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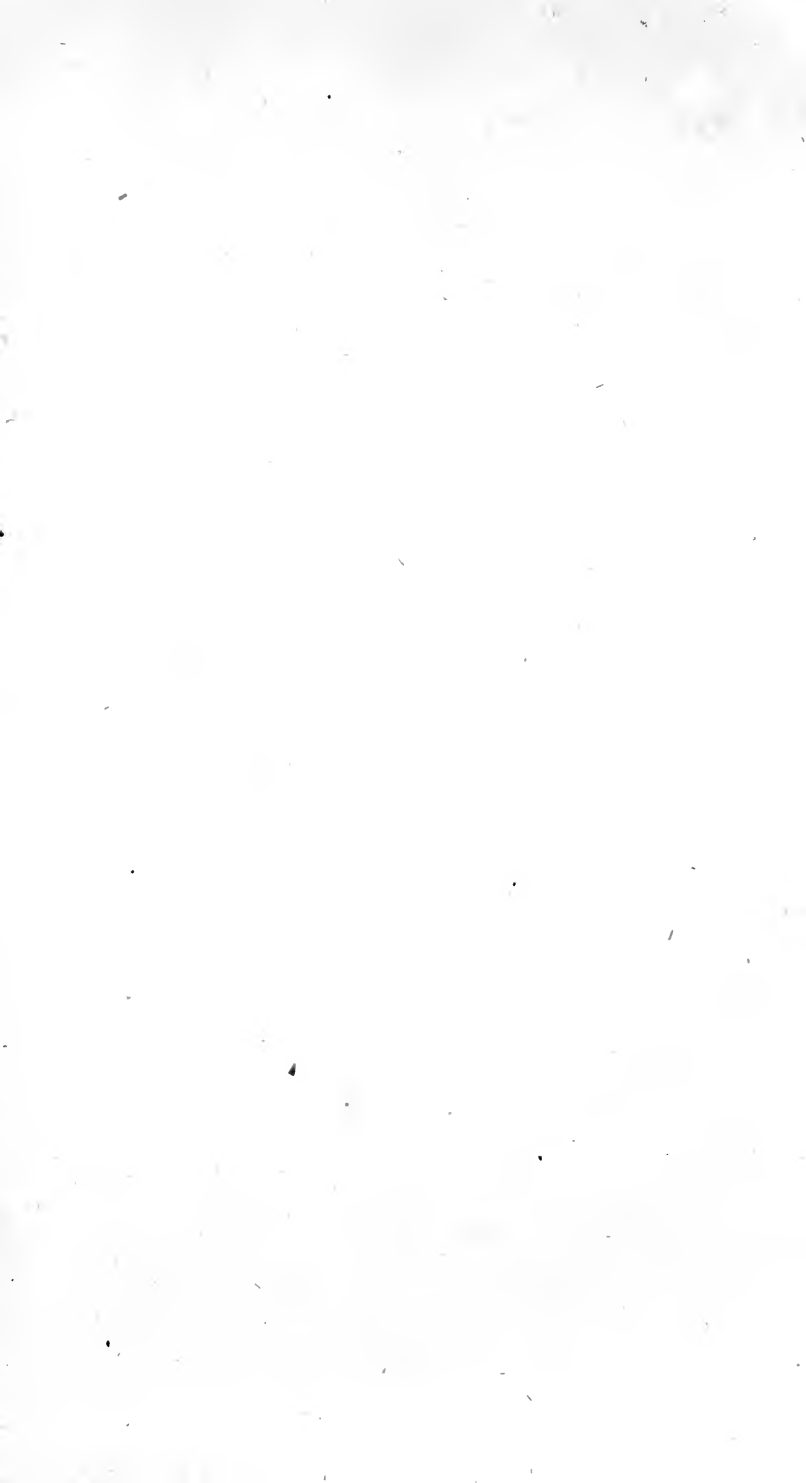
T H E

DRAMATICK WORKS

O F

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

V O L. VII.



BEAUMONT, FRANCIS

T H E

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.

I N T E N V O L U M E S .

V O L U M E T H E S E V E N T H ;

C O N T A I N I N G ,

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE;

DOUBLE MARRIAGE;

MAID IN THE MILL;

KNIGHT OF MALTA;

LOVE'S CURE; OR, THE MARTIAL MAID.

L O N D O N ,

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

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

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LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

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 folio edition; has not been performed for many years past; nor do we know of its ever having received any alterations.



P R O L O G U E.

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 sure 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.

¹ *Nor no light.*] The context, as well as the measure, seems to require us to read,

No mighty matter, nor no very light,

We must entreat you look for ;

or something to that purpose.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

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

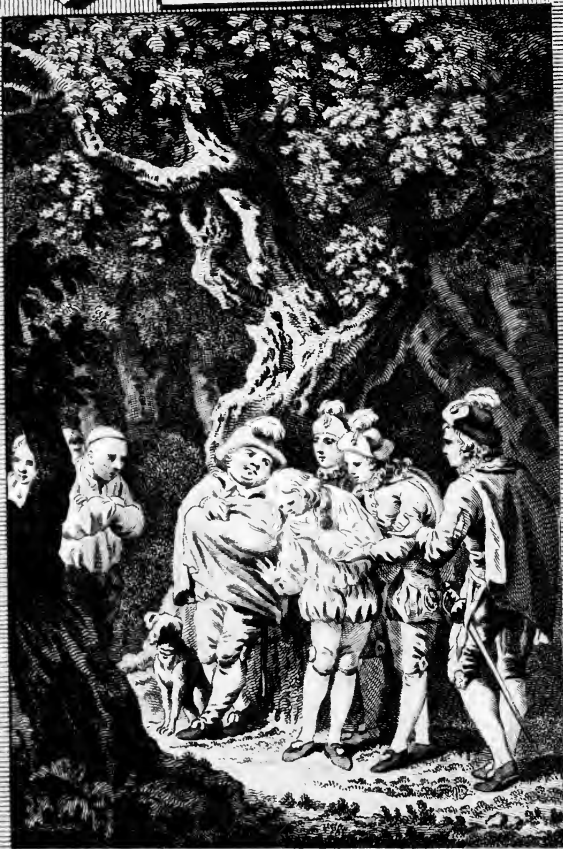
W O M E N.

Theodosia, *daughter to Alphonso,* } *in love with Marc-*
Leocadia, *daughter to Sanchio,* } *Antonio.*
Eugenia, *wife to the Governor of Barcelona*.
Hostess, *wife to Diego*.
Wife to the Host of Barcelona.

SCENE, BARCELONA and the Road.



LOVE'S
PILGRIMAGE.



Theod. — Alas, he's cold! — Mine Host,
We must entreat your Cloak.
Host. Can ye entreat it? Act. II.

M. A. Rooker delin.

C. Grignon sculp.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Incubo and Diego.

Incubo. **S**IGNOR don Diego, and mine host,
save thee!

Diego. I thank you, master 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 Castell-Blanco.'
Thou ne'er wilt have the elegance of an host;
I sorrow for thee, as my friend and gossip!—
No smook, 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 sorry that he cannot smell 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 so sad doings, since I first
Stood to my sign-post.

6 LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

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 *cuervo*?
In single body, thus? in hose and doublet,
The horse-boy's garb? base blank, and half-blank
cuervo?

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

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

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. What means your worship?

Inc. Bring forth thy husband's sword. So! hang
it on.

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 *cuervo*;
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 *cuervo*: 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 ruff
And cuffs 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. Lift! 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 *cuervo*

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,

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Look up.

Inc. He sinks! Somewhat to cast upon him;
He'll go away in *cuervo* else.

Diego. What, wife!

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

Hostess. Alas, fair flower!

[*Exit.*]

Inc. Does any body entertain his horse?

Diego. Yes; Lazaro has him.

Enter Hostess, with a glass of water.

Inc. Go you see him in person. [*Exit Diego.*]

Hostess. 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.

Hostess. 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, servants, all do live within the whistle.

Hostess. Only one room——

Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle!
She will describe to you.

Hostess. (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. *Hispanicè.*

Theobald.

That

That should alike content you.

Hostefs. That it shall, Sir :

If I be paid, I'm paid.

Theod. Why, there's a ducat ;

Will that make your content ?

Hostefs. 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 liket' 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, Hostefs.

Pray you, will you shew me in ?

Hostefs. Yes, marry will I, Sir ;

And pray that not a flea, or a chinch³ vex you.

[*Exeunt Hostefs 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 so, 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 Hostefs.

With a sardina and Zant oil⁴ ?—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*.' R.

⁴ *With a sardina and Zant oil ?*] A *sardina*, or *sardiny*, is an anchovy. *Sympson*

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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 six and thirty^s,
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?

Hostess. I fear so, Sir; h' has lock'd the door close
to him:

Sure he is very ill.

^s Your worship would put to't at six and thirty.] Sympfon 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
variation; thirty-six is old to seventeen.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. 11

Inc. That is with fasting.

You should ha' told him, góssip, 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 solecism ! Heav'n give me patience !
What creatures has he ?

Hostess. None.

Inc. And so 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 son 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 Hostess ?

Are

Are you afraid o' your guests ?

Hostess. 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, Hostess ?

Hostess. 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.

Hostess. Which is one ; and beds,
Which I already ha' told you are two. But, Sir,
So sweet a creature—I am very sorry
I cannot lodge you by him ; you look so like him !
You're both the loveliest pieces——

Phil. What train has he ?

Diego. None but himself.

Phil. And will no less than both beds
Serve him ?

Hostess. H'has giv'n me a ducat for 'em.

Phil. Oh,

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

Hostess. 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 sight 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, goffips:
Pray you let his mule be look'd-to, have good straw,
And store of bran. And, goffip, do you hear,
Let him not stay for supper: What good fowl ha'
you?

This gentleman would eat a pheasant.

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

Inc. I kifs 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 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 salt;
His belly is nearer to him than his kindred.—

Cold hen's a pretty meat, Sir.

Phil. What you please.—

I am resolv'd t' obey.

Inc. So is your kid,
With pepper, garlick, and the juice of an orange:
She shall with fallads 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 pheasant
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 say, 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 so.

Inc. I cannot live without it. What d' you hear
Of our Indian fleet? they say, 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.

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 ;

Taste, 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. Gossip, 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 salute you here.

Phil. I kiss your hands, Sir.

Inc. Good wine ! it will beget an appetite :

Fill him, and sit down, gossip ; entertain

Your noble guest here, as becomes your title.

Diego. Please you to like this wine, Sir ?

Phil. I dislike

Nothing, mine host, but that I may not see

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

(If that will do't) for one, as he for both :
 What say you, mine host? The door once open,
 I'll fling 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 morsel, 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 save
 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 guest⁷.

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 secur'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 see, Sir!
A plague of all jades⁸, what a clap h' has given me!

⁷ *Guests.*] Former editions.

⁸ *A plague of all jades, &c.*] The scene now coming on likewise occurs in Jonson's comedy of the New Inn, with scarce any variation in the sentiment, 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 ostlers, occurs likewise in the first act of Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*; and perhaps there may be some difficulty in accounting for this coincidence.

As sure as you live, master, he knew perfectly
I cozen'd him on's oats; he look'd upon me,
And then he sneer'd, as who should say, 'Take heed,
firrah!'

And when he saw our half-peck, which you know
Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stamp't!
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 since 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 some plays of Beaumont and Fletcher being
' left imperfect, they were fitted for the stage by Shirley, who added
' what he thought necessary to complete them: And that it is pro-
' bable 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 safety enough, as the New
' Inn met with ill success in the representation. Could we certainly
' know that play to have been left deficient by its author, I should
' readily admit the solution: 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
' 1629. Our Author, therefore, might naturally redemand his own
' property, when so fair an occasion occurred for employing it him-
' self: 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 said 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 scrupulous he was in
' claiming to himself what was the production of another person.'

Diego.

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 issues)
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth; change a bridle,
Only for exercise.

Laz. If we could stay there,
There were some 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 us⁹,

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

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

Laz. And a grazier may
(For those are pinching puckfoists¹⁰, 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 salt,
'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 sure 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.]

S C E N E II.

Theodosia and Philippo discovered on several beds.

Theod. Oh—ho! oh—ho!

Phil. Ha!

Theod. Oh—oh!—Heart, heart, heart, heart!

Phil. What's that?

Theod. When wilt thou break, break, break, break?

¹⁰ *Puckfoists.*] *Puckball*, or *puckfist*, a kind of mushroom full of dust.

Johnson.

Phil.

Phil. Ha!

I would the voice were stronger¹¹, or I nearer.

Theod. Shame, shame, 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 sickness.

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 seems your sorrow oppresses: Please your
goodness,

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

Theod. Oh!

Phil. That sigh 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 sigh 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 seems you have an ill belief of me,

¹¹ *Were strong.*] I imagine we should read here for improving both
metre and sense thus, *were stronger, or I nearer.*

Symphon.

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 breast,
And ta'en you sleeping here, that so securely
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 so 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 beseech you, from me——

Phil. Sir, I will not.

Theod. Then I am prone to utter.

Phil. My faith for it!

Theod. If I were wise, I yet should hold my peace.
You will be noble?

Phil. You shall make me so,
If you'll but think me such.

Theod. I do. Then know
You are deceiv'd with whom you've talk'd so long:
I am a most unfortunate lost woman.

Phil. Ha!

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

Phil. Not I, sweet 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 ashamed, 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 forsaken me?

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

Theod. Alphonso, Sir.

Phil. Alphonso? What's your own name?

Theod. Any base thing you can invent.

Phil.—Deal truly.

Theod. They call me Theodosia.

Phil. Ha! And Love

Is that hath chang'd you thus¹¹?

Theod. You have observ'd me

Too nearly, Sir; 'tis that indeed; 'tis love, Sir:
And love of him—oh, Heav'n's, 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 dissembling
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 promises,
Methinks, no such ill usage; Marc-Antonio,
A noble neighbour's son. Now I must desire you
To stay 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 signs of truth, as ever false tongue utter'd:
Heav'n pardon all!

Phil. 'Tis well said! Forward, lady.

¹¹ *Is that that hath chang'd you thus?*

Theod. You've observ'd me.] The lection of the former editions.

Theod. Contracted, Sir, and by exchange of rings
 Our souls deliver'd; nothing left unfinish'd
 But the last work, enjoying me, and ceremony;
 For that, I must confess, was the first wise 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 syllable that might offend
 I've had in shrift: Yet neither love's law, signor,
 Nor tie of maiden's duty, but desiring,
 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 persuade 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 suit 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 silent, Sir; this tedious story
 (That ever keeps me waking) makes you heavy:
 'Tis fit it should do so; for that and I
 Can be but troubles.

Phil. No; I sleep not, lady:
 I would I could! Oh, Heav'n, is this my comfort?

Theod. What ail you, gentle Sir?

Phil. Oh!

Theod. Why d' you groan so?

Phil. I must, I must! oh, misery!

Theod. 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 me——

But 'tis not in your power.

Theod. I fear intemperance.

Phil. Nay, do not seek 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 light¹², some light!

Theod. For Heav'n's sake! 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 so, good-morrow for a while.

Diego. Good-morrow, Sir. [Exit.

Theod. My brother don Philipppo? 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 sister; 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 sword, Sir, And such a cause to kill me in——

Phil. Rise, sister!

I wear no sword for women, nor no anger,

¹² Some light, some light, for Heav'n's sake.

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 Philipppo; we have given them to Theodosia, to whose distress they are perfectly suitable.

While your fair chastity is yet untouch'd.

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

Phil. For my sifter

I do believe you; and so 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, sifter,
To love, nor to love him you do; he is a gentleman
Of as sweet hopes as years, as many promises
As there be growing truths, and great ones.

Theod. Oh, Sir!

Phil. Do not despair.

Theod. Can you forgive?

Phil. Yes, sifter,

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

Theod. And think me still your sifter?

Phil. My dear sifter.

Theod. And will you counsel me?

Phil. To your own peace too:

You shall love still.

Theod. How good you are!

Phil. My business,

And duty to my father, which now drew me
From Salamanca, I will lay aside,
And only be your agent¹². To persuade you
To leave both love, and him, and well retire you—

Theod. Oh, gentle brother!

Phil. I perceive 'tis folly:

Delays in love, more dangerous¹³ —

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. Symphon.

¹³ *Delays in love, more dangerous.]* More dangerous than what? Here is nothing seemingly to which this *more* has any relation: I would therefore propose reading thus,

Delays in love are dangerous.

Symphon.

He means *MORE dangerous* than persuading 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 having rack'd your passions beyond counsel)
I'll hazard mine own fame. Whither shall we venture?

Theod. Alas, I know not, Sir.

Phil. Come, 'tis bright morning;

Let's walk out, and consider. 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 host. Now I must thank you.

Phil. Who dost thou think this is?

Diego. Were you a wench, Sir,

I think you'd know before me.

Phil. Mine own brother.

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

Have been so barbarous to have parted brothers?

Phil. You knew it then?

Diego. I knew 'twas necessary

You should be both together: Instinct, signor,

Is a great matter in an host.

Theod. I'm satisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Is not mine host up yet?

Phil. Who's that?

Diego. I'll see.

Phil. Sister, withdraw yourself.

Pedro. Signor Philippo!

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

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

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 soldier,
And entertain'd in the new regiment
For Naples.

Phil. Is it possible?

Pedro. I assure 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, say 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 host 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.*]

A C T II. S C E N E 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
me¹⁴?

(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 strange old man.

[*Exit.*

Alph. I welcome to him?

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 servants
in a chair).*

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

Leo. Signor Alphonso,

I hope no discontent from my will given,

¹⁴ *The son of whose base dealings—*] The oddness of the phrase,
the son of base dealings, and the length of the line, make me mightily
inclined to believe the original might have been expressed thus,

To him, whose son's base dealings has undone me. Symphon.

Although the text is somewhat licentious, it is probably genuine,
and, we think, preferable to Symphon's variation.

Has made you shun my house: I ever lov'd you¹⁵;
 And 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 sleep
 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, signor! 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, signor, in all things there must be
 method;
 You choke the child of Honour else, Discretion.
 Do you conceive an injury?

Alph. What then, Sir?

Sanc. They 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 lov'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, signor,
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 say still,

Leave off your rhet'rick, and restore my daughter,
And suddenly ; bring in your rebel too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without commission,
That I may see him punish'd, and severely ;
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 consider
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 consider.

Leo. Noble Sir,

Let's argue coolly, and consider like men.

Alph. Like men ?

Leo. You are too sudden still.

Alph. Like men, Sir ?

Sanc. 'Tis fair language, and allied to honour.

Alph.

Alph. Why, what strange beast would your grave
reverence

Make me appear? Like men?

Sanc. Tis 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 wise 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 signor, give me my daughter.

Leo. I am as gentle as yourself, 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 son?

Alph. A whipping beadle.

Leo. Why, is your daughter whorish?

Alph. Ha, thou dar'st not——

By Heav'n, I know thou dar'st not——

Leo. I dare more, Sir,

If you dare be uncivil.

Alph. Laugh too, pigeon?

Sanc. A fitter time, for Fame's sake! 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, sirrah?

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. Assure yourself you shall. Do you see this sword, Sir?

He has not cast 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 sword'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, some 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 master'd by much passion,

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 sails defy me?
 No, I disdain that folly; he that ventures
 Whilst they are fit to put him on, has found out
 The everlasting motion in his scabbard¹⁶.
 I doubt not to make peace. And so, for this time,
 My best love and remembrance!

Leo. Your poor servant!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Diego, Philippo, and Theodosia.

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 geese,
 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

¹⁶ *He that ventures, &c.*] This is rather obscure; but signifies,
 'He that will draw his sword 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 *stand* 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 say 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 soft wind in the shrouds; such *stand* there,
 And *down* i' th' other place! such supplications
 And sub-divisions for those toys their honours!
 One, 'As you are a gentleman,' in this bush;
 And 'Oh, sweet Sir, what mean you? There's a bracelet,
 'And use me, I beseech you, like a woman!
 And her petition's heard; another scratches,
 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 satisfy you? where's my husband?'
 Another cries, 'D'ye see, 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.

*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 host,
Mine everlasting honest host?

Diego. Mafs, 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,
Else they had cas'd me like a cony too,
As they have done the rest, and I think roasted me,
For they 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 sure as big) that, out of fear and prayer,
In half-an-hour wore 'em as small as bugles;
Yet he was fled too.

Phil. At what hour was this?

Inc. Some two hours since.

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

Theod. Alas, poor men!

Phil. Mine host, pray go unty 'em.

Diego. Let me alone for cancelling! where are they?

Inc. In every bush, like black-birds; you can't
mifs 'em.

Diego. I need not stalk unto 'em. [Exit.

Inc. No, they'll stand you,
My busy life for yours, Sir. You would wonder
To see the several 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 sings a ballad;
And there a little curate confutes him:
And in this linsley-woolsey 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 seems 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,
And looks as if he had but dream'd of losing.

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, 'tis holy-day; hang cloaths; 'tis hot,

And sweating agues are abroad.

i Passenger. It seems so;
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 blessing now!

Friar. You say your mind, Sir.

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

Inc. There's the wonder.

Diego. A rank whore scratch their sides till the pox
follow

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

Leoc. You are deceiv'd, Sir.

Diego. And thy master too, boy.

Phil. A sweet-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 presume so much; you've other
garments.

Diego. Will you entreat those too?

Theod. Your mule must too

To the next town; you say 'tis near: In pity,
You cannot see this poor boy perish; I know
You have a better soul. 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 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 sorry 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 see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.

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

Set me the saddle 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 swing him!

Friar. You say well, Sir.

All. Heav'n keep your goodness!

Theod. Peace keep you! Farewell, friends!

Diego. Farewell, light-horse-men! [*Exe. the robbed.*]

Phil. Which way travel you, Sir?

Inc. To the next town.

Theod. Do you want any thing?

Inc. Only discretion 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. Cheese, that would break the teeth of a new
 handsaw,
 I could endure now like an ostrich¹⁷; or salt beef,

¹⁷ *Cheese*——
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 ostrich. 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.

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

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

Leoc. 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 son.

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 son:
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 *enderw*. '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 clearfeth her pannel. *Sympson.*

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

Leoc.

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 steward's son, a wild boy,
 That for the fruits of his unhappiness
 Is fain to seek the wars.

Theod. This is a lie too,
 If I have any ears.

Phil. Why?

Theod. 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 suddenly, he cur'd his lies,
 The right wit of a woman; now I'm sure——

Phil. What are you sure?

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

Phil. Now I consider 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 service
 Shall be at your command, Sir, and my prayers.

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

S C E N E

SCENE III.

*Enter Rodorigo and Marc-Antonio*¹⁸; *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 sit here, and prepare

Our stomachs with discourfes.

Marc. What you please, 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-master.*] 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 still; 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 folio to make him speak *within*, and yet allows him to *speak*, tho' neither *within* nor *present*.

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, signor,
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 she 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,
signor,

A tougher soul 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 safer,
Than where the bullet plays.

Marc. There's it I doubt, Sir.

Rod. You'll easily 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 sex, Sir,
I honour it, and next to honour, love it,
For there is only beauty; and that sweetness,
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 heresy.

Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that
gloss
That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery,
An outward show of things well set, 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 clouds¹⁹: 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 'em;
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
Are to no ends.

Marc. Except the dull end, doing.

¹⁹ ——— *what is seen*

Is but the veil then, airy clouds;—] The monosyllable *then* seems not to have any good authority for standing 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:

——— *what is seen*

Is but the veil, thin, airy clouds, &c.

Sympson.

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.'

Rod. Then all to you seem equal?

Marc. Very true, Sir,

And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth love.

Rod. How long love you, signor?

Marc. 'Till 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 stirs; fame and fashion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that love
That wiser ages held ambition:
They that cannot reach this may love by index;
By every day's surveying 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 courtesies,
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 go'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!

Marc. 'Twere but the vent'ring of my place, or swearing

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 say true, both.

Rod. How'd you rid it?

Marc. Thus, Sir;
I laid my hand upon my heart, and bless'd me,
And then said 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 save the kingdom
Another inquisition.

Rod. So old a soldier,
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, discourse.

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 fantastic things, some more regardful,
 And some few worth a service: I'm so honest,
 I wish 'em all 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 fit 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 servant! [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Host and his Wife.

Host. Let 'em have meat enough, woman, half a hen;
 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 wenchens.

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 musk-melons
 And radishes, as big and tough as rafters.
 Will you be stirring in this business? Here's your
 brother,
 Mine old host of Offuna, 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. 'Tis for your own commodity. Why, wench!

Serv. [within.] Anon forsooth.

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

Let Oliver go to the justice, and beseech 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, signor. What, old don!
 We meet but seldom.

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

Wife. Faith, master Baily,
 How have you done? and how, man——

Inc. Good sweet hostess,
 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, pheasant? or all these?
 And are they ready all?

Wife. 'The hours that have been
 Between us two, the merry hours : Lord!

Inc. Hostess,
 Dear hostess, do but hear! I am hungry.

Wife.

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, hostess, 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. Hostess,
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 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 Incubus.*]

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 too ²²?

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 blessing,
I charge thee, not to save thy sister'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 said, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

²¹ *All, well then.*] Sympfon reads, ALL's well then.

²² *Boy. As any is in Spain, Sir.*

Diego. Old and strong too?] Sympfon would read,

Boy. As any in Spain, Sir, old and strong too.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo and Host.

Phil. **M**INE Host, is that apparel got you spoke of?

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.

Host. I will, Sir.

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

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

I mean in want, so freely shower'd upon me,
 So truly, and so timely minister'd,
 Must, if I should suspect those minds that made 'em²²,
 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, since 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 sink 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; disguise not
 That loaden soul that labours to be open.
 Now you must weep, I know it, for I see
 Your eyes down-laden to the lids; another
 Manifest token that my doubts are perfect:
 Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,
 Why were these holes left 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, 'signor Theodoro!

Theod. This sorrow shews so sweetly,
 I cannot chuse but keep it company.
 Take truce and speak, Sir: And I charge your
 goodnes,
 By all those perfect hopes that point at virtue,

²² *Minds that made 'em.] i. e. Did 'em.*

By that remembrance these fair tears are shed for,
 If any sad misfortune 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 sex.—
 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.

Theod. Sit down and say 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 same
 Your worthy brother did the special honour
 To name for beautiful, and without pride
 I have been often made believe so, signor;
 But that's impertinent! Now to my sorrows:
 Not far from us a gentleman of worth,
 A neighbour, and a noble visitor,
 Had his abode, who often met my father
 In gentle sports of chase, and river-hawking,
 In course and riding; and with him often brought
 A son of his, a young and hopeful gentleman,
 Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection;
 A sprightly 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 durst kiss.

