ; but for all that I forgive ye,  
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye  
To-morrow to a breakfast, I make but seldom ;  
But now we will be merry.

*Arf.* Now you are friendly,  
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from you,  
And now we will come to you.

*Bar.* Give me your hands, all !  
You shall be welcome heartily.

*Lop.* We will be,  
For we'll eat hard.

*Bar.* The harder, the more welcome ;  
And, till the morning, farewell ! I have business. [*Exit.*

*Mil.* Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus ! 'Tis a brave  
wench,  
A sudden witty thief, and worth all service.  
Go, we'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.

*Die.* I'll clap four tier of teeth into my mouth more,  
But I will grind his substance.

*Arf.* Well, Leandro,  
Thou hast had a strange voyage, but I hope  
Thou rid'st now in safe harbour.

*Mil.* Let's go drink, friends,  
And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.

*Lop.* A match, a match ! 'twill whet our stomachs  
better.

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Enter Violante and Servant.*

*Ser.* **M**ADAM, he's come. [*Chair and stools out.*  
*Viol.* 'Tis well. How did he look  
 When he knew from whom you were sent? Was he  
 not startled?

Or confident or fearful?

*Ser.* As appear'd,  
 Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,  
 And car'd not what could follow.

*Viol.* 'Tis the better.  
 Reach me a chair. So; bring him in; be careful  
 That none disturb us. I will try his temper;  
 And, if I find him apt for my employments,  
 I'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall  
 Find other engines.

*Enter Jamie and Servant.*

*Ser.* There's my lady.

*Viol.* Leave us.

*Jam.* You sent for me?

*Viol.* I did: And does the favour,  
 Your present state consider'd, and my power,  
 Deserve no greater ceremony?

*Jam.* Ceremony?  
 I use to pay that where I do owe duty,  
 Not to my brother's wife: I cannot fawn;  
 If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd;  
 And so farewell.

*Viol.* He bears up still; I like it. [*Aside.*  
 Pray you a word.

*Jam.* Yes; I will give you hearing  
 On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,  
 But not stand as a suitor? Now, your pleasure.

*Viol.*

*Viol.* You're very bold.

*Jam.* 'Tis fit, since you are proud :  
I was not made to feed that foolish humour,  
With flatt'ry and obfervance.

*Viol.* Yet, with your favour,  
A little form, join'd with respect, to her  
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,  
Nay, raife you to a fate beyond your hopes,  
Might well become your wisdom.

*Jam.* It would rather  
Write me a fool, fhould I but only think  
That any good to me could flow from you,  
Whom for fo many years I've found and prov'd  
My greateft enemy. I am ftill the fame;  
My wants have not transform'd me : I dare tell you,  
To your new-cerus'd face, what I have fpoken  
Freely behind your back, what I think of you !  
You are the proudeft thing, and have the leaft  
Reason to be fo, that I ever read of.

In ftature you're a giantefs ; and your taylor  
Takes meafure of you with a Jacob's ftaff,  
Or he can never reach you : This by the way,  
For your large fize. Now, in a word or two,  
To treat of your complexion were decorum<sup>37</sup> :  
You are fo far from fair, I doubt your mother  
Was too familiar with the Moor that ferv'd her.  
Your limbs and features I pafs briefly over,  
As things not worth description ; and come roundly  
To your foul, if you have any ; for 'tis doubtful.

*Viol.* I laugh at this ! Proceed.

*Jam.* This foul I fpeak of,  
Or rather falt to keep this heap of flefh  
From being a walking ftench, like a large inn  
Stands open, for the entertainment of

<sup>37</sup> *To treat of your complexion were decorum.*] Mr. Sympfon reads, *to treat of your complexion with decorum.* We think his variation exceedingly improper ; the Author's meaning appearing to be, ' Having treated of your ftature, I fhall, *with propriety*, mention your complexion, which is *fo far from fair, &c.*'

All impious practices : But there's no corner  
 An honest thought can take up. And, as it were not  
 Sufficient in yourself to comprehend  
 All wicked plots, you've taught the fool my brother,  
 By your contagion, almost to put off  
 The nature of the man, and turn'd him devil,  
 Because he should be like you ; and I hope  
 You'll march to Hell together. I have spoken ;  
 And if the limning you in your true colours  
 Can make the painter gracious, I stand ready  
 For my reward ; or if my words distaste you,  
 I weigh it not, for though your grooms were ready  
 To cut my throat for't, be assur'd I cannot  
 Use other language.

*Viol.* You think you have said now  
 Like a brave fellow. In this woman's war  
 You ever have been train'd ; spoke big, but suffer'd  
 Like a tame ass ; and, when most spur'd and gall'd,  
 Were never master of the spleen or spirit  
 That could raise up the anger of a man,  
 And force it into action.

*Jam.* Yes, vile creature,  
 Wert thou a subject worthy of my sword,  
 Or that thy death, this moment, could call home  
 My banish'd hopes, thou now wert dead ; dead,  
 woman !

But, being as thou art, it is sufficient  
 I scorn thee, and contemn thee !

*Viol.* This shews nobly,  
 I must confess it : I am taken with it ;  
 For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and shew'd a base  
 And low dejected mind, I had despis'd you.  
 This bravery, in your adverse fortune, conquers  
 And does command me ; and, upon the sudden,  
 I feel a kind of pity growing in me,  
 For your misfortunes : Pity, some say, 's the parent  
 Of future love ; and I repent my part  
 So far in what you've suffer'd, that I could  
 (But you are cold) do something to repair

What your base brother (such, Jamie, I think him)  
Hath brought to ruin.

*Jam.* Ha?

*Viol.* Be not amaz'd:

Our injuries are equal in his bastard!  
You are familiar with what I groan for;  
And though the name of husband holds a tie  
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,  
Am sensible and tender of a wrong;  
And, to revenge it, would break through all lets,  
That durst oppose me.

*Jam.* Is it possible?

*Viol.* By this kiss! Start not. Thus much, as a  
stranger,

You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,  
I should select you as a bosom friend;  
I would print 'em thus, and thus.

*Jam.* Keep off.

*Viol.* Come near,

Nearer<sup>38</sup>, into the cabinet of my counsels!  
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,  
And let them bear those burdens, which wise men  
Boldly shake off! Be mine, and join with me;  
And when that I have rais'd you to a fortune,  
(Do not deny yourself the happy means)  
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes,  
And swear I am most fair.

*Jam.* What would this woman?

The purpose of these words? Speak not in riddles;  
And when I understand what you would counsel,  
My answer shall be sudden.

*Viol.* Thus then, Jamie:

The objects of our fury are the same;  
For young Ascanio, whom you snake-like hugg'd  
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm bosom,  
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,  
And kills in me all comfort.

<sup>38</sup> *Near into.*] This is one of Mr. Theobald's marginal corrections, which both restores the verse and heightens the sentiment. *Seward.*

*Jam.* Now 'tis plain;

I apprehend you: And, were he remov'd——

*Viol.* You, once again, were the undoubted heir.

*Jam.* 'Tis not to be deny'd: I was ice before,  
But now you've fir'd me.

*Viol.* I'll add fuel to it:

And, by a nearer cut, do you but steer  
As I direct you, we'll bring our bark into  
The port of happiness.

*Jam.* How?

*Viol.* By Henrique's death!

But, you'll say, he's your brother: In great fortunes,  
Which are epitomes of states and kingdoms,  
The politic brook no rivals.

*Jam.* Excellent!

For sure I think, out of a scrupulous fear,  
To feed in expectation, when I may,  
Dispensing but a little with my conscience,  
Come into full possession, would not argue  
One that desir'd to thrive.

*Viol.* Now you speak like  
A man that knows the world.

*Jam.* I needs must learn,  
That have so good a tut'refs. And what think you,  
(Don Henrique and Ascanio cut off)  
That none may live that shall desire to trace us  
In our black paths, if that Octavio,  
His foster-father, and the sad Jacintha,  
(Faith, pity her, and free her from her sorrows)  
Should fall companions with 'em? When we're red  
With murder, let us often bathe in blood;  
The colour will be scarlet.

*Viol.* And that's glorious,  
And will protect the fact.

*Jam.* Suppose this done:  
If undiscover'd, we may get for money  
(As that, you know, buys any thing in Rome)  
A dispensation.

*Viol.* And be married?

*Jam.*

*Jam.* True.

Or, if it be known, trufs up our gold and jewels,  
And fly to some free ftate, and there with fcorn——

*Viol.* Laugh at the laws of Spain. 'Twere admirable!

*Jam.* We fhall beget rare children. I am rapt with  
The mere imagination!

*Viol.* Shall it be done?

*Jam.* Shall? 'tis too tedious. Furnifh me with  
means

To hire the inftruments, and to yourfelf  
Say it is done already. I will fhew you,  
Ere the fun fet, how much you've wrought upon me;  
Your province is only to ufe fome means  
To fend my brother to the grove, that's neighbour  
To the weft port o' th' city; leave the reft  
To my own practice. I have talk'd too long,  
But now will do! This kifs, with my confeffion,  
To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,  
If not inftructed in a woman's fchool. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Bartolus, Alguazils, and an Apparitor.*

*The table fet out, and ftools.*

*Bar.* Ye are well enough difguis'd; furnifh the table;  
Make no fhew what ye are, till I difcover:  
Not a foul knows you here: Be quick and diligent.  
Thefe youths I have invited to a breakfast,  
But what the fauce will be——I am of opinion  
I fhall take off the edges of their appetites,  
And greafe their gums for eating heartily  
This month or two. They have play'd their prizes  
with me,  
And with their feveral flirts they've lighted danger-  
oufly<sup>39</sup>;  
But fure I fhall be quit! I hear 'em coming.

Go

<sup>39</sup> *And with their feveral flirts they've lighted dangerously.]* I can fcarce affix any idea to the old reading, nor am I fatisfied with my

Go off, and wait the bringing-in your service,  
And do it handsomely : You know where to have it.

*Enter Milanes, Arsenio, Lopez, and Diego.*

Welcome, i' faith.

*Ars.* That's well said, honest lawyer.

*Lop.* Said like a neighbour.

*Bar.* Welcome, all ! All's over <sup>40</sup>,  
And let's be merry.

*Mil.* To that end we came, Sir ;  
An hour of freedom's worth an age of juglings.

*Die.* I am come too, Sir, to specify my stomach  
A poor retainer to your worship's bounty.

*Bar.* And thou shalt have it fill'd, my merry Diego,  
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous Diego ;  
Even fill'd till it groan again.

*Die.* Let it have fair play,  
And if it founder, then——

*Bar.* I'll tell ye, neighbours ;  
Tho' I were angry yesterday with ye all,  
And very angry, for methought ye bobb'd me——

*Lop.* No, no, by no means.

*Bar.* No, when I consider'd  
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,  
It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen.  
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't ;  
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.

*Lop.* Good mirth does always work so, honest mirth,  
Now, should we've meant in earnest——

---

my own conjecture [substituting *dangers* for *dangerously*] ; it only  
seems the best of four that occurred, *viz.* *they've slighted me*, or  
*they've slighted dangers*, or *lighted anger*. *Seward.*

*Lighted* we understand to mean *trifled* ; and Bartolus to say,  
' these several flirts, or affronts, they have put on me, they think  
' *lightly* of, but they shall find that they have *trifled dangerously*.

<sup>40</sup> *Welcome all : all over,*

*And let's be merry.*] The pointing of the first line must be wrong,  
if he only reiterates their welcome ; but by the insertion I have  
made, the sense is quite different, and I think much better ; *viz.*  
All affronts are forgot, and let's be merry. *Sympson.*

*Bar.*



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*Bar.* You say true, neighbour.

*Lop.* It might have bred such a distaste and sourness,  
Such fond imaginations in your brains, Sir,  
For things thrust home in earnest——

*Bar.* Very certain;

But I know ye all for merry wags, and ere long  
Ye shall know me too in another fashion;  
Tho' ye're pamper'd, ye shall bear part o' th' burden.

*Enter Amaranta and Leandro.*

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my jewel!  
And, pupil, you shall come too. Ne'er hang backward;  
Come, come, the woman's pleas'd, her anger's over;  
Come, be not bashful.

*Ama.* What does he prepare here?

Sure there's no meat i' th' house, at least not dress'd.  
Does he mean to mock 'em? Or some new-bred  
crotchet

Come o'er his brains? I do not like his kindness;  
But silence best becomes me. If he mean foul play,  
Sure they're enough to right themselves; and let 'em;  
I'll fit by, so they beat him not to powder.

*Bar.* Bring in the meat there, ho! Sit down, dear  
neighbour;

A little meat needs little compliment;  
Sit down, I say.

*Ama.* What do you mean by this, Sir?

*Bar.* Convey away their weapons handsomely.

*Ama.* You know there's none i' th' house to answer  
you,

But the poor girl; you know there's no meat neither.

*Bar.* Peace, and be quiet; I shall make you smoke  
else:

There's men and meat enough. Set it down formally.

*Enter Alguazils, with dishes.*

*Ama.* I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.

*Bar.* I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,  
Nor loads of meat, to make the room smell of 'em:  
Only

Only a dish to every man I've dedicated;  
And, if I've pleas'd his appetite——

*Lop.* Oh, a capon,

A bird of grace, an't be thy will; I honour it.

*Die.* For me some forty pound of lovely beef,  
Plac'd in a mediterranean sea of brewis.

*Bar.* Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh  
after.

Wait diligently, knaves!

*Mil.* What rare bit's this?

An execution! blefs me!

*Bar.* Nay, take it to you,

There's no avoiding it; 'tis somewhat tough, Sir,  
But a good stomach will endure it easily;

The sum is but a thousand ducats, Sir.

*Arf.* A capias from my surgeon, and my silk-man!

*Bar.* Your careful makers<sup>41</sup>; but they have marr'd  
your diet.

Stir not; your swords are gone; there's no avoiding  
me;

And these are alguazils. Do you hear that passing-bell?

*Lop.* A strong citation! blefs me!

*Bar.* Out with your beads, Curate;

The devil's in your dish: Bell, book, and candle!

*Lop.* A warrant to appear before the judges!

I must needs rise, and turn to th' wall.

*Bar.* You need not;

Your fear, I hope, will make you find your breeches.

*All.* We are betray'd!

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<sup>41</sup> *Your careful makers,*] As Mr. Sympson thinks this obscure, it may probably need explanation. The debauchees, who, in the next play, are said to be *daily mending like Dutch watches, and plaistering like old walls,* may properly call their surgeon their *maker*; their bodies are *made up* by him, and to him they owe their present being. I have myself heard one boast, that his last salivation *new-made him*. It is likewise very common, both in Shakespeare and our Authors, to call taylor and silk-men the *makers* of fops. Thus Kent, in King Lear, tells the foppish steward, that a *taylor made him*. 'Tis a nervous expression, that seems to annihilate both the soul and body, and to allow no worth or even existence to the fop, but in his clothes.

*Seward.*

*Bar.*

*Bar.* Invited! do not wrong me.

Fall to, good guests; ye have diligent men about ye;  
 Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye;  
 These will not see ye start. Have I now found ye?  
 Have I requited ye? Ye fool'd the lawyer,  
 And thought it meritorious to abuse him,  
 A thick ram-headed knave! Ye rid, ye spurr'd him,  
 And glorified your wits, the more ye wrong'd him!  
 Within this hour ye shall have all your creditors,  
 A second dish of new debts, come upon ye,  
 And new invitements to the whip, don Diego,  
 And excommunications for the learned Curate;  
 A masque of all your furies shall dance to ye!

*Arf.* You dare not use us thus?

*Bar.* Ye shall be bobb'd, gentlemen.

Stir, and, as I have a life, ye go to prison,  
 To prison, without pity instantly;  
 Before ye speak another word, to prison.  
 I have a better guard without, that waits!  
 Do you see this man, don Curate? 'tis a 'paritor<sup>42</sup>,  
 That comes to tell you a delightful story  
 Of an old whore you have, and then to teach you  
 What is the penalty. Laugh at me now, Sir!  
 What legacy would you bequeath me now,  
 (And pay it on the nail) to fly my fury?

*Lop.* Oh, gentle Sir!

*Bar.* Dost thou hope I will be gentle,  
 Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate?

*Lop.* Let me go, Sir.

*Bar.* I'll see thee hang first.

*Lop.* And, as I am a true vicar——

Hark in your ear, hark softly!

*Bar.* No, no bribery;

I'll have my swinge upon thee. Sirrah! rascal!  
 You lenten-chaps! you that lay sick, and mock'd me;  
 Mock'd me abominably, abus'd me lewdly,  
 I'll make thee sick at heart, before I leave thee,

<sup>42</sup> 'Tis a paratour.] An *apparitor* (which is obviously meant here) is an officer that summons offenders, and serves the process, in the spiritual court.

And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,  
Not worth a blessing, nor a bell to knell for thee,  
A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'st,  
Steal'st from the merchant, and the ring he was bu-  
ried with,

Steal'st from his grave! Do you smell me now?

*Die.* Have mercy on me!

*Bar.* No psalm of mercy shall hold me from hang-  
ing thee!

How do ye like your breakfast? 'Tis but short,  
gentlemen,  
But sweet, and healthful. Your punishment, and  
yours, Sir,

For some near reasons that concern my credit,  
I will take to myself.

*Ama.* Do, Sir, and spare not:

I have been too good a wife, and too obedient;  
But, since you dare provoke me to be foolish——

*Lean.* She has, yes, and too worthy for your usage<sup>43</sup>:  
Before the world I justify your goodness;  
And turn that man, that dares but taint her virtues,  
To my sword's point (that lying man, that base man!)  
Turn him but face to face, that I may know him!

*Bar.* What have I here?

*Lean.* A gentleman, a free man;  
One that made trial of this lady's constancy,  
And found it strong as fate! Leave off your fooling;  
For if you follow this course, you'll be chronicled  
For a devil, whilst a saint she's mention'd.  
You know my name, indeed: I'm now no lawyer.

*Enter Jamie and Assistant.*

*Die.* Some comfort now, I hope; or else, would I  
were hang'd up!

And yet, the judge! He makes me sweat.

*Bar.* What news now?

*Jam.* I'll justify, upon my life and credit,  
What you have heard for truth, and will make proof of.

<sup>43</sup> *Worthy of your usage.*] Former editions.

*Assist.* I will be ready at th' appointed hour there;  
And so I leave you.

*Bar.* Stay, I beseech your worship,  
And do but hear me.

*Jam.* Good Sir, intend this business <sup>44</sup>,  
And let this bawling fool <sup>45</sup>! No more words, lawyer,  
And no more angers; for I guess your reasons:  
This gentleman I'll justify in all places,  
And that fair lady's worth, let who dare cross it.  
The plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,  
But not to wrong your wife; she's fair and virtuous.

*Die.* Take us to mercy too, we beseech your honour;  
We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.

*Jam.* No more talk, nor no more dissention, lawyer;  
I know your anger; 'tis a vain and slight one;  
For, if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,  
A life that all the world shall—I'll bring witness,  
And rip before a judge the ulcerous villanies—  
You know I know you, and I can bring witness.

*Bar.* Nay, good Sir, noble Sir!

*Jam.* Be at peace then presently;  
Immediately take honest and fair truce  
With your good wife, and shake hands with that gen-  
tleman:

H' has honour'd you too much; and do it chearfully.

*Lop.* Take us along, for Heav'n sake, too!

*Bar.* I am friends,  
(There is no remedy; I must put up all,  
And like my neighbours rub it out by th' shoulders)  
And perfect friends. Leandro, now I thank you,  
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to you;  
But I'm too mean henceforward for your company.

<sup>44</sup> Intend *this business*.] *Intend* is here used to signify *regard*, or *pay attention to*. The reader will find it occur in the same sense in various parts of our Authors' works. In this play, p. 254, *Ama. Why do you stop me?* *Lean. That you may intend me.* Again, p. 272, *Nothing intended but your eating and drinking?*

<sup>45</sup> *And let this bawling fool.*] The modern copies say, *leave* this bawling fool; but as the word *let* is used to signify *hindrance*, or *obstruction*, we have followed the oldest books.

*Lean.* I shall not trouble you.

*Arf.* We will be friends too.

*Mil.* Nay, lawyer, you shall not fright us further;  
For all your devils, we will bolt.

*Bar.* I grant you;

The gentleman's your bail, and thank his coming:  
Did not he know me too well, you should smart for't.  
Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next, gentlemen,  
Come not to me to breakfast.

*Die.* I'll be bak'd first.

*Bar.* And pray ye remember, when ye're bold and  
merry,

The lawyer's banquet, and the fauce he gave ye.

*Jam.* Come, go along; I have employment for you,  
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool you;  
For all, for every one.

*All.* We're all your servants.

*Die.* All, all, for any thing! From this day forward,  
I'll hate all breakfasts, and depend on dinners.

*Jam.* I'm glad you come off fair.

*Lean.* The fair has blest me.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.*

*Oct.* This is the place; but why we are appointed  
By don Jamie to stay here, is a depth  
I cannot found.

*Asc.* Believe't, he is too noble  
To purpose any thing but for our good.  
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,  
And with them perpetuity of pleasure,  
And should lose all, if he prov'd only false,  
Yet I durst run the hazard.

*Jac.* 'Tis our comfort,  
We cannot be more wretched than we are;  
And death concludes all misery.

*Oct.* Undiscover'd,  
We must attend him.

*Enter*

*Enter Henrique and Jamie.*

*Asc.* Our stay is not long.

With him don Henrique?

*Jac.* Now I fear! be silent.

*Hen.* Why dost thou follow me?

*Jam.* To save your life;

A plot is laid for't. All my wrongs forgot,  
I have a brother's love.

*Hen.* But thy false self,  
I fear no enemy.

*Jam.* You have no friend,  
But what breathes in me. If you move a step  
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.

*Hen.* 'Tis by thy practice then. I am sent hither  
To meet her, that prefers my life and safety  
Before her own.

*Jam.* That you should be abus'd thus,  
With weak credulity! She, for whose sake  
You have forgot we had one noble father,  
Or that one mother bare us; for whose love  
You brake a contract to which Heav'n was witness;  
To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour  
You have expos'd a sweet and hopeful son  
To all the miseries that want can bring him,  
(And such a son, though you are most obdurate,  
To give whom entertainment savages  
Would quit their caves themselves, to keep him from  
Bleak cold and hunger!) this dissembling woman,  
This idol whom you worship, all your love  
And service trod under her feet, designs you  
To fill a grave, or dead to lie a prey  
For wolves and vultures.

*Hen.* 'Tis false. I defy thee,  
And stand upon my guard!

*Enter Leandro, Milanes, Arsenio, Bartolus, Lopez,  
Diego, Octavio, Jacintba, Ascanio, and Servants.*

*Jam.* Alas, 'tis weak.  
Come on! Since you will teach me to be cruel,

By having no faith in me, take your fortune.  
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.

*Off.* My lord!

*Asc.* In what have we offended?

*Jam.* I am deaf;

And following my will, I do not stand  
Accountable to reason. See her ring,  
The first pledge of your love and service to her,  
Deliver'd as a warrant for your death!  
These bags of gold you gave up to her trust,  
The use of which you did deny yourself,  
Bestow'd on me, (and with a prodigal hand)  
Whom she pick'd forth to be the architect  
Of her most bloody building; and to see  
These instruments, to bring materials  
To raise it up, she bad me spare no cost,  
And, as a surplusage, offer'd herself  
To be at my devotion.

*Hen.* Oh, accurs'd!

*Jam.* But, be incredulous still; think this my plot;  
Fashion excuses to yourself, and swear  
That she is innocent, that she dotes on you.  
Believe this as a fearful dream, and that  
You lie not at my mercy, which in this  
I will shew only: She herself shall give  
The dreadful sentence, to remove all scruple  
Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

*Enter Violante.*

Appears my Violante? Speak, my dearest,  
Does not the object please you?

*Viol.* More than if

All treasure that's above the earth, with that  
That lies conceal'd in both the Indian mines,  
Were laid down at my feet! Oh, bold Jamie,  
Thou only canst deserve me!

*Jam.* I am forward;

And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not  
On your commands.

*Enter*



*Enter Assistant and Officers.*

*Viol.* But yet they live: I look'd  
To find them dead.

*Jam.* That was deferr'd, that you  
Might triumph in their misery, and have the power  
To say 'they are not.'

*Viol.* 'Twas well thought upon.  
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my bed  
This night, shall thank thee.

*Hen.* Monster!

*Viol.* You, Sir, that  
Would have me mother bastards, being unable  
To honour me with one child of mine own,  
That underneath my roof kept your cast strumpet,  
And out of my revenues would maintain  
Her riotous issue; now you find what 'tis  
To tempt a woman! With as little feeling  
As I turn off a slave, that is unfit  
To do me service; or a horse, or dog,  
That have out-liv'd their use; I shake thee off,  
To make thy peace with Heav'n!

*Hen.* I do deserve this;  
And never truly felt before, what sorrow  
Attends on wilful dotage.

*Viol.* For you, mistress,  
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,  
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,  
But that I think, to have the bastard strangled  
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow  
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,  
I would cut off thy nose, put out thy eyes,  
And set my foot on those bewitching lips,  
That had the start of mine! But, as thou art,  
Go to the grave unpitied.

*Assist.* Who would believe  
Such rage could be in woman?

*Viol.* For this fellow,  
He is not worth my knowledge.

*Jam.* Let him live then,  
Since you esteem him innocent.

*Viol.* No, Jamie,  
He shall make up the mess. Now strike together,  
And let them fall so!

*Assist.* Unheard-of cruelty!  
I can endure no longer: Seize on her!

*Viol.* Am I betray'd?  
Is this thy faith, Jamie?

*Jam.* Could your desires  
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?  
Or, though that you had sold yourself to Hell,  
I should make up the bargain? Live, dear brother,  
Live long, and happy! I forgive you freely;  
To have done you this service, is to me  
A fair inheritance; and howe'er harsh language,  
Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my lips,  
In my heart I ever lov'd you. All my labours  
Were but to shew, how much your love was cozen'd,  
When it beheld itself in this false glass,  
That did abuse you; and I am so far  
From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,  
That, if your state were mine, I would adopt him.  
These are the murderers; my noble friends!  
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,  
I won, to come disguis'd thus.

*Hen.* I am too full  
Of grief and shame to speak: But what I'll do,  
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;  
And, howsoever I have liv'd, I'll die  
A much-chang'd man.

*Jam.* Were it but possible  
You could make satisfaction to this woman,  
Our joys were perfect.

*Hen.* That's my only comfort,  
That it is in my pow'r: I ne'er was married  
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,  
But daily did defer it, still expecting  
When grief would kill Jacintha.

*Assist.* All's come out,  
And finds a fair success. Take her, don Henrique;  
And once again embrace your son.

*Hen.* Most gladly.

*Assist.* Your brother hath deserv'd all.

*Hen.* And shall share  
The moiety of my state.

*Assist.* I have heard, advocate,  
What an ill instrument you have been to him :  
From this time strengthen him with honest counsels,  
And you'll deserve my pardon.

*Bar.* I'll change my copy :  
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had  
A smart blow, though unseen.

*Assist.* Curate, and Sexton,  
I have heard of you too ; let me hear no more,  
And what's past, is forgotten. For this woman,  
Though her intent were bloody, yet our law  
Calls it not death ; yet, that her punishment  
May deter others from such bad attempts,  
The dowry she brought with her shall be employ'd  
To build a nunnery, where she shall spend  
The remnant of her life.

*Viol.* Since I have mis'd my ends,  
I scorn what can fall on me.

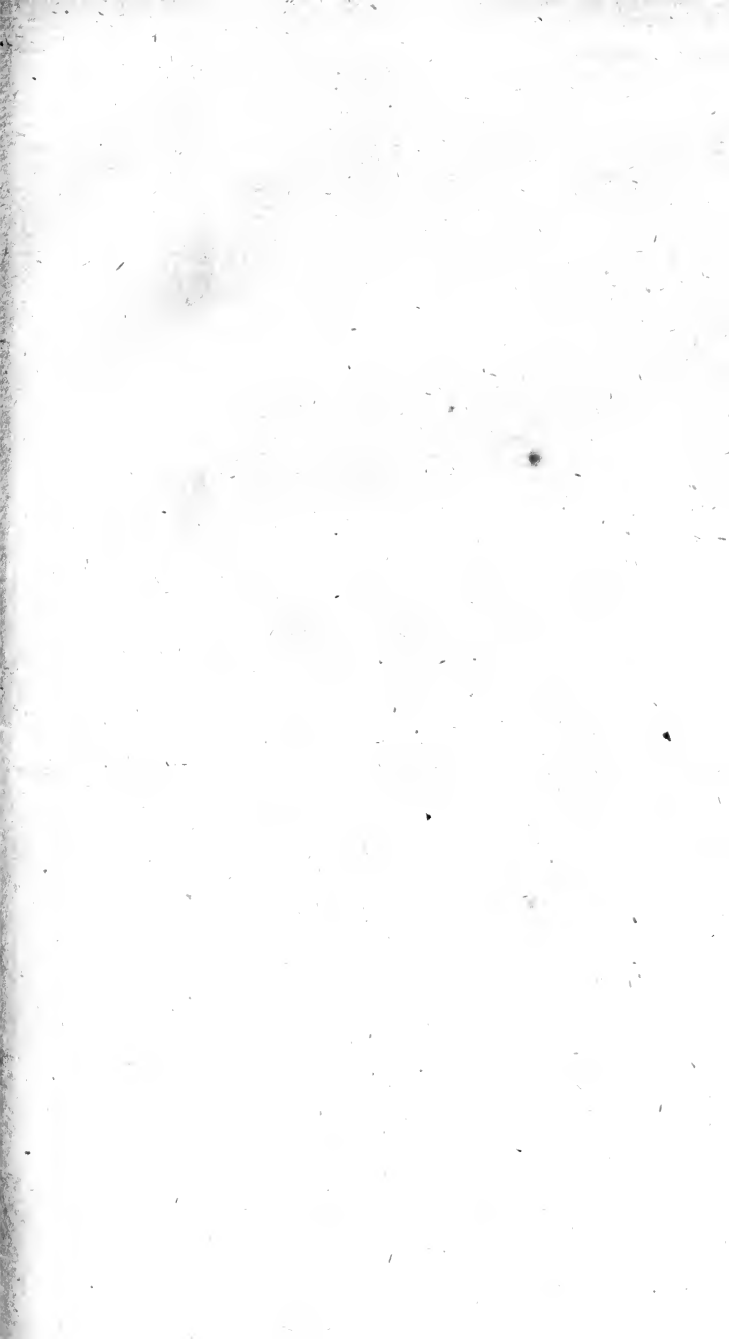
*Assist.* The strict discipline  
O' th' church will teach you better thoughts. And,  
                  signiors,  
You that are batchelors, if you ever marry,  
In Bartolus you may behold the issue  
Of covetousness and jealousy ; and of dotage,  
And falshood, in don Henrique. Keep a mean then ;  
For be assur'd, that weak man meets all ill,  
That gives himself up to a woman's will. [*Exeunt.*]

## THE EPILOGUE.

**T**HE play is done, yet our suit never ends,  
Still when you part, you would still part our  
friends,  
Our noblest friends ! If aught have fall'n amiss,  
Oh, let it be sufficient, that it is,  
And you have pardon'd it. (In buildings great,  
All the whole body cannot be so neat,  
But something may be mended.) Those are fair<sup>46</sup>,  
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

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<sup>46</sup> *But something may be mended: Those are fair,]* As the text stood before, it had great obscurity; *buildings* seeming the antecedent to *those*; it means those persons are fair or candid judges, who spare what they might destroy. *Seward.*



WIT WITHOUT MONEY.



J. J. Barralet del.

Randall scul.

I am but a man;  
And, like an honest man, now I will thank you!  
Act V.



# WIT WITHOUT MONEY,

## A COMEDY.

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*This Comedy is universally allowed to be the joint production of our Authors. The first edition was printed in 1639. It was the first play that was acted after the burning of the King's House in Drury-Lane; a new prologue being then wrote for the occasion, by Mr. Dryden. About the year 1708, it was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, with alterations, and, as the title-page modestly asserts, amendments, by some Persons of Quality. It hath been since frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Valentine, *a gallant that will not be persuaded to keep his estate.*

Francisco, *his younger brother.*

Master Lovegood, *their uncle.*

A Merchant, *friend to master Lovegood.*

Fountain,

Bellamore, } *companions of Valentine, and suitors to the widow.*

Harebrain,

Lance, *a falconer, and an ancient servant to Valentine's father.*

Shorthose, *the clown, and servant to the widow.*

Roger, Ralph, and Humphry, *three servants to the widow.*

*Three Servants.*

*Musicians.*

W O M E N.

Lady Hartwell, *a widow.*

Isabell, *her sister.*

Luce, *a waiting-gentlewoman to the widow.*



# WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

## A C T I.

*Enter Uncle and Merchant.*

*Merchant.* **W**HEN saw you Valentine?  
*Unc.* Not since the horse-race;  
He's taken up with those that  
wooe the widow.

*Mer.* How can he live by snatches from such  
people?

He bore a worthy mind.

*Unc.* Alas, he's funk,

His means are gone, he wants, and, which is worse,  
Takes a delight in doing so.

*Mer.* That's strange.

*Unc.* Runs lunatick, if you but talk of states<sup>1</sup>:

He can't be brought, now he has spent his own,  
To think there is inheritance or means,  
But all a common riches, all men bound  
To be his bailiffs.

*Mer.* This is something dangerous.

*Unc.* No gentleman that has estate<sup>2</sup>, to use it

In

---

<sup>1</sup> *States.] State and estate are generally used in the same sense throughout this play.* Seward.

<sup>2</sup> *No gent. that has estate to use it, &c.] Mr. Seward reads, or rather writes, No gentleman that has estate's to use it; and says, he could not make sense of the passage, till he added the verb, which 'consists here of a single letter.' Such an addition is certainly inelegant, and (as we think) unnecessary. The beginning of the Uncle's speech is a resumption of his last; both summing up the roman-tick*

In keeping house, or followers, for those ways  
 He cries against, for eating sins, dull surfeits,  
 Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,  
 Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs,  
 Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs,  
 God bless the founders! These he would have vented  
 Into more manly uses, wit, and carriage<sup>3</sup>,  
 And never thinks of state, or means, the ground-works;  
 Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies,  
 And starve their understandings.

*Mer.* That's most certain.

*Unc.* Yes, if he could stay there.

*Mer.* Why, let him marry,  
 And that way rise again.

*Unc.* It's most impossible;  
 He will not look with any handfomeness  
 Upon a woman.

*Mer.* Is he so strange to women?

*Unc.* I know not what it is; a foolish glory  
 He has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits;  
 And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,  
 Make 'em, or fair or foul, rugged or smooth,  
 As his impression serves; for he affirms,  
 They're only lumps, and undigested pieces,  
 Lick'd over to a form by our affections,  
 And then they show. The Lovers! let 'em pass.

*Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.*

*Mer.* He might be one; he carries as much promise.

tick ideas of Valentine, in regard to property: *All a common riches, all men bound to be his bailiffs* — *No gentleman that has estate to use it, &c.*

<sup>3</sup> *Into more manly uses, wit, and carriage.*] Mr. Sympson would read *wit and courage*; taking, I believe, *manly* to signify *couragious*; but *manly* both here and in the next scene is the same as *humane*, or what is proper to the nature of man. *Seward.*

*Wit and carriage* is certainly right, and confirmed by the whole tenor of the play. When Valentine is reproaching the Lovers (towards the conclusion of the third act) he says to them, *who taught you manners, and apt carriage?* Many other passages in the play likewise support this reading.

They

They are wondrous merry.

*Unc.* Oh, their hopes are high, Sir.

*Fount.* Is Valentine come to town?

*Bel.* Last night, I heard.

*Fount.* We miss him monstrously in our directions;  
For this widow is as stately, and as crafty,  
And stands, I warrant you——

*Hare.* Let her stand sure;

She falls before us else. Come, let's go seek Valentine.

*Mer.* This widow seems a gallant.

*Unc.* A goodly woman;

And to her handsomeness she bears her state,  
Reserv'd and great<sup>4</sup>; Fortune has made her mistress  
Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

*Mer.* I would Valentine had her.

*Unc.* There's no hope of that, Sir.

*Mer.* O' that condition, he had his mortgage in again<sup>5</sup>.

*Unc.* I would he had.

<sup>4</sup> *And to her handsomeness she bears her state reserv'd, and great fortune has made her mistress of a full means.*] The want of attention to the metre here caused the former Editors to spoil the sense by giving an unmeaning epithet to Fortune. It may perhaps be asked, how the removal of a stop from one word to another can affect the measure; let it be plac'd with its former stop in its station as a verse, and every reader that has an ear will perceive its harshness.

————— *she bears her state*  
*Reserv'd, and great fortune has made her mistress*  
*Of a full means*—————

Remove the stop to its right place, and the verse recovers its harmony. They who would search the reason of this, must first know that the principal rule by which the English heroic verse is govern'd, is, *that the even syllables, viz. the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth must have the accents upon them*; and secondly, that there is one only exception to this rule, *viz. That where a pause precedes an odd syllable, there the odd syllable may have the accent*. Thus in the case above, the first syllable of *fortune* is the fifth in the verse, and unless the pause immediately precedes, it spoils the metre. All the writers upon the English measure that I have seen, have not only been very deficient for want of knowing this exception to the general rule above, but have fall'n into great errors, and condemned verses that were remarkably harmonious.

*Seward.*

<sup>5</sup> *He had his mortgage in again.*] *He had*, in this place, according to the old manner, signifies *he should have*.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Seek means, and see what I'll do;  
 (However, let the money be paid in;)   
 I never fought a gentleman's undoing,  
 Nor eat the bread of other mens' vexations.  
 The mortgage shall be render'd back; take time for't,  
 You told me of another brother.

*Unc.* Yes, Sir,  
 More miserable than he, for he has eat him  
 And drank him up; a handsome gentleman,  
 And a fine scholar.

*Enter three Tenants.*

*Mer.* What are these?

*Unc.* The tenants;  
 They'll do what they can.

*Mer.* It is well prepar'd.  
 Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him;  
 He's deaf to his own good.

*Lance.* We mean to tell him  
 Part of our minds, an't please you.

*Mer.* Do, and do it home,  
 And in what my care may help, or my persuasions,  
 When we meet next——

*Unc.* Do but persuade him fairly;  
 And for your money, mine, and these mens' thanks too,  
 And what we can be able——

*Mer.* You're most honest;  
 You shall find me no less, and so I leave you.  
 Prosper your business, friends! [*Exit Mer.*]

*Unc.* Pray Heav'n it may, Sir.

*Lance.* Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,  
 And tell him that—I'll not spare him——  
 His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows,  
 Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neighbours  
 welcome;  
 Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,  
 Yet kept his state still.

Must we turn tenants now (after we have liv'd  
 Under the race of gentry, and maintain'd

Good yeomanry) to some of the city,  
To a great shoulder of mutton and a custard,  
And have our state turn'd into cabbage-gardens?  
Must it be so?

*Unc.* You must be milder to him.

*Lance.* That's as he makes his game.

*Unc.* Entreat him lovingly,  
And make him feel.

*Lance.* I'll pinch him to the bones else.

*Val. (within.)* And tell the gentleman, I'll be with  
him presently.

Say I want money too; I must not fail, boy.

*Lance.* You will want clothes, I hope.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* Bid the young courtier  
Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

*Unc.* He comes; be diligent, but not too rugged;  
Start him, but not affright him.

*Val.* Phew! are you there?

*Unc.* We come to see you, nephew; be not angry.

*Val.* Why do you dog me thus, with these strange  
people?

Why, all the world shall never make me rich more,  
Nor master of these troubles.

*Ten.* We beseech you,  
For our poor childrens' sake.

*Val.* Who bid you get 'em?

Have you not threshing work enough, but children  
Must be bang'd out o' th' sheaf too? Other men,  
With all their delicates, and healthful diets,  
Can get but wind-eggs: You, with a clove of garlick,  
A piece of cheefe would break a saw, and four milk,  
Can mount like stallions; and I must maintain  
These tumblers!

*Lance.* You ought to maintain us; we  
Have maintain'd you, and when you slept provided  
for you.

