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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

O F

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

V O L. VII.



BEAUMONT, FRANCIS

DRAMATICK WORKS

O F

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.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH;

CONTAINING,

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE;
DOUBLE MARRIAGE;
MAID IN THE MILL;
KNIGHT OF MALTA;
LOVE'S CURE; OR, THE MARTIAL MAID.

LONDON,

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.

MDCCLXXVIII.

PR 2420 1778 V.7

3.12.59

A C O M E D Y.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this Play to Fletcher alone; the Prologue to both Writers. It was originally printed in the solio edition; has not been personned for many years past; nor do we know of its ever having received any alterations.



PROLOGUE.

TO this place, gentlemen, full many a day We've bid ye welcome, and to many a play: And those whose angry souls were not diseas'd With law, or lending money, we have pleas'd; And make no doubt to do again. This night. No mighty matter, nor no light', We must entreat you look for: A good tale, Told in two hours, we will not fail, If we be perfect, to rehearse ye. New I'm fure it is, and handsome; but how true Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one We please the women, and I'd know that man Follows not their example! If ye mean To know the play well, travel with the scene, For't lies upon the road: If we chance tire, As ye are good men, leave us not i'th' mire; Another bait may mend us: If you grow A little gall'd or weary, cry but ' hoa,' And we'll stay for ye. When our journey ends, Every man's pot I hope, and all part friends.

No mighty matter, nor no very light, We must entreat you look for; or something to that purpose.

Nor no light.] The context, as well as the measure, seems to require us to read.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

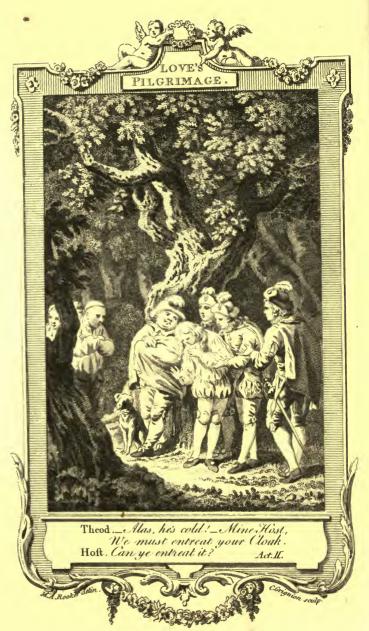
Governor of Barcelona. Leonardo, a noble Genoese. Sanchio, an old lame angry foldier. Alphonso, a cholerick don. Philippo, son to Alphonso, lover of Leocadia. Marc-Antonio, fon to Leonardo. Pedro, friend to Leonardo. Rodorigo, general of the Spanish gallies. Incubo, bailiff of Castel-Blanco. Diego, host of Ossuna. Lazaro, bostler to Diego. Host of Barcelona. Bailiff of Barcelona. Chirurgeons. Soldiers. Townsmen. Attendants.

WOMEN.

Theodosia, daughter to Alphonso, in love with Mars-Leocadia, daughter to Sanchio, Antonio. Eugenia, wife to the Governor of Barcelona. Hostes, wife to Diego. Wise to the Host of Barcelona.

SCENE, BARCELONA and the Road.





Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, 1 May, 1777.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Incubo and Diego.

Incubo. IGNOR don Diego, and mine host, fave thee! Diego. I thank you, mafter Baily.

Inc. Oh, the block!

Diego. Why, how should I have answer'd?

Inc. Not with that

Negligent rudeness; but, 'I kiss your hands, Signor don Incubo de Hambre;' and then My titles; ' master Baily of Castel-Blanco.' Thou ne'er wilt have the elegancy of an hoft; I forrow for thee, as my friend and gossip!-No smoak, nor steam out-breathing from the kitchen? There's little life i' th' hearth then.

Diego. Ay; there, there!

That is his friendship, hearkening for the spit, And forry that he cannot fmell the pot boil.

Inc. Strange

An inn should be so curs'd, and not the sign Blasted nor wither'd; very strange! three days now, And not an egg eat in it, nor an onion.

Diego. I think they ha' strew'd th' highways with

caltraps, I;

No horse dares pass'em; I did never know, A week of fo fad doings, fince I first Stood to my fign-post.

Inc.

Inc. Gossip, I have found
The root of all: Kneel, pray; it is thyself
Art cause thereof; each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad: But mend it;
Call for thy cloak and rapier.

Diego. How! Inc. Do, call,

And put 'em on in haste: Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her. Dost thou think
Her good face e'er will know a man in euerpo?
In single body, thus? in hose and doublet,
The horse-boy's garb? base blank, and half-blank
euerpo?

Did I, or master dean of Sevil, our neighbour, E'er reach our dignities in cuerpo, think'st thou? In squirting hose and doublet? Signor, no; There went more to't: There were cloaks, gowns, cassocks,

And other paramentos: Call, I fay. His cloak and rapier here!

Enter Hostess.

Hostes. What means your worship?
Inc. Bring forth thy husband's sword. So! hang

And now his cloak! here, cast it up. I mean, Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.

Hostess. Why, is there charm in this? Inc. Expect. Now walk;

But not the pace of one that runs on errands!
For want of gravity in an host is odious.
You may remember, gossip, if you please,
(Your wife being then th' infanta of the gipsies,
And yourself governing a great man's mules then)
Me a poor 'squire at Madrid, attending
A master of ceremonies (but a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold-weight); and such,
Have I heard him oft say, ought ev'ry host
Within the Catholick king's dominions

Be,

Be, in his own house.

Diego. How?

Inc. A master of ceremonies;

At least, vice-master, and to do nought in cuerpo; That was his maxim. I will tell thee of him: He would not speak with an ambassador's cook, See a cold bake-meat from a foreign part, In cuerpo: Had a dog but stay'd without, Or beast of quality, as an English cow, But to present itself, he would put on His Savoy chain about his neck, the rust And custs of Holland, then the Naples hat, With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agat, The Milan sword, the cloak of Genoa, set With Flemish buttons; all his given pieces, To entertain em in; and compliment [Knock within. With a tame cony, as with the prince that sent it.

Diego. List! who is there? Inc. A guest, an't be thy will!

Diego. Look, spouse; cry 'luck,' an we be encounter'd. Ha?

Hostess. Luck then, and good; for tis a fine brave guest,

With a brave horse.

Inc. Why now, believe of cuerpo As you shall see occasion. Go, and meet him.

Enter Theodosia.

Theod. Look to my horse, I pray you, well.

Diego. He shall, Sir. Inc. Oh, how beneath his rank and call was that now!

Your horse shall be entreated as becomes A horse of fashion, and his inches.

Theod. Oh!

Inc. Look to the cavalier! What ails he? Stay! If it concern his horse, let it not trouble him; He shall have all respect the place can yield him, Either of barley, or fresh straw.

Diego. Good Sir,

A 4

Look

Look up.

8

Inc. He finks! Somewhat to cast upon him;

He'll go away in cuerpo else.

Diego. What, wife!

Oh, your hot waters quickly, and fome cold To cast in his sweet face.

Hostes. Alas, fair flower!

Inc. Does any body entertain his horse?

Diego. Yes; Lazaro has him.

Enter Hostess, with a glass of water.

Inc. Go you fee him in person. [Exit Diego. Hostels. Sir, taste a little of this; of mine own water, I did distill't myself. Sweet lily, look upon me; You are but newly blown, my pretty tulip; Faint not upon your stalk. 'Tis firm, and fresh. Stand up: So! bolt upright. You're yet in growing.

Theod. Pray you let me have a chamber.

Hostes. That you shall, Sir.

Theod. And where I may be private, I entreat you. Hostess. For that, in troth, Sir, we've no choice: Our house

Is but a vent of need2, that now and then Receives a guest between the greater towns, As they come late; only one room—

Inc. She means, Sir, it is none

Of those wild scatter'd heaps call'd inns, where scarce The host's heard, tho' he wind his horn t' his people: Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,

Wife, fervants, all do live within the whiftle.

Hostess. Only one room—

Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle!

She will describe to you.

Hostes. (Wherein stand two beds, Sir) We have; and where, if any guest do come, He must of force be lodg'd; that is the truth, Sir.

Enter Diego.

Theod. But if I pay you for both your beds, methinks,

· 2 Venta.] An inn. Hispanice.

Theobald.

Exit.

That should alike content you. Hostels. That it shall, Sir:

If I be paid, I'm paid.

Theod. Why, there's a ducat;

Will that make your content?

Hostess. Oh, the sweet face on you!

A ducat? yes: An there were three beds, Sir, And twice so many rooms, which is one more, You should be private in them all, in all, Sir: No one should have a piece of a bed with you; Not master dean of Sevil himself, I swear, Tho' he came naked hither, as once he did, When h' had like t' have been ta'en a-bed with the Moor, And gelt by'r master; you shall be as private As if you lay in's own great house that's haunted,

Where nobody comes, they say. Theod. I thank you, Hostess.

Pray you, will you shew me in?

Hostels. Yes, marry will I, Sir;

And pray that not a flea, or a chinch 3 vex you.

[Exeunt Hostess and Theod.

Inc. You forget supper! Gossip, move for supper. Diego. 'Tis strange what love to a beast may do! his horse

Threw him into this fit.

Inc. You shall excuse me;

It was his being in cuerpo merely caus'd it.

Diego. Do you think fo, Sir? Inc. Most unlucky cuerpo!

Nought else. He looks as he would eat partridge, This guest; ha' you 'em ready in the house? And a fine piece of kid now? and fresh garlick,

Enter Hostess.

With a fardina and Zant oil +? - How now?

. 3 Chinch.] Stevens's Spanish Dictionary explains chinche in this manner: 'An insect breeding in wood, and particularly in bedsteads.
'We call them bugs, and from the French punaises, Latin cimex, thence corruptly chinche.'

4 With a sardina and Zant oil?] A fardina, or fardiny, is an anchovy.

Sympson

Has

Has he bespoke? what, will he have a brace, Or but one partridge? or a short-leg'd hen, Daintily carbonado'd?

Hostess. 'Las, the dead

May be as ready for a supper as he.

Inc. Ha?

Hostess. H' has no mind to eat, more than his shadow.

Inc. Say you?

Diego. How does your worship?

Inc. I put on

My left-shoe first to-day, (now I perceive it) And skipt a bead in saying them over, else I could not be thus cross'd! He cannot be Above seventeen; one of his years, and have No better a stomach?

Hostess. And in such good cloaths too!

Diego. Nay, those do often make the stomach worse, wife:

That is no reason.

Inc. I could; at his years, gossips,
(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten
My brace of ducks, with my half-goose, my cony,
And drank my whole twelve marvedis in wine,
As easy as I now get down three olives.

Diego. And, with your temperance-favour, yet I

think

Your worship would put to't at fix and thirty 5, For a good wager; and the meal in too.

Inc. I do not know what mine old mouth can do;

I have not prov'd it lately.

Diego. That's the grief, Sir.

Inc. But is he, without hope then, gone to-bed? Hostes. I sear so, Sir; h'has lock'd the door close

to him:

Sure he is very ill.

variation; thirty-fix is old to seventeen.

⁵ Your worship would put to't at fix and thirty.] Sympson says,
This is not an age for a man to be called old at: Six and fifty, I
imagine, was what our Authors wrote.' We see no reason for this

Inc. That is with fasting.

You should ha' told him, gossip, what you had had, Given him the inventory of your kitchen; It is the picklock in an inn, and often

Opens a close-barr'd stomach. What may he be, trow? Has he so good a horse?

Diego. Oh, a brave jennet, As e'er your worship saw.

Inc. And he eats?
Diego. Strongly.

Inc. A mighty folecism! Heav'n give me patience! What creatures has he?

Hostess. None.

Inc. And fo well cloath'd,

And so well mounted?

Diego. That's all my wonder, Sir, Who he should be: He is attir'd and hors'd

For the constable's fon of Spain.

Inc. My wonder's more

He should want appetite.—Well, a good night

To both my gossips! I will for this time

Put off the thought of supping. In the morning,

Remember him of breakfast, pray you.

Hostess. I shall, Sir.

Diego. A hungry time, Sir. Inc. We that live like mice

On others' meat, must watch when we can get it. [Exit. Hostess. Yes, but I would not tell him, our fair guest Says, tho' he eat no supper, he will pay For one.

Diego. Good news! we'll eat it, spouse, t' his health. 'Twas politickly done t'admit no sharers.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. Look to the mules there! Where's mine host? Diego. Here, Sir.—

Another fairy?

Hostess. Bless me!

Phil. From what, sweet Hostes?

Are you afraid o' your guests? Hostels. From angels, Sir;

I think there's none but such come here to-night. My house had never so good luck before,

For brave fine guests: And yet, the ill luck on't is, I cannot bid you welcome.

Phil. No?

Hostess. Not lodge you, Sir.

Phil. Not, Hostes?

Hostes. No, in troth, Sir; I do tell you, Because you may provide in time; my beds Are both ta'en up by a young cavalier, That will and must be private.

Diego. He has paid, Sir,

For all our chambers.

Hostes. Which is one; and beds, Which I already ha' told you are two.

So sweet a creature—I am very forry

I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like him? You're both the loveliest pieces

But, Sir,

Phil. What train has he? Diego. None but himself.

Phil. And will no less than both beds

Serve him?

Hostes. H'has giv'n me a ducat for 'em. Phil. Oh.

You give me reason, Hostess. Is he handsome, And young, d'you say?

Hostes. Oh, Sir, the delicat'st flesh,

And finest cloaths withal, and such a horse, With such a saddle!

Phil. She's in love with all,

The horse, and him, and saddle, and cloaths. Good woman,

Thou justifiest thy sex, lov'st all that's brave.

Enter Incubo.

Sure, tho' I lie o'th' ground, I'll stay here now, And have a fight of him: You'll give me house-room, Fire, Fire, and fresh meat, for money, gentle Hostess, And make me a pallet?

Inc. Sir, she shall do reason.

I understood you had another guest, gossips: Pray you let his mule be look'd-to, have good straw, And store of bran. And, gossip, do you hear, Let him not stay for supper: What good sowl ha

you?

This gentleman would eat a pheasant.

Hostess. 'Las, Sir, We ha' no such.

Inc. I kiss your hands, fair Sir .-

What ha' you then? speak what you have.—I'm one, Sir,

Here for the Catholic king, an officer T'enquire what quests come to these pla

T' enquire what guests come to these places: You, Sir, Appear a person of quality, and 'tis fit

You be accommodated.—Why speak you not? What ha' you, woman? are you afraid to vent That which you have?

Phil. This is a most strange man,

T' appoint my meat!

Hostess. The half of a cold hen, Sir,

And a boil'd quarter of kid, is all i'th' house.

Inc. Why, all's but cold. Let him see't forth;

cover,

And give the eye some satisfaction:

A traveller's stomach must see bread and falt; His belly is nearer to him than his kindred.—

Cold hen's a pretty meat, Sir.

Phil. What you please.—

I am refolv'd t' obey.

Inc. So is your kid,

With pepper, garlick, and the juice of an orange: She shall with sallads help it, and clean linen.—

Dispatch!—What news at court, Sir?

Phil. Faith, new tires
Most of the ladies have, the men old suits;
Only the king's fool has a new coat

To serve you.

Inc. I did guess you came from thence, Sir.

Phil. But I do know I did not.

Inc. I mistook, Sir.

What hear you of the archdukes? Phil. Troth, your question.

Enter Hostess and Servants, with a table.

Inc. Of the French business what?

Phil. As much.

Inc. No more?

They say the French—Oh, that's well; come, I'll help you.

Have you no giblets now? or a broil'd rasher?

Or some such present dish t'assist?

Hostess. Not any, Sir.

Inc. The more your fault! you ne'er should be without

Such aids: What cottage would ha' lack'd a pheafant At such a time as this? Well, bring your hen And kid forth quickly.

Phil. That should be my prayer,

To 'scape his inquisition.

Inc. Sir, the French,

They fay, are divided 'bout their match with us: What think you of it?

Phil. As of nought to me, Sir.

Inc. Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love To ask after these things, to know th' affections Of states and princes, now and then, for bettering—

Phil. Of your own ignorance.

Inc. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Many do fo.

Inc. I cannot live without it. What d'you hear? Of our Indian fleet? they fay, they're well return'd. Phil. I had no venture with 'em, Sir; had you?

Enter Hostess and Servants, with meat.

Inc. Why do you ask, Sir?

Phil. 'Cause it might concern you;

It does not me.

Inc. Oh, here's your meat come.

Phil. Thanks!

I welcome it at any price. Inc. Some stools here!

And bid mine host bring wine.—I'll try your kid, If he be sweet: He looks well. Yes; he's good. I'll carve you, Sir.

Phil. You use me too, too princely;

Tafte, and carve too!

Inc. I love to do these offices.

Phil. I think you do; for whose sake?

Inc. For themselves, Sir;

The very doing of them is reward.

Phil. H'had little faith would not believe you, Sir. Inc. Goffip, some wine!

Enter Diego, with wine.

Diego. Here 'tis, and right St. Martin. Inc. Measure me out a glass. Phil. I love the humanity

Us'd in this place.

Inc. Sir, I falute you here. Phil. I kiss your hands, Sir.

Inc. Good wine! it will beget an appetite: Fill him, and fit down, goffip; entertain Your noble guest here, as becomes your title.

Diego. Please you to like this wine, Sir?

Phil. I dislike

Nothing, mine hoft, but that I may not fee Your conceal'd guest. Here's to you!

Diego. In good faith, Sir,
I wish y' as well as him; 'would you might see him!

Inc. And wherefore may he not? Diego. H' has lock'd himself, Sir,

Up; and has hir'd both the beds o' my wife At extraordinary rate.

Phil. I'll give as much

(If that will do't) for one, as he for both: What fay you, mine host? The door once open, I'll sling myself upon the next bed to him, And there's an end of me till morning; noise I will make none.

Diego. I wish your worship well; but——
Inc. His honour is engag'd; and my she-gossip

Hath past her promise, hath she not?

Diego. Yes, truly.

Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the house: Well, I will eat a little, and think. How say you, Sir, Unto this brawn o'th' hen?

Phil. I ha' more mind

To get this bed, Sir.

Inc. Say you so? why then,
Give't me again, and drink to me. Mine host,
Fill him his wine! Thou'rt dull, and dost not praise it.
I eat but to teach you the way, Sir.

Phil. Sir,

Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber, I'll give mine host two ducats for his bed, And you, Sir, two reals. Here's to you!

Inc. Excuse me;

I am not mercenary. Gossip, pledge him for me.
I'll think. A little more; but ev'n one bit;
And then—Talk on; you cannot interrupt me.

Diego. This piece of wine, Sir, cost me-

Inc. Stay! I've found-

This little morfel, and then.—Here's excellent garlick! Have you not a bunch of grapes now, or some bacon, To give the mouth a relish?

Diego. Wife, d' you hear?

Inc. It is no matter. Sir, give mine host your ducats.

Diego. How, Sir!

Inc. Do you receive 'em: I will fave
The honesty of your house; and yours too, gossip;
And I will lodge the gentleman. Shew the chamber.

Diego. Good Sir, d' you hear? Inc. Shew me the chamber.

Diego.

Diego. Pray you, Sir, Do not disturb my guest 7.

Inc. Disturb? I hope

The Catholick king, Sir, may command a lodging, Without disturbing, in his vassal's house, For any minister of his, employ'd

In business of the state. Where is the door? Open the door! Who are you there? Within! In the king's name!

Theod. [within.] What would you have? Inc. Your key, Sir,

And your door open: I have here command To lodge a gentleman, from the justice, sent Upon the king's affairs.

Theod. Kings and necessities

Must be obey'd: The key's under the door.

Inc. How now, Sir? are you fitted? you fecur'd? Phil. Your two reals are grown a piece of eight.

Inc. Excuse me, Sir!

Phil. 'Twill buy a hen, and wine,

Sir, for tomorrow.

Exit.

Inc. I do kifs your hands, Sir.-Well, this will bear my charge yet to the gallies, (Where I am owing a ducat) whither this night, By the moon's leave, I'll march; for in the morning Early, they put from Port St. Mary's.

Diego. Lazaro!

[Exeunt all but Diego.

Enter Lazaro.

How do the horses?

Laz. 'Would you would go and fee, Sir! A plague of all jades 8, what a clap h' has given me!

7 Guests. Former editions.

8 A plague of all jades, &c.] The scene ow coming on likewise occurs in Jonson's comedy of the New Inn, with scarce any variation in the fentiment, though a good deal in the dialogue. The following is Mr. Whalley's note upon this subject:

What follows in this scene, about the tricks of oftlers, occurs "likewise in the first act of Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage; and perhaps there may be some difficulty in accounting for this coincidence. Vol. VII,

As fure as you live, mafter, he knew perfectly I cozen'd him on's oats; he look'd upon me, And then he fneer'd, as who should fay, 'Take heed, firrah!'

And when he faw our half-peck, which you know Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stampt! I thought 't had been for joy; when suddenly He cuts me a back caper with his heels, And takes me just o' th' crupper; down came I, And all my ounce of oats: Then he neigh'd out, As tho' h' had had a mare by th' tail.

Diego. Faith, Lazaro, We are to blame, to use the poor dumb servitors

So cruelly.

Laz. Yonder's this other gentleman's horse, Keeping Our Lady eve; the devil a bit H' has got fince he came in yet; there he stands, And looks, and looks—But 'tis your pleasure, Sir, He shall look lean enough. H' has hay before him, But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choak him, Unless he eat it butter'd. He had four shoes, And good ones, when he came; 'tis a strange wonder, With standing still he should cast three.

We are told that fome plays of Beaumont and Fletcher being e left imperfect, they were fitted for the stage by Shirley, who added what he thought necessary to complete them: And that it is probable he here borrowed from our Author's New Inn, what passes between Lazaro and Diego in Love's Pilgrimage: And this he * thought, perhaps, might be done with fafety enough, as the New Inn met with ill fuccess in the representation. Could we certainly know that play to have been left deficient by its author, I should readily admit the folution: But I think it more probable, this scene · was originally given to Fletcher by Jonson himself: Fletcher died in 1625, and the New Inn was not brought upon the stage till 6 1629. Our Author, therefore, might naturally redemand his own ' property, when fo fair an occasion occurred for employing it himfelf: Otherwise, I do not see how we can account for part of this · play's appearing long before, in the performance of another author. It will not, I believe, be faid that Jonson was the borrower; for the whole scene is entirely in his manner: And we have an instance in our Author's Sejanus, how extremely ferupulous he was in claiming to himself what was the production of another person.'

Diego. Oh, Lazaro,
The devil's in this trade! Truth never knew it;
And to the devil we shall travel, Lazaro,
Unless we mend our manners. Once ev'ry week
I meet with such a knock to mollify me,
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.

Laz. Certain, master, We must use better dealing.

Diego. 'Faith, for mine own part,
(Not to give ill example to our iffues)
I could be well content to fteal but two girths,
And now and then a faddle-cloth; change a bridle,

Only for exercise.

Laz. If we could ftay there,
There were fome hope on's, master; but the devil is
We're drunk so early, we mistake whole saddles,
Sometimes a horse; and then it seems to us too
Ev'ry poor jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean straw; and every bottle
Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,
There's no such matter, not a smell of provender,
Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail,
Nor any thing i' th' rack, but two old cobwebs,
And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest.

Diego. Well, these mistakings must be mended, Lazaro, These apparitions, that abuse our senses, And make us ever apt to sweep the manger, But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot, And we must pray it may be reveal'd to us Whose horse we ought, in conscience, to cozen, And how, and when: A parson's horse may suffer A little greasing in his teeth, 'tis wholesome, And keeps him in a sober shuffle; and his saddle May want a stirrup, and it may be sworn His learning lay on one side, and so broke it: H' has ever oats in's cloak-bag to prevent us?,

⁹ To prevent us.] Jonson in his New Inn, reads what may be the right here, to affront us. The corruption was easy.

B 2 And

And therefore 'tis a meritorious office To tithe him foundly.

Laz. And a grazier may
(For those are pinching puckfoists 1°, and suspicious)
Suffer a mist before his eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees his horse eat half-a-bushel;
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with falt,
'Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble
Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,

And drop 'em out again.

Diego. That may do well too, And no doubt 'tis but venial: But, good Lazaro, Have you a care of understanding horses, Horses with angry heels, gentlemens' horses, Horses that know the world! Let them have meat 'Till their teeth ache, and rubbing 'till their ribs Shine like a wench's forehead; they are devils——

Laz. And look into our dealings. As fure as we live, These courtiers' horses are a kind of Welch prophets; Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part, The next I cozen of that kind shall be founder'd, And of all four too; I'll no more such compliments' Upon my crupper.

Diego. Steal but a little longer,

'Till I am lam'd too, and we'll repent together; It will not be above two days.

Laz. By that time

I shall be well again, and all forgot, Sir.

Diego. Why then, I'll stay for thee.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Theodofia and Philippo discovered on several beds.

Theod. Oh ho! oh ho!

Phil. Ha!

Theod. Oh—oh!—Heart, heart, heart! Phil. What's that?

Theod. When wilt thou break, break, break?

Phil.

Puckfoiss.] Puckbail, or puckfit, a kind of mushroom full of dust. Johnson.

12 Phil. Ha!

I would the voice were stronger", or I nearer.

Theod. Shame, fhame, eternal shame! what have I done-

Phil. Done?

Theod. And to no end! what a wild journey

Have I more wildly undertaken!

Phil. Journey?

Theod. How, without counsel, care, reason, or fear! Phil. Whither will this fit carry?

Theod. Oh, my folly!

Phil. This is no common fickness.

Theod. How have I left

All I should love, or keep! Oh, Heav'n!

Phil. Sir!

Theod. Ha!

Phil. How do you, gentle Sir? Theod. Alas, my fortune!

Phil. It feems your forrow oppresses: Please your goodness,

Let me bear half, Sir; a divided burthen Is fo made lighter.

Theod. Oh!

Phil. That figh betrays The fullness of your grief.

Theod. Ay, if that grief Had not bereft me of my understanding, I should have well remember'd where I was,

And in what company; and clapt a lock

Upon this tongue for talking.

Phil. Worthy Sir,

Let it not add t' your grief, that I have heard A figh or groan come from you; that is all, Sir.

Theod. Good Sir, no more! you've heard too much, I fear:

'Would I had taken poppy when I spake it! Phil. It feems you have an ill belief of me,

Were strong.] I imagine we should read here for improving both metre and sense thus, were stronger, or I nearer. Sympson. And

And would have fear'd much more, had you spoke

aught

I could interpret. But, believe it, Sir, Had I had means to look into your breaft, And ta'en you fleeping here, that fo fecurely I might have read all that your woe would hide, I would not have betray'd you.

Theod. Sir, that speech

Is very noble, and almost would tempt

My need to trust you.

Phil. At your own election;

I dare not make my faith fo much suspected As to protest again; nor am I curious

To know more than is fit.

Theod. Sir, I will trust you;

But you shall promise, Sir, to keep your bed, And, whatsoe'er you hear, not to importune

More, I befeech you, from me-

Phil. Sir, I will not.

Theod. Then I am prone to utter.

Phil. My faith for it!

Theod. If I were wife, I yet should hold my peace.

You will be noble?

Phil. You fhall make me fo, If you'll but think me fuch.

Theod. I do. Then know

You are deceiv'd with whom you've talk'd fo long: I am a most unfortunate lost woman.

Phil. Ha!

Theod. Do not stir, Sir! I have here a sword.

Phil. Not I, fweet lady. Of what blood or name?

Theod. You'll keep your faith?

Phil. I'll perish else. Theod. Believe, then,

Of birth too noble for me, so descended——I am asham'd, no less than I'm affrighted.

Phil. Fear not: By all good things, I will not wrong you!

Theod. I am the daughter of a noble gentleman,

Born

Born in this part of Spain; my father's name, Sir-But why should I abuse that reverence,

When a child's duty has forfaken me?

Phil. All may be mended, in fit time too: Speak it.

Theod. Alphonfo, Sir. Phil. Alphonfo? What's your own name? Theod. Any base thing you can invent.

Phil.-Deal truly.

Theod. They call me Theodofia.

Phil. Ha! And Love

Is that hath chang'd you thus "? Theod. You have observ'd me

Too nearly, Sir; 'tis that indeed; 'tis love, Sir: And love of him-oh, Heav'ns, why should men deal thus?

Why should they use their arts to cozen us That have no cunning, but our fears, about us; And ever that too late too; no diffembling Or double way, but doting, too much loving? Why should they find new oaths, to make more wretches?

Phil. What may his name be? Theod. Sir, a name that promifes,

Methinks, no fuch ill usage; Marc-Antonio, A noble neighbour's fon. Now I must desire you To ftay a while; else my weak eyes must answer.

Phil. I will.—Are you yet ready? What's his quality?

Theod. His best, a thief, Sir; that he would be known by

Is, heir to Leonardo, a rich gentleman; Next, of a handsome body, had Heav'n made him A mind fit to it. To this man, my fortune (My more than purblind fortune) gave my faith, Drawn to it by as many shows of service And figns of truth, as ever false tongue utter'd: Heav'n pardon all!

Phil. 'Tis well faid! Forward, lady.

11 Is that that hath chang'd you thus? Theod. You've observ'd me. The lection of the former editions. Theod.

Theod. Contracted, Sir, and by exchange of rings Our fouls deliver'd; nothing left unfinish'd But the last work, enjoying me, and ceremony; For that, I must confess, was the first wife doubt I ever made. Yet, after all this love, Sir, All this profession of his faith, when daily And hourly I expected the bless'd priest, He left me like a dream, as all this story Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not; Yet I have call'd my conscience to confession, And every fyllable that might offend I've had in shrift: Yet neither love's law, fignor, Nor tie of maiden's duty, but defiring, Have I transgress'd in. Left his father too; Nor whither he is gone, or why departed, Can any tongue resolve me. All my hope (Which keeps me yet alive, and would perfuade me I may be once more happy, and thus shapes me A shame to all my modest sex) is this, Sir; I have a brother, and his old companion, Student in Salamanca; there my last hope, If he be yet alive, and can be loving, Is left me to recover him: For which travel, In this fuit left at home of that dear brother's, Thus as you find me, without fear, or wisdom, I've wander'd from my father, fled my friends, And now am only child of Hope and Danger. You are now filent, Sir; this tedious ftory (That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy: "Tis fit it should do so; for that and I Can be but troubles.

Fbil. No; I sleep not, lady:

I would I could I Oh, Heav'n, is this my comfort? Theod. What ail you, gentle Sir?

Phil. Oh!

Theod. Why d'you groan fo? Phil. I must, I must! oh, misery!

Theed. But now, Sir,

You were my comfort: If any thing afflict you, Am not I fit to bear a part on't? and by your own rule?

Phil.

Phil. No; if you could heal, as you have wounded

But 'tis not in your power.

Theod. I fear intemperance.

Phil. Nay, do not feek to shun me! I must see you, By Heav'n, I must. Hoa there, mine host! a candle! Strive not; I will not stir you.

Theod. Noble Sir,

This is a breach of promise.

Phil. Tender lady,

It shall be none but necessary. Hoa there!

Some light 12, fome light!

Theod. For Heav'n's fake! Will you betray me?

Are you a gentleman?

Phil. Good woman-

Theod. Sir!

Enter Diego, with a light.

Phil. If I be prejudicial to you, curse me! Diego. You're early stirring, Sir. Phil. Give me your candle;

And fo, good-morrow for a while.

Diego. Good-morrow, Sir. [Exit. Theod. My brother don Philippo? Nay, Sir, kill me!

I ask no mercy, Sir, for none dare know me; I can deserve none. As you look upon me, Behold in infinite these foul dishonours My noble father, then yourself, last all That bear the name of kindred, suffer in me!

I have forgot whose child I am, whose fifter;

Do you forget the pity tied to that, Let not compassion sway you! you will be then As foul as I, and bear the same brand with me,

A favourer of my fault. You have a fword, Sir, And fuch a cause to kill me in——

Phil. Rife, fifter!

I wear no fword for women, nor no anger,

12 Some light, Jome light, for Heav'n's fake.

Theod. Will you, &c.] So all the former editions; but it seems very unlikely that the words for Heav'n's sake should be spoke by Philippo; we have given them to Theodosia, to whose distress they are perfectly suitable.

While.

While your fair chaftity is yet untouch'd.

Theod. By those bright stars, it is, Sir.

Phil. For my fifter

I do believe you; and fo near blood has made us, With the dear love I ever bore your virtues,

That I will be a brother to your griefs too.

Be comforted: 'Tis no dishonour, sister, To love, nor to love him you do; he is a gentleman

Of as fweet hopes as years, as many promifes

As there be growing truths, and great ones.

Theod. Oh, Sir!

Phil. Do not despair.

Theod. Can you forgive?

Phil. Yes, fifter,

Tho' this be no small error, a far greater.

Theod. And think me still your fister?

Phil. My dear sister.

Theod. And will you counsel me?

Phil. To your own peace too:

You shall love still.

Theod. How good you are!

Phil. My bufiness,

And duty to my father, which now drew me

From Salamanca, I will lay afide,

And only be your agent 12. To perfuade you

To leave both love, and him, and well retire you— Theod. Oh, gentle brother!

Phil. I perceive 'tis folly:

Delays in love, more dangerous 13

Theod. Noble brother!

Phil. Fear not, I'll run your own way; and to help you.

12 And only be your agent to persuade ye

To leave, &c.] The punctuation amended by a friend of Mr.

Sympson.

Delays in love, more dangerous.] More dangerous than what? Here is nothing feemingly to which this more has any relation: I would therefore propose reading thus,

Delays in love are dangerous.

He means MORE dangerous than perfuading her to quit her lover.

It is plain, by the answer and reply, she interrupts him. We have therefore made it a broken speech.

(Love

(Love having rack'd your passions beyond counsel) I'll hazard mine own fame. Whither shall we venture?

Theed. Alas, I know not, Sir. Phil. Come, 'tis bright morning;

Let's walk out, and confider. You will keep this habit?

Theod. I would, Sir.

Phil. Then it shall be: What must I call you? Come, do not blush; pray speak; I may spoil all else. Theod. Pray call me Theodoro.

Enter Diego.

Diego. Are you ready?

The day draws on apace. Once more, good-morrow! Theod. Good-morrow, gentle hoft. Now I must thank you.

Phil. Who doft thou think this is?

Diego. Were you a wench, Sir,

I think you'd know before me.

Phil. Mine own brother.

Diego. By th' mass, your noses are akin! Should I then

Have been fo barbarous to have parted brothers?

Phil. You knew it then?

Diego. I knew 'twas necessary

You should be both together: Instinct, fignor, Is a great matter in an host.

Theod. I'm fatisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Is not mine hoft up yet?

Phil. Who's that?

Diego. I'll fee.

- 100

Phil. Sifter, withdraw yourfelf.

Pedro. Signor Philippo!

Phil. Noble don Pedro! where have you been this way?

Pedro. I came from Port St. Maries, whence the

Put this last tide; and bound for Barcelona,

I brought

I brought Marc-Antony upon his way.

Phil. Marc-Antony?

Pedro. Who is turn'd foldier,

And entertain'd in the new regiment

For Naples.

Phil. Is it possible? Pedro. I affure you.

Phil. And put they in at Barcelona?

Pedro. So

One of the masters told me.

Phil. Which way go you, Sir?

Pedro. Home.

Phil. And I for Sevil. Pray you, Sir, fay not That you saw me, if you shall meet the question; I have some little business.

Pedro. Were it less, Sir,

It shall not become me to lose the caution.

Shall we breakfast together?

Phil. I'll come to you, Sir. Exit Pedro.

Sister, you hear this; I believe your fortune Begins to be propitious to you. We will hire Mules of mine hoft here; if we can, himself To be our guide, and straight to Barcelona. This was as happy news as unexpected. Stay you 'till I rid him away.

Theod. I will. Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso and a Servant.

Alph. K NOCK at the door. Serv. 'Tis open, Sir.

Alph. That's all one; Knock when I bid you.

Serv. Will not your worship enter?

Alph. Will not you learn more manners, Sir, and do that

Your

Your master bids you? Knock, you knave, or I'll knock Such a round peal about your pate——I enter Under his roof, or come to say 'God save you' To him, the son of whose base dealings has undone me 14?

(Knock louder! louder yet!) I'll starve and rot first; This open air is every man's.

2 Serv. [within.] Come in, Sir.

Enter Second Servant.

Alph. No, no, Sir; I'm none of these 'Come-in-Sirs,' None of those visitants: Bid your wise master Come out; I have to talk unto him; go, Sir! 2 Serv. Your worship may be welcome.

Alph. Sir, I will not;

I come not to be welcome. Good my three ducats, My pickled sprat a-day, and no oil to't, And once a-year a cotten coat! leave prating, And tell your master I am here.

2 Serv. I will, Sir.—
This is a ftrange old man.
Alph. I welcome to him?

[Exit.

I'll be first welcome to a pest-house. Sirrah, Let's have your valour now cas'd up, and quiet, When an occasion calls; 'tis wisdom in you, A servingman's discretion: If you do draw,

Enter Leonardo, and Sanchio (carried by two fervants in a chair).

Draw but according to your entertainment; Five nobles' worth of fury.

Leo. Signor Alphonfo,

I hope no difcontent from my will given,

14 The fon of whose base dealings—] The oddness of the phrase, the son of base dealings, and the length of the line, make me mightily inclin'd to believe the original might have been expessed thus, To him, whose son's base dealings has undone me. Sympson.

Although the text is fomewhat licentious, it is probably genuine, and, we think, preserable to Sympson's variation.

Has

Has made you shun my house: I ever lov'd you sand credit me, amongst my fears 'tis greatest To minister offences.

Alph. Oh, good signor,

I know you for Italian breed, fair-tongu'd!
Spare your apologies; I care not for 'em;
As little for your love, Sir: I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and fleep
Without dependences, or hopes upon you.
I come to ask my daughter.

Leo. Gentle Sir!

Alph. I am not gentle, Sir; nor gentle will be, 'Till I have justice, my poor child restor'd Your caper-cutting boy has run away with, Young signor Smooth-face; he that takes up wenches With smiles and sweet behaviours, songs, and sonnets; Your high-fed jennet, that no hedge can hold: They say you bred him for a stallion.

Sanc. Fy, fignor! there be times, and terms of

honour

To argue these things in, decidements able To speak ye noble gentlemen, ways punctual, And to the life of credit; you're too rugged.

Alph. I am too tame, Sir.

Leo. Will you hear but reason?

Alph. No, I will hear no reason: I come not hither To be popt off with reason; reason then.

Sanc. Why, fignor, in all things there must be method;

You choke the child of Honour elfe, Discretion.

Do you conceive an injury?

Alph. What then, Sir?

Sanc. Then follow it in fair terms; let your sword bite,

When time calls, not your tongue.

Alph. I know, Sir,

Both when and what to do, without directions,

¹⁵ I ever low'd you.] These words are only in first folio, from which we have recovered them.

And where, and how; I come not to be tutor'd; My cause is no man's but mine own. You, signor! Will you restore my daughter?

Leo. Who detains her?

Alph. No more of these slight shifts!

Leo. You urge me, fignor,

With strange injustice: Because my son has err'd-Sanc. Mark him.

Leo. Out of the heat of youth, does't follow

I must be father of his crimes?

Alph. I fay still,

Leave off your rhet'rick, and restore my daughter, And fuddenly; bring in your rebel too, Mountdragon, he that mounts without commission, That I may fee him punish'd, and feverely; Or, by that holy Heav'n, I'll fire your house! And there's my way of honour.

Sanc. Pray give me leave.

Was not man made the noblest creature?

Alph. Well, Sir?

Sanc. Should not his mind then answer to his

making,

And to his mind his actions? If this ought to be, Why do we run a blind way from our worths, And cancel our discretions, doing those things To cure offences, are the most offences? We've rules of justice in us; to those rules Let us apply our angers: You can confider The want in others of these terminations, And how unfurnish'd they appear.

Alph. Hang others!

And, where the wrongs are open, hang respects! I come not to confider.

Leo. Noble Sir,

Let's argue coolly, and confider like men.

Alph. Like men?

Leo. You are too fudden still.

Alph. Like men, Sir?

Sanc. It is fair language, and allied to honour.

Alph.

Alph. Why, what strange beast would your grave reverence

Make me appear? Like men? Sanc. Tafte but that point, Sir,

And you recover all.

Alph. I tell thy wisdom

I am as much a man, and as good a man-

Leo. All this is granted, Sir.

Alph. As wife a man-

Sanc. You are not tainted that way.

Alph. And a man

Dares make thee no man; or, at best, a base man.

Sanc. Fy, fy! here wants much carriage.

Alph. Hang much carriage! Leo. Give me good language.

Alph. Sirrah fignor, give me my daughter.

Leo. I am as gentle as yourfelf, as free born-

Sanc. Observe his way.

Leo. As much respect ow'd to me-

Sanc. This hangs together nobly.

Leo. And for civil,

A great deal more, it seems. Go look your daughter! Sanc. There you went well off, signor.

Leo. That rough tongue

You understand at first. You never think, Sir, Out of your mightiness, of my loss; here I stand, A patient anvil to your burning angers,

Made subject to your dangers; yet my loss equal:

Who shall bring home my fon? Alph. A whipping beadle.

Leo. Why, is your daughter whorish?

Alph. Ha, thou dar'ft not-

By Heav'n, I know thou dar'ft not-

Leo. I dare more, Sir, If you dare be uncivil.

you date be uncivil.

Alph. Laugh too, pigeon?

Sanc. A fitter time, for Fame's fake! two weak nurses Would laugh at this. Are there no more days coming, No ground but this to argue on? No swords left,

Nor

Nor friends to carry this, but your own furies! Alas! it shews too weakly.

Alph. Let it shew!

I come not here for shows. Laugh at me, signah? I'll give you cause to laugh.

Leo. You are as like, Sir.

As any man in Spain.

Alph. By Heav'n, I will;

I will, brave Leonardo!

Leo. Brave Alphonso,

I will expect it then.

Sanc. Hold ye there both!

These terms are noble.

Alph. You shall hear shortly from me.

Sanc. Now discreetly.

Alph. Affure yourself you shall. Do you see this fword, Sir?

He has not east his teeth yet.

Sanc. Rarely carried!

Alph. He bites deep, most times mortal: Signor, I'll hound him at thee; fair and home.

Sanc. Still nobly.

Alph. And at all those that dare maintain you.

Sanc. Excellent!

Leo. How you shall please, Sir, so it be fair; tho' certain

I'd rather give you reason.

Sanc. Fairly urg'd too!

Alph. This is no age for reason; prick your reason Upon your fword's point——

Sanc. Admirably follow'd!

Alph. And there I'll hear it. So, 'till I please, live, Sir. Exit.

Leo. And so, farewell! you're welcome.

Sanc. Th' end crown all things.

Signor, fome little business past, this cause I'll argue, And be a peace between ye, if't so please you,

And by the square of honour to the utmost.

I feel the old man's mafter'd by much passion,

And

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And too high rack'd, which makes him overshoot all His valour should direct at, and hurt those That stand but by as blenchers. This he must know too. As necessary to his-judgment; doting women Are neither safe nor wise adventurers, conceive me, If once their wills have wander'd: Nor is't then A time to use our rages; for why should I Bite at the stone, when he that throws it wrongs me? Do not we know that women are most wooers, Tho' closest in their carriage? Don't all men know. Scarce all the compass of the globe can hold 'em, If their affections be a-foot? Shall I then covet The follies of a she-fool, that by nature Must seek her like, by reason be a woman? Sink a tall ship, because the fails defy me? No, I disdain that folly; he that ventures Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out The everlafting motion in his fcabbard 16. I doubt not to make peace. And so, for this time, My best love and remembrance!

Leo. Your poor servant!

[Exeuns:

SCENEIL

Enter Diego, Philippo, and Theodofia.

Phil. Where will our horses meet us?

Diego. Fear not you, Sir;

Some half-mile hence my worship's man will stay us. How is it with my young bloods? Come, be jovial: Let's travel like a merry flock of wild geefe, Every tongue talking.

Phil. We are very merry. But do you know this way, Sir?

Theod. Is't not dangerous? Methinks these woody thickets should harbour knaves. Diego. I fear none but fair wenches; those are thieves

May

¹⁶ He that ventures, &c.] This is rather obscure; but signifies, He that will draw his fword as often as womens' conduct gives him cause, will never let it rest in the scabbard.'

May quickly rob me of my good conditions, If they cry ftand once. But the best is, signors, They cannot bind my hands; for any else, They meet an equal knave, and there's my passport. I've seen fine sport in this place; had these trees tongues,

They'd tell ye pretty matters: Don't you fear tho';

They are not every day's delights.

Phil. What sport, Sir?

Diego. Why, to fay true, the sport of all sports.

Phil. What was't?

Diego. Such turning-up of taffetaes! and you know To what rare whistling tunes they go, far beyond A foft wind in the shrouds; such stand there, And down i'th' other place! fuch supplications And fub-divisions for those toys their honours! One, 'As you are a gentleman,' in this bush; And 'Oh, fweet Sir, what mean you? There's a bracelet, 'And use me, I beseech you, like a woman!' And her petition's heard; another fcratches, And cries she'll die first, and then swoons; but certain She's brought to life again, and does well after. Another, 'Save mine honour, oh, mine honour! 'My husband serves the duke, Sir, in his kitchen; 'I have a cold pie for you; fy, fy, fy, gentlemen! " Will nothing fatisfy you? where's my hufband?" Another cries, 'D'ye fee, Sir, how they use me?

Is there no law for these things?"

Theod. And, good mine host,

Do you call these fine sports?

Diego. What should I call 'em?

They've been so call'd these thousand years and upwards.

Phil. But what becomes o'th' men? Diego. They're stript and bound,

Like so many Adams, with fig-leaves afore 'em,

And there's their innocence.

Theod. 'Would we had known this,

Before we reach'd this place! .

Phil. Come, there's no danger; These are but sometimes chances.

C 2

Enter

Enter Incubo 17.

Diego. Now we must through.

Theod. Who's that?

Diego. Stand to it, signors!

Phil. No, it needs not;

I know the face, 'tis honest.

Inc. What, mine hoft,

Mine everlasting honest host?

Diego. Mass, Baily?

Now, in the name of an ill reckoning, What make you walking this round?

Inc. A pox of this round,

And of all business too, thro' woods! and, rascals, They've rounded me away a dozen ducats,

Besides a fair round cloak: Some of 'em knew me,

Elfe they had cas'd me like a cony too,

As they have done the rest, and I think roasted me, Forthey began to baste me soundly. My young signors, You may thank Heav'n, and heartily, and hourly, You set not out so early; y' had been smoak'd else, By this true hand ye had, Sirs, finely smoak'd; Had ye been women, smock'd too.

Theod. Heav'n defend us!

Inc. Nay, that had been no prayer; there were those That run that prayer out of breath, yet fail'd too. There was a friar, now you talk of prayer, With an huge bunch of beads, like a rope of onions, (I'm fure as big) that, out of fear and prayer, In half-an-hour wore 'em as small as bugles; Yet he was slead too.

Phil. At what hour was this?

Inc. Some two hours fince.

Theod. D' you think the passage sure now?

Inc. Yes, a rope take 'em (as it will) and bless 'em!

They've done for this day sure.

Phil. Are many rifled?

¹⁷ Enter Bailiff.] The former editions make strange confusion with Incubo's character, calling him in some scenes by his name, and in others Bailiff, as if they were two distinct characters. This error is now corrected.

Inc. At the least a dozen, And there left bound.

Theod. How came you free?

Inc. A courtefy

They use, out of their rogueships, to bequeath To one, that, when they give a fign from far, (Which is from out of danger) he may prefently Release the rest: As I met you, I was going, Having the fign from yonder hill to do it.

Theod. Alas, poor men!

Phil. Mine hoft, pray go unty 'em.

Diego. Let me alone for cancelling! where are they? Inc. In every bush, like black-birds; you can't miss 'em.

Diego. I need not stalk unto 'em.

[Exit.

Inc. No, they'll stand you,

My bufy life for yours, Sir. You would wonder To fee the feveral tricks and strange behaviours Of the poor rascals in their miseries: One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping, A third is monstrous angry he can laugh, And cries, 'Go to! this is no time;' he laughs still; A fourth exhorts to patience; him a fifth man Curses for tameness; him a friar schools; All hoot the friar; here one fings a ballad; And there a little curate confutes him: And in this linfey-woolfey way, that would make a dog Forget his dinner, or an old man fire, They rub out for their ransoms. Amongst the rest, There is a little boy robb'd, a fine child, It feems a page: I must confess my pity (As 'tis a hard thing in a man of my place To shew compassion) stirr'd at him; so finely, And without noise, he carries his afflictions,

Enter Diego, and Leocadia and others as robb'd. This boy's the glory of this robbery; The rest but shame the action. Now ye may hear 'em. Diego, Come, lads, 'tisholy-day; hang cloaths; 'tishor,

And looks as if he had but dream'd of losing.

And sweating agues are abroad.

r Peffenger. It feems fo; For we have met with rare physicians

To cure us of that malady.

Diego. Fine footing,

Light and deliver; now, my boys! Master Friar, How does your holiness? Bear up, man! what, A cup of neat sack now, and a toast? ha, Friar? A warm plaister to your belly, father!

There were a bleffing now!

Friar. You fay your mind, Sir.

Diego. Where's my fine boy, my pointer?

Inc. There's the wonder.

Diego. A rank whore fcratch their fides till the pox follow

For robbing thee! thou haft a thousand ways To rob thyself, boy; dice, and a chamber-devil.

Leoc. You are deceiv'd, Sir. Diego. And thy mafter too, boy.

Phil. A fweet-fac'd boy, indeed! what rogues were these,

What barbarous, brutish slaves, to strip this beauty? Theod. Come hither, my boy. Alas! he's cold: Mine host,

We must entreat your cloak. Diego. Can you entreat it?

Phil. We do prefume to much; you've other garments.

Diego. Will you entreat those too?

Theod. Your mule must too

To the next town; you fay 'tis near: In pity, You cannot fee this poor boy perish; I know You have a better foul. We'll satisfy you.

Diego. 'Tis a strange foolish trick I have, but I can't

help it;

I'm ever cozen'd with mine own commendations; It is determin'd then I shall be robb'd too, To make up vantage to this dozen. Here, Sir; Heav'n has provided you a simple garment

To

To set you off; pray keep it handsomer Than you kept your own, and let me have it render'd, Brush'd and discreetly folded.

Leoc. I thank you, Sir.

Diego. Who wants a doublet?

2 Pass. I. Diego. Where will you have it?

2 Pass. From you, Sir, if you please.

Diego. Oh, there's the point, Sir.

Phil. My honest friends, I'm forry for your fortunes; But that's but poor relief: Here are ten ducats; And to your distribution, holy Sir, I render 'em, and let it be your care To fee 'em, as your wants are, well divided.

Diego. Plain dealing now, my friends; and, father

Friar,

Set me the faddle right! no wringing, Friar, Nor tithing to the church! these are no duties; Scour me your conscience! if the devil tempt you, Off with your cord, and fwinge him!

Friar. You fay well, Sir.

All. Heav'n keep your goodness!

Theod. Peace keep you! Farewell, friends!

Diega. Farewell, light-horse-men! [Exe. the robbed.

Phil. Which way trave! you, Sir?

Inc. To the next town.

Theod. Do you want any thing?

Inc. Only difcretion to travel at good hours, And some warm meat to moderate this matter;

For I am most outrageous, cruel hungry.

Diego. I have a stomach too, such as it is, Would pose a right good pasty; I thank Heav'n for't.

Inc. Cheefe, that would break the teeth of a new handfaw, .

I could endure now like an offrich 17; or falt beef,

17 Cheefe-I could endure now—] What my host means is plain and easy, viz. That he could digest cheese which would break an handsaw's teeth, his stomach being as strong as that of an offrich. But I believe no dictionary of our language will furnish us with such a sense of the word endure. I have therefore taken the liberty to substitute what I

That Cæsar left in pickle.

Phil. Take no care;

We'll have meat for you, and enough. I' th' mean time,

Keep you the horse-way, lest the fellow miss us;

We'll meet you at the end o' th' wood.

Diego. Make haste then. [Exe. Diego and Inc.

Theod. My pretty Sir, till your necessities

Be full supplied, so please you trust our friendships! We must not part.

Leac. You've pull'd a charge upon you; Yet fuch a one as ever shall be thankful.

Phil. You've faid enough. May I be bold to ask you, What province you were bred in? and of what parents?

Lecc. You may, Sir: I was born in Andaluzia, My name Francisco, son to don Henriques

De Cardinas.

Theod. Our noble neighbour! Phil. Son to don Henriques?

I know the gentleman: And, by your leave, Sir, I know he has no fon.

Leoc, None of his own, Sir,

Which makes him put that right upon his brother Don Sanchio's children: One of which I am, And therefore do not much err.

Phil. Still you do, Sir,

For neither has don Sanchio any fon: A daughter, and a rare one, is his heir, Which, tho' I never was so blest to see,

Yet I have heard great good of.
Theod Urge no further!

He is ashamed, and blushes.

Phil. Sir,

If 't might import you to conceal yourself, I ask your mercy, I have been so curious.

really believe was the original reading, viz. endue, or endew. 'Tis a term in Falconry which Bloome explains thus, Endew, is when an hawk digesteth her meat, that she not only dischargeth her gorge thereof, but likewise cleanseth her pannel.

Sympson.

We think this variation too forced to have place in the text.

Leoc. Alas! I must ask yours, Sir, for these lies; Yet they were useful ones; for by the claiming Such noble parents, I believ'd your bounties Would shew more gracious. The plain truth is, gentlemen,

I am don Sanchio's fteward's fon, a wild boy, That for the fruits of his unhappiness

Is fain to feek the wars.

Theod. This is a lie too,

If I have any ears.

Phil. Why?

Theed. Mark his language,

And you shall find it of too sweet a relish For one of such a breed. I'll pawn my hand, This is no boy.

Phil. No boy? what would you have him?
Theod. I know no boy: I watch'd how fearfully,
And yet how fuddenly, he cur'd his lies,
The right wit of a woman; now I'm fure———

Phil. What are you fure?

Theod. That 'tis no boy; I'll burn in't.

Phil. Now I confider better, and take counsel, Methinks he shews more sweetness in that face, Than his fears dare deliver.

Theod. No more talk on't!

There hangs some great weight by it; soon at night I'll tell you more.

Phil. Come, Sir, whate'er you are,

With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps In any need you have.

Leoc. All my poor fervice

Shall be at your command, Sir, and my prayers.

Phil. Let's walk apace; hunger will cut their throats else.

[Exeunt.

Enter Rodorigo and Marc-Antonio18; two chairs set out.

Rod. Call up the master.

Master [within]. Here, Sir.

Rod. Honest master,

Give order all the gallies with this tide
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next wind
We may weigh off together, and recover
The port of Barcelona, without parting.

Master [within]. Your pleasure's done, Sir.

Rod. Signor Marc-Antonio,

'Till meat be ready, let's fit here, and prepare Our stomachs with discourses.

Marc. What you pleafe, Sir.

Rod. Pray you answer me to this doubt.

Marc. If I can, Sir.

Rod. Why should such plants as you are, Pleasure's children,

That owe their blushing years to gentle objects, Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fullness, Desire the stubborn wars?

Marc. In those 'tis wonder,
That make their ease their god, and not their honour:
But, noble general, my end is other;
Desire of knowledge, Sir, and hope of tying
Discretion to my time, which only shews me,
And not my years, a man, and makes that more

18 Enter Rodorigo, Marc-Antonio, and a Ship mafter.] But if the latter entered with the two former, what occasion for Rodorigo's ordering him to be called up? The direction in the folio of 1647, is more ridiculous Mil; because these three persons are placed at the head of the scene as in the octavo, and yet the Master is made to answer, within.

Sympson.

Mr. Sympson is here very severe on the Editors who preceded him, and yet seems more reprehensible himself; for (in his edition) he omits the Master's entrance, yet mentions his departure; he calls it ridiculous' for the first solio to make him speak within, and yet allows him to speak, tho' neither within nor present.

Which

Which we call handsome; the rest is but boy's beauty, And with the boy consum'd.

Rod. You argue well, Sir.

Marc. Nor do I wear my youth, as they wear breeches,

For object, but for use; my strength for danger, (Which is the liberal part of man) not dalliance: The wars must be my mistress, Sir.

Rod. Oh, fignor,

You'll find her a rough wench.

Marc. When she is won once,

She'll shew the sweeter, Sir.

Rod. You can be pleas'd though,

Sometimes to take a tamer? *Marc.* 'Tis a truth,' Sir;

So fhe be handsome, and not ill-condition'd. *Rod*. A soldier should not be so curious.

Marc. I can make shift with any for a heat, Sir. Rod. Nay, there you wrong your youth too; and however

You're pleas'd t'appear to me, which shews well, fignor,

A tougher foul than your few years can testify; Yet, my young Sir, out of mine own experience When my spring was, I'm able to confute you, And say, y'had rather come to th' shock of eyes, And boldly march up to your mistress' mouth, Than to the cannon's.

Marc. That's as their lading is, Sir.

Rod. There be trenches

Fitter and warmer for your years, and fafer, Than where the bullet plays.

Marc. There's it I doubt, Sir.

Rod. You'll eafily find that faith. But come, be liberal;

What kind of woman could you make best wars with?

Marc. They're all but heavy marches.

Rod. Fy, Marc-Antonio!
Beauty in no more reverence?

Marc.

Marc. In the fex, Sir,
I honour it, and next to honour, love it,
For there is only beauty; and that fweetness,
That was first meant for modesty, sever it,
And put it in one woman, it appears not;
'Tis of too rare a nature, she too gross
To mingle with it——

Rod. This is a mere herefy.

Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that

That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery, An outward show of things well fet, no more: For heav'nly beauty is as Heav'n itself, Sir, Too excellent for object, and what's seen Is but the veil then, airy clouds 19: Grant this, It may be seen, 'tis but like stars in twinklings.

Rod. 'Twas no small study in their libraries
Brought you to this experience. But what think
you

Of that fair red and white, which we call beauty?

Marc. Why, 'tis our creature, Sir; we give it 'eng Because we like those colours; else 'tis certain A blue face with a motley nose would do it, And be as great a beauty, so we lov'd it: That we cannot give, which is only beauty, Is a fair mind.

Rod. By this rule, all our choices

Marc. Except the dull end, doing.

19 -what is feen

The variation is not amiss; but the old text is good sense, and we believe genuine. Then is very naturally placed here, and follows up the argument; which is, 'Beauty is invisible; what is seen then 'is but the veil.'

Is but the wail then, airy clouds;—] The monofyllable then feems not to have any good authority for itanding here, as having nothing to which it refers. I suspect a corruption as well in the sense, as in the pointing, and that it stood originally thus:

Is but the vail, thin, airy clouds, &c. Sympson.

Rod. Then all to you feem equal?

Marc. Very true, Sir,

And that makes equal dealing: I love any

That's worth love.

Rod. How long love you, fignor? Marc. "Fill I have other business.

Rod. Do you never

Love stedfastly one woman?

Marc. 'Tis a toil, Sir,

Like riding in one road perpetually;

It offers no variety.

Rod. Right youth!

He must needs make a soldier. Nor do you think One woman can love one man?

Marc. Yes, that may be,

Tho' it appear not often; they're things ignorant, And therefore apted to that superstition
Of doting fondness. Yet, of late years, signor,

That world's well mended with 'em; fewer are found

now

That love at length, and to the right mark; all Stir now, as the time ftirs; fame and fashion Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love

That wifer ages held ambition:

They that cannot reach this may love by index;
By every day's furveying who best promises,
Who has done best, who may do, and who mended
May come to do again; who appears neatest
Either in new-stampt cloaths, or courtesses,
Done but from hand to mouth neither; nor love they
these things

Longer than new are making, nor that succession Beyond the next fair feather. Take the city, There they goto't by gold-weight, no gain from 'em, All they can work by fire and water to 'em, Profit is all they point at; if there be love, 'Tis shew'd ye by so dark a light, to bear out The bracks and old stains in't, that ye may purchase French velvet better cheap; all loves are endless.

Rod.

Rod. Faith, if you have a mistress, 'would she heard you!
'Twere but the vent'ring of my place, or

fwearing

I meant it but for argument, as schoolmen

Dispute high questions.

Rod. What a world is this,

When young men dare determine what those are, Age and the best experience ne'er could aim at!

Marc. They were thick-eye'd then, Sir; now the print is bigger,

And they may read their fortunes without spectacles.

Rod. Did you ne'er love?

Marc. Faith, yes, once after supper,

And the fit held 'till midnight.

Rod. Hot, or shaking? Marc. To fay true, both. Rod. How'did you rid it?

· Marc. Thus, Sir;

I laid my hand upon my heart, and bless'd me, And then faid over certain charms I'd learn'd Against mag dogs (for love and they're all one); Last, thought upon a windmill, and so slept, And was well ever after.

Rod. A rare physician!

What would your practice gain you!

Marc. The wars ended,

I mean to use my art, and have these fools Cut in the head like cats, to fave the kingdom Another inquisition.

Rod. So old a foldier,

Out of the wars, I never knew yet practis'd.

Marc. I shall mend every day. But, noble general, Believe this, but as this you nam'd, discourses.

Rod. Oh, you're a cunning gamester.

Marc. Mirths and toys

To cozen time withal; for, o'my troth, Sir, I can love; I think, well too, well enough; And think as well of women as they are,

Pretty

Pretty fantastic things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a service: I'm so honest,
I wish'emall in Heaven; and you know how hard, Sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.

Rod. Well, Marc-Antonio, I'd not lose thy company
For the best galley I command.

Marc. Faith, general,

If these discourses please you, I shall sit you

Once every day.

Rod. Thou canst not please me better. Hark, they call [Knock within. Below to dinner: You're my cabbin guest;

My bosom's, so you please, Sir.

Marc. Your poor fervant!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Host and his Wife.

Host. Let'em have meat enough, woman, half ahen; There be old rotten pilchards, put'em off too; 'Tis but a little new anointing of 'em, And a strong onion, that confounds the stink.

Wife. They call for more, Sir. Host. Knock a dozen eggs down;

But then beware your wenches.

Wife. More than this too.

Host. Worts, worts, and make 'em porridge; pop 'em up, wench;

But they shall pay for cullises. Wife. All this is nothing;

They call for kid and partridge. Host. Well remember'd;

Where's the falconer's half dog he left?

Wife. It stinks, Sir; Past all hope that way.

Host. Run it o'er with garlick, And make a Roman dish on't.

Wife. Pray you be patient,

And get provision in: These are fine gentlemen,

And

And liberal gentlemen; they've unde quare; No mangy muleteers, nor pinching posts, That feed upon the parings of mulk-melons And radishes, as big and tough as rafters. Will you be stirring in this business? Here's your brother,

Mine old host of Ossuna, as wife as you are, That is, as knavish; if you put a trick,

Take heed he do not find it.

Host. I'll be wagging. Exit. Wife. 'Tisforyour own commodity. Why, wenches! Serv. [within.] Anon forfooth.

Wife. Who makes a fire there? and who gets in

water?

Let Oliver go to the justice, and befeech his worship We may have two spits going; and, do you hear, Druce? Let him invite his worship, and his wife's worship, To the left meat tomorrow.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Where's this kitchen?

Wife. E'en at the next door, fignor. What, old don! We meet but feldom.

Inc. Prithee be patient, hostes; And tell me where the meat is.

Wife. Faith, master Baily,

How have you done? and how, man-

Inc. Good sweet hostes, What shall we have to dinner?

Wife. How does your woman?

And a fine woman she is, and a good woman.

Lord, how you bear your years!

Inc. Is't veal or mutton,

Beef, bacon, pork, kid, pheafant? or all thefe?

And are they ready all?

Wife. The hours that have been

Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!

Inc. Hostes,

Dear hostess, do but hear! I am hungry.

Wife. You're merrily dispos'd, Sir.

Inc. Monstrous hungry,

And hungry after much meat! I've brought hither Right worshipful to pay the reckoning; Money enough too with 'em; desire enough To have the best meat, and of that enough too: Come to the point, sweet wench; and so I kiss thee.

Wife. You shall have any thing, and instantly,

Ere you can lick your ears, Sir.

Inc. Portly meat,

Bearing, substantial stuff, and fit for hunger, I do beseech you, hostes, first; then some light garnish, Two pheasants in a dish; if you have leverets, (Rather for way of ornament, than appetite) They may be look'd upon, or larks; for fish, As there's no great need, so I would not wish you To serve above four dishes; but those full ones. You have no cheese of Parma?

Wife. Very old, Sir.

Inc. The less will serve us; some ten pound.

Wife. Alas, Sir,

We have not half these dainties.

Inc. Peace, good hostess, And make us hope you have.

Wife. You shall have all, Sir——Inc. That may be got for money.

Enter Diego and a Boy.

Diego. Where's your master?
Bring me your master, Boy! I must have liquor
Fit for the myrmidons; no dashing now, child,
No conjurings by candle-light! I know all;
Strike me the oldest sack, a piece that carries
Point-blank to this place, Boy, and batters. Hostes,
I kiss thy hands, thro' which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.

Wife. Still mine old brother. Diego. Set thy cellar open,

For I must enter, and advance my colours.

I've

I've brought thee dons indeed, wench, dons with ducats,

And those dons must have dainty wine, pure Bacchus, That bleeds the life-blood. What, is your cure ended?

Inc. We shall have meat, man.

Diego. Then we will have wine, man,

And wine upon wine, cut and drawn with wine.

Wife. Ye shall have all, and more than all.

Inc. All well then 21.

Diego. Away, about your business! you with her, For old acquaintance sake, to stay your stomach!

[Exeunt Wife and Incubo.

And, Boy, be you my guide, ad inferos; For I will make a full descent in equipage.

Boy. I'll shew you rare wine.

Diego. Stinging geer? Boy. Divine, Sir.

Diego. Oh, divine Boy! march, march, my child.

Rare wine, boy?
Boy. As any is in Spain, Sir.

Diego. Old, and strong too22?

Oh, my fine boy! clear too?

Boy. As chrystal, Sir, and strong as truth.

Diego. Away, boy!

I am enamour'd, and I long for dalliance.
Stay no where, child, not for thy father's bleffing,
I charge thee, not to fave thy fifter's honour,
Nor to close thy dam's eyes, were she a-dying,
'Till we arrive; and, for thy recompense,
I will remember thee in my will.

Boy. You have faid, Sir.

[Exeunt.

²¹ All, well then.] Sympson reads, All's well then.

Boy. As any is in Spain, Sir. Diego. Old and strong too?] Sympson would read, Boy. As any in Spain, Sir, old and strong too.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo and Host.

Phil. ThE Hoft, is that apparel got you spoke

You shall have ready money.

Host. 'Tis come in, Sir; He has it on, Sir, and I think it will

Be fit; and, o' my credit, it was never Worn but once, Sir, and for necessity Pawn'd to the man I told you of.

Phil. Pray bargain for't, And I will be the paymaster.

Hoft. I will, Sir.

Phil. And let our meat be ready when you please; I mean as foon.

Host. It shall be presently.

Phil. How far stands Barcelona?

Host. But two leagues off, Sir; You may be there by three o'clock.

Phil. I'm glad on't.

Exeunt:

SCENE II.

Enter Theodosia and Leocadia:

Theod. Signor Francisco, why I draw you hither To this remote place, marvel not; for, trust me, My innocence yet never knew ill dealing; And as you have a noble temper, flart not Into offence, at any thing my knowledge, And for your special good, would be inform'd of; Nor think me vainly curious.

Leoc. Worthy Sir,

The courtefies you and your noble brother, Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,

I mean

I mean in want, fo freely shower'd upon me, -So truly, and so timely minister'd, Must, if I should suspect those minds that made 'em ²⁵, Either proclaim me an unworthy taker, Or worse, a base believer. Speak your mind, Sir, Freely, and what you please; I am your servant.

Theod. Then, my young Sir, know, fince our first

acquaintance,
Induc'd by circumstances that deceive not,
To clear some doubts I have (nay, blush not, signor!)
I have beheld you narrowly. More blushes?
Sir, you give me so much light, I find you
A thing confess'd already. Yet more blushes?
You would ill cover an offence might fink you,
That cannot hide yourself. Why do you shake so?
I mean no trouble to you. This fair hand
Was never made for hardness, nor those eyes
(Come, do not hide 'em) for rough objects. Hark ye,
You have betray'd yourself; that sigh confirms me.
Another? and a third too? Then I see
These boy's cloaths do but pinch you. Come, be
liberal;

You've found a friend that has found you; difguise not. That loaden foul that labours to be open.

Now you must weep, I know it, for I see
Your eyes down-laden to the lids; another
Manisest token that my doubts are perfect:
Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
Why were these holes lest open? there was an error,
A foul one, my Francisco! Have I caught you?
Oh, pretty Sir, the custom of our country
Allows men none in this place. Now the show'r comes.

Leoc. Oh, fignor Theodoro!

Theod. This forrow flews fo fweetly, I cannot chuse but keep it company.

Take truce and fpeak, Sir: And I charge your goodness,

By all those perfect hopes that point at virtue,

^{21.} Minds that made 'em.] i. e. Did 'em.

By that remembrance these fair tears are shed for, If any sad missortune have thus form'd you, That either care or counsel may redeem, Pain, purse, or any thing within the power And honour of free gentlemen, reveal it, And have our labours.

Leoc. I have found you noble,
And you shall find me true: Your doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more dissemble; I am a woman,
The great example of a wretched woman.
Here you must give me leave to shew my fex.—
And now, to make you know how much your credit
Has won upon my soul, so't please your patience,
I'll tell you my unfortunate sad story.

Theed. Sit down and fay on, lady.

Leoc. I am born, Sir,

Of good and honest parents, rich, and noble, And, not to lie, the daughter of don Sanchio, If my unhappy fortune have not lost me; My name call'd Leocadia, e'en the fame Your worthy brother did the special honour To name for beautiful, and without pride I have been often made believe fo, fignor; But that's impertinent! Now to my forrows: Not far from us a gentleman of worth, A neighbour, and a noble visitor, Had his abode, who often met my father In gentle fports of chace, and river-hawking, In course and riding; and with him often brought A fon of his, a young and hopeful gentleman, Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection; A fprightly man, of understanding excellent, Of speech and civil 'haviour no less powerful; And of all parts, else my eyes lied, abundant: We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance Nearer into affection; from affection Into belief.

Theod. Well?

Leoc. Then we durft kifs.

Theod. Go forward!

Leoc. But oh, man, man, unconstant, careless man,

Oh, fubtle man, how many are thy mifchiefs!

Oh, Marc-Antonio, I may curfe those kisses! Theod. What did you call him, lady?

Leoc. Marc-Antonio;

The name to me of mifery. Theod. Pray, forward!

Leoc. From these we bred desires, Sir; but lose me, Heav'n,

If mine were luftful!

Theed. I believe.

Leoc. This nearnefs

Made him importunate: When, to fave mine honour, (Love having full possession of my powers)

I got a contract from him.

Theod. Seal'd?

Leoc. And fworn too;

Which fince, for some offence Heav'n laid upon me, I loft amongst my monies in the robbery

(The loss that makes me poorest): This won from him,

Fool that I was, and too too credulous, I'pointed him a bye-way to my chamber

The next night at an hour-

Theod. Pray stay there, lady !-

And when the night came, came he? kept he touch

with you?

(Be not so shame-fac'd!) had ye both your wishes? Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye? Were you in one another's arms abed? the contract Confirm'd in full joys there? did he lie with you? Answer to that! ha? Did your father know this, The good old man, or kindred, privy to't2+? And had you their confents? did that night's promife Make you a mother?

Leoc. Why d'you ask so nearly?

Good Sir, does it concern you any thing?

²⁴ Or kindred primy to't?] I can't help thinking but that or is c rrupted for were. Simplon. Theod.

Theod. No, lady;

Only the pity why you should be us'd so A little stirs me. But did he keep his promise?

Leoc. No, no, fignor;

Alas, he never came, nor never meant it! My love was fool'd, time number'd to no end, My expectation flouted; and guess you, Sir, What dor unto a doting maid this was 25, What a base breaking-off?

Theod. All's well then.—Lady,

Go forward in your story.

Leoc. Not only fail'd, Sir, (Which is a curse in love; and may he find it When his affections are full-wing'd, and ready To stoop upon the quarry, then when all His full hopes are in's arms!) not only thus, Sir, But more injurious, faithless, treacherous, Within two days Fame gave him far remov'd With a new love; which, much against my conscience, But more against my cause, which is my hell, I must confess a fair one, a right fair one, Indeed of admirable sweetness, daughter Unto another of our noble neighbours; The thief call'd Theodofia, whose perfections I'm bound to ban for ever, curse to wrinkles, As Heav'n I hope will make 'em foon, and aches; For they have robb'd me, poor unhappy wench, Of all, of all, Sir, all that was my glory, And left me nothing but these tears, and travel. Upon this certain news, I quit my father, (And, if you be not milder in construction, I fear mine honour too) and like a page Stole to Osfuna; from that place to Sevil; From thence to Barcelona I was travelling When you o'er-took my misery, in hope to hear of Gallies bound up for Italy; for never

²⁵ Dor.] i. e. Balk, disappointment. If the reader would see an account of the several sorts of dors, I will refer him to Ben Jonson, [Whalley's edit. vol. i. p. 383, 384.]

Sympson.

XX:11

Will I leave off the fearch of this bad man, This filcher of affections, this love-pedlar! Nor shall my curses cease to blast her beauties, And make her name as wandring as her nature, 'Till, standing face to face before their lusts, I call Heav'n's justice down.

Theod. This shews too angry;

Nor can it be her fault she is belov'd:

If I give meat, must they that eat it surfeit?

Leoc. She loves again, Sir, there's the mischief of it, And in despite of me, to drown my bleffings, Which she shall dearly know——

Theod. You are too violent.

Leoc. Sh' has devils in her eyes, to whose devotion He offers all his service.

Theed. Who can fay

But she may be forsaken too? He that once wanders From such a persect sweetness as you promise, Has he not still the same rule to deceive?

Leoc. No, no; they are together, love together, Past all deceit of that side; sleep together, Live, and delight together; and such deceit Give me in a wild defert!

Theod. By your leave, lady, I fee no honour in this cunning.

Leoc. Honour?

True, none of her part; honour? fhe deserves none; 'Tis ceas'd with wandring ladies, such as she is, So bold and impudent.

Theod. I could be angry,

Extremely angry now, beyond my nature, [Afide. An 'twere not for my pity: What a man Is this, to do these wrongs!—Believe me, lady, I know the maid, and know she is not with him—

Leoc. I would you knew she were in Heaven! Theod. And so well know her, that I think you're cozen'd.

Leoc. So I say, Sir.

Theod. I mean, in her behaviour; for, trust my faith,

So.

So much I dare adventure for her credit, She never yet delighted to do wrong.

Leoc. How can she then delight in him? Dare she

think

(Be what she will, as excellent as angels)
My love so fond, my wishes so indulgent,
That I must take her prewnings 26? stoop at that
Sh' has tir'd upon? No, Sir; I hold my beauty,
(Wash but these forrows from it) of a sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my means as equal,
My youth as much unblown; and, for our worths
And weight of virtue——

Theod. Do not task her so far.

Leoc. By Heav'n she's cork, and clouds! light, light,

Sir, vapour!

But I shall find her out, with all her witchcrafts, Her paintings, and her pouncings; for 'tis art, And only art preserves her, and mere spells That work upon his pow'rs. Let her but shew me A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour (And writes but sixteen years) in spite of sorrows, An unbath'd body, smiles that give but shadows, And wrinkle not the face! Besides, she's little, A demy dame, that makes no object.

Theod. Nay,

Then I must say you err; for, credit me, I think she's taller than yourself,

Leoc. Why, let her!

It is not that shall mate me; I but ask My hands may reach unto her.

Theod. Gentle lady,

'Tis now ill time of further argument; For I perceive your anger void of counsel, Which I could wish more temperate.

Sh'as tir'd upon?] Mr. Theobald, with whom I had the good fortune to agree, reads floop for flop, which is undoubtedly the true lection, and is a term in falconry that needs no explanation. Sympson.

Very fortunate indeed, fince stoop is the lection of the first folio.

Leoc. Pray forgive me,
If I have spoke uncivilly: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beseech you
Impute it love's offence, not mine; whose torments,
If you have ever lov'd, and found my crosses,
You must confess are seldom tied to patience:
Yet I could wish I had said less.

Theod. No harm then;

You've made a full amends. Our company You may command, so please you, in your travels, With all our faith and furtherance; let it be so.

Leoc. You make too great an offer.

Theod. Then it shall be.

Go in, and rest yourself; our wholesome diet Will be made ready straight. But hark you, lady! One thing I must entreat; your leave and sufferance, That these things may be open to my brother, For more respect and honour.

Lecc. Do your pleasure.

Theod. And do not change this habit, by no means, Unless you change yourfelf.

Leoc. Which must not yet be.

Theod. It carries you conceal'd and fafe.

Leoc. I'm counsell'd.

Exit.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. What's done?

Theod. Why, all we doubted; 'tis a woman, And of a noble strain too: Guess!

Phil. I cannot.

Theod. You have heard often of her.

Phil. Stay; I think not.

Theod. Indeed you have; 'tis the fair Leocadia, Daughter unto don Sanchio, our noble neighbour. Phil. Nay?

Theod. 'Tis she, Sir, o' my credit.

Phil. Leocadia?

Piss! Leocadia it must not be.

Theod. It must be, or be nothing.

Phil. Pray give me leave to wonder: Leocadia? Theod. The very fame.

Phil. The damfel Leocadia?

I guess'd it was a woman, and a fair one.

I see it thro' her shape, transparent, plain;
But that it should be she! tell me directly.

Theod. By Heav'ns, 'tis she.

Phil. By Heav'n, then, 'tis a fweet one, Theod. That's granted too.

Phil. But hark you, hark you, fifter!

How came she thus disguis'd? Theod. I'll tell you that too;

As I came, on the felf-same ground, so us'd too.

Phil. By the fame man? Theod. The fame too.

Phil. As I live,

You lovers have fine fancies, wondrous fine ones! Theod. Pray Heav'n, you never make one! Phil. Faith, I know not:

But, in that mind I am, I'd rather cobble;
'Tis a more Christian trade. Pray tell me one thing;
Are not you two now monstrous jealous

Of one another?

Theod. She is much of me, And has rail'd at me most unmercifully, And to my face; and, o' my conscience, Had she but known me, either she or I, Or both, had parted with strange faces, She was in such a fury.

Phil. Leocadia?

Does the fpeak handfomely? Theod. Wondrous well, Sir,

And all she does becomes her, e'en her anger. Phil. How seem'd she when you found her?

Theod. Had you feen

How sweetly fearfully her pretty self²⁸ Betray'd herself; how neat her sorrow shew'd,

²⁸ How sweetly fearful ber pretty self.] We have ventured to assist this verse, by the addition of a syllable.

And in what handsome phrase she put her story; And as occasion stirr'd her how she started, Tho' roughly, yet most aptly, into anger; You would have wonder'd.

Phil. Does she know you?

Theod. No.

Nor must not by no means.

Phil. How stands your difference?

Theod. I'll tell you that some fitter time; but, trust me,

My Marc-Antonio has too much to answer.

Phil. May I take knowledge of her?

Theod. Yes, she's willing.

Phil. Pray use her as she is, with all respects then;

For she's a woman of a noble breeding.

Theed. You shall not find me wanting.

Phil. Which way bears she?

Theod. Our way, and to our end.

Phil. I am glad on't. Hark you!

She keeps her shape?

Enter Leocadia.

Theod. Yes, and I think, by this time, Has mew'd her old——

Phil. She's here: By Heav'n, a rare one! An admirable fweet one! what an eye! Of what a full command she bears! how gracious All her aspect shews? Bless me from a fever! I am not well o' th' sudden.

Leoc. Noble friends,

Your meat and all my fervice waits upon ye.

Phil. You teach us manners, lady; all which service Must now be mine to you, and all too poor too; Blush not we know you; for, by all our faiths, With us your honour is in fanctuary, And ever shall be.

Leoc. I do well believe it: Will you walk nearer, Sir?

Exit.