Theod. Go forward!

Leoc. But oh, man, man, unconstant, careless man,
Oh, subtle man, how many are thy mischiefs!
Oh, Marc-Antonio, I may curse those kisses!

Theod. What did you call him, lady?

Leoc. Marc-Antonio;
The name to me of misery.

Theod. Pray, forward!

Leoc. From these we bred desires, Sir; but lose
me, Heav'n,
If mine were lustful!

Theod. I believe.

Leoc. This nearness
Made him importunate: When, to save mine honour,
(Love having full possession of my powers)
I got a contract from him.

Theod. Seal'd?

Leoc. And sworn too;
Which since, for some offence Heav'n laid upon me,
I lost 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't²⁴?

And had you their consents? did that night's promise
Make you a mother?

Leoc. Why d'you ask so nearly?
Good Sir, does it concern you any thing?

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

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, signor;

Alas, he never came, nor never meant it!
My love was fool'd, time number'd to no end,
My expectation flouted; and gueses you, Sir,
What dor unto a doting maid this was²⁵,
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 Theodosia, whose perfections
I'm bound to ban for ever, curse to wrinkles,
As Heav'n I hope will make 'em soon, 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 Ossuna; 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.]

Symphon.

Will I leave off the search 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 wandering 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 blessings,
 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.

Theod. Who can say
 But she may be forsaken too? He that once wanders
 From such a perfect 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 desert!

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

Leoc. Honour?

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

Theod. I could be angry,
 Extremely angry now, beyond my nature, [*Aside.*
 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 prewnings²⁶? stoop at that
Sh' has tir'd upon? No, Sir; I hold my beauty,
(Wash but these sorrows 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.

²⁶ *Take her prewnings; stoop at that*

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

Very fortunate indeed, since *strop* 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.

Leoc. Do your pleasure.

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

Leoc. Which must not yet be.

Theod. It carries you conceal'd and safe.

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 ?

Pish ! Leocadia it must not be.

Theod. It must be, or be nothing.

Phil.

Phil. Pray give me leave to wonder: Leocadia?

Theod. The very same.

Phil. The damsel 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'n's, 'tis she.

Phil. By Heav'n, then, 'tis a sweet one,

Theod. That's granted too.

Phil. But hark you, hark you, sister!

How came she thus disguis'd?

Theod. I'll tell you that too;

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

Phil. By the same man?

Theod. The same 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 she speak handsomely?

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 seen

How sweetly fearfully her pretty self²⁸

Betray'd herself; how neat her sorrow shew'd,

²⁸ *How sweetly fearful her 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.

Theod. 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 sweet 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 service 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 sanctuary,
 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 she appears now, she 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 forsaken her, say what she please;
 I know his curious eye: Or, say 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 jealousy,
 Without this passion of the heart, how heav'nly
 Wouldst thou appear upon us! Come what may come,
 I'll see the end on't: And since chance has cast her
 Naked into my refuge, all I can
 She freely shall command, except the man. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Leonardo and Pedro.

Leo. Don Pedro, do you think assuredly
 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 say?

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 foul 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 saw you with him?

Pedro. None but things like himself; young soldiers,
And gentlemen desirous to seek honour.

Leo. Was there no woman there, nor none dis-
guis'd

That might be thought a woman? In his language,
Did he not let slip something of suspicion
Touching that wanton way?

Pedro. Believe me, Sir,

I neither saw, nor could suspect that face
That might be doubted woman's; yet I'm sure
Aboard him I see all that past: And 'tis impossible
Among so many high-set 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 surely
He would not be so 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 service,
And hope of your good prayers for his health, Sir;
And so I gave him to the seas.

Leo. I thank you,

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

'Gainst

'Gainst all, but his own ignorance) I'm determin'd,
 For peace fake 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 fames
 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 wise 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 yourself within my call.

Serv. I will, Sir.

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

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

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Sir, who seek you?

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

Pedro. I serve 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 such 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 Sancho carried.

Pedro. I must be, Sir.

Sanc. Stay; set me down. Stay, signor!

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 fame.

Alph. How serv'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 score more. Call out the fellow;

And stand you by, Sir.

Pedro. This is the mad morris.

Alph. And I stand by?

Sanc.

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

Alph. Stand by, among thy lungs²⁹?

Sanc. Turn presently,

And say 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 see. 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 sayst? 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 stinking 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 soldadoship—

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*, *slugghibh*. 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 discretion³¹,
 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'st 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 spit him down!—Thou lookest like a
 man.

Pedro. I would be thought so, Sir.

Sanc. Prithee do but take me,
 And fling me upon that puppy..

Alph. Do, for Heaven's sake,
 And see 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 lost, 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 says,

Set me a little nearer, let him sally—After which *Alphonso* goes on to complete his passionate speech that was broke off at—*not your soldadoship*—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 him 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. Where dare he be, but here, Sir,
When men are wrong'd, and come for satisfactions?

Pedro. It seems 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 stay'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 grafts 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 search 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 handsomely——

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

Pedro. I fear him not for all this.

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 wife, and land,
Lie lay³² 'till I return!

Alph. I say *Amen* to't:
But what care for our monies?

Sanc. I'll not spend
Above three shillings, 'till his head be here;
Four is too great a sum for all his fortunes.
Come, take me up instantly.

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
Can get our pardons. [Exeunt.

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 five pound; a great deal sooner.
And so I'll to my meat, and then to hawking. [Exit.

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*.
Symphon.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Marc-Antonio and a Gentleman.

Marc. SIR, this is compliment; I pray you leave me.

Gent. Sir, it is not.

Marc. Why, I would only see
The town.

Gent. And only that I come to shew you.

Marc. Which I can see without you.

Gent. So you may,
Plainly, not safely: For such difference
As you have seen betwixt the sea and earth
When waves rise 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 hasty nature, charg'd me not return
Without you safe.

Marc. Oh, Sir, that Roderigo
Is noble, and he does mistake my temper:
There is not in the world a mind less apt
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em. Has he seen 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 sure 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 see
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 fast. 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 desire to see her, Sir.

Gent. She is Alanfo'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 too³³.

Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your passions
bear you
To such wild enterprizes! Hold you still;
For, as I have a soul, 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.

i Attend. It seems you are new landed; would you
beg
Any thing here?

³³ *And seen over too.*] Symphon thinks it probable we should read,
seen OVERT 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. Her face, which needs no hiding, I would beg
A sight of.

Gent. Now go on; for 'tis too late
To keep this from a tumult.

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!

Attend. Slip in then;
This is your door.

Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?

Attend. We must, or suffer
This outrage. Is't not all your minds, Sirs? speak.

All. Yes.

Eug. Then I do beseech ye, let my lord

Enter three or four Soldiers.

Not think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not. [*Exit.*

Gent. See, happily some of our galley foldiers
Are come ashore.

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 seen, Sir, better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd; and will yet
See that, or spoil yours. [*They fight.*

Enter Philipppo, Theodosia, and Leocadia.

Phil. On! why start you back?

Theod. Alas, Sir, they are fighting.

Leoc. Let's be gone.—

See, see, a handsome man struck down!

Gent. Ho, general!

Look out! Antonio is in distress.

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, Theodosia!

My sister! wake! Alas, I griev'd but now
To see the streets so full, and now I grieve
To see them left so 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 sack,
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 sorrow!

Theod. Oh, Philip, help me!

Phil. I do: These are my arms, Philip'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 senses, and uncloud thy cover'd spirits.
How now?

Theod. Recover'd. But Antonio!
Where is he?

Phil. We will find him. Art thou well?

Theod. Perfectly well, saving the misf 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 assistance to find out
This man, alive or dead! and I will pay you,
In service, 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 senseless creature, made
To serve thee without power of questioning?
If so, why fear'st thou?

Theod. I am satisfied.

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 so distress'd, who was content
To lay her story, and to lay her heart
As open as her story to yourself;
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 couldst!
You might have done, but for that zeal'd religion
You women bear no swoonings: You do pick
Your times to faint, when somebody is by
Bound or by nature, or by love, or service,
To raise you from that well-dissembled death:
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private chamber by herself,
Where sickness 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 dissemble;
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 so,
Rather than been so 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 bear, and row
With knotted ropes, and pizzles; if he swoon,
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 lingering 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.

1 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?

1 Townsf. 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

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 seems.

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 saw 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 dissention.

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 sorry, 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 so 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 servants. [*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 Roderigo, 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. Blest be thy thoughts
For apprehending this ! blest be thy breath
For uttering it !

Gov. Come, gentlemen, you shall
Enter my roof ; and I will send for surgeons,
And you shall see your friends here presently.

Theod. His name was Marc-Antonio.

Gov. I know it,
And have sent word so.

Phil. Did you not forget
Francisco's name ?

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

S C E N E 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 so far. [Exit.]

2 Sold. How seriously

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 square, if need be? Oh,
The quiet hurly-burlies that I've seen
In this town, when we've fought four hours together,
And not a man amongst us so impertinent
Or modest to ask why?

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

2 Sold. Old Ignatio

Lives still.

1 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 steady 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 you
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. Mafs,

I think there be not.

1 Sold. No, I warrant thee.

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

Enter

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

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I said 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 so 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 feel 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 wife unbroke, The reverence due to households, 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 seen 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.

Theod. Alas!

Lecc. 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 sit 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
Yourselfes, or any other, 'till I have
Open'd myself to this most-honour'd lady!

Phil. We will not.

Theod. Oh, bless'd! he'll discover now
His love to me.

Lecc. 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 so 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 sake, softly! Oh! I must need
lay
My head down easily, whilst you do it.

Eug. Do, Sir.—

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

Are you faint-hearted?

Marc. Oh!

Eug. Why do you sigh?

There is no danger in the world in this:

I wonder it should make a man——Sit down³⁵.

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 so, '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 sick 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 dissimulation.

Marc. Gentle madam,

Call 'em not in!

³⁵ I wonder it should make a man sit down.] So the former editions.

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
me

What I will tell thee quickly: Thou art born
To end some way more difesteem'd than this;
Or, which is worfe, 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 see
A strange diftemper in you.

Eug. I am wrought
By that difsembling man, that fellow, worth
Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philipppo and Theodofia.

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

Eug. I'll tell it you in private.

Phil. Marc-Antonio,
How do you?

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

Theod. Good brother, will he fcape?
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 fpeak to him, you and thefe by,
And I dare almoft promife you to make him
Shew himfelf truly forrowful to you.
Besides, a ftory I fhall open to you,
Not put in fo good words, but in itfelf.

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 surgeons!

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 flesh 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 surgeons say,
 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 surgeons?

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. But you desire
To satisfy?

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,
(I know you must remember me)——

Marc. Oh, Heav'n!

Leoc. That lost her friends, that lost her father's
house,
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 fame, which I would fain 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 say.
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 so 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 seize on me!) that I was contracted
By seal 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 satisfy
You, Leocadia, but by repentance,
Tho' I can dyingly and boldly say
I know not your dishonour; yet that was

Your

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 whilst I live.

Theod. That's I, that's I! I'm Theodosia.
Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd
Disgrace 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 sorry
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 sorrows 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. Rise up, and stir yourself; 'tis but amaze-
ment
And your imagination that afflicts you;
Look you, Sir, now!

Marc. I think 'tis so, indeed.

Theod. The surgeons do not come, because they swear
It needs no dressing.

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 so 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 sudden punishment! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, Diego, and Incubo.

Phil. **W**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 since, Sir.

Phil. Which way should she take?
Nay, look you now! d'you all stand still? Good
Heav'n!

You might have lighted on him. Now, this instant!
For love's sake, seek 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 see me.
I shall betray my love, ere I possess 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 smock side o'th' town, the surer 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.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Philipppo.

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

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 so,
 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, see her thro' a quarry: They do lie,
 Lie grossly, that say Love is blind; by him,
 And Heav'n, they lie! he has a sight 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.

Phil. 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.

S C E N E III.

Enter Leonardo, with a Surgeon.

Leo. Upon your art, Sir, and your faith t'assist 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 assur'd a benefit.

Surg.

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.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Philippo and Leocadia.

Phil. Will you not hear me?

Leoc. I have heard so much
Will keep me deaf for ever! No, Marc-Antonio,
After thy sentence, I may hear no more:
Thou hast pronounc'd me dead!

Phil. Appeal to Reason:
She will relieve 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 fly?
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 soul; his pre-contract
Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no faith
That ties you in religion, or humanity;
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's another's; sweet, you do:
Believe me, who daren't urge dishonest things!
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,
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 succour,
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 sex,
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 settle 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 disguise ?
 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 silent welcome ;
 Unfold the riddles you have made. What say 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. 'Twas 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 sake, good my heart !

Leoc. Into some house, before he see me.

Phil. Dear,

Be not thus frightened.

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 sure he less knows, for he never saw me.

Alph. Ha ! who is that ? my son 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 sure

As that's your son. Come hither! What now? run
Out o' your sex? 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 of³⁷, 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, Philipppo?

Art thou Marc-Antonio, son 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 beseech your stay; 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, so 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.* *Sympton.*

Q often occurs in old authors in the sense of *with.*

Not impotent——

Alph. Hold you your peace, boy!

Sanc. Impotent?

'Death, I'll cut his throat first, and then his father's.

Alph. You must provide you then a sharper razor
Than is your tongue; for I not fear your sword.

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 courtesy 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 sword? What think'st thou of me? pray
thee, tell me.

Attend. As of a gentleman.

Sanc. No more?

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 say!

Attend. The Governor,

You

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; so tell him:
His person and authority I acknowledge,
And do submit me to it; but my sword,
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen governors;
That and I dwell together, and must yet,
'Till my hands part, assure him.

Gov. I say, force it!

Sanc. Stay, hear me! Hast thou ever read Caranza³⁸?
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 sword 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, ashamed 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 scorn 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.

R.

Enter

Enter Leonardo and Marc-Antonio.

Leo. Well, son, your father is too near himself,
 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 flinty 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 slight me,
 Tho' I'm without a sword.

Gov. Keep to your chair, Sir.

Sanc. Pox ! let me fall, and hurl my chair, slaves, 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——

I ha' said 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 son in treachery,
It seem'd, to fly our satisfaction,
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 say he's not worthy
The name of man, or any honest preface,
That dares report or credit such a slander.
Do you, Sir, say it?

Alph. Sir, I do say it.

Gov. Hold!

Is this your father, signor Marc-Antonio?
You've ill requited me, thus to conceal him
From him would honour him, and do him service.

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 it appears, my dove.

Sanc. Sir, I say nothing: I do want a sword;
And 'till I have a sword I will say nothing.

Eug. Good Sir, command these gentlemen their
arms;

Entreat 'em as your friends, not as your prisoners.
Where be their swords?

Gov.

Gov. Restore each man his weapon.

Sanc. It seems 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 kinsman.

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 dependance³⁹:

Eug. What! ha' you more?

Gov. None here, good signor.

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 sword.

Eug. But how if he won't stand 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 wouldst!

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*.

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 ask'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 so.

Phil. My sister
 Is not so fair——

Marc. It skills not.

Phil. Nor so virtuous.

Marc. Yes, she must be as virtuous.

Phil. I would fain——

Marc. What, brother?

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.

Phil. Why, for speaking well
Of Leocadia.

Marc. No, indeed.

Phil. Nor ill
Of Theodosia?

*Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodosia, and Servant with
two pistols.*

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 sword much better, I confess.

Eug. Nay, wherefore stay you? Shall I mend your
mark?

Strike one another thorough these?

Phil. My love!

Alph. My Theodosia!

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 sons 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.*]



THE
DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A , T R A G E D Y.

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 folio of 1647.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Ferrand, *tyrant of Naples.*

Violet, *a noble gentleman, studious of his country's freedom.*

Briffonet, }
Camillo, } *confederates with Violet.*

Ronvere, *a villain, captain of the guard.*

Villio, *a court fool.*

Castruccio, *a parasite.*

Pandulpho, *father to Violet.*

Duke of Sesse, *enemy to Ferrand, proscribed, and turned pirate.*

Afcanio, *nephew to Ferrand.*

Boy, *servant to Violet.*

Master.

Gunner.

Boatswain.

Chirurgion.

Sailors.

Doctor.

Citizens.

Guard, Soldiers, and Servants.

W O M E N.

Juliana, *first wife to Violet.*

Martia, *daughter of the Duke of Sesse, second wife to Violet.*

SCENE, NAPLES.

T H E



THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.



*Unbolt this Man, & leave those things behind you
And so away!* Act II.



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

T H E

DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A C T I.

Enter Virolet and Boy.

Virolet.

BOY!

Boy. Sir?

Vir. If my wife seek me, tell her that
Defigns of weight, too heavy for her knowledge,
Exact my privacy.

Boy. I shall, Sir.

Vir. Do then;

And leave me to myself.

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.

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 so, good morrow !
I will not be offensive.

Vir. Hear my reasons.

Jul. Tho' in your life a widow's bed receives me,
For your sake 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

How I am blest'd in my assur'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 spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling grief,
Is what my country suffers; there's a ground
Where sorrow may be planted, and spring 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 Paradise 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 since 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, say 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 feign'd pretence of public use,

He borrows; which denied, his instruments force.

The races of our horses he takes from us²,

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,

It is a thing he dreams not of.

Jul. I've heard,

(How true it is I know not) that he sold

The bishoprick of Tarent to a Jew,

For thirteen thousand ducats.

Vir. I was present,

And saw the money paid. The day would leave me

Ere I could number out his impious actions,

Or what the miserable subject suffers:

And can you entertain, in such a time,

¹ Equall, say you?] Amended by Symphon.

² 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 *rafes*, so that the present reading is probably only a conjecture. But as it has possession I would not disturb it, only offer the following conjectures to the reader's choice. *The choicest*, or the *bravest*, or the *rarest*, or the *raters* of our horses. The Neapolitan horses are light, and if this last is not thought too stiff, it seems to bid fair for having been the original.' There is something rather hard in the text; but the Poet seems 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*.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. 109

A thought of dalliance? Tears, and sighs, and groans,
Would better now become you.

Jul. They indeed are
The only weapons our poor sex 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 fits not me to give.

Vir. Thy grave reproof,
If what thou dost desire were possible
To be effected, might well argue it
As wise as loving; but if you consider,
With what strong guards this tyrant is defended,
Ruffians, and male-contents drawn from all quarters,
That only know to serve his impious will;
The citadels built by him in the neck
Of this poor city; the invincible strength
Nature, by Art assisted, gave this castle;
And above all his fear; admitting no man
To see 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 passage to him, and then blast 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

(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 fears,
 That scandalize your sex, be far from me!
 Thou shalt partake my near and dearest counsels,
 And further 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 so indulgent to her own delights,
 That, for their satisfaction, would give
 A stop to such a glorious enterprize!
 For me, I would not for the world, I had been
 Guilty of such a crime: Go on, and prosper!
 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

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. III

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 seen.

Ful. 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 Briffonet, 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 suffers, and as deadly;
One that dares step as far to gain my freedom,
As any he that breathes; that wears a sword
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——

Bris. Be assur'd, Sir,

A confidence³ like this can never be
Allied to treachery.

Cam. Who durst speak so much,
But one that is, like us, a sufferer,

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

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 disgrac'd, and with contempt thrown off,
Will spur him to revenge, as swift 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 flock
'To a known wolf, tho' he put on the habit
Of a most faithful dog, and bark like one,
As this but only talks?

Cam. Yes, he has means too.

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 master⁴, by betraying
Our innocent lives.

Ronv. You're too suspicious,
And I have borne too much, beyond my temper:
Take your own ways! I'll leave you.

Vir. You may stay 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. Worse and worse!

⁴ *His master, betraying*] I have inserted *by* in the text against the authority of all the editions. This passage is deficient without
Sympton.

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 lose.

Cam. Have better hopes.

Ronv. And when you know, with what charge I
 have further'd

Your noble undertaking, you will swear me
 Another man; the guards I have corrupted;
 And of the choice of all our noblest youths,
 Attir'd like virgins, such as hermits would
 Welcome to their sad cells, prepar'd a masque;
 As done for the king's pleasure.

Vir. For his safety
 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' search'd, thro' all his guards
 Without suspicion, and in all his glory
 Oppress him, and with safety.

Cam. 'Tis most strange——

Vir. To be effected.

Ronv. You are doubtful still.

Bris. But we resolv'd to follow him; and if you
 Desist now, Virolet, we'll say 'tis fear,
 Rather than providence.

Cam. And so we leave you——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juliana:

Jul. To your wife doubts, and to my better counsels:
 Oh! pardon me, my lord, and trust me too;
 Let me not, like Cassandra, prophesy 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

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 wise,
 Altho' a woman; e'en kings in great actions
 Wait opportunity, and so must you, Sir,
 Or lose your understanding^s.

Vir. Thou art constant;

I an uncertain fool, a most blind fool:
 Be thou my guide.

^s *Lose your understanding.*] This place seems 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.

Symphon.

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.

Jul.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. 115

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 wise, 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 sets 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 sacred gold makes him ador'd,
His footsteps kiss'd; his smiles to raise a beggar⁶
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.] Sympson reads, His smiles do raise a beggar.

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 surgeons
that way.

Cast. Oh, majesty! let others think of Heaven,
While I contemplate thee.

Vil. This is not atheism,
But court observance.

Cast. 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 slumber?—What are these?

1 Guard. The ladies
Appointed by your majesty.

Fer. To th' purpose!
For what appointed?

1 Guard. For your Grace's pleasure.

Fer. To suck 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 stare you? Is what we com-
mand

To be disputed? Who's this? Bring you the dead
T'upbraid me to my face?

Cast. Hold, emperor!

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 consume me,
Nor hear that musical tongue in dreadful thunder,
That speaks 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 myself,
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 sleep,
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 set 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 Violet in?

Ronv. The head of all: He only scented me;
And, from his fear that I play'd false, is fled;

The rest I have in fetters.

Fer. Death and hell!

Next to my mortal foe, the pirate Sesse,
I aim'd at him! He's virtuous, and wise,
A lover of his freedom and his country's;
Dangerous to such as govern by the sword,
And so to me.—No track which way he went?
No means to overtake him?

Ronv. There's some hope left;
But with a rough hand to be seiz'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 rest.

Fer. 'Twas wisely order'd:
Go fetch them in, and let my executioners
Appear in horror with the rack. [*Exit Ronv.*]

Vil. I take it, signor,
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 fortrefs
Of a weak woman's faith.

*Enter Ronvere, Guard, and Executioners with a rack,
Camillo, Briffonet, Pandulpho, and Juliana.*

Cam. Whate'er we suffer,
The weight that loads a traitor's heart, fit ever
Heavy on thine!

Bris. 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 syllable
 Could win me an assurance of thy favour,
 I would not speak it; I desire 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 such a mistress here to teach us
 courage,
 That cowards might learn from her.

Fer. You are slow! [*She is put on the rack.*]
 Begin the scene. Thou miserable fool,
 For so I'll make thee——

Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach;
 I'm happy in my sufferings, thou most wretched.

Fer. So brave? I'll tame you yet. Pluck harder⁸,
 villains!

Is she insensible? no sigh nor groan?

⁷ — [*properties.*] A term much used at the play-houses for the habits and implements necessary for the representation. *Symphon.*

⁸ [*Pluck hard, villains.*] 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. *Symphon.*

Or is she dead?

Jul. No, tyrant! tho' I suffer
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 soul,
From whence thou canst 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. Unloose her; I am conquer'd.—I must take
Some other way.—Reach her my chair, in honour
Of her invincible fortitude.

Ronv. Will you not
Dispatch the rest?

Fer. When I seem merciful,
Assure 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 strange!

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 Sesse,
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.

Boatsf. **L**AY her before the wind; up with her
 canvas,

And let her work! the wind begins to whistle.
 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 lusty sail now, to give chase to!

Gun. A stubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,
And change a broadside bravely!

Boats. Where's the Duke?

Gun. I have not seen him stir to-day.

Boats. Oh, Gunner,

What bravery dwells in his age, and what valour!
And to his friends, what gentleness and bounty!
How long have we been inhabitants at sea here?

Gun. Some fourteen years.

Boats. By fourteen lives I swear then,
This element ne'er nourish'd such a pirate,
So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,
So patient in his want, in act so valiant!
How many sail of well-mann'd ships before us,
As the bonito does the flying fish,
Have we pursued and scour'd, that, to out-strip us,
They have been fain to hang their very shirts on!
What galleys have we bang'd, and sunk, and taken,
Whose only fraughts were fire and stern defiance,
And nothing spoke but bullet in all these!
How like old Neptune have I seen our general
Standing i'th' poop, and tossing his steel trident,
Commanding both the sea and winds to serve him!

Gun. His daughter too (which is the honour,
Boatswain,

Of all her sex) that martial maid——

Boats. A brave wench!

Gun. How oftentimes, a fight being new begun,
Has she leap'd down, 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 sword 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 so delicate,

So soft for sweet embraces, so much fire,
And manly soul, not starting at a danger——

Boatsf. Her noble father got her in his fury,
And so she proves a foldier.

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 bonfire to his fortune.

Boatsf. 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 fail, boy, and a right one.

Gun. That's my hope too; I'm ready for the pastime.

Boatsf. I' th' mean time let'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.

Boatsf. To th' main-top, Boy!
An thou ken'st a ship that dares defy us,
Here's gold.

Boy. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Boatsf. Come, Sirs, a quaint levet, [*Trump. a levet.*
To waken our brave general! Then to our labour!

Enter Duke of Sesse (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!

Mart. Take this from me; you're honest, valiant friends,

And such we must make much of. Not a sail stirring?

Gun. Not any within ken yet.

Boatsf. 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 sad? 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 sea⁹,
Where the most curious thought could never find it.

Boatsf. Call up the Master, and all the mates.

Enter (below) Master and Sailors.

Duke. Good morrow!

Master. 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 foul a stranger)

⁹ *I have stored it here at sea.*] Thus the octavo, and it may be right; the edition of 1647 gives it thus,

I've stoed here at sea.

I conjecture we should read with a small addition, *stowed*. So a little lower the Master says, *Down with 'em, stow 'em in.* Symphon.

It was my chance one day to play at chefs,
 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 soon repaid,
 And sunk the slave for ever, had not odds
 Thrust in betwixt us. I went away disgrac'd——

Mart. For honour's sake, not so, 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 sit down so coldly?

Duke. Have patience, and know all. Pursued
 him fairly,
 'Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'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 left 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 snatch'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 less, or lost 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 infamous 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 still young
 Ascanio, prince of Rossana, king Ferrand's
 Most beloved one, you took two months ago?
 Why is not he flung overboard, or hang'd?