Who bought the silk you wear? I think our labours;  
Reckon,

Reckon, you'll find it so. Who found your horses,  
 Perpetual pots of ale<sup>6</sup>, maintain'd your taverns,  
 And who extol'd you in the half-crown boxes,  
 Where you might sit and muster all the beauties?  
 We had no hand in these; no, we're all puppies!  
 Your tenants base vexations!

*Val.* Very well, Sir.

*Lance.* Had you land, Sir,  
 And honest men to serve your purposes,  
 Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,  
 Betray yourself, and your poor tribe to misery;  
 Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will you  
 hunt next?

You had a thousand acres, fair and open:  
 The King's Bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding;  
 The Counter's full of thorns and brakes (take heed, Sir)  
 And bogs; you'll quickly find what broth<sup>7</sup> they're  
 made of.

*Val.* You're short and pithy.

*Lance.* They say you're a fine gentleman,  
 And excellent judgment they report you have; a wit;  
 Keep yourself out o' th' rain<sup>8</sup>, and take your cloak  
 with you,

Which by interpretation is your state, Sir,  
 Or I shall think your fame belied you. You have money,

<sup>6</sup> *Who found your horses perpetual pots of ale.*] This is evidently corrupt. Mr. Symphon conjectures, *Who found your horses perpetual oats and hay?* But as my correction seems more easy, and is confirm'd by Mr. Theobald's concurrence, I have ventured to insert it in the text.

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Who found you horses?*

The old reading, with only the insertion of a stop, conveys the same sense as Mr. Seward's amendment.

<sup>7</sup> *What broth they're made of.*] Mr. Symphon reads, with Mr. Seward's concurrence,

*You'll quickly find what both they're made of.*

We think *broth* the right word, meaning, 'You'll soon find what sort of liquid is in the bogs.' After all, *broth* is a strange expression, but Mr. Symphon's reading is hard, and scarcely English.

<sup>8</sup> *Keep yourself out o' th' rain, &c.*] You are *wise*, keep you *warm*. See this explained in p. 355, vol. I.

And

And may have means.

*Val.* I prithee leave prating!

Does my good lie within thy brain to further,  
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go,  
Go, get you home; there whistle to your horses,  
And let them edify! Away, sow hemp,  
To hang yourselves withal! What am I to you,  
Or you to me? Am I your landlord, puppies?

*Unc.* This is uncivil.

*Val.* More unmerciful you,  
To vex me with these bacon-broth and puddings;  
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows!

*3 Ten.* Your father's worship would have us'd us  
better.

*Val.* My father's worship was a fool!

*Lance.* Hey, hey, boys!

Old Valentine i' faith; the old boy still!

*Unc.* Fy, cousin!

*Val.* I mean besotted to his state; he had never  
Left me the misery of so much means else,  
Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.  
If you will talk, turn out these tenants:  
They are as killing to my nature, Uncle,  
As water to a fever.

*Lance.* We will go;

But 'tis like rams, to come again the stronger:  
And you shall keep your state!

*Val.* Thou liest; I will not.

*Lance.* Sweet Sir, thou liest; thou shalt; and so  
good morrow! [*Exeunt Tenants.*]

*Val.* This was my man, and of a noble breeding.  
Now to your business, Uncle.

*Unc.* To your state then.

*Val.* 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name it no more;  
'Tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard me.  
I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it,  
I mean of thinking of more lands, or livings,  
Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,  
For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon't!  
*Caveat emptor!* Let the fool out-sweat it,

That thinks he has got a catch on't.

*Unc.* This is madness,  
To be a wilful beggar.

*Val.* I am mad then,  
And so I mean to be ; will that content you ?  
How bravely now I live, how jocund !  
How near the first inheritance, without fears !  
How free from title-troubles !

*Unc.* And from means too.

*Val.* Means ? Why, all good men's my means ;  
my wit's my plough,  
The town's my stock, tavern's my standing-house,  
And all the world knows there's no want ; all gentle-  
men

That love society, love me ; all purses  
That wit and pleasure open, are my tenants ;  
Every man's clothes fit me, the next fair lodging  
Is but my next remove, and when I please  
To be more eminent, and take the air,  
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,  
And I go I care not whither. What need state here ?

*Unc.* But, say these means were honest, will they  
last, Sir ?

*Val.* Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer ;  
Should I take ought of you ? 'Tis true, I beg'd now,  
Or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,  
And which is worst of all, I lost my way in't ;  
Your mind is enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly,  
Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing,  
But daily sweat and trouble : Were my way  
So full of dirt as this ? 'Tis true, I shifted.  
Are my acquaintance grasiers ? But, Sir, know,  
No man that I'm allied to, in my living,  
But makes it equal, whether his own use,  
Or my necessity, pull first ; nor is this forc'd,  
But the mere quality and poisure of goodness ;  
And do you think I venture nothing equal ?

<sup>9</sup> *All good men's my means.*] This is the reading of the oldest copies ; the modern (more grammatically, but less poetically) say, *All good men are my means.*



*Unc.* You pose me, cousin.

*Val.* What's my knowledge, Uncle? Is't not worth money?

What's my understanding, my travel, reading, wit,  
All these digested, my daily making men,  
Some to speak, that too much phlegm had frozen up;  
Some other that spoke too much, to hold their peace,  
And put their tongues to pensions; some to wear their  
clothes,

And some to keep 'em<sup>10</sup>? These are nothing, Uncle!  
Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,  
A manly love, community to all  
That are deservers—not examining  
How much, or what's done for them—it is wicked,  
And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,  
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

*Enter two Servants.*

*1 Ser.* This cloak and hat, Sir, and my master's love.

*Val.* Commend us to thy master, and take that,  
And leave 'em at my lodging.

*1 Ser.* I shall do't, Sir.

*Val.* I do not think of these things.

*2 Ser.* Please you, Sir, I have gold here for you.

*Val.* Give it me. Drink that, and commend me to  
thy master.

Look you, Uncle, do I beg these?

*Unc.* No sure, it is your worth, Sir.

*Val.* 'Tis like enough; but, pray satisfy me,

Are not these ways as honest as persecuting

The starv'd inheritance, with musty corn

The very rats were fain to run away from,

Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,

Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces?

Do not I know your way of feeding beasts

With grains, and windy stuff, to blow up butchers?

<sup>10</sup> It is plain to any one, who reads the two or three foregoing speeches of Valentine attentively, that he is defending his romantick humour, arguing by way of interrogation; according to which we have reformed the pointing, and, we hope, cleared the text from obscurity.

Your racking pastures, that have eaten up  
 As many singing shepherds, and their issues,  
 As Andeluzia breeds? These are authentic.  
 I tell you, Sir, I would not change ways with you,  
 Unless it were to sell your state that hour,  
 And, if 'twere possible, to spend it then too,  
 For all your beasts in Rumney<sup>11</sup>. Now you know me.

*Unc.* I would you knew yourself; but, since you're  
 grown

Such a strange enemy to all that fits you,  
 Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.

*Val.* How?

*Unc.* From your mortgage, which yet you may recover;  
 I'll find the means.

*Val.* Pray save your labour, Sir;  
 My brother and myself will run one fortune,  
 And I think, what I hold a mere vexation  
 Cannot be safe for him; I love him better;  
 He has wit at will, the world has means, he shall live  
 Without this trick of state; we are heirs both,  
 And all the world before us.

*Unc.* My last offer,  
 And then I'm gone.

*Val.* What is't? and then I'll answer.

*Unc.* What think you of a wife yet to restore you?  
 And tell me seriously, without these trifles.

*Val.* An you can find one that can please my fancy,  
 You shall not find me stubborn.

*Unc.* Speak your woman.

*Val.* One without eyes, that is, self-commendations  
 (For when they find they're handsome, they're un-  
 wholesome);

---

<sup>11</sup> For all your beans in Rumnillo, now you know me.] I would not conclude that there is no such place in England as *Rumnillo*, merely because I never heard of it; but it does not sound like an English name, and what weighs more with me, it gives a redundant syllable to the verse. The Uncle is before described as a great grazier; his beasts therefore are more likely to be mentioned, as the chief of his wealth than his *beans*. *Rumney* Marsh, in Kent, is remarkably famous for fattening cattle; I think therefore my conjecture was probably the true reading.

One without ears, not giving time to flatterers  
 (For she that hears herself commended, wavers,  
 And points men out a way to make 'em wicked);  
 One without substance of herself<sup>12</sup>; that woman  
 Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton,  
 Though she be young; forgetting it, tho' fair;  
 Making her glass the eyes of honest men,  
 Not her own admiration; all her ends  
 Obedience, all her hours new blessings; if  
 There may be such a woman.

*Unc.* Yes, there may be.

*Val.* And without state too?

*Unc.* You're dispos'd to trifle.

Well, fare you well, Sir! When you want me next,  
 You'll seek me out a better sense.

*Val.* Farewell, Uncle,

And as you love your state, let not me hear on't. [*Exit.*

*Unc.* It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him still;  
 And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Luce.* I know the cause of all this sadness now;  
 Your sister has engross'd all the brave Lovers.

---

<sup>12</sup> *One without substance of her self, that woman without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton, though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass, &c.]* Mr. Seward reads,

*One without substance of her self; that woman  
 Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton;  
 Though she be young, forgetting it, though fair,  
 Making her glass, &c.*

This passage is certainly difficult, but Mr. Seward's reading has rendered it still more obscure than the licentious pointing of the old books. Our reading is with a strict adherence to the old text, and with but small variation from the old punctuation. The sense of the whole speech we conceive to be this: 'The woman I expect is, *one without eyes*, to discover her own charms; *one without ears*, to receive flattery; *one without SUBSTANCE of herself*, i. e. *one without the very ESSENCE of woman*; a woman, without wantonness (the chief pleasure of woman's life) though young; unconscious of her beauty, though fair, &c. &c.' This sense is easily obtained by our regulation of the stops, and is (as we believe) the true one.

*Ifab.* She has wherewithal, much good may't do her !  
Prithee, speak softly ; we are open to mens' ears.

*Luce.* Fear not, we're safe; we may see all that pass,  
Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their lan-  
guage,

And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melancholy ;  
You are as fair as she.

*Ifab.* Who, I? I thank you ;  
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing stubber'd :  
My sister is a goodly, portly lady,  
A woman of a presence; she spreads sattin,  
As the king's ships do canvas, every where.  
She may spare me her mizen, and her bonnets,  
Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me ;  
I am a carvel to her <sup>13</sup>.

*Luce.* But a tight one.

*Ifab.* She is excellent well built too.

*Luce.* And yet she's old.

*Ifab.* She never saw above one voyage, Luce,  
And, credit me, after another, her hull  
Will serve again, and a right good merchant.  
She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses,  
Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,  
Begins to piddle with philosophy,  
A subtle chymic wench, and can extract  
The spirit of mens' estates; she has the light  
Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For me,  
'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune.

*Luce.* You are so bashful !

*Ifab.* 'Tis not at first word up and ride ; thou'rt  
cozen'd ;

<sup>13</sup> *I am a carvel to her.*] *Carvel*, from the Spanish word *caravila*, an old-fashioned vessel, formerly much used in Spain, sharp before, ill-shaped every way, and all the masts sloping forwards. Their sails are all mizen-sails, that is, triangular; they will lie nearer the wind than other sails, but are not so commodious to handle.—This is the explanation given by the Spanish Dictionaries. *Carvel* here seems to be used for a small ship, in the same sense as it is by Sir Walter Raleigh: 'I gave them order, if they found any Indians there, to send in the little fly boat, or the *carvel*, into the river; for with our great ships we durst not approach the coast.' R.

That would shew mad, i'faith! Besides, we lose  
 The main part of our politick government,  
 If we become provokers: Then we are fair,  
 And fit for mens' embraces, when, like towns,  
 They lie before us ages, yet not carried:  
 Hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too  
 Without the loss of honour, and march off  
 With our fair wedding-colours flying! Who are these?

*Enter Francisco and Lance.*

*Luce.* I know not, nor I care not.

*Isab.* Prithee peace then!

A well-built gentleman.

*Luce.* But poorly thatch'd!

*Lance.* Has he devour'd you too?

*Fran.* H' has gulp'd me down, Lance.

*Lance.* Left you no means to study?

*Fran.* Not a farthing:

Dispatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him.

Here's all the hope I've left, one bare ten shillings.

*Lance.* You're fit for great mens' services.

*Fran.* I am fit, but who will take me thus?

Mens' miseries are now accounted

Stains in their natures. I have travelled,

And I have studied long, observ'd all kingdoms,

Know all the promises of art and manners:

Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,

I shall not thrive; all these are but vain studies!

Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging, Lance?

*Lance.* I'll sell the tiles<sup>14</sup> of my house else, my horse,  
 my hawk;

Nay, 'sdeath, I'll pawn my wife! Oh, Mr. Francis,

That I should see your father's house fall thus!

*Isab.* An honest fellow!

<sup>14</sup> *I'll sell the tiles of my house else, my horse, my hawk.*] Mr. Theobald has made a query in his margin, whether this should be *tile* or *tiles*. I make no doubt of determining for the last, not because it was my own and Mr. Symphon's conjecture long since, but that the very same expression, *I'll sell the tiles of my house*, occurs in another play of our Authors.

*Seward.*

*Lance.* Your father's house, that fed me,  
That bred up all my name?

*Isab.* A grateful fellow!

*Lance.* And fall by——

*Fran.* Peace; I know you're angry, *Lance*,  
But I must not hear with whom; he is my brother,  
And, though you hold him slight, my most dear brother!

A gentleman, excepting some few rubs,  
(He were too excellent to live here else)  
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,  
The issues of a noble and manly spirit,  
As any he alive. I must not hear you:  
Though I am miserable, and he made me so,  
Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,  
And to that tie of blood link my affections.

*Isab.* A noble nature! Dost thou know him, *Luce*?

*Luce.* No, mistress.

*Isab.* Thou shouldst ever know such good men.  
What a fair body and a mind are married there together!

Did he not say he wanted?

*Luce.* What is that to you?

*Isab.* 'Tis true; but 'tis great pity.

*Luce.* How she changes!

Ten thousand more than he, as handsome men too——

*Isab.* 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this gentleman,

Among ten thousand thousand—Is there no knowing him?

Why should he want? Fellows of no merit,  
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,  
Leaving no print of what they are, or poise<sup>15</sup>,  
Let them complain!

*Luce.*

<sup>15</sup> Or *poise*.] The construction of this is a little difficult, leaving no print of what they are, or of what poise or weight they were. Mr. Symphon not admitting this, would put *voice* for *poise*, it being the property of shadows neither to leave print or *voice* behind them. And *voice*, he says, is used by our Authors for fame. If this be not admitted

*Luce.* Her colour changes strangely.

*Isab.* This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us;

Alas, poor gentleman! But will that fledge him,  
Keep him from cold? Believe me he's well-bred,  
And cannot be but of a noble lineage;  
Mark him, and mark him well.

*Luce.* 'Is a handsome man.

*Isab.* The sweetness of his suff'rance sets him off;  
Oh, Luce—But whither go I?

*Luce.* You cannot hide it.

*Isab.* I would he had what I can spare.

*Luce.* 'Tis charitable.

*Lance.* Come, Sir, I'll see you lodg'd; you've tied  
my tongue fast.

I'll steal before you want; 'tis but a hanging!

[*Exeunt Lance and Francisco.*]

*Isab.* That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow!  
Why, this would move a stone. I must needs know—  
But that some other time.

*Luce.* Is the wind there?

That makes for me.

*Isab.* Come, I forgot a business.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II.

*Enter Widow and Luce.*

*Wid.* **M**Y sifter, and a woman of so base a pity!  
What was the fellow?

*Luce.* Why, an ordinary man, madam.

*Wid.* Poor?

---

admitted he would read, *for those, let them complain.* But I cannot see sufficient reason for any change. Little difficulties of construction and incorrectnesses of language too frequently occur to suppose our Authors not sometimes really guilty of them. *Seward.*

We think this passage possesses a graceful familiarity of phrase, and is without any difficulty of construction.

*Luce.*

*Luce.* Poor enough; and no man knows from whence  
neither.

*Wid.* What could she see?

*Luce.* Only his misery;  
For else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

*Wid.* Did she change much?

*Luce.* Extremely, when he spoke;  
And then her pity, like an orator,  
(I fear her love) fram'd such a commendation,  
And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.

*Wid.* Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers,  
That she must dote upon afflictions?  
Why does she not go rummage all the prisons,  
And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness,  
And fly her honour, common both to beggary?  
Did she speak to him?

*Luce.* No, he saw us not;  
But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.

*Wid.* Was he young?

*Luce.* Yes, young enough.

*Wid.* And look'd he like a gentleman?

*Luce.* Like such a gentleman would pawn ten oaths  
for twelve pence.

*Wid.* My sister, and sink basely! This must not be.  
Does she use means to know him?

*Luce.* Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire  
call'd Shorthose.

*Wid.* Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep all this  
private;

But still be near her lodging.

What you can gather by any means, let me understand:  
I'll stop her heat, and turn her charity another way,  
To bless herself first. Be still close to her counsels.

A beggar, and a stranger! There's a blessedness!

I'll none of that. I have a toy yet, sister,  
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.

And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore.  
This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



*Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, and Valentine.*

*Fount.* Sirrah, we have so look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!

This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest,  
And stands so much upon her excellencies!

*Bel.* She has put us off this month now, for an answer.

*Hare.* No man must visit her, nor look upon her,  
No, not say 'good morrow,' nor 'good even,'  
'Till that is past.

*Val.* She has found what dough you are made of,  
and so kneads you:

Are you good at nothing, but these after-games?  
I have told you often enough what things they are,  
What precious things, these widows!

*Hare.* If we had 'em.

*Val.* Why, the devil has not craft enough to woo 'em.  
There be three kinds of fools, (mark this note, gentlemen,

Mark it, and understand it.)

*Fount.* Well, go forward.

*Val.* An innocent, a knave fool, a fool politick:  
The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.

*Bel.* Will you allow no fortune?

*Val.* No such blind one.

*Fount.* We gave you reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

*Val.* As you're those fools, I did allow those reasons,  
But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em.  
Do you know what it is to wooe a widow?  
Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.

*Hare.* Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

*Val.* Why, there you're fools still; crafty to catch yourselves,

Pure politick fools; I look'd for such an answer.

Once more hear me: It is,

To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,

Whether the state you have be yours or no,

Or those old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows

Are

Are long extents in law upon mens' livings,  
Upon their bodies winding-sheets<sup>16</sup>; they that enjoy  
'em,

Lie but with dead mens' monuments, and beget  
Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now?

*Bel.* Plain spoken.

*Val.* And plain truth; but, if you'll needs  
Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves,  
(Not any part concerns your understandings,  
For then you are meacocks, fools, and miserable)  
March off amain! within an inch of a fircug<sup>17</sup>,  
Turn me on the toe like a weather-cock!  
Kill every day a serjeant for a twelvemonth,  
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls!  
And these will make a show.

*Hare.* And these are trifles?

*Val.* Consider'd to a widow, empty nothings;

<sup>16</sup> *Widows are long extents in law upon news, livings upon their bodies winding-sheet,*] *News* was an odd corruption: My first conjecture was, *upon men, living upon their bodies winding-sheets*. Mr. Theobald read, *upon mens' livings, upon their bodies winding-sheet*. This seemed a better reading than mine. But still it had some obscurities. That widows are long extents in law upon mens' livings or estates, is clear; but how are they extents in law upon their bodies winding-sheets? A proper attention to the metre gives good reason to conclude the second *upon* to be an interpolation; for the verse is perfect, and the sense clear without it. Widows are the winding-sheets and monuments of their dead husbands.

*Seward.*

The second *upon* should be retained. *Widows, says Valentine, are long extents in law upon mens' livings; upon their bodies winding-sheets.* 'Extents on their estates, winding-sheets on their bodies.' Where is the difficulty? What follows proves this: *Bedding with a widow, proceeds Valentine, is celebrating your funeral.*

<sup>17</sup> *Within an inch of a fircug.*] I believe there is no such word as *fircug*. Mr. Theobald alters it to *firelock*, and was very fond of the conjecture, for he sent it me among the few that he favoured me with by letter, but I cannot see what danger there is in merely marching near a firelock, unless in the instant of discharging, or what relation *turning o' the toe like a weather-cock*, has to a *firelock*. I dare say the Authors originally used a word that signified a place to turn upon, where to slip was certain death; the best word I know is *precipice*, but that's too far from the trace of the letters. *Whirlpool, furnace, and spire-top*, would give the sense required, but I shall not venture either of them in the text.

*Seward.*

For

For here you venture but your persons, there  
 The varnish of your persons, your discretions.  
 Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,  
 Especially as now 'tis made: Methinks  
 A man, an understanding man, is more<sup>18</sup> wife  
 To me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets.  
 What do we get by women, but our senses,  
 Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied?  
 And, when that's done, what are we? Crest-fall'n  
 cowards!

What benefit can children be, but charges,  
 And disobedience? What's the love they render  
 At one-and-twenty years? 'I pray die, father!'  
 When they are young, they are like bells rung back-  
 wards,  
 Nothing but noise and giddiness; and, come to years  
 once,

There drops a son by th' sword in his mistress's quarrel;  
 A great joy to his parents! A daughter ripe too,  
 Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have  
 A heating, runs away with a supple-ham'd servingman:  
 His twenty nobles spent, takes to a trade,  
 And learns to spin mens' hair off; there's another:  
 And most are of this nature. Will you marry?

*Foun.* For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

*Val.* And this same widow?

*Fount.* If I may; and, methinks,  
 However you are pleased to dispute these dangers,  
 Such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were not  
 hurtful.

*Val.* Not half so killing as for you. For me,  
 She can't, with all the art she has, make me more  
 miserable,

Or much more fortunate: I have no state left,  
 A benefit that none of you can brag of,  
 And there's the antidote against a widow;

<sup>18</sup> *More wife to me,*] Good sense, which is the best manuscript, lets us see at once that *wife* is a corruption, and that our Poets undoubtedly wrote *wife*.

Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,  
 Which she can neither law nor claw away ;  
 To that, but little flesh, it were too much else ;  
 And that unwholesome too, it were too rich else.  
 And, to all this, contempt of what she does :  
 I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,  
 Hear her without a faith, so pity her  
 As if she were a traitor ; moan her person,  
 But deadly hate her pride ; if you could do these,  
 And had but this discretion, and like fortune,  
 'Twere but an equal venture.

*Fount.* This is malice.

*Val.* When she lies with your land, and not with  
 you,

Grows great with jointures, and is brought to-bed,  
 With all the state you have, you'll find this certain.  
 But is it come to pass you must marry ?  
 Is there no buff will hold you ?

*Bel.* Grant it be so ?

*Val.* Then chuse the tamer evil, take a maid,  
 A maid not worth a penny ; make her yours,  
 Knead her, and mould her yours ; a maid worth  
 nothing :

There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing*.  
 A maid makes conscience  
 Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and puppets <sup>19</sup> ;  
 A maid's content with one coach and two horses,  
 Not falling out because they are not matches ;  
 With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,

<sup>19</sup> *Pins and puppets,*] As there is a syllable wanting in the measure here, I have ventured to supply it. *Pins and puppet-shows* seem to me rather more expressive of a lady's pocket expences than pins and puppets. *Seward.*

Mr. Sympson proposes reading, *pins and pin-puppets* ; and says, ' The fashionable pin-cases in our Authors' days, were made in the shape of little puppets, or poppets ; and tho' that custom is discontinued, we still retain the word *pin poppets* to this very day in the north of England.' But allowing this to have been the Authors' meaning, we cannot think any addition necessary ; the old text conveying fully the sense required, that a maid will not be so exorbitant in what is called *pin money* as a widow.

With one faith, one content, one bed<sup>20</sup>;  
 Aged, she makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue;  
 A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.

*Fount.* Yet all this cannot sink us.

*Val.* You're my friends,

And all my loving friends; I spend your money,  
 Yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still.

I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em;  
 I eat your meat, help to wear your linen;  
 Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal,  
 For which I'll do you this commodity.

Be rul'd, and let me try her, I'll discover her;  
 The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,  
 'Till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy—

*Hare.* This was our meaning, Valentine.

*Val.* 'Tis done then.

I must want nothing.

*Hare.* Nothing but the woman.

*Val.* No jealousy; for, when I marry,  
 The devil must be wiser than I take him,  
 And the flesh foolisher. Come, let's to dinner;  
 And when I'm whetted well with wine, have at her!

[*Exeunt.*]

---

<sup>20</sup> *One bed, aged she makes the wife,*] Mr. Theobald reads, *the wife* from the old quarto, and Mr. Sympson, *thee wife*, both retaining the word *aged*, which, tho' not nonsense, seems to add very little to the sense, especially to Mr. Theobald's reading, which to me seems as far as he alters, to be the true one. But what convinces me that *aged* is a spurious word, is, that it utterly spoils the measure; my reading is near the trace of the letters, restores the verse, and gives, I think, a much better sense, viz. that a maid when married has one good, or the same interest with her husband, in contradiction to a widow, who generally has a separate one. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

*With one faith, one content, one bed, one good,  
 She makes the wife, preserves, &c.*

Mr. Seward's alteration is licentious, and *one good* is not so strong a finish as *one bed*, besides that it is already implied in *one faith, one content*. *Aged* is, it is true, rather hard, but not unintelligible; signifying, that the maid, when grown older, makes a good wife, and preserves the reputation of the family, &c. which is not the case with a widow.

*Enter*

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Ifab.* But art thou sure?

*Luce.* No surer than I heard.

*Ifab.* That it was that flouting fellow's brother?

*Luce.* Yes, Shorthose told me so.

*Ifab.* He did search out the truth?

*Luce.* It seems he did.

*Ifab.* Prithee, Luce, call him hither.

If he be no worse, I ne'er repent my pity.

Now, Sirrah, what was he we sent you after,

The gentleman i' th' black?

*Enter Shorthose.*

*Short.* I' th' torn black?

*Ifab.* Yes, the same, Sir.

*Short.* What would your worship with him?

*Ifab.* Why, my worship

Would know his name, and what he is.

*Short.* 'Is nothing;

He is a man, and yet he is no man.

*Ifab.* You must needs play the fool.

*Short.* 'Tis my profession.

*Ifab.* How is he a man, and no man?

*Short.* He's a beggar;

Only the sign of a man, the bush pull'd down,  
Which shews the house stands empty.

*Ifab.* What's his calling?

*Short.* They call him beggar.

*Ifab.* What's his kindred?

*Short.* Beggars.

*Ifab.* His worth?

*Short.* A learned beggar, a poor scholar.

*Ifab.* How does he live?

*Short.* Like worms, he eats old books.

*Ifab.* Is Valentine his brother?

*Short.* His begging brother.

*Ifab.* What may his name be?

*Short.* Orson.

*Ifab.*

*Ifab.* Leave your fooling.

*Short.* You had as good say, leave your living.

*Ifab.* Once more,

Tell me his name directly.

*Short.* I'll be hang'd first,

Unless I heard him christen'd; but I can tell

What foolish people call him.

*Ifab.* What?

*Short.* Francisco.

*Ifab.* Where lies this learning, Sir?

*Short.* In Paul's Church-yard, forsooth<sup>21</sup>.

*Ifab.* I mean that gentleman, fool!

*Short.* Oh, that fool;

He lies in loose sheets every where, that's no where.

*Luce.* You have glean'd,

Since you came to London; in the country, Shorthose,

You were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcomb;

Here every tavern teaches you; the pint pot

Has so belabour'd you with wit, your brave acquaintance

That gives you ale, so fortified your mazard,

That now there is no talking to you.

*Ifab.* 'Is much improv'd;

A fellow, a fine discourser!

*Short.* I hope so;

I have not waited at the tail of wit

So long, to be an ass.

*Luce.* But, say now, Shorthose,

My lady should remove into the country?

*Short.* I had as lieve she should remove to Heav'n,  
And as soon I'd undertake to follow her.

*Luce.* Where no old charnico<sup>22</sup> is, nor no anchovies,  
Nor

<sup>21</sup> In Paul's Church yard, forsooth.] In our Authors' time, the booksellers dwelt for the most part round about St. Paul's cathedral, and sheltered their books in a subterranean church under it, called St. Faith's. At the fire of London, the loss to persons in that profession, and in that place only, was estimated at an immense sum. R.

<sup>22</sup> Charnico.] A cup of *charnico* is mentioned in the Second Part of Henry VI. but as the several Editors of Shakespeare have not agreed

Nor master Such-a-one, to meet at the Rose,  
And bring my lady Such-a-one's chief chambermaid.

*Isab.* No bouncing healths to this brave lad, dear  
Shorthose,

Nor down o' th' knees to that illustrious lady.

*Luce.* No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of ' Drawer,  
' Carry this pottle to my father Shorthose.'

*Isab.* No plays nor gally-foists, no strange ambassadors  
To run and wonder at, till thou be'st oil,  
And then come home again, and lie by th' legend.

*Luce.* Say, she should go?

*Short.* If I say so, I'll be hang'd;  
Or, if I thought she'd go——

*Luce.* What?

*Short.* I'd go with her.

*Luce.* But, Shorthose, where thy heart is——

*Isab.* Do not fright him.

in the explanation of it, we shall set down what each hath said on the subject.

' On this, says bishop Warburton, the Oxford Editor thus criticises in his Index: ' This seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish *charniegos* is a term used for the stocks.' It was no cant word, but a common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet intitled, *The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate*, printed 1612: ' Some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charneco*, maligo, nor amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor.' — And as *charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it.' Thus far the bishop. Mr. Hawkins says, ' The vulgar name for this liquor was *char-igo*. I meet with it in an old catch set to music by Lawes.' And the last editor has added the following examples. ' In a pamphlet entituled, *Wits Miserie*; or, *The World's Madness*, printed in 1596, it is said, that ' the oniy medicine for the flegm is three cups of *charneco* fasting.' In a *Collection of Epigrams and Satires*, without date, but of the same age, this liquor is mentioned again:

“ — — happy is the man doth rightly know  
“ The virtue of three cups of *charneco*.”

R.

*Luce.*



*Luce.* By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise, a loud one too,

And from her own mouth; presently to be gone too! But why? or to what end?

*Short.* Mayn't a man die first? She'll give him so much time.

*Ifab.* Gone o' th' sudden?

Thou dost but jest; she must not mock the gentlemen.

*Luce.* She has put them off a month, they dare not see her.

Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.

*Ifab.* Is this true, wench? Gone on so short a warning!

What trick is this? She never told me of it; It must not be! Sirrah, attend me presently, (You know I've been a careful friend unto you) Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.

Cry not; we shall not go.

*Short.* Her coach may crack! [Exeunt.]

*Enter Valentine, Francisco, and Lance.*

*Val.* Which way to live! How dar'st thou come to town,

To ask such an idle question?

*Fran.* Methinks, 'tis necessary, Unless you could restore that annuity You have tipp'd up in taverns.

*Val.* Where hast thou been, And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talk'st Thus out of France? Thou wert a pretty fellow, And of a handsome knowledge; who has spoil'd thee?

*Lance.* He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport, And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near him: Buy but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy, And look there who.

*Val.* Well said, old Copyhold.

*Lance.* My heart's good freehold, Sir, and so you'll find it;

This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother,

(For there's no hope of you) use him thereafter.

*Val.* E'en as well as I use myself. What wouldst thou have, Frank?

*Fran.* Can you procure me a hundred pound?

*Lance.* Hark what he says to you.

Oh, try your wits; they say you're excellent at it;  
For your land has lain long bed-rid, and unsensible.

*Fran.* And I'll forget all wrongs. You see my state,  
And to what wretchedness your will has brought me;  
But what it may be, by this benefit,  
If timely done, and like a noble brother,  
Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.

*Val.* A hundred pound! dost thou know what  
thou'st said, boy?

*Fran.* I said, a hundred pound.

*Val.* Thou hast said more

Than any man can justify, believe it.  
Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee;  
There's no such sum in nature; forty shillings  
There may be now i' th' Mint, and that's a treasure.  
I have seen five pound; but let me tell it,  
And 'tis as wonderful as calves with five legs.  
Here's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,  
And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy first-fruits;  
I will come down, and eat it out.

*Fran.* 'Tis patience  
Must meet with you, Sir, not love.

*Lance.* Deal roundly,  
And leave these fiddle-faddles.

*Val.* Leave thy prating!

Thou think'st thou art a notable wise fellow,  
Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk; two of the re-  
verend!

*Lance.* I think you are mad, or, if you be not,  
will be

With the next moon. What would you have him do?

*Val.* How?

*Lance.* To get money first, that is, to live;  
You've shew'd him how to want.

*Val.* 'Slife, how do I live?

Why, what dull fool would ask that question?

Three hundred three-pilds more<sup>23</sup>, ay, and live bravely;  
The better half o' th' town, and live most gloriously:  
Ask them what states they have, or what annuities,  
Or when they pray for seasonable harvests!

Thou hast a handsome wit; stir into the world, Frank,  
Stir, stir for shame; thou art a pretty scholar.

Ask how to live? Write, write, write any thing;  
The world's a fine believing world, write news.

*Lance.* Dragons in Suffex<sup>24</sup>, or fiery battles  
Seen in the air at Aspurge?

*Val.* There's the way, Frank.

And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom  
With a sharp prognostication, that shall scour them  
(Dearth upon dearth) like Levant taffaties<sup>25</sup>;

<sup>23</sup> *Three hundred three pilds more.*] *i. e.* Three hundred who dress richly, or in three-pil'd velvets. *Seward.*

<sup>24</sup> *Dragons in Suffex.*] In 1614, there was a discourse published, of a strange monstrous serpent, in St. Leonard's Forest, and two miles from Horsham in Suffex, which was discovered there in the month of August, in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eye-witnesses living on the place. But, from the description, we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as Ben Jonson (by whom it is mentioned in his Masque, called News from the New World Discovered in the Moon) styles it, was couched under the account: 'This serpent, or *dragon*, as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axle-tree of a cart; a quantity of thickness in the middle, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red; for I speak of no nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance. There are likewise, on either side of him, discovered two great bunches, so big as a large football, and, as some think, will in time grow to be wings, &c.' More to the same purpose may be found in the account itself, which is reprinted in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany. *Whalley.*

<sup>25</sup> *Like leven taffaties.*] *Levant* or *Turky* taffaties is good sense, which the former reading seems not to be; the conjecture therefore, which is Mr. Sympson's, tho' advanc'd with doubt by him, I think a very happy one. *Seward.*

Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want  
Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

*Lance.* Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of  
Grantham steeple,

And clap it on Paul's; and, after these,  
A *l'envoy* to the city for their sins?

*Val. Probatum est*; thou canst not want a pension,  
Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars,  
There's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals.

Are not these ready ways? *Cosmography*  
Thou'rt deeply read in; draw me a map from the  
Mermaid<sup>26</sup>,

I mean a midnight map, to scape the watches,  
And such long senseless examinations;  
And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good gentlemen.  
I cannot stay long.

*Lance.* You've read learnedly!

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<sup>26</sup> *A map from the Mermaid.*] Both sense and measure confirm the trifling alteration which I've made, but I should have ventured it without a note, had it not been necessary to mention that the *Mermaid* was probably a famous tavern. Valentine in the next scene bids Francisco meet him at the *Mermaid*. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

*Draw me a map o' the Mermaid.*

The *Mermaid* was a house of entertainment, at which our Poets, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and all the wits of the age, used to assemble. It is frequently mentioned by the writers of our Authors' time, and celebrated by Beaumont, in the following passage of a letter from him to Ben Jonson:

- ' \_\_\_\_\_ What things have we seen
- ' Done at the *Mermaid*! heard words that have been
- ' So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
- ' As if that every one from whence they came
- ' Had meant to put his whole *wit* in a *jest*,
- ' And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
- ' Of his dull life.'

FROM *the Mermaid* is clearly right; meaning 'instructions how to escape the watch, at *departing from the tavern*, and thereby avoid long senseless official examinations; for which *map*, or *instructions*, Francisco should be fed by *right good gentlemen*.' If Mr. Seward only thought it *probable*, that a *tavern* was meant, it is amazing he should not have understood the passage; of which his '*trifling alteration*' makes downright nonsense.

And

And would you have him follow these chimeras<sup>27</sup>?  
Did you begin with ballads?

*Fran.* Well, I'll leave you;  
I see my wants are grown ridiculous:  
Yours may be so; I will not curse you neither.  
You may think, when these wanton fits are over,  
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to your-  
self, Sir;

A providence I wait on!

*Val.* Thou art passionate<sup>28</sup>;  
Hast thou been brought up with girls?

*Enter Shorthose, with a bag.*

*Short.* Rest you merry, gentlemen.

*Val.* Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

*Short.* Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of  
you;

I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-pot else.

*Val.* Why, wilt thou muster us?

*Short.* No, you're not he;  
You are a thought too handsome.

*Lance.* Who wouldst thou speak withal? why dost  
thou peep so?

*Short.* I'm looking birds' nests: I can find none  
In your bush-beard! I'd speak with you, black  
gentleman.

*Fran.* With me, my friend?

*Short.* Yes, sure; and the best friend, Sir,  
It seems, you spake withal this twelve-month, gentle-  
man.

There's money for you.

*Val.* How?

*Short.* There's none for you, Sir. Be not so brief!  
Not a penny. La! how he itches at it!  
Stand off; you stir my choler.

*Lance.* Take it; 'tis money.

<sup>27</sup> *Megeras.*] Former editions.

*Seward.*

<sup>28</sup> *Thou art passionate.*] *Passionate* signifies here, in the old sense,  
*tender-hearted*; not, in the modern sense, *disposed to anger*.

*Short.* You are too quick too; first, be sure you have it:

You seem to be a falconer, but a foolish one.

*Lance.* Take it, and say nothing.

*Short.* You are cozen'd too;

'Tis take it, and spend it.

*Fran.* From whom came it, Sir?

*Short.* Such another word, and you shall have none on't.

*Fran.* I thank you, Sir; I doubly thank you!

*Short.* Well, Sir;

Then, buy you better clothes, and get your hat dress'd, And your laundress to wash your boots white.

*Fran.* Pray stay, Sir; may you not be mistaken?

*Short.* I think I am;

Give me the money again; come, quick, quick, quick!

*Fran.* I would be loth to render, till I am sure it be so.

*Short.* Hark in your ear; is not your name Francisco?

*Fran.* Yes.

*Short.* Be quiet then: It may thunder a hundred times, Before such stones fall. Don't you need it?

*Fran.* Yes.

*Short.* And it is thought you have it.

*Fran.* Yes; I think

I have.

*Short.* Then hold it fast; it is not fly-blown.

You may pay for the poundage; you forget yourself:

I have not seen a gentleman so backward,

A wanting gentleman.

*Fran.* Your mercy, Sir!

*Short.* Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy.

Be merry with it, and be wise.

*Fran.* I would fain,

If it please you, but know——

*Short.* It does not please me:

Tell o'er your money, and be not mad, boy.

*Val.* You have no more such bags?

*Short.* More such there are, Sir,

But few I fear for you. I've cast your water ;  
 You've Wit, you need no Money. [Exit.

*Lance.* Be not amaz'd, Sir ;  
 'Tis good gold, good old gold ; this is restorative,  
 And in good time, it comes to do you good.  
 Keep it and use it ; let honest fingers feel it ;  
 Yours be too quick, Sir.

*Fran.* He nam'd me, and he gave it me ; but from  
 whom ?

*Lance.* Let 'em send more, and then examine it.  
 This can be but a preface.

*Fran.* Being a stranger,  
 Of whom can I deserve this ?

*Lance.* Sir, of any man  
 That has but eyes, and manly understanding,  
 To find mens' wants : Good men are bound to do so.

*Val.* Now you see, Frank, there are more ways than  
 certainties ;

Now you believe. What plough brought you this  
 harvest,

What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities ?

These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation

Of quarter-days ; you see it show'rs in to you.

You are an ass ! Lie plodding, and lie fooling,

About this blazing star, and that bopeep,

Whining, and fasting, to find the natural reason

Why a dog turns twice about before he lie down !

What use of these, or what joy in annuities,

Where every man's thy study, and thy tenant ?

I am asham'd on thee !