Theod. She shews still fairer,

Younger in every change, and clearer, neater:

I.know

I know not; I may fool myself, and finely Nourish a wolf to eat my heart out. Certain, As the appears now, the appears a wonder, A thing amazes me; what would she do then In woman's helps, in ornaments apt for her, And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt, She would be held a miracle; nor can I think He has forfaken her, fay what she please; I know his curious eye: Or, fay he had, Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish, Yet still I fear she keeps the contract with her, Not stol'n, as she affirms, nor lost by negligence; She'd lose herself first, 'tis her life; and there All my hopes are dispatch'd. Oh, noble Love, That thou couldst be without this jealoufy, Without this passion of the heart, how heav'nly Wouldst thou appear upon us! Come what may come, I'll fee the end on't: And fince chance has cast her Naked into my refuge, all I can She freely shall command, except the man. \[\int Exit.\]

SCENE III.

Enter Leonardo and Pedro.

Leo. Don Pedro, do you think affuredly The gallies will come round to Barcelona Within these two days?

Pedro. Without doubt.

Leo. And think you He will be with 'em certainly?

Pedro. He is, Sir;

I saw him at their setting off.

Leo. Must they needs

Touch there for water, as you fay?

Pedro. They must, Sir,

And for fresh meat too; few or none go by it. Beside, so great a fleet must needs want trimming, If they have met with soul seas; and no harbour On this side Spain is able, without danger,

To

To moor 'em, but that haven.

Leo. Are the wars

His only end?

Pedro. So he professes.

Leo. Bears he

Any command amongst 'em?

Pedro. Good regard

With all; which quickly will prefer him.

Leo. Pray, Sir, tell me,

And as you are a gentleman be liberal.

Pedro. I will, Sir, and most true.

Leo. Who faw you with him?

Pedro. None butthings like himself; young soldiers,

And gentlemen defirous to feek honour.

Leo. Was there no woman there, nor none difguis'd

That might be thought a woman? In his language, Did he not let flip fomething of fuspicion

Touching that wanton way? Pedro. Believe me, Sir,

I neither faw, nor could suspect that face That might be doubted woman's; yet I'm fure Aboard him I fee all that past: And 'tis impossible Among fo many high-fet bloods there should be A woman, let her close herself within a cockle, But they would open her: He must not love Within that place alone; and therefore furely He would not be fo foolish, had he any, To trust her there. For his discourse, 'twas ever About his business, war, or mirth, to make us Relish a can of wine well; when he spoke private, 'Twas only the remembrance of his fervice, And hope of your good prayers for his health, Sir; And fo I gave him to the feas.

Leo. I thank you,

And now am fatisfied. And, to prevent Suspicions that may nourish dangers, signor, (For I have told you how the mad Alphonfo Chases like a stag i'th' toil, and bends his fury.

Gainst

'Gainst all, but his own ignorance) I'm determin'd, For peace sake and the preservation Of my yet-untouch'd honour, and his cure, Myself to seek him there, and bring him back, As testimony of an unsought injury By either of our actions; that the world And he, if he have reason, may see plainly Opinion is no perfect guide, nor all sames Founders of truths. In the mean time, this courtesy I must entreat of you, Sir; be myself here, And as myself command my family.

Pedro. You lay too much trust on me.

Leo. 'Tis my love, Sir.

I will not be long from you. If this question Chance to be call'd upon ere my return, I leave your care to answer. So, farewell, Sir!

Pedro. You take a wife way; all my best endeavours Shall labour in your absence. Peace go with you!

Exit Leo.

A noble honest gentleman, free-hearted,
And of an open faith, much loving and much lov'd,
And father of that goodness only Malice
Can truly stir against; what dare befall
'Till his return I'll answer.

[Exit.

Enter Alphonso and Servant.

Alph. Walk off, firrah; But keep yourfelf within my call.

Serv. I will, Sir.

Alph. And ftir my horse, for taking cold.—Within there!

Hoa, people! you that dwell there! my brave fignor! What, are ye all afleep? is't that time with ye? I'll ring a little louder.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Sir, who feek you?

Alph. Not you, Sir. Where's your mafter?

Pedro. I ferve no man

In way of pay, Sir.

Alph. Where's the man o'th' house then?

Pedro. What would you have with him, Sir?

Alph. Do you stand here, Sir,

To ask men questions when they come?

Pedro. I would, Sir,

Being his friend, and hearing fuch alarms, Know how men come to visit him.

Alph. You shall, Sir:

Pray tell his Mightiness here is a gentleman, By name Alphonso, would entreat his conference About affairs of state, Sir. Are you answer'd?

Enter Sanchio carried.

Pedro. I must be, Sir.

Sanc. Stay; fet me down. Stay, fignor!

You must stay, and you shall stay.

Alph. Meaning me, Sir?

Sanc. Yes, you, Sir; you I mean; I mean you.

Alph. Well, Sir?

Why should I stay?

Sanc. There's reason.

Alph. Reason, Sir?

Sanc. Ay, reason, Sir;

My wrong is greatest, and I will be serv'd first. Call out the man of same.

Alph. How ferv'd, Sir?

Sanc. Thus, Sir.

Alph. But not before me?

Sanc. Before all the world, Sir,

As my case stands.

Alph. I've lost a daughter, Sir.

Sanc. I've lost another, worth five score of her, Sir.

Alph. You must not tell me so.

Sanc. I have; and, hark ye,

Make it up five fcore more. Call out the fellow; And ftand you by, Sir.

Pedro. This is the mad morris.

Alph. And I stand by?

Sanc. I fay, stand by, and do it.

Alph. Stand by, among thy lungs 29?

Sanc. Turn presently,

And fay thy prayers; thou art dead.

Alph. I scorn thee!

And scorn to say my prayers more than thou dost! Mine is the most wrong, and my daughter dearest, And mine shall first be righted.

Sanc. Shall be righted?

Pedro. A third may live, I fee. Pray hear me, gentlemen.

Sanc. Shall be?

Alph. Ay, shall be righted.

Sanc. Now?

Alph. Now. Sanc. Instantly?

Alph. Before I stir.

Sanc. Before me?

Alph. Before any.

Sanc. Dost thou consider what thou says? Hast thou friends here

Able to quench my anger, or persuade me (After I've beaten thee into one main bruise³⁰, And made thee spend thy state in rotten apples) Thou canst at length be quiet? Shall I kill thee? Divide thee like a rotten pompion,

And leave thee flinking to posterity?

There's not the least blow I shall give, but does this. Urge me no further: I am first.

Alph. I'll hang first!

No, goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes, Your punctual honour, nor foldadoship—

Sanc. Set me a little nearer.

Alph. Let him fally!—

²⁹ Lungs.] Probably this is an accidental corruption of the word loons, (i. e. low people) derived from the Irish liun, sluggish. See Dr. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, Glossary to vol. i.

30 One main bruist.] The variation was recommended by Theobald. The mention of rotten apples (esteemed beneficial in bruises) induces

us to think him right.

Lin'd with your quirks of carriage and discretion ", Can blow me off my purpose. Where's your credit, With all your school-points now? your decent arguing, And apt time for performing? where are these toys, These wise ways and most honourable courses,

To take revenge? How dar'ft thou talk of killing, Or think of drawing any thing but squirts,

When lechery has dry-founder'd thee?

Sanc. Nearer yet!

That I may fpit him down!-Thou lookest like # man.

Pedro. I would be thought fo, Sir.

Sanc. Prithee do but take me,

And fling me upon that puppy.

Alph. Do, for Heaven's sake, And fee but how I'll hug him.

Sanc. Yet take warning!

Pedro. Faith, gentlemen, this is a needless quarrel.

Sanc. And d'you desire to make one?

Pedro. As a friend, Sir,

To tell you all this anger is but loft, Sir;

For Leonardo is from home.

Alph. No, no, Sir! Pedro. Indeed he is.

31 Sanc. Lin'd with your quirks.] I have given to the speakers here. what I think they may justly claim, though Mr. Theobald only makes a query about it, viz. Their proper speeches, which all the former editions seem to have confounded; after-soldadoship-Alphonso is interrupted by old Sanchio who fays,

Set me a little nearer, let him fally-After which Alphonso goes on to complete his passionate speech that was broke off at-not your sol-

dadoship-thus,

Lin'd with your quirks of carriage, &c.

After which follows naturally enough,

Sanc. Nearer yet.

Sympson.

First folio reads thus:

SANCH. Set me a little nearer.

ALPH. Let bim Sally. S. Lin'd with, &c.

Sympson's variation, therefore, about which thus much is said, is merely omitting the S. which by some accident (and palpably accident) was placed at the beginning of the last line.

Sanc.

Sanc. Where dare he be, but here, Sir,

When men are wrong'd, and come for fatisfactions?

Pedro. It feems he has done none, Sir; for his business, Clear of those cares, hath carried him for some time To Barcelona: If he had been guilty,

I know he would have ftay'd, and clear'd all difference, Either by free confession, or his sword.

Sanc. This must not be!

Pedro. Sure as I live; it is, Sir.

Alph. Sure, as we all live,

He's run away for ever!—Barcelona? Why, 'tis the key for Italy, from whence

He stole first hither.

Sanc. And having found his knaveries
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the same way back again: I believe too
The good grass gentleman, for his own ease,
Has taken one o' th' fillies. Is not his stuff sold?

Alph. I fear his worship's shoes too, to escape us;

I do not think he has a dish within doors,

A louse left of his lineage.

Pedro. You're too wide, Sir.

Alph. Or one poor wooden spoon. Pedro. Come in and see, Sir.

Alph. I'll see his house on fire first!

Pedro. Then be pleas'd, Sir, to give better censure.

Sanc. I will after him,

And fearch him like conceal'd land, but I'll have him; And, tho' I find him in his shrift, I'll kill him.

Alph. I'll bear you company. Sanc. Pray have a care then,

A most especial care, indeed a fear,

You do not anger me.

Alph. I will observe you;

And if I light upon him handfomely-

Sanc. Kill but a piece of him; leave some, Alphonso, For your poor friends!

Pedro. I fear him not for all this.

E 2

Alph:

Alph. Shall we first go home, (For it may prove a voyage) and dispose Of things there? Heav'n knows what may follow! Sanc. No:

I'll kill him in this shirt I've on: Let things Govern themselves! I'm master of my honour At this time, and no more; let wise, and land, Lie lay 32 'till I return!

Alph. I say Amen to't:

But what care for our monies?

Sanc. I'll not spend

Can get our pardons.

Above three shillings, 'till his head be here; Four is too great a sum for all his fortunes.

Come, take me up inftantly.

Alph. Farewell to you, Sir!

And if your friend be in a feather-bed,

Sow'd up to shrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly;

For no course but his voluntary hanging

Pedro. These I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiscretions
Would suffer 'em; two of the old seditions!
When they want enemies, they are their own foes!
Were they a little wiser, I should doubt 'em;
'Till when, I'll ne'er break sleep, nor suffer hunger,
For any harm he shall receive: For 'tis as easy,
If he be guilty, to turn these two old men
Upon their own throats, and look on, and live still,
As 'tis to tell sive pound; a great deal sooner.
And so I'll to my meat, and then to hawking. [Exit.

Exeunt.

³² Lie lay.] This passage is a confirmation of a correction I made in the Scornful Lady: Though Mr. Theobald makes an unhappy query whether we should not read, lie fallow: But this is the same thing; lay, as you may see in note 48, upon the Scornful Lady, being fallow.

Sympson.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Marc-Antonio and a Gentleman.

Marc. OIR, this is compliment; I pray you leave me. Gent. Sir, it is not.

Marc. Why, I would only fee

The town.

Gent. And only that I come to shew you. Marc. Which I can fee without you.

Gent. So you may,

Plainly, not fafely: For fuch difference As you have feen betwixt the fea and earth When waves rife high, and land would beat 'em back, As fearful of invasion; such we find When we land here at Barcelona.

Marc. Sir-

Gent. Besides, our gen'ral of the gallies, fearing Your hafty nature, charg'd me not return

Without you fafe.

Marc. Oh, Sir, that Rodorigo Is noble, and he does miftake my temper: There is not in the world a mind less apt To conceive wrongs, or do 'em. Has he feen me In all this voyage, in the which he pleases

Enter Eugenia, with divers Attendants.

To call me friend, let slip a hasty word?— 'Slight, Sir! yonder is a lady veil'd; For properness beyond comparison, And fure her face is like the rest; we'll see't.

Gent. Why, you are hasty, Sir, already. Know you

What 'tis you go about?

Marc. Yes; I would fee

The woman's face.

Gent. By Heav'n, you shall not do't! You do not know the custom of the place:

To draw that curtain here, tho' she were mean, Is mortal.

Marc. Is it? Earth must come to earth At last; and, by my troth, I'll try it, Sir.

Gent. Then I must hold you saft. By all the faith That can be plac'd in man, 'tis an attempt More dangerous than death; 'tis death and shame! I know the lady well.

Marc. Is she a lady?

I shall the more defire to see her, Sir. Gent. She is Alanso's wife, the governor,

A noble gentleman.

Marc. Then let me go:

If I can win her, you and I will govern
This town, Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
These barbarous customs then; for every lady
Shall be seen daily, and seen over too 33.

Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your passions

bear you
To fuch wild enterprizes! Hold you still;
For, as I have a foul, you shall not do't!
She is a lady of unblemish'd fame,
And here to offer that affront, were base.
Hold on your way; and we will see the town,
And overlook the ladies.

Marc. I am school'd,

And promise you I will.—But, good Sir, see! She will pass by us now: I hope I may Salute her thus far off.

Gent. 'Sfoot, are you mad?' Twill be as ill as th' other.

I Attend. What's the matter? What would that fellow have?

Gent. Good Sir, forbear.

1 Attend. It feems you are new landed; would you beg

Any thing here?

Marc.

³³ And seen over too.] Sympson thinks it probable we should read, seen over too; i. e. open. But the last line of the next speech, and overlook the ladies, seems to confirm the old reading.

Marc. Yes, Sir, all happiness To that fair lady, as I hope.

Gent. Marc-Antonio!

Marc. Herface, which needs no hiding, I would beg A fight of.

Gent. Now go on; for 'tis too late

To keep this from a tumult.

I Attend. Sirrah, you

Shall see a fitter object for your eyes, Than a fair lady's face.

Eug. For Heav'n's sake, raise not

A quarrel in the streets for me!

i Attend. Slip in then;

This is your door.

Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?

I Attend. We must, or suffer

This outrage. Is't not all your minds, Sirs? speak.

All. Yes.

Eug. Then I do befeech ye, let my lord

Enter three or four Soldiers.

Not think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not. [Exit. Gent. See, happily fome of our galley foldiers Are come ashore.

1 Attend. Come on, Sir! you shall see Faces enough.

Enter certain Townsmen.

Gent. Some one of you call to Our general! the whole roar of the town Comes in upon us.

Marc. I have feen, Sir, better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd; and will yet
See that, or fpoil yours. [They fight.

Enter Philippo, Theodofia, and Leocadia.

Phil. On! why flart you back?

Theod. Alas, Sir, they are fighting,

Leoc. Let's be gone.—

See,

See, fee, a handsome man struck down!

Gent. Ho, general!

Look out! Antonio is in diftress.

Theod. Antonio?

Leoc. Antonio? 'Tis he.

Rod. [within.] Ho, Governor!—Make a shot into the town!

I'll part you. Bring away Antonio [A shot. Into my cabin. [Exeunt Attendants and Townsmen.

Gent. I will do that office:

I fear it is the last that I shall do him.

[Exeunt Soldiers and Gentleman, with Marc-Antonio. Theod. The last? why, will he die?

Leoc. Since I have found him,

Happiness leave me, when I leave him! [Exit.

Phil. Why, Theodofia!

My fifter! wake! Alas, I griev'd but now To fee the streets fo full, and now I grieve To fee them left fo empty: I could wish Tumult himself were here, that yet at least Amongst the band I might espy some face So pale and fearful, that would willingly Embrace an errand for a cordial, Or aqua-vitæ, or a cup of fack, Or a physician. But to talk of these—She breathes! Stand up! oh, Theodosia! Speak but as thou wert wont; give but a sigh, Which is but the most unhappy piece of life, And I will ever after worship sadness, Apply myself to grief, prepare and build Altars to forrow!

Theod. Oh, Philippo, help me!

Phil. I do: These are my arms, Philippo's arms, Thy brother's arms, that hold thee up.

Theod. You help me

To life; but I would see Antonio That's dead.

Phil. Thou shalt see any thing. How dost thou? Theod. Better, I thank you.

Phil.

Phil. Why, that's well. Call up Thy fenses, and uncloud thy cover'd spirits. How now?

Theed. Recover'd. But Antonio!

Where is he?

Phil. We will find him. Art thou well? Theod. Perfectly well, faving the mifs of him.

And I do charge you here, by our alliance, And by the love which would have been betwixt us, Knew we no kindred; by that killing fear,

Mingled with twenty thousand hopes and doubts, Which you may think plac'd in a lover's heart,

And in a virgin's too when she wants help, To grant me your affistance to find out

This man, alive or dead! and I will pay you, In fervice, tears, or prayers, a world of wealth;

But other treasure I have none. Alas!

You men have strong hearts; but we feeble maids Have tender eyes, which only given be

To blind themselves, crying for what they see.

Phil. Why dost thou charge me thus? Have I been found

Slow to perform, what I could but imagine Thy wishes were? Have I at any time Tender'd a business of mine own, beyond A vanity of thine? Have I not been,

As if I were a fenfeless creature, made
To serve thee without power of questioning?

If so, why fear'st thou?

Theod. I am fatisfied. Phil. Come then, let's go!—Where's Leocadia?

Theod. I know not, Sir. Phil. Where's Leocadia?

Theod. I do not know.

Phil: Leocadia!

This tumult made the streets as dead as night; A man may talk as freely! what's become Of Leocadia?

Theod.

Theod. She's run away.

Phil. Be gone, and let us never more behold Each other's face, 'till we may, both together, Fasten our eyes on her! Accursed be Those tender cozening names of Charity, And Natural Affection! they have lost Me, only by observing them, what cost, Travel, and fruitless wishes, may in vain Search thro' the world, but never find again.

Theod. Good Sir, be patient! I have done no fault

Worthy this banishment.

Phil. Yes; Leocadia, The lady fo diffres'd, who was content To lay her story, and to lay her heart

As open as her ftory to yourfelf; Who was content that I should know her sex, Before dissembled, and to put herself

Into my conduct; whom I undertook Safely to guard; is in this tumult lost!

Theod. And can I help it, Sir? Phil. No; 'would thou couldft!

You might have done, but for that zeal'd religion You women bear no fwoonings: You do pick Your times to faint, when fomebody is by Bound or by nature, or by love, or fervice, To raife you from that well-diffembled death: Inform me but of one that has been found Dead in her private chamber by herfelf, Where fickness would no more forbear than here, And I will quit the rest for her.

Theod. I know not

What they may do, and how they may diffemble; But, by my troth, I did not.

Phil. By my troth,

'Would I had tried! 'would I had let thee lain, And follow'd her!

Theod. I would you had done fo, Rather than been fo angry. Where's Antonio?

Phil

Phil. Why dost thou vex me with these questions? I'll tell thee where; he's carried to the gallies, There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row With knotted ropes, and pizzles; if he fwoon, He has a dose of biscuit.

Theod. I am glad

He is alive.

Phil. Was ever man thus troubled?

Tell me where Leocadia is!

Theod. Good brother,

Be not so hasty, and I think I can: You found no error in me, when I first

Told you she was a woman; and, believe me, Something I have found out which makes me think. Nay, almost know so well, that I durst swear She follow'd hurt Antonio.

Phil. What do we

Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the Townsmen. Then lingring here? We will aboard the gallies, And find her.

Gov. Made he a shot into the town?

1 Attend. He did, Sir.

Gov. Call back those gentlemen.

I Attend. The Governor Commands you back.

Phil. We will obey him, Sir.

Gov. You gave him cause to shoot, I know: He is So far from rash offence, and holds with me Such curious friendship—Could not one of you Have call'd me while 'twas doing? Such an uproar, Before my door too?

I Towns. By my troth, Sir,

We were so busy in the public cause,

Of our own private falling out, that we forgot it.

At home we see now you were not; but as soon As the shot made us fly, we ran away

As fast as we could to seek your honour.

Gov. 'Twas gravely done! but no man tells the cause,

Or chance, or what it was, that made you differ. I Towns. For my part, Sir, if there were any that I knew of, the shot drove it out of my head.

Do you know any, neighbours?

All. Not we, not we.

Gov. Not we? Nor can you tell?

I Attend. No other cause,

But the old quarrel betwixt the town and the gallies. Gov. Come nearer, gentlemen! What are your names?

Phil. My name Philippo. Theod. And mine Theodoro.

Gov. Strangers you are, it feems.

Phil. Newly arriv'd.

Gov. Then you are they begun this tumult.

Phil. No, Sir.

Gov. Speak one of you.

I Attend. They are not; I can quit 'em.

Phil. Yet we faw part, and an unhappy part, Of this debate; a long-fought friend of ours Struck down for dead, and borne unto the gallies; His name is Marc-Antonio.

Phil. And another

Of our own company, a gentleman Of noble birth, besides accompanied With all the gifts of Nature, ravish'd hence We know not how, in this diffention.

Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I hear You meddle with a weapon any more,

But those belonging to your trades, I'll lay you Where your best customers shall hardly find you.

Exeunt Townsmen.

I'm forry, gentlemen, I troubled you, Being both strangers, by your tongues, and looks, Of worth: To make ye some part of amends, If there be any thing in this poor town Of Barcelona that you would command, Command me!

Theod. Sir, this wounded gentleman, If it might please you, if your power and love

Extend

Extend fo far, I would be glad to wish Might be remov'd into the town for cure: The gallies stay not; and his wound, I know, Cannot endure a voyage.

Gov. Sir, he shall,

I warrant you.—Go call me hither, firrah, One of my other fervants. Exit 1 Attend.

Phil. And besides,

The gentleman we lost, signor Francisco, Shall he be render'd too?

Enter a Servant.

Gov. And he, Sir, too. Go, firrah, bear this ring To Rodorigo, my most noble friend, The general of the gallies: Tell him this.

[Whispers to his Servant. Exit Servant.

Theod. Now we shall have 'em both.

Phil. Bleft be thy thoughts

For apprehending this! bleft be thy breath

For uttering it!

Gov. Come, gentlemen, you shall Enter my roof; and I will fend for furgeons, And you shall see your friends here presently. Theod. His name was Marc-Antonio.

Gov. I know it.

And have fent word fo.

Phil. Did you not forget

Francisco's name?

Gov. Nor his. You're truly welcome; To talk about it more, were but to fay The same word often over: You are welcome. [Exe.

SCENE II.

Enter Marc-Antonio, carried by two Soldiers; Leocadia and the Servant following.

Serv. This is the house, Sir. Marc. Enter it, I pray you; For I am faint, altho' I think my wound

Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now; I thank you.

1 Sold. Heaven fend you health, Sir!

Serv. Let me lead you in.

Marc. My wound's not in my feet; I shall entreat'em,

I hope to bear me fo far. 2 Sold. How feriously

These land-men fled, when our general Made a shot, as if he had been a warning To call 'em to their hall!

1 Sold. I cannot blame 'em:

What a man have they now in the town
Able to maintain a tumult, or uphold
A matter out of fquare, if need be? Oh,
The quiet hurly-burlies that I've feen
In this town, when we've fought four hours together,
And not a man amongft us fo impertinent
Or modeft to afk why?

But now the pillars that bare up this bleffed Town in that regular debate, and scrambling, Are dead, the more's the pity.

2 Sold. Old Ignatio

Lives still.

I Sold. Yes, I know him; he will do
Prettily well at a man's liver: But where
Is there a man now living in the town
That hath a fleady hand, and understands
Anatomy well? If it come
To a particular matter of the lungs,
Or the spleen, why, alas! Ignatio is to seek.
Are there any such men left as I
Have known, that would say they would hit your
In this place? Is there ever a good artist,
Or a member-piercer, or a small-gut-man,
Left in the town? Answer me that.

2 Sold. Mass, I think there be not.

I Sold. No, I warrant thee.

Come, come; 'tis time we were at the gallies. [Exe.

Enter Governor, Eugenia, Marc-Antonio, Philippo, Theodofia, Leocadia, and Attendants.

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I faid already, You may command my house; but I must beg Pardon to leave you. If the public business Forc'd me not from you, I myself should call it Unmannerly; but, good Sir, do you give it A milder name. It shall not be an hour Ere I return.

Marc. Sir, I was ne'er fo poor In my own thoughts, as that I want a means To requite this with.

Gov. Sir, within this hour.

[Exit.

Marc. Is this the lady that I quarrell'd for?
Oh, Lust, if wounds cannot restrain thy power,
Let shame! Nor do I seel my hurt at all,
Nor is it aught; only I was well beaten.
If I pursue it, all the civil world,
That ever did imagine the content
Found in the band of man and wise unbroke,
The reverence due to housholds, or the blemish
That may be stuck upon posterity,
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my forehead;
This is the wounded stranger, that, receiv'd
For charity into a house, attempted'——

I will not do it.

Eug: Sir, how do you now,

That you walk off?

Marc. Worse, madam, than I was;

But it will over.

Eug. Sit, and rest a while!

Marc. Where are the surgeons?

Eug. Sir, it is their manner,

When they have feen the wound, especially The patient being of worth, to go consult (Which they are now at in another room) About the dressing.

Marc. Madam, I do feel

Myself not well.

Theod. Alas!

Leoc. How do you, Sir?

Eug. Will you drink waters?

Marc. No, good madam; 'tis not

So violent upon me, nor I think

Any thing dangerous: But yet there are

Some things that fit so heavy on my conscience, That will perplex my mind, and stop my cure;

So that unless I utter 'em, a scratch,

Here on my thumb, will kill me. Gentlemen, I pray you leave the room, and come not in Yourselves, or any other, 'till I have

Open'd myfelf to this most-honour'd lady!

Phil. We will not.

Theod. Oh, blefs'd! he'll difcover now His love to me.

Leoc. Now he will tell the lady

Our contract. [Exeunt omnes præter Eug. and Marc

Eug. I do believe he will confess to me The wrong he did a lady in the streets; But I forgive him.

Marc. Madam, I perceive Myself grow worse and worse.

Eug. Shall I call back

Your friends?

Marc. Oh, no! but, ere I do impart
What burthens me fo fore, let me entreat you
(For there is no trust in these surgeons)
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps
My last request: But tell me truly too,
(That must be in) how far do you imagine
It will have power upon me.

Eug. Sir, I will.

Marc. For Heav'n's fake, foftly! Oh! I must need lay

My head down eafily, whilst you do it.

Eug. Do, Sir.—

'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child Of mine has had a greater, and been well:

Ar

Are you faint-hearted?

Marc. Oh!

Eug. Why do you figh?

There is no danger in the world in this!

I wonder it should make a man—Sit down 35.

What do you mean? why do you kiss my breasts?

Lift up your head; your wound may well endure it.

Marc. Oh, madam, may I not express affection

(Dying affection too, I fear) to those

That do me favours, such as this of yours?

Eug. If you mean fo, 'tis well: But what's the business

Lies on your conscience?

Marc. I will tell you, madam. Eug. Tell me, and laugh?

Marc. But I will tell you true,
Tho' I do laugh: I know, as well as you,
My wound is nothing; nor the power of earth
Could lay a wound upon me in your presence,
That I could feel: But I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of men, and wise men too, we shall deceive 'em.
Whilst they imagine I am talking here
With that short breath I have, ready to swoon
At every full point; you my ghostly mother
To hear my sad confession; you and I
Will on that bed within, prepar'd for me,
Debate the matter privately.

Eug. Forbear!

Thou wert but now as welcome to this house As certain cures to fick men, and just now This sudden alteration makes thee look Like plagues come to infect it; if thou knew'st How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst entreat These walls or posts to help thee to a hurt, Past thy diffimulation.

Marc. Gentle madam, Call 'em not in!

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Eug. I will not yet; this place
I know to be within the reach of tongue
And ears; thou canst not force me; therefore hear

What I will tell thee quickly: Thou art born To end some way more disesteem'd than this; Or, which is worse, to die of this hurt yet.—Come, gentlemen!

Enter Leocadia.

Marc. Good madam!

Eug. Gentlemen!

Leoc. Madam, how is't? Is Marc-Antonio well? Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I fee. A strange distemper in you.

Eug. I am wrought

By that diffembling man, that fellow, worth Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philippo and Theodosia.

Leoc. Gentle madam, speak
To me alone! let not them understand
His fault! he will repent it, I dare swear.

Fig. 121 tell it you in private.

Eug. I'll tell it you in private.

Phil. Marc-Antonio,

How do you?

Marc. Stand further off, I pray you; Give me some air.

Theod. Good brother, will he scape?

The furgeons fay there is no danger.

Phil. Scape?

No doubt he will.

Leoc. Alas, will he not leave
This trying all?—Madam, I do befeech you
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,
And I dare almost promise you to make him
Shew himself truly forrowful to you.
Besides, a story I shall open to you,
Not put in so good words, but in itself

So full of chance, that you will easily Forgive my tediousness, and be well pleas'd With that so much afflicts me.

Eug. Good Sir, do.

Leoc. And I desire no interruption Of speech may trouble me, 'till I have said What I will quickly do.

Theod. What will she say?

Eug. Come, gentlemen, I pray you lend your ears, And keep your voices.

Leoc. Signor Marc-Antonio,

How do you?

Marc. Oh, the furgeons! Leoc. Let me tell you,

Who know as well as you, you do dissemble, It is no time to do so; leave the thoughts Of this vain world, forget your slesh and blood, And make your spirit an untroubled way To pass to what it ought.

Marc. You're not in earnest?

Why, I can walk, Sir, and am well.

Leoc. 'Tis true

That you can walk, and do believe you're well: It is the nature, as your furgeons fay, Of these wounds, for a man to go, and talk, Nay merrily, 'till his last hour, his minute: For Heav'n's sake, Sir, sit down again!

Marc. Alas,

Where are the furgeons?

Leoc. Sir, they will not come; If they should dress you, you would die, they say, Ere one told twenty. Trouble not your mind, Keep your head warm, and do not stir your body, And you may live an hour.

Marc. Oh, Heav'ns, an hour?
Alas, it is too little to remember
But half the wrongs that I have done: How short
Then for contrition, and how least of all
For satisfaction!

Leoc.

Leoc. But you desire

To fatisfy?

Marc. Heav'n knows, I do!

Leoc. Then know

That I am he, or she, or what you will, Most wrong'd by you, your Leocadia, (1 know you must remember me)——

Marc. Oh, Heav'n!

Leoc. That lost her friends, that lost her father's

That lost her fame in losing of her sex,
With these strange garments: There is no excuse
To hinder me; it is within your power
To give me satisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of life to do it:
Therefore I charge you, for your conscience sake,
And for our same, which I would sain have live
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That contract, which you have both seal'd and sworn,
Yet ere you die; which must be hastily,
Heav'n knows.

Marc. Alas, the sting of conscience To death-ward for our faults! Draw nearer all, And hear what I, unhappy man, shall fay. First, madam, I desire your pardon; next, (I feel my spirits fail me!) gentlemen, Let me shake hands with you, and let's be friends; For I have done wrong upon wrong fo thick, I know not where, that every man methinks Should be mine enemy; forgive me both! Lastly, 'tis true (oh, I do feel the power Of death feize on me!) that I was contracted By feal and oath to Leocadia; (I must speak fast, because I fear my life Will else be shorter than my speech would be) But 'tis impossible to fatisfy You, Leocadia, but by repentance, Tho' I can dyingly and boldly fay I know not your dishonour; yet that was

Your virtue, and not mine, you know it well:
But herein lies th' impossibility;
(Oh! Theodosia, Theodosia!)
I was betroth'd to Theodosia,
Before I ever saw thee; Heav'n forgive me!

She is my wife this half-hour whilft I live.

Theod. That's I, that's I! I'm Theodosia. Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd Difgrace at all methinks, since you confess What I so long have sought for. Here is with me Philippo too, my brother.

Marc. I am glad;

All happiness to him! Come, let me kiss thee, Beg pardon of that maid for my offence; And let me further, with a dying breath, Tell in thine ear the rest of my desires.

Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn women,

If we hold longer talk. Leoc. Alas, there is

No hope for me; that's Theodosia, And that her brother. I am only forry I was beholding to 'em; I will search Over the world, as careless of my fortunes As they of me, 'till I can meet a curse

To make these almost-killing forrows worse! [Exit.

Theod. Sir, as I live, she lied, only to draw A just confession from you, which she hath; A happy one for me! Ask of this lady, Ask of my brother.

Eug. Sir, she did dissemble;

Your wound is nothing.

Phil. Leocadia's gone! [Exit. Theod. Rife up, and stir yourself; 'tis but amaze-

ment

And your imagination that afflicts you.

And your imagination that afflicts you; Look you, Sir, now!

Marc. I think 'tis fo, indeed.

Theod. The furgeons do not come, because they swear It needs no dreffing.

F 3 Eug.

Eug. You shall talk with 'em Within, for your own fancy.

Marc. Where's your brother,

And Leocadia?

Eug. Within belike.

Marc. I feel myself, methinks, as well as ever. Eug. Keep then your mind fo too; I do forgive

The fault you did to me; but here is one Must not be wrong'd hereafter.

Marc. Neither shall she:

When I make jests of oaths again, or make My lust play with religion; when I leave To keep true joys for her, and yet within Myself true sorrow for my passed deeds; May I want grace when I would fain repent, And find a great and fudden punishment! [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, Diego, and Incubo. Phil. | HERE is mine host? did not he see him neither?

Diego. Not I, i'faith, Sir. Phil. Nor the muleteer?

Inc. Nay, he's past seeing, unless it be in's sleep, By this time; all his visions were the pots, Three hours fince, Sir.

Phil. Which way should she take?

Nay, look you now! d'you all ftand ftill? Good Heav'n!

You might have lighted on him. Now, this instant! For love's fake, feek him out! Whoever finds him, I will reward his fortune as his diligence. Get all the town to help, that will be hir'd; Their pains I'll turn to annual holiday, If it shall chance but one bring word of her:

Pray

Pray you, about it!

Inc. Her, Sir? who do you mean?

Phil. I had forgot myself; the page, I meant,

That came along with us.

Diego. He you gave the cloaths to? Phil. I gave the cloaths to, rascal?

Diego. Nay, good Sir!

Phil. Why dost thou mention or upbraid my courtesies,

Slave?

Diego. For your honour, Sir. Phil. Wretch! I was honour'd,

That she should wear 'em (he, I would say) 'sdeath!

Go, get and find him out, or never fee me. I shall betray my love, ere I posses it.

Some star direct me, or ill planet strike me! [Exit.

Inc. Best to divide. Diego. I'll this way.

Inc. And I this.

Diego. I, as you, find him for a rial!

Inc. 'Tis done.

Diego. My course is now directly to some pie-house; I know the pages' compass.

Inc. I think rather

The fmock fide o'th' town, the furer harbour At his years to put in.

Diego. If I do find

The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth now.

Inc. I by the tail; yet I as you!

Diego. No more.

[Exeunt.

SCENÉ II.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. Dear Leocadia, where canst thou be fled Thus, like a spirit, hence? and in a moment? What cloud can hide thee from my following search, If yet thou art a body? Sure she hath not Ta'en any house: She did too late leave one

F 4

Where

Where all humanity of a place receiv'd her, And would, if she had stay'd, have help'd to right The wrong her fortune did her. Yet she must Be enter'd somewhere, or be found; no street, Lane, passage, corner, turn, hath 'scap'd enquiry. If her despair had ravish'd her to air, She could not yet be rarified fo, But some of us should meet her: Tho' their eyes Perhaps be leaden, and might turn, mine would Strike out a lightning for her, and divide A mist as thick as ever darkness was, Nay, fee her thro' a quarry: They do lie, Lie grofly, that fay Love is blind; by him, And Heav'n, they lie! he has a fight can pierce Thro' ivory, as clear as it were horn, And reach his object.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found!

Phil. Ha? where? But reach that happy note again, And let it relish truth, thou art an angel.

Inc. He's here; fast by, Sir; calling for a boat

To go aboard the gallies.

Ibil. Where, where? Hold thee! [Exit. Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I'd nought to fnew for't,

If he had had the wit t'have gone from's word:
These direct men, they are no men of fashion;
Talk what you will, this is a very smelt.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Leonardo, with a Surgeon.

Leo. Upon your art, Sir, and your faith t'affift it, Shall I believe you then his wound's not mortal?

Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your question, less your fear.

Leo. You do restore me, Sir; I pray y' accept This small remembrance of a father's thanks, For so assured a benefit.

Surg.

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Surg. Excuse me!

Leo. Sir, I can spare it, and must not believe
But that your fortune may receive't; except
You'd ha' me think you live not by your practice.
Surg. I crave your pardon, Sir; you teach me

manners.

Leo. I crave your love and friendship; and require, As I have made now both myself and business A portion of your care, you will but bring me, Under the person of a call'd assistant, To his next opening; where I may but see him, And utter a few words to him in private, And you will merit me: For I am loth, Since here I have not to appear myself, Or to be known unto the Governor, Or make a tumult of my purpose.

Surg. Neither I hope will be your need, Sir: I shall bring you Both there, and off again, without the hazard.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Philippo and Leocadia.

Phil. Will you not hear me?

Leoc. I have heard fo much

Will keep me deaf for ever! No, Marc-Antonio,

After thy fentence, I may hear no more:

Thou haft pronounc'd me dead!

Phil. Appeal to Reason:

She will reprieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her absence: Hear me say
A sovereign message from her, which in duty,
And love to your own safety, you ought hear.
Why do you strive so? whither would you sty?
You cannot wrest yourself away from care,
You may from counsel; you may shift your place,
But not your person; and another clime
Makes you no other.

Leoc.

Who should absolve me of my vow yet? ha? My contract made?

Phil. Your contract?

Leoc. Yes, my contract:

Am I not his? his wife?

Phil. Sweet, nothing less?

Leoc. I have no name then? Phil. Truly then, you have not:

How can you be his wife, who was before

Another's husband?

Leoc. Oh, tho' he dispense

With his faith given, I cannot with mine.

Phil. You do mistake, clear foul; his pre-contract Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no faith That ties you in religion, or humanity; You rather fin against that greater precept, To covet what's another's; fweet, you do: Believe me, who daren't urge dishonest things! Remove that scruple therefore, and but take Your dangers now into your judgment's fcale, And weigh them with your safeties: Think but whither Now you can go; what you can do to live; How near you ha' barr'd all ports to your own fuccour, Except this one that I here open, love. Should you be left alone, you were a prey To the wild lust of any, who would look Upon this shape like a temptation, And think you want the man you personate; Would not regard this shift, which love put on As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice; So should you live the slander of each fex. And be the child of error and of shame: And, which is worse, even Marc-Antony Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off, And fame report you worthy his contempt; Where if you make new choice, and fettle here, There is no further tumult in this flood, Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid?

Go home a wife: Alone? and in difguise?
Go home a waited Leocadia:
Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd;
Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,

And all his loud grief to a filent welcome; Unfold the riddles you have made. What fay you?

Enter Sanchio carried, Alphonso, and Servants.

Now is the time; delay is but despair; If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so!

Leoc. I am; but how, I rather feel than know. Sanc. Come, Sir; you're welcome now to Barcelona.

Take off my hood.

Phil. Who be these? Stay; let's view 'em! Alph. 'T was a long journey; are you not weary, Sir? Sanc. Weary? I could have rid it in mine armour.

Leoc. Alas!

Phil. What ail you, dear?

Leoc. It is my father.

Phil. Your father? which? Leoc. He that is carried: Oh,

Let us make hence!

Phil. For love's fake, good my heart! Leoc. Into some house, before he see me.

Phil. Dear,

Be not thus frighted.

Leoc. Oh, his wrath is tempest.

Phil. Sweet, take your spirit to you, and stay.

Be't he,

He cannot know you in this habit; and me I'm fure he less knows, for he never saw me.

Alph. Ha! who is that? my fon Philippo?

Phil. Sir!

Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this Salamanca? And that your study? ha?—Nay, stay him too; We'll see him, by his leave.

Serv. You must not strive, Sir. Alph. No, no; come near.

Sanc.

Sanc. My daughter? Leocadia? Alph. How, Sir! your daughter?

Sanc. Yes, Sir; and as fure

As that's your fon. Come hither! What now? run Out o' your fex? breech'd? Was it not enough At once to leave thy father, and thine honour, Unless th' hadst quit thyself too?

Phil. Sir, what fault

She can be urg'd of 37, I must take on me The guilt and punishment.

Sanc. You'must, Sir? How

If you shall not, tho' you must? I deal not With boys, Sir, I: You have a father here Shall do me right.

Alph. Thou art not mad, Philippo?

Art thou Marc-Antonio, fon to Leonardo?

Our business is to them.

[Leocadia slips out.]

Sanc. No, no, no, no!

I'll ha' the business now, with you, none else.

Pray you let's speak in private.—Carry me to him.—Your son's the ravisher, Sir; and here I find him.

I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
And do me right, with your sword, Sir, as becomes
One gentleman of honour to another:
All this is fair, Sir; here's the sea fast by;
Upon the sands we will determine.

'Tis that I call you to; let's make no days on't;
I'll lead your way.—To the sea-side, rascals!

Phil. Sir,

I would befeech your ftay; he may not follow you.

Sanc. No?—Turn.—I'll kill him here then.—

Slaves, rogues, blocks,

Why do you not bear me to him? Ha' you been Acquainted with my motions, logs, fo long, And yet not know to time 'em?

Phil. Were you, Sir,

³⁷ She can be urg'd of.] The oddness of the construction here inclines me to think that we should read, urg'd with. Sympson.

Of often occurs in old authors in the fense of with.

Not impotent—

Alph. Hold you your peace, boy!

Sanc. Impotent?

'Death, I'll cut his throat first, and then his father's.

Alpb. You must provide you then a sharper razor

Than is your tongue; for I not fear your fword.

Sanc. 'Heart, bear me to either of 'em!

Phil. Pray, Sir, your patience.

Enter Governor and Attendants.

Alph. My curse light on thee, if thou stay him!

Phil. Hold!

Gov. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen? what tumult

Is this you raise i' th' street? before my door? Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here?

Sanc. Yes, and to use it. Bear me up t' him, rogues.

Thus, at a traitor's heart!

Alph. Truer than thine.

Gov. Strike, strike; some of the people disarm'em; Kill'em, if they resist.

Phil. Nay, generous Sir,

Let not your courtefy turn fury now.

Gov. Lay hold upon 'em; take away their weapons! I will be worth an answer, ere we part.

Phil. 'Tis the Governor, Sir.

Alph. I yield myself.

Sanc. My fword? What think'st thou of me? pray thee, tell me.

1 Attend. As of a gentleman.

Sanc. No more?

1 Attend. Of worth,

And quality.

Sanc. An I should quit my sword,

There were small worth or quality in that, friend; Pray thee learn thou more worth and quality, Than to demand it.

Gov. Force it, I fay!

Attend. The Governor,

You hear, commands.

Sanc. The Governor shall pardon me.

Phil. How! Leocadia gone again? [Exit Phil.

Sanc. He shall, friend,

I' th' point of honour, by his leave; fo tell him: His perfon and authority I acknowledge, And do submit me to it; but my fword,

He shall excuse me, were he fifteen governors; That and I dwell together, and must yet,

'Till my hands part, affure him.

Gov. I say, force it!

Sanc. Stay, hear me! Hast thou ever read Caranza 33? Understandest thou honour, noble Governor?

Gov. For that we'll have more fit dispute.

Sanc. Your name, Sir?

Gov. You shall know that too, but on colder terms; Your blood and brain are now too hot to take it.

Sanc. Force my fword from me? This is an affront.

Gov. Bring 'em away!

Sanc. You'll do me reparation? [Exeunt.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. I have for ever lost her, and am lost, And worthily; my tameness hath undone me! She's gone hence, asham'd of me; yet I seek her: Will she be ever found to me again, Whom she saw stand so poorly, and dare nothing In her defence here, when I should have drawn This sword out, like a meteor, and have shot it In both our parents' eyes, and left 'em blind Unto their impotent angers? Oh, I'm worthy, On whom this loss and form should light to death; Without the pity that should wish me better, Either alive, or in my epitaph.

[Exit.

³⁸ Caranza.] Caranza was an author who wrote a Treatise on the Duello; he is often mentioned in our Author and Ben Jonson with ridicule. See Every Man in his Humour, and the New Inn, by the latter.

Enter Leonardo and Marc-Antonio.

Leo. Well, fon, your father is too near himfelf, And hath too much of nature, to put off Any affection that belongs to you:

I could have only wish'd you had acquainted Her father, whom it equally concerns, Tho' you'd presum'd on me; it might have open'd An easier gate and path to both our joys:
For tho' I am none of those slinty fathers, That, when their children do but natural things, Turn rock and offence straight, yet, Marc-Antonio, All are not of my quarry.

Marc. 'Tis my fear, Sir; And if hereafter I should e'er abuse So great a piety, it were my malice.

Enter Attendants.

Attend. We must entreat you, gentlemen, to take Another room; the Governor is coming Here, on some business.

Enter Governor, Sanchio, Alphonso, and Attendants.

Marc. We will give him way.

Sanc. I will have right, Sir, on you (that believe), If there be any marshal's court in Spain.

Gov. For that, Sir, we shall talk.

Sanc. Pox! do not flight me,

Tho' I'm without a fword.

Gov. Keep to your chair, Sir.

Sanc. Pox! let me fall, and hurl my chair, flaves, at him!

Gov. You're the more temper'd man, Sir; let me entreat

Of you, the manner how this brawl fell out.

Alph. Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care much; But here we came, Sir, to this town together, Both in one business, and one wrong; engag'd, To seek one Leonardo, an old Genoese—

Vol. VII. G I ha'

I ha' faid enough; there! would you more?-False father

Of a false son, call'd Marc-Antonio, Who had stole both our daughters; and which father, Conspiring with his fon in treachery, It feem'd, to fly our fatisfaction, Was, as we heard, come private to this town,

Here to take ship for Italy!

Leo. You heard More than was true then, by the fear, or falshood: And tho' I thought not to reveal myself (Pardon my manners in't) to you, for some Important reasons; yet, being thus character'd And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and do,

To who dares threaten.

Marc. I fay he's not worthy The name of man, or any honest preface, That dares report or credit fuch a flander.

Do you, Sir, fay it?

Alph. Sir, I do fay it.

Gov. Hold!

Is this your father, fignor Marc-Antonio? You've ill requited me, thus to conceal him From him would honour him, and do him fervice.

Enter Eugenia.

Leo. 'Twas not his fault, Sir. Eug. Where's my lord?

Gov. Sweetheart!

Eug. Know you these gentlemen? they are all the fathers

Unto our friends.

Gov. So itappears, my dove.

Sanc. Sir, I fay nothing: I do want a fword; And 'till I have a fword I will fay nothing.

Eug. Good Sir, command these gentlemen their arms:

Entreat 'em as your friends, not as your prisoners. Where be their fwords?

Gov.

Gov. Restore each man his weapon.

Sanc. It feems thou hast not read Caranza, fellow:

I must have reparation of honour;

As well as this; I find that wounded:

Gov. Sir,

I did not know your quality; if I had;

'Tis like I should have done you more respects.

Sanc. It is sufficient, by Caranza's rule.

Eug. I know it is, Sir.

Sanc. Have you read Caranza, lady?

Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the duel; He was my kinfman.

Sanc. Lady, then you know,

By the right noble writings of your kinsman, My honour is as dear to me as the king's.

Eug. 'Tis very true, Sir.

Sanc. Therefore I must crave
Leave to go on now with my first dependance 39:

Eug. What! ha' you more? Gov. None here, good fignor.

Sanc. I will refer me to Caranza still.

Eug. Nay, love, I prithee let me manage this! With whom is't, Sir?

Sanc. With that false man Alphonso.

Eug. Why, he has th' advantage, Sir, in legs.

Sanc. But I

In truth, and hand, and heart, and a good fword.

Eug. But how if he won't ftand you, Sir?

Alph. For that,

Make it no question, lady; I will stick

My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.

Sanc. Oh, would thou wouldft!

Alph. I'll do it!

Sanc. Let me kiss him:

I fear thou wilt not yet.

Eug. Why, gentlemen,

If you'll proceed according to Caranza;

39 My first dependance.] Dependance is here used technically, in the language of the duello.

G 2

Methinks

100 LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Methinks an easier way were two good chairs; So you would be content, Sir, to be bound, 'Cause he is lame: I'll fit you with like weapons, Pistols and poniards, and ev'n end it, if The difference between you be so mortal It cannot be ta'en up.

Sanc. Ta'en up? take off

This head first!

Alph. Come, bind me in a chair.

Eug. Yes, do.

Gov. What mean you, dove?

Eug. Let me alone;

And set 'em at their distance: When you've done Lend me two poniards; I'll have pistols ready Quickly.

[Exit.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. She's not here.—Marc-Antonio,

Saw you not Leocadia?

Marc. Not I, brother.

Phil. Brother, let's speak with you. You were false unto her.

Marc. I was, but have afk'd pardon: Why d'you urge it?

Phil. You were not worthy of her!

Marc. May-be I was not;

But 'tis not well, you tell me fo.

Phil. My fifter Is not fo fair —

Marc. It skills not.

Phil. Nor so virtuous.

Marc. Yes, she must be as virtuous.

Phil. Strike you.

Marc. I shall not bear strokes,

Tho' I do these strange words.

Phil. Will you not kill me? Marc. For what, good brother?

Phil.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. 101

Phil. Why, for speaking well

Of Leocadia.

Marc. No, indeed.

Phil. Nor ill

Of Theodofia?

Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodofia, and Servant with two piftols.

Marc. Neither.

· Phil. Fare you well then!

Eug. Nay, you shall have as noble seconds too As ever duellists had. Give 'em their weapons:

Now, St. Iago!

Sanc. Are they charg'd?

Eug. Charg'd, Sir?

I warrant you.

Alph. 'Would they were well discharg'd!

Sanc. I like a fword much better, I confefs.

Eug. Nay, wherefore ftay you? Shall I mend your mark?

Strike one another thorough these?

Phil. My love!

Alph. My Theodofia!

Sanc. I ha' not the heart.

Alph. Nor I.

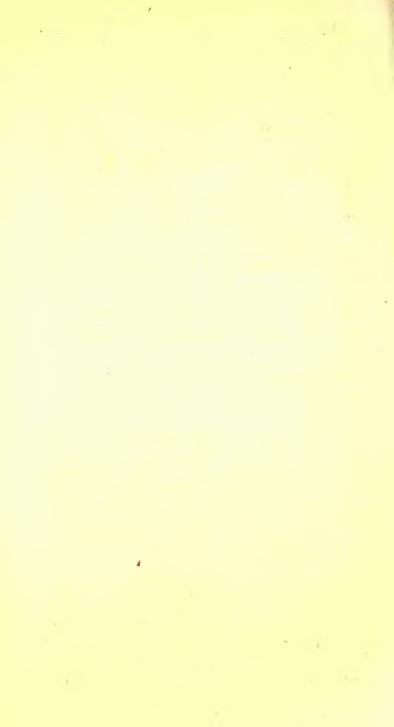
Eug. Why, here is a dependance ended.

Unbind that gentleman. Come, take here to you Your fons and daughters, and be friends! A feast Waits you within, is better than your fray. Lovers, take you your own; and all forbear, Under my roof, either to blush or fear! My love, what say you? could Caranza himself Carry a business better?

Gov. It is well.

All are content, I hope; and we well eas'd, If they for whom we've done all this be pleas'd.

Exeunt omnes.



DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A TRAGEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner attribute this Play to Fletcher alone. It was revived in the reign of King Charles II. as Langbaine asserts; and a prologue, then spoken before it, was printed in a book called Covent-Garden-Drollery, p. 14. Since that time, we believe, it has been entirely banished from the stage. This Tragedy was first printed in the solio of 1647.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Ferrand, tyrant of Naples.

Virolet, anoble gentleman, studious of his country's freedom.

Brissonet, | confederates with Virolet.

Ronvere, a villain, captain of the guard.

Villio, a court fool.

Castruccio, a parasite.

Pandulpho, father to Virolet.

Duke of Sesse, enemy to Ferrand, proscribed, and turned pirate.

Ascanio, nephew to Ferrand.

Boy, Servant to Virolet.

Master.

Gunner.

Boatswain.

Chirurgeon.

Sailors.

Doctor.

Citizens.

Guard, Soldiers, and Servants.

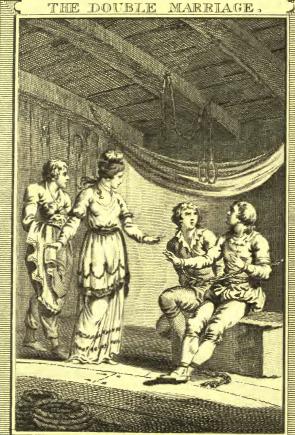
WOMEN.

Juliana, first wife to Virolet.

Martia, daughter of the Duke of Sesse, second wife to Virolet.

SCENE, NAPLES.





Unbolt this Man, & leave those things behind you. And so away! ______ Act II.



Published as the Act directs by John look, 1 May, 1777.

ATTORNEY MELLING TALE

DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

ACT I.

Enter Virolet and Boy.

Virolet. OY!
Boy. Sir?

Vir. If my wife feek me, tell her that Designs of weight, too heavy for her knowledge,

Exact my privacy.

Boy. I shall, Sir. Vir. Do then;

Vir. Do then;

And leave me to myfelf.

Boy. 'Tis a raw morning,

And, would you please to interpret that for duty Which you may construe boldness, I could wish (To arm yourself against it) you would use More of my service.

Vir. I have heat within here, A noble heat, good boy, to keep it off; I shall not freeze. Deliver my excuse,

And you have done your part.

Enter Juliana.

Boy. That is prevented;
My lady follows you.

Vir. Since I must be cross'd then,
Let her perform that office.

Boy. I obey you. [Exit. Vir. Prithee to-bed: To be thus fond's more tedious Than if I were neglected.

Jul. 'Tis the fault then

Of love and duty, which I would fall under, Rather than want that care which you may challenge As due to my obedience.

Vir. I confess

This tenderness argues a loving wife, And more deserves my heart's best thanks than anger. Yet I must tell you, sweet, you do exceed In your affection, if you would engross me To your delights alone.

Jul. I am not jealous:

If my embraces have distasted you,
(As I must grant you every way so worthy
That 'tis not in weak woman to deserve you,
Much less in miserable me, that want
Those graces some more fortunate are stor'd with)
Seek any whom you please, and I will study,
With my best service, to deserve those favours
That shall yield you contentment.

Vir. You're mistaken.

Jul. No, I am patient, Sir; and fo, good morrow! I will not be offensive.

Vir. Hear my reasons.

Jul. Tho' in your life a widow's bed receives me, For your fake I must love it. May she prosper That shall succeed me in it, and your ardor Last longer to her!

Vir. By the love I bear,

First to my country's peace, next to thyself, (To whom compar'd, my life I rate at nothing) Stood here a lady that were the choice abstract Of all the beauties Nature ever fashion'd, Or Art gave ornament to, compar'd to thee, Thus as thou art, obedient and loving, I should contemn and loath her!

Jul. I do believe you,

How I am bless'd in my affur'd belief This is unfeign'd! And why this sadness then? Vir. Why, Juliana?

Believe me, these my sad and dull retirements, My often, nay, almost continued fasts. (Sleep banish'd from my eyes, all pleasures strangers) Have neither root nor growth from any cause That may arrive at woman. Shouldst thou be (As Chastity forbid!) false to my bed, I should lament my fortune, perhaps punish Thy falshood, and then study to forget thee: But that which, like a never-emptied fpring, Feeds high the torrent of my swelling grief, Is what my country fuffers; there's a ground Where forrow may be planted, and fpring up Thro' yielding rage, and womanish despair, And yet not shame the owner.

Jul. I do believe it true;

Yet I should think myself a happy woman, If, in this general and timely mourning, I might or give to you, or else receive,

A little lawful comfort.

Vir. Thy discretion In this may answer for me: Look on Naples, The country where we both were born and bred; Naples, the Paradife of Italy, As that is of the earth; Naples, that was The sweet retreat of all the worthiest Romans, When they had shar'd the spoils of the whole world; This flourishing kingdom, whose inhabitants, For wealth and bravery, liv'd like petty kings; Made subject now to such a tyranny, As that fair city that receiv'd her name From Constantine the Great, now in the power Of barbarous infidels, may forget her own, To look with pity on our miseries; So far in our calamities we transcend her: For fince this Arragonian tyrant, Ferrand, Seiz'd on the government, there's nothing left us That

That we can call our own, but our afflictions.

Jul. And hardly those; the king's strange cruelty

Equals all precedents of tyranny.

Vir. Equals, fay you!?

He has out-gone the worst: Compar'd to him,
Nor Phalaris, nor Dionysius,
Caligula, nor Nero can be mention'd.
They yet as kings abus'd their regal power,
This as a merchant; all the country's fat
He wholly does engross unto himself:
Our oils he buys at his own price, then sells them
To us at dearer rates; our plate and jewels,
Under a seign'd pretence of public use,
He borrows; which denied, his instruments force.
The races of our horses he takes from us?,
Yet keeps them in our pastures; rapes of matrons,
And virgins, are too frequent; never man
Yet thank'd him for a pardon; for religion,

ful. I've heard, (How true it is I know not) that he fold The bishoprick of Tarent to a Jew, For thirteen thousand ducats.

It is a thing he dreams not of.

Vir. I was present,

And faw the money paid. The day would leave me Ere I could number out his impious actions, Or what the miferable fubject fuffers:
And can you entertain, in fuch a time,

A thought

Equal, say you?] Amended by Sympson.

The races of our horses he takes from us,
Yet keeps them in our pastures.] Seward supposes the word races
corrupt, and says, 'The old folio reads rases, so that the present
reading is probably only a conjecture. But as it has possession I
would not disturbate, only offer the following conjectures to the
reader's choice. The choicess, or the bravess, or the raress, or the
racers of our horses. The Neapolitan horses are light, and if this
last is now thought too stiff, it seems to bid sair for having been the
original. There is something rather hard in the text; but the Poet
feems to mean, that the tyrant takes from his subjects the use of the
horses, which he obliges them to maintain. The labour of a horse
may in poetry be called his race.

A thought of dalliance? Tears, and fighs, and groans, Would better now become you.

Jul. They indeed are

The only weapons our poor fex can use,
When we are injur'd; and they may become us:
But for men, that were born free, men of rank,
(That would be register'd fathers of their country,
And to have on their tombs, in golden letters,
The noble stile of 'Tyrant-killers' written)
To weep like fools and women, and not like wise men
To practise a redress, deserves a name
Which sits not me to give.

Vir. Thy grave reproof,

If what thou dost defire were possible To be effected, might well argue it As wife as loving; but if you confider, With what strong guards this tyrant is defended, Ruffians, and male-contents drawn from all quarters, That only know to ferve his impious will; The citadels built by him in the neck Of this poor city; the invincible strength ' Nature, by Art affifted, gave this castle; And above all his fear; admitting no man To fee him, but unarm'd, it being death For any to approach him with a weapon; You must confess, unless our hands were cannons, To batter down these walls; our weak breath mines, To blow his forts up; or our curses lightning, To force a paffage to him, and then blaft him; Our power is like to yours, and we, like you, Weep our misfortunes.

Jul. Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking; nor can Vice
Raise any bulwark, to make good the place
Where Virtue seeks to enter: Then to fall
In such a brave attempt, were such an honour
That Brutus, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead father in you, and my brothers,
Nay, all the ancestors I am deriv'd from,

(As you, in being what you are, are all these) I'd rather wear a mourning garment for you, And should be more proud of my widowhood, You dying for the freedom of this country, Than if I were assur'd I should enjoy A perpetuity of life and pleasure With you, the tyrant living.

Vir. 'Till this minute,

I never heard thee speak! Oh, more than woman, And more to be belov'd! can I find out A cabinet to lock a secret in, Of equal trust to thee? All doubts and sears, That scandalize your sex, be far from me! Thou shalt partake my near and dearest counsels, And surther them with thine.

Jul. I will be faithful.

Vir. Know then, this day (stand Heav'n propitious to us)

Our liberty begins.

Jul. In Ferrand's death?

Vir. 'Tis plotted, love, and strongly; and, believe it, For nothing else could do it, 'twas the thought How to proceed in this design, and end it, 'That made strange my embraces.

Jul. Curs'd be she

That's fo indulgent to her own delights,
That, for their fatisfaction, would give
A ftop to fuch a glorious enterprize!
For me, I would not for the world, I had been
Guilty of fuch a crime: Go on, and profper!
Go on, my dearest lord! I love your honour
Above my life; nay, yours. My prayers go with you;
Which I will strengthen with my tears. The wrongs
Of this poor country, edge your sword! oh, may it
Pierce deep into this tyrant's heart! and then
When you return, bath'd in his guilty blood,
I'll wash you clean with fountains of true joy.
But who are your assistants? tho' I am
So covetous of your glory, that I could wish

You had no sharer in it.

Knock.

Vir. Be not curious.

They come; however you command my bosom, To them I would not have you feen.

Jul. I'm gone, Sir.

Be confident; and may my resolution Be present with you!

Exit.

Vir. Such a masculine spirit,

With more than woman's virtues, were a dower To weigh down a king's fortune.

Enter Brissonet, Camillo, and Ronvere.

Bris. Good day to you! Cam. You are an early stirrer.

Vir. What new face

Bring you along?

Ronv. If I stand doubted, Sir,

As by your looks I guess it, you much injure A man that loves, and truly loves, this country, With as much zeal as you do; one that hates The prince by whom it fuffers, and as deadly; One that dares step as far to gain my freedom, As any he that breathes; that wears a fword As sharp as any's.

Cam. Nay, no more comparisons.

Ronv. What you but whisper, I dare speak aloud, Stood the king by; have means to put in act too, What you but coldly plot: If this deserve then Suspicion in the best, the boldest, wisest, Pursue your own intents; I'll follow mine; And if I not out-strip you-

Brif. Be affur'd, Sir,

A confidence 3 like this can never be

Allied to treachery.

Cam. Who durft speak so much, But one that is, like us, a fufferer,

³ A conscience like this, &c.] That this passage is corrupt will not admit of a doubt. We have ventured to substitute the word confidence for conscience.

And stands as we affected?

Vir. You are cozen'd,
And all undone! Ev'ry intelligencer
Speaks treason with like licence. Is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many years been train'd
In Ferrand's school, a man in trust and favour,
Rewarded too, and highly?

Cam. Grant all this,

The thought of what he was, being as he is now, A man difgrac'd, and with contempt thrown off, Will four him to revenge, as fwift as they That never were in favour.

Vir. Poor and childish!

Brif. His regiment is cast; that is most certain; And his command i'th' castle given away.

Cam. That on my knowledge.
Vir. Groffer still! What shepherd
Would yield the poor remainder of his slock
To a known wolf, tho' he put on the habit
Of a most faithful dog, and bark like one,

Cam. Yes, he has means too.

As this but only talks?

Vir. I know it to my grief, weak men, I know it! To make his peace, if there were any war Between him and his mafter 4, by betraying Our innocent lives.

Renv. You're too suspicious,
And I have borne too much, beyond my temper:
Take your own ways! I'll leave you.

Vir. You may fray now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fish'd for.
But one word, gentlemen: Have you discover'd
To him alone our plot?

Brif. To him, and others That are at his devotion. Vir. Worfe and worfe!

4 His master, betraying] I have inserted by in the text against the authority of all the editions. This passage is desicient without Sympton.

For

For were he only conscious of our purpose, Tho' with the breach of hospitable laws; In my own house I'd silence him for ever: But what is past my help is past my care: I have a life to lofe.

Cam. Have better hopes.

Ronv. And when you know, with what charge I have further'd

Your noble undertaking, you will fwear me Another man; the guards I have corrupted; And of the choice of all our noblest youths, Attir'd like virgins, fuch as hermits would Welcome to their fad cells, prepar'd a masque; As done for the king's pleafure.

Vir. For his fafety

I rather fear; and as a pageant to

Usher our ruin.

Ronv. We, as torch-bearers; Will wait on these; but with such art and cunning I have convey'd sharp poniards in the wax, That we may pass, tho' fearch'd, thro' all his guards Without fuspicion, and in all his glory Oppress him, and with safety.

Cam. 'Tis most strange-Vir. To be effected.

Ronv. You are doubful still.

Bris. But we resolv'd to follow him; and if you Desist now, Virolet, we'll fay 'tis fear, Rather than providence.

Cam. And so we leave you

Exeunt:

Enter Juliana:

Jul. To your wife doubts, and to my better counfels. Oh! pardon me; my lord, and trust me too; Let me not, like Caffandra, prophefy truths; And never be believ'd, before the mischief; I have heard all, know this Ronvere a villain, A villain that hath tempted me, and plotted This for your ruin, only to make way Vor. VII.

To his hopes in my embraces; at more leisure, I will acquaint you wherefore I conceal'd it To this last minute; if you stay, you're lost, And all prevention too late. I know, And 'tis to me known only, a dark cave Within this house, a part of my poor dower, Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the center, 'Till this rough blast be o'er. Where there is air, More than to keep in life, Ferrand will find you; So curious his fears are.

Vir. 'Tis better fall

Than hide my head now, ('twas thine own advice)

My friends engag'd too.

Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak men that have betray'd themselves,
Or to my counsel, tho' then just and loyal:
Your fancy hath been good, but not your judgment
In choice of such to side you. Will you leap
From a steep tower, because a desp'rate fool
Does it, and trusts the wind to save his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all mens' eyes
Are fix'd on Virolet, to help, not hurt them:
Make good their hopes and ours! You have sworn
often,

That you dare credit me, and allow'd me wife, Altho' a woman; e'en kings in great actions Wait opportunity, and so must you, Sir, Or lose your understanding 5.

Vir. Thou art conftant; I an uncertain fool, a most blind fool: Be thou my guide.

Supplies to want an helping hand. I would propose reading undertaking. Kings wait opportunity to perform their designs in, and so must you, otherwise you will lose your undertaking. For 'tis not the understanding but undertaking which would be lost.

Sympson.

The text is right, and only means, It would be madness to think you must not, like others, be guided by the opportunity. His answer confirms this. Lose your understanding may, without violence, be taken in this sense.

Ful. If I fail to direct you,
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,
May constancy forsake me!
Vir. I've my safety.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Castruccio and Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus? Cast. Peace, thou art a fool.

Vil. But if I were a flatterer, like your worship,

I should be wife, and rich too:

There are few else that prosper, bawds excepted, They hold an equal place there.

Cast. A shrewd knave!

But oh, the king, the happy king!

Vil. Why happy?

In bearing a great burthen?

Cast. What bears he,

That's borne on princes' shoulders?

Vil. A crown's weight,

Which fets more heavy on his head, than th' ore Slaves dig out of the mines, of which 'tis made.

Cast. Thou worthily art his fool, to think that heavy
That carries him i' th' air: The rev'rence due
To that most facred gold makes him ador'd,
His footsteps kis'd; his smiles to raise a beggar 6
To a lord's fortune; and, when he but frowns,
The city quakes——

Vil. Or the poor cuckolds in it, Coxcombs I should say. I am of a fool

Grown a philosopher, to hear this parasite.

Cast. The delicates he's serv'd with, see and envy—

Vil. I'd rather have an onion with a stomach,

Than these without one.

Cast. The celestial musick,
Such as the motion of the eternal spheres [Musick.
Yields Jove when he drinks nectar—

Vil. Here's a fine knave!

⁶ His smiles to raise a beggar.] Sympton reads, His smiles do raise a beggar.

H 2 Yet

Yet hath too many fellows. Cast. Then the beauties,

That with variety of choice embraces [These pass over,

Renew his age——

Vil. Help him to crouch rather,

And the French cringe; they're excellent furgeons that way.

Cast. Oh, majesty! let others think of Heaven,

While I contemplate thee.

Vil. This is not atheism,

But court observance.

Caft. Now the god appears, Usher'd with earthquakes.

Vil. Base idolatry!

[Flourish.

Enter Ferrand, Guard, Women, and Servants.

Fer. These meats are poison'd! hang the cooks!—
No note more, [To the musick.

On forfeit of your fingers! do you envy me A minute's flumber?—What are these?

I Guard. The ladies

Appointed by your majesty. Fer. To th' purpose!

For what appointed?

I Guard. For your Grace's pleasure.

Fer. To fuck away the little blood is left me, By my continual cares! I am not apt now: Enjoy them first, taste of my diet once; And, your turns serv'd, for fifty crowns a-piece Their husbands may redeem them.

Women. Great Sir, mercy!

Fer. I'm deaf. Why ftare you? Is what we com-

To be disputed? Who's this? Bring you the dead T'upbraid me to my face?

Cast. Hold, emperor!

- - 4

Hold, mightiest of kings! I am thy vassal, Thy foot-stool, that durst not presume to look On thy offended face.

Fer.

Fer. Castruccio, rise.

Cast. Let not the lightning of thy eye confume me, Nor hear that mufical tongue in dreadful thunder, That fpeaks all mercy.

Vil. Here's no flattering rogue!

Cast. Ferrand, that is the father of his people,

The glory of mankind-

Fer. No more, no word more! And while I tell my troubles to myfelf, Be statues without motion or voice: Tho' to be flatter'd is an itch to greatness, It now offends me.

Vil. Here's the happy man!

But speak who dares.

Fer. When I was innocent, I yet remember I could eat and fleep, Walk unaffrighted; but now terrible To others, my guards can't keep fear from me; It still pursues me; oh, my wounded conscience! The bed I would rest in is stuff'd with thorns; The ground's strew'd o'er with adders, and with aspicks,

Where-e'er I fet my foot: But I am in, And what was got with cruelty, with blood Must be defended. Tho' this life's a hell,

I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ronvere and Guard.

Ronv. My lord!

Fer. Welcome, Ronvere! welcome, my golden plummet,

With which I found mine enemies' depths and angers!

Hast thou discover'd?

Ronv. All as you could wish, Sir, The plot, and the contrivers; was made one Of the conspiracy.

Fer. Is Virolet in?

Ronv. The head of all: He only scented me; And, from his fear that I play'd false, is fled; H 3

The rest I have in fetters.

Fer. Death and hell!

Next to my mortal foe, the pirate Seffe, I aim'd at him! He's virtuous, and wife, A lover of his freedom and his country's; Dangerous to fuch as govern by the fword, And fo to me.—No track which way he went? No means to overtake him?

Ronv. There's fome hope left; But with a rough hand to be feiz'd upon.

Fer. What is't?

Ronv. If any know or where he is, Or which way he is fled, it is his wife: Her, with his father, I have apprehended, And brought among the reft.

Fer. 'Twas wifely order'd:

Go fetch them in, and let my executioners
Appear in horror with the rack.

[Exit Ronv.

Vil. I take it, fignor,

This is no time for you to flatter, or me To fool in.

Cast. Thou art wise in this: Let's off; It is unsafe to be near Jove when he Begins to thunder.

Vil. Good morality! [Exeunt Vil. & Cast. Fer. I that have pierc'd into the hearts of men; Forced them to lay open with my looks Secrets, whose least discovery was death; Will rend, for what concerns my life, the fortress Of a weak woman's faith.

Enter Ronvere, Guard, and Executioners with a rack, Camillo, Brissonet, Pandulpho, and Juliana.

Cam. Whate'er we fuffer,

The weight that loads a traitor's heart, fit ever Heavy on thine!

Brif. As we are caught by thee,

Fall thou by others!

Ronv. Pish! poor fools, your curses

Will ne'er reach me.

Jul. Now, by my Virolet's life, Father, this is a glorious stage of murder! Here are fine properties too⁷, and such spectators As will expect good action! To the life Let us perform our parts; and we shall live When these are rotten. 'Would we might begin once! Are you the master of the company? Troth, you are tedious now.

Fer. She does deride me.

Jul. Thee and thy power! If one poor fyllable Could win me an affurance of thy favour, I would not fpeak it; I defire to be The great example of thy cruelty, To whet which on, know, Ferrand, I alone Can make discovery where my Virolet is, Whose life I know thou aim'st at: But if tortures Compel me to't, may hope of Heav'n forsake me! I dare thy worst.

Fer. Are we contemn'd?

Jul. Thou art,

Thou and thy ministers! My life is thine; But in the death the victory shall be mine.

Pand. We've fuch a mistress here to teach us courage,

That cowards might learn from her.

Fer. You are flow! [She is put on the rack, Begin the scene. Thou miserable fool, For fo I'll make thee——

Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;

I'm happy in my fufferings, thou most wretched.

Fer. So brave? I'll tame you yet. Pluck harder, villains!

Is the infentible? no figh nor groan?

7 — properties.] A term much used at the play-houses for the habits and implements necessary for the representation. Sympson.

H 4

⁸ Pluck hard, willains.] The measure here as well as sense call for the alteration, which both Mr. Theobald and myself had lighted on, and which I have thought proper to stand in the text. Sympson.

Or is she dead?

Jul. No, tyrant! tho' I fuffer More than a woman, beyond flesh and blood, 'Tis in a cause so honourable, that I scorn, With any sign, that may express a sorrow, To shew I do repent.

Fer. Confess yet, and

Thou shalt be safe.

Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my foul, From whence thou canft not force it.

Fer. I will be

Ten days a-killing thee.

Jul. Be twenty thousand; My glory lives the longer. Ronv. 'Tis a miracle!

She tires the executioners, and me.

Fer. Unloofe her; I am conquer'd.—I must take Some other way.— Reach her my chair, in honour Of her invincible fortitude.

Renv. Will you not

Dispatch the rest?

Fer. When I feem merciful,

Affure thyself, Ronvere, I am most cruel.— Thou wonder of thy sex, and of this nation, That hast chang'd my severity to mercy, Not to thyself alone, but to thy people, (In which I do include these men) my enemies! Unbind them.

Pand. This is flrange! Fer. For your intent

Against my life, which you dare not deny, I only ask one service.

Cam. Above hope!

Fer. There rides a pirate near, the Duke of Seffe, My enemy and this country's, that in bonds Holds my dear friend Ascanio: Free this friend, Or bring the pirate's head, besides your pardon, And honour of the action, your reward Is forty thousand ducats: And because

I know

I know that Virolet is as bold as wife, Be he your general. As pledge of your faith, That you will undertake it, let this old man And this most constant matron stay with me, Of whom, as of myself, I will be careful. She shall direct you where her husband is. Make choice of any ship you think most useful; They are rigg'd for you.

[Exeunt Guard, with Juliana and Pandulpho.

Bris. We with joy accept it.

Cam. And will proclaim king Ferrand merciful.

[Exeunt Bris. and Cam.

Ronv. The mystery of this, my lord? or are you

Chang'd in your nature?

Fer. I'll make thee private to it:
The lives of these weak men, and desperate woman,
Would no way have secur'd me, had I took them;
'Tis Virolet I aim at; he has power,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter Sesse,
And he prove conqueror, I am assur'd
They'll find no mercy; if that they prove victors,
I shall recover, with my friend, his head
I most desire of all men.

Ronv. Now I have it.

Fer. I'll make thee understand the drift of all; So we stand sure, thus much for those that fall! [Exe.

A C T II.

Enter Boatswain and Gunner.

Boats. AY her before the wind; up with her canvas,
And let her work! the wind begins to whiftle.

Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the minion of the ocean!
Let her bestride the billows 'till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads! Ho, below there!

Sailors

Sailors [within]. Ho, ho!

Boats. Lay her North-East, and thrust her mizen out; The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us. Oh, for a lufty fail now, to give chafe to!

Gun. A stubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,

And change a broadfide bravely!

Reatf. Where's the Duke?

Car. I have not feen him ftir to-day.

Boats. Oh, Gunner,

What bravery dwells in his age, and what valour! Abid to his friends, what gentleness and bounty! How long have we been inhabitants at fea here?

Gun. Some fourteen years.

Featl. By fourteen lives I swear then, This element ne'er nourish'd such a pirate, So weat, fo fearless, and so fortunate, So patient in his want, in act so valiant! How many fail of well-mann'd ships before us, As the bonito does the flying fish, Have we purfued and fcour'd, that, to out-strip us, They have been fain to hang their very shirts on! What gallies have we bang'd, and funk, and taken, Whose only fraughts were fire and stern defiance, And nothing spoke but bullet in all these! How like old Neptune have I feen our general Standing i'th' poop, and tossing his steel trident, Commanding both the fea and winds to ferve him!

His daughter too (which is the honour,

Boatswain,

Of all her fex) that martial maid

Boats. A brave wench!

Gun. How oftentimes, a fight being new begun, Has she leap'ddown, and took my linstock from me, And crying, 'Now fly right,' fir'd all my chasers! Then, like the image of the warlike goddess, Her target brac'd upon her arm, her fword drawn, And anger in her eyes, leap'd up again, And bravely hail'd the bark; I've wonder'd, Boatswain, That in a body made fo delicate,

So

Boats. Her noble father got her in his fury,

And so she proves a soldier.

Gun. This too I wonder at,
Taking so many strangers as he does,
He uses them with that respect and coolness,
Not making prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his want; nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may stand in need of,
And then parts lovingly: Where, if he take
His countryman, that should be nearest to him,
And stand most free from danger, he sure pays for't;
He drowns or hangs the men, ransacks the bark,
Then gives her up a bonsire to his fortune.

Boats. The wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull

country

(That's all I know) have purchas'd all his cruelty; We fare the better. Cheerly, cheerly, boys! The ship runs merrily; my captain's melancholy, And nothing cures that in him but a sea-fight: I hope to meet a sail, boy, and a right one.

Gun. That's my hope too; I'm ready for the pastime.

Boats. I' th' mean time et's bestow a song upon him,

To shake him from his dumps, and bid good day to him.

Ho, in the hold!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.

Boats. To th' main-top, Boy! An thou ken'st a ship that dares defy us, Here's gold.

Boy. I'm gone. [Exit. Boats. Come, Sirs, a quaint levet, [Trump. a levet. To waken our brave general! Then to our labour!

Enter Duke of Seffe (above), and Martia like an Amazon.

Duke. I thank you, loving mates, I thank you all!

There's

There's to prolong your mirth; and good morrow to you!

you!

Mart. Take this from me; you're honest, valiant

friends,

And fuch we must make much of. Not a sail stirring?

Gun. Not any within ken yet.

Boats. Without doubt, lady,

The wind standing so fair and full upon us, We shall have sport anon. But, noble general, Why are you still so fad? You take our edge off; You make us dull and spiritless.

Duke. I'll tell ye,

Because I will provoke ye to be fortunate; For when you know my cause, 'twill double arm you; This woman never knew it yet, my daughter; Some discontents she has.

Mart. Pray, Sir, go forward.

Duke. These fourteen years, I've stored it here at sea?, Where the most curious thought could never find it.

Boats. Call up the Master, and all the mates.

Enter (below) Master and Sailors.

Duke. Good morrow!

Mafter. Good morrow to our general, a good one! And to that noble lady all good wishes!

Mart. I thank you, Master.

Duke. Mark me! thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have discover'd,
'Till full revenge had wooed me; but, to satisfy
My faithful friends, thus I cast off my burthen.
In that short time I was a courtier,
And follow'd that most hated of all princes,
Ferrand, the full example of all mischiefs,
(Compell'd to follow to my soul a stranger)

9 I have flored it here at sea.] Thus the octavo, and it may be right; the edition of 1647 gives it thus,

I we floed here at sea.

I conjecture we should read with a small addition, sowed. So a little lower the Master says, Down with 'em, sow 'em in. Sympson.

It was my chance one day to play at chess,
For some few crowns with a minion of this king,
A mean poor man, that only serv'd his pleasures;
Removing of a rook, we grew to words,
From this to hotter anger: To be short,
I got a blow.

Mart. How, how, my noble father!

Duke. A blow, my girl; which I had foon repaid, And funk the flave for ever, had not odds

Thrust in betwixt us. I went away disgrac'd——

Mart. For honour's fake, not fo, Sir!

Duke. For that time, wench;
But call'd upon him, like a gentleman,
By many private friends; knock'd at his valour,
Courted his honour hourly to repair me;
And tho' he were a thing my thoughts made slight on,
And only worth the fury of my footman,
Still I pursued him nobly——

Mart. Did he 'scape you?

My old brave father, could you fit down fo coldly?

Duke. Have patience, and know all. Purfued him fairly,

'Till I was laugh'd at, fcorn'd, my wrongs made May-games;

By him unjustly wrong'd should be all justice;
The slave protected: Yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he suppos'd all had been buried,
And what I had receiv'd durst not be question'd;
And then he fell, under my sword he fell,
For ever sunk; his poor life, like the air
Blown in an empty bubble, burst, and lest him,
No noble wind of memory to raise him.
But then began my misery! I fled,
The king's frowns following, and my friends' despair:
No hand that durst relieve; my country fearful,
Basely and weakly fearful of a tyrant,
Which made his bad will worse, stood still and

wonder'd,
Their virtues bed-rid in 'em. Then, my girl,
A little

A little one, I fnatch'd thee from thy nurse, The model of thy father's miseries, And some small wealth was fit for present carriage, And got to sea, where I profess'd my anger, And will do, whilst that base ungrateful country, And that bad king, have blood or means to quench me. Now ye know all.