Duke. I'll tell thee, girl:
 It were a mercy in my nature now,
 So soon to break the thread of his afflictions¹⁰;
 I am not so far reconcil'd yet to him,
 To let him die; that were a benefit.
 Besides, 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-sway'd with odds——

¹⁰ *Break the bed of his afflictions.*] Corrected by Symphon.

Duke. I find you :

I would not yield ; no, girl ; no hope of yielding,
Nor fling myself one hour into their mercies,
And give the tyrant hope, to gain his kingdom.
No ; I can sink, 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 speak 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 sink too, Sir, and sink 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 sound !

Boy. A fail !

Boats. Of whence ? of whence, Boy ?

Boy. A lusty fail !

Mart. Look right, and look again.

Boy. She plows the sea 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.

Boy. Of Naples, Naples; I think of Naples, Master;
Methinks I see the arms.

Master. Up, up another;
And give more certain signs! [Exit Sailor.

Duke. All to your business!
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-fail;
She shall not look us long, we are no starters.
Down with the fore-fail too! we'll spoon before her:

Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my honour
Load me but these two minions in the chase there¹¹;
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine eye, and level, as thy heart is!

Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out; I'll piss 'em
out else.

Sailor [above]. Hoy!

Duke. Of whence now?

Sailor. Of Naples, Naples, Naples!
I see her top-flag; how she 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 right¹². Daughter, be sparing.

Mart. I swear I'll be above, Sir, in the thickest,

¹¹ — in the chase.] The *chape* of a sword is no news, but I 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*.

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, so as that the balls shall scour the whole length of her decks; which is one of the most dangerous incidents that can happen in a naval action.'

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.

Boatsf. 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 'em¹³.

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 fights like a dragon. Who dares beidle? [Ex.

[Charge, trumpets, pieces go off.

Enter Master, Boatswain following.

Master. Down with 'em! stow 'em in!

Boatsf. 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.] Symphon 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.

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They have smok'd us; never such plums yet flew.

Boats. They've rent the ship, and bor'd a hundred holes;

She swims 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 sure I am none o' th' coolest.

Gun. My cannons rung like bells. Here's to my mistress!

The dainty sweet brags 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, Violet, 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,
soldiers.—

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'st 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 confessions ;
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 fit 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 sword 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 defame your victory with foul language——

Duke. Go fling him overboard. I'll teach you,
firrah——

Vir. You can't teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in despising all your cruelties,
And make you choke with anger.

Duke. Away, I say !

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. 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 blefs you.

[*Exeunt Virolet and Sailors.*]

Mart. Now to your cabin, Sir, (pray lean upon me)
And take your rest; the furgeons wait all for you.

Duke. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy
fortunes.

Why, sure I have no hurt; I have not fought sure?

Master. 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.

1 *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; she swims 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.*]

Asca. 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 serv'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 safety
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 mischief :
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 flew 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
confessions
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 save yours,
And some 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 fevers,
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 ¹⁴, 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,

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 preferable to *but*, in the present text ; yet perhaps something is lost, signifying, that ' whilst we flourish, our state is particularly honourable ; but if we even fall, even our fall is glorious.'

¹⁵ *But our affections greater.*] *Affection*, as I read, or *passion*, is the stubborn twin born with us, which wou'd make us idiots, if we gave way to it, rather than free ourselves from its tyranny by the sleep of death.

Seward.

Yet

Yet have they eyes that daily sweat their losses,
 And such a tear from stone no time can value.
 To die both young and good are Nature's curses,
 As the world says; ask Truth, they're bounteous
 blessings;

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, boboys.*]

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 slaves,
 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 scorn?

Vir. Madam, you are mistaken;
 We are no slaves 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 see any thing in our appearance,
 Worthy your sex's softness and your own glory,
 Do it for that, and let that good reward it!

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 scorn——

Vir. You're cozen'd, woman;
Your handsomeness may do much, but not this way;
But for your glorious hate——

Mart. Are ye so 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 handsomely,
It may be I can thank you; else——

Mart. So glorious?

Asc. Her cruelty now works.

Mert. Yet woot thou?

Vir. No.

Mart. Wilt thou for life's sake?

Vir. No; I know your subtilty.

Mart. For honour sake?

Vir. I will not be a pageant;
My mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.

Mart. I'll starve thee to it!

Vir. I'll starve myself, and cross it.

Mart. I'll lay thee on such 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.

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Mart. How might I do in killing of his body,
To save 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; [Violet 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 servant to your courtesy,
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 scorn'dst my cruelty;
I know thou dost.

Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

Mart. No; if thou hadst th' hadst died, and I had
gloried,

I suffer 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 soul 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 so much for your safety ?
 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 sorrows,
 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 servant.
 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 sure you enter.
 I'll see ye furnish'd both immediately,
 And like yourselves¹⁶ ; 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. *Symphon.*

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 so, this loving kifs.

Asc. Be constant, lady. [Exeunt.]

Enter Duke (by torch-light) Master and Surgeon with him.

Surg. You grow so angry, Sir, your wound goes
backward.

Duke. I'm angry at the time, (at none of you)
That sends but one poor subject for revenge:
I would have all the court, and all the villainy
Was ever practis'd under that foul tyrant
Ferrand¹⁷, and all to quench my wrath!

Master. Be patient;
Your Grace may find occasion every hour
(For certain they will seek you) to satisfy,
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 loose——

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 liest! I am not old; I am as lusty
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 sword's point, when thou tremblest
And creep'st into thy box of salves 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,

¹⁷ Was ever practis'd under that foul Ferrand
Tyrant.] These two last words have chang'd their places; we
must read as I have alter'd the place. *Symphon.*

To save her life, leap'd into th' sea; where suddenly
A stranger snatch'd her up, and swam away with her.

Master. 'Twas but the heat o' th' fight, Sir.

Boatsf. [*within*]. Look out! what is that?

Sailor [*within*]. The long-boat, as I live!

Boatsf. Ho, there, i' th' long-boat! ho!

Sailor. She claps on all her oars¹⁸.

Duke. What noise is that?

Master. I hear, Sir——

[*Exit.*

Boatsf. 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?

Boatsf. She's stole off.

Enter Master.

Duke. Who stole her?

Oh, my prophetick soul!

Master. Your daughter's gone, Sir,

The prisoners, and six failors: Rogues!

Duke. Mischief! six thousand plagues fall with 'em!

They're in her yet; make out.

Master. We've ne'er a boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. Who knew of this trick¹⁹?

Duke. Weigh anchors, and away!

Boatsf. We ha' no wind, Sir;

They'll beat us with their oars.

Duke. Then sink 'em, Gunner!

Oh, sink 'em, sink 'em, sink '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 inserted at all in the two following editions. Symphon, 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

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But I'll be hang'd before I hurt the lady. [Exit.

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 sunk,

[A piece or two go off.

Or torn to pieces with the shot. Rots find her!

The leprosy of whore stick 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. Rise, winds!

Blow till ye burst the air, and swell the seas,
That they may sink the stars! Oh, dance her, dance
her!

She's impudently wanton; dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your surges, cool her, cool her!

She runs hot like a whore; cool her, cool her!

Oh, now a shot to sink 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 such 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——

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,

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Castruccio, Villio, and guard.

Ronv. YOU are too gentle, Sir. [*Flourish cornets.*
Fer. You are too careles!

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 sovereign'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 slave to shoot at !
 No peace, no rest I take, but their alarms
 Beat at my heart ! Why do I live, or seek 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 sorrows ?
 What power has my command, when from my bosom
 Ascanio, my most dear and lov'd Ascanio,

Was

Was snatch'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 safe 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 ?

Cast. 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 so loud ?

Cast.

Cast. I'm dumb.—Is not this rare?
Kings' looks make Pythagoreans; is not this
A happiness, Villio?

Villio. Yes, to put to silence
A fawning sycophant.

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 fatal 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
That dare repine at this, to me true service.

1 *Guard.* This makes for us.

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 king²⁰?

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 be mighty Ferrand.

Fer. Ha! who names me?

Deliver thy thoughts, slave, 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 subject?)
Your wisdom, power, your perfect happiness,
The most blest'd of mankind.

Fer. Didst thou but feel
The weighty sorrows 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, firrah.

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 house¹⁹:
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 leisure
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 violently a di-
rection of *Virolet's* relating to *Martia*, and to him it should be
restored. *Seward.*

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 courtesy,
 But largely pay you for it.

Ronv. To the purpose.

Vir. The forty thousand crowns the king hath given
 me,

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 so much, so nobly?

Vir. The more my sorrow; but it must be so:

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 ask.—

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.

Boatsf. To please your humour:
But we may pass without disguise; our living
Was never in their element.

Gun. This Jew sure,
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
snow off,

And run your beard into a peak of twenty!

Boatsf. Stopt all the crannies in your face.

Master. Most rarely!

Boatsf. And now you look as plump, your eyes as
sparkling,

As if you were to leap into a lady's saddle.

Has he not set your nose awry?

Duke. The better.

Boatsf. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry sure;
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.

Boatsf. I would the Jew, Sir,
Could steer my head right; for I've such a swimming
in't,

Ever since I went to sea first——

Master. Take wine, and purge it.

Boatsf. I've had a thousand pills of sack, a thousand,
A thousand pottle-pills.

Gun. Take more.

Boatsf. Good doctor,
Your patient is easily persuaded.

Master. Methinks this Jew²⁰,
 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.

Boatsf. The best of all our gallants now be glad of
 him;

For, if you mark their marches, they are tender,
 Soft, soft, 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.

Boatsf. These are no men; they're motions.

Duke. What sad and ruthful faces!

Boatsf. How they duck!

This senseless, silent courtesy, methinks,
 Shews like two Turks saluting one another,
 Upon two French porters' backs.

Duke. They are my countrymen,
 And this some forc'd infliction from the tyrant.
 What are you? why is this? why move thus silent,
 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

²⁰ *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 fleeces

On every bush, he might pick a pretty living.] The transposition of the words, *The next fair open weather*, has confounded the sense of this passage in all the editions.—Symphon puts a period at *weather*.

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 sorrows and no tongues to shew 'em ?
This is a studied cruelty.

1 Cit. Begone, Sir,

(It seems you are a stranger) and save yourself.

2 Cit. You wonder here at us ; as much we wonder
To hear you speak so 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 so part.

Boatsf. 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 fast 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.

Boatsf. Nor lie with his own wife.

Cast. All, upon pain
Of present death, forget to write !

Boatsf. That's excellent ;

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 whore²⁰,
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 shew ourselves, and bless 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 so; upon 'em!

Guard. Treason, treason, treason!

Boatsf. Cut the slaves to gidgets!

Gun. Down with the bullbeefs!

Duke. Hold, hold, I command you! Gods, look here!

Cast. A miserable thing; I am no king, Sir.

Duke. Sirrah, your fool's face has preserv'd your life.
Wear no more king's coats; you have scap'd a scouring.

Boatsf. Is't not the king?

Duke. No, 'tis a prating rascal;

The puppy makes him mirth.

Cast. Yes, Sir, I am

A puppy.

Boatsf. I beseech you let met me hang him;
I'll do't in my belt straight.

²⁰ Wild above.] I have a small suspicion here that *wilde* is the true reading, but I have not ventured to disturb the text.

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.

Boatsf. Let's flea him,
And have him fly-blown!

Cit. Away, and save your lives!

The king himself is coming on: If you stay,
You're lost for ever! Let not so much nobleness
Wilfully 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 frightened. Where are the proud rebels?
To what protection fled? What villain leads 'em?
Under our nose disturb our rest?

Ronv. We shall hear;

For such a search I've sent, to hunt the traitors——

Fer. Yet better men, I say! 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 swinge——

Vil. You have been swing'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?

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 sue 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.*

1 *Guard.* You're now at liberty, in your own house,
lady,

And here our charge takes end.

Pand. 'Tis now a custom,
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,

²¹ *You hit the right, Sir.*] The most usual expression is *white*, but I have been unwilling to make any alteration.

To be oftner acquainted with your bounty;
And so we leave you.

Pand. Do, for I dote not on ye.

Jul. 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?

Guard. He is so, 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 service
To his own wish rewarded: So farewell, lady!

[*Exeunt Guard.*

Pand. Go persecute the good, and hunt, ye hell-
hounds,

Ye leeches of the time, suck 'till ye burst, slaves!
How does my girl?

Jul. Weak yet, but full of comfort.

Pand. Sit down, and take some 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!—

Jul. Oh, Sir, be sparing.

Pand. I'll speak it, tho' I burst;

And tho' the air had ears, and serv'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,
shake 'em,

And those eyes, that forgot Heav'n, would look upward,

(The

(The bloody larums of the conscience beating)
 Let Mercy fly, and day, struck into darkness,
 Leave their blind souls, 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 sure.

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 sad the child looks!
 Come hither, Lucio; how, and where's thy master?

Jul. Speak, gentle Boy.

Pand. Is he return'd in safety?

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 such to be sure; though by *live* here join'd to *are* one would imagine the Poets design'd to affix different senses 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 iniquities.'

Study a forrow excellent as thy master,
Then if thou canst live, leave us.

Boy. Noble madam,
My lord is safe return'd; safe 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 such a melancholy hangs on's mind,
And in his eyes inhabit such sad 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; sound 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 sadness!

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 less than wings, (had he but seen me)
His strong affection any thing but fire,
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
'Till he had met my flame, and made one body?
If ever Heaven's high blessings met in one man,
And there erected to their holy uses
A sacred mind fit for their services,

Built all of polish'd honour, 'twas in this man:
Misdoubt him not.

Pand. I know he's truly noble;
But why this sadness, 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 stays and thinks; we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. *[They stand off.]*

Pand. I do not like this sadness.

Vir. Oh, hard condition of my misery!
Unheard-of plagues! when to behold that woman,
That chaste and virtuous woman, that preserv'd
me,

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 sin so base
Man and mankind contemn; e'en beasts abhor it;
A sin 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 blessing, Sir!

Pand. You have it in abundance;
So is our joy to see you safe.

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 good-
ness?

My Juliana, e'en the best of women,
Of wives the perfectest! Let me speak this,
And with a modesty declare thy virtues,

Chaster than crystal on the Scythian cliffs²³,
 The more the proud winds court, the more the purer.
 Sweeter in thy obedience than a sacrifice;
 And in thy mind a faint, that even yet living,
 Producest miracles; and women daily,
 With crooked and lame souls creep to thy goodness,
 Which having touch'd at, they become examples.
 The fortitude of all their sex is fable²⁴,
 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 confers——

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——

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,
 ‘ The moon of Rome; chaste as the isicle,
 ‘ That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 ‘ And hangs on Dian's temple.’

R.

²⁴ *Is fable.*] Though a slight corruption has quite chang'd the word, yet as it has left some sense remaining, it has escap'd the observation of former editors; but *feeble* being in proper antithesis to fortitude, is undoubtedly the true reading.

Seaward.

Not so undoubtedly: *To fill the times with TRUTH*, a few lines lower, seems to confirm *fable* here.

Vir.

Vir. No, 'tis a fin of excellence.

Forgive me, Heav'n, that I profane thy blessings!
Sit still, I'll shew you all. [*Exit.*

Pand. What means this madness?

(For sure there is no taste of right man in it.)

Grieves he our liberty, our preservation?
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, scorn the benefit?
Well, Virolet, if thou be'st 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?

Jul. She's most excellent.

Vir. Might not this beauty, tell me, (it's a sweet
one)

Without more setting-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!

Jul. 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.

Jul. She must needs

(I'm bound in conscience to confess) 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 such 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.

If love will do't, we'll all so love her, serve her——

Vir. It must be my love.

Jul. 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 *happiness*, &c.] The omission of a single letter has
made nonsense of this, in all the former editions.

Seward.

Jul.

Jul. It cannot yet: I must live,
'Till I see this man blest in his new love;
And then——

Pand. What hast 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 still²⁷; I left 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

²⁶ Ought it.] *Ought* seems 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

The hangman never heard of; next at sea,
 In our escape, where the proud waves took pleasure
 To tofs 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 incens'd father's ship
 Ringing our knell, and still as we peep'd upward
 Beating the raging furge, 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 fame 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 brought him children.

Pand. Why art not thou divorc'd? thou canst not
 get 'em;

Thy neighbours, thy rank neighbours—Oh, base
 juggling!

Is she not young?

Jul. Women at my years, Sir,
Have met that blessing; '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 fruit-
fulness.

Pand. Oh, I could curse!

Jul. And am I grown so miserable,
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 flames! rise high and glorious,
And in your honour'd age burn out together!
To all I know, farewell!

Ronv. Be not so griev'd, lady!
A nobler fortune——

Jul. Away, thou parasite!
Disturb not my sad 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 piety.*] 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 soon 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 so.—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 flames,
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 flames,
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 sense required seems to be an exclamation at the thought of quitting his former wife's chaste embraces, to satisfy Martia's flames. 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. Seward.

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, howsoe'er I fare, live you still happy! [*Exit.*]

Mart. Since I am scorn'd, I'll hate thee, scorn 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. **H**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 fiery 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 followers 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.

Boatsf. Could I but get
Within my sword's length of him, and if then
He scape me, may th' account of all his sins
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 rise up
Most glorious martyrs.

Boatsf. 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!

Boatsf. 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.

Boatsf. '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

To our attempts.

Ronv. What men are these? What seek you?

Duke. Employment.

Ronv. Of what nature?

Duke. We are foldiers :

We have feen towns and churches fet on fire,
The kennels running blood, coy virgins ravish'd,
The altars ranfack'd, and the holy relicks,
Yea, and the faints themfelves, made lawful fpoils
Unto the conquerors ; but thefe good days are paff,
And we made beggars by this idle peace,
For want of action. I am, Sir, no ft ranger
To the government of this ftate ; I know the king
Needs men, that only do what he commands,
And fearch no further : It is the profefion
Of all our nation, to ferve faithfully,
Where they're beft 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 perfonage !

Mafter. And if you have an enemy, or fo,
That you would have difpatch'd——

Gun. They're here can fit you.

Boatsf. Or if there be an itch, tho' to a man——

Duke. You fhall tie

Our confciences in your purfe-ftings.

Ronv. Gentlemen,

I like your freedom. I am now in hafte ;
But wait for my return.—I like the rafcal ;
They may be ufeul.

Duke. We'll attend you, Sir,

Ronv. Do, and be confident of entertainment :
I hope you will deferve 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.

Pand. My bleffing? No ; a father's heavy curfe
Purfue

Pursue and overtake him!

Jul. Gentle Sir!

Pand. My name, and family, end in myself,
Rather than live in him!

Jul. Dear Sir, forbear!

A father's curses hit far off, and kill too;
And, like a murdering-piece³⁰, 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, suffer.

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 sole heir:
Thy story I'll have written, and in gold too,
In prose and verse, and by the ablest doers³¹.

³⁰ *Murdering-piece.*] Such a piece, Dr. Warburton observes, as assassins 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 *ποιητής*, 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,

' The god of shepherds Tityrus is dead,
' Who taught me, homely as I can, to *make*.' *Symphon.*

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. [Exit.

Jul. 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 modest,
 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 pleasure first.

Jul. To whom speak you, Boy?

Boy. Your ladyship's pardon.—That proud lady-
 thief,

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 vouchsafe your servant,

In

In honouring her house.

Mart. Is this in scorn?

Jul. No, by the life of Virolet! (Give me leave
To swear by him, as by a saint I worship,
But am to know no further; my heart speaks that.)
My servants have been rude, and this boy, doting
Upon my sorrows, 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 so low. I thank you,
And will deserve it; if we may be private——
I came to see and speak with you.

Jul. Be gone.

[*Exit Boy.*

Good madam, sit.

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 scum 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 deserves
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 slavish 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.

Jul. 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 insolent: But, take your way;
I'll run another course.

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 sufferings!
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 swear, 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 sit down here——Well!

Jul. I dare thy worst!

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!

[Exit.

Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
 To hinder what I have decreed against him.
 I'll set myself to sale, and live a strumpet,
 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 Violet born, to be belov'd and fought-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 servant.

Ronv. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not preferment, jewels, gold, or court-
 ship:

He that desires 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 'tis 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 fiends 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 save my friends, my country,
 That e'en then had put on a mourning garment,
 And wept the desolation 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 desire 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 absolv'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

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 sacrifice
The sorrows of my heart? White seal of virtue!

Jul. My lord, you wrong your wedlock.

Vir. Were she here,
And with her all-severe eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name Juliana,
And to the reverence of that name bow thus;
I might sigh 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 sorrow.

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 desire: For I shall tell a story,
So far from seeming truth, yet a most true one;
So horrible in nature, and so horrid³²;
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. *Symphon.*

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 reparings,
To forge a creed against my faith.

Ful. 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 found³³, that dares
deliver

This loaden trunk from his afflictions?
What pitying hand, of all that feels my miseries,
Brings such a benefit?

Ful. Be wise and manly;
And with your honour fall, when Heav'n shall call you,
Not by a hellish mischief.

Vir. Speak, my blest one!
How weak and poor I am, now she is from me!

Ful. Your wife——

Vir. How's that?

Ful. Your wife——

Vir. Be tender of her;
I shall believe else——

Ful. 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. Symphon.

Vir. She seek my life with you? make you her agent?
Another love? Oh, speak 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 sets on my fortune, red and bloody,
And everlasting night begins to close me:
'Tis time to die.

Enter Martia and Rowvere.

Jul. She comes herself.

Rowv. Believe, lady,
(And on this angel-hand your servant seals 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 serve³⁴; I'm the same 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, *slave, 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 sued my pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my anger;
Which I will nourish, to the desolation
Not only of his folly, but his friends,
And his whole name!

Vir. 'Tis well! I have deserv'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, Violet!
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 fling'st away,
Thy proud ungrateful life shall shake at! Take your
house;

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.*]

Ful. Why do you smile, Sir?

Vir. Oh, my Juliana,
The happiness this woman's scorn has giv'n me
Makes me a man again; proclaims itself,
In such a general joy, thro' all my miseries,
That now methinks——

Ful. Look to yourself, 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 sink 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.

Ful. Good Sir, forbear it!
Tho' I confess, equal with your desires
My wishes rise, as covetous of your love,
And to as warm alarms spur my will too:
Yet pardon me; the seal o' th' church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatening flame between us,
We must not meet; I dare not.

Vir. That poor disjointing,
That only strong 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.

Ful. I behold you willingly;
And willingly would yield, but for my credit.

³⁵ *Trinket*] Here means the divorce he had procured a little above.
Symphon.

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 such a rate
 Your Honesty and Virtue must be bankrupt.
 If I had lov'd your lust, and not your lustre,
 The glorious lustre of your matchless goodness,
 I would compel you now to bed³⁶.—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 sings our nuptials but dire sorrows,
 With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace you,
 Make tyranny and death stand still affrighted,
 And at our meeting souls amaze our mischiefs:
 'Till when, high Heaven defend you, and Peace guide
 you!

Be wise and manly, make your fate your own,
 By being master of a providence
 That may control it.

Vir. Stay a little with me:

My thoughts have chid themselves. May I not kiss 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 saint 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!*] Corrected (for a correction we must call it, since the *be!* can be supposed nothing but an erratum) in 1750.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. 179

Master. Soft, soft! 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.

Boatsf. Make him not madder!
Let him forget the woman; steer a-larboard:

Master. He will not kill her.

Boatsf. Any thing he meets;
He's like a hornet now, he hums, and buzzes
Nothing but blood and horror.

Master. I would save the lady;
For such another lady——

Boatsf. There's the point;
And you know there want women of her mettle.

Master. 'Tis true; they bring such children now,
such demi-lances;
Their father's socks will make them christning cloaths.

Gun. No more! they view us:

Duke. You shall play awhile,
And sun yourself in this felicity,
You shall, you glorious whore! I know you still:
But I shall pick an hour when most securely—
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 it out
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 she curse it! Must I
Breed hacknies for his Grace?

Ronv. What wouldst thou do
To merit such a lady's favour——

Duke. Any thing.

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 sack'd,
And infants stuck upon their pikes³⁷——

Boatsf. Houses o' fire, and handsome mothers weeping.

Duke. Which we have heap'd upon the pile like sacrifices.

Churches and altars, priests, and all devotions³⁸,
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 souls 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.

Boatsf. Can she be grown so 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.

Sympson.

³⁸ *Priests and all devotions.*] *Devotions* here means the same as devoted or holy things.

Sympson.

Duke.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. 181

Duke. She has an itch ;
I'll scratch you, my dear daughter, I'll so claw you !
I'll curry your hot hide ! Married and honour'd ?
And turn those holy blessings 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.

Boatsf. Faith, Sir, since she must go,
Let's spare as few as may be.

Duke. We'll take all,
And like a torrent sweep the slaves 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 from 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 look, how entertain me,
But with his fears and cruelties ?

182 THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

Asc. I have found you ;
 Suspect not ! I am bound to what you like best :
 What you intend, I dare not be so 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 such 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 sweet aspect ! My thanks, Ronvere,
 My best thanks !—On your lips I seal your wishes ;
 Be what you can imagine, mine, and happy.
 And now, sit down and smile. Come, my Ascanio,
 And let this monarch enter.

Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, 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'ft the under world with lustful flashes,
 How I shall dash thy flames ! 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, masters !
 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!

Cast. Give me some wine.

Afc. He cools again now.

Cast. Fool,

Where are my players? Let me have all in pomp!
Let 'em play some love-matter, to make
The ladies itch! I'll be with you anon, ladies!
You black eyes, I'll be with you!—Give me some
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 fire 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?

Doctor. Here, Sir.

Cast. [*tastes.*] Why, what is this? Why, Doctor!

Doctor. Wine and water, Sir.

'Tis sovereign for your heat; you must endure it.

Villio. Most excellent to cool your night-piece, Sir.

Doctor. You're of a high and choleric complexion³⁹,
And you must have allays.

Cast. 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 season'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.

Doctor. 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 wafer's a week's diet.

Cast. Appoint me something 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*.

Ye are not mad ! I charge you——

Doctor. For your health, Sir ;

A little quickens nature, much depresses.

Cast. Eat nothing, for my health ? that's a new diet.
Let me have something ! something has some favour !
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.

Cast. Nay, then I'll carve myself ; I'll stay no ceremonies.

This is a partridge-pie ; I'm sure 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 such buzzards——

Cast. 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 snatch'd away, and I unsatisfied,
Without my wits ⁴¹, being a king and hungry ?

⁴⁰ *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.

Asc. In two days more they'll starve him.

Fer. Now the women!

There's no food left but them.

Asc. 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.