*Lance.* Yes, I have seen

This fellow. There's a wealthy widow hard by——

*Val.* Yes, marry is there.

*Lance.* I think he's her servant ;

I am cozen'd, if——After her ! I am sure on't<sup>29</sup>.

<sup>29</sup> *I am cozen'd if after her, I am sure on't.*] We have here followed the words of the first edition, but varied the pointing in such a manner as for the speech to convey much humour. The more modern editions read, *I think he's her servant, or I am cozen'd else, I am sure on't.*

*Fran.* I am glad on't.

*Lance.* She's a good woman.

*Fran.* I am gladder.

*Lance.* And young enough, believe.

*Fran.* I am gladder of all, Sir.

*Val.* Frank, you shall lie with me soon.

*Fran.* I thank my money.

*Lance.* His money shall lie with me; three in a bed, Sir,

Will be too much this weather.

*Val.* Meet me at the Mermaid,  
And thou shalt see what things——

*Lance.* Trust to yourself, Sir. [*Exe. Fran. and Lan.*]

*Enter Fountain, Harebrain<sup>30</sup>, and Bellamore.*

*Fount.* Oh, Valentine!

*Val.* How now? why do you look so?

*Bel.* The widow's going, man.

*Val.* Why, let her go, man.

*Hare.* She's going out o' th' town.

*Val.* The town's the happier;  
I would they were all gone.

*Fount.* We cannot come  
To speak with her.

*Val.* Not to speak to her?

*Bel.* She will

Be gone within this hour; either now<sup>31</sup>, Val.

*Fount. Hare.* Now, now, now, good Val.

*Val.* I'd rather

March i' th' mouth o' th' cannon. But, adieu!

If she be above ground—Go, away to your prayers;

Away I say, away!—she shall be spoken withal!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>30</sup> *Enter Fountain, and Bellamore.*] Mr. Theobald has justly added *Harebrain* to the other two. *Seward.*

<sup>31</sup> *Either now Val!*] *Either* appears to us to be corrupt, and what follows confirms it. The sense would warrant *At her* now, Val!—at least, some words to that purport are necessary: *See her* now, Val! or *to her* now, Val! or any thing to that effect; perhaps, *thither* now, Val!

*Enter*



*Enter Shorthose, with one boot on, Roger and Humphry.*

*Rog.* She will go, Shorthose.

*Short.* Who can help it, Roger?

*Ralph* [*within*]. Roger, help down with the hangings!

*Rog.* By and by, Ralph;

I am making up o' th' trunks here,

*Ralph.* Shorthose!

*Short.* Well.

*Ralph.* Who looks to my lady's wardrobe? Humphry!

*Hum.* Here.

*Ralph.* Down with the boxes in the gallery,  
And bring away the coach-cushions.

*Short.* Will it not rain?

No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,  
To stop this journey?

*Rog.* Why go now, why now,  
Why o' th' sudden now? What preparation,  
What horses have we ready? what provision  
Laid in i' th' country?

*Hum.* Not an egg, I hope.

*Rog.* No, nor one drop of good drink, boys, there's  
the devil.

*Short.* I heartily pray the malt be musty; and then  
We must come up again.

*Hum.* What says the steward?

*Rog.* He's at's wit's end; for, some four hours since,  
Out of his haste and providence, he mistook  
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.

*Short.* And she may break his neck, and save the  
journey.

Oh, London, how I love thee!

*Hum.* I've no boots,  
Nor none I'll buy: Or, if I had, refuse me  
If I would venture my ability  
Before a cloak-bag; men are men.

*Short.* For my part,  
If I be brought, as I know 'twill be aim'd at,

To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,  
 Or any gentle lady of the laundry,  
 Chambring, or wantonness, behind my gelding,  
 With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,  
 As if I were a running frippery<sup>32</sup>,  
 I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay me.  
 I'll not be troubled with their distillations<sup>33</sup>,  
 At every half-mile's end! I understand myself,  
 And am resolv'd——

*Hum.* To-morrow night at Olivers!

Who shall be there, boys? who shall meet the wenches?

*Rog.* The well-brew'd stand of ale, we should have met at!

*Short.* These griefs, like to another tale of Troy,  
 Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,  
 And make Tom Butcher weep! *Æneas enters,*  
 And now the town is lost.

*Enter Ralph.*

*Ralph.* Why, whither run you?  
 My lady's mad.

*Short.* I would she were in Bedlam.

*Ralph.* The carts are come; no hands to help to load 'em!

The stuff lies in the hall, the plate——

*Widow [within].* Why knaves there!  
 Where be these idle fellows?

*Short.* Shall I ride with one boot?

*Wid.* Why, where I say?

*Ralph.* Away, away, it must be so.

*Short.* Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but ten days.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>32</sup> *Flippery.*] Corrected by the Editors of 1750.

*Frippery* is mentioned in *Monsieur d'Olive*, a Comedy, by Chapman, 1606. 'Passing yestherday by the *Frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall, with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder.' It is also mentioned in the *Tempest*, act iv. R.

*Rue de FRIPPERIE*, in Paris, is a place, like our Monmouth-Street, destined for the sale of old clothes.

<sup>33</sup> *Distibations.*] Corrected in 1750.

## A C T III.

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Luce.* **B**Y my troth, mistress, I did it for the best.  
*Isab.* It may be so ; but, Luce, you have  
 a tongue,  
 A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if'twere minc'd,  
 Luce,

Would do a great deal better.

*Luce.* I protest, mistress——

*Isab.* 'Twill be your own one time or other. Walter !

*Walter* [*within*]. Anon forfooth.

*Isab.* Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak——

You are so full of providence—and, Walter,  
 Tuck up my little box behind the coach ;  
 And bid my maid make ready—my sweet service  
 To your good lady mistress—and my dog ;  
 Good, let the coachman carry him.

*Luce.* But, hear me !

*Isab.* I am in love, sweet Luce, and you're so skilful,  
 That I must needs undo myself—and, hear me,  
 Let Oliver pack up my glass discretely,  
 And see my curls well carried—Oh, sweet Luce,  
 You have a tongue, and open tongues have open—  
 You know what, Luce.

*Luce.* Pray you be satisfied.

*Isab.* Yes, and contented too, before I leave you !  
 There is a Roger, which some call a butler <sup>34</sup>—  
 I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce :  
 Nay, do not stare ; I have a tongue can talk too—  
 And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door  
 Opens to a long gallery ; there was a night, Luce—  
 Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet ?

<sup>34</sup> *Call a butcher.*] There was a Roger in the family, but he was the *butler* and not a *butcher*, and there can scarce be any doubt of his being the person spoke of here.

*Symphon.*

Oh,

Oh, do you blush, Luce?—a Friday night—  
I saw your faint, Luce: ‘For t’other box of marmalade,  
All’s thine, sweet Roger!’—this I heard, and kept too.

*Luce.* E’en as you’re a woman, mistress—

*Ifab.* This I allow

As good and physical sometimes, these meetings,  
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,  
To have your own turn serv’d, and to your friend  
To be a dogbolt!

*Luce.* I confess it, mistress.

*Ifab.* As you have made my sister jealous of me,  
And foolishly, and childishly pursued it—  
I have found out your haunt, and trac’d your purposes,  
For which mine honour suffers—your best ways  
Must be applied to bring her back again,  
And seriously and suddenly, that so I  
May have a means to clear myself, and she  
A fair opinion of me: Else, you peevish—

*Luce.* My power and prayers, mistress—

*Ifab.* What’s the matter?

*Enter Shorthose and Widow.*

*Short.* I have been with the gentleman; he has it,  
Much good may do him with it. [To *Ifab.*

*Wid.* Come, are you ready?

You love so to delay time! the day grows on.

*Ifab.* I’ve sent for a few trifles; when those are come.  
And now I know your reason.

*Wid.* Know your own honour then—About your  
business;

See the coach ready presently—I’ll tell you more then;  
[*Exe. Luce and Shorthose.*

And understand it well. You must not think your sister  
So tender-eyed as not to see your follies:

Alas, I know your heart, and must imagine,

And truly too, ’tis not your charity

Can coin such fums to give away as you have done;

In that you have no wildom, Isabel, no, nor modesty,

Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,

I am

I am ashamed to find this in your years,  
 Far more in your discretion. None to chuse  
 But things for pity, none to seal your thoughts on;  
 But one of no abiding, of no name?  
 Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,  
 (A jolly jointure, sister; you are happy!)  
 No money, no, not ten shillings?

*Isab.* You search nearly.

*Wid.* I know it, as I know your folly; one that  
 knows not

Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,  
 Unless it be i' th' stocks. What kindred has he,  
 But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?

*Isab.* You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.

*Wid.* Or, say the man had virtue,  
 Is virtue in this age a full inheritance?  
 What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's Morals?  
 Or so much penny-rent in the small poets?  
 This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

*Isab.* And this you quit the town for?

*Wid.* Is't not time?

*Isab.* You are better read in my affairs than I am;  
 That's all I have to answer. I'll go with you,  
 And willingly; and what you think most dangerous,  
 I'll sit and laugh at. For, sister, 'tis not folly,  
 But good discretion, governs our main fortunes.

*Wid.* I'm glad to hear you say so.

*Isab.* I am for you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Shortnose and Humphry, with riding-rods.*

*Hum.* The devil cannot stay her, she will on't.  
 Eat an egg now; and then we must away.

*Short.* I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:  
 May London ways henceforth be full of holes,  
 And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous smiths  
 So housel all our hacknies<sup>35</sup>, that they may feel

<sup>35</sup> So housel all our hacknies.] *i. e.* Prepare our horses for the journey that they may feel *compunction* in their feet. It is indeed a little profane, but that I'm sorry for; our Authors are not so cautious of this as we might wish them, tho' they are much more so than most of the comic writers of their age, or of any age since. *Seward.*

336 WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

Compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate;  
 May't rain above all almanacks, until  
 The carriers fail, and the king's fishmonger  
 Ride like Arion on a trout to London!

*Hum.* At St. Albans, let all the inns be drunk,  
 Not an host sober, to bid her worship welcome!

*Short.* Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down with  
 Puritans;

No meat, but legs of beef!

*Hum.* No beds, but woolpacks!

*Short.* And those so cramm'd

With warrens of starv'd fleas that bite like bandogs!  
 Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger<sup>36</sup>,  
 And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,  
 Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,  
 And all my lady's linnen sprinkled o'er  
 With suds and dish-water!

*Hum.* Not a wheel but out of joint!

*Enter Roger laughing.*

Why dost thou laugh?

*Rog.* There's a gentleman, and the rarest gentleman,  
 And makes the rarest sport!

*Short.* Where, where?

*Rog.* Within here;

H' has made the gayest sport with Tom the coachman,  
 So tew'd him up with sack, that he lies lashing  
 A butt of malmsey for his mares!

*Short.* 'Tis very good.

*Rog.* And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest  
 songs!

---

<sup>36</sup> *Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger,*

*And we pass in the heat on't!]* Mims is in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and some local custom, tumultuously celebrated, is plainly alluded to in this speech. It was, we doubt not, familiarly known in the times of our Authors; but we have in vain endeavoured to trace its memory, or discover its origin.

<sup>37</sup> *Short. Not a wheel but out of joint!]* All the editions concur in giving these words to *Shortbosc*, notwithstanding the preceding speech belongs to him. We have ventured to place them to *Humphry*.

And,

And, Shorthose, he has so maul'd the red deer pies,  
Made such an alms i' th' buttery——

*Short.* Better still.

*Enter Valentine and Widow.*

*Hum.* My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!

*Short.* May he anger her into a fever. [*Exe. Servants.*]

*Wid.* I pray tell me, who sent you hither?

For I imagine 'tis not your condition,  
(You look so temperately, and like a gentleman)  
To ask me these wild questions.

*Val.* Do you think

I use to walk of errands, gentle lady;  
Or deal with women out of dreams from others?

*Wid.* You have not known me, sure?

*Val.* Not much.

*Wid.* What reason

Have you then to be so tender of my credit?  
You are no kinsman?

*Val.* If you take it so,

The honest office that I came to do you,  
Is not so heavy but I can return it:

Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.

*Wid.* Pray stay a little; proud?

*Val.* Monstrous proud!

I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,  
And your abundant parts, stung by the people;  
But now I see 'tis true: You look upon me  
As if I were a rude and faucy fellow,  
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dunghill;  
Or such a one, as should now fall and worship you,  
In hope of pardon: You are cozen'd, lady;  
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,  
To see a woman only great in goodness,  
And mistress of a greater fame than fortune:  
But——

*Wid.* You're a strange gentleman! If I were proud  
now,

I should be monstrous angry (which I am not)  
And shew the effects of pride; I should despise you;

But, you are welcome, Sir.

To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it, is  
A lustre in us; and ev'ry good we have  
Strives to shew gracious: What use is it else?  
Old age, which<sup>38</sup>, like fear trees, is seldom seen affected,  
Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts  
His daring youth endeavour'd.

*Val.* This is well;

And, now you speak to the purpose, you please me.  
But, to be place-proud——

*Wid.* If it be our own;

Why are we set here with distinction else,  
Degrees, and orders given us? In you men,  
'Tis held a coolness, if you lose your right;  
Affronts are loss of honour<sup>39</sup>. Streets, and walls,  
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,  
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud,  
About your ranks: Are we so much below you,  
That, 'till you have us, are the tops of nature,  
To be accounted drones without a difference?  
You'll make us beasts indeed.

*Val.* Nay, worse than this too,

Proud of your clothes, they swear; a mercer's lucifer,  
A tumour tack'd together by a taylor!  
Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white; a varnish  
That butter-milk can better.

*Wid.* Lord, how little

Will vex these<sup>40</sup> poor blind people! If my clothes  
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,  
My mind must be my mercer's too? Or, say my  
beauty

Please some weak eyes, must it please them to think,  
That blows me up that every hour blows off?

---

<sup>38</sup> *Old age like fear trees, is seldom seen affected, stirs sometimes.]*  
Here a monosyllable dropt had hurt the sense and measure.

*Seward.*

<sup>39</sup> *Affronts and loss of honour.]* It seems absolutely necessary to alter *and* to *are*.

<sup>40</sup> *Poor blind people.]* Mr. Sympson would read *pur-blind*, but the text does not seem to want any amendment.

*Seward.*

This



This is an infant's anger.

*Val.* Thus they say too :

What tho' you have a coach lin'd thro' with velvet,  
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the streets  
be troubled

Continually with you, till carmen curse you ?  
Can there be ought in this but pride of show, lady,  
And pride of bum-beating ? till the learned lawyers,  
With their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks,  
Till all their causes crack ? Why should this lady,  
And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,  
And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,  
And your poorer neighbours with coarse naps <sup>41</sup> neg-  
lected,

Fashions conferr'd about, pouncings, and paintings,  
And young mens' bodies read on like anatomies ?

*Wid.* You're very credulous,  
And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, Sir,  
To her you know not ; but you shall confess me,  
And find I will not start. In us all meetings  
Lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at  
church,

Our very meditations, some will swear  
(Which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably)  
Are mingled with your memories ; cannot sleep,  
But this sweet gentleman swims in our fancies,  
That scarlet man of war, and that smooth signior ;  
Not dress our heads without new ambushes,  
How to surprize that greatness, or that glory ;  
Our very smiles are subject to constructions ;  
Nay, Sir, it's come to this, we cannot *pish*,  
But 'tis a favour for some fool or other.  
Should we examine you thus, were't not possible  
To take you without perspectives ?

*Val.* It may be ;  
But these excuse not.

*Wid.* Nor yours force no truth, Sir.

<sup>41</sup> *Napses.*] So the two oldest quartos. Modern editions, *napses*.  
The alteration is Mr. Seward's.

What deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues  
 What hearts, and what inventions ! On my conscience,  
 An 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture  
 To aim at your own mothers, and account it glory  
 To say you had done so. All you think are councils,  
 And cannot err ; 'tis we still that shew double,  
 Giddy, or gorg'd with passion ; we that build  
 Babels for mens' confusions ; we that scatter,  
 As day does his warm light, our killing curses  
 Over God's creatures, next to the devil's malice :  
 Let us entreat your good words.

*Val.* Well, this woman  
 Has a brave soul.

[*Aside.*

*Wid.* Are we not gaily blest then,  
 And much beholden to you for your sufferance<sup>41</sup> ?  
 You may do what you list, we what beseems us,  
 And narrowly do that too, and precisely ;  
 Our names are serv'd in else at ordinaries,  
 And belch'd abroad in taverns.

*Val.* Oh, most brave wench,  
 And able to redeem an age of women !

[*Aside.*

*Wid.* You are no whoremasters ! Alas, no, gentlemen,  
 It were an impudence to think you vicious :  
 You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you ;  
 You are the cool things of the time, the temperance,  
 Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue ;  
 You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,  
 And plaistering like old walls ; they are not gentlemen,  
 That with their secret sins encrease our surgeons,  
 And lie in foreign countries, for new fores ;  
 Women are all these vices ; you're not envious,  
 False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,

---

<sup>41</sup> *For your substance?*] The Widow is declaiming at the libertinism of men ; and as a contrast, shews the restraint they on pain of censure inflict on the women. It is not the small share of maintenance or wealth that falls to the female sex which she complains of ; as the old reading implies, and therefore it has no connection with the context. My reading seems to give the idea required. *Seward.*

Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like parrots,  
Eaters of others honours——

*Val.* You are angry.

*Wid.* No, by my troth, and yet I could say more too ;  
For when men make me angry, I am miserable.

*Val.* Sure 'tis a man ; she could not bear't thus  
bravely else. [*Aside.*

It may be, I am tedious.

*Wid.* Not at all, Sir.

I am content at this time you should trouble me.

*Val.* You are distrustful.

*Wid.* Where I find no truth, Sir.

*Val.* Come, come, you're full of passion.

*Wid.* Some I have ;

I were too near the nature o' God else.

*Val.* You are monstrous peevish.

*Wid.* Because they're monstrous foolish,  
And know not how to use that should try me.

*Val.* I was never answer'd thus. [*Aside.*]—Was you  
ne'er drunk, lady ?

*Wid.* No sure, not drunk, Sir ; yet I love good wine,  
As I love health and joy of heart, but temperately.  
Why do you ask that question ?

*Val.* For that sin

That they most charge you with, is this sin's servant ;  
They say, you are monstrous——

*Wid.* What, Sir, what ?

*Val.* Most strangely——

*Wid.* It has a name, sure ?

*Val.* Infinitely lustful,

Without all bounds ; they swear you kill'd your husband.

*Wid.* Let's have it all, for Heav'n's sake ; 'tis good  
mirth, Sir.

*Val.* They say you will have four now, and those four  
Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you.  
Will she not cry, nor curse ? [*Aside.*

*Wid.* On with your story !

*Val.* And that you're forcing out of dispensations,  
With fums of money, to that purpose.

*Wid.* Four husbands! Should not I be blest'd, Sir,  
for example?

Lord, what should I do with them? turn a malt-mill,  
Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?  
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.

*Val.* I'll make you merry then; you're a brave woman,  
And, in despite of envy, a right one.  
Go thy ways! troth, thou art as good a woman  
As any lord of 'em all can lay his leg over.  
I do not often commend your sex.

*Wid.* It seems so, your commendations  
Are so studied for.

*Val.* I came to see you,  
And sift you into flour, to know your pureness;  
And I have found you excellent; I thank you;  
Continue so, and shew men how to tread,  
And women how to follow. Get an husband,  
An honest man (you are a good woman)  
And live hedg'd in from scandal; let him be too  
An understanding man, and to that stedfast;  
'Tis pity your fair figure should miscarry;  
And then you're fix'd. Farewell!

*Wid.* Pray stay a little;  
I love your company, now you are so pleasant,  
And to my disposition set so even.

*Val.* I can no longer. [Exit.]

*Wid.* As I live, a fine fellow!  
This manly handsome bluntness shews him honest.  
What is he, or from whence? Bless me, four husbands!  
How prettily he fool'd me into vices,  
To stir my jealousy, and find my nature.  
A proper gentleman! I am not well o' th' sudden.  
Such a companion I could live and die with!  
His angers are mere mirth.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* Come, come, I'm ready.

*Wid.* Are you so?

*Isab.* What ails she?

The coach stays, and the people; the day goes on;  
I am as ready now as you desire, sister.

Fy, who stays now? Why do you sit and pout thus?

*Wid.* Prithee be quiet; I am not well.

*Ifab.* For Heaven's sake,

Let's not ride stagging in the night! Come, pray  
you take

Some sweetmeats in your pocket: If your stomach——

*Wid.* I have a little business.

*Ifab.* To abuse me,

You shall not find new dreams, and new suspicions.

To horse withal!

*Wid.* Lord, who made you a commander?

Hey ho, my heart!

*Ifab.* Is the wind come thither,

And, coward-like, do you lose your colours to 'em?

Are you sick o' th' Valentine, sweet sister? [*Aside.*

Come, let's away; the country will so quicken you,

And we shall live so sweetly! Luce, my lady's cloak!

Nay, you have put me into such a gog of going,

I would not stay for all the world. If I live here,

You have so knock'd this love into my head,

That I shall love any body; and I find my body,

I know not how, so apt—Pray, let's be gone, sister;

I stand on thorns.

*Wid.* I prithee, Isabella!

(I'faith, I have some business that concerns me)

I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for me;

And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your taylor.

*Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, and Ralph.*

*Ifab.* I had rather go; but——

*Wid.* Come, walk in with me;

We'll go to cards. Unfaddle the horses!

*Short.* A jubilee! a jubilee! we stay, boys!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Uncle and Lance; Fountain, Bellamore, and Hare-  
brain following.*

*Unc.* Are they behind us?

*Lance.* Close, close; speak aloud, Sir.

*Unc.* I'm glad my nephew has so much discretion,  
At length to find his wants. Did she entertain him?

*Lance.* Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a  
welcome!

*Unc.* For his own sake, do you think?

*Lance.* Most certain, Sir;

And in his own cause he bestir'd himself too,  
And wan such liking from her, she dotes on him.  
H' has the command of all the house already.

*Unc.* He deals not well with his friends.

*Lance.* Let him deal on,  
And be his own friend; he has most need of her.

*Unc.* I wonder they would put him——

*Lance.* You are in the right on't;  
A man that must raise himself; I knew he'd cozen 'em,  
And glad I am he has. He watch'd occasion,  
And found it i' th' nick.

*Unc.* He has deceiv'd me.

*Lance.* I told you, howsoe'er he wheel'd about,  
He would charge home at length. How I could laugh  
now,

To think of these tame fools!

*Unc.* 'Twas not well done,  
Because they trusted him; yet——

*Bel.* Hark you, gentlemen!

*Unc.* We are upon a business; pray excuse us.  
They have it home.

*Lance.* Come <sup>42</sup>, let it work. Good even, gentlemen!  
[*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*]

*Fount.* 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought it.

*Hare.* And we are fools; tame fools!

*Bel.* Come, let's go seek him.

He shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>42</sup> *Good on gentlemen.*] Former edit. Amended by Mr. Theobald  
and Mr. Symphon. *Seward.*

Pointed in the following manner by Mr. Seward,

*Come, let it work good even gentlemen.*

*Enter*

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Ifab.* Art sure she loves him?

*Luce.* Am I sure I live?

And I have clapt on such a commendation  
On your revenge——

*Ifab.* Faith, he's a pretty gentleman.

*Luce.* Handsome enough, and that her eye has  
found out.

*Ifab.* He talks the best, they say, and yet the  
maddest!

*Luce.* H' has the right way.

*Ifab.* How is she?

*Luce.* Bears it well,

As if she car'd not; but a man may see,  
With half an eye, through all her forc'd behaviours,  
And find who is her Valentine.

*Ifab.* Come, let's go see her;  
I long to persecute<sup>43</sup>.

*Luce.* By no means, mistress;  
Let her take better hold first.

*Ifab.* I could burst now!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.*

*Val.* Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers<sup>44</sup>,  
You shotten-soul'd<sup>45</sup>, slight fellows! Was't not I  
That undertook you first from empty barrels,  
And brought those barking mouths, that gap'd like  
bung-holes,

To utter sense? Where got you understanding?  
Who taught you manners and apt carriage,  
To rank yourselves? Who fil'd you in fit taverns<sup>46</sup>?

<sup>43</sup> To persecute.] Corrected by Mr. Seward.

<sup>44</sup> You pilchers.] 'Pilcher, says Warburton, we should read *pilche*, which signifies a *cloke*, or *coat of skins*, meaning the *scabbard*. This is confirmed by Junius, who renders *pilly* a *garment of skins*, *pylice* Sax. *pellice* Fr. *pellicia* Ital. *pellis* Lat.

<sup>45</sup> You shotten, sold.] Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

<sup>46</sup> To rank yourselves? who fil'd you, &c.] Rank and file.

Were

Were those born with your worships? When you came  
hither,

What brought you from the universities  
Of moment matter to allow you,  
Besides your small-beer sentences <sup>47</sup>—

*Bel.* 'Tis well, Sir.

*Val.* Long cloaks, with two-hand rapiers,  
Boot-hoses,  
With penny-posies <sup>48</sup>,

And twenty fools' opinions? who look'd on you,  
But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes <sup>49</sup>,  
And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard, that scented  
Your want of Breton's books <sup>50</sup>?

<sup>47</sup> Small bare *sentences*.] Corrected by Theobald and Symphon.

<sup>48</sup> *With penny-posies*.] I think it very probable that some words are lost here, that would have had more relation to *penny-posies* than what now precedes them, and have completed the verse. *Seward*.

We see no occasion to suppose words lost; but think the words should be spoken ludicrously, in mockery of the mottoes to garters, &c.

' Boot-hoses,

' With penny-posies!

<sup>49</sup> *But piping rites that knew you would be prizing*.] *Kites* is a term for sharpers, as in the first page of this play,

*Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs.*

That this therefore is the true reading here I cannot doubt, for the epithet *piping* expresses the noise which the *kite* makes in seeking his prey, and cannot, I believe, be joined to any other word with propriety. Both Mr. Symphon and Mr. Theobald conjectured, *wights*, but gave it up. The change of the last word is equally necessary to the sense. *Seward*.

<sup>50</sup> *Britain's books*.] This was a voluminous writer sneer'd by several wits of our Authors' age. The initial letters of his name were mentioned in the *Scornful Lady*, p. 324. And Mr. Theobald there calls him *Broughton*, quoting Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*. But Mr. Symphon has found him mentioned by Broome in his *Merry Beggars*, where he is call'd *Britain*; and by Sir John Suckling in his *Goblins*, by the name of *Briton*: And as they all agree in character, there can be no doubt of their meaning the same person. One may collect from them that his works were full of formal high-flown compliments, and are therefore very properly apply'd here. *Seward*.

His name was *Nicholas Breton*, and he appears to have been a very voluminous writer, during a long period; we have seen publications by him from the year 1582 to 1621, and possibly there may be found some before and after those years. It is unnecessary to men-



*Enter Widow and Luce.*

*Fount.* This cannot save you.

*Val.* Taunt my integrity, you whelps?

*Bel.* You may talk

The stock we gave you out; but, see, no further!

*Hare.* You tempt our patience! We have found you out,

And what your trust comes to; you are well feather'd,

Thank us; and think now of an honest course,

'Tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly,

Into your tumbling tricks; they're stale,

*Wid.* Is not that he?

*Luce.* 'Tis he.

*Wid.* Be still, and mark him.

*Val.* How miserable

Will these poor wretches be, when I forsake 'em!

But, things have their necessities. I'm sorry!

To what a vomit must they turn again now!

To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,

After I cast you off, you men of motley,

You most undone things, below pity, any

That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you;

My name shall bar that blessing. There's your cloak,

Sir; keep it close to you; it may yet preserve you

A fortnight longer from the fool! Your hat;

Pray be cover'd!

And there's the fatten that your worship sent me,

Will serve you at a fizes yet.

---

tion the particular works of an author, who seems to have been held in no estimation by his cotemporaries; but we cannot avoid taking notice of one piece, merely on account of some verses prefixed to it, signed with the initial letters W. S. It has the following punning title: 'The Wil of Wit, Wit's Will, or Wil's Wit, Chuse you whether; containing five Discourses, the Effects whereof follow; Reade and Judge. Newly corrected and amended, being the fifth time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. 1606.' 4to. We know no writer of that time to whom the above initials will apply, except our great dramatic writer Shakespeare. To another pamphlet of Breton's, Ben Jonson hath prefixed commendatory verses, which are not inserted in the last, or any other edition of his Works.

R.

*Fount.*

*Fount.* Nay, faith, Sir,  
You may e'en rub these out now.

*Val.* No such relick,  
Nor the least rag of such a fordid weaknefs,  
Shall keep me warm. These breeches are mine own,  
Purchas'd, and paid for, without your compassion,  
And Christian breeches, founded in Black-Friars,  
And so I will maintain 'em.

*Hare.* So they seem, Sir.

*Val.* Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches,  
And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, Sir;  
A mark to know a knave by; pray preserve it.  
Do not displeafe me more, but take it presently!  
Now, help me off with my boots!

*Hare.* We're no grooms, Sir.

*Val.* For once you shall be; do it willingly,  
Or by this hand I'll make you.

*Bel.* To our own; Sir,  
We may apply our hands.

*Val.* There's your hangers;  
You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle  
Will hold you without buckles. Now I'm perfect;  
And now the proudest of your worships tell me,  
I am beholden to you.

*Fount.* No such matter!

*Val.* And take heed how you pity me; 'tis dangerous,  
Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity.  
Which are the poorer, you or I, now, puppies<sup>51</sup>?  
I without you, or you without my knowledge?  
Be rogues, and so be gone! Be rogues, and reply not;  
For, if you do——

*Bel.* Only thus much, and then we'll leave you:  
The air is far sharper than our anger, Sir,  
And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

---

<sup>51</sup> *Poorer, ye are now puppies?*] Here the sense and measure have equally suffered. How flat is it meerly to call them puppies? He had called them whelps, and worse names before. I sent my emendation to Mr. Theobald, and find it in his margin. Mr. Sympson too says that he hit upon the same.

*Seward.*

*Hare.*

*Hare.* Pray have a care, Sir, of your health!

[*Exeunt Lovers.*]

*Val.* Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits!

'Tis cold, and I am very sensible; extremely cold too; Yet I'll not off, 'till I have sham'd these rascals.

I have endur'd as ill heats as another,

And every way<sup>52</sup>, if one could perish, my body——

You'll bear the blame on't! I am colder here<sup>53</sup>;

Not a poor penny left!

*Enter Uncle, with a bag.*

*Unc.* 'T has taken rarely;

And, now he's fled, he will be rul'd.

*Lance.* To him, tew him,

Abuse him, and nip him close.

*Unc.* Why, how now, cousin?

Sunning yourself this weather?

*Val.* As you see, Sir;

In a hot fit, I thank my friends.

*Unc.* But, cousin,

Where are your clothes, man? those are no inheritance;

Your scruple may compound with those I take it;

This is no fashion, cousin.

*Val.* Not much follow'd,

---

<sup>52</sup> *And every way if one could perish my body, you'll bear the blame on't.*] Here both sense and measure seem entirely lost, nor can I restore either without taking liberties, which I doubt will be thought unwarrantable. I have given the only tolerable sense which I could pick out of the wreck that is left; but am far from imposing my additions as the genuine text. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

*And almost every way that one can perish;*

*My body, you'll bear cold, but they the blame on't.*

This passage is difficult, yet the additions of Mr. Seward are indeed unwarrantable. Our regulation of the points, we apprehend, makes sense of the old reading, according to which Valentine means,

'I have endured as violent heats as any man, and could endure any extremity—but you'll bear the blame, you houghounds, &c.' meaning the Lovers.

<sup>53</sup> *I am colder here.*] Meaning his pockets.

I must

I must confess; yet, Uncle, I determine  
To try what may be done next term.

*Lance.* How came you thus, Sir? for you're strangely  
mew'd <sup>54</sup>.

*Val.* Rags, toys, and trifles, fit only for those fools  
That first possess'd 'em, and to those knaves they're  
render'd.

Freemen, Uncle, ought to appear like innocents,  
Old Adam,  
A fair fig-leaf sufficient <sup>55</sup>.

*Unc.* Take me with you;  
Were these your friends that clear'd you thus?

*Val.* Hang friends,  
And even reckonings, that make friends!

*Unc.* I thought till now,  
There had been no such living, no such purchase,  
(For all the rest is labour) as a list  
Of honourable friends. Do not such men as you, Sir,  
In lieu of all your understandings, travels,  
And those great gifts of nature, aim at more  
Than casting off your coats? I'm strangely cozen'd!

*Lance.* Should not the town shake at the cold you  
feel now,  
And all the gentry suffer interdiction;  
No more sense spoken, all things Goth and Vandal,  
'Till you be summ'd again, velvets and scarlets,

---

<sup>54</sup> *Strangely mew'd.*] Mr. Theobald says in his margin that *mew'd* is a term in falconry for *shedding of feathers*; it is derived from *muèr* to *change*, and is a very just emendation. The word *summ'd* below, is another term in falconry, and signifies *full-plumed*, both proper to *Lance*, who is a falconer as well as tenant. *Seward.*

<sup>55</sup> *And to those knaves, they are rendred freemen Uncle, ought to appear like innocents, old Adam, a faire figge-leaf sufficient.*] Here, I believe, something is lost that would probable have filled up both sense and measure. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

All freemen, Uncle, ought t'appear, &c.

We believe this gentleman right in his opinion, and that some words have been dropped; but cannot think his interpolation either necessary or warrantable.

Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver  
 Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance,  
 Wits blasted with your bulls, and taverns wither'd,  
 As though the term lay at St. Albans ?

*Val.* Gentlemen,  
 You've spoken long and level ; I beseech you,  
 Take breath a while, and hear me.  
 You imagine now, by the twirling of your strings,  
 That I am at the last, as also that my friends  
 Are flown like swallows after summer ?

*Unc.* Yes, Sir.

*Val.* And that I have no more in this poor panner,  
 To raise me up again above your rents, Uncle ?

*Unc.* All this I do believe.

*Val.* You have no mind to better me ?

*Unc.* Yes, cousin,  
 And to that end I come, and once more offer you  
 All that my pow'r is master of.

*Val.* A match then ;  
 Lay me down fifty pounds there.

*Unc.* There it is, Sir.

*Val.* And on it write, that you are pleas'd to give  
 this,

As due unto my merit, without caution  
 Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift  
 Hereafter to be hop'd for.

*Unc.* How ? [*Luce lays a suit and letter at the door.*]

*Val.* Without daring,  
 When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,  
 To which you're prone in sack, Uncle.

*Unc.* I thank you, Sir.

*Lance.* Come, come away, let the young wanton  
 play awhile ;

Away, I say, Sir ! Let him go forward with  
 His naked fashion ; he'll seek you to-morrow.  
 Goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry ! how I sweat !

*Unc.* Farewell, Sir. [*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*]

*Val.* 'Would I sweat too ! I'm monstrous vex'd,  
 and cold too ;

And

And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in.  
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not fadge with  
me;

Besides, 'tis an ill winter wear. What art thou?  
Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some fool has  
left 'em:

And if I should utter—What's this paper here?

' Let these be only worn by the most noble

' And deserving gentleman Valentine.'

Dropt out o' th' clouds! I think they're full of gold  
too!

Well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again;  
In the next house I'll shift.

## A C T IV.

*Enter Francisco, Uncle and Lance.*

*Fran.* **W**H Y do you deal thus with him? 'tis  
unnobly.

*Unc.* Peace, cousin, peace; you are too tender of  
him:

He must be dealt thus with, he must be cur'd thus.  
The violence of his disease, Francisco,  
Must not be jested with; 'tis grown infectious,  
And now strong corrosives must cure him.

*Lance.* H' has had a stinger,  
Has eaten off his clothes; the next his skin comes.

*Unc.* And let it search him to the bones; 'tis better,  
'Twill make him feel it.

*Lance.* Where be his noble friends now?  
Will his fantastical opinions clothe him?  
Or the learn'd art of having nothing feed him?

*Unc.* It must needs, greedily;  
For all his friends have flung him off, he's naked,  
And where to skin himself again, if I know,  
Or can devise how he should get himself lodging——

His

His spirit must be bow'd, and now we have him,  
Have him at that we hoped for.

*Lance.* Next time, we meet him  
Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him,  
(For all means are cut off) or borrowing six-pence,  
To shew his bounty in the pottage ordinary.

*Fran.* Which way went he?

*Lance.* Pox, why should you ask after him?  
You have been trimm'd already; let him take his  
fortune:

He spun it out himself, Sir; there's no pity.

*Unc.* Besides, some good to you now, from this  
misery.

*Fran.* I rise upon his ruins! Fy, fy, Uncle,  
Fy, honest Lance! Those gentlemen were base people,  
That could so soon take fire to his destruction.

*Unc.* You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man!

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* Morrow, Uncle! morrow Frank, sweet Frank!  
And how, and how d'ye think now? how shew matters?  
Morrow, Bandog!

*Unc.* How?

*Fran.* Is this man naked,  
Forsaken of his friends?

*Val.* Thou'rt handsome, Frank,  
A pretty gentleman; i'faith, thou lookest well;  
And yet here may be those that look as handsome.

*Lance.* Sure he can conjure, and has the devil for  
his tailor.

*Unc.* New and rich!

'Tis most impossible he should recover.

*Lance.* Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.

*Unc.* 'Tis not he;  
Imagination cannot work this miracle.

*Val.* Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, Uncle;  
The very he; the he your wisdom play'd withal,  
I thank you for't; neigh'd at his nakedness,  
And made his cold and poverty your pastime.

You see I live, and the best can do no more, Uncle ;  
 And, tho' I have no state, I keep the streets still,  
 And take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman ;

Wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things, they  
 serve me !

Can make a show too, if I list ; yes, Uncle,  
 And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, Uncle !  
 These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em ?

*Unc.* I am amaz'd !

*Lance.* I'll sell my copyhold ;

For since there are such excellent new nothings,  
 Why should I labour ? Is there no fairy haunts him ?  
 No rat, nor no old woman ?

*Unc.* You are Valentine ?

*Val.* I think so, I can't tell, I have been call'd so,  
 And some say christen'd. Why do you wonder at me,  
 And swell, as if you had met a serjeant fasting ?  
 Did you ever know desert want ? You are fools !  
 A little stoop there may be to allay him,  
 (He'd grow too rank else) a small eclipse to shadow  
 him ;

But out he must break, glowingly again,  
 And with a great lustre, look you, Uncle,  
 Motion and majesty.

*Unc.* I am confounded !

*Fran.* I'm of his faith.

*Val.* Walk by his careless kinsman,  
 And turn again, and walk, and look thus, Uncle,  
 Taking some one by the hand he loves best.  
 Leave them to the mercy of the hog-market ! Come,  
 Frank,

Fortune is now my friend ; let me instruct thee.

*Fran.* Good morrow, Uncle ! I must needs go  
 with him.

*Val.* Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits,  
 Within two hours I shall be thus again.

Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance !

[*Exe. Val. and Fran.*

*Unc.*



*Unc.* I do believe him.

*Lance.* So do I, and heartily :

Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,  
He'd rise again, within two hours, embroider'd.  
Sow mustard-seeds, and they can't come up so thick  
As his new fattins do, and cloths of silver :  
There is no striving.

*Unc.* Let him play a while then,  
And let's search out what hand——

*Lance.* Ay, there the game lies. [Exeunt.

*Enter Fountain, Bellamore and Harebrain.*

*Fount.* Come, let's speak for ourselves ; we've lodg'd  
him sure enough ;

His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.

*Bel.* We can have no admittance.

*Hare.* Let's in boldly,

And use our best arts. Who she deigns to favour,  
We're all content.

*Fount.* Much good may do her with him !  
No civil wars !

*Bel.* By no means. Now do I

Wonder in what old tod \* ivy he lies whistling ;  
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor none will  
trust him ;

We've made that sife sure. We'll teach him a new  
woeing.

*Hare.* Say, it is his Uncle's spite ?

*Fount.* All one, gentlemen ;

'T has rid us of a fair incumbrance,  
And makes us look about to our own fortunes.  
Who are these ?

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Isab.* Not see this man yet ! well, I shall be wiser :  
But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt so ?  
She's finely hurt to hunt.