Master. We know all, and admire all:
Go on, and do all still, and still be fortunate!

Mart. Had you done lefs, or loft this noble anger, You had been worthy then mens' empty pities, And not their wonders. Go on, and use your justice, And use it still with that fell violence, It first appear'd to you! If you go less, Or take a doting mercy to protection, The honour of a father I disclaim in you, Call back all duty, and will be prouder of The insamous and base name of a whore, Than daughter to a great duke and a coward.

Duke. Mine own sweet Martia, no; thou know'st my nature;

It cannot, must not be.

Mart. I hope it shall not.

But why, Sir, do you keep alive fill young Afcanio, prince of Roslana, king Ferrand's Most beloved one, you took two months ago? Why is not he slung overboard, or hang'd?

Duke. I'll tell thee, girl:

It were a mercy in my nature now,
So foon to break the thread of his afflictions to am not fo far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die; that were a benefit.
Befides, I keep him as a bait and diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the king:
I look each hour to hear of his armadas;
And a hot welcome they shall have.

Mart. But hark you!

If you were over-fway'd with odds——

¹⁰ Break the bed of his afflictions.] Corrected by Sympson.

Duke.

Duke. I find you:

I would not yield; no, girl; no hope of yielding, Nor fling myfelf one hour into their mercies, And give the tyrant hope, to gain his kingdom. No; I can fink, wench, and make shift to die; A thousand doors are open, I shall hit one. I am no niggard of my life; so it go nobly, All ways are equal, and all hours, I care not.

Mart. Now you fpeak like my father!

Master. Noble general,

If by our means they inherit aught but bangs,
The mercy of the main-yard light upon us! No;
We can fink too, Sir, and fink low enough,
To pose their cruelties to follow us;

And he that thinks of life, if the world go that way,

A thousand cowards suck his bones!

Gun. Let the worst come,

I can unbreech a cannon, and without much help Turn her into the keel; and when sh' has split it, Every man knows his way, his own prayers, And so good night, I think!

Master. We've liv'd all with you,

And will die with you, general.

Duke. I thank you, gentlemen.

Boy [above]. A fail, a fail! Master. A chearful found!

Boy. A fail!

Boats. Of whence? of whence, Boy?

Boy. A lusty sail!

Mart. Look right, and look again.

Boy. She plows the fea before her, And foams i'th' mouth.

Boats. Of whence?

Boy. I ken not yet, Sir.

Duke. Oh, may she prove of Naples!

Master. Prove the devil,

We'll spit out fire as thick as she.

Boy. Hoy!

Master. Brave Boy?

Boy. Of Naples, Naples; I think of Naples, Mafter; Methinks I fee the arms.

Master. Up, up another; And give more certain figns!

Exit Sailor.

Duke. All to your bufiness!

And stand but right and true——

Boats. Hang him that halts now!

Boy. Sh' has us in chase.

Master. We'll spare her our main-top-sail; She shall not look us long, we are no starters.

Down with the fore-fail too! we'll fpoon before her.

Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my honour

Load me but these two minions in the chase there

And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,

And be thine eye, and level, as thy heart is!

Gun. Madam, I'll fcratch 'em out; I'll piss 'em

out else.

Săilòr [above]. Hoy! Duke. Of whence now?

Sailor. Of Naples, Naples, Naples!

I fee her top-flag, how fhe quarters Naples:

I hear her trumpets.

Duke. Down! She's welcome to us!

[Exeunt Master, Boats. Gun. Sailors: Every man to his charge! Man her i'th' bow well, And place your rakers right 12. Daughter, be sparing. Mart. I swear I'll be above, Sir, in the thickest,

We have no doubt but Sympson has here hit on the right word, but not on its true acceptation; for no part of a vessel, we believe, bears the name of the chase. The chase, in the sea dialect, is a

vessel pursued.

12 Place your rakers.] i. e. The guns with which the enemy's vessel is to be raked. Falkner, in his Marine Dictionary, says, Raking a ship is the act of cannonading a ship on the stern, or head,

action.

fancy that of a ship will be so to every curious reader. Chase is applicable either to the prow or stern of a ship, and 'tis no matter in which of these acceptations we understand it here.

Sympson.

fo as that the balls shall foour the whole length of her decks; which is one of the most dangerous incidents that can happen in a naval

And where most danger is I'll seek for honour. They have begun! hark, how their trumpets call us! Hark, how the wide-mouth'd cannons sing amongst us! Hark, how they sail! out of our shells for shame, Sir!

Duke. Now fortune and my cause!

Mart. Be bold and conquer! [Exeunt. [Charge, trumpets and shot within.]

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Master. They'll board us once again; they're tough and valiant.

Boats. Twice we have blown 'em into th' air like feathers,

And made 'em dance.

Master. Good boys! fight bravely, manly!
They come on yet; clap in her stern, and yoke 'em's.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. You shall not need; I have provision for 'em; Let 'em board once again; the next is ours.

Stand bravely to your pikes; away, be valiant!
I have a second course of service for 'em,
Shall make the bowels of their bark ache, boy!
The Duke sights like a dragon. Who dares be idle? [Ex.

[Charge, trumpets, pieces go off.

Enter Master, Boatswain following.

Master. Down with 'em! stow 'em in!
Boats. Cut their throats!
'Tis brotherhood to fling 'em into th' sea.
The Duke is hurt, so is his lovely daughter.
Martia. We have the day yet.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Pox fire 'em!

¹³ Yoke 'em.] Sympson supposes this corrupt, and imagines we should read RAKE 'em. YOKE 'em may mean, lying along-side of 'em, so as to fight with small arms; upon which the Gunner says, You shall not need; I have provision for 'em.

Vol. VII.

They

They have smoak'd us; never such plums yet slew.

Boats. They've rent the ship, and bor'd a hundred holes;

She fwims still lustily.

Master. She made a brave fight; and She shall be cur'd, and make a braver yet.

Gun. Bring us some cans up; I am hot as fire.

Enter Boy with three cans.

Boats. I am fure I am none o' th' coolest.

Gun. My cannons rung like bells. Here's to my
mistress!

The dainty sweet brass minion split their fore-mast; She never fail'd.

Master. Ye did all well and truly,

Like faithful honest men.

Boats. But is she rich, Master? [Trumpet, flourish.

Enter Duke, Martia, Virolet, and Sailors.

Master. Rich for my captain's purpose howsoever, And we are his. How bravely now he shews, Heated in blood and anger! How do you, Sir? Not wounded mortally, I hope?

Duke. No, Master;

But only wear the livery of fury.—
I'm hurt, and deep.

Master. My mistress too?
Mart. A scratch, man;

My needle would ha' done as much.—Good Sir, Be provident and careful!

Duke. Prithee, peace, girl;

This wound is not the first blood I have blush'd in.
Ye fought all like tall men; my thanks among ye,
That speaks not what my purse means, but my tongue,
foldiers.—

Now, Sir, to you that fought me out, that found me, That found me what I am, the tyrant's tyrant; You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly, You're welcome to your death!

Vir.

Vir. I do expect it;

And therefore need no compliment, but wait it.

Duke. Thou bor'ft the face once of a noble

gentleman,

Rank'd in the first file of the virtuous, By every hopeful spirit shew'd and pointed Thy country's love; one that advanc'd her honour, Not tainted with the base and servile uses The tyrant ties mens' souls to. Tell me, Virolet, If shame have not forsook thee, with thy credit—

Vir. No more of these racks! what I am, I am. I hope not to go free with poor consessions; Nor if I shew ill, will I seem a monster, By making my mind prisoner! Do your worst: When I came out to deal with you, I cast it. Only those base inflictions sit for slaves, Because I am a gentleman—

Duke. Thou'rt none!

Thou wast while thou stoodst good; thou'rt now a villain,

And agent for the devil!

Vir. That tongue lies!

Give me my fword again, and stand all arm'd;

I'll prove it on ye all, I am a gentleman,

A man as fair in honour—Rate your prisoners?

How poor and like a pedagogue it shews,

How far from nobleness! 'Tis fair, you may kill us;

But to desame your victory with soul language—

Duke. Go sling him overboard. I'll teach you,

firrah—

Vir. You can't teach me to die. I could kill you now With patience, in despissing all your cruelties, And make you choke with anger.

Duke. Away, I fay!

Mart. Stay, Sir; h' has giv'n you such bold language, I am not reconcil'd to him yet; and therefore He shall not have his wish observ'd so nearly, To die when he please; I beseech you stay, Sir. Duke. Do with him what thou wilt,

Mart.

Mart. Carry him to th' bilboes, And clap him fast there, with the prince.

Vir. Do, lady;

For any death you give I'm bound to bless you.

[Exeunt Virolet and Sailors.

Mart. Now to your cabin, Sir, (pray lean upon me)

And take your rest; the surgeons wait all for you.

Duke. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy

fortunes.

Why, fure I have no hurt; I have not fought fure? Mafter. You bleed apace, Sir.

Mart. You grow cold too.

Duke. I must be rul'd. No leaning! My deepest wounds scorn crutches.

All. A brave general! [Flourish trumpets, cornets. [Exeunt.

Enter two Sailors.

I Sailor. Will they not moor her?

2 Sailor. Not 'till we come to th' fort;
This is too weak a place for our defences.
The carpenters are hard at work; fhe fwims well,
And may hold out another fight. The ship we took
Burns there, to give us light.

1 Sailor. She made a brave fight. 2 Sailor. She put us all in fear.

1 Sailor. Beshrew my heart, did she.

Her men are gone to Candy; they are pepper'd, All but this prisoner.

2 Sailor. Sure he's a brave fellow.

1 Sailor. A stubborn knave, but we have pull'd his bravery.

[Virolet and Ascanio discovered in the bilboes. Look, how he looks now! Come, let's go serve his diet, Which is but bread and water.

2 Sailor. He'll grow fat on't. [Exeunt Sailors. Afea. I must confess I have endur'd much misery, Ev'n almost to the ruin of my spirit; But ten times more grows my affliction, To find my friend here.

Vir.

Vir. Had we ferv'd our country, Or honesties, as we have serv'd our follies, We had not been here now.

Asc. 'Tis too true, Virolet.

Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your fafety Pointed at more than Ferrand's will, a base one! Some service for mine own, some for my nation, Some for my friend; but I am rightly paid, That durst adventure such a noble office, From the most treacherous command of mischies: You know him now.

Asc. And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heav'n be witness with me,
(And, if I lie, my miseries still load me!)
With what tears I have woo'd him, with what prayers,
What weight of reasons I have laid, what dangers,
(Then, when the peoples' curses slew like storms,
And every tongue was whetted to defame him)
To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his slaughters,
His fell oppressions! I know I was hated too.

Vir. And all mankind that knew him. These

Do no good to the world, to Heav'n they may: Let's study to die well; we've liv'd like coxcombs.

Asc. That my misfortune should lose you too!

Vir. Yes;

And not only me, but many more, and better; For my life, 'tis not this; or might I fave yours, And fome brave friends I have engag'd, let me go! It were the meritorious death I wish for; But we must hang, or drown like whelps.

Asc. No remedy?

Vir. On my part, I expect none. I know the man, And know he has been nettled to the quick too; I know his nature.

Asc. A most cruel nature!

Vir. His wrongs have bred him up; I cannot blame him.

Asc. He has a daughter too, the greatest scorner,

And most insulter upon misery—

Vir. For those, they're toys to laugh at, not to lead men.

A woman's mirth or anger, like a meteor, Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it:
Our miseries would seem like masters to us,
And shake our manly spirits into severs,
If we respected those; the more they glory,
And raise insulting trophies on our ruins,
The more our virtues shine in patience.
Sweet prince, the name of Death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud torrent
Of all afflictions, singing as they swim,
A gall of heart, but to a guilty conscience:
Whilst we stand fair '4, tho' by a two-edg'd storm
We find untimely falls, like early roses,
Bent to the earth, we bear our native sweetness.

Asc. Good Sir, go on.

Vir. When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes cross us,
How sweetly do we shew when sleep steals on us!
When we grow great, but our affection greater 15,
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born with us,
And tug and pull, yet still we find a giant:
Had we not then the privilege to sleep
Our everlasting sleep, he'd make us idiots.
The memory and monuments of good men
Are more than lives; and tho' their tombs want
tongues,

Yet

¹⁴ Whilst we stand fair; but by a two-edg'd storm.] So reads the first folio; the text is from the second.—The image meant to be conveyed in this and the two following lines is intelligible; but there is some confusion (perhaps corruption) in the expression: How can they fall, whilst they stand fair? Tho' is presentle to but, in the present text; yet perhaps something is lost, signifying, that 'whilst' we flourish, our state is particularly bonourable; but if we even fall, even our fall is glorious.'

¹⁵ But our affections greater.] Affection, as I read, or passion, is the slubborn twin born with us, which wou'd make us idiots, if we gave way to it, rather than free ourselves from its tytanny by the sleep of death.

Seward.

Yet have they eyes that daily fweat their loffes, And fuch a tear from stone no time can value. To die both young and good are Nature's curses, As the world fays; ask Truth, they're bounteous bleffings;

For then we reach at Heav'n, in our full virtues, And fix ourselves new stars, crown'd with our

goodness.

Asc. You've double arm'd me.—Hark! what noise is this? [Strange musick within, hoboys.

What horrid noise? Is the sea pleas'd to sing

A hideous dirge to our deliverance?

Vir. Stand fast now.

Within strange cries, horrid noise, trumpets.

Asc. I am fix'd.

Vir. We fear ye not;

Let death appear in all shapes, we smile on him.

Enter Martia.

Asc. The lady now! Vir. The face o' th' masque is alter'd.

Asc. What will she do?

Vir. Do what she can, I care not.

Asc. She looks on you, Sir.

Vir. Rather she looks thro' me;

But yet she stirs me not.

Mart. Poor wretched flaves,

Why do ye live? or, if ye hope for mercy, Why do not ye howl out, and fill the hold With lamentations, cries, and base submissions,

Worthy our fcorn?

Vir. Madam, you are mistaken; We are no flaves to you, but to blind Fortune; And if she had her eyes, and durst be certain, Certain our friend, I would not bow unto her; I would not cry, nor ask so base a mercy: If you fee any thing in our appearance, Worthy your fex's foftness and your own glory, Do it for that, and let that good reward it!

We.

We cannot beg.

Mart. I'll make you beg and bow too.

Vir. Madam, for what?

Mart. For life; and, when you hope it,

Then will I laugh and triumph on your baseness.

Asc. Madam, 'tis true, there may be such a

favour,

And we may ask it too, ask it with honour; And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you, Tho' it be death; but when we beg a base life,

And beg it of your fcorn—

Vir. You're cozen'd, woman;

Your handsomeness may do much, but not this way;

But for your glorious hate——
Mart. Are ye fo stubborn?

'Death, I will make you bow!

Vir. It must be in your bed then; There you may work me to humility.

Mart. Why, I can kill thee. Vir. If you do it handfomely,

It may be I can thank you; elfe--

Mart. So glorious?

Asc. Her cruelty now works.

Mert. Yet woot thou?

Vir. No.

Mart. Wilt thou for life's fake?

Vir. No; I know your fubtilty.

Mart. For honour fake?

Vir. I will not be a pageant;

My mind was ever firm, and fo I'll lose it.

Mart. I'll starve thee to it!

Vir. I'll starve myfelf, and cross it.

Mart. I'll lay thee on fuch miseries --

Vir. I'll wear 'em,

And with that wantonness you do your bracelets.

Mart. I'll be a month a-killing thee.

Vir. Poor lady!

I'll be a month a-dying then: What's that? There's many a calenture out-does your cruelty.

Mart,

Mart. How might I do in killing of his body, To fave his noble mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor, with a rich cap and mantle.

Sailor. Madam?

Mart. Unbolt this man, and leave those things behind you; [Virolet released.

And so away !- Now, put 'em on. [Exit Sailor.

Vir. To what end?

Mart. To my end, to my will.

Vir. I will.

Mart. I thank you.

Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more; I'll tell you,

I am a fervant to your courtefy, And so far will be woo'd; but if this triumph Be only aim'd to make your mischief glorious, Lady, you've put a richer shroud upon me, Which my strong mind shall suffer in.

Mart. Come hither,

And all thy brav'ry put into thy carriage; For I admire thee.

Vir. Whither will this woman? Asc. Take heed, my friend!

Mart. Look as thou fcorn'dft my cruelty; I know thou doft.

Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

Mart. No; if thou hadft th' hadft died, and I had gloried.

I fuffer now; and thou, which art my prisoner,

Hast nobly won the free power to despise me. I love thee, and admire thee for thy nobleness; And, for thy manly sufferance, am thy servant.

Vir. Good lady, mock me not. Mart. By Heav'n, I love thee!

And, by the foul of love, am one piece with thee! Thy mind, thy mind, thy brave, thy manly mind, (That, like a rock, stands all the storms of fortune, And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee)

That

That lovely mind I dote on, not the body:
That mind has robb'd me of my liberty;
That mind has darken'd all my bravery,
And into poor despis'd things turn'd my angers.
Receive me to your love, Sir, and instruct me;
Receive me to your bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you!

Vir. Is this a new way?

Mart. If you doubt my faith, First, take your liberty, (I'll make it perfect) Or any thing within my power.

Vir. I love you:

But how to recompense your love with marriage? Alas, I have a wife.

Mart. Dearer than I am?

That will adventure fo much for your fafety? Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own honour, Pull on her, for a stranger's sake, all curses?

Vir. Shall this prince have his freedom too? else all

I love is gone, all my friends perish.

Mart. He shall.

Vir. What shall I do?

Mart. If thou despise my courtesy,
When I am dead for grief I am forsaken,
And no soft hand left to assuage your forrows,
Too late, but too true, curse your own cruelties!

Asc. Be wise, if she be true! no thread is left else, To guide us from this labyrinth of mischief;

Nor no way for our friends.

Vir. Thus then I take you; I bind you to my life, my love!

Mart. I take you,

And with the like bond tie my heart your fervant. We're now almost at harbour; within this hour, In the dead watch, I'll have the long-boat ready, And when I give the word, be fure you enter. I'll fee ye furnish'd both immediately, And like yourselves 16; some trusty man shall wait you;

¹⁶ And like yourself.] The grammar of this passage requires a change of numbers to keep Martia from uttering nonsense. Sympson.

The

The watch I'll make my own; only my love Requires a stronger vow, which I'll administer Before we go.

Vir. I'll take it, to confirm you.

Mart. Go in; there are the keys, unlock his fetters, And arm ye nobly both. I'll be with you presently; And fo, this loving kifs.

Asc. Be constant, lady.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke (by torch-light) Master and Surgeon with him.

Surg. You grow fo angry, Sir, your wound goes backward.

Duke. I'm angry at the time, (at none of you) That fends but one poor subject for revenge: I would have all the court, and all the villainy Was ever practis'd under that foul tyrant Ferrand 17, and all to quench my wrath!

Master. Be patient;

-Your Grace may find occasion every hour (For certain they will feek you) to fatisfy, And to the full, your anger.

Duke. 'Death, they dare not! They know that I command Death, feed his hunger, And when I let him loofe-

Surg. You'll never heal, Sir,

If these extremes dwell in you; you are old, And burn your spirits out with this wild anger.

Duke. Thou lieft! I am not old; I am as lufty And full of manly heat as them, or thou art-

Master. No more of that!

Duke. And dare seek out a danger,

And hold him at the fword's point, when thou tremblest And creep'st into thy box of falves to save thee.— Oh, Master, I have had a dreadful dream to-night! Methought the ship was all on fire, and my lov'd daughter,

Tyrant.] These two last words have chang'd their places; we must read as I have alter'd the place.

Sympson.

To

To fave her life, leap'd into th' fea; where suddenly A stranger snatch'd her up, and swam away with her.

Master. 'Twas but the heat o' th' fight, Sir.

Boats. [within]. Look out! what is that? Sailor [within]. The long-boat, as I live! Boats. Ho, there, i'th' long-boat! ho!

Sailor. She claps on all her oars 18.

Duke. What noise is that?

Master. I hear, Sir—— [Exit. Boats. The devil, or his dam. Hail her again, boys.

Sailor. The long-boat! ho, the long-boat!

Duke. Why the long-boat? Where is the long-boat? Boats. She's stole off.

Enter Master.

Duke. Who stole her? Oh, my prophetick foul!

Mafter. Your daughter's gone, Sir, The prisoners, and fix failors: Rogues!

Duke. Mischief! six thousand plagues sail with 'em! They're in her yet; make out.

Master. We've ne'er a boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this trick 19?

Duke. Weigh anchors, and away!

Boatf. We ha' no wind, Sir; They'll beat us with their oars.

Duke. Then fink 'em, Gunner!

Oh, fink 'em, fink 'em, fink 'em, claw 'em, Gunner, As ever thou hast lov'd me!

Gun. I'll do reason;

¹⁸ She claps on all her oars.] These words stand in the first copy as a stage-direction; but are not interted at all in the two following editions. Sympson, we think with judgment, supposes they were originally a part of the text.

¹⁹ Gun. Who knew of this trick?] This speech seems, both from the text and measure, to be (though we have not ventured to remove it) an accidental interpolation. It is the Duke's speech a little after.

But I'll be hang'd before I hurt the lady. Duke. Who knew of this? [A piece or two go off. Master. We stand all clear.

Duke. What devil

Put this base trick into her tail? My daughter, And run away with rogues! I hope she's funk,

A piece or two go off.

Or torn to pieces with the shot. Rots find her! The leprofy of whore flick ever to her! Oh, she has ruin'd my revenge!

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She's gone, Sir; I cannot reach her with my shot.

Duke. Rife, winds! Blow till ye burst the air, and swell the seas, That they may fink the stars! Oh, dance her, dance

her!

She's impudently wanton; dance her, dance her, Mount her upon your furges, cool her, cool her! She runs hot like a whore; cool her, cool her! Oh, now a shot to fink her! - Come, cut cables! I will away; and where she sets her foot, Altho' it be in Ferrand's court, I'll follow her; And fuch a father's vengeance shall she suffer-Dare any man stand by me?

Master. All, all. Boats. All, Sir.

Gun. And the same cup you taste-

Other was a supplied to

Duke. Cut cables then;

For I shall never sleep, nor know what peace is, 'Till I have pluck'd her heart out.

Sailor [within]. All o'main there! [Exeunt.

minary's with the second or the second

A C T III.

Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Castruccio, Villio, and guard. Ronv. YOU are too gentle, Sir. [Flourish cornets. Fer. You are too careless!

The creatures I have made no way regard me: Why should I give you names, titles of honour, Rob families to fill your private houses, For your advancement draw all curses on me, Wake tedious winter-nights to make them happy That for me break no slumber?

Ronv. What we can,

We dare do.

Fer. Why is your fovereign's life then
(In which you live, and in whose fall your honours,
Your wealth, your pomp, your pride, and all must
suffer)

No better guarded? Oh, my cruel stars, That mark'd me out a king, raising me on This pinnacle of greatness, only to be The nearer blasting!

Villio. What think you now, Castruccio?

Is not this a merry life?

Cast. Still thou art cozen'd:
It is a glorious royal discontentment!
How bravely it becomes him!

Fer. To be made

The common butt, for every flave to fhoot at!
No peace, noteft I take, but their alarms
Beat at my heart! Why do I live, or feek then
To add a day more to these glorious troubles?
Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
Is but the summing up of fears and forrows?
What power has my command, when from my bosom
Ascanio, my most dear and lov'd Ascanio,

Was

Was fnatch'd, spite of my will, spite of my succour, And by mine own proud slave retain'd most miserable? And still that villain lives to nip my pleasures, It being not within my power to reach him.

Ronv. Time may restore all this: And would you

hear

Whose counsel never fail'd you-

Fer. Tell me no more!

I faint beneath the burthen of my cares, And yield myself most wretched.

. Ronv. On my knees

I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Fer. Speak, speak; and I thus low, such is my fortune,

Will hear what thou canst say.

Villio. Look but on this;

Has not a man that has but means to keep A hawk, a greyhound, and a hunting nag,

More pleasure than this king?

Cast. A dull fool still!

Make me a king, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better; give me rule,
Command, obedience, pleasure of a king,
And let the devil roar: The greatest corrosive
A king can have, is of more precious tickling,
And, handled to the height, more dear delight,
Than other mens' whole lives, let'em be fase too.

Villio. Think of the mutinous people.

Cast. Hang the people!

Give me the pleasure, let me do all, awe all, Enjoy their wives and states at my discretion, And peg'em when I please, let the slaves mumble.

Villio. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against

thee?

Caft. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the bridle here,

And see if they can crack my girths: Ah, Villio, Under the sun there's nothing so voluptuous. As riding of this monster, 'till he founder.

Fer. Who's that fo loud?

Cast. I'm dumb.—Is not this rare? Kings' looks make Pythagoreans; is not this A happines, Villio?

Villio. Yes, to put to filence

A fawning fycophant.

Fer. Thou speak'st truth in all; [To Ronvere. And mercy is a vice, when there needs rigor, Which I with all severity will practise; And since, as subjects they pay not obedience, They shall be forc'd as slaves: I will remove Their means to hurt, and, with the means, my fears. Go you, the staal executioners Of my commands, and in our name proclaim, That from this hour I do forbid all meetings, All private conferences in the city: To feast a neighbour, shall be death; to talk, As they meet in the streets, to hold discourse By writing, nay by signs. See this perform'd, And I will call your cruelty, to those

I Guard. This makes for us.

That dare repine at this, to me true fervice.

2 Guard. Ay, now we have employments;
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we should be beggars.

Fer. Ronvere!

[Exit Guard.

Ronv. My lord?

Cast. Thou enemy to majesty, What think'st thou of a king 20?

Villio. As of a man

That hath power to do ill. Cast. Of a thing rather

That does divide an empire with the gods. Observe but with how little breath he shakes A populous city, which would stand unmov'd Against a whirlwind.

Villio. Then you make him more Than him that rules the winds.

Cast. For me, I do profess it, Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth,

²⁰ What thinkst thou of a kingdom.] Verse and context equally require us to read king for kingdom.

I would

I would be mighty Ferrand.

Fer. Ha! who names me?

Deliver thy thoughts, flave, thy thoughts, and truly, Or be no more!

Cast. They rather will deserve

Your favour, than your fury. I admire (As who does not, that is a loyal fubject?)
Your wisdom, power, your perfect happiness,
The most bless'd of mankind.

Fer. Didst thou but feel

The weighty forrows that sit on a crown,
Tho' thou shouldst find one in the streets, Castruccio,
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking up:
But since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou shalt ere long taste of it.

Cast. But one day, And then let me expire!

Fer. Go to my wardrobe,

And of the richest things I wear cull out What thou think'st fit. Do you attend him, sirrah.

Vil. I warrant you I shall be at his elbow;

The fool will never leave him.

Cast. Made for ever! [Exit with Vil. A shout within. Fer. What shout is that? Draw up our guards.

Enter Virolet, Ascanio, and a Servant,

Ronv. Those rather Speak joy than danger.

Vir. Bring her to my house 19: I would not have her seen here.

Fer. My Ascanio!

The most desir'd of all men, let me die In these embraces. How wert thou redeem'd?

Asc. Sir, this is my preserver.

Fer. At more leifure

I will enquire the manner, and the means:

19 Ron. Bring her to my house,

I wou'd not have her seen here.] This is vi ently a direction of Virolet's relating to Martia, and to him it should be restored.

Seward.

I cannot

I cannot spare so much time now from my More strict embraces. Virolet, welcome too! This service weighs down your intended treason. You long have been mine enemy; learn now To be my friend, and loyal; I ask no more, And live as free as Ferrand. Let him have The forty thousand crowns I gladly promis'd For my Ascanio's freedom; and deliver His father and his wife to him in safety. Something hath pass'd which I am sorry for, But 'twill not now be help'd. Come, my Ascanio, And reap the harvest of my winter-travels. My best Ascanio, my most-lov'd Ascanio!

[Flourish cornets. Exe. Fer. & Ascanio

Vir. My lord, all former passages forgot,

I am become a suitor.

Ronv. To me, Virolet?

Vir. To you; yet will not beg the courtefy,

But largely pay you for it. Ronv. To the purpose.

Vir. The forty thousand crowns the king hath given

I will bestow on you, if by your means I may have liberty for a divorce Between me and my wife.

Ronv. Your Juliana?

That for you hath endur'd fo much, fo nobly?

Vir. The more my forrow; but it must be for Ronv. I will not hinder it.—Without a bribe,

For mine own ends, I would have further'd this.—I will use all my power.

Vir. 'Tis all I afk .-

Oh, my curs'd fate, that ever man should hate Himself for being belov'd! or be compell'd To cast away a jewel kings would buy, Tho' with the loss of crown and monarchy! [Exeunt.

Enter Duke, Master, -Boatswain, and Gunner. Duke. How do I look?

Master.

Master. You are so strangely alter'd,

We scarce can know you; so young again, and utterly From that you were, figure, or any favour,

Your friends cannot discern you.

Duke. I have none,

None but my fair revenge, and let that know me! You're finely alter'd too.

Boats. To please your humour:

But we may pass without disguise; our living Was never in their element.

Gun. This Jew fure,

That alter'd you, is a mad knave.

Duke. Oh, a most excellent fellow!

Gun. How he has mew'd your head, has rubb'd the fnow off,

And run your beard into a peak of twenty! Boats. Stopt all the crannies in your face.

Master. Most rarely!

Boats. And now you look as plump, your eyes as fparkling,

As if you were to leap into a lady's faddle.

Has he not fet your nose awry?

Duke. The better.

Boatf. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry fure; North and by East, ay, there's the point it stands in; Now half a point to the Southward.

Duke. I could laugh,

But that my business requires no mirth now:

Thou art a merry fellow.

Boats. I would the Jew, Sir,

Could steer my head right; for I've such a swimming in't,

Ever fince I went to fea first-

Master. Take wine, and purge it.

Boats. I've had a thousand pills of sack, a thousand,

A thousand pottle-pills.

Gun. Take more. Boats. Good doctor,

Your patient is eafily perfuaded.

Master.

Master. Methinks this Jew 2°, If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers, And decay'd ladies, that have lost their fleeces, On ev'ry bush, the next fair open weather, He might pick a pretty living.

Boats. The best of all our gallants now be glad of

For, if you mark their marches, they are tender, Soft, foft, and tender; then but observe their bodies, And you shall find them cemented by a surgeon, Or some physician, for a year or two, And then to th' tub again, for a new pickle. This Jew might live a Gentile here.

Enter two Citizens at opposite doors, saluting afar off.

Duke. What are these?

Stand close and mark.

Boats. These are no men; they're motions.

Duke. What sad and ruthful faces!

Boats. How they duck!

This fenfeless, filent courtesy, methinks, Shews like two Turks faluting one another, Upon two French porters' backs.

Duke. They are my countrymen, And this fome forc'd infliction from the tyrant. What are you? why is this? why move thus filent, As if you were wandring shadows? why so sad? Your tongues seal'd up? Are ye of several countries, You understand not one another?

Gun. That's an Englishman; He looks as tho' h' had lost his dog. Duke. Your habits

Shew ye all Neapolitans; and your faces

Master. The next fair open weather Methinks this Jew, If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers, And decay'd ladies, that have lost their sleeces

On every bush, he might pick a pretty living.] The transposition of the words, The next fair open weather, has consounded the sense of this passage in all the editions.—Sympson puts a period at weather.

Deliver

Deliver you oppressed things: Speak boldly!

Do you groan and labour under this stiff yoke?

Master. They shake their heads and weep.

Duke. Oh, misery!

Give plenteous forrows and no tongues to fhew 'em? This is a studied cruelty.

1 Cit. Begone, Sir,

(It feems you are a stranger) and save yourself.

2 Cit. You wonder here at us; as much we wonder To hear you fpeak fo openly and boldly, The king's command being publish'd to the contrary: 'Tis death here, above two to talk together;

And that must be but common salutation neither,

Short, and fo part.

Boats. How should a man buy mustard, If he be forc'd to stay the making of it?

Sold. [within.] Clear all the streets before the king!

1 Cit. Get off, Sir,

And shift as we must do. [Exeunt Citizens.

Duke. I'll see his glory. [Flourish.

Master. Stand sast now, and like men. [Colours.

Enter Castruccio (as king, with a Guard) and Villio.

Cast. Begin the game, Sir,

And pluck me down the row of houses there! They hide the view o'th' hill; and sink those merchants; Their ships are foul, and stink.

Master. This is a sweet youth!

Cast. All that are taken in assemblies,

Their houses, and their wives, their wealths, are forfeit,
Their lives at your devotion. Villains, knaves,

I'll make you bow and shake! I'll make you kneel, rogues!—

How brave 'tis to be a king! Gun. Here's fine tumbling!

Cast. No man shall sit i' th' temple near another.

Boats. Nor lie with his own wife.

Cast. All, upon pain

Of present death, forget to write!

Boats. That's excellent;

K 3

Carriers

149

Carriers and footposts will be arrant rebels.

Cast. No character, or stamp, that may deliver This man's intention to that man i' th' country.

Gun. Nay, an you cut off, 'After my hearty com-

- mendations,

' Your friend and Oliver,' no more!

Cast. No man smile,

And wear a face of mirth! That fellow's cunning, And hides a double heart; he's your prize; smoke him.

Enter Virolet, Ronvere, Ascanio, and Martia, passing over.

Duke. What base abuse is this?—Ha! 'tis her face sure. My prisoners with her too?—By Heav'n, vile whore?", Now is my time!

Master. Do what you will.

Duke. Stay, hold yet!

My country shall be serv'd first; let her go! We'll have an hour for her, to make her tremble.

Now fhew ourfelves, and blefs you with your valours.

Guard. Here's a whole plump of rogues.

Duke. Now for your country! [Exe. Virolet, &c., Cast. Away with em, and hang em! know no mercy, I say no mercy!

Duke. Be it fo; upon 'em!

Guard. Treason, treason, treason! Boats. Cut the slaves to siggets!
Gun. Down with the bullbeefs!

Duke. Hold, hold, I command you! Gods, look here!

Caft. A miserable thing; I am no king, Sir.

Duke. Sirrah, your fool's face has preferv'd your life. Wear no more king's coats; you have scap'd a scouring. Boaif. Is't not the king?

Duke. No, 'tis a prating rascal;

The puppy makes him mirth.

Cast. Yes, Sir, I am

A puppy.

Boats. I beseech you let met me hang him;

I'll do't in my belt itraight.

Cast.

²⁰ Wild aubore.] I have a small suspicion nere that wilde is the true stacing, but I have not ventured to disturb the text. Sympson.

Cast. As you're honourable!
It is enough, you may hang me.
Gun. I'll hang a squib at his tail

That shall blow both his buttocks, like a petard. Cast. Do any thing; but do not kill me, gentlemen.

Enter Citizen.

Boats. Let's flea him, And have him fly-blown!

Cit. Away, and fave your lives! The king himself is coming on: If you stay, You're lost for ever! Let not so much nobleness Wilsully perish.

Duke. How near?

2 Cit. He's here behind you. Duke. We thank you. Vanish!

[Exeunt.

Enter Ferrand and Ronvere. Flourish Cornets.

Fer. Double the guards, and take in men that dare! These slaves are frighted. Where are the proud rebels? To what protection fled? What villain leads 'em? Under our nose disturb our rest?

Ronv. We shall hear;

For fuch a fearch I've fent, to hunt the traitors—

Fer. Yet better men, I fay! We stand too open. How now, Castruccio? How d'you like our glory? Cast. I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my

match, Sir.

This open glory agrees not with my body; But if it were i'th' castle, or some strength,

Where I might have my fwinge—
Vil. You have been fwing'd, brother;

How these delights have tickled you! You itch yet. Will you walk out again in pomp?

Cast. Good fool!

Vil. These rogues must be rebuk'd, they are too faucy,

These peremptory knaves. Will you walk out, Sir, And take the remnant of your coronation?

K 4

The

The people stay to see it.

Fer. Do not vex him;

H'has grief enough in's bones. You shall to th' citadel,

And like myself command: There use your pleasure;

But take heed to your person.

Vil. The more danger,

Still the more honour, brother,

Cast. If I reign not then,

And like a king—And thou shalt know it, fool, And thou shalt feel it, fool.

Vil. Fools still are free men;

I'll fue for a protection, 'till thy reign's out.

Fer. The people have abus'd the liberty I late allow'd; I now proclaim it straiter: No men shall walk together, nor salute; For they that do shall die.

Ronv. You hit the right21, Sir;

That liberty cut off, you're free from practice.

Fer. Renew my guards.

Ronv. I shall.

Fer. And keep strict watches.

One hour of joy I ask!

Ronv. You shall have many. [Exe. Flourish cornets.

Enter Pandulpho and Juliana, led by two of the Guards, as not yet fully recovered.

I Guard. You're now at liberty, in your own house, lady,

And here our charge takes end. Pand. 'Tis now a cuftom,

We must e'en wooe those men deserve worst of us; And so we thank your labours; there's to drink!

For that and mischief are your occupations,

And to mean well to no man your chief'st harvests.

2 Guard. You give liberally; we hope, Sir, ere't be long,

I have been unwilling to make any alteration.

Sympson.

To

To be oftner acquainted with your bounty; And so we leave you.

Pand. Do, for I dote not on ye.

ful. But where's my husband? What should I do here,

Or what share have I in this joy call'd Liberty, Without his company? Why did you flatter me, And tell me he was return'd, his service honour'd?

I Guard. He is fo, and stands high in the king's

favour,

His friends redeem'd, and his own liberty, From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his fervice, To his own wish rewarded: So farewell, lady!

[Exeunt Guard.

Pand. Go perfecute the good, and hunt, ye hell-

hounds,

Ye leeches of the time, fuck 'till ye burft, flaves!

How does my girl?

Jul. Weak yet, but full of comfort. Pand. Sit down, and take fome rest. Jul. My heart's whole, father;

That joys and leaps, to hear my Virolet, My dear, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.

Pand. Those rude hands, and that bloody will that did this,

That durst upon thy tender body print

These characters of cruelty, hear me, Heaven!——
Ful. Oh, Sir, be sparing.

Pand. I'll speak it, tho' I burst;

And tho' the air had ears, and ferv'd the tyrant,
Out it should go. Oh, hear me, thou great justice!
The miseries that wait upon their mischiefs,
Let them be numberless! and no eye pity
Them, when their souls are loaden, and in labour,
And wounded thro' and thro' with guilt and horror,
As mine is now with grief! let men laugh at 'em!
Then, when their monstrous sins, like earthquakes,

fhake 'em, And those eyes, that forgot Heav'n, would look upward,

(The bloody larums of the confcience beating)
Let Mercy fly, and day, ftruck into darknefs,
Leave their blind fouls, to hunt out their own horrors!

Jul. Enough, enough! we must forget, dear father; For then we're glorious forms of Heaven²², and live, When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.—
But where's my lord? Methinks I've seen this house,

And have been in't before.

Pand. Thine own house, jewel.

Jul. Mine, without him; or his, without my company, I think it cannot be; it was not wont, father.

Pand. Some business with the king (let it be good, Heav'n!)

Retains him fure.

Enter Boy.

Jul. It must be good and noble; For all men, that he treats with, taste of virtue: His words and actions are his own, and Honour's, Not bought, nor compell'd from him.

Pand. Here's the Boy;

He can confirm us more. How fad the child looks! Come hither, Lucio; how, and where's thy mafter? Jul. Speak, gentle Boy.

Fand. Is he return'd in fafety?

Jul. If not, and that thou know'st is miserable, Our hopes and happiness declin'd for ever,

22 For then we're glorious forms of Heav'n; and live.] If we are glorious forms of Heaven, then we live fuch to be fure; though by live here join'd to are one would imagine the Poets defign'd to affix different fenses to these two verses, and be understood thus, — we must forget, for then we not only are, but continue or remain to be glorious forms of Heav'n when, &c. Yet I suspect (and Mr. Seward too) that the line might be wrote originally thus,

For then we glorious forms of Heav'n live; live here answering to the Latin vivo, which oftentimes is no more than sum.

Sympson.

The proposed line is a vile one. Live in the text is used emphatically, and the meaning of this line and the next is, 'We then truly enjoy life, when we pardon injuries, as Heaven forgives our injuries.'

Study

Study a forrow excellent as thy mafter, Then if thou canst live, leave us.

Boy. Noble madam,

My lord is fafe return'd; fafe to his friends, and fortune,

Safe to his country, entertain'd with honour; Is here within the house.

Jul. Do not mock me!

Boy. But fuch a melancholy hangs on's mind, And in his eyes inhabit fuch fad shadows!

But what the cause is——

Pand. Go tell him we are here, Boy;

There must be no cause now.

Jul. Hast thou forgot me? Boy. No, noblest lady.

Jul. Tell him I am here;

Tell him his wife is here; found my name to him, And thou shalt see him start; speak Juliana, And, like the sun that labours thro' a tempest, How suddenly he will disperse his fadness!

Pand. Go, I command thee, instantly;

And charge him on his duty——

Jul. On his love, boy.

I'd fain go to him.

Pand. Away, away; you're foolish. Jul. Bear all my service, sweet Boy

Pand. Art thou here still?

Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that shall become thee. [Exit Boy.

Pand. I' th' house, and know we're here?

Jul. No, no, he did not;

I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His love had lefs than wings, (had he but feen me)
His strong affection any thing but fire,
Confuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
'Till he had met my slame, and made one body?
If ever Heaven's high blessings met in one man,
And there erected to their holy uses

A facred mind fit for their fervices,

Built

Built all of polish'd honour, 'twas in this man: Misdoubt him not.

Pand. I know he's truly noble; But why this fadness, when the general cause Requires a jubilee of joy? Jul. I know not.

Enter Virolet and Boy.

Pand. Pray Heav'n you find it not!

Jul. I hope I shall not.

Oh, here he comes, and with him all my happiness!— He ftays and thinks; we may be too unmannerly; Pray give him leave. They stand off.

Pand. I do not like this fadness.

Vir. Oh, hard condition of my mifery! Unheard-of plagues! when to behold that woman, That chafte and virtuous woman, that preferv'd

That pious wife, wedded to my afflictions, Must be more terrible than all my dangers! Oh, Fortune, thou hast robb'd me of my making, The noble building of a man demolish'd, And flung me headlong on a fin fo base Man and mankind contemn; e'en beafts abhor it; A fin more dull than drink, a shame beyond it; So foul, and far from faith, I dare not name it, But it will cry itself out loud, Ingratitude. Your bleffing, Sir!

Pand. You have it in abundance;

So is our joy to fee you fafe.

Vir. My dear one!

Jul. H' has not forgot me yet: Oh, take me to

you, Sir!

Vir. Must this be added to encrease my misery, That she must weep for joy, and lose that goodnefs?

My Juliana, e'en the best of women, Of wives the perfecteft! Let me fpeak this, And with a modesty declare thy virtues,

Chafter

Chaster than crystal on the Scythian clifts 23, The more the proud winds court, the more the purer. Sweeter in thy obedience than a facrifice; And in thy mind a faint, that even yet living, Producest miracles; and women daily, With crooked and lame fouls creep to thy goodness, Which having touch'd at, they become examples. The fortitude of all their fex is fable 24, Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up glory, And admiration, in the age behind us, Out of their celebrated urns are started, To stare upon the greatness of thy spirit; Wondring what new martyr Heaven has begot, To fill the times with truth, and ease their stories: Being all these, and excellent in beauty, (For noble things dwell in the noblest buildings) Thou hast undone thy husband, made him wretched; A miserable man, my Juliana, Th' hast made thy Virolet.

Jul. Now goodness keep me!

Oh, my dear lord-

Pand. She wrong you? what's the meaning? Weep not, but speak, I charge you on obedience; Your father charges you! She make you miserable? That you yourself confess——

Vir. I do, that kills me;

And far less I have spoke her than her merit.

Jul. It is some sin of weakness, or of ignorance; For sure my will—

The moon of Rome; chafte as the ificle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.'

Not so undoubtedly: To fill the times with TRUTH, a few lines

lower, feems to confirm fable here.

²³ Chaster than crystal, &c.] Shakespeare has a passage similar to this; speaking of Valeria in Coriolanus, act v. scene iii. he says,

The noble sister of Poplicola,

²⁴ Is fable.] Though a flight corruption has quite chang'd the word, yet as it has left some sense remaining, it has escap'd the obfervation of former editors; but feeble being in proper antithesis to fortitude, is undoubtedly the true reading.

Seward.

Vir. No, 'tis a fin of excellence.

Forgive me, Heav'n, that I profane thy bleffings! Exit.

Sit still, I'll shew you all.

Pand. What means this madness? (For fure there is no taste of right man in it.) Grieves he our liberty, our prefervation? Or has the greatness of the deed he has done Made him forget for whom, and how, he did it, And looking down upon us, fcorn the benefit? Well, Virolet, if thou be'ft proud, or treacherous-

Jul. He cannot, Sir, he cannot; he will shew us,

And with that reason ground his words—

Enter Virolet, Martia, Ronvere, and Lawyer.

Pand. He comes.—

What masque is this? what admirable beauty? Pray Heav'n his heart be true!

Jul. A goodly woman!

Vir. Tell me, my dear, and tell me without flattery;

As you are nobly honest, speak the truth! What think you of this lady?

'ful. She's most excellent.

Vir. Might not this beauty, tell me, (it's a fweet one)

Without more fetting-off, as now it is,

Thanking no greater mistress than mere Nature, Stagger a constant heart?

Pand. She's full of wonder!

But yet, yet, Virolet-

Vir. Pray by your leave, Sir!

ful. She would amaze—

Vir. Oh, would she so? I thank you. Say, to this beauty she have all additions,

Wealth, noble birth—

Pand. Oh, hold there!

Vir. All virtues,

A mind as full of candor as the truth is, Ay, and a loving lady——

Jul. She must needs

(I'm bound in conscience to consess) deserve much. Vir. Nay, say beyond all these, she be so pious, That e'en on slaves condemn'd she shower her benefits, And melt their stubborn bolts with her soft pity; What think you then?

Pand. For fuch a noble office,

At these years I should dote myself. Take heed, boy! Jul. If you be he that have receiv'd these blessings,

And this the lady, love her, honour her!

You cannot do too much to shew your gratitude; Your greatest service will shew off too slender.

Vir. This is the lady, lady of that bounty, That wealth, that noble name, that all, I spoke of; The prince Ascanio, and myself, the slaves

Redeem'd, brought home, still guarded by her goodness;

And of our liberties you taste the sweetness.

E'en you she has preserv'd too, lengthened your lives. Jul. And what reward d'you purpose? It must be a main one.

Ful. Ha!

Vir. Mine, my only love,

My everlasting love.

Pand. How!

Vir. Pray, have patience!

The recompense she ask'd, and I have render'd, Was to become her husband. Then I vow'd it, And since I've made it good.

Pand. Thou durst not!

Vir. Done, Sir.

Jul. Be what you please, this happiness yet stays with me²⁵,

You have been mine. Oh, my unhappy fortune! Pand. Nay, break and die!

^{25 —} his bappines, &c.] The omission of a single letter has made nonsense of this, in all the former editions.

Seward.

7ul.

Jul. It cannot yet: I must live,
'Till I see this man blest in his new love;
And then——

Pand. What haft thou done? thou base one, tell me! Thou barren thing of honesty, and honour, What hast thou wrought? Is not this she, (look on her

Look on her with the eyes of gratitude,
And wipe thy false tears off) is not this she,
That three times on the rack, to guard thy safety,
When thou stood'st lost, and naked to the tyrant;
Thy aged father here, that shames to know thee,
Engag'd i'th' jaws of danger; was not this she,
That then gave up her body to the torture,
That tender body, that the wind sings thro'?
And three times, when her sinews, crack'd and tortur'd,
The beauties of her body turn'd to ruins,
Even then, within her patient heart she lock'd thee,
Then hid thee from the tyrant, then preserv'd thee:
And canst thou be that slave——

Mart. This was but duty;
She did it for her husband, and she ought it²⁶;
Sh' has had the pleasure of him many an hour;
And if one minute's pain cannot be suffer'd—
Mine was above all these, a nobler venture!
(I speak it boldly) for I lost a father,
She has one still ²⁷; I lest my friends, sh' has many;
Expos'd my life and honour to a cruelty,
That if it had seiz'd on me—racks, and tortures?
Alas, they're triumphs to't! and had it hit,
For this man's love, it should have shew'd a triumph.
Twice lost, I freed him; Rossana lost before him,
His fortunes with him, and his friends behind him;
Twice was I rack'd myself for his deliverance,
In honour first and name, which was a torture

The

²⁶ Ought it.] Ought feems to be used here as the perfect tense of owe.

²⁷ He has one still—he has many.] Martia is pleading that her merits are superior to those of Juliana, it was therefore a gross mistake to let he stand in this line.

Seward.

The hangman never heard of; next at fea, In our escape, where the proud waves took pleasure To toss my little boat up like a bubble, Then like a meteor in the air he hung, Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of darkness; The cannon from my incensed father's ship Ringing our knell, and still as we peep'd upward Beating the raging surge, with fire and bullet, And I stood fix'd for this man's sake, and scorn'd it: Compare but this!

Vir. 'Tis too true. Oh, my fortune! That I must equally be bound to either!

Jul. You have the better, and the nobler lady;
And now I'm forc'd a lover of her goodness:
And so far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my lord, so lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I stagger in my title.
But how with honesty, (for I'm poor, lady,
In all my duteous service but your shadow,
Yet would be just) how with fair same and credit,
I may go off? I would not be a strumpet—
Oh, my dear Sir, you know——

Vir. Oh, Truth, thou knowest too!

Jul. Nor have the world suspect I fell to mischief.

Law. Take you no care for that; here's that has done it;

A fair divorce! 'tis honest too.

Pand. The devil!

Honest? to put her off?

Law. Most honest, Sir;

And in this point most strong.

Pand. The cause, the cause, Sir?

Law. A just cause too—

Pand. As any is in Hell, Lawyer!

Law. For barrenness, she never broughthim children. Pand. Why art not thou divorc'd? thou canst not

get 'em;
Thy neighbours, thy rank neighbours—Oh, base

juggling!

Vol. VII.

Is she not young?

Jul. Women at my years, Sir,

Have met that bleffing; 'tis in Heav'n's high power-

Law. You never can have any. Pand. Why, quick Lawyer?

My philosophical Lawyer?

Law. The rack has spoil'd her;

The distentions of those parts hath stopp'd all fruitfulness.

Pand. Oh, I could curse!

Jul. And am I grown fo miferable, That mine own piety²⁸ must make me wretched?

No cause against me, but my love and duty?
Farewell, Sir! Like Obedience, thus I leave you;
My long farewell!—I do not grudge; I grieve, Sir;

And if that be offensive, I can die;

And then you're fairly free.—Good lady, love him: You have a noble and an honest gentleman; I ever found him so, the world has spoke him, And let it be your part still to deserve him! Love him no less than I have done, and serve him, And Heav'n shall bless you: You shall bless my ashes. I give you up the house, the name of Wife, Honour, and all respect I borrow'd from him,

And to my grave I turn. One farewell more!
Nothing divide your loves, not want of children,
Which I shall pray against, and make you fruitful!
Grow like two equal stames! rise high and glorious,

And in your honour'd age burn out together!
To all I know, farewell!

Ronv. Be not fo griev'd, lady!

A nobler fortune—

Jul. Away, thou parasite!

Difturb not my fad thoughts. I hate thy greatness!

Ronv. I hate not you. I'm glad she's off these hinges.

Come, let's pursue. [Exe. Ronv. & Law. Pand. If I had breath to curse thee,

²⁸ Mine own pity.] Corrected in 1750.

Or could my great heart utter—Farewell, villain! Thy house nor face again—

[Exit.

Mart. Let'em all go;

And now let us rejoice. Now freely take me, And now embrace me, Virolet! give the rites Of a brave husband to his love.

Vir. I'll take my leave too.

Mart. How! take your leave too?

Vir. The house is furnish'd for you;

You're mistress, may command. Mart. Will you to bed, Sir?

Vir. As foon to Hell; to any thing I hate most! You must excuse me! I have kept my word: You are my wife, you now enjoy my fortune, Which I have done to recompense your bounty: But to yield up those chaste delights and pleasures, Which are not mine, but my first vow's——

Mart. You jest!

Vir. You will not find it fo.—To give you those I have divorc'd, and lost with Juliana, And all fires of that nature——

Mart. Are you a husband?

Vir. To question hers²⁹, and satisfy your stames, That held an equal beauty, equal bounty, Good Heav'n forgive? No, no, the strict forbearance Of all those joys, like a full sacrifice, I offer to the sufferings of my first love. Honour, and wealth, attendance, state, all duty,

29 To question hers, and satisfy your stames,

That held an equal beauty, equal bounty,—Good Heaven, forgive.] If the Reader can affix any clear idea to the old text, he will do more than I can. The fense required feems to be an exclamation at the thought of quitting his former wise's chastle embraces, to satisfy Martia's slames. As her suppos'd barrenness was the cause alledg'd, my conjecture makes good sense, and keeps very close to the trace of the letters,

To jest on hers, and satisfy your flames.

Any person who considers the text fully, will, we believe, think that the old reading, concluded with a point of interrogation, is right:

Can Heaven forgive my rejecting her love, and satisfying yours?

No, no, &c.'

Shall wait upon your will, to make you happy; But my afflicted mind, (you must give leave, lady) My weary trunk must wander.

Mart. Not enjoy me?

Go from me too?

Vir. For ever thus I leave you:

And, howfoe'er I fare, live you still happy! [Exit. Mart. Since I am fcorn'd, I'll hate thee, fcorn thy gifts too,

Thou miserable fool, thou fool to pity!
And such a rude, demolish'd thing, I'll leave thee,
In my revenge—For, foolish love, farewell now,
And anger, and the spite of woman, enter!
That all the world shall say, that read this story,
My hate, and not my love, begot my glory! [Exit.

A C T IV.

Enter Duke, Boatswain, Master, and Gunner.

Duke. E that fears death, or tortures, let him leave me!

The stops that we have met with crown our conquest. Common attempts are fit for common men; The rare, the rarest spirits. Can we be daunted? We that have smil'd at sea at certain ruins, Which men on shore, but hazarded, would shake at? We that have liv'd free, in despite of Fortune, Laugh'd at the out-stretch'd arm of Tyranny, As still too short to reach us, shall we faint now? No, my brave mates, I know your siery temper, And that you can, and dare, as much as men. Calamity, that severs worldly friendships, Could ne'er divide us; you are still the same, The constant sollowers of my banish'd fortunes, The instruments of my revenge, the hands By which I work, and fashion all my projects.

Master.

Master. And such we will be ever.

Gun. 'Slight, Sir, cram me
Into a cannon's mouth, and shoot me at
Proud Ferrand's head; may only he fall with me,
My life I rate at nothing.

Roats. Could I but get

Within my fword's length of him, and if then He scape me, may th' account of all his fins Be added unto mine!

Master. 'Tis not to die, Sir, But to die unreveng'd, that staggers me: For were your ends serv'd, and our country free, We would fall willing sacrifices.

Duke. To rife up Most glorious martyrs.

Boats. But the reason why We wear these shapes?

Duke. Only to get access.

Like honest men, we never shall approach him, Such are his fears; but thus attir'd like Switzers, And fashioning our language to our habits, (Bold, bloody, desp'rate) we may be admitted Among his guard. But if this fail, I'll try A thousand others, out-do Proteus In various shapes, but I will reach his heart, And seal my anger on't.

Enter Ronvere and the Guard.

Master. The lord Ronvere!

Boats. Shall we begin with him?

Duke. He is not ripe yet,

Nor fit to fall: As you see me begin,
With all care imitate.

Gun. We are instructed.

Boats. 'Would we were at it once!

Ronv. Keep a strict watch,

And let the guards be doubled: This last night The king had fearful dreams.

Duke. 'Tis a good omen'

L 3

To our attempts.

Ronv. What men are these? What seek you?

Duke. Employment.

Ronv. Of what nature?

Duke. We are soldiers:

We have feen towns and churches fet on fire,
The kennels running blood, coy virgins ravish'd,
The altars ransack'd, and the holy relicks,
Yea, and the saints themselves, made lawful spoils
Unto the conquerors; but these good days are past,
And we made beggars by this idle peace,
For want of action. I am, Sir, no stranger
To the government of this state; I know the king
Needs men, that only do what he commands,
And search no further: It is the profession
Of all our nation, to serve faithfully,

Where they're best paid; and if you entertain us, I do not know the thing you can command,

Which we'll not put in act.

Ronv. A goodly personage!

Master. And if you have an enemy, or so,

That you would have dispatch'd-

Gun. They're here can fit you.

Boats. Or if there be an itch, tho' to a man-

Duke. You shall tie

Our consciences in your purse-strings.

Ronv. Gentlemen,

I like your freedom. I am now in hafte; But wait for my return.—I like the rafcals; They may be useful.

Duke. We'll attend you, Sir.

Ronv. Do, and be confident of entertainment:

I hope you will deserve it. [Exe. Ronv. and Guard.

Duke. Oh, no doubt, Sir.

Thus far we're prosperous: We'll be his guard, 'Till tyranny and pride find full reward. [Exeunt.

Enter Pandulpho and Juliana.

Fand. My bleffing? No; a father's heavy curse Pursue

Purfue and overtake him!

Jul. Gentle Sir!

Pand. My name, and family, end in myfelf, Rather than live in him!

Jul. Dear Sir, forbear!

A father's curses hit far off, and kill too; And, like a murdering-piece 3°, aim not at one, But all that stand within the dangerous level. Some bullet may return upon yourself too, Tho' against Nature, if you still go on In this unnatural course.

Pand. Thou art not made

Of that same stuff as other women are: Thy injuries would teach Patience to blaspheme, Yet still thou art a dove.

Jul. I know not malice; But, like an innocent, fuffer. Pand. More miraculous!

I'll have a woman chronicled, and for goodness, Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see, I have no son t' inherit after me; Him I disclaim.

What then? I'll make thy virtues my fole heir: Thy story I'll have written, and in gold too, In profe and verse, and by the ablest doers.

³⁰ Murdering-piece.] Such a piece, Dr. Warburton observes, as affaffins use, with many barrels. So in Hamlet, act iv. scene v. the King says,

Oh, my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering-piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death!

Mr. Steevens remarks, that this passage in Fletcher confirms Dr. Warburton's explanation.

R.

³¹ Ablest doers.] The English word doers here, is a literal translation of the Greek mostling, which means not only simply a maker or doer, but a maker of verses: The custom of using English words in a Greek and a Latin sense, was highly in vogue in our Authors' time; Spenser has not only taken the liberty to do so with the one, but the other too: So Shepherd's Calender, June, Colin says to Hobbinel,

^{&#}x27; The god of shepherds Tityrus is dead,

Who taught me, homely as I can, to make.' Sympson.

A word or two of a kind step-father
I'll have put in; good kings and queens shall buy it.
And if the actions of ill great women,
And of the modern times too, are remember'd,
That have undone their husbands and their families,
What will our story do? It shall be so,
And I will straight about it.

Tul. Such as love

Goodness for glory, have it for reward; I love mine for itself. Let Innocence Be written on my tomb, tho' ne'er so humble, 'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I Forget my vows.

Enter Boy.

Boy. 'Fore me, you are not modeft, Nor is this court-like! Would you take it well, If she should rudely press into your closet, When from your several boxes you chuse paint, To make a this-day's face with?

Jul. What's the matter?

Boy. Pray know her pleafure first. Jul. To whom speak you, Boy?

Boy. Your ladyship's pardon.—That proud lady-

That stole away my lord from your embraces, (Wrinkles at two-and-twenty on her cheeks for't, Or merc'ry unallay'd make blisters on it!) Would force a visit.

Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any else that I call mine? No more!
Attend her with all reverence and respect:
The want in you of manners, my lord may
Construe in me for malice. I will teach you
How to esteem and love the beauty he dotes on.

Enter Martia.

Prepare a banquet.—Madam, thus my duty Stoops to the favour you vouchfafe your fervant,

In honouring her house.

Mart. Is this in fcorn?

Jul. No, by the life of Virolet! (Give me leave To swear by him, as by a faint I worship, But am to know no further; my heart speaks that.) My servants have been rude, and this boy, doting Upon my forrows, hath forgot his duty: In which, that you may think I have no share, Sirrah, upon your knees, desire her pardon.

Boy. I dare not disobey you.

Mart. Prithee, rise:

My anger never looks fo low. I thank you,
And will deferve it; if we may be private———
I came to fee and fpeak with you.

Jul. Be gone.

[Exit Boy.

Good madam, fit.

Mart. I rob you of your place then.

Jul. You have deserv'd a better, in my bed; Make use of this too. Now your pleasure, lady. If in your breast there be a worthy pity, That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly; But if you come to triumph in your conquest, Or tread on my calamities, 'twill wrong Your other excellencies. Let it suffice, That you alone enjoy the best of men, And that I am forsaken.

Mart. He the best?

The fcum and shame of mankind!

Jul. Virolet,

Lady?

Mart. Blest in him? I would my youth had Chosen consuming fevers, bed-rid age, For my companions, rather than a thing, To lay whose baseness open would e'en poison The tongue that speaks it.

Jul. Certainly from you At no part he deserves this: And I'll tell you, Durst I pretend but the least title to him,

I should not hear this!

Mart.

Mart. He's an impudent villain, Or a malicious wretch; to you ungrateful, To me beyond expression barbarous. I more than hate him! From you he deferves A death most horrid; from me, to die for ever, And know no end of torments.-Would you have comfort?

Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon you, In being refus'd? would you redeem your fame, Shipwreck'd in his base wrongs? If you desire this, It is not to be done with flavish suffering, But by a noble anger, making way To a most brave revenge, we may call Justice. Our injuries are equal; join with me then, And share the honour.

Ful. I scarce understand you; And know I shall be most unapt to learn To hate the man I still must love and honour.

Mart. This foolish dotage in soft-hearted women Makes proud men infolent: But, take your way; I'll run another courfe.

Jul. As you are noble, Deliver his offence.

Mart. He has denied The rites due to a wife.

Jul. Oh me most happy! How largely am I paid for all my fufferings! Most honest Virolet, thou just performer Of all thy promises! I call to mind now, When I was happy in those joys you speak of, In a chaste bed, and warranted by law too, He oft would fwear, that if he should survive me, (Which then I knew he wish'd not) never woman Should taste of his embraces; this one act Makes me again his debtor.

Mart. And was this The cause my youth and beauty were contemn'd? If I fit down here——Well!

Jul. I dare thy worst!

Plot

Plot what thou canst, my piety shall guard him Against thy malice. Leave my house, and quickly! Thou wilt infect these innocent walls. By Virtue, I will inform him of thy bloody purpose, And turn it on thine own accursed head; Believe't I will!

Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed against him.
I'll set myself to sale, and live a strumper,
Forget my birth, my father, and his honour,
Rather than want an instrument to help me
In my revenge. The captain of the guard!
Blest Opportunity courts me.

Enter Ronvere.

Ronv. Sad and troubled? How brave her anger shews! How it sets off Her natural beauty! Under what happy star Was Virolet born, to be belov'd and sought-to, By two incomparable women?—Noblest lady, I've heard your wrongs, and pity them; and if The service of my life could give me hope To gain your favour, I should be most proud To be commanded.

Mart. 'Tis in you, my lord, To make me your glad fervant.

Ronv. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not preferment, jewels, gold, or courtship:

He that defires to reap the harvest of My youth and beauty, must begin in blood,

And right my wrongs.

Ronv. I apprehend you, madam,
And rest assur'd 'ris done: I am provided
Of instruments to fit you. To the king
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your aims. He's less than man,
That, to atchieve your favour, would not do
Deeds siends would fear to put their agents to. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Virolet, reading.

Vir. Quod invitus facis, non est scelus. 'Tis an axiom. Now whether willingly I have departed With that I lov'd; with that, above her life Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy husband; Was full of children, her afflictions, That I begot; that, when our age must perish, And all our painted frailties turn to ashes, Then shall they stand and propagate our honours. Whether this done, and taking to protection A new strange beauty, 'twas an useful one——How? to my lust? If it be so, I'm sinful, And guilty of that crime I would fling from me. Was there not in it this fair course of virtue, This pious course, to fave my friends, my country, That e'en then had put on a mourning garment, And wept the defolation of her children, Her noblest children? Did not she thrust me on, And to my duty clapt the spur of honour? Was there a way, without this woman, left me To bring 'em off? the marrying of this woman? If not, why am I stung thus? why tormented? Or, had there been a wild defire join'd with it, How easily both these, and all their beauties, Might I have made mine own? Why am I touch'd thus, Having perform'd the great redemption Both of my friends and family? fairly done it, Without base and lascivious ends? Oh, Heaven, Why am I still at war thus? why this a mischief, That Honesty and Honour had propounded, Ay, and abfolv'd my tender will, and chid me, Nay, then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana and Boy.

Boy. He's here, madam; This is the melancholy walk he lives in, And chuses ever to encrease his sadness, Jul. Stand by.

Vir. 'Tis she! How I shake now and tremble! The virtues of that mind are torments to me.

Jul. Sir, if my hated face shall stir your anger, Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you, My love and fair obedience left behind me, Your pardon ask'd, I shall return and bless you.

Vir. Pray stay a little! I delight to see you. May not we yet, tho' Fortune have divided us, And set an envious stop between our pleasures, Look thus one at another? sigh and weep thus? And read in one another's eyes the legends, And wonders, of our old loves? Be not fearful; Tho' you be now a faint, I may adore you! May I not take this hand, and on it facrifice The forrows of my heart? White seal of virtue!

Jul. My lord, you wrong your wedlock.

Vir. Were she here,

And with her all-fevere eyes to behold us, We might do this; I might name Juliana, And to the reverence of that name bow thus; I might figh Juliana, she was mine once, But I too weak a guard for that great treasure; And whilst she has a name, believe me, lady, This broken heart shall never want a forrow.

Jul. Forget her, Sir; your honour now commands

you;

You are another's, keep those griefs for her; She richly can reward'em. I'd have spoken with you.

Vir. What is your will? for nothing you can ask, So full of goodness are your words and meanings,

Must be denied: Speak boldly.

Jul. I thank you, Sir. I come not To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd; That I defire: For I shall tell a story, So far from seeming truth, yet a most true one; So horrible in nature, and so horrid 12; So beyond wickedness, that, when you hear it,

³² So horrible in nature, and so horrid.] This is so wretched and tautological a line, that I can't think it our authors. Sympson.

It must appear the practice of another,
The cast and malice of some one you've wrong'd
much;

And me you may imagine, me accuse too, Unless you call to mind my daily sufferings, The infinite obedience I have borne you, That hates all name and nature of revenge, My love, that nothing but my death can sever, Rather than hers I speak of.

Vir. Juliana,

To make a doubt of what you shall deliver, After my full experience of your virtues, Were to distrust a Providence; to think you can lie, Or, being wrong'd, seek after foul repairings, To forge a creed against my faith.

Jul. I must do so, for it concerns your life, Sir; And if that word may stir you, hear, and prosper! I should be dumb else, were not you at stake here.

Vir. What new friend have I found 33, that dares

This loaden trunk from his afflictions?
What pitying hand, of all that feels my miferies,
Brings fuch a benefit?

ful. Be wife and manly;

And with your honour fall, when Heav'n shall call you, Not by a hellish mischief.

Vir. Speak, my bleft one!

How weak and poor I am, now she is from me!

Jul. Your wife— Vir. How's that?

Jul. Your wife—

Vir. Be tender of her;

I shall believe else—

Jul. I must be true. Your ear, Sir! For 'tis so horrible, if the air catch it, Into a thousand plagues, a thousand monsters, It will disperse itself, and fright resistance. [Whispers.

³³ What few friends have I found, that dare deliver.] So reads Mr. Sympson.

Vir. She feek my life with you? make you her agent? Another love? Oh, fpeak but truth!

Jul. Be patient;

Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.

Vir. Forward! 'Tis well; it shall be welcome to me! I've liv'd too long, number'd too many days, Yet never found the benefit of living; Now when I come to reap it with my service, And hunt for that my youth and honour aim at, The sun fets on my fortune, red and bloody, And everlasting night begins to close me: 'Tis time to die.

Enter Martia and Ronvere.

Jul. She comes herself. Ronv. Believe, lady,

(And on this angel-hand your fervant feals it) You shall be mistress of your whole desires, And what you shall command.

Mart. Ha, minion!

My precious dame, are you there? Nay, go forward, Make your complaints, and pour out your feign'd

pities,

Slave-like to him you ferve 34; I'm the fame still, And what I purpose, let the world take witness, Shall be so finish'd, and to such example, Spite of your poor preventions—My dear gentleman! My honourable man, are you there too? You and your hot desire? Your mercy, Sir! I had forgot your greatness.

Jul. 'Tis not well, lady.

Mart. Lord, how I hate this fellow now! how desp'rately

My stomach stands against him! this base fellow,

This gelded fool!

Jul. Did you ne'er hear of modesty?

Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and so believ'd it;

³⁴ All the books read, flave, like to him.

Thou bloodless, brainless fool!

Vir. How!

Mart. Thou despis'd fool,
Thou only sign of man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven worthy in a piece of arras,
Fit only to enjoy a wall! thou beast
Beaten to use! Have I preserv'd a beauty,
A youth, a love, to have my wishes blasted?
My dotings, and the joys I came to offer,
Must they be lost, and slighted by a dormouse?
Jul. Use more respect, and, woman, 'twill become you;

At least, less tongue.

Mart. I'll use all violence;

Let him look for it!

Jul. Dare you stain those beauties, Those heav'nly stamps, that raise men up to wonder, With harsh and crooked motions? Are you she That over-did all ages with your honour, And in a little hour dare lose this triumph? Is not this man your husband?

Mart. He's my halter!

Which (having fued my pardon) I fling off thus, And with him all I brought him, but my anger; Which I will nourish, to the defolation Not only of his folly, but his friends, And his whole name!

Vir. 'Tis well! I have deferv'd it; And, if I were a woman, I would rail too.

Mart. Nature ne'er promis'd thee a thing so noble. Take back your love, your vow; I give it freely; I poorly scorn it; graze now where you please! That, that the dullness of thy soul neglected, Kings sue for now. And mark me, Virolet! Thou image of a man, observe my words well! At such a bloody rate I'll sell this beauty, This handsomeness thou scorn'st and sling'st away, Thy proud ungrateful life shall shake at! Take your house;

The

The petty things you left me, give another; And last, take home your trinket 35! Fare you well, Sir!

Ronv. You have spoke like yourself; you're a brave lady! [Exeunt Ronv. and Mart.

Jul. Why do you smile, Sir?

Vir. Oh, my Juliana,
The happiness this woman's fcorn has giv'n me
Makes me a man again; proclaims itself,
In such a general joy, thro' all my miseries,
That now methinks—

Jul. Look to yourfelf, dear Sir, And trifle not with danger that attends you;

Be joyful, when you're free.

Vir. Did you not hear her?

She gave me back my vow, my love, my freedom; I am free, free as air! And tho' tomorrow

Her bloody will meet with my life, and fink it,

And in her execution tear me piecemeal,

Yet have I time once more to meet my wishes,

Once more t'embrace my best, my noblest, truest;

And time that's warranted.

Jul. Good Sir, forbear it!
Tho' I confess, equal with your desires
My wishes rise, as covetous of your love,
And to as warm alarums spur my will too:
Yet pardon me; the seal o'th' church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatning stame between us,
We must not meet; I dare not.

Vir. That poor disjointing,
That only ftrong necessity thrust on you,
Not crime, nor studied cause of mine, how sweetly
And nobly I will bind again and cherish!
How I will recompense one dear embrace now,
One free affection! How I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me.

Jul. I behold you willingly, And willingly would yield, but for my credit.

The

Vol. VII.

³⁵ Trinket] Here means the divorce he had procured a little above.

The love you first had was preserv'd with honour, The last shall not cry whore; you shall not purchase From me a pleasure, (that have equally Lov'd your fair fame as you) at fuch a rate Your Honesty and Virtue must be bankrupt. If I had lov'd your lust, and not your lustre, The glorious luftre of your matchless goodness, I would compel you now to bed 36.—Forgive me, Forgive me, Sir! How fondly still I love you! Yet nobly too: Make the way straight before me, And let but holy Hymen once more guide me, Under the axe, upon the rack again, E'en in the bed of all afflictions, Where nothing fings our nuptials but dire forrows, With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace you, Make tyranny and death stand still affrighted, And at our meeting fouls amaze our mischiefs: 'Till when, high Heaven defend you, and Peace guide you!

Be wife and manly, make your fate your own, By being mafter of a providence

That may control it.

Vir. Stay a little with me:

My thoughts have chid themselves. May I not kis you? Upon my truth I'm honest.

Jul. I believe you;

But yet what that may raise in both our fancies, What issues such warm parents breed—

Vir. I obey you,

And take my leave as from the faint that keeps me. I will be right again, and once more happy In thy unimitable love.

Jul. I'll pray for you;

And when you fall, I have not long to follow. [Exeunt.

Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner, at one door; Martia and Ronvere at another.

Duke. Now we have got free credit with the captain-

36 Would compel you now to be! Torrected (for a correction we must call it, since the be! can be supposed nothing but an erratum) in 1750.

Master.

Master. Soft; fost! he's here again. Is not that lady— Or have I lost mine eyes? a salt rheum seizes 'em; But I should know that face.

Boats. Make him not madder!

Let him forget the woman; steer a-larboard:

Master. He will not kill her. Boats. Any thing he meets;

He's like a hornet now, he hums, and buzzes

Nothing but blood and horror.

Master. I would fave the lady;

And you know there want women of her mettle.

Mafter. 'Tis true; they bring fuch children now, fuch demi-lances,

Their father's focks will make them christning cloaths.

Gun. No more! they view us: Duke. You shall play awhile,

And fun yourfelf in this felicity,

You shall, you glorious whore! I know you still.

But I shall pick an hour when most fecurely—I say no more.

Ronv. D' you see those? those are they

Shall act your will.—Come hither, my good fellows! You're now the king's.—Are they not goodly fellows?

Mart. They've bone enough, if they have stout heart to it.

Master. Still the old wench!

Duke. Pray, captain, let me ask you

What noble lady's that? 'Tis a rude question; But I desire to know.

Ronv. She's for the king, Sir;

Let that suffice for answer.

Duke. Is she so, Sir?

In good time may fhe curse it! Must I

Breed hacknies for his Grace?

Ronv. What wouldst thou do

To merit fuch a lady's favour—

Duke. Any thing.

M 2 Ronv.

Ronv. That can supply thy wants, and raise thy fortunes?

Duke. Let her command, and see what I dare execute:

I keep my conscience here. If any man

Oppose her will, and she would have him humbled, Whole families between her and her wishes—

Master. We have seen bleeding throats, Sir, cities fack'd,

And infants stuck upon their pikes 37-

Boats. Houses o' fire, and handsome mothers weeping. Duke. Which we have heap'd upon the pile like facrifices.

Churches and altars, priefts, and all devotions 15,

Tumbled together into one rude chaos.

Gun. We know no fear, Sir, but want of employment. Duke. Nor other faith but what our purses preach.

To gain our ends we can do any thing,

And turn our fouls into a thousand figures;

But when we come to do——

Mart. I like these fellows.

Ronv. Be ready, and wait here!—Within this hour I'll shew you to the king, and he shall like ye:
And if you can devise some entertainment
To fill his mirth, such as your country uses,
Present it, and I'll see it grac'd.
After this comic scene we shall employ you;
For one must die.

Duke. What is he, Sir? Speak boldly!

For we dare boldly do.

Ronv. This lady's husband;

His name is Virolet.

Duke. We shall dispatch it. [Exe. Mart. and Ronv. Oh, damned, damned thing! A base whore first, And then a murderer! I'll look to you.

Boatf. Can the be grown fo strange?

37 And infants stuck upon their pikes.] If I may be allowed liberty, I would propose reading either

upon these, or the, or our pikes.

38 Priests and all devotions.] Devotions here means the same as accorted or holy things.

Sympson.

Duke.

Duke. She has an itch;
I'll fcratch you, my dear daughter, I'll fo claw you!
I'll curry your hot hide! Married and honour'd?
And turn those holy bleffings into brothels?
Your beauty into blood? I'll hunt your hotness,
I'll hunt you like a train!

Master. We did all pity her.

Duke. Hang her! she is not worth man's memory; She's false and base, and let her fright all stories.—Well, tho' thou be'st mine enemy, I'll right thee, And right thee nobly.

Boats. Faith, Sir, fince she must go,

Let's spare as few as may be.

Duke. We'll take all,

And like a torrent fweep the flaves before us.

You dare endure the worst?

Master. You know our hearts, Sir;

And they shall bleed the last, ere we start from you. Gun. We can but die; and ere we come to that,

We shall pick out some few examples for us.

Duke. Then wait the first occasion; and, like Curtius, I'll leap the gulph before you, fearless leap it: Then follow me like men! And if our virtues May buoy our country up, and set her shining In her first state, our fair revenges taken, We have our noble ends, or else our ashes. [Exeunt.

A C T V.

Enter Ascanio and Martia above.

Mart. A S you are noble, keep me trom discovery, And let me only run a stranger's fortune! For when the king shall find I am his daughter. He ever holds most ominous, and hates most, With what eyes can he lock, how entertain me, But with his fears and cruelties?

M 3

Asc.

Asc. I have found you; Suspect not! I am bound to what you like best: What you intend, I dare not be fo curious To question now; and what you are lies hid here.

Enter Ferrand and Ronvere above.

The king comes. Make your fortune; I shall joy in't. Ronv. All things are ready, Sir, to make you merry; And fuch a king! you shall behold him now.

Fer. I long for't, for I've need of mirth.

Ronv. The lady, Sir!

Fer. Now, as I am a king, a sprightly beauty, A goodly fweet afpect! My thanks, Ronvere, My best thanks !- On your lips I seal your wishes : Be what you can imagine, mine, and happy. And now, fit down and smile. Come, my Ascanio, And let this monarch enter.

Enter Duke, Master, Boaiswain, Gunner, and Sailors. Ronv. These are the Switzers,

I told your Grace of.

Fer. Goodly promising fellows, With faces to keep fools in awe! I like 'em. Go guard the presence well, and do your duties; Tomorrow I shall take a further view.

Duke. You shall, Sir, Or I shall lose my will. How the whore's mounted; How she sits thron'd! Thou blazing muddy meteor, That fright'st the under world with lustful flashes, How I shall dash thy slames! Away; no word more! [Exeunt Duke and his company. Flourish cornets.

Enter Villip, Castruccio, Doctor, and a Guard. Fer. Now, here he comes in glory. Be merry, mafters! A banquet too? Meat brought in.

Ronv. Oh, he must sit in state, Sir!

Asc. How rarely he is usher'd! Can he think now He is a king indeed?

Ronv. Mark but his countenance.

Cast. Let me have pleasures infinite, and to the height; And

And women in abundance, many women!

Enter Ladies.

I will disport my Grace; stand there, and long for me! What have ye brought me here? Is this a feast Fit for a prince? a mighty prince? Are these things, These preparations, ha?

Doctor. May't please your Grace-

Cast. It does not please my Grace! Where are the

marchpanes,

The custards double-royal, and the subtilties? Why, what weak things are you to serve a prince thus? Where be the delicates o' th' earth and air? The hidden secrets of the sea? Am I a plow-man, You pop me up with porridge? Hang the cooks! Fer. Oh, most kingly! what a majestic anger!

Caft. Give me fome wine.

Asc. He cools again now.

Cast. Fool,

Where are my players? Let me have all in pomp! Let 'em play fome love-matter, to make The ladies itch! I'll be with you anon, ladies! You black eyes, I'll be with you!—Give me fome

wine, I say;

And let me have a masque of cuckolds enter, Of mine own cuckolds; and let them come in, Peeping and rejoicing, just as I kiss their wives, And somewhat glorying. Some wine, I say! Then, for an excellent night-piece, to shew My glory to my loves and minions, I will have some great castle burnt.

Villio. Hark you, brother!

If that be to please these ladies, ten to one The first takes upon your own; look to that! Then you may shew a night-piece.

Cast. Where's this wine?