Doctor. 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.

⁴² *I'm damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry.*] A slight transposition will set this place right.

My Grace is very hungry——
To which answers Villio, right enough,
A hungry Grace is fittest 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.

Cast. 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 store of wine, ye had been blest all,
Blest all with double births. Come, kifs me greedily!
And think no more upon your foolish husbands;
They're transitory things; a king's flame meets you⁴³!

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 fame meets you.*] The reader is left to interpret *fame* here in what sense he pleases; but I rather think that *fame* is the true reading; the mistaking of one for the other was easy, and so probably gave occasion to this slight corruption.

Symphon.

Duke.

Duke. Spare none! put all to th' sword!—A vengeance shake thee!
Art thou turn'd king again?

Capt. I am a rascal:
Spare me but this time, if e'er I see king more,
Or once believe in king——

Duke. The ports are ours,
The treasure and the port. Fight bravely, gentlemen!

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.

Capt. Do you hear, captain?
If e'er you hear me name a king——

Duke. You shall not.

Capt. 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 course you shall not.
Come, no more words.

Capt. Say nothing when you kill me.

Enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. He's ta'en to th' tower's strength⁴⁴.

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.* He's ta'en to th' tower's strength;

Now stand sure gentlemen,

We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us,

The rest o' th' castle's ours; liberty, liberty!

What, is the city up?] This strange jumble has hitherto been printed as one speech, and given to the *Duke*. Sympson recommends giving the first line to the *Boatswain*: And surely the words *Liberty, liberty!* in the fourth line, are an exclamation *within*.

Boatsf.

Boats. They're up and glorious,
And rolling like a storm 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.
Besides, I know such 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 loss
Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd
Her bloody purposes, which she made good,
And openly profess'd 'em : That in me
Was but a cold affection ; charity
Commands so much to all ; for Virolet,
Methinks, I should forget my sex's weakness,
Rise up, and dare beyond a woman's strength ;
Then do, not counsel. He is too secure ;
And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater service
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 assure 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 fled 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 such 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 safe to my design,
 Which I too cowardly have halted after,
 And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my glory,
 Or sinks me and my miseries together;
 Either concludes me happy.

Jul. He stands musing;
 Some mischief is now hatching:
 In the full meditation of his wickedness,
 I'll sink his cursed soul. Guide my hand, Heaven,
 And to my tender arm give strength and fortune,
 That I may do a pious deed, all ages
 Shall bless my name for, all remembrance crown me!

Vir. It shall be so.

Jul. It shall not! Take that token, [*Stabs him.*]
 And bear it to the lustful arms of Martia!
 Tell her, for Virolet's dear sake, I sent 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, blessed wound, that I could come to kiss thee!
How beautiful and sweet thou shew'st!

Ful. Oh!

Vir. Sigh not,

Nor weep not, dear! shed not those sovereign bal-
sams

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.

Ful. 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 fit for her⁴⁵, but Virolet.

Forgive me too, and take my last breath, sweet one!

'This the new marriage⁴⁶ 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 elliptical.' *This*, for *this is*, is a common ellipsis, and by no means nonsensical.

Pray

Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. Oh, stay a little,
A little, little, Sir! [*Offers to kill herself.*]

Vir. Fy, Juliana!

Jul. Shall I out-live the virtue I have murder'd?

Vir. Hold, or thou hat'st my peace! Give me the dagger;

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 sweetness, you rise fainted;
Then I, that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you,
With hymns of holy love⁴⁷. Gods! I go out!
Give me your hand. Farewell! in peace, farewell!
Remember me! farewell! [*Dies.*]

Jul. Sleep you⁴⁸, sweet glassess!

⁴⁷ *With hymns of holy love—I go out:*] The colon at the end of the line seems greatly to injure the sense 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 go out

Give me your hand; &c.

The judicious reader will easily see the reason of both. *Sympton.*

We rather imagine 'the judicious reader' will see 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 *Sympton's*.

⁴⁸ *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 flames out, and perhaps has not its superior in any part of their master *Shakespeare's* compositions.

Sympton.

Am

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 sits down.*]

Enter Pandulpho.

Pand. Oh, my sweet 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.

Ful. Blot it, burn it !
 I have no virtue ; hateful I am as hell is !

Pand. Is not this Virolet ?

Ful. Ask no more questions !
 Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

Pand. Oh, my son !

Nature turns to my heart again. My dear son !
 Son of my age ! wouldst thou go out so quickly ?
 So poorly take thy leave, and never see me ?
 Was this a kind stroke, 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 founder, 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 master, thy best master !

Boy. Woe is me !

They've kill'd him, slain him basely ! Oh, my master !

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 sake, that have lov'd you—
But I see now you scorn me too.

Boy. Oh, mistress!

Can you sit there, and his cold body breathless?
Bafely upon the earth?

Pand. Let her alone, Boy:
She glories in his end.

Boy. You shall not sit here,
And suffer him you lov'd—Ha! good Sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly! heave her up! Oh, Heav'n, Sir!
Oh, God, my heart! she's cold, cold, cold, and stiff too,
Stiff as a stake; she's dead!

Pand. She's gone; ne'er bend her⁴⁹:
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 such as are known patriots.

⁴⁹ *Ne'er bend her.*] This expression is explained by our Authors in the Maid's Tragedy:

*I've heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself.*

All. Liberty, Liberty!

Duke. 'Tis a substantial thing, and not a word,
You men of Naples; which, if once taken from us,
All other blessings 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 silver locks) are shorn, my beard cut off⁵⁰,
Partaking yet of an adulterate colour;
Tho' fourteen years you have not seen this face,
You may remember it, and call to mind
There was a Duke of Sesse, a much-wrong'd prince,
Wrong'd by this tyrant Ferrand.

⁵⁰ ——— my beard cut off,

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

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he. Long live the Duke of Sesse!

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.

1 *Cit.* Dare all dangers.

*Enter Pandulpho, the bodies of Violet and Juliana
upon a barse.*

Duke. What solemn funeral's this?

Pand. There rest a while,

And if'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.

Duke. Speak, what are they?

I know thee well, Pandulpho.

Pand. My best lord!

As far as sorrow will give leave, most welcome!
This Violet was, and but a son of mine,
I might say, 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 savage would move pity,
The wonder of her sex! and having said

this Duke's having his beard run into a peak of twenty, we may read the passage thus with Mr. Seward,

————— *my beard cut sharp,*

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

'Tis Juliana, Eloquence will want words
 To set out her deservings. This bless'd lady,
 That did endure the rack to save her husband,
 That husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
 Endur'd a thousand tortures; by what practice
 I know not, (but 'twas sure a cunning one)
 Are made, the last I hope, but sad examples,
 Of Ferrand's tyranny. Convey the bodies hence!

Duke. Express your sorrow
 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 sent 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?

1 *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 pleas'd, good man! [*To Pand.*
 No sorrow 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

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 fear, 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*,
Hereafter, gentle.

Duke. Flatter not thyself
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel beast!
Thou art i' th' toil, and the glad huntsman prouder,
By whom thou'rt 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. Reserv'd for thy damnation.

Fer. Why shakes my love?

Mart. Oh, I am lost for ever!

Mountains divide me from him! some 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 silence 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 issue, 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 second chaos !
And if from thence a new beginning rise,
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 resolv'd to bear
Whate'er my fate appoints me:

Duke. They are ours :
Now to the spoil !

Boatsf. 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 blessings ne'er descend from Heaven, but when
A grateful sacrifice ascends from men.

To your devotion! leave me: 'There's a scene
Which I would act 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 sounds
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,
Hast kill'd thy father, and his honour lost;
He's but a walking shadow to torment thee.
To leave and rob thy father, then set free
His foes, whose slavery he did prefer
Above all treasure, was a strong defeazance,
To cut off e'en the surest bonds of mercy;
After all this, (having given up thyself,
Like to a sensual beast, a slave to lust)
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

Enter Pandulpho, and the bodies borne on the bearse.

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 desires are sum'd up.

Duke. Impudent too?

Die in it, wretch!

Boatsf. Stay, Sir!

[*Boatswain kills her.*]

Duke. How dar'st thou, villain,

Snatch from my sword the honour of my justice?

Boatsf. I never did you better service, Sir;

Yet have been ever faithful. I confess

That she deserv'd 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; since she could find no mercy,
What am I to expect?

Cit. With one voice, Sir,

The

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

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.*

Lisauero, *Brother to Ismenia, Bellides' son.*

Terzo, *kinsman to Lisauero, and friend to Bellides.*

Antonio, *in love with Ismenia, an enemy to Bellides.*

Martino, *friend to Antonio, and his secret rival.*

Gerafto, *friend to Otrante.*

Pedro,

Moncado, } *two courtiers.*

Goftanzo,

Giraldo, } *three gentlemen, friends to Julio.*

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.

W O M E N.

Ismenia, *daughter to Bellides, mistress of Antonio.*

Aminta, *cousin to Ismenia, and her private competitor
in Antonio's love.*

Florimel, *daughter to Julio, stolen from him a child.*

Gillian, *Franio's wife.*

Country maids.

SCENE, SPAIN.

TH





THE MAID IN THE MILL.



Phil. *Is this your daughter!*
Fra. *Yes, an't please your highness,
This is the shape of her, for her substance, Sir,
Whether she be now honourable or dishonourable;
Whether she be a white rose, or a canker, is the question.*

Act V.

M.A. Rooker delin.

C. Crispin sculp.

T H E

MAID IN THE MILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lisauro, Terzo, Ismenia, and Aminta.

Lisauro. **L**ET 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 sing as they meant to entertain you ;
Ev'ry thing smiles 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.

Ism. 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.

Lif. 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.

Ism. I have no reason. Such a trembling here,
Over my heart methinks——

Amin. Sure you are fasting,
Or not slept well to-night; some dream, Ismenia?

Ism. 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.

Terzo. 'Tis most commonly.

Ism. Two proper men! It seems they have some
business;

With me none sure. I do not like their faces;
They are not of our company.

Terzo. No, cousin.—

Lisauero, 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. Let 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 *Coast 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.

Ism. Why your swords, gentlemen?

Terzo. Pray you stand you off, cousin;
And good now leave your whistling! We're abus'd
all!

Back, back, I say!

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, gentle-
men.

There's way enough for both.

Lif. We'll make it wider.

Ant. If you will fight, arm'd from this faint, have
at ye!

Ism. 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 gen-
tlemen!

Ism. Make way thro' me, y'had best, and kill an
innocent!

Brother! why, cousin! by this light, I'll die too!
This gentleman is temperate; be you merciful!
Alas, the swords!

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, sweet lady;

² You had best run me thro' the belly.] So first folio.

My sword'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.

Lis. Let him avoid then,
And leave our walk!

Ant. The lady may command, Sir;
She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.

Ism. What a sweet nature this man has! Dear brother,
Put up your sword.

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.*

Ism. I thank you, Sir,
Indeed I thank you nobly! A brave enemy!
Here's a sweet temper now! This is a man, brother;
This gentleman's anger is so nobly seated,
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 deference³,
Than from a race of empty friends loud nothings.
I'm hurt between ye.

Amin. So am I, I fear too,
I'm sure their swords were between my legs⁴. Dear
cousin,

Why look you pale? where are you hurt?

Ism. I know not;

³ *And modest 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 *I'm sure their swords were between my legs*] These words are retrieved from the first folio.

But here methinks.

Lis. Unlace her, gentle cousin.

Ism. 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; sure 'tis inward.

Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a subtle weapon;
The hurt not to be cur'd, I fear.

Lis. The coach there!

Amin. May be a fright.

Ism. 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 silent, wench; it may be thy case.

Amin. You must be search'd; the wound will rangle,
cousin.—

And of so sweet 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.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ant. Their swords! alas, I weigh 'em not, dear
friend;

The indiscretion 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,

Nor art, the hand of spirit, put aside.

Oh, friend, it broke out on me, like a bullet
Wrapt in a cloud of fire; that point, Martino,
Dazzled my sense⁵, 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 so far beyond weak commendation,
That Impudence will blush to think ill of her.

Mart. I see 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 hast an excellent sense for a sign-post, friend.
Didst thou not see, (I'll swear thou art stone-blind else⁶,
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 strew'd roses)
A blush of wonder flying? when she was frighted
At our uncivil swords, didst thou not mark
How far beyond the purity of snow
The soft wind drives, whiteness of innocence,
Or any thing that bears celestial paleness,
Sh' appear'd o' th' sudden? 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 set, Martino,
Of such sanctified beads, and a holy heart to love,
I could live ever a religious hermit.

⁵ Dazzled *my* sense.] Seward thinks it would be keeping closer to the metaphor to read, BAFLED *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.

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 reserve 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 flame in great⁷ ; 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, save 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 wench,
A most immod'rate thing ; thou canst not love long.

Mart. A little serves my turn ; I fly 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.

Ism. And did you give my letter ?

Amin. To what end went I ?

Ism. Are you sure 'twas he ?

Was it that gentleman ?

Amin. D'you think I was blind ?

I went to seek no carrier, nor no midwife.

Ism. What kind of man was he ? Thou mayst be deceiv'd, friend.

Amin. A man with a nose on's face ; I think he had eyes too ;

And hands, for sure he took it.

Ism. 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, cousin,
At my years and discretion, to deliver

A letter handsomely ? is that such a hard thing ?

Why every wafer-woman will undertake it :

A sempster's girl, or a tailor's wife, won't miss it :

A Puritan hostess, cousin, would scorn these questions.

My legs are weary.

Ism. I'll make 'em well again.

Amin. Are they at supper ?

Ism. Yes, and I'm not well,

Nor desire no company. Look out ! 'tis darkish.

Amin. I see nothing yet. Assure 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 seeing 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 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)

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 else.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ism. Let me see ! They're gentlemen :
 It may be they.

Amin. They are they. Get you up,
 And like a load-star draw him ? !

Ism. 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 looseness 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 softer ! 'may be spies.
 If any, this ; a goodly window too,
 Carv'd fair above ¹⁰ ! that I perceive. 'Tis dark ;
 But she has such a lustre——

Enter Ismenia and Aminta above, with a taper.

Ant. Yes, Martino ;
 So radiant she appears——

Mart. Else we may miss, 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.

Amin. Yes.

Ifm. And did you give my letter ?

Amin. To what end went I ?

Ifm. Are you sure 'twas he ?

Was it that gentleman ?

Amin. D'you think I was blind ?

I went to seek no carrier, nor no midwife.

Ifm. What kind of man was he ? Thou mayst be deceiv'd, friend.

Amin. A man with a nose on's face ; I think he had eyes too ;

And hands, for sure he took it.

Ifm. 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, cousin,
At my years and discretion, to deliver

A letter handsomely ? is that such a hard thing ?

Why every wafer-woman will undertake it :

A sempster's girl, or a tailor's wife, won't miss it :

A Puritan hostess, cousin, would scorn these questions.

My legs are weary.

Ifm. I'll make 'em well again.

Amin. Are they at supper ?

Ifm. Yes, and I'm not well,

Nor desire no company. Look out ! 'tis darkish.

Amin. I see nothing yet. Assure yourself, Ismenia,
If he be a man, he will not miss.

Ifm. It may be he is modest,

And that may pull him back from seeing 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 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)

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 else.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ism. Let me see! They're gentlemen:
 It may be they.

Amin. They are they. Get you up,
 And like a load-star draw him⁹!

Ism. 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 looseness 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 softer! 'may be spies.
 If any, this; a goodly window too,
 Carv'd fair above¹⁰! that I perceive. 'Tis dark;
 But she has such a lustre——

Enter Ismenia and Aminta above, with a taper.

Ant. Yes, Martino;
 So radiant she appears——

Mart. Else we may miss, 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. Ha! 'tis indeed.

Now, by the soul 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 stirring.

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.

Ism. 'Tis the right gentleman;
But what to say 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.

Ism. Speak softly;
And 'pray you speak truly too.

Ant. I never lied, lady.

Ism. 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 foe to.

Ism. Are you married?

Ant. No.

Ism. Are you betroth'd?

Ant. No, neither.

Ism. Indeed, fair Sir?

Ant. Indeed, fair sweet, I am not.

Most beauteous virgin, I am free as you are.

Ism. 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 yourself for pleasure?
Sure they be sweeter far than liberty:
There is no blessedness but in such bondage.

Give

Give me that freedom, madam, I beseech 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 scorn what I speak?

Ant. I dare not, madam;

As oracle, what you say I dare swear to.

Ism. I'll set 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!

Ismenia——

Ism. Yes, now I perceive you love me;
 You've learn'd my name.

Ant. Hear but some vows I make to you;
 Hear but the protestations of a true love.

Ism. No, no, not now: Vows should be cheerful
 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,

Loose and dismember'd faiths, my dear Antonio,

That splinter 'em with vows. Am I not too bold?

Correct

Correct me when you please.

Ant. I'd rather hear you,
For so sweet 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 promise,
Upon expectation too: We have rare sports there,
Rare country sports; I would you could but see '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.

Ism. 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 kisses!

Ism. Take ten thousand back again!

Mart.

THE MAID IN THE MILL. 219

Mart. I'm dumb with admiration! Shall we go,
Sir? [*Exeunt gentlemen.*]

Ism. 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 beseech thee!

Amin. H'has giv'n you a handsome subject.

Ism. Pluck-to the windows¹¹. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. **T**HE thund'ring seas, whose wat'ry fire
Washes the whiting-mops¹²,
The gentle whale whose feet so fell
Flies o'er the mountains' tops——

Fra. [*witbin.*] 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 sifter?

Bust. The gentle whale flies o'er the mountains tops——

Fra. Where's your sifter, man?

¹¹ 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 sort of fish so called; our Authors have the same term in the *Martial Maid*, act ii. scene ii.

—— 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

' With this pretty *whiting-mop*;' meaning *Mirtilla*. *Symphon.*

Bust.

Bust. Washes the whiting-mops——

Fra. Thou liest! 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?

Fra. Yes, and 'fefs too,

Ere I have done with you, sirrah. Am I your father?

Bust. 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?

Bust. If I had my mother-wit I could tell you.

Fra. Are you

A thief?

Bust. So far forth as the son 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 sails, 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 since 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'st
not there,

Bust.

Bust. Consider that, and go yourself.

Fra. I have fears, Sir, that I cannot utter:
You go not, nor your sifter; there's my charge.

Bust. The price of your golden thumb¹³ can't
hold me. [*Hounds in full cry.*]

Fra. Ay¹⁴, this was sport 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, Geraſto, and chase
here;

Do thou but follow it with my desires,
Thou'lt not return home empty.

Ger. I'm prepar'd,
My lord, with advantages: And see
Yonder's the subject I must work upon.

Otr. Her brother? 'tis: Methinks it should be
easy:

That gross compound¹⁵ cannot but diffuse

¹³ *Golden thumb.*] In Chaucer's character of the Miller are the following lines:

Wel coude he ſtele corn, and tolle it twye,
And 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 Bultopha's speech. See Ray's Proverbs. R.

¹⁴ *Fra. I, this was sport, &c.*] Without the stage direction which Mr. Seward and I have affixed here, this abrupt speech would not be understood by any reader. *Symphon.*

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.

Symphon
The

The soul, in such a latitude of ease,
As to make dull her faculties, and lazy.
What wit, above the least, can be in him,
That reason ties together?

Ger. I have prov'd it, 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 sister 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 musick standing;
The beagle and the bugle you have lov'd,
In the first rank of huntsmen.

Bust. The dogs cry
Out of him now¹⁶.

Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking;
I'll bite you else.

Bust. *Cur! cur!*

Fra. Slave, dost call me dog?

Otr. Oh fy, Sir!

He speaks 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 trifling 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 stile.

Seward.

Franio's answer, *leave your BARKING,* seems to confirm the old reading, *out of him.*

And

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! [Exit.

Bust. Yes;
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 sake; 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 sister chosen
For a nymph. 'The gentle whale whose feet so fell.'
Cry mercy! that was some of my part; but his
charge is,

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 speaker too.

Bust. The main? why, all my speech lies in the main,

And the dry ground together: 'The thund'ring seas,
' whose——'

Otr. Nay, then thou must go; thou'lt be much condemn'd else.

But then, o'th' other side, 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 sister 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?

Bust. I think not: Poor heart, she was never tried,
In my conscience. 'Tis a coy thing; she will not
Kiss you a clown, not if he would kiss her——

Otr. What, man?

Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.

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;
The rest, Gerasto and I hunt my prey. [Exit.

Bust. 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.

Bust. Oh, sweet Diego, the sweetest Diego ! Stay.
 —Sister Florimel !

Flor. What's that, brother ?

Bust. Didst not hear Diego ? Hear him, and thou'lt
 be ravish'd.

Flor. I have heard him sing, 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
 rise

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 see her !

Bust. Oh, Diego, there's two pities upon thee :
 Great pity thou art blind ; and as great a pity,
 Thou canst not see.

S O N G.

Ger. You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,
 Buds, where the honey-maker grazes¹⁷;
 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 steple. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Mart. Why, how now, friend? thou art not lost
 again?

Ant. Not lost? Why, all the world's a wilderness;
 Some places peopled more by braver beasts
 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 dust.

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.

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 some 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 seen, a blister on her lip,
Should falsehood 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 she not wondrous like?

Mart. As two garments
Of the same fashion, cut from the same piece;
Yet, if any excel, this has the first;
And in my judgment 'tis so.

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 this¹⁸. Had I not look'd upon
Ismenia, I ne'er had stay'd beyond
Good morrow's time in view of this.

Mart. 'Would I could leave him here! [*Aside.*]
'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.

Yet kindle't more.—You not consider, 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 sole 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 such hinderers,
You might do with yourself 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 lost¹⁹.

Mart. Indeed, to say sooth,
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 absurd, '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' stock
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 reconciliation ;
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 such as can see, 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 son, 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, say I.

Bust. The thund'ring seas, 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 him.*] The rhyme by this reading is
preserved 'tis true, but I am afraid the sense is lost ; for where is the
congruity between *Love's being a fire*, and our *lamenting of him* ?
Besides, the next line contradicts this, which runs so,

Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench him ?

I imagine therefore that we shou'd read as the line quoted gives us
licence,

———— *Therefore you may quench him.*

Symphon.

Alas, poor Love! in the next line seems to refer to *lamenting him*.
'The mock drama is perhaps purposely incongruous.

No roars so fierce, no throats so deep, no howls can
bring such 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 so light;

By lot your luck must fall,

Where Paris please, to do you ease,

And give the golden ball. [Dance,

²¹ *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.*

Symphon.

Mart. If you play'd Paris now, Antonio,
Where would you bestow it?

Ant. I prither, friend,
Take the full freedom of thought, but no words.

Mart. '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 Paris, there it should be.
Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine eye's so fix'd, I cannot move it.

Cupid. The dance is ended; now to judgment, Paris!

Bast. 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 Venus 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 sphere.

Bast. How now? what's he?

Flor. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.

Ger. Thy silver yoke of doves are in the team,
And thou shalt fly thorough Apollo's beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden throne,
And hold with Mars a sweet conjunction. [*Exit with Flor.*

Bast. Ha! what fellow's this? h' has carried away

My sister Venus: He never rehears'd
His part with me before.

Julio. What follows now,
Prince Paris?

Flor. [*within.*] Help, help, help!

Bust. Hue and cry, I think, Sir;

This is Venus' voice, mine own sister Florimel's.

Mart. What, is there some tragick' act behind?

Bust. No, no; altogether comical; Mars and Venus
Are in the old conjunction, it seems.

Mart. 'Tis very improper then; for Venus
Never cries out when she conjoins with Mars.

Bust. That's true indeed; they are out of their parts
sure:

It may be 'tis the book-holder's fault; I'll go see.

[*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 blustering god,
To send his toffers forth.

Julio. It may so 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 sister,
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 serious.

Bust. She's hors'd upon
A double gelding, and a stone-horse in
The breech of her : The poor wench cries *help*,
And I cry *help*, 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 pursuit, but I will find
The thief ! My house thus abus'd ?

[*Exit.*

Bust. 'Tis my house that's
Abus'd ; the sister of my flesh and blood !
Oh, 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 souls,
With the least pale complexion of a fear.

Mart. Juno has better courage, and Minerva's
more discreet.

Ism. 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 ne'er the wiser for Minerva ;
That I find yet about me.

Ism. My dwelling, Sir ? [*Ant.* whispers *Ism.*
'Tis a poor yeoman's roof, scarce a league off,
That never sham'd me yet.

Ant. Your gentle pardon !
I vow my erring eyes had almost cast you
For one of the most mortal enemies
That our family has.

Ism. I'm sorry, Sir,
I am so like your foe : 'Twere fit I hasted
From your offended sight.

Ant.

Ant. Oh, mistake not ;

It was my error, and I do confess it.

You'll not believe you're welcome ; nor can I speak it ;
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 kinswoman 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 kiss you with his ardour now,
You shall feel how he loves you.

Ism. Oh, forbear !

'Tis not the fashion with us. But would you
Persuade me that he loves me ?

Mart. I'll warrant you

He dies in't ; and that were witness enough on't.

Ism. Love me, Sir ? Can you tell me for what reason ?

Mart. Fy ! will you ask me ? That which you've
about you.

Ism. 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 sweet 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 see your answer is not ready ;

I'll not believe you, if you study further.

Mart. Shall I speak truth to you ?

Ism. 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.

235 THE MAID IN THE MILL.

Ism. May I know her name?

Mart. In your ear you may,
With vow of silence.

Amin. He'll not give over, Sir;
If he speak for you, he'll fore speed for you.

Ant. But that is not the answer to my question.

Amin. You are the first, in my virgin-conscience,
That ever spoke 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.

Ism. And that has often Love wrought by advantage
To peaceful reconciliation.

Mart. There impossible.

Ism. This way 'tis worser; it may feed again
In her unto another generation:
For where, poor lady, is her satisfaction?

Mart. It comes in me. To be truth, I love her
(I'll go no further for comparison)
As dear as he loves you.

Ism. How if she love not?

Mart. Tush, be that my pains! You know not what
art

I have those ways.

Ism. 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.

Amin.

Amin. They're happy, Sir, have such friends as you are :

But do you know you have done well in this?
How will his allies receive it? She, tho' I say'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 since. In conscience,
You would with better will yet stay behind.

Ism. Oh, 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
Fall'n upon me: Paris (the miller's son)

Her

Her brother, dares not venture home again,
'Till better tidings follow of his sister.

Ant. You're the more beholding to the mischance,
Sir :

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.

Julio. 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. [Exeunt.

²² *Boot-baling.*] See note 2 on the Chances.

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

Enter Julio and Franio.