*Luce.* Peace ; the three suitors !

\* *Tod.*] i. e. Bushy, thick.

*Ifab.* I could so titter now and laugh : ‘ I was lost,  
 ‘ Luce <sup>56</sup>,  
 ‘ And I must love, I know not what !’ Oh, Cupid,  
 What pretty gins thou hast to halter woodcocks !  
 ‘ And we must into th’ country in all haste, Luce.’

[*Laughing.*]

*Luce.* For Heaven’s sake, mistress—

*Ifab.* Nay, I’ve done ;  
 I must laugh though ; but, scholar, I shall teach you !

*Fount.* ’Tis her sister.

*Bel.* Save you, ladies !

*Ifab.* Fair met, gentlemen !  
 You’re visiting my sister, I assure myself.

*Hare.* We would fain bless our eyes.

*Ifab.* Behold, and welcome.  
 You’d see her ?

*Fount.* ’Tis our business.

*Ifab.* You shall see her,  
 And you shall talk with her.

*Luce.* She will not see ’em,  
 Nor spend a word.

*Ifab.* I’ll make her fret a thousand ;  
 Nay, now I’ve found the scab, I will so scratch her !

*Luce.* She can’t endure ’em.

*Ifab.* She loves ’em but too dearly.  
 Come, follow me, I’ll bring you to the party ;  
 Then make your own conditions, gentlemen.

*Luce.* She’s sick, you know.

*Ifab.* I’ll make her well, or kill her.—  
 And take no idle answer, you are fools then ;  
 Nor stand off for her state, she’ll scorn you all then ;  
 But urge her still, and, tho’ she fret, still follow her ;  
 A widow must be won so.

*Bel.* She speaks bravely.

*Ifab.* I would fain have a brother-in-law ; I love  
 mens’ company.  
 And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,

<sup>56</sup> *I was lost, Luce, &c.*] These words are meant at what the Widow had said of her.

Be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber;  
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,  
Like honest lovers.

*Luce.* This will kill her.

*Fount.* You've shew'd us one way, do but lead the other.

*Isab.* I know you stand o' thorns; come, I'll dispatch you.

*Luce.* If you live after this <sup>57</sup>——

*Isab.* I've lost my aim. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Valentine and Francisco.*

*Fran.* Did you not see 'em since?

*Val.* No, hang 'em, hang 'em!

*Fran.* Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

*Val.* Let 'em alone, Frank;

I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.

*Fran.* Such base discourteous dog-whelps!

*Val.* I shall dog 'em,

And double dog 'em, ere I've done.

*Fran.* Will you go with me?

For I would fain find out this piece of bounty.

It was the Widow's man, that I am certain of.

*Val.* To what end would you go?

*Fran.* To give thanks, Sir.

*Val.* Hang giving thanks; hast not thou parts deserve it?

It includes a further will to be beholden;

Beggars can do no more at doors. If you

Will go, there lies your way.

*Fran.* I hope you'll go.

*Val.* No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,

With mine own father, were he living, Frank;

I would to th' court with bears first. If it be

That wench I think it is (for t'other's wifer)

I would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,

<sup>57</sup> *If you live after this—*] We suppose Luce to be here addressing herself, in idea, to the Widow. She has before said, this project *would kill her*. And the succeeding short speech of Isabella warrants, if not confirms, this explanation.

So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon,  
 (For 'tis the tarest tit in Christendom ;  
 I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with her)  
 So lick'd, and stroak'd, fear'd upon, and flouted,  
 And shewn to chambermaids, like a strange beast  
 She had purchas'd with her penny !

*Fran.* You're a strange man !  
 But do you think it was a woman ?

*Val.* There's no doubt on't ;  
 Who can be there to do it else ? Besides,  
 The manner of the circumstances——

*Fran.* Then, such courtesies,  
 Whoever does 'em, Sir, saving your own wisdom,  
 Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,  
 Than with deserving slights, or what we ought  
 To have conferr'd upon us ; men may starve else :  
 Means are not gotten now with crying out,  
 ' I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,  
 ' A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd !'  
 Immediate blessings cease like miracles,  
 And we must grow by second means. I pray, go with me ;  
 Even as you love me, Sir.

*Val.* I'll come to thee ;  
 But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your fopp'ries ;  
 Dispatch those ere I come.

*Fran.* You will not fail me ?

*Val.* Some two hours hence, expect me.

*Fran.* I thank you,  
 And will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Widow, Shorthose, Roger, and several other Servants.*

*Wid.* Who let me in these puppies ? You blind  
 rascals<sup>58</sup>,  
 You drunken knaves !

*Short.* Yes, forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently.  
 Gentlemen !

<sup>58</sup> *Who let me in these puppies, you blind rascals, you drunken knaves  
 several.]* So the first quarto. Mr. Seward,

*Who let in these puppies ?*

*You several blind rascals, drunken knaves.*

We apprehend the word *several* to have been a marginal direction for  
 the appearance of *several servants* in this place.

*Wid.* 'Spacious, you blown pudding, you bawling rogue!

*Short.* I bawl as loud as I can. Would you have me fetch 'em

Upon my back?

*Wid.* Get 'em out, rascal, out with 'em, out! I sweat to have 'em near me.

*Short.* I should sweat more To carry 'em out.

*Rog.* They are gentlemen, madam.

*Short.* Shall we get 'em into th' buttery, and make 'em drink?

*Wid.* Do any thing, so I be eas'd.

*Enter Isabella, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.*

*Isab.* Now to her, Sir; fear nothing.

*Rog.* Slip aside, boy;

I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it, And has invited 'em; my young mistress told me so.

*Short.* Away to tables then. [*Exe. Servants.*]

*Isab.* I shall burst with the sport on't.

*Fount.* You are too curious, madam, Too full of preparation; we expect it not.

*Bel.* Methinks the house is handsome, ev'ry place decent;

What need you be so vex'd?

*Hare.* We are no strangers.

*Fount.* What tho' we come ere you expected us, Do not we know your entertainments, madam, Are free and full at all times?

*Wid.* You are merry, gentlemen.

*Bel.* We come to be merry, madam, and very merry, Come to laugh heartily<sup>59</sup>, and, now and then, lady,

<sup>59</sup> *We come to be merry, madam, and very merry, 'me live to laugh heartily.*] First quarto. Second, MEN LOVE to laugh heartily.] Mr. Seward reads,

*We come to b' merry, madam, very merry,  
Love to laugh heartily, &c.*

We have taken a greater liberty here than is usual with us, but no more than seems absolutely necessary.

A little of our old plea.

*Wid.* I am busy,

And very busy too. Will none deliver me?

*Hare.* There is a time for all; you may be busy,  
But when your friends come, you've as much pow'r,  
madam——

*Wid.* This is a tedious torment.

*Fount.* How handsomely

This title-piece<sup>60</sup> of anger shews upon her!

Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace  
yourself<sup>61</sup>.

*Bel.* Nay, every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

*Wid.* I must go up, I must go up; I have a business  
Waits upon me. Some wine for the gentlemen!

*Hare.* Nay, we'll go with you; we ne'er saw your  
chambers yet.

*Isab.* Hold there, boys!

*Wid.* Say I go to my prayers?

*Fount.* We'll pray with you, and help your medi-  
tations.

*Wid.* This is boisterous; or, say I go to sleep,  
Will you go to sleep with me?

*Bel.* So suddenly before meat will be dangerous.  
We know your dinner's ready, lady; you'll not sleep.

*Wid.* Give me my coach, I'll take the air.

*Hare.* We'll wait on you,  
And then your meat, after a quick'ned stomach.

*Wid.* Let it alone; and call my steward to me,  
And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.  
These unmannerly rude puppies! [Exit Widow.

*Fount.* We'll walk after you,  
And view the pleasure of the place.

<sup>60</sup> Title-piece.] (Quasi, frontispiece.) So the first edition; all the others read, LITTLE piece of anger.

<sup>61</sup> You know not how to grace yourself.] As the negative seems to hurt both sense and measure, I have expung'd it. Seward.

The negative should be retained; it is ironical. So the Nurse of Juliet: 'You know not how to chuse a man!' meaning she does know, having chosen Romeo.

*Ifab.* Let her not rest,  
For, if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you ;  
Seem how she will, this is the way to win her.  
Be bold, and prosper !

*Bel.* Nay, if we do not tire her ! [*Exeunt Lovers.*]

*Ifab.* I'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister,  
And peep into my privacies, to suspect me ;  
I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily,  
And, when I've done that, laugh at that you love most.

*Enter Luce.*

*Luce.* What have you done ? she chafes and fumes  
outrageously,  
And still they persecute her.

*Ifab.* Long may they do so !  
I'll teach her to declaim against my pities.  
Why is she not gone out o' th' town, but gives occasion  
For men to run mad after her ?

*Luce.* I shall be hang'd.

*Ifab.* This in me had been high-treason ;  
Three at a time, and private in her orchard !  
I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

*Enter Widow.*

*Wid.* Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

*Ifab.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Wid.* Why do you laugh, sister ?  
I fear me 'tis your trick ; 'twas neatly done of you,  
And well becomes your pleasure.

*Ifab.* What have you done with 'em ?

*Wid.* Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard ; there I'll make 'em  
dance,  
And caper too, before they get their liberty.  
Unmannerly rude puppies !

*Ifab.* They are somewhat saucy ;  
—But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.—  
Why were they not beaten out ?

*Wid.* I was about it ;  
But, because they came as suitors——

*Ifab.*

*Ifab.* Why did you not answer 'em ?

*Wid.* They are so impudent they will receive none.  
More yet ! How came these in ?

*Enter Francisco and Lance.*

*Lance.* At the door, madam.

*Ifab.* It is that face !

[*Aside.*

*Luce.* This is the gentleman.

*Wid.* She sent the money to ?

*Luce.* The same.

*Ifab.* I'll leave you ;  
They have some business.

*Wid.* Nay, you shall stay, sister ;  
They're strangers both to me. How her face alters !

*Ifab.* I'm sorry he comes now.

*Wid.* I am glad he is here now though.  
Who would you speak with, gentlemen ?

*Lance.* You, lady,  
Or your fair sister there ; here is a gentleman  
That has receiv'd a benefit.

*Wid.* From whom, Sir ?

*Lance.* From one of you, as he supposes, madam ;  
Your man deliver'd it.

*Wid.* I pray go forward.

*Lance.* And of so great a goodness that he dares not,  
Without the tender of his thanks and service,  
Pass by the house.

*Wid.* Which is the gentleman ?

*Lance.* This, madam.

*Wid.* What's your name, Sir ?

*Fran.* They that know me  
Call me Francisco, lady ; one not so proud  
To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched  
To hide a gratitude.

*Wid.* It is well bestow'd then.

*Fran.* Your fair self, or your sister, as it seems,  
For what desert I dare not know, unless  
A handsome subject for your charities,  
Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,

Have



Have show'r'd upon my wants a timely bounty,  
Which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

*Wid.* I'm sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman.

Fy, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;  
The man's a pretty man.

*Isab.* You have three fine ones.

*Fran.* Then to you, dear lady——

*Isab.* I pray no more, Sir, if I may persuade you;  
Your only aptness to do this is recompence,  
And more than I expected.

*Fran.* But, good lady——

*Isab.* And for me further to be acquainted with it,  
Besides the imputation of vainglory,  
Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it  
Not to be more affected to; I did it;  
And if it happen'd where I thought it fitted,  
I have my end: More to enquire is curious  
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.

*Fran.* But, gentle lady, 'twill be necessary——

*Isab.* About the right way nothing; do not fright it,  
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,  
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.  
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,  
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person——

*Wid.* A brave dissembling rogue! And how she carries it!

*Isab.* Tho' I believe few handsomer; or hear you,  
Tho' I affect a good tongue well; or try you,  
Tho' my years desire a friend; that I reliev'd you.

*Wid.* A plaguy cunning quean!

*Isab.* For, so I carried it,  
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and barter'd  
The goodness I propounded with opinion<sup>62</sup>.

*Wid.*

<sup>62</sup> *And better'd the goodness.]* This sentence has something dark in it, which I cannot clear up: She would seem to say, that she intended to enhance the goodness of her action by concealment. *Seward.*

The meaning of the whole speech (which is indeed obscure) seems to be this: 'So I carried my point, the end obtained was a sufficient

*Wid.* Fear her not, Sir.

*Isab.* You cannot catch me, sifter.

*Fran.* Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?

*Isab.* Let it suffice you have it; it was never mine, Whilst good men wanted it.

*Lance.* This is a faint, sure!

*Isab.* And if you be not such a one<sup>63</sup>, restore it.

*Fran.* To commend myself,

Were more officious than you think my thanks are;  
To doubt I may be worth your gift a treason,  
Both to mine own good and understanding<sup>64</sup>.

I know my mind clear, and though modesty  
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes,

Yet I must think something, and of some season,  
Met with your better taste; this had not been else.

*Wid.* What ward for that, wench?

*Isab.* Alas, it never touch'd me.

*Fran.* Well, gentle lady, yours is the first money  
I ever took upon a forc'd ill manners!

*Isab.* The last of me, if ever you use other.

*Fran.* How may I do, and your way, to be thought  
A grateful taker?

*Isab.* Spend it, and say nothing;  
Your modesty may deserve more.

*Wid.* Oh, sifter,

'cient reward, and which I was happy to receive in exchange for the  
'mere reputation of having effected it.' *Bartered* is the old word,  
(which Mr. Seward does not seem to have known) and the right. So  
she says afterwards, 'I did it, that my best friend should not know it.'

<sup>63</sup> *Such a one.*] *i. e.* A good man.

<sup>64</sup> *To mine own good and understanding.*] Here again the measure  
and sense were equally hurt. It is by no means consonant to the mo-  
desty of Francisco to commend his own understanding, when it was not  
called in question; but to say that he would not doubt his own mer-  
it, since one of so good an understanding had distinguish'd it, this is in  
character. Mr. Sympson had made this addition before I sent it him.

*Seward.*

These gentlemen read,

*Both to mine own good, and to your understanding.*

But we cannot think their addition by any means necessary.

Will

Will you bar thankfulness?

*Isab.* Dogs dance for meat;  
Would you have men do worse? For they can speak,  
Cry out like woodmongers, good deeds by th' hundreds!

I did it, that my best friend should not know it;  
Wine and vainglory do as much as I else.

If you will force my merit, against my meaning,  
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing  
It came to be a benefit, and was so;  
And not examining a woman did it,  
Or to what end; in not believing sometimes  
Yourself, when drink and stirring conversation  
May ripen strange persuasions.

*Fran.* Gentle lady,  
I were a base receiver of a courtesy,  
And you a worse disposer, were my nature  
Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies' honours  
Were ever, in my thoughts, unspotted ermines<sup>65</sup>;  
Their good deeds holy temples, where the incense  
Burns not to common eyes: Your fears are virtuous,  
And so I shall preserve 'em.

*Isab.* Keep but this way,  
And from this place, to tell me so, you've paid me.  
And so I wish you see all fortune! [Exit.

*Wid.* Fear not;  
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.—  
Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely?

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<sup>65</sup> *Unspotted crimes.*] My conjecture in this place was *shrines*, but Mr. Theobald has, I doubt not, hit upon the true word; for besides its propriety to the epithet, he has proved it by a parallel passage of our poets. Monsieur Thomas, act iv. scene i.

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O that honesty  
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever.

'Till I saw this, I was fully satisfied with my own emendation, which I now condemn, and mention it only to shew, how little dependence one ought to have upon the most plausible conjecture; and that to be positive and dogmatical, does not become a verbal critick. Mr. Sympson read with me *shrines*, but entirely agreed in the preference of *ermine*s.

Seward.

This

This is to wake my fears, not to abuse me<sup>66</sup> ;  
I shall look narrowly [*Aside.*]—Despair not, gentlemen ;

There is an hour to catch a woman in,  
If you be wise. So, I must leave you too.

Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [*Exit.*]

*Lance.* Sir, what courage ?

*Fran.* This woman is a founder<sup>67</sup>, and cites statutes  
To all her benefits.

*Lance.* I ne'er knew yet

So few years and so cunning : Yet, believe me,  
She has an itch ; but how to make her confess it——  
For it is a crafty tit, and plays about you,  
Will not bite home ; she would fain, but she dares  
not.

Carry yourself but so discretely, Sir,  
That want or wantonness seem not to search you,  
And you shall see her open.

*Fran.* I do love her,

And, were I rich, would give two thousand pound,  
To wed her wit but one hour : Oh, 'tis a dragon<sup>68</sup>,

<sup>66</sup> Or to abuse me.] This reading seems wrong, could Isabella carry it so precisely on purpose to make her sister more watchful of her ? The slight change I have made gives this sense ; your behaviour which was intended to lull my fears asleep, shall not so abuse me, but make me more vigilant. Mr. Symphon does not admit this ; but would read,

Is this to wake my fears, or to abuse me ?

But how could she ask so absurd a question ?

*Seward.*

<sup>67</sup> A founder and cites statutes.] This is somewhat obscure, but I believe the meaning is, this woman is a founder or builder up of my fortunes, and like the founder of a college has no other motive than the statutes or commands of Heaven to be charitable. Or perhaps, she is a founder of my fortunes, and mentions statutes to me which she expects me to conform to. Founder is used in the same sense in the Captain, act i. scene iii.

————— imagine me

A founder of old fellows !

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward's second interpretation seems to be the true one.

<sup>68</sup> 'Tis a dragon.] Mr. Seward alters dragon to paragon ; but dragon is clearly right. Francisco is talking of his mistress's vivacity, her wit, and sprightliness. Paragon is stiff here.

And

And such a sprightly way of pleasure ! ha, Lance ?

*Lance.* Your 'ha, Lance' broken once, you'd cry,  
'ho, ho, Lance !'

*Fran.* Some leaden landed rogue will have this  
wench now,

When all's done ; some such youth will carry her,  
And wear her greasy out like stuff ; some dunce,  
That knows no more but markets, and admires  
nothing

But a long charge at sizes. Oh, the fortunes !

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Lance.* Comfort yourself.

*Luce.* They are here yet, and alone too ;  
Boldly upon't !——Nay, mistress, I still told you,  
How you would find your trust ; this 'tis to venture  
Your charity upon a boy.

*Lance.* Now, what's the matter ?  
Stand fast, and like yourself.

*Isab.* Prithee, no more, wench.

*Luce.* What was his want to you ?

*Isab.* 'Tis true.

*Luce.* Or misery ?

Or, say he had been i' th' cage, was there no mercy  
To look abroad but yours ?

*Isab.* I am paid for fooling.

*Luce.* Must every slight companion that can purchase  
A shew of poverty, and beggarly planet<sup>69</sup>,

Fall

---

<sup>69</sup> *A shew of poverty and beggarly planet.* ] A shew of a *beggarly planet*, does not look like a genuine expression ; the word *planet*, indeed, or *wanderer*, seems proper in the place, and if it be preserved, we should I think, read,

*A shew of poverty, each beggarly planet,  
Fall under your compassion ?*

The verse runs better, as I have put it in the text, but the reader will please to take his choice. Mr. Sympson does not admit either of these conjectures, but would read,

*A shew of poverty and beggarly plaint.*

But a shew of a *beggarly plaint* seems as harsh to me as the old reading.

*Seward.*

Mr.

Fall under your compassion ?

*Lance.* Here's new matter.

*Luce.* Nay, you are serv'd but too well. Here he  
stays yet,

Yet, as I live !

*Fran.* How her face alters on me !

*Luce.* Out of a confidence, I hope.

*Ifab.* I'm glad on't.

*Fran.* How do you, gentle lady ?

*Ifab.* Much asham'd, Sir,

(But first stand further off me ; you're infectious)

To find such vanity, nay, almost impudence,

Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,

The gratitude you were so mad to make me,

Your trim council, gentlemen ? [*Producing a ring.*]

*Lance.* What, lady ?

*Ifab.* Take your device again, it will not serve, Sir ;  
The woman will not bite, you're finely cozen'd !  
Drop it no more, for shame !

*Luce.* Do you think you're here, Sir,  
Amongst your waft-coateërs, your base wenches  
That scratch at such occasions ? You're deluded :  
This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,  
Born to a better fame than you can build her,  
And eyes above your pitch<sup>70</sup>.

*Fran.* I do acknowledge——

*Ifab.* Then I beseech you, Sir, what could you see,  
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the devil !)  
In my behaviour, of such easiness,  
That you durst venture to do this ?

Mr. Seward reads,

*A shew of poverty and beggary  
Fall under your compassion ?*

Inserting a comma after poverty makes the sense clear, the word *every* being understood as if repeated before planet : ' *Every* slight companion, and *every* beggarly planet.'

<sup>70</sup> *And eyes above your pitch.*] In the edition of 1750, the word *eyes* appears as a substantive. It is certainly a verb, and *Luce's* meaning is, ' She *looks* higher, or for a better match, than you.'

*Fran.*

*Fran.* You amaze me;

This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

*Luce.* I saw you drop it, Sir.

*Isab.* I took it up too,

Still looking when your modesty should miss it:

Why, what a childish part was this!

*Fran.* I vow——

*Isab.* Vow me no vows! He that dares do this,  
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.

There, take your gewgaw! You are too much pamper'd,

And I repent my part. As you grow older,

Grow wiser, if you can; and so farewell, Sir!

[*Exeunt Isabella and Luce.*]

*Lance.* 'Grow wiser, if you can!' She has put it  
to you.

'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it?

*Fran.* Never;

Ne'er saw it afore, Lance.

*Lance.* Thereby hangs a tail then.

What flight she makes to catch herself! Look up, Sir;

You cannot lose her, if you would. How daintily

She flies upon the lure; and cunningly

She makes her stops<sup>71</sup>! Whistle, and she'll come to you.

*Fran.* I would I were so happy.

*Lance.* Maids are clocks:

The greatest wheel, they shew, goes slowest to us,

And makes us hang on tedious hopes; the lesser,

Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with wishes,

Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,

Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood, and marrow;

Young as her purpose, and as soft as pity;

No monument to worship, but a mould,

To make men in, a neat one; and I know,

How'er she appears now, which is near enough,

You are stark blind if you hit not soon. At night,

She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel

A flea in your shape bite her! 'Drop no more rings,  
forsooth!'

<sup>71</sup> Stops!] Mr. Sympson thinks it should be *stops*: *Seaward.*

This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by!

*Fran.* Thou put'st me in much comfort.

*Lance.* Put yourself in

Good comfort! If she do not point you out the way—

'Drop no more rings!' she'll drop herself into you.

*Fran.* I wonder my brother comes not.

*Lance.* Let him alone,

And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come, be  
frolick,

And let's be monstrous wife, and full of counsel.

'Drop no more rings!' [Exeunt.]

*Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.*

*Wid.* If you will needs be foolish, you must be  
us'd so.

Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?

Who bid you welcome hither? You came crouding;

And, impudently bold, press on my patience,

As if I kept a house for all companions,

And of all sorts. Will you have your wills, will you  
vex me,

And force my liking from you? I ne'er ow'd \* you.

*Fount.* For all this, we will dine with you.

*Bel.* And, for all this,

Will have a better answer from you.

*Wid.* You shall never;

Neither have an answer nor a dinner, unless you use me

With a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

*Enter Isabella, followed by Shorthose, Roger, Humphry,  
and Ralph, with dishes of meat.*

*Ifab.* Forward with the meat now!

*Rog.* Come, gentlemen,

March fairly.

*Short.* Roger, you are a weak serving-man;

Your white broth runs from you! Fy, how I sweat

Under this pile of beef: An elephant

Can do more! Oh, for such a back now,

And in these times, what might a man arrive at!

\* Ow'd.] Quasi, Own'd.



Goose graſe you up, and woodcock march behind thee;

I am almoſt founde'r'd!

*Wid.* Who bid you bring the meat yet?  
Away, you knaves! I will not dine theſe two hours.  
How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go, carry it back,  
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,  
To ſend before I call'd!

*Short.* Faces about<sup>72</sup>, gentlemen;  
Beat a mournful march then, and give ſome ſupporters,  
Or elſe I periſh! [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Iſab.* It does me much good  
To ſee her chafe thus.

*Hare.* We can ſtay, madam,  
And will ſtay and dwell here; 'tis good air.

*Fount.* I know you have beds enough,  
And meat you never want.

*Wid.* You want a little.

*Bel.* We dare to pretend on. Since you are churliſh,  
We'll give you phyſick; you muſt purge this anger;  
It burns you, and decays you.

*Wid.* If I had you out once,  
I would be at charge of a portcullis for you.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* Good morrow, noble lady.

*Wid.* Good morrow, Sir.

<sup>72</sup> *Faces about.*] This expreſſion the reader will find explained in the 63d note on the Scornful Lady. The modern editors, not underſtanding it, and in their rage of correcting, read *face about*.—The ſame rage has induced thoſe gentlemen to make ſeveral *ſlight alterations*, in the courſe of a few lines hereabouts, equally bold, and more injurious to the ſenſe.—They make the Widow ſay, *And ſtay MY time too* (meaning, *as long as I pleaſe*) inſtead of *YOUR time* (*the month I have commanded you to be ſilent*). One of the Lovers declares, according to them, *We dare to pretend NO* (which can only be underſtood, *We deny our wanting meat*) inſtead of ſaying, with the old copy, *We dare to pretend ON* (*we ſhall carry our demands FURTHER*). And poor Lance is made moſt blunderingly to aſſert, when ſpeaking of Iſabella, *At night HE would venture forty pounds more, but to feel a flea in your ſhape bite HER*.

## 372 WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly!  
 What slaves were those to use him so! [*Aside.*

*Val.* I come

To look a young man I call brother.

*Wid.* Such a one

Was here, Sir, as I remember, your own brother;  
 But gone almost an hour ago.

*Val.* Good e'en then!

*Wid.* You must not so soon, Sir; here be some gentlemen;

It may be you're acquainted with 'em.

*Hare.* Will nothing make him miserable?

*Fount.* How glorious!

*Bel.* It is the very he! Does it rain fortunes,  
 Or has he a familiar?

*Hare.* How doggedly he looks too?

*Fount.* I am beyond my faith! Pray, let's be going.

*Val.* Where are these gentlemen?

*Wid.* Here.

*Val.* Yes, I know 'em,

And will be more familiar.

*Bel.* Morrow, madam!

*Wid.* Nay, stay and dine.

*Val.* You shall stay till I talk with you,  
 And not dine neither, but fasting fly my fury<sup>73</sup>.  
 You think you have undone me; think so still,  
 And swallow that belief: 'Till you be company  
 For court-hand clerks, and starv'd attornies;  
 'Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,  
 For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars  
 In penny rooms again, and fight for apples;  
 'Till you return to what I found you, people  
 Betray'd into the hands of fencers, challengers,  
 Tooth-drawers, bills, and tedious proclamations  
 In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-purses—

<sup>73</sup> *But fastingly my fury.*] Mr. Sympson reads, *but fasting on my fury*: My first conjecture was *BIDE my fury*; but as *fly* is nearest the trace of the letters, and seems to me good sense, I think it most probably the original. Mr. Theobald reads, *bide*. *Seward.*

(Stir not, but hear, and mark; I'll cut your throats else!)

'Till water-works, and rumours of New Rivers,  
Ride you again, and run you into questions  
Who built the Thames<sup>74</sup>; 'till you run mad for lotteries,  
And stand there with your tables to glean  
The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly  
To serving-men for sound essays; 'till taverns  
Allow you but a towel-room to tippie in,  
Wine that the bell hath gone for twice, and glasses  
That look like broken promises, tied up  
With wicker protestations, English tobacco,  
With half-pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and  
biscuit

That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like corals,  
To bring the mark again; 'till this hour, rascals<sup>75</sup>,  
(For this most fatal hour will come again)  
Think I sit down the loser!

*Wid.* Will you stay, gentlemen?

A piece of beef, and a cold capon, that's all;  
You know you're welcome.

*Hare.* That was cast to abuse us<sup>76</sup>.

*Bel.* Steal off; the devil is in his anger!

*Wid.* Nay, I am sure

You will not leave me so discourteously,

<sup>74</sup> Who built *Theamea*.] So the first quarto: We have, with Mr. Seward, followed the second, only inserting the particle *the*.

<sup>75</sup> *Tell this hour rascals so, this most fatal hour will come again.*] Tho' I have departed a good deal from the old reading, yet as I have restored what I think to be the sense, and the measure, I hope it will be allowed. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

'Till this hour, rascals, shall,  
'Till this most fatal hour shall come again,  
*Think I sit down the loser.*

We think this passage requires assistance; but a much less violent remedy than Mr. Seward's has, in our opinion, established a reading greatly superior to his; the change of *so*, into *for*.

<sup>76</sup> *Humph. That was cast, &c.*] All the editions most erroneously make *Humphry*, the servant, speak these words, when neither interested nor present.

Now I've provided for you.

*Val.* What do ye here?

Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,  
Her state, and worth? Can ye bring a fair certificate  
That ye deserve to be her footmen? Husbands, ye  
puppies?

Husbands for whores and bawds! Away, you wind-  
suckers!

Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble;  
And, when ye're gone, seem to laugh at my fury,  
And slight this lady! I shall hear, and know this;  
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,  
As far as they are good, I dare preserve 'em.  
Be not too bold; for if you be I'll swinge you,  
I'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.  
Your honours, now go! avoid me mainly!

[*Exeunt Lovers.*]

*Wid.* Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,  
And with your nobleness prevented danger  
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and eat, Sir.

*Val.* No, no; I dare not trust myself with women.  
Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,  
And tie your body to a daily labour,  
You may live honestly; and so I thank you! [*Exit.*]

*Wid.* Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble fellow,  
And some means I must work to have thee know it.  
[*Exit.*]

## A C T V.

*Enter Uncle and Merchant.*

*Unc.* **M**OST certain, 'tis her hand that holds  
him up,  
And her sister relieves Frank.

*Mer.* I'm glad to hear it;  
But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune  
To some fair end?

*Unc.*

*Unc.* The women are too crafty,  
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.  
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,  
They'd strike it out o' th' flint but they would form it,

*Enter Widow and Shortbosc.*

*Mer.* The Widow sure! Why does she stir so early?

*Wid.* 'Tis strange, I can't force him to understand me,  
And make a benefit of what I'd bring him.

Tell my sifter, I'll use my devotions

At home this morning; she may, if she please, go to  
church.

*Short.* Hey ho!

*Wid.* And do you wait upon her with a torch, Sir.

*Short.* Hey ho!

*Wid.* You lazy knave!

*Short.* Here's such a tinkle-tanklings,  
That we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out.  
Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you made your  
chamber-pot,

And burn a little rosemary in't; I must wait upon  
my lady.

This morning-prayer has brought me into a con-  
sumption;

I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me,

*Wid.* You drousy slave, nothing but sleep and  
swilling!

*Short.* Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas as I  
have been,

And haunted with the night-mare——

*Wid.* With an ale-pot!

*Short.* You would have little list to morning-prayers.  
Pray, take my fellow Ralph; he has a psalm-book;  
I am an ingrum man<sup>77</sup>.

*Wid.* Get you ready quickly,  
And, when she's ready, wait upon her handsomely.  
No more, be gone!

<sup>77</sup> *Ingrum.*] This is, as we conjecture, a vitiation of *ignorant*,  
similar to Dogberry's *vagrom* for *vagrant*.

*Short.* If I do snore my part out—— [Exit.

*Unc.* Now to our purposes.

*Mer.* Good morrow, madam!

*Wid.* Good morrow, gentlemen!

*Unc.* Good joy and fortune!

*Wid.* These are good things, and worth my thanks;  
I thank you, Sir.

*Mer.* Much joy I hope you'll find: We came to  
gratulate

Your new-knit marriage-band.

*Wid.* How?

*Unc.* He's a gentleman,  
Altho' he be my kinsman, my fair niece.

*Wid.* Niece, Sir?

*Unc.* Yes, lady, now I may say so;  
'Tis no shame to you! I say, a gentleman,  
And, winking at some light fancies, which you  
Most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried,  
As nobly bred and manag'd——

*Wid.* What's all this?

I understand you not. What niece, what marriage-knot?

*Unc.* I'll tell plainly;

You are my niece, and Valentine the gentleman  
Has made you so by marriage.

*Wid.* Marriage?

*Unc.* Yes, lady;

And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,  
To take a falling man to your protection,  
And buoy him up again to all his glories.

*Wid.* The men are mad!

*Mer.* What though he wanted

These outward things, that fly away like shadows,  
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one?  
You've wealth enough to give him gloss and outside,  
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.

*Unc.* I ever thought he would do well.

*Mer.* Nay, I knew,

How'er he wheel'd about like a loose carbine<sup>78</sup>,

<sup>78</sup> *Cabine.*] A carbine is a term for a horse soldier, and used by our Authors in another play, so that I cannot doubt of its being the genuine

He would charge home at length, like a brave gentleman.

Heav'n's blessing o' your heart, lady! We're so bound to honour you;

In all your service so devoted to you——

*Unc.* Don't look so strange, Widow; it must be known;

Better a general joy. No stirring here yet?

Come, come, you can't hide it.

*Wid.* Pray be not impudent;

These are the finest toys! Belike I am married then?

*Mer.* You are in a miserable estate i' th' world's account else:

I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

*Wid.* And I am great with child?

*Unc.* No, great they say not,

But 'tis a full opinion you're with child;

And there's great joy among the gentlemen,

Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

*Mer.* Alas, we know his private hours of entrance, How long, and when he stay'd, could name the bed too, Where he paid down his first-fruits.

*Wid.* I shall believe anon.

*Unc.* And we consider, for some private reasons, You'd have it private; yet take your own pleasure:

And so, good morrow, my best niece, my sweetest!

*Wid.* No, no, pray stay.

*Unc.* I know you would be with him.

Love him, and love him well!

*Mer.* You'll find him noble.

This may beget——

*Unc.* It must needs work upon her.

[*Exeunt Uncle and Merchant.*]

*Wid.* These are fine bobs, i' faith! married, and with child too!

---

genuine reading, tho' Mr. Theobald did, for I sent to him, and find it in his margin with a Q. He probably did not know whether it was in use in our Authors' time. I have Mr. Sympsen's concurrence, who says he had corrected it so at the first reading. *Seward.*

How

378 WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

How long has this been, I trow? They seem grave fellows;

They should not come to flout, Married, and bedded!  
The world take notice too! Where lies this maygame?  
I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,  
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,  
Must I be scratch'd I know not how? Who waits there?

*Enter Humpbry and another Servant.*

*Hum.* Madam!

*Wid.* Make ready my coach quickly, and wait you only;

And, hark you, Sir! be secret and speedy! [*Whisper.*  
Inquire out where he lies.

*Hum.* I shall do it, madam. [*Exe. Serv.*

*Wid.* Married, and got with child in a dream! 'tis fine, i' faith!

Sure, he that did this, would do better waking. [*Exit.*

*Enter Valentine, Francisco, Lance, drunk, and a boy with a torch.*

*Val.* Hold thy torch handsomely! How dost thou, Frank?

Peter Bassel, bear up!

*Fran.* You've fried me soundly.

Sack do you call this drink?

*Val.* A shrewd dog, Frank;  
Will bite abundantly.

*Lance.* Now could I fight,  
And fight with thee——

*Val.* With me, thou man of Memphis?

*Lance.* But that thou'rt my own natural master.

Yet, my sack says thou'rt no man, thou art a Pagan,  
And pawn'st thy land, which is a noble cause.

*Val.* No arms, no arms, good Lancelot;  
Dear Lance, no fighting here! We will have lands, boy,  
Livings, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy!  
Hang fighting, hang it; 'tis out of fashion.

*Lance.* I would fain labour you into your lands again.  
Go



Go to; it is behoveful!

*Fran.* Fy, Lance, fy!

*Lance.* I must beat somebody, and why not my master,  
Before a stranger? Charity and beating  
Begin at home.

*Val.* Come, thou shalt beat me.

*Lance.* I will not be compelled, an you were two  
masters;

I scorn the motion!

*Val.* Wilt thou sleep?

*Lance.* I scorn sleep!

*Val.* Wilt thou go eat?

*Lance.* I scorn meat, I come for rompering;  
I come to wait upon my charge discretely;  
For, look you, if you will not take your mortgage  
again,

Here do I lie, St. George, and so forth!

*Val.* And here do I, St. George, bestride the dragon!  
Thus, with my lance——

*Lance.* I sting, I sting with my tail.

*Val.* Do you so, do you so, Sir? I shall tail you  
presently!

*Fran.* By no means; do not hurt him!

*Val.* Take his Nellson;

And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malaga!  
Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,  
And charge again.

*Lance.* I play no more; you abuse me!

Will you go?

*Fran.* I'll bid you good morrow, brother;  
For sleep I can't; I have a thousand fancies.

*Val.* Now thou'rt arriv'd, go bravely to the matter,  
And do something of worth, Frank.

*Lance.* You shall hear from us. [*Exe. Lance and Fran.*]

*Val.* This rogue, if he had been sober, sure had  
beaten me.

He's the most tettiſh knave!

*Enter*

*Enter Uncle, Merchant, and boy*<sup>79</sup>, *with a torch.*

*Unc.* 'Tis he.

*Mer.* Good morrow!

*Val.* Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.

*Unc.* You've made your brother a fine man; we met him.

*Val.* I made him a fine gentleman, He was a fool before, brought up amongst the <sup>80</sup> mist Of small-beer brewhouses. What would you have with me?

*Mer.* I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.

*Val.* Are you my sentence?

*Mer.* The sentence of your state.

*Val.* Let it be hang'd then; and let it be hang'd high enough,

<sup>79</sup> *Enter Uncle and Merchant: May with a torch.*] Thus say the quartos; the folio of 1679 says, *boy*. Whether *May* was corrupted at press from *man*, or whether it was the real or dramatic name of the *torch-bearer*, is not now to be decided.

<sup>80</sup> *Amongst the midst of small-beer brewhouses.*] How much the slight change I have made improves the sense, the reader of taste will instantly see. He will probably wonder how any one could miss it, and think it scarce deserves a note. But for my own part, I several times read o'er the passage without seeing the corruption, and am at last the discoverer, tho' Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson (whose abilities no one will I believe doubt) had very accurately studied the play. The same thing has frequently happen'd to me with regard to their emendations; and I doubt not but every sensible reader will find out many more, which we have all three missed, as obvious and certain as this. What therefore I would often inculcate is, that the reader should not be too severe upon us for such oversights: Because the same thing has happen'd to all editors of books, which abound with such numerous corruptions as do our Authors' plays: *Seward.*

A Reader who will not excuse the *oversights* of an Annotator must indeed be harsh and rigid; and did the Editors of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works in 1750 need exculpation on no other account, it is more than probable the Editors of 1776 would never have undertaken their laborious task; since their first inducement to it was, an observation of the unprecedented interpolations, omissions, and every other species of variation, UNNOTICED, made use of by their predecessors; and, in the process of their work, they have found each of those freedoms practised with much more latitude than they at first supposed or imagined had been taken.

I may

I may not see 't.

*Unc.* A gracious resolution.

*Val.* What would you else with me? Will you go drink,

And let the world slide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boys!  
Drink sack like whey, boys!

*Mer.* Have you no feeling, Sir?

*Val.* Come hither, Merchant! Make me a supper,  
Thou most reverend land-catcher, a supper of forty  
pounds!

*Mer.* What then, Sir?

*Val.* Then, bring thy wife along, and thy fair sisters,  
Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;  
Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine!  
We'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage;  
And then in state I'll render thee an answer.

*Mer.* What say you to this?

*Unc.* I dare not say, nor think neither.

*Mer.* Will you redeem your state? Speak to the  
point, Sir.

*Val.* No, not if it were mine heir in the Turk's  
gallies.

*Mer.* Then I must take an order.