Why, shall I choak? D'ye long all to be tortur'd? Dostor. Here, Sir.

Cast. [tastes.] Why, what is this? Why, Doctor!

Doctor. Wine and water, Sir.

'Tis fovereign for your heat; you must endure it.

Villio. Most excellent to cool your night-piece, Sir.

Dostor. You're of a high and choleric complexion 39,

And you must have allays.

Caft. Shall I have no sheer wine then?

Doctor. Not for a world: I tender your dear life, Sir;

And he's no faithful subject-

Villio. No, by no means:

Of this you may drink, and ne'er hang, nor quarter, Nor never whip the fool; this liquor's merciful.

Cast. I'll sit down and eat then: Kings, when they're

hungry,

May eat, I hope?

Doctor. Yes, but they eat discreetly.

Cast. Come, taste this dish, and cut me liberally; I like sauce well.

Doctor. Fy, it is too hot, Sir;

Too deeply feafon'd with the spice; away with't! You must acquaint your stomach with those diets. Are temperately nourishing.

Cast. But pray stay, Doctor, And let me have my meat again.

Dollor. By no means:

I have a charge concerns my life.

Cast. No meat neither?

Do kings never eat, Doctor?

Doctor. Very little, Sir, And that too very choice.

Villio. Your king ne'er sleeps, brother;

He must not sleep, his cares still keep him waking: Now he that eats and drinks much is a dormouse; The third part of a waser's a week's diet.

Caft. Appoint me fomething then.

Doctor. There!

Cast. This I feel good, [Take away. But it melts too suddenly; yet—how! that gone too?

39 You're of a high, &c] The humour of this scene is borrowed from one of the like kind in Don Quixotte.

R.

Ye

A little quickens nature, much depresses.

Cast. Eat nothing, for my health? that's a new diet. Let me have something! something has some savour! Why, thou uncourteous Doctor, shall I hang thee?

Doctor. 'Tis better, Sir, than I should let you surfeit:

My death were nothing.

Villio. To lose a king were terrible.

Caft. Nay, then I'll carve myself; I'll stay no ceremonies.

This is a partridge-pie; I'm fure that's nourishing,

Or Galen is an ass. 'Tis rarely season'd!

Ha, Doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there!

Villio. What ails thy Grace?

[Take away.

Cast. Retrieve those partridges;

Or, as I am a king-

Doctor. Pray, Sir, be patient;

They're flown too far.

Villio. These are breath'd pies, an't please you,

And your hawks are fuch buzzards—— Caft. A king, and have nothing,

Nor can have nothing?

Villio. What think you of a pudding?

A pudding royal?

Cast. To be royally starv'd.

Whip me this fool to death! he is a blockhead.

Villio. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a king;

'Twill be enough.

Cast. As for you, dainty Doctor-

[The table taken away 40.

All gone, all fnatch'd away, and I unsatisfied, Without my wits 41, being a king and hungry?

Suffer

^{4°} The table taken away.] These words have hitherto been printed as part of the text. There can be no doubt, we think, of their being merely a stage-direction.

⁴¹ Without my wits.] The editors of 1750 suppose this passage corrupt, and for wits would read will.

Suffer but this thy treason? I tell thee, Doctor,

I tell it thee in earnest, and in anger,

I am damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry 42. Villio. A hungry Grace is fittest to no meal, Sir. Doctor. Some two hours hence you shall see more:

But still, Sir,

You must retain a strict and excellent diet.

Villio. It sharpens you, and makes your wit so poignant,

Your very words will kill.

Doctor. A bit of marmalade,

No bigger than a pea——

Villio. And that well butter'd,

The air thrice purified, and three times spirited, Becomes a king: Your rare conserve of nothing Breeds no offence.

Cast. Am I turn'd king Camelion,

And keep my court i' th' air?

Fer. They vex him cruelly.

Ajc. In two days more they'll starve him.

Fer Now the women!

There's no food left but them.

Afc. They'll prove small nourishment; Yet h' has another stomach, and a great one, I see by's eye.

Cast. I'll have mine own power here, Mine own authority; I need no tutor.

Dector, this is no diet.

Doctor. It may be, Sir.

Villio. By'r lady, it may turn to a dry diet;

And how thy Grace will ward that

Cast. Stand off, Doctor!

And talk to those that want faith.

Fer. Hot and mighty.

Sympson.

⁴² I'm dannably bungry, my very Grace is hungry.] A flight transposition will set this place right.

My Grace is very hungry

To which answers Villio, right chough,

A hungry Grace is sittlest to no meal.

Asc. He will cool apace, no doubt.

Cast. Fair, plump, and red,

A forehead high, an eye revives the dead; A lip like ripest fruit, inviting still.

Vil. But oh, the rushy well, below the hill!

Take heed of that, for tho' it never fail,

Take heed, I say, for thereby hangs a tale.

Caft. I'll get ye all with-child! Vil. With one child, brother?

So many men in a blue coat?

Cast. Had I fed well,

And drunk good ftore of wine, ye had been bleft all, Bleft all with double births. Come, kifs me greedily! And think no more upon your foolish husbands; They're transitory things; a king's stame meets you4!!

Doct. Vanish away! [Exe. women. Cast. How! they gone too? My guard there! Take me this devil Doctor, and that fool there, And sow 'em in a sack! Bring back the women, The lovely women! Drown these rogues, or hang 'em!

Asc. He is in earnest, Sir. Fer. In serious earnest.

I must needs take him off.

Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, and Sailors.

Duke. Now, now be free!

Now liberty! now, countrymen, shake from ye The tyrant's yoke!

All. Liberty, liberty, liberty! Guard. Treason, treason, treason!

Fer. We are betray'd! Fly to the town, cry treason, And raise our faithful friends! Oh, my Ascanio!

Asc. Make haste! we have way enough.

Guard. Treason, treason!

[Exe. Fer. Asca. and Guard.

⁴³ A king's same meets you.] The reader is left to interpret fame here in what sense he pleases; but I rather think that slame is the true reading; the mistaking of one for the other was easy, and so probably gave occasion to this slight corruption.

Sympson.

Duke.

Duke. Spare none! put all to th' fword!—A vengeance shake thee!

Art thou turn'd king again?

Cast. I am a rascal:

Spare me but this time, if e'er I fee king more, Or once believe in king—

Dule. The ports are ours,

The treasure and the port. Fight bravely, gentle-

Cry to the town, cry Liberty and Honour!

[Some go off crying Liberty and Freedom.

Waken their persecuted souls; cry loudly!

We'll share the wealth among ye. Cast. Do you hear, captain?

If e'er you hear me name a king—

Duke. You shall not.

Ceft. Or, tho' I live under one, obey him-

Gun. This rogue again?

Duke. Away with him, good Gunner.

Capt. Why, look ye, Sir; I'll put you to no charge; I'll never eat.

Gun. I'll take a courfe you shall not.

Come, no more words.

Ceft. Say nothing when you kill me.

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. He's ta'en to th' tower's strength 4.
Duke. Now stand sure, gentlemen!
We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us;
The rest o'th' castle's ours.

Within. Liberty, Liberty! Duke. What, is the city up?

44 Duke. se's deen to th' tower's firength;
Now fland fure gentlemen,

li e have him in a pen, he cannot scape us, The rest o'th' castle's ours; liberty, liberty!

Wrat, is the city up? This strange jumble has hitherto been printed at one speech, and given to the Duke. Sympson recommends giving the fit line to the Boatswain: And surely the words Liberty, liberty! in the fourth line, are an exclamation within.

Boats. They're up and glorious, And rolling like a fform they come; their tents Ring nothing but Liberty and Freedom. The women are in arms too.

Duke. Let 'em come all. Honour and liberty!

All. Honour and liberty!

[Exeunt.

Enter Juliana.

Jul. This woman's threats, her eyes, e'en red with fury.

Which, like prodigious meteors, foretold Affur'd destruction, are still before me. Befides, I know fuch natures unacquainted With any mean, or in their love, or hatred; And she that dar'd all dangers to possess him, Will check at nothing, to revenge the lofs Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd Her bloody purpofes, which she made good, And openly profess'd 'em: That in me Was but a cold affection; charity Commands fo much to all; for Virolet, Methinks, I should forget my fex's weakness, Rife up, and dare beyond a woman's ftrength; Then do, not counsel. He is too fecure; And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater fervice To free him from a deadly enemy, Than to get him a friend. I undertook too To cross her plots; oppos'd my piety Against her malice; and shall virtue suffer? No, Martia; wert thou here equally arm'd, I have a cause, spite of thy masculine breeding, That would affure the victory. My angel Direct and help me!

Enter Virolet, like Ronvere.

Vir. The state in combustion,
Part of the citadel forc'd, the treasure seiz'd on;
The guards, corrupted, arm themselves against
Their

Their late protected master; Ferrand sled too, And with small strength, into the castle's tower, The only Aventine that now is left him? And yet the undertakers, nay, performers, Of fuch a brave and glorious enterprize, Are yet unknown: They did proceed like men, I like a child; and had I never trusted So deep a practice unto shallow fools, Besides my soul's peace in my Juliana, The honour of this action had been mine, In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no share.

Jul. Ronvere? 'tis he; a thing, next to the devil, I most detest, and like him terrible; Martia's right-hand; the instrument, I fear too, That is to put her bloody will into act. Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty?

Weak womens' fear, fly from me!

Vir. Sure this habit, This likeness to Ronvere, which I have studied, Either admits me fafe to my defign, Which I too cowardly have halted after, And fuffer'd to be ravish'd from my glory, Or finks me and my miferies together; Either concludes me happy.

Jul. He stands musing; Some mischief is now hatching: In the full meditation of his wickedness, I'll fink his curfed foul. Guide my hand, Heaven, And to my tender arm give strength and fortune, That I may do a pious deed, all ages Shall blefs my name for, all remembrance crown me!

Vir. It shall be fo.

Jul. It shall not! Take that token, Stabs him. And bear it to the luftful arms of Martia! Tell her, for Virolet's dear fake, I fent it.

Vir. Oh, I am happy! let me see thee, that I May bless the hand that gave me liberty! Oh, courteous hand! Nay, thou hast done most nobly, And Heav'n has guided thee; 'twas their great justice.

Oh,

Oh, bleffed wound, that I could come to kifs thee! How beautiful and fweet thou fhew'ft!

Jul. Oh!

Vir. Sigh not,

Nor weep not, dear! fhed not those sovereign balfams

Into my blood, which must recover me;
Then I shall live, again to do a mischief
Against the mightiness of love and virtue.
Some base unhallow'd hand shall rob thy right of—

Help me; I faint. So.

Jul. Oh, unhappy wench!
How has my zeal abus'd me! You that guard virtue,
Were ye asleep? or do ye laugh at innocence,
You suffer'd this mistake? Oh, my dear Virolet!
An everlasting curse follow that form
I struck thee in! his name be ever blasted!
For his accursed shadow has betray'd
The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness,
The honour, and the valour; wither'd for ever
The beauty and the bravery of all mankind!
Oh, my dull devil's eyes!

Vir. I do forgive you;

By this, and this, I do. I know you were cozen'd; The shadow of Ronvere, I know, you aim'd at, And not at me; but 'twas most necessary I should be struck; some hand above directed you; For Juliana could not shew her justice, Without depriving high Heav'n of his glory, On any subject sit for her 45, but Virolet. Forgive me too, and take my last breath, sweet one! This the new marriage 46 of our souls together. Think of me, Juliana; but not often, For fear my faults should burthen your affections.

⁴⁵ Or any subject.] Amended by Sympson.

⁴⁶ This the new marriage.] Sympson says, we should certainly read 'tis for this; 'or the sentence will be as much nonsensical as el-'liptical.' This, for this 1s, is a common ellipsis, and by no means nonsensical.

Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. Oh, stay a little,

A little, little, Sir! [Offers to kill berself.

Vir. Fy, Juliana!

Jul. Shall I out-live the virtue I have murder'd? Vir. Hold, or thou hat'ft my peace! Give me the

On your obedience, and your love, deliver it!
If you do thus, we shall not meet in Heav'n, sweet;
No guilty blood comes there: Kill your intentions,
And then you conquer. There, where I am going,
Would you not meet me, dear?

Jul. Yes.

Vir. And still love me? Jul. And still behold you.

Vir. Live then, 'till Heaven calls you:

Then, ripe and full of fweetness, you rise fainted; Then I, that went before you to prepare, Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you, With hymns of holy love 47. Gods! I go out! Give me your hand. Farewell! in peace, farewell! Remember me! farewell!

Jul. Sleep you 48, sweet glasses!

47 With hymns of holy love—I go out: The colon at the end of the line feems greatly to injure the fenfe of this passage, as the—to have swallow'd up a word which is requisite to complete both that and the measure: I imagine we shou'd fill up and point thus,

With hymns of holy love- 'fore I so out

Give me your hand; &c.

The judicious reader will easily see the reason of both. Sympson.

We rather imagine 'the judicious reader' will fee no reason for either.—The ideal delicacy of the first Editors of several of our Authors' plays induced them to place an hiatus for many words at which no real delicacy could receive the least shock; and, in the present instance, as in multitudes of others, we have no doubt but Gods was the original word for which an hiatus is here substituted. This reading appears much more spirited than Sympson's.

43 Sleep you, &c.] This passion of Juliana calls for, and deserves our highest admiration: 'tis drawn with so masterly an hand, that a person must be endued with a very small share of taste not to be touch'd at the reading of it: Our Poets stile, in the pathetic, appears sufficiently plain thro' the body of their plays, but here it stames out, and perhaps has not its superior in any part of their master Shakespear's compositions.

Sympson.

AJT

An everlasting slumber crown those crystals! All my delight, adieu! farewell, dear Virolet, Dear, dear, most dear! Oh, I can weep no more; My body now is fire, and all-consuming. Here will I sit, forget the world and all things, And only wait what Heav'n shall turn me to; For now methinks I should not live. [She fits down.

Enter Pandulpho.

Pand. Oh, my fweet daughter, The work is finish'd now I promis'd thee: Here are thy virtues shew'd, here register'd, And here shall live for ever.

Jul. Blot it, burn it! 100

I have no virtue; hateful I am as hell is!

Pand. Is not this Virolet? Jul. Ask no more questions! Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

Pand. Oh, my fon!

Nature turns to my heart again. My dear fon!
Son of my age! wouldft thou go out fo quickly?
So poorly take thy leave, and never fee me?
Was this a kind ftroke, daughter? Could you love him,

Honour his father, and so deadly strike him? Oh, wither'd timeless youth! are all thy promises, Thy goodly growth of honours, come to this? Do I halt still i'th' world, and trouble Nature, When her main pieces sounder, and fail daily?

Enter Boy, and three Servants.

Boy, He does weep certain. What body's that lies by him?

How do you, Sir?

Pand. Oh, look there, Lucio,

Thy mafter, thy best master! Boy. Woe is me!

They've kill'd him, flain him basely! Oh, my master! Vol. VII, N Pand.

Pand. Well, daughter, well! what heart you had to do this!

I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his fortune, And not his fault: For my fake, that have lov'd you— But I fee now you fcorh me too.

Boy. Oh, mistress!

Can you fit there, and his cold body breathless? Basely upon the earth?

Pend. Let her alone, Boy:

She glories in his end.

Boy. You shall not sit here,

And fuffer him you lov'd—Ha! good Sir, come hither, Come hither quickly! heave her up! Oh, Heav'n, Sir! Oh, God, my heart! fhe's cold, cold, cold, and ftiff too, Stiff as a ftake; fhe's dead!

Pand. She's gone; ne'er bend her '?:
I know her heart, she could not want his company. Blessing go with thy soul! sweet angels shadow it!
Oh, that I were the third now! what a happiness!
But I must live, to see you laid in earth both;
Then build a chapel to your memories,
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your stories;
Then dig a little grave besides, and all is done.
How sweet she looks! her eyes are open smiling;
I thought sh'had been alive. You are my charge, Sir;
And amongst you I'll see his goods distributed.
Take up the bodies; mourn in heart, my friends;
You've lost two noble succours. Follow me;
And thou, sad country, weep this misery! [Exeunt.

Enter Duke, Boatswain, Master, Gunner, Citizens, with soldiers.

Duke. Keep the ports strongly mann'd, and let none enter,

But fuch as are known patriots.

I've heard, if there be any life, but now The body thus, and it will show itself.

⁴⁹ Ne'er bend ber.] This expression is explained by our Authors in the Maid's Tragedy:

All. Liberty, Liberty!

Duke. 'Tis a substantial thing, and not a word, You men of Naples; which, if once taken from us, All other bleffings leave us; 'tis a jewel Worth purchasing at the dear rate of life, And so to be defended. Oh, remember What you have suffer'd, since you parted with it; And if again you wish not to be slaves, And properties to Ferrand's pride and lust, Take noble courage, and make perfect what Is happily begun.

1 Cit. Our great preserver!

You have enfranchis'd us from wretched bondage. 2 Cit. An't might be known, to whom we owe our

freedom,

We to the death would follow him.

3 Cit. Make him king, The tyrant once remov'd. Duke. That's not my end:

'Twas not ambition that brought me hither, With these my faithful friends, nor hope of spoil. For when we did possess the tyrant's treasure, By force extorted from you, and employ'd To load you with most miserable thraldom, We did not make it ours; but with it purchas'd The help of these, to get you liberty, That for the same price kept you in subjection. Nor are we Switzers, worthy countrymen, But Neapolitans. Now eye me well; And tho' the reverend emblems of mine age (My filver locks) are shorn, my beard cut off 50, Partaking yet of an adulterate colour; Tho' fourteen years you have not feen this face, You may remember it, and call to mind There was a Duke of Seffe, a much-wrong'd prince, Wrong'd by this tyrant Ferrand.

Partaking yet of an adulterate colour.] This is a glaring contradiction indeed, for if his beard was cut off, the colour of it could not possibly be adulterate: If we do but remember what we are told of

I C't. Now I know him.

2 Cit. 'Tis he. Long live the Duke of Seffe!

Duke. I thank you.

The injuries I receiv'd, I must confess,
Made me forget the love I ow'd this country,
For which, I hope, I've given satisfaction,
In being the first that stirr'd to give it freedom;
And, with your loves and furtherance, will call back
Long-banish'd Peace, and Plenty, to this people.

2 Cit. Lead where you please, we'll follow.

I Cit. Dare all dangers.

Enter Pandulpho, the bodies of Virolet and Juliana upon a hearfe.

Duke. What folemn funeral's this? Pend. There reft a while,
And it't be possible there can be added Wings to your swift desire of just revenge,
Hear (if my tears will give way to my words)
In brief a most sad story.

Dake. Speak, what are they? I know thee well, Pandulpho.

Pand. My best lord!

As far as forrow will give leave, most welcome! This Virolet was, and but a fon of mine, I might fay, the most hopeful of our gentry; And, tho' unfortunate, never ignoble: But I'll speak him no further. Look on this, This face, that in a favage would move pity, The wonder of her fex! and having faid

Or as I think nearer the traces of the letters thus,

my beard cut half.

'Tis well known that dying of beards was a frequent custom in our Poets time.

Sympson.

The Duke's meaning (more familiarly than accurately expressed) is, 'Though my beard is DIMINISHED, and in colour adulterated, to hide my age, yet you may remember, &c.'

'Tis

this Duke's having his beard run into a peak of twenty, we may read the passinge thus with Mr. Seward,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. 197,

'Tis Juliana, Eloquence will want words
To fet out her defervings. This blefs'd lady,
That did endure the rack to fave her hufband,
That hufband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Endur'd a thousand tortures; by what practice
I know not, (but 'twas fure a cunning one)
Are made, the last I hope, but sad examples,
Of Ferrand's tyranny. Convey the bodies hence!

Duke. Express your forrow In your revenge, not tears, my worthy foldiers! That fertile earth, that teem'd so many children To feed his cruelty, in her wounded womb

Can hardly now receive 'em.

Boats. We are cold;

Cold walls sha'n't keep him from us!

Gun. Were he cover'd

With mountains, and room only for a bullet To be fent level at him, I would speed him.

Master. Let's scale this petty tower! At sea we're falcons,

And fly unto the main-top in a moment:

What then can stop us here?

I Cit. We'll tear him piece-meal!

2 Cit. Or eat a passage to him!

Duke. Let Discretion

Direct your anger: That's a victory,
Which is got with least loss; let us make ours such!
And therefore, friends, while we hold parley here,
Raise your scalado on the other side;
But, enter'd, wreak your suff'rings.

1 Cit. In our wrongs [Exeunt Sailors & Soldiers.

There was no mean—

2 Cit. Nor in our full revenge

Will we know any.

Duke. Be appeas'd, good man! [To Pand. No forrow can redeem them from Death's prison; What his inevitable hand hath seiz'd on, The world cannot recover. All the comfort That I can give to you, is to see vengeance

3 Pour'd

Pour'd dreadfully upon the author's head,
Of which their ashes may be sensible,
That have fall'n by him.

[Sound a parley.

Enter Ferrand, Martia, Ascanio, and Ronvere above.

Pand. They appear.

Fer. 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious traitors Worthy an answer to their proudest summons, That we vouchsafe our presence, or t' exchange One syllable with 'em; but to let such know, Tho' circled round with treason, all points bent As to their center at my heart, 'tis free, Free from sear, villains; and in this weak tower Ferrand commands as absolute as when He trod upon your necks, and as much scorns you. And when the sun of majesty shall break thro' The clouds of your rebellion, every beam, Instead of comfortable heat, shall send Consuming plagues among you, and you call That government which you term'd tyrannous, Hereaster gentle.

Duke: Fratter not thyself
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel beast!
Thou are i'th' toil, and the glad huntsman prouder,
By whom thou're taken, of his prey, than if
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil his forest.

Fer. What art thou?

Duke. To thy horror, Duke of Sesse.

Fer. The devil!

Duke. Referv'd for thy damnation.

Fer. Why shakes my love? Mart. Oh, I am lost for ever!

Mountains divide me from him! fome kind hand Prevent our fearful meeting! or lead me To the steep rock, whose rugged brows are bent Upon the swelling main; there let me hide me: And as our bodies then shall be divided, May our souls never meet!

Fer. Whence grows this, sweetest?

Mart.

Mart. There are a thousand furies in his looks; And in his deadly filence more loud horror, Than when in hell the tortur'd and tormentors Contend whose shrieks are greater. Wretched me! It is my father.

Duke. Yes, and I will own her, Sir, 'Till my revenge. It is my daughter; Ferrand;

My daughter thou hast whor'd.

Fer. I triumph in't!

To know she's thine, affords me more true pleasure Than the act gave me, when e'en at the height, I crack'd her virgin zone. Her shame dwell on thee. And all thy family! May they never know A female iffue, but a whore! Ascanio, Ronvere, look chearfully; be thou a man too; And learn of me to die! That we might fall, And in our ruins swallow up this kingdom, Nay, the whole world, and make a fecond chaos! And if from thence a new beginning rife, Be it recorded this did end with us, And from our dust hath embrion!

Ronv. I liv'd with you,

And will die with you; your example makes me

Equally bold.

Asc. And I refolv'd to bear Whate'er my fate appoints me: Duke. They are ours:

Now to the spoil!

Boats. Pity the lady; to all else be deaf. [Exeunt. Within. Kill, kill, kill!

[Alarum, flourish trumpets, retreat.

Enter Duke, with Ferrand's head; the Citizens, Master, Boatswain, Gunner, Soldiers bringing in Ascanio and Martia.

Duke. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends; And the best sacrifice to Heav'n for peace Is tyrant's blood, and those that stuck fast to him, Flesh'd instruments in his commands to mischief,

With him dispatch'd.

Boats. They're all cut off.

Duke. 'Tis well.

All. Thanks to the Duke of Seffe!

Duke. Pay that to Heaven,

And for a general joy give general thanks:
For bleffings ne'er descend from Heaven, but when
A grateful facrifice ascends from men.
To your devotion! leave me: There's a scene
Which I would ast alone. Yet you may stay;
For wanting just spectators, 'twill be nothing.

The rest forbear me!

Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty!

Mart. I would I were as far beneath the center, As now I stand above it. How I tremble! Thrice happy they that died! I dying live To stand the whirlwind of a father's fury. Now it moves tow'rd me.

Duke. Thou-I want a name By which to stile thee: All articulate founds That do express the mischief of vile woman, That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak To speak thee to the height. Witch! Parricide! For thou, in taking leave of modesty, Haft kill'd thy father, and his honour loft; He's but a walking hadow to torment thee. To leave and rob thy father, then fet free His foes, whose flavery he did prefer Above all treasure, was a strong defeazance, To cut off c'en the surest bonds of mercy; After all this, (having given up thyself, Like to a fenfual beaft, a flave to luft) To play the whore, and then (high Heav'n, it racks me!)

To find out none to quench thy appetite
But the most cruel king, whom next to hell
Thy father hated, and whose black embraces
Thou shouldst have fled from, as the whips of furies!

What canst thou look for?

Enter Pandulpho, and the bodies borne on the hearfe.

Mart. Death! and 'tis not in you

To hurt me further. My old resolution, Take now the place of fear! In this I liv'd,

In this I'll die, your daughter.

Pand. Look but here!

You had, I know, a guilty hand in this;

Repent it, lady.

Mart. Juliana dead?

And Virolet?

Pand. By her unwilling hand.

Mart. Fates, you are equal!—What can now fall on me,

That I will shrink at? Now unmov'd I dare Look on your anger, and not bend a knee To ask your pardon: Let your rage run higher Than billows rais'd up by a violent tempest, And be, as that is, deaf to all entreaties!

They're dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall All my defires are fum'd up.

Duke. Impudent too?

Die in it, wretch!

Boats. Stay, Sir! [Boatswain kills ber.

Duke. How dar'st thou, villain,

Snatch from my fword the honour of my justice?

Boatf. I never did you better fervice, Sir; Yet have been ever faithful. I confess

That she deserved to die; but by whose hand?

Not by a father's. Double all her guilt,

It could not make you innocent, had you done it:

In me 'tis murder, in you 'twere a crime

Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love you!

And in that love I did it.

Duke. Thou art noble;

I thank thee for't. The thought of her die with her!

Asc. My turn is next; fince she could find no mercy,

What am I to expect?

Cit. With one voice, Sir,

The

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN.

Philippo, king of Spain. Otrante, a Spanish count, in love with Florimel. Julio, a nobleman, uncle to Antonio. Bellides, father to Ismenia, enemy to Julio. Lifauro, Brother to Ismenia, Bellides' son. Terzo, kinsman to Lisauro, and friend to Bellides. Antonio, in love with Ismenia, an enemy to Bellides. Martino, friend to Antonio, and his secret rival. Gerasto, friend to Otrante. Pedro, } two courtiers. Moncado. Gostanzo, three gentlemen, friends to Julio. Giraldo, Philippo, Vertigo, a French taylor.

Franio, a miller, supposed father to Florimel.

Bustopha, Franio's son, a clown.

Pedro, a songster.

Lords attending the king in progress.

Constable, officers, and servants.

WOMEN.

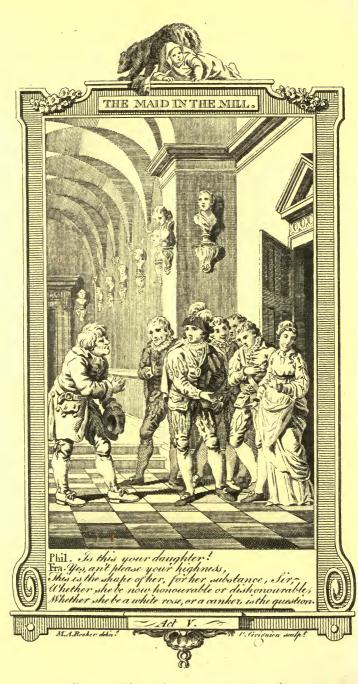
Ismenia, daughter to Bellides, mistress of Antonio. Aminta, cousin to Ismenia, and her private competetrix in Antonio's love.

Florimel, daughter to Julio, stolen from him a child. Gillian, Franio's wife.

Country maids.

SCENE, SPAIN.





B I Ken o The Friday

MAID IN THE MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lisauro, Terzo, Ismenia, and Aminta.

Lifauro. E T the coach go round! we'll walk along these meadows, And meet at port again. Come, my fair sister,

These cool shades will delight you.

Amin. Pray be merry:

The birds fing as they meant to entertain you; Ev'ry thing finiles abroad; methinks the river, As he steals by, curls up his head, to view you: Ev'ry thing is in love.

Ism. You'd have it so.

You, that are fair, are easy of belief, cousin; The theme slides from your tongue—

Amin. I fair? I thank you!

Mine is but shadow when your sun shines by me.

Ifm. No more of this; you know your worth,

Aminta.

Where are we now?

Amin. Hard by the town, Ismenia.

Terzo. Close by the gates.

Ism. 'Tis a fine air.

Lis. A delicate;

The way so sweet and even, that the coach

Would

Would be a tumbling trouble to our pleasures. Methinks I'm very merry.

Ism. I am fad.

Amin. You're ever so when we entreat you, cousin. Ifm. I have no reason. Such a trembling here,

Over my heart methinks—— Amin. Sure you are fasting,

Or not flept well to-night; fome dream, Ifmenia?

Ifm. My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and innocent;

Yours are unhappy. Who are these that coast us'? You told me the walk was private.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Terze. 'Tis most commonly.

Ifm. Two proper men! It feems they have some business:

With me none fure. I do not like their faces; They are not of our company.

Terzo. No, cousin.

Lisauro, we are dog'd.

Lis. I find it, cousin.

Ant. What handsome lady?

Mart. Yes, she's very handsome;

They're handsome both.

Ant. Martino, stay; we're cozen'd.

Mart. I will go up: A woman is no wildfire.

Ant. Now, by my life, she's sweet. Stay, good Martino!

They're of our enemies, the house of Bellides; Our mortal enemies.

Mart. Liet them be devils,

They appear so handsomely, I will go forward. If these be enemies, I'll ne'er seek friends more.

Ant. Prithee, forbear! the gentlewomen—

Mart. That's it, man,

That moves me like a gin. 'Pray ye stand off.— Ladies——

² Goaff us, &c.] See note 52 on the Loyal Subject.

Lif. They're both our enemies, both hate us equally;

By this fair day, our mortal foes!

Terzo. (I know 'em).

And come here to affront! How they gape at us! They shall have gaping work.

Ifm. Why your fwords, gentlemen? Terzo. Pray you stand you off, cousin;

And good now leave your whiftling! We're abus'd all!

Back, back, I fay!

Lif. Go back!

Ant. We are no dogs, Sir, To run back on command.

Terzo. We'll make ye run, Sir.

Ant. Having a civil charge of handsome ladies, We are your servants! Pray ye no quarrel, gentlemen.

There's way enough for both.

Lis. We'll make it wider.

Ant. If you will fight, arm'd from this faint, have at ye!

Ifm. Oh, me unhappy! Are ye gentlemen, Discreet, and civil, and in open view thus—

Amin. What will men think of us! Nay, you may kill us.

Mercy o'me! thro' my petticoat? what bloody gentlemen!

Ism. Make way thro' me, y'had best, and kill an innocent!

Brother! why, coufin! by this light, I'll die too! This gentleman is temperate; be you merciful! 'Alas, the fwords!

Amin. You had best run me thro' 2!

'Twill be a valiant thrust.

Ism. I faint amongst ye.

Ant. Pray ye ben't fearful! I have done, fweet lady;

² You had best run me thro' the belly.] So first folio.

My fword's already aw'd, and shall obey you. I come not here to violate sweet beauty; I bow to that.

Ism. Brother, you see this gentleman,

This noble gentleman.

Lif. Let him avoid then,

And leave our walk!

Ant. The lady may command, Sir;

She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.

Im. What a sweet nature this man has! Dear brother,

Put up your fword.

Terzo. Let them put up, and walk then.

Ant. No more loud words! there's time enough before us.

For shame put up! do honour to these beauties.

Mart. Our way is this; we will not be denied it. Terzo. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it. Ant. Whate'er your way is, lady, 'tis a fair one;

And may it never meet with rude hands more,

Nor rough uncivil tongues! [Exeunt Ant. & Mart, Jim. I thank you, Sir,

Indeed I thank you nobly! A brave enemy!

Here's a fweet temper now! This is a man, brother;

This gentleman's anger is so nobly feated,

That it becomes him; yours proclaim ye monsters. What if he be our house-foe? we may brag on't; We've ne'er a friend in all our house so honourable;

I'd rather from an enemy, my brother,

Learn worthy distances and modest deserence?, Than from a race of empty friends loud nothings. I'm hurt between ye.

Amin. So am I, I fear too,

I'm fure their fwords were between my legs4. Dear coufin,

Why look you pale? where are you hurt? Ifm. I know not;

3 And modess difference.] The variation of orthography was made by Sympton; and though we have admitted it, we are not clear but difference, in the old sense of distinctions, is right.

4 Im fure their favords avere betaveen my legs] These, words are

retrieved from the first folio.

But here methinks.

Lif. Unlace her, gentle cousin.

Ifm. My heart, my heart! and yet I bless the hurter.

Amin. Is it so dangerous? Ism. Nay, nay, I faint not.

- Amin. Here is no blood that I find; fure 'tis inward.

Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a subtle weapon;

The hurt not to be cur'd, I fear.

Lif. The coach there! Amin. May be a fright.

I/m. Aminta, 'twas a sweet one;

And yet a cruel.

Amin. Now I find the wound plain:

A wondrous handsome gentleman-

Ism. Oh, no deeper!

Prithee be filent, wench; it may be thy cafe.

Amin. You must be search'd; the wound will rancle, cousin.—

And of fo fweet a nature——

Ism. Dear Aminta,

Make it not forer!

Amin. And on my life admires you.

Ism. Call the coach, cousin.

Amin. The coach, the coach!

Terzo. 'Tis ready. Bring the coach there!

Lis. Well, my brave enemies, we shall yet meet ye,

And our old hate shall testify—

Terzo. It shall, cousin. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ant. Their fwords! alas, I weigh 'em not, dear friend;

The indifcretion of the owners blunts 'em; The fury of the house affrights not me, It spends itself in words. Oh me, Martino! There was a two-edg'd eye, a lady carried,

A weapon that no valour can avoid,

Vol. VII, O Nor

Nor art, the hand of spirit, put aside. Oh, friend, it broke out on me, like a bullet Wrapt in a cloud of sire; that point, Martino, Dazzled my sense's, and was too subtle for me; Shot like a comet in my face, and wounded (To my eternal ruin) my heart's valour.

Mart. Methinks she was no such piece.

Ant. Blaspheme not, Sir!

She is fo far beyond weak commendation, That Impudence will blush to think ill of her.

Mart. I fee it not, and yet I had both eyes open, And I could judge; I know there is no beauty 'Till our eyes give it 'em, and make 'em handsome: What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em? A green face else; and methinks such another——

Ant. Peace, thou lewd heretick! thou judge of beauties?

Thou haft an excellent fense for a fign-post, friend. Didst thou not see, (I'll swear thou art stone-blind else, As blind as Ignorance) when she appear'd first, Aurora breaking in the East? and thro' her face, (As if the hours and graces had ftrew'd roses) A blush of wonder slying? when she was frighted At our uncivil fwords, didst thou not mark How far beyond the purity of fnow The foft wind drives, whiteness of innocence, Or any thing that bears celestial paleness, Sh' appear'd o' th' fudden? Didst thou not see her tears When she entreated? Oh, thou reprobate! Didst thou not see those orient tears flow'd from her, The little worlds of love? A fet, Martino, Of fuch fanctified beads, and a holy heart to love, I could live ever a religious hermit.

Mart.

⁵ Dazzled my fence.] Seward thinks it would be keeping closer to the metaphor to read, BAFFLED my FENCE; but the old reading carries on the metaphor best. Dazzled is much most applicable to the point of a two-edged eye, which he immediately after compares to a comet.

⁶ Dost thou not see (I'll swear thou art soon blind else).] Amended in 1750.

Mart. I do believe a little; and yet, methinks, She was o' th' lowest stature.

Ant. A rich diamond,

Set neat and deep! Nature's chief art, Martino, Is to referve her models curious,
Not cumbersome and great; and such an one,
For fear she should exceed upon her matter,
Has she fram'd this. Oh, 'tis a spark of beauty!
And where they appear so excellent in little,
They will but slame in great 7; extention spoils 'em.
Martino, learn this; the narrower that our eyes
Keep way unto our object, still the sweeter
That comes unto us: Great bodies are like countries,
Discovering still, toil and no pleasure finds 'em.

Mart. A rare cosmographer for a small island!

Now I believe she's handsome.

Ant. Believe heartily;

Let thy belief, tho' long a-coming, fave thee.

Mart. She was, certain, fair.

Ant. But hark you, friend Martino!
Do not believe yourself too far before me;
For then you may wrong me, Sir.

Mart. Who bid you teach me?

D'you shew me meat, and stitch my lips, Antonio?

Is that fair play?

Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me—
And yet I know thee for an arrant wencher,
A most immod'rate thing; thou canst not love long.
Mart. A little serves my turn; I sty at all games;

But I believe-

Ant. How if we never see her more?

She is our enemy.

Mart. Why are you jealous then? As far as I conceive, she hates our whole house.

⁷ They will but flame in great.] If this be genuine, flame, when applied to beauty, must be a term of contempt, whereas it is, I believe, universally applied to it as a term of excellence. I verily think the original was, not flame, and then the reason that follows is just, because extention spoils 'em.

Seward.

' Amin. Yes.

I/m. And did you give my letter?

Amin. To what end went I? Ifm. Are you fure 'twas he?

Was it that gentleman?

Amin. D'you think I was blind?

I went to feek no carrier, nor no midwife.

Ism. What kind of man was he? Thou mayst be deceived, friend.

Amin. A man with a nose on's face; I think he had eyes too;

And hands, for fure he took it.

I/m. What an answer!

Amin. What questions are these to one that's hot and troubled!

Do you think me a babe? Am I not able, coufin, At my years and difcretion, to deliver

A letter handsomely? is that such a hard thing?

Why every wafer-woman will undertake it:
A fempiler's girl, or a tailor's wife, won't miss it:

A Puritan hostess, cousin, would fcorn these questions.
My legs are weary.

Ifm. I'll make 'em well again, Amin. Are they at supper?
Ism. Yes, and I'm not well,

Nor defire no company. Look out! 'tis darkish.

Amin. I fee nothing yet. Affure yourself, Ismenia, If he be a man, he will not miss.

Ism. It may be he is modest,

And that may pull him back from feeing me;

Or has made some wild construction of my easiness: I blush to think what I writ.

Amin. What should you blush at?

Blush when you act your thoughts, not when you write 'em;

Blush foft between a pair of sheets, sweet cousin. Tho' he be a curious-carried gentleman, I can't think He's so unnatural to leave a woman,

(A young, a noble, and a beauteous woman)

Leave

Leave her in her desires: Men of this age -Are rather prone to come before they're sent for. Hark! I hear something: Up to th' chamber, cousin! You may spoil all esse.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ifm. Let me see! They're gentlemen: It may be they.

Amin. They are they. Get you up,

And like a load-star draw him 9!

Ifm. I'm shame-fac'd! [Exeunt ladies. Ant. This is the street.

Mart. I'm looking for the house. Close, close, pray you close!—Here. Ant. No; this is a merchant's;

I know the man well.

Mart. And this a pothecary's: I've lain here many times,

For a loofeness in my hilts.

Ant. Have you not past it?

Mart. No, sure:

There is no house of mark that we have scap'd yet.

Ant. What place is this?

Mart. Speak fofter! 'may be spies. If any, this; a goodly window too,

Carv'd fair above "! that I perceive. 'Tis dark;

But the has fuch a luftre-

Enter Ismenia and Aminta above, with a taper.

Ant. Yes, Martino;

So radiant the appears——

Mart. Else we may mis, Sir.

The night grows vengeance black: Pray Heav'n she shine clear!

Hark, hark! a window, and a candle too?

Ant. Step close. 'Tis she! I see the cloud disperse; And now the beauteous planet—

9 And like a land-star.] Amended in 1750.
10 Carv'd far above.] Varied in 1750.

Mart.

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Or has made fome wild construction of my easiness:
I blush to think what I writ.

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Blush when you act your thoughts, not when you write 'em;

Blush soft between a pair of sheets, sweet cousin. Tho' he be a curious-carried gentleman, I can't think He's so unnatural to leave a woman, (A young, a noble, and a beauteous woman)

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Leave her in her desires: Men of this age -Are rather prone to come before they're sent for. Hark! I hear something: Up to th' chamber, cousin! You may spoil all esse.

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But she has such a lustre-

Enter Ismenia and Aminta above, with a taper.

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So radiant she appears—

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? And like a land-star.] Amended in 1750.
10 Carv'd far above.] Varied in 1750.

0 4

Mart.

Mart. Ha! 'tis indeed.

Now, by the foul of love, a divine creature!

Ism. Sir, Sir!

Ant. Most blessed lady! Ism. 'Pray you stand out.

Amin. You need not fear; there's nobody now ftirring.

Mart. Beyond his commendation I am taken,

Infinite strangely taken.

Amin. I love that gentleman;

Methinks he has a dainty nimble body:

I love him heartily.

Ifm. 'Tis the right gentleman; But what to fay to him?—Sir——

Amin. Speak.

Ant. I wait still;

And will do till I grow another pillar, To prop this house, so it please you.

Ifm. Speak foftly;

And 'pray you speak truly too.

Ant. I never lied, lady.

Ifm. And do not think me impudent to ask you—I know you are an enemy, (speak low!)
But I would make you a friend.

Ant. I'm friend to beauty;

There is no handsomeness I dare be soe to.

Im. Are you married?

Ant. No.

1/m. Are you betroth'd?

zint. No, neither.

I/m. Indeed, fair Sir?

Ant. Indeed, fair sweet, I am not.

Most beauteous virgin, I am free as you are.

Im. That may be, Sir; then you are miserable.

For I am bound.

Ant. Happy the bonds that hold you! Or do you put them on yourfelf for pleasure? Sure they be sweeter far than liberty: There is no blessedness but in such bondage.

Give

Give me that freedom, madam, I befeech you, (Since you have question'd me so cunningly)
To ask you whom you're bound to; he must be certain
More than human, that bounds in such a beauty:
Happy that happy chain! such links are heav'nly.

Ism. Pray you don't mock me, Sir.

Ant. Pray you, lady, tell me.

Ism. Will you believe? and will you keep it to you?

And not fcorn what I fpeak?

Ant. I dare not, madam;

As oracle, what you fay I dare fwear to.

Ifm. I'll fet the candle by, for I shall blush now. Fy, how it doubles in my mouth! It must out. 'Tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. Speak that word again!

I understand you not.

Ism. 'Tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. Here is another gentleman.

Ism. 'Tis you, Sir.

Amin. He may be lov'd too.

Mart. Not by thee; first curse me! Ism. And if I knew your name—

Ant. Antonio, madam.

Ism. Antonio, take this kiss; 'tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. And when I set you free, may Heav'n forsake
me!

Ifmenia-

Ism. Yes, now I perceive you love me; You've learn'd my name.

Ant. Hear but fome vows I make to you; Hear but the protestations of a true love.

Ifm. No, no, not now: Vows should be chearful things,

Done in the clearest light, and noblest testimony: No vow, dear Sir! tie not my fair belief To such strict terms: Those men have broken credits,

Loofe and difmember'd faiths, my dear Antonio, That fplinter 'em with vows. Am I not too bold?

Correct

Correct me when you pleafe.

Ant. I'd rather hear you,

For fo fweet musick never struck mine ears yet. Will you believe now?

Ism. Yes.

Ant. I'm yours.

Ism. Speak louder;

If you answer the priest so low, you'll lose your wedding.

Mart. 'Would I might speak! I'd hollow.

Ant. Take my heart;

And if it be not firm and honest to you,

Heav'n—

Ism. Peace; no more! I'll keep your heart, and credit it:

Keep you your word. When will you come again, friend?

For this time we have woo'd indiff'rently: I would fain see you, when I dare be bolder.

Ant. Why, any night. Only, dear noble mistress,

Pardon three days! My uncle Julio

Has bound me to attend him upon promife, Upon expectation too: We have rare fports there, Rare country fports; I would you could but fee'em!

Dare you so honour me?

Ism. I dare not be there;

You know I dare not; no, I must not, friend. Where I may come with honourable freedom—Alas, I'm ill too; we in love——

Ant. You flout me.

Ifm. Trust me, I do not; I speak truth, I'm sickly, And am in love; but you must be physician.

Ant. I'll make a plaister of my best affection.

Ism. Be gone! we've supp'd: I hear the people stir. Take my best wishes! Give me no cause, Antonio, To curse this happy night.

Ant. I'll lose my life first.

A thousand kiffes!

Ism. Take ten thousand back again!

Mart.

Mart. I'm dumb with admiration! Shall we go, Sir? Exeunt gentlemen.

Ifm: Dost thou know his uncle? Amin. No, but I can ask, cousin.

Ism. I'll tell thee more of that. Come, let's to bed both;

And give me handsome dreams, Love, I befeech thee! Amin. H'has giv'n you a handsome subject. Exeunt.

I/m. Pluck-to the windows ".

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Bustopha.

Buft. HE thund'ring feas, whose wat'ry fire Washes the whiting-mops 12, The gentle whale whose feet so fell Flies o'er the mountains' tops—

Fra. [within.] Boy!

Bust. The thund'ring-Fra. Why, boy Bustopha!

Bust. Here I am. The gentle whale-

Enter Franio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, Sir? where's your fifter? Bust. The gentle whale flies o'er the mountains tops--Fra. Where's your fifter, man?

they will tread you their measures like Whiting-mops, &c.

So in the Guardian of Philip Massenger, Camillo says,

If it were a fish-day,

' I have a stomach and wou'd content myself

This scene naturally reminds us of a similar one in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet; to which this, with all its beauties, must be allowed to be much inferior.

¹² Whiting-mops.] A fort of fish so called; our Authors have the same term in the Martial Maid, act in scene ii.

With this pretty whiting mop; meaning Mirtilla. Sympson. Bust.

Bust. Washes the whiting-mops-

Fra. Thou lieft! she has none to wash. Mops? The boy is half way out of his wits sure.

Sirrah, who am I?

Bust. The thund'ring seas-

Fra. Mad, stark mad!

Bust. Will you not give a man leave to con?

Fre. Yes, and 'fess too,

Ere I have done with you, firrah. Am I your father? Euft. The question is too hard for a child; ask me Any thing that I have learn'd, and I'll answer you.

Fra. Is that a hard question? Sirrah, am not I

your father?

Buft. If I had my mother-wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you

A thief?

Buft. So far forth as the fon of a miller.

Fra. Will you be hang'd? Bust. Let it go by eldership.

The gentle whale—

Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish study there, And beat your brains about your own affairs; or—

Bust. I thank you!

You'd have me go under the fails, and beat My brains about your mill? a natural father You are!

Fra. I charge you go not to the sports to-day:

Last night I gave you leave; now I recant.

Bust. Is the wind turn'd fince last night? Fra. Marry is it, Sir:

Go no further than my mill; there's my command upon you.

Bust. I may go round about then as your mill does. I will see your mill gelded, and his stones fried In steaks, ere I deceive the country so! Have I not my part to study? How shall The sports go forward, if I be not there?

Fra. They'll want their fool indeed, if thou be'ft not there,

Buft.

Bust. Consider that, and go yourself.

Fra. I have fears, Sir, that I cannot utter:

You go not, nor your fifter; there's my charge.

Buft. The price of your golden thumb 13 can

Bust. The price of your golden thumb 13 can't hold me. [Hounds in full cry.

Fra. Ay 14, this was fport that I have tightly lov'd! I could have kept company with the hounds——

Bust. You are fit for no other company yet.

Fra. Run with the hare,

And been in the whore's tail i'faith!

Bust. That was

Before I was born: I did ever mistrust I was a bastard, because lapis is In the singular number with me.

Enter Otrante and Gerasto.

Otr. Leave thou that game, Gerafto, and chafe here;

Do thou but follow it with my defires, Thou'lt not return home empty.

Ger. I'm prepar'd,

My lord, with advantages: And fee Yonder's the fubject I must work upon.

Otr. Her brother? 'tis: Methinks it should be easy:

That gross compound 15 cannot but diffuse

Golden thumb.] In Chaucer's character of the Miller are the following lines:

Wel coude he stelé corn, and tolle it twye,

'Ard yit he had a thumb of gold, parde!'

Dr. Morell and Mr. Tyrwhit both suppose, that Chaucer alluded to the old proverb, 'Every honest Miller has a thumb of gold;' to which they reply in Somersetshire, 'None but a cuckold can see it.' To the same proverb our Author evidently refers in Bustopha's speech. See Ray's Proverbs.

R.

14 Fra. I, this was fport, &c.] Without the slage direction which Mr. Seward and I have affixed here, this abrupt speech would not be understood by any reader.

Sympson.

15 That gross compound. The sense and measure both seem here to be incomplete: The deficiency I wou'd remedy this,

For this gross. &c. Mr. Seward so, Sure this gross. The reader may take his choice of either.

Sympson

The foul, in fuch a latitude of eafe, As to make dull her faculties, and lazy. What wit, above the leaft, can be in him, That reason ties together?

Ger. I have prov'dit, Sir,

And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a hackney-pace,
With all that flesh about him; yes, and drag

[Cry of Hounds.

His fifter after him. This baits the old one;

Rid you him, and leave me to the other. [Exit. Otr. 'Tis well.—Oh, Franio, the good day to you! You were not wont to hear this mufick ftanding; The beagle and the bugle you have lov'd, In the first rank of huntimen.

Buft. The dogs cry
Out of him now 16.

Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking;

I'll bite you else.

Buft. Cur! cur! Fra. Slave, doft call me dog?

Otr. Oh fy, Sir!

He fpeaks Latin to you; he would know Why you'll bite him.

Bust. Responde, cur! You see His understanding, my lord.

Fra. I shall have

A time to curry you for this!—But,
My lord, to answer you; the days have been
I must have footed it before this hornpipe,
Tho' I had hazarded my mill a-fire,
And let the stones grind empty: But those dancings
Are done with me: I have good will to't still,

16 Bust. The dogs cry out of him now.] I read for: Without this trisling change, I see no humour in Bustapho's answer. The very dogs cry out against him, does not suit the rest of his drolleries; but the dogs cry out for him as carrion proper for them, is quite in his still.

Seward.

Franio's answer, leave your BARKING, feems to confirm the old reading, out OF kim.

And that's the best I can do.

Otr. Come, come, you shall be hors'd; Your company deserves him; tho' you kill him, Run him blind, I care not.

Bust. He will do it

O'purpose, my lord, to bring him up to the mill.

Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my lord.

Otr. There is

A foot i'th' stirrop; I'll not leave you now .--You shall see the game fall once again.

Fra. Well, my lord, I will make ready My legs for you, and try 'em once a-horseback. Sirrah! my charge; keep it!
Bust. Yes; [Exit.

When you pare down your dish for conscience sake, When your thumb's coin'd into bonæ & legalis, When you are a true man-miller.

Otr. What's

The matter, Bustopha? Bust. My lord, if you

Have e'er a drunken jade that has the staggers, That will fall twice the height of our mill with him, Set him o'th' back on him; a galled jennet That will winch him out o'th' faddle, and break one on's necks,

Or a shank of him (there was a fool Going that way, but the afs had better luck); Or one of your brave Barbaries, that would pass The Straits, and run into his own country with him: The first Moor he met would cut his throat For complexion's fake; there's as deadly feud between A Moor and a miller, as between black and white.

Otr. Fy, fy! this is unnatural, Bustopha,

Unless on some strong cause.

Bust. Be judge, my lord: I'm studied in my part; The Julian feast's to-day, the country expects me; I speak all the dumb-shows; my fister chosen For a nymph. 'The gentle whale whose feet so fell.' Cry mercy! that was fome of my part; but his charge is, To

To keep the mill, and disappoint the revels.

Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for thee, the country

Expecting.

Bust. Ay, and for mine own grace too.
Otr. Yes, and being studied too, and the main fpeaker too.

Bust. The main? why, all my speech lies in the main,

And the dry ground together: 'The thund'ring feas, whofe---

Otr. Nay, then thou must go; thou'lt be much condemn'd else.

But then, o'th' other fide, obedience.

Bust. Obedience?

But speak your conscience now, my lord; am Not I past asking blessing at these years? Speak as you're a lord; if you had a miller to your father--

Otr. I must yield to you, Bustopha; Your reasons are so strong, I cannot contradict. This I think, if you go, your fifter ought To go along with you.

Bust. There I stumble now:

She is not at age.

Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards. Bust. Thereabouts.

Otr. That's woman's ripe age; as full as thou art At one-and-twenty: She's manable, is she not?

Buft. I think not: Poor heart, she was never tried, In my conscience. 'Tis a coy thing; she will not Kifs you a clown, not if he would kifs her—

Otr. What, man?

Buft. Not if he would kifs her, I fay.

Otr. Oh,'twas cleanlier than I expected.—Well, Sir, I'll leave you to your own; but my opinion Is, you may take her along.—This is half way; Exit. The rest, Gerasto and I hunt my prey.

Buft. Away with the old miller, my lord!

And the mill strikes fail presently.

Enter

Enter Pedro, with Gerasto blinded, singing.

S O N G.

Ger. Come follow me, you country lasses!
And you shall see such sport as passes:
You shall dance, and I will sing;
Pedro, he shall rub the string;
Each shall have a loose-bodied gown
Of green, and laugh 'till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Buft. Oh, fweet Diego, the fweetest Diego! Stay.
—Sifter Florimel!

Flor. What's that, brother?

Bust. Didst not hear Diego? Hear him, and thou'lt be ravish'd.

Flor. I have heard him fing, yet unravish'd; brother. Bust. You had the better luck, sister. I was ravish'd

By my own consent. Come away; for the sports! Flor. I have the fear of a father on me, brother.

Bust. Out! the thief is as safe as in his mill; he's hunting with our great landlord, the don Otrante. Strike up, Diego.

Flor. But say he return before us, where's our

excuse?

Bust. Strike up, Diego! Hast no strings to thy apron?

Flor. Well, the fault lie upon your head, brother. Bust. My faults never mount so high, girl; they

But to my middle at most. Strike up, Diego.

Ger. Follow me by the ear; I'll lead thee on, Bustopha, and pretty Florimel thy sister.

Oh, that I could fee her!

rife

Bust. Oh, Diego, there's two pities upon thee: Great pity thou art blind; and as great a pity, Thou canst not see.

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SONG.

Ger. You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,
Buds, where the honey-maker grazes '7;
You shall taste the golden thighs,
Such as in wax-chamber lies.
What fruits please you, taste, freely pull,
'Till you have all your bellies full.
Come follow me, &c.

Bust. Oh, Diego! the don was not so sweet when he perfum'd the steeple. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Mart. Why, how now, friend? thou art not lost

again?

Ant. Not loft? Why, all the world's a wilderness; Some places peopled more by braver beafts. Than others are; but faces, faces, man; May a man be caught with faces?

Mart. Without wonder,

'Tis odds against him: May not a good face Lead a man about by the nose? Alas, The nose is but a part against the whole.

Ant. But is it possible that two faces Should be so twinn'd in form, complexion, Figure, aspect, that neither wen, nor mole, The table of the brow, the eyes' lustre, The lips' cherry, neither the blush nor smile, Should give the one distinction from the other? Does Nature work in moulds?

Mart. Altogether;

We're all one mould, one duft.

Ant. Thy reason's mouldy:
I speak from the form, thou the matter. Why?
Was it not ever one of Nature's glories,

¹⁷ Honey-maker gazes.] Corrected in 1750.

Yet

Nay, her great piece of wonder, that amongst So many millions millions of her works She left the eye distinction, to cull out The one from other; yet all one name, the face?

Mart. You must

Compare 'em by fome other part of the body, If the face cannot do't.

Ant. Didst ask her name?

Mart. Yes, and who gave it her; And what they promis'd more, besides a spoon, And what apostle's picture: She is christen'd too, In token wherefore she's call'd Isabella; The daughter of a country plow-swain by: If this be not true, she lies.

Ant. She cannot:

It would be feen, a blifter on her lip, Should falshood touch it, it is so tender. Had her name held, 't had been Ismenia, And not another of her name.

Mart. Shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, if thou wilt speak truth.

Is the not wondrous like?

Mart. As two garments Of the fame fashion, cut from the same piece; Yet, if any excel, this has the first; And in my judgment 'tis fo.

Ant. It is my opinion.

Mart. Were it the face where mine eyes should dwell, I would please both with this, as soon as one With the other.

Ant. And yet the other is The case of this 13. Had I not look'd upon Ismenia, I ne'er had stay'd beyond Good morrow's time in view of this.

Aside. Mart. 'Would I could leave him here! 'Twere a free passage to Ismenia. I must now blow, as to put out the fire;

¹⁸ And yet the other is the case of this.] Seward proposes to substitute cause for case. P 2

Yet kindle't more.—You not confider, Sir, The great disparity is in their bloods, Estates and fortunes: There is the rich beauty, Which this poor homeliness is not endow'd with; There's difference enough.

Ant. The least of all; Equality is no rule in Love's grammar. That fole unhappiness is left to princes, To marry blood: We are free disposers, And have the pow'r to equalize their bloods Up to our own; we cannot keep it back; 'Tis a due debt from us.

Mart. Ay, Sir, had you No father, nor uncle, nor fuch hinderers, You might do with yourfelf at your pleasure; But as it is——

Ant. As it is? It is nothing:
Their pow'rs will come too late, to give me back
The yesterday I lost 19.

Mart. Indeed, to fay footh,
Your opposition from the other part
Is of more force; there you run the hazard
Of every hour a life, had you supply;
You meet your dearest enemy in love
With all his hate about him: 'Twill be more hard
For your Ismenia to come home to you,
Than you to go to country Isabel.

Enter Julio.

Ant. Tush! 'tis not fear removes me. Mart. No more! your uncle.

Julio. Oh, the good hour upon you, gentlemen! Welcome, nephew! speak it to your friend, Sir; It may be happier receiv'd from you, In his acceptance.

Ant. I made bold, uncle,

¹⁹ The Yesterday I lost] Seward here would read,
too late, to give me back
What Yesterday I lost.

To do't before; and I think he believes it.

Mart. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.

Julio. Here are sports, dons,
That you must look on with a loving eye,
And without censure, unless it be giving
My country neighbours' loves their yearly off'rings,
That must not be refus'd; though't be more pain
To the spectator, than the painful actor;
It will abide no more test than the tinsel
We clad our masks in for an hour's wearing,
Or the liv'ry lace sometimes on the cloaks
Of a great don's followers: I speak no further

Than our own country, Sir. Mart. For my part, Sir,

The more abfurd, 't shall be the better welcome.

Julio. You'll find the guest you look for. I heard,

cousin,

You were at Toledo th' other day.

· Ant. Not late, Sir.

Julio. Oh fy! must I be plainer? You chang'd the point

With Terzo and Lifauro, two o'th' ftock

Of our antagonists, the Bellides.

Ant. A mere proffer, Sir; the prevention Was quick with us: We had done somewhat else. This gentleman was engag'd in't.

Julio. I am the enemy

To his foe for it. That wildfire will crave More than fair water to quench it, I suspect: Whence it will come, I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle reconcilement;

But I do fear I shall go back again.

Jul. Come, come; the sports are coming on us; Nay, I have more guests to grace it: Welcome, don Gostanco, Giraldo, Philippo! Seat, seat all! [Music.

Enter a Cupid.

Cupid. Love is little, and therefore I present him; Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him 20.

Mart. Alas, poor Love! who are they that can quench him?

Julio. He's not without those members; fear him not.

Cupid. Love shoots; therefore I bear his bow about; And Love is blind; therefore my eyes are out.

Mart. I never heard Love give reason for what he did before.

Enter Bustopha, for Paris.

Cupid. Let fuch as can fee, see such as cannot. Behold Our goddesses all three strive for the ball of gold: And here fair Paris comes, the hopeful youth of Troy, Queen Hecuba's darling fon, king Priam's only joy.

Mart. Is this Paris?

I should have taken him for Hector rather.

Bust. Paris at this time: Pray you hold your prating! Ant. Paris can be angry.

Julio. Oh, at this time

You must pardon him; he comes as a judge.

Mart. God's mercy on all that look upon him, fay I.

Buft. The thund'ring feas, whose wat'ry fire washes the whiting-mops,

The gentle whale, whose feet so fell flies o'er the mountain tops,

20 Therefore you may lament bim.] The thyme by this reading is preserved 'tis true, but I am afraid the sense is lott; for where is the congruity between Love's being a fire, and our lamenting of him? Echdes, the next line contradicts this, which runs fo,

Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench bim? I imagine therefore that we shou'd read as the line quoted gives us

licence,

Therefore you may quench him. Symplan. . Alas, poor Love! in the next line feems to refer to lamenting him. The mock drama is perhaps purpofely incongruous.

No

No roars fo fierce, no throats fo deep, no howls can bring fuch fears,

As Paris can, if garden from he call his dogs and bears.

Mart. Ay, those they were that I fear'd all this while.

Bust. Yes, Jack-an-apes-Mart. I thank you, good Paris!

Bust. You may hold your peace, and stand further out o'th' way then:

The lines will fall where they light.

Yes, Jack-an-apes, he hath to sports, and faces make like mirth,

Whilst bellowing bulls the horned beasts do toss from ground to earth.

Blind bear there is 21, as Cupid blind —

Ant. That bear would be whipp'd for losing of his eyes.

Bust. Be-whipped man may see,

But we present no such content, but nymphs such as they be.

Ant. These are long lines.

Mart. Can you blame him, leading bulls and bears in 'em?

Enter Shepherd singing, with Ismenia, Aminta, Florimel (as Juno, Pallas, Venus), and three nymphs attending.

Bust. Go, Cupid blind, conduct the dumb; for ladies must not speak here.

Let shepherds sing with dancing feet, and cords of musick break here!

> Now ladies fight, with heels fo light; By lot your luck must fall, Where Paris please, to do you ease, And give the golden ball. Dance.

Blind bear there is, &c.] Mr. Seward is of opinion that a line here is got out of its place, and that Antonio drolls upon whipping the bear before the whipping was spoke of, and proposes reading thus.

Bust. Blind bear there is, as Cupid blind be whipped man may see. Ant. That bear should be whipp'd for losing of his eyes.

Bust. But we present, &c. P 4 Sympson.

Mart.

Mart. If you play'd Paris now, Antonio, Where would you bestow it?

Ant. I prithee, friend,

Take the full freedom of thought, but no words.

Ablact. 'Protest there's a third, which by her habit
Should personate Venus, and, by consequence
Of the story, receive the honour's prize:
And were I a Peria, there it should be.
Do you note her?'

Ant. No; mine eye's fo fix'd, I cannot move it. Capid. The dance is ended; now to judgment, Paris!

Baf. Here, Juno, here!—But stay; I do espy A pretty gleek coming from Pallas' eye: Here, Pallas, here!—Yet stay again; methinks I see the eye of lovely Yenus winks: Oh, close them both; shut in those golden ey'n! And I will kiss those sweet blind cheeks of thine. Juno is angry; yes, and Pallas frowns: 'Would Paris now were gone from Ida's downs! They both are fair; but Venus has the mole, The fairest hair, and sweetest dimple-hole: To her, or her, or her, or her, or neither; Can one man please three ladies all together? No; take it, Venus! toss it at thy pleasure; Thou art the lover's friend beyond his measure.

Julio. Paris has done what man can do, pleas'd one: Who can do more?

Mart. Stay; here's another person.

Enter Gerasto, as Mars.

Ger. Come, lovely Venus; leave this lower orb, And mount with Mars up to his glorious fphere.

Buft. How now? what's he? Flor. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. Thy filver yoke of doves are in the team, And thou shalt sly thorough Apollo's beam: I'll see thee seated in thy golden throne, And holdwith Marsa sweet conjunction. [Exitwith Flor.

Buff. Ha! what fellow's this? h'has carried away

My fifter Venus: He never rehears'd His part with me before.

Julio. What follows now,

Prince Paris?

Flor. [within.] Help, help, help! Buf. Hue and cry, I think, Sir;

This is Venus' voice, mine own fifter Florimel's.

Mart. What, is there fome tragick act behind?

Buf. No, no; altogether comical; Mars and Venus

Are in the old conjunction, it feems.

Mart. 'Tis very improper then; for Venus Never cries out when she conjoins with Mars.

Buft. That's true indeed; they are out of their parts

It may be 'tis the book-holder's fault; I'll go fee.

Exit.

Julio. How like you our country revels, gentlemen? All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves, Sir. Ant. Methinks now Juno and Minerva should take

Revenge on Paris; it can't end without it.

Mart. I did expect,

Instead of Mars, the storm-gaoler Æolus; And Juno proff'ring her deiopeia As satisfaction to the blustring god, To send his tossers forth.

Julio. It may fo follow;

Let's not prejudicate the history!

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Julio. So, here's a passion towards.

Bust. Help, help, if you be gentlemen! my fister,

My Venus! she's stol'n away. Julio. The story changes

From our expectation.

Bust. Help! my father

The miller will hang me else: God Mars
Is a bawdy villain! he said she should ride upon doves:

She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or no.

Mart.

Mart. Sure, I think he's ferious.

Buft. She's hors'd upon

A double gelding, and a stone-horse in

The breech of her: The poor wench cries belp,

And I cry belp, and none of you will help.

Julio. Speak, is it the show? or dost thou bawl? Bust. A pox on the ball! my sister bawls, and I bawl! Either bridle horse and follow, or give me a halter To hang myself: I cannot run so fast

As a hog.

Julio. Why, follow me! I'll fill
The country with purfuit, but I will find

The thief! My house thus abus'd?

[Exit.

Bust. 'Tis my house that's

Abus'd; the fifter of my flesh and blood!
Oh, oh!

i, oh! [Exit, 1 Wench.] 'Tis time we all shift for ourselves,

If this be serious.

2 Wench. Howe'er, I'll be gone.

3 Wench. And I. [Exeunt. Ant. You need not fright your beauties, pretty fouls,

With the least pale complexion of a fear.

Mart. Juno has better courage, and Minerva's more discreet.

Ifm. Alas, my courage was so counterfeit, It might have been struck from me with a feather: Juno never had so weak a presenter.

Amin. Sure I was pe'er the wifer for Minerva;

That I find yet about me.

Ifm. My dwelling, Sir? [Ant. wbifpers Ifm. 'Tis a poor yeoman's roof, scarce a league off,

That never sham'd me yet.

I vow my erring eyes had almost cast you For one of the most mortal enemies. That our family has.

Ijm. I'm forry, Sir, I am fo like your foe: 'Twere fit I hasted From your offended fight.

Ant.

Ant. Oh, mistake not;

It was my error, and I do confess it.

You'll not believe you're welcome; nor can I speakit; But there's my friend can tell you; pray hear him!

Mart. Shall I tell her, Sir? I'm glad of the employment.

Ant. A kinfwoman to that beauty?

Amin. A kin to her, Sir;

But nothing to her beauty.

Ant. Do not wrong it;

It is not far behind her.

Amin. Her hinder parts

Are not far off, indeed, Sir.

Mart. Let me but kifs you with his ardour now,

You shall feel how he loves you.

Ism. Oh, forbear!

'Tis not the fashion with us. But would you

Perfuade me that he loves me?

Mart. I'll warrant you

He dies in't; and that were witness enough on't.

Is Mart. Fy! will you ask me? That which you've about you.

Ifm. I know nothing, Sir. Mart. Let him find it then!

He constantly believes you have the thing

That he must love you for; much is apparent,

A fweet and lovely beauty.

Ism. So, Sir; pray you

Shew me one thing: Did he ne'er love before? (I know you are his bosom counsellor.)

Nay then, I fee your answer is not ready; I'll not believe you, if you study further.

Mart. Shall I speak truth to you?

Ifm. Or speak no more,

Mart. There was a smile thrown at him, from a lady, Whose deserts might buy him treble, and lately He receiv'd it, and I know where he lost it; In this face of yours: I know his heart's within you.

Ism.

Ifm. May I know her name? Mart. In your ear you may,

With vow of filence.

Amin. He'll not give over. Sir;

If he speak for you, he'll sure speed for you.

Ant. But that is not the answer to my question.

Amin. You are the first, in try virgin-conscience,

That ever tooke love to her: Oh, my heart!

Ant. How do you?

Amin. Nothing, Sir; but 'would I had

A better face! How well your pulse beats!

Ant. Healthfully;

Does it not?

Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks.

Ism. Alack, I hear it with much pity: How great

Is your fault too, in wrong to the good lady?

Mart. You forget the difficult passage he has to her;

A hell of feud's between the families.

Is. And that has often Love wrought by advantage To peaceful reconcilement.

Mart. There impossible.

Ifm. This way 'tis worser; it may seed again

In her unto another generation:

For where, poor lady, is her fatisfaction?

Mart. It comes in me. To be truth, I love her (I'll go no further for comparison)

As dear as he loves you.

Ifm. How if the love not?

Mart. Tush, be that my pains! You know not what

I have those ways.

Ifm. Beshrew you! you have practis'd upon me; Well, speed me here, and you with your Ismenia.

Mart. Go, the condition's drawn, and ready dated;

There wants but your hand to't,

Amin. Truly you have taken

Great pains, Sir.

Mart. A friendly part, no more, sweet beauty.

THE MAID IN THE MILL. 237 Amin. They're happy, Sir, have fuch friends as you are:

But do you know you have done well in this? How will his allies receive it? She, tho' I fay't, Is of no better blood than I am.

Mart. There

I leave it; I am at furthest that way.

Ism: You shall extend your vows no larger now: My heart calls you mine own, and that's enough. Reason, I know, would have all yet conceal'd. I shall not leave you unsaluted long

Either by pen or person. Ant. You may discourse

With me, when you think you're alone; I shall

Be present with you.

Ism. Come, cousin, will you walk?

Amin. Alas, I was ready long fince. In conscience, You would with better will yet stay behind.

Ism. Ch, Love! I never thought th' hadst been so blind. Exeunt.

Mart. You'll answer this, Sir. Ant. If e'er it be spoke on:

I purpose not to propound the question.

Enter Julio.

Julio. 'Tis true the poor knave said: Some ravisher, Some of Lust's blood-hounds, have seiz'd upon her; The girl is hurried, as the devil were with 'em And help'd their speed.

Mart. It may be not so ill, Sir.

A well-prepared lover may do as much

In hot blood as this, and perform it honestly.

Julio. What? steal away a virgin 'gainst her will? Mart. It may be any man's case; despise nothing:

And that's a thief of a good quality,

Most commonly he brings his theft home again, Tho' with a little shame.

Julio. There's a charge by't

TOA

Fall'n upon me: Paris (the miller's fon)

Her

Her brother, dares not venture home again, 'Till better tidings follow of his fifter.

Ant. You're the more beholding to the mischance,

Had I gone a boot-haling ²², I should as soon Have stol'n him as his sister: Marry then, To render him back in the same plight he is

May be costly; his flesh is not maintain'd with little. Fulio. I think the poor knave will pine away; he cries

All-to-be-pitied yonder.

Mart. Pray you, Sir,

Let's go see him: I should laugh to see him cry, sure. Julio. Well, you're merry, Sir.

Antonio, keep this charge; (I have fears Move me to lay it on you) pray forbear The ways of your enemies, the Bellides. I have reason for my injunction, Sir.

[Exit.

Enter Aminta as a page, with a letter.

Ant. To me, Sir? from whom?
Amin. A friend, I dare vow, Sir,

Tho' on the enemies' part: The lady Ismenia.

Mart. Take heed; blush not too deep. Let me advise you

In your answer; it must be done heedfully.

Ant. I should not see a masculine, in peace,

Out of that house.

Amin. Alas, I am a child, Sir;

Your hates cannot last 'till I wear a sword.

Ant. Await me for your answer.

Mart. He must see her,

To manifest his shame; 'tis my advantage: While our blood's under us, we keep above; But then we fall, when we do fall in love. [Execut.

²² Boot-haling.] See note 2 on the Chances.

ACT HI. SCENE

Smor sich milit all ish in hi

the it will be good

Enter Julio and Franio.

Fra. Y lord, my lord, your house hath injur'd me,

Robb'd me of all the joys I had on earth.

क्षा कर व्यवसंख्या मार्की हुन है।

Julio. Where wert thou brought up, fellow?

Fra. In a mill:

You may perceive it by my loud exclaims, Which must rise higher yet.

Julio. Obstrep'rous carle 23,

If thy throat's tempest could o'er-turn my house, What fatisfaction were it for thy child?

Turn thee the right way to thy journey's end :

Wilt have her where she's not?

Fra. Here was she lost,

And here must I begin my footing after; From whence, until I meet a pow'r to punish, I will not rest. You are not quick to grief; Your hearing's a dead fense! Were your's the loss, Had you a daughter stol'n, perhaps be-whor'd, (For to what other end should come the thief?) You'd play the miller then, be loud and high; But being not a forrow of your own, You have no help nor pity for another.

Julio. Oh, thou hast op'd a sluice was long shut up, And let a flood of grief in; a buried grief Thy voice hath wak'd again, a grief as old

As likely tis thy child is! Friend, I tell thee. I did once lose a daughter.

Fra. Did you, Sir?

Befeech you then, how did you bear her lofs? Julio. With thy grief trebled.

23 A carle.] A churl, a clown.

Fra. But was she stolen from you?

Julio. Yes, by devouring thieves, from whom cannot Ever return a fatisfaction:

The wild beafts had her in her fwathing cloaths. Fra. Oh, much good do 'em with her!

Julio. Away, rough churl 24!

Fra. Why, she was better, eaten, than my child, Better by beasts, than beastly men devour'd: They took away a life, no honour, from her; Those beasts might make a faint of her; but these Will make my child a devil. But was she, Sir, Your only daughter?

Enter Gillian.

Julio. I ne'er had other, friend.

Gil. Where are you, man? Your business lies not here!

Your daughter's in the pound; I've found where:

Twill cost you dear, her freedom.

Fra. I'll break it down, and free her without pay! Horse-locks nor chains shall hold her from me.

Julio. I'll take this relief:

I now have time to speak alone with grief. [Exit. [Gil. whispers him.

Fra. How! my landlord? he is lord of my lands, But not my cattle: I'll have her again, Gil.

Gil. You are not mad upon the fudden now?

Fra. No, Gil;

I have been mad these five hours! I'll sell my mill And buy a roaring—I'll batter down his house, And make a stews on't.

Gil. Will you gather up

Your wits a little, and hear me? The king's near by, in progress;

Here I have got our supplication drawn, And there's the way to help us.

²⁴ Tough churl.] Seward proposes reading rough, which Sympson rejects.

Fra. Give it me, Gil:

I will not fear to give it to the king.

To his own hands, God blefs him, will I give it; And he shall set the law upon their shoulders,

And hang 'em all that had a hand in it.

Gil. Where is your fon?

Fra. He shall be hang'd in slitches!

The dogs shall eat him in Lent;

There's cats' meat and dogs' meat enough about him. Gil. Sure the poor girl is the count's whore by this time.

Fra. If she be the count's whore, the whore's count Shall pay for't; he shall pay for a new maidenhead!

Gil. You are so violous!—This I'm resolv'd; If she be a whore once, I'll renounce her. You know, if every man had his right, she's None of our child, but a mere foundling; (And I can guess the owner for a need too) We have but soster'd her.

Fra. Gil, no more of that!

I'll cut your tongue out, if you tell those tales.

Hark, hark! these toaters tell us the king's coming.

Get you gone; I'll see if I can find him. [Exeunt.

Enter Lisauro, Terzo, Pedro, and Moncado.

Lif. Does the king remove to day? Terzo. So fay the harbingers, And keeps his way on to Valentia; There ends the progress.

Pedro. He hunts this morning, gentlemen,
And dines i' th' fields: The court is all in readiness.

Lif. Pedro, did you fend for this taylor? or you,

Moncado?

This light French demi-lance that follows us?

Pedro. No, I affure ye on my word, I'm guiltless;

I owe him too much to be inward with him.

Monc. I am not quit, I'm sure: There is a reck'ning (Of some four scarlet cloaks, and two lac'd suits) Hangs on the file still, like a fearful comet,

Vol. VII. Q Makes

Makes me keep off.

List. I'm in too, gentlemen,

I thank his faith, for a matter of three hundred.

Terzo. And I for two. What a devil makes he this way?

I do not love to see my sins before me.

Pedro. 'Tis the vacation, and these things break out

To fee the court, and glory in their debtors.

Terzo. What do you call him 25? for I never love To remember their names that I owe money to; 'Tis not genteel; I shun 'em like the plague ever.

Lis. His name's Vertigo, (hold your heads, and

wonder!)

A Frenchman, and a founder of new fashions: The revolutions of all shapes and habits Run madding thro' his brains.

Enter Vertigo.

Monc. He's very brave!

Lif. The shreds of what he steals from us, believe it, Make him a mighty man. He comes; have at ye!

Vert. Save ye together, my sweet gentlemen!

I have been looking—

Terzo. Not for money, Sir?

You know the hard time.

Vert. Pardon me, fweet fignor!

Good faith, the least thought in my heart; your love, gentlemen,

Your love's enough for me. Money? hang money! Let me preserve your love.

Lif. Yes, marry shall you,

And we our credit. You would fee the court?

Monc. He shall see ev'ry place. Vert. Shall s, i'faith, gentlemen?

Pedro. The cellar, and the butt'ry, and the kitchen, The pastry, and the pantry.

Terzo. Ay, and tafte too

²⁵ What did you call him for? I never love.] Corrected by Sympson.

Of ev'ry office, and be free of all too;

And fay it home too. Shall I fee the king also?

Lif. Shalt fee him every day; shalt fee the ladies 26 In their French cloaths; shalt ride a-hunting with him; Shalt have a mistress too.—We must fool handsomely To keep him in belief we honour him; He may call on us else.

Pedro. A pox upon him!

Let him call at home in's own house for salt butter.

Vert. And when the king puts on a new suit—

Terzo. Thou shall see it first,

And diffect his doublets, that thou mayst be perfect.

Vert. The wardrobe I would fain view, gentlemen,

Fain come to fee the wardrobe.

Lif. Thou shalt see it,

And fee the fecret of it, dive into it; Sleep in the wardrobe, and have revelations Of fashions five years hence.

Vert. Ye honour me, Ye infinitely honour me!

Terzo. Any thing i' th' court, Sir, Or within the compass of a courtier—Vert. My wife shall give ye thanks.

Terzo. You shall see any thing!

The privat'st place, the stool, and where 'tis emptied.

Vert. Ye make me blush, ye pour your bounties,
gentlemen,

In fuch abundance.

Lif. I will shew thee presently
The order that the king keeps when he comes
To open view, that thou mayst tell thy neighbours
Over a shoulder of mutton, th'hast seen something;

Him may refer to the king, and most probably was so intended.

2 Nay,

²⁶ Shalt fee the ladies

Shalt ride a hunting with him.] As him has nothing to refer to but ladies, I would alter the number, and read,

a hunting with them.

Sympson.

Nay, thou shalt present the king for this time-

Vert. Nay, I pray, Sir!

Lif. That thou mayft know what state there does

belong to't.

Stand there, I fay! and put on a fad count'nance, Mingled with height! Be cover'd, and referv'd; Move like the fun, by foft degrees, and glorious. Into your order, gentlemen, uncover'd!

The king appears. We'll fport with you a while, Sir;

I'm fure you're merry with us all the year long, taylor. Move fofter still; keep in that fencing leg, monfieur;

Turn to no fide.

Enter Franio out of breath.

Terzo. What's this that appears to him?

List. H'has a petition, and he looks most lamentably. Mistake him, and we're made.

Fra. This is the king fure,

The glorious king! I know him by his gay cloaths.

Lif. Now bear yourfelf, that you may fay hereafter--

Fra. I have recover'd breath; I'll fpeak unto him presently.

May it please your gracious majesty to consider

'A poor man's case!

Vert. What's your will, Sir?

List. You must accept, and read it.

Terzo. The taylor will run mad upon my life for't. Pedro. How he mumps and bridles! He'll ne'er cut cloaths again.

Vert. And what's your grief?

Monc. He speaks i'th' nose like his goose.

Fra. I pray you read there; I'm abus'd and frump'd, Sir,

By a great man, that may do ill by authority: Poor honest men are hang'd for doing less, Sir. My child is stol'n, the count Otrante stole her!

A pretty

A pretty child she is 27, altho' I say it,
A handsome mother; he means to make a whore of her,
A silken whore; his knaves have silch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd knaves, that do him beastly offices.
I kneel for justice: Shall I have it, Sir?