Fra. **M**Y lord, my lord, your house hath injur'd
me,

Robb'd me of all the joys I had on earth.

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 carle²³,

If thy throat's tempest could o'er-turn my house,
What satisfaction 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 sense! 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 sorrow 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 loss?

Julio. With thy grief trebled.

²³ *A carle.*] A churl, a clown.

Percy.

Fra.

Fra. But was she stolen from you?

Julio. Yes, by devouring thieves, from whom cannot
Ever return a satisfaction:

The wild beasts had her in her swathing cloaths.

Fra. Oh, much good do 'em with her!

Julio. Away, rough churl²⁴!

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 sudden now?

Fra. No, Gil;

I have been mad these five hours! I'll fell my mill

And buy a roaring—I'll batter down his house,

And make a stew 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 Symphon rejects.

Fra. Give it me, Gil :

I will not fear to give it to the king.
To his own hands, God bless 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 son ?

Fra. He shall be hang'd in fitches !
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 foster'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.

Lis. Does the king remove to day ?

Terzo. So say 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.

Lis. Pedro, did you send for this taylor ? or you,
Moncado ?

This light French demi-lance that follows us ?

Pedro. No, I assure 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,

Makes me keep off.

Lis. I'm in too, gentlemen,
I thank his faith, for a matter of¹ three hundred.

Terzo. And I for two. What a devil makes he
this way?

I do not love to see my fins before me.

Pedro. 'Tis the vacation, and these things break out
To see the court, and glory in their debtors.

Terzo. What do you call him²⁵? 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!

Lis. 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, sweet signor!
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.

Lis. Yes, marry shall you,
And we our credit. You would see the court?

Monc. He shall see ev'ry place.

Vert. Shall I, i'faith, gentlemen?

Pedro. The cellar, and the butt'ry, and the kitchen,
The pastry, and the pantry.

Terzo. Ay, and taste too

²⁵ *What did you call him for? I never love.*] Corrected by
Symphon.

Of ev'ry office, and be free of all too ;
That he may say, when he comes home in glory——

Vert. And I will say, i'faith, and say it openly,
And say it home too. Shall I see the king also ?

Lif. Shalt see him every day ; shalt see the ladies²⁶
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 shalt see it first,
And dissect his doublets, that thou mayst be perfect.

Vert. The wardrobe I would fain view, gentlemen,
Fain come to see the wardrobe.

Lif. Thou shalt see it,
And see the secret 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 such 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 ;

²⁶ *Shalt see 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.*

Him may refer to the king, and most probably was so intended.

Nay, thou shalt present the king for this time——

Vert. Nay, I pray, Sir!

Lif. That thou mayst know what state there does belong to't.

Stand there, I say! and put on a sad count'nance,
Mingled with height! Be cover'd, and reserv'd;
Move like the sun, by soft degrees, and glorious.
Into your order, gentlemen, uncover'd!

The king appears. We'll sport with you a while,
Sir;

I'm sure you're merry with us all the year long, taylor.
Move softer still; keep in that fencing leg, mon-
sieur;

Turn to no side.

Enter Franio out of breath.

Terzo. What's this that appears to him?

Lif. He has a petition, and he looks most lamentably.
Mistake him, and we're made.

Fra. This is the king sure,
The glorious king! I know him by his gay cloaths.

Lif. Now bear yourself, that you may say here-
after——

Fra. I have recover'd breath; I'll speak unto him
presently.

May it please your gracious majesty to consider
A poor man's case!

Vert. What's your will, Sir?

Lif. 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 is²⁷, altho' I say it,
 A handsome mother; he means to make a whore of her,
 A filken whore; his knaves have filch'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 foolishly?

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 fling away your trappings;
 Unto your bodies 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 taylor, Sir:

We owe some money to him, an't like your majesty.

Phil. If it like him, 'would ye ow'd more! Be modest:

And you less saucy, Sir; and leave this place:
 Your pressing-iron will make no perfect courtier.

²⁷ *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.* *Symphon.*

Go stitch at home, and cozen your poor neighbours ;
Shew such another pride, I'll have you whipt for't!
And get worse cloaths; these 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 seldom leisure 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 sack of meal, and oppresses our poverties,
We are mad straight, and whop'd²⁸, and tied in fetters,
Able to make a horse mad, as you use us.
You're mad for nothing, and no man dare proclaim it;
In you a wildness is a noble trick,
And cherish'd in ye, and all men must love it;
Oppressions of all sorts fit like new cloaths,
Neatly and handsomely, upon your lordships:
And if we kick, when your honours spur 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, sirrah, 'gainst so main a person,
A man of so much noble note and honour,
Put up this base complaint? must ev'ry peasant

²⁸ *We are mad straight, and whop'd.*] This slight corruption here my friend alters and amends thus with me,

We are mad straight, and whip'd.

Sympson.

Whop'd, in vulgar language, such as the Miller might use, might mean *beaten*.

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 flesh to tempt me.
I have a wife; an't please him to have her too,
With all my heart; 'twill make my charge the less,
Sir;

She'll hold him play awhile. I have a boy too;
He's able to instruct his honour's hogs²⁹,
Or rub his horses' heels; when't please 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 suspect this shrewdly!

Is it his daughter that the people call
The miller's fair maid?

2 Lord. It should seem so, Sir.

Phil. Be sure you be i'th' right, firrah.

Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, Sir,

Be sure you hang me; I will ask no courtesy.
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 venture

That mine's in at this hour. I'll assure your grace,

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 fet! I'd fit him for it.

Phil. Follow me, miller, and let me talk with you further ;

And keep this private ail, upon your loyalties!

Tomorrow morning, tho' I'm now beyond him,
And the less look'd for, I'll break my fast with the good count.

No more ; away! all to our sports; be silent! [*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 stay here, I'll send thee a shoulder of venison.

Go home, go home ; or, if thou wilt disguise,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.

Pedro. Or thou shalt be special taylor to the king's monkey ;

'Tis a fine place. We cannot stay.

Vert. No money,

Nor no grace, gentlemen ?

Terzo. 'Tis too early, taylor ;

The king hasn't broke his fast yet.

Vert. I shall look for you

The next term, gentlemen.

Pedro. Thou shalt not miss us :

Prithee provide some 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.*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Otrante and Florimel.

Otr. Prithee be wiser, wench! thou canst not
scape me:

Let me with love and gentleness enjoy that
That may be still preserv'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 gipsy-girl; why would your lordship touch me?
Fy, 'tis not noble! I am homely bred,
Coarse, 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 handsome gentleman.
What will they say when once they know your quality?
'A lord, a miller? Take your toll-dish with you!
'You that can deal with gurgeons³⁰, and coarse flour,
'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 sympathy
Between our births, our breeding, arts, conditions;
And where these are at difference, there's no liking,
This hour it may be I seem 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 *Gurgeons.*] Seward would read *cutlins*, 'a word used in the
West for greets or oats cleared of the husks;' and Symplon, *gur-
geons*, '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 issue,
Give me a pension 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 myself, 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 wife; 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 dross from them,
And make them shine.

Otr. This cunning cannot help you!
I love you to enjoy you; I have stol'n you,
T' enjoy you now, not to be fool'd with circumstance.
Yield willingly, or else——

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 lose your labour:
Do not, my lord; it will become you poorly.
Your courtesy may do much on my nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender.
If you compel, I have my strengths 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 said her honesty was all her dowry;
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, 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 fame 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 cozen you,
And outwardly seem faints; they'll cry down-right
also;

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 so;

You should have ta'en her then, turn'd her, and
tew'd^d her

I'th' strength of all her resolution, flatter'd her,
And shak'd her stubborn will; she would have
thank'd you,

She would have lov'd you infinitely: They must seem
modest,

³¹ You take her bare denial.] Symphon reads took.

It is their parts; if you had play'd your part, Sir,
 And handled her as men do unman'd hawks³²,
 Cast her, and mail'd her up in good clean linen,
 And there have coy'd her, you had caught her heart-
 strings.

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 pleasure but in violence;
 To be torn in pieces is their paradise:
 '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 swear 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 sure you've now consider'd,
 And like a wise 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 scorn I any thing that's just and honest.

³² *Metaphors from Falconry.*

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 sudden, Sir, to run thro' volumes
Of his most mystick art, 'tis most impossible;
Nay, to begin with lust, which is an heresy,
A foul one too; to learn that in my childhood—
Oh, good my lord!

Otr. You will not out of this song?
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 sick for love.

Flor. 'Tis a healthful year, Sir.

Otr. Look ye; I'll turn ye out o'doors, and scorn ye.

Flor. Thank you, my lord.

Otr. A proud slight 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. Blessing 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 ſtand ſo 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 ſack, my honeſt ſweet-
heart,

With every Smig and Smug³³——

Flor. I muſt be patient.

Ger. And every greaſy gueſt, and ſweaty rascal,
For his royal hire between his fingers, gentlewoman!

1 Serv. I fear th'haſt giv'n my lord the pox, thou
damned thing.

2 Serv. I've ſeen her in the ſtews.

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 ſo 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.*

³³ —— [*Smig and Smug.*] The copy of 1679, and the octavo read ſo, but the oldeſt folio, *Sim and Smug*: Perhaps the reader might not think the various reading worth a note.

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 say, advisedly,
Mark, as you love that that you call your credit!
Yield now, or you're undone; your good name's
perish'd;
Not all the world can buoy your reputation³⁴;
'Tis fink for ever else: 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 wise and tremble!
Yield yet, and yet I'll save you.

Flor. How?

Otr. I'll shew you;
Their mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no more
But what is hon'rabl 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 say this sweet 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 Symphon.

We are her slaves; 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 slight her,
Hang us, or cut's in pieces; let's tug i'th' gallies——

2 *Serv.* Brand us for villains!

Flor. Why, sure I dream! these are all faints.

Otr. Go, and live all her slaves.

Ger. We're proud to do it. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Otr. What think you now? Am not I able, Florimel,
Yet to preserve 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, sweet! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Martino, and Bustopha.

Mart. BY all means discharge your follower:

Ant. If we can get him off.

Sirrah, Bustopha, thou must needs run back.

Bust. 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 serve 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 send me away. You're going

A-smocking perhaps?

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 ?

Bust. 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 serve 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, skale³⁴ my invention beforehand ? You
shall

Pardon me for that ! Well, I'll commend you to
your uncle,

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 see it.

Mart. Remember

It must stretch for all night.

Bust. I shall want stuff :

³⁴ Scale *my invention.*] Sympson substitutes *scale* for *skale* ; which word we have restored on the following authority, quoted by Steevens in a note on Coriolanus : ' In the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of Virgil the following account of the word is given. *Skail*, *skale*, to scatter, to spread, perhaps from the Fr. *escheweler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparfos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheweler*, *schevel*, *skail* ; but of a more general signification.'

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 dissimulation 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 hypocrisy, '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 swear to,
If he would betray his lord and master. [Exit.]

Ant. So, so, 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.

Bust. Oh, gentlemen, look to yourselves! ye are
Men of another world else: Your enemies
Are upon you! the old house of the Bellides
Will fall upon your heads. Signor Lifauro——

Ant. Lifauro?

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 resolved; I'll stand by you, Sir.
This way! I am thy true friend.

Bust. I'll be gone, Sir,

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 Æsop'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 woos me to come nearer!
 How do you, lady, since yesterday's pains?
 Were you not weary? of my faith——

Ism. 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.

Ism. From whence, Sir?

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without desires
 To speak 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

She names herself.

Mart. So, so! it hits finely now.

Ant. Name yourself how you please, speak what you please,
I'll hear you chearfully.

Ism. 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 soul, it seems
She's fearful of your displeasure.

Ism. I'll quit her
From that presently, and bring her in myself. [*Exit.*]

Mart. How carelessly 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 satisfied, 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.*]
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.

'Tis labour for the house of Bellides ;
I must not seem so yet.—But in sooth, lady,
Did you imagine your changeable face
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.

Ism. 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 found 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 wish full :
I am glad we shall be so near neighbours.

Mart. Take both, Sir ; Juno to boot, three parts in
one ;

St. Hilarie bless you³⁵ ! Now opportunity
Beware to meet with falshood, if thou canst
Shun it, my friend's faith's turning from him.

Ism. 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 ;

³⁵ *St. Hilarie bless you.*] Here I think Martino's speech should
end, and Antonio speak the remainder.

My friend's faith's turning from him,
plainly appears to be Antonio's upbraidings to Martino.

Seward.
I carry

I carry the full idea ever with me.
If nature can so 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 consent 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 nice³⁶ to pull, 'till I ask leave
O'th' churlish gardener, that will deny me?

Ism. Oh, Antonio!

Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When grace is said.

Ism. 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 serv'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

³⁶ *Yet be so nice to pull.*] Symphon 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 speak 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.

Ism. Aminta, you hear this.

Amin. With joy, madam, 'cause it pleases you:
It may be mine own case another time.

Few you go the right way, ask the bans out;
Put it past father, or friends, to forbid it,
And then you're sure. Sir, your Hymen taper
I'll light up for you; the window shall shew you
The way to Sestos.

Ant. I will venture drowning.

Mart. The simile 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 hatred 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.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Julio.

Julio. My mind's unquiet; while Antonio
My nephew's abroad, my heart's not at home;
Only my fears stay with me; bad company!
But I cannot shift '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-fets. 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 silly harmless lie! 'twill be
 Valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.

Julio. 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 slain 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 Lisauro 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;

266 THE MAID IN THE MILL,

He comes upon him with an embroccado,
That he puts by with a *puncta reversa* ; Lifauero
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 fetches me up Lifauero ; Lifauero
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 lost !

Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing ; both gentlemen,
Both Spanish Christians : Yet one man to shed——

Julio. Say his enemies' blood.

Bust. 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.

Bust. But all this is nothing : Now I come to the
point——

Julio. Ay, the point, that's deadly ; the ancient blow
Over the buckler ne'er went half so 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 silent, 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 surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid:
 Sugar-plums and sweet-breads! yet, I say,
 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?
 Refrain 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
 truth

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!

Bust. Alas, Sir, I know nothing, but that Antonio
 Is a man of God's making to this hour;
 'Tis not two since I left him so.

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 saw 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?

Bust. 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 sure as you live now.

Julio.

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. Safe? 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 so; or if thy spectacles
Be not easy, keep thy nose unsaddled, and ope
Thine ears: I can speak thee the contents; I made'em.
'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:
I scorn to hire my second 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 durst thou come so near thine enemy?

Bel. Durst?

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 dost, 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 sleep 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 Lisauro's sword,

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 glasses ! 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 sign'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 ; so 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 salt 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 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.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Aminta above, with a taper.

Amin. Stand fair, light of Love³⁷ ! 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) inestimable³⁸,
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 !

³⁷ *Light of love.*] Theobald is for reading, *light love.*

³⁸ *Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable,*

But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight.] What the Poets designed 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,

Love is a jewel——

But hung at th' ear is depriv'd our own sight. *Symphon.*

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 say, Love's but a toy, and with a but——
 Now, methinks, I should love it ne'er the worse;
 A toy is harmless sure, and may be play'd with;
 It seldom goes without his adjunct, *pretty*,
 'A pretty toy,' we say; '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 soon 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.
See you the beacon yonder?

Ant. Yes; we're near shore.

Enter two Gentlemen, with weapons drawn; they set upon Martino; Antonio pursues them out in rescue of Martino.

Mart. Come, land, land! you must clamber by the cliff;

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 sav'd your lives³⁹, 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 sunk so 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'ft) if thou be'ft down.

³⁹ *Mart.* *Your legs have sav'd, &c.*] The error of giving this speech to *Martino* corrected by Symphon.

Such dangers stand betwixt us and our joys,
 That, should we forethink ere we undertake,
 We'd sit at home, and save.—What a night's here!
 Purpos'd for so much joy, and now dispos'd
 To so much wretchedness! I shall not rest in't!
 If I had all my pleasures there within,
 I should not entertain 'em with a smile.
 Good-night to you! Mine will be black and sad;
 A friend cannot, a woman may be bad. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. **O**H, thou false——
Amin. Do your daring't! he's mine own,
 Soul and body mine, church and chamber mine,
 Totally mine.

Ism. Darest thou face thy falsehood?

Amin. Shall I not give a welcome to my wishes,
 Come home so sweetly? Farewell, your company,
 'Till you be calmer, woman! [Exit.

Ism. Oh, what a heap
 Of misery has one night brought with it!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? Do you turn your shame from me?
 You're a blind adulterers! you know you are.

Ism. How's that, Antonio?

Ant. 'Till I have vengeance,
 Your sin'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 sure.

Enter

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Ha! are you there?

Where is your sweetheart? I have found you, traitor
To my house! wilt league with mine enemy?
You'll shed his blood, you'll say: Ha! will you so?
And fight 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 sure, I!
By tomorrow this time thy maidenhead
Shall not be worth a chicken⁴⁰, if it were
Knock'd at an out-cry. Go! I'll ha' you before me:
Shough, shough! up to your coop, pea-hen!

Ism. Then I'll try my wings. [Exit.

Bel. Ay? are you good at that? stop, stop thief!
stop there! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Otrante, and Florimel singing.

Flor. Now having leisure, 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!

⁴⁰ *Shall not be worth a chicken.*] In this place the unknown gentleman reads thus,

— *worth a chequin,*

And adds that Sir Isaac Newton in his tables of gold and silver coins says, *sequin, 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 fattening.'

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus? why so merry?

Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me?
And kifs my hands?

Flor. If I were high enough,
I'd kifs your lips too.

Otr. Do! this is some kindness;
This tastes of willingness; nay, you may kifs 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 kifs 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 sails of my love stand still?

Shall the grift 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 the desires of youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation——

Flor. I will tell you,
And tell you seriously, 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 desires than you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't.
I saw 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 woo thee with a crown,
Crown our desires ;
Kindle the fires,

When love requires we should wanton prove,
We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll play ;
If thou com'st 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 sorry you're so innocent to think so.
Is this an age for silly maids to thrive in ?
It is so long too since I lost it, Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one :
What should you do with maidenheads ? you hate 'em ;

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 sack,
 While the mill has still gone round-a:
 Prithee, firrah, 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 satisfy such 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 so unfound,
 The Jew or the Turk,
 Have leave for to work,
 The whilst that the mill goes round.

Otr. You are a common thing then?

Flor. No matter, since 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 such an orange?
After my men? I am preferr'd!

Flor. Why stay 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; she cannot be thus beastly;
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent:
She knows the elements of common looseness,
The art of lewdness⁴¹. That, 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, firrah, 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.*]

⁴¹ *The art of lewdness.*] However Florimel's language shews that she had heard of the elements at least of looseness, yet I think Otrante should say, that he did not believe she knew the practical part of it, and so I would read,

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 King, Lords, Vertigo, Lisauro, and Terzo.

Otr. 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.

Phil. Methinks 'tis handsome, 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.

Phil. Nay, I must see.

Otr. Pray you do, Sir:

They're lodging-chambers o'er a homely garden.

Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well! and those?

Otr. Those lead to th' other side o' th' house, an't
like you.

Phil. Let me see those.

Otr. 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 see this too:

I will see all.

Otr. I beseech your majesty!

The favour of it, and the coarse appearance——

Phil. 'Tis not so bad; you'd not offend your house
with't:

Come, let me see.

Otr. Faith, Sir——

Phil. I'faith, I will see.

Otr. 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 keep some rare things here, you would not shew,
Sir.

Florimel discovered.

Terzo. Here's a fair maid indeed!

Phil. By my faith is she;

A handsome

A handsome girl!—Come forward! do not fear, wench.
Ay, marry, here's a treasure worth concealing.
Call in the miller.

Otr. Then I am discover'd!—
I'll confess all before the miller comes, Sir:
'Twas but intention; from all act I'm clear yet.

Enter Francis.

Phil. Is this your daughter?

Fra. Yes, an't please your highness,
This is the shape of her; for her substance, Sir,
Whether she be now honourable or dishonourable,
Whether she be a white rose, or a canker, is the question.
I thank my lord, he made bold with my silly:
If she be for your pace, you had best preserve her, Sir;
She's tender-mouth'd; let her be broken handsomely!

Phil. Maid, were you stol'n?

Fra. I went not willingly,
An't please your Grace; I was ne'er bred so boldly.

Phil. How has he us'd you?

Fra. Yes, Sir, very nobly.

Phil. Be sure you tell truth. And be sure, my lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if you have, I tell you,
You've lost me, and yourself too! Speak again, wench.

Fra. He has not wrong'd me, Sir; I'm yet a maid:
By all that's white and innocent, I am, Sir!
Only I suffer'd under strong temptations,
The heat of youth; but Heaven deliver'd me.—
My lord, I am no whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made you loath me:
'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd else,
I had been miserable; but I forgive you.

Phil. What recompense for this?

Otr. A great one, Sir;
First a repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me, sweet!

Fra. I do, my lord.

Otr. I thank you!

The next, take this, and these; all I have, Florimel!

Fra.

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 asker.

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 seal 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 say it;
'Tis more than blood. I'll pay her portion, Sir;
And it shall be worthy you.

Fra. I'll sell my mill,
I'll pay some 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 kiss her freely.
'Would I could give you all this hand has stol'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 say, for I heard no words

Between

Between 'em, but what their weapons spoke, clash,
and clatter)

Which we seeing, 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 set in the stocks. That I could do
By mine own power, without your majesty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How so, 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 sacred 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 sovereign!

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 us⁴²!
 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 accusation, 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 seen her.

Bel. Ah, ha, friend Julio!

Julio. He might; but how? With an unheedful eye,
 An accidental view, as men see multitudes,
 That the next day dare not precisely say
 They saw that face, or that, amongst 'em all.
 Didst thou so look on her?

⁴² *Justice self to right us*] Is from the most ancient edition; the octavo has it,

Justice it self, &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. 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 stocks and all else,
An't please your Grace !

Enter Bustopha and Ismenia.

Amin. That man's my husband certain,
Intead of this: Both would have deceiv'd, and both
Beguil'd ⁴³.

Bust. 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 bodkin between us.
Will you to work, miller ? here is a maid
Has a sack full of news for you: Shall your stones walk ?

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 Martino were two designing cheats, and had been as well fitted for their purpos'd knavery. But as the old reading does not, nay cannot make out this sense, I suspect we shou'd write thus,

Both (i. e. of us) would have deceiv'd, and both are beguil'd.
Sympson.

The old reading bears the same sense.

Will you grind, miller ?

Phil. This your son, 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 scab upon the face of the
earth ?

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 flesh.

Phil. And how

Is the bread-stealing more criminal than the flesh ?

Bust. He that steals bread, steals that which is
Lawful every day ; he that steals flesh, 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 flesh 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 flesh, steals once, and gives
over ;

Yes, and often pays for it ; the other

Steals every day, without satisfaction.

To conclude, bread-stealing is the more capital
crime ;

For

For what he steals, he puts it in at the head;
 He that steals flesh (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 satisfied 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 said you, Antonio! Wish you, you had
 his daughter?

Ant. With my soul I wish her; and my body
 Shall perish, but I will enjoy my soul'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 soul forth? no other choice
 But where my hate is rooted? Come hither, girl!
 Whose pretty maid art thou?

Ism. 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?

Ism. 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?

Ism. 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 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 yourself, Sir; what I knew I
knew:

This sack is a witness. Miller, this is not for your
thumbing.

Here's gold lace; you may see 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 speak to me, Sir?

Ant. It might seem to you, Martino;

Your conscience has quick ears.

Mart. My sight was

A little dim i'th' dark indeed; so 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 spring again: She's like the gout; I can get

No cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your wife, Franio?

Fra. 'Tis 'oh, my wife' indeed, my lord; a painful
Stitch to my side; 'would it were pick'd out!

Phil. Well, Sir,
Your silence!

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 silent?

Bust. I have told him
Of this before now, my liege; but age
Will have his course, and his weaknesse——

Phil. Good Sir,
Your forbearance.

Bust. And his frailties, and his follies,
As I may say, that cannot hold his tongue
Ere he be bidden——

Phil. Why, sirrah!

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.

Bust. 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

THE MAID IN THE MILL. 291

You hear the question, Sir; will you give the cause?

Julio. Oh, my lord, it hardly will get passage,
(It is a sorrow of that greatness grown)

'Lest it dissolve in tears, and come by parcels.

Gil. I'll help you, Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy: You lost a daughter.

Julio. 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth
these sorrows.

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 since
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. [*Ex.*]

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.

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'd⁴⁴ :
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 resolve you sure.

Gil. Ay, ay,
Boy ; thou art mine own flesh and blood, born
Of mine own body.

Bust. 'Tis very unlikely
That such 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.

Bust. 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 search'd.] Sympson reads *wounds* for *words*. We think *wards* is as much more congruous to the sense, as it is nearer the trace of the letters.

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,

Without

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 sister 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 fo——

Julio. Why, how now, firrah?

Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my sister.

It was a miller and a lord
That had a scabbard and a sword,
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 sister, 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 estate 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 fortunes.*

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. 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 found, 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-feast.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

T H E

KNIGHT OF MALTA.

A TRAGI-COMEDY:

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this play (which was first printed in the folio of 1647) to Fletcher alone. It hath not been acted within the memory of any person now living, nor do we know of any alteration of it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Valetta, *the Grand-master of Malta.*

Miranda, *an Italian gentleman, the Knight of Malta.*

Astorius, }
Castriot, } *two knights of the order.*

Mountferrat, *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, *servant and instrument to Mountferrat.*

Two Bishops.

Soldiers.

Corporal.

Prisoners.

Two Marshals.

Doctor.

One of the Esguard.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Oriana, *sister to Valetta, and wife of Gomera.*

Velleda, *attendant on Oriana.*

Zanthia, *alias Abdella, a Moor, servant to Oriana.*

Lucinda, *a beautiful Turkish woman, contracted to
Angelo, prisoner to Miranda.*

Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE, M A L T A.

T H E



The KNIGHT of MALTA



*It looks about, and wonders. Sure she lives, Sir!
'Tis she, 'tis Oriana! — — Act IV.*

M.A. Rooker del.^t

J. Collyer sculp.^t

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

T H E

KNIGHT OF MALTA.

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

Enter Mountferrat.

Mountferrat. **D**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 servitors?
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,
Whistled enraged Boreas 'till his gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
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 disallow my suit:
But, by the honour of this Christian cross,
(In blood of infidels so often died,
Which mine own soul and sword 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 send 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 smiles?

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 wise,
 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.

Rocca. Will you yet hear me?

Mountf.

Mountf. Yes :

But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou dost
Tenderly by degrees assault 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 sword,
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 sea ;
Them hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love-sick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requests.
All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm behaviour, and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For just as others love, so doth she hate.
She says, 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 desires, 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 tofs'd,
But, crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd and lost.