*Val.* Take a thousand,

I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it;  
Because thou can'st it 'th' nick, thou shalt not have it!  
Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it,  
Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds  
uncoupled,

Will ring you such a knell! Go down in glory,  
And march upon my land, and cry, 'All's mine!'  
Cry as the devil did, and be the devil:

Mark what an echo follows! Build fine marchpanes,  
To entertain Sir Silkworm and his lady;

And pull the chapel down, and raise a chamber  
For mistress Silver-pin, to lay her belly in:

Mark what an earthquake comes! Then, foolish  
Merchant,

My tenants are no subjects; they obey nothing,  
And they are people too were never christen'd;

They

They know no law nor conscience; they'll devour thee,  
 An thou art mortal; Staple<sup>81</sup>; they'll confound thee  
 Within three days; no bit nor memory  
 Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy nose  
 there,

Shall be e'er heard of more! Go, take possession,  
 And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits;  
 They love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell suckers,  
 As they love mischief, and hate law; they're cannibals!  
 Bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful,  
 There be those mandrakes that will mollify 'em!  
 Go, take possession! I'll go to my chamber.

Afore, boy, go! [Exeunt Val. and boy.]

Mer. He's mad sure!

Unc. He's half drunk; sure!

And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it,  
 This looking back:

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely;  
 But he's so harsh and strange!

Unc. Believe it, 'tis his drink, Sir;  
 And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cannibals?

If e'er I come to view his regiments,  
 If fair terms may be had——

Unc. He tells you true, Sir;

They are a bunch of the most boisterous rascals  
 Disorder ever made; let 'em be mad once,  
 The pow'r of the whole country cannot cool 'em.  
 Be patient but a while.

---

<sup>81</sup> They'll devour thee: and thou mortall the staple, they'll confound thee.] Out of this abyss of darknes I hope that I have retrieved both sense and measure, and I have the less doubt of it, as they mutually confirm each other. My reading gives this sense, They'll devour thee, if thou art made of mortal stuff, or according to mortal standard; it might perhaps be wrote, An thou art mortal, Staple; calling the merchant by that name. Mr. Sympson had hit off the word staple before he received my note, and read, Thou mortal of the staple; i. e. Thou man of merchandise. When different readings are equally sense, conjecture cannot decide, which was the original. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, An thou art mortal staple; but we think the preference due to his other suggestion, of Valentine calling the Merchant Staple.

*Mer.* As long as you will, Sir.  
 Before I buy a bargain of such runts,  
 I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Francisco, Lance, and boy with a torch.*

*Fran.* How dost thou now?

*Lance.* Better than I was, and straighter;  
 But my head's a hoghead still; it rowls and tumbles.

*Fran.* Thou wert cruelly paid.

*Lance.* I may live to requite it;  
 Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then ride me!  
 Very well!

*Fran.* 'Twas all but sport. I'll tell thee what I mean  
 now;  
 I mean to see this wench.

*Lance.* Where a devil is she?  
 An there were two, 'twere better.

*Fran.* Dost thou hear  
 The bell ring?

*Lance.* Yes, yes.

*Fran.* Then she comes to pray'rs,  
 Early each morning thither: Now, if I could but  
 meet her,  
 For I am of another metal now——

*Enter Isabel and Shorthose, with a torch.*

*Lance.* What light's yon?

*Fran.* Ha? 'tis a light; take her by the hand, and  
 court her?

*Lance.* Take her below the girdle, you'll ne'er speed  
 else.

It comes on this way still. Oh, that I had  
 But such an opportunity in a saw-pit!  
 How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

*Fran.* 'Tis she:

Fortune, I kiss thy hand! Good morrow, lady!

*Isab.* What voice is that? Sirrah, do you sleep  
 As you go?--'Tis he; I'm glad on't!--Why, Shorthose!

*Short.*

*Short.* Yes, forsooth; I was dreamt I was going to church.

*Lance.* She sees you as plain as I do.

*Isab.* Hold thy torch up.

*Short.* Here's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog asleep in't.

Where did you see the voice?

*Fran.* She looks still angry.

*Lance.* To her, and meet, Sir!

*Isab.* Here, here.

*Fran.* Yes, lady!

Ne'er bless yourself; I am but a man,  
And like an honest man, now I will thank you!

*Isab.* What do you mean? who sent for you? who desir'd you——

*Short.* Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?

*Isab.* Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!  
But such companions as you must ruffle me?  
You had best go with me, Sir!

*Fran.* It was my purpose.

*Isab.* Why, what an impudence is this! You had best,  
Being so near the church, provide a priest,  
And persuade me to marry you.

*Fran.* 'Twas my meaning;  
And such a husband, so loving and so careful!  
My youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at——  
Hark you!

*Isab.* 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly!  
Turn home again, sirrah! You had best now force  
My man to lead your way!

*Fran.* Yes, marry shall he, lady<sup>82</sup>.  
Forward, my friend!

*Isab.* This is a pretty riot;  
It may grow to a rape.

*Fran.* Do you like that better?  
I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

*Short.* I see nothing; I am asleep still.

<sup>82</sup> *Lance.* Yes, marry, shall he, lady, &c.] This speech has been hitherto given to *Lance*, tho' so evidently belonging to *Francisco*.

When you have done, tell me, and then I'll wake,  
mistress.

*Isab.* Are you in earnest, Sir? do you long to be  
hang'd?

*Fran.* Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair tresses.

*Isab.* Shall I call out for help?

*Fran.* No, by no means;

That were a weak trick, lady: I'll kiss and stop your  
mouth. [*Kisses her.*]

*Isab.* You'll answer all these?

*Fran.* A thousand kisses more!

*Isab.* I was ne'er abus'd thus!

You had best give out too, that you found me willing,  
And say I doted on you.

*Fran.* That's known already,  
And no man living shall now carry you from me.

*Isab.* This is fine, i'faith.

*Fran.* It shall be ten times finer.

*Isab.* Well, seeing you're so valiant, keep your way;  
I will to church.

*Fran.* And I will wait upon you.

*Isab.* And it is

Most likely there's a priest, if you dare venture  
As you profess: I'd wish you look about you,  
To do these rude tricks, for you know their recom-  
pences;

And trust not to my mercy——

*Fran.* But I will, lady.

*Isab.* For I'll so handle you.

*Fran.* That's it I look for.

*Lance.* Afore, thou dream!

*Short.* Have you done?

*Isab.* Go on, Sir!

And follow, if you dare!

*Fran.* If I don't, hang me!

*Lance.* 'Tis all thine own, boy, an it were a million!  
God a mercy, sack! when would small-beer have done  
this? [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Valentine.* [*Knocking within.*]

*Val.* Who's that that knocks and bounces? what a devil ails you?  
Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron-mill?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* 'Tis a gentlewoman, Sir, that must needs speak with you.

*Val.* A gentlewoman? what gentlewoman? what have I to do  
With gentlewomen?

*Serv.* She will not be answer'd, Sir.

*Val.* Fling up the bed, and let her in. I'll try  
How gentle she is. [*Exit Serv.*] This sack has fill'd  
my head

So full of Babels<sup>83</sup>, I am almost mad.

What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she  
Has brought me no butter-print along with her,  
To lay to my charge: If she have, 'tis all one,  
I'll forswear it.

*Re-enter Servant, with Widow.*

*Wid.* Oh, you're a noble gallant!  
Send off your servant, pray. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Val.* She will not ravish me?  
By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a sparrow-hawk!  
What wouldst thou, woman?

*Wid.* Oh, you have us'd me kindly,  
And like a gentleman! This 'tis to trust to you.

*Val.* Trust to me, for what?

*Wid.* Because I said in jest once,  
You were a handsome man, one I could like well,  
And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you,  
And might be brought to marry——

*Val.* The Widow's drunk too!

*Wid.* You, out of this (which is a fine discretion)  
Give out the matter's done, you've won and wed me,

<sup>83</sup> *Babels.*] Former editions.



And that you have put fairly for an heir too :  
 These are fine rumours to advance my credit !  
 I' th' name of mischief, what did you mean ?

*Val.* That you lov'd me,  
 And that you might be brought to marry me ?  
 Why, what a devil do you mean, Widow ?

*Wid.* It was a fine trick too, to tell the world,  
 Tho' you had enjoy'd your first wish, you wish'd,  
 The wealth you aim'd not at<sup>84</sup>, that I was poor,  
 Which is most true I am ; have sold my lands,  
 Because I love not those vexations :  
 Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be prating,  
 And for my credit's sake i' th' town——

*Val.* I tell thee, Widow,  
 I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no lands ;  
 For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy husband,  
 If e'er thou marriest more.

*Wid.* Have not you married me ?  
 And for this main cause, now as you report it,  
 To be your nurse ?

*Val.* My nurse ? Why, what am I grown to ?  
 Give me the glass ! My nurse ?

*Wid.* You ne'er said truer.  
 I must confess, I did a little favour you,  
 And with some labour might have been persuaded ;  
 But, when I found I must be hourly troubled  
 With making broths, and dawbing your decays,  
 With swaddling, and with stitching up your ruins ;  
 For the world so reports——

*Val.* Do not provoke me !

*Wid.* And half an eye may see——

*Val.* Do not provoke me !

The world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it !  
 Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee,  
 And mark what follows. My nurse ? Yes, you shall  
 rock me :

Widow, I'll keep you waking !

*Wid.* You're disposed, Sir.

<sup>84</sup> *The wealth you aimed at.* We have added the word *not* here, the sense requiring it.

*Val.* Yes, marry am I, Widow; and you shall feel it!  
Nay, an they touch my freehold, I'm a tiger!

*Wid.* I think so.

*Val.* Come!

*Wid.* Whither?

*Val.* Any whither.

[Sings.]

The fit's upon me now,  
The fit's upon me now!  
Come quickly, gentle lady,  
The fit's upon me now!  
The world shall know they're fools,  
And so shalt thou do too;  
Let the cobbler meddle with his tools,  
The fit's upon me now!

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein!  
Away with me; for if I have but two hours to consider,  
All the widows in the world cannot recover me.

*Wid.* If you will go with me, Sir——

*Val.* Yes, marry, will I;

But 'tis in anger yet! and I will marry thee;  
Do not cross me! Yes, and I will lie with thee,  
And get a whole bundle of babies; and I'll kiss thee!  
Stand still, and kiss me handsomely; but don't pro-  
voke me!

Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous!  
I drunk sack yesternight; do not allure me!

Thou art no widow of this world! come! in pity,  
And in spite I'll marry thee. Not a word more!  
And I may be brought to love thee. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Merchant and Uncle, at several doors.*

*Mer.* Well met again! and what good news yet?

*Unc.* Faith, nothing.

*Mer.* No fruits of what we sow'd?

*Unc.* Nothing I hear of.

*Mer.* No turning in this tide yet?

*Unc.* 'Tis all flood;

And, 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

*Enter*

*Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lance, and Shorthose, with a torch.*

*Mer.* Is not this his younger brother?

*Unc.* With a gentlewoman;  
The Widow's sister, as I live! He smiles;  
He's got good hold. Why, well said, Frank, i'faith!  
Let's stay and mark.

*Isab.* Well, you're the prettiest youth!  
And so you have handled me, think you have me sure?

*Fran.* As sure as wedlock.

*Isab.* You'd best lie with me too.

*Fran.* Yes, indeed, will I; and get such black-ey'd boys!

*Unc.* God a mercy, Frank!

*Isab.* This is a merry world; poor simple gentlewomen,  
That think no harm, can't walk about their business,  
But they must be catch'd up, I know not how.

*Fran.* I'll tell you, and I'll instruct you too.  
Have I caught you, mistress?

*Isab.* Well, an it were not for pure pity,  
I would give you the slip yet; but, being as it is—

*Fran.* It shall be better.

*Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, with a torch.*

*Isab.* My sister, as I live! your brother with her?  
Sure, I think you're the king's takers.

*Unc.* Now it works.

*Val.* Nay, you shall know I am a man.

*Wid.* I think so.

*Val.* And such proof you shall have!

*Wid.* I pray, speak softly.

*Val.* I'll speak it out, Widow; yes, and you shall confess too,

I am no nurse-child; I went for a man,  
A good one; if you can beat me out o' th' pit——

*Wid.* I did but jest with you.

*Val.* I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle you!

Nay, when my credit calls——

*Wid.* Are you mad?

*Val.* I am mad, I am mad!

*Fran.* Good morrow, Sir! I like your preparation.

*Val.* Thou hast been at it, Frank?

*Fran.* Yes, faith, 'tis done, Sir.

*Val.* Along with me then! Never hang an arse,  
Widow!

*Isab.* 'Tis to no purpose, sifter.

*Val.* Well said, Black-brows!

Advance your torches, gentlemen!

*Unc.* Yes, yes, Sir.

*Val.* And keep your ranks!

*Mer.* Lance, carry this before him.

[*Giving the mortgage.*

*Unc.* Carry it in state!

*Enter Musicians, Fountain, Harebrain, and Bellamore.*

*Val.* What are you? musicians?

I know your coming<sup>85</sup>! And what are those behind you?

*Musi.* Gentlemen

That sent us, to give the lady a good morrow.

*Val.* Oh, I know them. Come, boy, sing the song  
I taught you,

And sing it lustily! Come forward, gentlemen!

<sup>85</sup> *I know you coming.*] Beside the obscurity of this expression, which I take to have been a mere typographical error, *coming* for *come in*, a syllable is wanting to the measure, which I have taken the liberty to supply, believing either *you*, or some other monosyllable as indifferent to the sense has been dropt. One may easily believe, that such mistakes may have frequently happened in a play, where there have been visibly such numerous corruptions, and where the measure was so shockingly disregarded, that not twenty lines in the whole were designedly printed as such, in any former edition. This I hope I have generally restored; and that by the assistance of Mr. Symphon and Mr. Theobald's margin, I have retrieved many passages which were corrupted. I am far from presuming that all our conjectures are right; or that several blunders are not still left untouched. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *What're you, musicians? I know you, come you in, and what, &c.* The old quartos say, *I know your coming*; meaning, as we apprehend, *I know of your coming*, it being customary at weddings.

You're welcome, welcome ! now we are all friends.  
Go, get the priest ready, and let him not be long,  
We have much business.

Come, Frank, rejoice with me ! Thou'ft got the start,  
boy,

But I'll fo tumble after ! Come, my friends, lead,  
Lead cheerfully ; and let your fiddles ring, boys !  
My follies and my fancies have an end here.

Display the mortgage, Lance ! Merchant, I'll pay you,  
And every thing fhall be in joint again.

*Unc.* Afore, afore !

*Val.* And now confefs, and know,  
Wit without Money, sometimes gives the blow !

[*Exeunt omnes.*

IN the preparation of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Works for the prefs, in 1750, either Mr. Theobald or Mr. Seward discovered, that the comedy of Wit without Money had been originally written in verfe, and undertook the arduous task of reftoring the metre, inftead of printing it profaically, as in all the former editions had been done. We are not capable of declaring to which of thefe gentlemen the honour of this well-meant undertaking belongs, or how far Mr. Theobald had proceeded in it at the time of his deceafe. From whomfoever the intent originated, by whomfoever the plan was executed, we are forry to find the commendations due to the undertaking, muft meet with a very confiderable alloy, on obferving how lightly the martyrdom of language, and the faithfulness of editorfhip, were looked on, when (which was very frequently the cafe) the procefs of this poetic plan met with interruption. How fmall is the honour to an Editor, how material the difgrace to an Author, how great the impediment to a Reader, when we find

Val'ntine,  
'S this man nak'd,  
h' fo,  
t' y'rself,  
m' friends,  
m' fo,  
'tis 'r fifter,  
b' there,  
this 's boifterous,  
this 's brother,  
I w's going,  
nei'er,  
f' loving,  
f'r all this,  
g'd morrow,  
sharp fet 's 'sparrow-hawk,

stand in place of

Valentine,  
Is this man naked,  
he fo,  
to yourself,  
my friends,  
me fo,  
'tis her fifter,  
be there,  
this is boifterous,  
this his brother,  
I was going,  
neither,  
fo loving,  
for all this,  
good morrow,  
sharp fet as a sparrow-hawk,  
with

with multitudes similar ; for we only mention such contractions as first occur to us, by way of specimen?—And if to these verbal assassinations we should (in aid of our equi-syllabic pursuit) add the introducing such arbitrary variations as to read

—To think well of  
Ourselves, if we deserve it, *it is*,  
*Sir*, a lustre *in's*,  
'*T*was rarely ta'en,  
'*T* has rid us fair of an incum-  
berance,  
*That be who doth* intreat intrudes,  
'*Tis* beyond faith, let's be going,  
*There are here* some gentlemen,  
Now I'm another metal,

instead of

To think well of ourselves, if  
we deserve it, is a lustre *in us*,  
'*T* has taken rarely,  
It has rid us of a fair incum-  
berance,  
*He that* intreats intrudes,  
*I am* beyond *my* faith, *pray* let's  
be going,  
Here be some gentlemen,  
For I am of another metal now,

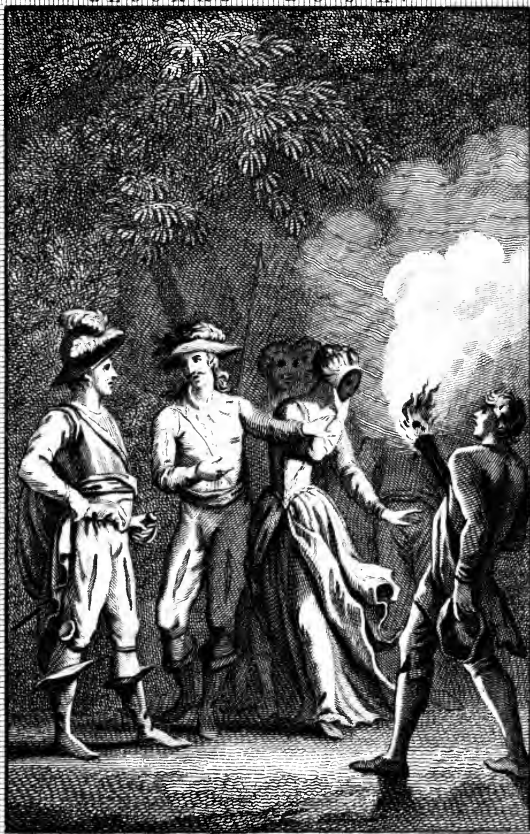
together with *interpolations*, *omissions*, and *transpositions*, *ad infinitum* ; when convicted of all these, so far from expecting applause, can they hope for pardon, or think to avoid the severest censure?—We beg to have it understood, that the freedoms which we object to, are such as the Editors have not mentioned in their notes. Noticed variations (but those variations should ever be made with the greatest caution, and not without an apparent urgent necessity) are in some degree allowable ; others, we think, highly reprehensible.—The whole of this play was printed under the inspection of Mr. Seward, whose only object of consideration seems to have been, the establishment of metre, no matter by what means ; to him, therefore, we are to ascribe the abovementioned violences.

We have no doubt but the play of Wit without Money was written in verse ; but it is at the same time certain, that either our Authors were more licentious in this Comedy than in all their other plays put together ; or else that the players, ' by whom, as Mr. Seward supposes, this play was divested of its measure, in order to render the ' dialogue more low and farcical,' and who did not publish it till fourteen years after Fletcher's demise, were so successful in their anti-heroic endeavour, that it appears totally impossible ever to effect a thorough restoration of the metre.

All we can assure the reader is, that we have carefully adhered to the old copies, where the sense did not demand variation ; that we have submitted such variations as we thought ourselves obliged to make, to the judgment of the Reader ; and that (induced as well by the licentiousness of the old poetick writers, as a desire to be faithful Editors) we have preferred *leaving faulty verses*, to *castration of language for regularity of measure*.



BEGGARS' BUSH.



*This was a noble entrance to your fortune,  
That, being on the point thus to be married,  
Upon her venture here, you should surprize her.*

J. J. Barralet.

Collyer. Vol. V.



# BEGGARS' BUSH.

## A COMEDY.

---

*The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills attribute this Play wholly to Fletcher. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. Until within a few years past, the Comedy now before us used to be frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre. In the year 1768, Mr. Hull made some alterations in it, and, with the addition of several songs, brought it on the stage as an opera, under the title of The Royal Merchant.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

- Wolfort, *an usurper of the earldom of Flanders.*  
 Gerrard, *falsely called Clause, king of the beggars, father-in-law to Florez.*  
 Hubert, *an honest lord, a friend to Gerrard.*  
 Florez, *falsely called Goswin, a rich merchant of Bruges.*  
 Hempkirke, *a captain under Wolfort.*  
 Herman, *a courtier,* } *inhabitants of Flanders.*  
 A Merchant, }  
 Vandunke, *a drunken merchant, friend to Gerrard, falsely called father to Bertha.*  
 Vanlock, } *of Bruges.*  
 Four Merchants, }  
 Higgen, } *three knavish beggars.*  
 Prigg, }  
 Snapp, }  
 Ferret, } *two gentlemen, disguised under those names, of*  
 Ginkes, } *Gerrard's party.*  
 Clown.  
 Boors.  
 A Sailor.  
 Servants.  
 Guard.

W O M E N.

- Jaculin, *daughter to Gerrard, belov'd of Hubert.*  
 Bertha, *called Gertrude, daughter to the duke of Brabant, mistress to Florez.*  
 Margaret, *wife to Vandunke.*  
 Mrs. Frances, *a frow, daughter to Vanlock.*

SCENE, FLANDERS.

PEGGARS!

# BEGGARS' BUSH.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter a Merchant and Herman.*

*Merchant.* **I**S he then taken?

*Her.* And brought back even now, Sir,

*Mer.* He was not in disgrace?

*Her.* No man more lov'd,  
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man  
That durst be honest in this court.

*Mer.* Indeed

We've heard abroad, Sir, that the state hath suffer'd  
A great change, since the countess' death.

*Her.* It hath, Sir.

*Mer.* My five years' absence hath kept me a stranger  
So much to all th' occurrents of my country,  
As you shall bind me for some short relation,  
To make me understand the present times.

*Her.* I must begin then with a war was made,  
And seven years with all cruelty continued,  
Upon our Flanders by the duke of Brabant.  
The cause grew thus: During our earl's minority,  
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither,  
To treat about a match between our earl  
And the daughter and heir of Brabant: During which  
treaty,

The Brabander pretends, this daughter was  
Stol'n from his court, by practice of our state;

Tho'

Tho' we are all confirm'd, 'twas a fought quarrel,  
 To lay an unjust gripe upon this earldom ;  
 It being here believ'd the duke of Brabant  
 Had no such loss. This war upon't proclaim'd,  
 Our earl, being then a child; altho' his father  
 Good Gerrard liv'd, yet (in respect he was  
 Chosen by the countess' favour for her husband,  
 And but a gentleman, and Florez holding  
 His right unto this country from his mother)  
 The state thought fit, in this defensive war,  
 Wolfort being then the only man of mark,  
 To make him general.

*Mer.* Which place we've heard  
 He did discharge with honour.

*Her.* Ay, so long,  
 And with so bless'd successes, that the Brabander  
 Was forc'd (his treasures wasted, and the choice  
 Of his best men of arms tir'd, or cut off)  
 To leave the field, and found a base retreat  
 Back to his country : But so broken, both  
 In mind and means, e'er to make head again,  
 That hitherto he sits down by his loss ;  
 Not daring, or for honour, or revenge,  
 Again to tempt his fortune. But this victory  
 More broke our state, and made a deeper hurt  
 In Flanders, than the greatest overthrow  
 She e'er receiv'd : For Wolfort, now beholding  
 Himself, and actions, in the flattering glass  
 Of self-deservings, and that cherish'd by  
 The strong assurance of his pow'r (for then  
 All captains of the army were his creatures,  
 The common soldier too at his devotion,  
 Made so by full indulgence to their rapines,  
 And secret bounties ;) this strength too well known,  
 And what it could effect, soon put in practice,  
 As further'd by the childhood of the earl,  
 And their improvidence that might have pierc'd  
 The heart of his designs; gave him occasion  
 To seize the whole : And in that plight you find it.

*Mer.* Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,  
As a choice favour from you.

*Her.* Only I must add,  
Bruges hold out.

*Mer.* Whither, Sir, I am going ;  
For there last night I had a ship put in,  
And my horse waits me.

*Her.* I wish you a good journey <sup>1</sup>. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter Wolfort, Hubert, and attendants.*

*Wol.* What ? Hubert stealing from me ? Who dis-  
arm'd him ?

'Twas more than I commanded. Take your sword,  
I am best guarded with it in your hand ;  
I've seen you use it nobly.

*Hub.* And will turn it  
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn  
Unworthily or rudely.

*Wol.* Would you leave me  
Without a farewell, Hubert ? Fly a friend  
Unwearied in his study to advance you ?  
What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours ?  
Or rather <sup>2</sup> did not court you to command it ?  
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,  
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches  
Were by your fair reports of him preferr'd ?  
And what is more, I made myself your servant,  
In making you the master of those secrets  
Which not the rack of conscience could draw from me,  
Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my prayers with ;  
Yet, after these assurances of love,  
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me !  
Forsake me as an enemy ! Come, you must  
Give me a reason.

---

<sup>1</sup> This scene is cold and superfluous: The very next much more happily opens the plot, by dramattick action.

<sup>2</sup> Or either *did not court you, &c.*] The sense requires us to read *rather* instead of *either*.

*Hub.*

*Hub.* Sir, and so I will ;  
If I may do't in private, and you hear it.

*Wol.* All leave the room. You have your will ;  
fit down,      [*Exeunt all but Wol. and Hub.*]  
And use the liberty of our first friendship.

*Hub.* Friendship? When you prov'd traitor first,  
that vanish'd ;  
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.  
I know my flight hath forfeited my head ;  
And, so I may make you first understand  
What a strange monster you have made yourself,  
I welcome it.

*Wol.* To me this is strange language.

*Hub.* To you? why, what are you?

*Wol.* Your prince and master,  
The earl of Flanders.

*Hub.* By a proper title?  
Rais'd to't by cunning, circumvention, force;  
Blood, and proscriptions!

*Wol.* And in all this wisdom,  
Had I not reason, when, by Gerrard's plots,  
I should have first been call'd to a strict account,  
How, and which way I had consum'd that mass  
Of money, as they term it, in the war ;  
Who underhand had by his ministers  
Detracted my great actions, made my faith  
And loyalty suspected ; in which failing  
He fought my life by practice?

*Hub.* With what forehead  
Do you speak this to me, who (as I know't)  
Must and will say 'tis false?

*Wol.* My guard there!

*Hub.* Sir,  
You bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,  
Which I now say you shall! Not a sound more!  
For I, that am contemner of mine own,  
Am master of your life! then, here's a sword  
Between you and all aids, Sir. Though you blind  
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass not  
These

These gross untruths on me.

*Wol.* How? gross untruths?

*Hub.* Ay, and it is favourable language;  
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul ones.

*Wol.* You take strange licence.

*Hub.* Yes; were not those rumours,  
Of being call'd unto your answer, spread  
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard wrought,  
But by your cunning practice, to believe  
That you were dangerous; yet not to be  
Punish'd by any former course of law,  
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes  
Laid open after? which your quaint train taking,  
You fled unto the camp, and there crav'd humbly  
Protection for your innocent life, and that,  
Since you had 'scap'd the fury of the war,  
You might not fall by treason: And for proof  
You did not for your own ends make this danger,  
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,  
Came forth and took their oaths they had been hir'd  
By Gerrard to your murder. This once heard,  
And easily believ'd, th' enraged soldier,  
Seeing no further than the outward man,  
Snatch'd hastily his arms, ran to the court,  
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces  
Such as were servants, or thought friends to Gerrard,  
Vowing the like to him.

*Wol.* Will you yet end?

*Hub.* Which he foreseeing, with his son, the earl,  
Forsook the city; and by secret ways,  
(As you give out, and we would gladly have it)  
Escap'd their fury; tho' 'tis more than fear'd  
They fell among the rest. Nor stand you there,  
To let us only mourn the impious means  
By which you got it; but your cruelties since  
So far transcend your former bloody ills,  
As, if compar'd, they only would appear  
Essays of mischief. Do not stop your ears;  
More are behind yet!

*Wol.*

*Wol.* Oh, repeat them not :  
'Tis hell to hear them nam'd !

*Hub.* You should have thought,  
That hell would be your punishment when you did  
them !

A prince in nothing but your princely lusts,  
And boundless rapines !

*Wol.* No more, I beseech you !

*Hub.* Who was the lord of house or land, that stood  
Within the prospect of your covetous eye ?

*Wol.* You are in this to me a greater tyrant,  
Than e'er I was to any.

*Hub.* I end thus

The general grief. Now to my private wrong,  
The loss of Gerrard's daughter Jaculin :  
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,  
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms ;  
And her I now was wand'ring to recover.  
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,  
When you are grown so justly odious,  
That e'en my stay here, with your grace and favour,  
Makes my life irksome ? Here, securely take it <sup>3</sup> !  
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,  
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.

*Wol.* Oh, Hubert, these your words and reasons have  
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,  
As these tears from mine eyes : Despise them not !  
By all that's sacred, I am serious, Hubert.  
You now have made me sensible, what furies,  
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad man  
Does ever bear about him <sup>4</sup> ! Let the good

<sup>3</sup> *Here surely take it.* ] Mr. Seward reads, *Here, Sir, freely take it.* The alteration admitted into the text is proposed by Mr. Symphon ; which we prefer because there is a civility in *Sir* but ill adapted to the present temper of Hubert, and because it is nearer the old books.

<sup>4</sup> *What furies, &c.* ] Rowe seems to have intended copying this passage in his *Fair Penitent* :

' Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,  
' Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind  
' With whips and stings.'—



That you this day have done, be ever number'd  
 The first of your best actions. Can you think  
 Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love,  
 Or any else, or all, that are proscrib'd?  
 I will resign what I usurp, or have  
 Unjustly forc'd. The days I have to live  
 Are too, too few, to make them satisfaction  
 With any penitence: Yet I vow to practise  
 All of a man.

*Hub.* Oh, that your heart and tongue  
 Did not now differ!

*Wol.* By my griefs, they do not!  
 Take the good pains to search them out; 'tis worth it,  
 You have made clean a leper; trust me, you have,  
 And made me once more fit for the society,  
 I hope, of good men.

*Hub.* Sir, do not abuse  
 My aptness to believe.

*Wol.* Suspect not you  
 A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow:  
 Make your own safeties; ask thee all the ties  
 Humanity can give! Hempskirke too shall  
 Along with you, to this so-wish'd discovery,  
 And in my name profess all that you promise:  
 And I will give you this help to't; I have  
 Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,  
 That some of them are in or about Bruges  
 To be found out; which I did then interpret  
 The cause of that town's standing out against me;  
 But now am glad, it may direct your purpose  
 Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

*Hub.* Be constant to your goodness, and you have  
 it.<sup>s</sup> [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Enter three Merchants.*

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.  
 2 *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have the country

<sup>s</sup> You have it.] Mr. Seward reads, YOU'LL have it. We think you easiest and best.

Confirm it true, and by a general oath<sup>6</sup>,  
 And not a man hazard his credit in it.  
 He bears himself with such a confidence,  
 As if he were the master of the sea,  
 And not a wind, upon the sailors' compass,  
 But from one part or other was his factor,  
 To bring him in the best commodities  
 Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

2 *Mer.* And yet

This does in him deserve the least of wonder,  
 Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions,  
 Which all admire: He's young, and rich, at least  
 Thus far reputed so, that, since he liv'd  
 In Bruges, there was never brought to harbour  
 So rich a bottom, but his bill would pass  
 Unquestion'd for her lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he still  
 Continues a good man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but  
 To doubt him, would be held an injury,  
 Or rather malice, with the best that traffick.  
 But this is nothing; a great stock, and fortune,  
 Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,  
 May keep him upright that way: But that wealth  
 Should want the pow'r to make him dote on it,  
 Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends  
 His constant temper. For his outward habit,  
 'Tis suitable to his present course of life;  
 His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties  
 That please the appetite only for their rareness,  
 Or their dear price; nor given to wine or women,  
 Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,

6 ——— *Yet have the country*

Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,

And not a man hazard his credit in it.] This is not grammar,  
 nor, if it were, could it be supposed that the whole country had really  
 taken an oath to the truth of this account. The mistake arose from  
 the Editors taking *have* for the sign of the perfect tense; whereas it  
 is here not the auxiliary but an active verb. *I could have the whole  
 country to confirm what I say.*

*Seward.*

I mean

I mean a good one; and so loves his state,  
 He will not hazard it at play, nor lend  
 Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd letter,  
 Although a challenge second the denial,  
 From such as make th' opinion of their valour  
 Their means of feeding.

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,  
 And yet the means not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows this  
 Makes<sup>7</sup> many venturers with him, in their wishes  
 For his prosperity: For when desert  
 Or reason leads him to be liberal,  
 His noble mind and ready hand contend  
 Which can add most to his free courtesies,  
 Or in their worth, or speed, to make them so.  
 Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower,  
 He is a father to her; or a soldier,  
 That in his country's service, from the war  
 Hath brought home only scars, and want, his house  
 Receives him, and relieves him, with that care  
 As if what he possess'd had been laid up  
 For such good uses, and he steward of it.  
 But I should lose myself to speak him further;  
 And stale, in my relation, the much good  
 You may be witness of, if your remove  
 From Bruges be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This report,  
 I do assure you, will not hasten it;

<sup>7</sup> 2 *Mer.* *What follows, this*

*Makes*] Last edition. — *What follows this.*] Old folio.

The attempt to amend the first reading by the addition of a comma  
 does not seem sufficient. I hope I have more effectually corrected it.

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

————— *What follows?*

2 *Mer.* *This*

*Makes many venturers with him, &c.*

We have followed the first folio, the meaning of which seems prefer-  
 able to that of the other copies; *i. e.* 'What I shall next mention (his  
 benevolence) makes many send their good wishes with his ventures.'

Nor would I wish a better man to deal with  
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,  
He is your man and ours; only I wish  
His too-much forwardness to embrace all bargains  
Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes;  
For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

*Enter Goswin and the fourth Merchant.*

*Gos.* I take it at your own rates, your wine of Cyprus;  
But, for your Candy sugars, they have met  
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high,  
I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling  
To seek another chapman. Make me offer  
Of something near my price, that may assure me  
You can deal for them.

*Gos.* I both can, and will,  
But not with too much loss: Your bill of lading  
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you  
At thirty thousand guilders; I will have them  
At twenty-eight; so, in the payment of  
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in  
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap——

*Gos.* Why, look you, I'll deal fairly; there's in prison,  
And at your suit, a pirate, but unable  
To make you satisfaction, and past hope  
To live a week, if you should prosecute  
What you can prove against him: Set him free,  
And you shall have your money to a stiver,  
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,  
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea  
So many bottoms in the danger of  
These water-thieves, should be a means to save 'em!  
It more importing you, for your own safety  
To be at charge to scour the sea of them,

Than

Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready  
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt  
That he dares not deny it.

*Gof.* You mistake me,  
If you think I would cherish in this captain  
The wrong he did to you, or any man.  
I was lately with him (having first, from others'  
True testimony, been assur'd a man  
Of more desert never put from the shore)  
I read his letters of mart from this state granted  
For the recov'ry of such losses, as  
He had receiv'd in Spain; 'twas that he aim'd at,  
Not at three tuns of wine, biscuit, or beef,  
Which his necessity made him take from you.  
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,  
Or thrown your men o'er-board, then he deserv'd  
The laws extremest rigour. But, since want  
Of what he could not live without, compell'd him  
To that he did (which, yet, our state calls death)  
I pity his misfortunes, and to work you  
To some compassion of them, I come up  
To your own price: Save him, the goods are mine;  
If not, seek elsewhere, I'll not deal for them.

*4 Mer.* Well, Sir, for your love, I will once be led  
To change my purpose.

*Gof.* For your profit rather.

*4 Mer.* I'll presently make means for his discharge;  
'Till when, I leave you. [Exit.]

*2 Mer.* What do you think of this?

*1 Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided  
By a strong judgment.

*2 Mer.* Save you, master Gofwin!

*Gof.* Good day to all!

*2 Mer.* We bring you the refusal  
Of more commodities.

*Gof.* Are you the owners  
Of the ship that last night put into the harbour?

*1 Mer.* Both of the ship, and lading.

*Gof.* What's the freight?

1 *Mer.* Indico, cochineal, choice China stuffs——

3 *Mer.* And cloth of gold, brought from Cambal.

*Gof.* Rich lading;

For which I were your chapman, but I am  
Already out of cash.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you day

For the moiety of all.

*Gof.* How long?

3 *Mer.* Six months.

*Gof.* 'Tis a fair offer; which, if we agree  
About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of,  
And will make present payment of the rest.  
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The gunner  
Shall speak you welcome.

*Gof.* I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow!

[*Exeunt Mer.*]

*Gof.* Heav'n grant my ships a safe return, before  
The day of this great payment; as they are  
Expected three months sooner; and my credit  
Stands good with all the world.

*Enter Clause.*

*Clause.* Bless my good master!  
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall  
Be sent up for you.

*Gof.* God o'mercy, Clause!  
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter  
To think of me.

*Clause.* May he that gave it you,  
Reward you for it, with encrease, good master!

*Gof.* I thrive the better for thy pray'rs.

*Clause.* I hope so.

These three years have I fed upon your bounties,  
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd me;  
And yet, good master, pardon me, that must,  
Tho' I have now receiv'd your alms, presume  
To make one suit more to you.

*Gof.* What is't, Clause?

*Clause.*

*Clause.* Yet, do not think me impudent, I beseech you,

Since hitherto your charity hath prevented  
My begging your relief; 'tis not for money,  
Nor cloaths, good master, but your good word for me.

*Gof.* That thou shalt have, *Clause*; for I think thee honest.

*Clause.* To-morrow then, dear master, take the trouble

Of walking early unto Beggars' Bush;  
And, as you see me, among others, brethren  
In my affliction, when you are demanded  
Which you like best among us, point out me,  
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

*Gof.* But what will that advantage thee?

*Clause.* Oh, much, Sir.

'Twill give me the preheminance of the rest,  
Make me a king among 'em, and protect me  
From all abuse such as are stronger might  
Offer my age. Sir, at your better leisure  
I will inform you further of the good  
It may do to me.

*Gof.* 'Troth, thou mak'st me wonder!

Have you a king and commonwealth among you?

*Clause.* We have, and there are states are govern'd worse.

*Gof.* Ambition among beggars?

*Clause.* Many great ones

Would part with half their states, to have the place,  
And credit, to beg in the first file, master.

But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance  
In my petition?

*Gof.* That thou shalt not miss of,  
Nor any worldly care make me forget it:  
I will be early there.

*Clause.* Heav'n bless my master!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clause, Jaculin, Snap,  
Ginks, and other beggars.

Higgen. COME, princes of the ragged regiment;  
You of the blood, Prigg, my most up-  
right lord,

And these, what name or title e'er they bear,  
*Jarkman*<sup>8</sup>, or *patrico*, *cranke*, or *clapperdudgeon*,  
*Frater*, or *abram-man*; I speak to all  
That stand in fair election for the title  
Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining;  
Higgen, your orator, in this inter-regnum,  
That whilom was your *dommerer*, doth beseech you  
All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank,  
That the first comer may, at his first view,  
Make a free choice, to say up the question<sup>9</sup>.

*Fer. Prigg.* 'Tis done, lord Higgen.

*Hig.* Thanks to prince Prigg, prince Ferret.

*Fer.* Well, pray, my masters all, Ferret be chosen;  
Ye're like to have a merciful mild prince of me.

*Prigg.* A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,  
If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to't!)  
Except you do provide me *bum* enough,  
And *lour* to *bouze* with! I must have my capons

<sup>8</sup> *Jarkman, &c.*] As the frequent occurrence of the references from the cant terms must occasion a confusion in the text, we have thought it most adviseable to insert the explanations of those terms at the end of the play, where the reader will find them arranged alphabetically.

<sup>9</sup> *To say up the question.*] Mr. Seward reads, *To save us further question.* His alteration, though sense, is unwarranted and licentious; yet *to say up* is uncouth and obscure; tho' it may signify, deciding the *question*, by *saying* which he (the first comer) thinks the honestest of them.