Enter Philippo and Lords.

Phil. What pageant's this?

Lif. The king!

Taylor, stand off! Here ends your apparition. Miller, turn round, and there address your paper; There, there's the king indeed.

Fra. May't please your majesty!--

Phil. Why didst thou kneel to that fellow?

Fra. In good faith, Sir,

I thought h'had been a king, he was so gallant; There's none here wears such gold.

Phil. So foolifhly?

You've golden business sure! Because I'm homely Clad, in no glitt'ring suit, I am not look'd on. Ye fools, that wear gay cloaths, love to be gap'd at, What are you better when your end calls on you? Will gold preserve ye from the grave? or jewels? Get golden minds, and sling away your trappings; Unto your bedies minister warm raiments, Wholesome and good; glitter within, and spare not! Let my court have rich souls! their suits I weigh not. And what are you that took such state upon you? Are you a prince?

Lif. The prince of taylors, Sir:

We owe some money to him, an't like your majesty.

Phil. If it like him, 'would ye ow'd more! Be modester:

And you less faucy, Sir; and leave this place: Your pressing-iron will make no perfect courtier.

Q 3

A pretty child she is.

A handsome mother.] Mr. Theobald proposes changing mother for mauther, a word us'd now in Suffolk for a girl. But there is no occasion at all for this change. Sir Henry Spelman in his glossary tells us mother is a corruption of the Danish word moer, which signifies a girl. Vide in voce moer.

Sympson.

Go flitch at home, and cozen your poor neighbours: Shew fuch another pride, I'll have you whipt for't! And getworfe cloaths; thefe but proclaim your felony. And what's your paper?

Fra. I beseech you read it.

Phil. What's here? the count Otrante task'd for a base villainy?

For stealing of a maid?

Lord. The count Otrante? Is not the fellow mad, Sir?

Fra. No, no, my lord; I'm in my wits: I am a labouring man, And we have feldom leifure to run mad: We've other business to employ our heads in; We've little wit to lose too. If we complain, And if a heavy lord lie on our shoulders, Worse than a fack of meal, and oppress our poverties, We are mad straight, and whop'd25, and tied in fetters, Able to make a horse mad, as you use us. You're mad for nothing, and no mandare proclaim it; In you a wildness is a noble trick, And cherish'd in ye, and all men must love it; Oppressions of all forts fit like new cloaths, Neatly and handfomely, upon your lordships: And if we kick, when your honours four us, We're knaves and jades, and ready for the justice. I'm a true miller.

Phil. Then thou art a wonder.

2 Lord. I know the man reputed for a good man, An honest and substantial fellow.

Phil. He speaks sense,

And to the point: Greatness begets much rudeness. How dare you, firrah, 'gainst so main a person, A man of so much noble note and honour, Put up this base complaint? must ev'ry peasant

We are mad straight, and whip'd.

Whop'd, in vulgar language, such as the Miller might use, might mean heaten.

¹⁸ We are mad straight, and whop'd.] This slight corruption here my trieng alters and amends thus with me,

Upon a faucy will affront great lords? All fellows, miller?

Fra. I have my reward, Sir:

I was told, one greatness would protect another, As beams support their fellows; now I find it. If't please your Grace to have me hang'd, I'm ready; 'Tis but a miller, and a thief dispatch'd. Tho' I steal bread, I steal no slesh to tempt me. I have a wise; an't please him to have her too,

With all my heart; 'twill make my charge the lefs,
Sir;

She'll hold him play awhile. I have a boy too; He's able to inftruct his honour's hogs²⁹, Or rub his horfes' heels; when't pleafe his lordship, He may make him his slave too, or his bawd: The boy is well bred, can exhort his sister. For me, the prison, or the pillory, To lose my goods, and have mine ears cropt off, Whipt like a top, and have a paper stuck Before me, for abominable honesty
To his own daughter! I can endure, Sir; the miller Has a stout heart, tough as his toll-pin.

Phil. I fuspect this shrewdly!
Is it his daughter that the people call

The miller's fair maid?

2 Lord. It should seem so, Sir.

Phil. Be fure you be i'th' right, firrah.

Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,

Be fure you hang me; I will ask no courtefy.
Your Grace may have a daughter, (think of that, Sir)
She may be fair, and she may be abus'd too,
(A king is not exempted from these cases)
Stol'n from your loving care——

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But Heav'n forbid she should be in that ven-

That mine's in at this hour. I'll affure your grace,

The

²⁹ Hogs.] Sympson's anonymous correspondent proposes reading dogs.

The lord wants a water-mill, and means to grind with her:

'Would I'd his stones to set! I'd fit him for it.

Phil. Follow me, miller, and let me talk with you further;

And keep this private all, upon your loyalties! Tomorrow morning, tho' I'm now beyond him,

And the lefs look'd for, I'll break my fast with the good count.

No more; away! all to our fports; be filent! [Exe. Vert. What grace shall I have now?

Lif. Chuse thine own grace,

And go to dinner when thou wilt, Vertigo;

We must needs follow the king. Terzo. You heard the sentence.

Monc. If you ftay here, I'll fend thee a shoulder of venison.

Go home, go home; or, if thou wilt difguise, I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.

Pedre. Or thou shait be special taylor to the king's monkey;

'Tis a fine place. We cannot ftay.

Vert. No money,

Normo grace, gentlemen?

Terzo. 'Tis too early, taylor;

The king hasn't broke his fast yet. Fert. I shall look for you

The next term, gentlemen.

Pedro. Thou shalt not miss us:

Prithee provide fome cloaths. And, dost thou hear, Vertigo?

Commend me to thy wife: I want some shirts too.

Vert. I've chambers for you all.

Lif. They are too musty;

When they are clear, we'll come.

Vert. I must be patient

And provident; I shall ne'er get home else. [Exe.

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante and Florimel.

Otr. Prithee be wifer, wench! thou canst not fcape me:

Let me with love and gentleness enjoy that That may be still preferv'd with love, and long'd for. If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee; And after I've enjoy'd thy maidenhead, Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me I shall despise thee, cast thee off-

Flor. I pray you, Sir, Begin it now, and open your doors to me. I do confess I'm ugly; let me go, Sir! A gipfey-girl; why would your lordship touch me? Fy, 'tis not noble! I am homely bred, Coarfe, and unfit for you; why do you flatter me? There be young ladies many, that will love you, That will dote on you: You're a hand some gentleman. What will they say when once they know your quality? 6 A lord, a miller? Take your toll-dish with you! 'You that can deal with gurgeons 10, and coarse ilour, 'Tis pity you should taste what manchet means.' Is this fit, Sir, for your repute and honour?

Otr. I'll love thee still.

Flor. You cannot; there's no fympathy Between our births, our breeding, arts, conditions; And where these are at difference, there's no liking, This hour it may be I feem handsome to you, And you are taken with variety More than with beauty; Tomorrow, when you have enjoyed me, Your heat and lust assuag'd, and come t' examine, Out of a cold and penitent condition,

³⁰ Gudgeans.] Seward would read cutlins, . a word used in the West for greets or oats cleared of the husks;' and Sympton, gurgeons, 'which is explained by the words that immediately follow.' We think the latter right, What

What you have done, whom you have shar'd your love with,

Made partner of your bed, how it will vex you, How you will curse the devil that betray'd you! And what shall become of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me?

Flor. As hasty as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this beauty shew'd unto you,
You'll kick me out of doors, you'll whore, and
ban me;

And if I prove with-child with your fair iffue, Give me a penfion of five pound a-year To breed your heir withal, and so good speed me!

Otr. I'll keep thee like a woman.

Flor. I'll keep myfelf, Sir,

Keep myself honest, Sir; there's the brave keeping!

If you will marry me——

Otr. Alas, poor Florimel!

Flor. I do confess I am too coarse and base, Sir, To be your wise; and it is fit you scorn me; Yet such as I have crown'd the lives of great ones: To be your whore I'm sure I am too worthy, (For, by my troth, Sir, I am truly honest) And that's an honour equal to your greatness!

Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt. Flor. Tempt me no more then:

Give me that peace, and then you give abundance. I know you do but try me; you are noble; All these are but to try my modesty:
If you should find me easy, and once coming, I see your eyes already, how they'd fright me; I see your honest heart, how it would swell, And burst itself into a grief against me; Your tongue in noble anger, now, e'en now, Sir, Ready to rip my loose thoughts to the bottom, And lay my shame unto myself wide open. You are a noble lord; you pity poor maids. The people are mistaken in your courses: You, like a father, try 'em to the uttermost;

As they do gold, you purge the drofs from them, And make them shine.

Otr. This cunning cannot help you!

I love you to enjoy you; I have ftol'n you,
T'enjoy you now, not to be fool'd with circumftance.
Yield willingly, or elfe——

Flor. What?

Otr. I will force you:

I will not be delay'd! A poor base wench, That I, in courtesy, make offer to,

Argue with me?

Flor. Do not; you'll lofe your labour:
Do not, my lord; it will become you poorly.
Your courtefy may do much on my nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender.
If you compel, I have my ftrengths to fly to,
My honest thoughts, and those are guards about me:
I can cry too, and noise enough I dare make,
And I have curses, that will call down thunder;
For all I am a poor wench, Heav'n will hear me.
My body you may force, but my will never!
And be sure I do not live, if you do force me,
Or have no tongue to tell your beastly story;
For if I have, and if there be a justice——

Otr. Pray ye go in here! I'll calm myself for this

time,

And be your friend again.

Flor. I am commanded. [Exit. Otr. You cannot scape me yet; I must enjoy you!

I'll lie with thy wit, tho' I miss thy honesty.

Is this a wench for a boor's hungry bosom?

A morsel for a peasant's base embraces?

And must I starve, and the meat in my mouth?

I'll none of that.

Enter Gerasto.

Ger. How now, my lord? how sped you? Have you done the deed?

Otr. No, pox upon't, she's honest.

Ger.

Ger. Honest? what's that? You take her bare denial31?

Was there ever wench brought up in a mill, and honest? That were a wonder worth a chronicle.

Is your belief so large? What did she say to you?

Otr. She faid her honesty was all her dowry; And preach'd unto me, how unsit, and homely, Nay, how dishonourable, it would seem in me To act my will; popt me i'th' mouth with modesty—

Ger. What an impudent quean was that! That's

their trick ever.

Otr. And then discoursed to me very learnedly, What same and loud opinion would tell of me.

A wife she touch'd at——

Ger. Out upon her, varlet!

Was she so bold? these home-spun things are devils! They'll tell you a thousand lies, if you'll believe 'em, And stand upon their honours like great ladies; They'll speak unhappily too good words to coven you

They'll fpeak unhappily too good words to cozen you, And outwardly feem faints; they'll cry down-right alfo,

But 'tis for anger that you do not crush 'em.

Did she not talk of being with-child?

Otr. She touch'd at it.

Ger. The trick of an errant whore, to milk your lordship!

And then a pension nam'd?

Otr. No, no, she scorn'd it:

I offer'd any thing; but she refus'd all,

Refus'd it with a confident hate.

Ger. You thought fo;

You should have ta'en her then, turn'd her, and tow'd her

I'th' ftrength of all her resolution, flatter'd her,

And fhak'd her ftubborn will; fhe would have thank'd you,

She would have lov'd you infinitely: They must feem modest,

³¹ You take ber bare denial.] Sympson reads took.

It is their parts; if you had play'd your part, Sir, And handled her as men do unman'd hawks 32, Cast her, and mail'd her up in good clean linen, And there have coy'd her, you had caught her heartstrings.

These tough virginities, they blow like white thorns,

In storms and tempests.

Otr. She's beyond all this;

As cold, and harden'd, as the virgin crystal.

Ger. Oh, force her, force her, Sir! she longs to

be ravish'd;

Some have no pleafure but in violence;
To be torn in pieces is their paradife:
'Tis ord'nary in our country, Sir, to ravish all;
They will not give a penny for their sport
Unless they be put to't, and terribly;
And then they swear they'll hang the man comes
near 'em,

And fwear it on his lips too.

Otr. No, no forcing;

I have another course, and I will follow it.
I command you, and do you command your fellows,
That when ye see her next, ye disgrace and scorn her;
I'll seem to put her out o'th' doors o'th' sudden,
And leave her to conjecture, then seize on her.
Away! be ready straight.

Ger. We shall not fail, Sir.

[Exit.

Otr. Florimel!

Enter Florimel.

Flor. My lord.

Otr. I'm fure you've now consider'd,

And like a wife wench weigh'd a friend's displeasure, Repented your proud thoughts, and cast your scorn off.

Flor. My lord, I am not proud; I was ne'er beautiful.

Nor fcorn I any thing that's just and honest.

32 Metaphors from Falconry.

17 44

Theobald.

Otr.

Otr. Come, to be short, can you love yet? You told me

Kindness would far compel you: I'm kind to you. And mean t' exceed that way.

Flor. I told you too, Sir,

As far as it agreed with modesty,

With honour, and with honesty, I'd yield to you. Good my lord, take some other theme; for love,

Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,

And on the fudden, Sir, to run thro' volumes Of his most mystick art, 'tis most impossible; Nay, to begin with lust, which is an herefy, A foul one too; to learn that in my childhood— Oh, good my lord!

Otr. You will not out of this fong? Your modesty, and honesty? is that all?

I will not force you.

Flor. You're too noble, Sir.

Otr. Nor play the childish fool, and marry you: I'm yet not mad.

Flor. If you did, men would imagine—

Otr. Nor will I wooe you at that infinite price It may be you expect.

Flor. I expect your pardon,

And a discharge, my lord; that's all I look for.

Otr. No, nor fall fick for love. Flor. 'Tis a healthful year, Sir.

Otr. Look ye; I'll turn ye out o'doors, and fcorn ye.

Flor. Thank you, my lord.

Otr. A proud flight peat I found ye,

A fool, it may be too ---Flor. An honest woman, Good my lord, think me.

Otr. And a base I leave you;

So, fare you well!

Exit.

Flor. Bleffing attend your lordship! This is hot love, that vanisheth like vapours; His ague's off, his burning fits are well quench'd, I thank Heav'n for't.—His men! They will not force me?

Enter

Enter Gerasto and Servants.

Ger. What dost thou stay for? dost thou not know the way,

Thou base unprovident whore?

Flor. Good words, pray ye, gentlemen!

1 Serv. Has my lord smoak'd ye over, good-wife miller?

Is your mill broken, that you ftand fo useless?

2 Serv. An impudent quean! upon my life, she's unwholesome!

Some base discarded thing my lord has found her; He'd not have turn'd her off o'th' sudden else.

Ger. Now against every fack, my honest sweet-heart,

With every Smig and Smug 33-

Flor. I must be patient.

Ger. And every greafy guest, and sweaty rascal, For his royal hire between his singers, gentlewoman!

1 Serv. I fear th'hast giv'n my lord the pox, thou damned thing.

2 Serv. I've feen her in the ftews.

Ger. The knave her father

Was bawd to her there, and kept a tippling-house. You must e'en to't again: A modest function!

Flor. If ye had honesty, ye would not use me Thus basely, wretchedly, tho' your lord bid ye; But he that knows——

Ger. Away, thou carted impudence, You meat for every man! A little meal

Flung in your face, makes ye appear fo proud——

Flor. This is inhuman. Let these tears persuade you (If ye be men) to use a poor girl better! I wrong not you, I'm sure; I call you gentlemen.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What business is here? Away! Aren't you gone yet? [Exeunt Servants.

^{53 ——}Smig and Smug.] The copy of 1679, and the oftavo read fo, but the oldest folio, Sim and Smug: Perhaps the reader might not think the various reading worth a note.

Sympson.

Flor.

Flor. My lord, this is not well, altho' you hate me, (For what I know not) to let your people wrong me, Wrong me maliciously, and call me——

Otr. Peace,

And mark me what we fay, advisedly,

Mark, as you love that that you call your credit!
Yield now, or you're undone; your ool name's perish'd;

Not all the world can buoy your reputation ³⁴; 'Tis funk for ever elfe: These peoples' tongues will

poison you;

Tho' you be white as innocence, they'll taint you; They will speak terrible and hideous things; And people in this age are prone to credit; They'll let fall nothing that may brand a woman: Consider this, and then be wife and tremble! Yield yet, and yet I'll save you.

Flor. How?

Otr. I'll shew you;

Their mouths I'll feal up, they shall speak no more But what is hon'rable and honest of you,

And faint-like they shall worship you: They're mine,

And what I charge them, Florimel—

Flor. I'm ruin'd!

Heav'n will regard me yet, they're barbarous wretches.

Let me not fall, my lord!

Otr. You shall not, Florimel:

Mark how I'll work your peace, and how I honour you. Who waits there? come all in.

Enter Gerasto and Servants.

Ger. Your pleasure, Sir?

Otr. Who dare fay this fweet beauty is not heav'nly? This virgin, the most pure, the most untainted, The holiest thing—

Ger. We know it, my dear lord:

³⁴ Can buy my reputation.] Corrected by Sympson.

We are her flaves; and that proud impudence That dares disparage her, this sword, my lord-1 Serv. They are rascals base, the sons of common

women;

That wrong this virtue, or dare own a thought But fair and honourable of her: When we flight her, Hang us, or cut's in pieces; let's tug i'th' galiles

2 Serv. Brand us for villains!

Flor. Why, fure I dream! these are all faints.

Otr. Go, and live all her flaves.

Ger. We're proud to do it. Exeunt Servants. Otr. What think you now? Am not I able, Florimel,

Yet to preferve you?

Flor. I'm bound to your lordship;

You are all honour! And, good my lord, but

grant me,

Until tomorrow, leave to weigh my fortunes, I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleasing; Indeed I'll do the best I can to satisfy you.

Otr. Take your good time. This kifs! 'till then, farewell, fweet! [Exeunt:

ACT IV. SCENE

Enter Antonio, Martino, and Bustopha.

Mart. Y all means discharge your follower: Ant. If we can get him off.

Sirrah, Bustopha, thou must needs run back. Buft. But I must not, unless you send a bier,

Or a lictor at my back: I do not use To run from my friends.

Ant. Well, go! will ferve turn; I have forgot-

Bust. What, Sir?

Ant. See, if I can think on't now!

Bust. I know what 'tis now. Ant. A pistolet of that!

Bust. Done! You've forgot

A device to fend me away. You're going

A-fmocking perhaps?

Vol. VII.

Mart.

Mart. His own! due, due i'faith, Antonio; The pistolet is his own!

Ant. I confess it:

There 'tis! Now if you could afford out of it

A reasonable excuse to mine uncle-

Bust. Yes, I can;

But an excuse will not serve your turn: It must be A lie, a full lie; 'twill do no good else.

If you'll go to the price of that—

Ant. Is a lie

Dearer than an excuse?

Buft. Oh, treble; this is

The price of an excuse; but a lie is two more.

Look, how many foils go to a fair fall, So many excuses to a full lie; and less

Cannot ferve your turn, let any taylor i'th' town make it.

Mart. Why, 'tis reasonable; give him his price: Let it be large enough now!

Bust. I'll warrant you;

Cover him all over.

Ant. I would have proof of one now.

Bust. What, skale 3+ my invention beforehand? You shall

Pardon me for that! Well, I'll commend you to

And tell him you'll be at home at supper with him.

Ant. By no means; I cannot come to-night, man.

Bust. I know that too: You do not know a lie

When you fee it.

Mart. Remember

It must stretch for all night. Bust. I shall want stuff:

34 Scale my invention.] Sympson substitutes flale for scale; which word we have restored on the following authority, quoted by Steevens in a note on Coriolanus: 'In the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Transflation of Virgil the following account of the word is given. Skail, 'fkale, to scatter, to spread, perhaps from the Fr. escheweler, Ital. 'scapigliare, crines passos, seu sparsos habere. All from the Latin

capillus. Thus escheweler, schewel, skail; but of a more general fignification.'

I doubt

[Exit.

I doubt 'twill come to th' other pistolet.

Ant. Well, lay out; you shall be no loser, Sir. Bust. It must be fac'd, you know; there will be a yard

Of diffimulation at least, city-measure,

And cut upon an untroth or two; lin'd with fables, That must needs be, cold weather's coming; if it had a galloon

Of hypocrify, 'twould do well; and hook'd together

With a couple of conceits, that's necessity.

Well, I'll bring in my bill: I'll warrant you As fair a lie by that time I have done with it,

As any gentleman i'th' town can fwear to, If he would betray his lord and master.

Ant. So, fo, this necessary trouble's over.

Mart. I would you had bought an excuse of him Before he went; you'll want one for Ismenia.

Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no suspicion

yet;

And I'll be arm'd before the next encounter, In a fast tie with my fair Isabel?

Enter Bustopha.

Mart. Yes,

You'll find your errand is before you now.

Ant. Lisauro?

Bust. And don what call you him? he's a gentleman, Yet he has but a yeoman's name. Don Tarso, Tarso, and a dozen at their heels.

Ant. Lifauro, Terzo, nor a dozen more, Shall fright me from my ground, nor shun my path,

Let 'em come on in their ablest fury.'

Mart. 'Tis worthily refolved; I'll stand by you, Sir. This way! I am thy true friend.

Bust. I'll be gone, Sir,

R 2

That

That one may live to tell what is become of you.—
Put up, put up! Will you never learn to know
A lie from an Æfop's fables? There's a taste for you
now!

[Exit.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Mart. Look, Sir! what time of day is it?
Ant. I know not;

My eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em now! I prithee tell me, Martin', if thou canst, Is that Ismenia or Isabella?

Mart. This is the lady; forget not Isabella.
Ant. If this face may be borrow'd and lent out,

If't can shift shoulders, and take other tires, So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it—

Ism. Be fudden:

I cannot hold out long.

Exit Aminta.

Mart. Believe't, she frowns.

Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off on't. How prettily it wooes me to come nearer! How do you, lady, since yesterday's pains?

Were you not weary? of my faith—

Ifm. I think you were.

Ant. What, lady?

Ism. Weary of your faith; it is a burthen That men faint under, tho' they bear little of it.

Mart. So! this is to the purpose.

Ant. You came home In a fair hour, I hope.

Im. From whence, Sir?

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without defires To fpeak with you.

Ant. They were

Pretty homely toys; but your presence Made them illustrious.

Ism. My cousin speaks to you.

Amin. A gentlewoman, Sir; Isabella

She names herfelf.

Mart. So, fo! it hits finely now.

Ant. Name yourself how you please, speak what you please,

I'll hear you chearfully.

I'm. You are not well;

Request her in, she may have more acquaintance With his passions, and better cure for 'em.

Amin. She's nice in that, madam: Poor foul, it feems

She's fearful of your displeasure.

Ifm. I'll quit her

From that prefently, and bring her in myself. [Exit. Mart. How carelessy do you behave yourself, When you should call all your best faculties To counsel in you! How will you answer The breach you made with fair Ismenia? Have you forgot the retrograde vow you took With her, that now is come in evidence? You'll die upon your shame; you need no more Enemies of the house, but the lady now: You shall have your dispatch.

Enter Ismenia like Juno.

Ant. Give me that face,
And I am fatisfied, upon whose shoulders
Soe'er it grows. Juno, deliver us
Out of this amazement! Beseech you, goddess,
Tell us of our friends; how does Ismenia?
And how does Isabella? Both in good health
I hope, as you yourself are.

Ism. I'm at furthest

[Aside.

Ism. I'm at furthest In my counterfeit.—My Antonio,

I've matter against you may need pardon,

As I must crave of you.

Ant. Observe you, Sir, What evidence is come against me! What think you The Hydra-headed jury will say to't?

Mart. 'Tis I am fool'd;

My hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs.

'Tiş

'Tis labour for the house of Bellides; I must not seem so yet.—But in sooth, lady, Did you imagine your changeable sace Hid you from me? By this hand, I knew you!

Ant. I went by th' face: And by these eyes I might

Have been deceiv'd.

Ifm. You might indeed, Antonio; For this gentleman did vow to Isabella, That he it was that lov'd Ismenia, And not Antonio.

Mart. Good! and was not that A manifest confession that I knew you? I else had been unjust unto my friend. 'Twas well remember'd! there I sound you out; And speak your conscience now.

Ant. But did he so protest?

Ism. Yes, I vow to you, had Antonio

Wedded Isabella, Ismenia

Had not been lost; there had been her lover.

Ant. Why, much good do you, friend! take her to you; I crave but one; here have I my with full: I am glad we shall be so near neighbours.

Mart. Take both, Sir; Juno to boot, three parts in

one;

St. Hilarie bless you ³⁵! Now opportunity Beware to meet with falshood, if thou canst Shun it, my friend's faith's turning from him.

Ifm. Might I not justly accuse Antonio For a love-wanderer? You know no other But me, for another, and confess troth now?

Ant. Here was my guide; where-e'er I find this face I am a lover. Marry, I must not miss This freckle then, (I have the number of 'em) Nor this dimple; not a silk from this brow;

My friend's faith's turning from him, plainly appears to be Antonio's upbraidings to Martino.

Seward.
I carry

³⁵ St. Hilarie bless you.] Here I think Martino's speech should end, and Antonio speak the remainder.

I carry the full idea ever with me. If nature can fo punctually parallel, I may be cozen'd.

Ism. Well, all this is even:

But now, to perfect all, our love must now Come to our enemies' hands, where neither part Will ever give confent to it.

Ant. Most certain:

For which reason it must not be put to'em. Have we not prevention in our own hands? Shall I walk by the tree, desire the fruit, Yet be so nice 36 to pull, 'till I ask leave O'th' churlish gardener, that will deny me?

I/m. Oh, Antonio!

Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to

When grace is faid.

Ifm. That holy act's to come,

Mart. You may ope an oyster or two before grace. Ant. Are there not double vows, as valuable

And as well spoke as any friar utters? Heaven has heard all.

Ism. Yes; but stays the blessing,

'Till all dues be done: Heav'n's not ferv'd by halves: We shall have ne'er a father's blessing here; Let us not lose the better from above !

Ant. You take up weapons of unequal force; It shews you cowardly. Hark in your ear!

Amin. Have I lost all employment? 'Would this proffer

Had been to me, tho' I had paid it with

A reasonable penance! Mart. Have I past

All thy fore-lock, Time? I'll stretch a long arm But I'll catch hold again, (do but look back Over thy shoulder) and have a pull at thee.

Ism. I hear you, Sir; nor can I hear too much

While R 4

³⁶ Yet be so nice to pull.] Sympson thinks we should read, Yet be so nice as not to pull. So nice to pull means to scruple pulling, be so nice about it; and is right.

While you fpeak well: You know th' accustom'd place of our night-parley; if you can ascend, The window shall receive you; you may find there A corrupted churchman to bid you welcome.

Ant. I'd meet no other man. Im. Aminta, you hear this.

Amin. With joy, madam, 'cause it pleases you: It may be mine own case another time. Fow you go the right way, ask the bans out; Put it past father, or friends, to forbid it, And then you're fure. Sir, your Hymen taper I'l light up for you; the window shall shew you The way to Sestos.

Ant I will venture drowning.

Mort. The fimile holds not; 'tis hanging rather. You must ascend your castle by a ladder; To the foot I'll bring you.

Ant. Leave me to climb it.

Mart. If I do turn you off?

Ant. 'Till night, farewell! then better.

Ism. Best it should be;

But peevish harred keeps back that decree. [Exeunt. Mart. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose: And then, beware! Knave is at worst of knave When he smiles best, and the most seems to save. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Julio.

Julio. My mind's unquiet; while Antonio My nephew's abroad, my heart's not at home; Only my fears, ftay with me; bad company! But I cannot fhift 'em off. This hatred Betwixt the house of Bellides and us Is not fair war; 'tis civil,' but uncivil. We are near neighbours; were of love as near, 'Till a cross misconstruction ('twas no more, In conscience) put us so far asunder:

I would

I would 'twere reconciled! it has lasted
Too many sun-sets. If grace might moderate,
Man should not lose so many days of peace,
To satisfy the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I sent
The knave to attend my Antonio too,
Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. No, I must not— Julio. Ha! he is come.

Bust. I must not;

'Twill break his heart to hear it.

Julio. How! there's bad tidings:

I must obscure and hear it; he'll not tell me, For breaking of my heart; it is half split already.

Bust. I have spied him: Now to knock down a don With a lie, a filly harmless lie! 'twill be

Valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.

fulio. I cannot hear him now.

Bust. Oh, the bloody days that we live in!

The envious, malicious, deadly days

That we draw breath in.

Julio. Now I hear too loud.

Bust. The children that never shall be born may rue it;

For men that are flain now, might have liv'd To have got children, that might have curs'd Their fathers.

Julio. Oh, my posterity is ruin'd!

Bust. Oh, sweet Antonio! Julio. Oh, dear Antonio!

Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both parts:

When he and Lifauro met—

Julio. Oh, death has parted 'em!

Bust. Welcome, my mortal foe, says one! Welcome, My deadly enemy, says t'other! Off go their doublets, They in their shirts, and their swords stark naked; Here lies Antonio, here lies Lisauro;

He comes upon him with an embroccado,
That he puts by with a puncta reversa; Lisauro
Recoils me two paces, and some six inches back,
Takes his career, and then, oh—

Julio. Oh!

Bust. Runs Antonio

Quite thro'--

Julio. Oh, villain!

Bust. Quite thro' between the arm

And the body; so that he had no hurt at that bout,

Julio. Goodness be prais'd!

Bust. But then, at next encounter,
He setches me up Lisauro; Lisauro
Makes out a lunge at him, which he thinking
To be a passado, Antonio's foot
Slipping down, oh, down——

Julio. Oh, now thou art loft!

Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing; both gentlemen, Both Spanish Christians: Yet one man to shed—

Julio. Say his enemies' blood.

Buft. His hair, may come
By divers casualties, tho' he never go
Into the field with his foe; but a man
To lose nine ounces and two drams of blood
At one wound, thirteen and a scruple at another,
And to live'till he die in cold blood—Yet the surgeon,
That cur'd him, said if pia mater had not
Been perish'd, he had been a lives man
'Till this day.

Julio. There he concludes he is gone.

Buft. But all this is nothing: Now I come to the

Julio. Ay, the point, that's deadly; the ancient blow

Over the buckler ne'er went half fo deep.

Bust. Yet pity bids me keep in my charity; For me to pull an old man's ears from his head With telling of a tale—Oh, foul tale! No; be filent, tale. Furthermore, there is the charge of burial; Every one will cry blacks, blacks, that had

But

But the least finger dipt in his blood, tho' ten Degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, The furgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid: Sugar-plums and fweet-breads! yet, I fay, The man may recover again, and die in his bed.

Julio. What motley stuff is this? Sirrah, speak truth,

What hath befall'n my dear Antonio? Restrain your pity in concealing it!

Tell me the danger full; take off your care Of my receiving it; kill me that way,

I'll forgive my death! what thou keep'st back from

Thou shalt speak in pain; do not look to find A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke, Nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that mountain, As a worm might sup on; dispatch, or be dispatch'd!

Buft. Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that Antonio

Is a man of God's making to this hour; 'Tis not two fince I left him fo.

Julio. Where didst thou leave him?

Bust. In the same cloaths he had on when he went from you.

Julio, Does he live?

Bust. I faw him drink.

Julio. Is he not wounded?

Bust. He may have a cut i' th' leg by this time; For don Martino and he were at whole slashes.

Julio. Met he not with Lifauro?

Buft. I do not know her.

Julio. Her? Lifauro is a man, as he is.

Bust. I saw

Ne'er a man like him.

Julio. Didst thou not discourse

A fight betwixt Antonio and Lifauro?

Bust. Ay, to myself;

I hope a man may give himself the lie If it please him.

Julio. Didst thou lie then? Bust, As fure as you live now.

Fulio.

Julio. I live

The happier by it. When will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you; within these Ten days at furthest.

Julio. Ten days? he's not wont

To be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not; he said he would be at home

Tomorrow; but I love to speak within My compass.

Julio. You shall speak within mine, Sir, now. Within there! Take this fellow into custody!

Enter Servants.

Keep him safe, I charge you!

Bust. Sase? Do you hear? take notice

What plight you find me in; if there want but a collop,

Or a steak o' me, look to't!

Julio. If my nephew

Return not in his health tomorrow, thou goest To the rack.

Bust. Let me go to th' manger first; I had rather eat oats than hay:

[Exeunt.

Enter Bellides with a letter.

Bel. By your leave, Sir.

Julio. For aught I know yet, you are welcome, Sir.

Bel. Read that, and tell me fo; or if thy spectacles

Be not easy, keep thy nose unsadled, and ope Thine ears: I can speak thee the contents; I made'em.

'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:

I fcorn to hire my fecond to deliver't,

I bring't myself. Dost know me, Julio?

Julio. Bellides?

Bel. Yes; is not thy hair on end now?

Julio. Somewhat amaz'd at thy rash hardiness:

How durft thou come fo near thine enemy?

Bel. Durft?

I dare

I dare come nearer: Thou art a fool, Julio.

Julio. Take it home to thee, with a knave to boot. Bel. Knave to thy teeth again! and all that's quit.

Give me not a fool more than I give thee, Or, if thou doft, look to hear on't again.

Thou dolt, look to hear on't again. Julio. What an encounter's this!

Bel. A noble one!

My hand is to my words; thou hast it there:

There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'st, be

Good friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

Julio. Be friends with thee?

Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:

A pair of old coxcombs, (now we go together) Such as should stand examples of discretion, The rules of grammar to unwilling youth

To take out lessons by; we, that should check And quench the raging fire in others' bloods,

We strike the battle to destruction?

Read 'em the black art? and make 'em believe

It is divinity? Heathens, are we not?

Speak thy conscience; how hast thou slept this month, Since this fiend haunted us?

Julio. Sure some good angel

Was with us both last night! Speak thou truth now;

Was it not last night's motion?

Bel. Dost not think

I would not lay hold of it at first proffer?

Should I ne'er fleep again?

Julio. Take not all from me; I'll tell the doctrine of my vision. Say that Antonio, best of thy blood,

Or any one, the least allied to thee,

Should be the prey unto Lifauro's fword, Or any of the house of Bellides—

Bel. Mine was the just inversion; on, on!

Julio. How would thine eyes have emptied thee in forrow.

And left the conduit of Nature dry!

Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the balls,

And

And broke the glaffes! with thine own curses Have torn thy soul, left thee a statue
To propagate thy next posterity!

Bel. Yes, and thou causer! (so it said to me,)
They fight but your mischiefs; the young men were

friends,

As is the life and blood coagulate, And curded in one body; but this is yours,

An inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,

A legacy of blood to kill each other

Throughout your generations. Was't not so? Julio. Word for word.

Bel. Nay, I can go further yet.

Julio. 'Tis far enough: Let us atone it here,

And in a reconciled circle fold Our friendship new again.

Bel. The fign's in Gemini;

An auspicious house! 'thas join'd both ours again.

Julio. You can't proclaim me coward now, don

Bellides.

Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant fellow; fo am I: I'll fight with thee at this hug, to the last leg I have to stand on, or breath or life left.

Julio. This is the falt unto humanity,

And keeps it sweet.

Bel. Love! oh, life stinks without it.—
I can tell you news.

Julio. Good has long been wanting.

Bel. I do suspect, and I have some proof on't, (So far as a love-epistle comes to)

That Antonio (your nephew) and my daughter

Ismenia are very good friends before us.

Julio. That were a double wall about our houses, Which I could wish were builded.

Bel. I had it from

Antonio's intimate, don Martino:

And yet, methought, it was no friendly part To shew it me.

Julio. Perhaps 'twas his consent:

Lovers

Lovers have policies as well as statesmen; They look not always at the mark they aim at.

Bel. We'll take up cudgels, and have one bout with

.em.

They shall know nothing of this union; And, 'till they find themselves most desperate, Succour shall never see 'em.

Julio. I'll take your part, Sir.

Bel. It grows late; there's a happy day past us. Julio. The example I hope to all behind it. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Aminta above, with a taper.

Amin. Stand fair, light of Love 37! which epithet and place

Adds to thee honour, to me 'twould be shame. We must be weight in love, no grain too light; Thou art the land-mark; but if Love be blind, (As many that can see have so reported) What benefit canst thou be to his darkness? Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable 38, But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight, And so it shines to others, not ourselves. I speak my skill; I have only heard on't, But I could wish a nearer document. Alas, the ignorant desire to know!

38 Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable,

We think the Poets designed to compare love to a jewel, whose lustre is seen by the rest of the world, and not by the wearer. The mode of phrase in the text is peculiar, but we believe genuine; and what editor has a right to alter it?

Some

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²⁷ Light of love.] Theobald is for reading, light love.

But bung at the ear, deprives our own fight.] What the Poets defigned to say seems to be this, viz. That the jewel of love being hung at the ear, is unseen by them that affixed it there; but as this is not possible to be made of the words as they stand, I imagine the line might originally run thus,

Some fay, Love's but a toy, and with a but Now, methinks, I should love it ne'er the worse; A toy is harmless fure, and may be play'd with; It feldom goes without his adjunct, pretty, ' A pretty toy,' we fay; 'tis metre to joy too. Well, here may be a mad night yet, for all this! Here's a priest ready, and a lady ready; A chamber ready, and a bed ready; 'Tis then but making unready, and that's foon done: My lady is my cousin; I myself; Which is nearest then? My desires are mine; Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter? It may be ventur'd in a worser cause. I must go question with my conscience: I have the word; centinel, do thou stand; Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand. Exit.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, think'st thou, friend?

Mart. I heard not one bark, Sir.

Ant. There are that bite

And bark not, man; methought I spied two fellows That thro' two streets together walk'd aloof, And wore their eyes suspiciously upon us.

Mart. Your jealousy, nothing else; or such perhaps As are afraid as much of us; who knows But about the like business? but, for your fear's sake, I'll advise and entreat one courtesy.

Ant. What is that, friend?

Mart. I will not be denied, Sir; Change your upper garments with me.

Ant. It needs not.

Mart. I think so too; but I will have it so, If you dare trust me with the better, Sir.

Ant. Nay then-

Mart. If there should be danger towards, There will be the main mark, I'm sure.

Ant. Here thou tak'st from me-

Mart.

Mart: Tush! the general Must be safe, howe'er the battle goes. Sée you the beacon yonder? Ant. Yes: we're near shore.

Enter two Gentlemen, with weapons drawn; they fet upon Martino; Antonio pursues them out in rescue of Martino.

Mart. Come, land, land! you must clamber by the

Here are no stairs to rise by.

Ant. Ay! are you there? [Fight, and Exeunt.

Enter Aminta above, and Martino returned again ascends.

Amin. Antonio?

Mart. Yes. Ismenia?
Amin. Thine own.

Mart. Quench the light; thine eyes are guides illustrious.

Amin. 'Tis necessary.

[Exeunt.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Your legs have fav'd your lives 39, whoe'er ye are. Friend! Martin'! where art thou? not hurt, I hope! Sure I was furthest i' th' pursuit of 'em. My pleasures are forgotten thro' my fears! The light's extinct! it was discreetly done; They could not but have notice of the broil, And fearing that might call up company, Have carefully prevented, and clos'd up: I do commend the heed. Oh, but my friend, I fear he's hurt! Friend! friend! It cannot be So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, friend! A groan! any thing that may discover thee! Thou art not funk fo far, but I might hear thee. I'll lay mine ear as low as thou canst fall: Friend! don Martino! I must answer for thee, ('Twas in my cause thou fell'st) if thou be'st down.

³⁹ Mart. Your legs have fav'd, &c.] The error of giving this speech to Martino corrected by Sympson. VOL. VII. Such

Such dangers ftand betwixt us and our joys, That, should we forethink ere we undertake, We'd fit at home, and fave.—What a night's here! Purpos'd for fo much joy, and now dispos'd To so much wretchedness! I shall not rest in't! If I had all my pleafures there within, I should not entertain 'em with a smile. Good-night to you! Mine will be black and fad; A friend cannot, a woman may be bad. Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Soul and body mine, church and chamber mine, Totally mine.

Ifm. Darest thou face thy falshood? Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my wishes, Come home fo fweetly? Farewell, your company, 'Till you be calmer, woman! [Exit.

Ism. Oh, what a heap Of mifery has one night brought with it!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? Do you turn your shame from me? You're a blind adulteress! you know you are.

Ifm. How's that, Antonio? Ant. 'Till I have vengeance,

Your fin's not pardonable! I will have him, If hell hide him not! you've had your last of him. [Ex.

Ism. What did he speak? I understood him not! He call'd me a foul name; it was not mine; He took me for another fure.

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Ha! are you there?
Where is your sweetheart? I have found you, traytor To my house! wilt league with mine enemy?
You'll shed his blood, you'll say: Ha! will you so?
And sight with your heels upwards? No, minion;
I have a husband for you, (since you're so rank)
And such a husband as thou shalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: Antonio?

Ism. It thunders with the storm now.

Bel. And to-night

I'll have it dispatch'd; I'll make it fure, I! By tomorrow this time thy maidenhead Shall not be worth a chicken 4°, if it were Knock'd at an out-cry. Go! I'll ha' you before me: Shough, shough! up to your coop, pea-hen!

Ifm. Then I'll try my wings. [Exit. Bel. Ay? are you good at that? ftop, ftop thief! ftop there! [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante, and Florimel singing.

Flor. Now having leifure, and a happy wind,
Thou mayst at pleasure cause the stones to grind;
Sails spread, and grist here ready to be ground;
Fy, stand not idly, but let the mill go round!

4° Shall not be worth a chicken.] In this place the unknown gentleman reads thus,

avorth a chequin,
And adds that Sir Isaac Newton in his tables of gold and filver coins
says, fequin, chequin, or zacheen is a gold Venetian coin, worth nine
and sixpence. It may be so, but yet my friend will, I hope, pardon
me if I have not altered the line according to his direction, for I am
not sure, that there is not a double entendre couched under this word,
which will be lost by his propos'd correction of the text. Sympson.

We apprehend the old man's meaning is, 'Thy maidenhead shall' not be worth a chicken, which (on a great demand for viands) has been killed without fatting.'

Otr. Why dost thou fing and dance thus? why so merry?

Why doft thou look fo wantonly upon me?

And kiss my hands?

Flor. If I were high enough,

I'd kiss your lips too.

Otr. Do! this is some kindness;
This tastes of willingness; nay, you may kiss still.
But why o' th' sudden now does the fit take you,
Unoffer'd, or uncompell'd? why these sweet curt'sies?
E'en now you would have blush'd to death to kiss thus:
Prithee, let me be prepar'd to meet thy kindness!
I shall be unfurnish'd else to hold thee play, wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your blessings!
If this be love, methinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your strictness to me,
It is so sudden, it wants circumstance.

Flor. Fy, how dull!

How long shall I pine for love?

How long shall I sue in vain?

How long, like the turtle-dove,

Shall I heavily thus complain?

Shall the fails of my love stand still?

Shall the grist of my hopes be unground?

Oh fy, oh fy, oh fy!

Let the mill, let the mill go round!

Otr. Prithee be calm a little!
Thou mak'st me wonder; thou that wert so strange,
And read such pious rules to my behaviour
But yesternight; thou that wert made of modesty,
Shouldst in a few short minutes turn thus desp'rate!
Flor. You are too cold.

Otr. I do confess I freeze now!

I am another thing, all over me.

It is my part to wooe, not to be courted

Unfold this riddle; 'tis to me a wonder,

That now o' th' instant, ere I can expect,

Ere I can turn my thoughts, and think upon

A separation of your honest carriage

From

From the defires of youth, thus wantonly, Thus beyond expectation-

Flor. I will tell you,

And tell you feriously, why I appear thus, To hold you no more ignorant and blinded: I have no modesty; I'm truly wanton; I'm that you look for, Sir: Now, come up roundly! If my strict face and counterfeited stayedness Could have won on you, I had caught you that way, And you should ne'er have come t' have known who hurt you.

Prithee, sweet count, be more familiar with me! However we are open in our natures, And apt to more defires than you dare meet with, Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't. I faw you touch'd not at the bait of Chastity, And that it grew distasteful to your palate To appear so holy; therefore I take my true shape: Is your bed ready, Sir? you shall quickly find me.

On the bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down; Down being laid, Shall we be afraid

To try the rights that belong to love? No, no; there I'll wooe thee with a crown, Crown our desires;

Kindle the fires,

When love requires we should wanton prove, We'll kifs, we'll fport, we'll laugh, we'll play; If thou com'ft short, for thee I'll stay; If thou unskilful art, on the ground I'll kindly teach ;-we'll have the mill go round.

Otr. Are you no, maid? Flor. Alas, my lord, no certain; I'm forry you're so innocent to think so. Is this an age for filly maids to thrive in? It is fo long too fince I loft it, Sir, That I have no belief I ever was one: What should you do with maidenheads? you hate 'em;

S 3

They're

They're peevish, pettish things, that hold no game up, No pleasure neither; they are sport for surgeons; I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond maidenhead: A fair and easy way men travel right in, And with delight, discourse, and twenty pleasures,

They enjoy their journey; mad men creep thro' hedges.

Otr. I'm metamorphos'd! Why do you appear,

I conjure you, beyond belief thus wanton?

Flor. Because I would give you pleasure beyond belief.

Think me still in my father's mill,
Where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my back,
On a well-fill'd fack,

While the mill has still gone round-a: Prithee, sirrah, try thy skill;

And again let the mill go round-a!

Otr. Then you have traded?

Flor. Traded? how should I know else how to live, Sir,

And how to fatisfy fuch lords as you are, Our best guests and our richest?

Otr. How I shake now!

You take no base men?

Flor. Any that will offer; All manner of men, and all religions, Sir, We touch at in our time; all states and ages; We exempt none.

> The young one, the old one, The fearful, the bold one,

The lame one, tho' ne'er fo unfound,

The Jew or the Turk, Have leave for to work,

The whilft that the mill goes round.

Otr. You are a common thing then?

Flor. No matter, fince you have your private pleasure,

And have it by an artist excellent:

Whether

Whether I am thus, or thus, your men can tell you. Otr. My men? defend me! how I freeze together,

And am on ice! Do I bite at fuch an orange?

After my men? I am preferr'd!

Flor. Why ftay you?

Why do we talk, my lord, and lose our time? Pleasure was made for lips, and sweet embraces; Let lawyers use their tongues!—Pardon me, Modesty! This desp'rate way must help; or I am miserable.

Otr. She turns, and wipes her face; she weeps for

certain!

Some new way now; fhe cannot be thus beaftly; She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent: She knows the elements of common loofenefs, The art of lewdnefs 41. That, that—How now, Sir?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The king, an't please your lordship, is alighted Close at the gate.

Otr. The king?

Serv. And calls for you, Sir; Means to breakfast here too.

Flor. Then I'm happy!

Otr. Stolen so suddenly? Go, lock her up; Lock her up where the courtiers may not see her; Lock her up closely, sirrah, in my closet.

Serv. I will, my lord. What, does she yield yet?

Otr. Peace!

She's either a damn'd devil, or an angel.

No noise, upon your life, dame, but all silence!

[Exeunt Flor. and Serv.

Not th' art of lewdness-

Or rather thus,

Not th' act of lewdness. Art and act being often confounded both in Shakespear and our Authors.

Seward.

The rest of the speech seems to confirm the old reading.

Enter

⁴¹ The art of lewdnefs.] However Florimel's language shews that she had heard of the elements at least of loosenes, yet I think Otrante should say, that he did not believe she knew the practical part of it, and so I would read,

Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Lisauro, and Terzo.

Oir. Your majesty heaps too much honour on me, With such delight to view each several corner Of a rude pile; there's no proportion in't, Sir.

Pbil. Methinks 'tis handfome, and the rooms along

Are neat, and well contriv'd; the gallery

Stands pleasantly and sweet. What rooms are these? Otr. They're fluttish ones.

Poil. Nay, I must see. Oir. Pray you do, Sir:

They're lodging-chambers o'er a homely garden.

I dil. Fit still, and handsome; very well! and those? Oir. Those lead to th' other fide o' th' house, an't like vou.

Phil. Let me see those.
Oir. You may; the doors are open.—

What should this view mean? I am half suspicious.

Phil. This little room?

Otr. 'Tis mean; a place for trash, Sir,

For rubbish of the house.

Phil. I would fee this too:

I will fee all.

Oir. I befeech your majesty!

The favour of it, and the coarse appearance— Parl. 'I is not fo oad; you'd not offend your house with't:

Come, let me fee.

Oir. Faith, Sir-

Phil. I'faith, I will fee.

Oir. My groom has the key, Sir; and 'tis ten to one-Phil. But I will see it. Force the lock, my lords! There be smiths enough to mend it: I perceive

You kee; some rare things here, you would not shew, Sir.

I lorimel discovered.

Terzo. Here's a fair maid indeed! I'bil. By my faith is the;

A handsome

A handsome girl !- Come forward! do not fear, wench. Av. marry, here's a treasure worth concealing.

Call in the miller.

Otr. Then I am discover'd!-I'll confeis all before the miller comes, Sir: 'Twas but intention; from all act I'm clear yet.

Enter Francis.

Phil. Is this your daughter? Frs. Yes, an't please your highness,

This is the shape of her; for her substance, Sir, Whether the be now honourable or dithonourable, Whether the be a white role, or a canker, is the question. I thank my lord, he made bold with my filly: If the be for your pace, you had best preserve her, Sir; She's tender-mouth'd; let her be broken handlomely!

Piel. Maid, were you ftolin? Fir. I went not willing. T.

An't please your Grace; I was ne'er bred so boldly.

Peal: How has he us'd you?

Figr. Yes, Siz. very nooly.

Peil. Be fure you ce'll truth. And be fure, my lord, You have not wrong't her; if you have, I tell you, You've loft are, and voorfelf too! Speak again, wench.

Flor. He has not wrong'd me. Sir; I'm ver a maid: By all that's white and imposit, I am, Sur! Only I fuffer'd under itrong temptitions, The heat of youth; but Hear's deliver'd me. -My lord, I am no whore, for all I reaga's it, And feign'd it cunningly, and made you loath me: 'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robo'd elie, I had been miderable; but I forgive you.

Phil. What recompenie for this?

Our. A great one, Sir;

First a repentance, and a hearty one.

Forgive me, fweer!

Flar. I do, my lord. Otr. I thank you!

The next, take this, and their, all I have, Florimel'

Flor. No, good my lord, these often corrupt maidens; I dare not touch at these, they're lime for virgins; But if you'll give me——

Otr. Any thing in my power,

Or in my purchase.

Flor. Take heed, noble Sir! You'll make me a bold afker.

Otr. Ask me freely.

Flor. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve you; I've kept you from a crying sin would damn you To men and time; I have preserv'd your credit, That would have died to all posterity: Curses of maids shall never now afflict you, Nor parents' bitter tears make your name barren. If he deserves well that redeems his country, And as a patriot be remember'd nobly, Nay, set the highest; may not I be worthy To be your friend, that have preserv'd your honour?

Otr. You are, and thus I take you; thus I feal you

Mine own, and only mine.

Phil. Count, she deserves you: And let it be my happiness to give you!

Gives her to Otrante.

I've giv'n a virtuous maid now, I dare fay it;
'Tis more than blood. I'll pay her portion, Sir;
And it shall be worthy you.

Fra. I'll fell my mill,

I'll pay fome too! I'll pay the fidlers,
And we'll have all i'th' country at this wedding.
Pray let me give her too: Here, my lord, take her,
Take her with all my heart, and kits her freely.
'Would I could give you all this hand has itol'n too,
In portion with her! 'twould make her a little whiter.
The wind blows fair now; get me a young miller!

Vert. She must have new cloaths.

Terzo. Yes.

Vert. Yes, marry must she.

If't please ye, madam, let me see the state of your body; I'll fit you instantly.

Phil.

Phil. Art not thou gone yet?

Vert. An't please your Grace, a gown, a handsome gown now,

An orient gown-

Phil. Nay, take thy pleasure of her.

Vert. Of cloth of tiffue—I can fit you, madam: (My lords, stand out o' th' light!) a curious body! The neatest body in Spain this day—with embroider'd flowers,

A clinquant petticoat of some rich stuff, To catch the eye: I have a thousand fashions. Oh, sleeve, oh, sleeve! I'll study all night, madam, To magnify your sleeve.

Otr. Do, superstitious taylor,

When you've more time.

Flor. Make me no more than woman, and I'm thine. Otr. Sir, happily my wardrobe, with your help,

May fit her instantly; will you try her?

Vert. If I fit her not, your wardrobe cannot: But if the fashion be not there, you mar her.

Enter Antonio, Constable, and Officers.

Ant. Is my offence so great, ere I be convict, To be torn with rascals? If it be law, Let'em be wild horses rather than these.

Phil. What's that?

Con. This is a man suspected of murder, if it please your Grace.

Phil. It pleases me not, friend; but who suspects him?

Con. We that are your highness' extraordinary officers,

We that have taken our oaths to maintain you in peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great charge to you.

Con. 'Tis a great charge indeed;

But then we call our neighbours to help us. This gentleman

And another were fallen out (yet's that's more Than I am able to fay, for I heard no words

Between

Between 'em, but what their weapons spoke, clash, and clatter)

Which we feeing, came with our bills of government, And first knock'd down their weapons, and then the men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the peace?

Con. Yes, an't like your Grace,

We knock'd 'em down, to keep the peace: This we laid hold on,

The other we fet in the flocks. That I could do By mine own power, without your majefty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How fo, Sir?

Con. I am a shoemaker by my trade.

Amin. Oh, my husband!

Why stands my husband as a man endanger'd? Restore him me, as you are merciful! I'll answer for him.

Ant. What woman is this?

What husband? Hold thy bawling! I know thee for no wife.

Amin. You married me last night.
Ant. Thou liest! I neither was

In church nor house last night, nor saw I thee. A thing that was my friend, I scorn to name now,

Was with Ismenia, like a thief, and there

He violated a facred trust: This thou mayst know,
Aminta.

Amin. Are not you he?

Ant. No, nor a friend of his:

'Would I had killed him! I hope I have.

Amin. That was my husband, royal Sir, that man, That excellent man!

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That villain, that thief!

Bel. Have I caught you, Sir? Well overtaken! This is mine enemy. Pardon, my fovereign!

Phil. Good charity, to crave pardon for your enemy!

Bel.

Bel. Mine own pardon, Sir, for my joy's rudeness. In what place better could I meet my foe, And both of us so well provided too? He with some black blood-thirsty crime upon him, That (ere the horse-leech burst) will suck him dry; I with a second accusation, Enough to break his neck, if need should be; And then to have e'en Justice' self to right us 42! How should I make my joys a little civil, They might not keep this noise?

Ant. Here is some hope:

Should th' axe be dull, the halter is preparing.

Phil. What is your accufation, Sir? We've heard the former.

Enter Julio.

Bel. Mine, my lord? A strong one. Julio. A false one, Sir,
At least malicious; an evidence
Of hatred and despite: He would accuse
My poor kinsman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking saw, the stealing of his daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak, Antonio, didst thou ever see her?

Ant. Yes, Sir; I have feen her. Bel. Ah, ha, friend Julio!

Julio. He might; but how? With an unheedful eye, An accidental view, as men fee multitudes, That the next day dare not precifely fay They faw that face, or that, amongst 'em all. Didst thou so look on her?

42 Justice felf to right us] Is from the most ancient edition; the octavo has it,

Juflice it felf, &c.

The reading in the text completes the measure here, and I wish I could have done the same by the assistance of all the copies through the rest of the play, for great part of it is so far from being verse, that it has no pretence to any such thing, and indeed in a multitude of places is neither better nor worse than prose run mad.

Sympson.

This justice to the measure has been attempted in this edition.

Bel.

Bel. Guilty, guilty! His looks hang themselves.

Phil. Your patience, gentlemen!
I pray you tell me if I be in error;
I may speak often when I should but hear:
This is some show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it. Pray you speak,
(It seems no more) is't any thing but a show?

Bel. My lord, this gentlewoman can shew you all, So could my daughter too, if she were here: By this time they are both immodest enough. She is fled me, and I accuse this thief for't. Don Martino, his own friend, is my testimony; A practis'd night-work!

Phil. That Martino's the other In your custody; he was forgotten:

Fetch him hither.

Con. We'll bring the flocks and all else, An't please your Grace!

Enter Bustopha and Ismenia.

Amin. That man's my husband certain, Instead of this: Both would have deceiv'd, and both Beguil'd 43.

Buft. So ho, miller, miller! look out, miller! Is there ne'er a miller amongst you here, gentlemen?

Terzo. Yes, Sir, here is a miller amongst gentlemen,

A gentleman miller.

Bust. I should not be far off then; There went but a pair of sheers and a bodk in between us. Will you to work, miller? here is a maid Has a fack full of news for you: Shall your stones walk?

Both (i.e. of us) would have deceiv'd, and both are beguil'd.

Sympson.

The old reading bears the same sense.

⁴³ Both wou'd have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.] What, deceiv'd and beguil'd too? Aminta purpos'd no such tautology, but only that she and Mutino were two designing cheats, and had been as well sitted for their purpos'd knavery. But as the old reading does not, nay cannot make out this sense, listed we should write thus,

Will you grind, miller?

Phil. This your fon, Franio?

Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient, My unnatural, my rebel son, my lord.

Bust. Fy! your hopper runs over, miller.

Fra. This villain

(Of my own flesh and blood) was accessary To the stealing of my daughter.

Bust. Oh mountain,

Shalt thou call a molehill a fcab upon the face of the

Tho' a man be a thief, shall

A miller call him so? Oh, egregious!

Julio. Remember, firrah, who you speak before.

Bust. I speak before a miller, a thief in grain; For he steals corn: He that steals a wench,

Is a true man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that?

You may help another cause that was in pleading.

Bust. I'll prove it strongly. He that steals corn, steals

The bread of the commonwealth; he that steals

A wench, steals but the slesh.

Phil. And how

Is the bread-stealing more criminal than the sless?

Bust. He that steals bread, steals that which is

Lawful every day; he that steals slesh, steals nothing from the fasting day:

Ergo, to steal the bread is the arranter theft.

Phil. This is to some purpose.

Bust. Again, he

That steals slesh steals for his own belly full;

He that steals bread, robs the guts of others: *Ergo*, the arranter thief the bread-stealer.

Again, he that steals slesh, steals once, and gives

Yes, and often pays for it; the other Steals every day, without fatisfaction.

To conclude, bread-stealing is the more capital crime;

For

For what he steals, he puts it in at the head; He that steals slesh (as the Dutch author says) Puts it in at the foot (the lower member). Will you go as you are now, miller?

Phil. How has this fatisfied you, don Bellides?

Bel. Nothing, my lord; my cause is serious! I claim a daughter from that loving thief there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir!

Bel. Ha, ha, Julio!

Julio. How faid you, Antonio! Wish you, you had

his daughter?

Ant. With my foul I wish her; and my body Shall perish, but I will enjoy my foul's wish. I would have slain my friend for his deceit, But I do find his own deceit hath paid him.

Julio. Will you vex my foul forth? no other choice But where my hate is rooted? Come hither, girl!

Whose pretty maid art thou?

I/m. The child of a poor man, Sir.

Julio. The better for it. With my sovereign's leave,

I will wed thee to this man, will he, nill he. Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no love-enforcer;

I use no power of mine unto those ends.

Julio. Wilt thou have him? Ilm. Not unless he love me.

Ant. I do love thee: Farewell all other beauties!

I fettle here. You are Ismenia. [Aside to Ismenia. Ism. The same I was; better, nor worse, Antonio.

Ant. I shall have your consent here, I am sure, Sir, Bel. With all my heart, Sir; nay, if you accept it,

I'll do this kindness to mine enemy,

And give her as a father.

Ant. She'll thank you as a daughter;

Will you not, Ismenia?

Bel. How! Ismenia?

Ifm. Your daughter, Sir.

Bel. Is it possible?—

Away, you feeble-witted things! You thought You'd caught the old ones! You wade, you wade

In

In shallow fords; we can swim, we: Look here! We made the match; we are all friends, good friends: Thin, thin! Why, the fool knew all this, this fool.

Bust. Keep that to yourfelf, Sir; what I knew I

knew:

This fack is a witness. Miller, this is not for your thumbing.

Here's gold lace; you may fee her in her holiday Cloaths if you will; I was her wardrobe-man.

Enter Martino, Aminta, Constable and Officers.

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.

Mart. Did you fpeak to me, Sir?

Ant. It might feem to you. Martin

Ant. It might feem to you, Martino;

Your conscience has quick ears.

Mart. My fight was

A little dim i'th' dark indeed; fo was
My feeling cozen'd; yet I am content:
I am the better understander now;
I know my wife wants nothing of a woman!
There you're my junior.

Ant. You're not hurt?

Mart. Not shrewdly hurt;

I have good flesh to heal, you see, good round flesh. These cherries will be worth chopping, crack stones and all;

I should not give much to boot to ride In your new, and you in my old ones now.

Ant. You mistake the weapon: Are you not hurt?

Mart. A little scratch; but I shall claw't off well enough.

Enter Gillian.

Gil. I can no longer own what is not mine, With a free conscience. My liege, your pardon. Phil. For what?—Who knows this woman?

Fra. I best, my lord; I've been acquainted with her These forty summers, and as many winters,

Were it fpring again: She's like the gout; I can get Vol. VII.

No cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your wife, Franio?

Fra. 'Tis ' oh, my wife' indeed, my lord; a painful Stitch to my fide; 'would it were pick'd out!

Phil. Well, Sir,

Bust. Will you be

Older and older every day than other?

The longer you live the older still? Must his majesty Command your silence, ere you'll hold your tongue?

Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same fault:

Pray, Sir, will you be filent?

Bust. I have told him

Of this before now, my liege; but age

Will have his course, and his weaknesses——
Phil. Good Sir,

Your forbearance.

Bust. And his frailties, and his follies, As I may fay, that cannot hold his tongue Ere he be bidden——

Phil. Why, firrah! Bust. But I believe

Your majesty will not be long troubled with him: I hope that woman has something to confess Will hang them both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your destiny upon you,

If you cease not, the sooner.

Buft. Nay, I have done, my liege; yet It grieves me that I should call that man father, That should be so shameless, that being commanded To hold his tongue—

Phil. To th' porter's lodge with him.

Bust. I thank your Grace! I have a friend there.

Phil. Speak, woman!

If any interruption meet thee more, it shall Be punish'd sharply.

Gil. Good my liege, (I dare not)

Ask you the question why that old man weeps. Phil. Who? count Julio? I observ'd it not.

You

You hear the question, Sir; will you give the cause?

Julio. Oh, my lord, it hardly will get passage,

(It is a forrow of that greatness grown)

Less it dissolve in tears, and come by parcels.

Gil. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery, And bring you forth a joy: You loft a daughter.

Julio. 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth these forrows.

Gil. She's found again. Know you this mantle, Sir?

Julio. Ha?

Gil. Nay, leave your wonder; I'll explain it to you. This did enwrap your child, whom ever fince I have call'd mine, when nurse Amaranta, In a remove from Mora to Corduba, Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry bear; She was the ravin's prey, as Heav'n so would! He with his booty fill'd, forsook the babe: All this was in my sight; and so long I saw, Until the cruel creature left my sight; At which advantage I adventur'd me To rescue the sweet lamb: I did it, Sir; And ever since I have kept back your joy, And made it mine. But age hath wearied me, And bids me back restore unto the owner What I unjustly kept these fourteen years.

Julio. Oh, thou hast ta'en so many years from me, And made me young as was her birth-day to me. Oh, good my liege, give my joys a pardon! I must go pour a blessing on my child, Which here would be too rude and troublesome. [Example 20]

Phil. Franio, you knew this before? Bust. Oh, oh! Item for you, miller!

Fra. I did, my liege; I must confess I did:
And I confess, I ne'er would have confess'd,
Had not that woman's tongue begun to me.
We poor ones love, and would have comforts, Sir,
As well as great. This is no strange fault, Sir;
There's many men keep other mens' children,
As tho' they were their own.

To

Buft.

Bust. It may stretch
Further yet; I beseech you, my liege, let
This woman be a little further examin'd;
Let the wards of her conscience be search'd#:
I would know how she came by me; I am
A lost child, if I be theirs: Though I have
Been brought up in a mill, yet I had ever
A mind, methought, to be a greater man.

Phil. She will refolve you fure.

Gil. Ay, ay,

Boy; thou art mine own flesh and blood, born Of mine own body.

Buft. 'Tis very unlikely

That fuch a body should bear me! There's no Trust in these millers. Woman, tell the truth! My father shall forgive thee, whatsoever He was, were he knight, squire, or captain; less He should not be.

Gil. Thou art mine own child, boy. Buft. And was the miller my father?

Gil. Wouldst thou make Thy mother a whore, knave?

Bust. Ay, if she make me
A bastard. The rack must make her confess, my lord;
I shall never come to know who I am else.
I have a worshipful mind in me sure; methinks
I do scorn poor folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimel, Julio, &c.

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of the day; Love yok'd with love, the best equality, Without the level of estate or person⁴⁵.

Julio.

44 Let the words of her conscience be fearch'd] Sympson reads arounds for words. We thinks wards is as much more congruous to the sense, as it is nearer the trace of the letters.

Without

⁴⁵ Level of estate or person.] In the business of match-making, generally the chief consideration turns not on the quality of the persons, but the quantity of their means. If so, then possibly the Poets made the king express himself thus,

, Julio. You both shall be rewarded bountifully; We'll be a-kin too; brother and sister

Shall be chang'd with us ever.

Bust. Thank you, uncle! My fister is my cousin Yet at the last cast: Farewell, sister-foster! If I had known the civil law would have Allowed it, thou hadst had another manner Of husband than thou hast; but much good do thee! I'll dance at thy wedding, kiss the bride, and so

fulio. Why, how now, firrah? Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my fifter.

It was a miller and a lord
That had a fcabbard and a fword,
He put it up in the country word,
The miller and his daughter.

She has a face, and she can sing, She has a grace, and she can spring, She has a place with another thing, Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish brother of yours, my lord.

Bust. 'Would I

Were acquainted with your taylor, noble brother.

Otr. You may; there he is! mine, newly entertain'd.

Vert. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, Sir;

I fitted the lady.

Bust. My fifter, taylor?

What fits her will hardly fit me.

Vert. Who fits her

May fit you, Sir; the taylor can do both.

Bust. You have a true yard, taylor?

Without the level of cftate or portion.

So in this very play, act ii. scene ii. Martino says to Antonio,

You not consider, Sir,

The great disparity is in their bloods,

Estates, and sortunes.

Unless the reader will say that person above may mean the quality of blood. On that supposition indeed the line may stand without any alteration.

Sympson.

As it undoubtedly should do, spite of hypercriticism.

Vert.

Vert. Ne'er a whit too long, I warrant you.

Bust. Then, taylor, march with me away! I scorn these robes, I must be gay; My noble brother he shall pay Tom Taylor. [Exeunt.

Phil. Your recover'd friendships are sound, gentlemen?

Bel. At heart, at heart, my lord: The worm shall not

Beyond many ages find a breach to enter at.

Phil. These lovers' unities I will not doubt of. How happy have you made our progress then, To be the witness of such fair accords! Come, now we'll eat with you, my lord Otrante: 'Tis a charge fav'd; you must not grudge your guest; 'Tis both my welcome, and your wedding-feaft. Exeunt omnes.

THE

KNIGHT OF MALTA.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this play (which was first printed in the solio of 1647) to Fietcher alone. It hath not been afted within the memory of any person now living, nor do we know of any alteration of it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Valetta, the Grand-master of Malta.

Miranda, an Italian gentleman, the Knight of Malta.

Astorius, two knights of the order.

Mountserrat, a knight of the order, but a villain.

Gomera, a deserving Spanish gentleman.

Norandine, a valiant merry Dane, commander in chief of the gallies of Malta.

Colonna, alias Angelo, a captive redeemed from the gallies, and beloved of Miranda.

Rocca, fervant and instrument to Mountferrat.

Two Bishops.

Soldiers.

Corporal.

Prisoners.

Two Marshals.

Doctor.

One of the Esguard.

Servants.

WOMEN.

Oriana, fifter to Valetta, and wife of Gomera.

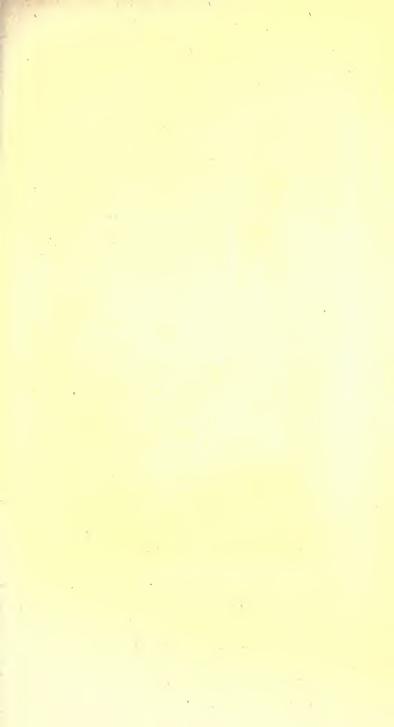
Velleda, attendant on Oriana.

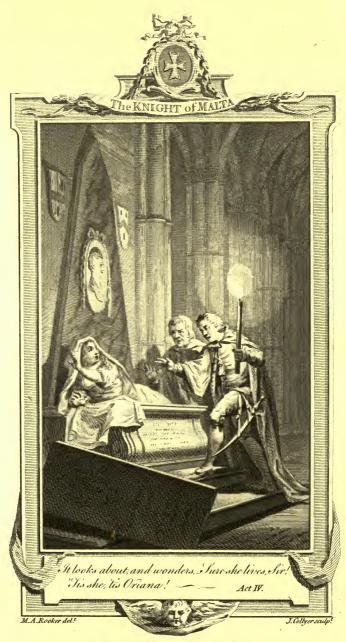
Zanthia, alias Abdella, a Moor, servant to Oriana.

Lucinda, a brautiful Turkish woman, contracted to Angelo, prisoner to Miranda.

Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE, MALTA.





Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, 1 May, 1777.

The same of the same of

KNIGHT OF MALTA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat.

Mountferrat. TARE

ARES she despise me thus?
me, that with spoil
And hazardous exploits, full
sixteen years

Have led (as hand-maids) Fortune, Victory, Whom the Maltezi call my fervitors? Tempests I have subdued, and fought them calm, Out-lighten'd light'ning in my chivalry, Rid (tame as Patience) billows that kick'd Heav'n. Whiftled enraged Boreas 'till his gusts Were grown fo gentle, that he feem'd to figh. Because he could not shew the air my keel; And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes, Which, tho' they blaze, both comfort and invite; Neither by force, nor fraud, pass thro' her ear, Whose guard is only blushing Innocence, To take the least possession of her heart. Did I attempt her with a thread-bare name, Un-napt with meritorious actions, She might with colour difallow my fuit: But, by the honour of this Christian cross, (In blood of infidels so often died, Which mine own foul and fword hath fixed here, And

And neither favour, nor birth's privilege) Oriana shall confess, (altho' she be Valetta's sister, our Grand-master here) The wages of scorn'd love is baneful hate, And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate.

Enter Rocca.

Rocca, my trusty servant, welcome!
Rocca. Sir,

I wish my news deserv'd it! Hapless I, That, being lov'd and trusted, fail to bring The loving answer that you do expect.

Mountf. Why speak'st thou from me? thy pleas'd

eyes fend forth

Beams brighter than the star that ushers day; Thy smiles restore sick expectation.

Rocca. I bring you, Sir, her smiles, not mine.

Mountf. Her imiles?

Why, they are presents for kings' eldest sons: Great Solyman, that wearies his hot eyes But to peruse his deck'd seraglio, When from the number of his concubines He chuseth one for that night, in his pride Of them, wives, wealth, is not so rich as I In this one smile, from Oriana sent.

Rocca. Sir, fare you well!

Mountf. Oh, Rocca! thou art wife,
And wouldst not have the torrent of my joy
Ruin me headlong! Aptly thou conceiv'st,
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
Cast me into. I felt, my dearest friend,
(No more my servant) when I employ'd thee,
That knew'st to look and speak as lovers should,
And carry faithfully thy master's sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold heart;
And all my labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold prize.

Recea. Will you yet hear me?

Mountf. Yes:

But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou dost Tenderly by degrees affault mine ears With her consent, now to embrace my love; For thou well know'st I've been so plung'd, so torn With her resolved reject, and neglect, That to report her soft acceptance now Will stupify sense in me, if not kill. Why shew'st thou this distemper?

Rocca. Draw your fword,

And, when I with my breath have blasted you,

Kill me with it:

I bring you smiles of pity, not affection, For such she sent.

Mountf. Oh! can she pity me? Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,

Pity's the straightest.

Rocca. Waken, Sir, and know That her contempt (if you can name it so) Continues still; she bids you throw your pearl Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so, Ere her to foul dishonour; write your plaints In rocks of coral grown above the fea; Them hope to foften to compaffion, Or change their modest blush to love-sick pale, Ere work her to your impious requests. All your loofe thoughts fhe chides you home again, But with fuch calm behaviour, and mild looks, She gentlier denies than others grant, For just as others love, so doth she hate. She fays, that by your order you are bound From marrying ever, and much marvels then You would thus violate her, and your own faith, That being the virgin you should now protect. Hitherto, she professes, sh' has conceal'd Your lustful batt'ries; but the next, she vows, (In open hall, before the honour'd cross, And her great brother) she will quite disclose, Calling for justice, to your utter shame. Mountf.

Mountf. Hence! find the Blackamoor that waits upon her,

Bring her unto me; she doth love me yet,
And I must her now, at least seem to do.
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguish!—Art not gone?

[Exit Rocca.

Shall my defires, like beggars, wait at door, Whilst any others revel in her breast? Sweat on, my spirits! Know, thou trick'd-up toy, My love's a violent flood, where thou art fall'n; Playing with which tide th' hadst been gently toss'd, But, crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd and lost.

Enter Astorius and Castriot.

Cast. Monsieur, good day!

Afto. Good morrow, valiant knight! What, are you for this great folemnity This morn intended?

Mountf. What folemnity?

Afto. Th' investing of the martial Spaniard, Peter Gomera, with our Christian badge.

Cast. And young Miranda, the Italian; Both which, with wondrous prowess and great luck, Have dar'd and done for Malta such high feats, That not one fort in it but rings their names As loud as any man's.

Mountf. As any man's?

Why, we have fought for Malta.

Afto. Yes, Mountferrat,

No bold knight ever past you; but we wear The dignity of Christians on our breasts, And have a long time triumph'd for our conquests:

These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.

Mounts. Astorius, you're a most indulgent knight,

Detracting from yourfelf, to add to others.

You know this title is the period To all our labours, the extremity

Of that tall pyramid, where honour hangs;

Which

Which we with fweat and agony have reach'd, And should not then so easily impart So bright a wreath to every cheap desert.

Cast. How is this Frenchman chang'd, Astorius!

Some fullen discontent possesses him,

That makes him envy what he heretofore

Did most ingenuously but emulate.

Mount. Oh, furious desire, how like a whirlwind Thou hurriest me beyond mine honour's point! Out of my heart, base lust! or, heart, I vow Those slames that heat me thus, I'll burn thee in. [Aside.

Asto. Do you observe him?

Mountf. What news of the Dane? That valiant captain Norandine?

Cast. He fights still,

In view o'th' town; he plays the devil with 'em, And they, the Turks with him.

Mountf. They're well met then;

'Twere fin to fever 'em. Pish—woman—memory—'Would one of ye would leave me! [Aside.

Afto. Six fresh gallies

I in St. Angelo from the promontory This morn deferred, making a girdle for him; But our Great-master doth intend relief This present meeting. Will you walk along?

Mountf. Hum—I have read, ladies enjoy'd have

The gulphs of worthieft men, buried their names, Their former valour, bounty, beauty, virtue, And fent them stinking to untimely graves. I that cannot enjoy, by her disdain, Am like to prove as wretched. Woman then

Checking, or granting, is the grave of men. [Afide. Afto. He's faying of his prayers fure.

Cast. Will you go, Sir?

Mountf. I cry you mercy! I am fo transported (Your pardon, noble brothers) with a business That doth concern all Malta, that I am (Anon you'll hear it) almost blind and deaf—(Lust

(Lust neither sees nor hears aught but itself)—But I will follow instantly. Your cross.

Asto. Not mine. [Cross dropt.

Cast. Nor mine; 'tis yours.

Afto. Cafe. Good morrow, brother. [Exeunt. Mountf. White innocent fign, thou doft abhor to dwell

So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breaft, And grace these graceless projects of my heart!

Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella.

Yet I must wear thee, to protect my crimes, Is not for conscience, for hypocrify; Some churchmen so wear cassocks. Oh, my Zanthia, My pearl, that scorns a stain! I much repent Ait my neglects; let me, Ixion like, Embrace my black cloud, since my Juno is So wrathful, and averse: Thou art more soft And full of dalliance than the fairest slesh, And far more loving.

Zent. Ay, you fay fo now; But, like a property, when I have ferv'd Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up

For a fign formewhere.

Mounif. May my life then forfake me, Or, from my expected blifs, be caft to hell!

Zant. My tongue, Sir, cannot life to meet you so, Nor my black cheek put on a seigned blush, To make me seem more modest than I am. This ground-work will not bear adult'rate red, Nor artificial white, to cozen love. These dark locks are not purchas'd, nor these teeth, For ev'ry night they are my bedsellows; No bath, no blanching water, smoothing oils, shoth mend me up; and yet, Mountserrat, know, I am as sull of pleasure in the touch As e'er a white-sac'd puppet of 'em all, suicy, and firm; unsledge them of their tires, Their wires, their partlets, pins, and perriwigs, And

And they appear like bald-cootes, in the nest:

I can as blithly work in my love's bed,

And deck thy fair neck with these jetty chains,
Sing thee asleep, being wearied; and, refresh'd,
With the same organ, steal sleep off again.

Mountf. Oh, my black swan, sleeker than cygnet's plush',

Sweeter than is the fweet of pomander,
Breath'd like curl'd Zephyrus, cooling limon-trees,
Straight as young pines, or cedars in the grove!
Quickly descend, lovers' best canopy,
Still Night, for Zanthia doth enamour me
Beyond all continence! Perpetrate, dear wench,
What thou hast promis'd, and I vow by Heav'n,
Malta, I'll leave in it my honours here,
And in some other country, Zanthia make
My wife, and my best fortune.

Zant. From this hope, Here is an answer to that letter, which

I lately shew'd you, sent from Tripoly,
By the great basha, which importunes her
Love unto him, and treachery to the island;
Which will she undertake, by Mahomet
The Turk there vows, on his blest Alcoran,
Marriage unto her: This the Master knows,
But is resolv'd of her integrity,
As well he may, sweet lady; yet, for love
For love of thee, Mountserrat, (oh! what chains
Of deity, or duty can hold love?)
I have this answer fram'd, so like her hand
As if it had been moulded off, returning
The basha's letter safe into her pocket.
What you will do with it, yourself best knows.
Farewell! keep my true heart, keep true your vows.

Mountf. 'Till I be dust, my Zanthia, be confirm'd. Sparrows, and doves, sit coupling 'twixt thy lips.—

Silkner than cygnet's plush.] So first folio.

It is not love, but strong libidinous will
That triumphs o'er me; and to satiate that,
What diff'rence 'twixt this Moor, and her fair dame!
Night makes their hues alike, their use is so;
Whose hand's so subtle he can colours name,
If he do wink, and touch 'em! Lust being blind,
Never in women did distinction find.

[Exis.]

SCENE II.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1 Gent. But i'faith dost thou think my lady Was never in love?

2 Gent. I rather think she was ever In love; in perfect charity², I mean, With all the world.

I Gent. A most Christian answer, I promise you. But I mean in love With a man.

2 Gent. With a man? what elfe? wouldst have her. In love with a beast?

I Gent. You are formewhat quick;
But if she were, it were no precedent:
Did you never read of Europa
The fair, that leapt a bull, that leapt the sea,
That swam to land, and then leapt her?

2 Gent. Oh, heavens! a bull?

1 Gent. Yes, a white bull.

2 Gent. Lord! how could she sit him? Where did she hold?

1 Gent. Why, by the horn; fince which time, No woman, almost, is contented 'till She have a horn of her own to hold by.

2 Gent. Thou Art very knavish.

1 Gent. I mean, with all the world.

2 Gent. With a man?] Corrected in 1750.

^{2 2} Gent. I rather think she was ever in love, in perfect charity.

² Gent. A most Christian answer, I promise you; but, &c.

I Gent. And thou very foolish.

But, firrah, why dost not thou marry?

2 Gent. Because

I would be no man's looking-glass.