Enter Astorius and Castriot.

Cast. Monsieur, good day!

Asto. Good morrow, valiant knight!
What, are you for this great solemnity
This morn intended?

Mountf. What solemnity?

Asto. 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.

Asto. 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.

Mountf. Astorius, you're a most indulgent knight,
Detracting from yourself, 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 sweat 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 sullen 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 flames 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 sin to sever 'em. Pish—woman—memory—
'Would one of ye would leave me! [*Aside.*

Asto. Six fresh gallies
I in St. Angelo from the promontory
This morn descried, 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
been

The gulphs of worthiest men, buried their names,
Their former valour, bounty, beauty, virtue,
And sent 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. [*Aside.*

Asto. He's saying of his prayers sure.

Cast. Will you go, Sir?

Mountf. I cry you mercy! I am so 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.

Cass. Nor mine; 'tis yours.

Asto. Cass. Good morrow, brother. [Exeunt.

Mountf. White innocent sign, thou dost abhor to dwell

So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breast,
And grace these graceless projects of my heart!

Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella.

Yet I must wear thee, to protect my crimes,
If not for conscience, for hypocrisy;
Some churchmen so wear cassocks. Oh, my Zanthia,
My pearl, that scorns a stain! I much repent
All 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 flesh,
And far more loving.

Zant. Ay, you say so now;
But, like a property, when I have serv'd
Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
For a sign somewhere.

Mountf. May my life then forsake me,
Or, from my expected bliss, be cast to hell!

Zant. My tongue, Sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,
Nor my black cheek put on a feigned 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 bedfellows;
No bath, no blanching water, smoothing oils,
Doth mend me up; and yet, Mountferrat, know,
I am as full of pleasure in the touch
As e'er a white-fac'd puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firm; unledge 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
 plush¹,

Sweeter than is the sweet 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, Mountferrat, (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.

[*Exit.*

Mountf. 'Till I be dust, my Zanthia, be confirm'd.
 Sparrows, and doves, sit coupling 'twixt thy lips.—

¹ Silkner than cygnet's plush.] So first folio.

Sympson.

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. [Exit.

S C E N E 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.

1 *Gent.* A most Christian answer,
 I promise you. But I mean in love
 With a man.

2 *Gent.* With a man? what else? wouldst have her
 In love with a beast?

1 *Gent.* You are somewhat 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; since which time,
 No woman, almost, is contented 'till
 She have a horn of her own to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou
 Art very knavish.

² 2 *Gent.* *I rather think she was ever in love, in perfect charity.*

1 *Gent.* *I mean, with all the world.*

2 *Gent.* *A most Christian answer, I promise you; but, &c.*

2 *Gent.* *With a man?] Corrected in 1750.*

1 *Gent.* And thou very foolish.
But, firrah, why dost not thou marry?

2 *Gent.* Because
I would be no man's looking-glass.

1 *Gent.* As how?

2 *Gent.* As thus; there is no wife (if she
Be good and true, will honour and obey)
But must reflect 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 sorrowfully;
Else she is a false glass, and fit 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?

1 *Gent.* Yes, i'faith!

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 furthest off
Their husbands.

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 fullen, dim, and shews
Least splendor, when it is nearest.

1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry,
I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Because I would lead the blind whither I
list.

2 *Gent.* And I the wisest man I could get for money,
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Because I had rather follow the clear-sighted:
Bless me from a husband that fails by his wife's compass!

1 *Gent.* Why?

2 *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!

1 *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 chafly, 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. Hift, wenches!
My lady calls; she's entering the terrace,
To see the show.

1 *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. Hift, wenches: my lady calls, she's entering
The terrace, to see the show.

1 *Gent.* Oh black pudding.

2 *Gent.* My little labour in vain.

1 *Gent.* But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta, *that, &c.*]
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 senseless 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.*

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter above, Oriana, Zanthia, and two Gentlewomen; beneath, Valetta, Mountferrat, Astorius, Castriot, Gomera, 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 soldiers of the Christian-Cross,
Is to relieve our captain Norandine,
Now fighting for Valetta with the Turk⁴;
A valiant gentleman, a noble Dane
As e'er the country bred, endanger'd now
By fresh supply of head-bound infidels⁵.
Much means, much blood this warlike Dane hath spent
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 War⁶;
Miranda, and Gomera: Full ten years
They've serv'd this island, perfected exploits

⁴ *Now fighting for Valetta.*] Symphon asks, 'But was Norandine
' then fighting only for the grand-master?' Answering himself in the
negative, he supposes a corruption, and reads, *fighting 'FORE Va-*
letta. We see no need for variation, the sense being, that he is
fighting *for* Valetta, upon the safety of which town their own secu-
rity depends.

⁵ *Head-bound.*] i. e. *Turban'd*, as in *Othello.* *Theobald.*

⁶ *Valiant as War.*] Symphon 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, since by
War is understood the *genius* or *god of war.*

Matchless, and infinite; they're honest, wise,
 Not empty of one ornament of man.
 Most eminent agents were they in that slaughter,
 That great marvellous slaughter 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 worths⁶,
 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.

Asto. None does.

All. None can, Great-master.

Val. The dignity then dignify, by them⁷,
 As their reward. Tender Miranda first
 (Because he is to succour Norandine)
 Our sacred robe of knighthood, our white cross
 (The holy cognizance of him we serve),
 The sword, the spurs.

Mir. Grave, and most honour'd Master,
 With humble duty, and my soul'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 incapable of such honour;
 That merit, which with favour you enlarge,
 Is far, far short, of this propos'd reward.
 Who takes upon him such 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,

⁶ *Their worthies.*] First folio. Probably wrote, THESE *worthies*.

⁷ *The dignity then dignifie, by them*

Is their reward.] So first folio. Symfson proposes reading,
 — then dignified by them,

Is their reward.

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 small
 time

To rectify myself for that high feat,
 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 fights for those eyes, and this sacred 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 ?

^s *A frizzled hair, powder'd, perfumes, &c.]* Mr. Seward reads with me thus,

A frizzled hair, powder, perfumes, &c.

Symphon.

Gom.

Gom. Nothing against it, but myself, fair knights;
I may not wear this robe.

Val. Express your reasons :

Doth any hid sin 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 ?

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 sorry 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 secret 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

* Never, good Sir.] The variation proposed by Seward.

We may advance your suit.

Gom. But will you, Sir?

Val. Now by our holy rock, were it our sifter,
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 fame¹⁰,
As not to suffer your perdition.

Gom. What means Mountferrat?

Mountf. This whole Auberge hath¹¹—
(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.

¹¹ *Auberge.*] In the *Anciens et Nouveaux Statuts de L'Ordre de 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 Chevaliers 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 sister, since in it I save
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 sister in the publick cause.

Val. I am amaz'd! attend me.

[*Reads.*] ' Let your forces by the next even be
' ready; my brother feasts then; put in at St. Mi-
' chael's; the ascent at that port is easiest; the keys
' of the castle you shall receive at my hands. That
' possess'd, you are lord of Malta, and may soon de-
' stroy 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 herself, could not be answer'd
To every period thus, but by herself.

Ori. Sir, hear me!

Val. Peace! thou fair sweet bank of flowers,
Under whose beauty scorpions lie, and kill!
Wert thou akin to me in some new name
Dearer than sister, 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 thyself; tomorrow thou shalt die.

Ori. I die a martyr then, and a poor maid,
Almost i'faith as innocent as born!
Thou know'st 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 wife;
Death pleads a precontract,

Gom. I've lost my tongue,
My sense, my heart; and every faculty!
Mountferrat, go not up! With reverence
To our Great-master, and this consistory
(I have consider'd it, it cannot be)
Thou art a villain and a forger,
A blood-sucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A most unworthy wearer of our cross;
To make which good, take, if thou dar'st, that gage,
And, arm'd at all points like a gentleman,
Meet me tomorrow morning, where the Master
And this fraternity shall design¹²; where I
Will cram this slander back into thy throat,
And with my sword'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 stick '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
signification to *appoint or decree*, in Latin, *designare*, from whence
designator, an herald.

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 solicited this lady?
(Contrary to thy oath of chastity!)
Who ne'er disclosing this thy hot-rein'd lust¹³,
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 liest!

Ago. 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 flint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other—

¹³ *Thy* hot reign'd lust.] Seward proposes reading, *Thy* not reign'd
lust. The variation is from Sympson's conjecture.

Enter

Enter Zantbia.

Stay; let me like it better.—Zanthia,
First tell me this; did don Gomera use
To give his visits to your mistress?

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. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-fight within, Alarm.

Enter Norandine, Miranda, Soldiers, and Gentlemen.

Mir. **H**OW is it, Sir?

Nor. Pray set me down! I cool,
And my wounds smart.

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 top-forward fool; but I hope the surgeons
Will

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 glad ye are so sprightly! Ye fought bravely,
(Go call the surgeons, soldiers.) wondrous nobly;
Upon my life, I have not seen such valour,
Maintain'd so long, and to so large a ruin,
The odds so strong 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;
My Turk 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.

Asto. 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.

Asto. 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 servant, Sir.

Mir. Believe I shall, and what my love can mini-
ster——

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 assurance
 The day was his; when I was cut in shreds thus,
 And not a corn of powder left to bless us;
 Then flew his sword in, then his cannon roar'd,
 And let fly blood and death, in storms amongst 'em,
 Then might I hear their sleepy prophet howl too;
 And all their silver crescents then I saw
 Like falling meteors spent, and set for ever
 Under the cross of Malta: Death so wanton
 I never look'd upon, so 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 soldier.
 Oh, valiant young man, how I love thy virtue!

1 Sold. Pray you, Sir, be dress'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, firrah,
 (Your finger aches) and let the old wives watch thee!
 Bring in the booty, and the prisoners:
 By Heav'n, I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
 Before I have a drop of blood wip'd from me! go.

Surg. You'll faint, Sir. *[Exeunt Soldiers.]*

Nor. No, you lie, Sir, like an afs, Sir!
 I have no such pig's heart in my belly¹⁴.

Surg. By my life, captain,
 These hurts are not to be jested with.

Nor. If thou hadst 'em;

¹⁴ *I have no such pigs hurt in my belly.]* The correction is from
 Symphon's conjecture.

They're

They're my companions, fool, my family:
I cannot eat nor sleep 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?

1 *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 whores¹⁵,
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 deserv'd it.—
Come; now look to me, and grope me like a cham-
bermaid;

I'll neither start nor squeak.—What's that i'th' truss
there?

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, surgeon?

Surg. Yes, when your suit's at pawn, Sir.

Nor. There's for your plaister.

A very learned surgeon!—What's in that pack there?

1 *Sold.* 'Tis English cloth.

¹⁵ *Get me*———*some 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 so,

And twenty pot⁴allies, 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. 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 left 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 sailor? 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 down'd?—Welcome 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 salt 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 ad-
mirers,

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 Mussulmans,

Enter Prisoners and Lucinda.

You that are lords o' th' sea, and scorn us Christians,
Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here ?

Away to prison with 'em, see 'em safe !

You shall find we have gallies too, and slaves too.

1 *Sold.* What shall be done with this woman, Sir ?

Nor. Pox take her !

[*Surgeons dress him.*]

'Twas she that set me on to fight 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 lousy 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 fumbling 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 fight 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.*

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 seen in men so valiant,
Minds so 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
you ?

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 :

You've lit upon a young man worth your service.
 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.*]

S C E N E 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 Astorius,
 I must confess I do much honour her,
 And worthily I hope still.

Asto. 'Tis no doubt, Sir;
 For on my life she's much wrong'd.

Mir. Very likely,
 And I as much tormented I was absent.

Asto. You need not fear; Peter Gomera's noble,
 Of a tried faith and valour.

Mir. This I know too:
 But whilst I was not there, and whilst 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 it¹⁶;
 If then she had been lost—I brag too late,

¹⁶ *From her eye to seal it.* } *To seal a sword* seems a very odd metaphor. I think it therefore highly probable that the true word was *steel*. 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

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 weakness !

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 !

Asto. I'll take my leave, Sir ; I shall but disturb you.

Mir. An't please you, for a while ; and pray to Fortune

To smile upon this lady.

Asto. 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 innew the town below him¹⁷.
 I must do something !

Enter Colonna.

Col. Noble Sir, for Heav'n sake,
 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 ?

Col. From cold and hunger,
 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

¹⁷ *Innew the town below him.*] Theobald would read, *the fowl below him* ; but *scale* seems to confirm *town*.

Brought the Dane succour, got my irons off,
And put myself to mercy of the ocean.

Mir. And swam 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 remembering what their fortunes may be.

Mir. Thou say'st too true. Of what profession art thou?

Col. I have been better train'd, and can serve 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 some 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 may'st 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
you,
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 modesty preserve your service!

Col. A foul example find me else! Heav'n thank ye!
Of captain Norandine?

Mir.

Mir. The same.

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.

S C E N E III.

Enter Mountferrat and Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high
mettle

Should check thus poorly, dully, most unmanly——

Mountf. Let me alone.

Abd. Thus leadenly——

Mountf. Pox take you!

Abd. At every childish fear, at every shadow!

Are you Mountferrat, that have done such deeds?

Wrought thro' such bloody fields men shake to
speak of?

Can you go back? is there a safety 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,

And troubled too, I take it. How he starts!

All is not handsome in thy heart, Mountferrat.—
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
sword, 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 seen 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,
A gentler never trod on ground, a nobler——

Mountf. Do you come on so fast? I have it for
you. [*Aside.*

Mir. The sun ne'er saw a sweeter.

Mountf. These I grant you;

Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up,
It were unmanly, Sir, too much unmanly :
But when these excellencies turn to ruin,
To ruin of themselves, and those protect 'em;
When virtue's lost, lust and dishonour enter'd;
Loss of ourselves and souls basely projected——

Mir. Do you think 'tis so?

Mountf. Too sure.

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 sword, 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 flings 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, Mountferrat, thou
liest 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 sparkle
Would fire that wisp, and turn it to light ashes.

Mountf. Oh, pitiful young man, struck blind with
beauty!

Shot with a woman's smile! Poor, poor Miranda!
Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou lost man,
Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
How art thou cozen'd! Didst thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear honour, (mark me, fool!)
Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender honour, is abus'd—But fight first,
And then, too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest still!

Mountf. Stay! now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll
kill thee:

I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee.

Read that! [Gives him 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?

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,
And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge,
And this sword 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 fair as light in all your actions ;
And by my troth I griev'd your love. Take comfort !
There be more women.

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 *boyish*, and too tender, to adventure :'
I'll 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 said 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, Sir¹⁸,
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 courtesy : You say you love me ?

Mountf. I do, and dearly ; ask, and let that courtesy
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 Mount-
ferrat !

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 fiery temper prone to passion, &c. he should not have discovered a secret, which might possibly breed diffention betwixt Gomera and him. This I only offer the reader, in order to give the text fair play, if he does not approve of the explanation, *lighter* or *lower* are still at his service.

Symfjon.

Let

Let me, and bold Gomera——

Mountf. Fy, Miranda!

D'ye weigh my worth so little?

Mir. On my knees!

As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow

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 swallow'd it.— [*Aside.*

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 sword 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.

Mountf. I love you dearly;

Yet so much I should tender——

Mir. I'll preserve all;

By Heav'n, I will, or all the sin fall with me!

Pray let me.

Mount. You have won; I'll once be coward

To pleasure you.

Mir. I kiss your hands, and thank you.

Mountf. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.

Mountf. I'll send mine armour;

My man shall presently attend you with it,

(For you must arm immediately; the hour calls)

I know 'twill fit you right. Be sure, and secret,

And last be fortunate! farewell!—You are fitted:

I'm glad the load's off me.

Mir. My best Mountferrat!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Norandine and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I'll see the combat, that's the truth
on't;

If I had ne'er a leg, I'd crawl to see it.

Doctor. You're most unfit, if I might counsel you,
Your wounds so 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
quickly,

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 clifter,

That I may sit 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 sweet Doctor!

Wilt thou have twenty shillings a-day for vexing me?

Doctor. That shall not serve you, Sir.

Nor. Then forty shall, Sir,

And that will make you speak well. Hark, the drums!

[*Drums afar off: A low march.*]

Cast. They begin to beat to th' field. Oh, noble Dane,

Never was such a stake, I hope, of innocence,
Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before.

Asfo. 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,

And something then I'll say——

Asfo. Come, lean on us, Sir.

Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen! and, domine Doctor,
Pray bring a little sneezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I swoon when I see blood.

Doctor. You're pleasant.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter two Marshals.

1 *Marsh.* Are the combatants come in?

2 *Marsh.* Yes. [*The scaffold set out, and the stairs.*]

1 *Marsh.* Make the field clear there!

2 *Marsh.* That's done too.

1 *Marsh.* Then to the prisoner; the Grand-master's
coming.

Let's see that all be ready there.

2 *Marsh.* Too ready.

How ceremonious our very ends are!

Alas, sweet lady, if she be innocent, [*Flourish.*]

No doubt but justice will direct her champion.

Away!

Away! I hear 'em come.

1 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 require it:

You come to see 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 flesh 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 say, say 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

So ye shall find my story, tho' I perish.
 Behold me in my sex; I am no soldier;
 Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,
 Unharden'd with relentless thoughts; unhatch'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 sprung 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 restores, 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 howsoe'er my cause goes, see my body
 (Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely;
 For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.

Asto. 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 fearless:
 As white as this I see your innocence,
 As spotless, 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 story :
 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 severally.

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 mischiefs
 As Heav'n is of our sins, or Truth of errors ;
 And so defy that treacherous man, and prosper !

Nor. Blessing o' thy heart, lady !

Val. Give the signal 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 fights aloft, and strongly ;
 Close for thy life !—A pox o' that fell buffet !
 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.

All. Oh, oh!

Val. She is gone, she is gone.

Nor. Now strike it.

Hold, hold—he yields : Hold thy brave sword, 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 there²⁰;

And, executioner, take you his head next.

Abd. Oh, cursed Fortune!

[*Aside.*

Gom. Stay, I beseech you, Sir! and this one honour

Grant me, I have deserv'd it; that this villain

May live one day, to envy at my justice;

That he may pine and die, before the sword 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. I've sav'd her,

Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction²¹,

(Her white name to eternity deliver'd)

Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ruin.

Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour

May but deserve her favour——

Mir. Stay, and hear me first.

Val. Off with his casque! This is Miranda's voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eyes abuse me:
What makes he here thus?

Ori. The young Miranda?

²⁰ *Cask.*] This word is generally spelt *casque*. It signifies here a *helmet*, and sometimes is used only for a *beaver*, or *bat*. R.

²¹ *Preserv'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. Symphon.

Detraction would be best, were there authority for the change.

Is she mine enemy too? Fool

Mir. None has deserv'd her,
If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that fav'd her honour.

Gom. That is I, Miranda.

Mir. No, no; that's I, Gomera; be not so 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 desert, Sir;
They're bound to that. But then to make that fight
sure,

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
her.

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 fell Mountferrat struck it, from whose malice,
With cunning and bold confidence, 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 fierce Mountferrat?
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!

They made you once look sad: Such another fright
I would not put you in, to own the island:

Yet, pardon me; twas but to shew a foldier,
Which, when I'd done, I ended your poor coward.

Val. Let some look out, for the base knight
Mountferrat——

Abd. I hope he's far enough, if his man be trusty.
This was a strange misfortune; I must not know it.

Val. That most deboshed knight. Come down,
sweet sifter,

My spotless sifter 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

Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
Cannot enjoy; dare you make me your umpire?

Gom. Mir. With all our souls.

Val. He must not then be angry

That loses her.

Gom. Oh, that were, Sir, unworthy.

Mir. A little sorrow 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: Kifs her! Are you pleas'd now?

Gom. My joy's so 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' something seem 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 issue
Fame brings up at her breasts, 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 present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits; and, to breed you pious,
I'll send you a probation-robe; wear that,
'Till you shall please to be our brother.—How now?

Enter Astorius.

Asto. 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 so let's march to th' temple. Sound those
instruments,

That were the signal to a day of blood!
Evil beginning hours may end in good. [*Flourish.*

Nor. Come, we'll have wenches, man, and all
brave things.

Pox! let her go; we'll want no mistresses;
Good swords, and good strong armours!

Mir. Those are best, captain.

Nor. And fight 'till queens be in love with us,
and run after us.

I'll see 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 said! I like a good heart
truly. [*Exeunt.*

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

*Enter Norandine and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers
above.*

Serv. **T**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' fycamores:
'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 careles rogues! I'll hear the song out,
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry companions!

S O N G, BY THE SOLDIERS.

1. Sit, soldiers, sit and sing, 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 sing; the soldier has no fellow!

²² *Nor. Speed ye then, &c.*] This and the three following lines have hitherto been placed *after* the Song, which they should undoubtedly *precede*. It is not printed in the first folio.

2. To thee a full pot, my little lance-prifado,
 And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidado!
 Our glafs of life runs wine, the vintner skinks it²³,
 Whilst with his wife the frolick soldier drinks it.

3. The drums beat, ensigns wave, and cannons thump
 it;

Our game is ruffe, and the best heart doth trump it:
 Each tofs 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 tofs 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!

1 Watch. Hark, hark! what's that below us?
 Who goes there?

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!

2 Watch. 'Tis a bear broke loose; pray call the
 Corporal.

1 Watch. The Dutchman's huge fat sow.

2 Watch. I see her now,

And five fine pigs.

Nor. Owgh, owgh!

Enter Corporal.

Corp. Now, what's the matter?

1 Watch. Here's the great fat sow, Corporal,
 The Dutchman's sow; 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
 fucking:

²³ *The vintner skinks it.*] As we can affix no idea to the word *skinks* here, we have substituted *skinks*. A *skinker*, 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.

342. THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

Look, look! d'you see it, Sirs?

1 *Watch*. Yes, very well, Sir.

Corp. A notable fat whoreson! 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 some of ye, ye lazy rogues! Your minds are of nothing but eating and swilling, What a sweet beast they've made of me! A sow? Hog upon hog! I hear 'em come.

Enter Corporal below, and Watch.

Corp. Go softly,

And fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.

1 *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 say!

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 stalks! 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 sweat 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 so long now,

Nor h'has no tail at all. I shake still damnably.

Nor. The word!

Corp. Have mercy on me! what word does he mean? Prithee, devil, if thou be'st the devil, do not Make an afs 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 deboh'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 rascal! 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 soldier.

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!

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.

S C E N E 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.

Rocca. I know not

What he hath done; but what he now desires
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 fought for)

²⁴ Come let me out, and come away; no more rage.

S C E N E II.

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 he 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 mimic grunt of a hog, and took it for the devil; but supposing Abdella had been storming at Mountferrat's letter, some time before Rocca's and her coming upon the stage, these mollifying words of his to her, viz. *no more rage*, will be exceedingly in character, and highly proper to introduce the angry speech of Abdella. *Sympson.*

And

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 so. Farewell!—My lady, with my fellow,
So earnest in discourse! Whate'er it be,
I'll second it.

Vel. He's such 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 say,
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, perfumes, 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 wife,
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 sword, Slander herself
Dares not bark at it; next, she sits at home

Like

Like a great queen, and sends him forth to fetch in
Her tribute from all parts; which, being brought
home,

He lays it at her feet, and seeks no further
For his reward than what she 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'st of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing, madam? You have found it
something;

Or, with the raising-up this pretty mount here,
My lord hath dealt with spirits.

Enter Gomera.

Ori. Two long hours absent?

Gom. Thy pardon, sweet! I have been looking on
The prize that was brought in by the brave Dane,
The valiant Norandine, and have brought something
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 sea,
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 present.

Ori. Pray you say, what was it?

Gom.

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 said
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 suit to be so.

Ori. Miranda's? then her fate deserves 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 full 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 desert, 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 see one that without injury
Might be put in the scale, or parallel'd,
In any thing that's noble, with Miranda.
His knowledge in all services of war,
And ready courage to put into act
That knowing judgment, as you are a soldier,
You best may speak of; nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.

And

And Heav'n did well, in such 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 sought 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 somewhat more *[Aside.*
 Than love to virtue!

Ori. Faith, when he comes hither,
 (As sometimes, without question, you shall meet him)
 Invite him home.

Gom. To what end?

Ori.

Ori. To dine with us,
Or sup.

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 sour breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife for not acquainting him
With his infirmity?

Ori. 'Tis a common one:
Her answer was, having kifs'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 so 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 said 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

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.

Gdm. Thy heart? thou hast pierc'd thro' mine honour,
 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 fail'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 Jerusalem:
 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 pitie's 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 spent, than to say I forgive you;
 Nor is my death untimely, since with me

I take

I take along what might have been hereafter
 In scorn deliver'd for the doubtful issue
 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 forsake me! Jealousy,
 Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below,
 What desp'rate hunger made me to receive thee
 Into my heart, and soul? I'll let thee forth,
 And so in death find ease! And does my fault then
 Deserve 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 forsake 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.*]

S C E N E 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 soldier's welcome.

Luc. 'Tis a fit one.
 But is my master here too?

Col. Three days since.

Luc.

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 courtesy to you, and to mankind,
May easily resolve 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 such 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 sad story 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 see you
This night, in which by him I am commanded
To bring you to his chamber; to what end
I easily should guess, were I Lucinda²⁵:
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.

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.

²⁵ ————— to what end

I easily 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 sent for you. Is not this mighty elegant? I doubt not but my reader sees where the fault lies, and has made the correction for me,

I easily should guess, was I Lucinda.

Symphon.

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.

[*Exit.*

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.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Servants with lights.

Mir. I'll see 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 sound sleep for a soldier,
Worth forty of your fiddles. As you love me,
Press it no further!

Mir. You will overcome.—

Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I've took, since supper,
A rouse or two too much²⁶, 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
in

It warms my blood.

Mir. You'll sleep 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 saw her.

Nor. Ey 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't²⁷! 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 a/s to't.

in the same sense: 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a *rouse*
'already,' says Cassio in Othello, act iii. sc. 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:

' — our friends may tell
' We drank a *rouse* to them.'

But neither this passage nor that in the text warrants Steevens's explana-
tion:—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 passage

*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 under-
stand 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.

Symphon.

The passage seems corrupt; or, at least, not to belong to this place.

Mir. Go to bed, to bed!

Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her;
If not, the sin 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 said,

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 soldier,
Too obstinate an enemy to youth,
That had so fair a jewel in my cabinet.
And in so 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 so?

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 kifs that
sweet man
You speak so sweetly of? Come.