And turkies brought me in, with my green geese,  
 And ducklings in the season; fine fat chickens;  
 Or, if you chance where an eye of tame pheasants  
 Or partridges are kept, see they be mine:  
 Or straight I seize on all your privilege,  
 Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,  
 Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies,  
 Forc'd eyes and tongues<sup>10</sup>, with your dead arms;  
 not leave you

A dirty clout to beg with on your heads,  
 Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,  
 Brimstone and resin, birdlime, blood, and cream,  
 To make you an old fore; not so much sope  
 As you may foam with i' th' falling-sickness;  
 The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,  
 Shall be escheated. All your daintiest *dells* too  
 I will deflower, and take your dearest *doxies*  
 From your warm sides; and then some one cold night  
 I'll watch you what old barn you go to roost in,  
 And there I'll smother you all i' th' musty hay.

*Hig.* This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would  
 Ginks,

Or Clause be here, if either of them should reign?

*Clause.* Best ask an ass, if he were made a camel,  
 What he would be; or a dog, an he were a lion!

*Ginks.* I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be  
 A beggar still, I'm sure; I find myself there<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>10</sup> *Forc'd eyes and teeth.*] By forc'd eyes I suppose are meant, eyes so distorted as to shew only the white, so that the person appears blind; but what *forc'd teeth* can mean, I cannot conceive; it is said to be common with beggars to force their *tongues* into their throats, so that they shall appear to be cut off. I think therefore my conjecture highly probable. *Seward.*

Altho' there may be a means of deception by *false teeth* as well as *forc'd tongues*, yet we have admitted Mr. Seward's variation, because the trick with the *tongue* is said to be so frequent, that there is a name given to the practicers of this imposture; *i. e. dommerers.*

<sup>11</sup> *I find myself there.*] Ginks was a nobleman in disguise; he seems therefore to regret his long continuance in beggary, and to fear it will be for life. *I find myself there*, or in that state. *Seward.*

*Enter Goswin.*

*Snap.* Oh, here a judge comes.

*Hig.* Cry, a judge, a judge!

*Gos.* What ail you, Sirs? what means this outcry?

*Hig.* Master,

A sort of poor souls met; God's fools, good master;  
Have had some little variance 'mongst ourselves  
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives  
Uprightest in his calling: Now, 'cause we thought  
We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because indeed  
'Tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd<sup>13</sup> to put it  
To him that should come next, and that's your master-  
ship,

Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves you,  
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: Which,  
Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master,  
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,  
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.

*Gos.* I should judge this the man, with the grave  
beard;

And if he be not——

*Claufe.* Bless you, good master, bless you!

*Gos.* I would he were. There's something too amongst  
you,

To keep you all honest.

[*Exit.*

---

<sup>13</sup> *We all dissolv'd* ] I rather think this a mistake of the press, than a designed blunder, which would be proper to an ignorant clown; but not to so arch a beggar as Higgen, whose congratulatory speech, in the two next pages, has as much burlesque humour in it as almost any thing ev'n in *Hudibras*; who evidently imitated it in his description of his hero's beard. In the latter part of it, there's a banter on Shakespeare's prophecy of queen Elizabeth and king James at the end of Harry the Eighth, but so elegant and pretty that it could give no offence.

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward alters *dissolv'd* to *resolv'd*; but Higgen speaks barbarously here, because, on the appearance of a stranger, he assumes the stile of a beggar, e. g. *'termine it*, in the next line or two. So afterwards (and it is acknowledged to be part of their table of laws) to

———*keep afoot*

*The humble and the common stile of begging,*

*Lest men discover us.*

See p. 413.

*Snap.*

*Snap.* King of Heav'n go with you!

*Omn.* Now good reward him;

May he never want it, to comfort still the poor,  
In a good hour!

*Fer.* What is't? see: Snap has got it.

*Snap.* A good crown, marry.

*Prigg.* A crown of gold.

*Fer.* For our new king: Good luck.

*Ginks.* To the common treasury with it; if 't be gold,  
Thither it must.

*Prigg.* Spoke like a patriot, Ginks!<sup>14</sup>

King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, Clause,  
After this golden token of a crown.

Where's orator Higgen with his gratulating speech now,  
In all our names?

*Fer.* Here he is, pumping for it.

*Ginks.* H'has cough'd the second time; 'tis but once  
more,

And then it comes.

*Fer.* So, out with all! Expect now——

*Hig.* That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,  
Our king and sovereign, monarch o'th' *maunders*,  
Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats*, first for joy,  
And then our *filches*; last, we clap our *fambles*,  
Three subject signs, we do it without envy;  
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,  
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so,  
Nay swear't; 'tis for the king; but let that pass.  
When last in conference at the *bouzing ken*,  
This other day we sat about our dead prince  
Of famous memory (rest go with his rags!)  
And that I saw thee at the table's end  
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch,  
Lift t'other like a sceptre at my head,

---

<sup>14</sup> *Spoke like a patriot, Ferret—*} As this has neither passion nor accident to interrupt it, I can see no reason to suppose it a broken one. I believe it a meer accidental mistake in the name *Ferret* for *Ginks*. The first Editors not suspecting this intended to solve the difficulty by putting a break or dash to it. *Seward.*

I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king,  
 And now thou art so. But what need presage  
 To us, that might have read it in thy beard,  
 As well as he that chose thee? By that beard  
 Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty.  
 Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose beard  
 Was so remark'd, as marked out our prince,  
 Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,  
 And thick, and fair, that who lives under it  
 May live as safe as under Beggars' Bush,  
 Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

*Omn.* Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good  
 Higgen!

Give him leave to spit. The fine well-spoken Higgen!

*Hig.* This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard,  
 Under whose gold and silver reign 'twas said,  
 So many ages since, we all should smile.

No impositions, taxes, grievances,  
 Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,  
 Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd<sup>15</sup> out:  
 If now the beard be such, what is the prince  
 That owes the beard<sup>16</sup>? A father? no, a grand-father,  
 Nay, the great-grand-father, of you his people!  
 He will not force away your hens, your bacon,  
 When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you  
 The fattest of your puddings: Under him,  
 Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs, and butter,  
 In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy  
 His own dear *dell*, *doxy*, or *mort*, at night  
 In his own straw, with his own shirt, or sheet,  
 That he hath *filch'd* that day; ay, and possess  
 What he can purchase, *back*, or *belly-cheats*,  
 To his own *prop*: He will have no purveyors  
 For pigs, and poultry——

*Clause.* That we must have, my learned orator,

<sup>15</sup> *Kemb'd.*] *i. e.* *Combed.* It is generally so written in our ancient authors. R.

<sup>16</sup> *That ow's the beard.*] *Owe* in the sense of *own*, or possess, is very common in all the old writers. Seward.

It is our will; and every man to keep  
In his own path and circuit.

*Hig.* Do you hear?

You must hereafter *maund* on your own *pads*, he says.

*Clause.* And what they get there, is their own;  
Besides,

To give good words.

*Hig.* Do you mark? To cut *been whids*;  
That is the second law.

*Clause.* And keep afoot  
The humble and the common phrase of begging,  
Lest men discover us.

*Hig.* Yes, and cry sometimes,  
To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,  
That doth command all these things, and enjoins 'em  
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plaisters,  
And their torn passports, with the ways to stammer,  
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame.  
There, all the halting paces are set down,  
I' th' learned language.

*Clause.* Thither I refer 'em;  
Those you at leisure shall interpret to 'em:  
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.

*Omn.* Oh, gracious prince! 'Save, 'save the good  
king *Clause*!

*Hig.* A song to crown him!

*Fer.* Set a centinel out first.

*Snap.* The word?

*Hig.* A *cove* comes, and *fumbumbis* to it. [*Ex. Snap.*  
[*Strike.*

T H E S O N G.

Cast our caps and cares away:  
This is beggars' holyday!  
At the crowning of our king,  
Thus we ever dance and sing.  
In the world look out and see,  
Where's so happy a prince as he?  
Where the nation lives so free,  
And so merry as do we?

Be it peace, or be it war,  
 Here at liberty we are,  
 And enjoy our ease and rest :  
 To the field we are not press'd ;  
 Nor are call'd into the town,  
 To be troubled with the gown.  
 Hang all offices, we cry,  
 And the magistrate too, by ;  
 When the subsidy's increas'd,  
 We are not a penny less'd.  
 Nor will any go to law  
 With the beggar for a straw.  
 All which happiness he brags,  
 He doth owe unto his rags.

*Enter Snap, and then Hubert and Hempkirke.*

*Snap.* A cove! fumbumbis!

*Prigg.* To your postures! arm!

*Hub.* Yonder's the town: I see it.

*Hemp.* There's our danger,  
 Indeed, afore us, if our shadows<sup>17</sup> save not.

*Hig.* Bless your good worships!

*Fer.* One small piece of money——

*Prigg.* Among us all poor wretches.

*Clause.* Blind, and lame.

*Ginks.* For his sake that gives all.

*Hig.* Pitiful worships!

*Snap.* One little doit.

*Enter Jaculin.*

*Jac.* King, by your leave! where are you?

*Fer.* To buy a little bread.

*Hig.* To feed so many  
 Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

*Prigg.* Here be seven of us.

*Hig.* Seven, good master! oh, remember seven!  
 Seven blessings——

<sup>17</sup> *Shadows.*] i. e. Disguises.

*Fer.* Remember, gentle worship.

*Hig.* 'Gainst seven deadly sins.

*Prigg.* And seven sleepers.

*Hig.* If they behard of heart, and will give nothing—  
Alas, we had not a charity these three days.

*Hub.* There's amongst you all.

*Fer.* Heav'n reward you!

*Prigg.* Lord reward you!

*Hig.* The prince of pity blefs thee!

*Hub.* Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have  
it so?

Ha, 'tis her face! Come hither, maid.

*Jac.* What ha' you,

Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat.

You do not love me, do you? Catch me a butterfly,  
And I'll love you again. When? can you tell?

Peace, we go a-birding. I shall have a fine thing! [*Exit.*]

*Hub.* Her voice too says the same; but, for my head,  
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.

Hear me, thou honest fellow! what's this maiden,  
That lives amongst you here?

*Ginks.* Ao, ao, ao, ao.

*Hub.* How? nothing but signs?

*Ginks.* Ao, ao, ao, ao.

*Hub.* This is strange!

I would fain have it her, but not her thus.

*Hig.* He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude  
—dumb, Sir.

*Hub.* 'Slid, they did all speak plain ev'n now, me-  
thought.

Dost thou know this same maid?

*Snap.* Whi-whi-whi-whi-which, gu-gu-gu-gu-  
God's fool?

She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder, by be-  
be-be-be-Beggars' Bush, bo-bo-Bush,

Her name is mi-mi-mi-mi-Minche<sup>18</sup>. So was her  
mo-mo-mo-mother's too-too.

<sup>18</sup> *Her name is my-my—match.] We at first thought match to be a corruption of Madge; but as Jaculin is in other parts of the play called Minche, we suppose it merely a typographical error.*

*Hub.* I understand no word he says; how long Has she been here?

*Snap.* Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, an she ha' go-go-go-good luck.

*Hub.* I must be better inform'd, than by this way. Here was another face too, that I mark'd Of the old man's: But they are vanish'd all Most suddenly: I will come here again. Oh, that I were so happy as to find it What I yet hope, it is put on!

*Hemp.* What mean you, Sir, To stay there with that stammerer?

*Hub.* Farewell, friend! It will be worth return, to search. Come, Protect us our disguise now! Prithee, Hempskirke, If we be taken, how dost thou imagine This town will use us, that hath stood so long Out against Wolfort?

*Hemp.* Ev'n to hang us forth Upon their walls a-funning, to make crows' meat, If I were not assur'd o' th' burgomaster, And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there, I should scarce venture.

*Hub.* Come, 'tis now too late To look back at the ports. Good luck, and enter!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E      I I.

*Enter Goswin.*

*Gof.* Still blow'st thou there? And, from all other parts,  
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?  
'There's a conspiracy of winds, and servants,  
If not of elements, to ha' me break!  
What should I think? Unless the seas and sands  
Had swallow'd up my ships, or fire had spoil'd  
My warehouses, or death devour'd my factors,  
I must ha' had some returns.

*Enter*



*Enter two Merchants.*

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, Sir.

*Gof.* 'Save you.

1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?

*Gof.* Not any yet, Sir.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

[*Exit.*

*Gof.* 'Tis true, Sir. What a voice was here now?

This was one passing-bell; a thousand ravens

Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.

2 *Mer.* Gofwin, good day! These winds are very constant.

*Gof.* They are so, Sir, to hurt——

2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters

Lately from England, nor from Denmark?

*Gof.* Neither.

2 *Mer.* This wind brings them. Nor no news over land,

Through Spain, from the Straits?

*Gof.* Not any.

2 *Mer.* I am forry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Gof.* They talk me down; and, as 'tis said of vultures,

They scent a field fought, and do smell the carcasses

By many hundred miles: So do these my wrecks,

At greater distances. Why, thy will, Heav'n<sup>19</sup>,

Come on, and be! Yet, if thou please preserve me

But in my own adventure here at home,

Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,

It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:

I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,

Methinks, with less than that; that ruins all. [*Exit.*

<sup>19</sup> *Why, thy will, Heaven, &c.*] This speech, as pointed in the old books, is rather obscure; but the meaning we take to be simply this: 'Thy will, Heaven, be done! yet, if thou please to preserve me in my venture at home, that will counter-balance all my wrecks at sea. With less than that failure, I cannot be undone; but that would ruin me indeed.'

## SCENE III.

*Enter Vandunke, Hubert, Hempkirke, Margaret, and Boors.*

*Vand.* Captain, you're welcome; so is this your friend,  
Most safely welcome; though our town stand out  
Against your master, you shall find good quarter:  
The troth is, we not love him. Meg<sup>19</sup>, some wine!  
Let's talk a little treason, if we can  
Talk treason, 'gainst the traitors; by your leave, gentlemen,

We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp,  
And therefore I'm bold with him.

*Hub.* Sir, your boldness  
Happily becomes your mouth, but not our ears,  
While we're his servants; and as we come here,  
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,  
Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,  
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor enquire  
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths;  
So let's entreat, we may receive from you  
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what  
We may with gladness, and our honesties, hear;  
And that shall seal our welcome.

*Vand.* Good: Let's drink then.

Madge, fill out! I keep mine old pearl still, captain.

*Marg.* I

Hang fast, man.

*Hemp.* Old jewels commend their keeper, Sir.

*Vand.* Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,  
With a good heart! and if this make us speak  
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,  
Forgotten: Drown all memory, when we drink!

*Hub.* 'Tis freely spoken, noble Burgomaster;  
I'll do you right.

*Hemp.* Nay, Sir, minheer Vandunke  
Is a true statesman.

<sup>19</sup> *Meg.*] We have followed the first copy in the several names Vandunke's wife is called by. The latter editions, in all places, call her *Margaret*, at length; never making use of the familiar abbreviations.

*Vand.* Fill my captain's cup there!

Oh, that your master Wolfort had been an honest man!

*Hub.* Sir!

*Vand.* Under the rose.

*Hemp.* Here's to you, Marget.

*Marg.* Welcome, welcome, captain.

*Vand.* Well said, my pearl, still.

*Hemp.* And how does my niece?

Almost a woman, I think? This friend of mine  
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,  
Only to see her: She was my errand.

*Vand.* Ay, a kind uncle you are (fill him his glass)  
That in seven years could not find leisure——

*Hemp.* No,  
It's not so much.

*Vand.* I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't:  
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,  
For moon-shine in the water there, his daughter  
That ne'er was lost: Yet you could not find time  
To see a kinswoman: But she is worth the seeing, Sir,  
Now you are come. You ask if she were a woman?  
She is a woman, Sir, (fetch her forth, Margee!)  
And a fine woman, and has suitors. [*Ex. Marg.*]

*Hemp.* How?  
What suitors are they?

*Vand.* Bachelors; young burghers:  
And one, a gallant; the young prince of merchants  
We call him here in Bruges.

*Hemp.* How? a merchant?  
I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me better,  
And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,  
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.

*Vand.* Such? He is such a such, as, were she mine,  
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.

*Hemp.* But the same things, Sir, fit not you and me. [*Exit.*]

*Vand.* Why, give's some wine, then; this will fit  
us all.

Here's to you still, my captain's friend, all out!

And still, 'would Wolfort were an honest man!  
 Under the rose I speak it. But this merchant  
 Is a brave boy: He lives so, in the town here,  
 We know not what to think on him: At some times  
 We fear he will be bankrupt; he does stretch,  
 Tenter his credit so; embraces all;  
 And to't, the winds have been contrary long.  
 But then, if he should have all his returns,  
 We think he would be a king, and are half sure on't.  
 Your master is a traitor, for all this,  
 Under the rose (here's to you!) and usurps  
 The earldom from a better man.

*Hub.* Ay, marry, Sir,  
 Where is that man?

*Vand.* Nay, soft! An I could tell you,  
 'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand!  
 I love not Wolfort: Sit you still, with that.  
 Here comes my captain again, and his fine niece,  
 And there's my merchant; view him well. Fill wine  
 here!

*Enter Hempkirke, Gertrude and Goswin.*

*Hemp.* You must not only know me for your uncle  
 Now, but obey me: You, go cast yourself  
 Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant!  
 A petty fellow! one that makes his trade  
 With oaths and perjuries!

*Gos.* What is that you say, Sir?  
 If it be me you speak of, as your eye  
 Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, Sir.

*Hemp.* Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize;  
 Will that suffice you?

*Gos.* Merchandize, good Sir?  
 Tho' you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence  
 To use me with contempt: I ever thought  
 Your niece above all price.

*Hemp.* And do so still, Sir.  
 I assure you, her rate's at more than you are worth.

*Gos.* You don't know what a gentleman's worth, Sir,  
 Nor

Nor can you value him.

*Hub.* Well said, merchant!

*Vand.* Nay,

Let him alone, and ply your matter.

*Hemp.* A gentleman?

What, of the wool-pack? or the sugar-chest?  
Or lists of velvet? Which is't, pound, or yard,  
You vent your gentry by?

*Hub.* Oh, Hempkirke, fy!

*Vand.* Come, do not mind 'em; drink! He is no  
Wolfort<sup>20</sup>,

Captain, I advise you.

*Hemp.* Alas, my pretty man,  
I think't be angry, by it's look: Come hither,  
Turn this way a little: If it were the blood  
Of Charlemaine, as't may, for aught I know,  
Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges——

*Gof.* How?

*Hemp.* Nay, I'm not certain of that; of this I am,  
If it once buy and sell, it's gentry's gone.

*Gof.* Ha, ha!

*Hemp.* You're angry, though you laugh.

*Gof.* No, now 'tis pity

Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords  
Of land, (if you be any) sell the grafs,  
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheefe——

*Vand.* And butter:

Remember butter; do not leave out butter.

*Gof.* The beefs and muttuns, that your grounds  
are stor'd with?

Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods?

<sup>20</sup> ——— He is no Wolfort;

*Captain, I advise you.*] *Vandunke* blames *Hubert* for interfering, and immediately does it himself, but I take it to be an accidental omission of the speaker. It is not probable that *Goswin* should make no return to the scoffs above, and a broken speech seems quite proper to him. *Seward.*

We think this variation unnecessary and improper. No person calls *Hempkirke* *Captain* but *Vandunke*, and he calls him so all through the last scene. From *Hempkirke's* next speech it should seem, that *Goswin's* looks had chiefly testified his anger.

*Hemp.* No, for those fordid uses we have tenants,  
Or else our bailiffs.

*Gof.* Have not we, Sir, chapmen,  
And factors, then, to answer these? Your honour,  
Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and said over  
With your court faces, once an hour, shall never  
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers  
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?  
What is not bought and sold? The company  
That you had last, what had you for't, i'faith?

*Hemp.* You now grow faucy.

*Gof.* Sure<sup>21</sup>, I have been bred  
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.

*Hemp.* Upon your equals then.

*Gof.* Sir, he that will  
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

*Hemp.* Do you hear? No more!

*Gof.* Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,  
And't shall be aside; then, after, as you please!  
You appear the uncle, Sir, to her I love  
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorns  
With so much scoffing, and with so much shame,  
As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,  
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.  
Do not presume, because you see me young;  
Or cast despites on my profession,  
For the civility and tameness of it.  
A good man bears a contumely worse  
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not  
To my offence: Wrong is not still successful;  
Indeed it is not. I would approach your kinswoman  
With all respect done to yourself and her.

*Hemp.* Away, companion! handling her? take that.  
[Strikes him.]

<sup>21</sup> Sure *I have been bred.*] This reading, if admitted, would make him doubt whether he had been bred with an honest liberty or no. But I believe it a mere typographical error.      *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, SIR, *I have been bred*, &c. *Sure* does not imply doubt, but affirmation. We have, therefore, followed the old copies.

*Gof.* Nay, I do love no blows, Sir: There's exchange!  
 [*He gets Hempkirke's sword, and cuts him on the head.*]

*Hub.* Hold, Sir!

*Marg.* Oh, murder!

*Gert.* Help my Gofwin.

*Marg.* Man!

*Vand.* Let 'em alone. My life for one!

*Gof.* Nay, come,  
 If you have will.

*Hub.* None to offend you I, Sir.

*Gof.* He that had, thank himself! Not hand her?

Yes, Sir,

And clasp her; and embrace her; and (would she  
 Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race,  
 Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,  
 And all their nephews, tho' they stood a wood  
 Of pikes, and wall of cannon! Kifs me, Gertrude!  
 Quake not, but kifs me!

*Vand.* Kifs him, girl; I bid you.

My merchant-royal! Fear no uncles! Hang 'em,  
 Hang up all uncles! Are we not in Bruges?  
 Under the rose here?

*Gof.* In this circle, love,  
 Thou art as safe as in a tower of brafs.  
 Let such as do wrong, fear.

*Vand.* Ay, that's good;  
 Let Wolfort look to that.

*Gof.* Sir, here she stands,  
 Your niece, and my belov'd. One of these titles  
 She must apply to: If unto the last,  
 Not all the anger can be sent unto her,  
 In frown, or voice, or other act<sup>22</sup>, shall force her,  
 Had Hercules a hand in't! Come, my joy,  
 Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.

*Vand.* Do; and I drink to it.

*Gof.* Prithee say so, love.

<sup>22</sup> *Other art.*] Mr. Theobald corrected this. I have known several instances of this mistake between *art* and *act*, and tho' the former might be sense here, the latter is much better.

*Seward.*

*Gert.* 'Twould take away the honour from my blufhes;

(Do not you play the tyrant, sweet!) they fpeak it.

*Hemp.* I thank you, niece.

*Gof.* Sir, thank her for your life;  
And fetch your fword within.

*Hemp.* You insult too much  
With your good fortune, Sir. [*Exeunt Gof. and Gert.*]

*Hub.* A brave clear fpirit!

Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil habit  
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet,  
In perfon of a merchant, with a foul  
As refolute and free, and all ways worthy,  
As elfe in any file of mankind. Pray you,  
What meant you fo to flight him?

*Hemp.* 'Tis done now;  
Ask no more of it; I muft fuffer.

[*Exit.*]

*Hub.* This  
Is ftill the punifhment of rafhnefs, forrow.  
Well, I muft to the woods, for nothing here  
Will be got out. There I may chance to learn  
Somewhat to help my enquiries further.

*Vand.* Ha!  
A looking-glafs<sup>23</sup>!

*Hub.* How now, brave Burgomafter?

*Vand.* I love no Wolforts, and my name's Vandunke.

*Hub.* Van-drunk it's rather. Come, go fleep within.

*Vand.* Earl Florez is right heir; and this fame  
Wolfort,

Under the rofe I fpeak it——

*Hub.* Very hardly.

*Vand.* Ufurps; and a rank traitor, as e'er breath'd,  
And all that do uphold him. Let me go;  
No man fhall hold me up<sup>24</sup>, that upholds him.

<sup>23</sup> *A looking-glafs* ] Does not Vandunke here, now grown quite fuddled, call for an utenfil at this day known among drinkers by the name of a *looking-glafs*?

<sup>24</sup> *No man fhall hold he.* ] That *he* fhould be *me* is certain, but the want of a fyllable in the verfe, makes it probable that one was loft, which



Do you uphold him ?

*Hub.* No.

*Vand.* Then hold me up. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Goswin and Hempkirke.*

*Hemp.* Sir, I presume you have a sword of your own,  
That can so handle another's.

*Gos.* Faith, you may, Sir.

*Hemp.* And you've made me have so much better  
thoughts of you,

As I am bound to call you forth,

*Gos.* For what, Sir ?

*Hemp.* To the repairing of mine honour, and hurt  
here,

*Gos.* Express your way.

*Hemp.* By fight, and speedily.

*Gos.* You have your will. Require you any more ?

*Hemp.* That you be secret, and come single,

*Gos.* I will.

*Hemp.* As you're the gentleman you would be  
thought !

*Gos.* Without the conjuration : And I'll bring  
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours,

I'll take its length within.

*Hemp.* Your place now, Sir ?

*Gos.* By the sand-hills.

*Hemp.* Sir, nearer to the woods,  
If you thought so, were fitter.

*Gos.* There, then.

*Hemp.* Good,

Your time ?

which I hope I have retrieved, for the particle added greatly improves  
honest Vandunke's drunken humour. Mr. Sympson has since sent me  
the same correction. *Seward.*

The first copy reads, *me* ; we are not, therefore, indebted to Mr.  
Seward for that amendment. But the propriety of the inserted syl-  
lable, *up*, is confirmed by what immediately follows :

*Vand.* Do you UP-HOLD him ?

*Hub.* No.

*Vand.* Then HOLD ME UP.

*Gos.*

*Gof.* 'Twixt seven and eight.

*Hemp.* You'll give me, Sir,  
Cause to report you worthy of my niece,  
If you come, like your promise.

*Gof.* If I do not,  
Let no man think to call me unworthy first!  
I'll do't myself, and justly wish to want her. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T   I I I .   S C E N E   I .

*Enter three or four Boors.*

1 *Boor.* **C**OME, English beer, hostess, English beer  
by th' barrel<sup>25</sup>!

2 *Boor.* Stark beer, boy, stout and strong beer!  
So, sit down, lads,  
And drink me upsey-Dutch! Frolick, and fear not.

*Enter*

---

<sup>25</sup> *English beer by th' belly.*] As I can make no sense of this, I suppose it a mistake and read *barrel*. But what is *upsey-Dutch*?

*Sympson.*

This odd expression occurs in the *Alchemist* of Ben Jonson, act iv. scene vi. upon which passage Mr. Whalley gives us the following note:

' Mr. Sympson asks, 'What is *upsee-Dutch*?' to which Mr. Seward replies, 'I wish I could answer Mr. Sympson's question; but I can find no such word in any dictionary or glossary of mine.' The expression, with a little difference, occurs again in the fourth scene of the fourth act of the same play; and is applied to a wassel:

' Prig. ——— I for the structure,

' Which is the bowl.

' Hig. Which must be upsey-English,

' Strong, lusty London beer.

' Indeed, no dictionary or glossary will help us to the phrase; but I will endeavour to assign a meaning, which, as it gives a consistent sense to these different places, may probably be the true one. It is a proverbial expression, and is used as proverbs frequently are, in some little latitude of sense. In Jonson, 'tis *upsey-Dutch*, signifies 'it is like a drunken Dutchman's eye, your eye is dull and hath a heavy  
' cast,

*Enter Higgen, like a sow-gelder, singing.*

*Hig.* Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, ho?

My horn goes to high to low, to high to low!

Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,

Have ye any lambs in your holts,

To cut for the stone?

Here comes a cunning one,

Have ye any braches to spade,

Or e'er a fair maid

That would be a nun?

Come, kifs me, 'tis done.

Hark, how my merry horn doth blow,

To high to low, to high to low!

*Boor.* Oh, excellent! Two-pence a-piece, boys,  
two-pence a-piece!

Give the boy some drink there! Piper, whet your  
whistle!

Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my wife's  
concupiscence?

*Hig.* I'll sing you a song for't.

*cast*, like a Dutchman's in liquor, or, as we say proverbially,  
'Who is seas over.' That is the original of the phrase: *Upsee* is a  
corruption from the Dutch *op-zee*, which is literally *over-sea*; and  
'tis probable we borrowed that proverb from Holland. In Fletcher,  
the phrase to drink *upsee-Dutch*, means to drink as Dutchmen, or  
the same liquor which they do, 'till we are drunk like them: The  
other term must in like manner be explained by the epithet English;  
so that *upsey-English*, is drinking the liquor which Englishmen usually  
get drunk with; and that is truly explained in the following line  
to be strong beer.'

To this explanation of Mr. Whalley's we shall only add, that the  
word *upsee* appears to have been well understood in our Authors' time,  
as applicable to drunkenness. In a pamphlet by Thomas Dekker,  
entitled, *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, 4to. we find  
the following passage, p. 3. 'The day was proclaymed holiday in all  
the wardes; every prisoner swore if he would stay amongst them,  
they would take no order about their debts, because they would lye  
by it too; and for that purpose swarmed about him like bees about  
comfit-makers, and were drunke according to all the learned rules  
of drunkenness, as *upfy-freeze*, crambo, parmizant, &c. the pimples  
of this ranck and full-humor'd joy rising thus in their faces, &c. R.

S O N G,

## S O N G.

Take her, and hug her,  
 And turn her, and tug her,  
 And turn her again, boy, again;  
 Then if she mumble,  
 Or if her tail tumble,  
 Kifs her amain, boy, amain!  
 Do thy endeavour  
 To take off her fever,  
 Then her disease no longer will reign,  
 If nothing will serve her,  
 Then thus to preserve her,  
 Swinge her amain, boy, amain!  
 Give her cold jelly,  
 To take up her belly,  
 And once a day swinge her again.  
 If she stand all these pains,  
 Then knock out her brains,  
 Her disease no longer will reign.

1 *Boor.* More excellent, more excellent, sweet fow-gelder!

2 *Boor.* Three-pence a-piece, three-pence a-piece!  
*Hig.* Will you hear a song how the devil was gelded?

3 *Boor.* Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar, fow-gelder!

## S O N G.

He ran at me first in the shape of a ram,  
 And over and over the fow-gelder came;  
 I rose and I halter'd him fast by the horn,  
 I pluck'd out his stones, as you'd pick out a corn.  
 Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he slunk,  
 And left us a carcass of mutton that stunk.  
 The next time, I rode a good mile and a half,  
 Where I heard he did live in disguise of a calf;  
 I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;  
 He was here at his best but a young fucking devil.  
 Maa! yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,  
 And this was sold after for excellent veal.

Some half a year after, in form of a pig,  
 I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big;  
 I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,  
 Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a hog.  
 Owgh! quoth the devil, and forth gave a jerk,  
 That a jew was converted, and eat of the perk.

1 Boor. Groats a-piece, groats a-piece, groats a-piece!  
 There, sweet sow-gelder!

*Enter Prigg and Ferret.*

Prigg. Will ye see any feats of activity,  
 Some slight of hand, legerdemain? Hey, pass,  
 Presto, be gone there!

2 Boor. Sit down, juggler!

Prigg. Sirrah, play you your art well. Draw near,  
 Piper!

Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;  
 Plain-dealing is no devil. Lend me some money;  
 Twelve-pence a-piece will serve.

1, 2 Boor. There, there!

Prigg. I thank ye,  
 Thank ye heartily! When shall I pay ye?

All Boor. Ha, ha, ha! by th' mafs, this was a fine  
 trick.

Prigg. A merry slight toy! But now I'll shew your  
 worships

A trick indeed.

Hig. Mark him well now, my masters!

Prigg. Here are three balls; these balls shall be  
 three bullets,

One, two, and three: *Ascentibus, malentibus.*

Presto, be gone! They are vanish'd. Fair play, gen-  
 tlemen!

Now, these three, like three bullets, from your three  
 noses

Will I pluck presently. Fear not, no harm, boys!

*Titere, tu patulae.*

3 Boor. Oh, oh, oh!

*Prigg.*

*Prigg.* *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*

2 *Boor.* You pull too hard; you pull too hard!

*Prigg.* Stand fair then.

*Silver-tram trim-tram.*

3 *Boor.* Hold, hold, hold!

*Prigg.* Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-wham!

Have ye their monies? [*Apart to Higgen and Ferret.*

*Hig.* Yes, yes.

1 *Boor.* Oh, rare juggler!

2 *Boor.* Oh, admirable juggler!

*Prigg.* One trick more yet.

Hey, come aloft! *Sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis!*

East, West, North, South, now fly like Jack with  
a bumbis!

Now all your money's gone: Pray, search your pockets.

1 *Boor.* Humh!

2 *Boor.* He!

3 *Boor.* The devil a penny's here!

*Prigg.* This was a rare trick.

1 *Boor.* But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

*Prigg.* I'll do ye that too. Look upon me earnestly,  
And move not any ways your eyes from this place,  
This button here. Pow, whir, whifs! Shake your  
pockets.

1 *Boor.* By th' mafs, 'tis here again, boys.

*Prigg.* Rest ye merry!

My first trick has paid me.

*All Boor.* Ay, take it, take it,  
And take some drink too.

*Prigg.* Not a drop now, I thank you.

Away, we are discover'd else! [*Exeunt. Hig. Pr. Fer.*

*Enter Clause, like a blind aquavite-man, and a boy,  
singing the song.*

Bring out your cony-skins, fair maids, to me,  
And hold 'em fair, that I may see;

Grey, black, and blue: For your smaller skins,  
I'll give ye looking-glassies, pins:

And for your whole cony, here's ready, ready money.

Come,

Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin  
 With thy **black, black, black** cony-skin.  
 And Mary then, and Jane will follow,  
 With their silver-hair'd skins, and their yellow.  
 The white cony-skin I will not lay by,  
 For, though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;  
 The grey, it is warm, but yet for my money,  
 Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.  
 Come away, fair maids, your skins will decay:  
 Come, and take money, maids; put your ware away.  
 Cony-skins! cony-skins! Have ye any cony-skins?  
 I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

*Clause.* Buy any brand wine, buy any brand wine<sup>26</sup>?

*Boy.* Have ye any cony-skins?

*2 Boor.* My fine canary bird, there's a cake for thy  
 worship.

*1 Boor.* Come, fill, fill, fill, fill suddenly! Let's see, Sir,  
 What's this?

*Clause.* A penny, Sir.

*1 Boor.* Fill till't be six-pence,  
 And there's my pig.

*Boy.* This is a counter, Sir.

*1 Boor.* A counter! Stay ye; what are these then?  
 Oh, execrable juggler! Oh, damn'd juggler!  
 Look in your hose, hoa! this comes of looking forward.

*3 Boor.* Devil a Dunkirk! What a rogue's this jug-  
 gler!

This hey pass, repass! h' has repass'd us sweetly.

*2 Boor.* Do ye call these tricks?

*Enter Higgen.*

*Hig.* Have ye any ends of gold or silver?

*2 Boor.* This fellow comes to mock us! Gold or  
 silver? cry copper.

*1 Boor.* Yes, my good friend,

<sup>26</sup> *Brand wine.*] Quasi brandevin, French.

Brandy, and, I believe, other spirits, are called *brand wine*, in  
 the Low Countries, to this day.

We have e'en an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well, Sir;

You have the lefs to care for. Gold and silver! [*Exit.*

*Enter Prigg.*

Prigg. Have ye any old cloaks to fell, have ye any old cloaks to fell? [*Exit.*

1 Boor. Cloaks! Look about ye, boys; mine's gone!

2 Boor. A Pox juggle 'em <sup>27</sup>!

Pox on their prestoes! Mine's gone too!

3 Boor. Here's mine yet.

1 Boor. Come, come, let's drink then. More brand wine!

Boy. Here, Sir.

1 Boor. If e'er I catch your sow-gelder, by this hand I'll strip him.

Were ever fools so ferkt <sup>28</sup>? We have two cloaks yet, And all our caps; the devil take the flincher.

All Boor. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

*Enter Hempkirke.*

Hemp. Good den <sup>29</sup>, my honest fellows! You're merry here, I see.

3 Boor. 'Tis all we have left, Sir.

Hemp. What hast thou? Aquavitæ?

Boy. Yes.

Hemp. Fill out then;

And give these honest fellows round.

All Boor. We thank ye.

Hemp. May I speak a word in private to ye?

All Boor. Yes, Sir.

<sup>27</sup> A — juggle em.

— o' their prestoes.] This *hiatus* very frequently occurs in our Authors' plays. We suppose they wrote, *A pox, &c.* and that a false delicacy in the Editors induced them to leave the *hiatus*. As we have shewn (p. 57, of this volume) that, in the days of our Authors, this word conveyed no gross or vulgar meaning, we shall not scruple to insert it wherever such *hiatus* occurs.

<sup>28</sup> Ferkt.] *i. e.* Cheated, fobbed.

<sup>29</sup> Good do'n.] This reading prevailed till 1750, when Mr. Seward, without mention, substituted *Good ev'n.* The word now inserted in the text, which is used, and explained to mean *day*, by Mercutio, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, is near that in our old copies.



*Hemp.* I have a business for you, honest friends,  
If you dare lend your help, shall get you crowns.

*Clause.* Ha!

Lead me a little nearer, boy.

1 *Boor.* What is't, Sir?

If it be any thing to purchase money,  
(Which is our want) command us.

*All Boor.* All, all, all, Sir.

*Hemp.* You know the young spruce merchant in  
Bruges?

2 *Boor.* Who? master Goswin?

*Hemp.* That; he owes me money,  
And here in town there is no stirring of him.

*Clause.* Say you so? [*Aside.*

*Hemp.* This day, upon a sure appointment,  
He meets me a mile hence, by the chase-side,  
Under the row of oaks; do you know it?

*All Boor.* Yes, Sir.

*Hemp.* Give 'em more drink! There, if you dare  
but venture,  
When I shall give the word, to seize upon him,  
Here's twenty pound.

3 *Boor.* Beware the juggler!

*Hemp.* If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.

1 *Boor.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.

*Hemp.* To discharge you,  
I have a warrant here about me.

3 *Boor.* Here's our warrant;  
This carries fire i'th' tail.

*Hemp.* Away with me then; the time draws on.—  
I must remove so insolent a suitor,  
And, if he be so rich, make him pay ransom  
Ere he see Bruges tow'rs again. Thus wise men  
Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,  
And piece the lion's skin with th' fox's case.

*Clause.* I'm glad I've heard this sport yet. [*Aside.*

*Hemp.* There's for thy drink. Come, pay the house  
within, boys,  
And lose no time.

*Clause.* Away, with all our haste too! [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Goswin.*

*Gos.* No wind blow fair yet? No return of monies,  
 Letters, nor any thing to hold my hopes up?  
 Why, then, 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably,  
 My credit I was built on, sinking with me!  
 Thou boist'rous North wind, blowing my misfortunes,  
 And frosting all my hopes to cakes of coldness,  
 Yet stay thy fury! Give the gentle South  
 Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety!  
 And you, auspicious fires, bright twins in Heav'n,  
 Dance on the shrouds! He blows still stubbornly,  
 And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.  
 There is no help, there can be now no comfort;  
 To-morrow, with the sun-set, sets my credit.  
 Oh, misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,  
 I'th' midst of all our strength, thou strikest us!  
 My virtuous love is lost too: All, what I have been,  
 No more hereafter to be seen than shadow!  
 To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me;  
 I may sink fairly under this day's venture,  
 And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all those curses.  
 Yet manly I'll invite my fate: Base Fortune  
 Shall never say, she 'as cut my throat in fear.  
 This is the place his challenge call'd me to,  
 And was a happy one at this time for me;  
 For let me fall before my foe i'th' field,  
 And not at bar, before my creditors!  
 H' has kept his word. Now, Sir, your sword's tongue  
 only,  
 Loud as you dare; all other language——

*Enter Hempkirke.*

*Hemp.* Well, Sir,  
 You shall not be long troubled. Draw!

*Gos.* 'Tis done, Sir;  
 And now, have at you!

*Hemp.* Now!

*Enter*

*Enter Boors.*

*Gof.* Betray'd to villains! Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely!

And thou, base coward——

*Enter Clause and Beggars.*

*Clause.* Now upon 'em bravely!

Conjure 'em soundly, boys!

*Boors.* Hold, hold!

*Clause.* Lay on, still!

Down with that gentleman-rogue, swinge him to fyrup!  
Retire, Sir, and take breath. Follow, and take him;  
Take all; 'tis lawful prize.

*Boors.* We yield.

*Clause.* Down with 'em

Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em!  
Knock me their brains into their breeches!