I Gent. As how?

2 Gent. As thus; there is no wife (if she Be good and true, will honour and obey)
But must restect the true countenance of
Her husband upon him: If he look sad upon her,
She must not look merrily upon him; if he
Look merrily, she must not forrowfully;
Else she is a false glass, and sit for
Nothing but breaking: His anger must be
Her discontent, his pleasure her delight:
If he weep, she must cry;
If he laugh, she must shew her teeth;
If he be sick, she must not be in health;
If he eat caudles, she must eat pottage; she
Must have no proper passion of her own!
And is not this a tyranny?

Marriage may well be call'd a yoke! Wives then Are but like superficial lines in geometry, That have no proper motion of their own, But as their bodies (their husbands) move. Yet I know some wives, that are never freely merry, Nor truly pleas'd, but when they're surthest off

Their husbands.

I Gent. Yes, i'faith!

2 Gent. That's because the moon Governs 'em; which hath most light and shines Brightest, the more remote it is from the sun; And, contrary, is more sullen, dim, and shews Least splendor, when it is nearest.

I Gent. But if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

2 Gent. Why?

I Gent. Because I would lead the blind whither I list.

2 Gent. And I the wifest man I could get for money, Vol. VII. U Because

Because I had rather follow the clear-sighted: Bless me from a husband that sails by his wife's compass!

Gent. Why? tis ten to one but she

Breaks his head in her youth; and, when she is old, She'll never leave 'till she has broke his back too!

I Gent. But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta³,

That when they are dub'd take their oath of allegiance To live poor, and chaftly, ever after?

2 Gent. 'Faith,

Many knights in other nations (I have heard) Are as poor as ours; marry, where one of 'em Has taken the oath of chastity, we want A new Columbus to find out.

Enter Zanthia.

Zant. Hist, wenches! My lady calls; she's entering the terrace, To fee the show.

I Gent. Oh, black pudding!

2 Gent. My little labour in vain!

[Exeunt.

3 Broke his back too -But what scurvy knight have you here in Malta, &c.

Enter Zanthia.

Zan. Hist, wenches: my lady calls, she's entring The terrass, to see the show.

1 Gent. Ob black pudding. 2 Gent. My little labour in vain.

I Gent. But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta, that, &c. 1 This confusion and repetition appear in all the editions but the present. We apprehend there can be no doubt but Zanthia's entry, and the five following lines, should be removed to the conclusion of the scene, which hitherto ended with the words, Columbus to find out. The &c. (with the fenfeless variation of the words) induces us to think, that the first occurrence of the reiterated line was meant as a direction for the performer to pass on to that passage beginning, But what scurvy, &c.

SCENE III.

Enter above, Oriana, Zanthia, and two Gentlewomen; beneath, Valetta, Mountferrat, Aftorius, Castriot, Gou mera, Miranda, attendants of Knights, &c.

Mountf. Are you there, lady? Ori. Thou'rt a naughty man;

Heav'n mend thee!

Val. Our great meeting, princely brothers, Ye holy foldiers of the Christian-Cross, Is to relieve our captain Norandine, Now fighting for Valetta with the Turk 4; A valiant gentleman, a noble Dane As e'er the country bred, endanger'd now By fresh supply of head-bound infidels 5: Much means, much blood this warlike Dane hath spens T' advance our flag above their horned moons, And oft hath brought in profitable conquest: We must not see him perish in our view. How far off fight they?

Mir. Sir, within a league.

Val. 'Tis well. Our next occasion of conventing Are these two gentlemen, standing in your fight; (Ye noble props of Malta!) royally Descended are they both, valiant as War 6, Miranda, and Gomera: Full ten years They've ferv'd this island, perfected exploits

⁴ Now fighting for Valetta.] Sympson asks, ' But was Norandine then fighting only for the grand-master?' Answering himself in the negative, he supposes a corruption, and reads, fighting 'FORE Valetta. We see no need for variation, the sense being, that he is fighting for Valetta, upon the safety of which town their own security depends.

⁵ Head-bound.] i. e. Turban'd, as in Othello.

⁶ Valiant as War.] Sympson thinks this corrupt, and says, ' We must turn the W upside down, and add an s,' and so substitute Mars for Wars; or else read, Valiant IN war; 'or, if such a liberty may be allowed, a valiant pair.' There needs no variation, fince by War is understood the genius or god of war. Matchless.

Matchless, and infinite; they're honest, wife, Not empty of one ornament of man. Most eminent agents were they in that slaughter, That great marvellous flaughter of the Turks, Before St. Elme, where five and twenty thousand Fell, for five thousand of our Christians. These ripe considerations moving us, Having had your allowance on their worths 6. Here we would call 'em to our brotherhood! If any therefore can their manners tax. Their faith, their chastity, any part of life, Let 'em speak now.

Alto. None does.

All. None can, Great-master.

Val. The dignity then dignify, by them 7, As their reward. Tender Miranda first (Because he is to succour Norandine) Our facred robe of knighthood, our white cross (The holy cognizance of him we ferve),

The fword, the fours.

Mir. Grave, and most honour'd Master, With humble duty, and my foul's best thanks To you, and all this famous conventicle, Let me with modesty refuse acceptance Of this high order! I, alas, am yet Unworthy, and uncapable of fuch honour; That merit, which with favour you enlarge, Is far, far fhort, of this propos'd reward. Who takes upon him fuch a charge as this, Must come with pure thoughts, and a gather'd mind, That time nor all occasions ever may After disperse, or stain. Did this title here Of knighthood, ask no other ornaments Than other countries, glitt'ring show, poor pride,

Is their reward.

⁶ Their worthies.] First folio. Probably wrote, THESE worthies.

⁷ The dignity then dignifie, by them
1s their reward.] so first folio. Sympson proposes reading, then dignified by them,

A jingling spur, a feather, a white hand, A frizzled hair, powder s, perfumes, and lust, Drinking sweet wines, surfeits, and ignorance, Rashly and eas'ly should I venture on't; But this requires another kind of man.

Mountf. A staid and mature judgment! speak on, Sir. Mir. May't please you then t'allow me some sinall

To rectify myself for that high seat, Or give my reasons to the contrary. I' th' mean space, to dismiss me to the aid Of Norandine: My ships ride in the bay Ready to disembogue, tackled, and mann'd Even to my wishes.

Mountf. His request Is fair and honest.

Val. At your pleasure go.

Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: Of you, My noble friend Mountferrat! Gracious mistress—Oh, that auspicious smile doth arm your soldier! Who sights for those eyes, and this facred cross, Can neither meet sad accident, nor loss! [Exit.

Ori. The mighty master of that livery, Conduct thee safely to these eyes again!

Mountf. Blows the wind that way?

Val. Equally belov'd,

Equally meriting, Gomera, you Without excuse receive that dignity,

Which our provincial chapter hath decreed you.

Gom. Great-master of Jerus'lem's Hospital, From whence to Rhodes this blest fraternity Was driven, but now among the Maltese stands, Long may it flourish, whilst Gomera serves it, But dares not enter further!

All. This is strange!

Val. What do you object?

⁸ A frizled bair, powder'd, perfumes, &c.] Mr. Seward reads with me thus,

A frizled hair, powder, perfumes, &c.

Gom. Nothing against it, but myself, fair knights; I may not wear this robe.

Val. Express your reasons:

Doth any hid fin goar your conscience?

Asto. Are you unstedfast in religion?

Cast. Or do you intend to forsake Malta now, And visit your own country, fruitful Spain?

Gom. Neither, good Sir 9.

Val. Then explicate your thoughts.

Gom. This then: I should be perjur'd to receive it.

Once in Malita, your next city here, When I was younger, read I the decrees

Touching this point, being ambitious then T' approach it once. None but a gentleman

Can be admitted——

Val. That's no obstacle

In you.

Gom. I should be forry that were it.

No married man——

Mountf. You never felt that yoke.

Gom. None that hath been contracted—

Cast. Were you ever?

Gom. Nor married, nor contracted.—None that ever Hath vow'd his love to any womankind, Or finds that fecret fire within his thoughts: Here I am cast; this article my heart Objects against the title of my fame; I am in love. Laugh not! tho' Time hath set Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd locks Will shortly dye into another hue, Yet, yet I am in love: (I'faith, you smile!) What age, what sex, or what profession, Divine or human, from the man that cries For alms in the highway, to him that sings At the high altar, and doth sacrifice, Can truly say he knows not what is love?

Val. 'Tis honestly profess'd. With whom, Gomera?

Name the lady, that with all advantage

² Never, good Sir.] The variation proposed by Seward.

We may advance your fuit. Gom. But will you, Sir?

Val. Now by our holy rock, were it our fifter, Spaniard, I hold thee worthy; freely name her.

Gom. Be master of your word: It is she, Sir,

The matchless Oriana.

Val. Come down, lady.

You've made her blush: Let her consent, I will

Make good my oath.

Mountf. Is't so?—Stay! I do love So tenderly, Gomera, your bright fame '', As not to suffer your perdition.

Gom. What means Mountferrat?

Mountf. This whole Auberge hath "—

(A guard upon this lady!) Wonder not!—

Enter Guard.

Ta'en publick notice of the basha's love
Of Tripoli unto her, and consented
She should return this answer, (as he writ
For her conversion, and betraying Malta)
She should advise him betray Tripoly,
And, turning Christian, he should marry her.
All. All this was so.

Mountf. How weakly does this court then Send vessels forth to sea, to guard the land, Taking such special care to save one bark, Or strive to add fam'd men unto our cloak, When they lurk in our bosoms would subvert This state and us, presuming on their blood, And partial indulgence to their sex?

¹⁰ Your bright flame.] Corrected in 1750.

Saint Jean de Jerusalem, the word Auberge frequently occurs; and, in the chapter De la Signification des Termes, is thus explained:
Auberge est un nom connu des François, des Espagnols, & des Italiens, pour signifier un lieu, ou l'on mange, & ou l'on s'assemble Nation par Nation.' Vertot's Histoire de Chevaleirs de Malthe, tome vi. p. 266, Edit. Paris, 1761.

Val. Who can this be?

Mountf. Your sister, great Valetta!

Which thus I prove: Demand the basha's letter.

Ori.'Tis here; nor from this pocket hath been mov'd,

Nor answer'd, nor perus'd, by--

Mountf. Do not swear;

Cast not away your fair soul; to your treason Add not foul perjury!—Is this your hand?

Ori. 'Tis very like it.

Mountf. May it please the Master, Confer these letters, and then read her answer, Which I have intercepted. Pardon me, Reverend Valetta, that am made the means To punish this most beauteous treachery, E'en in your fifter, fince in it I fave Malta from ruin: I am bolder in't, Because it is so palpable, and withal Know our Great-master to this country firm As was the Roman Marcus, who spar'd not As dear a fifter in the publick cause.

Vel. I am amaz'd! attend me.

[Reads.] 'Let your forces by the next even be ready; my brother feafts then; put in at St. Mi-'chaels; the afcent at that port is easiest; the keys of the castle you shall receive at my hands. ' poffes'd, you are lord of Malta, and may foon de-'ftroy all by fire; than which I am hotter, 'till I em-'brace you. Farewell! Your wife, Oriana.' From this time let me never read again!

Gentlew. 'Tis, certain, her hand.

Val. This letter too,

So close kept by herfelf, could not be answer'd To every period thus, but by herfelf.

Ori. Sir, hear me!

Val. Peace! thou fair fweet bank of flowers, Under whose beauty scorpions lie, and kill! Wert thou akin to me in some new name Dearer than fifter, mother, or all blood,

I would

I would not hear thee speak.—Bear her to prison! So gross is this, it needs no formal course. Prepare thysels; tomorrow thou shalt die.

Ori. I die a martyr then, and a poor maid,

Almost i'faith as innocent as born!

Thou know'ft thou'rt wicked, Frenchman; Heav'n forgive thee! [Exit.

All. This scene is strangely turned.

Val. Yet can nature be

So dead in me!—I would my charge were off! Mountferrat should perceive my sister had A brother, would not live to see her die Unfought for, since the statutes of our state Allow, in case of accusations, A champion to defend a lady's truth.—Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy wise;

Death pleads a precontract,

Gom. I've lost my tongue, My fense, my heart, and every faculty! Mountferrat, go not up! With reverence To our Great-master, and this consistory (I have confider'd it, it cannot be) Thou art a villain and a forger, A blood-fucker of innocence, an hypocrite, A most unworthy wearer of our cross; To make which good, take, if thou dar'ft, that gage, And, arm'd at all points like a gentleman, Meet me tomorrow morning, where the Mafter And this fraternity shall design 12; where I Will cram this flander back into thy throat, And with my fword's point thrust it to thy heart, The very nest where lust and slander breeds. (Pardon my passion!) I will tear those spurs Off from thy heels, and flick 'em in thy front, As a mark'd villain!

Mountf. This I look'd not for .-

¹² And this fraternity shall design.] This word has its original fignification to appoint or decree, in Latin, designare, from whence designator, an herald.

Seavard.

Ten

Ten times more villain, I return my gage, And crave the law of arms!

Gom. 'Tis that I crave! All. It cannot be denied.

Gom. Do not I know,

With thousand gifts and importunacies,
Thou often hast folicited this lady?
(Contrary to thy oath of chastity!)
Who ne'er disclosing this thy hot-rein'd lust",
Yet tender to prevent a publick scandal,
That Christendom might justly have impos'd
Upon this holy institution,
Thou now hast drawn this practice 'gainst her life,
To quit her charity.

Mountf. Spaniard, thou lieft!

Afo. No more, Gomera! thou art granted combat. And you, Mountferrat, must prepare against Tomorrow morning, in the valley here, Adjoining to St. George's Port. A lady, In case of life, 'gainst whom one witness comes, May have her champion.

Val. And who hath most right, With, or against our sister, speed in fight! [Flourish.Ex.

Manet Mountferrat. Enter Rocca.

Mountf. Rocca, the first news of Miranda's service Let me have notice of.

Rocca. You shall. The Moor

Waits you without.

Mountf. Admit her.—Ha, ha, ha!
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! Gomera
Loves Oriana; she, as I should guess,
Affects Miranda; these are two dear friends,
As firm; and full of fire, as steel and shint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other—

¹³ The hot reign'd luft.] Seward proposes reading, Thy not reign'd fuft. The variation is from Sympson's conjecture.

Enter Zanthia.

Stay; let me like it better.—Zanthia, First tell me this; did don Gomera use To give his visits to your mistres?

Zant. Yes,

And Miranda too, but severally.

Mountf. Which did she most apply to?

Zant. Faith, to neither:

Yet infinitely I've heard her praise them both, And in that manner, that, were both one man, I think she was in love with't.

Mountf. Zanthia,

Another letter you must frame for me Instantly, in your lady's character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee straight.
Go in, and stay me! Go, my tinder-box!
Cross lines I'll cross. So, so! my after-game
I must play better: Woman, I will spread
My vengeance over Malta, for thy sake!
Spaniard, Italian, like my steel and stone,
I'll knock ye thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink, to save the sparkles from mine eyes. [Exz.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-fight within, Alarm.

Enter Norandine, Miranda, Soldiers, and Gentlemen.

Mir. TTOW is it, Sir?

Nor. Pray set me down! I cool,

And my wounds fmart.

Mir. I hope yet,

Tho' there be many, there's none dangerous.

Nor. I know not, nor I care not much; I got 'em Like a too-forward fool; but I hope the furgeons

Will take an order I sha'n't leave 'em so.

I make the rogues more work than all the island, And yet they give me th' hardest words for my money.

Mir. I'm gladye are fo fprightly! Ye fought bravely, (Go call the furgeons, foldiers.) wondrous nobly; Upon my life, I have not feen fuch valour, Maintain'd fo long, and to fo large a ruin, The odds fo ftrong against ye.

Nor. I thank ye,

And thank ye for your help, your timely succour! By th' mass, it came i'th' nick, Sir, and well handled, Stoutly, and strongly handled; we had duck'd else; MyTurk had turk'd me else: But h'has well paid for't. Why, what a sign for an almanack h'has made me!

Enter Astorius.

Afto. I'm glad to find you here, Sir; of necessity I must have come aboard else. And, brave captain, We all joy much in your fair victory, And all the island speaks your valour nobly. Have you brought the Turk in that you took?

Mir. He rides there.

Nor. If he were out again, the devil should bring him:

H'has truly circumcis'd me.

Afto. I've a business

Which much concerns you, presently concerns you; But not this place nor people: Pray ye draw off, Sir! For 'tis of that weight to you—

Mir. I'll wait on you.-

I must crave leave awhile; my care dwells with you, And I must wait myself——

Nor. Your fervant, Sir.

Mir. Believe I shall, and what my love can mini-

Keep your stout heart still-

Nor. That's my best physician! [Exit Asto.]
Mir. And I shall keep your fame fair. [Exit.]
Nor. You're too noble.

A brave

A brave young fellow, of a matchless spirit! He brought me off like thunder, charg'd and boarded, As if he had been shot to save mine honour: And when my fainting men, tir'd with their labour And lack of blood, gave to the Turk affurance The day was his; when I was cut in shreds thus, And not a corn of powder left to biefs us; Then flew his fword in, then his cannon roar'd. And let fly blood and death, in storms amongst 'em, Then might I hear their sleepy prophet how! too; And all their filver crescents then I saw Like falling meteors fpent, and fet for ever Under the cross of Malta: Death so wanton I never look'd upon, fo full of revel.—

Enter Surgeon.

I will not be dress'd yet.—Methought that fellow Was fit for no conversation, nor no Christian, That had not half his brains knock'd out, no foldier. Oh, valiant young man, how I love thy virtue!

1 Sold. Pray you, Sir, be drefs'd! alas, you bleed apace yet.

Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of honour. Alas! thou

milkfop,

Thou man of marchpane, canst thou fear to see A few light hurts, that blush they are no bigger? A few small scratches? Get ye a caudle, sirrah, (Your finger aches) and let the old wives watch thee! Bring in the booty, and the prisoners: By Heav'n, I'll fee 'em, and dispose 'em first, Before I have a drop of blood wip'd from me! go.

Exeunt Soldiers. Surg. You'll faint, Sir.

Nor. No, you lie, Sir, like an afs, Sir! I have no fuch pig's heart in my belly 14.

Surg. By my life, captain,

These hurts are not to be jested with.

Nor. If thou hadft 'em;

¹⁴ I have no such pigs hurt in my beily.] The correction is from Symplon's corjecture. They're

They're my companions, fool, my family: I cannot eat nor fleep without their company. Dost take me for St. Davy, that fell dead With seeing of his nose bleed?

Enter Soldiers with booty.

Surg. Here they come, Sir: But 'would you would be dress'd! Nor. Pox, dress thyself first!

Thou faint'st a great deal faster. What's all this?

I Sold. The money and the merchandize ye took, Sir.

Nor. A goodly purchase! Is't for this we venture
Our liberties and lives? What can all this do?
Get me some dozen surfeits, some seven fresh whores s.
And twenty pot-allies, and then I'm virtuous.
Lay the knights' part by, and that to pay the soldier:
This is mine own; I think I have deserved it.—
Come; now look to me, and grope me like a chambermaid;

I'll neither ftart nor fqueak.—What's that i'th' truss

2 Sold. 'Tis cloth of tiffue, Sir; and this is scarlet. Nor. I shall look redder shortly then, I fear me, And as a captain ought, a great deal prouder.

Can ye cure me of that crack, furgeon?

Surg. Yes, when your fuit's at pawn, Sir.

Nor. There's for your plaister.

A very learned furgeon!—What's in that pack there?

1 Sold. 'Tis English cloth.

15 Get me———Jome seven fresh whores,

And twenty pot-allies, and then I'm virtuous.] The oldest copy.
reads thus,

And twenty pot allies and to: and then, &c.
Which wou'd induce one to think the original might run fo.

And twenty pot allies, and two.
Two is often mistakenly wrote too in the oldest edition, and possibly might have been so here.

Sympson.

The meaning of the whole passage, we think, is this: 'What can all this money do? Get me surfeits, whores, and a score of pot-companions to cry me up!' And to, we think, is corrupt, but not explain'd properly by Sympson.

Nor

Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both strong and rich; but it has a virtue,
A twang of the own country, that spoils all;
A man shall ne'er be sober in't. Where are the gentlemen

That ventur'd with me, both their lives and fortunes? Come forward, my fair spirits! Norandine Forgets his worth, when he forgets your valours. You've lost an eye; I saw you face all hazards; You've one lest yet, to chuse your mistress. You have your leg broke with a shot; yet, sitting, I saw you make the place good with your pike still. And your hand's gone; a good heart wants no instruments.

Share that amongst ye: There's an eye; an arm; And that will bear you up, when your legs cannot.—Oh, where's the honest failor? that poor fellow, Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his musquet. Taught them new ways how to put their caps off, That stood the fire of all the fight, twice blown, And twice I gave him drown'd?—Welcomé ashore,

knave!

Give me thy hand, if they be not both lost. Faith, thou art welcome! my tough knave, welcome! Thou wilt not shrink i'th' washing. Hold, there's a piece of scarlet; get thee handsome; And this to buy thee buttons.

Sailor. Thank you, captain. Command my life at all hours.

Nor. Thou durst give it.

You have deserv'd too?

3 Sold. We have seen the fight, Sir.

Nor. Yes; coil'd up in a cable, like falt eels, Or buried low i'th' ballast: Do you call that fighting? Where be your wounds? your knocks? your want of limbs, rogues?

Art not thou he that ask'd the master-gunner Where thou might'st lie safest? and he strait answer'd, Put thy head in that hole, new bor'd with a cannon,

For

For it was an hundred to one, another shot would not hit there?

Your wages you shall have; but for rewards
Take your own ways, and get ye to the taverns;
There, when ye're hot with wine, 'mongst your admirers,

Take ships, and towns, and castles at your pleasures, And make the Great Turk shake at your valours.— Bring in

The prisoners. Now, my brave Musfulmans,

Enter Prisoners and Lucinda.

You that are lords o' th' fea, and fcorn us Christians, Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here? Away to prison with 'em, fee 'em fafe!

You shall find we have gallies too, and sayes too.

You shall find we have gallies too, and slaves too.

I Sold. What shall be done with this woman, Sir? Nor. Pox take her! [Surgeons dress bim. 'Twas she that set me on to sight with these rogues!—That ring-worm, rot it!—What can you do now, With all your paintings, and your pouncings, lady, To restore my blood again? you, and your Cupid, That have made a carbonado of me—Plague take you, You are too deep, you rogue!—This is thy work, woman,

Thou loufy woman!—Death, you go too deep still!—
The seeing of your simpering sweetness, you silly,
You tit, you tomboy! what can one night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, sweetheart, and 'oh, my dear chicken,'
Scratching my head, or sumbling with my foremast,
Do me good now? You've powder'd me for one year:
I am in souce, I thank you; thank your beauty,
Your most sweet beauty! Pox upon those goggles!
We cannot sight like honest men, for honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the devil's holiness
And you must have a dance. Away with her!
She stinks to me now.

1 Sold. Shall I have her, captain?

2 Sold. Or I?

3 Sold. I'll marry her-

4 Sold. Good captain, I-

3 Sold. And make her a good Christian. Lay hands on her:

I know she's mine.

2 Sold. I'll give my full share for her! Have ye no manners, to thrust the woman so?

Nor. Share her among ye;

And may she give ye as many hurts as I have, And twice as many aches!

Luc. Noble captain,

Be pleas'd to free me from these soldiers' wildness, 'Till I but speak two words.

Nor. Now for your maidenhead!

You have your book; proceed.

Luc. Victorious Sir,

Seldom are feen in men fo valiant, Minds fo devoid of virtue; he that can conquer, Should ever know how to preserve his conquest; 'Tis but a base theft else: Valour's a virtue, Crown of mens' actions here; yours, as you make it. And can you put so rough a foil as violence, As wronging of weak woman, to your triumph?

Nor. Let her alone!

Luc. I've lost my husband, Sir;

You feel not that: Him that I love; you care not: When fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too. My liberty I kneel not for; mine honour (If ever virtuous honour touch'd your heart yet) Make dear and precious, Sir. You had a mother-

Nor. The roguy thing speaks finely, neat. Who took

For he must be your guard.

Luc. I wish no better:

A noble gentleman, and nobly us'd me:

They call'd his name Miranda.

Nor. You are his then:

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You've

You've lit upon a young man worth your fervice. I free you from all the rest, and from all violence; He that doth offer't, by my head, he hangs for't! Go see her safe kept, till the noble gentleman Be ready to dispose her. Thank your tongue, You have a good one, and preserve it good still. Soldiers, come wait on me; I'll see ye paid all. [Exe.

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda and Astorius.

Asto. I knew you lov'd her, virtuously you lov'd her, Which made me make that haste: I knew you priz'd her,

As all fair minds do goodness.

Mir. Good Aftorius,

I must confess I do much honour her,

And worthily I hope still.

Afto. 'Tis no doubt, Sir; For on my life she's much wrong'd.

Mir. Very likely,

And I as much tormented I was absent.

Afto. You need not fear; Peter Gomera's noble, Of a tried faith and valour.

Mir. This I know too:

But whilft I was not there, and whilft she suffer'd, Whilst Virtue suffer'd, friend—Oh, how it loads me! Whilst Innocence and Sweetness sunk together—How cold it sits here! If my arm had fought for her, My youth, tho' naked, stood against all treasons, My sword here grasp'd, Love on the edge, and Honour, And but a signal from her eye to steel it 16; If then she had been lost—I brag too late,

¹⁶ From her eye to feal it.] To feal a fword feems a very odd metaphor. I think it therefore highly probable that the true word was fieel. The propriety and elegance of which might be prov'd by forty passages in Shakespear and our Authors, where 'tis us'd in the same sense; and the reader will find it twice before the end of this act.

Seward:

And too much I decline the noble Peter. Yet some poor service I would do her sweetness: Alas, she needs it, my Astorius,

The gentle lady needs it.

Asto. Noble spirit!

Mir. And what I can—Prithee, bear with this weak ness!

Often I do not use these womens' weapons, But where true pity is—I am much troubled, And something have to do, I cannot form yet!

Afto. I'll take my leave, Sir; I shall but disturb you.

Mir. An't please you, for a while; and pray to

Fortune

To fmile upon this lady.

Afto. All my help, Sir. [Exit. Mir. Gomera's old and stiff, and he may lose her, The winter of his years and wounds upon him; And yet he has done bravely hitherto:
Mountferrat's fury in his heat of summer, The whistling of his sword like angry storms, Renting up life by th' roots: I've seen him scale As if a falcon had run up a train, Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass, And at his pitch inmew the town below him 17.

I must do something!

Enter Colonna.

Col. Noble Sir, for Heav'n fake, Take pity of a poor afflicted Christian, Redeem'd from one affliction to another!

Mir. Boldly you ask that; we are bound to give it.

From what affliction, Sir?

From nakedness and stripes.

Mir. A prisoner?

Col. A slave, Sir, in the Turkish prize, new taken; That, in the heat of fight, when your brave hand

below bim; but scale seems to confirm town.

X 2

Brought

Brought the Dane fuccour, got my irons off, And put myself to mercy of the ocean.

Mir. And fwam to land?

Col. I did, Sir; Heav'n was gracious!
But now a stranger, and my wants upon me,
(Tho' willingly I would preserve this life, Sir,
With honesty and truth) I am not look'd on;
The hand of pity, that should give for Heav'n's sake,
And charitable hearts, are grown so cold, Sir,
Never remembring what their fortunes may be.

Mir. Thou fay'st too true. Of what profession art

Col. I have been better train'd, and can ferve truly, Where trust is laid upon me.

Mir. A handsome fellow!

Hast thou e'er bore arms?

Col. I've trod full many a march, Sir, And fome hurts have to shew; before me too, Sir.

Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forc'd for want,

Come to a worse end.—I know not what thou mayst be, But if thou think'st it fit to be a servant, I'll be a master, and a good one to thee, If you deserve, Sir.

Col. Else I ask no favour.

Mir. Then, Sir, to try your trust, because I like

Go to the Dane; of him receive a woman,
A Turkish prisoner, for me receive her;
I hear she is my prize: Look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, tho now my prisoner,
The Christians need no schoolmasters for honour.
Take this to buy thee cloaths; this ring, to help thee
Into the fellowship of my house; you are a stranger,
And my servants will not know you else; there keep
her,

And with all modefty preferve your fervice!

Col. A foul example find me else! Heav'n thank ye! Of captain Norandine?

Mir.

Mir. The fame.

Col. 'Tis done, Sir:

And may Heav'n's goodness ever dwell about you! Mir. Wait there 'till I come home.

Col. I shall not fail, Sir.

[Exeunt.

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SCENE III.

Enter Mountferrat and Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle

Should check thus poorly, dully, most unmanly———
Mounts. Let me alone.

Abd. Thus leadenly——Mountf. Pox take you!

Abd. At every childish fear, at every shadow!

Are you Mountserrat, that have done such deeds?

Wrought thro' such bloody fields men shake to speak of?

Can you go back? is there a fafety left yet, But fore-right? is not ruin round about you? Have you not still these arms, that sword, that heart whole?

Is't not a man you fight with, and an old man, A man half-kill'd already? am not I here? As lovely in my black to entertain thee, As high and full of heat to meet thy pleasures—

Mountf. I'll be alone.

Abd. You shall: Farewell, Sir!
And do it bravely! never think of conscience;
There is none to a man resolv'd. Be happy! [Exit.

Enter Miranda.

Mountf. No, most unhappy wretch, as thou hast made me,

More devil than thyself, I am.

Mir. Alone,

2 0 0 B

And troubled too, I take it. How he starts!

All

All is not handsome in thy heart, Mountserrat.—God speed you, Sir! I have been seeking of you: They say you are to fight to-day.

Mountf. What then?

Mir. Nay, nothing, but good fortune to your fword, Sir!

You have a cause requires it; the island's safety,

The order's, and your honour's.

Mountf. And do you make a question

I will not fight it nobly? Mir. You dare fight;

You have; and with as great a confidence as justice, I've feen you strike as home, and hit as deadly.

Mountf. Why are these questions then?

Mir. I'll tell you quickly.

You have a lady in your cause, a fair one,

Mir. The fun ne'er faw a fweeter.

Mountf. These I grant you;

Mir. Do you think 'tis fo?

Mountf. Too fure.

Mir. And can it be?

Can it be thought, Mountferrat, so much sweetness, So great a magazine of all things precious, A mind so heavenly made—Prithee observe me.

Mountf. I thought so too: Now, by my holy order, He that had told me, ('till experience found it, Too bold a proof) this lady had been vicious—I wear no dull fword, Sir, nor hate I virtue.

Mir, Against her brother? to the man has bred her?

Her blood and honour?

Mountf.

Mountf. Where ambitious Lust Desires to be above the rule prescrib'd her, Takes hold, and wins, poor Chastity, cold Duty, Like fashions old forgot, she slings behind her, And puts on blood and mischief, death and ruin, To raise her new-built hopes, new faith to fasten her: Ma'foy, she is as foul as Heav'n is beauteous!

Mir. Thou liest, thou liest, Mountserrat, thou

lieft basely!

Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride! thou liest; And this shall make it good.

Mountf. Out with your heat first!

You shall be fought withal.

Mir. By Heav'n, that lady,
The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy families bound in one faggot,
From Adam to this hour, but with one fparkle
Would fire that wifp, and turn it to light ashes.

Mountf. Oh, pitiful young man, struck blind with

beauty!

Shot with a woman's fmile! Poor, poor Miranda! Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou loft man, Thou naked man of all that we call noble, How art thou cozen'd! Didft thou know what I do, And how far thy dear honour, (mark me, fool!) Which like a father I have kept from blafting, Thy tender honour, is abus'd—But fight first, And then, too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou lieft still!

Mountf. Stay! now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee:

I love thee fo dear, time shall not disgrace thee.

Read that! [Gives bim a letter.]

Mir. It is her hand, it is most certain.
Good angels, keep me! that I should be her agent
To betray Malta, and bring her to the basha!
That on my tender love lay all her project!
Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow!
Did the devil do this?

X 4 Mountf.

Mountf. No, but his dam did it, The virtuous lady that you love so dearly:

Come, will you fight again?

Mir. No; prithee kill me,

For Heav'n's sake, and for goodness' sake, dispatch me! For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me!

Mountf. Why, are you guilty? Mir. I have liv'd, Mountferrat,

To see Dishonour swallow up all Virtue, And now would die. By Heav'n's eternal brightness, I am as clear as Innocence!

Mountf. I knew it,

There be more women.

And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge, And this fword from anger; you had died else.

And yet I lie, and basely lie.

Mir. Oh, Virtue, Unspotted Virtue, whither art thou vanish'd? What hast thou left us to abuse our frailties, In shape of goodness?

Mountf. Come, take courage, man!
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you tair as light in all your actions;
And by my troth I griev'd your love. Take comfort!

Mir. And more mischief in 'em!

Mountf. The justice I shall do, to right these villainies, Shall make you man again: I'll strike it sure, Sir. Come, look up bravely; put this puling passion Out of your mind. One knock for thee, Miranda, And for the boy the grave Gomera gave thee, When she accepted thee her champion, And in thy absence, like a valiant gentleman; I yet remember it: 'He is too young, Too boy he, and too tender, to adventure:' Pil give him one sound rap for that: I love thee; Thou art a brave young spark.

Mir. Boy did he call me?

Gomera call me boy?

Mountf. It pleas'd his gravity,

To think so of you then: They that do service, And honest service, such as thou and I do, Are either knaves or boys.

Mir. Boy, by Gomera?

How look'd he when he faid it? for Gomera Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman, Humane and sweet.

Mountf. Yes, when he will, he can be.
But, let it go; I would not breed diffention;
'Tis an unfriendly office. And had it been
To any of a higher strain than you, Sir 18,
The well-known, well-approv'd, and lov'd Miranda,
I had not thought on't: 'Twas happily his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A traitor and a boy too?

Shame take me, if I suffer it!—Puff! farewell, love!

Mountf. You know my business; I must leave you,
Sir;

My hour grows on apace.

Mir. I must not leave you,

I dare not, nor I will not, 'till your goodness

Have granted me one courtefy: You say you love me?

Mountf. I do, and dearly; ask, and let that courtefy

Nothing concern mine honour-

Mir. You must do it, Or you will never see me more.

Mountf. What is it?

It shall be great that puts you off: Pray speak it.

Mir. Pray let me fight to-day, good, dear Mountferrat!

¹⁸ To any of an higher strain than you are.] At first glance, the reader may think as I once did with Mr. Seward, that lighter, or lower, or some such word should supply the place of higher. But possibly the passage is right as it is, and refers only to the even temper and disposition of Miranda, and means that had he been of an hot sierly temper prone to passion, Sc. he should not have discovered a secret, which might possibly breed dissension betwixt Gomera and him. This I only offer the reader, in order to give the text sair play, if he does not approve of the explanation, lighter or lower are still at his service.

Sympson.

Let me, and bold Gomera——
Mountf. Fy, Miranda!

D'ye weigh my worth fo little?

Mir. On my knees!

As ever thou hadft true touch of a forrow

Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honour lov'd thee——

Mountf. Shall I turn recreant now?

Mir. 'Tis not thy cause;

Thou hast no reputation wounded in it; Thine's but a general zeal: 'Death! I am tainted; The dearest twin to life, my credit's murder'd, Baffled and boy'd.

Mountf. I'm glad you've fwallow'd it.— [Afide. I must confess I pity you; and 'tis a justice, A great one too, you should revenge these injuries; I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do't, And man as much as man may: But, Miranda—Why do you kneel?

Mir. By Heav'n, I'll grow to th' ground here, And with my fword dig up my grave, and fall in't, Unless thou grant me—Dear Mountferrat! friend! Is any thing in my power? to my life, Sir!

The honour shall be yours.

Mir. I'll preserve all;

By Heav'n, I will, or all the fin fall with me! Pray let me.

Mount. You have won; I'll once be coward

To pleafure you.

Mir. I kifs your hands, and thank you.

Mountf. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the fire that flames. Mountf. I'll fend mine armour;

My man shall presently attend you with it, (For you must arm immediately; the hour calls) I know 'twill sit you right. Be sure, and secret, And last be fortunate! farewell!—You are sitted: I'm glad the load's off me.

Mir. My best Mountferrat!

[Exeunt. SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Norandine and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I'll fee the combat, that's the truth on't;

If I had ne'er a leg, I'd crawl to fee it.

Doctor. You're most unfit, if I might counsel you,

Your wounds fo many, and the air—

Nor. The halter!

The air's as good an air, as fine an air—Wouldst thou have me live in an oven?

Doctor. Beside, the noise, Sir;

Which, to a tender body——
Nor. That's it, Doctor,

My body must be cur'd withal; if you'll heal me

Boil a drum-head in my broth; I never prosper With knuckles o'veal, and birds in forrel sops,

Caudles and cullices; they wash me away
Like a horse had eaten grains: If thou wilt cure me,
A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, Doctor,

And half a dozen trumpets!

Doctor. You're a strange gentleman-

Nor. As e'er thou knew'ft. Wilt thou give me

another clister,

That I may fit cleanly there like a French lady,
When she goes to a masque at court? Where's thy
hoboy?

Doctor. I'm glad you're grown so merry.

Enter Astorius and Castriot.

Nor. Welcome, gentlemen!

Asto. We come to see you, Sir, and glad we are To see you thus, thus forward to your health, Sir,

Nor. I thank my Doctor here. Doctor. Nay, thank yourself, Sir;

For, by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd!

He

He ne'er observes any of our prescriptions.

Nor. Give me my money again then, good fweet Doctor!

Wilt thou have twenty shillings a-day for vexing me? Dostor. That shall not serve you, Sir.

Nor. Then forty shall, Sir,

And that will make you fpeak well. Hark, the drums! [Drums afar off: A low march.

Cast. They begin to beat to th' field. Oh, noble

Never was fuch a stake, I hope, of innocence, Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before.

Afto. It makes us hang our heads all.

Nor. A bold villain!

If there be treason in it—Accuse poor ladies?
And yet they may do mischief too. I'll be with ye:
If she be innocent I shall find it quickly,

Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen! and, domine Doctor, Pray bring a little fneezing powder in your pocket, For fear I fwoon when I fee blood.

Doctor. You're pleasant.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter two Marshals.

I Marsh. Are the combatants come in?

2 Marsh. Yes. [The scaffold set out, and the stairs.

I Marsh. Make the field clear there!

2 Marib. That's done too.

I Marsh. Then to the prisoner; the Grand-master's coming.

Let's fee that all be ready there.

2 Marsh. Too ready.

How ceremonious our very ends are!
Alas, fweet lady, if the be innocent, [Flourish.
No doubt but justice will direct her champion.

Away!

Away! I hear 'em come.

I Marsh. Pray Heav'n she prosper!

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Astorius, Castriot, &c.

Val. Give captain Norandine a chair.

Nor. I thank your lordship.

Val. Sit, Sir, and take your ease; your hurts re-

quire it:

You come to fee a woman's cause decided; (That's all the knowledge now, or name, I've for her) They say a false, a base, and treach'rous woman, And partly prov'd too.

Nor. Pity it should be so;

And, if your lordship durst ask my opinion, Sure I should answer No, (so much I honour her) And answer't with my life too. But Gomera Is a brave gentleman; the other valiant, And if he be not, good, dogs gnaw his sless off! And one above 'em both will find the truth out; He never fails, Sir.

Val. That's the hope rests with me.

Nor. How nature and his honour struggle in him! A sweet, clear, noble gentleman!

[Guard within]. Make room there!

Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Abdella, and Guard.

Val. Go up, and what you have to fay, fay there. Ori. Thus I ascend; nearer, I hope, to Heav'n! Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion, The image of my grave; each foot we move Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us Knolls sadly toward it. My noble brother, (For yet mine innocence dares call you so) And you the friends to virtue, that come hither, The chorus to this tragick scene, behold me, Behold me with your justice, not with pity, (My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion) Behold me in this spotless white I wear, The emblem of my life, of all my actions;

So ye shall find my story, tho' I perish. Behold me in my fex; I am no foldier; Tender and full of fears our blushing fex is, Unharden'd with relentless thoughts; unhatcht 19 With blood and bloody practice: Alas, we tremble But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies, Die with a tale well told. Had I been practis'd, And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it, And giv'n my blood and honour up to reach it; Forgot religion, and the line I fprung on; Oh, Heav'n! I had been fit then for thy justice, And then in black, as dark as hell, I'd howl'd here. Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence: Amongst ye I was planted from an infant, ('Would then, if Heav'n had so been pleas'd, I'd perish'd!)

Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage:
And am I blasted in my bud, with treason?
Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,
And hither brought to find my rest in ruin?

But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs, And in his time reftores, knows me!—I've spoken.

Val. If ye be innocent, Heav'n will protect ye, And so I leave ye to his sword strikes for ye;

Farewell!

Ori. Oh, that went deep! Farewell, dear brother, And howfoe'er my cause goes, see my body (Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely; For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.

Afto. Justice sit on your cause, and Heav'n fight for ye!
Nor. Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the honour
To lead me to her; good my lord, your leave too.

Val. You have it, Sir.

Nor. Give me your fair hands fearlefs: As white as this I fee your innocence, As fpotlefs, and as pure; be not afraid, lady!

¹⁹ See note 56 on The Custom of the Country.

You are but here brought to your nobler fortune, To add unto your life immortal ftory: Virtue thro' hardest things arrives at happiness. Shame follow that blunt sword that loses you! And he that strikes against you, I shall study A curse or two for him. Once more your fair hands! I ne'er brought ill luck yet; be fearless, happy.

Ori. I thank ye, noble captain.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the knights feverally.

Enter severally, Gomera and Miranda.

Ori. But two words to my champion;
And then to Heav'n and him I give my cause up.

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.

Ori. I have not much, Sir.

Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
You've undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
And with the hazard of your life; and happily
You may suspect the cause, tho' in your true worth
You will not shew it; therefore take this testimony,
(And, as I hope for happiness, a true one!)
And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword!
You fight for her, as spotless of these mischiess
As Heav'n is of our sins, or Truth of errors;
And so defy that treacherous man, and prosper!

Nor. Bleffing o' thy heart, lady!

Val. Give the fignal to 'em. [Low alarms. Nor. 'Tis bravely fought! Gomera, follow that blow—

Well struck again, boy!—look upon the lady, And gather spirit! brave again! lie close, Lie close, I say! he sights alost, and strongly; Close for thy life!—A pox o' that fell busset! Retire and gather breath; ye've day enough, knights—Look lovely on him, lady! to't again now! Stand, stand, Gomera, stand—one blow for all now! Gather thy strength together; God bless the woman! Why, where's thy noble heart? Heav'n bless the lady!

All. Oh, oh!

Val. She is gone, she is gone.

Nor. Now strike it.

Hold, hold—he yields: Hold thy brave fword, he's conquer'd—

He's thine, Gomera. Now be joyful, lady!

What could this thief have done, had his cause been equal!

He made my heart-strings tremble.

Val. Off with's casque there 2°;

And, executioner, take you his head next.

Abd. Oh, curfed Fortune! [Afide. Gom. Stay, I befeech you, Sir! and this one honour

Grant me, I have deferv'd it; that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my justice;
That he may pine and die before the fiverd fall

That he may pine and die, before the fword fall, Viewing the glory I have won, her goodness.

Val. He shall; and you the harvest of your valour Shall reap, brave Sir, abundantly.

Gom. Î've fav'd her,

Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction 21, (Her white name to eternity deliver'd)

Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ruin.

Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour

May but deferve her favour— Mir. Stay, and hear me first.

Val. Off with his casque! This is Miranda's voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or elfe mine eyes abuse me: What makes he here thus?

Ori. The young Miranda?

2° Cask.] This word is generally spelt casque. It signifies here a belmet, and sometimes is used only for a beaver, or bat. R.

²¹ Preferv'd her spotless worth from black destruction.] If by worth the Poets mean her worthy self, to save that from destruction, would be only saying the same thing, with preserving

Her youth, and sweetness, from a timeless ruin,
Three lines below. But if by worth be meant her fame and character,
I then should think destruction a corruption, and would propose reading the line so,

Preserv'd her spotless worth from black detraction. Sympson. Detraction would be best, were there authority for the change.

Is

Is he mine enemy too? Tool wo have here

Mir. None has deferv'd her, 30-

If worth must carry it, and service seek her, But he that sav'd her honour.

Gom. That is I, Miranda.

Mir. No, no; that's I, Gomera; be not fo forward! In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.

Gom. I fought it.

Mir. And I gave it, which is nobler.

Why, every gentleman would have done as much As you did: Fought it? that's a poor defert, Sir; They're bound to that. But then to make that fight fure,

To do as I did, take all danger from it, Suffer that coldness that must call me now Into disgrace for ever, into pity——

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve her from hazard.
Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come near

Gom. 'Twas I defied Mountferrat.

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,

(You'd had a dark day else) 'twas I defied His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there, Which is the brave defiance.

Gom. My life and honour

At stake I laid.

Mir. My care and truth lay by it,
Lest that stake might be lost. I have deserv'd her,
And none but I: The lady might have perish'd
Had sell Mountserrat struck it, from whose malice,
With cunning and bold considence, I catch'd it;
And 'twas high time. And such a service, lady,
For you, and for your innocence—for who knows
Not th' all-devouring sword of sierce Mountserrat?
I shew'd you what I could do, had I been spiteful,
Or master but of half the poison he bears:
(Hell take his heart for't!) And beshrew these hands,
madam,

With all my heart, I wish a mischief on 'em!
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Y

They

They made you once look fad: Such another fright I would not put you in, to own the island: Yet, pardon me; twas but to shew a soldier,

Which, when I'd done, I ended your poor coward.

Val. Let some look out, for the base knight
Mountserrat—

Abd. I hope he's far enough, if his man be trufty. This was a ftrange misfortune; I must not know it.

Val. That most deboshed knight. Come down,

fweet fister,

My spotless sister now! Pray thank these gentlemen; They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of you, Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour, All the respect and favour—

Ori. Both shall have it;

And as my life their memories I'll nourish.

Val. Ye're both true knights, and both most

worthy lovers;

Here stands a lady ripen'd with your service, Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable: 'Tis my will she shall marry, marry now,

And one of you (she cannot take more nobly): Your

deserts

Eegot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty Cannot enjoy; dare you make me your umpire? Gom. Mir. With all our fouls.

Val. He must not then be angry

That loses her.

Gom. Oh, that were, Sir, unworthy.

Mir. A little forrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis manly.

Gomera, you're a brave accomplish'd gentleman; A braver no where lives than is Miranda. In the white way of virtue, and true valour, You've been a pilgrim long; yet no man further. Has trod those thorny steps than young Miranda: You're gentle, he is gentleness itself: Experience Calls you her brother; this her hopeful heir.

Nor. The young man now, an't be thy will!

Val. Your hand, Sir!

You undertook first, nobly undertook,

This lady's cause; you made it good, and fought it; You must be serv'd first, take her and enjoy her! I give her to you: Kiss her! Are you pleas'd now?

Gom. My joy's fo much I cannot speak.

Val. Nay, fairest Sir,

You must not be displeas'd; you break your promise. Mir. I never griev'd at good; nor dare I now, Sir, Tho' fomething feem strange to me.

Val. I've provided

A better match for you, more full of beauty; I'll wed you to our order: There's a mistress Whose beauty ne'er decays (Time stands below her); Whose honour, ermin-like, can never suffer Spot or black foil; whose eternal iffue Fame brings up at her breafts, and leaves 'em fainted; Her you shall marry.

Mir. I must humbly thank you.

Val. Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no small value, I give you too, in prefent, to keep waking Your noble spirits; and, to breed you pious, I'll fend you a probation-robe; wear that, 'Till you shall please to be our brother.—How now?

Enter Astorius.

Afto. Mountferrat's fled, Sir.

Val. Let him go a while,

'Till we have done these rites, and seen these coupled: His mischief now lies open. Come, all friends now! And fo let's march to th' temple. Sound those instruments,

That were the fignal to a day of blood!

Evil beginning hours may end in good. Nor. Come, we'll have wenches, man, and all

brave things.

Pox! let her go; we'll want no mistresses; Good fwords, and good ftrong armours!

Mir. Those are best, captain.

Nor. And fight 'till queens be in love with us, and run after us.

I'll fee you at the fort within these two days; And let's be merry, prithee!

Mir. By that time I shall.

Nor. Why, that's well faid! I like a good heart truly. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Norandine and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers above.

Serv. HE day is not yet broke, Sir.

Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding.

I must go see Miranda: Bring my horse

Round to the South port; I'll out here at the beach,

And meet you at the end o' th' sycamores:

'Tis a sweet walk, and if the wind be stirring

Serves like a fan to cool.

Serv. Which walk? Nor. Why, that, Sir,

Where the fine city-dames meet to make matches.

Serv. I know it. [Exit. Singing above.]

Nor. Speed ye then ²²!—What mirth is this? The watches are not yet discharg'd, I take it: These are brave careless rogues! I'll hear the song out, And then I'll fit ye for't, merry companions!

SONG, BY THE SOLDIERS.

1. Sit, foldiers, fit and fing, the round is clear, And cock-a-loodle-looe tells us the day is near. Each tofs his cann, until his throat be mellow, Drink, laugh, and fing; the foldier has no fellow!

2. To

Nor. Speed ye then, &c.] This and the three following lines have hitherto been placed after the Song, which they should unddoubtedly precede. It is not printed in the first solio.

To thee a full pot, my little lance-prisado,
 And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidado!
 Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner skinks it²,
 Whilst with his wife the frolick soldier drinks it.

3. The drums beat, enfigns wave, and cannons thump it:

Our game is ruffe, and the best heart doth trump it: Each toss his cann, until his throat be mellow, Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

4. I'll pledge thee, my Corporal, were it a flagon; After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon; What blood we lose i'th' town, we gain i'th' tuns; Furr'd gowns, and flat caps, give the wall to guns. Each tos his cann, until his throat be mellow, Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow. Nor. Here's notable order! Now for a trick to tame ye!

Owgh, owgh!

Watch. Hark, hark! what's that below us? Who goes there?

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!

2 Watch. 'Tis a bear broke loofe; pray call the Corporal.

1 Watch. The Dutchman's huge fat fow.

2 Watch. I fee her now,

And five fine pigs.

Nor. Owgh, owgh!

Enter Corporal.

Corp. Now, what's the matter?

watch. Here's the great fat fow, Corporal, The Dutchman's fow; and all the pigs, brave fat pigs: You have been wishing long, she would break loose.

Nor. Owgh, owgh!

Corp. 'Tis she indeed; there's a white pig now sucking:

3 Look,

²³ The wintner slinks it.] As we can affix no idea to the word flinks here, we have substituted fkinks. A fkinker, the very ingenious Dr. Percy tells us, is 'one that serves drink.' The word occurs as late as Dryden's Translation of the First Book of Homer.

Look, look! d'you fee it, Sirs? Watch. Yes, very well, Sir.

Corp. A notable fat whorefon! Come, two of ye, Go down with me; we'll have a tickling breakfast.

2 Watch. Let's eat 'em at the Cross.

Corp. There's the best liquor.

Nor. I'll liquor fome of ye, ye lazy rogues! Your minds are of nothing but eating and fwilling. What a fweet beaft they've made of me! A fow? Hog upon hog! I hear 'em come.

Enter Corporal below, and Watch.

Corp. Go foftly,

And fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.

I Watch. Bless me!

Corp. Why, what's the matter?

1 Watch. Oh, the devil! the devil,

As high as a steeple!

2 Watch. There he goes, Corporal!

His feet are cloven too.

Corp. Stand, stand, I fay!

Death, how I shake! Where be your muskets?

1 Watch. There's

No good of them: Where be our prayers, man? 2 Watch. Lord, how he ftalks! Speak to him, Corporal.

Corp. Why, what a devil art thou?

Nor. Owgh, owgh! Corp. A dumb devil?

The worst devil that could come, a dumb devil!

Give me a musket. He gathers in to me!

I'th' name of—Speak! what art thou? Speak, devil, or

I'll put a plumb in your belly. Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!

Corp. Fy, fy! in what a fweat I am! Lord bless me,

My musket's gone too! I am not able to stir it.

Nor. Who goes there? Stand, speak!

Corp. Sure I am enchanted!

Yet

Yet here's my halbert still. Nay, who goes there, Sir? What, have I lost myself? What are ye?

Nor. The guard.

Corp. Why, what are we then? He's not half follong now,

Nor h'has no tail at all. Ishake still damnably.

Nor. The word!

Corp. Have mercy on me! what word does he mean? Prithee, devil, if thou be'ft the devil, do not Make an ass of me! for I remember yet, As well as I am here, I am the Corporal; I'll lay my life on't, devil.

Nor. Thou art damn'd!

Corp. That's all one; but am not I the Corporal? I'd give a thousand pound to be resolv'd now.

Had not I soldiers here?

Nor. No, not a man; Thou art debosh'd, and cozen'd.

Corp. That may be,

It may be I am drunk.—Lord, where have I been? Is not this my halbert in my hand?

Nor. No, 'tis a May-pole.

Corp. Why then, I know not who I am, nor what, Nor whence I come.

Nor. You are an arrant rafcal!

You corporal of a watch?

Corp. 'Tis the Dane's voice. You are no devil then?

Nor. No, nor no fow, Sir.

Corp. Of that I am right glad, Sir; I was ne'er So frighted in my life, as I am a foldier.

Nor. Tall watchmen!

A guard for a goose! you sing away your centries: A careful company! Let me out o'th' port here, (I was a little merry with your worships)
And keep your guards strong, tho' the devil walk. Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits again.
Go off no more to hunt pigs; such another trick, And you will hunt the gallows.

Corp. Pray, Sir, pardon us!

Y 4 And,

And, let the devil come next, I'll make him stand, Or make him stink.

Nor. Do, do your duty truly.

Come, let me out, and come away²⁴.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Abdella with a letter, and Rocca.

Rocca. No more rage.

Abd. Write thus to me? H'hath fearfully and basely Betray'd his own cause; yet, to free himself, He now ascribes the fault to me.

Recca. I know not

What he hath done; but what he now defires His letters have inform'd you.

Abd. Yes; he is

Too well acquainted with the power he holds
Over my mad affections!—I want time
To write; but pray you tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong resolutions
Than he hath shewn himself in his, or thought
There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further. Bid him yet take comfort;
For something I will do the devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this nuptial knot of love,
And make way for his wishes. In the mean time
Let him lie close, (for he is strictly sought for)

Enter Abdella with a letter, and Rocca.

Abd. Write thus to me?] If this latter part of the line belong to Norandine, 'tis strangely odd; for why must be say no more rage? This implies, that the corporal and the guard had been in one before, which the reader knows is so far from true, that they were frighted with the munic grunt of a hog, and took it for the devil; but supposing Abdella had been storming at Mountserrat's letter, some time before Rocca's and her coming upon the stage, these mollisying words of his to her, vin no more rage, will be exceedingly in character, and highly proper to introduce the angry speech of Abdella. Sympson.

And

²⁴ Come let me out, and come away; no more rage.

S C E N E II.

And practise to love her, that for his ends Scorns fear and danger!

Enter Oriana and Velleda.

Rocca. All this I will tell him. [Exit. Abd. Do fo. Farewell!—My lady, with my fellow, So earnest in discourse! Whate'er it be, I'll second it.

Vel. He's fuch a noble husband, In every circumstance so truly loving, That I might say, and without flatt'ry, madam, The sun sees not a lady but yourself That can deserve him.

Abd. Of all men, I fay,
That dare (for 'tis a desperate adventure)
Wear on their free necks the sweet yoke of woman,
(For they that do repine are no true husbands)
Give me a soldier!

Ori. Why? are they more loving Than other men?

Abd. And love too with more judgment:
For, but observe, your courtier is more curious
To set himself forth richly, than his lady;
His baths, persumes, nay paintings too, more costly
Than his frugality will allow to her;
His cloaths as chargeable; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may pass
At all times for a woman, and with some
Have better welcome: Now, your man of lands
For the most part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his lady fallow; your great merchant
Breaks oftner for the debt he owes his wise,
Than with his creditors; and that's the reason
She looks elsewhere for payment: Now, your soldier—

Vel. Ay, marry, do him right! Abd. First, who has one

Has a perpetual guard upon her honour; For while he wears a fword, Slander herself Dares not bark at it; next, she sits at home

Like

Like a great queen, and fends him forth to fetch in Her tribute from all parts; which, being brought

home,

He lays it at her feet, and feeks no further For his reward than what the may give freely, And with delight too, from her own exchequer, Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest!

Abd. Why, we may speak of that we're glad to taste of, Among ourselves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'ft of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing, madam? You have found it fomething;

Or, with the raifing-up this pretty mount here, My lord hath dealt with spirits.

Enter Gomera.

Ori. Two long hours absent?

Gom. Thy pardon, fweet! I have been looking on The prize that was brought in by the brave Dane, The valiant Norandine, and have brought fomething That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiss, And then possess my purchase: There's a piece Of cloth of tiffue, this of purple velvet, And (as they swear) of the right Tyrian dye, Which others here but weakly counterfeit: If they are worth thy use, wear them; if not, Bestow them on thy women.

Abd. Here's the husband!

Gom. While there is any trading on the fea, Thou shalt want nothing. 'Tis a soldier's glory, However he neglect himself, to keep His mistress in full lustre.

Ori. You exceed, Sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the prize dispos'd of Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of, Being almost assur'd, it would have been A welcome prefent.

Ori. Pray you fay, what was it?

Gom. A Turkish captive, of incomparable beauty, And, without question, in her country noble; Which, as companion to thy faithful Moor, I would have given thee for thy slave.

Ori. But was she

Of such an exquisite form?

Gom. Most exquisite.

Ori. And well descended? Gom. So the habit promis'd,

In which she was ta'en.

Ori. Of what years?

Gom. 'Tis faid

A virgin of fourteen.

Ori. I pity her,

And wish she were mine, that I might ha' the means To entertain her gently.

Gom. She is now Miranda's;

And, as I've heard, made it her fuit to be fo.

Ori. Miranda's? then her fate deferves not pity, But envy rather.

Gom. Envy, Oriana?

Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.

Gom. How's this?

Ori. Why, she is fallen into the hands of one, So sull of that which in men we stile Goodness, That, in her being his slave, she's happier far Than if she were confirm'd the sultan's mistress.

Gom. Miranda is indeed a gentleman Of fair defert, and better hopes; but yet

He hath his equals.

Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, tho' much unfit for travels,
But to fee one that without injury
Might be put in the fcale, or parallel'd,
In any thing that's noble, with Miranda.
His knowledge in all fervices of war,
And ready courage to put into act
That knowing judgment, as you are a foldier,
You best may speak of; nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.

And

And Heav'n did well, in fuch a lovely feature To place so chaste a mind; for he is of So sweet a carriage, such a winning nature, And such a bold, yet well-dispos'd behaviour; And, to all these, h'has such a charming tongue, That, if he would serve under Love's fresh colours, What monumental trophies might he raise Of his free conquests, made in ladies' favours!

Gom. Yet you did resist him, when he was

An earnest suitor to you?

Ori. Yes, I did;

And, if I were again fought to, I should; But must ascribe it rather to the fate That did appoint me yours, than any power Which I can call mine own.

Gom. E'en so?

Abd. Thanks, Fortune!

The plot I had to raise in him doubts of her Thou hast effected.

Ori. I could tell you too,

What cause I have to love him; with what reason In thankfulness he may expect from me All due observance; but I pass that, as A benefit for which, in my behalf, You are his debtor.

Abd. I perceive it takes,

By his chang'd looks.

Ori. He is not in the city,

Is he, my lord?

Gom. Who, lady?

Ori. Why, Miranda:

Having you here, can there be any else Worth my enquiry?

Gom. This is fomewhat more

[Aside.

Than love to virtue!

Ori. Faith, when he comes hither, (Assometimes, without question, you shall meet him) Invite him home.

Gom. To what end?

Ori. To dine with us,

Or fup.

Gom. And then to take a hard bed with you;

Mean you not so?

Ori. If you could win him to it,

'Twould be the better. For his entertainment, Leave that to me; he shall find noble usage, And from me a free welcome.

Gom. Have you never

Heard of a Roman lady, Oriana,

Remember'd as a precedent for matrons, (Chaste ones, I pray you understand) whose husband, Tax'd for his four breath by his enemy,

Condemn'd his wife for not acquainting him

With his infirmity?

Ori. 'Tis a common one:

Her answer was, having kis'd none but him, She thought it was a general disease

All men were subject to. But what infer you

From that, my lord?

Gom. Why, that this virtuous lady
Had all her thoughts fo fix'd upon her lord,
That she could find no spare time to sing praises
Of any other; nor would she employ
Her husband (tho' perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an instrument
To bring home younger men, that might delight her
With their discourse, or——

Ori. What, my lord? Gom. Their persons;

Or, if I should speak plainer-

Ori. No, it needs not;

You've faid enough to make my innocence know

It is suspected.

Gom. You betray yourself
To more than a suspicion: Could you else,
To me, that live in nothing but love to you,
Make such a gross discov'ry, that your lust
Had sold that heart, I thought mine, to Miranda?

Or rise to such a height in impudence, As to presume to work my yielding weakness To play, for your bad ends, to my disgrace, The wittol, or the pander?

Ori. Do not study

To print more wounds (for that were tyranny) Upon a heart that is pierc'd thro' already.

Gom. Thy heart? thou hast pierc'd thro' mine ho-

nour, false one,

The honour of my house! Fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked woman! For thy sake, vile creature,
For all I have done well in, in my life,
I've digg'd a grave, all buried in a wife;
For thee I have defied my constant mistress,
That never sail'd her servant, glorious War;
For thee refus'd the fellowship of an order
Which princes, thro' all dangers, have been proud
To fetch as far as from Jerusanded?

And am I thus rewarded?

Vel. By all goodness,

You wrong my lady, and deserve her not, When you are at your best! Repent your rashness; 'Twill shew well in you.

Abd. Do, and ask her pardon.

Ori. No; I have liv'd too long, to have my faith, My tried faith, call'd in question, and by him That should know true affection is too tender To suffer an unkind touch, without ruin. Study ingratitude, all, from my example! For to be thankful now is to be false. But, be't so; let me die! I see you wish it; Yet dead, for truth and pities' sake, report What weapon you made choice of when you kill'd me.

Vel. She faints!

Abd. What have you done? Ori. My last breath cannot

Be better fpent, than to fay I forgive you; Nor is my death untimely, fince with me I take along what might have been hereafter In fcorn deliver'd for the doubtful iffue Of a suspected mother. [She swoons.

Vel. Oh, she's gone!

Abd. For ever gone!-Are you a man?

Gom. I grow here!

Abd. Open her mouth, and pour this cordial in it: If any spark of life be unquench'd in her, This will recover her.

Vel. 'Tis all in vain!

She's stiff already. Live I, and she dead? Gom. How like a murderer I stand!—Look up, And hear me curse myself, or but behold The vengeance I will take for't, Oriana, And then in peace forfake me! Jealoufy, Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below, What desp'rate hunger made me to receive thee Into my heart, and foul? I'll let thee forth, And so in death find ease! And does my fault then Deferve no greater punishment? No; I'll live To keep thee for a fury to torment me, And make me know what hell is on the earth! All joys and hopes forfake me! all mens' malice, And all the plagues they can inflict, I wish it, Fall thick upon me! let my tears be laugh'd at, And may mine enemies smile to hear me groan; And, dead, may I be pitied of none! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Colonna and Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you, Sir, why was the ordnance of the fort

Discharg'd so suddenly?

Col. 'Twas the governor's pleasure, In honour of the Dane; a custom us'd, To speak a foldier's welcome.

Luc. 'Tis a fit one.

But is my master here too? Col. Three days since.

Luc. Might I demand without offence so much, Is't pride in him (however now a slave)
That I am not admitted to his presence?

Col. His courtefy to you, and to mankind, May eafily refolve you, he is free From that poor vice which only empty men Esteem a virtue.

Luc. What's the reason then,

As you imagine, Sir?

Col. Why, I will tell you:
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, however virtuous, as a man,
Subject to human frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant; and therefore chuses
With care t'avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare temperance which is admir'd
In his life hitherto.

Luc. This much encreases My strong desire to see him. Col. It should rather

Teach you to thank the prophet that you worship, That you are fuch a man's, who, tho' he may Do any thing which youth and heat of blood Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them. Your entertainment's noble, and not like Your present fortune; and (if all those tears Which made grief lovely in you, i'th' relation Of the fad ftory that forc'd me to weep too, Your husband's hard fate, were not counterfeit) You should rejoice that you have means to pay A chaste life to his memory, and bring to him Those sweets, which while he liv'd he could not taste of: But if you wantonly bestow them on , Another man, you offer violence To him, tho' dead; and his griev'd spirit will suffer For your immodest looseness.

Luc. Why, I hope, Sir,

My willingness to look on him to whom I owe my life and service, is no proof Of any unchaste purpose.

Col. So I wish too!

And in the confidence it is not, lady, I dare the better tell you he will fee you This night, in which by him I am commanded To bring you to his chamber; to what end I eafily should guess, were I Lucinda 25: And therefore, tho' I can yield little reason (But in a general love to womens' goodness) Why I should be so tender of your honour, I willingly would bestow some counsel of you; And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me first hear it, And then I can resolve you.

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Col. My advice then
Is, that you would not (as most ladies use,
When they prepare themselves for such encounters)
Study to add, by artificial dressings,
To native excellence; yours, without help;
But seen as it is now, would make a hermit
Leave his death's head, and change his after-hopes
Of endless comforts, for a few short minutes
Of present pleasures; to prevent which, lady,
Practise to take away from your perfections,
And to preserve your chastity unstain'd:
The most deform'd shape that you can put on,
To cloud your body's fair gifts, or your mind's,
(It being labour'd to so chaste an end)
Will prove the fairest ornament.

Z

Luc.

Ieafily should guess, were I Miranda; Before we condemn this Miranda, let us put the sense of this passage into plain prose. You are intended to be brought into Miranda's chamber this night, says Colonna to Lucinda, and if I was Miranda, I could easily guess for what end, &c. i. e. if I sent for you, I could surely tell why I sense for you. Is not this mighty elegant? I doubt not but my reader sees where the sault lies, and has made the correction for me,

Luc. To take from
The workmanship of Heaven is an offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which I'll not be guilty. Chastity,
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A mulct impos'd by Nature, than a blessing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Tho' ne'er so oft assaulted, in resistance:
For me, I'll therefore so dispose myself,
That if I hold out it shall be with honour;
Or if I yield, Miranda shall find something
To make him love his victory.

Col. With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation!
Nor should I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born sophisters, to maintain
That lust is lawful, and the end and use
Of their creation. 'Would I never had
Hop'd better of her, or could not believe,
Tho' seen, the ruin I must ever grieve!

[Exit.

Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Servants with lights.
Mir. I'll fee you in your chamber.

Nor. Pray you no further!

It is a ceremony I expect not:

I am no stranger here; I know my lodging,
And have slept soundly there, when the Turks' cannon
Play'd thick upon it: Oh, 'twas royal musick!
And to procure a found sleep for a soldier,
Worth forty of your siddles. As you love me,
Press it no further!

Mir. You will overcome.—

Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I've took, fince supper, A rouse or two too much 26, and, by the gods,

26 A rouse.] This seems in general to signify what we now call, a shearful glass.—It is a word which frequently occurs, but not always

It warms my blood.

Mir. You'll fleep the better for't.

Nor. Pox on't, I should, had but I a kind wench
To pull my boot-hose off, and warm my night-cap;
There's no charm like it. I love old Adam's way;
Give me a diligent Eve, to wait towards bed-time!
Hang up your smooth-chin page! And, now I think
on't,

Where is your Turkish prisoner?

Mir. In the castle;

But yet I never faw her.

Nor. Fy upon you!

See her, for shame! or, hark you; if you would Perform the friend's part to me, the friend's part, It being a fashion of the last edition, Far from panderism, now send her to me.

You look strange on't 27! No entertainment's perfect Without it, on my word, no livery like it!

I'll tell her he looks for it as duly

As for his fee.—There's no suit got without it;

Gold is an ass to't.

in the same sense: 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse' already,' says Cassio in Othello, act iii. set. iii. and Mr. Steevens says, that 'a rouse appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large;' and, in proof of it, cites Hamlet and the following passage in The Christian Turned Turk, 1612:

· we drank a rouse to them.

But neither this passage nor that in the text warrants Steevens's explanation:— A rouse or two too much implies that a rouse is not in itself too much, no more than if we were to say a glass or two too much.

²⁷ Nor. You look strange on't, no entertainment's perfect Without it on my word, no livery like it;]

The passa

I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his fee

which I have recovered from the folio of the oldest date is not to be found in the succeeding editions; but I must confess I don't understand the latter part of the speech any more than I know reason why the editors of the copies of 1679 and 1711, thought proper to drop it.

Sympson.

The passage seems corrupt; or, at least, not to belong to this place.

Mir. Go to bed, to bed!

Nor. Well, if the come, I doubt not to convert her; If not, the fin lie on your head!—Good night!

[Exeunt Nor. and Servants.

Enter Colonna and Lucinda.

Col. There you shall find him, lady: You know what I've faid,

And if you please you may make use.

Luc. No doubt, Sir.

Col. From hence I shall hear all.

He retires.

Mir. Come hither, young one.—

Beshrew my heart, a handsome wench!—Come nearer. A very handsome one!—Do not you grieve, sweet,

You are a prisoner?

Luc. The loss of liberty,

No doubt, Sir, is a heavy and sharp burden
To them that feel it truly: But your servant,
Your humble handmaid, never felt that rigour;
Thanks to that noble will! No want, no hunger
(Companions still to slaves) no violence,
Nor any unbeseeming act we start at,
Have I yet met withal: Content and goodness,
Civility, and sweetness of behaviour,
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy master,
I cannot say I grieve my liberty.

Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a foldier,

Too obstinate an enemy to youth,

That had so fair a jewel in my cabinet.

And in fo long a time would ne'er look on it?

Col. What can she say now?
Luc. Sure, I desir'd to see you;

And with a longing wish-

Col. There's all her virtue.

Luc. Pursued that full desire, to give you thanks, Sir, The only sacrifice I've left, and service, For all the virtuous care you've kept me safe with.

Col. She holds well yet.

Mir. The pretty fool speaks finely.

Come,

Come, sit down here.

Luc. Oh, Sir, 'tis most unseemly.

Mir. I'll have it so; sit close. Now tell me truly,

Did you e'er love yet?

Luc. My tears will answer that, Sir²⁸. Mir. And did you then love truly?

Luc. So I thought, Sir. Mir. Can you love me fo?

Col. Now!

Luc. With all my duty;

I were unworthy of those favours else,

You daily shower upon me.

Mir. What think'st thou of me?

Luc. I think you are a truly worthy gentleman, A pattern, and a pride, to the age you live in, Sweet as the commendations all men give you.

Mir. A pretty flatt'ring rogue!—Dare you kiss that sweet man

You speak so sweetly of? Come.

Col. Farewell, virtue!

Mir. What hast thou got between thy lips? (Kiss once more.)

Sure thou hast a spell there!

Luc. More than e'er I knew, Sir.

Col. All hopes go now! Mir. I must tell you

A thing in your ear; and you must hear me, And hear me willingly, and grant me so too; 'Twill not be worth my asking else.

Luc. It must be

A very hard thing, Sir, and from my power, I shall deny your goodness.

Mir. 'Tis a good wench!

I must lie with you, lady.

Luc. 'Tis something strange;

For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.

Mir. You'll quickly find that knowledge.

Luc. To what end, Sir?

²³ My years will answer that, Sir.] Corrected from Sympson's conjecture.

Z 3 Mir.

Mir. Art thou so innocent thou canst not guess at it? Did thy dreams ne'er direct thee?

Luc. Faith, none yet, Sir.

Mir. I'll tell thee then: I would meet thy youth, and pleasure;

Give thee my youth for that, (by Heav'n, she fires

And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton ivies, A thousand new embraces.

Luc. Is that all, Sir?

And fay I should try, may not we lie quietly? Upon my conscience, I could!

Mir. That's as we make it.

Luc. Grant that likes you best, what would you do then?

Mir. What would I do? Certainly I'm no baby, Nor brought up for a nun. Hark in thine ear!

Luc. Fy, fy, Sir!

Mir. I would get a brave boy on thee, A warlike boy.

Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.

Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.

Luc. Sweet master!

Col. Never belief in woman come near me more!

Luc. My best and noblest Sir, if a poor virgin (For yet, by Heaven, I'm so) should chance so far (Seeing your excellence, and able sweetness) To forget herself, and slip into your bosom, Or to your bed, out of a doting on you, (Take it the best way) have you that cruel heart, That murd'ring mind, to—

Mir. Yes, by my troth, sweet, have I,

To lie with her. 4

Luc. And do you think it well done?

Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done. Come to bed, wench!

For thou'rt so pretty, and so witty a companion, We must not part to-night.

Luc. Faith, let me go, Sir, and think better on't,

Mir.

Mir. I'faith, thou shalt not! I warrant thee, I'll think on't.

Luc. I've heard 'em fay here,

You are a maid too.

Mir. I am fure I am, wench,

If that will please thee.

Luc. I have feen a wonder!

And would you lose that, for a little wantonness, (Consider, my sweet master, like a man, now)
For a few honied kisses, slight embraces,
That glory of your youth? that crown of sweetness
Can you deliver? that unvalued treasure
Would you forsake, to seek your own dishonour?
What gone, no age recovers, nor repentance?
To a poor stranger?

Col. Hold there, again thou'rt perfect!

Luc. I know you do but try me.

Mir. And I know

I'll try you a great deal further. Prithee, to bed! I love thee, and fo well—Come, kifs me once more! Is a maidenhead ill bestow'd o' me?

Luc. What's this, Sir? [Taking hold of his cross. Mir. Why, 'tis the badge, my sweet, of that holy order.

I shortly must receive, the Cross of Malta.

Luc. What virtue has it?

Mir. All that we call virtuous.

Luc. Who gave it first?

Mir. He that gave all, to fave us. Luc. Why then, 'tis holy too?

Mir. True fign of holines;

The badge of all his foldiers that profess him.

Luc. The badge of all his foldiers that profess him? Can it save in dangers?

Mir. Yes.

Luc. In troubles, comfort?

Mir. You fay true, fweet.

Luc. In fickness, restore health?

Mir. All this it can do.

Z 4

Luc.

Luc. Preserve from evils that afflict our frailties?

Mir. I hope she will be Christian.—All these truly:

Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to death with lust?

In danger to be lost? no holy thought

In all that heart? Nothing but wandring frailties,

Wild as the wind, and blind as death or importance.

In all that heart? Nothing but wandring frailties, Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance, Inhabit there.

Mir. Forgive me, Heav'n! she says true.

Luc. Dare you profess that badge, prophane that goodness---

Col. Thou hast redeem'd thyself again, most rarely!

Luc. That holiness and truth you make me wonder at?

Blast all the bounty Heav'n gives? that remembrance—

Col. Oh, excellent woman!

Luc. Fling it from you quickly,
If you be thus refoly'd; I fee a virtue
Appear in't like a fword, both edges flaming,
That will confume you, and your thoughts, to ashes.
Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of thought, that build the Cross,
Not those that break it! By Heaven, if you touch me,
Ev'n in the act, I'll make that Cross, and curse you.

Mir. You shall not, fair: I did dissemble with you, And but to try your faith I fashion'd all this. Yet something you provok'd me. This fair Cross, By me (if he but please to help first gave it) Shall ne'er be worn upon a heart corrupted. Go to your rest, my modest, honest servant, My fair and virtuous maid, and sleep secure there; For when you suffer, I forget this sign here.

Col. A man of men too! Oh, most perfect gentleman!

Luc. All sweet rest to you, Sir! I'm half a Christian,
The other half I'll pray for; then for you, Sir.

Mir. This is the foulest play I'll shew. Good night, sweet! [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat and Rocca.

Mountf. THE fun's not fet yet? Rocca. No, Sir.

Mountf. 'Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the world!
And yet, to what vain purpose do I wish it,
Since, tho' I were environ'd with thick mists,
Black as Cymerian darkness, or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which, as an anvil,
Ten thousand hammers strike, and every spark,
They force from it, to me's another sun
To light me to my shame?

Rocca. Take hope and comfort.

Mountf. They're aids indeed, but yet as far from me As I from being innocent. This cave, fashion'd By provident Nature in this solid rock, To be a den for beasts, alone receives me; And having prov'd an enemy to mankind, All human helps forsake me.

Rocca. I'll ne'er leave you; And wish you would call back that noble courage, That old invincible fortitude of yours,

That us'd to shrink at nothing.

Mountf. Then it did not;
But 'twas when I was honeft! Then, i' th' height
Of all my happiness, of all my glories,
Of all delights that made life precious to me,
I durst die, Rocca! Death itself then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew
The fame of a good knight would ever live
Fresh on my memory: But since I fell
From my integrity, and dismiss'd those guards,
Those strong assurances of innocence;

That constancy fled from me; and, what's worse, Now I am loathsome to myself, and life A burden to me; rack'd with fad remembrance Of what I have done, and my present horrors Unsufferable to me; tortur'd with despair That I shall ne'er find mercy; hell about me, Behind me, and before me; yet I dare not, Still searing worse, put off my wretched being!

Enter Abdella.

Rocca. To fee this would deter a doubtful man From mischievous intents, much more the practice Of what is wicked. Here's the Moor; look up, Sir Some ease may come from her.

Mountf. New trouble rather,

And Lexpect it.

Abd. Who is this? Mountferrat?
Rife up, for shame! and, like a river dried up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous sea
Receive those tides of comfort that flow to you.
If ever I look'd lovely; if desert
Could ever challenge welcome; if revenge,
And unexpected wreak, were ever pleasing,
Or could endear the giver of such blessings;
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make challenge of those so-long-wish'd embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto denied me.

Mountf. Why, what have you done for me?

Abd. Made Gomera

As truly miserable, as you thought him happy: Could you wish more?

Mountf. As if his fickness could Recover me! The injuries I receiv'd Were Oriana's.

Abd. She has paid dear for 'em; She's dead.

Mountf. How!

Abd. Dead; my hate could reach no further. Taking advantage of her in a fwoon,

Under

Under pretence to give a cordial to her, I poison'd her.—What stupid dullness is this? What you should entertain with facrifice, Can you receive so coldly?

Mountf. Bloody deeds

Are grateful offerings, pleafing to the devil;
And thou, in thy black shape, and blacker actions,
Being hell's perfect character, art delighted
To do what I, tho' infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear. Thou hast, in this, ta'en from me
All means to make amends, with penitence,
To her wrong'd virtues, and despoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already, or must suffer.

Abd. I did it for the best.

Mountf. For thy worst ends!

And be assured, but that I think to kill thee
Would but prevent what thy despair must force thee
To do unto thyself, and so to add to
Thy most assured damnation, thou wert dead now.
But, get thee from my sight! and if lust of me
Did ever fire thee (love I cannot call it)
Leap down from those steep rocks, or take advantage
Of the next tree to hang thyself, and then
I may laugh at it.

Abd. In the mean time, I must Be bold to do so much for you: Ha, ha!

Mountf. Why grin'st thou, devil?

Abd. That 'tis in my power

To punish thy ingratitude. I made trial But how you stood affected, and since I Know I'm us'd only for a property, I can and will revenge it to the full:

For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of Oriana, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are lost for ever.

Mountf. Why, lives she?

Abd. Yes; but never to Mountferrat, Altho' it is in me, with as much ease

To give her freely up to thy possession, As to remove this rush; which yet despair of: For, by my much-wrong'd love, flattery, nor threats, Tears, prayers, nor vows, shall ever win me to it: So, with my curse, I leave thee!

Mountf. Prithee, stay!

Thou know'ft I dote on thee, and yet thou art So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take Trisles unkindly from me——

Abd. To perfuade me

To break my neck, to hang, then damn myself, With you are trifles!

Mountf. 'Twas my melancholy

That made me fpeak I know not what: Forgive! I will redeem my fault.

Rocca. Believe him, lady.

Mountf. A thousand times I will demand thy pardon, And keep the reckoning on thy lips with kisses.

Abd. There's fomething elfe, that would prevail more with me.

Mountf. Thou shalt have all thy wishes: Do but bless me

With means to fatisfy my mad defires For once in Oriana, and for ever

I am thine, only thine, my best Abdella!

Abd. Were I affur'd of this, and that you would, Having enjoy'd her—

Mountf. Any thing! make choice of

Thine own conditions.

Abd. Swear then, that perform'd, (To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter) To give me leave to kill her.

Mountf. That our fafety Must of necessity urge us to.