Col. Farewell, virtue!

Mir. What hast thou got between thy lips? (Kifs
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?

²⁸ *My years will answer that, Sir.*] Corrected from Symphon's conjecture.

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
me!)

And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton ivies,
A thousand new embraces.

Luc. Is that all, Sir?

And say I should try, may not we lie quietly?
Upon my conscience, I could!

Mir. That's as we make it.

Luc. Grant that 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.

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. P'faith, thou shalt not!
I warrant thee, I'll think on't.

Luc. I've heard 'em say here,
You are a maid too.

Mir. I am sure I am, wench,
If that will please thee.

Luc. I have seen 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 so well—Come, kiss 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 save us.

Luc. Why then, 'tis holy too?

Mir. True sign of holiness;

The badge of all his soldiers that profess him.

Luc. The badge of all his soldiers that profess him?
Can it save in dangers?

Mir. Yes.

Luc. In troubles, comfort?

Mir. You say true, sweet.

Luc. In sickness, restore health?

Mir. All this it can do.

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 wandering 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 resolv'd; I see a virtue
Appear in't like a sword, both edges flaming,
That will consume 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 sun's not set 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 honest! 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

That constancy fled from me; and, what's worse,
 Now I am loathsome to myself, and life
 A burden to me; rack'd with sad remembrance
 Of what I have done, and my present horrors
 Unfufferable 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 fearing worse, put off my wretched being!

Enter Abdella.

Rocca. To see 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 I expect it.

Abd. Who is this? Mountferrat?
 Rise 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 sickness 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 swoon,

Under

Under pretence to give a cordial to her,
I poison'd her.—What stupid dullness is this?
What you should entertain with sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?

Mountf. Bloody deeds
Are grateful offerings, pleasing 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 assur'd, 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 assur'd 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'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
 So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take
 Trifles unkindly from me——

Abd. To persuade me
 To break my neck, to hang, then damn myself,
 With you are trifles!

Mountf. 'Twas my melancholy
 That made me speak 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 something else, that would prevail
 more with me.

Mountf. Thou shalt have all thy wishes: Do but
 bless me

With means to satisfy my mad desires
 For once in Oriana, and for ever
 I am thine, only thine, my best Abdella!

Abd. Were I assur'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 safety
 Must of necessity urge us to.

Abd. Then know,
 It was not poison, but a sleeping 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 her best habit²⁹, 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.

Mountf. Be my good angel; guide me!

Abd. But remember

You keep your oath.

Mountf. As I desire to prosper

In what I undertake!

Abd. I ask no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E 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 some 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 sins 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 instant;

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
 to one of Friar Laurence in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Mir.

Mir. Go you to that end.

Nor. I shall never pray

Alone sure, I have been so 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 something got amongst us.

Mir. I heard a groan,

A dismal one.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Here, 'tis here, Sir, 'tis here, Sir!

A devil in the wall!

Mir. 'Tis some illusion

To fright us from devotion.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Why, 'tis here;

The spirit of a huntsman choak'd with butter³⁰.

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!

³⁰ *The spirit of a huntsman choak'd with butter.*] As I can see no humour in an *huntsman'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.

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 sifter? how a devil came she here?

When slipt she out o'th' way? The stone's but half upon her.

Mir. It is a sudden change!—Certain the mischief Mountferrat 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 blefs us!

Nor. It is in woman's cloaths. It rises 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 smell of earth, and rotten bones? what dark place?

Lord, whither am I carried?

Nor. How she stares,

And sets 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 trusting 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 sinks again!

Again she's gone, she's gone, gone as a shadow!

She sinks for ever, friend!

Nor. She is cold now;

She's certainly departed: I must cry too.

Mir. The blessed 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 such a blessing, such a timely blessing!

Oh, friend, what dear content 'twould be, what story
To keep my name from worms!

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. She lives again!

'Twas but a trance.

Mir. Pray you call my man in presently.

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

Enter Colonna and Norandine.

The living heat steals into every member.
Come, help the coffin out softly, and suddenly!
Where is the clerk?

Col. Drunk above; he is sure, 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, softly!

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-lantern.*

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 so, 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 somebody i'th' church. Give me the
lantern.

Abd. You'll love me now, I hope.

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 sure;
Not a foot stirring, nor a tongue.

Mountf. Heav'n bless me!
I never enter'd, with such unholy thoughts,
This place before.

Abd. You are a fearful fool!
If men have appetites allowed 'em,
And warm desires, 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 send her to feed fishes!
I'll no more sighs for her.

Mountf. Where is the monument?
Thou'rt sure she will awake about this time?

Abd. Most sure,
If she 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 worse; no body,
I'm sure of that, nor sign 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 swoln pitchy cloud of all my afflictions,
Thou night-hag, gotten when the bright moon suffer'd,
Thou hell itself confin'd in flesh, what trick 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 sacrifice to thy black fire, the devil!

Rocca. Tell him; you see he's angry.

Abd. Let him burst!

Neither his sword 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 sorry 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 myself! 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 such 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 sure 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 Gomera, and page with a torch.

Abd. I am now carelefs.

Mountf. Peace, prithee peace, fweet ! peace ! all friends !

Abd. Stand clofe then.

Gom. Wait there, boy, with the light, 'till I call to thee.

In darknefs was my foul and fenfes clouded
 When my fair jewel fell, the night of jealousy
 In all her blacknefs drawn about my judgment ;
 No light was let into me, to diftinguifh
 Betwixt my fudden anger and her honour :
 A blind fad pilgrimage fhall be my penance ;
 No comfort of the day will I look up at ;
 Far darker than my jealous ignorance,
 Each place of my abode fhall be ; my prayers
 No ceremonious lights fhall fet 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, ſhe muſt be fweet 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 ; boldnefs and confidence

Muſt carry't now away : He's but one neither,
 Naked as you are, of a ſtrength far under.

³¹ *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 wife, &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 darknefs, 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 see 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 moist 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 sorrow?—The
tomb wide open?

The stone off too? the body gone, by Heaven!
Look to the door, boy! keep it fast!—Who are ye?
What sacrilegious villains?—False Mountferrat,
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 sword
The Christian cause sit nobly? could that hand fight,
Guided by fame and fortune? that heart inflame thee,
With virtuous fires of valour? To fall off,
Fall off so suddenly, and with such foulness,
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 for-
tune!

Thou didst things out of fear, and false heart, villain,
Out of close traps and treach'ries; they have rais'd thee.

Mountf. Thou rav'st, old man.

Gom. Before thou get'st 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 dog³²,
A mangy cur dog ! D' you creep behind the altar ?
Look, how it sweats, to shelter such a rascal !
First, with thy venomous tooth infect 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.

Recca. Out with him, Sir !

You shall have my sword too ; when he's dispatch'd
once,
We have the world before us.

³² *Thou art a dog. I'll make thee swear, a dog.*] The first folio copy has an addition to this verse, which is wrote there thus,

I'll make thee swear a dog slav'd.

But what business *slav'd* has here I can't discover ; a *slav'd dog* in the bear garden 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 slav'd*, and then a *mangy cur dog* may follow agreeably enough.

Symphon.

Gom.

Gom. Wilt thou walk, fellow?

I never knew a rogue hang arse-ward so,
And such a desperate knave too.

Abd. Pray go with him!

Something I'll promise too.

Mountf. You would be kill'd then?

No remedy, I see.

Gom. If thou dar'st 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 scap'st, thou hast cats' luck.

'The mount?

Mountf. The same. Make haste, I'm there before
else.

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.*]

S C E N E 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 curse the divine justice laid
On the first sinful woman.

Mir. Is she in travail?

Luc. Yes, Sir; and yet the troubles of her mind
Afflict her more than what her body suffers;
For, in the extremity of her pain, she cries out,
'Why am I here? where is my lord Gomera?'

Then sometimes names Miranda, and then sighs,
As if to speak, what questionless she loves well,
If heard, might do her injury.

Col. Heaven's sweet mercy
Look gently on her!

Mir. Prithee tell her, my prayers
Are present 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 found faithful,
The charge that's mine, if I have any power,
Hereafter 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.*]

S C E N E 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 honesty, that without odds thou dar'st not
Answer a single enemy?

Mountf. All advantage
That I can take, expect.

Rocca. We know you're valiant;

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 secunds me, that you shall feel, 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 else. [Shoots him.

Gom. Treach'rous, bloody woman,
What hast thou done?

Abd. Done a poor woman's part,
And in an instant, 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 save thee,
But that thou mayst live to thy further torment,
To see who triumphs o'er thee. Come, Mountferrat,
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 pistol was discharg'd here.

Gom. Norandine,
As ever thou lov'dst valour, or wear'ft 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'ft, I'll shoot thee.

Nor. How! fright me with your pot-gun?—What
art thou?

Good Heav'n, the rogue, the traitor rogue, Mount-
ferrat!

To swinge the neck of you, is a sport unlook'd for.
Hell's plagues consume you!

Mountf. As thou art a man,
(I'm wounded) give me time to answer thee!

Gom. Durst thou urge this? this hand can hold a
sword yet.

Nor. Well done! to see 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. Disarm 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 again⁴ been making out your parties

³³ Brache.] *Brache*, says 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. Vlitius in his notes on Gratius, says, 'Racha Sa-oribus canem significabat, unde Scoti hodie Rache pro cane femina habent, quod Anglis est Bache. Nos vero (he speaks of the Hollander) Brach non quemvis canem sed jagatam vocamus. So the French, Braque, espece de chien de chasse.'

R.

For

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA. 379

For sucking 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 soldiers,
Go help him to a surgeon.

Rocca. Dare the worst³⁴,
And suffer 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 something for thy care to-night. My horse
there! [*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Oriana and Lucinda.

Ori. **H**OW does my boy?

Luc. Oh, wondrous lusty, madam;
A little knight already: You shall live
To see 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 Mountferrat's is
dropt upon us, here, and perhaps the reader may be of my opinion.

Sympson.

Surely, no; Mountferrat's party have been talking apart, to be
sure. *J. N.*

³⁵ ——— to see Valetta,

My husband, and my brother.] *Sympson* transposes the words thus;

————— to see Valetta,

My brother, and my husband;

again misunderstanding (we suppose, for he does it tacitly) *Valetta*
to mean the *Grand master*, 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 false Mountferrat'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 chaste, sober,
And temperately, all days of my life?
They may as soon 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 wife.
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 cross'd in our licence and pleasures;
But the poor knights cross'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 see 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. [*Exit.*

Mir. How fare you, gracious mistress?

Ori. Oh, Miranda,
You pleas'd to honour me with that fair title

When

When I was free, and could dispose myself;
 But now, no sinile, 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 story 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, thankless, to destroy his youth
 That sav'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 desires, such tyrants serves
 As will oppress him insupportably.
 My flames, Miranda, rise as high as thine,
 For I did love thee 'fore my marriage;

Yet

Yet would I now consent, or could I think
 Thou wert in earnest, (which, by all the souls
 That have for chastity been sanctified,
 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 such 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 soldiers 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 flesh, no better steers-man had
 Than has Mountferrat's.—May you kiss me, lady?

Ori. No; though't be no essential 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
 teach
 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 flame 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 soul dotes on thee, and my spirits
 Do embrace thine; my mind doth thy mind kiss;
 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 swain
 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 blessed issue 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 self for a poor woman,
 That has been once sold, us'd, and lost her show!
 I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
 A zone untied, a lily trod upon,
 A fragrant flower crop'd 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 seeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his chimney than his bed.

Mir. Rise, miracle! save 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 hypocrisy
Cozen'ft, and jeer'ft my perturbation,
Expect a weighty and a fell revenge³⁵!
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 see 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. Dissembling death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve?

[*Exeunt.*]

³⁵ *Expect 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 Chase*; 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 life³⁷, in brazen characters
Shall monumentally be register'd
To ages consequent, till Time's running hand
Beats back the world to undistinguish'd chaos³⁸;
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 soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my wife,
That in one hour's suspicion 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, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers, Abdella, a Gentleman with a cloak, sword, and spurs; Gomera.] This stage-direction corrected by Symphon.*

³⁷ *After my life.] Amended by Symphon.*

³⁸ ——— till Time's running hand

Beats back the world to undistinguish'd chaos.] Running is, I allow, a proper epithet to Time, but Time's running hand beating the world to chaos, does not seem to me a very clear and consistent 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 assail'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 effectleis, this enchanting witch
Bred baneful jealousy 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 lost;
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 sure I'm punish'd for usurping her.
Oh, what a tiger is resisted lust!
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, practise 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 Esguard³⁹.

Esg. The gentlemen are come.

Val. Truce then awhile,

With our sad thoughts!—What, are ye both resolv'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
title,

Admir'd Miranda, pardon that⁴⁰ in thought

I ever did transgress against your virtue;

³⁹ *Val.* One of th' Esguard.

Esg. *The gentlemen are come.*] Mr. Seward saw with me,
that to put *One of the Esguard* 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 resolv'd? &c.

Symphon.

⁴⁰ *Pardon what in thought.*] So the former editions.

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 suffer for't.)
Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
Whilst 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 fitlier 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, wife, 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 seeks to shrowd her under Virtue's wing.

Gom. Excuse me, noble Sir! Oh, think me not
So dull a devil⁴⁰, to forget the loss
Of such a matchless wife as I possess'd,

⁴⁰ *So dull a devil.*] Seward proposes reading, *so FULL a devil*;
'i. e.' (says he) 'Think me not 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

And ever to endure the sight 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——

Asto. This is rudeness, Spaniard;
 Unseasonably 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 persuade.

Gom. Beseech you, Sir, no more! I am resolv'd
 To forsake Malta, tread a pilgrimage
 To fair Jerusalems, 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 sword.

Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme!—If such a
 scandal——

(I crave the rights due to a gentleman)
 Woman, unveil!

Ori. Will you refuse me yet? [Unveiling.]

Gom. My wife!

Val. My sister!

Gom. Somebody thank Heav'n!
 I cannot speak.

All. All praise be ever giv'n!

⁴ *Timonist.*] i. e. Timon of Athens, alluding to the misanthropy of that character.

Mountf. This saves our lives. Yet 'would she had been dead!

The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of punishment, or my disgrace.

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,
Henceforth you never doubt, Sir.

Gom. When I do,
Death take me suddenly!

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-sweeper?

Ori. What is't, Miranda?

Mir. That you would please Lucinda might attend
you.

Col. That suit, 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 kinsman, 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 suitor was I for her love;
 And, pitying such a beauteous case should hide
 A soul prophan'd with infidelity,
 I labour'd her conversion, with my love,
 And doubly won her: To fair faith her soul
 She first betroth'd, and then her faith to me.
 But fearful there to consummate 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 saw 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' spume of Cocytus.—Do you snarl,
 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 kinsman, 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

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; Mountferrat, as the song is singing, ascends up the altar.

See, see, 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 sacred 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 honour⁴², that have kick'd against
Our order's precepts; next, we reave thy sword,
And give thee armless to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodness, and to God;
Last, 'bout thy stiff neck, we this halter hang,

⁴² *Bare of thy honour.*] Sympton thinks we should read, *bare of their honour.*

And leave thee to the mercy of the court.

Val. Invest Miranda⁴³.

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 chastity,
And chusest wilful poverty;

As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal! thy glory
Rise past the stars, and fix in Heav'n thy story!

1 *Bishop.* What crave you, gentle Sir?

Mir. Humble admittance

To be a brother of the holy hospital
Of great Jerufalem.

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 myself; obedience

To my superiors, whom religion

And Heav'n shall give me; ever to defend

The virtuous fame of ladies, and to oppugn

E'en unto death the Christian enemy:

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 servitude?

All. He's free from all these.

1 *Bishop.* Put on his spurs, and gird him with the
sword,

The scourge of infidels, and types of speed.

Buildest thy faith on this? [*Presenting the Cross.*]

Mir. On him that died

On such a sacred figure, for our sins.

2 *Bishop.* Here then we fix it on thy left side, for

⁴³ *Invest Miranda.*] The ceremonies of receiving a knight into the order of Malta, may be seen at large in Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta, vol. vi. p. 18.

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.

Bishop. Then receive the yoke
 Of him that makes it sweet and light; in which,
 Thy soul find her eternal rest!

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' continent⁴⁴:
 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 something, noble Norandine,
 To quit your merit.—So, to civil feasts,
 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 island, 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,

———*we banish you to th' continent.*

Sympson.

L O V E'S C U R E;

O R, T H E

M A R T I A L M A I D.

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 acted for many years past.

PROLOGUE.



P R O L O G U E,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

STATUES 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 lose their grace,
Receiving blemish in their limbs or face ;
When the mind's art has this preheminance,
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 desert out-weighs
The best applause, and their least sprig of bays
Is worthy Phœbus ; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure.
Nor can you ever surfeit 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

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Assistant, *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 cobbler,*

Mendoza, *a botcher,* } *of worship.*

Metaldie, *a smith,*

Lazarillo, *Pachieco's hungry servant.*

Bobadilla, *steward to Alvarez.*

Herald.

Officer.

W O M E N.

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.



*Now, thou leach, dried, and ominous visag'd knave,
Thou false and peremptory Steward, pray!
For I will hang thee up in thine own chain! Act II.*

M.A. Rooker delin.

C. Grignon sculp.

LOVE'S CURE;

OR, THE

MARTIAL MAID.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, and Anaſtro.

Vitelli.

ALVA'REZ pardon'd?

Ana. And return'd.

Lam. I ſaw 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 ſave 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, ſat down then before Oſtend;
'Twas never yet reported, by whoſe favour
He durſt preſume to entertain a thought

Of

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 such a fugitive arise 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; since, should I detract his worth,
'Twould argue want of merit in myself.
Briefly to pass his tedious pilgrimage
For sixteen 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 son, grown man,
(Tho' 'twas said here he took a daughter with him)
To Ostend's bloody siege, that stage of war,
Wherein the flower of many nations acted,
And the whole Christian world spectators were;
There by his son (or were he by adoption
Or Nature his) a brave scene was presented,
Which I make choice to speak of, since from that
The good success 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 assaulted, but in vain,
To dare the proud defendants to a sally,

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 sword,
 And waving it about his head, as if
 He dar'd one spirited like himself to trial
 Of single valor, he made his retreat,
 With such a slow, and yet majestick¹, pace,
 As if he still call'd loud, 'Dare none come on?'
 When suddenly, 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, son to Alvarez, then seeing,
 As in the vant-guard he sat bravely mounted,
 (Or were it pity of the youth's misfortune,
 Care to preserve the honour of his country,
 Or bold desire 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 success 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)

¹ *And yet majestick pace.*] Sympson objects to the word *yet*, and would read,

———— a *slow, and that majestick, pace.*

By young Peralta's father) he was brought
To the Infanta's presence, kiss'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 soul of soldiers.
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

Which as I grew in years hath still increas'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, since there are quarries worth her flight,
 Both in the father and his hopeful son,
 I'll boldly cast her off, and gorge her full
 With both their hearts: To further which, your
 friendship,
 And oaths¹! Will your assistance let your deeds
 Make answer to me? Useless are all words,
 'Till you have writ performance with your swords.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

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 flight.*] This *flight*, 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, since there are quarries, worth her flight.

Mr. Seward concurred too in the same correction. *Sympton.*

³ ——— *to further which, your friendship,*

And oaths; will your assistance, 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 myself have done in the present edition.

Sympton.

These gentlemen point,

————— *to further which, your friendship,*

And oaths, will your assistance: let, &c.

We think they have quite mistaken the passage; and hope we have been more successful in presenting the meaning of the Poet.

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 sure! 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 daughter, 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 whipping⁴,
For doing something (I but put you in mind of it)
With th' Indian maid, the governor sent 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 prisoner⁵, 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

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,
 As—

Lucio. You will not kill me? Oh!

Bob. I knew this

Would silence him: How he hides his eyes!
 If he were a wench now, as he seems, 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
 Assurance 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.

Servant.

406 LOVE'S CURE; OR,
For this unhop'd-for blessing, 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 yet⁶.

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;
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 father's actions be thy precepts.
And for thee, Zancho, now expect reward
For thy true service.

Bob. Shall I?—You hear, fellow Stephano? learn

⁶ ———how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou shalt.] Symphon thinks it undoubted that we
should read,

—————how I frighted him.

Eug. That thou shalt.

To know me more respectfully ! How dost
 Thou think I shall become the steward's chair? ha?
 Will not these slender haunches shew well with
 A gold chain⁷ and a night-cap after supper⁸,
 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 second 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-pie⁹? 'Tis a good stirring dish
 For an old lady, after a long Lent.

Eug. Begone, I say ! Why, Sir, you can go faster?

Bob. I could, madam; but I am now to practise
 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 waistcoat 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.

S C E N E I I I .

*Enter Alvarez and Clara.**Alv.* Where lost we Syavedra ?

Clara. He was met,
 Ent'ring the city, by some gentlemen,
 Kinsmen, as he said, of his own, with whom
 For compliment-sake (for so I think he term'd it)
 He was compell'd to stay; 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 so suddenly 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 sworn 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 wisely think)
 To get a jewel, or a wanton kifs
 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 something in the excuse
 Of thy rough manners, custom having chang'd
 (Tho' not thy sex) the softness of thy nature,
 And Fortune, then a cruel step-dame to thee,
 Impos'd upon thy tender sweetness burdens
 Of hunger, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack
 The sinews of a man, not born a soldier;
 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

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 [Musick.
To be what you are, Clara; entring here,
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 her.

Myriads of joy, tho' short in number of
Thy virtues, fall on thee! Oh, my Eugenia,
Th' assurance that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty years of sorrow 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 fled 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.

Eug.

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——

Alv. What noise is that? [*Within clashing of swords.*

Syv. [*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, murder! Your friend, my lord,
Don Syavedra is set 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 sword,
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 dispatch me!

*Enter Vitelli, pursued by Alvarez and Syavedra, Clara
beating off Anastro.*

Clara. Follow him!
Leave me to keep these off.

Alv.

Alv. Assault my friend,
So near my house?

Vit. Nor in it will spare thee,
Tho' 'twere a temple; and I'll make it one,
I being the priest, and thou the sacrifice,
I'll offer to my uncle.

Alv. Haste thou to him,
And say 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'
'Tis forfeited 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 sword
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 bastard
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 set a deeper dye upon
 Your infamy? You'll say 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 see you worthy,
 And therefore now preserve you, for the honour
 Of my sword only.

Vit. Were this man a friend,

How would he win me, that being my vow'd foe
 Deserves so well! I thank you for my life;
 But how I shall deserve it, give me leave
 Hereafter to consider.

[*Exit.*

Alv. Quit thy fear;

All danger is blown over: I have letters
 To th' governor, i'th' king's name, to secure 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 not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy daughter Clara.

Eug. A thousand blessings in that word!

Alv. The reason

Why I have bred her up thus, at more leisure
I will impart unto you: Wonder not
At what you've seen 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 son: 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 success; 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 satisfaction
For all our sorrows 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. **B**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 smith
Here hard by, would have borrow'd me the other day
To have fish'd with me, because h' had lost his angle-
rod.

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
sleepers, 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, signor,
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 shall 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 sustenance than
The smell of a rose?

Laz. I heard of her, signor; but they say her guts
shrunk
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, signor,
That can live only upon the smell 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 fardina¹⁰, an olive,
That I may be a philosopher first,
And immortal after.

Pach. Patience, Lazarillo!
Let contemplation be thy food awhile:
I say unto thee,

¹⁰ *A fardiny.*] See note 4 on Love's Pilgrimage.

One pease was a soldier's provant a whole day
At the destruction of Jerufalem.

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 Alafto,
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 Pediculó de Vermini,
My most exquisite hofe-heeler!

Laz. Here's a greeting
Betwixt a cobler, a smith, and a botcher!
They all belong to the foot, which makes them stand
So much upon their gentry.

Mend. Signor Lazarillo!

Laz. Ah, signor, *sì!* Nay, we are all signors
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 cheefe and onions,
When he got him: What a scallion-fac'd rascal 'tis?

Met. But why, signor 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 smith, and thou
Woollen-witted hofe-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,
Æneas, Achilles) lineally from

The gods, making Saturn thy great-grandfather,
And Vulcan thy father—Vulcan was a god——

Laz. He'll make Vulcan your godfather by-and-by.

Pach. Yet, I say, 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 service, 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 sects, and heresies,

Disturbing state and government; for how canst thou

Be a sound member in the commonwealth,

That art so subject to stiches in the ankles?

Blush and be silent then, oh, ye mechanicks!

Compare no more with the politick cobbler!

For cobblers, in old time, have prophesied;

What may they do now then, that have

Every day waxed better and better?

Have we not the length of every man's foot?

Are we not daily menders? Yea, and what menders?

Not horse-menders——

Laz. Nor manners-menders.

Pach. But foal-menders:

Oh, divine cobblers! Do we not, like the wise man,

Spin our own threads, (or our wives for us?)

Do we not, by our sowing the hide, reap the beef?

" Further, what can be a more deject spirit.] I cannot help thinking but the judicious reader will wish, with me, that the Authors had wrote, what can shew, &c. *Symphen.*

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 cobbler, 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 side Alguazier.

Met. The other side Serjeant.

Mend. That's both sides carrion, I am sure.

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
 him

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 present lodge a famous courtesan
 Of his, lately come from Madrid.

Vit. Let her want nothing, signor, 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 gratified him in like kind. [Exit.]

Alg. I know ye not! what are ye? Hence, ye base
besognios¹²!

Pach. Marry, Cazzo! Signor Alguazier, d' you not
know us?

Why, we are your honest neighbours,
The cobbler, smith, and botcher, that have so often
Sat snoaring cheek by joll, with your signory,
In rug at midnight.

Laz. Nay, good signor,
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!

¹² *Besognios.*] This appears to be a word of contempt, which perhaps will receive some 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 serving a small season) is a souldier fit to be registred, or honoured among the renowned sort of warlike people. For such numbers of *bezoingnies* or necessarie instruments for the time, are to fall to their occupation when the service is ended, and not to live idley or looke for imbrasing.' R.

Besognios seem to mean the lower rank, people in want, and of base condition; so, *besoin*, French, *need*, *want*.

Pach. Why then we know you, signor! 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 squiring punks
 And punklings up and down the city?

Laz. Are not you
 A Portugese 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,
 Profess'd sincerity, and would sell no man
 Mustard to his beef on the sabbath, and yet sold
 Hypocrisy all your life-time?

Met. Are not you he, that were since
 A surgeon to the stews, and undertook
 To cure, what the church itself could not, strumpets?
 That rise to your office by being a great don's bawd?

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 kisser of men, in drunkenness,
 And a betrayer in sobriety?