*Boors.* Hold, hold!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manet Goswin.*

*Gof.* What these men are I know not; nor for what cause

They should thus thrust themselves into my danger,  
Can I imagine. But, sure, Heav'n's hand was in't!

Nor why this coward knave should deal so basely,  
To eat me up with slaves. But, Heav'n, I thank thee!

I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end

Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour.

'Would all my other dangers here had suffer'd!

With what a joyful heart should I go home then?

Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his sentence,

Or hears his passing-bell; but there's my hope still<sup>29</sup>.

*Enter*

<sup>29</sup> *Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his sentence;*

*Or hears his passing bell; but there's my hope still.]* This is obscure; but we apprehend the meaning to be, that Goswin still hopes for assistance from Heaven. This sense seems to be confirmed by the following words, in the ensuing scene:

*Enter Clause.*

*Clause.* Blessing upon you, master!

*Gof.* Thank you. Leave me;

For, by my troth, I've nothing now to give thee.

*Clause.* Indeed, I don't ask, Sir; only it grieves me  
To see you look so fad. Now, goodness keep you  
From troubles in your mind!

*Gof.* If I were troubled,  
What could thy comfort do? Prithee, Clause, leave me.

*Clause.* Good master, be not angry; for what I say  
Is out of true love to you.

*Gof.* I know thou lov'st me.

*Clause.* Good master, blame that love then, if I  
prove so saucy  
To ask you why you're fad.

*Gof.* Most true, I am so;  
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.

*Clause.* Heav'n shield it, Sir!

*Gof.* Faith, thou must lose thy master.

*Clause.* I had rather lose my neck, Sir. 'Would I  
knew——

*Gof.* What would the knowledge do thee good (so  
miserable,  
Thou canst not help thyself) when all my ways,  
Nor all the friends I have——

*Clause.* You do not know, Sir,  
What I can do: Cures, sometimes, for mens' cares,  
Flow where they least expect 'em.

*Gof.* I know thou wouldst do;  
But, farewell, Clause, and pray for thy poor master.

*Clause.* I will not leave you.

*Gof.* How?

*Clause.* I dare not leave you, Sir, I must not leave you,  
And, 'till you beat me dead, I will not leave you.

---

*Clause.* I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave you,  
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, Sir;  
When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.

*Gof.* THERE'S ALL MY HOPE.

By what you hold most precious, by Heav'n's goodness,  
As your fair youth may prosper, good Sir, tell me!  
My mind believes yet something's in my pow'r  
May ease you of this trouble.

*Gof.* I will tell thee.

For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit,  
Ta'en up of merchants to supply my trafficks,  
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,  
And no return to help me off yet shewing,  
To-morrow, Clause, to-morrow, which must come,  
In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken.

*Clause.* I cannot blame your grief, Sir.

*Gof.* Now, what sayst thou?

*Clause.* I say, you should not shrink; for he that  
gave you,

Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, Sir;  
When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.

*Gof.* There's all my hope.

*Clause.* Hope still, Sir. Are you tied  
Within the compass of a day, good master,  
To pay this mass of money?

*Gof.* Ev'n to-morrow.

But why do I stand mocking of my misery?  
Is't not enough the floods and friends forget me?

*Clause.* Will no less serve?

*Gof.* What if it would?

*Clause.* Your patience!

I do not ask to mock you. 'Tis a great sum,  
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;  
But not for honest. Have you no friends left you,  
None that have felt your bounty, worth this duty?

*Gof.* Duty? Thou know'st it not.

*Clause.* It is a duty,

And as a duty, from those men have felt you,  
Should be return'd again. I have gain'd by you;  
A daily alms these seven years you have shower'd on me:  
Will half supply your want?

*Gof.* Why dost thou fool me?

Canst thou work miracles?

*Clause.* To save my master,  
I can work this.

*Gof.* Thou wilt make me angry with thee.

*Clause.* For doing good ?

*Gof.* What pow'r hast thou ?

*Clause.* Enquire not,  
So I can do it, to preserve my master.  
Nay, if it be three parts——

*Gof.* Oh, that I had it !

But, good *Clause*, talk no more ; I feel thy charity,  
As thou hast felt mine : But, alas——

*Clause.* Distrust not ;  
'Tis that that quenches you : Pull up your spirit,  
Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit ;  
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people  
Can save you, rest assur'd ! You have forgot, Sir,  
The good you did, which was the pow'r you gave me :  
You shall now know the king of Beggars' treasure ;  
And let the winds blow as they list, the seas roar,  
Yet here to-morrow you shall find your harbour.  
Here fail me not, for, if I live, I'll fit you.

*Gof.* How fain I would believe thee !

*Clause.* If I lie, master,  
Believe no man hereafter.

*Gof.* I will try thee ;  
But, he knows, that knows all——

*Clause.* Know me to-morrow,  
And, if I know not how to cure you, kill me.  
So, pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master !

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Hubert, like a huntsman.*

*Hub.* Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd from Hempf-  
kirke,  
To try these people ; for my heart yet tells me  
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.  
Appearing like myself, they have no reason,

(Tho'

(Tho' my intent is fair, my main end honest)  
 But to avoid me narrowly. That face too,  
 That woman's face, how near it is! Oh, may it  
 But prove the same, and, Fortune, how I'll bless thee!  
 Thus, sure, they cannot know me, or suspect me,  
 If to my habit I but change my nature,  
 As I must do. This is the wood they live in;  
 A place fit for concealment; where, till fortune  
 Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks, and the rest, with  
 the Boors.*

*Hig.* Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice.  
 Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:  
 And now attend your sentence!—That ye are rogues,  
 And mischievous base rascals, (there's the point now)  
 I take it, is confes'd.

*Prigg.* Deny it if ye dare, knaves!

*Boors.* We are rogues, Sir.

*Hig.* To amplify the matter then; rogues ye are,  
 And *lamb'd* ye shall be ere we leave ye.

*Boors.* Yes, Sir.

*Hig.* And, to the open handling of our justice,  
 Why did ye this upon the proper person  
 Of our good master? Were ye drunk when ye did it?

*Boors.* Yes, indeed, were we.

*Prigg.* Ye shall be beaten sober.

*Hig.* Was it for want ye undertook it?

*Boors.* Yes, Sir.

*Hig.* Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.

*Prigg.* And yet, for all that,  
 Ye shall be poor rogues still.

*Hig.* Has not the gentleman,  
 (Pray mark this point, brother Prigg) that noble  
 gentleman,

Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,  
 By employing some at sea, some here, some there,  
 According to your callings?

*Boors.* 'Tis most true, Sir.

*Hig.* Is not the man an honest man ?

*Boors.* Yes, truly.

*Hig.* A liberal gentleman ? And, as ye are true rascals, Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often, At his charge ?

*Boors.* Often, often.

*Hig.* There's the point, then !  
They've cast themselves, brother Prigg.

*Prigg.* A shrewd point, brother.

*Hig.* Brother, proceed you now ; the cause is open ; I'm somewhat weary.

*Prigg.* Can ye do these things,  
Ye most abominable stinking rascals,  
Ye turnip-eating rogues ?

*Boors.* We're truly sorry.

*Prigg.* Knock at your hard hearts, rogues, and presently

Give us a sign you feel compuncti<sup>o</sup>n :  
Every man up with's cudgel, and on his neighbour  
Bestow such alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,  
(For there your sentence lies) without partiality  
Either of head, or hide, rogues, without sparing,  
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else.  
You know your doom<sup>30</sup>.

*Hig.* One, two, and three, about it !

[*Boors beat one another.*]

*Prigg.* That fellow in the blue has true compuncti<sup>o</sup>n ;  
He beats his fellow bravely. Oh, well struck, boys !

*Enter Clause.*

*Hig.* Up with that blue breech ! Now plays he the  
devil !

So, get ye home, drink small beer, and be honest.  
Call in the gentleman.

*Clause.* Do, bring him presently ;  
His cause I'll hear myself.

<sup>30</sup> *You shall know your doom.*] The word *shall* injuring the sense of this passage, we have expunged it ; and suppose it to have been copied, by mistake, from the preceding line.

*Enter*



*Enter Hempkirke.*

*Hig. Prigg.* With all due reverence,  
We do resign, Sir.

*Clause.* Now, huffing Sir, what's your name?

*Hemp.* What's that to you, Sir?

*Clause.* It shall be, ere we part.

*Hemp.* My name is Hempkirke.

I follow the earl, which you shall feel.

*Clause.* No threat'ning,

For we shall cool you, Sir. Why didst thou basely  
Attempt the murder of the merchant Goswin?

*Hemp.* What pow'r hast thou to ask me?

*Clause.* I will know it,

Or slay thee till thy pain discover it.

*Hemp.* He did me wrong, base wrong.

*Clause.* That cannot save you.

Who sent you hither? and what further villanies  
Have you in hand?

*Hemp.* Why wouldst thou know? What profit,  
If I had any private way, could rise  
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?  
Be sorry for what thou'st done, and make amends, fool!  
I'll talk no further to thee, nor these rascals.

*Clause.* Tie him to that tree.

*Hemp.* I have told you whom I follow.

*Clause.* The devil you should do, by your villanies.  
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.

*Hig.* I undertake it: Turn him to the sun, boys;  
Give me a fine sharp rush. Will you confess yet?

*Hemp.* You have robb'd me already; now you'll  
murder me.

*Hig.* Murder your nose a little. Does your head  
purge, Sir?

To it again; 'twill do you good.

*Hemp.* Oh,

I cannot tell you any thing.

*Clause.* Proceed then! [To Higgen, &c.]

*Hig.* There's maggots in your nose; I'll fetch 'em  
out, Sir.

*Hemp.*

*Hemp.* Oh, my head breaks!

*Hig.* The best thing for the rheum, Sir,  
That falls into your worship's eyes.

*Hemp.* Hold, hold!

*Clause.* Speak then.

*Hemp.* I know not what.

*Hig.* It lies in's brain yet;

In lumps it lies: I'll fetch it out the finest!

What pretty faces the fool makes! Heigh!

*Hemp.* Hold,

Hold, and I'll tell ye all. Look in my doublet,

And there, within the lining, in a paper,

You shall find all.

*Clause.* Go, fetch that paper hither,  
And let him loose for this time.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* Good ev'n, my honest friends!

*Clause.* Good ev'n, good fellow!

*Hub.* May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,  
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,  
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel, boys!  
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,  
And with my quarter-staff, tho' the devil bid stand,  
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again;  
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways, sheep-  
walks,

And force the crafty Reynard climb the quicksets;  
Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn  
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,  
'Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?  
The polecat, martern<sup>31</sup>, and the rich-skin'd lucern<sup>32</sup>,  
I know to chase; the roe, the wind out-stripping;  
Isgrim himself, in all his bloody anger,

<sup>31</sup> *Martern.*] A large species of the weasel; the fur of which is held in high estimation.

<sup>32</sup> *Lucern.*] This animal is nearly the size of a wolf. It is covered with an exceeding rich fur, the colour between red and brown, and something mailed like a cat, intermixed with black spots.

I can beat from the bay ; and the wild Sounder  
Single<sup>33</sup>, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar,  
Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him,  
'Till he fall down my feast.

*Clause.* A goodly fellow.

*Hub.* What mak'st thou here, ha? [*Aside.*]

*Clause.* We accept thy fellowship.

*Hub.* Hempskirke, thou art not right, I fear ; I  
fear thee. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Ferret, with a letter.*

*Fer.* Here is the paper ; and as he said we found it.

*Clause.* Give me it ; I shall make a shift yet, old as  
I am,

To find your knavery. You are sent here, firrah,  
To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,  
And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion  
To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em<sup>34</sup>.

*Hub.*

<sup>33</sup> ———— *And the wild Sounder*

*Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar.] Sounder is a name given to the wild boar, as Hgrim to the wolf.*

Mr. Seward objects to this passage, for being tautologous ; and therefore reads,

————— *and the wild Sounder*

*Single, and with my boar-staff arm'd, THUS turn,  
Spite of his foamy tushes, and THUS strike him.*

But if he thinks this language exceptionable, in what light must he look upon that of Shakespeare, speaking of the same animal :

' To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
' Were to incense the boar to follow us' ?

As we cannot conceive this tautology is by any means so inelegant, or objectionable, as Mr. Seward's *thus* and *thus*, we have adhered to the old reading, believing it to be the genuine text.

<sup>34</sup> ———— *You are sent here, firrah,*

*To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,*

*And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion*

*To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em.] This passage is*

incorrect, if not corrupt. The two first lines we would read thus :

————— *You are sent here, firrah,*

*To discover certain gentlemen—a spy, knave !*

The import of his instructions may indeed be gathered from the three last lines ; but there is a confusion as well as deficiency in the expression,

*Hub.* By poison? ha?

*Clause.* Here is another, Hubert;  
What is that Hubert, Sir?

*Hemp.* You may perceive there.

*Clause.* I may perceive a villany, and a rank one.  
Was he join'd partner of thy knavery?

*Hemp.* No;

He had an honest end, (would I had had so!)  
Which makes him 'scape such cut-throats.

*Clause.* So it seems;

For here thou art commanded, when that Hubert  
Has done his best and worthiest service this way,  
To cut his throat; for here he's set down dangerous.

*Hub.* This is most impious.

*Clause.* I am glad we've found you.  
Is not this true?

*Hemp.* Yes; what are you the better?

*Clause.* You shall perceive, Sir, ere you get your  
freedom.

Take him aside; and, friend, we take thee to us,  
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto us?

*Hig.* Ay, and obedient too?

*Hub.* As you had bred me.

*Clause.* Then, take our hand; thou'rt now a ser-  
vant to us.

Welcome him all!

*Hig.* Stand off, stand off! I'll do it.

We bid you welcome three ways; first, for your person,  
Which is a promising person; next, for your quality,  
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality;  
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed us:  
You can steal, 'tis to be presum'd?

*Hub.* Yes, venifon,

Or, if I want——

*Hig.* 'Tis well; you understand right,

pression, and perhaps some words transposed and others dropt at pres, which, however, we will not venture to regulate or supply. The inaccuracy might proceed from haste in the writers, who often dismiss a passage without fully expressing their ideas.

And shall practise daily. You can drink too?

*Hub.* Soundly.

*Hig.* And you dare know a woman from a weather-cock?

*Hub.* Yes, if I handle her.

*Clause.* Now swear him.

*Hig.* I crown thy *nab* with a *gage* of *bene-bowse*,  
And *stall* thee by the *salamon* into the *clowes*;  
To *maund* on the *pad*, and *strike all the cheats*;  
To *mill* from the *ruffmans commission* and *slates*;  
*Twang dells* in the *strommel*; and let the *queere-cuffin*,  
And *barmanbecks trine*, and *trine* to the *ruffin*!

*Clause.* Now interpret this unto him.

*Hig.* I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,  
And by the rogues' oath<sup>35</sup> a rogue thee instal:  
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;  
To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheets;  
And lie with thy wench in the straw till she twang;  
Let the constable, justice, and devil go hang!  
You're welcome, brother!

*All.* Welcome<sup>36</sup>, welcome, welcome!

*Hub.* Thank ye, friends!

*Clause.* But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?

*Hub.* I do beseech ye, if ye dare but trust me,  
(For I have kept<sup>37</sup> wild dogs and beasts for wonder,

<sup>35</sup> *O'th'*] Former editions. Mr. Theobald and I concurred in the emendation. *Seward.*

The old book says, *oth*, without apostrophes; the word intended therefore was obvious, even if the cant term *salamon* had not pointed it out.

<sup>36</sup> *All.* *Welcome, welcome, welcome.* But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?

*Hub.* Thank ye, friends;

And I beseech ye, *if, &c.*] Old folio.—Modern editions,

*All.* *Welcome, welcome, welcome;*

*But who shall have the keeping*

*Of this fellow?*

*Hub.* *Sir, if you dare, &c.*

We have here retrieved some words from the first copy; and have made a transposition which seems absolutely necessary.

<sup>37</sup> *For if I have kept.*] The *if* hurts the sense here, and seems evidently to have crept into this line from that above. *Seward.*

And made 'em tame too) give into my custody  
 This roaring rascal : I shall hamper him,  
 With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I fear me,  
 Discover yet a further villany in him.  
 Oh, he smells rank o' th' rascal !

*Clause.* Take him to thee ;  
 But, if he 'scape——

*Hub.* Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.  
 Come, Sir, I'll tie you to my leash.

*Hemp.* Away, rascal !

*Hub.* Be not so stubborn : I shall swinge you foundly,  
 An you play tricks with me.

*Clause.* So, now come in ;  
 But ever have an eye, Sir, to your prisoner.

*Hub.* He must blind both mine eyes, if he get  
 from me.

*Clause.* Go, get some victuals, and some drink, some  
 good drink ;  
 For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune.  
 Come, and be frolick with us !

*Hig.* You are a stranger, brother, I pray lead ;  
 You must, you must, brother,                    [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E   I V.

*Enter Goswin and Gertrude.*

*Gert.* Indeed you're welcome : I have heard your  
 'scape,  
 And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,  
 Truly and dearly loves you, give her joy leave  
 To bid you welcome. What is't makes you sad, man ?  
 Why do you look so wild ? Is't I offend you ?  
 Beshrew my heart, not willingly.

*Gosf.* No, Gertrude.

*Gert.* Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,  
 A happy marriage ? Now I come to urge it ;  
 Now when you please to finish it.

*Gosf.* No news yet ?

*Gert.* D'you hear, Sir ?

Gof. Yes.

Gert. D'you love me?

Gof. Have I liv'd

In all the happiness fortune could seat me,  
In all mens' fair opinions——

Gert. I have provided

A priest, that's ready for us.

Gof. And can the devil,

In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour me?

Gert. We'll fly to what place you please.

Gof. No star prosperous?

All at a swoop?

Gert. You do not love me, Goswin;

You will not look upon me!

Gof. Can mens' prayers,

Shot up to Heav'n with such a zeal as mine are,  
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?

Gyves<sup>38</sup> I must wear, and cold must be my comfort;  
Darkness, and want of meat! Alas, she weeps too,  
Which is the top of all my sorrows. Gertrude!

Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor  
beauty,

Which has been worth your eyes——

Gof. The time grows on still;

And, like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin  
Come rowling over me.

Gert. Yet will you know me?

Gof. For a hundred thousand crowns!

Gert. Yet will you love me?

Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?

Gof. For a hundred thousand crowns——

Gert. Farewell, dissembler!

Gof. Of which I have scarce ten! Oh, how it  
starts me!

Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my  
ruin——

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<sup>38</sup> *Geyves.*] This word is usually wrote *gyves*, and means *chains*.  
It occurs very frequently in the writers of queen Elizabeth and James  
the First's times.





## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Goswin and four Merchants.*

*Gos.* **W**H Y, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more;  
I entreat you  
But seven short days; I am not running from ye;  
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible  
All my adventures fail. You have ships abroad,  
Endure the beating both of wind and weather:  
I'm sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be protested;  
Ye're all fair merchants.

*1 Mer.* Yes, and must have fair play;  
There is no living here else: One hour's failing  
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.  
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,  
I must wrong others in't.

*Gos.* No mercy in ye?

*2 Mer.* 'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy!  
Keep yourself right, and e'en cut your cloth, Sir,  
According to your calling. You have liv'd here  
In lord-like prodigality, high, and open,  
And now you find what 'tis: The lib'ral spending  
The summer of your youth, which you should glean in,  
And, like the labouring ant, make use and gain of,  
Has brought this bitter, stormy winter on you,  
And now you cry.

*3 Mer.* Alas, before your poverty,  
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour;  
You stood alone, took up all trade, all business  
Running through your hands, scarce a sail at sea  
But loaden with your goods: We, poor weak pedlars,  
When by your leave, and much entreaty to it,  
We could have stowage for a little cloth,  
Or a few wines, put off, and thank'd your worship.

Lord, how the world's chang'd with you! Now I  
 hope, Sir,  
 We shall have sea-room.

*Gof.* Is my misery

Become my scorn too? Have ye no humanity?  
 No part of men left? Are all the bounties in me  
 To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?

*Mer.* Well, get your monies ready: 'Tis but  
 two hours;

We shall protest you else, and suddenly.

*Gof.* But two days!

*Mer.* Not an hour! You know the hazard. [*Exe.*]

*Gof.* How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted  
 Bruges!

Within thy walls may never honest merchant  
 Venture his fortunes more! Oh, my poor wench too!

*Enter Clause.*

*Clause.* Good fortune, master!

*Gof.* Thou mistak'st me, Clause;  
 I am not worth thy blessing.

*Clause.* Still a sad man?

*Enter Higgen and Prigg, like porters.*

No belief, gentle master? Come, bring it in then;  
 And now, believe your beadsman.

*Gof.* Is this certain?

Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?

*Clause.* 'Tis gold, Sir;

Take it, and try it.

*Gof.* Certainly, 'tis treasure.

Can there be yet this blessing?

*Clause.* Cease your wonder!

You shall not sink for ne'er a fous'd flap-dragon,  
 For ne'er a pickled pilcher<sup>40</sup> of 'em all, Sir.

'Tis

<sup>40</sup> For ne'er a fous'd flap-dragon,

For ne'er a pickled pilcher, &c.] *Pilcher*, in old plays, commonly  
 signifies *scabbard*; but in this place means *pilehard*, a fish like a  
 herring.

'Tis there; your full sum, a hundred thousand crowns:  
 And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em,  
 Pay the poor pelting knaves, that know no goodness;  
 And cheer your heart up handsomely.

*Gof.* Good Clause,  
 How can'st thou by this mighty sum? If naughtily,  
 I must not take it of thee; 'twill undo me.

*Clause.* Fear not; you have it by as honest means  
 As though your father gave it. Sir, you know not  
 To what a mass the little we get daily,  
 Mounts in seven years. We beg it for Heav'n's  
 charity,

And to the same good we are bound to render it.

*Gof.* What great security?

*Clause.* Away with that, Sir!

Were not you more than all the men in Bruges,  
 And all the money in my thoughts—

*Gof.* But, good Clause,  
 I may die presently.

*Clause.* Then, this dies with you!  
 Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parchments:  
 Only this charity I shall entreat you,  
 Leave me this ring.

*Gof.* Alas, it is too poor, Clause.

*Clause.* 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when  
 I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me  
 Freely one poor petition.

*Gof.* There; I confirm it; [Gives the ring.]  
 And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!

*Clause.* Away; your time draws on. Take up the  
 money,

---

herring, often pickled and soufed. *Flap-dragon* is here used for any thing eaten at *flap-dragon*, a game at which they catch raisins, &c. out of burning brandy. So in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* 'Eats candles' ends for *flap-dragons.*' And again in his *Winter's Tale*, where, as in this passage of our Authors, it is applied to the swallowing a ship: 'To see how the sea *flap-dragon'd* it!' The metaphors are, however, more correctly used by Shakespeare, and the various senses of this cant term more clearly separated, than by our Authors. The word occurs again in the last scene of this play; 'My fire-works, and *flap dragons.*'

And follow this young gentleman.

*Gos.* Farewell, Claufe;

And may thy honest memory live ever!

*Claufe.* Heav'n blefs you, and still keep you!  
Farewell, master! [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* I have lock'd my youth up close enough for  
gadding,  
In an old tree, and set watch over him.

*Enter Faculin.*

Now for my love, for sure this wench must be she;  
She follows me. Come hither, pretty Minche!

*Fac.* No, no, you'll kifs.

*Hub.* So I will.

*Fac.* Y'deed law?

How will you kifs me, pray you?

*Hub.* Thus—Soft as my love's lips!

*Fac.* Oh!

*Hub.* What's your father's name?

*Fac.* He's gone to Heav'n.

*Hub.* Is it not Gerrard, sweet?

*Fac.* I'll stay no longer;

My mother's an old woman, and my brother  
Was drown'd at sea, with catching cockles.—Oh, love!  
Oh, how my heart melts in me! How thou fir'ft me!

*Hub.* 'Tis certain she. Pray let me see your hand,  
sweet.

*Fac.* No, no, you'll bite it.

*Hub.* Sure I should know that gymmal<sup>41</sup>!

*Fac.* 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring too.

<sup>41</sup> *Sure I should know that gymmal.] Gymmal was a common word in our Authors' time, signifying, as it is afterwards explained, a ring. It is still used on board ship, where the rings, that fasten the box which contains the compass, are at this day known among sailors by the name of gymmals.*

Oh, Hubert, Hubert!

*Hub.* Ha! methought she nam'd me.  
Do you know me, chick?

*Jac.* No, indeed; I never saw you:  
But, methinks, you kifs finely.

*Hub.* Kifs again then!  
By Heav'n, 'tis she.

*Jac.* Oh, what a joy he brings me!

*Hub.* You are not Minche.

*Jac.* Yes, pretty gentleman;  
And I must be married to-morrow to a capper<sup>42</sup>.

*Hub.* Must you, my sweet? and does the capper  
love you?

*Jac.* Yes, yes; he'll give me pie, and look in mine  
eyes thus.—

'Tis he; 'tis my dear love! Oh, blest fortune!

*Hub.* How fain she would conceal herself, yet  
shews it!

Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll serve you.

*Jac.* Oh, I shall lose myself! [*Aside.*]

*Hub.* I'll wait upon you,

And make you dainty nose-gays.

*Jac.* And where will you stick 'em?

*Hub.* Here in thy bosom, sweet; and make a crown  
of lillies

For your fair head.

*Jac.* And will you love me, deed-law?

*Hub.* With all my heart.

*Jac.* Call me to-morrow then,

And we'll have brave cheer, and go to church together.

Give you good ev'n, Sir!

*Hub.* But one word, fair Minche!

*Jac.* I must be gone a-milking.

*Hub.* You shall presently.

Did you ne'er hear of a young maid call'd Jaculin?

*Jac.* I am discover'd! Hark in your ear; I'll tell you.  
You must not know me; kifs, and be constant ever.

<sup>42</sup> *A capper.*] One who makes or sells caps.

*Johnson.*

*Hub.* Heav'n curse me, else! 'Tis she; and now  
I'm certain  
They are all here. Now for my other project! [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Goswin, four Merchants, Higgen, and Prigg.*

*1 Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesy.

*Gos.* None at all, Sir:

Take it, 'tis yours; there's your ten thousand for you;  
Give in my bills. Your sixteen.

*3 Mer.* Pray be pleas'd, Sir,  
To make a further use.

*Gos.* No.

*3 Mer.* What I have, Sir,  
You may command. Pray let me be your servant.

*Gos.* Put your hats on: I care not for your cour-  
tesies;

They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

*2 Mer.* I have a freight of pepper——

*Gos.* Rot your pepper!

Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thousand.

*4 Mer.* Or if you want fine sugar, 'tis but sending.

*Gos.* No, I can send to Barbary; those people,  
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.

These carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;

To Peter Zuten these; bring back my jewels.

Why are these pieces<sup>43</sup>?

[*Guns fir'd.*]

*Enter Sailor.*

*Sail.* Health to the noble merchant!  
The *Sufan* is return'd.

*Gos.* Well?

*Sail.* Well, and rich, Sir,  
And now put in.

*Gos.* Heav'n, thou hast heard my pray'rs!

<sup>43</sup> *Why are these pieces?*] The sense which is now so clear, was obscure to me till Mr. Sympfon added the marginal note. *Seward.*

*Sail.* The brave Rebecca too, bound from the Straits,  
With the next tide, is ready to put after.

*Gof.* What news o' th' fly-boat?

*Sail.* If this wind hold till midnight,  
She will be here, and wealthy; she 'scap'd fairly.

*Gof.* How, prithee, Sailor?

*Sail.* Thus, Sir: She had fight,  
Seven hours together, with six Turkish gallies,  
And she fought bravely; but at length was boarded,  
And overlaid with strength; when presently  
Comes boring up the wind captain Vannoke,  
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from prison:  
He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely;  
Beat all the gallies off, sunk three, redeem'd her,  
And as a service to you sent her home, Sir.

*Gof.* An honest noble captain, and a thankful!  
There's for thy news: Go, drink the merchant's health,  
Sailor.

*Sail.* I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a doit,  
Sir. [Exit Sailor.

*1 Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow!

*Gof.* This year<sup>44</sup>, I hope, my friends, I shall 'scape  
prison,

For all your cares to catch me.

*2 Mer.* You may please, Sir,  
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,  
Whose all they have, goods, monies, are at your service.

*Gof.* I thank you;  
When I have need of you I shall forget you!  
You're paid, I hope?

*All.* We joy in your good fortunes.

---

<sup>44</sup> *This here I hope.]* Any one that attends to the sense would at once see the corruption, and discover the true word. Mr. Theobald, Mr. Sympton and I agreed in the correction, and 'tis confirmed by the old folio, which reads *Ye are*. 'Tis strange, that the following editors should see that this was wrong, and not see what was right.

*Seward.*

*Enter Vandunk.*

*Vand.* Come, Sir, come, take your ease; you must  
go home with me;  
Yonder's one weeps and howls.

*Gof.* Alas, how does she?

*Vand.* She will be better soon, I hope.

*Gof.* Why soon, Sir?

*Vand.* Why, when you have her in your arms: This  
night, my boy,  
She is thy wife.

*Gof.* With all my heart I take her.

*Vand.* We have prepar'd; all thy friends will be there,  
And all my rooms shall smook to see the revel.  
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service  
Wait on the knave her uncle. I have heard all,  
All his baits for my boy; but thou shalt have her.  
Hast thou dispatch'd thy business?

*Gof.* Most.

*Vand.* By th' mass, boy,  
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it;  
Thou'rt the best boy that Bruges ever nourish'd.  
Thou hast been sad; I'll cheer thee up with sack,  
And, when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to thy mistress.  
She'll hug thee, firrah.

*Gof.* I long to see it.

I had forgot you: There's for you, my friends;  
You had but heavy burthens. Commend my <sup>45</sup> love

<sup>45</sup> ——— *Commend my love*

To *my best love.*] However great a friend Clause had been, Goswin would scarcely call him his love, a term appropriated to lovers of different sexes. Besides this, the measure is spoil'd; which, with the former proof, almost demonstrates the passage to be corrupt. A repetition of the verb *commend* effectually cures it; and I have often found, that where the sense and measure both require a repetition of a word, the printer omits it; taking it for granted, that all repetitions of the same words must be mistakes, because they generally are so.

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— *Commend my love,*

*Commend my best love, all the love, &c.*

As it is very common with transcribers and printers, when the same word occurs twice in a line, to pass from the first to the second, we apprehend,



To my best friend, my best love, all the love I have,  
To honest Clause; shortly I'll thank him better. [*Exit.*]

*Hig.* By th' mass, a royal merchant! Gold by th'  
handful!

Here will be sport soon, Prigg.

*Prigg.* It partly seems so;

And here will I be in a trice.

*Hig.* And I, boy.

Away apace; we are look'd for.

*Prigg.* Oh, these bak'd meats!

Methinks I smell them hither.

*Hig.* Thy mouth waters.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Hubert and Hempskirke.*

*Hub.* I must not.

*Hemp.* Why? 'Tis in thy power to do it,  
And in mine to reward thee to thy wishes.

*Hub.* I dare not, nor I will not.

*Hemp.* Gentle huntsman,  
Tho' thou hast kept me hard; tho' in thy duty,  
Which is requir'd to do it, th' hast us'd me stubbornly;  
I can forgive thee freely.

*Hub.* You the earl's servant?

*Hemp.* I swear, I'm near as his own thoughts to him;  
Able to do thee——

*Hub.* Come, come, leave your prating.

*Hemp.* If thou dar'st but try——

*Hub.* I thank you heartily; you will be  
The first man that will hang me; a sweet recompence;  
I could do't (but I do not say I will)  
To any honest fellow that would think on't,  
And be a benefactor.

*Hemp.* If't be not recompens'd, and to thy own desires;

---

apprehend, that, by such an error, some words have been omitted. This chasm we have ventured to supply; and, while our reading is nearer the old books, it is, perhaps, more natural and spirited, than the alteration of Mr. Seward.

If,

If, within these ten days, I do not make thee——

*Hub.* What? a false knave?

*Hemp.* Prithee, conceive me rightly; any thing  
Of profit or of place that may advance thee——

*Hub.* Why, what a gooscap wouldst thou make me?  
Don't I know

That men in misery will promise any thing,  
More than their lives can reach at?

*Hemp.* Believe me, huntsman,  
There shall not one short syllable that comes from  
me pass  
Without its full performance.

*Hub.* Say you so, Sir?

Have you e'er a good place for my quality?

*Hemp.* A thousand; chases, forests, parks; I'll  
make thee

Chief ranger over all the games,

*Hub.* When?

*Hemp.* Presently.

*Hub.* This may provoke me: And yet, to prove  
a knave too——

*Hemp.* 'Tis to prove honest; 'tis to do good service,  
Service for him thou'rt sworn to, for thy prince:  
Then, for thyself that good——What fool would live  
here,

Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers  
Law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely,  
And to himself, he may be law and credit?

*Hub.* Shall I believe thee?

*Hemp.* As that thou hold'st most holy.

*Hub.* You may play tricks.

*Hemp.* Then let me never live more.

*Hub.* Then you shall see, Sir, I will do a service  
That shall deserve indeed.

*Hemp.* 'Tis well said, huntsman,  
And thou shalt be well thought of.

*Hub.* I will do it:

'Tis not your letting free, for that's mere nothing,  
But such a service, if the earl be noble,

He shall for ever love me.

*Hemp.* What is't, huntsman?

*Hub.* Do you know any of these people live here?

*Hemp.* No.

*Hub.* You're a fool then: Here be those, to have 'em,  
(I know the earl so well) would make him caper.

*Hemp.* Any of the old lords that rebell'd?

*Hub.* Peace; all:

I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.

*Hemp.* But wilt thou do this service?

*Hub.* If you'll keep

Your faith, and free word to me.

*Hemp.* Wilt thou swear me?

*Hub.* No, no, I will believe you. More than that too,  
Here's the right heir.

*Hemp.* Oh, honest, honest huntsman!

*Hub.* Now, how to get these gallants, there's the  
matter.

You will be constant? 'tis no work for me else.

*Hemp.* Will the sun shine again?

*Hub.* The way to get 'em!

*Hemp.* Propound it, and it shall be done.

*Hub.* No sleight,

(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em)  
Nor reconcilment<sup>46</sup>, (for they dare not trust neither)  
Must do this trick.

*Hemp.* By force?

*Hub.* Ay, that must do it;

And with the person of the earl himself:  
Authority, and mighty, must come on 'em,  
Or else in vain: And thus I'd have you do it.  
To-morrow night be here; a hundred men will bear  
'em,

(So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,  
And with his terror will strike dead their forces)  
The hour be twelve o'clock. Now for a guide,  
To draw ye without danger on those persons,

<sup>46</sup> Reconcilment.] *i. e.* Pretended reconcilment.

The woods being thick, and hard to hit; myself,  
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,  
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye  
By the great oak.

*Hemp.* I know it. Keep thy faith, huntsman,  
And such a shower of wealth——

*Hub.* I warrant ye:  
Miss nothing that I tell you,

*Hemp.* No.

*Hub.* Farewell.

You have your liberty; now use it wisely,  
And keep your hour. Go close about the wood there,  
For fear they spy you.

*Hemp.* Well.

*Hub.* And bring no noise with you.

*Hemp.* All shall be done to th' purpose. Farewell,  
huntsman. [Exeunt.

*Enter Clause, Higgen, Prigg, Ginks, Snap, and Ferret.*

*Clause.* Now, what's the news in town?

*Ginks.* No news, but joy, Sir;

Every man wooing of the noble merchant,  
Who has <sup>47</sup> his hearty commendations to you.

*Fer.* Yes, this is news; this night he's to be married.

*Ginks.* By th' mass, that's true; he marries Vandunke's  
daughter,

The dainty black-ey'd belle <sup>48</sup>.

*Hig.* I would my clapper  
Hung in his baldrick <sup>49</sup>! ah, what a peal could I ring?

<sup>47</sup> *Who has his hearty, &c.]* As an imperfect sentence seems unnecessary here, I suppose *has* to be wrong, and that either *does* or *sends* was the original. *Seward.*

In a familiar phrase, perhaps, *has* is not unwarrantable.

<sup>48</sup> *Black-ey'd bell.]* This is sense, but as *dell* is the cant term made use of before in the play for a young lass, Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon both think the same word was here used. *Seward.*

Had either of the confirmed beggars been the speaker, perhaps this alteration would have been allowable; but *Ginks* was not of that class; the old copies may therefore be adhered to.

<sup>49</sup> *Baldrick.]* *Baldrick*, or *bauderick*, i. e. *belt*, from the old French word *baudrier*, a piece of dressed leather, girdle, or belt, made of such

*Clause.* Married?

*Ginks.* 'Tis very true, Sir. Oh, the pies,  
The piping-hot mince-pies!

*Prigg.* Oh, the plum-pottage!

*Hig.* For one leg of a goose now would I venture  
a limb, boys:

I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance;  
And, pox upon the boors, too well they know it,  
And therefore starve their poultry.

*Clause.* To be married  
To Vandunke's daughter?

*Hig.* Oh, this precious merchant!  
What sport he'll have! But, hark you, brother Prigg,  
Shall we do nothing in the aforefaid wedding?  
There's money to be got, and meat, I take it;  
What think you of a morris?

*Prigg.* No, by no means,  
That goes no further than the street, there leaves us:  
Now we must think of something that may draw us  
Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery,  
Into the kitchen, into the cellar; something  
That that old drunken burgomaster loves:  
What think you of a wassel<sup>50</sup>?

---

such leather; and that comes from the word *baudroyer*, to dress leather, curry, or make belts. Monsieur Menage says, this comes from the Italian *baldringus*, and that from the Latin *balteus*, from whence the *Baltick* Sea has its name, because it goes round as a belt. This word *baudrier*, among the French, sometimes signified a girdle, in which people used to put their money. See Rablais, iii. 37. Menag. Orig. Franc. Somn. Dict. Sax. Nicot. Dict. Fortescue Aland's Notes on Fortescue, on the Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy, 1724, p. 52. R.

Perhaps the word *baudry* (now *baudy*) which relates to matters below the girdle, was originally derived from this expression.

<sup>50</sup> Wassel.] *Wassel*, or *wassail*, is a word still in use in the midland counties, and it signifies what is sometimes called *lamb's wool*; i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. It is sometimes also used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus: 'Enter *Wassel*, like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl, dressed with ribbands and rosemary, before her.' Steevens.

Such an interlude is plainly proposed in this place.

*Hig.*

*Hig.* I think worthily.

*Prigg.* And very fit it should be : thou, and Ferret,  
And Ginks, to sing the song ; I for the structure,  
Which is the bowl.

*Hig.* Which must be upsey-English,  
Strong lusty London beer. Let's think more of it.

*Clause.* He must not marry.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* By your leave in private,  
One word, Sir, with you. Gerrard ! Do not start  
me <sup>51</sup> :

I know you, and he knows you, that best loves you :  
Hubert speaks to you, and you must be Gerrard ;  
The time invites you to it.

*Ger.* Make no show then.

I am glad to see you, Sir ; and I am Gerrard.  
How stand affairs ?

*Hub.* Fair, if you dare now follow.  
Hempskirke I have let go, and these my causes  
I'll tell you privately, and how I've wrought him :  
And then, to prove me honest to my friends,  
Look upon these directions ; you have seen his.

*Hig.* Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech,  
In praise of merchants. Where's the ape ?

*Prigg.* Pox take him,  
A gouty bear-ward stole him t'other day !

*Hig.* May his bears worry him ! That ape had paid it.  
What dainty tricks, (Pox o' that whorson bear-ward !)  
In his French doublet, with his blister'd bullions <sup>52</sup>,  
In a long stock ty'd up ! Oh, how daintily  
Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,  
Carry a cup of wine ! Ten thousand stinks

<sup>51</sup> Do not *start me* ] Mr. Seward, concurring with Mr. Theobald in opinion, reads, *Do not start*, MAN. The old lection seems to us perfect sense ; meaning, ' do not be *alarmed* AT me ;' as we familiarly say, ' do not *fly* me,' for ' do not *fly* FROM me.' Goswin says above, speaking of his distressful situation, *Oh, how it starts me.*

<sup>52</sup> *Blister'd bullions.* ] Perhaps a cant word for *large buttons*, to the ape's French doublet.

Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lousy bear-ward!

*Ger.* 'Tis passing well; I both believe and joy in't,  
And will be ready. Keep you here the mean while,  
And keep this in; I must a while forsake you.—  
Upon mine anger, no man stir this two hours.

*Hig.* Not to the wedding, Sir?

*Ger.* Not any whither.

*Hig.* The wedding must be seen, Sir: we want  
meat too;

We're horrible out of meat.

*Prigg.* Shall it be spoken,  
Fat capons shak'd their tails at's in defiance?  
And turkey tombs<sup>53</sup>, such honourable monuments,  
Shall pigs, Sir, that the parson's self would envy,  
And dainty ducks——

*Ger.* Not a word more; obey me! [Exit *Ger.*

*Hig.* Why then, come, doleful death! This is flat  
tyranny;

And, by this hand——

*Hub.* What?

*Hig.* I'll go sleep upon't. [Exit *Hig.*

*Prigg.* Nay, an there be a wedding, and we wanting,  
Farewell, our happy days!—We do obey, Sir. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*Enter two young Merchants.*

*1 Mer.* Well met, Sir; you are for this lusty wedding?

*2 Mer.* I am so; so are you, I take it.

*1 Mer.* Yes;

And it much glads me, that to do him service,  
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,  
We meet thus happily.

*2 Mer.* He's a noble fellow,  
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.

*1 Mer.* She's passing fair indeed. Long may their  
loves

<sup>53</sup> *Turkey tombs.] i. e. Turkey pies.*

Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetness!  
 All the young merchants will be here, no doubt on't;  
 For he that comes not to attend this wedding,  
 The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,  
 A loud wife, and a lazy! Here's Vanlock.

*Enter Vanlock and Frances.*

*Vanl.* Well overtaken, gentlemen: Save you!

*Mer.* The same to you, Sir. Save you, fair  
 mistress Frances!

I would this happy night might make you blush too.

*Vanl.* She dreams apace.

*Fran.* That's but a drowsy fortune.

*Mer.* Nay, take us with ye too; we come to that  
 end:

I'm sure ye are for the wedding.

*Vanl.* Hand and heart, man;

And what their feet can do; I could have tript it  
 Before this whorson gout.

*Enter Gerrard.*

*Ger.* Bless ye, masters!

*Vanl.* Clause! how now, Clause? thou art come  
 to see thy master

(And a good master he is to all poor people)  
 In all his joy; 'tis honestly done of thee.

*Ger.* Long may he live, Sir! but my business now is  
 If you would please to do it, and to him too.

*Enter Goswin.*

*Vanl.* He's here himself.

*Gos.* Stand at the door, my friends?

I pray walk in. Welcome, fair mistress Frances!  
 See what the house affords; there's a young lady  
 Will bid you welcome.

*Vanl.* We joy your happiness!

[*Exeunt.*

*Manent Gerrard and Goswin.*

*Gos.* I hope it will be so. Clause, nobly welcome!  
 My honest, my best friend, I have been careful  
 To see thy monies——

*Ger.*



*Ger.* Sir, that brought not me;  
Do you know this ring again?

*Gof.* Thou hadst it of me.

*Ger.* And do you well remember yet the boon you  
gave me,

Upon return of this?

*Gof.* Yes, and I grant it,

Be't what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll do it,  
Within my pow'r.

*Ger.* You are not married yet?

*Gof.* No.

*Ger.* Faith, I shall ask you that that will disturb you;  
But I must put you to your promise.

*Gof.* Do.

And if I faint and flinch in't——

*Ger.* Well said, master!

And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must be.

*Gof.* Prithee, distrust me not.

*Ger.* You must not marry!

That's part o' th' pow'r you gave me; which, to  
make up,

You must presently depart, and follow me.

*Gof.* Not marry, Clause?

*Ger.* Not, if you keep your promise,

And give me pow'r to ask.

*Gof.* Prithee, think better:

I will obey, by Heav'n.

*Ger.* I've thought the best, Sir.

*Gof.* Give me thy reason; dost thou fear her honesty?

*Ger.* Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know, Sir.

*Gof.* Why shouldst thou light on that then? to  
what purpose?

*Ger.* I must not now discover.

*Gof.* Must not marry?

Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?

When all the preparation——

*Ger.* Now, or never.

*Gof.* Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst; thou dost  
but fright me.

*Ger.* Upon my soul it is, Sir ; and I bind you.

*Gof.* Clause, canst thou be so cruel ?

*Ger.* You may break, Sir ;

But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

*Gof.* Didst ever see her ?

*Ger.* No.

*Gof.* She's such a thing ;

Oh, Clause, she's such a wonder ! such a mirror,

For beauty, and fair virtue, Europe has not !

Why hast thou made me happy to undo me ?

But look upon her ; then if thy heart relent not,

I'll quit her presently. Who waits there ?

*Ser.* [*within*] Sir !

*Gof.* Bid my fair love come hither, and the company.

Prithæe, be good unto me ; take a man's heart,

And look upon her truly ; take a friend's heart,

And feel what misery must follow this !

*Ger.* Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise :  
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

*Enter Gertrude, Vandunke, and the Merchants.*

Can that thing, call'd a woman, stop your goodness ?

*Gof.* Look, there she is ; deal with me as thou wilt  
now ;

Didst ever see a fairer ?

*Ger.* She's most goodly.

*Gof.* Pray you stand still.

*Gert.* What ails my love ?

*Gof.* Didst thou ever,

By the fair light of Heav'n, behold a sweeter ?

Oh, that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him !

Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.

1 *Mer.* Sure h' has some strange design in hand, he  
starts so.

2 *Mer.* This beggar has a strong pow'r o'er his  
pleasure.

*Gof.* View all her body.

*Ger.* 'Tis exact and excellent.

*Gof.* Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly ?

Her

Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler;  
 And but to hear her speak a Paradise;  
 And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,  
 A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 'Tis now too  
 I'm ready to enjoy it; the priest ready, Clause,  
 To say the holy words shall make us happy.  
 This is a cruelty beyond man's study!  
 All these are ready, all our joys are ready,  
 And all the expectation of our friends:  
 'Twill be her death to do it.

*Ger.* Let her die then!

*Gof.* Thou canst not; 'tis impossible!

*Ger.* It must be.

*Gof.* 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me! By  
 Heav'n, Clause,

I'll give thee half I have! Come, thou shalt save me!

*Ger.* Then you must go with me (I can stay no longer)

If you be true and noble. [*Exit.*

*Gof.* Hard heart, I'll follow!

Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry:

I have a weighty business (give my cloak there!)

*Enter Servant, with a cloak.*

Concerns my life and state (make no enquiry)

This present hour befall'n me: With the soonest

I shall be here again. Nay, pray go in, Sir,

And take them with you; 'tis but a night lost, gentlemen.

*Vand.* Come, come in; we'll not lose our meat yet,  
 Nor our good mirth; he cannot stay long from her,  
 I'm sure of that. [*Exit with Merchants, &c.*

*Gof.* I will not stay, believe, Sir.

Gertrude, a word with you.

*Gert.* Why is this stop, Sir?

*Gof.* I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,  
 And tell thee this, I'm ever thine! Farewell, wench!  
[*Exit.*

*Gert.* And is that all your ceremony? Is this a  
 wedding?

Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing ?  
Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow ;  
'Till to thy face I prove thee false. Ah me ! [*Exit.*]

## A C T   V.   S C E N E   I.

*Enter Gertrude, and a Boor.*

*Gert.* **L**EAD, if thou think'st we're right. Why  
dost thou make  
These often stands ? Thou saidst thou knew'st the way.

*Boor.* Fear nothing ; I do know it. 'Would 'twere  
homeward !

*Gert.* Wrought from me by a beggar ? at the time  
That most should tie him ? 'Tis some other love,  
That hath a more command on his affections,  
And he that fetch'd him a disguised agent,  
Not what he personated ; for his fashion  
Was more familiar with him, and more pow'rful,  
Than one that ask'd an alms : I must find out  
One, if not both. Kind darkness, be my shroud,  
And cover love's too-curious search in me ;  
For yet, Suspicion, I would not name thee !

*Boor.* Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.

*Gert.* What then ?

*Boor.* Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,  
Although perhaps you are.

*Gert.* I am not. Forward !

*Boor.* Sure, but you are. Give me your hand ; fear  
nothing.

There's one leg in the wood ; do not pull backward !

What a sweat one on's are in ; you or I !

Pray God it do not prove the plague ; yet sure

It has infected me ; for I sweat too ;

It runs out at my knees : Feel, feel, I pray you.

*Gert.* What ails the fellow ?

*Boor.*

*Boor.* Hark, hark, I beseech you:  
Do you hear nothing?

*Gert.* No.

*Boor.* Lift! a wild hog;  
He grunts! now 'tis a bear; this wood is full of 'em!  
And now a wolf, mistress; a wolf, a wolf!  
It is the howling of a wolf.

*Gert.* The braying of an ass, is it not?

*Boor.* Oh, now one has me!  
Oh, my left ham! Farewell!

*Gert.* Look to your shanks,  
Your breech is safe enough; the wolf's a fern-brake.

*Boor.* But see, see, see! there is a serpent in it!  
'T has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire!  
Now it creeps tow'rd's us; help me to say my prayers!  
'T hath swallow'd me almost; my breath is stopt;  
I cannot speak! Do I speak, mistress? tell me.

*Gert.* Why, thou strange timorous sot, canst thou  
perceive  
Any thing i' th' bush but a poor glow-worm?

*Boor.* It may be 'tis but a glow-worm now; but  
'twill

Grow to a fire-drake presently.

*Gert.* Come thou from it!

I have a precious guide of you, and a courteous,  
That gives me leave to lead myself the way thus. [*Holla.*

*Boor.* It thunders; you hear that now?

*Gert.* I hear one holla.

*Boor.* 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flash of light-  
ning!

Are you not blasted, mistress? Pull your mask off;  
'T has play'd the barber with me here: I have lost  
My beard, my beard! Pray God you be not shaven;  
'Twill spoil your marriage, mistress.

*Gert.* What strange wonders  
Fear fancies in a coward!

*Boor.* Now the earth opens!

*Gert.* Prithee hold thy peace.

*Boor.* Will you on then?

*Gert.* Both love and jealousy have made me bold :  
Where my fate leads me, I must go. [Exit.

*Boor.* God be with you then !

*Enter Wolfort, Hempkirke, and attendants.*

*Hemp.* It was the fellow sure, he that should guide me,  
The huntsman, that did holla us.

*Wol.* Best make a stand,  
And listen to his next. Ha !

*Hemp.* Who goes there ?

*Boor.* Mistress, I am taken.

*Hemp.* Mistress ? Look forth, soldiers !

*Wol.* What are you, firrah ?

*Boor.* Truly, all is left

Of a poor boor, by day-light ; by night, nobody.  
You might have spar'd your drum, and guns, and  
pikes too,

For I am none that will stand out, Sir, I.

You may take me in with a walking-stick,

Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a packthread,

*Hemp.* What woman was't you call'd to ?

*Boor.* Woman ! None, Sir.

*Wol.* None ! Did you not name mistress ?

*Boor.* Yes, but she's

No woman yet : She should have been this night,

But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom,

Whom we were going to make hue and cry after.

I tell you true, Sir ; she should ha' been married to-day,

And was the bride and all ; but in came Clause,

The old lame beggar, and whips up Mr. Goswin

Under his arm, away with him ; as a kite,

Or an old fox, would swoop away a gosling.

*Hemp.* 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she ! Niece !

*Re-enter Gertrude.*

*Gert.* Ha !

*Hemp.* She, Sir :

This was a noble entrance to your fortune,

That, being on the point thus to be married,

Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.

*Wol.*

*Wol.* I begin, Hempfkirke, to believe my fate Works to my ends.

*Hemp.* Yes, Sir; and this adds trust  
Unto the fellow our guide, who affur'd me Florez  
Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did  
In the old beggar's, and that he would use  
Him for the train to call the other forth;  
All which we find is done. [*Holla again.*] That's he  
again.

*Wol.* Good we sent out to meet him.

*Hemp.* Here's the oak.

*Gert.* Oh, I am miserably lost, thus fall'n  
Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes!  
Can I not think away myself and die? [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Snap, and Ginks,  
like boors.*

*Hub.* I like your habits well; they're safe; stand close.

*Hig.* But what's the action we are for now, ha?  
Robbing a ripier<sup>54</sup> of his fish?

*Prigg.* Or taking  
A poulterer prisoner, without ransom, bullies?

*Hig.* Or cutting off a convoy of butter?

*Fer.* Or surprising a boor's ken, for grunting-cheats<sup>55</sup>?

*Prigg.* Or cackling-cheats?

*Hig.* Or Margery-praters, rogers,  
And tibs o' th' buttery?

*Prigg.* Oh, I could drive a regiment  
Of geele afore me, such a night as this,  
Ten leagues, with my hat and staff, and not a hiss  
Heard, nor a wing of my troops disorder'd.

*Hig.* Tell us,  
If it be milling of a lag of duds,  
The fetching-off a buck of cloaths, or so?

<sup>54</sup> *Robbing a ripper of his fish.*] Ripper, properly ripier, from the Latin *ripa*, is a word still used in the northern counties, and signifies a kind of travelling fishmonger, who carries fish from the coast, to sell in the inland parts.

<sup>55</sup> *Granting-cheats.*] Former editions. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.  
Seward.

We are horribly out of linen <sup>55</sup>.

*Hub.* No such matter.

*Hig.* Let me alone for any farmer's dog,  
If you have a mind to the cheefe-loft; 'tis but thus—  
And he's a silenc'd mastiff, during pleasure.

*Hub.* 'Would it would please you to be silent.

*Hig.* Mum.

*Enter Wolfort, Hempfkirke, Gertrude, Boor, &c.*

*Wol.* Who's there?

*Hub.* A friend; the huntsman.

*Hemp.* Oh, 'tis he.

*Hub.* I have kept touch, Sir. Which is th' earl of these?  
Will he know a man now?

*Hemp.* This, my lord, 's the friend  
Hath undertook the service.

*Hub.* If't be worth

His lordship's thanks, anon, when 'tis done,  
Lording, I'll look for't. A rude woodman!  
I know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game;  
And I have don't; both Florez and his father  
Old Gerrard, with lord Arnold of Benthuisen,  
Costin, and Jaculin, young Florez' sister:  
I have 'em all.

*Wol.* Thou speak'st too much, too happy,  
To carry faith with it.

*Hub.* I can bring you  
Where you shall see, and find 'em.

*Wol.* We will double  
Whatever Hempfkirke then hath promis'd thee.

*Hub.* And I'll deserve it treble. What horse ha' you?

*Wol.* A hundred.

*Hub.* That's well: Ready to take  
Upon surprize of 'em?

*Hemp.* Yes.

*Hub.* Divide then  
Your force into five squadrons; for there are  
So many out-lets, ways through the wood,

<sup>55</sup> Buck of cloaths, &c.] A parcel of cloaths washed or to be washed.  
See Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor.



That issue from the place where they are lodg'd;  
 Five several ways; of all which passages  
 We must possess ourselves, to round 'em in;  
 For by one starting-hole they'll all escape else.  
 I, and four boors here to me, will be guides:  
 The squadron where you are myself will lead;  
 And that they may be more secure, I'll use  
 My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were  
 A-hunting for 'em; which will make them rest  
 Careless of any noise, and be a direction  
 To th' other guides how we approach 'em still.

*Wol.* 'Tis order'd well, and relieth the soldier.  
 Make the division, Hempkirke. You are my charge,  
 Fair one; I'll look to you.

*Boor.* Shall nobody need  
 To look to me. I'll look unto myself,

*Hub.* 'Tis but this, remember.

*Hig.* Say, 'tis done, boy! [ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter Gerrard and Florez.*

*Ger.* By this time, Sir, I hope you want no reasons  
 Why I broke off your marriage; for though I  
 Should as a subject study you my prince  
 In things indifferent, it will not therefore  
 Discredit you to acknowledge me your father,  
 By heark'ning to my necessary counsels.

*Flo.* Acknowledge you my father? Sir, I do;  
 And may impiety, conspiring with  
 My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,  
 When I forget to pay you a son's duty  
 In my obedience, and that<sup>56</sup> help'd forth

<sup>56</sup> *And that help'd forth.*] To *help forth* obedience with cheerfulness, seems a stiff expression; I have substituted the natural word, and added a monosyllable that is necessary to the measure, and believe that in both I have restored the original. *Seward.*

The old reading is sense, and the measure not unusually defective; reading *obedi ence*, at length, not at all so. *Help'd forth* is more poetical than *held forth*.

With all the cheerfulness——

*Ger.* I pray you rise;

And may those pow'rs that see and love this in you,  
Reward you for it! Taught by your example,  
Having receiv'd the rights due to a father;  
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject;  
Which as my prince accept of.

*Flo.* Kneel to me<sup>57</sup>?

May mountains first fall down beneath their vallies,  
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer  
An act in nature so preposterous!  
I must o'ercome in this, in all things else  
The victory be yours. Could you here read me,  
You should perceive how all my faculties  
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours:  
I am your son, your son, Sir! And am prouder  
To be so, to the father to such goodness,  
(Which Heav'n be pleas'd I may inherit from you!)  
Than I shall ever of those specious titles  
That plead for my succession in the earldom  
(Did I possess it now) left by my mother.

*Ger.* I do believe it: But——

*Flo.* Oh, my lov'd father,

Before I knew you were so, by instinct,  
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,  
Not as a stranger's: And, I know not how,  
What you call'd charity, I thought the payment  
Of some religious debt Nature stood bound for:  
And last of all, when your magnificent bounty,  
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in  
A flood of blessings, tho' my threat'ning wants,  
And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid,  
I soon found out it was no common pity  
That led you to it.

*Ger.* Think of this hereafter,

When we with joy may call it to remembrance;  
There will be a time, more opportune than now,

---

<sup>57</sup> *Kneel to me, &c.*] In *King and No King* is a passage similar to this. The reader will find it paralleled to one in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, vol. I. p. 232, of this work.

To end your story, with all circumstances.  
 I add this only : When we fled from Wolfort,  
 I sent you into England, and there plac'd you  
 With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Goswin,  
 A man supplied by me unto that purpose,  
 As bound by oath never to discover you ;  
 Who dying, left his name and wealth unto you,  
 As his reputed son, and yet receiv'd so.  
 But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember,  
 The country's, and the subject's general good,  
 Must challenge the first part in your affection ;  
 The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife,  
 Being so far beneath you, that your love  
 Must grant she's not your equal.

*Flo.* In descent,  
 Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors :  
 But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues  
 Ever remember'd in the best of women,  
 A monarch might receive from her, not give,  
 Tho' she were his crown's purchase : In this only  
 Be an indulgent father ; in all else  
 Use your authority.

*Enter Hubert, Hempkirke, Wolfort, Gertrude, and  
 Soldiers.*

*Hub.* Sir, here be two of 'em,  
 The father and the son ; the rest you shall have  
 As fast as I can rouze them.

*Ger.* Who's this ? Wolfort ?

*Wol.* Ay, cripple ; your feign'd crutches will not  
 help you,  
 Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long conceal'd  
 you ;  
 It's now no halting : I must here find Gerrard,  
 And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez,  
 Who would be an earl.

*Ger.* And is, wert thou a subject.

*Flo.* Is this that traitor Wolfort ?

*Wol.* Yes ; but you

Are they that are betray'd.    Hempfkirke !

*Gert.* My Gofwin

Turn'd prince ? Oh, I am poorer by this greatness,  
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.

*Flo.* Gertrude !

*Wol.* Stay, Sir ; you were to-day too near her :  
You must no more aim at those easy accessses,  
'Lefs you can do't in air, without a head ;  
Which shall be suddenly try'd.

*Gert.* Oh, take my heart first ;  
And, since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,  
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.

*Wol.* You know not your own value that entreat—

*Ger.* So proud a fiend as Wolfort !

*Wol.* For so lost

A thing as Florez.

*Flo.* And that would be so,  
Rather than she should stoop again to thee !  
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,  
When Wolfort is to give it.    Oh, my Gertrude,  
It is not that, nor pryncedom, that I go from ;  
It is from thee ! that loss includeth all.

*Wol.* Ay, if my young prince knew his loss, he'd  
say so ;

Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell him.  
This is no Gertrude, nor no Hempfkirke's niece,  
Nor Vandunke's daughter : This is Bertha, Bertha !  
The heir of Brabant, she that caus'd the war,  
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,  
In your minority, to raise myself :  
I then foreseeing 'twould beget a quarrel ;—  
That, a necessity of my employment ;—  
The same employment, make me master of strength ;—  
That strength, the lord of Flanders ; so of Brabant,  
By marrying her : Which had not been to do, Sir,  
She come of years, but that the expectation,  
First, of her father's death, retarded it ;  
And since, the standing-out of Bruges ; where  
Hempfkirke had hid her, till she was near lost.

But,

But, Sir, we have recover'd her: Your merchantship  
May break; for this was one of your best bottoms,  
I think.

*Ger.* Insolent devil!

*Enter Hubert, with Jaculin, Ginks, and Costin.*

*Wol.* Who are these, Hempskirke?

*Hemp.* More, more, Sir.

*Flo.* How they triumph in their treachery!

*Hemp.* Lord Arnold of Benthuisen, this lord Costin,  
This Jaculin, the sister unto Florez.

*Wol.* All found? Why, here's brave game; this  
was sport-royal,

And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em.  
Huntsman, your horn! First, wind me Florez' fall;  
Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jaculin's.  
Those rascals, they shall die without their rites<sup>58</sup>:  
Hang 'em, Hempskirke, on these trees. I'll take  
Th' assay<sup>59</sup> of these myself.

*Hub.* Not here, my lord;  
Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold;  
'Twill shew the better when their arbour's made.

*Ger.* Wretch, art thou not content thou hast be-  
tray'd us,  
But mock'ft us too?

*Ginks.* False Hubert, this is monstrous!

*Wol.* Hubert?

*Hemp.* Who? this?

*Ger.* Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;  
I hope h' has help'd himself to a tree.

*Wol.* The first,

<sup>58.</sup> *Their rights.*] The false spelling of this word would not have deserved a note, had not it given a sense totally different from the true one; viz. That the two lords were to die without being first put in possession of their *rights* or lordships. It only means here, that they should be hanged without the honour of any *rite* or ceremony.

*Seward.*

<sup>59.</sup> *Th' assay.*] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, among other explanations of this word, gives *attack*, *trouble*; in the latter of which senses it seems to be used here.

The first of any, and most glad I have you, Sir :  
I let you go before, but for a train.

Is't you have done this service ?

*Hub.* As your huntsman<sup>60</sup> ;

But now as Hubert (save yourselves) I will——  
The Wolf's afoot ! Let slip ! kill, kill, kill, kill !

*Enter, with a drum, Vandunke, Merchants, Higgen,  
Prigg, Ferret, and Snap.*

*Wol.* Betray'd ?

*Hub.* No, but well catch'd ; and I the huntsman.

*Vand.* How do you, Wolfort ? Rascal ! good knave  
Wolfort !

I speak it now without the rose ! and Hempskirke,  
Rogue Hempskirke ! you that have no niece : this lady  
Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now  
Resign'd by me to the right owner here.

Take her, my prince !

*Flo.* Can this be possible ?

Welcome, my love, my sweet, my worthy love !

*Vand.* I ha' giv'n you her twice ; now keep her  
better : And thank

Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's name,  
And got me out, with my brave boys, to march  
Like Cæsar, when he bred his Commentaries ;

So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth

Cæsar Vandunke, & *veni, vidi, vici !*

Give me my bottle, and set down the drum.

You had your tricks, Sir, had you ? we ha' tricks too !

You stole the lady !

*Hig.* And we led your squadrons,

Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little, with  
brambles,

If not their faces.

<sup>60</sup> *As your huntsman ?*

*But now as Hubert ; save yourselves, I will,*

*The Wolf's afoot, let slip ; kill, kill, kill, kill. ]* This pointing,  
which is Mr. Seward's, makes these lines inexplicable ; which now  
appear perfect sense.

*Prigg.* Yes, and run their heads  
Against trees.

*Hig.* 'Tis captain Prigg, Sir!

*Prigg.* And colonel Higgen!

*Hig.* We have fill'd a pit with your people, some  
with legs,

Some with arms broken, and a neck or two  
I think be loofe.

*Prigg.* The rest too, that escap'd,  
Are not yet out o' th' briars.

*Hig.* And your horses, Sir,  
Are well set up in Bruges all by this time.  
You look as you were not well, Sir, and would be  
Shortly let blood: Do you want a scarf?

*Vand.* A halter!

*Ger.* 'Twas like yourself, honest, and noble Hubert!  
Canst thou behold these mirrors all together,  
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation,  
Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason;  
And not so see thyself, as to fall down,  
And sinking force a grave, with thine own guilt,  
As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?

*Wol.* No, I can stand, and praise the toils that  
took me;  
And laughing in them die: They were brave snares!

*Flo.* 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent  
The wrongs th' hast done, and live.

*Wol.* Who? I repent,  
And say I'm sorry? Yes, 'tis the fool's language,  
And not for Wolfort.

*Vand.* Wolfort, thou'rt a devil,  
And speak'st his language. Oh, that I had my longing!  
Under this row of trees now would I hang him.

*Flo.* No, let him live until he can repent;  
But banish'd from our state; that is thy doom.

*Vand.* Then hang his worthy captain here, this  
Hempskirke,  
For profit of th' example.

*Flo.* No; let him

Enjoy his shame too, with his conscios life;  
To shew how much our innocence contemns  
All practice, from the guiltiest, to molest us.

*Vand.* A noble prince!

*Ger.* Sir, you must help to join  
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts here,  
And to their loves wish joy<sup>61</sup>.

*Flo.* As to mine own.

My gracious sifter! worthiest brother!

*Vand.* I'll go afore, and have the bonfire made,  
My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good backrack<sup>62</sup>;  
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down  
In healths to this day! [Exit.

*Hig.* 'Slight, here be changes;  
The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, Prigg.

*Prigg.* Our company's grown horrible thin by it.  
What think you, Ferret?

*Fer.* Marry, I do think,  
That we might all be lords now, if we could stand  
for't.

*Hig.* Not I, if they should offer it: I'll dislodge first,  
Remove the Bush into another climate.

*Ger.* Sir, you must thank this worthy burgomaster.  
Here be friends ask to be look'd on too,  
And thank'd; who, tho' their trade and course of life  
Be not so perfect but it may be better'd,  
Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true  
Subjects unto me, while I was their king;  
A place I know not well how to resign,  
Nor unto whom. But this I will entreat  
Your grace; command them follow me to Bruges;  
Where I will take the care on me to find  
Some manly, and more profitable course,  
To fit them as a part of the republick.

*Flo.* Do you hear, Sirs? Do so.

*Hig.* Thanks to your good grace!

*Prigg.* To your good lordship!

<sup>61</sup> With joy.] Former editions.

*Seward.*

<sup>62</sup> Backrack.] Salt-fish. See Treaty of Peace.



*Fer.* May you both live long!

*Ger.* Attend me at Vandunke's, the burgomaster's.  
[*Exe. all but beggars.*]

*Hig.* Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice  
a-week,

Or turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker;

Or learn to go along with him his course

(That's a fine course now) i' th' commonwealth: Prigg,  
What say you to it?

*Prigg.* It is the backward'st course  
I know i' th' world.

*Hig.* Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,  
You do conclude?

*Prigg.* 'Faith hardly, very hardly.

*Hig.* Troth, I am partly of your mind, prince Prigg.  
And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen will seek  
Some safer shelter, in some other climate,  
With this his tatter'd colony. Let me see;  
Snap, Ferret, Prigg, and Higgen, all are left  
Of the true blood: What, shall we into England?

*Prigg.* Agreed.

*Hig.* Then bear up bravely with your Brute<sup>63</sup>, my  
lads!

Higgen hath *prigg'd the prancers* in his days,  
And sold good penny-worths: We will have a course;  
The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless.

*Prigg.* I'll *maund* no more, nor cant.

*Hig.* Yes, your sixpenny-worth  
In private, brother: Sixpence is a sum  
I'll steal you any man's dog for.

*Prigg.* For sixpence more  
You'll tell the owner where he is.

*Hig.* 'Tis right:  
Higgen must practise, so must Prigg to eat;  
And write the letter, and gi' the word—But now

<sup>63</sup> *Brute.*] Alluding to *Brute*, or *Brutus*, a Trojan, and descendant of *Aeneas*, said to have landed, settled, and reigned in England. See Milton's *History of England*.

No more, as either of these<sup>64</sup>——

*Prigg.* But as true beggars

As e'er we were——

*Hig.* We stand here for an Epilogue.

Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;

For womens' favours are a leading alms:

If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes

Out at your masks.

*Prigg.* And let your beauties sparkle!

*Hig.* So may you ne'er want dressings, jewels, gowns,  
Still in the fashion!

*Prigg.* Nor the men you love,  
Wealth nor discourse to please you!

*Hig.* May you, gentlemen,  
Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty!

*Prigg.* May every merchant here see safe his ventures!

*Hig.* And every honest citizen his debts in!

*Prigg.* The lawyers gain good clients!

*Hig.* And the clients  
Good counsel!

*Prigg.* All the gamesters here good fortune!

*Hig.* The drunkards, too, good wine!

*Prigg.* The eaters meat  
Fit for their tastes and palates!

*Hig.* The good wives  
Kind husbands!

*Prigg.* The young maids choice of suitors!

*Hig.* The midwives merry hearts!

*Prigg.* And all good cheer!

*Hig.* As you are kind unto us and our Bush!  
We are the Beggars, and your daily beadsmen,  
And have your money; but the alms we ask,  
And live by, is your grace: Give that, and then  
We'll boldly say our word is, *come again!*

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<sup>64</sup> No more, as either of these.] i. e. No more as Higgen or Prigg, but as *Actors*; for from hence they become speakers of epilogue.

TO the second Volume of Bailey's Dictionary is annexed, 'A Collection of the Canting Words and Terms, both ancient and modern, used by Beggars, Gypsies, Cheats, House breakers, Shop-lifters, Foot-pads, Highway-men, &c.' by an examination whereof the *Cant* appears to be not only an *established*, but a *systematical language*. We thought it necessary to recur to it, not only to see whether there was an agreement between that collection and Theobald's explanations, but also to derive (as there appeared frequent opportunity) a clearer and stronger explication than that critick has given us. It should have been premised, that the explanation of the *cant terms* given in the edition of 1750, were collected by Mr. Seward from the marginal remarks of Mr. Theobald.

With respect to the propriety, or authority, with which either Theobald or Bailey explain the *cant terms*, or whence they derived their knowledge of them, we can give no information; but as none of those terms, printed by Mr. Seward, seem warranted by any derivation, and as similar terms, according to Bailey, have an apparent advantage in this respect, we have been induced to vary the spelling from the other editions, agreeable to that exhibited by Bailey. The *Canter's* oath has hitherto been printed in the following manner:

*I crown thy nab with a gag of benbouse,  
And shall thee by the salmon into the clows,  
To mand on the pad, and strike all the cheats;  
To mill from the ruffmans, and commision and slates;  
Twang dell's, i' the stiromel; and let the quire-cuffin,  
And herman-becktrine, and trine to the ruffin.*

In the first line, *gag* seems devoid of meaning, while *gâge* (which Bailey tells us signifies a *pot*) conveys an idea of a *vessel* or *measure*; and *bene* (which seems derived from the Latin *bene* or the French *bien*) is more likely to have been used for *good* than *ben*. In the second, *salamon* (which Bailey renders, *the beggars' sacrament, or oath*) leaves the verse much smoother than *salmon*. In the fourth, the conjunction *and* (which is a modern interpolation) murders the poetry, and with it the sense; as *ruffmans*, and *commision*, and *slates*, seem to be three different classes of people, or three different articles of some kind, which were to be pillaged; instead of *ruffmans* meaning the *bedges* or *bushes*, from which the *commision* and *slates* (i. e. *shirt* and *sheets*) were to be purloined. In the fifth, *dell's* appearing as a genitive case, and having a comma after it, the passage is totally inexplicable; and *stiromel* is not near so agreeable to the verse as *strommel*, which, says Bailey, means *straw*. In the sixth line, edit. 1750, we read, *Herman-Becktrine*, which is totally unintelligible; prior to that edition, *Herman Beck strine*: We have no doubt but our Authors wrote, *harmanbecks* (constables, or beadles) *trine* (hang). The printer had mistakenly made *s* the initial letter of *trine*, instead of the final of *harmanbeck*.

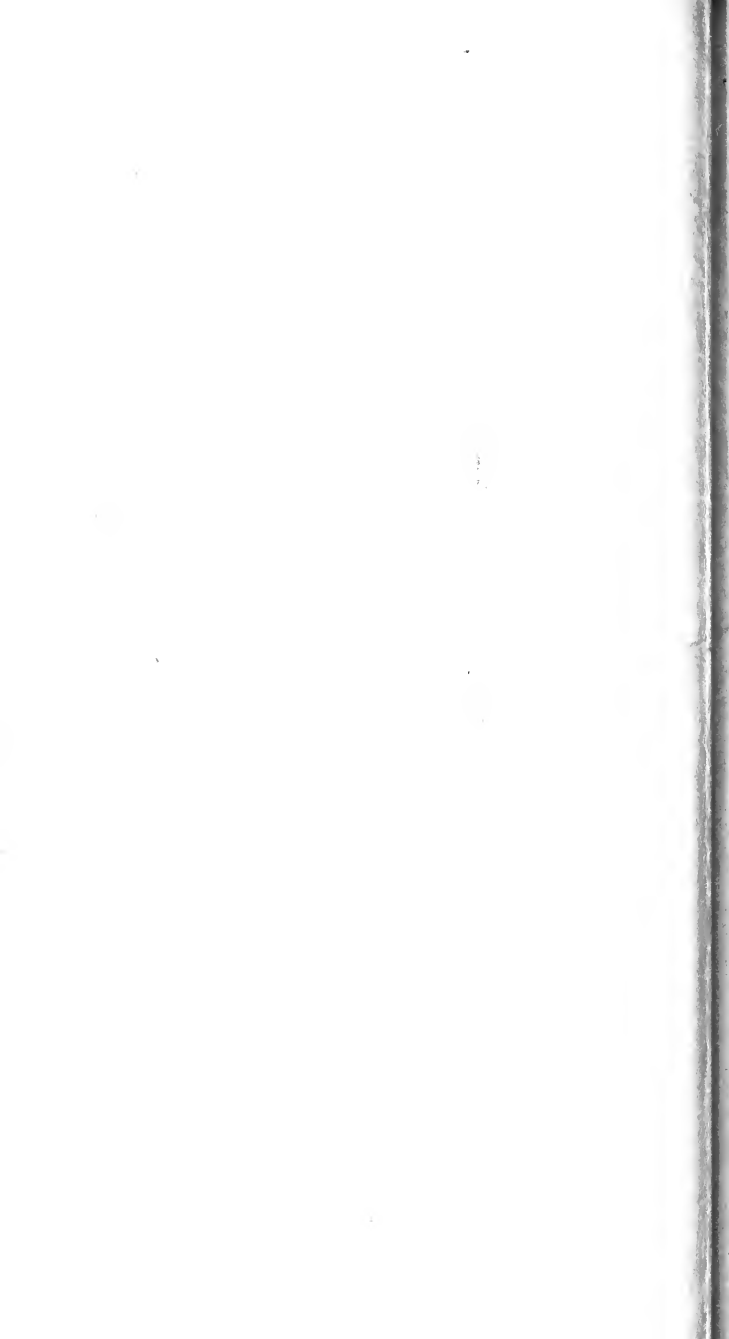
Having thus mentioned such variations as we have made (in which we conceived ourselves warranted by derivation, or metre, and sometimes by both) we shall proceed to the explanation of the *Cant Terms* made use of in this excellent Comedy, *Beggars' Bush*; not assuming to ourselves any very great merit from the depth of our researches in the *gully-hole of literature*, and our proficiency in this *most vulgar part* of the *vulgar tongue*.

- ABRAM-MAN, a beggar pretending to be mad. *T.*  
 BACK OR BELLY-CHEATS, raiment, or food stolen. *T.*  
 BEEN-WHIDS, good words. *T.*  
 BOUZE, drink. *T.*  
 BOUZING-KEN, ale house. *T.*  
 CACKLING-CHEATS, chickens. *T.*  
 CLAPPERDUDGEON, a beggar born and bred. *T.*  
 CLOWES, rogues. *T.*  
 COMMISSION, a shirt. *B.*  
 COVE, a man, one not of the gang. *T.*  
 CRANKE, a genteel impostor, appearing in divers shapes. *T.*  
 DELLS, young wenches undebauched. *T.* — DELLS, young ripe wenches, who have not lost their virginity, which the Upright-Man (*i. e.* the vilest stoutest rogue in the pack) has a right to the enjoyment of; after which they are used in common by the whole fraternity. *B.*  
 DOMMERER, pretending to have his tongue cut out. *T.* — DOME-RARS, or DROMMERARS, rogues, pretending to have had their tongues cut out, or to be born dumb and deaf, who artificially turn the tips of their tongues into their throats, and with a stick make them bleed. *B.*  
 DOXIES, strumpets. *T.*  
 FAMBLES, hands. *T.*  
 FILCHED, stole. *T.*  
 FILCHES, staves. *T.* — A FILCH, a staff, with a hole thro' and a spike at the bottom, to pluck cloaths from a hedge, or any thing out of a casement. *B.*  
 FRATER, such as beg with sham patents, or briefs, for spitals, prisons, fires, inundations, &c. *B.*  
 FUMBUMBIS, to your guard and postures. *T.* — Although Mr. Theobald has explained this word with those used by Prigg in the next line, we rather think *fumbumbis* a *fancied watch-word*, than a *cant term*.  
 GAGE OF BENE-BOWSE, a pot of strong liquor. *B.*  
 GRUNTING-CHEATS, pigs. *T.*  
 HARMANBECKS, beadles. *B.*  
 HUM, strong liquor. *T.*  
 JARKMAN, one who makes counterfeit licences, or passes. *T.*  
 KEN, a house. *B.*  
 LAG OF DUDDS, a buck of cloaths; as, 'We'll cloy that *lag of dudds*.' 'Come, let us steal that buck of cloaths.' *B.*  
 LAMB'D, soundly beaten. *T.*

- LOUR, money. *T.*  
 MARGERY-PRATERS, hens. *T.*  
 MAUND, beg. *T.*  
 MAUNDERS, beggars. *T.*  
 MILL, rob. *T.*  
 MORTS, women or wenches. *T.*  
 NAB, head. *T.*  
 NAB-CHEATS, hats. *T.*  
 NIGGLED, lain with, debauched. *T.*  
 PAD, the road or way. *T.*  
 PATRICO, strolling priests that marry under a hedge. *T.* — PATRICOVES, or PATER-COVES, strolling priests, that marry under a hedge, without Gospel or Common-Prayer-Book: The couple standing on each side a dead beast, are bid to live together till death them does part; so shaking hands, the wedding is ended. *B.*  
 FIG, sixpence. *T.*  
 PRIGG'D THE PRANCERS, stole horses. *T.* — PRIGGERS OF PRANCERS, horse-stealers, who carry a bridle in their pockets, and a small pad-saddle in their breeches. *B.*  
 PROP, either to his own support, or else by abbreviation to his own property. *T.*  
 QUEERE-CUFFIN, justice of peace. *B.*  
 ROGERS, geese. *T.*  
 RUFFMANS, hedges. *T.*  
 RUFFIN, devil. *T.*  
 SALMON, oath. *T.* — SALAMON, the beggars' sacrament or oath. *B.*  
 SLATES, sheets. *T.*  
 STALL, instal. *T.* — STALLING, making or ordaining. *B.*  
 STRIKE ALL THE CHEATS, rob all you meet. *T.*  
 STROMMEL, hay. *B.*  
 TIBS OF THE BUTTERY, goslings. *T.* — Geese. *B.* — It has been suggested by one gentleman, that EGGS are meant by this term; and by another, that it means RABBITS.  
 TRINE, hang. *T.*  
 TWANG DELLS, lie with maids. *T.*









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