Abd. Then know,

It was not poison, but a fleeping potion, Which she receiv'd; yet of sufficient strength So to bind up her senses, that no sign Of life appear'd in her; and thus thought dead,

In

In her best habit 29, as the custom is (You know) in Malta, with all ceremonies She's buried in her family's monument, I'th' temple of St. John: I'll bring you thither, Thus, as you are disguis'd. Some six hours hence The potion will leave working.

Rocca. Let us haste then.

Mounts. Be my good angel; guide me!

Abd. But remember

You keep your oath.

Mountf. As I defire to prosper In what I undertake!

Abd. I ask no more.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.

Col. Here, Sir; I've got the key: I borrow'd it Of him that keeps the church; the door is open.

Mir. Look to the horses then, and please the fellow.

After a few devotions, I'll retire.

Be not far off; there may be fome use of you. Give me the light. Come, friend, a few good prayers Were not bestow'd in vain now, e'en from you, Sir: Men that are bred in blood, have no way left 'em, No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out Or wash it off, but penitence and prayer. I am to take the order; and my youth Loaden, I must confess, with many follies, Circled and bound about with fins as many As in the house of memory live figures. My heart I'll open now, my faults confess, And rise a new man, Heav'n, I hope, to a new life.

Nor. I have no great devotion, at this inftant; But, for a prayer or two, I will not out, Sir. Hold up your finger when you've pray'd enough.

²⁹ In her best habit, &c.] This speech bears an obvious similitude o one of Friar Laurence in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

Mir. Go you to that end.

Nor. I shall never pray

Alone fure, I have been fo us'd to answer
The clerk. 'Would I had a cushion; for I
Shall ne'er make a good hermit, and kneel 'till
My knees are horn; these stones are plaguy hard!
Where shall I begin now? for if I do not
Observe a method, I shall be out presently.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. What's that, Sir? Did you hear?

Mir. Ha? to your prayers!

Nor. 'Twas hereabouts! It has put me clean awry Now; I shall ne'er get in again! Ha! by land,

And water, all children and all women;

Ay, there it was I left.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Ne'er tell me, Sir!

Here's fomething got amongst us.

Mir. I heard a groan,

A difinal one.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Here, 'tis here, Sir, 'tis here, Sir!

A devil in the wall!

Mir. 'Tis fome illusion

To fright us from devotion.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Why, 'tis here;

The spirit of a huntsman choak'd with butter?. Here's a new tomb, new trickments too.

Mir. For certain,

This has not been three days here.

Nor. And a tablet With rhimes upon't.

Mir. I prithee read 'em, Norandine.

Nor. An epi—an epi—taph, I think 'tis; ay, 'tis taph!

^{3°} The spirit of a huntsman choak'd with butter.] As I can see no humour in an buntsman's being choak'd with butter, I make no doubt of its being a corruption for Dutchman, who are always laugh'd at for eating such quantities of oyl'd butter.

Seward.

An

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA. 367
An epitaph upon the most excel—excel—lent—and—

Mir. Thou canst not read.

Nor. I've spoil'd mine eyes with gunpowder.

Mir. An epitaph upon the most virtuous and excellent lady,

The honour of chastity, Oriana.

Nor. The Grand-master's sister? how a devil came she here?

When flipt she out o'th' way? The stone's but half upon her.

Mir. It is a fudden change!—Certain the mischief Mountserrat offer'd to her broke her heart-strings.

Nor. 'Would he were here! I'd be the clerk myself, And, by this little light, I'd bury him alive here.

Here's no lamenting now.

Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. There 'tis.
Mir. Sure from

The monument! the very stone groans for her. Oh, dear lady, blessing of women, virtue of thy sex; How art thou set for ever, how stol'n from us! Babbling and prating now converse with women.

Nor. Sir, it rises; it looks up! [She rises up.

Mir. Heav'n bless us!

Nor. It is in woman's cloaths. It rifes higher.

Mir. It looks about, and wonders: Sure she lives,

Sir!

'Tis she, 'tis Oriana, 'tis that lady.

Nor. Shall I go to her?

Ori. Where am I?

Mir. Stand still.

Ori. What place is this?
Nor. She is as live as I am.

Ori. What finell of earth, and rotten bones? what dark place?

Lord, whither am I carried?

Nor. How she stares,

And fets her eyes upon him!

Mir.

Mir. How is't, dear lady?

D' you know me? how she shakes!

Ori. You are a man.

Mir. A man that honours you.

Ori. A cruel man;

Ye are all cruel! Are you in your grave too? For there's no trufting cruel man, above ground.

Nor. By'r lady, that goes hard!

Mir. To do you service,

And to restore you to the joys you were in—

Ori. I was in joys indeed, and hope—

Mir. She finks again!

Again she's gone, she's gone, gone as a shadow! She finks for ever, friend!

Nor. She is cold now;

She's certainly departed: I must cry too.

Mir. The bleffed angels guide thee! Put the stone to.

Beauty, thou'rt gone to dust, goodness to ashes!

Nor. Pray take it well; we must all have our hours, Sir.

Mir. Ay, thus we are; and all our painted glory A bubble that a boy blows into the air, And there it breaks.

Nor. I am glad you fav'd her honour yet.

Mir. 'Would I had fav'd her life now too! Oh, Heav'n,

For fuch a bleffing, fuch a timely bleffing! Oh, friend, what dear content 'twould be, what ftory To keep my name from worms!

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. She lives again!

'Twas but a trance.

Mir. Pray you call my man in prefently. Help with the stone first! Oh, she stirs again! Oh, call my man! away!

Nor. I fly, I fly, Sir! Exit. Mir. Upon my knees, oh, Heav'n, oh, Heav'n,

I thank thee!

Enter Colonna and Norandine.

The living heat steals into every member. Come, help the coffin out foftly, and suddenly! Where is the clerk?

Col. Drunk above; he is fure, Sir. Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.

Col. As your foul, Sir.

Mir. Softly, good friend! take her into your arms.

Nor. Put in the crust again.

Mir. And bring her out there. When I am a-horse-back,

My man and I will tenderly conduct her Unto the fort; stay you, and watch what issue, And what enquiry's for the body.

Nor. Well, Sir?

Mir. And when you've done, come back to me.

Nor. I will.

Mir. Softly, oh, foftly!

Nor. She grows warmer still, Sir. Col. What shall I do with the key?

Mir. Thou canst not stir now;

Leave it i'th' door. Go, get the horses ready. [Exe.

Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, and Abdella, with a dark-lanthorn.

Rocca. The door's already open, the key in it. Mountf. What were those past by?

Rocca. Some scout of soldiers, I think.

Mountf. It may be well fo, for I saw their horses: They saw not us, I hope.

Abd. No, no, we were close;

Beside, they were far off.

Mountf. What time of night is't? Abd. Much about twelve, I think.

Rocca. Let me go in first;

For, by the leaving open of the door here, There may be fomebody i'th' church. Give me the

Abd. You'll love me now, I hope.

LVol. VII. A a Mountf.

Mountf. Make that good to me Your promise is engag'd for.

Abd. Why, she's there,

Ready prepar'd; and much about this time Life will look up again.

Rocca. Come in; all's fure;

Not a foot ftirring, nor a tongue.

Mountf. Heav'n bless me!

I never enter'd, with fuch unholy thoughts, This place before.

Abd. You are a fearful fool!

If men have appetites allowed 'em, And warm defires, are there not ends too for 'em?

Mountf. Whither shall we carry her?

Rocca. Why, to the bark, Sir;

I have provided one already waits us:

The wind stands wondrous fair too for our passage.

Abd. And there, when you've enjoy'd her, (for you've that liberty)

Let me alone to fend her to feed fishes!

I'll no more fighs for her.

Mountf. Where is the monument?

Thou'rt fure she will awake about this time? Abd. Most fure,

If the be not knockt o' th' head. Give me the lanthorn! Here 'tis.-How's this? the stone off?

Rocca. Ay, and nothing

Within the monument, that's worfe; no body,

I'm fure of that, nor fign of any here,

But an empty coffin.

Mountf. No lady?

Rocca. No, nor lord, Sir;

This pie has been cut up before.

Abd. Either the devil

Must do these tricks-

Mountf. Or thou, damned one, worse! Thou black fwoln pitchy cloud of all my afflictions, Thou night-hag, gotten when the bright moon fuffer'd, Thou hell itself confin'd in flesh, what wick now?

Tell

Tell me, and tell me quickly, what thy mischief Has done with her, and to what end, and whither Thou hast remov'd her body; or, by this holy place, This sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces, A thousand thousand, strew thee o'er the temple, A facrifice to thy black sire, the devil!

Rocca. Tell him; you fee he's angry.

Abd. Let him burst!

Neither his fword nor anger do I shake at; Nor will yield, to feed his poor suspicions, His idle jealousies, and mad-dogs' heats, One thought against myself. You've done a brave deed,

A manly, and a valiant piece of service,
When you have kill'd me! reckon't amongst your
battles!

I'm forry you're so poor, so weak a gentleman,
Able to stand no fortune: I dispose of her?
My mischief make her away? a likely project,
I must play booty 'gainst mysels! If any thing cross ye,
I am the devil, and the devil's heir;
All plagues, all mischiefs——

Mountf. Will you leave, and do yet?

Abd. I have done too much,

Far, far too much, for fuch a thankless fellow! If I be devil, you created me:
I never knew those arts, nor bloody practices,

(Plague o' your cunning heart, that mine of mischief!)
Before your flatteries won 'em into me.—

Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty

About this hour to wake again.

Mountf. Where is she? This is the last demand.

Abd. Did I now know it,

And were I fure this were my latest minute,

I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll curse thee. Rocca. I see a light. Stand close, and leave your

angers! We all miscarry else.

Enter

Enter Gomera, and page with a torch.

Abd. I am now careless.

Mountf. Peace, prithee peace, sweet! peace! all friends!

Abd. Stand close then.

Gom. Wait there, boy, with the light, 'till I call to

In darkness was my foul and senses clouded When my fair jewel fell, the night of jealoufy In all her blackness drawn about my judgment; No light was let into me, to diftinguish Betwixt my fudden anger and her honour: A blind fad pilgrimage shall be my penance; No comfort of the day will I look up at; Far darker than my jealous ignorance, Each place of my abode shall be; my prayers No ceremonious lights shall set off more; Bright arms, and all that carry luftre, life, Society, and folace, I forfake ye! And were it not once more to fee her beauties, (For, in her bed of death, fhe must be sweet still) And on her cold fad lips feal my repentance, Thou child of Heav'n, fair Light, I could not miss thee31.

Mountf. I know the tongue: 'Would I were out again!' I've done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Abd. There is no shifting now; boldness and consi-

dence

Must carry't now away: He's but one neither, Naked as you are, of a strength far under.

Thou child of Heav'n, fair light, I could not miss thee.] Seward proposes to read, I would not use thee; and Sympson says, 'What' Gomera intends to say is only this; that unless it was to see the beauty of his (supposed) dead wise, &c. he never should desire or 'want light more. Now this by an easy change may be made out thus,

——fair light, I should not miss thee.'

But neither Sympson nor Seward seem to have observed, that the whole speech turns on Gomera's abandoning light for darkness, which is the only key to explain the last line; but, adverting to that, it becomes intelligible. Sympson explains the passage quite wrong.

Mountf.

Mountf. But h'has a cause above me! Abd. That's as you handle it.

Rocca. Peace! he may go again, and never fee us. Gom. I feel I weep apace; but where's the flood, The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault in? I would I could now, like a loaden cloud, Begotten in the moift South, drop to nothing! Give me the torch, boy.

Rocca. Now he must discover us.

Abd. He has already.—Never hide your head; Be bold and brave! If we must die, together——Gom. Who's there? what friend to forrow?—The

tomb wide open?

The stone off too? the body gone, by Heaven!
Look to the door, boy! keep it sast!—Who are ye?
What sacrilegious villains?—False Mountserrat,
The wolf to honour! has thy hellish hunger
Brought thee to tear the body out o'th' tomb too?
Has thy foul mind so far wrought on thee?—Ha!
Are you there too? Nay, then I spy a villainy
I never dream'd of yet. Thou sinful usher,
Bred from that rottenness, thou bawd to mischief,
D'you blush thro' all your blackness? won't that
hide it?

Abd. I cannot speak.

Gom. You're well met, with your dam, Sir. Art thou a knight? did ever on that fword The Christian cause sit nobly? could that hand sight, Guided by same and fortune? that heart inslame thee, With virtuous fires of valour? To fall off, Fall off so suddenly, and with such soulness, As the false angels did, from all their glory! Thou art no knight! Honour thou never heardst of, Nor brave desires could ever build in that breast! Treason, and tainted thoughts, are all the gods Thou worship'st, all the strength thou hast, and fortune!

Thou didst things out of fear, and false heart, villain, Out of close traps and treach'ries; they have rais'd thee. A a 3 Mounts.

Mountf. Thou rav'ft, old man.

Gom. Before thou get'ft off from me,
Hadst thou the glory of thy first fights on thee,
(Which thou hast basely lost) thy noblest fortunes,
And in their greatest lustres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confess (nay, kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for mercy, crying)
Thou art the recreant'st rogue time ever nourish'd;
Thou art a dog, I'll make thee swear, a dog 32,
A mangy cur dog! D' you creep behind the altar?
Look, how it sweats, to shelter such a rascal!
First, with thy venomous tooth insect her chaste life,
And then not dare to do? next, rob her rest,
Steal her dead body out o'th' grave——

Mountf. I have not.

Gom. Prithee, come out; (this is no place to quarrel in)

Valiant Mountferrat, come!

Mountf. I will not stir.

Gom. Thou hast thy sword about thee,
That good sword that ne'er fail'd thee: Prithee come!
We'll have but five strokes for it. On, on, boy!
Here is one would fain be acquainted with thee,
Would wondrous fain cleave that calf's head of yours,
Sir;

Come, prithee let's dispatch! the moon shines finely: Prithee, be kill'd by me! thou wilt be hang'd else; But, it may be, thou longest to be hang'd.

Rocca. Out with him, Sir!

You shall have my fword too; when he's dispatch'd once,

We have the world before us.

33 Thou art a dog. I'l make thee fwear, a dog.] The first folio copy has an addition to this verse, which is wrote there thus,

I'll make thee fwear a dog stav'd.

But what husiness flav'd has here I can't discover; a flav'd dog in the bear gurden language, I believe, is no more than a dog taken off the bear, by wrenching his mouth open to make him leave his hold. Possibly the Poets might have wrote it thus, a dog flarv'd, and then a mangy cur dog may follow agreeably enough.

Sympson.

Gom.

Gom. Wilt thou walk, fellow?

I never knew a rogue hang arfe-ward fo,

And fuch a desperate knave too.

Abd. Pray go with him!

Something I'll promife too.

Mountf. You would be kill'd then?

No remedy, I fee.

Gom. If thou dar'ft do it?

Mountf. Yes, now I dare. Lead out; I'll follow presently;

Under the mount I'll meet you.

Gom. Go before me;

I'll have you in a string too.

Mountf. As I'm a gentleman,

And by this holy place, I will not fail thee.

Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd, take my word for it; I will not fail.

Gom. If thou fcap'st, thou hast cats' luck.

The mount?

Mountf. The fame. Make hafte, I'm there before

Gom. Go, get ye home. Now if he scape, I'm coward. Mountf. Well, now I am resolv'd; and he shall find it. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Miranda, Lucinda, and Colonna.

Mir. How is it with the lady?

Luc. Sir, as well

As it can be with one, who feeling knows now What is the curfe the divine justice laid On the first finful woman.

Mir. Is she in travail?

Luc. Yes, Sir; and yet the troubles of her mind Affiict her more than what her body fuffers; For, in the extremity of her pain, the cries out, 'Why am I here? where is my lord Gomera?'

Aa4

Then

Then sometimes names Miranda, and then sight, As if to speak, what questionless she loves well, If heard, might do her injury.

Col. Heaven's fweet mercy

Look gently on her!

Mir. Prithee tell her, my prayers
Are prefent with her; and, good wench, provide
That she want nothing! What's thy name?

Luc. Lucinda.

Mir. Lucinda? there's a prosperous omen in it! Be a Lucina to her, and bring word
That she is safe deliver'd of her burden,
And thy reward's thy liberty. Come, Colonna,
We will go see how th' engineer has mounted
The cannon the Great-master sent. Be careful
To view the works, and learn the discipline
That is us'd here! I am to leave the world;
And for your service, which I have sound faithful,
The charge that's mine, if I have any power,
Hereaster may concern you.

Col. I still find
A noble master in you.
Mir. 'Tis but justice;

Thou dost deserve it in thy care and duty. [Exeunt,

SCENE IV.

Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, and Abdella.

Gom. Here's even ground; I'll stir no foot beyond it Before I have thy head.

Mountf. Draw, Rocca!

Gom. Coward,

Hath inward guilt robb'd thee as well of courage As honefty, that without odds thou dar'ft not Answer a single enemy?

Mountf. All advantage That I can take, expect.

Rocca. We know you're valiant;

Nor

Nor do we purpose to make further trial Of what you can do now, but to dispatch you.

Mountf. And therefore fight and pray together.

Gom. Villains,

Whose baseness all disgraceful words made one Cannot express! so strong is the good cause That seconds me, that you shall seel, with horror To your proud hopes, what strength is in that arm, Tho' old, that holds a sword made sharp by justice.

Abd. You come then here to prate? [Fight,

Mountf. Help, Rocca, now,

Or I am lost for ever!—How comes this? [He is disarm'd. Are villainy and weakness twins?

Rocca. I'm gone too.

Gom. You shall not scape me, wretches!

Abd. I must do it;

All will go wrong elfe. [Shoots him. Gom. Treach'rous, bloody woman,

What hast thou done?

Abd. Done a poor woman's part, And in an inftant, what these men so long Stood fooling for.

Mountf. This aid was unexpected;

I kiss thee for't.

Rocca. His right arm's only shot, And that compell'd him to forsake his sword; He's else unwounded.

Mountf. Cut his throat!

Abd. Forbear!-

Yet do not hope 'tis with intent to fave thee,
But that thou mayst live to thy further torment,
To see who triumphs o'er thee. Come, Mountserrat,
Here join thy foot to mine, and let our hearts
Meet with our hands! The contract that is made
And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy sanction, and much surer,
Than all the superstitious ceremonies
You Christians use.

Enter

Enter Norandine.

Rocca. Who's this?

Mountf. Betray'd again?

Nor. By the report it made, and by the wind, The piftol was discharg'd here.

Gom. Norandine,

As ever thou lov'dst valour, or wear'st arms

To punish baseness, shew it!

Nor. Oh, the devil!

Gomera wounded, and my brache³³, Black Beauty, An actor in it?

Abd. If thou strik'st, I'll shoot thee.

Nor. How! fright me with your pot-gun?—What art thou?

Good Heav'n, the rogue, the traitor rogue, Mountferrat!

To fwinge the neft of you, is a fport unlook'd for. Hell's plagues confume you!

Mountf. As thou art a man,

(I'm wounded) give me time to answer thee!

Gem. Durst thou urge this? this hand can hold a fword yet.

Nor. Well done! to fee this villain makes my hurts Bleed fresh again; but had I not a bone whole, In such a cause I should do thus, thus, rascals!

Enter Corporal and Watch.

Corp. Difarm them, and shoot any that resists.

Gom. Hold, Corporal! I am Gomera.

Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can Remember what you watch for: I had thought You had again been making out your parties

French, Braque, espece de chien de chasse.'

For

³³ Brache.] Brache, fays bishop Warburton (note on Othello, act ii. scene i.) is a low species of bounds of the chase, and a term generally used in contempt. Vitius in his notes on Gratius, says, Racha Saronibus canem significabat, unde Scoti bodie Rache pro cane femina habent, quad Anglis of Bache. Nos word (he speaks of the Hollar dees) Brach non quemvis canem sed sagacum wocamus. So the

For fucking pigs: 'Tis well. As you will answer The contrary with your lives, see these forth-coming! Corp. That we shall do.

Nor. You bleed apace. Good foldiers,

Go help him to a furgeon.

Rocca. Dare the worst 34,

And fuffer like yourself.

Abd. From me learn courage.

Nor. Now for Miranda! this news will be to him As welcome as 'tis unexpected. Corporal, There's fomething for thy care to-night. My horse there!

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Oriana and Lucinda.

Ori. O W does my boy?

Luc. Oh, wondrous lufty, madam;

A little knight already: You shall live

To fee him tofs a Turk.

Ori. Gentle Lucinda,

Much must I thank thee for thy care and service;

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.

And may I grow but strong to see Valetta³⁵,
My husband, and my brother, thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

34 Rocca. Dare the worst.] I suspect a speech of Mountserrat's is dropt upon us, here, and perhaps the reader may be of my opinion.

Surely, no; Mountferrat's party have been talking apart, to be fure.
7. N.

35 ____ to fee Valetta,

My husband, and my brother.] Sympson transposes the words thus,

My brother, and my husband;
again misunderstanding (we suppose, for he does it tacitly) Valetta
to mean the Grand masser, not the city.

Mir.

Mir. Look, captain, we must ride away this morning? The Auberge sits to-day, and the Great-master Writes plainly, I must or deliver in (The year expir'd) my probation-weed, Or take the cloak. You likewise, Norandine, For your full service, and your last assistance In salse Mountserrat's apprehension, Are here commanded to associate me, My twin in this high honour.

Nor. I will none on't!
Do they think to bind me to live chafte, fober,
And temperately, all days of my life?
They may as foon tie an Englishman to live so!
I shall be a sweet Dane, a sweet captain,
Go up and down drinking small-beer, and swearing,
'Ods neagues! No; I'll live a squire at arms still;
And do thou so too, an thou be'st wise.
I've found the mystery now, why the gentlemen
Wear but three bars of the cross, and the knights
The whole one.

Mir. Why, captain? Nor. Marry, Sir,

To put us in remembrance, we are but Three quarters crofs'd in our licence and pleasures; But the poor knights crofs'd altogether. The brothers at arms may yet meet with their sisters

at arms,

Now and then, in brotherly love; but the poor knights Cannot get a lady for love nor money:
'Tis not so in other countries, I wis. Pray haste you!

For I'll along, and fee what will come on't. [Exit. Mir. Colonna, provide straight all necessaries For this remove, the litter for the lady, And let Lucinda bear her company!

You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my duties.

Mir. How fare you, gracious mistress?

Ori. Oh, Miranda,

You pleas'd to honour me with that fair title

When

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA. 38 F

When I was free, and could dispose myself; But now, no finile, no word, no look, no touch, Can I impart to any, but as theft From my Gomera; and who dares accept

Is an usurper.

Mir. Leave us.—I have touch'd thee, [Exit Luc-Thou fairer virtue, than thou'rt beautiful!-Hold but this test, so rich an ore was never Tried by the hand of man, on the vast earth.— Sit, brightest Oriana! Is it sin Still to profess I love you, still to vow I shall do ever? Heav'n my witness be, 'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue, no part That superficially doth snare young men, Which has caught me! Read over in your thoughts The ftory that this man hath made of you, And think upon his merit.

Ori. Only thought Can comprehend it!

Mir. And can you be So cruel, thanklefs, to destroy his youth That fav'd your honour, gave you double life, Your own, and your fair infant's? that when Fortune (The blind foe to all beauty, that is good) Bandied you from one hazard to another, Was even Heaven's messenger, by Providence Call'd to the temple, to receive you there Into these arms, to give ease to your throws, As if't had thunder'd; take thy due, Miranda, For she was thine! Gomera's jealousy Struck death unto thy heart; to him be dead, And live to me, that gave thee second life! Let me but now enjoy thee! Oh, regard The torturing fires of my affections!

Ori. Oh, master them, Miranda, as I mine! Who follows his defires, fuch tyrants ferves As will oppress him insupportably. My flames, Miranda, rife as high as thine,

For I did love thee fore my marriage;

Yet would I now confent, or could I think
Thou wert in earnest, (which, by all the souls
That have for chastity been fanctified,
I cannot) in a moment I do know
Thou'dst call fair Temperance up to rule thy blood.
Thy eye was ever chaste, thy countenance too, honest,
And all thy wooings was like maidens' talk.
Who yieldeth unto pleasures, and to lust,
Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters,
And precious, as he thinks, but holding gyves,
Frets out his life.

Mir. Find fuch another woman, And take her for his labour, any man!

Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my best, (Heav'n knew I was not; I had had thee else) Much less now, gentle Sir. Miranda's deeds Have been as white as Oriana's fame, From the beginning to this point of time, And shall we now begin to stain both thus? Think on the legend which we two shall breed, Continuing as we are, for chastest dames And boldest foldiers to peruse and read, Ay, and read thorough, free from any act To cause the modest cast the book away, And the most honour'd captain fold it up.

Mir. Fairest, let go my hand! my pulse beats thick, And my mov'd blood rides high in every vein!—
Lord of thyself now, soldier, and ever!
I would not for Aleppo, this frail bark,
This bark of slesh, no better steers-man had
Than has Mountserrat's.—May you kiss me, lady?

Ori. No; though't be no effential injury, It is a circumstance due to my lord, To none else; and, my dearest friend, if hands Playing together kindle heat in you, What may the game at lips provoke unto?

Mir. Oh, what a tongue is here! Whilst she doth

My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,

She

She talks me more in love, with love to her;
My fires she quencheth with her arguments,
But as she breathes 'em they blow fresher fires.—
Sit further! now my slame cools. Husband! wife!
There is some holy myst'ry in those names
That sure the unmarried cannot understand.

Ori. Now thou art straight, and dost enamour me So far beyond a carnal earthly love, My very foul dotes on thee, and my spirits Do embrace thine; my mind doth thy mind kifs; And in this pure conjunction we enjoy A heavenlier pleasure than if bodies met: This, this is perfect love! the other short, Yet languishing fruition. Ev'ry fwain And sweating groom may clasp, but ours refin'd Two in ten ages cannot reach unto. Nor is our spiritual love a barren joy; For mark what bleffed iffue we'll beget, (Dearer than children to posterity) A great example to mens' continence, And womens' chastity; that is a child More fair and comfortable, than any heir!

Mir. If all wives were but such, Lust would not find One corner to inhabit; sin would be So strange, remission superfluous.—
But one petition, I have done.

Ori. What, sweet?

Mir. To call me lord, if the hard hand of death Seize on Gomera first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy,
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought felf for a poor woman,
That has been once fold, us'd, and loft her show!
I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A zone untied, a lily trod upon,
A fragrant flower cropt by another's hand,
My colour sullied, and my odour chang'd.
If when I was new-blossom'd, I did fear
Myself unworthy of Miranda's spring,

Thus

Thus over-blown, and feeded, I am rather

Fit to adorn his chimney than his bed.

Mir. Rife, miracle! fave Malta with thy virtue! If words could make me proud, how has she spoke! Yet I will try her to the very block.—
Hard-hearted and uncivil Oriana,
Ingrateful payer of my industries,
That with a soft painted hypocrify
Cozen'st, and jeer'st my perturbation,
Expect a weighty and a fell revenge 35!
My comfort is, all men will think thee false:
Beside, thy husband, having been thus long
(On this occasion) in my fort, and power—

Enter Norandine, Colonna, and Lucinda with a child.

I'll hear no more words!—Captain, let's away! With all care fee to her; and you, Lucinda, Attend her diligently: She's a wonder!

Nor. Have you found she was well delivered?

What, had she a good midwife? is all well?

Mir. You're merry, Norandine. Luc. Why weep you, lady?

Ori. Take the poor babe along.

Col. Madam, 'tis here.

Ori. Diffembling death, why didst thou let me live To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve?

[Exeunt.

³⁵ Expest a witty and a fell revenge.] The coupling of these two epithets, perhaps, never was from the Poet's pen. I am inclined to think that we have the same corruption here, as in the Wild-Goose Chace; and that in both places we should read not witty but weighty.

Sympson.

SCENE II.

[Synnet, i. e. Flourish of trumpets 36.
Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Knights, two
Bishops, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers,
Abdella, a Gentleman with a cloak, sword; and spurs.

Val. A tender husband hast thou shew'd thyself, My dearest brother, and thy memory, After thy life 37, in brazen characters Shall monumentally be register'd To ages consequent, till Time's running hand Beats back the world to undistinguish'd chaos 38, And on the top of that thy name shall stand Fresh, and without decay.

Gom. Oh, honour'd Sir!

If hope of this, or any blifs to come,

Could lift my load of grief off from my foul,

Or expiate the trefpafs 'gainft my wife,

That in one hour's fuspicion I begat,

I might be won to be a man again,

And fare like other husbands, sleep and eat,

Laugh, and forget my pleasing penitence;

But 'till old Nature can make such a wife

Again, I vow ne'er to resume the order

And habits that to men are necessary;

All breath I'll spend in sighs, all sound in groans,

And know no company but my wasting moans.

³⁶ Scene II. Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Synnet, Knights, two Bishops, Mountserrat guarded by Corporal and Soldieri, Abdella, a Gentleman with a cloak, sword, and spurs; Gomera.] This stage-direction corrected by Sympson.

³⁷ After my life.] Amended by Sympson.

Beats back the world to undiffinguish'd chaos.] Running is, I allow, a proper epithet to Time, but Time's running hand beating the world to chaos, does not feem to me a very clear and confiftent metaphor; and as ruining is so very near the trace of the letters, and appears to have much more propriety and energy than the former, I think it bids fair for having been the original.

Seward.

Asto. This will be wilful murder on yourself, Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance Which the inscrutable will of Heav'n admits.

Gom. What would you have my weakness do, that Suffer'd itself thus to be practis'd on By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam, The impious midwife to abortive births, And cruel instrument to his decrees? By forgery they first affail'd her life, Heav'n playing with us yet in that, he wrought My dearest friend, the servant to her virtue, To combat me, against his mistress' truth. That yet effectless, this enchanting witch Bred baneful jealoufy against my lady, My most immaculate lady, which seiz'd on her Almost to death. Oh, yet, not yet content, She in my hand put (to restore her life, As I imagin'd) what did execute Their dev'lish malice. Further, great with child Was this poor innocent: That too was loft; They doubled death upon her! Not staying there, They have done violence unto her tomb, Not granting rest unto her in the grave. I wish Miranda had enjoy'd my prize; For fure I'm punish'd for usurping her. Oh, what a tiger is refifted luft! How it doth forage all!

Mountf. Part of this tale

I grant you true; but 'twas not poison given her.

Abd. I would it had! we had been far enough,

If we had been so wise; and had not now

Stood curt'sing for your mercies here.

Mountf. Beside,

What is become o' th' body we know not-

Val. Peace, impudents!

And, dear Gomera, practife patience, As I myself must: By some means at last We shall dissolve this riddle.

Gom. Wherefore comes

This villain in this festival array,

As if he triumph'd for his treachery?

Cast. That is by our appointment: Give us leave; You shall know why anon.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna:

Val. One of the Efguard 39. E/g. The gentlemen are come.

Val. Truce then awhile,

With our fad thoughts!—What, are ye both refolv'd?

Nor. Not I, my lord: Your down-right captain still I'll live, and serve you. Not that altogether I want compunction of conscience;
I have enough to save me, and that's all:
Bar me from drink, and drabs? ev'n hang me too!
You must ev'n make your captains capons first!
I have too much flesh for this spiritual knighthood,
And therefore do desire forbearance, Sir,
'Till I am older, or more mortified;

I am too found yet.

Val. What say you, Miranda?

Mir. With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty to you, I come to undergo it.

Val. Proceed to th' ceremony.

Gom. Before you match with this bright honour'd

Admir'd Miranda, pardon that 40 in thought I ever did transgress against your virtue;

39 Val. One of th' Eiguard.

Efg. The gentlemen are come.] Mr. Seward faw with me, that to put One of the Efguard into Valetta's mouth, was false and ridiculous. The stage direction was undoubtedly given by our Authors thus,

Enter one of the Esguard.

Esg. The gentlemen are come. Val. Truce then a while With your sad thoughts.

Enter Miranda, Norandine and Colonna. What, are you both resolved? &c.

40 Pardon what in thought.] So the former editions.

And

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B b 2

And may you find more joy with your new bride, Than poor Gomera e'er enjoy'd with his! (But 'twas mine own crime, and I fuffer for't.) Long wear your dignity, and worthily, Whilft I obscurely in some corner vanish!

Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better.—First, I crave,

According to the order of the court, I may dispose my captives, and the fort, That with a clean and purified heart The fittier I may indue my robe.

All. 'Tis granted.

Enter Oriana veil'd, ladies, Lucinda with a child.

Mir. Bring the captives!—To your charge And staid tuition, my most noble friend, I then commend this lady. Start not off! A fairer and a chaster never liv'd. By her own choice you are her guardian; For telling her I was to leave my fort, And to abandon quite all worldly cares, Her own request was, to Gomera's hands She might be giv'n in custody, for sh' had heard He was a gentleman, wise, and temperate, Full of humanity to women-kind, And, 'cause he had been married, knew the better How to entreat a lady.

Val. What countrywoman is she?

Mir. Born a Greek.

Val. Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny A lady, that unto your refuge flies,

And feeks to shrowd her under Virtue's wing.

Gom. Excuse me, noble Sir! Oh, think me not So dull a devil to forget the loss Of such a matchless wife as I posses'd,

And

⁴⁰ So dull a devil.] Seward proposes reading, so full a devil; i.e.' (says he) 'Think menot so altogether a devil as to forget the worth of her I have killed. The use of full in this manner I could give many instances of.' This, however, we much doubt.

And ever to endure the fight of woman! Were she the abstract of her sex for form, The only warehouse of perfection, Were there no rose nor lily but her cheek, No musick but her tongue, virtue but hers, She must not rest near me. My vow is graven Here in my heart, irrevocably breath'd; And when I break it -

Afto. This is rudeness, Spaniard; Unfeafonably you play the Timonist4, Put on a disposition is not yours, Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.

Gom. Sir-

Cast. We cannot force you, but we would perfuade. Gom. Befeech you, Sir, no more! I am refolv'd

To forfake Malta, tread a pilgrimage To fair Jerusalem, for my lady's soul, And will not be diverted.

Mir. You must bear This child along wi'ye then.

Gom. What child? All. How's this?

Mir. Nay then, Gomera, thou'rt injurious! This child is thine, and this rejected lady Thou hast as often known as thine own wife; And this I'll make good on thee, with my fword.

Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme !- If such a fcandal-

(I crave the rights due to a gentleman) Woman, unveil!

Ori. Will you refuse me yet?

[Unveiling. Gom. My wife!

Val. My fifter!

Gom. Somebody thank Heav'n!

I cannot speak. All. All praise be ever giv'n!

41 Timonist.] i. e. Timon of Athens, alluding to the misanthropy of that character. Mounts. B b 3

Mountf. This faves our lives. Yet 'would she had been dead!

The very fight of her afflicts me more Than fear of punishment, or my difgrace,

Val. How came you to the temple?

Mir. Sir, to do

My poor devotions, and to offer thanks
For scaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair virgin.—I restore a wife
Earth cannot parallel; and, busy Nature,
If thou wilt still make women, but remember
To work 'em by this sampler!—Take heed, Sir,
Hencesorth you never doubt, Sir.

Gom. When I do,

Death take me fuddenly!

Mir. To encrease your happiness, To your best wife take this addition.

Gom. Alack, my poor knave! [To the child.

Val. The confession

The Moor made, it seems, was truth.

Nor. Marry was it, Sir; the only truth that ever Issued out of hell, which her black jaws resemble. A plague o' your bacon-face! you must be giving Drinks, with a vengeance! Ah, thou branded bitch! Do you stare, goggles? I hope to make Winter-boots o' thy hide yet; she fears not damning! Hell-fire can't parch her blacker than she is.

Do you grin, chimney-fweeper?

Ori. What is't, Miranda?

Mir. That you would please Lucinda might attend

Col. That fuit, Sir, I consent not to.

Luc. My husband? My dearest Angelo?

Nor. More jiggam-bobs? Is not this the fellow that

Swam like a duck to the shore in our sea-service?

Col. The very same. Do not you know me now, Sir?

My name is Angelo, tho' Colonna veil'd it,

Your

Your countryman and kinfman, born in Florence; Who from the neighbour-island here of Goza Was captive led, in that unfortunate day When the Turk bore with him three thousand souls. Since, in Constantinople have I liv'd, Where I beheld this Turkish damsel first. A tedious fuitor was I for her love; And, pitying fuch a beauteous case should hide A foul prophan'd with infidelity, I labour'd her conversion, with my love, And doubly won her: To fair faith her foul She first betroth'd, and then her faith to me. But fearful there to confummate this contract, We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again By those same gallies' fore Valetta fought: Since, in your service I attended here, Where, what I faw and heard hath joy'd me more

Than all my past afflictions griev'd before. Val. Wonders crown wonders! Take thy wife.-

Miranda,

Be henceforth call'd our Malta's better angel;

And thou her evil, Mountferrat.

Nor. We'll call him Cacodemon, with his black Gib there, his Succuba, his devil's feed, His spawn of Phlegethon, that, o'my conscience, Was bred o' th' fpume of Cocytus.-Do you fnarl, you black Gill?

She looks like the picture of America.

Val. Why stay we now?

Mir. This last petition to the court; I may bequeath the keeping of my fort To this my kiniman, tow'rd the maintenance Of him and his fair virtuous wife: Discreet, Loyal, and valiant, I dare give him you.

Val. You must not ask in vain, Sir.

Col. My best thanks

To you, my noble cousin, and my service To the whole court: May I deserve this bounty! Val. Proceed to th' ceremony. One of our Esguard

Degrade B b 4

Degrade Mountferrat first!

Mountf. I will not sue

For mercy; 'twere in vain: Fortune, thy worst!

[Musick.

An altar discover'd, with tapers and a book on it. The two Bishops stand on each side of it; Mountserrat, as the song is singing, ascends up the altar.

See, fee, the stain of honour, Virtue's foe, Of virgins' fair fames the foul overthrow! That broken hath his oath of chastity, Dishonour'd much this holy dignity; Off with his robe, expel him forth this place, Whilst we rejoice, and sing at his disgrace!

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made thyself Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear'st, And of our facred order, into which For former virtues we receiv'd thee first, According to our statutes, ordinances, For praise unto the good, a terror to The bad, and an example to all men; We here deprive thee of our habit, and Declare thee unworthy our society, From which we do expel thee, as a rotten, Corrupted, and contagious member.

Esg. Using th' authority the superior Hath giv'n unto me, I unty this knot, And take from thee the pleasing yoke of Heaven: We take from off thy breast this holy cross, Which thou hast made thy burden, not thy prop; Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels Bare of thy honour that have kick'd against Our order's precepts; next, we reave thy sword, And give thee armless to thy enemies, For being soe to goodness, and to God; Last, 'bout thy stiff neck, we this halter hang,

^{4.} Bare of thy honour.] Sympson thinks we should read, bare of their honour.

And leave thee to the mercy of the court. Val. Invest Miranda 43.

S O N G.

Fair child of Virtue, Honour's bloom, That here with burning zeal dost come, With joy to ask the white-cross cloak, And yield unto this pleasing yoke! That being young, vows chaftity, And chusest wilful poverty;

As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal! thy glory Rife past the stars, and fix in Heav'n thy story!

I Bishop. What crave you, gentle Sir?

Mir. Humble admittance

To be a brother of the holy hospital Of great Jerusalem.

2 Bishop. Breathe out your vow.

Mir. To Heav'n, and all the bench of faints above, (Whose succour I implore t' enable me) I vow henceforth a chaste life; not to enjoy Any thing proper to myfelf; obedience To my fuperiors, whom religion And Heav'n shall give me; ever to defend The virtuous fame of ladies, and to oppugn

This do I vow t' accomplish!

Esg. Who can tell,

Has he made other vow, or promis'd marriage To any one, or is in fervitude?

All. He's free from all thefe.

E'en unto death the Christian enemy:

I Bishop. Put on his spurs, and gird him with the fword.

The scourge of infidels, and types of speed.

Buildest thy faith on this? Presenting the Cross.

Mir. On him that died

On fuch a facred figure, for our fins.

2 Bishop. Here then we fix it on thy left side, for

⁴³ Inwest Miranda.] The ceremonies of receiving a knight into the order of Malta, may be feen at large in Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta, vol. vi. p. 18. Thy

Thy increase of faith, Christian defence, and service To th' poor; and thus near to thy heart we plant it, That thou mayst love it ev'n with all thy heart; With thy right-hand protect, preserve it whole; For if thou fighting 'gainst Heav'n's enemies Shalt fly away, abandoning the cross, The ensign of thy holy general, With shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it, Chas'd from our company, and cut away As an infectious putrified limb.

Mir. I ask no favour.

I Bishop. Then receive the yoke Of him that makes it sweet and light; in which, Thy foul find her eternal reft!

Val. Most welcome!

All. Welcome, our noble brother!

Val. Break up the court.—Mountferrat, tho' your deeds,

Conspiring 'gainst the lives of innocents,
Have forfeited your own, we will not stain
Our white cross with your blood: Your doom is then
To marry this co-agent of your mischiefs;
Which done, we banish you to th' continent**:
If either, after three days, here be found,
The hand of law lays hold upon your lives.

Nor. Away, French stallion! Now You have a Barbary mare of your own; go leap her,

And engender young devilings!

Val. We will find fomething, noble Norandine, To quit your merit.—So, to civil feafts, According to our customs; and all pray

The dew of grace bless our new Knight to-day!

[Exeunt omnes.]

44 We banish you the continent.] Would not one think, tho' they are here in an issued, that they were actually upon the continent? Certainly the English of our days, and that of our poets, has undergone great alterations, if we ought not to read by a small addition,

——ave banish you to th' continent.

Sympson.

LOVE'S CURE;

OR, THE

MARTIAL MAID.

A C O M E D Y.

This Play is by Gardiner, in his Commendatory Verses, ascribed to Fletcher singly; but the Prologue speaks of it as the Production of both Authors, although again the Epilogue takes notice of but one. There never were any alterations made in this Comedy, nor has it been assed for many years past.



PROLOGUE,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

CTATUES and pictures challenge price and fame, If they can justly boast and prove they came From Phidias or Apelles. None deny, Poets and Painters hold a sympathy; Yet their works may decay, and lofe their grace, Receiving blemish in their limbs or face; When the mind's art has this preheminence, She still retaineth her first excellence. Then why should not this dear piece be esteem'd Child to the richest fancies that e'er teem'd? When not their meanest off-spring, that came forth, But bore the image of their fathers' worth. Beaumont's, and Fletcher's, whose defert out-weight The best applause, and their least sprig of bays Is worthy Phæbus; and who comes to gather Their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure. Nor can you ever furfeit of the plenty, Nor can you call them rare, tho' they be dainty: The more you take, the more you do them right; And we will thank you for your own delight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Affiftant, or Governor.

Vitelli, a young gentleman, enemy to Alvarez.

Lamoral, a fighting gallant, friend to Vitelli.

Anastro, an honest gentleman, friend to Vitelli.

Alvarez, enemy to Vitelli.

Syavedra, friend to Alvarez.

Lucio, Son to Alvarez, brought up as a woman.

Alguazeir, a sharking panderly constable.

Pachieco, a cobler,

Mendoza, a botcher,

of worship.

Metaldie, a smith,

Lazarillo, Pachieco's hungry servant.

Bobadilla, feward to Alvarez.

Herald.

Officer.

WOMEN.

Eugenia, a virtuous lady, wife to don Alvarez.

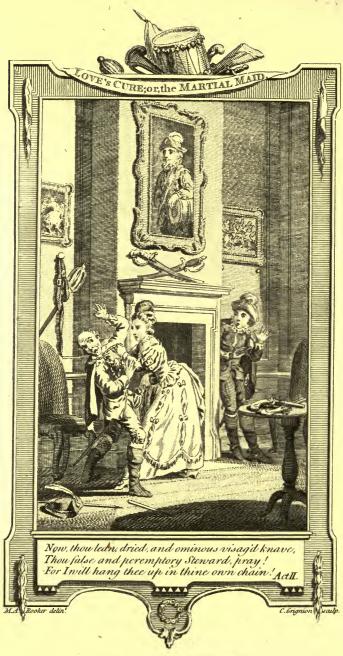
Clara, the Martial Maid, daughter to Alvarez, enamoured of Vitelli.

Genevora, sister to Vitelli, in love with Lucio. Malroda, a wanton mistress of Vitelli.

SCENE, SEVIL.

LOVE'S





LOVE'S CURE;

OR, THE

MARTIAL MAID.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, and Anastro.

Vitelli.

LVAREZ pardon'd?

Ana. And return'd.

Lam. I faw him land

At St. Lucar's; and such a general welcome Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions, Had with the easy people prepar'd for him, As if by his command alone, and fortune, Holland, with those Low Provinces that hold out Against the arch-duke, were again compell'd With their obedience to give up their lives To be at his devotion.

Vit. You amaze me!
For tho' I've heard, that when he fled from Sevil
To fave his life (then forfeited to law
For murdering don Pedro my dear uncle)
His extreme wants enforc'd him to take pay
I' th' army, fat down then before Oftend;
'Twas never yet reported, by whose favour
He durst presume to entertain a thought

400 LOVE'S CURE; OR,

Of coming home with pardon.

Ana. 'Tis our nature

Or not to hear, or not to give belief To what we wish far from our enemies.

Lam. Sir, 'tis most certain, the infanta's letters, Assisted by the arch-duke's, to king Philip, Have not alone secur'd him from the rigor Of our Castilian justice, but return'd him A free man, and in grace.

Vit. By what curs'd means
Could fuch a fugitive arife unto
The knowledge of their highnesses? Much more,
(Tho' known) to stand but in the least degree
Of favour with them?

Lam. To give satisfaction

To your demand, (tho' to praise him I hate Can yield me small contentment) I will tell you, And truly; fince, should I detract his worth, 'Twould argue want of merit in myself. Briefly to pass his tedious pilgrimage For fixteen years, a banish'd guilty man, And to forget the storms, th' affrights, the horrors, His constancy, not fortune overcame, I bring him, with his little fon, grown man, (Tho''twas faid here he took a daughter with him) To Oftend's bloody fiege, that stage of war, Wherein the flower of many nations acted, And the whole Christian world spectators were; There by his fon (or were he by adoption Or Nature his) a brave scene was presented, Which I make choice to speak of, fince from that The good fuccess of Alvarez had beginning.

Vit. So I love virtue in an enemy,
That I desire in the relation of
This young man's glorious deed, you'll keep yourself

A friend to Truth, and it.

Lam. Such was my purpose. The town being oft affaulted, but in vain, To dare the proud defendants to a fally,

THE MARTIAL MAID. 401

Weary of ease, don Inigo Peralta, Son to the general of our Castile forces, All arm'd, advanc'd within shot of their walls, From whence the musqueteers play'd thick upon him; Yet he, brave youth, as careless of the danger As careful of his honour, drew his fword, And waving it about his head, as if He dar'd one spirited like himself to trial Of fingle valor, he made his retreat, With fuch a flow, and yet majestick ', pace, As if he still call'd loud, 'Dare none come on?' When fuddenly, from a postern of the town Two gallant horsemen issued, and o'ertook him, The army looking on, yet not a man That durst relieve the rash adventurer; Which Lucio, fon to Alvarez, then feeing, As in the vant-guard he fat bravely mounted, (Or were it pity of the youth's misfortune, Care to preserve the honour of his country, Or bold defire to get himself a name) He made his brave horse like a whirlwind bear him Among the combatants; and in a moment Discharg'd his petronel, with such sure aim That of the adverse party from his horse One tumbled dead; then wheeling round, and drawing A falchion, swift as lightning he came on Upon the other, and with one strong blow, In view of the amazed town and camp, He struck him dead, and brought Peralta off With double honour to himself.

Vit. 'Twas brave! But the fuccess of this?

Lam. The camp receiv'd him With acclamations of joy and welcome; And for addition to the fair reward, (Being a massy chain of gold giv'n to him

Vol. VII.

^{*} And yet majestic pace.] Sympson objects to the word yet, and would read,

a slow, and that majestic, pace.

402 LOVE'S CURE; OR,

By young Peralta's father) he was brought To the Infanta's prefence, kifs'd her hand, And from that lady, (greater in her goodness Than her high birth) had this encouragement:

Go on, young man! Yet, not to feed thy valour

With hope of recompense to come from me,

' For present satisfaction of what's past,

'Ask any thing that's fit for me to give 'And thee to take, and be assur'd of it.'

Ana. Excellent princess! Vit. And stil'd worthily

The heart-blood, nay, the foul of foldiers.

But what was his request?

Lam. That the repeal
Of Alvarez makes plain: He humbly begg'd
His father's pardon, and so movingly
Told the sad story of your uncle's death,
That the Infanta wept; and instantly
Granting his suit, working the arch-duke to it,
Their letters were directed to the king,
With whom they so prevail'd, that Alvarez
Was freely pardon'd.

Vit. 'Tis not in the king

To make that good.

Ana. Not in the king? What subject

Dares contradict his pow'r?

Vit. In this I dare,

And will; and not call his prerogative
In question, nor presume to limit it.
I know he is the master of his laws,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honour:
And since (forgetting my brave uncle's merits,
And many services, under duke d'Alva)
He suffers him to fall, wresting from Justice
The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,
I'll fill with this Astrea's empty hand,
And in my just wreak make this arm the king's.
My deadly hate to Alvarez, and his house,
Which

THE MARTIAL MAID.

Which as I grew in years hath still encreas'd; (As if it call'd on Time to make me man) Slept while it had no object for her fury; But a weak woman, and her talk'd-of daughter; But now, fince there are quarries worth her flight', Both in the father and his hopeful fon, I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full With both their hearts: To further which, your friendship,

And oaths?! Will your affiftance let your deeds Make answer to me? Useless are all words, Till you have writ performance with your fwords.

Exeunt.

SCENEIL

Enter Bobadilla and Lucio.

Lucio. Go, fetch my work. This ruff was not well starch'd.

So tell the maid; 't has too much blue in it: And look you that the partridge and the pullen Have clean meat and fresh water, or my mother Is like to hear on't.

Bob. Oh, good St. Jaques, help me! Was there ever

2 Quarries, worth her sight.] This fight, tho' it is not altogether void of sense, discontinues the chain of metaphors taken from falconry. Our business then must be to join it again (a thing not hard to be done) by changing one letter, and adding another, thus,

But now, fince there are quarries, worth her flight. Mr. Seward concurred too in the same correction. Sympfon.

- to further which, your friendship, And ouths; will your affifance, let your deeds.] Thus point the two last editions, and the first not a great deal better. Had the editors of any one of the copies understood this passage, they would have taken better care in the punctuation, and given the text as Mr. Seward and myfelf have done in the present edition. Sympsons

These gentlemen point, - to further which, your friendship, And oaths, will your affiftance : let, &c. We think they have quite militaken the passage, and hope we have been more fuccessful in presenting the meaning of the Poet. Such

€ c 2

404 LOVE'S CURE; OR,

Such an hermaphrodite heard of? Would any Wench living, that should hear and see what I do, Be wrought to believe, that the best of a man lies Under this petticoat, and that a cod-piece Were far fitter here, than a pinn'd placket?

Lucio. You had best talk filthily, do; I have a tongue To tell my mother, as well as ears to hear

Your ribaldry.

Bob. Nay, you have ten womens' tongues
That way, I am fure! Why, my young master,
Or mistress, madam, don, or what you will,
What the devil have you to do with pullen or partridge?
Or to sit pricking on a clout all day?
You have a better needle, I know, and might
Make better work, if you had grace to use it.

Lucio. Why, how dare you speak this before me,

firrah?

Bob. Nay, rather, why dare not you do what I speak? Tho' my lady, your mother, for fear of Vitelli and his faction, hath Brought you up like her daughther, and has kept you These twenty years (which is ever since You were born) a close prisoner within doors; Yet since you are a man, and are as well Provided as other men are, methinks You should have the same motions of the flesh As other cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

Lucio. Indeed, you have cause to love those wanton

motions,

They having holpe you to an excellent whipping 4, For doing fomething (I but put you in mind of it) With th' Indian maid, the governor tent my mother From Mexico.

Bob. Why, I but

Taught her a Spanish trick in charity, And holpe the king to a subject, that may live To take grave Maurice prisoner, and that was

4 They having hope you to an-] Amended in 1750.

⁵ To take grave Maurice prisoner.] Grave is printed in the last editions

THE MARTIAL MAID. 405

More good to the state, than a thousand such as you Are ever like to do. And I will tell you, (In a fatherly care of the infant, I speak it) If he live (as, bless the babe, in passion I Remember him!) to your years, shall he spend his time In pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming, As you do? No; he shall to the wars, Use his Spanish pike, tho' with the danger of the lash, As his father has done; and when he is provok'd, As I am now, draw his toledo desperately,

Lucio. You will not kill me? Oh!

Bob. I knew this

Would filence him: How he hides his eyes!

If he were a wench now, as he feems, what an Advantage had I, drawing two toledos

When one can do this! But—Oh me, my lady!

I must put up.—Young master, I did but jest.—Oh, Custom, what hast thou made of him!

Enter Eugenia and Servant.

Eug. For bringing this, be still my friend; no more A servant to me.

Bob. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,
E'en here, where I am happy to receive
Affurance of my Alvarez' return,
I will kneel down; and may those holy thoughts
That now possess me wholly, make this place
A temple to me, where I may give thanks

editions with a great letter and in Italics, as if it was a proper name, whereas it is an epithet only, and a characteristic of prince Maurice of Nassau, who after performing great actions against the Spaniards, is said to have died of grief, on account of the siege of Breda. Strada de Bello Belgico, tho' a bigotted Jesuit, and extremely prejudic'd against the Protestants, gives prince Maurice the following character. Hic illi Mauritius est, à nobis sæpe, nec sine fortis cauti Ducis laude memorandus, i. e. This is that Maurice whom we shall often speak of, and never without the character of a brave and cautious general.

C c 3

406 LOVE'S CURE; OR,

For this unhop'd-for bleffing, Heav'n's kind hand! Hath pour'd upon me!

Lucio. Let my duty, madam,

Presume, if you have cause of joy, to entreat I may share in it.

Bob.'Tis well, he has forgot how I frighted him yet. Eug. Thou shalt: But first kneel with me, Lucio, No more Posthumia now! thou hast a father, A father living to take off that name, Which my too-credulous fears, that he was dead, Bestow'd upon thee. Thou shalt see him, Lucio, And make him young again by seeing thee, Who only hadst a being in my womb When he went from me, Lucio. Oh, my joys So far transport me, that I must forget The ornaments of matrons, modesty, And grave behaviour! But let all forgive me, If in th' expression of my soul's best comfort, Tho' old, I do a while forget mine age, And play the wanton in the entertainment

Of those delights I have so long despair'd of!

Lucio. Shall I then see my father?

Eug. This hour. Lucio:

Eug. This hour, Lucio;
Which reckon the beginning of thy life,
I mean that life in which thou shalt appear
To be such as I brought thee forth, a man.
This womanish disguise, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou shalt now cast off,
And change those qualities thou didst learn from me
For masculine virtues; for which seek no tutor,
But let thy sather's actions be thy precepts.
And for thee, Zancho, now expect reward
For thy true service.

Bob. Shall I?—You hear, fellow Stephano? learn

bow I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou shalt.] Sympson thinks it undoubted that we should read,

Eug. That thou shalt.

THE MARTIAL MAID. 407

To know me more respectively! How dost Thou think I shall become the steward's chair? ha? Will not these slender haunches shew well with A gold chain 7 and a night-cap after supper 8, When I take the accounts?

Eug. Haste, and take down those blacks with which

my chamber

Hath like the widow, her said mistress, mourn'd, And hang up for it the rich Persian arras, Us'd on my wedding-night; for this to me Shall be a fecond marriage! Send for music. And will the cooks to use their best of cunning To please the palate.

Bob. Will your ladyship have

A potatoe-pie?? 'Tis a good stirring dish

For an old lady, after a long Lent.

Eug. Begone, I fay! Why, Sir, you can go faster? Bob. I could, madam; but I am now to practife The steward's pace; that's the reward I look for. Every man must fashion his gait according To his calling: You, fellow Stephano, may walk faster, To overtake preferment; so, usher me.

Lucio. Pray, madam, let the waiftcoat I last wrought

Be made up for my father! I will have A cap, and boot-hose, suitable to it.

Eug. Of that

We'll think hereafter, Lucio; our thoughts now Must have no object but thy father's welcome; To which, thy help!

Lucio. With humble gladness, madam. [Exeunt.

⁷ Chain. See note 3 on the Lovers' Progress.

⁸ With a chain, and gold night cap.] Corrected from Sympson's conjecture.

⁹ POTATOE-pie.] See note 36 on the Loyal Subject.

SCENE III.

Enter Alvarez and Clara.

Alv. Where loft we Syavedra? Clara. He was met, Ent'ring the city, by fome gentlemen, Kinfmen, as he faid, of his own, with whom For compliment-sake (for so I think he term'd it) He was compell'd to ftay; tho' I much wonder A man that knows to do, and has done well I'th' head of his troop, when the bold foe charg'd home. Can learn fo fuddenly t' abuse his time In apish entertainment. For my part, (By all the glorious rewards of war) I'd rather meet ten enemies i' th' field, All fworn to fetch my head, than be brought on To change an hour's discourse with one of these Smooth city-fools, or tiffue-cavaliers, (The only gallants, as they wifely think) To get a jewel, or a wanton kiss From a court-lip, tho' painted.

Alv. My love Clara, (For Lucio is a name thou must forget, With Lucio's bold behaviour) tho' thy breeding I' th' camp, may plead fomething in the excuse Of thy rough manners, custom having chang'd (Tho' not thy fex) the foftness of thy nature, And Fortune, then a cruel step-dame to thee, Impos'd upon thy tender fweetness burdens Of hunger, cold, wounds, want, fuch as would crack The finews of a man, not born a foldier; Yet, now she smiles, and like a nat'ral mother Looks gently on thee, Clara, entertain Her proffer'd bounties with a willing bosom: Thou shalt no more have need to use thy sword; Thy beauty (which e'en Belgia hath not alter'd) Shall be a stronger guard, to keep my Clara, Than THE MARTIAL MAID. 409

Than that has been (tho' never us'd but nobly):

And know thus much-

Clara. Sir, I know only that It stands not with my duty to gain-say you In any thing: I must and will put on What fashion you think best, tho' I could wish I were what I appear.

Alv. Endeavour rather

To be what you are, Clara; entring here.

[Musick.]

As you were born, a woman.

Enter Eugenia, Lucio, and Servants.

Eug. Let choice musick,
In the best voice that e'er touch'd human ear,
(For joy hath tied my tongue up) speak your welcome!
Alv. My soul (for thou giv'st new life to my spirit)
[Embraces ber.

Myriads of joy, tho' fhort in number of Thy virtues, fall on thee! Oh, my Eugenia, Th' affurance that I do embrace thee, makes My twenty years of forrow but a dream; And by the nectar which I take from these I feel my age restor'd, and, like old Æson,

Grow young again.

Eug. My lord, long wish'd-for, welcome!
'Tis a sweet briefness! yet in that short word
All pleasures which I may call mine begin,
And may they long encrease, before they find
A second period! Let mine eyes now surfeit
On this so-wish'd-for object, and my lips
Yet modestly pay back the parting kiss
You trusted with them, when you sled from Sevil,
With little Clara my sweet daughter! Lives she?
Yet I could-chide myself, having you here,
For being so covetous of all joys at once,
T' enquire for her; you being, alone, to me
My Clara, Lucio, my lord, myself,
Nay, more than all the world!

Alv. As you to me are.

410 LOVE'S CURE; OR,

Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the story Of your past dangers, now you're here in safety! It will give relish, and fresh appetite
To my delights, if such delights can cloy me. Yet do not, Alvarez! let me first yield you Account of my life in your absence, and Make you acquainted how I have preserv'd The jewel left lock'd up within my womb, When you, in being forc'd to leave your country, Suffer'd a civil death.

Alv. Do, my Eugenia; 'Tis that I most desire to hear.

Eug. Then know——

Eyav. [within.] If you are noble enemies, Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly!

Vit. [within.] Stand off! I am too many of myself.

Enter Bobadilla.

Bob. Murder, murder! Your friend, my lord, Don Syavedra is fet upon in the streets, By your enemies, Vitelli and his faction: I am almost kill'd with looking on them.

Alv. I'll free him, or fall with him! Draw thy fword, And follow me! [Exit.

Clara. Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this occasion once more to use it.

[Exit.

Bob. Nay, hold not me, madam! If I do any hurt, hang me.

Luc. Oh, I am dead with fear! Let's fly into Your closet, mother.

Eug. No hour of my life Secure of danger? Heav'n be merciful, Or now at once difpatch me!

Enter Vitelli, pursued by Alvarez and Syavedra, Clara beating off Anastro,

Clara. Follow him! Leave me to keep these off.

THE MARTIAL MAID. 411

Alv. Assault my friend,

So near my house?

Vit. Nor in it will fpare thee,
Tho' 'twere a temple; and I'll make it one,
I being the priest, and thou the facrifice,
I'll offer to my uncle.

Alv. Haste thou to him,

And fay I sent thee!

Clara. 'Twas put bravely by—
And that; yet he comes on, and boldly; rare
I' th' wars, where emulation and example
Join to encrease the courage, and make less
The danger! valour, and true resolution
Never appear'd so lovely—brave again!
Sure he is more than man; and if he fall,
The best of virtue, fortitude, would die with him:
And can I suffer it? forgive me, duty!
So I love valour, as I will protect it
Against my father, and redeem it, tho'
'T is forseited by one I hate.

Vit. Come on!

All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer Before you have me; keep off.

Clara. Fear me not!

Thy worth has took me prisoner, and my fword For this time knows thee only for a friend, And to all else I turn the point of it.

Syav. Defend your father's enemy?

Alv. Art thou mad?

Clara. Are ye men rather? Shall that valour, which Begot you lawful honour in the wars, Prove now the parent of an infamous baftard So foul, yet so long liv'd, as murder will Be to your shames? Have each of you, alone, With your own dangers only, purchas'd glory From multitudes of enemies, not allowing Those nearest to you to have part in it, And do you now join, and lend mutual help Against a single opposite? Hath the mercy

Of the great king, but newly wash'd away The blood, that with the forfeit of your life Cleav'd to your name and family, like an ulcer, In this again to fet a deeper dye upon Your infamy? You'll fay he is your foe, And by his rashness call'd on his own ruin; Remember yet, he was first wrong'd, and honour Spurr'd him to what he did; and next the place Where now he is, your house, which by the laws Of hospitable duty should protect him; Have you been twenty years a stranger to't, To make your entrance now in blood? or think you Your countryman, a true-born Spaniard, will be An off'ring fit to please the genius of it? No; in this I'll presume to teach my father, And this first act of disobedience shall Confirm I am most dutiful.

Alv. I'm pleas'd

With what I dare not give allowance to. Unnatural wretch, what wilt thou do?

Clara. Set free

A noble enemy: Come not on! by Heaven, You pass to him thro'me! The way is open. Farewell! when next I meet you, do not look for A friend, but a vow'd foe; I fee you worthy, And therefore now preferve you, for the honour Of my fword only.

Vit. Were this man a friend, How would he win me, that being my vow'd foe Deferves fo well! I thank you for my life; But how I shall deserve it, give me leave [Exit.

Hereafter to confider.

Alv. Quit thy fear; All danger is blown over: I have letters To th' governor, i'th' king's name, to fecure us From such attempts hereafter; yet we need not, That have such strong guards of our own, dread others; And, to encrease thy comfort, know, this young man, Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,

Is

Is not what he appears, but fuch a one As thou with joy wilt bless, thy daughter Clara.

Eug. A thousand bleffings in that word!

Alv. The reason

Why I have bred her up thus, at more leifure I will impart unto you: Wonder not At what you've feen her do, it being the least Of many great and valiant undertakings She hath made good with honour.

Eug. I'll return

The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you, my Alvarez: You, in a man,
Have giv'n to me a daughter; in a woman,
I give to you a fon: This was the pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Diff'rent from what he was, as you did Clara,
And with the like fuccess; as she appears
Alter'd by custom, more than woman, he,
Transform'd by his soft life, is less than man.

Alv. Fortune in this gives ample fatisfaction

For all our forrows past.

Lucio. My dearest sister! Clara. Kind brother!

Alv. Now our mutual care must be Employ'd to help wrong'd Nature, to recover Her right in either of them, lost by custom: To you I give my Clara, and receive My Lucio to my charge; and we'll contend, With loving industry, who soonest can Turn this man woman, or this woman man.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pachieco and Lazarillo.

Pach. OY, my cloak, and rapier! it fits not A gentleman of my rank to walk the streets

In querpo.

Laz. Nay, you are a very rank gentleman, Signor. I am very hungry; they tell me In Sevil here, I look like an eel, With a man's head; and your neighbour the fmith Here hard by, would have borrow'd me the other day

To have fish'd with me, because h' had lost his angle-

Pach. Oh, happy thou, Lazarillo, being the cause Of other mens' wits, as in thine own! Live lean And witty still: Oppress not thy stomach Too much: Gross feeders, great sleepers; great

fleepers, fat bodies; Fat bodies, lean brains! No, Lazarillo; I will make thee immortal, change thy humanity Into deity, for I will teach thee

To live upon nothing.

Laz. Faith, fignor, I am immortal then already, or very Near it, for I do live upon little or nothing. Belike that is the reason the poets are said To be immortal; for some of them live Upon their wits, which is indeed as good As little or nothing. But, good master, let me Be mortal still, and let us go to supper.

Pach. Be abstinent; shew not the corruption of Thy generation: He that feeds fhall die,

Therefore, he that feeds not shall live.

Laz. Ay, but how long Shall he live? There's the question.

Pach.

Pach. As long as he

Can without feeding. Didst thou read of the Miraculous maid in Flanders—

Laz. No, nor of

Any maid else; for the miracle of virginity Now-a-days ceases, ere the virgin

Can read virginity?

Pach. She that liv'd three years Without any other fustenance than The smell of a rose?

Laz. I heard of her, fignor; but they fay her guts fhrunk

All into lutestrings, and her nether parts Cling'd together like a serpent's tail; so that Tho' she continued a woman still

Above the girdle, beneath yet she was monster.

Pach. So are most women, believe it.

Laz. Nay all women, fignor, That can live only upon the finell of a rose.

Pach. No part of the history is fabulous.

Laz. I think rather,

No part of the fable is historical.
But for all this, Sir, my rebellious stomach
Will not let me be immortal: I will be
As immortal as mortal hunger will suffer.
Put me to a certain stint, Sir! allow me
But a red herring a-day!

Pach. O, de Dios!

Wouldst thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red herring a-day
Shall ne'er be broiled for the devil's rasher:
A pilchard, signor, a sardina', an olive,
That I may be a philosopher first,
And immortal after.

Pach. Patience, Lazarillo! Let contemplation be thy food awhile: I fay unto thee,

¹⁰ A furdiny.] See note 4 on Love's Pilgrimage.

One pease was a soldier's provant a whole day At the destruction of Jerusalem.

Enter Metaldi and Mendoza.

Laz. Ay, an it were any where but at The destruction of a place, I'll be hang'd.

Met. Signor Pachieco Alasto, My most ingenious cobler of Sevil, The bonos noxios to your signory!

Pach. Signor Metaldi de Forgio!

My most famous smith, and man of metal, I
Return your courtesy ten-fold, and do
Humble my bonnet beneath the shoe-sole
Of your congie. The like to you,
Signor Mendoza Pediculo de Vermini,
My most exquisite hose-heeler!

Laz. Here's a greeting
Betwixt a cobler, a fmith, and a botcher!
They all belong to the foot, which makes them stand
So much upon their gentry.

Mend. Signor Lazarillo!

Laz. Ah, fignor, sì! Nay, we are all fignors
Here in Spain, from the jakes-farmer to the grandee,
Or adelantado. This botcher looks
As if he were dough-bak'd; a little butter now,
And I could eat him like an oaten cake!
His father's diet was new cheese and onions,
When he got him: What a scallion-sac'd rascal 'tis?

Met. But why, fignor Pachieco, do you stand So much on the priority, and antiquity Of your quality (as you call it) in comparison Of ours?

Mend. Ay; your reason for that.

Pach. Why, thou iron-pated finith, and thou Woollen-witted hose-heeler, hear what I Will speak indifferently, and according To antient writers, of our three professions; And let the upright Lazarillo be Both judge and moderator!

Laz.

Laz. Still am I

The most immortally hungry that may be!

Pach. Suppose thou wilt derive thy pedigree,
Like some of the old heroes, (as Hercules,
Aneas, Achilles) lineally from
The gods, making Saturn thy great-grandsather,
And Yulcan thy father—Yulcan was a god

And Vulcan thy father-Vulcan was a god-Laz. He'llmake Vulcan yourgodfather by-and-by. Pach. Yet, I fay, Saturn was a crabbed block-head, And Vulcan a limping horn-head; for Venus his wife Was a strumpet, and Mars begat all her children: Therefore, however, thy original Must of necessity spring from bastardy. Further". What can shew a more deject spirit in man, than To lay his hands under every one's horses' feet, To do him fervice, as thou dost?-For thee, I will be brief; thou dost botch, and not mend, Thou art a hider of enormities, Viz. scabs, chilblains, and kib'd heels; Much prone thou art to fects, and herefies, Disturbing state and government; for how canst thou Be a found member in the commonwealth, That art so subject to stitches in the ankles? Blush and be silent then, oh, ye mechanicks! Compare no more with the politick cobler! For coblers, in old time, have prophefied;

Have we not the length of every man's foot?

Are we not daily menders? Yea, and what menders?

Not horie-menders—

Laz. Nor manners-menders.

What may they do now then, that have Every day waxed better and better?

Pach. But foal-menders:
Oh, divine coblers! Do we not, like the wife man,
Spin our own threads, (or our wives for us?)
Do we not, by our fowing the hide, reap the beef?

thinking but the judicious reader will with, with me, that the Authors had wrote, what can shew, &c.

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Dd

Cannot help thinking but the judicious reader will with, with me, that the Authors had wrote, what can shew, &c.

Simpsen.

Are

Are not we of the gentle-craft, whilst both you Are but crafts-men? You will say, you fear Neither iron nor steel, and what you get is wrought Out of the fire; I must answer you again tho, All this is but forgery. You may likewise say, A man's a man, that has but a hose on his head: I must likewise answer, that man is a botcher That has a heel'd hose on his head. To conclude, There can be no comparison with The cobler, who is all in all In the commonwealth, has his politick eye and ends. On every man's steps that walks, and whose course shall

Be lasting to the world's end.

Met. I give place:

The wit of man is wonderful! Thou Hast hit the nail on the head, and I will give thee Six pots for't, tho' I ne'er clinch shoe again.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier.

Pach. Who's this? Oh, our Alguazier; as arrant a knave

As e'er wore one head under two offices; He is one fide Alguazier.

Met. The other fide Serjeant.

Mend. That's both fides carrion, I am fure:

Pach. This is he

Apprehends whores in the way of justice, and lodges 'em

In his own house, in the way of profit. He with

Is the grand don Vitelli, 'twixt whom and Fernando Alvarez the mortal hatred is: He is indeed my don's bawd, and does At this prefent lodge a famous courtezan Of his, lately come from Madrid.

Vit. Let her want nothing, fignor, she can ask: What loss or injury you may sustain

I will repair, and recompense your love:

Only

Only that fellow's coming I mislike, And did fore-warn her of him. Bear her this, With my best love; at night I'll visit her.

Alg. I rest your lordship's servant! Vit. Good ev'n, signors!

Oh, Alvarez, thou hast brought a son with thee Both brightens and obscures our nation, Whose pure strong beams on us shoot like the sun's On baser fires. I would to Heav'n my blood Had never stain'd thy bold unfortunate hand, That with mine honour I might emulate, Not persecute such virtue! I will see him, Tho' with the hazard of my life; no rest In my contentious spirits can I find 'Till I have gratisted him in like kind.

Alg. I know ye not! what are ye? Hence, ye base besognios 12!

Pach. Marry, Cazzo! Signor Alguazier, d' you not know us?

Why, we are your honest neighbours, The cobler, smith, and botcher, that have so often Sat snoaring cheek by joll, with your signory, In rug at midnight.

Laz. Nay, good fignor,

for imbrasing."

Be not angry; you must understand, a cat And such an officer see best in the dark.

Met. By this hand,
I could find in my heart to shoe his head!

Perhaps will receive fome explanation from the following passage in Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, p. 85. 'It may bee thought that every mercinarie man and common hireling (taken up for a while,

or ferving a small season) is a souldier sit to be registred, or honoured among the renouned sort of warlike people. For such numbers of

bezoing nies or necessarie instruments for the time, are to fall to their occupation when the service is ended, and not to live idlely or looke

Befognios scem to mean the lower rank, people in want, and of base condition; so, besoin, French, need, quant.

Pach. Why then we know you, fignor! Thou mungril,

Begot at midnight, at the gaol-gate, by a beadle, On a catchpole's wife, are not you he that was Whipt out of Toledo for perjury?

Mend. Next,

Condemn'd to the gallies for pilfery, To the bull's pizzle?

Met. And after call'd

To the inquisition, for apostacy?

Pach. Are not you he that, rather than you durst Go an industrious voyage, being press'd, To the islands, skulk'd till the fleet was gone, and then

Earn'd your rial a-day by fquiring punks And punklings up and down the city?

Laz. Are not you

A Portuguese born, descended o' the Moors, And came hither into Sevil with your master, An arrant tailor, in your red bonnet, And your blue jacket lousy; tho' now Your block-head be cover'd with the Spanish block, And your lashed shoulders with a velvet-pee.

Pach. Are not you he that have been of thirty

callings,

Yet ne'er a one lawful? that being a chandler first, Profes'd sincerity, and would fell no man Mustard to his beef on the sabbath, and yet sold Hypocrify all your life-time?

Met. Are not you he, that were fince A furgeon to the stews, and undertook To cure, what the church itself could not, strumpets? That rife to your office by being a great don's bawd?

Laz That commit men nightly offenceless for the

Laz. That commit men nightly, offenceless, for the gain

Of a groat a prisoner, which your beadle seems
To put up, when you share three-pence?

Mend. Are not you he

That is a kiffer of men, in drunkenness, And a betrayer in sobriety?

Alg.

Alg. Diabolo! They'll rail me into the gallies

Again.

Pach. Yes, fignor, thou art even he We speak of all this while. Thou mayst, by thy place now,

Lay us by the heels, 'tis true; but take heed; Be wifer, pluck not ruin on thine own head; For never was there such an anatomy, As we shall make thee then; be wife therefore, Oh, thou child of the night! Befriends, and shake hands. Thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder: Remember thy worshipful function, A constable; tho' thou turn'st day into night, And night into day, what of that? Watch less, And pray more: Gird thy bear-skin (viz.thy rug-gown) .To thy loins; take thy staff in thy hand, and go Forth at midnight13; let not thy mittens abate The talons of thy authority 14, but gripe Theft and whoredom, wherefoever thou meet'st 'em; Bear 'em away like a tempest, and lodge 'em safely In thine own house.

Laz. Would you have whores and thieves

Lodg'd in such a house?

Pach. They ever do fo;

I have found a thief or a whore there, When the whole suburbs could not furnish me.

Laz. But why do they lodge there?

Pach. That they may be Safe and forth-coming; for in the morning usually, The thief is sent to the gaol, and the whore prostrates Herself to the justice.

Mend. Admirable Pachiecho!

Met. Thou cobler of Christendom!

Alg. There is no railing with these rogues:

is Gird thy bear-skin (viz. thy rug-gown) to thy loins; take thy staff in thy hand, and go forth at midnight.] These words are found only in the sirst solio.

button is to a foil.

Dd 3

Let not thy mittens be the fame to thy talons, as a Sympson.

I will

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I will close with 'em, 'till I can cry quittance.
Why, fignors, and my honest neighbours, will ye Impute that as a neglect of iny friends, which is An imperfection in me? I have been Sand-blind from my infancy; to make you amends You shall sup with the.

Laz. Shall we sup with ye, Sir?

O'my conscience, they have wrong'd the gentleman

Extremely.

Alg. And after supper, I have
A project to employ you in, shall make you
Drink and eat merrily this month. I am
A little knavish; why, and do not I know all
You to be knaves?

Pach. I grant you, we are all

Knaves, and will be your knaves; but oh, while you live,

Take heed of being a proud knave!

Alg. On then, pass;

I will bear out my staff, and my staff shall bear out me.

Laz. Oh, Lazarillo, thou art going to supper! [Exe.

SCENE II.

Enter Lucio and Bobadilla.

Lucio. Pray be not angry.

Bob. I am angry, and I will be angry.
Diabolo! what should you do in the kitchen?
Cannot the cooks lick their fingers without
Your overseeing? nor the maids make pottage,
Except your dog's head be in the pot? Don Lucio?
Don Quot-Quean, don Spinster! wear
A petticoat still, and put on your smock a'Monday;
I will have a baby o'clouts made for it, like
A great girl! Nay, if you will needs be starching
Of ruffs, and sowing of black-work, I will
Of a mild and loving tutor, become a tyrant:

Your

Your father has committed you to my charge, And I will make a man or a mouse on you.

Lucio. What would you have me do? This fcurvy

fword

So galls my thigh, I would it were burnt!—Pish! look, This cloak will ne'er keep on; these boots too hidebound,

Make me walk stiff, as if my legs were frozen, And my spurs jingle like a morris-dancer: Lord, how my head aches with this roguish hat! This masculine attire is most uneasy, I'm bound up in it; I had rather walk In solio again, loose, like a woman.

Bob. In foolio, had you not?

Thou mock to Heav'n, and Nature, and thy parents! Thou tender leg of lamb! Oh, how he walks As if he had bepifs'd himfelf, and fleers! Is this a gait for the young cavalier, Don Lucio, fon and heir to Alvarez? Has it a corn? or does it walk on confcience, It treads fo gingerly? Come on your ways! Suppose me now your father's foe, Vitelli, And spying you i'th' street, thus I advance: I twist my beard, and then I draw my sword.

Lucio. Alas!

Bob. And thus accost thee: Traiterous brat, How durst thou thus confront me? impious twig Of that old stock, dew'd with my kinsman's gore, Draw! for I'll quarter thee in pieces four.

Lucio. Nay, prithee Bobadilla, leaving thy fooling, Put up thy fword. I will not meddle with you.

Ay, justle me, I care not, I'll not draw;

Pray be a quiet man.

Bob. D' ye hear? answer me, As you would do don Vitelli, or I'll be So bold as to lay the pommel of my sword Over the hilts of your head!—My name's Vitelli, And I'll have the wall.

Lucio. Why then,

I'll

I'll have the kennel: What a coil you keep? Signor, what happen'd 'twixt my fire and your Kinsman, was long before I saw the world; No fault of mine, nor will I justify My father's crimes: Forget, Sir, and forgive, 'Tis Christianity. I pray put up your sword; I'll give you any satisfaction, That may become a gentleman. However, I hope you're bred to more humanity, Than to revenge my father's wrong on me, That crave your love and peace. Law-you-now, Zancho,

Would not this quiet him, were he ten Vitellis?

Bob. Oh, craven-chicken of a cock o' th' game!

Well, what remedy? Did thy father fee this,
O' my confcience, he would cut off thy masculine
Gender, crop thine ears, beat out thine eyes,
And set thee in one of the pear-trees for a scare-crow!
As I am Vitelli, I am satisfied;
But as I am Bobadilla Spindola Zancho,
Steward of the house, and thy father's servant,
I could find in my heart to lop off
The hinder part of thy face, or to
Beat all thy teeth into thy mouth! Oh, thou
Whey-blooded milksop, I'll wait upon thee no longer;
Thou shalt ev'n wait upon me. Come your ways,
Sir;

I shall take a little pains with you else.

Enter Clara.

Clara. Where art thou, brother Lucio?—Ran-

Ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan !
Oh, I shall no more see those golden days!
These cloaths will never sadge with me: A pox
O' this silthy fardingale, this hip-hape!—Brother,
Why are womens' haunches only limited, confin'd,
Hoop'd in as 'twere, with these same scurvy vardingales?'

Bob.

Bob. Because womens' haunches only are most subject. To display and sly out.

Clara. Bobadilla, rogue, ten ducats,

I hit the prepuce of thy cod-piece!

Lucio. Hold,

If you love my life, fifter! I am not Zancho Bobadilla; I am your brother, Lucio. What a fright you have put me in!

Clara. Brother? and wherefore thus?