Alg. Diabolo! They'll rail me into the gallies
Again.

Pach. Yes, signor, 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 wiser, pluck not ruin on thine own head;
For never was there such an anatomy,
As we shall make thee then; be wise therefore,
Oh, thou child of the night! Be friends, 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 authority¹⁴, but gripe
Theft and whoredom, wheresoever 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 so;
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 cobbler of Christendom!

Alg. There is no railing with these rogues:

¹³ *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 first folio.

¹⁴ *That is,* Let not thy mittens be the same to thy talons, as a button is to a foil.
Symphon.

I will cloſe with 'em, 'till I can cry quittance.
 Why, ſignors, and my honeſt neighbours, will ye
 Impute that as a neglect of my friends; which is
 An imperfection in me? I have been
 Sand-blind from my infancy; to make you amends
 You ſhall ſup with me.

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.*]

S C E N E I I .

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 scurvy sword

So galls my thigh, I would it were burnt!—Pish! look,
This cloak will ne'er keep on; these boots too hide-bound,

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 folio again, loose, like a woman.

Bob. In *folio*, 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 bepiss'd himself, and fleers!
Is this a gait for the young cavalier,
Don Lucio, son and heir to Alvarez?
Has it a corn? or does it walk on conscience,
It treads so 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 sword. I will not meddle with you.
Ay, juggle 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 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 see this,
 O' my conscience, 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 milk-sop, 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
 tan tan ta,

Ran tan ran tan tan ta, ta ran tan tan tan!
 Oh, I shall no more see those golden days!
 These cloaths will never fadge with me: A pox
 O' this filthy fardingale, this hip-hape!—Brother,
 Why are womens' haunches only limited, confin'd,
 Hoop'd in as 'twere, with these scurvy vardin-
 gales?

Bob.

Bob. Because womens' haunches only are most subject
To display and fly out.

Clara. Bobadilla, rogue, ten ducats,
I hit the prepuce of thy cod-piece!

Lucio. Hold,
If you love my life, sister! 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 pistols, and javelins, and swords,
And such 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 goddeses, as if
They trod air; they will swim you their measures,
Like whiting-mops, as if their feet were fins,
And the hinges of their knees oil'd. Do they
Love to ride great horses, as you do? no;
They love to ride great asses sooner. Faith,
I know not what to say t' ye both: Custom hath
Turn'd Nature topsy-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
Beset 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 nasty, stinking, 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
flat.

Kick him, I say, or I will cut thy head off!

Bob. Softly, you had best!

Clara. Now, thou lean, dried, and ominous-visag'd
knave,

Thou false and peremptory steward, pray!

För I will hang thee up in thine own chain!

Lucio. Good sister, 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;

Whilst

Whilst I with that, and this, well mounted¹⁵, 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, sister Clara,
How desperately you talk! What d' ye call
This gun? a dag?

Clara. I'll give't thee; a French petronel.
You never saw my Barbary, the Infanta
Bestow'd upon me, as yet Lucio:
Walk down, and see 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 scarce 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 seal assures 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, firrah,
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 folio reads *scurr'd*, which I take to be only a false 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 *velitari*, 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

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.

No reader of taste wou'd bear the change of the word *skir*, which is perfectly poetical, as the sound 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 leger¹⁶, 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 search'd; by Heaven, I strongly doubt!
We must have these things mended, Come, go in!
[Exit.]

Enter Vitelli and Bobadilla.

Bob. With Lucio, say 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 rise in the horizon, under your equinoctial there,
Qualify it as well as you can, for I fear

¹⁶ *That lay here lieger.*] So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, ato. 1592. 'Indeed, I have been *lieger* in my time in London, and have play'd many madde pranckes, for which cause you may apparently see I am made a curtall; for the pillory (in the sight of a great many good and sufficient witnesses) hath eaten off booth my eares, and now, Sir, this rope-maker hunteth me heere with his halters.'—And, in the *Roaring Girl*, or *Moll Cutpurse*, by Middleton and Dekkar,

'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!' R.

Dr. Johnson says, *leger* is derived from the Dutch *legger*; and signifies, 'Any thing that lies in a place; as, a *leger* ambassador, a reticent; a *leger*-book, a book that lies in the compting-house.'

The elevation of your pole will not
 Agree with the horoscope of her constitution :
 She is Bell and the Dragon, I assure you. [Exit.

Vit. Are you the Lucio, Sir, that sav'd Vitelli ?

Lucio. Not I, indeed, Sir ; I did never brabble :
 There walks that Lucio metamorphosed. [Exit.

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 yourself ; you're in your enemies
 house,

And may be injur'd.

Vit. 'Tis impossible :

Foe, nor oppressing odds, dares prove Vitelli,
 If Clara side him, and will call him friend.
 I would the diff'rence of our bloods were such
 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 daughter¹⁷

¹⁷ Thus gratifies the daughter.] This *gratifies* seems to come in
 oddly ; for what gratification does Vitelli make Clara here ? He
 gives her good words, 'tis true, and sets off the service 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 Au-
 thors might have given it

thus glorifies the daughter.

Symphon.

And

And sister of his enemy, wears a sword
 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 counsel.

Vit. That already
 You have bestow'd ; a ribbon, or a glove——

Clara. Nay, those are tokens for a waiting-maid
 To trim the butler with.

Vit. Your feather——

Clara. Fy !

The wenches give them to the serving-men.

Vit. That little ring——

Clara. 'Twill hold you but by th' finger ;
 And I would have you faster.

Vit.

Vit. Any thing

That I may wear, and but remember you.

Clara. This smile; my good opinion; or myself!
But that, it seems, you like not.

Vit. Yes; so well,

When any smiles, 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 sword.—

I never heard a man speak 'till this hour:
His words are golden chains, and now I fear
The lions hath met a tamer here:
Fy, how his tongue chimes!—What was I saying?
Oh, this favour 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, 'tis
not:

Yet this assure yourself, 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
A softer sweeter battle than with swords.

I'm

I'm sick 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 sensibly perceive
 It glows, and riseth like a glimmering flame,
 But know not yet the essence on't, nor name. [*Exit.*]

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

Enter Malroda and Alguazier.

Malr. **H**E 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 sort, t' espouse me as his wife;
 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 constableness 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

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 say, 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 well¹⁸; a proper man,
 Of good discourse, fine conversation,
 Valiant, and a great carrier of the business,
 Sweet-breasted¹⁹ as the nightingale or thrush:
 Yet I must tell you, you forget yourself;
 My lord Vitelli's love, and maintenance,
 Deserves 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 blister,
 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 serve your pleasure, 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 villainy.
 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 fool 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 father, my good poisonous red-hair'd deel,
 And gold shall daily be thy sacrifice,

¹⁸ *I like his feather well.*] Amended in 1750.

¹⁹ *Sweet-breasted.*] See note 28 on the Pilgrim.

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 some tobacco,
And bring it in. If Piorato come
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
serv'd: Well said!—

Oh, equal Heav'n, how wisely thou disposest
Thy several gifts! One's born a great rich fool,
For the subordinate 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 succeeds²⁰, and seldom meets success:
What have I then to do with't? My free will,
Left me by Heaven, makes me or good or ill.
Now since vice gets more in this vicious world
Than piety, and my stars' confluence
Enforce my disposition to affect
Gain, and the name of rich, let who will practise
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.*]

S C E N E I I .

Enter Piorato and Bobadilla.

Pio. To say, Sir, I will wait upon your lord,
Were not to understand myself.

Bob. To say, 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 son a man again: The cure is easy;
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 flame,
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 so 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 aduft, 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 else but——

Bob. *Aqua-vitæ*, signor;
For *aqua-fortis* poisons.

Pio. *Aqua-fortis*,
I say again: What's one man's poison, signor,
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 sweats

436 L O V E ' S C U R E ; O R ,
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, so.

Could you not cure one, Sir, of being too rash,
And over-daring ? (there now's my disease)
Fool-hardy, as they say ? for that in sooth
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 bruised 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 medicine 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' sword should never break his
word.

Pio. I'll overtake you : I have only, Sir,
A complimentary 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 flesh 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 seek now, to deliver letters
From my young mistress Clara; and, I tell you,
Under the rose, (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, signor!
I say not better, lest you think I thought not
Yours good enough. [Exit.

²¹ *Here's two chewres 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,

*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 Alguazier.

Pio. Your servant, excellent steward!
'Would all the dons in Spain had no more brains!
Here comes the Alguazier: *Dieu vous garde, 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 connive 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 foot 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 said—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 serjeant's side, I take it, Sir;
Now I endure your constable's much better;
There is less danger in't; for one, you know,
Is a tame harmless monster in the light,
The serjeant, salvage both by day and night.

Alg. I will call her to you for that.

Pio. No, I'll
Charm her.

Alg.

Alg. She's come.

Pio. My spirit!

Enter Malroda.

Malr. Oh, my sweet!

Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet!

S O N G.

Pio. Turn, turn, thy beauteous face away,
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams!
Oh, envious Light, fly, fly, begone,
Come, Night, and piece two breasts 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 sin 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 else. [Exit.

Malr. No, you will not marry;
You are a courtier, and can sing, my love,
And want no mistresses; 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 lesson 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 so:
And therefore, mistress, now the time is come
You may demand his promise; and I swear
To marry you with speed.

Malr. And with that gold
Which don Vitelli gives, you'll walk some voyage²²,
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' incens'd step-mother of Hercules,
Design me labours most impossible²³,
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 sent 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 servant.

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?

²² Walk *some voyage.*] Voyage is now improperly applied only to journies at sea; but it properly signifies a journey either by land or sea, as the French use 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 signification. *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.*

Sympson.

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, flitting 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; bless thee, signor!—
 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.

Vit. 'Tis wondrous like,

But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Could

Could make but once.

Malr. All's clear; another tune
You must hear from me now.—Vitelli, thou'rt
A most perfidious and a perjurd man,
As ever did usurp nobility!

Vit. What mean'st thou, Mal?

Malr. Leave your betraying smiles,
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 rage²⁴, 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 honestly 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 such women
have²⁵!

Their different speech and meaning, no assurance
In what they fay or do: Dissemblers
E'en in their prayers, as if the weeping Greek
That flatter'd Troy a-fire, had been their Adam;

²⁴ ——— for I am great

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 seeing 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 deficiency: But he did not see the inconsistency of this addition, which makes the place nonsense.

Symphon.

²⁵ *Oh th' uncomfortable ways such women have.*] Seward thinks *uncomfortable* a corruption, and that we should read *unstable*.

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 sex,
 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 sight 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 sighs, 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 save 'em for immortal drink!
 But from this passion—Why all this?

Malr. D'you ask?

You're marrying! having made me unfit
 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 ruff! '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 swordman, 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 said I'd love you, long as you remain'd
The woman I expected, or you swore:
And how you've fail'd of that, sweetheart, 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 see 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 sin:
I will, to settle 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 slave 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;

Söber, and dieted for th' nonce. I'm thine!

I've

I've won the day.

Malr. The night, tho', shall be mine. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Clara and Bobadilla.

Clara. What said he, firrah?

Bob. Little, or nothing. Faith, I saw 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-practising. There are your letters! Come,
You shall not cast yourself away, while I live;
Nor will I venture my right-worshipful place
In such 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 see 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 sighs, and says *forsooth*, and cries *beigh-bo!*
She'll take ill words o' th' steward, 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, forsooth;

Learning to live another day.

Syav. That needs not.

Clara. No, forsooth? 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. Forsooth;

'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, forsooth.

Syav. Being so 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 oftneft of them; as the blackest eyes,
Jet-arched brows, such 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.

²⁶ — I must do more than, side you.] We should certainly read,
I must do more THAN side you.

Plague o' this stitching! I had rather feel
Two, than fow one.—This rogue has given me a
stitch

Clean cros 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 trifles.

Clara. Neither you, nor trifles:

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 sanguine scabbard!

Eug. Out upon thee!

Thou'lt break my heart, I'm sure.

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 stock²⁷ a needle's point

Three times together frait i' th' hams; or shall I

Give you new garters?

Bob. Faith, old master, there

²⁷ Stock a needle's point.] Seward would read *strike* for *stock*; and Symphon *slick*.

Is little hope; the linen sure was dank
 He was begot in, he's so faint and cold!
 Ev'n send him to Toledo, there to study;
 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' such a wooden son to inherit.—
 Take him a good knock; see how that will work.

Pio. Now for your life, signor!

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,

Whilst I can hold a sword.

Pio. Hold, madam, madam!

Alv. Clara!

Eug. Daughter!

Bob. Mistress!

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-ye-
 cal't's.

Will no cure help? Well, I have one experiment,
 And

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; she's too great a lady,
For me, and would prove more than my match. [*Ex.*]

Clara. You're he spoke of Vitelli to the steward?

Pio. Yes; and, I thank you, you have beat me for't.

Clara. But are you sure you do not wrong him?

Pio. Sure?

So sure, that if you please venture yourself,
I'll shew you him and his cockatrice together,
And you shall hear 'em talk.

Clara. 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.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Alguazier, Pachico, Mendoza, Metaldi, and Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on, my brave water-spaniels! 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
them

To me; they are lawful prisoners, and must
Be ransom'd ere they receive liberty. What else
You

You are to execute upon occasion,
You sufficiently know, and therefore I
Abbreviate my lecture.

Met. We

Are wise 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 spend no more;

Now we are grown worse, we will live better; let us
Follow our calling faithfully.

Alg. Away then!

The commonwealth is our mistress; and who would
serve

A common mistress, but to gain by her? [*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter Vitelli, Lamoral, Genevora, Anaastro, and two
pages with lights.*

Lam. **I** Pray you see 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.

Vit. You might spare this, sister,
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.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Malroda and Alguazier.

Malr. You'll leave my chamber?

Alg. Let us but bill once,
My dove, my sparrow, and I, with my office,
Will be thy slaves for ever.

Malr. Are you so hot?

Alg. But taste 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!

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
cur

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, stark mad ! Proud Pagan ! scorn 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 deserv'd my thanks.

Pio. Is there aught else
You will command me ?

Clara. Only your sword,
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 so, 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 be so 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.

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 wise,
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 diseased 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 so set 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 lust was,
Nor what the sorrow for't.

Vit. 'Tis false!

Malr. 'Tis true!
But how return'd by you? thy whole life being
But one continued act of lust, and shipwreck
Of womens' chastities.

Vit. But that I know

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 inflamed 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 sigh²³ 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 desire it.

Vit. Prithee

Be better temper'd: I'll pay, as a forfeit

²³ *That any sigh of yours.*] Amended from Symphon's conjecture.

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 trifle 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 such 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 yourself:
Win her, and wear her.

Pio. Have you a priest ready?

Alg. I have him for thee, lad.—And when I have
Married this scornful whore to this poor gallant,
She will make suit 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 ayne.*] See note 71 on the False One.

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 business brings me,

More lawful than your own.

Vit. How's that, you slave?

Malr. He's such, 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;

I'll follow instantly.

Pach. Run for more help there!

[*Exeunt all but Vit. and Clara.*]

Vit. Lois of my gold, and jewels, and the wench too,

Afflicts

Afflicts me not so much as the having Clara
The witness of my weakness.

Clara. He turns from me!
And yet I may urge merit; since his life
Is made my second gift.

Vit. May I ne'er prosper
If I know how to thank her!

Clara. Sir, your pardon
For pressing 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 esteem it happiness from you
To suffer like a woman. Love, true love,
Hath made a search 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 foldier'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 wooe³⁰!

[*Exeunt.*
S C E N E

³⁰ *Mankind women.*] In Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, Sicinius asks Volumentia, 'Are you *mankind*?' On which Dr. Johnson remarks, that 'A *mankind woman* 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, Paçbiéco, 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 monstrous hungry! Could you not deduct
So much out of the gross sum, as would purchase
Eight loins of veal, 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 fates 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
Yourselfes 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' assist you, and protect you.

[*Exit.*

Met. Oh, brave officer!

' See, see, this *mankinde* trumpet, see (he cride)

' This shamelesse whore,' Fairfax's *Tasso*, xx. 95.

' Out! a *mankind* witch!' Winter's *Tale*, act ii.

Morose, being interrupted by the intrusion and noise of men and women, cries out,

' O *mankind* generation!'

And Mr. Steevens adds the following from Ben Jonson:

' Pallas, nor thee I call on, *mankind* maid.'

See Upton's *Remarks* on Ben Jonson, p. 92, and Johnson and Steevens's *Shakespeare*, vol. vii. p. 393.

Mankind, applied to women, both here and in Ben Jonson, plainly signifies *masculine*.

Enter

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 dost thou hang upon me?

Lucio. 'Tis so dark

I dare not see my way; for Heav'n fake, 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 practising to drink,
Yet still he sips 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-sop, coward!

No house of mine receives thee; I disclaim thee;
Thy mother on her knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee!

Lucio. Pray you speak for me!

Bob. I would, but now I cannot with mine honour.

Alv. There's only one course 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.

Pach. This makes for us.

Alv. What dost thou do now?

Lucio. Sir, I'm saying my prayers;

For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

*Enter Lamoral, Genevora, Anaastro, 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 side,
But seem to help the stronger³¹.

Bob. Oh, my lord!
They've beat him on his knees.

Lucio. Tho' I want courage,
I yet have a son'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 Symphon's
conjecture.

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 sure!

Bob. Now he plays the devil.

Gen. This place is not for me. [Exit.

Lucio. I'll follow her:

Half of my penance is past o'er. [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 set upon in the streets.

Lam. The Assistant
Shall hear on't, be assur'd.

Ana. And if he be
That careful governor he is reported,
You will smart for it.

Alg. Patience, good signors!
Let me survey the rascals. Oh, I know them,
And thank you for them: They are pilf'ring rogues
Of Andalusia, 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 so, dog-bolts? yes, I know you had!
 You there would use your cunning fingers on
 The simple locks, you would; but I'll prevent you.

Lam. My mistress lost? good night! [Exit.

Bob. Your son'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 disaster; let us hug,
 And triumph in our knav'ries.

Assist. 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 safely:
 How we break thro' the toils pitch'd by the law,
 Yet hang up them that are far less delinquents!
 A simple shopkeeper's carted for a bawd,
 For lodging, tho' unwittingly, a smock-gamester;
 Where, with rewards, and credit, I have kept
 Malroda in my house, as in a cloister,
 Without taint or suspicion.

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-simple,
 Which you shall hold from me, tenants at will,
 And pay no rent for't.

Pach. Admirable landlord!
Alg. Now we'll go search the taverns, commit such
 As we find drinking, and be drunk ourselves
 With what we take from them. These silly wretches,
 Whom I for form-sake only have brought hither,
 Shall watch without, and guard us.

Assist.

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.

Assist. 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 finding
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 suffer noble yet,
And like to Spanish gallants.

Pach. And we'll hang so.

Laz. I have no stomach to't; but I'll endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E 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 enjoind 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
Desire more from a woman? is there any

Pleasure

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 vouchsafe
Your hand, to quench the heat ta'en from your lip!
Perhaps that may restore me.

Gen. Willingly.

Lucio. The flame encreases! If to touch you burn thus,
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 such a happiness—I am resolv'd,
I'll sell my liberty to you for this glove,
And write myself your slave.

Enter Lamoral.

Gen. On easier terms

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 so³²?

Lucio. Does that grieve you?

Gen. I know not; but ev'n now you appear'd valiant.

Lucio. 'Twas to preserve my father; in his cause I could be so again.

Gen. Not in your own?

Kneel to thy rival, and thine enemy?

Away, unworthy creature! I begin

To hate myself, 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 govern'd

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,

Perfect 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 seek 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 scourge 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 scorn needs not:
And offer such no more!

Lam. Why, say 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;

And, for proof all incredible things may be,
Write down that Lucio, the coward Lucio,
The womanish Lucio, fought.

Lucio. And Lamoral,
The still employ'd great duellist Lamoral,
Took his life from him.

Lam. 'Twill not come to that sure !
Methinks the only drawing of my sword
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 so 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 said nobly ;
My life with them are at the stake.

Lucio. At all then !

Lam. She's your's ! this, and my life too, follow
your fortune !

And give not only back that part the loser

[*Fight.*

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 worser title. Yet think not
That I'll dispute this, as made insolent
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 courtesy

Wounds deeper than your sword can, or mine own :
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch me !

Lucio. The barbarous Turk is satisfied with spoil ;
And shall I, being possess'd of what I came for,
Prove the more infidel ?

Lam. You were better be so

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,

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!

[Exit.]

Lam. I ne'er knew what true valour was 'till now;
 And have gain'd more by this disgrace, than all
 The honours I have won: They made me proud,
 Presumptuous of my fortune, a mere beast,
 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, presuming
 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 seek 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 it³³, but ascrib'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 sword were not owing to any charm, or enchantment like the swords of knights-errant, but only to the powerful

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 lost, if there be any such.
The king, by my long suit, at length is pleas'd
That Alvarez and myself, with either's second,
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 such a publick trial
Of thy approved valour, will revive
Thy antient courage. If you embrace it, do;
If not, I'll seek some other.

Lam. As I am,
You may command me.

Vit. Spoke like that true friend
That loves not only for his private end! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Genevora with a letter, and Bojadilla.

Gen. This from madonna Clara?

Bob. Yes, an't please you.

Gen. Alvarez' daughter?

Bob. The same, lady.

Gen. She

That sav'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 wife man
Was, in a business 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.

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 wife.

[*Exit Bob.*]

She writes here, she hath something to impart
That may concern my brother's life: I know not;
But general fame 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 sorrow paid, for your just anger tow'rd's me,
Arising from my weakness, I presume
To press into your presence, and despair not
An easy 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 serve 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 worshipping'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 dissemble.—Rise, or sure
 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 sad!
 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 sister!

Lucio. What's that, madam?

Gen.

Gen. Nay, nothing. Fare you well! who feels
Love's fire,
Would ever ask to have means to desire³⁴. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Assistant, Syavedra, Anastro, Herald, and Attendants.

Assist. Are they come in?

Herald. Yes.

Assist. Read the proclamation,
That all the people here assembled may
Have satisfaction, what the king's dear love,
In care of the republick, hath ordain'd.
Attend with silence. Read aloud.

Herald [*reading*]. Forasmuch as our high and mighty master, Philip, the potent and most Catholick king of Spain, hath not only in his own royal person, been long and often solicited, and grieved, with the deadly and uncurable hatred sprung 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 arising, falling, and flowing from these great heads, his publick civil government is seditiously 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 sacred blood) spoiled, lost, and submerg'd, in the impious inundation and torrent of their still-growing malice; it hath therefore pleased his sacred

³⁴ *To have means to desire.*] *i. e.* To have the means to compass his desire. *Symphon.*

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 desire* cannot be construed *means to compass his desire.*

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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 arch-enemies, 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. 'Save the 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 severally, 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 beasts,
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 assured valours' daily proofs:
Oh, will you then, for a superfluous 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

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 say'st bravely, and sayst right;
And I will kill thee for't, I love thee so.

Vit. Ha, ha! Old man, upon thy death I'll build
A story with this arm, for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter Clara seven years hence,
As she sits weeping by a winter-fire,
How such 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 sword 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 son!
Beat drums! And so, good-morrow to your lordship!

Enter above, Eugenia, Clara, and Genevora.

Syv. Brave resolutions!

Ana. Brave, and Spanish, right!

Gen. Lucio!

Clara. Vitelli!

Eug. Alvarez!

Alv. How the devil

Got these cats into th' gutter? my puffs 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 sword here! Oh, my sister,
(Fate

(Fate fain would have it so) persuade, entreat!
 A lady's tears are silent orators³⁵,
 Or should be so at least, to move beyond
 The honest-tongued rhetorician³⁶;
 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 female 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;

³⁵ *A lady's tears are silent orators.*] So Crashaw,

' Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!

' Their cadence is rhetorical.'

Again, in Daniel's complaint of Rosamond:

' Ah, beauty, tyren, fair enchanting good!

' Sweet, silent rhetorick of persuading eyes!

' Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

' More than the words or wisdom of the wife.'

Vide Steevens's notes on Shakespeare, vol. vii. p. 335.

³⁶ *The honest tongu'd rhetorician.*] Seward proposes substituting
loudest for *honest*. The correction is from Sympton'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 Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,*

' *Words sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd.*'

' *Mr. Pope's translation.*'

If thou canst love me then, I'll marry thee;
 And, for thy father lost, get thee a son;
 On no condition else!

Affist. Most barbarous!

Syav. Savage!

Ana. Irreligious!

Gen. Oh, Lucio,

Be thou more merciful! thou bear'st fewer years,
 Art lately wean'd from soft 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 thro' it!

Alv. You would be catterwauling too; but, peace!
 Go, get you home, and provide dinner for
 Your son, 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
 hoarse.

Already.

Lam. How your sister whets my spleen!
 I could eat Lucio now.

Gen. Vitelli! brother!
 Ev'n for your father's soul, your uncle's blood,
 As you do love my life; but last, and most,
 As you respect your own honour and fame,

Throw

Throw down your sword! 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'st 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 sword 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 six words!

Assist. 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 sword may fall upon thy head
 Succesfully, for falshood to his sifter.

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 swords.

Eug. Your hearing for six 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 stick you like a pig.

Alv. Hold! you are mad.

Gen. This we have said; and, by our hope of bliss,
 This we will do! Speak your intents.

Clara. Gen. Strike!

Eug. Shoot!

Alv. Vit. Lucio. Lam. Hold, hold! all friends!

Assist. Come down.

Alv. These dev'lish women
 Can make men friends and enemies when they list!

Syv. 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 blessing!

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 sister. Long-divided streams
Mix now at length, by fate.

Bob. I'm not regarded!

I was the careful steward that provided
These instruments of peace; I put
The longest weapon in your sister'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 satisfied; 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;

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 sent into the gallies.

Alg. I like all, but restoring ; that Catholick
doctrine

I do dislike. Learn, all ye officers,
By this, to live uprightly—if you can ! [*Exit.*

Assist. You cobbler, 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 sufficient,
And your amendment ; then you shall be freed,
And may set up again.

Pach. Mendoza, come :

Our souls have trod awry in all men's sight ;
We'll under-lay 'em, till they go upright.

[*Exeunt Pach. and Mend.*

Assist. 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.*

Assist. 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.

Assist. Signor, you have prevented us, and punish'd
Yourself severelier than we would have done :

You

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 send 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 Love³⁷! 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 hath 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 sense and reason, and the poets are
clear'd from a blunder they could hardly be guilty of. *Symphon.*

E P I L O G U E.

O 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 few 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.* Pleas'd.

Symphon.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.









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