Lucio. Why, master steward here, signor Zancho, Made me change: He does nothing but mis-use me, And call me coward, and swears I shall

Wait upon him.

Bob. Well! I do no more Than I have authority for .- 'Would I were away tho'! For she's as much too manish, as he Too womanish: I dare not meddle with her: Yet I must set a good face on it, if I had it.-I have like charge of you, madam; I Am as well to mollify you, as to Qualify him. What have you to do with Armors, and piftols, and javelins, and fwords, And fuch tools? Remember, mistress, Nature Hath given you a sheath only, to signify Women are to put up mens' weapons, not To draw them !- Look you now, is this a fit Trot for a gentlewoman? You shall see The court-ladies move like goddesses, as if They trod air; they will swim you their measures, Like whiting-mops, as if their feet were finns, And the hinges of their knees oil'd. Do they Love to ride great horses, as you do? no; They love to ride great affes sooner. Faith, I know not what to fay t'ye both: Custom hath Turn'd Nature topfy-turvy in you. Clara. Nay,

But, master steward!

Bob. You cannot trot so fast,
But he ambles as slowly.

Clara.

Clara. Signor Spindle!

Will you hear me?

Bob. He that shall come to

Bestride your virginity, had better be

A-foot o'er the dragon.

Clara. Very well!

Bob. Did ever

Spanish lady pace so?

Clara. Hold these a little! Lucio. I'll not touch 'em, I.

Clara. First do I break your office o'er your pate, You dog-skin-fac'd rogue, pilcher, you Poor-John!

Which I will beat to stock-fish.

Lucio. Sister!

Bob. Madam!

Clara. You cittern-head! who have you talk'd to, ha?

You nafty, ftinking, and ill-countenanc'd cur!

Bob. By this hand, I'll bang your brother for this,

when

I get him alone.

Clara. How! Kick him, Lucio!

He shall kick you, Bob, spite o' thy nose; that's

Kick him, I fay, or I will cut thy head off!

Bob. Softly, you had best!

Clara. Now, thou lean, dried, and ominous-vifag'd knave,

Thou false and peremptory steward, pray! For I will hang thee up in thine own chain!

Lucio. Good fister, do not choak him.

Bob. Murder! murder! [Exit. Clara. Well! I shall meet w' ye.—Lucio, who

bought this?

'Tis a reasonable good one; but there hangs one, Spain's champion ne'er us'd truer; with this staff Old Alvarez has led up men so close,

They could almost spit in the cannon's mouth;

Whilft

Whilft I with that, and this, well mounted's, skirr'd A horse-troop thro' and thro', like swift Desire, And seen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gash'd Like bleeding shads.

Lucio. Bless us, fifter Clara,

How desperately you talk! What d' ye call

This gun? a dag?

Clara. I'll give't thee; a French petronel. You never faw my Barbary, the Infanta Bestow'd upon me, as yet Lucio: Walk down, and see it.

valk down, and lee it.

Lucio. What, into the stable?
Not I; the jades will kick: The poor groom there
Was almost spoil'd the other day.

Clara. Fy on thee!

Thou wilt fearce be a man before thy mother. Lucio. When will you be a woman?

Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.

Clara. 'Would I were none!

But Nature's privy feal affures me one.

Alv. Thou anger'st me! Can strong habitual custom Work with such magick on the mind and manners, In spite of sex and Nature? Find out, sirrah, Some skilful fighter.

Bob. Yes, Sir.
Alv. I will rectify

15 -and this, well mounted, scour'd

A horse-troop through and through,—] The old solio reads scurr'd, which I take to be only a salse spelling of a better word, viz. skirr'd: Thus Shakespear in Macbeth, act v. scene iii.

Send out more horses; skir the country round.
To skir is welitari, to fight as the light horse do, from whence the substantive skirmish.

In Henry V. Shakespear uses the word for flying swiftly, tho' from an enemy The king says of the French horse, act iv. scene xiii.

He'll make 'em skir away, as swift as stones

No reader of taste wou'd bear the change of the word skir, which is perfectly poetical, as the found is an echo to the sense, for scour; and Fletcher has not suffered much less by the change.

Seward.

And

And redeem either's proper inclination, Or bray 'em in a mortar, and new-mold 'em.

Bob. Believe your eyes, Sir; I tell you, we wash an Ethiop. Exit.

Clara. I strike it, for ten ducats. Alv. How now, Clara,

Your breeches on still? And your petticoat Not yet off, Lucio? art thou not gelt? Or did the cold Muscovite beget thee, That lay here leger 16, in the last great frost? Art not thou, Clara, turn'd a man indeed Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou? I'll have you fearch'd; by Heaven, I strongly doubt! We must have these things mended. Come, go in! Exit.

Enter Vitelli and Bobadilla.

Bob. With Lucio, fay you? There he's for you. Vit. And there's for thee.

Bob. I thank you. You have now bought A little advice of me: If you chance To have conference with that lady there, Be very civil, or look to your head! She has ten nails, and you have but two eyes: If any foolish hot motions should chance To rife in the horizon, under your equinoctial there, Qualify it as well as you can, for I fear

' What durst move you, Sir,

. To thinke me whoorish? a name which I'de teare out ' From the hye Germaine's throat, if it lay ledger there! " To dispatch privy slanders against mee!"

Dr. Johnson says, leger is derived from the Dutch legger; and sigvitics, 'Any thing that lies in a place; as, a leger ambaffador, a refident; a leger-book, a book that lies in the compting-house.

The

¹⁶ That lay here lieger.] So, in Greene's Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 4to. 1592. 'Indeed, I have been lieger in my time in London, and have play'd many madde pranckes, for which cause you may apparently fee I am made a curtall; for the pillory (in the fight of a great many good and fufficient witnesses) hath eaten off booth my eares, and now, Sir, this rope-maker hunteth me heere with his halters.' --- And in the Roaring Girle, or Moll Cutpurfe, by Middleton and Dekkar,

The elevation of your pole will not Agree with the horoscope of her constitution: She is Bell and the Dragon, I affure you. [Em. Vit. Are you the Lucio, Sir, that fav'd Vitelli?

Lucio. Not I, indeed, Sir; I did never brabble: There walks that Lucio metamorphofed.

Vit. D' you mock me?

Clara. No, he does not: I am that Supposed Lucio that was, but Clara That is, and daughter unto Alvarez.

Vit. Amazement daunts me! 'Would my life were

riddles,

So you were still my fair expositor! Protected by a lady from my death? Oh, I shall wear an everlasting blush Upon my cheek from this discovery! Oh, you, the fairest soldier I e'er saw, Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy shield, Conquers without blows, the contentious—

Clara. Sir, guard yourfelf; you're in your enemies

house,

And may be injur'd. Vit. 'Tis impossible:

151.

Foe, nor oppressing odds, dares prove Vitelli, If Clara fide him, and will call him friend. I would the diff'rence of our bloods were fuch As might with any shift be wip'd away! Or 'would to Heav'n yourself were all your name; That, having lost blood by you, I might hope To raise blood from you! But my black-wing'd fate Hovers averfely over that fond hope; And he, whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter 17

And

¹⁷ Thus gratifies the daughter.] This gratifies feems to come in oddly; for what gratification does Vitelli make Clara here? He gives her good words, 'tis true, and fets off the fervice she had done him at her first appearance on the stage, but this ought rather to be called a panegyrick, than a gratification, and who knows but the Aushors might have given it thus glorifies the daughter. Symplen.

And fifter of his enemy, wears a fword
To rip the father and the brother up:
Thus you, that fav'd this wretched life of mine,
Have fav'd it to the ruin of your friends.
That my affections should promiscuously
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily!
Pray let me kiss your hand!

Clara. You're treacherous, And come to do me mischief.

Vit. Speak on still;

Your words are falser, fair, than my intents, And each sweet accent far more treach'rous; for Tho' you speak ill of me, you speak so well I do desire to hear you.

Clara. Pray be gone;
Or, kill me if you please.
Vit. Oh, neither can I:

For, to be gone were to destroy my life; And to kill you were to destroy my soul. I am in love, yet must not be in love! I'll get away apace. Yet, valiant lady, Such gratitude to honour I do owe, And such obedience to your memory, That if you will bestow something, that I May wear about me, it shall bind my wrath, My most invet'rate wrath, from all attempts, 'Till you and I meet next.

Clara. A favour, Sir?

Why, I'll give you good counfel.

Vit. That already

The wenches give them to the ferving-men.

Vit. That little ring——
Clara. 'Twill hold you but by th' finger;
And I would have you faster.

Vit.

Vit. Any thing said air a significantial

That I may wear, and but remember you.

Clara. This smile; my good opinion; or myself!

But that, it feems, you like not.

Vit. Yes; so well,

When any finiles, I will remember yours; Your good opinion shall in weight poize me Against a thousand ill; lastly, yourself My curious eye now figures in my heart, Where I will wear you till the table break. So, whitest angels guard you!

Clara. Stay, Sir; I

Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly May not disdain to wear.

Vit. What's that?
Clara. This fword.—

I never heard a man speak 'till this hour:
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The lioness hath metra tamer here:
Fy, how his tongue chimes!—What was I saying?
Oh, this sayour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a love-knot, fast, ne'er to hurt my friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainst all your foes
(For I have neither friend, nor foe, but yours)
As e'er it was to me! I've kept it long,
And value it, next my virginity.—
But, good, return it; for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchas'd it should have me too.

Vit. 'Would that were possible; but, alas, 'ris

Yet this affure yourfelf, most-honour'd Clara, I'll not infringe an article of breath

My vow hath offer'd t' you; nor from this part

Whilst it hath edge, or point, or I a heart. [Exit. Clara. Oh, leave me living!—What new exercise Is crept into my breast, that blancheth clean My former nature? I begin to find.

I am a woman, and must learn to fight.

I am a woman, and mule Learn to fight.

A fofter fweeter battle than with fwords.

I'm

432 LOVE'S CURE; OR,
I'm fick methinks; but the disease I feel
Pleaseth, and punisheth. I warrant, love
Is very like this, that folks talk of so;
I skill not what it is, yet sure e'en here,

E'en in my heart, I fensibly perceive
It glows, and rifeth like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the effence on't, nor name. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Malroda and Alguazier.

Malr. HE must not? nor he shall not? who shall let him?

You, politick Diego, with your face of wisdom! Don Blirt! The pox upon your aphorisms, Your grave and sage-ale physiognomy! Do not I know thee for the Alguazier, Whose dunghill all the parish scavengers Could never rid? Thou comedy to men, Whose serious folly is a butt for all To shoot their wits at; whilst thou hast not wit, Nor heart, to answer, or be angry!

Alg. Lady!

Malr. Peace, peace, you rotten rogue, supported by A staff of rott'ner office! Dare you check Any's accesses that I will allow? Piorato is my friend, and visits me In lawful fort, t' espouse me as his wise; And who will cross, or shall, our interviews? You know me, sirrah, for no chambermaid, That cast her belly and her wastecoat lately. Thou think'st thy constableship is much! not so; I am ten offices to thee: Ay, thy house, Thy house and office is maintain'd by me.

Alg. My house-of-office is maintain'd i'th' garden!

Go to! I know you; and I have contriv'd; (You're a delinquent) but I have contriv'd A poison, tho' not in the third degree: I can fay, black's your eye, tho' it be grey; I have conniv'd at this your friend, and you; But what is got by this connivency? I like his feature well 18; a proper man; Of good discourse, fine conversation, Valiant, and a great carrier of the business, Sweet-breafted 19 as the nightingale or thrush: Yet I must tell you, you forget yourself; My lord Vitelli's love, and maintenance, Deferves no other Jack i'th' box, but he. What tho' he gather'd first the golden fruit, And blew your pigs-coat up into a blifter, When you did wait at court upon his mother; Has he not well provided for the bairn? Beside, what profit reap I by the other? If you will have me ferve your pleafure, lady, Your pleasure must accommodate my service; As good be virtuous and poor, as not Thrive by my knav'ry; all the world would be Good, prosper'd goodness like to villalny. I am the king's vicegerent by my place; His right lieutenant in mine own precinct.

Malr. Thou'rt a right rascal in all mens' precincts! Yet now, my pair of twins, of sool and knave, Look, we are friends; there's gold for thee: Admit Whom I will have, and keep it from my don, And I will make thee richer than thou'rt wise: Thou shalt be my bawd, and my officer; Thy children shall eat still, my good night-owl, And thy old wife sell andirons to the court, Be countenanc'd by the dons, and wear a hood, Nay, keep my garden-house; I'll call her mother, Thee sather, my good poisonous red-hair'd deel,

And gold shall daily be thy facrifice,

18 I like bis feather well.] Amended in 1750.

Wrought

¹⁹ Saweet-breasted.] See note 28 on the Pilgrim. Vol. VII. E e

Wrought from a fertile island of mine own, which I will offer, like an Indian queen.

Alg. And I will be thy devil, thou my flesh,

With which I'll catch the world.

Malr. Fill fome tobacco,
And bring it in. If Piorato come

Before my don, admit him; if my don

Before my don, admit him; if my don Before my love, conduct him, my dear devil! [Exit.

Alg. I will, my dear flesh.—First come, first ferv'd: Well faid!—

Oh, equal Heav'n, how wifely thou disposest Thy feveral gifts! One's born a great rich fool, For the fubordinate knave to work upon; Another's poor, with wit's addition, Which well or ill us'd builds a living up, And that too from the fire oft descends; Only fair Virtue, by traduction Never fucceeds 20, and feldom meets fuccess: What have I then to do with't? My free will, Left me by Heaven, makes me or good or ill. Now fince vice gets more in this vicious world Than piety, and my ftars' confluence Enforce my disposition to affect Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practife War, and grow that way great; religious, And that way good! My chief felicity Is wealth, the nurse of sensuality; And he that mainly labours to be rich, Must scratch great scabs, and claw a strumpet's itch. Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Piorato and Bobadilla.

Pio. To fay, Sir, I will wait upon your lord, Were not to understand myself.

Bob. To fay, Sir,

You will do any thing but wait upon him,

²⁰ Never succeeds.] i. e. Never follows by succession.

Were not to understand my lord.

Pio. I'll meet him

Some half-hour hence, and doubt not but to render His fon a man again: The cure is eafy; I have done divers.

Bob. Women do you mean, Sir?

Pio. Cures I do mean, Sir. Be there but one spark Of fire remaining in him unextinct, With my discourse I'll blow it to a slame, And with my practice into action. I have had one so full of childish fear, And womanish-hearted, sent to my advice, He durst not draw a knife to cut his meat.

Bob. And how, Sir, did you help him?

Pio. Sir, I kept him

Seven days in a dark room by candle-light, A plenteous table spread, with all good meats, Before his eyes, a case of keen broad knives Upon the board, and he fo watch'd he might not Touch the least modicum, unless he cut it: And thus I brought him first to draw a knife.

Bob. Good!

Pio. Then for ten days did I diet him Only with burnt pork, Sir, and gammons of bacon; A pill of caviare now and then, Which breeds choler adust, you know—

Bob. 'Tis true.

Pio. And to purge phlegmatick humour, and cold crudities,

In all that time he drank me aqua-fortis,

And nothing elfe but-Bob. Aqua-vitæ, fignor;

For aqua-fortis poisons.

Pio. Aqua-fortis,

I fay again: What's one man's poison, fignor,

Is another's meat or drink. Bob. Your patience, Sir!

By your good patience, h' had a huge cold stomach. Pio. I fired it, and gave him then three fweats In Ee 2

In the Artillery-Yard, three drilling days; And now he'll shoot a gun, and draw a sword, And fight, with any man in Christendom.

Bob. A receipt for a coward! I'll be bold, Sir,

To write your good prescription.

Pio. Sir, hereafter

You shall, and underneath it put probatum.—

Is your chain right?

Bob. It is both right and just, Sir; For, tho' I am a steward, I did get it With no man's wrong.

Pio. You are witty.

Bob. So, fo.

Could you not cure one, Sir, of being too rash, And over-daring? (there now's my disease) Fool-hardy, as they fay? for that in footh I am.

Pio. Most easily.

Bob. How?
Pio. To make you drunk, Sir,

With small beer once a-day, and beat you twice, 'Till you be bruis'd all over; if that help not,

Knock out your brains.

Bob. This is strong physick, signor, And never will agree with my weak body: I find the med'cine worse than the malady, And therefore will remain fool-hardy still. You'll come, Sir?

Pio. As I am a gentleman.

Bob. A man o'th' fword should never break his word.

Pio. I'll overtake you: I have only, Sir, A complimental visitation

To offer to a mistress lodg'd here by.

Bob. A gentlewoman?

Pio. Yes, Sir.

Bob. Fair, and comely?

Pio. Oh, Sir, the paragon, the nonpareil Of Sevil, the most wealthy mine of Spain,

For beauty and perfection.

Bob. Say you so?
Might not a man entreat a courtesy,
To walk along with you, signor, to peruse
This dainty mine, tho' not to dig in't, signor?
Hauh—I hope you'll not deny me, being a stranger;
Tho' I'm a steward, I am sless and blood,
And frail as other men.

Pio. Sir, blow your nose!
I dare not, for the world: No; she is kept
By a great don, Vitelli.

Bob. How! Pio. 'Tis true.

Bob. See, things will veer about! This don Vitelli Am I to feek now, to deliver letters
From my young miftrefs Clara; and, I tell you,
Under the rofe, (because you are a stranger,
And my especial friend) I doubt there is
A little foolish love betwixt the parties,
Unknown unto my lord.

Pio. Happy discovery!
My fruit begins to ripen.—Hark you, Sir!
I would not wish you now to give those letters;
But home, and ope this to madonna Clara,
Which when I come I'll justify, and relate
More amply and particularly.

Bob. I approve Your counsel, and will practise it. Bazi los manos! Here's two chewres chewr'd²¹! When Wisdom is

employ'd,
'Tis ever thus.—Your more acquaintance, fignor!
I fay not better, lest you think I thought not
Yours good enough.

[Exit

All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie, My father's to be hang'd for his escape, &c.

Sympson. -Enter

²¹ Here's two chewtes chewr'd.] That is, Here are two businesses dispatched. Chewre may be a South-country word for business; but in the North we should say,

Here's two chares char'd. So in Noble Kinsmen, we have the same word, act iii. scene ii. the Gaoler's Daughter speaking of Palamon, says,

Enter Alguazier.

Pio. Your fervant, excellent steward!
'Would all the dons in Spain had no more brains!
Here comes the Alguazier: Dieu vous guarde, monsieur!

Is my cuz stirring yet?

Alg. Your cuz, good cousin?

A whore is like a fool, a-kin to all

The gallants in the town. Your cuz, good signor,
Is gone abroad, Sir, with her other cousin,
My lord Vitelli; since when there hath been

Some dozen cousins here to enquire for her.

Pio. She's greatly allied, Sir.

Alg. Marry is she, Sir;
Come of a lusty kindred! The truth is,
I must conside no more; no more admittance
Must I consent to: My good lord has threaten'd me,

And you must pardon—

Pio. Out upon thee, man!
Turn honest in thine age? one soot i'th' grave?
Thou shalt not wrong thyself so for a million.
Look, thou three-headed Cerberus (for wit I mean), here is one sop, and two, and three;
For ev'ry chap a bit!

Alg. Ay, marry, Sir!-

Well, the poor heart loves you but too well. We have been talking on you, 'faith, this hour, Where, what I faid—Go to! she loves your valour; Oh, and your musick most abominably! She is within, Sir, and alone.—What mean you?

[Piorato changes sides,

Pio. That is your fergeant's fide, I take it, Sir; Now I endure your conftable's much better; There is less danger in't; for one, you know, Is a tame harmless monster in the light, The fergeant, salvage both by day and night.

Alg. I will call her to you for that,

Pio. No, I'll Charm her.

Alg. She's come. Pio. My spirit!

Enter Malroda.

Malr. Oh, my fweet! Leap hearts to lips, and in our kiffes meet!

SONG.

Pio. Turn, turn, thy beauteous face away,
How pale and fickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams!
Oh, envious Light, fly, fly, begone,
Come, Night, and piece two breafts as one;
When what Love does, we will repeat in dreams,
Yet, thy eyes open, who can Day hence fright?
Let but their lids fall, and it will be Night!

Alg. Well, I will leave you to your fortitude,
And you to temperance. Ah, ye pretty pair!

Twere fin to funder you. Lovers being alone
Make one of two, and day and night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;
You know my place elfe.

[Exit,

Malr. No, you will not marry; You are a courtier, and can fing, my love, And want no miftreffes; but yet I care not, I'll love you still, and when I'm dead for you,

Then you'll believe my truth.

Pio. You kill me, fair!

It is my leffon that you speak. Have I
In any circumstance deserv'd this doubt?
I am not like your false and perjur'd don,
That here maintains you, and has vow'd his faith;
And yet attempts in way of marriage
A lady not far off.

Malr. How's that?

Pio. 'Tis fo: And therefore, mistress, now the time is come You may demand his promise; and I swear To marry you with speed.

Ee 4

Malr.

Malr. And with that gold

Which don Vitelli gives, you'll walk fome voyage 25, And leave me to my trade; and laugh, and brag, How you o'er-reach'd a whore, and gull'd a lord.

Pio. You anger me extremely! Fare you well! What should I say to be believ'd? Expose me To any hazard; or, like jealous Juno, Th' incensed step-mother of Hercules, Design me labours most impossible 23, I'll do 'em, or die in 'em; so at last You will believe me.

Malr. Come; we're friends; I do!
I'm thine; walk in. My lord has fent me outfides,
But thou shalt have 'em; the colours are too sad.
Pio. 'Faith, mistress, I want cloaths indeed.

Malr. I have

Some gold too, for my fervant.

Pio. And I have

A better metal for my mistress.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at several doors.

Alg. Undone!—Wit, now or never help me!—My master?

Walk fome voyage.] Voyage is now improperly applied only to journies at fea; but it properly fignifies a journey either by land or fea, as the French wife the word voyage. The word journey is derived from jour the day; voyage is from voye, via, the way: And here is used in its proper fignification.

Seward.

²³ Labours most impossible.] This place, at first sight, appears to be a contradiction; for if the labours were impossible they could not be done either by Piorato or Hercules. Most, I take it here should be wrote thus,

Labours 'most impossible,

i. e. almost. The using of a simple for a compound word is frequent in our poets; and we have it again in this very play, act v. scene ii.

— being by your beams of beauty form'd, i. e. inform'd.

This is refinement. The labours of Hercules were enjoined as supposed impossibilities. Almost impossible is a poor phrase indeed. Poetry is not logick or mathematicks.

He'll

He'll cut my throat!—I'm a dead constable!

And he'll not be hang'd neither; there's the grief.—

The party, Sir, is here——

Vit. What?

Alg. He was here;

(I cry your lordship mercy!) but I rattled him; I told him here was no companions
For such debauch'd, and poor-condition'd fellows; I bid him venture not so desp'rately
The cropping of his ears, slitting his nose,
Or being gelt——

Vit. 'Twas well done.

Alg. Please your honour,
I told him there were stews; and then at last
Swore three or four great oaths she was remov'd,
Which I did think I might, in conscience,
Being for your lordship.

Vit. What became of him?

Alg. Faith, Sir, he went away with a flea in's ear, Like a poor cur, clapping his trundle tail Betwixt his legs.—A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha!—Now, luck!

Enter Malroda and Piorato.

Malr.'Tis he; do as I told thee; blefs thee, fignor! — Oh, my dear lord.

Vit. Malroda? what, alone?

Malr. She never is alone, that is accompanied With noble thoughts, my lord; and mine are such, Being only of your lordship.

Vit. Pretty lass!

Malr. Oh, my good lord, my picture's done; but 'faith,

It is not like. Nay, this way, Sir! the light Strikes best upon it here.

Pio. Excellent wench!

Alg. I am glad the danger's o'er.

[Exit.

Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,

But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature

Could

Could make but once.

Malr. All's clear; another tune You must hear from me now.—Vitelli, thou're A most perfidious and a perjur'd man, As ever did usurp nobility!

Vit. What mean'st thou, Mal? Malr. Leave your betraying fmiles. And change the tunes of your enticing tongue To penitential prayers; for I am great In labour, e'en with anger, big with-child Of woman's rage 23, bigger than when my womb Was pregnant by thee! Go, seducer, fly Out of the world; let me the last wretch be Dishonour'd by thee! Touch me not; I loath My very heart, because thou lay'st there long. A woman's well help'd up, that's confident In e'er a glittering outside of you all! 'Would I had honeftly been match'd to some Poor country swain, ere known the vanity Of court! peace then had been my portion, Nor had been cozen'd by an hour's pomp, To be a whore unto my dying day!

Vit. Oh, th' uncomfortable ways fuch women

Their different speech and meaning, no assurance In what they say or do: Dissemblers E'en in their prayers, as if the weeping Greek That statter'd Troy a-sire, had been their Adam;

In labour, e'en with anger, big with child

Of woman's rage.——] Here we have a strange anticlimax, she is in labour with anger, and yet only big with child of rage. The Editor possibly might be the Author of this inconsistency, who sceing the line wrote

E'en with anger big with child, &c. thought that the measure was deficient, and so might out of his own head give us in labour to make up the desiciency: But he did not see the inconsistency of this addition, which makes the place nonsense.

Sympson.

²⁵ Oh th' uncomfortable ways such women have.] Seward thinks uncomfortable a corruption, and that we should read unstable. Liars,

Liars, as if their mother had been made Only of all the falshood of the man, Dispos'd into that rib! Do I know this, And more; nay, all that can concern this fex, With the true end of my creation? Can I with rational discourse sometimes Advance my spirit into Heav'n, before It has shook hands with my body, and yet blindly Suffer my filthy flesh to master it, With fight of such fair frail beguiling objects? When I am absent, easily I resolve Ne'er more to entertain those strong desires That triumph o'er me, e'en to actual sin; Yet when I meet again those forcerer's eyes, Their beams my hardest resolutions thaw, As if that cakes of ice and July met; And her fighs, powerful as the violent North, Like a light feather twirl me round about, And leave me in mine own low state again.— What ail'st thou? Prithee, weep not!—Oh, those tears, If they were true, and rightly spent, would raise A flow'ry spring i' th' midst of January; Celestial ministers with chrystal cups Would stoop to fave 'em for immortal drink! But from this paffion-Why all this?

Malr. D'you ask?
You're marrying! having made me unsit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters must be my burdens now, to live;
And fitting me yourself for carts and beadles,
You leave me to 'em! And who, of all the world,
But the virago, your great arch-foe's daughter?
But on! I care not, this poor rush! 'Twill breed
An excellent comedy; ha! ha! It makes me laugh;
I cannot chuse. The best is, some report
It is a match for fear, not love, o'your side.

Vit. Why, how the devil knows she that I saw This lady? are all whores piec'd with some witch? I will be merry.—'Faith, 'tis true, sweetheart, I am.

I am to marry——

Malr. Are you? You base lord!

By Heav'n, I'll pistol thee.

Vit. A roaring whore?-

Take heed! there's a correction-house hard by. You ha' learn'd this o' your fwordman, that I warn'd

you of,

Your fencers, and your drunkards. But whereas You upbraid me with oaths, why, I must tell you I ne'er promis'd you marriage, nor have vow'd, But faid I'd love you, long as you remain'd The woman I expected, or you fwore: And how you've fail'd of that, fweetheart, you know.

You fain would shew your power; but, fare you well!

I'll keep no more faith with an infidel.

Malr. Nor I my bosom for a Turk. D' ye hear? Go! and the devil take me, if ever I fee you more! I was too true.

Vit. Come; pish!

That devil take the falsest of us two!

Malr. Amen!

Vit. You're an ill clerk, and curse yourself: Madness transports you. I confess, I drew you Unto my will; but you must know that must not Make me dote on the habit of my fin: I will, to fettle you to your content, Be master of my word. And yet he lied, That told you I was marrying, but in thought: But will you flave me to your tyranny So cruelly, I shall not dare to look Or speak to other women? make me not Your smock's monopoly. Come, let's be friends! Look, here's a jewel for thee: I will come At night, and——

Malr. What? I'faith you shall not, Sir. Vit. I'faith and troth, and verily, but I will. Malr. Half-drunk, to make a noise, and rail?

Vit. No, no;

Sober, and dieted for th' nonce. I'm thine!

I've won the day.

Malr. The night, tho', shall be mine. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Clara and Bobadilla.

Clara. What faid he, firrah?

Bob. Little, or nothing. Faith, I faw him not, Nor will not: He doth love a strumpet, mistress, Nay, keeps her spitefully, under the constable's nose: It shall be justified by the gentleman, Your brother's master, that is now within A-practifing. There are your letters! Come, You shall not cast yourself away, while I live; Nor will I venture my right-worshipful place In fuch a business. Here's your mother (down!) And he that loves you; another 'gates fellow-I wish, If you had any grace ----

Clara. Well, rogue!

Bob. I'll in,

To fee don Lucio manage: He will make A pretty piece of flesh, I promise you; He does already handle's weapon finely.

[Exit.

Enter Eugenia and Syavedra.

Eug. She knows your love, Sir, and the full allowance

Her father and myself approve it with; And I must tell you, I much hope it hath Wrought some impression by her alteration: She fighs, and fays forfooth, and cries beigh-bo! She'll take ill words o' th' fleward, and the servants, Yet answer affably, and modestly; Things, Sir, not usual with her. There she is; Change some few words.

Syav. Madam, I am bound t' you. How now, fair mistress? working?

Clara, Yes, forfooth;

Learning.

Learning to live another day.

Syav. That needs not.

Clara. No, forfooth? by my truly, but it does; We know not what we may come to.

Eug. 'Tis strange!

Syav. Come, I've begg'd leave for you to play: Clara. Forfooth,

'Tis ill for a fair lady to be idle.

Syav. Sh' had better be well busied, I know that. Turtle, methinks you mourn; shall I sit by you?

Clara. If you be weary, Sir, y' had best be gone;

I work not a true stitch, now you're my mate.

Syav. If I be so, I must do more than side you²⁶. Clara. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.

Syav. Shall we bill?

Clara. Oh, no, forfooth. Syav. Being fo fair, my Clara,

Why d'you delight in black-work?

Clara. Oh, white Sir,

The fairest ladies like the blackest men: I ever lov'd the colour; all black things

Are least subject to change. Syav. Why, I do love

A black thing too; and the most beauteous faces Have oftnest of them; as the blackest eyes,

Jet-arched brows, fuch hair. I'll kiss your hand.

Clara. 'Twill hinder me my work, Sir; and my mother

Will chide me if I do not do my task.

Syav. Your mother, nor your father shall chide.—You

Might have a prettier task, would you be rul'd, And look with open eyes.

Clara. I stare upon you,

And broadly see you; a wondrous proper man! Yet 'twere a greater task for me to love you, Than I shall ever work, Sir, in seven year.

I must do more then, side you.] We should certainly read, I must do more THAN side you.

Plague

Plague o' this stitching! I had rather feel

Two, than fow one.—This rogue has given me a flitch

Clean crofs my heart. Good faith, Sir, I shall prick you!

Syav. In gooder faith, I would prick you again! Clara. Now you grow troublesome! Pish, the man's foolish!

Syav. Pray wear these trisles. Clara. Neither you, nor trisles:

You are a trifle; wear yourself, Sir, out, And here no more trifle the time away.

Syav. Come, you're deceiv'd in me; I will not wake,

Nor fast, nor die for you.

Clara. Goose, be not you deceiv'd! I cannot like, nor love, nor live with you, Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.

Eug. Her old fit!

Syav. Sure, this is not the way.—Nay, I will break

Your melancholy—

Clara. I shall break your pate then.

Away, you fanguine scabbard!

Eug. Out upon thee!

Thou'lt break my heart, I'm fure.

Enter Alvarez, Piorato, Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Syav. She's not yet tame.

Alv. On, Sir! put home! or I shall goad you here

With this old fox of mine, that will bite better. Oh, the brave age is gone! In my young days

A chevalier would stock 27 a needle's point

Three times together firait i'th' hams; or shall I Give you new garters?

Bob. Faith, old master, there

²⁷ Stock a needle's point.] Seward would read firike for flock; and Sympson flick.

Is little hope; the linen fure was dank He was begot in, he's fo faint and cold! Ev'n fend him to Toledo, there to ftudy; For he will never fadge with these Toledos.

Bear y' up your point there, pick his teeth! Oh, base! Pio. Fy! you're the most untoward scholar!-Bear Your body gracefully; what a posture's there!

You lie too open-breasted.

Lucio, Oh!

Pio. You would

Never make a good statesman.

Lucio. Pray no more!

I hope to breathe in peace, and therefore need not. The practice of these dang'rous qualities:

I do not mean to live by't, for I trust

You'll leave me better able.

Alv. Not a button!

Eugenia, let's go get us a new heir.

Eug. Ay, by my troth, your daughter's as untoward. Alv. I'll break thee bone by bone, and bake thee, ere

I will ha' fuch a wooden fon to inherit.—

Take him a good knock; fee how that will work.

Pio. Now for your life, fignor! Lucio. Oh, alas, I'm kill'd!

My eye is out! Look, father! Zancho! I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not.

Clara. 'Heart, ne'er a rogue in Spain shall wrong my brother,

Whilft I can hold a fword.

Pio. Hold, madam, madam!

Alv. Clara!

Eug. Daughter!

Bob. Mistres!

Pio. Bradamante!

Hold, hold, I pray.

Alv. The devil's in her, o' th' other side sure!-There's gold for you. - They have chang'd what-yecal't's.

Will no cure help? Well, I have one experiment,

And if that fail, I'll hang him; there's an end on't. Come you along with me! and you, Sir!

Bob. Now are you going to drowning.

[Exeunt Alv. Eug. Lucio, and Bob. Syav. I'll e'en along with ye; fhe's too great a lady, For me, and would prove more than my match. [Ex. Clara. You're he fpoke of Vitelli to the fteward? Pio. Yes; and, I thank you, you have beat me for't. Clara. But are you fure you do not wrong him?

Pio. Sure?
So fure, that if you please venture yourself, I'll shew you him and his cockatrice together,

And you shall hear 'em talk.

Glara. Will you? By Heaven, Sir, You shall endear me ever; and I ask You mercy!

Pio. You were somewhat boisterous.

Clara. There's gold to make y' amends; and for

this pains,

I'll gratify you further. I'll but mask me, And walk along w' ye. Faith, let's make a night on't! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza, Metaldi, and Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on, my brave water-fpaniels! you That hunt ducks in the night, and hide more knavery Under your gowns than your betters! Observe my precepts,

And edify by my doctrine. At yond corner Will I fet you: If drunkards molest the street, And fall to brabbling, knock you down the male-

factors, And take you up their cloaks and hats, and bring

To me; they are lawful prisoners, and must
Be ransom'd ere they receive liberty. What else
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You are to execute upon occasion, You sufficiently know, and therefore I Abbreviate my lecture.

Met. We

Are wife enough, and warm enough.

Mend. Vice this night Shall be apprehended!

Pach. The terror of rug-gowns
Shall be known, and our bills discharge us

Of after-reckonings.

Laz. I will do any thing,

So I may eat!

Pach. Lazarillo, we will fpend no more; Now we are grown worse, we will live better; let us Follow our calling faithfully.

Alg. Away then!

The commonwealth is our miftrefs; and who would ferve

A common mistress, but to gain by her? [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anastro, and two pages with lights.

Lam. Pray you fee the masque, my lord.

Ana. 'Tis early night yet.

Gen. Oh, if it be so late, take me along; I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your presence

To be my warrant.

Wit. You might spare this, fifter,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is,
By your allowance, and his choice, your servant,
And, may my counsel and persuasion work it,
Your husband speedily.—For your entertainment
My thanks! I will not rob you of the means
To do your mistress some acceptable service,
In waiting on her to my house.

Gen.

Gen. My lord-

Vit. As you respect me, without further trouble Retire, and taste those pleasures prepar'd for you, And leave me to my own ways.

Lam. When you please, Sir.

Exeunt.

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SCENE II.

Enter Malroda and Alguazier.

Malr. You'll leave my chamber?
Alg. Let us but bill once,

My dove, my fparrow, and I, with my office, Will be thy flaves for ever.

Malr. Are you fo hot?

Alg. But tafte the difference of a man in place: You'll find that, when authority pricks him forward, Your don, nor yet your Diego, comes not near him, To do a lady right! No men pay dearer For their stol'n sweets than we; three minutes' trading Affords to any sinner a protection, For three years after; think on that. I burn!

But one drop of your bounty——

Malr. Hence, you rogue!

Malr. Hence, you rogue!

Am I fit for you? is't not grace sufficient
To have your staff a bolt to bar the door
Where a don enters, but that you'll presume
To be his taster?

Alg. Is no more respect Due to this rod of justice?

Malr. Do you dispute?

Good doctor of the dungeon, not a word more! Pox! if you do, my lord Vitelli knows it.

Alg. Why, I am big enough to answer him,

Or any man.

Malr. 'Tis well!
Vit. [within.] Malroda!

Alg. How?

Malr. You know the voice; and now crouch like a

Ff 2. Ta'en

Ta'en worrying sheep: I now could have you gelded For a bawd rampant; but, on this submission, For once I spare you.

Alg. I will be reveng'd!—

My honourable lord.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. There's for thy care.

Alg. I'm mad, ftark mad! Proud Pagan! fcorn her hoft?

Enter Piorato and Clara, above.

I would I were but valiant enough to kick her! I'd wish no manhood else.

Malr. What's that?

Alg. I'm gone.

[Exit.

Pio. You see I've kept my word.

Clara. But in this object Hardly deferv'd my thanks.

Pio. Is there aught else

You will command me?

Clara. Only your fword,

Which I must have. Nay, willingly! I yet know To force it, and to use it.

Pio. 'Tis yours, lady.

Clara. I ask no other guard.

Pio. If fo, I leave you.

And now, if that the constable keep his word, A poorer man may chance to gull a lord. [Exit.

Malr. By this good kifs, you shall not.

Vit. By this kifs,

I must, and will, Malroda! What, d' you make

A stranger of me?

Malr. I'll ba lo to you,

And you shall find it.

Vit. These are your old arts,

T' endear the game you know I come to hunt for; Which I have borne too coldly.

Malr. Do so still!

For if I heat you, hang me!

Vit. If you do not,

I know who'll starve for't. Why, thou shame of women,

Whose folly or whose impudence is greater Is doubtful to determine! this to me, That know thee for a whore?

Malr. And made me one:

Remember that!

Vit. Why, should I but grow wife, And tie that bounty up, which nor discretion Nor honour can give way to, thou wouldst be A bawd ere twenty; and, within a month, A barefoot, lowly, and difeafed whore, And shift thy lodgings oftner than a rogue That's whipt from post to post.

Malr. Pish! all our college Know you can rail well in this kind.

Clara. 'Fore me,

He never spake so well!

Vit. I have maintain'd thee

The envy of great fortunes; made thee shine As if thy name were glorious; stuck thee full Of jewels, as the firmament of stars; And in it made thee so remarkable, That it grew questionable whether Virtue poor, Or Vice to fet forth as it is in thee, Were ev'n by Modesty's self to be preferr'd:

And am I thus repaid?

Malr. You're still my debtor! Can this, tho' true, be weigh'd with my lost honour, Much less my faith? I have liv'd private to you, And but for you had ne'er known what luft was, Nor what the forrow for't.

Vit. 'Tis false!

Malr. 'Tis true! But how return'd by you? thy whole life being But one continued act of luft, and shipwreck Of womens' chastities.

Vit. But that I know

That

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454 LOVE'S CURE; OR,

That she that dares be damn'd dares any thing, I should admire thy tempting me; but presume not O' th' power you think you hold o'er my affections; It will deceive you! Yield, and presently, Or by the inslamed blood, which thou must quench, I'll make a forcible entry.

Malr. Touch me not!

You know I have a throat: By Heaven, if you do, I will cry out a rape, or sheath this here, Ere I'll be kept, and us'd for julip-water, T' allay the heat which luscious meats and wine, And not desire, hath rais'd.

Vit. A desp'rate devil!

My blood commands my reason; I must take

Some milder way.

Malr. I hope, dear don, I fit you:
The night is mine, altho' the day was yours!
You are not fasting now. This speeding trick
(Which I would as a principle leave to all
That make their maintenance out of their own Indies,
As I do now) my good old mother taught me:
Daughter, quoth she, contest not with your lover,
His stomach being empty; let wine heat him,
And then you may command him: 'Tis a sure one!
His looks shew he is coming.

Vit. Come, this needs not,
Especially to me: You know how dear
I ever have esteem'd you——

Clara. Lost again!

Vit. That any figh ²⁸ of yours hath power to change My strongest resolution; and one tear Sufficient to command a pardon from me, For any wrong from you, which all mankind should Should kneel in vain for.

Malr. Pray you pardon those That need your favour, or defire it.

Vit. Prithee

Be better temper'd: I'll pay, as a forfeit

²⁸ That any fight of yours.] Amended from Sympson's conjecture. For

For my rash anger, this purse fill'd with gold. Thou shalt have servants, gowns, attires; what not? Only continue mine.

Malr. 'Twas this I fish'd for. Vit. Look on me, and receive it.

Malr. Well, you know

My gentle nature, and take pride t' abuse it. You see a trisle pleases me: We're friends; This kiss, and this, confirms it.

Clara. With my ruin!

Malr. I'll have this diamond, and this pearl.

Vit. They're yours.

Malr. But will you not, when you have what you came for,

Take them from me tomorrow? 'Tis a fashion Your lords of late have us'd.

Vit. But I'll not follow.

Clara. That any man at fuch a rate as this Should pay for his repentance!

Vit. Shall we to-bed now?

Malr. Instantly, sweet. Yet, now I think on't better, There's something first that in a word or two I must acquaint you with.

Clara. Can I cry aim²⁹

To this, against myself? I'll break this match, Or make it stronger with my blood! [Descends.

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, &c.

Alg. I'm yours!
A don's not privileg'd here more than yoursels:
Win her, and wear her.

Pio. Have you a priest ready?

Alg. I have him for thee, lad.—And when I have Married this fcornful whore to this poor gallant, She will make fuit to me: There is a trick To bring a high-pric'd wench upon her knees. For you, my fine neat harpies, stretch your talons,

29 Can I cry ayme.] See note 71 on the Fa.se One.

And

456 LOVE'S CURE; OR,

And prove yourselves true night-birds.

Pach. Take my word For me and all the rest.

Laz. If there be meat

Or any banquet stirring, you shall see

How I'll bestow myself.

Alg. When they are drawn,

Rush in upon 'em; all's fair prize you light on.

I must away: Your officer may give way

To th' knav'ry of his watch, but must not see it. You all know where to find me. [Exit.

Met. There look for us.

Vit. Who's that?

Malr. My Piorato? Welcome, welcome! Faith, had you not come when you did, my lord Had done I know not what to me.

Vit. I'm gull'd!

First cheated of my jewels, and then laugh'd at!

Sirrah, what makes you here? Pio. A bufiness brings me,

More lawful than your own.

Vit. How's that, you flave?

Malr. He's fuch, that would continue her a whore,

Whom he would make a wife of!

Vit. I'll tread upon

The face you dote on, strumpet!

Enter Clara.

Pach. Keep the peace there!

Vit. A plot upon my life too?

Met. Down with him!

Clara. Shew your old valour, and learn from a woman!

One eagle has a world of odds against

A flight of daws, as these are.

Pio. Get you off; Pil follow initantly.

Pach. Run for more help there!

[Exeunt all but Vit. and Clara.

Fit. Lois of my gold, and jewels, and the wench too,

Afflicts

Afflicts me not fo much as the having Clara The witness of my weakness.

Clara. He turns from me!

And yet I may urge merit; fince his life Is made my fecond gift.

Vit. May I ne'er prosper If I know how to thank her!

Clara. Sir, your pardon
For prefling thus, beyond a virgin's bounds,
Upon your privacies; and let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be th' excuse
Of my soliciting that from you, which shall not
Be granted on my part, altho' desir'd
By any other. Sir, you understand me;
And 'twould shew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a further boldness, which I must
Proceed in, if you prove not merciful,
Tho' with my loss of blushes and good name.

Vit. Madam, I know your will, and would be

thankful,

If it were possible I could affect The daughter of an enemy.

Clara. That fair false one,
Whom with fond dotage you have long pursued,
Had such a father; she to whom you pay
Dearer for your dishonour, than all titles
Ambitious men hunt for are worth.

Vit. 'Tis truth.

Clara. Yet, with her, as a friend, you still exchange Health for diseases, and, to your disgrace, Nourish the rivals to your present pleasures, At your own charge; us'd as a property To give a safe protection to her lust, Yet share in nothing but the shame of it.

Vit. Grant all this so, to take you for a wife Were greater hazard; for should I offend you (As 'tis not easy still to please a woman) You're of so great a spirit, that I must learn To wear your petticoat, for you will have

My

My breeches from me.

Clara. Rather from this hour
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And will efteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a woman. Love, true love,
Hath made a fearch within me, and expell'd
All but my natural softness, and made perfect
That which my parents' care could not begin.
I will shew strength in nothing, but my duty
And glad desire to please you, and in that
Grow every day more able.

Vit. Could this be,

What a brave race might I beget! I find A kind of yielding; and no reason why I should hold longer out: She's young, and fair, And chaste, for sure; but with her leave, the devil Durst not attempt her. Madam, tho' you have A soldier's arm, your lips appear as if They were a lady's.

Clara. They dare, Sir, from you

Endure the trial.

Vit. Ha! once more, I pray you!
The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
I have prov'd many. 'Tis not safe, I fear,
To ask the rest now. Well, I will leave whoring,
And luck herein send me with her!—Worthiest
lady,

I'll wait upon you home, and by the way (If e'er I marry, as I'll not forswear it)

Tell you, you are my wife. Clara. Which if you do,

From me, all mankind women learn to wooe 30!

S C E N E

³⁰ Mankind avomen.] In Shakespeare's Coriolanus, Sicinius asks Volumnia, 'Are you mankind?' On which Dr. Johnson remarks, that 'A mankind avoman is a woman with the roughness of a man, 'and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood.' Mr. Upton says, mankind means wicked, and gives the following examples:

'See,

SCENE III.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, and Lazarillo.

Alg. A cloak? Good purchase! And rich hangers? well!

We'll share ten pistolets a-man.

Laz. Yet still

I'm monftrous hungry! Could you not deduct So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase Eight loins of yeal, and some two dozen of capons?

Pach. Oh, strange proportion for five!

Laz. For five? I have

A legion in my stomach, that have kept Perpetual fast these ten years: For the capons, They are to me but as so many black-birds. May I but eat once, and be satisfied, Let the sates call me, when my ship is fraught, And I shall hang in peace.

Alg. Steal well to-night,
And thou shalt feed to-morrow. So! now you are
Yourselves again, I'll raise another watch
To free you from suspicion: Set on any
You meet with boldly; I'll not be far off,

T'affift you, and protect you. Met. Oh, brave officer!

[Exit.

women, cries out,
O mankind generation!

And Mr. Steevens adds the following from Ben Jonson:

Mankind, applied to women, both here and in Ben Jonson, plainly fignifies masculine.

See, see, this mankinde strumpet, see (he cride)

This shamelesse whore,'
Out! a mankind witch!'

Morose, being interrupted by the intrusion and noise of men and

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankind maid.'

See Upton's Remarks on Ben Jonson, p. 92, and Johnson and R.

Steevens's Shakespeare, vol. vii. p. 393.

Enter Alvarez, Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Pach.'Would every ward had one but so well given, And we would watch, for rug, in gowns of velvet! Mend. Stand close; a prize!

Met. Sattin, and gold lace, lads!
Alv. Why doft thou hang upon me?

Lucio. 'Tis fo dark

I dare not see my way; for Heav'n sake, father, Let us go home!

Bob. No, even here we'll leave you.-

Let's run away from him, my lord,

Lucio. Oh, 'las!

Alv. Th' hast made me mad, and I will beat thee dead,

Then bray thee in a mortar, and new-mold thee, But I will alter thee.

Bob. 'Twill never be:

He has been three days practifing to drink, Yet ftill he fips like to a waiting-woman, And looks as he were murd'ring of a fart Among wild Irish swaggerers.

Lucio. I have still

Your good word, Zancho. Father-

Alv. Milk-fop, coward!

No house of mine receives thee; I disclaim thee; Thy mother on her knees shall not entreat me Hereaster to acknowledge thee!

Lucio. Pray you fpeak for me!

Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine honour.

Alv. There's only one courfe left, that may redeem thee,

Which is, to strike the next man that you meet; And if we chance to light upon a woman, Take her away, and use her like a man, Or I will cut thy hamstrings.

Or I will cut thy hamstrings. *Pach*. This makes for us.

Alv. What doft thou do now?
Lucio. Sir, I'm faying my prayers;

For being to undertake what you would have me, I know I cannot live.

Enter Lamoral, Genevora, Anastro, and Pages with lights.

Lam. Madam, I fear

You'll wish y' had us'd your coach; your brother's house

Is yet far off.

Gen. The better, Sir; this walk

Will help digestion after your great supper, Of which I have fed largely.

Alv. To your task!

Or else you know what follows.

Lucio. I am dying:

Now, Lord have mercy on me!—By your favour, Sir, I must strike you.

Lam. For what cause?

Lucio. I know not.

And I must likewise talk with that young lady,

An hour in private.

Lam. What you must, is doubtful; But I am certain, Sir, I must beat you.

Lucio. Help, help!
Alv. Not strike again?
Lam. How! Alvarez?

Ana. This for my lord Vitelli's love!

Pach. Break out;

And, like true thieves, make prey on either fide, But feem to help the stronger 31.

Bob. Oh, my lord!

They've beat him on his knees.

Lucio. Tho' I want courage,

I yet have a fon's duty in me, and Compassion of a father's danger; that,

That wholly now possesses me.

Alv. Lucio,

³¹ But seem to help the stranger.] Corrected from Sympson's conjecture.

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This is beyond my hope. Met. So! Lazarillo,

Take up all, boy! Well done!

Pach. And now steal off

Closely and cunningly.

Ana. How! have I found you?

Why, gentlemen, are you mad, to make yourselves

A prey to rogues?

Lam. 'Would we were off!

Bob. Thieves, thieves!

Lam. Defer our own contention, and down with them.

Lucio. I'll make you fure!

Bob. Now he plays the devil.

Gen. This place is not for me.

Lucio. I'll follow her:

Half of my penance is past o'er.

[Exit.

Exit.

Enter Alguazier, Assistant, and other watches.

Alg. What noise,

What tumult's there? Keep the king's peace, I charge you.

Pach. I'm glad he's come yet.
Alv. Oh, you keep good guard

Upon the city, when men of our rank

Are fet upon in the streets.

Lam. The Affistant

Shall hear on't, be affur'd.

Ana. And if he be

That careful governor he is reported,

You will fmart for it.

Alg. Patience, good fignors!

Let me furvey the rascals. Oh, I know them,

And thank you for them: They are pilf'ring rogues

Of Andaluzia, that have perus'd

All prisons in Castile. I dare not trust

The dungeon with them; no, I'll have them home To my own house.

Pach. We'd rather go to prison.

Alg.

Alg. Had you fo, dog-bolts? yes, I know you had! You there would use your cunning fingers on The fimple locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.

Lam. My mistress lost? good night!

Bob. Your fon's gone too; What should become of him?

Alv. Come of him what will,

Now he dares fight, I care not: I'll to bed.

Look to your prisoners, Alguazier. [Exit with Bob.

Alg. All's clear'd.

Droop not for one difaster; let us hug, And triumph in our knav'ries.

Affift. This confirms

What was reported of him. Met. 'Twas done bravely!

Alg. I must a little glory in the means

We officers have to play the knaves, and fafely: How we break thro' the toils pitch'd by the law, Yet hang up them that are far less delinquents!

A fimple shopkeeper's carted for a bawd,

For lodging, tho' unwittingly, a fmock-gamester; Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept

Malroda in my house, as in a cloister, Without taint or fuspicion.

Pach. But suppose

The governor should know it?

Alg. He? Good gentleman,

Let him perplex himself with prying into The measures in the market, and th' abuses The day stands guilty of: The pillage of The night is only mine, mine own fee-fimple, Which you shall hold from me, tenants at will,

And pay no rent for't.

Pach. Admirable landlord!

Alg. Now we'll go fearch the taverns, commit fuch As we find drinking, and be drunk ourselves With what we take from them. These filly wretches, Whom I for form-fake only have brought hither,

Affist.

Shall watch without, and guard us.

Assist. And we will See you safe lodg'd, most worthy Alguazier, With all of you, his comrades.

Met. 'Tis the governor. Alg. We are betray'd.

Affit. My guard there!—Bind them fast.

Enter Guard.

How men in high place and authority
Are in their lives and estimations wrong'd
By their subord'nate ministers! yet such
They cannot but employ; wrong'd Justice sinding
Scarce one true servant in ten officers.
T'expostulate with you, were but to delay
Your crimes' due punishment, which shall fall upon you
So speedily, and severely, that it shall
Fright others by th' example; and confirm,
However corrupt officers may disgrace
Themselves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.
Bring them away.

Alg. We'll fuffer noble yet, And like to Spanish gallants.

Pach. And we'll hang fo.

Laz. I have no stomach to't; but I'll endeavour.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucio and Genevora.

Gen. Nay, you are rude! pray you forbear! you offer now

More than the breeding of a gentleman Can give you warrant for.

Lucio. 'Tis but to kiss you;

And think not I'll receive that for a favour Which was enjoin'd me for a penance, lady.

- Gen. You've met a gentle confessor; and, for once, (So then you will rest satisfied) I vouchsafe it.

Lucio. Rest satisfied with a kiss? Why, can a man

Defire more from a woman? is there any

Pleafure

465.

Pleasure beyond it? may I never live If I know what it is!

Gen. Sweet innocence!

Lucio. What strange new motions do I feel!—My veins

Burn with an unknown fire; in ev'ry part I suffer alteration; I am poison'd, Yet languish with desire again to taste it, So sweetly it works on me.

Gen. I ne'er saw

A lovely man, 'till now.

Lucio. How can this be?

She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kiss'd often, and brought off
My lips unscorch'd: Yours are more lovely, lady,
And so should be less hurtful. Pray you vouchfase
Your hand, to quench the heat ta'en from your lip!
Perhaps that may restore me.

Gen. Willingly.

Lucio. The flameencreases! If to touch you burnthus, What would more strict embraces do? I know not: And yet, methinks, to die so were to ascend To Heaven, thro' Paradise.

Gen. I'm wounded too;

Tho' modesty forbids that I should speak
What ignorance makes him bold in.—Why d' you fix
Your eyes so strongly on me?

Lucio. Pray you stand still!

There's nothing else that's worth the looking on: I could adore you, lady.

Gen. Can you love me?

Lucio. To wait on you in your chamber, and but touch What you, by wearing it, have made divine, Were fuch a happines—I am resolv'd, I'll fell my liberty to you for this glove, And write myself your slave.

Enter Lamoral.

Gen. On easier terms Vol. VII.

Gg

Receive

466 LOVE'S CURE; OR,

Receive it, as a friend.

Lam. How! giving favour?-

I'll have it, with his heart.

Gen. What will you do?

Lucio. As you are merciful, take my life rather! Gen. Will you depart with it so 32?

Lucio. Does that grieve you?

Gen. I know not; but ev'n now you appear'd valiant.

Lucio. 'Twas to preferve my father; in his cause
I could be so again.

Gen. Not in your own?

govern'd

Kneel to thy rival, and thine enemy?
Away, unworthy creature! I begin
To hate myfelf, for giving entrance to
A good opinion of thee. For thy torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
Mayst thou dote on it desp'rately! but never
Presume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And wear the favour that was ravish'd from thee.

Lam. He wears my head too then. [Exit. Gen. Poor fool, farewell! [Exit. Lucio. My womanish soul, which hitherto hath

This coward flesh, I feel departing from me;
And in me by her beauty is inspir'd
A new and masc'line one, instructing me
What's fit to do or suffer. Powerful Love!
That hast with loud, and yet a pleasing thunder
Rous'd sleeping manhood in me, thy new Creature,
Persect thy work; so that I may make known
Nature (tho' long kept back) will have her own!

[Exit.

³² Depart.] This word is here used in the sense of part.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lamoral and Lucio.

Lam. CAN it be possible, that in six short hours, The subject still the same, so many habits Should be remov'd? or this new Lucio (he That yesternight was baffled and disgrac'd, And thank'd the man that did it; that then kneel'd And blubber'd like a woman) should now dare On terms of honour to feek reparation, For what he then appear'd not capable of?

Lucio. Such miracles, men that dare do injuries Live to their shames to see, for punishment

And fcourge to their proud follies.

Lam. Prithee leave me :

Had I my page or footman here to flesh thee, I durst the better hear thee.

Lucio. This fcorn needs not:

And offer fuch no more!

Lam. Why, fay I should,

You'll not be angry?

Lucio. Indeed, I think I shall! Would you vouchsafe to shew yourself a captain, And lead a little further, to some place That's less frequented-

Lam. He looks pale.

Lucio. If not, Make use of this.

Lam. There's anger in his eyes too: His gesture, voice, behaviour, all new fashion'd, Well, if it does endure in act the trial Of what in show it promises to make good, Ulysses' Cyclops, Io's transformation, Eurydice fetch'd from hell, with all the rest Of Ovid's fables, I'll put in my creed; Gg2

And,

And, for proof all incredible things may be, Write down that Lucio, the coward Lucio, The womanish Lucio, fought.

Lucio. And Lamoral,
The ftill employ'd great duellift Lamoral,
Took his life from him.

Lam. 'Twill not come to that fure! Methinks the only drawing of my fword Should fright that confidence.

Lucio. It confirms it rather:

To make which good, know you stand now oppos'd By one that is your rival; one that wishes Your name and title greater, to raise his; The wrong you did less pardonable than it is, But your strength to defend it more than ever It was when Justice friended it; the lady For whom we now contend, Genevora, Of more desert, (if such incomparable beauty Could suffer an addition); your love To don Vitelli multiplied, and your hate Against my father and his house encreas'd; And lastly, that the glove which you there wear, To my dishonour! (which I must force from you) Were dearer to you than your life.

Lam. You'll find It is, and fo I'll guard it.

Lucio. All these meet then,
With the black infamy to be foil'd by one
That's not allow'd a man, to help your valour;
That, falling by your hand, I may or die
Or win in this one single opposition
My mistress, and such honour as I may
Enrich my father's arms with!

Lam. 'Tis faid nobly;

My life with them are at the stake.

Lucio. At all then! [Fight. Lam. She's your's! this, and my life too, follow

your fortune!
And give not only back that part the lofer

Scorns

Scorns to accept of!

Lucio. What's that?

Lam. My poor life;

Which do not leave me as a further torment, Having despoil'd me of my sword, mine honour, Hope of my lady's grace, fame, and all else That made it worth the keeping.

Lucio. I take back

No more from you than what you forc'd from me, And with a worfer title. Yet think not That I'll dispute this, as made infolent By my success, but as one equal with you, If so you will accept me. That new courage (Or call it fortune if you please) that is Conferr'd upon me by the only sight Of fair Genevora, was not bestow'd on me To bloody purposes; nor did her command Deprive me of the happiness to see her, But 'till I did redeem her favour from you; Which only I rejoice in, and share with you In all you suffer else.

Lam. This courtefy

Wounds deeper than your fword can, or mine own: Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me!

Lucio. The barbarous Turk is fatisfied with spoil; And shall I, being posses'd of what I came for,

Prove the more infidel?

Lam. You were better be fo Than publish my disgrace, as 'tis the custom, And which I must expect.

Lucio. Judge better of me:

I have no tongue to trumpet mine own praise
To your dishonour; 'tis a bastard courage
That seeks a name out that way, no true-born one.
Pray you be comforted! for, by all goodness,
But to her virtuous self (the best part of it)
I never will discover on what terms
I came by these: Which yet I take not from you,
But leave you, in exchange of them, mine own,

G g 3 Win

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With the desire of being a friend; which if You will not grant me, but on further trial Of manhood in me, seek me when you please, (And tho' I might refuse it with mine honour) Win them again, and wear them. So, good morrow!

Lam. I ne'er knew what true valour was 'till now; And have gain'd more by this difgrace, than all The honours I have won: They made me proud, Prefumptuous of my fortune, a mere beaft, Fashion'd by them, only to dare and do, Yielding no reasons for my wilful actions But what I stuck on my sword's point, prefuming It was the best revenue. How unequal Wrongs well maintain'd make us to others, which Ending with shame, teach us to know ourselves! I will think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. Lamoral!

Lam. My lord?

Vit. I came to feek you. Lam. And unwillingly

You ne'er found me 'till now! Your pleasure, Sir?

Vit. That which will please thee, friend! Thy vow'd love to me

Shall now be put in action; means are offer'd To use thy good sword for me, that which still Thou wear'st as if it were a part of thee.

Where is't?

Lam. 'Tis chang'd for one more fortunate: Pray you enquire not how.

Vit. Why, I ne'er thought

That there was magick in it 33, but afcrib'd

³³ That there was musick in it.] The Editors of 1750 object to the expression, musick of a sword, and substitute magick, saying, 'We suppose the line might originally run thus,

there ne'er was magick in it,

i. e. the wonders of his fword were not owing to any charm, or enchantment like the fwords of knights-errant, but only to the

The fortune of it to the arm.

Lam. Which is

Grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)

Worthy your friendship: I am one new vanquish'd,

Yet shame to tell by whom!

Vit. But I'll tell thee

'Gainst whom thou art to fight, and there redeem

Thy honour loft, if there be any fuch. The king, by my long fuit, at length is pleas'd That Alvarez and myfelf, with either's fecond, Shall end the difference between our houses, Which he accepts of: I make choice of thee; And, where you speak of a disgrace, the means To blot it out, by fuch a publick trial Of thy approved valour, will revive

Thy antient courage. If you embrace it, do; If not, I'll feek fome other.

Lam. As I am,

You may command me.

Vit. Spoke like that true friend

That loves not only for his private end! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Genevora with a letter, and Bojadilla.

Gen. This from madonna Clara?

Bob. Yes, an't please you.

Gen. Alvarez' daughter? Bob. The fame, lady.

Gen. She

That fav'd my brother's life?

Bob. You're still i'th' right:

She will'd me wait your walking forth, and, knowing How necessary a discreet wise man

Was, in a bufiness of such weight, she pleas'd

powerful arm that wielded it.' We heartily agree with them in the variation to magick, but can scarce believe that the Authors meant any allusion to knight-errantry.

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To think on me. It may be, in my face Your ladyship, not acquainted with my wisdom, Finds no such matter; what I am, I am; Thought's free, and think you what you please.

Gen. 'Tis strange-

Bob. That I should be wife, madam?

Gen. No, thou art so.

There's for thy pains; and prithee tell thy lady I will not fail to meet her: I'll receive Thy thanks and duty in thy present absence. Farewell, farewell, I say! Now thou art wise.

She writes here, she hath something to impart That may concern my brother's life: I know not; But general same does give her out so worthy, That I dare not suspect her; yet wish Lucio

Enter Lucio.

Were master of her mind: But, fy upon't!
Why do I think on him?—See, I am punish'd for't,
In his unlook'd-for presence: Now I must
Endure another tedious piece of courtship,
Would make one forswear courtesy.

Lucio. Gracious madam, [Kneels. The forrow paid, for your just anger tow'rds me, Arising from my weakness, I presume To press into your presence, and despair not

An eafy pardon.

Gen. He speaks sense: Oh, strange!

Lucio. And yet believe, that no desires of mine, Tho' all are too strong in me, had the power, For their delight, to force me to infringe What you commanded; it being in your part To lessen your great rigor when you please, And mine to suffer with an humble patience What you'll impose upon it.

Gen. Courtly too!

Lucio. Yet hath the poor and contemn'd Lucio, madam,

(Made

(Made able only by his hope to ferve you)
Recover'd what with violence, not justice,
Was taken from him; and here at your feet,
With these, he could have laid the conquer'd head
Of Lamoral ('tis all I say of him)
For rudely touching that, which, as a relick,
I ever would have worshipp'd, since 'twas yours.

Gen. Valiant, and every thing a lady could

Wish in her servant!

Lucio. All that's good in me,
That heav'nly Love, the opposite to base lust,
(Which would have all men worthy) hath created;
Which being by your beams of beauty form'd,
Cherish as your own creature!

Gen. I am gone

Too far now to diffemble.—Rife, or fure I must kneel with you too: Let this one kiss Speak the rest for me! 'tis too much I do, And yet, if Chastity would, I could wish more.

Lucio. In overjoying me, you are grown fad! What is it, madam? by Heav'n, There's nothing that's within my nerves (and yet, Favour'd by you, I should as much as man) But when you please, now, or on all occasions You can think of hereafter, but you may

Dispose of at your pleasure.

Gen. If you break
That oath again, you lose me: Yet, so well
I love you, I shall never put you to't;
And yet, forget it not. Rest satisfied
With that you have receiv'd now! there are eyes
May be upon us; till the difference
Between our friends are ended, I would not
Be seen so private with you.

Lucio. I obey you.

Gen. But let me hear oft from you, and remember
I am Vitelli's fifter!

Lucio. What's that, madam?

Gen.

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Gen. Nay, nothing. Fare you well! who feels Love's fire,

Would ever ask to have means to desire 34. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Assistant, Syavedra, Anastro, Herald, and Attendants.

Affift. Are they come in? Herald. Yes.

Affift. Read the proclamation,

That all the people here affembled may Have fatisfaction, what the king's dear love, In care of the republick, hath ordain'd.

Attend with filence. Read aloud.

Herald [reading]. Forasmuch as our high and mighty mafter, Philip, the potent and most Catholick king of Spain, hath not only in his own royal person, been long and often folicited, and grieved, with the deadly and uncurable hatred fprung up betwixt the two ancient and most honourably-descended houses of these his two dearly and equally-beloved subjects, don Ferdinando de Alvarez, and don Pedro de Vitelli (all which in vain his majesty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualify:) But that also through the debates, quarrels, and outrages daily arifing, falling, and flowing from these great heads, his publick civil government is feditiously and barbarously molested and wounded, and many of his chief gentry, (no less tender to his royal majesty, than the very branches of his own facred blood) spoiled, lost, and submerg'd, in the impious inundation and torrent of their stillgrowing malice; it hath therefore pleafed his facred

³⁴ To have means to desire.] i. e. To have the means to compass his desire.

Sympson.

Surely, this is wrongly interpreted:—The meaning is, 'All who feel the pleasure of love, would wish always to have the means of loving.' To have means to defire cannot be construed means to compassibis defire.

majesty.

majesty, out of his infinite affection to preserve his commonwealth, and general peace, from further violation, (as a sweet and heartily-loving father of his people) and on the earnest petitions of these archenemies, to order and ordain, that they be ready, each with his well-chosen and beloved friend, armed at all points like gentlemen, in the Castle of St. Jago, on this present Monday-morning, betwixt eight and nine of the clock, where (before the combatants be allowed to commence this granted duel) this to be read aloud for the publick satisfaction of his majesty's well-beloved subjects. 'Savethe king! [Drums within.

Syav. Hark, how their drums speak their insatiate

thirst

Of blood, and stop their ears 'gainst pious peace, Who, gently whispering, implores their friendship!

Assist. Kings nor authority can master Fate:

Admit 'em then; and blood extinguish hate!

Enter feverally, Alvarez and Lucio, Vitelli and Lamoral.

Syav. Stay! yet be pleas'd to think, and let not daring

(Wherein men now-a-days exceed e'en beafts,
And think themselves not men else) so transport you
Beyond the bounds of Christianity!
Lord Alvarez, Vitelli, gentlemen,
No town in Spain, from our metropolis
Unto the rudest hovel, but is great
With your affured valours' daily proofs:
Oh, will you then, for a superstuous fame,
A sound of honour, which, in these times, all
Like hereticks profess (with obstinacy,
But most erroneously) venture your souls?
It is a hard task, thro' a sea of blood
To sail, and land at Heaven.

Vit. I hope not,
If Justice be my pilot. But, my lord,
You know if argument, or time, or love,
Could reconcile, long since we had shook hands:
I dare

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I dare protest, your breath cools not a vein.
In any one of us; but blows the fire,

Which nought but blood reciprocal can quench.

Alv. Vitelli, thou fay'ft bravely, and fayst right;

And I will kill thee for't, I love thee fo.

Vit. Ha, ha! Old man, upon thy death I'll build A flory with this arm, for thy old wife

To tell thy daughter Clara seven years hence,

As she sits weeping by a winter-fire,

How fuch a time Vitelli slew her husband

With the same sword his daughter favour'd him, And lives, and wears it yet. Come, Lamoral,

Redeem thyself!

Lam. Lucio, Genevora

Shall on this fword receive thy bleeding heart, For my presented hat, laid at her feet.

Lucio. Thou talk'st well, Lamoral! but 'tis thy

head

That I will carry to her to thy hat. Fy, father! I do cool too much.

Alv. Oh, boy! thy father's true fon!

Beat drums! And fo, good-morrow to your lordship!

Enter above, Eugenia, Clara, and Genevora.

Syav. Brave resolutions!

Ana. Brave, and Spanish, right!

Gen. Lucio!

Clara. Vitelli!

Eug. Alvarez!

Alv. How the devil

Got these cats into th' gutter? my puss too?

Eug. Hear us!

Gen. We must be heard! Clara. We will be heard!

Vitelli, look; see Clara on her knees,

Imploring thy compassion!—Heav'n, how sternly They dart their emulous eyes, as if each scorn'd

To be behind the other in a look!

Mother, Death needs no fword here! Oh, my fifter,

(Fate

(Fate fain would have it so) persuade, entreat!
A lady's tears are filent orators 35,
Or should be so at least, to move beyond
The honiest-tongued rhetorician 36;
Why will you fight? Why does an uncle's death,
Twenty year old, exceed your love to me,
But twenty days? Whose forc'd cause, and fair
manner

You could not understand, only have heard. Custom, that wrought so cunningly on Nature In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not Whether my body semale were or male, You did unweave, and had the power to charm A new creation in me, made me fear To think on those deeds I did perpetrate. How little pow'r tho' you allow to me, That cannot with my sighs, my tears, my prayers, Move you from your own loss, if you should gain!

Vit. I must forget you, Clara: 'Till I have Redeem'd my uncle's blood, that brands my face Like a pestif'rous carbuncle, I'm blind To what you do, deaf to your cries, and marble To all impulsive exorations.

When on this point I've perch'd thy father's soul, I'll tender thee this bloody reeking hand,

Drawn forth the bowels of that murderer;

Again, in Daniel's complaint of Rosamond:

Vide Steevens's notes on Shakespeare, vol. vii. p. 335.

³⁵ A lady's tears are filent orators.] So Crashaw,
Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!

^{&#}x27;Their cadence is rhetorical.'

Ah, beauty, lyren, fair enchanting good!
Sweet, filent rhetorick of persuading eyes!

Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
 More than the words or wisdom of the wise.'

³⁶ The honest tongu'd rhetorician.] Seward proposes substituting loudest for honest. The correction is from Sympson's conjecture, who says, Our Poets, who were admirers of the classics, might possibly have had Nestor in their eye, who is thus described by Homer,

Experienc'd Neffor, in persuasion skill'd, Words suget as honey, from bis lips distill'd."

Words Jugget as noney, from ois tips as the Mr. Pope's translation.

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If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee, And, for thy father lost, get thee a son; On no condition else!

Affift. Most barbarous!

Syav. Savage!
Ana. Irreligious!
Gen. Oh, Lucio,

Be thou more merciful! thou bear'st fewer years, Art lately wean'd from fost effeminacy; A maiden's manners, and a maiden's heart Are neighbours still to thee: Be then more mild; Proceed not to this combat! Be'st thou desp'rate Of thine own life? Yet, dearest, pity mine! Thy valour's not thine own; I gave it thee; These eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up, This breast would lodge it: Do not use my gifts To mine own ruin! I have made thee rich; Be not so thankless, to undo me for't!

Lucio. Mistress, you know I do not wear a vein I would not rip for you, to do you service: Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream, Compar'd to essential and eternal honour. Why, would you have me value it beyond Your brother? If I first cast down my sword, May all my body here be made one wound, And yet my soul not find Heav'n thoro' it!

Alv. You would be catterwauling too; but, peace! Go, get you home, and provide dinner for Your fon, and me; we'll be exceeding merry. Oh, Lucio, I will have thee cock of all The proud Vitellis that do live in Spain! Fy, we shall take cold! Hunch! By Heav'n, I'm

hoarfe

Already.

Lam. How your fifter whets my fpleen! I could eat Lucio now.

Gen. Vitelli! brother!

Ev'n for your father's foul, your uncle's blood, As you do love my life; but last, and most, As you respect your own honour and same,

Throw

Throw down your fword! he is most valiant That herein yields first.

Vit. Peace, you fool! Clara. Why, Lucio,

Do thou begin: 'Tis no disparagement; He's elder, and thy better, and thy valour Is in his infancy.

Gen. Or pay it me,

To whom thou ow'ft it. Oh, that constant Time Would but go back a week; then Lucio Thou wouldst not dare to fight!

Eug. Lucio, thy mother,

Thy mother begs it! throw thy fword down first.

Alv. I'll throw his head down after then.

Gen. Lamoral,

You've often swore you'd be commanded by me.

Lam. Never to this; your spite and scorn,

Genevora,

Has lost all power on me!

Gen. Your hearing for fix words!
Affift. Syav. Ana. Strange obstinacy!

Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam. We'll stay no longer.

Clara. Then, by thy oath, Vitelli,

Thy dreadful oath, thou wouldst return that sword When I should ask it, give it to me now;

This instant I require it!

Gen. By thy vow,
As dreadful, Lucio, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to strike a stroke! Now, he
Of our two brothers that loves perjury
Best, and dares first be damn'd, infringe his vow!

Syav. Excellent ladies! Vit. Pish, you tyrannize. Lucio. We did equivocate.

Alv. On!

Clara. Then, Lucio, So well I love my husband, (for he is so, Wanting but ceremony) that I pray

His

His 'vengeful fword may fall upon thy head

Successfully, for falshood to his fifter.

Gen. I likewise pray, Vitelli, Lucio's sword (Who equally's my husband as thou hers) May find thy false heart, that durst 'gage thy faith, And durst not keep it!

Assist. Are you men, or stone?

Alv. Men, and we'll prove it with our fwords.

Eug. Your hearing for fix words, and we have done! Zancho, come forth !-We'll fight our challenge too: Now speak your resolutions.

Enter Bobadilla, with two swords and a pistol.

Gen. These they are;

The first blow giv'n betwixt you sheaths these swords In one another's bosoms.

Eug. And, rogue, look

You at that instant do discharge that pistol Into my breast: If you start back, or quake, I'll flick you like a pig.

Alv. Hold! you are mad.

Gen. This we have faid; and, by our hope of blifs, This we will do! Speak your intents.

Clara. Gen. Strike!

Eug. Shoot!

Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam. Hold, hold! all friends! Affift. Come down.

Alv. These dev'lish women

Can make men friends and enemies when they lift! Syav. A gallant undertaking, and a happy! Why, this is noble in you; and will be

A welcomer present to our master Philip, than the return from his Indies.

Enter Clara, Genevora, Eugenia, and Bobadilla.

Clara. Father, your bleffing!

Alv. Take her: If ye bring not Betwixt you boys that will find out new worlds, And win 'em too, I'm a false prophet.

Vit.

Vit. Brother,

There is a fifter. Long-divided streams

Mix now at length, by fate.

Bob. I'm not regarded! I was the careful fleward that provided These instruments of peace; I put The longest weapon in your fister's hand, My lord, because she was the shortest lady; For likely the shortest ladies love the longest men. And, for mine own part, I could have discharg'd it My pistol is no ordinary pistol; It has two ramming bullets; but, thought I, Why should I shoot my two bullets into My old lady? If they had gone, I would not Have stay'd long after; I would ev'n have died too, Bravely, i'faith, like a Roman steward; hung Myself in mine own chain, and there had been A story of Bobadilla Spindola Zancho, For after-ages to lament. Hum! I perceive, I am not only not regarded, But also not rewarded.

Alv. Prithee, peace!

'Shalt have a new chain, next St. Jaques' day,

Or this new gilt.

Bob. I'm fatisfied; let Virtue have her due. And yet I'm melancholy upon this atonement; Pray Heaven the state rue it not! I would My lord Vitelli's steward and I could meet; They should find it should cost 'em a little more To make us friends. Well, I will forswear Wine and women for a year; and then I will be drunk tomorrow, and run a-whoring Like a dog with a broken bottle at's tail; Then will I repent next day, and forswear 'em Again more vehemently; be forsworn Next day again, and repent my repentance: For thus a melancholy gentleman doth And ought to live.

Assist. Nay, you shall dine with me;

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And afterward I'll with you to the king. But first, I will dispatch the castle's business, That this day may be complete. Bring forth the malefactors!

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi, Mendoza, Lazarillo, Piorato, Malroda, and Guard.

You, Alguazier, the ring-leader of these Poor fellows, are degraded from your office; You must restore all stol'n goods you receiv'd, And watch a twelvemonth without any pay: This, if you fail of, (all your goods confiscate) You're to be whipt, and fent into the gallies.

Alg. I like all, but reftoring; that Catholick

doctrine

I do dislike. Learn, all ye officers,

By this, to live uprightly—if you can! Assist. You cobler, to translate your manners new, Are doom'd to th' cloisters of the Mendicants, With this your brother botcher, there for nothing To cobble, and heel-hose for the poor friars, 'Till they allow your penance for fufficient, And your amendment; then you shall be freed, And may fet up again.

Pach. Mendoza, come:

Our fouls have trod awry in all men's fight; We'll under-lay 'em, till they go upright.

Exeunt Pach. and Mend.

Affile. Smith, in those shackles you, for your hard heart,

Must lie by th' heels a year.

Met. I've shod your horse, my lord. Exit. Affift. Away! For you, my hungry white-loaf'd face,

You must to th' gallies, where you shall be sure To have no more bits than you shall have blows.

Laz. Well; tho' I herrings want, I shall have rows. Alist. Signor, you have prevented us, and punish'd Yourself severelier than we would have done:

You have married a whore; may she prove honest!

Pio. It is better, my lord, than to marry An honest woman, that may prove a whore.

Vit. It is a handsome wench, an thou canst keep her tame.

I'll fend you what I promis'd. *Pio.* Joy to your lordships!

Alv. Here may all ladies learn, to make of foes The perfect'st friends; and not the perfect'st foes Of dearest friends, as some do now-a-days!

Vit. Behold the pow'r of Love 37! Nature, tho' lost By custom irrecoverably, past the hope Of friends' restoring, Love hath here retriev'd To her own habit; made her blush to see Her so-long-monstrous metamorphoses:

May strange affairs never have worse success! [Exeunt.

37 Behold the power of love, to nature lost

Love bath here retriev'd.] Here is another difficult passage, at least to me, Behold the power of love, which (love) hath here to lost nature retrieved to her own habit. This the reader may make sense of if he can, while I endeavour to set the place right thus,

Behold the power of love, nature tho' lost

Love hath retriev'd

To her own habit, &c.

Here we have a glimmering of fense and reason, and the poets are clear'd from a blunder they could hardly be guilty of.

Sympson.

E PILOGUE.

UR Author fears there are some rebel hearts, Whose dullness doth oppose love's piercing darts; Such will be apt to say there wanted wit, The language low, very sew scenes are writ With spirit and life; such odd things as these He cares not for, nor ever means to please; For if yourselves, a mistress, or Love's friends, Are 38 lik'd with this smooth play, he hath his ends.

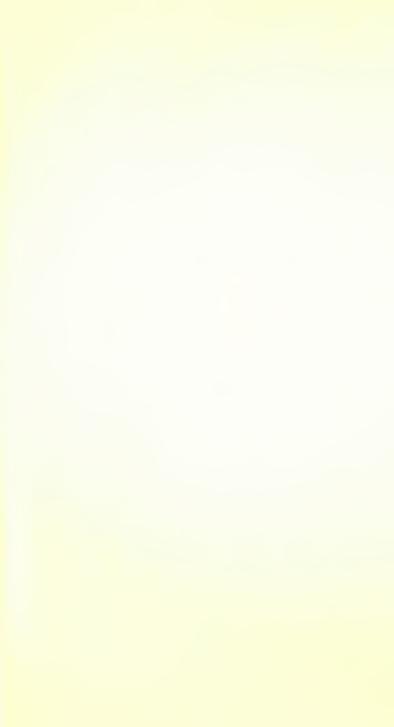
38 Lik'd.] i. e. Pleased.

Sympfon.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.













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